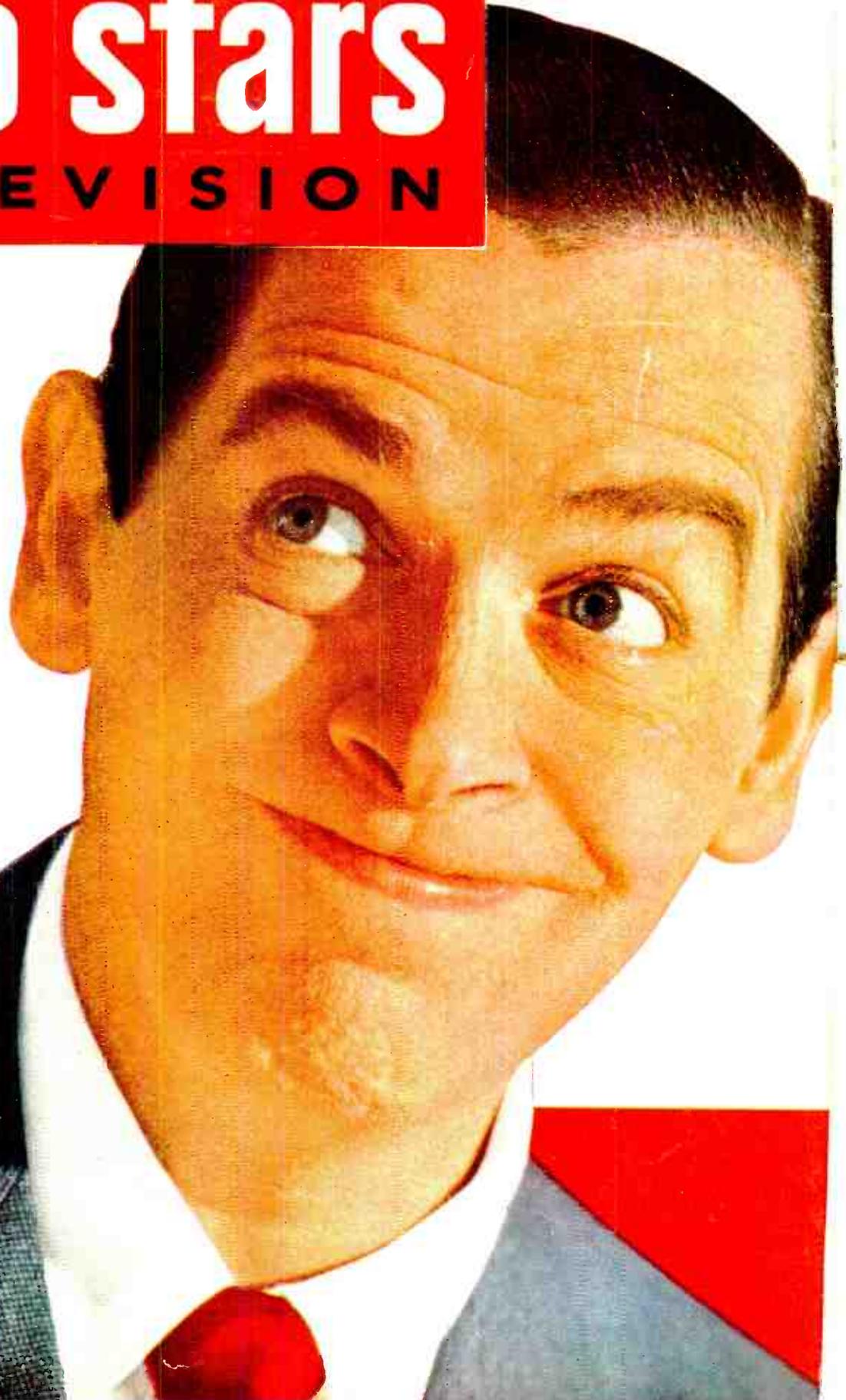


# radio stars and TELEVISION

DEAL



MILTON BERLE



**The truth about WALTER WINCHELL** page 29

# Amazing New *Scientific Discovery*

## Curls and Waves without permanent waving!

*No Machinery!  
No Waiting!  
not a Wave Set!*

**safe!** The most sensational beauty discovery in years. Imagine! One tiny capsule . . . gives you lovely, long lasting, glorious curls and waves . . . *in minutes*, not hours. No fuss, no bother, no tedious waiting. Absolutely harmless . . . use after every shampoo . . . the more you use, the more naturally waved your hair becomes — the longer your wave lasts. Easy now to "control" your new shorter-styled hair-do! Independent Laboratory tests on the four leading waving capsules **PROVED** Minit Curl far superior in every way . . . in giving curl, lustre and longer-lasting waves.



### Exciting, Safe easy way gives soft, natural looking, longer lasting CURLS and WAVES in MINUTES

**EASY TO USE!** Just empty contents of *one* capsule in 2 to 3 ounces hot water. Comb solution generously through hair *(after shampooing)*, with hair slightly damp and set in waves, pin curls or curlers. (Use any type curlers or pins — metal, plastic.) Allow to dry, then comb or brush. Minit Curl contains a special *conditioning* element *Clorium* . . . It encourages each silken strand to acquire the natural lustrous wave or curl — you have a ways dreamed of having.



1. Dissolve capsule in 2 to 3 oz hot water



2. Comb solution through hair



3. Set hair — let dry



**WONDERFUL FOR CHILDREN** — who won't "sit still" long enough for permanents. Minit Curl is so quick and easy and leaves their hair *natural* and *healthy* in appearance!



MARLENE'S  
**Minit Curl**  
CURL CAPS

**DO NOT BE MISLEAD BY SUBSTITUTE CAPSULES** — Remember *this* formula was perfected by the same chemist who pioneered the first original *S.I.F.F.* home cold wave solution. Be sure you buy the original, genuine Marlene's **MINIT CURL CAPS** in the green and brown package!

**HOW IT WORKS** — Minit Curl contains a new scientific *fixing* or *setting* ingredient combined with a *neutralizing* agency . . . plus the high lustre element *Clorium* . . . which conditions your hair, restoring its natural sheen, leaving it gloriously beautiful.

#### THE FACTS:

- Safe, harmless, easy to use.
- Conditions as it curls.
- Fastest method yet.
- Curls and waves every type hair (actually conditions and benefits bleached or dyed hair).
- Makes permanents unnecessary (yet restores old permanents and "controls" new permanents).
- Laboratory tested and improved.
- Develops natural waves and curls.
- No experience necessary.
- Each capsule makes 3 ounces

#### LASTS FOR MONTHS

**\$1.25 plus tax**

Conveniently packaged for use at home or when traveling

**SEND** — Simply fill out and mail the coupon. When your Minit Curl arrives, deposit only \$1.25 plus tax and C.O.D. postage on card on your guarantee of refund if not completely satisfied. Cash orders mailed postage paid. (Enclose \$1.00 which includes tax.)

#### FILL OUT AND MAIL COUPON TODAY

MARLENE'S, INC., Dept. 3-11  
205 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill.  
In Canada: 106 Hopewell Ave., Toronto, Ontario

Send Minit Curl complete and I will pay \$1.25 plus tax and C.O.D. postage on card on your guarantee of refund if not completely satisfied. Cash orders mailed postage paid. (Enclose \$1.00 which includes tax.)

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

# "Dentists say the **IPANA** way works!"

Junior Model Pat Barnard shows how it can work for you, too



**Queen of the cruise ship**, 17-year-old model Pat Barnard of Great Neck, N. Y., scores a terrific hit! Pat *always* finds her career and her date-life mighty smooth sailing—thanks to that dazzling smile!

Naturally, Pat follows the *Ipana* way to healthier gums and brighter teeth . . . because dentists say it works! Her professionally approved *Ipana* dental care can work for you, too—like this . . .

The *Ipana* Way is fun to follow, Pat tells her cabin-mate. Dentists say it works . . . and it's easy as 1, 2:

1. *Between regular visits to your dentist*, brush all tooth surfaces with *Ipana* at least twice a day.
2. Then massage gums the way your dentist advises—to stimulate gum circulation. (*Ipana's* unique formula actually helps stimulate your gums—you can *feel* the invigorating tingle!)

Try this for healthier gums, brighter teeth, an *Ipana* smile. *Ipana* refreshes your mouth and breath, too. Ask your dentist about *Ipana* and massage. See what it can do for you!

**YES, 8 OUT OF 10 DENTISTS\* SAY:**



Product of Bristol-Myers

*Ipana* dental care promotes

*Healthier gums, brighter teeth*

*\*In thousands of reports from all over the country.*

**P.S.** For correct brushing, use the **DOUBLE DUTY** Tooth Brush with the *twist* in the handle. 1000 dentists helped design it!

# Your loveliness is Doubly Safe



*Because*

**Veto gives you  
Double Protection!**



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

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

**Veto lasts and lasts  
from bath to bath!**

# radio stars and TELEVISION

*February 1949*

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*New!*  
*Exciting Discoveries*  
*in Skin Care*



*Woodbury De Luxe Face Creams*  
*... Never before*  
*such Beauty for YOU!*

Your skin . . . *ravishing!* . . . with these new-formula Woodbury De Luxe Face Creams! Science's newest secrets . . . in six exquisite beauty aids. Incomparable cleaner cleansing! Superb richer softening! Veil-of-flattery finishing creams! Each of unsurpassed quality. Jars come dressed in pink-and-gold elegance, at welcome moderate prices.

**Woodbury De Luxe Cold Cream cleanses skin the cleanest ever.**

Truly, Penaten is a miracle cleansing aid! Penaten *penetrates*—reaches deeper into pore openings. Quickly seeps through make-up tints. *Amazingly thorough—thoroughly gentle.* Your skin looks *clearer*, because it's *cleaner*. Your first jar will prove. Woodbury De Luxe Cold Cream—with Penaten—truly glorifies your skin!

**Woodbury De Luxe Dry Skin Cream smooths skin the softest ever!**

Magically, Penaten aids the *penetration* of smoothing emollients. Carries lanolin's rich benefits deeper, softening tiny dry lines. Smooths flaky roughness—on the instant. Skin looks fresher, younger . . . lovely to see!

*Introducing*  
**PENATEN**  
*New Skin Beautifier in*

*From trial jars 20¢, to luxury jars \$1.39 plus tax.*

**Woodbury De Luxe Liquefying Cleansing Cream**—contains Penaten! Particularly effective for cleansing oily or normal skin. Melts instantly. Loosens clinging grime, make-up, surface oil. Night and morning use helps keep skin clearer, younger-looking.

**Woodbury De Luxe Vanishing Facial Cream**—For Glamorous Make-Up: Greaseless, disappearing. A thin veil makes even oily skin look dewy. For a Beauty Pick-up: Apply lavishly to soften skin particles. Tissue off. Skin looks fresher, younger.

**Woodbury De Luxe Powder Base Foundation Cream**—Petal-Tinted: Adds glow to any powder shade. Veils dry or normal skin in satin-textured base that holds make-up. Helps hide blemishes. Apply sparingly—smooth over face, throat.

**Woodbury De Luxe Complete Beauty All-Purpose Cream**—Pink-Tinted: Penaten makes this De Luxe All-Purpose Cream more effective—for complete skin care, day and night. Cleanses deeper. Softens superbly. Provides a clinging make-up base.



Dinah Shore and hubby George Montgomery showed up at the premiere of Laurence Olivier's film production of *Hamlet*. Dinah no longer has her own radio show—she's featured singer on Eddie Cantor program.



The annual Friars' Club Dinner, held at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel in honor of Kay Thompson, brought back the famous Danny Kaye act—his takeoff on Kay. Jack Carson portrayed one of the Williams Brothers.



Looking very lovey-dovey, Spike Jones and wife also attended Friars' Club Dinner party for Kay Thompson. Affair was held in the Mayfair Room of the hotel. Guests invited were top radio and movie notables.



Tough-guy Burt Lancaster is supplementing movie work with radio appearances these days. He recently starred on *Philip Morris Playhouse*, show produced by William Spier. Betty Lou Gerson co-starred.

# Inside track

BY JEAN MEEGAN

Radio is constantly being rapped for not developing its own talent—but it never gets a hand for bringing up talent for the rest of the entertainment world. Biographies of the movie stars are swollen with details of their stage origins; however, most of them would have starved if it weren't for money they were able to make on radio.

John Lund, Macdonald Carey, Alan Ladd, Martha Scott and Richard Widmark paid their room rent when they started their acting careers with the money they made on *Pepper Young's Family*, *When A Girl Marries*, *Young Widder Brown*, *John's Other Wife*, *Our Gal Sunday* and other radio shows.

Robert Walker and Jennifer Jones were among radio's first Mr. and Mrs. Teams. At least they became Mr. and Mrs. after they started to make \$25 a week on a Tulsa, Okla., radio station.

Long before Don Ameche discovered the

telephone in the movies he was a nationally known voice playing opposite Anne Seymour in *Grand Hotel*. John Hodiak, Joan Tetzl, Ed Begley, Agnes Moorehead, Van Heflin made substantial incomes in front of microphones before they ever appeared blown up and in three dimensions.

There is no royal road to Hollywood but radio has paved the way for as many of our picture celebrities as any of the other mediums. Hollywood may be a factory grinding out dreams for a whole world to buy—but radio has made a lot of those dreams come true.

• • •

Mary Margaret McBride and I have buried the hatchet. Five years ago I wrote a fresh story in the *Associated Press* about the First Lady of Radio on her 10th Anniversary with

NBC and hurt her feelings. Her fans were fighting mad and caused such a blizzard of mail denouncing me and the newspapers that ran my story, that I was content to let Mary Margaret alone through the ensuing years. Then one day this winter a mutual friend arranged a tea party for us.

Mary Margaret was in fire fettle because she had just completed her most successful television show. Her idea is to transpose her familiar radio interviewing routine to television, a shift that might be compared in house-keeping with swapping your trustworthy old broom for a complex electric gadget.

In the beginning Mary Margaret couldn't follow the cameras, so she decided that the cameras would simply have to follow her. "I told them," she says, "they would have to televise me like they do a football game. I can't be photographed like a drama." But it turns out to be quite a dramatic television



What would a Friars' Club Dinner be without veteran comedians like Grocie Allen and Jock Benny? They attended with their respective spouses. Benny and his show have recently switched from NBC to CBS.



When the Bergen-McCarthy program returned to the air in fall 1948 they featured the comical *Bickersons* skit, once heard on the Frank Morgan show. Don Ameche is stor—but new Mrs. B. is Morsho Hunt.

# Don't be Half-safe!



by  
**VALDA SHERMAN**

**At the first blush of womanhood** many mysterious changes take place in your body. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

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

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

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

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

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

## Inside track

show, anyway—there's always drama when Mary Margaret is around.

. . . .

The Hollywood studios are being very fussy about their stars going into television. Movie tycoon Louis B. Mayer realistically points out that television can't harm the homely pans of a Wally Beery or a Mickey Rooney—but that if a Greer Garson or Hedy Lamarr exposes her false eyelashes in the new medium, there might be trouble. Some stars are pretty upset at their bosses saying "Nix" to television appearances. Walter Pidgeon is one who allegedly raised the roof when told to stay away from television cameras.

I heard a touching little story about Fibber McGee and Molly. At their broadcast one night Fibber was looking over the audience while the show was on the air and suddenly his face lit up and he tried to get Molly to spot the person he was looking at. It was the old postman they had in Peoria, Ill. He had delivered Jim's letters to Marian Jordan during the first World War. They ran over to him right after the show and had a grand time with him in Hollywood.

The Jordans are the kind of people who don't forget the old days. I went to school with their daughter and she once told me the story about a time when her father needed a suit. It was during the holiday season and the Jordans were planning a big turkey dinner for the family. The budget was such, that

Jim couldn't afford the suit and the turkey, until he saw an ad in the paper. There was a tailor two flights up advertising a sale of suits and a turkey with every purchase. . . . So Jim had his Thanksgiving turkey in his brand new suit!

. . . .

I called on Rose Franken while she was getting over the flu. She was still in bed in the mansion she bought a few years ago on New York's sedate Sutton Place but her old typewriter was right there on her knees.

This powerful little lady, and wonderful writer who wrote her first story of *Claudia* in one week twelve years ago, has worked at it ever since. She has turned over the writing of the radio *Claudia* to Manya Starr, a 26-year-old ex-Wave and Bryn Mawr graduate, but the Franken finger is still the dominating one in the pie. Rose is never more commercially in earnest than she is about the fate of her famous heroine, and she zealously guards her against any counterfeit actions.

She tells me the thing that surprises her daily about *Claudia*, in all her forms, is the fan mail she receives. Most of it is from men!

. . . .

One of the best television stories I've heard is about little Stephanie Wanger, the five-year-old daughter of Joan Bennett and Walter Wanger. This little lady is a great fan of Shirley



To reward the great Groucho for guesting on their *Kraft Music Hall*, Jolson, the ever-young, and Levant, the ever-dour, gave him a cigar. Question—is it going to explode?

Mirror, mirror on the wall . . . is my hair fairest of them all ?



Even on shampoo day  
**Rayve** Creme Shampoo  
makes hair behave  
so beautifully!



*In bands, tubes or jars at  
drug and cosmetic counters.*



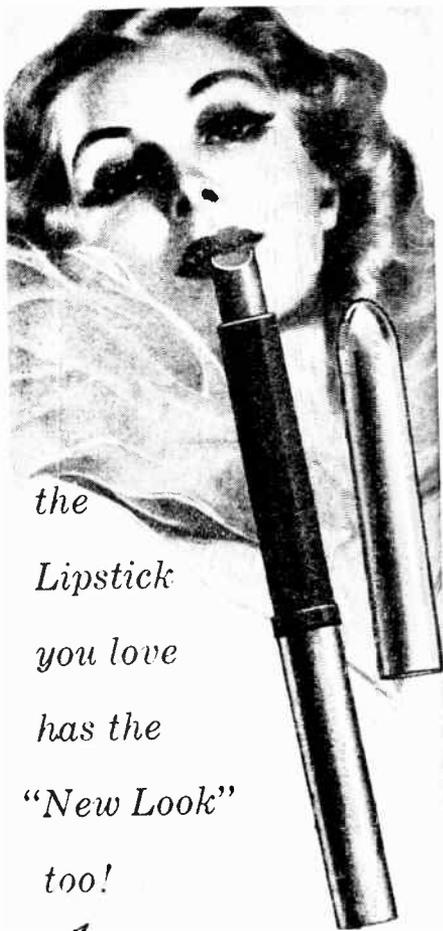
**Yet Rayve costs no more than ordinary shampoos!**

See the miracle in your own mirror! Even on shampoo day your hair does just what you want it to—when you use wonderful Rayve Creme Shampoo! Rayve leaves your hair so silky soft, so clean and lustrous . . . so easy to manage. The pure lanolin in Rayve is specially blended with other important ingredients to make your hair behave!

Rayve billows into fragrant lather in the hardest water . . . even in cold water. It's not a soap. So its rich, active lather rinses away quickly, completely. No dulling film, no flaky dandruff remains. The perfect shampoo before and after home permanents.

To make your hair behave beautifully, use wonderful Rayve Creme Shampoo. See how Rayve, with pure lanolin, makes your hair lie softly obedient, shimmering with highlights. See this miracle in your own mirror . . . the very day you use Rayve.

Another fine product of Pepsodent Division, Lever Brothers Company.



the  
Lipstick  
you love  
has the  
"New Look"  
too!

*Iresistible*  
NEW, LONGER  
**LIPSTICK**

*Professional  
size... only 39¢*

Feel like a make-up artist. Look like a society deb! So easy to use this softer, smoother, more flattering lipstick in its new, long glamour case of mock-gold metal. Try it today just to see how divinely shaped your lips can be!



Our famous Jumbo size  
**NEW MOCK-GOLD  
METAL SWIVEL CASE  
LIPSTICK**  
big value **25¢**

At all cosmetic counters

*Iresistible*  
**WHIP-TEXT to stay on longer..... smoother**

## Inside track



Frank Sinatra and Gene Kelly brought the house down with a slick song and dance routine at a recent benefit.

Dinsdale's ventriloquist act, *Judy Splinters*, the television equivalent of Charlie McCarthy.

Stephanie, dolled up in a Chinese costume she got for her birthday, was waiting in front of the set for her show when Joan walked in and said: "Come on, Steph, it's time for you to get dressed for dinner." Stephanie, who ordinarily is as dressy as her Aunt Constance, gave her mother a battle. Joan said, "What's the matter with you? Other nights you love to change your clothes."

Stephanie said: "But Mommy, I'm waiting to show Judy my Chinese costume!"

• • •

Speaking of Hollywood youngsters and television, I understand that as soon as Ozzie and Harriet Nelson put their show on television they will have their own two kids playing themselves. The actors who take the parts of David and Rickey will be too old and too big for video. Dave and Rickey are 12 and 9. Their radio counterparts are over 16.

Ozzie and Harriet will use their own home as the set in television, which will be sponsored by International Silver, their radio sponsor.

Up till now, by the way, television has been mostly a night-time proposition, with the notable exception of sporting events. But recently, the Dumont television network started broadcasting *all day long*, as well as at night. Now it looks as if the NBC and CBS television networks are going to carry a full program schedule, seven days a week. The great problem in this respect is what telecasts to

present to the housewife that won't interfere with her housework. This is what radio's soap operas can do. A woman can bake a cake while listening to *Portia Faces Life* or a Bing Crosby disc jockey show. But what's going to happen to the cake and stew if she keeps her eye on the television set? That is the great unknown quantity in the field of daytime television—and the problem that NBC and CBS are now trying to solve.

The terrific upsurge of television is also reflected in the hordes of money a sponsor is now willing to pour into a tele-show. CBS-TV's *Ford Television Playhouse* costs its sponsor \$17,500 per week exclusive of time charges. NBC-TV's *Philco Playhouse* costs \$11,000 a



It's a *My Friend Irma* rehearsal. Marie Wilson and Joan Barks are friends in real life, also.

This little girl went  
to the beauty shop

This little girl spent  
2 hours at home

...and this little girl  
got lasting waves  
*in an instant!*



The original "curls in a capsule"

over a million women have  
found insta-curl to be SAFE!

insta-curl

makes permanents unnecessary



\$1<sup>25</sup>  
plus tax

Never before Insta-Curl could you *comb* your hair into last-  
ing waves and curls! Or get a permanent effect from a tiny  
capsule with perfect safety. Even more miraculous — the  
longer you use Insta-Curl, the lovelier, more glamorous and  
naturally curly your hair becomes!

Leading laboratories, including those of America's most  
famous stores, have found Insta-Curl absolutely safe. Con-  
tains no sulphur, resin, alum or other harmful ingredients.  
So for shimmering waves that *last* and glorious curls that  
*stay*, get Insta-Curl. Improves old or new permanents. Curls  
all types of hair! Grand for the fine, soft hair of children.  
Yes, nothing like Insta-Curl ever before!

Get Insta-Curl at all Drug and Department stores. If your favorite  
store doesn't carry Insta-Curl write to Beauty Factors, Inc., 139  
S. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.



1. Dissolve capsule  
contents in 4 oz.  
(half glass) hot  
water.



2. Comb solution gen-  
erously through  
dry hair. (Best  
after shampoo.)



3. Set, allow to dry.  
Comb out for last-  
ing waves and  
curls!

Copyright 1948, Beauty Factors, Inc.

**For a  
Winning  
Smile...**



USE THE BRUSH WITH

**Real  
Nylon  
Bristles**



## Inside track

show. Which puts these programs—as far as costs go—up in a class with radio's *Kraft Music Hall*, *Life of Riley*, *Mr. District Attorney*, *Ozzie and Harriet*, *Stop The Music* and *Red Skelton*. The intense seriousness with which sponsors view the tremendous impact of television will be realized when you consider that each of the radio shows just mentioned have audiences topping *ten million* . . . while any television audience doesn't add up to a small fraction of that figure!

• • •

Ed ("Archie") Gardner figures he is a cinch for television. He writes me: "Every one of the scripts I've used in the last seven years on the air can be used in television. They're all one set things with a guest star coming into the tavern." He's right, and Ed has the advantage of looking the part.

Parkyakarkus is a good bet for the same reason. His *Meet Me at Parky's* radio series can be moved into television in toto. It is people like Fred Allen and Jack Benny whose formats depend on moving around to different locations: Mary Livingstone's house, Main Street, Rochester in the car, and so forth that will have to be changed for television.

Dennis Day's writers are purposely using one set situations in his radio show so that the same scripts can be used over again in television.

• • •

Gloria Swanson is a unique figure in show business. She is the only person alive who was a pioneer in motion pictures and a pioneer in television. She has her own show

on the New York Daily News Station WPIX. I visited her on the set and at home. She is an entertaining, highly compact, energetic personality. She has been called one of the world's best dressed women and undoubtedly is, since she sensibly wears clothes that are simple, fit perfectly and aren't startling in style.

As she talked to me about the surprising similarities between early pictures and early television I thought, "And she is as ageless as an oil painting." Actually she is 49. Her inquiring blue eyes, chic face and dazzling white teeth remain untouched by time. Today she is a lively, petite figure with beautiful legs and neat little feet in high heeled pumps, who has turned her capacity for high fashion, gourmet food, and aristocratic living into a fifty-five minute television show. "I even take my own furniture to the studio," she told me. "It is so much like the early days in pictures when a director and writer and I worked out a whole scenario."

Miss Swanson told me so much about the parallel between movies and her new medium that I got her to promise she would write a story about it for "Radio Stars and Television" within the next couple of months.

• • •

Jimmy Durante has the rights to the old Weber and Fields' material and the old Gallagher and Shean routines. He and Alan Young are recording them for MGM records. They'll be in the music stores by the end of February . . . The first audience to hear Bob Hope's radio show is his own family. After dinner on Sunday he reads the next Tuesday night's show to his wife, Dolores, and the two



Heap big boy Crosby was titled Chief Thunder-voice by Squamish Tribe of British Columbio.



Songbird Peggy Lee recently guested on the Arthur Godfrey morning broadcast over CBS.

# Watch this new lotion glorify your WHOLE HAND!



**SOFTENS  
CUTICLE**

Nails look neater with New Hinds helping to keep cuticle pliable. No ragged edges to "catch." Your manicures stay lovely longer!

**SMOOTHS  
KNUCKLES**

Dry knuckles yield to the smoothing action of New Hinds. Effective emollients "sink in." Hinds dries fast — never feels sticky!

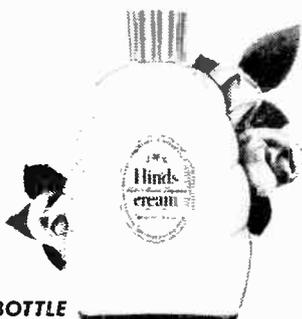
**BEAUTIFIES  
SKIN**

New Hinds is enriched with lanolin to make your hands feel softer instantly—protect them longer. Works wonders on rough, dry skin!

**SATINIZES  
PALMS**

Even rough palms are soothed and smoothed. New Hinds' "skin-affinity" ingredients actually help to soften calluses.

**Hinds**  
Honey and Almond  
Fragrance Cream



**WORKS WONDERS!** Lanolin-enriched for *extra* effectiveness. New Hinds Honey and Almond Fragrance Cream keeps your *whole hand* feeling soft in spite of ravages of work and water. Use it to smooth elbows, arms and legs . . . try it as a powder base. Use Hinds to help protect babies' and children's tender skin from chapping! 4 sizes, 10¢ to \$1.00.

NOW IN NEW LARGER BEAUTY BOTTLE

PRODUCT OF LEHN & FINK

# DeLong

Bob Pins  
set the smartest  
hair-do's  
stronger grip—won't slip out



Your hair is short and to the point this season. The new brief styles are easy on the eyes easy to set, *yourself*, with DeLong Bob Pins. DeLong Bob Pins, with their new rounded ends, slide in easily, stay in indefinitely. Get DeLong Bob Pins on the famous blue card.

**The Short Halo—** created by Helen Hunt, famous Hollywood hair stylist. Make 3 rows of pin curls. Work clockwise from left part toward face. Pull hair slightly forward as you pin. Brush out hair upward, away from face. Let ends fall forward. Brush back hair upward.



You're always "set" with DeLong  
Curl Setting Pins • Hair Pins • Safety Pins  
Hooks and Eyes • Snaps • Pins  
Hook and Eye Tapes • Sanitary Belts

# Inside track



Merry-go-rounds ore for kids? You said it! Two young 'uns take to their horses and fun: Jock Benny with spouse Mory.

oldest kids, Linda and Tony. "If you think a studio audience is tough," Hope reports, "try getting laughs out of your family." Bob really makes it sound hard . . . Dorothy Dix is a little old lady living in New Orleans, so an actress was hired to take the part of the famous sentimental sage on the new ABC afternoon lovelorn show. She is Barbara Winthrop, and sounds like a female Gabriel Heatter.

• • •

I met Ann Thomas for lunch the other day between her rehearsals for *Claudia* and *Mr. D. A.* She is the most remarkable actress I know. Ann is 28 years old, she's been on Broadway since she was four, and out of all those years she has only missed two seasons in the theater: the year she got into radio and the year she went to Hollywood to play Miss Duffy in the movie, *Duffy's Tavern*. She has done 43 plays in her life and more than 3,000 radio shows. During her spare time she collects dolls—and she now has hundreds of them from all parts of the world.

• • •

Jack Carson's press agent swears that Carson bought a 46-acre ranch because he'd bought his son a \$12.75 cowboy suit. The kid wanted a horse, then they needed a place to keep it, a small ranch in the San Fernando Valley was decided upon—two or three acres. The housing problem still is tight in California.

The only spot Carson could find was a layout of 46 acres, all cultivated but five acres, with a caretaker's cottage, a small residence, and most important—a stable. Carson figured, "Well, a ranch is a ranch."

Today Carson has seven horses. He's thinking of raising cattle as a moneymaking proposition to help pay for the caretakers. He is raising alfalfa, oats, and burr clover. He bought a bulldozer to clear off the five acres hitherto uncultivated, where they can level a riding ring.

Carson never was on a horse before but he's had to learn to ride to get around his acreage.



"Hold it, bub!"—and Humphrey Bogart and Betty Lou Gerson, Luxites, look at the birdie.

# BOTH BEST-SELLERS

YOURS  
FOR  
ONLY A

# 3-CENT STAMP!

THE MOST SENSATIONAL OFFER EVER MADE TO NEW DOLLAR BOOK CLUB MEMBERS!

Yes, 2 Thrilling Books—ANNIE JORDAN and THE WEB OF DAYS—Yours for only 3c when you join the Dollar Book Club! Mail Coupon Below!

## The Red-Headed Cinderella

Who Made a Boom-Town Her Boudoir!

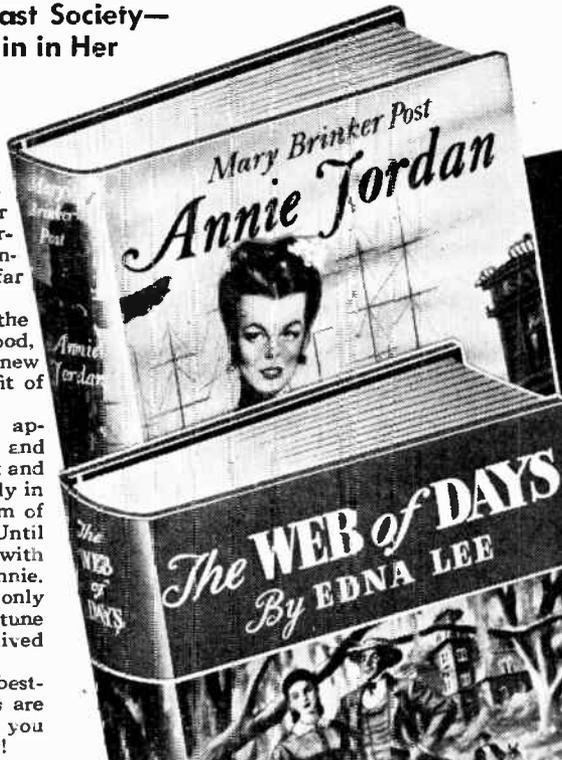
She Climbed from the Bottom of Skid Row to the Peak of Gold Coast Society—Only to Slide Down Again in Her Search for Happiness!

AT thirteen, Annie Jordan was dancing for coins on the tables of a sailors' cafe. At fifteen, she knew the first heart-break of love, and at sixteen, her mother bullied her into a marriage she didn't want. Even Cinderella of the fairytale had a far easier lot!

By the time Annie had quit the sordid environment of her girlhood, she knew what she wanted and knew how to get it without the benefit of godmothers or magic wands!

Then her Prince Charming appeared. Hugh Deming, young and handsome heir of Seattle's oldest and most prominent family, fell madly in love with her, and Annie's dream of happiness was complete . . . Until the night of his abrupt farewell, with his parting words: "I love you, Annie. No matter what happens—I love only you." From then on, through fortune and disaster, Annie and Hugh lived the consequences of that night!

Both *Annie Jordan* AND the best-selling novel *The Web of Days* are yours for just a 3-cent stamp if you join the Dollar Book Club now!



## and ALSO yours: Edna Lee's WEB OF DAYS

A Heroine "Seductive as Scarlett—Ambitious as Amber!"—Phila. Inq.

WHAT determined Hester to be mistress of Seven Chimneys, even if it meant risking the deadly rivalry of a beautiful ex-slave—even if it meant turning from the man she loved to become the wife of another man? This best-seller—PLUS *Annie Jordan*—yours for a 3c stamp if you join the Dollar Book Club now!

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More Than 700,000 Families Buy Books This Money-Saving Way!

Think of it! With book manufacturing costs at an all-time high, with most popular current fiction selling for \$2.75 and \$3.00 in the publishers' editions at retail, the Dollar Book Club continues to bring its members the cream of the books for only \$1.00 each! And in attractive, full-size library editions, bound in a format exclusive for members!

Start Enjoying Membership Now

Upon receipt of the attached coupon with a 3 cent stamp, you will be sent the TWO best-sellers, "*Annie Jordan*" and "*The Web of Days*." You will also receive as your first selection for \$1.00 your choice of any of these four best sellers:

• *The Golden Hawk* by Frank Yerby. Here's even more color, sweep and excitement than *The Foxes of Harrow*—the tale of a bold buccaneer and the wild-cat beauty he tamed!

• *Light in the Sky* by Agatha Young. In the dramatic setting of Ohio's roaring blast furnaces of 1870 a titan of industry and his beautiful, ruthless daughter fight for power.

