

RADIO AND TELEVISION MIRROR

AUGUST • 25¢

Can You Help
PERKINS
Solve a Family Problem?

Previous Vacation Letter

LOLA, FRAN and OLLIE

BERRY BENSON—
All Color Picture,
Singing New Cowboy
Adventure!



Exclusive Color Pictures!

BING CROSBY
and sons at their ranch home



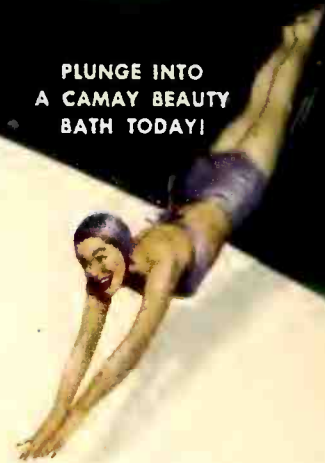
Mild as Moonlight for a Lovelier You!

Bathe your way to beauty with mild Camay and the daily Camay Beauty Bath! Use the big, economical "Beauty-Bath" cake of Camay, and give all your skin the finest kind of complexion care. Camay's lather is so quick and creamy, and it's gentle as a caress. Why, you'll rise from your bath lovelier from head to toes—touched with a perfume no other soap has ever quite captured—the flattering fragrance of Camay, The Soap of Beautiful Women!

CAMAY
MEANS MILDNESS
TO ME!



PLUNGE INTO
A CAMAY BEAUTY
BATH TODAY!



BE DANTIER
FROM
TIP TO TOES!



FIRST ONE IN
WINS A
LOVELIER SKIN!

SUCH A FLATTERING
SCENT—AND
IT'S CAMAY'S ALONE!

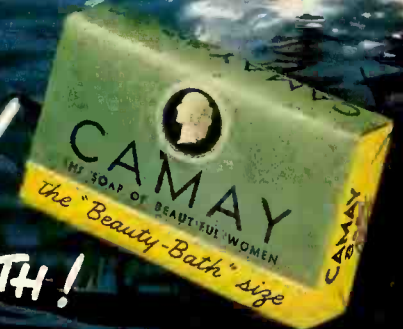


LOLL IN
CAMAY'S LAVISH LATHER!



Bath-Size Camay

for your CAMAY BEAUTY BATH!





Your mouth and breath are more wholesome, sweeter, cleaner—when you guard against tooth decay and gum troubles *both*. So don't risk halfway dental care. Rely on *doubly-effective* Ipana care for healthier teeth, healthier gums—better protection for your whole mouth.

Keep your Whole Mouth Wholesome!



"I have lots of confidence in Ipana ... it's made by Bristol-Myers,"

says Miss Pat Barnard
of Great Neck, N. Y.

Bristol-Myers, makers of Ipana Tooth Paste, have worked with leading dental authorities for many years on scientific studies of teeth and gums. You can use Ipana with complete confidence that it provides effective care for teeth and gums *both*. It's another reliable Bristol-Myers product.

Fight tooth decay and gum troubles with the one leading tooth paste specially designed to do both!*

Naturally, you'd like to have a healthier, more wholesome mouth. And you *will* have, if you do what dentists advise: fight not only tooth decay but *gum troubles*, too.

With one famous tooth paste—*with Ipana and massage—you can guard your teeth and gums **BOTH**.

For no other dentifrice has been proved more effective than Ipana in fighting tooth

decay. And no other leading tooth paste is specially designed to stimulate gum circulation—promote healthier gums.

Remember, Ipana is the only leading tooth paste made especially to give you this doubly protective, doubly-effective care.

So be *sure* of double protection—keep your whole mouth "Ipana wholesome." Ipana's wholesome flavor is refreshing, too—you'll enjoy it. Get Ipana today.

NEW!

Big economy size Ipana
saves you up to 23¢



IPANA

For healthier teeth, healthier gums

Poof!
there goes
perspiration



Now try Stopette—the deodorant that changed a nation's habits!

Millions now spray perspiration worries away with amazing Stopette Deodorant in the famous flexi-plastic bottle.

A quick squeeze checks annoying perspiration, stops odor. You never touch Stopette . . . hardly know it touches you. Wonderfully economical, harmless to normal skin or clothes.



Wonderful for men, too!

2 sizes: 2 1/4 oz. \$1.25; 1 oz. 60c. At cosmetic counters everywhere.

JULES MONTENIER, INC., Chicago

Stopette
THE ORIGINAL
SPRAY DEODORANT



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Member of The TRUE STORY Women's Group

Stuck!



The No. 1 catch of the town, hers for a whole evening on their first big date. She dreams this is to be the beginning of a real romance. But how wrong can a girl be? What an awful awakening she's in for! Because, once he gets her back on her own doorstep, he'll never darken it again . . . and she won't know why.* It could happen to any girl . . . even to you if you're careless about one little matter.*

How's your breath today?

Never take it for granted. Never risk offending others, needlessly. Halitosis (unpleasant breath)* is the fault unpardonable. It may be absent one day and present the next . . . without your realizing it. That's the insidious thing about it.

Play smart. Rinse your mouth with Listerine Antiseptic night and morning, and especially before any date when you want to be at your best. It's the *extra-careful* precaution against offending that fastidious people never omit.

To be extra-attractive be extra-careful

Listerine Antiseptic is the *extra-careful* precaution because it freshens the breath . . . not for mere seconds or minutes . . . but for hours, usually. Popular people, attractive people consider it almost a passport to popularity.

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

BEFORE ANY DATE... LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC



.... IT'S BREATH-TAKING !

for lasting
PIN CURL BEAUTY...



DeLong bob pins
stronger grip—won't slip out

You don't need a flair for hair styling to set this newest hair fashion. It's a breeze with De Long bob pins.

Alluring, natural curls last longer, for De Long's grip holds hair tighter. Take the blue De Long card home today.

How to set the "U" Bob—styled by Mr. Larry, eminent New York hairdresser...

Set top hair in two rows, turning first row toward face, next row away from face. (Work with even strands.) Pin two vertical rows at left temple, the first row toward face, second away. Make circlets across the back to right ear, in two clockwise rows. Do right temple like left. To comb out—brush hair up briskly, then down into a soft halo.



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

No matter how hot it is, pretty Patti Painter can't afford less than perfect make-up.



THE
HEAT'S
ON!

Summer has a way of getting under your skin. Complain as you may about the broiling sun, and the high temperatures, it's hard to resist the call of the outdoors.

If you're in a state of despair, because you can't keep your make-up on your face, here's some advice from a girl who has to.

