WALTER WINCHELL

WOMEN ARE WONDERFUL!

How to be BEST-DRESSED
by MAGGI McNELIS

WINCHELL QUIZ:
Are You A Good American?

Sid Caesar—Imogene Coca
Bathe your way to Beauty with the Camay Beauty Bath!
The daily Camay Beauty Bath brings to your skin—yes, to all of your skin from head to toe—the finest kind of complexion care!
It brings new loveliness to your shoulders and arms and legs.
Use the big, economical “Beauty-Bath” size of Camay.
Let it touch you—ever so lightly—with the flattering fragrance of Camay, The Soap of Beautiful Women.

Bath-Size Camay for your CAMAY BEAUTY BATH!
SUDDEN CHILL?
Sudden changes of temperature, like wet feet, cold feet, and drafts, may reduce body resistance so that germs in the throat can make trouble.

YOU START SNEEZING!
That sneeze or cough is usually a hint that a cold may be on its way, and that you'd better do something about it.

Among the SECONDARY INVADERS are the following: (1) Streptococcus hemolytrcus. (2) Friedlander's bacillus. (3) Paramenoccus Type IV. (4) Streptococcus viridans. (5) Micrococcus catarrhalls. (6) Bacillus influenzae. (7) Paramenoccus Type III. (8) Staphylococcus aureus.

THESE "BUGS" MAY INVADE THROAT
These "bugs" in throat go into action... They are called Secondary Invaders... can attack tissue and cause much of the misery associated with colds, say numerous authorities.

Gargle
LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC—QUICK!—for Colds and Sore Throat
a safe, direct way with no dangerous side-effects

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC, gargled early and often, may entirely head off a cold, or sore throat due to a cold—or lessen its severity, once started.

It has been doing that year after year. Careful tests made over a twelve-year period, showed that there were fewer colds and sore throats, and generally milder ones, for those who gaggled Listerine Antiseptic twice a day than for those who did not gargle. That is understandable.

Kills Secondary Invaders
Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill, by millions, the threatening germs doctors call Secondary Invaders... the ones responsible for most of a cold's misery. It attacks them before they attack you... halts mass invasion of the tissue.

Tests showed germ reductions ranging up to 96.7%, even fifteen minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle, and up to 80% one hour after.

So, whatever else you do, at the first sign of a snuffle, or cough, or a scratchy throat, start with the Listerine Antiseptic gargle. You may spare yourself an unpleasant siege of trouble. LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BRIGHTENS YOUR TEETH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH AND THE COLGATE WAY OF BRUSHING TEETH RIGHT AFTER EATING STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST!

READER'S DIGEST® Reported The Same Research Which Proves That Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST

Reader's Digest recently reported the same research which proves the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating stops tooth decay best! Better than any other home method of oral hygiene!

Yes, and 2 years' research showed the Colgate way stopped more decay for more people than ever before reported in dentifrice history! Neither dentifrice, ammonia or not, has proof of such results!

LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream

WHEN I GAVE COLGATE A CHANCE I PUT THE "MAN" INTO ROMANCE!

Use Colgate Dental Cream
▼ To Clean Your Breath
▼ While You Clean Your Teeth
▼ And Help Stop Tooth Decay.

You Can't Spell Romance Without a Man!

THE ONLY PLACE I FIND ROMANCE IS IN THE DICTIONARY! JUST HAVEN'T GOT WHAT IT TAKES FOR A ROMANCE OF MY OWN!

SUE YOU'VE GOT EVERYTHING IT TAKES...IF YOU'D JUST GET YOUR HUSBAND TO GIVE YOU THE FACTS ON BAD BREATH!

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH AND THE COLGATE WAY OF BRUSHING TEETH RIGHT AFTER EATING STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST!

Ararat Godfrey's Ukulele Contest
The Singing Commercial
A Message For the New Year
Winchell's Winter
Are You A Good American?
My Favorite Blondes
Such Beautiful Music!
Women Are Wonderful!
Live Like A Millionaire!
These Fascinating People!
Edie Harris Art...A Wife Finds Her Husband
The Man I Married
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People Are Funny!
Names of Writers of Best Answers to The Second Mrs. Burton's Problems

FOR BETTER LIVING

When A Girl Marries
How To Be A Best-Dressed Woman
Hearty And Heavenly
Nonsense And Some Sense
Enjoy Your Vegetables!
Poetry
Beware The Building Swindler
Three Times As Pretty!
Traveler Of The Month

TELEVISION

My Boss, Fred Waring
The Hypochondriac (An Imogene Coca-Sid Caesar picture story)
Date In Manhattan
The Jonathon Story (Television's first successful daytime serial)

YOUR LOCAL STATION

WOR: Where Old And New Meet
WGR: Permanent Partnership
WFBR: Fun Fare
WFIL: Accents On Music

RADIO MIRROR READER BONUS

Radio Mirror's Own Life Story
"There's Only One of Me!
Daytime Diary

ON THE COVER: Walter Winchell—color portrait by Sterling Smith

P. 20: Head Shot of Walter Winchell by James J. Kriegsmann
P. 40: Dinnerware by Josiah Wedgwood and Sons—Plain Corinthian

VOL. 35, NO. 2  KEYSTONE

PEOPLE ON THE AIR

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INSIDE RADIO

Inside Radio

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The “Poured-In” Silhouette—sleek, slender, lithe

This year, you give the illusion of having been poured into your slender new clothes. It's a willowy, longer-waisted look—with a slim, smooth sweep from waist to hip to thigh. And, to achieve this “poured-in” silhouette, take the advice of designers who created the new fashions...
WHERE OLD and NEW MEET

Something old, something new, lots that's borrowed—but nobody's blue. Station WOV in New York is, in actuality, a sort of figurative wedding. Broadcasting in the Italian language daily from nine in the morning to seven in the evening (and in English before 9 A.M. and after 7 P.M.), WOV designs its programs to please the 2,100,000 Italian-Americans in New York's metropolitan area.

Something old? The immortal Italian music, a great percentage of the world's best-known and beloved opera, the heart-warming humanity of Italian comedy and of Italy's sensitive drama.

Something new? These Italians, with their hearts rich with the best from their homeland, are new Americans. First and second generation Americans. Loving their new country, they nevertheless feel a warmth and fondness for the land of their ancestral or early association (even as many of us evidence partiality for a particular section of the United States associated with our childhood).

Something borrowed? We've borrowed—adopted—the art, music, sensitivity and much of the tradition of Italy. Thousands of music-lovers tune in daily to Gems of the Opera—a program of precious recordings of the finest music in the world.

At WOV the staff isn't blue, but happy and interested first and second generation Italians. Glance into the station's fabulous classical record library and watch the librarians at work. There is a sort of reverence in their handling of precious out-of-print recordings of old Italian melodies and the voices of world-famous singers.

Peek through the studio door as a drama is being aired. Our Italian actors live their roles. Ten-year-old Bobby Delia Santina, long beloved as Il Blondino (Little Blondy) in a WOV serial drama, emotes into the mike with real tears pouring down his face.

To bring Italian-Americans news direct from their homeland, WOV maintains studios in the heart of Rome. Giuliano Gerbi—a sort of ambassador of goodwill—travels through Italy recording conversations and interviews. After broadcast in America it is common for WOV to learn from listeners the happiness brought them through the sound of a friend's voice, or perhaps the peal of a church bell in some tiny but well-remembered hamlet.

So—as we said—WOV is a sort of "wedding." It is an eloquent and active means, anyway, to the wedding of the old and the new—a link between countries across the world from each other and a handshake across the ocean.
Which girl has the natural curl... and which girl has the Toni?

The lovely Toni girl says: "All my Toni waves have been wonderful, but this new Toni with Permafix is best of all. It's just as soft and natural looking as naturally curly hair—even on the first day." Can you tell which girl was born with naturally curly hair and which girl has the Toni? Answer below.

New improved Toni guarantees your wave will look soft and natural from the very first day!

Permafix is a new wonder discovery of Toni research. Far more effective than any other neutralizer known. Permafix actually conditions your hair... leaves your wave silky-soft at first combing—more natural month after month.

You can't tell a new, improved Toni wave from Nature's loveliest wave. Your hair will feel like naturally curly hair—comb like naturally curly hair—look like naturally curly hair from the first thrilling moment. That's because Toni has the gentlest waving lotion known, plus amazing new Permafix that leaves your hair in a softer, more natural condition. With wonderful Permafix your Toni wave is angel-soft at first combing—yet lasts longer than ever before.

Toni is the only permanent that guarantees your wave will look soft and natural from the very first day... and last far longer. No wonder more women use Toni than all other home permanents combined. Ask for Toni today. Joan Tebbe, the lovely brunette, has the Toni.
In Buffalo, New York, the marriage of WGR's Billy and Reggie Keaton is definitely an institution, and a very popular one. The Keatons have been in Buffalo ten years, during the first six of which Billy became a well-known and successful disc-jockey. He never came near being an institution, however, until WGR Commercial Manager Nat Cohen suggested Billy team with his wife, Reggie, and do one of those new-fangled man-and-wife shows that were catching on in New York City about that time. The idea was a natural for, though Reggie had been cast in the role of housewife since the Keatons' marriage in 1936, she had previously been, like Billy, a vaudeville trouper.

It was in vaudeville that Reggie and Bill first met. They were a stage team and, as the Hollywood scripts often put it, they were separated when Bill was signed to do an act solo. He didn't mind acting solo, but living solo suddenly seemed too much to bear, so he married his former partner. While Bill was gradually making the move from stage to radio, Reggie contented herself with housekeeping and motherhood. (The Keatons have a thirteen-year-old son, Bill, Jr., and a four-year-old daughter, Janie.)

On the show, heard weekday mornings at 9:30 over WGR, Billy and Reggie discuss a variety of topics, most of them arising from local events and situations in local households, including their own. Making it their business to be informative as well as fun, the Keatons pass on a good many household hints.

To keep in close touch with their large public, the Keatons keep up an exhausting extra-curricular pace. They're active in PTA, Rotary, and similar civic organizations, and Billy is an actual, active, axe-lugging fireman with the Hutchinson Hose Company, which keeps the home fires from burning in his adopted hometown, nearby Williamsville. Add to all this the Keatons' numerous public appearances, and you wonder how they can be awake at 9:30 A.M., let alone do a sparkling twenty-minute show.

PERMANENT PARTNERSHIP
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 remarkable 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.

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 Bath Size Palmolive

DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!
What is more elegant than ermine? And there was plenty of it on Betty Barthell's wrap.

Gertrude Berg, heard but not seen, nevertheless dressed the part of Mrs. Goldberg.

This number with the black tulle flounces made Harriet Hilliard devastating in 1934.

Looking fashionably languid, Helen, of the Pickens sisters, modeled this fuchsia tunic.

**RADIO MIRROR'S**

Fashion may not be spinach, but who's going to deny that it's come a long way since 1934? Not your favorite radio stars—though they were considered very smart indeed in these middle thirties' styles.

What they
Alice Faye was dressed for a day in town in this white-frosted blue crepe tunic job. Gray flannel trunks, jersey halter, jaunty sailor—they put Sylvia Froos in the swim. And in this unlikely outfit Milton Berle posed—to defend his gags, it said there.

**OWN LIFE STORY**

Fashion-wise, 1934 seems like centuries ago. Imagine wrapping yourself in that Eskimo-like ermine trimmed wrap that Nicole of Paris designed for Betty Barthell. Of course, you could salvage the body of the garment—it was made of velvet—and be quite stylish for 1950. Likewise with Helen Pickens' velvet accessories. Those long sooty gloves would be welcome in any woman's wardrobe in 1950, but to the attic with that lengthy matelasse tunic dress! Helen, however, must have cut quite a figure in it at teas and cocktail parties in those dimmer days. The prize hat here seems to be the Nicole of Paris number modeled by Ruth Etting. It had a straw crown, a starched and pleated white organdy brim and what looks like an enormous velvet ribbon as extra added attraction. And a collar to match. Wonder how many times Ruth was able to wear that?

About the least fashionable but also least perishable style seems to be Gertrude Berg's housedress. Fashions come and fashions go but those gaily designed, terribly practical garments go on forever. When you view the doings of Molly Goldberg these days on television, you probably won't be able to notice much difference in her then and now dresses. But for all-out practicality, the fashion Oscar must go to Milton Berle. There is one form that will never change, even sixteen years from now. Want to bet?

Chapeaux. 1934: Ruth Etting in a Nicole of Paris number of white pleated organdy and Arlene Francis in a tricorne made of tweed, one-eye style.
For several years Susan Kent had captured first prizes in the WFBR Sewing Contest and it was this sewing talent that brought her into contact with the Baltimore station. When the opportunity came to step in and do radio work the station found that she was admirably equipped to show listeners how It's Fun to Cook, M-F at 12:45 P. M.

Cooking was as easy as pie for Susan who, as a lieutenant in the Marine Corps, had fed thousands of hungry leathernecks. She had a trying time for fourteen months when she served as the only woman officer in the Marine Barracks in Washington, D. C. With thousands of handsome, rugged Marines around she did an about-face and married a civilian—something which was very hard to live down during the rest of her "hitch."

Along with this talent for cooking, she has an urge to grow things. That's why she wangled a garden, large enough to keep two people supplied with the usual things that taste best fresh, smack in the middle of two large apartment developments. Both she and her husband do the hoeing and neither shirks his duty.

Besides sewing, designing clothes, painting and working with ceramics, Susan plays the piano and mandolin and once took up flying, but she didn't follow through long enough to get her license. Add to this the large number of requests which come in to serve as judge of this and that fashion show and you can see that Susan Kent is a very busy young woman.

Prior to joining the Marines, this lady from Denver, Colorado taught school and worked with children's programs on a station in Carlsbad, New Mexico. A desire to see new places led her to Washington, D. C. where she worked for the Civil Aeronautics Board and took courses at George Washington University and the Madga School of Design.

WFBR's Susan Kent designs and sews clothing, makes ceramic knick-knacks, paints in her leisure time.
Pride yourself for a surprise and an extra special one at that! You'll find it in the February issue and you'll know it in many ways once you pick up a copy of next month's magazine. First of all there's the cover—on it you'll find a portrait of the man and his gang who have been delighting audiences for many, many years with their adventures on the Breakfast Club. Who is it? Don McNeill, of course—who else? Don and Sam Cowling and Fran Allison (who plays gossipy Aunt Fanny), Patsy Lee and Johnny Desmond—they're all there and with them are pictures and stories filled with fascinating information. Look for this in the special McNeill section of the February issue.

The February issue would be almost complete in itself with just that material on Don McNeill, but leave it to Radio and Television Mirror to supply you with much, much more than your quarter's worth. Next month will be overflowing with the kind of features you've come to know and expect in your favorite magazine of radio and television. There'll be another page of day-time serial fashions and a daytime serial problem based on a situation confronting the characters in Right to Happiness.

February is concerned with families, too. You'll find two pages of pictures on the Hansens of Mama. And you'll find a story on a woman who is responsible for another famous and favorite family. She's Gertrude Berg, creator of the Goldbergs and player of Molly. This story is by her secretary. It's a new glimpse into the life of an amazing woman.

Are there any aspiring amateurs in the house? Make sure they read the special message from Ted Mack, conductor of the Original Amateur Hour. Ted has compiled a guide which will answer any question that's ever been thought of in connection with amateur shows. You'll find all this in the February issue of Radio and Television Mirror which goes on sale January 10.

"I rode 150 miles on a roller coaster!"

says ANN SHERIDAN, co-starring in "WOMAN ON THE RUN"
A Fidelity Picture From Universal-International.

"Retaking this scene for 'Woman on the Run' kept me on a roller coaster hour after hour. I rubbed my hands raw, gripping the rail.

And hanging from this skyline nearly tore my fingers. But I smoothed my hands with Jergens Lotion... For romantic close-ups with Dennis O'Keefe!"

Being a liquid, Jergens is absorbed by thirsty skin. Prove it with this simple test described above... You'll see why Jergens Lotion is my beauty secret.

More women use Jergens Lotion than any other hand care in the world
ACCENT
ON
MUSIC

Disc Jockey Bob Horn is the man behind the mike on the Valley Forge Stardust Time program broadcast by WFIL, Philadelphia, six nights a week from 11 o'clock to midnight. His listeners, many of whom have been his devoted fans ever since he began broadcasting in Philadelphia eleven years ago, tune in the show because they get all the music they want, plus all the news and sports results they need to keep themselves well-informed, in the relaxed Horn style.

Bob's unobtrusive manner in introducing his musical selections, reporting the news, and making commercial announcements is one of the principal reasons for his present high rating among Philadelphians radio personalities. He places the emphasis on music, keeping his comments brief and to the point. To maintain the casual mood of the program, he includes an occasional anecdote illustrating some of the more humorous aspects of life.

Recognized as an authority on jazz, Bob also is well versed in the music of the modern and progressive schools, but on his nightly WFIL show he plays music which reflects the varied tastes of his legion of admirers. The result is an hour of pleasurable listening for all concerned.

The personable Mr. Horn was born in Cherry Run, West Virginia, a village with a population of 500, situated in the Sleepy Creek Mountains. His boyhood was spent in West Virginia and Ohio towns to which his father's occupation as a civil and mining engineer led the family, and later he attended Valley Forge Military Academy for four years. It's pure coincidence that Valley Forge also is the name of the beer sold by his sponsor.

In 1934 Bob entered the radio field as an announcer at a station in Wheeling, West Virginia. When he first displayed his broadcasting talents in Philadelphia in 1939, he served as special events commentator, assistant program director, and public relations man before he decided that he would rather be a disc jockey. From the time of his first program he began to build a steady audience of faithful listeners, and his success as a platter spinner was assured. In 1946, he went to Hollywood as a news commentator for a radio station, but after a year in the movie capital he returned to Philadelphia and his disc show.

As a sideline to his radio work, Bob turned promoter and in 1945 presented the first modern jazz concert ever given at Philadelphia's staid Academy of Music. Sarah Vaughan and Dizzy Gillespie are among the performers who were helped on their way to stardom by appearances in Horn productions.

Bob is married to the former Linda Stevens, a talented singer who adds beauty and charm to the Horn household. They have a daughter, Marianne, two years old.
Is your name among these lucky twenty-five ukulele winners?

Last July, in the special Arthur Godfrey issue, Radio Mirror offered its readers a chance to win a genuine Island Ukulele made by Paramount Distributors and a case of hi-V Concentrated Orange Juice. Entrants were asked to complete in twenty-five words or less the statement, "I'd like to learn to play the ukulele like Arthur Godfrey because . . . ."

Here are the names of those, in the opinions of the editors, best described their reasons:

- C. B. Bull, Lodi, Calif.
- Mrs. Hal Graves, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma
- Amelia Rose Forsythe, Rye, Colorado
- Hal Heffner, Salisbury Center, N. Y.
- Nancy Lou Hamilton, Hollywood, California
- Miss Beth Studer, Los Angeles, California
- Tommy Higdon, Ingalls, Indiana
- Mrs. Corwin Yeager, Amherst, Ohio
- L. Skinner, Dayton, Ohio
- Mary E. Brown Hahn, Johnstown, Pa.
- Rev. William F. Peacock, Ama, Texas
- Mrs. Sadie Holley, Washington, D. C.
- Glenon B. Ridgway, Shubina, Missouri
- Lolly Crawford Taber, Lake-wood, Colorado
- Paul Wayne Douglas, Richmond, Missouri
- Eleanor M. Peck, Kenmore, N. Y.
- Jo Ann Peterson, Mount Horeb, Wis.
- Mary Jane Covey, Fresno, Calif.
- Patrick Conant, Canton, N. Y.
- Gayle Griffith, Greenwood, Indiana
- Paige Lewis, News Ferry, Va.
- Donnie Whitney, Jamaica Plain, Mass.
- Suzanne Teichman, Chicago, Ill.
The best answer to the problem of G.M., presented in the September issue, was submitted by Mrs. Marin Sergeant of South Bend, Indiana, to whom Radio Mirror’s check for $25.00 has been sent. Here is this month’s prize problem letter which I am asking Radio Mirror readers to help me solve with their letters of advice:

Dear Joan:

My question or problem is one that arises perhaps due to a sudden lack of interest on my husband’s part; or immaturity on mine. Which it is, I can’t seem to determine.

My husband is twenty-one years of age which is but two years older than I. We’ve been married for one year and two months, and with the exception of the past few months it has truly been bliss. Recently he has shown a lack of interest in our household. I’m not referring to his financial interests. He is a perfect husband and provider in this respect; but it’s the smaller things that have previously meant so very much to us. For instance, the fact that the complete apartment had been rearranged solely for his liking and convenience was left unnoticed by him. And lately after I have spent all day preparing something he especially enjoys, he never remarks about it at all.

It seems as if we are constantly bickering, and Joan, we are both so young and married such a short time for all this to happen.

Perhaps you can offer an explanation plus some advice to me, for his sudden change. Mrs. H. H.

Now here are other problem letters and the answers which I have given to them.

Dear Joan:

My husband is a civil engineer. We live in an Eastern suburban town, own our beautiful home, have two youngsters of school age, a host of friends and both of our families living nearby.

Recently my husband was offered a large contract out West—a great responsibility with accompanying increase in salary. However, the project would consume about five or six years to complete and would naturally mean our moving out there to his new work.

It would mean transferring our children to a different school with a probable setback. It would mean leaving our friends, and our families—including my aged mother who has not many more years to live. My husband is leaving the decision entirely up to me—saying he will not accept the position if we do not accompany him. He says he wants me to be happy but will he blame me later for losing out on this wonderful opportunity and advancement?

I am a poor adjuster to new people and places and am sure to be wretched for a long, long time. Mrs. H. S.

Dear Mrs. S.:

From your letter I get the feeling that you’re taking a rather gloomy view of this possible move of yours—and I say “yours” because I’m sure you realize that it’s unthinkable (Continued on page 69)
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 December 30. No letters will be returned. Address Joan Davis, Radio Mirror Magazine, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. 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.
THE SINGING COMMERCIAL

By ADELAIDE VAN WEY

A new innovation? Not at all—in fact radio wasn’t even a dream when the first huckster’s chant was heard

Editor’s Note: Adelaide Van Wey, young Southern contralto from Rossman, North Carolina, is known throughout America for her extensive research in folk music and brilliant performance of these songs. Although classically trained, her love for folk music has been predominant. She has made trips into all parts of the United States to find and note the music she heard, the music which has been handed down from generation to generation. She was made an honorary citizen of New Orleans for her outstanding records of Creole folk songs, an album of which is in the Library of Congress.

Most of us think of the singing commercial as a spontaneous outgrowth of the hectic thirties and frantic forties—the advertising-conscious decades when many an ad jingle was as well-known as the No. 1 song on the Hit Parade. But actually the singing commercial was a familiar part of every man’s life several centuries ago when peddlers first devised short melodies to chant and draw attention to their wares. The street vendors’ cries have lasted those hundreds of years and today their utility value is even greater than it has been in the past. Certain sections of Paris, Rome, Marseilles, Charleston, Savannah, New York and New Orleans is still recognized and employed.

The term I like best in referring to street cries is “unconscious music.” The huckster doesn’t realize he is singing. His cry is designed to call attention to his wares. Words are important, too. To lessen the tiresome hawking, a variety of words is used and a little tune unconsciously becomes easier to repeat than a sharp yell or loud call. These peddlers use every imaginable means to bring their produce to town—trucks, mules, wagons, baskets and pushcarts. Many housewives buy their food in these cities from the house to house sellers, because their prices are always a bit below the prices in shops and markets. There are watermelons to be sold—peaches, blackberries, sweet oranges, strawberries, vegetables and flowers. No are these all the cries. There’s the chimney sweep, once a familiar sight and sound (and still is in Paris, New Orleans and Savannah); the broom seller, who makes the New Orleans sagebrush brushes himself; the knife sharpener, the umbrella mender, the cantaloupe seller—they are all still there in New Orleans and continental cities.

Many street cries I have heard and learned “first hand.” Others I’ve been told about or taught by someone who heard the cry. Coming from the South I have been familiar with these cries for years and have incorporated them in my Creole Folk Song Albums. It’s interesting to note these selling tunes differ with locale. The Charleston shrimp seller sings “Shrimpu,” the New Orleans vendor uses the same word, but the tune is different. Those who have written down street cries seldom are able to catch the actual sounds. There are no notes depicting pitches not found on the black keys, not on the white, but “in the cracks.” One has to depend on the ear to catch the trick intonations of the real vender. Years of calling wares, in heat and wind, go into perfecting the peddler’s street cry which is indeed, his trade mark.

In the age of the super-market, the original street cries are a fast disappearing part of the American scene, but they have been transplanted into the jazzy tempo of modern advertising. Such cries as:

Ma crabs are nice and brown
I sell ‘em all around
When you’re hungry and blue
Wait for de crab man to pass through
Crab-ee, Debbl Crab-ee

Blackberries, want some
Blackberries—not a green one in the pail.

preceded by many years the jingle:

“How mild, how mild, how mild can a cigarette be!”
Tip the bottle, push the cap—Have lovelier-looking hands in seconds!

No bothersome top to remove or replace. This handy “Push-Kap” dispenser gives you just the desired amount of lanolin-enriched Cashmere Bouquet Hand Lotion for the gentlest, most soothing care your dry, chapped hands (knees and elbows, too) have ever experienced. Cashmere Bouquet is the fragrant new formula that pours like a lotion, softens like a cream, dries quick-as-a-wink without stickiness. Grand as a powder base, or complexion treatment for your entire body. Get Cashmere Bouquet Hand Lotion with the new “Push-Kap” dispenser, in the large or giant size, today!

1. No Fuss! When ready to apply lotion—simply withdraw silver pin from spout. No bothersome cap to unscrew, replace, or lose.

2. No Muss! Turn bottle upside down. Press gently on knob behind spout with forefinger to dispense lotion. Can’t spill, bottle never becomes slippery.

3. No Waste! When exactly desired amount of lotion is dispensed, release pressure of forefinger and replace bottle upright. Simple, convenient, economical.
Hands Look Lovelier in 24 Hours... or your money back!

Noxzema Hand Care Helps Soften, Whiten, Heal Red, Rough "Working Hands"—Chapped Hands!

- **Doctors' tests prove it** If your hands are red, rough and chapped... they can look lovelier in 24 hours! "In tests, the hands of 9 out of 10 women showed improvement—often within 24 hours—with Noxzema. Read what it can do for you:

1. Help red, rough "Working Hands" look softer, smoother, whiter and so much lovelier!
2. Bring soothing relief to raw, chapped skin!
3. Help heal those tiny surface cuts and cracks!
4. Supply a protective film of oil-and moisture to skin!
5. And—it's a snow-white, dainty greaseless cream!

**Helps Soothe, Heal Those Sore Chapped Hands**! Chapped hands are eat hands. And they need more than just a "perfumed pretti-fier." *Medicated* Noxzema helps heal those tiny surface cuts and cracks—quickly—helps chapped hands feel better, look lovelier!

Helps "Housework Hands" Regain Natural Beauty! When daily chores leave your hands red and rough—let gentle, soothing Noxzema come to their rescue. It helps unsightly "Working Hands" look softer, smoother, whiter—often overnight! And it's greaseless—never leaves your hands feeling "sticky"!

**Money-Back Offer**! No matter what hand care you use now—try soothing, medicated Noxzema tonight. If you don't see definite improvement in 24 hours—simply return your jar to Noxzema, Baltimore, Md.—your money cheerfully refunded. But you will be delighted with results! Get greaseless, medicated Noxzema Skin Cream today—40¢, 60¢ and $1.00, plus tax, at any drug or cosmetic counter.

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**UGLY.** "Scrubbing my hands constantly, in order to keep them 'hospital clean,' could easily make them look red and ugly," says Jean Crow, Registered Nurse of Baltimore, Maryland.

**LOVELY.** "But my hands never show the harsh treatment they undergo," she continues. "I use Noxzema throughout the day to help keep my hands looking soft and smooth."
A MESSAGE FOR THE
New Year

By ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

As a delegate to the United Nations, Mrs. Roosevelt is in even closer touch with the problems of mankind than she was during her days as First Lady. Here, for 1951, is a special message from her to the readers of Radio and Television Mirror.

In these troubled times, with so much uncertainty in everybody's mind about the future, we should all remember that much of our hope for the security of ourselves and our children, depends on our all working together to find the solutions to the problems that lie ahead. This can only be done if we all think about the problems which we face and bring ourselves to a greater awareness of the issues. I feel that war is not inevitable; destruction is not inevitable; solutions can be found and peace is possible throughout the world.

Through her new radio program, Mrs. Roosevelt hopes to spread an awareness of the questions and problems of the times by exchanging views with her listeners and her guests. She is heard Mon-Fri., 12:30 P.M., EST, WNBC.
It's Miami instead of Manhattan for the nation's busiest reporter. But don't think that he really gets away from it all!

By ERIC RAND

Turnabout: Winchell got an orchid, this time at Radio Registry Ball. Proceeds went to Runyon Cancer Fund.

It was the Sunday before Christmas last year and Walter Winchell, driving in his convertible across the Venetian Causeway from Miami Beach to the city of Miami, Florida, reflected that he had not yet caught the Christmas spirit. How, he thought, can you feel like humming Jingle Bells when the moon is shining on the yachts there in the bay. It's too warm for a coat and everybody's nose is sunburned.

He walked into the radio studios of WGBS, had a word or two with his producer, checked the teletype flashes from the direct New York wire and took his
The company he keeps: Winchell at a Runyon Fund-benefit with Leonard Lyons, Margaret Truman, Joe DiMaggio.

When the horses run at Hialeah, Winchell's there to watch them. His companions are Hirsch Jacobs, Arthur Godfrey.

Rare shot of Winchell with daughter Walda was taken a few years ago. His wife and son also go along to Miami.

seat before the twin microphones. His script, fillers, commercials and a glass of water were waiting. From the control room he caught the signal—sixty seconds . . .

Somewhere a phone rang. Thirty seconds later he was handed a slip of paper; as the second-hand of the clock hit nine o'clock he was already scribbling. The commercial took a minute. Then:

"Good evening, Mr. and Mrs. North and South America and all the ships at sea! Let's go to press!"

"Flash! This has just been handed to me. Arthur
It's Miami instead of Manhattan for the nation's busiest reporter. But don't think that he really gets away from it all!

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"Good evening, Mr. and Mrs. North and South America and all the ships at sea! Let's go to press!"

"Flash! This has just been handed to me. Arthur the Roney Plaza Hotel, he practices technique with pro Jerry Cook.

When the horses run at Hialeah, Winchell's there to watch them. His companions are Bisch Jacobs, Arthur Godfrey.

Rare shot of Winchell with daughter Walda was taken a few years ago. His wife and son also go along to Miami.
Johnson, thirty-six, from Chicago arrived in Miami last night. Has internal hemorrhage and trying to locate Type A, Rh-negative blood. None in blood bank. Cannot locate any since this afternoon. If anyone in Florida has this type blood —Type A, Rh-negative—please help a dying man. Urgent.”

That finished, he went on with his broadcast. At the sign-off he walked out of the quiet of the studio into bedlam. Every phone in the place was shrieking, people were dashing from desk to desk and the direct wire teletype was ringing frantically. Walter picked up the yellow strip of paper unwinding from the machine.

“Attention WW! Phones in New York going wild. Seventy-five calls in less than five minutes. Ringing like mad in ABC offices across country. Have you got the blood yet? Can’t turn down donors until we’re sure the man is saved ...”

Two hours later Winchell, looking flustered and with a suspicious moisture in his eyes, went on the air again. He told Mr. and Mrs. America that they could relax now, stop clogging phone lines into ABC affiliates across the United States. “We’ve learned,” he said, “that a man chartered a plane from Augusta, Georgia. Eastern Airlines offered to delay all south-bound planes in New York in case someone found the right blood. More than three hundred persons are at the hospital now and Miami police have been called to straighten out traffic jams on roads leading to Biscayne Hospital.”

“Flash! The stricken man has received the transfusion and is responding. The donor had just been identified. Nathan Dash—a visitor from New York.”

He had to add: “Nobody asked, ‘Is he black, white, brown or yellow?’ Nobody said anything, just: ‘I have that type blood and I want to help—’”

As he drove back home to the Roney Plaza Hotel on the Beach that night, Walter really had the Christmas spirit. He could be glad in his heart that he’d been in Miami tonight.

A man’s life had been saved, indirectly, because several years before Winchell had looked out of his New York hotel window into a sleet storm and decided on the instant to go where the sun was. He followed it to Miami, and thereafter pursued it to its Southern hideaway every autumn, returning to New York only when the trees were budding in Central Park and the tulips were planted, already abloom, in Rockefeller Center.

Winchell spends five months of (Continued on page 78)
If you listen to Walter Winchell on the radio, you know that his patriotic quotient is high. Here's a chance to test your own

The world is full of propagandists trying to change the land of the free and the home of the brave into a land of tyranny and the home of the slave. Today, Americans are waking up to the dangers of the lunatic left and the wretched right. Steering a steady course between them, defeating them, is difficult unless certain basic American principles are kept in mind. You believe in the American creeds of freedom and government of, by and for the people. But what are you doing to keep them alive? Check up on yourself by answering these questions.

1. After the war millions were left homeless and dispossessed, many faced new and hateful oppressions. Are you getting a little tired of hearing about their plight?

Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness are God-given rights of every man, everywhere. That's the cornerstone of the American Way. As long as one person still lives in bondage he is the concern of all Americans.

2. Do individual rights imply the privilege to do what, when and how you please at all times?

There are some limitations to personal rights. They must not interfere with the equal rights of others or with the welfare of the people as a whole.

3. Do you agree that in time of trouble it's up to everyone to look out for himself?

Fairweather Americans, like "friends" of the same kind, exploit a crisis. They hoard, profiteer, sell America short. Your score should be zero on these counts. There is enough for all in the greatest producing nation in the world.

4. The idea that all men are created equal means very little because they are not equally clever or capable. Do you agree?

The equal rights of all men to equal opportunity, good education, to live, work and worship where and how they please and to share in the benefits of Democracy must be actively supported—by you!

5. Do you believe politics are so corrupt that it doesn't matter whether you vote or not?

The effectiveness of Democracy depends on how well you fulfill your duties as a citizen. Keep well-informed, take part in community activities, weigh both sides of controversial issues and then act on your decision by voting. (Continued on page 90)
The blondes this gentleman prefers are his wife and daughters: left, Phyllis, six, Alice and Alice, Jr., who is eight.

The Phil Harris-Alice Faye Show is heard Sun., 7:30 P.M. EST, NBC.
Blondes

One blonde is complication enough in any man’s life. But three—is that wonderful or woeful? “Both!” says the well-qualified Phil Harris

By PHIL HARRIS

In the beginning, there was just Alice and things weren’t quite so tough. But then along came little Alice. And finally, Phyllis. All blonde, all gorgeous, and all cut from the same sweet set of goods.

I should have foreseen my fate long ago. Goodness knows, it was plain enough from the first day that Alice and Phyllis began to toddle around the house. But it wasn’t until this year, after big Alice and I got back home from Europe, that I realized I’m doomed. I’ve got to live out the rest of my days under the same roof with three beautiful blondes. Not one, not two, but three. It’s enough to curl my hair.

Already, I’ve learned one thing certain about blondes. No two of them ever think alike. But regardless of the peculiar ways their minds work, they always seem to get their way. Blondes, I claim, are all born with a God-given talent for bending men to their will. With one blonde, a man ain’t got a chance. With three, folks, he’s ruined. He’s through. He’s Mr. Dead.

For instance, take what happened this summer. Alice and I went over to Europe with Jack Benny—and all in all, it was quite a triumphant tour of Switzerland, Holland, Scotland, Paris, and London (they loved me in London). Naturally, because we were moving around with a show troupe, we left the kids in Hollywood with their grandparents. (Continued on page 72)
Dick leaves singing in the shower to Charlotte. He prefers to do his while shaving.

It was love at first sight on his part. With her, it took a little longer—maybe second, maybe third. But ever since it’s been equally divided!

By CHARLOTTE MANSON BROWN

I t was a year ago last October in New York City. The sun was shining and the air was crisp and cool. Dick and I walked, hand in hand, around the corner from our apartment to register for the November election. The gray-haired lady at the table looked up at us and smiled warmly. It must have been obvious that we were newlyweds and that we were very much in love. She turned to me first:

Name—Mrs. Richard Brown (as of three days before).
Address—Gave it.
Age—Over twenty-one (just like a woman).

While I waited my turn at the registration booth, I heard Dick going through much the same routine. But the gray-haired lady asked him one additional question.

Occupation—Singer.

Wondering why she hadn’t asked me that question, I sneaked a quick look at the registration book. Across from my name was written one word: Housewife.

That stopped me cold. After all those years of living a butterfly existence as Charlotte Manson, Cinderella Girl of Radio, I was now plain Mrs. Richard Brown, housewife. It was a wonderful feeling. Ever since I was a little girl, entranced by Grimm’s Fairy Tales, I’ve always liked to imagine what happened after the “happily ever (Continued on page 80)
Charlotte Manson used to wonder what "happily ever after" would mean. Now that she's married to Dick Brown, she knows exactly.
It was love at first sight on his part. With her, it took a little longer—maybe second, maybe third. But ever since it’s been equally divided!

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As a bachelor, I am, of course, a great authority on women and their ways. Every bachelor must be. Exposed as he is to a multitude of subtle snares, all devised for the single purpose of attaching him to the conventional legal leash, it takes study, strategy and just plain stubbornness for a man to retain his state of single cussedness these days.

However, let me make two things plain at the outset. Although I boast of being a close observer of women, I definitely do not claim to understand them. I merely assert they are the most fascinating study a man can have. It's a study which he can be sure will remain interesting all his life, for he'll never learn all the answers.

I also want to explain that although I confess to sidestepping that legal leash, I do not avoid women. I think women are wonderful. So confusingly wonderful, in fact, that I am not yet willing to single out one individual woman and certify, 'till death do us part, that she is far more wonderful than all the rest.

To me and to most bachelors, that seems an easily understandable and very enjoyable state of mind. You might even (Continued on page 67)
From Chicago: a plaid job. Why can't men be drosy?

It's possible, he insists, for a man to walk down the street and get a terrific kick out of just looking at pretty girls—without leering at a single one of them. Of course, if he happens to feel like leering . . .
A week's interest on a million dollars!
That's what talented parents—introduced by their children—can win on this show.

On Live Like A Millionaire, talented parents are introduced by their children. As Jack McCoy, the show's emcee puts it, "Children may range in age from three to a hundred and three—parents, of course, should be older." Four parents are presented each day, with each day's winners competing at the end of the week. Audience applause determines the week's winner, who is awarded a week's interest on a million dollars and many merchandise gifts. The program originates in Hollywood. Auditions for aspiring—and talented—"millionaires" are held in the NBC Hollywood studios twice each week.

Live Like A Millionaire is heard Monday through Friday, 2:30 P.M., EST, over NBC network stations, is sponsored by General Mills.

Three-year-old Kay McRee, shy but determined, tells Jack her story.
Winner Mrs. Lee Childs Kelly was introduced by Suannah and Charles.
Los Angeles County Fair: is this child's pride in Mom only calf love?
The Johnny Doyle family—he was first week's winner—includes Jackie, six, Gail, five, and Taffy (canine: age unknown).

Older youngster, Melody, accompanied her mother, Mrs. Meyers, on the show.

Eight-year-old Robert urged his Dad, Murray Korda, to try—he did, won!

Famous parents turn up, too—Tony and Linda Hope brought Bob along.
Lovely ladies, leading men . . .

host to all of Hollywood in its thirteen years on the air. That’s
the story of the Screen Guild Players.

Olivia DeHavilland and Charles Boyer repeated their screen success, “Hold Back The Dawn,” for the SGP this year.
Creating the proper blend of suspense for "Suspicion" were Cary Grant, Nigel Bruce, Loretta Young.

Screen Guild Players reunited Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy for the melodic "Sweethearts."

Every man has a list of things he can never forget. The night I froze up before hundreds of people in a Hollywood radio audience must loom large in any such roster I draw up.

I've played as a juvenile opposite Ethel Barrymore on Broadway. I've been a star of silent movies. I've gone through cinema romances with such celluloid sweethearts as Gloria Swanson, Irene Rich, Betty Compson and Pola Negri. I even survived the transition to talking pictures, enjoying in the process the screen company of such well-known and beautiful leading ladies as Norma Shearer and Joan Crawford and my thirteen years as producer of the Screen Guild radio program haven't kept me completely in the background.

I can look back at more than a thousand appearances before footlights and under kleig lights, but nowhere in the record is there another time when my mind failed me so utterly.

We were presenting Betty Hutton in the Screen Guild Players version of "The Trouble With Women." I had set out to introduce Betty to the studio audience. I had summoned every superlative I could lay tongue to in my build-up.

With a sweep of my arm, I indicated the wing where Betty waited to make her entrance. "Ladies and gentlemen!" I cried, but not another syllable came out. Suddenly, inexplicably, my mind had gone blank. I knew Betty Hutton's name as well as my own, but for that agonizing moment I couldn't have thought of it if my life had depended upon it.

I turned white with terror and embarrassment, but fortunately the audience never got an opportunity to learn of my ordeal. Betty didn't wait for the silence to become awkward. She bounced onto the stage in that vivacious manner of hers, threw her arms around me, and yelled, "Are you kidding, Huntly? I'm Betty Hutton!" (Cont'd on page 89)
The story of Edie and Andy Hoyt is the story of a man’s serious illness and his wife’s devotion to him. More than a year ago, Andy and Edie crashed while flying over South American jungles. After weeks of bare survival, their signals were seen by Pepper Young and a pilot friend of his. The plane was small and Edie, who was ill, was taken out first. When the rescuers returned for Andy, he had disappeared. Eventually, Edie returned to the United States, but she never lost hope, and her faith was rewarded with the report that a man resembling Andy had been picked up by natives. Leaving Edith, her two-year-old daughter, with the Youngs, Edie went back to South America. The man was Andy—but he was in a state of shock and complete amnesia. He seemed to recognize only Edie and would not speak even to her. Any noise frightened him to a state of violence.

Andy is still in this condition. Edie insists that she remain with him, must bring him back to Elmwood—although whether or not her devotion will bring him back to normal is a question no one can answer—for she feels she is his only link with reality. Is it right for her to expose herself—and little Edith—to life with a man whose mind is crippled, whose violence can be dangerous?

Both of the Youngs sympathize with her plight. However, Mother Young—a wife and mother herself—feels that in the same circumstances she would follow the course Edie chooses. Father Young, on the other hand, points out that the practical, realistic thing to do is for Edie to entrust Andy to the expert care of doctors, build a new life for herself and her child.

What do you think? In a situation like this—in any situation where a wife must choose a course that may harm one person while helping another—can a wife forsake her husband?

What do you think? Each month, RADIO MIRROR asks its readers to help a daytime serial favorite of theirs solve her problem. In Edie’s situation—in any situation where a wife is faced with a course of action which may help one person but harm others—can a wife forsake her husband?

Edie Hoyt, of Pepper Young’s Family, feels she should sacrifice herself—perhaps her daughter—for the sake of her husband. What would you do?

Radio Mirror will purchase readers’ answers to the question: “Can A Wife Forsake Her Husband?” Writer of the best answer will be paid $25.00; writers of five next-best answers will be paid $5.00 each.

What is your answer to this problem? State your answer and reasons in a letter of no more than one hundred words. Address: Edie Hoyt, c/o Radio Mirror Magazine, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. The editors will choose the best letter, basing choice on originality and understanding of the problem, will purchase it for $25.00. They will purchase five next-best letters at $5.00 each. No letters will be returned; editors cannot enter into correspondence about them. Opinion of the editors will be final. Letters should be postmarked no later than Jan. 1, 1951, and have this notice enclosed.

Edie Hoyt asks: CAN A WIFE...
FORSAKE HER HUSBAND?
Maybe I should have called this "How to Be Your Man’s Idea of a Best Dressed Woman."

Because the man in your life has some definite convictions about how he wants you to look. And it won’t matter to you how well dressed you are, if he doesn’t think so.

Generally speaking, for instance, a man doesn’t want his wife, or the girl he takes out, to be the first to wear any extreme new fashion. Men are conservative creatures and they accept change slowly. Just look at the way they dress, and you’ll see what I mean!

This conservatism causes me, personally, to do a lot of figuring. As moderator of the Sunday night television program, Leave It to the Girls, and as commentator for many fashion shows, I’m supposed to wear the newest, smartest styles. What’s more, I like to, and I guess my conservative husband is getting used to them. Yet if we’re going out and he begins to look at what I’m wearing with a funny little questioning gleam in his eye—well, I go back and change.

Men feel the same way about having their women wear extreme decollete. Fine on some glamorous creature at the next table, but heaven forbid that every eye in the room should be turned on any dinner companion of theirs. I do think, however, that men like to see women wear evening clothes—and they like bare shoulders, if pretty enough to be revealed.

What I think this adds up to is that most men hate to see a woman look out of place. They’ll compliment a girl on pretty, dainty shoes that show off her feet and ankles, but they’ll raise an awful fuss about high heels in the country. They don’t like to take a girl for a walk, even in the city, and listen to plaints of "Oh, my aching feet."

They like long hair better than short, but they want to see hair held close to the head in a wind. That’s because men are sticklers for good grooming and neatness. Properly groomed, I’m sure they prefer the shoulder length bob, and I know several girls who have never cut their hair shorter than shoulder length who are big successes with the boys. You’ll notice that we girls on the regular Leave It to the Girls panel have kept our hair rather long, but of course in our case it’s because it looks much better that way on television!

Men love little, simple hats, especially with veils. They like picture hats (Continued on page 87)

Do women dress for men?

Of course!—arguments to the contrary notwithstanding. Then

how should a woman dress for a man?

Let an expert tell you

By

MAGGI McNELLIS

How to be a best

Maggi McNellis conducts Leave It To The Girls, Sun., 7 P.M. EST, NBC-TV, sponsored by Regent Cigarettes; she’s also on
Portrait of a lady: Maggi’s dual shaded lavender chiffon strapless ball gown is by Ceil Chapman; the lavender suede gloves were brought from Paris by Maggi’s father-in-law.

With her blue and white checked suit, Maggi wears a white velveteen hat by John Frederics; below, a top and side skirt of pale blue satin over a pleated white silk chiffon skirt. Blue gloves match exactly.

dressed woman

Talent Search, Mon., 10:30 P.M. EST, WNBT, as Vim’s Motorola Hostess.
Twenty-month-old Randy, though blonde like her mother, more closely resembles Jack.

Playtime with parents is fun for any little girl. For Randy Paar it's doubly so, what with a father like Jack.

Jack Paar emcees The $64 Question, heard Sun., 10 P.M. EST, NBC. Sponsor: R.C.A. Victor.
THE MAN I MARRIED

He wanted success, yes—but not at all costs. This is the story of a man who balks at compromise. “And you can’t change him!” says his wife. Nor does she want to

By Mrs. Jack Paar

My husband, Jack Paar, is an explosive mixture. Life is never dull, or even calm, with a man who is burningly ambitious, and yet unwilling to compromise so much as a quarter of an inch on any matter of principle, no matter what the stakes in money, fame, or prestige... Who puts on a confident front which some people—including assorted high army brass—have resented as cockiness, and yet is somehow deeply unsure of his ground...

Who loves his friends passionately (as passionately as he hates his enemies) and gets the same kind of unquestioning devotion (or unrelieved rage) in return, and yet goes out of his way to avoid meeting new people, making new friends...

Who left home and school to go out on his own at the age of sixteen, a rugged individualist even in adolescence, and who yet found common ground, a common wry joke, and a common language with ten million anonymous GIs.

The man is a mass of contradictions, black and white at once, laughing and weeping at once...

And, if I may annotate all this with a personal observation, being married to such a fellow is an adventure—and a challenge—to a little girl who was brought up safe and sheltered in the conservative Pennsylvania-Dutch tradition.

I grew up in Hershey, Pennsylvania, went to the public schools there, studied piano at the conservatory, went on to the University of Virginia to get my Bachelor of Arts degree. My mother is a member of the old-line Hershey family, “the chocolate family” as the townspeople know them. My father, who was in business when my sister and I were growing up, now has retired to our four-hundred-acre place three miles out of town which he farms in a gentlemanly fashion, keeping up his contacts in town through his clubs and through his responsible position in Republican politics.

My sister, Katharine, (Continued on page 87)

the Paars first moved to Hollywood. Now their house in the hills is completely furnished; Jack built the nursery himself.
THE MAN I MARRIED

He wanted success, yes—but not at all costs. This is the story of a man who balks at compromise. "And you can't change him!" says his wife. Nor does she want to

By Mrs. Jack Paar

My husband, Jack Paar, is an explosive mixture.
Life is never dull, or even calm, with a man who is burningly ambitious, and yet unwilling to compromise so much as a quarter of an inch on any matter of principle, no matter what the stakes in money, fame, or prestige...

Who puts on a confident front which some people—including assorted high army brass—have resented as cockiness, and yet is somehow deeply unsure of his ground...

Who loves his friends passionately (as passionately as he hates his enemies) and gets the same kind of unquestioning devotion (or unrelieved rage) in return, and yet goes out of his way to avoid meeting new people, making new friends...

Who left home and school to go out on his own at the age of sixteen, a rugged individualist even in adolescence, and who yet found common ground, a common wry joke, and a common language with ten million anonymous GIs.

The man is a mass of contradictions, black and white at once, laughing and weeping at once...

And, if I may annotate all this with a personal observation, being married to such a fellow is an adventure—and a challenge—to a little girl who was brought up safe and sheltered in the conservative Pennsylvania-Dutch tradition.

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My sister, Katharine. (Continued on page 87)
HEARTY—AND HEAVENLY!

By NANCY CRAIG • RADIO MIRROR FOOD COUNSELOR

Heard at 11:15 P.M. EST. Mon.-Fri., on ABC. (Recipes tested by the Macfadden Kitchen)

A perfect meal to us is a boiled dinner. Use the bone to flavor a tureen of black bean soup; serve with it a slice of cheese bread oozing with butter and you'll bless the boiled dinner all over again. My husband's favorite is boiled beef smothered in horseradish sauce. Shortly after we were married, I introduced him to pot roast. This he didn't like. "Let's have roast beef or boiled beef," he said, "not this in-between stuff."

I find these boiled dinners thrifty and easy to fix. Dumplings or noodles and a bowl of crisp green salad complete the meal. And the leftovers go into other—equally delicious—dinners.

BLACK BEAN SOUP

1 cup dried black beans
1 quart cold water
1/2 medium onion, sliced
1 stalk celery, diced
2 tablespoons butter
1/2 teaspoon salt

Wash beans well. Place in a saucepan with 1 quart water and soak overnight. Then drain. Melt 1 1/2 teaspoons of the butter in a skillet. Add onion and celery and cook 5 minutes over moderate heat, stirring occasionally. Add to beans. Cover generously with water. Add bone. Cover and simmer 3 hours or until beans are done. Add more water if necessary as it cooks away. Remove bone. Put through sieve or food mill. Reheat to boiling point. Stir in lemon juice, salt and spices. Melt remaining butter. Blend in flour. Gradually add to soup, stirring until smooth. Cook 5 minutes. Garnish with lemon slices and pimiento. Makes 6 servings.

BOILED BEEF WITH HORSERADISH SAUCE

3 1/2 lbs. beef, brisket, plate, neck, heel of round or chuck
1 carrot, sliced
1 tablespoon salt
1/2 onion, sliced

Wipe meat with a damp cloth. Place in a large saucepan. Barely cover with boiling water. Bring to a quick boil, skim if necessary. Add salt and vegetables. Cover and simmer gently 2 1/2 hours or until meat is tender. Pour off broth and strain, skimming off fat. Slice meat and arrange on platter. Serve with Horseradish Sauce. Makes 8 servings.

HORSERADISH SAUCE

4 tablespoons butter
4 tablespoons flour
2 cups hot beef broth
1 cup milk
4 tablespoons horse-radish


CHICKEN FRICASSEE

1 large fowl, cut for stewing
1 cup flour
1 1/2 tablespoons celery salt
1/2 teaspoon pepper
1/2 teaspoon ginger
4 tablespoons butter
1/2 cup rice (raw)
1/2 cup white wine
2 cups milk
1/2 cup onions, sliced thin

Remove pinfeathers from chicken and wash well. Combine flour and seasonings. Turn each piece of chicken in flour. Melt butter in a large skillet. Brown chicken quickly. Remove (Continued on page 71)
The Waring brand of music takes to TV like the proverbial duck to water; Jane Wilson and the chorus demonstrate that their charms are visual as well as vocal.

Daisy, the Quartet (Ray Sax, Bob Bollinger, Jack Best and Clyde Sechler) with Fred.

Piano practice for Virginia Manley, Livingston Gearhart; lyric briefing for Daisy.
Musician, teacher, engineer, architect—he’s all of these. But those who work for him will tell you that first and foremost he’s a wonderful guy!

My Boss—

FRED WARING

By DAISY BERNIER

The first time I met Fred Waring was at an audition—my own. I was part of a trio dancing and doing a little singing in a Chicago supper club. Fred and the Pennsylvanians were playing the Palace. Some of his boys dropped in at our club and told him about us, and he had us come over to the theatre. We were terribly nervous because this was something we had hoped for and dreamed about for a long, long time.

Fred greeted us, and then did the sort of tactful, thoughtful thing I have since found is commonplace with him. He invited us into his dressing room, turned the conversation away from show business, and began to tell us about the Waring Blender he had perfected and marketed. I remember how he threw some peaches into the Blender and let us taste the smooth, dreamy concoction. Then he led us to talk about ourselves and, finally, to show him what we could do.

Of course, I practically passed out after the audition, but by that time getting scared again didn’t matter. Fred had said he wanted us as soon as he went back to radio. In the meantime, I was offered a part in a Broadway musical. So the boys took another girl into the act temporarily. When Fred called them for the Chesterfield Hour I was still in the show, but he said I could come later. That was ten years ago, and I have been with Fred and the Pennsylvanians ever since.

The show’s debut on television last year was a first for most of us. (Continued on page 74)
The HYPO

Surprise package: preview, posed especially for you,

The talk of TV is Sid Caesar's pantomiming every Saturday night on the hour-and-a-half program that brings you famous guest emcees, opera stars who warble their way through classics or pop, ballet dancers and comedy skits—a little something for everyone. Sid's

1. Mrs. and Mr. settle down for a nice, quiet evening. She sews, he scans headlines. He's had a good day at the office, and is feeling great.

2. "Daddy, you sneezed!" the little woman exclaims. "It's nothing," he comforts her. "Just a kickback from too much pepper in the wiener schnitzel."

3. 

4. 

5. "Daddy, now you hiccuped! Have you got a chill? Can you stand the ride to the hospital? Should I call a specialist?" Says he, gloomily, "Hic-cup!"

6. "Boo! I'll bet I scared away the nasty old hiccups! You say I nearly gave you heart failure? Well, that just goes to show how sick you really are!"

Sid Caesar, star of Your Show of Shows, NBC-TV.
partner in pantomime is a hundred pounds of ceaseless energy named Imogene Coca, and together there's hardly a domestic situation they haven't burlesqued in the course of the season. Maybe the little scene below's from your home.

3. "Daddy, you sneezed again! I know it's pneumonia. Is your head hot? Let me feel your pulse. Oh, I can just see them rolling in the oxygen tent!"

4. "It's only pepper, I tell you. Take that thermometer away. I never felt better in my life. What are you trying to do, anyway, make me sick?"

7. "I blew something in your eye when I jumped at you? Well, just you hold still while Mommie takes the horrid old speck out of Daddy's eye."

8. Evening's end. Mr. still mutters "pepper" at intervals. Mrs. sews happily—didn't she save him from pneumonia? Or worse? Or even worse?
The HYPOCHONDRIAC

Surprise package: preview, posed especially for you by another hilarious Caesar-Coca pantomime!

The talk of TV is Sid Caesar's pantomiming every Saturday night on the hour-and-a-half program that brings you famous guest emcees, opera stars who warble their way through classics or pop, ballet dancers and comedy skits—a little something for everyone. Sid's partner in pantomime is a hundred pounds of ceaseless energy named Imogene Coca, and together there's hardly a domestic situation they haven't burlesqued in the course of the season. Maybe the little scene below's from your home.

1. Mrs. and Mr. settle down for a nice, quiet evening. She sews, he scans headlines. He's had a good day at the office, and is feeling great.

2. "Daddy, you sneezed!" the little woman exclaims. "It's nothing," he comforts her. "Just a kick-back from too much pepper in the wiener schnitzel."

3. "Daddy, you sneezed again! I know it's pneumonia. Is your head hot? Let me feel your pulse. Oh, I can just see them rolling in the oxygen tent!"

4. "It's only pepper, I tell you. Take that thermometer away. I never felt better in my life. What are you trying to do, anyway, make me sick?"

5. "Daddy, now you hiccuped! Have you got a chill? Can you stand the ride to the hospital? Should I call a specialist?" Says he, plaintively, "Hic-cup!"

6. "Boo! I'll bet I scared away the nasty old hoo! You say I nearly gave you heart failure? Well, that just goes to show how sick you really are!"

7. "I blew something in your eye when I jumped at you? Well, just you hold still while Mommie takes the horrid old speck out of Daddy's eye."

8. Evening's end. Mr. still mutters "pepper" at intervals. Mrs. sews happily—didn't she save him from pneumonia? Or worse? Or even worse? 
She knew she was coming, so she baked a cake. Visitors bring Ed gifts and goodies, eyed hungrily by the staff.

Midway in the program, Ed sits down and reads a bit of poetry he thinks the studio and home audiences will like. Lee listens in, too, while the Cy Coleman trio provides a bit of appropriate background music.

The lady is in the audience, but tenor troubador Lee Sullivan singles out a pretty girl to sing to. Ed gets some audience members to do little stunts, or just get up and exchange a bit of banter, and there are always a couple of well-known guests to do a spot of entertaining. The program began last summer in Central Park, moved indoors when leaves began to fall. Featured on the show was breakfast under the trees, and happily the coffee and cake have now moved right along indoors!

Meet Ed Herlihy and Lee Sullivan, two men who manage to have more dates in one day than most fellows do in a lifetime!

Safety in numbers? Sure, says Ed Herlihy, who dates several hundred women five mornings a week in a New York television studio. Sometimes a husband comes along as chaperon. That's fine with Ed. Often they bring the kids too. The cameramen go slightly mad trying to catch them all, since it's a highly mobile, unrehearsed performance. Lee Sullivan strolls about with his mike until he finds a pretty girl to sing to. Ed gets some audience members to do little stunts, or just get up and exchange a bit of banter, and there are always a couple of well-known guests to do a spot of entertaining. The program began last summer in Central Park, moved indoors when leaves began to fall. Featured on the show was breakfast under the trees, and happily the coffee and cake have now moved right along indoors!
or out as the girl he most wants to sing to on this particular morning. All part of a gay, informal hour on TV.

Besides presiding over Date, Ed's done the same for Sunday Children's Hour past ten years, announces the Kraft TV Theatre and on radio, newsreels. That's Welcome Travelers' Tommy Bartlett, a welcomed guest.

Date in Manhattan, with Ed Herlihy, is heard every morning, Monday through Friday, from 11 to 12, EST, on WNBT. Participating sponsors are Savarin, Quaker Oats, MacLevy Dance Studio, Solomarx and Vitrex.
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DATE in MANHATTAN

Meet Ed Herlihy and Lee Sullivan, two men who manage to have more dates in one day than most fellows do in a lifetime!

Besides presiding over Date, Ed's done the same for Sunday Children's Hour past ten years, announces the Kraft TV Theatre and on radio, newsreels. That's Welcome Travelers' Tommy Bartlett, a well-meaning guest.

Date in Manhattan, with Ed Herlihy, is heard every morning, Monday through Friday, from 11 to 12, EST, on WNET. Participating sponsors are Savarin, Quaker Oats, MacLevy Dance Studio, Solmarx and Vitrex.
1. Clay approaches banker Stephen Long for help in financing a housing project. Clay and his secretary, Carole, don't know that Long has been seeing Clay's wife secretly and encouraging her in her unjustified suspicions of Clay and Carole.

2. Babs happens into Clay's office to witness what seems like an intimate conversation between Clay and his secretary.

This is the story of Babs and Clay Jonathon, two people who, although they are deeply in love, are badly matched. It's the story of a man's ambition and his wife's craving for affection—the story we often see in our neighbors, in the faces of people we pass on the street. And it is a story that might happen to any of us, for it is part of the human makeup to like to feel misunderstood!

Clay Jonathon is a fairly successful architect. He has done well financially, doesn't do so well in understanding Babs, his wife, who is basically a spoiled child—a good woman who thinks she'd like to be bad. Carole Hansen, Clay's secretary, is the kind of person every woman would like to be—beautiful, loyal, efficient. She would have been a better wife to Clay than Babs, and Babs knows it! Carole is in love with Clay, but that is her secret. Although there is nothing between Carole and Clay, Babs suspects that there is. Stephen Long, with whom Babs has become involved, is a cheat in every sense of the word. Babs has known him since before she married Clay; he gives her admiration she craves. Marge and Eddie Evans are the couple who live next door—young, happy, and in love.

The Jonathon Story is televised on WMAR, Baltimore; WNAC, Boston; WEWS, Cleveland; WXYZ, Detroit; WBNS, Columbus; KLAC, Los Angeles; WPTZ, Philadelphia; KSTD, Minneapolis; KSL, Salt Lake City. Consult your local paper for times.

Here's television's first successful daytime serial—the story of everyday people, their everyday fight for a place in this complicated life.
Marge and Eddie warn Clay about Long, for whom Eddie works. Babs fears that her meetings with Long will be revealed.

4. Long tells Babs he’ll finance Clay’s project if she will “do as he orders.” Fearing Clay will find out, she agrees.

5. But Long offers Clay so high an interest rate that Clay refuses in anger, says that he’ll seek backing elsewhere.


7. Long tells Eddie a trumped-up story about Clay’s refusal of his offer. When Eddie doesn’t believe it, Long fires him.

8. Marge says Babs brought it all on by deceiving Clay. Babs slaps her, ending—temporarily, at least—the friendship.
JANUARY . . . and to start the New Year wrong, a terrible thought comes to me: as I write this, quite a while in advance, the Old Farmers' Almanac for 1961 hasn't yet arrived! What'll I do? The O.F.A. is my tried and trusted friend. Make haste, publishers of same and get me out of this lurch in which you've left me!

. . . Is your situation the same as mine, come the first of each year? About resolutions, I mean. All year long, I note assorted bad habits in myself which ought to be corrected. (And those I don't note, my family and friends are kind enough to point out.) But just let January 1 arrive; and I can't think of one single thing to resolve not to do. Let a month pass and I'll have a list as long as your arm—but then it'll be too late, thank goodness.

READERS' OWN VERSE—

Stuffed and Nonsense
(To an Owl in the Library)

In native haunts
Illiterate birds
Cock-a-doodle doo.
Missis holy words,
"To Whom, To Whom?"
Not in this room.
The owl now says,
"To Whom, To Whom?"

—Don Kelly

LITTLE LEXICON

(Learn-a-word-a-day division): If you were to hear a tinkinhabulation, you wouldn't put your hands over your ears or else you'd miss the sound of sleigh bells or of delicate glasses meeting or of fairy feet, for tinkinhabulation means "a tinkling." . . . Does your young daughter dream of being a corythec? No, don't suggest packing her off to the psychiatrist—a corythec is a ballet dancer, a dream in the head of many a young'un these days. . . . A meal, for me, isn't complete without a potable. In other words, something to drink—and not, as many people believe, an alcoholic beverage, but anything drinkable, such as coffee or tea or milk.

JOHN BURROUGHS SAID IT:

"I am in love with this world; by my constitution I have needed lovingly in it. It has been home. It has been my point of outlook into the universe. I have not bruised myself against it, nor tried to use it ignobly . . . When I delved I did not lose sight of the sky overhead. While I gathered its bread and meat for my body, I did not neglect to gather its bread and meat for my soul . . . I have climbed its mountains, roamed its forests, sailed its waters, crossed its deserts, felt the sting of its frosts, the oppression of its heats, the drench of its rains, the fury of its winds, and always have beauty and joy waited upon my goings and comings."

Art Linkletter meets House Party, M-F 3:30 P.M. EST, CBS. Sponsor—Pillsbury Mills. Life With Linkletter is seen Fridays at 7:30 P.M. EST, ABC-TV. Sponsor—Green Giants.
A LITTLE LEARNING

As you're tossing out the Christmas decorations, here's something to ponder: In parts of England and Germany, the prickly variety of holly is known as he-holly, the smooth variety as she-holly. In Derbyshire, the kind of holly brought into the house at Christmas time would determine who would be the master for the next year—smooth holly, the wife would dominate the household; prickly holly, the husband would hold the reins. Somebody gave Lois a book for Christmas on interesting facts about flowers and plants—don't just dig this stuff out of a bottomless supply of knowledge. Pretty interesting book, too. I'll pass along some of the stuff she finds and reads aloud to me—from it. For instance, if you'd like to know the flower for January and the sentiment it's supposed to convey, here you are: flower—carnation; sentiment—constancy. Even the bithstone, too, for good measure, it's the garnet. Handy, eh?

MIND YOUR MANNERS DEPT. (Law Enforcement Division): If you're a bit sloppy in the etiquette line, stay away from St. Louis—the law plainly states that in that fair city it's illegal to sit on a curb and drink beer out of a bucket.

IT HAPPENED ON HOUSE PARTY

Linkletter (to 11-year-old boy): What do you like to do best?
Boy: Go shooting.
Linkletter: That's a good hobby. Where do you go?
Boy: Oh, usually to the mountains.
Linkletter: And what's your favorite game? What do you shoot?
Boy: Old tin cans.

QUICK QUIZ:

1) Robert E. Lee and Ulysses S. Grant fought on the same side in (a) the Civil War, (b) the war with Mexico, (c) the Spanish-American War.
2) Charles Lindbergh made his famous New York-to-Paris flight in (a) 1927, (b) 1928, (c) 1929.
3) The largest state east of the Mississippi River (area, not population) is (a) Georgia, (b) West Virginia, (c) New York. (Answers upside down at the bottom of the page.)

STOP AND THINK—

Pedestrians account for about two-thirds of all urban traffic accidents each year, and about one out of six persons killed in rural traffic accidents is a pedestrian. In cities, the peak in pedestrian deaths comes in December. So remember, especially this time of year—use your head when you use your feet!

ANSWERS FOR QUICK QUIZ

2) (b) The war with Mexico
3) (c) New York
Perhaps it was time, Chichi thought, to talk this over with Papa David. And yet, what was there to discuss? Cal hadn't said anything—nothing definite—and she wasn't yet sure of her own heart.
Should a woman be strong, a help to the man she loves? Or is it better to cling, let him believe that all strength comes from him?

I keep telling myself that the whole trouble was that I stepped off my own home territory. Let's face it, I'm a New York girl born and bred—an East Side New York girl. In New York I know what's what. When I go out on a date, for instance, I know pretty much what's going to happen—a guy will take me out to dinner at some little place, and after that we'll go somewhere, maybe the Sapphire Room, and dance a while, and when he takes me home he might get a little smoochy, maybe, but the kind of fellows I go out with I can be pretty certain it'll be just a very little smoochy. And a good time is had by all.

But you take this New York girl, now, and set her down in Texas of all places. Put her in a big, beautiful ranch house at a tremendous party with the champagne flowing like mad, and after a while take her out of the party and have her walk up a hill. Not alone, you understand. With her is six feet two of Texas ranch hand, with smoky blue eyes and black hair and a guitar and a voice that would melt your spine. Like Gregory Peck plus Bing Crosby, you might say. And over all this a moon such as they have (they tell me) only in Texas, and I can believe it because the little white balloon that goes up over the East River every night never looked like that to me.

That's exactly the way it was the night Tex Burton gave his big party to celebrate his daughter Kitten's engagement to Toby Nelson. Papa David and I went all the way down to Texas just for that, because Toby claimed he wouldn't feel engaged if we weren't there to celebrate with him. We're about all the family Toby has, Papa David and I—some ways closer than a real family because we all picked each other out. I mean Toby and I got closer than a real brother and sister when we were a couple of lonesome, practically homeless kids hanging around by the wharves and sort of bringing each other up, and when I
wandered into Papa David's Book Shop one night and
Papa David ended up by adopting me, naturally
Toby's been in and out of the place ever since. So
when he called long distance and said we had to
come to his engagement party, we had to come. That's
how I happened to land out there under the moon
with Cal Duncan. That's how the trouble started.

It didn't seem like trouble at the time. It didn't
seem very important, even—just an awfully sweet
guy with a nice voice singing to me under the moon.
A guy without too much conceit, I thought, because
when I told him how much I liked his voice he was
almost too grateful. He kept saying, "Do you really,
Miss Conrad? Do you honestly think it's a good
voice?"

I was puzzled by his eagerness. After all, so I think
it's a good voice—so what? Who am I to judge if it's
good or not? "It's just my opinion," I told him. "But
the way you sing that song about 'Only One of Me'—
that's good. Anyway, I've noticed all the others
around here keep calling for you to sing all the time.
That's pretty convincing."

Cal Duncan sighed. "Oh sure, but that's only down
here," he said. "Now you're from a big town, you've
heard the best. If you think I'm good . . ."

Well, with the moon and all, I wasn't thinking very
clearly that night, or I'd surely have seen where
the talk was heading. It wouldn't have taken much brains
to see the guy was stagestruck, and I'd have maybe
kept my big mouth shut about knowing Barry Mark-
ham, the Broadway producer. I
didn't boast, of course, but I was
just trying to make Cal feel good
and show I was taking an interest
in him. And Papa David wasn't
around to look thoughtful and say,
"Now leben, is it the right thing to
do, to encourage this young man
to think you have connections
that will help him . . .?" Dopey Chichi,
they better call me. Big-hearted
but short-sighed.

Because naturally, what do you
think happened? We weren't back
in New York a week before Cal
Duncan turned up, complete with
guitar, cowboy hat, big ideas—and
little money.

Startled was a mild word for
what I felt when I saw him. At first
it didn't quite sink in that he had
practically come all the way from
Texas to our doorstep, but as we
sat around drinking coffee and talking, the picture
began to clear up, and that was when I began to get
more than startled. We, Papa David and I, were his
friends in New York City! His only friends.
When he was ready to come, he just packed up, got on
a bus, went to a hotel and dropped his bags and his
guitar, and came straight downtown to see us. The
fact that we'd only known each other so briefly down
in Texas—in fact, Papa David hardly knew him at
all—didn't seem to bother Cal at all. He felt friend-
ly toward us, so naturally we were his friends.

He was right in one way; you couldn't help feeling
warm and friendly toward those nice blue eyes and
that big, confiding grin of his. What worried me was
that as he told us about how he'd saved up and so on
I began to realize that he wasn't just making a
pleasure trip to the big town. He was seeking his
fortune, like they do in books. And as Cal saw it, his
fortune lay in show business. After a while Papa
David looked at me and I looked at him and it was
plain to both of us that Cal Duncan's main reason
for coming to New York was to get me to introduce him
to Barry Markham.

"You see, Mr. Solomon, I've been hankering to
come here all my life and try my luck singing. Never
did get up the gumption till I met Miss Chichi down
home." He looked at me, and suddenly I felt like
patting him on the head. Or maybe like smoothing
his hair, which in one spot stood straight up like a
little boy's. "And when Miss Chichi was so encourag-
ing, I made up my mind now was the time I had to
wait to get a couple weeks more pay saved up, and
then I hustled me onto a bus. And here I am." He
took a long gulp of coffee and sighed. "I been walking
all over town all day, trying to get the hang of it.
Sure is a busy place."

Oh, I thought. Oh, me! He might as well have
pointed a long accusing finger and said right out,
"Chichi Conrad, if it hadn't been for you I wouldn't
be here. So you've got to do something to help me."

Papa David interrupted my un-
easy thoughts. "Chichi leben, don't
bite your nails," he said gently.
"Also I think Mr. Cal could use
another piece of coffee-cake."

I jumped up. "There's something
else I want to do first," I said briskly.
"Cal, what hotel are you at?"

He pulled an old envelope from
his pocket. "It's written down here
—the Statler. Real fancy place,
but—"

"Expensive," I nodded. Here at
least was something I could do.
"I'm going to call Mrs. Calucchi's
rooming house and get her to give
you a room. Then you can save
some on rent anyway." I went right
out to the phone, partly because I
wanted to get Mrs. Calucchi before
she went to bed but more because
I wanted to avoid the almost
pleading look in Cal's eyes. I
knew what he was thinking. The room, that didn't
matter. He'd sleep in the park if it came to that.
It was Barry he wanted to know about—my big
producer contact. Could I get him in to see Barry
Markham or couldn't I—that was what his eyes were
asking. And in spite of the years I've known Barry,
in spite of knowing that Barry was in love with me,
I couldn't answer that question offhand. I'd never
asked him to do anything like this for me before—
anything that leaned over (Continued on page 82)
Vegetables, like diamonds, are a woman's best friend. It's all in the way you prepare them.

The trouble with reducing diets is that you must eat so many vegetables," women complain, "and the trouble with vegetables is that they taste horrible without butter or rich sauces.

But there's an answer to this: the American woman with her imagination and creative talents has made herself the most attractive, chic female in the world. If she would put the same imagination into the preparation of low-calorie foods, she will find there are more different kinds of tasty vegetable dishes than there are different women's hats.

This may sound like a brash statement since few men have ever seen two women wearing the same hat. But it is true. First, I'll remind you that vegetables are among the richest sources of vitamins and minerals. Everyone needs vegetables but they are the particular friends of overweight people, for vegetables contain fat-destroying enzymes that help turn those excess bulges into working energy.

"But to be truthful," women have been heard to say, "I shudder at the mere mention of cooked vegetables."

And with little wonder. The way many vegetables are prepared, they taste like boiled cardboard. Each day thousands of cooks commit mayhem on the plant kingdom. And only because they have not put the same thought into side dishes as they do into the main course.

Consider that there are about fifty tasty members of the plant kingdom used in cooking—how many have you eaten? This is the first test of whether you have taken (Continued on page 77)
AUNT JENNY

Are country doctors born or made? Aunt Jenny had her own opinion recently when she told the story of young Dr. Bill Martin, who became the aging Dr. Allen's assistant. Dr. Bill found Littleton and its outlying areas a rewarding section in which to practice, but his wife Denise, confident that Bill was destined for a bigger, more glamorous, higher-paid place in medicine, refused to become a part of Littleton and never ceased urging Bill to keep looking out for a better post. One stormy night, with Bill out on a confinement case, Denise suddenly found herself responsible for a man's life. What she learned then about a country doctor's importance she never afterward forgot.

BACKSTAGE WIFE

Police investigation of the murder of Oliver Wilson, whose body was found backstage after the curtain on Larry Noble's play, climaxes with Larry's arrest. Mary, his wife, frantic with fear that circumstantial evidence may convict Larry of a crime of which she knows he is innocent, turns for help to wealthy Borlow. Borlow, in love with Mary, is secretly delighted at the opportunity to pursue his plans for breaking up Mary's marriage. He hires a lawyer and gives Mary evidence of eagerness to help Larry. Mary, pathetically grateful to Borlow, does not know that in reality he has influenced the lawyer against Larry Noble. What will happen to Larry now?

BIG SISTER

The strange struggle between Ruth Wayne and the wealthy Parker approaches a climax as Parker begins more and more to confuse Ruth with the woman who exercised a mysterious power over some period of his past. Knowing that Parker's neurasthenic craving for control over others has already caused suffering to several of her friends, Ruth tries desperately to convince her brother, Neddie, that if he hopes to save his marriage to Hope he must sever all ties with Parker, in spite of the tempting financial assistance Parker has given him. Finally the situation becomes so intense that Neddie agrees to look for another job—but how deeply is Hope involved with Parker?

BRIGHTER DAY

The plane accident that almost cost Hollywood producer Nathan Eldredge his life ends by gaining him something he values nearly as much—Elizabeth Dennis. The news of Nathan's illness, coming just as Liz decided they could never be happy together, started a chain of circumstances that led her back to Hollywood and eventually to a reversal of her decision. She and Nathan are going to be married. The news that they may lose Liz has a profound effect on the rest of the Dennis family. But the news thatfollows has them even more upset, for with Nathan's return to health will come problems that he and Liz never foresaw—and may not be able to resolve.

DAVID HARUM

David Harum's interest in the lives and families of his neighbors in Homeville goes far beyond merely wishing them well. When he becomes aware of tangled family situations—like the one that has developed in the home of his friend Roger Marshall—David cannot stand by and see the growth of misery without trying to help. He has taken a liking to Roger's niece Betty, who is visiting the Marshalls, and is disturbed that she has innocently aroused fierce jealousy in Roger's wife, Helen, and their daughter Celia. Watching the jealousy turn to actual hatred, David wonders how—or if—he can prevent a tragic outcome for the Marshalls.

FRONT PAGE FARRELL

David Farrell, star reporter for the New York Daily Eagle, is instantly suspicious when he is assigned to cover a murder story which he refers to as the "Blinding Light Murder Case." The dreadful killing of the head of a model agency appears to be an open and shut case, and police are about to arrest the person toward whom suspicion points when David begins his own investigation. David's reaction to the evidence is that it is too open and shut, and points so inevitably in one direction that it looks very much as though it was designed to point that way. The conclusion he reaches surprises the police but David's evidence convinces them of its correctness.
Here's your Radio Mirror guide
to daytime drama—information on plot, characters, time and station

GUIDING LIGHT

After the death of her son Chuckie, and her own arrest for the murder of her husband Ted White, Meta White submits without resistance to arrest, imprisonment, the possibility that she may have to pay the extreme penalty for Ted's death. Her friends Charlotte and Roy Brandon try to plan a fight for her, but Roy, as Meta's lawyer, finds that she doesn't care what happens—doesn't care whether she lives or dies. But gradually the terrible pressure coming upon her from every side reawakens her will to live. Ray begins to hope that they have a chance. Will reporter Joe Roberts, who has become absorbed in the case, be the one to break it wide open?

HILLTOP HOUSE

As matron of the Glendale orphanage, Hilltop House, Julie Petrono has a record of considerable success in dealing with the problems of children. But lately she has been confronted with a situation that requires unusually careful handling, when teenage Pixie, bitter over the discovery that her father died in jail, falls in with a fast high school crowd whose activities are dangerously close to the borderline between recklessness and delinquency. Worried about Pixie, Julie finds little time to devote to the relationship between herself and Hilltop's young Dr. Jeff—a relationship into which Jeff would like to instill a more romantic note.

MA PERKINS

Family loyalty has placed Mo Perkins in a dangerous situation. Her cousins, the Hammerschairs, manage to upset her household, almost gain control of her lumberyard, come close to wrecking her friendship with Shafter Shober—all because Mo is unwilling to listen to Shafter's insistent warnings that they are crooks. Young cousin Sylvester in fact comes close to getting Mo's daughter Fay to marry him—Fay being a widow with a fortune. At this Shafter really goes to work and manages to build up a case, with proof, that even Mo cannot refuse to believe, though Ed and Sylvester are very fast thinkers. But what about Mo's affection for Cousin Bonita, who just isn't very smart?

JUST/plain BILL

The illness of Bill's daughter Nancy, upsetting enough in itself, looks as though it may lead to the disruption of her previously happy marriage to lawyer Kerry Dvonov. For in Nancy's absence the Donovan household is cared for by Theresa Blake, whose sharp young brother, Vincent, has his own reasons for trying to break up the marriage of Nancy and Kerry. With Nancy, in the hospital, listening to all of Vincent's lies, Bill is seriously worried that his best efforts may not be enough to patch things up between Nancy and Kerry—particularly after Dr. Leonard Drew admits that he loves Nancy, confirming the bitter possession of his ex-wife, Vivian.

NONA FROM NOWHERE

Because of the unexpectedly poor reaction to the first film starring his protege, Nona Brody, producer Vernon Dutell is in a shaky position at Palladium Studios. Knowing this, Nona is further disturbed as Kay Lanier, on old flame of Vernon's, continues her efforts to ruin his romance with Nona. At the same time Nona's foster father, Pat Brady, appears to have become strangely and deeply involved with the glamorous Countess Zaldo, which is exactly what the Countess has been trying to get him to do ever since they met. Nona's life may become even more complicated when she learns the Countess's reasons for wanting Pat under her spell.

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL

The break-up of Chichi's romance with Cal Duncan has left her in a strange state of mind—one that Papa David is rather worried about. She has decided she wants nothing but fun, and is pursuing her fun in ways that make Papa David nervous—for instance, in an intensified friendship with night-club owner Coleman Reynolds, suave, sophisticated, and with certain mysterious connections in the underworld that hold great interest for Assistant DA Craig Roberts. How much truth is there in the analysis that her friend Alice made of Chichi when she said that she thought Chichi turned instinctively to older men because of her respect for Papa David?
OUR GAL SUNDAY

The urgent appeal of Lord Henry's uncle, Lord Percy, which brought Henry and Sunday to England, has resulted in their embroilment with a gang of international jewel thieves. Learning of the possibility that his old friend, Diane Coulfield, may be the head of this gang, Henry urges Sunday to return to the States so that she will not remain in the way of trouble, but Sunday is upset because she knows that Henry was once romantically interested in Diane. Believing that Sunday will leave, Diane's uncle Arnold and his husband Bruce, the real thieves, plant valuable jewels in her luggage. But Sunday changes her mind, unknowingly placing herself in grave danger.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY

Sam Young has lived a respected, happy life in Elmwood. It seems impossible to his son Pepper that anyone could take seriously the accusation made by the bank watchman, Michael Floherty, that it was Sam who struck him down at the time the bank was robbed. Mike's accusation and his death lead to Sam's arrest, and Pepper incredulously realizes that he has a real fight on his hands to prove his father's innocence. He does not yet suspect to what extent the man named Gil is involved, or the full complications of Gil's association with Ivy Trent, wealthy mother of Carter Trent, to whom Peggy Young is married. There is a shock ahead for Pepper as he fights to clear his father.

PERRY MASON

Cautiously and cleverly, with each step carefully planned beforehand, Perry Mason tracks a relentless way through the criminal underpaths of a big city in his pursuit of "Mr. Big," the man at the top—the man who held in his blondevand hands the key to all the dreadful secrets of the underworld. Perry knows he is on the right track when reporter Helen Henderson, under the name of Helen Hurst, ingrates herself with Allyn Whitlock, who, Perry is certain, is very close to the head of the crime ring. When Helen, through Allyn, gets a job in a certain organization, Perry begins to lay plans for closing in on his prey. But danger threatens Helen from all sides.

PORTIA FACES LIFE

After their recent near-tragic separation, Walter and Portia Manning are together again in Parkerton, but family finances and the destruction of their home by fire make it essential that Portia resume her legal work to help them rebuild. Despite the fact that Walter appears to be on the way to re-establishing his own newspaper career, he is still aware of the thought that his wife must work to help support the family, and the strain is intensified when Portia takes on the case of Mickey Mollyar, accused of killing his ex-wife, Lois. When Walter becomes a witness for the prosecution, he and Portia find a serious barrier rising between them.

RIGHT TO HAPPINESS

Carolyn Kramer's desperate attempt to regain custody of her son, Skippy, has resulted in her doing something that places her in danger of legal punishment. Knowing that her ex-husband, Dwight, will stop at almost nothing to keep Skippy in spite of the youngster's expressed wish to stay with Carolyn, she felt justified in making her rash gesture. But now that her fiance, Miles Nelson, has been elected governor, Carolyn faces extradition at the hands of the man she loves. During a secret interview, the constraint that has caused misunderstanding between Miles and Carolyn melts away, but now his career casts an increasing shadow over their love.

ROAD OF LIFE

Dr. Jim Brent's efforts to help Beth Lambert are crowned with success when Beth, though forced to pay for her part in the treasonous plots of the international criminal Rockwell, escapes bearing the full burden of the blame which Rockwell was trying, by faked evidence, to throw upon her. The jury does return the opinion that Beth should have revealed her knowledge of Rockwell's plan long before she did so. However, Jim rejoices in the knowledge that he was able to save Beth from paying a terrible price for the mistake which she now bitterly regrets. Meanwhile Jim's interest in Jocelyn McLeod intensifies as he learns more of the girl's peculiar family problems.

ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT

Cynthia Swanson's efforts to prevent Helen's marriage to Gil Whitney have been unsuccessful—but will her success last as Helen begins to get friendly with Betty Mallory? Betty is the woman to whom, according to Cynthia, Gil was to marry during the war, and it is Gil's inability to prove this to be the lie that came between him and Helen. As Helen and Betty get to know each other, Helen several times senses that Betty may be on the verge of confessing some secret which troubles her—a secret connected with Gil. Is Cynthia's intricate plot at last going to be exposed? Even if it is, will Helen and Gil ever come together again after the bitterness which now separates them?

ROSEMARY

Bill Roberts is a sick man. If Rosemary didn't realize this, she might not have been able to bring herself to try to rebuild their marriage after Bill nearly wrecked it by falling in love with Blanche Weatherby. But Bill is in a state of nerves bordering on breakdown, and Rosemary feels that pride would be out of place if it by returning to Bill she does not regain his health. However, she may not be able to survive the new crisis when Blanche's mother in an innocent reveals to Bill where her daughter is staying—and Bill reaches out once more toward the woman he can't seem to forget. Can Rosemary recover from this new blow—could any wife?
SECOND MRS. BURTON...

Elizabeth Miller, bitter and unhappy, has started drinking again, the result of her conviction that she will never attract Jack Mason to herself because he is in love with Terry Burton. The rumors for which she is responsible spread until they reach Stanley, and more important, Stanley's mother, who beneath a superficial friendship with her daughter-in-law is pleased to learn anything to Terry's discredit. Meanwhile, confidence man Rupert Gorham's plot to get money out of the Burtons advances by leaps and bounds as he uses the gossip about Terry for his own purposes. Using Mather Burton as his unsuspecting dupe, Gorham lays some long-range plans.

STELLA DALLAS...

When Stella and Phil Baxter decide to get married, they had no suspicion of the widespread interest their plans would arouse. A series of "poison pen" letters designed to frighten Stella is her first intimation that somebody, somehow, is anxious to keep her from marrying Phil. However, she and Phil go ahead with their preparations, unconscious of the fact that their enemies also are going ahead with theirs. Phil's stepsister Maxine, his fiancée Clark Marshall, the wealthy Mrs. Grosvenor—how are all these people concerned with Stella's marriage? And what connection does Mrs. Grosvenor have with Jerry Lake, who offers to stop the marriage—for a price?

THIS IS NORA DRAKE...

If nurse Nora Drake were a selfish person, she and Dr. Robert Sargent might be able to find happiness together. But Nora's feeling of responsibility toward the crippled Peg Martinas leads her to make a promise to Sargent's ex-wife, Vivian—the promise that she will give Sargent up if Vivian will agree to rebuild Peg's confidence in him to the point where he will be able to help her overcome her psychological block that keeps her from walking. On the verge of regaining her health, Peg is faced with something that may ruin her life forever. Fred Spencer, the chauffeur she has made a confidant, shows her what appears to be proof of a conspiracy against her.

WE LOVE AND LEARN...

Nancy Campbell is a nice girl and a pretty one—pretty enough to be a model at Madame Sophie's exclusive, expensive dress salon. Pretty enough, unfortunately, to attract the raving eye of stockbroker George Ashley, whose relationship with his wife Miriam has gradually drifted into tedious monotony, as far as he is concerned. Ironically enough, it is Miriam's attempt to bring George and herself closer by arranging that they do things together that results in George's meeting with Nancy. When Madame Sophie finds out what is going on she may have something to say about George Ashley's rather loose attitude toward Miriam's and his marriage.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN...

Ellen Brown, long a widow, plans some day to marry Dr. Anthony Loring, with whom she is very much in love. As the result of a complicated plot engineered by a couple of crooks, Ellen is placed in grave danger by a man who claims to be her former husband, William. Though she knows the man is an imposter, Ellen is unable to keep Anthony from becoming much upset at the idea that she may still be in love with William. In her confusion, Ellen turns to sympathy to wealthy Horace Steele, one of Simpsonville's successful businessmen. When Horace, in spite of being much older than Ellen, falls in love with her, her relationship with Anthony becomes more insecure.

WENDY WARREN...

Wendy's romance with her managing editor, Don Smith, has come to a quiet end. At least so it appears, for Don is now thoroughly attached to the seductive, wealthy Kay Clements, and Wendy, working with Anton Kamp, is completely absorbed in the pursuit of industrialist George Selby, whose activities have begun to interest certain organizations within the government. In his own very mature way, Anton is in love with Wendy, and the situation holds possibilities for her of which she is not yet fully aware, particularly since their work together on the paper brings Don and Wendy in constant intimate association. How is Kay Clements going to feel about this?

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES...

Pressed for money after Joan's illness, Harry Davis becomes involved with a group of promoters who are able to make him the innocent cat's paw in a get-rich-quick scheme. As far as Harry knows the oil that is discovered on his property is absolutely bona fide. Only after he has lent his name to the sale of shares connected with this development will he learn that a fraud has been perpetrated. His reputation shattered, and his financial position almost bankrupt, Harry is indeed in a desperate situation—not even the new Davis baby can serve to lighten his discouragement or help him to face the future with any degree of confidence.

YOUNG DOCTOR MALONE...

The long separation between Anne Malone and her husband Jerry is about to climax in divorce, and Anne is looking forward to a happy marriage with Sam Williams, when Jerry's sudden, serious illness disrupts all their plans. Completely disillusioned with Lucia Stendish, his wife brilliant career in New York crumbling, Jerry appears to have no desire to live. When Anne remains in New York to nurse Jerry, Sam desperately returns to Three Oaks, cheered, but not convinced, by her insistence that she does not want him to step out of her life. Was the love which Jerry and Anne once shared so strong that it is capable of being revived?
## INSIDE RADIO

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

### SUNDAY

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>A.M.</th>
<th>NBC</th>
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<tr>
<td>6:30</td>
<td>String Quartet</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
<td>Let There Be Music</td>
<td>The Garden Gate</td>
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<td>6:45</td>
<td>World News</td>
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<td>Foreign Reporter</td>
<td>Carolina Calling</td>
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<td>劣ous Coal Miners</td>
<td>Christian Science</td>
<td>Milton Cross Album</td>
<td>E. Power Biggs</td>
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<td>10:00</td>
<td>National Radio</td>
<td>Radio Bible Class</td>
<td>Voice of Prophecy</td>
<td>Trinity Choir of St. Paul's Chapel</td>
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<td>11:00</td>
<td>Faultless Stitch Time</td>
<td>Back to God</td>
<td>Fine Arts Quartet</td>
<td>Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir</td>
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<td>11:15</td>
<td>UN is My Best</td>
<td>Reviewing Stand</td>
<td>Hour of Faith</td>
<td>Bill Shadel, News</td>
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<td>11:30</td>
<td>Solitaire</td>
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<td>11:30 Invitation to Learning</td>
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### AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

| 12:00 | Voices and Events | Kimlaw's Choral Groups | Music of the Day | People's Platform |
| 12:30 | Eternal Light    | William Hillman | Piano Playhouse | World Affairs |
| 12:45 |               | Frank and Ernest |               | News and News Analysis |
| 1:00  | First Freedom   | American Warblers | Sammy Kaye | N. Y. Philharmonic Symphony Orch. |
| 1:15  |                | Organ Moobs | National Vespers |               |
| 1:30  |                | Lutherian Hour |               |               |
| 1:45  |                |                |               |               |
| 2:00  | The Catholic Hour | Top Tunes With Trendler | Mr. President Drama | The Symphonette |
| 2:15  |                | Bill Cunningham |               |               |
| 2:30  |                | Washington Reports |               |               |
| 2:45  |                |                |               |               |
| 3:00  | Dimension X     | Bobby Benson | Music with the Girls | Escape |
| 3:15  |                |                |               |               |
| 3:30  | The Quiz Kids   | Haskinsville Hartley | The Lutharion Hour | Make-Believe Town |
| 3:45  |                |                |               |               |
| 4:00  | The Falcon      | Under Arrest | Old Fashioned Revival Hour | Arthur Godfrey's Digest |
| 4:15  |                | Martin Kane |               |               |
| 4:30  | The Saint       | Private Eye |               |               |
| 4:45  |                |                |               |               |
| 5:00  | Counterspy      | The Shadow | Author Meets the Critics | Meet Frank Sinatra |
| 5:15  |                |                |               |               |
| 5:30  | Charlie Wild, Private Eye | True Detective Mysteries | The Greatest Story Ever Told | World News |
| 5:45  |                |                |               |               |

### EVENING PROGRAMS

| 6:00 | The Big Show | Roy Rogers | Drow Pearson | Like Your Mate |
| 6:15 |             | Nick Carter | Don Gartner | Or Misa Brooks |
| 6:30 |             |            | Norman Brokenshire |               |
| 6:45 |             |            |               |               |
| 7:00 |             | Peter Salem | Dick Wallace Show | The Jack Benny Show |
| 7:15 |             |            | The Cliche Club | Amos 'n Andy |
| 7:30 |             | Phil Harris-Alice Faye Show |            |               |
| 7:45 |             | Heddle Hopper | Singing Marshall | Stop the Music |
| 8:00 |             |            |              | Berger-McCarty Show |
| 8:15 |             | Theater Guild on the Air | Endanded Hour | Red Skelton |
| 8:30 |             |            |               |               |
| 9:00 |             | Opera Concert | Walter Winchell | Meet Corliss Archer |
| 9:15 |             | Gabriel Heather | Louella Parsons | Horace Hildt |
| 9:30 |             | George F. Eilot | American Album of Music |               |
| 9:45 |             |            |               |               |
| 10:00 |             | S64 Question | Music of All Nations | Contented Hour |
| 10:15 |             |           | Jimmy Beine | The Chorallers |
| 10:30 |             | NBC Theatre |            |               |

### MARY LOU HARRINGTON

-Joan on One Man's Family, recently celebrated her tenth year on the show. The nineteen-year-old girl from Detroit, who is currently attending Los Angeles State College as a drama major, made her first professional appearance singing and dancing in vaudeville at two-and-a-half years.

### MONDAY

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### AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

| 12:00 | News       |            |           |           |
| 12:15 | Dave Garnowy | Homewowers | Lanny Ross | Johnny Olsen's Lunchtime Club |
| 12:30 |            |            |           | 12:25 Edwin G. Hill Local Program |
| 12:45 |            |            |           | 12:45 Benny's Band | Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny |
| 1:00  |            |            |           | Big Sister | Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday |
| 1:15  |            |            |           | Ma Perkins | Mrs. Malone's Hilltop House |
| 1:30  |            |            |           | Young Dr. Malone | The Guiding Light |
| 1:45  |            |            |           | Art Baker's Notebook | Second Mrs. Burton |
| 2:00  |            |            |           |            | Penny Mason's House Party |
| 2:15  |            |            |           |            | The Two Drake's Night |
| 2:30  |            |            |           |            | The Brighter Day |
| 2:45  |            |            |           |            |               |
| 3:00  |            |            |           |            |               |
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| 5:45  |            |            |           |            |               |

### EVENING PROGRAMS

| 6:00 |             | Liz Warren | Local Programs | Jackson & the News |
| 6:15 |             | Deen McCarthy |            | Dwight Cooke |
| 6:30 |             | Skyline Seraendae |            | Curt Massey Time |
| 6:45 |             | Three Star Extra |            | Lowell Thomas |
| 7:00 |             |            |            |               |
| 7:15 |             | H. V. Kallern |           |               |
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### BEA BENADARE

-housekeeper on the Penny Singleton Show, also made famous the character of the telephone operator on Jack Benny's show.
### TUESDAY

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<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>Do You Remember</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
<td>Local Program</td>
<td>Margaret Arlen</td>
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<td>8:45</td>
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<td>Pauline Frederick</td>
<td>8:55 Walter Kienan</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>Jack Baker Show</td>
<td>Robert Harleigh</td>
<td>Tell Your Neighbors</td>
<td>This Is New York</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:15</td>
<td>Clevelandaires</td>
<td>Tennessee Jamboree</td>
<td>Breakfast Club</td>
<td>Tommy Riggs and Betty Lou</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:30</td>
<td>Welcome Travelers</td>
<td>Cecil Brown</td>
<td>My True Story</td>
<td>Arthur Godfrey</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:15</td>
<td>Double or Nothing</td>
<td>Betty Crocker Magazine</td>
<td>Of the Air</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:45</td>
<td>Break the Bank</td>
<td>Ladies Fair</td>
<td>Modern Romances</td>
<td>Grand Slam Rosemary</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:15</td>
<td>Jack Bergen</td>
<td>Queen For a Day</td>
<td>Quick As A Flash</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:30</td>
<td>David Harum</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

| 12:00 | News |
| 12:15 | Dave Garway |
| 12:30 | Vincent Lopez |
| 12:45 | Cedric Foster, Harvey Harding, Harold Turner, Tony Fontaine & Co. |
| 1:00 | Welcome Travelers |
| 1:15 | Double or Nothing |
| 1:30 | Banded For Bands |
| 1:45 | Backstage Wife |
| 2:00 | Stella Dallas |
| 2:15 | Lorenzo Jones |
| 2:30 | Young Widder Brown |
| 2:45 | Life Is A Millionaire |
| 3:00 | Life Can Be Beautiful |
| 3:15 | Road of Life |
| 3:30 | Right to Happiness |
| 4:00 | Backstage Wife, Stella Dallas, Lorenzo Jones, Young Widder Brown |
| 5:00 | When A Girl Marries, Portia Faces Life, Just Plain Bill, Front Page Farrell |

### EVENING PROGRAMS

| 6:00 | Bob Warren |
| 6:15 | Glenn McCarthy |
| 6:30 | Skyline Serenade |
| 6:45 | Three Star Extra |
| 7:00 | Richard Harkness, Edges From the Tropics |
| 7:15 | News of the World, One Man’s Family |
| 7:30 | Calavade of America, O’Neil’s Paradise |
| 8:00 | Calvadore of America, Count of Monte Cristo |
| 8:15 | Baby Snooks |
| 8:30 | Edwina And The Stars |
| 8:45 | Bob Hope |
| 9:00 | Fibber McGee & Molly |
| 9:15 | Bob Hope |
| 9:30 | Frank Edwards, I Love A Mystery, Dance Bands |

### CLAUDIA MORGAN

Claudia Morgan—daughter and niece of Ralph and Frank, respectively, has been acting since she was sixteen but never had a lesson in her life! A native New Yorker, she is renowned for her reading of Nora Charles on the Thin Man series and daytime audiences know her as Carolyn Kramer on Right to Happiness.
### A.M. Nate

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>8:30</th>
<th>Our</th>
<th>Local Programs</th>
<th>Local Program</th>
<th>ABC</th>
<th>CBS</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>8:45</td>
<td>Do You Remember</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
<td>Pauline Frederick</td>
<td>Marjorie Arlen</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>9:00</th>
<th>Clevelandaires</th>
<th>Robert Harleugh</th>
<th>The Breakfast Club</th>
<th>This Is New York</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>9:15</td>
<td>Welcome Travelers</td>
<td>Cecil Brown Faith In Our Time</td>
<td>Betty Crocker Magazine</td>
<td>Victor H. Lindlar</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:30</td>
<td>Break the Bank</td>
<td>Ladies Fair</td>
<td>Modern Romances</td>
<td>Grand Slam Rosemary</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:45</td>
<td>Jack Borch</td>
<td>Queen For A Day</td>
<td>Quick As A Flash</td>
<td>Grand Slam Rosemary</td>
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</table>

### Friday

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>7:30</th>
<th>News</th>
<th>Presents the Show</th>
<th>Presents the Show</th>
<th>Heatter's Club</th>
<th>Trevis Baker's Movie Club</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>7:30</td>
<td>Dave Garaway</td>
<td>Larry Ross</td>
<td>Lennie Ross</td>
<td>Helen Trent</td>
<td>Otto Eissler</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:45</td>
<td>Vincent Lopez</td>
<td>Bands for Bands</td>
<td>Bands for Bands</td>
<td>Local Program</td>
<td>Our Gold Sunday</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>Guest Star</td>
<td>Harvey Harding</td>
<td>Harvey Harding</td>
<td>Miss Perkins</td>
<td>Young Dr. Malone</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:15</td>
<td>I Love a Millionaire</td>
<td>Story of a Lifetime</td>
<td>Story of a Lifetime</td>
<td>Wife's Paradise</td>
<td>Talk Back</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>Life Can Be Beautiful</td>
<td>Portrait of Mind</td>
<td>Portrait of Mind</td>
<td>Nena From Nowhere</td>
<td>Hilltop House</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:45</td>
<td>Double or Nothing</td>
<td>Poole's Paradise</td>
<td>Poole's Paradise</td>
<td>Chance of a Lifetime</td>
<td>Talk Back</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>Stella Dallas</td>
<td>Bachelors of Broadway</td>
<td>Bachelors of Broadway</td>
<td>Mr. &amp; Mrs. &amp; The</td>
<td>3:35 Cedric Adams</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:15</td>
<td>Young Widder Brown</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
<td>My True Story</td>
<td>The Guiding Light</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:30</td>
<td>When a Girl Marries</td>
<td>Straight Arrow</td>
<td>Straight Arrow</td>
<td>The Light \*</td>
<td>The Light \*</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:45</td>
<td>Portia Faces Life</td>
<td>Superman</td>
<td>Superman</td>
<td>The Life \*</td>
<td>The Life \*</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Evening Programs

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>6:00</th>
<th>Lionel Richey</th>
<th>Local Programs</th>
<th>Local Programs</th>
<th>Diamond in the Rough</th>
<th>To the Rescue</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6:15</td>
<td>Glen McCarthy</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
<td>The Girl \*</td>
<td>The Girl \*</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:30</td>
<td>Skyline Serenade</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
<td>The Girl \*</td>
<td>The Girl \*</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:45</td>
<td>Three Star Extra</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
<td>The Girl \*</td>
<td>The Girl \*</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>Richard Harkness</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
<td>The Girl \*</td>
<td>The Girl \*</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:15</td>
<td>The Playboys</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
<td>The Girl \*</td>
<td>The Girl \*</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:30</td>
<td>News of the World</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
<td>The Girl \*</td>
<td>The Girl \*</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:45</td>
<td>One Man's Family</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
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<td>The Girl \*</td>
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</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Martin Blaine

--for some six years has been heard as Field Agent Sheppard of the FBI in Peace and War. His convincing characterization resulted in the scaring off of some would-be thieves when he raised his voice instead of his hands, and he is continually bombaraded by tips on alleged malfeasors.

---

LARRY THOR—was born Arnlifur Lawrence Thorsteinsson thirty-two years ago in the Icelandic village of Lundra, Manitoba and didn't learn English until he was seven. He became a CBS announcer on his arrival in Hollywood in 1946 and, last summer, got his first major acting job as Danny Clover on Broadway's My Beat.---

### Sunday

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>7:30</th>
<th>News</th>
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<td>Richard Harkness</td>
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</tr>
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<td>7:15</td>
<td>The Playboys</td>
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<td>7:15</td>
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### SATURDAY

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>A.M.</th>
<th>NBC</th>
<th>CBS</th>
<th>ABC</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>Coffee in Washington</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
<td>No School Today</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:15</td>
<td>Boston Symphony In Rehearsal</td>
<td></td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:30</td>
<td>Mind Your Manners</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>Archie Andrews</td>
<td></td>
<td>Jon Franklin Democracy on the Job</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:15</td>
<td>Mind Your Manners</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:30</td>
<td>Mary Lee Taylor</td>
<td>Leslie Nichols</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:45</td>
<td>Archie Andrews</td>
<td>U.S. Marine Band</td>
<td>New Junior Junction</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:00</td>
<td>Archibald Andrews</td>
<td>U.S. Marine Band</td>
<td>New Junior Junction</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:15</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<td></td>
<td>Jon Franklin Democracy on the Job</td>
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### AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Program</th>
<th>Channel</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>News Public Affairs Luncheon With Loper</td>
<td>NBC</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:30</td>
<td>Man on the Farm</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:00</td>
<td>National Farm and Home Hour</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:15</td>
<td>Coast Guard on Parade</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:30</td>
<td>Voices Down the Wind</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2:00</td>
<td>U.S. Army Band</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2:30</td>
<td>Football Music With the Girls</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3:00</td>
<td>Tea and Crumpets</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3:15</td>
<td>True or False</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3:30</td>
<td>Caribbean Crossroads</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3:45</td>
<td>Club Time</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4:00</td>
<td>Four O'Clock</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4:15</td>
<td>Burgundy Blue</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4:30</td>
<td>Junior Miss</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4:45</td>
<td>Archibald Andrews</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### EVENING PROGRAMS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Program</th>
<th>Channel</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6:00</td>
<td>Bob Warren</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:15</td>
<td>Herman Hickman</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:30</td>
<td>First Piano Quartet</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:45</td>
<td>Proton Sellers Helen Westbrook</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>Living, 1930</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:15</td>
<td>Al Heller, Sports Twin Views of the News</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:30</td>
<td>Comedy of Error</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:45</td>
<td>Maurice Gervey</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>Dangerous Assignment</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:15</td>
<td>A Man Called X</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>Twenty Questions</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:45</td>
<td>Take a Number</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>Your Hit Parade</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:15</td>
<td>Hawaii Calls</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:30</td>
<td>Lombardo Land</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>Judy Canova</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:15</td>
<td>Chicago Theatre of the Air</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:30</td>
<td>Grand Ole Opry</td>
<td>CBS</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### POETRY

**QUESTION FOR CANDLELIGHT**

How much do I love you?  
Can anyone tell  
More than swallow for wind,  
Or water for well?  

What is the measure?  
The earth only knows  
The throb of the thorn  
For the flame of the rose.  

But tether your problem  
Come, give me a kiss.  
For here is my answer.  
I love you ... like this.  

—Louis J. Sanker

### SEA SONG

The sea and I are strangers.  
I have never known the fierce glory of its anger  
Nor have I seen the stars  
Spill diamonds into its dark crown.  
Yet I have known all the power of its fury  
In one moment of your silence  
And I have seen sea-diamonds in your eyes.  

—Mrs. William James Alder

### BITS OF HEAVEN

Heaven is also here  
Among the throbbing,  
Violent crowd ...  
Amidst the dusty  
Footworn path ...  
All along the way  
One sees  
A bit of Heaven.  
Blue Heavens here  
Beneath the gray cost sky ...  
And on the darkened earth  
Within the bleak stone walls ...  
Upon the bare qount trees  
And where the flower  
Fails to grow.  
A bit of Heaven  
Is everywhere.  

—W. Dee Earley

### FOR TOMORROW

There is no wind to come and bring  
a bird with song to ease my discontent:  
There is no night whose cold and lonely  
echoes sing to me my own lament.  
But thru the evening's dark, the parting  
sunset leaves me warmth from days well spent:  
And living hope lights in my heart  
a glow—to make the pessimist relent.  

—M. D. Morris

---

**BOB TROUT**—noted NBC newsmen and TV quizmaster, has reported news from all over the U.S. and twenty foreign nations since 1929 and covered every national political convention since 1936. He was married in 1936 between two broadcasts and went on his honeymoon aboard the campaign train from which he was reporting.

---

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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 a self-addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed, every effort will be made to return unused poems. This is not a contest, but an effort to purchase poetry for use in Radio Mirror.
"There's no better time for careful thought than before you spend money for a new home." That's what Ed Hotchner told us when he visited the Burtons as a Family Counselor. Mr. Hotchner recently completed an extensive investigation on home buying and construction, hoping to find his dream house.

To anyone interested in real estate, he suggested looking out for:

1. a too good a bargain;
2. the salesman who wants too much in advance;
3. the over-eager salesman who high pressures you into buying a house or lot other than the one in the advertisement you might be following up;
4. the salesman who wants to close the deal right on the spot without giving you time to think the thing over.

Mr. Hotchner also advised, "Always be on your guard against making impulsive down payments." To prove this, he told the story about a builder in Texas who was indicted for swindling eight citizens of Houston of $20,000, by taking down payments on homes which were never built and which he never intended to build. The man pleaded guilty and received a ten-year prison term, but the money had been spent and none of his victims got a penny back.

In addition he told our CBS listeners, "The way to guard against unscrupulous contractors," he said, "is to investigate the man before you make any down payment. Ask about him at your bank, your Better Business Bureau, building loan companies or a lawyer. You can also protect yourself by paying for the job only as it is done."

"Another thing—if you have fully paid a contractor who has hired various workmen to work on the house, these workmen can file a lien against your house if the contractor does not pay them. If this happens you end up by paying nearly double the value of your home. So always make your contractor show you paid bills for labor before you give him his final money."

Family Counselor Ed Hotchner told Terry, "The best way to make sure of getting your money's worth is to seek competent advice before, not after, you buy or build."
HERE IT IS—a different type of cook book—a cook book with economy as its keynote. And with today’s sky-high food prices, the need for such a guide is evident to every homemaker.

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The recipes contained in this book were gathered from every section of the country by the Food Editors of True Story Magazine. In most cases, the recipes were obtained by talking with housewives in their own kitchens—others were received from interested readers. Then the recipes were put to actual test in the True Story Kitchen. The result is a collection of 1500 proven recipes that will add sparkle to your meals and comfort to your pocketbook. The MAGIC COOK BOOK is a giant in size and a giant in value. It contains over 500 pages—32 pages of photographic illustrations and is bound in washable Fabrikoid.

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Here, too, are tips on how to judge beef, pork and poultry—and information on the quantities to buy per serving. The shopper with an eye to thrift will buy just what she can use.

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R M .............................. 65
"One of the nicest things about being a Bonny Maid is that you can't help being three times as wise about everything."

"Confuse and conquer" is the battle cry of the three blonde Bonny Maids, and this they do quite successfully. The girls delight in the fact that they are often mistaken for each other, and they do very little to ease the confusion. They talk alike, act alike, and certainly look alike, especially in their Scottish kilts. But, just for the record, their names are Anne Francis, Carol Ohmart and Jean Eyres.

Of course, it's a known fact that ever since the girls first appeared together on the Bonny Maid Versatile Varieties, on NBC-TV, they've conquered everybody in sight. Their warm personalities made this inevitable. For, even though their schedule is hectic, they always find time to add a bit of enchantment to their surroundings. They blow into the studio like a fresh, runaway breeze, and leave everything and everyone better for having been there even briefly.

Since the girls rarely have a moment to spare, they are grateful that their extra-curricular careers as models have taught them how to apply make-up in a matter of minutes. They are all great believers in the natural look, but each one has her own ideas about how to achieve it. Jean, for instance, is a girl who strictly relies on a powder cake type make-up to touch her skin with color. Carol and Anne, on the other hand, favor a make-up base topped with powder. All three girls switch their lipstick colors constantly, and are always careful to wear matching rouge. They keep their long blonde hair brilliantly beautiful with faithful daily brushings and weekly shampoos. In addition, they share a bottle of hair perfume, which they spray on with a great feeling of luxury and good grooming.

If necessary, just before the show starts, they touch up each other's nails, to be sure there are no signs of chipping or untidiness. They keep each other informed, too, on undies that show, misplaced strands of hair, and lipstick-marked teeth.

Whenever a new fashion or make-up fad becomes popular, they get together, talk it over, and decide whether or not it is for them. Usually all extreme styles are out.

The Bonny Maids are devoted perfume users, but each likes a different fragrance. Whenever one of them makes a new perfume discovery, they have a three-way test try-out, and then compare opinions.

All the girls agree that one of the nicest things about being a Bonny Maid is that you just can't help being three times as wise about everything you do!
Women Are Wonderful! (Continued from page 28)

regard it as the definition of being a bachelor.

Apprently, however, it drives women to frenzied counter-moves. Married, single, infantile, aged or just right, you women take it as a challenge and each of you makes it her primary business in life to outdo the other. The most wonderful women and endeavor to become the most wonderful woman in particular. It's a trait which seems to begin in the cradle and end at the grave, and aside from the one guy who thoroughly appreciates it.

In your practical moments you concentrate great effort toward the one particular man you happen to want, but in addition, there's a sort of surplus left over for the rest of the male population. It's the thing that makes it possible for a man to walk down a street like Michigan Avenue and be virtually in the battle of the sexes. At least it is the one which has endured into the second half a century which has seen decisive wars fought on the subject of women's proper place—and which, as they occupied, called forth some male forbidding which now shows up to have been prodigiously foolish.

Remember all the hubbubalo which went on about women's right to work and to vote? What happened? You girls got the right to vote and although we haven't yet had a female president, we do have some women politicians, glamorous as actresses. We do have Mrs. Roosevelt who, to my mind, is as charming and "womanly" a woman as every one of you and who has schools crowded with the children of the children of the women who were supposed to lead us to race suicide.

You got your right to work and what do you do with your money? Well, Grandpa can have his Gibson Girl who ventured into business only if she were real daring or real poor. I'll take you cute kids with quick minds who efficiently earn your weekly salaries and then dash right out to spend as much as possible on clothes and those other artful things which advance your desire to become the most wonderful of all wonderful women.

I'm particularly aware of you lovely American girls right now, for I've just had a chance to make another comparison. Last Summer, for the first time, I managed to get both enough time and enough money to go to Europe. I'd seen the South Seas beauties while I served as a nurse in the Great War; I had been lucky enough to have a few very charming American women take an interest in me, but when I got to Paris and the Riviera, I thought the girls there must be by far the loveliest in the world.

Even after I returned, I raved about them until one day at rehearsal I took a good look at the girls in our cast. As though I were seeing them for the first time, I appreciated Bette Chase's sweetness and Connie Russell's vivacity. But I also discounted the chances that a man would make a guy's mug "more kissable," and even then he first assured me that "gave protection and left the rear objective somewhat fragile," our "flat-able" deal was struck in fine print.

At first I thought, "Oh, oh. Some girl wrote the wrong copy." And then I changed my opinion. A woman is too selit to travel. And I'm sure once on, she's schooled to make a man think he's the one who starts the kissing. Take it from me, you girls have them beat. As I said, "Do this; do that," you achieve the same effect without uttering a word.

Take marriage, for example. By taking decisive action smoothly and gracefully, you can make a man think it was his idea. She arranges things so that a man falls right into step.

But even the cleverest girl tips her hand. The sign that you're approaching the point of no return is when she starts saying we instead of you and I. When a man hears that, he'd better run —everything is on." But even the cleverest girl tips her hand. The sign that you're approaching the point of no return is when she starts saying we instead of you and I. When a man hears that, he'd better run —everything is on."

While there's still time...

What am I talking about? There is no escape, for every woman in pursuit of her man has powerful allies in him. In the United States, it is possible for a girl to run over the edge of time pressing his own pants. And then there's the matter of laundry. You should have seen the spot I got just before we left for Europe. Ted Mills, producer of our television show, his wife, Joan, and others of the cast went to New York. We planned to see the sights, the shows and some friends. I wound up in huddles over programs and thirty minutes before plane I moaned, "I'm not packed yet."

Joan Mills offered to help me. She didn't help; she packed, shoving Ted and me out of the way while she gathered up my gear. Then she asked, "Where's your clean shirts and underwear?"

I went through the motions of looking until she stopped me.

With the attitude of one wise in male failings, she said, "You forgot to send them out, didn't you?"

My single track mind just hadn't stretched that far. I arrived breathless at the airport, clutching luggage in one hand, laundry in the other, and wondering what import duty would be charged on soiled linen.

Cooking is just as bad. Subscribing at one time to the idea that men were men and women could do anything, I tried to make a meat sauce. To show off my skill, I invited a young lady to dine at my apartment. When the concoction was tasted it boiled, and it flat- tered me tremendously—and devastated me completely by asking, "But where's the meat?"

I went out and bought a quart of ice cream.

It also influenced my decision to move to a hotel with a restaurant downstairs.

Although an attempt at marriage convinced me I was the kind of guy who has no talent for it, I wouldn't be too surprised if one of these days I found myself sticking around after a girl looks up at me.
Patsy, one of our attractive usherettes at Welcome Travelers, cleared the aisle for little Paul Jackson, a solemn but bright-eyed ten-year-old, as he pushed the wheel-chair up to our NBC microphone.

Mrs. Hazel Ganaway, the woman in the wheel-chair, had only one leg. She is sixty years old, and has been confined to a wheel-chair for the past nineteen years, ever since diabetic complications made the amputation of her left leg necessary.

Life had never been easy for the widowed Mrs. Ganaway, but it became almost unbearably difficult after the amputation of her leg. She wanted to work and had to work, but people were dubious about hiring her, so she managed to rent an old house, which was converted into a rooming house—but her instinctive love for unfortunate kept it from being profitable. If her tenants could pay their rent, that was fine. If they couldn't—well, Mrs. Ganaway could understand. She'd been in the same position, herself.

Finally, she began taking in washing to augment her meager income. Now, however, Mrs. Ganaway's life was complicated by eye trouble. She's completely blind in one eye and has only partial vision in the other.

Washing and ironing weren't too difficult for Mrs. Ganaway, but hanging up the clothes to dry was almost impossible. A couple of years ago, she got a helper to carry the laundry bundles around, run errands for her and make himself generally indispensable.

The new helper was Paul Jackson, a neighbor's boy. Every day after school, and all day long on Saturdays, Mrs. Ganaway and Paul worked and talked together in an employer-employee relationship that went far beyond money—although money was of desperate and immediate importance to both of them.

But happiness meant more to Hazel Ganaway than money, and she felt that she owed little Paul a debt that money couldn't cancel. Over a year ago, she began talking to him about her old home in Westfield, Indiana, where her family had been poor but highly regarded by the community. She told Paul about her grandparents, run-away slaves who had fled to Indiana and settled in Westfield before the Civil War.

Any kind of trip would have been an adventure to Paul, but Mrs. Ganaway made this trip seem like something out of a storybook. Together, the woman and child began to save money for a vacation that they would remember the rest of their lives. The money came slowly, and there were setbacks like the time Paul lost a ten-dollar bill through a hole in his trousers pocket, but before either Mrs. Ganaway or Paul quite realized it, their money mounted to a point where they dared to think of it as a reality. They planned their trip carefully, cautiously, but with determination to grasp everything within their reach.

"For once," the woman declared with vigor, "dreams are going to come true." And for Mrs. Ganaway and little Paul Jackson, for once they really did come true.
When A Girl Marries
(Continued from page 14)

to let your husband go alone. Of course such a move would mean a great wrench in all your lives, and I think your decision must be based, not on what it will mean at the moment, but what the new position for your husband will mean to the whole family in the long run. If you decide—in family consultation—that the move will mean a better life for all of you in the long run, then you should go. And if you do decide to go, do it with a feeling of adventure, not martyrdom. How do you know transfer of the children to another school will mean setback? How do you know you'll be wretched? But believe me, Mrs. S., if you are sure in your own mind that all these unpleasantnesses will follow, you will—your very attitude of complete negativism will make them happen!

Dear Joan:
I am nineteen. I fell in love with a divorced man. He was very romantic, thirty-nine years old, quite handsome. We named our wedding day, but it never came. All of a sudden, I was in love for me snapped off completely. He stayed away and gave no reason for the sudden break-up. The boys that always wanted to go steady with me before didn't care to look at me now. Even my girl friends act cold. I am lonely, desperate and broken-hearted. How can I win back their friendship?

A. R.

Dear A. R.:
First of all, stiffen your backbone. You fell in love. Well, that can be either the most wonderful thing in the world, or the most devastating. In your case, you weren't lucky. You fell in love with what appears to have been the wrong man. That was a mistake, but certainly not a crime. Your friends are taking an unfair advantage of your unhappiness in acting coldly. Perhaps they feel reluctant to welcome you back into their circle because they were hurt by your real or imagined coolness during the time you were going with this man. In any case, your best hope in combating that is the support of one individual in the group, one with whom you were specially friendly. Concentrate on that one, and for the time being forget about the others. Don't attempt to force your way into group activities, but instead make plans to spend some time with the single person who seems even slightly disposed to accept you. You'll have to make the overtures but pocket your pride temporarily and make them—a movie date—a Coke together at the corner drug—any one of the dozens of familiar, casual activities you used to share with your friends. If the girl or boy responds to your invitation with any friendliness at all, it will be up to you to gradually work your way back into acceptance by the whole crowd. If you are met coldly—don't despair. There are other friends to be made in a big city like yours. Offer your friendship, but if your offer is coldly received, turn elsewhere. Remember—real friends will be tolerant of each other's mistakes. If these people are not prepared to offer you understanding and help, it's time you had some new friends anyway!

Dear Josh:
I have known my boy friend for three years. Every time I see him he asks me to marry him, and it leads to a quarrel when I refuse. I have made up my mind I could not marry a man with an uncontrollable temper. How can I help him rid himself of it?

B. B.

Dear B. B.:
You haven't made it clear whether the young man's temper outbursts occur only over this question of marriage, or whether they occur at other times as well. If he becomes unreasonably angry when he is crossed—by all means think carefully before marrying him. However, it is possible that you yourself have provoked his anger. Three years is a long time for more or less grown up people to be uncertain of their own minds: if you cannot make up your mind when you want to marry, are you sure you want to marry this particular young man at all, or are you merely keeping him "on the string?"

On the other hand, he may just have what you describe as an uncontrollable temper. If that's the case, you might tell him frankly that you feel your only chance for happiness together lies in his self-control, and put him in a sense on probation—for it is possible to form the habit of control over even a very bad temper. But if he cannot seem to do this, there is no hope marriage will transform him into a calm, amiable being.

---

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ORIGINATORS OF PERMANENT WAVING
COAST GUARD ON PARADE

The historic Coast Guard Academy at New London, Conn., is not quite the spot you'd expect to find as the originating point for a network musical show. But the alert, neatly-uniformed Academy guards show no sign of surprise every Saturday when a team of directors, engineers and publicity men from New York invade the scene. For four years now, they've been coming in to help broadcast Coast Guard Cadets On Parade, heard on NBC Saturdays at 1:30 P.M. EST.

The Coast Guard Academy band, led by Warrant Officer George H. Jenks, presents on the show each week a selection of stirring band music by composers from Rachmaninov to Cole Porter, plus interesting sidelights of life at the Academy and adventures of the Coast Guard at sea.

At the clarinet: Musical director Bud Jenks.

Emcee of the C.G. show is ex-ensign Bob Tyrol.

Semper Paratus" opens each performance—of course!—but the band doesn't limit itself to purely martial music.
Hearty and Heavenly!

(Continued from page 41)

from pan. Wash rice thoroughly. Drain. Add to butter remaining in pan with sliced onion. Brown lightly over low heat. Return chicken to pan and add milk and wine. Cover and simmer gently 1 hour, or until chicken is tender. If necessary add more hot milk. Thicken sauce with a little flour if desired. Makes 6 servings.

PASSED COD WITH
GOLDEN SAUCE

- 4 cod steaks
- 1 teaspoon sweet marjoram
- 1 teaspoon thyme
- 1 teaspoon parsley, fresh or dried

Wash fish well. Tie in cheesecloth or parchment paper. Tie herbs in a piece of cheesecloth. Fill a saucepan with 2 quarts of water. Add herbs and bring to a boil. Reduce heat to simmer. Add fish. Cover and simmer gently 15 minutes, or until fish flakes easily when tested with a fork. Serve hot with Golden Sauce. Makes 4 servings.

GOLDEN SAUCE

- 1/4 cup butter
- 1/4 tablespoons flour
- 1/4 cup milk
- 1/8 teaspoon salt
- 1/8 teaspoon pepper
- 2 egg yolks, slightly beaten
- a little grated lemon rind
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice


PARSLEY DUMPLINGS

- 1 1/2 cups sifted flour
- 3 tablespoons baking powder
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/3 tablespoons chopped parsley
- 1 tablespoon shortening
- 1/4 cup milk

Mix and sift together flour, baking powder and salt. Add chopped parsley. Blend in shortening with a fork or pastry blender. Add milk and stir until all flour is moistened. Drop from tablespoon onto gently boiling stew or stock or cook in a closely covered steamer 15 minutes. Makes 12 medium-sized dumplings.

STEWED CHICKEN BAYSIDE

- 1 1 lb. chicken
- 1 large onion, sliced
- 1 carrot, sliced
- 1 (8 oz.) package noodles, cooked and drained
- 1/2 cup almonds, blanched and toasted
- 2 tablespoons flour
- salt and pepper to taste
- dash of paprika
- 2 cups chicken broth, strained
- 1/2 cup cream

Parmesan cheese

Remove pinfeathers from chicken. Wash well under cold water. Place in a large saucepan. Add 3 cups water, onion and carrot. Cover and simmer gently until chicken is tender, about 2 hours. Remove meat from bones in fairly large pieces. Place alternate layers of noodles, chicken, and almonds in a casserole. Start and end with noodles. Combine flour, salt, pepper and paprika. Stir in a little cold water to form a paste. Gradually stir in chicken broth and cream. Pour over chicken and noodles. Sprinkle with cheese. Bake in a moderate oven (350°F) 20 minutes.

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Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.
It would have been a rough trip for them. We had fun, of course, and saw a lot of wonderful places. But mostly, it was work. So much so that, when we got back to good old New York, I had got so used to being there and living in the city that I was having a hard time adjusting to life back in Canada. Alice was convinced that a week in the rugged out-of-doors was just what the doctor ordered.

We spent our first night in New York, we called up the kids in Hollywood. After our round of hellos, little Alice went on the phone and asked when we were coming home.

"Daddy thought he would take a little vacation up in the Canadian woods," I told her. "We'll probably be home in another week, honey."

"But Daddy," she exclaimed. "Don't you think you've had a long enough vacation already?"

Think I went fishing? Nope. That gorgeous day-dream I'd been having of frying golden brown trout alongside a rushing river exploded like a smoke bomb. We packed up the next day and wound the beautiful English split-bamboo fly rod I bought in London hadn't been out of its case yet.

We hardly recognized the girls when we went to see them the summer in the Toluca Lake Girls' Club, and they were tanned, healthy, and several inches taller from swimming, playing, and ridings. I could see Phyllis for the athletic awards she had won. Little Alice, who is now eight, was a sedate, little lady. According to her grandmother, this resulted from when they saw Bang's movies on television all summer. And I could believe it.

When we left for Europe, Alice was a fan of Cyclone Maloney and Time for Beany. But now, that stuff is too tame. Lately, she has been memorizing all of the program listings and picks and chooses her TV diet like a careful and knowledgeable fan to get to be such a fanatic watcher that it is all we can do to make her come to the table for dinner. And it is a struggle, requiring all of the persuading of Alice and I can muster, to pull her loose from the set at her 8:30 bedtime.

Gosh, she will complain, as she marches up and down the room, "and KTV is showing the swellest mystery picture tonight. I'll be glad when I'm old enough to stay up all night!"

Phyllis, on the other hand, likes her beauty sleep. She thinks that sitting up to watch television is for kids. Even when we have company, she excuses herself from watching the program.

"Daddy, I'm sleepy," she will suddenly announce. "I want to go to bed." And that's that. Off she marches for her date with the sandman.

I've noticed quite a difference in the way my two girls are developing. Just enough difference, as a matter of fact, to complicate my already hectic problem of keeping up with them.

The other night, Alice sidled up alongside my easy chair, and said, "Tell me, Daddy. Do you think that I'll have to to a public speaker before I can get into the movies?"

"What's this?" I asked, jolted.

"I've decided I want to be an actress like Maloney and KTV is showing a film about a girl as a cucumber. And I want to know how to plan my career."

"Aren't you being a little previous?" I asked.

My Favorite Blondes

(Continued from page 25)

"Oh, no. I don't want to waste any time," she said. "I thought I'd better start taking dancing lessons right away."

"All right, sugar," I said, helplessly. And she is taking dancing lessons, and working like a beaver at her practice.

Phyllis doesn't care much for dramatics, at least not yet. All she wants to be, right at the moment, is national建材. She is planning to be a mountain climber, a lady wrestler, and the best woman rider in the world. Give her time, and she may make it. She has enough coordination for a whole Olympic tumbling team. When she was two years old, she was swimming the length of our pool, and she constantly amazes me with her feats of strength and endurance. The other afternoon when I came home, big Alice greeted me at the door.

"I wish you would speak to your daughter," she said, dramatically.

"Sure," I said. "Which one?"

"Phyllis."

"Gladly," I replied, in my usual cheery tone of voice. "Where is the little love?"

"Up in that elm tree out front," said Alice. "If you look high enough you can see her from here."

I walked out to the tree and asked Phyllis nicely to come down before she fell and hurt herself. She was sitting on the branches.

"Come down," I said.

"Oh, all right," she said, like I was spoiling her fun. She slid down in about two seconds, completely unconcerned by the height. She giggled.

Phyllis is also at that age (six) when all the things in nature are just too wonderful for words. And this, of course, brings about a crisis now and then.

The other morning I was brought suddenly awake by a chorus of feminine screams reverberating through the house. Then I heard big Alice call, "Phil, come here. Hurry!"

I grabbed up a robe and ran for the girls' bedroom. Phyllis was sitting on her bed crying, and little Alice was swimming, just as though she had just seen the Wolf Man.

"What is the matter, for Pete's sake?" I asked.

"Phyllis' wooly worm is loose in the house somewhere," my good wife, hysterically.

"What?" I shouted.

"Phyllis caught a wooly worm yesterday and put it in this fruit jar," she said, helplessly. "And it's not just a jolly jar full of grass cuttings. And Alice is afraid she might step on it if she gets off the bed. You'll simply have to find it, Phil, or Phyllis will be heartbroken."

"O.K." I said, helplessly.

If you can think of anything sillier for a grown man to do than to start out his morning crawling around on his hands and knees looking for a lost wooly worm, I'll put in with you. But I finally found the creature slowly inching its way up the side of Phyllis' dresser.

"Oh, good," said big Alice.

"Wonderful," said little Alice.

"Thank you, Daddy," said Phyllis.

"Keep the lid on that jar," I growled, on my way back to bed. I went back to sleep and had a dream about ten thousand wooly worms crawling up the microphone just as I started to sing. It was wonderful.

My problems don't all arise from a difference in my daughters' temperaments and general outlook on things. They have special caused simply by me being outsmarted and too humiliated to do anything about it. The other night, for instance, while I was warning the children on television, my wife came into the room with a defiant glint in her eye.

"What kind of nonsense have you been telling Alice?" she asked. "She can't do anything the wrong thing and said that you were going into the ring."

"Nonsense," I said. "I'm too old."

"That's what I told her. But she said you were out in the living room, dodging and swinging away just like the men on the television set.

Now, if I were cynical I'd say that AliceCombined these two up simply because I took over the television set to watch the Louis-Charles fight, and she missed one of her favorite programs. But I'm not mighty sure. And anyway, I was being a little nutty with my cheering, and it might have worried the child. I have to believe that. Honest, I do."

"I'm getting so I am almost afraid to argue with my daughters anymore. I am wrong too much. Like the afternoon several weeks ago when I came home from a round of golf at Lakeside to find little Alice waiting for me at the gate.

"You've got to help me do something," she whispered in a tone like Mats Hari.

"What?"

"I want to bake a cake for Mama when she's a little parlor."

"Gosh, honey," I said. "It takes a lot of time and work to make a cake. You need eggs, and flour, and shortening, and all sorts of things. It would take hours."

"No it wouldn't," she insisted. "Betty Crocker has some stuff that you just add milk to. I saw it on television. You take two cups pans, and make icing, and heat up the oven," I said, thinking of every possible problem.

"No, Daddy, all we need is the stuff."

"Well, I'll get you some of it tomorrow and maybe Mama will help you bake it."

Next evening, she very proudly an-
Oh! How did you make the icing?"
I asked.

"The recipe was right there on the box," she said, triumphantly. "See, I told you there was nothing to it!"

Sometime during the summer, both Alice and Phyllis started to indulge in that favorite feminine pastime of primping in front of a mirror. Of late, they have become very interested in caring for their hair and their nails, and frequently, against my better judgment, I am called in as a beauty expert. A few weeks ago, little Alice announced that she wanted to let her hair grow until it hung all the way down her back. Her mother didn’t see it that way, and insisted that it be cut.

"It is a little ragged around the edges, honey," I offered, meekly. I thought it was a tactful remark, but she still gave me a look that would fry an egg. P.S.: she got her hair cut, for Mama can be forceful, too.

Until this year, Alice has always bought identical clothes for the girls. But that won’t do at all anymore. Their tastes in clothes have taken off in different directions. Nor will it be possible for them to exchange clothes. The other day, Phyllis came to me with a frightful beef because her mother had made her wear a practically new dress that Alice had outgrown.

"Why, that’s a mighty pretty dress," I said.

"But it’s Alice's," Phyllis sobbed. "And Mommie bought Alice a brand new one."

It would take the wisdom of Solomon to answer that one. But when I’m stuck, I simply pass the problem back to Alice from whence it came. That’s basically a woman’s fight, and Alice has always done a better job of solving problems like that than I ever could. When it gets too tough, there’s nothing left for me to do but duck out to Lakeside Country Club for a round of golf.

But all around me are signs that most of my lumps are still ahead. When my daughters grow up, they will present tougher and tougher problems for their old man to solve. And that day isn’t far away. I got an indication of that not long ago, when little Alice got out some of her mother’s old records and began singing duets with them. It naturally gave big Alice a nostalgic twinge for the days when she was making pictures. Both of the girls frequently come home from school and tell Alice that the kids were asking when their Mommie was going to make another picture. And little Alice, who likes everything about movies, keeps asking her if she really knows Betty Grable, and Tyrone Power. Those things have had their effect, I think.

Alice has always been very forthright about her career. She didn’t feel that she could make movies and raise a family, too. She wanted her kids to know her as a mother, and they have. For the past seven years, Twenty-tenth has sent her at least one script a month, and she has never turned one down. But the other night, she surprised me by announcing that she’d like to do another picture if she could find the right kind of musical. And that was the surest sign of all to me that my daughters are growing up, and that from here on, my life with three beautiful blondes will begin to grow more hectic with the passing of every day.
My Boss, Fred Waring
(Continued from page 43)

We look back now and wonder how we
ever did it. I had theatre experience
behind me, which was a big help, but
iad had had very little acting training
only in radio. Fred admits he was a
little jittery himself, but I know he
gave the rest of us confidence. Nadine
Geer, wife of my partner, Pay Sax, and
our choreographer, had the glee club
dancing steps in no time, and some of
the kids who had hardly known their
right foot from their left were
loosening up and doing simple forma-
tions right away. It was wonderful.

Maybe the kids didn't realize that
Fred appreciated how hard all this was
for them, until one day at rehearsal.
Fred made an impromptu speech. He
said he wanted us to know how proud
he was of the way we were learning
new things. He told us he thought we
were simply terrific. That was just the
encouragement we needed.

Fred, of course, being the fine show-
man that he is, had known right from
the beginning that to put on a show on
television meant revising everybody's
thinking. Music might be music, but
many of the others had been trained
required a completely different approach
for radio. Even different than for
the stage of a big theatre. This TV was
as much a change for the performers
would come into the home in close-ups.
He knew we would have to act, as
well as to sing and play. We would
have to know how to move around a
stage. We would have to draw on all
the Pennsylvanians' talents.

It was Fred who inspired Nadine to
plan the choreography for the group,
although she had never worked in
television before. He always uses the
people and the material at hand when
he can possibly do it, and he has proved
over and over that people can be won-
derful at things they would never have
succeeded without his confidence in
them. When we needed extra perform-
ers for TV, he called on Clyde Sechler's
wife, and Jack Best's wife—Clyde and
Jack are my partners and with Fred's
coaching they were soon performing
like old pros. He brought in six new girls
for that first TV series, for
a particular spot that no one else
could fill.

In fact, Fred uses "home talent"
whenever he can. The little daughter
of one of our cameramen appeared in
a show last season where two children
were needed for the re-creation of a
"musical evening" scene in Tyrone, Pa.,
Fred's old home. Wives, husbands
and parents of regular members often fill
in on special programs. When a per-
former marries outside the group, it
often means welcoming a new member.

When Lou Eley married Jean Ryden,
who was a violinist with the Kansas
City Philharmonic, she took a chair
next to Lou's in the violin section of
our orchestra.

Fred will tell you that he hires peo-
lies, not merely performers. They be-
come members of a closely-knit group,
instead of just getting jobs. So the first
thing he looks for is whether the in-
dividual will fit into the group. He
made a few mistakes in his judgment
of character and talent. He gets loyalty
from his gang, because he gives it.

If you go to Fred and tell him you
would like to try something different,
he gives you the chance. You don't
even need to ask, if he sees any signs
of latent talent. Some years ago he
hired a four-boy act, and with it ac-
quired a bass fiddler with a flair for
comedy. Fred discovered the boy also
had a talent for writing, and encou-
aged him to make an attempt to
become a writer. Hugh Brannum, has
become the won-
derful Uncle Lumpy of our program,
who writes and records the Little Orley
stories. Lumpy writes music too, and
I'm proud to have him for "Lonesome
Prairie Girl" and a number of other
songs.

I was much more a dancer than singer
when I joined the Pennsylvanians. I
sang a little to take me into my dances,
but that was all, except that I had a
natural ear for rhythm and harmony.
Fred always gives special coaching to
performers who need help, and he be-
gan to coach me. He's very under-
standing with people who are shy, and I
would like to try something different.

First of all, I learned to sight-read.
We get new arrangements constantly
and everyone has to be able to read
music quickly. I had studied piano,
but I really didn't understand music
too well, and under Fred's coaching I
began to get a new respect and love for
it. Everyone who works with him does.
He takes his work seriously and ex-
pects us to feel the same way about
ours, but I hesitate to say he's a per-
fected man—though I might mean
someone who is merely fussy.

He explains his passion for improve-
ment this way:

"When I hear a song," Fred tells
you, "I'm instantly figuring out, if I
like it, what makes it a good song,
and what I can do to make it sound
better? It's the same way with a voice,
coaching and even arranging a room
walk into, or moving the shrubbery about. I'm always "edit-
ating" to try to develop the existing thing into something bet-
ter."

This desire to improve things has led
him not only in the group, but in his own
and the development of others' ideas,
when they get stymied on some
technical problem. He studied engineer-
ing and architecture at Penn State,
and he has always been an ardent
workshop for serious experimentation.

The Blender and the Waring Steam
Iron are his two best-known products,
but no one will ever know how much he
has contributed to the elaborate
technical ideas by which our program
is put on television every Sunday night.
After all, there are some seventy
people in our cast and the problems of
presenting them and rotating them for
the TV cameras is staggering.

Fred, as a known as one of the hardest workers in a business
known for its good workers, don't
ever feel that he drives the rest of us.
I have the feeling that he works for an
organization with a leader like Fred,
you want to put in as much as he does.
You want to be part of the Waring
kind of music.

His great recreation is golf, but even
a game becomes a challenge to a man
like Fred. The course at Fred's place
at Shawnee-on-Delaware, Pennsylva-
nia, is one of the most beautiful places
in the low seventies. Shawnee is near
the beautiful Delaware Water Gap,
midway between New York and Phila-
delphia—only 400 miles from
each city. The Warings used to visit
the Inn at Shawnee when they were
children growing up in Tyrone, Penn-
sylvania, and they never thought back
through the years. He decided it was
the spot he wanted to call home and he
finally acquired about a thousand acres,
including the Inn, which he runs com-
mercially under an experienced hotel
man.

This year Fred is remodeling an old
gate house into a beautiful home. His
knowledge of architecture, which had
been his original choice as a profes-
sion, made it possible for him to draw
up his own plans for the new house.
All the lovely old things that he has
found in antique shops across the
country will find a place now, and already
his gorgeous collection of colored glass
is almost completed. He will hang it high
windows where the light turns them
into a jeweled crown.

The most important activity in Shaw-
nee of course is the Music Workshop
that is in session for six weeks every
summer. Students come from every
state, and from foreign countries. There
are choral, group, dance, teachers,
singers—music students of many types.
Fred and his staff of seventeen instruct
classes limited to not more than
fifty-five in any teaching courses. He
watches over every activity of the
Workshop and takes over the classes
twice each day, an hour in the morning
and again in the afternoon, and is there
in the recital methods, teaching rep-
ertoire and teaching his own system of
singing the "tone syllables" of every
word, to bring out the beauty of each
sound and eliminate the less musical

---

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BILL STERN'S
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Every Friday NBC
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Read BILL STERN'S
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SPORT magazine now on newsstands
now it's fun to reduce
this common sense way

Sylvia of Hollywood has no patience with those who say they can't reduce. She says, "A lot of women think the beauties of the screen and stage are the natural born favorites of the gods. Let me tell you they all have to be improved upon before they are presented to the public. Yes, I know, you are going to come back at me and say, 'But look at the money they have to spend on themselves. It's easy to do it with money.' "

"Let me tell you something else. I've been rubbing noses with money for a good many years now. Big money. Buckets of it. I've treated many moneyed women. But money has nothing to do with it. In most cases, money makes people soft. They get used to having things done for them and never do anything for themselves."

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PARTIAL CONTENTS—NEW EDITION

Too Much Nips, Reducing Abdomen, Reducing the Breasts, Firming the Breasts, Fat Puddle Arms, Slenderizing the Legs and Ankles, Correcting Bow-legs, Slimming the Thighs and Upper Legs, Reducing Fat on the Back, Squeezing Old Fat, Enlarge Your Cheeks, Define Your Legs—Oil with That Double Chink Slenderizing the Face and Jowl, Refining Your Nose Advice For The Adolescent—The Woman Past Forty—The Personality Phase. Glamour Is Glandular, This Thing Called Love, Cure-For-The-Blues Department. Take A Chance!
People are funny

Their good sportsmanship resulted in an expense-free Paris honeymoon for Shirley Forrand and Dave Osborne

One fateful Tuesday night, when Art Linkletter called for young, about-to-be-married couples from the audience of his People Are Funny show, Dave Osborne and Shirley Forrand responded just as a gag. Shirley didn't have much to do, but Dave immediately found himself in a leopard skin suit, barefooted, and with a bucket of ice water hanging over him. In the meantime, Linkletter was supposed to have a movie serial producer listening in as part of a test for Dave's quickness and alertness. As Link pointed out, the serial hero is always supposed to get out of any predicament. Dave got out of the predicament, but when Link checked the producer, the operator said he'd just left for Paris and hadn't heard the show. This went on for four more weeks, with Jungle Dave being menaced in every way possible.

The third week found him hanging on a rickety seat over a tank of quicksand, but by the following week, he had fallen in. He then had $290.00 coming, in addition to the honeymoon trip.

Fifth week was the payoff, with Dave and Link doing a scene where Jungle Dave is supposed to rescue his girl even though he is in a terrible rainstorm. The rain was supplied by John Guedel, producer, who squirted Jungle Dave with seltzer. When the entire stunt was over, Dave and Shirley were still happy and anxious to be married and on their way to Paris, especially since Shirley's folks are both French and she speaks the language fluently.

The payoff: Art Linkletter congratulates Shirley and Dave after successful completion of running stunt.

Art Linkletter gives play-by-play description as Dave hangs suspended over tank of water in NBC studio.

By the time Dave finally dropped into the water he was dollars richer and that much closer to Paris.
Enjoy Your Vegetables! (Continued from page 55)

full advantage of the variety of tastes. Most likely you don't eat more than a dozen or eight different vegetables a week. The second test concerns how much you know about their preparation. Mushy vegetables are tasteless and valueless, for their vitamins and minerals have been drained away. So important that they be cooked quickly in a covered pot with little water. Once you have learned to retain their flavor and substance, you can turn to the art of mixing vegetables. The Chinese are famous for their succulent, toothsome vegetable dishes. They have shown us that most vegetables are more delicious with each other for there are tart, sharp and bland tastes in nature's foods. The simplest experiment is to flavor them with a little chives, tomato, mint, pimiento or parsley. Spinach, for example, improves when mixed with a few lettuce leaves; a little onion with squash makes the squash taste twice as good; while the potato is diced and cooked with their own chopped leaves. Remember the leaves of most vegetables are full of flavor, and a wise cook uses them profitably. Actually, herbs are made to be为主题 before getting fancy French names.

You may use herbs for poultry, meat or fish—what good cook doesn't? You know, then, how they improve the taste of a broth, roast or salad. They may not have experimented with anything other than mint, parsley or chives in vegetable cookery. If so, you'll find basil improves eggplant, tomatoes, tomato dishes; marjoram's good with spinach, squash, tomatoes and mushrooms; thyme with carrots, peas and onions; a slight bit of sage with stewed tomatoes or string beans with peas; savory with string or lima beans. And these are only a few suggestions of what may be done to make the vegetable delightful. Important, too, the use of::

You'll discover, also, that many of these herbs are delicious in salad dressings. Since most people find salads tasteless without dressing, and since salads are among your very best friends, it's worthwhile to take the time to make the dressing right to the eye and bite—out with low-calorie dressings! If you must use mayonnaise, thin it down considerably with skinned milk and lemon juice. French dressing may be used just as good when mixed half and half with water or, for variation, with milk. (In this case, salt the dressing a little first and whip the milk into it so that the milk wets the egg and makes a good agent for thinning oil and mayonnaise.)

Here, however, is our recommended, low-calorie dressing for all salads:

1/2 cup skimmed milk, lightly salted
  1 teaspoon onion juice
  1 tablespoon lemon juice or vinegar
  1 tablespoon minced parsley
  1 tablespoon minced pimiento
  1 teaspoon poppy seeds

Combine milk with lemon juice and flavoring agents and shake thoroughly in a roadside bottle. One or less lemon juice or vinegar may be used according to taste. And, of course, you can substitute any of a number of herbs, depending upon your taste. The sky is the limit for the best vegetables and they can be selected in the market by their appearance. When vegetables are bright in color and firm or crisp, they have the most flavor and vitamin content. Most canned or frozen vegetables are so processed today that they are as rich in vitamins as market vegetables. You'll find these suggestions are just the beginning. There is no limit to what you can do in your own kitchen to improve on the vegetable so that it will be tasteful. To help you get this proper food, prepared properly. So eat to reduce—but enjoy it!

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1953, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code Sec. 101 et seq.)

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6. The names and addresses of the officers of the firm or corporation, including the managing editor and business manager, are:

   - TULLIO MUCIELI, Managing Editor
   - MAYER DWORSKY, Secretary

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    - (SIGNED) MAYER DWORSKY, Secretary

11. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 20th day of September, 1950.

   (SEAL)

   TULLIO MUCIELI
   Managing Editor

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Have You Heard?

TWAS A COUPLE OF NIGHTS BEFORE CHRISTMAS AND ALL THROUGH THE HOUSE not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse. All the little folks were snug, all asleep, dreaming of sugar cookies and presents. But the ABC family was abed in listening to ABC's fabulous Friday Night programs.

Yes, ma'am, here's one handsomely wrapped "package" that'll give you plenty of excitement all season long.

The Santa Claus samaritan of the hills rides into thrilling action at 7:30 PM (EST). Yes, it's THE LONE RANGER offering the special brand of "good will toward men" that makes Christmas brighter. (Season's greetings and "cheerios" from General Mills.)

THE FAT MAN jovially sets the pace at 8 PM (EST). The portly crime-chaser is a refreshing bracer on a Friday night. His next appearance on the tube will be at 7:30 PM, Nov. 13. Look for him at 8 PM, Nov. 27.

What else keeps folks by the fireside on Friday nights? THIS IS YOUR F.B.I. on your local ABC station is one big factor! This great public service Jerry Devine dramatization, with cases taken from actual F.B.I. files, is an 8:30 PM (EST) high-light. The Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States sponsors this dynamic documentary.

Another Friday night special "fil-lip comes along at 9 PM (EST) when L.A. TIMES OF OZZIE AND HARRIET gladden your local ABC station's airwaves. OZZIE, HARRIET, DAVID and RICKY continue to whip up family fun that's bright and colorful.

To quote a "snack" note from the wizard-of-OZZIE: "At noon, at night, at other times ... warm up with soups by H. J. HEINZ!"

Stay in the saddle, sister, because THE SHERIFF is riding into your home at 9:30 PM (EST). The fearless Friday night enforcer of law and order is a most welcome guest as he tells the tales of the things that everyone likes best. The Pacific Coast Borax Company keeps THE SHERIFF's shiny star well polished.

HARRY WISMER "sparks" the CHAMPION ROLL CALL to sports at 9:55 PM (EST) for Champion Spark Plugs ... and at 10 PM (EST) you'll thrill to the action of THE FIGHTS ... punch-ful of Friday night entertainment. Gillette keeps THE SHERIFF sharp.

That's it for your Friday night pleasure on your local ABC station a prize "package" of variety and spice all season long.

MERRY CHRISTMAS!
Winchell’s Winter

(Continued from page 22)

every year, almost half his life, in Miami Beach. He will not dispute that those five months are the most significant, the most worthwhile, of the twelve to him.

From a letter, occasionally, from a frustrated fan who, wrapping ashawl around her shoulders and throwing another bouquet on the grates, has taken to pestering him about his right to bask in the Miami sun while shivering menials in New York do his work for him.

It is, of course, false in essence. Winchell has written every column that ever appeared under his byline with his own hand on his own typewriter, including the columns signed "Winchell’s Column." But it’s true that he baskas in the sun—the late afternoon sun, that is—and why not? Once a woman, seeing him get up from the table and make for the door, asked him, "Why shouldn’t you have the right to bask in the sun?"

She explained, "But I know the kind of show you mean. I panned a place like that once and so many people went there. And they all perked him up."

He explained, "But I know the kind of show you mean. I panned a place like that once and so many people went there. And they all perked him up."

The lady retires, satisfied. A tall, thin young man is waiting at Winchell’s elbow. He pulls a dollar bill from his watch pocket and hands it to Winchell and says, "I’ve covered with signatures of men who had flown overseas during wartime with the donor is one of the rarest pieces of paper he has and in what the signature of Wendell Willkie..."

Walter has barely had a chance to thank the young man adequately when the stockbroker turns and steps up for a word or two. As he leaves another, older man takes his place and Winchell begins to laugh ruefully. He’s in New York, one of the most disagreeable places to live in the world. But it is Sunday, his column or his radio show or his Runyon Fund activities or the monumen-tal responsibilities resting on him because of his position as the most widely read and most—commentator in the world.

Ah, but observe him in Miami, as he “neglects” his affairs for the races, the golf—green the bookmakers, the twixt rules. All the excitement of a record—day crowd at a great track, you see and hear a tiny stir of super excitement at the gates, like a future thought or a thought amid of a hurricane. It’s Winchell, of course, with Joe E. Lewis, the famous nightclub comedian, and one or two other close friends. They manage to clear through the mob and disappear in the reserved-section box.

A few minutes later you see Wynchell’s face in the press box. Walter is talking to three people at once, signing autographs on programs held out to him from the stands, and trying to get a line on the next race. He will bet two dollars on each race and be as dismayed when he loses, as he is delighted when he wins.

It is not much time for studying scratch sheets or listening to the tips everyone within sight has for him. Up comes a lady from the stands, with a personal axe to grind. "I’m the one who wrote you that letter yesterday,” she says, with monumental self-assurance.

"But I heard you, I think that show at the Blank Club was absolutely shocking. I was too embarrassed! You will take up an immediate crusade against that horribly indecent place in your column right away, won’t you?"

The little trigger in the fabulous Winchell mind clicks: you can almost hear the gears beginning to grind. This is old stuff, and he has an answer ready. "I’ve told you all the time. For the joint I made a mint. You can do more than I can to stop that sort of thing—just stay away. If enough people stay away..."

Walter's response is never...
with Walter Winchell, President of the American Bar Association. He's in Miami, and his son, the famous golfer Walter Winchell, Jr., is on his way to the club.

But before we start, let's clear up a few things. First, there's the matter of the weather. It's been quite a change from the cold, gray days of last winter. Now, it's sunny, warm, and perfect for golf. But what about the course itself? It's a sight to behold. The greens are perfect, the bunkers are neat, and the fairways are wide open. It's a great day to be out there.

The golfers are all in high spirits, and the atmosphere is electric. The sound of golf clubs hitting the ball is everywhere, and the roar of the crowd is deafening. It's a sight to behold. But what about the golfers themselves? They're all in top form, and the competition is fierce. But the winner of the day isHWalter Stranahan, another golfer of national repute, who is going to give him some pointers and make a contest of the game. Stranahan, as usual, and Walter will report the fact in his column next day. If and when he beats Frank he'll report that too—in italics.