• *The Queen's Physician* by Edgar Maass. What did the bewitching queen really want—the Doctor's cure . . . or the Doctor? Here is true history as lively as *Forever Amber*!

• *Asylum for the Queen* by Mildred Jordan. Love and adventure in the American wilderness of 1796, where, amid silks and satins, snobbery and intrigue, lived the last remnants of Marie Antoinette's pleasure-loving court.

EVERY other month you will receive the Club's descriptive folder called *The Bulletin*. The Bulletin describes the forthcoming two months' book selections. It also reviews about ten additional titles (in the original publishers' editions selling at retail for \$2.50 or more) available to members at only \$1.00 each. You may purchase either or both of the two new selections for \$1.00 each, or neither. In any case, you may purchase any of the other titles offered for \$1.00 each.

## SEND NO MONEY

Mail Coupon — Get 2 Books for 3c!

When you see *Annie Jordan*—and *Web of Days*—which you get for 3 cents—and your first \$1.00 selection; when you consider these are typical values you receive for \$1.00, you will be more than happy to have joined the Club.

Doubleday One Dollar Book Club, Garden City, N. Y.

## Mail This Coupon

DOUBLEDAY ONE DOLLAR BOOK CLUB  
Dept. 2DMG, Garden City, New York

Please enroll me as a Dollar Book Club member and send me at once "*Annie Jordan*" and "*The Web of Days*"—BOTH for the enclosed 3c stamp. Also send me as my first selection for \$1.00 the book I have checked below:

*Queen's Physician*     *Light in the Sky*  
 *Asylum for the Queen*     *The Golden Hawk*

With these books will come my first issue of the free descriptive folder called "*The Bulletin*" telling about the two new forthcoming one-dollar bargain book selections and several additional bargains which are offered at \$1.00\* each to members only.

I have the privilege of notifying you in advance if I do not wish either of the following months' selections and whether or not I wish to purchase any of the other bargains at the Special Club price of \$1.00 each. The purchase of books is entirely voluntary on my part. I do not have to accept a book every month—only six during each year that I remain a member. I pay nothing except \$1.00\* for each selection received plus a few cents shipping cost.

Mr. }  
Mrs. }  
Miss } ..... PLEASE PRINT

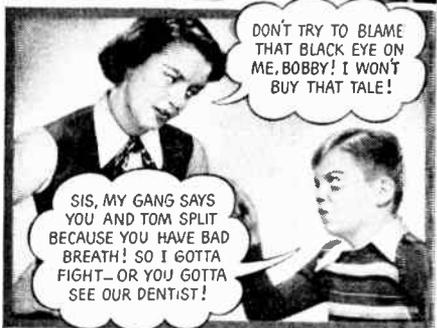
Address .....

City, Zone & State .....

Occupation ..... If under 21, Age, please . . .

\*Same Price in Canada: 105 Bond St., Toronto 2

# Sis, I'm Tired of Fighting for You!



DON'T TRY TO BLAME THAT BLACK EYE ON ME, BOBBY! I WON'T BUY THAT TALE!

SIS, MY GANG SAYS YOU AND TOM SPLIT BECAUSE YOU HAVE BAD BREATH! SO I GOTTA FIGHT—OR YOU GOTTA SEE OUR DENTIST!

TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!

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

LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream



BOBBY HAS NO MORE BLACK EYES SINCE HE PUT HIS SISTER WISE!

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

**COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM**

NEW!  
ECONOMY SIZE  
EXTRA 20%!  
EXTRA VALUE! 59¢

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

# Inside track

He says he has no time to read anymore, except the farm bureau bulletins, machinery catalogues and Breeders' Gazette. The most important radio program on his schedule, next to his own, is the weather report.

look better on her television show . . . I want to meet a youngster Art Linkletter had on G. E. House Party the last time I heard it. Linkletter asked the little boy what his father did. "Just what mommy tells him to," the moppet piped.

Items from here and there . . . Kay Francis won't do television because she says, "Women look too darn old on it." Margaret O'Brien—take note . . . Eversharp is having trouble with the adjective "strone" they thought they coined to describe their blades. Some listeners looked it up in the dictionary and complained . . . One of the silliest sights in New York is Mrs. Chip "Evie" Roberts' purple poodle. She had the poor pooch "rinsed" that shade so he'd

Agnes Moorehead has done Sorry, Wrong Number more times than I care to count on CBS's Suspense, but she reads it from the same well-worn script she started out with years ago . . . Some mathematical genius has figured out that Amos 'n' Andy have written 48 times as much material as Margaret Mitchell did in Gone With The Wind—or 10,000,000 words! Their new character Leroy Smith, De King-

# Free Offer

Your editor would like to know which stories you enjoyed the most in this issue of RADIO STARS AND TELEVISION. We want to know this so we can publish articles on the people and programs YOU want to read about. If you fill out and mail us the following questionnaire, we will be happy to return the favor by sending you one of the following (check in box):

- CHOCOLATE RECIPES
- CROSSWORD PUZZLE BOOK

PLEASE NUMBER FROM 1 to 5 (in boxes to left of titles) the articles and features you like the most:

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> The Truth About Walter Winchell         | <input type="checkbox"/> Forever 16 (Ezra Stone)         |
| <input type="checkbox"/> No Apples For Eve (Arden)               | <input type="checkbox"/> Circus De Lux                   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> The Girl I Married Twice (Alice Faye)   | <input type="checkbox"/> This Is My Secret (Jane Froman) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> My Double Life (Alan Ladd)              | <input type="checkbox"/> At Home (Bob Loves Tishy)       |
| <input type="checkbox"/> I'm A Brat (Barbara Whiting)            | <input type="checkbox"/> Diapers For Dinah               |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Give 'Em The Personality (Milton Berle) | <input type="checkbox"/> Inside Track                    |
| <input type="checkbox"/> C For Cinderella (Rita Colton)          | <input type="checkbox"/> Pay-Off Man (Bert Parks)        |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Keeper Of The Nose (Durante-Young)      | <input type="checkbox"/> Makeup Magic                    |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Partners In Disguise (Amos & Andy)      | <input type="checkbox"/> Musical Merry-Go-Round          |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Junior Discovers Television             | <input type="checkbox"/> Juvenile Jury                   |

Which of the above stories did you like the LEAST? .....

Which three stars, programs, or subjects are your choices for future articles. ....

Do you own, or intend to buy soon, a television set? .....

Name: .....

Address: .....

City: ..... Zone: ..... State: ..... I am ..... years old.

MAIL TO:  
POLL DEPT., RADIO STARS AND TELEVISION  
Box 125, Murray Hill Station, New York 16, N. Y.

Says **RHONDA FLEMING**:

*"Sheer Excitement... that's New Woodbury Powder!...  
it gives skin the most heavenly Satin-Smooth Look!"*



**RHONDA FLEMING**

David O. Selznick's star,  
co-starring with Bing Crosby  
in Paramount's  
"A CONNECTICUT YANKEE  
IN KING ARTHUR'S COURT"

**SEE WHY WOMEN CHOSE  
WOODBURY  
OVER ALL LEADING BRANDS!**

The moment you try New Woodbury Powder you'll know why women all over the country preferred it to their own favorite face powders. Fluff on Woodbury and instantly your skin looks beautifully, Satiny smooth! An exclusive Woodbury ingredient gives this flawless Satin finish—a finish never possible with powder alone before!

See how "perfect" your skin can look! Woodbury's new secret ingredient covers tiny blemishes amazingly. See how this perfect look lasts... and lasts! New Woodbury Powder stays on hours longer.

*And 'round you, clinging like a spell,  
the enchanting  
New Woodbury fragrance!*



For Every Beauty Quality  
**Woodbury Wins!**

In a dramatic Nation-wide test women compared New Woodbury Powder with their own personal face powders. They voted Woodbury better for texture, cover, cling... for every beauty quality! Actually Woodbury won by the tremendous average of 4 to 1 over all other leading brands of powder!

**New Woodbury Powder**

**in 7 Glow-of-Color Shades**

Medium and "Purse" sizes 30¢ and 15¢.  
Large "Dressing Table" size \$1.00. Prices plus tax.

# Just Whistle...

by Bissell



When your young buckaroo upsets the ashstand on your freshly cleaned rug . . . don't scream. Run for your new Bissell Sweeper . . .

And whistle! Bissell Carpet Sweepers now have "Bisco-matic" Brush Action for the easiest clean-ups ever!



You don't have to press down at all. This miracle brush adjusts itself automatically to every rug nap, thick or thin . . .

Even cleans under low furniture, with the handle held flat! Save your vacuum for periodic cleaning . . . use a new "Bisco-matic" Bissell® for quick everyday clean-ups. It pays!



Illustrated: The "Vanity" at \$8.45. Other models from \$6.45. All with "Bisco-matic" Brush Action, easy "Flip-O" Empty, and "Sta-up" Handle.

# Bissell Sweepers

The Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co.  
Grand Rapids 2, Michigan

\*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Bissell's patented full spring controlled brush

# Inside track

fish's brother-in-law, is played by Jester Harrison, former mainstay of the Hall Johnson Choir . . . Could you keep from seeing a movie you were in? Or hearing a record you were on? Eve Arden, an old hand at radio and the movies, never has seen or heard herself perform. It makes me think of the time Ethel Barrymore was invited to see the "rushes" on the first picture she ever made. The great lady refused. When the motion picture producer persisted, Miss Barrymore intoned in the famous voice: "Young man, I've never seen myself on the stage. Why should I start now?"

• • •

The first few rounds of the knock-down, drag-out battle between the country's two great networks have definitely been won by the Columbia Broadcasting System. The stakes are the biggest in broadcasting—radio's top programs . . . It all started some months back when CBS literally bought Amos and Andy from NBC. Happy with the whole deal and anxious to make further inroads on NBC's grip on the top comedy shows, CBS talked Jack Benny (and they really talked with big money!) into leaving the NBC fold for their own. That money (a few million dollars) is why you now hear the Benny show on CBS instead of NBC. And now it looks as if the Phil Harris show will also be on the CBS airwaves. And maybe Ed Gardner, Bergen and McCarthy, Fred Allen and others. Fred is now making his annual winter prediction about going off the air next year—but nobody is paying



Lucky Pup, CBS-TV show, stars Doris Brown and pup who inherited five million dollars!

serious attention to him, seeing that Fred gets fed up with the radio business every winter, but usually changes his mind in the spring . . . Anyway, the whole broadcasting industry is in a mad tizzy about this war raging between the two broadcasting titans, NBC and CBS. An everyday question along Radio Row is, "Who's going to CBS next?" But as a radio fan friend remarked to me the other day, "It doesn't make any difference to me whether the stars are heard on this or that network. So long as I have a radio, I can hear them on any network!" Which, I imagine, is the way you probably feel about it all. Thought I'd fill you in anyway . . . Have you heard about the new "Phonovision"—supposed to go into effect later this year? Seems that for two dollars (a night, that is) you'll be able to tune in your video set to any movie in town. All you'll have to do is tell the phone company what movie—and they'll take care of the rest, including the bill! All of which will be quite a savings and convenience for big families.



George Burns, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Marshall showed up as ostendents of the Friars' Club annual dinner at Moyfoir Room of Beverly-Wilshire Hotel in Los Angeles.

# MEDICATED CARE PROVES WONDERFUL BEAUTY AID TO FACE AND HANDS!

**4 Out of 5 Women  
Showed Softer, Lovelier-  
looking Skin in Test  
Supervised by Doctors**



**REMARKABLE ALL-PURPOSE CREAM  
SHOWS WOMEN SIMPLE,  
EASY AID TO CLEARER,  
UNBLEMISHED SKIN**



RECENTLY, 181 women of all ages took part in a careful skin improvement test supervised by 3 doctors—*skin specialists!* The women had many common skin troubles—roughness, dryness or skin blemishes.

The doctors explained a new 4-step Medicated Beauty Routine using famous *Noxzema Medicated Skin Cream*. Each woman's skin was examined through a magnifying lens at 7-day intervals.

Here are the astonishing results: Of all these women tested, 4 out of 5 showed softer, smoother, lovelier-looking skin in 2 weeks—were thrilled at the marked improvement that this beauty routine helped bring to their skin!

If you want an aid to a softer, smoother skin . . . if you suffer the heart-breaking embarrassment of unattractive, externally-caused blemishes, roughness, dryness or similar skin troubles—try *Noxzema Medicated Care*. It's a simply grand new way to care for your face and hands.

## **Softer, Whiter Hands —Almost Overnight**



Do your hands look red, feel raw and rough? Smooth on Noxzema. See how quickly this medicated formula soothes and helps heal—helps red, rough chapped skin look softer, whiter—often in 24 hours.

## **SIMPLE 4-STEP BEAUTY AID**

Don't just cover up a poor complexion. Don't try to *hide* flaws. Give your skin the *glorious aid* of Noxzema Medicated Care.

- 1. MORNING**—Bathe face with warm water, then apply Noxzema to a wet cloth and "cream-wash" your face.
- 2. Apply Noxzema as a soothing protective powder base to hold make-up.**

**3. EVENING**—Repeat morning cleansing with Noxzema. Dry face gently.

**4. Massage Noxzema lightly into your face. Pat on extra Noxzema over blemishes, if you have any.**

Try this 4-step routine yourself. You'll be delighted with the results.



"Our family doctor recommended Noxzema for adolescent blemishes," writes lovely Mrs. H. Hiestand. "Now I'm married and still use Noxzema regularly at night to help keep my skin clear and unblemished."

Mrs. Lee Smith says, "I do my own housework. You know what that does to your hands. I've never found anything better for chapped hands than Noxzema. Now I use it as both a complexion and hand cream."



Try Noxzema and see why over 25,000,000 jars are sold yearly. Now on sale at all drug and cosmetic counters—only 40¢, 60¢ and \$1.00 plus tax.



# pay-off man

"Stop the music," he shouts into the microphone and millions of people think to themselves, "Now I'm going to become rich."

BY SIDNEY FIELDS

■ One day recently Bert Parks was walking down the street minding his own business when a big middle-aged woman sidled up and sweetly whispered her phone number to him. Bert grinned and bore it. Six feet later another lady accosted him and snarled: "Why don't you ever call New Haven?"

Bert is the victim of this strange behavior because he's the emcee of that popular radio phenomenon, *Stop The Music*, which tickles the something-for-nothing instinct in ten or twenty million listeners. No matter what city he's in, Bert suffers a rash of at least six street assaults a day. Besides, he gets a few thousand letters daily and all of them invariably start with the writer's phone number, and after a long account of their heartaches, always end with the assurance that they absolutely know that "mystery melody" and would Bert please phone them on the very next program.

Cities send him their phone books as gifts, and men and women of assorted sizes, shapes, and ages telephone him constantly. One woman from Wilmington, Delaware, has made a habit of phoning him at home. She always furnishes the complete, sad story



Bert Parks pow-ows with producer Mark Goodson and assistant O'Conner.

of her life, and pleads with Bert that all her aches, pains, and poverty will end if he called her just once for the mystery melody.

"What I can't figure out," says Bert in despair, "is how a starving dame like she says she is can afford long distance phone calls three times a week."

But there are lighter moments in his harried life. Between the frenzy of giving away thousands of dollars in prizes and keeping away from the citizens who feel ignored, Bert gets a measure of peace at his home in Greenwich, Conn. He has a loving wife and a set of two-year-old twins, Jeffrey and Joel.

"And they never even want to discuss the mystery melody with me," says Bert.

On the program he makes life bearable by such stunts as handing out fifty-two ladies' hats to a man, one for each week of the year; or presenting a balding bachelor with a pair of ladies' panties; or gifting a prim school teacher with *The Kinsey Report*.

One day he had to phone Louisiana, and the woman he had to call was named Mrs. Napoleon Beauregard.

"Great," Bert recalls. "Imagine yelling clear across the country: 'Hello, Napoleon!'"

Since the show started in March, 1948 Bert has handed out almost half a million dollars in prizes. One woman, the wife of a government worker, had always dreamed of an ocean trip to South America. She won it. One man got Cab Calloway and all his cabbies free for one night of entertainment. The man had Cab play at a church party. The wife of a New York hackie won \$20,000 worth of assorted merchandise.

"Whatever the merits or demerits of giveaways are," says Bert, "they do bring a little heaven to people who never expected it."

Since he's been on the show he's had to revise all his previous notions of geography. He figures it in terms of people now. New England is always unexcited, and far from wordy. Mostly the responses are: "No." "Yep." or "Don't know for sure." Calls to the West are always a friendly, homey chat. Should Bert make the mistake of asking the size of a family someone draws into the phone:

"There's maw. She's eighty. An' Johnny, he's a young 'un in school. An' Mary. Just twelve. Had the mumps a week ago. But you'd love her."

Bert repeats it all over the air.

The South is always bubbly. "Oh, Lordy," a Southern belle will lisp. "So nice of you all to call. I jest knew you would. Been dyin' to tell you all that mysteree melodee."

And of course she can't.

Sweaters a problem?  
Not for me...



## I'm a safety-first girl with Mum

Smart girl, not to let lovely snug-fitting wool become a trap for underarm odor. You *stay* nice to be near because *your charm* stays safe with Mum!

Even in winter, there's a heat wave under your arms. Odor can form without any noticeable moisture. And remember—a bath only washes away *past* perspiration, but Mum guards against *future* underarm odor.



Product of Bristol-Myers

**Mum** safer for charm

Mum checks perspiration odor, protects your daintiness all day or all evening.

**Mum** safer for skin

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

**Mum** safer for clothes

No damaging ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics. Economical Mum doesn't dry out in the jar. Quick, easy to use, even after you're dressed.

## LITTLE LULU



Times have changed—we play *Drop the Kleenex*!

**Little Lulu says:** You know how kiddies drop their handkerchiefs and lose 'em! A box of Kleenex Tissues for school during colds saves good hankies—saves raw noses—saves washing!

© International Cellulose Products Co.

\*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

His full name is Bertram Parks, but he never talks about the Bertram. He's 33 now, witty and very glib. Though he never got beyond high school he has a natural flair for the language and tosses it around with the deftness of an H. L. Mencken. He comes from Atlanta, Ga., and at the age of five was impersonating Charlie Chaplin on the stage of the local movie house during a showing of *The Gold Rush*. He broke into radio by winning an amateur contest as a singer. He was sixteen then. The Georgia Tech station hired him as an announcer at \$7 a week.

"When the station got into financial difficulties," Bert recalls, "I had to take a twenty per cent cut. But after six months I was promoted to chief announcer and got a raise to \$15 a week."

In a year he got very restless, and persuaded his mother to finance a trip to New York, where he wanted to compete with fifteen other announcers for a CBS job. He got the \$100, braved the big town and made the audition. But they told him he was a little too young. He had just enough money to get home by bus. The day he arrived in Atlanta there was a message to call CBS in New York. He was hired as a singer-announcer at \$50 a week, and had the distinction of being the youngest announcer on the air at the time.

"I began wearing shoes right away," Bert snickers, "just to look right at the swank studios. I was a little afraid of the tie at first. But I finally got it on."

As a singer-announcer he had a morning variety show three times a week, served as guest vocalist several afternoons a week, and crowded in ten commercial announcements for such soap operas as *Young Wilder Brown* and *Life Can Be Beautiful*.

He was also required to do special events like covering the Howard Hughes flight around the world, and fleet maneuvers in New York harbor from a plane. Just when he went on the air to describe them the plane hit a bank of clouds and Bert saw nothing. He grabbed a newspaper and ad-libbed. When the plane came out of the clouds and Bert caught sight of the ships he gasped:

"Gee. It's just like a newsreel."

Which was hardly the thing to say to a radio audience.

He was once assigned to cover the marble tournament at Ocean City, N. J. Nothing ever happens at a marble tournament. Yet, the announcer has to make it sound like a world series. But he still can't get away from those long 15 second pauses. That's an eternity over the air.

"As evidence of how well I did at the marble tournament," Bert recalls, "I was never asked to cover one again."

After he left CBS he was straight man

Heavenly—

**Stardust**  
Life-Insured Slips  
GUARANTEED  
FOR 1 YEAR

Made from rich acetate rayon crepe that wears and washes like a dream. Banishes twisting, sagging or riding up. Double bodice top, sturdy seams. \$2<sup>39</sup>

FAME AND FORTUNE CAN BE YOURS... Pictured is lovely Cindy Lou Bayes, last Stardust Beauty Contest winner. Enter our 1949 contest now. YOU may be the lucky winner of \$500 first prize plus a modeling and television career under Harry Conover management, or 27 other awards! Just send recent non-returnable photo with height, weight, bust, waist and hip measurements before May 1, 1949. Decisions of famous beauty judges are final. Mail entry to P. O. Box 65, Murray Hill Station, New York.

STARDUST, INC.  
Empire State Bldg., N. Y. 1

for Eddie Cantor, emcee for the Xavier Cugat Show, and seemed on the way up. Then the war came and he enlisted as a private. Before he could shoulder a gun he was rushed out to Infantry School at Fort Benning, came out a second lieutenant, but broken in several places. In that same month he got married and was shipped overseas.

Assigned to Gen. Vinegar Joe Stillwell's staff in the CBI Theatre, Bert's job was to report the activities of various branches of the service—Infantry, Air Corps, Artillery, with a wire recorder. Once he spent three weeks with the OSS behind Jap lines, and practically arranged what he calls "a Japanese man-in-the-street broadcast." When the Japs finally spotted the unit three men were killed.

"But they didn't lay a glove on me," says Bert. "I really could run!"

He emerged from the army as a captain—but without a job. After a few sub spots as an announcer, Bert speared a guest shot for *Break The Bank*. They quickly hired him as their permanent man. That led to *Stop The Music* about a year ago when the fertile mind of Harry Salter, now musical director for the show, hatched the idea.

When the mystery melody was *The Old Grey Mare*, people from the farms of Maine to the vineyards of California called it *The Old Grey Goose* and everything but its right name.

One mystery melody was printed every day for a full week in the Baltimore newspapers. Everybody connected with the show dreaded Baltimore being selected. But it was. The woman who answered the phone asked breathlessly:

"Want me to tell you what the name of the mystery melody is now?"

"No," Bert said patiently. "First you have to qualify by telling me the name of the tune we were playing when I yelled *Stop The Music*."

The woman picked her brains frantically to get the name of the first tune, but failed. Was it tough? The title was *The Blue Danube Waltz*.

The call always comes as a complete surprise. The way the producers of the show figure it themselves, there's only one chance in five million of anyone in America with a phone being called. But there's no saying what happens when they are called. One woman got the first tune, then cracked a jackpot of \$30,000 in prizes.

"Who's with you," Bert asked.

"My sister," she answered.

"Tell her to hold you up," Bert advised. "I'm going to read off the \$30,000 in prizes."

He listed them all. When he finished the woman asked:

"Got something for my sister?"

# Which Twin has the Toni?

(see answer below)



## One Permanent Cost \$15...the TONI only \$2

If you aim to be "Queen of his Heart" this Valentine's Day . . . Toni can help you look the part! Because having a Toni Home Permanent is almost like having naturally-curly hair! Lovely-to-look-at waves and soft-to-touch curls! But before trying Toni you'll want to know:

### Will TONI work on my hair?

Of course. Toni waves any kind of hair that will take a permanent, including gray, dyed, bleached or baby-fine hair.

### Must I be clever with my hands?

Not at all. If you can roll your hair up on curlers, you can give yourself a Toni. It's so surprisingly easy that each month another two million women use Toni.

### Why is TONI preferred by most women?

Because Toni Waving Lotion is not a harsh, hurry-up salon type. Instead it's marvelously mild. It just coaxes your hair into soft waves and curls. That's why your Toni wave looks more natural even on the first day.

### How long will my TONI last?

Your lovely Toni wave is guaranteed to last just as long as a \$15 beauty shop permanent . . . or your money back.

### How much will I save with TONI?

The Toni Kit with re-usable plastic curlers costs \$2. For a second Toni all you need is the Toni Refill Kit. It costs just \$1.

### Which twin has the TONI?

Talented, teen-age Kathlene and Helene Crescente live in Ridgewood, N. J. Kathlene, the twin on the right, has the Toni. She says: "I never knew a permanent could look so natural right from the start!"



**NOW over ~~1~~<sup>2</sup> million women  
a month use Toni**



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**Old Rugs, Clothing**  
*Save You up to 1/2*

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**New Reversible BROADLOOM RUGS**  
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 Solid Colors    Florals  
 Two-tones    Ovals  
 Tweeds    Leaf  
 Early American,  
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## dear Editor

### is sinatra finished?

Dear Editor:

I want to thank you for the wonderful story on Frankie. People have been saying Sinatra was slipping ever since he started but he is still very much around! Just because we girls don't scream like mad when he sings doesn't mean he's finished. It's just that his fans are growing up.

ELSIE LYNN ELLOVICH  
 Director of Frank Sinatra's  
 Fan Clubs Guild  
 Hartford, Conn.

Dear Editor:

After reading your article on Frank Sinatra in the December issue I find myself with renewed hope. Frankly, I was becoming worried about him myself, but like thousands of others I will stick to him no matter what happens because I believe in him. Any man who can stay on top after being through all Frankie was through, is nothing short of miraculous. Long live Sinatra!

DOROTHY M. HODGE  
 Milton, Mass.

■ We concur with the majority opinion: "Long Live Sinatra! Ed.



### giveaways

Dear Editor:

Why didn't Mr. Phillips give some good reasons for banning giveaways, instead of making a lot of ridiculous statements about such programs making people lose their sense of values? I think I know the answer myself—it is, there's no good reason for attacking these shows, because they are fine entertainment. My whole family and my friends listen to them, simply because we enjoy them—and not because we expect to "get rich quick." I say that Mr. Phillips's article was an insult to the intelligence of the American public and I'd like to congratulate Bill Cullen for his great defense of

this form of American entertainment. *Winner Take All* is one of the best shows on the air.

C. WILSON  
 Portland, Oregon

Dear Editor:

Let's have more bang-up giveaway shows!  
 MISS ALBERTA SWANSON  
 Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dear Editor:

I wholeheartedly agree with the article by Mr. Phillips lambasting giveaway program in your December issue. America was built by men who didn't expect something for nothing, but nowadays the radio networks are building up the idea that it's a cinch to get something for nothing. I for one am looking ahead to the day when radio is turned back to the real entertainers.

FRANK ROTH  
 Lincoln, Nebraska

Dear Editor:

Down with giveaways!

MRS. FRANK R. COONLY  
 Boston, Mass.

■ Our readers were evenly divided on the question of giveaway programs. Half liked them, the other half hated them. ED.

### odds and ends

Dear Editor:

Boy, oh, boy I sure like all the color pictures of glamour boys you have in your magazine. Especially Howard Duff in your last issue . . . what a dream dish!!!

LUCY STANDISH  
 Houston, Texas

Dear Editor:

Your article named "Is Hollywood Doomed?" in the January issue of your fine-looking magazine is one of the most exciting I've read anywhere. Television is just starting in our city but already those of us who can see it go to the movies less and less. I think, personally, that most good movie stars will have to start working on television or people won't know who they are a dozen

years from now. By the way, the author of the article mentioned Hoagy Carmichael as having a great future on television but I haven't seen a picture of him in a long time. What goes?

R. C. W.  
Louisville, Ky.

■ *Here's Hoagy.* ED.



Dear Editor:

I liked Jinx Falkenburg's selection of future television "greats" very much, but she made one glaring omission, Peggy Lee. Peggy is certainly one of the best girl singers on the air, and my whole gang thinks you should have run her picture, too.

GILBERT BROWN  
Santa Maria, Calif.

■ *O. K., here's a picture of Peggy. We think she's gorgeous, too, and will have her as our cover girl before long.* ED.



## thanks

Dear Editor:

Only a knothed wouldn't be crazy about such a magazine as you have produced.

EDGAR BERGEN & CHARLIE MCCARTHY  
Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Editor:

I'm on my Woodbury Soap Box to tell the world I think your new magazine is an important contribution to the public's appreciation and understanding of we people in radio. Best of luck.

LOUELLA PARSONS  
Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Editor:

You've found the answer to the big jackpot question of what radio listeners want in a magazine. And believe me, they'll take it, not leave it. Congratulations.

GARRY MOORE  
Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Editor:

Both Molly and me have waxed very enthusiastic over your new magazine. You know, of course, what kind of wax was used.

FIBBER MCGEE  
Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Editor:

The entire company of the *Sealtest Variety Theater* joins me in wishing best success for your new radio and television magazine. We are looking forward to subsequent editions.

DOROTHY LAMOUR  
Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Editor:

Congratulations on your new magazine. First issue is great and eagerly read along Music Row in Hollywood. Keep up the good work.

JO STAFFORD  
Hollywood, Calif.

# Fashion Parade

**Junior**  
SIZES  
9-11-13  
15-17

**Regular**  
SIZES  
10-12-14  
16-18-20

**Large**  
SIZES  
38-40-42  
44-46-48

**7. *Symphony*** ☆ Gay as a song, this lush Rayon Gabardine featuring today's newest moulded shoulders. Sleeves are full and easy... accented with bands of flashing color... buttons are self covered. Colors: Winter White, Kelly, Aqua, Beige, Gray, Black... all with contrasting trim. **10.98**

**5. *2-Piece Beauty*** ☆ You'll steal the scene in this beauty with the new back interest. Fine Rayon Gabardine with contrasting color Faile collar and covered buttons. Pencil slim skirt with side slits and zipper closing. Colors: Black, Kelly, Aqua, Winter White, Beige, Gray. **12.98**

**6. *Sharp as a Dart*** ☆ Features a theme of contrasting saddle-stitched darts for trim—chorused by the smart cuffs and new long smooth look. Exquisitely tailored in Rayon Gabardine. You'll be delighted at how expensive it looks. Colors: Winter White, Kelly, Aqua, Beige, Gray, Black. **10.98**

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# Monthly Almanac No. 3

## FORUMS

ALL PROGRAMS EST



George Denny  
"TOWN MEETING"



Griffing Bancroft  
"CAPITOL CLOCK ROOM"



Lymon Bryson  
"INV. TO LEARNING"



Albert L. Warner  
"MEET THE PRESS"



Dwight Cooke  
"PEOPLE'S PLATFORM"

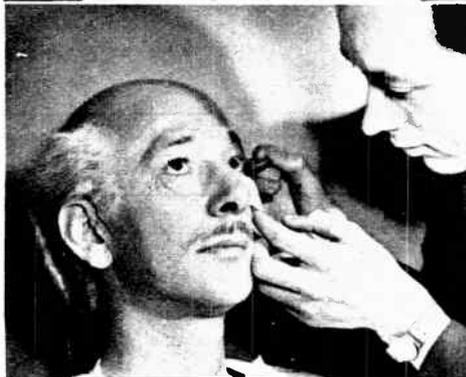
Name	Time & Network	Format	Personal Data
American Forum of the Air	MBS, Tues. 10 PM	Debates on current, controversial issues. The audience questions debaters during broadcast.	Theodore Granik, N. Y. and Washington attorney, is the program moderator. The show has been on the air for twenty years.
America's Town Meeting	ABC, Tues. 8:30 PM	Discussions on vital issues of current events, by four qualified guests.	George Denny is the moderator of the forum series. He selects debatable subjects and speakers.
Capitol Cloak Room	CBS, Wed. 10:30 PM	Three Washington newsmen question key national and world affair leaders about current issues.	CBS's informal interviewers vary. Eric Sevareid and Bill Henry have appeared at various times. Series is produced by Ed Scovill. Show originates at Washington, D. C.
Child's World	ABC, Thurs. 10 PM	Eight youngsters chosen to give parents advice on how to treat problems that arise in home.	Helen Parkhurst, noted educator in progressive education, emcees the show. Program first originated on October 26, 1948.
Coffee In Washington	NBC, Sat. 9:30 AM	Variety of Ambassadors interviewed by Bill Herson.	Herson has a genius for getting intimate data on world affairs.
Invitation To Learning	CBS, Sun. 12 Noon	Discussions on the world's greatest books conducted by three scholars chosen from various professions.	More than 200 guests have appeared on the program since its beginning in 1940. Chairman of the discussion is Max Lerner.
Meet The Press	MBS, Fri. 10 PM	Four newspapermen fire ad-lib questions of the week at prominent guest interviewees.	The program's guest list of the past has included such well known people as Senator Bilbo, Elizabeth Bentley, Elliott Roosevelt.
Northwestern University Reviewing Stand	MBS, Sun. 11:30 AM	Informational program offering solutions to everyday problems.	Robert E. Buchanan, director of the Reviewing Stand, is a member of the N.W. faculty. Show was first aired in 1934.
People's Platform	CBS, Sun. 12:30 PM	Scriptless, spontaneous program of discussion on topics ranging from politics to sports.	Show first broadcast on July 1938. It is produced by Leon Levine. Program chairman is Dwight Cooke.
Public Affairs	NBC, Sat. 1:45 PM	Guest speakers who're asked to discuss civic and patriotic affairs.	A newer forum that is taking its place among the best.
The Veteran Wants To Know	MBS, Sun. 2:45 PM	Roundtable discussions of various problems veterans face. Program is based on letters received.	Frederick Fiske emcees. Show's participants have included Generals Eisenhower and Bradley.
University of Chicago Roundtable	NBC, Sun. 1:30 PM	Current national and international problems discussed each week by University professors.	One of the oldest forums on the air introduced world-famous scholars to radio audience.



Modess ... *because*



# make-up magic



Some people turn gray  
overnight, but television actor  
Vaughn Taylor was  
an old man twenty minutes  
after he fell into the  
clutches of a genius named Smith.

■ It happens all the time over at NBC-Television. A fellow like Vaughn Taylor starts out the day tall, dark, handsome and in his late twenties, and by the time the sun goes down, he's aged fifty years, lost his hair and his youthful vim and vigor. "Look at the dear old codger," you say as his face flashes on the television screen. The man who's responsible for all this is one Dick Smith, make-up man extraordinary who can transform a Miss America into Gravel Gertie in twenty minutes flat. No movie-make-up man could ever compete with Dick Smith if it came to a race. Television rehearsals and make-up sessions are one-two-three affairs with a clock tick-tocking away "hurry up" all the time. There's no chance for re-doing an effect that isn't quite right, no place for guesswork. That our man Smith is no guesser you can see from the job he did on young Mr. Taylor—the false bald plate, bags under the eyes, white handlebar moustaches, sideburns and new chin, all go on like rain falling from the sky and just as right. Someday—soon they say—when TV studios are large and better-equipped, and shows lavishly budgeted, Dick's life will be simpler. But as far as viewers are concerned, a Smith-styled make-up is tops right now.

# Upside down ... and downright good

**K**ARO\* Syrup makes these breakfast, lunch and dinner treats downright good. KARO glorifies their appetizing appearance . . . emphasizes their delicious flavor.

