

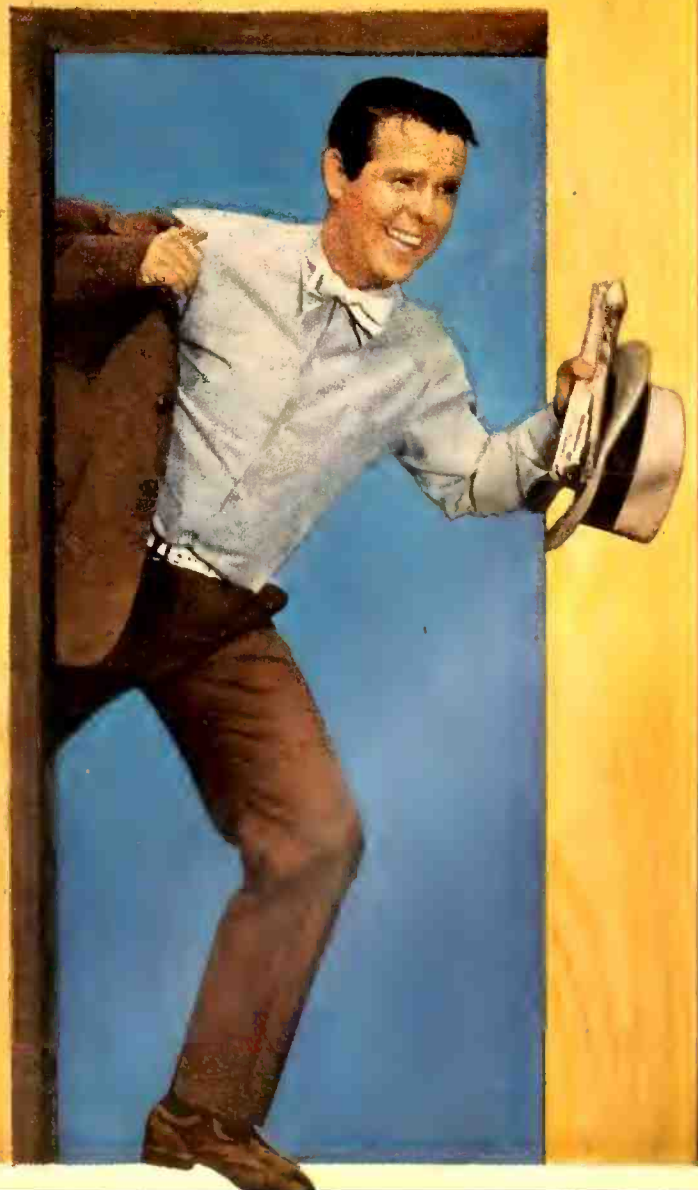
RADIO AND TELEVISION **MIRROR**

NOVEMBER • 25c

Blondie—My Favorite Mother—page 40



Dagwood's House of Happiness—page 42



Come and visit **ART LINKLETTER**

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN *in pictures*

A Lovelier Skin is yours with your First Cake of Camay!

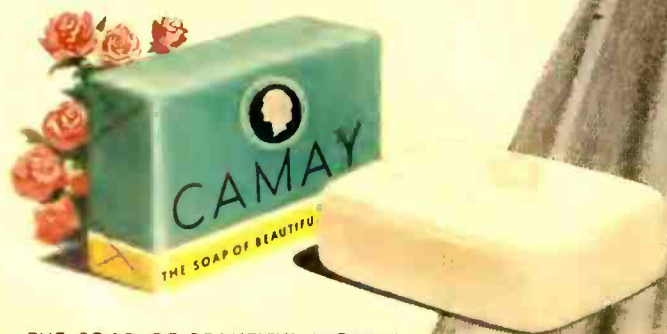
You're as lovely as your complexion!
And your skin can grow in loveliness with
your *first cake* of Camay. Do this!
Give up careless cleansing—go on the
Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested Camay
care on scores of women—found most
complexions grew softer and smoother with
just *one cake* of Camay! Follow the directions
on the wrapper for a really lovelier skin!

MEET MR. AND MRS. GAVERT!

Paul proposed in a tiny New York restaurant. No wonder! Christine's lovely complexion calls for love! "My very *first cake* of Camay led to a lovelier skin," says she.



The Gaverts have lots of mutual interests besides music. And Paul takes a special interest in Christine's complexion. She'll stay on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!



THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

MRS. PAUL A. GAVERT
the former Christine Lindseth of Grand Rapids, Mich.
bridal partrait painted by *S. J. [Signature]*



Keep your hands evening-soft all day long!



This fabulous lotion is double-beauty magic here... as well as here...



HARD-AT-WORK and "on display," your hands lead a double life. So—pamper them with the double-beauty magic of Trushay.

Trushay, you see, is first of all a velvet-soft lotion—with a wondrous touch you've never known before. A luxury lotion for

all your lotion needs—a joy to use any time. Every fragrant, peach-colored drop is so rich, your hands feel softer and smoother instantly!

Yet... Trushay's magic doesn't stop there. It also brings to you a fabulous "beforehand" extra!

Smoothed on your hands before doing dishes or light laundry, Trushay protects them even in hot, soapy water. Guards them from drying damage. So your hands stay evening-soft all day long!

Adopt Trushay's double-beauty help—begin today to use Trushay!

★ TRUSHAY
PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS



★
the lotion with the "beforehand" extra
★

She Only Loves My Dog!



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

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

LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream



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

NEW!
ECONOMY SIZE
EXTRA RIBBON!
EXTRA VALUE! 59¢

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

NOVEMBER, 1948

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VOL. 30, NO. 6

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Coming Next Month



THAT seal at the head of the column is there to remind you that it's not all over yet! You've voted, this month, for your favorite radio personalities; next month comes your chance to vote for your favorite programs. Don't lie down on the job of telling radio what you think of it—it's important to the industry to know what you expect of it, and it's vital to you if you want to get real entertainment from your radio set! As soon as you get your December Radio Mirror, fill in that ballot, cut it out, and send it in.

* * *

If you're a Duffy's Tavern customer—as who isn't—there's a big surprise waiting for you when we visit Ed Gardner. The man who holds down the Tavern has a family life of his own that you'd never expect. From the beautiful color portraits of his French wife and his two delightful sons right down to the stories of the dogs in his life, this visit with Ed Gardner is one you'll never forget.

* * *

To Candy Bergen, who's very, very young, Charlie McCarthy and Mortimer Snerd are dear old friends. That's all very well for now, but—as you'll learn from Frances (Mrs. Edgar) Bergen's lively story about "EB and the Boys," there's a problem coming up. What are they going to tell Candy when she gets a little older and wants to know why her playmates have wooden heads? In fact, Frances herself is sometimes a little confused—but not too confused to realize that never was a family more fun than the one that came with Edgar.

* * *

Other features stud the December issue like gems—a color spread on Don McNeill's Breakfast Club; a unique side-glance at Drew Pearson by a man who knows him really well; a double-barreled chat with Margaret and Barbara Whiting. For those of you who are old friends of David Harum, a special treat—a backward glance, in pictures, over David Harum's story from the time Aunt Polly came to live with him. And once again—remember the Awards ballot, in December Radio Mirror, on sale November 10.



Now! Keep your hands as kissable as your lips...with new Woodbury Lotion

*It's Beauty-Blended . . .
Actually 2-lotions-in-1*

1. A softening lotion! Helps bring your hands adorable new softness. Beauty-blended with luxury lanolin and other costlier-than-usual skin smoothers.
2. A protective lotion, too! This same Woodbury beauty-blend helps "glove" your hands against roughening, reddening wind and cold, the drying effect of soap and water.

At drug and cosmetic counters, 15c, 29c, 49c plus tax



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



When a WTOP comedian tells a joke, Johnny's piano sneaks in, titters, chuckles and finally guffaws.

JOKES SET TO Music

DOES a joke have a melody? Johnny Salb says yes. And he proves it, to the delight of Washington, D. C., listeners, on his various appearances on WTOP broadcasts.

When a WTOP artist begins a joke, Salb's piano sneaks in behind with a gentle riffle. As the pay-off line nears, the piano chuckles. At the funny ending, the piano laughs merrily. It's all the marvelous touch of Johnny Salb, who finds melody in jokes.

"Every joke needs different music, different timing," Salb says. "Some are simple and outright. Others take a subtle combination. Most jokes about farms, by the way, are in the key of C, but don't ask me why. I just feel it that way."

Handsome, gray-haired Johnny is piano player to U. S. Presidents; song writer; and as much a part of WTOP as the studios themselves. For 16 years he has been musical mainstay of Columbia's 50,000 watt outlet in the nation's capital.

He was a partner of Arthur Godfrey when that unpredictable "man with the barefoot voice" was getting his start at WTOP. From 1932 to 1946 Johnny and Arthur clowned together on the air.

A native of Washington, Johnny has been composer, arranger, band leader, and featured radio pianist and organist. Local musicians will tell you that nobody can ad-lib those heart-felt musical bridges during dramas as well as organist Salb.

At a recent WTOP studio party an actor began to ad-lib a burlesque on a daytime serial, taking all the parts himself. Johnny quietly moved to the studio Hammond organ and began to supply musical interludes and background mood music.

Not a line or a note had been planned, but the act kept the whole staff of sophisticated radio people laughing for fifteen minutes. Salb's intimate "feel" for the hilarious story as it developed brought forth growling,



"Every joke needs different music, different timing," says Johnny Salb, right. "Most farm jokes are in the key of C."

sobbing, wailing, and laughing music just as though the whole thing had been rehearsed for days.

As one might expect, Salb is also a song writer. His latest is "Why Do I Keep On Dreaming." He has had six songs published within five years. He got a good start in this work—years ago when he was starting musical composition and arranging he was helped by a man named Victor Herbert.

Johnny is no stranger at the White House. He has played at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue for five presidents: Wilson, Harding, Coolidge, Hoover, and Roosevelt.

Off-mike, Johnny loves to fish, play poker, and watch the horses run. A former baseball player, he was the first man in organized baseball to score two home runs in one inning.



It is the party of the year . . . her night-of-nights. Down below are dozens of girls who will envy her looks . . . dozens of men who will cut in endlessly . . . and one in particular who will press her close when the lights are low and whisper "Darling!". . . So she thinks. Unfortunately, it isn't going to be that way. There's a fly in the ointment as big as a blackbird. Instead of eagerness and attention she will meet indifference and neglect. Tonight will be one of the grimmest nights of her life . . . one that it will take a long time to live down. And she won't know why*!

All too often it happens that way; on the very night you wish to be at your best you may be at your worst without realizing it. Unfortunately, halitosis* (unpleasant

A Darling goes to her Doom

breath) doesn't always announce itself to the victim, but it invariably shouts its presence to others. They are likely to hold it against you for a long time . . . look on you as an objectionable person. Isn't it foolish to risk putting yourself in the worst possible light when Listerine Antiseptic is such an easy, quick and wholly delightful precaution against simple, non-systemic bad breath? You merely rinse your mouth with it and instantly your breath becomes sweeter, fresher, less likely to offend.

So . . . when you want to be at your best, never, never omit Listerine Antiseptic before any date . . . it's an *extra-careful* precaution against offending.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Missouri

**You can
say "yes"
to Romance**



Because

**Veto says "no"
to Offending!**

Veto says "no"—to perspiration worry and odor! Soft as a caress... exciting, new, Veto is Colgate's wonderful cosmetic deodorant. Always creamy and smooth, Veto is lovely to use, keeps you lovely all day! Veto stops underarm odor instantly, checks perspiration effectively.

Veto says "no"—to harming skin and clothes! So effective...yet so gentle—Colgate's Veto is harmless to normal skin. Harmless, too, even to filmy, most fragile fabrics. For Veto alone contains Duratex, Colgate's exclusive ingredient to make Veto safer. No other deodorant can be like Veto!

**TRUST ALWAYS
TO VETO
IF YOU VALUE
YOUR CHARM!**



**HEAD
START**

By
Mary Jane Fulton

*Have the courage Cathleen Cordell had, and
change to a new hairdo so you, too, will look lovelier*

FALL hair styles are very much in the news. But Albert Attermeyer, noted New York hairstylist, prefers not to refer to them as "The New Look" coiffures. That expression has been popular in every phase of fashion for a year now, and he thinks you may be as tired of hearing it as he is. It has had many interpretations. But originally it meant short hair arranged toward the face and over the ears. However, along with other hairstylists, Albert believes, and rightly so, that any fashion is only becoming when it's styled to the individual. With this opinion one of his steady customers, Cathleen Cordell, heartily agrees.

Cathleen appears on countless radio programs, among them Studio One, Christopher Welles, Grand Central Station, and Mr. Keen. Daily, she plays Marion Burton on CBS's the Second Mrs. Burton program.

In creating this pretty coiffure for Cathleen, Albert shaped and thinned her hair, shampooed it, and then gave it a permanent. Her hair was in good condition, so it did not need special treatment. However, if yours needs extra attention to get it back to its rightful beauty, and to keep it beautiful, brush it twice daily with a clean, stiff-bristled brush. Massage your scalp with your fingertips. Shampoo your hair often. After rinsing the suds out of it with warm water, give it a final cold rinse to close the pores and stimulate scalp circulation. Then use a cream

rinse, or if it's sun-streaked, a tint-rinse to help cover up any discoloration and to bring out the highlights.

In setting Cathleen's hair, Albert arranged the first forehead wave to accent her interesting "Widow's Peak." When dry, this first wave was combed up to give height to her face. The wave is on a slant, and barely touches her right temple. The very short part is over her left temple, and camouflaged or partly covered with one loose, brushed out curl. On both sides the ends have been brushed over the finger so that there is a completely broken circle of loose and casual looking short curls. Her over-all coiffure combines with her face outline, and the brushed out "curl puffs" fall softly and becomingly, and do not conform to a rigid pattern. If your face is inclined to be round, too, style it high in front as Albert has done Cathleen's, and let your hair caress your face on both sides.

In the back, Cathleen's hair is shaped in a simple, sleek, cap-fitting crown. The hairline at the back fits into the sides with the same loose, brushed out curl arrangement. Hair that's been shaped and thinned out, Albert says, does not drag the curls down by its weight.

Although he fashioned this particular hairdo for Cathleen, not being an extreme style, many of you should be able to wear it becomingly. And it has a newer look than the old "new look."

RADIO MIRROR for BETTER LIVING

says **AVA GARDNER:**

"New Woodbury Powder wins with me—
the smoothest, satiny finish my skin has ever known!"



AVA GARDNER, co-starred in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "The Bribe", is one of the many Hollywood beauties who chose New Woodbury Powder.

Today—
see the Dramatic Difference on your skin!

See for yourself that New Woodbury Powder gives a smooth-as-satin finish to skin (a finish never possible with powder alone before!)... see that Woodbury covers tiny blemishes amazingly...yet gives the natural 'unpowdery' look that you and Hollywood adore!

See that the colors are warmer, lovelier, livelier! Truly, New Woodbury is the world's finest face powder!

TWICE NEW!
New Secret Ingredient gives a satin-smooth finish to your skin!
New Revolutionary Process—plus Woodbury's "Super-Blender" give warmest, liveliest shades, finest texture!



6 exciting Shades! Get New Woodbury Powder—in the new "Venus" box—at any cosmetic counter. Large size \$1.00. Medium and "Purse" sizes 30¢ and 15¢. (Prices plus tax)

NO NEWS is . . . ? ? ?



Good news to Ray Walton are the dispatches coming in through the UP teletype for the Newsreel of the Air.

NO NEWS is bad news to Ray Walton and Tom Moore of WIBG in Philadelphia, and with good reason. Six nights a week, from eleven to midnight, they're on the air for Greystone Wines with a *full hour* of news.

Starting with a quarter hour of World and National events, they follow that with a 15-minute period of local news, 15 minutes of sports, and a resumé of the day's news highlights.

National and world news is invariably plentiful, making the first 15 minutes of the show the easiest to compile. From time to time a dearth of local news has Walton, who does the editing, calling Reading, Atlantic City and Harrisburg (all in an area of interest to WIBG's listeners) for additional news.

During the baseball season, when an occasional rainout across the country cancels out the major league ball games, as well as outdoor midget racing and boxing bouts, the sports section of the program becomes a problem.

Along with straight news, the program frequently features material recorded during special events which take place in Philadelphia during the day. Presidential addresses, regardless of where they are made, are always rebroadcast on the Newsreel.

During the National Conventions in Philadelphia last summer, Tom Moore spent all his time at Convention Hall, recording every session of the meetings, and then, cut and condensed that material to give Newsreel listeners a capsule story of each day's important speeches and features.

The newscasters themselves are both War veterans. Walton was a cadre-man on the big guns at Ft. Sill, Oklahoma throughout the war, while Moore received the DFC and the Air Medal for bombardier work over Germany.

Walton and Moore are both married and each is the father of two children. There the similarity in their careers and characters stops.

Walton, before coming into radio, was a musician and still can do a good job with an organ, piano or accordian. He has never, however, in his five years there, done a musical stint on WIBG. His hobbies are music and traveling to any portion of the state in which the bass are biting.

Moore began his radio career, while still in high school, doing school broadcasts for WIBG, and upon graduation, taking a full-time announcer's slot there. His entire radio career has been with WIBG, except for some recruiting programs he did for the Army while in service.

Flying, which he learned while in service, has become his hobby since returning to civilian life. It has served him well, for he has been able to use it to cover news events from the air. Moore never buys a newspaper while Walton says he does, but for only one reason. He's "just gotta see what Terry and the Pirates are doing."



Who says working for a living can't be fun? Not Tom Moore, WIBG's roving reporter for the Newsreel of the Air, here shown interviewing lovely Irene Dunne.

Are you in the know?



Do you open bobby pins with —

- Your fingernails
- Your front teeth
- Your left thumb

Why fight "bobbies" tooth and nail? Either approach wrecks enamel. Instead, hold curl with left fingers, bringing up pin with right hand. Open pin with ball of left thumb; keep apart with flesh of right finger . . . the rest is easy. And by the way, why don't you rest easy, concerning certain stubborn worries? Let Kotex rout those poise-wreckers! —with the *extra* protection you get with Kotex' exclusive safety center. It's accident insurance!



Which improves outside ankles?

- Massage
- Spike heels
- Roller skating

What with longer skirts, all eyes are riveted to your ankles! Got "steinway" stems? Try this. First, cream hands and ankles. Grasp instep firmly; rub up above ankle, lifting hand between strokes. Faithful massage helps relieve congestion—improve circulation (and ankles, in time). However, it takes no time at all to have the *napkin* size you want. Quickly as you can say "Kotex"—you can choose from those 3 *Kotex* sizes: find the very one for you.



If he's your guest, what about tickets?

- Buy them at the door
- Buy them in advance
- The boy should buy them

Could be he goes to a different school; or lives in another town. In any case, when gal invites guy, the shindig tickets are *her* problem. Buy and hand 'em over in advance. Don't fluster him by fumbling at the door. There's a way you can stay unflustered . . . even though your calendar defies you. It's simply a matter of choosing Kotex, knowing those *flat pressed ends* prevent revealing outlines. So, relax. And skylark through the dance in confidence!



When a gal's not "one of the gang"—why?

- She's shy
- She's a glow worm
- She's a vacuum cleaner

Shyness is only one reason why a cutie's out of the fun. She may be a glow worm (self-centered). Or a vacuum cleaner (picks up all the dirt). Any answer above can be right. The cure? More interests! Learn to get along with others. Good way's to join

a dramatic club. Be a good trouper, *whatever* the day—for Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it. Yes, *new* Kotex has wonder-softness that *holds its shape*. Come hours of rehearsals—you're chafe-free! You're comfortable!

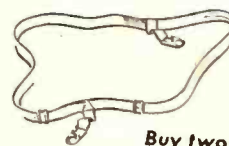


Why does a gal buy 2 sanitary belts?

- For extra security
- For that "bondbox feeling"
- One belt's for her sister

Next time you're dressing for a date—donning fresh undies, a charming frock—you'll want a change of sanitary belts. Yes, for that crisp, "bondbox feeling" you need *two* Kotex Sanitary Belts, for a *change*.

You know, the *Kotex Belt* is made to lie flat, without twisting or curling. And because it's adjustable, all-elastic, your *Kotex Belt* fits smoothly; doesn't bind. So—for more comfort, buy the new *Kotex Sanitary Belt*. And buy *two*—for a *change*!



Kotex Sanitary Belt

Buy two—by name!



More women choose **KOTEX** than all other sanitary napkins

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

From the Jack Smiths' vacation album: a



Horace Heidt will never have to force 1-year-old Horace, Jr., to practice his pieces! Hildegard, who's 6, looks on.



Facing

THAT great man of jazz, Louis "Satchmo" Armstrong, seems to be ready to make another trans-Atlantic trip shortly. Louis' group did so well in France earlier this year that all of the continent is begging to see and hear them again.

* * *

Television got one of its first real tastes of be-bop music when the Original Amateur Hour on WABD presented a mechanic from Hoboken, New Jersey, who almost "stopped the show." Chet Boswell, the amateur singer, was quoted as saying that be-bop "Isn't corn like Dixieland—it's long-hair jazz!"

* * *

They say that three is a lucky number and it appears as though Lena Horne's third waxing for MGM will hit the jackpot. Her rendition of "Sometimes I'm Happy" and "Mad, Mad, Mad" is exciting enough to make this almost as thrilling as listening to lovely Lena in person at Monte Proser's Copacabana in New York, where she is currently breaking the records she established last year.

* * *

Good news for radio fans this month is the return of Dinah Shore to the air as the co-star of the Eddie Cantor show. It was with the ebullient Cantor that Dinah got her first big break years ago and the two work together as smoothly as pancakes and syrup.

* * *

Young maestro Elliot Lawrence makes his screen debut this month in the latest of



Before dispersing to their separate rehearsals, Red Skelton, Allan Jones, Margaret Whiting chat at CBS.

shot of perfect summertime ease on Catalina.



Percy Faith with Jane Froman on CBS Pause That Refreshes—Jane without crutches for the first time since plane crash.

the Music

By
**DUKE
ELLINGTON**

whose disc show is heard on WOKO-Albany, WUSN-Charleston, S. C., WCMB-Lemoyne, Pa.



Columbia Pictures' "Thrills Of Music" series. "Five O'Clock Shadow," the number which his band plays in this film, is one of Elliot's original compositions, and quite a bouncy tune it is.

* * *

Few sights in radio today are as thrilling as that of spunky Jane Froman standing, unaided, at the microphone of her Sunday eve Pause That Refreshes program (CBS).

* * *

Hollywood reports that one of the biggest crowds in the history of Gilmore Stadium turned out for the annual charity baseball game between the teams captained by Frank Sinatra and Andy Russell. Many of filmdom's loveliest ladies, including Jane Russell, were on hand to participate as bat-boys, umpires and peanut vendors—but the fellow who almost stole the show with his spectacular work in the field and at bat was Lionel Hampton, stalwart of the Sinatra Swooners.

* * *

If you sense anything strange about the Andrews Sisters since their return to Bob Crosby's Club 15 (CBS, 7:30 P.M. Mon.-Fri.) but can't quite put your finger on it, try listening more carefully to their diction. After a month in England, Patty, Maxene and Laverne frequently drop their "aitches" while quipping with Bob, and more than once throw a "pip, pip" into their normally groovy patter.



New York's welcome to visiting Peggy Lee and Dave Barbour was written on a cake at a Hampshire House party.

R
M

There's Nothing Quite Like **Alka-Seltzer**

Next time you have a headache, remember, there is nothing quite like Alka-Seltzer for fast relief from headache pains:

(1) Alka-Seltzer contains one of the world's most effective pain-relieving agents. (2) This pain-relieving agent is protected by valuable alkaline buffers for increased

effectiveness. (3) Alka-Seltzer's fizzing, effervescent action speeds its pain-relieving agent to the source of pain—for really fast relief!

No wonder so many thousands are turning to Alka-Seltzer for relief of headache pains! Why don't you? Sold at all drug stores, U.S. and Canada.



for HEADACHES ACID INDIGESTION DISCOMFORT OF COLDS MUSCULAR ACHES and PAINS

Even a Queen can have a headache. Tho her reign is but a day. But wise Queens lose Their headache blues The Alka-Seltzer way.



News: a new Benny Goodman release.



By Joe Martin

DANCING OR LISTENING

JO STAFFORD (Capitol)—Superb orchestral backing enhances Miss Stafford's vocals on "Baby, Won't You Please Come Home" and "Trouble In Mind." The former side is the old standard which also features Nat Cole on piano, Ray Linn on trumpet and Herbie Haymer on tenor sax, while the latter side is a fine blues tune.

MARION HUTTON (MGM)—Marion sings a couple of novelty tunes that sound as though they were written for sister Betty. Replete with orchestral backing, calliope and male chorus, "He Says, She Says" has a cute lyric. The reverse, "Borscht," done in a slow bounce tempo is fine for dancing.

PHIL GREEN (London)—Some Richard Rodgers music that hasn't received the attention it should have had is presented by the Phil Green Orchestra in a two-sided instrumental version of "Slaughter On Tenth Avenue," originally written as dance scene for Ray Bolger. The recurring theme would make for a fine ballad.

LENA HORNE (MGM)—Lena sings "It's Mad, Mad, Mad" with great effectiveness and feeling. Our preference, however, is for "Sometimes I'm Happy," the Vincent Youmans-Irving Caesar song. Luther Henderson accompaniment is just fine, fine, fine.

ANNE SHELTON-SAM BROWNE (London)—This disc will certainly dispel any doubts you may have had about the English being able to turn out "cornball" music in American fashion. It's strictly a toss-up whether "The Law Is Comin' Fer Ya Paw" or "Say Something Sweet To Your Sweetheart" will be the big hit of the season.

BENNY GOODMAN (Capitol)—Did you ever stop to think that Benny has never made a bad record? Each of us may have opinions on specific BG discs, but there is no variance about the general level of his work. Specifically, we think you'll like both "Cherokee" and "Love Is Just Around The Corner." Featured with Benny are Red Norvo, Don Lamond and Harry Babbs.

LOUIS PRIMA (RCA Victor)—Cathy Allen is a girl singer who should be getting lots more attention from the public. Her version of "Bubble-Loo Bubble-Loo" is second only to Peggy Lee's. Cathy's boss, Louis Prima, has a version of "The Sad Cowboy" that is second to none.

REV. KELSEY AND LENA PHILLIPS (MGM)—The Reverend and his congregation have recorded two portions of a prayer meeting that are fine down-to-earth bits of American folkdom. Miss Phillips' singing of "Lord Send The Rain" is truly interesting.

DORIS DAY AND BUDDY CLARK (Columbia)—This combination seems to have found the key to the public's heart. Their version of "I'm In Love" is still in the bright conversational style of singing. Doris sings "It's You Or No One" all by her lonesome on the reverse side.

JOHNNY DESMOND (Columbia)—It's been some time since the phrase "G. I. Sinatra" has been tossed about and we haven't been hearing enough of Johnny. There isn't one single reason why you won't like "Bella Bella Marie" and "Lillette." The Dell Trio supplies the backgrounds.

DEE PARKER (Mercury)—An instrumental group called the Miniatures surrounds Dee's warbling with much nice noise. Dee does well, too, on "My Curly Headed Baby" and "That's The Way He Does It."

ALBUM ARTISTRY

NURSERY RHYMES (Capitol)—Ken Carson's vocals to Billy May's music are combined to make one of the best of the recent children's sets. Two records in an envelope that also serves as a coloring book make an excellent package for the small small-fry.

LOUIS ARMSTRONG ALL STARS (RCA Victor)—The immortal and inimitable Satchmo is heard at some of his most recent stylings of such old favorites as "Rockin' Chair" and "Pennies From Heaven." Heavy support for Louis comes from Jack Teagarden, and Peanuts Hucko, Bobby Hackett, Bob Haggert and George Wettling also shine. This one is specially for the two-beat enthusiasts.

There was temptation
in her helpless silence



... and then torment

WHEREVER motion pictures are shown "Johnny Belinda" will be the most discussed drama this year . . .

Never has the screen been more fearlessly outspoken. Rarely, if ever, has there been a story of a young girl's betrayal to touch you as will this one. You certainly will want to see it—we urge you to watch for the opening date.

WARNER BROS.

present a daring and courageous new dramatic achievement

JANE WYMAN · LEW AYRES

With this performance Jane Wyman unquestionably establishes her talent as among the very foremost on the screen.

The doctor first to find her secret, first to share her shame.



"Johnny Belinda"

WITH
CHARLES BICKFORD

DIRECTED BY
AGNES MOOREHEAD · STEPHEN McNALLY · JEAN NEGULESCO · JERRY WALD
PRODUCED BY
Screen Play by IRMGARD VON CUBE and ALLEN VINCENT · From the Stage Play by Elmer Harris · Produced by Harry Wagstaff Gribble · Music by MAX STEINER



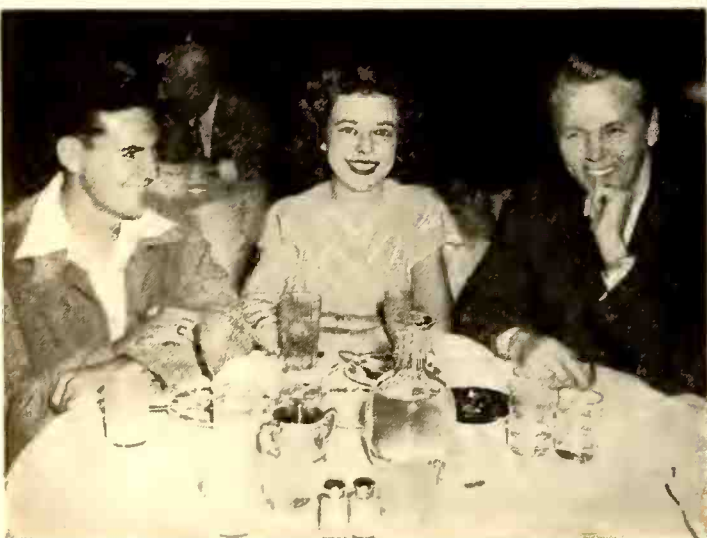
R
M



Spotlight Revue's summer maestro, Dick Jurgens, (r.) and singer Georgia Gibbs, start Betty Ann Beresheim and Ted Hubert, Miami teenagers, on weekend in New York as Spotlight Revue's guests.



From Atlanta came winners Margaret Nelson and Allan Haller, with chaperone Celestine Sibley.



Memphis winners Earl Cunningham Jr., and Martha Kenley drew actor John Lund as lunch companion.

What's New



New York at their feet: the Memphis pair again.

ALL SUMMER long there has been much coming and going on the Spotlight Revue, heard Fridays at 10:30 P.M. EST, on CBS, as the weekly Junior Achievement winners came along on the holiday weekends they'd won. In cooperation with civic groups all over the country, the Spotlight's sponsors worked out a contest which was won, each week, by a pair of enterprising teen-agers on the basis of the community work they'd been doing. Adequately chaperoned, they were brought here from their home towns, appeared on the program with Spotlight's summertime maestro, Dick Jurgens, lunched at Sardi's, dined at the Stork, and in general had the kind of sight-seeing, star-gazing weekend New York is famous for. On these two pages you'll meet some of these fortunate couples, and see some of the things they did. This was a summer at Spotlight Revue!

At the time of this writing, agents and agency people are bickering and dickering over the return of the Johnny Madero show. Some want Brian Donlevy for the lead role, others want Jack Webb, who originated the character, to continue in the part. Personally, we hope they make up their collective minds. The Johnny Madero script always greatly pleased this pair of ears and, leave us face it, this head, too. It was a sure proof that there's a listening audience for adult shows and that people can follow dialogue that's not corny and contains a few grown-up ideas.

BY
DALE
BANKS

Penny Singleton (need we say "Blondie"?) has been optioned by a nationally-known publishing company to submit a book of recipes

from Coast to Coast



surveying the town from the Empire State tower.



It was Chinatown that drew Texas winners Floyd Eberhard and Delores Douglas on their weekend.



Dorothea Lensch chaperones Elaine Humburg and Richard Hammond, of Portland, Ore., on Fifth Ave.

titled "Dagwood's Favorite Recipes." And we always thought those monster sandwiches were a gag and would choke anyone who tried them!

Congratulations to CBS for winning Norman Corwin back into the radio fold for another of his series. Rumor had it, for awhile there, that Corwin was forsaking the air lanes for the lucrative movie world.

In case you haven't spotted it yet, a new magazine hits the stands this October. It's built around the radio show, *Bride and Groom* and, at this writing, is titled *Happy Marriage*. There's a \$50,000 prize contest connected with its inauguration. The plans are to have about one sixth of the magazine devoted to the radio program it's built around and the rest will carry fiction and articles of interest to young homemakers.

Alan Young has a rather unusual contract with the Jimmy Durante show. As a rule, when you are signed by a big time program like that, they buy your exclusive services. Young's contract gives him the privilege of having his own show, as well.

We hear that NBC is set on a deal with *Liberty Magazine* whereby the network buys the video rights to stories and features which have appeared in the magazine.

We hear that Chet Lauck is back in the horse racing game again. He'd given up his stables some time ago, after running into a streak of very bad luck. But the urge to race is too strong, now Chet has (Continued on page 18)



King—Ed, that is—of KDKA triples in writing producing, acting and supports a wife as well.

King OF KDKA

At the end of the day, Ed is usually asleep at his typewriter, but wife Wendy, former Ft. Wayne newswoman, just seems to go on and on and on.

TRIPLE-THREAT man at KDKA, Pittsburgh Westinghouse station, is Ed King—writer, producer and actor.

He had no set plan for his future when he finished school in his native La Crosse, Wisconsin, but he did have a flair for writing—a flair which first got him interested in newspaper work. Radio beckoned him in 1937 when he took a job at WKBH in La Crosse as a continuity writer.

But the attraction of the newsroom was still stronger and he left WKBH to go to Chicago as a free lance writer and later as a reporter and rewrite man on the Tribune. Something else happened in Chicago, however—he got his first taste of big time radio as assistant to the production manager at WGN.

That definitely launched him on a radio career and during the years before World War II he gathered experience as program director at WSJS, Winston Salem, N. C., and as a writer and production man at the Westinghouse station in Ft. Wayne, Indiana, WOWO.

Uncle Sam called him and he went off to the wars as a member of the Army Air Corps Intelligence. Shortly after he won a discharge, King joined the staff of KDKA January 15, 1946.

His first assignment at the Pittsburgh station was as a gag man and script writer for the noon-time Variety show, "Brunch With Bill," a Monday-through-Friday half hour feature. For a time, while the show's originator, Bill Hinds, was in the Army, King wrote script and acted as Brunchmaster. When Hinds returned to the Station, King continued as writer and actor.

The five-day-a-week stint left him too much time on his hands, however, and he set about writing other shows. His next effort was a serious dramatic presentation, "The Man Who Forgot," a Good Friday drama based on the story of Pontius Pilate. It has since become a KDKA tradition and is presented every Good Friday.

His next effort was a special summer replacement, "King for a Minute," a 15-minute satirical program in which he poked fun at every kind of stuffed-shirtedness that came his way.

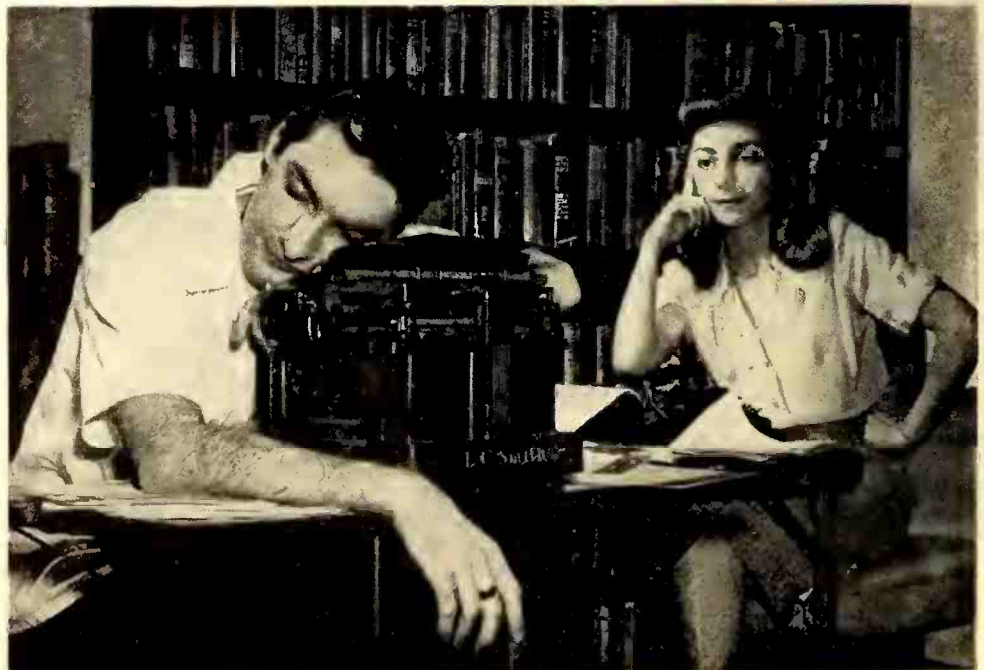
He returned to serious writing just before the National Presidential Campaigns opened when he wrote and produced a 13-week series of half hour dramatic productions entitled "The Star-Spangled 'X'"—a political history of the men who sought the Presidency.

Months of research brought to light little known episodes of the nation's early political conventions. They were presented with true historic flavor and rounded out by the sparkling campaign and folk songs of the day.

In addition to writing and producing KDKA radio shows, King has taken part in many of them as an actor. He has been featured in the Adventures in Research series and in the KDKA public service shows on Sundays at 4:30 P.M.

King and his wife, Wendy, live in suburban Beechview and devote their spare time to their book and record collections. Wendy, former Ft. Wayne newspaper woman and continuity writer, continues her radio work in Pittsburgh as a free-lance writer for advertising agencies.

They both like radio and now that they're sure it's here to stay, they are exploring the possibilities of television.



9 out of 10 Screen Stars
are Lux Girls!

"My Lux Soap facials
bring quick new Loveliness!"

says Myrna Loy

HERE'S a proved complexion care! In recent Lux Toilet Soap tests by skin specialists, actually three out of four complexions became lovelier in a short time!

"Smooth the fragrant lather well in," says Myrna Loy. "Rinse with warm water, then cold. As you pat with a soft towel to dry, skin takes on fresh new beauty!"

Don't let neglect cheat you of romance. Take Hollywood's tip. See what this gentle beauty care will do for you!



Myrna Loy

Star of
Republic Pictures'

"THE RED PONY"

R
M

WHAT'S NEW FROM COAST to COAST



Dinah Shore was a recent radio "instructor" in Los Angeles' new Board of Education training program.

(Continued from page 15)
started buying horses again and is pinning high hopes on a colt that will probably be named "Gorgeous George," if the name is passed by the U. S. Jockey Club.

After all the fine talk about how television is going to be such a big thing in such a short time, Sid Strotz, NBC's head of television, threw a lakeful of cold water

on the whole thing recently. He predicted that losses by the pioneers in the new field would be staggering for the next three years and that a national hook-up would be economically impossible for at least 10 years. Expect to hear some large beefs from other experts, soon.