But is it time to start the rounds of the clubs, and now the Winchell day begins to take on pace, the rhythm of a busy man having a busy holiday. The first stop is Copa City, designed by Norman Bel Geddes. A sitting with, upon viewing the acres of glass front, dance space and numerous lounges comprising this palace of pleasure, recently remarked, "Now I'm really convinced that Norman has an edge on the "plex," and you can well believe it. One show is going on in the enormous cocktail lounge, another in the club itself.

Walter doesn't stay long, having seen both shows. Mrs. Winchell and Walda want to hear Joe E. Lewis and sit listening to his elfin whimsies while Winchell talks to a man from the Miami Beach Police Department Benevolent Association. He's in a sad way, it seems. We're putting on our annual show next week," he explains, "so the chief doesn't want us to sell tickets directly—lots of people take that as strong-arm stuff—and it looks like a flop. It's a good cause and a lot of deserving people are going to take the rap. Have you got any suggestions?"

"Hm," says Walter, getting the old Winchell glint in his eye. This is strictly his meat. "Tell you what I'll do—suppose you round up some radio stars, picture stars who're in town, put the show on the air and emcee it myself? I'll plug it in the column plenty of time in advance. As a starter, you can send a thousand bucks' worth of tickets over to the Vet's Hospital in Coral Gables, and bill me. Now let's see, will Martin and Lewis still be here?"

The show was a sellout, with hundreds turned away from the doors.

The next stop is the Beachcomber, where Walter loses his tie. It is made of collar boll, Walter, and it tonight with a special idea in mind.

The idea works. A rich tourist sees the tie, likes it, and asks to buy it. "Twenty bucks for the Runyon Fund buys it," Walter says.

Whereupon someone reminds him that it is time for the private showing of a movie at a local theater. He can't say no, and he goes to Ciro's, where the food is excellent, the service superb, and the atmosphere quiet because the evening is still but a pup. Not more than five come up to his table to talk to him while he is dining, and such a small number doesn't count. He has had a quiet dinner with his family, after all.

In the morning Walter, back at the hotel once more, would like to get in some practice on the putting green. Golf is his newest enthusiasm, and he feels that he should try himself on a full-sized golf-course, but he is going to try this one, anyway. (Earlier in the season, just after famous golfer Walter Hagen saw him play, Walter figured out his putting practice curtailed by the fact that night usually fell before he had a chance to limber up on the green. The Roney's amiable manager quickly corrected that situation. He installed lights.)

Frank Stranahan, another golfer of national repute, is around to give him some pointers and make a contest of the game. Stranahan, of course, and Walter will report the fact in his column next day. If and when he beats Frank he'll report that too—in italics.
after." Now I was about to find out. Actually, my marriage has been more like a fairy tale than anything else. It all started once upon a time—a little less than two years ago to be exact—on Stop the Music. Remember the signin' spot on the show? I'm sure you do. That's Dick, the one and only man in my life. He literally swept me off my feet—no breathless for the first time in years. On Sunday evenings, I play Patsy on Nick Carter—Master Detective, where I scream at least once a week and help to solve all sorts of crimes, and one time I was on the Stop the Music, too, and I'd have to dash right over from the Nick Carter show.

I arrived rather late one night last May and took the only empty seat on the stage—right behind Dick. He turned around and whispered, "How about a cup of coffee afterwards?" I shook my head. "Got a date." "How about tomorrow?" "I'm a dump—uh?" I didn't even know him, I thought to myself. Why should I bother to go out with him—even if he was so handsome? That Saturday, I bumped into him on the dance floor of one of the hotels in New York. He was with a lovely-looking redhead, and he scanted for the only empty seat.

When I saw him again after the show on Sunday, I stopped him outside the studio. "That was a beautiful girl you were dancing with last night. Are you in love with her yet?"

"Nope," Dick grinned at me. "I'm in love with you." So we made a date for the next day. Dick picked me up at my apartment, and informed me that you're going to be married to me by December."

I laughed then, but a month later it was a joy that was love. By July 21st we were engaged, and Dick pulled a classic on the television show, This is Show Business. That's where entertainers have a panel of advisers, consisting of George S. Kaufman, Abe Burrows, a guest, and Clifton Fadiman (moderator).

"Now that I'm getting married," Dick told me, "I need a future wife says I should conserve my strength and not go out of town so much." (He sings in the nightclub circuit outside of New York, and I had once kidded him about it.) "You won't be going out of town much longer," Kaufman promised him. "You're so handsome, I'm going to have to find you a job."

"You're beautiful," added Burrows.

Dick broke up the show. "Sorry, boys," I quipped. "I'm engaged." The first time a director said, "Fade," to me, I lowered my voice to a whisper. The engineers in the room nearly dropped their earphones. What was a good role—one that's a challenge—than all the money in the world. My husband rates number one priority, and that number that. But acting is my hobby, and I would feel only half a person without it.

My career was really the beginning of the fairy tale. The store opens several years ago, when I hung my college diploma on the bedroom wall, buried my teaching things in the dresser drawer, and set out from Brooklyn by subway to see fame and fortune in the theater. I even had to take an introduction to a producer, who might be able to help me get a role in Broadway."

Then the show I was playing was closed by mistake. That turned out to be a beautiful thing. Two men were sitting in the office, pouring over a script. They told me where I could find my producer, then followed me through the doors. "Just a minute. Are you an actress?"

"Yes, I am." It wasn't a lie, really. I'd won a scholarship to New York University through my work with the Washington Square Players. "Fine." The two men beamed at me. "Take off your hat." I was hired on the spot to understudy the lead in "Ringside Seat," a forthcomer.

Then things started happening—the unpredictable, sensational things that won me the title of "Cinderella Girl" and that led me into the arms of Dick Brown, Prince Charming extrarodinaire.

The night "Ringside Seat" opened on the second White Way, my good fairy waved her magic wand and our leading lady lost her voice. With my heart pounding and my stomach doing setting-up exercises, I went on in her place. It was Thanksgiving week, and the play was right in season—a turkey. But I got fabulous reviews. The night before we closed, there came a knock on my dressing room door. It was a director from NBC. "You have a lovely voice," he congratulated me. "If you're interested in radio, come and see me." I'd been trained in Shakespeare, Shaw and Sheridan; I didn't know one bit of radio lingo. But I did know opera, I had been in the chorus around NBC, auditioned for Parade of Progress, and got the glamour-girl lead over two hundred other young beauties. When my pumpkin really had turned into a coach. Only then it was the subway back to Brooklyn, and I had to break the news to my family. "You have a wonderful voice. They didn't want me to become an actress. But they'd made a bargain with me. "Get your teaching license first. Then take a crack at the theater for years." I kept my word. Now they kept theirs, as they always had. Mother brought out our best china and threw a dinner party. Dad kept proposing toasts to me—over wine, water and coffee. I think they really were proud of me, even though I was determined to read from scripts and not from textbooks.

I soon found out I had a lot to learn. What didn't know about radio would have filled a library. The first time a director said, "Fade," to me, I lowered my voice to a whisper. The engineers in the control room nearly dropped their earphones. What was a good role—one that's a challenge—than all the money in the world. My husband rates number one priority, and that number that. But acting is my hobby, and I would feel only half a person without it.
think I had two heads. Later, outside the Music Hall at Radio City, I was mobbed. "Can I have your autograph, huh? Please, Miss Frazier, will you give me your autograph?" We finally escaped to the balcony and hid in the last row on the side.

By that time, it had dawned on me. By some quirk of fate, I was passing for Brenda Frazier, the daughter of the 1935 Deb of the Year. It was a break for me. CBS decided I was a natural for Society Girl, and shipped me off on a break-taking tour of the nightclubs. I had to sign a contract, agreeing not to marry for a year. But that was all right with me. I was strictly the career girl in those days. Besides, Dick Brown hadn't yet appeared on the scene, so I could have my play on a jeep. We both prefer it that way. Night life is no holiday for Dick, and I had enough of a butterfly existence when I was single.

Then gradually we redecorated. Now our two and a half rooms express Dick's personality as well as mine.

We spend a great deal of time at home, not as a matter of fact, We both prefer it that way. Night life is no holiday for Dick, and I had enough of a butterfly existence when I was single. It's hard to be able to take advantage of our own living room of an evening and to entertain friends there if they happen to drop by to see us. When we're alone, we usually have dinner by candlelight, so that I can keep my own voice on a recording, I was horrified.

"I have the worst voice," I almost wept to Mother. "How can anybody give me a job?"

But they did. In 1930, Princeton voted me "Actress of the Year," and I went off on a good-will tour around the country for the Columbia Broadcast- ing System. During the next five years, I played in almost everyday serial from the title role in Stepmother to The Romance of Helen Trent. I was Rose Kranisky (the first character in radio to have an event) and Carson McVicker (holiday psychiatrist) and scores of other daytime heroines. Along came the quiz shows and give-aways, and I turned into the voice of salesmen.

I was a great success at radio, and showed the way when I did my first show in a night club. I was the only child, born and bred in Brooklyn. I went to school streetcar and subway and played in crowded parks. Dick, one of the oldest children, left the midwestern town, where school was a hop and a jump from home, and the gang gathered afterwards to kick a football around a vacant lot or to have Coke dates in the corridors of school. I remember how surprised he was when I told him that I was a frustrated singer myself. My mother was studying voice when she married my father. In those days, she was the only child to have the career she'd missed, though she changed her mind later. So, while she was carrying me, she sang constantly. Unfortunately, I was born deaf, but with a tremendous voice. I was forbidden to sing in the school assembly.

I had my heyday, though years later, when I sang with Richard Humber and his orchestra. We opened with "Are you having any fun?" and every time I went off key, I just sang louder. Dick surprised me, too, not so long ago. He's been all over the country, playing nightclubs and radio. He spent several years broadcasting from the West Coast. But, back in 1944, he had a program in New York, Mutual Broadcasting System right here in New York. We figured out that I was rehearsing Nick Carter one floor above the studio where he was singing. "You see," I scolded him, "you've just been energetic enough to walk up one flight of stairs, we could have had three or four children by now!"

"That's all right," he consoled me. "When you do have 'em, they're going to be very talented."

"You bet. Sing like you and act like me."

Dick broke in with a loud guffaw. "What'll we do if it's the other way around? Drown 'em!"

"What can you do about a man like that? Love him. Hug him with never and leave him. At least then I can program—for the rest of my natural life.
into his professional life. I didn't like it, either; it was actually taking advantage of his feeling for me to push somebody off on him who might not be good enough to waste Barry's time with.

No—I took that back. Remembering the way Cal had sung that song of his—"the one he'd written—I knew he was good. It might be I'd be doing Barry a favor, finding him a big new star. All the time I was on the phone with Mrs. Calucci I was telling myself that, but when I hung up I didn't go right ahead and phone Barry at home. "Tomorrow," I thought. "At the office. More businesslike that way."

When Cal came through with a room, and by talking very fast about how Cal must move down there the very next day I was able to get him out without making any promises about Barry. I didn't want to sit around speculating about his chances, I wanted to have a definite appointment with Barry before I allowed the subject to be brought up.

Earlier than it was possible to get hold of Barry, next morning, I started to try. Finally I got the tired voice of Hilda, his secretary. She told me I told her what I wanted. "He'll be insane by the end of today, pulling his hair out," she warned me. "You know his show is scheduled to open in three weeks? The way it looks now they'll never get this show on the road. Can't you put off your business till next week?"

Next week—by then, unless I was wrong, Cal Duncan would be living on soda crackers. "Hilda, it can't wait! That's what they all say, song writers, dance directors, Lise Martaine herself, they're all going to take over—do things immediately if they don't get to see him. Okay," she said sadly. "Come up. I'll slip you one in somehow."

It was a bad beginning. I called Cal and told him, but in spite of his gratitude and excitement I didn't really do any lift. When I met him and we went up together on the subway my gloom got worse. It didn't feel like a good day. The subway was so jammed, Barry's office was so busy. In spite of Hilda's encouraging wave, we sat and sat and sat. But Cal—he had to have his chance. If I could help him, I had to; he'd sort of made it my business. So we sat it out, not talking. Every now and then he cleared his throat. That was all.

By the time Hilda gave us the sign to go in, Cal was numb. He didn't even return the quick squeeze I gave him for encouragement. As we reached the private door, a woman came out, and I caught a glimpse of dark, frowning hair and a very red mouth and an armful of what looked like sables, only I've never been that close to any one before so I wouldn't know. In fact she took her time giving Cal such a long, slow look that we all seemed to be stopped there for minutes. Then she smiled a right judging eyes, flicked a measuring glance over me and went on. Lise Martaine—I recognized her from her pictures. Cal just stood there looking till I gave him a poke. This was no time for him to be taking his mind off his work!

My conscience gave me a poke when I saw how white-faced Barry was. Somehow I'd never thought of him as a hard-working man before. When he took me out, or came down to see us at the Book Shop, he was always so calm and dignified. But tonight—"a typical rich man's son, which is what he'd been before he turned to producing. Of course he was a big success, and it didn't stop him working hard for it, but still it was a shock to see circles under his eyes.

He said it was nice to meet Cal, and listened quietly while I explained our business. And yet, though nothing changed, I thought there was a funny twist to his mouth as he asked Cal some questions. How long he'd been singing, and what he'd done. Then he said, "Well, Mr. Duncan, if you're ready—do you have a guitar with you? I've never heard cowboy songs without one." It was the first time I'd realized that Cal didn't. I was panic-stricken. I began to say, "Maybe you can lend him one," but Cal interrupted me by clearly thumping the door. "No, I don't. I wanted to do something different for you, Mr. Markman. Not cowboy stuff. Something more artistic.

It was a complete shock to me. He hadn't mentioned any such plan. "Aren't you going to do your own song?" I burst out. "You know, the one—about 'There's Only One of Me'? I wanted Barry to hear you sing that one, Cal—it's perfect for you." There was an urgent message in my voice, as I tried to tell Cal that he must sing something else. He was working too hard for this important trial. It was so unbelievably stupid for him to pick this time to become "artistic" that I couldn't believe it. But no, he must.

"No, Miss Chichi, if Mr. Markham doesn't mind, I'll just pick a few chords on his piano here and do this other thing. I don't want to be just a cowboy singer."

He didn't look at me and my message went unanswered. "I don't mind anything, Barry—you can do whatever you want to do," Barry said. His voice hadn't changed, but suddenly I knew it was no use, no use at all. He wasn't exactly angry—but upset. Not in any mood to give Cal a fair hearing. All he wanted was to get us over with and out. Crossing my fingers, I sat down as far away from Barry as possible. He passed the lightest hands now. Barry was antagonistic and Cal was stubborn and mistaken and I almost hated them both.

Cal looked all wrong without his guitar. He was so busy—so involved. I knew where to look or what to do with his face. Going to the piano, he picked out a few chords, and then nodded. He lifted his head.

"None But the Lonely Heart"—that was the song he sang. As I listened, I thought realized that really his voice was not as bad as I'd hear. And all the time the song was wrong for him. I'd heard it many times on the radio. I knew how it should be sung—sort of rich and melancholy. But Cal—well, I'm no judge, but I knew his voice wasn't like that, rich and powerful. I remembered it out on the hill in the moonlight—soft, gentle, with an easy rise and fall like a breeze playing around your hair and your cheeks. I had to think back and remember, because there in Barry's office it didn't sound that way."

When he finished, nobody said anything. Barry's face was very grave; I don't think he's smiled once since I got here. "You've got a pleasant voice, Mr. Duncan, a good and easy voice to listen to. I can't say more than that." He picked up a pen and put it down again. "Quite honestly, I don't think it's an unusual voice."

"Isn't it enough to be good?" I asked in a small voice. Barry shook his head. "Chichi—you're a dike. A lot of voices are cheaper than a dime a dozen in this town. A successful singer has got to have more than just a nice voice that I can't begin to tell you about. Certainly not in the little time I've got—though I don't mean to be rude—"

Oh, sure I know you're up to your ears. I got up and made myself march to the door. I wanted to pound on Barry's desk and insist that he give Cal a chance, but that would have been a little—perhaps. He had a chance. Cal had dropped. What did I want Barry to do: say that Cal had a start-type voice when he didn't? After all, Barry was only trying to business turning against him in my mind just because Cal had come into my life.

Dimly I heard Cal thank Barry and say something to him, I didn't know what, and then we were outside. We stepped only once on the way downtown, when Cal said, "I want to thank you,
Papa David should have been reading my mind right then, he would have given me such a rare treat—thinking—one of his favorite topics—as I've never had. What could have been more dishonest than thinking that about Barry? He had told me he was going to be there and made a case against Barry. If it weren't for that, he could do in your very own mind to make a hash out of a perfectly straightforward situation that you just don't happen to like?

Papa David was out when we reached the Book Shop, and I remembered he was over having a bite of lunch with Father. I was McCary. Taking off my hat, I told Cal to sit down and I'd fix something for lunch, but my heart wasn't in it and when he looked at me with his unhappy eyes and said, "Miss Chichi, I'm hungover and I have to swallow a bite," I had to confess I felt the same way. We agreed to settle for coffee, and I'd just gotten it started when the phone rang.

"I won't answer it," I muttered as I went toward it. "On such a day nothing can happen but bad news." But I picked it up anyway, naturally. It was Barry, all right.

"Chichi? Glad I caught you. Look—isc Duncan there?"

"Yes," I answered my tone making it sound like "What is the matter?"

"I've been thinking," Barry said. There was a silence during which I felt my blood pressure going right up to the roof. "I don't want to be too hard on you to think I'm going to lose my temper over the way fair chance. I'm only one man, you know, I could be wrong. Does it mean a lot to you?"

"Yes, yes, Barry! It was all wrong this morning. If you'd only heard him sing one of the right songs, you'd see—"

"Well, okay," said Barry. "We'll do it all over again. Get him down here tomorrow and if I don't have a chance to talk to him, I'll turn out there's a between-curtsinspot in my show that I might be able to throw him into. Nothing much, but—"

"I'll do it myself, Barry. I'm going to throw him the whole world on a platter!"

"Well, let's see how it goes," Barry said, and we hung up.

"Cal, Cal, when I told him. He couldn't seem to take it in.

"He just knows he didn't hear you sing the right kind of song," I said firmly. "Tomorrow you sing your own song. It'll all work out right, you'll see."

I was so absolutely sure of that, I didn't go with Cal the next day. I sat home pretending to do some mending and listening for the phone, thinking sometimes, "I should have gone and helped him out with the song. Cal brought him bad luck yesterday. Today will be different."

When it finally rang, I fell over a chair trying to get to it and when it was Barry, not Cal.

"So that's that," he said. "Are you happy?"

"What are you talking about?"

"You mean your pal didn't rush to the phone at last minute to give you bad news?" Barry chuckled. "I'm delighted he let me get you first. He's in, Chichi. I heard him do that song you were thinking of yesterday. There's Only One of Me—and it was a whole of a difference."

"Barry, how terrific! And he'll be in the show and everything."

"I don't know about everything. He'll have his chance, that's all I can do. Actually," Barry said, his voice very serious, "it was partly Lise Martaine that decided the cause or the office and insisted on staying while she was. You know her, temperament by the shrequh. When I saw her reaction to the guy I began to think maybe he's the only thing in his voice that talks to women, if you know what I mean. She really sparked to him—to his voice. In fact, I believe he captured him and carried him right off to lunch so they could talk about their art together!"

Barry laughed. "That's probably why he hasn't been able to get to a phone. Lise Martaine is bulldog when she wants her own way."

"Really?" I said. "What on earth would she want with Cal? She must be a thousand years behind, anyway."

I'd only seen pictures of Lise Martaine, outside of that glimpse the day before, but every detail of her face and figure sprang up before me. She has one of those on-in-a-million features: cool, slim, graceful, and those legs! That was what had made her name, not her singing—Barry himself had told me that when he hired her for his show. But at least she wasn't young, not really young. That was something.

"Barry said, "I wouldn't know. Be seeing you, darling. He hung up before I could put two and two together, and long enough to thank him from the heart the way I felt it."

I didn't call, but it wasn't long before he came home. He was almost hysterical with happiness. The only thing that bothered him was that Barry had already told me the news. "Why, I've been the one to tell you," he said.

I didn't point out that by simply going into a phone booth and putting in a nickel he could reach Cal, I had already explained that Lise Martaine had practically kidnapped him from Barry's office and swept him off to lunch, during which she had told him to regret the profession he'd never known. She'd been so kind to go to all that trouble, he said, that he couldn't break away to get to a phone. "Nothing much of any use," he said, "from my world. Tonight it must be only Cal and me and the biggest, best celebration we could think of."

Cal was stunned on that night! I hadn't seen Cal like that before, gay and laughing and full of exultant
energy. We had dinner at a place up-town that was much too expensive, but wonderful, and then we went to a movie, and then we went some place and danced and then we walked in the Park.

It wasn’t only the big news that had gone to Cal’s head. It was the town too. He’d never felt so good in his life that before, at night, blazing with lights and noisy with taxis, all the good places to eat and the movies and hotels with people posting in and out. In a word, he was happy. “It’s going to be my town,” he kept saying, “I’m going to belong here!”

Unexpectedly, I thought of the hilltop top with that great, unbelievable moon hanging above it. “Are you sure it’s what you want, Cal?” I asked.

“Sure? Why, it’s everything! Don’t you love it? Don’t you feel it, the excitement, the lift it gives you? And not just to live here, but to be a success! With everybody knowing who you are—” He glanced down at me, and his voice changed. “Well, that’s not so, Chichi! It’s not what I call everything. You’re a very clever girl, and there’s something very clever about being a mother-in-law. But when you have to sit around a room and watch a woman who has lived all her life in a man’s world, you’re going to have a lot of things to think about . . .” His eyes held mine with a look that was like a touch, and his voice drew a curtain around us on the crowded street getting. It seemed to come from out away, and yet to be speaking from inside me . . . “The most important thing in life, but it has to wait,” he said. “Until I know for sure. Until I’m a real success. Then . . .”

It was like being promised a ticket to the moon. The most important thing was waiting, so he’d said. But how long has to wait? Oh, I was willing to wait! His words had released something in me, a stubborn shell that had been guarding and protecting me. I didn’t want to permit. It was too big, maybe, too complicated, too new. But when Cal spoke I knew the truth. I was in love with him. ‘I’ll wait, and when he had his success, then . . .’

In some ways those next two weeks were the longest of my life, and in some ways they went like lightning. For Cal the world changed a day night. I scarcely saw him. He’d gone into the show so late that Barry felt he hadn’t needed every minute of rehearsal he had him. I was so busy, even though he wasn’t going to be in the regular part of the show but was only coming on between the first and second-act curtains, in a part of the show that wasn’t even supposed to be in the dress rehearsal. He had every minute of it. Everyone was good to him, too—especially Lise Martaine. He told me of how kind she was being, how she took the time to coach him—and her time was really high-priced! That is, he told me often on the phone, just after they went back to Mrs. Calucchi’s and fell into bed, exhausted. He didn’t tell me so often in person because there just didn’t seem to be time for anything but work.

“I’ll be glad if when it’s over and done with,” I grumbled to Papa David. “This way I never get to see Cal at all.”

Papa David looked up from the paper he was reading. “A family that means so much to you, to see him?”

I stared at Papa David, wondering if the time had come to talk things over with him. But there seemed nothing to talk over. Cal hadn’t said anything yet. All I could do was wait, and be sure of my own feelings. Sitting there with Papa David, they seemed perfectly clear to me. I said, “Papa David, maybe it’s too soon to say, but—I think it means everything.

Papa David smiled. “Bless you, lieben,” he said, “This I have been expecting. As you say it’s already too soon to say too much, but in your happiness, I will be happy. So—now—we wait?”

On opening night I went backstage as I’d promised Cal I would, to stand in the wings while he was getting ready. I bumped into Barry back there. He never came out front on his opening nights, because by then the sight of Cal all over the stage was more than a little excruciating. But from the minute the curtain went up I could tell Barry had nothing to fear from this audience. They laughed themselves sick; they held up the sides with their laughter, so that when Lise Martaine did her big specialty number they brought down the house.

“You’re in, Barry,” I whispered as the first act curtain came down in thunderous applause. “You’ve got another hit. Now help me pray for Cal, huh?”

Barry squeezed my hand, and didn’t let it go as the orchestra swelled out in the love song Cal was going to sing. Somehow as I heard it, my heart began to sink. All along, ever since Barry took Cal over, I’d been hoping that one of them would see things my way and let Cal do a quiet, easy little song with no accompaniment but his own guitar. His own song, the one he’d written—“There’s Only One of Me.” But Cal had been stubborn about trying something more dramatic, and after all I wasn’t a professional. When I found out that Lise Martaine agreed with Cal, and that they’d found a song that he claimed was perfect—and when Barry didn’t oppose them—I decided to keep my mouth shut. Maybe they did know best.

But the time for maybe was past. This was it, and as Cal began to sing I knew dreadfully that they hadn’t known it all. It was an old song, so flat, so meaningless, that a lump came into my throat. He couldn’t possibly get to the end, I thought. I let go Barry’s hand and pressed my fingers against my lips. My mouth was in the middle and run off the stage. Poor Cal. Poor Cal.

This had meant everything to him. If only I had insisted, maybe they would have listened.

The music wailed to a stop. There was silence, then a patter of applause, so light that it was almost shocking. It was as if Cal didn’t want to hear it. He was so deep up to all this.

“Barry drew a deep breath, “You know something, Chichi? I’m going to do it. I’m going to try him again. And you know why? Because I want to trust me and believe something I’m going to tell you. This guy may have something, Chichi. Maybe he’s star material. But what’s he doing here? I think maybe he’s going to do a lot for you that you have been very useful to Cal Duncan? And that from here on out Lise Martaine, a successful actress, could be having the same money. Letting me go of me, Barry stepped back. “Well, I’ve said it and I’m ashamed of myself but there it is. You think it over, darling. And when you find Duncan and dry his tears, tell him to run up to my office tomorrow and we’ll work out his number the way you wanted it done in the first place.

It was exactly like being handed a baby with two heads, one nice and one nasty. I just stood there staring, and finally I groaned, “Oh, Barry, you’re so careless. I don’t even know whether I want to kiss you for being so wonderful or kill you for being so mean. You’re the most confusing man—”

I suddenly stopped. I tried to think, I just happen to love you, Chichi. I’ll do plenty to keep you from getting hurt. It’s as I say—I’m going to give the guy another chance. He’s far too clever and he never knows all along this number was a mistake, so it’s partly my fault. But I’m doing it partly for you, so you won’t fall in love with that old habit that yours of fighting for the underdog. This way he won’t be the underdog. Simple.

Is a MOTHER-IN-LAW ever justified in TAKING SIDES?

TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS has been sent to Mrs. Ada Pizzati of Austin, Texas, for the best letter of advice on October’s daytime serial question: (The Second Mrs. Burton) “Is A Mother-In-Law Ever Justified In Taking Sides?” Mrs. Pizzati wrote:

In some instances, a mother-in-law might be justified in interfering in her son’s or daughter’s home problems, but in no case is she wise in doing so. To begin with, custom has decreed that as soon as a woman becomes a mother-in-law, she is automatically “put on the spot.” Her most innocent words will be carefully weighed for implied or hidden meanings, and suspicion will follow her actions. Maternal instinct will naturally prompt siding with one’s own offspring, but that, she can admit it when her child is at fault in a marital controversy. If a mother-in-law wishes to keep good will she had better keep her opinions to herself at all times.

FIVE DOLLARS each for the five next best letters has been sent to: Mrs. Eleonore C. Benson, Philadelphia, Pa., Mrs. M. R. Pakula, New York, N. Y., Mrs. Frank Littlejohn, San Francisco, Calif., Mrs. Frank Garbett, Boston, Ga., and Mrs. V. J. Green, Dayton, Ohio.

The Second Mrs. Burton is heard M.-F., 2 P.M. EST, CBS, sponsored by Swansdown.
I bit my lip and tears filled my eyes. "Not so simple, Barry. It may be too late for me—"

Barry's hand came softly down over my lips. "Don't say it," he said. "You don't know yet, you couldn't know. Go away and find him, now, and don't make any promises or decisions while you're upset like this. That's what Papa David would tell you."

I knew. I nodded, and left Barry alone there while I went to look for Cal. "He's right," I thought. "I won't make any promises or lend him talk about us. Not till this show thing is all settled."

It was a very sensible thought, but the trouble was I needn't have bothered. Cal wasn't around to do any talking about anything. He'd simply disappeared. Somehow, after his number he'd left the world, anybody's seeing him, faded silently away into the night. It was hard to believe, with all the people who'd been milling around both backstage and up front, but after we'd searched everywhere and asked the last usher and phoned everywhere we could think of,—Mrs. Calucchi was really the only place I had any hope he might have gone. I went in, and found him lying in the neighborhood bars, Papa David and I had to face the fact that Cal Duncan was nowhere to be found. Finally, tired out, we went home, but there was no one in our little apartment behind the Book Shop that night.

By the end of the next day we were all really worried. I called the police to find out if any trace of Cal had gotten in touch with him, but he said no—he'd been about as much I ever was to ask the same thing. "How desperate do you think he is?" I asked her doubtfully. "Bad enough to a.

"To do something to himself?" That was one possibility I hadn't thought of. Cal was so big and seemed so calm, except about the same thing, when I thought of Cal's chance at singing. I was about singing that he was in trouble! I put my cold hand to my suddenly warm forehead, and smiled, "Oh, no, Cal. He couldn't!"

Of course not, Barry said soothingly. "Well, get some sleep, Chichi. He'll turn up in the morning."

But the horrible new idea wouldn't leave me. I'd only thought before that Cal might be unhappy, that he needed help. But right after this huge thing happened, I knew I was wrong. It was too soon to report Cal as a missing person, but I suddenly felt that I had to have help, right away, or it might be too late.

Craig listened sympathetically and didn't seem to feel I was making too much of it when I told him about Cal's failure and how much the success would have meant to him. "You were right to call, Chichi," he said. "People do things at times like that that they'd never do in their normal state—well, don't worry unnecessarily. I'll get on it right away."

Promising to call me early the next morning whether he had any news or not, Craig hung up and I went back to work. It was a gray and ominous day. I remember, the next morning when I woke up from about three hours of nightmare. By ten o'clock Craig hadn't called and I was about to phone him when suddenly the Book Shop bell tinkled and heels sounded in the store. I ran breathless, hoping—but it was only a woman. Then I took another look and went breathless again. It was Lise Martaine.

Her clear, accented voice challenged me. "Miss Conrad? I am Lise Martaine."

"Yes, I know."

She gave me another one of those looks, as if she were adding my clothes up and coming out with five-ninety-eight, which I supposed was safe waste words," she said snappishly. "I came to demand from you that you tell me where Cal is."

I simply stared at her, wondering if she had lost her mind.

"If you are helping him to hide away, don't you see that it will do him more harm than good?" she said impatiently. "He must not try to hide, you understand? You must know the theater, know something about singing. You have must realized you were encouraging him to do a ridiculous thing, singing a song that was too artful, anyway, for him. Even I could see that. Blame yourself, Miss Martaine, if you and I and everybody else never see Cal Duncan again! Believe me if I knew where he was I'd be there, not standing here arguing with you."

"You'd be with him!" She gave a sharp laugh. "What good could you do him now? He needs you, see, and no success like me, who knows the stage backwards and forwards. Already I have made Mr. Markham, promise to give him another chance."

"Where is he?" I asked. Last night Barry told me—told me outside the theater the very minute Cal had finished singing—that he was going to give him another chance. Just when he make that promise to you?"

Her dark eyes narrowed. "You do get around, Miss Martain, don't you. Mr. Markham is Barry's friend, see."

"Yes," I said, "I get around pretty fast. I've still got my youth, you see, and it makes a difference."

Without another look I went back into the apartment as if I'd never been physically in her face. After a while I heard the tinkle of the store bell as she let herself out.

But though I'd had the last word, I felt all hollow inside. I felt the same way as when I'd heard Cal tell Barry he was going to sing a song he'd never mentioned to me. Somehow Cal seemed so innocent and simple, it never seemed to me to remember that he was actually a grown man with a mind and a life of his own. Lise Martaine's attitude was eye-opening. What did I know about Cal Duncan? The whole thing was new, starring herself, her part, and if he'd known that. Maybe she had reason to . . ."

By the time Craig Roberts finally called me, I was as close to being a nervous wreck as I've ever been. "We
found him, Chichi," he told me. He gave me some details about how, but they didn't sink in. My ears were pounding and my head was as light as a balloon, and I was having trouble holding it on. What did emerge was that Cal had found his way to Coney Island, of all places, and had gotten himself a job there singing in a restaurant. "Put up quite an argument, too," Craig told me. "Didn't want to come back. But he's back now.

"I know. He's all right. Only thing is I have to go back to the coming house to get cleaned up and there was a message there from some gal—Martaine? Would that be it?—so when he found out he was going to call you, he said to please tell you the message was urgent and he'd get in touch with you later.

Right then, even that seemed okay. Just knew he was alive and safe was enough. But later, when Papa David came home and I told him everything, the look on his face and the way it sounded, and the way it sounded, I must have been close to tears, for he turned and went into the living room to throw cold water all over me. icy, freezing water. Papa David didn't like it. Cal should have come to me, if only for the chance I might have been all right. I didn't like it, either.

He called me himself, later on. When I heard his voice I felt weak inside. "I've only got a second, Chichi, but I wanted to say how sorry I was to trouble you. Mr. Roberts said you were right worried about me . . ."

"Yes. We all were."

"You shouldn't have. I went through a bad piece, but it's all right now. I—I guess you know Mr. Markham's giving me another chance. Lise, she talked him into it. I'm going on tonight, and if I come out all right I'm coming down later to tell you something real important. If it's okay to come down that late."

"It's okay, Cal," I said. "And—good luck, dear." I hung up and rested my head against the wall for a minute. Lise talked to me. She said what the message had been, no doubt, so as to make sure she'd get to him first with the news. Well, her have the credit. That part didn't matter. I'm who was responsible, why, or for what. All that mattered was getting Cal his second chance, his real chance. Right on the verge of that it would be nice to start arguing with Lise about credit. Later, we could straighten it out.

I didn't have to go to the show that night. I could see it all—the only part that mattered to me. In my mind's eye it was clear—the curtain going up on a Western ranch scene, the lovely moonlight, Cal standing there with his guitar, quiet, lonesome . . . and then starting to sing. His own way, the right way, soft and easy, not with a big orchestra blaring away and an "artistic" song to live up to . . . He'd do it tonight. I knew it; there was no doubt at all.

He came down surprisingly soon after the performance—before I expected him. But coffee was ready, and a big fancy cake from the bakery. And I was ready too, ready for the "something important" he was going to tell me. Almost ready, that is. Inside, my heart was going so fast I was afraid it showed.

"I did, Chichi," he almost shouted. He took my hands and kissed me on the lips for the first time. "I did it! They like me, Chichi! Mr. Markham says everything's okay now. Isn't it like a fairy tale? I can't believe it. —yet I knew somehow it would come true for me . . ."

"I knew too, Cal," I said. "I was so sure that right this time that I didn't even have to be there. I could see every spotlight and hear every note—that's why I got a celebration all right. I knew there'd be something to celebrate!"

He noticed the fancy table for the first time, and suddenly he looked disturbed. "See, Chichi? I didn't expect—mean I have to go back overnight right away. I came down as fast as I could because I wanted to tell you the first one, you've been so good to me, but Lise's planned a big party to celebrate . . . to celebrate . . . It was supposed to be the opening night party, but she held it up on account of me making such a fool of myself and disappearing like that.

I sat down, because my shaky knees were about to give up. Looking up at him, I waited for him to go on. He moistened his lips. "We—I, you've been so good to me, Chichi. I went through a bad time, out there on the bar, if thinking, but you know even before they found me I was making up my mind to come back. I might not be able to face it myself, I was thinking, but there was such a strong, Chichi, and she knows so much. Not only about the theater, you know, but about—life, and all . . ." He looked down at me helplessly. "We're going to be married, Lise and I. I want to tell you before anybody else . . ."

From some hidden source I scraped up enough strength to hide what I was feeling. "Why, thanks," I actually said. "I know you'll be very happy. Both—in the same work, and helping each other—I know you'll be happy." I gave him a big hand. "You'd better run along now, Cal, so you won't be late. We can—celebrate some other time."

It was definitely uneasy now, shifting from one foot to the other in uncertainty. But I was beyond helping Cal Duncan. After all I wasn't made to be a little help to myself right then, to keep the smile on my face and the steadiness in my voice as I practically pushed him out the door.

I sat there, I don't know how long, looking at that cake with its pink and brown icing and fancy decoration. I remembered that Lise Martaine could be useful to Cal, and then I remembered Lise herself saying almost the same thing . . . and now Cal. Had he known it all along? Was he really in love with her? Was he just using her to give him another step up on the road to success? Who knew, who knew? My heart hurt and tears were welling up. I knew that they would just spill over in a few more minutes. That would be good. Get the whole thing out of my system at once.

I decided I'd go back. I thought I was going to cry Cal Duncan out of my system in one easy lesson. His eyes, so open and warm, his voice, with that deep, calm voice, didn't sound so very easy. But somehow I knew that sooner or later I could do it. It was what he'd said about Lise, I think. "She's so strong." Yes, he needed that, someone to lean on. But a girl in love doesn't want a man to turn to her for strength! At least—not Chichi Conard! I wanted someone I could lean on, not the other way round. Let Lise have Cal Duncan. Let him have her. Bless you, my children.

Maybe if the phone hadn't rung just then, Barry might have been down and cried. But when I heard Barry's deep, soothing voice, suddenly I laughed instead. It was a little hysterical, maybe, but I didn't care. It was very real, pretty happy laugh all the same.

"Thought you might be a little—" he hesitated. "Lonesome?"

"I am, but not the way you think. You know, Barry? Everything that's happened?"

"Pretty much, and the rest I can guess. If there's anything I can do, Chichi—"

"That's it—you ask me if there's anything you can do for me. That's the way it should be, Barry—shouldn't it? At least part of the time. I don't mind doing the helping for some of the time, but I wouldn't want to spend the rest of my life planning someone else's life for him. I wouldn't want it that way."

"I'd spend mine doing everything in the world for you if you'd let me," Barry's voice was low and intense. "You know that, I won't go on repeating it. But right now, if there's anything—"

"As a matter of fact there is," I said. I had caught sight of the cake again, sitting on the dressing-up table. I suddenly burst out laughing. "Barry, there's something you can do. You can come right down here and help me eat a cake!"

"I'm on my way," he said, and hung up.

Absoletly, as I waited, I reached out and picked off some of the icing. It tasted as if it was going to be a pretty good cake after all.
How To Be A Best-Dressed Woman
(Continued from page 36)

that aren't too fussy, but they don't like birds of paradise and too many feathers andowns. Women often look very chic in these hats, but I doubt they ever
catch a beau. Whereas the little hat with a veil is a time-honored beau-
catcher.

Men love all-black, or black and white, and are apt to be critical of very
bright colors, except for evening. They favor blue in all shades, from light to
navy. They say that pink is only for negligees, or the country. Then, one
day, you appear in a little pink sweater—or a pink evening dress—and the
eyes light up. If you'd asked first, the answer would have been no.

They don't like too-ruffly things. They do like an elegant look. They would
rather see a girl wear a small single piece of nice jewelry, not necessarily
real or expensive—but good

looking, than a lot of junk. They love pearls, probably because pearls look
discreet and ladylike, and are universally becoming. They don't mind
having a World's Fair flower in their hair, but gold disks if they don't make too much noise. I like the jangly kind myself but they are
taboo on TV. I think men like ear-
ings, even the long chandelier type, if they're high for the occasion.

What it all adds up to is that men like a woman to look "lovely." That
includes awareness, graciousness, charm, and the girl should dress to
express her own personality, adapting new styles to her particular needs, and
not following fashion slavishly.

It means knowing enough feminine trim—ruffles, petticoats—that's the
best-dressed woman he knows. And if he thinks so, the chances are that she
really will be.

The Man I Married
(Continued from page 38)

married a Hershey boy, settled down to live quietly and respectably ever after
in the town where we grew up, and I was expected to do likewise. I had
every intention of doing likewise until I met Jack Paar.

It happened at a dinner dance, which the chocolate corporation gave for
Jack's commanding officer at Camp In-
diantown Gap.

I suspect Major Sam Carter was the first of a long line of "brass" whom
Jack was to make a career of insulting.

They were friendly, but Jack's disposition to re-
gence in rank. The Major had been a
salesman for the Hershey company in the South before the war (which was
how our family happened to know him). Jack, who had been beating his way up
to some sort of prominence in radio, was emceeing a morning record show
over a Buffalo station when he was drafted, and now was attached to Major
Carter's staff in a public relations ca-
pacity.

It was a large party, and as one of the hostesses I was too busy to devote much
time to any one guest; but I was fascinated with Jack's acid, almost sardonic
humor, and with—what shall I call it?—his lack of reverence for The Quality.

When we met again a few nights later at
the canteen I was delighted, and
danced most of the evening with him.
Jack asked to take me home, but this was
forbidden—the canteen hostesses
were under strict orders to be very nice
to the boys, but under no circumstances
to leave the premises with them, or to
make appointments for meetings else-
where.

"Where can I see you again?" he
wanted to know.

"Here," I said.

If the chaperones noticed that I
turned up at the canteen rather more
frequently after that and danced rather
consistently with one GI, they didn't
mention it.

"No," said Jack very indirectly
this time, and wanted to invite him to meet
my family. But I couldn't invite him home. My father would have exploded.

I got a call one night to recruit Jack to
to ence the City Club dinner. My father
was a director of the club, and was sure
to attend—I would see that he met Jack
there. But Daddy somehow got wind

of the plot, and failed to show up.

My next, and rather desperate try, was to arrange that Jack should meet
us—accidentally, on purpose—in church
Sunday morning.

I sat between Mother and Daddy in
our pew at the Dutch Reformed church
next Sunday morning. Jack, as we had
planned, was slumped in beside us.

I leaned over mother to introduce
Jack to her.

She's a wonderful mother.

"Invite him to dinner," she whispered.

I didn't do that, as mother of the
bride, she would be weeping into
her corsage of gardenias and lilies of
the valley at a wedding ceremony in the
same church just four months later. If
she had, she probably would have been
less hospitable. But the door was open.

Daddy had to meet Jack now, and if he
liked him, anything could happen.

I must say I was a little nervous.

From what Jack had told me about his
background, I knew he would feel
strange in our kind of deeply rooted
place. Jack's life had been quite
different.

Born in Canton, Ohio, he had moved
to Jackson, Michigan, with his family
when he was six and gone to the public
school there when it was shut down.

When he hadn't failed in his studies,
he had just got by. He laughs now at
stories from his one-time home towns
which make him the "incompetent
school boy" who made good on the
radio.

When he was fourteen, he contracted
tuberculosis and spent many months in
a hospital. His stay there changed his
whole outlook. There was a little radio
by his bed, and he listened to every-
thing—from the wake-up-and—shower
program at breakfast time, through the
Star-Spangled Banner sign-off at night.

After a while he asked for equipment
and tools—he wanted to improve his
set. That done, he built another, from
scratch, and liked it. He drove in a car,
and liked that. He was learning school. He no longer
could teach him anything, he said. He
had no further interest in Latin or
algebra. He was going into radio.

The truant officer would be around

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RADIO & TELEVISION MIRROR
On sale of your newsstand
Wednesday, January 10, 1951
These Fascinating People
(Continued from page 33)

Betty laughed. The audience roared. And I sighed with relief and gratitude. Nobody had doubted for a moment that my lapse of memory was part of the act.

In thirteen rewarding—and often rollicking—seasons as producer of The Screen Guild Theatre, I have had an incredible succession of wonderful experiences with the stars of the motion picture world. There have been those, however, who have caught the wrong impression. I refer, of course, to the night Miss Hepburn performed in those tigers.

Cary Grant and Jimmy Stewart, her co-stars, had ideas of their own. They tried to warn me not to let my imagination run away with me. The curtain rose to find Katie at her microphone in slacks, and Grant and Stewart at their microphone resplendent in the skirts which the script girl had purchased for them.

More than once the Screen Guild Players show has gone on in unorthodox fashion. That’s been the time that Alice Faye, despite her illness, insisted upon performing in “This Thing Called Love,” with George Brent. Alice no more than uttered her last line before she fell backwards in a deathless faint. Brent, who knew all about it, carried her off stage. The doctor who arrived at Alice’s dressing room assured me that there was no cause for concern. Alice was just a bit of a worry-wart.

It was thanks to a technical rather than a romantic miracle that the show went on when The Screen Guild Theatre offered MGM’s Command Decision” with the same all-star cast that performed in the great motion picture. I’ve never seen anything more fascinating. Clark Gable had to leave town on location, so for the first time in the history of the show with the radio to the tape recording. Gable read his own lines, and well-known radio actor Elliot Lewis read all the other parts.

A week later, the second phase of this remarkable operation was taped. We assembled the other members of the Command Decision” cast—Walter Pidgeon, Brian Donlevy, John Hodiak, and Osa Massen, if I may, who should be reading the part of the absentee Gable but the same Elliot Lewis?

Gable’s recording was dubbed in with the other, and not a person was aware of the wire. The performance heard on the air was a tribute to the magnificent editing job by tireless and talented Bill Lawrence, who had directed The Screen Guild Theatre since 1942.

There was not, to be sure, a single peep out of Elliot Lewis.

Sometime afterward, I saw Walter Pidgeon again. "You know, Hunty," he confided. "I was afraid to listen to it, but it came out wonderfully."

Time and again Screen Guild Theatre performances have come out just as wonderfully when the fates had intended less happy results. A memorable instance was the time Gary Cooper recreated Hemingway’s The Sun Also Rises, and Van Johnson and Basil Rathbone, who carry the Screen Guild adaptation of “Ramona.”

And I have seen the incomparable Katharine Hepburn so pressed for time that she couldn’t change from slacks to more formal attire when The Screen Guild Theatre did “The Philadelphia Story.” When Hepburn asked her to help with the night Miss Hepburn performed in those tigers.

Come to think of it, Miss Hepburn is still working, and there was a time when I didn’t think she’d ever be able to get a single break that was not immediately exploited. She has a remarkable gift for turning a disaster into a triumph.

Katharine Hepburn, screen beauty from the day she appeared on the stage, has been nothing but success from the day she was born. She was successful, of course, before she was famous. Hepburn was born in Lancaster, Connecticut, April 29, 1907.

The greatest luxury is the luxury of time. Katharine Hepburn can change with the times, but she always has that inborn streak of rebellion which makes her the woman she is today.

Fascinating, and a beauty, to boot.
Are You a Good American?
(Continued from page 23)

6. Do you believe we must work equally hard in preparing for defense and in securing world peace?

Because we defended Korea the chances for lasting peace are greater than at any time in recent years. Stopping defense preparations now would be death by suicide. That's not the kind of peace we're looking for.

7. Do you think children in grade school are too young to understand what Democracy is all about?

Understanding Democracy begins with the heart, not the head—and it begins in the home in infancy. You can help insure America's future by being a living example of liberty and freedom in action for your children.

8. Can the ideas of competition and cooperation exist together in our society?

We need both. Competition to encourage greater effort; cooperation for the efficient performance of community and national undertakings.

9. Do you support any group which subtly or openly practices religious or racial discrimination?

In America all religions are free and equal and so is every race. Anyone who advocates religious or racial intolerance or hatred is beneath contempt.

10. If the cold war turns hot will you make a cooling breeze by your speed in trying to evade the draft?

Americans have never liked going to war. But the man who lets his neighbor defend this nation for him forfeits his right to call himself an American.

Adaptations had to eliminate a page of Gary's script to keep the program within its time limit.

On the air, Gary got so caught up in his role that he kept reading the deleted material. Poor Bill Lawrence was tearing his smoothly combed hair in the control booth. So, we asked for Wally Maher, the alert AFRA actor, to jump to the microphone and save the day by doing an ad lib scene with Gary.

Maher's quick thinking proved contagious. Within minutes our musical director, signaled his orchestra and played a bridge at the end of the scene that was to have been edited out. Others in the cast speeded the delivery of their lines.

There was still the matter of compensating for the time consumed in the frenzy of all this activity, and everyone was quickly eliminated announcements scheduled for the end of the program. Except for a few backstage nervous breakdowns, there was evidence that all had unbent when the announcer signed off.

Harry is as fast as he is facile. I saw him get the program of similar jargon played in the "Sun Comes Up," our dramatization of a Lassie movie. Halfway through the performance, it was discovered that the show was running behind schedule. While the actors were on microphone, Kronman feverishly cut a minute and ten seconds from the remaining story, marking up scripts for every member of the cast, and handed them out in time to get the show off the air in time and intact.

Sometimes, fortunately, our emergencies are not as drastic as they appear at first. Bob Hope, a notable ad libber, gave Bill Lawrence the scare of his life in the Screen Guild version of "My Favorite Brunette." A minute before airtime, Bob tossed his script into the audience and proceeded to ad lib. I couldn't believe my eyes.

"The guy's gone crazy!" Lawrence howled.

Bill could have spared himself the panic. Hope was merely playing a phrase on his lines. "Don't cry, dear!" he roared.

The audience thought the lines were in the script, but they weren't. It gave Aherne time to show Joan her place. She studied the three backstage stories of the storied Screen Guild Theatre, Bill Lawrence, Harry Kronman and I have one favorite in common. Its hero is dazzling Will Powell.

Wise and good-natured Bill, a frequent Screen Guild performer, acted on one program in which a well-known movie player had a very bad day. This actor fluffed his lines four times in succession, and he was terribly humiliated.

As Powell did his part, he read the first three lines smoothly, then gradually turned incoherent. "My lines," he said twice, before he got the lines right.

"It sure looks like my rough night, doesn't it?" Powell sighed when he sat down.

I stole a glance at the man who had fluffed previously, and I could literally see the color return to his face as he congratulated his "script." He didn't know—because of the pains Powell took that he shouldn't—that Powell had fluffed purposely.

Later Bill Lawrence whispered to Powell, "That's one of the nicest things I've ever seen anybody do." Powell winked.

It's nice work being producer of the Screen Guild Players. You meet such nice people.
The new-shape "sling" cape is news because of its entirely new cut . . . with two deep loops instead of sleeves, and a fabulous mink lining. That's design with a difference!

The new-shape Modess box also has a decidedly different design . . . unlike any other napkin box. Wrapped, it looks as though it might contain stationery . . . or candy . . . or facial tissues . . . so many things. You'd never guess . . . Modess!

Another thoughtful Modess feature . . . the boxes are now tactfully pre-wrapped before they even reach your store. Same number of fine Modess napkins. Regular, Super, and Junior Modess sizes.
SOME DO!  SOME DON'T!

I ALWAYS RINSE— AND TIDE GIVES ME CLEANER CLOTHES THAN ANY SOAP I EVER USED!

I DON'T RINSE! I'VE FOUND MY TIDE WASH COMES SPANKING CLEAN RIGHT FROM THE WRINGER!

WITH- OR WITHOUT RINSING—

**Tide** does a better washing job than any soap on earth!

**Whichever way you wash:** *Tide* gives you

**WHITE, BRIGHT, DAZZLING CLEAN CLOTHES!**

- Lady, it doesn't matter which method you choose—or what soaps you may have tried—Tide will do a better job for your family wash than any soap!
- Tide, unlike soap, forms no soap film EVER. That one fact alone revolutionized washing results.
- What's more, Tide actually dissolves dirt out of clothes... *holds dirt suspended in the sudsy water. Wring out the clothes—dirt goes, too! And your wash comes so wonderfully fresh and clean it's a joy to hang it out! Get Procter & Gamble's Tide today—there's nothing like it!

"My Tide wash simply sparkles—its so dazzling white, so sweet, so clean!"

**SAYS MRS. BERTHA BRADLEY, MILTON, MASS.**

"I just can't rave enough about Tide! Tide leaves my wash so dazzling white, so sweet and clean! And clothes dry so beautifully soft... and have such a wonderful fresh, 'outdoorsy' smell!"

**Never before TIDE could you wash your heaviest, dirtiest clothes SO CLEAN!**

- Leaves no soap film ever!
- Miracle clean clothes— with or without rinsing!
- Dazzling white clothes— with no bleach or bluing!
- Soap-dulled colors come bright and fresh!
- Clothes dry soft— iron beautifully!
- And Tide does all this safely—rinse or no rinse!
ON McNEILL AND THE BREAKFAST CLUB

New pictures and stories of his family, of Patsy, Sam, Aunt Fanny, Johnny, the entire radio and TV cast!
A softer, clearer skin is yours with your First Cake of Camay!

Skin that says “I do!”

Even the color camera can’t do justice to Jean Alexander’s vivid coloring—her dark hair—her hazel eyes. Yet, the feature that holds your gaze is Jean’s complexion. Her first cake of Camay gave it a new and captivating smoothness!

“Camay’s a heavenly beauty soap,” she exclaims. “Why, my skin grew smoother, fresher, softer with my first cake of Camay!”

This bride’s beauty treatment can reward you, too! Your first cake of Camay will bring new beauty. Change to regular care...use gentle, rich-lathering Camay alone. Use no lesser soap than Camay—and you’ll soon have a smoother, clearer skin.

Camay—all that a beauty soap should be!

Camay’s so mild—so quick with its gentle lather! And the “Beauty-Bath” size is Camay at its luxurious best. Big and economical—that’s the size of it! More rich lather—that’s the beauty of it!

This lovely Camay Bride is
MRS. JULES ALEXANDER, the former Jean Pugsley
of Rochester, N. Y.
You can keep your whole mouth healthier, more wholesome—even your breath sweeter, cleaner—by guarding against tooth decay and gum troubles both. So don't risk halfway dental care. Always use two-way Ipana cleansing for better all-around mouth protection.

**Fight tooth decay, guard your gums—**

to keep your **Whole Mouth Healthier**!

Two-way Ipana cleansing* helps protect your teeth and gums both!

Are you doing all you should to keep your whole mouth healthier? Not unless you follow the advice of dentists—fight tooth decay and guard your gums, too.

*You help guard your teeth and gums both—by brushing and massaging the way your dentist directs—and by using famous Ipana Tooth Paste.*

No other tooth paste—ammoniated or otherwise—has been proved more effective than Ipana to fight tooth decay. And proper massaging with Ipana does more than that—its cleansing action actually helps keep your gums healthy, too.

Remember, with Ipana cleansing you can get the doubly-protective care that dentists say you need for a healthier mouth.

Start using Ipana today—to keep your whole mouth healthier. You'll like Ipana's flavor, too—so refreshing. Get Ipana now!

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Teach your children two-way Ipana care

To help your youngsters grow up with healthier, cleaner mouths, show them how to fight tooth decay and guard their gums, too. Remember, tooth decay hits 9 out of 10 children before the age of six. And later in life, gum troubles cause more than half of all tooth losses. So start your children on the Ipana way to healthier teeth and gums. Ipana is another dependable Bristol-Myers product.

SAVE! Buy the big economy size Ipana!

**IPANA**

For healthier teeth, healthier gums
stops perspiration odor instantly, efficiently. Does not merely mask it with a fragrance of its own. Trust Yodora for clock-round protection.

softens and beautifies underarm skin because of its face cream base. Keeps underarm fresh and lovely-looking for new sleeveless fashions. Safe for fabrics, too. Tubes or jars, 10¢, 30¢, 60¢.
There's one in every office

The other girls never asked Laura to lunch if they could possibly avoid it. Not that she wasn't good company or that she didn't pay her share ... but she had one fault that outweighed her good points. What it was, Laura, poor girl, would be the last to suspect. There's one in every office ... and she had to be the one.

It can happen to you...any time

How's your breath today? You could be guilty of *halitosis (unpleasant breath) right now ... without realizing it. Halitosis may be absent one day and present the next ... and, when it is, you are in wrong with everybody. It can nullify your other good points. Isn't it foolish to risk offending when Listerine Antiseptic is such a simple and delightful precaution ... such an extra-careful one? You simply rinse the mouth with it before any date and, lo! ... your breath is instantly fresher, sweeter, less likely to offend.

To be extra-attractive be extra-careful

A number of things will relieve off-color breath momentarily, but Listerine Antiseptic sweetens and freshens the breath instantly ... and helps keep it that way ... not for seconds ... not for minutes ... but for hours, usually. No wonder it's the extra-careful precaution against bad breath. So, to be extra-attractive, be extra-careful. Never, never omit Listerine Antiseptic night and morning, and before any date, when you want to be at your best.

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

LAMBERT PHARMACY CO., St. Louis, Mo.
Don't "Just Wash" your hair—

Condition it with DRENE shampoo...

The Sure way to Natural Sheen, Natural Softness

It's the most exciting beauty news in America—the wonderful Drene Shampoo with Conditioning Action—and your dealer has it now!

This Drene does far more than "just wash" your hair! It actually conditions as it cleanses . . . conditions your hair to all its loveliest natural softness, its most thrilling natural sheen!

To discover how different, how effective Drene really is, you only have to try it once! Just see how beautifully clean and soft it leaves your hair . . . how easy to manage! See how easily curls and waves fall into place . . . how they last and last!

So don't wait another day! Get a bottle of this marvelous Drene at any drug counter now—try it right away! Remember, Drene is the only shampoo with this Conditioning Action . . . for all types of hair!

You'll be thrilled at the thorough way Drene cleans your hair and scalp! Yet it's gentle, baby-mild, non-drying!

You'll be delighted to find you can skip special rinses. Drene leaves no dulling soap film . . . removes loose dandruff!

You'll be amazed at how quickly Drene makes billowy, fragrant lather instantly, even in the hardest water!

For ALL Types of Hair!
Only DRENE has this Conditioning Action
A NEW TWIST

Patt Barnes, the genial WJZ wit who used to be known as "the man with a thousand voices," today admits, "The thousand voices stuff was really overrated. I only had about 150." As a matter of fact, the first electrical transcription ever made for radio was written, directed and had all characters acted by Patt. During the first World War, as an enlistee from his home town of Sharon, Pennsylvania, Patt produced, wrote, directed, and played the leading role in a gigantic troop revue entitled "A Buck on Leave."

During its American tour, Patt was invited to sing over KDKA and was heard only by owners of the first ear-phone sets in Pittsburgh. Later, in 1926 and 1927, he was the first broadcaster to win both the gold and silver cups awarded by Radio Digest.

"As for that hitch-hiking 't' at the end of my first name," Patt says, "about eight years ago, I emceed a New York coast-to-coast revue, The Good Old Days. During the first warm-up a voice from the audience called out, 'How come the double 't'?" I turned around, and there on the stage was the huge banner with my name spelled wrong. I gagged about it and it drew laughs so I stood pat on Patt."

Patt's latest first, a new twist on his old format, is considered his most effective program idea. Each Friday he takes his Barnes Table to the New York landmark, Cavanagh's restaurant, on West Twenty-third Street, where he plays host to mayors of neighboring New York localities. Besides instilling community spirit into his show, this gives Gothamites an idea of life on the other side of the bridges.

1918: General Pershing with Sergeant Barnes who impersonated him in a World War I show.
FREE TRIAL OFFER

Ends Feb. 15, 1951

Now You Can
SAVE THIS $1

See for yourself—without sending a penny—that you save many dollars when you shop by mail from the new Spiegel Catalog for Spring and Summer, 1951.

600 PAGES packed with vast selections of merchandise—

- women's fashions
- children's needs
- men's wear
- home furnishings
- hardware, farm and auto supplies

All dependable quality, priced low, with satisfaction guaranteed or your money back every time you order.

NEW CUSTOMERS usually pay $1 deposit for this Catalog, but now for this limited time you can save this $1!

SEE IT ON FREE TRIAL! Now, until Feb. 15, you can get this Catalog for 10 days' free trial by returning coupon. After Feb. 15 the usual $1 deposit will be required.

If you order within 10 days the Catalog is yours to keep at no cost. If not, return it to us—without obligation.

PLEASE SEND ME THIS BIG, NEW 1951 SPIEGEL CATALOG ON FREE TRIAL

Spiegel, Chicago 9, Illinois
Please send me the big, new Spiegel Catalog. When it comes, I will look over what you have to offer—and either place an order within 10 days, or return the Catalog.

Name: ________________________________
R.F.D. Route Number: ____________ R.F.D. Box Number: ____________
Give route & box number on rural route
Street Address: __________________________
Post Office (Town): __________________ State: ____________ County: ____________

(Note: If after 10 days' free trial, I am not ready to send an order, but still wish to keep the big Catalog, I will send you a $1 deposit, in return for which you will mail me a $1 Merchandise Certificate, good on any Spiegel mail order of $10 or more.)
Relaxing by the pool at the Beverly Hills Hotel was fun for the Vines but what they enjoyed most about their stay at the hotel was the leisurely breakfast served to them in their room every morning.

On Live Like A Millionaire, where talented parents are introduced by their children, tall, good-looking baritone Dick Vine had no difficulty winning the day's contest with his singing of “It's A Great Day.” What followed as a reward was a series of great days for the Vines: accommodations at the lovely Beverly Hills Hotel, dining and dancing at elegant spots along the Strip, shopping at I. Magnin's Beverly Hills store (the Vine children were especially delighted with this part for they were allowed to wander unrestrained through the toy department) and the use of a new car for transportation. Other winnings, in addition to the usual week's interest on a million dollars, included a TV set and record player, and luggage. Dick, who has appeared in light operettas, studied music at night, hopes to become a singing star. All he needs now is that one big break.

Live Like A Millionaire is heard Monday through Friday, 2:30 P. M. EST over NBC network stations. It is sponsored by General Mills.

Crawford's, Beverly Hills record store, supplied the albums for the new RCA player which Dick won for his appearance on Live Like A Millionaire. Records represent a real treasure to Dick.
LIKE A MILLIONAIRE

A week’s interest on a million dollars! That’s what talented parents—introduced by their children—can win on this show

The Vines’ own home is in the San Fernando Valley. Stephen, five, introduced his father on Live Like a Millionaire. He and Valerie, who is three, stayed with friends during parents’ spree.

A new Chrysler, lent by the program, helped the Vines to get around the enormous distances that separate points in the L. A. area. Vines chose a tour of spots they rarely see in their city.

At Helen Young’s Beauty Salon in Beverly Hills, Virginia, who usually does her own, was given a personal consultation on hair styles. Miss Young is stylist for such a star as Lana Turner.

Candlelight and wine and a serenade by accordionist Paul Gordo and violinist Abris Grabosky characterized the Vines’ rendezvous in Little Hungary, a Strip restaurant. They also visited the famous Tail O’ the Cock restaurant. Dick Vine understudied the lead in “Song of Norway.” Chosen as the lead in the road company, he had to forego the opportunity because of a serious illness.

Final stop in an exciting week of living like a millionaire was a trip to the famous Mocambo. Auditions for aspiring “millionaires” are held twice a week in the NBC Hollywood studios.
GNOME ON THE RANGE

Mention the name of Old Saddlebags in Buffalo, New York, and everyone knows you mean John Eisenberger, a tall, thin and terrific cowboy character who rides the radio range five days a week over WBEN.

While Old Saddlebags builds his daily program on cactus-pointed remarks and sage (brush) satire, he puts the accent on western and hillbilly styled melodies.

Chronologically, John Eisenberger is in his fifteenth year in radio, having started as a member of the “High Hatters”—a trio comprised of Elmer Hattenberger, who is now a successful singer in Florida night clubs, and Bob Smith, today’s TV-genius of NBC’s Howdy Doody Show. That was in 1935 and the trio’s greatest accomplishment was winning an amateur contest sponsored by Kate Smith and, following this, they appeared on several of her programs.

Later, Johnny and Buffalo Bob teamed up for a comedy act under the name of “Jack and Gill” and were featured on the Columbia Broadcasting System for two straight years.

John then joined Happy Felton’s Finders Keepers Show on the NBC network as a combination song and dance entertainer. Eventually he joined the cast of radio’s Cheer Up Gang on Mutual and remained with the show for a year-and-a-half before accepting a comedy part in a Broadway production called the “Girl from Nantucket.” The show folded after a short run and Johnny returned to radio work. Just a year ago, he joined the Buffalo station.

Johnny’s ambition still is to play in a successful Broadway musical, but in the meantime, he’s putting all his dramatic and comic ability into portraying Old Saddlebags on WBEN Monday through Friday at noon for all cowboy-minded Buffalonians.
There are at least ninety-nine reasons why you should rush right out on Friday, February 9, and buy your March copy of Radio and Television Mirror. You can be certain that we'd mention each and every reason if there were room. But here are the highlights—we think they'll be convincing enough!

First of all, you'll find an exclusive story about the Faye Emerson-Skitch Henderson romance—Faye is on the cover, too. It's a spot she shares with Mr. A. Godfrey. The story on Arthur is by Momikai, the Hawaiian singer who graces his programs.

If you've been wondering about color television—and who hasn't—you'll find a forthright and factual story on it by Harriet Van Horne, the witty and pretty radio and television critic of the New York World-Telegram and Sun. The editors of Radio and Television Mirror asked Miss Van Horne to root out the truth in the maze of controversy that has surrounded color television since its very beginnings.

Extra: Watch for another new feature in the March issue. Called Who's Who In TV, it's designed to help you identify the secondary players about which many of you have asked. Everyone knows the stars, but how often have you wondered who played the villain or the cab driver or the housekeeper? Who's Who In TV will be a gallery of minor role players.

Also on hand in March: visit, in pictures, the Curb Massey home; Terry Burton, featured in the daytime serial fashions; and the bonus novel, based on an episode from Brighter Day.

The March Radio and Television Mirror will be on your newsstands Friday, February 9.

More women use Jergens Lotion than any other hand care in the world

STILL 10c TO $1.00 (PLUS TAX)
Timely Tips by Little Lulu

How do you score on these helpful ways to save?

When fastening stockings, what helps prevent runs?
- Lady, be seated
- Round garters

Don't let garter-pull strain your nylons. Fasten them while in a sitting position to avoid future leg strain, runs, when seated. Another neat trick is to cover the garter clasps with Kleenex. Saves stocking wear and tear, saves money.

When you need a tissue, do you—
- Find one handy
- Fumble with many

Next to your bed, you'll like Kleenex best—i.e., check a sneeze or sniffle! Keep a box on the nightstand. No fumbling; no need to turn on the light to find a Kleenex tissue. Only Kleenex serves one at a time—not a handful! — and another pops up, ready to use. Saves tender noses.

FREE! Instructions for making this attractive Kleenex box cover!

Turn scraps of fabric—your man's old ties, for instance—into a handsome box cover for Kleenex tissues. (As shown above.) Easy to make! Convenient to use! Free instructions by Mary Brooks Picken, famous sewing authority. Get your Patch-Patch design by writing to Educational Director, Dept. PP-92, International Cellucotton Products Co., Chicago 11, Illinois.

Kleenex® ends waste—saves money...

1. Instead of many...
2. You get just one...
3. And save with Kleenex

TV JINGLE

Here are the names of Ed Sullivan-Sylvania television contest winners.

First Prize

Miss Marion Samuels
Metairie, Louisiana

Second Prize
Sylvania "Movie Clear" television console with 19 inch screen. Winner had choice between mahogany or blonde cabinet. Approx. retail value: $540.

Mrs. Lucile V. Hambricht
Silver Spring, Maryland

Third Prize

Mrs. Donald L. Parker
Wooster, Ohio

Fourth Prize
Sylvania "Movie Clear" television console with a 16 inch screen and a mahogany cabinet. Approximate retail value of this television set: $350.

Mrs. Violet McIlveen
Houston, Texas

Fifth Prize
Sylvania "Movie Clear" television console with a 16 inch screen and an open-faced mahogany cabinet. Approximate retail value of this TV set: $310.

Mrs. W. Henry Gambill
Long Beach, California

Sixth Prize
Sylvania "Movie Clear" Television console with a 14 inch screen and a mahogany cabinet. The approximate retail value of this television set: $240.

Norbert M. Wildermuth
Lima, Ohio

Seventh Prize
Sylvania "Movie Clear" table model television set with a 14 inch screen and a mahogany cabinet. Approximate retail value of this set is $190.

Mrs. Mary A. Brown
Brooklyn, New York
JAMBOREE

the lucky winners of the vision and radio contest

EIGHTH PRIZE
Same as the seventh prize: Sylvania “Movie Clear” table model television set with a 14 inch screen and a mahogany cabinet. Value is $190.

Mrs. Roy Ensenbach
West Bend, Wisconsin

NINTH PRIZE
Sylvania “Studio Clear” clock radio (color: white). Approximate retail value of this clock-radio: $35.

Mrs. W. S. Roscoe
Gibsonville, North Carolina

TENTH PRIZE
Sylvania “Studio Clear” clock radio (color: walnut). Approximate retail value of this set is $35.00.

Jane Couch
Omaha, Nebraska

ELEVENTH PRIZE
Sylvania “Studio Clear” clock radio (color: black). Approximate retail value of this set is $35.

Dan C. Reid
Audubon, New Jersey

TWELFTH PRIZE
Sylvania “Studio Clear” three way portable radio, AC, DC or battery. Approximate value of this radio set is $30.

Mrs. Leslie Payne
Racine, Wisconsin

THIRTEENTH PRIZE
Sylvania “Studio Clear” table model radio (color: white). Approximate retail value of this radio is $18.

R. N. Baker
Hammonton, New Jersey

FOURTEENTH PRIZE
Sylvania “Studio Clear” table model radio (color: walnut). Approximate retail value of this set is $18.

Mrs. Alice V. Bjorklund
Rockford, Ill.

FIFTEENTH PRIZE
Sylvania “Studio Clear” table model radio (color: black). Approximate retail value of this set is $18.

Mrs. Ellen Bragdon
Haverhill, Mass.

Tonight! Be his dream girl...

Tonight! Show him how much lovelier your hair can look...after a Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Leaves hair sparkling, starry-bright...no dulling soap film with Lustre-Creme Shampoo! And it lathers lavishly even in hardest water.

Leaves hair fragrantly clean, free of loose dandruff. Unlike many oil shampoos, Lustre-Creme needs no special rinse.

Leaves hair silken soft, manageable, easy to curl. Lustre-Creme is easier to use. Contains LANOLIN...is not harsh or drying. Try Lustre-Creme Shampoo today—be his dream girl tonight!

World's finest shampoo—a beauty creme-blend with LANOLIN
G"abriel had nothing on Ralph Phillips! Ralph has trumpeted his way into a singing job on WFBR, Baltimore's Club 1300, Monday through Saturday from 1 to 2 P.M., announcing Homemaker Harmonies every Monday, Wednesday and Friday from 11 to 11:30 A.M. as well as newscasting on that station. To Ralph these developments have been the happiest tidings since he became the father of Ralph III, nicknamed "Teddy."

There are a lot of things in the life of this six foot four inch, radio personality which seem to stem from his trumpet-playing. First of all, he came to Baltimore from Rhode Island to study the trumpet at the Peabody Conservatory of Music. Ralph got a job with Dean Hudson's dance orchestra because he could play the trumpet. He became the leader of the 483rd Service Unit Band in the Army because of his knowledge of music. And, he would never have met and married Margaret, because she is a native of Baltimore, if he had not gone there to study the trumpet.

One night stands and army life have made Phillips a great home-lover. After he married Marg he decided to make a permanent home in Baltimore. That called for a steady job, so he worked into a small orchestra in a local nightclub. As a vocalist doubling in brass he got the idea for a different angle in his career. One of his fellow musicians worked on the Club 1300 radio program and he tipped Ralph off that a singing job was open at WFBR. That was how he broke into radio.

"Teddy is following in his father's footsteps as far as the trumpet is concerned. He blows his battered bugle and insists that he's going to be a trumpet player someday. Wife Margaret plays the piano, so all in all the Phillipses are a very musical family. "The trouble is," says Ralph, "I haven't got much time for home musicales after I play five hours in the club and do my work at WFBR."

For a man who has a job both day and night there has to be some kind of relaxation so this is one case where the trumpet is excluded. Ralph took up weight-lifting and he is now a firm believer in physical conditioning. The sport is well suited to a man who has two jobs and very few extra hours for recreation.

The Phillips family lives in a brick-row house which is a type of structure very familiar to Baltimoreans. It is not exactly the best type of home for the neighbors of a trumpeter, but Ralph doesn't play there very often. Of course they are very proud and happy in their new home. Teddy has "what will someday be a park" across the street, and, at the moment, a lot of boards, excavations and partly built homes all around to play in.

Not so long ago a funny situation developed when Ralph had some dental work done on his front teeth. He discovered that the dental work had thrown his "blowing-technique" on the trumpet out of order. He couldn't squeeze one note out of the horn. He dashed from the nightclub to the home of his dentist and in between grinds he'd blow. It took some time "and cold sweat," but eventually the sound came out all right. Another good reason for making radio a "first" career and the trumpet a hobby.
PEOPLE ALL SAY

"They're the most beautiful cards we've ever seen and such a bargain. too!" SO IT'S NO WONDER THEY SELL ON SIGHT... AND

NO WONDER SO MANY FOLKS

MAKE GOOD MONEY

In Their Spare Time... Without Taking a Job or
Putting in Regular Hours... and WITHOUT EXPERIENCE!

HERE'S a friendly way to make a fine income, spare-time or full-time—without taking a regular job or putting in regular hours! All you do is SHOW lovely new Doehla All-Occasion Greeting Card and Stationery Assortments to your friends, neighbors or coworkers.

These assortments are so exceptionally beautiful that folks are happy to give you big orders. Their exquisite designs, glowing warm colors and rich looking novelty features delight all who see them. NO EXPERIENCE IS NEEDED—our Free Book shows you how even beginners make money right from the start. You make up to 50¢ on each $1 box, even more on bonus orders.

You Make Money—and Friends, Too

Everyone in your community sends out greeting cards of all kinds throughout the entire year. That's why it's so easy to make good money and new friends, merely by showing something that everybody wants—and buys—anyway. Many church groups and clubs also use this same highly successful method of raising funds.

Yours for Free Trial—Everything You Need to Start Earning Immediately

Mail Free Trial Coupon NOW—without money. We will send you everything you need to begin earning money right away. Complete details about excellent profits, extra cash bonuses, lovely sample assortments on approval. Free Sample of the new "name-inprinted" stationery and napkins, and richly decorated "Petal Script" stationery.

Also FREE—New Book Telling
How Any Beginner Can Make Money

If you mail the coupon now, we will also send you a free copy of our helpful new book that shows many friendly, pleasant ways for any beginner to make money. Mail coupon today—without obligation. If friends don't "snap up" samples—and ask for more—return them at our expense. Don't miss this opportunity to make new money and add really substantial spare-time cash to your income—mail coupon NOW. HARRY DOEHLA CO., Studio T42, Fitchburg, Mass. (or if you live west of the Rockies—mail coupon to Palo Alto, Cal.)

Mail Free-Trial Coupon—Without Money or Obligation

HARRY DOEHLA CO., Studio T42,
Fitchburg, Mass. (or Palo Alto, Cal.)

Please rush me—for FREE TRIAL—sample box assortments on approval, money-making plan, and extra profit-bonus offer. Also send Free Stationery Samples, and Free Book, How to Make Money and Friends—Showing Doehla Greeting Cards.

Name (Please Print Clearly)...................................................................................................................
Address ................................................................................................................................................
City ......................................................................................................................................................
State .....................................................................................................................................................

Mail coupon now!
COAST to COAST

Random shots from the world of radio

Bob Hope came to NBC's party for vice-president John K. West, left. Next to Bob: Mrs. Joseph H. McConnell, Mr. McConnell, NBC's president, and Mrs. Hope.

Back to the United States for some film work: Sir Laurence Olivier and his lady, Vivien Leigh, here with William Keighley for the Lux Radio Theatre's "Rebecca."

Big homecoming celebration at Ralph Edwards' birthplace in Merino, Colorado was the occasion for this first picture of the Edwards children, shown here with Ralph and Mrs. Edwards: Lauren, 4, Gary, 7, Christine, 8. Alvin Kaiser was Merino's host.
YES! NO!

YES, I ALWAYS RINSE — AND MY TIDE WASH IS ALWAYS SO SWEET AND CLEAN!

NO RINSING FOR ME! LOOK HOW DAZZLING CLEAN TIDE GOT MY WASH WITHOUT RINSING!

WITH-OR WITHOUT RINSING—

Tide does a better washing job than any soap on earth!

Whichever way you wash — Tide gives you WHITE, BRIGHT, DAZZLING CLEAN CLOTHES!

Yes, Tide lets you wash whichever way you prefer... and does a better washing job than any soap you can name! Tide, unlike soap, forms no sticky, dulling soap film. And Tide actually dissolves dirt out of the clothes... holds dirt suspended in the sudsy water! Wring out the clothes — dirt goes, too! And you hang up the kind of bright, clean wash that makes neighbors look twice! Try it and see! Get Procter & Gamble’s Tide today—there’s nothing like it!

“Tide gets clothes so white and clean—it’s like a present every washday!”

says Mrs. Carrie Marshall, Brooklyn, N. Y.

“Every washday I feel like saying a big thank you... ‘cause the way Tide gets clothes so white and clean is just like getting a present! Then I have to say another thank you on ironing day, for Tide-washed clothes dry so sweet-smelling... so soft and fluffy... just right for ironing!”

Never before Tide could you wash your heaviest, dirtiest clothes SO CLEAN!

• Leaves no soap film ever!
• Miracle clean clothes—with or without rinsing!
• Dazzling white clothes—with no bleach or bluing!
• Soap-dulled colors come bright and fresh!
• Clothes dry soft—iron beautifully!
• And Tide is safe for all washable colors—all washable fabrics—rinse or no rinse!
Are you in the know?

If you're conversation-shy in a crowd, what helps overcome it?

- Take a public-speaking course
- Avoid gang gatherings
- Go in for sports

Your sound track fails you in "parlor" chatter? Join a sports group, Go skating, Bowling. Hop on a snow train—and look who's talking! You, leading the yacketty-yak about ski lessons, boots, waxes. Once in the sports whirl don't be a quitter. On difficult days, choose Kotex for comfort; downy softness that holds its shape because Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it. (Comfort and confidence are team-mates!) 
And try all 3 absorbencies; see which answers your needs completely.

For some gals, which style demands special grooming?

- Horseshoe neckline
- Batwing sleeves
- Pleated skirts

Squires soon tire of gals who perspire and don't do something about it! Use underarm deodorants; dress shields. And with batwing sleeves, you can wear a bra with built-in shields: special precaution to save your dress, your daintiness. At "calendar" time, smooth grooming's no problem—when you let Kotex banish revealing outlines. With those flat, pressed ends you can flaunt any smart new fashion—minus a single quali!

How to straighten out a feud you started?

- Make the first move
- Wait for him to call
- Try the weeping technique

You blow your top. And you're sorry—even before you hear the door slam. Well, tell him so, in a little note. Or ask the crowd over and include your bitter half. If that doesn't fetch him, why knock yourself out? 'Tain't worth it . . . any more than it is to fret over trying days' woes. You needn't, for Kotex gives you the extra protection of an exclusive safety center. Spares you "those" nagging cares.

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

Have you tried Delsey? It's the new bathroom tissue that's safer because it's softer. A product as superior as Kotex. A tissue as soft and absorbent as Kleenex.*
(We think that's the nicest compliment there is.)

P.S. *

*F.W. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

ABBY LEWIS

Abby Lewis is well known to listeners as Ada Overton of Road Of Life.

Because she has acted characters in every age group from eighteen to 118, Abby Lewis has been labelled the "young woman of years." This is due not solely to Abby's exceptional voice range, but to her physical characteristics as well. A slender, fragile blonde, she has been likened to, among others, Madeleine Carroll, Jean Arthur and Marlene Dietrich. And she runs yet another gamut in her versatility. In Broadway's production of "Macbeth," she was the Second Witch, while in "You Can't Take It With You" besides playing the Russian duchess, she subbed for the ingenue, the ballet dancer and the actress.

In addition to her role of Ada Overton, wealthy matron on Road Of Life, Abby is heard regularly on Eternal Light, The Big Story and Storyteller's Playhouse. At this point, it is almost repetitious to point out that she portrays queens, cooks and cronies with equal ease.

Abby's one great extravagance—furs offers a penetrating glance into her background. She explains it this way: "Furs make me feel as if I belonged to the idle rich. They help to cover up the fact that I'm a pioneer's daughter." For Abby is a direct descendant of Meriwether Lewis, of the historic Lewis and Clark Northwest Expedition. Her mother Edith, a schoolteacher and newspaper correspondent, and her father, the Reverend Hunter Lewis, were actual pioneers in their own right settling in New Mexico before it was admitted to the Union. Father Lewis, until his death a few years ago, was known throughout the Southwest as "The Padre of the Rio Grande"—favorite preacher, missionary and everyman's friend of that area.

Abby claims her childhood pastime of tagging along with her father was responsible for the vast repertory of characters she has collected, which has proved invaluable in her acting career.

It was at New Mexico State College that she decided to make acting her life work. After working in stock, she reached Broadway and radio. For ten years now Abby has averaged a broadcast a day—including Saturdays and Sundays. Abby is especially overjoyed with her role in Road Of Life—she says, "Ada's such a lovely, normal woman; I'd almost forgotten there were any such left!"
Greyhound

...on a Greyhound Expense-Paid

Amazing America Tour!

Now you can travel roads of romance to the far-away places you've dreamed about! It costs so very little in time and money when you take a Greyhound Amazing America Tour to glamorous cities, sunny Southern beaches, lively ranches and resorts, magnificent National Parks... almost anywhere in the 48 States, up into Canada, down to Mexico or Cuba.

These thrilling trips can be from two days to two months in length, include advance hotel reservations, transportation, sightseeing, and entertainment—all planned by experts. Look over the examples on this page—then write for full information!

Hundreds of Tours like these to all America

All Tours include hotel accommodations and sightseeing. For complete Tour price, simply add Greyhound round-trip fare from your home.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Destination</th>
<th>Days</th>
<th>Price</th>
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Prices include meals only where shown. U. S. transportation tax extra. Prices are subject to change.

WRITE FOR FREE PICTORIAL FOLDER!

Greyhound Information Center, 105 W. Madison, Chicago 2, Illinois

Please send me a free folder about the tour in which I am interested.

MY TOUR PREFERENCE: __________________________

NAME __________________________

ADDRESS __________________________

CITY __________________________ State __________________________

OLD MEXICO—A 12-day escorted trip from San Antonio to Mexico City, Taxco, and other spots; 11 nights’ hotel, 19 meals. $124.85

CHICAGO—A low-cost visit to this Midwest Metropolis. See Michigan Avenue, Chinatown, museums; 2 nights at smart hotel. $131.00

FLORIDA CIRCLE—Eleven great days exploring from Jacksonville through Miami, Key West, and back; 10 nights’ hotel. $89.55
Only one soap gives your skin this

Exciting Bouquet

And Cashmere Bouquet’s gentle lather has been proved
outstandingly mild for all types of skin!

Whether your skin is oily, dry or normal—here’s news
you’ll welcome! Tests show that Cashmere Bouquet Soap is
amazingly mild! Used regularly, it will leave skin softer,
smoother, flower-fresh and younger looking. And the
fragrance of Cashmere Bouquet is the lingering,
irresistible “fragrance men love.” Love is thrillingly
close to the girl who is fragrant and sweet, so use
Cashmere Bouquet Soap daily. Complexion

Size for face and hands, the big Bath
Size in your tub or shower!

Complexion and
big Bath Sizes

Cashmere Bouquet
Soap

...Adorns your skin with the fragrance men love!

DOES YOUR HUSBAND
STILL LOVE YOU?

Mary Noble is
the heroine of
Backstage Wife,
heard M-F, 4
P.M. EST on
NBC. Sponsor—
Sterling Drugs.

Here are the names of those
who wrote the best letters to
Mary Noble in November’s
daytime drama problem

In November’s Radio Mirror
reader-listeners were asked
to describe an incident in
their lives which showed that
their husbands loved them. Mary
Noble and Radio Mirror
editors have chosen the best let-
ters from the numerous ones
that had been sent in and checks
have been mailed as follows:

FIFTY DOLLARS and a case
of Sterling Drug Products to:

Mrs. J. Chittum
of Dayton, Ohio

FIVE DOLLARS each for the
ten next-best letters has been
sent to:

Mrs. Wayne C. Fields
Palm Springs, California

Mrs. Earle L. Headley
Ann Arbor, Michigan

Mrs. C. D. Lee
Oakland, California

Mrs. Joe Abt
Ringle, Wisconsin

Mrs. Marvin Pickett
Bloomingdale, Indiana

Mrs. Irwin Greer
Baldwin, Kansas

Mrs. R. A. Lairgne
Providence, R. I.

Mrs. D. L. Browning
Johnson City, Tennessee

Mrs. Russell Lowes
Bradford, Maine

Mrs. R. Wright
Bridgeport, Connecticut
Every Monday through Saturday from 11:05 P. M. to 2:30 A. M., WPEN's Kal Ross hits the Philadelphia airwaves from the Kal Ross Lounge of the Latin Casino. Formerly the Circus Lounge, it was renamed for Kal because of the wonderful job he is doing for his sponsor.

Kal Ross is twenty-five years old and hails from New Rochelle, New York. He has made radio a part of his life, beginning at the age of eight when he played juvenile roles in Let's Pretend. Along with his radio work, he studied dramatics and got his first break in the Broadway production "The American Way," starring Fredric March. From the theater he returned to radio, until he graduated from high school.

In 1943 he entered Syracuse University where he enrolled in the School of Speech and Dramatic Arts, and it was then that he joined WOLF and WSYR as a disc jockey and part-time staff announcer. At these stations he gained sufficient experience for "big time" radio work and in 1944 he enlisted in the Maritime Service, where his talent was recognized—he narrated the Maritime show, We Deliver The Goods, for CBS.

In 1946 he returned to Syracuse University. While finishing college, Kal was associated with WNDR and WHEN-TV and became Syracuse's first television sportscaster, doing University basketball on TV for the '46-'47 season.

In 1949 he graduated and went to WPWA in Chester, Pennsylvania. Eight months ago, WPEN's Program Director, Jules Rind heard Kal on WPWA and brought him to WPEN to do part-time sports broadcasting, namely basketball and special events. Due to the excellent job he did, and because of his past experience, Ross received his own show.

As a part of his three-hour program, Kal interviews celebrities from the sports world and show business and chats informally with his listeners via telephone.

Ross is essentially a commentator, not a deejay, although he does spin about five records over a three and one-half hour span to break up the constant chatter. He reviews books, plays, motion pictures, and enjoys the reputation of "Philadelphia's friendly critic." This does not mean that Ross pulls his punches—if he is not pleased with what he is reviewing he lets his audience know, but he does so in a friendly manner.

Because he spins so few discs on the air Kal enjoys hearing his own record collection at home.

For his WPEN show Kal Ross brushes up on the news as wife Judy serves coffee.
LOVE IS ALL DEPARTMENT—
Scouting material for this month's column. I thought about St. Valentine's Day. Said I to myself, "I will consult Bartlett's Familiar Quotations and choose a suitable quote." I found out plenty about love just from the index. You'll be happy to know that love is: Beloved, strong as death, repaid with scorn, a proud and gentle thing, like the measles, the ambassador of loss, and that love must have wings and come too late! Just bear all those things in mind, young fellow, before you pop the question.

FEBRUARY ... month of birthdays, celebrations and excuses for giving parties. ... When I was a kid in school, I'd always look at February first thing when we got a calendar for the new year. Did, or did not, Lincoln's and Washington's birthdays fall on school days which would, in honor of those birthdays, become holidays instead? I always felt a warm glow toward the old boys who were, in those days, not national heroes to me but donors of school-free days. This year Lincoln's birthday comes on a Monday. Washington's on a Thursday—and I imagine that from stem to stern of the nation, small boys are giving Mr. L. and Mr. W., a vote of thanks for being so thoughtful. Everyone knows, of course, that in February come those two birthdays, plus St. Valentine's Day. But are you aware of more obscure anniversaries marked this month? The second, for instance, is the day on which a little fellow known as the groundhog pokes his head up out of his winter quarters, hustles right back in again—indicating another spell of cold weather—if he sees his shadow. The ninth is the 648th anniversary of the invention of the Mariners' compass. The eleventh is Daniel Boone's birthday. And the twenty-fifth (in 1836) was the day on which Colt patented the six-shooter, giving, unaware, Hopalong Cassidy, Gene Autry and Roy Rogers their start in life.

CURIOUS CUSTOMS CORNER—
Valentine's Day Division—
Seems that in medieval France and England, young people used to gather on the Eve of St. Valentine for some wholesale date-making. Each girl's name was written on a separate slip of paper and tossed into a pot. One by one, the swains filed by, and each drew a name by chance. The girl whose name was on the paper he drew became that young man's sweetheart for the year. A slipshod method, I calls it—seems to me the present system of free enterprise is sounder.

Christopher Marlowe said it—"Whoever loved, that loved not at first sight?"

IT HAPPENED ON HOUSE PARTY—
Linkletter (to small boy). The twenty-second of this month is George Washington's birthday. Now there's a legend that he once threw a silver dollar across the Rappahannock on a bock. That's a pretty long throw—do you suppose it's true? Little boy (after careful consideration): I guess maybe it could be. My Daddy says a dollar used to go a lot farther in the old days.
FEBRUARY 14—

Somewhat dampened by my research on love, I nevertheless looked up St. Valentine, and how his day come to be set apart for lovers. The whole thing, I'm bound to report, is pretty much a mess. Seems there were two saints named Valentinus who lived about the same time, whose festivals are both celebrated February 14. Which is which—which is our St. Valentine? Nobody seems to know. And how did his day come to be a lovers' holiday? The Encyclopedia Britannica says: "The association of the lovers' festival with St. Valentine seems to arise from the fact that the feast of the saint falls in early Spring, and is purely accidental." Discouraging stuff for an old looker-upper like me.

Readers' Own Verse—Bright Destiny

We say the backwoods gave him brawn
And character for going on;
That splitting rails was toughening,
And poverty a God-sent thing;
That wind and rain and snow and sleet
Made his soul-training more complete,
And heart-break over red-haired Ann
Left him a greater, kindlier man—
Forgetting his immortal star
Rose over a nation from that far
Morning when Nancy Lincoln pressed
A new baby gently to her breast.
—ELAINE V. EMANS

Abraham Lincoln said it: "Men are not flattered by being shown that there has been a difference of purpose between the Almighty and them."

George Washington Said It—"Labour to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire—conscience."

BELLE OF THE BALL, 1900 STYLE—

My wife and I have been invited to what is labeled an "old-time" Valentine's Day party. Lois, whose bump of curiosity is well-developed, promptly began to wonder what she'd have worn to a party fifty years ago. Wondering, in Lois, leads to finding out, and here are some gems she turned up. In those days, skirts touched the ground, and toppling the skirt was usually a shirtwaist—"if it had lace at the bosom it was rather naughty and was termed a "peek-a-boo." Rouge was the sign of a fast woman; and even an innocent dusting of face powder just got in under the wire. A lady who crossed her legs in public was so lady. If she wasn't able to play the piano—an upright—or dance the two-step, she was a social loss. Her head was adorned by a formidable pompadour, skilfully erected over a hair-piece known as a "rat." Her middle was encased in a whaleboned atrocity called a corset, which made her impossibly tiny around the middle and, nature being what it is, rather larger—above and below. All in all, a horrendous picture, to say the way of thinking. Shall we skip the party, Lois?
The new-shape “tulip” neckline. News because it does such lovely things for you . . . giving your face the look of a flower between two great spreading leaves.

The new-shape Modess box. News because it does such considerate things for you . . . hides your secret so discreetly. For this new shape gives the wrapped box the look of various other boxes . . . candy . . . stationery . . . many things. And boxes are now tactfully pre-wrapped before they even reach your store. Same number of fine Modess napkins.

Regular, Junior, and Super Modess sizes.

INFORMATION

Step up, ask your question; we'll try to find the answer

STILL COOKING

Dear Editor:
Would you please tell me what has happened to Phil Cook? I used to hear him regularly and liked his show very much.

Mrs. M. F. Timonium, Md.

Phil Cook stars in his own show Monday through Saturday at 8:15 A. M. EST on New York's WCBS only.

TRANSIBRED ADVENTURE

Dear Editor:
Will you please tell me what has become of the interesting serial, The Editor's Daughter? I am unable to find it on any station.

Ann Arbor, Mich. Mrs. W. C. S.

The Editor's Daughter is a transcribed program, broadcast only on certain stations and in certain localities. You'll have to check your local paper to find out whether it is heard in your vicinity.

DAYTIMETER

Dear Editor:
I would like to know the name of the actor who played Ted White on The Guiding Light. Doesn't he play Paul Ingersoll on Portia Faces Life? His voice is very familiar.

Mrs. E. R.

Chicago, Ill.

He's James Monks, who is well-known to daytime serial fans. In addition to the two roles you mention, he was recently heard as Harlow Sloan on Right to Happiness.
AIRBORNE ADVISERS

Dear Editor:
I would like to know what became of my two favorite programs, John J. Anthony and Alexander's Mediation Board. Are they still on the air? Aurora, Ill. Mrs. M. N.

Both are still giving advice via the New York airwaves—John J. Anthony on WMGM, Mon., 8 P.M. EST, and A. L. Alexander on WOR, M-F, 10:15 P.M. EST.

BELOVED BRAT

Dear Editor:
Can you please tell me if Baby Snooks is still heard anywhere? I enjoyed the program immensely and I would like to know something about the person who takes the part.

Conneautville, Pa. E. C.

Fanny Brice, who plays radio's beloved brat, is an ex-Ziegfeld Follies girl in her fifties. You can hear Baby Snooks misadventures on NBC, Tuesdays at 8:30 P.M. EST.

TICKETS, PLEASE

Dear Editor:
I plan to be in New York City soon and I would like to know how I can get broadcast tickets.
Rochester, N.Y. W. F.

To be sure of seeing the shows you want, contact the networks well in advance of your arrival at the following addresses: ABC and NBC, 30 Rockefeller Plaza; MBS, 1440 Broadway; CBS, 465 Madison Ave.

YOU GET ENOUGH Listerine Tooth Paste to last the average family for a whole month every time you buy a Thrift-Pak. You get two regular 45¢ tubes for 59¢, a saving of over 50%. Within a year the average family's bound to save as much as $3 or more!

You're sure of Listerine Tooth Paste quality! As makers of Listerine Antiseptic, we would never put our name on a product that isn't top quality. There is no dentifrice you can buy that beats Listerine Tooth Paste for:

- Reducing tooth decay
- Thorough polishing
- Sparkling flavor
- Cleaning teeth and breath

(Listerine" means breath control)

Only modern machinery, mass production, and more than sixty years of "know-how" make this low price Thrift-Pak possible.

Change to Listerine Tooth Paste in the new Thrift-Pak today, and that $3 saving is yours to do what you want with. Lambert Pharmacal Co.

...UP TO 60% LESS TOOTH DECAY!

Research at a famous university definitely showed that modern dentifrices like Listerine Tooth Paste, used regularly immediately after eating, can reduce cavities as much as 60%.

When it comes to cleaning, no tooth paste...not a single one...beats Listerine Tooth Paste.
TRAVELER OF THE

Sixty-year-old Hazel Dannecker visited Welcome Travelers in the course of a trip to publicize her recent book. Her first was written at fifty-seven.

Mrs. Hazel Dannecker of Newcastle, Indiana, is a childless widow who's made a career of children. And if anybody should tell you that the world won't give jobs to elderly people just refer them to Mrs. Dannecker, who started making a comfortable living, doing work she loved, at the age of fifty-seven.

Mrs. Dannecker is a writer of children's books. Her first book, *Fisherman Simms*, was published three years ago when she was fifty-seven and she was on an autographing tour to publicize her second book, *Happy, Hero and Judge*, when she stopped at our Welcome Travelers broadcast in the College Inn Portehouse of Chicago's Hotel Sherman. Mrs. Dannecker had married when she was seventeen years old and a junior in high school. She left school for the joys of home and family—in her case, I think, family particularly. She loved children.

Her husband became an invalid shortly after their marriage and it took all the money the Danneckers had to care for the seriously-ill Mr. Dannecker. After forty years of invalidism and pain, broken by brief periods of relief between operations, Mr. Dannecker died, leaving his widow with little besides their Newcastle home.

Mrs. Dannecker had to make a living for herself. She had worked as a children's librarian early in her husband's illness, but had been forced to give up the job to care for him. During her fifteen years as a children's librarian, she had inaugurated a story hour and had delighted the youngsters with her original stories.

With a need for money pressing, she remembered those children's stories and started putting them on paper. Gradually, she began to sell a few of them to magazines, although, as she said, she "collected enough rejection slips to paper a house."

With the publication of her first book, Mrs. Dannecker was on her way, and she's been going full-speed ahead ever since. She does a weekly story program for children over a local radio station, writes a column for a Newcastle newspaper and serves as society reporter for the same publication. Her children's short stories find a ready market in children's magazines.

"I never have any trouble making contact with youngsters," she says. "We seem to understand each other. I love them; and they seem to get along fine with me."

She's been giving expression to her love of children all her adult life, not only through her work as chil-

How fortunate we modern women really are! All the benefits of science. All the advantages of professional skill and education. No wonder we grow more broad-minded and the prejudices of the Past disappear... That's why we have been ready to welcome Tampax®—that revolutionary method of monthly sanitary protection invented by a physician to be worn internally.

What and why is Tampax? For years women have been irked by the bulk and discomfort of the external pad and the pins and belts that support it. Tampax came along just at the right time—no larger than your finger, no supports whatever, no odor or chafing, nothing to make ridges under clothing. You can't even feel the Tampax when in place!


Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association
The life story of
Hazel Dannecker is one
of success in the
face of great obstacles

dren's librarian and writer of children's stories, but also as a Sunday-school teacher. At an age when most women have forgotten about such things, Mrs. Dannecker serves on the Girl Scout Council of her community. Besides her air stories, she does a couple of "live" children's story programs every week. No matter how busy she happens to be, she always has time to lend a sympathetic ear to children's problems.

And Mrs. Dannecker is busy—really busy—make no mistake about that. Her reportorial duties would keep most women more than occupied. Her writing career would fill the waking hours of most authors. Mrs. Dannecker also sings in the church choir and holds several church offices. She belongs to several clubs and, on top of everything else, she keeps up her home.

Mrs. Dannecker has been successful with her writing, but her disinterest in money is genuine. "Money quit meaning much to me after ours had gone in medical expenses," she told me. "Today, I'm rich beyond measure in good friends. Nothing can take them away from me." And today, instead of having no children at all, she now finds herself with children all over the country—children who have read her books and love her for them.

The "Tissue Test" convinced Virginia Mayo, co-star of Warner Bros.' "Captain Horatio Hornblower" that there really is a difference in cleansing creams.

We asked her to clean her face with her regular cleansing cream. Then to try Woodbury Cold Cream on her "immaculately clean" face and handed her a tissue to take it off.

The tissue told a startling story! Woodbury Cold Cream floated out hidden dirt! Why is Woodbury so different? Because it has Penaten, a new miracle ingredient that actually penetrates deeper into your pores...lets Woodbury's wonderful cleansing oils loosen every trace of grime and make-up.

It's wonder-working Penaten, too, that helps Woodbury to smooth your skin more effectively. Tiny dry-skin lines, little rough flakes just melt away.

Buy a jar today—25¢ to 97¢, plus tax.
Listen in on February 12th!

The Lux Radio Theatre's presentation of

AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR MOTION PICTURE FOR 1950

WINNER OF PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal Award

★ Monday, February 12th, America's favorite picture of 1950 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 9th. In that issue, PHOTOPLAY will announce the top ten pictures of 1950 and the names of the ten most popular actors and actresses. We'll tell you also how you, America's moviegoers, 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 12th, to the Lux Radio Theatre for the radio presentation of the outstanding motion picture of 1950. Columbia network Coast-to-Coast. See your paper for time and station.
memo: to AMATEURS  
from: TED MACK  
subject: HOW TO WIN!

Perhaps your letter is among the thousands that reach our New York office. You are excited, impatient to get started in your career as an entertainer. The biggest, oldest auditioning program in the world, our Original Amateur Hour; has heard and seen over half a million different artists who dream of Broadway, Radio City and Hollywood. Our aim is to help make your dream come true.

If you pass our audition, you will be seen and heard on radio and television by millions of people. If the radio audience responds well, you go out in a unit and begin the first, real phase of your professional career. And if you're among the three top winners in June, you win a cash scholarship to further your talents.

But in the letters received at our New York office we know that you have many different questions and problems concerned with the Original Amateur Hour and show business in general. In this memo, I hope to take these questions one by one, and answer them honestly and fully.

First, How does a person know whether she or her child is good enough to audition?

You know in your heart that show business is your life or believe it to be the destiny of your child. But are you ready? The best way to find out is from a professional teacher. Knowing the capabilities and progress of a student, the teacher can determine when you're ready to get behind footlights. Often he can save heartaches by delaying an audition until you are fully prepared. But this is not the only way. (Continued on page 90)
Carol says that her parents believe in sharing their lives with their daughters. With mother, it means sharing clothes, too! Carol and Barbara, who can wear Mrs. Young's size, wholeheartedly agree with that idea!

A man with four daughters may know best about everything. But when does he get a chance to prove it? Often—*if* his name is Robert Young!

By CAROL YOUNG

My father, Robert Young, plays the head of a family on his radio program, Father Knows Best. In case you wonder if he had any previous experience for such a role, the answer is yes. We Youngs number six, and Daddy's the only male member. If that isn't training for a head-of-the-family part, I'd like someone to show me better!

Of four Young daughters, I'm the eldest—seventeen. Barbara comes next. She's thirteen. Then there's Betty Lou, who's eight. Our little Kathy is four. Because our mother is very young-looking and wears the same size-twelve dresses I do, people sometimes get her confused with the rest of us girls. Poor Daddy! He provides the only masculine slant in our feminine world. It's no wonder that we're always rushing to him for the benefit of his man's-eye-view of the current crisis—and of course in any family in which there are five women, there's always some kind of crisis!

Daddy is our authority on what boys like and dislike about girls clothes, make-up and social behavior. We have long discussions about those important subjects at our Friday night dinners together. You see, Friday night is kids' night at our house. That's the time we have our father all to ourselves. It's a night we look
and Carol improvize on the two uprights, Kathy plays her "baby" baby grand; Betty Lou, Mother and Father try to refrain from kibitzing.

forward to, all week. We've come up with some pretty nifty problems for Daddy to solve, and he's never failed us yet.

After dinner we sit around the fire and crack walnuts, and Barbara and I bring up the subject of dating. Barbara is a bit young for twosome dates yet, but she loves to have her crowd over for informal parties where they can make up their own sandwich combinations, and toast marshmallows in the fireplace. I've been dating for the past two years, when I'm home on vacation from Bishop's School, at La Jolla.

It was this conflict of our blossoming social life and our usual vacation plans that turned into one of our family problems last summer. Every year since Daddy bought us a ranch in Carmel Valley, we've gone up there for the summer to ride our horses and to pitch in with the farm chores and to help with the cooking. But last summer, Daddy realized I was growing up. He wondered if it would be fair to me to drag me away from all my friends in Beverly Hills, because I'd surely miss out on some super parties and dates while we were away.

To settle this problem, we held one of our Friday night council sessions, and (Continued on page 97)
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Of four Young daughters, I'm the oldest—seventeen. Barbara comes next. She's thirteen. Then there's Betty Lou, who's eight. Our little Kathy is four. Because our mother is very young-looking and wears the same size-twelve dresses I do, people sometimes get her confused with the rest of us girls. Poor Daddy! He provides the only masculine slant in our femininity world. It's no wonder that we're always rushing to him for the benefit of his man's-eye-view of the current crisis—and of course in any family in which there are five women, there's always some kind of crisis!

Daddy is our authority on what boys like and dislike about girls clothes, make-up and social behavior. We have long discussions about these important subjects at our Friday night dinners together. You see, Friday night is kids' night at our house. That's the time we have our father all to ourselves. It's a night we look forward to, all week. We've come up with some pretty nifty problems for Daddy to solve, and he's never failed us yet.

After dinner we sit around the fire and crack walnuts, and Barbara and I bring up the subject of dating. Barbara is a bit young for twosome dates yet, but she loves to have our crowd over for informal parties where they can make up their own sandwich combinations, and toast marshmallows in the fireplace. I've been dating for the past two years, when I'm home on vacation, from B'way's School, at La Jolla. It was this conflict of our blossoming social life and our usual vacation plans that turned into one of our family problems last summer. Every year since Daddy bought us a ranch in Carmel Valley, we've gone up there for the summer to ride our horses and to pitch in with the farm chores and to help with the cooking. But last summer, Daddy realized I was growing up. He wondered if it would be fair to me to drag me away from all my friends in Beverly Hills, because I'd surely miss out on some super parties and dates while we were away.

To settle this problem, we held one of our Friday night council sessions, and (Continued on page 97)
Tremont Avenue, The Bronx may be worlds apart from Park Avenue, Manhattan. But there's no such division between Molly Goldberg and her creator—they're one and inseparable!

The Goldbergs, with Gertrude Berg as Molly Goldberg, is on Mon., 9:30 P.M. EST on CBS-TV. Sponsored by Sanka Coffee.
It's been twenty-one years since I first met Molly Goldberg. I'm greyer now and a little bit heavier. Molly is, too. But then she wears her avoirdupois like some women wear mink.

Before I go any further, I think you ought to know that there are two Mollys: there's Molly Goldberg of Tremont Avenue, The Bronx, whom you see on television. Then there's her creator, Gertrude Berg, of Park Avenue. Judging by your letters, there are countless other Mollys—women you know who are as lovable and loving as Molly.

But to get to know my two Mollys, you'll have to know a little about me, too, for I've been a part of the Goldberg story almost from the beginning. I've been called the walking, talking and writing archives of Molly. Oddly enough, I never was hired for the job I've held all these years. It just happened.

At the time, my son, Howard, was playing the title role in the radio version of Penrod at NBC. One afternoon he came home from a broadcast virtually exploding with news.

"You should have seen this woman, Mother!" he exclaimed. "She's the greatest actress I ever saw in my life. She was wonderful! She had the director and and the rest of the cast watching her every motion. Too bad you missed it."

There was nothing I could do the next day but go over to the studios, which were then at 711 Fifth Avenue, and see this marvel. She turned out to be a dark, plump young woman who was playing "Mrs. Cohen" in the Penrod series. It was a bit part and it ran for only a week but the actress' (Continued on page 80)
Your almanac, your atlas, your encyclopedia will help you to think of questions such as these

TAKE A NUMBER
Questions one, two and three are all from Take A Number, heard on Mutual stations at Sat. 8:30 P.M. EST. Quizmaster, Red Benson. On this program, no one loses; questions are submitted by listeners and if the contestant misses, prizes go to the person submitting the question.

1. THIS WON $12,000 IN PRIZES
QUESTION: What is the age requirement for members of the United States Supreme Court? (a) over 30; (b) over 40; (c) no definite requirement.

2. THIS WON $1,000 IN PRIZES
QUESTION: What is the country on the border of Greece where no female is allowed?

3. THIS WON $1,000 IN PRIZES
QUESTION: What is the actual meaning of the prefix tele, in the words telephone, telegraph and television?

BREAK THE BANK
Questions four through thirteen are all from Break The Bank, heard on NBC, M-F, 11 A.M. EST; on NBC-TV Wed. 10 P.M. EST. Quizmasters Bud Collyer and Bert Parks. On BTB, contestants are asked eight questions which get progressively harder. They must answer all correctly to try for the jackpot question, which, if answered correctly, breaks the bank.

4. THIS BROKE THE BANK FOR $9,020
QUESTION: "Summer Holiday," which stars Mickey Rooney and Marilyn Maxwell, is adapted from a comedy which was a hit on Broadway fifteen years ago. Can you give me the title of that comedy hit?

5. THIS BROKE THE BANK FOR $8,870
QUESTION: A U. S. B-50 Superfortress completed the first non-stop around the world flight on March 2, 1943. The bomber covered 23,452 miles in 94 hours and one minute, at an average speed of 249 miles per hour. This plane had an unusual name that made headlines. Can you give me the name?

6. THIS BROKE THE BANK FOR $7,500
QUESTION: Here is a man named Sam, who was a great journalist on the staff of The New York Sun and McClure's Magazine. He wrote such famous works as The Great American Fraud, The Gorgeous Hussy, and The Harvey Girls. I want his full name.

7. THIS BROKE THE BANK FOR $7,440
QUESTION: A famous author wrote Over The Teacups at the age of seventy-nine. His son was a famous Supreme Court Justice. Who was this great writer?

8. THIS BROKE THE BANK FOR $5,790
QUESTION: In Louisa M. Alcott's famous novel, Little Women, the first names of the four sisters are Meg, Jo, Beth and Amy. What is their family name? It is the same as one of the months of the year.

9. THIS BROKE THE BANK FOR $5,620
QUESTION: This tall, thin fellow was a star first baseman for the New York Giants back in the days when John McGraw was manager. He played first base for the Giants from 1911 to 1926 and was affectionately known as "Long George" and "High Pockets." Who is this lanky baseball star?

10. THIS BROKE THE BANK FOR $5,520
QUESTION: What is the name of the first movie in which Clark Gable played a leading role? (It came out in 1931, and his leading lady was Joan Crawford.)

11. THIS BROKE THE BANK FOR $5,300
QUESTION: A hit movie, "Babes In Arms," starred two young Hollywood stars in leading roles. Can you name the male and female stars of this movie?

12. THIS BROKE THE BANK FOR $5,220
QUESTION: American oil companies have oil wells and refineries in the extensive oil fields surrounding Lake Maracaibo. In what country is Lake Maracaibo?

13. THIS BROKE THE BANK FOR $5,100
QUESTION: What is the name of the President of the United States whose favorite pastime was speech making? In a talk to the Home Market Club of Boston in 1920, before he became president, he said, "America's present need is not heroes but healing, not nostrums but normalcy." In "normalcy" he coined a word which was used in a slogan, "Back to Normalcy," that later helped elect him president. Name that president.

CHANCE OF A LIFETIME
Questions fourteen and fifteen are from Chance of a Lifetime, ABC-TV, Wed. 7:30 P.M. EST: Quizmaster, John Reed King. The big prizes on Chance of a Lifetime are based on descriptions in verse of a famous person. A stanza is added weekly. Contestants are contacted by phone.

14. THIS VERSE WON $5,000 IN PRIZES
QUESTION: She kept a diary from the time she was seven. And wrote many times that music was her heaven. She loved to sing with a voice light and airy. I'll give you a clue—her first name is Mary. She began her career on a radio show. And is now twenty-six. I want you to know. Her home is on the eastern seashore. Her father likes to accompany her on the keyboard. Who is she?

15. THIS VERSE WON $5,000 IN PRIZES
QUESTION: I raised three boys in my nine hundred years. The sound of my name will strike home to your ears. My first wife was jealous, and that was bad. My second wife was curious, and that was sad. I once sought advice from a shifty critter, Then reached for a fruit that made life bitter. Who is he?
which stumped contestants; your general knowledge, if you're lucky, will supply you with the answers

**TRUE OR FALSE**

*Question sixteen is from True Or False, which is heard on stations of the Mutual Broadcasting Company on Saturdays, 5 P.M. EST. Quizmaster, Eddie Dunn. On True Or False, the contestant, who is chosen from the studio audience, must score one hundred per cent on five preliminary questions in order to qualify for the jackpot. He then selects the name of one of the famous personalities which are listed on the blackboard on the stage, and then must answer correctly five true or false questions about that famous personality to win.*

16. **TRUE**

*Subject: Herbert Hoover. Questions: (a) Herbert Hoover was 32nd President of the U.S.—true or false? (b) Is it true or false that his entrance examination marks for Leland Stanford University were so high, he was given a scholarship? (c) During World War I he gave up all his executive positions with industrial firms to administer relief in England, Germany and France—true or false? (d) He was Secretary of Commerce under President Harding—true or false? (e) He strongly advised against recognition of the new Russian government after World War I—true or false?*

**DOCTOR I. Q.**

*Questions seventeen and eighteen are from Dr. I.Q., which was last heard on stations of the American Broadcasting Company, and is currently off the air. Quizmaster of Dr. I.Q. is Lew Valentine. The big cash prizes on Dr. I.Q. are won on the “Famous Quotation” and the “Right and Wrong” series. There are a variety of questions of both types on this program. Both of the questions that are printed below are Famous Quotations.*

17. **IDENTIFICATION OF THIS QUOTATION WON $3.100**

*Question: Who was the author of this famous quote—"The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here."

18. **IDENTIFICATION OF THIS QUOTATION WON $2.300**

*Question: Identify the author of this quote—"Go west, young man, and grow up with the country."

(From True Or False)

19. **THIS SERIES WON $2.235 IN PRIZES**

*Subject: Secretary of State Dean Acheson. Questions: (a) He was born in Connecticut—true or false? (b) He was in the U.S. Navy during war time—true or false? (c) He was appointed Secretary of State on the resignation of Cordell Hull—true or false? (d) He received a Master of Arts degree from Yale University in 1936—true or false? (e) He was the fifteenth American to hold the office of Secretary of State—true or false?*

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**THE BOB HAWK SHOW**

*The twentieth question is from The Bob Hawk Show which is heard on CBS stations at Mon. 10:30 P.M. EST; Quizmaster, Bob Hawk. On this quiz program, the lucky contestants who answer the five preliminary questions correctly become eligible for the jackpot. Ninety seconds is the time limit that is allowed to each contestant for the answer.*

20. **THIS WON $2,000**

*Question: Give me five words beginning with the successive letters L-E-M-A-C. and ending with the suffix “ism.”

(From Take A Number)

21. **THIS WON $2,000 IN PRIZES**

*Question: Kangaroos carry their young in their pouch. Can you tell me the approximate size of a kangaroo when born? (a) The size of a full-grown cat; (b) the size of a full-grown squirrel; (c) smaller than a mouse.*

*Question twenty-two is from Chance of a Lifetime, which is off the air at present. Quizmaster, John Reed King. On this program, participants select three letters of the alphabet from a board. The combination rings a bell or sounds a buzzer. The buzzer questions are worth one hundred dollars or more, but the bell questions are worth five hundred or more.*

22. **THIS WON AN $1,800 PRE-FABRICATED HOUSE**

*Question: Give me the name of the movie series that had the greatest number of different leading actors play the starring role? (Questions twenty-three-four-and-five are from the Bob Hawk Show)*

23. **THIS WON $1,500**

*Question: In the Louvre in Paris hangs one of the most famous paintings of all time. It is the painting of the wife of Francesco del Giocondo. You are to give me the name of this renowned painting and the name of the artist, which together contain all the letters L-E-M-A-C.

24. **THIS WON $1,500**

*Question: This Lemac requires just one answer. Your answer should be an eleven-letter word that contains all the letters L-E-M-A-C. This is the exact definition as found in Webster’s Unabridged Dictionary; “To enroll, to enter in a register; to enter or admit to membership in a body or society, particularly in a college or university, by entering the name in the register.” What is the word?*

25. **THIS WON $1,250**

*Question: For each letter: L, E, M, A and C, name any city, town, county or village in the United States prefaced by the word Saint.*

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**PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 87 FOR ANSWERS**
The kind of life of which she
dreamed was to be quiet and stable and
centered around the home. Must it,
she wondered, remain merely a dream?

As governor-elect of the state, Miles Nelson has to
devote an inordinate amount of time to his busi-
ness affairs; when he takes office, Carolyn realizes,
he will have to devote even more. And what, then,
can Carolyn expect in the way of a home life—so long
needed—for herself and for Skippy? If, now, he can
give to her and Skippy only such scraps of his time
as are left over when duties are done, will he have
any time at all for them later? Can there be happiness
in such a marriage? Can Carolyn have the
quiet kind of happiness that she so passionately de-
sires for herself and her son, if she marries Miles
Nelson?

Most important to Carolyn at the moment is the
distressing behavior problems of Skippy, her little
boy. The years during which Carolyn struggled to
obtain full custody of the boy from her ex-husband,
Dwight Kramer, may have, she fears, left Skippy
with a deep sense of insecurity. Carolyn knows
that time, plus security, will make things right
for Skippy again—but will marriage to Miles give
Carolyn the kind of home she needs in which to build
up that security for Skippy? Or will Miles be so
wedded to his important job that theirs will be a
home without the companionship and the love that
will spell security to the little boy?

---

**Radio Mirror** will purchase readers' answers to the ques-
tion: "Can You Have A Happy Marriage If Your Husband
Is Wedded to His Work?" Writer of the best answer will
be paid $25.00; writers of five next-best answers will be
paid $5.00 each.

What is your answer to this problem? State your answer and
reasons in a letter of no more than one hundred words.
Address: Carolyn Kramer, c/o Radio Mirror Magazine, 205
East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. The editors will choose
the best letter, basing choice on originality and understanding
of the problem, and will purchase it for $25.00. They will
purchase five next-best letters at $5.00 each. No letters will be
returned; editors cannot enter into correspondence about
them. Opinion of the editors will be final. Letters should be
postmarked no later than February 1, 1951 and have this notice
closed.

---

Carolyn Kramer asks:

**Can you have a happy marriage if**
Aware of the widening gulf between herself and Miles Nelson, Carolyn wonders how to cope with this new problem that she faces.

YOUR HUSBAND IS WEDDED TO HIS WORK?

The Right To Happiness is heard M-F, 3:45 P.M. EST on NBC. Sponsored by Procter & Gamble's Ivory Soap and Duz.
The kind of life of which she dreamed was to be quiet and stable and centered around the home. Must it, she wondered, remain merely a dream?

As governor-elect of the state, Miles Nelson has to devote an inordinate amount of time to his business affairs; when he takes office, Carolyn realizes, he will have to devote even more. And what, then, can Carolyn expect in the way of a home life—so long needed—for herself and for Skippy? If, now, he can give her and Skippy only such scraps of his time as are left over when duties are done, will he have any time at all for them later? Can there be happiness in such a marriage? Can Carolyn have the quiet kind of happiness that she so passionately desires for herself and for her son, if she marries Miles Nelson?

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Carolyn Kramer asks:

**CAN YOU HAVE A HAPPY MARRIAGE IF YOUR HUSBAND IS WEDDED TO HIS WORK?**
"You have to be curious about something," says Bret. "Then you study it till you learn the fundamentals, and use common sense about applying what you learn. Then you work at it till you can't possibly do better."

The Shadow is one of radio's more improbable characters. In case you are not among the millions who listen to him every Sunday afternoon on the Mutual network, he can seem to be invisible to his enemies by using mental telepathy, and he is sure-fire at bringing the guilty to punishment. His trademark is an eerie laugh that sends shivers down your spine.

When not terrifying evil-doers by talking to them, although they can't see him, he is "Lamont Cranston," suave and wealthy young man about town, who picked up that handy mastery of mental telepathy while travelling in India.

Bret Morrison, young, blond and good looking, who is heard as The Shadow, is also improbable—because he does so many things so well that he could make a career of any one of them, yet is so modest about his talents.

"Gifts," he calls them. "I'm lucky enough to have several gifts, and I like to use them. I believe anybody can do anything if he really wants to," he goes on, elaborating on his favorite theme. "You have to be curious about something—I always am, about everything. Then you study it till you learn the fundamentals, and use common sense about applying what you learn. Then you work at it till you can't possibly do it any better."

The living room of his duplex apartment, overlooking Central Park, is the result of one of his gifts, a talent for interior decoration. It looks like

The Shadow is heard at 5 P.M. EST on Sundays over MBS.
Bret Morrison is a man who can do almost everything. But he's most famous for that eerie laugh you hear every Sunday afternoon.

By INEZ GERHARD

This is how Bret looks in the imaginations of Shadow fans. Below, Bret, who lives alone in an eight room Manhattan apartment, examines his collection of old mustache cups.

Bret's Siamese cat, Tobey, has the run of the apartment and likes to beg bits at the dinner table.

a home first and, at second glance, a beautiful room that had been expertly designed and furnished.

On the deep red rug, comfortable chairs—upholstered in fabrics striped in lime and wine color and leaf green—are grouped near small tables. Behind a divan a large window, curtained in lime color, frames a view of the park. There are book cases, a record player and radio, a grand piano, so placed that it's obviously for use and not merely a decorative piece of furniture.

Against the white walls exquisite little, ancient, Chinese figurines stand on brackets; others are on the mantel of the mirror-bordered fireplace.

"I think they fit in with the 18th Century French furniture," Bret tells you, (Continued on page 95)
The furnace needs tending, but a call to Nels goes unheeded. "I don't know what's got into that boy lately," says Mama.

Pretending to be electric company representatives, Dagmar and her friends have fun telling people to blow out lights.

Katrin thinks her brother shaves too often, wonders aloud why he wears his good suit if he is merely going to library.

But most of all, when I think back on those days—most of all, I remember Mama!” In fondly recalling life in San Francisco in the early 1900's, Katrin Hansen doesn't neglect memories of her papa or her brother Nels or her little sister Dagmar. But it was the wise and sympathetic Mama whose influence was most keenly felt in the happy home on Steiner Street and—through indirection—in other homes. There was the time, for instance, when Mama saved the church organist, Miss Wilcox, from expulsion. Some of the parishioners thought it was indecent that Miss Wilcox had a side job as pianist in the Bijou Dreamland, the local movie house. Miss Wilcox needed this extra income if she and her fiancé were to marry. But the parish busybodies thought movies were an unhealthy influence ("people go blind from watching them; all actresses are hussies") and that no one connected with them should be connected with the church. Miss Wilcox's secret side employment was inadvertently exposed by Nels, who spent a great deal of his own unaccounted for time in the depths of the Bijou. It was Mama who found a way to quell the busybodies' objections and to save Miss Wilcox's two jobs. This episode from Mama was posed especially for the readers of Radio and Television Mirror.

They cost only a nickel then, but some people

Mama, starring Peggy Wood, is on Fri. 8 P. M. EST.
thought they did more than five cents' worth of damage. Mama knew better.
1. Recently we pitted crew-cut thespians from Princeton's Triangle Club against those from Pennsylvania's Mask and Wig Club. With me here are Tigers Jack Ball, John White and Robert Strahan holding the symbol of their drama club.

4. John and Annie look over the Copacabana, famous Manhattan night club where they spent an evening as reward for appearing on Blind Date. A limousine brought them to the club from the ABC studio. Left, gaily cheek-to-cheek on the dance floor.

Blind Date is telecast Thursday, 9:30 P.M. EST, ABC-TV. Sponsored by Gruen Watches.
5 Joe E. Lewis at Anne's and The man bove acts as chape never has to.

As mistres I'm calle about y the studio. to me from
all—her

famous smile

G-TV; Kate Smith
(Participating

legs

of a

lips,
"After our first two weeks of TV it was as natural to Ted and me as radio, which we've been doing for twenty years," Kate tells you.

Do you think you're busy? Then take a look at Kate Smith's schedule. She has breakfast at eight and a fitting at nine. (She wore a different dress every day for the first seven weeks of her new TV show and got inquiries about them from thousands of women.) Then come conferences, interviews, radio rehearsals for two noon programs with Ted Collins and the three hours' preparation at the theatre for her hour long telecast with Ted. Plans for the next day's show are gone over and then at last, it's dinner at eight for the energetic songstress. Weekends? Kate shops, cooks and sees a few friends. Does that sound like an awesome schedule? It is. But when you have that nice, easy Kate Smith touch, there's nothing to it!

Smith Touch

No story about Kate is complete without Freckles, a family member thirteen years.

Almost time to go on, so Frank gets to work on the make-up TV cameras demand.
DAYTIME FASHIONS FOR

Althea Dennis of Brighter Day models clothes to please you and your purse

Spring check-up—two smart investment outfits to wear now, wear all Spring. Right now, under your coat, later on all by itself, the slim coat dress on the opposite page. Tiny checks—of course!—in smart rayon suiting, pointed up with bright-white pique: the high, round collar, the cuffs on those easy to wear cap sleeves. Shiny buttons march all the way down the front and a wide, buckled calf belt trims your waistline to practically nothing. Fashion bonus: the stand-out, cuffed hip pockets, the low back pleat for walking comfort. You can choose navy or black, each with white check, in sizes 7-15; the price is $10.95. By Shirley Lee, at Denver Dry Goods, Denver, Colo.; Franklin Simon, New York, N. Y. Madcaps' visor hat in pique adds the finishing touch. On this page, triple-threat costume for now, for Spring—and for Summer as well! The waist-length jacket is tiny-checked rayon suiting with straight, boxy front, flare back with inverted pleat. Mandarin collar, big buttons, two deep, low pockets all label it brand new. Under the jacket, a butcher linen sheath jumper with square neck, shiny patent belt and a low back pleat. Wear it, as Althea does here, dressed up with jewelry or as a simple sunback when summer comes. Or add a blouse and you have a jumper! Something else to bear in mind: the jacket can be worn with other dresses, too. All this for under $18.00 in black, brown or navy with white check, in sizes 7-15. By Virginia Spears, at McCreery's, New York, N. Y. and Rich's, Atlanta, Ga. Crescendoe gloves. The cushion-brimmed pique cloche by Debway.

For stores near you write direct to the manufacturers listed on page 98.

Brighter Day is heard M-F at 2:45 P.M., EST, on CBS stations; sponsored by P&G's Ivory Flakes.

RADIO MIRROR for BETTER LIVING
YOU
Every Tuesday night I take my place in front of the cameras to act as moderator for some of the most charming, most intelligent, wittiest, and most articulate men and women on TV. The fact that every one of them is more than eighty years old only makes the session that much more exciting. Each has long years of experience in living to draw from, as anyone realizes who has heard their lively discussions in answer to the questions sent in by our viewers.

The idea for the program, Life Begins at 80, came to me a few years ago when I read that there were more than a million persons in this country over 80, and the number was increasing every year. Added to that were another fifteen million between 65 and 80. My partner, Dan Enright, and I decided that we had a ready-made audience for a program featuring older performers.

What we weren’t sure of was that younger people (Continued on page 100)
"Grow old along with me! The best is yet to be..." Browning said it but Jack Barry's octogenarian panel proves it.
Life Begins at 80

By JACK BARRY

Every Tuesday night I take my place in front of the cameras to act as moderator for some of the most charming, most intelligent, wittiest, and most articulate men and women on TV. The fact that every one of them is more than eighty years old only makes the session that much more exciting. Each has long years of experience in living to draw from, as anyone realizes who has heard their lively discussions in answer to the questions sent in by our viewers.

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"Grow old along with me! The best is yet to be..." Browning said it but Jack Barry's octogenarian panel proves it

Words have wing and sting when Mr. Stein and Mrs. Carhart converse. Mrs. Carhart always manages to have the last word though!

"Pudge" Heffelfinger, 84, on the first All-American football team for Yale in 1889, was a recent guest. Right, Fred Stein seems to be saying "I can take care of myself, young fellow." Mr. Stein is 82 to Hiram Mann's 80. All panel members are physically robust.

Hiram Mann, 80, Paolo Caliero, 83, and Lorna Standish, 80.

Most serious thinker on the panel is 86-year-old Joseph Mentha, chatting here with guest "Pudge" Heffelfinger.

Mrs. Standish was a dancer, but being 80 doesn't prevent her from doing a swift soft shoe.

Life Begins at 80 is telecast Tuesdays at 9:30 P.M.
February is a short month but crammed full of good days. It's a party month so we make the most of it.

There's a variety of cakes that would fit into any celebration and suit anybody's fancy. Our favorite on Valentine's Day is the sweetheart cake. Piled high with fluffy frosting and decorated with red candy hearts, it's party fare! As an extra touch, I have streamers coming out from under the cake plate with place cards, cut in heart shape, tied to the end of each streamer.

Devil's food cake is everybody's favorite—anytime. Try it with an old-fashioned chocolate frosting. For those who like cake plain, make a gold cake. Cover it with orange glaze for a delightful flavor treat.

**SWEETHEART CAKE**

2 2/3 cups sifted cake flour  
3 teaspoons double-acting baking powder  
1 teaspoon salt  

5 egg whites  
3/4 cup sugar  
3/4 cup shortening  
1 teaspoon vanilla  
1 1/2 cups sugar  
1 cup milk  

Mix and sift together the sifted flour, baking powder and salt. Beat the egg whites until foamy. Add 1/2 cup sugar gradually, beating only until the meringue will stand up in soft peaks. Put shortening in a large bowl, work with a spoon until soft. Add 1 1/4 cups sugar gradually. Beat together until light and fluffy. Add flour mixture alternately with milk, a small amount at a time. Stir only enough to blend after each addition. Add vanilla. Fold in meringue and blend thoroughly. Grease two 9" layer cake pans, line with waxed paper and grease again. Pour in batter. Bake in a moderate oven (375°F) about 30 minutes. Cool thoroughly. Fill with pineapple filling. Frost with fluffy frosting. Makes two 9" layers.

**PINEAPPLE FILLING**

2 tablespoons cornstarch  
2/3 cup pineapple juice  
1 tablespoon lemon juice  

Combine sugar and cornstarch. Stir in pineapple juice drained from crushed pineapple. Cook over moderate heat until clear and thickened, stirring constantly. Remove from heat. Add lemon juice and the crushed pineapple. Allow to cool. This recipe makes enough filling for a two-layer cake.

**FLUFFY FROSTING**

2 egg whites  
1 1/4 cups sugar  
1/3 cup water  

Combine egg whites, sugar, water and corn syrup in the top of a double boiler. Beat just enough to blend. Place over rapidly boiling water. Beat with a hand beater or an electric mixer until mixture stands in stiff peaks (7 minutes with hand beater, 4 minutes with electric mixer). Remove from heat. Add vanilla. Continue beating until stiff enough to stand in peaks. Makes enough to frost tops and sides of two 9" layers.

(Continued on page 93)
“Don realizes we’re individual human beings,”
says his secretary. “As individuals we have good
days and bad; as humans we’re entitled to mistakes!”

By MARY CANNY

Know what a network program is like? Like
an iceberg. Only the smallest part of an
iceberg shows; the rest is submerged be-
low the surface. On radio—and now, on tele-
vision—there are hours of background detail,
office work and rehearsal time for every min-
ute on the air. Hours that don’t show.
I know because, being Don McNeill’s secre-
tary, I spend my days in the submerged part
of the iceberg. If that sounds like a complaint,
you’re wrong—would I have stuck it out for
eight years, getting up at 5:30 every morning
and often as not closing the office around ten
at night, if I wasn’t in love with my job?
We had lunch, Don and I, the day I applied
for the position, at the Merchants and Manu-
facturers Club in the Merchandise Mart. Dur-
ing luncheon I sketched briefly for him what
I’d learned on my last two jobs, at NBC and
ABC. I never did get around to mentioning
my biggest ambition—to be an actress. I for-
got all about it, because I was far too inter-
ested in what Don was telling me about the
Breakfast Club and how it worked. Far too
interested then, and ever since, to give acting
another thought!
When we’d finished lunch, Don grinned and
pushed back his chair. “Let’s go up to the
office and look things over,” he suggested.
At that time, the Breakfast Club and its
various operations was quartered in a no-
elbow-room spot at the end of one of the
Merchandise Mart’s long corridors. Several
weeks had gone by since Don’s previous sec-
retary had resigned to enlist in the WAVES,
and practically nothing had happened in the
office work line during that time. Desks were
piled so high with papers that the draft caused
by our opening the door and walking into the
office sent them cascading every which way.
Don looked helplessly around at the mess.
“Mary,” he said, “organize this stuff, will you?
Just—well, just take off your hat and go to
work!”
So I took off my hat and went to work.
That was my first intimation of what kind
of boss Don McNeill was going to be. Hav-
ing satisfied himself that I was capable—and
that I’d fit into the Breakfast Club “family”—
he let me work out the details of my job
to suit myself. He’s not an interfering kind
of boss at all, with me or with any of the
members of his staff. He leaves us free to
accomplish things in our own way.
One of Don’s greatest gifts is keeping the
work as simple as possible, the tensions low,
in those submerged hours that go into putting
together a program. There are no tempera-
tmental fireworks in the Breakfast Club office.
No desk-pounding or breast-beating or work-
ing up trifles into crises of the first magnitude
—and those things (Continued on page 85)
picture-life of DON Mc

His family, his friends, his fortune: follow the path from Sheboygan to Chicago

1. Donald McNeill, born to Agnes and Harry McNeill on December 23, 1907, grew up in Sheboygan, Wis., earned thirteen Scout badges.

2. Graduating from high school in 1925, Don played sax and flute, wanted to be an editorial cartoonist. He enrolled in Marquette Univ.

3. When he graduated in 1929, Don met Kay Bennett at a Christmas party. She was secretary to dean of journalism department.

If there is one striking quality about the Don McNeill story it is its "normalcy." Take Don away from his radio show and you are left with the portrait of a man who could be your own husband or neighbor or boss. The McNeill rise to fame lacks the usual tatters to taxes element of the success story; the McNeill personality lacks the erratic qualities which many performers preserve in order to appear "colorful;" and the McNeill marriage, blessed as it is with three sons, is the kind of marriage you could find in any comfortable American suburb. Perhaps this very quality of "normalcy" is the real secret of the McNeill success story. People may admire the extraordinary, but they rarely love it. This is not to say that Don isn't extraordinary. But despite his gifts—his intelligence and humor and charm—he maintains one very unusual quality indeed. And that is this: he never fails to understand people. Follow the life of Don McNeill on these pages and you'll understand what made him the way he is.

6. First call to Breakfast had much clowning. Here Don switches jobs with Jack Owens, vocalist, and Walter Blaufus, orchestra leader.
After first job in Louisville, he went to San Francisco, teamed with Van Fleming in comedy act. Joe E. Brown joined in the fun.

He then asked Kay to marry him. She nearly broke the engagement when she sighted Don’s new moustache but love triumphed, of course, and they were married in San Francisco on September 12, 1931. Kay’s attendant was Eleanor Bennett King, her sister. Don’s best man was Van Fleming, his comedy team partner.

Kay’s little helper took charge of the kitchen with the expected results. Son Tommy was born in 1935. He wanted to help, too.

A second son, Don Jr., was born in 1936. Early awakening hour necessitated by the Breakfast Club became a McNeill family joke.

In those few moments when Don was able to relax, he most enjoyed the Wisconsin trout streams he had known as a boy in Sheboygan.
10. Kay and the boys take it as part of their job to send Don to work in good humor. Donny, Bobby and Tommy listen to program before going to school, don't mind Don's reporting their activities over air.

11. Listeners have taken a personal interest in the McNeill sons as they grew up. Boys make an annual appearance on the Christmas program for which listeners request tickets year in advance.

12. Spoofing has always been a Breakfast Club custom. In 1948, McNeill admirers didn't see any reason why he shouldn't run for president, too. McNeill for President drive was coast to coast comedy.

14. Iron Man McNeill, they call him. In doing over 5,000 broadcasts of the Breakfast Club, Don has been late four times, absent because of illness only fifteen times. Neck injury was most serious.
Don McNeill's Prayer Time, a brief moment of silent devotion on each program, is a simple thing, yet it has a powerful philosophy. Don doesn't preach, nor does he devote his moment of faith to any particular religion, class or race. The moment of silent prayer was introduced on Breakfast Club in 1944 and at first much discussion arose because various religious groups felt prayer was out of place on an entertainment program. But Don believed in it and now, after conducting Prayer Time for five years he's been awarded citations by almost every religious organization in existence.

But more important to him even than these citations are the thousands of letters he has received from listeners telling how each, in his own way, has been helped by Prayer Time. Like the member of Alcoholics Anonymous who wrote: "During your impressive moment of silent prayer I always ask God to help me. He never has failed. I've gotten by two years without drinking." Or the woman who wrote that she and her husband had decided to get a divorce when she heard Don offer the moment of silent prayer for families separated because of misunderstandings. "That sounded like it was meant for us. The following evening my husband returned. Thank you, Don, that was the guiding hand we needed."

How has Prayer Time affected you? Do you recall a time when this moment of faith helped you, guided you, aided you in making a decision? Write a letter to Don McNeill, telling in one hundred words or less how Prayer Time affected your life. Radio Mirror will pay fifty dollars to the writer of the most interesting letter, five dollars each to writers of the ten next most interesting letters. Don McNeill and the editors of Radio Mirror will be sole judges: no letters will be returned nor can correspondence concerning them be entered into. Letters should be postmarked no later than January 31, 1951, and must have this notice attached to them. Address your letters to Prayer Time, Box 1327, Grand Central Post Office, New York City, N. Y.
Aunt Fanny's Diary

SUNDAY—Thought I'd never get to services this morning I was so tired after taking care of the McBobb kids last night. I don't know why they call it baby sitting. Keeping up with them, I did everything except sit.

MONDAY—No matter how low the temperature gets, there's one nice thing about Winter—you can stay peaceably at your own table. I went to so many picnics last Summer that when I got home I ate in the closet for three days.

TUESDAY—Alma Googert stopped in today for a cup of tea. Land sakes! That woman can stay longer in half an hour than most people can in three weeks.

WEDNESDAY—Took pity on Ed Kennicutt and brought over an apple pie. He looked hungry, poor man. He says Nettie treats him just like a Greek god. She sets a burnt offering in front of him every noon.

THURSDAY—Things sort of got too much for Hettie Hornbuckle, what with her husband and the furnace. When she watches one, the other goes out.

FRIDAY—I met Otto Fritsuger on the street and he just nodded. Poor guy ain't said a word since he married Amy. Tain't that he can't talk. Amy started a filibuster when she left the church and she hasn't quit yet.

SATURDAY—Don't care if I do stay home tonight. I've seen the day when I could have any man I pleased. Trouble is, I never seen the day I pleased one.

Fran Allison leads a triple life. In reality, she's Mrs. Archie Levington; on NBC television, she's the Fran of Kukla, Fran and Ollie; and on ABC's Breakfast Club, she's Aunt Fanny. She auditioned as a vocalist in 1937, but she hasn't sung a note on B. C. since Dom McNeill first heard her impersonate Aunt Fanny, the gossipy spinster.

PATSY'S a

There's only one thing about being a member of the Breakfast Club "family" that Patsy Lee finds disappointing—she can spend only two weeks out of every year with her own family in California.

To make up for that as far as she can, Patsy has an apartment in Chicago, does her own cooking and housework—even her own washing and ironing of such items as dresses and blouses! When she first joined the Breakfast Club, Patsy lived in a hotel, ate her meals in restaurants, spent a great deal more money than she does now—and was thoroughly miserable besides. Only since she acquired her two and a half rooms, decorated them to her own liking, has she felt at home. Among her neighbors, who add to the small-town atmosphere of the neighborhood, are Johnny Desmond and his wife, Fran Allison and her husband, Archie Levington.

Here's how the place which makes Patsy feel at home looks: Three walls of the living room are painted a blue with a purplish cast. One wall and the matching drapes are print, in a French ascension balloon pattern, purple and blue figures on white background. The rug is beige, and comfortable sectional furniture is slip-covered in green. There are a spinet piano, a radio-TV-phonograph combination, and end tables and dinette set, all in knotty pine. In the bedroom, the walls are lime green with drapes to match, the drapes printed in a zoo pattern of...
HOME GIRL

small animals. The bed is Hollywood style; the dresser is black. One very important piece completes the furnishings—Patsy’s hope chest.

Patsy’s week-day routine seldom varies, and the whole thing is regulated by the fact that Breakfast Club gets under way so early in the morning. At six-fifteen, her first alarm goes off. This is a sort of warning signal that there’s very little snoozing time left. At six-forty the second one rings, and this time there’s no fooling—she’s got to get up. First moves are to put the kettle on for her morning cup of tea, pour herself a glass of orange juice, and give Amber, the cat, her breakfast. Then a shower. Alternately drinking orange juice and tea, Patsy scurries around the apartment, finishing her dressing, checking copies of music for the morning show, hurrying through other last-minute details—which sometimes include ironing a blouse!

At five minutes past seven, she gets into the taxi that waits for her each morning and rides to ABC’s Civic Studio, getting there about seven-fifteen. Conferences with Cliff Peterson and Eddie Ballantine fill the time until First Call For Breakfast. After the show there’s an autographing session, the breakfast with the cast. From nine forty-five until eleven rehearsal for tomorrow’s program. Afterwards, shopping or lunch until two, then it’s rehearsal for TV Club. After that, fittings, hairdresser appointments. Weekends are for dates—she never lacks for those—and for entertaining friends at home.

Sam Cowling’s Almanac

MARRIAGE—It’s a wonderful institution. No family should be without it. There are few women who take up the low, but there are plenty who lay it down. It’s not what a woman says that hurts so much, it’s the number of times she says it. It’s a well-known fact that puppy-love is the beginning of a dog’s life. Men who say they are boss in their own homes usually lie about other things, too. A horse is usually a horse, but a woman can also be a nag. In marriage, he who hesitates is bossed. It’s a well-known fact among husbands that a word to the wife is never sufficient.

MOTHERS-IN-LAW—Living with your mother-in-law is like taking a bath; after a while it isn’t so hot. A mother-in-law is a puzzle with cross words. It’s a known fact that in-laws cause more trouble than outlaws. A mother-in-law is a Gestapo in bloomers.

MANNERS—Women drivers can be very healthy and still take a turn for the worse. Children’s ears ore oro like shawls; they sure can pick up a lot of dirt. A reducing expert is a person who lives on the fat of the land. Going on a diet is simply the triumph of mind over plotter. It is a well-known fact that when the human body is immersed in water, the telephone rings. Fan is like insurance; the elder you get, the more it costs you.

Sam Cowling sang his way into the Breakfast Club in 1937 as a member of The Romeos—the ad-libbing member who had something to say about every situation. In 1943, he abandoned his vocal role and emerged as Don’s chief heckler who, in his Almanac, daily purveys wry wisdom on the subject of marriage, mothers-in-law and manners.
Matt's HOME GIRL

THERE'S only one thing about being a member of the Breakfast Club family that Matty Lee finds disappointing—she can spend only two weeks out of every year with her own family, in California. To make up for that as far as she can, Matty has an apartment in Chicago, does her own cooking and housework— even her own laundry and ironing of such items as dresses and blouses! When she first joined the Breakfast Club, Matty lived in a hotel, ate her meals in restaurants, and spent a great deal of money on clothes. Only since she acquired her own apartment and two and a half rooms, decorated them with things she can pick up a lot of dirt. A reducing expert, she is the woman who lives on the fat of the land, going on a diet is simply the triumph of mind over matter. She is a well-known fact that when the human body is starved of water, the telephone rings. Fish is like insurance; the older you get, the more it costs you.

Sam Cowling's Almanac

MARRIAGE—It's a wonderul institution. No family should be without it. There are few women who take up the law, but there are plenty who lay it down. It's not what a woman says that hurts so much, it's the number of times she says it. A hallmark feature of puppy love is the beginning of a dog's life. Men who say they are hounds to their own home usually lie about other things, too. A hound is usually a horse, but a woman can also be a hound. In marriage, he who hesitates is blessed...it's a well-known fact among bystanders that a word to the wife is never sufficient.

MOTHERS-IN-LAW—Living with your mother-in-law is like taking a bath without a towel. A mother-in-law is a poodle with crossed ears...it's a known fact that hounds cause more trouble than doves...A mother-in-law is a poodle in bloomers.

MANIERS—Women drivers can be very healthy and still take a turn for the worse...Children's ears are like spools; they can pick up a lot of dirt. A reducing expert is the woman who lives on the fat of the land. Going on a diet is the triumph of mind over matter. It is a well-known fact that when the human body is starved of water, the telephone rings. Fish is like insurance; the older you get, the more it costs you.

Frans Allison leads a triple life. In reality, she's Mrs. Archie Levington; on NBC television, she's the Fain of KDKA; on radio, she's Matty Lee of the Breakfast Club; she's Aunt Fanny. She auditioned as a vocalist in 1932...She's been a star on B. C. since Dan McNeil first heard her impersonate Aunt Fanny, the gypsy stroller.
Serious moments are rare in Sam Cowling's life. But he played it straight when cameraman wanted to check make-up.

Aunt Fanny's world comes to life as Fran Allison, playing the garrulous spinster, chats about folks back home.
The Don McNeill TV Club has been a big show ever since ABC cameras were first turned on it last September. But close friends of the Breakfast Club cast recognize it as an elaboration of the high jinks which have always happened when this crowd of versatile, volatile guys and girls meet at someone's home. Genuinely fond of each other, they have always found their own entertainment in clowning, practical jokes and skits which utilize their many talents. Now offering the public a production number view of what occurs at their private parties, they include for good measure a few familiar Breakfast Club features. As these pictures show you, they have fun backstage as well as in front of the cameras. Even gag-writers, usually serious and hardworking, catch the spirit of the McNeill crew and have fun. Women's clubs on an outing (see picture at left) enjoy the TV Club even more than the Breakfast Club, for they don't have to get up so early to go to it. And their families can watch them swap gags with Don and Sam. People chosen from the audience play an important part on TV Club. The whole cast sums up its new experience in words that echo down many a television studio corridor: "Radio was never like this!"

Don McNeill's TV Club is telecast Wed., 9 P. M. EST on ABC-TV. It is sponsored by Philco.
Five days a week singer Johnny Desmond is off to ABC's Breakfast Club where Don McNeill presents him to five million daily listeners. But comes the week-end and Johnny marches home to his family—Ruth, his blonde and vivacious wife; daughters Diane, four, and Patricia, one-and-a-half. The Desmond apartment is nine spacious rooms in a quiet residential section of Chicago. Ruth, who divides her attention between the little girls and looking after Johnny's secretarial chores, helps her husband to answer his fan mail. The day's batch usually contains a lot of ardent notes from feminine admirers, but Ruth says it doesn't bother her a whit. She and Johnny met in 1941 in Salt Lake City, which is Ruth's home town. "Johnny was singing there with Bob Crosby's band," says Ruth, "and I tried out for the quartet. Confidently, the other two boys liked me fine, but Johnny didn't think my voice was any good. I got the job anyway. But he turned out to be right about my voice." Johnny was singing with Gene Krupa's band in a quartet known as the Bob-O-Links. Then he was called into service. He and Ruth were married before he went overseas. In England he did some singing over the BBC in a series called "A Soldier and a Song." Among his devoted listeners were the Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose. That was a lonesome period for Ruth as well as for Johnny and they will have no reminder of it. They both enjoy entertaining and sometimes Johnny can be persuaded to cook his specialty—Italian spaghetti.

Friends call Eddie Ballantine, maestro of the Breakfast Club's orchestra, "the indefatigable gadgeteer." Musicians have tabbed him as one of the finest musical directors in the country. But to his three healthy and handsome children, he is "just Pops—and loads of fun!" Out in the Chicago suburb of Skokie, the brick Ballantine bungalow is a source of amazement to neighbors. Ed, wife Frances, and children, Ted, twenty-three, Barbara, eighteen, and Betty, fourteen, have all pitched together to make it "a home the way we want it to be." But even with all the gadgets and conveniences, music is the most important thing in the Ballantine household. Mrs. Ballantine and the children share in judging Eddie's arrangements. "I call them my four-man jury," he says.
BOB "ACE" MURPHY

"How much money can you make?" That's Bob Murphy's standard reply when he receives beguiling radio offers from New York or Hollywood. Thirty-three-year-old Bob, who announces the Philco portion of the Breakfast Club, prefers the life he has in Chicago with his wife and six children. Bob's radio career began on a station in Fargo, N. D. After a period in St. Paul, Bob joined NBC in 1945 as an announcer. He was in the Navy during the war, returned to NBC after his discharge. He now freelances as announcer and master of ceremonies.

The Dowds: Betsy, 6, Tricia, 9, Don, wife Betty, Don Jr., 15; and Elwood P. Dowd, the dog.

DON DOWD

Don Dowd, who's been associated with the early morning festivities of the Breakfast Club since 1943, took on his first announcing job only to earn money enough to continue his vocal studies. Radio won out eventually and now, among other announcing activities, Don does the Swift & Co. segment of the Don McNell show. Don—Dowd, that is—is a native of Philadelphia.

FRANKLYN FERGUSON

Franklyn Ferguson announces on the General Mills portion of the Breakfast Club. It's a spot he's held since the summer of 1948. Now a free-lancer for the networks, Franklyn began his radio career in his native state of Texas in 1933. There he became program director for the Southwest Broadcasting System. In 1935 he accepted a job as chief announcer on a Grand Rapids, Michigan, station. He also worked in Detroit before coming to Chicago. Franklyn lives with his family in their new home in Winnetka, Illinois. His daughter, Diane, is eleven; son Peter is seven. The children's main interest centers around The Lone Ranger on TV. But they don't mind listening to their father talk every morning on Breakfast Club.

Bob holds baby Terrance, then come Mary Jane, 5, Louise, Joan, 3, Kay, 7, Dennis, 9, Patricia, almost 2.

Franklyn's hobby is taking color films of his children, Diane and Peter.
I was delighted to find when I greeted her at Don's apartment Saturday that I showed no signs of the strain I'd been under... It turned out to be a dandy party.
There was nothing in the world to keep Don Smith and me from falling in love. Not on the surface, anyway. We were both unattached; we were the right ages for one another; our interests and backgrounds couldn’t have been more similar, since we were both working on the same newspaper and couldn’t imagine being happy in any other kind of work. In fact Don was my boss—managing editor of the New York Gazette, for which I’m a feature writer and columnist. And the attraction itself was there, gaining strength with each day we worked together, becoming an increasing disturbance in both our lives. Everything was right, and so we fell in love.

The very good reason why we shouldn’t have done it didn’t emerge until later. We thought, because we were part of the same world and talked the same language, that we were the same kind of people. I still believe that we are; but apparently it takes more than that to forge the unshakably solid basis upon which I hope to build my marriage. Though I’ve given it lots of thought lately, I haven’t succeeded in figuring out all the elements that go to make up that foundation. They’re intangible, many of them, things you can’t see or count or touch . . . Like faith. Maybe you think of it as trust, or belief in one another, or conviction that you know your loved one through and through. There are many names for it, many ways of looking at it. But you cannot think of it in terms of How big is it? How much is it? How long will it last? It is . . . or it is not. If you can ask questions about it, it isn’t what it should be. You haven’t got it.

I sound very wise, but in honesty I should admit that all of this is hindsight. Once I had admitted my feeling for Don, it didn’t occur to me to examine
There was nothing in the world to keep Don Smith and me from falling in love. Not on the surface, anyway. We were both unattached; we were the right ages for one another; our interests and backgrounds couldn't have been more similar, since we were both working on the same newspaper and couldn't imagine being happy in any other kind of work. In fact Don was my boss—managing editor of the New York Gazette, for which I'm a feature writer and columnist. And the attraction itself was there, gaining strength with each day we worked together, becoming an increasing disturbance in both our lives. Everything was right, and so we fell in love.

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I sound very wise, but in honesty I should admit that all of this is hindsight. Once I had admitted my feeling for Don, it didn't occur to me to examine...
THE WOMAN WHO HAD EVERYTHING

it from different angles. It was enough of an emotional upset to realize that I felt about Don as I had never felt about Mark Douglas...a far stronger, more urgent, more demanding feeling. There was no tranquility in it; it was all ups and downs. Don confessed that he felt the same.

“You've been in love before,” he said once, almost accusingly. “You know what to expect. You won't make such a fool of yourself as I'm likely to.”

We were having lunch together on a business day, and it wasn't the time or place for personal emotions. I tried to disregard the small-boy grimmness of Don's mouth and the fact that I wanted very much to lean across the table and kiss it. I said thoughtfully, “Don't worry about that. I've never felt like this about anyone before. And don't sound as though I had a past like an opera star's, just full of fascinating men mad for love of me. Mark was...or, well, I grew up with Mark. We used to talk about all the wonderful things we were going to do—the brilliant books and plays we would write, the places we'd see. That sort of ties two people together. Sometimes...” I thought of Mark, marrying Nona in a what-does-it-matter spirit, only to learn how much she really did mean to him. “Sometimes it makes them think they're in love when they're actually only in—well, in friendship, so to speak.”

“Don't give me that.” Don buttered a roll as though he were stabbing an enemy. “If Douglas weren't married to that gal he'd still be hanging around you.”

“Fortunately they plan to stay in Europe for many months. Doesn't that set your mind at ease?”