Pretty Patti Painter is someone you haven't met yet. But, one day soon you'll be seeing her on your TV screen. At the moment she is busy at CBS acting as a model for color television experiments. Patti can't afford to have anything less than a perfect make-up, no matter what the thermometer reading.

Whether she's out on a date, or at rehearsals, Patti treats herself to a minute "facial" at least three or four times a day. She carries a jar of cleansing pads right in her purse, and whips them out whenever she feels the need. These pads, moistened with a skin-cleanser and freshener, remove make-up, as well as any particles of dust which have settled on her skin. All she has to do is reapply

RADIO MIRROR for BETTER LIVING

Here's Marvelous Deodorant News!

New finer Mum more effective longer!

*There's nothing like
a clean face to
lift your spirits—
and your looks—on
a hot summer's day*



**NOW CONTAINS AMAZING NEW
INGREDIENT M-3—THAT PROTECTS
AGAINST ODOR-CAUSING BACTERIA**

New Protection! Let the magic of new Mum protect you—*better, longer*. For today's Mum, with wonder-working M-3, safely protects against bacteria that cause underarm perspiration odor. Mum never merely "masks" odor—simply doesn't give it a chance to start.

New Creaminess! Mum is softer, creamier than ever. As gentle as a beauty cream. Smooths on easily, doesn't cake. And Mum is non-irritating to skin because it contains no harsh ingredients. Will not rot or discolor finest fabrics.

New Fragrance! Even Mum's new perfume is special—a delicate flower fragrance created for Mum alone. This delightful cream deodorant contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. Economical—no shrinkage, no waste.



Mum's protection grows and GROWS!
Thanks to its new ingredient, M-3, Mum not only stops growth of odor-causing bacteria instantly—but keeps down future bacteria growth. You actually *build up* protection with regular, exclusive use of new Mum!
Now at your cosmetic counter!

New **MUM**
cream deodorant

A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

her make-up, and she is all set.

As far as your make-up is concerned, Patti suggests that you keep it light. Should you like a foundation base before you apply your rouge and powder, buy a summer-weight base. A heavy application of make-up is inclined to clog the pores, and before you know it you'll be faced with a blackhead condition. If you have an oily skin, it is a good idea to use an astringent lotion before you make up. You may have a problem with your lipstick, if you are using one with an oily base. Choose a lipstick that has long-lasting qualities. You won't have to worry about it smudging and spoiling your appearance, as it so often does.

Patti doesn't neglect her eyes in the hot weather, either. She wears a waterproof mascara, and just a touch of eye shadow. Of course, her brows always get a going over with an eyebrow pencil.

Patti has an exceptionally fair skin, and because of her color television work, she can't get tanned or sun-burned. However, if you are addicted to the sun, keep a close watch on your skin, and as it begins to tan, increase the color tone of your foundation base and powder. Make as careful a match as possible. Even though your skin is tanning, it still needs make-up for that smooth, beautiful finish.

The heat may be on, but if you present a cool front to the weather, you'll have nothing to worry about. Don't wait until the sun has melted your resistance and damaged your make-up. Have as many facials a day as you feel are necessary. Admiring eyes will tell you the "time out" was well spent.

By **DORRY ELLIS**

THE NATION'S SOREST THROAT



Busy WWDC sportscaster Wolff takes time out to talk to ex-Washington Senators pitcher Rae Scarborough. Bob often is on from 2-11 P.M., every minute sponsored.



Famed hoopster George Mikan towers above Bob, left, and former "pro" football star Steve Bagarus.

Washington thinks it has the nation's busiest sportscaster in young Bob Wolff, and here's the reason why.

On any given day this summer a Bob Wolff fan can tune Bob in at 1:55 P.M. and not hear him say good-bye until after eleven at night. And every moment he spends on the air is sponsored. Beginning with a wire re-creation of an out-of-town baseball game at 1:55—which sometimes lasts until 6, Bob goes on WWDC with a fifteen minute sports review, then races out to Griffith Stadium to record a quarter-hour interview show with the players which is aired on WWDC fifteen minutes prior to game time. Next comes a fifteen-minute live television interview show from the field immediately before game time (WTTG). After that, Bob rushes up to the radio and television booth to telecast the first three innings of the Washington Senators' games (WTTG), moves over to the radio mike to broadcast the middle three (WWDC), shifts back to TV for the last three innings, and then conducts another fifteen-minute post-game interview show on television (WTTG).

By the time that show is over Wolff should be gasping for breath, clawing at his throat, and looking for the earliest train to Atlantic City, but the man who never stops talking (when he's sponsored), never stops working, either. Besides the strenuous daily schedule above, he manages to prepare a weekly cut-in for the Mutual Broadcasting System (Saturdays, 4:30), write a lengthy sports column for the Washington Sunday Star, edit and distribute the Bob Wolff score book, speak at various luncheons and public functions, answer his voluminous correspondence, and play centerfield for the WWDC softball team (current batting average: .420—subject to change without notice).

Not subject to change are many of Bob's loyal sponsors who have capitalized on his effervescent sales ability. Accounts such as Chesterfield, Valley Forge Beer, and a Washington firm, George's Radio and Television Company, have been Wolff sponsors for three years running. And newcomers this summer include Motorola, a local Pontiac distributor—Arcade-Pontiac, and a local clothier, Regal Clothing Company.

To his family—his pretty young wife, Jane, and twenty-month-old son, Bobby, Jr.—Bob Sr. must be nothing more than a figure hurtling madly out of the front door of their apartment, holding his hat, and rehearsing his cues in front of the startled neighbors he bumps into in the hall. Indeed, Bob's hectic schedule has made him virtually a Third Man in his family life: Bobby Jr. readily recognizes his father on the television screen and cries, "Daddy," but to the strange and rarely-seen figure which is Bob in person, Junior—sensing a triangle—pointedly says nothing.

If things keep popping for Bob as they have in the last few years, it may be quite a spell before his son ever does get to know him well. For the ex-Phi Beta Kappa from Duke University is already perched on the top rung of the local ladder, and he has his best foot forward.



TINA LESER, famous for original collections: "My advice is to wear a **PLAYTEX**—the girdle that slims you where you need slimming, holds you in complete comfort."



JOSET WALKER, famous for her sports-wear: "**PLAYTEX** gets credit for this new silhouette. It slims and trims naturally, whittles your figure at waist and thighs."



DOROTHY COX, leading fashion originator: "You can see how important it is for you to have this new silhouette—and no girdle does as much for you as **PLAYTEX**."