* * *

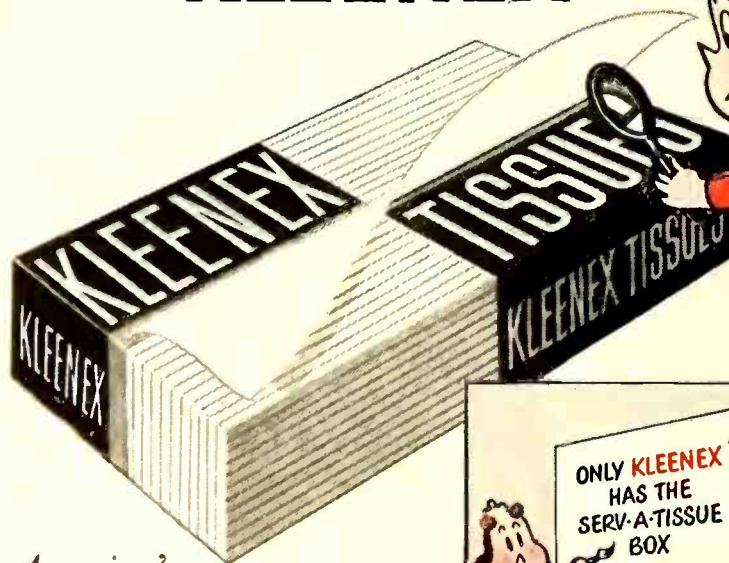
One of the reasons Jack Barry, who emcees Life Begins at 80, gave up his search for the oldest living person in the country was that birth records were not too carefully kept more than fifty years ago. Jack even now runs into difficulties in getting documentary evidence of the ages of people trying to get on the show. He says that some of the oldsters seeking spots on the panel produce all kinds of documents, their driver's licenses, insurance policies, passports, Spanish American War discharge certificates, wills, contracts and even the birth certificates of their children—which in most instances contain the ages of the parents—but never has one of the applicants produced his or her own birth certificate.

* * *

GOSSIP AND STUFF . . . Tommy Dorsey is buying out his disc jockey show and handling the recorded stanza and all its business by himself . . . William L. Shirer has written a play which is making the rounds of Broadway producers . . . Raymond Paige is working on movie shorts based on the idea of his Musicomedy radio series—dramatizing leading magazine stories and fitting music to them . . . Martin Block has his headquarters back in New York again . . . Several record companies are in a bad shape and likely to fold before the end of the year . . . Marion Hutton has been working with the Marx Brothers on their new picture, due to hit the nation's screens soon . . . Dick Powell is making another movie based on an original story . . . Phil Baker has been busy writing a book on his 30 years in show business . . . That's all for this month. Happy listening.

Compare Tissues... Compare Boxes —

There is only **ONE**
KLEENEX*



LITTLE LULU
by Marge

©International Cellucotton Products Co.

America's
Favorite Tissue



With Kleenex you save time, trouble, tissues. Pull just one double tissue at a time. Next one pops up ready for use!

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



Collector's Corner

By SARAH VAUGHAN

(Sarah Vaughan has been acclaimed a foremost song stylist of modern times. During the past year she's won top honors in many polls. She won the 1947 Esquire Award as the outstanding new singing star of the year. Sarah, who's 23 years old, was singing in the choir of the Mount Zion Baptist Church, Newark, N. J., until five years ago when she won an amateur contest at a New York theater and a job as vocalist with Earl Hines' band. She was signed by Musicraft Records in 1946 and has been that label's top-selling artist.)

MY FAVORITE TEN VOCAL RECORDS

1. "Ave Maria" by Marian Anderson
2. "Nancy" by Frank Sinatra
3. "Around About Midnight" by Margaret Whiting
4. "A Sunday Kind of Love" by Jo Stafford
5. "It's Monday Every Day" by Jo Stafford
6. "I'm Getting Sentimental Over You" by Jack Leonard
7. "Stairway To The Stars" by Ella Fitzgerald
8. "Good Morning, Heartaches" by Billie Holiday
9. "Intrigue" by Billy Eckstine
10. "Basin Street Blues" by Herb Jeffries.

My favorites among my own discs are: "The Lord's Prayer," "Everything I Have Is Yours," "It's Magic," all on the Musicraft label.

This list comprises records by all my favorite vocalists. I am heading the list with Marian Anderson's "Ave Maria" because I am a very great admirer of Miss Anderson's work. Many times I have wished that I could go in for the serious kind of work she has done. One of the greatest thrills of my entire career came a short time ago when Miss Anderson called me up to compliment me on my recording of "The Lord's Prayer." To say the least, I was overwhelmed.

My favorite male vocalists are Frank Sinatra and Billy Eckstine. Billy and I worked together with Earl Hines' band, and when Billy started his own band in 1945, I went with him.

As for girl singers, I like and admire a lot of them, particularly Jo Stafford, Ella Fitzgerald, Billie Holiday and Margaret Whiting. I think each has her own particular style, and that is what makes a singer.

Jacqueline Crouse's smile wins a feather for her hat!



Jacqueline Crouse, Art Student, outsparkled 1300 of Boston's brightest beauties in a Community Fund contest to choose the city's 1948 Red Feather Girl. A jury of prominent citizens awarded her the "crown"—a Lilly Dache hat adorned with a red feather, symbol of the Community Chests of America.

Jacqueline's smile has a way with college men, too. They voted her "Sweetheart of Sigma Chi" at Brown University. Now her smile is brightening the campus of the Rhode Island School of Design. "It's a Pepsodent Smile," Jacqueline says. "No other tooth paste will do for me!"

The smile that wins is the Pepsodent Smile!

Jacqueline Crouse knows it, people all over America agree—the smile that wins is the Pepsodent Smile! Pepsodent with Irium is their 3-to-1 favorite for brighter smiles.

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



ANOTHER FINE LEVER BROTHERS PRODUCT

Ross Weller

ENTHUSIAST EXTRAORDINARY

IF there's one word you can associate with Ross Weller—whether you meet him in person, see him before a mike, or hear him over the air—it's "enthusiasm." He has plenty of it, and five long years in the Army, including action on Okinawa, has failed to lessen his spirits.

He has an enthusiasm for his own job and for all branches of show business—including a new one, television. His love for entertainment began back in high school when he was president of the Dramatic Club and continued through college, where he also headed the dramatic group.

The versatile Weller writes, produces and is co-M.C. of WBEN's Early Date at Hengerer's, Buffalo's daily audience show now passing the 1100 mark in broadcasts. This fun-and-music, quiz-and-stunt show originates in the tearoom of Hengerer's Buffalo department store, and it's Ross who thinks up all those stunts and games that keep the visible and listening audience guessing and grinning.

Ross was born in Toronto, Ontario, July 13, 1916. He moved with his parents to Rochester, N. Y. when he was 4 and went through school there, graduating from the University of Rochester in 1938.

He was the sparkplug in dramatics at the university and played three summers of dramatic stock during college vacations. Upon graduation, he went to New York to look over stage prospects and after three months decided that, for him, things didn't look too well.

Young Weller returned to Rochester and was in the auto financing business for a year, but that didn't provide the proper outlet for the enthusiasm of the personable six-footer. In January 1940 he joined WSAY, Rochester, as an announcer, and when he left in January 1942 to become program director at WBTA, Batavia—half-way between Rochester and his future home, Buffalo—he was chief announcer.

Ross joined the Army in September 1941 and had attained the rank of sergeant when he started at Officers' Candidate School. In August 1942, he was commissioned as a second lieutenant.

He was assigned to the 87th infantry division and in 1944 was transferred to Hawaii. There he joined the Tenth Army and was in on the invasion of Okinawa. He remained there until December 22, 1945, when he was hospitalized and flown back to the States.

While at Okinawa he acquired a fungus infection and was hospitalized for eleven months, finally receiving his honorable discharge in October 1946 with the rank of major. He now holds the same rank in the reserve Signal Corps.

Five days out of service, he was back in radio as staff announcer at WHAM, Rochester where he became a special-events man and handled a platter show and a novelty program. He came to WBEN Sept. 22, 1947 and has been announcing, disc-jockeying, writing and producing on a busy schedule ever since.

On April 19, 1947, the rangy Ross married lovely Jane Helen Hoercher of Rochester.



Program hostess Esther Huff with Clint Buehlman and Ross Weller (r.), of Early Date at Hengerer's.



Looking backwards to a happy day, April 19, 1947, when Jane H. Hoercher of Rochester became Mrs. W.

Apple Dumplings

WITH THE NEW LOOK ... AND THE NEW TASTE

EVER SINCE Johnny Appleseed planted his first trees, we Americans have been eating and liking apple dumplings.

Now, everybody'll like 'em even better because there's a new trick, thanks to KARO* Syrup, that gives them a gorgeous golden crust, and a more delicious flavor.

Why not make some KARO apple dumplings today? They're easy and economical. Want to know what your family will say? Just two words ... "More, please".

the KARO kid



*KARO is a registered trade-mark of Corn Products Refining Co., New York, N.Y. © C.P.R. Co., 1948



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

APPLE DUMPLINGS

1 recipe baking powder biscuit dough
 6 medium baking apples, pared and cored
 2 tablespoons melted butter or margarine
 ½ cup sugar
 1½ cups KARO Syrup, Blue Label
 3 tablespoons melted butter or margarine
 2 tablespoons lemon juice
 ¼ teaspoon salt
 1 teaspoon cinnamon
 ¼ teaspoon nutmeg
 ¼ cup water

Roll baking powder biscuit dough into a rectangle ⅛ inch thick. Cut into 6 squares. Place an apple in center of each square. Fill centers of apples with mixtures of 2 tablespoons melted butter, sugar, lemon juice, salt and spices. Pinch corners of squares together over each apple. Place in greased pan (7½x12x2 inches). Combine KARO Syrup, water and 3 tablespoons melted butter. Pour over dumplings. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) 10 minutes; reduce temperature to 350° F. and continue baking 35 to 40 minutes or until apples are tender. Baste occasionally with syrup mixture during baking. Makes 6 servings.

KARO adds richness and flavor to baked apples, apple pies, and many other delicious apple dishes. Send today for the FREE recipe booklet, address Helen Halmes, Corn Products Refining Company, 17 Battery Place, New York 4, N.Y.





Pineapple salute to



***COMPANY COCKTAIL**

In many homes, Dole Pineapple Juice is the "Here's to Thanksgiving" drink . . . served in many ways, with festive meals, and even in-between! This holiday season, enjoy its refreshing coolness for "afternoon tea." Its tropic refreshing flavor goes great with salted nuts and fruit cake.

the holidays by **DOLE**



***PINEAPPLE PLUM PUDDING**

Holiday dinners call for plum pudding and yours this year can be better than ever! Just add a cup of drained new Dole Crushed Pineapple to your standard plum pudding recipe. For extra taste-excitement, fold some into your hard sauce, too. The new Dole Crushed, you know, looks better and tastes better because it is crisp-cut. Why not get a can today?

By* **PATRICIA COLLIER
Dole Home Economist

Hawaiian Pineapple Company, Ltd.
215 Market St., San Francisco, Calif.

BEHIND

My True Story

CHARLES Warburton, co-director of *My True Story* (ABC, Monday through Friday at 10 A.M., EST), is one of those actors and directors who has been in the business for so long that he's developed a fine sense of horseplay about the "Profession," as it is called by its devotees. He has an easy laugh, a charming manner, and a voice which over the air and telephone belies his years and experience.

Mr. Warburton comes from an old English theatrical family. He was born in Yorkshire, England, and educated at Wesley College and Sheffield University. When he got through with that formal part of his education he joined the famous acting company of Sir Frank Benson and ". . . spent the next twelve years, really learning."

In 1913, he toured the United States with the Stratford-on-Avon players, but before that tour went too far he returned to England to enlist for service in the First World War. He served three years in France and prefers not to talk about it.

When he returned to England for demobilization, the first person he ran into on the street was the manager of the Old Vic, who invited him to join the company immediately.

In a short while, Mr. Warburton became the leading man of the Old Vic Company and, a year later, he added to his duties that of directing the company.

Late in 1920, Mr. Warburton made a second visit to the United States. This was a visit that never ended, for he's been here ever since and has become an American citizen.

Mr. Warburton auditioned for NBC in 1927 and was promptly hired as an actor-director. He was on the staff of NBC for many years. Now, he's added ABC to his conquests, where he is one

PRODUCER

Charles Warburton





ACTRESS

Edith Fellows

of their most highly respected directors.

Mr. Warburton has been with the My True Story program ever since it started and he figures, roughly, that he's directed about six hundred of the stories that have been presented.

One of the actresses most frequently called upon to appear on the My True Story stanza is tiny Edith Fellows, who tips the scales at exactly 89 pounds, is five feet tall and has hazel eyes and reddish-blonde hair. Which doesn't really describe her after all.

Practically all her life, Edith has been an entertainer. She was born in Boston in 1923 of Scotch-English descent. There is behind her a long line of distinguished artists, singers, actors and politicians.

Edith's baby years were spent in Charlotte, North Carolina, where, as soon as she was able to walk and talk, she was called on to entertain at benefits.

All this was fine in North Carolina. But when Edith was taken to Hollywood at the age of three, her parents discovered that hundreds of other hopeful parents and their talented offspring (at least, so the parents thought) had also had the same idea.

When Edith was finally spotted by a talent scout, she was given tiny extra parts and flashes in mob scenes with hundreds of other children whose parents also hoped they'd be successful one day.

Then, as her roles in pictures grew larger until she was playing opposite Bing Crosby in "Pennies From Heaven" and, even more successfully with Claudette Colbert in "She Married Her Boss," Edith began to get places in radio, too—as a singer. There followed another vaudeville tour, in which producer Brock Pemberton saw her and decided she was just what the doctor ordered to play the title role of "Janie."

Edith has also made her mark in musical comedy. But her debut in that field was not on the Broadway stage, or before the Hollywood cameras. The first audiences to whom she sang were the service men at hospitals and cafeterias.

And from this came a series of musicals such as the title role in the Broadway hit, "Marinka," and leading roles in summer stock productions of "Rosalie," "Student Prince," "Naughty Marietta," "Babes in Toyland" and George Abbott's "Best Foot Forward." This is a young lady who's been knocking around in show business as long as many a veteran of far riper years, but she loves it and can think of no other life that she would rather follow.



YES, I'M JEANNIE. Together, Fred and I turned out songs . . . about love and moonbeams. To annoy me he sometimes whistled "Jeannie with the Light Brown Hair" . . . for my brown hair was nothing to dream about. It was just dingy-looking and unruly.



BACKSTAGE ONE NIGHT, my chum Midge told me the secret of her gorgeous hair. "Lustre-Creme Shampoo," she said. "My hairdresser uses it. It's not a soap, nor a liquid, but a new cream shampoo with lanolin. Use it at home, too, and keep your hair lovely!"

Jeannie with the dull wild hair... now a lovely "LUSTRE-CREME" Girl



WHEN I GAILY ARRIVED at our studio next day, Fred whistled in amazement. "Hold it, Gorgeous!" he cried. "Your hair! It's wonderful! If Stephen Foster could write lyrics about lovely brown hair, so can I. What rhymes with glisten, glamour, sheen, and pays off with lovely dream girl?" Thanks to Lustre-Creme Shampoo, I rated a love song after all.

YOU, TOO . . . can have soft, gleaming, glamorous hair with magical Lustre-Creme Shampoo. Created by Kay Dumfit, to glamorize hair with new 3-way loveliness:

1. Fragrantly clean, free of loose dandruff
2. Glistening with sheen
3. Soft, easy to manage

Lustre-Creme is a blend of secret ingredients—plus gentle lanolin, akin to the oils in a healthy scalp. Lathers richly in hard or soft water. No special rinse needed. Try Lustre-Creme Shampoo! Be a lovely "Lustre-Creme" Girl. 4-oz. jar \$1.00; smaller sizes in jars or tubes, 49¢ and 25¢. At all cosmetic counters. Try it today!

Kay Dumfit, Inc. (Successor) 919 N. Mich. Ave., Chicago, Ill.



For Soft Gleaming Glamorous Hair

Whether you prefer the TUBE or the JAR, you'll prefer LUSTRE-CREME SHAMPOO

Hollywood's **NEWEST** Glamour Secret

Pan-Stik*

RITA HAYWORTH

STAR OF
"THE LOVES
OF CARMEN"

A Columbia Technicolor
Production

A Beckworth Corp.
Picture

PHOTO BY COBURN



The New Cream-Type Make-Up in unique stick form

Now...for you...Hollywood's newest way to create glamorous beauty...instantly...miraculously. It's Pan-Stik...a new amazing cream-type make-up discovery as revolutionary as the first lipstick. Your complexion looks new, flawless, fascinatingly beautiful. Your skin feels soft, refreshed, unbelievably smooth. Pan-Stik is so easy and quick to apply, so light, so long-lasting, so wonderfully convenient, so completely different from anything you have ever used before...
You'll love it from the very first make-up.

CREATED FOR THE SCREEN STARS AND YOU...BY

MAX FACTOR * HOLLYWOOD

IN SEVEN GORGEOUS SHADES...\$1.50

A Secret National Survey Shows...

Most women who have tried Pan-Stik actually prefer it to any make-up they have ever used.

HERE'S WHAT THEY SAY!

- ☆ "I have never used any make-up that is so completely satisfactory."
- ☆ "My skin feels soft, smooth, and natural, and stays fresh-looking from morning to night."
- ☆ "It's so easy to apply, goes on smoothly and evenly, never becomes greasy, streaky, or shiny."
- ☆ "It looks so natural no one knows I have it on - I'm just wild about it."
- ☆ "It covers blemishes, feels satiny smooth and makes my skin look more youthful."
- ☆ "My skin feels refreshed - never drawn, tight, or dry."



REVOLUTIONARY...DIFFERENT

As easy to use as your lipstick!



A few light strokes of Pan-Stik... smoothed with your fingertips... creates a levelier complexion.



Looks glowingly natural, soft and youthful - stays on from morning to night.



Non-drying... your skin feels refreshed... never tight, drawn, or dry.



Easily tucked away for any unexpected make-up need.

*Pan-Stik (trademark) means Max Factor Hollywood Cream-Type Make-Up

Grand Central Station



Around New York City's famous east side Terminal, producer Martin Horrell (above) builds a drama each week. Exciting train-time sounds are re-created by the program's sound-effects men (r.), Jim Rogan, Francis Mellow.

THE play's the thing," Shakespeare said long ago. In hearty agreement with Mr. S. is Martin Horrell, producer and originator of Grand Central Station, popular dramatic show heard every Saturday over the Columbia Broadcasting System network. If Mr. Horrell insists upon adding, "But don't forget the writer," those who know the story behind the stories broadcast on Grand Central Station will readily understand.

Since the first presentation of Grand Central Station in 1937, Martin Horrell has produced a new and different drama on the air each week. Despite his enviable reputation in the radio world as a story editor, he says that could not have sustained the high quality of his program and its

wide listener appeal without a steady flow of radio scripts from fledgling and professional free-lance writers, upon which to mount his painstaking production.

Ten years is a long time on the air and a lot of writing is consumed in that length of time, particularly in a radio show with a different story and a new set of characters coming up every week. These new stories, individual radio dramas, don't just happen. They must be written, and that requires writers. That's where producer Horrell departs from the most-trodden paths. Although the work of well-known radio writers is frequently produced on Grand Central Station, the emphasis is on new talent. Budding authors are encouraged and (Continued on page 96)

The Radio Mirror

LAST year the First Annual Radio Mirror Awards brought the readers of RADIO MIRROR their first opportunity to vote, on a nationwide scale, for their favorite radio programs and performers. Last year, too, marked the first time that the people most closely concerned with the business of radio—the networks, advertising agencies, press agents, and their producers and directors, as well as the radio stars themselves—had an opportunity to learn how the reader-listeners felt about the programs being offered to the public. And after all, the people who listen to radio are the most important people of all to the radio industry.

Now, in 1948, the Radio Mirror Awards, no longer an experiment, but an important part of the radio scene, will again search out listener preferences, again provide the public with a medium through which its voice can be heard, again provide the industry with standards against which to weigh programs already on the air and those planned for future airing. Not only in 1948, but every year—for the Awards are now an important part of the RADIO MIRROR annual schedule.

If you, the listener, have applauded your favorite programs and stars only in your own home, where your opinion can be heard only by your family, here is your chance to be heard coast to coast! And

if your criticism of shows and performers you dislike has also been a family affair, here's the way to make your dislikes known on a large scale. Even if you are one of the people who write to networks about programs, remember that one voice alone makes little sound, but many together can produce earth-shaking volume!

On the opposite page is the first of the two Radio Mirror Awards ballots. On this first ballot, you are invited to state your preferences among the radio stars now on the air. Next to each type of star, printed on the ballot, is a space in which to write the name of the performer who, in your opinion, is the best in that field.

Send your completed ballot to Radio Mirror Magazine, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Results will be announced in the April, 1949, issue of RADIO MIRROR.

Next month, in the December issue of RADIO MIRROR, a ballot on which to vote for your favorite programs will appear. The December issue will be on sale Wednesday, November 10th.

Remember that you can vote only for your favorite stars on the ballot opposite; next month, vote for your favorite programs on the ballot which will be printed in the December issue of RADIO MIRROR.



Awards for 1948

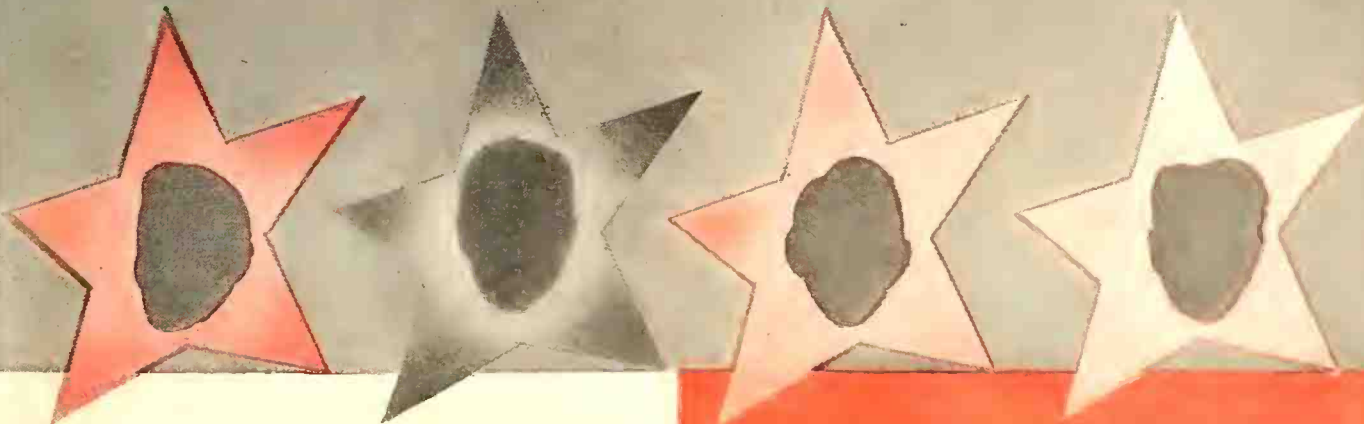
VOTE FOR YOUR FAVORITE STARS

(Write in the name of your *one* favorite star opposite *each* of the classifications below)

My Favorite SINGER (man) is	My Favorite SINGER (woman) is
My Favorite ORCHESTRA LEADER is	My Favorite NEWS COMMENTATOR is
My Favorite ANNOUNCER is	My Favorite SPORTS ANNOUNCER is
My Favorite COMEDIAN (man) is	My Favorite COMEDIENNE (woman) is
My Favorite DAYTIME SERIAL ACTOR is	My Favorite DAYTIME SERIAL ACTRESS is
My Favorite QUIZMASTER is	My Favorite DISC JOCKEY is
MOST PROMISING NEWCOMER TO RADIO THIS YEAR	
My Favorite MASTER OF CEREMONIES is	
My Favorite WOMEN'S COMMENTATOR is	
My Favorite HUSBAND AND WIFE TEAM is	

Cut out this ballot and mail to Radio Mirror Awards, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

radio stars by voting in Radio Mirror's second annual awards



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My Favorite HUSBAND AND WIFE TEAM is	

Cut out this ballot and mail to Radio Mirror Awards, 105 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.



The Quiz Kids have more than brains on their side. They've got Joe Kelly—

by RINNY TEMPLETON and JOEL KUPPERMAN of THE QUIZ KIDS

JOEL KUPPERMAN, twelve-year-old mathematical wizard of more than 200 Quiz Kid programs, and Rinny Templeton, thirteen, current authority on history and literature, join forces to tell you about the man RADIO MIRROR readers named the nation's best quiz master in the first annual listeners' poll last year.

Kids are like dogs. They can sense the difference between people who really like them and those who put on an act.

We Quiz Kids were happy when RADIO MIRROR readers named Joe Kelly the nation's best quiz master last year. He's our favorite quiz master, too, and the main reason we like him is because we know he likes us.

It doesn't take long for a new Quiz Kid to find out about Mr. Kelly.

Your first day on the show is like the first day at a new school. Everyone has told you not to be scared, but just the same, you are.

Everything seems big and mysterious when you come into the Merchandise Mart in Chicago, thirty minutes ahead of the show. You feel you can walk and walk down the towering corridors and never arrive at the NBC studios.

You wonder what kind of questions they will ask you, and whether you'll know *any* of the answers. You wish you could get just one little advance glimpse so you could be thinking about them, but you know that won't happen. You remember you have been told emphatically, "There's no rehearsal."

You zoom up in an elevator fast as an airplane, and when they bring you into the little corridor back of the big studio, you slip past the control room to peek through the door to see the row of little white desks on the platform. You find your name on a sign in front of one of them. You see the audience filing in.

All those people, and all those listening on their radios will hear it if you don't know the answers. You get that trembly feeling which comes before an examination in school. Only this is worse. If you're small enough, you hold tight to your mother's hand.

The other kids scuffle and joke about things that happened last week. They toss on their rustling red gowns as though they were old sweaters, but you get all tangled up with the hooks. They slap their mortar boards on their heads as though they were beanies, while you try

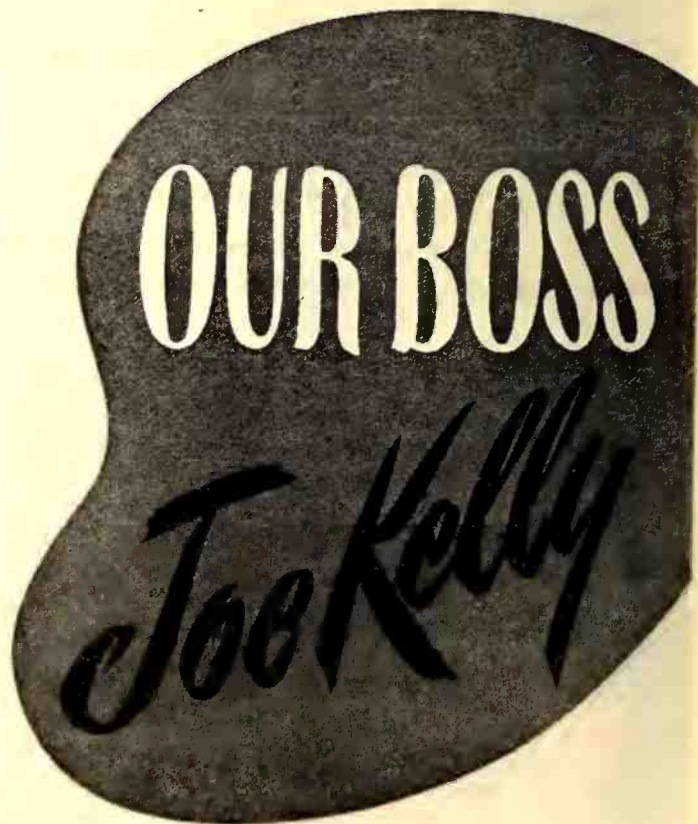
to balance that strange contraption so it won't slide down over your nose. You have had no practice wearing an academic cap and gown.

Just when you are sure you want to turn around and head for home, Mr. Kelly comes in. You're introduced, and he says, "Well, hello there Rinny!"—or Joel, or Lonnie, or Bobby, or whatever your name may be—"I'm certainly glad to see you here."

You know he means it, too. You feel he has been waiting for you all the time.

Then you notice he has almost as much difficulty with his green gown as you had with your red one. He fumbles with the big sleeves. He jabs a hook at an eye and misses. You weren't so clumsy after all.

He pats you on the (Continued on page 72)





My Friend

ANYONE who has to go out in front of the public and make like an actress for her living is apt to have times, usually late at night, when she wonders who she is. This is a mild mental disorder which might be called *angleitis*, since it is the result of being written about from too many different *angles* by people who have nothing better to do than go around thinking them up—publicity men and such. One's sense of being a real person can get completely lost in the angular mazes and distorted mirrors of publicity.

The other night at dinner I was trying to tell my husband, Allan Nixon, something about this. "Allan," I said, "sometimes I feel so overcrowded, and lately it's been getting worse."

"Now look, dumpling," Allan spoke very firmly, "don't go trying out any of that Irma dialogue on me."

If you've ever heard Irma, you'll need no diagram of my husband's unkind meaning: he meant that what I was saying sounded to him kind of off-center and lunkheaded. Which just goes to show, as every married woman knows, that even the best husbands can be awfully obtuse at times.

What I was trying to tell Allan was that sometimes the inside of my skull feels as congested as the area immediately around the football half a second after a fumble on the one-yard line in the Rose Bowl. There are too many Wilsons in there—or too many press agents. First, there's bone-dome Wilson, the dumb, good-hearted blonde of CBS, Irma on My Friend Irma; then there's glamor-gam Wilson, one of the more prominent exhibits in that menagerie of show business, Ken Murray's Blackouts; and finally there's smarty-pants Wilson, who works hard at being a nitwit and makes it pay off on the movie lots. And away down underneath the pile-up, still trying hard to hang onto the ball, is a slightly scared and somewhat suffocated character—and that's me, Marie Wilson. That gal needs air. She needs to get all those other Wilsons off her chest. That's what this story is for and about. Since Allan wasn't interested, I'll just tell you.

To begin where the story begins, we have to go back to Anaheim, California, December the thirtieth, nineteen hundred and none of your business. But it was later than 1916—I've got a birth certificate to prove it.

Shortly after my arrival, my father and mother were divorced. I firmly believe that this was merely a coincidence. Anyway, my mother married again very soon and my stepfather turned out such a grand person that the "step" part could just as well be omitted, as

A double life can be a very
confusing thing for a girl—particularly
when it's made up of two strong
personalities like the make-believe Irma
and the real Marie Wilson

By MARIE WILSON

far as I'm concerned.

With my three brothers and two sisters I had an abnormally happy and normal childhood among the orange groves and nuts of Anaheim—a lot of English walnuts are grown in that district. Ours was a chattering houseful; whenever there were fewer than three people talking at once, things began to seem dull.

Play-acting was a popular pastime in our family. All kids like to do it, I suppose—dress up in their elders' clothes and parade their conceptions of how grown-ups act. Incidentally, the most educational thing that could happen to most grown-ups would be to catch a child's impersonation of them. Of course the grown-up has got to have a sense of humor, or the results for the child caught doing the impersonation are likely to be painful. I speak from experience.

However, no matter what some people say, I grew up, and at sixteen I didn't graduate from high school. I'm pretty sure I would have, eventually, if I'd persisted long enough, but who wants to spend ten or twelve of the best years of their life on plane geometry? I quit before I'd accumulated enough credits to merit a diploma and went to Hollywood to be a movie star.

Two things made the Hollywood venture possible—a sizable inheritance left me by my real father when he died, and an absolutely colossal unawareness, all my own, of what it took to crack a movie studio.

The first move of my foray against fame and fortune was to bring my whole family to Hollywood with me. Being one of a big family isn't (Continued on page 89)

IRMA

Scatter-brained is a mild word for Irma—but on the other hand, so is lovable!



1935 . . . the late Lupe Velez and Santos Ortega, now a familiar radio actor, in "Broken Wing."



1936 . . . Boots Mallory, James Cagney, Robert Armstrong in a version, refined for radio, of the tough "Is Zat So!"

Curtain

Past and present, the veteran Radio Theatre is res-

IF a train does not pull out of a depot on schedule, it pulls out after schedule. If a bus lags behind its timetable, it is not removed from the road. If a passenger plane does not take off on time, it takes off late. And if a ship does not sail the day of announcement, another day will do.

In virtually every activity involving human effort—on land, in the air and on sea, if you please—there is a second chance or a late start. In my nearly three years as producer and host of the Lux Theatre, I have learned that radio—live radio, such as Lux, of course—is a breathtaking exception to the rule of margin of error.

Never was it more painfully apparent than on the day, three hours before airtime, when it was discovered that the permission of author Sally Benson had not been obtained for adaptation of "Sunday Dinner for a Soldier."

It was too late even to mimeograph a new script, let alone time to rewrite another motion picture for



1937 . . . Janet Gaynor, Robert Montgomery in a production of the record-making "A Star is Born."



By
**WILLIAM
KEIGHLEY**

These reminiscences of Lux Radio Theatre are written for Radio Mirror by the producer-host of the program, which is heard Mondays at 9 P.M. EST, on CBS stations.

at 9

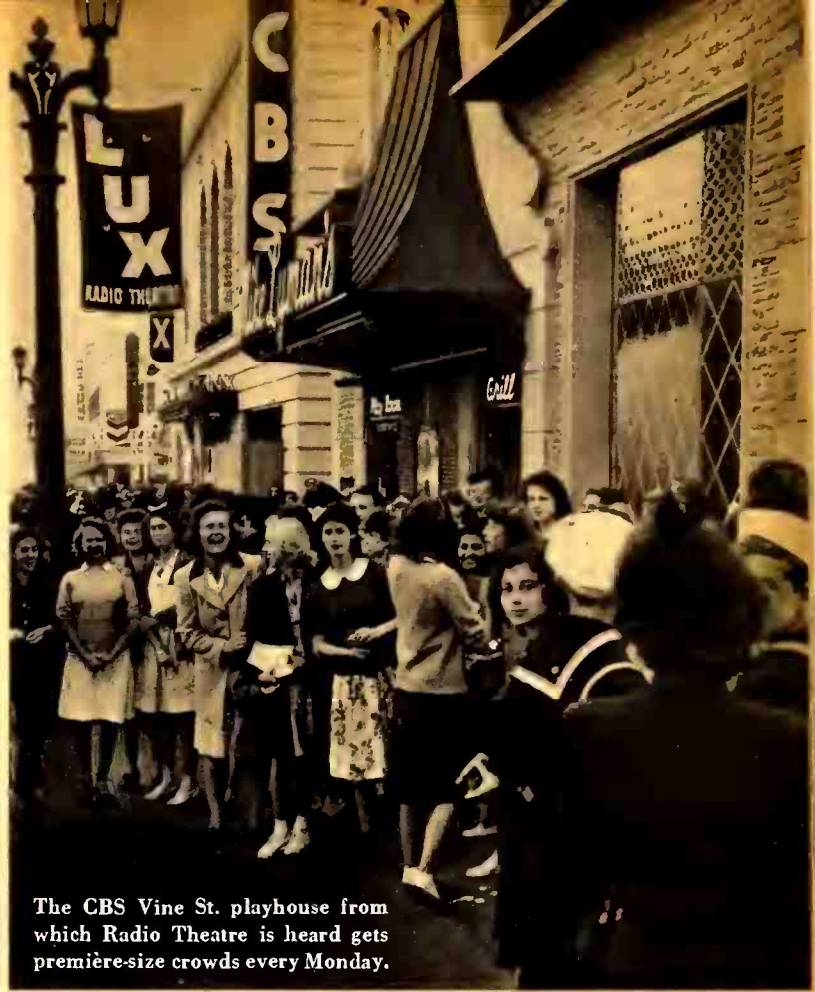
responsible for some of radio's most glittering moments

radio presentation. Already there had been five rehearsals, aggregating 700 man hours of preparation, as was the custom on the most rehearsed dramatic show on the air.

Somewhere in the United States was Sally Benson, the one person who could authorize the announced broadcast. Just where, nobody knew. The best that could be learned from the studio which had produced the film was the telephone number of Miss Benson's agent in New York City. A nearly hysterical long distance call elicited the information that Miss Benson might be at her ranch 50 miles inland from Santa Barbara, California.

Finally, she was tracked down through Information. Yes, a telephone was listed for a Sally Benson residing near Santa Barbara. But it had been disconnected. She did not wish to be disturbed at her retreat.

Despair pervaded the CBS Playhouse on Vine Street. There was one wild (Continued on page 84)



The CBS Vine St. playhouse from which Radio Theatre is heard gets première-size crowds every Monday.

Robert Taylor, Mr. Keighley and Katharine Hepburn ready to go on "Undercurrent." Note Oscar, the monkey-puzzle arrangement between the stars; he—or it—is there to be clutched, poked and even sat on by tense performers, if any.



1945 . . . Ray Milland, Ginger Rogers and all the glamor that went with tuneful "Lady in the Dark."





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L.S. / M.F.T.



Left to right: Rochester, the Sportsmen Quartet (Bill Days, Mac Smith, Marty Sperzel, Gurney Bell), announcer Don Wilson, orchestra leader Phil Harris, producer Hilliard Marks, Jack Benny, Mary Livingstone, musical director Mahlon Merrick (who is seated behind Mary), Dennis Day; behind actresses Jane Morgan and Gloria Gordon, Mel Blanc.

Your

Ticket to the Jack Benny Show

Without Radio Mirror, you'd have as much trouble getting into this studio as you would have getting into Fort Knox



Studio audiences get a pre-broadcast show, too.

IF YOU were visiting in Hollywood, Sunday afternoon would probably find you lined up with hundreds of others at the NBC studios, trying to get in to see the Jack Benny Show. Unfortunately, only 350 lucky folks can have this privilege every week (that's all the studio seats) so even if you were on the spot your chances would be small. However, Radio Mirror won't let you be stopped by mere time-and-space limitations; with these pages we whisk you past the crowds, through the great double doors, into the silver-walled hush of the studio, where you choose for yourself among the maroon-upholstered seats. It's about 3:30 P.M. at this point, half an hour before air time (4 PST, 7 EST) but you're not too early; you're just in time for the pre-broadcast show with which the Benny cast warms-up itself and the audience before the "On the Air" signal turns red.



No stone is left unturned if there might be something funny underneath it—even the commercials, as sung by the Sportsmen, amuse.



Benny made them funny: Dennis Day (l) started out as a singer; Don Wilson (r) an announcer; Mary Livingstone (seated) as Jack's wife.

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Left to right: Reinholdt, the Spamban, Claude...
...with announcer Don Wilson, script writer...
...Mary Livingstone, husband Mary, Derris Day, behind actress Jane Morgan and Charles Gordon, Mel Blanc.

**ELLEN BROWN'S
TEA ROOM**



1. When her husband died, Ellen Brown was left alone with two children to support. She opened a tea room in the little town of Simpsonville—the tea room that still is her means of livelihood. Although a young woman and an attractive one, Ellen felt that romance was over for her, that her duty to Mark, her son, and Janey, her daughter, must come before anything else.

Young Widder Brown

Young Ellen Brown comes to terms with a fundamental truth:
a woman without love—no matter how busy, how useful she is—is living only half a life



2. Nothing, Ellen discovered, is more necessary to a lonely, confused woman than a friend she can wholeheartedly trust. She has such a friend in shrewd, lovable Uncle Josh, a farmer whose advice has helped her through many bad times.



3. One of the bad times was when ardent Dr. Peter Turner awakened love Ellen had thought she would never feel again. But, believing that Mark and Janey would suffer if she accepted the new life Peter offered, Ellen sent him away.



4. Then wealthy, glamorous Herbert Temple tried to scale the wall Ellen had built around her heart. Security, fortune, love lay at Ellen's feet—but once again the childre fearful of sharing their mother with a "stranger," triumphed.

IN this backward look at the exciting moments in Young Widder Brown's life, you will find, just as they are heard on the air:

Florence Freeman as.....Ellen Brown
Ned Wever.....Anthony Loring
Marilyn Erskine.....Janey Brown
Arline Blackburn.....Barbara Storm
Alexander Scourby.....Herbert Temple
Dorothy Francis.....Victoria Loring
Tom Hoier.....Uncle Josh
Alice Yourman.....Maria Hawkins

Young Widder Brown, conceived and produced by Frank and Anne Hummert, is heard Mondays through Fridays at 4:45 P.M. EST, on NBC.

ELLEN BROWN'S
TEA ROOM

THROUGH THE YEARS



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Marilyn Erskine..... Janey Brown
Arlene Blackburn..... Barbara Storn
Alexander Soursby..... Herbert Temple
Dorothy Francis..... Victoria Loring
Tom Holer..... Uncle Josh
Alice Yourman..... Marie Hawkins

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5. When brilliant Dr. Anthony Loring came to Simpsonville's hospital, Ellen's peace of mind underwent its most serious threat. For she was as passionately drawn to the attractive, eligible Anthony as he was to her.