Finally, Don allowed himself a grin, and we laughed together. It seems strange now that I never thought of picking away at his past as he did at mine. I suppose one reason is that whatever entanglements he had once had remained behind him in Detroit, from which he'd come only recently to his job on the Gazette, whereas my friends were all around us, as Don said, all the time. Of course I would never have charged forward flinging my accusations about as he liked to do, but somehow I can't recall even wondering very much how many women he'd fancied himself in love with before we met. There must have been women; a man couldn't look like Don, slim and hard and lanky, and more with such well-muscled grace, or speak with such virile directness, without alerting feminine eyes whether they were raised from typewriters or cocktail glasses. But who or what or where they now were had no part in my life.

A psychiatrist would say, perhaps, that basically I was a more secure person than Don and proved it by not being jealous.

Then again perhaps I was a bit of a fool. I knew that most women had felt Don's charm and sometimes I was surprised at myself for not being more interested in the others who might have felt it. “Are you sure you're in love with him?” I'd ask myself. And then I'd reassure myself each time that so far as I could tell this was what all the popular songs and poems were written about.

When Kay Clements came into the picture I had to start reassuring myself—all over again. At first the thought of a female financier occasioned me no worry. But after a thorough exposition of Kay's dark, slender beauty and magnificent clothes I knew that I wasn't in favor of allowing Kay to cement a relationship with Don.

At the time, however, my feelings were smothered, for Kay, to Don and me, was the answer to an almost hopeless prayer. Mary McKenna, who had owned the Gazette for many years, had suddenly announced her intention of selling a controlling interest, and the unexpected shattering of our secure pattern had caught all of us on the paper off guard. There was no telling what it might mean, having another owner in Mary's place...but there was no doubt it would mean change of some kind, and that was what Don didn't want. He was just getting under way as managing editor; only he and I knew just how big his plans were, and how much they meant to him. I wasn't worried about myself, because if the worst did come and I couldn't get along with the new chief—well, I could always do what Mark had been after me for years to do, stay home and write that novel I had at the back of my mind. But Don—he's a journalist at heart, not happy without a newspaper being put together around him. I thought, and he brooded, and more or less together we came up with a pretty audacious plan. Don would buy Mary out himself!

The small matter of eight hundred thousand dollars was, we realized, a bit of a hurdle. It proved to be even more of a hurdle to the people we tried to borrow it from. In fact it began to look as though I had better start outlining my novel, when all at once Kay and her uncounted millions appeared out of nowhere, and—as Don said, jubilantly and unbelievingly, “Wendy—we're in! She's going to back me!” Abruptly his exaltation died down and he stared at me, leaning against the open-door of my office through which he had just burst with his big news.

“Come to think of it, I wonder why she's doing it?” he asked, of me and the air.

That seemed like a silly question, and I didn't bother answering it. I thought Don was fishing for compliments, and I was too busy with my next day's column to spend time building up his ego at the moment. I had met Kay Clements, and I knew she had a sharply intelligent mind which could not have failed to appreciate Don's talent and ideas. She was sophisticated and experienced; she knew that charm like his was a business as well as a social asset. She had a knack for making money. Her background folder, over which I'd spent an anxious hour when she first showed interest in the paper, told an astounding story of a woman who at the death of her husband a few years before had been left a rich widow, and who had calmly stepped into his professional position and built it, in a short time, from the merely wealthy into the millionaire bracket. Therefore, she apparently knew a good investment when she saw one and she must be seeing Don and the Gazette in just such a light. (Continued on page 102)
As she stirs sugar into her creamed coffee, the overweight woman wails, "I just don't get enough exercise!" And there is her counterpart in the two-hundred-pound executive who pats his paunch, exclaiming, "I'm going to work this off on the golf course Sunday."

Is this fiction or fact?

Fiction it is, for the commonest excuse of the heavyweight as she reaches for a potato chip instead of a carrot is the exercise alibi. It is nothing more than mental salve for overeating.

The sad fact is that a person does not lose much fat through exercise. A two-hundred-pound woman would have to beat rugs furiously for six hours to lose three pounds. Of those pounds lost, only one is fat. The other two pounds are chiefly perspiration, weight that she will put on as she drinks water. Yes, she lost one pound.

Remember, too, that strenuous exercise can be dangerous for heavyweights. Fat alone is a burden for the heart. Add a couple hours of strenuous activity and you are courting the old man with the reaper. Doctors advise that after the age of twenty-eight even the healthy person with normal weight must take exercise in moderation. About that age the metabolism rate slows down, too, which means that if you tried to lose weight by exercise alone, you would have to put in more hours. But obviously the older a person, the less able she is to exercise. So we see that exercising as the sole means to reduce is impractical.

The solution is to eat judiciously. Exercise can then be an aid to fat destruction and of benefit to the circulation, elimination and body toning.

The best exercise is something we can all afford. It is the daily walk. Walking builds your strength and relieves nervous tension. It improves blood circulation, for working muscles act as auxiliary pumps to force fresh blood through the body and in that way relieve the heart of part of its work. As an aid to reducing, walking helps consume fat. Walk with your children, to enjoy the sunshine, to shop, to see your neighbors.

Another aid to reduction requires no exertion and is a real tonic. This is the air bath. The directions are simple: merely relax in your bedroom each day for twenty minutes without any clothes. Air currents striking the skin have a triple effect: circulation is stimulated; the system is toned; heat escapes from body at a great rate, increasing metabolism and aiding reducing.

Now if you are the one in thousands who has the self-discipline to do setting-up exercises, go to it. I prefer swimming or walking. But whatever your favorite exercise, practice it moderately.

Exercise is only an aid to reducing. The intelligent, sensible woman knows the best exercise is the exercise of good judgment in selecting food.

Victor H. Lindlahr's expert comment on food and health is heard M-F, 10:45 A.M., EST, over ABC, sponsored by Serutan.
AUNT JENNY

Aunt Jenny's recent mother-in-law story shed a thought-provoking new light on an age-old problem. Sally and Jim Gardner had this problem from the beginning of their marriage, when it was decided that Jim's mother should live with them. The two women rapidly discovered they were incompatible, and after a period of mounting strain Jim's mother left. Jim, furious when Sally refused to invite his mother to return, 't home and went to stay at his mother's apartment. He was chagrined to discover, however, that her new independence had become so pleasant to her that she preferred to have Jim go back to his wife—which, feeling rather foolish, he did.

MARY NOBLE

Mary Noble, desperately worried over the arrest of her husband Larry for the murder of Oliver Wilson, accepts the help of wealthy Rupert Barlow, backer of the play in which Larry was starring at the time of the murder. Mary does not know that Barlow's sympathy is feigned, and that his real aim is to win her for himself. Barlow's plans are somewhat upset when Mary, accepting his offer to use his New York apartment to be closer to Larry, invites her friend Maude Marlowe to stay with her. Also, Larry becomes suspicious of Barlow, and discharges the lawyer Barlow sent him. With the new lawyer provided by actor friends, Larry's chances improve. But is Barlow beaten?

DAVID HARUM

David Harum puts himself in a dangerous position when he discovers that Dan Morgan, chauffeur employed by Roger Marshall, is blackmailing Marshall's daughter Celia. When Dan is discharged, the Marshall family appears happier, but beneath the surface there is tension between Celia and her mother on one side and the penniless, beautiful Betty Marshall, Roger's niece, on the other. Resented by the other two, Betty turns in her loneliness to David Harum and his sister, Aunt Polly, and in their efforts to befriend the young girl they become increasingly involved in the Marshall family difficulties. What is ahead for this troubled group and for David?

FRONT PAGE FARRELL

"The Millionaire Cowboy Murder Case" brings a reminder of the lawless old Wild West to David Farrell, ace reporter on the New York Daily Eagle. Assigned by his paper to cover the brutal shooting of Ed Fuller, rodeo cowboy, in his hotel room, David is aware that rodeo star Randy Buck disappeared after the shooting and is under suspicion of having done it or of having some knowledge about it which the police would like to get hold of. With the help of his wife Sally, once a newspaperwoman herself, David succeeds in running down the actual background behind the killing, and brings to light facts which aid the police in apprehending the murderer.
Here's your guide to good listening
on the daytime drama circuit—plot,
character, time, station information

GUIDING LIGHT

Meta Bauer, in jail for the murder of her husband Ted White, has driven her friend and attorney, Ray Brandon, to the point of throwing up the case by her refusal to cooperate, when reporter Joe Roberts takes an unexpected part in the drama of her life. Aroused to some emotion he himself cannot define by this woman, who allegedly murdered the man she felt had been responsible for the death of her young son, Joe, who is himself a widower with two children, begins to show a persistent interest in her case. Meanwhile Bill Bauer's wife Bertha decides to investigate her husband's growing friendship with the girl named Gloria, who apparently understands him too well.

HILLTOP HOUSE

Not long ago, Julie Paterno, supervisor of the orphanage Hilltop House, was widowed by a tragic accident. Though she has thrown herself with increased intensity into her work, she cannot help knowing that she has become very important to two men—Dr. Jeff, who takes care of Hilltop's children, and Alan Richards, a former Hilltop boy who rose to brilliant success as a concert singer. Julie is preoccupied by the problem of teen-age Pixie, who has become part of the "fast" crowd at Glendale High. Julie expects trouble, but she is not prepared for the tragic climax of Pixie's activities—a "hot rod" crash in which one youngster is killed. What share of the blame will Pixie bear?

MA PERKINS

Saved in the nick of time from marriage with crafty Sylvester, Ma's daughter Fay is grateful for her escape—but still lonesome. When Spencer Grayson, suave, successful advertising executive, crosses her path again, she is strongly drawn to him and counters his invitation to spend Christmas in New York with her invitation that he spend Christmas in Rushville Center, which he accepts. Spencer and Fay enjoy a wonderful time together, but a peculiar note enters their friendship when they run across Tom Wells, the cynical counterman at a Rushville Center diner who is Spencer's old Air Force buddy. What will happen to Fay's emotions as she is influenced by both men?

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL

Though Craig Roberts warned Chichi against gambler Coleman Reynolds, Chichi insisted Coley was leading an honest life. But during a visit to Coley's boat to prove her point, Chichi had an accident which resulted in paralysis, and was forced to conclude that Coley had been responsible and that she had been mistaken. Afterward, however, she learned that Coley was in reality trying to force his associates to operate honestly, and that someone else had been guilty of the attack on her. Although she is still in her wheelchair, Chichi's spirits take an upward turn as she reflects that her judgment is not so faulty. She was right about Coley, and the law was wrong.

LORENZO JONES

Now that Lorenzo has been told he may be heir to a large Canadian fortune, he had become the focal point of much interest and activity, some of which he doesn't altogether understand. A newcomer to town, Lady Audrey Jones, causes an upheaval in the town's social circles by announcing that she is Lorenzo's cousin and proceeding to get very much involved with Peter Peabody, scion of the town's wealthiest family. In addition to this complication, for which Lorenzo is held responsible, Lorenzo himself is being followed wherever he goes by a mysterious blue coupe, Lorenzo's wife Belle, who knows that her husband has a knack for attracting trouble, is much disturbed.

JUST PLAIN BILL

The tranquil marriage of Bill's beloved daughter Nancy and lawyer Kerry Donovan is disturbed when Leonard Drew, surgeon attending Nancy during her illness, confesses that he has fallen in love with her. This situation is seized upon by Drew's divorced wife Vivian to be used for her own ends. Vivian's aims are at first confused but gradually Nancy begins to understand that she wants to regain Leonard's affections. Anxious to rid herself of Leonard's embarrassing attentions, Nancy agrees to help Vivian win back her ex-husband, but as she tries to carry out her promise her friendship toward Leonard is misunderstood not only by her husband, but by her father.

NONA FROM NOWHERE

Nona Brady's film career got off to a bad start when her starring picture fell short of success, but Vernon Dutell, the Palladium Studios producer who is in love with her, still believes she will be a great star and has continued to make plans for her. However, Kay Lanier, with whom Vernon was once in love, is determined to regain his affections, and has engineered two attempts on Nona's life in a desperate effort to get her out of the way. Vernon's brother Alvin had become Kay's partner in her plan to dispose of Nona, and in addition Alvin, by means of mysterious threats, continues to blackmail Vernon for huge sums of money. What will happen to Nona and Vernon?
OUR GAL SUNDAY

As the result of a masterfully planned situation, Sunday Brinkthorne is made to appear guilty of the murder of Diane Caulfield, who is found dead in Sunday's rooms at the Savoy Hotel in London. Diane was actually killed by her criminal husband, Bruce, but the circumstantial evidence which Bruce is able to pile up about Sunday makes it impossible for Inspector Dinsdale to believe in her innocence, particularly in view of the excellent motive provided by the fact that Lord Henry and Diane were at one time about to be married. The inspector feels that jealousy was Sunday's motive, and so conclusive is his evidence that Lord Henry may not be able to help his wife.

Sunday heard on CBS 12:45 P.M. EST

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY

It still seems incredible to Pepper that his father Sam Young, one of Elwood's highly respected citizens, can ever have been suspected of the bank robbery that ended in the death of the watchman, Mike O'Flaherty. But even those who have known Sam for many years are confused by the weight of the evidence against him. Working desperately to clear his name, Mr. Young picks up the trail of Sadie Mercer, his boy friend, Gil, whose activities seem open to question. The connection of these two hardboiled Chicagoans with Mrs. Ivy Trent, mother of Carter, to whom Pepper's sister Peggy is married, is a startling one when it finally emerges from concealment.

Mother Young heard on NBC 5:30 P.M. EST

PERRY MASON

Walter Bodt's activities as head of the gigantic criminal ring are now almost an open book to Perry Mason. But as he and the police prepare to close in on Bodt, reporter Helen Henderson, who has been acting as a "plant" to obtain crucial evidence of Bodt's crimes, puts herself in grave danger by attempting to exceed Perry's instructions. She and her fiance, Jake, are seen and identified by Ailsy Whittlock, Walter Bodt's girl friend, and after that Bodt knows almost as much about Perry's plans as he needs in order to elude arrest. Knowing that Bodt cannot afford to stop at anything to protect himself, Perry tries tirelessly to get Helen out of danger.

Perry Mason heard on CBS 2:15 P.M. EST

PORTIA FACES LIFE

Walter and Portia Manning face the fact that the only way they can hope to reestablish financial security is for Portia to resume her career as a lawyer, which she dropped when it became apparent that Walter resented the fact that he was not the family's only breadwinner. Struggling to regain his status as a newspaperman, Walter watches with increasing emotional unrest as Portia enters into partnership with another woman lawyer, Paula Perone. In their first case Portia comes up against a problem which she has never had to handle before. How she solves it and the developments that follow make a dramatic chapter in the lives of Walter and Portia.

Walter Manning heard on NBC 5:15 P.M. EST

RIGHT TO HAPPINESS

When Miles Nelson's campaign for the governorship ends in his election, Carolyn Kramer feels that the relationship between them has undergone a change which she can not fully estimate but which she believes may prevent them from marrying for many years to come. A divorcée with a young son over whom legal battle still wages, Carolyn knows that she can not be much of an asset in the social and official responsibilities which fall upon Miles in his new position. Although she and Miles still love each other, their paths are dividing in such a fundamental way that their happiness together must continue to wait until the indefinite future.

Dwight Kramer heard on NBC 3:45 P.M. EST

ROAD OF LIFE

Dr. Jim Brent, who has thrown himself into his research work at Wheelock Hospital in Merrimac, Pennsylvania, partly to forget the tragic events of his recent past, has found that work alone will not suffice to rebuild his life. Even the companionship of his daughter, Janie, can not disguise from Jim the fact that no home is complete without a wife and mother. What part will Beth Lambert play in Jim's future?—Beth, the girl he has every reason to hate but can not find in his heart to do so? What effect will his knowledge that Beth loves him have on Jim Trent, and what of Jacelyn McLeod, in whose strange family problems Jim finds himself involved.

Dr. Jim Brent heard on NBC 3:15 P.M. EST

ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT

Gil Whitney, struggling to free himself from his entanglement with Betty Mallory, asks her to dissolve by divorce the marriage he doesn't remember making. Betty's refusal makes it unlikely that Gil will ever be able to renew his courtship of Helen Trent, with whom he is still in love; and also it has infuriated Cynthia Swanson, who has laid careful plans for the purpose of winning Gil for herself. Helen is instrumental in helping Molly Lou, the little girl who is supposed to be the daughter of Gil and Betty, to obtain a picture contract with producer Jeff Brady, who decides to use Betty's old house as background for a picture. Why does Betty object so violently to this plan?

Agatha Anthony heard on CBS 12:30 P.M. EST

ROSEMARY

The once happy marriage of Rosemary and Bill Roberts, disrupted by Bill's interest in Blanche Weatherly, threatens to end in dreadful tragedy when Bill's nervous collapse leads to a near-fatal accident. Rosemary, fearing the worst, rushes to Bill's side at the hospital, and is relieved to learn that he will not die. However, she is told that he may never walk again, and while she is struggling to adjust to this, Bill regains consciousness and calls for Blanche, with Rosemary sitting at his side. Can any marriage survive such a blow? Could any wife continue to lavish her love on a husband who gave every evidence of no longer desiring her?

Mother Dawson heard on CBS 11:45 A.M. EST

DAILY DIARY—
SECOND MRS. BURTON

Confidence man Rupert Gorham tightens the hold he has won over Stan's mother, Mrs. Burton, by his successful bluff of being able to read the future, and carefully perfects his plans to obtain money which he believes Mrs. Burton will soon receive from some old mining investments. Against the warnings of Stan and Terry, Mother Burton determines to model her future actions along the lines which Gorham advises. Part of her aim is to re-establish Maggie, a financial and social leader in Dickston. Mrs. Burton is startlingly interrupted when her sister-in-law's husband Ralph is murdered. What connection exists between Gorham and Elizabeth Miller's arrest for murder?

STELLA DALLAS

In spite of the storm of protest which their announcement of marriage plans has stirred up, Stella Dallas and Phil Baxton continue to make new arrangements. A series of strange threats disturbs their happiness, and almost culminates in tragedy when Phil is shot on the evening of the scheduled wedding. For a time Stella almost desairs of his life, but he rallies and makes progress toward recovery. However, he has made plain his intention of altering his will and leaving his very considerable fortune to Stella instead of to his sister, Maxine, and her fiancé, Clark Marshall. Is this the motive behind the mysterious menace hanging over Stella?

THIS IS NORA DRAKE

Peg Martinson, the neurotic woman who has been crippled as the result of an accident which she blames on Nora, is within an ace of being cured by Dr. Saergent, the psychologist who is in love with Nora. But inevitably Peg's twisted emotions make her once again suspicious of Nora and her own husband, Ken Martinson, and in order to obtain evidence of their guilt she hires a chauffeur-spy, Kenneth Spencer, to follow them. Spencer, knowing how wealthy Peg is, realizes the situation offers much to a quick-thinking young man. His girl friend Irene Malone becomes his helper in a plan to plant evidence against Nora. Then Irene and Nora meet with surprising results.

WE LOVE AND LEARN

Jim and Thelma Carlton still haven't gotten their marriage on a happy basis. When Jim becomes an FBI agent, he is put on an assignment which demands that he observe utter secrecy, even as regards his wife. With the background of quarrels and misunderstandings they have already had, it is natural for Thelma to jump to the conclusion that Jim's mysterious nightly activities involve another woman, and she is almost prostrated with grief, intensified by her pregnancy. Madame Sophie, who has befriended the couple, feels that Jim is behaving toward his wife in a manner punishable by law. How can Jim convince Madame Sophie that he is not a cad?

WENDY WARREN

How much harm is it ethical to do in the interests of accomplishing good? The problem of means and ends confronts Wendy as she and her editor, Don Smith, close in on the machinations of George Selby, a story which they plan to "break" in their newspaper. In the course of obtaining evidence against Selby, Wendy becomes fond of his daughter Pat and his unhappy son Mike, and is concerned when Pat's involvement with gambler Jim Mitchell ends in Mitchell's murder, which apparently occurred while he and Pat were eloping. Can Wendy go ahead with the proceedings against George Selby in spite of what the revelation will do to the lives of Selby's children?

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES

During a shocking accident to baby Hope, Joan Davis, who has been paralyzed, suddenly recovers the use of her legs. Soon afterward her new baby is born—normal, healthy and completely untouched by the strain of her mother's recent difficulty. Harry, realizing he has been made the dupe of his victim, his own land, decides to sell the beloved farm in order to obtain money to pay back the people he feels is responsible. To, though actually he too was a victim of the confidence man Selby. Temporarily he and Joan take their family to the vacant house of Joan's sister Sylvia, where—in a new town, with a new job—they look hopefully to the future.

YOUNG DOCTOR MALONE

Anne Malone, on the point of divorcing Dr. Jerry Malone and marrying Sam Williams, is suddenly called to New York by Jerry's serious collapse. Though she suspects Jerry's insistence that she go back is self-sacrifice on his part, she agrees to leave if he will agree to see a psychiatrist. When she returns, however, she finds her whole relationship with Sam upset by the marriage of Sam's son Gene to Crystal Gates, daughter of the town drunk. Is it true that Gene resented his father's plans to marry Anne and he is taking it out? Or does he really love this girl whom he means so much? And has the time finally come for Anne and Jerry to decide to part?

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN

Horace Steele, rich widower from New York, has been paying a lot of attention to Ellen Brown. In spite of Ellen's long-standing love for Dr. Anthony Loring, she cannot help being attracted to Horace. However, Lita Haddon, who hopes to marry Horace, follows him to Simpsonville and immediately assesses Ellen as a rival whom she must somehow defeat. Anthony, realizing that Lita is a neurotic woman who may go to dangerous lengths, agrees to help in her campaign to stop Horace's attentions to Ellen. Anthony himself is greatly disturbed over this new friendship of Ellen's, and wonders if the future is going to be different from the one he and Ellen have planned.
### 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 | 9:00 | 9:15 | 9:30 | 9:45 |
| NBC | NBC | United | Music | Roy | Opera |
| P.M. | Drew | Baukhage | Local | Bands | Paul |
| NBC | NBC | Local | House | Back | Back |
| NBC | NBC | Bands | Paul | Back | Cedric |
| NBC | NBC | Sony's | Surprise | Bergen-McCarthy | CBS |
| 10:15 | 10:30 | 10:45 | 11:00 | 11:15 | 11:30 | 11:45 |
| National Radio | Art of Living | News Highlights | Faultless Starch Time | Faultless Starch Time | UN is My Best Solitaire Time | Nutrilite Time |
| NBC | NBC | NBC | NBC | NBC | NBC | NBC |
| NBC | NBC | NBC | NBC | NBC | NBC | NBC |

### AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

| 12:00 | Voices and Events
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| 12:15 | Voices and Events
| 12:30 | Eternal Light
| 12:45 | Eternal Light
| 1:00 | First Freedom
| 1:15 | First Freedom
| 1:30 | Chicago Roundtable
| 1:45 | Chicago Roundtable
| 2:00 | Chicago Roundtable
| 2:15 | First Piano Quartet
| 2:30 | First Piano Quartet
| 2:45 | First Piano Quartet
| 3:00 | Music with the Girls
| 3:15 | Music with the Girls
| 3:30 | Music with the Girls
| 3:45 | Music with the Girls
| 4:00 | The Falcon
| 4:15 | The Falcon
| 4:30 | The Falcon
| 4:45 | The Falcon
| 5:00 | The Falcon
| 5:15 | The Falcon
| 5:30 | The Falcon
| 5:45 | The Falcon

### EVENING PROGRAMS

| 6:00 | The Big Show with Tallahassee Bankhead
| 6:15 | The Big Show with Tallahassee Bankhead
| 6:30 | The Big Show with Tallahassee Bankhead
| 6:45 | The Big Show with Tallahassee Bankhead
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**HELEN MACK**—one of the most beautiful directors in radio, bring years of acting experience to her production chords on Meet Corlis Archer, heard Sundays at 9 P.M. EST, CBS.

**CATHY LEWIS**—of My Friend Irma (CBS, Mon. 10 P.M. EST) plays the role of Jane, a brilliant girl, well educated and intensely practical. People who know her insist it's a piece of type casting. After school and a short period of singing with Ray Noble's band, she settled down at the Pasadena Playhouse, and eventually radio. She is married to Elliott Lewis, well known actor and producer of Suspense.

### MONDAY

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IRENE RYAN—is the girl who makes Hope laugh every Tuesday night at 9 EST, on NBC. The wry-voiced comedienne made her debut in show business by winning an amateur contest at 11. After stock and vaudeville she turned to radio. Married to movie production executive Harold Knox, they live in Brentwood, California.

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| ART BAKER—who is heard on his own show, Art Baker's Notebook (M-F, 12-15 P.M., EST, ABC) recently celebrated his twelfth anniversary on the air. Born in New York's Bowery in 1898, he attended school in Philadelphia, was an understudy at Chicago Opera Company, and enlisted in World War I. After his discharge he headed for Hollywood. Married, he has four children, three grandchildren. |

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<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>Do You Remember</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
<td>Local Program</td>
<td>Pauline Frederick</td>
<td>Margaret Arlen</td>
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<td>9:00</td>
<td>Jack Baker Show</td>
<td>Robert Horleigh</td>
<td>Breakfast Club</td>
<td>This Is New York</td>
<td>Tenney Riggs and Betty Lou</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>Welcome Travellers</td>
<td>Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time</td>
<td>My True Story</td>
<td>Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air</td>
<td>Arthur Godfrey</td>
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<td>11:00</td>
<td>Break the Bank</td>
<td>Ladies Fair</td>
<td>Modern Romances</td>
<td>Quick As A Flash</td>
<td>Grand Slam Rosemary</td>
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**WEDNESDAY PROGRAMS**

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<td>Daytime Specials</td>
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**FRIDAY PROGRAMS**

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**JACK BERCH**—an Illinois boy, was born in Sigel in 1911. After graduating from St. Viator College, he worked as a drummer, salesman, announcer and singer. Coming to New York in 1935, he joined NBC, and may currently be heard M-F at 8:30 A.M. EST. Married to the former Margo Orwig, they have four children.

**VIRGINIA KAYE**—attractive New Yorker was recently chosen to portray the title role of Rosemary, heard M-F, 11:45 A.M. EST, on CBS. At the early age of fifteen she earned a role in a Theatre Guild play, and soon established herself as a competent actress. Married to Broadway producer Kermit Bloomgarden, she has two sons.
**POETRY**

**NIGHT WATCHER**

Potomac flows as gently as before
When I was walking by its side;
The slender sailboats set at anchor ride
Just as they did then, near the green shore.
Mount Vernon and its gardens are no more
Altered than the river; breezes glide
Out on the velvet lawn and push the tide.
Above the chimneys hawks and swallows soar.
Here is no change; the slender pillars stand
Each in its place. Around the homestead miles
Of fragrant pastures spread, and maples keep
Their ancient watch upon the verdant land.
Prosperity is here and plenty smiles.
What is it then that will not let me sleep?
—Pansy Powell

**MOUNTAIN POND**

Evening comes slowly here where afternoon
Has tipped pine shadows over half drowned logs.
And yellow lilies as smooth as cream hold up.
The rust of sundown in each waxen cup.
Here is cathedral silence, and the peaks
Mirrored in amber gleam of placid water.
Here on the willow leaf the dragon fly
Clings like a faded raveling of the sky.
The white dark hills withdraw in the dusk
The still pond holds dreamlike, the dying day
Reluctant to give over to the night
This peaceful hour, this little pool of night.
—F. Elkin

**BIRCHES**

Birches are to me like watching urchins
Standing silent and suppressed
When you pass.
Turn your back and they are making mischief!
Whispering and scuffing toes
In the grass.
—Louise Galbraith Hill

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**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, 265 E. 42 Street, New York 1, New York. Each poem should be accompanied by this notice. When a self-addressed, stamped envelope 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*. 

---

**EDMOND O’BRIEN**—the New York born and bred actor has lately deserted the Big City for Hollywood. After graduation from Fordham he appeared with Maurice Evans as Prince Hal in "Henry IV." Reversing the typecasting legend he now portrays hardboiled detectives and is heard as the quick-on-the-trigger investigator on CBS’ *Yours Truly, Johnny Dollar*, Sat., 7 P.M. EST.
Leading designer Dorothy Draper, well known for her vividly imaginative approach to interior decorating advises Terry "to experiment with color—the Drab Age is over."

"Decorating is Fun." That's the topic internationally famous interior decorator Dorothy Draper discussed when she visited the Burton family as Family Counselor. It's also the title of one of her books.

Mrs. Draper, who has been credited with originating most of today's home furnishing trends, told us anyone can do his own decorating and make a success out of it. She insists, "It takes more imagination than money."

When I asked her how a novice at the game gets started, her answer was this, "Without benefit of technical knowledge, we have five powerful friends to guide us. They are: Courage, Color, Balance, Smart Accessories and Comfort.

"The very first thing you need doesn't cost a penny. You need courage to experiment, courage to seek out your own taste and express it, courage to disregard stereotyped ideas and try out your own.

"Color, after you have your courage to experiment well in hand, is the next important fundamental. The Drab Age is over. Color has come into its own. It's easy to experiment with color by getting pieces of wallpaper, color sample and samples of fabric. Pin them on the wall, study them—then make up your mind.

"Balance in a room is desperately important," Mrs. Draper feels. "For instance, there are simple tricks that make a room look longer, wider, other tricks that will disguise a bulky sofa, and so forth."

The fourth point that Mrs. Draper talked about in great length was smart accessories and details. These she told us either make or break a room. In her own words, "It is just as disastrous to have the wrong accessories in your room as it is to wear sport shoes with an evening dress."

In closing, Mrs. Draper told us that no room can be called perfect unless it has real comfort. She urged us to plan a room for the people who live in it and to think of their habits as you arrange or rearrange your furniture.
It certainly does something for a girl's morale—when she looks her very nicest!

And Norma feels that a clear and soft complexion is extra important to every girl's good looks. "I always use Pond's Cold Cream to cleanse my skin thoroughly without drying it," she says. "It's a wonderful softener, too."

You, too, will find this simple Pond's beauty care a magic treatment. Use it every night (and morning). This way:

**Hot Stimulation**—a quick hot water splash.

**Cream Cleanse**—swirl Pond's Cold Cream over face to soften dirt and make-up, sweep them from pore openings. Tissue off.

**Cream Rinse**—more Pond's now, to rinse off last traces of dirt, leave skin immaculate. Tissue off.

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

Isn't it lovely—how super-clean your face feels! How soft and glowing it looks!

It's not vanity to help your face look lovely. You owe it to others—and yourself. When you look your best, a happy confidence radiates from the real you within, attracts other people to you on sight.

Get a big jar of fluffy Pond's Cold Cream today and start now to help your face show a lovelier you.
Ben Grauer’s adventures with a microphone have taken him through two decades of action-packed announcing.

Dear Mr. Grauer:
You talk too much on the air.
Very truly yours,
Mrs. P.A.R.
Depue, Ill.
P.S. Don’t bother to answer this letter. Just shut up.

This is a most appreciative little note is another Ben Grauer favor- ite fan letter. Possibly he values it because it is one of the few dis- cordant notes in a career that has won more honors and been more records than any other in his particular field. Some unknown mathematical wizard has figured that Ben’s voice has come over the air on more than 70,000 oc- casions and that at an average, con- servative Nielsen rating of 10 (which means that an estimated ten million persons have heard him on each of these occasions), individual listeners have heard the Grauer voice seven hundred billion times. To get that conclusion, just multiply seventy thousand airings by ten million people on each airing. What all these figures boil down to is this: Ben Grauer is the most-often- heard man in history.

In his twenty years’ partnership with a microphone, Ben has covered every- thing from the Easter Parade to U.N. meetings. He’s reported thesandhogs working on the Lincoln Tunnel and a white tie opening at the Metropolitan Opera. He flew with the airlift and reported it from Berlin. He interviewed the first survivor of the Morro Castle disaster and was the only radio reporter in Israel when Bernadette was assassinated. He gave away the first dollar on Pot O’ Gold and spent six- teen consecutive hours reporting the Truman-Dewey presidential results in 1948. He’s emceed a beauty contest for the opening of the Bock Beer Season and was the first to cover the broadcast of an orchestra from a plane in flight. He’s been at every pres- dential inauguration since 1933 and every U.N. meeting since San Francisco. His best broadcast? He considers it to be the one he did of Eisenhower’s tri- umphal return in 1945.

One of Ben’s first shows twenty years ago almost proved his undoing. Carrie Chapman Catt, the suffragette, was a guest speaker. Mrs. Catt spoke rapidly and finished with twenty seconds to spare. The fledgling announcer, confused said, “Mrs. Catt, we are deepfully gratly to you!” Another fluff he recalls occurred while reporting an Easter Day Parade. He spied Lucius Boomer, who was then president of the Waldorf Astoria Hotel, strolling down Fifth Avenue, and commented, “There goes one of New York’s beloved citizens—Mr. Lucius Bloomer.”

Ben was born on Staten Island, New York, on June 2, 1908 which entitles him to membership in the category of species which has been classified as “that rare bird, the native New Yorker.” It also makes him inordinately young for so varied and lengthy a career.

As a child actor in the embryonic days of the movies, he appeared in D. W. Griffith’s “The Idol Dancer,” and as George Bassett in an early version of “Penrod.” At the College of the City of New York, Ben majored in English, edited the literary journal and nearly flunked public speaking. But when he graduated in 1930 with a B.S.S., he had won a prize for exem- poraneous speaking.

It was in the fall of 1930 that he first walked into the studios at NBC. He went for a dramatic audition but came out with an announcer’s contract. Early in his new career, he lined up with announcers to audition for a pro- gram sponsored by a bologna company. Each was to be given the same com- mercial to read. Ben was first and read it, pronouncing the product “ba- loney.” The program director, after the reading, said in horrified tones to Grauer, “I should have told you we pronounce it ba- low-na.” Ben was crestfallen at having muffed the oppor- tunity. The rest of the announcers read the script giving the product the corrected pronunciation. When all the auditions were finished, the sponsor pointed to Grauer and beamed, “I’ll take the man who says it like I make it.”
"My beauty care does wonders for the skin"

Joan Fontaine says: "Here's a simple beauty care that really works. I smooth on Lux Soap’s rich lather and work it well into my skin. Active lather cleanses gently, but so thoroughly. I rinse with warm water—finish with a quick cold rinse. Already my skin feels softer—smoother. Yes, this daily active lather care gives million-dollar complexions protection they need. Then I pat very gently with a soft towel to dry. Now skin looks so radiantly fresh!" Try this care screen stars use and be delighted with the quick new beauty Lux Soap gives your skin!
"Such a Good Person!"

(Continued from page 33)

"I must go now," I said, moving toward the door.

Gertrude moved with me.

"This is for you, darling," she said, slipping one of the gaily wrapped packages under my arm. "You picked it out all by yourself."

I remember that I couldn't speak for the moment. There was a dry feeling in my mouth. Then I wet my lips, thanked her and said goodnight, feeling that I ought to. I felt certain that Santa Claus was a plump and jolly person named Gertrude Berg. And through the years I have become more and more convinced of her unusual relations with the North Pole. Even my becoming Gertrude's secretary stemmed out of her great consideration for others.

A story long after The Rise of the Goldbergs started on the air, fan mail began to arrive in floods. Gertrude was overwhelmed. She wanted to answer every single letter, including the note from an old lady that I house, caring for the children and writing the weekly half-hour script, she could find no time for the letters.

At that time a friend of mine, Alice, who owned a small hotel down the street, and sometimes allowed her to put on one-girl shows for the hotel guests.

Naturally, I didn't learn everything at that time. Always, I asked Gertrude's husband, but most of her childhood was spent in the Delaware County mountains where her parents and grandparents owned a small hotel. They encouraged her to dance and recite. Sometimes allowed her to put on one-girl shows for the hotel guests.

But the most generous woman I've ever known. When we had finished our sodas and chatted for an hour or so, Mrs. Berg asked me if I would like to go Christmas shopping. I hadn't finished my own that year so I was happy to go along with her.

And out of the beguilingly decorated shops on Fifth Avenue. As I watched the exquisite and expensive gifts Mrs. Berg bought, I wondered if she had told me the truth about her limited means—she received only seventy-five dollars a week for the program—and her simple way of living. It didn't make sense to me that she had told me the truth about her limited means. She must have wanted to keep me in the dark. She said she must admit that when she asked me to go home with her and help her wrap the gifts, I accepted as much out of curiosity as from a genuine desire to help my new found friend.

The Berg apartment was six neat rooms on Riverside Drive and 99th Street. I remember that there were butcher linen curtains, lovely antiques and an aura of general good taste. The whole effect was just the way Gertrude had described it—simple, but nice.

Mrs. Berg's younger brother, John, is a chemical engineer. Knowing that his wife's great vitality had to have a broader outlet than a six-room apartment, he had blessed her scriptwriting efforts.

That day in 1929 I also met the Berg children—Harriet, who was still in a high chair, and Cheery, who was in kindergarten. The children when Gertrude was at the studio. I could tell that it was a happy home. The vibrancy and affection which Molly brings to Rosalie and Jake and Sammy, Gertrude brought—still brings to Lewis and Harriet and Cheery. Like Molly, she has a warmth kindles in other people's lives, too. She made me tell her about myself and my son. All this time we were wrapping her Christmas packages. At twilight, I literally had to tear myself away.

At the end of the week Gertrude insisted that I accept payment for my work. Maybe you know from watching the program, that you can't argue with Molly when her mind is made up. Gertrude is a born salesperson and writer, and Gertrude became a job lasting these past twenty-one years.

The popularity of the Goldbergs continued and I'll never forget the day I was with Gertrude at the studios when a man representing Pepsodent toothpaste introduced himself. He offered her a commercial sponsor and asked her if she would write six fifteen-minute programs a week.

"How can I write six programs a week?" my boss asked, frightened at the prospect of turning out so many scripts.

"We're willing to pay you $2,000 a week, Mrs. Berg," the man said.

But it was the voice of Molly which replied.

"So who can't write six scripts a week?" she said, dismissing the light crack. It was a deal. Within a few months, the Goldbergs was one of the top programs on the air. Fan mail trips. Every actress in New York wanted to appear on the show. Other sponsors and advertising agencies made overtures to Gertrude. Did the sudden comedy boom have anything to do with it? Not at all. She was the same jovial, kind hearted human being I'd become devoted to one day in November not quite two years before.

The only changes were those wrought by an increased income. The Berg family moved to a duplex apartment on Central Park West. There was more fine furniture, but the same good taste prevailed.

Even I moved to a nicer apartment. I could afford it, too. My duties by then were no longer concentrated on fan mail. We had another girl for that job. I became casting director, executive secretary and all around trouble shooter for the program.

Gertrude, of course, had to work a great deal harder than before. There was a vast difference between turning out a week and six fifteen-minute ones. That schedule did not vary until recently. Now Gertrude writes only a half-hour program each week for television. But the amount of work did not change to the six days of the radio schedule. Perhaps it's even harder for her, because the stories must be planned for sight as well as for sound.

This means at six o'clock each morning in a Park Avenue apartment. There Gertrude Berg seats herself at a small card table and breathes life into Molly Goldberg of Tremont Avenue. Then she and Molly, before the two individuals merge into one, facing similar problems and solving them together. Molly's crises are genuine, but her gentle criticism of what's wrong with the world and her sometimes unorthodox ways of solving problems are always entertaining.

There was the time, for instance, when she bought two new white and gold sofas for her and the neighbors' children were cast as the Seven Dwarfs in a community play. The neighbors rebelled at the expense, and Molly offered to sell tickets for the play. Molly hit on the idea of making seven Snow Whites and only one dwarf. The show went on.

Then there was the time Molly forced Jake into a hobby. Art seemed to be a proper one for a middle-aged businessman, but Jake took it so seriously that he began posing and dressing like a Parisian artist. He eventually abandoned it but not before Molly herself learned that it's sometimes a good idea to be well enough alone.

Gertrude's own touch doesn't differ much from Molly's. I remember the time her young niece, the bride of a college student, was about to start a new chapter in her life. studio. Unknown to the couple, Gertrude found a lovely three-room apartment and had it furnished from a Fifth Avenue store. Then she sent them to see it.

"This is a better way to start out in life," she announced to the wide-eyed bride and groom.

Whoever called her attention to the plight of an old couple in New Jersey. Their house had been condemned and they had no place to go. Bristling with anger and energy, Gertrude went out and found an apartment
"I can fairly see the dirt walk off by itself!"

writes Mrs. Robert J. Burns of New Brunswick, N. J.

Thank you, Mrs. Burns, for this quotable quote. Like any woman who washes for a big family, you’ve been tempted to try other laundry products. And like these other women, you have found no substitute for Fels-Naptha.

Fels-Naptha’s mild golden soap and gentle, active napthas plus the new “sunshine” ingredients make white clothes whiter and colored fabrics brighter. May you and all Fels-Naptha’s friends live long and prosper—and may Fels-Naptha always make your washdays lighter and shorter.

Always use Improved Fels-Naptha—
the only laundry product that gives you—
1. Mild, golden soap.
2. Gentle, active naptha.
3. Finer “sunshine” ingredients for extra, brilliant whiteness and clearer, brighter colors.

Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES “TATTLE-TALE GRAY”
Mary Healy has the kind of beauty you don't forget. You study her and wonder what it is that makes her so wonderful to look at. Is it those beautiful eyes? Is it her contagious smile? Or is it her shining hair clipped to perfection? Which of these assets makes her so very attractive?

If you ask comedian Peter Lind Hayes about this, he gives you a sly wink and says: "Sure, she's beautiful. And, it's love that does it. She's married to a wonderful guy!" He's right, of course. She's happily married to him.

You can get a good look at this husband and wife team on their NBC television show. Mary is radiant whether she's laughing at the comic antics of Peter or singing a hit song for you. How does she manage to be so well groomed when she plays the dual role of housewife and mother to two-year-old Michael Hayes plus being a successful singing-actress?

"I have a system," claims Mary. "I learned no girl can be completely poised unless she knows she looks her best. Then she can relax and be herself. There are many obvious ways of self-grooming, but most important is neatness. Never allow yourself to become so busy that you haven't time to shampoo your hair. Don't wait because you think no one will notice. They will.

"Then there's the matter of your manicure. Chipped nails tell the world that you are a sloppy person. No excuses, now! You could have repaired them last night.

"When I won the Miss New Orleans beauty contest, it helped to launch me as a vocalist with a band which meant that I had to practically live out of a suitcase. My beauty routine became streamlined—I attended to the important things and learned to make moments count. With that training, I find it easy to be on our show and make other appearances. Yet, I still run my household and find time to bring up my son. So, get a hustle on, you can have a system, too!"
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THE CONTESTANT

Just for the laughs, emcee Jay C. Flippen of the CBS quiz show, Earn Your Vacation, portrays some of the contestants who have appeared on the other side of his microphone. Earn Your Vacation, which is heard at 4:00 P.M. EST, Sun. on CBS, has sent winners to all parts of the world with expenses paid.

The Sad Sack: This man is sure that someone is about to take advantage of him, even though the producer allows wrong answers providing they don't come twice in succession.

The Haughty Matron: This gal defies anyone to make fun of her. All she wants is to answer four questions in a row correctly, collect the travel ticket, money—and get going!

Wise Guy: This man knows all the answers or wants the audience to think so. If he misses it won't be his fault. I'll be just because some fool thought up a stupid question.

The Winnah: This happy gal has answered four consecutive questions. She may have given a wrong answer but never two in a row. Whatever destination she chose—she's on the way!

“I'm Just A Housewife”: She's shy as a violet but don't let the timid approach fool you. This is the type of contestant who wins those fabulous trips to Europe and South America.

The Surprise Guest: Just who can it be? He's ready to argue with anybody. He doesn't mind how much the audience laughs—just so he is the one who cracks the jokes.

The Frocks: This guy seems to be a favorite with the audience. He has a wonderful answer for anything—EVERYTHING absolutely free!
My Boss, Don McNeill
(Continued from page 53)

Famous Nudes

Which type is your baby?

The Vamp . . . very vain and no wonder. Mennen Baby Oil is her beauty secret. It keeps skin softer, smoother, sweeter, cleaner. Saves money, too!

After-Dinner Speaker . . . English translation: "Feel how silky Mennen Baby Oil makes me!" Gives petal-soft protection against diaper rash, many other skin irritations.

The Acrobat . . . the head-to-toe happy type. Gets Mennen Baby Oil (with gentle Lanolin) smooth-down after each bath, with each diaper change!

Tough Guy . . . demands not only comfort, but entertainment! Gets both with Mennen Baby Powder. (1) Finest, softest powder made, with that rosebud scent everyone loves! (2) Gay Built-in Rattle makes powder time play time. (3) Entertaining Mother Goose pictures on can.

Every baby is the right type for Mennen.

Happy babies get both—every day!
"I've really got to reduce!"—how many times have you promised yourself that and then kept putting it off. Delay no longer—let Sylvia of Hollywood tell you how to reduce The Common Sense Way. There is no magic at all about The Common Sense Way to a beautiful figure. But if you follow the suggestions Sylvia of Hollywood has for you in her book No More Alibis you may, perhaps, challenge the beauty of the loveliest movie star!

Sylvia of Hollywood Names Names

Sylvia of Hollywood has reduced scores of famous stage and screen stars—successfully. In this book Sylvia tells how she helped many of Hollywood's brightest stars with their figure problems. She names names—tells you how she developed this star's waistline—how she helped another star to achieve a beautiful youthful figure. Perhaps your own figure problems are identical to those of your favorite screen star.

New Edition Now Ready

A brand new edition of Sylvia's famous book, No More Alibis, is now ready for you. This edition contains all the text matter of the original book, plus the greatest part of her splendid book, Personality Development, entitled Pull Yourself Together, Baby. Now get Sylvia's secrets of charm as well as beauty! The price of this new edition is only $1 postpaid. Order today while supply is still available.

Partial Contents—New Edition

Too Much Hips, Reducing Abdomen, Reducing the Breasts, Firming the Breasts, Fat Fuddy Arms, Slenderizing the Legs and Ankles, Correcting Bow-Legs, Slimming the Thighs and Upper Legs, Reducing Fat on the Back, Squeezing Off Fat, Enlarge Your Chest, Develop Your Legs—Off with that Double Chin! Slenderizing the Face and Jowls, Refining Your Nose, Advice For The Adolescent—the Woman Past Forty—the Personality Figure, Glamor Is Glandular, This Thing Called Love, Cure—For—The—Blues Department, Take a Chance!

each have some little story about how she takes us into her heart and helps out when we need it most.

My time of need came recently when my brother-in-law died of polio. He was ill only four days. The shock struck his two-year-old Kathy the hardest. Poor little tyke, she sensed something terrible had happened, and she wouldn't leave her crib.

My worry about the baby, the pressure of arrangements, and our own grief, my sister and I were frantic, and our mother was becoming ill. And there was a Memorial Mass in Church.

The day of the funeral she arrived at my sister's house, went right to Kathy, murmuring "The little darlin'," Kathy, who had not let anyone touch her, held out her arms and cuddled down on Kay's shoulder. Kay bundled Kathy, my mother and the two older children Peggy, eight, and Terry, five—into the car and took them to her home.

She had gifts and games for the kids and rest and consolation for mother. By evening, the crisis of their grief was past. When they returned, the children were quiet and my mother looked ten years younger.

With such understanding to depend upon, it's easy for Kay and me to become partners in arranging Don's schedule. He is fully separated at this time from his public life from his private life.

Social engagements and business appointments must be fitted together. Particularly when the show goes on tour, Kay must know the plans so that, among other things, Don will take along the proper wardrobe. Our telephone conversations will run like this:

I'll say, "Probably Don will want to wear that checked sports coat to the broadcast and change to his light blue suit for the civic luncheon. There'll be pictures and you'll want to be better for pictures than the dark suit."

Kay will answer, "Oh, my goodness, I'd better send it to the cleaners. We have to keep Himself looking handsome."

The need for the two of us to take care of such details points up the changes since I first came to Breakfast Club. Originally, Don and I could manage alone. Then, as demands on Don's time became heavier, Jim Bennett came in to help with business arrangements, and Fred Montiegel to handle the year book and public relations.

Naturally, we needed more stenographers and secretaries, too, but the increase so without special help. When Fall, when Don McNeill's TV Club went on the air. Eventually a producer joined the staff, writers came in, other assistants have been added until the office is crowded. While we still maintain our happy-family attitude, we recognize that what started out as one man at a microphone has become a big business.

The variety of my own work makes me wonder now why I ever dallied with the thought of becoming an actress. My day starts at 5:30 A.M. when my alarm clock rings a duet. One is near my bed and the other on a dresser—so that I have to get up to shut it off. (All of us live in fear of oversleeping.) I dash to my kitchenette to put on the coffee, and by the time it's perked, I'm dressed. Sam or Cliff picks me up at 6:15, we stop at the office to get late messages, show continuity, Don's personal notebook and the commercials, then rush to ABC's Civic Theater. By 7:30, I have sorted the audience interview cards and given the best to Don for his final selection. During the show I'll either make notes on outstanding interviews or sit in for Lou Perkins, the assistant producer, whenever he leaves the control room.

Returning to the Merchandise Mart, I'll have breakfast with Jim Bennett and Fred Montiegel at the M and M Club. Sometimes Don joins us, but generally he eats a bowl of Kis and drinks a cup of tea at his desk.

Back in the office, I sort Don's personal mail, answer letters at his dictation and do the detail work of handling his financial affairs. I'll also keep him on schedule for meetings with sponsors, advertising agencies and staff. Now that television rehearsals are added, it's difficult to find enough hours in the day. I try also to plot so he has a little time to himself for rest and relaxation.

My working day ends somewhere between 3 P.M. and 10 P.M. Needless to say, dates must be restricted to week ends, and sometimes even then, work interferes. Much as I love to dance, play golf, go hiking or fix a company dinner, the demands of Breakfast Club come first.

Why, now that the glamour point is long past, do I continue to love it? I find my answer in letters from you listeners. One of my jobs is to select the poems used on Breakfast Club, and when day after day, I read intimate, personal accounts of what a poem or Prayer Time has meant to people hundreds of miles distant, 'It is reward enough. I feel, and Don and all the staff members feel, that if we can bring a smile, a comfort or help to so many listeners, we have found useful work to do in this world.
25 QUIZ QUESTIONS that WON a FORTUNE

(Continued from page 35)

These are the fortune-winning answers:

1. There is no definite age requirement for members of the Supreme Court.
2. The peninsula of Athos is womanless.
3. Tele is a word element meaning "distant," especially transmission over a distance.
4. "Summer Holiday" was adapted from "Ah, Wilderness!".
5. The name of the superfast was "The Lucky Lady."
6. The writer is Samuel Hopkins Adams.
7. The author is Oliver Wendell Holmes.
8. The name is March.
9. The baseball star is George Kelly.
10. The picture was "Dance, Fools, Dance."
11. The stars were Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland.
12. Lake Maracaibo is in Venezuela.
14. She is (Mary) Margaret Truman.
15. He is Adam.
16. (a) false; (b) true; (c) false; (d) true; (e) true.
17. The author was Abraham Lincoln.
18. The author was Harace Greeley.
19. (a) true; (b) true; (c) false; (d) true; (e) true.
20. Lyricism, eroticism, mysticism, animism and cannibalism.
21. A new-born kangaroo is smaller than a mouse.
22. Answer, "Tarzan."
(Note: John Reed King’s answer was "Bulldog Drummond" series, with nine different actors. The woman contestent believed the "Tarzan" series had ten actors. A further check proved she was right, but that the "Bulldog Drummond" series actually had eleven different actors. However, the contestant was awarded the prize.)
24. The word is "matriculate."
25. St. Louis, St. Edward, St. Michael, St. Augustine and St. Charles.

HAS YOUR MOTHER TOLD YOU THESE Intimate Physical Facts?

JUST THINK, MOM, I'LL BE AN OLD MARRIED WOMAN THREE WEEKS FROM NOW.

YES, AND I WANT TO TELL YOU ABOUT MARRIAGE HYGIENE. ABOUT A WOMANLY OFFENSE GRAVIER THAN BAD BREATH OR BODY ODOR.

No other type liquid antiseptic-germicide tested for the douche is SO POWERFUL yet SAFE to tissues...

Before your daughter marries, she has every right to know how important it is to put ZONITE in her fountain syringe for hygiene (internal cleanliness), her health, charm, after her periods, for marriage happiness. She should know how very important it is to combat an odor which is even graver than bad breath or body odor—-an odor she may not even detect.

And isn't it wonderful to be able to assure your daughter that no other type liquid antiseptic-germicide tested for the douche is SO POWERFUL yet SAFE to tissues as modern ZONITE. (If you have the slightest doubt about this—send for proof in free booklet below.)

A Modern Miracle
Modern women no longer have to use dangerous products, overstrong solutions of which may gradually cause serious damage. Nor will they want to rely on weak, homemade solutions—none of which have ZONITE's great deodorizing and germicidal action.

Developed by a world-famous surgeon and scientist—the ZONITE principle was the first in the world that was powerful enough yet positively non-irritating, non-poisonous. You can use ZONITE as directed as often as you wish without the slightest risk of injury.

Gives BOTH Internal and External Hygienic Protection
ZONITE actually dissolves and removes odor-causing waste substances. It gives external protection from odor, too! ZONITE helps guard against infection and kills every germ it touches. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract, but you can be sure ZONITE immediately kills every reachable germ and keeps germs from multiplying. Buy zonite today!

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Zonite FOR NEWER feminine hygiene

*Offer good only in the U. S.
Have You Seen?

JOAN LANSING

While everyone's busy making New Year resolutions, let's settle down for a look at a new "point of view" you'll have no trouble keeping up with all year long.

What's this peerless "point of view"? Just turn your television dial to your local American Broadcasting Company channel and view what's new in program line. Great, eh? You bet it is, because the greatest names in entertainment are right there to give you hours and hours of pleasure.

For the kids, your local ABC television channel comes up with zippy programs such as SUPER CIRCUS with ringmaster CLAUDE KIRCHNER, lovely MARY HARTLINE, the CIRCUS BAND and many colorful CLOWNS. . . . DICK TRACY is in with thrilling episodes; BUCK ROGERS and his daring exploits are here, too . . . as well as the swell ACROBAT RANCH show with "UNCLE JIM" and the dog-gonnest program of all, cheerful CHESTER THE PUP.

For the "grown-ups," the ABC television "point of view" features high-light shows such as THE PAUL WHITEMAN GOODYEAR REVUE, with EARL WRIGHT and fabulous guest stars . . . SHOWTIME . . . USA, featuring the theatre's most famous performers . . . HOLLYWOOD SCREEN TEST with NEIL HAMILTON and starting-stars and starlets . . . THE COLLEGE BOWL, a musical comedy series starring the irrepressible CHICO MARX and Company . . . BEULAH, starring ETHEL WALTERS in comic situations . . . THE BILLY ROSE SHOW, offering punch-packed programs of Broadway life . . . CAN YOU TOP THIS . . . LIFE BEGINS AT 80, eucned by JACK BARRY . . . the rousing ROLLER DERBY . . . JOHN REED KING's gay CHANCE OF A LIFETIME . . . the favorite FIRST NIGHTER program . . . DON McNEILL'S TV CLUB with the whole gang . . . STOP THE MUSIC with bouncy BERT PARKS . . . DON AMECHÉ welcoming you to HOLIDAY HOTEL . . . BLIND DATE, festively fêmed by ARLENE FRANCIS and TIMES SQUARE . . . the grand LIFE WITH LINKLETTER . . . the highly-scored PULITZER PRIZE play THE HOUSE OF THE STUR EHERWIN show, "THE TROUBLE WITH FATHER" . . . and many exciting others that give you a choice "point of view." Be sure to check your newspapers' TV logs for exact time and day.

By JOAN DAVIS

AFTER carefully reading and considering all the wise and interesting solutions which readers sent in answer to Mrs. D. C., who asked whether she should follow her Army husband to another post or remain in her present home so her teen-age daughter could have the company of her friends, I feel that Mrs. James B. Christopher, of Pacific Grove, California, offered the soundest advice. Ramo Magazine, for instance, says that thousands of dollars has been sent to Mrs. Christopher.

Now, here are other problem letters I've received, and my answers to them:

Dear Joan Davis:

I have the following problem:

My husband and I have been married over two years. We have a baby girl. I am twenty-one and my husband is twenty-eight. He is a good husband and father. I would like some more children but my husband does not want any more. Everytime I mention another baby he says no more for me. What can I do? Or what should I do? I do not like to bring up one child alone. Our daughter is fifteen months old already. I don't know whether his being twenty-eight years old has something to do about his not wanting anymore children or what. Could you help me solve my problem?

Mrs. E. S.

Dear Mrs. E. S.:

I think that perhaps you are over stressing the necessity for haste in raising your family. After all, you're very young—and so is your husband, although his twenty-eight years seem a large number to you. I thought of a person that an only child is often a lonely child, can become a child who finds it more difficult to adjust to the world in later life than one who has had to share with brothers and sisters. On the other hand, I do feel that it's unfair to bring children into the world when one is not able to provide adequately for them. Perhaps your husband would prefer to wait a little, to be sure he can give his children the security he wants to give them, before adding to the family. Inasmuch as your one child is only fifteen months old, I do think that you shouldn't feel the matter is a pressing one—let your baby enjoy her babyhood before another one comes along.

Dear Miss Davis:

My husband is kind in every other respect but he is jealous. If a salesman comes to the door and I buy anything from him it's not the salesman's fault, nor how much I paid for it—the fact is that I've spoken to another man, and for hours, sometimes days, my husband maintains absolute silence.

Whenever I am invited out to a party my husband will not go, nor will he give me permission to attend. Occasionally I feel that I should take part in some gathering; but having to go alone completely spoils the occasion for me. When we do go anywhere together I am uneasy because I know that my every move will be watched. If I make the slightest friendly remark or even smile at anyone of the opposite sex, it ends up in having the most devastating accusations hurled at me; and I am charged with wanting to do things which actually never even entered my mind. These are not healthy surroundings in which to rear children.

Why do I stick? For the sake of the children, and the hope that if I continue to do my best he will someday realize that all the sunshine in the world for me is right here with my husband and family. Am I right or wrong?

A. L.

Dear A. L.:

I think that you need advice of a kind other than what I can give you. Jealousy—at least so deep-rooted and unreasonable a sort as that which you describe in your husband—is a disease. Your husband needs the advice of a person trained in mental and emotional disturbances—a doctor, psychiatrist, family counselor, or someone of the sort. Ask your family doctor for advice; or perhaps your minister can suggest the proper person to go to. Or there may be a family counseling service in your town. This is not a personal or medical problem, and thus one on which I'm not competent to advise you.

Dear Joan:

Where can I find the self-control and will power to hide my dismay when company comes over and I still have the cows to milk, supper to get, the children to wash and put to bed, to say nothing of dishes.

When A Girl Marries is heard M-F at 5 P.M. EST
and cleaning up afterward? Friends criticize me for getting firm with the children, making them go to bed regardless of visitors. Folks come often, especially on nights when we warm our Finnish bathhouse or "sauna." Is it wrong of me to lead them into the living room, and go on with my work? I really love my work, but once someone comes, I'm all thumbs, and the men rush me with supper, and the children seem to sense this and go on a rampage. I try to be hospitable, and once my work is done I really enjoy people. However, until then, I am nervous and strained and have been accused of being unfriendly. What can I do?

Mrs. A. T.

Dear Mrs. A. T.,

It sounds to me as if you're more in need of assistance than self-control and will power! I see nothing wrong in being firm with the children—pleasantly firm—and sending them to bed at their regular hour. As for your work, surely these people who come to see you know that certain things must be done at certain times? Why not let the men congregate in one place with your husband, while you invite the ladies into the kitchen? Say something pleasant about wanting to chat, but having to go on with your work. They'll probably not only come to the kitchen and talk to you but will pitch in and help. On the other hand, when you specifically invite company for a certain time, you should set an hour when you know that you'll be able to have (Continued on page 101)

Each month Joan Davis will answer your questions on any problem concerning marriage, except questions of health or law. No letters will be answered personally, but Joan Davis will choose the most interesting ones, the ones with the most universal appeal, for answering in these columns. To the writer of each letter so answered

RADIO MIRROR will pay $5.00

Choice of letters will be entirely in the hands of Joan Davis and the editors of Radio Mirror; no letters can be returned nor can correspondence be entered into concerning them. Address Joan Davis, Radio Mirror Magazine, 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

NEW IMPROVED NORFORMS

VAGINAL SUPPOSITORIES
FOR MARRIAGE HYGIENE

1. DEODORANT (Protection from odor)

Norforms were tested in a hospital clinic and found to be more effective than anything it had ever used. Norforms are powerfully deodorant—they eliminate (rather than cover up) unpleasant or embarrassing odors, and yet they have no "medicine" or "disinfectant" odor themselves.

2. ANTISEPTIC (Protection from germs)

Norforms are now safer and surer than ever! A highly perfected new formula actually combats germs right in the vaginal tract. The exclusive new base melts at body temperature, forming a powerful, protective film that permits effective and long-lasting action. Will not harm delicate tissues.

3. CONVENIENT (So easy to use)

Norforms are small vaginal suppositories that are so easy and convenient to use. Just insert—no apparatus, no mixing or measuring. They're greaseless and they keep in any climate. At all druggists.

FREE informative Norforms booklet

Just mail this coupon to: Dept. RT-2
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Please send me the new Norforms booklet, in a plain envelope.

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Offer!

1. Help red, rough "Housework Hands" look softer, smoother, whiter!

2. Bring quick, soothing relief to raw, sore, chapped skin!

3. Help heal tiny surface cuts and cracks!

4. Important! Supply a soothing, protective film of oil-and-moisture to the outer surface of the skin!

5. And—it's a dainty greaseless cream!

Money-Back Offer! Try soothing, medicated Nanozyma on your hands tonight. If you don't see definite improvement in 24 hours—return your jar to Nanozyma, Baltimore, Md.—and you'll get your money back.

How to Win!

(Continued from page 29)

Perhaps you remember Willie Smith, raised in a North Carolina orphanage. His only teacher was the flickering image of Bill Robinson in the cinema. But when Willie's young buddies told him he was ready, Willie hitchhiked to New York for an audition and he was sensational. And there were and are others, hundreds of whom reached the ladder of success without professional coaching or encouragement.

So when you know from your teacher or your friends—or in your heart that the time has arrived, let us audition you. We are friends and want to help.

Can anyone audition?

Not everyone. You must be an amateur. The fact that you have given public performances does not in itself disqualify you. But if you have received payments and earned your livelihood in whole from professional entertainment, then you are no longer an amateur.

Then, too, New York state laws prohibit us from presenting children under the age of seven and acrobats under sixteen years. But there are no other restrictions and no ceiling on age. The late Major Bowes once said, "An entertainer is never too late and never too old for show business."

We have many noted examples of older people who have appeared on the Original Amateur Hour and their personal reasons are quite different from those of the youngsters. There was Huey Kong, who sang with a unit several years, long enough to save enough money to open his own restaurant. Herbert Urbach auditioned at the age of forty-five, after his career as an Indianapolis speed driver had ended when he lost a leg in an accident. Surprisingly, he had worked up a routine as a dancer and was so good he began a new career as an entertainer. So as long as you're an amateur and not too young, you are welcome to audition.

What numbers should I perform?

We want you to bring along your entire repertoire. If you're a singer, we would like to hear a fair representation of the songs you do best. Perhaps, like some aspirants, you have prepared a hit novelty song when you really favor old-time ballads. If you are prepared to sing several different kinds of numbers, we will promptly decide what is best for you. It is possible that a singer will want to do on aria, a show tune, or an operatic excerpt or a love song. The same holds true for dancers or any other entertainer with different acts. You could prepare a ballet, or whatever else you have studied. Instrumentalists may wish to perform a bit of jazz, classical music and novelty music. Be prepared to demonstrate the full range of your talents for we may surprise you and decide that what you consider a lesser number is actually your best.

How long should my act be?

As long as you have something to show, we'll watch and listen. But each of your songs, dances, or what-have-you should not be over two minutes in length although your complete repertoire may total as much as fifteen minutes. We will be able to make preliminary judgment in a few minutes. Con-
centrate your best into a few minutes of work. It is unlikely that you will perform much longer anyway.

Should I bring my own music and accompanist?

You should certainly bring your own music whether you are singing, dancing or turning cartwheels. And your music should be marked for special changes in tempo, breaks, etc. You can bring your own accompanist, if you wish. However, we have an excellent pianist who will play anything from beebop to Brahms. He improvises and transposes at sight, and will co-operate fully.

How do I make an appointment for an audition?

You may write or call for an appointment. The mail address is The Original Amateur Hour, P. O. Box 191, Radio City, N. Y. Our telephone number is Murray Hill 7-7979.

We audition for radio and television broadcasts six days a week, on three afternoons and three evenings, in New York. But we do not encourage anyone to travel long distances to Manhattan because of the expense involved. If you are going to be in the city on a business trip or vacation, we will make a special date for you. And we'll make special arrangements for anyone whose job or school requires peculiar hours. We're at your service.

And if you do live in a distant part of the country, keep in mind that each week we salute a different city in all parts of the country. About a month before that city is scheduled, we audition in that area. You can make an appointment to try out in your own area by writing us or the local station that airs the Original Amateur Hour.

Mr. Mack, my child has a great deal of talent but is very nervous about making an audition. What would you advise?

This is a subject that could be treated by the volume, but is of such importance to those who wish to advance in their field, that I will mention it here. One mother, for example, brought a little boy in to sing. It was obvious that the boy was nervous but his voice was not good and showed no promise. This was politely explained to the mother. She left, but in a few minutes a note came back.

"Johnny had a pain in his stomach," she wrote. "Will you give him another chance?"

We did immediately. The boy was even more tense and his voice no better. We had to dismiss him again. In ten minutes his mother sent back another note.

"I got something for Johnny's stomach and he is really well now," the note read. "Will you please hear him again?" Johnny came back to the audition. He didn't sing. He broke down in tears. He wasn't suffering from stomachache as much as heartache. His mother was putting him into the audition in order to have him go through which he had no talent and no liking.

I strongly believe a child should never be forced to practice or take lessons unless the youngster enjoys himself. But if the child does enjoy it, fine. Anna Petronelle's mother, for example first heard from neighbors that her daughter was entertaining children at the Saturday matinee before the movie started. The child had a natural feeling for pantomime. Mrs. Petronelle, after being encouraged by her friends, brought Anna to our audition. Anna was so good that she traveled with one of our units and is now studying at a drama school.

But, Mr. Mack, you don't mean the average child won't be nervous at the audition even if she has talent?

No, I didn't mean that. And we have some advice on this subject that comes from fifteen years of experience with children. We have found, with very few exceptions, that youngsters give a better performance when their parents wait outside. You see, we overlook mistakes. But no matter how patient and kind the parents, the child knows his parents will be satisfied with nothing less than perfection.

How do I dress for the audition?

Too often amateurs, adults or children, are overdressed. They wear evening attire or special costumes, and are generally in clothes too sophisticated. Actually, we prefer to see you in simple street clothes. Come as you are. We are looking for talent, not the best-dressed woman of the year.

If I fail an audition, may I come back again?

The answer is definitely yes. When you have polished up your performance, taken further training, come back. We have many cases of people who succeed on their third—or even sixth—try.

What particular kind of act or performance are you looking for?

This is a particularly good question, easy but important to answer. Each week we hear many good singers who are not prepared. Frankie Laine, Billy Eckstine, Peggy Lee, or other highly-stylized entertainers, or a jazz clarinetist may play classical music. However, a clarinetist perform serious music on the program. A violinist may play a sentimental gypsy tune when his heart is in work that demonstrates his virtuosity. It is that sense of balance that pleases us with imitations of big name artists or what has been heard before.

Of course, originality is best—still if your impersonations are good, they will stand out in the crowd. You can only do your best when you are doing what you like best. We have no restrictions as to types of acts or music. We've heard Peggy Lee and Robert Merrill started on the Original Amateur Hour and are now in opera. We've heard that Josephine Baker and Robert Merrill started on the Original Amateur Hour and are now in opera. We've heard that Joe Louis and Frank Sinatra are only ten of our amateurs who are famous from the field of popular music. And there are others with diverse talents: Vera-Ellen, Paul Winchell.

Originality must always be striven for, but in show business, whether you are a beginner or star, you must have patience, perseverance and courage. You must have the patience to learn, observe and study with coaches and professionals. You must have perseverance to try and try again, for success isn't easy. You must have the courage to take the bad with the good.

And remember there is always room at the top. A professional must start somewhere. You can never be an overabundance of happiness in the world. So take heart and come to the audition smiling. We are your friends as you are ours.

We are please to have you join our ranks. The hours of laughter have begun. The fun never ends at the Original Amateur Hour.
Sewing and cooking come as easily to me as singing. Mother always felt I had more talent for homemaking than the others in the family and she taught me all the things she could do so well. Here are some hints I learned from Mother, others from my own experiments in housekeeping.

TO COOK AND CARVE A LEG OF LAMB

My sister Claire and I share an apartment. Being Armenian we have a roast of lamb in the oven just about as often as other people put on a pot of coffee. Because we're so fond of lamb we're extra careful about its seasoning and cooking. I like to season a leg of lamb with salt, pepper, oregano and mint leaves—the mint I dry myself during the summer. Meat in the roaster, I cover it lightly with aluminum foil, set the oven at 350°. Foil keeps juices in. Foil comes off for the last thirty-five minutes of roasting time to allow the meat to brown, concentrated juices to collect in the bottom of the pan for rich brown gravy. When there are guests—often the boys in the band—I ask one of the men to carve. There's an art to that. First, let it stand for ten minutes on a hot platter on top of the oven—this sets the flavor, makes it lots easier to carve. Insert the fork firmly in the large end of the leg; carve two or three lengthwise slices from the near thin side. Turn roast so it rests on surface just cut; the Shank bone now points up. Insert fork at left of roast. Start at Shank and cut down to leg bone in even, parallel slices. (Continued on page 94)
DEVLIN'S FOOD CAKE
2 cups sifted cake flour
1 teaspoon baking soda
½ teaspoon salt
1½ cups sugar
2 eggs, unbeaten
3 squares (oz.) unsweetened chocolate, melted
1 cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla
Mix and sift together the sifted flour, soda and salt. Put shortening in a large bowl. Work with a spoon until soft. Add sugar gradually and work together until light and fluffy. Add eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Melt chocolate over warm water. Then add to batter and blend. Add flour mixture alternately with the milk, a small amount at a time. Stir only enough to blend after each addition. Add vanilla. Grease two 9" square layer cake pans, line with waxed paper and grease again. Pour in batter. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) 25 minutes. Frost with chocolate frosting. Makes two 9" square layers.

OLD FASHIONED CHOCOLATE FROSTING
3 squares (oz.) unsweetened chocolate
1½ cups sifted confectioner's sugar
3 tablespoons hot water
3 egg yolks
4 tablespoons butter
Melt chocolate over hot water. Remove from heat. Add sugar and water and blend. Add eggs, one at a time and beat well. Add butter a tablespoon at a time, beating well after each addition. Cool. Spread on one layer to within ⅛" of the edge. Top with second layer. Frost sides and then top. Sprinkle with coconut or chopped nuts. Makes enough to frost tops and sides of two 9" layers.

LEMON CUPCAKES
1½ cups sifted cake flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
1/3 cup shortening
2/3 cup sugar
1 egg
1/2 cup milk
1 teaspoon lemon juice
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind

LEMON BUTTER FROSTING
3/4 cup butter
1 1/4 cups sifted confectioner's sugar
1/2 teaspoon lemon juice
1 1/2 teaspoons grated lemon rind
Work butter until soft. Add sugar gradually. Work together until well blended. Add salt and rind. Stir in lemon juice a little at a time. Add just enough to give a good spreading consistency. Beat until fluffy. Makes enough to frost 1 dozen cupcakes.

EASY GOLD CAKE
2 cups sifted cake flour
2 teaspoons double acting baking powder
3/4 teaspoon salt
1 cup sugar
1/4 cup shortening
3/4 cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla
5 egg yolks, unbeaten
Mix and sift flour, baking powder, salt and sugar directly into a bowl. Add shortening, egg yolks and 1/2 of the milk. Mix until all flour is dampened. Then beat 2 minutes by the clock or 300 strokes. If using an electric mixer beat at low to medium speed for 2 minutes. Add remaining milk and beat 1 minute longer (150 strokes). Grease a loaf pan 10x3x3, line with waxed paper and grease again. Pour in batter. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) 1 hour. Makes 1 loaf cake 10x3x3.

ORANGE GLAZE
1/4 cup orange juice
1 cup sugar
1 tablespoon grated orange rind
Combine orange juice, sugar, and rind in a saucepan. Place over low heat stirring until sugar is dissolved. Increase heat and boil rapidly for about 5 minutes or till it registers 230° F. on a candy thermometer. Cool slightly and pour over cake. Makes enough orange glaze for 1 loaf cake 10x3x3.

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**FLOWER ARRANGEMENT**

Everyone who likes to entertain enjoys making the most of flowers in season to add color to their homes. I feel that the investment's small for the pleasure I get out of their beauty. Flower arrangement isn't hard nor is the equipment necessarily elaborate. First purchase should be a tall vase for long-stemmed flowers—a simple one you like a lot, because you'll use it often. Maybe you'll buy flower cutters, but kitchen scissors do just as well. A low bowl is necessary for other arrangements, and a holder. Needlepoint holders are easy to use, but a potato or a grapefruit or orange shell are fine—punch holes with an ice pick, put your flowers into the holes in any arrangement that suits your fancy, put in water, and there's a centerpiece.

**SOME POINTERS ON PRESSING**

I sit down to my portable sewing machine the way that some people sit down with a good book—just to relax. In our place, there's always a dress on the pressing board in some state of completion. Because I'm particularly fond of velvet—I made the dress I'm wearing in the picture—I've picked up a few handy tips on working with this "touchy" fabric. Use a velvet press board for seams, placing velvet with pile face down on the board, a slightly damp cloth on the wrong side of the velvet. Iron should be warm enough to create steam without pressure; float the iron over the seams. Or you can steam your seams by standing the steam iron on end and carefully running the seam edges over the tip of the iron, pulling the garment gently.

**GET OUT YOUR, WAFFLE IRON**

Waffles—good, crisp, tasty ones—and gallons of coffee: that's my favorite breakfast. It was dawn in New Orleans. I learned the trick of putting half a strip of bacon on each plate of the waffle baker. Let them crisp a minute before adding the batter. Once you've had them that way, there's just no other way! A good waffle iron needs loving care. Always turn the current off just before the last waffle's finished baking. Last waffle done, keep the cover raised till the baker cools and before it cools be sure to whisk the grids lightly with paper toweling or a pastry brush—but don't rub too hard, for that will take off the thin film of fat that should remain. If you do, the next time you make waffles you'll be disappointed—they'll stick.
and leads the way to a cupboard that holds his collection of old mustache cups. "I had more of these cups, but I got rid of them when I was clearing out a lot of my good things. I rented the apartment for a couple of years, and didn't want to leave them around. Which was just as well, as the place was a wreck when I came back to it."

He and his mother had lived there together until her death four years ago; now, theoretically, he lives alone. As a matter of fact, his friends call the eight-room apartment "The Hotel Morrison," and give thanks that he isn't married. A bachelor with a large apartment and a hospitable soul is a friend indeed these days, especially in over-crowded New York.

"But a cousin of mine is coming from St. Louis to stay with me, soon," he says enthusiastically. "She was a singer and a prima ballerina before she gave up her career to raise a family. Now she's going to do some television here. She looks like my sister; nobody'd think she has a grown-up son and daughter."

He has a portrait of them together, to prove it. The cousin has the same blond good looks, evidently the same dark gray eyes.

A Siamese cat named Tobey roams about the apartment protesting against a stranger's presence. The house boy also protests, when unexpected visitors turn up, that the place is a mess. Far from looking like anything of the sort, the apartment seems just about perfect.

The dining room, behind the living room and opening from the foyer, is most decorative with its sharp pink walls contrasting sharply with the deep blue of the Wedgwood china on a sideboard. An old lamp and shade of rare vaseline glass hang above the table. The room might be a stage set for a smart little dinner party.

Up the stairway leading from the foyer is the playroom. "I do most of my entertaining here," Bret explains, and the vision of smart little dinner parties vanishes into thin air. "I'm going to make photographs here tonight."

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That apartment is a sample of what Morrison does with his gift for interior decoration; he has done apartments for several friends, could earn a living at it if he liked. To him that talent is just a hobby. He's a good artist, able to design men's clothes. Unable to find beach wear and lounging clothes that he liked, he designed some. They are now sold in a men's shop on Madison Avenue.

That definition of improbable—"Possible, but not to be expected"—applies to a third talent, painting portraits. There are none on view, but Mercedes McCambridge was so delighted with the Morrison portrait of her little boy that she sent him a lovely Royal Copenhagen figurine of a faun.

Singing is the gift Bret most enjoys, the one on which he now concentrates; his voice, a baritone, gives new emotion to even the hackneyed "Golden Bells." A French song, sung with flair, in excellent French, is followed by "Ich Grolle Nicht," in equally good German, both done so well that it's inevitable to ask with whom he studied.

"Nobody," replies the surprising Mr. Morrison. And then comes the final improbability. "I've never studied singing, and I play piano by ear. I've never studied French, either, or German. But once I hear a song I can sing it."

And in a foreign language, so convincingly that you'd swear it was his native tongue!

That amazing ear for pitch and for sounds has enabled Bret to master seventeen dialects, which he gets an opportunity to use very rarely in the air. He began singing as a choir boy, in Evanston, Illinois, where he was born thirty-two years ago. Dramatics was his second interest. The two took him into radio in Chicago and also into little theaters, where he sang, acted, and directed sets, costumes, lighting.

Hollywood was the next step, bringing a brief picture career that he gave up because he was being typed as a juvenile—Hollywood would do the same now. Little theater and radio engagements led to his returning to Chicago as the singing, acting in "Love Song." That lasted two years. For five he was Mr. First Nighter; for three, he did all the leads on the Chicago Theatre of the Air. Then came World War II, when he was with the First Service Command. Doing what was needed.

"Recruiting Waacs," he said, laughing. "We did a fifteen-minute radio program every day and a three-hour stage show every night, one hundred and sixty-five of us toured the New England states in a caravan; I also organized a similar set-up in Canada."

He rehearsed the troupe, was stage manager, supervised the lighting—in different theaters each night—and took part in the shows.

"After that it had to be New York," he'll tell you. "You know how it is; that's the last stronghold. You've always known you had to tackle it eventually if you were going to be a success. Yet you hesitate, because if you fail here you'll feel you can't go any further."

Bret Morrison need not have hesitated. Within two weeks after he arrived he was working almost full schedule. In the first year he was cast as The Speaker in Light of the World, and had also become The Shadow.

He likes errie roles, has refused big parts to play bits in mysteries.

"Unusual characters really require thought to work out," he explains. "In radio there can be a tendency to play types, using the voices that belong to them, instead of individualizing the character. I don't want to be typed; when I was offered a part in a Shakespearean production recently, I turned it down because I'd have been typed as a classical actor."

When he does return to the stage it will probably be in a musical; he is preparing for that now, by accepting engagements in night clubs. He would also like to make a concert tour, with a program that sounds most interesting; he would tell a story, weaving songs into it. That's his style—popular songs, some in foreign languages, and some of the twenty-two he has written himself.

There's one more activity to be checked on—it had been reported that Bret tooled leather.

"Oh yes, I do," he answers. "A couple of years ago, when The Shadow was off the air for the summer, some cowboy friends of mine were going to tour with Jim Blackman's Rodeo. I'd always ridden, used to have a pony when I was a child, so I joined up. I rode in the Grand Ferry Hall or the Quadrille—and worked with my friends. They were experts in trick riding."

And the cowboys tooled leather for their boots and saddles, so, naturally, Bret learned to do it too.

"It was like other new things, a challenge," he says. "When you feel that you can do what you can always learn to do them." Always, that is, if you have as many "gifts" as Bret Morrison has.
Life With My Father

(Continued from page 31)

everyone had a say. The smaller girls were very noble and offered to stay home if it would help my social life. Daddy said it was up to me. Barbara didn't commit herself either way. Mother thought dates were pretty important to a girl of my age, and told me to think the matter over very carefully.

"Let's go to the ranch just like we always do!" I said. Betty Lou and Kathy heaved explosive sighs of relief. The loves of their young lives are their elderly riding horses. Dates? How could any girl in her right mind prefer dancing to riding?

As it turned out, that was the luckiest decision I ever made—for all of us. We flew up to Carmel Valley in Daddy's Navion plane, and we found a whole new crowd of young people had moved in. What with hayrides and square dances and picnics I had more dates and made more lasting friendships than I could possibly have imagined. There won't be any shall—we-go-to-the-ranch problem next year!

Up at the ranch we all ride together, and we have our own horses. Mine is a former cavalry jumper that I call Monty, and I think he's still got lots of spirit. About the other horses—mother says, "Well, they've got four feet. That's about all you can say in their favor."

Quite recently Daddy was looking around for a gentle, elderly steed for our baby sister to ride. He finally came across a really old pony, which came highly recommended as being very gentle with children. The man who led him up with a rope around his drooping neck told Daddy that he'd been used to children climbing over his swayed old back for "nigh on to twenty years."

"Fine, fine," said Daddy patting the scarred old face. "Kathy will just love this old fellow." Maybe she would have loved him. She was a bit too late in his life, that's all. Because as Daddy led the old warrior back to the barn he suddenly stopped, lay down and quietly expired at Daddy's feet. Kathy coming up with flying pigtails at that very minute, was simply furious. He might, she told Daddy, have bought her a horse with a little more spirit. And Daddy had to admit she was so right! He promised to be a bit more careful next time he turned horse trader.

Another thing that we like about ranch life is the fact that Mother and Daddy let us each invite a girl friend of our own age to stay with us. That means never less than six girls, sometimes more. Mother does all the cooking, but we help out with the bed-making and the farm work. This year we're going in for chicken-raising on a big scale.

Mother and Daddy believe in sharing their lives with us as completely as possible—and with mother, this means sharing her clothes, too.

It seems that in all our rambling white brick house there just isn't a thing to wear when we have to go somewhere in a hurry. When Barbara and I find our closets hopelessly bare, we make a bee-line for mother's pretty dressing-room and reach out for "the community rack."

This rack holds an assortment of sweaters, skirts, and jackets that fit all three of us. We may borrow what we wish, but there's one rule. Whoever borrows an item must put it back in
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Radio Mirror Daytime Fashions: Pages 46 and 47*
I couldn't help but notice the bulge in his black eyes—but I do see what he means. I'm the dreamer in the family now. I've got to give myself a push in the direction of picking out a career. It's not for nothing that Daddy's radio program is called Father Knows Best. He sure does.

He's a picture star and a radio star, but somehow we never think of him as a celebrity. We're always amused when people act like he is. I remember once when Barbara and I were much younger, we saw him cornered on a street in Beverly Hills while a group of kids pounced on him for his autograph.

"What's an autograph?" Barbara asked. Then, "Why do they want yours?" Daddy told her it was just an idea some people had. They got these bright-covered autograph books and they went around asking their friends to sign them, so that they could keep the signatures to remember their friends by. Immediately we both wanted autograph books. It seemed like a fine idea. Rather ruefully Daddy took us to a stationery store and bought us some.

He told us, much later, that he had had horrible visions of us pestering all his actor friends who came to our house. But we never asked any of them for their autographs. This situation puzzled Daddy, and prompted him to ask us about it.

"Carol, haven't you ever used those autograph books I gave you and Barbara?"

"Of course we have," I said. "See—mine's all full up. So is Barbara's." We showed Daddy our books, page by page. He looked more puzzled than ever. All the names were strange to him, so we explained.

"These are the names of all our friends. This one's the cleaner. And this is the laundryman—you know him, Daddy. That's the boy down at the soda fountain. And this is my gym teacher's."

Daddy didn't say anything for a moment. He looked rather thoughtful.

"You've got the right idea," he said finally. "Those names mean a lot more to you than a bunch of actors. Do you suppose there is a little space somewhere, so this actor could sign his name?" We found him a place, and let him sign. The only actor in our books.

You can see from all this that we think Daddy is a very special person. He's fun to play Canasta with—we taught him. He's fun to duck in the pool, and he's a whiz at fixing steaks in our barbecue. He loves his home and from time to time he'll bring a tiny package home from town, and we'll know it is another miniature lamp for mother's lamp collection that she keeps on shelves in our front window. That's sort of symbolic in a way, I guess. Just like a houseful of daughters waiting to welcome him when he comes up the path, he has a window full of lamps winkling at him instead of the traditional one lamp to light him home. He says his lucky number is five—the four of us, and mother. And after all, Father Knows Best.

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would enjoy a show devoted to olders’ points of view. We had real proof of that when, after eighteen months on radio, we moved the show to television and some months later with false slogans. The network we had been on got close to 80,000 letters asking that we be brought back, a large percentage coming from younger people. Some of course, told us how much the program meant to older members of the family.

These younger viewers are among our best recruiting agents for panels and we feel fortunate to be an hour in animation, and we get to have a percentage of Georgianna Carhart’s jibes.

We say, for instance, that our oldest kitten’s only fifteen, but to what could never have anything to do with what a strong and lively and vivid age even had there been no TV show to perform on.

I would say that Mrs. Carhart is distinquished by her talent, her frankness about her fondness for the opposite sex, and some of the prettiest hats on television. When she takes off her hat on the show, as she does occasionally, she puts it on again without consulting a mirror, a trick that only a good-looking woman, sure of herself, would attempt. “I never wear hats, but I do them to keep my hair out of the sun. I did a good dance for her audition and is still coaching children for professional work. She is proud of being an eighth generation American, and jumps rope like a schoolgirl, and might be classified generally as one of the more serious characters of the panel. Mrs. Rosenthal, 86, and Paolo Gallico, 85, who is the father of well-known writer Paul Gallico. The Messrs. Rosenthal and Gallico are known for their wise and careful consolation of each other. It was Mr. Rosenthal’s daughter who was responsible for getting him on our show. Daughter had a 93-year-old nephew who was an active senior panellist, and the first panel members, and he suggested she have her father take an audition. Mr. Rosenthal was reluctant, “but you know what my attitude is, and that’s that all the shows are for all kinds of olders, regardless of age."

I will pay $100.00 for a dime!

(Continued from page 48)
When a Girl Marries

(Continued from page 89)

your chores done, spend time with the company. Plan your time for invited guests, let the droppers-in take what they find and don’t worry.

Dear Joan:

My late husband and I were on the verge of divorce when he was ordered overseas, and because neither of us had the money to complete the separation and continue to support our two little boys I agreed to stay with his parents until he could return and we could work out a satisfactory arrangement. We agreed not to tell his parents of our difficulties to spare them of any additional grief over us.

My husband had been gone about two years when I found the happiness and the love every girl looks for. Tom worked in the hosier mill in which I work to supplement the family income.

A little over a month ago my husband was killed in action in Korea and though I grieve deeply for his loss to his family and children I feel no personal loss whatsoever. I feel that our relations had been severed some three years previously.

However, my husband’s parents, whom I have come to love dearly, not knowing of our estrangement, are little bewildered at my lack of grief over their son’s death and to complicate matters even more, Tom (who has been on inactive duty) has reported to his Army Post and wants me to marry him immediately and follow him until he has to leave for overseas.

Tom has never met my children, as it was impossible for him to visit the home of my in-laws but he declares he will love them as his own if I marry him. Should the feelings of my parents-in-law come first? Where does my duty begin?

Mrs. D. L.

Dear Mrs. D. L.:

You ask “Where does duty begin?” In this case I think it should begin neither with your duty to yourself—your desire for a normally happy marriage—nor with your duty to your parents-in-law—your desire not to hurt them. I believe you ought to consider your children first, your duty to them. It’s unkind to me that you consider marrying Tom, asking him to be a father to children whom he’s never met. And just as unkind to me that you suddenly loist on the children a man whom they’ve never seen, never heard of, and tell them he’s their new father.

You should, I think, in all cases, get Tom and the children acquainted, be as sure as you possibly can that they’re going to get along together, before you enter this marriage. After all, it’s only through the happiness of all of you that your own happiness can come.
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Many mysterious changes take place in your body as you mature. Now, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a new type of perspiration containing milky substances which will—if they reach your dress—cause ugly stains and clinging odor.

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The Life of a Glamorous Woman Reporter!

(Continued from page 66)

What further reason could there be... or need there be? I took time out to join in Don's heartfelt thanksgiving, and went back to my work excited and happy and looking forward eagerly to the future.

But now and then I wondered fleetingly if there were possibly more to Kay Clements' newest business venture than met the eye. Each time I wondered I came up with the same answer—all the perfectly good business-like answers. The one thing that did occur to me was that she might have become a trifle bored with dry finance, and—like many people—been drawn to the glamor that seems to surround newspaper work.

I didn't get much chance to probe the situation, during the next weeks, for both Mrs. Clements and Don disappeared into a morass of legal red tape and were scarcely to be seen. Whenever they came through the office a flying wedge of lawyers came with them, and Don barely managed to duck his head into my office for a quick wave on the way in or out. But Kay always stopped for a few words, and each time I was further impressed with her sharply-etched beauty and the distinctive, cool voice that was so important a part of her personality. Intelligence and poise were stamped all over her; I began to look forward to knowing her better.

On one of Don's quick visits, I thought he had a little wristlet of something that had anything gone wrong, but he shook his head. "Except that I wonder if the money's worth it," he said ruefully, "haven't had a night's sleep since Mrs. Moneybags set foot in this joint. Either it's lawyers or brokers or examining files or—golly, Warren, I didn't know you could be that careful about throwing away eight hundred thousand dollars. And a couple of times I've had to get dolled up in the old school dinner-jacket and take her to dinners. They even have formal dinners to discuss business—the lighter aspects of it, you know." He rumbled up his hair and sighed. "Last night it was some club she belongs to. Very gay. I slept. What did you do last night?"

I smiled and rolled a sheet into my typewriter. "Wrote some letters. One to Nona, one to Mark."

Don didn't answer. When I glanced at him he was scowling. "I see," he said. "The cat's away, eh?"

"I didn't have a formal dinner-party to go to," I reminded him with an innocent look. "I have to amuse myself somehow. And anyway, darling, I've been writing to Mark or talking to him ever since I was sixteen. He'd be very much upset if I didn't keep him up-to-date on what was going on around here."

Don struggled to replace the scowl with a smile, and in a measure succeeded. "Surely if perhaps I ought to stop teasing him about his school-boyish jealousy, but if I didn't keep reminding him that it was a joke I wouldn't have to put on such a fake. But I'm not a petty person. Surely he could be made to see that the more meaningful friendships one had the richer one's life became."

Kay's voice sounded across the outer office then, asking Don to come and look at some papers, and he came over and gave me a quick kiss. "You'd better stay home and write to dear old Anton tonight," he said, "because I've got to go up to Clements' place to meet one of her out-of-town cronies. Doctor, lawyer or Indian chief. I'm not sure which. At least I can think of you with pen in waist-safe at home." He went out quickly, leaving me biting my lip. Even if I'd wanted to, I hadn't had a chance to mention that Anton was back in town from a Washington trip, and would have to cut really angry that night. I wondered about Clements of course. St. Anton, with whom I discussed everything, was well aware that Don simmered a little over him as he did over Mark.

I had been waiting eagerly for the chance to tell Anton all about Kay Clements and Don and the papers, but strangely, as I sat opposite him evening and talked away, I found that I was depressed rather than elated. I repeated several times, in several different ways, how wonderful it was that now no stranger would walk in and start disrupting the organization Don had so carefully worked out, and that he would have a free hand to go on building up the great newspaper he dreamed about, but the words had lost some of their magic. Perhaps it was Anton's skeptical, narrow face, which looked at me as though waiting for the really important details I hadn't yet given him.

"And so Mrs. Clements backs Don," he said finally, when I'd paused for breath. "An unusual woman, that."

"Do you know her? You didn't say—"
Anton shook his head. “No, I have never met her. I should like to very much. It was during the war I heard her speak; she made an address to a small group of government officials down in Washington on the activities of one of her companies in the war effort. I was privileged to be there, well, as an observer.” He smiled slightly, and I asked no questions. Anton’s wartime activities were an aspect of his life about which even I knew very little, and I had learned that it was better to keep it that way. But he had formed a very definite picture of Mrs. Clements at that time, and I did ask him questions about that. He summed it up by saying that she was a woman who loved and wanted power even more than she herself realized. I became even more depressed.

“No.” Anton said thoughtfully, “she won’t do anything as obvious as that. She is business-woman enough to let the paper alone since she knows nothing about running such an enterprise. It’s in the personal aspects of that I think you must be careful.”

“You think she’s interested in Don rather than in the Gazette.” To have Anton’s voice such a suspicion was really upsetting. He didn’t start at shadows. But he said again that he didn’t quite think that. “I suspect that it’s who she interests her, and not Don,” he said surprisingly. “You must be a challenge to her, Wendy. It’s not often she meets another successful career woman who, in every detail, is more than a match for her. You are both brilliantly accomplished; you are both young; you are both notably handsome and charming. She won’t like that. She is used to feeling herself unique. Some way or another she will try to get the upper hand, even though she may not even know she is trying.”

On this cheerless note he concluded, and I couldn’t get him to say another word about her. He certainly hadn’t raised my spirits at all. During the days that followed, with Don still so busy that we had no chance to be together, that faint depressed sensation grew stronger. Don and I had been living closely just a short time ago; we’d suffered together through the nervous aftermath of Mary McKenna’s announcement, we’d worked together on the wild-sounding plan for Don to buy her out. We’d been partners in every important way, knowing one another’s fears and weaknesses and . . . and now, abruptly, it began to look to me as though we were getting to be strange. There was so much going on in his life that I didn’t know about. It wasn’t only business. More and more, as time went by, Kay Clements became acroaching and what should have been familiar with him as well as office hours. Once he called from his office to break a long-standing theater date for which he’d bought tickets many weeks in advance to which we had both looked with eager anticipation. “I’m awfully sorry, Warren,” he said unhappily. “Some confounded thing or other has to be checked into—machinery ownership. I don’t know what-all. Listen—can you make it for lunch tomorrow? Oh no—wait a minute.” There was a ruffle of calendar pages, and then he said dejectedly, “Sunk again. I can’t make it.” It helped a lot to know that he was unhappy about the situation too. May—
be, when all the red tape was wound up, everything would be all right again. We'd sit in one another's office and go to the hamburger stands together for quick lunches and he'd come home and let my Aunt Dorrie cook dinner for him, as we used to. . . . I was glad he had been the one to back out of the lunch date, though, for I had been on the point of saying that I had a lunch date for the following day . . . with Anton. I suppose it was the measure of the division that had grown up between us that I couldn't have made a joke about it any more. I would have had to say it, flatter, or lie about it. Lie about it! My brow wrinkled as I turned to my work. We had come far indeed if I could consider that!

Quite unexpectedly, at that luncheon date, Anton got his wish and met Kay Clements. Elegant in brown velvet and unlike any she'd stepped at our table, she sat in this way, on the way to her own, and introduced themselves. I felt an unworthy, purely female stab of satisfaction when I saw how impressed she was with Anton's distinguished good looks, and I kept her talking for a moment so that she would learn that he was witty as well as attractive. When she went, she said lightly, "Oh, by the way, Wendy. I've given Don back to you and to his career. The lawyers are all gone, and everything's settled. I won't interrupt your tete-a-tete any longer now—soe you later!"

I was annoyed. "Tete-a-tete—what a stupid expression!" I said crossly.

Anton raised an eyebrow. "Stupid, perhaps. But she has given it some thought before using it, believe me."

I believed him. I was pretty certain by now that Kay Clements did very few things without having given them careful thought. But just how much thought she had given this trivial incident I didn't learn until I got back to the office that afternoon.

I couldn't get down to work. I was waiting for Don to call. Hadn't Kay said he was back at work—that all the details were finally straightened out? Why didn't he call, let me know what had been going on, call me in for a gossip about it . . . Twice I started to call him, but pushed the phone away. . . .

"I'll call him a short while. And Don's head at the door, grinning happily. "It's over, it's over!" He swung himself jubilantly to a perch on my desk, and laughed down at me. "She's just come—a sharpie. And Don's head at the door, grinning happily. "It's over, it's over!" He swung himself jubilantly to a perch on my desk, and laughed down at me. "I couldn't get down to work. I was waiting for Don to call. Hadn't Kay said he was back at work—that all the details were finally straightened out? Why didn't he call, let me know what had been going on, call me in for a gossip about it . . . Twice I started to call him, but pushed the phone away. . . .

I hadn't come a short while. And Don's head at the door, grinning happily. "It's over, it's over!" He swung himself jubilantly to a perch on my desk, and laughed down at me. "She's just come—a sharpie. And Don's head at the door, grinning happily. "It's over, it's over!"

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next day when Rusty casually men- tioned that he'd seen Don and Kay go ing into Town Hall. "Guess the boss has taken to longhair music in his new life," Rusty commented.

I bit my lip. Last night — so I'd been told — Don was supposed to have been getting a good night's sleep. Well, a dozen things one might have expected. He might have just jumped into bed. Or maybe she called him up at the last minute and said she had this pair of tickets ... a dozen things, yes. But all of them meant that Kay had taken some action. What was she after?

Of his own accord, Don made an occasion later that day to explain about the concern he had simply stumbled on Kay with a party while he was having dinner at Olani's, which was close to his apartment, and instead of going on to bed he had . . . well, he had let himself be talked into tagging along along with them. Just as I'd thought. Simple.

There was always a simple, innocent explanation unless you happened to have something to hide. Nothing of note happened between then and the party, Saturday night. In the comparative peace I got several columns ahead and whipped myself into a mod. Don, in the meanwhile, had simply come to like Kay, and I was delighted to find when I greeted her at Don's apartment Saturday night that I liked her as well as ever. She was wearing a short, tailored dinner dress made startling by the fact that its simplicity was developed in cloth-of-silvery which clung to her closer than any glove, but even more than that pleased me because the silver looked so exciting against the rough brown fabric of Don's couch — and I had chosen the couch. As I'd chosen almost all the other furniture in the apartment, at Don's express request. It turned out to be a bally party. Partly because of Aunt Dorrie's food, and partly because of the champagne, which Don had insisted was the only proper thing to drink at a celebration of any kind. But mostly, I know, to Anton, who had the knack of making the most casual kind of chatter sound rather brilliant when the occasion was right. Kay seemed to bring out the best in him. As a result of his deft monopoly of her, I had the first decent talk with her. But Anton, I discovered, hadn't been able to resist sowing one tiny seed of discord. It was always difficult to tell when he did such things purposefully and when innocently — except that there were so few things he did without some idea of what the results might be. And he had such an unerring instinct for doing the very thing that brought out the worst in Don. As we were leaving, Don helping us with coats, Kay said, "Wendy, I'm so impressed to learn that Mark Douglas is a good friend of yours. I saw his play last year and I thought

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it was thrilling. Does he speak as good dialogue as he writes?" Over her shoulder I gazed at Anton and he, in turn, looked from me to Don and back again. Without looking, I knew Don had stiffened.

I said carelessly, "Mark and I grew up together in the same town—Elmdale. Went to school together and—" and carried on each other's books." Don broke in. "That's something you don't yet know about Warren, isn't it, Kay?" She's got more dear old friends scattered around this town than you can shake a stick at. Anton, Mark Douglas—even Rusty here, he's an old dear friend."

The way he said it, it wasn't funny or flattering. It wasn't something you could gracefully gloss over.

I saw a slight shake that Kay Clements felt the ugliness, and registered it. Why did she care? To what end? She possibly put it?

Ugly—that was the word. I began to look and sound. Don's tackling Rusty's name to a roster that included Anton and Mark made me realize with abrupt finality that somehow or other, I'd been looking the other way, the jealousy we used to joke about had passed over into something not at all comical. Something I didn't want to try to joke about. Something dark and rather frightening, that had to be cleared away once and for all. During the next few days I had several assignments on which Rusty was scheduled to come along with.

Each time his name was mentioned—whenver Don chanced to see us waiting together for the elevator—his lips tightened. I was sure it was unconscious—but it was all the more frightening for that. . . . well, almost any one would wonder a little if a man like Anton chanced to be an old friend of his fiancée's. And Mark—afer all, I had been on the brige to marriage to a couple of times, before he'd married Nona. There was a slight amount of justification for Don's caustic attitude toward them. But Rusty! He knew, beyond any shadow of doubt, that Rusty was the place of the brother I'd never had! Rusty was a part of my family, almost. . . .

how dared Don twist our friendship to fit into his own distorted pattern?

The whole thing was distorted. Mullin the over when I supposed to be working, I came gradually to a realization that some new factor had been added to our relationship. Don's cracks about Anton and—less frequently, but in the same vein—about Mark, hadn't magically transformed themselves, but each I twisted the truth I now appeared to be without some outside assistance. The more I thought, the more inescapably I was led toward two possible conclusions . . . and they were both so frightening that a blind need for help, for shelter, caused me to reach for the telephone. I had to call Don, talk to him . . . talk it all out.

It had to be that night, of course, that Mary and I met for the first hour for some last-ditch discussion. He sounded genuinely dismayed as he told me: "Gosh, Wendy, I'd give an arm if I could get out of it. But Mary's only in the hospital.

"It's all right. Some other time. Tomorrow, maybe."
being able to talk to him was a little more than I could stand just then. I called Anton quickly, and found to my relief that he, at least, was free. I couldn't wait. Maybe it was a heaven-sent frustration, at that—maybe I'd talk myself out to Anton and find I was fighting shadows, and not have to play the role again.

But Anton was in his sternest fact-facing mood that night. There never was much chance to be dishonest with yourself around him, I reflected bitterly, in a kind of secret delight in throwing the bright light of his mind on shadows. Sometimes they disappeared. Sometimes, however, they took on concrete form, and stood out and bore a relation to our conclusions. No, they weren't shadows by Anton's analysis. He listened, and nodded, and gave them the shape and name I had been dreading.

"Of course that's what it is, Wendy," he told me. "In a few plain words, Don's tendency to make too much of your friendships is suddenly intensified after Mrs. Clements. Why? Well—Mrs. Clements is, she is sharp and shrewd enough to perceive this odd streak in him. Perhaps she lightly builds it up, a little word here, a little insinuation there. Easily done, by the right kind of person. Or perhaps . . ."

Perhaps Don has developed such a strong friendship with Mrs. Clements that he has begun to feel guilty toward me, and turns on me with these idiotic exaggerations in an effort to convince himself that really I'm the one who's guilty.

Anton regarded me silently, with serious eyes. I see it that way, he seemed to be saying; but it's your battle, Wendy. Either way, I thought, it would be better to be a losing battle.

So I suppose it was fortunate that, in the end, I didn't have to fight it. It was the very next day that the news broke about Nona. My secretary gave it to me before I had my hat on in the morning. Nona Douglas, wife of playwright-novelist Mark Douglas, dies in auto accident on French Riviera.

The girl, and then went mechanically on into my office and stood by the desk. I remember thinking resolutely Of course it's false—this can't have happened to Nona. This can't have happened to Mark. Then I suppose I went completely blank, for the next thing I was conscious of was the trembling of my hand as I tried to guide a pen to write a letter to the lips. All the glass down; I didn't want water. I was chilled and trembling, and I felt very much as though I were going to be sick to my stomach in just a minute.

I sat down, and was sitting on the arm of my chair, holding my shoulders tightly. I pulled away, and then turned toward him again with an instinctive desire to bury my head.

"Take it easy, Wendy," he said. "It hits hard, doesn't it."

"It's not true!" I said flatly.

"It's true. I was on the phone with Seddon in Paris the very first thing this morning. We got a complete report and he mentioned it to us too. It's true, all right."

"I'm sorry," I bent for a Kleenex and passed it over my face. "I'm all right. It's such an old idea—I've got to get hold of Mark!"

I said suddenly. "He's all alone over there. I've got to help him."

Don said, reasonably enough, that there wasn't much I could do, three thousand miles away. But I wasn't in a reasonable state of mind. I was fired with the need to get help to Mark, somehow. I distance myself from the idea that I felt he needed help now as he never had before. I think part of the urgency came from the need I had to suppress all thoughts of Nona. Nona laughing... Nona in a red pleated chiffon dress she'd once had, dancing with Mark... Nona asking me to be her friend... I couldn't risk thinking about all that, I didn't want. I'd be doing more good trying to help Mark...

The only trouble was I couldn't reach Mark. I tried in every way that was open to me. I checked the news reports, as they came in, gave no address for him, so I put in calls to the last hotel they'd written me from. I wrote and cabled... finally I enlisted Anton, knowing he'd been working to contact Mark, had pieced together a frightening story. Mark had been traced to a run-down hotel in a small southern town, under an assumed name, and gave every evidence of planning to do something... well, no instance or no example.

"What does he mean—not normal? Suicidal?" My voice was shrill with tension. "Disappear? Run away? Do what?"

But no—he hadn't said. Apparently that was all there was to say. Mark, tragically bereaved, hidden away in a strange land, among strangers. I knew Mark, possibly a little better than he knew himself. I knew quite a lot about the despondency of which he was capable, the profound bitterness of soul that lay waiting beneath the surface of his personality.

It seemed quite reasonable to ask Don for a leave of absence. I want to get to Mark before it's too late," I explained. "I went over my first shaken horror, now. With my own instinct and the information Anton had collected, I knew that the more important business was to find Mark, somehow, before he succeeded in whatever dreadful plan he had in mind. So when I spoke to Don, it was as one reason to another. I was altogether unprepared for his flat refusal.

"Leave of absence? You're crazy, Wendy. Now, with the paper in this chaotic state, you can't possibly...

"Well, all right, let me do some work over there! I'll get hold of that French movie star, the one with scandal, what's her name—and I can do a couple of fashion reports for you. We can use my time over there somehow..."

Don said, as if the words hurt, "Douglas still means that much to you, doesn't he?"

I still didn't understand. "How would you feel if your oldest friend lost his wife and stood in danger of—maybe lost his mind, or worse? And you couldn't help?"

"I haven't any old friends like that."

Don stood up. "How would you feel if your oldest friend disappeared and then rushed back off to be with an old girl friend who happened to be having a spot of trouble?"

All at once I couldn't look at Don anymore. His face—his face was unpleasant to me, like that of a stranger. I didn't understand and didn't like. I walked away and stood looking down from the terrace.

"There's only one way I can answer that," I said finally. "If you were a decent, whole human being you couldn't ask it. You'd know the answer. You're the one who's running in your world except the great Don Smith and those who are willing to revolve around him."

"I'm human all right." Don's face flamed. "I've got to things."

"No, Don said. "I can't. He came around the desk, but he didn't touch me. His voice was low and deeply troubled. "Wendy, Don't go. I—just don't go. Not now."

I moved away. "I have to. Don. I'll go with or without your okay."

"Oh, that. As far as the paper is concerned, you can stay away a year. You've earned it."

He went back to the desk and swept its clutter aside roughly. "But where do you suppose we'll be?"

He didn't look at me now either. Where does that leave us? The question hung in the air and fluttered gently, sadly down to the floor. It seemed safer not to make any answer.

I shrugged, and put my hand on the doorknob. Don said tensely, "Wendy, it's only fair to tell you—if you go, I'll be seeing a good deal of Kay."

"Please do," I answered. "I'm going to be terribly busy myself from now on." I went out quietly and closed the door behind me.

I didn't have any feelings of an organized kind. I suppose I'd been having them all along. Really feeling about Don's irrational jealousies, speculations about his selfishness, about Kay and what might be building up between them. It was rather unfair that I didn't have a take-off and fling at his feet. If it had been anything else we quarreled about this final time, anything less important, I might have gone back to Don and that. I wonder if it could reduce this tragedy of Mark's to a matter of personal spite—that was too much for me.

I went building and went toward the restaurant where Anton was meeting me. I thought almost with bitter amusement that now Kay did have everything—her money, her career, her standards. I gave her looks, her jewels and clothes... and Don. Everything. But even as I thought it I knew that if anyone had asked me if she had anything I really wanted I would have answered regretfully, but honestly, "No, I don't think so—I don't think she's gotten herself anything really wanted."
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MARCH, 1951

RADIO Television MIRROR

VOL. 35, NO. 4

PEOPLE ON THE AIR

Big Town.......................................................... 8
Coast to Coast.................................................. 10
How Much Trust Should You Place In Your Teen-Age Children?......................... 18
Fran Warren...................................................... 19
Stag at Eve...................................................... 23
Live Like A Millionaire........................................... 24
Dennis Day's Day................................................ 27
What's New?—An Editorial.................................... 29
Conn and Visit Curt Massey................................... 36
Freddie Bahlng.................................................... 40
A House Full Of Happiness..................................... 42
Joan Davis Asks: "Is Separation Ever the Answer?"................................. 54
Music With the Girls........................................... 70

INSIDE RADIO

Inside Radio.................................................... 79
Information Booth.............................................. 96

FOR BETTER LIVING

Tricks With Lipstick........................................... 14
Traveler of the Month.......................................... 21
Radio Television Mirror's Daytime Fashions For You.................................. 44
Art Linkletter's Nonsense And Some-Sense.............................................. 46
This Is My Life.................................................. 48
New Ways With Glazes........................................ 50
Junior Mirror.................................................... 52
Fun of the Month—Abe Burrow's poem.............................................. 64
Poetry............................................................... 74

TELEVISION

My "Haole" Friend, Arthur Godfrey.................................. 30
The Truth About Color TV...................................... 32
Faye Emerson's Marriage......................................... 34
My Boss Is A Bean Bag.......................................... 38
Burns and Allen................................................ 48
Four Star Revue.................................................. 56
Ed Wynn........................................................... 58
Jimmy Durante and Jack Carson................................ 60
Danny Thomas................................................... 62
Who's Who In TV................................................ 66

YOUR LOCAL STATION

WBJK: Michigan Madman........................................ 1
WBKB: On Board the Bandwagon................................ 6
KFAB: Small Fry Specialist................................. 22
KMBC: Saturday Night Follies................................... 26

RADIO MIRROR READER BONUS

Daytime Diary................................................... 90
Homecoming..................................................... 100

ON THE COVER: Faye Emerson Photo by Globe Photos
Color Portrait of Arthur Godfrey by Ozzie Sweet

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Radio and Television Mirror's Daytime Fashions For You

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Which girl has the natural curl ... and which girl has the Toni?

Meet lovely Jane Cartwright and Nellie Jane Cannon of New York City. The Toni girl says, "My wave not only looks natural but it requires no more care than naturally curly hair." Can you tell the naturally curly hair from the Toni wave? See answer below.

Now Toni with Permafix guarantees a wave you can't tell from naturally curly hair

Look closely! Compare the silky-softness—the deep rippling waves and the lovely, natural-looking curls. Which is which? You just can't tell! No—you can't tell a Toni wave from naturally curly hair. That's because Toni has the gentlest waving lotion known . . . plus a new wonder neutralizer, Permafix, that actually conditions your hair . . . leaves your wave soft and natural from the very first day. And your Toni with Permafix lasts longer—far longer.

Remember, Toni is used by more women than all other home permanents combined. Only Toni has the new wonder neutralizer, Permafix. And only Toni guarantees a wave you can't tell from naturally curly hair.

Have a Toni with Permafix today and tonight discover how thrilling it is to have a wave so silky soft, so naturally lovely, people ask you if you have naturally curly hair! Jane Cartwright, the lovely blonde, has the Toni.

Which Twin Has The Toni? Compare Eleanor Fulstone's Toni (at the left) with her sister Joanna's beauty shop permanent, and you'll agree that even the most expensive wave can't surpass the natural beauty of a Toni.

Toni the wave you can't tell from naturally curly hair!
After daily association with Beautiful Carl and Uncle Frank, even black cats-and Friday the Thirteenth hold no terrors for the Headless Horseman.

**MICHIGAN MADMAN**

Every day of the week teen-agers and college students jam WJBK's Studio A to watch Detroit's newest sensation in disc jockeys. Their host is the Headless Horseman and, together with his two imaginary cronies—Beautiful Carl and Uncle Frank—he keeps the studio rocking with laughter for an hour and a quarter each morning.

The popular recordings woven into Headless' program are incidental. It's Beautiful Carl and Uncle Frank who are the big drawing-cards, although they exist only in the voice of Ralph Binge, host of the Headless Horseman show.

Beautiful Carl is best known as "The Friendly Philosopher and Poet Laureate of Michigan Avenue." His chief claim to fame is preventing the marriage of unsuspecting males. In fact, his warnings have become so popular that an actual club of more than 3,000 members exists today in Detroit, and each member possesses a club pin designed with crossed rolling pins and imprinted with the slogan "Marriage—the Living Death." Carl's motto is "Better Dead Than Wed," which has recently become the title of a tune written expressly for him. Carl's daily lectures on the evils of wedded life include such phrases as "When she leads you to the altar, halt her!" and "Love 'em and leave 'em, or you'll dress 'em and feed 'em."

Uncle Frank exists always in a state of utter confusion. Only five feet in height, he suffers from an intense feeling of inferiority. Believing himself to possess great talents as a disc jockey, he is against all fellow workmen whom he thinks are conspiring against him. The sheer delight in listening to Uncle Frank is derived from his misinterpretation and faulty pronunciation. His scientific lectures include such definitions as "Skeletons is bones with the people scraped off."
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**Money back if not completely satisfied
With the "thataway" boys sweeping across the video range in a new burst of popularity, Chicago has come up with its own image of juvenile idolatry in the person of Texas Bruce Roberts, seen Monday through Friday in a program called The Wranglers' Club on WBKB at 5:30 P.M., CST.

Shortly after the program began, more than a year ago, Texas Bruce's mail pull was so impressive that it was decided to let his devoted followers join the Wranglers' Club. A membership card was promised to each child who sent in a post card requesting one. Within a week of the first announcement, more than 1,300 post cards poured into the station. Today, six months later, the club boasts a membership of 15,000.

Bruce Roberts, a handsome, personable young staff announcer, has built himself into one of WBKB's most valuable properties. A natural singer, he taught himself numerous western songs and took guitar lessons. As a result he is in popular demand for personal appearances. He has been booked in Chicago theaters on the strength of his TV following and has always played to capacity crowds. He has appeared at more benefits than any other WBKB performer.

In addition to his western chores, Bruce has done an excellent job of announcing such popular local shows as Lucky Letters, Hollywood on the Line, Rambling with Roble, Al Benson show and several network originated shows, including wrestling.
"FIRST STEP in fashion is the figure," says Jean Dessés. "My newest clothes feature the vertical line—a flat middle, narrow hips. If you wear Playtex, you'll have the ideal figure for these new fashions."

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Combining film and "live" shots, the TV adventures of Steve Wilson and

1. Big Town's "Prisoner 1001" opens on the studio set of the Press' city room. Reporter Steve tells photographer Lorelei about bad conditions at the prison.

2. Steve, having convinced his editor he could break the story from the inside, gets himself a ten day sentence for vagrancy. Court was set up in studio.

3. Steve, having convinced his editor he could break the story from the inside, gets himself a ten day sentence for vagrancy. Court was set up in studio.

4. With the sign intact, cameras focus on Steve's entry into prison where he will investigate reports that a crafty prisoner controls warden and inmates.

5. From across the street, CBS cameramen shoot additional footage which will be edited and inserted into the story to give it an authentic touch.

6. "Live" scene shows Steve, in prison garb, finding out that Barney Fay, Prisoner 1001, lives like a king and is feared by and in control of others.

7. Lorelei, unable to see Steve on visitor's day, senses foul play. Players Pat McVey (Steve) and Mary Wells (Lorelei) wait on location between shots.

8. Lorelei's suspicions were correct. Barney finds out Steve's identity, arranges to take him out of prison before Steve can reveal his chicanery.

9. Lorelei's suspicions were correct. Barney finds out Steve's identity, arranges to take him out of prison before Steve can reveal his chicanery.

10. Shots of Steve's removal from prison and his unwilling entry into the car were taken at the same time as the prison scenes pictured above.

Big Town is televised Thurs., 9:30 P.M. EST.
Lorelei look like the real thing

3. Advance crewman for Big Town shows his credentials to police guard at a city prison in New York. Big Town sign will be placed over name on the door.

7. Jailed for extortion, Barney has managed to carry on from the inside. He sells privileges and protection and has thoroughly intimidated the warden.

11. Barney decides to take Steve to a night club for a macabre last meal. Lorelei sees them leave the prison, follows, takes a picture as evidence.

12. Barney's racket is exposed and he gets an extended jail sentence. "Remind me to buy you a lunch for saving my life," says Steve to Lorelei. Night club scene and the city room are done "live" in studio. Big Town's techniques pay off in added realism.
Jo Stafford and Bill (Hopalong Cassidy) Boyd broadcast a message to the youth of the world over the facilities of the Voice of America. It was the first in a new Voice series designed to combat Communism by telling truth about America.

The tempestuous Tallulah Bankhead, emcee of NBC's Sunday evening Big Show, parries with Groucho Marx, no slouch himself with the barbed word.

It was a flight to Washington for Jack Barry's Juvenile Jury: Dickie Orlan, Elizabeth Watson, Charles Hankinson, Laura Mangels, Bill Knight, Fonda Plotkin.

(Continued on page 12)
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2. Make Baby Feel He Belongs
3. Make Your Marriage a Secure Setting
4. Make Baby Feel His Home is Trustworthy
5. Recognize Your Baby as a Person
6. Rules and Discipline Make a Baby Feel Secure
7. Help Your Baby Make Friends
8. Recognize Your Child’s Natural Jealousy of a New Baby
9. Don’t Be An Over-Anxious Mother
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Screen Guild Players put on “Mother Didn’t Tell Me” and Dorothy McGuire, playing opposite Jeff Chandler, repeated the role she had in the movie.

COAST to COAST

(Continued from page 10)

Sporting sideburns from a recent movie role, Robert Cummings visited Kay Mulvey’s Open House, telecast on KTTV in L.A.

Lionel Barrymore turned disc jockey on KFAC's Evening Concert. He also played his own composition, Halloween Suite, for the first time.
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TRICKS WITH LIPSTICK

When televiewers watch vivacious Betty Ann Grove, the singing comedienne on NBC's Bert Parks Show, they not only ask "What's the name of that song" but also "What's the name of that girl?"

Betty Ann has a bouncy, effervescent personality that radiates good health and happiness. Ever since she was a teen-ager back home in Boston, she was interested in cosmetics. Now that she is established as a professional singer and actress, she has some definite ideas about beauty.

"I think one of the most important parts of a girl's face is her mouth. It tells so much about the kind of person she is... whether she's happy or sad; bitter or sweet! Even if nature didn't endow you with the shape mouth you would like to have, you certainly can improve it."

"People usually watch a singer's mouth, so I am all the more conscious of a neat well-shaped lip line. Here's what I do to my lips: When I complete the rest of my make-up, I concentrate on my lips. First, I use a handy lipstick brush to outline the curve in my upper lip. You know, it's the curve that really
"I cracked up the same plane 10 times!"

says GINGER ROGERS, starring in "THE GROOM WORE SPURS" a Fidelity Picture * Released by UNIVERSAL INTERNATIONAL

And roping 'the villain' was tough on my hands again... But I smoothed them with soothing Jergens Lotion...

It kept them soft and lovely for romantic closeups!

Counts. If you want to widen the curve or slope it a bit—the brush is in your hand, waiting for you to use it to advantage. Next, I outline my lower lip. Then I fill in my lips with my lipstick. The final blending is done with the brush. I am particularly careful to open my mouth wide to fill in the corners so that no blotches will be apparent. Now, the next step is very important. I take a cleansing tissue and blot my lips. This gives me a chance to examine the imprint of my lips, and to check on whether I have drawn a smooth line to the curve. It also helps remove excess lipstick so that my lips won't look too thickly coated.

"Yesterday, a friend of mine told me about a new lipstick that has a special formula that makes it long-lasting and non-smearing. I understand it was invented by a woman. Gosh, she must have had the same distaste for messy-looking lipstick that I do! Only this smart gal had enough sense to invent a brand new product. Now, that intrigues me. I can't wait to try it.

"You know, if a girl's lips always look pretty, and if her lipstick won't smear, think of how much more kissable that makes her!"

ETTER LIVING
COMING NEXT MONTH

Are women smarter than men? That’s a question that’s been debated down through the ages and no one has ever dared to proclaim a decision for either side. But there is one person who’s well-qualified enough to at least venture an opinion—she’s Maggi McNellis, moderator of Leave It To The Girls. Maggi’s long experience in the battle of the sexes leaves her with some very definite ideas on the subject. Look for them in the April Radio Television Mirror, on sale Friday, March 9.

"Calling Dr. Kildare" is a cry that has echoed down many a radio and movie corridor—in the April Radio Television Mirror, you’ll find a picture story on the popular Dr. Kildare show. It’s one of the many lively features in an issue that’s crammed from cover to cover with the best and most complete information on the world of radio and TV. Other personalities whom you’ll read about in the April issue: Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Colman, Walter O’Keefe, Jackie Gleason, Bert Parks.

Fran Allison, that versatile friend of Kukla’s and Ollie’s, will again pick up the pen for the pages of Radio Television Mirror. The last story Fran wrote for you was about her good friend, Janette Davis. This time it will be about Burr Tillstrom, Kukla’s and Ollie’s creator and alter ego. Fran will tell you all about Burr’s home, his likes and dislikes—in short, what kind of a person he is when he’s not projecting the personalities of the enchanting inhabitants of the Tillstrom wonderland.

Not to be overlooked in the line-up for the April Radio Television Mirror are your new and old favorites among the regular features: Daytime Diary, the daytime serial fashion page (next month will feature Nora Drake), the homemaker page (next month’s guest is the Pepper Young Family), the bonus novel featuring an incident from We Love and Learn, Who’s Who In TV and Abe Burrow’s Poem of the Month on the Fun of the Month page. April Radio Television Mirror on newstands Friday, March 9.

Maggi McNellis

Dr. Kildare, played by Lew Ayres

Fran Allison

IM THE RUG-A-BOO!
I'LL GRIND THOSE DIRT TRACKS INTO THE FIBERS OF HER RUG BEFORE SHE VACUUMS ON SATURDAY!

CURSES!
SHE'S GOT A NEW BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER! NOW I WON'T HAVE TIME TO RUIN THE FIBERS!

I GOT SMART! I USE A HANDY BISSELL® FOR ALL QUICK CLEAN-UPS. THE "BISCO-MATIC" BRUSH ACTION SWEEPS CLEAN—EVEN UNDER LOW FURNITURE—with no pressure on the handle!

DON'T LET THE RUG-A-BOO GET YOU!
GET A "BISCO-MATIC" BISSELL

BISSELL SWEEPERS

Bissell Carpet Sweeper Company
Grand Rapids 2, Michigan

Your lips have been waiting for Cashmere Bouquet—and Cashmere Bouquet for your lips. So luxuriously smooth, naturally clinging, that your lips take on a fresh look, a luscious look, one that says right out "I dare you!"

And somewhere among Cashmere Bouquet's eight flattering shades is one that's made just for you. But why not see for yourself, today!
NOW
BUY LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE'S NEW THRIFT-PACK...
SAVE $3.00 A YEAR!

... treat yourself to a frilly new blouse with what you save!

IT'S UP TO YOU how you spend the three dollars you save on Listerine Tooth Paste in the new Thrift-Pak! The Thrift-Pak (two regular 45¢ tubes for 59¢!) contains enough Tooth Paste to last the average family a whole month... and saves you 30¢ every time you buy. Within a year, the average family's bound to save as much as $3 or more.

As makers of Listerine Antiseptic, we would never put our name on a product that isn't top quality. No dentifrice you can buy beats Listerine Tooth Paste for:
- Reducing tooth decay
- Thorough polishing
- Sparkling flavor
- Cleaning teeth and breath
  ("Listerine" means breath control)

Only modern machinery, mass production, and more than sixty years of "know-how" make the low price possible. So change today to Listerine Tooth Paste in the new Thrift-Pak.

HOW MUCH TRUST SHOULD YOU PLACE IN YOUR TEEN-AGE DAUGHTER?

In December's Ranto Mirror reader-listeners were told in brief the story of Julie Paterno and Pixie and were asked for their answers to the question of how much trust should be placed in a teen-age child. Radio Television Mirror editors have chosen the best letters and checks have been sent as follows:

TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS to Mrs. H. G. Rhoads of Western Springs, Illinois, for the following letter:

Trust your girl, but help her by setting limitations on the hours she keeps, and the places she goes. Allow enough time to take in normal teen-age fun. Understanding kindness, not to be confused with lax indulgence, will make you value her trust. Help her build a personal pride in trustworthy actions among her own friends. She will strive to maintain that standing, and learn to reject undesirable acquaintances. Preserve her self-confidence by interest in her projects, problems and group activities. Strict force will not restrain a teen-ager for long, but wise adult leadership can.

FIVE DOLLARS each for the five next-best letters in answer to the question has been sent to:

Mrs. David M. Shepherd
Portland, Oregon

Mrs. Priscilla Smith Botti
Canterbury, Conn.

Mrs. Lloyd A. Losier
Bath, Maine

Mrs. John T. Burns
Colorado Springs, Colorado

Mrs. Joe Robertson
Ridgetop, Tennessee

Research at a famous university definitely showed that modern dentifrices like Listerine Tooth Paste, used regularly immediately after eating, can reduce cavities as much as 60%. When it comes to cleaning, no tooth paste... not a single one... beats Listerine Tooth Paste.
FRAN WARREN

Radio Mirror tells the story of one of Broadway's most fabulous friendships.

The story of Fran Warren, RCA Victor's top female vocalist, and Barbara Belle, Fran's manager and intimate friend, started a long time ago when both were little girls, Fran living in a tenement section of The Bronx in New York and Barbara living in Brooklyn.

As youngsters, they met when the foster parents that Barbara was living with in Brooklyn visited friends, who were living in the same tenement as Fran.

The following summer they both went to the same free summer camp, where Barbara wrote her first song, which Fran sang one night around a camp fire. After the summer, they corresponded, although they seldom met.

Barbara learned to play the piano and guitar and began writing music. After a job as stock clerk in a large music publishing house she was hired by Louis Prima as his girl "Friday." Eventually, she was placed in complete charge of Prima's two publishing houses, supervised his various novelty companies, wrote songs especially for him (making herself the youngest member of ASCAP) and wound up as his personal manager.

During all of this time, Fran too was struggling—singing wherever she got the chance. Her first job with a big band was with Art Mooney. One night Barbara Belle happened to visit and their childhood friendship was resumed.

Later, when Fran decided she needed a personal manager, Barbara was the only one Fran would consider. The only problem with the arrangement was that band leaders don't like their vocalists to have managers, so Barbara had to manage Fran without anyone's knowing it.

After this, things picked up rapidly. Barbara wrote "A Sunday Kind Of Love" which Fran recorded, and it was this song that brought her to the attention of the public.
ANN DOES!

I RINSE MY WASH AND TIDE BEATS ANY SOAP I'VE EVER USED — ACTUALLY GETS MY CLOTHES CLEANER!

PEG DOESN'T!

I SKIP THE RINSING! WITHOUT RINSING, TIDE BEATS ANY SOAP I'VE EVER USED — AND I SURE LOVE THE TIME I SAVE!

With or without rinsing —
TIDE DOES A BETTER WASHING JOB THAN ANY SOAP ON EARTH!

Never before Tide could you wash your heaviest, dirtiest clothes so clean!

Women may differ about the rinsing question but they sure seem to agree that Tide beats any soap they've ever tried! Tide, unlike soap, forms no soap film . . . in fact, Tide removes film left by former soap washings. What's more, Tide actually dissolves dirt out of clothes . . . holds dirt suspended in the sudsy water. Wring out the clothes — dirt goes, too. And your clothes have such a bright, fresh look — such a clean, clean look, you'll say it's a miracle! Get Procter & Gamble's Tide today!

"Clean is the word for every wash you do with Tide!"

says Mrs. Joan Riché, Dallas, Texas

"With Tide, white things are such a gleaming, clean white . . . wash prints have such a fresh, clean brightness! I've tried all the leading washing products, but nothing ever got my clothes cleaner than Tide!"
TRAVELER OF THE MONTH

What seemed the end of everything for young Glenn Roberts proved to be only the beginning.

By TOMMY BARTLETT

When a star athlete tells you that the most thrilling moment of his life was the one when he realized he could drive an automobile, you can sense the elements of a story. In the case of our traveler of the month, twenty-year-old Glenn Roberts of Paris, Missouri, the story is a happy one.

Glenn was a track star in high school. His mother, Mrs. Flemma Roberts, had "worked out" to help put him through school, so Glenn got a job as quickly as he could. He was doing some repair work on a high voltage power line about two years ago when a short circuit came close to electrocuting him. Instead, however, it knocked him from his forty-foot perch and burned his hands and arms so badly that they had to be amputated.

Doctors tried to make the amputations below the elbow, realizing that it would greatly simplify Glenn's problems when the time came for artificial limbs. Their efforts were unsuccessful, however, and a second amputation, close to the shoulders, was necessary.

His mother's first reaction was, "This is the end. We won't have anything more to live for." Glenn admits that he was in such a state of shock from the near-electrocution that he had no feeling at all about the problems he faced.

It was after he was discharged from the hospital that a nurse from the power company's insurance company came to visit and persuaded Glenn to go to Boston to a new and experimental rehabilitation center for accident victims. With misgivings, he and his mother, neither of whom had ever done much traveling, packed and started for Boston, determined to come back the minute they proved to themselves that the training was impractical.

They stayed in Boston a year and a half, while Glenn learned to use a new type of artificial hand with controls that could be operated from the shoulder. More than that, he learned to adjust himself to meet a world of two-handed people on even terms. He developed a spirit that nobody is going to break.

"I think I (Continued on page 23)
Eddie Davis of KFAB—"Uncle Eddie" to thousands of Midwest youngsters—was born in the Smoky Mountain district of East Tennessee on September 4, 1918. The hills and forests which surrounded his farm home held never-ceasing wonderment for the youngster and he spent long hours among the trees and rocks, listening to the birds, watching the wild life. All the little forest people whom he knew so well as a child now troop through his radio program every weekday over KFAB.

Eddie is one of those people born with show business in his blood. His first appearance was made at the age of six as the groom in a Tom Thumb wedding. From then on he was cast in every school performance. He taught himself to tap dance—in the hay-loft of his grandfather's barn. It was as a dancer that he appeared on Major Bowes Show in 1938. He won the contest and traveled with Major Bowes' Collegiate Revue for six months. Eddie's talents are not confined to dancing. He is an expert whistler, singer and imitator.

He has been in radio for eighteen years—a remarkable record for a young man. Eddie's first venture was his own "ham rig," licensed in 1932 and he has been licensed ever since. He was a member of the staff of station KSMA, Santa Maria, California, and also WCOS, Columbia, South Carolina. In 1949, he joined the KFAB staff.

"Uncle Eddie" has a tremendous following among the small fry of KFAB's Midwest Empire—and with reason. He never talks down to them. He loves every child in the world and they seem to understand that he does. Thousands of youngsters belong to his Good Deed Club on KFAB. He gets hundreds of letters from them every week and his clean-cut ideals have carried his radio shows to great success.
STAG AT EVE

Since July, 1960, when Stag at Eve began, Beth Norman has upheld the feminine viewpoint with mixed success. The show is seen Sundays at 7 P.M. PST over San Francisco's KPIX.

In San Francisco, the men take good-natured revenge against the fair sex via a program called Stag at Eve. "Eve" is Beth Norman, originator and producer of the show, and the only woman who appears on it. The program is designed for the sole purpose of giving men four chances to one to get a word in edgewise. Three distinguished male guests form the panel and Paul Speegle regularly handles the summation for the boys. After this, "Eve" is allowed one opportunity for rebuttal. Some very high voltage subjects have been discussed since the program began, and as long as the discussion remains within the realm of good taste, no holds are barred.

Traveler of the Month
(Continued from page 21)

helped them, too," he grinned as he spoke to me in the College Inn Porch house in the Sherman 0.2 in Chicago. "Before I left, they were sending the most despondent newcomers to talk to me, and I was able to get every one of them to look at things a little more cheerfully. Anywhere you go, you're able to find people who are worse off than you are, in one way or another—and they always manage to get along. What they can do, you can do better."

Glenn is proud of his new "hands." He moved a cigarette ash from the bottom of an ash tray to the rim without breaking it, smiling proudly as he did it. "I'll bet you can't do that," he challenged me, and I had to admit my natural hands weren't machined for such delicate work. "You can find compensations for anything that happens to you," Glenn told me. "I could have been electrocuted, so I'm lucky to be alive. And if this accident hadn't happened, I'd have gone on working as a repair man for the rest of my life, maybe. The way things are now, I'm going to college and study vocational agriculture. When I get out, I'll return to farming, and I'll be one of the best farmers in the state of Missouri."

Mrs. Roberts nodded, beaming. "When Glenn makes up his mind to do something," she said, "he'll do it. That's what he thought would happen with the cigarette ash—I wouldn't dispute Mrs. Roberts' prediction of her son's success. As a matter of fact, if I were a betting man, I'd give long odds on Glenn's side. A youngster who can come up smiling and eager to conquer the world after what he's been through isn't going to be thrown by anybody, any time.
Disembarking from their stateroom on the S. S. Catalina at the Avalon dock: Mrs. Kelly, Suannah Lee, five, and Chiles Bradford, three, the talent sprouts who introduced their mother on LLAM.

Susie and Chili play caddy to their mother on the country club's pitch and putt course.

A serenade from the Island Troubadors is something that all new arrivals to Catalina are given.

More mood music for Mrs. Kelly and her escort from the serenaders at the El Encanto in Avalon.

Live Like A Millionaire is heard M-F, 2:30 P.M. EST on NBC. It may be
A week's interest on a million dollars!

That's what talented parents—introduced by
their children—can win on this program

Are there any aspiring "millionaires" in the audience? Are they
talented? And do they have children to boot? If so, NBC's
Live Like a Millionaire, broadcast from Hollywood, is made for
them. On this program, four parents are presented each day, with
each day's winners competing at the end of the week. Audience
applause determines the week's winner, who is awarded a week's
interest on a million dollars and many merchandise gifts. The most'
thrilling award is the actual chance to live like a millionaire via a
trip to a place which the person with an average income couldn't
afford. Mrs. Lee Childs Kelly, whose trip is pictured on these pages,
got to lovely Santa Catalina Island off the coast of California. She
won on LLAM for her lovely rendition of a song from "Showboat."
Auditions for would-be "millionaires" are held twice weekly.

Mrs. Kelly at the Catalina Visitors
Country Club with Mr. and Mrs. Tay-
lor, the owners, and Mrs. Hartlane.
The Kellys stayed at Zane Grey
Manor. It is owned by Mrs. Hartlane.
It was the home of the famous writer.
Even millionaires find it hard to
forget this magnificent view of Ava-
lon Bay, the harbor and the town.
For the past fourteen years, KMBC's Brush Creek Follies has been a Saturday night feature in Kansas City.

One of the best known barn dance radio-stage shows in the Middlewest is the fourteen-year-old KMBC Brush Creek Follies. The Follies, regularly a Saturday night feature in Kansas City, are a combination stage and radio presentation, starring a cast of more than twenty top hillbilly and western entertainers.

The show itself gets off to a running start at 8:30 P.M. (curtain time) and the first hour is both a stage show and radio broadcast. The radio portion of the program is off the air from 9:30 until 9:45, and the last quarter hour of broadcast is from 9:45 to 10 P.M. The last half hour of the show, from 10 P.M. on, is entirely a stage performance.

The cast of the Follies makes hundreds of personal appearances throughout the Kansas City Trade territory each year, and is in constant demand.

Here is a thumbnail sketch of a few of these popular performers:

Genial Jack Dunigan, emcee of the Follies, also sings and plays the guitar.

Colorado Pete, cowboy singer, and a member of the cast since the beginning of the show, is just as popular today as he was fourteen years ago.

The Tune Chasers, an instrumental group of talented musicians, once made a guest appearance with the Kansas City Philharmonic orchestra, and their zany arrangements are as well-received as their "sweet" and popular tunes. Each of these entertainers frequently steps into the spotlight with solo offerings, both vocal and instrumental.

Millie and Sue, two attractive young ladies who specialize in hillbilly songs and unusual yodeling arrangements, are popular as well as decorative cast members.

Jed Starkey, droll hillbilly comedian, with his bagful of tricks and unusual "gadgets" which only he can get music from, is always amusing.

Versatile David Andrews, with a little comedy, a song, or a fast-talking routine, is another Follies Favorite.

The Texas Rangers, five outstanding musicians, are noted for their excellent arrangements and vocal interpretations of western music. Several members do vocal and instrumental solos.

Little Vera, feminine and petite, is a ballad singer. Her costume comedy routine is always a Follies highlight.

Betty Riley, an attractive young newcomer to the Follies cast, is a western and ballad singer of great promise who already has a fine following.

Harry Jenks, an artist at the keyboard or the console, is a soloist of unusual ability with his organ or piano arrangements.

Tiny Tillman, the "five by five" of the cast, is a sure-fire show stopper with his ballads.

The success of the KMBC Brush Creek Follies is no accident. A combination of outstanding talent, together with master showmanship, the ability to please an audience of diverse interests, constant rehearsal and hard work, plus countless personal appearances in the territory, are the ingredients that have made the Brush Creek Follies the Midwest's finest barn dance show.
DENNIS DAY’S DAY

Dennis is proud of his train collection, which is valued among the best hand-made sets in Hollywood and, understandably, son Pat shares his enthusiasm.

Patrick’s interest lags when something goes wrong and Daddy gets involved in tangled wires.

Handling the controls is more to Pat’s liking but Dennis is skeptical about the results.

There they go! As Chief Engineer, Dennis is delighted with his new assistant’s ability.

Looks like Pat threw a wrong switch, but he has complete faith in Dennis’ repair work.

A Day in the Life of Dennis Day is heard Saturdays at 9:30 P.M. EST on NBC. The show is sponsored by Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.

Gayla HAIR NETS

every day all day
wear the new modern
Gayla HAIR NETS

“PERMANIZED” • RUN RESISTANT
(a Gayla exclusive!)
Grooms Hair-dos—Saves Waves
Invisible—Tru-Color Hair Shades

more women use Gayla HOLD-BOB
bobby pins than all other brands combined
set curls easier, hold hair-dos better

© 1951, GAYLORD PRODUCTS, INCORPORATED, CHICAGO, ILL.
Are you in the know?

Which keeps your velvet duds date-worthy?
- A steam iron
- Cellophane tape
- Mathballs

Those velvets and velveteens you're strutting in, nowadays, need to be de-wrinkled. De- linted. Never iron velvet; hang your duds in a steam-filled bathroom, Cellophane tape wrapped around your fingers (sticky side out), picks up lint. Date-worthy clothes must have good care. And doesn't it make good sense, on "those" days, to care what kind of sanitary protection you have? Insist on Kotex. That special safety center gives extra protection. Keeps you de-lustered!

What to do about kingsize pores?
- Mask 'em with makeup
- Make like an owl
- Tighten up

Can your complexion take a daytime close-up? If not, you needn't play the night-owl circuit (to avoid "revealing" light). And heavy makeup's no go. To help belittle large pores, suds your face thoroughly, and often; then "tightly" with cold splashing and a good astringent. Come calendar time, you can take your place in the sun or limelight, confidently. For those special, flat pressed ends of Kotex prevent revealing outlines. No fear that anyone "knows" — with Kotex!

If his "competition" calls you, what's your cue?
- Be brief
- Linger on the line.
- "Sorry, wrong number"

B-i-r-r-r-ing! And you chat for hours with the buzz boy—while your date smoulders on the family sofa. Think he's impressed? Ha... ha. Be brief! Else next time you're waiting for his call, don't ask for whom the bell rings. It's not for you. But at problem time, one of the 3 Kotex absorbencies will seem "made to order" for you. Try Regular, Junior, Super (different sizes, for different days). You'll wonder why you never thought of trying all 3 before!

How to win a reputation as a top-flight hostess —
- Hire a caterer
- Take on airlines job
- Give a "twenties" party

Want to throw the most-fun party of the season? Plan a costume jamboree — with gals jiggered in their Moms' old "twenties" outfits. (And maybe the boys' Dads could supply plus-fours.) Have a Charleston contest; with prizes. And even if calendar problems threaten you, don't retreat. Choose Kotex. With that new downy softness that holds its shape, you're set for hours of comfort — for Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it. So, as a confident hostess — you'll be "the bee's knees"!

Have you tried Delsey?
Delsey® is the new bathroom tissue that's safer because it's softer. A product as superior as Kotex... a tissue as soft and absorbent as Kleenex® (We think that's the nicest compliment there is.)

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

To gals-in-the-know, does "Junior" mean —
- A prom
- A dress department
- A type of sanitary protection

A certain type of togs may be devotee for your gal-pal—but for you 'tain't necessarily so, because different gals have different needs. On problem days, as well. That's why Kotex comes in 3 absorbencies. And if you prefer a slightly narrower napkin, you'll want to choose Junior Kotex. Many girls find it gives just the right absorbency; fits more comfortably. Buy Junior Kotex in the Green Box.
What's New?

A new look, outside and in—
new title, new cover, more color
pictures, more stories! Why
all these exciting changes? Why
is Radio Television Mirror now
truly “two magazines in one?”

All these years—eighteen of them—your editors have tried to give you the best and the most interesting possible information about radio people and radio programs. When TV came along, television players and shows were added to the magazine. Now, in leafing through this copy of Radio Television Mirror you'll find a number of changes. The first question that comes to mind when changes are made is: Why make them? The answer is that your editors feel they've done an adequate job with radio all this time and, now that TV has fulfilled its exciting promise, room must be made to give the newer medium that same sort of complete story and picture coverage.

To make room for all the information you've asked us to give you on TV programs and personalities the changes apparent in this issue have been made. One word describes them pretty well—“more.” More of everything—more stories, more color, more new features, this month and every month from now on. The new Radio Television Mirror is for everyone, every member of the family. And for the busy homemakers among you who must reserve TV for evening viewing, for those who live in areas where television is not yet established, and for those who still delight in listening to their old-time radio favorites, the magazine will continue full radio coverage, too. Count on Radio Television Mirror—now two magazines in one—to keep you in touch with all that's good listening and good viewing on radio and on TV!

THE EDITORS
Always intrigued with the songs and dances of Hawaii, Arthur brings them to millions via Momikai and the Hawaiian Room dancers. "Hawaii," says Arthur, "is one place in the world where people don't care who you are—they like you for yourself."
It seems absurd, but Arthur Godfrey knew who I was long before I knew who he was! Even more absurd is the fact that I turned my back on my first chance to meet him! This was in 1944. I was dancing in the floor show at the Lexington Hotel's Hawaiian Room in New York. I had been brought up to be modest, not look at strangers and obey the rules. So when I stepped into the elevator I didn't look at anyone, turned around and faced the door because that is the rule in elevators.

Behind me some people laughed and then I heard, "Since when have we stopped speaking to each other?"

I turned around and discovered that I was ignoring my boss! It was Charles E. Rochester, president and managing director of the hotel! With him was Mrs. Rochester and a man with wonderful bright red hair. All three were laughing at my expression as Mr. Rochester said,

"Arthur, this exclusive young lady is Momikai, part of our show."

"I know," said Arthur. "She's my favorite gal down there." He said some nice things about my dancing, then I went to work and he went on his way. I still did not know who he was and didn't find out until I met him for the second time a few months later.

One evening after our show, Mr. Rochester asked me and Lani McIntyre, our (Continued on page 72)
Up and down the land the controversy rages: what about color television? Here are some first hand, common sense conclusions

By HARRIET VAN HORNE

In the audience at one of CBS's public demonstrations of color television last fall was a small, red-haired girl. As the guests were leaving, a reporter whose chore it was to poll their reactions, asked the child if she'd liked seeing the pictures in color. She nodded shyly.

Well, pursued the reporter, was there anything about color television that she hadn't liked? "Yes," came the firm answer. "I didn't like it when they turned it off."

This sums up the reaction of most people who have seen the new rainbow-hued video. It's beautiful beyond words. It's impossible not to marvel at it. And not to feel disappointed when the show ends and the screen goes dark.

Since November, when the Federal Communications Commission gave its blessing to the field sequential system, CBS has been demonstrating color TV to the public. Five showings are being held each day at the old Tiffany Building on lower Fifth Avenue. Each show is packed. And the adjectives you hear in the lobby put you in mind of intermission comments at "South Pacific." In fact, color television is a "hit" in the same sense of the word. The public has taken it to its heart. To come home from a TV show in color and turn on your old black and white set, as I did the other day, is a very drab experience.

With the possible exception of the color-blind, everybody has found color television a thing of breath-taking beauty. CBS polled 12,000 persons who viewed the demonstra-
ABOUT COLOR TV

The pictures are warm, radiant and wonderfully alive. You’d be surprised how much more information is conveyed to the eye when each detail stands out in its own hue. There is no eye-strain.

Imagine, if you will, a fashion show on black and white television. The models are wearing dresses that look either black, white or gray. Dressmaking details and accessories are obscured in the half-tone mist.

Now imagine a fashion show in which the first model wears red tulle. There are rubies at her throat and wrists. Her evening bag is silver. Her nails are long and scarlet and you notice that her back still carries a hint of summer’s tan.

Next come models in pale pastels, in vivid green, in floral print. The colors, the designs, the flowers in the hair, the black lace border on a white hanky—all are etched clearly on the screen. The flesh-tones are warm and alive, not pale gray as some had prophesied.

For contrast, imagine a football game on your present TV set. It’s all shades of gray, including the mud. Now fancy how it would look on a color set. You notice that one team wears red jerseys, the other blue. You feel your spirits lift as the college band marches out, red uniforms and brass fittings flashing like an operetta regiment. As the camera pans over the stadium, you notice the pretty, pink-cheeked girls in their warm furs and yellow chrysanthemums. The dark-haired one is waving a Yale pennant. You notice her escort has on a raccoon coat and a blue beanie.

Even the commercials are gay and attractive on color television. You watch a glass of beer being poured. It’s clear amber, with a neat white ruff on top. Beads of moisture collect on the glass. You notice that the hand now holding it wears pink nail-polish and a merry little charm bracelet. One of the charms is red and white enamel.

Or suppose the product is woolen blankets. Your eye takes in all the colors, the shining satin bindings, the fuzzy nap. You decide on the pink one. A price is given, as well as a phone number to call in case you wish to order one right this minute. A few days later you’ve got your pink woolly blanket. And you’ve saved yourself a trip downtown.

To describe exactly what the colors in color television look like is rather difficult. It’s like trying to describe a particularly fine sunset. Let’s try it first by comparison.

Color television does not look like colored movies. It is superior. The colors are more restful and far more realistic. It isn’t much like a colored magazine ad, either. Here the colors have a hard gloss. And they’re likely to be bolder and brighter than real life. What does color TV look like then?

Well, imagine the most beautiful color picture you’ve ever seen. Then imagine it as transparent, held up to the light so that it is flooded with brilliance. That’s it. Color television has that (Continued on page 98)
Faye announced her engagement to Skitch on her TV show, then went to the Little Club to celebrate.

Photographers caught a happy couple at the marriage bureau. License for the N. Y. wedding was obtained here.
Emerson's Marriage

Mr. and Mrs. Lyle Cedric Henderson: married in Mexico, married in Manhattan, at home now—and wonderfully happy, too!

On the 12th of last December, Faye Emerson, the blonde and beautiful channel charmer, became the wife of Lyle Cedric Henderson, familiarly known to friends, family, radio and video fans as Skitch.

Skitch and Faye had known each other, vaguely, for a long time. Both had lived and worked in Hollywood. They had mutual friends. They'd even met at Hollywood parties. Yet they never really knew each other.

Then in New York, while Faye was working in radio, Skitch was a guest on one of her programs. Getting him as a guest was no small feat for Faye. Skitch's schedule includes his daily early a.m. disc jockey show; Skitch's Scrapbook, also daily; his Saturday morning Prom Date show and his Monday evening television Talent Search, all of which are heard and seen on NBC in New York.

While it may not have been a case of love at first sight in Hollywood, friends of the couple suspect that it was something closely akin to that after their meeting in New York, which was in July of last year. By November, everyone was aware that Skitch was Faye's Number One beau. One night that month, on her TV show, Faye announced her engagement. "I want you to be the first to know," she told her audience. Then she introduced Skitch. A little over a month later, Skitch and Faye flew to Mexico to be married—they wed there to avoid legal complications. Five days later, in New York, another ceremony was held. Friends toasted the newlyweds at a Stork Club reception.

Faye, who appears thrice weekly on her own television show, hopes that someday she and Skitch will have a house in the country. Meanwhile, the Hendersons will do their living happily ever after in the Park Avenue apartment which Faye had before their marriage.
COME AND VISIT

Curt Massey

When a baritone finds time for both his career and his family, you know his name must be Massey.

Curt and Edythe Massey live in a sunny, gracious, hacienda-type of house on a landscaped street in Beverly Hills. What they like best about their street are the maple trees which are, to them, a pleasant relief from the perennial palms and pepper trees with which Southern California abounds. Coming as they do from areas where there is a change of season, Curt and Edythe welcome the illusion of change that the maple trees give. In the spring, the new leaves appear, chartreuse and shiny. And in the fall, they curl brownly and shuffle over the grass in elfin dance. It could be Texas or New Mexico or Missouri—Curt has fond memories of all three places—or again, it could be Missouri, from which Edythe comes.

The Massey house itself is done accordingly in modified Spanish architecture with warm, brownish-beige walls, arching doorways, and a tile roof. They have furnished it in a style which is best described as California Coordinated because the impression given by the (Continued on page 77)

BY
FREDDA DUDLEY BALLENG

This is one gun that really isn't loaded!
Scout Stephen is also a model plane devotee.
David and Stephen are almost as adept on the ukulele as their parents are on the violin and piano.

David won't miss this till morning.

Curt teaches the boys how to handle his fishing equipment.
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Curt teaches the boys how to handle his fishing equipment.

36

The Curt Massey Show is heard Mon-Fri., 5:45 P.M. EST on CBS. (6:30 P.M. EST in New York area.) Sponsored by Alka-Seltzer and One-A-Day vitamins.

37
Bean bag, in Broadway Open House language, means "good guy." And that, says Dagmar, is exactly what Jerry Lester is.

By DAGMAR

Dagmar concedes that Jerry is almost as intelligent as she, but deplores his lack of literary knowledge.
Editor's Note: Most people who view Broadway Open House think that the towering blonde known as Dagmar is very beautiful. But, alas, they fear, she is also very dumb. Now Dagmar, on the other hand, is completely unaware of her own beauty but not for one moment does she think she is dumb. In fact, she is convinced that her mind is far superior to those around her, which makes her, she feels, the likeliest person to write about Broadway Open House’s host, Jerry Lester. Here is Dagmar’s story—perhaps you won’t think she’s so dumb after all!

For six months, at this writing, I have had the pleasure and the inestimable privilege of appearing as one of Mr. Lester’s thespians (the biggest one!) on his TV triumph, Broadway Open House. During this time I feel sure I have helped Mr. Lester a great deal. I have broadened his knowledge of Poetry and Art. I have given him an understanding of the Higher Things of Life.

On the other hand, Mr. Lester has made me very happy. He has vouchsafed me the opportunity to display my intelligence—I am very intelligent, you know—to the public, for which I am very grateful. He has appointed me as secretary of his Bean Bag Club which now boasts half a million members. It was just before last Labor Day of 1950 that Mr. Lester made a casual reference to a club for bean bags—meaning good guys—and the next day NBC got ten thousand letters from persons who wanted to be members. Henceforward, NBC hasn’t had a normal mail delivery—and the bean bag boom is on! To be an official in an organization numbering more than half a million good guys (Continued on page 86)

Fans deluge Jerry with remembrances, especially ties and bean bags. This tie has the bean bag legend painted on it.

Jerry Lester appears on Broadway Open House Tues., Thurs. & Fri. at 11 P.M. EST, NBC-TV. Sponsor—Anchor Hocking Co.
"What's for dinner, Mom?" Carla, who does her own shopping and cleaning, as well as the cooking, is used to that familiar question. Pamela and Patricia have the appetites that being thirteen and nine and living in the country seem to generate.

Both Pat and Pam share their father's interest in acting but right now English and algebra and American history take a sometimes unwilling precedence. Ned often coaches the girls for school dramatics.