TONI OWEN, renowned for her sports clothes separates: "**PLAYTEX** makes this supple, slim figure a possibility. And it fits invisibly, even under the scantiest swimsuit."

Top American designers say there's only one girdle for 'round-the-clock wear with all Summer clothes...even under swim suits!

INVISIBLE **PLAYTEX**[®] PINK-ICE



THE ONLY GIRDLE IN THE WORLD YOU CAN WEAR UNDER YOUR SWIMSUIT, PAT DRY AND WEAR IMMEDIATELY UNDER STREET CLOTHES!

Never before have designers chosen *one* girdle as the answer to all of Summer's slimmer clothes. Never before has there *been* a girdle you could wear under your bathing suit—then pat completely dry with a towel and wear again immediately.

PINK-ICE looks, feels, fits and acts like a second skin, moulds your figure with comfort and freedom. It hasn't a single seam, stitch or bone—it's invisible under briefest bathing suit, the most clinging dress. And it washes in seconds, dries with a touch of the towel.

Made by a revolutionary new latex process, **PLAYTEX PINK-ICE** dispels body heat... slims you in cool comfort. Light as a snowflake, fresh as a daisy, **PINK-ICE** actually "breathes" with you.

In **SLIM** shimmering pink tubes, **PLAYTEX PINK-ICE** GIRDLES \$3.95 to \$4.95

In **SLIM** silvery tubes, **PLAYTEX LIVING**[®] GIRDLES . . . \$3.50 to \$3.95

Sizes: extra-small, small, medium, large. *Extra-large size slightly higher*

At all department stores and better specialty shops everywhere

INTERNATIONAL LATEX CORPORATION, Playtex Park ©1950 Dover Del.



PROLIFIC PENMAN



Daughter Donna watches as producer Gene Brook types a script for one of his WBEN shows.

Gene Brook is a very practical man and, like a lot of other people, he doesn't believe in fortune-tellers. But . . . shortly before he became engaged to Myra Singerman, she lunched at a Buffalo tearoom where a gypsy read tea-leaves. The gypsy told Myra: "You'll marry a radio man or journalist." Not only did Myra marry a "radio man"—she became the mother of a "radio girl."

Gene is one of Buffalo's best-known radio figures, even though he is rarely heard on the air. He is the producer and script-writer of *Breakfast at Laube's Old Spain* on WBEN every morning from 9:15 to 10. He also writes the nightly show, *Orchid Week-End* at the Statler and he was the elf "Grumbles" in the *Visit to Santa Claus* on WBEN-TV last Christmas.

The "radio girl" in the Brook family is Donna, five and a half, who was one of the precocious panel of *Half Pints* on the recently completed WBEN-TV series. The Brooks also have a son—Jimmy, three and one-half, who "wants to get on television, too."

Words, words, words. As far back as he can remember, Gene has been a prolific letter writer and has ground out literally millions of radio words. He started writing in grade school and during his high school days he was on the school paper and took part in amateur theatricals.

At Ohio State he did features, sports, and every other type of story for the University paper. For two years he took the feminine lead in the productions of the *Scarlet Mask*, the University's dra-

matic association. He also broadcast regularly over the campus radio station, WOSU, Columbus.

He was graduated at twenty in 1941 and was then too young for the draft. When he did become of age he was rejected for the army three times because of ulcers (acquired at eighteen).

Gene first wrote seriously in 1941, doing a comedy script for a Buffalo station. Throughout the war he had very little extra time for writing but taught play production at the YWCA at night. In fact, he still teaches the same three nights a week at the Buffalo Jewish Center.

A few months after WBEN-TV went on the air, Gene began writing a television series for cartoonist Stu Hample and did commercial scripts for another TV show. A chance luncheon engagement with WBEN officials launched Gene into radio seriously, early in 1949. For *Breakfast at Laube's Old Spain*, he estimates that he penned more than 3000 pages of script and more than 750,000 words during the program's first year and he has been known to write as many as forty pages of script in one day.

His heroes are those two other prolific comedy writers, S. J. Perelman and James Thurber. One of his greatest treasures is a personal letter from Bea Lillie, who airtailed him words of praise after he submitted a comedy script to her. If he has any words of advice to young writers (like himself) they are merely repetitions of the old adage: "The best way to write is to apply the seat of the pants to the seat of a chair—and write."



By DOROTHY SHAY

Although I've actually earned the title "Park Avenue Hill-billy" by singing the sophisticated Western songs, I'm really an avid devotee of music in general—as my favorites will show:

1. Bing Crosby's "Chattanooga Shoe Shine Boy." His devil-may-care personality comes through perfectly in this one.

2. Bing Crosby's "White Christmas"—a moving interpretation of a beautiful song.

3. Herb Jeffries' "Swamp Girl." This disc creates a tremendous mood, and is delivered faultlessly by a great voice.

4. Pearl Bailey's version of "Tired." Miss Bailey is as much an actress as a singer, and you can almost see her singing as you listen.

5. An awe-inspiring composition, and an interpretation that gives you a lift every time you hear it, is Gordon Jenkins' "Manhattan Towers."

6. David Rose's "Holiday For Strings." Here is a brilliant arrangement and a note-perfect interpretation by some great musicians.

7. "Go To Sleep," as sung by Arthur Godfrey and Mary Martin. Just a relaxed, humorous disc done by two great show people.

8. Glenn Miller's "In The Mood." Everything just perfect on this—the wonderful Miller brass, a stand-out arrangement, a toe-tapping beat.

9. Kay Starr's "Lonesome Gal In Town." Miss Starr's interpretive rendition of this sensuous song makes you want to hear it over and over.

10. Artie Shaw's "All The Things You Are," is Shaw at his all-time greatest. Great musicians, great arrangement, great rhythm, all on one disc.

**Do Your Dates
"Fizzle Out"?**

SEE PAGE 81

Paid Notice

Which Twin has the Toni?



Priscilla and Patricia Emery of San Francisco. The Toni Twin says: "Before I had a Toni, I couldn't imagine a permanent without frizz. But my Toni wave has been soft as silk and natural-looking from the very first day!" Can you guess which is the Toni Twin? See answer below.

Hair styles in this picture by Don Rito, famous Hollywood hair stylist

Toni looks as lovely as a \$20 permanent
—feels as soft as naturally curly hair*

When you choose Toni—for only one dollar you are getting the very finest permanent there is. A wave that's caressably soft like naturally curly hair . . . and guaranteed to look just as lovely—last just as long as a permanent costing \$20. (*Including shampoo and set.)