6. After months of indecision, Ellen agreed to marry Anthony. But his dictatorial, scheming sister Victoria, who felt Anthony was wasting himself on Ellen, found a way to stop the marriage just as the ceremony started.



8. Among the women Anthony attracted was Barbara Storm. Knowing she could not win him, Barbara revenged herself by disappearing after arranging circumstances to make it seem that Ellen had murdered her.



9. Agonizing months followed, as Ellen tried to clear herself of a crime that had never been committed. Eventually the truth emerged; Barbara was found and declared insane. In a sanitarium, she still plots vengeance.



7. So relieved were Ellen's two children, Mark and Janey, that their mother had not been "taken" from them by marriage that Ellen was almost glad her wedding plans had fallen through. Though she offered to release Anthony from their engagement, he insisted that he would wait, for he believes that some day Mark and Janey will accept him as a stepfather.



10. Ellen, as well as Anthony, had admirers. One was a young lawyer, Johnny Brent. But Ellen did not need well-meaning, gossipy Maria Hawkins to point out that as a husband, Johnny might not be a very wise choice.



11. No, Ellen is certain that if any man is right for her, it is Anthony. Troubled and incomplete as their relationship must be for the present, they look forward hopefully to the richer life which the future offers.

"As if 'Blondie' weren't busy enough, she had Cleo Kerley in to give her expert food lessons."



Blondie

"I wouldn't know what to do if I couldn't hurry home from school, swear Mother to secrecy, and tell her everything that's on my mind."

By
**DOROTHY
GRACE
SPARKS**

MY mother has a variety of names. Socially she is Mrs. Robert S. Sparks. Professionally she is Miss Penny Singleton. But, mostly she is known by the name of an empty-headed radio character which she plays over NBC every Wednesday at 8:00 P.M. EST (5:00 PST), Blondie Bumstead.

My mother has a variety of accomplishments. One afternoon, for instance, when I was sick in bed with a cold, and feeling doubly miserable because the afternoon was so dark and stormy, she came to my room with paper and pencil and suggested that we write a poem about the weather.

Perhaps some of my friends wouldn't be interested in passing time striving for rhyme, but I've always been around people who have sort of a literary approach to life, so it seemed like a fine idea.

I didn't turn out anything it would give anyone the least pleasure to remember, but Mother outdid herself as usual. This is what she wrote:

Dear little rain drops
Falling from the skies,
Are you tears of happiness
From the angels' eyes?
Do you to us a message bring?
Clinging to each earthly thing
Seen and yet unseen?
Must mortals to the unknown land
Journey on, to understand?

I don't know another girl my age who has a poetry-writing mother and a mother who is also an actress, a singer, an equestrienne, a fashion expert, a child psychologist, a postcard painter, a stamp collector, a button collector, a quick change artist, and the source of a million laughs.

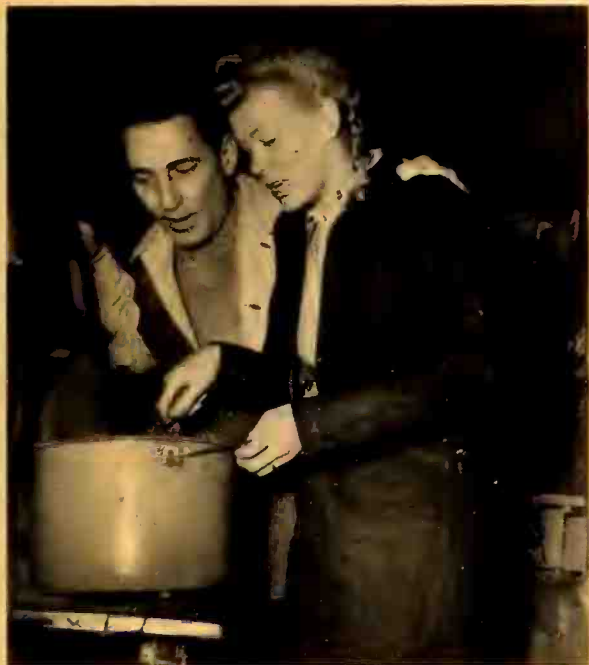
You might think all these interests would keep Penny Singleton very busy. They don't. She is always looking around for something else to do.

For instance: it is sometimes difficult to keep a maid, so Mother decided (*Continued on page 92*)

A growing-up daughter is likely to be her mother's severest critic.

But Penny Singleton Sparks, weighed by young Dorothy Grace, is found . . . perfect

"Daddy brought hamburgers home for fun, but he had to admit the cooking lessons showed results."



"Daddy says Mother has enough energy to run a power plant. She's always improving something!"



MY FAVORITE MOTHER

"Mother thinks even Susy isn't too young for our 'open forum' discussions. We talk everything right out."





"I wouldn't know what to do if I couldn't hurry home from school, *consult* Mother in secrecy, and tell her everything that's on my mind."

By
DOROTHY
GRACE
SPARKS

MY mother has a variety of names. Socially she is Mrs. Robert S. Sparks. Professionally she is Miss Penny Singleton. But mostly she is known by the name of an empty-headed radio character which she plays over NBC every Wednesday at 8:00 P.M. EST (5:00 PST). Blondie Bumstead.

My mother has a variety of accomplishments. One afternoon, for instance, when I was sick in bed with a cold, and feeling doubly miserable because the afternoon was so dark and stormy, she came to my room with paper and pencil and suggested that we write a poem about the weather.

Perhaps some of my friends wouldn't be interested in passing time striving for rhyme, but I've always been around people who have sort of a literary approach to life, so it seemed like a fine idea.

I didn't turn out anything it would give anyone the least pleasure to remember, but Mother outdid herself as usual. This is what she wrote:

"As if 'Blondie' weren't busy enough, she had Cleo Kerley in to give her expert food lesson."



Blondie

Dear little rain drops
Falling from the skies,
Are you tears of happiness
From the angels' eyes?
Do you to us a message bring?
Clinging to each earthly thing
Seen and yet unseen?
Must mortals to the unknown land
Journey on, to understand?

I don't know another girl my age who has a poetry-writing mother and a mother who is also an actress, a singer, an equestrienne, a fashion expert, a child psychologist, a postcard painter, a stamp collector, a button collector, a quick change artist, and the source of a million laughs.

You might think all these interests would keep Penny Singleton very busy. They don't. She is always looking around for something else to do. For instance: it is sometimes difficult to keep a maid, so Mother decided (Continued on page 37)

A growing-up daughter is likely to be her mother's severest critic.
But Penny Singleton Sparks, weighed by young Dorothy Grace, is found . . . perfect

"Daddy brought hamburgers home for fun, but he had to admit the rooking lessons showed results."



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"Mother thinks even Sus isn't too young for our 'open forum' discussions. We talk everything right out."

At the sunroom soda fountain, Marion Rose waits her turn as Arthur Patrick downs more milk than his Dad thought possible.



Dagwood's

Home comforts are especially important to Arthur and Pat.



Arthur built the barbecue, but the whole family works at it



HOUSING crisis? What's that?

Now before you start throwing things, let me explain. I know the Arthur Lakes of Santa Monica, California, are not the only family in America who have been struggling with the roof over the head problem. And I know a lot of other families haven't found any solution yet.

We wouldn't have either—except that we were desperate enough to take desperate measures. We bought a haunted house!

We began to get frantic about a year ago. Pat and the kids and I had been very comfortably settled, thank you, in a pleasant little house—strictly in the Dagwood tradition, short on the closets but plenty of charm—on the rim of Santa Monica canyon overlooking the Pacific.

Everything was ducky until the family began to grow. Nothing for the columnists mind you—Marion Rose is four now and Arthur Patrick is almost six, and we have no plans for more Winchell items—but just people.

Nice people, people we like. But people need bedrooms and a chance at a bathroom and some of those danged closets.

First, Pat's father fell sick and we brought him to our house. That meant nurses, and Pat's stepmother, and a defiant old bull dog Pat gave her dad for a present several years ago.

The skipper of our boat, "The Blondie," came back from the Army, homeless, and moved in with us with his wife and his daughter, Jeannie, who is four and a great

pal for Marion Rose. Then we got a new housekeeper who came equipped with another child, this one a little boy just right for a playmate for A. P.

It got very noisy. We began to go to our meals in shifts. It began to look as though we'd better think about moving. But *where*, in 1947?

Then, one evening when Pat and I were sitting on the terrace waiting for our turn at the victuals, we hit upon the great idea. Smack across the canyon, the dead eyes of a half hundred dark windows stared at us from a big, old, empty house. About the size of a nice hotel.

We had lived in our house for five years and had never seen a light in the place.

"Look," I said to Pat, pointing.

"Ummmh," she replied unenthusiastically.

"Well, we could go and see it," I went on. "What could we lose?"

"Our heads," she said. Practical Pat.

I began checking the next day, just the same. There were practical points on my side, too.

I drove by first—couldn't see much. The place was surrounded by a six-foot-high, three-foot-thick wall overgrown with burned up ivy and half dead moss. Through a wrought iron gate across the driveway, I could see the house a quarter of a mile away, a mammoth thing with vaulted windows like a church, giant archways, a tower thrown in for luck.

Well, there would be room enough. . .

I checked some more. A real (Continued on page 101)

HOUSE OF HAPPINESS

Arthur Lake needed a roof for his family. It didn't even matter that the roof he found leaked . . . and sheltered a ghost, too

By ARTHUR LAKE

With all this magnificence came one drawback; a ghost. But the Lakes felt one more wouldn't matter . . .



At the sunroom soda fountain, Marion Rose waits her turn as Arthur Patrick downs more milk than his Dad thought possible.

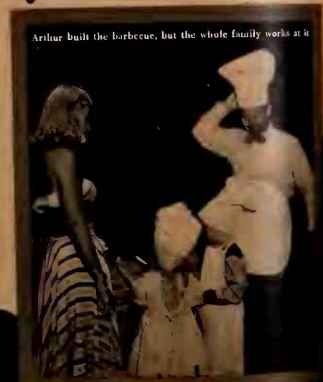


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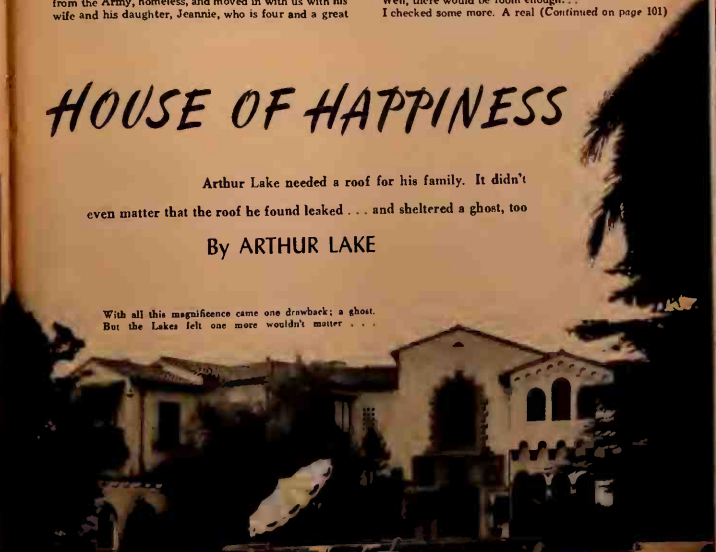
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Between the

THANKSGIVING DAY . . . 1948

Radio Mirror's Prize Poem

Not a mere feast day . . . let this not be that . . .
But one of thanks, both simple and sincere,
That God has brought us to the harvest time . . .
The wintry edge of still another year.
Not a mere feast day, given to gluttony . . .
But, rather, one of asking God to bless
Our future days while praising Him for His
"Merciful dealing in the wilderness" . . .
To use the very words the Pilgrims used
That First Thanksgiving Day . . . our world,
indeed,
Being a wilderness, more vast than theirs,
Of fear and selfishness and hate and greed.
Not a mere feast day . . . but a day of prayer
Before all else . . . of heart-meant prayer and
praise
That God has been a Lantern to our feet
And so will be down all the coming days.

—Violet Alloy Stoney

POPCORN MAN

He sets his white cart where its brilliant light
Will make a little island in the night.
Let others shout their goods with raucous cries.
Skilled in long years of peddling, he is wise
To let his wares speak for themselves. He goes
By the subtler allurements of the nose.
Calmly oblivious to all the din,
The popcorn-man scoops fluffy kernels in
White paper sacks, with steady practiced
hand,
Pretending not to see the hungry stand,
Mouths watering, coins clutched in waiting
fingers.
Then, with a dignified finesse, he lingers
Over each purchase, careful to a fault,
Pouring hot butter through, shaking the salt,
He plays his nightly role, sure of his fame.
They are the hovering moths to his bright
flame.

—Esther Baldwin York

THE ETERNAL RIDDLE

Side by side, though leagues apart,
He cannot read her waman-heart.
Yet he has wisdom—far a man—
He knows there's no one else who
can.

—Isa Paschal Richardsan

STORM CENTRE

When Grandpa's temper rose, the dishes
danced
Like dervishes upon the startled table;
Fido skulked out, his tail between his legs;
We children kept as quiet as we were able.
But the storm soon ended, and the evening-
hours
Regained their poise, jogged to a gentle pace;
The dog slept near the round, red-bellied
stove,
And Grandma calmly tatted or made lace;
For Time had taught her this wise epigram:—
Ignored, the blustering lion becomes a lamb!

—Pauline Havard

UNINHIBITED

Today, I saw a bright green
cloud,
An elephant in pink,
A cow togged out in wild red
shorts—
Oh! No! I never drink!

A hen displayed a suit of
blue
Beside a purple pig,
And pumpkins on an apple
tree
Made my old eyes grow
big;

I blinked them twice and held
my breath,
And dared another look—
Relax, my friend; I'd only
found
My three-year-old's paint
book.
—Elizabeth Chapman

THE WIND SHARPENS, THE DAYS DRAW IN. NOW IS THE TIME WHEN HEARTH

Bookends



By TED MALONE

Be sure to listen to Ted Malone's morning program, Monday through Friday at 11:30 EST, over ABC.

WITHOUT WORDS

Over the wind-lashed sand I walk alone;
Between us lies the still unfathomed sea,
And there is nothing hut the heart's mute
call

To bring your voice to me.

My thoughts go outward bound to that far
shore

From which you climb to heights I can-
not know,
Since all the moments that we held so dear
Were lost long, long ago!

A wave creeps to my feet: a gull drifts down,
So close its silver wing could touch my
cheek.

Oh, is it only thus you answer now,—
Now that you cannot speak?

—Eugenia T. Finn

JOURNEY'S END

(To a Young Repatriated Soldier)

The journey which began five years ago
Is ended, and the cycle is complete.
Now you are home . . . home to beloved hills
Which once have known the imprint of your
feet

Tracking the grouse, the rabbit and the fox;
Which loitered where the huckleberries made
The hillside, and your eyes, as blue as
heaven.

Where carefree laughter was a serenade
To summer's gifts. The secret swimming
hole;

The hidden shack high on a sunlit hill
Where you have dreamed a half-awakened
dream,

Or lain to watch the white shad-bushes spill
Their misty coins against the gathering dusk.
These hills shall hold the cameo of youth
In paths starred through the scarlet pin-
pernel.

We leave you cradled in their royal dust.
Taps sound their poignant notes . . . sleep,
well! Sleep well!

—Eunice, Mildred LonCoske

LIFE'S STAGE

Ah, Petulant One,
Are you sure we have the time
For these small scenes—
Scenes with the downcast eye.
The frown, the sigh.

They take from Spring
Her sweet perfume
What then from us—
Who now have Summer's
bloom?

Open then your heart, my love,
And read the lines—
That cleanse the hurt
Why let it there abide—inside
We who should love and laugh
away
The few scenes left
We have to play.

—Nancy Cavanagh

FOOLISH VIRGIN

Sue made a fool out of her man,
She was so honey-mouthed and cool.
Much cleverer was Maryanne—
She made a man out of her fool.
—Florence Denison

RADIO MIRROR will pay fifty dollars

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



FIRES WARM THE BODY. THANKSGIVING THOUGHTS WARM THE MIND

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John Horst's First Term

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 Not a mere feast day, given to gluttony...
 But, rather, one of asking God to bless
 Our future days while praising Him for His
 "merciful dealing in our wilderness"...
 To use His very words the Pilgrims used
 That First Thanksgiving Day... our world,
 Indeed,
 Being a wilderness, more vast than theirs,
 Of fear and selfishness and hate and greed,
 Not a mere feast day... but a day of prayer
 Before all else... of heart-warmt prayer and
 praise
 That God has been a lantern in our feet
 And to will lead them till the coming days.

—Violet Allwyn Storey

POPCORN MAN

He sets his white cart where its brilliant light
 Will make a little island in the night.
 Let others about their goods with ravenous cries,
 Skilled in long years of peddling, he is wise
 To let his wares speak for themselves. He goes
 By the subtle allurements of the nose.
 Coolly oblivious to all the din,
 The popcorn-man scoops fluffy kernels in...
 Waives paper cones, with waxy pop-bow
 hand,
 Pressing next to see the hungry stand,
 Mouths watering, cones clutched in waiting
 hands.
 Then, with a dignified fitness, he inquires
 Of each such purchase, careful in a legal
 question.

THE ETERNAL RIDDLE

Side by side, though leagues apart,
 He cannot read her woman-heart.
 Yet he has wisdom—for a man—
 He knows there's no one else who
 can.

—Iris Paschal Richardson

STORM CENTRE

When Grandpa's temper rose, the dishes
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 Like dervishes upon the startled table;
 Fido skinked out, his tail between his legs,
 We children kept as quiet as we were able.
 But the storm soon ended, and the evening
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 Regained their poise, jugged to a gentle pace.
 The dog slept near the round, red-bellied
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 For Time had taught her this wise epigram—
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UNINHIBITED

Today, I saw a bright grain
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 An elephant in pink
 Acow tagged out in red red
 shorts—
 Oh! No! I never drink!
 A hen displayed a suit of
 blue,
 Beads a purple pig,
 And pumpkins on an apple
 tree
 Made my mid eyes grow
 big;
 I blinked them twice and held my
 breath,
 And dashed another look—
 Being, my friend, I'd only
 found
 My three-year-old gas
 book
 Disbarred, stopped

WITHOUT WORDS

Over the wind-lashed still I walk alone;
 Between as lies the still unfathomed sea,
 And there is nothing but the heart's mute
 call
 To bring your voice to me.

My thoughts go outward bound to that far
 shore
 From which you climb to heights I can
 not know,
 Since all the moments that we held so dear
 Were lost long, long ago!

A wave creeps to my feet: a gull drifts down,
 So close its silver wing could touch my
 cheek,
 Oh, is it only this you answer now—
 Now that you cease to seek?

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JOURNEY'S END

(To a Young Republican Soldier)
 The journey which began five years ago
 Is ended, and the cycle is complete.
 Now you are home... come to beloved hills
 Which once have known the imprint of your
 feet.
 Tracking the grouse, the rabbit and the fox,
 Which hunted where the huckleberry glade
 The hillside, and your eyes as blue as
 heaven.
 Where carefree laughter was a serenade
 To summer's gifts. The secret swimming
 hole;
 The hidden shack back on a sunny fall
 Where you have dreamed a half-wakened
 dream,
 In which the where-what-when-why
 were forgotten, around the gathering hills,
 As hills shall hold the "sweat of youth"
 Which started through the whiten
 of snow,
 As mountains eroded in their rural dust
 To show their pagan pastures, where
 the sun and moon were

LIFE'S STAGE

Ah, Palmetto Sea,
 Are you sure we have the time
 For these small scenes—
 Scenes with the downward eye,
 The bow, the sigh.

They take from Spring
 Her sweet perfume
 What time from us—
 Who now have Summer's
 bloom?

Open thee your heart, my love
 And read the love—
 That cleans the hurt
 Why let it there abide—inside
 We who should love and laugh
 away
 The law across left
 We have to play.

—Hilkey Covanagh

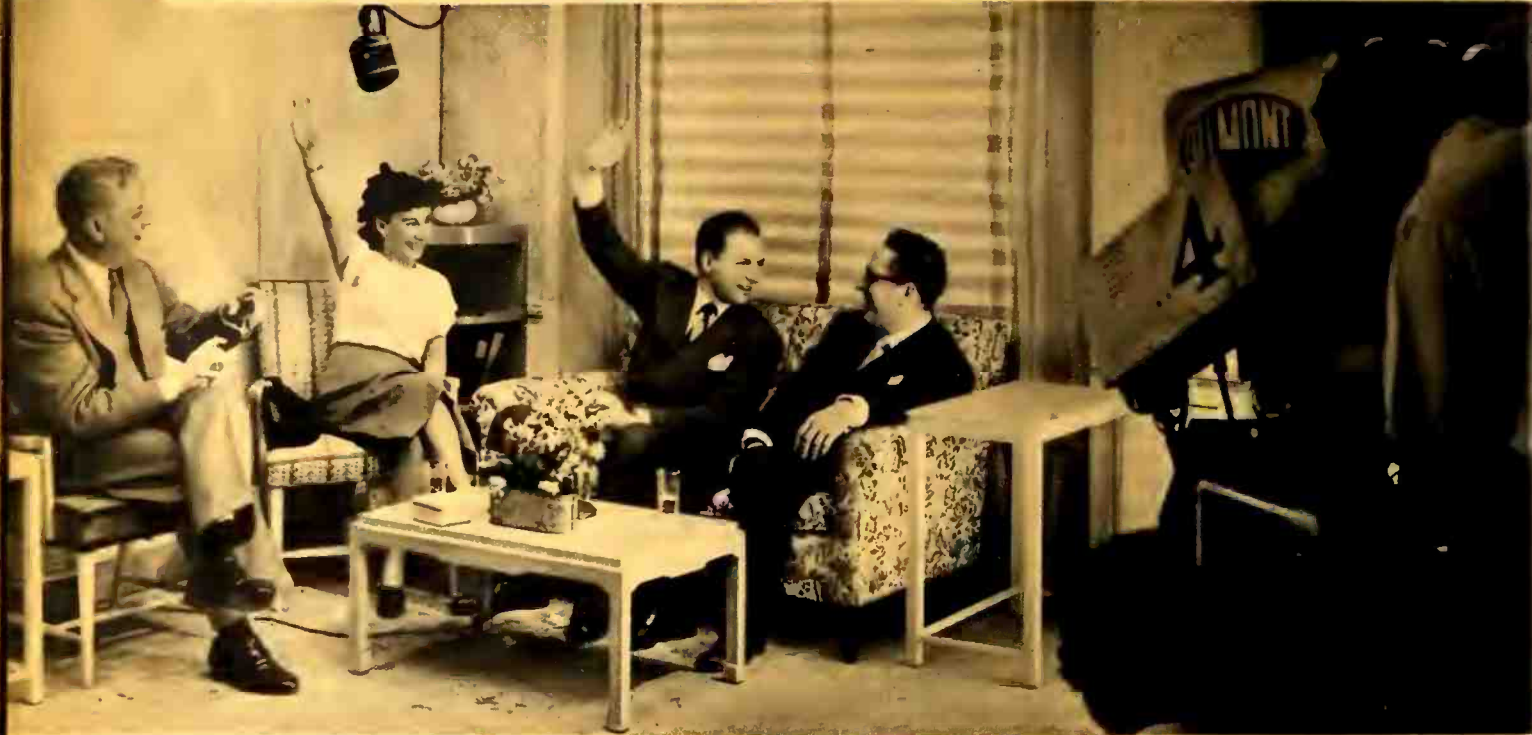
RADIO MIRROR still just fifty dollars

For the best listening pleasure...
 winning program...
 Malone, Radio...
 closed, early...

THE WIND SHARPENS. THE DAYS DRAW IN. NOW IS THE TIME WHEN HEARTH

FIRES WARM THE BODY. THANKSGIVING THOUGHTS WARM THE MIND

COAST to COAST in



Bill Slater has Bob Shepard, Minabess Lewis, and Kenny Delmar laughing as well as guessing on his Charades Quiz, Dumont, Thurs. 8:30 P.M. In a different mood, Sam Wanamaker and Rita Colton in a scene from Henry V, on NBC Tele Playhouse.



THOSE of our readers who remember Gloria Swanson as one of the most glamorous women in America will be glad to know that Miss Swanson, now a grandmother and as lovely as ever, can be seen and heard on television. Her program, The Gloria Swanson Hour, on every Wednesday afternoon over WPIX, is done in four segments—entertainment, cooking, beauty and fashion. The well-known decorator Ormond Butler Riblet assisted in designing a “dream house”—four rooms, each an appropriate background for each part of the show. After studying the particular needs of television decoration, Mr. Riblet created small, important groups within each room to hold the attention of the audience and also to present a picture of perfect taste. For the first phase of the show, an interesting personality is interviewed. A designer shows off his latest creations in the second. Next, Pat Murray, fashion editor, presents helpful beauty hints. The final portion, “Chef’s Holiday,” features a guest cooking expert who not only offers helpful suggestions but also prepares, on the spot, his favorite dish. In short, Gloria covers most of the things dearest to a woman’s heart against a perfect background.

* * *

Practically everyone is interested in the mystery of the world of nature; but most of us feel that comprehension of such things is beyond us. However, each week, over NBC television network, Dr.

TELEVISION



Glamorous as ever, Gloria Swanson charms her audience on The Gloria Swanson Hour.



The relationship of the earth (the head of the nail) and sun (the basketball) is demonstrated by Dr. Roy Marshall.



Beautiful Irene Wicker, the "Singing Lady," enlivens one of her dramatic stories with a song for WJZ-TV audience.



Breakfast for The Laytons, Bill, Jenny, and Peggy, as televised by WABD.

Roy Marshall, astronomer, curator of Fels Planetarium, editor, and lecturer, has proven that most of the fascinating phenomena of nature can be simply as well as interestingly presented. In the most informal manner imaginable, and with the aid of varied props, Dr. Marshall cracks the shell of scientific secrets. Each week, he demonstrates his theory that "Science can be fun," by skillfully imparting to his audience the meaning of such terms as "syzygy," as well as explaining to them (by popping hard-boiled eggs in and out of a bottle) the governing factors involved in air pressure. He even ventures into the atomic mysteries. Last summer on the day of the yearly meteor shower (August 12th), he explained this happening on his broadcast, relating what meteors are, how they travel in space, and how they fall. Yes, indeed, science can be fun.

* * *

Television is getting over its growing pains—this is best exemplified by the fact that the boners which have been driving technicians and actors crazy are fast disappearing. We know now, for instance, that if a scene calls for the performers to eat ice cream, the "ice cream" had better be mashed potato disguised or it will melt instantly. The stories of how enterprising directors got around the problems presented by the heat of the lights are becoming young legends. The man who put on his thinking cap when the soap chips (Continued on page 110)

COAST to COAST in TELEVISION



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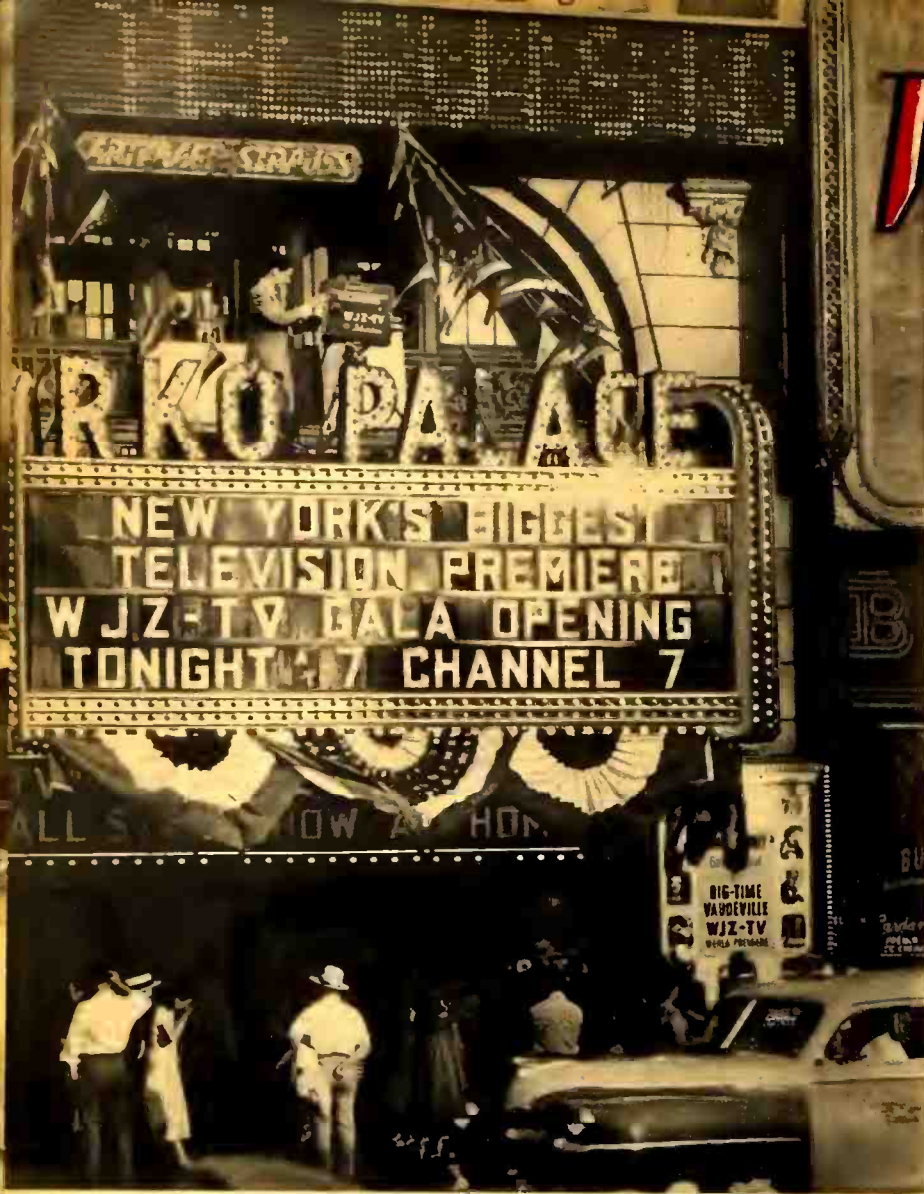
Breakfast for The Laytons, Bill Jeany, and Peggy, as televised by WABD.

WJZ-TV

The premiere on Channel 7 proves-

BEFORE the city was up, on the morning of August 10, ABC engineers converged on the old Palace Theater to set up the complex equipment for the evening's great event—the opening of New York's newest television station, WJZ-TV. Promptly at 7 P.M.—appropriately enough, for the new station comes in on Channel 7—New York's Mayor O'Dwyer introduced the new station from ABC's Radio City studios, and the WJZ-TV cameras started covering the town.

They began with Times Square, where a parade dramatizing the city's growth during the past 50 years had brought forth many striking relics of the old days (one of them is pictured, lower left). Back at ABC, several programs made their television debuts. But the acknowledged climax came with the mammoth vaudeville show from the Palace, where stars from vaudeville's heyday joined forces to prove that even if vaudeville was once dead, television will bring it back to life.



The Palace in New York—climax of any two-day career—was the setting for the giant vaudeville show with which WJZ-TV premiered.



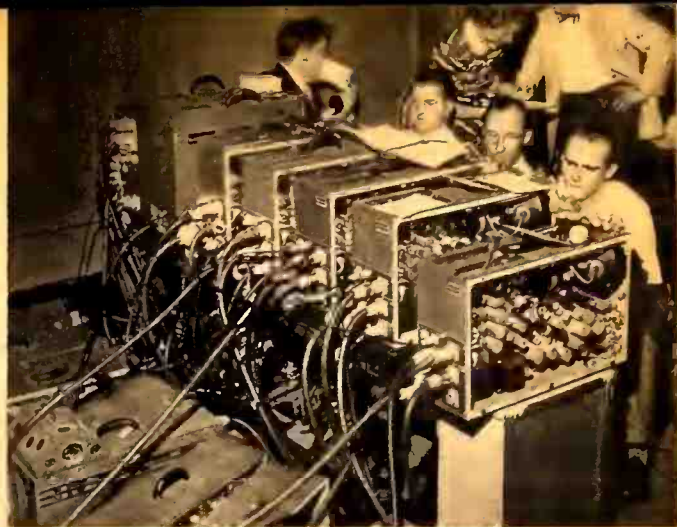
The parade which preceded the opening harked nostalgically back to the old days, when this was a car.



Among the brilliant conglomeration of stars who took part was dancer Ray Bolger, who acted as M. C.

Lights up

if it needed proof—that vaudeville is far from dead



A battery of complicated equipment was arranged well in advance of the evening performance at the Palace.



Beatrice Lillie tells a writer that her first Palace appearance was a \$10,000 week there, many years ago.



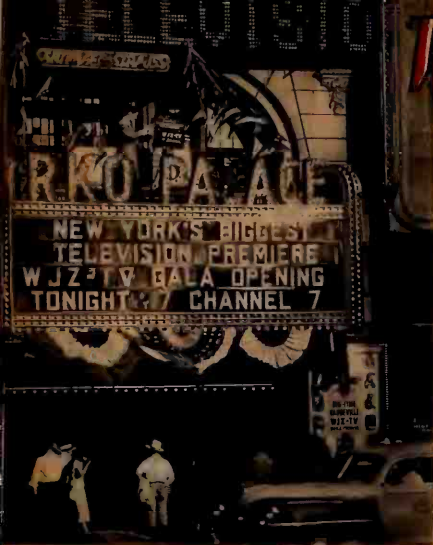
Singer Ella Logan, dancing team Raye and Naldi enjoy one of the other acts while waiting to go on.



Radio's Maggi McNellis looking her glamorous best for her part in the gala opening of Channel 7.



Except for Henry Morgan (1) this is a group of veteran vaudevillians: Gus Van, Buck of Buck and Bubbles.



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Lights up

The premiere on Channel 7 proved if it needed proof—that vaudeville is far from dead

BEFORE the city was up, on the morning of August 10, ABC engineers converged on the old Palace Theater to set up the complex equipment for the evening's great event—the opening of New York's newest television station, WJZ-TV. Promptly at 7 P.M.—appropriately enough, for the new station comes in on Channel 7—New York's Mayor O'Dwyer introduced the new station from ABC's Radio City studios, and the WJZ-TV cameras started covering the town.

They began with Times Square, where a parade dramatizing the city's growth during the past 50 years had brought forth many striking relics of the old days (one of them is pictured, lower left). Back at ABC, several programs made their television debuts. But the acknowledged climax came with the mammoth vaudeville show from the Palace, where stars from vaudeville's heyday joined forces to prove that even if vaudeville was once dead, television will bring it back to life.



Among the brilliant conglomeration of stars who took part was dancer Ray Bolger, who acted as M. C.



A battery of complicated equipment was arranged well in advance of the evening performance at the Palace.



Beatrice Lillie tells a writer that her first Palace appearance was a \$10,000 week there, many years ago.



Singer Ella Logan, dancing team Raye and Naldi enjoy one of the other acts while waiting to go on.



Radio's Maggi McNellis looking her glamorous best for her part in the gala opening of Channel 7.



Except for Henry Morgan (1) this is a group of veteran vaudevillians: Gus Van, Burk of Huck and Hubbles.

TRAVELER

As modern as 1914 is this month's
traveling school teacher, who swears by her
"Horseless Carriage" as a vehicle de luxe



Ruth Witman wouldn't let Tommy
try the Overland till he was suitably
protected in duster and goggles.

OF THE MONTH

I NEVER knew how good those Good Old Days really were until Miss Ruth Witman climbed out of her 1914 Overland roadster, dusted off her duster and became our Traveler of the Month.

Though she's an attractive young Pennsylvania schoolmarm with a manner as modern as plastic, she brought with her all of the lost charm and begoggled adventures of the Tin Lizzie era. And she had me thinking nostalgically of the days when life was no more complicated than the gear-shift on a Stanley Steamer, and things really were merry in that Merry Oldsmobile.

You see, Ruth Witman leads a double life. From nine to three every day, she teaches Latin and French at New Holland High School in Goodville, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. But in the afternoons and evenings—except for time spent marking papers, and teaching a Sunday School class—she's busy collecting and rebuilding antique cars. And if the kids at New Holland High want to make a hit with teacher, they pass up the traditional apple and put a nice monkey wrench on her desk.

For when that French teacher looks into the motor of an antiquated Stutz, it's strictly a case of *Je vous aime*. She loves old cars, and she'll travel around the country to find one, nurse it back to health and restore it to the glory of its road-hogging youth.

When Miss Witman stepped up to the ABC microphone at our Welcome Travelers broadcast at the

College Inn of the Hotel Sherman in Chicago, I had no idea that this crisp-curved brunette would be equally at home in a grease pit. She told me that she was a school teacher on vacation, and as I often do with our guests, I asked how she was traveling.

Her answer came with a perfectly straight face, and in a matter of fact tone. She said:

"I'm driving a 1914 Overland Roadster—from Pennsylvania to Milwaukee."

On Welcome Travelers we've had Dutch students who were hitch-hiking, a family riding a tractor, British bicyclists, even one courageous victim of polio who was pulled along on his tricycle by his pet dog—yes, we had had almost every means of locomotion. But never before a car that was supposed to have gone out of commission with Grandpa's mustache cup. So I asked Miss Witman why she happened to be riding around in an auto built before she was even born. Her answer, I think, was interesting—and another chapter in the fascinating, never-ending story of America on the move.

"Old cars," Miss Witman said, "are my hobby. They're fascinating—and something like a mystery story. You search them out, then you track down original parts, one by one, and you recreate, many years later, a living entity from out of the lost past."

It developed that Miss Witman was on her way to Milwaukee—1,000 miles from (Continued on page 98)

By

TOMMY

BARTLETT

From the files of Welcome Travelers (Mon.-Fri., 12 N. on ABC) come the stories which Tommy Bartlett, the program's M.C., retells each month for Radio Mirror.

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Art, who had no family for many of his youngest years, is a full-time father to his own brood.



Come and Visit

ART

LINKLETTER

By POLLY TOWNSEND

IF parties at Art Linkletter's home were as easy of access as the hilarious free-for-alls he stages for fifteen million or so listeners to his House Party and People Are Funny radio programs, the guests undoubtedly would be legion; the guy has a draw.

Undoubtedly, also, they would arrive with protective boards in their pants and a handy packet of cleansing tissues for removing custard pie from the hair. For the public knows anything goes when Art is planning the fun.

But, for the record, they would be disappointed. There are frequent parties at Art's house in Hollywood, but they're small—exclusive even, if you define the word as excluding all except one's very best friends—and they're quiet, and in deference to an unbreakable house rule, *there are no games!* Art gets his fill of artificially-stimulated fun on his radio programs.

Once behind the six foot concrete wall which divides his amazing mid-town estate from the busy town and all the "funny" people, he wants a different kind of fun—relaxing with his pretty wife, Lois, and their four wonderful children, a cool plunge in the pool and then lazy baking in the sun, dinner early with all the family, a walk in the nearby hills with the whole family again, a wrestling match on the television set, perhaps, and then bed.

Although their house is only a block from the Sunset Strip, address of some of the world's most famous night spots—Ciro's, Mocambo, La Rue—the Linkletters haven't been in a night club in years.

Crowds, smoky rooms, drinks have no charm for Art, and fortunately for their happy marriage Lois is just as partial to quiet suppers for a few friends with no "entertainment" except good food and good talk.

Some of their close friends are in show business, too. The Ozzie Nelsons, Charlie Corrells, the Sid Strotzes, Alene Leslie, are frequent guests. But so are young lawyers, doctors, writers whose names would mean nothing to the public, but whose work is even more interesting to Art than his own.

The lawyers' factual minds fascinate him—he wants to know the details, not just the verdict, in Jack Leslie's latest court case. And he thinks it would be stupid to spend an evening at gin rummy when he can find out about fabulous new drugs being used in the treatment of tuberculosis.