Ned Wever is of the many toilers in the steel and concrete vineyards of Radio City who has always been grateful that the distance between his microphone and his commuting train is not very great. Leaving behind the personality of Dr. Anthony Loring, suitor of Young Widder Brown, which he plays five times a week from 4:45 to 5:00 P.M., Ned heads for the lower level of Grand Central Station where the trains marked for Old Greenwich leave with increasing regularity as the clock hands move past five.

At the end of the forty-five minute ride out of Manhattan and over the Connecticut state line, lies the home and the way of life which Ned Wever's intelligence and talents have won for him. There he finds his lovely wife, Carla, his lively and adoring daughters, Patricia, thirteen, and Pamela, nine—all clamoring to tell him about their day in a house full of happiness. It's a busy one, too, this Wever house. Each member of the family has a favorite activity or hobby which is at variance with each other's. But at one point they do agree and that point is music. Ned is particularly proud that his daughters share his own interest in music. Pat, he thinks, has exceptional ability on the piano although right now she's just as much interested in tap dancing. Ned himself is a lyric writer and he has a number of popular songs to his credit: "Trouble In Paradise," "Spellbound," "I Can't Resist You" and "Trust In Me."

But Carla will tell you that, contrary to supposition, Ned is one man who is not always handy to have around the house. A hammer, in his hands, crushes thumbs instead of nails. Rakes are things to be left on the lawn for other people to trip over. And ever since the time he emerged with an ulcerated eye from a garden pruning session, Carla has been content to do such chores herself. These things do not bother Pam and Pat. They find Ned very handy—he seems to know all the answers to pokey algebra problems!
FULL OF HAPPINESS
California is often thought of as the Promised Land and it means no less than that to the youngsters whose appearances on the Horace Heidt Youth Opportunity program have won for them permanent spots with the Heidt troupe. Twice a year the troupe hies itself to Horace's Van Nuys ranch to enjoy the kind of life pictured on these pages.
It's w-a-a-y up for Hildegarde, who thinks her mother is the best swing pusher in the world. Hildegarde wants to be an acrobat someday.

Horace seems to be getting the best of this match but Jack knows how to return all his father has taught him about boxing. Jerry ref.

The Heidt pitch and putt course is a spot rarely unoccupied. Jerry shows Mrs. Heidt how to swing a club—he learned from Horace.

The Pepperettes—Joan Cherry, Evelyn Weatherford and Jackie Joslin—rehearse. “I Didn't Know The Gun was Loaded” won them a spot.

Gwen Noser, Loralyn Green, Colleen Buckley and Lila Jackson share one bathroom but manage to stagger shampoos and stockings.

Who can resist a pillow fight? Heidt keeps eight scouts on the road seeking out talented youngsters looking for the big break.

The most popular recreational spot is the pool. The Double HH Ranch also boasts a rehearsal hall and thirty-two bungalows which are used as living quarters. All this and a salary, too, for the Heidt troupe!

Rehearsals are kept up during the hiatus from the road and the youngsters have a chance to learn and perfect their techniques and talents. Horace brings in music teachers and choreographers for the eager-to-learn kids.

The Horace Heidt show is heard Sun., 9:30 P.M. EST, CBS; televised Mon., 9 P.M. EST, CBS-TV. Both shows are sponsored by Philip Morris Cigarettes.
First suits, not first robins, are sure—and welcome—signs of Spring to women! The Second Mrs. Burton shows you a fashion-right, price-right pair of them.

Suits that make you feel the way Spring does—suits with unbelievable price tags—suits that lead a double life, on casual or dress-up occasions: that’s the good news for the season!

Wood violet is a complexion-flattering shade, has a lovely young-as-can-be look; Terry wears it, on the color page, done up in a sleek and slimming suit of fine worsted sheen gabardine. This is a softly-cut suit with good tailoring showing in every line: the fitted jacket has dressmaker detail on hip pockets, buttons and buttonholes, and the four-gore skirt was designed to give you pencil-slim lines. A Cambrooke® suit, in sizes 10-20. You may have it in wood violet, navy, black, wheat or red—and the price tag: under $40! Dress-up accessories for it: Debway’s poke bonnet with full face veil and shepherd’s crook umbrella by Uncle Sam.

You’ll want a rayon suit this year, too, for the wonderful thing about it is you can wear it now, wear it straight through the summer! On this page, a simple but elegant all-purpose one—its fitted, seven-button jacket detailed with Peter Pan collar, four little pockets; its easy skirt five-gored. By Nan Buntly, in a wide range of colors to choose from: dark green, navy, toast, red, beige and aqua, in sizes 9-15 and 10-18. The price, a happy surprise: under $14! For neckline interest: Heineman’s rose, secured with ribbon. Foot note: Grace Walker shoes. For stores in your locality where these suits may be found, see page 95.)
Horace Greeley said it: "The illusion that times that were are better than those that are, has probably pervaded all ages."

Art Linkletter's Nonsense and Some-Sense

IT HAPPENED ON HOUSE PARTY—

Linkletter (to young Naval lieutenant): You say you're married—any children?
Lieutenant: No, not yet.
Linkletter: Well, anyone but you and your wife at home—any pets, for instance.
Lieutenant: No, but we're thinking of getting one. As a matter of fact, my wife wants a mule—but I tell her she already has one!

Addenda on March
—(from Lois's book on flowers and facts about same)—Flower-of-the-Month is the Jonquil... connotation thereof: Wisdom... Birthstone: aquamarine or bloodstone.

Rabbi Naham ben Simha said it: "We have the kind of children we deserve."
MARCH . . . and according to my staunch supporter in these matters, the Old Farmer's Almanac, there's going to be no lion-or-lamb nonsense about this month. A lion, and a grumpy one, says the OFA grimly, and adds such bits of cheer anent the up-coming weather as, "The days lengthen and the cold strengthens"—"Tornadoes in Midwest, and you keep on your fur-lined vest!" Oh well, if March comes, can April be far behind? I'm tempted to peek ahead to see what the OFA has to say about April, but that wouldn't be fair, I suppose. Final Almanac comment on this month: "Snow will stay well into March. The last three weeks of March will have nothing in them which can be spoken of favorably except they brought us three weeks nearer Spring." Stir up the fire, folks, and pass Grandma her shawl, and let's hurry the conversation on to pleasanter things. How about getting out the seed catalogues, as an antidote? It's easier to convince yourself that your feet aren't freezing if your mind is filled with pictures of next summer's garden.

PAUSE AND CONSIDER DEPT.

Have you ever heard the famous story about the sweet little girl who approached the great writer, Mark Twain, one day, her eyes filled with wonder as only a child's can be? She sat on the park bench next to the handsomely clad and content, apparently to sit and worship. Graciously, Mark Twain started to talk to her and, after a while, said, "This is something you can tell your grandchildren—that you had spent an hour with Mark Twain."

The little girl's face fell. "Why," she cried accusingly, "I thought that you were Buffalo Bill!" and she hurried away.

Edward Bulwer Lytton Said
It: "A good cigar is as great a comfort to a man as a good cry to a woman."

Persnickety People—
If your wife lacks you out of the house in Massachusetts, you have to think up a refined and gentle way of getting her to relent. There, it's expressly forbidden by law to set fire to your house in order to smoke your wife out!

READERS' OWN VERSE DEPT.

Quien Sabe

A poet's wife,
We wonder, now,
If when she makes
Her marriage vow
And promises—
But why rehearse,
Is it for better
Or for worse?
—Robert Nelson

Lines by a Post-Graduate

Experience, we can't deny,
Is an efficient college.
We learn by our hard knocks—that's why
It's called a bump of knowledge!
—Ernestine Cobern Beyor
George and Gracie move into video and find

George Burns’ and Gracie Allen’s transfer to TV was accomplished with exactly the ease you’d expect from a couple whose domestic adventures have been as much a part of the radio scene as they’re bound to become of television. As usual, it’s

Gracie gives Truman Smith her considered opinion on art—it differs from anyone else’s, of course!

George calls himself “Gracie’s straight man,” but he’s also the narrator and master of ceremonies.

The George Burns and Gracie Allen Show: televised alternate
themselves very much at home indeed!

Gracie's delightfully illogical patter and George's mixed mood of exasperation and patience that makes the Burns and Allen show a half hour of hilarity not to be missed: The radio cast, including the next-door neighbors, the Mortons is intact on TV, too.

Hal March and Bea Benadaret, who play the next-door Mortons, carried over their roles from radio.

Rehearsal huddle: George irons out show's knots with Willy Burns, Harvey Helm and Bill Goodwin.

Thursdays, 8 P. M. EST, CBS. Sponsored by the Carnation Co.
It's no longer news that a woman can have a home, a career—and even a child—and manage sufficient time for each. But that sort of life does mean doing only important things, never bothering about unimportant ones! Most important of all on my list comes my daughter Roberta; everything else has to give in order that I spend plenty of time with her. For example, we seldom entertain at late dinner parties, but when we do I make sure the occasion becomes a special one for Roberta, too, rather than a time when she feels left out of the fun. Well before time for guests to arrive, I set a special table for her in the living room. She sits in a comfortable chair, eats an appetizing, nourishing dinner—no sandwich and milk supper—and I take time from my party preparations to sit with her and either talk or read to her while she eats.

For An Expert Job—Call In An Expert

There's nothing that can make your whole place look unattractive as quickly as a soiled, spatted rug. The combination of sooty Manhattan and a small daughter doesn't help to keep my rugs new-looking far very long at a time and, although I do same emergency repair work myself on them from time to time, I firmly believe that rug-cleaning is not a profession to which I'm suited, and I'm more than willing to leave the job to someone who understands it better than I do. It takes the services of a reliable rug cleaner, experience has taught me, to remove all of the soil embedded in a rug—name spot-cleaning should be reserved for emergencies only. There are many rug cleaners, but not all of them can be depended on to do a good job, unfortunately. If your rug cleaner is a member of the National Institute of Rug Cleaners, you can, however, be reasonably safe in assuming he'll do a good job for you. You see, the NIRC makes available to its members information on most up-to-date and effective methods, machines and materials. Here's another thing I've learned—if you want a good job of rug-cleaning done, it's a good idea to know what constitutes one—and to let your cleaner know that you know! Here are some points to bear in mind: (a) Dry dusting or mechanical beating is a process preliminary to shampooing. It removes as much loose dirt and grit as possible. (b) Shampooing wets the face and back of rug with solution of soap or soapless lather. This is followed by (c) series of rinses with water to completely remove soil and soap. (d) Moisture is removed with special equipment, and then rug is thoroughly dried. (e) Shrinkage—and this is very important—is controlled by means of other equipment during or after the drying period. Advantages of having your rugs cleaned by experts are these: saving of time and hard work for you, and the fact that professional cleaners have facilities for thorough rinsing, fast, controlled-shrinkage drying—two important points!
Our Own Gallery

Last year Roberta, to our delight, began to show real interest in art and drawing. She shows some skill, too, and of course we do everything we can to encourage her, including allowing her to use the hall as a sort of art gallery all her own. We've tried not to confuse her with overwhelming flattering of every drawing she made but to use judgment in our praise so she'll have faith in that judgment. When she shows us a new effort we're critical to the extent of comparing it with her lost drawing and pointing out such things as neatness, color and general improvement if it shows or where she's gone astray if it doesn't. Not long ago she got outside encouragement. She rolled up her art under her arm, went out to sell paintings to the neighbors. The encouragement she got was tangible indeed—she came home with four dollars in her pocket!

Good, Quick And Easy

Of all the things that go into housekeeping I like cooking best—it's creative! Our favorite dessert's Frosted Lemon Crisp, made with: 3 eggs, 1 cup sugar, ¼ teaspoon salt, ¼ cup lemon juice, ¼ cup heavy cream, ¼ cup softened butter, 10 graham crackers. Method: Separate 2 eggs, reserving whites. Combine in top of double boiler 1 whole egg, 2 egg yolks, 1 cup sugar, salt and lemon juice. Beat to blend well. Cook over hot water, stirring constantly until thickened. Remove from heat and cool. Beat egg whites until stiff but not dry. In separate bowl whip cream. Fold egg whites into whipped cream, then stir into cooled custard mixture. Place crackers in a towel, roll into crumbs with rolling pin. Blend with softened butter. Press half crumb mixture into bottom of a freezing tray. Pour in lemon mixture. Top with remaining crumb mixture. Freeze several hours or till set.
new ways with GLAZE

The traditional Easter ham has gone modern! I remember how my mother used to work over a ham. It was a series of long soaking periods, parboiling and then baking. But with new modern methods of curing, all this preparation is unnecessary. Hams today are tenderized! There are fully-cooked-ready-to-eat hams which require no cooking at all and can be served hot or cold. These hams when baked need only be heated through and require about 10 minutes cooking time per pound. Read the label to know the type of ham you are buying.

I feel so proud when I serve a beautifully glazed ham. And how the family enjoys it! I always plan left-overs when I buy a ham. It can be prepared in many ways and goes well in combination with so many foods.

BAKED HAM

To bake a ready-to-serve ham, remove wrapping from ham. Do not remove rind. Rewrap loosely in inside wrapping or aluminum foil. Place fat side up on a rack in a shallow roasting pan. Bake in a slow oven (325°F.) 10 minutes per pound for a ham at room temperature or 15 minutes per pound for a ham that is chilled. If a meat thermometer is used, insert the bulb in the thickest part of the meat away from the bone. Remove the ham from the oven when the thermometer reads 150-155°F. or 45 minutes before ham is done. Remove paper and rind. Score fat, stud with cloves if desired. Cover with glaze. Finish baking at the same temperature (325°F.) until browned and well glazed. Brush with glaze several times during this period.

APRICOT GLAZE

1/4 cup dried apricots  1/4 cup honey  1/4 cup pineapple juice

Cook apricots as directed on package. Drain and put through a sieve or food mill. Combine the puree with honey and pineapple juice. Place in a saucepan and cook over low heat until well blended. Brush over ham several times during last half hour of baking.

SWEET AND SOUR GLAZE

1 cup brown sugar  1 teaspoon dry mustard  3 tablespoons vinegar  1/4 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce

Combine brown sugar and mustard. Blend well. Stir in vinegar and Worcestershire sauce.

PINEAPPLE GLAZE

1/4 cup brown sugar  1/4 cup pineapple juice  1/2 cup honey

Combine all ingredients carefully. Blend well. Then cook over moderate heat 10 minutes.

HAM AND LIMA BEAN CASSEROLE

1 1/2 cups dried lima beans  1/2 cup finely sliced onion  2 teaspoons salt  1/2 cup chopped green pepper  2 cups cubed cooked ham  1 1/2 cups water

Pick over and wash lima beans. Cover with cold water and soak several hours or overnight. Drain. Cover with boiling water. Add salt and simmer, covered, until tender (about 1 hour). Drain. Combine with remaining ingredients. Place in a greased casserole. Cover and bake in a slow oven (325°F.) 30 minutes. Uncover the casserole and bake 30 minutes longer or until beans are lightly browned. Makes 6 servings.

(Continued on page 73)
Joan Davis asks: “IS SEPARATION

Joan and Harry, of When A Girl
Marries, face this difficult problem—
what would be your answer to it?

Joan and Harry Davis have reached a
crisis in their lives—a point at which they
must decide whether the better course is
to stay together, which will mean denying
their children the advantages they have al-
ways felt they must have, or to separate for
a short time, until Harry’s business situation
improves.

That they must “separate in order to re-
main together” arises from the fact that the
logical place for Joan and the children to go
is to Mrs. Field, Joan’s wealthy mother. Al-
though Mrs. Field disinherited Joan when
she married Harry, she is now willing to
take her daughter and her grandchildren in
—but she makes a point of the fact that of
course Harry cannot come along. Harry,
able to get his law practice back to normal
since he had amnesia a year ago will go to
stay with his brother, Tom Davis, until he
can get the practice back on its feet or find
a job of another sort. The separation of Joan
and Harry is purely a practical one, one
which seems the best—the only solution—to
their present problem.

What do you think—do you feel that sepa-
ration is ever the answer to such a domestic
problem? Are Joan and Harry making the
wise choice in putting the welfare of the
children ahead of their own feelings—for, of
course, they would much prefer to stay to-
gether. Or do you think they should consider
their own feelings first? Viewing the ques-
tion from broader point of view—not just in
Joan and Harry’s case, but from any angle:
is separation ever the answer?

Radio Mirror will purchase readers’ answers to
the question: “Is Separation Ever the Answer?”
Writer of best letter will be paid $25.00 and writers
of the five next-best letters will be paid $5.00 each.

What do you think about this problem? State your
answers and reasons in a letter of no more than
one hundred words, addressed to When A Girl Mar-
ries, Radio Mirror Magazine, 205 East 42nd Street,
New York 17, N.Y. Editors will choose the best let-
ters, basing choice on interest and understanding of
the problem, will purchase best letter for $25 and
five next-best letters for $5.00 each. The editors
will be sole judges; no letters can be returned nor
can correspondence be entered into concerning them.
Letters must be postmarked no later than March 1,
1951; this notice should accompany your letter.

When A Girl Marries is heard M-F at 5 P.M., EST, NBC,
sponsored by Swansdown, Baker’s Chocolate and Calumet.
For their children's sake, Harry and Joan Davis accept their temporary separation with as much equanimity as possible. Hope, Sammy and the newborn Harry, Jr. will stay with Joan.
Joan Davis asks: "IS SEPARATION EVER THE ANSWER?"

Joan and Harry, of When A Girl Marries, face this difficult problem—what would be your answer to it?

Joan and Harry Davis have reached a crisis in their lives—a point at which they must decide whether the better course is to stay together, which will mean denying their children the advantages they have always felt they must have, or to separate for a short time, until Harry's business situation improves.

That they must "separate in order to remain together" arises from the fact that the logical place for Joan and the children to go is to Mrs. Field, Joan's wealthy mother. Although Mrs. Field disinherited Joan when she married Harry, she is now willing to take her daughter and her grandchildren in—but she makes a point of the fact that of course Harry cannot come along. Harry, unable to get his law practice back to normal since he had amnesia a year ago will go to stay with his brother, Tom Davis, until he can get the practice back on its feet or find a job of another sort. The separation of Joan and Harry is purely a practical one, one which seems the best—the only solution—to their present problem.

What do you think—do you feel that separation is ever the answer to such a domestic problem? Are Joan and Harry making the wise choice in putting the welfare of the children ahead of their own feelings? Or, of course, they would much prefer to stay together. Or do you think they should consider their own feelings first? Viewing the question from broader point of view—not just in Joan and Harry's case, but from any angle—is separation ever the answer?

Rason Monroe will purchase readers' answers to the question: "Is Separation Ever the Answer?"

Writer of best letter will be paid $25.00, and writers of the five next-best letters will be paid $5.00 each.

What do you think about this problem? State your answers and reasons in a letter of no more than one hundred words, addressed to When A Girl Marries, Rason Monroe, 295 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Editors will choose the best letters, basing choice on interest and understanding of the problem, will purchase best letter for $25 and five next-best letters for $5.00 each. The editors will be sole judges; no letters can be returned or can correspondence be entered into concerning them. Letters must be postmarked no later than March 1, 1951; this notice should accompany your letter.
FOUR STAR

JIMMY DURANTE

ED WYNN

DANNY THOMAS

JACK CARSON
★ JIMMY DURANTE SHOW

Each of the Four Star Revue shows is differently designed, but it's doubtful that anyone really designs a Durante show, not even the Schnoz himself. His is a case of spontaneous combustion. The fellow who tears up the piano and throws his hat all over the set has the cameramen on the run, and it generally takes all five cameras to follow him around. Eddie Jackson, old-time buddy from the vaudeville days of Clayton, Jackson and Durante, teams with Jimmy for nostalgic bits, and as many as sixty performers have appeared on one Durante show. Like the other three comedians, Jimmy starts worrying about his next program the minute he walks off the current one. His problem is getting songs. Schnoz's verdict on TV: "Dat box? It's moider on my mater'al!"

★ ED WYNN SHOW

The Wynn humor is built on "sight" gags, bizarre inventions, and intimate delivery that lets the audience in on the jokes, plus Ed's own contagious chuckle after he tells one. Even for first rehearsals he gets into the mood by wearing one of his fantastic hats, an outlandish coat, and a pair of ancient blue pants. Wynn keeps five writers busy, one or two more than the others use, but he's always the sixth. A minimum of three cameras cover all these Wednesday programs, with sometimes a fourth in the balcony and a fifth nosing through backstage. There are usually six dancers and four showgirls, but each comedian's show has its own group of girls and special choreography. Dancers rehearse forty hours. General rehearsals run about two weeks before telecast time.

★ DANNY THOMAS SHOW

Your quartet of Wednesday night jesters includes a sad-eyed Syrian who took the name Danny Thomas from the first names of two of his eight brothers. Danny mingles story telling, comedy sketches and musical numbers with sentimentalizing and philosophizing, in a way that sets him apart from the other three highly individual comics in this mid-week NBC-TV lineup. Like the other programs, however, Danny's has the help of some 400 workers, counting the scenic and costume designers, truckers, engineers, stage crew, props, make-up and wardrobe, musicians, cameramen, writers, script girl, directors, producers and performers. Pete Barnum, supervisor of production, sums up his job this way: "Where could you find four guys more wonderful to work with?"

★ JACK CARSON SHOW

It's natural for a Hollywood actor to think in terms of screen treatment, so that's what Jack Carson uses on his show. There are no curtains that part and close. The cameras cut from one scene to the next, just as it's done in the movies. This is situation comedy, with a complete new story every time, the same characters running through all. Jack, as the central character, is the big, well-meaning guy who gets into as much trouble as if he went out looking for it. Regular cast includes March and Sweeney, Betty Kean, the Honey Brothers and Jack Norton. Technical problems are different from Hollywood's, such as lighting, which is more intense and less contrasting. Jack finds the lingo much alike, except that the movies' mike boom is a boom mike in TV!

The Four Star Revue is televisual Wed., 8 P.M. EST, NBC-TV. Sponsored by Motorola, Norge and Pet Milk.
Producer-director of the Wynn show is Joe Santley; Grey Lockwood is the TV director. "My kind of humor is like an olive," says Ed. "You've got to cultivate a taste for it." TV is perfect for his bizarre haberdashery.

Ed's TV shows on the West Coast won him a Peabody Award, radio's equivalent to the Hollywood Oscar. But the lure of "live" TV brought him back to New York. "It's the heart of network television, so here I am!"

The asset of a pretty guest star is one an experienced showman like Ed never ignores. Blonde Ilona Massey was a recent one. For rehearsal, Ed wore a remarkably conventional suit—or was that supposed to be a gag?

Deadpan silent movie comic Buster Keaton's pantomime sketches with Ed have become the talk of TV. Rehearsals for the once-a-month Wynn show are apt to be a combination of happy turmoil and worried calm.

The Revue girls await their rehearsal cues. Some wear bandanas to preserve their curls, all take it easy to preserve their energies. Rehearsals and performances for the Four Star Revues are at the Center Theatre.

Piquant French chanteuse Edith Piaf sang while seated on Ed's pianocycle. He pedals his weird invention—a piano mounted on a tricycle—about the stage, explaining, "It makes it a lot easier to carry a tune."
The Center Theatre, which was the world's largest legitimate theatre, has become the world's largest television studio. Vital statistics: 3,000 seating capacity; 4,200 square feet of stage space including an elaborate elevator with turntable arrangements. Formerly used for ice shows, the Center Theatre was leased by NBC in August, 1950.

On his first show, Ed presented his Monsieur Choppy skit. M. Choppy is an artist whose unusual specialty is painting faces on the backs of showgirls—audiences and Ed found it quite delightful.

The enchanted fan is Ed's stepson, five-and-a-half year old John J. White, who came backstage with his governess, Miss Elsa Golis. Ed, his wife Dorothy, and John live in a four-room midtown hotel suite.
Four Star Revue

“Like producin' a mus'cal com'dy every four weeks,” says Jimmy.

Jimmy will tell you his biggest thrill came the day after he did his first TV show. He left for Chicago immediately and when his train got in the redcaps swarmed around him to tell him they thought the show was great. “Sure,” he says. “They're my friends.” The mail he's getting now stuns him. “And they don't ask for nuttin',” he marvels. “Not even a pitcher. Jus' say they like the show and I should stay on. It's terrific!”

Comedienne Betty Kean is usually Jack's foil.

“My TV show is like making an hour-long movie,” says Carson.

“Luckily, I've always been a horse for work,” Jack Carson will tell you when you mention his TV show. “This is much more concentrated than movies. In Hollywood I worked eight hours on a set, then went home and relaxed. In TV I go right on rehearsing and working, and I never forget the show until it's over and I have to start the next one. Just the same, television is wonderful.”

The Carson show started with revue type material, but Jack leans to situation comedy now. Here he's rehearsing with a dancer and trio on one of the early programs.

Eddie Jackson is on hand to sing and dance.

Young performers have a wonderful time on a Durante show. The line-up here is Donald O'Connor, who sings and steps smartly, his wife Gwen, and Joyce Holden.

The Four Star Revue is televised Wed., 8 P.M. EST.
Jack Carson

Jack thinks a show like his could be filmed in Hollywood for television, hopes that will happen. Evelyn Keyes, with him here, came East from Hollywood to appear on the show.

He memorizes so quickly that he knows the whole hour's script after a couple of days rehearsal. He's dreamed of directing movies, finds he can create as well as act in TV.

Jimmy Durante

A moose has the stage for a moment, to provide a funny opening, but the Schnoz is on at least ninety percent of the time. Unlike the moose, he's quite alive.

Durante is on hand early and late for rehearsals. He calls TV "dat box," complains, "I ain't got time for nuttin' now on account of dat box. But it's colossal!"

NBC-TV. Sponsored by Motorola, Norge and Pet Milk.
In his photo-bedecked office, Danny autographs fan pictures. That's his secretary, Janet Roth.

Each member of the family clamors for his own favorite on the TV set, which is built into wall.

Hotly contested Monopoly games involve all the Thomases except Tony. Wonder if he kibitzes!

On stage, Danny pretends to favor this ancient model against Dick Dudley's spiel for sponsor.

Four Star Revue

It's tough to be a television star in New York when Rosemarie and the kids are in Beverly Hills, three thousand miles away. If the monthly cross-country commuting gets too strenuous, Danny Thomas may have to move the whole family East. That would take in Tony (christened Charles Anthony) who is two; Teresa, seven, and the image of her father; thirteen-year-old Margaret, a poised young lady who attends school dances with Lindsay Crosby, Bing's youngest; and Rosemarie, the pretty brunette Danny married when she was seventeen.

It would mean leaving the comfortable Spanish house in Beverly Hills, the big pool where the kids learned to swim, the basketball court where Danny works out, the garden, the barbecue, the den (Continued on page 85)
A comedian and his family, or Danny Thomas' particular prides and joys: wife Rosemarie, thirteen-year-old Margaret, seven-year-old Teresa, and Tony, who is two. The Thomases live in Beverly Hills but Danny's work may bring them to New York permanently.
MARK TRAIL WOODLORE

1. This one is for Arthur Godfrey. He is an unpredictable man who pokes fun at sponsors, guests and himself. Almost anything goes on the program. What is the name of the brand?  
Your answer: Brand.

2. This is for Mr. Toast of the Town, Ed Sullivan, who has such a straight poker face.  
Your answer: Brand.

3. On Who Said That? there is a moderator whose first name is Bob. Now the brand includes the Bob, or his first name and an initial B for his first name and a question mark to show the whole program it is. But the whole picture should give you his last name and the brand.  
Your answer: Brand.

4. This is the brand I'd suggest if the head man of sports at CBS owned a ranch. He is, also, the voice of the Dodgers.  
Your answer: Brand.

5. A newcomer to TV but an old hand on radio is a little man who made wood. He's the richest lumber in the world and the only piece that uses a moccasin. This is my brand for him.  
Your answer: Brand.

CLOTHING: Wear a mackintosh or heavy sweater over shirt and warm underwear, a cap that pulls down over your ears, and a scarf that can be worn tightly or loosely depending on your exertion. Shoes should be heavy and waterproof.

FROSTBITE: Never put snow on the affected spot. Do not massage or use cold applications or rub. Even the slightest rubbing will do a great deal of harm. Only press your hand over the injured skin and let the spot warm gradually.

WOOD FOR A FIRE: Don't gather wood on the ground that's covered with snow. It's too damp. The dead branches on trees are your best firewood.

STARTING THE FIRE: Before going on the hike, soak a hank of heavy cotton cord in melted paraffin until it is thoroughly saturated. Strip off a few feet of this and string it through the kindling when you build a fire. Remember to build the fire on a rock or in a pit dug in the dirt.

DAMP MATCHES: Pick out a rock with a smooth dry surface and rub match back and forth across it, inclining the match so that both the head and tip contact the surface. Friction dries out a small portion of the head and tip. A final sweep of the match causes it to ignite.

WATER FOR COCOA: Melt ice, not snow. Ice takes less heat and you get more water. But melt only a little ice at a time. Loading the pot with ice will burn a hole right through the bottom of the pot.

Mark Trail, 5:00 P.M. EST, Monday, Wednesday and Friday over Mutual. Sponsored by Kellogg Co.
THE MONKEY
by
MARLIN PERKINS

The monkey is a cute little creature who likes to make people laugh with his clever tricks and grinning face. He is the best all-around entertainer in the animal world. He is as graceful as a clown and he dances to music and swings as

The monkeys are kept in cages at the zoo for when they get

monkeys are kept in cages at the zoo for when they get

They can be very mischievous. That is one reason why

forests of tropical countries. They can be very mischievous. That is one reason why

They can be very mischievous. That is one reason why

To much.

Zoo Parade, with Marlin Perkins, 4:30 P.M., EST, Sunday, NBC-TV.
Sponsored by Quaker Oats and Ken-L-Ration.

TRAINING YOUR PUPPY
by
DR. WESLEY A. YOUNG

A puppy is ready for training when he is about sixteen weeks old. Even before housebreaking begins, he should be broken to the collar and leash, but let him get used to it in the house first. Don’t use the leash to force him to you or he will learn to fear the leash. First, call to him while patting the floor with one hand. When you go for walks with the leash, let him lead you and he will think walking is fun. Pull gently when you want him.

After the puppy learns to come when you call,
teach him to sit down when you say, “Sit,” by pushing down on his hindquarters with one hand and holding gently the skin under his neck with the other. You can teach him to lie down by carefully pulling out his front feet and pushing down on his back to the command of, “Lie down.” Always praise the puppy when he has performed correctly and pet him or scratch his ear. Remember to be very patient at all times.

CUT-OUTS OF HOWDY DOODY

Directions: Paste Howdy Doody on a piece of cardboard, then cut along dotted line. Cut out little support, as shown, to paste against his back and make him stand up. Cut out his sailor and cowboy suits being careful to keep the flaps and you have Howdy Doody’s favorite suits to dress him up.

Howdy Doody, 5:30 P.M., EST, Monday through Friday, NBC-TV. Sponsors: Colgate-Palmolive-Peet.

**Rosemary Clooney**

She can't prove it, but Rosemary Clooney likes to think her singing helped elect her grandfather mayor of Maysville, Kentucky.

In any event, it's a fact that Miss Clooney did sing at all the social functions and gatherings in Maysville, her home town, while she was still a youngster. When her grandfather ran for mayor, she sang at his political rallies. As she puts it, "He was elected, and the opposition hadn't had anyone to sing for them."

It's a fact, too, that Rosemary Clooney today is one of the musical world's fastest-rising stars. Comparatively unknown a couple of years ago, she's now co-starred with Tony Bennett on CBS' Stepping Out and Songs for Sale.

When Miss Clooney was thirteen, her family moved from Maysville to Cincinnati. For three years she didn't sing a note in public. She didn't think she was good enough. But she and her sister, Bettie, sang more or less constantly at home, and when their friends and family heard about an open audition being conducted at Station WLW, they induced the girls to try out. Rosemary and Bettie, dubbing themselves the Clooney Sisters, sang their song at WLW and were hired immediately.

Shortly after their graduation from high school, bandleader Tony Pastor asked the girls to sing with his band.

During the next three years, Rosemary toured the United States and Canada with Pastor's band, branching out as a soloist.

In May, 1949, she stepped out on her own and was immediately signed up by Columbia Records. During the past year she made scores of night club, radio and television appearances. Her TV stints include Ed Sullivan's CBS-TV Toast of the Town.

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**Charlton Heston**

Charlton Heston, who is being hailed by Hollywood as "the dynamic new screen personality," is none other than Charlton (Chuck) Heston of Studio One fame, whose many outstanding appearances on the CBS-TV dramatic series led to his seven-year movie contract with producer Hal Wallis.

One of the stipulations in his contract, at Heston's insistence, permits the young actor to appear in television dramas, a rather major Hollywood concession. Heston made his debut on Studio One in last year's memorable modern-dress "Julius Caesar," in which he was an extra. He won the attention of producer Miner by reading for the part of Antony when it appeared the part might be vacant because of illness. Heston played a much more important part in his next Studio One play, "Shadow and Substance." There followed a starring role in "The Outward Room," and a fat part in Maurice Valency's "Battleship Bismarck."

Heston has all the leading-man qualifications—he's 6' 2", weighs 205 pounds. He has gray-blue eyes, light brown hair.
Kate Murtah

Kate Murtah, who scored a hit in the recent Broadway show, "Texas Li'l Darlin'," started in show business as a member of the singing Murtah Sisters team. When they broke up a few years ago, Kate, the comedienne of the trio, concentrated on comedy. She has the dubious distinction of being the gal who has, on several occasions, swept Ed Sullivan off his feet on the Toast Of The Town. Standing over six feet tall, she lifted the columnist-emcee into the air, right in front of the TV cameras. She has also appeared on the Milton Berle Show and Penthouse Party.

Kate has a fool-proof way to outwit the wolves at the stage door. The good-looking gray-haired gent who accompanies her on the piano for her special material numbers is her dad, Henry Murtah.

A talented artist, Kate has had her paintings, sketches and caricatures on exhibit on several occasions—and found it a profitable hobby. Recently, when she exhibited them at the Fireside Inn, a Manhattan restaurant, she sold seven.

Donald Buka

If the help and coaching of the most glittering stars of the theater assure success, Donald Buka's future is certain. The talented young player can thank Lynn Fontanne, Alfred Lunt, Helen Hayes, Maurice Evans, Ethel Barrymore, Richard Whorf and Sidney Greenstreet for their personal interest in his career.

A favored protege of the Lunts, Cleveland-born Buka received his basic training from America's best-loved theatrical couple during the runs of "Idiot's Delight," "Amphytrion 38," "The Sea Gull" and "The Taming of the Shrew." He then graduated to the Helen Hayes-Maurice Evans revival of "Twelfth Night." Ethel Barrymore paged him for the Broadway production of "The Corn Is Green," and Donald's name was up on the marquees to stay.

Donald was born in Cleveland, Ohio, on August 17, 1921. He made his stage debut at the age of twelve in Pittsburgh, to which city his family had moved. His part was that of a papier-mache dragon. His next role was the son of MacDuff in a Carnegie Tech production of Shakespeare's "Macbeth."

During the short years in which he was spanning the gulf between obscurity and stardom on Broadway, Buka was active in radio. He was a featured regular on the Theater Guild of the Air, he was starred in the Cavalcade of America and he did supporting roles with Kate Smith on her program.

Buka's first movie part was that of Bette Davis' son in "Watch on the Rhine." Between his movie assignments, he continues with radio and television in New York. He's been seen on Suspense, Mama, Hollywood Screen Test and Martin Kane, Private Eye.
Marguerite Piazza

Currently featured every Saturday night on NBC-TV's Your Show of Shows, in which she sings songs ranging from blues to operatic arias, is Marguerite Piazza, who has reversed the usual trend by which aspiring singers finally achieve the mecca of their desires—starring roles at the Metropolitan Opera House. Marguerite made the Met via Broadway and television.

Background of the dark-haired beauty from New Orleans is that of a precociously talented youngster. She danced, sang, acted—she was even a college cheer leader—before settling on opera as a goal.

Marguerite believes a career has to be achieved step by step and though she has more professional offers than she could possibly accept, she has said "no" to everything this season, including the movies, to concentrate on her TV show and the Metropolitan. The Metropolitan, incidentally, makes every effort to free her from singing on Saturday nights at the Opera House. It realizes how important television has become in forming new audiences for opera and for its stars.

Felicia Montealegre

Felicia Montealegre, whom you can see frequently on such shows as Studio One, Silver Theatre, Starlight Theatre, Sure As Fate and Suspense, is the second of three daughters of an American father and a Chilean mother. Felicia was born in Santiago, Chile, on February 6, 1922. She attended preparatory school at the French Convent and studied music at the University of Chile. At the Municipal Theatre Felicia studied drama and voice under the famous Chilean actress, Margarita Xirgu.

In 1944, she came to New York to study piano under Arrau. Her first acting role in America was in a Lorca play, "Five Years Past." Felicia's Broadway experience includes appearing in "Swan Song" and "The Happy Time."

When Worthington Miner, who produces CBS's Studio One, asked her to read for a part in his production of Tolstoy's "Redemption," Felicia not only got the job—she was immediately asked to play the lead in the next adaptation. Felicia is currently as busy on TV as any actress could wish to be.
MARCIA PHELPS met her fiancé, David Guilford Morse, at a wedding last June. Now, their own wedding day is set—a charming church ceremony in Chicago's smart suburb, Glencoe—with six bridesmaids and Marcia a regally lovely bride.

Marcia has a beauty that captures the imagination. Her face so vividly expresses her real Inner Self...with its dramatic, wide-set eyes, cool, white-ivory skin, exciting look of loving life! The minute you see her, you feel you must know Marcia better.

Marcia Phelps—her friends envy her flawless complexion.

“When you look your best—the nicest things happen”—Marcia says.

Haven't you felt the way others respond when you look your prettiest?

Marcia feels that the first step toward looking lovely is an exquisitely clean, soft skin. “I adore using Pond’s Cold Cream,” she says: “This cream cleansing is so thorough, never drying. It leaves my skin smooth and definitely clean.”

You, too, will love Pond’s Cold Cream care for your face. Use it every night (for day cleansings, too)—this way:

**Cream Cleanse**—swirl Pond’s Cold Cream over your face and throat to soften dirt and make-up, sweep them from pore openings. Tissue off.

**Cream Rinse**—more Pond’s to rinse off last traces of dirt, leave skin immaculate. Tissue off.

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

Now—doesn’t your face look sparkling? And it feels smooth-as-silk!

It’s not vanity to help your face look lovely. When you know you look your best, it lets a sweet assurance ripple out from the real You within—draws other people to you on sight!

Get a big jar of fluffy Pond’s Cold Cream today.
Last summer Corrine Whyland, Betty Sanders, Mary Jane Johnson—the singing Stepsisters—arrived from Texas, California, and Chicago.

Six ex-servicewomen in Austin, Minnesota, formed the nucleus of one of the most unusual groups of entertainers on the air today. Every Girl, from saxophone player to featured singer, is a full-fledged member of the sponsor’s merchandising team. The original group belonged to one of the first all-female American Legion posts and was chosen on the basis of salesmanship rather than entertainment. Since the Corps was organized in 1947, original members have traveled more than 78,500 miles, selling and entertaining. Because the Girls Corps now numbers over sixty, travel is a major undertaking and must be handled expertly. Thirty-three automobiles, all of them white, accommodate the group and five trucks hold their equipment. Girls are assigned to drive the cars and the unit is divided into crews who travel together for store work while moving from place to place.

Five young men load, unload and drive the trucks. Sightseeing is the favorite free-time activity. The girls are given ten days off every two months, during which time they receive a liberal travel allowance to and from their homes. Although most of the Girls are former GIs, this is no longer a requisite and any feminine entertainer, regardless of age, is eligible for an audition.

Talent plus sales technique wins friends and influences customers for this unique traveling group

Marilyn Wilson announces and Mary Ellen Domm serves as mistress of ceremonies on Music with the Girls, heard Sundays at 3 P. M. EST on NBC and Saturdays at 2 P. M. EST on CBS. Sponsor: Hormel Meat Products.
"Be Lux Lovely," says Jane Powell

Here's the beauty care that guards her million-dollar skin

This radiant young star has a beauty tip for you. "My Lux Soap facials do wonders for the skin," says Jane Powell. "I just smooth on the rich, creamy lather and work it well in.

"Next I rinse with warm water, followed by a quick cold rinse. Right away my skin feels so much softer, smoother." That's because active lather cleanses thoroughly but very gently, too.

"To dry I pat my face with a soft towel. I can always depend on this easy care for quick new beauty." See what this Lux Soap care lovely screen stars recommend can do for you!
orchestra leader, to come up to his suite and meet some of his friends. There were several Navy officers there, and the red-headed man I had met in the elevator. Until color television comes along, you can't know how striking Arthur really is. His coloring was particularly effective because he was wearing white linen.

He had just recently returned from his first visit to Hawaii, and was praising it to the skies. He was saying, "It is the one place in the world where people have a chance to see what you do—they like you for yourself." Then he went on to tell how that had been proved in his case. It seems that his first night in Honolulu he was asked to a party. It was a big affair. Everybody knew everybody except Arthur Godfrey. He felt very much alone. When he saw a ukulele on one of the tables, Momikai was the first to pick it up—he never can resist one—and began to strum it softly. First a few people began to listen. Then more gathered around saying, "Listen to that man! He can play better than most Hawaiians!" (Haole, pronounced ha-oh-lay means "not-Hawaiian.") They said about his playing is true. Any Hawaiian will tell you that he is a master. He plays and people sang, and for the rest of his visit he was simply carried along from party to party. He had never had this time. It wasn't until the fifth day that someone finally said to him, "What is your last name, anyway?" This was before he had any very quiet radio personality—he was asked because people loved him and his playing.

His feeling about that was, "This is the best in the world. Hawaiians judge you by yourself, not your position.

Arthur was wonderful to me long before I knew him. In fact he made me nationally famous before he knew my last name and before I had ever heard his voice. In 1944, his program came on in the morning, some hours before I was up because we work late at night and sleep until asked to. I began hearing about him from friends who'd drop by or call me at my apartment which is in midtown Manhattan. They'd tell me how wonderful he was about my land and about me. He was always saying on his program, "Hawaii is so wonderful, but if you can't go to the Islands, go to the Hawaiian Room. It's so nice of you to want to help Momikai, the one on the end, do the hula." He stays at the Lexington when he's in town (getting back as often as he can to his family in Virginia, as everybody who hears his programs knows). He wasn't so terribly busy then as he is now, and quite often he stopped by Mr. Rochester's table to watch the show. I made him say "Hello," because he was so nice and so wonderful to us and our land. He liked to have us sit with him and chat because it gave him a chance to practice his Hawaiian. He had a good start—and since his last trip he really speaks it wonderfully. His way of practicing was to ask questions about others, and listen to us talk. So I found myself telling him about my life.

I was born in the town of Lahaina on the island of Maui. I am a haapa-hoole which means "half Hawaiian." My father was English and my mother Hawaiian. He was a whole color of flowers and had just finished an exotic dance, and I expect I looked like anything but a Mary Jane. My Hawaiian name, Momikai, means "Pearly White" which is an English stock. I was baptized Mary Jane Hair.

I never will forget how Arthur laughed when he heard that. I was wearing a whole color of flowers and had just finished an exotic dance, and I expect I looked like anything but a Mary Jane. My Hawaiian name, Momikai, means "Pearly White" which is an English stock. They taught us in English, though, so I did not learn my native language until after I was grown—or hula dancing, either.

Of course, coming from the Academy, I had to more or less shift for myself, which I have been doing ever since. I had an ambition to run a dress shop. That's what I did. My very first job was as receptionist at the Shell Oil Company office. That was another time in my life when Arthur threw back his head and roared with laughter. It struck him as so funny the idea of me behind a desk.

I didn't stay long. A friend of mine was a switchboard operator at the Shell and I could substitute for her when she went on a vacation to San Francisco. So I took a quick course in PBX operation—and kept the job thirteen months because my friend decided to stay in the United States.

I enjoyed that job and made many friends among the people who stayed. We had to take a vacation, myself, on what we call "The Mainland," I had many friends to look up here. I planned a brief trip. I had what I thought was one of the longest haircuts. I left it so, but three months later I was still here and having a wonderful time. Money? I didn't need it! One friend would say, "Cornel and I say, 'Momikai, we won't take No.'" and then another family would say, "Come to us," and so it went.

I was seriously planning my return to Honolulu and to work, however, when, for the first time in my life I was taken to the races. It was at Santa Ana Park, and I knew absolutely nothing about horses. So I picked "Play May" because I was at play and "May" sounded like my own name. It won two dollars, and didn't even know that my name was being won. My first daily double until they told me I had won $1,600! I was so excited I never did learn the name of the second horse. Arthur took me to the races.

Here was my chance to see New York before going back to Honolulu. Again, I planned to stay a short time, but the very first night in town a friend took me to the theater and then on to the Hawaiian Room to hear Lani McIntyre and his band play songs of my land. The result of that all-important evening in my life was that I was engaged to dance there every evening. As soon as I went to work in the Islands I had spent part of my salary on hula lessons from a famous teacher, Aggie Auld, just because I loved dancing and I had the idea of becoming first a professional. Also I had studied the songs and ancient chants of my people, so I was equipped in everything but could not recall a whole color of flowers and butterflies in my stomach when I first stepped out into that spotlight. However, I guess they did not interfere too much, because I have been dancing and singing at the Lexington ever since.

When I first went to work in the Hawaiian Room, I was the only dancer, and I made all of my own costumes. I do not mean to sound boastful, but they always have been lovely. That was another thing that made Arthur laugh when he heard it. He thought it was wonderful and he wanted to be there saying that. I sang native chants and did the hula able to run a sewing machine.

Two years ago, Arthur gave me the wonderful big opportunity that brought me fame all over the country. One night he called to his table, "I think I am going to have a television show," he said. "It is very exciting to stand before anyone is nervous or worried. I held the first rehearsal in his suite so that we wouldn't feel we were being watched by strangers. First he had a beautiful dinner served for all of us and talked about the show. Then we practiced his favorite song which is "Ke Kali Nei Au." That means "I am Waiting for You." It is the refrain to the song that is most popular in Hawaii as "I Love You Truly" is here.

It is a long song and there were many words, so hard to learn, but I mastered it perfectly. This is amazing for a haole. He is very akama (pronounced ah-ka-me). That means "sensitive or brilliant" in Hawaiian. He sang his part without one single miss. I was so very proud of him, if I may use the word.

Having used it, I realize that the word was a word everyone feel about Arthur—proud. You are proud that there is that kind of a man in show business, proud of the way he is good at everything he does, of the way he takes after everyone with such consideration. I am proud when he calls me in to be part of his show, and proud that he thinks the way he dances, too. I am proud of the way he dances, too. He can do the am (pronounced ah-me) which is the "Round the Island" step, a great specialty. So far he has refused to be making me on television. He is very stubborn about that saying.

"No, no, no. That would be lapu-lape. That is pronounced la-pee-oh-lay and means "absurd" or "silly." I don't think it would be lapu-lape. I think it would be hoopiihoi (ho-pee-oh-hoy)—"sensational!"
New Ways With Glaze
(Continued from page 52)

TOASTED HAM CUPS
2 tablespoons butter
1/2 cup chopped green pepper
2 tomatoes
2 tablespoons flour
1/2 cup milk
3 cups chopped cooked ham
12 slices bread


UPSIDE DOWN HAM LOAF
2 tablespoons butter
1/2 cup brown sugar
3 canned pineapple slices cut in fifths
Whole cloves
4 cups ground cooked ham
2 tablespoons grated onion
1/2 teaspoon dry mustard
1 cup bread crumbs
1/2 cup pineapple juice
2 eggs, slightly beaten


HAM AND APPLE CASSEROLE
3 cups ground ham
1/2 teaspoon dry mustard
1 tablespoon grated onion
1 egg
1/2 cup milk
1 cup bread crumbs
2 medium apples
1/2 cup brown sugar
2 tablespoons butter

Combine ham, mustard, onion, egg, milk and crumbs. Place in a greased casserole. Peel, core, and slice the apples 1/2" thick. Arrange apples around edge of casserole on top of ham mixture. Sprinkle with brown sugar and dot with butter. Bake in a moderate oven (375°F.) 40 minutes. Serves 6.

INDIVIDUAL HAM POT PIES
1 medium onion, sliced
2 tablespoons fat or drippings
2 tablespoons flour
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon paprika
1/2 teaspoon prepared mustard
11/2 cups milk
1 large potato, cooked and diced
2 cups cooked ham, cubed
1 cup canned whole kernel corn, drained
1 box prepared biscuit mix

Melt fat in skillet. Add onion and cook until soft. Blend in flour, salt, paprika and mustard. Remove from heat and gradually stir in milk. Return to heat. Continue cooking over moderate heat, stirring constantly until thickened. Add remaining ingredients. Pour into four individual casseroles. Prepare biscuit mix as directed on package. Top each casserole with a round of biscuit. Bake in a hot oven (450°F.) 15 minutes or until dough is browned. Serves 4.

“Snowflake” Bentley, the homespun Vermont scientist, proved with thousands of pictures that no two snowflakes are exactly alike.

Millions of housewives, in more millions of washings, have proved there’s no soap exactly like Fels-Naptha . . . nothing else that washes sheets, shirts, and all white goods literally “as white as snow.”

For downright ability to keep clothes clean there’s nothing like soap . . . and no soap like Fels-Naptha.

Use Fels-Naptha Chips in your machine or tub. Keep Fels-Naptha Bar handy for high-spotting collars, cuffs and other heavily soiled articles.

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Make Your Own Clothes
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Budget in Half!

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FUN OF THE

Radio Television Mirror's brand new feature serves up the

PULITZER PRIZE PLAYHOUSE

Pantaloons and silk stockings predominated in male attire at the recent Pulitzer Prize Playhouse presentation of "Knickerbocker Holiday." One of the girl dancers edged up to Dennis King, who played the lead and remarked: "Mr. King, you've got a run."

Pulitzer Prize Playhouse: Fri. 9:00 P.M., EST, ABC-TV.

THE HALLS OF IVY

A gypsy fortune teller is only a woman who has put her feminine intuition on a paying basis.

The Halls of Ivy: Wed. 8:00 P.M., EST, NBC

TALENT SCOUTS

Arthur Godfrey was asked at a recent Talent Scouts rehearsal if the terrific storm had done much damage on his farm. His answer: "The wind blew everything together in the barn. We'll have succotash for the next six months—the easy way."

Talent Scouts: Mon. 8:30 P.M., EST, CBS-TV.

CAN YOU TOP THIS?

A fussy old lady was walking along when she noticed a little boy sitting on a door step, smoking a cigarette. In high dudgeon she remarked, "Little man, does your mother know you smoke?" The pamin whipped back with, "Lady, does your husband know you flirt with strange men?"

Can You Top This: Tues. 8:00 P.M., EST, ABC; Mon. 8:00 P.M., EST, ABC-TV.

PAUL WHITEMAN REVUE

Bibi Osterwald, who understudies both feminine leads in the Broadway musical hit "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," guested on the Paul Whiteman Revue recently. Asked what would happen if both leads were out of the show the same night, she replied, "Oh, they'd just use the understudy's understudy."

Paul Whiteman Revue: Sun. 7:00 P.M., EST, ABC-TV.

BERT PARKS SHOW

While rehearsing a bubble gum sequence for NBC's daytime Bert Parks Show recently, Bert couldn't blow a bubble to save his life. After much straining, Art Linkletter, veteran emcee who happened to be in the studio, came over and blew the biggest bubble seen around these parts in many a day.

Bert Parks Show: M., W., F., 3:30 P.M., EST, NBC-TV.

PORTIA FACES LIFE

A recent "Woman of the Week," saluted by Lucille Wall on NBC's Portia Faces Life, was famed artist Grandma Moses. Noted as a "primitive" painter, ninety-year-old Grandma Moses has definite opinions about modernist and abstractionist painters. "I don't like them. That sort of thing would be good for a rug or linoleum," she said.

Portia Faces Life: M-F, 5:15 P.M., EST, NBC.

PENTHOUSE PARTY

Nothing can be more tiring than a completely dull actress unless it is a completely witty one—Betty Furness.

Penthouse Party: Fri., 8:30 P.M., EST, ABC-TV.

ABE BURROWS' POEM OF THE MONTH

DIFFICULT TYPE RHYMES

I guess you have heard it dozens of times
Wednesday and Orange are words without rhymes

These two tough babies make all poets miss
But I have solved them both like this:

Try some frozen orange juice
An American not a foreign juice.

You shouldn't have killed that rooster last Wednesday
You had a good meal but you spoiled the poor hen's day.

Abe Burrows appears on This Is Show Business, Sun., 7:30 P.M. EST, CBS-TV; We Take Your Word, on radio Fri., 10 P.M., EST, CBS; on TV Tues., 10:30 P.M. EST, CBS; Hear It Now, Fri., 9 P.M. EST, CBS.
A YOUNG WIFE SHOULD BEWARE of this Grave Womanly Offense!

No other type liquid antiseptic-germicide tested for the douche is SO POWERFUL yet SAFE to tissues as ZONITE!

Failure to practice complete hygiene (including internal feminine cleanliness) may even result in ruining a girl’s married happiness. Too often she simply doesn’t know what to put in her fountain syringe.

If only a young wife would realize how important it is to put ZONITE in her douche for health, womanly charm, after her periods—for married happiness. If only she’d realize there’s a womanly offense graver than bad breath or body odor. She seldom detects this odor herself, yet it’s so apparent to others around her.

And always remember this: no other type liquid antiseptic-germicide tested for the douche is so powerful yet so safe to tissues as ZONITE.

ZONITE’S Miracale Action

The zonite principle was developed by a famous surgeon and a scientist. It’s the first in the world to be so powerfully effective yet absolutely safe to tissues. Scientists tested every known antiseptic-germicide they could find on sale for the douche and no other type was so powerful yet safe as ZONITE. ZONITE is positively non-poisonous, non-irritating. You can use zonite as directed as often as needed without the slightest injury.

Gives BOTH Internal and External Hygienic Protection

ZONITE dissolves and removes odor-causing waste substances. It promptly relieves any itching or irritation if present. It helps guard against infection and kills every germ it touches. You know it’s not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract but you CAN BE SURE ZONITE immediately kills every reachable germ and keeps germs from multiplying. Instructions with every bottle. At any drugstore.

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MODEL-T HUSBAND
Your chassis sometimes creeks a bit,
Your wheelbase sort of slumps:
The racy lines you used to have
Are slightly blurred with bumps.
Though you don’t take the hills in high,
To slow up is no sin.
No, you’re not the latest model,
But I’ll never trade you in.
—Violet V. Moore

DEFERRED PAYMENT
Time, the insidious reaper,
Moves slowly on his way,
And leaves with me a moment
For which I’ll have to pay
In tear-drops on my pillow,
Or laughter, wafer-thin.
While fear, the awful victor,
Stands outside, looking in.
—Mary Ellen Stelling

BEST SELLER
I like to read the telephone book,
From the first page to the last,
Not much of a plot I know,
But, golly, what a cast!
—W. Gibson

TIME
Like frosted cake
With törpered candles set to mark
Heart beats of time...
The tall white birch
Through winter’s passing tell
Of minutes gone;
Of summers passed
To snuggle under fallen snow—
To come again
Oblivious of time, as such.
The stately birch
Reach up and up toward time itself...
Eternity.
—Dorothy Miller Cole

SO GLAD YOU CAME!
There’s a stor in the heavens a-glows,
There’s a halo, a medall, a rose
For the guest who says, “I must be going”—
And goes.
—Virginia Phillips

WIND RIVER
Tonight an unseen river of wind
Thundered at cottage doors,
Cascaded in waterfalls over the trees,
Flooded the world and its shores.
 Threatened the dikes of the arching sky
Lashed the clouds into motion.
And set the moon like a narrow canoe
Adrift on a great, grey ocean.
—Alice Briley

SENTIMENTALLY YOURS
Two by two they walk this way,
As others will another day.
And of each two who pass my door,
I know that one is loving more.
I know that one will oft time sit,
With stricken eyes and laggard wit.
And yet be glad when their hands touch,
At being loved, however much.
—Russ E. Pifer

ODE TO POETRY
EDITORS
To rhyme a verse
Is my ambition.
My rhymes get worse,
A sad condition.

I make them terse;
Their stipulation.
I send my verse
For commendation.

The mails reverse
Communication.
Back comes my verse Denunciation!

Who reads my verse
For disposition,
I roundly curse.
Into perdition.
—Harryette Gammon

HEAD OF MARBLE
Consider the Venus de Milo,
Whose looks are beyond compare;
She couldn’t win scholarship prizes,
Because she just isn’t all there.
—Pauline Saltzman
room is that of warm welcome. There are massive lounges, big, comfortable chairs; the modern use of draperies which cover or reveal great expanses of window and by the valuable antique accessories which have been accumulated by Edythe, a knowing collector, over the years. One of these is a formal lamp with a perforated metal wick, very rare. That plus the Staffordshire dogs on an occasional table, the Dresden toothpick holder turned into a cigarette server, and many other delightful treasures serve not only as ornaments but as useful conversation pieces.

Interestingly enough, Curt Massey, the big baritone star of Curt Massey Time, heard on CBS Mondays through Fridays, has been an abetter of many of these antique purchases. Offhand, one wouldn't think of six-feet-two-inch, one-hundred-and-ninety-pound, rugged sportsman Massey, as being remotely interested in bric-a-brac. The explanation is that he is interested in anything which interests Edythe.

When the Masseys are on personal appearance tour, they spend every possible spare moment investigating the city in which they find themselves. They prowl fascinating streets and window-shop in byway areas. When Edythe spots an item which would fit into her decorating scheme, she and Curt negotiate... and usually emerge with a treasure.

Their home life includes a great deal of entertaining, and their house is perfect for the comfort of company. Experiment has proved that, for a sit-down dinner, the most convenient number of guests is six or eight both from the standpoint of the capacity of the dining room and the steady flow of conversation.

When a large party is to be given, the Masseys like to serve buffet style, and they consider twenty to be minimum. The maximum depends upon the weather; in summer guests can spill into the patio; in winter the list must be trimmed to fit into the big connecting living rooms and den of the house.

No matter how small or how large the guest list, the Massey menu always begins with turkey. It is Curt's favorite party entree, and Edythe thinks that the customary accessories for turkey are universally popular. She makes an oyster dressing which vanishes like mist, and her cranberry salads and pumpkin pies are famous.

No matter how large or how small a Massey party, it nearly always becomes a musicale as the evening wears on. The Masseys' friends are drawn from all professions: many of them are show business folk, of course, but there are ranchers, golf professionals, sportsmen, picture and radio technicians, and the parents of children who are in nine-year-old son Stephen's cub scout den.

Sooner or later everyone gathers around the piano. Sometimes Curt presides at the keyboard, sometimes he plays violin, always he leads the singing. (Edythe discourages him from playing trumpet because of the proximity of the neighbors.)

As the hour grows late, and the songs dwindle off into ballads, and the ballads into quiet, the guests are inclined to settle on the massive lounges with...
Everybody wants to hug me! I use new

Mennen Baby Magic

SKIN CARE!

...checks diaper odor...diaper rash

Bury your nose in my warm little neck. Smell good, don't I? Smooth your hand over my chubby little body. Better than satin, isn't it? My mother treats me to Mennen Baby Magic Skin Care, after my bath and with each diaper change. Smells lovely! Feels wonderful—because it has something special in it. New, protective "Purateen"! I even caught Mom borrowing from my unbreakable Squeeze Bottle for her skin. Can you beat it?

I like silky-soft Mennen Baby Powder, too!

Finest, softest powder made, with that delicate rosebud scent everybody loves. Gay Mother Goose pictures on the can. Plus an exciting Built-in Rattle. Makes powder time play time. Wonderful toy, when empty.

which the house abounds, or to sit cross-legged on the deep carpet before a roaring fireplace. At such times, Curt and his friends exchange hilarious anecdotes.

Nearly every sportsman has some fantastic experiences, but Curt seems to attract amazing contretemps. As a matter of fact he is one of the few men ever to shoot a duck who tried to get even, but missed. Furthermore, he has pictures to prove it.

Curt and a group of men friends including Curt's buddy, Fort Pearson, went duck hunting one fall when the mallards were crossing in battle formation. Just as the sun came up, a particularly fat flight zoomed over the duck blind where Fort and Curt were waiting. Curt went into action; before Fort could get his twelve gauge to his shoulder, he was clouted on the head by a four pound response to Curt's marksmanship. This casualty knocked off Fort's hat and slithered bloodily across his face to drop in feathered confusion at his feet. Another member of the hunting party, a fast operator with a camera, recorded the awful moment for posterity.

This picture is often introduced around the laughing, listening circle, and it makes a great hit, especially with men who know how exasperating a duck can be when he puts his all into it.

From hunting, the talk naturally turns to golf. Most of Curt's buddies are prominent tee-men, and everyone knows, of course, how proficient Curt is at the sport. His trophy case boasts two handsome gold cups won in 1940 and in 1944 at Chicago's Medinah Country Club, and a 1947 Oscar (a golfing Oscar) won at Hollywood's Lakeside Country Club.

Good as Curt is, he has had his frantic moments with club and sphere, and he tells about them with gusto. On the occasion of Curt's first entering tournament play, Edythe decided to follow him around the course along with the rest of a huge gallery.

Curt's knees were calling a hoedown as he made his drive from the first tee. The ball popped straight into the air for maybe half a mile, then fell into a clump of bushes.

Edythe, like the Arabs, instantly stole away. From that day to this she has never watched Curt in tournament play on the course.

On another occasion Curt arrived early for a foursome match and was idly swinging his driver back and forth over the top of a ball lying in the grass as he waited. Suddenly he glanced down and noted, with shock, that the ball was gone. A split second later one of the locker room windows in the club house sprang a hole about the size of a speeding golf ball. There are some days when a man can't make a dime.

Like every contentedly married couple, Curt and Edythe have a series of family fables which they share with their friends when the hours are small and the fire burns low. By now, most of their intimates know the story of their romance.

Curt was born in Midland, Texas, one of the seven sons (the family also had one daughter) of Henry Austin Messean, champion old-time fiddler and expert square dance caller. When Curt was small the family moved to a ranch near Roswell, New Mexico, where Curt learned ranching and music. By then he was eighteen, he was that rare item celebrated in song and story, a one-man band.

Fate began to turn the pages when Curt's family (Continued on page 83)
## SUNDAY

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<td>Kiwanis Choral Group</td>
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## AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

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## EVENING PROGRAMS

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<tr>
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<tr>
<td>10:30</td>
<td>The Big Show with Tallulah Bankhead</td>
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</table>

## JACK BARRY

Jack Barry—advocated from a fifty-dollar a week announcer to a $50,000 a year emcee within a year as the result of Juvenile Jury, which he originated. Another brilliant idea resulted in Life Begins at Eighty, on WOR-TV.
PEGEEN FITZGERALD—known as "Duck" to her family, was born at fifteen, her three years' work in two, then went to work in an advertising agency. And Ed met in 1929 and their program began emanating from their apartment when Pegen became ill.

**TUESDAY**

<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>6:30</td>
<td>Do You Remember</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
<td>Local Program</td>
<td>Renfro Valley</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>Jack Baker Show</td>
<td>Robert Hurleigh Tell Your Neighbor</td>
<td>Breakfast Club</td>
<td>This Is New York</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:30</td>
<td>Clevelandaires</td>
<td>Tennessee Jamboree</td>
<td>Inside the Doctor's Office</td>
<td>Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air Victor H. Linclaire</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>Welcome Travelers</td>
<td>Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time</td>
<td>My True Story</td>
<td>Arthur Godfrey</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:00</td>
<td>Double or Nothing</td>
<td>Dixieland Breakfast Club</td>
<td>Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air</td>
<td>Victor H. Linclaire</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:15</td>
<td>Break the Bank</td>
<td>Ladies Fair</td>
<td>Quick As A Flash</td>
<td>Grand Slam Rosemary</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:30</td>
<td>Jack Birch</td>
<td>11:25 News</td>
<td>Modern Romances</td>
<td>Grand Slam Rosemary</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:45</td>
<td>Dave Garaway</td>
<td>Queen For A Day</td>
<td>Quick As A Flash</td>
<td>Grand Slam Rosemary</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
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**AFTERNOON PROGRAMS**

| 12:00 | News | Kate Smith Speaks | Johnny Olsen's Lunch Club | Wendy Warren |
| 1:00 | Cedric Foster | Cedric Foster Lunch With Lopez | Bandleader | Big Sister & Ma Perkins |
| 1:15 | George Hicks | Cedric Foster Lunch With Lopez | Big Sister | Young Mr. Malone The Guiding Light |
| 1:30 | Tony Fontaine & Co. | Tony Fontaine & Co. | Art Baker's Notebook | Big Sister & Ma Perkins |
| 2:00 | Double or Nothing | Heathcliff's Mailbag Behind the Story News | Welcome to Hollywood | Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason |
| 2:15 | Live Like A Millionaire | Art Baker's Notebook | Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason | This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day |
| 2:30 | Life Can Be Beautiful | Pool's Paradise | Johnny Olsen's Lunch Club | This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day |
| 2:45 | Life Can Be Beautiful | Pool's Paradise | Johnny Olsen's Lunch Club | This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day |
| 3:00 | Road of Life | Pool's Paradise | Johnny Olsen's Lunch Club | This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day |
| 3:15 | Poppy Young | Pool's Paradise | Johnny Olsen's Lunch Club | This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day |
| 3:30 | Right to Happiness | Pool's Paradise | Johnny Olsen's Lunch Club | This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day |
| 3:45 | Right to Happiness | Pool's Paradise | Johnny Olsen's Lunch Club | This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day |
| 4:00 | Backstage Wife | Pool's Paradise | Johnny Olsen's Lunch Club | This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day |
| 4:15 | Stella Dallas | Pool's Paradise | Johnny Olsen's Lunch Club | This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day |
| 4:30 | Lorenzo Jones | Pool's Paradise | Johnny Olsen's Lunch Club | This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day |
| 4:45 | Young Widder Brown | Pool's Paradise | Johnny Olsen's Lunch Club | This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day |
| 5:00 | When A Girl Marries | Pool's Paradise | Johnny Olsen's Lunch Club | This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day |
| 5:15 | Just Plain Bill | Pool's Paradise | Johnny Olsen's Lunch Club | This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day |
| 5:30 | Straight Arrow | Pool's Paradise | Johnny Olsen's Lunch Club | This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day |
| 5:45 | Sky King | Pool's Paradise | Johnny Olsen's Lunch Club | This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day |
| 6:00 | Superman | Pool's Paradise | Johnny Olsen's Lunch Club | This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day |
| 6:15 | Big Jon and Sparky | Pool's Paradise | Johnny Olsen's Lunch Club | This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day |
| 6:30 | Galen Drake | Pool's Paradise | Johnny Olsen's Lunch Club | This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day |
| 6:45 | Hits and Misses | Pool's Paradise | Johnny Olsen's Lunch Club | This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day |

**EVENING PROGRAMS**

| 8:00 | Bob Warren | Local Programs | Local Programs | Jackson & The News | Jackson & The News |
| 8:15 | Glenn McCarthy | Local Programs | Local Programs | Dwight Cooke | Dwight Cooke |
| 8:30 | Pete Concert | Local Programs | Local Programs | Gurt Massey Time | Gurt Massey Time |
| 8:45 | Three Star Extra | Local Programs | Local Programs | Lowell Thomas | Lowell Thomas |
| 8:30 | Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date | Local Programs | Local Programs | Bob Smith | Bob Smith |
| 9:00 | Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel | Local Programs | Local Programs | Judy Mayo | Judy Mayo |
| 9:15 | Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel | Local Programs | Local Programs | Judy Mayo | Judy Mayo |
| 9:30 | Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel | Local Programs | Local Programs | Judy Mayo | Judy Mayo |
| 9:45 | Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel | Local Programs | Local Programs | Judy Mayo | Judy Mayo |
| 10:00 | Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel | Local Programs | Local Programs | Judy Mayo | Judy Mayo |
| 10:15 | Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel | Local Programs | Local Programs | Judy Mayo | Judy Mayo |
| 10:30 | Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel | Local Programs | Local Programs | Judy Mayo | Judy Mayo |

**WEDNESDAY**

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<td>Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time News</td>
<td>My True Story</td>
<td>Arthur Godfrey</td>
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<td>11:00</td>
<td>Double or Nothing</td>
<td>Dixieland Breakfast Club</td>
<td>Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air</td>
<td>Victor H. Linclaire</td>
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<td>11:15</td>
<td>Break the Bank</td>
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<td>Modern Romances</td>
<td>Grand Slam Rosemary</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:45</td>
<td>Dave Garaway</td>
<td>Queen For A Day</td>
<td>Quick As A Flash</td>
<td>Grand Slam Rosemary</td>
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**AFTERNOON PROGRAMS**

| 12:00 | Life Can Be Beautiful | Pool's Paradise | Pool's Paradise | Hilltop House Winner Take All |
| 12:15 | To The Playboys | Pool's Paradise | Pool's Paradise | Winner Take All |
| 12:45 | The Playboys | Pool's Paradise | Pool's Paradise | Winner Take All |
| 1:00 | Road of Life | Pool's Paradise | Pool's Paradise | Winner Take All |
| 1:15 | Road to Happiness | Pool's Paradise | Pool's Paradise | Winner Take All |
| 1:30 | Poppy Young | Pool's Paradise | Pool's Paradise | Winner Take All |
| 1:45 | Right to Happiness | Pool's Paradise | Pool's Paradise | Winner Take All |
| 2:00 | Right to Happiness | Pool's Paradise | Pool's Paradise | Winner Take All |
| 2:15 | Pool's Paradise | Pool's Paradise | Pool's Paradise | Winner Take All |
| 2:30 | Pool's Paradise | Pool's Paradise | Pool's Paradise | Winner Take All |
| 2:45 | Pool's Paradise | Pool's Paradise | Pool's Paradise | Winner Take All |
| 3:00 | Pool's Paradise | Pool's Paradise | Pool's Paradise | Winner Take All |
| 3:15 | Pool's Paradise | Pool's Paradise | Pool's Paradise | Winner Take All |
| 3:30 | Pool's Paradise | Pool's Paradise | Pool's Paradise | Winner Take All |
| 3:45 | Pool's Paradise | Pool's Paradise | Pool's Paradise | Winner Take All |
| 4:00 | Pool's Paradise | Pool's Paradise | Pool's Paradise | Winner Take All |
| 4:15 | Pool's Paradise | Pool's Paradise | Pool's Paradise | Winner Take All |
| 4:30 | Pool's Paradise | Pool's Paradise | Pool's Paradise | Winner Take All |
| 4:45 | Pool's Paradise | Pool's Paradise | Pool's Paradise | Winner Take All |
| 5:00 | Pool's Paradise | Pool's Paradise | Pool's Paradise | Winner Take All |
| 5:15 | Pool's Paradise | Pool's Paradise | Pool's Paradise | Winner Take All |
| 5:30 | Pool's Paradise | Pool's Paradise | Pool's Paradise | Winner Take All |
| 5:45 | Pool's Paradise | Pool's Paradise | Pool's Paradise | Winner Take All |

**EVENING PROGRAMS**

| 8:00 | Bob Warren | Local Programs | Local Programs | Jackson & The News | Jackson & The News |
| 8:15 | Glenn McCarthy | Local Programs | Local Programs | Dwight Cooke | Dwight Cooke |
| 8:30 | Pete Concert | Local Programs | Local Programs | Gurt Massey Time | Gurt Massey Time |
| 8:45 | Three Star Extra | Local Programs | Local Programs | Lowell Thomas | Lowell Thomas |
| 9:00 | H. V. Kaltenborn | Local Programs | Local Programs | Bob Smith | Bob Smith |
| 9:15 | Mr. District Attorney | Local Programs | Local Programs | Judy Mayo | Judy Mayo |
| 9:30 | The Man's Family | Local Programs | Local Programs | Judy Mayo | Judy Mayo |
| 9:45 | The Hidden Truth | Local Programs | Local Programs | Judy Mayo | Judy Mayo |
| 10:00 | Redhead | Local Programs | Local Programs | Judy Mayo | Judy Mayo |
| 10:15 | The Big Story | Local Programs | Local Programs | Judy Mayo | Judy Mayo |
| 10:30 | NBC Theater | Local Programs | Local Programs | Judy Mayo | Judy Mayo |

**ED FITZGERALD**—claims Tray, N.Y. as his home. He had good experience for his present stint—an early radio program was nothing but talk. Ed was overjoyed when The Fitzgerals took to TV—it meant they could stay home mornings till 11:45. Their radio show, also on ABC, is heard at 8:30 A.M. EST.
### A.M.

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>NBC</th>
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<th>ABU</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>Do You Remember</td>
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<td>Local Program</td>
<td>Renfro Valley</td>
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<td>Pauline Frederick</td>
<td>9:35 Walter Kienan</td>
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<td>9:00</td>
<td>Jack Baker Show</td>
<td>Robert Harvey</td>
<td>Breakfast Club</td>
<td>This Is New York</td>
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<td>9:15</td>
<td>Clevelandaires</td>
<td>Tennessee Jamboree</td>
<td>Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air</td>
<td>Tommy Riggs and Betty Lou</td>
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<td>Welcome Travelers</td>
<td>Cecil Brown</td>
<td>My True Story</td>
<td>Arthur Godfrey</td>
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<td>9:45</td>
<td>Double or Nothing</td>
<td>David Adair</td>
<td>Believe in Your Man</td>
<td>Lawrence Welk</td>
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<td>Break the Bank</td>
<td>Ladies Fair</td>
<td>Modern Romances</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:15</td>
<td>Jack Benny</td>
<td>Queen For A Day</td>
<td>Quick As A Flash</td>
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### AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

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<th>Time</th>
<th>NBC</th>
<th>MBS</th>
<th>ABU</th>
<th>CBS</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>News</td>
<td>Kate Smith Speaks</td>
<td>Johnny Olsen's Luncheon Club</td>
<td>Johnnie Walker (Cuba)</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:15</td>
<td>Dave Garrorey</td>
<td>Larry Ross</td>
<td>12:25 Edwin C. Hill</td>
<td>Local Program</td>
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<td>12:45</td>
<td>Luncheon with Lopez</td>
<td>Bands for Bonds</td>
<td>Helen Trent</td>
<td>Our Girl Sunday</td>
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<td>1:00</td>
<td>The Playboys</td>
<td>Cedric Foster</td>
<td>Backstage</td>
<td>Big Sister and Young Dr. Malone</td>
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<tr>
<td>1:15</td>
<td>Dave Garrorey</td>
<td>Lunarine Lopez</td>
<td>Nancy Craig</td>
<td>The Guiding Light</td>
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<td>1:30</td>
<td>George Hicks</td>
<td>Love and Learn</td>
<td>Art Baker's Notebook</td>
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<tr>
<td>1:45</td>
<td>We Love and Learn</td>
<td>Life With Music</td>
<td>Welcome to Hollywood</td>
<td>Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
| 2:00 | Double or Nothing | Heater's Mailbag | Chance of a Lifetime | Hilltop House (T.V.) 
12:20 News |
| 2:15 | The Story of | Behind the Story News | 3:25 Bryson Rasch | Winner Take All (House Party) |
| 2:30 | Surprise Package | Rojo's Paradise | Hamill Colb Talk Back | 3:55 Cedric Adams |
| 2:45 | Young Widdler Brown | Porky's Paradise | Strike It Rich | | |
| 3:00 | Life Can Be Beautiful | Porky's Paradise | A Millionaire | | |
| 3:15 | Road of Life | Porky's Paradise | In Hollywood | | |
| 3:30 | Goodbyes | Porky's Paradise | Live Like A Milliary | | |
| 3:45 | Right to Happiness | Porky's Paradise | Life Can Be Beautiful | | |
| 4:00 | Backstage Wife | Chuckie Wagon | Road of Life | | |
| 4:15 | Stella Dallas | Beulah | Peck's Paradise | | |
| 4:30 | Lorenzo Jones | Jack Smith Show | Porky's Paradise | | |
| 4:45 | Young Widdler Brown | Edward Murrow | Porky's Paradise | | |
| 5:00 | When A Girl Marries | Straight Arrow | Porky's Paradise | | |
| 5:15 | Portia Faces Life | Sky King | Porky's Paradise | | |
| 5:30 | Just Plain Bill | Hobbs and Missees | Porky's Paradise | | |
| 5:45 | Front Page Farrell | Sky King | Porky's Paradise | | |

### EVENING PROGRAMS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>NBC</th>
<th>MBS</th>
<th>ABU</th>
<th>CBS</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6:00</td>
<td>Lionel Rice</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
<td>Johnny Olsen's Luncheon Club</td>
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<td>6:15</td>
<td>Elen McCarthy</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
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<td>12:25 Edwin C. Hill</td>
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<td>Spike Jordan</td>
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<td>Three Star Extra</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>Richard Harkness</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
<td>Local Program</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:15</td>
<td>The Playboys</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
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<tr>
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<td>News of the World</td>
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<td>One Man's Family</td>
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<td>Aldrich Family</td>
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<td>Father Knows Best</td>
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<td>Amanda Blake</td>
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<td>The Dragnet</td>
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<td>We, The People</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
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<td>Screen Director's Playhouse</td>
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### TEX MCCRARY

TEX MCCRARY—of Tex and Jinx was born John Reagan McCrary in Calvert, Texas. Before the war he filled newspaper and magazine assignments and, in the Army Air Forces, served as a public relations official. He met Jinx in the Mediterranean Theater and married her in 1945. They have two sons, Paddy and Kevin.
## SATURDAY

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>NBC</th>
<th>MES</th>
<th>ABC</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>Coffee in Washington</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
<td>No School Today</td>
<td>This Is New York</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:15</td>
<td>Boston Symphony in Rehearsal</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Glyn Drake Garden Gate</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Family Party</td>
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<td>9:45</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Morton Downey</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>Mind Your Manneurs</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
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<td>10:15</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:30</td>
<td>Mary Lee Taylor Show</td>
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<td>10:45</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:00</td>
<td>Archie Andrews</td>
<td>U.S. Marine Band</td>
<td>New Junior Junction</td>
<td>News, Phil Shadel 11:00 Let's Pretend</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:15</td>
<td>Smolin’ Ed Mc-Connell</td>
<td>Georgia Crackers</td>
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## AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

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<td>12:00</td>
<td>News</td>
<td>Public Affairs</td>
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<td>12:15</td>
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<td>101 Ranch Boys</td>
<td>American Farmer</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:30</td>
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<td>Man on the Farm</td>
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<td>12:45</td>
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<td>Battleground For Peace</td>
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<tr>
<td>1:00</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Theatre of Today</td>
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<td>1:15</td>
<td></td>
<td>National Farm and Home Hour</td>
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<td>Grand Central Station</td>
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<td>1:30</td>
<td></td>
<td>Coast Guard on Parade</td>
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<td>12:30 Cedric Adams</td>
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<td>1:45</td>
<td></td>
<td>Everett Holley</td>
<td>Navy Hour</td>
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<tr>
<td>2:00</td>
<td></td>
<td>Jerry &amp; Ske Dance Music</td>
<td>American Jazz</td>
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<tr>
<td>2:15</td>
<td></td>
<td>Music With the Girls</td>
<td>Metropolitan Opera</td>
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<td>Gailen Drake</td>
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<td></td>
<td>MiscAletter’s Singers</td>
<td>Boys’ Town Choir</td>
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<td>3:00</td>
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<td>Dummion Discs</td>
<td>Adventure In Science</td>
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<td>3:15</td>
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<td>Sorst Parade</td>
<td>Report From Overseas</td>
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<td>3:30</td>
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<td>Racing News</td>
<td>Farm News</td>
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<td>3:45</td>
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<td>Hoffman Quintet</td>
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<td>4:00</td>
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<td>Make Way For Youth</td>
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<td>4:15</td>
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<td>Tea or False</td>
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<td>4:30</td>
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<td>Club Time</td>
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<td>4:45</td>
<td>Wayne Howell Show</td>
<td>Caribbean Crossroads</td>
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## EVENING PROGRAMS

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<td>6:00</td>
<td>Bob Warren</td>
<td>Harmony Rangers</td>
<td>Saturn strings</td>
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<td>6:15</td>
<td>Herman Hickman</td>
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<td>Memo From Lake</td>
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<td>6:30</td>
<td>Voices and Events</td>
<td>Preston Sellers</td>
<td>Harry Wiemer</td>
<td>Sports Review</td>
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<td>Helen Westbrook</td>
<td>CIO Series</td>
<td>Larry Lesueur</td>
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<td>7:00</td>
<td>Living, 1881</td>
<td>Al Heffler, Sports</td>
<td>NAM Series</td>
<td>Yours Truly, Johnny</td>
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<td>7:15</td>
<td></td>
<td>Twin Views of the News</td>
<td>Bert Anrrews</td>
<td>Dollar</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:30</td>
<td>People Are Funny</td>
<td>Comedy of Error</td>
<td>Buzz Adams'</td>
<td>Vaughn Monroe</td>
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<tr>
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<td>Playhouse</td>
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<td>8:00</td>
<td>Dangerous Assignment</td>
<td>Twenty Questions</td>
<td>Shoot the Moon</td>
<td>Gene Autry</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:15</td>
<td>The Man Called X</td>
<td>Take a Number</td>
<td>Merry Go Round</td>
<td>Hospatall Cassidy</td>
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<td>9:00</td>
<td>Your Hit Parade</td>
<td>Hawaii Calia</td>
<td>What Makes You Tick?</td>
<td>Gangbusters</td>
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<td>9:15</td>
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<td>Dennis Day</td>
<td>Jay Stewart Show</td>
<td>My Favorite Husband</td>
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<td>9:30</td>
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<td>Lombardo Land</td>
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<td>10:00</td>
<td>Judy Canova</td>
<td>Chicago Theatre of the Air</td>
<td>At the Shamrock</td>
<td>Sing It Again</td>
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<td>10:15</td>
<td>Grand Ole Opry</td>
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**BOB DIXON**—who briefs youngsters in range lore, safety and sportsmanship on CBS-TV’s Chuck Wagon, also is announcer an Edward R. Murrow’s news series. Born in New England in 1911, he did radio and stage work in his pre-TV days. Today, he lives in New Canaan (Conn.) with his wife and two children.

## RADIO’S SCENE of the YEAR

THE Great Gildersleeve learns that his niece, Marjorie, and her husband, Bronco Thompson, are expecting a baby. Happy at first, he is dismayed as all his friends start calling him “Grandfather Gildersleeve.” He claims he is too young to be a grandfather until his housekeeper, Birdie, makes him realize that “when a man has fine children and grandchildren around him, that’s life’s big reward.”

Gildy’s nephew, Leroy, then becomes a problem when he learns that his sister is going to have a baby. His shriek, “I’m too young to be an uncle,” leads to the finale, a scene critics hailed as tops for the year and one of radio’s all-time best. It follows: SOUNd: CREAK OF PORCH SWING 
**LEROY:** (QUIETLY) Unk? Is that you in the swing? 
**GILDY:** What? Oh, yes—come on out, my boy. 
**LEROY:** Whatcha doin’? 
**GILDY:** Just sitting here ... looking at the stars. 
**LEROY:** Move over. 
**SOUND:** SWING CREAKS 
**LEROY:** (PAUSE) Unk, why don’t you and me go to Canada? 
**GILDY:** Canada? What for? 
**LEROY:** Aw, who wants to stay around here—with a darn old baby. 
**GILDY:** Now, my boy, don’t feel that way. It’ll be a long time yet. Besides, this is going to make everybody happy. 
**LEROY:** It isn’t going to make me happy. 
**GILDY:** Oh, you wait and see. 
**LEROY:** I like it the way it is right now—with just us. When the darn old baby comes it’ll be all different. It’ll be baby, baby, baby! Holy cow, all ya hear is baby now, and he isn’t even here yet! 
**GILDY:** Well, I’ll tell you, my boy, you’ll feel different when the little fellow gets here. There’s something about a baby that’s pretty wonderful. 
**LEROY:** Huh! 
**GILDY:** Wait ’til Marjorie lets you hold him. 
**LEROY:** (SOUR) Yeah. 
**GILDY:** I’ll show you how to do it. I’ll roll my coat up, you see, ... Now, this is the baby ... and you sort of cradle him in your arms like this. Such a little fellow ... new to the world ... and his bright little eyes look up at you ... so wide and wondering ... and his little feet kick the blanket away, and there are his toes ... ten of them ... then one of his little hands comes up and kinda touches your cheek ... and he smiles. ... 
**LEROY:** (PAUSE) Let me hold him, Unk.

Using a baby doll, Marjorie (Marylee Robb) demonstrates the proper way to hold an infant as “Unk” Gildersleeve (Willard Waterman) observes.

The Great Gildersleeve is heard Wed., 8:30 P.M. EST on NBC.
Come and Visit Curt Massey
(Continued from page 78)

teen or twenty minutes, then Curt left.

For a year this brief, daily courtship continued. Every afternoon Curt would drop in for a period of from five to thirty minutes (depending upon his band responsibilities); he would chat with Edythe and whatever members of her family were present, then he would hurry away to his job. He gave the favorable impression of being conscientious about his work and formal about his romantic pursuit of the Williams daughter.

On Friday nights, Edythe and some swain of her choice would dance to Curt's music. Probably he was reassured by the fact that Edythe's escort was seldom the same eager youth four weeks in succession.

After six months of this approach in low gear, Curt suggested one evening that he call for Edythe after she had been delivered at home by her Friday night date. He said they could take a drive, stop somewhere for hot cakes and chocolate.

Edythe accepted, but the more she thought about it, the more dubious she became. On the appointed night she hurried home, told her escort a swift au revoir, scooted upstairs without lights and huddled into bed.

Some twenty minutes later she saw the lights of a slow-moving car pass and repass before the house. Eventually this patrol stopped, and then the telephone began to ring. Edythe answered, "explaining" to Curt that her parents had been waiting for her when she returned from the dance and that they had vetoed any suggestion that she go out on a late date.

Curt was understanding. He said he really shouldn't have asked her in the first place, and that he was in sympathy with the parental ruling. Incidentally, the parents in the case were totally asleep and unaware of their daughter's instinctively proper behavior.

As summer drew near, Curt realized that he was going to be separated from his daily call upon Miss Williams, because he had accepted a summer job with the orchestra at a distant lake resort. He was doleful as he discussed the prospect. "I certainly don't like to think about it, but I guess there's no way out," he gloomed, staring into the middle distance. "Unless, of course, we could get married."

"That seems like a good idea. I'm sure it would be all right with my folks," murmured Edythe, as Curt fought to retain consciousness.

And so they were married on June 9, 1932, in the chapel on the famous E. A. Long estate.

That winter Curt began to have a recurrence of his boyhood asthma, so he and Edythe gave up show business and moved to the family ranch near Roswell. They remained ranchers until the fall of 1933 when Curt's sister, Louise (now returned from radio) insisted that he come to Chicago for the old National Barn Dance show. From 1933 until 1943, Curt was featured on the Showboat, Dude Ranch, Magic Key and Al Pearce shows before he separated himself from Western song typing and extended his vocal field to cover all popular styles.

---

YOU Can Have A Lovelier Complexion in 14 Days with Palmolive Soap, Doctors Prove!

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 had there been proof of such sensational beauty results!

Yes, scientific tests on 185 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's the easy method:

1. Wash your face three times daily with Palmolive. Rub the soap into skin, 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.

DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!

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 Bath Size Palmolive!
Young Wives in Suspense about what to use for Intimate Feminine Hygiene!

Learn About the EXTRA ADVANTAGES of This Greaseless Suppository Which Assures Hours of Continuous Medication...

Zonitors are being increasingly used among modern, up-to-date girls for intimate feminine cleanliness. They are greaseless snow-white vaginal suppositories which provide a modern scientific method of continuous medication—so much easier, convenient and less embarrassing to use to one of the most effective methods. Zonitors are so powerfully germicidal yet absolutely safe to delicate tissues. Positively non-poisonous, non-irritating.

Easy to Carry if Away from Home

Zonitors come twelve in a package and each separately sealed in a dainty glass vial. No mixing—no extra equipment is required. All you need is this dainty suppository!

Easy to Use...

Zonitors are so easily inserted and they keep on releasing powerful germ-killing and deodorizing properties for hours. They help guard against infection and kill every germ they touch. While it’s not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract, you can depend on Zonitors to immediately kill every reachable germ and stop them from multiplying. Be sure to use Zonitors—the new, modernized method.

Curt and Edythe celebrated their eighteenth year of marriage on June 9, 1950, in Hollywood. Such a record is considered a remarkable achievement in California, so guests in the Massey home are inclined to ask for “happily married” recipes. Whatever their secret is, according to Edythe, it certainly is not Curt’s ability to remember sentimental holidays. One of the best of their family jokes has to do with an anniversary which fell on Sunday. Also scheduled for Sunday, a week later, was Father’s Day.

When Curt awakened on the morning of June 9, he found a handsome gift at his nightstand. With the proper exclamations of appreciation he opened the package, was delighted by Edythe’s taste and thoughtfulness, and then asked about breakfast. He was answered, he said. He failed to say anything about having a package for his wife.

After breakfast, during which the feminine member of the household was notably quiet, the entire family went to church. In the afternoon, Curt accepted a friend’s invitation to spend a few hours on a putting green.

When Mr. Massey returned to his home late in the afternoon, he noted that the strain had not gone from the atmosphere, so, in the tone of a man who wishes to be reasonable, but who has certain inalienable rights on his particular holiday, he said, “What’s the matter, honey? You’ve been mad at me all day. You’ve been mad at me simply because I wanted to spend a few hours putting on Father’s Day.”

“Father’s Day,” said his wife at thirty degrees below zero, “is NEXT week. I have another gift hidden away for you on THAT holiday.”

Curt, of course, has his favorite story dealing with the vagaries of woman-kind. A few years ago he surprised Edythe on her birthday, by re-membering the exact date, and second by presenting her with a magnificent four-pelt stone marten scarf.

Edythe squealed with pleasure when she opened the box, but she tasted some serious inner doubts. The next day she returned the scarf to the store from which it was purchased and explained that she thought it would be better to buy something different. According to Curt’s delighted story, Edythe tried on everything in the store that had ever moved around on four feet. Finally she reached the decision that there was nothing in stock as lovely and as becoming to her as Curt’s original purchase.

Like any pair of bemused and devoted parents, the Masseys like to talk about their youngsters, Stephen, aged nine, and Davy, aged four.

Stephen is tall for his age, strong, practical, and exact. During the war, when all foodstuffs were in short supply, Curt undertook to inform his elder son of the imminent visit of the Easter bunny. Said Curt, “Tomorrow morning, when you wake up, you may slip out of bed quietly—without disturbing Davy, your mother, or me—and you may look for the nests left by the Easter rabbit. Probably there will be nests of eggs in the living room, possibly the den, and probably out in the barnyard.”

“I certainly hope the Easter rabbit remembers to bring some bacon, too,” opined Stephen.

On another occasion, Curt was pointing out a flight of jets to his son. “See how well they fly in formation?” he said, making conversation.

Corrected Stephen, “That isn’t a formation. That is a six-motion. I counted ‘em.”

And not long ago when the parental Masseys were discussing politics, Stephen used a brief break in conversation to inquire solemnly, “Exactly what are Republicans? People who just don’t vote?”

Davey, the four-year-old, is also a distinct personality. Sometime ago he was given one of Curt’s fiddles with the promise that he would be taught to play it as soon as his hands are large enough.

And it was Davey who supplied his Daddy with Curt’s most embarrassing moment. The Masseys were in Chicago on personal appearance tour, and Curt was trying to drive in the maze of conflicting currents which is Chicago traffic. As Curt approached the middle of an intersection, the on-coming driver abruptly decided to turn left without giving blinker or hand signal, and in speeding disregard of the universal law that the right of way belongs to through traffic, not to turning traffic.

In order to avoid a crash, Curt had to swing hard to the right so that, for a shattering few seconds, his headway was parallel to that of the offending motorist. By the time Curt shouted a one-word description of the madman who had almost precipitated a bad accident, the madman drove on, of course, without answer or backward glance.

Curt maneuvered his car back onto course and proceeded carefully to the next signal. At this point Master Davey quietly wound down his car window and, to the astonished driver waiting on Curt’s left for the signal to change, shrieked the same word Curt had used a few moments earlier.

Curt, red to the hairline, drove inc-ently away, knowing that his wife was regarding him reproachfully from one side and that an affronted motorist was glaring at him from the other. “In this world, a parent can never be himself,” is Curt’s summary. “He must always remember he is a parent.”

Such is an evening spent with the Curt Masseys: informal, warmly friendly, musical, anecdotal, altogether delightful.

Consider their invitations are swiftly and gratefully accepted.

Brotherhood Week
February 18-23, 1951

Sponsored by The National Conference of Christians and Jews

It is through fraternity that liberty is saved.

—Victor Hugo
where everyone gathers for hot-fought
games of Monopoly. It would mean
leaving Danny’s quiet office, a separate
structure at the back of the property;
the kids in the neighborhood who come
in and out, the friends Danny and Rose-
marie have made.

Now, when Danny comes home, the
children follow him around every min-
ute. Teresa is a born mimic and she
imitates everything he does, even his
acts. She brings down the house with
her Wailing Syrian routine, and al-
ready seems headed for show business.

Margaret, the oldest, is still making
up her mind about her future. Movie-
making fascinates her since Danny took
her along to watch some scenes for
“Unfinished Dance,” the picture he
made with Margaret O’Brien a while
back. Danny tells a funny story about
that. It seems he had occasion to de-
deliver a fatherly lecture to daughter
Margaret a few days later. She listened
quietly, then suddenly interrupted the
flow of his scolding with a tale she had
learned on the movie sets. “Cut,” she
called out. It just about broke him up!
The studio had wanted Danny to bob
his nose, the better to photograph, but
he refused. He has no dreams of being
other than what Nature made him—a
five foot eleven comic with unruly
black hair and brows, black eyes, and
a swarthy face that might look far too
sober for a comic if it weren’t for that
errant nose.

Danny’s parentage is Syrian, but he
was born in Deerfield, Michigan, on
January 6, 1914. His real name is Amos
Jacobs, the Jacobs being a somewhat
literal translation of the original Syrian
family name. His eight brothers and
one sister, and his mother, live in
Toledo, Ohio, where Danny grew up.

He started in show business on chil-
dren’s radio shows. These he did for
free, but he demanded a fee of two dol-
ars for appearing at local functions as
a boy comedian. Everyone was doing
Jolson imitations, and so was Danny.
That was his big number.

As he grew older and began to work
in clubs, mostly small and obscure,
he began to develop his own tragic-
comic style. The state of the world
worried him then, as it does now, and
he would throw in a line or two about
how he felt. Blase listeners, who hardly
expected to find a philosopher in a
nightclub floor show, thought it all very
amusing. But Danny meant every word
he said.

At twenty Danny decided he was
ready for bigger things. He went on to
Detroit to do some club work and radio.
There he met Rosemarie, who was doing
a children’s program. One night, going
home on the bus, he proposed to her.
By the time they were married he was just
beginning to find his way as a seasoned
entertainer.

Then, just before Margaret was born,
he got down to his last few dollars. He
was playing a date in Chicago and no-
ticed an unhappy-looking fellow in the
audience, sitting alone and drinking too
much. Interested, Danny went out to
talk to him after the act, and learned
the man had been worried about his
desperately ill wife. He had prayed to
St. Jude, he told Danny, and now his
wife was suddenly much better, and
he had come to celebrate and relax.
Danny talked to him a long time, was
particularly impressed by the mention
of St. Jude as patron saint for hopeless
cases. His own seemed hopeless enough.

Next morning he went to church, and
contributing the last seven dollars in
his pocket, he prayed it might be re-
turned to him many times to meet the
expense of the expected baby.

Only a few days later he got the
chance to be master of ceremonies at
the 5100 Club in Chicago, the biggest
opportunity that had come his way.
He sent for Rosemarie, who was still
in Detroit, and everything began to go
right for him.

He promised himself that he would
build a shrine to the Saint, but later,
on his wartime hospital tours, he de-
cided that a hospital for the helpless
would be the best shrine of all.

Those early Thomas fans in Chicago
have remained faithful, and the bulk
of the mail still comes from there.
His first important radio break came
close to when Danny Brice signed him for her
show. Later he went overseas with a
USO unit. In January, 1948, he began
his own radio show. But radio never
did him justice. The most basic the
expressive gestures, the vivid person-
ality were lost to air listeners. Many
of the qualities that nightclub audiences
hailed hysterically were missing. Now
they’re happily restored for a wider au-
dience, on the Danny Thomas TV show.

Danny Thomas
(Continued from page 63)

Color Bright Hair is a Family Affair!

MOTHER SAYS:
Tint GRAY HAIRS from view
It’s safe and easy to do!
use Nestle COLORTINT

DAUGHTER SAYS:
Rinse DRAB HAIR gleaming-clean
Add color-highlights and sheen!
use Nestle COLORINSE

* There’s no age limit on glamorous hair!
School girl, business girl, housewife, mother
... they all look more beautiful with color-
bright hair, Triple-strength Nestle COLORTINT
hides graying hair with richer, longer-lasting
color. Nestle COLORINSE adds glowing color-
highlights and sheen. Both absolutely safe,
easy to use ... both in 10 glamorous shades.

Ask your beautician for a PROFESSIONAL application of COLORTINT or COLORINSE - made by
Meet the Winners of the
PHOTOPLAY GOLD MEDAL AWARDS

Here they are, the top actor, actress and motion picture in 1950, as
selected by the movie-going public in a nationwide poll conducted over
a period of a year, and announced in the March issue of Photoplay
Magazine, now on newstands.

First honors go to Betty Hutton for her performance in “Annie Get
Your Gun” and John Wayne for “Sands of Iwo Jima.” The winning
movie was “Battleground,” (above) with Van Johnson, John Hodiak,
Ricardo Montalban and George Murphy in the leading roles.

Read the complete story of the Photoplay Gold Medal Awards—the fabulous
rise to stardom for Betty Hutton—the reason John Wayne is America’s favorite
box office attraction—exciting stories and pictures of the outstanding per-
formers and movies of 1950.

Don’t miss this thrilling issue!
GET MARCH
PHOTOPLAY
NOW ON NEWSSTANDS

My Boss Is A Bean
Bag

(Continued from page 39)

is an honor such as befalls few females.
In order to comprehend the dignity
with which I fill my office you should
read my minutes sometime!

Since I feel there is no present like
the time for demonstrating my grati-
tude I am taking a few minutes out
from writing my lectures and my great
plays and my great poems to pen this
elegy about Mr. Lester.

As you know, I have been called
America’s most prominent literary fig-
ure. I spend my evenings reading
Shakespeare and writing poetry. I feel
that the educational lectures I write
are important to us all. It is of equal
importance, however, that these peo-
ple who are helped by my lectures
should be helped to a knowledge of
this man, this Jerry Lester which, with
my intelligence and my command of
the Mother Tongue they will come, in
these pages, to have.

I am not, alas, too well versed in Mr.
Lester’s private life, due to his living
incognito in an apartment on Central
Park West in New York. Mr. Lester is,
in short, a Mystery Man. When people
pose probing questions about his pre-
television days, he says, “Why do you
have to talk about my life? Who cares?
It is what I am now.”

With the facets of Mr. Lester’s per-
sonality, however, I am familiar and it
is facets, I always say, that Make the
Man.

For those whose vocabulary is more
limited than mine, which is the limit,
I shall explain that facets mean the “lit-
tle things” that are so integral a part
of every character, male and female.
Such as, for example, what an indi-
vidual does with his leisure time which
casts a great Searchlight upon the Self.
Mr. Lester employs his leisure time,
I happen to know, in picking up these
heavy bowls and bailing them in an
alley.

Mr. Lester is an Outdoor Man, but
definitely, when he is not indoors. He
loves water. He loves to fish. He loves
to swim. He loves to water-ski. He
loves the country. He is at home in
field and woods and stream. He is at
one with the birds and the bees. He
aspires to buy a country place.

Last summer, Mr. Lester had a week
end place in Connecticut. Several times
he invited us, his television family, up
for a swim. Embroiled as we were in
the hot city, he was “a sweetie” as
those of limited vocabulary refer to a
Man of Distinction, to invite us.

Off-camera, as we say in video cir-
cles, Mr. Lester is just as full of life
and this as he is on-camera. In fact
off and on Mr. Lester is one and the
same although I have never, come to
think about it, seen him chewing gum
when not at work, so I suspect he does
it only when in the Mood.

Mr. Lester has a nice appreciation
of clothes despite the fact that he doesn’t
have the same appreciation for poetry.
“I think Mr. Lester dresses very, very
snappy,” said a young thing behind a
desk at NBC. He especially likes ties,
unusual ties. One of his fans knits him
a bright blue tie which is decorated by
enormous initials of his name set in
white squares. This goodly gift is Mr.
Lester’s favorite cravat.

Mr. Lester has a nice appreciation of
favors done him in whatever form or
Despite his blind spot about poetry, Mr. Lester has many talents. He is the co-author, with our Milton De Lugg of the hit song, "Orange Colored Skies," and he and Milton recently co-authored two new songs which have been recorded. "The Bean Bag Song" on one side, "Your Sister Knocks Me Out" on the other.

He is really a combination of every quality and talent, my boss, but I would say that the key, the big key to Mr. Lester's combination is the big, warm, sentimental mother heart in him, which led me to call him our "little mother hen," not only because I am twice his size but because he watches over the entire cast of Broadway Open House the way a mother hen watches over chicks just out of the shell and still damp behind the cobblestones.

He loves his "little family." He is forever throwing parties for us. On my birthday, he threw a surprise party for me and the way he went around to everyone warning them not to let the cat out of the bag would have touched your heart as it did mine. I am very soft-hearted, too, you know. I cried

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For complete details

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The Magic Cook Book is different from the usual cook book. Its luscious recipes were gathered from every section of the country by the Food Editors of True Story Magazine. The result is the most thrilling collection of mouth-watering dishes you could ever hope for.

Even Beginners Can Cook Taste-Tingling Dishes

Now, from this selection of over 1500 exciting recipes you can serve your family a tremendous variety of palate-stirring dishes. And as the recipes in this unusual cook book are described in the step-by-step style, you just can’t go wrong when you follow these easy instructions. Even beginners can prepare scrumptious meals -at the very first attempt.

This giant 500 page book contains more than exciting recipes. It is a complete storehouse of cooking information. It brings you important facts on nutrition - special sick room diets - suggestions on cooking for two - new ways to prepare low-cost dishes—also, simple ways to make inexpensive cuts of meat appetizing and attractive. Get this remarkable book at once and thrill your family and your friends with your newfound culinary skill.

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PARTIAL CONTENTS


at my party, especially when Mr. Lester sang a song on the show, all about me, and then paid me a tribute on his Bedtime Story.

Even rehearsals for our show are in the spirit of fun and fancy-free and are sometimes much funnier (from our standpoint) than the show itself. Unlike some big TV programs which have the atmosphere of a concentration camp, we just sit around and horse around and kick around the script which is, actually, a mere framework, framing us and the funnies we make. If anyone thinks of anything funny to say, while we’re sitting around, he comes right out with it. If it gets a laugh from the rest of us, it’s in. If it doesn’t, the contributor gets heckled until he comes up with something really good—then he becomes a “genius in good standing” until he issues another faux pas.

Our rehearsals last only three hours, from seven to ten p.m. Over our rehearsals Mr. Lester presides with good-natured tolerance, kicking us, laughing with us, helping us, the pixie that resides in him taking over. From ten to twelve p.m. we’re in the make-up room where the kidding and the laughing continues with the result that when we go on the air it hardly seems as though we are working.

At the end of the show when Mr. Lester turns to us and asks, “Are you happy?” he means it. He cares whether we are happy or not. He often says, “We’re a crazy little family and we know it, but we are a family.”

It’s true, too. We love each other and we love working together and we’re pretty sentimental about each other and we don’t try to hide it.

Recently, when Jack Bierman left our show to go in the Air Force (He was one of the Mellowlarks) Mr. Lester and I went to Lorry’s. Anything he wanted to do on stage, Mr. Lester said, would be okay. The show was Jack’s and the framework was to be put up that way. Well, for the first half of the program everything went as usual, just the habitual laughs and nonsense. Then suddenly it occurred to me that next Tuesday Jack wouldn’t be with us anymore. Immediately that thought smote me, the whole cast seemed to change. Informed as I am on mental telepathy and thought transference as on all other subjects, I realized what had happened and was not surprised when the usual backstage bantering fell from us and left us standing there, off-stage, silently watching Jack on stage as he went through a sketch with Jerry and Ray Malone. Suddenly Tommy Hamm said softly, “I never realized how much I loved that guy.” Joan Lorry started to cry and then I broke down. We tried hard to hold it back because our make-up would be ruined. But when Jerry came off-stage and saw us, he said, “Look, kids, we’re human beings, not machines. If you feel like crying, cry. The heck with make-up.”

If you saw the show that night, I don’t know if you realized what it was like. Maybe it wasn’t very funny but it was the most beautiful show I have ever been on.

That night, after the show, we gave Jack a going-away party. The next day we all went to the airport to see him off. This was the first member of our little family to leave us and I guess this was the first time we’d really realized what our family means to us.

There’s something comforting, though, in feeling this way about each other,
That's why we love our little mother hen so much. He made it happen.

It is especially comforting to me to have this family feeling about those with whom I do my Life Work because I am such a big family girl in my private life. In addition to my mother and my father I have three sisters and three brothers, all younger than I am. We are a very close warm family, too. My younger sister, Jean, she is twenty-one, lives with me now in New York, helps me in every way possible. I have had three fan letters from my little brother, aged nine. He sends them to me at NBC because "I thought it might help you, sis." He is very careful to call me Dagmar, too, and not Ruth—Ruth Egnor is my real name—or even Jenny Lewis which is what I named myself when I came to New York to obtain a career on the stage after having enjoyed a career down home as tap dancer and during business hours as a typist.

It is for my family's sake that I hope to put everything into this opportunity I have been given on Broadway Open House. I want more than I want anything to buy my family a home. What, you may inquire, not something special for myself. No, not now, not yet. If I buy my family a home, I will make eight people happy. If I buy something for myself, only one person.

Mr. Lester has this love-of-others—better-than-himself in even greater degree, for he not only loves his little family he loves, he really loves, the Public. The Public is almost like a religion with him. At rehearsals he often admonishes us, "The Public is never wrong. If we don't entertain them, that's our fault. The Public is George all the way."

As Mr. Lester's family, friends and fellow bean baggers know, a bean bag, in the Lester lexic, is a regular guy while "George" (this is said slowly, while breathing deep) means something good; if something extremely good, it is "George all the way."

One of the reasons Mr. Lester loves video as he does is because, "There is a relationship here between actor and audience never attained in the theater, or motion pictures. You work with your audience almost like a friend invited over for coffee."

Mr. Lester says, "I guess it's just that I love the people and I'm glad they found out. If they'd have me, I'd marry them."

Please, Mr. Lester!

But seriously, Mr. Lester is very clever and it is very charming for me to have met someone who is almost as smart as I am.

It has been said of me that I "showed my astuteness," when I turned down a movie contract that was offered me on the grounds that I was, at the time of the offer, too inexperienced. But that was only one of the reasons for my refusal. The least of them. The real reason was I'd have been too homesick for my folks here on Broadway Open House. Especially for Mr. Lester who is a bean bag and George all the way!
Have You Heard?

JOAN LANSING

Every Rosie, Jane and Mable enjoys a march around the breakfast table when DON MCNEILL, the happy housewife delight, issues the famous call to ABC’s BREAKFAST CLUB every Monday through Friday at 9 to 10 AM (EST).

Listeners from coast-to-coast have told me about the wonderful feeling they get when this happy-go-lucky lad sets them to starting the day with plenty of bounce! There’s never a dull moment with DON! The whole BREAKFAST CLUB gang sort of “gang up” to bring brightness into each day, too.

Would you like to know a little about the personal life of the gay group that “comes to breakfast”? Well, let’s begin with the “egg man” DONALD McNEILL, the country’s favorite breakfast-boss. Did you know that DON is one of radio’s pioneers? Yes, ma’am, no less an individual than Fred Allen has said that DON brought a new era into being when he created the first BREAKFAST CLUB programs over 17 years ago. If you’ve watched DON on the weekly DON McNEILL TV CLUB (check your local newspaper for day, time and station) you know that he’s 6’ 2” tall, weighs about 200 pounds and is one of the handsomest he-men ever to face a camera (or a “mike”!)

As for the BREAKFAST CLUB gang, fast-and-funny SAM COWLING has just presented his 10,000th item from the Fiction-and-Fact-from-Sam’s-Almanac feature that highlights each show. (You may remember one of SAM’s own favorites: “Living with your mother-in-law is like taking a bath. After a while it isn’t so hot.”) Sam said it. We didn’t!

Pert PATSY LEE has received more than 5,000 marriage proposals since she’s been on the show... oh, JOHNNY DESMOND, who croons a tune and makes you swoon, received this year’s “Sorority Sweetheart” award... “Aunt Fanny” FRAN ALLISON started her career as a school-teacher... and young ‘un, BERNIE CHRISTIANSON, recently turned 12, has been named the “singing star of tomorrow.”

Catch up on THE BREAKFAST CLUB, marvelous DON McNEILL and the whole gang 9 AM (EST) every Monday through Friday on your local ABC station. Sponsored by Swift, Philco and General Mills.

Tuning Tip: no matter how low you feel, you’ll perk right up with DON McNEILL.

AUNT JENNY

Heard M-F, 12:15 P.M. EST, CBS

In one of Aunt Jenny’s recent dramatizations, she took a sidelong look at Louis Kemp, successful in business and as head of his family despite his comparative youth. He had married Helen Barrett and prepared to run his new home as he had his old one, with the absolute conviction that he could do no wrong and that all management and decision should be left to him. When, as a result, Helen’s baby is prematurely born and almost dies, Louis makes a readjustment to life—just in time to save his marriage.

BACKSTAGE WIFE

Heard M-F, 4 P.M. EST, NBC

Larry Noble, jailed for the murder of Oliver Wilson, has rid himself of the crooked lawyer provided by Rupert Barlow and hired Herbert Savage, who believes he may get Larry acquitted. Barlow, however, has not given up hope of breaking up the Nobles’ marriage, and is delighted when newspapers print a picture of him at a night club with Mary, knowing that Larry has forbidden her to have anything more to do with him. Will Barlow’s plan succeed in spite of Mary’s love for and belief in Larry?

BIG SISTER

Heard M-F, 1 P.M. EST, CBS

Ruth Wayne finds new hope that she will win her dangerous battle with millionaire Millard Parker when psychiatrist Dr. Blane comes to town. Even if Dr. Blane does not become Parker’s analyst, Ruth feels that this eminent man has some information about Parker’s past that will help to discredit him as thoroughly as she knows he deserves to be discredited. But in this difficult situation, will Ruth emerge triumphant in time to save her marriage from ruin at Parker’s hands?

BRIGHTER DAY

Heard M-F, 2:45 P.M. EST, CBS

Perturbed over Liz’s unhappiness after her breakup with producer Nathan Eldridge, Reverend Dennis considers moving from Three Rivers. Grayling, Patsy and Babby welcome the idea, but the return of Althea from Hollywood adds a complication. Though Althea still plans to divorce Bruce Bigby, both the divorce and her screen career will have to wait, for she is going to have a baby. And housekeeper Frances Kennedy has some ideas of her own about this unhappy situation.

FRONT PAGE FARRELL

Heard M-F, 5:45 P.M. EST, NBC

David Farrell, star reporter on the New York Daily Eagle, becomes involved in a mystery with world overtones when his paper sends him out to get "The Haunted Castle Murder Mystery." Weird and ancient, the castle has been brought over from Europe stone by stone and erected near New York as a showplace, but when tragedy strikes it begins to look as if ghostly legends of murder came with the stones. Who—or what—is the "haunt" that makes the castle a place of terrible danger?

GUIDING LIGHT

Heard M-F, 1:45 P.M. EST, CBS

As Meta Bauer White stands trial for the murder of her husband, Ted White, everyone who knows her tragic story wonders what verdict the jury will return. Reporter Joe Roberts, finding himself unexpectedly concerned in the fate of the woman who only a short time ago was a stranger to him, waits uneasily as the trial progresses. So does Meta’s friend Charlotte, wife of her lawyer Ray Brandon. The marriage of Meta’s brother Bill begins to disintegrate as an indirect result of Meta’s trouble.

HILLTOP HOUSE

Heard M-F, 3:00 P.M. EST, CBS

Teen-age Pixie, one of the parentless children of Hilltop House, is involved in an auto accident in which young Mildred Barnes, a schoolmate, is killed. Julie Paterno, Hilltop’s superintendent, watches anxiously as Pixie struggles back to health and normalcy, wondering how she can help the youngster to get back on an even keel. But gradually, out of tragedy, some happiness emerges as Mr. and Mrs. Barnes, parents of the dead girl, become interested in adopting Pixie.

JUST PLAIN BILL

Heard M-F, 5:30 P.M. EST, NBC

Many years ago, a Martville girl named Barbara Woods left her widowed father to marry a wealthy man much older than herself. Now, Barbara has come to ask Bill Davidson’s advice in a perplexing problem which has grown up out of the way of life she chose for herself. In Barbara’s situation Bill sees a parallel for the problem faced by his own daughter Nancy when she fled from the influence of a rich aunt to live a simpler life with Bill. How will he advise Barbara?
Here's your guide to good
listening on the daytime
drama circuit—plot, character,
time, station information

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL

Heard M-F, 3:00 P.M. EST, NBC

Night-club owner Coleman Reynolds has
justified Chichi's, instinctive faith in him.
Although her fall from his yacht, and her
resulting injury, made it look as though
Coley had plotted against her, Chichi
couldn't help believing that he really had
been powerless to prevent the attack on her.
She is delighted when later facts emerge
to confirm Coley's story. Is Papa David's
young adopted daughter about to fall in
love with Coley, a man so much older and
more worldly than she is?

LORENZO JONES

Heard M-F, 4:30 P.M. EST, NBC

Lorenzo's wife Belle becomes increasingly
suspicous of Lord Egerton and his story
of the Canadian fortune which he says Lor-
zeno is inheriting when a number of people
in town invest a total of $50,000 on a tip
which came from Lord Egerton by way of
Lorenzo. The fact that Lorenzo himself is
the richer by $10,000 doesn't soothe Belle.
When she persuades Lorenzo to check up,
they discover Lord Egerton and his secre-
tary about to leave town—waiting only to
lay hands on the $50,000.

MA PERKINS

Heard M-F, 1:15 P.M. EST, CBS

Just why was Spencer Grayson come back
to Rushville Center? Ma and the rest of
the family are certain that Fay has some-
thing to do with it, and Fay herself knows
that Spencer is very much interested in her.
But he is now an important, high-salaried
advertising executive in New York. Is little
Fay from Rushville Center the right wife
for such a sophisticated man? Can she add
anything to the kind of life Spencer leads?
And more important—can he add anything
to Fay's?

OUR GAL SUNDAY

Heard M-F, 12:45 P.M. EST, CBS

When Bruce Caulfield has finally paid for
the murder of his wife, Sunday and Lord
Brinthrope return from their stay in Eng-
land, eager to resume the peaceful course
of their life at Black Swan Hall. But Sun-
day is puzzled by the intense interest which
her enemy, Charlotte Abbat, is taking in
Phillip Chandler, who is the new superin-
tendent of the orphanage with whose wel-
fare Sunday has been actively concerned.
Have Sunday and Lord Henry returned to
another dangerous situation?

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Personal
To Women With 
Nagging Backache

As we get older, stress and strain, over-excitation, ex 
cessive smoking or exposure to cold sometimes slow 
down kidney function. This may lead many folks to 
complain of nagging backache, loss of pep and energy, 
headaches and disarray. Getting up nights or frequent 
passages may result from milder bladder irritations 
due to cold, dampness or dietary indiscretions.

If your discomforts are due to those 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 otherwise occur, it's amazing 
how many times Doan's give happy relief—help the 
16 miles of kidney tubes and filters flush out waste. 
Get Doan's Pills today!
Peter Cole was a successful architect, married to a socially prominent heiress, with a son who was being brought up to know all the "right" families—until reporter Mike Green stumbled on the true story of his life. When Mike learned that old Pop Kohansky was the disowned father of Peter Cole, and that Peter was not the scion of an old American family as he snobbishly claimed to be, Mike's sense of justice forced Peter Cole to make some important changes in his way of life.

WENDY WARREN

Wendy didn't believe it would actually happen—and neither, perhaps, did Don Smith—but the fact remains that Don did get himself married to Kay Clement. Absolutely putting an end of all romantic thoughts of Don, Wendy continues working with him on the paper, still on the track of the syndicate whose exposure will mean such a great story. And a new anxiety comes into her life when her father hears news of her old friend Mark Douglas, who disappeared while on secret government work.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES

After becoming involved, though innocently, in an oil stock swindle, Harry Davis has been struggling to pay back the investors to whom he believed he was responsible. Faced with the problem of rebuilding security for their little family, Joan and Harry are driven to a terrible decision. Joan takes the children home to her mother's house until Harry can get back on his feet. Mrs. Field has never respected Harry. Is this her chance to thrust him out of Joan's life?

YOUNG DOCTOR MALONE

While matters come to a head between Anne Malone and her ill and estranged husband Dr. Jerry Malone, Sam Williams, who still hopes to marry Anne some day, returns to Three Oaks. There he finds his own problems complicated by the affair between his headstrong son Gene and young Crystal Gates, daughter of the town ne'er-do-well. As Sam's respect and affection for Crystal increase, he wonders if Gene's strange bitterness of mind will ruin this girl's life in a way she cannot anticipate.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN

The rich widower, Horace Steele, and his daughter Jacqueline, present Ellen with a problem which she feels unable to solve, and she calls on her friend Bruce Weldon for help. In spite of Bruce's warnings, however, Ellen cannot believe that New York socialite Lita Haddon is so determined to marry Horace that she is mentally unbalanced by her obsession. Only in the face of actual tragedy does Ellen realize that Bruce was right, when in a fit of insane jealousy Lita shoots and kills Horace.

WE LOVE AND LEARN

Heard M-F, 1:45 P.M. EST, NBC

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Hazel Bishop

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Name
Address

(Continued from page 76)

TO WHISKERS McTAVISH

A Scottish gentleman with a short life but a long personality
A tousled head with ears alert for news
And curiosity four times your size,
A speaking tail which radio's a world
The sentiment of keen appraising eyes.
Scotch as your name and canny in your love
When once you gave, it was no niggard's share
And we who knew you best find memory
Poor substitute upon your empty chair.
Whiskers McTavish, gentleman and friend,
Though all too brief your span of life might be,
From that canic Elysium where you frisk,
Look back and say, "They still remember me!"
—Alice R. McKeon

FLOOR WHACKS
I'll convince her some day, I expect,
Despite her conservative views.
That she'll get the same startling effect
By wakening the soles of my shoes!
—Leonard K. Schiff

VINTAGE—AGED
Memories
Steeped in time
Become a mellow brew;
And so, like thick rich wine
Grown ancient,
Are a sweet
And satisfying liquor
To soothe
A parched and throbbing palate
Grown feverish with Loneliness.
—Eugene White

THE ORGAN GRINDER
Is he a brigand or a movie clown?
Bandannaed, mustachios, pomaded hair,
Fierce twinkling eyes that squint as he leans down
To grind his organ's rusty ballad fore.
How do you do, dear Mr. Yesterday;
Your chained grimmer, daffing cap for coins
Thrown by those shouting boys, cannot unsay
The fact that you have stepped from ancient loins:
Perhaps the last—the lonely troubador
Who once "neath ivied casement tuned the lute";
Perhaps destitute bard who sang before
Prince Chivalry in storybooks now mute:
Romance, why wander wastes of cynic earth?
We sigh or smile: Is that all beauty's worth?
—Cullen Jones

VERMONT TONGUE
Here in our granite hills our words are rocky,
Like stones that push up through old pasture sod;
A fat man, here, is not obese—his "stocky,"
And no one is insane, but merely "odd."
We "set" our bread, and "knock" a cake together,
We "make it do" by piecing, "eke" it out;
To speak of "mares' tails" is to speak of weather,
We don't surmise—we "guess" it half in doubt.
To us, no one's courageous, he is "gritty,
We "purge" and "trudge"; we "pinch" and "stomp"
"and "plunk";
We do not use the pretty term "woods kitty,"
But call the creature—or the man—a "skunk."
Although we do say that our brooks "meander,"
We rarely use such soft words hereabout.
Our story talk should not arouse man's "dander,"
It's the granite in our blood stream cropping out.
—Gertrude Lyon Sylvester

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say thousands of regular listeners to radio’s "My True Story." That's because "My True Story" is not just another radio program with made-up characters and situations. It's a refreshingly different slice of real, everyday life, lived by the kind of people you know and see all the time. Here—direct from the files of True Story Magazine—you'll find the answers to countless problems... hope, fear, jealousy, love and many others.

TUNE IN
"MY TRUE STORY"
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The following stores carry the Cambridge suit featured on page 44. The stores listed also carry the Nan Buntly suit on page 45.

* Akron, Ohio: Polsky's
* Boise, Idaho: C. C. Anderson
* Boston, Mass.: Jordan Marsh
* Baltimore, Md.: O'Neill's
* Butler, Pa.: Troutman's
* Cincinnati, Ohio: Rollman's
* Cleveland, Ohio: Sterling-Lindner-Davis
* Columbus, Ohio: Morehouse-Fashion Store
* Connellsville, Pa.: Troutman's
* Dallas, Texas: Titch-Goetzinger
* Dubois, Pa.: Troutman's
* Easton, Pa.: Laubach's
* Grand Rapids, Mich.: Herpolsheimer's
* Great Falls, Mont.: The Paris Co.
* Greensboro, N. C.: Meyer's
* Greensburg, Pa.: Troutman's
* Harrisburg, Pa.: Pomeroy's
* Indiana, Pa.: Troutman's
* Jackson, Mich.: Field's
* Kansas City, Mo.: Peck's
* Lake Charles, La.: Muller's
* Latrobe, Pa.: Reed's
* Lebanon, Pa.: The Bon Ton
* Lowell, Mass.: The Bon Marche
* Lynchburg, Va.: Guggenheimer's
* Malden, Mass.: Joslin's
* Minneapolis, Minn.: Donaldson's
* Muskegon, Mich.: Hardy-Herpolsheimer's
* New York City: Gertz, Jamaica
* Paterson, N. J.: Quackenbush's
* Pontiac, Mich.: Waite's
* Pottsville, Pa.: Pomeroy's
* Reading, Pa.: Pomeroy's
* San Antonio, Texas: Joske's of Texas
* Savannah, Ga.: Levy's
* Seattle, Wash.: The Bon Marche
* Northgate, Wash.: The Bon Marche
* Everett, Wash.: The Bon Marche
* Spokane, Wash.: The Bon Marche
* Springfield, Mo.: Hearst's
* St. Paul, Minn.: The Golden Rule
* St. Petersburg, Fla.: Maas Brothers
* Syracuse, N. Y.: Dey Brothers
* Tacoma, Wash.: Fisher's
* Tampa, Fla.: Maas Brothers
* Warren, Pa.: Metzger-Wright
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JOHN BROWN

PAUL WINCHELL

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can in Information Booth or by mail—but be sure to sign your full
name and address and attach this box to your letter.

MASTER DETECTIVE

Dear Editor:
I would like to see a picture of the actor who plays the title role of Nick Carter. Where was he
born and is he married?
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Lon Clark, who plays Mutual’s master detective, was born in Frost, Minnesota, in 1911. An
accomplished saxophonist, Clark also sang pro-
essionally and it was while appearing with the
Cincinnati Summer Opera that he met his wife.
The Clarkes are the parents of two sons.

FROM HILLTOP TO HOLLYWOOD

Dear Editor:
Please tell me the name of the actor who
played Mike in Hilltop House. What is he doing
now?
Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. T. F.

Lamont Johnson, who also was heard as Chris-
topher Manning in Portia Faces Life, has gone
West for movie work.

MERRY MORTICIAN

Dear Editor:
Will you please give me some information on
Digger O’Dell, the friendly undertaker on The Life of Riley. What other programs does he
appear on?
Ogden, Utah

Mrs. A. P. H.

Actor John Brown was born in England in 1904.
At sixteen, he accepted a job in a mortuary and
was so horrified by the sight of his first corpse
that he left without waiting for payment. With
his wife, a former actress, and two children, he
lives in California where he is currently appear-
ning as Al in My Friend Irma. Other radio
credits include the Fred Allen and Jack Benny
shows. His favorite song, naturally, “John
Brown’s Body.”

VERSATILE VENTRILOQUIST

Dear Editor:
I have heard that Paul Winchell used to be a
sculptor. Is that true?
Los Angeles, Calif.

V. C. B.

Yes. It was through his sculpture that he
became interested in making puppets, which in
turn led to puppetry itself and, ultimately, ven-
trilocism. His partner, Jerry Mahoney, was
created when Paul was only seventeen. Today
Jerry has a room of his own in the Winchell
droadcasting house and Paul’s daughter Stephanie, four,
seems to regard him as a brother.
Step up, ask your questions—we'll try to find the answers

MYSTERY AND MIRTH

Dear Editor:
I would like to know who plays Oriole on the Beulah (radio) show and who the host is on Inner Sanctum.
New York, N. Y.
L. G.
Ruby Dandridge is heard as Oriole and Paul McGrath plays the eerie-voiced host.

TURNABOUT

Dear Editor:
How long has Jane Wilson been with Fred Waring? I remember her from his radio program and think she has a lovely voice.
Las Vegas, Nev.
Mrs. G. A.

Jane got her job as a singer because reporting made her nervous. In 1938, as a cub reporter for an Ohio paper, she interviewed Fred Waring and he relieved the tension by asking her questions instead. He found she could sing, gave her an audition and made her a permanent member of the show.

BUT NOT FORGotten

Dear Editor:
I would be very grateful if you could tell me what has become of Betty Winkler and George Keane since they left the cast of Rosemary. Who are their replacements?
Iron Mountain, Mich.
Miss T. B.

The parts of Rosemary and Bill Roberts are now being taken by Virginia Kaye and Robert Haag. George Keane left New York for reasons of health and, of course, his wife Betty accompanied him.

HANDSOME LANSON

Dear Editor:
Could you please give me some information about Snooky Lanson, the singer on the Hit Parade. Where was he born, how did he get his name and is he married?
Bronx, N. Y.
Miss G. V.

Snooky (Roy S.) Lanson was born in Memphis, Tennessee. He sang before he could talk and, at the age of two, he picked up a then popular Irving Berlin tune, "Snooky Ookums," and inadvertently changed his name. He is married and the father of a five-year-old son and two-year-old daughter.

TALENTED

Dear Editor:
I have been wondering about the actor who plays Wear on the Versatile Varieties television show. Who is he and is he on any other shows?
Middlebury, Vt.
P. R.

He's Merrill E. Joels, well-known stage and radio personality. He created the character and, in addition, he is heard but not seen as the program's announcer. Mr. Joels has been in show business for over twenty years and has been on more than fifty radio programs besides narrating children's records and film shorts.
don't Be Half-Safe
by Valda Sherman

Many mysterious changes take place in your body as you mature. Now, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete a new type of perspiration containing milky substances which will—if they reach your dress—cause ugly stains and clinging odor.

You’ll face this problem throughout womanhood. It’s not enough merely to stop the odor of this perspiration. You must now use a deodorant to keep it from reaching before it reaches—and ruins—your clothes.

As doctors know, not all deodorants stop both perspiration and odor. But Arrid does! It’s been tested and proven so thoroughly before it reaches—so is Arrid's new formula—underarm protection 1 to 3 days safely—keeps underarms dry and sweet.

Remember this, too. Arrid's antiseptic action kills odor on contact—prevents formation of odor up to 48 hours and keeps you "shower-bath" fresh. And it's safe for skin—safe for eyes.

So, don't be half-safe. Don't risk your happiness with half-safe deodorants. Be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be sure. Arrid with Creamogum will keep your shirt clean and soft so pleasant and easy to apply. Get Arrid today.

For complete removal of superfluous hair use ZIP Epilator.

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NAME.

FCC: The Truth About Color TV

(Continued from page 33)

by RCA. This, as you can see, offsets RCA’s advantage of compatibility.

The CBS color system admits to being completely incompatible. Its adoption by purchasing a “practical converter” demonstrated by RCA.

I looked last fall as if we were going to have color television by Christmas. Sponsored and everything. But the Federal Communications Commission, after a year of examining all competing color processes, gave the CBS system its blessing. After ten years in the laboratory, it looked as if the people with the right equipment could finally get good pictures.

The CBS picture “is most satisfactory from the point of view of texture, color fidelity and contrast,” said the FCC. Moreover, “receivers and station equipment are simple to handle.”

RCA, which earnestly wants to see its color picture adopted and Columbia’s picture rejected, decided to fight the FCC. Its picture had been called poor and inferior. The FCC said its “time error” contaminated the colors. “That’s only your opinion,” raged RCA (or words to that effect) and went straight to Federal Court.

Down came an injunction, restraining CBS from telecasting color on a regular or commercial basis. (Demonstrations are continuing, however).

Back to RCA’s engineers. A few weeks after they’d obtained the injunction, RCA men came up with a new color tube. The press (but not the FCC) was invited to view it. The FCC was told the new tube had been tested in J. tractor’s lab, and would be put to work in 12 weeks.

And you think TV is expensive! RCA could have let the FCC have its way and put every non-electric ice box under the sun. But RCA, one of the biggest, most powerful TV manufacturers in the land, didn’t.

Within a short time, color will come to the consumer more cheaply. Sets can be bought with built-in converters. An FPC report recommended an FCC hearing that an adapter could be installed in the factory at a cost of about $7. What is the situation today? Should the CBS system become the standard? In other words, should RCA lose its court battle—you’ll see a gradual ossobility of existing equipment. Remember how it was when electric refrigerators first came out? Non-electric ice boxes got fewer and fewer. By now, they have virtually disappeared.

When asked, “Should I buy a black and white set today or wait for one that has built-in color?” Frank Stanton, president of CBS, had this to say:

“I’ll go with you now that you will enjoy the current black and white programs. On the other hand, a combination color and black-and-white set, when available, will be more compact and save you money. If, however, you don’t want to wait—buy a set only from a manufacturer who will give you positive assurance that the set you buy can be converted to color.”

Now, let’s ask another question: How long shall we have to wait for the Court to decide?

Said the New York Times recently: "The question is this: will the whole future of TV be going to continue in the minds of the public and the industry for some time to come?"

One of the Federal judges sitting on the case in Chicago said, “It is unhinkable that we can decide this issue in a day, a week or a month.”

And a decision in Chicago will not be the end of the controversy. The is-
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Editor's Note: When the Dennises of The Brighter Day lived in Three Rivers, Liz's friendship with Sam Winship very nearly blossomed into the romantic love which was already in Sam's heart. Coming as it did at the end of Liz's almost shattering love affair with Hollywood producer Nathan Eldridge, it never really grew into the kind of relationship which Liz knew she must have for marriage. But she did know, too, that although she would try to bury the memory of Nathan, the memory of Sam would remain with her always.

For the first few hours after Elizabeth got back from Hollywood, she thought everything was going to be all right. It was all so wonderfully the same. Three Rivers itself, and Papa and the kids—even though one of the first things Patsy said was: "You'll be so used to glamor now, this old place is going to seem very dull."

Liz laughed. "Do you think everyone in Hollywood rolls in mink and diamonds, darling? There are plenty of plain, everyday people there too. Marcia and Ben have a house just like—well, not like this. I do admit it's newer and fancier, but it's a plain house with plain people in it. Just like us."

"Well of course, that's logical. Marcia being our sister, she'd live much the way we live. I was thinking of those others—the ones Althea will be going around with. I don't really think the motion picture is the greatest art form we have today—but one can't help being curious. If Althea's (Continued on page 102)
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the secrets of the "School of the Stars." Send today for FREE "Confidential Contest Bulletin" with winning helps for the biggest contests now on. NO OBLIGATION.
Papa Dennis put his thin cheek against hers. "Yes," he said. "Talk to me. That's what I'm here for, my child. Will it help if I say that I have some idea already of what is troubling you?"

"Papa, how could you? I haven't said anything..."

"I did totally without worldly experience, Elizabeth. Your mother used to say that I could read between the lines almost as well as any woman. I took the liberty of doing so with your letter. It was just that the woman named Nathan Eldridge has come into your life."

Elizabeth said bitterly, "And gone out again."

"You've loved him, your father said.

"Loved him? Oh, how can you talk about such things? It was so strange, so quick, so—so complete! You wouldn't have known him, Papa. I wasn't in love any more. I was just...just what he wanted me to be..."

"You were always Liz, you always will be," her father said. "I've always known somebody would find you, and find you in love.

Liz stared at him. "Did you know he would throw it away after he found it?"

"What happened? Can you tell me that?"

"I can tell you everything in a few words," Liz said passionately. "He didn't want me. Oh—he loved me, Papa, I know that much. But...we thought of two different things when we spoke of love. He's a powerful man in his little kingdom, powerful and busy and not...not conventional in the way we are. I didn't bother him. I knew he would never do anything to hurt me. He did love me. But when I said love, I meant everything. I wanted to belong to him completely. I was sure."

"And he was not?"

"He didn't even know that he wasn't. Maybe he was just afraid, Papa; nothing like this had ever happened to him before. But talking so hard for so many years to achieve the position he has now. He wasn't used to—opening his heart to another human being. He was not interested, being afraid to act as he wanted to."

"Don't think too badly of him!" she said finally. "In the end he frightened me, but I know he didn't mean it as an injury. Some man might have meant it. He wanted me and Althea to move away from Marcia's house, to a little house where we could live alone. He said...he said it was the only way we could get to know one another."

"But you knew already, Elizabeth?"

"Yes. I knew. It wasn't the house, or the phrase that he wanted to make me feel that—that kind of arrangement. I knew him too well for that. What frightened me away was the knowledge that he wasn't sure. If he didn't know by then, we would be the heart-and-soul kind..." Liz stood up abruptly and went to the window. "Papa, Sam asked me to marry him."

"Elizabeth!" he protested. "You must admit that was a most abrupt transition."

"I know, Papa. But that's exactly what Sam did to me! Is it any wonder I react the same? Don't you think different, they unwanted woman? Papa—what shall I do?"

"You know my sentiments about Sam, Elizabeth. Nothing would make me more happy than to welcome him into the family...as long as my Elizabeth was equally happy."

"I didn't say anything to him."

I do love Sam—you know that. But I guess I need time to forget, and time to give Sam and myself a chance. Whatever we might have, it won't be triumphant. We'll try to be quiet, and right and peaceful. I think when—I'm all purged of this other thing, that's what I'd really want and need."

"It is so simple, my child," he said soberly. "You were so upset when you came in that I didn't find the courage to give this to you."

He handed her a yellow envelope. "It can wait till the other day."

Liz recoiled as though he were handing her a live snake. No, she thought; I won't touch it. Now not, in the first place. Nataly. It's drat since Nathan...I won't! But her hand, obeying a deeper, more insistent command, reached out and took the envelope and tore it open. The letter inside it was to her father. He nodded:

"This may be the answer to everything," he said. "You may realize that if you made no mistake at all it was in running away from the one you love most deeply...

"But nothing can come out of, Papa. Nothing can come out of it!"

She went out forgetting to close the door, and after she was sure her father too went upstairs to his room, so troubled that he forgot to take the telegram with him. Patsy found it on the floor when she entered. And while later, and read it almost before she realized that she shouldn't. "But if I hadn't, how would we have known to get your room ready?" she argued when she waylaid Grayling on his way into the house and told him.

Even Babby had to be told the contents of the telegram, though her excitement at Patsy's complete, inexplicable, was indecent. So by dinner time, without a word from Liz or Papa Dennis; the household was prepared for a guest, and everyone in it knew the words of that telegram."

"Arriving Three Rivers late Wednesday, Nathan."

"And the worst of it is, Sam's coming?" Patsy told Grayling. "He's been in the house all day, waiting for the night after Liz got home. I can't take it on myself to put him off."

"Don't think of it. Let it all boil up in one fell swoop." All right, her brother advised."

"Get it over with."

"Your figures of speech are mixed, but I agree with your sentiments. But oh, Grayling! Liz—she's so not herself!"

Grayling read the message and Patsy said instantly, "Grayling, if you say 'then who is she?' I'll—I'll cut down on your portions tonight!"

It was just as well that Patsy didn't know when she laid her head on her breast, she thought later as she and Babby brought filled plates to the table and took them away again only a trifling emptier. Nobody at any time was eating! She and Grayling and Babby were too excited, too offended, and Patsy was too sad, and Sam was too conscious that something was wrong—though he didn't know what, yet. Patsy was out. Liz made a gallant effort, but finally gave up and said she would just have coffee, please.

After dinner, Sam and Liz went out on the porch, and the rest of the family scattered,, and all sat around and talked, the ones who didn't have dates... Sam, smiling in the darkness, commented on the sudden lack of hello, good-bye, and at the wrong time too," he said. "I'd feel more comfortable having them all around me in the customary manner—"
“Sam, it’s not tact,” Liz said. “I should have told you before. It’s worse than anything. Oh, Sam, Nathan’s coming.”

“Oh,” he said. He didn’t ask any questions. He knew what was going to happen. Nothing. After a time Liz said painfully, “I’d like to say something about it, Sam, but I just don’t know what to say—I don’t know what’s going to happen or where I go from here. Or where you go, or any of us. He has no right to do this!” she burst out. “He’s giving me no chance at all!”

Sam said gravely, “He has every right. You love you.”

“Sam, I want to tell you—”

“No!” he said sharply. He got up from the window seat and sat down across from her. “I don’t want to know anything. It’s enough that I know there’s a man who can reach into your life and shake it and twist it and make it come out... his way. I’m not strong enough for both Liz, not in this particular problem. Whatever there is or was or will be between you and him, I can’t risk knowing about it. Just remember that I love you. I always will.” His hand dropped to her shoulder. “Liz... there’s a cab pulling up next door. The driver probably made a mistake. It’s too late for anyone else.”

The blood began to pound in Liz’s ears. It was so unreal, so impossible... that Nathan should be here, getting out of the taxi, carrying his small bag up the steps to her door. I was so young and beautiful, and yet so old. She knew that she had no answer for him, and she had no time to think. So she set out for the closest thing to a goal at hand. She didn’t want to know anything. It was enough that she knew there was a man who could make her life a shambles... that he was there, in the house, in her life, in her mind... she decided, and drove the car to the corner.

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Nathan released her and stood up. "Just one thing, Liz. I scraped and borrowed the time to get here. My plane's at the airport and I've got to stop here. I'm sorry for the inconvenience with the bankers that makes or breaks the new picture and I've got to be there. I'd like to meet your family if I could, and then I'll go over to the hotel and check in—and will you give me your answer in the morning? I won't go back without it, Liz, one way or the other."

"I see," she said. "I know. But I'm not very wise right now."

before full realization came to remind her that Nathan was here, under the plane's lights, standing—she might as well be in Hollywood. Nor did she care. For the moment, only herself lived. And Liz was engaged, and never had she been more sure of that. She gazed steady at Nathan, and she realized with a shock that it was herself. But nothing had been settled, after all; it seemed easier to let it stand alone. "I can't behave as if I were one of the rulers of earth! I don't want to. I want love, yes, but I want safety and comfort in it—nothing else."

"Well," Nathan said. In all the time she'd known him she could never have believed that he would look at her like that. But his looks didn't matter now. Nothing mattered. All Liz was going, and she wanted him to go. "Those are some of the prettiest speeches I've ever heard," he said coldly. "But you know, Elizabeth Dennis, all they add up to is that you're tired of his needs and his alone. I can't be a part of the business."

Almost at once Liz went out too. Dimly she knew it was urgent that she get away before the machinery of Nathan's leaving was set in motion. She walked swiftly anywhere, any way, trying to keep her mind off the slam of the door that had been their parting. She walked until she no longer knew where she was, and then suddenly she looked and saw that she had come to the hill above the lake where she and Sam and his children went on their picnics. "I'm safe here," she thought gratefully. And with obscure logic. "Then there's nothing else now."

She was terribly tired, so tired . . . her foot turned on a pebble and she sat down abruptly. "I'll sit here just a little while," she told herself.

It was only a few minutes later when her head propped against a tree-trunk, sound asleep. She looked so white, poor Liz; very gently he bent down to the ^bend of her forehead with his lips. She opened her eyes and smiled up at him. "Are you all right, Liz?" he asked.

"The family was—just worried. You've been missing all day."

"I just walked. I'm all right."

She sat up straight and looked around her, and her eyes came back to his with so much affection that his heart began to beat hard. "You knew where I'd be, didn't you, Sam?"

He nodded. He'd known, after they told him how Nathan had gone, that she would be coming peacefully and still and green. He'd remembered the place, and had wondered as he drove toward it if it wouldn't mean something very special to find her there, that she was there, 

— for their minds to have worked along the same lines.

Color was coming back into her face, and she heard with surprise that he had laughed at her, that he hadn't hurt her too much, then, that he was gone. There was a chance that some day, soon, it might be really over.

Correction!

Ida Broder is the correct name of the Live Like A Millionaire contestant identified as Mrs. Meyers in the Jan. issue of RAMO TELEVISION MIRROR. Her daughter's correct name is Helen Wells.
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Win a softer, smoother skin with your First Cake of Camay!

This lovely, lovely Camay Bride is Mrs. Charles A. Morrow, Jr., the former Barbara Sommers of Califon, N. J.

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You see, Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of germs called Secondary Invaders.

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Tests showed germ reduction up to 96.7% even 15 minutes after a Listerine Antiseptic gargle; up to 80% even one hour after.

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So, whatever else you do, start gargling with Listerine Antiseptic at the first sign of a sneeze, cough or snuffle. It's a safe, direct way to attack the invasion—no dangerous side-effects.

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Top designers say that you can have the new “Poured-in” Silhouette with a Playtex Girdle. It’s one smooth line from waist to hips to thighs in newest fashions. Waistlines are slenderer. Hips are narrower. Skirts are straight—and really figure-moulding.

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Take a Fashion Tip from Top Designers

ANTHONY BLOTTA, great New York suit designer: “Playtex works such wonders with the figure! It slims and trims away inches—gives you a lithe, supple silhouette.”

TONI OWEN, famous for her sports clothes separates: “It takes a wonderful girdle to give you this kind of a silhouette in complete comfort, but Playtex does it!”

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*YOU SHOULD KNOW! While not mentioned by name, Colgate's was the only toothpaste used in the research on tooth decay recently reported in Reader's Digest.

Betty Furness, hostess of ABC-TV's Penthouse Party, enhances her appearance by dramatizing her eyes. One method is by using eyebrow pencil.

“Eye shadow, too, is becoming if you learn to wear it subtly—and it's not difficult to apply. I particularly like the blue and violet shades.”

Betty feels every woman should wear mascara. “I never feel well-groomed without it and you'd be amazed what it does for your entire appearance.”

Easy on the eyes
BETTY FURNESS is a party girl. Every Friday evening she invites you to join her at Penthouse Party, on ABC-TV.

"I'm interested in people," says personable Betty. "I love to entertain. I usually invite stage, screen, or radio stars to my penthouse parties on Friday. The televiewers at home are my guests, too! And we have fun, in a relaxed way, telling stories, performing informally, or singing."

While she is talking so vivaciously, one of the first things you notice about Betty are her eyes. They're big, blue, and bewitching. And Betty, a smart girl, takes special care of them.

"The bright lights in the television studios are often trying. I usually bathe my eyes in a soothing solution. Then, I apply pads of cotton that have been soaked in cool water. You'd be surprised how ten minutes of relaxation in this way, can renew the sparkle in your eyes.

"I really learned how to use eye make-up effectively when I was playing on Broadway in 'The Doughgirls.' Of course, for street wear, I always wear eye make-up, too."

"And I really believe every woman should wear mascara. You really aren't properly groomed without it. I use brown mascara most of the time. But if I am wearing a blue dress, then wear a dark blue mascara. It really does things for blue eyes!

"Eye shadow is becoming if you learn to wear it subtly. It can create a dreamy background effect. For a touch of drama, I like to accent the shape of my eyes by extending the corners of the eyelid, with my eyebrow pencil. Then, I pencil my brows and extend them slightly, also. That's the simple story of how I use make-up to enhance my eyes. Of course, I don't have to add that every smart woman can add to her attractiveness by calling attention to her eyes."

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The toys which Bobby distributed were collected in a nation-wide appeal to American youngsters which garnered over 100,000 items. Bobby was received by the Lord Mayor of London and was asked to speak over the BBC network on behalf of Europe's orphans.

Little George Georgias, eleven-year-old legless Greek boy, a Foster Plan War Orphan, welcomes Bobby at the London airport. George has been an avid cowboy fan ever since he returned from New York where he'd been taken from Corinth, Greece, for artificial legs.

In Paris Bobby placed a wreath on the tomb of the Unknown Soldier at the Arc de Triomphe. He and his foster brother, Andre, standing at Bobby's left, attended a tea at the Grand Palace and appeared on the French radio together. Bobby also appeared on TV.

Bobby visited The Lea—the country home in Denham, England, which is maintained by Foster Parents Plan—on horseback, much to the delight of the young orphans who live there. The children later joined Bobby in a half-hour Radio Luxembourg program.
Finds A Brother

In Brussels, Bobby was made an honorary member of the Souvenir, an organization made up of members of the Belgian underground who are helping war orphans. The pretty little Belgian girl seated on Bobby’s right confided to him she’d like to be an actress.

Ice Cream and cake tastes fine no matter what language you eat in, as Bobby and Andre discover. Bobby also traveled to Frankfurt, Germany, where he entertained children in the American school. In Amsterdam he distributed over 500 packages to children.

- Recently Bobby Benson of the B-Bar-B Riders made a special trip abroad to aid in the distribution of toys and clothing to the war orphans of Europe. Sponsored by the Foster Parents Plan, Bobby’s two-week trip covered four countries including France where Bobby found his brother—eleven-year-old Andre Marchat. Under the Foster Parents Plan, Andre will continue to live in Paris but Bobby, by virtue of “adoption” will help contribute to his rehabilitation. Foster relatives who never see each other establish a personal relationship via letters.

Bobby Benson Show: Sat., 5 P.M. EST, WOR in New York, 3:30 P.M. EST, Sun., WOR and Tues. & Thur., 5:55 P.M. to 6 P.M. EST, WOR. Latter show is sponsored by Kraft Foods. Consult your local newspaper for other MBS stations.
STERLING
CHARACTER

Jack's East Side apartment affords plenty of opportunity for cooking and studying scripts for his CBS radio stint and TV Big Top role.

Thanks to his tiny Hillman-Minx, the parking problems of CBS personality Jack Sterling are few in New York City.

Jack Sterling, who took on one of radio's toughest assignments when he succeeded Arthur Godfrey in the morning hours (WCBS, Mon. through Saturday, 6-7:45 A.M., EST), began his third year in the same spot on Wednesday, Nov. 1, 1950—the time previously occupied by Godfrey for more than seven years.

Sterling, a veteran of more than ten years in Midwestern radio, was selected for the job in a nationwide combing of personalities. His easy-going style, in the opinion of WCBS executives, was just what the doctor ordered for the early morning audience.

At the age of sixteen, Jack secretly wrote a letter to a well-known Chicago agent, Jack Winninger, brother of the famous actor, Charles Winninger. Sent him his picture and asked for a job. He was hired on the strength of his letter plus a picture and shortly was playing leading roles in a Wisconsin Repertory Company. This strangely enough, met with parental favor. "He's going to be a ham anyway," said Mr. Sterling, "and he might as well get going."

When Jack was born—thirty-five years ago—his mother and father called on their two best friends, Mr. and Mrs. George Sohms, to act as godparents for the tiny baby. The Sohms had stood up with the Sterlings when they were married; the four young people had much in common and the childless Sohms were delighted to be godfather and godmother to the wee new Sterling.

And maybe, during the christening services, when the minister asked their pledges to watch out for the infant, the Sohms gave him an extra wish—that someday he'd be top man in a circus! For the Sohms were important performers with the Hagenback and Wallace circus in those days.

Today, in addition to his early-morning radio stint, Jack is top man with a circus—a highly exciting one—The Big Top, which is televised over CBS-TV every Saturday at noon, EST. Jack is the ringmaster who introduces the wonderful, thrilling acts that make The Big Top one of televisions most interesting spectacles.

"I guess it was just meant to be. I've been crazy over the circus since I was a kid," Jack says. "I remember once, when I was just a tiny boy, the Sohms let me ride in the 'specs' and I was so excited I almost died of joy. I visited them many, many times and each visit brought me something new and thrilling. Meeting and getting to know the great animal trainer, Clyde Beatty, was the best thing that ever happened to me."

When he was in Chicago working for CBS, he was ringmaster at the Coliseum for two performances of the Chicago Milk Fund and that was a great thrill. Later, in New York, he had the world-famous clown, Felix Adler, as his program guest. Adler reciprocated in a wonderful way—he asked Jack to be a guest clown at a performance of the Ringling Brothers-Barnum and Bailey circus in Madison Square Garden.

"A fool about the circus? You bet I am!" Jack declares, "and don't you think it is fate? Who else ever had a godfather and godmother who were circus people!"
WALTER O'KEEFE

When an actor turns writer it's almost as newsworthy as man bites dog. Writer turning actor, unlike dog bites man, might be classified as extraordinary, too. But what all this adds up to is: given the choice between a professional writer's doing a story on Walter O'Keefe and Walter O'Keefe's doing a story on Walter O'Keefe, naturally your editors chose Walter. They knew you'd prefer to read his very own story—even if you had to wait another month for it. Walter was advertised as appearing in this issue. He's even mentioned on the cover of this magazine, which went to press long before the story change was decided. A glimpse at this story, which will definitely appear in the May issue of Radio Television Mirror, assures the editors that it was well-worth waiting for. Walter describes his background—his parents, the days at Notre Dame when he formed a fast friendship with Knute Rockne, the famous gridiron coach, his bout with polio, his beginnings on the stage—all the milestones that led to the Walter O'Keefe of radio's Double or Nothing. Look for this story—it's in the May issue which goes on sale at the newstands, Wednesday, April 11.

May also means Awards. Next month's issue will carry the Radio Television Mirror Awards for 1950—the final tabulation on the stars and programs for which you voted last November and December. You'll surely want to find out how many of your candidates won—even if you didn't vote, you'll enjoy the special Awards pages. There'll be pictures—mostly in color—and stories on the entertainers you singled out in the fourth annual Radio Television Mirror Awards.

Also in May Radio Television Mirror: Sid Caesar, the Aldrich family (TV), Johnny and Penny Olsen, Our Gal Sunday, Harriet Hilliard Nelson, Hilltop House, Road of Life and Alan Young.

She thought her face was clean...

Until she took the "tissue test"!

The "Tissue Test" convinced Dorothy Lamour that there is a difference in cleansing creams. She's co-star of the Cecil B. DeMille Production "The Greatest Show on Earth", Color by Technicolor.

We asked her to cleanse her face with her regular cleansing cream. Then to try Woodbury Cold Cream on her "immaculately clean" face and handed her a tissue.

The tissue told a startling story! Woodbury Cold Cream floated out hidden dirt!

Why is Woodbury so different? Because it has Penaten, a new miracle ingredient that actually penetrates deeper into your pores...lets Woodbury's wonderful cleansing oils loosen every trace of grime and make-up.

It's wonder-working Penaten, too, that helps Woodbury to smooth your skin more effectively. Tiny dry-skin lines, little rough flakes just melt away.

Buy a jar today—25¢ to 97¢, plus tax.

Woodbury
Cold Cream
floats out hidden dirt...

penetrates deeper because it contains Penaten
With the words “Welcome to Round-Up Ranch,” Terry Cowling invites one and all to a real hillbilly-Western-hoedown session each afternoon at 4 P.M. over WCOP and WCOP-FM. And Terry is quite proud of his unusual program because in the past four years Round-Up Ranch has grown from fifteen minutes to forty-five minutes with an increasing and loyal audience.

The music for Round-Up Ranch breaks down into three groups: hillbilly; Western; and hoedown and square dances. Although many of the square dances are native to New England and familiar to WCOP listeners, Round-Up Ranch is fast building followers for the other types of native American music. Terry often tells stories of the origin of the music along with many amazing tales of the tunes which are completely new to Boston and local listeners.