What is Toni's secret? It's the lotion. Toni waving lotion is an exclusive creme formula—especially created to give you a wave that's free of harsh frizziness—a wave that *feels* and *behaves* like naturally curly hair. But remember, only Toni Home Permanent has this superb waving lotion.

Wonderful results—again and again! What better proof of Toni quality! Only Toni has given over 93 million lovely, long-lasting permanents. Some women have used Toni 10 times or more and say their waves are *always* soft, natural-looking, easy to manage. Letters of praise come from women with every type of hair—even gray, bleached and baby-fine hair.

So whether it's your first Toni or your tenth, you can be sure of getting a wave with that *natural look*. Priscilla, the twin on the left, has the Toni.

P. S. For a lovelier you—get Toni Creme Shampoo and Toni Creme Rinse, too.



"When I'm swimming . . . playing tennis . . . or square dancing, I love my Toni more than ever," says teen-ager Renée Honadel of Milwaukee. "That wonderful wave stays and stays—and always looks so natural. After I swim, my Toni wave re-sets in a jiffy!"

**ONLY TONI HAS
SPIN CURLERS**



twice as easy—twice as fast

No rubber bands! Grip, spin, lock with a finger flick! Get regular size or Midget SPIN Curlers in combination with Toni Home Permanent.

NOW! Dental Science Shows That Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST



Better Than Any Other Way of Preventing Tooth Decay According to Reports in Authoritative Dental Literature!

2 years' research at 5 great universities—case histories of hundreds of people who used Colgate Dental Cream right after eating—shows the Colgate way stops tooth decay best! Better than any other home method of oral hygiene known today! Yes, both clinical and X-ray examinations showed the Colgate way stopped more decay for more people than ever before reported in all dentifrice history!

No Other Toothpaste or Powder Ammoniated or Not Offers Proof of Such Results!

Even more important, there were no new cavities whatever for more than 1 out of 3 who used Colgate Dental Cream correctly! Think of it! Not even *one* new cavity in two full years! No other dentifrice has proof of such results! No dentifrice can stop *all* tooth decay, or help cavities already started. But the Colgate way is the most effective way yet known to help your dentist prevent decay.

ALWAYS USE COLGATE'S TO CLEAN YOUR BREATH WHILE YOU CLEAN YOUR TEETH—AND HELP STOP TOOTH DECAY!



TRAVELER OF THE



Tommy and the O'Briens (Pat, l., Terence Kevin and Eloise, r.) heard the heart-warming story of brave John and Ginzy Collins of Illinois.

"Bravery" has a new name, as far as I'm concerned—the name of Johnny Collins.

You've probably never heard of Johnny, and neither had I until I met him and his lovely wife, Mary Virginia, at our NBC microphone in the College Inn of the Hotel Sherman. The couple were from Ashland, Illinois, a town near Springfield, and they were traveling with Johnny's parents.

"Why are you in Chicago?" I asked him.

Johnny grinned. "To break in a new pair of shoes," he said.

A rather surprising answer in any event, but completely surprising from Johnny—who had come up to the microphone in a wheelchair!

"This is my first day with my new pair of legs," Johnny explained, "and I'm not used to 'em enough to give the shoes a workout yet. But I'll be breaking them in before the end of the week. I'm already getting handy with the hook."

He told his story matter-of-factly, even cheerfully. Five months before,

he had lost both legs and his right arm in a corn-picker accident. No matter how casually he spoke of that accident, nobody who heard him could help thinking of what must have been a terrible scene.

"I could describe it," Johnny told me, "but I won't. Only three people in the world know about it, and as far as I'm concerned, that's how it's going to stay."

"You've developed a wonderfully cheery attitude," I told him, "but weren't you terribly depressed when you first learned that you'd lost your legs and an arm?"

"I was never depressed for one minute," he told me. "I knew I was going to be all right. I knew I was going to live and that things were going to work out. Things couldn't help working out with a girl like Ginzy around."

"How did you feel about it at first, Mrs. Collins?" I asked.

"How could I feel?" she countered. "With Johnny acting so cheerful, I'd have been ashamed to act any other way."

MONTH

By
**TOMMY
BARTLETT**

Monday-Friday at 10 A.M. EDT, Tommy Bartlett emcees NBC's *Welcome Travelers*, sponsored by Procter and Gamble.

"She was with me at the hospital the whole time," Johnny said, giving her arm a squeeze. "She never gave me a chance to feel sorry for myself and she never once let me see how worried she was. We understand each other pretty well."

I noticed the service emblem in his lapel. Yes, he'd been in the Marine Corps. Where? The Pacific theater. That was all he said about it—and it wasn't until later that I found out, from a fellow townsman, that Johnny'd served at Iwo Jima.

Johnny's a firmly knit, athletic type and not even months in the hospital had erased the outdoor look from his face.

Knowing that he was a farmer, I asked him how in the world he kept his farm going after the accident.

Johnny told me a wonderful, heart-warming story of good neighbors. A hundred and fifty men had come in from nearby farms, bringing tractors, corn pickers—everything needed to complete the harvest. Their wives had brought food and had taken over the Collins kitchen. "They were swell," Johnny said, and better than words, his eyes told just how grateful he was to those neighbors of his.

Johnny spoke with enthusiasm about his hobby, too. "I'm a state high school official in football, basketball, baseball and track," he said, "and I'm sure looking forward to officiating again." He considered. "I'll be all right everywhere except on the basketball court. That game will be too fast for me now."

When I asked about the future, Johnny told me about his plans. Farming, he said practically, would be too rugged. At twenty-six, he felt that he might be a trifle old to be starting college—but that was exactly what he'd made up his mind to do, with Ginzy's help.

"I want to become a certified public accountant," he explained, "and I know I'll be able to make it."

I knew it, too, and so did everyone else in the College Inn—including a couple of old friends who were our guests, Mr. and Mrs. Pat O'Brien of Hollywood.

Pat wasn't ashamed of the tears in his eyes when he talked to Johnny and Ginzy. "Your spirit's the kind that has made this the greatest country in the world," he said. "God bless you, Johnny. I'm a better man for having met you!"



Suddenly, breathtakingly, you'll be embraced . . . held . . . kissed. Perhaps tonight. Be sure you're *always* lovely to love; sweet . . . alluring. Your deodorant may make the difference. That's why lovely girls depend on FRESH Cream Deodorant.



Test FRESH against *any* deodorant—see which stops perspiration, prevents odor better! FRESH is creamier, more luxurious and really effective!

Are you always Lovely to Love?

See for yourself how *really effective* FRESH is! Make this simple test.