"Why, I've been at parties in Hollywood where the guests included world-famous novelists, scientists, diplomats . . . I have simply drooled for a chance to talk with them . . . and what happens? Before the coffee cups are out (Continued on page 77)



Art's house is big an

Art Linkletter is m.c. of House Party, CBS, Mon.-Fri., 3:30 P.M. EST, and of People Are Funny, NBC, Tues., at 10:30 P.M. EST.



Robert, Sharon and Art hold a make-believe conversation with sister Dawn, who's away at camp.



On Art's lap, Robert, 4; on Lois's lap, 2-year-old Sharon. Jack, 11, sports his Black Foxt school uniform.

sumptuous, but it's not a Hollywood mansion. It's a home for the Linkletter family.



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On Art's lap, Robert, 4; on Lois's lap, 2-year-old Sharon, Jack, 11, sports his Black Peter school uniform.

Art Linkletter in m.c. of House Party, CBS, Monday, 8:30 P.M. EST, and of People Are Funny, NBC, Tues., at 10:30 P.M. EST.



Bachelor Girl in

By PAULINE SWANSON

IF Jo Stafford were to write her own theme song, it might go something like this: "I'm Taking it Easy on the Crest of the Wave."

Back home in her native California, relaxing in a casual and comfortable house in Westwood, out oceanway from Los Angeles, she seems as unperturbed by her spectacular success as she was by the hurdles on the way to the top.

Five blocks away on the U.C.L.A. campus, couples cluster about fraternity house phonographs, listening to the new Jo Stafford records, helping to make Jo a high-ranking girl among American recording stars.

In the college hangout down the block, the juke box eats nickels from more Jo Stafford fans—and Jo turns up Number One again, the Juke Box Queen for 1947.

And all over the pretty little University town radios are tuned in regularly to the Supper Club, and there's Jo again—now in her role as far and away one of the most popular girl singers on the air.

But the windows of Jo's cozy hilltop house face away from the campus, and the hangouts and the town, and look across the roof-tops to the Pacific Ocean, which goes on pounding in, ebbing out, day in, day out, no matter who wins what poll. Jo likes to look at it, shining like a compact mirror on a bright day, a black patch at the edge of the lights at night, and although she would laugh herself sick at any notion that her favorite view is symbolic, it is significant that all of the hoopla about Jo has had remarkably little effect on her values.

It was less than ten years ago when Jo—a freckle-faced kid barely out of high school—made her radio debut in a "sister-act," singing with her sisters Pauline and Christine in the Stafford Sisters Trio.

"Jo never made a fuss about her singing," big sister Chris—now Jo's personal secretary—says. "She felt it, she liked it. If she weren't doing it for money, she'd have been doing it for fun. It's still like that."

The ensuing fame, and the pockets full of money, have had very little visible affect on Jo—she's still the same relaxed and happy kid, comfortably sloppy in low heels and a collegienne's sweater and skirt, her calmness making even the calm Crosby seem hyperthyroid by comparison.

Jo is a girl with three big enthusiasms—her family, her singing and her friends. Occasionally she bubbles up a bit over something new—at the moment her new house, the first home of her own she has ever had—which she is decorating at her own leisurely pace, strictly as the spirit moves her.

"We lost a davenport today," she will say, giving the line something of a "we lost a tooth" inflection. The davenport, which Christine explains had been shriekingly the wrong color, had been with them for weeks before Jo got around to replacing it.

Although Jo insists that it's not half done, the house looks pleasantly rubbed down and lived in.

The efforts of her five-year-old great-nephew Christopher are not to be sniffed at in the rubbing-down process. His toy violin is on the grand piano, along with the songs in manuscript which Jo is working up, his heel marks are on the bannisters, and his jellied fingerprints all over the breakfast room table.

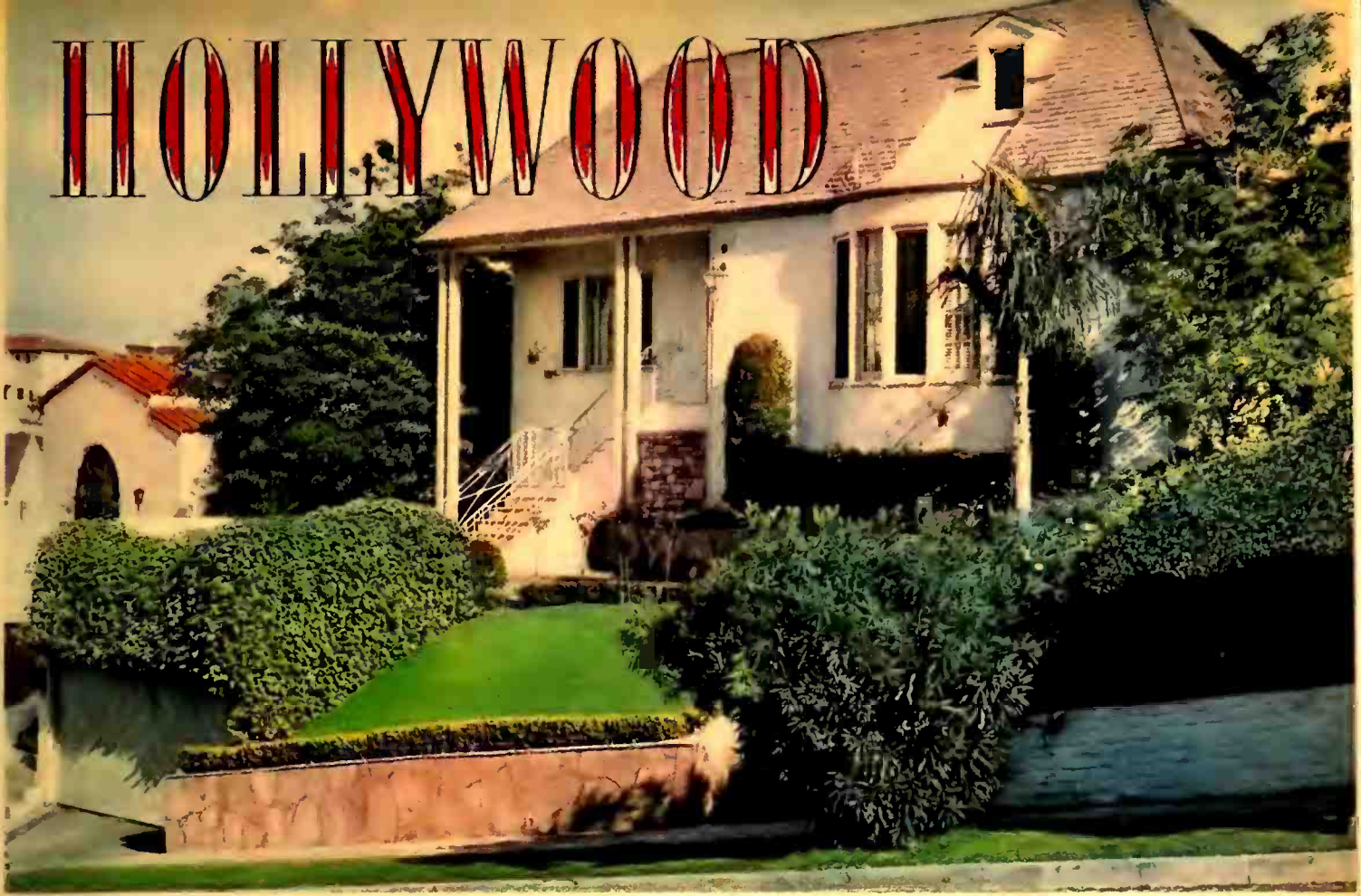
Embers from last evening's fire are still glowing in the grate in the den, easily the most cheerful room in the house. The big comfortable chairs are strong red and yellow, the rug is bright green. The card table, where Jo and Chris like to sit up late playing rummy, is a good noisy red as well.

For more "tone" Jo conducts you through the formal living room and dining room. The living room has been done in brown—notably in lush quilted velvet valances over the big view windows—and chartreuse, and looks bigger than it is because of the mirrored fireplace. The eighteenth century mahogany pieces in the dining room show off to advantage against a pale blue and rose floral wallpaper.

"Pretty, isn't it?" asks Jo, adding "We always eat in the breakfast room."

At home and at work, Jo Stafford lives by one rule: No fuss allowed

HOLLYWOOD



No career-conscious tension is ever allowed inside Jo's designed-for-easy-living home in Westwood, near Los Angeles.

Brisk workroom atmosphere is not Jo's style; her seven-by-seven bed often doubles as a desk. Sister Christine (right, with Jo) shares both the house and most of Jo's interests, including gin rummy.



Bachelor Girl in



Five-year-old Chris is an almost constant visitor—his great-aunt Jo is as fond of eating as he is.



Lamp designing is a hobby with Jo; the ballerina-legs are her brain.



Cheerful maid Cleo is a behind-the-scenes genius; Jo can safely sketch a menu and leave the details to her.

Jo Stafford is heard on Mon.-Wed.-Fri. Supper Club broadcasts, on NBC at 7 P.M. EST.

Decorator Jo really got down to business when she got to the two big bedrooms—her own and Christine's—at the back of the house.

"We're girls who like our sleep," she admits, as she proudly displays the two "Hollywood" seven-by-seven beds, Chris's with an old-rose quilted headboard, Jo's with electric blue satin.

It's pretty hard to look at the rooms without yawning sleepily. If you're just half-sleepy, you can turn down the big bed for a chaise—Jo's fits into a curving wall of windows with a view of the ocean going about its leisurely business five miles down the slope.

Next to big beds, Jo's passion is for lamps—and she has outdone herself designing the bedside pairs for the bedrooms. The bases for Christine's are entwined pink cupids, the shades pink fluff. Jo's are even headier—if that is the word for bases made like dancers' legs, and shades which simulate ruffled can-can skirts.

The house, with its accents on comfort and fun, fits Jo like one of her own low-heeled shoes, despite the fact that she has been in it for only a few weeks.

It's too new yet to be "home," as she reveals when she tells you that she and Christine "go home" every weekend.

"Home" is in Long Beach, where Jo's mother and father live in the big old house Jo bought for them

HOLLYWOOD



children, as are the fat pink Cupids in Christine's room, (not shown).



Jo spends her days in casual sports clothes and makeup, but turns herself out with glamor-plus for broadcasts.

with the first really important earnings of her career.

The baby of the four Stafford sisters, Bette Jane, and her husband and five-month-old son, Kim, live in Long Beach too, as do Christine's daughter, Marjorie Folz, and—when he's not visiting Aunt Jo—five-year-old Christopher.

The weekend reunions are traditional for the whole family, and Sunday wouldn't be Sunday for any of them without one of mama's southern fried chicken dinners.

Pauline, now living in New York with her husband, Galen Drake, mopes every Sunday from homesickness, the other girls say, despite the fact that she manages at least three times a year to join the rest of the family for a holiday.

It was in these family conclaves that the Stafford sisters first learned to sing together, and this they still do—strictly for laughs and fun. When they aren't singing they're playing charades—everybody but little Kim participates in *The Game*.

If Jo had her way, these family parties and a few informal get-togethers with the gang she works with in the recording studio and on her radio show would take care of her social life.

"She's never been much for parties, especially big ones," Christine explains. "The trouble with that is, there are so many people she *should* entertain—people

she really likes who have been terribly nice to her. We've started once or twice to plan a dinner party, made up guest lists and menus. Jo tries to stay interested, but she bogs down early. 'You do it, Chris,' she says finally, 'you know how.' And I know how she really feels, so we just skip it, until later. Usually until too much later."

As a result, the "parties" at Jo's house in Westwood are much more apt to take on the atmosphere of a kaffee-klatsch after a broadcast or a recording date, with Paul Weston, Jo's conductor and very special friend, on hand, along with Bob Packham, who produces the western Supper Club shows, Fred Heider, who writes them, and the five Star Lighters.

If Jo is feeling particularly energetic, she will put on an apron and make chili and beans—her favorite dish. If she isn't, and she frequently isn't, they all talk Cleo, the cheerful maid, into making spaghetti, or send out for hamburgers.

Jo's friends wonder audibly when she and Paul Weston will take out a marriage license, but Jo says quietly that "it hasn't come to that yet."

They have been friends for years. It was Paul, when he was arranging for Tommy Dorsey, who recommended the Pied Pipers to his boss, and thus got Jo—who was the only girl with the group—her first break in big time radio. Since she (Continued on page 76)

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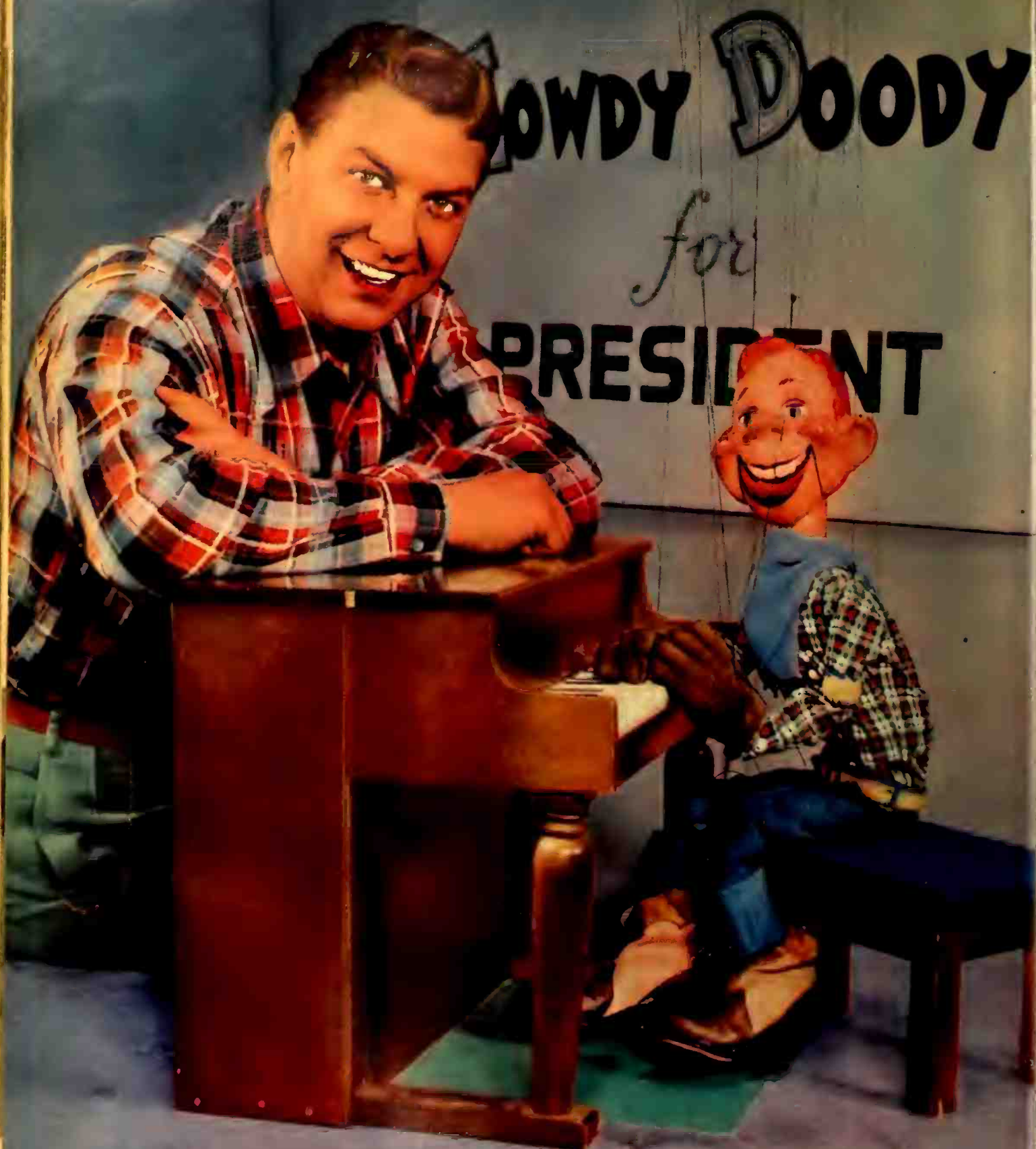
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Bob Smith's little friend is mere puppet? Why, he's a person in his own right, his admirers, young and old, insist!

Howdy Doody's DADDY

Before you vote, consider

Howdy Doody—Bob Smith's

candidate, the children's choice



Bob Smith, left, has no political aspirations, but when he created puppet Howdy Doody he found he had a presidential candidate on his hands. Now, besides a morning Bob Smith Show, Bob runs a Howdy Doody campaign on WNBC and WNBT. From young members of the "Peanut Gallery"—the studio audience—like those above, come the "Thingamagigs" for Howdy's platform.

BOB SMITH, whose widest fame has come as creator and campaign manager of the puppet Howdy Doody, has been a "little-bit-of-everything" man in radio for the past fifteen years; he's thirty now. After an actively musical childhood, Bob found a spot on WGR in Buffalo, his home town, and became a well-known local personality. In 1944, while he was running his own show on WBEN, NBC decided he was big-time talent and brought him to WNBC in New York City to do the early-morning (6:30 EST, Mon.-Sat.) Bob Smith Show.

In March, 1947, Bob added NBC's Triple B Ranch to his schedule, and Howdy Doody came into the world. As fun-and-quiz-master on this Saturday morning (9 A.M. EST) program for juniors, Bob decided he needed a foil for his quips. At first, he merely answered himself back in another voice, which he called "Howdy Doody." But as time went by Bob realized that his youthful studio audiences were very disappointed at not being able to see Howdy. So the gang-

ling, yellow-haired puppet took physical form, and raced into favor with such meteoric speed that NBC, when it caught its breath, built the Howdy Doody television show around him (Mon.-Fri., 5:30 P.M.)

Bob's programs still consist of a "bit of everything"—music, games, quizzes and so on—but the important thing right now is, of course, Howdy's campaign for president. It's complete with buttons, a campaign song and ardent young supporters writing in from wherever WNBC and NBT are heard to offer their suggestions for Howdy's platform. He's the choice of the Peanut Gallery (that's what Bob calls his studio audience) and they are the voters of the future!

Working more than twelve hours per week on the air, plus rehearsal and "thinking" time, hasn't left Bob Smith much leisure. But starting this fall his family—his mother, wife Margaret, sons Ronnie and Robin—will see more of him. NBC is building a studio in the basement of the Smith home in New Rochelle, from which Bob's broadcasts will come from now on.



Plank It

SOUNDS hard? Not at all; planking a meal is really an easy way to serve it. And it makes a feast out of an ordinary dinner. One of the most delightful meals I can remember was hamburger patties served on a plank. Around the edge were creamy whipped potatoes, toasted to a golden brown, little whole carrots, tiny ruby beets and a serving each of buttered stringbeans. The vegetables, of course, are cooked first. Then, instead of being put on serving dishes, they are heaped on a plank in an attractive arrangement. The meat, whether it is beef steak, lamb chops, broiled chicken or fish, is the center of attraction.

If you haven't a plank, ask your husband to help make you one. It's easy to do. Then place the decorated plank, festive and beautiful, on your largest platter to serve.

How to Make a Plank

Select a piece of wood (oak or other hardwood) approximately 12" x 18" and from 1" to 2" thick. On it trace the outline of a fish or an oval or round about the size you want. If there is a knot in the wood try to space it so that it is not near the edge. If you are making a plank fish-shaped, arrange the knot to come where the eye would. With a band saw or coping saw, cut around the fish outline. To finish, round off the top edges and mark juice grooves with a file. You can gouge out with a chisel a well or depression and a tree for catching the juices. Finish wood by sandpapering edges till they are smooth.

To Season a New Plank

Soak plank in cold water overnight. Rub thoroughly with oil or suet. Warm slowly to heat thoroughly (250° for one hour). Edges should be protected with oil. To clean plank, scrape, wash and rinse and allow to dry slowly. Always use a plank which has been oiled and preheated.

Chopped Beef on a Plank

1½ pounds chopped beef	6 small carrots cleaned and cooked
salt	sliced beets
pepper	1½ cups cooked mashed potatoes
chopped onions	

Mix together beef, salt, pepper and onions. Shape into three square patties. Preheat broiling compartment and pan for 10 minutes. Place patties on broiling pan about 3 inches from the source of the heat. Broil about 8 minutes. Turn patties over and transfer to a heated, oiled wooden plank. Garnish the patties with the carrots and beets. With a pastry tube or spoon, place a decorative row of mashed potatoes around the edge of the plank. Place in broiling compartment and broil for 5 minutes. Makes 6 servings.

With Chopped Beef

Borders: Mashed Irish and sweet potatoes in various forms. Bananas, halved lengthwise. Grilled pineapple slices. Cooked apple or peach quarters or apricot halves. Mashed squash, turnip.

(Continued on page 79)

By KATE SMITH

RADIO MIRROR
FOOD COUNSELOR

Listen to Kate Smith Speaks
at 12 Noon each weekday, on
stations of the Mutual network.

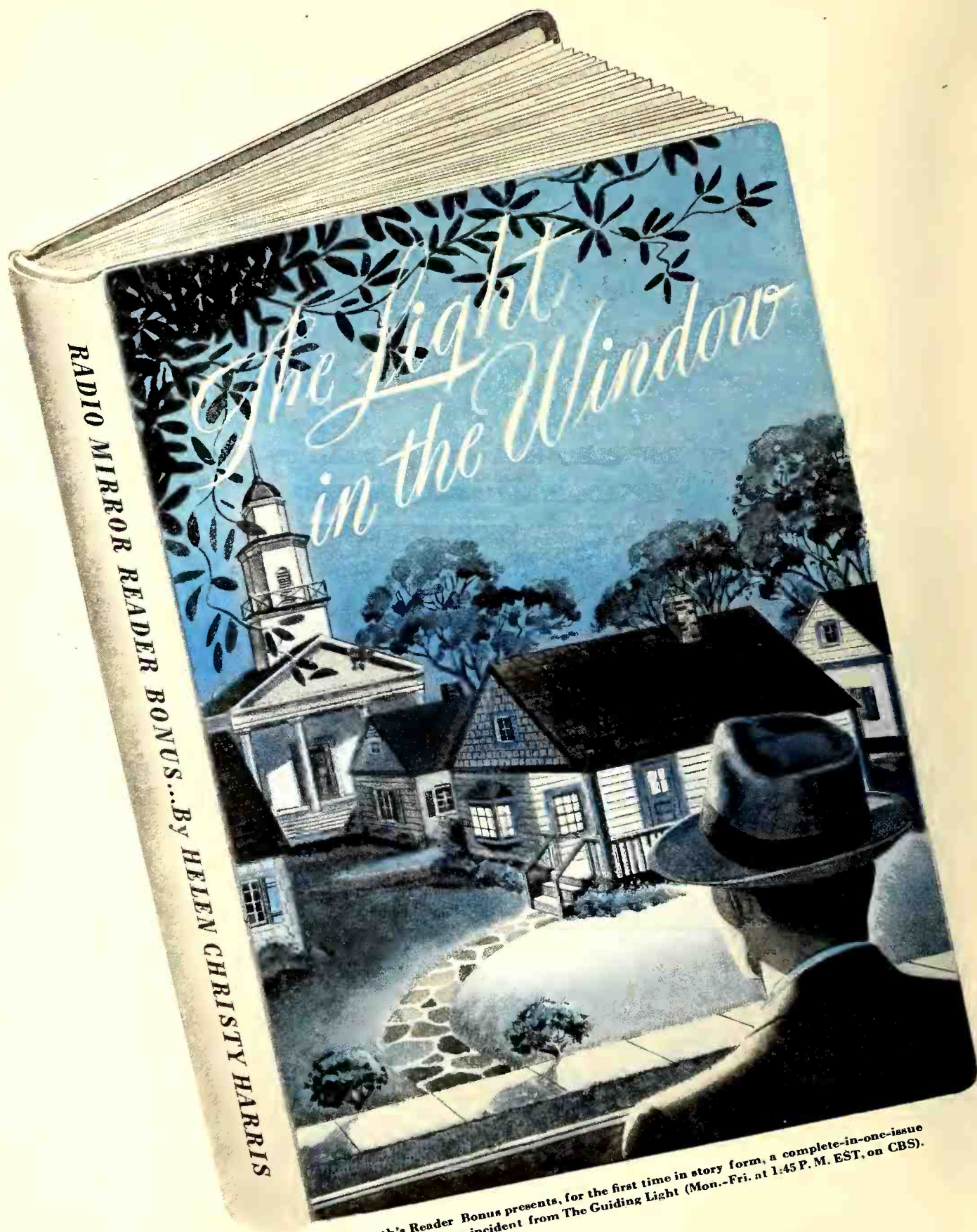


It might as well

BE
PRETTY!

Good food is always the handsomest decoration for a table, but for an extra-appetizing touch try planking your main course.

The Guiding Light that shines from the study of Dr. Matthews has led many troubled souls to peace



This month's Reader Bonus presents, for the first time in story form, a complete-in-one-issue novelette based on an incident from The Guiding Light (Mon.-Fri. at 1:45 P. M. EST, on CBS).

... but peace was not the goal of the man who called himself Ray Brandon

ON graduation night Cantwell High, in one of the nicest sections of Los Angeles, had two guests from the melting-pot community of Selby Flats. One, Dr. Charles Matthews, pastor of the Church of the Good Samaritan in Selby Flats, was known to all the audience. He sat next to the principal in the center of the front row of seats on the stage. He was the speaker of the evening.

The other stood at the very back of the room, in the deepest shadow of the balcony, so that even if anyone in the audience chanced to turn his head, he could not be seen. His name was Ray Brandon; he was only about three weeks old. But he knew about life, its twists and turnings, its way of trying to trap a man who wanted no part of it.

Only three weeks ago, the day before the warden of the state prison had turned the key that permitted Roger Barton to go free and to change his name, Dr. Matthews had spoken at the prison. It had been a moving speech, so moving that the brand-new Ray Brandon had had a crazy, irresistible

impulse. His first act as a free man had been to go to see Dr. Matthews and to tell him just what he thought of his high-sounding phrases about the brotherhood of man.

Then he'd got a job as a stock clerk—pretty good for a man who had a college degree in business administration and who knew as much law as many practising lawyers—and had ironically given Dr. Matthews' name as a reference. Then he had had a visit from a woman named Julie Collins, who had once been Julie Barton. Julie was here tonight, too, with her husband, Frank Collins. She was here to listen proudly while her son, young Roger Barton, delivered the valedictory address for the graduating class of Cantwell High.

Oh, yes, life was cunning; it was already trying to claim Ray Brandon. Dr. Matthews had forgiven him his imprecations and had given him a good recommendation for his job. Julie was married to another man; she had borne him two children, but her eyes had told Ray Brandon that she loved him. Her lips had said, "I hope we can be friends.

But young Roger has grown up believing that you were dead, as you wished. I hope you realize the impossibility of—of projecting yourself into his life in any way." But her eyes had told him that she loved him.

Well, she needn't worry. He'd told her he'd forgotten the boy completely. She'd married Frank to give young Roger a good home, a good life, and it was all right with him. He'd told Julie so, told her that a father's feelings weren't nearly as strong as a mother's. And they weren't, were they? He was here tonight only out of—curiosity. To see what sort of man the little boy he'd known had become.

Julie needn't worry about his having anything to do with young Roger. Dr. Matthews could preach to someone else about the brotherhood of man and forgiving and forgetting and making a fresh start. Ray Brandon wanted nothing life had to offer. He was existing for just one purpose. When it was accomplished, he wouldn't care what happened.

Dr. Matthews was speaking—praying. "Almighty God, may Your guiding light shine down upon these young folks who hold destiny in their hands. May it direct them down paths of understanding, tolerance, and brotherly love. May it help them to build a world of unselfishness and faith, a world that will be a promise of Your heavenly kingdom. Amen..." He lifted his head, addressed the audience directly. "It gives me great pleasure now to present to you the valedictorian of the Cantwell High School graduating class... Roger Collins."

Collins—so he was using his stepfather's name. Not that it mattered, of course. Ray braced himself. The boy was getting up, coming forward on the stage—and the face that looked out across the footlights was Ray's own face as it had been fifteen-odd years ago.

"Principal Clark, teachers, parents and friends... first of all we want to express our deep gratitude to everyone who has made this evening a reality for us. Our parents—our mothers and dads—without you, this couldn't have been possible. Day after day at home you taught us things we could never learn in school. You were always there to encourage us—"

Ray took it, every agonizing line of it. He stayed through the salutatorian's address, and the handing out of the diplomas, his hungry eyes never leaving the boy's face. He didn't dare wait to see Roger join the march off the stage; the audience would break up then, and he couldn't risk Julie's turning around, possibly seeing him. He had a little trouble with the doors—or maybe the trouble was with his eyes, which were somehow, suddenly blurred—and then he was outside, headed for the bus line and Mrs. Olson's boarding house in Selby Flats.

A man and a woman sat on the boarding house porch; the man faded quickly inside as Ray came up.

"Poor Eddie," Ray grinned. "Lives in hopes, doesn't he?"

Charlotte Wilson tilted her face to look up at him. It was a pretty face, but with tired lines that were too old



Charlotte looked up at Ray, her face raining tears as frank as a child's. He couldn't stop himself... he put his arms around her.



Dr. Charles Matthews (played by Hugh Studebaker) watched and waited as Ray Brandon struggled with his problem. He knew Ray's secret goal.

for her years. Just now it was a soft blur in the June night. "He doesn't need any encouragement. Not like some people I know." Quickly she went on, "How was the graduation?"

RAY was touched. She was always making little slips that betrayed her attitude of casual friendliness, and then hurriedly changing the subject as if she were afraid of forcing him to take notice of her. Earlier in the evening she had suggested a walk in the Flats' rather dusty little park; when he had told her where he was going and had invited her to go with him, her face had lighted with longing—but she had refused, sensing that he wanted to go alone.

"All right," he answered, and couldn't help adding, "One part of it was wonderful. A young man, the class valedictorian, spoke—"

"Yes—" She was watching his face intently. "What did he have to say?"

He was afraid to go on, afraid she would divine more than he wanted her to know. "Oh—just what all young people have to say," he answered carelessly. "What I felt and said myself when I was young. Charlotte, I'm very sorry. I completely forgot that you might be waiting."

She laughed. "You know, you're a nice guy," she told him. "I didn't have you figured as the kind of guy who'd say I'm sorry."

He smiled thinly. "Not quite in character, you mean?"

"Not quite something. I had you figured as a

hard guy—hard, not tough. But I guess you're nice—nicer than I am. I stopped being sorry—for anything—a long time ago. You live today. That's all that matters. And speaking of today—there's still time for that walk in the park."

A walk in the park, Ray thought; not a bad idea. It might help him forget tonight, and the boys and girls moving down the aisle to processional music, and a face that was his own face, fifteen years younger, on a stage.

He didn't mean to get too friendly with Charlotte. In a sense they were both fugitives from life, and that was what drew him to her. She was a pianist; she had a night-club act billed as "Charlotte and Her Piano"—when she worked. Ray suspected that it was a good act, and that, if she cared to exert herself, she had warmth and drive enough to put it across. But he suspected, too, that she didn't really care much about anything, and that she worked only enough to keep herself and to pay for her modest room at Mrs. Olson's.

She was always around when he came in from work, not intruding herself upon him, nor seeking attention, but just there,



Charlotte
(Betty Lou Gerson)

in case he should want to talk with her or walk with her or to play a game of gin rummy. Often he avoided her—tactfully, so that he wouldn't hurt her feelings. He was a man with a purpose. The purpose would have to wait a while because the man at the other end of it was out of town, but in the meantime he didn't want to become interested in anyone, nor did he want anyone to become interested in him. No emotional pride must tangle his clear purpose.

THEN one night Dr. Matthews left his study at the Church of the Good Samaritan, just up the street from Mrs. Olson's, and paid him a visit.

"Don't get the wrong idea," he told Ray. "I know how you feel about me, and I'm not going to make a habit of dropping in on you like this. But I know what you're up against . . . and if there's ever anything I can do, you know where the parsonage is."

Ray laughed shortly. "I've a very good view of it from my window—one of the drawbacks of the room. And thanks—but my future is pretty well laid out. You needn't concern yourself."

"I wonder," said Dr. Matthews slowly. "Every time I talk with you, I've the feeling I'm talking to two men. One is lost, bewildered; he wants to believe in something, wants to believe that the world is a decent place, in spite of

everything. The other—well, I don't like what I see in his eyes."

Ray narrowed his eyes instinctively, as if guarding them. Then he snorted. "You're all alike, you ministers. Why don't you practise what you preach? You're just curious. There's someone new in the neighborhood, someone you can't tag—"

"I wouldn't say that," said Dr. Matthews drily. "You forget, Brandon, that I've learned a great deal about you with-

out going out of my way at all. And just the other day I had a talk with a fine boy who's just starting out in life. He was graduated just the other evening—class valedictorian—"

Ray's head snapped up. "You—what?"

"Now, wait a minute. It happened quite by accident. The boy knew I was going to give the convocation, so he figured we ought to have a talk. He's a fine boy," Dr. Matthews repeated. "He wants to work as counselor at the Young People's Club here in Selby Flats this summer, and in the fall he wants to go to U. C. L. A. because it's the university his father—his real father—attended."

"Look here, Dr. Matthews, if you told him—"

"I didn't tell him anything," said Dr. Matthews. "I was occupied with trying



Roger
(Leonard Waterman)

THE LIGHT IN THE WINDOW

to place him. Oh, I know his people indirectly. They're friends of the McNeills', who are friends of mine. You probably know that Dr. McNeill runs the clinic here in Selby Flats. But the boy's face, and the way he talked—he's a lot like this one fellow inside you that I was talking about. The fellow who believes in something—"

Ray's face was white. He rose, almost threateningly. "That has nothing to do with—"

A SCREAM split the air, followed by scrambling, a crash. Somehow, Dr. Matthews and Ray got through the door into the hall at the same time. Down the hall, outside Charlotte Wilson's room, a man lay, his head bleeding, a shattered pitcher beside him. In her doorway Charlotte was screaming hysterically, "Get out! Get out! Get away from me!"

Dr. Matthews bent over the fallen man, and suddenly the hall was full of people, thin-faced little Eddie Bingham, other boarders, and Mrs. Olson, martially commanding them to go back where they came from. Dr. Matthews took the man off to Dr. McNeill's clinic; Ray tactfully retreated to his own room until the house was quiet. Then he knocked on Charlotte's door.

"Charlotte, it's Ray—Ray Brandon. Are you all right?"

"Go away," she said in a thick voice. "Oh, well—" And the door opened. She was pacing back and forth in the small space, shaking all over. "That good-for-nothing heel.

I'm still so mad I can hardly see straight."

It was evident that she hadn't yet recovered from the tussle. Her hair was mussed, her eyes red as though her head had been buried in a tear-wet pillow; her breathing came fast and uneven. Ray put a quieting hand over hers.

"Who is he?" he asked quietly. "A rat," said Charlotte succinctly. "One Larry Lawrence. Somebody I don't want to know."

"Obviously," Ray grinned slightly. "Also someone you knew once."

"Eight years ago." She stopped before him, eyes brilliant, mouth trembling with rage. "I thought that was the last of him. And today he came back. A knock on the door—and him standing there like he didn't know me at first! 'Charlotte Wilson, of all people! I saw the name on a letter, an envelope down in the hall, but I didn't think it was possible. Charlotte, don't you remember me?' I remembered all right—"

"I guess you did. That was a pretty nasty cut. Dr. Matthews has taken him down to the clinic."

"Too bad it wasn't the morgue."

He looked at her, startled. She

sounded as if she meant it. "Charlotte, you couldn't hate anyone that much."

"Oh, no? If you'd gone through what I have because of one person . . . What do you know about hate?"

"What do I know?" He checked himself "Surely, Charlotte, it can't be as bad as all that. Eight years ago, you were just a kid—"

She nodded violently. "You bet. Young and dumb and nice, a regular little Pollyanna. Sang in church every Sunday, a sweet small-town girl, young love's dream taken for a sleigh ride by Handsome Harry. I should have killed him—"

He put his hands on her shoulders, forced her into a chair. "Charlotte, stop that. Now have a cigarette and relax. What's the use getting worked up over something that happened eight years ago? There—that's better—"

She took the cigarette, looked up at him with eyes full of apology—and something else. "I'm sorry," she said. "I shouldn't have flown off the handle that way. But I got so mad at him, and then mad at myself for being mad . . . is he coming back?"

"I don't know," Ray answered. "I heard him say he has a room here, but under the circumstances I don't imagine he'll be too anxious to stay."

"That's what you think." She laughed bitterly. "All I've got to say is that this place isn't big enough for the two of us. One of us will have to go—me or Larry Lawrence."

But she didn't go. Larry came back from the clinic; the days passed, and still Charlotte remained. Then, coming home from work one afternoon and passing her half-open door, Ray saw something that made him pause, push the door open the rest of the way.

"Charlotte, what in the world are you doing?"

"What does it look like?" she snapped, and went on with her packing. "I'm clearing out of here."

He sat down heavily. "You can't," he said. "I—I won't let you do this."

She straightened, staring at him. "You won't let me? What's it to you, anyway?"

"I like you," said Ray. "Except when you give in to these impulses—"

"Like throwing pitchers at people?" He nodded soberly. "And—showing the



Julie Collins
(Mary Lansing)

white feather. You're only running away, Charlotte. You're afraid to face yourself, and the past. If you'd care to talk to me about it . . . if I can help—"

Dimly he heard an echo—Dr. Matthews offering, his own voice refusing. But he wouldn't listen. What applied to him didn't necessarily apply to

others. And Charlotte needed help. "Why should I tell you anything?" she demanded. "What do I know about you, the man of mystery himself? Besides, you wouldn't understand. I'm not like you, and you're not like me. I—I'm just not in your class."

"Not—" His jaw dropped. "What are you talking about? We were talking about one thing, and now you've switched to another. Charlotte, don't be so—so female!"

She blinked and folded her lips tightly against tears. Of course he wouldn't understand—because he would never in the world want to. Little Eddie Bingham had set her straight about that. *Why don't you come down to earth, Charl? This Brandon guy ain't in your class. He's just slumming down here—he's not Selby Flats. He's a writer or something like that, maybe a professor. You know he told me he studied law for fifteen years? And still he ain't a lawyer. You see, you don't know anything about him. And you never will. One day he'll pack up and leave here just the way he came in.*

That's why she was going. It wasn't Larry Lawrence. So long as he stayed away from her room, she didn't care if he chose to live here. He didn't matter any more. But Ray Brandon did.

Ray sensed it, knew that somehow her staying or going depended upon him, and he rebelled inwardly. This was one of life's traps, the impulse to reach out and stop her, to give of himself. And yet—hadn't she given to him? Talk, companionship, a woman's companionship, something he'd been as starved for as he'd been for the sight of his son.

"We're not alike?" he asked. "Well, we are in one way. You see, Charlotte, I hate someone, too. Hate him in a way you can't even begin to imagine. Some day I'm going to—but never mind that. The point is, I'm waiting for that someday, but I'm not losing my head. I can't afford to make a fool of myself—" His own words stopped him short. No, he couldn't afford to make a fool of himself—and one quick, sure way of doing just that would be to talk too much.