One of the things that Terry likes to point out is the fact that many of the hillbilly songs today were never actually written on paper but were handed down from one singer to another, and it is only recently that they have been recorded. Many of these songs are Elizabethan in character and by listening to them it is possible to trace the early days of our country. Terry’s favorite recording artists of these tunes include Cousin Emmy, Burl Ives, Ernest Tubb and Grandpa Jones.

Interspersed with these numbers are songs indigenous to the West and Terry Cowling is one announcer who firmly believes that if more folks would only give themselves a chance to listen to this music, they would become rabid fans.

Of course, most New Englanders are accustomed to the Saturday night square dances in Grange Halls, and the husking bees where all the neighbors help a farmer shuck his corn. Though many people regard folks from these parts as being on the conservative side, the farmer who finds a red ear of corn at the husking bee wins a kiss from the prettiest girl—a custom that antedates radio by a good many years.

These are just a few of the unusual program notes that Terry injects into Round-Up Ranch. To add flavor and authenticity, Terry usually includes the weather reports for North Dakota, South Dakota, Kentucky, Tennessee and Montana—so that the many local residents who have moved from these states will still know what the weather is like down where Aunt Susie lives.

Terry will celebrate his tenth anniversary with WCOP this month and, in addition to the fun he has doing research on Round-Up Ranch, he has a hobby of collecting and playing the cylinder records of years back on an old Edison gramophone. This hobby he also shares with his radio listeners each Sunday at 1:45 P.M. on his Wax Museum.
Jim Watson was one of those American lads who stormed up the black volcanic sands of Iwo Jima with the Second Marine Division, and those bleak, danger-traught beaches were the last sight seen by Jim's own eyes.

Before the war Jim had worked as an outside investigator for a finance firm. His blindness, however, made it impossible for him to return to his job. Friends often had suggested that perhaps a guide dog would be the solution, but the cost had held him back. Jim's wishes were answered almost miraculously when he received a call from a representative of Guide Dogs for the Blind.

The story behind Jim's gift of the guide dog is the story of an idea. One day in 1938, Frank Wright was rambling through a newsroom over a San Francisco radio station when an announcer slipped a sheet of paper under his nose with the plea: "Wanted, a home for an abandoned puppy, breed undetermined. The people who owned this dog left town today. We don't want him killed."

The results were amazing. Wright was convinced that a medium for placing homeless pets was needed.

At the end of a week he had secured a probational sponsor who agreed to try such a program—once.

"It can't work," the businessman insisted, "but I'm willing to spend the money just to prove that people will tune you off!"

Today, twelve years later, Wright has the same sponsor and more people every week listen to the Pet Exchange. Its recent invasion of television was the means by which Jim Watson got his guide dog. A viewer of the television Pet Exchange responded to the plea for young shepherd dogs to be trained as guide dogs for the blind. The dog went to Jim as a gift from the viewer who loved pets and appreciated the conscientious work of the Exchange.

1. DEODORANT (Protection from odor)
Norforms were tested in a hospital clinic and found to be more effective than anything it had ever used. Norforms are powerfully deodorant—they eliminate (rather than cover up) unpleasant or embarrassing odors, and yet they have no "medicine" or "disinfectant" odor themselves.

2. ANTISEPTIC (Protection from germs)
Norforms are now safer and surer than ever! A highly perfected new formula actually combats germs right in the vaginal tract. The exclusive new base melts at body temperature, forming a powerful, protective film that permits effective and long-lasting action. Will not harm delicate tissues.

3. CONVENIENT (So easy to use)
Norforms are small vaginal suppositories that are so easy and convenient to use. Just insert—no apparatus, no mixing or measuring. They're greaseless and they keep in any climate. Your druggist has them in boxes of 12 and 24.

NEW IMPROVED NORFORMS
VAGINAL SUPPOSITORIES FOR MARRIAGE HYGIENE

FREE informative Norforms booklet
Just mail this coupon to: Dept. RT-4
Norwich Pharmacal Company,
Norwich, N. Y.
Please send me the new Norforms booklet, in a plain envelope.
Name_________________________ Address_________________________
City__________________________ Zone____ State___________
These are strong words

positively
there is no outside bulk whatever to worry you if you wear Tampax for monthly protection. Designed by a doctor for this special use, Tampax discards belts, pins, external pads.

absolutely no odor can form with Tampax — and no chafing is possible. Because Tampax is worn internally — invisible and unfelt when in place. No need to remove for tub or shower. Made of highly absorbent surgical cotton compressed into dainty applicators, Tampax is easy to insert and quick to change. Disposal easy. So compact that average month’s supply fits into purse.

emphatically it can be said that Tampax causes no edge-lines or hampering bulk to bring fears that others will "know." Wear Tampax and increase your sense of well-being on those "difficult days." Buy it at drug store or notion counter. Three absorbencies (Regular, Super, Junior.) Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

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**INFORMATION BOOTH**

Ask your questions—we’ll try to find the answers

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**BASHFUL BROADCASTER**

Dear Editor:
Would you please tell me something about Galen Drake? I have listened to him for many years but I have never seen a picture of him or heard anything about his background. How old is he and is he married?
Ridgefield Park, N. J.

Galen Drake is a bachelor of forty-three. Until recently, he felt his age and youthful appearance would handicap his program, so he never allowed himself to be photographed. About a year ago, however, he broke his silence for Radio-Television Mirror. For a picture of Mr. Drake and further details about his life, see Radio TV Mirror for September 1949.

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**PAPA PHILIP**

Dear Editor:
My friend and I have been having a discussion about Philip Loeb, who is Jake on The Goldbergs. Didn’t he recently make a picture?
Clovis, N. M.

You’re right. He had an important part in “A Double Life,” with Ronald Colman, and he also was seen in “Room Service” with the Marx Brothers.

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**MEMO ON MUG**

Dear Editor:
Can you tell me what has happened to Mug Richardson? I never hear her with Arthur Godfrey any more.

Mrs. C.P.

Mug resigned her position and is no longer associated with Godfrey. At this writing her future plans are not settled.

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**BEST-DRESSED**

Dear Editor:
I have heard that Robert Q. Lewis was voted one of the ten best-dressed men of the year. Who are the others? Are any of them on TV?
Baltimore, Md.

Miss M. H.

Television seems to have the lion’s share of best-dressed men. Also on the list were Dennis James, Ted Collins, Sid Caesar and producer Chuck Tranum, in addition to actors Lee Bowman and Basil Rathbone, senator Warren Austin, bandleader Sammy Kaye and businessman Paul Parnes. The Fashion Authority of the American Male annually selects the country’s ten best dressed men and, this year, the TV camera seems to have brought into the nation’s focus many hitherto unsung Beau Brummels.
I suppose if you played one of those word association games and asked people to name the word that first popped into their minds at the mention of Easter—the majority would say “bonnet.”

And if you ask a woman to analyze her thoughts when she buys that Easter outfit, you’ll find them more complex than the men who joke about the hats would believe.

The Easter Parade starts many months before. In the country, even those usually afflicted with acute landscape and beauty blindness suddenly search for each new sprig of green. In the city, it may be only the pushcartists and the shop windows that burst into bloom but the effect is the same.

And Easter is the climax. For one day at least, we put on new eyes as well as new clothes.

At Easter, more than any other time, it seems like the beginning of another year. Even the most practical woman wants to be a part of this new, suddenly young world. It’s a fresh start. The suit is feminine, for once, not chosen to withstand cold weather and frequent cleanings. The bonnet flaunts courage as well as color, and the corsage—well—that shows that man in her life thought she chose wisely—and more important, that he did too.

Actually, then, the new suit and that all-important hat are not really so flippant—so foolish. The high-heeled shoes that lead the Easter Parade lead a better parade than any display of military might. For this is a holiday and a Holy Day—perhaps more important than ever now in a world that seems to need more time and thought for both of them.

Dry skin. “My skin had been dry, before I tried the Noxema Home Facial,” says beautiful Mrs. Ellen Sloan of Raleigh, N. C. “This beauty routine helped my skin look so much lovelier, I follow it daily now!”

**LOOK LOVELIER in 10 DAYS**

with Doctor's Home Facial ... or your money back!

New Beauty Routine Quickly Helps Skin Look Softer, Smoother, Lovelier!

No need for a lot of elaborate preparations ... no complicated rituals! With just one dainty, snow-white cream—greaseless, medicated Noxema—you can help your skin look softer, smoother and lovelier!

The way to use it is as easy as washing your face. It’s the Noxema Home Facial, described at the right. Developed by a doctor, in clinical tests it helped 4 out of 5 women, with problem skin, to look lovelier!

**See how it can help you!**

With this doctor’s Home Facial, you “creamwash” skin to glowing cleanliness—without any dry, drawn feeling afterwards. You give skin the all-day protection of a greaseless powder base ... the all-night aid of a medicated cream that helps heal, soften and smooth—and leaves no greasy film.

**Money-Back Offer!** Try the Noxema Home Facial for 10 days. If skin doesn’t show real improvement, return jar to Noxema, Baltimore, Md.—your money back.

**Special Trial Offer!** Try Noxema! Get your jar today at any drug or cosmetic counter. For a limited time you can get the reg. 40c jar of Noxema Skin Cream for only 29c, plus tax!
HISTORY IS MADE

Separated from the flames by the Chicago River, a crowd watches the blaze in which four firemen were killed. Opposite, a fireboat on the river pours water into the flaming warehouse. Quick-acting Chicago telecasters caught these scenes for millions of American viewers.

It's taken for granted now, this miracle of television. We who live within reach of the towering bat wings antennas complacently expect we can flick a switch and have delivered into our living rooms a choice of plays, comedy, news and education. It's like telephones, electric refrigerators, gas stoves and all the other everyday marvels of the Twentieth Century.

Yet television, the nearest to human of all mechanical means of communication, still retains its ability to jolt us back into a new comprehension of its original miracle. There are times we can't escape the comprehension that television, to most intents and purposes, enables us to be two places simultaneously.

Such comprehension came again on January 12, 1951, when for the first time, networks cut into their regular scheduled programs to show a man-killing fire raging in Chicago. An estimated five million viewers again were conscious of the drama of television itself as well as of the sight they were witnessing.

There was nothing to herald the approach of an historic occasion. January 12 started out as just an ordinary day in which producers hassled about props, writers about scripts, actors about publicity and management about contracts.

And then it happened. At 4:10 P.M., EST, NBC interrupted the Kate Smith Show with an announcement that they were cutting to Chicago, and in an instant, on TV screens, Kate's smiling face was replaced by the leaping flames and billowing smoke of a huge and raging fire.

NBC held its scoop for only a few minutes. At 4:20, ABC had it, at 5:15, CBS was showing it, and at 8:30 DuMont with a complete film story which began even before the first 5-11 alarms had been turned in.

In seconds, viewers knew more about the fire than if they had read a million words, listened to the most eloquent of narrators, or even bowed their way to the guard rail across the river from the blaze.

There was just one thing the television coverage missed. No one said a word about the secondary drama which virtually every viewer wondered about—the drama which went on at the stations as the staff dropped its ordinary duties and rallied to put the fire on living room screens.

No one was ready for it. Television stations everywhere have found it safer, surer, cheaper, to cover news with motion picture film rather than try to move remote units out for direct telecasts to where it was happening. New York, Los Angeles and Chicag had one spectacular break apiece in 1946 and 1947, but after that, such on-the-spot coverage was primarily the pipe dream of salesmen talking hard to sell seven-inch screen sets. Television settled down to ordinary, dependable day-to-day reporting.

Yet even though no Chicago station was ready for it, everyone was prepared, for TV crews had dreamed of such a break. The fire occurred at LaSalle Street and the Chicago River, a spot in direct line of sight for three stations, and reachable by the fourth.
ON TV

Five million saw the Chicago fire no one was ready for but which everyone was prepared to cover.

By HELEN C. BOLSTAD, Chicago Editor, RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR

Flames, leaping high as a fifteen story building, roared a challenge that everyone accepted.

WNBQ was closest. Just one office building separated them from the blaze, and employees, returning from lunch, had pitched in to help pull fatally injured firemen from the debris of the first explosion, then rushed up to the nineteenth floor of the Merchandise Mart to help get the telecast on the air.

For no one questioned there would be a telecast. As soon as they saw the size of the conflagration, Howard Luttgens, the chief engineer and Paul Moore, TV engineering supervisor, snatched a camera and operator out of a Quiz Kids' rehearsal, and within half an hour were ready to go on the air from the nineteenth floor roof.

Their location, almost directly above the blaze, gave them an ideal perspective. Too ideal, in fact, everyone conceded when, during their second break into the network, an explosion occurred, showering burning embers all around them. Harried newsmen trying to assemble information had to jump from type-writers and telephones, grab fire extinguishers, and put out blazes. For once even Clifton Utley, one of the most suave of newsmen, was ruffled.

At ABC, there was a different problem. Engineering was easy. All they had to do was dolly cameras up to windows of their studios in both the Civic Opera and the Daily News buildings. Their trouble was to supply a commentary, for the station was (Continued on page 23)
Teen TROUBLES

By TERRY BURTON

A recent Family Counselor at the Burton family was a woman who is recognized as one of the top authorities in the country on the problems parents face with teen-agers and vice versa. She's Mrs. Alice Thompson, publisher and editor-in-chief of Seventeen magazine.

I'd been having trouble with my stepson Brad, so I asked Alice to give me some advice. "The thing that causes most upset between parents and children," she said, "is that young people feel they can't take their problems to their elders.

"The reason I know this," Alice went on to say, "is that each month at Seventeen we receive over two thousand 'problem' letters, many of them prefaced with, 'I'm asking you because I can't ask my parents.'"

After hearing this, I was curious to know the cause of such a lack of understanding between parents and their offspring.

Alice said that she feels that it's brought about because Mother and Dad often refuse to believe that "Johnnie" and "Suzy" are growing up.

Says Alice, 'If your younger claims privileges because 'everyone else in the neighborhood can do it,' then you should get together with other parents and agree on standards. It's silly to refuse the child with a flat 'no,' for very often a worthwhile compromise can be worked out. In the case of a girl, if all the other girls in her neighborhood wear lipstick at the age of sixteen, then don't refuse her; that innocent privilege for it'll create hard feelings.'

Before Alice left she gave me some advice that I know all of you will want to take to heart—just as I did. It was this: "If you want to be close to your children and have them come to you with any and all problems, then you have to develop a real friendship with them. Spend as much time with them as you can. Do things with them—simple things that require more thought than money. You can let them stand on their own feet, but the important thing to remember is that you've got to be there in case they teeter."

Wednesday is Family Counselor Day on the Second Mrs. Burton, heard M-F at 2 P.M. EST over CBS stations. Sponsor: General Foods.

RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR for BETTER LIVING
If you don't... some other woman will!

...play the temptress with Coquette

woodbury's fate-tempting powder color

Don’t pretend you aren’t making a play for him, little Coquette! You chose that flirtatious parasol. You made your complexion that tantalizing, tempting thing! For “Coquette” is the delicious, delightful, golden Rachel powder shade for your skin... that the men like best!

It’s Woodbury, of course... the powder with the unique ingredient that gives your skin the fabulous satin touch! Plus the clingability and crushed-flower fragrance that lingers for many romantic hours. Try Woodbury today!

See the wonderful difference! 15c, 30c, $1.00 plus tax.
Tonight! Show him how much lovelier your hair can look... after a Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Leaves hair sparkling, starry-bright... no dulling soap film with Lustre-Creme Shampoo! And it lathers lavishly even in hardest water.

Leaves hair fragrantly clean, free of loose dandruff. Unlike many oil shampoos, Lustre-Creme needs no special rinse.

Leaves hair silken soft, manageable, easy to curl. Lustre-Creme is easier to use. Contains LANOLIN... is not harsh or drying. Try Lustre-Creme Shampoo today—be his dream girl tonight!

Kay Daumit's secret formula with LANOLIN. Jars and tubes, 27¢ to $2.

World's finest shampoo—a beauty creme-blend with LANOLIN

FELIX and

It isn't too unusual for an opera star to achieve fame at the Met, but Felix Knight is probably the only one who has done so and, in addition, become a regular star of a top radio show, The American Album of Familiar Music and a popular guest on many others, only to be suddenly overshadowed by a four-and-a-half-year-old son. For William Felix Knight, Jr., more commonly known as Billy, who makes up in personality and wit what he lacks in age, has been taken into the heart of the nation, which hears him regularly on Mutual's Juvenile Jury (Sun. 7:30 P.M. EST).

Now, when Felix is introduced, the part about the Met and radio and TV shows is secondary. The phrase that impresses is "Billy Knight's father."

Billy comes by his talent not only from the paternal side, but maternally as well. His mother is the former Ethel Blume, who was the original Kathleen on the Aldrich Family show, the original Rosie on the Goldbergs and Betty on Easy Aces.

The Knights live cosily in a beautiful apartment on Central Park West, unusual in that it has never been visited by radio repairmen, dressmakers, carpenters and upholsterers. For Felix, being a great one for hobbies, hesitates at not just one or two, but has enough to take care of a whole opera troupe. Felix, besides building his own radio, phonograph and TV sets—and extra ones for little Billy—refinishes his own tables and cabinets, builds bookshelves, makes draperies and slipcovers and alters his own and his wife's suits. To the unknowing eye, it would look like the Knights save hundreds of dollars a year. Mrs. Knight knows better. The expenses involved in getting the complicated and costly equipment to accomplish those things will still take a couple of more years to "pay off."

Felix, who's been with the Met for the past five seasons, is rapidly getting the nickname of the "juvenile Ezio Pinza." For, besides possessing a magnificent voice, he has all the attributes usually dis-associated with hefty Met singers. Besides being good-looking enough to be a movie star (which he's been), he's the thinnest tenor at the Met, weighing in at 180 pounds.

Most people have a cause celebre and Felix is no exception. His is that operas should be translated into English. "In other countries, operas are always presented in the language of the people there. Here, only..."
a scattering of people fully understand what's being sung, because only those brought up in a foreign tongue can catch all the beauty and nuances of the lyrics.” To learn his roles, Felix has had to learn French, Italian, Spanish, German and Russian.

The opera roles in which he specializes are “Barber of Seville,” “Lakmé” and “Seraglio.” But he sings everything from Jerome Kern to, well, almost—boogie woogie.

Felix was brought up on a plantation in Macon, Georgia, lived in Pensacola, Florida in his youth and, after two movie executives heard him sing pop tunes on a local station while in his middle teens, he was sent to Hollywood where he was signed by Universal. While in Hollywood, he was recommended to voice teacher Mebane Beasley, who started training him for opera. When he later got a contract with MGM, he was given a starring role, with Laurel and Hardy, in the Victor Herbert classic, “Babes in Toyland,” which will shortly be revived under the title “Revenge Is Sweet.” After that and a number of musical shorts, his manager had a personal disagreement with the company, was blackballed, and took all of his clients off the MGM lot.

Felix' musical education was a costly one. He received a Harkness scholarship which helped him considerably, but once, when he auditioned for a Guggenheim fellowship, the elderly ladies who heard and saw him came to the conclusion that he was too “sexy” for opera!

Felix estimates that his musical education took seven years and cost about thirty thousand dollars, and Felix still makes occasional trips to the Coast to study with Beasley.
Modess... because
Lady Hamilton

By the time I was twenty-one," says May Belle Callaway who began singing publicly at the age of fifteen, "I had so many different names I answered to almost anything.

May Belle was a popular girl, both audience and sponsor-wise and she did several radio programs, each for another sponsor. "I broadcast under a different name for each one and I guess they must have listened only to their own shows because none of the sponsors knew I was singing for anyone else," laughs May Belle.

Today, as Lady Hamilton, May Belle is heard on over 400 stations throughout the U. S. and in Mexico, Canada, Alaska and Honolulu.

"You'd be surprised," says May Belle, "but of all my names, Lady Hamilton is the hardest one to live up to. On my show I sing old favorites and the more melodic popular tunes—you know, very dignified and sophisticated. Off the air, I try real hard to live up to my name, but May Belle Callaway keeps popping up and getting in the way."

May Belle has been singing ever since she can remember, but her first public appearance was on a local station in her hometown of Memphis, Tennessee. The managing director of New York's Hotel Astor, in town for a convention, heard her and brought her to New York. She was an immediate hit and an offer came from Montreal's renowned Mount Royal Hotel.

Most fifteen-year-olds would have swooned at the chance, but May Belle turned it down and went back to Memphis. She blushes as she recalls, "It was December and I just couldn't bear the thought of spending Christmas away from home."

"What I like best about my present job is that after I've recorded the show, I can stay right here in Memphis with my friends and family."

Her "family" consists of her mother, dad and a married brother and sister. "She lives near-by," explains May Belle, "and her children and their friends, all about sixteen, are my best fans. They treat me as an equal, discuss their problems and tell me all about their dates. It's really very flattering."

"They make good subjects for pictures, too," she says. "Photography is my hobby—color only—but I also like to sew. I make most of my own clothes and I made that outfit I'm wearing in the picture."

As for other hobbies, May Belle states, "Needless to say, I love music—especially blues. You can't be born in the South and not like blues. I like jazz, too," she adds, "but not over the air. I like to be in the same room with the musicians so I can 'feel' it."

Watching May Belle as she animatedly flits around the room, one would never know that she once had osteomyelitis—a crippling bone disease, which resulted in the removal of her hip joint and made one leg shorter than the other. "I'm not the least bit sensitive about my leg, though. My mother made it seem very unimportant when I was young and, as I grew older, I saw so many other people really deserving of pity that I couldn't feel sorry for myself at all. Now I just think I'm lucky—really lucky to be alive."
With his wife Patricia and two-and-a-half-year-old daughter Penny, Jim Tranter, WBEN-TV producer and star of The Clue, lives in his home town of Buffalo.

Actor, musician, writer, producer... those are a few of the assignments which Jim Tranter has fulfilled in more than three decades in radio and, now, television.

At the moment, he is a producer of programs for WBEN-TV in Buffalo. And his pet program is The Clue, a weekly fifteen-minute detective drama in which he has played the role of sleuth Steve Malice in almost 100 plays up to now.

In radio's infancy, Jim, teaming with his brother Don (now radio editor of Buffalo's Courier Express), formed a piano duet that was one of Buffalo's early-radio attractions. Later they had their own NBC series from New York and also appeared in vaudeville theaters and supper clubs across the country.

Jim later spent a decade in New York, participating in day-time and night-time radio and he also was a member of the original stage company of "Dead End."

Eventually Jim settled down in Buffalo, New York, where he spent five years as radio editor of The Buffalo Evening News before resigning to accept a position as a television producer for WBEN-TV.

Perhaps his most embarrassing moment in video happened during one of The Clue dramas, when Steve Malice, in the final solution and explanation of a crime, turned to the other actors and said, "Have you ever noticed the lapse of time between the click of a switch on a radio and the sound coming from the speaker? Let me show you how it's done." With that Steve turned to a table on which should have been a radio. Imagine the consternation of said sleuth when he arrived at the table and found only a few odd books and an ash tray but no radio. He saved the day, however, by describing verbally what should have been demonstrated.

The Clue cast in action. This detective drama is heard fifteen minutes weekly.
History Is Made on TV

(Continued from page 15)

Supposed to be off the air, Phil Patton, executive producer, solved the problem by taking the microphone himself. Douglas Gabrielle, a former cameraman turned floor manager, also pitched in.

WBKB, the CBS outlet, had the best view, but an ulcer-producing situation. It was contract renewal day for Goldblatt’s Home Maker’s Exchange, and Manager John Mitchell and Program Director Sterling Quinlan were both at the department store. The show was on the air when the fire broke out. Newswoman Ulmer Turner had no difficulty in getting a camera onto the roof of the State Lake Building; his worry was about the fire itself. With no information yet in, he gambled on the fire and called “Cut.” Reuben Richman, Goldblatt’s advertising manager, in the midst of contract discussion, suddenly saw their show vanish from the screen while it still had ten minutes to go. Startled, he protested, but later the protest changed to congratulations as he learned that WBKB had been the first to bring the fire to Chicago viewers.

It was the employees of WGN-TV who turned out to be the hard luck kids. Their news film crew got a remarkable break when veteran cameraman Charlie Geckler spotted smoke coming from the warehouse and began shooting film even before the first alarm was turned in, but the rest of the staff made up for it. As one disgusted engineer summed it up, “We looked out the window, and there, right in between us and the fire was the Wrigley Building housing CBS radio, and across the river, in the best spot of all, WBKB. WGN-TV might have been justified in falling back on just film coverage, but its executives took the challenge. Mobilizing the crew, they moved the remote unit to a spot directly opposite the burning building, and began telecasting.

Just to make it superlative, they then put a camera onto a fireboat. Seldom have crews worked under greater difficulties. Using the ground level camera, announcers Bob Sigrist, and Harry Creighton, cold, drenched and weary, interviewed fire officials and eye witnesses. When super hard luck caught up with them, an extremely expensive Image Orthicon crashed to the ground, they moved onto the bridge and in the glare of a borrowed 800 million candlepower arc light continued.

Jack Jacobsen, the cameraman on the fireboat, also was having adventures. When the maneuvering boat forced him to cast his cable loose, he helped the crew man the fire hoses.

It was a tough day for the crews but they had their reward in the telephone calls, telegrams and letters.

Out of all the turmoil had come a final notable effect. Four firemen were killed. Viewers, who saw their heroic battle to bring under control a blaze which threatened to destroy an entire city block, have done what they could to compensate. Donations have been generous, and trust funds are being set up to care for the widows and children. Having watched, the audience knows the cause to which it is giving.

FAMOUS NUDES

WHICH TYPE IS YOUR BABY?

BEETHOVEN... brings down the house with that pretty pink satin skin! Gets Mennen Baby Oil smooth-downs after baths, at diaper time too. It’s your best buy, Mother!

BOSS MAN... doesn’t talk, doesn’t need to. Mom knows that “bring my Mennen Baby Oil” expression. Soothing, cleansing... more economical, too.

THE FLIRT... charm by the armful! No diaper rash for this dumpling. Mennen Baby Oil with soft, soft Lanolin protects every last crease and dimple... keeps skin dewy-fresh.

HIGH-KICKER... look who’s on top of the world; look who’s had Mennen Baby Powder! Wonderfully soft, fragrant, refreshing—the finest made. And fun! There’s a Built-in Rattle... entertaining Mother Goose pictures on can!

Every baby is the right type for

MENNEN

BABY PRODUCTS

Buy your baby bath...today!
One of the most popular personalities of KDKA's weekday School of the Air series which provides in-school listening for boys and girls in more than 2,700 classrooms in the Pennsylvania-Ohio-West Virginia area, isn't a person, nor is it "The Thing"—it's Get By Goose, a figment of the imagination of Vickie Corey, educational director of the World's Pioneer Radio Station.

For this year's educational series Mrs. Corey wanted a character to tell children what not to do. After much study and research she decided that something ought to be done about the youngsters—and adults too, for that matter—who are satisfied just to "get by." Folk lore has always pictured the goose as a silly thing, and by combining the two ideas, she came up with Get By Goose.

And it has paid off! School children throughout KDKA's vast area have taken to the idea with such enthusiasm that they now write hundreds of letters to Get By Goose telling him what not to do, and what he should do.

"Get By Goose" is a feature of the Monday morning broadcast for intermediate grades. Tuesday, Adventures in Research is broadcast for junior and senior high students; Wednesday, a music series is presented for upper elementary grades and junior high students; Thursday, a nature study program is aimed for intermediate grades and Friday is devoted to current events for upper elementary grades, junior and senior high schools.

The KDKA School of the Air programs are produced by the station as a public service for the advancement of education and the promotion of good citizenship under the direction of Mrs. Corey and Andrew J. Miller, assistant director of research of the Pittsburgh Public Schools.

Its advisory committee is made up of heads of public, private and parochial schools, leaders of parent-teacher groups and officials of the Pennsylvania Education Association.

Education director Victoria Corey is responsible for The Goose—he illustrates the day's story as sung by Slim Bryant.
Before your daughter marries make sure you instruct her about

**THESE INTIMATE PHYSICAL FACTS!**

**MOM! PLEASE TELL ME SOME MORE ABOUT THESE INTIMATE PROBLEMS.**

**I INTEND TO, DEAR, ESPECIALLY ABOUT MARRIAGE HYGIENE—ABOUT A WOMANLY OFFENSE GRANDER THAN BAD BREATH OR BODY ODOR.**

No other type liquid antiseptic-germicide tested for the douche is SO POWERFUL yet SAFE to tissues as ZONITE!

Every modern mother will instruct her daughter on the importance of putting ZONITE in her fountain syringe for hygiene (internal cleanliness), for her health, womanly charm—for married happiness.

And every grown-up young lady must be made to realize there's an offensive odor graver than bad breath or body odor which she herself may not detect but is so apparent to people around her.

What a comfort it must be for a mother to be able to assure her daughter that: *no other type liquid antiseptic-germicide tested for the douche is so powerful yet safe to tissues as ZONITE.*

Developed by a Famous Surgeon and Scientist

Modern women no longer have to use dangerous products, overstrong solutions of which may gradually cause serious damage. Nor will they want to rely on weak, homemade solutions—one of which have ZONITE's great deodorizing and germicidal action.

The Zonite principle was the first in the world that was powerful enough yet positively non-irritating, non-poisonous. You can use Zonite as directed as often as you wish without the slightest risk of injury.

**ZONITE'S MIRACLE-ACTION**

ZONITE actually dissolves and removes odor-causing waste substances. It gives external protection from odor, too! ZONITE helps guard against infection and kills every germ it touches. You know it's not always possible to control all the germs in the tract but you can be sure Zonite immediately kills every reachable germ and keeps germs from multiplying. Buy Zonite today!

**FREE! NEW!**

For amazing enlightening NEW booklet containing frank discussion of intimate physical facts, recently published—mail this coupon to Zonite Products Corp., Dept. RM-41, 100 Park Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.*

*Offer good only in the U.S. and Canada

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BY MARGARET ARLEN

WCBS' Margaret Arlen broadcasts daily except Sunday at 8:30 A.M., and is seen M-F at 11:15 A.M. EST, CBS-TV.

A s a woman, it would be futile to deny that Easter does bring to mind a new bonnet, or perhaps that important new Spring suit.

But Easter, to me, is not primarily a time for donning new costumes. More important is the urge to re-clothe the spirit. Easter comes at a time of the year perfectly suited to new beginnings. After a long and dreary winter in New York, for example, it's genuinely inspiring to walk through Central Park, to watch all the signs of the new season. Even a big city seems to come alive at this time—and I guess I do, too.

My childhood days back in North Carolina are undoubtedly responsible for my feelings about Easter. Dad is a Baptist minister there, and has been preaching for more than forty-five years. Naturally, this was one of the most important Sundays of the year for him. I remember the early dawn services, with their promise of new life. The rising sun bringing out of the earth its eternal newness seemed to call forth from our spiritual reserves the breathlessness of another Spring.

For these reasons, Easter seems an appropriate time for resolutions.

Last year, I attended eight o'clock Mass at St. Patrick's Cathedral on Easter morning, and three hours later attended Protestant services at Riverside Church. I also visited a midtown synagogue.

The mode of the services varied, but the bond of religion seemed stronger than ever to me on that Easter Sunday. It was a day of peace, and harmony, of hope and rejoicing.

To help preserve that spirit of Easter throughout the entire year is my personal “Easter Resolution” for 1951.
APRIL... a nice month, this, in spite of its showers. Tender green shoots poke up out of the ground, leading you to desperate consultation with your wife as to what it was that came up there last year, or which of the assortment of bulbs sent you by Uncle Hector you planted (apparently proper side up) in that spot last fall. Little creatures come out of hibernation and start packing in nourishment to make up for lost time. Rabbits hippety-hop in all directions when you take a walk in the fields, and optimistically set up residence under the garage in hope that this year you'll plant more lettuce in the garden than ever before. Birds come back from winter quarters, including the Capistrano swallows. Yes, a nice month... Our friends of the Old Farmers Almanac divide April roughly into four quarters and make for each a prediction. Thus, from first to last, according to the OFA, April will offer: “Temperature drop might kill the apple crop”... “High winds may expose ladies’ shins”... “It will be warm, and there will be a storm”... “Now it clears, let's give three cheers”... This month’s flower: sweet pea—it’s sentiment, innocence. This month’s birthstone: the diamond.

SHAKESPEARE SAID IT—“The April's in her eyes; it is love's spring.”

READERS’ OWN VERSE—

SPRIG SOG
(With proper—kerchoo!—apologies)
It isn’t raiding raid to be
It’s raiding quidide pills!
Id every dimpled drop I see
A flock of doctor bills!
So close the door ad turn the key,
Ad light the fire logs.
It isn’t raiding raid to be—
It’s raiding cats ad dogs!
—Ernestine Coburn Beyer

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN SAID IT—“Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other.”

FUN AND GAMES DEPT—

Here’s a little number called “Lifeboat” which turns out to be a more vigorous version of the old-time Musical Chairs. It’s played in couples instead of singly, which makes it more chummy. Pair off your guests, male and female. Then distribute about the floor pieces of newspaper—one less than the number of couples. Couples must link arms, keep them linked. Then start the music, piano, phonograph, radio—or perhaps you have a little piccolo player in your home?—and the couples “take a stroll on the deck” in time to the tune. When the music is abruptly stopped, each couple—still arm-linked—tears out a piece of newspaper, stakes a claim by planting all four feet on it. Only one couple per piece of paper, which leaves one couple “bootless,” of course. That couple drops out, one “lifeboat” is removed, and the game continues in the same way until all couples but one have been eliminated. They, of course, are the winners, take the prize.

IF YOU’RE A CAT, and happen to reside in International Falls, Minnesota, watch your step! There, it’s forbidden by law for cats to chase dogs up telephone poles.

IT HAPPENED IN—

1627—Richelieu organized the “Company of the Hundred Associates” to colonize New France. The company was given all lands between Florida and the Arctic Circle... 1641—The “Body of Liberties,” a code of one hundred laws, was established by the General Court of the Massachusetts Bay Colony... 1697—The College of William and Mary was chartered in Virginia... 1775—April the 18th, Paul Revere’s ride: the 19th, first “shots heard ‘round the world” fired in the American Revolution, at Lexington and Concord.
A LITTLE LEARNING—

Know anything about the Statue of Liberty? You will in a minute! The dear old girl—her formal name is "Liberty Enlightening The World"—weighs a mere 225 tons, stands 152 feet five inches tall. She faces the ocean from Bedloe’s Island in New York Harbor. In her right hand she holds aloft a torch, and in her left is a tablet in which is inscribed, “July 4, 1776.” She was a present from France to the United States—a gift to commemorate the hundredth birthday of American independence. She cost $450,000, which was raised by popular subscription in France. The pedestal on which she stands is only a foot shorter than the statue, cost a hundred thousand dollars less, and was erected by the U.S. paid for by money raised here the same way money for Liberty was raised in France. She was unveiled on October 28, 1886.

The head of the statue has room for forty people inside it. The torch can accommodate twelve, but is no longer open to the public. The U.S. Lighthouse Service keeps the light in the torch burning. On a tablet inside the main entrance of the pedestal is engraved a sonnet, written by Emma Lazarus, and called “The New Colossus”—

Not like the brazen giant of Greek fame,
With conquering limbs astride from land to land,
Here at our sea-washed, sunset gates shall stand
A mighty woman with a torch, whose flame
Is the imprisoned lightning, and her name
Mother of Exiles. From her beacon hand
Glows world-wide welcome; her mild eyes command
The air-bridged harbour that twin cités frame.
“Keep, ancient lands, your storied pomp!” cries she
With silent lips. “Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
The wretched refuse from your teeming shore.
Send these, the homeless, tempest-toss to me,
I lift my lamp beside the golden door.”

WILL DURANT SAID IT—The finger that turns the dial rules the air.

IT HAPPENED ON HOUSE PARTY—

Linkletter (to eleven-year-old boy): What do you like to do best?
Boy: Explore caves. I like the big roomy kind.
Linkletter: Why?
Boy: If I find the right one, it may be my future home.
Linkletter: For goodness sakes, what are you going to be when you grow up?
Boy: A hermit.
Linkletter: Any reason behind that choice?
Boy: Sure—to get away from women!

RAIN—This being the month of showers, Research-man Linkletter did a little library-browsing on the subject. Have a handful of proverbs:

For a morning rain, leave not on your journey... Rain before seven—fine before eleven... Small rain lays great dust... When it rains, it rains on all alike... One already wet does not feel the rain... It never rains but it pours.

And, because we're speaking of showers and not cloudbursts, have a few on the subject of what follows the rain: When the sun is highest he costs the least shadow... The sun shines on rich and poor alike... For the happy, the sun seems always to have just set... The sun can be seen by nothing but its own light.
Incredible new idea in fragrance...

**TOILET ESSENCE** Lentheric

Incredible Toilet Essence lasts far longer than toilet water. Costs far less than perfume extract. Never anything like it.

Throughout your day, fragrant companion and constant evidence of your vital presence... long lasting Toilet Essence.

Wherever you go, Toilet Essence leaves a fragrance trail, a reminder that you were there and may come back again.

So admired. Friends ask, "What is that wonderful fragrance you have on?" Toilet Essence has true perfume character.

So unusual. Only Lentheric makes Toilet Essence. Enjoy it in cherished Tweed or witty Repartee. Costs only $2.50 (plus tax).

Never be without it. Toilet Essence pays you such nice compliments. Use it in your bath... smooth on afterwards.

a reminder that you were there...

... and may come back again

**TOILET ESSENCE**

IN Tweed OR Repartee

2.50

PLUS TAX

1 FULL OUNCE

© 1951, LENTHERIC, INC., 673 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 22, N.Y.
Easter

A Good Friday message which has never been more timely: from it we can take heart and prepare ourselves for the Easter rebirth which must follow.

Editor's Note: Every year on Good Friday, Dr. Paul Keeler, minister of The Guiding Light, delivers this message to the congregation of his church in Selby Flats. Radio Television Mirror is proud to present it here.

Friends and neighbors... Today is Good Friday and you have been kind enough to ask me to repeat the message which I was privileged to bring to you last year. The year has gone quickly and yet it has brought with it many changes. The fearful spectre of bigotry and persecution has again made its appearance, and the reports of cruelty and inhumanity bring a chill of dread to those who ponder over what is yet to come. Can it be that those who are responsible for the misery and the heartbreak can have forgotten that many years ago the supreme sacrifice was made by One who hoped that by His death He could teach the eternal truth of the brotherhood of Man? If there are those who have hardened their hearts against the truths they would like to forget, let those who are made to suffer through grave injustice find consolation in the remembrance that they do not follow the rocky road of persecution in solitude. That road was hallowed by One who went before—the meek lonely figure of a man who was made to stand trial before a Roman by the name of Pontius Pilate. To placate the angry citizens who, for political reasons, wished Him out of the way, this Roman governor acceded to the will of the many (continued on page 85)
I F I BECOME conspicuous by my absence immediately after this issue of RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR goes on sale, you'll know that my female companions on Leave It To The Girls have consigned me to the fate of a traitor. Because—in answer to the question that's the title of this article—"No, I don't think women are smarter than men!" We've got it all over them for beauty, but when it comes to brains, I have to concede the men a slight edge.

Now, before you give up in disgust and turn the page, give me a chance to explain, won't you? In the first place, I most emphatically don't believe that any man, any run-of-the-mill specimen, is smarter than the smartest woman. I'm just speaking in general terms. I've known a lot of gals in my day who are very, very bright indeed. And a lot of men who were what the psychologists call "dull average." (These latter not for long, though—why waste time on such as they, when there are so many witty, brilliant members of the species on all sides?)

I recall having had this same keenly appreciative interest in boys—who grow up to be men, bless 'em—all my life. From the time, in fact, when I was involuntarily separated from them 'in parochial school right up to now—when, if I'm separated from them for any length of time it is still strictly involuntary.

Maybe if I'd had assorted male friends and relatives who beat their wives and robbed poor boxes I'd have a different attitude, but all the men I've known have been nice on their own account, and particularly nice to me. And nice people, I think, are smart. It's a whole lot harder to be pleasant the bulk of the time than it is to be unpleasant. For instance, I wouldn't have met my handsome—and brainy—husband if it hadn't been for a man. Certainly no woman would have been nice enough to introduce him to me; she'd have kept him for herself.

The way I did meet him is a longish story, starting back in Chicago, my home town. I'd never thought much about a career. I had a vague, comfortable idea that I'd settle down in Chicago and get married someday. I used to sing once in a while, and one day when I was at the Pump Room in the Ambassador East,
A question few men would dare answer is better left to the girls, and few girls are better qualified than the one who answers it here!

BY MAGGI McNELLIS

Ernie Byfield, who was an official of the hotel and host to all the famous people who made the Pump Room their Chicago headquarters, asked me why I didn’t take up singing as a paying proposition. It sounded like a fine idea, so I did. Just that easily I had a career, all because a man suggested what I hadn’t the wit to think of for myself. I was re-christened Maggi (from Marge) by Gertrude Lawrence, and there I was, singing my head off and having a wonderful time.

After the Pump Room I sang at the Drake and the Blackstone in Chicago, and then I gave it all up to come to New York. I hadn’t thought about continuing as a singer until one day I happened to be talking to an agent who asked if I hadn’t been a singer in Chicago, and why didn’t I sing in New York. I told him I hadn’t come to New York for that reason but that it was an idea. Shortly after that, thanks to my friend the agent (male), I was singing at Armando’s on 55th Street. And the next thing I knew Armando had introduced Clyde and me. (Clyde always reminds Armando that he’ll never forgive him for it either—to keep me on my toes, I presume.)

At the risk of being obvious, I’d like to remind you that men make wonderful husbands and, in fact, are completely indispensable as such. From that indisputable point let’s go on to some others on which you can, if you want, argue with me.

No one has to agree, but I do think men use their heads in conjunction with their hearts when they decide on a prospective wife—much more so than women do in picking the men with whom they presumably are going to spend the rest of their lives. Perhaps they aren’t as concerned about position and background in New York, where most everyone loses his or her identity, but in the smaller towns a man who wants to get ahead does consider whether the little woman of his choice is going to be acceptable to his family (Continued on page 80)

Leave It To The Girls, with Maggi McNellis, is telecast Sun., 7 P.M. EST, NBC-TV. Sponsored by Regents.
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Alessia Le To The Girls, with Maggi McNellis, is shown Sun., 7 P.M. EST, NBC-TV. Sponsored by Reynolds.
"They're all darlings—every one of them—Glamorous, earthy, exciting, full of fun—that's the Big Show's Tallulah. There's no one like her!
Peop                            e tell me that ever since NBC's 
The Big Show went on the air—
last November fifth—everyone in Amer-
ica has been calling each other "dahling" 
in my honor. "Dahling" is the word 
I use steadily in my job as mistress 
of ceremonies of the program. By 
this time I've called Bob Hope, 

del Merman, Margaret Truman, Ed Wynn, 
Fred Allen, Gloria Swanson, Charlie 
Boyer, Jimmy Durante and dozens of 
others "darling"—and I mean it every 
time I've said it on the air. They've all 
been wonderfully cooperative, looks to 
work with, and I particularly love Jimmy 
Durante. He's an angel and like a child 
actually.

I'll never forget Jimmy on our open-
ing show. He sang his song—and then 
ascent-mindedly began rushing out of 
the studio. I yelled, "Come back, come 
back—you're not finished yet!" because, 
of course, his part ran through the whole 
show. After that, he kept losing his 
place in the script, so I'd say, "Here you 
are, darling," and we'd begin again. 
Later, one of my highest compliments 
came from Jimmy. During the first 
show, you see, I'd been scared to death 
—I've been in the theater thirty-five 
years now, but I'd never had a regular 
weekly radio show before. And being 
mistress of ceremonies for a variety 
show lasting an hour and a half could 
be quite a strain—particularly because 
I was dealing with, so many big-shots. 
But while rehearsals were going on for 
the second show, Jimmy told a friend 
of mine, "Get that Tallu—she was petri-
fied for the first show, but now she's the 
hostess with the mostest on the ball!"

Except for that divine Fred Allen, I'd 
ever even worked before with any of 
the people on The Big Show—and I'd 
hardly met most of them. But they're 
all stars, and they've acted like stars, 
with perfect behavior on everyone's 
part. You know who was one of the 
best of them all? Margaret Truman. 
She was easy and quick, and how I 
admired the way she held her own with 
those long-time actors!

I might add (Continued on page 84)

The Big Show, with Tallulah Bankhead; heard 
Sun., 6 P.M. EST, NBC; participating sponsors.
They’re all darlings—every one of them!

Glamorous, earthy, exciting, full of fun—that’s the Big Show’s Tallulah. There’s no one like her!
A Brighter Day Problem: Is the maternal spirit dependent on birth or do other factors determine how much love a woman will give her child?

Does motherhood change a woman’s life?

Althea Bigby is a reluctant mother. Separated from her husband, Bruce, and not in love with him, she resents the prospects of motherhood because it has interfered with her budding movie career. When the producer in whose movie she had obtained her first bit part fired her because she was going to have a baby, Althea returned to her family. But by no means has she given up the idea of a shining career as an actress. She plans to give the baby to her sister, Liz Dennis. Althea also plans to divorce Bruce, whom she had married because she thought his wealthy father could help her to crash the movies. When Bruce finds out about the baby, he refuses to give Althea the divorce. Nevertheless, Althea sets her sights on Broadway and, to the distress of her family, continues to regard the baby as an annoying interruption to her ambitions. Does this lack of maternal spirit stem from Althea’s natural temperament or is it a result of the un-happy circumstances surrounding her marriage? Can Althea, or any woman, no matter how ambitious, remain untouched by the experience of motherhood? Is fulfillment elsewhere possible for the woman who disavows her child? Or does motherhood really change a woman’s life? What is your answer to this problem?

Radio Television Mirror will purchase readers’ answers to the question, “Does Motherhood Change A Woman’s Life?” Writer of the best answer will be paid $25.00; writers of the five next-best answers will be paid $5.00 each.

What is your answer to this problem? State your answer in a letter of no more than one hundred words. Address: Althea Bigby, c/o Radio Television Mirror, 206 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. The editors will choose the best letter, basing choice on originality and understanding of the problem, and will purchase it for $25.00. They will purchase five next-best letters at $5.00 each. No letters will be returned; editors cannot enter into correspondence about them. Opinion of the editors will be final. Letters should be postmarked no later than April 1, 1951, and have this notice attached.

The Brighter Day is heard Monday through Friday at 2:45 P.M. EST on CBS stations. It is sponsored by P & C’s Ivory Flakes.
A Brighter Day Problem: Is the maternal spirit dependent on birth or do other factors determine how much love a woman will give her child?

Does motherhood change a woman’s life?

ALTHEA Bigby is a reluctant mother. Separated from her husband, Bruce, and not in love with him, she resents the prospects of motherhood because it has interfered with her budding movie career. When the producer in whose movie she had obtained her first bit part fired her because she was going to have a baby, Althea returned to her family. But by no means has she given up the idea of a shining career as an actress. She plans to give the baby to her sister, Liz Dennis. Althea also plans to divorce Bruce, whom she had married because she thought his wealthy father could help her to crash the movies. When Bruce founds out about the baby, he refuses to give Althea the divorce. Nevertheless, Althea sets her sights on Broadway and, to the distress of her family, continues to regard the baby as an annoying interruption to her ambitions. Does this lack of maternal spirit stem from Althea’s natural temperament or is it a result of the unhappy circumstances surrounding her marriage? Can Althea, or any woman, no matter how ambitious, remain untouched by the experience of motherhood? Is fulfillment elsewhere possible for the woman who disavows her child? Or does motherhood really change a woman’s life? What is your answer to this problem?

Radio Television Mirror will purchase readers’ answers to the question, “Does Motherhood Change A Woman’s Life?” Writer of the best answer will be paid $5.00; writers of the five next-best answers will be paid $5.00 each.

What is your answer to this problem? State your answer in a letter of no more than one hundred words. Address: Althea Bigby, c/o Radio Television Mirror, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. The editors will choose the best letter, basing choice on originality and understanding of the problem, and will purchase it for $25.00. They will purchase the next-best letters at $5.00 each. No letters will be returned; editors cannot enter into correspondence about them. Opinion of the editors will be final. Letters should be postmarked no later than April 1, 1951, and have this notice attached.

The Brighter Day is heard Monday through Friday at 2:45 P.M. EST on CBS stations. It is sponsored by P & G’s Ivory Flakes.
Fran finds it's open house at the Kuklapolitan's

Burr's
my
neighbor!

BY FRAN ALLISON

It's just two blocks away from my own home, but I paid my first visit to Burr Tillstrom's new quarters after every last cup, saucer and spoon was in place. I had no intention of being un-neighborly, but there's a limit to the amount of construction commotion any woman can stand, and for the past year, I've been caught squarely between two Mr. Blandings, each building his dream house.

When men begin taking houses apart and putting them together again in their own pattern, they certainly go all out. At home, my husband, Archie, glancing up from his newspaper, would stare fixedly at the wall and remark, "Now do you think we should have paint, paper, or knotty pine?"

Studio conversation was parallel. In the midst of a story conference, Burr (Continued on page 72)

Kukla, Fran and Ollie, with Burr Tillstrom, is telecast Monday thru Friday, 7 P.M. EST, NBC-TV. Sponsored Mon. by RCA, Tues. & Fri. by P & G, Wednesdays by the Ford Motor Company and Thurs. by Life Magazine.
on any day at any time

A narrow passage from the street leads through a tiny garden to Burr's castle-like coach house. Kuklapolitan quarters and Burr's workshop are on the first floor. Fran and husband, Archie, have a coach house of their own not far from Burr's on the near northside.

Center of eventual gravitation is the piano. This time it's Archie Levington who's kibitzing. Burr doesn't worry about disturbing the neighbors—there aren't any.

The pilaff's ready and so are the hungry guests, who find the floor and Burr's huge coffee table a wonderful way to dine: Beulah, Burr, Fran and Archie, and Jack Fascinato.
It's been said he "works the whole show every time he does the rehearsal."

That's not just Durante's way of doing a TV program—it's his way of life, as well!

There's only one Jimmy

The door to the rehearsal hall is open... As you go in, a piano gives out rapturously with "Won't You Come Home, Bill Bailey?"... "That's music with a heartbeat, the kind Jimmy loves," a production assistant whispers. Durante is doing the playing, while Helen Traubel, his guest star for the next week's television show, sits beside him and runs through the lyrics. She interrupts herself constantly to chuckle at Jimmy's asides—a few of them in the script, but mostly ad-libbed that moment... The King of the Comics is wearing brown trousers and a black sleeveless sweater over a tailored tan sport shirt. When he takes off his battered brown hat you see a fringe of graying hair, and the shiny bald spot on top. The blue eyes dart around behind glasses that keep slipping down on the highly-publicized, out-sized (Continued on page 81)

Jimmy Durante is heard every fourth week on Four Star Revue, Wednesdays at 8 P.M., EST, over NBC-TV, sponsored by Motorola, Pet Milk and Norge.
Jackie packs an hour full of his own hilarious hi-jinks, adds a sprinkling of stars and automatically alerts all television antennae his way.

Cavalcade of Gleason

Right now there's nine-year-old competition in the Gleason family, and her name is Linda. She's been imitating her father since she was seven. "I want to take after him and make people laugh," she says. Luckily, Linda likes reading and arithmetic, too, since she still has her fourth-grade studies to consider. (She gets good marks.) Linda has done one little walk-on in her dad's show and is impatient to get on again.

On the opposite page, you can get an idea of how Linda looks when she teams up with her daddy. She posed for these pictures especially for the readers of Radio Television Mirror.

As for Jackie, you can hardly believe he lost seventy pounds before he went on Cavalcade of Stars—you wonder how he ever stood still long enough to put them on in the first place! At rehearsals, he bounces all over the stage, clowns with everyone during breaks, works fast and furiously. It's a quick-moving variety show, notable for Jackie's "Bachelor" skit that started as a one-time idea and stayed on by audience demand and for the musical guests which regularly include Metropolitan opera stars. (Popular singer Fran Warren, pictured above with Jackie, was a recent Cavalcade guest.)

Another voice sometimes heard on the show is its producer, Milton Douglas, who used to be a concert singer himself. The permanent cast includes the June Taylor dancers, who put in twenty hours of rehearsal on each show, and Don Russell, the announcer. Parts of the show are rehearsed separately—all are tied neatly together early on broadcast day.

Cavalcade of Stars is televised Friday 10 P.M. EST on the DuMont Network. It is sponsored by The Whelan Drug Co., Inc.
Who needs a mirror to practice a TV act? Linda simply says,

"Anything you can do — I can do better," lets her talents reflect—on—Daddy's.

A time step? No trouble!

A pop-eyed funny face? It's a cinch!

Comedy's just follow-the-leader. "Anything you can do, I can do better." Why, being funny is simply bred in the Gleason bones. What next, Pop?

Unfair, unfair! Up to now there've been no props. A cigarette? Linda mourns,

"I can do—better?" and admits defeat.

Champ and still winner—breadwinner that is—Jackie Gleason!
A happy home, the Colmans'—it's the kind of

Portrait of harmony: Ronald and Benita, who've made the same kind of success of their Halls of Ivy program as they have of their happy marriage.

Ronnie's reason for buying the house: the soft sheen of the library panelling with which he fell in love.

The Colman family smiles a welcome, below. (Juliet's grin is all the merrier for being gap-toothed right now!)
place for which the description “gracious living” was coined

Come and visit the Ronald Colmans

BY VIOLA MOORE

The chocolate brown and white Tudor house is just as you have always imagined it. The very first time you see it, you are likely to exclaim: “Why of course! Professor Todhunter of Ivy College would live in a place like this.” You note approvingly the rolling green lawns, the fine landscaping, the stately flower beds—and then you do a swift double-take as you catch your first glimpse of the master of the house.

It’s Ronald Colman all right. He’s wearing a comfortable old sports jacket and slacks, and he’s just thrown a beat-up tennis ball in the direction of a particularly fat and waddly brown poodle. The poodle lumbers clumsily after the ball, taking a short-cut through the snapdragon bed, breaking off several dozen blooms and bringing imprecations upon his head from the master of the house.

Above them a sudden gust of laughter rings out, and you catch your first sight of the lady of the manor. Benita Colman, in dark blue slacks and sweater, is leaning backwards from an upstairs window instructing a group of workmen on how she wants a bay window “thrown out.” She’s very interested in bay windows. To date she’s “thrown out,” as she put it, eight of them—and is looking around for a spot for her ninth.

Here then, you have the Ronald Colmans in real life. Though they are surrounded by the trappings of fine tradition (Continued on page 100)

Benita runs her household—which includes, at present, besides Ronnie and Juliet and the staff of servants, two dogs, four rabbits (at press time), one tortoise—from her own workmanlike desk.

Although a good deal of entertaining is done in the big and beautiful house—it once belonged to Corinne Griffith—simple pleasure together, as a family, is the kind of entertainment they enjoy.

The formal drawing room with its color scheme of soft grays and greens makes a lovely setting for the gift from his wife that Ronnie prizes most—kneeling figure of a woman, sculptured by Benita.

Halls of Ivy, with Ronald Colman as the professor and Benita as his wife, is heard Wednesdays at 8 P.M. EST; on NBC stations; sponsored by the Schlitz Brewing Co.
daytime fashions for you

THE EXCITING thing about elegance is that it can—sometimes—be price-wise. On these pages, Nora Drake wears an ensemble that marks one of those important “sometimes”—a dress to be worn with or without its coat, a coat that can change its personality! Extra plus is the butcher-linen coat’s fabric—linen-like materials are fashion leaders for now, also for summer. Another plus, versatility: the print collar and cuffs come off, go on again in no time flat. Opposite, see the full, sweeping lines of the coat’s pyramid silhouette, with swinging back, slit hip pockets, three-quarter length sleeves and little rounded collar. Below, left, the dress by itself—is keynoted by simple lines, monotone pattern, 100 denier print fabric, softly-draped bodice with little self buttons, slim skirt with tiny hip gathers. Brown-and-white dress with beige coat; black- or navy-and-white print with solid black or navy coat.

Sizes 10-20; price, $25.00. By Suzy Perette. Available at stores on page 99. Blending accessories: matching tricorne pillbox by Dani, $5.00; long gloves by Dawnelle, $4.00. Blonde kid shoes by Mademoiselle. At right, smart perkers-up for suit or dress: A—large and important pin for sparkle, a cluster of round-cut rhinestones in rhodium setting, by Coro, about $3.00 plus tax. B—for throat or waist, almost-real violets by Biltmore, $1.00. C—triple threat trio of pure silk ties in varied colors to wear one, two, or three at a time; by Glentex, $1.00.

This is Nora Drake, heard M-F, 2:30 P. M. EST, CBS. Sponsored by the Toni Co.
Confronted by a new crisis, Portia fears it is even more of a threat to her marriage than the one which once nearly separated the Mannings forever.

The major difficulty with which Portia has always had to contend is her career as a wife versus her career as a lawyer. She had planned to give up her practice when the Staley case, whose terrifying aftermath is portrayed on these pages, was over. But when Walter returned in ill health, Portia realized that he couldn’t get back his old job as managing editor of the Chronicle and that she’d have to pitch in if their home, which had been destroyed by fire, were to be rebuilt. When Walter recovered, he was able to get a reporter’s job on the Herald. Shortly after, and much to Walter’s objection, Portia took on the Mollyer case. Mollyer, who had just come out of prison, found that his former wife, Lois, was married to the manager of the Club Riviera—a club which he, Mollyer, used to own. He’d been cut out completely. Deciding to take court action, he got Portia to defend him. The same day he hired Portia, Lois was found murdered. Walter, who covered the crime for the Herald, will be a witness for the prosecution. But Portia decided to keep the case even though it means putting her own husband through a cross-examination on the witness stand. Since Walter is against her practicing law, Portia wonders how this turn of events will affect her marriage.

Portia Faces Life, with Lucille Wall as Portia and Bart Robinson as Walter, is heard Monday through Friday at 5:15 P.M. EST on NBC stations. Sponsored by Jell-O.
Mailer had believed in Staley's innocence, then discovered evidence of his guilt. To prevent him from testifying, Staley had Walter blackjacketed.

Thrown into a refrigerator truck which was later hit by a car, Walter is thrown clear of the crash, misidentified as wealthy Stewart Prescott.

Hospitalized and suffering from amnesia, Walter is visited by Beauty, Prescott's girl friend. She had planned to murder Prescott for his money.

Portia, whose decision was based on necessity, cross-examines her first witness—Walter! Can she win the case and still keep her husband's love?

Sally regaining his memory, Walter gets off the train in Parkerstown. He and Portia are reunited on the burned-out site of their Peach Street home.

New difficulties arise when Walter, who objects to Portia's law practice, covers a murder case which Portia has decided to take on.
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The first hundred years

For TV: its first "live" daytime serial, based on the wonders and woes of matrimony

Chris Thayer: tho' deeply in love with Connie, he was very doubtful on his wedding day. (Played by Jimmy Lydon.)

Connie Thayer: she, too, was doubtful and even wanted to call off the ceremony. But love was stronger and conquered its proverbial all. (Played by Olive Stacey.)

Serene moments for the young couple are rare and . . . usually come after a big crisis . . .
Something new in television programs has hit homes all over the country. For fifteen minutes, five days a week, doorbells and telephones get tardy answers, dishes stay unwashed and stockings undarned, while Connie and Chris Thayer demonstrate why The First Hundred Years (of married life, that is) are the hardest. This is the first full network daytime serial on TV, and doubtless the forerunner of many others.

The opening script introduced the young couple and their families on the wedding morning and, several scripts later, viewers attended the ceremony on their screens. They watched the newlyweds come back from the honeymoon to the Victorian mansion that Connie’s father mistakenly decided would make a fine wedding present. That’s how things went during the opening weeks of The First Hundred Years and there hasn’t been a dull moment since—for the audience or for the hard-working cast, which puts in a seven or eight-hour day preparing for every program.

What seems like a comparatively simple quarter-hour episode uses some thirty people, besides the seven permanent cast members. And you might like to know that the architectural anachronism which houses Connie and Chris was actually copied from a house of the 1890’s, down to the last cupola and curlicue.

The First Hundred Years: Mon.-Fri., 2:30 P.M. EST, on CBS-TV, Channel 2. Sponsored by P&G’s Tide.

Mrs. Thayer: she’s fluttery and feminine and constantly concerned with the welfare of her son Chris. (Played by Valerie Cossart, Theatre Guild actress.)

Mr. Thayer: he’s blustery and protective towards all, especially Mrs. Thayer. Insurance is his business. (Played by Dan Tobin of Broadway and the movies.)

Mrs. Martin: she’s a woman of great tolerance and humor. Her chief activity is restraining her impetuous husband. (Played by Nana Bryant.)

Mr. Martin: Generous but undependable—he gave Chris and Connie the Victorian mansion for a wedding present. (Played by Robert Armstrong.)

... in which members of both families are thoroughly involved.
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Hi! A lot of you boys and girls keep telling me how you wish you could go on our adventures to Imagination Town more often. Well, I've done a bit of thinking about it and seeing how I can't keep popping into your house every day, I thought I'd give you a list of some of my friends who could take you adventuring. They'll take you on the biggest treasure hunts you've ever imagined.

First, there is Robert Louis Stevenson. You'll find his book, Treasure Island, in the library. He's got everything in it, the treasure map, the ship and the crew. If you like, you can turn yourself into Jim Hawkins and really fill your pockets with pieces of eight and doubloons. But watch out for a guy named Long John Silver. He used to be a pirate!

Would you like some diamonds big as ostrich eggs? Just you look into Sir Rider Haggard's King Solomon's Mines, and take a trip to Africa with Alan Quartermain, big game hunter. But watch out for Gagoola, the witch. She's older than Methuselah and she's the only one who knows where the diamonds are hidden.

Hey, with all that fighting and adventure, I think you and I are ready to do a bit of relaxing and laughing, so why don't we look up Mr. Mark Twain? He'll take us fishin' with Tom Sawyer, huntin' with Huckleberry Finn, but if you still want more adventure just look at Mr. Twain's The Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court.

**Junior MIRROR**

**Handbook of Adventure**

_by Mr. J. Magination_

Yo jest couldn't imagine a feller like my Uncle Pick-Ax Hayes. One time he was the richest man in America, but he died poor. Made it and lost it. Why, he was so rich he had 365 cars. You wouldn't expect a man like him to ride in the same car twice. He had the biggest gold mine in the world. Found that in Alasky, dug the whole thing himself. That's where he got the name of Pick-Ax. Couldn't have no horses in Alasky, so he caught himself a polar bear, rode it all over. Bareback! But he had his come-uppance when he left Alasky for Arizonie. Went there to dig for more gold. Well, he dug thirty years. No gold! Wore out 300 picks, 200 shovels. Broke his heart and died, but Pick-Ax Hayes will go down in history—cause the hole left by his diggin' they named the Grand Canyon! Gabby Hayes tells more stories on NBC-TV, Sun. 5 P. M. EST; M, W, F, 5:15 P. M. EST.
Arthur's Court. Like I said before, these are old friends of mine and I've read their books at least a dozen times each. That's why I'm telling you about these books and that's why Mr. I. Magination and Co. like to tell you these stories and lots more on our television show on CBS-TV stations every Sunday evening at 6:30 EST.

How To Make An Indian Belt
By Straight Arrow

First you get some old leather or canvas. Cut it 12" wide and as long as you are around the waist. With a pencil, divide width of belt in 3 even sections of 4" each. With diagram #1 to guide you, on lower section cut a fringe with scissors. In middle section, paint an Indian design with oil paint. In top 4" section, cut out rectangles 1" larger in width than the regular belt loops on your denims to allow your regular belt to pass through inside of Indian belt and through loops of denims. Space rectangles as your denim belt loops are spaced. See diagram #2, fold back top section and sew it to bottom of middle section with strong cord. In diagram #3, see how your regular belt comes out through the rectangles to pass through the belt loops of your trousers. Tell your friends, Straight Arrow (Tues. and Thurs., 5 P.M. EST, MBS) showed you how to make your Indian belt.
Junior MIRROR

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JOHNNY AND MR. DO-RIGHT: "Let's play prairie riders," Stubby suggested, and Johnny said, "Sure." Mr. Do-Right, Johnny's dog, was snoozing, woke up when he heard Stubby say, "You go first!"

Johnny was about to jump when Mr. Do-Right yelled, "Hey, stop that—it's dangerous. You might get hurt!" Johnny put down the umbrella. Stubby grabbed it. "That's not stopping me!" he said.

Stubby landed—much too hard! He couldn't play the whole rest of the day. So take a tip from Mr. Do-Right—don't play dangerous games! (Johnny and Mr. Do-Right: M-F at 5 P.M., EST, over NBC-TV)
Good beginnings

BEFORE the children came along, my
breakfasts consisted of orange juice and
coffee. But it wasn’t long before I realized that I
needed more than that to keep me going all
morning.

A basic breakfast should include cereal with
milk and sugar; fruit or fruit juice; milk, coffee,
or cocoa; bread and butter. Since breakfast is so
simple, I perk it up with such accessories as eggs,
muffins or breakfast meats. To make our break-
fasts interesting, I plan for them as I plan for
dinners—keeping in mind variety, attractiveness,
economy and good nutrition. It’s easy when I
follow the basic breakfast plan and remember
that breakfast is a very important part of “three
square meals a day.”

(Recipes tested by the Macfadden Kitchen)

FILLED COFFEE RING

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{2 cups sugar} & : 1 \text{ tsp. salt} \\
\text{1/2 tsp. shortening} & : \text{1/3 cup milk, scalded} \\
\text{1/3 cup lukewarm water} & : \text{1 package dry yeast} \\
& \quad \text{or 1 cake compressed}
\end{align*}
\]

Combine sugar, salt, shortening and scalded milk
in a small bowl. Cool to lukewarm. Place luke-
warm water and remaining tablespoon sugar in a
larger bowl. Sprinkle or crumble yeast into
water. Let stand until dissolved (about 10 min-
utes); then stir well. Add lukewarm milk mix-
ture. Reserve 2 tablespoons beaten egg. Add re-
mainder to yeast mixture. Add one-half the
sifted flour. Beat until smooth. Add remaining
flour and stir until dough forms a ball.

Turn dough out on a lightly floured board and
knead 8-10 minutes until dough is smooth and
satiny. Place dough in a greased bowl; grease
top. Cover with a clean towel. Let rise in a warm
place, free from draft, until doubled in bulk
(about 1 1/2 hours). Then punch down and turn
out on a lightly floured board. Roll out to a rec-
tangle 14x12x1/4". Brush with melted butter.
Combine brown sugar, cinnamon and currants.
Sprinkle over dough. Roll up lengthwise as for
jelly roll. Place on greased baking sheet. Bring
the two ends together to form a circle. Moisten
the edges with milk and seal firmly. Slash outer
date at 1-inch intervals almost to the inner edge,
making slices about 1-inch wide. Turn each slice
partly on its side, all pointing in one direction.
Cover with a clean towel. Let rise in a warm place
until doubled in bulk (about 1 hour). Combine
remaining 2 tablespoons beaten egg with 1 table-
spoon milk. Brush ring with this mixture. Bake
in a moderate oven (350°F.) about 40 minutes.
Ice top of ring with confectioners’ sugar icing
while it is still warm. (Continued on page 89)
At home, a different man!

BY MARTIN COHEN

YOU drive west from Radio City to the Hudson River and join the stream of cars moving out of Manhattan. Speeding along the highway, the towers of steel and brick gradually fall behind and the gray concrete is replaced by glimpses of trees and lawns and small towns. You cross the Connecticut state line and shortly turn off the main stem into a winding, country road. The rolling hills of New England are dotted by farmhouses, neat homes, small country stores. And just sixty minutes after you have left the turbulent city, you stop before a clean-lined colonial house with white brick walls and a shingle roof. You’re at home with Bert Parks, one of the top personalities of radio and television.

Bert, so impeccable at broadcasts, is now dressed for comfort in slacks and a sport shirt. At his heels is Willie, his black dachshund.

“This is it,” he confides. “This is my acre of peace and happiness.”

Bert is an admitted stay-at-home. After a strenuous schedule of rehearsing and presenting seven TV and radio shows a week, nothing will entice him away. He is a complete stranger to Manhattan parties and nightclubs. For within this one acre is his lovely, brunette wife, Annette, the twins, and their baby daughter, and they’re all he needs—or wants—for happiness.

“We love it here,” Bert tells you. “Moving into the country has had a great, quieting effect on us.”

Like most fathers, Bert spends his time at home playing with the children. Jeff and Joel, the twins, are almost five. Two more imaginative, energetic boys would be hard to find. The twins are in the cowboy stage, tolin’ six-shooters and ridin’ the range, but their real, constant (Continued on page 82)

Stop The Music’s dynamic emcee really does know how to relax— but he has to go all the way to the country to do it!
Stop the music

"This is the Stop The Music operator in New York calling . . ." Anyone who ever hopes to hear these words knows that there are big prizes in line for the person who can identify the mystery tune. Those who watch Stop The Music on TV also know that emcee Bert Parks and his talented cohorts put on a tuneful hour's show between phone calls. The telephone operators, who busily work the switchboard on the stage, put in calls to names selected at random from the directories by a guest celebrity. STM has a large reserve of names just in case some of the people aren't home. When the operators do get an answer, they flash Bert, who then Stops The Music. The person is asked to identify the song which was stopped and, if correct, is then given a chance to identify the mystery melody. These are the moments of suspense on Stop The Music!

Busy operators make the calls from names selected by a famous guest celebrity—then they flash the word to Bert’s assistant on the stage.

Bert teams up with pretty Betty Ann Grove, Stop The Music’s comic song stylist, for a “Put On Those Old Records” duet. Casual clothes are the keynote for rehearsal, but by the time Thursday evening comes, casualness is strictly an acquired air.

Morgan, TV’s favorite canine, shows admirable patience while the props are being put into place. For the actual show, Bert wore a furry parka to match igloo and sled in this Arctic skit.

Marion Morgan rehearses another tete-a-tete, this time with STM’s choreographer, Jimmy Nigren, who sometimes appears on the show himself.

The Variety Dancers practice their fast footwork captured in close-up by the cameras. See the following pages for stories and pictures of people who stop the music on TV and radio—Marion Morgan, Jimmy Blaine, Harry Salter, Betty Ann Grove, Kay Armen and Dick Brown.
Red-haired **Betty Ann Grove** owes her first break in show business to a certain red-coated gentleman from the North Pole whom she was taken to see at a Boston department store. Instead of presenting him with a long list of requests, Betty Ann told the startled Santa that she could sing. Santa made a request of his own and Betty Ann made her first public singing appearance. She was two at the time. Throughout high school, Betty Ann sang at department store fashion shows and appeared with Ruby Newman's orchestra on the Boston hotel circuit. Her one appearance on Ed Sullivan's Toast of the Town TV show resulted in an exclusive contract with Stop The Music. Five-foot four-inch, 102-pound Betty lives alone in her Manhattan apartment.

Blond and handsome **Jimmy Blaine** is another in the long list of young performers who have been helped to success by Paul Whiteman. Fresh out of Kansas City, Jimmy applied for auditions at WJZ in New York as both announcer and singer. The two tests were scheduled for the same day, but if there were butterflies in Jimmy's stomach, no one knew. He clicked immediately. At that time, "Pops" Whiteman was looking for a young singer to co-emcee a summer musical program, Tomorrow's Tops. Jimmy was chosen on the basis of the tests. The war caused a four-year hiatus in his career—he served as a B-17 pilot with the Eighth Air Force, completing twenty-five missions. Married, he has one child, lives in Ridgewood, New Jersey.
Not every young singer is lucky enough to be sponsored by a famous movie star, but STM’s Marion Morgan can claim that good fortune. In 1949, Marion had finished a stint with the Harry James orchestra and was eager to try out as a single act. There were no takers until the manager of Ciro’s in Hollywood offered her a chance to fill in for an act that had been cancelled. Marion’s first night audience included many big names. One was Joan Crawford, who sent for Marion and said, “I like your voice, but everything else you do is wrong. Do you mind if I help you?” Help included a revamping of both Marion’s appearance and her singing style. After that—and before coming to STM—the twenty-four-year-old native Detroiter had no trouble getting engagements.

Harry Salter, who is musical director of both the television and radio versions of Stop The Music—and the man who picks the mystery tune—has been playing the violin since he was seven. His parents, unlike most who give their children a musical education, did not envisage their son’s making a living from his playing. So, as a college student, Harry studied chemical engineering at New York University. He soon found that the reverse was true and after college, he took to studying music seriously. His earliest radio show was Real Folks on which he imitated music as it would be played by a small town band. Before STM, he’d been musical director for Lanny Ross and had conducted for Hobby Lobby, Mr. District Attorney, What’s My Name and the Phil Baker Show. Someone once told him that the only thing he didn’t like about STM was that there was too much stopping and too little music. Harry answered by saying, “My friend, when I didn’t ‘Stop’ very few people looked or listened.”
The people who stop the music
Continued

Walking along the corridors of ABC one afternoon, songstress Kay Armen, unemployed, met musical director Harry Salter. He was talking about a forthcoming new program. "It's sustaining, but I've got a hunch about this show," he said. "It's going to be terrific. Why don't you join it?" Kay agreed and it proved to be the turning point in her career, for in addition to her role as featured songstress on STM, she is heard on four other network programs. Kay was born Armen Manoogian in Chicago where her father, Robert Manoogian, was the world's champion wrestler. Although Kay was more interested in sports and art during her school days, her first job was as a singer on a Chicago station. She also appeared on a Nashville station before heading for New York and the Stop the Music show.

Since Dick Brown started as the male singing star on the radio version of Stop the Music, he has flown over 200,000 miles, doing night club and theatre work throughout the country. Each week when he finishes his show, he hops a plane and is off for a week's engagement in California or Florida or Texas. At the end of the week he has to race back to Manhattan in time for the Sunday night show. Dick, who comes from Youngstown, Ohio, claims he "sort of" attended the University of Minnesota. He wasn't exactly a student because he didn't have the money to register. But given the choice of paying to register or quit eating, or eating and not paying to register, he settled for food and eavesdropped his way through college. Dick sang in minor shows before being tapped for Stop The Music. He married radio and TV actress, Charlotte Manson, which makes STM something of a family affair at the Browns'—Charlotte does some of the commercial announcing on the show.
Radio
stop
the
music

Finding mystery melodies for
STM has become a full
time job. Harry Salter, musical
director, right, used to
pick them by riffling through
his files. Now he needs a
staff of musicologists.

STM started in 1948 and
has developed into one of radio's
top quiz shows. Both studio
participants and listeners at
home have a chance
to win—but even losing
has its consolations.

Kay Armen, Bert Parks Harry Salter gather 'round for what may be a
winner. Twelve to fourteen calls are usually completed on each STM
show; names are picked at random from directories by guest celebrity.

On the STM air show, there are no
operators on the stage. Dorothy O'Connor
receives the flash from upstairs, tells Bert.
On the air she plays Peg, of Pepper Young’s Family; in real life she’s Betty Wragge—in both roles she’s a busy housewife!

Marriage—and Moving
By the time you read this, I’ll be married—to Walter Brook, who’s also a radio actor and lately a television actor, too. (He’s a steady on One Man’s Family, for instance.) We’re going to pool our furniture, Walter and I, and move into an eight-room apartment—which is going to be a big, and happy, change from the two-and-a-half room one I’ve been living in. We don’t plan to buy anything new in the way of furniture, but we do have a lot of re-upholstering (both of us) and sewing (me) and general handy-man work (Walter) ahead of us, before we can have all our friends over to our apartment for a huge housewarming.

Roll Out a Barrel
Packing dishes in a barrel for moving is an art in itself—take it from one who’s been practicing the art the last few days. For equipment you need, obviously, a barrel—the movers will supply one for a small fee—newspapers, and excelsior or shredded newspaper. Start by putting four or five inches of shredded paper or excelsior in the bottom of the barrel. Wrap each piece individually in newspaper. First, stand dinner plates on end around inside wall of the barrel, overlapping the plates slightly. Take next-sized plates, put them in the same way, in front of the dinner plates, and repeat until you’ve run out of plates. This ought to leave you a good spot in the center for a vegetable dish. Cover this whole layer with three inches of excelsior or shredded paper. To start the next layer stand your platters—all sizes—around the wall of the barrel. Working in toward center, fill with covered vegetable dishes, relish dishes, gravy boat and other chinaware of this type. And now is the time to put on more shredded paper and to start on your third layer by standing your saucers—wrapped carefully, of course—around the wall of the barrel. Then cups, working toward the center. Pack sugar and creamer in center, and put in more of the excelsior or paper. A full dinner service for twelve can be packed safely and compactly in just a single barrel.

For the Inner Walter
Fortunately for both of us, I really like to cook. One of my favorites—especially because it can be prepared hours in advance—is a Veal Aspic Salad. As far as Walter and I are concerned it’s a year-around preferred dish, but extra nice in the summer time. The recipe which I am going to give you is enough for four generous servings.
MY OWN VEAL ASPIC SALAD

1 (No. 2) can tomatoes 1 tbsp. lemon juice
3/4 teaspoon salt 1 tbsp. chopped onion
1/2 cup chopped celery 1 cup diced cooked veal
2 bay leaves 2 cups cottage cheese
1 1/2 tbsps. gelatine Salad greens
1/4 cup cold water

Combine tomatoes, salt, chopped celery, bay leaves in saucepan. Bring to a boil; cover, simmer ten minutes. Remove from heat; put through strainer. Sprinkle gelatine over cold water; let stand for five minutes. Add gelatine, lemon juice, chopped onion and diced veal to the hot tomato mixture. Pour into 1 1/2 pint mold. Chill in refrigerator. Unmold on salad greens. Serve with cottage cheese.

Keeping Copper

I'm hemming my own table linens and transfer-stamping and embroidering my own dishtowels for our new home. But I can't very well make my own pots and pans, so I'm quite shamelessly telling my close friends and relatives, when they ask what I want for a wedding present, “Copper cooking ware—all shapes and sizes!” Meanwhile, I've been boning up on how to care for copper-bottom pots and pans, if, as and when I get some. It seems that copper is easily discolored by a gas flame set too high or one which burns yellow. If heat is kept low these utensils work most efficiently. That way you save gas, and it's possible to cook with less water—a vitamin-saver. If you clean copper-bottom pans after each use it's easy to keep them bright. Use soap-filled pads for the insides, special copper cleaner for the bottoms. For bad discoloration, rub the copper with a cut lemon, or vinegar on a cloth. Then sprinkle with salt and rub—hard. Wish me luck! Now that I'm up on their care, maybe I'll get a kitchenful of bright beauties!

BY

BETTY WRAGGE

Pepper Young's Family is heard Monday through Friday, 3:30 P.M. EST, NBC stations, sponsored by P&G's Camay.
The story of Dr. Kildare

- The happiest moment in young Dr. James Kildare's career was the day he placed his M.D. sign alongside the one bearing the name of his friend, confidant and idol, Dr. Leonard Gillespie. Since becoming a member of the medical profession, Dr. Kildare has had as many tense moments as he has had happy ones. But he has always had the tremendous satisfaction that every good doctor knows—the one of helping his fellow man out of pain and distress. Lew Ayres, who was a medical corpsman during World War II, plays Dr. Kildare, a role he originally created on the screen. Sharp-tongued, kind-hearted Dr. Gillespie is played by Lionel Barrymore. On these pages you'll find some highlights in the careers of the two doctors.

The Story of Dr. Kildare, an MGM Radio Attraction, is sponsored by Imdrin. It is heard in N.Y. 7:30 P.M. EST, Mon. on WMGM. Consult local paper for other times and stations.

Dr. Kildare (Lew Ayres) is Blair Hospital's young resident physician. Dr. Gillespie (Lionel Barrymore) is its chief diagnostician. Above, Dr. Gillespie addresses a group of young doctors who have just finished their internments. Dr. Kildare, who became closer to him than the others is second from left.

On the air: the medical adventures of everybody's favorite M.D.
A low moment in Dr. Kildare’s career—his realization that neither he nor Dr. Gillespie can help little Donnie O’Brien, who seems determined not to get well. Then Buck Houston, a cowboy actor, is admitted to the hospital. His tests disclose no illness. Buck finally admits he is tired of pretending to children. But when Dr. Kildare persuades Buck to visit Donnie in cowboy regalia and Donnie shows an interest in getting well, Buck regains faith in himself.

When Dr. Kildare treats young John Breverton with anti-serum injections for anthrax, he is angrily dismissed from the case by John’s father, famed surgeon Dr. Breverton. Dr. Kildare, knowing John had skinned a bear on a recent hunting trip, had discovered anthrax in the bear’s carcass. Subsequent tests by Dr. Breverton and Dr. Gillespie disclosed no anthrax. But when animals in the hunting country are found to be suffering from anthrax, Dr. Breverton is convinced of his error and allows Dr. Kildare to treat his son. All three doctors pitch in to vaccinate the people in the hunting village.

When nineteen-year-old Cathy Morton comes to Dr. Kildare and asks him to place her month-old baby out for adoption, she says her husband doesn’t even know about the baby. Dr. Gillespie persuades Blair Hospital’s superintendent and one of the nurses to pretend to be potential foster parents for the baby. Meanwhile, Dr. Kildare investigates and locates Cathy’s husband, who is with the Marines and stationed at Fort Bixby. Sgt. Walter Morton has been looking for his wife for months—she had walked out on him after a quarrel. Cathy thinks she is not capable of taking care of the child, but she refuses to let the nurse and the superintendent adopt him. Finally she decides she won’t let anyone take him. She walks back to claim her baby and finds him with her husband. Drs. Gillespie and Kildare leave the family together.
Last year thousands of Joes and millions not named Joe, heard a petite songstress plead “Don’t Cry, Joe.” The recording of this plaintive plea proved to be a smash hit—and it was the big break for Betty Brewer who, as a result, can now be heard with Edward Everett Horton on ABC-TV’s Holiday Hotel.

Though happy about her singing success, Betty still yearns for recognition as an actress. At Centenary College in Shreveport, Louisiana, she majored in drama, but upon graduation, took a job with Ray Heatherton’s band. She also was a featured soloist with Tommy Dorsey’s band. During the war Betty appeared with Katharine Cornell’s overseas troupe in “The Barretts of Wimpole Street.” “The Barretts” proved such a hit that it played Broadway upon its return. That was just enough stage experience to whet Betty’s ambition for more.

Guy Lebow, nationally known sports authority, has the distinction of having covered every major sport in radio and TV. As a developer of new ideas and rules in boxing, hockey and other games, Guy is frequently called upon by officials to aid them in a guide for action in sports. His new book, The Wrestling Scene, has already sold 152,000 copies.

Guy is currently doing sports on New York station WPIX and is heard on the Bea Kalmus WJZ-TV show, WOR-TV Starlit Matinee Theatre and the WOR-TV Sports Whirl.

Guy was active in sports himself some years ago—he was a semi-pro pitcher, played football and basketball and is still a good marksman. Having covered sports since 1931, Guy’s thorough knowledge of the games plus his friendship with the players help make him one of TV’s most versatile sportscasters.
Recently a group of artists and illustrators voted Mimi Benzell as "the most beautiful woman in opera today." Although Mimi is now on leave of absence from the Metropolitan Opera, her lyric coloratura can be heard regularly on the Paul Whiteman Revue, telecast Sunday evenings. Mimi, who was born in Bridgeport, Conn., first caught the attention of the New York music world as Adele in the Broadway operetta, "Rosalinda." She next sang in Mexico City with Sir Thomas Beecham's orchestra. On the strength of a great success there, she was auditioned by the Met and given a contract. She has made concert tours with radio star, Felix Knight and composer-arranger Morton Gould. Mimi, now married to Morton's brother, concert manager Walter Gould, believes TV is proving the mass appeal of good music expertly sung.

"You're too pretty to be a clown," an agent once said to blonde Connie Sawyer, the energetic, young comedienne who has invaded the TV scene via such shows as The Colgate Comedy Hour and Ed Sullivan's Toast of the Town. Instead of feeling flattered at being told how lovely she is, Connie decided to de glamorize herself. She felt that her clever song satires, based on such subjects as statistics, cowboys, folk singers, models and society chanteuses, would be far more effective if she herself looked less lovely. Connie is a native of San Francisco. She came East via a used car on which she'd spent almost her entire bankroll. To pay for the gas for her transcontinental trip, she took jobs along the way. Connie's pre-TV audiences were mostly in small supper clubs. Recently she's appeared twice with Jack Carter on NBC's Four Star Revue.
Who's who in TV

Eleven-year-old Butch Cavell, who's one of the most in-demand child actors, claims that he'd rather be a shortstop than a thespian any day. But these days Butch sees more cameras—both TV and movie—than baseball diamonds. He has the distinction of being the first child actor to be tapped for the movies from television. Butch was born in New York in 1939 and his real name is Maurice, which he hates. He entered the Children's Professional School when he was four-and-a-half and his first performance was a year later as the little prince in the Theatre Guild's road production of Shakespeare's "Winter's Tale." Video drama fans have seen Butch on Philco Playhouse, Studio 1, Ford Theatre and Mr. I. Magination. He has black hair, brown eyes and thinks New York Yankee shortstop Phil Rizzuto is one of the greatest men alive.

When Roy S. Lanson, at the age of two—which was before he could talk—picked up the then current Irving Berlin hit, "Snookey-Ookims," it was nothing less than inevitable that part of the title rub off and remain with him. Almost as inevitable was a singing career. Snoooky went from boy soprano to the smooth baritone Your Hit Parade fans know with only a slight pause for the usual voice-breaking period in adolescence. Snooky, who also does the Lucky Strike singing commercials, was a vocalist in his home state of Tennessee on Nashville's station WSM (he was born in Memphis), a fact which has caused him to be known as the Crosby of the South. Now a Yankee, at least by residence, Snoooky lives in a three-story Colonial in Stamford, Conn. with his wife and two children, Ernie and Beth, and commutes to NBC studios in New York.
Patricia's Ring—a large solitaire and six smaller diamonds

She's Engaged!

Winsome, young Patricia Stevens is up in the clouds these days! Her engagement to Frederick Abbot Gage of Montclair has been announced. They've made their plans for a Spring wedding to be held in the lovely, old Christ Episcopal Church in Glen Ridge, New Jersey. There'll be five bridesmaids—an adorable bride—a gala reception afterwards.

She's Lovely!

Gay, lively and darling are words that rush to describe Patricia the minute you see her. You can't help being captured by her disarming smile, her laughing blue eyes, her creamy, magnolia-blossom complexion. Her face shows you all the merry charm of her Inner Self—bubbling out to make you love her at first sight.

She uses Pond's!

Patricia Stevens has a complexion that's soft and smooth as petals.

“I always use Pond’s,” she says.

“You have more fun when you know you look your prettiest” — Patricia says —

It certainly gives a girl a happy lift of confidence to know she looks her best.

And Patricia feels a pretty complexion boosts any girl's glamour-rating. "I like Pond's Cold Cream for cleansing my face better than anything," she says. "It makes my skin feel fabulously clean and soft. And cream cleansing can't be drying."

You, too, will like Pond's Cold Cream care for your face. Do this Pond's treatment every night (for your day face cleansings, too)—this is the way:

Hot Stimulation—a quick hot water splash.

Cream Cleanse—swirl fluffy Pond's Cold Cream over face and throat, to soften dirt and make-up, sweep them from pore openings. Tissue off.

Cream Rinse—more Pond's now, to rinse off last traces of dirt, leave skin immaculate. Tissue off.

Cold Stimulation—a tonic cold water splash.

Isn't it easy? And how fresh-as-spring-rain your skin looks—and feels! You'll just love this Pond's beauty care!

It's not vanity to help your face look lovely. When you know you look your best, it gives you an added confidence that makes the real You within sparkle out—draws other people to you on sight!

Start your Pond's beauty care now.
Help your face show a lovelier You!
Tony Mottola is the one-man orchestra who supplies music for Danger—Tues., 10 P.M. EST CBS-TV. Sponser: Amm-i-dent Toothpaste

Background for DANGER

It's a crucial moment in a Danger drama, and you're staring at your television screen. Suddenly the tension becomes almost more than you can bear, heightened by the sound of an eerie musical note that hangs in the air and then dies out mournfully, like the last echoes of a scream. That's your reminder that somewhere, out of camera range, Tony Mottola and his guitar are doing their unusual job in their usual exciting way.

Tony is the one-man orchestra for the Danger series, the first of the dramatic programs to depend upon a single instrument for its theme and mood music. For Tony there are no horns or woodwinds to help sustain a mood, no cymbals or tympany crashes to accent the climax. Everything must be told melodically on the strings of his guitar.

"One of the most interesting things I have ever done," he says. "I get more of a thrill out of this job than any other."

This music is his responsibility from start to end. And it's something completely new in television. On the Friday preceding the Tuesday telecast he meets with the producer, Charles Russell, to discuss the script's musical requirements. Over the weekend, Tony does his composing and scoring. By Tuesday, music and story must fit together as though planned by one mind.

For a story of Chicago gangsters, he may decide on a raucous boogie-woogie medley. For a drama revolving around a monstrous, plotting child, he has satirized nursery songs. Whenever you listen carefully to his music you'll notice that he uses a different theme or phrase for each player, so that whether you're aware of it or not, his guitar is subtly assisting each characterization. It's a really fascinating procedure, when you actually begin to pry into it. Notice the music the next time you hear Danger.

When the music makes your hair bristle and your spine tingle, you can hold Tony Mottola responsible.

What does Tony do in his spare time? Watch television with Mitzi (who was his childhood sweetheart) and three offspring: Joanne, seven; Bernice, five; Tony Jr., three.
"Be Lux Lovely all over!"

says Donna Reed

"My beauty bath leaves my skin so smooth, so fragrant!"

"This big bath size Lux Toilet Soap is really luxurious," says charming Donna Reed. "It gives such a refreshing beauty bath—leaves my skin feeling so smooth, perfumed with a delicate flower-like fragrance!"

Ask for Hollywood's beauty soap in the big new bath size. You'll love this satin-smooth white cake. It will make your daily beauty bath a joy! Such rich abundant lather, such exquisite perfume!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap for your Beauty Bath

Donna Reed

in "SATURDAY'S HERO"
A Sidney Buchman Production
A COLUMBIA PICTURE
would suddenly get the same far-away look in his eyes and ask, "Fran, should my furniture be last-word modern, or should I stick to antiques?"

Burr got the remodeling fever largely because Ollie or I outgrew both an apartment and an office. To those of you who are off the cox or kine, I should explain that although Kukla and Ollie officially are puppets, they and their friends are, in fact, such lively, fully developed personalities we, who work with them or watch them, are very sure they are real. In fact and in fact our staff always allow them to be "the kids."

Being real, they have wants just as dem-anding as any human's. If Kukla needs a new train, or Ollie requires a prop for a pageant, some one has to make the things and that requires workshop space.

They also have sponsors, sponsors who want those greats and all of them like to sit down and talk things over with Burr in a spot where phones don't ring every five seconds. The staff, too, needs a place to get away. The staff consists of the children of Beulah and Zach, our producer; Lewis Gomavitz, director; Jack Fasci- nato, musical director; Joseph Lockwood, costume designer, and Mary Dockweiler and Doris Morgan, our secre-taries. We're a tightly-knit group, we like each other, and we spend much more time together than the cast and staff of most shows.

Burr's own home would not serve. The apartment near the Evanston boundary, comfortable and just the right size for Burr and his parents, Dr. and Mrs. B. F. Ollie, which has a room on the first floor stretched to accommodate the whole family, but its chief handicap has been distance.

The Tillstroms, to add an extra hour to Burr's day, decided to buy into a cooperative apartment not under con-struction close to the studio, but that still left Kuke and Ollie homeless. It was then实施方案ed, the idea of finding them a coach house of their own.

Archie and I have a coach house, too, and that's how I happened to spend the last of my chief listener to two Mr. Blundings.

We moved into ours at the end of the war when my husband stowed away his uniform and returned. Being Archie, Levitin's publisher's represen-tative for Leeds Music Company, his work requires that he spend most of his evenings calling on orchestra leaders and vocalists. At the same time, my eight A.M. date as Aunt Fanny on the Breakfast Club, meant I must be up early.

We solved our problem by buying this coach house on Chicago's near south side, close to the loop and the studios. Our predecessor had remodeled and furnished it, so all my mother Nan, and Archie and I did was hang up our clothes, buy some groceries and set up housekeeping. A year later, when Kukla, Ollie and company became part of our lives, it turned into a convenient gathering place.

Burr wasn't so lucky, for after the time we bought, coach houses became fashionable. Others, too, were discovering how convenient they were, and the few existing ones were snapped up fast. For more than a year, Burr searched, but none of those that were available met any of his requirements.

I thought he had just about given up when, one day, he rushed into our place sounding very much like Ollie in the throes of a major enthusiasm.

Breathlessly, he told us a story about a fan who was a fan of the show heard Burr was house hunting and got in touch with him. (Kukla and Ollie win the hearts of the nicest people, located down here.) It was almost equidistant from our place, Beulah's and Joe Lockwood's. Other members of the staff and many of Burr's friends are in the apartment which stands on trestles in the middle of the floor.

Burr, of course, is just as much of a railroad enthusiast as Kukla, but when he gets extravagant about equip-ment, he always justifies the expenditure by saying he bought it for Kuke.

Yes, Burr built the stairs. The treads are covered with hemp matting, and producing Burr's first landing, a huge spread-winged golden eagle carved of wood. No story accompanied it when he purchased the creature in a New England antique shop but Burr is more than happy to have graced the prow of a clipper ship.

In the living section Burr has achieved a skillful blend of modern and an-cient. He has Lawson sofas, upholstered in brown, facing the biggest collection of tables I've ever seen in my life, and the white wool rug shag beneath them is strictly 1951 American. The side tables, placed at least a hundred years old, and on them are lamps made from Cathay-trade tea canners.

The floor is stained dark, the walls are white, and the draw curtains at the casement windows are plain yellow.

Along one side of the room, an antique mirror hangs over a long side table. Flanking it are a pair of old-high-back chairs. Across from them, there's an antique chest which holds table linens. The piano fits into a nook at the head of the stairway.

As Burr still really lives with his family, he has a bedroom. In-stead, at the far corner of the floor, he placed two studio couches at right angles with a square storage cabinet built between them. Nights when he chooses to stay at the coach house, or use it as quarters for out-of-town guests, deep innerspring mattresses assure comfortable sleep, and by day, banked with big square bolster and arched in slip covers, the beds turn into grandstands for those who kibitz those who are cooking.

The kitchen is directly opposite. It's strictly a bachelor's kitchen. Archie built almost the identical one for me, and I've found it saves steps and work, so I'm all in favor of design by those who have no intention of making a career of housekeeping. They have a trick of reducing it to the simplest com-mon denominator.

The sink and automatic dishwasher line the wall. Above them are white enameled cabinets for dishes. At the side, there's a set of low shelves. A small work table rolls on casters to the space needed.

Burr used the small hallway between the kitchen and bathroom to construct an additional closet. Flat and shallows to the wall, it holds washing equipment and a folding table which is labeled "for canasta" but which

72
actually doubles in a multitude of uses.

That bathroom is something. Serving as dressing room also, its floor is covered with a cotton shag rug of mixed brown and white, the double dresser is gray-beige enamel, and above it is a huge mirror. Although the mirror appears extravagant it actually is utilitarian, for there's where Burr rehearses Kukla and Ollie. He tells me that his best ideas always come while shaving. When a brainstorm strikes, he'll drop his razor and turn puppeteer. Manipulating his hands before that mirror, he'll work out things which he wants Kukla and Ollie to do on the show.

Burr frequently invites Archie and me to come over and just visit, but enjoyable as that is, the times I like best are those when the staff gathers around. Archie joins us and we all relax, do as we choose, and have fun.

Festivities usually start with Mary filling the percolator for we're all terrific coffee drinkers. Gommy and Archie set up the motion picture projector. The white, uncluttered wall serves as a screen, and soon we all sit back, coffee cup in hand, to watch the kinescope recordings of past shows.

Just about then some one decides to cook. When Burr officiates, it's usually chicken and rice pilaf because he knows I love it. Again, keeping things as simple as possible, he always buys the cut-up chicken so that all he has to do is open the package, roll the pieces in flour, and brown them in a frying pan holding a half-and-half mixture of butter and shortening. As soon as they reach that golden brown crusted stage, he adds about a half cup of water, covers the pan and turns down the flame to let the chicken simmer slowly.

The pilaff is an Armenian dish which one of Burr's former girl friends taught him to make. You start it by Browning a package of cooked fine noodles in four tablespoons of butter. Wash one cup of uncooked white rice and put it in a pan with two cups of water. When it is hot, mix the noodles, add salt and pepper, set on a medium flame, put the lid on the pan, and don't touch it for thirty or forty minutes.

Nothing could be more informal than the way the meal is served. Because he's the tallest, Joe Lockwood takes down the dark pottery plates and places them on the low shelves, ready for dishing up. Whichever one of us is most ambitious gathers up the magazines from the coffee table and puts on straw place mats and sliver. Then we plunk down and sit on the floor, backs against the sofas. Conversation stops while we eat, for all of us like good food.

It flares up again as the plates are cleared and the ice cream and the coffee comes on. Little Cathy Morgan curls up with a magazine. Gommy fetches the corn popper, Mary gets a bowl and butter, and with such fare, the party goes for hours.

Inevitably, we all gravitate toward the piano. Perhaps Archie has a tune which is just being introduced, or Jack Fascinato has a new composition, or perhaps we all have an urge to sing “Sweet Adeline.” Secure in the isolation of the coach house, we raise our voices and laugh as loudly as we please, knowing we're not disturbing neighbors in the next apartment.

Burr calls the place his hideaway, but from the way everyone who visits there has fun, I wouldn't be surprised if it turns out to be the secret place which has a well-beaten path to its door.

Nothing, thank you, washes my entire wardrobe like Fels-Naptha

Fels-Naptha-Soap-Chips
**FUN of the MONTH**

**GRAND OLE OPRY**
Minnie Pearl, man-chasing comedienne on NBC's Grand Ole Opry, told the program's Rod Brasfield that she would like to meet a fellow who doesn't flirt, gossip, kiss, wink or dissipate in any way. Returned Brasfield: "Why?"
Grand Ole Opry: Sat. 10:30 P.M., EST, NBC.

**MAN AGAINST CRIME**
Ralph Bellomy, the CBS-TV Mon Against Crime star, suggests to Washington politicians that the best way to save face is to keep the lower part of it closed.
Man Against Crime: Fri. 8:30 P.M., EST, CBS-TV.

**VAUGHN MONROE SHOW**
Definition of the month comes from Vaughn Monroe, the CBS-TV and radio star, who says a tongue twister is a series of words that get your tang all tongued up.
Vaughn Monroe Show: Tues. 9:00 P.M., EST, CBS-TV.

**MEET CORLISS ARCHER**
Dexter Franklin: I can just see us coming back from our honeymoon and going into our house for the first time and hearing the patter of little feet.
Corliss Archer: What?
Dexter Franklin: Sure. You don't think we took the dog with us on our honeymoon, do you?
Meet Corliss Archer: Sun. 9 P.M., EST, CBS.

**BERGEN-McCARTHY SHOW**
Borgen: So that's it! Withholding funds that aren't yours! From this you will go to stealing, embezzling, counterfeiting, swindling!
McCarty: Well, that's a load off my mind. My future's all planned!
Borgen-McCarty Show: Sun. 8:00 P.M., EST, CBS.

**BURNS AND ALLEN SHOW**
Gracie Allen: I'm hungry from all this shopping. Where can I get a ham sandwich?
Salesgirl: Why don't you try our meat-jarine?
Gracie Allen: Oh, no! It's too early in the day for Italian food.
Burns and Allen Show: Thurs. 8:00 P.M., EST, CBS-TV.

**SONGS FOR SALE**
Contestant: The feature of this dress is if you remove the bodice, you have a playsuit; if you remove the skirt, you have a sun-suit...
Jan Murray: And if you remove any more, you have a law-suit.
Songs For Sale: Fri. 8:00 P.M., EST, CBS.

**BING CROSBY SHOW**
Hope: Say, did you hear about the big deal I made at Paramount?
Crosby: Yes, I read all about it in the papers.
Hope: You know, if I can do you any good over there, don't ever hesitate to get down on your knees.
Bing Crosby Show: Wed. 9:30 P.M., EST, CBS.

**VICTOR BORGE SHOW**
Victor Borge, star of his own NBC television show, raises tomatoes on his farm in the Son Fernando Valley. He could eat them by the bushel, except for one thing: he hates tomatoes.
Victor Borge Show: Sat. 7:00 P.M., EST, NBC-TV.

**HALLS OF IVY**
When a man tells you he's a self-made man, it's decent of him to take the blame for it—so thinks Prof. Todhunter.
Halls of Ivy: Wed. 8:00 P.M., EST, NBC.

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**ABE BURROWS’ POEM OF THE MONTH**

**ODE TO A CONVICT**

or

That Silver-Haired Mother Who Sprung You

Before you go back to your gay life, my boy,
Just take a moment and think
Of that little old darling who's waiting for you
To come home to her from the clink.
Remember that she is your mother, my boy,
Go home and do not forsake
That silver-haired little old lady who put
The saw and the file in the cake.

Abe Burrows appears on This Is Show Business, Sun., 7:30 P.M. EST, CBS-TV; We Take Your Word, on radio, Fri., 10 P.M. EST, CBS, on TV Tues., 10:30 P.M. EST, CBS; Hear It Now, Fri, 9 P.M. EST, CBS.
Sunday

Time Channel PROGRAM

5:00 P.M. 7 Super Circus
So authentic is this circus-variety show you can almost smell the sawdust. Principals: Claude Kirchner, ringmaster; Mary Hartline, bandleader; Cliff Soubrier, chief clown.

6:00 P.M. 4 Hopalong Cassidy
Bill Boyd, who has had white hair since he was twenty, plays the square-shooting cow-poke, Hoppy, in a western adventure film.

7:00 P.M. 2 Gene Autry
Action-packed films of the range starring the famous singing cowboy. Actually, Gene's own Melody Ranch boasts one of the largest herds of Texas long-horn steers in the world.

7:00 P.M. 4 Leave It to the Girls
Maggi McNellis directs the lively verbal warfare between the sexes. Experts: Robin Chandler, Eloise McIlhone, Harriet Von Horne. (For more about Maggi, see p. 30)

7:00 P.M. 7 Paul Whiteman Revue
"Pops" appears as impresario in a spectacular musical featuring baritone Earl Wrightson and big guest stars with the Roy Porter Chorus; choreography by Frank Westbrook.

7:30 P.M. 2 This is Show Business
Whimsical Clifton Padinson oversizes the panel's snappy talk of show business. Guest experts abetted by George S. Kaufman and Abe Burrows. (See Abe Burrows' poem, p. 74)

7:30 P.M. 4 The Aldrich Family
Delightful comedy of typical American family in mythical Centerville. Jackie Kelk, a brunette, dyed his hair red to play Homer.

FRANK SINATRA—from Hasbrouck Heights, N. J., became the talk of the entertainment industry within six months after joining Tommy Dorsey in 1940. As a Hit Parade regular he caused near-riots and extra police were detailed wherever he appeared. Today he has his own TV show on Sut, is heard Sun., 5 P.M. EST.

7:30 P.M. 7 Showtime, U. S. A.
The show world's biggest names in variety and scenes from famous plays. Host is suave Vinton Freedley, successful Broadway producer.

8:00 P.M. 2 Toast of the Town
Broodway columnist Ed Sullivan presents a sparkling revue. Many young performers have springboarded to success from this show.

9:00 P.M. 2 Fred Waring Show
Novelties for eye and ear by the sixty-five versatile Pennsylvanians. Ranging from frog-voiced comic, Paly McClintock, to lyric soprano, Jane Wilson, and dancer, Nadine Goe.

9:00 P.M. 4 Philco Playhouse
Celebrated actors in high-calibre drama adapted from best-selling books and hit shows. Under the deft direction of Gordon Duff.

10:00 P.M. 2 Celebrity Time
Conrad Nagel, actor-director, is quick-witted host when prominent guests team up with Kyle MacDonnell or Herman Hickman in a rollicking, novel bottle of the sexes.

10:00 P.M. 4 Garroway at Large
Goliath-sized Dave, whose imagination has brought TV its most distinctive humor, teams up with Cliff Norton, Connie Russell, Betty Chapell, Jack Haskell, and Aura and Russell.

10:30 P.M. 2 What's My Line?
A thrilling guess-your-occupation show with John Daly, once Presidential announcer for F.D.R., as host. Rotating experts: poet Louis Untermeyer; columnist Dorothy Kilgallen; comedy writer Hal Block; TV's Arlene Francis.

JACK HASKELL—puts his training as a music major to good use on Dave Garroway's radio and TV shows. At Northwestern U., he took part in almost every college show, glee club and choir performance and his first air job was singing commercials. He's saving his pennies to buy a cattle ranch for his wife and son.
Monday

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1:30 P.M.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td><strong>Garry Moore Show</strong></td>
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<td>Garry, who once held a contest to change his name from Thomas Garrison Murfit, gets the laughs assisted by Durward Kirby.</td>
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<tr>
<td>2:30 P.M.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td><strong>The First Hundred Years</strong></td>
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<td></td>
<td>Serial emphasizing the ludicrous side of young married life. (See story on p. 48.)</td>
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<tr>
<td>2:45 P.M.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td><strong>Johnny Johnston Show</strong></td>
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<td>Midday pick-up with Johnny Johnston, featured singer on the Ken Murray Show.</td>
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<td>3:30 P.M.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td><strong>Bert Parks Show</strong></td>
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<td>The dynamic star, sans jackpot questions, sings and clowns. (See the Bert Parks story on p. 54.)</td>
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<tr>
<td>4:00 P.M.</td>
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<td><strong>Kate Smith Hour</strong></td>
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<td>The inimitable Kate, with an hour of fashion, news, music, comedy, assisted by Ted Collins.</td>
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<td></td>
<td>The charming puppet world created by 33-year-old Bob Smith, Howdy's alter ego.</td>
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<td>7:00 P.M.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td><strong>Kukla, Fran and Oliver</strong></td>
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<td></td>
<td>If you believe in preachers or like to laugh, you'll love Burr Tillstrom's puppets. (See Fran's story of Burr on p. 36.)</td>
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WALTER GREAZA—seen as the Chief on ABC-TV's Treasury Man in Action recently took over as editor Steve Wilson on NBC's Big Town. Minnesota-born Greaza is an ex-newspaperman himself. One day, hearing that a stock company needed an actor, he raced over for an audition and never reported back to the paper.

7:15 P.M. | 7 | **Faye Emerson Show** |
|         |         | The vibrant first lady of TV takes you behind the scenes with celebrities. |
| 7:30 P.M. | 2 | **Perry Como** |
|         |         | Personable Perry with the cute Fontana sisters. |
| 7:30 P.M. | 4 | **Mohawk Showroom** |
|         |         | Lovely Roberto Quinones is the charming singing hostess aided by top musical guests. |
| 8:00 P.M. | 2 | **Lux TV Theatre** |
|         |         | Unusual stories of adventure featuring actors from Hollywood and Broadway. |
| 8:30 P.M. | 2 | **Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts** |
|         |         | Polished performers compete for stardom. |
| 9:00 P.M. | 2 | **Horace Heidt** |
|         |         | Horace helps a new generation of ambitious youngsters display their talents. |
| 9:00 P.M. | 4 | **Lights Out** |
|         |         | Chillers narrated by spine-tingler Frank Gal- lup. |
| 9:30 P.M. | 2 | **The Goldbergs** |
|         |         | The joys and sorrows of the true-to-life Bronx family. Originator Gertrude Berg is Molly. |
| 9:30 P.M. | 4 | **Robert Montgomery Presents** |
|         |         | Host and producer Montgomery with top TV drama. Biweekly: Mar. 12 & 26, Apr. 9. —Alternating with— |

**Musical Comedy Time**

10:00 P.M. | 2 | **Studio One** |
|         |         | Widely acclaimed for exciting quality plays. |

Tuesday

| Time  | Channel | PROGRAM |
|-------|---------|---------|---------|
| 1:30 P.M. | 2 | **Garry Moore Show** |
|         |         | (See story of Burr on p. 36.) |
| 2:30 P.M. | 2 | **The First Hundred Years** |
|         |         | (See story on p. 48.) |
| 2:45 P.M. | 2 | **Johnny Johnston Show** |
|         |         | Midday pick-up with Johnny Johnston, featured singer on the Ken Murray Show. |
| 4:00 P.M. | 4 | **Kate Smith Hour** |
|         |         | The inimitable Kate, with an hour of fashion, news, music, comedy, assisted by Ted Collins. |
| 5:30 P.M. | 4 | **Howdy Doody Show** |
|         |         | The charming puppet world created by 33-year-old Bob Smith, Howdy's alter ego. |
| 7:00 P.M. | 4 | **Kukla, Fran and Oliver** |
|         |         | If you believe in preachers or like to laugh, you'll love Burr Tillstrom's puppets. (See Fran's story of Burr on p. 36.) |

WIN ELLIOT—emcee of NBC's Break the Bank was born Clayton Collyer in New York City. Torn between law and acting, he used the first money he earned as a radio singer to pay his tuition at Fordham University's Law School. Listeners hear him as announcer on Guiding Light and emcee on TV's Beat the Clock.  

BUD COLLYER — co-emcee of NBC's Break the Bank was born Clayton Collyer in New York City. Torn between law and acting, he used the first money he earned as a radio singer to pay his tuition at Fordham University's Law School. Listeners hear him as announcer on Guiding Light and emcee on TV's Beat the Clock.

Time Channel

| Time  | Channel | PROGRAM |
|-------|---------|---------|---------|
| 1:30 P.M. | 2 | **Garry Moore Show** |
|         |         | (See story of Burr on p. 36.) |
| 2:30 P.M. | 2 | **The First Hundred Years** |
|         |         | (See story on p. 48.) |
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|         |         | Midday pick-up with Johnny Johnston, featured singer on the Ken Murray Show. |
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| 7:30 P.M. | 2 | **Perry Como** |
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|         |         | Lovely Roberto Quinones is the charming singing hostess aided by top musical guests. |
| 8:00 P.M. | 2 | **Lux TV Theatre** |
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| 8:30 P.M. | 2 | **Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts** |
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| 9:00 P.M. | 2 | **Horace Heidt** |
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**Musical Comedy Time**

10:00 P.M. | 2 | **Studio One** |
|         |         | Widely acclaimed for exciting quality plays. |
Wednesday

GEORGE FENNEMAN—won an audition for the Groucho Marx show (Wed. on NBC and Thurs. on NBC-TV) in 1947 and stayed put. Born in China in 1919, he was raised in San Francisco and presented amateur theatricals in his folks' basement. With his wife and family, he enjoys painting, gardening and photography.

Time Channel PROGRAM
1:30 P.M. 2 Garry Moore Show
2:45 P.M. 2 Johnny Johnston Show
3:30 P.M. 4 Bert Parks Show
4:00 P.M. 4 Kate Smith Show
5:30 P.M. 4 Howdy Doody Show
7:00 P.M. 4 Kukla, Fran and Ollie
7:30 P.M. 7 Faye Emerson
7:30 P.M. 4 Mohawk Showroom
8:00 P.M. 2 Arthur Godfrey and His Friends
9:00 P.M. 2 Maugham Theatre
9:00 P.M. 4 Kraft Theatre
9:00 P.M. 7 Don McNeill TV Club
10:00 P.M. 2 International Boxing Club
10:00 P.M. 4 Break the Bank

Thursday

Ralph Edwards—was born on a farm near Merina, Col., on a Friday the Thirteenth in 1913. He always wanted to act but it wasn't until 1948 that he hit the big time with Truth or Consequences—Tues. 9:30 P.M. EST, CBS and Thurs. 10 P.M. EST, CBS-TV. Married, he lives in Hollywood with his wife and two children.

Time Channel PROGRAM
1:30 P.M. 2 Garry Moore Show
2:30 P.M. 2 The First Hundred Years
2:45 P.M. 2 Johnny Johnston Show
4:00 P.M. 4 Kate Smith Show
5:30 P.M. 4 Howdy Doody Show
6:45 P.M. 2 Lilli Palmer Show
7:00 P.M. 4 Kukla, Fran and Ollie
7:30 P.M. 7 The Lone Ranger
8:00 P.M. 4 Groucho Marx—You Bet Your Life
8:30 P.M. 2 Burns and Allen
8:30 P.M. 7 Stop the Music
9:00 P.M. 2 Alan Young Show
9:00 P.M. 4 Ford Star Revue
9:00 P.M. 5 Ellery Queen
9:30 P.M. 2 Big Town
10:00 P.M. 2 Truth or Consequences
10:00 P.M. 4 Martin Kane, Private Eye
10:30 P.M. 2 Nash Theatre

Tony Marvin—was the perfect example of a perfect announcer until Arthur Godfrey once interrupted him with a question. Now Godfrey's queries and Tony's purposefully long-winded answers are a regular part of the Godfrey format. A New Yorker, Tony lives on Long Island with his wife and nine-year-old daughter.

Thursday

Time Channel PROGRAM
1:30 P.M. 2 Garry Moore Show
2:30 P.M. 2 The First Hundred Years
2:45 P.M. 2 Johnny Johnston Show
4:00 P.M. 4 Kate Smith Show
5:30 P.M. 4 Howdy Doody Show
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9:00 P.M. 4 Ford Star Revue
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9:30 P.M. 2 Big Town
10:00 P.M. 2 Truth or Consequences
10:00 P.M. 4 Martin Kane, Private Eye
10:30 P.M. 2 Nash Theatre

Genial William Gaxton is host of alternating comedy, mystery and musical productions.
### Friday

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<td>7:00 P.M.</td>
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<td>7</td>
<td>Faye Emerson</td>
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<td>7:30 P.M.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>Mohawk Showroom</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:45 P.M.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>Perry Como</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:00 P.M.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>Mama</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:30 P.M.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>Man Against Crime</td>
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A hard-hitting operative, Mike Barnett, played by Ralph Bellomy, who has played over five hundred roles in his stage career.

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<td>8:30 P.M.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>We, The People</td>
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Dan Seymour, described as the man with the friendliest voice on the air, interviews famous and unknown people for dramatic vignettes. Allan Jackson—crack CBS newscaster from Hot Springs, Ark., has added video (M-F 11 P.M. EST) to his already heavy radio schedule (M-F 6 P.M. EST). Physically, he is the means to an end. His voice was covering post-war London—he lost twenty pounds in two years. In N. Y., the Jacksons live in a converted barn upstate.

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<tr>
<td>9:00 P.M.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>Ford Theater</td>
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— alternating with —

Charlie Wild, Private Detective


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<tr>
<th>Time</th>
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<th>PROGRAM</th>
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<tr>
<td>9:00 P.M.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>Henry Morgan Show</td>
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Here's Morgan (Henry) introducing guests who have unusual talents.

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<tr>
<th>Time</th>
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<tr>
<td>9:00 P.M.</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>Hands of Mystery</td>
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Suspenseful melodrama with a new story each week and cast with Broadway actors.

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<tr>
<td>9:00 P.M.</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>Pullitzer Prize Playhouse</td>
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《拉塞尔·普利策奖》加入了一位新的故事，每周和百老汇的演员一起表演。

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<tr>
<td>9:30 P.M.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>The Big Story</td>
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— alternating with —

The Clock


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<tr>
<th>Time</th>
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<th>PROGRAM</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>10:00 P.M.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>Cavalcade of Sports</td>
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Jimmy Powers announces the country's best boxing bouts from Madison Square Garden.

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<tr>
<td>10:00 P.M.</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>Cavalcade of Stars</td>
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Jackie Gleason, star of the fast-moving variety show, is loved for his bachelor pantomimes. (See the Gleason story on p. 40.)

### Saturday

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<td>7:00 P.M.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>Big Top</td>
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Ringmaster Jack Sterling introducing many breath-taking circus acts. Oldtimer Joe Bailey leads the cast. Ed Naccell is the clown.

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<th>Time</th>
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<tr>
<td>7:30 P.M.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>Sam Levenson</td>
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Levenson, good-humored ex-school teacher whose high grades in comedy on CBS's Show Business won him accolades as the best new comic of the year and a show of his own.

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<th>Time</th>
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<tr>
<td>8:00 P.M.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>Ken Murray Show</td>
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A dazzling revue with Ken Murray and his leading lady, Darla Hood, many years ago the girl sweetheart in "Our Gang" comedies.

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<tr>
<td>8:00 P.M.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>Jack Carter Show</td>
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Jack is nimble and Jack is quick with impersonations and comedy. Add regulars Dan Richards and orchestra leader Harry Sosnick, dancers and guests for the big in variety.

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<th>Time</th>
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<tr>
<td>8:00 P.M.</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>Paul Whiteman's Teen Club</td>
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"Pops" contends and proves that youngsters today are as talented as those of a generation ago. Nancy Lewis is co-emcee.

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<th>Time</th>
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<tr>
<td>9:00 P.M.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>At Madison Square Garden</td>
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College basketball holds the spotlight in the last events of this series with Curt Gowdy, an ex-star himself reporting: Mar. 17, N.I.T. Game; Mar. 24 N.C.A.A. Eastern Regional Games; Mar. 31, East-West Game.

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<tr>
<td>9:00 P.M.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>Frank Sinatra Show</td>
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The heart-throbber, making New York his permanent home, with a smashing show. Big name guests and regulars: Moon Martin and Alex Stordahl's band.

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<td>9:00 P.M.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>Your Show of Shows</td>
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The top quality humor of Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca, well-matched by the superb singing of Marguerite Piazza and Robert Merrill. Dramatic dance productions.

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<tr>
<td>10:00 P.M.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>Sing It Again</td>
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Name the Phantom Voice for a fifteen-thousand-dollar jackpot and enjoy Judy Lynn, 21-year-old songstress, and record-breaking baritone, Alon Dale. Dan Seymour is emcee.

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<tr>
<td>10:30 P.M.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>Your Hit Parade</td>
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Eileen Wilson, who almost passed up show business to become a school teacher, sings the top tunes of the week with Snooky Lanson, Hit Parodiers and Raymond Scott's band.

### Wayne Howell

Wayne Howell—doubles as emcee of his own NBC show (Sat. 4:30 P.M. EST) and as announcer on Broadway Open House. In high school, he belonged to the debating team and later, at the U. of Kentucky, worked for the college station. He became an NBC announcer after two years in the production department.
COUNSEL
Live gaily, though the years may be
Sharp-pointed by Fate's cruelty;
Move carelessly along your path,
Impervious to thunder's wrath.

Then, rearing back, send forth one bolt
To give the startled world a jolt,
And when the audience commences chaffing,
Lift one eyebrow and exit, laughing!
—Mary Ellen Stelling

TEMPERAMENTAL SPRING
March on tiptoe is a fidgety man
Who mixes his hours with a temper-span
And pets or coddles a breath of spring
As he smiles or weeps for a June-set ring.
—Helen Marger Waters

THOUGH FROM YOUR SIDE
The bone, the flesh, the blood, all that is me
Is gone; gone halfway round the earth.
But what I am and all I am will be
Found here by you, and anything of worth
Will stay and wrap itself around your heart
Like vines entwined around the summer home.
Though I be gone, in time, in space apart;
Near you will I be found. And I will come
At any moment of the day or night,
Awake, asleep, or even into death.
I will return; the passage of my flight
Will touch upon your thoughts as did my breath
Upon your cheek when we were still, with love.
Though from your side I walk, I will not move
—Dan Kelly

EPILOGUE
What psychic glimmer in the soul
Responds to words unsaid.
Making the art of self-control
A curse to know and dread?
I told my love
Yet knowing
'Twould make him turn aside;
I told my love with laughter
And when alone, I cried.
For wanting
And for having,
But most for loss of pride;
To tell my love was weaker
For he cannot reply;
My love, he is a seeker
And soon will say good-bye.
—Joyce Shane

5:00 P.M.
below me in the street cors pork and wives
meet their spouses one by one as they
come out when day is done and with neither
look nor grin the men will clomber in
beneath the wheel as if to say they’re
the better drivers anyway!
two out of ten the ratio will turn their
heads to say hello, two out of ten will
move to kiss the wife who’s waited for
simply this and two don’t fear to ride
like passengers on the other side. two out
of ten seem to be living life and shoring it
with a lucky wife.
—Mortho Boncroft

We asked nurses to compare...

82% of them said...

Enjoy the wonderful, natural flavor of king-size 
Cavalier—the cooler, lighter, milder cigarette. Priced no higher than other leading brands.

Cavaliers are Milder 
than the brand I had been smoking!

Scores and scores of off-duty, New York hospital nurses were asked to compare CAVALIER CIGARETTES with the brand they had been smoking... compare them for mildness.

82%—just think of it!—82% of the smokers interviewed said CAVALIERS are milder than the brand they had been smoking! And that included all leading brands!
and friends. (And the cobbler's son marries the oil millionaire's daughter, the millionaire having done the same thing when he was a young man!) Women are more apt to admire the way a man dances, his darling—er, the angle of his hat, how he knots his tie. That "men are just overgrown boys" trap snare a considerable number of us. Never mind! Many women are the disposition of a fiend—isn't he cute?

The boys have it all over us at home. Say we're secretaries, salesgirls, nurses, or whatever. We come home from that eight-hour job and find we have lined up for us? Shopping, cooking, cleaning, washing dishes, sending out the laundry and washing out our nylons, while the alleged breadwinner looks at the fights, the basketball game, or curls up with a good book. All we get is a quick, over-the-shoulder glance at the television screen when we race through the living room to our next chore. Or if we're in the kitchen and take care of the kids, chances are the money we've earmarked for a new dress goes for junior's Hopalong Cassidy outfit or for Pop's new suit.

Speaking of clothes—why just clothes alone show how really bright men are! They struggle into no girdles, ruining their freshly-applied nailpolish in the process. They change nasses with every different costume. No feathers fan the breeze from hats perched precariously on hair they've just paid a fortune to have done. No charm bracelets hang in their vicinage. No four-inch heels endanger their lives on uneven pavements, nor do their arches ache from teetering along trying to keep up with manly strides and the growled reminder, "Hurry up. D'you want to miss the subway?"

What I'd like to know is, did we trap ourselves into dressing the way we do or did we trust the amount of propaganda they put out to discourage us from wearing what they like to consider strictly male clothes like slacks, no matter how trim our figures may be, because it was all that was keep all that comfort to themselves. The only advantage we have over our comfortable males in the clothing department is on a hot summer day or in an overheated room—we can lean triumphantly at our boy friends who are yanking at their wilting collars. I wish we had man's early objectivity about what we want to be when we grow up! And that spirit of competition that sends a man up the ladder, raise by raise. The hard-boiled attitude of every man for himself and let the lunks fall by the wayside, is a predominantly masculine viewpoint. You don't hear a man say "Poor Joe, he's no good but he has a wife and ten kids to support so give him this big fat order and I'll go home and have a drink." Emotions and business don't mix in a man's world. If the file clerk gets the letters in the wrong folders or the truck driver goes to sleep at the wheel then it's just too bad, as far as men are concerned. But women—we go soft and sentimental and think up alibis for the sad sacks! Maybe we're right from a standpoint of humanity, but we'll never make a million dollars peddling the milk of human kindness.

One man, the director, is all we have on our television show. Is he outnumbered? No. It only takes one efficient guy to handle six girls.

And aren't they smart, the way they keep all the big-time, important jobs for themselves? No woman ever has been president of the United States, never held down big jobs in politics, most of the great scientists and inventors are men. Always the famous surgeons and doctors. We don't become generals or ships' captains. We seldom conduct symphony orchestras. We don't write the world's greatest books, paint the immortal masterpieces. We aren't even the greatest chefs.

Men tell us how to decorate our houses. They design our kitchen equipment, dictate our fashions, whip up those silly hats we wear—probably with their tongues in their cheeks. Why? Let's face it. They're just smarter. And, to prevent our starting an argument, they let enough of us into their domains as long as we're discriminating against us because we're women.

It's small wonder women are always demanding more and more "rights." Personally, I don't want any more rights than I have now, but I can see the point. The girl in the airplane factory who does her work as well or perhaps better than the guy next to her can't be promoted to executive because she doesn't have a day's growth of beard on her face. She doesn't get paid as much as that fellow over there who does exactly the same job as she, and doesn't have to spend Saturday morn-

CAN A WIFE FORSAKE HER HUSBAND?

TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS has been sent to Mrs. Luise Allen of Kansas City, Missouri, for the best letter of advice on January's daytime serial question, (Pepper Young's Family): "Can A Wife Forsake Her Husband?"

FIVE DOLLARS each for the five next-best letters has been sent to: Mrs. Emil A. Schumann, Harlingen, Texas; Mrs. Elnora Wendell, Farm-

Avelon, Cal.; Mrs. Harold Polenske, LeSueur, Minn.; Mrs. C. F. Davison, Easton, Penn.
nose. He chews at a cigar when he isn’t singing ... His necktie is black. He hasn’t worn a colored tie since the death of his wife in 1943.

You quickly discover that this five-foot seven-inch H-bomb is a perfectionist, even in rehearsal ... “He works a full show every time he does the rehearsal,” his old friend and associate, Lou Cohen, tells you proudly. You nod as you watch from the sidelines. When Jimmy goes through his songs he uses his voice full strength, sings every word with the special Durante inflection. No umpty-umpty-um stuff for him, as some other performers do to save their energy. “Whatta note, whatta pear-shaped tone,” he’ll exclaim.

When he first started his TV show, someone asked how he thought he’d do in the new medium. “All I can say is when I get in front of that monster I’ll do what I always done, give ’em all I got,” was his answer. It still stands, but now he always ends up with, “Dat box is molder,” and shakes his head, wondering where this TV is leading ... No one knows how many sensitive young people have written him because they, too, have oversize noses. Because Jimmy never thought of his as a liability and it never made him unhappy, he is able to tell them how little classic features have to do with leading a happy life. They usually wind up convinced it’s a mark of distinction to have a nose of noble proportions.

Jimmy’s wife was a beautiful, intelligent and charming woman who gave up her own career when she married him. They met when he was in his early twenties, and was playing the piano in a small nightclub. Jeanne was applying for a job as singer. He fell for her right away, and from the first she was sure he would be one of the greatest comedians of his time.

He was born in New York on February 10, 1893, of a non-professional family ... His dad was a barber on the Lower East Side and as a youngster he worked as a lather boy in the shop, soaping such famous faces as the late Al Smith’s ... When Jimmy showed a talent for music, his parents sent him to a neighborhood “professor” to study piano. The first club he worked was an obscure Bowery spot. Then there was Diamond Tony’s, where he began to work in a black turtleneck sweater, his trade-mark for years.

His own Club Durant, started in 1924, was the turning point in his success. As usual, Jimmy banged the piano, his old friend Eddie Jackson sang and danced, and finally Lou Clayton bought in and joined the show. That was the beginning of the famous Clayton, Jackson and Durante trio ... When Clayton died in California last September 12, Jimmy could hardly tear himself away from his old partner’s side during the week he was ill. Eddie Jackson, of course, is still performing brilliantly with Jimmy on TV.

Jimmy has never forgotten any of the people he knew on his way up ... Everybody knows he’s a pushover for a touch, but no one knows, least of all Jimmy, how much money he has “lent” to friends and strangers.

His house in Beverly Hills and his suite at the Hotel Astor in New York are always filled with people. He keeps irregular hours, goes to bed when other people are bracing themselves against the morning alarm, works prodigiously, is seldom alone ... His hotel rooms are the meeting place for all his friends and associates. Gag writers, agents, managers, old pals, showfolk of all kinds wander in and out. The little fellow himself paces the rooms restlessly, usually swathed in a blue dressing gown ... “Gimme lotsa noise,” he grins. “I thrive on da stuff.” The television set is on, tuned to a fight if there is one ... Telephones ring constantly, the neon lights from the huge electric sign across the street blink on and off. He reads detective stories ... He gives both time and money to benefits, more freely than almost any other actor, and this in a business known for its open hearts and hands ... Eddie Jackson tells about the time eight of them went to a little Italian restaurant for Jimmy's favorite pizza. (he always asks everyone along to meals) ... As Jimmy passed a table where an Italian workman was scated, Eddie heard him say, “There goes Durante, a king with the heart of a peasant.”

Known and loved as a simple fellow, completely aboveboard, there is one secret he keeps ... When he says “Goodnight, Mrs. Calabash, wherever you are,” everybody wonders who she is ... Even those who know won’t tell.

---

Fight tooth decay, guard your gums—

to keep your Whole Mouth Healthier!

Two-way Ipana cleansing* helps protect your teeth and gums both!

Are you doing all you should to keep your whole mouth healthier? Not unless you follow the advice of dentists—fight tooth decay and guard your gums, too.

* You help guard your teeth and gums BOTH — by brushing and massaging the way your dentist directs—and by using famous Ipana Tooth Paste.

No other tooth paste—ammoniated or otherwise—has been proved more effective than Ipana to fight tooth decay. And proper massaging with Ipana does more than that—its cleansing action actually helps keep your gums healthy, too.

- Start using Ipana today—to keep your whole mouth healthier. You’ll like Ipana’s flavor, too—so refreshing. Get Ipana, it’s another dependable Bristol-Myers product.

You can keep your whole mouth healthier, more wholesome—even your breath sweeter, cleaner—by guarding against tooth decay and gum troubles both. So don’t risk halfway dental care. Always use two-way Ipana cleansing* for healthier teeth and healthier gums—for better all-around mouth protection.
No other laxative gives you ALL these advantages—

DELICIOUS CHOCOLATE TASTE

GENTLE ACTION

EASY TO TAKE

SPECIAL SCIENTIFIC TESTING

And no other laxative even comes close to Ex-Lax in popularity. It's the best-liked and biggest-selling laxative in all America... the favorite of young and old. Ex-Lax is 12¢, economy size 30¢.

When Nature 'forgets'... remember

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

How BLONDES Get Their Men

For the blonde who's "in the know" it's easy to capture her big moment of life. What man could resist her glorious blonde hair?... like thousands of popular blondes, she makes her hair alluring with BLONDEX, the shampoo created especially for blondes. Its creamy, bubbling foam washes hair shades lighter and gives it a lovely lustrous shine—leaves hair gloriously clean. It contains ANDIUM to keep blonde hair from darkening. Instantly removes dingy film that makes hair dull and old looking. Use it at home—takes only 11 minutes. Safe for children. Get BLONDEX today at 10c, drug and department stores.

At Home, A Different Man

(Continued from page 54)

hero is neither Hoppy nor Autry. They idolize Bert. Annette will tell you that when they go shopping for clothes, the boys ask for coats and hats like Daddy's. Luckily, they're still too young to be borrowing his neckties.

The baby of the family, two-year-old Petey, is called Betty, partly to eliminate confusion with Mother. Petey is well loved by her brothers who watch over her and teach her new words.

Petey, at her tender age, is not quite tender with the boys. At times she administers a telling blow with her little fist or foot, but the twins never strike back. They consider her just a baby. After all Petey wasn't on television and the twins weren't.

"Did you see us?" the twins ask.

Bert had them on his matinee show.

Besides opening the program, they sang "Jingle Bells." The five-year-olds made all the arrangements for their appearance in their nightly conference with Bert.

The male side of the Parks family has a meeting each evening in the long, spacious living room. Like the rest of the nine-room house, the living room is decorated along modern lines. The walls are painted forest green with a curiously white ceiling. (It took seven coats of paint to get the color they wanted and Bert figures the room is one foot smaller as a result of all the painting.) In one corner of the living room, against the French windows, is Bert's favorite piece of furniture, a circular red sofa. It's here that the three Mr. Parks have their nightly conference.

"What happened today, men?" Bert will ask.

"I've got a new gold mine in Texas," one of the twins answers. "I might make you a partner."

"Let's discuss the details then," Bert replies and they go into a very serious huddle.

The boys are growing up and their questions are turning more and more to real issues. "What does God look like?", and "Where does rain come from?" are the kinds of questions that most frequently provoke their queries—and stump their parents for a quick answer. But the twins can be confusing without saying a word. Few people can tell them apart. They wear the same clothes, have the same toys and the same interests. Bert and Annette admit the only certain way they have of distinguishing the boys is by the mole on Joel's arm. Joel is very much aware of this—and makes the most of it. One night he shared a bedroom with a couple of other boys. When they asked him which twin he was, Joel answered, "I don't know. It's too dark to see the mole on my arm."

The twins join Bert for a second breakfast on his days off. Bert usually gets up late, around nine, and then the three men go outside to putter around the house. Bert does his own caretaking. During the warm months you'll find him mowing the lawn, digging crab grass out of the flagstone terrace and trimming the hedges. His favorite chores are the petunias and zinnias. Where there are any small carpentry or painting jobs to be done, Bert does them himself, too. In the afternoons, they may all drive over to the beach to relax in the sun or Bert may go down to the cellar.

This is where I keep my only hobby," Bert explains, indicating his massive and intricate display of miniature trains.

Over a year ago, a friend sent the twins an electric train. They were too young, but Bert was neither too young nor too old. A desire that had been forgotten many years came to the fore. Bert took over a room in the cellar and built a base twice the size of a ping-pong table. Now he has three trains and an elaborate webbing of tracks. There is a baggage platform that automatically loads and unloads boxes; a station with a voice calling out train arrivals, and a cattle pen with toy animals in constant motion. The engines puff around with real smoke.

"The smoke pellets are edible," Bert jokes. "Every night it's one for the engine and one for me."

The trains have proved to be a great relaxation and he's always experimenting, doing things like wiring new switches in and expanding his rolling stock. Many evenings he drops down to the cellar for just a few minutes but gets so absorbed he doesn't come up till long after bedtime. Other nights he may be found in his pine-panelled den, answering letters or watching TV.

"Some of our neighbors are curious about Bert," Annette will tell you. "They wonder whether he's the same ball of fire at home that he is on television."

"Why, that's my problem..."

exclaimed one amazed listener when she heard the refreshingly different radio program, "My True Story." She's not the only listener who says this, either, for "My True Story" presents real-life dramas of real-life people, direct from the files of True Story Magazine. They're stories that could be your own, your neighbors', or your friends'... everyday loves, hopes, fears and problems of real people.

TUNE IN "MY TRUE STORY"

AMERICAN BROADCASTING STATIONS
It’s a good point, for any Bert Parks show is sparked with what seems his indefatigable zest. Actually, around home, Bert just lounges in old clothes and is as calm as most husbands, or perhaps more than most.

It’s the demands of his programs that make Bert such a cheerful but quiet stay-at-home. He has many friends in the neighborhood most of whom have no connection with show business. They drop over for chats and get-togethers that may wind up in a songfest but nothing noisier. Alec Templeton lives two houses down the road and Bud Collier is another near neighbor.

Of course, Bert is first to admit that credit for the smooth-running household goes to Annette. She has managed superbly since the day they were married in 1943.

“Annette has everything,” Bert says. “Looks, intelligence, common sense and charm.”

When Annette describes Bert, it sounds like the same record being played back. They couldn’t be more contented with their marriage.

Bert and Annette got away together and alone for the first time since the last summer. They had a month’s vacation in Europe which turned out to be a lot of fun although it didn’t start out too well. Annette didn’t feel too happy about leaving the children for the first time, although her mother eased that a bit by arranging to stay at their home. Then Annette, who admits her Pennsylvania Dutch background has made her slightly superstitious, felt the several cancellations of their flight was a bad omen. Bert’s wise-crack as they boarded the plane didn’t comfort her much: “I think they put this together with Scotch tape,” he remarked.

“However, all of my anxiety was soon forgotten,” Annette recalls. “We had a wonderful time.

They didn’t do much shopping, although Bert purchased in the Montmartre a painting that now hangs in their living room, and increased his record collection with several French pressings. They returned home by ship and the twins were at the dock to meet them.

“It was the best part of the trip,” Bert remembers.

In the short time it took to drive home, Bert was reestablished in his routine. There were games to be played and new books to be read aloud. And the next morning the boys were in his room to fetch him a belt and tie. That’s the way it is with the twins.

But the adulation doesn’t stop with the children and Annette. Their cook, Bertha, is always planning special meals for Bert. His favorite menu—a natural since he was born and bred in Atlanta—is chicken with hot biscuits and a floating island for dessert. But when it comes to midnight snacks, a regular meal in the household, Bert insists no one can prepare the scrambled eggs but himself. And both Annette and Bertha agree he does an excellent job.

“It’s a good life we live,” Bert says. “And sometimes quiet.”

He lifts his eyes to the ceiling in the general direction of the children’s bedroom. There may be a sudden crash that sounds as if the roof is falling in. It’s only five or ten pounds of wood blocks getting the old heavy-ho from the boys, or perhaps a scream of “Geronimo!” as they play paratrooper and bally out of their beds. Yes, it’s the twins who make the excitement. At home, Bert Parks is a quiet and satisfied man.
that I got my biggest surprise of the show because of Margaret. Right after we finished that program, someone rushed up and told me, "The President wants you on the telephone." I thought he was president of NBC, so I said, "Tell him to call me tomorrow."

"No, no—you can't tell the President that," said the messenger. "He's calling from Washington!"

I still couldn't believe it was President Truman, so I dragged Margaret with me to the phone to make sure it wasn't a prank. It wasn't, actually. It was her father, and he told me, "Thank you for being so sweet to my baby." Which hadn't been any kind of a problem, as far as I knew, with pneumonia. My sweetest letter from Margaret, written on her own note-paper, initialed "M.M.T.," and thanking me herself. I wired back that I was jealous of all the praise she'd got—I'd like Talli to get some of those bouquets!

But Gaylord's only one of my many managers at my country house in Bedford Village. I always have about seven dogs there, as well as my mynah bird. And then there's the story of getting a baby seal for my swimming pool—pool-broken, of course, ahead of time. When I'm there I get up around two p.m. and spend the rest of the day listening to ball games, playing bridge or ping pong. Here in New York, though, I spend my days sleeping and reading—I've read four murder mysteries in the past two weeks. Sitting in a chair, talking on the phone, and taking baths. I take baths for hours. And I'm in bed a lot—let me die in bed; never let it be said that I was so gallant as to die on stage, altho' I'm sure I could—beri-beri and anything else you can think of—also watch my favorite TV show: Kukla, Fran and Ollie.

Now let me confound an idea I'm sure all those millions of radio listeners have formed about me. Because our show is based on fierce insults, instead of sugary compliments, everyone is always reading about my age—and I'm positive all those listeners think I'm a hundred years old and weigh five hundred pounds. The truth is I'm forty—seventeen, and weigh only 118 pounds. Of course, I've spent my whole life either stuffing or starving. Summers, up in my country place, I've always stuffed steadily—until a month before I was due in New York, then I started starving. To get in shape, I started dieting six weeks before The Big Show opened . . .

My diet? Well, I drink water and lemon in the morning, and eat no salt entirely (because it's the most fattening thing you can eat—it stores up water in your body or something), and live on tired old lamb chops and spinach. No sugar. And no drinking. The pounds just fall off—and so do my friends; I haven't a friend left three days after I start a diet.

Let me say here that I think radio is wonderful, after years of being a legitimate actress (I always blush when I say that word "legitimate," what that word means, I never known) and that I think half the success of The Big Show is due to that angel producer-director Dee Englebach. He organizes everything, and quietly manages us all. And the first sign of our success is due to our bandleader Meredith Willison. These two—and the wonderful comedy writers—work all week long—the rest of us just slave over the weekend.

I'm always being asked how I like being on radio every week, after years in the theater. Well, I can't tell you how often I thank God that I'm no longer stuck with those eight performances a week. Now I work two days a week—rehearsing all day. I have to get up at the crack of dawn to be at NBC's Center Theater at ten a.m., but I always dress comfortably for rehearsals: in slacks, flat shoes, and no makeup. At four o'clock Sunday afternoons we give the five minutes break so we can dress for the show. Two hours later—we have a studio audience of 3,000 people watching us.

In those forty-five minutes I dash home to my hotel, take a hot shower, change into those damned high heels and a dress, and put on semi-stage makeup. And get back to the theater. I've never related to a performance in my life . . . even though, one week, I forgot to put on my shower cap before I got into the shower—and had to go on with my hair soaking wet. Luckily, William Morris agents called me to do this show, I never knew how it would completely upset my life. (My agents are all doctors or lawyers, instead of leeches and flesh-people like the others; I hope this stays in print.)

One upset. I never normally go outside my home for any reason at all. Stores send me dresses they think I'd like to buy, and I try them on at home. I have my hair done at home.

But, ready to do The Big Show, I went to the shops to see what clothes they had. I bought two lovely evening gowns at Hattie Carnegie's—decided not to be so dressy after the first show anyway, so now I wear one of the six cocktail dresses I also bought. Soon I'm going to wear my slacks on the show . . . why not? Off-stage, I've always worn slacks in slacks, raincoat, no hat and dark glasses.

I'm settled in the Hotel Elysee in New York where I've stayed, off and on, since 1931. I love this hotel because the staff are all saints, and besides they let me have my dogs with me . . . and I wouldn't think of living without my little parakeet Gaylord. I've got a special little traveling cage for him, with a leather zippered case to cover it in all kinds of weather.

Don't be HALF-SAFE
by VALDA SHERMAN
Many mysterious changes take place in your body as you mature. Now, the sebaceous glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a new type of perspiration containing milky substances which will—if they reach your dress—cause ugly stains and clinging odor.

You'll face this problem throughout womanhood. It's not enough merely to stop the odor of this perspiration. You must now use a deodorant that stops the perspiration itself before it reaches—and ruins—your clothes.

As doctors know, not all deodorants stop both perspiration and odor. But Arrid does! It's been proved that the new cream deodorant Arrid stops underarm perspiration 1 to 3 days safely—keeps underarms dry and sweet.

Remember this, too. Arrid's antiseptic action kills odor on contact—prevents formation of odor up to 48 hours and keeps you "shower-bath" fresh. And it's safe for skin—safe for fabrics.

So, don't be half-safe. Don't risk your happiness with half-safe deodorants. Be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be sure. Arrid with Creamogen will not dry out, and it's so pleasant and easy to apply. Get Arrid today.

They're All Darlings"
(Continued from page 33)
Easter
(Continued from page 28)

and allowed the sentence of death by crucifixion to be passed.
What had this Man done? He had dared to speak the truth! Because He was not afraid to expose the lies and hypocrisy of the world, He was hated and feared. The world turned against Him and thought to silence Him forever by sentencing Him to die on the cross. But the truths which He revealed did not perish on the cross, but have lived.

Let us look back to the three long hours of agony He endured. The executioners lead Jesus to the spot where the cross is lying on the ground. They violently stretch His hands and feet to the places marked for them, and fasten them with nails to the wood. Mary hears the strokes of the hammer and every blow wounds her heart. Mary Magdalene's grief is intensified by her incapability to help the tortured Jesus, who is heard to speak, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

It is the sixth hour. The sun withdraws its light, and darkness covers the face of the earth. The stars appear in the heavens. The grief of whose cross is set at the right of Jesus feels himself touched with repentance and hope. Turning to his companion, he upbraids him for having blasphemed Jesus, and then turning his head toward the cross, he said to Him: "Remember me when Thou shalt come into Thy kingdom," and Jesus said in his second word on the cross: "Amen, I say to thee, to-day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise."

Mary draws near to the cross. The darkness has dispersed the crowd. Jesus looks with tenderest affection upon Mary. His mother. The sight of her sorrow is a new grief in His heart. He is dying and she cannot console Him. Mary Magdalene is there, distracted with grief, and John, overwhelmed with sorrow. Jesus speaks to His mother, and to the beloved disciple: "Woman, behold thy son." After that He said to His disciple, "Behold thy mother."

It is close upon the ninth hour, the third hour after mid-day. The agony of the Man of Sorrows has become so great that it forces from His lips the plaintive sigh, "My God, My God! Why hast Thou forsaken Me?"

There was but one detail of prophecy which was as yet unfulfilled: years before the royal psalmist had said, "And they gave me gall for my food; and in my thirst they gave me vinegar to drink." Well He knew that in answer to His words one of the soldiers would present to His dying lips a spongeful of vinegar. But He came to fulfill all and do a perfect work, and He breaks that awful silence by that word so expressive of suffering—"I thirst."

And now His eyes begin to close and His lips become cold and livid. Jesus lifts up His head, and fixing His eyes on heaven, speaks thus: It is His sixth word: "It is consummated."

This Man, worn out by suffering, whose few words were scarcely audible now utter a loud cry. It is His seventh and last word: "Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit."

And so, on this day, we have only to remember the crucifixion to know that in spite of the sufferings of life, the faith of one Man still is the hope of mankind. The truths He gave to the world can be a Guiding Light to all people.

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AUNT JENNY
Heard on CBS 12:15 P.M. EST
What happens to the girl who refuses to settle for anything less than her dream man? Pretty Linda, working on the newspaper, is one of the first to meet the dynamic young businessman whose coming to town is such an event in the lives of all the young, unmarried girls. Her being with him has led to Linda's infatuation with "her dream come true." Aunt Jenny draws from this incident one of her most dramatic and thought-provoking stories of young love.

BACKSTAGE WIFE
Heard on NBC 4 P.M. EST
With her husband Larry still in jail charged with the murder of Oliver Wilson, Mary acts on an idea of hers in searching the apartment of actress Claudia Vincent, Oliver's widow. From some gloves Mary finds, she and the police establish Claudia's guilt in the crime. However, when Mary accompanies the police on their mission to arrest Claudia, the actress, in an insane rage, throws acid in Mary's face. Larry's relapse is marred by tension as Mary lies in the hospital, perhaps permanently disfigured.

BIG SISTER
Heard on CBS 1 P.M. EST
Ruth Wayne's hope that she will be able to discredit Millard Parker weakens when her sister-in-law Hope accepts work as Parker's private secretary. Ruth's young brother Neddie, embittered by what he considers a suspicious tie between Hope and Parker, and also by his own failure in business, creates dangerous complications as he tries to control Hope. Meanwhile, Ruth's relations with her husband John are increasingly strained through Parker's interference.

BRIGHTER DAY
Heard on CBS 2:45 P.M. EST
Did the Dennis family make a wise move when they decided to leave Three Rivers for the larger town of Plymouth, Ohio? Papa Dennis and Liz think so, and so do the others—but Althea knows that no matter where she goes her problem will remain the same. And it's a serious problem, for Althea cannot reconcile herself to the undeniable fact that just as she had decided to divorce Bruce Bigby she found she was going to have his child, and as a result her promising screen career may be over.

FRONT PAGE FARRELL
Heard on NBC 5:45 P.M. EST
In the "Famous Actress Murder Case," reporter David Farrell and his wife Sally unravel a tangled plot that has the police and the city's theatrical world completely confused. An understudy, substituting for a sick star, is poisoned onstage—and the star, terrified, seeks protection as she claims the poison was intended for her and that the attempts will be made to kill her. The evidence which David eventually uncovers solves the case and makes a sensational story for his paper, the Eagle.
MA PERKINS

Heard on CBS 1:15 P.M. EST

After what in some ways was a whirlwind courtship of Fay—though nothing was really said—Spencer Grayson leaves Rushville Center with an almost casual good-bye. But Fay, who knows beyond a doubt that Spencer is in love with her—and who knows how strongly she responds to his interest—wonders if this can really be all. Once before Spencer went away, and came back. Will it be the same this time? And when he returns from his glamorous life in New York, will he ask Fay a very important question?

OUR GAL SUNDAY

Heard on CBS 12:45 P.M. EST

Philip Chandler, new superintendent of the Fairbrooke Orphanage, brings many new complications in the life of Sunday Brin-throps. What is the strangeness that Sunday senses in the personality of Philip's young fiancée, Judith? Sunday thinks she is being oversuspicious, but her suspicions prove well founded when she discovers Judith and Rodney are conspiring to gain Philip's fortune. Since he has signed this away to his daughter Lois, Rodney plans to marry the girl. Will Sunday prevent this?

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY

Heard on NBC 3:30 P.M. EST

Will Sadie Mercer, Gil's girl friend, be the weak link in the chain that led to the Elm-dale bank robbery? It is Sadie who reveals the fact that two men named Ivy Willie and Mouse know more about the robbery than anyone else, and starts Sam Young on the trail of the two thugs. How will this eventually affect Carter Trent's mother, Mrs. Ivy Trent? Meanwhile the Youngs rejoice in the newest member of their family, the tiny daughter just born to Peggy and Carter Trent.

PERRY MASON

Heard on CBS 2:05 P.M. EST

The long, painful attempt to capture Walter Bodt comes to a successful conclusion as Perry Mason at last faces the arch-criminal across a courtroom, and accuses him of numer-berless crimes. But Bodt, ingenious and powerful, has laid his own plans, and Perry may find it difficult to prove the case which rests on Bodt's identification by Helen Hunt. For Bodt's organizations has kidnapped Helen and supplied an identical, well-trained imposter in her place. Will Perry discover the scheme in time?

PORTIA FACES LIFE

Heard on NBC 5:15 P.M. EST

Obtaining evidence by illegal means—no lawyer would willingly leave himself or her-self open to such an accusation. But that is the very position in which lawyer Portia Manning finds herself in the first case she takes on after resuming her career. Walter, whose new job as a reporter doesn't bring in enough to help the Mannings rebuild their home, feels an almost twisted vindica-tion for his reluctance to have Portia go back to work when she falls into such grave trouble.

READER BONUS

Timely Tips by Little Lulu

HOW DO YOU SCORE ON THESE HELPFUL WAYS TO SAVE?

For a thrifty manicure, try—

☐ Nail biting ☐ The brush technique
When using polish, cover a book with Kleenex; rest fingers on top, wrist on table. Avoids smudging. Use Kleenex to remove excess polish. No fumbling, with that Kleenex box!

To hang pictures, should you—

☐ Use cellophane tape ☐ Wear gloves
Before hammering, protect wall with small square of cellophane tape. Saves repair bills. And let soft, strong Kleenex save as it serves you—in dozens of helpful ways!

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INTERNATIONAL CELLUCOTTON PRODUCTS CO.
RIGHT TO HAPPINESS
Heard on NBC 3:15 P.M. EST

Dramatic, violent, perhaps tragic—such
hurts been the consequences of Constance
Wakefield Kramer's evidence in the re-
opened custody suit in which her
husband, Dwight, is fighting his divorced wife
Carolyn for their son Skippy. Constance's story
has proven the guilt of Dwight's lawyer
Arnold Kirk, and the frame-up by which
Skippy was taken away from Carolyn. What
will Constance's change of heart mean to
Carolyn and her fiancé, Miles Nelson?

ROAD OF LIFE...
Heard on NBC 3:15 P.M. EST

Dr. Jim Brent finds himself in the curious
position of a man whose social life is being run
by his son, or more specifically, by his
father-son Butch and Butch's wife Francie.
After the death of Jim's wife Carol at least
two women come and went in Jim's life, and
Francie. Jim has found no satisfaction when
Jim can have the wife and family he was
meant for. Will Francie succeed in pro-
moting the attraction that already exists
between Jim and young Jocelyn McLeod?

ROSEMARY...
Heard on CBS 11:45 A.M. EST

The New York adventure is over; Rosemary
and husband Yvonne have returned to
Springdale. Easter Sunday, and the peaceful
ize of the Rosemary's family may suffer from
the association. Can Lefty do Jessie
anything but harm?

SECOND MRS. BURTON...
Heard on CBS 2 P.M. EST

Stan Burton's mother has never been con-
spicuous for common sense, but when she
accepts the attentions of adventurer Rupert
Gorham, she gets the whole family into a
grave predicament—a predicament involv-
ing the murder of her son-in-law, Ralph
Kirkland, and the arrest of her father-in-law
for the crime. When Mrs. Burton realizes
the true character of her "friend" Gorham,
will she also admit how wrong she is in
trying to break up Stan and Terry's marriage?

THIS IS NORA DRAKE...
Heard on CBS 2:30 P.M. EST

Peg Martinson's desire to ruin Nora ap-
proaches complete insanity as she plots
with Fred Spencer, her chauffeur, to trap
Nora—not knowing that Fred has a plot of
his own involving Peg herself. Meanwhile,
Vivian Jarrett, ex-wife of Dr. Robert Sear-
gant, finds a resourceful ally in Peg, and
gether the two emotionally unstable women
lay the plans that may shatter Nora's hap-
piness and her career. Will Nora see their
aims in time?