KARO, Blue Label, blends superbly with fruits and spices . . . gives the Upside Down Cake and Cinnamon Rolls a delicious glaze. KARO, Red Label, points up the delicate flavor of the Orange Rolls. To convenient "ready mixes", or your own recipes for quick breads and rolls, KARO adds extra nourishment.



## the KARO kid

### PRUNE-APRICOT UPSIDE DOWN CAKE

Combine first three ingredients of Cinnamon Roll recipe in 9x9x2½-inch pan and arrange 20 each drained, stewed prune and apricot halves. Use 1 package prepared cake mix according to package directions; pour over syrup-fruit mixture. Bake in moderate oven (375° F.) 45 to 50 minutes. Let cool in pan about 2 minutes; then invert on serving plate. Serve warm, plain or with whipped cream.

\*KARO is a registered trade-mark of Corn Products Refining Co., New York, N. Y. © C. P. R. Co., 1949



### CINNAMON ROLLS

½ cup KARO Syrup, Blue Label  
2 tablespoons melted butter or margarine  
¼ cup brown sugar, firmly packed  
1 package hot yeast roll mix  
2 tablespoons melted butter or margarine  
2 tablespoons sugar  
2 teaspoons cinnamon

Combine first three ingredients in large skillet. Prepare hot yeast roll mix according to package directions. When dough has risen, roll into rectangle ¼ inch thick. Spread with mixture of melted butter, sugar and cinnamon. Roll as for jelly roll; cut into 12 slices. Place, cut side up, on top of syrup mixture. Cover and let rise until double in bulk. Bake in moderate oven (375° F.) about 35 to 40 minutes. Invert pan immediately. Serve hot.



### ORANGE ROLLS

Combine ½ cup KARO Syrup, Red Label, ¼ cup sugar and 2 tablespoons butter or margarine; divide equally into 12 greased muffin or cupcake pans. Mix together lightly ½ cup milk and 3 cups prepared biscuit mix; roll into rectangle ¼ inch thick. Spread with filling made with 2 tablespoons each melted butter, and sugar, and 2 teaspoons grated orange rind. Roll as for jelly roll; cut into 12 slices. Place each slice, cut side up, in muffin or cupcake pans. Bake in moderate oven (375° F.) about 30 to 35 minutes. Remove from pans immediately. Serve hot.



KARO is available in 1½, 5 & 10 lb. sizes.

## Notes on our authors

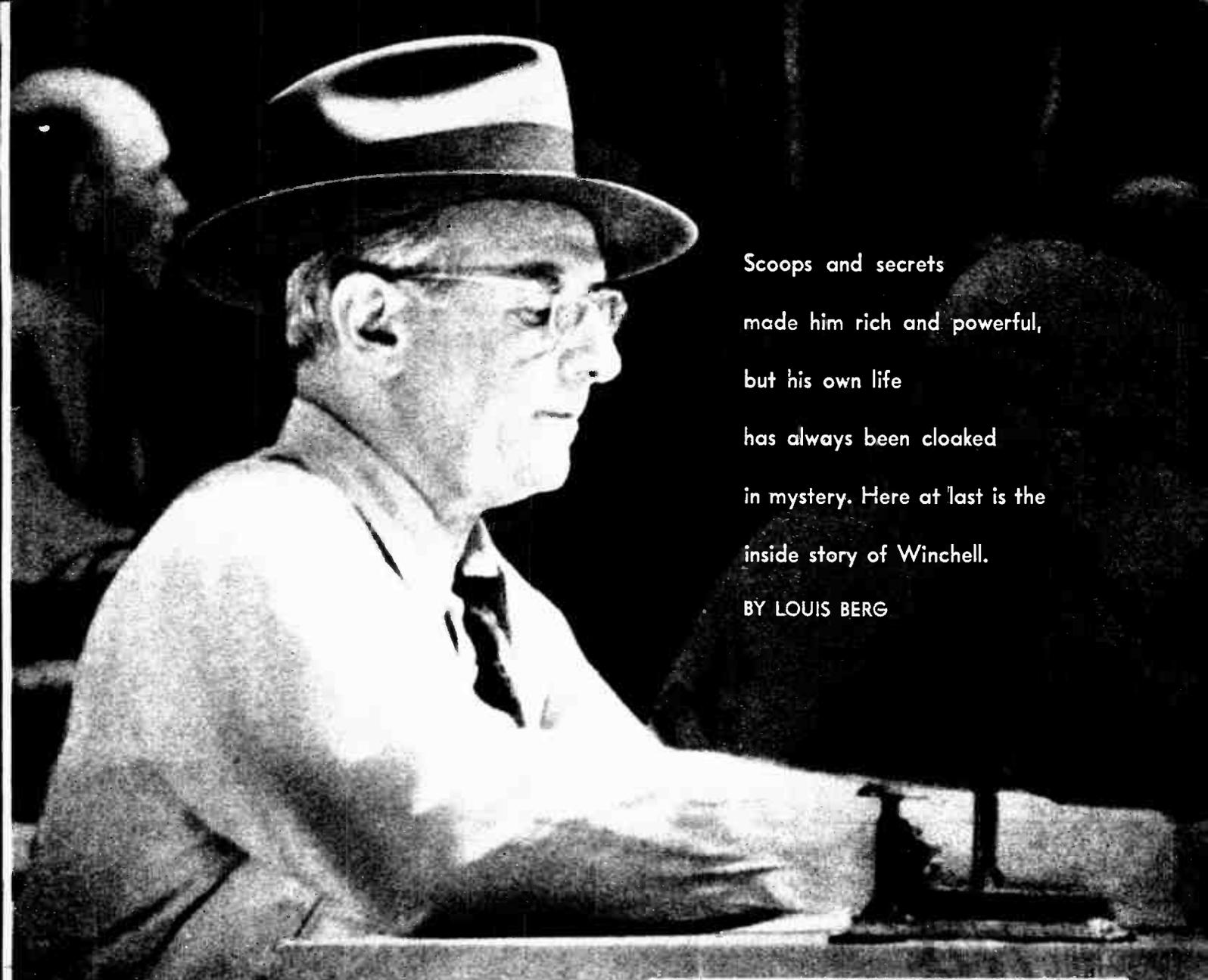
■ Our *Inside Track* editor, Jean Meegan, really has an inside track on the entertainment business. Jean hails from a long line of newspapermen (her father is still active on a Buffalo paper) and she remembers the smell of printer's ink from her childhood. For six years Jean covered the entertainment world for the Associated Press and she knows just about everybody in radio and television. During her college days she was asked by the editor of the school paper to write a column. "How much will it pay?" asked Jean. "Nothing," said the editor. "Oh, then I'm sorry I can't do it," Jean replied, "because I absolutely cannot break an old family tradition!"

■ One of the most versatile women we know is Jane Tiffany Wagner, who conducts our *At Home* department. Miss Wagner (her real name is Mrs. Perkins and she has four children) possesses a Home Economics degree from Iowa, has taught at Columbia University, supervised many radio programs, worked in public utilities, directed war activities for NBC, wrote syndicated food columns and is coordinator for United Nations Week. If we ran a complete list of her activities we'd need a page of space for her alone . . . Miss Wagner lives with her large family in Mamaroneck, N. Y., is an accomplished cook, piano player and decorator, and last summer won the mixed-doubles tennis championship at the local club!

■ The author of *Junior Discovers Television* is also quite a cook, though she's better known as Radio-Television Editor of the *N. Y. World-Telegram*. Harriet Van Horne is now writing a cook book to be published later this year. Her daily column in the *Telegram* is considered by many to be the best and sprightliest in this land of many radio columns.

■ Carl Schroeder (whose *Circus De Lux* story is featured on page 54 of this issue) hails from Minnesota, but now resides in what he calls "The Hollywoods," whence he journeyed many years ago "to examine the skulls of a strange race of natives who exist on an almost exclusive diet of celluloid, caviar and press clippings." (We presume he refers to the radio and movie colony.) Carl's influence is such that he is widely credited for boosting Rita Hayworth, Vic Mature and Lana Turner into the limelight when those stars were being cold-shouldered by producers. Carl has also scripted many popular radio programs. One misconception he would like to see corrected is that all swimming pools in Hollywood are filled with champagne. Not true, he says—many of them are filled with sparkling burgundy!

■ Twentyish, pretty and auburn-haired is Christopher Kane, author of *No Apples for Eve*. Despite the name, Christopher is a she, not a he. (Not wanting to be corny, we never asked her if her father wanted a boy.) Miss Kane recently gave up an editorship to study acting and singing, and now other editors talk her into writing articles for them. Miss Kane is a thorough interviewer; during her recent meeting with Eve Arden, she said, "I'm going to write that you aren't married, so please don't get married before my article appears." Eve looked a little startled but said, "I promise." That's what we call doing your job above and beyond the call of duty!



# the truth about walter winchell

Scoops and secrets  
made him rich and powerful,  
but his own life  
has always been cloaked  
in mystery. Here at last is the  
inside story of Winchell.

BY LOUIS BERG

■ He lives in a prison-like home, surrounded by high walls, iron gates, thick iron bars and an electronic alarm system. His address (in Westchester) is top secret.

The President of the United States would have to serve about eight years to earn as much as he does in a single year.

Before his throne in the sacrosanct Stork Club on 52nd Street, the mightiest and most famous people of America bow to him in homage. He can wreck banks, close Broadway shows, make or break a movie star. His enemies are legion. Some people admire him. Most often he is without friends, a lonely man.

He has obtained the top Hooperating in radio week after week—which means that his listening audience has been the biggest in the world. Nobody knows exactly how many people listen to his (Continued on page 69)



# no apples for eve

■ When her friend Connie came in—you might even say fell in—from her tour of the Metropolitan Museum, she found Eve conducting a philosophical monologue.

“There was once a babe named Eve,” Miss Arden was saying, “had so much time on her hands she sat around in gardens and talked to snakes and picked apples off trees—”

“You’ve talked to some snakes in your day,” Connie said. “I wish I could pick a dry martini off a tree.”

Eve was still ranting about time. Ever since they’d hit New York, she’d been ranting. “Luncheons,” she said now. “Interviews, radio shows. They haven’t even shown me a script on that Milton Berle television thing, and it’s in two days. What am I supposed to do, stand there with egg on my face?”

“Hmm,” said Connie, massaging her feet. “And you can wear that new green dress. Goes lovely with egg.”

The new green dress, all satin and brocaded butterflies was gorgeous; she looked like five feet seven and a half inches of Helen of Troy in it. Just thinking about it, Eve felt good. But she looked at Connie sternly, “Silly fool,” she said.

So many things about this whole trip had been, like Connie, deliciously silly.

For instance, Eve had been told she was to have lunch with the president of CBS, and she was waiting around to be taken to Louis and Armand’s (that restaurant where radio people hang out, and you can bump into Colonel Stoop-nagle) when along came this tall handsome man. And wasn’t he Frank Stanton, the president of CBS, she said to Connie later, and didn’t he have his own private dining-room, and his own cook, right in his office building? And what did Connie think of *that*?

Afterward a fan magazine interviewer asked Eve whether she liked CBS better (*Continued on page 92*)

She hit radio like a three-alarm fire, and she hasn’t had time to say hello—  
not even to her daughter.

BY CHRISTOPHER KANE



Liza and Eve are great buddies.



# *the girl* **i married twice**

*by Phil Harris*

■ It wasn't no case of love at first sight.

No man could have fallen in love with Alice Faye the way she looked the first time I saw her. Of course, I could see she was a doll, only she resembled one that had been dragged around, face down, by some monster. She had a black eye, fifteen stitches in her forehead and some adhesive tape around one ear. Also, she'd been snacked in the mouth so she couldn't smile. She couldn't hardly open her mouth, even.

All this I saw when Rudy Vallee introduced Alice and me at the Pennsylvania Roof. She was singing there with his band a couple of nights before they went to do a stint over in Virginia. Alice and Rudy and another guy in the band were riding in a car that didn't make a curve. None of the guys got hurt but Alice took off right through the windshield.

I sure felt sorry for her, but I wasn't impressed, and I didn't see her or think about her for seven years. And then—

I was coming out of a grocery store over in Encino near where I

**ALICE, JR.  
AND BABY PHYLLIS  
KEEP  
A STEP AHEAD  
OF THEIR  
PROUD AND  
HIGHLY SUCCESSFUL  
NAMESAKES.**





PHIL AND ALICE ON THE PORCH OF THEIR ENCINO HOME.



THE HARRIS FAMILY OUT FOR A NOONDAY STROLL.

## the girl I married twice

lived. My prize Doberman was with me and the first thing I knew a fiend in inhuman form came sailing out of the alley. It was another Doberman and it was no contest. This dog knocked my dog's roof in and slammed his cellar door. Finally I got them pulled apart.

"Who in the blankety-blank does this dog belong to and why don't they keep the vicious mutt locked up!"

I got my question, which really was a little rougher than that, answered. A blonde like I never seen before got out of a sleek convertible. I was more out of breath than my dog.

She said, "That's my dog and he's no mutt and I can't keep him locked up because I work all day at the studio and he loves me so much that every now and then he jumps the fence and goes looking for me. Furthermore he's a nice dog so I think your dog must have said something to him."

This girl said all that just like it was logical and she said it in a honey-husky voice.

I gulped and said, feeling hurt, "Miss Faye, after all, my dog has got manners. He's like me—he don't say nothing out of line."

Miss Faye went to work with that voice again and said, "If your dog is like you, I ought to let mine off the leash again right now."

I said, "Miss Faye have you got a date tonight?"

So she got into her car and drove away. My dog and I leaned up against the grocery store, feeling faint and licking our wounds. People around there thought I was off my rocker. I was.

I was working at Slapsie Maxie's then, which was back in 1933, and a couple of nights later a guy I knew called me. He said, "Look, Phil, I am out here in the Valley at Charley Foy's and Alice Faye who is just getting over the flu and is here with her nurse maybe would like to see you if you would come out."

"Look," I said, "I want a date with Miss Faye like I got to draw my next breath, but the trouble is I got (Continued on page 98)



PHIL, ALICE AND THEIR TWO WATER BABIES COOL OFF IN THEIR POOL FROM THE HOT CALIFORNIA SUN.

Anybody can have one life  
and one set of problems—but how  
many people would order theirs  
double. Only a tough guy  
and a stout-hearted Ladd.

# MY DOUBLE LIFE

by Alan Ladd



Alan, wife Susie, Sylvia Picher confer over script during rehearsal of their recorded show.



Time out from *Box 13*. Papa Alan relaxes with David and Alana, his two offspring.

■ Sorry folks, but if you figured this was going to be about an illicit life I'm leading, you're doomed to disappointment.

That isn't to say that you're not due for a surprise if you think of me only as a movie personality. Or, if like most people who meet me nowadays, you think what they say, namely: "What made you go into radio at this late day, Ladd?"

You see, I get slightly miffed when people start talking about my "new" radio job. I suppose the reason I get upset is because it brings home the fact that my radio personality never left a dent in the memory of the American public. *Yet I have been active on the airwaves for ten years!*

Yes, radio is really an old flame of mine, but I definitely am not on the air as sort of a postman's holiday. I'm not making like a sailor on leave who rents a boat to row around in. Ten years ago I was a jack-of-all-programs. *Amateur Authors* was one of my bigger shows then. And the *Grouse Club*. Doesn't *anybody* remember them?

If not, I hope you do know what I do on the air nowadays. Program name of *Box 13*, which is the diary of Dan Holiday (I'm Dan) adventurer, author and amateur trouble-shooter, the man who will "go anywhere, do anything." That's what he advertises every week in the "Personal" column, number 13. I'm rounding out my first year on the show, which is put on by the Mayfair Transcription Company. I'm part of Mayfair, as a matter of fact. But the show's actually the Brain-child of four people: Susie, Ruth Joslyn (who is Susie's cousin), her husband Bernie and myself.

Why? Well, ever since Susie and I have been married, and more than ever since Alana and young David came, I've wanted to build a business, an investment, actually, that would be a kind of insurance for their future. When you're single, success has a more selfish meaning. A guy thinks in terms of good times, good clothes, (Continued on page 79)





"Me, I don't want to be a family sponge. I want to earn my money."



"Now and then I'd be slopped down for being such a brat."



"I was sinister, horrible, played hide-and-seek in graveyards."

BY BARBARA WHITING

# I'm a Brat

When you're a  
teenager, and have a mind  
of your own, anything  
can happen—  
in a sort of dizzy bang-  
up fashion.

■ My name is Barbara Whiting. I was born in Hollywood. I am seventeen years old and a high school graduate. I attended University High in Los Angeles and this year I am going to UCLA, part time. I am radio's *Junior Miss*. I live at home with my mother whose name is Eleanor and my sister whose name is Margaret. I didn't tell my name first because it's written up there already—Barbara Whiting.

The reason I start out like this is not that I am trying to talk like a Quiz Kid. It's just that I like to write, and if I have any style I don't like to waste it on a subject like myself.

My Aunt Maggie, one of the world's most wonderful people, had me neatly classified from the time I learned to walk. Aunt Mag is the famous Margaret Young who in her generation was the first and greatest recording artist. She introduced the song, *Oh Johnny*, and when she sang *Oh By Jingo* from the stage, they say the theater roof jumped with a mean heat. And being an entertainer, Aunt Mag knew that growing up with show people is not the easiest thing in the world.

Aunt Mag said to my mother. "Eleanor, (Continued on page 75)



When it comes to the art of mimicry  
no one holds a candle to Mrs. Berle's  
boy, Milton. He is the  
personality kid—the comedian's com-  
edian. Most of all he is "Pop" to his  
Vicki—no mean mugger herself.

BY PRISCILLA CAMPBELL

# "Give 'em the personality!"

■ He sat at a polished mahogany table in a rich French gray dining-room, drinking his breakfast coffee from a cup of thin Royal Bavarian china. Every now and then he interrupted his meager meal—he has to count his calories—to pat the three-year-old girl who kept edging up to the table. His voice was low, tender even, when he spoke her name—"Vicki"—and his hand was gentle.

People who had seen Milton Berle the previous afternoon would never have believed their eyes. This was rehearsal afternoon for television's top program, the *Texaco Star Theater*. As usual, Berle was bossing the whole show—performers, musicians, writers, stagehands, stooges, engineers and directors. He ranted and raved, snarled and sneered, stamped and snorted until people did things exactly the way he wanted them done. But *exactly*. With every exhortation, a new expression distorted his face. He was bathed in sweat.

Then three-year-old Vicki (she happens to be his daughter) walked into the studio with her nurse. Berle spotted her at once and ran over to her. Exuberantly he knelt down before her and shouted: "Give 'em the personality! Show 'em how, Vicki!"

So the two Berles mugged away at each other amidst roars of laughter. Someone would yell, "Give 'em the personality!" and the mugging jam-session between father and daughter went on and on . . . Everybody in the studio was only too familiar with that expression. It had become a watchword on the NBC television show—and on Berle's ABC radio program as well. When words would fail him—after a line or expression wasn't delivered just right—boss Berle would tear at his hair, throw up his hands, and bellow: "Give 'em the personality!" And heaven help the guy or gal who didn't give . . .

Berle is a man of infinite moods. The boisterous, side-splitting, scene-stealing showman of radio, television, vaudeville, movie and night club fame is only one side of the man. Equally real is the mild and pensive Berle, madly and dotingly in love with Vicki. Tall, good-looking and completely eligible since his divorce



Portrait of two lovable hams: Vickie and Milton Berle.





Comes rehearsal time of *Texaco Star Theater* and Berle, possessor of 101 expressions, takes over the whole show.

from showgirl Joyce Mathews a year ago, Berle recently has squired such film beauties as Adele Jergens, Ava Gardner, Rhonda Fleming and Mary Hatcher. But he's not in love with any of them and definitely not contemplating another marriage in the near future. So he says.

Why?

"Here's my one true love," he smiles, patting his daughter Vicki's round blonde head. "She's the only girl in the world who really counts."

But a look at Berle's career shows that he has a big soft corner of his heart reserved for anybody who's up against it—particularly children. He averages over 250 benefits annually; he was "mayor" of Mending Heart, Florida, and he guides the destinies of the Milton Berle Foundation for Crippled Children. In 1947, he spent almost eight months working for the heart fund in New York, Chicago, Pittsburgh and Detroit, and he established a marathon disc jockey record to raise over a million and a half dollars single-handed.

He sponsored the Berle Bombers, a teenster football team, which last year competed with a similar group sponsored by Frank Sinatra. He has a soft spot for adults, too. An uncle was having tough sledding with his upstate New York furniture factory during the depression and Milton took it over. It's been a success for years but he still supervises the place for his grateful uncle.

Milton and Vicki live in a duplex apartment which occupies two floors of a small house off Park Avenue. The living-room is decorated in subdued colors with a few chintzy slip-covers—but you'd know it was a man's room, anyway, with all the ashtrays and no little feminine touches. The only pictures displayed are a series taken of Vicki at various ages—and one set showing her mimicking Daddy's most famous faces and grimaces.

Berle and a companion were leaving the house the other day to look for a taxi when Milton suddenly exclaimed, "There's my (Continued on page 73)



"So this guy says, who're you kidding?"

*Give 'em the personality!*



"Don't hand me any of *that* baloney."

"Give 'em the personality."



"Look who thinks he's Barrymore."

"Make with the round, full tones."

"This you call ACTING? Whew . . ."



"I see your point ok—it smells!"

"This hurts me more than you."

"You gotta be funnier, Bub."



"Show sounds pretty good, eh?"

"Sure a struggle, but we made it."

"Any ideas for next week's program?"



Luring the squire from sweet slumber is a delicate operation. The Young technique was adapted from Arthur Treacher—with variations.



The big wheel takes a quick sprint around the gymnasium, with Young standing by alertly for emergency spills.

# keeper of the nose

Alan Young, man  
of many talents, is initiated  
as chief assistant to  
a proboscis.

■ When riveter-voiced Garry Moore wandered back to soloing, the Lord High Schnozzola went shopping for a new end man and gag-partner. He didn't look very far before he found Alan Young—fresh and bright from a show of his own and eager to get into the Durante act.

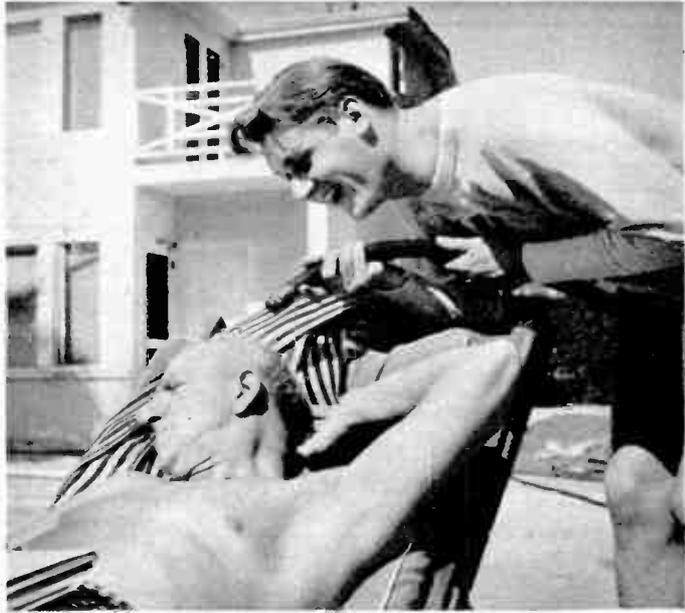
Scene one, according to our on-the-spot photographer, was Alan Young serving as personal valet to his boss, and Keeper of the Nose. . . An interesting occupation, as far as jobs go nowadays.

From morning to night (almost) Alan trots after The Schnozz with sunburn cream, rubbing oil, skin lotion, wind protector. The nose is literally encased in a velvet cage.

Actually, Jimmy's famous for not making stooges of his side-kicks. He lets them get all the laughs they can, and consequently, lads like Garry Moore usually turn up with their own shows. As a direct result of the Durante tie-up, Alan did start his own spotlight show again on January 11. He also sticks with Durante Show.



Jimmy has to have everything in writing. He's learning the dog paddle the hard way—practicing the bark first.



Last year the Shnozz had an independent attack of sun-stroke, so now The Keeper is ready for any signs of fever or over-exposure.

They're keeping the nose under wraps for the Friday night session over NBC. Alan figures you can't be too careful with such a prize.





Talent scouts became interested in Rita Colton after her TV performance (with Sam Wanamaker) in Shakespeare's *Henry V*.

The dream of a lifetime  
 fulfilled . . . because a movie  
 producer liked what he  
 saw on a television program.

BY LESLIE TOWNER



for  Cinderella

■ That a young girl should get a movie contract is nothing spectacular. Climb Mount Everest, and you'll find your picture in more papers. Still, this story is worth telling because it's one of the first stories like it—it marks the beginning, as they say, of a new era. For Rita Colton, our Cinderella girl who got a movie contract, got it via television. She won't be the last young woman to go to Hollywood straight from the screen in the corner saloon, but she certainly started something.

Flash back to NBC, where Rita Colton, blonde and 20, is seeing Bill Stern, the sports commentator, about an acting job. (He hires people for sports newsreels.) Lurking around the corner is a man named Lester Lewis, producer of a television show called *Hollywood Screen Test* on the ABC network. Mr. Lewis, who spends half his time accosting beautiful women and asking them to come see him some time—on television—takes a peek at Rita Colton, and gasps. After Rita Colton has left Bill Stern's office, Mr. Lewis rushes in. "Bill," he cries, "Bill—"

Bill Stern chuckles wisely, in his best Colgate-Shave-Cream manner. "Her agent's name," he says, "is Joyce Selznick—"

"George Selznick," says Mr. Lewis in happy confusion. End of part one . . .

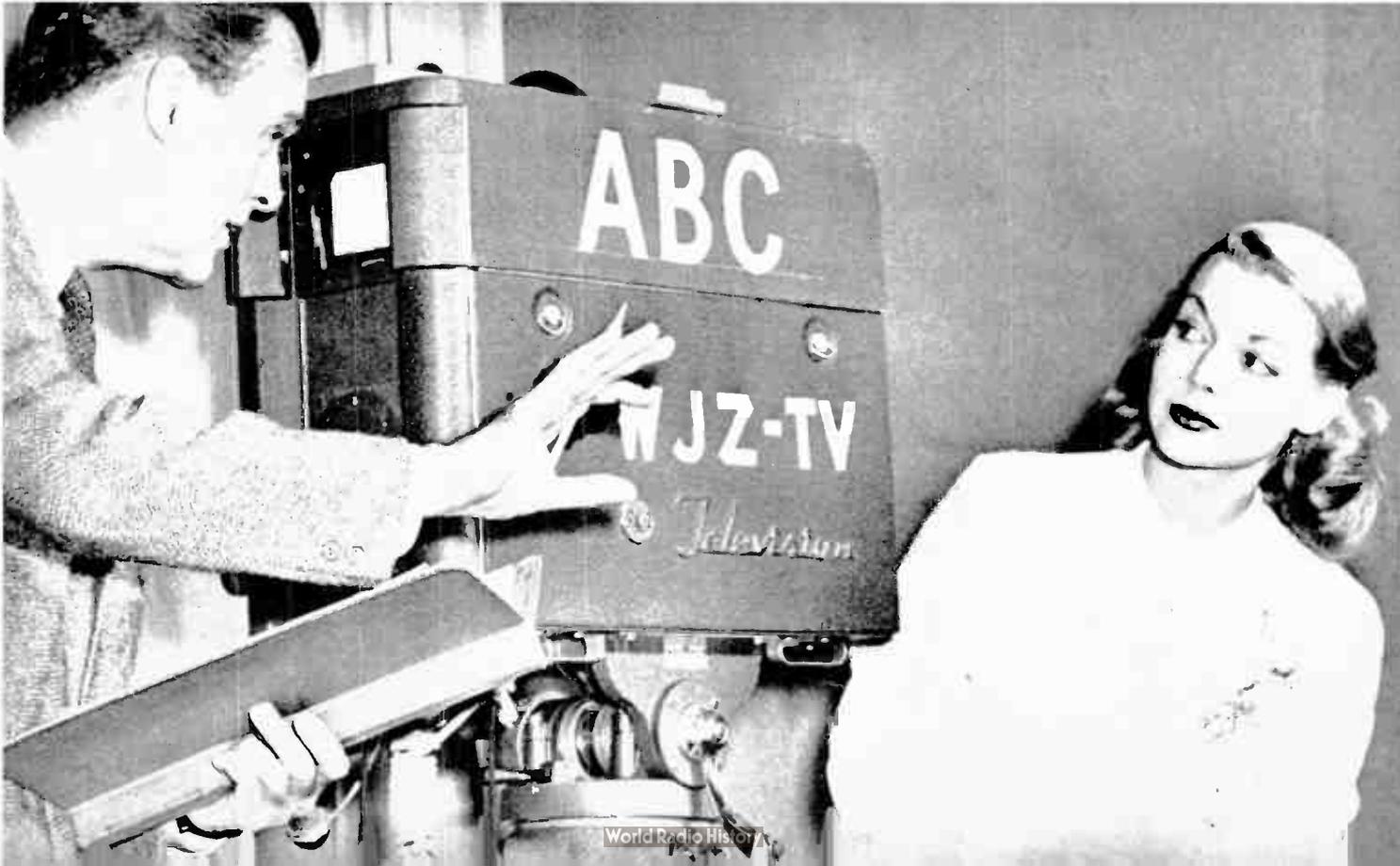
The night Rita Colton did her bit for *Hollywood Screen Test*, Irene Lee, a Hal Wallis talent scout who'd been alerted by Mr. Lewis, was watching and waiting. She didn't wait long. Rita was signed to a Hal Wallis contract almost immediately.

Mr. Wallis hasn't sent for her yet, but she's on salary, which is a pleasant happenstance, and nowadays she mostly sits in her bizarre apartment in the East Sixties tenderly reading her fan mail, and thinking about her future in Hollywood. Occasionally, she thinks about her past.

Rita was born in Manhattan, but she must have gone to fifteen schools while she was a kid, the way her family traipsed all over the country. Her real father's name is Colton, he's a photographer; her step-father's name is Schleger, he's a dentist. She has three half-sisters, but they're much younger.

About three years ago, the Schlegers returned to New York from wherever they happened to be at that point, and Rita embarked on a series of careers. The first one was at F. A. O. Schwarz, the tremendous toy store on Fifth Avenue. She was a sales-girl, and she liked the work. It was one big Christmas party, surrounded by Bemelman's drawings and pink plush elephants, and nobody who came into Schwarz' (Continued on page 91)

Since Rita's overnight success, girls are eagerly trying to crash television, and talent scouts are watching the video screen.





"Ah's regusted," Amos blurts to Andy. Freeman Gosden and Charlie Correll have teamed as blackface comics for a quarter-century.

■ If Amos had known where Andy was at the moment, he'd have leaped for the telephone and frantically called the police, the fire department and an ambulance from the nearest emergency hospital.

But ignorance is bliss. So Amos (Freeman Gosden) glanced casually at his watch as he chatted with folks around the studio. Andy (Charlie Correll) was due any minute. A couple of people wanted to know where he was. "Don't worry about him," Freeman said, "you can correct a watch by Charlie."

Oh, you could, could you?

At that precise moment Charlie Correll and all that was

the living breathing spirit of Andy happened to be 5,000 feet in the air over Los Angeles in a gasless airplane. Charlie had said his prayer and apologized for a few swear words over his failure to put enough gas in the tank for safe flying between Ensenada, Mexico, and Hollywood. Now he was busy looking for an emergency landing field.

If a minor miracle had not occurred, punching a big hole in the clouds long enough for Charlie to spot a small private field, there would have been no show that day. No Charlie Correll. No more *Amos 'n' Andy*. Only big, black headlines.

A half hour after his dead stick landing, Charlie walked into the studio. Freeman said, "You're a little late, aren't



# partners in disguise

And what does a man do  
when his plane runs out of gas in a black  
sky and he's due to go on  
the air in an hour? If he's Amos—then he  
gets to the studio right on time!

BY JACK WADE

you? Think we'd changed our time again?"

Charlie said, "Yeah," and they went to work.

Later he said, "After my first fright I didn't worry too much. You know, that Andy is a pretty good man in a pinch. He's never missed a show and you can't say that for Amos."

And you couldn't.

There was a time that Amos didn't appear on the program and the public never knew the difference. Freeman did, though, and for weeks his habitually casual character suffered the jitters. It was so bad that he took to wearing two watches. He even had a special strap made to hold a pair of watches, one on the inside and one on the outside of

his wrist. And this device he supplemented by continually asking friends what time it was.

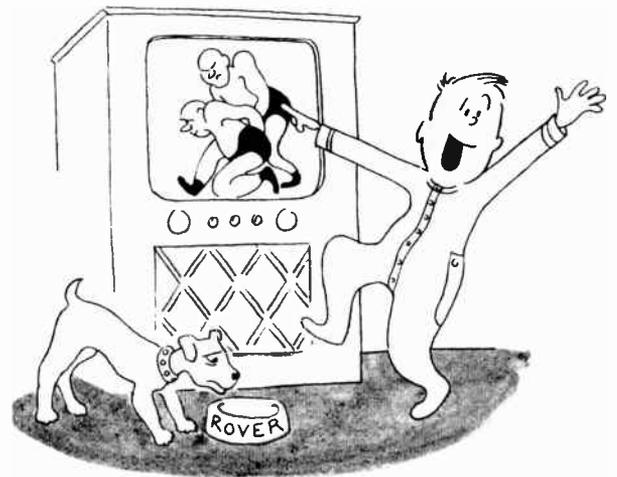
What happened was that Freeman had accidentally cracked the crystal on his watch a few days before. The day of the broadcast in question, he was driving down Sunset Boulevard when he looked at his watch and discovered he had twenty minutes to spare. He dropped in on his tailor to choose material for a new suit, but somehow he couldn't keep his mind on what he was doing.

Almost everyone has a subconscious sense of what time it is and Freeman found himself being nudged by this automatic but nebulous gadget (*Continued on page 71*)



Lost sheep of the television age is the younger generation; hypnotized and oblivious.

# Junior discovers television



Geography is replaced by a half-nelson in Junior's ken.

BY HARRIET VAN HORNE

The new era of Television means a new set of problems for mother, says the radio-television editor of the N. Y. World-Telegram.



The bobby-soxers pin-ups come to life when Gable takes to video.



M. Blanchard

No more blind-man's buff when the wild west takes over birthday brawls.