Her eyes were fixed upon his, and it seemed as if the very breath had stopped in her throat. "You're waiting—what (Continued on page 103)



Frank Collins
(William Bouchey)



Roger Collins
(Sam Edwards)

Inside Radio

All Times Below Are EASTERN STANDARD TIME
For Correct CENTRAL STANDARD TIME, Subtract One Hour

SUNDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45			Earl Wild	Carolina Calling
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Story to Order Words and Music	Tone Tapestries Chamber Music Society	White Rabbit Line	News E. Power Biggs Trinity Choir of St. Paul's Chapel
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Bible Highlights Voices Down The Wind	Radio Bible Class Voice of Prophecy	Message of Isreal Southernaires	Church of the Air Church of the Air
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	News Highlights Solitaire Time	Christian Reform Church Reviewing Stand	Fine Arts Quartette Hour of Faith	Howard K. Smith The News Makers Salt Lake Tabernacle

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Eternal Light	Alan Lomax Lutheran Hour	Texas Jim Robertson Piano Playhouse	Invitation to Learning People's Platform
1:00 1:15	America United	William L. Shirer John B. Kennedy	Sam Pettengill Edward "Ted" Weeke National Vespers	
1:30 1:45	Chicago Round Table	Music		Tell It Again
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	First Piano Quartet Robert Merrill	Army Air Force Show Bill Cunningham Veteran's Information	This Week Around The World Mr. President Drama	Festival of Song Joseph C. Harsch Elmo Roper
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Eddy Howard One Man's Family	Ernie Lee Show Juvenile Jury	Harrison Wood The Almanac Dance Music	CBS Symphony Orch.
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	The Quiz Kids News Living—1948	House of Mystery True Detective	Thinking Allowed Metropolitan Opera Auditions	Make Mine Music
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Author Meets the Critics Jane Pickens	The Shadow Quick As A Flash	Milton Cross Opera Album David Harding Counterspy	Sunday At The Chase

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	The Catholic Hour Theatre—Ozzie Nelson, Harriet Hilliard	Those Websters Nick Carter	Draw Pearson Don Gardner Greatest Story Ever Told	Family Hour The Pause That Re- freshes on the Air
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alice Faye and Phil Harris	Sherlock Holmes Behind the Front Page	Johnny Thompson Carnegie Hall Musical	Gene Autry Blondie
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Charlie McCarthy Show Fred Allen	A. L. Alexander Jimmie Fidler Twin Views of News	Stop the Music	Sam Spade Man Called X
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Manhattan Merry- Go-Round American Album	Secret Mission Jim Backus	Walter Winchell Louella Parsons Theatre Guild on the Air	Winner Take All Electric Theatre with Helen Hayes
10:00 10:15	Take It or Leave It	Voice of Strings		Hollywood Show- case, Mickey Rooney Strike It Rich
10:30	Horace Heidt	Clary's Gazette	Jimmie Fidler	



WALTER O'KEEFE—is the genial master of ceremonies on NBC's Double or Nothing, heard daily, 2:00 EST.



MARCIA NEIL—who sings the commercials on The Second Mrs. Burton (daily, 2:00 P.M. EST, CBS) and When A Girl Marries (daily, 5:00 P.M. EST, NBC) is a career girl who combines a busy singing schedule and a full-time job as homemaker and mother with remarkable and enviable ease. She broke into radio through television and radio work at the World's Fair and has been heard regularly on the air ever since.

MONDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember			The Trumpeteers Songs By Bob Atcher
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in New York Clevelandaires Nelson Olmsted	Editor's Diary Ozark Valley Folks	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America Barnyard Follies
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fred Waring Road of Life	Cecil Brown Faith In Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker, Mag- azine of the Air Listening Post	Music For You Arthur Godfrey
10:45	Joyce Jordan			
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	This Is Nora Drake We Love and Learn Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Passing Parade Tell Your Neighbor Heart's Desire	Bkfst. in H'wood Ted Malone Kiernan's Corner	Arthur Godfrey Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Harkness of Wash- ington Words and Music	Kate Smith Speaks Victor H. Lindlahr U. S. Service Band	Welcome Travelers	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	U. S. Navy Band Robert McCormick Robert Ripley	Cedric Foster Happy Gang Checkerboard Jamboree	Bill Baukhage Nancy Craig	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Today's Children Light of the World	Queen For A Day Golden Hope Chest	Maggi McNellis Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake Evelyn Winters
3:30 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Red Benson Movie Show Woody and Virginia	Ladies Be Seated Galen Drake	David Harum Hilltop House House Party
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Robert Hurlleigh Johnson Family Misc. Programs Two Ton Baker	Treasury Band Show	Hint Hunt Winner Take All
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Adventure Parade Capt. Midnight Superman Tom Mix	Challenge of the Yukon Jack Armstrong	Treasury Bandstand This Is Nora Drake The Chicagoans Lum 'n' Abner

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	John MacVane Sketches in Melody Sunoco News	Local Programs	Local Programs	Eric Sevareid In My Opinion Fred Felbel Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Henry J. Taylor Inside of Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis The Lone Ranger	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:55	Cavalcade of America Voice of Firestone	The Falcon Casebook of Gregory Hood Billy Rose	Sound Off Stars in the Night	Inner Sanctum Talent Scouts
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:55	Telephone Hour Dr. I. Q.	Gabriel Heatter Radio Newsreel Quiet Please Bill Henry	Jimmy Blaine Get Rich Quick	Lux Radio Theatre
10:00 10:15 10:30	Contented Program Fred Waring	Fishing and Hunting Club Dance Orch.	Arthur Gaeth Earl Godwin Curt Maseey Show	My Friend Irma Camel Caravan with Vaughn Monroe



MARTIN AGRONSKY — embarked on his career as newspaper correspondent after graduating from Rutgers University. His first assignment was Palestine for the Palestine Post and the Christian Science Monitor. During the war his voice was heard from far flung battle fronts and important cities all over the globe. Now, early morning listeners hear his careful evaluation of the news on ABC, Mon.-Sat.

T U E S D A Y

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:00 8:45	Do You Remember News			The Trumpeteers Songs By Bob Ather
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in N. Y. Clevelandaires Nelson Olmsted	Editor's Diary Ozark Valley Folks	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America Barryard Follies
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fred Waring Road of Life	Cecil Brown Faith In Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker, Magazine of the Air Club Time	Music For You Arthur Godfrey
10:45	Joyce Jordan			
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	This is Nora Drake We Love And Learn Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Passing Parade Tell Your Neighbor Heart's Desire	Bkfst. in H'wood Ted Malone Kiernan's Corner	Arthur Godfrey Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Harkness of Washington Words and Music	Kate Smith Speaks Victor H. Lindlahr Service Band	Welcome Travelers	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Art Van Damme Quartet Robert McCormick Robert Ripley	Cedric Foster Happy Gang Checkerboard Jamboree	Bill Baukhage Nancy Craig	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Today's Children Light of the World	Queen For A Day Golden Hope Chest	Maggi McNellis Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake Evelyn Winters
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Red Benson Movie Show Woody and Virginia	Ladies Be Seated Galen Drake	David Harum Hilltop House House Party
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Robert Hurlleigh Johnson Family Misc. Programs Two Ton Baker		Hint Hunt Treasury Band Show Winner Take All
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Adventure Parade Capt. Midnight Superman Tom Mix	Fun House Sky King	Treasury Bandstand The Chicagoans Lum 'n' Abner

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	John MacVane Sketches in Melody Sunoco News	Local Programs	Eric Sevareid Frontiers of Science Fred Feibel Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World Lennie Herman Quintet H. V. Kallenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date News Inside of Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis Meredith Willson Musical Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:55	Philip Morris Show Date With Judy	Mysterious Traveler Official Detective Billy Rose	Youth Asks the Government America's Town Meeting of the Air Mystery Theater Mr. and Mrs. North
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45 9:55	Amos 'n' Andy Fibber McGee & Molly	Gabriel Heatter Radio Newsreel Lone Wolf Bill Henry	Edwin D. Canham We, The People Hit The Jackpot
10:00 10:15 10:30	Bob Hope Show People are Funny	Public Defender Dance Orchestra	NAM Series Labor U. S. A. Rooftops of the City Dance Orchestra

W E D N E S D A Y

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember			The Trumpeteers Songs By Bob Ather
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in N. Y. Clevelandaires Nelson Olmsted	Editor's Diary Ozark Valley Folks	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America Barryard Follies
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fred Waring Road of Life	Cecil Brown Faith In Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker, Magazine of the Air Listening Post	Music For You Arthur Godfrey
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AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Harkness of Washington Words and Music	Kate Smith Speaks Victor H. Lindlahr U. S. Marine Band	Welcome Travelers	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	NBC Concert Orch. Robert McCormick Robert Ripley	Cedric Foster Happy Gang Checkerboard Jamboree	Bill Baukhage Nancy Craig	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
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5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Adventure Parade Capt. Midnight Superman Tom Mix	Challenge of the Yukon Jack Armstrong	Treasury Bandstand The Chicagoans Lum 'n' Abner

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	John MacVane Sketches in Melody Sunoco News	Local Programs	Eric Sevareid Talks Avenir de Monfred Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World Adrian Rollini Trio H. V. Kallenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date News Inside of Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis Lone Ranger Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:55	Radio City Playhouse Great Gildersleeve	Special Agent High Adventure Billy Rose	Original Amateur Hour, Ted Macks, M.C. Mr. Chameleon Dr. Christian
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45 9:55	Duffy's Tavern Mr. District Attorney	Gabriel Heatter Radio Newsreel Hollywood Story Bill Henry	Abbott and Costello Go For the House
10:00 10:15 10:30	The Big Story Curtain Time	Opinion-Aire Lionel Hampton Show	Bing Crosby Gordon MacRae The Whistler Capitol Cloak Room



PEGGY KNUDSEN — who plays Lois Graves, sister of CBS' Junior Miss (Saturdays, 11:30 A.M. EST) is a daughter of Duluth's fire chief, Conrad Knudsen. She got into the theater business easily when a stage director discovered her at the Stage Door Canteen during the war; in no time she was playing the title role in "My Sister Eileen." Later, she made her radio debut on Bill Goodwin's Show.

T H U R S D A Y

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember			The Trumpeteers Songs By Bob Atcher
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in N. Y. Clevelandaires Nelson Olmsted	Editor's Diary Ozark Valley Folks	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America Barnyard Follies
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fred Waring Road of Life	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker, Mag- azine of the Air Dorothy Kilgallen	Music For You Arthur Godfrey
10:45	Joyce Jordan			
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	This Is Nora Drake We Love And Learn Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Passing Parade Tell Your Neighbor Heart's Desire	Bkfst in H'wood Ted Malone Kiernan's Corner	Arthur Godfrey Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15	Harkness of Wash- ington Words and Music	Kate Smith Speaks Victor H. Lindlahr U. S. Service Band	Welcome Travelers	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny
12:30 12:45				Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Art Van Damme Quartet Robert McCormick Robert Ripley	Cedric Foster Happy Gang Checkerboard Jamboree	Bill Baukhage Nancy Craig	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Today's Children Light of the World	Queen for a Day Golden Hope Chest	Maggi McNellis Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake Evelyn Winters
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Red Benson Movie Show Woody and Virginia	Ladies Be Seated Galen Drake	David Harum Hilltop House House Party
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Robert Hurlleigh Johnson Family Two Ton Baker	Treasury Band Show	Hint Hunt Winner Take All
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Adventure Parade Capt. Midnight Superman Tom Mix	Fun House Sky King	Treasury Bandstand The Chicagoans Lum 'n' Abner

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Sketches in Melody Sunoco News	Local Programs	Local Programs	Eric Sevareid Of Men and Books Avenir de Monfred Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World Lawrence Welk	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date News Inside Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:55	Aldrich Family Burns and Allen	Talent Jackpot Better Half Quiz Billy Rose	Front Page To Be Announced	The F.B.I. In Peace and War Mr. Keen
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:55	Al Jolson Show Sealtest Village Store	Gabriel Heatter Radio Newsreel Revere Revue Bill Henry	Child's World Candid Microphone	Suspense Crime Photographer
10:00 10:15 10:30	Screen Guild Theatre Fred Waring Show	Family Theatre	Local Programs	Radio Readers' Digest



GALE GORDON—tries unsuccessfully, although manfully, every Tuesday, as Mayor La Trivia, to cope with the combined minds and vocabularies of Fibber McGee and Molly. He is also F. Ogden Williams, the weather man on this popular NBC show. Gordon, who was born in New York and educated in England, lives on a San Fernando Valley ranch where he putters around with his hobby, carpentry.



JOAN LAZER—the petite 11-year-old youngster who plays the role of Jill Malone in Young Dr. Malone, daily, 1:30 EST, CBS, was born in Tel-Aviv. She came to New York at the age of two; by the time she was six, she had made her debut singing on the air. Joan's most ardent admirer is her two-year-old brother who toddles over to the radio whenever he hears her voice on the air, which is quite often.

F R I D A Y

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember			The Trumpeteers Songs By Bob Atcher
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in N. Y. Clevelandaires Nelson Olmsted	Editor's Diary Ozark Valley Folks	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America Barnyard Follies
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fred Waring Road of Life	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker, Mag- azine of the Air The Listening Post	Music for You Sing Along
10:45	Joyce Jordan			
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	This Is Nora Drake We Love And Learn Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Passing Parade Tell Your Neighbor Heart's Desire	Bfst. H'wood Ted Malone Kiernan's Corner	Arthur Godfrey Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15	Harkness of Wash- ington Words and Music	Kate Smith Speaks Victor H. Lindlahr Campus Salute	Welcome Travelers	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny
12:30 12:45				Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	U. S. Marine Band Robert McCormick Robert Ripley	Cedric Foster Happy Gang Checkerboard Jamboree	Bill Baukhage Nancy Craig	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Today's Children Light of the World	Queen For a Day Golden Hope Chest	Maggi McNellis Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake Evelyn Winters
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Red Benson Movie Show Woody and Virginia	Ladies Be Seated Galen Drake	David Harum Hilltop House House Party
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Robert Hurlleigh Johnson Family Two Ton Baker	Treasury Band Show	Hint Hunt Winner Takes All
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Adventure Parade Capt. Midnight Superman Tom Mix	Challenge of the Yukon Jack Armstrong	Treasury Bandstand The Chicagoans Lum 'n' Abner

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	News Sketches in Melody Sunoco News	Local Programs	Local Programs	Eric Sevareid Report from the United Nations Avenir de Monfred Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Henry J. Taylor Inside of Sports	Headline Editor Elmer Davis Lone Ranger	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:55	Cities Service Band of America Jimmy Durante Show	Great Scenes From Great Plays Leave It to the Girls Billy Rose	The Fat Man This Is Your FBI	Mr. Ace and Jans Jack Carson Show
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Eddie Cantor Show Waltz Time	Gabriel Heatter Radio Newsreel Ccl. Stoopnagle's Quiz	Break the Bank The Sheriff	Ford Theatre
10:00 10:15 10:30	Life of Riley Sports	Meet the Press Tex Beneke	Boxing Bouts	Everybody Wins, Phil Baker Spotlight Revue

S A T U R D A Y

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
9:00	Story Shop		Shoppers Special	CBS News of America
9:15				Renfro Valley Folks
9:30	Mind Your Manners	Robert Hurleigh		
9:45		Practical Gardner		Garden Gate
10:00	Frank Merriwell	Bill Harrington	This Is For You	Red Barber's Club-
10:15				House
10:30	Archie Andrews	Ozark Valley Folks	Johnny Thompson	Mary Lee Taylor
10:45			Saturday Strings	
11:00	Meet the Meeks	Movie Matinee	Abbott and Costello	Let's Pretend
11:15				
11:30	Smilin' Ed McConnell	Teen Timer's Club	Don Gardiner	Junior Miss
11:45			Buddy Weed	

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00	Arthur Barriault	Campus Capers	Junior Junction	Theatre of Today
12:15	Public Affairs		American Farmer	Stars Over Hollywood
12:30				
12:45	Coffee With Congress	This Week in Wash- ington		
1:00	Nat'l Farm Home	Alan Lomax	Maggie McNellis,	Grand Central Sta.
1:15			Herb Sheldon	
1:30	Edmond Tomlinson	Dance Orch.	Piano Playhouse	County Fair
1:45	Report From Europe			
2:00	Music For The	Dance Orch.	Football	Give and Take
2:15	Moment			
2:30	Salute to Veterans	Bands For Bonds		Country Journal
2:45				
3:00		Magic Rhythm		Report from Overseas
3:15				Adventures in
				Science
3:30	Local Programs	Sports Parade		Cross-Section U.S.A.
3:45				
4:00		Charlie Slocum		Stan Dougherty
4:15		Dance Orch.		
4:30	Local Programs	First Church of	Local Programs	Treasury Bandstand
4:45		Christ Science		
5:00	Dizzy Dean Sports-	Take A Number	Tea and Crumpets	
5:15	cast			
5:30	Lassie Show	True or False	Melodies to Remem-	Dave Stephen's
5:45	Dr. I. Q.		ber	Orch.
			Dorothy Guldheim	

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	Peter Roberts	Dance Orchestra		News from Wash-
6:15	Art of Living			ington
6:45			Jack Beall	Red Barber Sports
				Show
7:00		Hawaii Calls	Treasury Bond Show	Larry Lesueur
7:15				
7:30	Curtain Time	To Be Announced	Famous Jury Trials	Saturday Night
7:45		Mel Allen		Serenade
8:00	Hollywood Star	Twenty Questions	Johnny Fletcher	Sing It Again
8:15	Theatre			
8:30	Truth or Conse-	Stop Me If You've	The Amazing Mr.	
8:45	quences	Heard This One	Malone	
9:00	Your Hit Parade	Three For The	Gang Busters	Morey Amsterdam
9:15		Money		Show
9:30	Judy Canova Show		What's My Name?	It Pays To Be
9:45				Ignorant
10:00	Day in the Life of	Theatre of the Air	Whiz Quiz With	Let's Dance, America
10:15	Dennis Day		Johnny Olsen,	
10:30	Grand Ole Opry		M.C.	
			Hayloft Hoedown	



GEORGE PETRIE — did nothing about his theatrical ambitions until after graduating from USC. He got his start with the Federal Theatre Project in his hometown, New Haven, Connecticut. Since then, Broadway has seen him in "Winged Victory," "Mr. Big," "Pastoral," and in the motion picture, "Boomerang." On the air, he is heard as D.A. Markham in Philo Vance, on Mon. at 10 P.M. EST, MBS.

It's Here!



Light and small is the Hearette: 8½ oz.

A new electronic instrument that will bring hearing aid to millions of people who have hearing problems is the Hearette. This light-weight, pocket-sized device is of particular value to radio listeners who have slight hearing deficiencies. Weighing only 8½ ounces and contained in a lucite case, the Hearette is capable of increasing the power of sound delivered to the ear more than 100,000 times.

* * * *

Big-picture television is smartly designed in a space-thrifty cabinet of genuine mahogany in the latest receiver introduced by Crosley. This set,



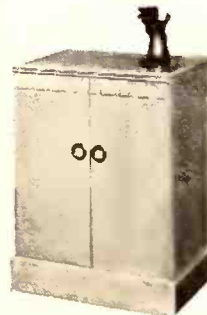
Crosley's latest: Model 9-407M.

Model 9-407M, offers complete FM reception as well as all-channel television reception. The cabinet size is only 22½ inches wide by 19½ inches deep by 16 inches high.

* * * *

Keeping pace with the current trends in interior decoration, RCA Victor has announced that their popular table model, 77U, is now available in a blond mahogany finish in keeping with modern room settings. The cabinet front and side panels are of solid mahogany, while the lid is finished, top and bottom, with mahogany stripe veneer.

* * * *



Stewart-Warner: One of six.

Stewart-Warner has announced a new Decorators line, available in six new cabinet designs. All the sets are radio-phonograph combinations and are supplied in straight AM or in combination AM-FM. All sets have two speakers and built-in aerials.

* * * *

Mother of the Year

Mrs. Helen Hines (l) tells Terry Burton that home training is the most important influence in anyone's life.

SUPPOSE that among the many millions of mothers in our country you were chosen as the American Mother of the Year! That was exactly what happened to Mrs. Helen G. Hines of Springfield, Ill. When she appeared as our Family Counselor she had so much to say that I decided the best way to pass it on to you would be to let Mrs. Hines speak for herself and this is what she told us:

"The most important influence in anyone's life is the training he receives at home. It seems to me that too many mothers of today are forgetting this responsibility—that of teaching their children the great principles of living. Of course, some of it must be taken care of in schools and churches, but there is a growing tendency to leave the major part of the job to these organizations, when the home is the best place to set a pattern of life for children.

"In my opinion, two principles which children should be taught very early are respect for authority and consideration for the rights of others. I am old-fashioned enough to believe that the *parents*, not the children, should run the home, and that the children should accept the guidance of mature individuals until they have learned how to conduct themselves so as to insure their happiness and security.

"There seems to be a decided trend in modern education to make things too easy and enjoyable, rather than a matter of honest-to-goodness hard work. We are doing our children an injustice if we let them believe that anything worthwhile can be accomplished without hard work.

"In order to prepare our children for life, I believe they should be taught to have faith in God. Children of parents who have strong religious convictions have a much better chance for happiness than those who come from homes where spiritual things have little value. A belief in God is essential for the mother who would influence the lives of her children for noble manhood and womanhood."


That is something we all could think about.

If there is some topic that you would like to have discussed by one of our Family Counselors, won't you send it along to me, in care of Radio Mirror?

By
**TERRY
BURTON**



Every Wednesday, The Second Mrs. Burton is visited by an authority on some phase of women's world interest. Through this department, Terry Burton shares some of these visits with Radio Mirror readers. The Second Mrs. Burton is heard Monday through Friday, 2 P. M. EST, CBS.


 The
*Duchess of
 Sutherland*

Her *Inner Self* glows through her *Lovely Face*

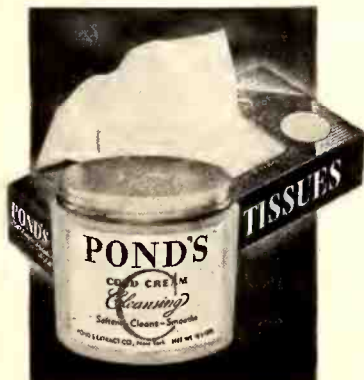
Wherever she goes, she brings love-
 liness with her, fun and joyousness
 and friendliness. You can *see* in her
 face what a delightful-to-be-with
 person she is.

Your face is speaking for you to
 everyone who sees you. It is the *You*
 that others see first—the outgoing
 expression of your inner self.
 Nothing about you has more lovely
 possibilities—or responds more
 gratefully to your loving attention.



The Duchess' complexion is glowing—clear and soft with perfect grooming

*She
 uses Pond's!* “I don't know a better face cream in the world,”
 the beautiful Duchess says



Pond's is used by more women than
 any other face cream. Get yourself a
 big jar of snowy-soft Pond's—today!

YOU are responsible for what *your face*
 gives out to the world—the way it reveals
 the Inner You to others. *Be exacting*,
 then, in the way you care for it. *Always* at
 bedtime (for day cleansings, too) do this
 Pond's “Outside-Inside” Face Treatment:

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

This “Outside-Inside” Face Treatment
 with Pond's literally works on both sides
 of your skin. *From the Outside*—Pond's
 Cold Cream wraps around surface dirt and
 make-up as you massage—sweeps them
 cleanly away as you tissue off. *From the
 Inside*—every step quickens beauty-giving
 circulation.

It's *not vanity* to develop the beauty of
 your face. When you look lovely it does
 something special and happy *to you*, and
 to everyone who sees you. It brings the
 real Inner You closer to others.

put *Life* into your hair with shampoo containing emulsified lanolin



for the whole family



More for your money big jar 60c

full pound \$1.50



Helene Curtis creme shampoo



Used most by professional beauticians . . . Oceans of foam even in hard water . . . leaves hair soft . . . manageable no soap film

HELENE CURTIS INDUSTRIES.

Our Boss, Joe Kelly

(Continued from page 28)

shoulder just before you go into the studio. "Don't be nervous," he tells you. "Do exactly as you would at home. I'll find a question you can answer, and when I do, get your hand up fast. You'll have fun."

All of us know Mr. Kelly is on the side of a new kid, and remembering our own first days, we follow his lead to give the new member a chance. We hope you heard him the day five-year-old Bobby Senescu joined us.

Bobby is so tiny someone should have carried his gown like a princess' train. He didn't know how to pick it up himself, and he tripped at every step. He had to sit on three phone books to reach his microphone.

Perched like an alert little bird, with his head cocked on one side to keep the tassel of his cap out of his eyes, he just sat there and let question after question go by.

Then came one from John Carlson of Chicago. The pianist was to play parts of a musical composition, and from the style of the music we were to identify the composer, and if possible, give the name of the piece.

Both of us tried and got snarled up. Mr. Kelly must have noticed the second Bobby lifted his hand off his desk, for he cut us short.

"Bobby?"

That little mite leaned into his microphone. "Rachmaninoff's 'Variation on a Paganini Theme.'" Sawing at an imaginary fiddle, he hummed a funny zzzzzz sound, going on from the bar where the pianist had left off.

"That's right!" Mr. Kelly shouted, happy as if someone had given him a million dollars. "Now Bobby, try again. Mr. Carlson wants to know if you can identify the composer and composition of this one."

Again the pianist sounded a few notes. Bobby's arm waved wildly. He had caught on. "Same thing, upside down."

Mr. Kelly wasn't prepared for so swift an answer. He started to glance at his card, but even as he did so, he translated Bobby's term.

"Right. Right again. It's Rachmaninoff's 'Variation on a Paganini Theme'—inverted."

That time the pianist had played the same piece, but had made it an inversion of the opening theme he had just finished.

The question could well have stumped one with many more years of musical

study than Bobby. Mr. Kelly wanted to be sure everyone appreciated his accomplishment. He waved for audience applause, exclaiming, "Isn't that fine? Isn't that wonderful for a five-year-old?"

By the next Sunday, Bobby was talking up with the rest of us. The question was: "If a violin player emptied his pockets, what might you find, indicating his profession?"

Bobby said a bridge, resin, strings. Lonnie Lunde added a tuning key. Mr. Kelly didn't understand. He consulted Bobby. Bobby said yes, he might carry a spare peg—the key you wind to tune the strings. Both of us named a chin rest. Bobby objected.

"What's the matter, Bobby?" Mr. Kelly asked. "Why wouldn't a violin player have a chin rest?"

"A chin rest goes under his chin, not in his pocket," said Bobby. We laughed with the audience. We all felt he had earned credit for that answer.

That's the way Mr. Kelly is. He doesn't dare you to answer a question correctly, like some grown ups do. He acts like he expects you to know, and that it is his job to help you say it right. When you have, it's a wonderful feeling to hear him shout, "Yes siree! That's very, very good! I wish I could do that."

We have talked it over, and we conclude Mr. Kelly is such a good Chief Quizzer because he knows what it is like to be somewhat young and have to face large audiences. Had there been a Quiz Kids program when he was a boy, he undoubtedly would have been on it, for he was a very remarkable child.

Since Mr. Kelly talks very little about himself in a serious fashion, we had to quiz the Chief Quizzer to find out about this.

We learned that Mr. Kelly never went to school a day after he was eight years old and finished third grade.

He already had a reputation as a boy soprano by that time, for when he was six, he won a five-dollar prize for singing "The Holy City" in an amateur contest at an Indianapolis theater. He had won many such prizes by the time he was eight and went to Crawfordsville, Indiana, to spend the summer with his grandmother.

His father had died, and the family had very little money. He was happy when a theater manager hired him to sing "Down by the Old Mill Stream" while pictures (Continued on page 74)



"It's a peek into private lives . . ."

. . . So writes one listener about the "realness" . . . the true-to-life quality . . . of the daily dramas on "My True Story" Radio Program, prepared in cooperation with the editors of True Story magazine.

Listen to radio's greatest morning show Monday through Friday mornings and you'll understand why so many thousands of women say "This is genuine! This is real life!" You'll be fascinated.

Tune in "MY TRUE STORY"

AMERICAN BROADCASTING STATIONS



This is the brand new, beautiful Duo-Therm Sheraton-style upright heater with fine period furniture styling and exclusive duo-tone mahogany finish.

Save up to 25% on fuel oil with a Duo-Therm heater with Power-air!

When you can have substantial fuel oil savings, clean, workless heat *and* fine period furniture styling—why accept less in a heater for *your* home?

But remember: you get all three *only* in a Duo-Therm heater!

**Power-Air saves up to
1 gallon of oil out of every 4!**

Make no mistake: only Duo-Therm heaters have this revolutionary Blower. And tests made by an independent authority in a cold Northern climate *prove* beyond a shadow of a doubt that Duo-Therm with Power-Air actually *saves up to 25% on fuel oil!* (This saving by itself can pay for your new Duo-Therm heater!)

Because it *is* a Blower—not a fan—Power-Air gets heat into hard-to-heat corners, too . . . keeps floors much warmer . . . gives you much more heat and comfort at the living level.

Exclusive Burner saves fuel oil, too

Yes, in addition to Power-Air fuel savings, you enjoy real fuel economy with this exclusive Duo-Therm Burner.

It mixes air and oil in 6 stages (another Duo-Therm exclusive) for clean, efficient operation from low pilot to highest flame—*thus gets more heat from every drop of oil you burn.*



The full-bodied, mushroom type Duo-Therm flame floats in the tough, lightweight steel heat chamber . . . hugs the chamber walls to transfer more heat to your home quicker. There's nothing to wear out because there are no moving parts. And it's absolutely silent!

**You beautify your home
as you heat it**

Duo-Therm heaters—and *only* Duo-Therms—are styled like fine period

furniture to add beauty to a room. Only Duo-Therm gives you its newly developed duo-tone mahogany heater finish, too—so beautiful, so practical!

And when you own a Duo-Therm you enjoy all the comforts of heat with none of the work. On the first cool day, light your Duo-Therm—then sit back and relax. You can tend the fire all winter by turning a simple dial.

You can enjoy Duo-Therm's clean, effortless heat in any one of a wide choice of models. For Duo-Therm makes a heater for practically every purse and purpose.

Free, fact-packed 12-page catalog

It shows all Duo-Therm models in full color, real room settings . . . gives you all the shopping facts you'll want to invest wisely in a heater. Send for your free copy now. In the meantime, visit your local Duo-Therm dealer and inspect the complete Duo-Therm line.

MORE THAN A MILLION SATISFIED USERS!

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ALWAYS THE LEADER...



Duo-Therm Division of Motor Wheel Corp., Dept. RM-54,
Lansing 3, Michigan

Please send me absolutely free your catalog on the

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- Duo-Therm Automatic Gas Water Heaters
- Duo-Therm Automatic Fuel Oil Water Heaters
- Duo-Therm Automatic Fuel Oil Furnaces

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Address _____

City _____ P. O. Zone _____ State _____

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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.

(Advertisement)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

(Continued from page 72) of the stream and the mill were flashed on the screen. That led to fifty dollars a week with the Doyle stock company as "Master Joe Kelly, the Irish Nightingale." He learned geography by traveling, and arithmetic by paying his hotel bill.

No wonder he understands how we get nervous in front of the audience.

He knows, too, how it feels to fail. He had played theaters all over the country, and at fourteen was the youngest minstrel man in America. His salary was seventy-five dollars a week.

Then one day he reached for his high note. Not a sound came out. Little Joe Kelly's voice had changed; he was through.

His singing had helped support the Kelly family. All the time he traveled, he sent money home. His next job was as an office boy, but that paid twelve dollars a week instead of seventy-five.

To learn to play the piano, he spent his noon hours in dime store music departments watching the girl pianists. He organized his own dance band, "Kelly's Klowns," then gave it up to become an actor in a touring stock company.

ON St. Patrick's Day, 1923, at Sault Sainte Marie, Ontario, he married the company's pretty brunette business manager, Mary, and eventually they settled down in Benton Harbor, Michigan.

Mr. Kelly had a variety of jobs until he broke into radio at the same station where his son, Joe Jr., now is getting his start as an announcer.

In 1933, he borrowed money to come to Chicago. He got his first announcing job at WLS, and soon became Chief Bell Ringer of the National Barn Dance.

He was also "Jolly Joe," the children's waker-upper, on a morning program. Peering through his "magic telescope," he helped them get ready for school by keeping score while they raced to get dressed. Some mornings the girls won; others, the boys were ahead. As they scrambled into their clothes, he told them wonderful stories about Polly the Parrot and Scamper the Billygoat.

In 1940, Lou Cowan, whose business it is to dream up radio programs, had the idea for the Quiz Kids. Walter Wade, of the Wade Advertising Agency, liked it, and together they got the show ready for the air. As the first board of kids, Gerard Darrow, Cynthia Cline, Joan Bishop and Van Dyke Tiers qualified, but sixteen prospective quiz masters did not. They tried college professors, writers and announcers. The kids got scared and froze, and the would-be Chief Quizzers flunked.

Then Mr. Wade thought of Joe Kelly. Mr. Kelly did not want to audition, but he was under personal contract to Mr. Wade, and when Mr. Wade asked, Mr. Kelly tried.

The kids had fun. They talked and talked.

Mr. Kelly went to Canada on a vacation and forgot all about it. He had helped out his friend Mr. Wade, but that was all there was to it. These kids could confuse the professors, and he had only a third grade education. So far as he was concerned, he wasn't qualified for the job.

He was having a fine time in the wilderness when Mr. Wade and Mr. Cowan wired, "Come back. You're the Chief Quizzer."

We asked members of Mr. Cowan's staff to tell us a little more about why they chose Mr. Kelly.

They explained that the show is not intended to test the Chief Quizzer's knowledge; its object is to bring out what we Kids have learned.

He can check our replies against the information on the cards the research department provides, but first he has to get us to give the answers.

We're eager to give Mr. Kelly the answers because we feel he understands that you can know something perfectly, but if some one dares you to say it, you can get so excited everything erases out of your mind like chalk off a blackboard.

It may be that Mr. Kelly has never forgotten the way he felt the day his voice changed, and he stood in front of an audience, unable to sing a note. If one of us gets into a tight spot, he helps us all he can—short of giving away the answer.

I (Joel) want to tell you about the day he helped me the most.

I hadn't missed a math problem in a month, and even before the show I had a feeling this was the day. Mr. Kelly must have noticed what happens when I miss—I get red in the face and so flustered I can't concentrate any more.

I should have solved that one. When Mr. Kelly said, "No, I'm sorry Joel, but that isn't right..." I started to burn. He must have seen me blush red as my gown.

He turned his back to the audience and talked only to me. "Never mind, Joel. You'll get the next one. Just take it easy."

I calmed down. I was away behind at the time, but instead of having my thoughts scrambled, I answered the next questions correctly and came in second.

And I, (Rinny) felt the worst the day I arrived with a black eye. Honestly, I don't know when I've been so embarrassed.

Some people pretended not to notice; some kidded me. I don't know which was worse. Apparently, it is very funny when a thirteen-year-old young lady sports a shiner.

MR. KELLY, however, was perfectly matter-of-fact. "How did you get it?"

"I was playing a little touch football at a picnic," I almost whispered. I was that fussed.

"Well," said Mr. Kelly, "you'll just have to develop a little better defense." I didn't mind after that.

Perhaps the reason we trust Mr. Kelly so much is because we have never seen him angry. Even on out of town trips, when we invent games which are somewhat hectic for a pullman, and the other grown ups get provoked, he just smiles.

He's a genius, too, at restoring order when we start scuffling before the show. We'll admit things get a bit wild.

As we told you, we reach NBC just half an hour before we go on the air. Usually, we wait in a small studio until time to make our entrance. We haven't seen each other for a week, and we have lots of things saved up to say.

One of us will grab a dead mike to imitate a noted announcer. Another disagrees with his interpretation and tries to take it away. In seconds, we're all shouting at once.

Then Mr. Kelly walks in. He'll say, "Cut it out, Kids. We don't want any more teeth lost around here."

I (Joel) carefully count molars and incisors. I lost my baby teeth in twelve different states, but I need these. To change the subject, I ask, "What's on the cards today?"

Those cards provide our best running gag. Everyone joins in the clamor.

"What are the questions?"

"Is there one I can answer?"

"Please, Mr. Kelly, let us have just a little peek."

He laughs and flips the pack, but it's always the blank sides he shows us. Or he'll reach out, then notice all of a sudden he's aimed toward a Quiz Kid, and quick pass them to a member of the staff. Other times he'll pretend to be serious, start to give them to us, then say, "Oh, I forgot. These are last week's."

While this goes on, Lonnie Lunde heads for the piano. He has been a pianist and composer since he was four, and can, we think, play any piece ever written. Mr. Kelly, on the other hand, learned his piano in dime stores.

But we love his boogie. One of us shouts, "Play for us, Mr. Kelly, please play for us."

Now we have been around radio stations long enough to know everyone gets tense before a big network show. Any ordinary man on his way to the studio would refuse.

BUT not our Mr. Kelly. He sits right down. Often he and Lonnie play duets, but the most hectic session came the day we got our organist, Howard Peterson, into it, too. Mr. Kelly and he raced. Faster and faster they played. It ended up in a positive tailspin.

Best of all, Mr. Kelly likes the song Lonnie wrote for him:

The Chief Quizzer

You'll find a lot of Kellys,
No matter where you go;
But to the Quiz Kids there's just one
The Kelly known as Joe—
Joe Kelly, the Chief Quizzer
He gives us no chance to relax—
Joe Kelly, the Chief Quizzer
He makes us come up with the
facts—
He throws the questions at us, some
easy, some hard,
For our tender ages he has no
regard;
'Cause he's got the answers right
there on his card,
Joe Kelly, the Quizzer.

We're ready for anything by the time we file into the studio. We laugh ahead of the audience when, just before air time, Mr. Kelly introduces our announcer, Bob Murphy, saying, "Kelly and Murphy, what a pair! It's a great day for the Irish. . . . Let me get these spectacles on . . . I'm having a little difficulty . . . they're a new pair I'm breaking in for my wife . . . Rinny, here's a question . . . why do you think people fall in love?"

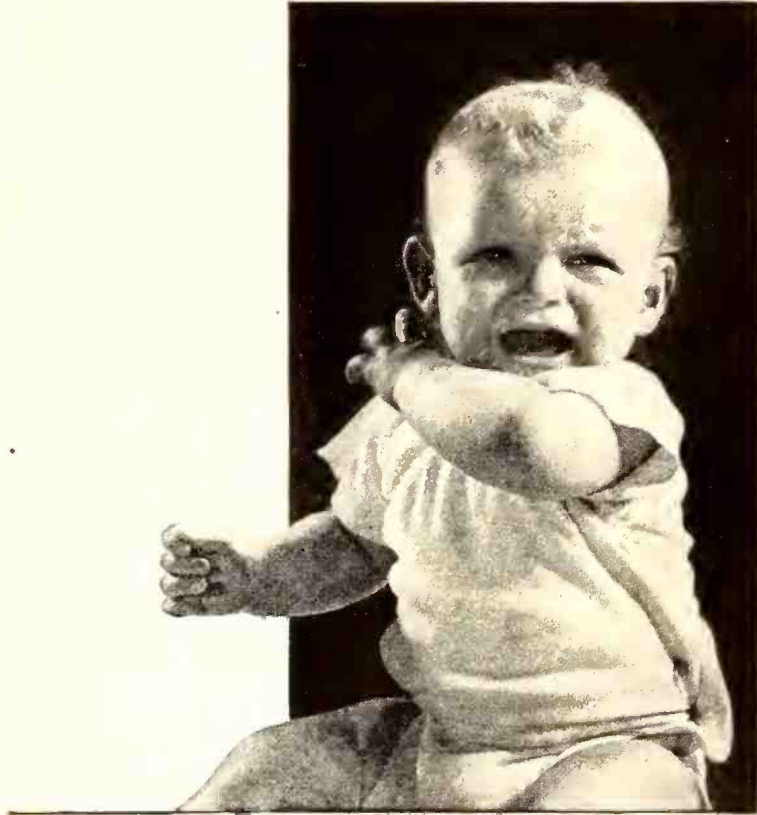
The laughs ring out, and before we have a chance to get solemn or scared, we're on the air, and he's asking the serious questions as happily as he did the foolish ones.

Mr. Kelly's formal education may have ended with the third grade, but he has made us realize a smart person doesn't do all his learning in school.

Even our audience senses, we think, that Mr. Kelly is like a kindly stepfather to every Quiz Kid. We find that out when we get into scraps with other kids at school. If they get really mad at us, they don't say, "I'll tell your father."

Oh no. When you're a Quiz Kid, it isn't as simple as that. They say, "We'll write Joe Kelly." And we wouldn't be surprised if some of them do

Hold it, Butch! Ladies Present



It's a safe guess all Butch needs is a 'change' . . . from itchy, half-clean clothes to things that are washed completely clean and sweet . . . with *Fels-Naptha Soap*.