ROSEMARY...
Heard on CBS 11:45 A.M. EST

The marriage of Don Smith and Kay Cle-
ments, perhaps ill-fated from the start, is
farther strained when Don's paper exposes
a story which Kay insisted be kept quiet.
On the edge of bitter knowing that
Wendy is the girl he should have married,
Don finds his heart broken by Wendy's care-
ful maintenance of the relationship between
them. Wendy feels they should just remain
friends and co-workers. Will she succeed
in walking this emotional tightrope?

WENDY WARREN...
Heard on CBS 12:30 P.M. EST

The marriage of Don Smith and Kay Cle-
ments, perhaps ill-fated from the start, is
farther strained when Don's paper exposes
a story which Kay insisted be kept quiet.
On the edge of bitter knowing that
Wendy is the girl he should have married,
Don finds his heart broken by Wendy's care-
ful maintenance of the relationship between
them. Wendy feels they should just remain
friends and co-workers. Will she succeed
in walking this emotional tightrope?

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES...
Heard on NBC 5 P.M. EST

When the Davises, in severe financial straits,
finally agree to accept help from Joan's wealth-
y mother, both she and Harry vow
that there will be no difference in their
marriage although Joan and the children
will to live with Mrs. Field and Harry makes
a tentative offer. But Joan's past again
vow that there will be no difference in their
marriage although Joan and the children
go to live with Mrs. Field and Harry makes
a tentative offer. But Joan's past again

YOUNG DR. MALONE...
Heard on CBS 1:30 P.M. EST

Anne Malone refuses to leave New York
until Jerry puts himself under the care of
a psychiatrist. After promises, he re-
turns to Three Oaks, and reassures Sam Wil-
liams that her plans to divorce Jerry and
marry him are only temporarily held up. But
when Attorney Ralph Jordan have to believe
that Anne still cares for the hus-
bond who left her. Meanwhile, Sam per-
suades young Crystal Gates that her love
for his son, Gene, will bring her unhappiness.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN...
Heard on NBC 4:45 P.M. EST

Ellen Brown can hardly believe that her
fiancé, Dr. Anthony Loring, has actually
been indicted for the murder of wealthy
Horace Steele. The accusation, made by
Lita Haddon, is so well supported that An-
thony's innocence cannot stand up against
it, and police chief Barney Harris and dis-
trict attorney Ralph Jordan have to believe
her. But Ellen will not rest until Anthony is
clarified. Will she find a flaw in Lita Haddon's
story in time to save the man she loves?
Good Beginnings
(Continued from page 52)

SCRAPLE
1/4 cup corn meal 1/2 tablespoons
3 cups meat stock minced onions
1 teaspoon salt 1/4 teaspoon sage
1 1/2 cups ground cooked pork

Bring stock to a full boil in a large saucepan. Gradually sprinkle corn meal into boiling stock, stirring constantly until mixture comes to a boil. Reduce heat. Cook 5 minutes, stirring occasionally. Add remaining ingredients. Place over boiling water and cover tightly. Continue cooking about 45 minutes or until all the water has been absorbed. When done pack into a well-greased loaf pan. Cool; then chill until firm. Remove from pan and cut into 1/4 slices. Dip in flour and fry on both sides in meat drippings or bacon fat. Makes 6 servings.

SALLY LUNN

2 cups sifted 1 egg
flour 2/3 cup milk
3 teaspoons 1/2 cup brown
baking powder sugar
1/4 teaspoon salt cinnamon
1/3 cup shortening 1 tablespoon
1/3 cup sugar melted butter

Mix and sift together flour, baking powder and salt. Place shortening in a bowl. Work with a spoon until soft. Add sugar gradually. Work together until light and fluffy. Add egg and beat well. Stir in milk. Add sifted flour mixture. Stir only enough to moisten dry ingredients. Turn into a greased 8" square pan. Combine brown sugar, cinnamon and melted butter. Sprinkle over top of batter. Bake in a hot oven (400°F.) about 20 minutes. Cut into squares and serve hot. Makes one 8" square cake.

BAKED EGGS IN BACON RINGS

Partially cook 1 strip of bacon for each serving. Remove from pan while still soft. Place in muffin pans, lining the sides. Carefully break an egg into each muffin pan. Pour 1 tablespoon cream over each egg. Season with salt and pepper and dot with butter. Sprinkle with fine, dry bread crumbs and a dash of paprika. Bake in a moderate oven (350°F.) for about 15 minutes or until the whites of the eggs are set. Serve immediately.

SURPRISE MUFFINS

2 cups sifted 2 eggs, slightly
flour beaten
1/4 cup sugar 1/2 cup milk
3 teaspoons 1/4 cup shortening,
baking melted powder
1/4 teaspoon salt jelly

Sift flour, baking powder, sugar and salt together into a bowl. In a smaller bowl combine eggs, milk and shortening. Pour egg mixture into flour mixture. Stir quickly, only enough to moisten dry ingredients. The batter should be lumpy. Fill greased muffin tins 1/2 full. Place 1 teaspoon jelly in each section. Add remaining batter to fill muffin pans 2/3 full. Bake in a hot oven (400°F.) 20-25 minutes. Makes 12 medium-sized muffins.
ONE FOOLISH GESTURE

It was her anniversary . . . and it was a lovely dress. But only Madame Sophie could have saved her from its results.

As everyone who knows Madame Sophie is well aware, she's not the most modest of women. Of course, the magnificent gowns she designs call attention to themselves on their own merits—they do not need to be advertised by Madame or anybody else. To see them is to want them—if you can afford them. But sometimes Madame Sophie regrets a little that of her other major interest so little is known. That is, her interest in human beings—especially her own customers. From time to time she is able to reach out her strong little hands and give to somebody's life a turn—just a touch, a mere word, a single phone call—which sets in motion all the machinery necessary to put that life on a different track. A better track, of course, to Madame Sophie's way of thinking, or else she would not make the gesture. Sometimes, watching the results that follow on her little "arrangements," she is very sad indeed that the (Continued on page 92)
Miriam saw with a faint shock that the girl was indeed rather like herself in outline. But she's so young, she thought sadly.
They could be wrong; she was not even Madame herself who knew the whole story. That was the case with the Ashleys. Nobody really knows the whole story of that episode, but there is no doubt that it happened in the minds and hearts of three people, and those are the most secret places known to man. Perhaps, however, Miriam Ashley knows best, or at least to knowing. It was she who gave it the most thought. If it comes to that, it was she who started it moving.

Miriam has always felt that someday, a day to turn in a book, of course, she would be taken to Madame Sophie about everything that went on. Since it was Madame Sophie's hand that reached out to help her, she feels she owes her much better. But would she know where to begin, if she were going to tell everything?

She might begin with that early-Spring day when, feeling restless, wanting to do something frivolous and exciting, she persuaded her husband George to go with her to Madame Sophie's salon to help her decide on a new gown. Or she might begin before that, when she first started worrying about her marriage.

After nineteen years of marriage, it was asking too much that life should remain exciting. Besides, with a big house and two teen-age children to worry about, Miriam really had enough to do. But lately she'd been conscious of a vague sense of loss—feeling that something was missing. Her days were full of work and family. But perhaps that was it. They were too full of other things, leaving no room for another.

She began to look at George and listen to him more intently than in many years. With some astonishment, she saw that George, who had been a rather ordinary-looking young man, had acquired a very attractive personality.

Big-shouldered, not heavy, with burnished brown-gray hair and an alert expression, he probably caught more feminine eyes now than he had in his twenties. It has no reason to be depressed. On the contrary! She was proud of him. And yet... she remained with an empty, questioning feeling, and when she laughed, their friendship and relationship against it the feeling grew even heavier. They were friends, she and George. But they had once been so much more! They never quarreled, except lightly and pleasantly. But they never, somehow, really looked at one another either.

"It's the Spring," Miriam thought, trying to reason herself out of it. Truly, she wondered if it weren't her age instead. Fortyish, they called it. Owe or take a year. Wasn't this when women were supposed to throw their hats over windmills, looking for a last fling?

"But I'll never fall for a young man or any man," Miriam realized in surprise. One day, she had thought, with my own husband! "In love almost like a girl!" On the heels of this thought came the sobering understanding of all. She was both her eagerness to love George, but did George still love her? They were so far from the days when they could ask one another such questions, she felt foolish even thinking of it in private. And yet suddenly it had to be answered. Or not answered— for suppose she were to press for an answer and it should turn out hor-

That much of it, then, was Miriam's fault. A couple of hours later, when Madame Sophie dropped in, she arrived at the way that separated the business offices from her showroom, she began to play her own very important part in their story. After all, Miriam thought, her eagerness to love George downtown before he changed his mind, had neglected to phone ahead, and as a result the particular gown Madame Sophie had set aside was no longer yet ready to be seen. Also, Madame herself had a pressing appointment with an impatient young man from Paris, who had prom-
used to show her something special in the way of new fashions. She was quite distraught when she saw the Ashleys waiting. To be rude to Mrs. Ashley—a favorite customer!

Madame Sophie swept into the salon and took Miriam’s hand. “I am delighted to see you,” she said with her famous, irresistible smile. “I am always delighted. You are looking marvelously.” This time Miriam concealed a tendency to giggle nervously. The whole atmosphere was so foreign to George. Maybe it wouldn’t be fun after all. Miriam pointed out an awkward nuisance so far as he was concerned. And Madame Sophie had a hat on! “You’re not going out?” she said anxiously.

Madame Sophie made a grimace of regret. “As you see, it must. It is vital. I am dejected to be so inconvenient. But also, Mrs. Ashley, the models I wish you to see are not quite as I would have them. A touch here and there—but I must return later to give the touch.” She clasped her small hands as though she were about to wring them in sorrow or anger.

Miriam’s spirits fell. She began to collect purse and furs and gloves, conscious of the involuntary tightening of George’s lips. “I’m sorry—my fault entirely. I should have called first.”

Madame brightened. “But wait! I make everything much better! Tell me—are you at home tomorrow at, say—two-thirty then? A moment.” Going to the doorway, she called to some invisible person, and a few seconds later one of the mannequins came out. “Come this way, Nancy,” Madame Sophie commanded, “I want to see—stand close here, please. Mrs. Ashley, Mr. Ashley, this is Nancy Campbell, one of my best mannequins. I have the impression that she and Mrs. Ashley are approximately the same height and weight and so on . . .” Her eye turned professionally upon both of them, and she nodded. Miriam saw, with her, that the girl was indeed rather like herself in outline. But she’s so young, Miriam thought sadly. Her face is so firm and all the lines go up instead of down.

The girl was very still and seemed rather shy. Beneath the professional attempt at complete poise, her face looked delicate and soft. Young. Miriam thought with sudden, shocking bitterness, “How can Madame Sophie do this? It’s the first time she’s ever been so tactless—to make me stand here next to this girl, with George to see us both . . . and all the worse because there is a slight resemblance. As though she were the ideal and I were the distortion.”

She waited impatiently for the girl to go, and heard with only half an ear Madame Sophie’s crisp arrangements for the following day. The bubble had gone completely out of the whole morning; she wanted only to get away. All at once, as she smiled politely and nodded, she saw that Madame Sophie had perceived something was wrong. In an uncanny way she sensed it in spite of the pleasant mask Miriam was wearing. Her vivid dark eyes, lively as a girl’s, moved from Miriam’s face to George and back again, and her lips pressed together. She had seen something she didn’t like.

“You will like the gowns I send tomorrow,” she assured Miriam. “They will be just what you need.” There was an odd emphasis in the words that seemed to imply a deeper meaning. “Especially the black face I want you to see,” she said. “It is just what you need. Au ‘vrai!’” She swept out. More slowly, the Ashleys followed.

When they stood on the street in front of Madame Sophie’s, Miriam was conscious of a complete reversal of feeling. Now, instead of wanting George with her, she was anxious to be left alone. To lick her wounds—but it was all so very silly! Nothing had happened, really; just a combination of meaningless circumstances that had added up to a spoiled morning. But stubbornly she persisted in the thought that it was more than that. She had been very silly, cajoling George into tagging along as though he had nothing more important to do. Stillest of all to be giving it so much thought. If only George had laughed. If only he’d said something affectionately sarcastic, as he used to when she forgot or overlooked some household detail. But the look she had surprised on his face when they left was more like pity. As though he had been humoring her and felt sorry that things had turned out badly.

She could see he was relieved when she thanked him for coming and said he probably was anxious to get downtown. But gallantly he said, “It’s not too far to luncheon, my dear, if you’d like—”

Miriam shook her head. “I’m going to buy a hat,” she said, forcing gaiety into her voice. “I can’t allow myself to be so frustrated. You go ahead, darling.”

Then quickly she turned so that she wouldn’t have to see the persistent expression of pity that George wasn’t quick enough to blot from his eyes.

She did buy a hat, and then she called up the most frivolous of her friends and met her for lunch. The hat and the lunch were both satisfactory. So was the rest of the day, and so was dinner; their guests were just back from South America and Miriam and George were simply the audience at a travel-talk. Once or twice their eyes met, and George smiled understandably. Miriam tried to put the same friendliness into her answering smile, but she wasn’t too successful. She kept looking for something else in George’s smile. The intimacy that used to be there. The conspiracy, two-against-the-world . . . but it wasn’t there at all. At the end of the evening she was so depressed that she became frightened. She really was working herself up into a state over nothing—better stop! This way lies a nervous breakdown, she told herself soberly. She must keep determined to awaken in a different mood.

She went to breakfast table the next morning George looked at her searchingly—“Feeling better?” he asked. Miriam returned the look blandly. “Did I seem to be feeling badly? I’m all right.”

“Well, good,” he said. “I thought you looked nervous and edgy yesterday.” He ran his hand over his hair in an unaccustomed gesture. “I feel a bit nervous or something myself. Maybe we could both use some vacation.”

“Miriam bit her lip to keep back the reply she wanted to make. But because she didn’t say it was stayed with her through the rest of the morning,

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through the store and household shopping she went on to do. "What about me? Can't we turn to one another instead of running away for a vacation? Can't we find some real pleasure in one another any more?"

When she let herself into the house at almost two-thirty she was happy that she hadn't spoken that way to George. For there he was in the living room, waiting for her. Apprehension came first, because it was so strange to see him there in the middle of the day. "George—what's the matter?" Quickly she was over and kissed him. "You're not ill?"

"No," he reddened. "I thought I'd surprise you, come back to see those dresses we didn't get to see yesterday. It's the last I can do for a nineteenth anniversary!"

"Oh, darling—did you really? George, you're sweet." She started to kiss him again but his hands on her shoulders held her off. He glanced meaningly at the doorway of the powder room across the hall. "She's in there," he muttered.

"Who's in there?"

"That girl. The one from Madame Sophie. She thought it was supposed to be one-thirty, they must have made a mistake when they told her. So she arrived here before I thought others did. She's been showing me the dresses."

"For heaven's sake!" Miriam pulled off her hat and dropped down on the sofa. "This is getting to be a real comedy of errors! I'm sorry you had to be bored by all this."

George laughed. "Don't be silly. I told you that's why I came here. It makes a fine excuse for an afternoon off. Of course I didn't expect to be viewing a fashion show all by myself." He lowered his voice. "Listen, don't bother with the two she's already shown me. They're absolute dogs. But she says the one she's putting on now—Oh, there she is."

Miriam saw the young model letting herself out of the powder room, and got up smilingly to greet her. "She really is a darling," she thought, watching the color come up under the girl's fair skin as she explained about the mistake in the time.

She said reassuringly, "Don't give it another thought. I'm so pleased that my husband was here so that your trip wasn't wasted. Now—let me see." She went back to her seat on the sofa, and Nancy Campbell walked slowly around the room, in an effort to display the lovely sweep of black lace skirt and the daring cut of the back.

George said warmly, "That's one, for my money. It's really terrific."

"It's a little low in the back," Miriam said cautiously, "I'm not sure my boy warrants that kind of display."

Nancy Campbell said eagerly, "Oh, but Madame Sophie said you were the only—the only—she faltered, and got very red.

Miriam laughed. "The only woman of my age who could wear it. She says that to me so often I'm beginning to believe it."

"And why not?" George asked energetically. "Before you came in Miss Campbell herself was telling me how attractive she thought you were."

Miriam gave him a warning look and a slight shake of the head. Nancy Campbell, she saw, was embarrassed almost to the point of tears. She was very young and very shy. George really shouldn't tease her. He caught the reproach and raised an eyebrow. "All right," he said. "To make up for it I'll drive you back to Madame Sophie's, Miss Campbell—or anywhere else you're scheduled to go. As soon as my wife has made up her mind.

Miriam studied the black lace. It was darning. Probably too young, with that revealing back and shoulder line, and the short part skirt, but—"I'll take that one!" she decided aloud. "I don't even want to see the others. They might be so much more suitable that they'll mix me all up again."

"Fine," George said. "You can wear it to the theater Friday night—didn't I tell you?" He grinned at her. "Special anniversary present. Real party."

Miriam suddenly felt warm and happy. What had been the matter with her anyway? Here was George, as sweet and thoughtful and painstaking about her happiness as any husband could be—what had come over her that she'd been mourning over their lost marriage? It had all been right in her own befuddled mind, and it was a lucky thing George merely thought she hadn't been feeling well. She couldn't kiss him with Nancy Campbell standing there, but she tried to put into her eyes the message that she wanted to. The girl was ready to go in a matter of minutes, and Miriam saw them into George's car still with that revived warmth in her heart. She was too happy to remember that up until yesterday George hadn't looked, hadn't spoken, as he did now. Hadn't given her so much thought that he came back unexpectedly on a weekday afternoon because she didn't seem well. Hadn't surprised her with a dinner in the dining room. In short, it hadn't been in her own mind at all. But it was too easy and pleasant.
I’m afraid I didn’t mind at all,” Miriam assured him. She was speaking from the bed-room extension, and on the bed beside her lay the same black lace dress, waiting to be put on for the occasion that now must be postponed. But she really didn’t mind. “Good cus-tomer hunting,” she said to George.

“Thanks, Duke. Next week,” he promised, and hung up.

There seemed to be a sudden pilgrim-age of out-of-town customers to New York during the summer, and Mr. Campbell managed to get to the theater, Miriam resplendent in the black dress; and afterwards they went on to a supper club they hadn’t been to in several years. But the talk of the past couple of months. George plunged into activity. Business, he told her, was booming. And their business was the kind of business that has the personal angles—friendship and social buttering-up, as he called it. Most of the time he managed to get away with taking people to lunch, but once in a while—at least once a week—he had to take a specially important contact to dinner. “It’s not fair to leave it all to Bill,” he explained, and Miriam agreed that it was only fair for both partners equally to shoulder the extra hours.

But there were so many extra hours! George began to look tired and showed a tendency to jump whenever the phone rang. Miriam’s mood darkened. She was worried, a different kind of worry from her early-Spring depression but still a nagging one. Was George pushing himself too hard? Or was it just the past couple of years he hadn’t spoken much about his work, and she had taken it for granted that with his considerable success had come a certain amount of leisure? But lately he’d shown a tendency to talk more about it, tell her at greater length about his various deals... almost as if he were explaining why he suddenly had so much more time to do.

With the warmer weather, Miriam found it hard to sleep. That was how she learned that George wasn’t sleeping. He got up. She knew during the night, he seemed to be up, sitting with a book beneath his shaded bed-lamp, or staring into the dark street outside the house. But he never seemed sleepy. He seemed to have too much on his mind.

It was obvious that he needed a va-cation—the vacation he’d spoken of with Madame Sophie. But it had started. But when she broached it to him he almost turned on her. “Vacation! What a thought!” he said. “With everything that’s going on now I don’t know when we’ll ever get away. Why don’t you go away for a couple of weeks?” Before the kids get home from school and things start popping. Get a good rest.”

Miriam rejected the idea. “What fun would it be going alone? If you could join me later—”

He shook his head with a kind of hopelessness. “I can’t see my way clear to that. The way things are I can’t see my way clear to anything...”

Since the theater was practically closed, he was afraid. He seemed to be speaking of something else, something more press-ing than a couple of weeks’ vacation. It was almost as though the nervousness that was building up in him had slipped its careful control, and he were breaking down and telling her something...

“George—there’s nothing wrong, is there? I mean—you still aren’t having trouble or anything?”

“Bill? What gave you—oh, you know financial trouble?” George laughed, but to Miriam’s suddenly acute ears the laugh was hollow. “We’re doing better than we have any right to expect. Why else do you suppose I’ve been putting in so many hours?”

“Don’t bind,” he said emphatically. “Just don’t think about it. Let me straighten things out.”

Then abruptly he changed the subject, as though to keep himself from saying anything more.

There was little peace of mind for Miriam after that. Eyes and ears fully open to the peculiar atmosphere George carried with him. She realized that he gave every evidence of a man suffering under a great strain. Just a few weeks before it had been she who felt edgy and moody, and he his nervous collapse. Now it was George...

She had almost made up her mind that George must see a doctor when she was startled one afternoon by a noise from the next room.

“Mrs. Ashley? Madame Sophie here.”

The couturiere’s accent, intensified by the phone connection, rolled robustly into her ear. “How have you been? I do not send many cards.”

“Why,——yes,——I mean I’m quite well, thank you,” Miriam said, taken unawares. “I wasn’t quite ready for something—I think that’s why—I wasn’t been down. You see, we haven’t made up our minds yet about what we’re doing for a vacation this year.”

There was a short silence. Then Madame Sophie said, “Ashley, do you think of a vacation, however? You are planning to go away somewhere, you and Mr. Ashley?”

“Well—I don’t know, Mr. Ashley is so very busy this season I hardly—”

Madame Sophie interrupted explosively. “I say you must! Forgive me, Mrs. Ashley, I do not discuss this from the telephone. I have another matter you may be sure. I say to you please make your plans for a vacation. Say I am psychic. Say I have seen your hus-band, either accident, and to me it looks pale and unhealthy. Think what you like of me—only take Mr. Ashley away for a while.”

Miriam said quietly, “Madame Sophie, why do you think you have seen him? How? What are you trying to tell me?”

Trembling, she waited, but from the other end there was only a short laugh, and Madame Sophie said rapidly, “Well.” Then Madame Sophie said resignedly, “I have told you myself this will not work. It is a clumsy mistake. One cannot take a bull by one horn only, one must grasp both. Very well.” Her low voice was as forceful as she knew how to make it. “Because I like you very

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much, I take a great risk. Please remain at home this afternoon. You will have a visitor.” And with no further explanation, she rang off.

To Miriam, everything became unreal from that point on. You will have a visitor. Madame Sophie was dramatic, she was theatrical—but even for Madame Sophie this was a pretty wild card. It couldn’t have any real meaning. Perhaps it was a new kind of advertising stunt—but Madame Sophie didn’t need to advertise. I don’t believe any of it. Miriam told herself, not quite knowing what it was she didn’t believe. Then, still not knowing, she asked herself: “But if I don’t believe it, why am I trembling?”

When the doorbell rang a short time later, she waited upstairs until she heard Alma, the maid, go to the door and admit someone. She was almost frozen at the head of the stairs, knowing quite positively that she was on the brink of one of the most terrible moments of her life... she had known it when Madame Sophie first spoke to her. But she didn’t want to know whatever it was she was going to learn. She would have given anything to be able to turn back into her room and send down word that she was not at home.

Instead, she went slowly down the stairs and into the living room. There, standing rigidly in the center of the crowded room, young Nancy Campbell, the mannequin from Madame Sophia’s. For a blank moment she didn’t recognize the girl. Then she placed her, and came away uncertainly. “Miss Campbell, isn’t it? How—”

“Don’t ask me how I am! Don’t be polite to me!” the girl said in a rush of words that were a little over with qualms. Miriam sat down and stared at the girl. “Was it you Madame Sophie was telling me about? Did she know you were coming here? I am really moved backward a few steps and found a chair. She dropped into it and put her head in her hands. “Madame Sophie made me come. She found out I was known. I didn’t want to come—but I’m glad now!” Throwing back her head, she met Miriam’s astonished eyes defiantly. “I can’t go on like this any longer. If I don’t know why you’re coming, I can’t give you to say what you’re going to do. Some body else must do it!”

A wave of horror swept over Miriam, she felt it. She went down into it. George! This girl called him George! Again she had that desperate desire to run away, turn her back on what was coming. If she didn’t face it, she knew she would never be able to face it. But pride kept her lips firm and her voice steady. She asked coolly. “Are you speaking of Mr. Ashley, Miss Campbell?”

“No, I’m not. I—”

“You know I am.” The girl was trying to match her own control. “I don’t want to be—to make a scene. But I’m not going to be fenced. I know George has told you everything. He only hurts all three of us for things to go on this way.”

I see. Miriam looked down at her hair, seeing it folded in his lap. They weren’t trembling; neither was the rest of her, any longer. She felt almost relieved, as though she had lifted a weight. She turned a chair around and had just managed to fit the last section into place. Still, it was odd to find herself in this situation. She had seen others do it, read it so often in books. She could even try on the scene in a kind of shorthand, for she was so well acquainted now with what lay behind it that nobody—not Madame Sophie, not George himself—was required to fill in the details. George and this girl... when had it started? Of course that day with the black face down the road. This was something George, she remembered, had been so attentive that day, his eyes bright, his manner gay and more interested than usual. And afterwards he had driven the girl downtown.

And after that? Still looking at her hands, Miriam could almost see it all. She had been working—where had they gone? Out-of-the-way restaurants, so as not to be seen? They couldn’t have gone out dancing. Maybe they’d gone to the movies and held hands. Maybe on Saturday mornings they’d driven out into the country for picnics; this girl would have enjoyed that. She had been at that age.

“How strange,” she said aloud. “I always scoffed at what people say, that the wife is the last to know. And now, it seems, I must admit that it’s true. Tell me. I still have that hint. You can’t mean that. Don’t lie to me. I know George asked you for a divorce and that you refused it. I came to plead with you.”

“A divorce!” Agitation at last brought Miriam to her feet. She began to pace back and forth before the fireplace, back and forth, more quickly as anger rose. How far had this thing gone? What had George been saying—or doing? Had George conceivably told this girl he would divorce her? She looked down at Nancy Campbell’s blonde head, and then sat down again, forcing the girl to meet her eyes.

Listen to me. I’m going to tell you the truth. She knew that the honesty in her words would get through somehow. It had to. “My husband never once mentioned you in this house. He never gave any indication that he was interested in you. Miss Campbell... Nancy... please believe me. The word divorce has never been mentioned between us—except perhaps in one of our friends from time to time.”

Silently, they stared at one another. Then tears began to slip down Nancy Campbell’s cheeks. “Madame Sophie...”

“I told her that,” she half whispered. “She told me not to think about it. She said I was playing with fire, that I was a fool... but I thought she didn’t know. I thought if I could just talk with you... Oh, what shall I do now?”

The girl’s hands came up again to cover her face, and as she checked on the girl’s movement toward her, Miriam heard the slam of the front door. She got to her feet as George flung into the room.

“Oh, Lord,” he said when he saw Nancy. “I see she made it. Miriam—!”

“If you’re going to say that you don’t know what to say, you’re in exactly the same position as the rest of us.” Miriam did not say anything. The only difference is that since this is your party, you just have to find something to say.”

“I know it,” he said miserably. He then turned and started to walk around the room. “I’ve never felt more like a fool.”

“I can’t think of any reason why you shouldn’t,” Miriam said. Nancy had taken her hands from her face, and...
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Except for Nancy, of course. But as George said—she was so young. His voice went on, urgent and low. "I let the Spring go to my head a little. It was such fun talking to little Nancy found young as you, remembering how I used to think and act when I was your age... and you are so good to look at."

There was a silence. Nancy Campbell broke it:

"George straightened. "That's all," he said. "I wish to heaven there hadn't even been that much."

Nancy stood up and smoothed her skirt. Miriam was almost with admiration that the traces of tears were almost gone. The girl's blue eyes looked steadily into hers, ignoring George.

"I owe you an apology. Nancy has more than an apology that I don't know how to make it," she said quietly. "I've been a fool and I've caused you a few moments of unhappiness. It's all in my head, you know—nothing for you to worry about. Nothing important happened. Only..." she glanced at George and her voice broke. "I'm sorry for you. I said to Miriam, and walked out of the room and out of the house.

The living room was very still. After a while George said, "Tell me what to do. Shut the door? Shall I leave you alone for a few days? Or—is it worse than that? Do you want me to explain? Tell me how you want it to be."

"Oh, George, shut up," Miriam said rudely. Her shoulders began to shake. George came closer and looked down at her in unbelief.

"Go away. Do you're laughing," he said. "I don't believe it."

"If you could have seen your face..." Miriam put her hands over her own face, and felt her sudden dampness in her palms. She lifted her head and said in surprise, "I'm not laughing. I'm hysterical. I'm crying and laughing."

"Oh, darling, don't." George sat down and put his arm around her head to his shouldered her. "If you want me to go away I will, only don't make yourself sick over this. I've been miserable enough, know. You were worrying about me, unable to tell you what a mess I was in. Lying to you. Miriam..." he hesitated, but it had to be said. "It never was anything, you know. Just a few dinner dates. Nothing. It never was worth the mental anguish," he finished ruefully.

"You don't have to explain," Miriam said. It wasn't being generous; she simply wasn't very angry. The jigsaw puzzle made a picture she was able—somewhat to her own surprise—to feel a little better. Nacy had been in tears on George's pocket handkerchief and, and took a cigarette from the coffee table. George lit it for her, and even in the stress of the moment she noted the little perfect. The most of fact was another way or another ever since the thing began George had been more conscious of her. It's an ill wind, said a thought did it every day to one another. And the worst of it was that aftet they had done these things, the people who loved them forgave them and took them back. Miriam pitied Nancy, really, for Nancy had yet to learn that she might be doing the same thing herself, one day."

"Nancy, I mean. It wasn't altogether, you know. No girl is quite that innocent. She knew from the beginning that you were married. She's a nice girl, basically; she must have known she was doing wrong, going out with a married man who wasn't even separated from his wife. So she'll pay in a more important way than she realizes."

I was difficult to put it into words, the way in which Nancy Campbell had already paid for her transgression. It was just like saying, "I'm sorry for Miriam. That wasn't right; it was the other way around. Miriam was sorry for her. She didn't try to explain it. George had the little perfect. The most of fact was another way or another ever since the thing began George had been more conscious of her. It's an ill wind, said a thought did it every day to one another. And the worst of it was that after they had done these things, the people who loved them forgave them and took them back. Miriam pitied Nancy, really, for Nancy had yet to learn that she might be doing the same thing herself, one day."

"Nancy, I mean. It wasn't altogether, you know. No girl is quite that innocent. She knew from the beginning that you were married. She's a nice girl, basically; she must have known she was doing wrong, going out with a married man who wasn't even separated from his wife. So she'll pay in a more important way than she realizes."

Smiling, Miriam turned to George.

"That was quite a nineteenth anniversary, all in all," she said. "I wonder what our twentieth is going to be like?"
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For further information write direct to Allied, 401 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Ronnie bought the house in the first place because he fell in love with the beautiful oak-paneled library. He loved the millioned windows with their window seats, great fire place copied from an old English castle, the book shelves that reach from floor to ceiling. When he married Benita she added her feminine touches to the room in the form of plush print arm chair, and a sculptured bust of Ronnie that she had always loved. This room then, represents that formal and romantic side of the Colmans that their friends recognize at first glance.

The room that has been added on is a second sitting-room, as gay and informal as the library. Benita's love of rich colors is seen in the Chinese mural wallpaper with its startling tints of orange-red on gray. The same orange-red is picked up by lace curtain panels, and before the picture windows that look over the cool expanse of green lawn she has placed a single vase of bird-of-paradise blooms that echo the color of the mural. There is a grand piano in this room. A piano whose keys have thrilled to the rippling fingers of many famous guests in impromptu performances. Jose Iturbi, Artur Rubinstein and Myra Hess have played here. Jascha Heifitz, too, has brought his violin to this room of the singing colors.

Whether playing on a large scale, the Colmans have still another room. A great spacious formal drawing-room in tones of soft grays and greens. There is long sofa, a library table upholstered in gay floral pattern of lilac and primrose flowers. Benita's portrait hangs here, a modern impression by artist Richard Kitchen. In another corner is the curving figure of a kneeling woman, sculptured by Benita for her husband. Behind pale green draperies is a projection booth where the Colmans can entertain friends in the privacy of their own home. Benita, however, isn't borne to the delight of small gap-toothed daughter Juliet.

Juliet's nursery is a rolling mopody of new wallpaper, wicker, white furniture and prancing nursery-rhyme characters. The seven-year-old mistress of this domain has, besides a lack of front teeth, cornflower blue eyes and a shock of silken blonde hair.

She's had her chance to be an actress—at least an actress of the kindergartner variety. She wore a bear skin-tailed frock for church yes. Proud parents Ronnie and Benita attended a school production the other day in which Juliet, along with her class mates, was dressed up as a candy cane and sang a song with twenty other misses, not one of whom had a whole set of teeth. "That was quite a sight," reports Benita. "All those Babies with their bright little faces—and then I looked around the audience and spotted their relatives. I saw Betty Grable, the Fred Astaires, the Edgar Bergens, and the George Murphys. They were watching us and I'm sure they were thinking, 'If we're watching "La Traviata" at the Met, then these kids are putting on a show of their own."

Ronnie's pet form of diversion is to try out new magic tricks. According to his manager, Nat Wolf, he's terrific at various forms of sleight-of-hand. He loves to invest in his own tricks, and they all say he's pretty good. Whenever Benita thinks he's getting a little too proud of his fast-moving fingers, she calls upon fellow magic man, Peter Godfrey, to do their stuff. When they start through their repertoire of disappearing rabbits and goldfish bowls Ronnie and Benita are really a match for Peter Godfrey. It's like these he threatens to learn how to saw Benita in half! But so far he hasn't caught on to that camaisitic conjuring.

Outside entertaining is another "must" at the Colmans. They have a magnificent brick patio overlooking the back lawn. There's a swimming pool on the left, over where the old Jack Benny ranch used to be. There's an ancient sunhouse on the right, over toward the Charles Chaplin house. It's a convenient spot for the Chaplin children to reach by crawling through the hedge. Their parties use it for managing their outdoor playhouse as she shares it with Oona and Charlie's boro next door.

But of course Juliet isn't always a rowdy. She's just unpredictable. Why, some evenings she feeds her rabbits with all the tenderness of a real rabbit mother. She can even bear the baby bunnies to be given away, with the result that, as fast as they multiply, the Colmans stow them in their car and send them off to their ranch near Santa Barbara. If just a twitching nose was missing—Juliet would know, and grieve. So the rabbits continue their gay spree on the ranch, in complete safety; but there it is, they are not allowed to."The birds must be all of fifteen years old," chuckles Ronnie. They were just as beautiful and practically featherless, but they live out their spans of senility because Juliet and Benita won't let them be touched. It's too bad."

Summers spent in levis and bright shirts on their ranch are fun times for the Colmans. Spring, fall and winter they spend Down. But their love of entertaining goes right on.

There is an ancient gardener, too. A tall, black-haired and with a loving hand, and there is a not so unpolished butler who takes care of the indoors angle of the Colman home.

"His name is Harry," says Benita heartily. "Harry is the director of life. In every article that has been written about us, we find references to our venerable old butler. This drives Harry crazy."

It is this big chance to put a plug for Harry: he's a bit venerable folks. He's youngish, and nice-looking and he knows the true fact about the Colman household.

However, Harry has a night of Benita slips into the kitchen and whips up Ronnie's favorite dish for a tray supper before the fire. Believe it or not, this tea-and-crumplets character snorts at the idea of his native fodder and relishes a steaming plate of Italian spaghetti as only English-born Benita can cook it.

Young Juliet Colman is growing with the speed of her pet bunnies, only taller. She's one of the happiest kid around, with none of the luckless devil. The Ronald Colmans let her run about barefoot in the rain.

"It never hurt me to paddle in the mud," says she. "I have a feeling that a child knows instinctively when she's cold, and should come inside. She knows when to put a coat on, too. We don't coddle our little girl, and she turns out healthy. The neighbors may be shocked, but Juliet is happy."

Juliet beams her gap-toothed smile and bags her feet firmly off to set up the movie screen. Tonight they will see a Western movie, and after Juliet is in bed Ronnie and Benita will sit in their tiny private sitting room upstairs and Benita will likely say: "Darling, I've just thought of another wall that really should have a window—how about throwing out another bay?"
Which girl has the natural curl... and which girl has the Toni?

Meet lovely Eloise Sahlen and Susie Parker of New York City. The one with the Toni says, "My wave not only looks natural but it requires no more care than naturally curly hair." Can you tell the naturally curly hair from the Toni wave? See answer below.

Now—Toni with Permafix guarantees a wave you can't tell from naturally curly hair.

Look closely! Compare the silky-softness—the deep, rippling waves and the natural-looking curls. Which is which? You just can't tell! No—you can't tell a Toni wave from naturally curly hair. That's because Toni has the gentlest waving lotion known... plus a new wonder neutralizer, Permafix, that actually conditions your hair... leaves your wave soft and natural from the very first day. And your Toni with Permafix lasts longer—far longer.

Remember, Toni is used by more women than all other home permanents combined. Only Toni has the new wonder neutralizer, Permafix. And only Toni guarantees a wave you can't tell from naturally curly hair.

Have a Toni with Permafix today and tonight discover how thrilling it is to have a wave so silky soft, so naturally beautiful, people ask you if you have naturally curly hair! Eloise Sahlen, at the left, has the Toni.
He wears the **cleanest shirts in town**

...his “Missus” swears by TIDE!

He wears the cleanest shirts in town!
There isn’t any doubt
That all his shirts are washed with TIDE
'Cause when TIDE’s in—dirt’s out!

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**Tide GETS CLOTHES CLEANER THAN ANY SOAP!**

---

**YES, Tide WASHES CLEANER**

...cleaner than any other washing product sold throughout America! And we do mean any other—old or new! Just try Tide in your washing machine. Wring out your clothes, rinse them, and, lady, you’ll hang up the cleanest wash in town!

**NOT ONLY CLEANER—WHITER, TOO!** In hardest water, Tide will wash your shirts, sheets, curtains whiter than any soap you can name! They’ll be so shining white...so radiantly clean, you’ll say there’s nothing like Tide!

**AND BRIGHTER!** Just wait till you see how your wash prints glow after a Tide wash! The colors look so crisp and fresh...the fabric feels so soft...irons so beautifully! Get Tide today—for the cleanest wash in town!

---

**P.S.**

**PREFER TO SKIP RINSING?**

With Tide you can skip the rinsing, and save all that time and work. Just wash, wring out, hang up. Tide will give you the cleanest possible no-rinse wash!
SPECIAL AWARDS ISSUE!
Favorite Shows and Stars, Voted Tops by You in the ONLY NATIONWIDE POLL OF RADIO AND TV AUDIENCES!
She wears the cleanest clothes in town—
So does her little brother.
Their clothes are always washed with TIDE—
They've got a clever mother!

Tide GETS CLOTHES CLEANER THAN ANY SOAP!

YES, Tide WASHES CLEANER

... cleaner than any other washing product sold throughout America! And we do mean any other—old or new! Just try Tide in your washing machine. Wring out your clothes, rinse them, and, lady, you'll hang up the cleanest wash in town!

NOT ONLY CLEANER—WHITER, TOO! In hardest water, Tide will wash your shirts, sheets, curtains whiter than any soap you can name! They'll be so shining white... so radiantly clean, you'll say there's nothing like Tide!

AND BRIGHTER! Just wait till you see how your wash prints glow after a Tide wash! The colors look so crisp and fresh... the fabric feels so soft... irons so beautifully! Get Tide today—
for the cleanest wash in town!

P.S.
PREFER TO SKIP RINISING?

With Tide you can skip the rinsing, and save all that time and work. Just wash, wring out, hang up. Tide will give you the cleanest possible no-rinse wash!
Here she was, back in her berth, hopping mad and more than a little bit puzzled.

What right had that attractive man in the Club Car to terminate so quickly a conversation that had begun so pleasantly? Who did he think he was? There was no mistaking his attitude... snubbing her thus deliberately... the brush-off complete. And, as a beauty contest winner, she wasn’t used to being brushed off.

Mixed with her resentment was a feeling of regret. Annabelle was sure that he was at least a director or a writer... definitely someone important on his way back to Hollywood. Such contacts were valuable; a girl needed all the help she could get in screenland.

It was possible, too, that he even knew Mr. Stukas, the famous producer to whom she carried a number of priceless letters of introduction setting forth her ability.

As she began to undress, her anger cooled off and the incident lost some of its importance. After all, what did it matter?... He was just another guy. What did matter were those letters to Mr. Stukas. It was Mr. Stukas who really counted... the man she must impress... the man who could make or mar her career in Hollywood. Everything depended on Mr. Stukas. She would do that bit from “Interlude” for Mr. Stukas... she would say this and that to Mr. Stukas. Abruptly she dropped off to sleep.

She awoke happy and eager. As the train halted at Pasadena, she stepped to the station platform for a momentary walk and a breath of sweet California air. As she did so, a man moving in a sea of baggage brushed by her, avoiding her eyes. It was her acquaintance of the Club Car.

"'Board! All 'board," cried the porter as he helped Annabelle up the steps. When the car door closed she turned to him.

"Who was that man with all the luggage?" she demanded curiously.

The porter grinned, "Honey chile, you sho do need glasses! You don’t know him? He’s the Big, Big Wheel in Hollywood. He’s the Mr. Stukas!"

It could Happen to You
When you’re guilty of halitosis (unpleasant breath) you repel the very people you want to attract. You appear at your worst when you want to be at your best... You’ve got in wrong when you want to be in right.

Don’t guess! Don’t take chances! Put your faith in Listerine Antiseptic, the extra careful precaution against offending that millions rely on.

When you want to be at your best, never, never omit Listerine Antiseptic before any date. It freshens and sweetens the breath... not for seconds... not for minutes... but for hours, usually.

That’s why so many women... so many men... call it part of their passport to popularity, and make it a delightful ritual, night and morning.

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.
New finer
MUM
more effective longer!

NOW CONTAINS AMAZING NEW INGREDIENT M-3 TO PROTECT UNDERARMS AGAINST ODOR-CAUSING BACTERIA

When you're close to the favorite man in your life, be sure you stay nice to be near. Guard against underarm odor this new, better way!

Better, longer protection. New Mum with M-3 safely protects against bacteria that cause underarm odor. What's more, it keeps down future bacteria growth. You actually build up protection with regular exclusive use of new Mum.

Softer, creamier now Mum smooths on easily, doesn't cake. Contains no harsh ingredients to irritate skin. Will not rot or discolor finest fabrics.

Mum's delicate new fragrance was created for Mum alone. And gentle new Mum contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. No waste, no shrinkage—a jar lasts and lasts! Get Mum!

People on the Air

6 Commander Godfrey, USNR
15 Stan Lomax
16 Mr. and Mrs.—Cynthia Stone and Jack Lemon
18 Best Letters in Answer to Carolyn Kramer Problem
27 Radio Television Mirror Awards Winners for 1950 ... by Ed Sullivan
28 This Is Me ... by Sid Caesar
30 My Husband, Perry Como ... by Roselle Como
32 Is It Wise For A Man To Fall In Love With A Woman Much Younger Than He?
34 Another Hilltop House
36 Coming, Mother!
38 Awards Winners for 1950
42 This Is Alan Young ... by Fredda Dudley Balling
44 Awards Winners for 1950
46 My Own Story ... by Walter O'Keefe
48 Awards Winners for 1950
50 Come and Visit Tony Marvin ... by Gladys Hall
56 Our Gal Sunday and the Unscrupulous Stepmother
60 Johnny and Penny Go To The Fair
62 Beating The Clock
64, 66, 70 Awards Winners for 1950
90 Where There's Hope ... by Ida Zeitlin
4 Fashion Your Figure ... by Dorry Ellis
12 Traveler of the Month ... by Tommy Bartlett
14 Knowing The News ... by Terry Burton
21, 23, 78 Poetry
24 Art Linkletter's Nonsense and Some-Sense
50 This Is My Life ... by Harriet Hilliard Nelson
52 Daytime Serial Fashions For You
60 Junior Mirror
74 Fun of the Month—Abe Burrows' poem
75 Program Highlights in Television Viewing

Your Local Station

8 WGR: Mother's Big Helper
10 WTOP: Special Events Specialist
20 WNBY: New York's Brightest
22 KYW: Woman of Distinction
19 Information Booth
79 Daytime Diary

New MUM cream deodorant
A Product of Bristol-Myers

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

MIRROR Women's Group

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"Your Figure
is Your Future..."
says

Geraldine Brooks

Outstanding young Hollywood dramatic star praises the famous

Invisible Playtex® Girdles

They're the most popular girdles in the world—and no wonder! Playtex combines figure-slimming power with complete comfort and freedom of action. They're actually invisible even under the most clinging of clothes—because they haven't a single seam, stitch or bone!

Once you wear Playtex—no other girdle will do. You'll wear your Playtex Girdle under everything, slimming the inches away in comfort, leaving you feeling as free as a bird. And remember—Playtex Girdles wash faster, dry faster than any other girdles in the world!

TONI OWEN is Geraldine's favorite designer. She says, "I'm for the slender, young-looking figure—and that means I'm for Playtex, the girdle that makes this supple, slim figure a possibility. It takes a wonderful girdle to give you the new silhouette in comfort—and Playtex does it!"

Here is the famous Playtex all-way action-stretch captured by a camera in millionths of a second! Made of smooth latex, Playtex fits and feels like a second skin, gives you such freedom of action, you'll forget you're wearing a girdle. At department stores and better specialty shops everywhere.
Reader's Digest recently reported the same research which proves the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating stops tooth decay best! The most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today!

Yes, and 2 years' research showed the Colgate way stopped more decay for more people than ever before reported in dentifrice history! No other dentifrice, ammonia or none, offers such conclusive proof!

Later—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream

SINCE I DISCOVERED COLGATE CARE, ANNE AND I ARE AN "ALL-TIME" PAIR!

Use Colgate Dental Cream
✓ To Clean Your Breath
✓ While You Clean Your Teeth—
✓ And Help Stop Tooth Decay!

*YOU SHOULD KNOW! While not mentioned by name, Colgate's wet is the only toothpaste used in the research on tooth decay recently reported in Reader's Digest.

They call Jane Morgan "The Girl from Paris." Only, she isn't from Paris. They described her as a "French Chanteuse." But she couldn't speak French. One thing is certain, though. She can sing! But let Jane tell you the story:

"I was offered a singing job with Dick Stabile's band, and one night as I was on my way to my dressing room, a man with a French accent spoke to me. He asked if I spoke French. I said yes. He said that was fine because he wanted to take an American girl, who didn't speak French, to Paris to work in an elegant night club.

"In a matter of weeks I was singing American songs to a French audience. I loved every moment of it. So I decided to learn the language. It wasn't long before I started putting American songs into my own torchy French.

"Recently I returned to America. Now I am known as The Girl from Paris and have my own singing program on NBC every Sunday.

"I learned something wonderful from the French designers. When I started to walk in the clothes they created for me, they were shocked. They told me I must..."
Are you in the know?

By DORRY ELLIS

French designers taught Jane how to make the most of herself—simple pointers to help you look your best

learn how to show off the clothes with the right posture and the right walk. Well, I practiced, until my posture was improved.

"I posed especially for the pictures on this page, because I wanted you to see the difference good posture makes in my general appearance. Notice that when I slump, my head pitches forward; my shoulders become rounded and I seem to have added a few extra pounds in the wrong place. Now, look what happens when I stand correctly! Don't I look slimmer and even, a few inches taller? Since I learned to stand and walk correctly, my clothes look much better!

"It takes only ten minutes of exercise daily to keep my figure trim. I usually turn on the radio and do knee bends in time with the music. This is an easy exercise, as you can see. Then I do a few dance steps. There's nothing like simple ballet movements to keep your waistline slim. Dance steps are also wonderful for your arms and legs.

"Maybe you have been wondering why your clothes don't look just right on you. I guarantee that daily exercise will do the trick. Want to bet on it?"

What's your reaction to last-minute bids?

- Eager beaver
- Thumbs down
- Think it over
eleventh-hour bids. But just because it's calendar time, you've no excuse for date dodging. Learn to count on Kotex for confidence. You'll see how poised you can be when you discover those flat pressed ends prevent revealing outlines!

What helps smooth out too-curly locks?

- Brushing
- Stretching
- Softening
If you're a frizz-kid, have your tresses shaped and thinned out. After each washing, use a softening rinse; apply wave set to s-t-r-e-t-c-h hair while putting into pin curls. And you'll find constant brushing helps. Of course, you can smooth away "certain" cares—with the comfort of Kotex to keep you at ease. Because Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it; gives softness that holds its shape.

When leaving a vehicle, which is correct?

- Ladies first
- Ladies last
- Look before you loop
When you leave a bus, street car, taxi or jalopy—ladies last is the rule to remember. That's so your squire can assist you to a safe landing. Why tempt fate or thwart his gallantry? Why take risks at any time? You know, you can side-step problem-day "accidents" as surely as you can say "Kotex"... because, with that special safety center you get extra protection. Try all 3 absorbencies: Regular, Junior, Super!

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

J ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

P.S. Have you tried Delsey™? It's the new bathroom tissue that's safer because it's softer. A product as superior as Kotex. A tissue as soft and absorbent as Kleenex.* (We think that's the nicest compliment there is.)

FOR BETTER LIVING
"Any mother’s son can fly a jet," says Arthur, "and you don’t have to be superman."

But he was—finishing his course in half the time!

Godfrey flew to the Pensacola, Florida Naval Air Station in his privately owned Navion, was received by Vice Admiral John Dale Price, chief of naval air training, and an admiring guard. Right, Arthur refuses to let awesome jet pilot equipment smother his smile. "Jet flying’s as safe as any other flying,” says he.
Arthur's two weeks' training was taken up in intensive classwork learning the intricacies of turbine-jet engines, but he also found time to entertain patients in the Naval Hospital. Right, Arthur prepares for a take-off.
Warren Michael Kelly, one of the few people who can look happy at 8 A.M. The reason? He's busy giving away money on his WGR Take Five program.

Mothers... do your children get dressed in the morning by way of three comic books? Do they act out last night's Hopalong Cassidy adventure for the half-hour it takes them to put on their shoes? Well, this can happen anywhere. Anywhere but in Buffalo, that is.

The reason? An ingenious young man named Warren Michael Kelly. Each morning at 8 o'clock on WGR, Kelly acts as official starter for a Kiddies' Dressing Race. The boys and girls, who are counted by Kelly's "Magic Eye" get dressed as fast as their fingers can fumble with their buttons. The winning team-members get to wear their Kelly Safety Club buttons on the proud day of victory. So far, there are close to 20,000 youngsters in his Safety Club—each one getting to school on time—and safely.

To put a little spice into the life of harassed parents in those early morning hours Kelly conducts "Take Five," a mystery-tune cash-prize game. Kelly telephones four listeners each day, and at times the jackpot for an alert fan has run as high as $360.

Then, with the younger set safely off to school, Kelly devotes the last half-hour of his show, from 9:00 to 9:30 to the "nicer things in popular music." Now mother can relax as Kelly turns from the novelsities and jive which filled the first hour to the serener music of show tunes and light classics.

Although it may seem strange, this "boon to Buffalo" was for many years without honor in his own home town. About ten years ago he was working, relatively unsung, for independent stations in Buffalo. Seeing a chance for greener pastures in the more friendly city of Detroit, he signed up with a station there as a disc jockey. Then, about two years ago, when WGR was looking for a new voice to put a kick in its morning schedule, Leo Fitzpatrick, board chairman for the station, who lives in Detroit, suggested this popular platter-spinner.

So back Kelly went to his old home town, this time far from unsung, to build up one of the most popular shows in Buffalo, with both a happy audience and a happy sponsor.

Kelly is married to a charming ex-Conover model named Mary Jayne and the Kellys, already having one son, will probably have another little stranger by the time this issue of Radio Television Mirror hits the stands. Kelly, himself, is in his thirties, shoots golf in the seventies, and indications are that he'll do very well in Buffalo in the fifties.
COMMANDER GODFREY

(Continued from page 6) First day of active duty with Naval Air Training Command.

In the pressure chamber atmospheric pressures are shot up to stratospheric heights to simulate actual flying conditions. Doctors observe the fledgling jet pilots for their reactions.

From the pressure chamber Godfrey progressed to jet plane theory classes and ground school, then on to actual flying. For two weeks it was a serious and sober-minded Godfrey who pitched in to complete a normal thirty-day course in less than half that time. From early morning until late at night, Godfrey and his instructor, Lieut. Commander V. P. O'Neill, USNR—also a red-head—toiled. The last week of training was spent almost entirely aloft in a series of high-speed, high-altitude flights at better than five hundred miles an hour speeds.

Busy as he was, though, with his own accelerated training schedule, Godfrey took time-out to visit the enlisted men's new recreation room aboard the aircraft carrier, USS Monterey, and to spend one rainy afternoon cheering up the hundreds of Korean war wounded in the Pensacola Naval Hospital. On leaving the wards, Godfrey remarked:

"If everyone in America could see these boys and the sacrifices they have made for us, then never again would we complain about home-front shortages or difficulties. We can never do enough to repay them."

Godfrey is sincerely and vitally interested in the welfare of the United States and the world. Flying and the Navy are the two great loves of his life. Godfrey spent twelve years as an enlisted man in the Navy and the Coast Guard—he likes to boast that his first thirty days as a job were spent in the guardhouse—before he skyrocketed to fame as a radio and video star. His own son is now a Navy enlistman, sworn into the service a few weeks ago by his famous father.

"I want to do all I can, both as a Navy officer and as an individual, to help preserve our American liberty," Godfrey says. "I started out without two nickels to rub together and I want my kids to be able to enjoy the American way of life and have every opportunity that I did."

Guard Your Family

STRIKE BACK!

GIVE

TO CONQUER CANCER

American Cancer Society

You, too, could be more confident appearing charming

Millions of women have found Odo-Ro-No a sure short cut to precious charm. For over 40 years we have conducted hundreds of tests on all types of deodorants. We have proved Odo-Ro-No safeguards your charm and attractiveness more effectively than any deodorant you have ever used.

- Odo-Ro-No is the only spray deodorant guaranteed to stop perspiration and odor for 24 hours or double your money back.*
- The only spray deodorant in the jewel-like blue bottle—pre-tested to spray perfectly, always.
- No other spray deodorant is so harmless to fabrics.
- No other spray deodorant is safer for skin.

*Double your money back if you aren't satisfied that new Odo-Ro-No Spray is the best deodorant you've ever used. Just return unused portion to Northam Warren, New York.

GUARANTEED FULL 24 HOUR PROTECTION

New ODO-RO-NO SPRAY

The Deodorant without a Doubt
Combination newsman, diplomat, producer, and nursemaid might be a better title for Lewis W. Shollenberger than his official one of CBS' Washington Director of Special Events. Mr. Shollenberger must not only have a "nose for news" and maintain contacts within government circles, but he must also be at ease with members of different political parties, foreign ambassadors and representatives, and leaders of opposing trade and management affiliations who appear on his broadcasts.

One of his most important jobs is to arrange for the broadcasting of White House, Department of State, and congressional speeches.

After one presidential address, Mr. Shollenberger flew in a chartered plane with a group of newsmen to interview Mr. Truman before he was to take a rest at his home. Arriving at the Kansas City airport, the newsmen, under the impression that the President had already gone to Independence started out with a police escort to overtake him. With sirens blaring they pulled in at the President's home only to be told that he had not yet arrived. A few minutes later, the President and his party drove up, remarking that they had been delayed because some extremely important people were being escorted through town. A quick check revealed that the "extremely important people" were the newsmen themselves.

In addition to supervising speeches, Mr. Shollenberger produces the program, Capitol Cloakroom heard over CBS every Tuesday at 10:30 P.M. This program features informal interviews with congressional and governmental leaders by three CBS correspondents. Such men as Senators Taft, Douglas, and Sparkman, and Representatives Martin and McCormack, as well as many cabinet members have been on the program. Mr. Shollenberger's job is to arrange dates for these men to appear on the show, see that they arrive on time, and give them instructions before air time.

This would probably be a simple job anywhere except in Washington. It is not unusual to have a Senator phone a few hours before broadcast time to say he has another speaking engagement which necessitates postponing his appearance. Then it's Mr. Shollenberger's job to find a replacement—but fast.

When such programs as People's Platform and Cross-Section, U.S.A. originate in Washington, Mr. Shollenberger must be on hand to secure speakers and assist in the production.

An unusual and informative program which Mr. Shollenberger produces is one beamed out over WCCO in Minneapolis. Each week he interviews a congressman from Minnesota and the people in the Midwest are kept up-to-date on important legislation which may apply to them.

Years of news writing and broadcasting, both on radio and television, coupled with an extensive education and travel in Europe and South America have given Lewis Shollenberger the background to produce such excellent CBS network public affairs programs.
Coming Next Month

STELLA DALLAS, Ken Murray, Margaret Whiting, Jean Dickenson, Betty Furness, Studs Terkel, Kate Smith, Milton Berle, Jack McCoy, Darla Hood, and Arthur Godfrey—put them all together and you have the June issue of RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR. Add lots more if you like because that’s exactly what will be in next month’s magazine. First of all, there’s a special section devoted to Ken Murray and all the people on his Saturday evening TV show. There’ll be color pictures of Ken and his wife—and a special story about Ken by his wife.

Speaking of wives reminds us that June is famous for making women such. And in the June issue there’ll be an exciting contest for brides which will be conducted by Betty Furness, the blonde and personable hostess of Penthouse Party. Betty will also give you some ingenious ideas for having a bridal shower party. Watch for the announcement of this contest with its elegant prizes which no one—especially a bride—will want to miss.

Stella Dallas’ daughter, Laurel, will be seen modeling early summer frocks; there’ll be a special story on Margaret Whiting and her new baby; and pictures and a story on that man who wants everyone to live like a millionaire—Jack McCoy. And be sure to look for the color cands of Arthur Godfrey and his Friends who are by this time your friends, too, of course. Arthur’s favorite photographer has again exclusively recorded the infectious goings-on which make up both on and off the air time for Arthur and his Friends. You’ll find these color pictures in the June issue on sale at your newsstand, Wednesday, May 9.

Also in June: an at-home story on Studs Terkel, keeper of one of TV’s most hospitable hostels, Studs’ Place and a story on the American Album of Familiar Music with a color portrait of Jean Dickenson. Extra added attractions: Kate Smith and Milton Berle, both on the cover and in a story.

DO WHATEVER YOU WANT with the three dollars you save on Listerine Tooth Paste in the new Thrift-Pak! The Thrift-Pak (two regular 45¢ tubes for 59¢!) contains enough Tooth Paste to last the average family a whole month...and saves you 30¢ every time you buy. Within a year the average family’s bound to save as much as $3 or more.

As makers of Listerine Antiseptic, we would never put our name on a product that isn’t top quality. No dentifrice you can buy beats Listerine Tooth Paste for:

- Reducing tooth decay
- Thorough polishing
- Sparkling flavor
- Cleaning teeth and breath

(“Listerine” means breath control.)

Only modern machinery, mass production, and more than sixty years of “know-how” make the low price possible. So change today to Listerine Tooth Paste in the new Thrift-Pak.

...UP TO 60% LESS TOOTH DECAY!

Research at a famous university definitely showed that modern dentifrices like Listerine Tooth Paste, used regularly immediately after eating, can reduce cavities as much as 60%. When it comes to cleaning, no tooth paste...not a single one...beats Listerine Tooth Paste.
for a gala hair-do every day all day

more women use Gayla
HOLD-BOB®
hobby pins than all other brands combined
SET CURLS EASIER
HOLD HAIR-DOS BETTER

for NEW hair-do glamour wear the NEW, modern
Permanized Run-Resistant
Gayla
HAIR NETS

Corporal Geoffrey Walter, lonely no longer, tells Tommy of his good fortune.

The kid with a jinx over his head, a tragic four-time loser, is carrying a four-leaf clover. Luck? "I'm the luckiest guy in the world," he declares. And the way he says it, you know that if there is such a thing as good luck, Corporal Geoffrey John Walter of the Air Corps must have it.

Geoff has always had plenty of luck, nearly all of it bad. His parents both died shortly after he was born. One would have been bad enough, but losing both his father and mother was too tough. And then, Geoff told me when I interviewed him at my Welcome Travelers microphone, it looked like his luck was going to change. He was adopted by a childless couple who gave him all their love, just before he was six years old... old enough to want nothing in the world quite so much as parental affection.

So what happened? Old Man Jinx was just getting started with Geoff Walter. His foster parents both lost their lives in an automobile accident shortly after they adopted him. There was nobody else to care for him, so the child was put into a Pittsburgh, Pa., orphanage. "The folks at the orphanage did a good job," he says, "but—well, an orphanage can't ever be a home, and it can't replace a dad and mother."

Geoff stayed in the orphanage until his eighteenth birthday. He reasoned that he should be doing something to make a place for himself in the world, but college was out of the question. He finally solved the problem by enlisting in the navy. "Uncle Sam Wants You," the posters said—and the idea of having somebody want him appealed to the boy.

The navy was all right, he says—but you know—nothing like home. Home had become a symbol to him, a dream that always seemed just out of reach.

Traveler of the Month

By Tommy Bartlett

Monday-Friday at 10 A.M. EST, Tommy Bartlett emcees NBC's Welcome Travelers, sponsored by Procter and Gamble.
An orphan once—now the proud possessor of two brand new parents—Geoff
Walter is a four-leaf clover boy for the first time.

That constant search for something he didn't have must have been behind Geoffrey Walter's transfer from the navy to the Army Air Corps two years ago. And at Randolph field, he met another trainee, Sergeant John Dombeck, Jr., of Kelly Lake, Minnesota, one of four children in a fine, closely-knit family. John was lonely for his three brothers and his sister, and Geoffrey was just plain lonely. A close friendship developed.

John Dombeck liked to talk about his family, and Geoffrey Walter loved to listen. He began referring to Dombeck as his "brother," and Dombeck encouraged a correspondence between his friend and his parents.

A year ago, shortly before Christmas, Mom Dombeck packed a box for her son's friend. "He cried like a baby, mom," John Dombeck wrote. "It was the first time anyone had ever sent him anything—for Christmas or for any time."

Mrs. Dombeck thought it over, and wrote Geoff a letter. "We don't have much," she said, "but you're always welcome here. This can be your home. If it will make you feel surer of yourself, we'd like to adopt you as our son."

He was returning from an 18-day leave when he stopped off in Chicago and found his way to Welcome Travelers. The leave had been spent with his new parents, and Geoffrey Walter was a happy boy.

"I expect to be shipped overseas soon," he told me, "and I won't mind, now that I have a home and a family. I don't think I ever realized what was wrong with me 'til I saw my new parents. I'm going to try to get back to visit them again for a few days before I go overseas. Whether I make it or not, I'm still lucky to have such wonderful people for a mother and father. They're really great."

I've never met the senior Dombecks, but I think they're great, too.
KNOWING the NEWS

By TERRY BURTON

CBS correspondent Larry Lesueur discusses with Terry Burton the great importance of keeping up with the news and forming your own opinions.

RECENTLY we had as a Family Counselor, Larry Lesueur, CBS News commentator, correspondent at the United Nations. "An understanding of the news is becoming vital to everyone's existence," he told us.

When I asked what it takes to be up on the news," he said, "If every American would read one newspaper each day and one news-magazine each week, they would know what was going on. But don't let headlines scare you. You must constantly remember that headlines are merely an eye-catching device. . . . And that they sometimes reflect the personal opinions of individuals."

Years of training have convinced Mr. Lesueur that the only way to try to understand the news is to read the entire story, down to the last word. "Then," he says, "make up your own mind. Don't let the headlines make it up for you."

Mr. Lesueur added that you should read and listen to reporters who take opposite sides of a question. "You know," he said, "many of our opinions can be traced back to some columnist or commentator who has expressed the same opinion."

Interested in Mr. Lesueur's work at the United Nations, I asked him how he felt about the progress of the U. N.

He told us that he was convinced that behind the headlines, the interests of our country and the United Nations are exactly the same. "Two dreadful wars have proved that this country must have friends and allies. In the first place, we have only 150 million very precious men and women. That's not enough considering what we're up against. Second place, even this great continent lacks vital raw materials . . . which we can get only from other people. The U. N. has proved the only democratic way to keep allies at our side. Free people just won't be pushed around, but they can be led, if our reasons stand up under the hard light of democratic discussions."

TUNE IN: Every Wednesday is Family Counselor Day on The Second Mrs. Burton, heard Monday-Friday at 2 P.M. EST on CBS. Sponsor: General Foods.
“Once punched Joe Louis in the whiskers,” says Stan Lomax, WOR’s ace sportscaster. “And what’s more,” he adds, “I’ve got a picture to prove it.”

What Stan humorously forgets to add, however, is that the picture shows he was wearing a catcher’s mask when he stepped into the ring for his “battle of the Century,” carrying a portable microphone to give WOR listeners an account of how it feels to swap punches with the famed Detroit Brown Bomber.

Where action-packed sports programs are concerned, Lomax has long been the favorite of New York Metropolitans. Stan’s sportscasts are heard over WOR Mondays through Saturdays from 6:45 to 7 P.M. With the outbreak of the Korean fighting, his broadcasts are again transcribed and rebroadcast throughout the world by the Armed Forces Radio Service.

Stan was born on May 20, 1899, and in his early years, in addition to his studies, he played first-string football, baseball and basketball. College years were spent at Cornell and Hobart where he was a member of both grid squads. At Cornell he was coached by the famed Gil Dobie.

After college Stan played pro basketball, but when the first World War broke out, he volunteered in the Royal Air Force.

As a sportswriter for the Bronx Home News from 1923 to 1927, Stan covered an estimated 1,000 boxing bouts.

Among the top matches he has covered were those of Dempsey-Firpo, Wills-Willard, the first Dempsey-Tunney bout and all Berenbach’s title bouts.

Stan’s radio debut came in 1930, over WOR, after several years with the N. Y. Journal American.

During World War II, Stan was responsible for the sale of over one million dollars in War Savings Bonds, and was cited by the U. S. Treasury Department.

Married and the father of one son, Lomax lives in Garden City, Long Island, and in his spare Sunday afternoons he joins thousands of other fellow Americans watching local football games.

Science has new help for painful, burning corns. A new wonder drug, Phenylum, brings far quicker relief, far surer corn and callus removal.

Developed by Blue-Jay Scientists, Phenylum is the fastest acting, most effective medication for corns and calluses, the first new corn-removing medication in seventy years.

In tests, Phenylum started its action much sooner—removed corns in 19 out of 20 cases... a better record than any other agent.

And three out of four corn sufferers who tried New Blue-Jay Corn Plasters with Phenylum say: “Better than any corn treatment I ever used!”

Discover the new Blue-Jay wonder drug. And remember, only new Blue-Jay Corn or Callus Plasters bring you Phenylum.

At Your Drug Counter Now!
PERIODIC PAIN

Midol acts three ways to bring relief from menstrual suffering. It relieves cramps, eases headache and it chases the “blues.”

Dora now takes Midol at the first sign of menstrual distress.


DORA'S UP WITH MIDOL

Midol relieves 24-page.

MR. and MRS.

THE CHARMING young actress who appears on Buck Rogers and The Plainclothes Man started out in several careers before she decided that she wanted to act. “I think now,” says Cynthia Stone, “I always wanted to, but I was just scared. Everything else looked easier!”

Cynthia was born in Peoria where her father was an executive with the First National Bank. She attended school there, and finished at Finch in New York. At the time she was planning to be Dr. Cynthia Stone, psychiatrist. But gradually her marks at Finch convinced her that she didn’t have a scientific mind. In fact, after a year there, she found she would have to take another course, any course, in order to graduate. The only thing open was dramatics—and a star was born.

After graduation Cynthia went through the motions of looking for a job in radio, but she still had her “too good to be true” feeling about an acting career. So she entered her modelling phase. It was fun, and not hard, but she found that her brief flyer in the drama had spoiled her, and she haunted the networks—in earnest. Director Bill Marshall liked her audition record, and she was soon playing parts in Modern Romances, Portia Faces Life and others. During this time she also played in a little theater play called “Power Of Darkness.” Cynthia had about five lines but she was much impressed by the leading man, Jack Lemmon, and he with her. Cynthia and Jack were soon going steady, and last May they were married—after five months of apartment hunting. Their first piece of community property was a dog (mostly wire-haired) named Duffy. Cynthia likes to cook, design clothes, and collect antique jewelry.

CYNNTHIA STONE

JACK LEMMON

Jack Lemmon arrived in New York via Harvard and the Navy determined to succeed as an actor. He had $300 which seemed like a lot at the time. A month later, it didn’t look so good. Jack rented a room for $4 a week. It was wonderful, except that it had no window. He took that as long as he could, and then found a seven-room apartment for $2.50 a week! It had a drawback, too. He had to close off five because they were infested with rats. All very bohemian, but Jack was happy when he found a steady job and could move to a conventional hole in the wall.

His first professional job came about accidentally. He visited the Old Knick Music Hall where a friend of his was working. It was amateur night and the friend thought it would be fun to call on Jack to play the piano and sing. He did and won. The prize was a two-week job as M.C. there. Jack stayed on for a year at the Old Knick, writing several shows.

All this time he was doing short jobs in stock companies. While playing in an off-Broadway production, he met Cynthia Stone, who had a small role. Since she was very pretty, Jack asked her to coach him for a radio audition. She did and—much to his surprise—it was his first successful audition. He got a few small parts, and then attained the role of Dutch in Road Of Life, a part which he still plays. His first TV break was on the Kraft show, and since then he has appeared on Studio One, Ford Theater and others.

Married last May, Jack and Cynthia are about the busiest couple in town. They are redecorating their apartment, keeping up with radio-TV appearances and looking forward to a long career of working together.
Clothesline with a Natural Look!

Cashmere Bouquet

Face Powder

So smooth, so naturally clinging—
6 flattering, “Flower-Fresh” shades!

Accentuate your loveliness the natural way—with luxuriously smooth Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder. For no matter what your coloring, there's a fashionable, “flower-fresh” shade to complement and flatter your own true skin tone. Plus texture and cling like pure velvet . . . no streaking, flaking or shine. Scented with a lingering whisper of the romantic “fragrance men love”!

Only 29¢
Tonight! Be his dream girl...

Tonight! Show him how much lovelier your hair can look... after a

Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Leaves hair sparkling, starry-bright... no dulling soap film with Lustre-Creme Shampoo! And it lathers lavishly even in hardest water.

Leaves hair fragrantly clean, free of loose dandruff. Unlike many oil shampoos, Lustre-Creme needs no special rinse.

Leaves hair silken soft, manageable, easy to curl. Lustre-Creme is easier to use. Contains LANOLIN... is not harsh or drying. Try Lustre-Creme Shampoo today—be his dream girl tonight!

BETTER THAN
SOAPS

BETTER THAN
OILS

BETTER THAN
LIQUIDS

World's finest shampoo—a beauty creme-blend with LANOLIN

Can you have a happy marriage if your husband is wedded to his work?

Carolyn Kramer is the heroine of Right To Happiness, heard M-F, 3:45 P.M. EST, NBC. Sponsor: Ivory Soap and Duz.

Here are the names of those who wrote the best letters of advice to Carolyn Kramer in February's daytime drama problem:

In February Radio Television Mirror reader-listeners were told Carolyn Kramer's story and asked if a happy marriage could be achieved with a man who is wedded to his work. Radio Television Mirror editors have chosen the best letters and checks have been sent to the following:

TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS to Mrs. M. R. Simons of Dallas, Texas, for the following letter:

The answer to your problem is "yes." Make yourself so important to your husband he will unconsciously find time for you. Be happy in the reflected sunshine of his happiness in his work. I think by being sympathetic, loving, and confident in him you will become such a part of him he will blend you with his career.

Build up a mutual admiration between Miles and Skippy. No man finds complete joy in a successful career without the love and admiration of a family to share it with him, and don’t worry he will find time for them!

FIVE DOLLARS each for the five next-best letters in answer to the question has been sent to:

Mrs. Deryl Westbrook Sherman, Texas
Mrs. Irvin Greer Baldwin, Kansas
Mrs. R. V. Pester Dayton, Ohio
Mrs. R. H. Fletcher Carrollton, Georgia
Mrs. L. C. Robbins Elwood, Ind.
FOR YOUR INFORMATION If there’s something you want to know about radio and television, write to Information Booth, Radio Television Mirror, 250 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N.Y. We’ll answer if we can either in Information Booth or by mail—but be sure to sign your full name and address and attach this box to your letter.

BETTER HALF

Dear Editor:
I would like to know something about Frances Langford, singer and actress on the TV show Star Time. Didn’t she play Mrs. Bickerson on the radio?
Wilmette, Ill.

J. W.

Frances Langford was born in Lakeland, Florida and became a contralto by accident. She was born a soprano and was active in glee club work until a tonsillectomy changed her naturally-high voice into its present velvet tones. She originated the role of Mrs. Bickerson on the Edgar Bergen Show, playing opposite Don Ameche.

LEADING MAN

Dear Editor:
I would appreciate it if you could print a picture of the man who plays Don Smith on Wendy Warren and the News. Is he heard on any other programs?
Wichita, Kans.

B. J. H.

John Raby, who is heard as Don Smith, also portrays Harry Davis on When A Girl Marries.

GILDY THE GREAT

Dear Editor:
Can you please tell me who is the new Gilder-sleeve and what happened to the person who used to take the part?
Richmond, Ind.

Mrs. N. M.

It’s Willard Waterman (see photo) who is now heard as “Gildy,” Harold Peary, who used to play the role, now stars in his own show, Wednesdays at 9 P.M. EST on CBS stations.

ONE MAN’S HISTORY

Dear Editor:
Although this originally was a department for questions about radio, I notice you are now answering queries about television as well. Here’s mine: Who played the part of Johnny Roberts on One Man’s Family? How old is he; is he married and what is he doing now? Where can I write to find out more about him and other TV stars?
East Providence, R. I.: Miss P. T.

Michael Higgins left One Man’s Family for the Broadway production of “Romeo and Juliet.” The twenty-eight-year-old actor is married, has one son, Sean. For information about him and other video personalities write to the networks on which they appear.
WNBC Quiz Kids Marcia Balaban and Peter Hughes seem to know the right answer to the question while quiz mates Allan Kaminsky and Marilyn Hacker puzzle it.

"Oh, I don't want to brag, mind you, but my child is so smart—" says proud parent, and the unlucky listener is in for a long list of how many "A's" Johnny got in Arithmetic and the magnificent composition Mary wrote on "Why I Love My Dog." And the listener sits there with a sceptical look. Sceptical, that is, unless the child happens to be one of those astonishing creatures, a "Quiz Kid."

WNBC is the proud parent of four of these unusual youngsters whose intelligence has been definitely established over the Savings Bank Quiz Kids program heard each Sunday at 1:30.

Looking like a young version of Arthur Godfrey is eleven-year-old Peter Hughes. Peter says that one reason he wanted to be a "Quiz Kid" is that he likes to take advantage of new experiences and acquire more knowledge. If that is his desire he has already made a good beginning by holding a 97% average in the seventh grade at St. Peter's School on Staten Island. He has also acquired a great deal of general knowledge through reading all types of books during his industrious lifetime. Being a typical American boy, sports are high on the list of Peter's favorite activities, particularly football, softball and swimming.

Marcia Balaban is a young lady who is as bright as she is pretty. She has managed to maintain an "A" average through all the six grades she has spent in school. Although she excels in English literature and reading, her interests outside of school are varied. She collects stamps, rocks and minerals, sews beautifully and makes flower catalogs. Besides all this she finds time to take part in plays given for the Parent Teachers' Association.

Allan Kaminsky, who hails from the Dodgers' home base, is quite naturally a lover of baseball and spends much of his time knocking balls over Brooklyn's back fences. Besides baseball, Allan manages to keep up with his quiz-mates with his "A" average. He frequently retires to the family parlor for his favorite indoor pastime of playing the piano.

Marilyn-Terry Hacker is a bright-eyed young lady from the Bronx who already knows what she would like to be when she grows up. She has decided upon a writing career and has started to work toward her goal by writing poems and stories for her school newspaper. An avid reader, this third-grader counts the Book of Knowledge among her favorite books, since she finds its help invaluable for Quiz Kids bouts.
POETRY

CHILDREN'S WORLD
This is their private universe—
The backyard of their home,
Content are they to stay and play
While imaginations roam.
The time will come, of course, to go
Exploring down the lane,
Their eager eyes on hills beyond
Will urge them on again.
But now their playground does not seem
Too small a world at all;
Each day brings new adventuring
Behind the garden wall.
—Marion Simms

BECAUSE I LOVE
Afraid for me? Because I love
The brightest stars in skies above,
The highest hills, the deepest streams;
The greatest minds, the rarest dreams.
Afraid—because a great love beckons
To this mind which only reckons
That the soul is freer still
For loving well the things it will!
I will love you, so do not dare
To lure me from my heart's desire.
The mountains quake, the stars may fly;
The minds grow weak, the streams go dry.
The dreams we dream are all unreal,
My love for these may turn to nil.
But love of you is part of me,
As it was always meant to be.
—Reba K. Hughes

BRUSHOFF
Our landlord, a literate man is he,
But we have one complaint—
He has never heard of the simile—
Fresh as paint!
—Thomas Usk

JEST FOR FUN
In a full length mirror
Take a sidelong glance,
You may get a laugh
At your own expense.
—Maurice Seitter

RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR
WILL PAY FIVE DOLLARS
for the best original poems sent in each month by our readers. Limit poems to 30 lines, address to Poetry, Radio Television Mirror Magazine, 205 E. 42 Street, New York 17, New York. Each poem should be accompanied by this notice. When a self-addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed, every effort will be made to return unused poems. This is not a contest, but an effort to purchase poetry for Radio Television Mirror.

when all you’re wearing is a SWIM SUIT
be sure it’s a Sea Nymph

One and Two Piecers in LASTEX
Slightly higher West of the Rockies

At your favorite store, or write MARTHA GAINES
JORDAN MANUFACTURING CORP.
1410 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 18, N.Y.
WOMAN of DISTINCTION

When someone wins a Freedoms Foundation Award for outstanding achievement in politics or journalism, we are not surprised. Rather, we feel that they are "proper" fields of endeavor for that great fight for world brotherhood and honor that person for his achievement. But when someone wins this coveted award because she has made a better cookie cutter, it is time to sit up and take notice of this "someone." And Ruth Welles, Women's Director of KYW is definitely worthy of notice.

Long impressed with the importance of cookies as a symbol of American life, Miss Welles designed a cookie cutter, shaped like the Freedoms Foundation's Credo emblem and won one of the top ten awards from that organization.

Miss Welles, when she is not designing cookie cutters, is probably the best-known woman broadcaster in Philadelphia. Not only does she conduct a women's program at 9:30 every morning, but she also teams with Gabe Millerand for a fifteen-minute husband-and-wife show three afternoons a week.

An accomplished vocalist, Miss Welles studied voice at the Battle Creek Conservatory of Music and sang professionally for a number of years. She was Director of Music at the Chicago Latin School for Girls. Even when she moved back to Rockford and began her first broadcast of a women's commentator-type, she sang in churches and taught voice.

That first program series on what is now station WROC was broadcast six days a week. It started as a daily half-hour recipe program sponsored by a grocers' association, then increased in length as quarter-hour girl disc jockey programs were added to her daily stint (with good sales results) until she found herself on the air from 10 A.M. to 11:45 A.M. every day except Sunday.

SOUNDLY established in radio as a women's activities broadcaster, she accepted a position with WGAR, Cleveland, conducting a women's show under her own name, from 1932 until 1935. It was that year that she came to Philadelphia to work for the Woman's Home Companion as Carolyn Price, women's columnist, broadcaster, and merchandising contact—all for her magazine employer.

For a few months she held the dual role of writer for RCA's South American broadcasts and copywriter for the appliances division, and joined KYW in September, 1940.
WOMANLY OFFENSE TO A YOUNG WIFE

I WISH DICK WOULD TELL ME WHAT'S BOtherING HIM---

I THOUGHT A GIRL KNEW THESE FACTS BEFORE SHE MARRIED

Who should explain this grave offense to a young wife?

Read here how no other type liquid antiseptic-germicide tested for the douche is SO POWERFUL yet SAFE to tissues as ZONITE!

Too often a marriage goes through a needless crisis simply because the young wife fails to practice complete hygiene (including internal feminine cleanliness). Too often the reason is she doesn't know what to put in her fountain syringe.

Today every young woman should be fully instructed on the importance of using ZONITE in her douche for health, womanly charm, married happiness—and always after her periods. She must realize there's a womanly offense graver than bad breath or body odor—an odor she seldom detects herself yet is so apparent to others around her.

And above all remember this: no other type liquid antiseptic-germicide tested for the douche is so powerful yet so safe to tissues as ZONITE.

ZONITE’S Miracle-Action

The ZONITE principle was developed by a famous surgeon and a scientist. It's the first in the world to be so powerful effective yet absolutely safe—safe—SAFE—to tissues. Scientists tested every known antiseptic-germicide they could find on sale for the douche and no other type was so powerful yet safe as ZONITE. Positively non-poisonous, non-irritating. You can use ZONITE as directed as often as needed without the slightest injury.

Gives BOTH Internal and External Hygienic Protection

ZONITE dissolves and removes odor-causing waste substances. It promptly relieves any itching or irritation. It helps guard against infection and kills every germ it touches. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract but you can be sure ZONITE immediately kills every reachable germ and keeps germs from multiplying. Instructions with every bottle.

FREE! NEW!

For amazing enlightening NEW booklet containing frank discussion of intimate physical facts, recently published—mail this coupon to Zonite Products Corp., Dept. RM-51, 100 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. *

Name ____________________________
Address __________________________
City _____________________________
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FREE! NEW!

For amazing enlightening NEW booklet containing frank discussion of intimate physical facts, recently published—mail this coupon to Zonite Products Corp., Dept. RM-51, 100 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. *

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City _____________________________
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POETRY

ROBIN'S VIEW

The lordly robin on the campus grass
Surveys the interlopers as they pass
Across his green estate, and solemnly
Outraged, ponders such effrontery.
"A chattering flock," he thinks, "lack-
ing the poise
Of robins, and given to unnecessary
noise.
Such bare, unfeathered faces—not a
beak
Among the lot. Totally unfit to seek
For worms."

The unheedings youngsters
shout and cry,
A bright-sweatered covey, skimming
by,
"Helpless fledglings from the parent
nest;"
Signs the small philosopher with the
russet vest.

—Alice Briley

AWARENESS

Speak no word . . .
Let the eternal stars tell of a silver hour,
let the chanty of a bird
shape the pattern of awareness
fragile as a flower.
Speak no word
for I must stand alone
pierced by the thin white shard of dawn
with never a footfall,
never a sound
to tell me that you
are gone.

—Alma Robison Higbee

DESERT EVENING

Across the sunburnt dunes a band of sheep
Flows as a saffron mist within a cloud,
Following bronzed arroways to the deep
Recesses of the gorge; where the wind, loud
In nervous laughter, leaps from stone
to stone.
Ewe nuzzle lambs—as near the evening—bold
Coyote screams his taunting mono-
tone—
Then huddle quickly in their sage-
brush fold.
Thin shadows writhe down dark-
ing lava streams,
Clamber the rims and coil about the
buttes,
Strangling the covering light that
trembling seems
A frightened rabbit trapped in cedar
roots.
As careless night throws down his
blanket roll,
A burro brays by the muddy water-
hole.

—Cullen Jones
MAY... on the first day of which, as custom has it, you hang a posy on the doorknob at your best girl's house, ring the bell and run like anything. If you're shy, that is. In my early courting days, no such coyness held me back. When I took a girl flowers, I took 'em clutched in my own fist, handed them to her myself. What was the sense of wasting a week's allowance on a bunch of flowers, I reasoned, if you aren't around to get a thank-you for them? As for May baskets, suppose the girl's mother opens the door and thinks the flowers are for her? Or her sister, the one who looks moon-eyed at you even without any such encouragement? No, son, if you take your girl flowers in celebration of May Day, the heck with this hanging 'em on the doorknob and skittering off like a shot at rabbit. Stand your ground and collect whatever the little lady may see fit to bestow on you in gratitude! ... To get on to more practical considerations, let's take a peek at our trusty friend The Old Farmer's Almanac, and see what's predicted. Sounds like every bit as dandy a month as May usually turns out to be—nice, mild, spring-like weather with plenty of sunshine to make the flowers come up so fast you can almost watch their growing. A couple of misty days at the end of the month, they say, followed by rain for the wind-up, but who's going to complain about a little shower? ... Besides flowers and showers, May offers a holiday or two. Mother's Day, for instance, falls on Sunday the thirteenth; mark "gift for Mom" on your calendar right now, so you won't forget. Memorial Day's the thirtieth, of course. And, if you're so minded, you may have cause to rejoice or to despair on the fifth of the month—that's the date of this year's Kentucky Derby.

READERS' OWN VERSE

Lines To A Man Standing On The Corner

A woman's promise
Not to be late
Can carry with it
A lot of wait.

—Pauline Saltzman

Pause and Consider—A list of a few towns in Newfoundland has come my way. Of course everyone's heard of Gander, where the big transatlantic planes light down and set a spell. Now the obvious inference here is that the place was named after the husband of a goose. Likewise, it's easy to understand Heart's Delight and Heart's Content—those names conjure up happy pictures of travel-weary settlers choosing a homeplace at last. But how about Little Seldom? And Sop's Arm? And Venison Tickle? Is there a Newfoundland in the audience? And if so, would he or she kindly step up to the podium and explain?
IN CASE YOU CARE—

The tallest people in the world are found in Denmark, the Scottish Highlands, East Africa, and southernmost South Africa. If you live in Michigan or Wisconsin, you can get married for fifty cents—or, anyway, that's what your license to wed will cost you. On the other hand, if you're a resident of North Carolina or Indiana, you have to pay the top price, five bucks per license. There's an organization, central offices in Detroit, boasting the fascinating title of "Society For The Preservation and Encouragement of Barber Shop Quartet Singing in America." There are three parts to a comet: nucleus, coma and tail... In 1945, the flag of the President of the United States was somewhat changed—so that, among other things, the eagle on the bronze seal now faces toward the olive branch of peace instead of, as formerly, toward the arrows of war... 

Benjamin Franklin said it: "Who is wise? He that learns from everyone. Who is powerful? He that governs his passions. Who is rich? He that is content. Who is that? Nobody!"

Letter of the Law Dep't—If you live in, or intend to visit, Illinois this coming summer, here are a few tips which may help you to avoid entangling alliances with the gents in the blue coats: In Sullivan, for instance, the law clearly states that women going swimming must wear bloomers reaching below the knees and long stockings. South Park Beach, Chicago, is a little more lenient, merely stipulating that female bathing dresses must have sleeves which cover at least a quarter of the arm. And just over the state line, in East Chicago, Indiana, an ordinance comes to grips with the problem of covering up the male figure on the beach. Men, says the law, must wear suits with "skirt effect" or a shirt worn outside trunks, and in any event said trunks must end no farther up than four inches above the knee.

READERS' OWN VERSE

Gossip
Something that is never wise,
Something that the good despise,
Something that can hurt a friend,
Something that should really end,
Something one should be above...
Something I am guilty of.
—Richard Wheeler

IT HAPPENED ON HOUSE PARTY

Linkletter (to five-year-old girl): What do you like to do best?
Girl: Play cards—because I get all the aces and jokers and the twos. The twos are wild, you know.
Linkletter: You don't say. How come you happen to get all these good cards?
Girl: Oh, I sneak them out beforehand!

MATUTINAL REFLECTIONS ON AN OVIPAROUS FOWL—It's shortly after breakfast, and I'm sitting, in a mellow mood, thinking about what to write for Nonsense and Some-Sense. What crosses my mind—gems of wisdom, pearls or poesy? No—hens! A lovely bird, the hen. Such a morale-builder she is, bless her little heart, as she sends us off to face the day's tribulations fortified by a good breakfast, the very heart and core of which is a new-laid egg. Or two eggs. Or even, on special occasions such as hunting or fishing trips, three eggs. (I once knew a guy, an ex-fullback, who could do away with seven eggs on a hunting-trip breakfast, but even I think that's overdoing it just a trifle.) What brought on all this philosophy anent the hen and her contribution to our welfare is, of course, the breakfast I just finished. Lois has a special way with eggs, one that would drive me to writing odes if I were a poet. Here's how it works: she butters a little baking dish for each person to be served. Meanwhile she melts butter and top milk together, nicely salted and peppered, in a saucepan—say about a teaspoon of butter and a third of a cup of milk per person. She cuts the crusts off thin-sliced bread and cuts the slices in half. Next, the pieces of bread are dipped in the butter-and-milk mixture and fitted into the dishes, sort of like a pie-crust, using two slices of bread per dish. Into each dish go two raw eggs, unbroken, and over the eggs is poured whatever's left of the melted butter and milk. Then into the oven they go to bake—at a very low heat, Lois warns, on account of quick cooking makes eggs leathery—until set to the degree you like them. The ingredients are simple but by some magic, done up this way, they blend into a dish I could eat every day of the week and twice on Sundays. You can dream up a dozen variations, too. The kids—believe it or not—like a layer of spinach in the bottom before the eggs go in. I'm partial to a crumbling of nice, spicy, home-styled sausage meat, browned-up first. Lois's favorite is a thin slice of ham. Sometimes she gilds the lily with a liberal sprinkling of grated cheese over the top. Gosh, I'm hungry all over again. and it's a good three hours till lunch!
Dry skin. “The Noxzema Home Facial helped my dry skin look softer and smoother,” says Mrs. Ina Marlow of St. Paul, Minn. “And Noxzema’s so refreshing to use!”

A lovelier-looking complexion rewarded Tucson’s Mrs. Ann Snodgrass, when she tried the Noxzema Home Facial. “Greaseless Noxzema is wonderful,” she says.

Look Lovelier in 10 Days

with Doctor’s Home Facial ... or your money back!

Easy, New Beauty Routine Quickly Helps Skin Look Softer, Smoother, Lovelier!

No need for a lot of elaborate preparations... no complicated rituals! With just one cream—greaseless, medicated Noxzema—you can help your skin look softer, smoother and fresher, too!

All you do is follow the easy Noxzema Home Facial, described at the right. Developed by a doctor, in actual clinical tests it helped 4 out of 5 women with problem skin look lovelier!

See how it can help you!

With this doctor’s Home Facial, you “creamwash” to glowing cleanliness—without any dry, drawn feeling. You give skin the all-day protection of a greaseless powder base... the all-night aid of a medicated cream that helps heal externally-caused blemishes, while it helps soften and smooth.

Money-Back Offer! Get Noxzema today at any drug or cosmetic counter—40¢, 60¢, $1.00 plus tax. If it doesn’t help your skin look lovelier in 10 days, return your jar to Noxzema, Baltimore, Md.—and get your money back.

Do this for a lovelier-looking complexion!

Morning—Apply Noxzema over face and neck. Using a damp cloth, “creamwash” with Noxzema just as you would if you were using soap and water. When you “creamwash” your skin clean with Noxzema, there’s no dry, drawn feeling afterwards!

Now, smooth on a light film of Noxzema for your powder base. This greaseless, invisible film of Noxzema not only holds your make-up beautifully, but it also helps protect your skin all day!

Evening—At bedtime, “creamwash” again with Noxzema just as in the morning. How clean your skin looks! How fresh it feels! See how you’ve washed away make-up, dirt—without harsh rubbing!

Now, lightly massage your skin with Noxzema to help soften, smooth. Pat a bit extra over any blemishes* to help heal them. Noxzema’s greaseless! No “smeary” face or messy pillow with this dainty cream!

*externally-caused

NOxzema Skin Cream

Like an Angel of Mercy to your skin
Toast of the Town’s host, an
Awards winner himself, marks the fourth annual reader-
listener poll with a special message for you

Radio Television Mirror awards

There are all sorts of polls, just as there are all
sorts of surveys in television and radio. You can
hardly turn around in a studio without colliding
with a poll-taker. Far from this being a defect, it seems
to me that it is rather an index of the tremendous inter-
est in both media. And, when Radio Television Mir-
or carries the poll directly to its readers, this is the
best of all possible polls, because readers base their se-
lections, not on technicalities, but on genuine “likes.”
The shows come into their living rooms and they
determine which visitor is preferred. So, when TV
viewers or radio listeners send in their ballots, this is
a poll which represents public opinion, and the
industry can be grateful to the magazine for the work
and space which it has devoted to the Annual RADIO
TELEVISION MIRROR Awards.

There are other methods of polling audience pref-
ferences. Some of them focus on TV and radio editors;
some of them are the expression of the feelings of
magazine staffs; some are compiled among techni-
cians. All of these help to form a pattern of likes and
dislikes. And all should be encouraged, because of the
impetus they give to TV and radio. Yet, there is no
substitute for the expression (Continued on page 85)
Success Story: from “the borscht belt” to Your Show of Shows—with assists from three mad men and one wonderful guy—as related • BY SID CAESAR

WHEN I’m doing a comedy sketch, I always try to put myself in the place of the fellow who is earning an average salary and living a fairly simple life. He’s the fellow I speak to.

He’s the man, for instance, who recognizes a familiar situation when I portray the troubles of Joe Smith trying to get a television set for his apartment. He’s completely confused by the different claims of his friends. He’s run ragged, going from store to store, listening to technical talk he doesn’t understand. He runs into delays and extra charges he didn’t anticipate. He has a big battle with his landlord over putting up the aerial. Finally the set is installed and ready. The guy gets into his robe and slippers. He fixes a little snack, draws up a comfortable chair, turns down the lights in the room, clicks on the dials and—bang! The set blows up in his face!

That’s familiar. It’s the perfectly ludicrous situation that happens to all of us with one sort of thing or another—an automobile, a ballpoint pen . . . anything.

I couldn’t project the silliness of these familiar situations if I weren’t guilty myself. I could have won the prize for ridiculous behavior when I had that first tiff with my wife, (Continued on page 100)

Sid Caesar is seen on Your Show of Shows, every Saturday night from 9-10:30, EST, on NBC-TV stations. Participating sponsors.

“Most important—Max Liebman’s belief”
Success Story: from “the borscht belt” to Your Show

of Shows—with assists from three mad men and

one wonderful guy—as related • BY SID CAESAR

This Is Me

Family portrait in the Caesar manner—Sid, Florence and Michele, known as Shellie. Strictly taboo at home is show "shop talk."

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"Most important—Max Liebman's belief"
She calls him her "old man"

Perry and Roselle have been married for nineteen years—and without a serious quarrel!
My husband, Perry Como

A few weeks ago a friend of mine telephoned me and asked if I would be good enough to write a magazine story about the man in my life, my husband, Perry Como. I couldn’t have been more surprised and I'm sure my sputtered answer went something like, “Me? Well, it’s very nice of you to ask me, but I've never written a magazine story in my life, and I don’t know if I...”

“But that’s just the point,” he interrupted enthusiastically, “rather than have a professional writer do an interview with Perry, it would be much more interesting for you to write about him and give out with some honest, straightforward dope on your husband—what it’s like to be married to a famous singing star.”

My friend was kindly persuasive and before I realized it, he had talked me into the job. I warned him I wasn’t exactly the lady author type so I hoped there wouldn’t be too many dangling participles, split infinitives, etc., in my little masterpiece. “Oh, don’t worry about that,” he said, “just go to work and I’ll bet you’ll turn out a darned good story.”

For the next few days while Perry was at rehearsals for his TV show, I worked on my assignment in my own pick and peck system of typing. Every time Perry saw me banging away, he’d ask, “Honey, what are you writing, anyway? You look like you’re sweating out the great American (Continued on page 86)

The Perry Como Show is telecast Monday, Wednesday and Friday, 7:45 P.M. EST on CBS-TV stations. It is sponsored by Liggett-Myers, makers of Chesterfields.
She calls him her "old man" which means she loves him very much!

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The Perry Como Show is telecast Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, 7:15 P.M. EST on CBS-TV stations. It is sponsored by Liggett & Myers, makers of Chesterfield.
Dr. Jim Brent, head of Wheelock Hospital in Merrimac, is a warm, fine man. A widower, Jim is greatly disturbed by the obvious need of his little daughter, Janie, for the motherly care that only a woman can give.

Several months ago, Jocelyn McLeod came to Merrimac from Samoa for observation and treatment, suffering from a type of anemia as yet undetermined. As her doctor, Jim cannot allow her to return to Samoa until a complete diagnosis of her illness can be made and a cure effected. Jim's interest in Jocelyn, however, is more than professional. From their first meeting he has found her freshness, her humor, her wholesomeness, the outgoing warmth of her personality, increasingly delightful. Her youth and wistfulness have aroused in Jim a desire to help and protect her.

Jocelyn is immensely drawn to Jim. And Jim's friends, heartsick at seeing him so lonely, are beginning to suggest that Jocelyn is the girl for him. But Jim holds himself back. It would be, he knows, easy to love Jocelyn. But would it be fair to ask a girl fourteen years younger than he—a girl who, because of her upbringing, has never had a chance to know the normal fun of youth—to assume the responsibility of his home, his child?

What do you think? In a larger sense, considering this as a universal problem, do you feel that it is ever wise for a man to fall in love with a woman who is many years younger than he?

Is age difference alone an obstacle to happiness in marriage? Has the marriage of two people whose ideas are separated by a span of years as great a chance of lasting as the marriage of two who are close together in age?

Radio Television Mirror will purchase readers' answers to the question, "Is It Wise For A Man To Fall In Love With A Woman Much Younger Than He?" Writer of the best answer will be paid $25.00; writers of five next-best answers, $5.00 each.

What is your answer to this question? State your reasons in a letter of no more than one hundred words. Address: Dr. Jim Brent, c/o Radio Television Mirror, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, New York. Editors will choose the best letter, basing their choice on originality and understanding of the problem, and will purchase it for $25.00. They will purchase the five next-best letters at $5.00 each. No letters will be returned; editors cannot enter into correspondence about them. Opinion of editors will be final. Your letter should be postmarked no later than May 1, 1951; this notice should be attached.
Jocelyn McLeod and Dr. Jim Brent of Road of Life, which is heard each afternoon, M-F, at 3:15 P.M., EST, over stations of the NBC network; the sponsor of the serial: P&G’s Crisco.
Is it wise for a man to fall in love with a woman much younger than he?

Is age difference alone an obstacle to happiness in marriage? Has the marriage of two people whose ideas are separated by a span of years as great a chance of lasting as the marriage of two who are close together in age?

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Dr. Jim Brent, of Road of Life, seeks advice. What is your opinion?
In her hundred-year-old New Hampshire home, Jan Miner finds that good black earth and greasepaint mix well . . . and spell happiness.

Another hilltop house

Boning up on spot removing, Jan tries milk on an ink spot, following it with an interlude of old-fashioned relaxation.
Despite its being in a valley, Jan Miner's Hilltop House came by its name by dint of the coincidence involved in Jan's signing the bill of sale on the same day she x'ed the dotted line of the contract giving her the starring role of the daytime serial, Hilltop House.

Hilltop House, located in Meredith, New Hampshire, is over one hundred years old, and still points with pride to the original beams and wide floor boards. It is a nine-room, L-shaped house situated on twelve acres of land . . . most of which is uncultivated. The three-car garage was once the hen house. Lest it sound too, too grand, Jan hastens to explain that the only occupant of the three-car garage is a 1932 Chevrolet purchased for the munificent sum of one hundred dollars from a native of Meredith. "Despite its age," she explains, "it's in excellent condition. You see, it's practically never been driven over five miles an hour . . . the roads being what they are."

Jan has been careful to keep the reconstruction and interior decorations of Hilltop House "in (Continued on page 73)"

Hilltop House is heard Monday through Friday, 3 P.M. EST, CBS. Sponsored by Miles Laboratories, makers of Alka-Seltzer.

Jan Miner's Hilltop House paradoxically nestles at the side of a hill. Here Jan spends week-ends attempting the seemingly impossible—overruling Mother Nature's plans for a rustic lawn. Even if she never succeeds, the change of pace is the real answer to this busy radio star's prayers.

Farmer Miner struggles valiantly to assume the attitudes of farmerette and handywoman. If she seems too gay, blame it on the altitude.
To Henry, sweets for the sweet was a good idea. But

**Coming, Mother!**

"Henry! Henry Aldrich!" That famous call and its equally famous response has introduced almost four-score comic crises in the TV lives of the irresistable Aldriches. On video since October, 1949, The Aldrich Family consists of Dick Tyler as Henry, Mary Malone as Mary, Lois Wilson as Mother, House Jameson as Father, and Jackie Kelk as the omnipresent neighbor, Homer. Situations, no matter how impossible, always turn out right in the end for the Aldriches. It’s the between-times that are so bothersome!

The Aldrich Family: on TV Sun., 7:30 P.M. EST, NBC-TV, on radio Thurs., 8 P.M. EST, NBC. Sponsored by General Foods' Jell-O.

Rehearsals for the cast are few but thorough. In this incident, Henry wants to buy a box of glazed fruit as a gift for his girl friend.

But his sister Mary has the same idea. She buys the last available box for her beau. Henry objects, says he thought of it first.

Operation Aldrich is as much fun as it is hard work for this TV trio: producer-director Lester Vail, ass't. director Allen Potter and technical director Heino Ripp.

Henry protests to Mrs. Aldrich, who decides that Mary has a moral obligation to let Henry have the fruit since he had first mentioned getting it. Then Mary protests. Mr. Aldrich, seeking calm, slips away.
complications set in!

Not convinced that she did the right thing, Mrs. Aldrich talks it over with her husband who, in order to make out his income tax, has taken refuge in the laundry room.

Homer, meanwhile, decides to make some glazed fruit for himself. Going home, he happily stuffs peanut butter, blackberry jam and cream cheese into apricots, then attempts to sew them up.

Aunt Harriet drops by, sees Mary in tears and warns Mrs. Aldrich that she's ruining Mary's chance of marriage by not allowing her to give the fruit to her beau.

Aunt Harriet and Mother Aldrich's wrangle is joined by Father and Mary. Boosted to the window by Henry, Homer reports all. Aunt Harriet soon leaves in a huff.

Mary decides that she doesn't want the fruit after all. Henry snubs it, too. Exasperated, Mrs. Aldrich gives it to Homer who in turn gives it to his best girl.

The Aldriches cease bickering and decide to make fudge for presents when they hear that Homer's girl has indignantly returned the fruit to him, claiming it's inedible!
awards winners for 1950

Favorite radio audience participation show is Don McNeill's Breakfast Club for which Chicago audiences gladly arise early to attend. It's broadcast from there M-F, 8 A.M. CST on the ABC network.

Favorite radio teen-age program is Meet Corliss Archer. Corliss, whose life is bounded by boyfriends, proms and her puzzled but sympathetic parents, is played by Janet Waldo. On Sun., 9 P.M. EST, CBS.

Favorite TV mystery program is Martin Kane, Private Eye. Murder, mayhem or monomania, Martin always gets his man. William Gargan plays the title role in this drama, telecast Thursdays 10 P.M. EST, NBC-TV.

Favorite radio woman's commentator is Hollywood's Louella Parsons who sometimes seems to know the news before it even happens. Louella's Sunday evening quarter-hour is heard at 9:15 EST on ABC.

Favorite radio comedy program honors go to Red Skelton's show which is heard Sundays at 8:30 P.M., EST on CBS. This marks the fourth consecutive year Red has won the Radio Television Mirror Award.

Favorite TV daytime program is the Kate Smith Hour, a lively and varied show telecast M-F at 4 P.M. EST on NBC-TV. Honors also go to Kate's daily MBS show as the Favorite Radio Woman's Program.

Favorite TV entertainer for children is Bob Smith and his freckled and friendly Howdy Doody. Youngsters become an on-screen audience for Howdy's antics, which can be seen M-F, 5:30 P.M. EST, NBC-TV.

Favorite man radio singer votes go to the man who really doesn't need to be identified. Everyone knows Bing Crosby, who's heard Wed., 9:30 P.M. EST, CBS, and on uncounted hours supplied by disc jockeys.

Favorite TV news program honors go to Doug Edwards and The News which comes to CBS-TV viewers Monday through Friday, 7:30 P.M. EST. Doug supplements excellent commentary with up-to-the-hour newsreels.
1-favorite new TV program
Comedy Hour—Eddie Cantor

2-favorite newcomer to radio
Tallulah Bankhead

3-favorite TV children’s program
Kukla, Fran and Ollie
Burr Tillstrom

awards winners for 1950

Favorite new TV program honors go to NBC’s Sunday evening program which features rotating comics: Eddie Cantor, Martin & Lewis, Bob Hope, Bobby Clark, Abbott & Costello, etc. Televiewed at 8 P.M. EST.

Favorite newcomer to radio votes go by almost unanimous decision to the tempestuous Tallulah Bankhead who emcees NBC’s Sunday parade of top talent, The Big Show, broadcast on the network, 6 P.M., EST.

Favorite TV children’s program—and one with many adult admirers, too—is Kukla, Fran and Ollie. Burr Tillstrom, creator of the Kuklapolitan wonderland, appears at show’s end. On Mon.-Fri., 7 P.M. EST, NBC-TV.

Favorite radio sports announcer Bill Stern is another four-time winner in the annual Radio Television Mirror Awards. Bill’s colorful reporting can be heard Tuesdays and Thursdays, 11:15 P.M. EST on NBC stations.

Favorite new radio program, Songs For Sale, emceed by Jan Murray, is the answer to every songwriter’s prayer—the chance to present a song to an audience which may even include a publisher. On Fri., 8 P.M., EST, CBS.

Favorite TV series of plays is Studio One, winning out in a field where the competition is extremely close. Worthington (Tony) Miner produces and directs its hour-long plays, telecast Mondays, 10 P.M. EST, CBS-TV.

Favorite radio dramatic program is CBS’ Lux Radio Theatre, produced by William Keighley. This marks the fourth consecutive year the show has won a Radio Television Mirror Award. On Mon., 9 P.M. EST.

Favorite TV homemaking program, the Homemakers’ Exchange, is conducted by Louise Leslie, whose culinary demonstrations are followed by thousands of housewives. It’s seen Mon.-Fri., 4 P.M. EST, CBS-TV.

Favorite program on the air is only one of the Awards which go to Arthur Godfrey. He’s also been voted the Favorite Nighttime Star, and “His Friends” shows won Favorite TV Program, Favorite Radio Variety Program.
Alan’s a handy man to have around the house—but only because he knows that if at first you don’t succeed, your wife can try again!

This is Alan Young

BY FREDDA DUDLEY BALLING

Here is a scene which will bring tears of recognition to the eyes of housewives from coast to coast; the cast of characters is two: husband and wife. In this particular case, their names are Virginia and Alan Young (star of stage, screen, radio and television) and their address is Hollywood, California.

The husband, noting that the mortar around the kitchen sink has disintegrated, announces that he is going to fix it. After all, a new dishwashing machine is to be installed the next day, so the kitchen should be in perfect condition to receive the new guest. “I’m pretty handy around the house, you know,” he says, using the tone of quiet pride customary for such statements from husbands.

With grace and speed he caulks the crevices between sink and draining boards, between draining boards and walls, and for good measure, around several windows. This little job takes him ten full hours during which no meals can be prepared, no member of the household can be permitted in the kitchen. However, when finished it is, indeed, a beautiful job.

The dishwashing machine is installed. It is plugged into the electric circuit. The switch (Continued on page 67)
Favorite radio detective Steve Dunn's career of tracking down criminals has been brief but he's picked up a vast number of admirers as the new lead in The Adventures of Sam Spade, Fridays, 8:30 P.M. EST, NBC.

Favorite TV woman's program is the Faye Emerson Show. Faye, whose gowns and jewelry are as good to look at as she is, has a loyal audience of men viewers, too, on Mon., Wed., Fri., 7:15 P.M. EST, ABC-TV.

Favorite TV sports program is Cavalcade of Sports which is conducted by Jimmy Powers, long-time sports columnist for the New York Daily News. Jimmy's program is on Mon-Sat., 6:45 P.M. EST on WPIX.

Favorite woman TV singer is the blonde and blithe Roberta Quinlan whose brand of vocal enchantment can be seen and heard Mon., Wed., and Fri. on the Mohawk Showroom, at 7:30 P.M. EST on NBC-TV.

Favorite nighttime radio quizmaster—the exuberant Bert Parks whose name is synonymous with Stop The Music and Break the Bank shows. The latter wins an Award, too—as the favorite TV quiz show.

Favorite TV news commentator is John Cameron Swayze whose clear and concise reporting is carried M-F, 7:45 P.M. EST on NBC-TV. John frequently appears on TV panels, notably, Who Said That?

Favorite TV comedy show is that late evening hour of zaniness, Broadway Open House, telecast 11 P.M. EST, NBC-TV. Its energetic host, Jerry Lester, appears thrice weekly—Tues., Thurs., and Friday.

Favorite TV serial drama honors go to The Goldbergs whose creator, Gertrude Berg, has played Molly in one media or another for the past twenty-one years. It's telecast Mondays, 9:30 P.M. EST, CBS-TV.

Favorite radio musical program, the Railroad Hour, features light classical and popular songs. Its male vocalist, good-looking Gordon MacRae, is known to movie-goers, too. On Mon., 8 P.M. EST, NBC.
Editor's Note: Actor turned author is a feat not to be ignored—when the editors of RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR asked Walter O'Keefe for a story, he said, "Surely, but I'll write it myself." Now the usual procedure would have been to send a professional writer to interview Walter and write the story which would appear under his name in the magazine—actors, as a rule, not being any better at writing than writers are at acting. But Walter proves he can do both equally well. Here is his story—we think you'll like it.

It's a long road this story covers—from 1900, when I was born, up to now—up to 1951 and Double or Nothing. Let's start right back at the beginning with my mother and father, who were Irish immigrants. Mother was Mary Mulcahy, daughter of a professor of Philosophy at Limerick University. She had two brothers, Jim and John. When Mother was three both their parents died. John was sent to England, Jim to France, and Mary was adopted by relatives in Hartford, Connecticut. After she'd completed her schooling, Mother met another Irishman by the name of Mike O'Keefe. He was an advertising man and known as the best amateur entertainer in Connecticut. They were married in the Catholic Church in Hartford. When they went to the church, they were surprised (Continued on page 72)

Double Or Nothing with Walter O'Keefe is heard M-F, 2 P.M. EST, NBC, with a rebroadcast at 10:30 A.M. EST, NBC. Sponsor: Campbell's Soup.
Walter O'Keefe, at twenty-five, wasn't quite as serious as he looked. With college and a brief newspaper career behind him, he was just beginning to break into show business. Below, shades of a Coney Island barker in a movie short made in 1932.

At fourteen schoolboy Walter, right, faced the camera with his sister Mary and his brother Jack. At that time his ambition was to become a priest. Below, an unlikely but funny O'Keefe in a 1934 Camel Caravan.
1-favorite disc jockey
Dave Garroway

2-favorite woman radio singer
Janette Davis

3-favorite TV detective
Ralph Bellamy

awards winners for 1950

4-favorite TV husband-wife team
George Burns

5-favorite TV husband-wife team
Gracie Allen

6-favorite daytime TV star
Garry Moore

7-favorite radio daytime quizmaster
Bill Cullen

8-favorite radio amateur program
Original Amateur Hour—Ted Mack

9-favorite nighttime TV star
Fran Allison

Favorite disc jockey  Dave Garroway’s chatter is as entertaining as the platters he spins five times weekly on the Dave Garroway Show, M-F, 11:45 A.M. EST, NBC. Dave’s a Sunday P.M. regular on TV, too.

Favorite woman radio singer  Janette Davis, one of the “little Godfreys,” supplies some of the solo songs on Arthur Godfrey and His Friends, Mon.-Fri., at 10 A.M. EST, CBS. Jan’s on the TV version, too.

Favorite TV detective  Ralph Bellamy plays the charmingly cynical Mike Barnett in Man Against Crime, Fri., 8:30 P.M. EST, CBS-TV. Last year Ralph alternated between this role and B’way’s “Detective Story.”

Favorite TV husband-wife team  is Burns and Allen, who are as comfortably ensconced in their new medium as they were in the old. George narrates the show. Telecast alternate Thurs., 8:30 P.M. EST, CBS.

Favorite TV husband-wife team  distaff member, Gracie, continues to be as endearingly scatterbrained as ever. Her long-loved antics can be seen on the Burns & Allen Show, alternate Thurs., 8:30 P.M. EST, CBS-TV.

Favorite daytime TV star,  Garry Moore, hosts a daily hour fun fest, designed to give housewives a respite from kiddies and kitchen. Mostly music and intelligent nonsense, it’s on M-F, 1:30 P.M., EST, CBS-TV.

Favorite radio daytime quizmaster  Bill Cullen conducts Quick As A Flash, the daily audience participation show where contestants who answer mostest firstest win prizes. On M-F, 11:30 A.M., EST, ABC.

Favorite radio amateur program,  the Original Amateur Hour, which is conducted by Ted Mack, won same honors last year. OAH has sent many talents along to professional careers. On Thurs., 9 P.M. EST, ABC.

Favorite nighttime TV star,   Fran Allison, appears with her friends, Kukla and Ollie, Mon.-Fri., 7 P.M. EST, NBC-TV. The lovely and lively Fran is also known as Aunt Fanny on Don McNeill’s Breakfast Club.
From the white house set in beautiful gardens comes music—Dot’s piano, Tony’s singing, the lively rippling of Lynda’s laughter

BY GLADYS HALL
AN OLD house in Massapequa, on Long Island... English Tudor in architecture, it's built of white stucco with gray-green slate roof, green trim and shutters. A wonderful boxwood hedge, four hundred feet of it, surrounds the gardens. In the spring, a weeping Japanese cherry tree blossoms for just three weeks. In midsummer the rose garden and rose arbors take your breath away, for the mistress of the house has the green thumb. At all seasons of the year music comes from the house behind the boxwood hedge, music of piano and flute and singing, and a child's laughter.

This is the home of Tony Marvin—announcer for Arthur Godfrey—his wife Dorothea, and the pride and joy of the household, Miss Lynda Ann. (Continued on page 82)

Tony Marvin, heard on CBS: Arthur Godfrey Show, M-F 10 A.M., EST; Arthur Godfrey and His Friends, Wed., 8 P.M., CBS-TV.
Award-winning husband and wife team: Harriet keeps house on and off the air—here are some of her prizeworthy at-home methods

A maximum of planning leads, I've discovered—in housekeeping as well as in practically any other line of endeavor—to a minimum of effort. So, of course, I plan. And resourceful planning makes it possible for me to supervise the household, do all the shopping, plan the menus, do some of my own housework, all the cooking on Thursdays, all the housework at our weekend beachhouse—and still have plenty of time for our weekly radio show and for the fun with my family that is the most important part of being a wife and mother.

Our house is a two-story, white frame building whose architecture is Cape Cod Colonial. It's situated on a wide, quiet Hollywood street which rises steeply from Franklin Avenue to dead-end against the wooded Hollywood Hills. Actually, we're in the heart of things—ten minutes drive from CBS, for instance—but there's a very pleasant country atmosphere, as well. From the second floor of our house you can look down on the entire city and, in special clear weather, out to the distant Pacific.

Ozzie says I missed my calling—I should have been a carpenter! I prefer to think of myself as a builder, junior grade, and leave all the knocking-apart and putting-together-again to an excellent professional carpenter who's been doing work for us for years. Actually, the most wonderful thing about him is that he can translate the nebulous ideas with which I sometimes wake up in the morning into actual doors and windows and shelves and improvements which not only fit my plans but fit the general scheme of things as well! There was the recent morning, for instance, when I suddenly found myself viewing the east wall of our breakfast room with a jaundiced eye. Outside that east wall was a lot of extremely attractive outdoors going to waste. So I called my little carpenter and explained. He shook his head and grumbled mightily, but I'm used to that. I went shopping and left him to it. When I got back, the east wall of the breakfast room was gone, only a canvas covering the gaping hole, and Ozzie and the boys were laying for me with blood in their eyes. I reminded them that their trouble was lack of Vision, suggested that they try to take a Broad View, and told them to Wait and See. Two weeks later, they saw—a door and a picture window where once had been only wall. Ozzie whistled, said, "That looks good!" which is for him—at least as far as my remodeling efforts are concerned—equivalent to conferring Knighthood on me.

Cheered on by this notable success, I took another Broad View—this time of the upstairs
It, too, had a wall which shut off the much more attractive view that could be had if it weren't there. In another couple of weeks it wasn't there—in its place, another picture window. Ozzie and the boys tell me it'll be all right if I want to apply for an architect's license.

The boys are expected to pull their weight in the house, and they do. David, who's fourteen, and Ricky, ten, take care of their own rooms, polish their shoes, wash the car every Saturday, and run errands ad lib. As pocket money, David gets an allowance of a dollar fifty a week, Ricky a dollar.

David is in the process of learning the value of money, which process began not long ago when he reported to me that new jeans and tennis shoes were a must. I told David it was time he picked out his own things, presented him with a ten-dollar bill and told him to go to it. Much business of planning on David's part, which culminated in a decision to buy three pairs of jeans, two pairs of tennis shoes and—I gathered from the Cheshire Cat grin he wore as he fared forth—a number of other little odds and ends to contribute to his sartorial splendor. Poor David! He came home with one pair of jeans, one pair of tennis shoes, and a fearful indignation in his heart.

"Do you know what they charged me?" he mourned. "Three-fifty for jeans and five-ninety-five for tennis shoes! Plus tax. No wonder everyone's yelling about inflation!"

In the fairly recent past, David has lost two jackets and two sweaters. When he reported the fourth in this series of "mislayings" Ozzie and I shook our heads, muttered, "Too bad," made no effort toward replacement, and waited to see if the lesson would sink in. Not long after that David started for school one morning in a brand-new (Continued on page 89)
A four-in-one for summer that’s four ways wonderful. Worn by Helen Lewis—who is Mary Browne of Young Dr. Malone—are two parts of the foursome: solid-color skirt, brief plaid jacket. The model wears two more—camisole top (it’s reversible!) and smart, practical pedal pushers. Bonus: the visored, eye-shading cap of matching plaid. (Young Dr. Malone is heard M-F, 1:30 P.M., EST, CBS, is sponsored by Crisco.)
RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR’S
daytime fashions for you

Here’s two-plus-two which you can, with a little ingenuity, add up to five or six or even more! The answer, of course, is separates, so dear to the heart of every woman these days. Best-yet news—these separates are done up in denim, which means that they are durable, wash and iron easily, are priced for a young housewife’s pocketbook. On the opposite page: co-ordinates for town or beach or staying at home. For cover-up, a brief bolero with three-quarter sleeves and a little collar is priced at $4.98. Plaid camisole, reversible to solid charcoal, $3.98. Plain-color denim skirt with matching plaid trim and a huge, hold-everything pocket, $3.98. Pedal pushers, also plaid-trimmed, $3.98. And the number of combinations you can whip up from among those four pieces should be limited only by your imagination! Bonus additions: plaid cap, $1.98; feedbag, $2.98; sandals—sized small, medium and large—$1.98. All in U.S. Rubber’s sanforized denim, in coral plaid with charcoal, as shown, or chartreuse-pink plaid with solid pink. By Art-Mor, sizes 10-18. On this page: a jumper dress you’ll bless for its button-down-the-back ease of wearing. Flattering scoop neck, with dress-up detail in embroidered set-in belt, roomy hip pockets. Exciting new colors: purple, shrimp, charcoal, toast, faded blue, yellow. The denim is, of course, colorfast and sanforized. Only $5.98 in sizes 10-20, by Sport-Life. These fashions are at stores listed on page 69.
Our gal Sunday

And The Unscrupulous Stepmother

1. Spotting her husband with one of Lord Henry's pistols, Judith Chandler nears a state of collapse.

2. Accused by Sunday of faking the spell, Judith, who is Philip Chandler's second wife, admits her guilt, explaining that she wanted to discredit Philip in Sunday's eyes. She claims he is unfit to handle children.

3. Philip, Judith says further, has a dreadful secret in his past—another reason why he should not be the superintendent of the Fairbrooke Orphanage. But Lois, Philip's young daughter, tells Sunday that Judith married her father for money.
4. Faced with Lois' accusation of Judith, Philip Chandler tells Sunday and Lord Henry that he has signed over all his money to Lois and that he is fearful of what his wife may do when she learns that he has disinherited her. But Judith already knows.

5. Judith reveals to Sunday her scheme to get revenge on Philip. She plans to arrange for her unprincipled cousin, Rodney Warren, to marry Lois and in that way get the money that Philip Chandler has signed over to his daughter.

OUR GAL SUNDAY, produced by Frank and Anne Hummert, is heard M-F, 12:45 P.M. EST, CBS. Sponsored by Anacin. Playing their parts as you hear them on the air are:

Sunday: Vivian Smolen
Lord Henry: Karl Swenson
Philip Chandler: Don McLaughlin
Judith Chandler: Ann Loring
Lois Chandler: Toni Darnay
Norman Forrest: James Meighan
Rodney Warren: Richard Janaver

6. Sunday, shocked at Judith's treachery, tries to do what she can to prevent the scheme. She pleads with Dr. Norman Forrest, Lois' former fiance, to save Lois from making the terrible mistake of marrying worthless Rodney Warren.

7. Thanks to Sunday's intervention, Lois and Norman rediscover their love for each other and together feel they can overcome the threat which Judith and her cousin, Rodney, still represent to their happiness.
First sign of Spring at the Johnny Olsen domicile dates not to the tulip showing in the flower beds, but to the moment when Johnny, puttering around the house, starts to croon an aged and unpublished broken-English ditty which goes, “Ay bane Svede from Nort’ Dakota, wark on the farm for about six year, then I say to Ma, ‘By golly, ay skal go pa big state fair’.”

At that, they’re off in a flurry of plans, eager as they were when children. Then, as country kids both, Minnesota-born Johnny schemed in terms of the Cottonwood Fair, while Penny dreamed of rearing a calf capable of taking blue ribbons at the Milwaukee fair. Now the Olsens usually contrive at least one fair engagement and when they do, they always have fun as these pictures show.

Touring the town, Johnny and Penny observed Springfield’s historic sites while Springfield observed Johnny and Penny. The annual fair drew folk from all over the Illinois countryside.

Down the midway they went but no one spotted them as celebrities. Johnny swung the mallet to ring the bell, stood in line to buy pink candy—and missed all the targets!

Penny appears with her husband on The Johnny Olsen Show, broadcast M-F, 12 Noon EST, ABC; sponsored by Philip Morris. Johnny’s Rumpus Room is telecast M-F, 12:30 P.M. on DuMont; sponsored by Premier Foods.
An item for the memory book: Johnny and Penny took a ride on the photographer's bicycle built-for-two. Right, Johnny proves he's still an expert at farm chores—as a boy, he milked the family cow by every day's early light.

Johnny broadcast his luncheon show via Springfield's WCVS. Afterwards he and Penny toured concessions. Penny fooled the weight guesser, won a plaster pup.
Johnny and Penny go to the Fair

First signs of Spring at the Johnny Olsen domicile date not to the tulip showing in the flower beds, but to the moment when Johnny, pattering around the house, starts to croon an aged and unpublished broken-English ditty which goes, "Ay bane Svede from Nor' Dako'ta, work on the farm for about six year, then I say to Ma, 'By golly, ay skal go pa big state fair.'"

At that, they're off in a flurry of plans, eager as they were when children. Then, as country kids both, Minnesota-born Johnny schemed in terms of the Cottonwood Fair, while Penny dreamed of rearing a calf capable of taking blue ribbons at the Milwaukee fair. Now the Olsens usually contrive at least one fair engagement and when they do, they always have fun as these pictures show.

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An item for the memory book: Johnny and Penny took a ride on the photographer's bicycle built-for-two. Right, Johnny proves he's still an expert at farm chores—as a boy, he milked the family cow by every day's early light.

Johnny broadcast his lunchtime show via Springfield's WCVS. Afterwards he and Penny toured concessions. Penny fooled the weight guesser, won a plaster pup.

Penny appears with her husband on The Johnny Olsen Show, broadcast M-F, 12 Noon, EST, ABC; sponsored by Philip Morris. Johnny's Rumpus Room is televized M-F, 12:30 P.M. on DuMont; sponsored by Procter & Gamble.
The most dangerous moment in my life

By Clyde Beatty

Harriet and I have had a lot of thrilling things happen during the years we dealt with wild animals, and one of the most dangerous took place in Mexico City. We were giving a performance in the Plaza de Toros and it was in the middle of the grand climax of Harriet’s act. When we first started working together, I wanted her to have a very spectacular act—one not performed by any other woman animal trainer. We finally thought of it—a lion and a tiger riding side by side on an elephant and ending with the two cats jumping through a flaming hoop. As you know, animals hate fire worse than anything else; it is harder to train an act involving fire than any other. Furthermore, elephants and lions and tigers are natural enemies; it is a tremendous accomplishment to get them to work together.

We used Simba, a lion that is now dead, Primba, the tiger, and Anna Mae, the elephant, who still do the same act. We built a wooden platform that rode on Anna Mae’s back at a slight incline, so that the lion and tiger had their front paws higher than their back so they could see over the top of the elephant’s head. Harriet trained it and worked it herself, and it never failed to draw ooh’s and aah’s. But the act often provided its share of trouble.

In Mexico City, the incident which I started out to tell you about took place in our wild animal arena. The arena is a circle of steel bars much higher than a man’s head, topped by a heavy rope netting which is attached to the top of the steel section of the arena and pulled taut by guy wires toward the center.

Well, the act was going fine this day with Anna Mae walking around the circle of fire with the lion and tiger on her back. Suddenly, Primba took a notion to leave. She leaped off the platform straight for the top of the steel arena and hit the net with the full force of her body. She tore a hole in it, knocked loose some of the steel bars and fell to the ground outside a bewildered, enraged animal.

Inside the cage there was even more terror. Anna Mae proceeded to shake Simba loose from her perch. In a second, she had thrown Simba to the ground and was charging headlong after the tigress. The iron bars, already loose from Primba’s onslaught, were no match for one ton of badly frightened elephant.

That left Harriet inside the arena with Simba, who by now was in a state of terror equal to that of the tiger and the elephant, two enraged animals outside with nothing between them and the audience but some helpers and myself.

I went after Primba. Somebody else rounded up Anna Mae. Harriet remained in the arena, standing between Simba and the fallen bars, keeping one more animal from being turned loose. Eventually we got them all back in their cages, without a single person being hurt, but believe me, in all my years with the circus, I don’t think I’ve ever had a worse moment.

Clyde Beatty Show, on M, W, F, 5:30 P.M. EST, MBS.
Making your own puppets

By “Big Brother” Bob Emery

Many boys and girls of The Small Fry Club have written in to ask if they could make puppets themselves and put on their own shows at home. Well, they certainly can and it would be great entertainment to have a little theater in your cellar or bedroom and dream up stories for your friends. Puppets aren’t hard to make once you know how. And I’ve got Peppy the Penguin, Honey the Bunny and the Panda together to show you how.

The only thing you may have to buy is ordinary modeling clay. Get about two pounds. Then take the clay and roll it into a ball the size of a baseball. Now shape the clay into a face. Scoop out holes for the eyes. Make the lips and ears separately and stick them on. Be sure to put on a neck at least three times the thickness of your finger. In the first picture, Peppy is putting on the nose. (Pic #1)

For the second step, you will need strips of newspaper about one inch wide and six inches long. When they are prepared, put some ordinary baking flour in a bowl and add cold water until it is as thin as light cream. Then, one at a time, dip a strip of paper into the flour mixture, wipe off the excess and put it on the puppet’s head. Be sure to smooth the paper down and take out all the wrinkles. Cover the entire head and neck with six layers of paper just as Peppy is doing. (Pic #2)

After you let the puppet head dry for one whole day, you are ready for the final steps. Carefully, split the (Continued on page 100)

Small Fry Club is on M-F, 6 P.M. EST, on DuMont TV.
One of the few jobs of where a clock-watcher is looked upon with favor is the one Bud Collyer fills on television every Friday night. As emcee of Beat The Clock, it's Bud's official job to see that each pair of contestants follows the rules and performs the stunts within the specified time limits, as recorded on three clocks—one that pays off with a hundred dollars' worth of prizes, a second paying two hundred dollars' worth, and the jackpot clock, that pays off with a big screen console television set for unscrambling a well-known quotation. All of which bounteous giving makes Bud just about the most popular clock-watcher in the nation.

Beat The Clock began on radio in 1949. Its producers, Mark Goodson and Bill Todman, already had several popular audience participation programs in full swing on radio and had won success in television with their Winner Take All (which is now (Continued on page 84)

An in-the-works stunt you'll see on Beat The Clock around the time you're reading this issue: contestant must take the balanced (hard-boiled) eggs across stage, dump both at once, unbroken, into paper cups.

This hatbox-balancing stunt couldn't be done in allotted time, so it wasn't used. Beat The Clock is on CBS-TV Sat., 7:30 P.M. EST, sponsored by Sylvania Electric Products Co.
Beat The Clock stunts are tested by at least four different pairs of stand-ins and approved by a panel of eight before every show. Testing starts Tuesday, and by Thursday fifteen stunts are ready, of which seven or so will be used. At left, two CBS actors try trading hats in top picture; on the show, in the picture below, contestants do same stunt.

What speed could you make—provided that you are a man, of course—putting on a pair of trousers without the use of your hands? The CBS actor above right managed it quickly enough in "rehearsal," so the stunt was used on next Beat The Clock. Contestant who was chosen to have a try at the stunt on the program made it in time. Stunt was called Snappy Suspenders.
1—Favorite children's radio program
No School Today—Jon Arthur

2—Favorite educational radio program
Cavalcade of America—Jack Zoller

3—Favorite TV musical director
Fred Waring

awards winners for 1950

Favorite children's radio program, No School Today, was created by Jon Arthur, who is known to assorted small fry fans as "Big Jon." He and his invisible friend, Sparky, are on Saturday mornings, 9:00 EST, ABC.

Favorite educational radio program, Cavalcade of America, dramatizes achievements reflecting the opportunities offered by this country. Jack Zoller directs the changing star cast. On Tuesdays, 8 P.M. EST, NBC.

Favorite TV musical director, Fred Waring was last year’s Awards winner in the favorite musical program category. His hour-long song festival featuring the Pennsylvanians is telecast on Sundays, 9 P.M. EST, CBS-TV.

Favorite TV sports announcer is Dennis James, who handles the Monday wrestling bouts and the Thursday boxing matches for DuMont. Handsome Dennis is also the emcee on Okay, Mother, M-F, 1 P.M. EST, DuMont.

Favorite radio news commentator, Ed Murrow, keeps the nation up on its crises M-F, 7:45 P.M. EST on CBS. Ed is also editor and narrator of Hear It Now, a weekly news magazine of the air, Fri., 9 P.M. EST, CBS.

Favorite TV amateur program honors go to the Horace Heidt Show, which is telecast Mondays, 9 P.M. EST on CBS-TV. Horace and his Youth Opportunity winners are on radio Sundays, 9:30 P.M. EST, also CBS.

Favorite radio mystery program is Dragnet, which features Jack Webb as Sergeant Joe Friday, detective. It is heard Thurs., 9 P.M. EST, NBC. Dragnet stories are based on actual cases from the Los Angeles police files.

Favorite radio cowboy actor, Gene Autry, is home on the range Saturdays at 8 P.M. EST, CBS where he sings his particular brand of western music. Gene’s TV show is telecast on Sundays, 7 P.M. EST on CBS-TV.

Favorite nighttime radio dramatic actor is Ronald Colman whose portrayal of the charming college president in Halls of Ivy is heard Wed., 8 P.M. EST, NBC. Ronald’s wife, Benita, won corresponding feminine Award.

4—Favorite TV sports announcer
Dennis James

5—Favorite radio news commentator
Ed Murrow

6—Favorite TV amateur program
Horace Heidt Show

7—Favorite radio mystery program
Dragnet—Jack Webb

8—Favorite radio cowboy actor
Gene Autry

9—Favorite nighttime radio actor
Ronald Colman
awards
winners
for 1950

1—Favorite radio orchestra leader
   Guy Lombardo

2—Favorite nighttime TV quiz program
   You Bet Your Life—Groucho Marx

3—Favorite daytime radio program (non-serial)
   My True Story—Margaret Sangster

4—Favorite TV musical program
   Voice of Firestone—Howard Barlow

 Favorite radio orchestra leader honors are not new to Guy Lombardo, who won in last year's Awards poll too. Guy's music can be heard on Saturday nights at 9:30 EST, over MBS stations.

 Favorite nighttime TV quiz show, You Bet Your Life, emceed by fleet-witted Groucho Marx, is a hilarious half-hour of questions, quips. Seen Thursdays 8:00 P.M. EST, NBC-TV stations.

 Favorite radio daytime program is My True Story, heard M-F at 10 A.M. EST, ABC. Based on real-life dramas which appeared in True Story, show is written by Margaret Sangster.

 Favorite TV musical program is the Voice of Firestone, a half-hour of light classical music with guest singing star. Howard Barlow conducts. Simulcast Mon., 8:30 P.M. EST, NBC.

FOR MORE AWARD WINNERS, SEE PAGE 70.
(Continued from page 44) is thrown.

The vibrations of the machine promptly shake out every inch of mortar lovingly installed by Householder and Minor Repair Man Young.

But the end of the scene is not yet. Mrs. Young slaps a fine lot of mortar into place (in about two hours) the next morning, and it solidifies into a permanent cement.

There is a moral to this tale: if at first you don't succeed, have your wife try again. There is also a philosophy: even if your very best efforts accord you nothing but last place in a race, cheer up. You may have won anyhow.

Winning in reverse has keynoted the history of Alan Young's phenomenal success. Naturally such an enigma should be investigated. The investigation might as well start in Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada, where Alan also started as Angus Young. (He changed his given name when he discovered that audiences, confronted by the kilted cadence of "Angus" expected him to execute a sword dance or to sing "Rrrrroamin' In The Gloamin'.")

At six, he fell in love with a banjo. It was lying in a Vancouver second-hand shop window amid guns, tarnished silver, harness jewels and pale green stickpins, but surroundings were powerless to make it seem less than lovely to Alan. He decided to learn to play it.

He saved his money—earned by running errands, returning empty soda bottles, shining shoes—until he had enough to buy a book of banjo-playing instruction. Thereafter, each afternoon after school, he hurried to the window where his treasure reposed and "practiced." By studying the manual and then studying the banjo keyboard, he put the two together mentally and began to develop what he regarded as a fair proficiency. Nobody else could hear a sound, but it rang sweetly in Alan's imaginative ear.

Came the wretched afternoon when Alan reached his window for his musical session and discovered that the banjo was gone. In its place there was only a clean banjo outline in the dust.

One could have understood tears from a six-year-old in such an emergency, but Alan did not cry. It seemed for a few blocks that he had a cold coming on, but it wasn't a very bad cold. He told himself that the thing to remember was that he had taken banjo lessons for three months. He had learned to play half the pieces in the book. Even so, it seemed a cold day for Vancouver; the chill went through a man's mackinaw and pinched his heart.

When Alan reached home he went straight to his room...and found the banjo lying on his bed. The secondhand merchant had watched Alan practicing each day, had learned his identity, then telephoned Alan's mother to offer the instrument at a reasonable rate. It had taken Mrs. Young many weeks to accumulate the price, because the Youngs were in modest circumstances, but at last she managed it—as mothers will.

Experiment proved to Alan that he really had learned to play the banjo by remote control.

By the time he had reached high school...
he had decided that he was a reed instrument man. Through a series of odd circumstances he became owner of a midget B flat saxophone. However, there was no orchestration written for it, so when he played with the high school band he had to sit behind the B flat clarinet or the B flat horn and follow their music. Only a musician can appreciate what a hazard this was: like trying to sing bass one week and soprano the next. He began to grow despondent. He was not, he concluded, to be the Sousa of his generation.

And at this point, having lost—he won. He noted that the drums had no such key problems as other instruments did. Did the cymbals or the triangle, Mr. Young became a tympanist and spent his last three high school years making a resplendent and noisy appearance at football games and similar triumphant functions.

His breaking into show business was another example of success through the back door. He belonged to a little theatre group in Vancouver, whose members included such currently celebrated artists as Judith Evelyn, Bernard Braden, Fletcher Markle (radio producer and husband of Academy Award winner Mercedes McCambridge), and Alan’s sister, Harriet Young.

Alan was always slated to do the heavy dramatic chores for the company. He had to be the King’s ghost in “Hamlet” and Sydney Carton in “Tale of Two Cities.” He had to be Caesar while Mark Antony orted, and he had to materialize as Banquo at the Macbeth feast.

He was not a success. He could be, in appearance, the most awesome ghost who had ever climbed the battlements of Elsinore, but the instant he spoke, the audience began to laugh. Shakespeare’s most fearful prose somehow had a comedy lift when it emerged from the lips of the astonished Mr. Young.

A disease like that spreads. Word got around that you had never seen a funny show until you had seen Alan as Uncle Tom at Little Eva’s ascent to the angels. His fellow players sympathized with Alan’s sincere interest in the serious drama and his frantic attempts to make it live, but they had to recognize failure when they saw—and heard—it.

Rather than give up show business, Alan called his group’s attention to a project on which he had been working for a long time: a comedy skit.

But why continue! That particular road, blasted out of failure, led from Vancouver to Ottawa, to New York, to Hollywood.

In Hollywood, Alan’s record for getting there the hard way continued. He was fairly broke during his transition period from radio to television, but he managed to buy a secondhand, cream-colored convertible anyhow. Then he learned to drive. (In the midst of Los Angeles’ manic traffic.)

He got along fine. Too fine.

One of his friends, riding with Young and growing older by the instant, said to him, “Look, Bud, you’re driving too fast. You’re going to get a ticket that will cost you your ham and eggs for the next two weeks. How about slowing down enough to let the jets keep up with you?”

Alan said he was sorry. He hadn’t realized. He slowed down to a dignified twenty-five m.p.h. at all times and in all lanes of

Love and kisses for me!
I get that new skin care
Mennen Baby Magic

...checks diaper odor...diaper rash

Who kisses me down to my dimpled toes? Who says I’m more beautiful than a big bouquet? Daddy and Mummy do! My skin’s so silky and pretty since we switched to Mennen Baby Magic for after baths and at diaper time. Smells like flowers, m-n-n-n. Feels dreamy, too—there’s protective “Purateen” in it! Mummy says that unbreakable Squeeze Bottle works like a whiz. She’s smart. Borrows my Magic to make her skin lovely, too!

Try this Mennen Baby Powder treat!
Baby gets the finest, softest powder made...plus jolly Built-in Rattle...plus adorable Mother Goose pictures on the can! Collect a set of six—all different—wonderful nursery toys when you want.
traffic—and a week later was hit broadside in the middle of an intersection by an impatient citizen who had failed to make a boulevard stop.

Alan’s car was demolished and a vertebra was broken. He lived in a cast for six months, although he was able to walk cautiously. Even more serious than this injury, in his opinion, was the price of taxi fare from the San Fernando Valley to the radio stations in Hollywood... and where was he going to get it?

Two days after Alan came home from the hospital, his sister won a handsome royal blue sedan in a raffle. Ticket cost seventy-five cents. She owned a highly satisfactory one herself, so she sold her windfall to Alan at nominal cost. He is still driving it.

Even Alan’s romance with Virginia McCurdy is an example of the fact that it is possible to lose a girl entirely until she shows up at your wedding. Alan first met Gini when she was a member of a quintet called professionally as “Four Chicks and Chuck.” Her agent was Alan’s agent, so they were introduced by this tweedy cupid.

Alan thought Gini was wonderful, but he was too broke to ask her for a twosome date, a fact well-known to the agent.

“There’s another fellow on the scene anyhow,” said the agent. “Maybe she’s going to marry him. However, my wife and I thought the four of us could have fun together, and we thought we might as well go night-clubbing once or twice more before Gini goes east.”

They went night-clubbing and they had fun... in a quiet sort of way. Gini was sweet, but preoccupied. She danced well, and confided that she loved it. Alan danced badly, and confessed that he loathed it.

Gini said she could see a movie every night in the week, and Alan said he preferred to read: if given a chance, he added, he could read a book a day for two weeks.

Gini said she had always admired dark men, and Alan recalled that the fellow he had shaved that morning was a tow-headed, grey-eyed, un-brunette type. Alan said untruth that he guessed he, too, had always gone for Spanish coloring, and then realized that the girl he held in his arms was as blonde as Betty Grable.

According to the books, this is no way to advance a love affair.

So, of course, Gini and Alan were married in 1948, and Cameron Angus Young, Jr., arrived on November 19, 1949 as a birthday present. Not only did Cammie arrive on the proper date, but he made his bow at fifty-three in the afternoon, the exact moment of his father’s somewhat earlier debut.

And even Cammie engaged to do his dad a good turn in the usual upside-down manner.

Alan had turned the second bedroom of the modest Young home into a den; he had painted the walls and installed wainscoting. He had selected his furniture personally and had wormed up a fine, masculine confusion upon all the shelves, desks, and chairs. His easels occupied a corner, his unfinished canvases another corner, and his work in progress yet another. He knew where everything was, and could lay his hand on a three-year-old letter simply by going down three layers and then straight north. It was wonderful.

Then he had to leave Everyone’s Dream of Heaven to make a tour through the east. He was in Detroit when Cammie arrived in Hollywood. When Alan finished his tour and returned home, he discovered that Cammie had kicked him out. Or at least out of the den. It had become a nursery, all pink and blue and white, equipped with bassinet, bathtub, high chair, crib, rocking horse and stuffed animals.

Explained Gini gaily, “I sorted out all your letters, documents, and such, and lined them up alphabetically and according to date, then filed them in the store-room. I also lined up your canvases according to state of completion, and catalogued them.”

“Woman,” yelled Alan, “you’ve ruined me! I’ll never be able to find anything again. Never!”

A few days later he was telling a friend about having been dispossessed from his den. It made a funny story, full of pathos and man’s victimization by the younger generation.

The friend dried his eyes and suspended his laughter long enough to say, “I didn’t know that you were an artist, at least part-time. Glad to hear it. Ever work with pastel crayons?”

Alan described his enthusiasm for pastels, which is monumental. The friend explained, that, during the war, he had been stationed in France and had purchased a supply of art materials, including a valuable array of pastels. “This particular type isn’t imported into this country because the cost would be too great, and even in France they would be difficult to get at this particular time. However, I really haven’t any use for them, so I’ll send all of them over to you.”

And so the story reads as follows: Alan became a father and got kicked out of his den, whereupon, because he made a comedy of it, he fell heir to a valuable box of gorgeous chalk.

Aside from his proclivity for winning in reverse, Alan Young has a number of other interesting traits. He is a great baseball player, but he is too impatient to play golf. He is a photographic enthusiast who has just bought a sixteen millimeter camera, but whose favorite reel of film was taken with an eight millimeter. Seems that he exposed this particular reel in Dallas, securing some fine shots of a rodeo in which Cowboys rode a series of white Brahma bulls. Some time later, Alan wanted to shoot some Sunday afternoon art around the swimming pool of a friend, and inadvertently re-exposed the reel. For anyone else this would have resulted in a ruined film and two lost-forever camera gems. For anyone else—but not for Alan.

Alan’s reel shows a Brahma bull tossing a cowboy into a swimming pool; it shows a girl in a bathing suit sitting languidly on the saddle of a madly careening bronco; it shows a line of grinning cattlemen sitting along the top of a privet hedge, and it shows a bull departing in terror from a stately matron clad in a suit.

The Young man can’t lose.

To prove it, there is one more handy-household-helper story which should be told. Not long ago Gini complained to Alan that there was something wrong with the television aerial.

“I’ll fix it,” said electronic expert Young, strapping

(Continued on page 99)

The following stores carry the Art-Mor denim separates and the Sportlife denim dress featured on pages 54 and 55.

Akron, Ohio Pasky’s
Baltimore, Md. O’Neill’s
Butler, Pa. Trautman’s
Cincinnati, Ohio Rallman’s
Cleveland, Ohio Sterling-Lindner-Davis
Columbus, Ohio Marehouse-Fashion
Connellsville, Pa. Trautman’s
Dallas, Tex. Titch-Gastinger
DuBois, Pa. Trautman’s
Easton, Pa. Laubach’s
Grand Rapids, Mich. Herposalmeier’s
Great Falls, Mont. The Paris Co.
Greensboro, N. C. Meyer’s
Greensburg, Pa. Trautman’s
Horrisburg, Pa. Pomeroy’s
Indiana, Pa. Trautman’s
Jackson, Mich. Fields’s
Kansas City, Mo. Peck’s
Lake Charles, La. Muller’s
Latrobe, Pa. Reed’s
Lebanon, Pa. The Ban Tan
Lowell, Mass.
The Ban Marché
Lynchburg, Va. Guggenheim’s
Malden, Mass. Jaslin’s
Minneapolis, Minn. Donaldson’s
Muskegon, Mich. Hardy-Hersalmeier’s
New York City Goriz, Jamaica
New Castle, Pa. The Newcastle Store
Pateron, N. J. Quackenbush’s
Pittsfield, Mich. Waite’s
Pottsville, Pa. Pomeroy’s
Reading, Pa. Pomeroy’s
San Antonio Jak’s of Texas
Savannah, Ga. Levy’s
Seattle, Washington
Everett, Wash.
The Bon Marché
Spokane, Wash.
The Ban Marché
Springfield, Mo. Hess’s
St. Paul, Minn.
The Hidden Rule
St. Petersburg, Fla.
Moos Brothers
Syracuse, N. Y.
Dey Brothers
Tacoma, Wash. Fisher’s
Tampa, Fla.
Moos Brothers
Warron, Pa.
Metzger-Wright
Waterloo, Iowa Black’s
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
Pomeroy’s
Yakima, Wash.
Barnes-Woodin

For further information write direct to Allied, 401 Fifth Ave., N. Y., N. Y.
1. As inevitable as the Awards itself is the fact that Arthur Godfrey is bound to win in more than one category. 1950's votes give Arthur Favorite TV Nighttime Star honors. His "Friends" show on Wed., 8 P.M. EST. CBS-TV, wins as Best TV Program On The Air with its radio version, on M-F, 10 A.M. EST, CBS, winning as Favorite Variety and Best Program On The Air. 2. Favorite TV Comedian votes go to Alan Young, who can be seen on Thurs., 9 P.M. EST, CBS-TV. 3. Everybody's favorite schoolmar'm is also everybody's favorite radio comedienne—Eve Arden, heard as Our Miss Brooks, Sun., 6:30 P.M. EST, CBS. 4. Robert Montgomery takes an Award as the Favorite TV Dramatic Actor. He's seen in his own production, Your Lucky Strike Theatre, on alternate Mondays, 9:30 P.M. EST, NBC-TV. 5. Known to an admiring audience as the wise and gentle Mama, Peggy Wood wins the Award as Favorite TV Dramatic Actress. She stars in Mama, on Fri., 8 P.M., EST, CBS-TV. 6. Favorite TV Master of Ceremonies, Ed Sullivan who hosts Toast of the Town, Sun., 8 P.M. EST, CBS-TV, has written an article about the Awards which you'll find on p. 27. 7. Favorite Nighttime Radio Dramatic Actress honors go to Benita Hume, who plays the college president's wife opposite her real-life husband, Ronald Colman, in Halls of Ivy, Wed., 8 P.M. EST, NBC. 8. Favorite TV Male Singer, Perry Como, is seen on his own show, M.W.F., 7:45 P.M. EST, CBS-TV.

Favorite TV homemaking expert, Betty Crocker, has a unique approach to the kitchen arts. Each day on her program, Betty dramatizes an individual's cooking problem, amply demonstrating ways to achieve best recipe results. Betty Crocker Show: on 3:30 P.M. EST, CBS-TV.

Favorite TV western program honors go to the Lone Ranger, who's been riding across the plains to the tune of the William Tell Overture for a year and a half on TV. The Lone Ranger, his horse Silver and friend Tonto, can be seen Thursdays, 7:30 P.M. EST, ABC-TV.

Favorite religious programs. The Greatest Story Ever Told, presents the messages of Jesus in everyday terms. Publicity about this program is discouraged because the sponsors do not want Christ's teachings of brotherhood to be lessened by commercial exploitation. "Working on the program is something like going to church," one actor was heard to say. Cast members stay anonymous so that there is no identification of the Biblical character with any other part which the actor may play on the air. Spokesmen of all faiths have acclaimed this program. The Greatest Story Ever Told is written and directed by Henry Denker. It is heard Sundays at 5:30 P.M. EST on ABC stations.
She's Engaged!

A Christmas engagement for pretty Grace Rodgers and Edward S. Hill, Jr. She is a senior at Finch Junior College, New York. It will be a June wedding—Grace an adorable bride!

She's Lovely!

Grace Rodgers' happy face gives out her charming Inner Self. Her blue eyes smile delightfully—her complexion looks spring-soft. Her face shows you right away what a refreshing person Grace is!

She uses Pond's!

"When you look your best—you can forget about yourself,”

Grace says

What a wonderful feeling of self-confidence you get when you know you look attractive!

Grace thinks every girl's first beauty rule is clean, soft skin. "I wouldn’t think of skipping my nightly Pond's face-care—ever,” she says. "It gives my skin extra good cleansing. And, since it's cream cleansing, it can't be drying.”

Every night (day cleansings, too) care for your face with Pond's Cold Cream, this way:

Hot Stimulation—give face a quick hot water splash.
Cream Cleanse—swirl Pond's Cold Cream over face and throat to soften dirt and make-up, sweep them from pore openings. Tissue off.
Cream Rinse—more Pond's now, to rinse off last traces of dirt, leave skin immaculate. Tissue off.
Cold Stimulation—give face a tonic cold water splash.

Now—just see your prettier self...that sparkling clean, soft look your skin has!

It's not vanity to help your face look lovely. Look your best, and the You within sends a bright confidence glowing from your face—draws friends to you on sight!

Grace's Ring—

Grace's Ring—

Grace's Ring—

twin solitaires with six smaller diamonds in a platinum band

Grace's Ring—

GRACE RODGERS—she has a complexion soft and delicate as sweetheart roses. "I always use Pond's Cold Cream," she says.

Start now to help your face show a lovelier You!
of its football hysteria. All the class officers were football players or athletes of some kind. On February twenty-second, we had the traditional exercises for Washington's birthday. The night before, walking across campus, I met the class president. He asked me how my poem on Washington was coming.

I said, "What poem?" I didn't know what he was talking about.

He said, "Oh, didn't you know . . . in December we elected you class poet. You're to write a poem for tomorrow's exercises." I hastily thanked him for giving me at least a few hours' notice, hurried home, wrote the poem with the help of friends and a bottle of red wine. I believed it flawless, that poem—best thing I'd ever turned out. The next day the school paper, The Scholaristic, wrote, "The subject of O'Keefe's poem was not very revolutionary, but it was delivered with his customary verve."

I decided to try to work for the South Bend Times News, as advertising manager, when I was twenty-one. The Fort Wayne Sentinel heard about me and spoke to a fellow from Notre Dame who worked there. He was older, but the editor thought I was the same age as he, and sent for Mr. O'Keefe to come to Fort Wayne, to sell more morning papers. I inquired about the size of the staff. The editor said there were five, no, four—four men and a boy. I asked how old the boy was, and he answered, "Twenty-three." I took the group in with a straight face—and took the job, too.

In August of 1923 I was in New London, Connecticut, on my vacation. The people I was visiting wanted to drive to New York, and I volunteered to drive because—I said—I knew the way. It was an open car, and I drove leaning out. I felt sort of fuzzy and when I left my friends at seven I really didn't feel good. At breakfast in the Taft Hotel I dropped my first cup of coffee all over myself, my neighbor, and I dropped that, too. I knew something was wrong. Very soon I began having chills and fever. I went to a hospital—which will be unnamed, because they fumbled the ball. They discharged me in two weeks.

For another two weeks, after I got out of the hospital, I kept falling down. Finally I went to an orthopedist who, after examining me, told me, "This may shock you, but you have infantile paralysis." I shot up off the pillow so fast I knocked his glasses off. I didn't like the sound of that word "infantile". It was something associated with children, I was thirty-four by this time. For ten months, Gradually I progressed from a wheelchair to crutches to cane.

About this time I decided to try the stage as a means of earning a living. My mother had died the year before, so there was nothing left to object to "a college boy going on the stage."