■ Junior never plays with his electric trains any more, a young mother complained recently. He forgets to feed his dog, leaves his bicycle out in the rain and never looks at a book. Homework, of course, is a thing of the past. Junior has discovered television. And, as children will, Junior has given himself over to it, body and soul.

But what Junior sees on television would scarcely make an educator jump for joy. In fact, many educators are gravely concerned about what television will do to Junior.

Sports events take up most of his viewing time. He considers it a great treat to sit up past 9 o'clock and watch the wrestling bouts. And he always protests being ordered to bed just as the crowd begins hollering dirty words at the gladiators, endearingly known to Junior's daddy as "bums."

Junior takes keen delight in the announcer's description of what is going on in the ring. "The claret is starting to flow!," screams a hoarse voice in the television set.

"That means blood!," yelps Junior with glee. "See, mother, Sandpaper McGee just gave Tony the Lug a bloody nose. See the blood all over everywhere. Mother? Isn't this fun? Do I have to go to school tomorrow, mother?"

The antics of a wrestling devotee known as Hatpin Mary makes Junior's sporting blood bubble up, too. "Oh, lookit, she rammed him with her hatpin. And lookit where she rammed him— Do it again, Mary! Do it again!"

The conduct of those overstuffed hooligans in wrestling matches is at a slight divergence with the ideals of good clean sportsmanship that Junior's scoutmaster and Sunday school teacher have been trying to teach him. But when Sandpaper McGee lives up to his name and pokes a wad of sandpaper into his adversary's eye, slowly scouring the while, the most indulgent parents would snatch Junior off to bed by the scruff of his neck. But it's not always a cinch to tear a child away from the television; its magnetic quality is pretty strong.

One afternoon recently a first-rate television announcer named Ben Grauer, was studying a few radio scripts at home. There was a tap on his door—and in walked a three-and-a-half-year-old girl as pretty as they come.

"What can I do for you, young lady?" asked Ben, bowing formally. "Oh, not much" lisped the little one, toddling over to a hassock in front of Ben's television set, and sitting down on it. "Juss please turn on your television. My mummy' said you muss have one an' I wuv it . . ."

So Ben, true to the best chivalrous tradition, turned the set on for his little visitor, who sat silently hypnotized by a wild-west movie for an hour, and then like the fog, moved silently on. (Continued on page 87)

He graduated from bit parts  
to become one of the most important  
directors in show  
business, but his alter-ego  
has spent ten years getting no place.

BY JOE WHITLEY

# forever 16

Ezra Stone has portrayed Henry Aldrich since 1938 when writer Clifford Goldsmith worked the school-boy idea into a Broadway play called *What A Life*. House Jameson and Katherine Raht are Mr. and Mrs. Aldrich.



Henry Aldrich—whoops, we mean Ezra Stone—lives on a farm in Bucks County, Pa., with wife and offspring Josef, 4, Francine, 2.



Ezra is a good real-life friend of Jackie Kelk, whose voice is actually as high-pitched as his "Homer" role on *Aldrich Family*.



■ Ezra Stone has spent the past ten years being sixteen years old. It isn't a difficult thing to do—especially when you are really Henry Aldrich, and attending Central High. But there are times when you get a bit weary of the teen-age routine, and you begin to hate the world—almost.

It probably all began during that period before the war when Ezra was a casting director for George Abbott, the New York stage producer. A veteran movie actress had dropped in to read for a role in a new Abbott play. The woman, known for her crusty disposition, gave him an icy look, and demanded that she be immediately announced to Ezra Stone, Mr. Abbott's assistant.

Ezra informed her that he was Mr. Stone, if you please.

"Don't make jokes with me, young man," she said. "I know you. You are that radio person—Henry Aldrich. And if you know what's good for you, you'll call Mr. Stone at once!"

So you see, there is no escape. Not since that fatal day in 1938 when the frog-throated, troublesome Henry was first heard over the airwaves on the Rudy Vallee show.

Today, at 30, Ezra Stone is, among other things, a star Broadway and Hollywood actor, a successful director, producer, lecturer, writer and drama teacher. And in spite of the fact that he is a husband, twice a father, veteran of four and a half years in the Army and a successful Pennsylvania farmer, his cracked-voice portrayal of radio's

problem boy still impresses the public to such a degree that high school pupils write regularly to ask his advice about class dances, how to confound rivals in love affairs or for new practical jokes with which to bedevil unpopular school principals. And he has bundles of correspondence from nice old ladies who beg him to quit getting into mischief and worrying his mother so much.

But Ezra doesn't mind. The short, pudgy, moon-faced showman—who wears horn-rimmed glasses and usually looks as if his clothes have been measured with an ouija board—has been having trouble about Henry since the Aldriches first came to life in Clifford Goldsmith's play *What A Life*.

Even though Stone was casting director for Abbott, who produced the play on Broadway, and recognized Henry as practically a carbon copy of himself when he was in school, it took all sorts of shenanigans to persuade his boss to give him a chance at the role. And when the play was kept going for nearly two years (largely through promotion stunts by Stone) and the movies grabbed it, they cast Jackie Cooper as Henry. "The public will never accept Ezra Stone in the part," they said.

When he went into the Army in 1941, burly sergeants were forever ripping his carefully made bed apart and yelling. "So you're Henry Aldrich, eh? Well, that bunk looks about like something he'd make. Do it over and report for kitcher police tomorrow!" (Continued on page 85)



One of *Lux Theater's* earliest broadcasts was produced by Cecil B. De Mille, and presented Jean Harlow and Robert Taylor in *Madame Sans Gene*. Co-stars were C. Henry Gordon and Claude Rains.

Nobody, but nobody,  
can tell when a temperamental  
movie star will  
turn the Lux Radio Theater  
into a dizzy three-ring circus.

BY CARL SCHROEDER

# C CIRCUS DE LUX

■ Burt Lancaster, the man-killin'est of all the new movie heroes, was making his first appearance on *Lux Radio Theater*. Like all newcomers to the top drawer program, Burt considered this the climax of his Hollywood achievements.

He had studied hard during the several rehearsals that had gone on all week. In the "dress" he was letter perfect. Producer Bill Keighley (who is chief trouble-shooter and headache-handler for *Lux*) complimented him, and Burt left the Vine Street Theater at peace with the world.

This was about 4:30, an hour and a half before the broadcast. At 5:45 a voice from the control booth asked, "Where's Burt Lancaster?" At 5:50 a premonition tapped Producer Keighley on the shoulder.

He said, "Something has happened to Burt Lancaster." At 5:52 Director Fred MacKaye said to tall, iron-faced Ira Grassel—"You're going on for Lancaster."

Grassel exclaimed, "Gee coach, you're kidding."

For an answer, MacKaye switched on a playback of a small portion of Lancaster's role. Grassel began marking a script, his radio ear tuned to catch the familiar mannerisms of Burt's voice. At 5:58, a call got through to the gate at Universal Studios. The gateman said, "Burt Lancaster? He just drove out a second ago."

Universal studios is at least eight minutes from the Lux theater, more when traffic is heavy. Then a man has to park his car. Burt couldn't have made it on a magic carpet.

At 5:59, Grassel said, "I'm playing Lancaster—who's playing me?"



Most popular *Lux* visitor is Ingrid Bergman, who's appeared seven times in past six years. She chats with Keighley, Charles Boyer.



When Burt Lancaster was finally invited to appear on *Lux*, he misunderstood time of show and missed first half

Director MacKaye looked at the theater ceiling and said, "I am."

The curtain went up, the show was on. Except for the studio audience, no one anywhere knew that Burt Lancaster was not on, and Burt who walked in twelve minutes later almost dropped in his tracks. There he was, freshly shaven, shoes shined, ready to make the debut that was already half gone—all because he thought that *Lux* went on at seven instead of six, and nobody had thought to tell him.

But he did play the last half of the show, like a kid in skates grabbing on in a game of crack the whip. Days later in the East the sponsors received the letter of explanation, but they weren't sore. They had to replay a recording, and even then they couldn't detect where Ira Grassel's substitution left off and Lancaster's real performance began. And oddly enough, the title of the play was *I Walk Alone*.

If he'd been twelve more minutes late, he really would have, so far as radio was concerned, for a long time.

For real dramatics on the *Radio Theater*, though, leave it to Bette Davis, on stage and off. Shortly before she was to go on the air on one of her appearances, Bette announced, "I think I've been poisoned!"

To the credit of the well disciplined *Lux* staff, it may be said that no one fell on the floor. They queried Bette concerning the nature of the attack. This is what had happened: her maid, when asked for a glass of water with a few drops of ammonia in it, had brought the glass dosed with household ammonia.

By the time Bette finished the show little cold beads of



Lizabeth Scott and Van Johnson use "Oscar," the iron platform on which actor can stand or rest when nervous.

## circus de lux

sweat stood out on the whole staff's head, but the star announced, "I feel fine."

An almost similar calamity threatened when Basil Rathbone made his appearance in *The Phantom of the Opera*. Scant seconds before air time he confided, "My voice is going—I don't think I'm going to make it!" A standby from the cast stood ready throughout the show to step in. Rathbone finished, but by the time he'd walked across the street to the Brown Derby after the final curtain, it had really happened. He opened his mouth to order a shooting hot toddy and not a sound emerged.

Every effort is made to avoid possibility of sudden eruptions, but no amount of machinery or cool planning can prevent the human element from bouncing around with surprising effect.

Van Johnson and Frank Sinatra caused more physical ruckus than any two stars who have ever appeared for *Lux*, although it may be said for them that they were hardly to blame. When Van appeared in *You Came Along*, everything went well until curtain time. Then, ten seconds before the show went off the air the bobby soxers began to swarm down the aisles and up over the footlights to grab pieces of script, not to speak of portions of Van, such as his necktie. The listening audience may have been a little surprised at the abrupt ending to the show. The conclusion among folks sitting around sets probably was that the play had run overtime. Actually, the curtain was rung down to keep Van from being trampled under foot.

The bobby soxers were outsmarted when Frank Sinatra became a *Lux* guest at the peak of his popularity. It was Frank's first time on a dramatic show and he was extremely nervous. So during the warm-up the adoring kids were talked to as follows: "We know you love Frankie, but screaming and moaning is liable to wreck the show—here comes Frankie right now—and you go ahead and scream your lungs out."

They did. The house rocked and quivered. Frankie held both arms up in the air for silence. "Thanks," he said, "and now I want you to know that this show means a great deal to me. I'd greatly appreciate all the help you can give me by not making noise during the performance."

To the kids' credit, they kept their mouths shut.

The most jolting character to appear on *Lux* was Victor Mature. For years, Mature made it a habit not to be anywhere on schedule. To him, the world was a circus and he was all of the clowns. He hoped some day to have a reputation for out-Barrymoring Barrymore. At the time of his first appearance, he was romancing Rita Hayworth and rumor had gone out that they were eloping.

This frightened daylight out of the *Lux* staff who knew that Vic was not above simply taking off and not showing up. At least they thought they knew what the love bug would do to him, and once inside the theater they kept him surrounded so he couldn't get out. Telephones, in and out were shut off, and he was a virtual prisoner.

Appearing on the show that day (Continued on page 88)



When Orson Welles co-starred with Rita Hayworth recently, he was annoyed with smoothness of the show—so unlike his own.



Humphrey Bogart and his "Baby," Lauren Bacall, take a refresher before beginning their *Lux* stint. They frequently guest together.

*this  
is  
my  
secret*

You all know her story—the grim accident, the black hours of torment, the iron-willed struggle for recovery. What you may not know is the secret behind her victory.

*by jane froman*

■ Whenever anything goes wrong—I sing.

Everyone has his own way to cure the blues, his own kind of release. Some go to the movies. Some take a walk. Some play golf. Some get drunk.

But I sing.

I had a lonely childhood. I was shy and unhappy and always longed for a brother or sister to play with. My mother supported us by giving piano lessons for 50 cents an hour every day from nine until five. She was my teacher, too, and I had to practice the piano four or five hours a day. Mother wouldn't give me voice training, though, until my voice matured. But I sang all the time, anyway. It made me feel important.

I stammer when I talk—but not when I sing. Why this situation exists I don't know. At college the stammer was a great drawback because I was majoring in journalism and it made interviewing nearly impossible. As a result I didn't take college seriously. Singing was my social security. In fact I sang so steadfastly that I always was in trouble with the chapter president of Kappa Kappa Gamma Sorority, my house, for disturbing the quiet.

My first experience of singing in the face of personal trouble occurred when I was auditioning for Paul Whiteman years ago in Chicago. On my way to this all-important engagement I



Jane still used crutches when she married her pilot-rescuer in March.



Jane discusses an arrangement with CBS conductor, Percy Faith. Her career is going stranger than ever these days.

## *this is my secret*

in Miami. I went on the radio.

The old corn about "the show must go on" is the best training I know for developing a tough hide. When you're doing a night club show every night, you do it even if you'd rather drop dead.

One day I asked myself "If you're well enough to work, why aren't you well enough to do what you started out to do when the plane crash prevented it—entertain the boys overseas?" In 1945, I kept the date I made in 1943. For three months I sang 95 shows in military hospitals in France, Germany, England, Belgium, Austria, Czechoslovakia. I sang in P. X.'s, bombed out houses, open fields.

I would enter on my crutches, of course. As I came on looking happy, singing a gay song, I would turn and suddenly with an arc-like gesture, throw the crutches away, off-stage. My hope was that the boys would think: "If a girl can do it—I can do it."

It worked in every military hospital, in every ward and room. As I flung the crutches away, boys in casts up to their chins, boys flat on their backs, boys who hadn't spoken a word in months screamed, yelled, clapped and joined me in singing. It was worth more than pay. I felt so good—braces, crutches and all.

I am happier now than I would be if I had not suffered as I did. When the current of the Tagus River was carrying me out to sea I saw a head bobbing just above the water. I called out and a man swam over to me. I couldn't see him, nor he me.

He asked who I was. When I said my name was Jane Froman, I heard a chuckling sound, a strange comfort at such a time in such a place.

"I saw you at the Roxy a month ago," he told me. "I've listened to you on the radio a thousand times but I certainly didn't expect to meet you in the Tagus."

I said: "Who are you?"

He told me he was the clipper's fourth officer, that his name was John Curtis Burn. With a broken back and a fractured skull John Burn held me up in the water for nearly an hour before we were rescued.

Last March Johnny and I were married in Coral Gables, Florida. That was before I was able to get around without crutches, but I came down the aisle with a sweeter song in my heart than I ever will be able to sing.

Nothing can frighten me now. Everything that can happen to me has happened, and I can sing. Every Sunday night until recently I sang with Percy Faith's orchestra on the Columbia Broadcasting System. Now I "guest" on the radio on various shows and the rest of the time I sing from the sheer joy of being alive.

Singing is my job, and I like it. If you like your job, get out and do it. It brings your whole life into focus. I want to sing as long as I live.

tripped on a flight of stairs and fractured my ankle. I didn't dare go to the doctor. He might have forced me to cancel the audition. I simply held onto myself with every bit of nerve I had, took a taxi to the studio where I was to meet Whiteman, and sang for all I was worth.

Whiteman said he had rarely heard such feeling, such anguish and suffering expressed by a popular singer. He didn't know the suffering was on the level. But before he could offer me a contract I fainted dead away. For two months I was in a cast but I sang with Whiteman's band.

The confidence that my voice has always come through is what makes it come through, I believe. What happened to me that day in Chicago was only a petty preliminary to "the main bout" of my life in 1943. The plane in which I was flying to Europe to entertain servicemen crashed in the Tagus River, Lisbon. My right leg was broken, ankle and arm crushed, four ribs broken, and my back was dislocated. Eight months later, in plaster to my hips, I was singing in *Artists and Models* on Broadway. I'd done all my rehearsing in the hospital! At the time I couldn't take a step, couldn't even stand. I had to be picked up like a doll and moved on and off stage 44 times. Fortunately for the people who were stevedoring this job I weighed only 85 pounds—my cast weighed 35.

The day before the opening I had butterflies in my stomach. Doubts and fears about my ability to carry on tortured me. And then there was the moment when the lights dimmed, the curtain rose and I opened my mouth and sang. Oh what a wonderful feeling.

It was my voice that brought me through the bad times after that accident. If you don't plan on your work in a time of crisis, you go to pieces.

I was in and out of the hospital 25 times after the show closed. Pieces of steel were oozing out of me, pieces of bones, pieces of wood. Fortunately my voice was spared. "It's a pleasure to look down your throat," the doctor would say when the rest of me was all crushed. When the doctors pronounced me strong enough I sang again at the Copacabana in New York, the Chez Paree in Chicago, The Colonial Inn



radio stars

# at home

a monthly feature  
By JANE TIFFANY WAGNER  
NBC Director of Education

## THE BOB CROSBY FAMILY

George Robert, Sr., 32	June Audrey, 29
Cathleen Denyse, 9	Christopher Douglas, 6
George Robert, Jr., 4	Stephen Ross, 2

Bob Crosby is the singing emcee on *Club 15*, the five-day-a-week musical on CBS, 7:30-7:45 pm., EST.



Telephone snoopers Christopher and Robert Jr. want to be in on everything. Bob usually has to go upstairs to talk in privacy.



June and Bob have on those cat-that-swallowed-the-canary looks because they've just heard that Bob's new song is a hit.



Two-year-old Stephen, a typical Crosby, gets a big bang out of life. He enjoys eating, especially anything from Pop's plate.

# Bob

## the crosby team

You walk along the green winding streets of Hollywood's Bel Air section, admiring the charming homes and the lovely landscaping when suddenly the quiet California sunshine is pierced by high-pitched shrieks. But your alarm vanishes when you reach the attractive fieldstone house set in from the road and see the busy group on the lawn.

That was no massacre after all. It was just Bob Crosby playing a rather boisterous game of soft-ball with his kids on the grounds of what he fondly calls his "large house with a large mortgage." And having a wonderful time at it.

The Bob Crosby family is always having fun, indoors or out, mostly because Bob and June spend so much time with the four youngsters and enjoy them so much. Bob takes pride in being an "active" father. He plays with the children, lends an eager ear to their woes and joys, and gives them the full benefit of his fabulous sense of humor.

It's like father like family with the Bob Crosbys. Bob is a truly amiable guy who loves life and lives every moment of it. And Cathleen, Christopher, Robert, Jr., and Stephen are growing up with that same gift for happiness. Mostly as a result of Mother June's wise handling they are also gaining the equally important gift of sharing, both in play and home duties.

Each of the children has his or her own special duty in the house—and whether it's a big or little assignment, they're expected to carry it out. But it's all on the basis of open discussion rather than iron-clad rules and order. Bob and June have found that through this system of sharing ideas everyone does his part, and, though the Crosby household is lively, it is well-organized—a six-man team that works and plays together.

## love danced by

There is no question that the happiness and well-being you find in the Crosby home springs fundamentally from the deep affection between Bob and June. He calls her "Tishy" because her hair is titian-colored, and she's been the only girl for him since the first moment he saw her dancing by from the platform where he was conducting his Bobcats.

# Loves Tishy

That was about eleven years ago in Chicago, where Bob and his band were enjoying their first real success. June, on vacation from college, was out with a friend of Bob's. So Bob said hello to his friend and then came over to find out who the girl was.

They were married about a year later at Bob's home in Spokane, Washington, flying from Chicago where June's parents lived, and where Bob's band was playing. After making the long trip, there wasn't any time for a honeymoon because Bob had to return to his band engagement right away. But please don't feel sorry for them, because this is one marriage that has truly been a honeymoon all along.

I've heard tell, for instance, that last year Bob was on tour and had been away from June and the children for a month by the time he finished his engagement at the New York Strand Theatre. His next appearance was to be in Columbus, Ohio. Well, before Bob left New York he called Western Union and sent a telegram home, the gist of which was: "How about joining me for a while? I miss you." So June packed her bags, hopped a plane and met Bob in Columbus, where they were together a week before Bob went on to the next stop on his tour and June returned to their offspring.

## four are a handful

Bob is fond of saying that the only difference between him and brother Bing is a full head of hair and about \$99,000,000. He's probably just too modest to mention one other point—the Bob Crosby family boasts a daughter. Lovely Cathleen Denyse, Bob's oldest, was born in Chicago on June 21, 1939. Bob was playing in Detroit when she arrived and the first plane he could get brought him to the hospital an hour after her arrival. Cathy is dark-haired like her Dad, and has apparently inherited his sense of humor. Bob reels off story after story about Cathy's funny sayings and doings.

The second child is Christopher Douglas, born in Los Angeles, June 28, 1942. He was due to arrive a month later, but he surprised all of the Crosby clan by coming just a week (*Continued on page 97*)

To his children, Bob Crosby has given the most priceless gift of all—more valuable than money, more important than talent—the gift of happiness.



Bob finds being an "active" father lots of fun—and so do Cathy, Steve, Chris, and Bob Jr., whose pet game is "wrestling with Daddy."

# diapers for dinah

■ Back in 1940, she sang a song called “Yes, My Darling Daughter”—do you remember? She sang it irresistibly with that soft, intimate voice, and it meant fame, fortune and a fabulous success. That was all before the big things happened to Dinah Shore on two winter days several years after. There was December 4, 1943, and marriage to a handsome young actor in uniform named George Montgomery. There was January 4, 1948, when Melissa Ann Montgomery came into the world. So Dinah is singing “Yes, My Darling Daughter” again these days, only this time it means warmth, love and the wonder of caring for your own baby. Cooking, clothes-hanging, diapering and a sleepless night now and then don’t spoil it for Dinah—after all it’s *her* baby.

Melissa Ann is highly pleased with her attentive father. George claims that Dinah has set a record in the number with baby pictures she’s taken.

The man that she married likes nothing better than helping with housework. George is such a homebody, Dinah boasts, he even enjoys doing the dishes!





Dinah and George did a real pioneering job on their thriving San Fernando Valley farm. He built the house himself, watches over the peach orchard.

George is in on this diaper deal just as deep as Dinah. Neither of them knew how full life could be until they got a home and daughter.



# one man's candy

■ Even for Hollywood, they're an odd household, three-fifths human, two-fifths wood. There's Edgar and his lovely blonde wife, Frances. Then there's Charlie and Mortimer; even if they were flesh and blood instead of wood, they couldn't be more a part of the family. And then — Candy Bergen, who comes last only because she's the youngest. Candy (whose real name is Candice and she's almost three) is the apple of poppa Bergen's eye and the pride and joy of the whole family.



Pappa Bergen is quite a fancy amateur magician, and his most appreciative audience is blande, 30-month-old Candy Bergen.



You'd never dream that Charlie and Mortimer were made of wood the way Candy chats with them. She shows no favoritism.

Not quite a complete family portrait of the Bergen clan; Charlie and Mortimer are helping the cameraman.



# that \$64 question

Most quiz shows lure listeners with huge prizes. But Take It or Leave It, the granddaddy of them all, needs only Garry Moore's quick wit and his world-famous \$64 question to stay on top of the heap. Here's a sampling of some that he asked recently. How would you have made out?

1. *Nicknames*—What canal is nicknamed the "Big Ditch"?
2. *Weapons*—What weapon did David use to kill Goliath?
3. *Firsts*—Who was the first child of English parents born in America?
4. *Lasts*—Where was Custer's last stand?
5. *What's His Racket?*—The slang word "tenue" describes an occupation. What is it?
6. *Minerals*—What substance, not a mineral, is sometimes known as "black gold"?
7. *Weather*—Who first said: "Everybody talks about the weather, but nobody does anything about it"?
8. *Famous Instrumentalists*—What instrument does Sergei Rachmaninoff play?
9. *Science*—With what important scientific discovery do we associate William Harvey?
10. *Sleeping*—If a man goes to sleep at 9 o'clock Central Standard Time in an airplane at Chicago, and wakes up at 7 o'clock Pacific Standard Time in Los Angeles—how many hours has he slept?
11. *Sports—Boxing Terms*—Where is the button?
12. *Star or Planet—Astronomy*—Is the heavenly body Jupiter a star or a planet?
13. *Who Said It?*—Who said: "blood, sweat and tears"?
14. *Probabilities; Friendship*—If you were a friend of Tom Sawyer, would you be more likely to take yourself on for a day on the Mississippi with Penrod Schotfield, Huck Finn, or Henry Aldrich?
15. *France; Past and Present*—Who were the Maquis?
16. *Name the Flower*—What flower do most brides carry?

## ANSWERS

1. Panama Canal; 2. Singshot; 3. Virginia; 4. Monte; 5. River or stream; 6. Oil; 7. Fido; 8. Tennis; 9. The blood of children; 10. Piano; 11. Point of chin; 12. Planet; 13. Wrist; 14. Hat; 15. Fingert; 16. Button.



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BUT KAY DAUMIT'S RICH LATHERING  
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No other shampoo gives you the same  
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## Only one soap gives your skin this exciting Bouquet

You're doubly desirable, fragrantly appealing  
... with this lingering fragrance men love!

Would you capture the top spot in his heart? The road to romance may well begin ... with your daily bath with Cashmere Bouquet Soap! For its haunting, bewitching fragrance is *the fragrance men love*—it comes only from a secret wedding of rare perfumes far more costly than you would expect to find in any soap. Popular girls for 80 years have followed *this* simple, successful routine. Bathe every day with Cashmere Bouquet Soap. Use it for your complexion, too!

Cashmere  
Bouquet

## Cashmere Bouquet

Adorn your skin with the fragrance men love.

World Radio History

## inside radio



## The Cat's Meow

■ He's probably the highest-paid performer per second in radio, and yet he has never spoken a word into the microphone. Directors have refused to handle a program unless his services were available.

His name is Donald Bain and he is radio's number one animal impersonator. The brochure which he hands out in elevators, cafeterias and Radio City corridors, stating that he can impersonate "anything from a flea to an elephant"—is not far from the truth. Bain's repertory consists of some 200 birds, barnyard animals, reptiles, insects and household pets. Also assorted non-animal miscellany as policemen's whistles (varied to fit the city), horns, sirens, night sounds, and musical instruments. There are also odd jobs like impersonating a set of false teeth chattering from a bear. "I was an instant click on that job," Bain recalls.

Bain receives \$35 for a three-to-five-second rooster crow. March of Time once paid him \$98 for ten cat meows. He has played Joan Bennett's Canary, Ogden Nash's watch dog, Mary Pickford's falcon and Tarzan's lion. He doesn't confine his talents entirely to radio, however. He makes strange noises for animated cartoons, and in Broadway's *Our Town* he was the rooster that woke the village at dawn and Bessie, the milkman's horse.

Bain loves tough assignments. The director of a shivery mystery program once asked him if he could howl like a cat with his eyes gouged out. Bain had to practice hard for this one, but finally managed to scare the daylights out of a casual passerby in the corridors outside the broadcasting studio. Another director once called Bain at a tavern and asked him for a sample of his work. In a moment the place was resounding with roaring lions, trilling sparrows, yowling dogs, screeching owls and laughing hyenas. Suddenly the din stopped and Bain shouted into the telephone.

"The bartender is throwing me out. I'll call you later!"

# THE TRUTH ABOUT WALTER WINCHELL

(Continued from page 29)

program and read his daily newspaper column—but the figure runs high up into the tens of millions.

Who is this man Walter Winchell? What is he made of? How does he live? And where does this maharajah of the press, radio and entertainment world go from here?

Well, to answer the last question first—once before Walter Winchell seemed to hit his peak—as some people think he has now again with his top Hooperatings. That was in 1937, when he made two movies for which Darryl Zanuck of 20th Century paid him \$150,000. That's peanuts to Winchell today, but at that time the ex-hooper must have figured he was on top of the world—with no more worlds to conquer. He said: "My ambition is to do one column a week and one weekly broadcast. Of course, I don't care about money any more . . . my wife and children have been patient for many years."

So this year Winchell signed a new contract with ABC (it's now Kaiser-Frazer instead of Jergens) for more than a half-million dollars. Annually. With his daily newspaper column and various other sources of income, his annual take should approximate \$750,000.00. Not bad for a man who doesn't care about money any more!

His wife and children are still awaiting patiently the normal family life for which presumably they hanker. But daddy has work to do. There is still the country to be saved from spies, Congressmen to be instructed, the President to be advised, foreign governments to be admonished. At whatever personal sacrifice, Mrs. Winchell's boy, Walter, is not going to let the world go to pot.

Sheer fantasy? A romantic newspaper reporter's day dream? Not altogether. Winchell, however much he may be overrated, and however much he overrates himself, is still a man of fabulous influence and connections. Maybe he cannot move armies or unseat ministries. But he can wreck those banks, Broadway shows and reputations.

An amazing number of people are afraid of him. An equally amazing number of people admire him. Not very many people like him.

In cafe society, in the world of press agents, chorines, movie stars, models, managers and debs, he is absolute monarch. Visitors to that world are impressed. Industrialists approach his table at the Stork Club, where Winchell plays God, with respect amounting almost to reverence. Big shot politicians hail him with warmth usually reserved for babies before election day. Famous authors—such as G. B. Shaw—fill his column when he is on vacation. High government officials buzz his phone to give him hot tips on tomorrow's historical events.

How does he do it? There are newspaper men more able, radio commentators more shrewd (and certainly more accurate!) and even gossip mongers more malicious. Yet they possess not a fraction of his audience or his influence. Or his salary. Winchell today is the highest paid

reporter in the history of journalism.

What has he got that the others haven't? First of all, a jargon all his own that defies imitators. A feeling for words, a contempt for grammar. Industry, energy, single-mindedness.

He is incomparably brash, with an arrogance that Nero would have envied. In his person, he has demonstrated the superiority of brass over all other metals. When he toots his own horn, it is with the assurance and noise of a full orchestra.

People seem to think that it is his success that has made him so cocky. But he was always that way.

I remember him from the old New York *Graphic*, the tabloid for which I used to work. Winchell was then a fairly obscure dramatic critic on a yellow sheet, and a budding gossip columnist. His reputation was just beginning. But he stalked through the city room as if he owned it—which maybe he did. There were rumors that the managing editor wanted to fire him and didn't dare.

The late Texas Guinan took a fancy to him and fed him juicy items which became the basis for his gossip column. The remaining items he obtained by button-holing cafe characters—"Got something for me?" He doesn't do that any more. His informants come to him. He even does his keyhole peeping by proxy.

Miss Guinan had extraordinary sources of information. The tips she gave him were hot ones.

Winchell's first big scoop was a prediction that gangster Vincent Coll was due for trouble. When Coll was actually bumped off, Winchell worried. The killer was annoyed with him for his premature announcement. So Winchell obtained a permit for a revolver, hired a gunman bodyguard, made up to racketeer Owney Madden. He predicted his own demise. His epitaph for himself was a witty one: "Here lies Walter Winchell, with his ear still to the ground." But unquestionably he was scared.

His audiences grew. A fondness for scandal, a curiosity about the underworld, are not confined to any particular group. Limited in vocabulary, he had a gift for word coinage. Some of his phrases, like "making whoopee," became part of the popular lingo. Literate people read him shamefacedly at first, and then hailed him as their discovery. He was credited with contributing to folk culture, with creating a new modern idiom.

In the beginning, Winchell's predictions were confined to his limited world of Broadway, gangsterdom and cafe society. He was kept well informed by tipsters and soon gained a reputation as a minor oracle. So he grew bolder, invaded the kindred fields of politics and Wall Street speculation. In cafe society the two worlds met, and so cafe society became his headquarters. And still is.

He invented a new type of journalism in which rumor is given as much weight as the authenticated fact. Occasionally rumor proved to be correct. Winchell puffed up his actual predictions, maintained a discreet silence about his misses. People were

MY HAIR  
NEEDS  
COLOR  
TO GLORIFY  
ITS NATURAL  
SHADE



I WANT  
MORE  
LUSTRE  
WITHOUT  
ADDED  
COLOR



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More than 60 million packages have been bought by America's loveliest women to bring out lustre or to add color to their hair.

5 RINSES, 25¢—2 RINSES, 10¢  
SEE COLOR CHART AT  
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DRUG OR DIME STORES



awed by his rashness, convinced that he had inside dope on virtually everything. He once announced that a certain hopeless stock was due to rise from 4 to 21. It actually reached 13 on the strength of his predictions, and then, of course, it fell again. There are limits to his power.

A hostile critic once estimated that Winchell was accurate in his items only 40 per cent of the time (based on a check of 239 separate items). This would be less than the law of averages allows Joe Doakes.

It did not matter, though. Winchell's own stock continued to soar. The war made him a national hero. A master of vituperation, he found enemies worthy of his pen, and of his high-pitched, hysterical radio voice—the Bund, the isolationists, Hitler, Mussolini, Bilbo, Rankin.

His patriotism was genuine. So were his services. He has been criticized for playing Naval Commander during the war, when, as everyone knew, his area of combat was confined to the Stork Club. Actually, however, the Navy placed him there, and only his vanity was at fault. He could have rendered the same services in civilian clothes.

He had a lucky streak. He played winners. Recently, this streak was broken badly. He muffed the recent elections even worse than his colleagues. The damage to his reputation as a prophet is a real one, though it may be only temporary. He has weathered other setbacks in his rise to the top.

History will acknowledge his influence on society. It will not be able to explain it. Nothing that has been said or written about Winchell explains his extraordinary prestige. His power is really a hypnotic one. One might call him the Rasputin of radio, the Cagliostro of the press. But Winchell has mostly been on the side of the angels, sometimes much to their embarrassment. He is an exasperating, but not a sinister figure.

What kind of man is Walter Winchell? How does he live?

For a nosy guy, he is extraordinarily sensitive about any intrusion into his private affairs. He lives in a closely-guarded Westchester home and the address is a closely-guarded secret. He is infuriated at any mention of his family in print. Some say fear of kidnapping is the reason.

When a writer who was doing a piece on him for the *Saturday Evening Post* approached Winchell for an interview with Mrs. Winchell, the arch-snooper froze.

"You can write anything you want about me, but leave my family out of it."

This was too much for the writer (quite famous himself) who persisted, and won a reluctant interview with Mrs. Winchell. It was not much of a scoop. Mrs. Winchell is a modest, reserved, pretty woman, who thinks her place is in the home. She refuses to accompany her husband on his public rounds, probably disapproves of them in a vague sort of way. She has been known to criticize items in his column, and even to effect changes. The "no publicity" is her own idea: Winchell is egotistical enough to think that anything connected with him is of first rate interest to the world.

The Winchell home life is erratic, due to Walter's habit of staying up all night and sleeping during the day. He is a strange 70 sort of country squire who spends as little

time in the out of doors as is humanly possible. He hates all forms of exercise.