This extra gentle laundry soap—an exclusive blend of mild, golden soap and active naphtha—gets out every stain, every source of irritation. Leaves dainty garments soothingly soft and white.

Like other modern mothers, you'll find Fels-Naptha the perfect soap for doing a 'baby wash' cleaner and quicker!



GOLDEN BAR OR GOLDEN CHIPS

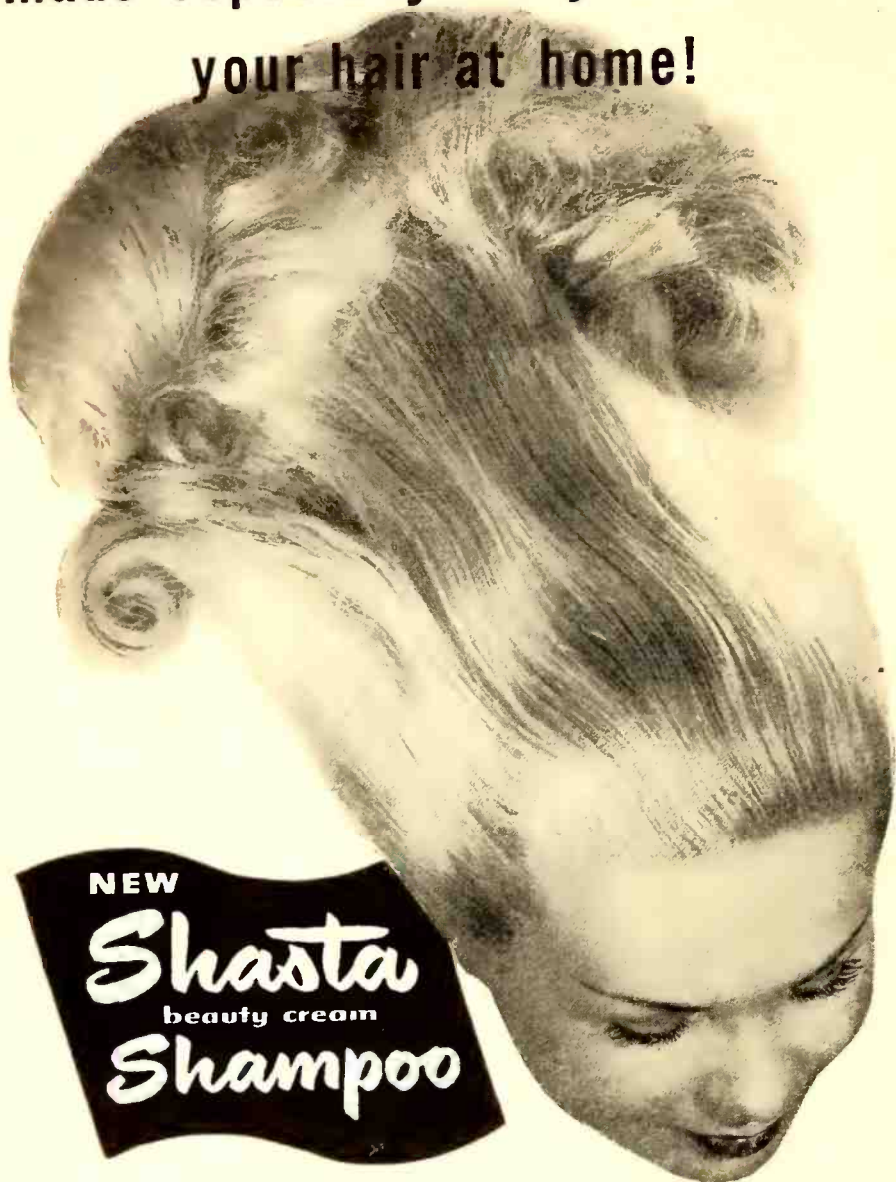
Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"



MADE IN PHILA.
BY FELS & CO.

**At last! a shampoo
made especially for you who do
your hair at home!**



NEW
Shasta
beauty cream
Shampoo

- **Makes home permanents "take" better!**

Shasta-washed hair "takes" a better permanent. Even a fresh new wave looks softer and more natural the very first day. Soaping your hair with the most *expensive creams or liquids* won't give you Shasta's perfect results!

- **Makes pin-curls comb out softer!**

Your pin-curls comb out softer—your hair stays lovely all day long. Shasta gives you better results than any soap shampoo. You'll see that Shasta is made especially for girls who do their hair at home!

Shasta leaves your hair more lustrous, easier to manage!

Notice how much more lustrous and manageable Shasta leaves your hair. See the brilliant highlights and silky softness. Tonight, Shasta-shampoo your hair!



Procter & Gamble's new beauty miracle! Not a soap... Leaves no dulling film!

Bachelor Girl in Hollywood

(Continued from page 57)

struck out on her own, he has done all of her recordings with her, as well as conducted for her radio appearances.

Jo brags that Paul is a blossoming song writer as well as a top conductor and arranger, and points to his three recent hit tunes, "I Should Care," "Day by Day" and "Ain't Ya Ever Coming Back?"

Some of Paul's songs have emanated from Jo's living room, where an audience of his pals is always ready to give a new work a quick run through. Some of those off-the-cuff concerts are better than the broadcasts, say the insiders who've heard them.

"We never know when we're kidding," Jo explains, recalling the fantastic story back of her biggest record hit the gag version of "Temptation" which reached the juke boxes as "Tim-tay-shun."

Jo made the record in a half an hour—"strictly the one take"—at the end of an all-day recording session with the Capitol Records people.

THE arrangement had been whipped up for another singer, who got sick at the last minute and failed to keep the recording date. Jim Conkling, of Capitol, suggested that Jo do it—"just for a gag."

It took half an hour to make it. Jo says, and five minutes to forget it. It was just a way of working off steam.

She was so sure she had heard the last of it that she didn't even tell Michael Nidorf, her manager, that the record was made.

But Capitol released the platter, crediting the vocal to "Cinderella G. Stump."

After about a month, Conkling telephoned Jo to report.

"Don't look now," he said, "but I think 'Tim-tay-shun' is going to cause some talk." Six hundred thousand records were in.

As the hepsters all know, "Tim-tay-shun" long ago passed the million mark, making recording history.

If she's going to make history, Jo would be just as glad if it were all that easy.

Her big upsurge in the popularity polls in the past two years has drummed up a fistful of theater and night club offers. This seemed like a good idea, at first. But Jo tried both, "and ran home screaming."

"It's too tough—the fancy get-ups, the five-a-day, the crowds."

She particularly hated the night club business, although she packed La Martiniere in New York every night during her engagement. Night clubs have all the bad features of theaters, she says, plus later hours, more smoke, more noise, and more drunks.

The easy-going life is the life for Jo. Where but in radio could she sleep all night and, if she wants to, half the day? In what other business could she get by with the sweaters and old flannel robes which are her favorite costumes, spend every weekend "at home" with the family, and week nights at home with a new detective story? Nowhere else in the entertainment business, that's sure.

Sure there are more people—and more applause—if you look out toward the town.

But, says Jo Stafford—who wants it?

Art Linkletter

(Continued from page 53)

of the way, the cards are out and everybody is pinned down to bridge or gin rummy."

Art thinks that offering a deck of cards to such guests is an insult to the guests and a confession of intellectual bankruptcy on the part of the hosts. As for himself, he has sworn never to learn gin rummy.

The old fashioned art of conversation is cultivated at the Linkletter home, and it is to help the children develop their ideas and vocabularies, the necessary antennae for ready communication with their world and the people in it, that Art and Lois plan their home life with an eye to spending the maximum amount of time with the youngsters.

Even two-year-old Sharon—Sha-Sha, as she herself says it—is allowed to dine with the family on stay-at-home evenings, and her parents are perfectly happy to advance their own dinner hour to six o'clock so that the littlest of their children can be with them.

The Linkletters expect their fifth child in October, and are giving Sharon every chance to exploit her position as the youngest.

Robert, almost four, feels very grown up when Sharon is around, and a great deal more articulate, his father says, than the time he appeared on his father's House Party program and was unable to utter a word.

The really "grown-up" children—Jack, who is eleven, and Dawn, nine, laugh indulgently at this childish nonsense which they have long since, of course, outgrown. For them the dinner hour is the big chance of the day to regale their parents with stories of their day at school.

Jack goes to Black Foxe, a military school, and Dawn to Westlake, a private school for girls. They will go to public schools when they reach the Junior High School level, their parents have decided. Art, who studied to be a teacher, is horrified at the teacher-load which prevails in the Los Angeles city schools, and declares that no teacher—no matter how competent—can teach fifty children at one sitting. At Westlake, Dawn's classes hold fourteen or fifteen, which her father thinks is more reasonable.

It is characteristic of Art that he wants nothing but the best for his children, for Lois and himself, too.

He started life an orphan, was later adopted. He managed a college education only by dint of the hardest kind of part-time jobs. Now that he can afford it, he feels absolutely no guilt about taking it easy.

When he and Lois were honeymooning thirteen years ago he did his last odd job around the house. His wife had a new floor lamp and asked him to install the extension cord needed to connect it. Art did, and blew the fuse. He has never "fixed" anything since—and Lois knows better than to ask him.

Their house, which surmounts a sloping acre in the heart of Hollywood, has everything for a relaxed and luxurious life—terraces with play equipment for the children, a badminton court, the swimming pool. The purple jacaranda trees at the front of the house are beautiful. The whole place is a sort of walled-in oasis in the center of a really not-too-beautiful town.

The cook and butler, governess, laundress and gardener now employed to

Pre-viewing The styles

WITH LINIT



THEA *Tewi*

again demonstrates her matchless flair for intimate-fashion design with this exquisite hostess robe of flowered, petal-fresh organdy.

Washable? "Yes, indeed," says Mme. Tewi, "provided you starch it with LINIT." This finest of laundry starches restores original finish... helps all cottons stay fresh and unrumpled 'tween launderings.

Be it sheerest organdy

or a sturdier fabric such as a housedress, man's shirt, sheet or curtain—if it's cotton it needs starching with LINIT.* Easy-to-follow directions for using this penetrating starch on every package. Ask your grocer for LINIT.



FOR THE *Finishing Touch...*

*LINIT is a registered trade-mark of Corn Products Refining Co., New York, N. Y.

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New! Improved!

Richard Hudnut Home Permanent



Take Only One* Hour Waving Time for Your Permanent

If you've ever put your hair up in curlers...it's that easy to give yourself the new, improved RICHARD HUDNUT HOME PERMANENT. This salon-type home permanent is based on the same type of preparations used in the Richard Hudnut Fifth Avenue Salon for luxurious, softer, lovelier waves. With it, you can set your hair in any style...from a sleek cap to a halo of ringlets. Ask to see the RICHARD HUDNUT HOME PERMANENT

at your favorite cosmetic counter—today! Price \$2.75; refill without rods. \$1.50 (all prices plus 30¢ Federal Tax).

*depending on texture and condition of hair—follow instructions.

It's 7 Ways Better!

- 1 Saves up to one-half usual waving time.
- 2 One-third more waving lotion...more penetrating, but gentle on hair!
- 3 Longer, stronger end-papers make hair tips easier to handle.
- 4 Double-strength neutralizer anchors wave faster, makes curl stronger for longer.
- 5 Improved technique gives deep, soft crown wave... non-frizzy ends.
- 6 Only home permanent kit to include recanditioning creme rinse.
- 7 Two lengths of rods. Standard size for ringlet ends; extra-long for deep crown waves.



keep the Linkletter home running with well-oiled efficiency will be supplemented, come October, with a nurse-maid.

When they bought it, over three years ago, their house was just another Mediterranean-type villa. But Lois, an enthusiastic amateur decorator, has transformed it. Bit by bit, she got rid of the garish tile and the miles of wrought iron work that gave it "character"—of a sort. The forty by twenty-foot living room is a bright place now, with the ceiling pickled and bleached, a simple mantelpiece, and brilliantly-colored Chinese furniture. The coral and blue-gray color scheme has a professional polish, but no Linkletter would be happy in a formal room. The casual accumulation of books, papers, music, logs piled in the fireplace—these give it its real character.

The dining room is pale and subtle, to make the best possible frame for Lois's collection of traditional silver, crystal and china. And all the bedrooms have as carefully thought-out color schemes. Jack's is mannish, Dawn's gay, Robert's a circus. Lois and Art share a huge room in which Swedish modern shows beautifully against a blue-green, chartreuse and apricot background.

A new room, a twelfth, is now under construction for the fifth baby's nursery.

Art pays rather appalling bills for all of this with the greatest good humor. His family and his home, he feels, are very rewarding investments.

Fortunately—in view of the kind of life he enjoys—Art is making money, important money, these days. The scrimping and planning of his college days in San Diego are happily behind him. His great success on the air, and in his one movie, *People Are Funny*, have built up a demand for his services at fairs and expositions at astronomical fees—and he manages to fill a great many such engagements along with his regular radio schedule.

Such a pace frightens his friends in radio who have seen Tom Breneman and other gifted men break under the load. But Art is not worried. His public life is strenuous, but—and this is crucial, he says—his private life is quite different. His quiet, lazy life with his family—which accents sleep, exercise, simple fun—stores up all the energy he needs for facing the public.

He has another asset, he thinks. He doesn't worry.

"I suppose, compared with the power-house guys, I seem phlegmatic," he says. "But I have developed a fatalistic philosophy in fifteen years of radio ad-libbing. Anything can happen, and often does. But I don't worry about it until it happens. When it happens I do the best I can."

The philosophy pays off, of course, for Art is famous in radio for turning a bad break, or a boner, into the biggest laugh on the show.

He has done *People are Funny* on TV once, with exciting results. He wants to do more—for he finds this medium the best for what he likes best to do, talk directly to the people.

With television a part of his thinking, Art, of course, is making it a part of his life. His home is probably the first in Hollywood to have a "television room." Like everything else in the house, the room is designed for the whole family's enjoyment.

That's what makes the Linkletter house something really worth writing about. It's a home.

It Might as Well Be Pretty

(Continued from page 61)

Vegetable Combinations: Buttered peas, carrot strips and cauliflower flowerets. Broiled mushroom caps, string beans, diced beets. Buttered string beans, stuffed onions, grilled tomatoes. Buttered cauliflower, diced carrots, spinach. Stuffed green peppers, diced turnips, kidney beans. Buttered asparagus, diced beets, lima beans. Stuffed tomatoes, buttered young carrots, French fried onion rings. Fried eggplant, grilled tomatoes, buttered Brussels sprouts. Stuffed mushroom caps, beet greens, kernel corn.

Planked Steaks

A steak you are going to serve on a plank should be broiled first. Select a tender steak $1\frac{1}{2}$ " to 2" thick. Trim off excessive fat. Place on greased rack in preheated broiling pan. Place broiling pan with meat on rack 2" to 3" below the heat. Sear on top and sides and turn. When seared on both sides reduce heat to moderate (350° F.). Continue broiling until 5 minutes before done.

Cooking Guide for Steak

1-inch: rare, 8-15 minutes; medium, 12-20 minutes; well done, 15-30 minutes.

2-inch: rare, 15-25 minutes; medium, 20-30 minutes; well done, 25-40 minutes.

Broil until nearly done, then put it on a preheated plank and arrange vegetables around it. Place under a hot broiler to brown potatoes and finish cooking. Allow $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ pound per portion.

Planked Chicken

3 medium sized broiling chickens	$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups cooked mashed potatoes
salt	$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups whole green beans, cooked
pepper	$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups whole kernel corn
oil	
pimento	

Split and clean broilers. Wash and dry thoroughly. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and cover with oil. Preheat broiling compartment to medium. Place skin side down on broiling pan and broil about 4 inches from source of heat for about 20 minutes. Remove from broiler and place skin side up in center of oiled heated plank. Arrange potatoes around edge of plank with pastry tube or with spoon. Fill space between potatoes with beans and corn. Brush with oil and broil 4 inches from source of heat about 10 minutes, or until chicken is tender and potatoes browned. Makes 6 servings.

Planked Fish

Select any firm-fleshed fish for planking. You may use whole fish, split down back, fillets or steaks which are $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 inch thick. Dry fish thoroughly, season both sides with salt and pepper and brush with oil or melted butter. Place skin side down on oiled hot plank or ovenware platter and bake in hot oven (400° F.) for 15 to 30 minutes, basting frequently. Remove from oven, border with mashed potatoes, brush with melted butter, milk or diluted egg yolk and brown in oven or under broiler. Garnish with parsley and serve at once. Other vegetables such as string beans, lima beans, tomato slices or small stuffed tomatoes may be used with potatoes. Allow $\frac{1}{3}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ pound fish per portion.

HOLD HIS EYES...WITH

that Always-Fresh look



Arlene Dahl

featured in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's
"A SOUTHERN YANKEE"

says, "Try Woodbury DEEP-CLEANSE Facials!"



Tempting! Dobbin eyes the apple—our eyes go to Arlene, she's so-o radiant! "For fresh morning glow," says she, "try my Cold Cream—deep-cleansing Woodbury!"



Ver-ree tempting! Sun down, moon up, it's time for glamour-glow! "Easy," Arlene tells you, "rich Woodbury smooths dryness...brings back that Always-Fresh look."

"For skin that's beauty-clean," says Arlene Dahl, "swirl on Woodbury Cold Cream. Its rich oils *cleanse deep...cleanse clean.* Tissue...and film on more Woodbury to smooth your skin. *Four special softening ingredients!* Now tissue again and splash with cold water. The result?—Woodbury-wonderful! Skin's clear-clean, silky-soft."



Woodbury
Cold Cream

Bothered with hangnails?

use
wonderful
new

VASELINE
TRADE MARK ®
CUTICLE



AND NAIL CREAM!



Cuticle hangnails aren't pretty to look at—aren't nice to have, either! They snag your nylons . . . spoil your manicure . . . and, darn it, they hurt. What to do?

Just make a beauty habit of new 'Vaseline' Cuticle and Nail Cream.

This soothing, smoothing, fragrant cream lubricates rough cuticle gently . . .

aids in keeping it soft, pliant . . . and really does something about those ugly cuticle hangnails!



Life can be Beautiful

NOSTALGIC MEMORIES

Radio Mirror's Best Letter of the Month

Dear Papa David:

I was born in a small village in Denmark. My father was a carpenter. I can remember walking to school through the snow wearing wooden shoes which kept our feet good and warm.

How well I remember my grandmother's house. It was brick, but the roof was covered with thick sod which would sprout in the spring, and soon the whole roof would be green. On one end of the roof the storks would build their nests and in a few weeks their little white offspring could be seen perched on the roof tops. How well I remember their long, red legs and what a thrill we children got from watching them.

I was ten years old when father decided to go to America where his married sister was living, but the sad part was that he couldn't take us with him. When he kissed us all good-bye we felt as though we would never see him again. Weeks went by, and Spring came. The grass on grandmother's roof grew green and we knew the storks would soon build their nests again.

After eight months, we received a letter from Father with transportation tickets for the whole family. It took us thirteen days and nights to cross the ocean, and I was so seasick the sight of the waves was enough to make me ill.

How happy we were when we sighted land! We sailed a few hours more and then sighted the Statue of Liberty. Never having heard about it before, we wondered what it was.

Traveling by train, we reached our destination two days later, fully expecting Father to meet us. We waited and waited but he never came. Strangers tried to discover where we were going, but we couldn't understand a word they said.

When it grew dark a man from the railroad, who spoke Swedish, was sent over to help us. Mother had no trouble understanding him and he insisted we spend the night at his home. Mother sent a letter to Father, but it was two days before he arrived. It seems we

had made the trip three days sooner than expected.

Leaving bright and early, we said good-bye to those kind people and started for our new home. It was a small town and we caused a lot of excitement. The children would come to our yard to play with us. With their help, we learned many new words.

In September we began school and the children would crowd around us to hear us talk. How they would laugh, but we learned fast, thanks to a kind teacher who took extra time with us. The years went by fast and we all learned to love America.

I am seventy-three years old now and my parents are both dead, but I still like to think about those days and it thrills me to hear my great-grandchildren laugh about how father came to call for us with four mules hitched to a big spring wagon. So after all, I find that Life Can Be Beautiful.

Mrs. R. K.

The ten-dollar letters follow:

MONEY ISN'T EVERYTHING

Dear Papa David:

Recently, in the company of friends, my husband was discussing the sad state of our finances. I laughed and said, "It's only money." Everyone laughed heartily. They assumed I was joking. Only my husband's smile told me that he, alone, understood.

We have been married ten years. No strangers to cheap housing, bill collectors and even pawnshops, we have endured all the humiliations of poverty.

During the war, we were fortunate. We worked hard, our income rose, and we bought a home, a car, and were able to give our children the things we wanted them to have.

After the war, we started a business of our own. Costs were higher than expected and we spent all our savings. sold our car, our house, and borrowed heavily. We worked hard, but we seemed doomed to failure. We lost money; our home was broken up; our creditors hounded us. We were exhausted. We even began to quarrel with each other.

When we were forced to close our business, we were heavily in debt and

the future seemed hopeless. We discussed a divorce. In our despair, a cold pride kept us from saying the one word that might have led to a reconciliation.

Charles was working nights and to get more money, he hauled coal during the day even though he suffered from asthma.

On New Year's Day, he had a heart attack. For hours I watched him fight for a life which we considered unendurable. Faced with the probable loss of my dear one, I prayed that I had left him enough in life to fight for. I realized what folly we had been about to commit.

My husband began to recover. We had many long talks and he admitted that, compared to his fear of our marriage's breaking up, the other worries were trifling. Once on his feet, he was warned that never again would he be able to work as hard.

People were sympathetic (even our creditors). We learned how good and true most of our friends were. A new tenderness entered our love for each other. We both know that probably we always will be poor—financially, that is. In the things that really matter, however, we are God's favored. When we stopped worrying about money, it was as if we had been set free.

MRS. C. W. A.

SOLICITOUS EAVESDROPPERS

Dear Papa David:

We live in the country, and our telephone is one of those eight-party lines on which everyone eavesdrops.

The night I realized my third baby was about to be born, my husband was at work in the city, several miles away. Frightened, I went to the telephone. What if the line should be busy? However, I was fortunate enough to get the connection, but I was sobbing hysterically, asking Frank how I would get to the hospital, begging him to hurry home, and wondering who would take care of our two little boys.

Suddenly, while Frank was still talking, trying to calm me, I heard a car drive into our yard, then another, and another. Those party-liners had heard my call and had all come to help!

In no time, they arranged everything. One drove me to the hospital while the others cared for the children, reassured Frank (on the phone) and did a hundred thoughtful things. Oh yes, life can be beautiful, even on a party line!

MRS. F. C.

RADIO MIRROR OFFERS \$50 EACH MONTH FOR YOUR LETTERS

Somewhere in everyone's life is hidden a key to happiness. It may be a half-forgotten friend, a period of suffering, an unimportant incident, which suddenly illuminated the whole meaning of life. If you are treasuring such a memory, won't you write to Papa David about it? For the letter he considers best each month, Radio Mirror will pay fifty dollars; for each of the others that we have room enough to print, ten dollars. No letters can be returned. Address your Life Can Be Beautiful letter to Papa David, Radio Mirror Magazine, 205 East 42 Street. N.Y. 17, N.Y.

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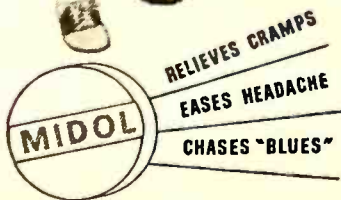


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INFORMATION

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FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there's something you want to know about radio, write to Information Booth, Radio Mirror, 205 E. 42nd St., N. Y. We'll answer if we can either in Information Booth or by mail—but be sure to sign full name and address, and attach this box to your letter.

TED MALONE'S ORGANIST

Dear Editor:

How about some information on Rosa Rio the organist on Ted Malone's program? I think she is just about the best in the business. Where did she come from? Is she married? What other programs does she play for? My girl friend and I are both musicians and I have a wager with her that she is also the organist on My True Story. Am I right or wrong?

Mr. B. B.

Louisville, Ky.

You're right. She's also the organist on ABC's Ethel and Albert (Monday to Friday at 6:45 P.M. EST.), and Second Honeymoon (Monday to Friday at 3:30 P.M. EST., ABC). Rosa, who is on ABC's musical staff, is so much in demand that she often has only twenty-five seconds to dash from one studio to another. A native of New Orleans, she is married, has one son, and, naturally, has an organ in her home.

STATISTICS WANTED

Dear Editor:

Recently a friendly discussion led to a friendly wager concerning the height and weight of certain radio celebrities. Would you please clarify the matter for us by giving these vital statistics of Dick Haymes, Vaughn Monroe, and Bob Hope?

Mr. F. V. H.

Chicago 14, Ill.

We'll be glad to. Vaughn Monroe, the tallest of the three, is 6'2" and 185 pounds. Next comes Dick Haymes at 6' and 160 pounds. And Bob Hope, the shortest, is 5'10", and 170 pounds.

CAPTIVATING VOICE

Dear Editor:

Will you please tell me who plays Peggy Martinson on the Nora Drake program? I'd like to see a picture of her as she owns such a wonderfully dramatic voice. It's a voice you want to stop and listen to.

Mrs. P. B.
Armona, California



Rosa Rio

Here's the face that matches the voice you want to stop and listen to—Mercedes McCambridge. She is often heard on other programs such as Inner Sanctum, Studio One, and Mystery Theatre.

NEWS CORRESPONDENT RETURNS

Dear Editor:

Would you tell me what has become of Robert St. John? During the war I heard him on the radio often and he was one of my favorite newscasters. I haven't heard him or anything about him for a long time.

Mrs. B. C.

Martinsville, Va.



Robert St. John

You'll be happy to hear that Robert St. John recently returned to this country from Europe where he spent much time gathering material for his new book on Palestine which will be published this Fall.

THE PARK AVENUE HILLBILLIE

Dear Editor:

I would like to know where Dorothy Shay, The Park Avenue Hillbillie, comes from. Our family enjoys listening to her and we are in dispute as to her native state. Would you enlighten us?

Mrs. P. A. S., San Antonio, 10, Texas



Dorothy Shay

Dorothy Shay is from the South—Jacksonville, Florida, to be specific, where she was born some twenty-odd years ago.

ALIAS GERARD

Dear Editor:

I noticed in your August issue of Radio Mirror the picture of Jerry Colonna. Is that his real name? Has he made any recordings lately?

Mr. F. C.

Erie, Pa.



Jerry Colonna

Jerry's legal name is Gerard Colonna; however, he changed it when he decided it was too formal for a comedian. His latest Capitol recordings, released a few months ago, are "Pass A Piece of Pizza, Please," and "Where Do You Work-a, John?"



Mercedes
McCambridge

BOOTH

TRIBUTE

Dear Editor:

Until your September issue I was disappointed in your magazine for not mentioning the death of Tom Breneman. He meant so much to so many of us. During the war years his program always gave us a lift. And yet, along with the belly laugh, the smile, or the chuckle, would come the tears the next moment. That's the test of true comedy. He was more than a comedian because shining through his antics was the warmth, the true heart, of Tom. That was what made him different from the other comedians.

Mrs. G. H. E.

Indianapolis, Ind.

Those are our sentiments, too.

SUPER WRITING TEAM

Dear Editor:

Could you give me some information about Frank and Anne Hummert, as well as some of the radio programs they produce?

Miss N. A. T.
Milford, Mass.



Anne Hummert

Anne (née Ashen-hurst) and Frank Hummert originally started as a secretary-boss combination, but, as Frank will confide jokingly to friends, he married Anne because he had difficulty pronouncing her name. Together they have become radio's most outstanding writing and producing team. They write, produce and direct some sixteen radio scripts weekly for an audience estimated at 100,000,000 a week. To give you an idea of the variety of programs they have a hand in, here are a few: *David Harum*, *Backstage Wife*, *Manhattan Merry-Go-Round*, *Lora Lawton*, and *Waltz Time*.

RADIO'S PERFECT MOTHER

Dear Editor:

Will you please inform me whether Marion Barney ever played stock in Philadelphia quite a few years ago?

Mrs. M. C. E.
Trenton, N. J.



Marion Barney

Not only has she played stock in Philadelphia, but there isn't a city with a population of 100,000 or more that she hasn't played. Before Marion entered the field of radio, she had spent twenty distinguished years on the stage, five of which were spent as leading actress of the Orpheum Stock Company in Philadelphia. Now, known as radio's perfect mother, Marion is firmly settled in her role as Mother Young in *Pepper Young's Family*.

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Curtain at Nine

(Continued from page 33)

chance. It was seized upon desperately. A motorcycle messenger was armed with a release form, and dispatched from Hollywood to Santa Barbara with instructions to locate Miss Benson and get her signature by broadcast deadline. Little hope was entertained that he would succeed.

Followed a glum vigil at the telephone. Came five o'clock, Hollywood time, and no word. Five-thirty, and no word. Five-forty. The phone jangled. Wrong number. Twenty minutes left.

Then it rang again. This time it was the excited voice of the messenger. He had contacted Miss Benson. She had signed the release, and he was speeding back with it. Everyone sighed. It was all right to go on with the show.

I HAVE become accustomed to drama behind the Lux Radio Theatre's velvet curtain such as I have not witnessed in any other phase of what will pass, I venture, for a rather eventful career—a career including a 40-week, 46-state siege of one night stands, acting and directing on the Broadway and London stage, and 14 years as a Hollywood motion picture director.

A control booth Einstein has figured out that into the overall production of the Lux Theatre to date have gone some seven million words, which if printed on single teletype tape would stretch 2,500 miles; 35,000 pages of script which, laid end to end, would extend 60 miles and drive out of their minds every street cleaner en route; roughly 13,000 music bridges, and approximately 60,000 sound effects conjured up by Lux's fabulous noisemaker, Charles Forsyth, at the rate of 105 a show. More than 400 of Hollywood's all-time most glamorous movie stars had performed in upwards of 600 Lux adaptations of motion picture hits by the end of 1947.

You cannot wade through that wilderness of statistics without some of the most carefully laid plans going awry. Week in and week out, comedy, pathos and suspense are the real life ingredients backstage in the Lux Radio Theatre. To thirty-two million faithful listeners, Operation Lux is a flawless radio presentation which has come across the airplanes for more than 14 years without miscue or mishap. As far as Lux fans know, all the tumult and humor of this continually high-Hoopered one hour show is contained in the adaptations of popular motion pictures, and in the performances of the stars who come to the Lux microphone.

Rarely is there hint of the problems involved in getting the show on and off the air with clocklike regularity. Little is the armchair patron aware of feverish races against deadlines, of the talent and perspiration, of the heart-break and headache poured into a Radio Theatre presentation.

Even dress rehearsal at the Playhouse is subject to disruptions, particularly during invasions by itinerant inebriates. When these vagabonds are spotted, they are gently eased out.

One slightly tipsy, well-dressed gent crashed the dress rehearsal not long ago, ensconced himself in the front row, and proceeded to interrupt the performance with admittedly intelligent criticism. However, his comment was uncomplimentary, and he was asked to leave, which he did gracefully and with dispatch.

I shall not soon forget the night that adulation for one of my stars took on the proportions of a near riot. Before the curtain fell on our adaptation of "You Came Along," an army of girls stormed the footlights with a rain of oohs-and-ahs, accompanied by frantically extended autograph albums. Only the timely arrival of a contingent of Los Angeles policemen prevented them from swarming onto the stage and kidnapping Van Johnson while the show still was on the air.

Although this demonstration was quelled without discernible catastrophe, I will admit that at least one distaff fan achieved a moral victory. A life-size photo of Johnson appeared in a glass showcase in the lobby of the Vine Street Playhouse, and when I went home I noticed that one of Van's admirers had left her lipstick prints on the glass across the photographic image of his own lips.

Often comic relief is provided by fans far from the CBS auditorium. In its day the Radio Theatre has been held responsible for a burning house, called to task for doubting the biting potentials of dead bees, and praised for dramatizing the story of a horse that wouldn't be caught dead without the sponsor's product.

It was a curious, yet amusing twist of logic that laid the conflagration at our doorstep. A listener wrote indignantly that his home would not have gone up in flames if he had not dialed the program. He had become so engrossed, he complained, that he did not notice his house was afire until it was too late to do anything but flee the inferno with his own skin intact.

WALTER BRENNAN'S Lux performance in "To Have and Have Not" as the dipsomaniac who badgered everyone he encountered with the question, "Was you ever bit by a dead bee?" brought next day a special delivery protest from an outraged woman.

"I stepped on a dead bee last night," she stammered, "and I was bitten by it. So you see dead bees do bite."

Having learned not to underestimate dead bees, I nevertheless continued to open my fan mail with sublime faith. The letter from one Fred J. Loelindorfer following the adaptation of "Thunderhead, Son of Flicka," no doubt warmed the sudsy cockles of the sponsor's heart. Loelindorfer owned the yearling colt which had played the title role in the movie. He was glad that it was Lux Theatre which had brought the film to the air.

"I am pleased that the movie was presented on your radio program," Mr. Loelindorfer wrote to me, "because I use Lux on all my horses. It is the only thing I know that will keep their manes and tails clean."

Another unsolicited testimonial came from the grandson of my good friend, Dr. Harry Kaufman, of Washington, D.C. This lad, imbued with a sense of listener obligation to the people who make the program available, praised the Radio Theatre in glowing terms and took pains to assure me that "my sister uses Lux and has a wonderful complexion." I learned later from Dr. Kaufman that the boy's sister was four years old.

One tribute to my sponsor's ubiquitous product came to me from a listener

who had received from a friend in France a linen tablecloth embroidered in Belgian lace. Enclosed with this fine gift was a note, written in French, recommending that the cloth be washed in Lux.

My own slight contribution is the fact that when I joined the show on a permanent basis I purchased an extra pair of eyeglasses, with lenses ground for the special requirements of broadcasting. Based on the distance between my eyes and the script, a large area of these bifocals was for reading, while the smaller upper portion was for receiving timing signals at a greater distance.

This might seem like an extraordinary precaution, but as surely as day follows night, the evening came when I was on stage two minutes before curtain, and I discovered that I had left my regular glasses in the dressing room. You can imagine how relieved I was to be able to reach into another pocket and come up with my extra pair.

NOT instinct, but an embarrassing experience in my early days as an actor prompted me to carry two pairs of eyeglasses on every broadcast. Years ago, on the road, I played an Englishman in "Officer 666." In a climactic scene, I was supposed to fetch a pair of handcuffs out of my pocket and fasten them to my wrists. I fumbled in vain for my props. I tried, under the circumstances, to cover up by turning my back to the audience and letting them assume that I was in handcuffs. I have never forgotten that I could have avoided this debacle had I had two pairs of handcuffs.

Would that fear of missing glasses were an isolated deadline scare! Consider the night Bette Davis was billed for the Radio Theatre in "The Letter." Five minutes before showtime, Bette ran out of her dressing room, her face contorted in pain, her hands clutching her throat.

"I've taken poison!" she cried.

No, Miss Davis was not attempting suicide, and she was not jesting. To relieve a severe headache she had poured the contents of a little bottle into a glass of water and had tossed it off. Instead of headache powder, it was insect poison. However, her alert chauffeur saved the day. He rushed back an antidote in time for Bette to answer her opening cue.

To me, in particular, the thought of Bette Davis taking poison by accident or design was unbearable. With good reason, I have a deep personal interest in her career. I take pride in being Bette's discoverer. I sensed her latent dramatic qualities the moment I saw her inundated by an enormous costume in the leading role of the graduation play at the John Murray Anderson Dramatic School in New York City.

I was directing A. A. Milne's "The Ivory Door" on the Broadway stage, and I summoned this promising girl for a reading. I liked her work, but the producer, Charles Hopkins, had reservations, so Miss Davis' professional debut was delayed. But not for long.

Three months later, Hopkins saw Bette in a little theater in Greenwich Village and raved over her as a sensational new find. He didn't realize she was the same girl he had rejected a short time ago. Bette soon won a part in "Skidding"—the play on which MGM based its Andy Hardy series—which ran for one year on Broadway, and proved her springboard to Hollywood and all that went with it.



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I didn't meet Bette again until 1932 when I, too, was in Hollywood, and she was cast in "Cabin in the Cotton," with Richard Barthelmess. As dialogue director of the film, I was instructed by the studio's high command to give the Davis girl special attention because she had all the earmarks of a great prospect.

"Cabin in the Cotton" was the movie in which Bette switched from ingenue to the-other-woman portrayals, and I was happy to have Hollywood confirm my own early impression of the Davis talents. On the Warner Brothers lot, I later directed Bette in "Special Agent," "The Bride Came C.O.D.," and "The Man Who Came to Dinner."

Miss Davis is a most accomplished actress, and outside of the near tragedy when she swallowed poison by mistake, the only problem I ever had with her was during the shooting of "The Bride Came C.O.D." In a sequence when a gun was fired, Bette continually reacted before the weapon went off.

After scores of futile takes, I suggested that we avoid her premature flinching by doing the scene without firing the gun. Not suspecting that I was perpetrating a deception, Bette agreed. When the shot came, she had not expected it, and the scene was perfect. Bette however, was furious.

"Damn you, Bill Keighley," she roared. "I'll never trust you again."

One of the continuing joys of producing Radio Theatre is that I am constantly renewing old acquaintances. In New York in 1930, I produced and directed a play called "Penny Arcade." In the cast were an independent little Irishman named James Cagney, a genial character actor named George Barber, and a vivacious blonde named Joan Blondell. They are somewhat better known now as movie stars, and it always is old home week for me when they appear in Lux presentations.

"Penny Arcade" brought Jimmy and Joan to Hollywood when Warner Brothers purchased the screen rights. My first assignment as permanent Lux producer found Joan co-starring with James Stewart in "Destry Rides Again."

"I've worked with Blondell and Cagney on three levels—on the New York stage, in movies and on radio. I directed Cagney in such films as "Blood on the Sun," "G-Men," "The Fighting 69th," "The Bride Came C.O.D.," and Joan in "Kansas City Princess" and "Bullets or Ballots."

In "Bullets or Ballots" another member of my cast was Edward G. Robinson. Eddie and I started as actors at the same time. In simultaneous New

York productions against World War I backgrounds, Eddie appeared in "Under Fire" while I performed in "Inside the Lines." We also went to Europe and studied French at the same time. It was not until I directed Eddie in "Bullets or Ballots" that I had occasion to work with him again.

I directed Lux regulars Jimmy Stewart and Rosalind Russell in Warner Brothers' "No Time for Comedy," and I performed with Ethel Barrymore in "Romeo and Juliet" on the Paris and Broadway stages.

Consequently when I introduce my stars on the Radio Theatre and describe them as my old friends, I am not making fictional conversation, but relating facts in which I take much pleasure.

Jimmy Cagney, for instance, did not become a theatrical renegade, as so many believe, only after he acquired movie riches. When I was casting "Penny Arcade" on Broadway, Jimmy displayed the same temperament then for which he was to become famous as a screen star. He was newly married and broke when I offered him \$200 a week to do the part, but Jimmy boldly demanded \$250. Even though we were adamant, Jimmy was not intimidated by his need, and he delivered a \$250 or nothing dictum. He got \$250.

There are, in fact, few Lux performers whom I have not met before under different professional circumstances, either on the stage or on a motion picture set. Mary Astor, who played in "Cynthia" for me on Lux, acted in the first movie I directed, "Easy to Love." Another leading lady in that film was Genevieve Tobin. Her path and mine cross quite often these days. This is manifestly unavoidable since she is my wife.

Unlike Bette Davis, Don Ameche provided not a suicidal, but a bacchanalian fright soon after I took over as producer.

"Oh, Mr. Keighley," he said, "would you excuse me a minute. I've got to have a drink. I never go on without one."

What Don Ameche or anyone else did in private life I respect as none of my concern, but drinking in a radio studio could be tolerated no more than it would be on a motion picture set. I followed Ameche into the Green Room—the Lux Theatre lounge—to tell him so. It was too late. I found him with the bottle to his mouth—swallowing a pint of milk.