Years before—when I was twelve, as a matter of fact—I'd been sent to visit some relatives in Worcester, Massachusetts. There, away from parental censorship, I entered an amateur contest at a local theater. I told jokes and sang "It's a Long Way to Tipperary," and I was pretty bad—but I won first prize. The local papers made note of that fact.

Now, having decided on a stage career, I remembered this press notice. Armed with it, and my cane, I went to see the manager of the Little Theatre. I don't know which of us was more surprised, but he hired me. I worked at night, but shortly I opened in New York. I trained that night. People were late coming in—or they stayed home. It was around this time I tried my hand at song writing, too. My music can only be likened to the music of Harry Lauder and Ed Wynnterrible. My first effort—while I was lying in bed, with a ukulele to pick out the tune on—was called "Et Cetera." (Years later in Hollywood In Claire and Leo McCarey wanted to buy it for a moving picture. Bobby Dolan, the composer of the music for "Texas Lil' Darling" and "Messer Marco Polo" was my collaborator and roommate at that time. Bobby wrote the music, but when we tried to record the song we found we had transposed the melody of the song. If a chorus tried to dance to the music they'd have wound up with one foot in the air!)
ANOTHER HILTOP HOUSE

(Continued from page 35) character. Old family pieces are scattered throughout the house. Filling in the gaps of authentic Early American antiques are reproductions made especially for Hilltop House by the Pilgrim Pine Furniture Company...of which her oldest brother is a founder. By way of making it even more "her very own," some of the pine lumber used in the furniture came right off Hilltop House’s acreage.

It’s with pardonable pride that Jan brags about her twenty-seven by seventeen foot living room, its out-sized fireplace (complete with Dutch oven), gaily flowered slip covers, and scenic wallpaper...all of which symbolizes the easy and graceful mode of living of a past era.

Having been badly bitten by the country bug, Jan is also the proud possessor of the Morrow Farm “down the road a piece” from Hilltop House. The sixty-five acre farm was named after Jan’s favorite uncle who was her mentor and partner up to the time of his death two years ago.

The farm consists of a seven-room house, barn, chicken house for four hundred New Hampshire Reds and White Rocks, and a guest house which Jan plans to turn into a studio or hobby-house. The original cow path leads to a twenty-foot frontage on Lake Winnipesaukee where Jan will one day build a log cabin...in the interest of bigger and better beach parties. Personal friends, and natives of Meredith live on and work the farm, which, Jan proudly announces, is now completely self-supporting. The farm’s fame has even filtered into New York City, where Jan has just taken her first order for eggs...thirty dozen a week to the Whelan Drug Store just around the corner from the CBS Studio. With fingers crossed, our gentleman farmer hopes she has not over-estimated the abilities of her hens.

Being a sentimentalist, Jan has named just about everything connected with the farm after either her radio and television sponsors or her favorite roles. Her pet pig is “Annie” of Crime Photog- rapher; her three cows “Bab-O,” “Bristol,” and “Myers”; and her jittery tractor “Mrs. Jacks” after her well-known character in the Radio City Playhouse presentation of Long Distance.

“Just to complete the picture, the surrounding countryside is filled with Miners...Jan’s mother and father own Blueberry Hill Farm a few miles away, her youngest brother and family make their home on their parents’ farm, while her oldest brother and his family live right next door.

When does she get to see and make use of her country homes? “By no means often enough,” Jan bemoans. “It’s a two-hour plane trip to Laconia, New Hampshire, and then a half-hour drive to Meredith. During the winter frequently cancelled plane service keeps me rooted to the city on week-ends. But come spring, just watch my dust...every free week-end will find me wending my way to my Hilltop House haven!”

For clothes that look cleaner...

For clothes that smell cleaner...

nothing succeeds like cleaner...

FELS-NAPTHA soap

FELSO, the All-Purpose White Detergent is also made by FELS & CO.

FELS-NAPHTHA SOAP CHIPS

MADE IN PHILA. BY FELS & CO.
THE FANNY BRICE-BABY SNOOKS SHOW

Daddy: Women's shoes! The less they give you the more they cost. And every year it gets worse. First no toes, then no backs, then no sides—if it keeps up, you know what they'll probably be selling you next year? Two bunion pads with ankle straps!

The Fanny Brice-Baby Snooks Show: Tuesdays at 8:30 P.M. EST, on NBC.

BURNS AND ALLEN SHOW

"The oven has been on all day," said Gracie to the salesman. "What are you cooking?" "Nothing. I leave it on so the gas company won't know we eat out a lot."

Burns and Allen Show heard Thursdays at 8:00 P.M. EST, on CBS-TV.

STRIKE IT RICH

Warren Hull asked a doctor appearing on the program if, in his opinion, newborn babies can think.

"I suppose so," said the doctor. "Otherwise, why do they yell the moment they see what kind of a world they're in?"

Strike It Rich: M-F, 4:00 P.M. EST, CBS.

THE ALDRICH FAMILY

Henry: Have you ever noticed the way the whole human race hungers after a certain something that's more or less sort of . . . I don't know . . . you know what I mean?

Mary: Of course, Henry. And I'll tell Mother you want to eat early.

The Aldrich Family heard Thursday evenings at 8:00 EST, on NBC.

SONGS FOR SALE

Jon Murray: Tell me, Mr. Arnheim, are the girls today as attractive as the girls fifty years ago?

Contestant: Yes, provided they're not the same girls.

Songs for Sale: Fri., 8:00 P.M. EST, CBS.

KEN MURRAY SHOW

Ken Murray: My physical culture course is doing wonders. Every week my mollie man brings me heavier weights.

Lex Barker: You mean they are developing your muscles?

Ken Murray: No, but you ought to see the mollie's.

Ken Murray Show: Sat., 8 P.M. EST, CBS-TV.

OUR MISS BROOKS

Conklin: Miss Enright said she considered you one of her oldest friends.

Brooks: She did?

Conklin: Yes, and then she said she likes you as well as some of her younger friends.

Our Miss Brooks heard Sundays at 6:30 P.M. EST, on CBS network stations.

THE $64 QUESTION

"I once asked a contestant his occupation," said emcee Jack Paar. "He said he was a lion tamer. I asked him if he ever put his head in the lion's mouth, and he replied, 'Only to look for Daf!'"

$64 Question: Sun., 10:00 P.M. EST, NBC.

NEWS CARAVAN

John Cameron Swayze, news commentator and best-dressed man in TV according to polls, tried a new tailor. As he tried on a suit the tailor remarked, "That suit fits you like the paper on the wall."

"Maybe," quipped Swayze, "but I've never seen a wall bend over."

News Caravan seen Monday-Friday, 7:45 P.M. EST, on NBC-TV Stations.

GRAND OLE OPRY

Rod Brasfield says that when a girl starts reducing she's usually going out of her weight to please a man!

Grand Ole Opry heard Saturday evenings at 10:30 EST, on NBC stations.

ABE BURROWS' POEM OF THE MONTH

OUR BIRD BATH

By Abe Burrows, Bird Lover and Naturalist

There's a bird bath in our garden,
And every single day,
Lots of little birdsie,
Come to splash and play.

We feed them bird seed from our hands
They're not shy nor suspicious,
And when they're grown we take them in,
They really are delicious.

Abe Burrows appears on This Is Show Business, Sun., 7:30 P.M. EST, CBS-TV; We Take Your Word, on radio, Fri., 10 P.M. EST, CBS, on TV Fri., 10:30 P.M. EST, CBS; Hear It Now, Fri., 9 P.M. EST, CBS.
Sunday

Time Channel | PROGRAM
---|---
5:00 P.M. | **Super Circus**
6:00 P.M. | **Hapalong Cassidy**
7:00 P.M. | **Gene Autry**
7:00 P.M. | **Leave It to the Girls**
7:00 P.M. | **Paul Whiteman Revue**
7:30 P.M. | **This is Show Business**
7:30 P.M. | **The Aldrich Family**
8:00 P.M. | **Showtime, U. S. A.**
8:00 P.M. | **Toast of the Town**
8:00 P.M. | **Comedy Hour**
9:00 P.M. | **Fred Waring Hour**
9:00 P.M. | **Philco Playhouse**
10:00 P.M. | **Celebrity Time**
10:00 P.M. | **Garroway at Large**
10:30 P.M. | **What's My Line?**

**Super Circus**
Animals and aerialists, thrills galore with ringmaster Claude Kirchner, pretty Mary Hartline, Nicky, Cliffy and pint-sized clown, Scampy played by ten-year-old Bardie Potter.

**Hapalong Cassidy**
The fearless range rider in westerns filmed for TV, Bill Boyd, born in Ohio, acquired his western drawl as a schoolboy in Oklahoma.

**Gene Autry**
Action-packed films with the singing, slugging cowboy who actually was born to the saddle in Tioga, Texas, at his father's ranch.

**Leave It to the Girls**
Sharp-witted experts Robin Chandler, Horriet Van Horne, Eloise McElhone and guests, uncover the covert warfare between the sexes with Maggi McNellis as moderator.

**Paul Whiteman Revue**
"Pops" emcees a lavish musical with guest stars and handsome baritone, Earl Wrightson, whose career began as an NBC page boy.

**This is Show Business**
Footlight performances and backstage wit offered by dramatist George S. Kaufman, comedian Abe Burrows with guest entertainers and experts. Clifton Fadiman is moderator.

**The Aldrich Family**
Family problems translated into comedy. Dick Tyler as befuddled Henry; Jack Kalk, Homer; House Jameson and Lois Wilson, parents.

**Showtime, U. S. A.**
Top entertainment from stage and screen presented by Vinton Freedley, discoverer of Bert Lahr, Ginger Rogers, Ethel Merman.

**Toast of the Town**
Headliners and newcomers in show business guest an Ed Sullivan's revue along with the "Taastettes" and Roy Bloch's orchestra.

**Comedy Hour**
Clowns Martin and Lewis, pop-eyed comic Eddie Cantor among the merrymakers rotating on this hour. Apr. 22, Cantor; Apr. 29, Martin and Lewis. Others to be announced.

**Fred Waring Hour**
The special musical variety of the Pennsylvanians featuring maestra Fred, vocalists Jane Wilson, Joanne Wheatley, Gordon Goodman, Joe Marine and the Glee Club.

**Philco Playhouse**
A dramatic showpiece, superbly cast and directed by Gordon Duff, a thirty-eight-year-old Scotsman, raised and educated in Boston.

**Celebrity Time**
Yale football coach, Herman Hickman, and vocalist, Kyle MacDonnell, team up with guests in a novel quiz. Conrad Nagel is moderator.

**Garroway at Large**
Camera witchery with host Dave Garroway and cast. Vocalists: pert Bette Chapel, lovely Connie Russell and baritone, Jack Haskell.

**What's My Line?**
John Daly moderates this guess-your-occupation show. Panel: Arlene Francis, Lauls Untermyer, poet, Dorothy Kilgallen, columnist, and Hal Block, Ken Murray's writer.
### Monday

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Channel</th>
<th>PROGRAM</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1:30 P.M.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>Garry Moore Show</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2:30 P.M.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>The First Hundred Years</td>
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<tr>
<td>3:30 P.M.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>Bert Parks Show</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4:00 P.M.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>Kate Smith Hour</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5:30 P.M.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>Howdy Doody Show</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:00 P.M.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>Kukla, Fran and Ollie</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:15 P.M.</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>Faye Emerson Show</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:30 P.M.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>Perry Como</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:30 P.M.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>Mohawk Showroom</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:00 P.M.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>Lux TV Theatre</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:30 P.M.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:00 P.M.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>Horace Heidt's Youth Opportunity Program</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:00 P.M.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>Lights Out</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:30 P.M.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>The Goldbergs</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:30 P.M.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>Robert Montgomery Presents</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:00 P.M.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>Studio One</td>
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### Tuesday

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Channel</th>
<th>PROGRAM</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1:30 P.M.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>Garry Moore Show</td>
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<tr>
<td>2:30 P.M.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>The First Hundred Years</td>
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<tr>
<td>4:00 P.M.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>Kate Smith Hour</td>
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<tr>
<td>5:30 P.M.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>Howdy Doody Show</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:00 P.M.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>Kukla, Fran and Ollie</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:00 P.M.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>Family Playhouse</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:00 P.M.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>Texaco Star Theater</td>
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<td>9:00 P.M.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>Vaughn Monroe Show</td>
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<td>9:00 P.M.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>Fireside Theater</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:30 P.M.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>Suspense</td>
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<td>9:30 P.M.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>Circle Theatre</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:00 P.M.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>Original Amateur Hour</td>
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</table>

**GARRY MOORE**—Crewcut comedian and former radio partner of Jimmy Durante, is now seen on his own show M-F, at 2:30 P.M., EST, CBS-TV. Born Thomas Garrison Morfit in Baltimore, Maryland, he took an early interest in writing and acting—and once collaborated on a play with F. Scott Fitzgerald.

**JOE MARINE**—bollard singer with Fred Waring (CBS-TV, Sun., 9 P.M., EST, and heard in N. Y., on WMGM on Sat.) juggled football practicing and singing lessons while at high school in N. Y. In World War II he served as an infantryman in the Battle of the Bulge. He's married to a dental technician.
**Wednesday**

TED HUSING—whose voice is known to millions is at last facing his public on television announcing boxing matches and other sports events. His first love was flying but in 1924 he turned to radio and sportscasting. Today he also twirls discs nightly on WMGO in N. Y. His own favorite sports are tennis, golf, handball.

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<thead>
<tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1:30 P.M.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>Garry Moore Show</td>
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<tr>
<td>3:30 P.M.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>Bert Parks Show</td>
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<tr>
<td>4:00 P.M.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>Kate Smith Hour</td>
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<tr>
<td>5:30 P.M.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>Howdy Doody Show</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:00 P.M.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>Kukla, Fran and Ollie</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:15 P.M.</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>Faye Emerson Show</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:30 P.M.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>Perry Como</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:30 P.M.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>Mohawk Showroom</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:00 P.M.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>Arthur Godfrey and His Friends</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:00 P.M.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>Four Star Revue</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:00 P.M.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>Maugham Theatre</td>
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<td>9:00 P.M.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>Kraft Theater</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:00 P.M.</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>Don McNeill TV Club</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:00 P.M.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>International Boxing Club</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:00 P.M.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>Break the Bank</td>
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**Thursday**

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<tr>
<th>Time</th>
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<th>PROGRAM</th>
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<tr>
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<td>2</td>
<td>Garry Moore Show</td>
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<tr>
<td>2:30 P.M.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>The First Hundred Years</td>
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<tr>
<td>4:00 P.M.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>Kate Smith Hour</td>
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<tr>
<td>5:30 P.M.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>Howdy Doody Show</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:45 P.M.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>Lilli Palmer Show</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:00 P.M.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>Kukla, Fran and Ollie</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:30 P.M.</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>The Lone Ranger</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:00 P.M.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>Groucho Marx, You Bet Your Life</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:00 P.M.</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>Stop the Music</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:30 P.M.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>Burns and Allen Show</td>
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<td>9:00 P.M.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>Alan Young Show</td>
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<td>9:00 P.M.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>Ford Star Revue</td>
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<td>9:00 P.M.</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>Ellery Queen</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:30 P.M.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>Big Town</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:00 P.M.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>Truth or Consequences</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:00 P.M.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>Martin Kane, Private Eye</td>
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</table>

JOHNNY DESMOND — Former G.I. crooner was a sensation in Paris after the war, and is currently entertaining listeners to Don McNeill's Breakfast Club (M-F, 9 A.M. EST, ABC) and the McNeill TV Club (Wed., 9 P.M. EST, ABC) Johnny was born Giovanni Alfredo De Simone, in Detroit, in 1921.

LILLI PALMER—Daughter of a famed German surgeon, wife of British actor Rex Harrison, is a scintillating TV, stage and movie star in her own right. Her Thurs. show (CBS 6:45 P.M. EST) has won critical acclaim. Lilli's chief interests are her husband, son Carey, acting and painting.
### Friday

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<thead>
<tr>
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<td>2</td>
<td><strong>The First Hundred Years</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>3:30 P.M.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td><strong>Bert Parks Show</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>4:00 P.M.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td><strong>Kate Smith Hour</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>5:30 P.M.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td><strong>Howdy Doody Show</strong></td>
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<td>7:00 P.M.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td><strong>Kukla, Fran and Ollie</strong></td>
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<td>7</td>
<td><strong>Faye Emerson Show</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>7:30 P.M.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td><strong>Perry Como</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>7:30 P.M.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td><strong>Mohawk Showroom</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>8:00 P.M.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td><strong>Mama</strong></td>
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<td>8:30 P.M.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td><strong>Man Against Crime</strong></td>
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<td>8:30 P.M.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td><strong>We, The People</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>9:00 P.M.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td><strong>Ford Theater</strong></td>
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<td>9:00 P.M.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td><strong>The Big Story</strong></td>
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<td>9:00 P.M.</td>
<td>5</td>
<td><strong>Hands of Mystery</strong></td>
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<td>9:00 P.M.</td>
<td>7</td>
<td><strong>Pulitzer Prize Playhouse</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>9:30 P.M.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td><strong>Henry Morgan’s Great Talent Hunt</strong></td>
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<td>10:00 P.M.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td><strong>Cavalcade of Sports</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>10:00 P.M.</td>
<td>5</td>
<td><strong>Cavalcade of Stars</strong></td>
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### Saturday

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Channel</th>
<th>Program</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>12 Noon</td>
<td>2</td>
<td><strong>Big Top</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>7:00 P.M.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td><strong>Sam Levenson</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>7:30 P.M.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td><strong>Beat the Clock</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>8:00 P.M.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td><strong>Ken Murray Show</strong></td>
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<td>8:00 P.M.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td><strong>Jack Carter Show</strong></td>
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<td>8:00 P.M.</td>
<td>7</td>
<td><strong>Paul Whiteman’s Teen Club</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>9:00 P.M.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td><strong>Frank Sinatra Show</strong></td>
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<td>9:00 P.M.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td><strong>Your Show of Shows</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>10:00 P.M.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td><strong>Sing It Again</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>10:30 P.M.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td><strong>Your Hit Parade</strong></td>
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**DOROTHY COLLINS**—Canadian-born singer came to Your Hit Parade (Sat., 9 P.M. EST, NBC; 10:30 P.M. EST, NBC-TV) via childhood radio appearances and vocalizing with Raymond Scott’s band. Now living in N. Y., Dorothy is single, blonde, hazel-eyed and five foot two.

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**W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM**—Internationally famous novelist and short story writer whose works may be seen Wed. 9:00 P.M. EST, CBS-TV and Sat. morn., at 11:30 P.M. EST, CBS, was born in Paris, educated in England and at Heidelberg. He studied to be a physician, but became a writer when his first novel was accepted.

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**RUTH THOMAS**—Blonde lovely of the Ken Murray Show (Sat. at 8 P.M. EST, CBS) has more titles than a bookshop—her favorite being the Most Beautiful Blonde. Born in Boston, she attended the Bishop-Lee School of the Theatre. She’s married to one of the Enchanters, and loves writing poetry.
DAYTIME DIARY

Here's your guide to good listening on the daytime drama circuit—plot, character, time, station information

AUNT JENNY
M-F, 12:15 P.M. EST, CBS
Is it possible for a girl to have too much money? Recently Aunt Jenny told the story of Grace Jamison, whose large fortune came to her weighted down with trouble. In love with Phil Barnes, Grace was almost ready to marry him—except that she couldn't convince herself that he honestly loved her. Was it, she wondered, her money he was after? Grace couldn't tell. Could she be wrong to marry Phil in spite of her suspicions? Or should she turn her back on happiness?

BACKSTAGE WIFE
M-F, 4 P.M. EST, NBC
While Mary Noble, injured by the crazed Claudia Vincent, lies in the hospital, Larry goes to Hollywood to take advantage of an opportunity in movies which his friend Tom Bryson may have found for him. It was at Mary's request that Tom tried to help Larry, because she knew his self-esteem would suffer if he did not regain his place as an actor; but Larry believes she is trying to get rid of him and a rift develops which may leave the way open for Rupert Bartow.

BIG SISTER
M-F, 1 P.M. EST, CBS
Ruth Wayne's brother Neddie and his impatient young wife Hope have broken up over the question of Hope's job with millionaire Millard Parker. Bitterly Ruth realizes she cannot convince anybody that this was what Parker intended all the time, just as he probably hopes to break up her own marriage to Dr. John Wayne. Ruth looks with fear toward the future, wondering to what violence Hope's continued flaunting of Neddie's wishes will drive him.

BRIGHTER DAY
M-F, 2:45 P.M. EST, CBS
Missing in action—so read the telegram Althea Dennis gets about her husband, Bruce Bigby. Liz, Althea's sister, fears that release from marriage will enable Althea to lead a life which her minister father, Dr. Richard Dennis, cannot approve. If Althea should resume her acting career after the birth of her child, will her return to Hollywood mean anything to Liz and producer Nathan Eldridge, with whom she is still very much in love?

FRONT PAGE FARRELL
M-F, 5:45 P.M. EST, NBC
"The Mad Killer Murder Case" posed a tough problem for police until David Farrell, ace reporter of the New York Eagle, was assigned to cover the case. In this stabbing of a prominent publisher evidence pointed to a tall person as the killer, and when it emerges that the dead man's stepdaughter, a tennis champion, fits the description, the girl becomes suspect. With the help of his wife Sally, David uncovers information which solves the case.

You Want a Beauty Soap for a Beauty Bath!

YOUR BATH BECOMES A BEAUTY BATH—when you change to proper cleansing with Palmolive Soap! Doctors have proved that regular cleansing with this beauty soap brings most women lovelier complexions in only 14 days!
So to help soften and smooth your skin all over, use Palmolive Bath Size...always! Nothing could be finer in your bath to cleanse, refresh, relax you. Palmolive brings you fragrance, to safeguard your loveliness—your charm. Mildness, to keep your skin smoother, softer-to-the-touch. Purity, to give your entire body the gentle beauty care it needs.
Yes, you should use a beauty soap for a beauty bath. So get Palmolive Bath Size today. It's big. It's thrifty. And so mild, so pure, so right for all of you!

MILDNESS... For Loveliness!
FRAGRANCE... For Daintiness!
PURITY... For Gentleness!
BATH SIZE... For Thriftiness!
GUIDING LIGHT
M-F, 1:45 P.M. EST, CBS

Even with the threat of death hanging over her, while she is on trial for the murder of her husband, Meta White finds time to wonder about the reporter, Joe Roberts, who has gone to such lengths to help her defense. When she first met Joe, he was antagonistic, and Meta knows that he believes her guilty. What made him change? What have his two motherless children to do with the change? What place will Joe Roberts have in the future life of Meta White?

HILLTOP HOUSE
M-F, 3 P.M. EST, CBS

Though Alan Richards still considers himself her suitor, Julie Peterno, superintendent of the orphanage Hilltop House, knows that she is in love with Dr. Jeff Browning. But when her cousin Nina comes to Hilltop to take some of Julia's multiplying duties off her shoulders, the situation involving Julie, her job and her emotional life begins to cloud over. Is Nina the charming, helpful, unsophisticated girl she appears to be? Just what does she want out of life in Glendale?

JUST PLAIN BILL
M-F, 5:30 P.M. EST, NBC

Mona Kane, caught in a tense situation between her father and Paul Hewitt, the undesirable young man she wants to marry, becomes even more involved mentally after being injured in an automobile accident which seems to change her whole personality. Despite Bill's efforts to calm her, she threatens to kill Paul if he will not marry her. Bill's plea to Hewitt to promise anything to calm Mona is disregarded as Hewitt tries to leave town, and the situation grows worse.

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL
M-F, 3 P.M. EST, NBC

Barry Markham's mother-in-law, Mrs. Peter Potter Jones, continues her rapacious demands for money despite the fact that the Markham family is at a low ebb. Knowing that Barry owns the book shop property, Mrs. Potter conceives of a plan whereby, through its sale, Barry can realize a good profit. She tells nothing for the fact that this will drive Chichi and Pappy David out of their home. Will Victoria Vandebush help Chichi?

LORENZO JONES
M-F, 4:30 P.M. EST, NBC

In his new role as detective, Lorenzo seems destined not only to get into trouble but to make it for others . . . specifically for his boss Jim Barker. Irma, Jim's wife, retains Lorenzo to check on Jim, whom she suspects of paying too much attention to a young girl. For this assignment Lorenzo invents a secret camera and automatically records events at Barker's garages, and as the pictures pile up it begins to look as though Jim Barker will have a hard time explaining.

MA PERKINS
M-F, 1:15 P.M. EST, CBS

Instead of putting the seal of decision on her feeling for Spencer Grayson, Fay's trip to New York confused her. His business and social activities are faster and more sophisticated than the little girl from Rushville Center is used to— or is even sure she likes. Back in Rushville Center, Tom Wells, the young man whose acquaintanceship with Spencer dates back to their Air Force days, gains significance in Fay's eyes for several reasons. What does he know about Spencer?

OR-GAL SUNDAY
M-F, 12:45 P.M. EST, CBS

Has Sunday become too involved in the family affairs of the Chandlers? Lord Henry fears she is endangering herself as the resentments explode in violence. Lois Chandler, engaged to Dr. Norman Forrest, may be in danger from Judith, rapacious stepmother, who is jealous of Lois and her fortune from getting away from Rodney Warren. When circumstances make it appear that Norman has tried to poison Lois' father, Sunday realizes how far Judith will go.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY
M-F, 3:30 P.M. EST, CBS

As the result of the violent scene in which he tried to prevent Icy Willie and Mouse from taking Father Young away, Andy Hoyt has regained his mental balance, but must be hospitalized because of the injury he sustained trying to protect his friend. Meanwhile the Youngs heartbrokenly face the task of trying to find out what has happened to Mr. Young. In Chicago, Mrs. Trent has admitted all she knows about the bank robbery, but she may have waited too long.

PERRY MASON
M-F, 2:15 P.M. EST, CBS

Helen Henderson, kidnapped and terrorized, is heartbroken when she learns that her fiancé, Jake, couldn't see through the girl who was trained by Walter Bodt's gang to impersonate Helen or Bodt's trial. However, testimony given by the fake Helen, who is really a girl named Elise Scott, so stuns Perry that by sheer process of elimination he arrives at the right conclusion—that the witness Helen Henderson is an impersonator. Bodt's downfall hangs on Perry's proof.

PORTIA FACES LIFE
M-F, 5:15 P.M. EST, NBC

Portia resumed her career as a lawyer only because she and Walter needed money desperately. Knowing that Walter is miserable when she is working, she wonders if she is making a mistake, but when she gets her first case she decides that her duty to her client is as binding a contract as her duty to her family. But had Portia been able to look into the tragic consequences of her forthright decision, would she have made it anyway?

RIGHT TO HAPPINESS
M-F, 3:45 P.M. EST, NBC

It's difficult for Carolyn Kramer to realize that the troubles of her recent life are behind her, and that, as Mrs. Milos Nelson, she will be able to look forward to comparative peace of mind. Will Miss Milos and her little son Skippy find the family happiness they have been waiting for? Will the bitter shadow of Dwight Kramer, Carolyn's former husband, leave any power over Carolyn's future? Or will trouble come through Constance, Dwight's second wife?

ROAD OF LIFE
M-F, 3:15 P.M. EST, NBC

When Jocelyn McLeod, ill and alone, comes to Merrimac to stay with her family, the Overtons, she had no suspicion that she has walked into a very sticky situation. Dr. Jim Brent, afraid that he is becoming too interested in Jocelyn, turns her case over to his foster son, Dr. "Butch" Brant, but cannot keep his mind off her and the peculiar family group of which she is a part. In order to help Jocelyn, will Jim have to acknowledge his underlying feeling for her?
ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT
M-F, 12:30 P.M. EST, CBS
Jeff Brady's picturesque company, with Helen Trent as chief gown designer, is on location in Marble Hill, Georgia, the town that holds the secret of Gil Whitney's marriage to Betty Mallory. Helen, who still loves Gil, tries to get a look at the record book held by the town's justice of the peace, and is made suspicious by his efforts to hide it from her. Later little Molly Lou brings the book to Helen, and events approach a crisis as Gil and Cynthia Swanson leave for Hollywood—Cynthia as sure as ever that Gil will marry her.

ROSEMARY
M-F, 11:45 A.M. EST, CBS
Back at last in Springfield, Rosemary and Bill Roberts look forward to a peaceful life in the quiet community as soon as Bill regains his health. But suddenly the town is shaken by a typhoid epidemic, and while Dr. Jim, Rosemary's stepfather, is busy saving the victims, Bill and Brad Reynolds take on active parts in a tense search to discover the source of the infection. Will this bring Brad and Jane into the kind of close contact with the Robertses that once cause trouble for all of them?

SECOND MRS. BURTON
M-F, 2 P.M. EST, CBS
Largely through Terry's persistence, Rupert Gorham is exposed as a crook and the murderer of Ralph Kirklani. With the arrest of Gorham and the annulment of his marriage to the elder Mrs. Burton, Stan once more becomes involved in his mother's life, as he tells Terry that they cannot let her live alone and lonely. In an effort to protect herself against Mother Burton's possessiveness, Terry undertakes a career that may lead her for from her quiet Dickston home life.

STELLA DALLAS
M-F, 4:15 P.M. EST, NBC
Staying at the hotel, of Laurel and Dick Grosvenor are Myron Grosvenor and the Ransome sisters, and Stella, Laurel's mother, is much worried about these three. Engaged to Leona, Myron is really in love with Rosalie, but his sense of duty keeps him from telling Leona the truth. Meanwhile Myron's secretary, Oliver Foxan, causes plenty of trouble on his own by trying to make Dick Grosvenor believe that Laurel and he, Foxan, are in love.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE
M-F, 2:30 P.M. EST, CBS
Neurotically determined to ruin the life Nora Drake, Peg Martinson becomes chairman of the Financial Committee of the Mental Hygiene Clinic where Nora Works. Vivian Jarrett, ex-wife of Dr. Robert Seargent, becomes Peg's ally when she fears the doctor is planning to marry Nora. But Peg's other ally, Fred Spencer, is forming plans of his own. When at the crucial moment Peg hastily to climax her plan, Spencer decides to act, and crippled Peg Martinson finds herself one night trapped alone in a flaming house.

WENDY WARREN
M-F, 12 Noon, EST, CBS
Admitting now that both his marital and his business relationship with Kay Clements were ill-advised, Don Smith joyfully accepts Mary McKenna's proposal to put her money back into his paper. Wendy's concern with the paper goes somewhat into the background when she hears from Anton Kemp, somewhere in Europe, that Mark Douglas may escape from the political imprisonment which resulted from his secret service work. Will her own presence in Europe do Mark and Anton any good?

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES
M-F, 5:00 P.M. EST, NBC
For years Joan and Harry Davis have had a successful, happy marriage in spite of the efforts of Joan's snobbish mother to separate them. However, after a crisis which ruins them financially, Joan is forced to become a guest at her mother's home, together with her three children. After a comparatively short period of desperately hard work, Harry is once again able to make a home for Joan. Will their love be proof against the ruthless, undermining tactics of Joan's mother?

YOUNG DR. MALONE
M-F, 1:30 P.M. EST, CBS
Crystal Gatas now has her dearest wish—she has become Mrs. Gene Williams. Now she sits in her brand-new home and wonders what her punishment will be for marrying a man she does not love. Gene's father, Sam Williams, also faces emotional torment as Anne Malone cannot sever her bonds with her husband, Jerry Malone, whom she was about to divorce when news of Jerry's serious illness took her to New York. Will it be Sam or Jerry with whom Anne Malone goes on?

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN
M-F, 4:45 P.M. EST, NBC
When wealthy Horace Steele is killed, Lita Haddon succeeds in framing a case against Dr. Anthony Loring, Ellen Brown's fiance, by making it look as though Anthony had an overwhelming motive to kill Steele. Not only was Steele paying attention to Ellen, but his will reveals that he has left her his fortune. Further, Lita shows the District Attorney a batch of love letters alleged to have passed between Ellen and Steele. For Ellen this is tragic because she fears Anthony may believe it.

*Over 200 airline pilots at New York's great airports were asked to compare CAVALIER CIGARETTES with the brands they had been smoking.

80% of these pilots—80% of the smokers interviewed—said CAVALIERS are MILD than the brand they had been smoking! And that included 18 different brands!

In group after group—nurses, college students, phone operators—80% or more of smokers interviewed said Cavaliers are milder! Enjoy king-size Cavaliers—for mildness and natural flavor. Priced no higher than other leading brands!
Low cost pleasure trips...
ready now!

(Continued from page 51) dark and striking. Latin-looking but born in Brooklyn without a trace of Latin blood! She's a crack swimmer, a brilliant pianist and—take her husband's word for it—a mouth-watering cook. Tony is so glamorous looking that he was offered the lead in a film about the late Rudolph Valentino but rejected it because to make the film would have required a trip to Hollywood, and Tony prefers Dot, Lynda, Arthur Godfrey and the house behind the boxwood hedge. Lynda (and you'd better make sure, her Dad warns, to spell the Lynda with a "y") is an amazing combination of the tomboy and the very feminine, the artist and the mechanical, the precocious and the completely normal. It is, in fact, with Lynda that most of Tony's conversation is concerned, and it is around Lynda, rather than around her televised Dad, that the Marvin household pivots.

O this household, Tony says, "It is as typically average-American as the smell of home-made bread." Even the romance of Tony and Dot was as normal as any story of young love to be found in any June issue of any popular fiction magazine. "To start at the beginning," says Tony, "we met at a children's camp in Honesdale, Pennsylvania, where we were both working. Dot as swimming counselor and I as dramatic counselor. When I needed a pianist for a musical play I was putting on with the kids, Dot used to come down and play for us. That, in two words, did it.

"The camp was situated on Rose Lake and the first thing you know Dot and I were spending our day off together. We both had a passion for canoeing, so we'd take canoes of our own, have our lunch, talk together, sing together. In a mere matter of weeks I proposed. Yes, in a canoe. Yes, in the moonlight... one evening on the lake, both of us singing, and in a broken song, the question and the answer...

"People are apt to speak disparagingly, I've noticed, of 'summer love,' the inference being that summer love is a sort of vacation emotion about as substantial as sea spray. Nonsense, I say, for this love of ours started in the summer of 1932 and it is now the summer of 1951 and it's a simple statement of fact that, in our hearts, that summer and this are one."

But although love came swiftly to Tony and Dot they decided to postpone marriage plans until Dot, who was a sophomore at Cornell, should receive her degree—a Bachelor of Science in Home Economics. "Which comes in real handy," her husband says. "A darn good cook, she knows her way about in every department of homemaking. And since part of the course was taking care of the professor's kid, a darn good cook, I naturally recommend young women with B.S. degrees as wives."

Even with the degree in hand Dot did not, however, immediately change cap and gown for bridal gown. Tony, who had quit medical school because the depression made financing the long road to an M.D. impossible, was not yet making enough money to qualify as a dependably bill-paying husband. Having made the theater his second choice as a career, he'd done the usual working-your-way-up stints, such as ushering at the Paramount Theater in New York.

Working—between jobs—at a gas station, Tony sang one day while servicing a limousine. The owner, a wealthy manufacturer, was impressed with his voice that he got him a vocal teacher and arranged a scholarship for him. Tony, who'd never sung before outside of school, amateur theatricals and in the shower—and on Rose Lake!—hadn't thought of his voice as a saleable commodity. But he was more than willing to try.

After studying, he won a role as leading bass with the New York Operatic Guild and appeared in a number of Guild productions. After that he got into musical comedy and was understudy in such hits as "White Horse Inn," "Virginia" and "Having Wonderful Time." In the meantime he got acting jobs on daytime radio programs. Singing in "White Horse Inn" paid a salary that made marriage possible, if not plumply. Wedding bells finally rang, after five years of waiting, for Tony and Dot.

Says Tony reminiscently, "The waiting wasn't easy, and proved to be economically unsound, the postal rate being terrific, the phone calls bankrupting. And since I spent many a late night at Cornell campus, there was the rail fare to boot..."

"The wedding took place in Brooklyn, Dot being a Brooklyn girl. An afternoon affair it was, complete with white satin, orange blossoms, and rice."

For several years after they were married, the young Marvins lived in Brooklyn. Heights in Nov. of 1941, Lynda Ann was born. Meantime, the Marvins had taken a summer place out in Amityville, Long Island, and had also bought two acres of land there. But by the time Lynda Ann was ready for school and Dot and Tony had decided to live on the Island the year round, building was prohibitive, building materials vanished, commodities..."And so," says Tony, "we shelved our plans for building, at least for awhile, and bought this old house in Massapequa instead."

The white house behind the boxwood hedge is not too large a place—"medium large," the Marvins say—set on about a quarter acre of land.

The predominating "feel" of the house is Early American and the predominating color green. The living room is papered in solid bottle green, the woodwork done in white, and what may be called the "feast" of the room is the big and beautiful fireplace of white and black Italian marble. Before this rich relic of antiquity the Marvins, undaunted, pop corn, grill wiener and—in the wintertime when there are guests—have what Tony describes as "A kind of camp-out in the living room."

The living room furniture is a combination of Early American and English. Two cherry cabinets contain some of the antique glass which Dot, whose hobby it is, has collected.

"Dot has been bitten by the antique bug," says Tony, "but only, thanks be, in small things. I am not one to favor a spindly chair which may give way and
break your blooming back just because some long-goner once sat in it.

One entire wall of the living room is built-in book shelves. "Books are part of my life," says Tony, "couldn't live without reading. I'm a reader-in-bedder and so are Dot and Lynda. Without your books, how can you build any character or, in my case, make answers to the hundred-and-sixty-four-dollar questions Boss Godfrey heaves at me?"

Built into the living room bookshelves you find the television set, in use much of the time the Marvins are at home, but hidden away when there are guests. "Even though I make my living and love it on radio and TV, I still like to talk to my friends," says Tony.

In the music room the basic color, as in the living room, is green. Also as in the living room, bookshelves and cabinets of knotty pine line one wall. There is a grand piano at which a very considerable part of the Marvin home-life is lived.

"Dot plays," says Tony, "and I sing. Now that Lynda plays piano too, she'll often play for us. Or there are times when Lynda will play the flute and Dot the piano, then I whip out my ukulele—the Art Godfrey baritone uke—and there is rhythm on the range! When Lynda first became music-minded, at a very early age, she thought she'd like the trombone. Dot and I averted this disaster by 'selling' Lynda the flute. Easy to tote around, we told her, a classic instrument, too. Lynda, the flutist, a member of the school orchestra, made her first appearance at the dedication program of her new school."

The one exception to the green which dominates the Marvins' first floor is the dining room, which is papered in an off-white background patterned in bamboo shoots and green leaves.

In the kitchen the Marvins go all the way green again, walls, linoleum, dining counter—"Which gets to be a sort of Dogwood deal," says Tony, "when Daddy has to go to work. I usually fix the orange juice. Then Dot comes down, gets the coffee going and the bacon and eggs. Lynda Ann sets the table. I have the best of it, I must admit, since the orange juice is, of course," Tony grins, "hi-V frozen juice."

"But the morning routine I've described is typical of us—strictly co-op. Lynda's job is to be general assistant to Mommy. And Lynda Ann does some serving at table, too. She also keeps her own room in order. Dot is the gardener. I do the spade work and the general repairing around the place. I'm a pretty fair electrician and carpenter.

A leak in the bathroom and I'm your man. "Our bedroom," Tony carries on, moving upstairs, "is Early American. The bed is a big four-poster double bed—the carpeting a dark green and the furniture pine."

Lynda's room is all pink and white, with the whole front wall bookshelves holding her own library. She has her desk at the window; over it, the lighting fixture is a bird-cage, draped in white toile and housing an artificial bird upon which Tiger fixes a predatory eye.

Mention of Tiger reminds Tony to tell you that the Marvin family is supplemented by two pets. One cat, Tiger of mixed heritage. He's greatly loved by Lynda who says, "This is the only animal who ever really understood me!" And one goldfish who suffers the name "Goldie."

Lynda, says her Daddy, ad libs little soap operas—at the recording machine, does all the voices and sound effects. None of this "I'm going to be a great actress." Just a whole lot of fun.

Normal evenings at home often find Dot and Tony playing with Lynda in the cellar. Or playing and singing together at the piano. Or reading aloud. At eight, Lynda's bed-time, Daddy carries her upstairs—that's a ritual.

"The rest of the evening Dot and I spend in reading or listening to recordings of the symphonies or in talking about things that need to be talked about," Tony explains.

"We go to the theater very seldom. The last play we saw (Lynda, too) was 'Peter Pan.' I play golf and I paint a little.

"We have a very wonderful and congenial group of friends. We get together and give progressive dinner parties. We play charades and all sorts of silly indoor games. One very silly one is called 'Sardine,' which is a kind of lethal Hide 'n Seek, the object being for all the players to find, and hide with, the original Sardine, who may have gone to earth in a very small space. On one occasion the game ended with twenty people in our hall closet—it was murder!

"We're practically normal people, I'm afraid," concludes Arthur Godfrey's man-at-the-mike, proudly rather than apologetically. "Come and visit us by all means," he added warmly, "but you may go away, wondering what's happened to the glamour of actors and the wild, mad lives they lead!"
If It's Whiter Skin You Want...

(Continued from page 63) a five-day-a-week afternoon show).

Being able to see Bud, his clocks, his contestants and the stunts gave the show enormous added impact, and viewers wrote in to ask more about the games, so they could be adapted for their own home parties. Whole families imitated the stunts in their own living rooms. That's when a lot of viewers discovered that these stunts had to be carefully thought out.

In case you still think the stunts are dreamed up by some prankster an hour or so before the show and then foisted on the simple, trusting contestants, you're wrong. Every game has been tried out by at least four different pairs of stand-ins, and finally approved and timed by a panel of eight.

The whole thing starts with a Tuesday morning meeting to which everybody comes armed with ideas. "Everyone" includes producer Todman or Goodson (they alternate) and Bill Beecher, who are charged with full responsibility for stunts, and the other workers on the show who contribute whatever they think will be helpful. These others are writer Bob Howard, production manager Jean Hollander, program assistant Candy Tinkler, set dresser Tom Reid and coordinator Peggy Springstead (who also holds the stopwatch for the tests).

By Thursday morning a list of some fifteen or sixteen stunts has been worked out, of which seven or eight will probably get used on that week's program. The games are ready for testing by stand-ins, representing the actors and real-life teams that will later on the actual show be chosen at random from the studio audience.

The stand-ins themselves are taken from a group of actors and actresses who remain on call for various CBS programs and think that acting like contestants and getting paid for it is pretty slick.

When the testing begins, the panel sits at a long wooden table and the first game is explained to the stand-ins. Let's say it's one recently used, in which the wife had to put a quarter between her husband's teeth and he then, with his hands clasped behind his back, had to drop it from his mouth through a slit in a plate that held a lemon meringue pie. Under the plate was a glass-enclosed fare box, of the type used in buses and street cars. Naturally, to reach the slit in the plate, the actor had to dive deep into the lemon meringue, a feat he performed so well that they made him do it twice. On the show, later, it had to be performed twice a day.

The pay-off was that the actual contestant hated lemon meringue, but he beat the clock anyhow!

The next stunt to be tested involved a blindfolded girl who had to pile seven hat boxes, one by one, on top of the man's head, which had been flattened out by giving him a little cap like a bellboy's. The first pair of stand-ins had a dreadful time, and hat boxes flew in all directions. Another pair tried, with no better luck. Then Bill Todman decided he knew the way a really smart contestant would figure the thing out. He put on the girl's blindfold, told the man to get way down on his knees, piled the boxes and attempted to set them on the man's head at once. An ingenious solution only he had forgotten that the rules said the boxes were to be piled one by one. Chagrined, he retired, feeling like many a defeated contestant, except that the contestant gets a portable radio and Todman got nothing but laughs.

Oddly enough, actual contestants often do these things much better and quicker than the stand-ins. Maybe it's the incentive of those fine prizes. Maybe it's the fun of getting up before a huge audience (seen and unseen) and proving their mettle.

Bud tells a story on himself, about a contestant who had a hard time getting started and to help him along Bud kept reminding her of the time. Suddenly she wheeled and faced him. "Will you be quiet?" she demanded. He was, and she beat the clock.

Some contestants should win, but get too nervous and excited. A couple recently beat both clocks, and then it was the wife's responsibility to go to the magnetic blackboard and rearrange a scrambled quotation for the jackpot prize of a big console TV set. Their two children were on the stage with the parents and had been watching proudly. Mother had been getting visibly more nervous every moment, and the excitement was probably what caused her to get one word out of place, she unscrambled the quotation, since she appeared to be familiar with it. When she found she hadn't won the television set for the kids, she wept a little.

It happened that one of the executive vice presidents of Sylvania Electric, the show's sponsor, was watching. Unable to hear the slight of her tears, he got the studio on the telephone, instructed, "Give her a table model television set so she won't be so disappointed." A nice, warm-hearted fellow, that v.p., but he had Bud worried for a while. Supposing he had started an epidemic of weeping women on the show. In a contest between tears and TV, Bud would have a hard time being tough. After all, he's a sentimental family man with a wife and kids, and they're all crazy about TV, too.

Watch For It At Your Neighborhood Theatre...

"HOLLYWOOD AWARDS"

the exciting screen snapshots film taken during the presentation of Photoplay's Gold Medal Awards to Hollywood's outstanding performers. Produced by Ralph Staub for Columbia Pictures, this special film will be released throughout the country beginning April 19th. Ask for it at your local theatre! It's an on-the-scene experience you won't want to miss!
(Continued from page 27) of the fans, because it is John Q. Public who writes all the answers. He is listener, viewer, and buyer.

For instance, the fantastic popularity of television was determined by the public’s willingness to purchase TV sets to create their own personal theaters. It was a considerable expense, and when some of us bought sets, in the early days of 1948 television, there was not any certainty that the programs of that period would justify the outlay. In those days, as a matter of fact, TV stores pointed out that if you bought a set, you could witness the national political conventions; the subject of entertainment was carefully skirted. So, TV set buyers should go down in history as the boldest and bravest pioneers of all, and when people like that are asked to make their selections of their favorite performers, you can rest assured that their decisions are based on complete familiarity with the subject and a rugged disinclination for regimentation.

This is the first year that Radio Television Mirror set up a complete TV ballot, so let’s examine the voting of the fans. Actually, the elections are not an astonishing departure from the findings of various surveys. Newcomers include such daytime personalities as Kate Smith, NBC, and Carrey Moore, CBS. Burns and Allen, CBS, have forged their way into the lead as the top Husband-Wife team. It is a matter of personal amazement to me that Groucho Marx, although a winner in radio, did not also emerge a winner in some TV classification. But it is entirely possible that his show hasn’t been on the air long enough.

The rest of the TV selections emphasizes the same names that have been prominent, with the possible exception of the comedy show, Jerry Lester’s Broadway Open House over NBC. The pixyish Lester, graduate of night clubs and vaudeville stages, latched onto this midnight show and proved that there was a vast audience for TV in the late hours. This has been an important extension of TV executive thinking, because it was not so long back that station executives believed that television viewers could not be held after ten p.m. Lester’s formula, eagerly greeted on the late watch, did not register so well when NBC-TV experimented with him on the eight-to-nine p.m. spot, Sunday nights, which demands stricter adherence to form. However, Lester emerged as a very potent factor in the 1950-1951 television picture. If I speak with some authority on the Sunday night, eight to nine o’clock sector of television, it is because my Toast of the Town show occupies that hour on the CBS-TV network. So, when NBC-TV determined to work out a competitive show for that time, as they’d done the previous year on the Saturday night schedule, my interest was more than casual. Most formidable of our competition has been Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, who, curiously, are not mentioned in the poll. This may be because this very amusing team appears on TV at irregular intervals. Missing, too, in the poll, is the wonderful Jimmy Durante. And here again, it is probable his once-a-month schedule has prevented wider public recognition of the most delightful personality that has arrived in TV.

In the double fields of TV and radio, red-headed Arthur Godfrey has won four awards. No one will quarrel with this quadruple honoring of L’P’ Arthur. He has been a phenomenal figure in both media. He not only has sold sets, but has kept viewers and listeners glued to them.

In the radio balloting, Tallulah Bankhead, NBC, has been designated as the most interesting newcomer. This was a foregone conclusion, and it couldn’t have happened to a nicer “Dah-ling.” While Jan Murray, CBS, is not named in the awards, his program, Songs for Sale, won as the best new radio program.

The absence of Milton Berle presents an interesting incongruity, a case of the public contradicting itself. Berle’s Texaco Star Theatre continues to get the highest rating of any show in the country, indicating that the public tunes in on him Tuesday nights. So when he fails to win an award, the only conclusion is that the public now takes his talent for granted, creating a paradox that has no precedent. However, enough of speculation. Let’s study the awards.

And let’s extend our appreciation to Radio Television Mirror for having the patience and enthusiasm to give us a behind-the-scenes picture of the fans.

Together they make a Beautiful Pair . . .
Mother and Daughter with Color-Bright Hair!

MOTHER'S GRAY HAIRS are tinted from view.
Rich, glowing color makes her look younger, too!
she uses Nestle COLORTINT

DAUGHTER'S DRAB HAIR is rinsed shining bright.
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Triple-strength Nestle Colorint—makes you look years younger as it blends graying hair with rich, even, natural-looking color.
Nestle Colorinse—an after-shampoo "must" to remove dulling soap film, give your hair glamorous color-highlights, soft lustre and sheen. Easy to use . . . no muss—no fuss.
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Ask your beautician for a PROFESSIONAL application of Colorinse or Colorint, made by . . .

Nestle
Originators of Permanent Waving

6 capsules 25c

6 rinses 25c
HONEY! DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THESE EXTRA ADVANTAGES IN THIS HIGHER TYPE OF INTIMATE FEMININE HYGIENE?

(Continued from page 31) novel.

"Not quite," I told him, "but you'll find out in due time." Perry always likes to think he springs all the surprises in the family, but this time I pulled one on him. He knew nothing about the story until it was all finished, and then I wouldn't let him read it for fear he'd make me change something. You see, Perry is so instinctively shy and modest, that I knew he'd make me omit any extra words of praise I might put in the story. I told him he'd have to wait until the magazine came out.

I think modesty is one of the nicest traits about my old man, but I can remember when it almost worked against him. When he was just starting as a singer he was so very retiring that he lacked self-confidence and didn't believe he had a good enough voice to make a go of a singing career.

When we got married, Perry had his own barber shop and was doing very well at his trade. Singing was just sort of a hobby with him. He'd work with little local bands a couple of nights a week or sing at club affairs, and people did seem to like his voice and personality. I encouraged Perry to think seriously about taking a chance at a musical career, and his father agreed with me. Father Como was a great guy and he loved music. He had a beautiful voice himself, and his sister, Perry's Aunt Anina Barbera, had been a leading soprano with the San Carlos Opera Company in Naples, Italy. On the other hand, Mother Como wanted her son to stay with the barber shop, because like most mothers, she felt a trade was good and steady and he wouldn't have to worry about making a living.

But I guess Fate stepped in because just a few days after we were married Perry received an offer from Freddie Car lone to be a vocalist with his band. It paid only twenty-eight dollars a week, was far less than the barber shop brought in, but his dad and I thought Perry should give our trio a try. And so he did.

So Perry sold his shop, joined the Car lone band, and just four days later they went on the road. Of course Perry didn't make enough money to take him along—he was helping his folks out too—so I stayed in Canonsburg with the Comos. We thought he'd only be traveling a few weeks, and instead the road tour lasted eight months. He couldn't afford long distance telephone calls, but we wrote to each other every single day.

While Perry was away, his mother taught me to make all the Italian dishes he liked. We had always cooked French style at the house, so I had to start from scratch and learn how to do the Italian sauces, and all the other specialties. By the time he came back I was proficient in turning out a good Italian meal. Perry's favorites were spaghetti, rigatoni and lasagna—and they still are, by the way.

Shortly after the Car lone band came home, Perry got an offer to sing with Ted Weems. At first he hesitated because he wasn't sure he was ready to go with such a big outfit. At that time Weems had one of the most popular bands in the country, and of course it was a wonderful opportunity for Perry. Car lone insisted on his taking it, convincing him he just couldn't turn down such a good chance.

This time Perry's salary was enough so that he could afford to take me with him. Otherwise, I knew he wouldn't have accepted the job because he had made up his mind we would never be separated again. And we never have been.

Perry and I saw practically the whole United States during the years we traveled with Weems. Our ultimate ambition was to have a home of our own and settle down in one place, but that was naturally out of the question as long as Perry was with the band. Though we lived in hotels, or took an apartment if we were to be in one town long enough, we always carried along little knick-knacks—vases, ash trays, pictures and things like that, so that each new place would seem as homelike as possible.

Unlike many men, Perry loves beautiful china, glassware and silver, and in each new city we'd haunt the antique shops for unusual pieces. Most of the things we have in our Long Island home now were collected during our Weems days.

When Ronald was born, I wanted to go home because I didn't think it would be good for the baby to travel. But Perry was determined that we should both be with him, so he had a specially built mattress constructed in the back seat of our car on which Ronnie could sleep comfortably. And Perry even rigged up a special gimmick under the hood of the car

I'll have to operate immediately...

Has the doctor ever said that to you...and made you think "Who'll be home to mind the children, to cook...will my husband be able to get along without me?"...This is one of many types of problems you'll hear in dramatic form on the radio program "My True Story," which comes direct from the files of True Story Magazine. You'll hear the hopes, fears, loves, ambitions and jealousies of real people, and through their problems gain a better understanding of your own. So...

TUNE IN "MY TRUE STORY" AMERICAN BROADCASTING STATIONS
so we could heat Ronnie's bottles. Ronnie thrived on his "road routine" and was as healthy as could be.

One of the most wonderful things about my old man is his great sense of loyalty. It's something he was just born with, I guess, and he's never lost it, thank goodness. While the Weems band was playing in California, Perry received several good offers for radio. One came from Fibber McGee and Molly, who wanted him to be the regular singer on their program. I wanted Perry to take it because it would mean the chance for us to stay in one place.

But he refused, because he didn't want to leave Ted Weems. He felt Ted had given him his first big break and had had confidence in him and that he would be letting Ted down if he left the band. Then, too, Perry wasn't sure he was quite ready to step out on his own as a radio soloist. I talked and talked, but the old man is very determined, once he makes up his mind to something. So he remained with Weems until Ted joined the merchant marine during the war, and the band broke up.

By this time Perry and I were really tired of traveling and we thought it was time for Ronnie, who was now four years old, to be playing in a backyard instead of a hotel room. So Perry turned down several offers from name bands and we headed home for Canonsburg. We had saved a little money and Perry was thinking about buying a shop and going back in the barber business. I wasn't all enthusiastic, even though I wanted to settle down too, because I sincerely believed that he should stay in the music business. I wanted so badly for him to go into radio—just for the thrills—and the band broke up.

One day Tom Rockwell, who was head of the General Amusement Corporation, a big talent booking office, called Perry from New York. He said he had heard Perry wasn't going to join another band, and he was calling to offer him a sustaining radio show over CBS. The salary wouldn't be great to start with, but we wouldn't have to travel, and Tom was convinced he could get Perry something better before long. So the decision was made and the Comos took off for the big city. This was in 1943, just at the height of the crooner craze, and there was plenty of competition on the air. But he worked hard at his program, and before long Perry was set for better things.

He sang at the Copacabana, got a record contract with Victor (his first release, "Goodbye Sue," was a hit), he landed the Supper Club radio program, and was signed by Twentieth Century-Fox for three pictures. Quite a few "better things"!

So now the name Perry Como finally meant something in the entertainment world and his popularity zoomed, complete with fan mail, fan clubs and all the other trimmings that go with a successful career. But the person, Perry Como, I'm grateful to say, hasn't changed one single bit from the sweet, wonderful boy I married. He still works around the house, helps me get dinner and wash the dishes when we have no help, and pitches in when there are special chores to be done.

Though it sounds like press agent stuff, my old man is truly a home guy. We rarely go to night clubs—fact Perry's never been in the Stork Club, 21, El Mo-

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Meals For Three men, each of whom is an individualist at table, isn't a chore to be tossed off lightly. Ozzie is a steak man, loves heavy cream gravies. David likes meat in any shape or form and will, if pressed, eat peas, carrots, spinach, tomatoes and string beans. The only things that Ricky wholeheartedly enjoys are eggs—in any form—or cheese souffle.

Now obviously no female household genius could whip up three meals a day which would please each one of those varied and unorthodox tastes. Something has to give. In our house, everyone gives a little. I've developed menus for each member of the family, including his favorites. These are served in rotation and the rest cat with today's food-fancier, knowing that another day will bring another's favorites.

A favorite recipe of mine I discovered years ago. Start by buying one healthy-sized loin lamb chop for each person; have the butcher trim the fat and skewer each chop. Place them in a flat, shallow pan—a pie pan does beautifully—add salt, pepper, and as much finely-chopped Bermuda onion as your family will take. Stir together a sauce made up of 1 tablespoon flour, 2 teaspoons sugar, 2 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce, 1 tablespoon vinegar and enough water to cover the chops. Pour sauce on chops and bake at 350 degrees for two hours—an hour and a half covered, the last half hour uncovered. During the last hour and a quarter, bake potatoes in the same oven. Serve with green salad, and there's dinner.

When we entertain, I like a sit-down dinner for eight. You can say what you will about buffet suppers but I've never yet cor-nered a man into admitting that he likes self-service dining. I like to invite no more than eight, principally because I think our house accommodates that number perfectly. I don't like big parties. No one ever gets the hostess's full attention at them, the hostess is too harried to enjoy her own party, there's too much confusion. No friendship is deepened in the midst of a mob scene, to my way of thinking.

**We Have—Or had—a dog problem.** The problem is usually to choose between a happy hound and a liveable house. Our hound—very happy now, thank you—is Nick, a Llewellyn setter. Nick is big, has long black-and-white hair. From the beginning, Nick was trained to stay off the furniture. But he reasoned—and so did we—that if people have furniture to sit on, a dog ought to have something he, too, can call his own. Nick has it. It's a good-sized white rug which has a place of importance before the fireplace. That rug is Nick's to do with as he pleases—and he pleases to use it as a bed, a towel on which to dry wet paws, a fearsome foe on which to practice growling, shaking and sneaking-up, and—best of all—a repository for hairs.

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89
Where There’s Hope...

BY IDA ZEITLIN

At the age of three, wearing an Eton suit, Bop Hope discovered that by sticking his fists deep into his pockets and pooching his stomach out, he could hand Great Aunt Polly a laugh and she’d hand him a cookie. Thus, comedy proved to be a two-way blessing. You gave, you got.

In due course, his audience expanded from Aunt Polly to the world. Hope gets (Continued on page 92)

The Bob Hope Show: broadcast Tues., 9 P.M. EST on NBC. sponsored by Chesterfields. Watch your local paper for announcements of Bob’s TV Show, which is sponsored by Frigidaire.

“Red, Hot and Blue” was one in a long line of Broadway musicals which called attention to the Hope style of comedy. Ethel Merman was the show’s vibrant lead.

Christened Lester Townes, Bob was four when his family left England to settle in Ohio. In this portrait with his parents and brothers, he’s seated bottom rt.

The road from Cleveland was long—but no longer
Well-known to anyone in uniform is the Hope record for overseas entertainment. The troupe Bob brought to Korea, which included Marilyn Maxwell, Les Brown and Judy Kelly, was seen by 500,000 in Pacific area.

During World War II, Bob traveled to every war theatre. Above with the late Gen. George S. Patton, famed “Blood and Guts” leader of Third Army. Singer Frances Langford made almost as many trips as Bob.

Hurley's Jolly Follies boasted Bob and George Byrne. Their act prompted such remarks from its manager as: “Why don't you two put some make-up on. Might make you look better. You couldn't sound any worse...”
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Safe for face, arms, legs. Good stores, or send $1.10 to Jordeau Inc., South Orange, N. J.

(Continued from page 90) his cookies now through Chesterfield on radio, Frigidaire on Television, Paramount in the movies. The switch to Chesterfield followed a twelve-year tryst with Lever Brothers, ten of them for Pepsi坤t. Then Robert wanted out, so he could tape his shows.

One fine day, as he golfed with the president of NBC, a message arrived—his release from Lever Brothers. For no sensible reason, Bob glanced at his watch. "I asked for it, I got it. Just the same, it feels peculiar to be out of work at 5 o'clock on a Monday afternoon."

He remained among the unemployed for twenty-one hours. Chesterfield signed him at two the next day—with a raise, with tapping, with all his requirements met. No mean stunt in these days of what they call fading radio.

To know Hope is to know one thing for sure. Take money away and he'd work for hay, because he wouldn't be able to help himself. Most comedians enjoy making people laugh. With Bob, it's more than enjoyment. It's the mainspring of his being. It's life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. The gag goes that if he saw four guys on a corner, he'd stop and do a show. Or, as Crosby put it: "Hope's favorite text is: Where two or three are gathered together, there am I in the midst of them. Humor is his element, and the communication of gayety his mission on earth. As surely as Heifetz fulfills himself through the fiddle, so does Hope through laughter.

While this is his native form of self-expression, it's hardly the whole man. He's blench at so solemn a word as dedication. Nothing root-deep drives him to spend his talent where it's needed most. In wartime entertainment, his name leads all the rest. By V-J Day he'd made six overseas trips and, when contracts interfered, took a year's leave of absence. On this side he zipped from camp to naval base to hospital. Christmas of '48 found him with the U.S. Airlift in Germany. Christmas of '49 he promised to stay home. But Stuart Symington suggested that the boys in Alaska could use him. So he compromised by taking his wife and the two elder children along. Last November, between completion and added scenes on The Lemon Drop Kid, he flew to Korea with a unit of forty. Last Christmas Eve he was doing a show at the Fairfield-Suisun Base. A plane took him back to spend Christmas Day with his family.

Ask what prompts this tireless activity, and he's likely to give you the eye. "I love flying, he'll say." With pleasure, you can wring out a little more. "These are potent kids. They're defending our way of life. Why should I sit around on my Morris chair? Besides, it's exciting, it's gratifying, I get a belt out of it. At Yukasuka Hospital we ran into all these guys from the First Marines, all in one big ward. Some were badly hurt, two or three wouldn't walk again. But Tell the First Marines we'll be back." How about that? It gives you goose pimples. But you can't read about it in a newspaper. You've got to go there to get it.

This is the Hope you don't hear on the radio—and rarely off. What he feels goes into action rather than words. What he feels most stays farthest under. The surface bubbles with casual foolery. In his own right, he's a very funny man and the currency of everyday living is a quip. It's been said that if you tagged behind him, sweeping up his cracks, they'd make a still better show than the one he broadcasts.

Why this fifth son of an English stonemason should have grown up to be an archetype of American humor isn't for us to delve into. He was an individualist from the first. On shipboard his brothers submitted to vaccination. Leslie Townes, aged four, observed the plunging needle and broke loose. He was chased, nabbed and stuck, but undefeated, for he knew his mother and carried his arm to her. Avis Hope would let no son of hers be put upon. Those that wanted to be vaccinated, let them. This one didn't. Indignantly she wiped the spot clean.

Her husband had preceded the family to Cleveland, where his brothers lived.
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my mother used to make." When he worked on Broadway, she'd send him lemon cream pies via airmail.

According to Bob, he entered show business by singing around apartment houses with another kid. "They threw us money to make us go away. Then I found out that actors sleep late. This turned out to be a delusion, but it ruined me."

Actually, he couldn't escape show business. Where Bob was, there was mirth, music and a heightened zest for life. During the Chaplin craze, he flapped his derby and went round on one oversize shoe to win a contest. The fact that he'd planted his gang to tear the place down made the triumph no less sweet. In high school he discovered dancing, and took some lessons. So, for a while, did his brother Jack who recalls Bob in an unwonted mood of earnestness on the way home. "Boy, this is wonderful. It's the greatest thing in the world. I'm going into vaudeville—"

He went by way of the Chandler Motor Company, whose purchasing agent was brother Ivor. They put Bob in charge of tools, but when you wanted tools he was somewhere else, rounding up three other fellows for a singing-bee. Ivor bawled him out. "Yes sir," said Bob, who'd been taught manners—but failed to mend his ways. He insists that the Chandler people kept him to act as emcee at salesmen's meetings, thus providing him with a priceless proving ground.

Meantime he was living his own life after hours—doing amateur shows around town, picking up five bucks or a lovely cup, working out a duo with Lloyd Durban as partner, and keeping both eyes on the door of opportunity. Fatty Arbuckle set it ajar and Bob shoved his foot in. Passing through Cleveland on the comeback trail, Arbuckle needed some local talent. Hope and Durban presented themselves. He liked them and, on the eve of departure, recommended them to the manager of a show memorably titled Hurley's Jolly Follies. Hurley signed them at fifty dollars a week. They contributed to the jollity with dance, a blackface routine and a saxophone solo by Bob. To his mother, he was already a star. His father's attitude may be best summed up in Bob's words. "He kind of looked at me round the edges. Didn't think anything much would happen to me."

For a time nothing much did. Durban fell ill and Bob teamed up with George Byrne of Columbus. The Jolly Follies closed, but they managed to get bookings in Detroit and Pittsburgh, and finally in New York where they danced with the Siamese twins. During this engagement they were tagged for a show called The Sidewalks of New York. Their reception was frosty. To get a second bow, they'd leap back like kangaroos from the wings. One day the manager yelled: "Hey, Hope and Byrne—" Shuddering, they issued from the dressing room. "Why don't you two put some makeup on at least? Might make you look better. You couldn't sound any worse—"

They returned to the Midwest and vaudeville. At Newcastle, Indiana, Hope was asked to announce a forthcoming attraction. He kidded the announcement, and the people howled. For the first time he felt that flow of warmth between him and an audience which means they like you, they've taken you in, they're yours. It's a dizzying sensation and it stimulated Hope, Les. Before he got through, the house was hysterical. "Great, great!" said the manager, pumping his hand. "That's a fixture. I want it in every show while you're here."

Bob turned thoughtful. He'd always found it easy to amuse people, yet he'd been basing the act on dance routines. The light broke. He split with his partner, worked out a single that he felt at home with, shaped it up in the small time and set out to astonish the booking agents of Chicago.

The booking agents were too busy to be bothered. Bob ate his heart out trying to get an audition, and reached the point where coffee and doughnuts were his only other fare. With holes in his shoes and a bigger one in his stomach, he made his dogged way from door to door, took his rebuffs and started the weary round all over again, haunted by visions of a bus headed for Cleveland and his mother's table.

One day the incredible happened. In an agent's office he encountered a friendly
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by VALDA SHERMAN

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Bob's start in radio was unspectacular. “In those days,” he explains, “I was making radio. Vaudeville suited me fine. All I had to do was change a joke once in a while. You could also put the snub on the other foot. Every now and then they'd ask me to do a guest shot on RKO Theatre of the Air. After the pain wore off, they'd give me another chance to see if I got any better. I didn't.”

Now he's right behind him. On a stage he was the easiest guy in the world, master of all his wits. Through “Roberta” he floated. In front of a mike, he fell apart. Someone was inspired to stick a music-stand between him and the instrument of torture. But he spied it over the music-stand, and his eyes glowed. “Why did you cross the street?” he'd ask, and start humming.

“Please don't hum,” said the director.

“Who's humming?” he demanded. “Him, him, him. Then he'd wipe the sweat from his brow and croak: "Be nonchalant. Light a hum.

Nevertheless, Bromo-Seltzer offered him fifty weeks on a program with such names as Al Goodman and Jane Froman. Nothing happened. “Nothing,” says Hope, “but a great silence like in the Utter-McKinley waiting room.”

He's not a man to accept defeat lightly. In '35 he started steaming for the Atlantic Refining Company. Through '36 and '37, working ten hours a day, he won the battle of the mike. While Woodbury never happened, the contract angles. PepsiCo grabbed him. “We wish,” sighed the old sponsor, “that we were your new sponsor—"

“You could have been,” said Bob helpfully.

Now he's co-salesman with Bing for Chesterfield. Their constant gibing is based on respect and friendship. Cross, who passes the dressing room without honking his horn and yelling, “Hi, Flab” or “Lardhead” or “Happy Hips.” Bob's favorite insult for him is Grandpa Moses. This bears no connection with the Grandma Moses which hangs in the Hope living room. If Dolores had her way, their walls would be covered with paintings. As it is, Grandpa reigns alone. Bob likes her. For the rest —“I don't want anyone's inhibitions about the house.”

Like other top comedians, he refuses to go whole-hog for television. When you're working in other media, it's impossible. But he's intelligently curious and willing to experiment. Thus far, he's done five TV shows for Frigidaire. His chief interest, however, still lies with radio and pictures.

There was a time when pictures held less allure than does TV now. He'd been tested by Pathe and still swears that his test broke the company. It didn't bother him. He was sliding back and forth between vaudeville and musicals, and pretty suspicious of that village called Hollywood. “Roberta” was followed by “Say When.” Then came “Ziegfeld Follies” and “Red Hot and Blue.”

Mitch Leisen was preparing “Big Broadcast of 1938.” Having tried and failed to snap Benny, he cast a line for Hope and made him a bid.

“Uh-huh. I like it here.”

Who says you won't like it there?”

“Who says I will?”

The harder he shook his head, the more cabbage they waved. Things reached a point where he couldn't afford not to nibble. So in “The Big Broadcast,” a new face appeared, complete with nose. A new voice sang “Thanks for the Memory” with Shirley Ross.

A new personality captured the affections of people.

The warmth he first felt at Newcastle continue to flow between him and his audience. World-wide, he can't see them all now. But they love him, they've taken him in for good, they're his.

If people love Hope—not merely his humor, but the man—it's because Hope loves people and has the thoughtfulness and imagination to put himself into their skins. His greatest tenderness, his deepest respect, is reserved for those whom life has hurt. Sentimentality isn't in his nature. He doesn't shoot off his mouth, he acts.

Going through hospitals here or abroad, his heart is never visible on his sleeve.

“What good does it do,” he once asked, “if you cry with them?” His job is to entertain. He clowns for them, kids them, rolls dice with them. To a bedridden patient he'll say, “Move over. I'm tired.” If his face grows grave on leaving, the most he'll ever say is “How about that!” But he'll bring home long lists of the names of boys whose folks he's promised to call.

There was a boy in Japan whom the doctor asked to. Since being brought in from Korea, he hadn't talked at all. Without working any miracles, Bob did get him to smile. When he offered to call the kid's family in Seattle, he brightened perceptibly. In the confusion that followed, his name was lost. All the way home, this niggled at Hope like the pea in the princess's bed. Luckily, the kids, the show had been tape-recorded. One day his secretary was running the tape while Bob worked at his desk. Suddenly his head lifted. “Tony, that's it. There's the name.” The name was all they had, but Tony enlisted the aid of the Seattle operator, and Bob finally got through to the folks. Which end derived more satisfaction from this mission completed, it's hard to say.

His broadcasts are again beginning to come from camps and naval bases. Far from draining him, the trips seem to invigorate him. “With those kids,” he says, “you don't even have to try. All you have to do is show up—”

At Paramount he won't allow his set to be closed. But he won't make a virtue of it either. “I'm not against set-closing on principle. In many cases, it's a practical necessity. Visitors can raise ned with the cost-sheets. But our gang don't do that.
type of work. We laugh it up and we like an audience. I meet lots of people, I say, come see me at the studio if you're ever in town, and I mean it. I'd hate to have somebody walk in from Japan and be told the set was closed—"

Stories about stars beloved by their co-workers are a dime a dozen. Stretched end to end, they'd put a girdle round the earth and be just as credible. Instead of boring you with stale hosannas to Hope, I'll draw from personal experience.

Long ago I questioned a skeptical reporter who'd been in Hollywood for years.

"Of all the movie people you've run into, which one do you most like and respect?"

Without taking time to ponder, he answered: "Bob Hope. By a mile."

My first encounter with him was characteristic. I was in his dressing room with a couple of other people, gathering material for this story. None of us noted the flight of time. Bob arrived for lunch to find the door closed. His secretary offered to dispossess us. We were left undisturbed. Emerging forty-five minutes later, we discovered Hope at lunch in the outer office.

"Thought I'd have to get an injunction," he observed amiably, "to blow you out."

It didn't kill him to eat in the office. But this was his one quiet hour in a tight-packed day and he'd have been much more comfortable in his own room. I've never met anyone but Hope who'd have handled it that way.

**THIS IS ALAN YOUNG**

(Continued from page 69) his carpenter's apron complete with many instruments.

"Now do be careful," Gini warned him. "You know how you are." And he kissed her to remove any hint of criticism.

"Just leave it to me," ordered Alan in stout-fellow tones.

He located a ladder, set it against the side of the house, borrowed a second ladder, boosted it onto the house roof and ascended to the ridgepole and the aerial.

With infinite care he removed a corrosion eliminator from his pocket along with a polishing cloth, and a hammer. "The first thing to do," he said, looking for a place to rest his equipment...

Somehow his foot slipped. He clutched at the aerial and clung for an instant before his hand slipped. In the handsomest half-gainer of his career, he dove off the roof and into the garden where he lay motionless, mentally examining his limbs for fractures. He had decided that he was intact just as Gini came running from the house, crying.

"I'm perfectly all right," he announced with great dignity, "I'm not even shaken up... I'm only hurt." And he regained his feet in a movement which was only slightly cramped and awkward.

But from that day to this, the aerial has functioned in tune with the gods of TV.

Yes indeed... there are more ways to be a winner in this world than merely finding and glorifying and surpassing the field. Ask Alan.

Correction: Cavalcade of Stars (April issue) is presented by the Drugists of America in cooperation with the National Association of Retail Drugists.

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THIS IS ME

(Continued from page 28) for instance...

The scene was Avon Lodge, near Woodridge, New York. The time—early summer, 1942. The characters were Florence Lodge, my children’s counselor at the resort—tall, auburn-haired, beautiful—and Sid Caesar, a musician in the band—tall, brown-haired and awfully burned up.

Florence: I’m really sorry, Sid, but, after all, I can’t break a date once I’ve made it—

Sid: (glaring) That’s just the point.

After that you’re supposed to mean to each other, you made a date with somebody else. That’s what I can’t comprehend!

Florence: But Sid, I told you—

Sid: Enough! This whole discussion is futile! Just answer yes or no—you still insist on going out with that guy tonight?

(Florence quietly nods)

This is the finish!

See what I mean? Get that big exit line: “This is the finish!” You’d think I was winding up a five-year-long engagement. The fact is, I had met Florence only three days before! This whole behavior is familiar to everyone. Fortunately for most of us we can laugh at ourselves—later. Florence and I certainly laugh when we think back to that silly situation at Avon Lodge. Just one year after I yelled, “This is the finish!” Florence and I were married.

Then, when Axis boys started a global war, our country was in a state of alarm. Me? I joined the U. S. Coast Guard. You see, I had it figured out that there would be less walking than in the infantry.

I guess if it weren’t for the Rome-Berlin-Tokyo Axis, I’d probably still be blowing my brains out playing saxophone in a dance band, a tapering rage! Very well!

This is the finish!

Hirohito, Mussolini and Hitler—I hate to credit that Terrible Trio with anything, but because of them, I met the man who guided me to fame and fortune. His name is Max Liebman. How Der Fuehrer would have chewed the rug at that one!

Holes in the soles of my third pair of marching shoes when an opportunity to play in the Coast Guard band presented itself. They didn’t have to twist my arm. I leaped at the chance.

Things hadn’t change much, it seemed. The previous summer I was tooting sax at a resort in the borscht belt near Monticello, New York. Here I was again, still tooting, but for the boys in blue.

Being a Coast Guard bandsman made sense. While at school in Yonkers, my chief interest had always been music. Don’t get me wrong—I wasn’t any pale-faced high-brow a la Gertrude Lawrence, and so on with the guys in the gang. I liked to go out on little hunting trips with them. I was active in sports. But I had an unshakable conviction that a career in music was the thing for me. By the time I got halfway through Yonkers High I was playing sax in small bands. I can remember one all-night job that paid two dollars.

At the ripe age of seventeen I was playing with Charlie Spivak’s Orchestra. Not long after that I was helping Shep Fields make Rippling Rhythm.

Was I carving out a career with the name bands? It seemed that way but secretly I yearned for acceptance as a Serious Musi-

ician. And to that end I began to study the classical composers. But World War II changed that.

This gets us back to how Hitler, et al., so intentionally brought about a very fatal menace. The year was 1942. The U. S. Coast Guard, apparently inspired by “This Is The Army,” decided to put on a show that would build recruiting and morale. Into our midst came a short, mild-mannered civilian—Max Liebman.

Long before he appeared on the scene I had discovered that the Coast Guard pantoines and satirical sketches, just to keep from being bored stiff by our day-to-day routine. Most of my subjects (or maybe targets is a better word) were the officers. I lampooned many an enlisted man, too, including myself.

As a member of the band, I reported for the first rehearsal of “Tars and Spars.” I had scarcely entered the hall when Max Liebman came over to me.

“Your name Caesar?"

“That’s right, sir.”

With an odd little half-grin, he said, “Seems like you have quite a few press agents on that side here. Some of the officers have been telling me about the routines you do—"

I started to sputter defensively, “Look, I was only clowning around—"

“Relax.” Liebman cut in. “I’m not the Gestapo. I wanted to say the opinion seems to be that your routines are funny. Care to try out for the show?”

And that’s how one man’s career was suddenly switched from musician to comedian. That marked the beginning of my wonderful association with the man who now produces Your Show of Shows.

The Coast Guard’s “Tars and Spars” had a successful production. Columbia Pictures later made a movie of it, and I repeated my routines. The critics wrote favorably about me and Columbia signed me to a term contract.

A term contract doesn’t necessarily mean a career in front of the cameras. It certainly didn’t, in my case. After two years of much Hollywood sunshine and no picture-making, I headed back East. There were some theater and night club dates in New York and Chicago. More important, there was always Max Liebman’s belief in me. It was, however, his constant boosting eventually paid off.

Max Gordon and Leo Lindy were two others who did a lot of drum-beating for me. At Gordon’s insistence, producer Joseph Hyman caught my show at the New York Roxy. I was promptly offered a good comedy part in the successful Broadway revue Make Mine Manhattan.

When Max Liebman began rounding up a company for his first big television venture, The Admiral Revue, he gave me the top comedy spot. Your Show of Shows followed that and here I am today—an ex-saxophone player memorizing lines and butchering vocal scores.

My day starts at 8:30 A.M. It ends when we finish rehearsal around 6:30 in the evening. Saturday is usually a killer. That’s show day and we don’t wrap it up until after 10:30 at night. It’s the sort of schedule that leaves precious little time for family life. That’s the toughest part of being a showman, yet at the same time, working with such a talented, knowing comedienne as Imogene Coca, makes it really fun.

Florence and I have agreed that shop talk is strictly taboo at home. We have plenty of diversion with our delightful little boys. When I, we call him George, three and a half years old...chockful of charm...blonde-haired...blue-eyed—oh, well, I guess that I’m just a bit biased.

After Shellie is put to bed, Florence and I like to relax. We enjoy good books and good music. We watch some of our favorite television shows. Once or twice each week Florence meets me in New York, after rehearsal, and we scout around in search of an unusual restaurant. Afterward, we hit a good movie. Florence shares my enthusiasm for fascinating foreign films. I hope you enjoy the impressions of them I’ve given you in this column.

I’m not altogether certain that Florence shares my enthusiasm for guns. Her approach to my hobby is pretty philosophical, though. “It could be worse,” she remarked one day, “You might have been interested in collecting Amazonian shrunken heads.”

The Amazonian shrunken head is a trophy that holds ten beautiful hunting rifles and while it’s pretty fancy dreaming for a guy who was born and raised in Yonkers, I have a mighty strong yen to go on a real African safari.

Okay. So there isn’t one chance in a thousand that I’ll be in a spot like that. But I’ve actually done research on the planning of such an expedition. What I’ve learned, though, leads me to believe that it’s tougher to cut through international red tape than it is to cut through an elephant’s hide. Guess I’ll just have to settle for my routine life in the mail business.
You’re lovely-to-look-at even in close-ups, with Solitair!

Make this test tonight!
Look in your mirror, close up. Does your complexion show skin-faults through your make-up? Solitair gives you faultless beauty even close up.

Every complexion can look fresh and lovely from afar. But your most important moments are in close-ups... and then, skin faults are quickly prominent. Imperfections that your make-up doesn’t hide, become obvious—and suddenly, the illusion of beauty is gone!... Unless, of course, you wear the make-up that stands the test of closest inspection—Solitair. Solitair conceals so cleverly that every little complexion blemish becomes your secret! Your skin seems to come alive with youthful freshness—uniformly flawless, yet completely natural—even in close-ups. If you have not worn Solitair, wear it tomorrow. Your mirror will instantly show you the wonderful difference.

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A smoother, creamier lipstick, richly brilliant, that stays on longer and resists smearing and transfer. Six inspired shades.

Contains Lanolin
Solitair protects against dryness. It is the only clinically tested make-up which skin specialists confirm will not clog pores.
How MILD can a cigarette be?

ANNE JEFFREYS started out modeling to pay for her music studies. In rapid succession came personal appearances... radio and television roles... stardom in more than 30 movies.

"My cigarette must be mild. I smoke CAMELS. They agree with my throat and they taste grand!"

STAGE AND SCREEN STAR

"I know how mild a cigarette can be! My own 30-day Camel Mildness Test gave me the proof. The test was fun and sensible! I didn’t make a snap decision on just one puff or one sniff. I had plenty of time to appreciate how good tasting Camels really are! I learned for sure how welcome Camel mildness is to my throat!"

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.

More Doctors Smoke CAMELS than any other cigarette
Your skin looks smoother, softer
WITH YOUR
First Cake of Camay!

She was Eileen Clarence
of New York. Now she’s MRS. JACK LAWRENCE
—a beautiful Camay Bride!

Lively, lovely, lovable—that’s Eileen Lawrence! Wonder at the sparkle in her bright brown eyes! Marvel at the softness of her exquisitely fair complexion! Eileen’s very first cake of Camay brought her a smoother, softer skin.

Yes, and her lovely face lights up whenever she talks about Camay. "It didn’t take long for my skin to look fresher and clearer," she tells admiring, inquiring friends. "When I changed to regular care, my first cake of Camay brought new beauty. Camay’s wonderful!"

Follow this bride’s way to new beauty! Wake the sleeping beauty of your skin with your first cake of Camay. Change to regular care—use mild, gentle, rich-lathering Camay alone. Never let a lesser soap touch your skin—and look for exciting new loveliness.

A lovelier skin—head to toes!

Give all your skin Camay’s fine complexion care—use it in your bath, too. The daily Camay Beauty Bath brings that “beautifully cared-for” look to arms, legs and shoulders. You’re lovelier head to toes—touched with Camay’s flattering fragrance!

There’s no finer beauty soap in all the world! You’ll treasure Camay for its gentle mildness. And the lather it gives is so rich and creamy. Camay in the "Beauty-Bath" size is Camay at its best. Big and thrifty—that’s the beauty of this larger cake.

Camay
the Soap of Beautiful Women
Here she was, bejeweled and exquisite, putting in a completely miserable evening. The man she secretly admired was giving her the brush-off... polite but definite. And she didn't know why. It can happen that way sometimes: the very night you want to be at your best you appear at your worst. Halitosis (unpleasant breath) has a way of cropping up when you least expect it. At such a time, diamonds aren't a girl's best friend... Listerine Antiseptic is! Play It Safe

Why risk offending when Listerine Antiseptic is such a delightful extra-careful precaution against halitosis? Simply rinse the mouth with it and lo! your breath becomes wonderfully fresher, wonderfully sweeter. It stays that way, too... not for mere seconds or minutes but for hours, usually. Don't trust to makeshifts that do less. Remember, Listerine's germ-killing power is the secret of its success against odor-producing bacteria.

Get in the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic night and morning. It makes your mouth feel delightfully fresh and clean, and gives you greater assurance that you are on the agreeable side.

And, of course, before any date—never, never omit this extra-careful precaution. It pays off in popularity.

*Though sometimes systemic, most cases of halitosis are due to bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such oral fermentation and the odors it causes. Lambert Pharmacal Co.

**Listerine Antiseptic**

It's Breath-Taking
READER'S DIGEST* Reported The Same Research Which Proves That Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST

Reader's Digest recently reported the same research which proves the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating stops tooth decay best! The most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today! Yes, and 2 years' research showed the Colgate way stopped more decay for more people than ever before reported in dentifrice history! No other dentifrice, ammonia or not, offers such conclusive proof!

LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream
MY GIRL'S KID SISTER DID HER BEST AND COLGATE CARE DID ALL THE REST!

Use Colgate Dental Cream
To Clean Your Breath
While You Clean Your Teeth—
And Help Stop Tooth Decay!

COLOGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

*YOU SHOULD KNOW* While not mentioned by name, Colgate’s was the only toothpaste used in the research on tooth decay recently reported in Reader’s Digest.

JUNE, 1951
RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR
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Contents

Fronts.

R. R. SANDERS, Editorial Director; DORIS MCFERRAN, Editor; JACK ZASORIN, Art Director; MATT BASILE, Art Editor; JOSEPHINE PEARSON, Associate Editor; Maryanne Crofton, Marie Haller, Dorothy Brand, Editorial Assistants; Nina Sittler, Ass'T to the Editorial Director; Frances Kish, Television; Esther Foley, Home Service Department; Helen Cambria Bolstad, Editor, Chicago Office; Lyle Rocks, Editor; Frances Morrin, Managing Editor; Betty Mills, Assistant; Hymie Fink, Sterling Smith, Staff Photographers, Betty Jo Rice, Assistant, Hollywood Office.

People on the Air

46 Nora Drake Asks: Should You Marry Against Your Child's Wishes?
48 In The Monroe Manner
50 Studs of Studs' Place... by Helen Bolsad
53 My Husband, Ken Murray... by Bette Lu Murray
58 Why Worry, See Murray... by Harvey Bullock
60 Delectable Darla
61 Can You Write a Joke For Ken Murray?
62 King's Row
66 Who's Who In TV
68 Party Time
72 Big Audience For The Bard

8 Accent On Scent
9, 25, Poetry
12 Traveler of the Month... by Tommy Bartlett
16 Starting All Over... by Terry Burton
21 Fun Of The Month
26 Art Linkletter's Nonsense and Some-Sense
27 All About Brides... by Betty Furruss
42 Happy Bride Contest
52 Daytime Serial Fashions For You
54 This Is My Life... by Kate Smith
64 Junior Mirror

Your Local Station

4 WBOR; How To Win Fans
6 WBEN-TV: Model Femcee
22 WNEW: Anything Goes!
24 WPTZ: Meet The Macmillans

Inside Radio

14 Information Booth
73 Program Highlights in Television Viewing
84 Daytime Diary

Page 40: Chinaware by Francescan Fine China
On the Cover: Color portrait of Kate Smith by Maxwell Coplan
Milton Berle by Charles Farr


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On CBS-TV Nationwide Network PLAYTEX PRESENTS

Top afternoon entertainment (See local papers for time and channel)
HOW TO WIN FANS—

SOME MEN collect snapshots of their best girls, some proud fathers display pictures of the "most be-yoo-ti-ful baby in the world"—but Alan Dary of WORL collects pictures of his fans.

When Alan first started his Musical Dary Go Round show less than a year ago, he didn't know many people in Boston, and what was more important, not many people knew him. Being an extrovert by nature and a disc jockey by trade, he had to make friends in a hurry.

Alan sincerely wanted to know and meet his listeners so he asked them to send pictures to be pasted in the "Dary Family Album." In return he sent a picture of himself and answered each letter personally. When he last counted, he had more than one thousand friends smiling out at him from the album pages.

The friendships he's formed through pictures and letters have grown in several ways. Housewives send in packages of homemade cookies and candies nearly every day, and the whole staff is kept busy eating. One listener, apparently a professional artist, sent him a colored drawing sketched from the picture Alan sent him, and a girls' fan club awarded him with a plaque.

In a few short months his popularity had increased so much that he was given another show, Date With Dary. Now he's on the air three-and-a-half hours a day, six days a week.

But Alan still wasn't satisfied; he wanted to meet as many of his listeners in person as possible. One day he invited a housewife to sit in on the morning show as a guest disc jockey, and the idea went over with a bang. Now Alan has guest disc jockeys three times a week. He also holds open house at the studio for any listeners who want to come in to visit and chat.

He then decided that if people were nice enough to visit him, he'd like to return the compliment. Being a family man with two daughters and a son, he knew how difficult it was to get baby sitters. That gave him an idea. For guessing the correct title of a tune that he plays backwards on his morning show, the winner receives what Alan calls "the dubious honor" of having the services of Mr. Dary as baby sitter any night he chooses.
Which girl has the natural curl ... and which girl has the Toni?

Putting their heads together, charming Marilyn West and Eva Gernay agree that the Toni wave feels as silky soft, looks every bit as attractive as naturally curly hair. Can you tell the naturally curly hair from the Toni Home Permanent? Look below for the answer.

Now—Toni with Permafix guarantees a wave you can’t tell from naturally curly hair

Look closely! Compare the silky-softness—the deep, rippling waves and the natural-looking curls. Which is which? You just can’t tell! No—you can’t tell a Toni wave from naturally curly hair. That’s because Toni has the gentlest waving lotion known...plus a new wonder neutralizer, Permafix, that actually conditions your hair...leaves your wave soft and natural from the very first day. And month after month your Toni Home Permanent with Permafix takes no more care than naturally curly hair.

Remember, Toni is used by more women than all other home permanents combined. Only Toni has the new wonder neutralizer, Permafix. And Toni guarantees a wave you can’t tell from naturally curly hair—or your money back.

Have a gentle Toni with Permafix today and tonight discover how thrilling it is to have a wave so naturally lovely, people ask you if you have naturally curly hair! Beautiful Eva Gernay, the girl on the right, has the Toni.

Hair styles by Shirley Collins

Which Twin Has the Toni? Compare Ann Shumaker’s Toni (on the right) with her sister Roxie’s beauty shop permanent, and you’ll agree that even the most expensive wave can’t surpass the natural beauty of a Toni Home Permanent.

TONI REFILL ONLY $1

Toni the wave you can’t tell from naturally curly hair!
Guest hairstylist Gilbert Bass demonstrates the latest style coiffure to hostess Marian Ferrel and Charm Studio audience.

"Charm is not only found in outward appearance, it also is a state of mind, an outgoing interest in other people . . . There's no such thing as a 'homely woman,' she is only lazy . . . Bring out the best of your natural attributes, and above all, keep the corners of your mind and mouth up."

Many feminine video viewers in western New York State have had both their personality and spirit brightened by such advice from Mrs. Marian K. Ferrel, hostess of the Charm Studio on WBEN-TV every Thursday afternoon. She's a vivacious brunette, with sparkling dark eyes, a captivating smile and the knack of carrying on two successful careers simultaneously.

To be specific, Mrs. Ferrel is both a model mother of two youngsters and an expert on personality improvement. Her advice has helped many a backward, bashful girl to transform herself into an attractive young lady, with plenty of poise to captivate the boys.

In the Charm Studio spotlight, Mrs. Ferrel discusses proper care of skin, makeup, correct speech, hints on human relations, appearance, proper diets, figure-trimming exercises, hair styles—anything that may help a woman to acquire charm.

When Mrs. Ferrel speaks on the art of charm she talks from personal experience. A graduate and star performer in the famous New York Powers School of celebrated American models, she eventually settled down as a housewife in Buffalo, where she now directs the John Robert Powers School of Charm. She's also in constant demand as a lecturer on the art of charm throughout western New York State.

Mrs. Ferrel philosophizes that while not every woman is born with charm, anyone who will only take the time can acquire it. And personable Mrs. Ferrel practices what she preaches.
Firecrackers of enthusiasm are exploding all over the Radio Television Mirror offices and for good reasons, too! You'll want to set off a few of your own when you see the July issue. First of all, there's a personal, at-home story of Sid Caesar and his family complete with a color portrait which was taken exclusively for the readers of Radio Television Mirror. Also exclusive is the full-page color portrait of Marion Marlowe, beautiful songstress and newest addition to that ever-increasing circle of "Little Godfrees." Marion's story will interest you, too—find out why she calls herself "lucky Marion Marlowe."

Calling all boys and girls! It's round-up time, sure enough, with a twenty-three prize Gene Autry contest which no sidewalk cowpuncher will want to miss. You'll find all the exciting details plus a color portrait of Gene himself in the July issue, which goes on sale Friday, June 8. Ask mother to remember that date!

More July specials: the true life, true love story of young and happy Sandy Becker who plays the sometimes unhappy Young Dr. Malone five times a week in the daytime serial; a page of Groucho-isms—when the Marx brother who conducts You Bet Your Life says something, it stays said!—July's issue will carry a collection of his best; a picture story on The Woman In My House—you'll meet all the characters in this new Carleton Morse drama; and a story by Margaret Whiting on her latest venture—motherhood. Remember the date, it's Friday, June 8 for the July issue of Radio Television Mirror.

**Coming Next Month**

**Godfrey newcomer: Marion Marlowe**

Clean, snowy-white, sanitary Dyrpers are the modern diapers you use only once... then flush away.

Made of super-absorbent Cellulon,* they soak up 8 times their weight in moisture. Use Dyrper pads only once... then flush away like tissue, you never wash, dry, or even touch a soiled Dyrper pad.

Help prevent diaper rash

Dyrpers are cleaner, simpler, more convenient than any diapering method you ever used. So easy you can change baby more often, and reduce the risk of harmful uric-acid burn and diaper rash.

Worn with specially-designed waterproof Dyrper panty. No chafing, no binding. Baby is comfy all the time in any position.

Playtex Dyrpers are available at department stores and wherever baby needs are sold. Change from wet to Dyrper, the diaper you use only once... then flush away.

**No fuss... No muss... from WET to DRYPER!**

Shake out used Dyrper pads and flush away. Then rinse panty. Now slip fresh Dyrper pads under bunny-soft nylon web of another clean Dyrper panty. You never even touch used Dyrper pads.

Playtex Dyrper pads, nylon-lined and waterproof.

**INTERNATIONAL LATEX CORPORATION**, Playtex Park, Dover Del.

©1951Playtex LTD., Montreal, Canada
"I can’t afford to split hairs"
says model Ann Klem...
her camera curls stay free
of broken ends with

DeLong

the bob pin
with the stronger,
smoother grip

Stop envying the hair-do’s of
beautiful models! Your hair, too, can
be always well-groomed. But be
sure to use De Long bob pins. The
stronger, smoother grip means longer
lasting curls... greater freedom
from fuzzy, split ends. No wonder
De Long is the “smart set” favorite!

Perfume is a girl’s best friend! Tha.,
the opinion of the six girls who joined
us this month to discuss fragrances.

Take Dagmar (a) the lovely television
star of Broadway Open House, who claims
she doesn’t feel “dressed” if she omits per-
fume. Tall and luscious Dagmar likes an
exotic fragrance that adds to her own glam-
our. “When I choose a new dress or an
evening gown, I always spend just as much
time picking the right perfume to compli-
ment it, as I do on picking the right ac-
cessories.”

Pretty Olive Stacey (b) seen on The
First One Hundred Years, adds her views:
“What's all this talk about how smart it is
to wear an 'illusory' perfume? I think it's
silly to go to all the trouble of selecting a
perfume with a lovely aroma—and then
dab so little on you that no one knows you
are wearing it. A good perfume is meant
to be smelled. Don’t keep it on your dress-
ing table as an ornament.”

Marian Morgan (c) of Stop The Music
has some good suggestions for teen-agers:

“If you are just beginning to develop your
taste for perfume, I think you should buy
small vials of several different fragrances.
Then wear a new scent every day. You’ll
soon find out which scents you prefer. Us-
ually, the perfume that makes you feel hap-
pier is slated to remain one of your
favorites.”

Mary K. Wells (d) a Big Town star,
adds a protest: “Who ever started the
rumor that perfume is correct only for
special occasions? That is nonsense! Per-
fume is a beauty accessory that you should
never be without. It makes an occasion out
of an otherwise drab day.”

Betty Wragge (e) a member of Pepper
Young's Family, sums up our fragrance
forum when she says; “If you want to
dramatize your femininity, wear perfume
in any of its forms (cologne, toilet water
or solid) and wear it with the assurance
that you are well groomed!”

DORRY ELLIS

RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR FOR BETTER LIVING
POETRY

REMEMBRANCE
Let me not remember little things—
Pussywillows, stars and poplar trees;
The extra heartbreak that your nearness brings,
The swiftness of a kiss, and summer seas,
And let me not remember dreams we knew,
And secrets shared, and hazy autumn skies;
Hollyhocks, and early morning dew,
And laughter hidden deep within your eyes.
But let that stay that has been ours alone—
A dearness out of understanding wrought;
For this togetherness that we have known
Is joy complete and much too large for thought.
In this will be my joy when we’re apart;
It will take little things to break my heart.

—Eunice Robinson

FOR A NEW DAUGHTER-IN-LAW
Linens and laces are, it is true
Usually given by me to you.
I looked at these and a silver tray,
Seeking to find the certain way.
To find your favor, to weave a strand
Of love to place in your soft young hand,
But linens and laces are starched and proud.
And a silver tray is cold as a cloud,
So from the kitchen’s handy shelf
I give you something of myself,
I give them without sage advice,
Hesitating once or twice,
Nipping stitches, folding seams,
That will securely hold your dreams.
Once you have learned that these can feel
Light as thistle or strong as steel,
These slender, these enchanted things
That love has labelled . . . apron strings.

—Gladys McKee

BORN TO DIE
I saw the Eastern sky light up
In a sort of rainbow hue.
The dark clouds of the night were cleft
And the sun came peeping through,
A something way down deep within
My sad heart seemed to say—
You have seen the hand of God
Bring forth a new-born day.
Standing alone at evening tide
I watched the sun sink low,
Behind the distant mountain tops—
The clouds reflect the glow,
A sadness deep within my breast
Brought the tears to my eyes
For I had seen this day born
And now stood to see it die.

—E. F. Kaczmarczyk

RADIO MIRROR WILL PAY FIVE DOLLARS
for the best original poems sent in by readers. Limit poems to 30 lines, address to Poetry, Radio Television Mirror Magazine, 265 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 Television Mirror.

The “tissue test” proved to Joan...

that Woodbury floats out hidden dirt!

Do you feel that all cleansing creams are alike? So did lovely Joan Bennett until she convinced herself with the “Tissue Test” that there really is a difference in cleansing creams!

We asked her to cleanse her face with her regular cleansing cream. Then to try Woodbury Cold Cream on her “immaculately clean” face and handed her a tissue.

The tissue told a startling story! Woodbury Cold Cream floated out hidden dirt!

Why is Woodbury so different? Because it has Penaten, a new miracle ingredient that actually penetrates deeper into your pores . . . lets Woodbury’s wonderful cleansing oils loosen every trace of grime and make-up.

It’s wonder-working Penaten, too, that helps Woodbury to smooth your skin more effectively. Tiny dry-skin lines, little rough flakes just melt away.

Buy a jar today—25¢ to 97¢, plus tax.

Woodbury
Cold Cream

floats out hidden dirt...

penetrates deeper because it contains Penaten
Mama is, of course, obvious choice for hostess when the "family night" crowd has a party

- When someone pointed out to Peggy Wood, star of the Mama show, that Friday night CBS-TV offered programs to appeal to all members of the family, Peggy promptly decided that she ought to have a "family" gathering. She invited guests Ralph Bellamy of Man Against Crime; Frank Schaffner, director of Ford Theater; Jack McCoy, at that time TV emcee of Live Like a Millionaire; Morton Downey, of Star Of The Family. Earliest of the family night shows is Mama, beginning at eight, EDT, last of the line-up is Star Of The Family at ten. Ford Theater and Live Like A Millionaire are heard on alternate Fridays at nine o'clock, following Man Against Crime, all on CBS-TV.

After determining a day when none of the shows would be rehearsing, Peggy invited her guests for talk-and-music session. Focal point of the refreshments was, naturally, coffee.
No party—especially one at which Morton Downey is present—is complete without music. Friday-nighters McCoy, Schaffner, Bellamy and Peggy Wood (she was once a musical comedy star) harmonize while Morton accompanies.

First arrival was Ralph Bellamy who becomes, on "family night," hard-talking, hard-hitting private investigator Mike Barnett of Man Against Crime, at present engaged in helping to maintain law and order while on a trip abroad.

Coffee—which tastes even better than usual when poured from Peggy's handsome silver pot, draws the guests together to discuss their assorted chores on the Friday night CBS Mama, Man Against Crime, Ford Theater, Live Like A Millionaire, and Star Of The Family programs.
Winifred Kuhn, left, and her Girl Scout troop are not yet travelers, but Tommy Bartlett wanted his Welcome Travelers friends to meet them.

When Miss Winifred Kuhn brought her Girl Scout troop to Welcome Travelers, we broke an old rule to hold down the size of the groups we interview. Eight girls are the minimum requirement for a Girl Scout troop, and there were exactly eight in Miss Kuhn’s unit. The girls came from all over Chicago—and we were breaking another unwritten Welcome Travelers law by interviewing Chicago residents.

However, when this organization marched into the College Inn Porterhouse, we decided instantly that, rules or no rules, this was one interview that was going out over the network.

You see, all eight of the girls in Troop 591 are blind. Some of them were blind at birth, and the others lost their sight before they were five years old. The oldest is a sophomore in high school and the youngest is in the fourth grade. Since the girls are unable to see, the one Negro girl in the unit faces none of the problems which might confront her in a situation where her friends enjoyed perfect eyesight. I guess that when you’re blind, the color of a friend’s skin doesn’t make any difference to you.

Troop 591 was a happy, well-adjusted group. They talked about their Girl Scout “projects,” explaining how they learned to feel their way around the field house where they hold their meetings, instead of making a map, a requirement of another merit badge test.

They were highly enthusiastic about outdoor activities, grinning and chuckling as they told me of their field trips. One of the girls said she enjoyed their square-dancing sessions more than any other group activity.

Miss Kuhn, a pretty, titian-haired dynamo, was extremely helpful. She saw to it that the right girl was in front of the microphone at the right time, and her girls’ affection for her was evident throughout the entire interview. She told me that she’d started the troop a year ago. Her job, aside from the big job of being troop leader, is teaching in the Hadley Correspondence School for the Blind.

“You’re doing a wonderful thing,” I told her. “How in the world did you ever happen to start this work?”

“Well,” she said simply, “when I was a little girl, there weren’t any Girl Scout troops for the blind, and I always felt cheated when the boys told me about the wonderful times they had at their Scout meetings. I decided that when I grew up, I was going to do my best to help other blind girls to have the fun I’d missed.”

I’d been talking to her for nearly ten
Tommy has heard many unusual tales but few have touched him as deeply as the story told by this group of Girl Scouts.

BY TOMMY BARTLETT

Welcome Travelers is heard Monday through Friday at 10 A.M. EDT on NBC, sponsored by Procter and Gamble.

MONTH

minutes, and it was the first intimation I'd had that Miss Kuhn, herself, was unable to see. Perhaps that term, "unable to see" is a bad one. Miss Kuhn has seen a lot of things better than the rest of us do. She's seen that a physical handicap doesn't have to warp a person's life, and that being of service to others is just as important to a handicapped person as it is to one with all the accepted and little-appreciated facilities. For a perfect example of a person who's been able to adjust herself to a situation most of us would find almost intolerable, I give you charming Winnie Kuhn.

I had the privilege of sharing some of the fun she gets from her girls. We gave them new Girl Scout uniforms, canteens and an official First Aid kit they'd been saving their money to buy. We gave them some sportswear, too, and the way they discussed the colors they wanted for their sweaters and slacks and skirts was wonderful.

The biggest thrill of the day came when I told them about the arrangements we had made for their summer camping trip. As soon as school is out, a plane will take them to Fish Creek, Wisconsin, where they'll have their own cottages. Even if they haven't traveled far this month, they'll be the travelers of the month when they take that summer vacation.

amazing deodorant bargain!...save $1.00
(Federal Tax Only 2c)

FREE!

Exact copy of boudoir pin boxes in gold and silver finish that cost $2 and more.

Hansomely decorated.

Plus 59c Jar of 5-day Deodorant Pads—both only 59c!

It's the way you apply dainty 5-day Deodorant Pad that makes them keep under-arms dry and odorless so much longer than any other deodorant tested.

Each delightfully fragrant pad is saturated with mild yet very effective deodorant. You wipe it under arms—and throw it away. The cool, refreshing, close-up wiping action assures complete penetration. Gives far more reserve protection. Dries in seconds.

Nothing to smear on clothes or fingers! No drizzle to spray hit or miss! No drippy liquid! No clammy sticky feeling!

Far cleaner, faster, more effective, more economical. The greatest improvement in deodorants in years!

DAB A PAD! 8 times more effective in destroying odor-forming bacteria than average of all leading brands tested.

Then throw it away! With it throw away hundreds of thousands of odor-forming bacteria. The only deodorant tested that does not leave them under your arms.

5-day DEODORANT PADS

25c • 59c • $1
CORN SUFFERERS happy over WONDERFUL NEWS!

Tests Showed Exclusive PHENYLUM, Wonder Drug of New BLUE-JAY Corn Plasters, Went to Work 33% Faster, Worked 35% More Surely!

When corn sufferers tested new Blue-Jay Corn Plasters with exclusive medication Phenylum, three out of four said, “Best corn treatment I ever used, by far!”

Yes, Phenylum is the newest, fast-acting, most effective medication for corns and calluses ever developed... the result of years of work by Blue-Jay scientists.

Why not get this blessed relief yourself, now? Ask today at your favorite drug counter for New-Formula Blue-Jay Corn or Callus Plasters containing Phenylum!

R M

ONLY NEW BLUE-JAY
CORN OR CALLUS PLASTERS
HAVE PHENYLUM!

Information Booth
Ask your questions—we’ll try to find the answers

DAMON AND DR. DICK
Dear Editor:
Would you please print a picture of the actor who plays Dr. Dick Campbell in Right to Happiness? He has a wonderful voice. M. K., Halifax, Nova Scotia

He's Les Damon, also heard as the Falcon and on This Is Nora Drake.

THE BRIGHTER DAY
Dear Editor:
I would like to know what has become of the original actress who played Liz and Althea Dennis on Brighter Day. Please print a picture of the one who played Liz. Mrs. C. E. B., Muskegon Heights, Mich.

Here's Margaret Draper, who is heard as Liz. She has had the part since the show began and has no intention of leaving. Jay Meredith, on the other hand, has given up her role as Althea to devote more time to television. However, she still can be heard on Young Doctor Malone and as Anna on Our Gal Sunday.

GEORGIA BOY
Dear Editor:
I wonder if you could give me some information about Bert Parks. Was he a radio singer before he became emcee of Stop The Music? How did he get his start? P. E. H., Proctorville, O.

Bert Parks entered radio by winning an amateur singing contest in his hometown of Atlanta, Georgia, but he was hired as an announcer. His first job in New York radio, however, was a singer. In addition to a spot as guest vocalist, he did singing commercials for daytime serials.

MARITAL MATTERS
Dear Editor:
Please tell me if Wayne Howell and Dagmar (of Broadway Open House) are married and to whom. Is Milton DeLugg’s wife the “Ann” he so often mentions? Are Jerry Lester and Buddy Lester brothers? J. W. D., Boston, Mass.

Milton DeLugg is married to Ann: Wayne Howell is the father of a six-year-old son; Dagmar is still fancy-free. Buddy is Jerry Lester’s brother.

ALL ABOUT MACK
Dear Editor:
A group of us are having a discussion about Ted Mack and we thought you might be able to supply us with the answers. Are he and Danny Seymour brothers? I think they look alike and I know they were both associated with Major Bowes. How old is Ted Mack and is he married? Miss M. R., Troy, N. Y.

For the past twenty-three years, Ted Mack has been married to Marguerite Overholt. They have no children and Dan Seymour is not his brother.

COWBOY CROONER
Dear Editor:
Is the actor who played Calhoun Dun-
can on Life Can Be Beautiful a professional singer? He has a thrilling voice and I love his song, "There's Only One of Me." Who wrote it and where can I get the music or a recording of it?

Miss P. P., Tallahassee, Fla.

Larry Blyden, who was heard as Cal, is a professional singer and the song you mention was written by Carl Bixby, who co-authors the show. It will soon be available in your local music store.

NOT SO PRIVATE

Dear Editor:

Would you please tell me what happened to the show, The Private Life of Ethel and Albert? Who was in the cast? I enjoyed them very much.

C. D. W., Hot Springs, N. C.

Peg Lynch and Alan Bunce now present their delightful skits for the benefit of televisioners all over the nation. They can be seen on the Kate Smith Show, Fridays at 4 P.M. EDT on NBC-TV.

OUT OF RETIREMENT

Dear Editor:

Would you please give me some information about Frank Parker, the singer on the Arthur Godfrey TV show? Is he married and how old is he?

Miss A. M., Oakdale, Iowa

Frank Parker is forty-seven and unmarried. Several years ago he gave up radio to go into semi-retirement, but television intrigued him so much that he decided to try it. Arthur Godfrey, whom he had befriended years ago, opened the door for him, and told him he was welcome as long as he wished to stay.

TELEVISION ONLY

Dear Editor:

I enjoyed Robert Q. Lewis very much when he took over Arthur Godfrey's program for two weeks. Does he have his own radio program? W. P., Taft, Calif.

Robert Q. Lewis is no longer on radio. He does have his own television show, however—The Show Goes On, over CBS-TV.

HE'S A SHE

Dear Editor:

Can you tell me who takes the part of Skippy on Right to Happiness? How old is he and is he on any other shows?

Miss E. C., Boston, Mass.

"He" is actually a she—Sarah Fussell, an adult who specializes in impersonating children. She is also heard as a five-year-old girl on Road of Life and she does her juvenile research by baby-sitting.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there's something you want to know about radio and television, write to Information Booth, Radio Television Mirror, 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. We'll answer if we can either in Information Booth or by mail—but be sure to sign your full name and address and attach this box to your letter.

Now! Easier, surer protection for your marriage hygiene problem

1. ANTISEPTIC (Protection from germs)

Norforms are now safer and surer than ever! A highly perfected new formula actually combats germs right in the vaginal tract. The exclusive new base melts at body temperature, forming a powerful, protective film that permits effective and long-lasting action. Will not harm delicate tissues.

2. DEODORANT (Protection from odor)

Norforms were tested in a hospital clinic and found to be more effective than anything it had ever used. Norforms are powerfully deodorant—they eliminate (rather than cover up) unpleasant or embarrassing odors, and yet they have no "medicine" or "disinfectant" odor themselves.

3. CONVENIENT (So easy to use)

Norforms are small vaginal suppositories that are so easy and convenient to use. Just insert—no apparatus, no mixing or measuring. They're greaseless and they keep in any climate. Your druggist has them in boxes of 12 and 24.

FREE informative Norforms booklet

Just mail this coupon to: Dept. KT-6
Norwich Pharmacal Company,
Norwich, N. Y.

Please send me the new Norforms booklet, in a plain envelope.

Name__________________________
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A Norwich Product

✓ TESTED by Doctors
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NEW IMPROVED
NORFORMS
VAGINAL SUPPOSITORIES
FOR MARRIAGE HYGIENE

Norwich Pharmacal Company
Norwich, N. Y.
Widowhood does not mean the end of your life, says Mrs. Roulston.

Starting over again

By TERRY BURTON

"The heart is a resilient thing. It has bounce. And if you give it a chance, it will bounce back." That's what Mrs. Marjorie Hillis Roulston, author of the new book, You Can Start All Over, told us when she visited the Burton family as the Family Counselor.

Mrs. Roulston, who was widowed recently, spoke from her own experiences. "I'm not saying that grim determination after losing someone dear to you can make everything all right over night. But there are ways to face a major crisis like death."

"Contrary to what most people think, the initial shock isn't the worst. In fact, women often bear up beautifully under the strain for perhaps as long as a month and then all of a sudden have a complete emotional collapse."

I asked Mrs. Roulston what she felt was the first thing a woman should do after a death in her family. "Avoid off-hand advice. Seek help from someone like a doctor or a minister and take his advice to heart."

"What's the hardest thing a widow has to face?" I asked. "It's the future. But if she doesn't face it, she'll wind up living a life of misery. The sympathy period can last just so long and no longer. A woman has to stop dwelling on the past and think of the present and future. For instance, a house is a gloomy place for many after death. Often it is advisable for a woman to rent or sell the place she's in and move to new surroundings."

Mrs. Roulston said that she felt a woman should keep herself as occupied as possible—whether it be a regular job, doing social work, or taking an interest in a hobby.

"For those women who have to support themselves," she said, "the best bet is to think up her own job if she can. She might discover she has a flair for making over hats, or for needlework or knitting and turn that to profit. A lot of candy businesses started in the kitchen of some woman who made better fudge than her neighbors and needed a little extra money."

"The big thing to remember," Mrs. Roulston concluded, "is to give life a chance. Get busy, and you'll find out that life is worth living."

Wednesday is Family Counselor Day on the Second Mrs. Burton, heard M-F at 2 P.M. EDT over CBS stations. Sponsor: General Foods.

RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR for BETTER LIVING
They wear the cleanest clothes in town

...his bride swears by TIDE!

They wear the cleanest clothes in town—
At home or at a party.
His bride has learned to wash with TIDE
She’s young . . . but she’s a “smarty”!

Tide GETS CLOTHES CLEANER THAN ANY SOAP!

NO SOAP—NO OTHER PRODUCT SOLD THROUGHOUT AMERICA—WILL WASH AS CLEAN AS TIDE!

JUST TRY TIDE in your washing machine.
Wring out your clothes, rinse them, and, lady, you'll hang up a cleaner wash than you’ll get with any soap—or any other washing product sold from coast to coast!

NOT ONLY CLEANER—WHITER, TOO! In hardest water, Tide will wash your shirts, sheets, curtains whiter than any soap you can name! They'll be shining white . . . radiantly clean!

AND BRIGHTER! Just wait till you see how your wash prints glow after a Tide wash! The colors look so crisp and fresh . . . the fabric feels so soft . . . irons so beautifully! Get Tide today—and hang the cleanest wash in town on your line!

P.S.

PREFER TO SKIP RINSING?

With Tide you can skip the rinsing, and save all that time and work. Just wash, wring out, hang up. Tide will give you the cleanest possible no-rinse wash!
Tonight! Be his dream girl...

Tonight! Show him how much lovelier your hair can look... after a Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Leaves hair sparkling, starry-bright... no dulling soap film with Lustre-Creme Shampoo! And it lathers lavishly even in hardest water.

Leaves hair fragrantly clean, free of loose dandruff. Unlike many oil shampoos, Lustre-Creme needs no special rinse.

Leaves hair silken soft, manageable, easy to curl. Lustre-Creme is easier to use. Contains LANOLIN... is not harsh or drying. Try Lustre-Creme Shampoo today—be his dream girl tonight!

Kay Daumit’s secret formula with LANOLIN. Jars and tubes, 37¢ to $2.

World’s finest shampoo—a beauty creme-blend with LANOLIN

MARY LEE TAYLOR

For 17 years now Mary
Lee Taylor has offered her recipes for happiness

Listen to the Mary Lee Taylor Show each Saturday morning at 10:30 over the NBC network.

It’s seldom that an amateur who turns to the professional ranks succeeds on the first attempt—unless the amateur is as gifted as Mary Lee Taylor.

In 1933 a young St. Louis housewife named Mrs. Susan Cost, noted for her original recipes, started broadcasting her own tempting table treats. Other housewives who followed her recipes acclaimed her an instant success and the Mary Lee Taylor Show has been on the air ever since.

But Mary Lee Taylor’s work does not stop with her recipes for better meals. Equally important is her “recipe for happiness,” designed to aid young couples in understanding the problems of married life. Based on her own experiences of a happy marriage, which, nevertheless, had its problems, she tries to aid young married people to face the trials which arise in every marriage.

A dramatization each week of the lives of a young, typical American married couple, Jim and Sally Carter, helps to illustrate her philosophy and make her advice more real to the young people who need it.

Off the air, as Mrs. Susan Cost, she is a patron of the St. Louis Symphony and of the Little Theater in that city—a group which offers help to aspiring actors. Her main hobby, aside from her recipes, is collecting tea cups. She already has several hundred beautiful cups, many of them museum pieces.
IS SEPARATION EVER THE ANSWER?

Joan Davis is the heroine of When A Girl Marries, heard Monday-Friday at 5 P.M., EDT, on NBC. Sponsor: General Foods.

Here are the names of those who wrote the best letters of advice to Joan Davis in the March daytime drama problem

IN MARCH Radio Television Mirror reader-listeners were told Joan Davis' problem and were asked if separation was the answer to it. Radio Television Mirror editors have chosen the best letters and checks have been sent to the following:

TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS to
Mrs. Mabel Lewis, of Combes, Texas, for the following letter:

No! Running away is never the answer. Stay and work out your problems and thereby earn the respect of your inlaws, children, friends and of yourselves. Joan, show Harry you trust him to take care of his family and this will be the best tonic he needs for a speedy recovery of his health and business. Sell your expensive things. Move to cheaper quarters. Do your own housework and laundry until Harry gets on his feet again. Don't accept gifts or money from your mother. Don't give people a chance to talk about your children's parents.

FIVE DOLLARS each for the five next-best letters in answer to the question has been sent to:

Mrs. Glenn Campbell
Norton, Kansas

Mrs. Gladys Smith
San Francisco, California

Nina D. Shiffler
Howard, Pennsylvania

Josephine Corliss Preston
Burton, Washington

Mrs. J. E. Fitzgerald
Dallas, Texas

Only one soap
gives your skin this

Exciting Bouquet

And Cashmere Bouquet's gentle lather has been proved outstandingly mild for all types of skin!

Whether your skin is oily, dry or normal—here's news you'll welcome! Tests show that Cashmere Bouquet Soap is amazingly mild! Used regularly, it will leave skin softer, smoother, flower-fresh and younger looking. And the fragrance of Cashmere Bouquet is the lingering, irresistible "fragrance men love." Love is thrillingly close to the girl who is fragrant and sweet, so use Cashmere Bouquet Soap daily. Complexion Size for face and hands, the big Bath Size in your tub or shower!

Complexion and big Bath Sizes

Cashmere Bouquet Soap

Adorns your skin with the fragrance men love!
When All You’re Wearing Is A SWIM SUIT...
Be Sure It’s A Sea Nymph

One and Two Pieces in LASTEX FAILLE; Blush, Lemon, Mint, Berry, Aquamarine, Navy, Black. Sizes 32-38.
At your favorite store or write PAT POMEROY • JORDAN MANUFACTURING CORP., 1410 BROADWAY, N.Y. 18, N.Y.

Each about $9
Slightly higher West of the Rockies
You Bet Your Life
Groucho Marx asked a female barber who was a recent guest on his comedy quiz whether she kept a scrapbook of all her clippings.
You Bet Your Life: Wed., 9:00 P.M., EDT, NBC.

The Big Show
Tallulah: “Fred, I loved you on radio. You had a faithful audience. They never missed your show.”
Fred Allen: “My audience is still faithful. I've been off radio for three years and they still don’t miss my show.”
The Big Show: Sun., 6 P.M., EDT, NBC.

The Halls of Ivy
Ivy College has a winter tradition where students build snowmen in front of faculty members' dwellings—the greater the affection, the larger the snowman. One professor, however, has a personality which suggests excavation.
The Halls of Ivy: Wed., 8:00 P.M., EDT, NBC.

Bing Crosby Show
Bing Crosby: “I tell you, women have really taken over in the entertainment field. Let’s face it, men are on the way out.”
Judy Garland: “Well, that raises a very important question for us women.”
Bing Crosby: “What’s that?”
Judy Garland: “Which way did they go?”
Bing Crosby Show: Wed., 9:30 P.M., EDT, CBS.

Steve Allen Show
Steve offered a guest a box of cactus candy with the comment, “You can eat the candy and pick your teeth at the same time.”
Steve Allen Show: M-F, 11:30 A.M., EDT, CBS-TV.

Gene Autry Show
Raindrop: “This perfume is a little number I dreamed up myself. It's made of roses and chloroform.”
Johnny Bond: “What kind of a combination do you call that?”
Raindrop: “Well, the roses make them come in real close, and the chloroform makes sure they don’t get away.”
Gene Autry Show: Sat., 8:00 P.M., EDT, CBS.

Burns and Allen Show
George is still moaning about the time a famous interior decorator came to dinner and admired their furniture. He asked Gracie, “Where did you get that priceless old relic with the curved legs and hand-decorated drawers? “Oh, I met him in vaudeville,” was the reply.
Burns and Allen Show: Alternate Thurs., 8:00 P.M., EDT, CBS-TV.

Paul Whiteman Revue
“Didn’t you discover Mildred Dail?” Paul was asked. “I wouldn’t call Mildred a discovery,” he replied. “Why, with a voice like that, who could miss her?”
Paul Whiteman Revue: Sun., 7:00 P.M., EDT, ABC-TV.

YODORA
the gentler cream deodorant that works
2 WAYS

Fun of the month

stops perspiration odor instantly, efficiently. Does not merely mask it with a fragrance of its own. Trust Yodora for clock-round protection.

and beautifies underarm skin because of its face cream base. Keeps underarm fresh and lovely-looking for new sleeveless fashions. Safe for fabrics, too. Tubes or jars, 10¢, 30¢, 60¢.
The MacMullans interview many famous people on their WPTZ show. Maj. General Littleton Waller speaks of the need for blood donors.

Meet the MacMullans

By HELEN BUTLER

Want to know how to act when your best beau brings you home to meet the family—and what clothes to wear for that extra special occasion? The MacMullans will give you the answer to your etiquette problems on their TV show over WPTZ.

Comparatively new to television but long familiar to the Philadelphia scene are the MacMullans. Mrs. Edward J. MacMullan and her daughter, Ellie MacMullan Richards, offer a program that is interestingly different.

Ellie specializes in the good grooming department. In this she is ably qualified through her five-year association with John Robert Powers as model and lecturer. Now, in addition to her TV work, her lectures in various schools and colleges have helped and are helping many an undeveloped personality to make the most of herself.

Ellie often steps in and supervises a wedding, a tea, a gala party, should Mrs. Mac be snowed under, but first loves are lecture work and television. With a heart that admittedly often rules her head she confesses to a great interest in people and their problems.

Much has been written of Mrs. Mac and her activities as Philadelphia's top social consultant for over twenty-five years. Quite aside from her great enthusiasm for TV, she loves to do fashion commentary. In a lifetime of unusual experiences Mrs. MacMullan thinks perhaps the most personally thrilling was a fashion commentary job she did a few years ago in Cincinnati. Informed that the affair was to be a fashion show and symphony concert featuring the wonderful Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, Mrs. Mac assumed the fashion show would be first, the concert after. Appalled when she discovered she was expected to ad lib her commentary to a fifty-six piece orchestra and a full symphonic score, said she, "I think I'll go home."

Of course she didn't, and taking up the challenge, did such a good job, that the brilliant young symphony conductor Dr. Thor Johnson complimented her. Mrs. Mac beamed, blossomed, and admitted that there were times when she felt quite like Mary Garden. It was Dr. Johnson's turn to be appalled. "Then I thank God," said he, "you didn't decide to sing!"

Another memorable event took place recently when she was "lend-leased" to Washington to do commentary for a gala fashion show and benefit opening the Heart Fund Campaign. This cause, in which Mrs. MacMullan has a deep interest, was supported and attended by many luminaries including the first lady of the land, Mrs. Harry S. Truman.

It has been said of Mrs. Mac that her thoroughness and charm tend to create an irresistible force that seldom meets an immovable object but, while not admitting defeat, she does retreat slightly (even as you and I) in the face of her grandchildren's absolute passion for and devotion to—you guessed it—Hopalong Cassidy.

If you haven't already, we think you'd like to Meet the MacMullans.
Leslie Nielsen

At the age of three, when most aspiring actors are being applauded for their poetry recitations, Leslie Nielsen was about as far from Broadway and its influence as you can get and still stay on this continent.

Way up in the northwest corner of Canada lies the little settlement of Fort Norman, populated chiefly by Indians and Eskimos. It was to this post that Leslie's father, a Royal Canadian mounted policeman was assigned for the first few years of Leslie's life. The big day in Fort Norman was the coming of the boat which brought fresh food and mail once every six months.

Even after the family moved back to civilization in Edmonton, Alberta, action was far from young Leslie's mind. It was not until his discharge from the Royal Canadian Air Force in 1947, when he was already twenty-one, that Leslie became interested in radio.

Following this interest up, he took a job as a disc jockey and shortly afterwards started studying at a radio school in Toronto. Although he continued his studies, it was only when he won a scholarship to the Neighborhood Playhouse in New York that he decided to make acting his career. After graduating from the Playhouse he went into summer stock and made his way into television from there.

The big event for Leslie, his first TV show, was a CBS production, Battleship Bismarck, and he waited anxiously for more calls. After about two months he received a call from David Pressman, under whom he had studied at the Playhouse to do a show for the Actors' Studio. While rehearsing for that show he was asked to do another one, so that he found himself rehearsing for two shows at once.

It took the second show to impress the CBS casting office, but they liked it so much that soon Leslie was starring regularly on shows like Studio One, Kraft Theater and Suspense.

Recently married, this blonde, six-foot from Canada has finally settled down in New York for a long run on television.

Timely Tips by Little Lulu

How do you score on these helpful ways to save?

What mends broken lipstick?

- Glue  
- A heat treatment

Put pucker-paint back in the pink—by softening broken ends over low flame. Press together. When slightly cooled, smooth seam with fingernail. And to smooth off makeup, use Kleenex—absorbent, heavenly soft—so different from ordinary tissues. Saves complexion!

Clean piano keys with—

- Water  
- Milk  
- A boogie beat

Piano keys shrink from water. So whiten "ivories" with milk—and Kleenex tissues. Kitten-soft Kleenex protects the keys; it's sturdy...doesn't crumble. And with that Serv-a-Tissue box there's always a Kleenex tissue handy to polish furniture, ash trays, mirrors. Saves trouble.

No groping in the dark, if you—

- Eat carrots  
- Sparkle your "specs"

Use luminous paint

Save stumbling, fumbling! Outline door edges, switch plates with luminous paint. Likewise, why not sparkle your "specs" with new Kleenex eyeglass tissues? Big enough, strong enough, lint-free—and they serve one at a time.

To "save" salad bowls, avoid—

- Termites  
- Soaking

Wooden salad bowls "wooden" warp, if you'd avoid soaking them. Scrape, dunk quickly in cool water; dry with Kleenex and stash away in a dark place. You can't beat Kleenex for K. P. duty. Let this soft, strong tissue soak up moisture, grease; save time, trouble.

Kleenex ends waste—saves money...

1. Instead of many...

2. You get just one...

3. And save with Kleenex

America's Favorite Tissue

© International Cellucotton Products Co.
A delicate ear on a New York morning can hear a sound of falling chips that is almost deafening. The chips are falling from the shoulders of grumpy early-risers who defy anyone to be funny in the morning. They are tuned in to WNEW’s Anything Goes and they are laughing in spite of themselves.

Grudgingly, listeners admit that Gene Rayburn and Dee Finch brighten the pre-coffee wasteland of early morning—anywhere from 6 to 9:30 A.M., six days a week. Their humor is sometimes sophisticated, sometimes corny, sometimes college magazine. Perhaps the key to it all is simply the unexpected.

The ingredients of Anything Goes are a solid mixture of phonograph records plus the imaginations of Gene and Dee. Cutting in on lines from records, the boys come up with fantastic combinations. Picture a silken-voiced commercial announcer interrupted by: “Trow dat bum outta here,” or “Aw, shut up and drink your beer,” or the latest, “It’s possible—.”

Imagine a throbbing romantic ballad interrupted by “Now, see what you’ve done. You woke my baby,” or “Don’t sell Daddy any more whiskey.” Typical Rayburn and Finch.

Gimmick records—the ones with the funny lines—are locked in a special file, carefully indexed and marked in pencil on each disc. They come from strange places: regular novelty recordings, foreign language waxings, kiddie records, old commercials. Radio people, severest critics of any show, have sent many to Rayburn and Finch. Robert Q. Lewis, Abe Burrows and Andy Russell are three such “scouts” for Anything Goes.

The boys also delight in poking sly fun at their fellow WNEW disc jockeys, Art Ford and Martin Block. Ford and Block share the feeling of most sponsors—they love it.

Gene Rayburn is the aggressor in most attacks on commercials, popular records or various personalities. Dee Finch is the quieter straight man. Both are tall, dark and—well—handsome. Married, they often make up a social foursome with their wives. Either can do an excellent job on straight announcing if he chooses; both prefer the zany freedom of Anything Goes. Their record choices are good and the chatter—funny as it is—never replaces records.

The show is a consistently high-rated one in the New York area, easily the most competitive radio market in the world. In the program’s three years it has gained listeners constantly—the only New York program to do so during the same morning time period.

Rayburn is a self-confessed ham who lets out his acting talents in mimicry on Anything Goes. He has an eight-year-old daughter, Lynn, and his wife is a former model.

Finch is married to his childhood sweetheart, Betty, whom he says he “rescued from the teaching profession.”
POETRY

SWIMMING AT COLOMA
California gold discovery site

The beaches at Coloma
Gleam golden in the
sun
With tiny flecks of
metal.
Though almost anyone
Will tell you these are
fool's gold—
The real no longer
here—
Still, they with eyes for
seeing
Can glimpse beside the
clear
Cool rush of mountain
water.
The men who searched
for gold;
And when the beaches empty
Against the night, then
old
Ghosts, long done with
violence,
Stir in the golden air
And small 'tired boys'
dream homeward
With gold dust in their
hair.

—Ruth F. Rockefeller

FATE

Fate is a wanton jade;
she binds her bright hair
with ribbeted rue
and beckons with promises
gone stale
as old wine in a dingy
glass . . .
she jiggles time
and laughs her Rabelaisian
laughter,
she tells the heart to dare
then turns away
leaving heartbreak
forever after.

—Alma Robison Higbee

PRISONERS OF THE MIND

Behind every smiling face,
in the dim sub-collars of
the mind
Lie fettered, skeleton-like
figures
Of unrequited loves and
hidden desires.
What a dolorous-looking
company they are!
Pathetic reminders of what
might have been.
There they lie; shackled
by inhibitions;
Fed on husks of affection
Stolen in unguarded mo-
ments.
Still dormant they lie!
Hall living, half dead.
At nights when the guards
grow drowsy
They knock on the door of
dreams
Begging to be released.

—Gladyso Allen Cummings

NOW

BUY LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE'S NEW THRIFT-PAK...

SAVE $3.00 A YEAR!

...treat yourself to a home
permanent with what you save!

EVERY TIME you buy a Thrift-Pak,
you get enough Listerine Tooth Paste
to last the average family for a whole
month. You get two regular 45c tubes
for 99c, a saving of over 30c. Within
a year the average family's "bound" to
save as much as $3 or more!

You're sure of Listerine Tooth Paste
quality! As makers of Listerine Anti-
septic, we would never put our name
on a product that isn't top quality.
There is no dentifrice you can buy
that beats Listerine Tooth Paste for:

• Reducing tooth decay
• Thorough polishing
• Sparkling flavor
• Cleaning teeth and breath
("Listerine" means breath control)

Only modern machinery, mass pro-
duction, and more than sixty years
of "know-how" make this low price
Thrift-Pak possible.

Change to Listerine Tooth Paste
in the new Thrift-Pak today, and
that $3 saving is yours to do what you
want with. Lambert Pharmacal Co.

...UP TO 60% LESS TOOTH DECAY!

Research at a famous university definitely showed that modern dentifrices like Listerine
Tooth Paste, used regularly immediately after eating, can reduce cavities as much as 60%.
When it comes to cleaning, no tooth paste...not a single one...beats Listerine Tooth Paste.
LITTLE LEXICON—
If someone ups to you and says, “You’re a pusillanimous person,” either bust him one or burst into tears, according to your lights—pusillaminous means cowardly . . . If you have a fractious child, make sure he’s not coming down with something—fractious means peeish, cross . . . To wives, husbands sometimes seem egocentric—self-centered.

O. HENRY SAID IT:
“A man asleep is certainly a sight to make angels weep. Now, a woman asleep you regard as different. No matter how she looks, you know it’s better for all hands for her to be that way.”

Readers’ Own Verse
GENERALIZATION
Women with their intelligence,
Their charm and social graces
Are far superior to their husbands—
Except in most cases!
—May Richstone

GOT A WEDDING IN MIND?
If you have, you’ve probably got a few dozen questions in mind as well—like where do all those flowers come from, and who pays the freight. Mulling this over, I looked up that flower book of Lois’s I’ve quoted before. Here are a few tips from One Who (now) Knows. . . . Flowers at church or home are furnished by the bride’s parents. On the other hand, the groom buys the bride’s bouquet—if he’s got any sense he’ll ask her what kind. Either the bride’s family or the groom pays for the bridesmaids’ bouquets.

A FEUD WITH FOOD
(With apologies to Longfellow)
In days gone by, I’d break my fast
At early hour, when night had passed.
With ham and eggs. Now, breakfast div!
Not ham nor bacon, fowl nor fish—Excelsior?
I little dreamed I’d learn to eat
Dry shreds of oats or corn or wheat,
Which, strangely, to my mem’ry brings
Thoughts not of food, but other things—
Excelsior!—Robert Nelson

IT HAPPENED ON HOUSE PARTY—
Small boy: Do you know what a buccaneer is, Mr. Linkletter?
Linkletter: Well, I think I do, but I’m suspicious of the twinkle in your eye. Suppose you tell me—what is a buccaneer?
Small boy: Too much to pay for corn!
JUNE—Umm! Smell those roses? Feel those breezes? There's absolutely nothing so rare as a day in June, unless possibly it's a day in July or August. What I'm getting at, I like summer. Summer is a lazy time. If, in winter, you lounge on the end of your spine, people give you dirty looks and go extra-busily about their business, or ask you if you don't feel well. But in the warmth of summer, if they find you supine, they simply murmur, "Getting some sun, eh?" in a bless-you-brother tone, flop down beside you. According to our guide, friend and philosopher, The Old Farmer's Almanac, "The skies will drool on many a fool," during the first ten days. (So what—you won't have to water the garden.) After that, some really lovely weather.

ETERNAL FEMININE
You do not need to speak a word
To tell me that your heart is stirred.
When in the garden I would nap
I find you nestling in my lap.
You have the tantalizing flare
For getting me to stroke your hair.
When other women I would greet
You wrap yourself about my feet.
Your eyes, like stars at dusk of day
Haunt me, as we go our way.
Seductive lass—I'll admit that
But after all, you're just a cat!
—E. Fowler

HOW ABOUT RE-READING THE AMERICAN'S CREED?
"I believe in the United States of America as a Government of the people, by the people, for the people; whose just powers are derived from the consent of the governed; a democracy in a republic; a sovereign Nation of many sovereign States; a perfect union, one and inseparable; established upon those principles of freedom, equality, justice and humanity for which American patriots sacrificed their lives and fortunes. I therefore believe it is my duty to my country to love it; to support its Constitution; to obey its laws; to respect its flag, and to defend it against all enemies.

IF YOU VISIT PORTLAND, OREGON.
and chance to take a stroll through the park, it will be well for you to bear in mind that park-bench-sitting is strictly a co-ed pursuit in that city. There's a law which says that no man shall occupy a park bench unless accompanied by a lady!
Are you in the know?

Which flatters a chubby chassis?
- Slinky black
- Canary yellow
- Soft, cool colors

'Tis magic—how a color can fool the eye. The right hue can pare down plumpness, help deflate a "spare tire." But don't think slinky black's the answer—'taint for teens. Also, avoid dazzling shades. Wear soft, cool colors like blue, green, violet, preferably in darker tones. And never let calendar-time discomfort deflate your poise. Choose Kotex for softness that holds its shape—because Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it.

When you and your squire attend a wedding, should you—
- Breeze up the aisle together
- Take the usher's arm
- Make it a threesome

Bewitched—and bewildered—by weddings? All that formality needn't panic you. For instance, when you arrive at the church and the usher offers his arm—take it, even if you've an escort. Your beau boy will follow you up the aisle. And if calendar "trials" menace your poise, you can dismiss them if you let Kotex help. You'll learn there's just no need to quail at every casual glance, for as surely as those flat pressed ends prevent revealing outlines—Kotex can keep you blush-proof.

Have you tried Delsey?
Delsey* is the new bathroom tissue that's safer because it's softer. A product as superior as Kotex... a tissue as soft and absorbent as Kleenex.* (We think that's the nicest compliment there is.)

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

To cure a "videot" should you try—
- The shock technique
- The absent treatment
- Humoring the guy

The lady's not for burning the midnight oil—with a fella who's in love with the family's T.V. set! So? Consider the shock technique. Black out the video; then meet Dreamboy at the door with a firm "shall we go?" It's worth a try! But it takes no effort at all, at certain times, to discover the 3 absorbencies of Kotex are well worth trying. With Regular, Junior, Super to choose from—you'll find one so-o-o right for you!

If you're collarbone-conscious, what helps?
- Mermaid maneuvers
- Mare upholstery
- A library card

Got a lean-and-hollow look around the collar? Adding "upholstery" helps—so eat hearty. Swim like crazy. And do this: Sit very straight, tummy pulled in, hold a book in each hand, shoulder-height. Keeping elbows well back, slowly boost books toward ceiling, then slowly lower them—20 times daily. Even on "those" days, you can boost your confidence—with Kotex. For that special safety center gives you extra protection.

How to prepare for "certain" days?
- Circle your calendar
- Perk up your wardrobe
- Buy a new belt

Before "that" time, be ready! All 3 answers above can help. But to assure extra comfort, buy a new Kotex sanitary belt. Made with soft-stretch elastic—this strong, lightweight Kotex belt's non-twisting... non-curving. Stays flat even after many washings. Dresses pronto! So don't wait till the last minute: buy a new Kotex belt now. (Why not buy two—for a change?)
Your help is wanted!

The best possible programs, the best possible commercials—here’s what you can do to help achieve this goal

BY HORACE SCHWERIN
President, Schwerin Research Corp.

This can happen any day to anyone. You’re watching television or sitting by the radio. The program is boresome and the commercial grates on your nerves. You change stations or turn the set off. You want to kick the sponsor in the seat of the pants and send all network executives off to a school for second-grade morons.

And perhaps your anger is justified. Perhaps enough work and thought didn’t go into the preparation of the show. But the (Continued on page 104)
No matter what televiewers think—Imogene Coca is not married to Sid Caesar! Here's what her own husband says about life with TV's funniest female.

Let's get this minor mix-up straightened out once and for all, and get on to more important business: Imogene Coca is my wife. Not Sid Caesar's. Sid has a wife of his own, a very attractive one. We're perfectly satisfied—all four of us—with things just the way they are, thank you.

Not only is Imogene my wife, she's also—and who has a better right to speak as the voice of authority on this score than I?—one of the greatest comediennees of our time. And she is, in case you're one of those few people who hasn't yet come under the spell of NBC-TV's Saturday night Your Show of Shows, the small, mobile-faced, mobile-voiced lady who, sometimes in company of Sid Caesar, sometimes alone, makes you wonder why you've never before laughed quite so hard at the antics of anyone.

In private life, my wife is no clown. She's a gentle, soft-spoken, shy person, who wears neither funny hats nor funny faces. In fact, she's a most attractive woman when she lets her face assume its natural contours. Serious and considerate she is, too—but seldom without a sharp eye for ludicrous detail. Such as, "Our home is in the period of 'Great Expectations.'" says Imogene, tongue in cheek.

We've been married sixteen years, Imogene and I, and—outside working hours—we're a quiet, ordinary sort of home-loving couple. Usually, in the evening, we go home and stay home. Either or both of us prepare dinner, which can consist of almost anything—neither of us is hard to please—as long as it's flavored and highly-seasoned. After dinner we relax, read, watch television, play with the animals.

Contrary to a lot of rumors, we don't have (Continued on page 72)
“When we go home, we stay home,” says Bob. Imogene’s schedule makes other plans impossible. They read or play with the animals, and they even watch television—sometimes!

The wide-eyed, pixie expression was Imogene’s even as a child, and this dancing school pose suggests some of the hilarious parodies she now does on the ballet. Special friends Gainser, the cat and Apric, the poodle (short for apricot!) occupy the magnificent two-room apartment with the Burtons. “Our home is in the period of ‘Great Expectations,’” says Imogene.
There's a good-looking, spectacled young photographer whose tripods, flash bulbs and Rollie cameras are the only ones allowed within focusing distance of radio and TV's most photogenic redhead, Arthur Godfrey. The young man's name is Ozzie Sweet, and like most people to whom Arthur takes a shine, Ozzie is hard-working, modest and sincere. He has almost exclusive opportunity to record all the goings-on of Godfrey and his gang. "Everytime Arthur sees me with a camera, he'll say, 'Here comes trouble!' He says it in fun, of course, but he really doesn't like to pose. I just follow him around and shoot him as he is." Ozzie claims that Arthur is a photographer's dream. "His expressions are ever-changing and he has more of them than most people." From other than a professional viewpoint, Ozzie has an even higher opinion of Godfrey. "Arthur has good inner thoughts," says he. "I think he'll go down in history like Will Rogers—he'll be that much remembered as a personality. And that's not eyewash—I mean it sincerely!"

The Chordettes (Jinny Osborn, Dottie Schwartz, Carol Hagedorn, Janet Erlet) were unaware of Ozzie's presence, thought they were only practicing for TV camera.

The Mariners (James Lewis, Tom Lockhard, Nat Dickerson, Martin Karl) also concentrated on the TV camera, giving Ozzie this magnetic and natural shot.

"The Godfrey gang is always glad to see you," says Ozzie, who made sure he wasn't seen when he snapped Jinny Osborn and Tony Marvin poring over the script.


In a candid mood, Arthur Godfrey's favorite
"Arthur's quite a shutterbug himself," says Ozzie. "Sometimes we sit down and have bull sessions on photography, or he'll say, 'Here's an idea, let's shoot it.'" At Friends' rehearsal, Ozzie caught Arthur joking with Janette Davis, checking with Archie Bleyer and, with uke in hand, watching show take shape.

A glum Godfrey is a rare Godfrey, but the mood didn't last. He and producer Jack Carney ironed out the show's troublesome spot.

photographer catches the gang
Millionaire McCoy

BY DON ROSS

It's a good thing that Jack McCoy didn't live a hundred years ago . . .

Back in the mountains of Kentucky, along about that time, the McCoys were feudin' with the Hatfields and the various members of the two clans were banging away at each other with their shootin' irons. To carry on such a feud properly requires, obviously, a certain amount of dislike toward the people one is shooting at. Jack McCoy doesn't dislike anybody. Nobody dislikes him, either.

Today's prominent McCoy, who's master of ceremonies on Live Like a Millionaire, heard daily on NBC, doesn't even know what caused the feud between his forebears and the neighboring Hatfields. And in more respects than his inability to dislike anyone, Jack is far different from those earlier McCoys. Most of them were the traditional still-tendin', corncob-pipe-smokin' mountain gentry. Jack's one vice is ice cream, of which he consumes at least a quart a day. (He doesn't care what flavor it is, either, although he leans toward the exotic kinds, like almond-pistachio-anise blends.)

"Nobody who ever met Jack McCoy failed to like him," says John Nelson, his producer-announcer co-worker on Live Like a Millionaire. "That includes men, women and particularly children. The reason, I believe, is that he likes everybody and they all feel it—particularly the youngsters."

Perhaps nobody in the entertainment field has ever enjoyed his work more than Jack does. Although he's a bachelor, he's remarkably (Continued on page 82)

It's the real McCoy—Jack's charm, that is. And no one's immune to it, not even his own mother.

She visited show, sang a commercial.
everyone to live like an Astor—and if you have a lot of
talent and a little child, you may very well find yourself
doing that! This is about the man who makes it possible

Dressed in her best and bursting with excitement, little
Sandy Laine told Jack all about her daddy, ventriloquist Rick
Laine, who won on the day she brought him to Live Like A
Millionaire.
Coloratura soprano Jean Dickenson is one of many reasons The American Album of Familiar Music has so long been a delight to listeners.
FAMILIAR MUSIC

From the three B's to the high C's, from
Stephen Foster to Richard Rodgers, you'll find a melody
for every mood on radio's American Album

The American Album of Familiar Music, radio's beloved Sunday evening feature, will this year begin its third decade on the air as one of the all-time musical favorites of millions of listeners. No other program so aptly lives up to its name. The American Album is the brain child of famous producer Frank Hummert, who feels that people like to listen to music that has become widely popular down through the years. Consequently a typical program will often include an aria from opera, a Strauss waltz and the latest popular hit. Featured artists are Thomas L. Thomas, Evelyn MacGregor, Margaret Daum, Jean Dickenson, Bertrand Hirsch, Arden and Arden and Gustave Haenschen. Requests from listeners often determine the program's repertoire and, chances are, you can't listen two Sundays in succession without hearing one of your own favorite pieces of music. First broadcast in October 1931, the program has combined topnotch singing talent and orchestral versatility ever since.

The American Album of Familiar Music, produced by Frank Hummert, is heard Sundays, 9:30 P.M. EDT, ABC. Sponsored by Bayer Aspirin and Phillips' Milk Of Magnesia.

The American Album originates from New York's Elysee Theatre. Program's artists are contralto Evelyn MacGregor, soprano Margaret Daum, baritone Thomas L. Thomas and Jean Dickenson. Gustave Haenschen, conductor, is at the piano.
His nieces and his nephews,

his cousins
by the dozens agree on one thing—Miltie is king!  BY GLADYS HALL

Everybody's uncle Miltie

Why is Miltie King?  For what reason does television's Comedian Berle, crowded by cream-of-the-crop competition wear the ermine and the crown?  Reason? Reasons—of which I may say, borrowing from Milton's favorite comedian, Schnozzle Durante, "I have a million of 'em!"

So many that where to begin is the problem which this troubled typewriter can solve only by jumping off in the middle and going on from there.

He is a dozen or more men, is Berle, Rex, rolled into one inexhaustible package marked "Explosive." He has, in his employ, a director and producer but sit through a Milton Berle rehearsal and you'll know that your Uncle Miltie directs and produces his own Texaco Show. He collaborates on the writing. He edits the script. He plans the guest stars, who they will be and when. He supervises the props. He makes many of the musical arrangements, especially the more unusual ones. He knows music. He'll say, during rehearsal, "It's a wood fill-in here, a brass fill-in there." He'll say "I think—may I make a suggestion?—the rhythm is a little slow." He'll kid his announcer "When you announce me on the show, 'Milton Berle, the People's Choice'—keep it down to a yell!"

To watch a Texaco Star Theater rehearsal is to need a rest cure when you leave the studio which hums like a bee-hive gone berserk. roars like a zoo at feeding time.

He's everywhere at once, is Miltie, on stage, standing on a chair in the orchestra, in the control room, crouched in front of the monitor (he watches that monitor like a cat a mouse) and into everything—from being carried off-stage, piggy-back, by Martha Raye to delivering an appeal, with a throb in it, for the Heart Fund to singing the Texaco commercial with, or for the boys.

In one breath he'll be shouting, "I got to see some action, too static, standing still!" In the next he'll be telling current guest star Ethel Smith at the organ or Tony Martin at the mike, "You were great, darling." In common with Tallulah Bankhead he calls everybody, male or female, young or old, hot or cold "darling," and seems, unlike Taloo, to mean it. Or he'll be thoughtfully handing his musical conductor a paper cup of water. And in rehearsal, as on the show, he whistles, fingers in mouth, for attention to anything he has to say.

Over the luncheon table at Lindy's, his favorite eatery, Milton confided, "Vitality, I guess, and love of work, love of career, love of the business is what keeps the Texaco Show on top. And perfection, which is what I try for, strive for, sweat for. I'm easy to work for, until," Milton grinned, "it is not done right. Then I am not easy. Nor would I say of myself that I am a patient man. I was born—July 12, 1908—under the sign of cancer. Cancers are always on the go, are so-called perfectionists, itchy, inexhaustible and doubtless (Continued on page 80)

The Texaco Star Theatre, with Milton Berle, is telecast on Tuesdays at 8:00 P.M., EDT. on NBC-TV. Sponsored by the Texas Company.
BY BETTY FURNESS

WHEN one of my best friends told me she was going to be married in June, I decided right away to give her a shower. I hadn't gone to one in ages, and Jean's engagement was an opportunity to combine the fine old custom of promoting a little "loot" for the bride-to-be and at the same time celebrating with a party. Actually, I knew the girls would all be wondering what to give her, and a shower would provide a clearing house for presents and avoid duplication.

I asked a couple of our mutual friends to help me decide on the kind, and we chose linens and lingerie. Some girls prefer kitchen showers, for instance, but I happened to know that Jean would have to start from scratch to stock a linen closet. And what girl doesn't welcome a little extra fancy lingerie for her trousseau?

I planned a one o'clock luncheon. Usually I like to limit lunch to not more than six, but this time I made it twelve, because let's face it, twelve presents are just twice as many as six. (The bride made the twelfth at table, but an absent friend sent the twelfth gift.) For an afternoon party, or a buffet lunch, I would have made the list even longer.

Someone suggested a surprise party, but I said a firm "no" to that. Personally, I don't like them. The guest of honor has to be snared for a specific time on a specific day and induced to dress her prettiest, and usually one of two things happens: Someone forgets and talks too freely, making her suspicious; or she is so wise about such things that she would be even more surprised if a party and presents weren't waiting when she arrived.

Another advantage this gave me was that I could consult her about the guest list. Did her fiancé's sister live in town and would she like her included? Were there any other female relatives who should be asked? In this way I started the list with several names she suggested, the rest being our mutual friends. When (Continued on page 90)

Chicken salad with slivered toasted almonds on pineapple rings
Black olive garnish
Melba toast
Currant jelly
Rainbow ice cream bowl Fudge sauce
Petits fours Coffee

Hot clam broth
Shrimp salad with capers Lemon garnish
Toasted crackers butter
Rainbow ice cream bowl Fudge sauce
Petits fours Coffee

Pre-nuptial parties are in order—here's help from a famous hostess on how to plan a shower

All about brides

Special Happy Bride Contest anyone can enter—turn the page for details

Betty Furness gives a Penthouse Party every Friday, 8:30 P.M. EDT, ABC-TV, sponsored by Best Foods, Inc. Betty is also seen on Success Story, Tuesday and Thursday, 2:15 P.M. EDT, ABC-TV. Sponsored by International Silverware Co.
Happy Bride Contest

Here’s a complete description of the big top prizes in Radio Television Mirror’s Happy Bride Contest! First Prize: A full year’s supply of all the products manufactured by Best Foods, Inc., as pictured on this page. This prize includes at least twelve of each of the fourteen Best Foods Products, many more of some of them. You’ll get, for example, 24 quarts of Hellman’s Real Mayonnaise; 96 pounds Nucoa; 36 boxes Presto Cake Flour; 12 each of Quick Oats and Old-Fashioned Oats, as well as jars of pickles, mustard with horseradish, Sandwich Spred, Tartar Sauce, regular and Old Homestead French dressing, two assortments of shoe polish, 20 Rit dyes. Approximate value, $150.00.

Second Prize: Beautiful, complete 103-piece Anniversary Set of Rogers Bros. Silverplate in the lovely “Daffodil” Pattern. This is a full service for eight, comes in a wonderful wooden case. Approximate value, $130.00.

Third Prize: Exquisite “Tyrolean” embroidered velvet handbag, made of velvet, embroidered with pure gold and silver threads, handworked in India, put together in this country over a metal base. Approximate value, $100.00.

Fourth Prize: A party dress by famous designer Ceil Chapman. The picture on this page shows one of her gowns, to give you an idea—but the dress which goes to the winner will be specially chosen for her, sent to her in her own size. Approximate value, $75.00.

Fifth Prize: Like an extra servant in your kitchen—a Westinghouse Roaster-Oven. Approximate value, $40.00.

Sixth Prize: A two-ounce bottle of exciting Number 9 French perfume by Leonid de Lescinskis. Approximate value, $15.00.
More big prizes—in cash, this time!

Seventh Prize: Our check for $10.00 will go to the seventh-place entry.

Eighth Prize: Another check for $10.00 to eighth-place winner.

Ninth Prize: A third $10.00 check will go to ninth-place winner.