The Winchell marriage was a romantic one. His wife is the former June Magee, of the one-time dance team of Hill and Aster (she was Aster). Winchell met her when he was following up a story about a 17 year old girl who had adopted a baby. He routed June out of bed in the early hours of the morning, discovered the tip was false. She had not adopted the baby, was merely keeping it for a sick friend.

The marriage, in 1923, was Winchell's second. His first, to Rita Greene (an early dance partner of his) went pffft. The second has lasted a quarter of a century.

Despite his gallivanting about alone. Winchell is a devoted husband and father. The Winchells have two children: a boy, Walter Junior, who must now be 13, and a girl, Walda, who is 20.

Winchell, the arch-gossiper and teardowner, can be sentimental to the point of downright slush. Commenting over the air on the birth of a son to Princess Elizabeth, he advised the father to kiss the baby behind the ear, "because that is where the smell is like gardenias and the taste like honey." Actually he was plagiarizing himself: these were almost the exact words he used on the occasion of the birth of his own son.

His lack of reticence in speech, or restraint, of any kind, has become Winchell's greatest asset. He is the pitchman of journalism: "Hurry! hurry! hurry!" and he draws the crowds.

Another Winchell asset is his genuine naivete. He is a man without formal education. He has learned (through his profession) a lot of things in a hurry. But he has never been able to sort out or classify his knowledge.



It's a rare occasion when Winchell joins the dancing throng at his Stork Club headquarters.

His radio commentary reveals his lack of a sense of proportion in almost comical fashion. He mixes dull and inconsequential items—so-and-so is expecting (nobody knows who)—a police alarm is out for two desperados (nobody ever heard of them)—with news of earth-shaking consequence. When he cries "Flash!" one never knows whether to expect an excited announcement that Gertie Glamor was seen in a cafe with Howard Horsefeathers, or in a momentous report of revolution in Spain.

The result is to keep his listeners on edge. He doesn't let them fall asleep. Also his is the touch of vulgarity that makes the whole world kin. Everything has equal value in his eyes; hence whatever excites anybody excites him. This is not really the common touch, for actually Winchell, living in a world of his own, knows little about people outside of it.

He fills his column like a small boy putting colored stones into a bottle. The effect is sometimes striking, if by accident.

He gushes, he pours out invective, he spouts schoolboy oratory, with no more inhibition than a madman.

This is not to deny him talent—of a hit-and-miss sort. He can turn a neat phrase on occasion. Also he can be incredibly dull.

One thing he has that most gossip-columnists lack entirely, and that's a sense of public responsibility. He has been guilty of many irresponsible statements, but never intentionally so. His trouble lies in his gullibility. He believes what he hears, is outraged when he learns that his informant has given him a bum steer. When he can he revenges himself on his "betrayers."

Vain, vindictive, self-centered—Winchell is all of these. But he is easily moved by suffering, once it is pointed out to him, and he is genuinely devoted to the public good as he sees it.

The most popular commentator in America has few personal friends. Very properly he views with suspicion the sycophants and flatterers who surround his table. They all want something. On the other hand, he cannot abide sharp criticism, and so he avoids plain-speaking people.

He is not, however, without a curious kind of humility. He can at least be impressed by humility in others. It was almost touching to see him with Carl Sandburg when this great poet and biographer of Lincoln was taken by some movie people to the Stork Club. Winchell was deferential to the point of reverence—this was the real stuff. And when a flashy blonde approached the old man, doubtless under the illusion that here was a new type sugar-daddy, Winchell would not let her get near him.

"This is a great man, darling. I don't want you to bother him. I want you to listen to what he has to say."

The blonde pouted, listened, yawned and departed. Winchell remained, and for once he did not talk about himself. . . .

It was as if he realized that there was something phony about himself, about the generals, politicians, press agents, debbies, captains of industry, big shots, little big shots with whom he surrounds himself . . . here, in the person of Carl Sandburg, was an authentic voice.

And so he listened, and worshipped.

## PARTNERS IN DISGUISE

(Continued from page 49)

in his mind.

"Albert," he said to the tailor, "I don't feel right about this material . . . it's too light . . . maybe it ought to be darker . . . say, what time is it?"

Albert didn't have a watch. He yelled into the back room. "It's three minutes to four," was the answer that shocked Freeman stiff. He had twenty blocks to go and he couldn't have made it in an ambulance. He took a deep breath and reached for the phone. The control room was busy. He asked the operator to break in on an emergency. Charlie came on the phone and in an instant realized what had happened when Freeman said, "You know in the opening where you have the Kingfish on the phone, maybe you can have him talking into a dead instrument, and then where Amos is supposed to come in you—"

"Don't worry about it," Charlie said. "I'll do all right—you okay?"

"Uh-huh—nothing wrong—my watch went sour."

On the way home, Freeman listened to Charlie do the whole program, revamping the script so well that only an expert would sense that there was no Amos available.

They fooled everybody but the president of the Campbell Soup Company. He wired Freeman as follows: I HOPE YOU ENJOYED YOUR FISHING TRIP.

The actual beginning of *Amos 'n' Andy* is obscured by often related cold facts which omit the more heartwarming details never before told. And to countless millions of *Amos 'n' Andy* fans what really happened will seem less an accident than an inevitable plan of life in which two unborn radio characters brought their creators together.

Bricklayer Charlie Correll had an insatiable appetite for amateur theatricals.

Tobacco salesman Freeman Gosden suffered from the same malady.

Under normal circumstances the chances of their meeting during a lifetime were about ten million to one.

They owe it all to a since forgotten piano player who didn't show up one night. Charlie Correll had been hanging around, and when producer Joe Bren heard him fooling with the piano he asked him to step in. When the little amateur production was over that night, Bren asked, "What do you do for a living?"

"I'm a bricklayer," Charlie told him.

"Not any more, you're not," Bren said.

"How about having lunch tomorrow?"

"I can't do that," Charlie told him. "I might get a job."

"How much do you earn a day?"

"Five-sixty."

"All right," Bren declared. "I'll pay you five-sixty to have lunch with me, and on top of that I'll pick up the check."

That put Charlie in the entertainment business. Meanwhile, tobacco salesman Freeman Gosden was introducing the public to a new cigarette known as "Lucky Strike."

"It was tough going," Freeman recalls. "We traveled around in Fords with a box built on the back and we'd bring in a couple of cartons to dealers and try to get them to introduce Lucky Strikes. The an-



MARION HUTTON,  
STARRING IN THE  
UNITED ARTISTS' FILM  
"LOVE HAPPY"

# MARION HUTTON

## *Taught me a Love Lesson*

*I never used to be popular...*

'Til one lucky night I turned a page and read: "Men are romantics at heart", says Marion Hutton. "They like a girl to be so-o feminine . . . to have the softest, pampered-looking hands." Marion advises: "Use Jergens Lotion on your hands—I do."

*Right then, I started using Jergens too!*



Not long after I started going out! First with Paul, then Cy, now I've got several beaux. Men really *do* choose the girl with the softest, loveliest hands!

See how much softer your hands can be with today's richer Jergens Lotion! Because it's a liquid, Jergens quickly furnishes the softening moisture thirsty skin needs. Yet never leaves that sticky feeling. Still only 10¢ to \$1.00 plus tax.

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



*Now Yours—  
Jergens  
Beauty Kit!*

Contains generous samples of Jergens Lotion, Powder, Face Cream and Dryad Deodorant. Send 10¢ to cover handling and postage to The Andrew Jergens Co., Box 6, Dept. 63A, Cincinnati 14, Ohio. Sorry, offer good in U.S.A. only, expires Dec. 31, 1949.

swer was usually the same—'We've got plenty of brands now—what are we going to do with a new one?' I'd tell 'em about that special toasting process, but I wasn't the greatest salesman in the world, and when I was given an offer to join Bren Productions I grabbed it."

Freeman was supposed to look up Charlie in Durham, North Carolina. It took him two days because Charlie was accidentally registered under a wrong name at his hotel.

When they met, Freeman said, "My name is Gosden, and they've sent me to work with you."

"My name is Correll," Charlie replied briskly. "and you're two days late."

That's the closest they've ever come to having an argument.

There's not enough money in the world to keep any team together in show business if they don't get along. Oddly, men and women can do it for years, but the team of *Amos 'n' Andy* is the only instance of a couple of regular guys proving that it can be done.

In the early days in the middle 1920's they were always broke. They broadcast from the Drake Hotel in Chicago and lived in a small apartment some thirty blocks away. They were practically in hock one day when they emerged after work and started the long walk.

Freeman stopped suddenly. "How much money you got?" he asked.

"Little over a dollar. Why?"

"I have eighty-nine cents," Freeman replied. "Let's take a taxi."

So they did. It didn't make any difference whether they'd miss a few meals until next pay day. The two had a way of sharing the same idea, without the other secretly or openly putting up a squawk.

If they hadn't been stubborn they might have come and gone in a radio act known

as *The Gumps*, based on the comic strip. Somehow it didn't seem right, so they landed in an act called *Sam and Henry*. They clicked almost at once. One night, they were asked to do a show in Elgin, Illinois. Correll asked \$150 for one performance.

"Too much," the manager exclaimed, "but I'll tell you what. If you're willing to gamble I'll let you have 50% of the gate receipts. You might almost make a hundred."

The results were startling. Their radio fans nearly tore the doors off the theater and they came off with half of \$900.

"How long has this been going on?" Charlie asked.

"I don't know," Freeman replied, "but let's go with it."

Along about this time the yet unborn *Amos 'n' Andy* had an enemy in the form of a radio station executive who knew all about everything. "Take my advice," he told the boys. "You fellows won't last. The entertainment business is too fickle. You ought to get out and get good jobs while they are still available."

There are executives and executives.

One day a fellow named Niles Trammell, who is now president of NBC, sent for them. He'd been having some trouble clearing network programs on account of a comedy pair on the air that local stations claimed they couldn't give up. He asked the boys how much.

"A couple of hundred thousand a year," Freeman said, not batting an eyelash.

Trammell fell right off his chair. When he recovered he said he'd let them know. A few days later he sent a message. Said they ought to look up a man named Templon over at the Pepsodent office.

This time Freeman wasn't so emphatic.

"We can't work for less than half that amount," he said.

Mr. Templon said maybe he'd rather have the Chicago Symphony, but in the end he caved in.

And that's how *Amos 'n' Andy* were really born.

What few people realize is that *Amos 'n' Andy*, now on CBS every Sunday night, have changed a great deal over the years. Of course, they sound much the same, but the two characters soon established themselves as the bosses of their creators, and the public joined them as sort of a vast board of directors.

When time came to switch from fifteen minute shows to the half hour, it became increasingly evident that *Amos* was too understanding and sympathetic a character to be in there pitching comedy every minute. People don't realize it, but he appears only briefly on the show now. Briefly but with terrific impact—for instance at Christmas time when he explains the Lord's Prayer.

And *Andy*—from being an ignorant braggart, has become the loveable loud mouth who is right when least expected.

"Gradually," Freeman Gosden explains, "they have become so real that we stopped kidding about them. They had feelings, sensibilities, almost as important to us as our own families."

"Yeah," Charlie Correll chuckles. "You ought to watch Gosden when he's working. When he switches from *Amos* to *Kingfish*, that benign look fades and his face takes on a crafty look."

"Uh-huh," Gosden agrees. "It's like the man who owned the horse so long he finally went out and bought a saddle. If I didn't still have a little *Amos* to do I might turn out to be a sort of dirty *Kingfish*."

Now comes Television.

And there's a strange story about that. There's a tin box in the Safety Deposit vault of the Bank of America, Beverly Hills branch. Freeman Gosden has a letter there, addressed to his children. It says: ". . . you'll find a newspaper enclosed, and on the front page is a story about a man named Chamberlain who has gone to see a fella named Hitler . . . but that's not the important thing . . . on page 3 there's another story, about a David Sarnoff who has just announced a 'new baby' called television. . . We may have a war . . . I don't know about that, and I may not even be around when you break the seal of this letter. But one thing is certain. Television is going to be the greatest thing that ever happened to the entertainment business."

Freeman Gosden does not claim to have a spectacular talent for vision into the future, but what he wrote in that letter almost ten years ago is coming true, more swiftly than any of us realize.

And what will happen to *Amos 'n' Andy*, the miracle that happened so many years ago to the bricklayer and the tobacco salesman? Oh, come television, they'll still be around. A little changed, maybe. The boys are working on that—thinking about a stock company, trying to find actors to play the characters. They have one of the biggest deals ever with CBS, and they're still one of the top shows on the air—just like fifteen or twenty years ago.

Their combined opinion of events to come boils down to this: "We don't know what we're going to do in television—but *Amos 'n' Andy* are going to do all right—you can be sure of that!"

You said it, brothers!



Amos and Andy (Charles Correll and Freeman Gosden) recently left the NBC ranks for a two million dollar CBS offer. Jack Benny followed; now more NBC'ers are hopping on CBS bandwagon.

## "GIVE 'EM THE PERSONALITY!"

(Continued from page 42)

mother across the street. I wonder what she's doing."

He went over to find out. Mrs. Berle, although no longer young, is a handsome woman with smartly-arranged gray hair and a well-preserved figure. She wore a trim navy suit.

"What are you doing on foot?" her son demanded.

Mrs. Berle looked perplexed. "I couldn't get a cab to stop so I took a bus," she explained guiltily.

"Well, let me help you so you'll stay safe," Milton said, and taking her elbow, piloted her through the heavy traffic of the avenue.

Naturally Mrs. Berle was on her way to see Vicki. A devoted grandmother, she takes care of the little girl when Milton is out of town on his numerous jaunts for charitable causes.

The comedian, who always has made a joke of his devotion to his mother, is actually quite sincere about it.

"I know I owe everything to her," he confesses, "but I like to kid her about it. I sometimes introduce her at night clubs saying, 'You worked for me all your life; now go out and work for yourself.'"

It's about the last thing Milt ever would say to his mother seriously.

Berle's grateful affection for his mother has been building for many years and it's easy to see why when you know their story. When Milt was six the Berlinger family was living in the Bronx and not doing too well. Moe Berlinger, the father, was ill and there were several other children besides Milton. Mrs. Berlinger, a resourceful woman who had been a department store detective before her marriage, saw in the papers that a film studio in nearby New Jersey needed a Lord Fauntleroy-type child for a movie. She looked over at her blond and unshorn Miltie who had been regaling relatives and neighbors with his Charlie Chaplin imitations ever since winning a local amateur show in a movie house.

Next day the two of them, hand in hand, set out for the studio. They were lucky. Milton was chosen and cast as Pearl White's kid brother in *The Perils of Pauline*.

Mrs. Berle (they shortened the family name) kept track of children's film roles from then on and when she applied with her son, they came already dressed for the part. Sometimes she got a day's work as an extra herself. After Milton had gone to bed at night she'd catch up with the household chores. Before long, Milton was a full-time regular at \$45 a week. This was the beginning of the lightening of the family financial load, a burden Milton himself never relinquished although his brothers became self-supporting long ago.

Berle made the Palace Theatre, mecca of all vaudevillians, when he was 12 in a straight act with Elizabeth Kennedy. They were doing, of all things, a scene from *Romeo and Juliet*. Mrs. Berle staged this, rehearsed the youngsters, made the costumes. When young Berle went on the road with this act (and later as a single) his mother accompanied him and tutored

# Dorothy Hart's smile wins six offers from Hollywood!



Dorothy Hart, Universal-International Starlet, blazed onto the Hollywood scene as the winner of a country-wide beauty contest. Then she spurned the prize—a movie contract—to become a cover girl.

After Dorothy's winning smile appeared on the covers of eight leading magazines in rapid succession, the movies beckoned again. This time Dorothy couldn't say "no" to all six tempting offers she received. She is on the threshold of stardom now . . . and taking care to keep the sparkle in her famous smile. "It's a Pepsodent Smile," Dorothy says, "I know from experience, Pepsodent brightens my teeth best!"

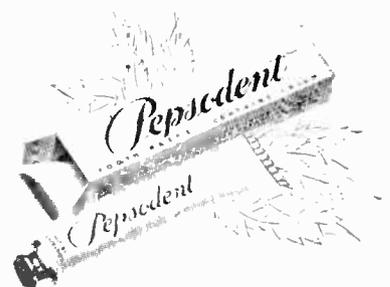
← Scene from Dorothy Hart's latest picture, *THE COUNTESS OF MONTE CRISTO*, a Universal-International Release.

## The smile that wins is the Pepsodent Smile!

Dorothy Hart knows it. And people all over America agree—the smile that wins is the Pepsodent Smile! Pepsodent removes the film that makes teeth look dull—uncovers new brightness in smiles!

**Wins 3 to 1 over any other tooth paste**

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



ANOTHER FINE LEVER BROTHERS PRODUCT

him in the lessons which they mailed in to the Professional Chi'dren's School.

As a single act, the boy produced his own vaudeville unit and toured the country. While emceeing at the Palace when he was only 16, he broke the house record, a trick he was to repeat often in other theaters and supper clubs throughout the career. From then on his vaudeville dates were interspersed with nightclub work, appearances in Broadway musicals, radio and music shows and movies. His stage shows included *Earl Carroll's Vanities*, the *Ziegfeld Follies* and *Life Begins at 8:40*.

Like every other performer, Berle has had his ups and downs. He differs from many people because when he is slapped down he doesn't sulk or give up. He just goes out and tops himself in another field.

For instance, there was a time when Berle owned the script of *Fuller Brush Man* which recently was made into a movie. At the time Berle owned it, he went to Hollywood to try to persuade the movie moguls that it would be a good starring vehicle for him. No dice. So he sold it.

Berle, never downed or dashed by rebuff, turned to another aspect of show business and broke all records at the New York Carnival night club where he worked for 46 weeks at \$10,000 per. Even compared with Hollywood's astronomical salaries, that's not hay!

When Berle wound up a radio stint last year predictions were that he'd given up that medium for good. So what does he do? As emcee of television's *Texaco Star Theater* he brought vaudeville into this new entertainment form and received the greatest rave notices since the advent of television. Then he took a few weeks off, went over to the nearby Latin Quarter night club and broke his own Carnival record by doing \$74,000 business during the dog-day doldrums when the rest of Times Square and Broadway was hanging on the ropes.

Berle has been memorizing jokes all his life—knows between 50,000 and 60,000 of them offhand and, because he's always completely natural and spontaneous, is one of the best pinch-hitters in the business. Many of the last-minute jobs Milton has taken on to help a friend out of a jam have boomeranged to his own advantage. He once filled in for Jack Haley at the Palace and stayed for months. Another time he subbed for Ben Bernie at the Paradise and was held over for 39 weeks. Similar windfalls crowned his stop-gap chores for Ted Lewis at the Latin Quarter and for Abbott and Costello. One day Henny Youngman, then comedy star of an NBC show, was taken ill during rehearsal shortly before air time. His friend Berle rushed over and ran through the precisely-timed air show without a fluff. Youngman had a chance to repay the favor a couple of years later when he shared a knock-out comedy routine with Berle on his television show.

On the rare occasions when Milton himself is ill and needs a stand-in he has no trouble finding a replacement. Unlike many comedians who make a point of "feuding" with each other in a bid for publicity, Berle has no such enemies, real or phony. The high regard in which other comedians hold his work is perhaps best

from radio, the theater and movies at Milton's television rehearsals. There's never a Tuesday afternoon when there aren't several of them on hand in the television studio, studying Berle's easy funny-isms.

Mrs. Berle still turns up wherever her son is performing and sits there, jolly and relaxed. But after trying out some new material, the comedian first looks at her. If she laughs, it's good; if she doesn't he tries again.

Berle in rehearsal is something to see. He darts from one member of the cast to another, bursting like a firecracker with new ideas about their acts and his own. One minute he's with the orchestra leader, the next in conference with the director. When he's on stage himself he is watching the others, planning something new. He's an expert at the art of pantomime, much funnier when you can see him as well as hear him.

That's why he believes his television work will make him more interesting to radio audiences. When you see an actor on a screen over and over, you get to know his face and tricks so well that when you hear his voice on the air, you can visualize just what he is doing.

Berle always has been noted for his glib ad lib and he finds that the years of having to think of a rapid-fire comeback have been the best possible training for television. He founded his reputation for this sort of wit when he was only 11 years old. It was in a Shubert revival of *Floradora* and Berle had been hired as a member of the Baby Sextette.

Berle, bringing forth his first stage invention, suggested that he'd like to do his dance steps in reverse from the others to give an effect of flat-footed clumsiness that would get laughs. Shubert agreed and so began the comic's long career of proving that it takes a sharp wit to act so dumb. Planned mistakes have been his stock-in-trade ever since.

A Broadway producer, reminiscing about the fabulous Berle and his ability to adjust to surprise situations, cited a real test case. Berle was one of many performers appearing at a Madison Square Garden benefit. Some of the other comedians decided to gang up on him and pull a gag. So out came Henny Youngman, strolling across the stage, just as Berle was approaching the punch-line of a gag.



Berle has a mental file of thousands of gags, but occasionally he'll dream up some new ones.

Instead of letting Youngman spoil his gag, Milton immediately thought of an extra line which made Youngman seem part of the planned joke. One after another came the others, each trying to interrupt a story at a point that would stymie Berle. But each time he came through. George Jessel, a famous ad libber himself, was one of the last and Milton's kidding at his expense drew the biggest laugh of all. The audience loved it. Backstage Jessel, who was due to go on next with his own act, protested, "Do you think I'm crazy? I couldn't follow that. He's already topped me by turning the tables."

Berle is well aware that television is no cinch because there are no re-takes, as in the movies, and no out-of-town try-outs or second-night audiences as in the theater.

"You'd better be good the first time," he warns, "and what's more, you'd better be funny the first time!"

Berle improvises all the time. He may enter the television studio for rehearsal with an act in mind but as he rehearses it new ideas keep coming, he keeps reshaping it, and by play time it's all new, different, and usually better. That's why other actors find it so stimulating to work with him; his ideas improve the act, whether he's in it or not himself, and he is an acknowledged master of how to weld several entirely different acts into one show because he provides the basic continuity.

Recently turned 40, the comedian has been emceeing everything from stage shows to banquets since he was 16. He's written movie scripts and appeared in many pictures. Interested in writing ever since he edited the school publication at the Professional Children's School, he wrote *Out of My Trunk*. This collection of his best material was chosen by the Armed Forces for reproduction in the Armed Services edition. Rejected for overseas entertainment of troops during the war because he flunked his physical, Berle contributed thousands of copies of the book himself as well as entertaining in person in hospital shows all over the country.

Hobbies? Berle is proud of his sleight-of-hand card tricks but is insulted if you call him a magician. Like many friendly, extroverted people, Berle is eager to be liked, but sensitive and offended if you don't respond at once to his antics.

He loves horses and recently bought a trotter, "Little Evie." He hopes to race her sometime in the Hambletonian at Goshen. He doesn't collect anything. Well, hardly anything. "Sure," says Berle with a twinkle, "I'm a collector. I like to collect money. Who doesn't?"

Once a music publisher, Berle now is interested only in the creative side of it and still writes the lyrics for many songs. Starting with his famous *Sam, You Made the Pants Too Long*, he wrote many others, some of them parodies, some of a more serious nature. They include *Save Me a Dream*, *You Took Me Out of This World* and *You're Not Fooling Anyone But Yourself*.

But his newest song hit, a waltz, may give the clue to what this rollicking comedian, who has a gag for every situation, really feels. It's called *I'd Give a Million Tomorrows for Just One Yesterday*.

## I'M A BRAT

(Continued from page 38)

we've got to slap that Barbara down a little or she's going to grow up to be a terrible brat."

So every now and then I'd be "slapped down."

I knew that my loving Auntie was right, but I had it in for her. One day I went to a book store and found a mystery titled "Who Killed Aunt Mag?" I bought the book and brought it home with me. "Mother," I said, "there's a book I wish I'd written."

After that, Aunt Mag and I were pals, but to this day I can see that "slap her down" look come into her eyes and I know it's time to start toeing the mark.

Of course, when I was younger I used to do some strange things—like playing hide and seek in graveyards. And sometimes Mother says she can't tell where my CBS *Junior Miss* radio character leaves off and I begin. I have moments when I wonder, too—that's the fun of it.

But there are other times when I think there is entirely too much concentration on us "teen agers." The thing that I object to is the conclusion that everyone past the age of twenty seems to have graduated, *cum laude*, into a mysterious world that views the rest of us as first cousins to congenital idiots.

Oh now, that wasn't nice of me, was it? But what can one expect of a brat?

The other day I was talking with Betty Sullivan whose father is Ed Sullivan, the famous columnist. Betty is occupying the other twin bed in my room and has entered UCLA as a journalist student. She's just my age and we agree on a lot of things. For instance, we've got a great idea for going into business. We want to open a clinic for adults. We'll have a big staff of experts—all teen agers—to explain to grownups how to behave themselves. We'll use all the latest psychological gimmicks. Why, it will be more fun than charades.

Seriously, I'm supposed to talk about myself and not spare the portable. Does anyone think that's a difficult job? To begin with, I can remember way back a year ago when I was very young. Sixteen to be exact. I was taking a course in creative writing and all of us had to prepare a book about ourselves. I called mine "Whiting's Writings," and I did it all with my two little hands and my bird-like brain. Got an A-Plus too.

"Don't throw it out with the other trash," I told Mother. "Someday I'm going to have use for that stuff." So the time has come.

Number One in the index is a thing called, "I Apply for My Poetic License." For this I wrote a few epitaphs, as follows:

THE GOSSIPER  
1847—1947

Everyone's life she tried to change,  
Only her death she couldn't arrange.  
And this one:

THE GLAMOUR GIRL  
1924—1946

Here lies the actress so stiff and so cold,  
Her Dearest wish granted—she'll never grow old.

# For the skin that doesn't like heavy foundation

Flatter and protect your skin with a gentler, more natural foundation cream! A light, *greaseless* base that holds powder marvelously . . . yet never lets your face feel "coated"!

**A Sheerer Powder Base! Greaseless!**  
No oily coating . . . No "made-up" look

This softer, *greaseless* powder base lets you look like yourself and *feel* like yourself! No greasy, smothered feeling! Before powdering, just smooth on a touch of Pond's Vanishing Cream. It disappears immediately, leaving only a protective, *transparent* film. Suits *every* skin tone. Best of all, Pond's Vanishing Cream takes powder beautifully and *holds* it!



**Glamour Mask for before make-up**  
"Re-styles" your face in 1-Minute!

When you want your complexion to look its radiant best, give it a delightful beauty pick-up with Pond's Vanishing Cream, smoothed on for a 1-Minute Mask. Just cover face, except eyes, with a lavish cloak of the cream. After one minute, tissue off clean. "Keratolytic" action of Pond's Vanishing Cream loosens clinging dirt and dead skin flakes. Dissolves them off! Your skin looks clearer, softer—even *lighter*. Make-up goes on smoothly, stays fresh all evening!



*Miss Nancy du Pont says,* "When I want to look perfect—that's the moment for a 1-Minute Mask! In one minute—my complexion looks fresher, brighter. Make-up goes on evenly—and *stays!*"

Good? I wouldn't have the slightest idea. Anyway, trivial. But here's something else. Putting it on paper again makes me feel like the song writer who sits down at the piano and every hour or so says, "... and then I wrote ..."

Anyway, my sister Margaret who is quite attractive and sings like an angel used to call me "Monster Child." That's where I got the idea for the title:

#### THE HAPPY MONSTER

"Have you ever wanted to be brutally frank? Has the urge to really let loose with some vicious verbs ever seemed a delightful and necessary thing to do? Have you ever felt that you couldn't restrain those clamoring impulses? I have! The only time I ever surrendered to such desires, however, was one bright day several years ago. I was six . . . a sinister, horrible child . . . as you will soon see . . ."

"The hero of this short story of mine had been a frequent visitor to our house for a long time. Everyone adored him (himself included). Everyone thought him divine; that is, everyone except me. He was an actor, and a more tenderized ham I've never seen. He had long, flowing hair. Every time he tossed his hideous head, that mane would swish, Stokowski-like, into his face. I think that a psychologist might have understood my prejudice against him, and traced it to the fact that since I hadn't yet been introduced to the permanent wave, I also looked somewhat like the wrong end of a mop. However, being only six I needed no special reason for disliking someone.

"Every time I come close enough to do something drastic to 'my hero,' someone would come along and toss me into the nearest dish of oatmeal. But I waited patiently. Finally came the day when the scene was set without my even raising a little finger to bring it about. I walked into the backyard, and there before me was that bundle of ego. There he was, stretched out by the pool with his head on the grass, his hair intermingled with the tiny blades of green. My eyes saw nothing but him and a teeny little match. It was so small a match that you could hardly see the flame . . . that glorious flame which I laid gently among those trailing tresses.

We shall now draw the curtain on an unhappy interlude.

That night, I slept on my stomach . . . a horrible, but happy monster."

Wasn't I simply awful—at the age of six? At seventeen, I don't like to ask myself that question, and I'll dare anyone else to.

There have been tragic moments in my life. Like the time I fell in love with Peter Lawford. If that's tragedy to some girls, they'd like a landslide of them. I was fifteen at the time. I didn't know that around that age, so far as *amour* is concerned, things are pretty hopeless. You do better to work on your tennis backhand or make some sense of yourself in the kitchen so that years later you'll be able to throw together a passable dinner for HIM. At fifteen, you're too young to have anything come of anything—too young to have anything or be anything. You're DEAD, speaking not too literally, of course.

That Pete Lawford was really something. He used to come by the house to parties. If my eyes are satisfactorily large and round these days, he's to blame. Every time I saw him they opened wide and *rigor mortis* set in. Once he had a bad cold. I promised myself that if he'd only get well I'd clean up my room every day. He almost had the flu. My room was spotless for a week, and it's never been the same since. There wasn't anything I could do FOR Pete—or I should say WITH him—including holding hands. After I became aware that he didn't know I was alive, hardly, a brilliant thought came to me. I said, "I'm in a rut!"

After that, no more Pete Lawford. I didn't care if he dated ten dozen other girls. And he did. Hmmm, but I notice he's still a bachelor. Maybe he was cut to the quick by my indifference, down deep. I'll have to remind myself to take another look at him—in about three years.

Oh yes—when I was fifteen, oh dismal age, I thought of the opposite sex as "boys." Just like adults always want you to. Now the classification is "men." Currently, it makes little difference. I'm not just too interested, except that I play

tennis. Did you ever try tennis alone? Not much fun. And I take dancing lessons. Ever try to rumba by yourself? Not too thrilling.

According to the experts in such matters I'm supposed to be in the "going-off-the-deep-end-romantically" stage. Guess I'd better have my corpuscles counted, but even though I know that there are a great many handsomes around, I'm busy, thanks. I think the romance can wait awhile. Why, I have an Aunt Bernadette who didn't marry until she was 52, and then wonderfully, happily. The whole family used to speak of "poor Bernadette," but she paid 'em no mind.

It may seem contradictory, but I have a Bob Mitchum and John Ireland. For me, the heart throb kind. I'm just fascinated by his voice, that's all. For movie stars, I'll take Barbara Stanwyck and Spencer Tracy. Some acting. The newer ones—Bob Mitchum and John Ireland. For me, a lot of actors can go away now. I think they've earned the right to retire.

Golly, when they own a few yachts, swimming pools, take their cash to the bank in hay wagons and have flubbed dialogue since DeMille filled the first bath tub, you'd think they'd give some of the new blood a chance to circulate. But no—they've got those long term contracts which give them the best stories, top billing and a cut on the popcorn machines. The public gets nervous about third terms for Presidents. Think how nervous it must get about three straight seven year terms for movie stars. Pastures, please!

I don't care if someone says, "Get her—she's anxious." I am. I want to earn some money. There must be a half million of me all over the country. We don't want to be the family sponges. Me, I want to earn the money and I want to save it, too. I want to buy Mother a real present now and then for a change. And I'm not flattering her in case she gets around to reading this. Trust her to know whether I'm buttering things up or not.

Mother and I get along quite well and she's about the least bratty adult I know. She understands a lot of things I do that I don't understand myself. Of course, there was the time when I went to a ballet lecture and didn't get in until two in the morning. She ran all out of understanding for a fast half hour, but when I got a word in and she realized where I'd been, it was almost all right. We talked it out and she has confidence in me now.

For instance, I like to go for long walks alone. So I do. She doesn't worry that I might be meeting some gawk on the sly for kicks. I'm not trying to be aged about everything. You know how it is when you've got something on your mind and some adult puts on that gently amused attitude. "Oh look at her," they say. "Poor kid—she's got the cares of the world wrapped around her." Then you're supposed to grin and be your ridiculous age.

I'll say this. People my age are doing things. I'm taking dancing lessons. I'm doing some singing with a coach. I'll never be in Margaret's class because I know when I'm up against a champ. But worse accidents have happened—I might find myself in a musical and it will be nice to reach for some sort of a voice and find it on pitch.

That reminds me. I'm on the stage right now. No big audiences. I work at the



76 She doesn't smoke. She doesn't drink. She doesn't kiss. (Well . . . hardly ever). But Barbara is forever hanging around the kitchen to get first taste of mother Whiting's delectable cooking.

Century Theater, a small but excellent group which has a big point in its favor. It puts up with me. I'm doing a Tennessee Williams one-act play called *This Property is Condemned*. Only two people in the cast, a boy and a young girl my age who's trying to emulate her sister who wasn't such a good person—for which she couldn't be blamed too much, considering the tough railroad town environment. The stage, which a girl anywhere in Utah or Alabama or elsewhere can try, is a wonderful thing to me. It doesn't matter if the Broadway critics see us. Those who work with you are just as severe.

One thing I'm not going to talk about. Acting technique. That I'm trying to learn myself.

For one of my last remarks I've saved the subject of my Father. I think most people know about Richard Whiting and the songs he wrote. It means a great deal to me that they live on and on, and I'll just name two that I particularly love—*You're Just Too Marvelous for Words* and *I've Hitched My Wagon to a Star*.