Put your present deodorant under one arm. Put FRESH under the other arm. See which *stops* perspiration, *prevents* odor better.



For head-to-toe protection, use new FRESH Deodorant Bath Soap. Used regularly, it is 20 times as effective as other type soap in preventing body perspiration odor, yet mild and gentle to sensitive skin.

RADIO'S OWN



Phil Spitalny and the All-Girl Orchestra, twenty-nine reasons why his show, formed in 1934, was known as the Hour of Charm.



Hollywood Hotel's hostess, Louella Parsons, seated, with Spencer Tracy, Joseph Calleia, Dick Powell, Una Merkel, Jean Harlow.

**Part VIII: No longer a quaking,
experimental medium, radio marks its
coming of age by presenting
more and more original, top-grade talent**

1934: The Dionne quintuplets were born. Dillinger, first man to be declared a "public enemy," was shot as he came out of a gangster movie, and there were new names suddenly famous on the air: J. Edgar Hoover and G-Men. A baby named Shirley Temple played a role in "Little Miss Marker." Overnight, every little girl in the country had to have a permanent wave and tap-dancing lessons. Another unknown, Donald Duck, made history in a brief supporting part in Mickey Mouse's "The Orphan's Benefit."

Max Baer became heavyweight champion by a knock-out after eleven rounds with Primo Carnera. Everybody was trying to learn an exotic new dance, the rhumba. The candid camera craze was in full swing. Suddenly not only planes, but cars and trains were

LIFE STORY



When not conducting the Amateur Hour, Major Edward Bowes turned skipper and plied his yacht, the *Edmar*.



The man who made disc jockeying a big time proposition—Martin Block of WNEW's Make Believe Ballroom.



Parks Johnson and Wally Butterworth ran the popular Vox Pop which emphasized human interest stories.



The late, literary Alexander Woolcott, on as Town Crier, gave radio wit, erudition—and entertainment.

streamlined. So were pens, pencils, lamps, radio sets and other objects that seldom needed to cut the breeze. The biggest song hit of the year was "The Object of My Affections," though "You're the Top" was setting a new style of lyric writing.

The outstanding event of the year was the formation of a new national network, Mutual Broadcasting Company. Its beginning is not so dramatic as the start of NBC and CBS because no one sat down and said, "Let's start a new network and give the big boys a run for their money." As a matter of fact, no one had the huge Mutual system in mind when four powerful independent stations made a sensible business deal. They were WOR, New York; WGN, Chicago; WLW, Cincinnati; and WXYZ, Detroit (though the latter went to

NBC the following year). Each had programs of strictly local appeal, but each was also producing some very expensive programs of wide interest. They arranged a four-outlet chain for their best attractions, thus cutting expenses and expanding profits. Sponsors who could not buy time they wanted on NBC and CBS were attracted. Then other independent stations asked to join. By the end of the first year, Mutual had eighteen stations. In 1936, they signed the thirteen stations of the Colonial Network in New England and the ten stations operated by Don Lee in California, Oregon and Washington—the oldest regional network in the country. That was the beginning.

Ten years later Mutual had two hundred and forty stations. Today it has the (Continued on page 18)

R
M

Don't
"JUST WASH"
your
hair



Condition it

WITH NEW DRENE SHAMPOO



The sure way to natural sheen—natural softness

It's starting a new trend in shampooing . . . this wonderful New Drene with Conditioning Action! For New Drene does far more than "just wash" your hair! It actually *conditions* as it cleanses . . . conditions your hair to all its loveliest natural sheen, natural softness!

Your hair is so marvelously clean and soft . . . so easy to manage . . . so responsive to your hands. *Only* New Drene has this Conditioning Action. Get some today!

- ① Cleans hair and scalp like a dream—yet it's gentle, non-drying, baby-mild!
- ② Leaves no dulling soap film, so needs no special rinses. Removes loose dandruff!
- ③ Makes billowy, fragrant lather instantly—even in the hardest water!



NEW DRENE
NOW WITH
Conditioning Action!

WHEN A GIRL

By
JOAN
DAVIS

The writer of the best answer to the problem of R. M., which appeared in the April issue of RADIO MIRROR, was Jean Wheeler of Buffalo, N. Y., to whom RADIO MIRROR's check for \$25.00 has been sent. The problem, you'll remember, was that of R. M., a widower, who wondered whether he should tell his daughter that she is adopted and that the woman he now loves and wants to marry—and to whom his daughter objects—is actually the girl's real mother. Here is Miss Wheeler's answer to the problem:

Dear Mr. R. M.:

I think you and your wife made a mistake by letting your adopted daughter believe you were her natural parents. Even if she had not been told who her real mother was, it would have been much easier now to explain the true situation to her. Using deception is seldom the kindest way.

I wish you had stated in your letter why the child had been let out for adoption. But inasmuch as you wish to marry her mother, I assume that she is a responsible person and at the time did what she considered best for her little girl.

If I were you I would tell your daughter that she was adopted, and do it in as kind a way as possible. Try to make her understand that you and your wife loved her so you really considered her your own. That you now realize she should have been told, but early in her life you considered her too young to understand, and instead of it becoming easier as she grew older, somehow it became more difficult. That the real reason you avoided disclosing the truth was you feared it would make her unhappy. Tell her that her own mother loved her dearly and had only the welfare of her child at

When A Girl Marries, heard M-F at 5 P.M. EDT

MARRIES



heart. She unselfishly gave up having her own dear baby with her because you and your wife could provide advantages which otherwise would be impossible.

It might not be advisable to disclose at once who her mother is, that is unless she asks. When she does request this information, by all means tell her the truth.

(Continued on page 16)

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

RADIO MIRROR will pay \$25

to the person whose problem letter is chosen and another \$25.00 will be paid to the person submitting the best answer to that problem in the opinion of the editors, whose decision will be final. Letters must be postmarked not later than July 31. No letters will be returned. Address Joan Davis, Radio Mirror Magazine, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Prize answers, with the name of the winner, will be printed each month. Winner of the prize for the month's best problem will be notified by mail, as those who submit problems usually prefer not to have their names used in the magazine.

on NBC, is sponsored by Swansdown and Calumet.

Awake or asleep—FILM is gluing acid to your teeth!



Pepsodent removes FILM—helps stop tooth decay!

Tooth decay is formed by acid that film holds against your teeth—acid formed by the action of mouth bacteria on many foods you eat. When you use Pepsodent Tooth Paste right after eating, it helps keep acid from forming. What's more, Pepsodent removes dulling stains and "bad breath" germs that collect in film.