Ten Runner-Up Prizes: Checks for $5.00 will go to each of the contestants submitting the ten next-best entries!

This is a simple, easy contest, one that any of you can enter, regardless of whether you're man or woman, married or unmarried, no matter what your age. All you have to do is follow directions printed below, read and carefully follow all contest rules listed at the right. Be sure to send along your name and address with your entry.

Happy Bride Contest Rules

1. On a sheet of paper write your one-line advice to brides which makes the third line of the Happy Bride contest verse:

   That's my advice to you!

2. You may copy the whole verse, filling in your line of advice, or you may simply put down your line of advice, whichever you prefer.

3. Fill out the coupon below and attach to your entry. Or, if you wish, you need not send the coupon, but be sure to give us all the information asked for on it.

4. Entries will be judged on interest, originality, and understanding of the contest.

5. All entries become the property of Radio Television Mirror Magazine, and none will be returned; the editors cannot undertake to enter into correspondence concerning this contest.

6. Editors of Radio Television Mirror Magazine and Betty Furness will be the sole judges of the contest; their decision will be final.

7. Mail your entry, plus the coupon below (or all the information requested on the coupon) attached to your entry, to Happy Bride Contest, P.O. Box 1513, Grand Central, New York 17, N. Y.

8. Entries must be postmarked no later than midnight, June 8, 1951. Winners will be notified by mail no later than Sept. 10, 1951: winners will also be announced in the October, 1951, issue of Radio Television Mirror Magazine.

Here's all you have to do in order to enter the big Radio Television Mirror Happy Bride Contest:

Perhaps you know a girl who's going to be married in June. Or, even if you don't, you probably have some ideas about advice you'd give to a June bride that, if she followed it, would help to insure her a happy marriage. Can you put that advice of yours into one short rule? And can you fill in that rule in place of the blank line in this "advice to brides" verse?

If you would be a happy bride,
Here's what you have to do:

That's my advice to you!

Easy, isn't it—because that third line you fill in doesn't even have to rhyme with any of the other lines! Now, think about your advice to a bride, then read and follow the contest rules at the right. You may win one of the exciting prizes!
Our breathless cameraman barely keeps up with director Schaffner as he does a show on Ford Theater from start to finish.

GLAMOROUS job, you think, being director of an important dramatic program on television? Well, yes, if glamour includes grueling work, a rigid schedule, few meals at home, getting up at the crack of dawn and going to bed only when the last detail of planning and production has been settled to your satisfaction. This series of twelve photographs cover only the high spots of Franklin Schaffner’s routine for putting on an hour-long drama every other week. He works with about a hundred people, puts in far more than the usual forty-hour week himself. Frank once yearned to be a lawyer but got started in summer stock and radio during college vacations, then joined the Navy. He came back in 1946 and became a director of documentary films. Television got him in 1948. He’s thirty-one now, and one of TV’s veteran directors.

Ford Theater is on the CBS-TV network every other Friday from 9 to 10 P.M. EDT. Sponsored by the Ford Motor Co.

THE START: The script has been decided upon and the production meetings begin, with script editor Lois Jacoby, producer Werner Michel, the director, Franklin Schaffner, production manager Bob Peyson. Major problems are settled at this first meeting.

SETS: Director Schaffner and the set designer Al Osstrand have discussed the sets, and working models are now ready. With the associate director Dick Saunders (back to camera) they work out details for the large-scale sets to be used on show.

CASTING: The casting director, Marion Roberts, has sent out a call for actors to fill the roles, is ready to submit data on them to the director. To date, Ford Theater has used more than 550 players, ranging from unknown walk-ons to world-famous stars.

WAITING: In answer to calls, actors come in to read for roles. Receptionist Doris Chalmers signs them in, hands out scripts during waits. Although readings are held in the director’s office in an informal atmosphere, it’s the big chance for many.
READING: Young actress reads for a part, while Saunders reads second part, and Frank listens. An actor may audition for one role, be found better for another one, sometimes is booked for a later date. Generally a star is cast without a reading in advance.

BLOCKING: Gray dawn finds Schoffner at work at home on floor plans. He gets up at five, brews coffee so as not to disturb wife Jean, blocks out the basic positions for actors, cameras and microphones. All this paper work saves rehearsal time later.

DRY RUN, this rehearsal is called. It's done to test all facilities and find out whether the plans on paper actually work in the rehearsal studio. Walter Hampden and Dorothy Gish rehearse, while cameramen, directors wrestle technical problems.

COMMERCIALS: Ford Theater was the first sponsored dramatic show on TV. It began in October 1948 once a month, changed to every other week, has continued as a fortnightly program. Here the commercial writer Neil O'Brien confers with Frank.

MUSIC CUES are set by the director with orchestra conductor and arranger Ben Ludlow. Frank and Ben have conferred earlier and now Frank goes over the entire script with the full orchestra, marking script for entrance and exit cues, special themes.

COSTUMES may be period or modern, but every detail is supervised by the director and Grace Houston, in charge of the program’s costuming. Here both are giving a final check to Mr. Hampden's jacket, after the make-up man has done his job.

DINNER BREAK: The dress rehearsal is over at 6:30, and the show airs at 9:00. Meantime, the cast dines and rests. Miss Gish takes her siesta on a prop sofa, and even the director takes time out from last-minute details for a few laughs to help clear the air.

ON THE AIR: Inside the control room all eyes are on three monitors, watching pictures fed by three different cameras, one of which is transmitted to your screen. Technicians, script girl, producer follow closely. Here is the finale of a fortnight's work.
Nora is in love with Dr. Robert Sargent, and he with her. But between them and the happiness of marriage stands Dr. Sargent's troubled daughter.

She represents her campaign to poison Grace's mind against her father and against Nora on the grounds that Nora has robbed the young girl of the love of her father.

Because he is a psychiatrist, the doctor recognizes the extreme emotional danger to his daughter were he to marry Nora. On the other hand, he is very much in love, wants to marry.

What do you think—in this case and in any case where a child objects to the remarriage of one of its parents—is the right course of action? Is it unwise, unkind to remarry? Or do you think that the adult should take his or her happiness while that happiness is there for the taking, trusting that time will heal the breach with the child? What is your solution to this unfortunate situation?

Radio Television Mirror will purchase readers' answers to the question, "Should You Remarry Against Your Child's Wishes?" Writer of the best answer will be paid $25.00; writers of the five next-best letters in answer to the question will each be sent checks for $5.00.

What is your answer to this problem? State your reasons in a letter of no more than one hundred words and address it to Nora Drake, c/o Radio Television Mirror, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. The editors will choose the best letter, basing choice on originality and understanding of the problem, and will purchase it for $25.00. They will purchase five next-best answers at $5.00 each. No letters will be returned; editors cannot enter into correspondence concerning them. Opinion of the editors will be final. Letters should be postmarked no later than June 1, 1951, and have this notice attached.

Nora Drake and Robert Sargent of This Is Nora Drake, heard M-F at 2:30 P.M. EDT over CBS network stations; sponsor: The Toni Co.
A musical career that began at eleven with a beat-up trumpet has turned into one of television's smoothest half hours. Here's how it's all tied together melodically

In the Monroe manner

To begin with, a Vaughn Monroe TV program is all-request. Polls are taken at three different service bases every week, the songs getting the most votes being given the big-production treatment. Some favorites are repeated often, proving the Monroe crowd is resourceful at providing new musical arrangements, backgrounds and choreography. Right from the outset, when it started last October, the show has flowed smooth as honey. Maybe it was the experience from all those years of one-night stands with bands, going back to Vaughn's high school days. Maybe it was all the radio programs, and the personal appearances and the showmanship he learned along the way. Or perhaps it's the easy, rich Monroe baritone, the harmonizing of the Moon Maids and Moon Men, the way Shaye Cogan puts across her numbers, the dancing of Olga Suarez and the boys, and the over-all production job of Bill Stuart and Don Appell. The sum of all this makes a fast-moving mid-week musical interlude. Vaughn still does his radio show from a different service camp every Saturday night.

The Vaughn Monroe Show: Televised Tuesday 9 P.M. On radio Saturday 7:30 P.M. EDT. Both CBS shows sponsored by Camel Cigarettes.
There's more to staging a musical TV show than waving a baton. Besides Vaughn's songs you'll be seeing some of the new Monroe dance routines.

Vocalist Shaye Cogan does a wedding number, appropriately costumed. Scene below is on stage of CBS-TV Town Theatre, during Mardi Gras finale.

Roxanne, Vaughn and Shaye, with the Moon Maids, Moon Men and chorus. You'll recognize dancers Suarez and De-Paolo, and Kenny Davis.
BY HELEN BOLSTAD

JUST TO get the record straight and keep it that way, there is not a real-life Studs' Place, as in ABC-TV's show of that name. But there is a real-life Studs, and that's his name—Studs Terkel.

Besides using his own name on the show, Studs Terkel is different in many another way from the average star, just as Studs' Place is an out-of-the-ordinary kind of television program. Studs, for instance, reverses the usual audience-performer relationship. Instead of accepting as his due the plaudits of his viewers, he's a one-man fan club for humankind in general. As he puts it, he has "a strong case of hero worship for the average man."

As for the show, its variation from the ordinary run lies in the fact that it's unrehearsed in the usual sense of the word. The people of the Studs' Place cast simply decide in advance what they're going to talk about, what the central theme of the show—usually an average-person's problem and a workable solution for it—and then, when the program goes on the air, they just go ahead and talk! The idea is there beforehand, but the actual speeches the characters make are the (Continued on page 92)

Studs' Place is televiewed on Fridays, 10:30 P.M., EDT, on ABC-TV.

Viewers feel that Studs' Place with its friendly informality could be any restaurant anywhere.
"What's wrong with people liking each other?" asks the man who's had no difficulty in becoming one of the best liked of all.
Just to get the record straight and keep it that way, there is not a real-life Studs’ Place, as in ABC-TV’s show of that name, but there is a real-life Studs, and that’s his name—Studs Terkel.

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“Studs” Place is televiewed on Fridays, 10:30 P.M. EDT, on ABC-TV.

“What’s wrong with people liking each other?” asks the man who had no difficulty in becoming one of the best liked of all
HERE she comes, ready or not—summer, that is. If you haven’t invested in cool, wonderful cottons—like those worn here by Anne Burr, who’s Laurel in Stella Dallas—you’re definitely not ready, for cottons are best bets for warm weather wearing. Cottons with good lines and detail are all-day everyday joys to you, to your budget. What’s your guess about the price tag of the sundress shown in color? Expensive-looking, isn’t it, with its Schiffli-embroidered bodice set off with white lining, its self belt, its soft skirt with hip-interest pockets! An added attraction—matching jacket, not shown, has brief sleeves, buttoned front with low U-neckline to show off the embroidery even when the jacket is worn. In aqua, pink, lilac and navy in sizes 12-20, by Ann Taylor—and the price is under $9.00! Summery-cool jewelry in blending tones is by Coro. On this page, a this-year’s must for a young housewife—the Riviera Coat. As many-lived as a kitten, it can serve in turn as housecoat, brunch coat, beach wrap, and as a duster over simple sunback dresses. If you want, belt it—and presto, it’s a daytime dress! It has a full, swinging back, two king-size patch pockets. Big and shiny buttons all down the front make it easy to get in and out of, a cinch to iron. Wonderful multi-colored stripes in sanforized chambray, by Tailortown. Sized small, medium, large; under $9.00. Both dresses at stores on page 79.

Stella Dallas is heard M-F at 4:15 P.M., EDT, NBC; sponsored by Phillips’ Toothpaste and Bayer Aspirin.
Kate shares with you her home, her friends, her beloved possessions—including her great grandmother’s cherished recipes.

I was not born to the masonry canyons of a big city...I migrated. As far back as seventeen years ago I knew I would need to escape to the peace and quiet of the “open spaces.” So, without further ado I set out to rectify the situation and managed to find a very comfortable rustic farm house situated on a good-sized island at Lake Placid, New York.

Even though "Camp Sunshine," as I call my Lake Placid home, cannot be classified as really Early American (it is just now celebrating its seventy-fifth year), it provides an excellent setting for my mania...antiques! I am the type of antique enthusiast who visits all the antique shows in New York and surrounding territory, and during the summer when I have a leisure day, my guests and I spend the time driving through the mountains in search of old treasures. I have furnished my home completely with authentic Early American antiques. But the collection I am most proud of is my Early Amer-ican glassware—particularly my assortment of fine old pitchers.

While I’m speaking of antiques, I’d like to pass along my favorite cake recipe. Now don’t misunderstand me, there’s nothing stale about this cake—it’s an antique merely because it was handed down through the family from my great-grandmother. It’s a butter cake with chocolate icing, and it’s simple to make!

Cream together one quarter pound of butter and cup and a half of sugar until very light in color. To this mixture add two whole eggs and the yolks of three additional eggs, saving the three whites for the icing. When thoroughly blended, alternately add two cups sifted flour, one cup of milk—saving a little flour and a little milk for later use—and mix well. To the flour you’ve saved, add two teaspoons of baking powder, plus a quarter teaspoon of salt. To the milk you’ve saved, add two teaspoons of your favorite flavoring. Now add the milk and flavoring to the cake mixture, and lastly fold in the flour-baking powder mixture. Grease and flour three eight-inch tins and pour mixture evenly in same. Bake in a 375° oven for twenty to thirty minutes. After twenty minutes (if the cake seems to be browning too quickly) reduce heat to 325°. Chocolate Icing: Non-cook! Beat stiffly three egg whites ( those you saved from the cake mixture ) to which has been added a pinch of salt. To this, add one teaspoon of flavoring and fold in. Add three level tablespoons of cocoa, followed by the addition of enough sifted confectioners’
sugar to achieve the proper consistency for spreading—about three cups.

**I love animals** . . . to the extent that my home is my dog’s home! Which means that nothing is too good for my Freckles—chairs, couches, beds! But I do draw the line on chipmunks nibbling at my table linens, bedding, blankets, etc., when the house is closed for the winter. I met this problem by converting a small bedroom into what I call the “tin room. The floor, ceiling and walls are all lined in tin, even the most industrious chipmunk is stymied. When the house is in use, the “tin room” is converted into a combination dressing room-linen, closet.

**I had a problem** dining room. At one end of the room is a rather narrow jut-off with a beautiful stone fireplace, the effect of which was quite lost from the main part of the room. This we turned into a breakfast nook by adding chintz-covered benches on either side of the wall. The fireplace mantel makes a perfect display piece for my pitchers which I have been collecting for years. The room is now so cozy we spend many pleasant hours there.

**Camp Sunshine** faces the lake, and although there were many windows, folks could never utilize them. So I had a twenty-foot window seat installed. It runs the full length of the room. During, our leisure moments, my guests and I stitched up gay chintz-covered pads to add to the beauty and comfort of the window seats. We also made drapes and great big soft pillows of the same fabric, creating a wonderful cheery atmosphere. And now everyone—from the smallest guests to the assorted animals)—can look out and enjoy the lake view.

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The Kate Smith Hour: every Monday through Friday, 1 P.M. EDT, over NBC-TV stations; participating sponsors. Kate Smith Speaks: M-F, 12 Noon EDT, MBS.
Five years ago, when Bette Lou and Ken were married, she was only seventeen. They've been happy years, with Bette Lou primarily interested in being a wife and only secondarily in acting—although she sometimes appears on the Ken Murray Show. More often, she's behind-the-scenes help, working with Ken on scripts, listening to him “talk out” gags, answering fan mail. The rest of the time she keeps house—and loves it!
He lives his work, he loves his work. But there are times in every man’s life—even a TV star’s—when home and hearth are most important of all

BY BETTE LOU MURRAY

Ken and I were married on December 1, 1948, at the old and beautiful Riverside Mission Inn in Riverside, California. I wore a blue suit and the traditional happy-bride smile. Ken also wore a blue suit—and cried like a baby . . .

It was a small and quiet wedding. Our only guests were members of the family and intimate friends. (Van Heflin, for instance, who drove all the way down from Hollywood to be with us. We hadn’t expected him but, “I wouldn’t have missed this,” Van said, “for anything.”) When, at the end of the service, the minister whispered to Ken, “Kiss the bride,” my bridegroom obeyed, with the tears just streaming down his face!

Ken always cries at weddings. And when he sees the flag go by. When he hears old songs. Or when he sings them himself. At sad scenes in the movies. At anything and everything designed to tug at the heartstrings. And sentimental? Why, he saves everything—all my cards, all my letters. Even telegrams.

In Ken’s softer moments, I (Continued on page 78)
The Murray show, all miraculously balanced on Ken's cigar,

Why worry-seem Murray!

BY HARVEY BULLOCK

Unique feature of the mostly comic Ken Murray Show is the serious dramatic sketch. Here Ken checks island scene where Frances Langford and Jon Hall enact a touching story of death among the people of Bikini.
has never been upset—except by the elephant who sat on Ken!

Glamourlovelies take the mystery from history; Darla sings to the entranced cops.

New York’s 39th street has two powerhouses. In the brick building at number 124 a mammoth generator surges electricity into the city’s power lines, and fifty feet due east at number 119, a crew-cut, cigar-chewing dynamo makes that generator seem like a dead nickel battery. Ken Murray, comedian, writer, producer of the CBS Saturday night Ken Murray Show is a one-man mass of energy, in a class with Oak Ridge, Niagara Falls, young love, and Wheaties.

To confirm this impression, try dogging his footsteps on a typical day. One rehearsal day with Ken Murray, figured roughly at the current rate of exchange, is like spending the day handcuffed to Superman. Consider Saturday. A gross misnomer (although no one on the Murray show ever sat, sits, or sets the violent livelong day).

After a full week of rehearsals at CBS and planning, auditioning, and booking sessions in his fortieth floor office at the D’Arcy agency, Ken slams jauntily into the television theatre promptly at noon Saturday. Since the show is now in its second year, the (Continued on page 87)

The Ken Murray Show is telecast on Saturday evenings at 8 EDT on CBS television stations. It is sponsored by the Anheuser-Busch Brewing Company.
Delectable Darla

- Applause . . . an orchestra chord . . . and dynaglow spotlights sweep upstage to reintroduce winsome Darla Hood to millions of Saturday night TV viewers. Microphone booms arch into position, the director throws a cue, and her lilting voice swells into darkened parlors and penthouses throughout the nation. On fluorescent screens from Maine to Malibu the pixie-like charm of her chestnut hair, large brown eyes, and pert little nose stir vague nostalgic recollections. Where did we fall under her spell before?

Keen eyes and ears will discover the secret. For Darla Hood, Ken Murray’s versatile leading lady on the CBS-TV Ken Murray Show still is the appealing miss who stole America’s affections all through the 1930’s as the cuddly curly-haired sweetheart of Spanky, Alfalfa and Buckwheat in “Our Gang” comedies.

Now, at twenty, Darla is once again everybody’s darling. But in the interim have been three careers which brought her first fame, then fear and loneliness, desperate loneliness, and finally storybook romance, love, and true happiness.

Her story could be written as a melody with major and minor chords, for music has been her mainstay. She started singing when just a tiny citizen of two. Her father, the local banker, was delighted and taught her all the words to “Looky, Looky, Looky, Here Comes Cooky” which she delivered with the great enthusiasm a two-year-old deems proper for cookies. Her mother, an accomplished amateur pianist, noticed a tone suateness and clarity and foresaw a possible artistic (Continued on page 102)
Hollywood's Ambassador to New York, affable Ken has made his show the favorite of such visiting film folk as lovely songstress, Frances Langford.

Announcer Nelson Case talks freely at left, while below Ken explains to Rosie the bear that the muzzle is just to keep her from ad libbing. That night both their comedy sketch and her muzzle came off nicely.

Can you write a joke for Ken Murray?

- The "cross-over joke" is a Murray institution. He uses several to start festivities each Saturday night. They're brief and simple, involving an exchange of remarks between Ken and characters crossing the stage.

Study the samples below, watch the program, and send your joke in. The winning cross-over joke submitted will be used by Ken on his program, and Ken will send the winner a big box of his personal cigars, one of his canes, a personally addressed recording of the joke being used, an honorary membership in the Gagwriters' Institute, and a $25 U.S. Savings Bond. Writers of the five next-best jokes will receive $5.00 each.

It's not difficult; check these samples:

1: FIREMAN WALKS ACROSS STAGE VERY SLOWLY
KEN: Don't tell me you're going to a fire?
FIREMAN: Yep, my favorite butcher shop is burning down right now.
KEN: Why don't you hurry?
FIREMAN: What for, I like my meat well done.

2: GIRL CROSSES WEARING BATHING SUIT AND CARRYING FISHING ROD
KEN: Isn't that kind of silly, going fishing in an outfit like that—what do you expect to catch?
GIRL: I don't know, but this is the way my mother caught my father.

Address your joke to:
KEN MURRAY JOKE CONTEST
P. O. Box 1483
Grand Central Station
New York 17, N. Y.

Typewrite or print plainly. All entries become the property of Radio Television Mirror and none can be returned. Editors cannot undertake to enter correspondence concerning this contest. Winner's name will be announced on the Ken Murray Show when it returns to the air in September, and in a fall issue of Radio Television Mirror. Entries must be postmarked no later than June 15, 1951. Ken Murray and the editors of Radio Television Mirror will be the sole judges and Ken Murray reserves the right to edit the joke as he sees fit.
Junior MIRROR

Outdoor Quiz
By Bobby Benson

Here are some questions I put together that are kind of fun. Believe me, I'm not trying to prove how smart I am for frankly some of them stumped me first time I heard them, too. I'll bet a lot of them would even make your teacher think twice. Let's see how well you can do.

1. Do snakes have ears? 2. Is there really a fish which utters cooing sounds like a pigeon? 3. What makes a rhinoceros so ill-tempered? 4. What animal uses its whiskers to find food? 5. What animal can move an object thirty-two times its own weight? 6. Which animal is the soundest sleeper? 7. Jim, one of our ranch hands, killed a puma, brown tiger, cougar, catamount, silver lion, purple panther, mountain screamer, mountain lion and American lion all with a single bullet. How did he do it?

Answers

1. Snakes do have ears but the ears have no outside openings. Like fish, they hear mostly through vibrations. 2. It's a fact that the toadfish, found off our Atlantic coastline, really makes a noise like a pigeon. 3. Maybe this is just one of the reasons why the rhino is so unhappy but it's enough. Seems the animal is infested with parasites which consume about a gallon of its blood every twenty-four hours. 4. The seal uses its sensitive whiskers to poke around underwater cracks in ice to find fish. 5. It's a fact that the mole, a small underground animal, can move an object thirty-two times its own weight. 6. The weasel is the soundest sleeper. Frequently, a sleeping weasel can be grabbed by the head, feet or tail and swung around for quite a while before he wakes up. 7. Jim didn't have a magic bullet. All those different names are used for the same animal.

Bobby Benson is heard over Mutual at 3:30 P.M. on Sun., at 5:35 P.M. Tues. and Thurs. and at 5 P.M. on Sat.

Fun with cardboard
By Big Jon

You children who have enjoyed our songs and stories over the air will get a lot of pleasure out of this game. For thousands of years, oriental children have made figures of people and animals out of seven pieces of cardboard or wood. It's a great challenge to your imagination and a lot of fun to boot. The figures show how you and mother can scissor the shapes from a square piece of cardboard or your father might cut them from a piece of wood. Here we have made one dog and one little boy kicking a ball.

Big Jon is on No School Today, Sat., 9:00 A.M., EDT, and Big Jon and Sparky, M-F, 5:00 P.M., EDT, ABC.
Adventure in Space
With Tom Corbett

1. In the Space Academy where Tom Corbett and his pals are training to become Solar Guards, Commander Arkwright, standing, briefs Captain Strong and the Cadets for a rocket flight. In their rocket ship, Polaris, Captain Strong and Tom Corbett intercept a strange call for help from weather station #5 on Mars but the call is broken off.

2. Strong and the Cadets make an emergency landing on Mars, dressed in their space suits. They discover the mysterious cosmic disturbances have shattered the airtight hut of Captain Bex, weather station operator.

3. They find Captain Bex nearly overcome by the deadly methane gas escaping from fissures in the ground. After difficulty they get Captain Bex into the cabin of the rocket ship.

4. The Cadets rush back to the control room for a hasty take-off realizing planetary convulsions may destroy their ship. A sudden upheaval throws the instruments off, in particular the all-important gravitational control. The cadets find themselves helplessly floating in mid-air.

5. In desperation, they decide to form a human chain and with Captain Strong as the pivot, they snakewhip Tom Corbett down to where he can reach the gravitational control switch. Then working quickly against further explosions, they get the Polaris back to Earth.

6. Now safely back from their mission the Cadets resume their studies, finding them dull labor after their thrilling adventures in space.

Tom Corbett, Space Cadet, is seen at 6:30 P.M., Monday, Wednesday and Friday over ABC-TV.
At the advanced age of four, Eileen Barton first stepped before the footlights as one of the moppets with Ted Healey and His Gang. Today, as a recognized singing star, she now steps in front of the television camera, recently appearing as a guest on the Morton Downey show, Star of the Family.

Eileen toured for a year with the Healey troupe, but at her parents' request (themselves a vaudeville team) she returned to school. The urge to sing was strong, however, and she soon became a featured performer on radio kiddie shows, playing with such stars as Uncle Miltie Berle. Her real break as an adult singer came when Frank Sinatra picked her to sing on his radio show. That show, plus recordings like "If I Knew You Were Coming I'd Have Baked a Cake," have set her on the road to nation-wide popularity.

Way back in the early days of TV, Carl King arrived in New York with twelve dollars in his pocket and a portable typewriter in his hand. Today, as host on Captain Video, King's Crossroads and Mayfair House, Carl considers himself in a much sounder financial state.

Carl was launched into radio at the age of nine singing on the Kiddie Club in his home town of Atlanta. While studying law at college he again took radio jobs ranging from a Santa Claus with a southern accent to a disc jockey.

After working in Washington as emcee for nightclub radio shows he came to New York to sub for Alan Courtney on the 1280 Club. The job was supposed to last only six weeks, but Carl remained ten months. About that time he began doing TV short subjects. Narrations by King are still heard on TV films.
Critics agree that one of the most notable shows on television today is CBS' Studio One, and an actress whose talents have won her many repeat performances on that show is Mary Sinclair.

Mary, a California girl, appeared in various little theater productions in that state. Coming to New York in 1944 to make her fortune in the "big city" she finally landed a job as a Conover model.

After some summer stock work, her acting ability was recognized by television scouts and she jumped into a starring role on the Studio One production of "The Dybbuk." Since then she has appeared in "The Scarlet Letter," "Jane Eyre," and "Little Women." Mary was recently signed to an exclusive contract with CBS-TV.

Married to theatrical producer George Abbott, she still finds time for her painting and sculpture hobbies.

Take any angle of musical performance and David Street, now singing on Broadway Open House, has probably had a try at it.

While still in high school in Los Angeles, Dave started his own three-man vocal group which was booked at a local theater and later featured on radio.

A six-footer with dark brown hair, Dave looks so good on TV that he has been starred on Melody, Inc., Make Me Sing It, and Manhattan Penthouse.

Dave received good training for his present bout with Jerry Lester during the two years that he was a straightman-vocalist with Joan Davis. Besides radio appearances, he has made a score of records and played theaters all over the country. Then, just to round out his education, Dave directed the Bob Mitchell choir, played piano, bass, and drums with various dance bands.
Are movie stars people?

Emcee Jay Stewart’s lovely guest found only one answer to that question when she attended the gala Hollywood party she tells about here

**Party time**

- It’s not everyone who visits Hollywood for the first time who has as royal a time as Mrs. Judy Coxen of Wichita Falls, Texas. A radio fan and a movie fan, Mrs. Coxen was able to indulge both tastes at first hand in the California entertainment capital. As a guest at Carnation Family Party (formerly heard Sat., 10 A.M. EDT, CBS), Mrs. Coxen was picked by its emcee, Jay Stewart, for one of his “prove it” questions: Are movie stars people? Proving grounds was the Crystal Room of the Beverly Hills Hotel; the occasion was *Photoplay* Magazine’s seventh annual awards dinner. There Mrs. Coxen met (1) Esther Williams—“She’s so, well, pretty!” (2) Farley Granger and Shelley Winters—“Mr. Stewart and I had our picture taken with them. Hymie Fink (*Radio Télévision Mirror* photographer) was so nice. He said he’d hold my hand if I was nervous.” (3) Bette Davis—“Do you know what she said to me!—I was standing up and she was sitting down—’You can sit on my lap,’ she said. I didn’t want to because she’s so tiny. She must have known (Continued on page 77)
A gala party on Christmas Eve announced the engagement of Martha Ann ("Teka") Osborne to Bronson C. Rumsey, Jr. Both are from prominent Savannah families. Their wedding this summer will be held at historic Old St. John's Church—with a bevy of eight charming bridesmaids, and Teka looking a serenely radiant bride!

Martha's darling face lets you see at once the charm of her Inner Self. A winning sweetness looks out from her soft blue eyes. Her cloud of dark brown hair sets off dramatically her exquisitely clear, soft complexion. No wonder you feel so attracted to Teka the instant you meet her.

Martha feels the first rule of loveliness for every girl's face is fastidiously clean skin. Her own complexion is beautiful. "I cream it with Pond's Cold Cream," she says, "Pond's leaves my face feeling grand and soft. And since it's cream cleansing, it's never drying."

Every night (for day face cleansings, too) cream your face with Pond's Cold Cream as Martha does. This is the way: Hot Stimulation—a quick hot water splash.
Cream Cleanse—swirl Pond's Cold Cream over face and throat to soften dirt and make-up, sweep them from pores openings. Tissue off.
Cream Rinse—more Pond's to rinse off last traces of dirt, leave skin lubricate. Tissue off.
Cold Stimulation—a tonic cold water splash.

Doesn't your skin look alive, refreshed, and feel soft and beautifully clean?
It's not vanity to help your face look lovely. Look your best and a sparkling confidence floods out from the You within—that attracts others to you on sight!
For three and a half centuries, the loves, hates and intrigues of William Shakespeare's "Hamlet" have reached audiences of varying sizes and types. But it's certain that no one audience, from Elizabethan Englishmen at the Globe Theatre opening night to twentieth century teen-agers sitting in American movie houses on instructions from their English teachers, has been as huge or as diverse as the one which tuned in on Theatre Guild On The Air's recent presentation. The size of the audience (fifteen million) was not the only record-breaker—its length (an hour-and-a-half) marked it as the longest single presentation of Hamlet on the air in America. John Gielgud, who has sent the Dane's familiar soliloquies across many a stage, adapted the play from the five-and-a-half-hour script Shakespeare wrote to the ninety minutes (with commercials) in, reportedly, thirty minutes.

Playing Ophelia to Mr. Gielgud's Hamlet was the piquantly pretty Dorothy McGuire. The Queen was lovely, long-haired Pamela Brown from England. Berry Kroeger, a magnificently villainous Claudius, reversed the role he plays on Young Dr. Malone—Sam Williams, the easy-going, middle-aged, unrequited lover of Anne Malone.

Theatre Guild On The Air is heard Sun., 8:30 P.M. EDT, NBC. Sponsored by U. S. Steel.
"Be Lux Lovely all over!"

says RUTH ROMAN

"My Lux beauty bath leaves my skin so smooth, so fragrant!"

"I love my daily Lux beauty bath," says Ruth Roman. "It's so luxurious—leaves my skin exquisitely fresh and smooth."

There's wonderful new luxury in the Lux bath-size cake! See for yourself how abundant the rich active lather is, even in hardest water.

A daily Lux Soap beauty bath makes you sure of skin that's fresh and sweet. You'll love the delicate perfume that clings.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

for your Beauty Bath

Ruth Roman
CO-STARRING IN
"STRANGERS ON A TRAIN"
A WARNER BROS. PRODUCTION
**SHE'S MY WIFE**

(Continued from page 31) a country house, a city house, a villa on the Riviera, a cabin in the Maine woods, or any of the like. We do have a two-room apartment in Manhattan’s east eighties.

The building is one of William Randolph Hearst’s former mansions. As you probably know, Mr. Hearst always did things in a big way, and his stock is about thirty for piece-meal shipment to the states. And so, our apartment is elaborate — although we didn’t have anything so imposing in mind when we went house-hunting.

“We want a two-room apartment,” Imogene had told the renting agent. “Something comfortable but compact. Something of a pleasant style. Imogene has been known to have trailed off to a whisper — it does, sometimes, for she’s more than ordinarily shy. At least, if the agent heard her he paid no attention, and we found ourselves ushered into a lavish one-room apartment.

The foyer is floored in white marble with ornate, carved wood spiraling up the walls, and furnished in spindry iron furniture. And the room of rooms once Mr. Hearst’s music salon, has all the compactness of a basketball court. It’s about thirty-three feet square, with a ceiling much too high to estimate. On a clear day Imogene claims the Pan American Clipper passes across the ceiling on its approach to LaGuardia Field. A huge chandelier of real Waterford glass hangs over the center of the room and a chair stand on a chair and nudges the chandelier of the glassy, gossamer musical tinkles that belong in fairy tales. There is a fireplace large enough to stage the Saturday night show.

“There is another one-room apartment that connects to this,” we were informed by the renting agent. “You could have it for a bedroom.”

We said no. There was quite enough space in the big room. However, after we moved in, we discovered the walls were not as soundproof as you might expect. We could hear prospective tenants whispering in the next room when the agent showed them around. So we decided that in order to allow ourselves the luxury of playing the radio or sounding off whenever we wished without disturbing neighbors, we had better take the adjoining apartment.

Actually, we don’t spend as much time at home as you might think. For the big Saturday night Show, we work six days a week. An average day ends at eight. After dancing and a breakfast of coffee only, she gets to rehearsal at ten sharp. From Monday morning until Saturday night’s performance, she and Sid Caesar — along with producers, musicians, the cast, writers and arrangers, which includes me — work over the script and ideas for sketches. Seldom does Imogene knock off until seven-thirty in the evening. If we get through at six-thirty, we consider ourselves lucky.

The theater is our main interest but there isn’t time to make an eighty-story curtain when you have only an hour to eat and dress, especially when you are both right down to the ground by fatigue. And as Imogene knows, people expect her to be “dressed” when she goes out. Not in the sense of being extremely fashionable but at least a fresh change after a day’s work. As a result, we usually go straight home and stay there.

Imogene likes to read magazines and mysteries because they require so little concentration. She relaxes at the huge concert piano and, of course, there are the pets. At the moment, we have a French Arab, a Red Persian Cat, a turtle and a Budgie bird.

“Apri, the poodle, has delusions of being a real woman,” Imogene will tell you. “And she has to be treated like a sensitive one.”

When guests come into the house, Apri looks them over with the fine scrutiny of a hotel clerk. She walks up to a person’s chair and soundly made up her mind about what’s going on. If she doesn’t get enough attention, Apri climbs into a chair and sulks.

The little Budgie bird, a kind of parakeet, we picked up on our vacation in Florida. You may remember two Saturday nights when Imogene and Sid Caesar were absent from the show. They had earned a well-needed vacation. The last vacation Imogene had was a mere five days last summer, sandwiched in between summer stock. We were at Fire Island but it didn’t do Imogene much good.

I could hear the clock ticking away all the time, telling me that doing nothing to do was just an illusion,” Imogene recalls. “We just didn’t relax at all.”

But we did make our trip to Florida count. We caught a train for Miami after our Saturday night show and arranged to have a rented car waiting for us so we could drive up the coast and find a nice, isolated place on a lake.

We arrived in Miami, the four of us, and found the car waiting. We then drove north along the shore looking for a quiet, secluded spot. Just about evening we hit Boca Raton. There we saw just what we wanted, a small cottage on a private beach with nothing moving but the surf and the only other company, a fat moon.

“And now I’m going to do nothing but sleep, swim and sit on the sundeck,” Imogene promised.

One other thing we did, too, was to catch up on the daytime serials. Both of us are steady fans of Wendy Warren, Rosemary and Ma Perkins. In our apartment we have four radios, one each for the bedroom, bathroom, living room and kitchen. Sometimes when I have to run I pick to the apartment for a couple of hours during the day, I’m sure of one question from Imogene when we meet again. The question is usually, “How’s Ma Perkins doing?”

We have a television set, of course, which we get to use in the evening. You can guess which show is my favorite. Imogene’s answer: Kukla, Fran and Ollie, Open Boat and Jimmy Durante. Far too often we miss seeing them — but we’re always missing something.

Living with your work so much may sound horrible but both of us have been accustomed to it since birth. Our parents, in both cases, were show people. Her father, of Spanish extraction which accounts for Imogene’s surname, was an orchestra leader and her mother was Sadie Brady who ran away from home to join the troupe of Thurston, the well-known magician.

Imogene began taking piano, singing and dancing lessons at age three. In the "fifties that cold draft changed the direction of her career. She was rehearsing for a revue called "New Faces" when she began to feel chilly backstage. She borrowed a polo coat from another "new face," Henry Fonda, and began clowning around the stage in one of her now famous dance parodies. The prognosis thought it was hilarious, put it in the show, and Imogene was a success.

We had never met up to this time, although we both worked for the same producer. I was acting in a showboat revue and came to a matinee of "New Faces." I was struck immediately by Imogene but didn’t dare tell her. I waited until I saw her on the street one day. She was looking in a shop window and I was standing on the opposite corner.

I stared impolitely and said to myself, "That’s the kind of girl I want to marry." But I waited for a formal introduction.

It came shortly afterwards in our production of "Open Boat," where we auditioning new songs. By the time we got back to her Greenwich Village apartment, where Imogene lived with her mother, we were holding hands. That same night we worked together in a new musical. It ran only two weeks but we kept going. The Monday we received our final pay, the only money we had, I proposed. And we were married that night.

Of course, a lot of people believe that Sid is Imogene’s actual husband. People who see him out with his beautiful wife frequently give him the dirty look usually reserved for philanderers. Poor Sid. He’s a great guy and telling for a lack of attention — me, too, occasionally. But she loves television and for a good reason.

“When I meet people who watch the show, they’re such nice people,” she explains. “They feel right at home with me as if I were a life-long friend. It gives me the most wonderful feeling of warmth. Actually their sincerity and friendship is many times worth the work and sacrifice of show business.”
4:00 P.M. Channel 4 Meet the Press
An explosive press conference as top reporters fire questions at leading news personalities, Martha Rountree moderates.

5:00 P.M. Channel 7 Super Circus
Majestic, exciting circus acts with Claude Kirchner, buoyant ringmaster who was a Barker for many years, and dimple-kneed Mary Hartline.

5:00 P.M. Channel 4 Gabby Hayes Show
True tales of adventure from American history with Gabby Hayes. Gabby’s beard is real but he’s a professional actor, born in New York in 1885.

7:00 P.M. Channel 7 Paul Whiteman Revue
A grand musical extravaganza with “Pops” as impresario. Pert Maureen Cannon and baritone Earl Wrightson are regulars along with the Ray Porter Chorus plus a great guest singing star.

7:00 P.M. Channel 2 This Is Show Business
Pungent Clifton Fadiman oversees the panel; dramatist George S. Kaufman, comedian Abe Burrows and other erudite experts.

7:30 P.M. Channel 4 The Aldrich Family
Family comedy in Centerville with Henry played by red-headed Dick Tyler, model for the current Boy Scout calendar; Jack Kelk as Homer.

8:00 P.M. Channel 2 Toast of the Town
New York born Ed Sullivan, whose career began as a sportswriter, presents top-flight variety along with the “Toastettes” and Ray Bloch’s orchestra.

8:00 P.M. Channel 4 Comedy Hour
Laugh-loaded, lavish productions with great comedians rotating each week: May 13th, TBA; May 20th, Eddie Cantor; May 27th, Martin and Lewis; June 3rd, TBA; June 10th, Bob Hope.

9:00 P.M. Channel 2 Fred Waring Show
A beautiful blending of dance, narration and the distinct musical styling of Fred and his aggregation of Pennsylvanians, including Jane Wilson, Joanne Wheatley, Daisy Bernier, Joe Marine, Nadine Gae, Stuart Churchill, fifty-eight others.

9:00 P.M. Channel 4 Phileas Playhouse
Acclaimed TV drama, adapted from hit plays and best-selling novels, under the deft direction of Gordon Duff, a veteran of 15 years theater work.

10:00 P.M. Channel 2 Celebrity Time
Conrad Nagel, whose first acting job paid $5 a week in a show starring Fay Bainter, referees a novel, interesting “battle of the sexes.”

10:00 P.M. Channel 4 Gorrovoy at Large
Mr. G’s mirthful melange of camera magic with baritone Jack Haskell, vocal-lovelies Connie Russell and Betty Chapel, comic Cliff Norton.

10:30 P.M. Channel 2 What’s My Line?
Urbane John Daly, born in Johannesburg, South Africa, 37 years ago, is moderator on this guess-your-occupation show. Rotating panelists: Louis Untermyer, poet; Dorothy Kilgallen, columnist; Hal Block, comedy writer; TV’s Arlene Francis.

Program highlights in television viewing

MAY 11TH—JUNE 10TH, NEW YORK CITY AND SUBURBS
### Monday

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Channel 2</th>
<th>Program</th>
<th>Description</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1:30 P.M.</td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Garry Moore Show</em></td>
<td>Mr. M. his crew haircut and elfin smile, featuring ranch-raised Ken Carson,</td>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>delovely Denise Lor and straight-man announcer Durward Kirby. (M-F)</td>
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<tr>
<td>2:30 P.M.</td>
<td></td>
<td><em>First Hundred Years</em></td>
<td>Newlyweds Jimmy Lydon and Olive Stacey experience growing pains of young love.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3:00 P.M.</td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Miss Susan</em></td>
<td>Susan Peters, confined to a wheelchair since a hunting accident several years ago, portrays a young paraplegic lawyer. (M-F)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3:30 P.M.</td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Fashion Magic</em></td>
<td>Budget and high-style fashions are presented, plus interviews with their designers. (M-F)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3:30 P.M.</td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Bert Parks Show</em></td>
<td>Romping, rollicking B.P., one-time protege of Eddie Cantor, sings and clowns in musical variety featuring Betty Ann Grove. (M, W &amp; F)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4:00 P.M.</td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Kate Smith Hour</em></td>
<td>America's first lady of the ballad, 20 years a beloved radio celebrity, with songs of today and yesteryear. Ted Collins interviews guests. (M-F)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5:30 P.M.</td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Howdy Doody</em></td>
<td>Friendly, sweet Howdy and his other puppet friends. Creator Bob Smith, who actually is not a ventriloquist, must stay out of camera's range when talking for his imaginary people. (M-F)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:00 P.M.</td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Kukla, Fran and Ollie</em></td>
<td>The young in heart and the young in years love this fanciful puppet world guided by puppeteer Burr Tillstrom, featuring Fran Allison. (M-F)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:30 P.M.</td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Moffack Showroom</em></td>
<td>Roberta Quinlan, whose TV career began in England, is the singing hostess. (M, W &amp; F)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:45 P.M.</td>
<td></td>
<td><em>News Caravan</em></td>
<td>Ace news reporter, John Cameron Swayze, whose earliest ambition was to be an actor, reports on the day's events with late newsreels. (M-F)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:00 P.M.</td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Lux TV Theatre</em></td>
<td>Unusual stories of romance and adventure cast with outstanding stars of Hollywood, Broadway.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:30 P.M.</td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Talent Scouts</em></td>
<td>Godfrey, who learned to play the uke from a Hawaiian shipmate at Naval School, gives accomplished newcomers a chance at TV stardom.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:00 P.M.</td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Horace Heidt</em></td>
<td>Horace, now on a two-month overseas tour of army outposts, presents his youth opportunity program.</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:30 P.M.</td>
<td></td>
<td><em>The Goldbergs</em></td>
<td>The universally popular Bronx family with writer Gertrude Berg in the role of Molly.</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:30 P.M.</td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Robert Montgomery Presents</em></td>
<td>The noted screen actor-director, who lives on upstate N. Y. farm, is host to star-cast plays. Bi-weekly: May 21 &amp; June 4. Alternating with—</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Somerset Maugham Theatre</strong> The distinguished British writer introduces adaptations of his own best stories: May 14 &amp; 28.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:00 P.M.</td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Studio One</em></td>
<td>Praiseworthy dramatic series directed by Worthington C. Miner, who has staged more than 27 successful plays and shows on Broadway.</td>
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</table>

### Tuesday

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Channel 4</th>
<th>Program</th>
<th>Description</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>7:30 P.M.</td>
<td></td>
<td><em>The Little Show</em></td>
<td>An intimate musical program with John Conte of Broadway and Hollywood as host. Features John's baritone and comment, plus the Jessie Brice Trio, John Conte has appeared in such hits as “Allegro” and “Carousel.” (T-Th)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:30 P.M.</td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Billah</em></td>
<td>Family comedy focused on housekeeper Billah, played by 50-year-old Ethel Waters, one of America's great actresses, with Butterfly McQueen, William Post, Jr., Ginger Jones, Percy Harris and Clifford Simmons as her friends and “family.”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:45 P.M.</td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Perry Como</em></td>
<td>The handsome star, assisted by the Fontane Sisters, sings romantic ballads. Perry, father of two, met his wife at a picnic when fourteen. (M, W &amp; F)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:00 P.M.</td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Texaco Star Theater</em></td>
<td>Sparkling and zany variety with TV's favorite comedian, Milton Berle. His &quot;mom&quot; who detected his talent at the age of five was once a store detective, launched him on amateur shows.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:00 P.M.</td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Vaughn Monroe</em></td>
<td>A brilliant revue with the baritone bandleader, whose Boston home features Vaughn's own basement workshop. Headlining: vocalist Shaye Cogan, dancer Kenny Davis, comics Ziggy Talent, Ada Lynne, all of whom have a wonderful time.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:00 P.M.</td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Caravale of Bands</em></td>
<td>Famed screen actor, Buddy Rogers, hosts to top bands and vocalists, plus first-rate variety comparable to shows at Broadway theatres.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:30 P.M.</td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Suspense</em></td>
<td>Drama of pure emotion designed to keep you on the edge of your seat. Produced by Elliot Lewis who explains this is a &quot;whodunit&quot; rather than a &quot;howdunit&quot;—a mystery of motives, that is.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:30 P.M.</td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Circle Theatre</em></td>
<td>Nelson Case, who gives piano lessons to his children when time permits, is host to star-cast plays plotted around everyday comedy and romance.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:30 P.M.</td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Life Begins At 80</em></td>
<td>Jack Barry, first known to radio listeners by way of Juvenile Jury, panel show of youngsters, reverses procedure and brings TV audiences an interesting discussion—and—comment show featuring a panel of oldsters—who are every bit as lively and as entertaining as the Juveniles.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:00 P.M.</td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Danger</em></td>
<td>Chiller-thrillers of near homicide, artfully produced by Charles Russell who learned about danger as radio's ace investigator Johnny Dollar.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
| 10:00 P.M. |          | *Original Amateur Hour*           | Talent and ambition are awarded due honors on this well-loved show emceed by Ted Mack who spent 14 years assisting the late Major Bowes.
7:30 P.M. Channel 7 Chance of a Lifetime
Sparkling audience participation-quiz with prizes worth up to $500 and the rhyming riddle worth up to $5,000. John Reed King heads the show assisted by Cindy Cameron, song-dance team Russ Arms and Liza Palmer and comedian Dick Collier.

8:00 P.M. Channel 2 Arthur Godfrey and His Friends
Freckled Arthur in a rousing production of music, dance and gags. His pals: Janette Davis, Haleloke, Tony Marvin, Marion Marlowe, Archie Bleyer, plus out-of-the-ordinary guests.

8:00 P.M. Channel 4 Four Star Revue
Gala, grand laugh riot. Comedians rotate: Jimmy "the Schnozz" Durante, May 16th; Danny "the wailer" Thomas, May 23rd; Ed "fire chief" Wynn, May 30th; Jack "wise-ace" Carson, June 6th.

9:00 P.M. Channel 4 Knit Theatre
Exciting, powerful dramas with excellent casts and top scripts. Some originals, some adapted from works of master playwrights of all times.

9:00 P.M. Channel 5 Famous Jury Trials
Different from the usual mystery drama, and in many ways more exciting, because these are real cases from dockets of today and yesterday, translated into spellbinding plays for television. All the color of the courtroom, along with background scenes to add to the reality of the trials.

9:00 P.M. Channel 7 Don McNeill TV Club
Variety deluxe and delightful. Don heads parade with Sam (Clowning) Cowling, Fran (Aunt Fanny) Allison, singers Patsy Lee and Johnny Desmond—all radio's Breakfast Club favorites.

9:30 P.M. Channel 2 The Web
Bang-up tales of mystery, intrigue and people caught in the web of fate. Adapted from stories created by members of Mystery Writers of America, organization of top-rank "whodunit" writers.

9:30 P.M. Channel 5 The Plainclothesman
This detective drama enables the viewer to enter right into the action via the use of the subjective camera. Thus the viewer himself can become the plainclothesman since the camera focuses as the eyes of the plainclothesman.

10:00 P.M. Channel 2 International Boxing Club
Russ Hodges gives blow-by-blow coverage of IBC cards arranged by matchmaker, Al Weil. From Chicago, Detroit, St. Louis and New York City, depending on where biggest fight is tonight. These are the famous "Blue Ribbon Bouts."

10:00 P.M. Channel 4 Break the Bank
Scintillating Bert Parks, Georgia's gift to TV, asks ten questions worth ten to $500 dollars with an extra chance to break the big cash bank. Bud Collyer is host with Peter Van Steeden's band.

10:15 P.M. Channel 7 Chicago Wrestling
One of the more exciting of the grunt and groan stanzas, featuring "big name" mat villains and heroes doing some very tidy suffering for fans. Announcing is handled by Wayne Griffin.

10:30 P.M. Channel 4 Stars Over Hollywood
Original, light dramas and comedies on film, produced in Hollywood and featuring young, promising screen personalities plus well-known actors.
**Friday**

8:00 P.M.  Channel 2  Mama
Warming entertainment series of a Norwegian family in America. In the title role, Peggy Wood, who is studying the Norwegian language for a trip to Oslo this summer. Judson Laire plays Papa; Iris Mann is Dagmar and Dickie Van Patten, is seen as Nels.

8:00 P.M.  Channel 4  Quiz Kids
Cordial Joe Kelly, quizmaster, asks clever questions of clever youngsters. Regular panel members: Joel Kupperman, age 14; Harvey Dyteh, age 7. More stunts, less straight question-and-answer work than on the old radio version.

8:30 P.M.  Channel 2  Man Against Crime
Fancy fees, fanciful women and murder are served to private eye, Mike Barnett, played by actor Ralph Bellamy, who is an honorary member of New York City police force.

8:30 P.M.  Channel 4  We, the People
Heart throbs, chuckles and amazement are yours as Dan Seymour, one-time Major Bowes' announcer, interviews little and big people in the news.

9:00 P.M.  Channel 2  Ford Theater
Absorbing, artistic drama, superbly cast, culling scripts from the best in the theater. Biweekly: May 18th & June 1st. Alternating with—

**Charlie Wild, Private Detective**
Kevin O'Morrison, as keen-minded Charlie, says his Christian name is Gaelic, meaning "great sea warrior." Biweekly: May 11th & 25th, June 8th.

9:00 P.M.  Channel 7  Pulitzer Prize Playhouse
Masterly TV productions from the works of Pulitzer winners. Producer Edgar Peterson made such famous Hollywood films as "The Spiral Staircase," brings the same masterly technique to these expertly written dramas.

9:30 P.M.  Channel 4  The Big Story

10:00 P.M.  Channel 4  Cavalcade of Sports
Jimmy Powers, a golf champ and yachtsman in his own right, announces the country's best boxing bouts staged by the International Boxing Club from Madison Square Garden.

10:00 P.M.  Channel 4  Cavalcade of Stars
Howls provoked by laughman Jackie Gleason, one time exhibition water diver, with guests, Don Russell and beautiful June Taylor dancers.

10:15 P.M.  Channel 4  Greatest Fights of the Century
Filmed recordings of outstanding boxing events: May 11th, Henry Armstrong vs. Cenferino Garcia; May 18th, Joe Louis vs. Tommy Farr; May 25th, Max Baer vs. Lou Nova; June 1st, TBA; June 8th, Max Baer vs. Tony Galento.

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**Saturday**

11:00 A.M.  Channel 7  Faith Baldwin's Theatre
The famed actress, whose facile pen has earned her a fortune, acts as narrator of romantic dramas, cast with well-known actors. May 12, 26 & June 9. Alternating with—

**Oh Kay!**
Kay Westfall, accomplished actress and emcee, is host in a Chicago-set apartment with entertainment featuring pianist David LeWinter, vocalist Jim Dimitri. Biweekly: May 19th & June 2nd.

12:00 Noon  Channel 2  Big Top

6:30 P.M.  Channel 2  Smilin' Ed McConnell
Songs, humor and tales of adventure for children with jolly Ed McConnell, veteran of 29 years in radio, vaudeville and the theater.

7:00 P.M.  Channel 2  Sam Levenson Show
The subject, "bringing up children," is hilarious the way comedian Sam tells it. He knows, having been the youngest of nine children.

7:00 P.M.  Channel 4  Victor Borge
The droll Dane, Victor Borge, equally acclaimed as pianist and comedian, presents guest stars as well as his own wonderful gifts of entertainment.

7:30 P.M.  Channel 2  One Man's Family
Visit with the wonderful Barbour family. Bert Lytell, star of such films as "Margin for Error," plays Father Barbour; Marjorie Gateson, often cast in film and stage mother roles, as Mother.

7:30 P.M.  Channel 7  Stu Erwin Show
Mirthful series of a school principal's family. Stu's own family play the leads.

8:00 P.M.  Channel 2  Ken Murray Show
Beauty and bellylaughs in the big variety. Jibing Ken with the five "Glamourlovelies," Darla Hood—girl of the week, dancers Loman and Field.

8:00 P.M.  Channel 4  Jack Carter Show
A bright, fast-paced revue headlining Jack Carter, Brooklyn-born comedian. Guest stars team up with dancer Bill Callahan, baritone Don Richards.

8:00 P.M.  Channel 7  TV Teen Club
The "grand old man of jazz" is mentor to exuberant youngsters bubbling with talent. Nancy Lewis, co-emcee; June Keegan and Sonny Graham, singers; Bobby Gregg, drummer and dancer.

9:00 P.M.  Channel 2  Frank Sinatra
A grand, gay hour with the very personable "Voice." Guest stars contribute to the fun aided by June Hutton (Betty's sister).

9:00 P.M.  Channel 4  Your Show of Shows
Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca light up the sky (and TV screen) in this first-rate variety show of all. Other favorites include Marguerite Piazza, Robert Merrill, Billy Williams' Quartet, Judy Johnson, Jack Russell and the Hamilton Trio.

10:00 P.M.  Channel 2  Sing It Again
Zestful clown, Jan Murray, heads the lively musical quiz with hints provided by Judy Lynn, Alan Dale and others. Name the mysterious Phantom Voice for up to $15,000 in cash and prizes.
PARTY TIME

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68) what I was thinking because she said, 'Well, you can sit on my half of the chair.' So I did and that's the picture you see. Bette's husband, Gary Merrill, was in the picture, too.

(4) Jean Hersholt — 'He's Dr. Christian, you know. Told me he had been in radio for fourteen years,' (5) Van Johnson — 'When he came in I said, 'There's my guy!' Everybody laughed but I really didn't mean it that way. I meant that I was real excited about seeing Van Johnson because I'd heard that he had big, green freckles. Now that may sound funny, but that's what I'd heard back in Wichita Falls. Of course, he doesn't have green freckles—his are red like anyone else who has freckles. But I was happy to see for myself.'

A week after the dinner, Mrs. Coxen returned to Carnation Family Time to offer proof to the audience that 'movie stars are people.' And emcee Jay Stewart, who had escorted Mrs. Coxen to the dinner, had some tales of his own to tell about Mrs. Coxen's adventure in movieland.

'The hotel was loaded with autograph hounds and when Judy arrived, they all said, 'Who's she? Who's she?' She was pretty enough to be a movie star.'

Carnation Family Party had given Mrs. Coxen the full Cinderella treatment.

'We took her to Lucille's,' explained Jay, 'Lucille's, exquisite taste never fails and she helped Judy choose a beautiful dress to wear.'

'It really was beautiful!' said Judy. 'Black nylon net and off the shoulder.'

'Not all of it,' quipped Jay, 'I mean it was strapless,' said Judy to the laughing audience.

'And the Westmore people, people groomed her to look even prettier than a movie star,' said Jay.

At the Beverly Hills Hotel, the first stars Judy met were Shelley Winters and Farley Granger.

'Shelly's really very nice,' said Judy. 'Then I met Loretta Young. She's simply out of this world. She kept talking to me just as if she knew me for always. She was real nice. Then there was Elizabeth Taylor, I was quite interested in her. She's very beautiful, I had a little chat with her.'

After the dinner—bread of chicken under glass and ice cream with strawberries were the items Judy remembered—she and Jay went up to the balcony to watch the awards ceremony.

'Ronald Reagan passed out all the awards,' explained Judy. 'MGM got one for 'Battleground.' And John Wayne for 'Sands of Iwo Jima.' When it was all over, we went out into the hallway to watch people. We saw Hedda Hopper, Louella Parsons, Mercedes McCambridge—just everybody!'

Mrs. Coxen expressed no doubt when Jay asked her if she thought she'd proved the question.

'I think movie stars are wonderful!' she said. 'Honestly, they're just like people that could be next-door neighbors. They treat you just that nice. And I want to say, Mr. Stewart, that I enjoyed helping you prove this one immensely!'
MY HUSBAND, KEN MURRAY

(Continued from page 57) look at him and think. This is not the man who, when a problem presents itself, solves it with a crisp executive 'This is it.' I think, This can't be the good business man who writes all the things he wants—everything his manager and lawyer don't think of—into his contracts; the man who has the last word on his CBS-TV Ken Murray Show. The man of so many talents.

KEN was born in New York City on July 14, 1903. His father, Joseph Doncourt, was a comedian in vaudeville; his mother a non-professional. When Ken was born his father was only twenty and not quite up to the responsibility of a family, so after his parents were divorced Ken was raised by his paternal grandparents on their farm near Kingston, New York.

It was all work for the little boy and not much, if any, play. He had to get up with the chickens in order to get to school—"by shooting or mare"—on time. After school there were the chores to be done. Feeding the chickens. Milking the cows. Ploughing. Planting. They had hardly any money at all and Ken, beyond the necessities ("Which happily for me," he often says, "included good wholesome food and the warmth and love which makes the poorest home rich") had nothing at all.

When Ken was fourteen his grandparent moved to Brooklyn. In Brooklyn, Ken sold newspapers, shoveled snow, tended furnaces. Later he sold phonographs in a big Brooklyn department store.

What with one thing and another his earnings totalled about fifteen dollars a week, and at the end of each week he'd take his money and go to New York, where he'd see one Broadway show after another.

There was more method than madness in these Saturday sprees of Ken's, for he had known, since he was in knee pants, that he was going to be a comedian. Ken got his first theatre job (a five-night date) in a little theatre in Brooklyn. On the second night the manager told him.

"You won't do," Ken wasn't discouraged. He knew this happens on the way up.

He was nineteen when he got his first firm foothold in the theatre. A vaudeville team named Morey, Senna and Dean was looking for a local theatre. At the eleventh hour Morey left the act. Young, on-the-lookout Doncourt got wind of this, audaciously applied for the vacated spot and got it with the provision that he change his name to Murray to keep the billing. The name stuck and Ken clicked.

After two years with his partners Ken decided he was ready to try a double act, so he teamed up with the alert Charlotte whom he married. Billed as "Ken Murray and Charlotte," they played the Keith-Albee circuit for a year. Soon after this, Ken and Charlotte were divorced and Ken went on by himself. By 1927 he had his own Ken Murray unit which was booked on the Orpheum circuit.

Ken is bookish someplace. Let the clippings fall where they may. Probably the only record he'll have of his colorful and crowded career is the commentary film he's making for his two young sons. Cort, aged seven, and Ken-

neth Junior, eight, the children of Ken's second marriage, to Cletus Caldwell. Ken loves movies, especially old movies. So he's making a history of them. Ken will beg, borrow or steal to get these old films. He even pays the price.

Ken likes nice things partly because, no doubt, he had so few of them in his childhood. He loves a Cadillac—has one of those great big seven-passenger Cadillacs (vintage '46). This he laughs off, saying, "It pays for itself—we rent it out for weddings and funerals!"

Knocking out walls, remodeling old house is yet another of Ken's favorite pastimes. A year before we were married he bought an old house on Hollywood Boulevard which is now, thanks to Ken's vision and hardiwork, all modern. At present we live nine months in an apartment on Central Park South in New York.

When I first met Ken in November of 1918, he was in a Big News cast. If I should attempt to put down all the things he'd done since he changed his name to Murray I'd have writer's and you'd have reader's cramp. So let's just give a colossal career the capsule treatment:

In 1928, just four years after he started in show business, Ken was playing the lead in "Palace," a vaudeville piece. In the next three years he returned to the Palace as a headliner eleven times. He was the Palace's first emcee, too.

In 1929 he made his first picture. RKO's "Half Marriage," with the late Olive Borden and in 1929 he co-starred with Irene Dunne in Miss Dunne's first picture, "Leathernecking." He made his radio debut in 1933 on a Rudy Vallee show. He starred in two Earl Carroll revues, "Vainities" and "Sketchbook." While in "Sketchbook," he took a real flyer in radio as star of CBS' Laugh with Ken Murray. Meanwhile he continued to go out playing theatre dates, and it was at Loew's State on Broadway that he got his big idea. Why not whip several acts together in a revue format—one without book or story-line?

KEN was in luck. Back in Hollywood Sid Grauman agreed with his idea. And on June 24, 1942, Ken Murray's famous "Blackouts" was premiered in Grauman's famed and fabulous Chinese Theatre on Hollywood Boulevard. The fame of the "Blackouts" slow starting, some starting, some never started. But by Summer of 1949 only Ken and his leading lady, Marie Wilson, remained of the original cast.

I, Elizabeth Walters, was only a little name when I met Ken. I'd done radio work in Hollywood, playing ingenue and lots-o-tos roles. Helen Mack, the producer of A Date With Judy, knew Ken was looking for a girl for a dramatic sketch, The Valiant, on "Blackouts" and suggested me.

I'd seen Ken often in the movies, on the stage, but never face to face. He fascinated me, I must admit, but as a showman. He'd disappear, stay away three weeks with his friends and come back and finish the sentence just where he'd broken it off.

Eventually he sat still long enough for me to read for him. When I'd finished he said, "Say, Pardner," (Ken calls everyone Pardner) "I think that's all right."

Soon after we started working together Ken began to kid me, saying, "Every time you get me down, I'll give you a kiss!" Then at the end of every performance he'd tell me, "You were just swell!" whereupon he'd give me my rewarding kiss.

One night just before he went on, he whispered to me, as I stood in the wings watching. "We're all going to the Bilboard later. Don't you want to come along?" I said I'd phone my mother (I was only eighteen at the time) and ask permission. When he came off-stage the next time I told him I could go. The next thing you know he's on stage singing "I Have A Date With An Angel," which didn't belong in the sketch at all.

KEN never asks me, formally, to marry him. It was just kind of an understanding that we wanted to be together. I don't know that I can analyze exactly why I fell in love with Ken. We had a lot of fun together. I liked his sense of humor. And he's awfully sweet, a really sweet man. Too, I'm the kind that likes, not the fatherly type but the protective type, the type who knows his own mind, which Ken does. Now, I'm the thing of "I don't know what to do" with Kenneth Abner.

After our quiet marriage, which I've described, we honeymooned at the Racquet Club in Palm Springs. Two days after we arrived there was an earthquake that all but swallowed the desert. It wasn't funny except for a telephone got from his cast which said, "Gee, Ken, we know you love the girl—but take it easy!"

After we were married I did less work, radio and otherwise, than before. Not that Ken asked me to give up my career. He wouldn't. Every now and again I'm on his TV show and any radio or television work that I do I enjoy doing—but if you have a husband who's successful you enjoy watching his work and also you have quite a bit of homework to do.

His clothes, for instance, Ken is not too sharp about his clothes. But finicky. He loves soft fabrics. Likes silk shirts. Will not wear wool. Wears the clip bow ties (he's into clover and rubber-soled shoes. I buy them and dye them so they won't look quite so awful. He gets a run on one suit, too, wears it forever, then says "Honey, will you send this suit to the cleaner's today—but just when can I have it back?"

There are only two things about Ken that really drive me crazy—the way I told you that he acts about his clothes and the fact that he just won't go to bed at night. Never before thirty-thirty. Wakes up at six in the morning. Then he gets up, starts to talk the next day and night through. He gets a new idea, he tells me he can meet the world another thing. The thing he's doing at the moment, that's all he talks about. He'll talk to me. Or to our guest. Or he'll get on the telephone on Sundays and just talk and talk about what happened on the Saturday night show. When I kid him about his talkie marathons he says, "Look, honey, some husbands go out and gamble and drink. I just like to talk."

At this, I say no more. Just liking to talk is a very minor fault and Ken, great showman and sweetest husband any girl ever had or will ever have, hasn't any other.
Stores carrying the Cotton Club sundress and bolero: page 52.

Baltimore, Md. .......... O'Neill's
Cleveland, Ohio .......... Sterling-Lindner-Davis
Dallas, Texas .......... Titch-Gaertinger
Greensburg, Pa. .......... Trautman's
Minneapolis, Minn. .......... Danoldson's
Muskegon, Mich. .......... Hordy-Herpolshheimer's
San Antonio .......... Jake's of Texas
Seattle, Northgate, Everett, Wash. .......... The Bon Marché
St. Paul, Minn. .......... The Golden Rule
St. Petersburg, Fla. .......... Maas Brothers
Tampa, Fla. .......... Maas Brothers

Stores carrying the Tailortown striped duster dress: page 53.

Cleveland, Ohio .......... Sterling-Lindner-Davis
Greensboro, N. C. .......... Meyer's
New York City .......... Gertz, Jamaica
Paterson, N. J. .......... Quuckenbush's
Pattsville, Pa. .......... Pomeroy's
Seattle, Northgate, Everett, Wash. .......... The Bon Marché
Syracuse, N. Y. .......... Dey Brothers
Tampa, Fla. .......... Maas Brothers
Wilkes-Barre, Pa. .......... Pomeroy's

For further information write direct to: Allied, 401 Fifth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

The gags of Paramount star Bob Hope now appearing in "The Lemon Drop Kid" go over big with Patty Anne O'Connor, Sondra Ann Holmes, Ricardo Gargo and Helen Brooks, all of Los Angeles, who suffer from Cerebral Palsy.
Bob, National Life Chairman of United Cerebral Palsy's $5,000,000 fund-raising campaign, asks that you give generously during May to give these children a chance to overcome their handicap. He points out that every 53 minutes—10,000 times a year—a child is born in this country with Cerebral Palsy, and it strikes without regard for race, economic status or environment. So contribute locally or send your donation directly to United Cerebral Palsy, 50 West 57 Street, New York 19, New York.
(Continued from page 39) exhausting. Read a Cancer horoscope and you have the analysis of your Uncle Miltie."

Milto made himself an uncle. He says, "It just happens."

Strangers are forever cosying up to Milton on the street, asking questions, bestow- ing confidences, behaving quite as if they and he were lifelong friends, which they feel (Add reason why Milton is king) that they are.

One day in the thick of Times Square traffic a woman stepped up to Milton, asked him would he please, at the end of his TV show the next night, tell the children in his audience that the fun was over and now they must go to sleep?

"So one Tuesday night, a few weeks later, we ran under time," said Milton, "that is, we had three minutes left to go on the show with nothing to go on with. Remembering this woman and her request that I ask the kids to go to sleep immediately after my show, I ad libbed, 'Look, kiddies, there isn't any TV after 9 o'clock so your uncle Miltie wants you to go right to sleep.' The next day, on the street, it was, 'Hello, Uncle Miltie! Hiya, Uncle Miltie!—and I'm an uncle!'

He has written one hundred and twenty-five songs—among them, "I'm So Happy I Could Cry," "I'll Abner," "You Took Me Out of This World," "I'd Give a Million," "Save Me a Dream," "Give Her My Love," "Lucky Me."

When you ask Milton "What is your favorite song?" he japes, "Mine, all mine—not any song I write!"

There's a joke in the tip of his tongue, a crack (usually at his own expense) every time he opens his mouth. Of his schooldays, at P.S. 20 and P.S. 184 in Harlem, New York he'll reminisce, "I was the teacher's pet—she couldn't afford a dog."

Of his early days in vaudeville, "I once did a two hour act. One hour to see it and one hour to regret it."

At the ad lib Milton is past, present and—we dare say, future past master. His book, Out of My Trunk, written and illustrated during World War II, is the hilarous story of Miltie's encounter with a talking elephant, "a former Master of Ceremonies." The book is dedicated "To my Mother, Who Never Started the Applause—She Just Kept It From Dying Down."


His songs, most of them, are nostalgic and when asked, "What is the most important thing in life to you," he said, "My child. Especially my child to me." To which he added, quoting, "If the day is done, and the child smiles..."

Milton's leisure time is spent with his Vicki, aged six. He says, "I take my baby riding in the car. We go through Central Park, visit the Zoo. Or I sit there on a bench while she plays. Feeling like Bernard Baruch."

For weeks after Vicki made her first appearance on any stage on her Daddy's Texaco Show, Daddy's first question to one and all, pal or passerby was "See Vicki on the show with me?"

Then, without waiting for an answer, he'd say proudly, "No rehearsal, mind you. I just taught her a few lines and she went on, cold. While she was on I was so nervous, I must admit, that I just stood there praying 'Oh, God, don't let her forget her lines.' She didn't forget them, not one. After it was over I told her, 'You're a regular Berle—hammering it up.'"

There is some ham in him, Miltie admits. "There has to be some ham in me or the enthusiasm wouldn't be there. But there was said to be ham in the late great John Barrymore which means that ham is not the word for it, but confidence," said Miltie (coining a new definition for old) "confidence in yourself."

With what is left of Milton's leisure time (you could put it on the head of a pin) he goes to the fights, plays billiards. "I don't play cards. I don't drink, never did. Don't like the taste of it. Occasionally I go to the races. Love sports. Play golf. Some tennis. My one big extravagance is my cigarettes—which cost me about eighty cents apiece—I like to give them away."

Miltie's "pet hate" is "lit cigarettes. People not putting out their cigarettes right." He's "queer for chocolate." Put a ten-tier chocolate pastry in front of Uncle Miltie and he doesn't need to be the magician he is (uh-huh, that, too) to make it "Now you see it, now you don't."

Milton still lives in the ten-room terrace apartment in mid-Manhattan which was his home before he and his wife, Joyce Mattheus were divorced. Of Joyce, Milton said only, "Contrary to reports in the columns, Joyce and I are not getting married again. I am not getting married again, period."

Now, a cook, housekeeper, maid and chauffeur-valet "do" for Miltie. He likes, so he says, to eat at home. "I eat alone a lot." He also eats out a lot. He goes to bed very late. "I don't want to go to bed and I don't want to get up." He mourns that he can't have a peaceful breakfast "due to the telephone always ringing." His housekeeper could take the calls for him. But doesn't. Uncle Miltie says "No." There is nothing more protective between Miltie and his public than a piece of tissue paper.

There is none of the "Oh, if only I had my life to live over again," lament in Milton. But he does say of himself "I am not temperamentally, happy and gay. I think the sweet and tears thread which I have passed have made me not as happy as I appear to be, theatrically."

For Milton Berle, born Milton Blomringer, who made his bow to the public when he was so high and has been taking the bows (and the inevitable brusies) ever since, there has been on the long climb up the sweat and the tears."

"I was only five," he reminisced, "when, in a neighborhood movie theater I did an imitation of Charlie Chaplin, so you can imagine," he made a clown's face, "how I looked with a mustache!"

Even as Milton tells you about the long climb up he dilutes the "sweat and tears" with the gags and the laughs. Noblesse oblige, perhaps, as a first king?

"I was born in a Harlem tenement, one of five children—four of which I am the youngest and then, the baby of the family, my sister Rosalind who now, by the way, designs the costumes for my show. My father, not a well man, was unable to work steadily and as there had to be some means of revenue more mother, a store detective at, as I recall it, Gimbel's, Wanaamakers, Saks, worked all the time. Between living in a tenement house in Harlem with five kids to care for and holding down a job that was nerve as well as tough, she should have died of it. She didn't. Not my mother."

"Some forget, when they grow up, what their mothers did for them and were to them. I don't forget. I remember pretty good when she was crying and not crying. All the sacrifices she made for me, all the things she went without so that I wouldn't. I don't think there is ever enough you can do for your mother, Ever."

In show business Milton Berle's devotion to his mother is as well known as, say, Whistler's Portrait of His Mother is known in the art world. And as respected. Both are, it may be said, Works of Heart.

Milton was still knee high when it became obvious that there had to be more revenue coming into the Berlinger till than the then two-dollars-a-day salary of a store detective provided.

From the time he could babble Milton's precocious sense of humor could make the sorest puss break up, laughing. His imitations, even as a mopett, were inimitable. The imitation he did of Chaplin, which was in an amateur contest for the best imitation of him, won, Sunday nights, first prize. This demonstration of what Miltie could do, given a stage to do it on, led him to the old Vitagraph Studios, where he played the brat in comedies with Flora Finch.

By this time it became apparent to his mother that there was gold in that thar

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**Have you seen**

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80
Miltie and so to the Professional Children’s School Miltie (not without sacrifices at home) was sent. Here his natural talents were fostered and flourished until he graduated with classmates Ruby Keeler, Gene Raymond, Kenny Delmar and others who, like himself, were starborne.

“When I graduated, I got a black sheepskin,” quips Miltie. “When I grabbed it, it went ‘Baaa!’ I then went into vaudeville. I had to do something. I was too nervous to steal.”

Of the vaudeville days, months, years that followed, Milton says, “Mother traveled in troupes with me and there was not one dump or rat-hole we didn’t play. All the trials and tribulations of that time she shared with me, sacrificing herself for the furtherance of my career.”

But by the time he was sixteen Milton’s style, the like of which had never before been seen or heard, his rubber face, his trip-hammer delivery of gags laid down the red carpet for him at the Palace Theater in New York. “Opening night I was so nervous and bit my nails so much, my stomach needed a manicure.”

Teen-ager Berle, however (with his mother fondly watching from the wings) took Broadway, to coin a phrase, by storm. The town’s youngest emcee set a new Palace house record which has never, it is said, been surpassed.

“This has been challenged,” sighs Miltie, “by several comedians who claim that I packed the house with my two-headed relatives.”

An established entertainer now, Milton spent the next years barnstorming, playing the night-clubs and theaters—he entertained in every important night-club and theater in the USA—from coast to coast. He was a featured comedian with Earl Carroll’s “Vanities.” He headlined in such Broadway hits as “Ziegfeld Follies,” “Life Begins at 8:40,” “See My Lawyer.” His nation-wide radio programs included “Ziegfeld Follies of the Air,” “Let Yourself Go,” and “Stop Me If You’ve Heard This One.”

Of his first picture, “Radio City Revels,” Miltie gags. “Instead of releasing the picture, RKO should have held the picture and released the actors.”

Brother Berle did, in short, what all the happy hunting ground headliners do only, being Miltie, he did more of it, did it with the verve and vitality, the “plus” which has made him—here we go again—the King.

One of the more endearing things about Milton, his humor, if you’ll notice, is kindly, invariably kindly. Walter Winchell, he said, once advised him, “If you pick on anyone, let it be someone of your own calibre—only lightweights pick on heavyweights.” Miltie takes advice. He isn’t which is attractive, a Know-It-All.

But from Hollywood and elsewhere your Uncle Miltie always returned, a homing pigeon, to his first loves—the stage and Broadway.

“I’m crazy about the theater,” says he. “I’ve always had it in my veins—I sometimes wish I had b’ood.”

And now his trio-in-televison Texaco Show, now television which is for Berle the natural bourn. And what a natural Uncle Miltie is in his bourn his spon-sors-in-video and we, his nieces and nephews, know to our every Tuesday night, slightly delirious delight.

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"THE BABE" HIMSELF... a perspiring player, but who cares? Just shake on refreshing, superfine Mennen Baby Powder—softest ever for baby’s skin. Flower-scented...and fun! because there’s a Built-in Rattle...entertaining Mother Goose pictures on container.

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by Elsa Maxwell

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talking to a new-made friend, Jack got his big break when another man approached and spoke to his companion. The man was George Allen, in charge of announcers for CBS in Hollywood. As soon as he was introduced, Jack made a pitch for a job and was told to audition next day.

Radio listeners in the Hollywood area warmed at once to Jack, and sponsors began asking for him for their programs.

In 1947, Jack was asked to substitute for Art Linkletter during a week of the latter's vacation from House Party. Two days after he started the job he got a telephone call from John Reddy, asking him to fill in for one day on the Bride and Groom. Going to Reddy's office to set the deal, he found that Reddy and Nelson were partners of John Masterson—the man whose picture in a magazine had brought him to Hollywood!

Dreams do come true. Last June the "Three Johns" summoned Jack to their office in Hollywood and laid before him a contract calling for him to star as master of ceremonies on a new program, Live Like a Millionaire.

Much of the spontaneity which marks Jack's interviews with the boys and girls on the program is due to the fact that these talks are never rehearsed. Time before the program is spent playing with the children and just getting acquainted.

On a recent broadcast, Jack had a commercial which called for him to bring onstage a woman from the audience and tell her of the merits of his sponsor's product.

When the commercial was over, Jack turned to her and asked, "By the way, ma'am, where are you from?"

"Akron, Ohio."

"And what's your name?"

"My name," replied the woman, "is Gladys McCoy."

"That's strange," commented Jack. "I've got a mother in Akron named Gladys McCoy." Thus did Jack introduce his mother to several million radio listeners.

Jack's affection for his widowed mother is real and heart-warming. He'd much rather talk about her and her success in operating her Akron beauty shop than about his own achievements. He'd like to have her sell her business and "live like a millionaire" on his more-than-adequate earnings, but Mrs. McCoy won't do it.

"My goodness," she says, "I was never cut out to live like rich people and society folks. I'm just a plain Middlewestern woman, and being surrounded by maids and fancy furnishings would drive me crazy."

Jack feels the same way. Despite his success, he lives comfortably but modestly. His home in California is a three-room apartment in the Hollywood Hills, its only extraordinary feature a breath-taking panoramic view of the city. In New York, Jack lives in a midtown hotel.

Unfortunately, New York weather hardly lends itself to outdoor tennis much of the year, and Jack misses the sun-flooded courts in California. One other thing Jack does miss, though—the West Hollywood Baptist Church, where he sang in the choir. But that's all right; he's found a small Baptist church in New York that can use another baritone who doesn't have to sing good, just so his heart is in the hymns.

---

ACCENT YOUR EYES—YOUR MOST IMPORTANT FEATURE

WITH Maybelline

EYE SHADOW • EYEBROW PENCIL • MASCARA

Brilliant new fragrance idea!

- lasts longer than toilet water
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TOILET ESSENCE in Toasted or Repartee

2.50 PLUS TAX
2 FULL OUNCES
**ask**

**any**

**Tampax user**

**What SHE thinks**

Woman to woman—that's the way to get the plain facts about monthly sanitary protection. . . First she will tell you about the small size and daintiness of Tampax, which is worn internally without belts, pins, external pads. Second, the absence of odor and chafing, the invisibility under clothing—no bulges or ridges under sheer gowns or snug swim suits.

She will undoubtedly mention the slim one-time-use applicator—no need to touch the Tampax with your hands. You cannot feel it when in place and you can even wear it in tub or shower. . . . Tampax is made of surgical absorbent cotton. Highly compressed. Easily disposable.

Tampax is sold at drug or notion counters in 3 absorbency-sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. Month's average supply goes into purse. Economy box lasts 4 months. Tampax was invented by a doctor for either married or single women. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

**AUNT JENNY** How much does a child owe its parents? Aunt Jenny dealt with this problem recently in telling the story of Ann Mellen, whose self-indulgent father, a drunkard, almost succeeds in ruining her life. Although Ann was always afraid to get seriously interested in any man, she falls in love with John Locke, and dares to look forward to a life of her own. But her father has other intentions, and brings the whole situation to a startling climax.

M-F, 12:15 P.M. EDT, CBS.

**BACKSTAGE WIFE** By the time Mary Noble is released from the hospital, rejoicing in the knowledge that she will bear no scars from Claudia Vincent's attack, the situation between her and her husband Larry is strained. Larry, working in Hollywood, gets information which implies that Mary is planning a divorce. This letter is the work of millionaire Rupert Barlow, who, despite no encouragement from Mary, still believes he can part her from Larry.

M-F, 4 P.M. EDT, NBC.

**BIG SISTER** Even after the emotions that Parker had stirred up finally exploded in violence when Neddie attacked him, Ruth realizes the sinister millionaire has still not relinquished his hold on their lives. Pretending to be immobilized, Parker has a better opportunity than ever to keep watch on those in Glen Falls in whom he has such an unwholesome interest. Will Ruth be able to save her own marriage from Parker's subtle malevolence?

M-F, 1 P.M. EDT, CBS.

**BRIGHTER DAY** It was largely due to the unhappiness of his daughter Liz that Reverend Richard Dennis left Three Rivers to accept a larger parish in Plymouth. Has Liz been able to get over her ruined love affair with Hollywood producer Nathan Eldredge? Nobody knows the truth except Manny Scott, one of Nathan's best friends. It was when Manny told Liz he loved her that he realized how undying her feeling for Nathan is.

M-F, 2:45 P.M. EDT, CBS.

**FRONT PAGE FARRELL** "The Society Bandit Murder Case" comes to the attention of newspaperman David Farrell when a Wall Street operator phones him to say he is afraid for his life. Farrell later discovers the man's body, and learns he had received a threatening letter from a society thief just released from prison. Naturally the thief becomes the chief suspect, but the story reaches a surprising climax when he visits David's home.

M-F, 5:45 P.M. EDT, NBC.

**GUIDING LIGHT** Not many women have to suffer the grueling series of events that led Meta Bauer White from an illegitimate child to a loveless marriage and finally to the violent climax which ended when she stood trial for her husband's murder. Is there any real future for Meta? Will reporter Joe Roberts be able to help her build a normal life? How much is Meta to blame for what has happened to the marriage of her brother Bill?

M-F, 1:45 P.M. EDT, CBS.

**HILLTOP HOUSE** Julie Paterno, supervisor of the orphanage Hilltop House, thought she had settled a major conflict in her life when she finally admitted she loved Dr. Jeff Browning. Since Jeff also loved her, Julie thought that the future presented a relatively uncomplicated picture. But that was before Julie's young cousin Nina came to Hilltop to help out after the new little baby was left there. Just what are Nina's real motives?

M-F, 3 P.M. EDT, CBS.

**JUST PLAIN BILL** Bill Davidson, barber of Hartville, is in the middle of a frightening problem when Paul Hewitt is killed by poisoning. Hewitt's relationship to the Kanes makes them the chief suspects in the crime—for Mona Kane is known to have sworn to kill Paul if he did not go through with plans to marry her, and her father Basil had sworn to kill Paul if he did marry Mona. Bill becomes involved in solving Paul's murder.

M-F, 5:30 P.M. EDT, NBC.
LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL Barry Markham finally turns on his mother-in-law when she intensifies her demands that, in order to get more money for her and her daughter, he dispose of the Book Shop property. Knowing that the Book Shop means security to Papa David and Chichi, Barry is willing to do almost anything else to build up his shattered fortune. Will Chichi's friendship with wealthy Victoria Vandenbush help avert the crisis?
M-F, 3:30 P.M. EDT, NBC.

LORENZO JONES Irma, wife of Lorenzo's boss Jim Barker, goes home to her mother when Lorenzo and his camera indicate that Jim has been having talks with a beautiful girl named Teresa and also may be involved in a plot to rob the local bank. And Roy Wentworth, a teller at the bank, has shown great interest in Lorenzo's pictures too. Lorenzo's wife Belle can't help being nervous about her husband's detecting.
M-F, 4:30 P.M. EDT, NBC.

MA PERKINS Everybody knew Ma's daughter Fay was in love before she admitted it. But finally Fay did agree to marry Spencer Grayson. Wealthy, successful, brilliant, handsome—Spencer is everything a girl could want, and Fay knows it. Could there be a better father for her little Paulette, who has grown up without one since the death of Fay's first husband years ago? Then why is it that Tom Wells retains a place in Fay's mind?
M-F, 1:15 P.M. EDT, CBS.

OUR GAL SUNDAY In an effort to prevent the marriage of Lois Chandler to Dr. Norman Forrest, Rodney Warren uncovers Norman's previous marriage. Horrified, Sunday talks to the ex-Mrs. Forrest, and learns that for once Rodney has told the truth, though she knows his motive is to get hold of Lois Chandler's money. Sunday is confused when Norman comes to her with his dilemma. Should he go back to the mother of his child?
M-F, 12:45 P.M. EDT, CBS.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY While the Youns try to adjust to the possibility that he may be dead, Sam Young is actually being held by Icy Willie and Mouse. He finds an unexpected ally in Sadie Mercer. Meanwhile Edie Hoyt, though overjoyed by Andy's regained health, faces a new problem as her little daughter rejects her, evidently feeling neglected as a result of Edie's preoccupation with her husband's illness.
M-F, 3:30 P.M. EDT, NBC.

PERRY MASON Walter Bodt's ingenious plot to defeat the case against him falls apart when Perry Mason, suspecting that Bodt has succeeded in replacing Helen Henderson with an imposter, succeeds in a last-minute effort to rescue the real Helen from murder at the hands of Bodt's henchmen. Even Perry is somewhat surprised when his case against Bodt reveals how powerful a hold the arch-criminal has on the life of the city.
M-F, 2:15 P.M. EDT, CBS.

PORTIA FACES LIFE Over Walter's objections, Portia resumed her career as a lawyer, promising to go on a vacation trip with him as soon as they both can arrange it. But on the very eve of their departure for a Caribbean cruise Portia was detained—by a development so startling that neither she nor anyone that knew her could credit it. Could Portia be proved guilty of an attempt to circumvent justice?
M-F, 2:15 P.M. EDT, CBS.

RIGHT TO HAPPINESS Though Skippy has been returned to Carolyn's custody, the sinister influence on her life of lawyer Arnold Kirk is not completely exhausted. One of Kirk's henchmen shoots and critically wounds Miles Nelson. Under the care of Dr. Dick Campbell, Carolyn's good friend, Miles does improve, and insists on resuming his duties as governor. Carolyn tries to help Miles by acting as his confidential assistant.
M-F, 3:45 P.M. EDT, NBC.

ROAD OF LIFE Though he is deeply involved in his work at the Institute, Dr. Jim Brent cannot avoid realizing that he is leading a lonely social life. His foster-son and daughter-in-law, Butch and Francie Brent, are aware of this and have wondered just what Jocelyn McLeod is going to mean in Jim's life. Worried about his growing interest in Joyce, Jim finds Sybil Overton useful in creating a diversion of interest.
M-F, 3:15 P.M. EDT, NBC.

The answer from telephone operators: *83% OF THEM SAID...

"CAVALIERS are Milder THAN THE CIGARETTE I HAD BEEN SMOKING!"

* Over 150 New York telephone operators compared CAVALIER CIGARETTES with the brands they had been smoking—compared them for mildness.

83% of these operators—just think of it, 83% of the smokers interviewed—said CAVALIERS are Milder than their previous brand! They had been smoking a dozen different brands!

In groups of all kinds—college students, nurses, models, airline hostesses, pilots and so on—80% or more of smokers interviewed said Cavaliers are milder than the brand they had been smoking. Enjoy king-size CAVALIERS—for mildness and natural flavor. Priced no higher than other leading brands!

KING SIZE Cavalier CIGARETTES

E. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

EXTREMELY MILD
85
Daytime
diary
Your guide to
good listening on
the daytime drama
circuit—plot,
character, time,
station information

ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT Jeff Brady's motion picture company is almost finished with its on-location work in Marble Hill, Ga., and the mystery surrounding Gil Whitney's alleged marriage to Betty Mallory is still unsettled. Since Gil has returned to Hollywood with Cynthia Swanson and is rumored to be engaged to her, Helen Trent resolutely remains unimpressed when she is told that Gil's signature in the marriage records is a forgery.
M-F, 12:30 P.M. EDT, CBS.

ROSEMARY Life in Springfield isn't proving as peaceful as Rosemary Roberts hoped when she returned there with Bill recently. Through his job on the paper, Bill begins crusading against the powerful Mr. Duffy, only to discover that Duffy's interests are widespread enough to lose Bill his job. Restless, Bill speaks of going back to New York, which frightens Rosemary, who had nothing but trouble there. Will she turn to Dr. Greer for advice?
M-F, 11:45 A.M. EDT, CBS.

SECOND MRS. BURTON Largely through Terry's insistence, the proof of Rupert Gorham's villainy completely emerged in time to keep him from making the attempt he planned on Mother Burton's life. Despite this, Terry and her mother-in-law have still not reached a mutual understanding. Though Terry tries to spare Stan from this problem, she is glad when she's able to resume the work she gave up when she married him.
M-F, 2 P.M. EDT, CBS.

STELLA DALLAS When Oliver Faxon, Myron Grosvenor's secretary, is murdered, suspicion falls on all those connected with him, including Laurel Grosvenor, Stella Dallas' daughter. Stella realizes that Leona, Myron's fiancee, is working to pin the blame for the murder on her sister, Rosalie, knowing Myron loves Rosalie though he feels honor-bound to continue his engagement. What can Stella do to protect her daughter and son-in-law?
M-F, 4:15 P.M. EDT, NBC.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE Peg Martinson's hatred of Nora Drake is leading her into trouble for herself which she doesn't suspect. Using her chauffeur, Spencer, as an assistant in working out a plot against Nora, Peg places herself dangerously in Spencer's unscrupulous hands. Will she consider herself repaid for any amount of difficulty if she can succeed in ruining Nora and preventing the marriage between Nora and Dr. Robert Sargent?
M-F, 2:30 P.M. EDT, CBS.

WENDY WARREN Wendy's friend, Mark Douglas, was imprisoned in a foreign country while working on a secret assignment from the U. S. government. Anton Kamp, who, as Wendy knows, has many contacts all over the world, discovers what has happened to Mark and manages to get a disguised message to Wendy. Wendy realizes that Mark is involved in something big. She herself flies to Europe in an effort to be of use to him.
M-F, 12 Noon EDT, CBS.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES When Harry becomes successful the relationship between him and Joan's mother undergoes a change. She now approves of her son-in-law and endeavors to persuade him that he ought to live more luxuriously. When Harry decides to buy the big Norris house, Joan feels it would be a mistake, but under pressure her influence Harry now suspects that it is Joan who has always held him back.
M-F, 5 P.M. EDT, NBC.

YOUNG DR. MALONE Anne Malone goes back to New York to her sick husband. Though Jerry is at first grateful, he still fears 2 will ruin Anne's life. He disappears from the hospital, and Anne returns to Three Oaks uncertain what she will do about herself, Jerry and Sam Williams, who loves her. Meanwhile, Jerry takes refuge with the Brownes, thus giving Mary Browne new hope that one day he will understand that she loves him.
M-F, 1:30 P.M. EDT, CBS.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN Dr. Anthony Loring is being indicted for the murder of wealthy Horace Steele on the evidence that there was something between Ellen Brown and the dead man, but Jacqueline Horning's daughter, who might contradict this evidence, hesitates to testify because she might appear disloyal to her father's memory. Hoping to sway public opinion, Ellen has Anthony interviewed by Tina Fitzgerald.
M-F, 4:45 P.M. EDT, NBC.

Don't Fail to Enjoy the EXTRA
Advantages of This Greaseless Suppository.
It Assures Continuous Germicidal
and Deodorizing Action for Hours!
If you are doubtful what to use for
intimate feminine cleanliness and
have long desired a higher type method — you'll find Zonitors a real
blessing. They offer such a dainty,
easier and less embarrassing method — yet one of the most effective!
Zonitors are snow-white, greaseless,
stainless suppositories which
possess the same powerful germici-
dal and deodorizing type of action
as world-famous Zonrite.
So convenient if you're away from
home or traveling. No extra equip-
ment is required. Each Zonitor
comes in a separate glass vial — so
easy to slip in your purse.

What Zonitors Do
When inserted, a Zonitor releases
the same powerful type of germ-
killing and deodorizing properties
of Zonrite and continues to do so for
hours. So powerfully effective yet
safe to delicate tissues! Zonitors are
positively non-poisonous, non-irri-
tating, non-caustic.
Zonitors actually destroy any offe-
nsive odor. They help guard against
infection. Zonitors kill every germ
they touch. While it's not always possible to contact all the germs in
the tract, you can depend on Zoni-
tors to immediately kill every
reaching germ and stop them from
multiplying. Any drugstore.
WHY WORRY, SEE MURRAY

(Continued from page 59) boys know his pace and are ready for him. Stagehands have had a nutritious breakfast, their sleeves are rolled; the twenty-four-piece orchestra is tuned, puffed, and pucked; the costume mistress has a mouthful of new pins; engineers are in a crouched start; four secretaries have their sharpest pencils poised. Everyone knows that during the next eight hours before air time every detail—every word, wiggle, prop and polka dot—will pass in review before one of the keenest perfectionists in the business. That’s the way Ken does the show—there’s just one boss. And that’s the way the cast likes it. Watching Murray weave his twenty-five years of stage savvy into a television format brings back memories of the one-night stands, the five-a-day, the Palace, mecca of showdom where he was featured as a headliner eleven times as their first emcee.

One ingredient of the Murray formula is immediately apparent as he enters the theatre Saturday noon. All of his co-workers, or “podnuhs” as he calls them, are top-notch technicians, staff talent. Red-headed Herb Sussan who waves a greeting from the director’s chair in the glassed control booth is a Hollywood-trained camera wizard, the director selected by the War Department for the all-important Atom Bomb films—which he recalls with a grin as “pretty fair training for one of the milder Murray shows.”

Music is the heart of any variety show, and Murray has a winner in veteran composer-conductor David Brockman. Ken checks by the podium to inquire facetiously about the “Noise Department” and the affable Dutchman assures him the boys are prepared to “play softly and laugh loudly.” It’s standard routine between these old friends, and Ken passes on muttering “Twenty-four musicians and just my luck, every one an Arthur Godfrey loser.”

A variety show without pretty girls is, to quote the classics, like a hug without a kiss. But Murray would never miss in this department. He called in two hundred and fifty knockouts, and from them selected the five celebrated Glamorlovelies, a cause for much male rejoicing wherever the coaxial cable wanders. For the show we’re watching rehearse, the girls are garbed as famous lovely ladies in history. Barbara Dobbins, Esquire Calendar Girl for 1951, is dressed as Cleopatra. Ruth Thomas, chosen by 20th Century-Fox as New York’s Most Beautiful Blonde, plays Josephine. Jean Marshall, Hollywood’s sultry redhead, portrays Catherine the Great, vivacious Rosemary Buas is Juliet, and Giro showgirl Laurie Anderson depicts Calamity Jane. History was never like this!

But Ken must have asbestos eyes. Unblinking, he surveys their costumes with the detached professional eye that guided “Blackouts” through its unprecedented seven-year run during an era when wise- acres had consigned vaudeville to the mausoleum. To look at these lovelies impersonally seems not only impossible, but also blasphemous, yet somehow Murray manages. “More eye-shadow, less lipstick for Cleopatra . . . Juliet, ditch the earrings and carry a rose . . . Josephine, entwine your arms . . . Catherine look great . . . and Calamity Jane, why don’t you get yourself a second pistol, podnuh, this here’s one of those high budget shows.”

Without breaking stride, Ken glances at the northwoods scene with cloth trees fixed to a net backdrop and continues, “Harry, trim off the edge of that net to follow the tree outline, dig up a Canadian flag, the very best, reduce the reflection from the cabin window, the vines are perfect . . . and listen, be sure to save that net, when the show is over you may have to carry me home in it.”

Ken’s special province is the skit. The sketch rehearsal which follows next, mirror-slick to a casual observer, will be halted by his waving never-ler-cigar. Quickly showgirls of varying height interchange, a cane moves to the other hand, a stool replaces a chair, a longer pause precedes a word, a cymbal crash is written into the last gag—and presto, a zany skit becomes a show stopper. This scrupulous attention to detail keeps his crew alert and zesty; all of the hundred people that are connected with the show are very proud of their job, they know it and are able to do it well.

Darla Hood, Ken’s leading lady, rushes in for a big hug from Murray. Then he shouts “At last! I tried to call you all week but every time a man answered.” Darla makes a face, and Ken inquires about her Enchanters quartette. That’s their correct name, but if Ken is in a particularly good mood he refers to them very soberly as the

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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 has there been proof of such sensational beauty results! Yes, scientific tests on 36 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’s the easy method:
1. Wash your face three times daily with Palmolive Soap—each time massaging its beautifying lather onto your skin for a minute.
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.

DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE’S BEAUTY RESULTS!

Look for these Complexion Improvements in 14 days!
- Fresher, Brighter Complexions!
- Less oiliness!
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- Complexions clearer, more radiant!
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For Tub or Shower
Get Big
Both Size Palmolive!
NOW IT'S FUN TO REDUCE

This Common Sense Way

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

Sylvia of Hollywood Names Names

In No More Alibis the author tells you how she helped many of Hollywood's brightest stars with their figure problems. She names names—tells you how she helped this star's legs—how she reduced that star's waistline—how she helped another star to achieve a beautiful youthful figure.

Glance at the table of contents listed on this page. Notice how Sylvia covers the problems that are of utmost importance to your beauty.

New Edition Only $1.00

A brand new edition of Sylvia's famous book, No More Alibis is now ready for you. This edition contains all the text matter of the original book, plus the greatest part of her splendid book on personality development entitled Pull Yourself Together, Baby. Now get Sylvia's secrets of charm as well as beauty! The price of this beautiful new illustrated edition is only $1 postpaid. Get your copy—at once.

Simultaneously enter Rosie, the three-hundred-pound dancing bear, brushing up on her waltz, secretary Shirley Milner to report the correct spelling of Bikini Atoll, and a Railway Express man with a prepaid mouse head. Add the din of hammering, a trombone solo, and lightning flashes from the Radio Television Mirror cameraman. The rehearsal has started.

Surveying this mélange from his favorite position hunched atop a chairback in the second row, Ken is in his element. Calmly he directs all energies, keeps each of the groups working, and magically begins to weave them into the integration plotted on paper weeks ago. Viewers later appraised the result: Mounties cheering a woodchopping contest, Darla singing to a deer, Ken mistakingly whispering words of love to a bear, and a rousing outdoor finale.

Guest stars Frances Langford and Jon Hall arrive to a warm reception. Ken has been officially proclaimed as Hollywood's Ambassador to New York, and the Murray show has become a favorite of film folk. More stars have appeared on the Ken Murray show than on any other program in television. In fact, so great was the clamor for tickets for Ken's premiere in January 1950, that CBS-TV made a special half-hour program before his show just to tele-vise the notables. In attendance were Kaye Stevens, Conrad Nagel, Joan Blondell, Ilona Massey, Buddy Rogers, Lawrence Tibbett, Robert Garland, Deems Taylor, Jackie Robinson, and a red carpetful of others.

Today Miss Langford and Mr. Hall have been booked specifically for an unusual South Sea Island dramatic sketch, and while they greet cast members, a few crisp directions from Murray transform the stage from the Canadian Northwest to the South Pacific. Native drums beat a somber tattoo, and inside a thatched hut the dying village chieftain passes on the heritage of the people of Bikini to his American son.

This semi-documentary dramatic spot on the program is most unusual for a variety-comedy show, but once again a Murray hunch has paid off handsomely. Among memorable presentations have been "A Tribute to West Point," "Christmas Around the World," "Cavalcade of Champions," and a noteworthy sketch by Norman Corwin entitled "Between Americans" called Embalmers. Actually, if the Glamorlovelies are present, it's a cinch the boys' quartette is close by. Two of the Enchanters, Val Grund and Robert Walter, are married to Glamorlovelies, and another, Robert Decker, is Darla's husband. They swing into syncopation.

Now the stage looks like a nightmare in a talent office. Next to a supple couple gyrating weird tribal dances, trainer Frank Weed soothes a tame deer startled by the flying axes of the limbering Lobdell brothers, champion woodchoppers. Undisturbed among the flying chips, Darla explores a few bars of "Marie," stagehands screech huge cardboard boulders across the stage, the male chorus madly swaps Mountie hats for fit, announcer Nelson Case reviews the merits of Budweiser Beer, while in the background, atop the huge cardboard log cabin, assistant director Jack Lubell is precariously planting a Canadian flag, the very best.
an outstanding achievement by the Freedom Foundation when they awarded the program the Foundation's first honor medal ever accorded a television show.

With the finale of the dramatic sketch, all major show elements are set. While the cast has a five-minute break for coffee and deep breathing, Ken huddles with associate producer Ben Brady, Susan, and his magic stop-watch. They search for places to pare seconds to get this full-grown variety show into the sixty short minutes of TV time.

Now a tighter repeat of changed spots, with Ken's waving cigar, still unlit, pointing out more compliments than criticisms. A favorite Murray routine starts the show, little comic gags he exchanges with street corner characters at Hollywood and Vine. Between each punchline are blasts of Music in the Murray Manner, the brassy, raucous circus music he loves as show starters. Conductor Broekman grabs his earphones with a smile explaining they are "not to hear noise through, but to keep noise out." Secretly he agrees that the snappy musical flourishes are sure-fire curtain-raisers.

Even in this last run-through, the show can be melded tremendously, and actually suggestions from any member of the show or staff receives careful consideration.

The final rehearsal ends with a chord, and the harried hundred have an hour before reporting back for make-up. For Ken, who never eats a meal before a show, this hour means three glasses of warm milk while he relaxes in his dressing room. All the tension and pace of the afternoon have completely disappeared. The time for work and worry is past, the word now is for everyone to relax and enjoy the show they're doing. Ken leisurely reviews his own lines, tells the bear trainer he hopes Rosie has better manners than the elephant which once sat on him during a vaudeville act. (In the years following that accident, Murray couldn't force himself to work with animals, but he has gradually disciplined himself against that phobia. Animals appeal to him particularly as show material.)

"You gotta give that bear a hand," he muses. "And I would, except she'd probably rip off an arm too, then I wouldn't know what to give up, my cane or cigar."

ROYAL FOSTER, Ken's inseparable writer-teammate for twenty-one years, adds a consoling thought, "One arm's plenty, Ken; just think, you could cut your manicure bills in half."

"Get that bear in here," orders Ken. "Let's see what clowns there are in the contract." He ducks as a Kleenex box came sailing.

Ken's favorite rubber-soled shoes go on; he reaches into a handful of ties and comes out with a striped blue silk. Next a tweed suit, a comb through the crew cut with no apparent effect. A chuckle as the tame deer moves past the always-open door to its stage position. "You'll never believe it, but I found out the deer and trainer had to stay in town last night so registered her as Bambi at the Hotel Forrest!"

The preliminary orchestra chord sounds. Ken rises and starts out stage—then pauses in the doorway to turn back with a mock puzzled expression. Quizfully he draws to veteran sidekick Foster, "Say, friend, just what show is this?"

It ain't Mary Margaret McBride, podnuh.
THE TRUTH about the FIRST YEAR REVEALED by LAST YEAR'S BRIDES!

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A dramatic, heart-warming story of a young widow, torn by her love for a man she knew it was wrong to desire.

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ALL ABOUT BRIDES

(Continued from page 41) faced with a choice between someone I preferred or someone closer to Jean, I chose the latter, because this was really her party, not mine.

I never like menus that are so elaborate or so last-minute that the hostess gets trapped in the kitchen. I like to plan things that can be started the day before or prepared early the same day and put on the table with the least possible fuss. Here you'll find the recipes I used. The main thing is that the chicken can be cooked the day before. The petits fours were made and frosted in advance.

CHICKEN FRUIT SALAD

Makes 6 servings
3 cups diced cooked chicken
1 1/2 cups chopped celery
3/4 cup mayonnaise
1 (No. 2) can sliced pineapple
3 teaspoons vinegar
1 teaspoon salt
1/3 cup sugar
1/2 cup milk
2 eggs

Place diced chicken and celery in bowl. Toss together. Combine mayonnaise, salt and vinegar. Add to chicken; mix well. Place pineapple slices around sides of serving platter. Pile chicken salad in center. Sprinkle toasted blanched almonds over salad. Place black olives on pineapple slices.

PETITS FOURS

Makes about 2 dozen small cakes
2 1/4 cups sifted cake flour
2 1/2 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup sugar
1/2 cup water
1/3 cup cream
2 eggs


FONDANT FROSTING

Frosts about 2 dozen small cakes
1 1/2 cups sugar
1/4 cup water
1/3 teaspoon cream
1 1/2 cups sifted confectioners' sugar
Combine granulated sugar, cream of tartar and water in saucepan. Stir over low heat until sugar is dissolved; boil without stirring to a thick syrup or until candy thermometer registers 226°F. Remove from heat and cool without stirring to lukewarm (110°F.) Add the confectioners' sugar to make a good consistency for pouring. Add more sugar if necessary. Pour frosting over the rows of cakes, tipping the rack so that the side of each cake is uniformly coated. The fondant that drips off may be scraped up, reheated over hot water and used again. When frosting is thoroughly dry, remove cakes from rack with spatula. Trim off any ragged edges of frosting from the bottom.
using a sharp knife. Decorate with silver dragees and strips of angelica or citrus.

I used a pale beige cloth, decorated with a centerpiece of pink variegated camellias mixed with flocked pink gypsophila, with bows and a long streamer of pale green satin ribbon. The favors were in little boxes wrapped in white or green and white and decorated with a tiny boutonniere of pink sweetheart roses set in a little white lace paper frill. Of course I used my 1847 Rogers Bros. silver plate in the Daffodil pattern that is my favorite, and my new Franciscan china.

I'm not the type of hostess who announces at regular intervals, "Now we're going to do this, or that." Neither am I happy when I notice my guests beginning to get that "What will we do now?" look in their eyes. As a compromise I planned one game, and one game only, for the moment when the last gift was unwrapped.

I had bought six cardboard folders, the kind used in an office letter file. I could have made them myself out of heavy paper or board, but this was easier. In each folder, using both inside surfaces, I pasted eight different pictures clipped from magazines and newspapers, all of which were to be identified by the players. I was lucky enough to find a few early pictures of actors, now getting bald and older, in the days when they had luxuriant crops of hair and consequently looked quite different. I found some early photographs of movie queens, childhood pictures of famous television stars in which the resemblance to their present-day appearance could be traced. I clipped photos of famous foreign scenes, odd-looking animals, not-too-ordinary flowers, famous authors, famous paintings (in which case the artist had to be identified or the name of the picture).

The pictures were numbered plainly from 1 to 48 (six folders, containing eight pictures each). Then I took twelve little pads, one for each guest, and wrote her name at the top, listing numbers from 1 to 48 with a space opposite each so the player could write in the identifying name or description of the picture. The folders were passed from one player to the other so everyone had a chance to see all six.

After twenty minutes, the pads were collected and the answers scored, and the top two got "fun" prizes. I had a third prize on hand because the first two tied.

Presently the groom-to-be stopped by to pick up his bride-to-be and the loot. The party was over, and from all standpoints it was conceded to be quite a success.

Now, maybe you would like to tell about your most successful party. Your letter may win one of the prizes. Read all about it on pages 42 and 45.
(Continued from page 51) speeches that come to them as the show progresses, that seem to fit, as ordinary conversation fits, the mood and conditions of the moment.

And there, in its warm, easy going down-to-earthiness, lies the program's success.

The comparable clue to Studs himself is his deep knowledge of the people who live ordinary lives in Chicago. He knows them because he's one of them, and although a modest bit of fame has now come this way, it has only given him perspective rather than separated him from his neighbors.

Says Studs, "Chicago is everything to me—friendliness, warmth, sustenance." Then, bracing himself defiantly as a fighter about to lead with his left, he adds, "Maybe that's corn, but if it is, it's still for me."

STUDS OF STUDS' PLACE

Thursday night for the opening of their new play, "Voice of the People," the Chicago Repertory Theater, the audience, which included the entire staff of the theater, sat spellbound as the opening line was delivered: "Three young men named Louis, a fact which confused the director, Terkel, then in the throes of discovering James T. Farley. It is, however, a fact that Studs Terkel had carried the book with him and constantly talked about it. His enthusiasm, coupled with the director's frustration in summoning the right Louis, resulted one day in the man's explosive shout, "Hey, Studs. Studs Terkel," and the name stuck.

It was backstage, too, that he encountered Ida Goldberg. Tiny, shy, Ida Goldberg had a way of saying more with her eloquent brown eyes than others could with a million words.

Studs had been wary of entangling romances, but he found Ida utterly delightful. Their friendship turned into courtship. They had fun, despite Studs' lamentable habit of always being broke. Says he with a grin, "You'll recall social workers were the elite of that period. Ida always had more money than I did."

Ida, too, laughs at the recollection. "I'd always suggest we go Dutch but Studs was too proud for that. He got around it by borrowing from me. He always paid back, except—"

Studs interrupts, "—except the last loan. When we got married, I owed her twenty dollars and I still owe it to her."

It's their favorite family joke, now that Studs' talent checks arrive in sufficient quantities to provide a pleasant apartment, well-chosen modern furniture, and nursery school for their five-year-old son.

Seriously, however, Studs acknowledges he owes Ida far more. "If she'd been the kind of woman who wants mink coats and diamonds, I'd probably have gone into law practice and earned them for her, but personally I'd have been sunk. It's Ida's willingness to sacrifice which has given us a good life together."

The good life built slowly but surely. One by one, Studs found the radio shows, the writing jobs where he could sell his unique talent for merging his own personality into that of his subject.

His first commercially successful project was a WGN series on the lives of great artists. Army service interrupted, and on his return, he developed a disc jockey show called Wax Museum where he played jazz, folksongs and operatic classics. His comment on Carmen is still quoted: "This is all about a tomato who loved not wisely but too often."

A year ago, offered a role in "Detective Story," he went back on stage and Ida found herself running a sort of the family's life out of the house he was always bringing someone home with him. His fondness for entertaining and his eagerness to see that everyone has a good time is partly responsible for the advent of Studs' Place, for Charlie Andrews, now producer of the show, has long been among their guests.

They talk as they challenge the spon-
sorship of KUKJ. Fran and Ollie. Says Charlie, "We figured if Burr Tillstrom and Fran Allison could decide on a situation and talk it out, on camera, we could, too. It was just finding the right people."

They have found them now. Each Fri-
day, the group works out the following week's story. No one ever plays villain, for
Win Stracke, a native Chicagoan, has done his share of hoboing, picking up songs as he went along. He has also studied voice and appeared in everything from concerts to musical comedy. At Studs’ Place, he’s officially the handy man, the one who fixes the things which intimidate Stud. Like the wandering men who stayed at the Terkel family hotel, Win has acquired stray bits of culture. He’s sweet on Grace, but he’s been footloose so long he shies at the idea of marriage.

Chet Roble fits in because he’s that rare creature, a musician who can express his thoughts in words as well as at the keyboard. As one of Chicago’s top jazz musicians, he has, for years, threaded his numbers with narrative to tell a story and paint a picture.

Says the real Mr. Terek, “Studs, in the show, is the guy who’s maybe lost a couple of jobs because of his daydreaming. He’s always wanting to go into business for himself, so while he was in service, his wife, who’s pretty gone on him, worked and saved his allotment checks and turned the whole works over to him when he got back. Otherwise, he’d never in his life have got the money together, and if it weren’t for Grace taking care of him and the bills, he’d probably lose the joint.”

But the Studs of Studs’ Place had an even greater significance for the real Mr. Terek. He says, “For a long while, I’ve been thinking about something I’ve got to say, now I’ve got a place to say it.”

“I’m getting pretty tired of some of my friends, who cynically proclaim there’s an angle to everything and that plain, ordinary people are stupid. I don’t think people are stupid. I’d rather talk to my corner grocer than to some of the self-elected great brains.”

He sits back, amazingly quiet for a moment, then concludes, “Too much defeatism has gone on for too long. In Studs’ Place, whenever we plot out a problem, we also try to find a solution to that problem. It’s never any world-shaking, happy ending, for life itself doesn’t offer permanent solutions. However, we are trying to point out that whatever his circumstances — so long as he has hope and self respect — a man can find satisfactions within the framework of his own life.”

that sense of human dignity which Studs discovered long ago is the keynote of the piece. Conflict, to make the story interesting, arises out of every day human frailties. Each member of the cast pitches in on the plot.

Grace is actress Beverly Younger, in real life Mrs. Lester Podewell, mother of four children. Encountering her shortly after her twins were born, Studs announced, “There’s our Grace—the gaunt blonde, just like half the waitresses in the little joints around town.”

To Beverly, actually impressively glamorous, it wasn’t a flattering description, but it was an opportunity to create a strong role. She plays Grace minus make up and with her hair on the droopy side.

Grace, to Beverly, is a real person. She knows that Grace came from Topeka where her father had a store. He wasn’t much of a business man, but he was a good storyteller. An unhappy romance drove her to Chicago, but that was long ago, and Grace doesn’t talk about it.

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THE SHINING HOUSE

JUST A few blocks away from my house in Three Oaks one of the newer streets in town winds pleasantly along on its way toward the river. That's why they call it River Street. All the houses have a shining, sort of newlywed look; you know that they will be equipped with washing machines and tiled bathrooms and good new stoves. But so far as I know only one of them is also equipped with a young girl who at this moment may be crying her eyes out . . .

As Sam Williams has repeatedly told me, it's largely Crystal's own fault. And being Gene's father, he's ready to lay a generous portion of the blame at Gene's door. But how can I avoid blaming myself when if it hadn't been for me those two might never have met?

Sam says that's my own ego, clamoring for attention. "From what you've told me of Crystal, that first time, do you think she would have given up even if you had turned her down? Not her," Sam says. "She would have found some other way. You were just an accident, Anne. Don't blame yourself. And anyway—who's to say there's blame involved? For all we know it may be the right thing for both of them, the best thing . . ."

True enough; for all we know it may be. Certainly I thought I was doing the right thing to listen to Crystal the night, not so many months ago, when she suddenly appeared before me with her startling proposition.

To understand just how startling it was, I'll have to explain that we didn't know each other, Crystal and I. I had seen her once at the Clinic, when in my capacity as Supervisor I had interviewed a young girl whom Crystal had apparently bullied into coming to us for a check-up. When Dr. Munson came out and told us the girl was pregnant, Crystal's flare-up was something to remember. It wasn't against us, but against the world at large—for sending Helen's husband off to war just as she needed him most, for being a hard place, for general unfairness. After Crystal left, Dr. Munson told

Illustrated by John J. Floherty

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Gay, eager, intensely in love—
that was Crystal. She was also very
young—too young, in fact, to
have to find that a dream fulfilled
does not always spell happiness

By ANNE MALONE

me something about why Crystal had a right to be mad
at the world. The only world she had known was in-
habited by a dissolute father, a rickety house down by
the factories way across town, then finally a job as
counter-girl at the Three Oaks Diner. "She's so pretty,"
I said sadly. "Too much make-up, all the wrong clothes,
all the worst kind of education . . . and still so pretty
underneath it all. Do you think she's as tough as she
sounds, Ralph?"

Dr. Munson had smiled without mirth. "They're all
tough these days, Anne. They have to be. Especially a
kid like Crystal who's been fighting her way since the
day she was born."

I said, with a sigh, that I supposed he was right, and
as I went back to my work I gave a fleeting thought to
my own little girl, Jill. Jill was just seven, and God
willing she would never have to fight as Crystal had for
the right just to exist. Even though my husband and
I were separated, I could still give her a good life . . .
but what else could I do? You couldn't protect them
forever. You couldn't make them do the things you
thought were right. You could only love them, and
stand around hoping to be called on if they needed a
little help.

Oddly enough, that's precisely what Crystal Gates did.
With no further contact than the one I've described, she
came to see me one night shortly afterward. She was
obviously nervous and ill at ease as she stood before me
on the unlit porch where she had found me sitting—so
nervous that I didn't suggest going inside because in-
instinctively I knew she was glad of the dimness that
veiled her face.

Crystal had something on her mind, and she said at
once. "I'd better get it over with right away, because my
nerve isn't going to last. You're going to think I've got
enough for an Army, but me—I know it's going." She
sat down suddenly. "Do you mind? My legs are kind
of wobbly."

I hid my curiosity as well as I could and made a little
general conversation till she settled down. Then she
started to say something, made a helpless gesture and
looked at me wide-eyed. "I just don't know where to
begin, Mrs. Malone. Coming over I made up about a
dozen speeches. I was going to say this and explain that,
so you'd understand just how I got up the nerve to come
—and why I came to you . . ." (Continued on page 96)

The moon was pale and promising. Every-
thing was so right—except Gene. I knew
how Crystal must be feeling . . .
(Continued from page 95) She hesitated. "Then I said to myself, what's all the excitement? Mrs. Malone, she's a woman, she'll understand. And besides ... I figured you wouldn't be the kind to throw me out on my ear."

"The reason I'm here," she said simply, "is that you and Gene Williams are friends. I don't know anybody else who knows him. And I ain't gonna sit around any more wishing. I'm gonna get to know him. And you've got me, Mrs. Malone!"

I gazed at her in dumbfounded silence.

"I told you I had my nerve," she said. "But it's about all I do have—except maybe I'm not so bad-looking. I can see he likes my looks. I don't really know him, Mrs. Malone, except to hand him his change after the diner. Sometimes he talks to me. I know he doesn't really see me. But he acts sort of lonesome, and anyway I see him! I see how he looks, that kind of proud way he holds his head, and the way he's always carrying a book—a big book from the library. He ain't—it's just like the wise-cracks. He's not like anyone in the whole world—in my world, anyway." She clapped her red-gloved hands passionately together.

With an effort I pushed the shreds of my poise around me. It was a shock, certainly, but it all depended on the point of view. From an ordinary girl it would have sounded unbalanced. But once you accepted Crystal as a girl very much out of the ordinary, it had its own understandable logic. I studied her carefully. Lovely, certainly, she was; it shone out even under the camouflage of bad make-up and too-tight clothes. And courageous she surely was—it had taken a lot of guts to come to me, a stranger, and talk this way. Definitely, Crystal was an unusual girl. Ralph Munson had been wrong when he said she had the same spirit of fight as all her generation. Wrong, because Crystal had more. She wasn't just fighting because she was mad. She was fighting because she wanted something and knew she couldn't have it unless she won it herself.

"Look—so you won't think I'm crazy. I'll put it right on the line," she was saying. "You might think Gene's just another good-looking guy, but you'd be wrong. It's not just looks. It's everything he talks, the kind of nice ways he has. You know he reads to me? He does! Poetry and stuff. I don't know from nothing about it, but believe me, from him it sounds—it sounds—" She made that gesture again, folding her hands tightly together in unconscious supplication. "You go and help me. I got a right to try to make a better life, don't I? Just because I was born into the lots don't mean I got to stay there?"

"What makes you think it's a good idea? If he'd wanted to ask you out, Crystal—I don't mean to be cruel, but wouldn't he have just asked you to the diner?" She shook her head impatiently, and the shining dark hair flung backwards with a vehemence of its own. "That's the whole point. He doesn't really see me down there. He's just so lonesome he sees a face with a smile on it and he knows it's nobody he owes anything to. He scared of. I went to 'M and Gene! I know there isn't any other girl," she said urgently. "I know he never dates. I been asking around."

I suppose there were a few confused moments when, if I could have found the right words, I might have said "no," that he didn't know how Gene represented what he called meddling; I was almost sure Crystal's little dream would shatter at the very moment it came true. But I couldn't turn her down. Never mind Gene. I told myself; do this for the girl. She's right; she's entitled to her chance.

Gene was coming over the next Friday night, and I told Crystal to be there too. She was transfigured with joy when she said good-night, and I found the courage to say, "By the way, Crystal, would you mind if I made a suggestion? Could you wear something more?"

"Oh, I got that all planned," she said eagerly. "A blue crepe dress—all men like blue, don't they—and real plain, only with a touch of beading at the neck here. Real simple. Mrs. Malone. Don't worry about a thing. You've done the big part. I'll take it from here."

My mouth opened and closed again.

No, I didn't stand there in cold blood and tell her I was going to suggest a plain sweater and skirt, and low-heeled shoes, and a nice pink lipstick. Not being Crystal, I didn't have the nerve.

Before she left, however, I did try to tell her a little about Gene himself. I didn't want to say too much, because it wasn't fair not to let her build her own impression. But suppose he was rude to her, as he usually was to his father and to others? Or suppose—suppose he was simply gloomy and reproachful, and sat staring at me in the way that meant he had once again decided I was the only woman in the world?

The more than ten years difference in our ages had no meaning for Gene when he was in that mood. All at once I felt eager for Friday to come. Had Crystal given us—Sam and me—the answer to the problem of how to handle Gene?

Friday came, and with it a sudden downward sensation in my nerves. Fortunately, Crystal, while usually always a little stick seemed paler, more becoming. The only trouble was that from the moment Gene entered the room it was plain that he didn't know what on earth she was doing there and cared less. And I couldn't get Crystal to stop talking.

I closed my eyes. I thought of righting her eye and tried to flag her down, but I guess she couldn't stop. Eagerness had become nervousness. And as Gene kept moving restlessly around the room, scarcely troubled to answer, the apprehension became sheer panic.

"Don't you think so, Gene?" she said with desperate cheerfulness.

"Think what?" he said glumly. I hadn't heard the question either. After a while you lost track of individual words.

"The coffee down at the Diner—ain't it the world's worst?"

Crystal smiled. "Oh, I don't know. It's not so bad."

"Go on, you know it's not fit for pigs." Gene turned and gave me an outraged look, and all at once I was very angry with him. Who did he think he was? What right did he have to win because Crystal said "ain't" and was a little hysterical?—he was in the room. I wanted to shake him and say through my teeth,
“Gene Williams, one day you’re going to need kindness and understanding—and—yes, and love, real love, and if you go on like this, looking down on others because they haven’t got your elevated soul or come from the wrong side of town, fighting with those who want to help you—where are you going to get help when you need it?”

Naturally I didn’t say a word. Instead I escaped to the kitchen and made some tea. I don’t know what happened while I was out. Once I did become suddenly aware that Crystal’s voice had ceased, and that Gene was . . . yes, actually talking! Then he stopped, and when I came into the living room with the tea and cookies things were about as they’d been.

Crystal thanked me as I handed her a cup, and went on with what she’d been saying. “So like I said, it’s all what you look for. If you got a kind of philosophy that’s always waiting for the bad things to happen, they sure do. It ain’t—”

Abruptly she halted, and a blush crept up her cheeks. “There I go again. You’ll be thinking I got no education at all. It’s just that when I get excited I—I forget.”

There was a hotly embarrassed pause.

I had just opened my lips to say something, anything, when oddly enough Gene came to the rescue.

“Don’t we all?” he said, gulping his steaming tea.

“Don’t we all what?” Crystal asked.

“Say things like ‘ain’t’. Go to fancy restaurants and drop our knives. Stumble going up the steps of the post office where the whole town can see us”—He was talking at random, but he had made Crystal smile. Why, when he could be sweet, did he go out of his way to be hateful? Why wouldn’t he let himself go? It was almost painful to see the new hope flare in Crystal’s eyes as he smiled back at her, the first kind look he’d given her all evening. But then I looked away again. She pushed, she tried too hard! And Gene at once recoiled. The moment died.

I was too discouraged to do anything about the situation that followed. We drank our tea and crumbled our cookies. Abruptly Gene stood up. “I guess I’ll roll on,” he said expressionlessly. “Just dropped in anyway. I had no idea you’d be busy”—his eyes met mine with reproach—“or I’d have picked another night.”

“Please don’t,” Crystal said. There was an awkwardness about her speech and bearing as she too got up. “I’m the butter-inner, so I’ll just go along. You’ll want to talk to Mrs. Malone.” It wasn’t dignity exactly, I saw; it was the stifling chill of bitter disappointment and the need to get away before the tears came.

I recognized that—what woman wouldn’t? All at once I wanted to put my arms around her and tell her Gene was no bargain anyway. I gave him the angriest glance I could muster. He wasn’t insensitive; he knew quite well he’d been snubbing the girl unmercifully.

“No, I’m going,” Gene insisted. “Not on your life,” Crystal said with a revival of her normal spirit. “I said I’m going and I’m going. What you do is your own business, but I’ll say good night now, Mrs. Malone, and thanks for a—thanks for everything.” Head high, she made a sort of charge toward the door.

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Poor Crystal! It was all very well to be honest, to face the reality that a woman can’t live without having someone to love—but what unfortunate imp was meddling in her fate to make her fix on Gene Williams?

My next report on what I came to think of as Crystal’s campaign came, surprisingly, from Sam Williams. Gene’s father. Since my separation from Jerry, Sam and I had become very good friends, and dinner or a drive twice a week had become a pleasant habit in both our lives.

Sam’s voice on the phone was gay. “What’ve you been up to?” he asked.

“Who’s this Crystal Gates? What’s going on that I don’t know about?”

“I told him I didn’t know much about it. ‘This’ve got news for you,’ he said.

“Gene’s going out with her to-night and I gather she met her over at your house. I’m not complaining! I’m tickled that he’s interested enough to take any girl out. But Anne, what do you know about her? What’s there about her to make Gene touchy? He as good as called me a snob the other night! Listen, can you have lunch today? I want to talk to you. . . .”

I was too busy to go out, really, but I was too curious to resist. I’d been so certain that Gene would walk Crystal home, and never think of her again! Evidently I had underestimated Crystal.

“She’s pretty enough for anyone,” Sam told me. “The only pity is that she’s a little half-witted. She waits—she stopped me with an upraised hand. “Before you go calling me a snob, I’m not referring to her lack of college degree. I don’t give a hoot which fork she uses for her salad. But if she likes Gene—she’s not using plain horse sense. Wait’ll you hear how I met her in the first place.”

Gene wasn’t in the habit of telling his father where he was going of an evening, but judging by the extra care in dressing and the careful combing of hair, Sam had hoped that at last there might be a girl in the picture. And one night, Crystal herself had turned up. Gene hadn’t gotten home from the plant, and Sam was waiting for her to help him with dinner, when she rang the bell. She’d been “just passing by,” she said. She had just sat there, scarcely speaking, her eyes on the door through which Gene must come.

“I tried every nice way I could think of to ease her out,” Sam said. “For her own sake—you know. But you’d have thought there was glue on that door.”

Finally, Gene had arrived. “And then,” Sam said blankly, “all hell broke loose. I was going to ask her to stay for dinner—I mean, what else could I do? And anyway I was kind of pleased at the idea of having a friend of Gene’s around. But she got up and said something about having bothered me long enough. I think she was hurt because Gene had looked less than delighted when he saw her there, but anyway she started to go—and then Gene, if you please—she-fell off her chair!”

Gene had said a great many things, not all of which Sam remembered; but the gist of it was that he’d thank Sam to extend the hospitality of the house to his, Gene’s, friends, inasmuch as it was Gene’s house as well. . . . “He made it sound as though I’d asked her to leave by the servant’s entrance,” Sam said. “And then he announced he was going out to dinner with her, and off they went! Anne,” he said gravely, “I came near to punching that kid right in the nose. It’s fine to be young, but how young can you get?”

It helped a little for both of us when I told Sam what I knew of Crystal’s background. Gene must know much of it by now; he was just the man to go to bat for an underdog. If he thought Sam was looking down on Crystal—“That must be it,” Sam said. “But I kind of liked the gal! She gave me a straight look in the eye and she was rather rather sweet about Gene. He doesn’t deserve to be looked at like that! I hope she gives him the air.”

“I guess she don’t. At least not right away.” I said thoughtfully. “Maybe a few dates with each other will do them both good. Crystal might get Gene out of her system, and Gene might decide that dating girls wasn’t so bad after all, and look around for a few others to take out.”

Once or twice during the next few weeks, when the report was still to be having dates. “Lord knows why—he goes out glum and he comes back glummer,” Sam said. “But he keeps on going. I think he’s doing it to get my goat. I can’t convince him I liked the girl!”

He agreed when I said the best thing we could do was leave it alone for a while, but even though I convinced him, my conscience was uneasy. Crystal was sure, didn’t “go out glum and come back glummer.” She went out radiant to meet Gene; she hoped each time she would strike a spark to answer her own.

The next time I saw her I decided I had been overly pessimistic. She came around one night after dinner, and her radiant eyes told me before her words that life was pretty good these days.

“I can’t thank you, Mrs. Malone,” she burst out. “You’ll never know what you’ve done for me. I don’t know what’s going to happen or if I’ll land in the cellar or up on the moon—but I don’t care. Just knowing him—”

I glanced at her over my knitting. Sometimes pretty girls were a little affected, and I couldn’t immediately tell what. Then I saw. The make-up, so much lighter—the hair combed simply back.

“You’ve been seeing a lot of him, Crystal?” I asked.

“Not as much as—not as much as I feel as if I had. If you know what I mean. I mean we’re not going steady or anything.” She sobered. “It’s just that I’m sort of
held together by the times I do see him.”

“Isn’t it silly?” she went on. “I’m spilling all over you like—I as though I expected you to wave a wand or something. It’s your own fault. You helped me. I get to thinking sometimes that you can do anything.” She perched on the arm of the sofa. “I’m up and I’m down, like it says in the books about love. I know I ought to watch myself, but—it’s too good. I get to make myself believe it’ll go on—”

Disquiet took hold of me again. “And you don’t think it will?” I asked.

Her eyes met mine, and there was a little flicker of uneasiness behind them. “I don’t know anything, and that’s the truth. Sometimes he—well, sometimes I think if I had any pride I’d tell him to go chase himself, Mrs. Malone—”

“Won’t you call me Anne? I’ve called you Crystal from the very first.”

“I always do, to myself,” she confessed. “Anne. Just like Gene does. But—he’s funny, you know what I mean? Moody . . . he stood me up a couple of times. I wouldn’t take that from another guy. Then he told me he—he’d gone to the library and just forgot.” She folded her hands again, and said simply. “And I believed him. I wanted to believe him. I said to myself—what’s it matter what he says, as long as he keeps coming back, that matters, doesn’t it?”

“Matters how, Crystal? What is it you want out of this?”

“I want everything,” she said softly and evenly, almost as though she were uttering a threat. The radiance, the joy, were gone, and that steely, frightening determination had come back. “I want anything I can get. I’d marry him tomorrow or ten years from now. I love him, Anne, so much it doesn’t even matter that he doesn’t love me.”

I did turn then and looked at her. She smiled down at me, a smile that would have been impossible to the Crystal of a few weeks ago. Wisdom and a wry but not bitter touch of self-ridicule were in her lips. “How do I know, you’re wondering? I been facing facts all my life, remember. I didn’t call a doughnut and a glass of milk a steak dinner, but I ate it anyway because it was better than nothing. Gene talks to me and it’s getting so he feels at home with me. That’s better than nothing. But I can’t fool myself too much. The way he feels about me isn’t going to set fire to the world. But I’ve got a hunch—whether he knows it or not—that one day it’ll be all so very different.”

Silence kept her brave words alive in the room. One day it’ll be different . . .

Did she really believe that? Well—how did I know it wasn’t true? Maybe her instinct about Gene was a good one, sounder than mine or his father’s.

From the window, with her back to me again Crystal said, “One reason I know is that the fool kid thinks he loves you.”

I was too amazed to reply. He had been deliberately cruel to tell her a thing like that, when she was so obviously in love with him. Even though I never came near believing it, Crystal might . . . But once again I had misjudged her reactions.

“That’s how I know he’s just a confused kid,” she said softly. “That’s what makes me think if I stick around long enough, try hard enough—he’d turn with an abrupt movement and met my eyes. “Don’t get me wrong. I can understand him having a real strong feeling for you. You’ve got so much—you’re such a—well, such a real lady. How could he help it? But it’s not love, the way I feel it for him. Not on your life it ain’t. I got a lot to learn. sure—I can’t look or talk like you do or I couldn’t fix a house so it looked like this. I haven’t read hardly anything. But I can learn. And I’m willing to learn. If he just lets me hang around long enough I’ll make him care.”

After she left, I sat quietly for a while, almost too exhausted to take myself up the stairs. That wild gamut of emotions! Only the very young could cover all that ground in such a short space of time. I had a furtive desire to call Sam and tell him about it. But it was after eleven.

In spite of my misgivings about Gene, Crystal had infected me with some of her own determined confidence. It astonished me to think back so short a time to Sam’s description of his first meeting with Crystal, when we had told one another that a few dates with her would be good for Gene. Even then, of course, I’d had a fleeting feeling it wasn’t going to be simple . . . but I hadn’t expected the words love and marriage to come up so quickly.

Sam was busy down at the plant, and the Clinic was undergoing some building repairs that kept me frantically active from morning till night. We got no chance to compare notes. But often I found myself remembering Crystal’s visit.

As a matter of fact, now that it’s all over I may as well confess that I was surprised Gene himself hadn’t come to see me.

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Suddenly frightened, I said, "Gene—don't hurt Crystal!"
His shoulders moved as though shrugging off the name. "I could call you to mind your own business, couldn't I—if I were very rude," he said. Then he was gone.

Almost before the sound of the door had died on the hall, I had the feeling that Gene's abrupt visit was a signal bell for some kind of action. "I've got news for you," he said. "Crystal came to see me tonight. Busy little lot, aren't they?"

I began to laugh, and found I couldn't stop. I laughed. I simply threw Box! You know, that play where they share a room but don't know it because one always comes in after the other's gone out—"

"Hey! Cut that out! We already know Gene's an idiot. Don't let him upset you that much."

"It's not Gene, Sam. It's Crystal. She's going to be hurt. I've been uneasy all along, feeling responsible, not knowing how much to interfere..."

Sam's voice was reflective. "I know what you mean. I laid it on the line to her tonight, I told her Gene didn't love her. I said he'd break her heart. I said she'd be better off getting him out of her mind." He did it. She's sound reasonable, but it wasn't that easy. "I did it for her own good, didn't I? Better for me to cut her up a little than have that selfish brat of mine do it far more seriously—"

"What happened? Did she—was she upset, Sam? What did she do?"

"Funny thing. She didn't react at all. I wasn't telling her anything she didn't already know, I'd swear to that," he hesitated. "You know the girl, Anne. Don't you think it matters to her that Gene doesn't really love her? She'd want more out of life than just tying herself to a man who merely tolerated her."

"I don't think she was upset. Not if the man is Gene," I said softly. "She's got it very bad. Sam. I think she knows more about Gene than you or I—but she wants him anyway."

I never had real proof that I was right about that—about how well Crystal knew Gene. But when I worked backward from the day I happened afterward I had what was to me, as good as proof and as comforting. For I don't believe it all would have happened if Crystal's understanding of Gene hadn't been both shrewd and deep.

Sam and I had made a date for the following night to go driving. When he called for me at eighty-thirty I was ready, and I started down the path toward the car. Before I could get there, a hurrying figure came running toward the corner. It was Gene, out of breath and in a perfect frenzy of anger. He gripped the car door and glared at Sam.

"Listen here," he said roughly. "You leave Crystal alone, do you hear me? Keep out of it.

"What too?"

"You too," he said, turning on me. Sam stared at him without attempting to speak. "Both of you. Crystal's plenty good enough for me. I'll tie my own shoelaces from here on out, understand?"

Sam's lips were white. "What are you talking about?"

What am I talking about? What were you talking to Crystal about, trying to get
I was silent for so long that he prodded me. "Do you think he means it?"

"I don't know. It sounds to me that--" May be Crystal will be getting just what she deserves, Sam. I've got an idea she understands just what makes Gene tick--

She's been seeing him--she must know that he's always worried about your interfering in his activities. It's almost automatic for him to do the opposite of what he knows you'd like him to do.

"You mean she told Gene about my talk with her last night, though she knows I only meant it for her good--told him with the implication that I was trying to break them up just for the heck of it?"

"Something like that. It needn't have been done--" Gene's attitude.

I don't know that she'd be sure now--I shouldn't be sure, any more than I am sure of anything. But I know that I am sure and that she'd be sure of it--and she'd be pretty sure he'd react by doing just what she said he'd do. Marry her.

"She'd have him on those terms?"

"She's a woman, Sam," I rejoiced.

"Awfully young in love and lovely too. She'll have him on any terms."

Why was I telling him? I ought to know how to stop talking when I said--enough. That's all. That's just what she'd say if she was sure. She'd say it to--

I think Sam was surprised to realize that Gene hadn't been talking for effect. But I wasn't. When Gene and Crystal went down to the City Hall and got themselves married, I had the notion that the slim circle on Crystal's finger didn't really matter. The things that had tied them to one another had begun happening the day they met . . .

Nobody went to the wedding. Nobody knew, in fact, unit afterwards, though we knew it was going to happen some time. Sam said that Gene came down to the plant in the afternoon and simply said he'd been married that morning, as though it were a thing one did--or two or three times a year. But it had been funny, Sam told me; Gene hadn't snappd or blustered or looked for a fight. He had been quiet and unemotional, except that he seemed--almost wistful. "As if all of a sudden he wanted to be friends, were Sam's words. As if he were really trying, for once. I don't get it . . . but I like it. I hope it lasts."

They had gotten it straightened out about Crystal then, about Gene's misunder- standing of his father's attitude toward her. Somehow it seemed to him that he really liked and respected Crystal.

"Maybe he wanted to believe it," Sam said. "I'm going around there to dinner soon."

"So am I," I told him. Crystal called a while ago and asked me. I'm so glad Gene seems--well, it's nice you can talk to him for a change!" I ended, a little lamely, because I was still disturbed over my conversation with Crystal.

She had been brilliantly gay when it began. She told me about the ceremony and who they had commandeered for witnesses . . . "And this house, Anne? It's the most beautiful thing I ever was in my life!" She went on to describe the unhealveable delights of the little house, the new range, the big refrigerator, the tiny paved terrace in the back. The real fireplace. "It's just what I dreamed of, Anne. I can't wait till you see it. It shines, Anne, it really does."

"What about you, Crystal? Is it--is it just what you dreamed of? I don't mean the house."

There was a pause and my heart sank. "It--oh, Anne," Without warning she began to cry. There was nothing I could do but wait, and after a determined effort she got herself under control.

"It's typical," I said. "All brides are depressed on their wedding day--"

"Not like this, they're not," Crystal said softly. "How many other brides get walked home from the ceremony and then have their husbands say 'So long, dear, I've got to get back to the plant'? Come to think of it, she added, 'I don't think he even called me dear.' She laughed a little. "Oh, Crystal. He was probably nervous. It'll be fine, you'll see."

"You don't really think so, do you? But I'll tell you something funny, Anne, I do," She began to sound like herself again. "Let's face it, I knew what I was getting into. Remember that talk we had that night? It all still goes. Every bit of it. It's going to be all right with Gene and me. The only thing that's wrong right now is that you and Sam weren't with us at the wedding. But Gene wanted it that way, so--will you come soon, Anne?"

"Yes," I said. "I'll come soon."

It was the least I could do. For better or worse, I couldn't get over the feeling that in some way I was very responsible. Responsible for having a chance to win what to her was the greatest prize life could offer. But responsible too, though I couldn't decide how, for the fact that in the midst of her new life, with her new wedding ring gleam- ing on her finger, Mrs. Eugene Williams was sitting in her shining little house, crying her heart out . . .
DELECTABLE DARLA

(Continued from page 60) career for her daughter. After winning in vain for a suitable teacher among their five hundred neighbors in tiny Leevedy, Oklahoma, she began driving Darla one hundred and fifty miles to Oklahoma City every week to study with Miss Katherine Duffy.

After a year and a half of faithful work, Darla was invited to accompany Miss Duffy on her New York vacation. Learning that Hollywood producer Hal Roach was in town looking for a new "Our Gang" sweetheart, Miss Duffy quickly taught Darla a little song and speech for a screen test. The minute the cameras started whirring, Roach rushed up with a seven-year contract, bundled them in a car, and dispatched them to Hollywood in such a hurry they couldn't even pack in Oklahoma to see her mother and father.

Darla was soon to learn that fame, to a youngster, is another word for loneliness. It's being in a foreign country where you can't speak the language, and no one can understand you. It's peeking quietly from the back seat of the car at a noisy crowded sandpile of little strangers with wonderful tattered rag dolls. It's having a day full of adult activities impossible to translate into a normal juvenile conversation. It's a feeling of not belonging anywhere.

As a by-product of prominence, inevitably childish stars become precocious. In a film called "Born to Sing" with Virginia Weidler, Darla was a quiz kid and sang a song based on one of her character's remarks. "Here I am eight, and what have I done?" To Darla, who shudders at the recollection, precocious youngsters and child prodigies aren't funny. They are sad.

Darla's mother came to be with her, and although skeptical about Hollywood, her father later transferred to the Bank of America in Los Angeles so they could all have a home together. Darla being a movie personality as well as an only child made them afraid she would become spoiled and temperamental; they forced their daughter to do things to make Darla realize this as another liability of being a professional child—the need for continuous rugged discipline.

She yearned to attend a public school, to get away from "Our Gang" so she could have her gang. Her one experiment at Rosewood Grammar School was a dismal failure. She didn't like the teachers, she was snooty; if she did, she was smartly parented. She tried to buy popularity with parties; the kids devoured her ice cream, but forgot her the next day.

Disconsolate, she returned to the MGM studio school where she shared classes with Virginia Weidler, Susanne Foster, and Connie. Elizabeth Taylor was there too, a tiny thing, although just two years younger than Darla. The school was tolerable, but the future seemed bleak.

Her first break came from an unexpected friend, the studio tape measure. Happily for eleven-year-old Darla, she suddenly began to sprout. After being the sweet heart of "Our Gang" in over one hundred pictures during a record-breaking stretch of nine years, she was now outgrowing them. She was four feet tall and getting longer every breakfast. After her twelfth birthday she was replaced by a four-year-old.

Mrs. Hood dreaded breaking the news to Darla about the replacement, but finally was forced to tell her. Darla was overjoyed. That very afternoon she planned a career as a trained nurse . . . no, a waitress handling lovely food . . . no, she would be a teacher in her own wonderful noisy school. A hundred lovely possibilities blossomed in her small head. She was generally ignored by the select clique of popular girls.

Then magically the dark spell dissolved, and Darla burst into a new and wonderful existence the moment she entered Fairfax High School. Everything picked up, she loved her studies, made the Promathians Honor Society in three semesters. Braces and pigtails finally disappeared, in untold quantities. The girls liked her too, and she had more fun every sixty minutes than she had ever had in her whole life. Her parents were delighted. "No more show business for me," vowed Darla. "Next stop, graduation, then college."

Her best girl friend was Eleanor Decker, who had a beautiful soprano voice being trained by Dr. Wrapt, pastor of the Methodist Church. Darla sang in their choir, and helped plan the choir's annual barn dance. At the last minute, her date couldn't go, so Ellie introduced Darla to her older brother Bob, just back from the service.

That was dance Darla will never forget. She wore a new yellow print pinata with matching yellow hair ribbons—she still has the pinata, with new lace on the skirt. She'll never part with it, because the dress reminds her of that dance, and it was at that dance that she met Bob.

Bob Decker was a beautiful dancer, and Darla's years of study and practice paid off handsomely. They were the perfect couple there. But to Darla, suddenly there were no other couples there, nobody but Bob.

When dating other fellows she had often thought "Gee, I want to go out with him, maybe I'll marry him." With Bob, this possibility was so desirable it was a mouthful to whisper to the girl. "If he'll only ask me out again." After the seventh dance she was thinking "If he even as much as mentions that he likes me, I will explode—it would be the greatest thing that ever happened to me!"

Bob didn't say he liked her, but he did tell her she was a good dancer, and asked if she'd like to go to the Palla- dium some night. "Go to heaven some night" is how it sounded to Darla. On the way home he held her hand, and they had sodas with Bob's brother John and his girl.

He didn't call the next week, and Ellie threw him off to the reason. "He's stumped as to how to propose, but he'll be astounded to discover she was only fifteen. Furthermore his mother had suggested he stay away from her to avoid encouraging puppy love from an impressionable young girl. Bob tried to follow
Bob was studying opera and financing his studies with night work as a waiter. Darla, in turn, worked part-time in a candy store owned by family friends. The friends had a son whom Darla dated, and when Bob learned of this, he decided on a course of action. They had been going together nine months, and that night they were sitting in a Paulette Goddard picture. Suddenly Bob leaned over and whispered "Gee, I love you." Darla didn't, couldn't, believe him, so she brushed it off with a casual "Yep." But it hurt.

Then he said it again. Darla snapped "Will you stop that—you don't have to say that you know."

"I mean it, Darla, I really do." She wanted him to mean it, wanted so much for him that she couldn't talk, couldn't think. As though in a dream she heard him continue, "We're going together, aren't we darling—steady, I mean."

She found her voice with a fervent whispered "Yes."

Now their music came to mean even more to both of them. They sang duets in church and opera. It was the American Operatic Laboratory in Los Angeles. Bob had a quartet with his sister Ellie and two other boys, and when Ellie left to sing with Tommy Tucker's band, Darla took her place. The trend changed from quartets to quintets, so when Ellie left Tommy Tucker soon rejoined them, singing lead with Darla second. Ellie later moved on to other assignments, and the choristers shifted about to form their present successful formula as "Darla Hood and the Enchanters."

They started singing with school bands, for fun, for experience—and for free. Once they hit big money singing for a UCLA fraternity, where they got five dollars, split it five ways. They sang at an informal studio show on a lot at 20th Century-Fox, and the studio's music supervisor, Charles Henderson, engaged them to do background music in such films as "A Letter to Three Wives." They became "The Freshman," "A Thousand and One Nights," and "The Miracle." They made recordings with Benny Carter and Stan Brown, invaluable training which paid off on a later audition for Ken Murray's fabulous stage "Blackouts."

Meanwhile Darla was working feverishly for graduation, and her heart was set on being an Ephesian honor student. Bob helped her with research and homework, and when she got too tense he relaxed her by kidding "You can do it easy, there are only five hundred in the class."

And she did it. Straight A's in her senior year placed her among the twelve graduates to qualify for the Ephesians. With her diploma came the best press of all, a sparkling engagement ring. Darla wanted to get married that very second, even before she left the platform, but Bob thought it best for them to wait until she was eighteen.

Waiting was the most difficult task ever to have had ever done. More than ever she missed the singing jobs around Hollywood grew tough to find, and after the group did background music for Ken Murray's "Bill and Coo" picture and auditioned for his "Blackouts" they disbanded temporarily. To get some silver lining for their hope chest, Bob worked at the Automobile Club and Darla became a typist at an insurance company. Time seemed to drag.

In November of 1948 Darla and her mother made a short visit back to Oklahoma. Just after they left, Bob got a call from Ken Murray saying he thought they could use the Enchanters. Bob streaked for the Western Union office. All the words on the telegraph were pure gibberish to Darla except the two words that jumped right out "be married."

She was on a train back within the hour. "If there wasn't a train," she declared, "I would have walked back barefoot on a barbed wire fence."

The Bride and Groom program wanted to broadcast a pre-wedding interview, and at first Darla refused. However when she learned that the ceremony would be completely private with their own minister and guests, she consented. Listeners coast-to-coast tuned in, and the program showered the young couple with wonderful gifts including a dream honeymoon at the Santa Ynez Inn, at the Desert Palisades. There was music under the stars, champagne in the room, soft lights and swimming pools. The most perfect honeymoon a boy and a girl ever lived—and loved.

During the run of "Blackouts" they lived in a small Hollywood apartment, and when the show came to New York they moved with it. After the show closed and Ken returned to the coast, the Enchanters were featured by Paul Whiteman on TV.

Ken came back to New York with the complete plans for his big TV show, and immediately called the Enchanters. It was like old times again; they're an enduring combination.

Darla and Bob are living in a small apartment hotel in New York where she's studying voice and he's moving to sing a sweet sentimental music. Eventually they hope to have three or four additional little consumers about the house. Meanwhile television is their life, they both love it and have great hopes for their future plans in front of the camera.

If you drop in for a friendly visit with Darla, chances are you'll find her talking about her favorite subject, however it's not TV. It's still Bob. And in the next minute, with no coaxing at all, she'll bring out her favorite dress to show you. It's a yellow pinafore skirt she wore to a certain barn dance two or three careers ago.
(Continued from page 29) sponsor and network want you to love their program. You know that. They've got the best actors and directors and writers their money can buy. But the fact is that neither expert nor genius decides whether a program is good. The only person who can flick that switch on and off is you. My job is to find out what you don't like, and why.

Our organization is called the Scherwin Research Corporation, but in no way resembles the research conducted by Hooper or Nielsen. Hooper's people phone homes through the country and ask, "Do you have your radio or television set on?" And if you do, they ask, "What program are you tuned to?" Nielsen goes after the same answers by installing a mechanism in your set that records the programs you tune in. Simply, their reports show how many people have their sets on and the percentage of people tuned in to each station. What my group of workers wants to know is not what programs you listen to or look at, but how you like them.

And only the public knows what is good or bad radio. That's why afternoons and evenings some three to four hundred people gather in Radio City studios and Manhattan theaters at our reviews. Since the war, over six-hundred-thousand people have attended these sessions. We have screened eighteen-hundred programs and thirty-six hundred commercials. Our clients include NBC, Mutual, Colgate, Alka Seltzer, Toni, Campbell, Quaker Oats, Prudential, Admiral, Van Camp and others.

When you come to our reviews, you may see a TV or radio show. Through a planned, coordinated system, your reaction is checked every forty-five seconds without interrupting the program. Then we analyze the program with five principles. The first letter of each point spells the word FAME: F for familiarity, A for approach, M for mood, E for emphasis, D for direction.

Familiarity means what we, as listeners, expect from a star or story that we already know considerable about. For example, One Man's Family is a show that has been on radio for many years. But when the same popular program appeared on TV, there was a certain amount of audience resistance. Through our reviews, we discovered that regular listeners to One Man's Family had very definite mental images of the environment and characters on the radio program. The TV show conflicted with these images. So instead of running both programs concurrently, the TV show was pushed back a few years in time and setting, and turned out very successfully.

Approach, the second point, means finding the right beginning for a show. In musicals, you and I prefer to begin with one or two familiar numbers. That just happens to be the way we are. An example of wrong music occurred on the program of a well-known comedian. He got his audience relaxed, then destroyed the mood with brassy swing.

"Kill the victim earlier" was the way our report read to the producers of Crime Photographer—although I'm not a bloodthirsty man. We had an interesting reaction to Casey, ace news photographer and amateur detective. It seems that listeners like to play detective, too. With the crime and clues at the beginning of the show, wouldunit fans were more attentive.

Mood, or the atmosphere created, into which all the elements and commercials must dovetail, is the third yardstick.

On a program where the setting change each week from one foreign city to another, the announcer said, "We are now in Cairo," but the audience replied, "I don't believe it." The program failed to supply foreign color in description and sound effects. When this was corrected, the audience responded enthusiastically.

As you see, the subject material you prefer to hear covered on a particular program. Sometimes this is a tricky thing to get at. When the makers of Alka Seltzer came to us, we pre-tested fifteen daytime serials before they decided on Hilltop House. But even then there was a mystery. For no obvious reason, to One Man's Family had very definite mental images of the environment and characters on the radio program. The TV show conflicted with these images. So instead of running both programs concurrently, the TV show was pushed back a few years in time and setting, and turned out very successfully.

Approach, the second point, means finding the right beginning for a show. In musicals, you and I prefer to begin with one or two familiar numbers. That just happens to be the way we are. An example of wrong music occurred on the program of a well-known comedian. He got his audience relaxed, then destroyed the mood with brassy swing.

"Kill the victim earlier" was the way our report read to the producers of Crime Photographer—although I'm not a bloodthirsty man. We had an interesting reaction to Casey, ace news photographer and amateur detective. It seems that listeners like to play detective, too. With the crime and clues at the beginning of the show, wouldunit fans were more attentive.

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Horace Scherwin, president of the Scherwin Research Corporation, is a man of many accomplishments that should endear him to everyone. He modestly omits in his article that the research he conducted as a private during World War II saved taxpayers $110,000,000 each year. The system he set up is still in effect. As a radio consultant, he has been waging a merciless war on obnoxious commercials and dull programming.
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