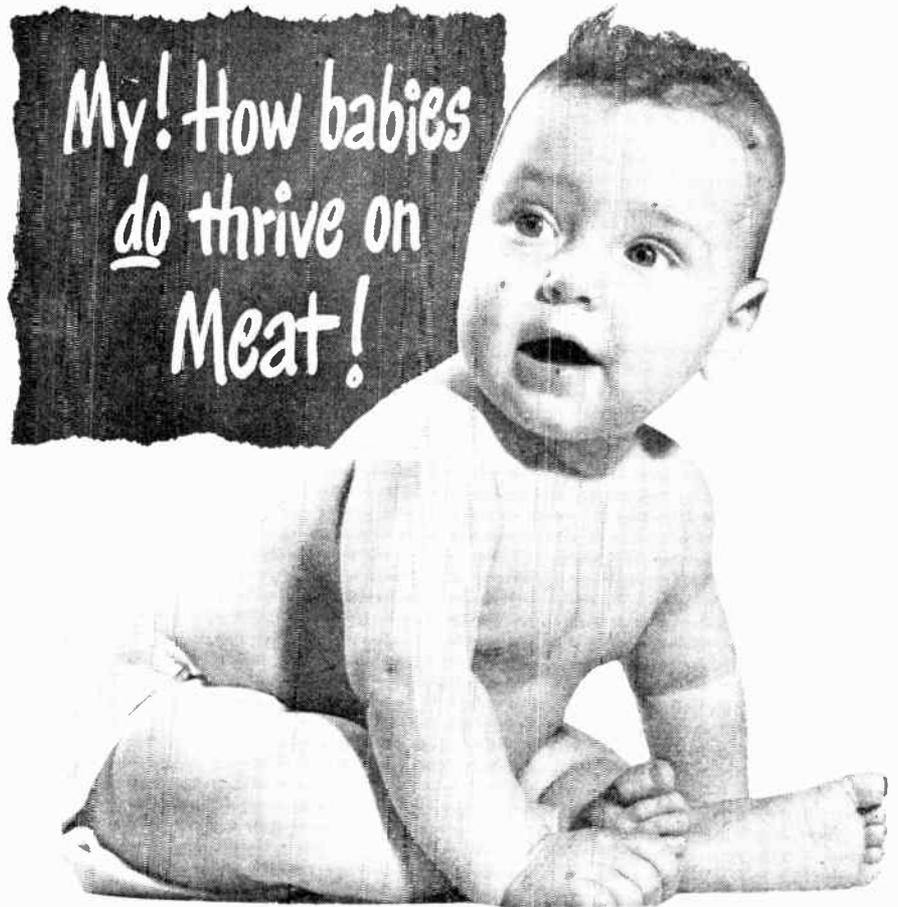
Oh, while I still have the platform I want to point out that I'm not as irresponsible as I sound. I'm a Godmother, certified. The child is ten-weeks-old Christopher Thompson Dunkle (of the J. Walter Thompson Dunkle tribe) and I'll say this—that boy has been practically perfect every day of his life! Can every Godmother make such a claim?

Now, about my problems. I don't throw in with adults who say, "Honey—don't worry about being a little hippy. You ail go through that stage. Why, I remember when I was seventeen . . ." Listen, they're our hips and we'll worry about them if we want to. If those comforting elders would stop to think, it's practically a scientific cinch that if you're hippy at seventeen, you'll be broad as a B-29 base at thirty-seven. So I've been taking exercises three times a week at Terry Hunt's gym. Making some progress too, and if I do worry about my hips—that's my business.

Well, everything has to change. I'm getting past the boogey stage. I can jell without a jam session. I like Rachmaninoff, Ravel, DeBussy. I'd mention a couple of more I know, but do I have to spell as well as write?

Whoops—almost forgot the habit department. Cigarettes I can skip. I do. Drink? Coffee—and like mad at rehearsals. Probably bad for the nerves, but it's a theatrical habit of long standing. Or I should say sitting and waiting. Another bad habit of mine. I'm too outspoken. If I know a smattering of something I'll throw an opinion. I do it purposely. I can see my thought sail around, bounce off people who probably know more than I do, and watch that opinion come back to me like a boomerang. Sometimes it's chewed up, but I'd rather be a little noisy than to stay shut up all the time. I certainly don't want to be any violet hidden under a mossy rock.

People might get to saying, "What a sweet, quiet girl that Barbara Whiting is!" Huh, that would be me, growing more stupid as time went by. Frankly, rather than be dull—I'd be almost anything else—even a brat—which I probably am—go live under a rock.



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# take your troubles to the JUVENILE JURY

■ A child's wisdom is often greater than a sage's. If a problem is vexing your family, maybe the *Juvenile Jury* can suggest a solution. Each month, RADIO STARS AND TELEVISION will pay \$5.00 for the best question submitted to Jack Barry, originator-moderator of the *Juvenile Jury* program (MBS, Sundays, 3:30 p.m., EST). A group of the "jurors" will give their answers and moderator Barry will sum up. Readers are invited to send their questions to Jack Barry, Dell Publishing Co., 261 Fifth Avenue, New York City 16. The winning question this month was submitted by Mrs. J. F. Rogers, 920 Key St., Houston, Tex.



JACK BARRY  
originator-moderator  
of "Juvenile Jury"

### QUESTION:

My seven-year-old nephew wants to look older than he is, and his mother has a lot of trouble buying his clothes and even getting his hair cut properly. He wants a haircut just like his daddy—but that's impossible, since his daddy has very little hair on top and just a bit at the sides. What can his mother do to make him want to dress his age?

### ANSWERS:



ROBIN MORGAN  
AGE 6

"Well, if this boy keeps doing what he's doing, he's not going to have a problem much longer. I don't know how the father lost his hair, but if the boy worries too much he's going to make all his hair fall out, too."



CHARLIE HANKINSON  
AGE 7

"His father is probably very proud because his son wants to be exactly like he is. But the boy should understand there are some things you just can't do. Maybe it would help if the father grew a beard, because the boy can't do that no matter what. So then maybe he'd be glad to have some hair on top so he could be like his father, even if it's upside down!"



DICKIE ORLAN  
AGE 8

"I don't see why the mother should mind so much if he wants to be like his father. But I bet the father doesn't like having no hair on the top of his head and just a little fuzz on the side! That boy is gonna feel funny if he's walking with his mother and people say, 'My, doesn't she look nice and young to have such an old man for a son!'"



ELIZABETH MAE WATSON  
AGE 6

"Maybe he wants to lose his hair, too, so his father will have company. But if he worries too much he'll get wrinkles, too. Then he wouldn't be able to get into the movies at half price. And in school he'll look so old everybody will think he's in second childhood."



PEGGY BRUDER  
AGE 10

"Boys always want to imitate their fathers. Even if the father went out and bought a toupee, the boy might not want his own hair—he would want to stick it on his head with paste, just like his father. But if he insists on looking older there are other things he could do that his parents might not mind so much. I bet he'd seem a lot older if he started wearing spats and talked politics."

Summation by Moderator JACK BARRY

"I think the father might explain to his son that when he was a little boy he wore his hair just as his son has it. And he might also from time to time compliment the boy on his appearance, so that the lad would not try to change and chance his father's disappointment. With a little patience and humor, he can undoubtedly be brought around to a suitable attitude."

## MY DOUBLE LIFE

(Continued from page 36)

a new car, seeing the world. But when you're married, your dreams level out. Your planning takes on a longer range. You work for tomorrow's security, not so much for yourself but for your wife and your children.

I have no illusions about undying fame and popularity. Moviegoers won't want to look at my mug forever. If anything happens to me, I want to be able to take care of Susie and Alana and David. Sure, I know there's not another wife in the world who could outpitch Susie, if she had to get in there and take over. But when it's your wife, you don't ever want her to have to. She's got a full-time job at home, and that's the way it ought to be.

So always it was in the back of my head—a business for Susie and the kids. Bernie and I had started out in the restaurant business together in Santa Monica. We were doing okay too, except that I never felt that I was contributing much. It was a good investment, but I'm a restless character, not good as a silent partner. I always have to get into the game.

One night we'd been sitting around at the ranch, Bernie and Sue and I. We'd finished dinner and Susie had brought the coffee into the den by the fire. We'd been listening to *Screen Guild* and soon the conversation drifted around to radio in general.

Bernie mentioned that he had run into an old friend that afternoon. "He started a transcription business a couple of years ago," he told us. "Builds a radio program, records it as a series and sells the transcriptions to local sponsors in different communities. You know, he's made about three million dollars!"

Now three million dollars is a figure that has always intrigued me. Not that I ever hope to make three million. But it's a good round sum.

We talked some more and the more we talked the more enthusiastic we all became. In the middle of a sentence, Bernie stopped abruptly.

"Hey, are you thinking what I'm thinking?" I managed to get in. Well, it seems that Susie, Bernie and I were all thinking the same thing. Why not dream up a radio program as a starter for our own transcription company?

Here was a business right down my alley—a business built on acting. We talked until Susie shooed us off to bed at four a.m. Before adjourning, the Mayfair Transcription Company was born. We kept the Mayfair name because it had been lucky as the name of our restaurant. We even worked out the basic idea of our first program series and called it *Box 13*, because 13 had always been lucky for us, too.

At first Susie wasn't quite sold on the new venture. She thought it would be too much extra work, but I was so excited that even when we went to bed I couldn't sleep. By six o'clock, just to shut me up I think, she finally agreed it was a great idea.

In planning sessions that followed we laid out the format. The central figure



## To My Favorite Blonde

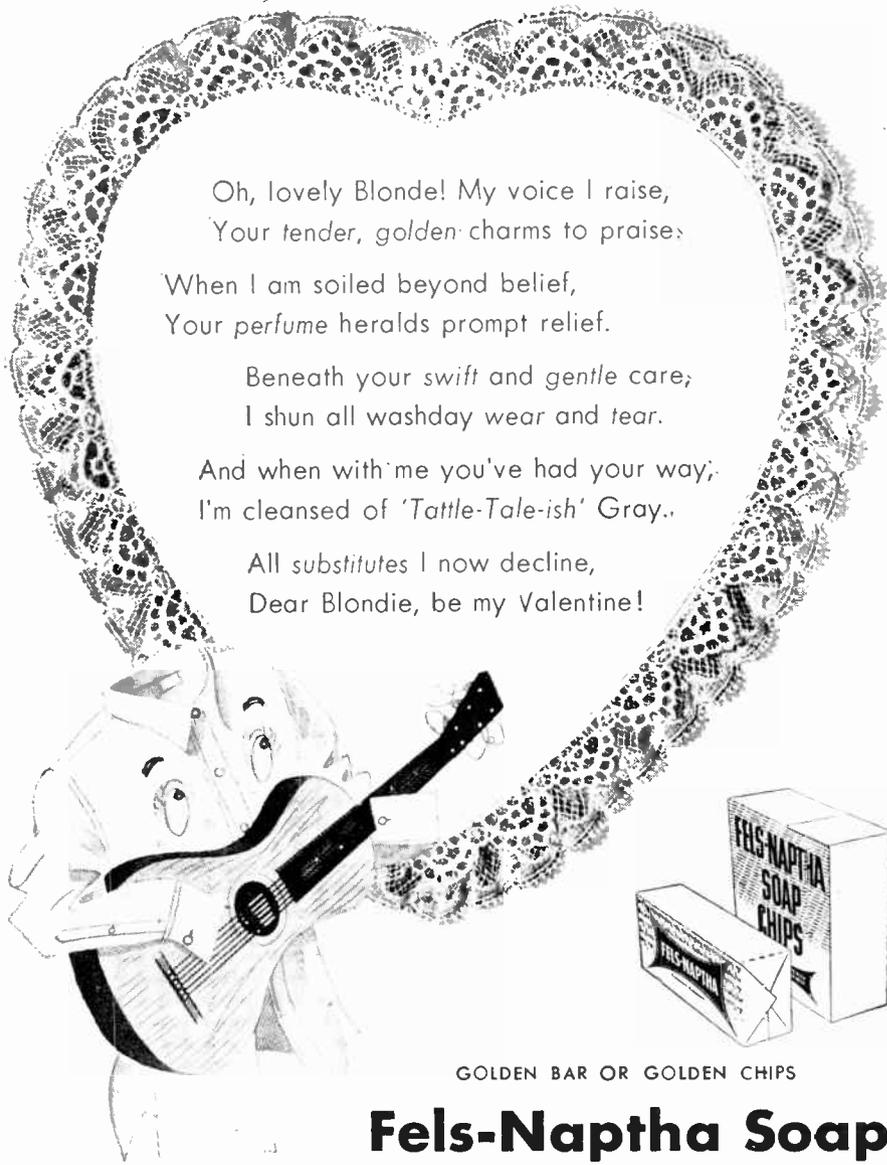
Oh, lovely Blonde! My voice I raise,  
Your tender, golden charms to praise.

When I am soiled beyond belief,  
Your perfume heralds prompt relief.

Beneath your swift and gentle care,  
I shun all washday wear and tear.

And when with me you've had your way,  
I'm cleansed of 'Tattle-Tale-ish' Gray.

All substitutes I now decline,  
Dear Blondie, be my Valentine!



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# "Soaping" dulls hair— Halo glorifies it!



**Yes, "soaping" your hair  
with even finest liquid or cream  
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lustre with dulling soap film**

✓ Halo—not a soap, not a cream—contains no sticky oils, *nothing* to hide your hair's natural lustre with dulling film. Made with a new patented ingredient, Halo brings out glossy, shimmering highlights the very first time you use it! Its delightfully fragrant lather rinses away quickly, completely in any kind of water—needs no lemon or vinegar rinse. For hair that's naturally colorful, lustrously soft, easy to manage—use *Halo Shampoo!* At any drug or cosmetic counter.

- ✓ Not a soap; not a cream—cannot leave dulling film!
- ✓ Quickly; effectively removes dandruff from both hair and scalp!
- ✓ Gives fragrant, soft-water lather even in hardest water!
- ✓ Leaves hair lustrously soft, easy to manage—with colorful natural highlights!



**Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!**

would be an adventurous character, human and sympathetic, not too glib or smart alecky . . . an imaginative guy who would court danger. In mapping out the anticipated career of Dan Holiday, No. 1 man on *Box 13*, we tried to emphasize intrigue and plot, rather than simply spilling and mopping up blood, firing shots and stumbling over dead bodies.

Endlessly we debated on the choice of our hero's profession. A lawyer? "Too stuffy," Susie objected. A detective? "Too much good competition with *Sam Spade* and *The Thin Man*" was Bernie's veto.

A writer, we decided, was the perfect choice. A writer could view his adventures objectively and the idea of the "personal" column ad would be a logical entrance to inexhaustible encounters with mystery, romance and sundry fancy skulduggery.

From the moment we hit on *Box 13*, in my mind there was one person who should write it—Russ Hughes, an old buddy from my early radio beat. But I hadn't seen Russ in ten years and couldn't find him now. We combed Hollywood and came up with four Russ Hugheses and one Rush Hughes, all in radio but none of them my old side-kick.

We had just about decided Russ had absconded to Mars when the long beautiful arm of coincidence swung out and grabbed me. I was on a *Lux* broadcast one Monday night and we had just finished the show when a page boy came up to me. "Russ Hughes said to tell you hello," he whispered.

I grabbed the startled kid. "Did you say Russ Hughes? Where is he—quick?"

"He's working on *Cavalcade of America* and was down the hall rehearsing and just happened to look in here while you were on the air."

Russ has been writing *Box 13* ever since that night when I high-tailed it down the hall and clinched the deal.

Finding Russ was a good omen for the show. After that we rounded up other old friends, and now the whole cast are guys and gals we'd known and worked with before. Ed McDonald, who plays Lieutenant Kling, hails from the old Station KFWB days. Then there's Lurene Tuttle, often on the show, and Ann Morrison. Ann and I went to North Hollywood High together and Ann's mother was my Sunday-school teacher. Sylvia Picher, who takes the part of Susie, Dan Holiday's secretary, was an old friend of my Susie before I knew her.

The secretary is the only character Susie (Susie Ladd that is) doesn't endorse whole-heartedly.

"Now that you've named her after me, I wish you wouldn't make her sound so dumb," she complains after every broadcast.

"She's not dumb, honey, she's cute," I argue. But I'm afraid we'll have to smarten up this make-believe Susie, if I want to keep my home life peaceful.

Speaking of the cast, I'm especially proud of one innovation that *Box 13* offers in the care and feeding of radio actors. The idea sprang from the memory of long rehearsals and crowded schedules that send artists jumping from one show to another, often with no time to snatch even a cup of coffee for hours at a stretch. So we do something about it. There's

one "must" on every rehearsal agenda. Coffee and sandwiches! We have the food sent in from Coffee Dan's, across the street from the studio. No matter what cuts the budget takes, that's one order that stands.

Ironically, now that I work on my own radio show and am able to demand these refreshments in a loud, authoritative voice, I'm always too excited to eat. Haven't tasted one of those darned sandwiches since we started.

The rest of the cast say they're pretty good sandwiches, though. And maybe that's why actors like to work on our show. But I like to think it's because there's a pleasant, happy atmosphere. We work hard, each session lasting about five hours including the first reading, script revisions, dress rehearsal, and the actual recording. But to compensate, there's a freedom from tension and uncertainty that marks many other radio broadcasts.

We get this uncluttered effect by adhering to the simple rule of each one doing his own job. Bernie, who is the business manager, contacts sponsors and prospective ones. He is a capable salesman. So Russ and I never try to tell him how to go about selling. Nor do Bernie and I tell Russ how to write the scripts.

We all keep our collective noses out of the director's department, which is in the capable hands of Richard Sanville. And the same thing goes with Verne Carstenson, who ties up all phases of production. Verne, who was a major during World War II, set up the Army's complete mobile radio outfit in Italy, so no crisis that arises on Box 13 is going to rattle the Major.

I'll take that back. Once I really saw him in a twit. It was the day our sound man wanted some authentic department store background noises. We went over to the Broadway-Hollywood on Hollywood and Vine. I went along for the walk and stood watching, just inside the entrance. But Verne was so absorbed in the job that he took up a studios stance right out in the main aisle, his head cocked to one side, listening intently, his hands clasped behind him. He must have looked more like a floor-walker than we realized. First thing you know, a girl shopper, very attractive too, walked up to him, looked him right in the eye and said, "Could you please tell me where the girdles are . . . the two-way stretches?"

I bolted for the door and headed back to the studio in stitches. But even with a head start I was soon overtaken by Carstenson. The sound man carried on alone.

It's hard work . . . we've cut as many as 13 transcriptions in 17 days . . . and there's my job with Paramount . . . my new movie, *Whispering Smith*, kept me on the go . . . but we have lots of laughs. And when the going gets hectic, I like to reminisce about the early life and times of Alan Ladd, combination announcer, actor, disc jockey, news commentator, and, in a pinch, switchboard operator.

I've often heard radio stars talk about their early struggles. For some mysterious reason, they always mention \$7.50 per broadcast as the incredibly low figure at which their vocal services were available. \$7.50 a broadcast indeed! When radio was in diapers, Ladd could be had for ap-

proximately 33 cents a broadcast. If someone with a head for figures would like to go into the intricacies of long division, it was \$18 for a six-day week, averaging 8 to 10 "mike" chores a day. Yes, a rough guess would be around 30 cents a serving.

On these early air sagas, sometimes I would be a Chinese statesman, a gangster, an Irish cop, a small boy and a frightened old lady, all in the same script. The same night I might be *The Black Bat*, and the commentator on a news show.

It was wonderful training and a fine tonsil-hardening tonic. Not that I was a one-man announcing staff. There were two or three of us, but even dividing the "mike" duties three ways, it took a barrel of spouting off per man to keep a steady flow of noise coming out over the air the live-long broadcast day.

Just about the time I had completed a wordy apprenticeship in broadcasting, I finally got a break in pictures. I had progressed slightly from the \$18-a-week category in radio, but even with occasional big-time network announcing assignments, I was afraid to let go of that sure 18 bucks. I had been doing *Lux Theatre* commercials and was even *The Richfield Reporter*, a program which holds considerable prestige as the oldest and most popular of west coast newscasts. Yes, big-league stuff was on the way, I told myself.

Then came the chance I'd wanted for so long. Susie, not yet Mrs. Ladd, but very much my agent, finally wangled a role for me in pictures. And that's when my double life began. I'd work all day on a set, then rush to the broadcasting studio, wiping off the make-up as I went.

Right about here I wish I could say that I then found myself at the crossroads . . . radio versus pictures . . . and that after careful consideration I chose pictures and left radio, amid a storm of entreating on the part of the networks.

That wasn't the way it happened.

I was working in *Hitler, The Beast of Berlin*, my first real movie role. I was also *The Richfield Reporter* at 9 at night, broadcasting from the special newsroom located in the Richfield Oil Company headquarters in downtown Los Angeles. At ten I had another news broadcast from Hollywood, a good 25-minute drive if you were lucky and managed to steer clear of even the slightest traffic snarl.

I was doing a bang-up job of timing, I thought. If a rookie cop had ever seen me tearing over Vine Street from the parking lot, he would have grabbed me just on the theory that respectable citizens, grown-up ones, don't run. They walk.

So far I had always made it. Oh, maybe I was incoherently out of breath for the first minute or so on the air, but that gave a sort of dramatic tension to the news, it seemed to me.

Apparently, though, the strain of worrying about whether or not I would get there became too much for the producer. One night when I'd worked late on a picture and barely connected as *The Richfield Reporter*, the man in the control booth took me aside after the program and said, "Look Ladd, you're a good kid and I like you. But I saw my doctor today and he says I've got high blood pressure. I think you're the cause of it, so as of tonight, you'll have to choose between radio and pictures."

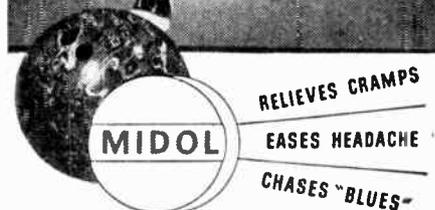


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PRINCESS  
LOVELY  
LADY  
YOUTH

I was scared. Radio was feeding me on a more or less regular schedule. I could starve to death another ten years in pictures. *The Beast of Berlin* could be a smash hit or a flop.

Well, the next morning I had made up my mind to stick to radio. I'd try to string along as best I could for the few days shooting left on *The Beast*. I went around to break the news to Susie, but somehow when I saw her, I just couldn't. How she had banked on me! Always bolstering my own faltering belief that I might some day make the grade as an actor. Now after all her work, if I turned my back on pictures... nope, I couldn't do that to Susie.

Maybe, too, I was afraid I wouldn't be around her if I dropped my try for the movies. And by that time, I knew that would be a bigger loss than any other.

So that day, radio and I went our separate ways... to meet again much later on Box 13.

Now, as then, Susie has an intuitive—that famous womanly intuition, I suppose—knowledge of what's right for me. She and Bernie and I are all tremendously pleased with our first radio "package" and the bright outlook for Mayfair. At present Box 13 is heard over more than 300 stations coast-to-coast, in Manila, Australia and even in South Africa.

What a salesman that Bernie is. That's why, when he is home, Susie and I feel he deserves special treatment, and we try to provide it by rigging up old jokes and horseplay. Soon after we opened for business, Bernie returned from a sales trip and he and his wife, Ruth, were spending the week-end with us at the ranch. He had covered a lot of territory, and he had played the sample transcription of our show so often that he'd worn the grooves away. Every line of the thing was ringing in his ears like voices

in a seance, echoes from a canyon.

We had all turned in for the night, but Sue and I had cooked up something juicy for our transcription-happy cousin. We waited till we were sure he was asleep, then hooked up a small record player right in the doorway of the guest room. I had a heck of a time finding the plug in the dark and feeling my way over the record to get the needle on straight. With the volume turned up full strength, I hit the needle square on the opening, and like a Spike Jones blast shattering the silence, came the opening roar, "Calling Box 13, calling Box 13."

Bernie sat up in bed as though a bayonet had been thrust up through his mattress.

Susie was hysterical with laughter and so was Ruth, who was in on the joke. But Bernie looked like a man about to be overtaken by internal combustion.

You really get paid in full for perpetrating pranks like this on Joslyn, because he can think up some fancy ones, too. But I never can resist. Especially if I can devise a new way to rout him out of bed. That's because he insists on going to bed early, a peculiarity which is a challenge to my insomnia.

The night our twin palominos were born, we called the Joslyns at three a.m. to tell them the big news. "Guess what, Bernie," I shouted cheerfully when he finally answered.

"What?" he mumbled, still half asleep.

"We just had twin palominos. Isn't that something?"

What he said concerned me personally and I won't bother to repeat it here, but the next night after the Ladds had been in bed for hours and I was really pounding my ear, the jangling of the phone finally awakened me. It was Bernie, a jovial, booming Bernie. "Guess what?" he roared. "Huh," I managed, still trying to come to.



No absentee father is Alan Ladd. He's forever playing with and taking care of little David and Alano. Nobody knows where he finds time, what with his constant movie-making and radio show.

"Wake up and cheer, kid! We just gave birth to twin swimming pools."

Great minds, sometimes even mine and Bernie's, run in the same channel. Like last Christmas when I bought him a bull whip. Laugh? I roared . . . till I opened my gift from him. It was a bull whip, too. Each had confided his bright idea to Susie, who didn't let on to either of us that his gag would backfire.

Letting off steam this way is one reason we can keep tension and strain out of our radio business.

"How can you work a regular radio show and work on a picture at the same time?" somebody always asks.

You can't. In fairness to the picture and to the radio program, I never try it. When I'm working on a picture, we cut one radio show every other Sunday. This gives me a Sunday off every other week and doesn't interfere with the week-day shooting schedule. Between pictures, we catch up on our radio chore with those orgies of 13-shows-in-17-days that I mentioned before.

Aside from the satisfaction of really building a business, I've gotten tremendously good experience going back to radio. It's excellent training in following through a complete story presentation. You unconsciously lose the feeling of a complete performance when you take and retake each movie scene.

The transcription idea itself is a great development in radio technique. It eliminates the "fluff"—that is, the occasional stumbling that is inevitable no matter how finished the actor. Just freeing the mind from this bugbear alone is a great psychological assist to a good performance. Playing back the recording, you can edit it to get a smooth presentation. Mistakes can be cut out and corrections inserted.

Rounding out its first year, our radio company is a happy, healthy youngster. Has three teeth now. Besides Box 13, its first two new ones have appeared, courtesy of Mayfair. *The Damon Runyon Theatre*, a series of dramatizations based on Runyon's wonderful Manhattan fairy tales and woven around his fabulous characters. *Broadway* is one. The other, *Chuck Wagon Jamboree*, stars Ken Curtis, popular film cowboy, and is already heard on more than 50 stations.

I got such a bang out of my first Western picture, *Whispering Smith*, just finished, that I tried to get in on *Chuck Wagon* myself. But Susie and Bernie put a couple of feet down on it. On second thought, *Whispering Smith* is my first technicolor try, too. So maybe after seeing it (so far I've been afraid to look), I would have changed my mind anyway.

"Box 13 is enough," Susie said firmly, shoving a glass of milk and a hunk of cake at me. To date, the only arguments at our house concern my erratic eating habits. There are too many other things to devote my time to—and when I always keep busy I have no spare moments to think of food. So I'm never hungry. Susie's always feeding me and telling me I work too hard.

Work hard? I like to work hard. And I've got something to work for. After all, I'm a guy with a couple of gals . . . Susie, and Alana. To say nothing of a small sprout named David, who is going to need date money for squiring other gals one of these days.

See why I lead a double life?

## Are you in the know?



### Which square dance step is he calling?

- Birdie in the Cage     Address Partners     Dosey-do

How about giving a square dance party? Scene: your home (playroom preferred!). Music: courtesy of folk dance discs or the crowd's own vocal cords. First, learn the steps and calls—such as "Birdie in the Cage" (see illus above). And don't let difficult days

keep you "caged," when Kotex can free you from discomfort. Made to stay soft while you wear it, Kotex gives softness that *holds its shape*. And see how freely your new, all-elastic Kotex Sanitary Belt lets you bend—because it's adjustable; doesn't bind!



### How to cope with a cowlick?

- Fight it  
 Favor it  
 Forget it

Ornery critters—cowlicks. You can neither take 'em or leave 'em. But if you favor a cowlick by parting the hair directly into the center of that stubborn tuft—it behaves! There's another smart plan you can favor, at certain times. That's trying the 3 absorbencies of Kotex—to find the one just right for you. Remember all 3 have an exclusive safety center, assuring you of extra protection with Regular, Junior or Super Kotex. Keeps you extra confident!



More women choose KOTEX\*  
than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER



### What "new note" does this coat bring?

- Back interest  
 A break for tall teens  
 Another beauty ritual

Each answer is correct. The coat shown has new "back interest"; styling that flatters "glamazon." The new beauty ritual? Neck care! That collar-rubbing means extra scrubbing and softening (with lotion) to save your neck. Back interest in dresses is often a matter of eye-catching *trimming*, rather than flare. So on "those" days, choose the napkin that prevents telltale outlines! With those special *flat pressed ends* of Kotex, you're smooth—from any view!

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POPCORN**



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Get hot, fresh, delicious Hi Pop Popcorn anywhere—the Nation's popular food confection. Served from sparkling Manley Popcorn Machines at your movie theatre and variety store or wherever good popcorn is sold. Ask your food store for Hi Pop in the red and white candy cane package. Make your own popcorn at home. Remember—Hi Pop is the same fine corn movie shows feature.



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Yes, in 36 minutes your hair can look lovelier! Fresh lustre and radiance, natural color tone and glamour—these are yours with Glover's 3-Way Medicinal Treatment—quickly, in your own home! Ask for Glover's Mange Medicine, GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo, Glover's Hair Dress at Drug or Cosmetic counters—or mail Coupon today for sampler.



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Name .....  
(PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY)

Address.....



You hear pretty Pat Ryan in *Let's Pretend* on CBS, Saturday fantasy series.

## COLD WAVE *in the house*

■ Pat Ryan home-permanents her hair the way I like to, making the curls fairly full and not winding them too tightly or too close to the head, so that the end result is a very gentle, natural wave. Pat's kind of silky-soft home permanent, incidentally, will last just as long as a tighter treatment. The chemical action, after all, is exactly the same no matter how you wind the curls. As I watched Pat, I was impressed by the easy efficiency with which she whizzed through the whole process. She follows instructions to the letter. "It's plain silly not to take the advice of the people who know," she said to me. Even though she considered her hair in good condition and knew just what she wanted, Pat was sure to take a test curl during the proceedings. She timed herself to the minute, so the solution wouldn't stay on too long. She stayed indoors because, as you know, sudden temperature change interrupts the chemical action, and she used every ounce of the neutralizer to thoroughly fix the wave. If you have any questions on home permanents, write me.



*by candy jones*

Director, Conover  
Career Girl School



Pat carefully winds the same amount of hair on each curler, using an even pull each time so that the wave is uniform.



A smooth-textured cloth is wound about Pat's head, while the chemical is acting. A turkish towel absorbs too much.

## FOREVER SIXTEEN

(Continued from page 53)

But in spite of all this Ezra has a real liking for Henry. Perhaps it's because he understands him so well. Ezra's own schooldays made even Henry's most violent escapades at "Central High" seem like a day with Little Lord Fauntleroy.

Ezra's early life in Philadelphia was dedicated largely to avoiding school, shying rocks at street lights and trying to muscle in on all the kids' radio programs at Station WCAU and any acting groups that would stand still for him.

On one of his first appearances on radio, when he was eight, he did such a realistic job in a sketch in which gangsters were supposed to invade the studio during a broadcast, that the police were flooded with calls from listeners and the station was deluged with riot squads.

Two years later when he joined the touring National Junior Theatre he had such a small role that the audience scarcely noticed him. During the second performance, however, he stole the show by making an entrance in the leading lady's most important scene—and bouncing a rubber ball off her trim rear. Since the show was a comedy the gag was left in.

After one season on the road, however, his father—a former college chemistry instructor—decided that it was time his son forgot such foolishness and began to get a background for a career as a chemist. Ezra was scrubbed of his greasepaint and enrolled at the highly respectable Oak Lane Country Day School, near Philadelphia.

This started the greatest era of confusion in the history of Oak Lane Day School.

At the first gathering of his class, Ezra's teacher announced that on the following day the group would be given an aptitude test. That night young Stone organized his classmates and persuaded them that it would be a fine gag for everyone to write zany answers to all the questions. When the startled teacher analyzed the marks the results indicated that the class was peopled by a group with about the same aptitudes of a Neanderthal Man.

For the next few years the extent of his interest in chemistry was to learn how to make stink bombs. "I did get good marks in arithmetic—that is until the teacher found me using a pocket adding machine," he wistfully recalls.

The headmaster complained to Father Stone that his son had to be chased to class everyday. One day Ezra kept right on running, climbed onto a truck and headed for a stage career in New York. He got as far as Trenton, New Jersey, where he stopped to bum a meal from an aunt. She fed him and promptly packed him off home. He was sent back to school again.

His second attempt to run away took him as far as the highway for New York. A car finally stopped, but it was his father and two policemen who'd come in answer to the headmaster's call. Ezra took off like a rabbit, but was finally treed and hauled home.

This time his family decided to cure him by permitting him to learn how tough show business in New York can really be. He was given a ticket to the city, tuition for

# Is this Young Wife WRECKING HER MARRIAGE . . .



## because her knowledge about these INTIMATE PHYSICAL FACTS is not complete or scientific?

When a young wife doesn't get off on the right start in married life for this reason—often her husband begins to show a cool indifference and honeymoon days are definitely over.

All too often a woman foolishly follows *old-fashioned* and *wrong* advice of friends. If only married women would realize how important vaginal douching often is to intimate feminine cleanliness, charm, health and marriage happiness. And what's *more important*—if only they'd learn about this newer, scientific method of douching with modern ZONITE.

**No other type liquid antiseptic-germicide tested is SO POWERFUL yet SO HARMLESS**

No well-informed woman would think of using weak, homemade solutions of salt, soda or vinegar for the douche. These 'kitchen makeshifts' DO NOT and CAN NOT give the great germicidal and deodorizing action of ZONITE.

No other type liquid antiseptic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is SO POWERFUL yet SO SAFE to delicate tissues.

ZONITE positively contains no carbolic acid or bichloride of mercury; no creosote. ZONITE is *non-poisonous, non-irritating, non-burning*. Despite its great strength—you can use it as directed as often as you wish without risk of injury.

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ZONITE actually destroys and removes odor-causing waste substances. Helps guard against infection. It's so *powerfully effective* no germs of any kind tested have ever been found that it will not kill on contact. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract BUT YOU CAN BE SURE that ZONITE *immediately* kills *every* *reachable* germ and keeps them from multiplying. Buy ZONITE today. Any drugstore.

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To keep those sunny golden curls light and lovely, Mothers—use BLONDEX, the shampoo with ANDIUM, made specially for blondes. BLONDEX instantly removes the dull, dingy film that makes hair darker. Brightens faded hair. Gives it extra lightness and SHINE. Safe for children. Takes only 11 minutes at home. Get BLONDEX at 10c, drug and dept. stores.



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**SELL GREETING CARDS**  
Says C. I. EVANS

31 new boxes. Profits to 100%. Bonus. Write today for FREE name Imprinted and Floral Stationery samples, FREE 32-page catalog and feature All Occasion Samples ON APPROVAL. Special Offers.