FILM NEVER LETS UP! It's forming night and day on everyone's teeth. Don't neglect it. Always brush with film-removing Pepsodent right after eating and before retiring. No other tooth paste can duplicate Pepsodent's film-removing formula. No other tooth paste contains Irium* or Pepsodent's gentle polishing agent.

Don't let decay start in your mouth! Use Pepsodent every day—see your dentist twice a year.

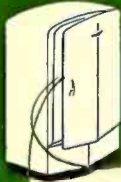
YOU'LL HAVE BRIGHTER TEETH AND CLEANER BREATH when you fight tooth decay with film-removing Pepsodent!



ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS COMPANY

*Irium is Pepsodent's Registered Trade-Mark for Purified Alkyl Sulfate.

Kool-Aid Ice Box TREATS!



Makes
10
Icy Cold
Drinks

Frozen
Desserts
& servings

20 Frozen
Suckers!

6 Delicious
Flavors

IT'S EASY and economical to keep your family refreshed with Kool-Aid. There's a world of cooling, satisfying goodness in frosty Kool-Aid ice box treats. Choice of 6 delicious flavors. Recipes on every package. Try them. Kool-Aid costs only 5¢!

IT'S THE BIGGEST
REFRESHMENT
VALUE



5¢



WHEN A GIRL MARRIES

(Continued from page 15)

But under no circumstances should you sacrifice your own happiness. Marry the woman you love even if your daughter remains obdurate. However, give her a chance to become her normal self again. Wait a few months so she can recover from the emotional shock and have time to talk things over and get straightened out.

And here is a letter which I have chosen to answer this month, because of its general interest:

Dear Joan:

I have been a widow for twenty-six years, my children are married and away from home, but I took a little grandson to raise when he was born, after his father and my daughter separated.

The boy whom I love as my own is now fifteen years old and a very good boy, but he is my problem, too.

I have found a friend, a man about my own age, who is as lonesome as I am for the companionship of someone his own age, and we wish to get married. But I want Dennis to be happy, and when he asked me where he would live after I got married, I told him with me, but he was not pleased and said he wanted to go to live with his mother, who is married again and has an idolized twelve-year-old son who might make Dennis seem left out of things.

Dennis used to be a happy boy full of wit and fun; now he is silent and moody. I would not make him unhappy for anything, not for all that a marriage would give me, so here is the question I would ask you to answer for me.

Will Dennis be unhappy and his life spoiled if I make this marriage, or will he become adjusted to the new life with me and a man who will love him?

E. B.

Dear E. B.:

I think the initial steps in solving your problem lie in the direction of the man you are going to marry. What is he like, and what is his attitude toward Dennis? Have you made any effort to get this man and your grandson really to know each other? Does he like Dennis, want to know him better? Does he like the idea of having Dennis living with you after you are married? Will he be a companion to Dennis, help fill the place of the father the boy hasn't known? Will he be a good influence on Dennis—that is, is he a temperate man, with a kindly disposition? Has he ever had children around him, so he can be said to have an understanding of youngsters and their ways?

If you can answer an honest "yes" to these questions, I think your problem is half-solved. The other half lies in biding your time

until your grandson and your prospective husband get acquainted. Don't rush. And be sure that Dennis realizes, while you're waiting, that you love him as much as ever, want him to be with you as much as you ever did. Realizes, in other words, that he will be losing none of the love and companionship that he has known with you but will be gaining, rather than losing, when you marry.

Now, here is this month's problem letter, which I ask the help of you readers in answering:

Dear Joan Davis:

My sister died when I was eighteen, leaving a three-year-old orphan daughter, Iris, whom I promised to look after. My mother being dead, I took care of Iris in Father's home. I loved her like a sister, and still do. When I was twenty-three and she eight, I met and married Jess. He owns a ranch in an isolated valley and loves it with all his heart, as does Jesse, our nine-year-old son, and Joy, our daughter, age four.

Iris stayed on with Dad till his death three years ago, when she came to make her home with us. I loved having her with me again, and was happy when Jess would invite her to ride about the ranch with him, as I knew it was a lonely life for a young girl.

Though we have been happily married for ten years, Jess recently confessed to me that Iris, now eighteen, is going to have his child. She adores him, but he says he still loves me. He is miserable but says he will do anything to right the wrong he has done Iris and me. He says he will give up the ranch and go away with Iris and marry her when I get a divorce, or if I will forgive him, he will provide for her and the child somewhere else where she will have a chance at a new, and perhaps better, life. He claims it is the result of a moment's madness, when her youth and sweetness temporarily over-powered his usual uprightness.

I know it would break his heart to have to give up the ranch. And little Jesse would be inconsolable if deprived of his father and the ranch he also loves.

I feel that I was extremely negligent in letting this happen and my heart bleeds for my little niece, but I had implicit trust in my husband. Whatever we do I can see only heartache for her. What shall I do?

Mrs. J. B.

NOTICE:

Ted Malone's Between the Book-ends column has been discontinued. Please direct all poems to Poetry, 205 E. 42 St., N.Y. 17, N.Y. For further details see page 75.



YOU Can Have A Lovelier Complexion in 14 Days with Palmolive Soap, Doctors Prove!

NO MATTER WHAT YOUR AGE OR TYPE OF SKIN!

NOT JUST A PROMISE...

but actual proof from 36 leading skin specialists that Palmolive Soap facials can bring new complexion beauty to 2 out of 3 women

Never before these tests have there been such sensational beauty results! Yes, scientifically conducted tests on 1285 women—supervised by 36 leading skin specialists—have proved conclusively that *in just 14 days* a new method of cleansing with Palmolive Soap... using nothing but Palmolive... brings lovelier complexions to 2 out of every 3 women.

Here's the easy method:

1. Just wash your face 3 times a day with Palmolive Soap, massaging Palmolive's remarkable beautifying lather onto your skin for 60 seconds each time... as you would a cream.
2. Now rinse and dry—that's all.

It's these 60-second facials with Palmolive's rich and gentle lather that work such wonders.

Here's proof it works!

In 1285 tests on all types of skin—older and younger, dry and oily—2 out of every 3 women showed astonishing complexion improvement in just 14 days. Conclusive proof of what you have been seeking—a way to beautify your complexion that really works. Start this new Palmolive way to beauty tonight.



You, Too, May Look For These Complexion Improvements in 14 days!

- Fresher, Brighter Complexions!
- Less oiliness!
- Added softness, smoothness even for dry skin!
- Complexions clearer, more radiant!
- Fewer tiny blemishes—incipient blackheads!