Not I, but the engineer was convinced the world no longer was revolving on its orbit the time Dick Powell was rehears-

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ing "T Men," and nary a sound came into the control booth. Frantic, the mixer—as the engineer is called—turned knobs, clicked switches on and off, and pulled cords to no avail. He became panic stricken at the seeming mysterious breakdown of his apparatus.

He looked through the glass, and there Dick was, emoting to beat all, going through elaborate gestures, opening wide his mouth so that every syllable would be distinct. Yet not a murmur registered. Finally, other members of the cast broke up in laughter, and the engineer learned he had been the victim of a Powell prank. Dick had been moving his lips, but had not been saying anything.

I remember, as probably most fans have forgotten, when Dick was typed as a musical comedy star—and a very good one. I directed him in one of these Warner extravaganzas, "Varsity Show." It was not until he was cast in tough private eye roles that Dick essayed a film comeback. When I mentioned at a rehearsal the sharp change in his movie roles, Dick laughed, "Yes, and there's also been a change in my pocketbook—upward."

NOT all equipment breakdowns are jokes or joking matters, as sound man Forsyth can attest. The muted motor, the squeaking gate, the premature fusillade and the plateslide are harrowing broadcast episodes that still evoke shudders upon recollection.

During a show guest-starring Bob Burns, the script called for, in the order named, a music bridge, the sound of an automobile pulling away, another music bridge denoting lapse of travel time, the sound of crickets, indicating new surroundings, and lastly the sound of the same car coming in at full swell and then halting.

After the second music bridge, Charlie put the needle down on the records on which he had captured the sound of the approaching halting car and the sound of the crickets. The disc was dead. The amplifier tube had blown out.

"I felt," Forsyth revealed later, "like a man on the top of a hill who applies his brakes and finds there aren't any."

Charlie quickly fell back on another sound prop, a car door. He slammed it with relish, following which he simulated footsteps. Thus with different sounds he established the same effect.

Another incident that sandpapered Forsyth's nerves occurred during the presentation of "Random Harvest," starring Academy winner Ronald Colman. Charlie was using, for the first time, a wooden gate on which he had lavished nine months of labor to perfect a squeak that would be recognized instantly by the listening audience. He had taken it apart and put it together innumerable times. He had had the prop weathered and reweathered, had had the hinges sanded and resanded, and had experimented with the gate tirelessly until it rewarded him with just the sound he wanted.

Colman played an amnesia victim who returned instinctively to the cottage where his faithful wife had clung to hope, not knowing what had happened to him. The gate to his home always had squeaked. Before her husband had disappeared, the squeak invariably had told the woman of his return. That was how it was supposed to be in the poignant climax.

At the crucial second, Charles flung open his treasured gate. It did not squeak. It was noiseless. The impact

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of the play would have been lost, the climactic scene ruined if quick-thinking Colman had not called out, "Darling, I see you have finally oiled the gate."

Forsyth later cleared up the mystery. He had told his young assistant to clean up after dress rehearsal. When his obedient hireling chanced to hear the gate squeak, he betook himself like the eager beaver he was, and oiled it.

Once Charlie's own over-zealousness got him in a tight spot. In "Destry Rides Again," Jimmy Stewart was to establish his marksmanship in a strange town. This is how the sequence appeared in the script:

Stewart—"You see that sign down the street? You see those five ornaments on top?"

Other man—"Yeah."

Stewart—"Now you see 'em. . ."

Sound—five pistol shots in rapid order.

Stewart—"Now you don't."

That is not the way it happened. Stewart no sooner said, "You see those five ornaments on top?" then Forsyth literally jumped the gun and fired a volley of five shots. Unfazed, Stewart kept pace with the telescoped cue and observed dryly, "Now you don't see 'em anymore."

Forsyth must have had the worst moment of his career when Bette Davis delivered her curtain speech after the third act of "The Letter." This was a tense, dramatic production. Anything incongruous would destroy the carefully built up mood. Charlie had ready a pile of plates which he planned to use in a dish-washing commercial two minutes later.

Seated on a stool, he turned halfway around. As he did so, his elbow dislodged the plates. They cascaded to the floor with a deafening clatter. Charlie looked down at the stage for a sign of the chaos he was sure must have been precipitated by the accident. He was amazed. Nobody showed evidence that he had heard the thunderous plateslide.

Then Forsyth realized what had saved him. The sound booth was off stage, and the tumultuous applause of the audience had drowned out the racket of the falling dishes.

Forsyth is without peer in his craft. Yet chance lays its booby-traps for him, as it does for all this carefully thought out, carefully planned, rigorously rehearsed production. For example, it may take more than an hour of trial and error elimination to master one effect. There was one such afternoon when Joseph Cotten rehearsed "I'll Be

Seeing You." The only sound in a highly dramatic scene was the beating of Cotten's heart. Easier said than simulated.

Charlie trotted out an amazing assortment of devices. He even held the microphone to his own heart. But he did not achieve an authentic reproduction of a heartbeat until, by chance, he tapped the base of the microphone with his forefinger. If it is humanly possible to prevent error through exhaustive preparation, no mortal in radio is more foolproof than Forsyth.

Yet the most painstaking falter, and I do not except myself. That is why I go over my script at least 50 times in advance every week, marking every if, and, and but for pause and emphasis. I listen to recordings of every show and often ferret out in that manner flaws of which I am not aware during a broadcast.

Among my most memorable experiences was the night that genial, lumbering Wallace Beery appeared in "Barnacle Bill." He had insisted upon making the radio version a family affair. He wanted his brother, Noah, co-starred, as well as his daughter, Carole Ann. We were quite content to gratify his wish, but fate was not.

Noah Beery died suddenly on a Sunday night, the eve of the broadcast. Wally, faithful to the code of the theater, went on with the show, a broad farcical comedy. Neither he nor his daughter wore mourning bands, nor did they do anything else to indicate their grief to the audience. I knew Wallace's sorrow, and to me it was Pagliacci at his most gripping.

The ancient creed of the theater, so sacred to Wallace Beery, has ever been the guiding core of Radio Theatre. That is why the program has become one of the most respected institutions on the air, and why it has survived while other, more pretentious broadcasting ideas have proved ephemeral.

I came as a guest and remained as producer and host. So it was with maestro Lou Silvers. Silvers won the first Academy Award for motion picture music. He received an offer, as a result, to lead the Lux orchestra. He had had no previous radio experience and craved none, but friends urged him to accept the engagement for the prestige involved.

"You won't be stuck," he was assured. "The show will fold any day. That sort of thing doesn't last."

That was thirteen years ago. The Radio Theatre show has gone on—despite races against deadlines and squeakless gate squeaks.

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Bert Parks

on "STOP THE MUSIC"

Many a pot boils over in millions of American homes every Sunday night—because Mom, Pop and all the kids sit around with one ear on the radio, one ear cocked to the family telephone.

Reason: a sensational radio show called "Stop The Music" (8 p.m. EST) Sunday Night—ABC Network—which gives people of home a chance to stop the music for prizes by long-distance telephone. Bert Parks talks to all America—so listen to "STOP THE MUSIC" next Sunday night.

He may be colling you!

Tune in "STOP THE MUSIC" Every Sunday

Bert Parks tells his own life story in the current issue of **TRUE STORY** magazine now at newsstands.



My Friend Irma

(Continued from page 31)

a habit that's easily broken. I'd have been as forlorn as Metro minus Goldwyn and Mayer if I hadn't been able to keep all my folks around me. The bulk of my inheritance was spent on a house in Hollywood big enough to accommodate all my near relatives, and some who were never around except at mealtime. Then we laid in a big stock of canned goods, enough to keep our waistlines at full measure for a couple of months till I should have attained stardom.

Naturally, to my sixteen-year-old "mind," the essential ingredient for success in Hollywood was "front," and for that you had to have a fur coat—and it had to be mink. Even in those days you didn't go shopping for mink at Woolworth. After I'd written the check for the coat I found I'd have to wear it with my old shoes. After all, where can you get a pair of shoes for \$1.13? Only—my old shoes were tennis shoes—and they were all I had.

Next morning I donned my shining armor—my mink—and sallied forth to attack the casting directors. It was a misty cool morning when I started out. But by noon, after I'd found several studio gatemen strangely impervious to the glamor of mink, the sun had been out for a couple of hours, and inside of that coat—well, all I can say is, I don't see how the minks stand it on hot days.

I COULDN'T take the darn thing off, because underneath it, I was wearing a house dress which was plastered to me as if I'd been standing under a shower. My cheeks felt as if you could have broiled steaks in their glow, and I imagine I looked about as wan and ethereal as a boiled lobster.

My last stop this side of Complete Despair was Central Casting, where film extras are registered and informed of day-by-day jobs in the studios—a sizeable comedown from stardom. But still, an extra, when she was working, was in the movies, so I went there. My arrival in the crowded waiting room of that agency created a considerable stir of creaking necks and popping eyes.

But encouragement came with the man at the desk. He leaned back in his chair and looked me over appreciatively. "Whatta sensa yuma, whatta sensa yuma! Honey blonde hair, fur coat, blackface, and tennis shoes."

I smiled. Blackface? Then it hit me—my mascara must have melted and run. I kept on smiling, but my face got awfully tired.

The man told me, "Theh needin' extras for a comedy over at Hal Roach's tamarra mornin'. Six-thirty. Be theh. Just like you are. Don't change a thing."

That's how I started what we laughingly refer to as my movie career. And after three years of extra work I was no nearer stardom than if I'd stayed in Anaheim. Did I get discouraged? Certainly, I did. Nobody but a nitwit would have failed to get discouraged.

I got so discouraged I even spent some of my earnings as an extra for dramatic lessons, before I got them—the earnings, I mean. If there were mornings, and believe me there were, when the prospect of getting up in the gray dawn in order to be on some movie lot by six-thirty or seven seemed less than enticing, the thought of the money I owed for my coaching was sufficient to propel me out of bed. By staying in debt, I kept myself liberally supplied

Love-quiz ... For Married Folks Only



WHY DOES HER HUSBAND PREFER TO STAY OUT NIGHT AFTER NIGHT?

- A. Because this wife has not bothered about their intimate marital happiness.
- Q. How has she failed?
- A. By not practicing sound feminine hygiene with a scientifically correct preparation for vaginal douching . . . "Lysol" in proper solution.
- Q. Wouldn't soap, soda, or salt do just as well?
- A. Never! They're makeshifts. They can't compare with "Lysol" in germ killing power. "Lysol" is gentle to sensitive membranes, yet powerful against germs and odors . . . effective in the presence of mucus and other organic matter. Kills germs on contact.
- Q. Do doctors recommend "Lysol" for vaginal douching?
- A. Yes, indeed! Many leading doctors advise their patients to douche regularly with "Lysol" brand disinfectant just to insure daintiness alone. Safe to use as often as you want. No greasy aftereffect. Three times as many women use "Lysol" for feminine hygiene as all other liquid products combined!

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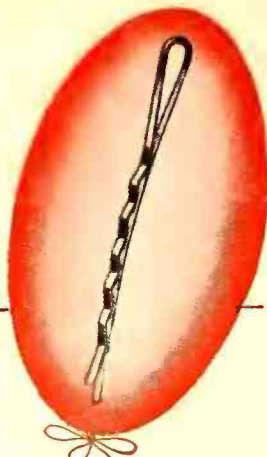
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with necessary incentive for working. However, there came a time, when I was about nineteen, when I felt compelled to stop and ask myself: "Wilson, whither are we heading?"

So I put on my mink coat and went to see a director with whom I'd scraped up an acquaintance over a flooded carburetor. He'd de-flooded it for me, and consequently could be counted on, I hoped, to feel kindly toward me, possibly even helpful. Helpful turned out to be the word; he got me a screen test at MGM. Everyone was nice, but nothing happened.

Meanwhile, over at Warners the Brothers were desperate. A friend of mine who worked nights there cleaning the offices told me about it.

"There they were at two o'clock in the morning," my friend reported, "the four of them, chewing their cigars and the corners of the rug and moaning there wasn't an actress in Hollywood dumb enough to be convincing in the feminine lead of *Boy Meets Girl*."

Right there I sensed that that part was for me. I was right. I got it.

Among the actors who supported me were James Cagney and Pat O'Brien. They were awfully nice and so were the critics after the picture was released. Some of them even crawled so far out on a limb as to say, "A new star has appeared in the Hollywood firmament." And then went on and sawed it off by adding, "Surely the Brothers Warner will be planning new vehicles for their enticing discovery, Marie Wilson."

For accuracy, this prediction ranked right next to the then current one that the French would whip Hitler in sixty days.

Of course I had a contract with Warner Brothers, one that paid me a nice salary, but contracts have little thingumajigs in them known as renewal clauses or options. And an option, when dropped from a sufficient altitude, can be a deadly weapon. It nearly killed me when Warners dropped mine.

Then Anita Loos decided she'd finally found someone dumb enough (me) to play Lorelie in a play version of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." Our play had a brisk run of three weeks on the straw hat circuit, and then folded. Whose fault this was is a matter I'll be glad to ignore—now and forever. Anita was very kind about it to me. She didn't say anything.

However, I didn't let the play's flop cheat me out of the visit to New York I'd been looking forward to. Anita's capacity for forgiveness was so great she even took me around to several parties, introducing me to producers,

critics, and other important people.

But still by the time I'd been in New York six weeks, I was getting so darn homesick that my long distance calls to my folks back in Hollywood were one of the brightest pages in the Bell Telephone Company's earnings report for that year. Mama said my two younger brothers were so depressed by my absence they'd quit throwing oranges at each other during breakfast—poor darlings—and Uncle Gier said he had a big deal cooking for me. One or two of the producers whom I'd met had hinted that unemployment would not figure seriously in my problems if I'd stick around. But I wanted to go home, and I went.

Now comes the nicest part of this story, the part where I meet Allan. It happened on the Republic lot, where I'd gone to work shortly after my return from New York. The picture was one of the first about women in the armed services. The Waves or Wacs. I'm not sure which. I had the second feminine lead in the picture, playing a comedy blonde against Helen Terry, the lovely brunette who had the lead. Helen and I wore identical costumes in the picture, uniforms. It seems the armed services are awfully hide-bound about those little feminine touches that could give individuality to their uniforms. I found that out when the director of the picture told me I positively couldn't wear the sash I'd put on to make my costume a little different.

I tried to reason with him. "How are they going to tell Helen and me apart in the picture, if we're both dressed exactly alike?" I asked.

I never saw a man act so silly over a simple question. He certainly looked idiotic beating himself over the head with the assistant director. "Helen's a brunette!" he screamed.

"Do you think I'm blind?" I fired back. "I know that." They took him away and got another director.

But to get back to meeting Allan. Helen and I were doing a dance routine together on one of the sound stages one day when I noticed a couple fellows I'd seen around the lot before eyeing us pretty closely. At this time, the FBI was watching everything, but my conscience was clear, I wasn't worried. I was just hoping I could get a closer look at the taller one of the two fellows who were surveying us. From our distance, he looked like something I'd have been delighted to get a better look at.

A little later, after Helen and I had finished our scene and were freshening our make-up at dressing tables on the side of the stage, the big guy strolled

"oh

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over, took up a position about fifteen points off my port beam, and said, "Hello."

I twisted around on my chair and said, "Hello."

Then for awhile the conversation languished. I knew it would sound silly if I busted right out and said what I was thinking, "Gosh, you're beautiful."

He did, though, finally. He said it right out. "Gosh, you're beautiful."

That sort of cleared the way for me. "I think you are too," I said

"Are you doing anything tonight?" he asked.

"Nothing except whatever you have in mind," I said.

That's how Allan and I made our first date. That evening he told me a little more of the circumstances which had led to our meeting. He wasn't from the FBI at all. He was an actor, working for Republic, too. He said he and his friend, a writer, had stopped by to watch Helen and me and had gotten into a little debate. The subject was: Which One of the Two Cupcakes Had You Rather Be Stuck Between Floors With in an Elevator. And Allan—well, he said he'd rather the blonde.

SO Allan and I were married in 1942. Shortly after, he entered the Army Air Force as an enlisted man, and came out four years later a sergeant.

It wasn't very wonderful for me while he was gone. It would have been downright dismal if I hadn't kept busy, sometimes as many as sixty or seventy hours a week. Thirty hours of all my weeks since the summer of 1942 have been contributed to Ken Murray's Blackouts, in return for which Ken gives me a sizable weekly contribution. Days, I work in the movie studios on days when they've got work for me. Which is fairly frequently. There have been no more starring roles for me, but plenty of good secondary parts. I believe I like them better. Then, if the picture flops, you don't have to go around explaining why it wasn't your fault.

A year ago, Irma came into my life. Irma is the creation of a man named Cy Howard who works for CBS, although I have heard rumors that sometimes CBS feels it's the other way around. Anyway, Mr. Howard, who is devoted to me sometimes for as long as twenty minutes a week, thought I would be the right person to play Irma in his radio show. He called me one day and asked me to come over to the studio and meet his brainchild. I did; she seemed a congenial sort of person for me to be, so I took the job. For her first twenty weeks Irma was sponsorless, which in radio is a condition equivalent to public nudity. Then Lever Brothers adopted her, and now she's decently covered with soapsuds. And it looks—Hooper willing—as though she were going to stay that way for quite a while. Which is fine with me—especially since I've given myself this airing!

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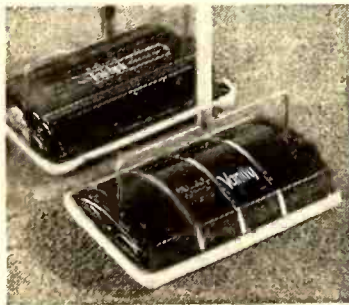
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Blondie—My Favorite Mother

(Continued from page 41)

recently that she should *really* learn to cook. She secured a home economics expert, Mrs. Cleo Kerley, as cooking coach and for weeks our table looked like Christmas at the Waldorf. The only trouble was that when Mother was studying salads, we had seven kinds for dinner one night.

By the time she had worked her way through the cook book to desserts, Daddy humorously brought home a stack of hamburgers as a precaution. This was a smart move as the hamburgers tasted very good after a dinner consisting of Baked Alaska, Cherries Jubilee, floating island, fudge cake, and boysenberry mousse. No one was sick afterward, either.

Nowadays the experimental stage is over, so we are living on the best balanced diet outside a health farm. Our calories are counted in fractions and you should see our vitamins and minerals pile up.

The innocent bystander might suppose that this gorgeous food would ruin the famous Singleton figure. Most of my girl friends' mothers are careful about bread and potatoes, but not that mother of mine! She can eat two breakfasts per day (one with Daddy before he leaves for the studio, and a second with Susy and me before we leave for school), she can lunch on salad and orange rolls, and she can dine on steak, baked potato, and French pastry but the next day she will be able to fasten the twenty-two-inch waistband of her peasant skirt without even holding her breath.

Daddy says she has so much energy that she burns up enough fuel to run a studio power plant. Daddy and Mother have many jokes between them—they are always laughing about something that Susy and I haven't been told, but we don't mind. Mother has explained to us that everyone should have a secret which is shared with only one or two persons in your own family.

Mother and I have several lovely secrets; Susy and Mother have a secret or two. At Christmas time Mother and Susy and I have secrets from Daddy; Daddy, Susy and I have secrets from Mother. Conspirators, that's what we are, but it gives us a cozy feeling of being in on important events.

I have a girl friend who sort of laughed at this tradition. She said that she and her mother had never shared

a secret in their lives. As Mother says, of course, every family is different and every family has to plan its life in its own way *but* she agrees with me that a girl who has never had a strictly confidential talk with her mother is missing quite a lot in life. My goodness, I wouldn't know what to do with myself if I couldn't hurry home from school, swear Mother to secrecy, and tell her some utterly exciting thing that had happened.

Sometimes our secrets aren't really *solemn*. Sometimes they are about a surprise dessert on Sunday, or a new sweater I am going to wear horseback riding. But sometimes the cross-your-heart subject is the stork's plan to bring a new baby to someone in our neighborhood. (Susy still believes in the stork.)

My mother is good at giving a person self-confidence. I am already taller than she is, and I am built—let's be frank—on the knitting needle pattern: long and slim. When I realized that I am going to be five feet six or seven before I stop growing (I am now fourteen) I began to slump. I let my shoulders fall forward and I carried my head on the side. It made me seem almost as little as my school friends or Mother, I thought.

I didn't get away with it. Mother noticed what I was doing and we had one of our "open forum" talks. She said that she had always wanted to be taller than she is and she explained why. She thinks that tall women wear their clothing to greater advantage; she thinks they can be more daring in their choice of color and line. Somehow I had never thought how nice a tall girl could look if she wouldn't ooze around all bent over like a pretzel.

Incidentally, I think Mother has wonderful taste in clothes. When the "new look" came in, she predicted that it wouldn't last more than two months. She bought some long, inexpensive peasant outfits and moved her good things to a cedar closet to await developments. Well, the developments were all toward the floor, so—because we girls wear our suits much shorter than our mothers do—I inherited all of Mother's wardrobe. Her suits, her afternoon dresses, her coats! A great day.

There is one time, though, when Mother couldn't get on an American best-dressed list, I'm afraid. One of

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the funniest sights I have ever seen is the spectacle of Mother flying around the kitchen when she is preparing breakfast in the morning. Her favorite costume is a pair of play shorts, a matching shirt, and billowing kitchen apron. From the front, Mother is a picture of pinafores domesticity, but from the rear she looks like a drawing from *Esquire*.

I suppose every mother and daughter have some disagreements about what is the correct thing for the daughter to wear on certain occasions. I know that Mother and I differ (very politely, of course) with each other on one thing. I am practically grown up, so I think I should be allowed to have a black satin date dress. Every girl I know thinks she should have a black satin date dress when she is old enough—which is now.

Mother has never given me a flat "no," she gets around me by suggesting that we buy "mother & daughter" outfits . . . which I love, but which are not made in black satin. I know that she is getting around me when she does it, but she's so cute that I just laugh and let the black satin go for the time being. Maybe, in a year or so, I'll change my mind about wanting it anyway . . . which is what Mother says I'll do.

UNCHANGING as is Mother's taste in regard to her daughter's wardrobes, she is unpredictable as to her own wardrobe or hair style. Particularly the latter, a fact that made me the victim of one of her whims.

For several weeks Mother had been wearing her hair brushed sleekly away from a center part, braided in two plaits, then worn with the plaits crossed over the top of her head. The style was a favorite with Daddy because, he said it made Mother look like Susy's younger sister.

A girl friend and I were emerging from a matinee one Saturday when I caught sight of a pretty blonde person walking up the street. She was wearing her hair in Mother's style, she was wearing a white blouse and a peasant skirt much like one that Mother had, so naturally I uttered a whoop and rushed up to slide my arm around her waist and shout, "What are you doing here, Mommy?"

"I beg your pardon," said the blonde lady who was a total stranger to me.

I nearly died of humiliation. I explained to my girl friend that my mother was wearing her hair in pig-tails, criss-crossed, and that my mother had a peasant outfit exactly like the strange lady's . . . etc. etc. We reached home, and you can imagine my embarrassment at finding Mrs. Robert Sparks with her hair falling loose about her face in one of those soft new bobs. My problem parent!

When Mother isn't cooking, shopping or thinking up new hair styles, she keeps busy by working at one of her hobbies. Several of these hobbies are things which Susy and I share with Mother. For instance, when we started to take dancing lessons. Mother decided to join us. "You'll crack something," predicted Susy, the pessimistic member of our family.

Not only were there no ill affects to Mother's physique, but our dancing lessons revealed her as the most lithe and limber member of our family. She is what the dancing teacher calls a "natural." That is, her muscular coordination is almost perfect and she "catches on" to steps quickly.



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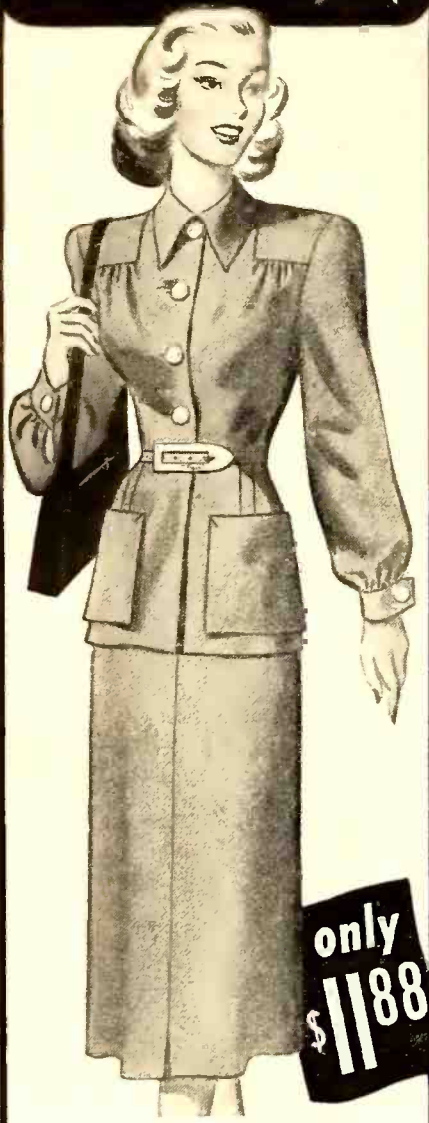


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Town 'n' Country			

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ Zone _____ State _____
 In California, add 2½ % Sales Tax

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Susy and I discovered promptly that if we didn't quite understand what the teacher was trying to convey, we needn't worry. That night in our "open forum" meeting, we could ask Mother about it and she could show us exactly what had been meant and how to do it.

When Susy and I started to take music lessons, Mother decided to study with us, although she had learned the rudiments of piano several years ago. I'm a little better with the bass than she is, on some types of music, and she's better in the treble, so we play two-handed duets. You should hear Daddy laugh. He says we are no threat to the supremacy of Jose and Amparo Iturbi.

We are a threat to Gene Autry and Roy Rogers, though—as soon as we learn to sing! Mother, Susy and I are taking riding lessons. Susy and I—well—we stick on. But you would think Mother was a little old gaucho. One afternoon Susy and I were riding with the groom while Mother and the instructor trotted ahead, practicing a technique known as "posting." A pair of sailors galloped past us just as one said to the other, "Oh boy, look at that gorgeous blonde. Bet I can make a date with her."

SUSY and I merely looked at each other out of the corners of our eyes, and thought, "If he only knew!"

I do think Susy and I have been a great help to Mother in her active sports, but I can't say as much for our participation in her passive hobbies.

I hate to bring this up, but Mother collects stamps. She has catalogues, files, boxes, glassine bags, and accordion holders stacked here and there throughout the house. One never knows when Mother will wander through a room pinching a stamp between tweezers in one hand, while holding a huge descriptive book in the other. All I can say is that I'm glad she isn't wild about butterflies.

The stamp collection and I met in mortal combat when I needed a stamp one morning for the ordinary purpose of mailing a letter. Without thinking, I rushed to Mother's desk, grabbed the first pretty square I could find (I had to separate it from a block of four) and rushed on to school.

When I came home that afternoon I noted at once that Mother was wearing her Forbearing Expression. She explained that I had ruined a block of four commemorative stamps that she had secured after having written to half a dozen stamp dealers. Nowadays, nobody uses a stamp in our house without first getting an okay from Mother.

My mother also collects buttons. I don't know much about such things, but from attending antique shows with Mother, I assume that her collection is a good one. I had my troubles with that hobby, too. When I was a little younger I decided, one rainy Sunday, that I didn't like the buttons on one of my sweaters.

I went to Mother's Unsorted Button Box and finally matched a pretty set of six very fancy buttons. I had been wearing the sweater with its improved trimming for nearly a week when Mother suddenly noticed my handiwork.

I will omit the next scene, the pain of which will be apparent when I explain that I had used the buttons once sewed on an evening cape belonging to the Empress Eugenie. They were priceless antiques.

Sometimes we think Mother's mother



Give your hair the NEW
"Sleek Look"

• The "Sleek Look" is the "New Look" in hairdos. So pat on a few drops of Nestle Hair Lacquer and keep your hair smooth and glamorous *all day long*. This delicately perfumed hair lacquer is ideal for all hairstyles. Absolutely safe. In 10¢, 25¢ and 50¢ sizes at beauty counters everywhere.



Made by Nestle—originators of permanent waving and makers of the famous Nestle Colorinse—Meriden, Conn.



Your eyes
 look lovelier
 in 60 seconds!

New Purse-Style Kurlash

How large and lovely your eyes look, when your lashes curl enticingly upward! Just use the NEW PURSE-STYLE KURLASH, the patented eyelash curler. It tucks into your bag—like your lipstick! Gently, KURLASH curves your lashes against a soft rubber cushion. Instantly, your eyes are twice as alluring. It's a Hollywood glamour secret! So easy, so convenient!

PURSE-STYLE KURLASH folds into a smart plastic case. At all cosmetic counters.....\$1.25
 Standard Model KURLASH.....\$1



KURLASH
 ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

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must have been frightened by a T-square because Mother had a perfect mania for building picture frames. She frames everything having the slightest pictorial or historical value. First she mats the object on a square of wall-paper which matches the color scheme in the room in which Mother plans to hang the completed artwork. Then she frames the affair in a size to match other pictures. Of course this addition to her collection makes it necessary for her to rearrange the display which has been accumulating over the years.

"The poor woman's Louvre," Daddy calls our living room.

As if all these interests weren't enough to keep one woman busy, Mother still manages to find time to study child psychology. Originally this was done for the benefit of Susy and me, but later Mother's eagerness to be of help to others caused her to extend her field.

Hundreds of Blondie program-listeners write to Mother each week, saying that some incident in the Blondie show coincides with a life problem of their own. They want Blondie to tell them how she, as a person and not merely as the actress on the program, would unravel such a tangle.

Mother, pen firmly gripped in one hand and psychology book in the other, does her best to be helpful.

Sometimes I suggest (very tactfully, of course) that she turn the full force of psychology loose on my younger sister, Susy. It's perfectly true that I am the person who wanted Susy in the first place. I kept suggesting, for years, that we have a little sister, and I still think it is a good idea with certain exceptions. I wish some psychologist would think up a way to keep a little sister from using all of her big sister's cologne. She even emptied one bottle of scent on our cat to make him glamorous. Personally, I suspect that it ruined his standing with other cats.

Also, I am opposed to Susy's borrowing my hand mirror and never returning it; borrowing my shoes to play "Lady"; borrowing my sweaters and skirts for the same game. And then leaving my clothing in a heap on my bedroom floor.

When the pressure gets too great, Mother and Susy and I sit down for one of our meetings.

Once in awhile one of my girl friends asks how it feels to be the daughter of a famous woman. At first this made me smile. I have always thought of a famous woman as someone distant and royal, like Madame Chiang Kai-Shek, not someone sweet, laughing and gay like my own mother.

But I must admit that it is convenient for me to have a mother who is working in radio and motion pictures. When I wanted autographed pictures of Cornel Wilde and Randolph Scott, she got them for me—zing—just like that.

Aside from these things, though, Mother is just like the mothers of my girl friends. She does her own marketing, loading half the neighborhood into her station wagon when she is going to the shops. She attends parties but once in awhile. Usually she has turned out her light by eight or nine o'clock each night because Susy and I have to go to bed early to be fresh for school the next morning, and Daddy has to get up at six in order to be at the studio on time.

We are an ordinary American family: fond of one another and proud of our home. We work hard, play just enough, and have plenty to laugh about.

HOW TO Remove Dandruff COMPLETELY



1 APPLY FITCH directly from bottle onto the hair and scalp before any water is added. Massage well with hands, making sure shampoo reaches each part of the scalp.



2 ADD WATER gradually, continuing to massage. Remove the cleansing lather. Then continue to add water and massage until no more lather forms.



3 RINSE THOROUGHLY. Fitch Dandruff Remover Shampoo washes out quickly in plain water. No special after-rinse is needed. Set the hair and dry.



4 FINISHED HAIRSTYLE is soft, lovely and sparkling with natural highlights. Hair is free of all dandruff and easy to manage.

FITCH DANDRUFF REMOVER SHAMPOO REMOVES ALL DANDRUFF . . . both the loose, flaky kind other people see, and the invisible, irritating kind you feel. It's the ONLY shampoo made with insurance company guarantee to remove dandruff on the first application. Enjoy sparkling hair that's free of dandruff. Have professional applications or buy economical Fitch at drug counters.

FOR THE MEN in your family, get Fitch Ideal Hair Tonic. It loosens up "tight" scalp . . . relieves itching and loose dandruff. Not sticky or greasy. Just a few drops of Fitch's Ideal daily insures that well-groomed look.



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DANDRUFF REMOVER SHAMPOO



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FITS IN YOUR HAND
 REALLY WORKS TOO!
 Unbreakable RED plastic Cabinets. NO TUBES, BATTERIES OR ELECTRIC "PLUG-INS"! Works on new Patented "Perma-crystal." EASY TO USE! SHOULD LAST FOR YEARS!
GUARANTEED TO WORK On local radio programs by following directions!
ONLY \$3.99 Postpaid or send only \$1.00 (bill, money order or check) and pay postman \$2.99 plus postage on delivery. COMPLETE READY TO PLAY—WITH PERSONAL PHONE—MARVELOUS GIFTS—BARGAIN PRICED! GET YOUR TINY RADIO NOW!
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Finest Rubber Heels & Soles!

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Easier, Daintier Yet One Of
The MOST EFFECTIVE Methods!



Greaseless Suppository Assures Hours of Continuous Medication

You'll thank your lucky stars for Zonitors. Here's a higher type of intimate feminine cleanliness you've long been wanting. Zonitors are so much easier, daintier, more convenient and less embarrassing to use—SO POWERFULLY GERMICIDAL yet ABSOLUTELY SAFE to tissues. Be sure to enjoy the 'extra' advantage which modern Zonitors offer you.

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Zonitors are greaseless, stainless, snow-white vaginal suppositories — so easily inserted. They instantly begin to release their powerful germicidal properties and *continue* to do so for hours. Yet Zonitors are so safe to the most delicate tissues. Positively non-poisonous, non-irritating, non-smarting.

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Zonitors do not 'mask' offending odor. They actually *destroy* it. Help guard against infection. Zonitors kill every germ they touch. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract. But you CAN BE SURE Zonitors *immediately* kill every reachable germ and keep them from multiplying. You can buy Zonitors at any drugstore.



(Each sealed in
separate glass vial)

FREE: Mail this coupon today for free booklet sent in plain wrapper. Reveals frank intimate facts. Zonitors, Dept. ZRM-118, 370 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

Grand Central Station

(Continued from page 25)

cultivated by Horrell. No script "unavailable" for the program ever goes back to a writer accompanied only by a printed form rejection slip. Horrell returns the script with a helpful letter of analysis and encouragement, sometimes suggesting changes, which, when made, enable the writer to sell the play to some other program.

To a great many radio listeners the introductory format of the program is one of the most pleasing and haunting arrangements of sound on the air. This did not come about by accident. Ten years ago when Horrell was planning the program he was undecided between a great railroad station and a metropolitan airport as a point of arrival and departure for his characters. It was the greater appeal of the railroad sound effects that led him to choose the name Grand Central Station after listening to all available recordings of airport and aviation sounds. The railroad sound effects, he decided, were more evocative and of greater variety.

Horrell spent two weeks arriving at the exact opening that would establish the mood he desired. The spoken words of the narrator had to match the sound effects to create a feeling of excitement and anticipation; the words must follow a definite rhythmic pattern. Poetic license was taken in the use of the sound effects, which Horrell is the first to admit are not technically correct. Actually, electric engines bring all trains into Grand Central, but they do not have the aliveness for radio of a breathing, roaring locomotive. Then, too, most of the towns across the country are more familiar with the steam engines. However, so many listeners wrote in calling attention to the inaccuracy that Horrell composed a form letter explaining why he used steam engine sound effects instead of the efficient and undramatic hum of the electric.

A railroad bigwig wrote a letter inquiring why, if Horrell was going to use the Grand Central name, the current designation, Grand Central Terminal, was not employed. There's a reason: practically any spot survey would show that four out of five New Yorkers and visitors to the metropolis always refer to the giant depot as Grand Central Station.

The letters that give Horrell the greatest pleasure are the ones contained in an ever-expanding file marked "Con-

tented Authors." He takes great pains with authors new to radio writing.

Horrell begins his week's work on Sunday, hunting for a script. He's always well ahead on this part of his labors, since the program is usually scheduled three to four weeks in advance, but to stay that way he must read 30 or 40 plays a week. The scripts Horrell likes are read in turn by his wife, Dorothy, and director Ira Ashley. The script that is finally selected is processed through Horrell's typewriter for rewriting in order to preserve the style he believes important to the show. Set with a script, the fine machinery of the Horrell production method begins to whirl and hum toward the weekly goal of perfection.

The producer discusses sound effects with Ashley, who has been directing the show for six seasons, and together they plot the all-important "scenery" of sound. GCS employs the talents of one of radio's top sound-effect teams, Jim Rogan and Francis Mellow. Nothing makes these boys happier than a script calling for a tricky sound. If they haven't got the effect called for, they will invent it.

Next step in "dressing the stage" with sound is the musical background provided by organist Lew White, a gifted musician. Horrell listens to a play-through of musical interludes improvised by White to heighten the mood or underline the plot twist of the drama. As Horrell nods approval of a passage or a chord, White jots it down on a roughly drawn staff on his copy of the script. Unlike most incidental music in radio drama, Grand Central Station's moods are more often expressed in the terms of opera rather than the symphony, the result no doubt of Dorothy Horrell's experience as a singer in grand opera in Europe and here.

On Friday, the day before the broadcast, Horrell has a read-through in the studio with the actors, always a group of top Broadway performers. To bring the best stage talent to the air, the Horrells attend every theatrical production on Broadway during the year. He has consistently refused to set up a stock company of radio actors, preferring the use of different voices each week and actors with a fresh approach to the show. Many theatrical luminaries have made their first radio appearances on the Horrell program. A

GREAT DAY

in the evening!

Listen to Dennis Day, the brightest star in radio, on "A Day In The Life Of Dennis Day" every Saturday night (10 p.m. EST) over NBC stations. The handsome young Irishman sings, clowns, mimics his way through a half hour of uproarious entertainment.

Tune in

"A Day In The Life Of Dennis Day"
SATURDAY NIGHT NBC



Read "My True Romance" by Dennis Day in the breathtaking November issue of TRUE ROMANCE magazine.

Have you entered the \$67,000 Treasure Chest contest yet?

notable GCS first this year was the American radio debut of Frances Rowe, charming and talented English star appearing on Broadway with Maurice Evans in the Theater Guild Production of "Man and Superman."

Final rehearsal begins Saturday morning, three and a half hours before broadcast time. As the actors go through their paces, Horrell revises, cuts, and polishes the script right up to the last minute. A half-hour lunch period and then everybody is back to the studio for the 1 P. M. broadcast.

If Martin Horrell's own career were dramatized in the form of a radio script Producer Horrell most probably would reject it (with, of course, an accompanying note of kindly and helpful explanation) as being too unreal according to GCS standards. His story does sound like streamlined Horatio Alger. His father lost his money when his business suffered complete collapse during Martin's first year at the University of Chicago. The young student wanted to quit college and go to work to help out with the family finances, but his father prevailed upon him to continue his education come what may. He did so, paying his way by campus reporting for the *Chicago Tribune*, dancing in vaudeville and nightclubs, acting at Essanay movie studios, and modeling. Despite his extracurricular activities he made Phi Beta Kappa.

THE EAGER young graduate took a job with a brokerage firm but, after two dizzy days in Chicago's grain pit, decided that advertising was much nearer what he wanted. He began his career with a Chicago advertising agency at the handsome salary of \$75 per month. Somehow he had also managed to find time to contribute successfully to various national magazines, which, naturally enough for Horrell, led to his finding time to conduct a course in short story writing at the University of Chicago.

His career was halted for a time by his enlistment in the U. S. Navy's aviation program in 1917. After getting his commission as ensign, Horrell flew the big twin Liberty engine H-16.

After his return from the service Horrell joined a well known producer of electrical appliances, as advertising manager. Liking to work with his hands and tools, he tinkered about and experimented until he had invented nine gadgets. By the time he was 24, Horrell was assistant to the President and General Manager, Boy Wonder of the manufacturing world.