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**HOLLYWOOD FILM STUDIOS**  
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the American Academy of Dramatic Arts and \$200. He promised that if he wasn't in lights by the time his money was gone he'd go to Yale.

From that day until this the only muddling Ezra has done has been in the role of Henry Aldrich.

In his first year he landed a part in the school play "June Moon" and while more experienced Academy students looked on in pain he stole enough scenes to land a role in a Theatre Guild production called *Parade*. And when it turned out to be a flop Ezra wasn't stumped. He talked the Guild into giving him the show sets and used them to open a summer theatre where he produced, directed, acted and replenished his fading bankroll.

From there he went on to a job in *Ah, Wilderness*, which opened in Philadelphia. His parents, seeing him on the stage for the first time, decided it was useless to object and the threat of becoming a Yale man was removed for all time.

After that it was a breeze. Stone promoted himself into parts in *Three Men on a Horse*, *Brother Rat*, and *Room Service*.

It was in *Three Men on a Horse* that the famous Stone ingenuity began to really show itself. He started as assistant stage manager but he soon memorized the parts of everyone in the cast and when Garson Kanin, now a celebrated Hollywood and Broadway director, left the show Ezra was able to move in.

That was only the beginning. The show was produced by George Abbott and while other actors spent their days sleeping, Stone was learning all he could about the workings of the Abbott enterprises. He began to haunt the Abbott offices, reading play scripts and asking questions.

No one paid any attention to him until one day he marched into Abbott's private office and told him that he was being rooked on the price of handbills for the show. It wasn't any concern of his, naturally, but he did think Mr. Abbott would be interested.

Abbott, amazed, said, "Young man I was producing shows before you were born and I make it my business to know all the financial short cuts. You've got a lot of nerve telling me about my business!"

Ezra then pulled out a sample handbill of the same quality and showed the amazed producer how he could, by using another printer, save about half the cost. Abbott was so impressed that he took Stone into his organization. In a short time, at the age of eighteen, he was appointed casting director.

However, the real break came two years later with *What a Life*. When tryouts started Abbott had decided to give the Henry role to a young actor who was on the road in another show. But Ezra, it so happened had another plan in mind.

When Abbott and Goldsmith came around to hear actors read for other parts Ezra, using the same cracked-voice he still employs, always read Henry. By the time the other actor had returned no one in the office could imagine anyone other than Stone doing the part. Our Ezra was set, just how well set he as yet had no idea of course.

*What a Life* opened in New York on April 13, 1938. After six months Abbott decided to close but Stone and the cast, which included Betty Field as "Mary" and

Eddie Bracken in the role now played by Jackie Kelk, were so intrigued by the Aldrich family that they wanted to keep going.

Stone persuaded Abbott to let the actors take over the show on a co-operative basis. Then he launched into the frantic promotion stunts that kept the play alive nine months more and led to the radio show that is now in its tenth year.

Ezra, who was also teaching at the American Academy, set himself up as a one man lecture board and spoke on the aims of art to Federated Women, church women, high school groups, or at any other gathering of more than ten people who'd let him in. He always managed to use *What a Life* as an example of what was good about the stage, and to offer some cut-rate tickets for sale. He also hung around sightseeing busses and sneaked show handbills to tourists. Other members of the cast slipped showbills into women's shopping bags in their neighborhood stores. It was probably the most thorough and strenuous promotion campaign that any Broadway production has been given before or since.

Stone even dreamed up a deal with a chain laundry in which he furnished shirt wrappers which read: "This is the cleanest shirt in town. Why not see *What a Life*, the cleanest show in town?"

Even during performances he wouldn't allow his actors to relax. Backstage was a table stacked high with handbills. When a member of the Aldrich family was off stage he was kept busy stuffing them into envelopes, which were mailed to prospective customers.

Radio was the next step, but because advertising plugs cost money skits from the show were offered to Rudy Vallee, and they finally reached the airwaves as ten minute sketches called *The Early Life of Henry Aldrich*. After three airings the idea was picked up on the Kate Smith show, where it ran for 39 weeks.

In the summer of 1938 it went on as a summer replacement for the Jack Benny show. And although *Variety*, the Bible of show-business, called the first broadcast on the Benny spot "... a sorry disappointment" the public, it seemed, was of another opinion. That October Henry and his pals took over a radio show all of their own.

Since those early days there have been three sets of Aldrich parents and seven Marys (Betty Field went on to become a stage and screen star). Jackie Kelk, who is twenty-four, took over Eddie Bracken's role as the pal who is forever getting Henry into scrapes and has been playing it ever since. Patricia Ryan plays Kathleen, Henry's present crush and Judy Abbott, daughter of Ezra's old boss, is Homer's girl-friend Agnes. Three other actors substituted as Henry while Stone was in the Army.

Ezra is married to the former Sara Seegar who, for two years, played various roles in the Aldrich radio show. The Stones now live on a 137 acre farm in Bucks County, Pennsylvania where they are raising Ayrshire cattle, grain and two children—Josef, four, and Francine, two. Both parents are hopeful that neither of their heirs will inherit Ezra's or Henry's capacity to get into trouble at school. Regardless, the teachers in that district keep their collective fingers crossed.

# JUNIOR DISCOVERS TELEVISION

(Continued from page 51)

Every afternoon thereafter, the same tot would repeat the procedure—and nothing bothered her fascinated little mind. Ben has conferences, rehearsals, cocktail parties and friends in his apartment—and through them all, completely oblivious to everything around her, the little girl watches television. Every now and then she'll silently raise her hand until Ben comes over to dial out a flicker or a shadow. After an hour of tele-viewing, the girl leaves as silently as she arrives.

One major reason children love television is the appalling number of old—and by old I mean utterly ancient—films shown night after night. Some of these pictures were made before the Breen Office got tough about that three-letter word, s-x, and before excessive horror was ruled off the screen. The kids may not comprehend what they see (at least, not all of them) but they accept joyously the notion of a free movie at home. Whether it's *The Secret Yen of FuManchu* or *Broken Blossoms in the Dust*, they eat it up.

A four-year-old boy who visited me recently sat through a movie his adults spurned after the first five minutes. It starred Francis Lederer and evidently had been shot fifteen years ago in a dense fog. The sound track was bad and everybody moved as if afflicted with a slight case of palsy. But my little guest wept when it was over. He wanted more.

For very small children the fascination of television is simply that it moves. Fortunately, there are a few first-rate programs for the kids under ten. But the ten-to-sixteen group seems to have been overlooked completely. You might call these youngsters "television's lost generation."

Mercifully, the kiddie programs come during the pause in the day's occupation known as the cocktail hour. Mother and Daddy and their guests can sip their tea or Manhattans in perfect peace. No more do little Jack and Jill tug at the sleeves, whining, "Gimme the cherry, huh, Mommy, gimme the cherry, please, huh?"

From five o'clock 'til seven, the tiny tots now stretch out in front of the video set and purr like angels. In a sense, it's a cocktail party for them, too, since anywhere from twelve to twenty neighborhood kids and classmates are usually on hand. Some form of refreshment, if only cookies and milk or popcorn, has to be provided. One mother I knew stretches a big canvas on the living room floor just before the mob arrives.

One favorite program with the small fry is the *Howdy Doody* show on NBC. Howdy Doody is a shrill, saucy little puppet. There's nothing he won't do. Why, he even campaigned for president! His more ardent followers proudly wore buttons reading, "Howdy Doody for President." Used to be the kids discussed *The Bobbsey Twins*. Now it's *Howdy Doody*!

And not one little eyebrow would have been lifted in surprise if Howdy Doody had been elected. The children love him. And when you hear a voice from the video set barking, "Howdy Doody says, 'Raise your right hand and put it behind your ear,'" you may be sure that thousands of

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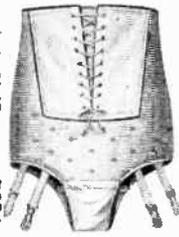


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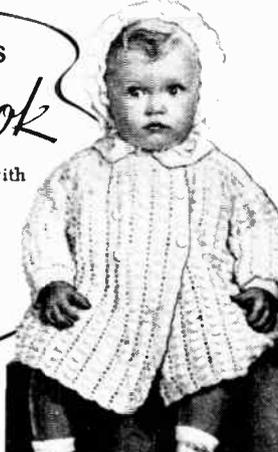
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**FUSSY STOMACH?** RELIEF FOR ACID INDIGESTION, GAS AND HEARTBURN

kiddies, sitting rapt in the half darkness, are doing just that. If Howdy Doody ordered them to stuff both feet into their rosebud mouths, they'd make a try at that, too. The power of television is incalculable!

CBS has a fairly good puppet show called *Lucky Pup*. A pretty girl with dark bangs narrates the story. Lucky himself is a puppet, and he talks like an aged actress. The villain is a cur named Foodini. The story is a "cliff-hanger" with the kids left wondering each night whether Lucky will pay five million dollars (his inheritance) for that worthless bone Foodini wants to sell.

Another worthy children's program is presided over by *The Singing Lady*. On the radio for years, Irene Wicker now has added another dimension to her talents. Her stories are the sort children love to hear at bedtime. Of all kiddies' shows, this one seems to me the very best. If children must be hypnotized by television, I'd like to see them hypnotized by something like this.

Instructive programs for children are few. Offhand, I recall only a woman who demonstrated the art of Chinese paper-folding, turning out boats, hats, flowers and such. Rube Goldberg, the cartoonist, has a "drawing game" on WPIX. And for precocious adolescents (as well as adults) Dr. Roy Marshall gives a science demonstration called *The Nature of Things* Thursday nights over NBC. A recent program took viewers on a tour of the Planetarium, and was quite wonderful to behold. This is the sort of thing parents encourage their offspring to stay in after dinner and watch. It really can be a lot more fun than Tom Mix.

But, as things are, the old movies, the wrestling, the musical comedies and corny comedy keep children from doing their homework in the evening, parents say.

A 13-year-old of my acquaintance pulls the sofa over in front of the video set right after school and plops there until dragged away by her long curls for nourishment or bed. Last time she brought home her report card, she was hesitant about reciting the grades. Finally she said, "Well I got D in Spelling, C in Arithmetic, D Plus in Geography—"

"What did you get in television?" snapped her father.

Despite the large proportion of trash on television today, educators have high hopes for it in the future. They optimistically envisage a video set in every classroom, public and private—a national school of the air, expanded and improved a thousand fold. Then lessons in every subject under the sun can be given on television. And by experts, too.

Can you imagine, for example, an art class conducted by Thomas Benton, a physics demonstration presided over by Robert Andrews Millikan, a lecture on Lincoln by Carl Sandburg, and perhaps a scene from Shakespeare featuring Maurice Evans and Helen Hayes . . . Good taste would then be formed early; having seen the best in their own school rooms, youngsters would instantly detect the shoddy in art, music and literature, long before most adults do nowadays.

The public school teacher probably never imagined she would one day have so many distinguished helpers . . . but the day will come, if educators fight for it and the television industry gets cooperative. The video camera will visit the great museums, observatories and botanical gardens. It will look in on the important events of the day, such as Congressional debates and the public unveiling of great inventions. Tomorrow's children can truly look ahead to a ringside seat of history-in-the-making. That is, if television veers a bit from the path it is now following, and becomes more progressive in its approach.

Already medical students have watched operations over television. Perhaps tomorrow's physicians will learn their anatomy, view X-rays, observe autopsies and look in on laboratories a thousand miles distant . . . Nothing will be impossible in the new world of electronics.

As for the immediate present—well, we shall have to sit through the growing pains awhile, and hope and pray that television will get around to educating Junior in a pleasant, helpful, sort of way. As things are right now, video tears Junior away from such physically and mentally healthful pursuits as outdoor play, reading, making things with his hands, piano and violin playing and just plain imagining. It makes Junior a spectator instead of a participant. It tends to stunt his imagination and give him culture and entertainment in pre-digested form. My fear is that children may never want to read a book once they've seen it on television. I can just hear them saying, "Oh, I saw it on television—why read it?"

But the promise of tomorrow is enough to make any parent grit his teeth and bear the horror of today. I see television programs that will stimulate, instead of stunt the imagination; programs that will waken and provoke the senses of children, instead of lulling them to sleep; programs that will make them sit bright-eyed and alert before their sets, instead of staring blearily, in a semi-hypnotic state, at the screens.

Tomorrow, in television, will be better than fair. Much, much better. Tomorrow will be wonderful. I hope. . . .

**CIRCUS DE LUX**

(Continued from page 56)

was the superb actor, Gene Lockhart. Gene, a showman as well as an artist, did not relish the idea of Vic walking off with all the thespian honors by reason of his clowning and his booming voice. So when they stood together in front of the mike for the big scene, Gene reached up, stood on tip toe and patted Vic on the head. This brought a few titters from the audience. Then Gene took out his pocket handkerchief and dabbed at the perspira-

tion on Vic's brow. The hulk of man was fuming. When Gene walked away at the end of a scene, Vic took out his gum and stuck two of the pages together. A few moments later, Gene was for the first time in his life late with a line. He recovered by yanking the pages apart and practically reading through the gum. After the show, Gene met Mature in the Brown Derby. He came up grinning and

exclaimed, "I've sent some of the best in the business sky high in a blow up, but Junior, all I can say to you is 'I surrender.'"

One of the most remarkable things about the *Lux Radio Theater* is that since its start on October 14, 1934, when Miriam Hopkins and John Boles appeared in "Seventh Heaven," it has been the one show on which all actors hope to appear. After 82 broadcasts, the show was brought out to Hollywood from New York. Right now, *Lux* is nearing the 700 mark, and at no time has its stature (or popularity) as the top dramatic show on the air been seriously challenged.

A few young players, new to Fame, have more or less swaggered on the *Lux* stage, but they soon discovered that they can't kick around the script or stage minor temperamental upheavals in the hallowed halls of *Lux*. This is difficult to explain, but an atmosphere of fine theater and integrity pervades to the point that casual visitors immediately sense the difference between this and an ordinary radio show.

Even the physical appearance of *Lux* is different. There are, for instance, no standing mikes. Early in the show's history it was discovered that un-radio wise movie people had the same affinity for a standing mike that a drunk does for a lamp post. He will wind his feet around it, fall into it and over it. The resultant sound effects can be puzzling to a listening audience. So the *Lux* people hung the mikes from above. Then, to keep the actors from going crazy with nervousness, an "Oscar" was invented. This is a small platform on which he can stand, with a rail to hang onto and small bars on which he can rest or contort himself into any position he desires while delivering his lines.

The most welcome visitor to the *Radio Theater* these days, although no one could afford to admit it in an open poll, is Ingrid Bergman. She is to the public what Garbo was in an early day, only in a somewhat different version. Ingrid, appearing seven times in six years, has by her very presence lifted actors with her to such a state of inspiration that they give performances of which they have never before been capable.

And none of this is done through posturing or extra curricular dramatics. As one *Lux* boss put it, "It's a delight to see Miss Bergman arrive, dressed in a washhouse frock, her face scrubbed until it glows pink like a little girl setting off for Sunday school."

An extremely close second to Bergman in adulation of show people is Irene Dunne, who has made 14 appearances. The record for number of appearances is a three cornered tie, held by Loretta Young, Don Ameche and Brian Aherne, at 20 each.

To estimate the importance of people appearing on the show, one only has to take a look at Vine Street on the day of The Broadcast. When Clark Gable and Marlene Dietrich appeared together in *The Legionnaire and the Lady*, extra police were required to keep traffic flowing smoothly. But Clark has not appeared for *Lux* in six years. If ever the time should come that the King of Movies signed up to appear with Ingrid Bergman, the police department could save everyone a lot of trouble by blocking off all of Vine Street from Hollywood Boulevard to Sunset. . . .

Only one actor who ever appeared on *Lux* had a complete disregard for the theater's importance. That's not unusual, for this actor had spent his lifetime developing the caricature of an over-sized ego. It was the trademark for W. C. Fields, who was never guilty of saying anything like "How do you do, my dear," to a leading lady. He always boomed out with something like, "Ah, there you are, my little Bubbleheaded Bonnie." And before he was through, the whole set was in hysterics.

The boys on *Lux* deny it, but there was a caravan of cars leaving for steam bath joints and desert spas after the collision between Fields and the shows. Among other things, he insisted that the play *Poppy* should include a nonsensical bit in which he shot at the ceiling and a turkey fell down. Several minds were nearly lost explaining that this "sight gag" was absolutely forbidden on a show which catered to 30,000,000 unseeing, but listening people.

W. C. bowed to the edict, but he was as hurt as a pouter pigeon. He distrusted playing to anyone who couldn't see his



When movie stars get together on *Lux Theater*, they rarely talk about radio. Camera fans Billy de Wolfe, Joan Caulfield and William Holden concentrated on photography till air time.

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strutting, bulbous-nosed performance. It is too bad that he couldn't have lived until the year or more hence when *Lux* may move into television.

One great reason for the superior performances stars give on *Lux* is that they are not catered to by a flock of yes men as they generally are in the studios. On his own lot a star may frequently get away with being snooty, unreasonable, late or careless. On the *Lux* stage there is something so adult about the technique of Producer Keighley and Director MacKaye that the hams and Hamlets automatically mind their manners.

Outside of two beautiful dressing rooms and the coffee and sandwiches served at rehearsal, movie stars fare no better in treatment than any of the regular AFRA actors. These supporting Thespians, by the way, are so carefully selected and qualified in their jobs that the screen actor immediately realizes that he is up against something and will have to extend himself to the utmost to avoid being lost in competition.

Concentration always is on the over-all performance. "If you fluff a line," Director MacKaye says, "don't try to cover it or make a joke—just keep going."

The only man to defy this edict is Bob Hope. He loves a fluffed line like a homesick college boy does a letter from home—and he'll refer back to it as many times. In the performance of *Monsieur Beaucaire* an actor had a line reading, "Here she comes now in her coach." Instead, he said, "Here she comes now in her loach."

"Hah!" Bob chortled. In the laugh that followed he had ten seconds to muster his ad libs, while up in the control booth Keighley and MacKaye held their heads in their hands. They knew what was coming. Hope referred to the "loach" three times and sent the cast into near hysteria. But in the end it made the comedy more hilarious.

Don Ameche has a similar flair for throwing the cast into an uproar, but his funnies are always staged in rehearsal. His pet joke is to stand in front of a mike and start talking without any sound coming from his vocal chords. The boys in the control booth see this and the engineer automatically figures he has a dead mike on his hands. Frantically he dials and twists until he realizes that he's been taken in.

Ameche's gags sometimes back up on him. On one show he was supposed to whistle *Comin' Thru the Rye*. He whistled it endlessly at rehearsals until everyone went a little daffy. "Don't want to forget it when we're on," he explained innocently. And that's just what he did. In the middle of the show he took his cue for the whistle, puckered his lips—and no sound emerged. Director MacKaye stepped in from the wings and began to whistle. In a second Ameche caught on and in a moment they had a strange effect—one actor apparently whistling a duet.

The fluffs are not all to be credited to the actors. There is the time that Eddie G. Robinson started to mow 'em down with his .45. The sound man's pistol, which had been carefully rehearsed for the event, didn't go off.

"Yeahhh," Robinson yelled, "I'll kill all of ya and nobody'll know the difference with my silencer on!"

On another occasion, when a gate was supposed to squeak, an actor had to exclaim, "I'm glad you finally oiled this gate," when the sound man missed his cue. He couldn't be blamed. Someone had innocently oiled up the squeak in the prop department. But in all his 66,360 cues, soundman Charlie Forsyth has a better than 99 and 44/100% record of perfection. And only once did he encounter something that threw him. The shows were then being staged in an older house on Hollywood Boulevard below Vine Street. The theater had a tin roof, and just before show time California began to experience some of its "unusual" weather. Hailstones came down so big that they went right through the roofs of parked cars. Inside the theater the noise was of a hundred machine guns—and *Lux* with a pastoral drama scheduled for the day.

The writing department went crazy for fifteen minutes trying to rig up some dialogue that would cover the noise by way of explanation. Five minutes before show time, the hail stopped, putting an end to Charlie's nightmare.

Around *Lux* rehearsal you see the finest collection of iron-nerved men in the world. They have to be that way, considering the things they go through. At first, that *Lux* pet of all pet formers, Margaret O'Brien, had to memorize all her lines because she couldn't read as she can today. Her performances always caused some worry, but she never missed a line—as much credit to her fine memory as to the fact that her Auntie Clarissa sat opposite her at the mike and mouthed the words—just in case.

Among the non-script users, the most amusing was Akim Tamiroff. He memorized the script because he didn't know that he wasn't supposed to.

*Luxers* are still chuckling about the thing that happened to Lynn Bari. She came forward following the end of the show to talk to Producer Bill Keighley, a charming picture of the lissom beauty she is. At this instant, her garter belt broke and her stockings came down!

Orson Welles, on the other hand, was disappointed in the untroubled smoothness of *Radio Theater*. On his own shows he frequently rewrote the drama to the point that actors were having pages of script delivered while they were in the middle of the show. After he'd worked for *Lux* in *Jane Eyre*, he went back to his own show. The usual pandemonium prevailed, and in the midst of the confusion Welles yelled, "Isn't this exciting? Working on *Lux* is like doing a split week in St. Patrick's Cathedral."

Now is the time to tell the story of Bing Crosby's appearance. He didn't have any trouble getting to the show or doing a great job. It's when he started home that he ran into trouble. The night was extremely foggy and as he drove slowly over the Cahuenga pass on the way home, he stuck very close to the car ahead.

After a half hour drive the car ahead stopped suddenly. Bing's car crashed into it and the Crooner got out, really sore.

"What the hell!" he exclaimed. "Why don't you stick out your hand when you're going to stop?"

"Are you nuts?" the other driver howled. "Stick out my hand in my own garage?"

## C FOR CINDERELLA

(Continued from page 47)

was ever Facing Life.

But Peter Rabbit can't satisfy an ambitious girl forever. Rita came out of fairyland determined to shake a couple of older, colder worlds right out of their orbits.

For some months, she acted as Dr. Schleger's secretary, but nobody who can help himself knocks on a dentist's office door, and opportunity is no exception.

So Rita went off to Madame Reine's exclusive shop on 57th Street. For one day, she sold \$99.50 bottles of perfume to ladies who didn't need them, and the whole time she was trying to memorize which cream was for double chins and which cream was for itchy scalps and which cream was for itchy scalps and by 5 o'clock, even her phony French accent was slipping. She was fired, in a terribly refined way; she was glad of it, in a way that wasn't refined a bit.

During this eventful couple of years, Rita'd been studying dramatics with Victor Barnovsky, on the side. The other jobs kept her eating; the dramatic lessons did more. They satisfied a hunger that filet mignon couldn't have done a single thing for.

Eventually, Rita hit some small parts in CBS television productions, and at CBS, she met a man who worked for Monte Proser, the owner of the Copacabana, a New York night club.

He introduced her to Proser, and Proser asked her if she'd like a job in the chorus line.

"Yes, please," said Rita, wasting no words. From her point of view, it was an ideal set-up. You worked at night, which left you free to make the rounds of casting offices in the afternoons. She joined AGVA (that's the Guild of Variety Artists), she learned to tell her right foot from her left (they called it dancing), and she was grateful. She cherished no illusions about her art; show-girls in night clubs are hired for their shapes, and she had one.

Rita became a model almost as soon as she met Harry Conover, the model king. If you think the two facts are related, you're absolutely right. She sat around waiting for somebody to photograph her in Russian sables, but that was not to be. The authorities broke it to her gently. "You're too healthy-looking for high fashion," they said.

She was going to ask about low fashion, when they sent her off to murder her mother-in-law for a detective magazine, and she felt very much in her place.

According to Rita, she'd be in that same place yet, if it weren't for Joyce Selznick. Miss Selznick saw Miss Colton doing something or other in a broken-down barn with a little theatre group and (after politely waiting for the final curtain) grabbed Miss Colton by the neck. "Have you a manager?" she demanded.

"What's to manage?" Rita said (or words to that effect).

She was both impressed and delighted when Miss Selznick told her . . .

Since Rita's had a manager, everything's changed for the better. Miss Selznick

found her television work, a couple of movie studios made tentative gestures in her direction, and then ABC's *Hollywood Screen Test* program capped it.

She's already been loaned out to Roy Del Ruth by Mr. Wallis—she'll make a movie called *Red Light* for Del Ruth—and she's finished an RKO documentary in which she played a juvenile delinquent.

Most exciting assignment to date was an NBC television version of *Henry V*, where she played Princess Katherine (complete with French accent) to Sam Wanamaker's Henry.

The next morning, George Abbott, the producer, phoned.

"I want you to read for a part—" he said.

She was very hard to get. She said she'd be over in four seconds.

Mr. Abbott said that wasn't necessary; he wasn't going to put on the play just yet. The way it stands now, if Abbott does the play, and if Rita gets the part, she'll probably be granted a temporary leave of absence by Wallis. (The movies hardly ever object when Broadway is kind enough to build up an unknown for the movies' ultimate benefit.)

Rita's had her photograph on the cover of *Life*, she's been christened "Smouldering Sex Colton" by the boys in the control room over at ABC television (a name Miss Selznick gleefully insists is going to stick the way "The Look" stuck to Bacall), and she (Rita) is forever getting letters from college boys who beg her to come up and smoulder for them this winter.

Maybe it's not such great wit, but she loves it.

She very often sits in her bizarre (as we said before) apartment, loving it (the wit, the mail, the apartment, everything).

The reason for the apartment's unusual appearance is simple. An eccentric artist (who lives upstairs) rented the place out furnished. The decor is largely black, a huge, horrible Reubens print hangs over the bed, the lights are red and orange, if you touch a door, it falls in your face, stone statues stand in the corners, and recently, somebody decorated the bathroom with water paints. In case you don't get the point of that fascinating item, water paints wash off, in water. Anyone now taking a shower in the Colton bathroom emerges wearing a cute little purple union suit.

Sharing the apartment with Rita are a golden retriever named Root Beer—she likes to drink—and a cat who eats caviar and avocados.

Aside from these animals, Rita's big passion is blue roses. This dates back to her seeing the play, *The Glass Menagerie*, and being entranced by it. Two of the characters in *Glass Menagerie* do a lot of talking about blue roses, and Rita found herself dreaming about blue roses some nights later.

Which leads us to October 23, 1948, Rita's last birthday. At nine A.M., there was a banging on her front door. She staggered out of bed and went to answer the summons. There was a boy with a huge florist's box under his arm, and he wasn't a par-

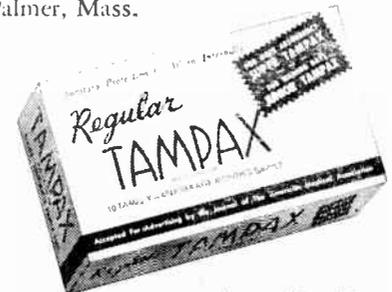


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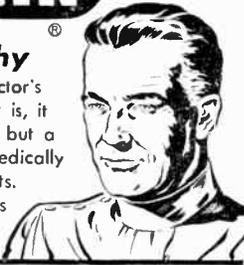
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ticularly big boy, and she was feeling awfully good that somebody'd sent her flowers, so she gave him an exorbitant tip, and wandered back inside.

"Chrysanthemums," she decided. "Or those big ugly gladioluses, but I'll like 'em anyway."

When she stopped yawning, she found a scissors, and cut the cord on the box.

The box was full of blue roses.

First she thought she was still asleep, then she figured it was some kind of gag. Joyce had probably had the outsides of the buds painted blue; the joke would be finished when the flowers finally opened.

Only the flowers, it developed, were blue to the core. Every velvet petal.

Joyce devoutly maintains that she imported them from Persia, and to this day, Rita doesn't know what the story really is. All she knows is that something lovely happened to her that October morning . . .

If you ask Lester Lewis, he says something lovely is *always* happening to his proteges. Rita isn't the only one. Actors have gone from *Hollywood Screen Test* into Broadway shows, into radio, into more television. A boy named Joel Marsten got a Hollywood contract even before Rita did. He'd been considered a juvenile, around Broadway, yet the movies picked him up on the strength of a skit in which he played a baby-faced ex-convict.

The format of the Lewis show (Lester and his wife, Juliette, co-produce) is simple. It runs half an hour (8 to 8:30, New York time, Sunday nights) and it tries to reproduce as closely as possible actual screen tests. Two young "candidates for stardom" are chosen each week; each candidate does a separate and complete 7 or 8 minute playlet. Neil Hamilton, who used to be a silent picture star, is the master of ceremonies, and he pretends to be the "director" for the "screen tests." A guest star appears in both playlets, supporting the two newcomers.

For Hamilton, the work brings back memories. Oddly enough, when he started out in movies, it was with D. W. Griffith, in a studio in Mamaroneck, on Long Island. Now he's back living in Mamaroneck, working in television, and there's a whole new career ahead of him.

Bob Libe, Hamilton's assistant, and a guy who was in the army with Lester, keeps things together, and Tom De Huff is the real director, the fellow who tells all the actors (including Hamilton) what to do. De Huff's the youngest director in television, incidentally.

Not much can go wrong during the tele-cast of *Hollywood Screen Test*. If a television camera happens to pick up another camera, or a sound boom, that's all right too, because the whole thing's supposed to look like a Hollywood set, anyway.

The show doesn't have the rehearsal time bigger dramatic programs have; it hasn't got the budget for luxurious sets. But it's doing fine just the same. Alton Alexander, who's worked for the movies, writes the scripts, and if you think it's easy to fit two entire sketches into 30 minutes, and have a little time left over for general chatter, try it sometimes. There's nothing *Hollywood Screen Test* hasn't tackled—comedy, tragedy, melodrama, even musical stuff. Guest stars have included Mary Anderson, John Conte, Rosemary De Camp and Jeffrey Lynn, because the Lewises, while they don't sneer at Broadway, lean toward guest actors who've had movie experience.

Lester really does accost beautiful women—in restaurants, subways, news-reel theatres; it doesn't matter to him. Occasionally one of them wants to black his eye; most of them would rather melt in his arms. He prefers a course somewhere in the middle, since he's anxious to hang onto both his sight and his wife.

He remembers the time he walked up to a vision on the 6th floor at NBC. "Are you an actress?" he inquired. The vision looked startled. Then it spoke, with a British accent, "If I were in England," it said, "I'd have you arrested."

Lester thanked his stars she wasn't in England, and stated his case. The girl—her name is Monica Moore—appeared on a subsequent show and was snapped up for Maxwell Anderson's new play, *Anne of a Thousand Days*. It's to be assumed she's happy she didn't call any cops.

As for Lester, he's happy when the talent is good, the ladies are luscious, and *Hollywood Screen Test* gets flattering reviews in Monday's papers.

## NO APPLES FOR EVE

(Continued from page 31)

than NBC (she used to do NBC's *Sealtest Village Store* show) and she fluttered her eyelids. "I never had lunch with the president of NBC," she said.

Seriously, she's wonderfully pleased with CBS' *Our Miss Brooks* program. She plays a high-school English teacher with a reluctant boy-friend, who's a biology professor. Miss Brooks is a gay girl; she can go along with a gag, and it's about the first time in history that teachers have been portrayed as reasonably normal, attractive human beings.

People at CBS will tell you *Miss Brooks* has had a fabulous rise. "Five weeks on sustaining, and it went commercial," they'll say.

Miss Brooks-Arden cuts in, "Optioned the last week," she says coldly.

Miss Brooks was also the first summer

show to be picked up in 1948, so it holds several kinds of records.

As for Eve herself, she holds the record for being "Girl to Do Most in a Year With Only One Head."

She's made so many movies that two of them (*Whiplash* and *My Dream is Yours*) haven't even been released yet; she did a play at La Jolla last summer; she guested on a television show in Hollywood, and astounded everyone by coming over their sets so ravishingly lovely that half the city wrote in. What's Lana Turner got that Eve Arden hasn't been hiding twice as much of they wanted to know.

"It's those terrible lights," Eve went around explaining happily. "Real pretty people come over lousy, but I look like a doll."

Knocking herself out's no novelty to

Eve. When she was seven years old (and known as Eunice Quedens) she got up before the Outdoor Art Club in Mill Valley, California (her home town) and recited a work called *Please No Kicka My Dog*. Everyone was deeply moved, and her success started the young Eunice yearning for bigger things.

Some years later, she attached herself to a San Francisco stock company, but the bond wasn't permanent. When four other actors (they referred to themselves as the "Bandbox Repertory Theatre of Los Angeles") came riding along in a Model T, she gave up everything to go with them. ("Everything" consisted of a small room in San Francisco, and the possibility of a slightly larger one if she stayed around ten more years.)

The "Bandbox" crowd kind of disintegrated—how many times can an old Ford car tour the state of California?—and Eve went into a musical at the Pasadena Playhouse.

Lee Shubert saw her, liked her and gave her a part in the Ziegfeld Follies of 1936. The Follies were in New York, so Eunice Quedens went east.

She became Eve Arden because she liked that name better than her own (she got the Arden off a jar of cleansing cream) and she stayed in New York a couple of seasons, clicking very nicely.

In 1940, her mother, with whom she'd had a very close relationship, died, and Eve went home. But she isn't the sort of person who can relax. If you're unhappy, you work even harder, the way she sees it. Sit home and brood, and you go crazy.

The movies picked her up for *Stage Door*, and she's been a movie star ever since. This in addition to being, as was mentioned before, a radio star and a television star.

Only trouble with the widespread Arden activities is the way they interfere with her home life. It got so every time she walked up to her front door, her daughter Liza would greet her gravely. "Hello, mother," she'd say. "I'm so glad you could come."

Liza's a big one for sympathy. If she sees Eve's tired, her voice turns protective. "I'll give you a sodge," she says, and she means it. Whenever Eve has a massage in to work on her, Liza gets custody of one arm, which she alternately pummels and pats.

Right now, Liza's idea of joy is to get dressed in Eve's hat and shoes, and be a hostess to the world. The world doesn't often come to see her, but she waits patiently. She worries a good deal about the new baby, Connie, too. Wants Connie to be socially adjusted.

Eve remembers one time Liza was complaining. "Mother," she said, "the baby's just too juicy!" Then she regretted her harshness. "Let's go get it," she said. "It may be lonesome."

According to Eve, there was never a kid as colossal as Liza. Take the way she rides along in the automobile, a little tiny thing talking a blue streak, fooling with the radio dials, chirping at passersby. Eve's terrible, in a car. No patience. Her favorite line used to be, "Come on, bud"—through gritted teeth, until the day Liza, then 18 months old got to looking troubled. "Mother," she said gently, "why is Bud always in front of you?"