For Tub
or Shower
Get Big
Bath Size Palmolive



DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!

Dream girl, dream girl, beautiful Lustre-Creme Girl

Hair that gleams and glistens from a Lustre-Creme shampoo



Tonight!... Show him how much lovelier
your hair can look... after a

Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Exclusive! This magical secret-blend lather with LANOLIN!

Exciting! This new three-way hair loveliness . . .



Better than a soap! Better than a liquid! Kay Daumit's cream shampoo with lanolin. Jars: \$2, \$1. Jars and tubes: 49¢, 25¢.

- 1 Leaves hair silken soft, instantly manageable . . . first wondrous result of a Lustre-Creme shampoo. Makes lavish, lanolin-blessed lather even in hardest water. No more unruly, soap-dulled locks. Leaves hair soft, obedient, for any style hair-do.
- 2 Leaves hair sparkling with star-bright sheen. No other shampoo has the same magic blend of secret ingredients plus gentle lanolin to bring out every highlight. No special rinse needed with Lustre-Creme Shampoo.
- 3 Leaves hair fragrantly clean, free of loose dandruff. Famous hairdressers insist on Lustre-Creme, the world's leading cream shampoo. Yes, tonight, show *him* a lovelier you —after a Lustre-Creme shampoo!

largest number of outlets—five hundred and twenty. From the start, Mutual was a boon to small and remote independents, though they have many powerful stations as well. At the beginning, Mutual was strictly a talent-sharing pool, and originated no shows of its own as a network. The central office operated as a coordinating bureau only. In 1935, however, a Special Events Department was set up for the broadcasting of the World Series, and in 1941 a standard program department was started. In other words Mutual grew because there was public demand for more shows on the air. In 1934, however, no one guessed that a new giant was moving into the scene. People were much more interested in new shows on the big networks.

There was the Lux Radio Theatre, for instance, just starting in New York. This is the oldest continuous theater of the air, and has always done things with a high shine. Its first show was "Seventh Heaven" with Miriam Hopkins and John Boles (Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell had made it as a silent in 1927). In 1936, Lux Theatre moved to Hollywood and began to concentrate on top stars in roles they had made famous on the screen, with Cecil B. De Mille as producer and master of ceremonies. His singularly fine radio voice and his masterly showman's touch built an enormous following in the next ten years. Few know why he abruptly left the air in 1945. It is the result of one of the famous battles of radio.

It began when the Los Angeles unit of the American Federation of Radio Artists made a special levy by popular vote of one dollar on each of its members. The sum was to be spent to fight an anti-labor bill. De Mille refused to pay the dollar on grounds that he believed a majority of a union membership had no right to dictate political action to its minority. He said that he did not care whether the political action was agreeable to him or not, it was the principle that he objected to. He felt strongly enough about it to allow himself to be ruled off the air by his union and to make a test case of the matter in court. The decision went against him. De Mille could have returned to the air by paying the dollar, but he has chosen, instead, to stand by his opinion. William Keighley replaced him on the program that continues to be one of the outstandingly popular.

Many new stars came into their own in 1934. Helen Jepson was voted most important new air personality. Phil Spitalny, on the air since 1928, this year formed his All-Girl Orchestra. Everybody fell in love with the pretty band that could whip out music with the best, and The Hour of Charm was on its way. Pig-tailed, canyon-mouthed Judy Canova, who had been trained for opera but who could not resist clowning, joined Paul Whiteman's show and was galloping to stardom. Vic and Sade began their happy domestic arguments. Parkyakakas, who had been talking "Grik" on the air since 1931, moved into the big time with a featured spot on Eddie Cantor's show. Bill Stern, now director of sports at NBC, was quitting his important job as stage manager at Radio City Music Hall to work for much less money as Graham McNamee's assistant, just because he wanted to get into radio. Frank Gallup was doing fine as a stock broker in Boston when

on a bet, he auditioned for an announcing job, triumphantly won it and then, to everybody's surprise, took it.

"Nothing like seeing a gag through," said his friends, roaring with laughter at what they considered a humorous caper on the part of their dignified investment counsellor. A year later Gallup left the Exchange forever to devote his full time to radio.

Joe Cook was the spark-plug of The Colgate House Party, which had a novel format for a variety show. Action took place in an imaginary country estate called "Sleepless Hollow" where the "Servants" were forever cutting loose and entertaining the guests. Donald Novis was featured and so was Frances Langford, a top radio personality since 1930. Few people know that she was once a soprano. When she was sixteen she had a severe throat inflammation and out came her tonsils. Three weeks later, when she could sing again, she astounded her friends almost as much as she surprised herself with a brand new voice—a sultry, compelling contralto. This brought her an engagement on a Tampa station. Rudy Vallee heard her, put her on as a guest, and at seventeen she was well on her way. From Sleepless Hollow she was to go to Hollywood, become a star in films and appear on a great new show that was getting started in 1934—Louella Parsons' Hollywood Hotel.

Miss Parsons did her first series in 1931. She shared fifteen minutes with Raymond Paige's orchestra, and did a five-minute interview with a star. In 1932 she did the first "preview" on the air, presenting Norma Shearer and Herbert Marshall in a scene from their new movie, "Riptide." This was an important development because studios were then most reluctant to allow their new shows on the air, and were permitting Lux Theatre to use only quite old pictures. Out of these experimental broadcasts grew Hollywood Hotel, immensely popular for the next four years. It was a studio show and its "Orchid Room" was entirely imaginary, but to this day eager tourists rove Hollywood trying to find it.

Dick Powell, then a singing star in film musicals, was its master of ceremonies and soloist. Raymond Paige, Ann Jamison, Igor Gorin and Frances Langford were featured and just about every top star in town was booked for a guest appearance. The dazzling array of talent that Miss Parsons turned out focused attention sharply on the West Coast, and was one of the reasons the networks were to set up program departments in Hollywood shortly.

Radio was growing up fast. Congress took note of its rapidly expanding influence with the Communications Act of 1934. It imposed some long needed new rulings, many are too technical to be of interest here, but two clauses were to have far-reaching effect. One banned lotteries and was to threaten give-away shows on two occasions, the latest in 1949. The other was the clear statement that Congress was not giving the newly appointed Federal Communications Commission power to censor the air, but it did give that board the power to renew licenses of stations on a record of public service. This enormous power was granted in order to give authority to the rulings of the FCC, and was intended to encourage radio as a (Continued on page 78)



Only one soap
gives your skin this
exciting Bouquet

And—

New tests by
leading skin specialists
PROVE the amazing mildness
of Cashmere Bouquet
on all types of skin!