New horizons beckoned and Horrell moved eastward to New York—perhaps "drawn by the magnetic force of the fantastic metropolis," as the prologue to Grand Central Station dramas has it. In 1928 he joined a New York advertising agency as executive vice president. Horrell took on radio production in addition to his regular agency duties. Soon radio was taking practically all of his time.

It was while putting together big, lush "name" shows that he first thought of producing a dramatic radio program that would emphasize story quality and polished production rather than orchestral fanfare and high cost. A program that, like a magazine, offered many different stories. Long planning and tireless experimentation resulted in the successful launching of Grand Central Station—"crossroads of a million private lives—gigantic stage on which are played a thousand dramas!"

IT'S LIKE MAGIC!

"INCHES MELT! YEARS VANISH!"



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Height is I am accustomed to wearing a long, short girdle.

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25 Beauty Secrets Used by Movie Stars and Famous Models enclosed with order.

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FEMALE COMPLAINTS




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 Wt. 6½ lbs.

Send us your baby's brightest candid snapshot—or any picture (or negative). We send it back to you, unharmed, reproduced in 50 darling photo-stamps. Please print your name and address clearly, enclose \$1.00. We pay the return postage on your most precious remembrance of baby.

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Avoid underarm irritation...



... use
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the deodorant that is
ACTUALLY SOOTHING

Looks bad, feels bad, when underarm skin gets red and irritated. That's why more women every day turn to Yodora, the *soothingest* cream deodorant. Yodora stops perspiration odor quickly, safely...because it is made with a face cream base, with no harsh acid salts to cause irritation. Yodora helps *soften* your skin, just as face cream. Tubes or jars, 10¢, 30¢, 60¢. McKesson & Robbins, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.



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FOLDS TO 10 INCHES



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Lightweight. Beautifully Designed
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Traveler of the Month

(Continued from page 51)

her home—to take part in an Antique Automobile Day. She was one of hundreds of persons—all in goggles, dusters and high button shoes—who were chugging along our sleek highways in cars which were at least 25 years old. All were collectors, coming from everywhere to exhibit their Franklins, Autocars, Stutzes and Model Ts. And the shiny new Fords and Studebakers on the road could just wait while their distinguished elders made their stately, 20-mile-per-hour way.

It was a pretty picture, like something out of a movie, but what would the nice, trim school teacher do if a magneto gave up or a carburetor showed signs of senility?

"Very simple," snapped the Latin and French instructor. "I roll up my sleeves and take the motor apart. And I don't mind getting grease under my fingernails."

THINKING for a fleeting moment of some Latin teachers I had known—grim gentlemen who thought that the slickest thing on wheels still was Ben Hur's chariot—and wondering how our traveler ever got involved with a crank case, I asked Miss Witman how she had stumbled on her hobby.

One winter, she told me, she had been ill. Too much concentrating on teaching, the Doctor had said. "Get a hobby, Miss Witman. Learn to relax."

Her father runs an auto painting and repair shop. One day, on an errand for him, she happened into the used car lot of Lawrence Stilwell, a cheery, friendly gentleman. While there, she noticed a number of antique cars which, it developed, were Stilwell's pet interest. He was in the process of restoring a beat-up old sedan dating back to 1910 and muttered something about slip-covers.

"I'm a pretty good seamstress. I make most of my own clothes. Maybe I could do the slip-covers for you," Miss Witman volunteered.

Stilwell was a little surprised that the young woman would ever get into the dusty antique, but he told her to go ahead. She made the slip-covers—and good ones. Then she made some more. Then she started looking under the hoods of the old cars. Then she reached for a wrench. Then she was taking motors apart. And then, with a smear of grease on her cheek and a sparkle in her brown eyes, she was filling that doctor's prescription.

"I just seemed to fall right into it," she recalled. "I got to the point where I was hanging around the shop during every spare moment. It was a thrill to watch an old car glow again, and have a new life."

Stilwell owns the cars, but Miss Witman shares the joy of the hobby with him. When they need painting, Stilwell sends them to her father's shop. But that's all the profit there is from the thousands of hours she gives to the cars.

"After all," she said, "I make my living at the school. This is just plain fun—the thing that the doctor said was so hard to find."

However well-restored it is, you can't take a 25-year-old car out on the road without running into experiences for which no provisions are made in the average teachers-training course. For instance, there was the time they went

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Instrument..... Have you Instrument?.....
Name..... (Please Print).....
Address.....

to pick up one antiquated Model T. As is usually the case, she and Stilwell rode in a tow truck. After he bought the car, Miss Witman drove the tow truck and Stilwell rode in his new possession—which still needed a motor job. As she recalls:

"We were just using a rope for the towing. On a hill, I swerved too suddenly, and Mr. Stilwell and the Model T went into a telephone pole. The car's fender was pretty badly mashed. Mr. Stilwell was so mad at me for driving badly that he told me to get right out and fix the fender."

Sometimes, the young career woman's two worlds collide—and with a bang. For a while, she was an official of an organization of business and professional women's clubs—an important job. One day, a delegation of professional women came seeking her, and were told that they would find her at the garage. Immaculately dressed, the ladies entered gingerly. From beneath the venerable floorboard of a 1906 Franklin they heard some hammering.

"Young man," one called out, "could you tell me if Miss Ruth Witman is expected here?"

The business and professional ladies were most atwitter when Miss Witman slid out from under the chassis, wiped her hands and got down to business.

THEN, there was the time she was driving a 1907 Autocar to Buffalo. About 150 miles away from that city, the Autocar became neither an auto nor a car. It just wouldn't run, and even the talented lady mechanic was stymied. The problem, however, had an obvious solution. She bided her time until a huge car carrier—one of those enormous trucks that transport a number of new cars—rolled by. When she saw one with some empty space, she simply thumbed a ride into Buffalo for herself and her Autocar.

"You see," she said seriously, "I had never really known a truck driver before. As we rode along, we talked of many things, and I learned about his world. It's the same with all of the people whom I meet on the road through my hobby. I try to bring some of that knowledge into my teaching. I hope that it makes me a better teacher."

I have a feeling that Miss Witman is a pretty good teacher already. Somewhere between teaching her classes, working on the cars and leading the Sunday School group, she had time to supervise her school newspaper. Speaking of her would-be journalists, she said:

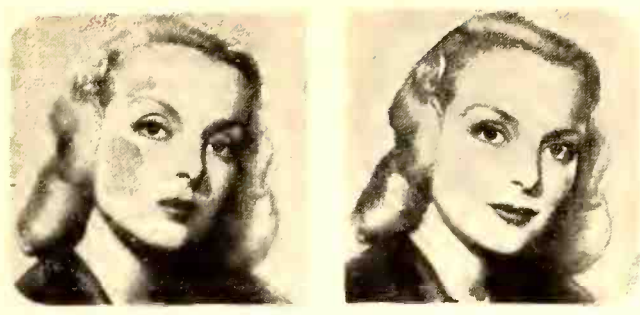
"Some of my boys and girls want to be newspapermen. They want to travel around to strange places, to meet all sorts of people. Sometimes they can't express those yearnings very well, but I know what they mean. You see, I like the same things, and I get them from my adventures with the cars."

I wondered if her facility with French or Latin ever helped on the old car hunts.

"Latin," she said with a smile, "is even older than an old car, but French comes in handy. For instance, one of our relics is a French make, an Albion Voisin. We always like to have all parts on a car conform to the original, and I've been writing letters all over France trying to get tires that go with that year and model. Maybe I'll have to go to France to get them."

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old tires! Quite a picture, isn't it? But then, Miss Witman has invaded many a chateau to find the exact headlight lens for a Stutz, and shuffled through many a dumping ground to match up the fenders on a Locomobile.

"People have strange reactions when you come calling to ask about Grandpa's old car, which still sits in the barn. They think they have a rare old model, worth thousands of dollars. And they act as though I'm a city slicker, carrying out a swindle. Actually, it is practically valueless, until some one spends much money to restore it."

Usually, on Welcome Travelers, we ask our guests to try to analyze their own experiences, or travel stories, and share with our listeners the lessons they have learned. I asked Miss Witman what those old cars meant to her.

"Well," she asked, "have you ever come into a home that hadn't been lived in for a long time, and seen a doll lying in the dust? Didn't you wonder about the little girl, long ago, who played with that doll? Didn't it seem right to pick up that doll, and dust it off, the way the little girl would have done? In a funny sort of way, it's the same with old cars."

I saw what she meant. Each of the antique autos had a story of its own. The proud family which first drove it, on bright Sundays, over the dirt roads. The kids with their special seats in back. Junior borrowing it on Saturday night to spark the girl next door. Dig down deep under the seat and maybe you'll still find a grain of rice from their wedding. And later, times are bad, and the car is sold. Then, for someone else, the story begins all over, and another family pattern is acted out in the same car.

Yes, it was quite a thought. And I could understand how Miss Witman felt when she helped Stilwell take in an old junk, then repair and polish and rub until, days later, there emerged again The Car. Though its past owners might spread around the globe, it was nice to think that the car which had been so important to them at one time was again getting good treatment, and was again rolling along the road.

The next morning, on my way to the Welcome Travelers broadcast, I saw Miss Ruth Witman, in her 1914 Overland, riding toward the Milwaukee highway on Chicago's La Salle St. She had on her goggles and her duster, and the car was chugging along at about eighteen miles an hour.

"Watch out, lady," the driver of a sleek new model called out. "You might get a flat tire."

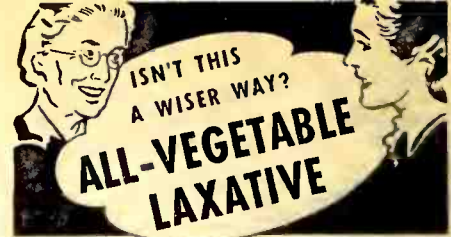
Miss Witman smiled sweetly at the heckler and never, it seemed to me, had I seen a damsel less likely to find herself in distress.

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Dagwood's House of Happiness

(Continued from page 43)

estate broker told me the place was the old Pickering estate and he read off some figures: twenty-two rooms, eight baths. (Oh, boy!) 4½ acres. (Goodie!) Tennis court, sunken gardens, but no pool. (So, okay, the kids are too young yet.) And here was an unusual item: a fifty thousand dollar pipe organ. The original owner had fancied organ music and had built the whole house around the thing. (I didn't have any particular use for a pipe organ, but a man can take up a new hobby can't he?)

I asked if the house was for sale. The broker didn't know, but he assumed so—nobody had lived in the place for more than ten years. He would see.

I went home to report progress and Pat thought I was out of my silly mind.

But when the real estate fellow called back to say that the house was available and told me the price, I had my inning.

For all that housing it was ridiculously cheap. The pipe organ alone was worth that much. They were giving it away.

"Ummmh," said Pat. Prove it, that meant.

WE WENT to look, and I admit the whole thing was pretty overwhelming. Those vast rooms—empty—echoed like a cave. Crystal chandeliers, Byzantine carved walls and ceilings, not really for Dagwood.

And the organ. It was a monster, and sure enough the music came back at you from concealed pipes all over the house.

"I love it," I yelled. I had just found the xylophone pedal.

"If we sold it," Pat calmed me down, "we might just be able to afford the house."

Gosh, the organ was half the fun. But Pat was right. Then I had a practical question.

"Who, these days, is in the market for a fifty thousand dollar pipe organ?"

Pat found somebody. She would! She got in touch with the man who installed the instrument in the first place, and he said sure it was the best organ west of the Rockies and he knew a church which would love to have it.

So we took the plunge. Plunked down a down payment, went into escrow and began to have nightmares about furnishing the place.

Before we moved in, the pipe organ was carted away. It was a very sad day for me. The thing had more voices than Edgar Bergen; bass drums, xylophone, something as sweet as Evelyn's magic violin. It would have been fun to keep it. But it had to go—five van loads of it had to go.

We hired a crew of a dozen strong guys to clean out ten years accumulation of devil-grass and cobwebs. And then we marched in—into the vast and empty spaces. The stuff from our other house just about furnished the—pardon me—master suite, and another second floor suite of three bedrooms and two baths which we turned over to the kids and their nurse.

We fixed up a whole wing very comfortably for Pat's dad, and with the rest—brother, we're taking our time. We have carpets now—several thousand yards I guess—and already christened with spilled orange juice and careless bull dog. (Hedy, our white Peke, refuses to share the blame.) We have



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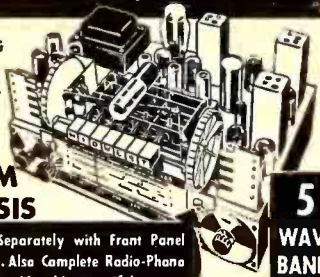
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some drapes and a few big hunks of stuff to sit on, but the echo is still pretty frightening.

At first we tried to live all over the house, but after a week we were all exhausted and retired to our various little homes within the home to rest.

After we had shaken down in the house for a few weeks, Pat and I began itching for a party. I think we wanted to see the astonishment on our friends' faces as much as anything else.

We set a date and invited everybody in town to our housewarming.

EVERYTHING happened.

The first guest who arrived drove over one of the lawn sprinklers, cracking off the head of it, and a fifty-foot geyser shot into the air.

I looked all over the house and couldn't find the water shut-off. This took about an hour, by which time most everybody had come—so drenched when they reached shelter that they were too concerned with messed hairdos and unpressed pants to be amazed at our magnificence.

Pat was trying to be host and hostess, water moppper upper and long distance runner all at once, and she was getting a little tired. I called the Santa Monica Water Company. They said the house was in West Los Angeles. I called the West Los Angeles Water Company. They said the house was in Santa Monica. They were no fools. I called the plumber.

By the time I got back to the party, the geyser had really got in its licks. The roof was leaking. Right through our splendiferous crystal chandelier.

Well, we never did have the barbecue. By the time the plumber had found the shut-off and turned off the show the lawn was soaked. It was too late, and too dark, and too cold.

So we made up a sort of bucket brigade—the folks were feeling a little more cheerful by this time—and parlayed the food all the way back to the kitchen, cooked it, toted it back to the living room, and by golly, we ate it!

Everybody warned me that night that I should keep our haunted house a secret. If the "Blondie" customers found out that Dagwood was living in a sort of combination Manderley and Grand Hotel, they would be up in arms.

That made me sore. I reminded them that though I've been playing Dagwood since "Harold Teen"—that's eleven long and lovely years—there's more.

Last year I started branching out, and produced a film called "Sixteen Fathoms Deep." The reviewers have been pretty friendly, especially one who was in the Thalias with me in high school. It had better be good, as my cynical friends reminded me at the house warming, with "Arthur Lake Productions" right out in front like that.

Maybe I should have called my company Warner Brothers. Because in our coming production the Lakes are really standing up and waiting to be shot at. There is a fine comedy part in it which fits nobody but Pat—so she's going to play it. And Shorty, that's our son Arthur Patrick, has a nice fat part, too. Marian Rose is busily taking ballet lessons, so I suppose I will have to put in a part for a small, round dancer, too.

We will either be able to afford our haunted house after that, or we will build barricades around it and retire behind the walls until the whole thing has blown over.

It'll be a fine house one of these days, after we get the hang of it.

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The Light in the Window

(Continued from page 65)

do you mean?" He shook his head, sorry he'd gone this far. "I can't tell you. I'd never have mentioned it except that—"
 "Except you wanted to straighten me out?"
 "I suppose so. And I'm the last person to do that—"
 He saw the concern in her eyes, and he knew that he'd won. She would stay now—for the very reason he didn't want. Because she was worried about him.
 "What happens to me isn't important," he said. "But you're young. You've so much to live for—"
 "That's what you think!" But she sounded shaken, and he pressed his advantage.
 "And, I'm being selfish, Charlotte, in urging you not to leave. I have enjoyed your company—"
 "Oh, Ray—" She melted suddenly; her face went slack like a troubled and bewildered child's. "I don't know what to do. I'm so mixed up. I—I've got to be alone for a while—take a walk—"

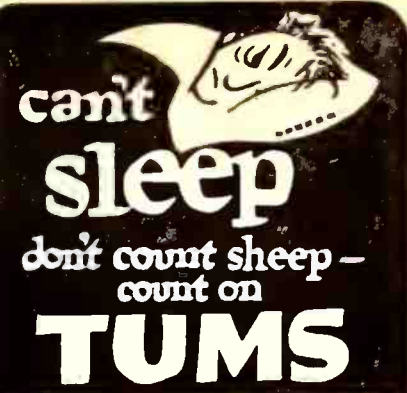
HE WENT back to his room. From his window he saw her hurry down the street; turn into the Church of the Good Samaritan—the first time she'd been in a church, he wagered, in a good many years. That church! And the parsonage, and the light that burned eternally in the study window—Dr. Matthews' friendship lamp! Dr. Matthews, Charlotte—both of them poking their noses into his business—and he'd let them; he'd given them both reason to. He was closing the trap around himself.

After that, there was no getting out. Charlotte's concern was always with him, like a hand on his pulse. On a hot midsummer evening, when he was sitting with her and Eddie Bingham, the ever-hopeful little gambler, in the dusk of the porch, she said casually, "I wonder when Mrs. Olson's coming home? Something funny happened today. A cop came around, asking questions—"
 "A cop!" Eddie exclaimed.

"You in trouble, Eddie?" asked Charlotte. "Yes, a cop. Plain clothes, but I know one when I see one. He was looking for a guy and I told him he had the wrong address. He said no, he was sure he hadn't, and then he buzzed over to see Dr. Matthews."
 "Who was he looking for, Charlotte?" Ray asked.

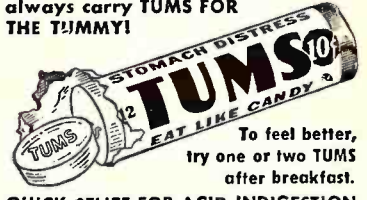
"Guy named Roger Barton. But nobody by that name's been here that I know of. I thought maybe Mrs. Olson might know—"
 Ray hadn't moved. His tone had been as casual as hers. But she was watching him, and now she said. "It's nothing to you, Eddie, and Ray and I aren't going in with you on that third race tomorrow no matter how long you argue. Why don't you see if you can find a couple of live ones inside?"
 Eddie rose resignedly. "Always trying to get rid of me. Okay, I know when I'm not wanted."

There was a silence. Then Charlotte remarked, "You look kind of funny, Ray."
 "I don't feel funny." He hesitated. What was the use? He might have expected something like this . . . and besides, she'd know sooner or later, anyway.
 "I may as well tell you," he said. "I knew they wouldn't let me alone—they



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never do. That man was a parole officer."

"A—you mean you—"
"Brandon—Barton," said Ray harshly. "Same difference. So now you know who's been giving you advice, trying to tell you how to live your life. Jail-bird, an ex-convict—"

He got up and started inside. She was beside him, holding to his arm. "Ray, wait! Don't go! I don't care what you've been—I don't even want to know. I think you're a swell guy. I—well, there's no use trying to say it."

She meant it, every word of it. It was in her eyes, her voice. She was the kind of woman who, if she cared about you, was with you all the way, through anything, no matter what you said or did. He felt a softening within him, a kind of tearing. If another woman had been like her. . . . Then her voice raced on, desperately anxious.

"This thing you're waiting for, planning on—it's got something to do with it, your being in jail, hasn't it? Ray, I'm so worried—"

"You shouldn't be." He was cruel because he had to be. "It's not your business; it's mine, mine alone, like my life. And—don't try to get mixed up in it."

SHE didn't mention the subject again. She was casually friendly, as before, even more diffident about approaching him than ever. But Ray worried. A parole officer now, and Charlotte, and Dr. Matthews, with that light that Ray had to look at every time he glanced out his window. How many more people were going to get mixed up in this? He fretted about it for days. When nothing happened, he followed the thin, persistent beam of the guiding light down Newman Avenue to the study of Dr. Matthews.

A pretty, fresh-faced girl let him in. "Dr. Matthews is out," she said. "But I expect him back almost any time. I'm Pamela Hale, Dr. Matthews' niece. And if you'd like to wait—"

She was leading him toward the study. "There's someone else waiting," she said, opening the door. "This is Roger Collins, Mr. Brandon."

Ray gripped his hat until his knuckles were white. *Hang onto yourself, Brandon.* . . . Aloud he said, "How do you do," as if to a stranger.

Pamela Hale left them, closing the door after her. The boy smiled at him, very friendly, a little bit shy. "How do you do, sir? It's—it's nice here in this study, isn't it? There's something about the place, that lamp—"

"The Friendship Lamp," said Ray Brandon, with no irony at all.

The boy nodded. "I've known Dr. Matthews only a few weeks, but I keep coming around to talk with him. Tonight, though," he added hurriedly, "I won't be long. I can find out what I want to know in just a minute or two."

"So can I," said Ray dryly. "You— you don't live around here?"

"No—in Forest Hills. But I work in this neighborhood—I'm one of the counselors at the Young People's Club. That is, right now I am."

"Why do you say that?"

"It's kind of mixed up," the boy said. "My mother doesn't think I should spend so much time here in the Flats—"

I should think not, Ray thought, *not when I'm living here.* "That's understandable," he said aloud. "There must be a Young People's Club in your own neighborhood—"

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Ray didn't think he could take any more. Fortunately, he didn't have to. The boy stopped, abashed. "Gosh, I don't know why I'm talking to you like this. It must be this place—it just sort of brings things out of you, makes you talk. And I don't think I'd better wait any longer. Will you tell Dr. Matthews I'll talk with him tomorrow?"

Ray let him go—just in time, he realized afterward. They shook hands; the boy went out. A few moments later there was the sound of a car stopping, the sound of voices. Too late he recognized the woman's voice. They were inside, and Julie was staring at him as if he were a traitor.

"Mr. Brandon," said Dr. Matthews, "this is Mr. Collins. Where is Roger?" "He left a few minutes ago," Ray answered, looking at Julie.

"And the two of you—" she burst out. "I knew this would happen. Frank—"

"NO NEED to get upset, Julie," said Frank. His voice was deep and quiet. Ray liked him—so much that he felt a curious peace about his son, so much that he could feel no jealousy that this man had been and would go on being father to his, Ray's, son.

"That's right, Julie," he agreed. "We met as strangers. Two strangers who happened to be waiting for Dr. Matthews. Nothing more."

"Why don't we sit down and talk this over?" Dr. Matthews suggested. "Mr. Collins feels as I do—that there's no reason why young Roger can't be told the whole truth."

"There's every reason!" Julie cried passionately. And Ray nodded somberly. "He stopped being my son fifteen years ago when I went to prison—"

"For a crime you didn't commit," Dr. Matthews put in quickly. "That's true, isn't it, Brandon?"

"What's the difference?" Ray asked. "Evidently Julie—"

She was going to pieces before his eyes. She was shaking, and her voice skidded perilously. "Of course I believed you were innocent! You told me to forget you; you told me to tell Roger you were dead. What I've done, I've done for his sake—"

Frank took her arm, nodded at Ray over her head, gently led her out. Ray and Dr. Matthews were left alone. The older man moved to his desk, sat down, motioned Ray to sit down. "Somehow, Brandon," he said, "I've a feeling all this is going to work out—"

"I don't want it to," said Ray rudely. "I want to know just one thing—what the parole officer wanted the other day."

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"I think you know that," said Dr. Matthews slowly. "He wanted to know about your future plans . . . and if they included a man named McClain." Martin McClain. He told me that at your trial fifteen years ago you kept insisting—"

"I told the court the truth," said Ray bluntly. "It was a deliberate frame-up by McClain. He'd pushed me ahead in the office, worked me into a position where I could be accused of doctoring the books . . . covering up for his crime."

"I know about that," said Dr. Matthews. "And I know, as you probably do yourself, that McClain is expected back in the city before too long. Then what?"

Ray didn't answer. Dr. Matthews spoke softly. "The look in your eyes—I've seen it before. Murder. But this time I don't believe it. I don't believe you can do it, not after sitting here talking with your son—"

"Julie's son—"

DR. MATTHEWS ignored him. "I didn't believe it before. That's why I told the parole officer that you had a job ahead of you, one with a future in a law office. And you have, if you want it. I've been in touch with a law firm. I didn't go out of my way, you understand, but there's an opening. I told them a little about you, and they seem to feel that they can work out some kind of an arrangement. Would you like me to make an appointment for you?"

"No thanks."

"But you can't be satisfied with your present job—"

"It serves my purpose." Ray rose. "Thanks," he said again, ironically. "But I'm just not interested in anything you have to offer."

They were closing in on him. Dr. Matthews with his job, Charlotte with her devotion, even Julie, who was fighting strangely to reach him even as she fought—needlessly—to keep him apart from their son.

Julie came to see him the next day. She was in his room when he came home. Charlotte was there, too, taking down Mrs. Olson's limp, gray curtains and hanging up a pair she'd started to make days ago, before he had frightened her off. Before Julie, she looked stubborn and scared.

"We've already met," she told Ray when he started to introduce them. "And I—uh—I guess I'd better be going—"

"Don't rush off on my account." Julie's voice was coolly sweet. Charlotte walked out without another word, and Julie turned to Ray. "Roger—Ray—I couldn't help being a little surprised to find a woman like that in your room—"

"What do you mean—a woman like that?" His voice was dangerously quiet. But Julie didn't back down.

"I gathered you've been seeing a good deal of her. How can you waste your time on anyone so—so cheap? Oh, I suppose she's attractive in a way, but—"

"Cheap? What gives you the right to say that—to make any kind of comment?"

"Well, it's perfectly obvious," said Julie. "She—"

"What do you know about her?" he interrupted savagely. "You don't know anything about her kind of decency, her honesty. What did you come here for, anyway?"

"Because I'm worried," Julie flung at him. "You talked so strangely last night—trying to blame me for doing what

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you yourself told me to do. I know you'll stop at nothing to even the score with Martin McClain. And I can't help but feel that you're trying to shift the moral responsibility for that upon me, too."

"I don't know why," he said stiffly. "I accept full moral responsibility, Julie, for anything that may happen. So you can just forget it."

"But I can't!" She came close to him, her eyes wide, pleading. "What you do with your life is very important to me." A convulsive movement broke the smooth, white line of her throat.

Suddenly he was sorry for her. "There can't be any beginning over for me, Julie. Only an end. We'd best say goodbye, right now."

"Roger—" But his look stopped her. She turned and walked out.

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HE waited until her footsteps receded down the stairs. Then, in feverish haste, he reached into the back of a bureau drawer, drew forth a precious, heavy object. They were closing in on him, and McClain was coming back... and he was working against time. He didn't hear Charlotte's knock until she was in the room.

"Ray—" And then she saw the gun. Quickly she swallowed her shock. "When you play like that," she said, "you ought to have sense enough to lock your door. Are you nuts? Do you know what they can do to you if they find you with a gun?"

"I know it's time for us to call things quits," he said levelly. "You know what I am, and I'm only sorry I've told you as much as I have. Now wake up and let me alone—"

She sat down on the bed close to him, her eyes holding his. "Me wake up, Ray Brandon? Forget I ever knew you? It's too late for that! I wanted to clear out of here on account of Larry Lawrence, but oh, no, you wouldn't let me go! What a song and dance you gave me! Running away from myself, you said. Well, what do you think you're doing?"

"I deserve that," he admitted. "I had no right to meddle—Charlotte!"

She'd snatched the gun suddenly, but toward her, so that he cried out in fear. And then she was running with it, out of the room, down the hall. He heard her door slam and lock.

He ran after her, pounded on it. "Charlotte—" A drawer opened and shut inside the room; then there were other sounds, wretched, strangled. She was crying.

"Charlotte—"

She opened the door. "You can come in now," she said. "But you can't have that gun. I know what you plan to do with it, and I won't let you. I—I'll use it on myself, first."

He believed her. She stood looking up at him, her face raining tears as frankly as a child's, and she meant every word she said. He couldn't help himself. He put his arms around her.

"I mean it," she said after a while, her lips close to his ear. "Not what I said exactly—but it would be worse than that for me. If you don't stop this—this way you're going, Ray, I'm going straight to that parole officer, and straight to Dr. Matthews... and they'll see that you stop. I love you. I didn't mean to tell you, and I know you don't want to hear it—"

His arms tightened around her. "Charlotte, you've meant—you mean so much to me—"

He pressed her face against his cheek, so that she couldn't see his eyes, so

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that his thoughts could run free. This was what he got for talking too much to too many people, for giving in to life. And now he'd have to destroy the one thing he'd had all along, in spite of everything—his self-respect.

"Charlotte," he said, "would you believe me if I told you I'd changed my mind—about everything? Would you believe me if I told you I wanted to put the past away, finally, and start over? Would you help me?"

She pulled her head free and looked up at him, long and steadily. And he knew that she'd believe him—because she wanted to so desperately. "Yes, Ray. Yes—to everything."

"Dr. Matthews offered me a job last night," he went on. "In a law office—something I'll like, something I've always been interested in. I'd like to take that job, Charlotte. I'd like to try—"

"You mean it? You're not just—"
"I mean it." And he made himself smile to match her smile.

"Then—" She moved quickly, unlocked the bureau drawer, took something out. He'd forgotten about the gun. There were other guns; it had lost importance compared to the other thing she had threatened to do. "Here's your property, Ray. And I apologize—"

She held the gun out to him, an act of trust, of faith.

Bright morning sunlight warmed the inscription on an office door: Fleming, Drake and Henahan, Attorneys-at-law. Ray Brandon shut the door behind him, walked over the thick carpet to the receptionist's desk. "My name is Ray Brandon. I believe Dr. Matthews made an appointment for me—"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Brandon. Mr. Fleming is busy at the moment, but he should be free soon. Will you sit down? There are some magazines on the table—"

On top of the magazines was the morning newspaper. "Prominent industrialist, Martin McClain and daughter Susan . . . arrived today . . ."

Ray Brandon went to the door. "Tell Mr. Fleming that I suddenly remembered I had—another appointment."

Several nights later, Ray Brandon knocked on the door of a closed room. "All set?" Ray asked, stepping inside. "I think so," the man answered. "But you sure gave me a tough one. McClain's got his own bodyguards—thugs. Then there are private dicks all around the place. Who would be hiring them?"

RAY thought he knew, and he tipped his hat, mentally, to Dr. Matthews for hoping to the last. He had private detectives out for him now, and if they failed—he would turn to the police.

"Never mind who," he said impatiently. "Did you get the layout? I got everything, even drew you a diagram, too. This won't be easy, but you can do it. The first part's duck soup. You could do it blindfolded—"

Ray Brandon walked down an alley behind the Andover Arms Hotel, turned into a door marked Service Entrance. He kept going to the end of the passage, went through an iron door, up a flight of stairs, through another heavy door. He was inside, not the Andover Arms, but the Athletic Club which adjoined it. Rapidly, he walked down the carpeted corridor, found a door marked "Fire Escape." He went through the door, climbed two flights up the fire escape. Now the ticklish part—a six-foot jump to the fire escape of the Andover Arms . . . He made it. He felt as if he could have leaped twice that distance through space. Up another flight—fire escape to balcony—another

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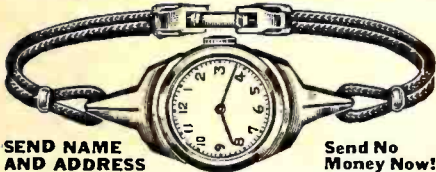
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six feet with the pavement of the court floors below. . . . A French door off the balcony . . . McClain's apartment. Then he had to wait. McClain was in bed—and his daughter was standing beside him, talking forever. She left the room, returned, left again. Ray turned the handle of the French door—and froze. Someone else in the room now—looked like one of the bodyguards. He was gone; the light was out. This time Ray waited until he was sure. Then he stepped into the breathing dark, snapped the light switch.

"Who—" The man in the bed sat up.

"Barton!"

"That's right. You do remember me, don't you, McClain?" His voice was easy, but uncontrollable joy exploded inside him. This was the end of fifteen years of dreaming, planning—and it was worth it, oh, a thousand times over! McClain's face! McClain's craven face.

"Barton, put down that gun." He tried to bluff. "You'll never get away with this—"

"There's a silencer on the gun—and don't try to reach for the phone! I got in here, and I'll get out again—"

"It'll be just a question of time." McClain spoke as if every word were a breath, as indeed it was. "They'll get you—"

"Why should I care?" Ray exulted. "I don't care to live—thanks to you. All I want is the satisfaction of knowing I've sent you on ahead of me."

McClain began to shake. His face pucker like a woman's. "Let me talk! Let me explain!" he screamed, and quickly lowered his voice. "I was in a tight spot. I had my back against the wall. I never thought they'd convict you—"

"No? But you fixed it so that they could. You testified against me at the trial."

McClain was swaying, his hands clasped as if in prayer. "If you only knew how I've regretted that! I've had to live with myself all these years, Barton. If I had it to do over—I'll do anything—anything to make it up to you—"

"Fine," said Ray. "Bring back my wife, my son who thinks I'm dead. Oh, no, you can't do that. But—would you go to prison?"

He watched, enjoying himself hugely. This ridiculous figure in pajamas, with its ridiculous face working like a baby's . . . this was what he'd wanted, this was what he'd worked for, risked everything for.

"Prison?" Voice falsetto. "I don't know what you mean—Yes, yes, I will, Barton! Anything—Only don't shoot! For God's sake, don't shoot . . ."

Somehow, Ray Brandon got back down the fire escape. Somehow—he would never know just how—he found his way back to Selby Flats. He was walking slowly, beaten, yet drawn on in spite of himself, toward a light that burned in a window. The light—the life—it was all mixed up in his exhausted mind. But you couldn't beat it. You were what you were, and if you were weak, as he was weak, it reached out and claimed you against your will.

Of course, Dr. Matthews would say that he was strong. Charlotte would say—well, Charlotte loved him. And Julie—never mind Julie. She was out of this, for good.

He would have to tell Dr. Matthews that, too, along with the rest—along with the confession that, after all, he had been incapable of killing Martin McClain.

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Coast to Coast in Television

(Continued from page 47)

wouldn't make suds, for instance, and foamed a couple of bottles of beer into the water, is a hero of the man-versus video struggle.

With most people eager for the big stars of radio and movies to move into television, everyone thinks of Jack Benny's program as a natural; however Jack thinks he would have to change his format completely to make the switch. As he explains it, "To properly portray some of our scenes would cost a fortune for sets and photography and yet wouldn't be as funny as the same scene done on the radio.

"For example, we use a long series of footsteps and sound effects to portray me walking down into my vault and the process of going through squeaky doors, untying endless chains and finally opening the vault to the sound of screw burglar alarms. Each listener has his own conception of that scene, and each time it seems to get a laugh. Now this same routine on television, produced with costly sets, cobwebs and costumes, might be fairly funny but I'm sure it wouldn't be quite as hilarious as the illusion built up by sound effects."

Allen Funt, who has been conducting Candid Microphone over ABC for well over a year, is doing just as hilarious a job with his video program based on the same idea. Now, of course, instead of just the hidden mike, there is a hidden candid camera as well. All those who ever wondered what Funt's victims look like, will enjoy this show—over ABC-TV.

Now you can get a B.S. in television! This semester the American University in Washington, D. C., is offering courses leading to a Bachelor of Science degree with a major in radio and television. This is the first accredited university to recognize the importance of TV and the contribution it will make to our culture. Soon all educational institutions should recognize their obligation to train and instruct for a medium that will have such a tremendous impact on our living.

People love to moan about the things that interfere with their tele reception—it has replaced bridge scores, operations, and the high cost of living as a favorite gripe. Tracing down the source of a reception disturbance makes a detective out of the video service man—it can turn out that the location of your antenna, the ham radio operator next door, or a dozen other things are keeping you from getting the clear picture you want on your set. The most troublesome factor found yet is the diathermy machine. That little device, while it's fixing up someone's rheumatic knee, can konk out television sets for blocks around. Luckily most such machines are turned off at night—the big television time.

Because of television, we may all find ourselves going about in much darker make-up than we ever dreamed of using. Television calls for its own special make-up, and though in the early days experiments were made with weird make-ups—green and purple lipsticks and the like—now deep tan foundation, orange-red lipstick and brown accents on the eyelids are found to be

the most effective. Since no one knows nowadays when a television camera is going to catch up with him, experts are predicting that we'll all take to mild versions of the video make-up.

Tommy Dorsey, who has been disc jockeying, is reforming his band to go into tele. During recent months Tommy has been doing considerable research into the possible uses of name bands by video. He feels that several years ago, when Hollywood was making extensive use of the marquee power of name maestros, both the latter and film producers failed in getting the most out of what they had.

The American Cancer Society is loud in its praise of television. They found the medium extremely effective in their campaigning, so they are going ahead with a full-scale program of activity. They find that video is wonderful when it comes to stimulating contributions. They plan to put cancer education before the cameras as well as entertainment and direct appeals for funds.

Gladys Swarthout, glamorous opera star, and her husband, Frank Chapman, concert baritone, have formed a television film company, with a studio in Connecticut, to make 15-minute films. The series will be called "In the Music Room."

The nation's football scouts are grateful to television. This fall finds them doing their spying for new athletic talent in front of a TV set in a nice warm room—instead of being constantly frozen in the stands.



Sultry Lena Horne was a guest on Ed Sullivan's Toast of The Town, CBS-TV.

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HELEN NEUSHAEFER... making her shade selections for Fall and
Winter... in harmony with the season's smart costume colors.

My polish has these 5 advantages:

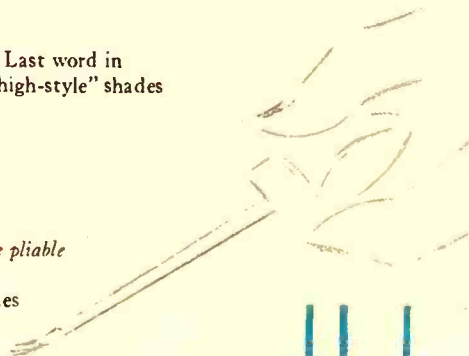
2 No "bubbles"

1 Plasteen to help
prevent chipping

3 New, jewel-like
brilliance

4 Last word in
"high-style" shades

5 Finer, more pliable
brush gives
neater outlines



Helen
Neushaefer
NAIL POLISH

Neu Rose... a featured Fall shade
... See all 12 new fashion tones of *rose* and
red—all with Plasteen—at most 5 and
10's and drug stores.

10¢



NEWEST OF LIPSTICKS...
You'll like the smooth-creamy
feel, the *true-to-tone* colors,
the way this new lipstick
of mine stays on and on!
39¢



A. Sartorius & Co., Inc. • College Point, N. Y.

FAMOUS FLOWER-STYLIST

Florist with a Flair Judith Garden

AGREES:

"Whether you're arranging flowers or choosing a cigarette...EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER!"

"I tried and compared many brands—and I learned that cool, mild Camels are the cigarette for me!"



A few lemon-tinted carnations, a sweep of foliage—result: a fine-arts arrangement! "It's experience—not expense that counts," says Miss Garden.



Simple French marigolds... a handful of green leaves take on a sophisticated air: arranged with the touch of experience!

● Into a ballroom ablaze with fabulous flowers walks a brisk, little brunette. She tilts a creamy petal; adjusts a straying leaf; nods with satisfaction. Miss Judith Garden has just set the stage for a dazzling social debut! Later... in her shop (at left)... she designs a tiny masterpiece from a handful of ripe-red fruit in a 10-cent-store container. "It isn't the cost of the blooms," says the talented Miss Garden. "It's experience and taste that counts."

More people smoke Camels than ever before!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

MOST people, like Judith Garden, know that experience is the best teacher. That's why millions of smokers who tried and compared different brands of cigarettes say, "Camels are the choice of experience with me!" Let your own "T-Zone"—T for Taste and T for Throat—tell you about Camels. Let your taste tell you about Camel's marvelous flavor. Let your throat discover that wonderful Camel mildness and coolness. See how your own experience tells you why more people are smoking Camels than ever before!

According to a Nationwide survey:
MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE

When 113,597 doctors were asked by three independent research organizations to name the cigarette they smoked, more doctors named Camel than any other brand.



Let your "T-Zone" tell you



**T for Taste...
T for Throat**

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