Eve stared at her "Darling," she said,

"I'm afraid I just don't know."

Baby Connie isn't very productive of stories yet, since she chiefly sleeps and gets juicy, but she's certainly pretty. She and Liza were both adopted, which makes two good arguments for that system.

They've had one nurse since Liza was brand-new, and there's an odd story to go with that fact. Eve, knowing she'd have to travel East on a tour a week after she got Liza, wanted to be sure she'd have no worries, so she hired a very expensive nurse, in advance. When the nurse arrived at the house, she had a horrible cold in the head. In addition to which she had a very irritating personality.

"I won't wash any diapers," she warned Eve sternly, and Eve's heart sank. Not that she didn't want the best for her new child, just that she kept thinking to herself, I won't be happy with this woman.

The head cold gave Eve an easy out; say you don't want to expose the baby, and you're set.

There you are with no nurse, and a baby coming the next day. It was a nasty spot. Then the housekeeper mentioned something. She had a friend, a charming woman named Margaret Agee. Young, though she was a grandmother. She was in the insurance business, but she loved babies. She might be persuaded to come . . .

She came, and she's been with Eve ever since. Jewel isn't the word for her. After Liza'd arrived, Eve left on that trip, and Mrs. Agee kept a log of every minute till she came home again. Eve swears it was complete right down to items like "3:18; baby burped."

Next to spending more time with the kids, Eve would like to be able to spend more time on her house. It's a beautiful place, (built back when Eve was married to Ned Bergen, a literary agent). It has a view, a huge sun deck and terraces, a pool, and a wading pool for the kids. Inside, there's pewter and milk glass and pine, everything the best of its kind.

Eve's earnestly hoping to buy the lot next door, and expand; so far, all she's got is the hope.

On this last trip to New York, she bought a weather vane and two primitive paintings for the new wing, but it was sheer bravado on her part.

Connie didn't understand her reasoning. "No lot," she said, "no floor plans, no—"

"Money," Eve said sweetly, clutching one of the primitives. "But look at this little boy in his hoop-skirt. Doesn't he look Civil-war-ish?"

You had to admit he looked Civil-war-ish, all right. After that, Connie tried to keep Eve out of art galleries. "And I'm not going to any more museums," she said. "Either. You know too much already."

"Okay," Eve said. "Okay. But we have to take one of those boat-rides around Manhattan before we leave New York. I was once a Ziegfeld girl in this very city, in the year 1936—"

She jumped out of her chair. "I think I'll call home."

The call through, she had the housekeeper put Liza on.

"I'm being good, mother," Liza said.

"I know," Eve said. "How are you, darling?"

"Sleepy," said Liza simply, hanging up.

Eve replaced the phone on the table, and grinned.

"Me too," she said to the walls.

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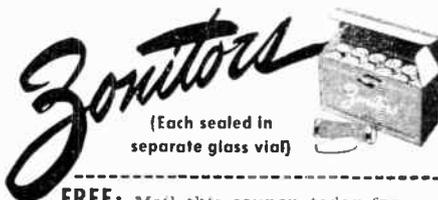
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# musical merry-go-round

BY JILL WARREN

A monthly review of the latest records, with news and views of the musical world. If you have any questions about records or music, write to Jill Warren, c/o Modern Television and Radio, 261 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C.

## THE VOCAL'S THE THING



If you like Frank Sinatra and Pearl Bailey, you won't want to miss their fine coupling of **A LITTLE LEARNIN'** IS A DANGEROUS THING, in Parts I and II. Frank and Pearl take turns talking and singing the lyrics and they do a wonderful job. It's the first time they've been together on wax, but here's hoping it won't be the last. Axel Stordahl and his orchestra provide the music. *Columbia*.

Gordon MacRae revives two old ballads, the Spanish love song, **RAMONA**, and **DO YOU EVER THINK OF ME?** both excellently suited to Gordon's strong baritone. *Capitol*.

Frank Loesser, who wrote the big hit, **MY DARLING, MY DARLING**, has come up with another pretty tune, **DOWN THE STAIRS, OUT THE DOOR**, which Helen Forrest sings—and prettily, too. It's coupled with **FOR HEAVENS' SAKE**, which Helen does very slowly and softly. Harold Mooney's orchestra supplies the background. *M-G-M*.

Ella Fitzgerald does equally well with sweet or swing songs, and for her latest she has chosen two new ballads, **TO MAKE A MISTAKE IS HUMAN** and **IN MY DREAMS**. For accompaniment, Ella uses a rhythm backing and a mixed chorus. *Decca*.

Remember the **CEMENT MIXER** record by Slim Gaillard and the way he drove the country crazy with his rootie-vootie-mellow-rooney routine? Well, believe it or not, he has made a record with his trio of the old classic, **I DON'T STAND A GHOST OF A CHANCE WITH YOU**, and he sings it absolutely straight, in an intimate style, and very good, too. The other side is **DOWN BY THE STATION**, a slight take-off, for grownups, on a kiddie record story. *M-G-M*.

Gordon Jenkins' record of **TEMPTATION**, released last year, is being reissued, coupled with **MY FUNNY VALENTINE**, a Rodgers and Hart tune from *Words and Music*. Charles La Vere does a wonderful vocal, and of course Jenkins' one-fingered piano solos are in evidence on both sides. *Decca*.

One of the prettiest things Duke Ellington ever wrote was **DO NOTHING TILL YOU HEAR FROM ME**, and he has a waxing of it, with his band, with lyrics by Al Hibbler. It's backed by an instrumental, **SULTRY SERENADE**, one of the Duke's originals, done in bouncy tempo with some good tenor solos. *Columbia*.

There are few singers who do a better job with blues than Johnny Mercer, and because of so many requests, his **SUGAR BLUES** and **MEMPHIS BLUES** discs are being reissued on one record. Paul Weston's orchestra plays for Johnny on both, with the Pied Pipers helping out on the Memphis side. *Capitol*.

## MOSTLY FOR DANCING



Jimmy Dorsey and his orchestra play the old favorite, **AT SUNDOWN**, with Dee Parker singing the vocal. It's played at a moderate tempo, with a terrific alto saxophone solo by maestro Dorsey. The backing is **ANGELA MIA**, a tender ballad, well sung by Bob Caroll. *M-G-M*.

Freddy Martin has two new fox trots.

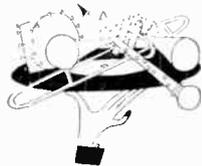
MARCELLA, and ARIZONA SUNDOWN, with The Martin Men singing the first side alone and sharing the vocal honors with Glenn Hughes on the backing. Victor.

Two of the most popular of all the Rodgers and Hart compositions are THOU SWELL and MY HEART STOOD STILL and they're now back to back on a record by Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians. The Lombardo Trio sings the SWELL side and MY HEART has lyrics by Billy Leach. Incidentally, these both are reissues for Guy. Decca.

Xavier Cugat and his orchestra give the slow rhumba treatment to SIESTA, from the Frank Sinatra film, *Kissing Bandit*, with Bob Graham crooning the words. The reverse is a cute rhumba novelty, also sung by Graham, called IN SANTIAGO, CHILE (TAINT' CHILLY AT ALL), which Cugat does in a bright tempo. Columbia.

The first record Vaughn Monroe and The Sons Of The Pioneers did together was COOL WATER, and now they've teamed again for something titled COLUMBUS STOCKADE BLUES. The other side finds Vaughn soloing it on a pretty new ballad, MY OWN TRUE LOVE. Victor.

## INSTRUMENTALIZING



Count Basie and his orchestra do SOPHISTICATED SWING very slowly, with a pretty Basie piano chorus and nice work by the saxophones. The reverse is something called MR. ROBERTS' ROOST, an original instrumental with a very solid beat. Victor.

Buzz Adlam, well-known in radio as a conductor-arranger, makes his debut as a solo recording artist, conducting his orchestra in CARRY ME BACK TO THE LONE PRAIRIE, arranged in jump rhythm, combined with a slow, moody interpretation of the Ellington composition, IN A SENTIMENTAL MOOD. M-G-M.

Woody Herman and the Herman Herd have two interesting instrumentals this month. The

first is EVERYWHERE, done very slowly, with a wailing trombone chorus by Bill Harris, who also wrote the tune, and the second, THE GOOF AND I, is a fast rhythm number, on the bop side, with Woody, Stan Getz and Don Lamond sharing clarinet, tenor sax and drum solos respectively. Columbia.

THE SWISS WOODPECKER and CARAVAN are played by guitarist Les Paul. This is another of Les' interesting offerings, wherein he records eight separate guitar solos, and then they are all dubbed together on the same disc, over each other, so that the result sounds like a complete guitar orchestra. Capitol.

## NOVELTY STUFF



The Korn Koblbers have a new zany called WE GOT TO PUT SHOES ON WILLIE with Stanley Fritts on the vocal. It's a catchy thing with lots of laughs and you'll probably be hearing plenty of it on the air and in juke boxes. The flipover is a humorous "musical" warning, NEVER MAKE EYES (AT THE GALS WITH THE GUYS WHO ARE BIGGER THAN YOU). Fritts also does the vocal on this one. M-G-M.

Phil Harris and his orchestra are down for two reissues, PAPPY'S LITTLE JUG and MINNIE THE MERMAID (A LOVE SONG IN FISH TIME). They're both done very fast, with Phil rattling off the lyrics in his usual speedy style. Victor.

Jo Stafford gets together with her TEMPTATION pals, Red Ingle and His Naturel Seven and as Cinderella G. Stump she sings THE PRISONER OF LOVE SONG which is based, of course, on the old ballad PRISONER OF LOVE. It's wild and frantic, to say the least, with Josie using her TEMPTATION style. The other side finds "Cindy" Stafford joining Tex Williams and His Western Caravan for a humorous ditty, TRAVELING SALESMAN POLKA. Capitol.

## SLIGHTLY LONGHAIR



Conductor-composer-pianist Bert Shefter, with his orchestra, plays two mood pieces, THEME ON A DREAM and his own composition, MOONBEAMS. Both sides display sensitive work, highlighted by Shefter's expressive piano solos. M-G-M.

If you are a regular listener to the popular NBC radio program, The First Piano Quartet, you'll enjoy their new album, FIRST PIANO QUARTET ENCORES. There are six twelve-inch records, including Liszt's LIESBESTRAUM NO. 3 (A DREAM OF LOVE), Grieg's IN THE HALL OF THE MOUNTAIN KING, Brahms'



Forgetting her sweet, slow style, Jo Stafford does a wild, frantic version of *Prisoner of Love*.



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Several months ago Nelson Eddy recorded an album of Stephen Foster melodies, and now he has another one, SONGS OF STEPHEN FOSTER—VOLUME II, with chorus and orchestra conducted by Robert Armbruster. There are four twelve-inch records, eighteen songs in all, with such familiar favorites as: OLD FOLKS AT HOME, BEAUTIFUL DREAMER, DON'T BET YOUR MONEY ON DE SHANGHAI, MASSA'S IN DE COLD, COLD GROUND, NELLY BLY, and LOUISIANA BELLE. Columbia.

The St. Paul Church Choir of Los Angeles, one of the finest choral groups of Negro voices, offers stirring renditions of two religious songs. THE LORD'S PRAYER and JESUS IS MINE. The chorus consists of forty voices and they sing a capella. Capitol.

## SMALL FRY NUMBERS



MOTHER GOOSE PARADE, sung and narrated by Betty Martin, was a very popular children's set last year, and it's being reissued now on unbreakable Metrolite. Betty gives a modern touch to the nursery rhymes, doing them in waltz, rumba and rhythm tempos. M-G-M.

Frank Luther, with Milt Herth at the organ, has made two cute new song stories. The first is HAPPY THE HARMONICA and THE TICK TOCK SHOP and the second is GOLDLOCKS AND THE THREE BEARS, in Parts I and II. Both are in the Unbreakable Series. Decca.

## ALBUMS



Vaughn Monroe has a new album in the Musical Smart Set Series called, simply enough, VAUGHN MONROE SINGS. The tunes, mostly standards, include: ANNIVERSARY SONG, SOMETHING SENTIMENTAL, OH, PROMISE ME, BECAUSE, THE WHIFFENPOOF SONG, WITHOUT A SONG, THE MOON WAS YELLOW, and BEGIN THE BEGUINE. The Norton Sisters and the Monroe chorus supply vocal assistance. Victor.

The top songs from current and recent Broadway shows have been gathered together in an album by Guy Lombardo and the Royal Canadians and titled SONG HITS FROM

RECENT MUSICALS. You're sure to find one of your favorites because the numbers, and the shows they're from are: SO FAR and A FELLOW NEEDS A GIRL from Allegro; I STILL GET JEALOUS and PAPA, WON'T YOU DANCE WITH ME? from High Button Shoes; HAUNTED HEART from Inside U. S. A.; SATURDAY NIGHT IN CENTRAL PARK from Make Mine Manhattan and ALMOST LIKE BEING IN LOVE from Brigadoon. Decca.

PIANO REFLECTIONS by Claude Thornhill, is a group of old popular tunes, spotlighting Claude's fine keyboard work, with only bass, guitar and drums playing the rhythm background. The songs: LADY OF THE EVENING, SOME DAY I'LL FIND YOU, LOVE TALES, THAT OLD FEELING, HOW AM I TO KNOW? WHEN YOU WORE A TULIP (AND I WORE A BIG, RED ROSE), COQUETTE and MEMORY OF AN ISLAND. This last tune was written by Claude when he was stationed in the Hawaiian Islands during the war. If you like Thornhill's piano, you'll definitely want this album. Columbia.

## BEHIND THE SCENES



The whole entertainment world was surprised at the break-up of Frank Sinatra and his publicity man, George Evans. Evans had been associated with Sinatra since the very beginning of his solo career and they always enjoyed a very close relationship. . . . Benny Goodman is bouncing back into the music business in a big way with his brand new band. And it's one of the best aggregations Benny has ever had. The Buddy Greco trio has been absorbed into the outfit, with Buddy handling the male vocals. Terry Swope, who sang with the Buddy Rich band under the name of Terry Vail, will share lyric duties with Greco. . . . Columbia Pictures is having Al Jolson record more than thirty songs for its picture, Jolson Sings Again, sequel to The Jolson Story. Of course they won't all be in the movie, but the studio is planning to hold them for a possible third film about Jolson. . . . Congratulations to Laverne Andrews, of the Andrews Sisters, who recently married Lou Rogers, head of an independent recording company in Hollywood. . . . Marjorie Hughes, Frankie Carle's daughter, is returning as vocalist with his band, after a long recuperation following her near-fatal illness earlier this year. . . . Judy Garland is also feeling much better these days and has been signed for five guest appearances on Bing Crosby's transcribed radio show. . . . Kathryn Grayson and her husband, Johnnie Johnston, wrote a song together a couple of months ago called The End Of The Line. Then they quarrelled and separated, so the song title was pretty ironic. But, happy ending—as this goes to press they're back together as Mr. and Mrs.

## BOB LOVES TISHY

(Continued from page 63)

after Cathy's birthday. When they were younger it used to help in celebrating, but now they both insist on having separate parties of entirely different types and two such affairs in one week's too much.

The baby is Stephen Ross, now two years old. His middle name came from June's family, which traces its family tree back to Betsy Ross. Stephen like his brother Chris is fair, taking after June.

All of the Crosby children are very typical American youngsters. They are a handful for June who runs the discipline department in the Crosby menage, and keep her busy every moment. But she is an expert at managing her brood, and they all get along fine. June believes that parents should take their children's questions and statements seriously. Whenever there's a disagreement, the four kids and mother sit down and discuss it and decide who is right. June believes, also, in admitting she is wrong if she is, which is something a lot of mothers find hard to do.

### bob's outdoor menu

The whole Bob Crosby family are outdoors lovers. Being lucky Californians, they have plenty of sunshine most of the time, and often have their meals on the patio in the open air. Their favorite menu, in fact, is for a barbecue. Here it is.

Barbecued Pork Chops  
Casserole of Scalloped Potatoes with Diced Onions  
Orange Nut Salad—Fruit Dressing  
French Bread, Butter  
Freezer of Ice Cream  
Milk Coffee

Pork, the favorite barbecued dish in the Crosby family, is delicious when served the Crosby way. Out-of-door cooking is fun, and Bob, who loves to cook, makes

the barbecued specialty when he has the time, while the children and Mamma help. He starts early when preparing pork, as it needs long cooking, in order to have it tasty and digestible. Here is the Crosby recipe for the portable barbecue wagon.

10 medium-sized pork chops	1 tsp. sugar
1/2 cup chili sauce	3 tbs. vinegar
1 tsp. salt	1 tsp. chopped onion
1 tsp. celery seed	1 cup hot water
	1 bay leaf

**Method:** First brown the chops in fat. Add the combination of all the following ingredients in the recipe. Bake over hot coals in a covered pan for two hours. It serves ten.

Just because you don't have a portable barbecue wagon, or a built-in barbecue pit, doesn't mean that you can't have barbecued meat right at home. You can do a good job right in your own kitchen, and make all kinds of barbecued dishes. Spare-ribs, beef liver and chicken can be attractively served as barbecue, but need other ingredients than those used for pork. You might like to have a barbecue sauce that can be used with all meats, either broiled or roasted. Here's one, I can recommend.

#### BARBECUE SAUCE

1/2 cup butter	1 tsp. chopped green pepper
1/2 cups hot water	1 tbs. chopped onions
1 tbs. vinegar	2 tsp. sugar
1/3 tsp. salt	2 tsp. mustard
1/4 tsp. red pepper	1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
1/4 tsp. black pepper	
1 clove	
1/3 cup chili sauce	

**Method:** Combine the ingredients and cook until mixture boils. The sauce can be used to baste during the roasting of the meat, or the meat can be dipped into the sauce before it is broiled or roasted. Makes two cups of sauce.

### bob's credo

"Some folks are always living in the past. Others keep looking to the future. Personally, I believe that the time for living is right now, in the present. That's the best formula for bringing happiness to others and keeping it for yourself.

"In a sense, running your life is somewhat like driving a car. It's advisable to know what's going on in back of you and you've got to keep an eye on the road up ahead—but the most important thing is retaining control of the car in which you and your family are riding.

"That seems like simple common sense to me, but it's amazing how many people just don't see it that way. They spend their lives either mourning the past or knocking themselves out working for the future. Sure, you've got to have some ambition, but why let them crowd out the really important things like relaxing with your family and friends, getting excited about the show on which you're working, going out for a morning of golf when you feel the urge.

"If I ever have occasion to doubt the



People used to call Bob Crosby "Bing's brother," until Club 15 hit the musical jackpot on C.B.S.

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wisdom of this attitude, all I have to do is look at my four children. When they play around in the house or the yard they seldom worry about what was or what will be—they just put all they've got into the game that's going on. And they really get the most fun out of life."

**ambitious bob**

Don't let Bob's carefree attitude mislead you. He's a pretty ambitious fellow. But there's much more behind it than a desire for personal success. Bob's main purpose is to achieve security for his family, because he remembers his young days when he had to do all kinds of odd jobs to finance his musical education. He says that he wants to make sure that his children don't have "to pick cucumbers like I did."

But the fact is that Bob enjoys his work. He likes to work as much as he likes to play and he works hard—planning his radio programs, writing a lot of his own music. He and June share all his successes together and are a congenial working team. They both have good business heads, but he believes in having a business manager to keep track of the details.

Bob's professional life didn't start off with a bang. As he has said, he had no money, no training and a family indifferent toward any attempt at furthering the kind of career he wanted. He made his first public appearance in an amateur show at the age of thirteen. From that time until he was 22, Bob was hard at work trying to build up his talent and find the right spot for it. Then he organized his band, the Bobcats, and headed for the big-time where he is right now with the starring,

singing emcee spot on Columbia network's five-a-week musical *Club 15*.

Bob's secret of success is very simple, and easy for anyone to copy, he says. It's "75 percent luck and 25 percent work." For the sake of a typical Crosby joke, and because he's a modest sort of a guy, Bob left out one other ingredient contributing to his success—a big hunk of talent, which he uses in his family life as well as his work.

**friends and fun**

Because Bob's happiness is within himself, he doesn't have to seek pleasure and excitement in nightclubs. He and June live from minute to minute, enjoying every second of their time. They find their fun around their fireplace, and with the children. When they do go out, it is almost always to ball games or to visit close friends. Esther Williams and her husband, Ben Gage, and Maureen O'Hara and Will Price are two couples the Crosbys see a good deal. The Prices are neighbors and Bob's kids drop over there often to use Maureen's swimming pool.

Like their Dad, Bob's children are sports enthusiasts. Bob was an athlete in college, and plays a lot of golf, handball and tennis. June and the youngsters are tennis fans, too. All the family spend a good many hours on their court. The three older children are on the way to being really good players, and baby Stephen is already getting the feel of a racquet in his hands to prepare for future times.

It's a full life that the Bob Crosbys lead, a life with the family warmth and loyalty which is about the most valuable possession anyone can have.

**THE GIRL I MARRIED TWICE**

(Continued from page 34)

a date already and she is sitting at a table waiting for me to come off the stand so I can't ditch her."

"Oh that don't matter," he said. "Alice won't care—come on out anyway."

Well, I figured that if Alice wanted to see me so bad she don't care if I got another date, I better go. We went out to Charlie Foy's which is in the San Fernando Valley and called home by almost everybody in show business. I parked my date and when I got a chance I slid over to Alice's table and said to her, "If I'd known about this I wouldn't have made a date tonight because I'd much rather be with you."

Alice gave me a look like she didn't even know I was in town and said, "Oh?"

The frost was on the pumpkin, but I figure she's playing it straight for the people who are there. So I put on my Harvard manners and said, "My mother's living with me and you and I are practically neighbors so how would you like to come over to my house tomorrow for ham and eggs?"

Alice said, "We have ham and eggs at our house, thank you."

Well, I was beginning to get sore again because here she'd wanted me to come out and now she was turning on the damper. So I laughed deep down in my throat and said I would call her up to-

morrow. She said I did not have her phone number. Then she just looked at me. I have not been looked at like that before or since and all of a sudden I got the message. Alice didn't want to see me at all. This friend of mine wasn't in Alice's party at all. He was just sitting at the next table with a nodding acquaintance and that was how he conned me into coming out.

I should have been real sore at him, but how could I be when I was glad he did what he did?

Some way I had to get my neck and cars clean with Alice, so I went to work to find out her telephone number. Somebody told me later it was in the phone book at the time, but I never thought of looking there because Hollywood numbers are so secret an actor has to call his agent to get his own number to let his wife know he's going to be late for dinner.

Alice had a good friend who was working at Foy's and still is—a wonderful entertainer by the name of Marguerita Padula. So the next day I went to Miss Padula. "Sing me something torchy, honey," I said, so Padula did and both of us felt emotional. I explained to her that I just had to have Alice's phone number because without it I felt like the square root of nothing.

Well, Padula said that she would do

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anything for me but that Alice's phone number was a sacred trust. So what could I do? I bribed a waiter and he stole the number for me.

Then I began to call Alice. Mostly she was out but I guess she figured that outside of yanking the phone out by the roots the best thing to do was to talk to me. I asked her for dates on Monday, Tuesday and so on, but she said that the only night she could go out was Saturday and that was the only night I couldn't because I didn't get through until after two and I had a radio rehearsal at nine in the morning.

"That's too bad," she said cheerfully, "it looks like we aren't going to get together."

I took my troubles to Padula. She said, "It wasn't nice for you to steal that number and see what good it did you. I really shouldn't do this because you've been so underhanded, but my advice is to give her the silent treatment for awhile. Let her call you."

That was all right, but the telephone rings oftener in Grant's tomb than it did while I waited. Then about two months later one night when I just finished my turn at Slapsie's a waiter came and said a party wanted me on the phone. I answered.

This party said, "Corn bread, shortnin' bread, black eyed peas . . . over the air your act sounds like a New England boiled dinner. . ."

I said who is this and the party went right on, ". . . if you keep this up Mr. Harris you'd better start handing out little liver pills or people will get the bloot."

Yup, it was Alice and we made a date. You never saw a guy so careful. Every time I took her out I was so nice I was a carbon copy of Little Lord Fauntleroy. One night when I left her at the door, Alice said, "Phil, aren't you going to kiss me good night?"

Was I gonna kiss her good night? Say! I flexed my biceps, stepped up, grabbed her and smacked her a good one—right on the forehead.

She began to laugh and said, "This is the end!"

No it wasn't. It was the beginning. I think right here I'd better explain that fun is fun but THE REAL HARRIS like they say in the movie magazines is not quite the corny guy you hear on the air. I can even write and speak a sentence without using ain't or a double negative but it don't make no sense to louse up a good act. Anyway, perhaps you can see that Alice and I really fell in love with each other.

One day she looked at me and said, "Phil, you're nervous about something."

"Yeah," I said.

"When?" she said.

"Gosh, honey," I said. "Right away."

We decided to drive to Tijuana, Mexico, and Mr. and Mrs. Sam Macio who are old friends of ours agreed to come along and stand up for us. It turned out that Mrs. Macio almost had to stand in for Alice. I still don't understand how a girl who is just about to get married can be so sleepy. I even bought her some of them no-doze pills, but she couldn't wake up. Meantime, some operators they had down there at that time must of seen us coming. First we got to get a medical test. \$50.

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Then something about naturalization papers. \$20. What with the permits and the waivers or whatever they were I shelled about \$400 before some guy said, "You can't get married here until seven in the morning. If you want to get it over with now you have to drive to Ensanada."

We drove to Ensanada, Alice sleeping all the way.

She says no but I still claim I had to shake her awake to get her to say "I do."

When we finally got home, Alice moved into my house and she's been there ever since. But she wasn't happy about that first wedding. I always say she glummed me into it and she said she wasn't awake at the time; besides, she wanted to get married in this country. Well, this first ceremony was in May and in August we decided to go to Galveston, Texas, and do it all over again.

Sure enough, Alice got sleepy again. We were on the train going over the causeway (most people don't realize that Galveston is really an island) when Alice woke up and said, "What's this—water?"

"Yeah," I said.

"Nothing doing, Phil Harris," she hollered, "You're not taking me out of the country twice!"

I got her calmed down, but what a wedding! Seemed like with the Macios as hosts half of Texas turned out for the celebration. Of course, we had a little trouble. We'd forgotten to give enough advance notice on the minister problem—not their problem but ours. Seems that Alice is Episcopalian and I was a Baptist but my family moved from little town to little town and if there was only a Methodist Church in town then I was a Methodist. Anyway, we couldn't get it straight, so Judge Pepri volunteered to officiate.

The Macios stood up with us again. We're always standing up for each other. They're Godfather and Godmother to our children and we're vice-versa to theirs.

Our wedding reception is something C. B. DeMille couldn't have dreamed up. One thing I'll always remember. There were about a thousand people there. Some Swedish friends brought a huge loving cup and there were two waiters who had nothing to do but fill that cup and cleanse it for the next toast until over three hundred people had drunk out of it.

Now I had my girl for always, and I

should tell what she is like. She's not the bossy type. With us it's fifty-fifty. Alice has a good business head. I have a head. Neither of us gamble and we don't do anything to excess. Except Alice. After we were married she just about gave up movies because she wanted to be a real wife and mother.

And here's where the kids come in. When Alice Jr., was born I was playing at the Cocomanut Grove. She wasn't very cooperative, so I spent three nights sleeping on chairs in the Cedars of Lebanon hospital.

I was a nervous wreck by the time Dr. Stanley Immerman came around and told me this was it. "Want to watch?" he asked me.

"What!" I exclaimed, "Nothing doing!"

"I like that," he said. "I've watched you up there on the bandstand for ten years, operating and now you won't give me a chance to prove I'm a pretty good operator myself—just as good as you are in your business."

I turned white. I turned whiter when he told me about the bill.

"Phil," Dr. Immerman said, "If you didn't have a baby, would you give say, \$20,000 for one?"

"Twenty thousand? I'd give fifty."

"Well," he snapped, "this bill isn't anywhere near that, so stop your squawking."

Well, I lived through it, and the arrival of Phyllis, too, but that was worse. I was working in Vancouver at the time. I talked to Alice two or three times a day on the phone, but I never knew when I should start pacing the floor, so I just went on pacing until they called from the hospital to say Phyllis had arrived.

All this time I was nursing an ambition. I wanted a radio show for Alice and me. I was lucky. I'd been working with Benny for so long and it was like studying under a great professor, and getting paid for it at the same time.

Now we had two children and we planned our show—just a simple enactment of little things that might happen in any family hypoed into solid comedy with the addition of a few extra characters. Alice was frightened at first because she's always been shy in front of people, but my ambitions have always been the big thing with her. When we married we gave up about three-quarters of our income. I

stopped going on the road with bands and she soft-pedaled movies to almost none.

One of the first characters we put into the show was Frankie Remley. I wanted Frankie, who had been my friend for more than ten years, to play the part. The trouble was that his voice is not the right timbre. That's why the part is played by Elliot Lewis, and the real Frankie is his greatest booster. Every time Frankie is introduced he automatically explains that he doesn't play the part on the air. Only once did he make an exception.

We stopped at Pueblo while on the road with the Benny show. While we were walking on the station platform a beautiful, gorgeous girl walked up and introduced herself to Jack Benny. Jack introduced her to me and I introduced her to Frankie.

Frankie excused himself and pulled me to one side. "Gee Phil," he said. "We're gonna be here for about an hour. Do I have to tell her I'm not the radio Frankie—please, just this once?"

If you won't think I'm my own press agent I'd like to tell you about other members of the cast. Jeannine Roose plays Alice, Jr., who is now six, and Anne Whitfield is Phyllis, who is four. Walter Tetley is Julius Abruzio and Bob North plays Alice's brother, William.

In real life, Alice does have a brother, William, and if you heard one of our first shows in which he trapped me into becoming my business manager, let me tell you something. Bill Faye also writes checks for our show. It is harder to get a check out of him than a cheerful word from me before I have my morning coffee.

I don't think it's necessary to marry Alice any more. I don't think she'd go through it again. After all, we've got two anniversaries to celebrate and nobody can make any cracks that I don't remember them both. Why shouldn't I? Alice has been awful nice to me. She lets me cook all the time.

Of course, I should explain that one reason I am chef Escoffier Cume Laude is because of Josephine. Joso, I call her. I thought I knew how to make corn bread the real Southern style until Joso really showed me how. Once a week she calls a meeting in the kitchen and shows me a new recipe for chicken or chili or something I can show off with. That Joso! She has two sons, one was a Captain with Eisenhower and the other a Captain with MacArthur, but when her folks wanted her to come back home she drew herself up and said, "Nossu—I'm never gonna leave Phil and Alice!"

I guess you get the idea. I had a lot of trouble wooing and winning Alice. But the way things are now no man ever had a more wonderful wife and family.

With me cooking, you can see I treat Alice pretty good. Her official title around the place is "Clean Up Girl," and awhile ago somebody came into the den and said, "Phil—what have you done to Alice? She's crying."

I rushed into the kitchen. Yeah. she was crying all right—big tears running down and dripping off her nose. So I put my arms around her and we stood there bawling together like a couple of babies while she finished peeling the onions. I almost felt like marrying her a third time, I felt so sentimental, but I was afraid she'd fall asleep again.



During a jaunt to Germany, Phil Harris picked up a Burgomeister's pipe. Ever since he got it, he and Alice have been sitting around nights trying to figure out what to do with the monstrosity.

**WOMEN**

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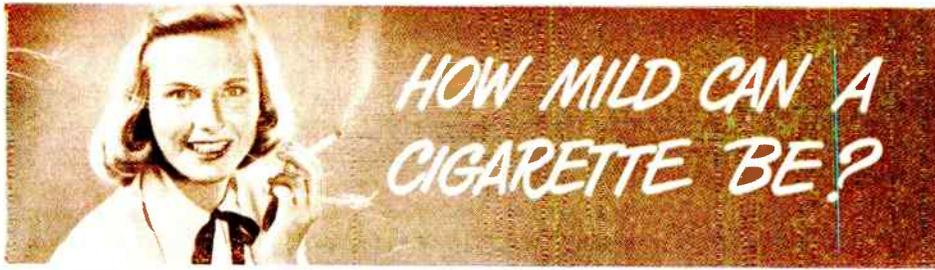


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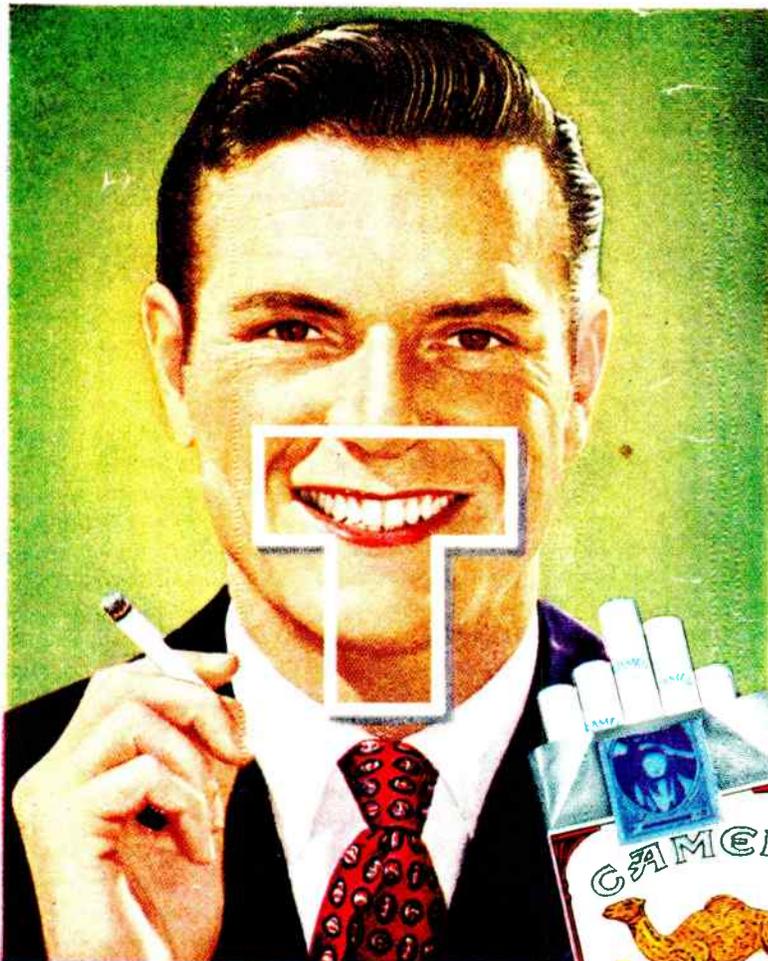
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