Yes, in laboratory tests conducted under severest conditions on normal, dry and oily skin types... Cashmere Bouquet Soap was *proved* amazingly mild! So use Cashmere Bouquet regularly in your daily bath and for your complexion, too. It will leave your skin softer, smoother... flower-fresh and younger looking! The lingering, romantic *fragrance* of Cashmere Bouquet comes only from a secret wedding of rare perfumes, far costlier than you would expect to find in any soap. Fastidious women cherish Cashmere Bouquet for this "fragrance men love".



Cashmere
Bouquet

—In a New Bath Size
Cake, Too!

Now — At the Lowest Price In History!



*Tropic
dream*

... an exciting summer-tan shade
glowing with the magic of the tropics!

Maybe you've dreamed of being cast adrift on a magic tropical island. You'll find yourself deep in the sultry enchantment of this dream when you wear "Tropic Dream," an exciting, tawny shade of "Dream Stuff" for any girl who wants to look like a Sun Goddess!

"Dream Stuff" is a tinted foundation and powder magically blended into one brand new make-up! Not a drying cake or a greasy cream. Pat it on with its puff—it clings for hours. And it *can't* spill in your purse! One of four dreamy shades, for every skin type.



NEW! TINTED FOUNDATION
AND POWDER IN ONE!

WOODBURY

Dream Stuff

ONLY **49¢**
PLUS TAX

INFORMATION BOOTH

Ask Your Questions—We'll Try To Find The Answers

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—if there's something you want to know about radio, write to Information Booth, Radio Mirror, 205 E. 42nd St., New York. We'll answer if we can either in Information Booth or by mail—but be sure to sign your full name and address and attach this box to your letter.

IS OUR FACE RED!

Dear Editor:

In the May Information Booth, you published a picture of a man you call Michael Raffetto, who plays Paul in One Man's Family. You're wrong. The photograph is of J. Anthony Smythe, who is Father Barbour on the same program.
Pontiac, Mich.

Mrs. S. L. N.

We apologize and thank all of you who wrote in to point out the error. Here's the real Michael (or Paul). For more about him, see page 72.

* * *

REQUEST GRANTED

Dear Editor:

I'd like to see a picture of Kay Armen, the singer on the Bob Crosby Show.
Affton, Mo.

Mrs. K. B.

Kay and the Bob Crosby Show are heard Sundays at 10:30 P.M., EDT on NBC.

* * *

TRIPLE THREAT

Dear Editor:

Does Berry Kroeger, who sometimes plays in the movies and on TV, take the part of Sam in Young Dr. Malone? Where was he born and is he married?
Methuen, Mass.

V. H.

Bachelor Berry Kroeger, who does play Sam, was born in San Antonio, Texas.

* * *

COUNT'S CONFIDANTE

Dear Editor:

Would you please print a picture of Parley Baer, who plays Rene, the Count's friend and servant, in the Count of Monte Cristo. How can I get in touch with him?
Hamburg, N. Y.

Mrs. E. D. H.

You can write to him in care of station KHJ, Los Angeles, Calif.

* * *

PRIVATE EYE

Dear Editor:

Would you please publish a picture of Mr. Keen, Tracer of Lost Persons.
New Madrid, Mo.

G. M.

Pictured above is Bennett Kilpack, who plays Mr. Keen. For more photographs and a story about "The Tracer of Missing Persons," see RADIO MIRROR, June '49.



Michael Raffetto



Kay Armen



Parley Baer



Bennett Kilpack

TONI TWINS Discover New Shampoo Magic



Soft Water Shampooing Even in Hardest Water



"Toni Creme Shampoo really worked wonders the very first time we tried it," say beautiful twins Joan and Jean McMillan of Houston. "Our hair was so shining soft . . . as if we washed it in rain water. And that really marvelous softness made it much easier to manage, too."

Soft Water Shampooing...that's the magic of Toni Creme Shampoo. Even in the hardest water, you get oceans of creamy lather that rinses away dandruff instantly. Never leaves a soapy film. That's why your hair sparkles with natural highlights. And it's so easy to set and style.



TONI CREME SHAMPOO

- Leaves your hair gloriously soft, easy to manage
- Helps permanents "take" better, look lovelier longer
- Rinses away dirt and dandruff instantly
- Oceans of creamy-thick lather makes hair sparkle with natural highlights.

Enriched with Lanolin





Even if you can't see "South Pacific" you can hear Juanita Hall via superb discs like "Love's A Precious Thing."

Facing the Music



by **BOB POOLE**

The Bob Poole Show is heard M-F at 11:15 A.M. and 3 P.M. EDT on over 500 MBS stations including KBUN, Bemidji, Maryland.

Bandleader Erskine Hawkins recently spoke out on the subject of dance bands and teenagers. While that, in itself, is of little news value, his thoughts on the subject were sufficiently important to be echoed by everyone associated with the music and dance industries. Decrying the parental aversion toward allowing their children to attend local dances, the famous baton-wielder blamed the music business itself for the situation. He claimed that the bebop and progressive jazz styles are not danceable and that these styles have confused parents who are now averse to letting their youngsters attend dances at local ballrooms. Appealing to the country's bandleaders, Hawkins asked for a revival of good dance music. He also said that it is the duty of the music industry to prove that attending local ballrooms is a healthful outlet for youthful energy. "Such places as the Savoy, Roseland, Trianon, Palladium, Arcadia, and Steel Pier ballrooms," said the maestro, "have become famous because they have zealously guarded their hard-won reputations of being clean, comfortable dance halls where people who like to dance can come and do just that." As an example of Mr. Hawkins' advice to the industry, his own band was selected to play at the annual Parent-Teachers Association dance in Farrell, Pennsylvania.

Some good advice was recently handed out by Antal Dorati, the well-known symphonic conductor, when he reminded those who "fear" classical music that "a vast knowledge of the intricate facts and figures of music and composers is not at all necessary to the enjoyment of music." The only thing Mr. Dorati believes it is necessary to bring to a concert is "an open mind."

The somewhat unusual piano-playing style used by TV and record star Al Morgan was developed when Al discovered that the public was paying little or no attention to his orthodox method of playing. One day he started to flop his hands up and down the keyboard in order to attract attention. When the people started to notice the new style, Al decided to stay



Radio, TV and recording artist Sammy Kaye is puzzled by the new game Ten Yen shown him by restaurateur Lum Fong.



Loyalty?—bandleader Elliot Lawrence, ardent Phillies fan, is great friends with Dodgers Jackie Robinson, Rex Barney.

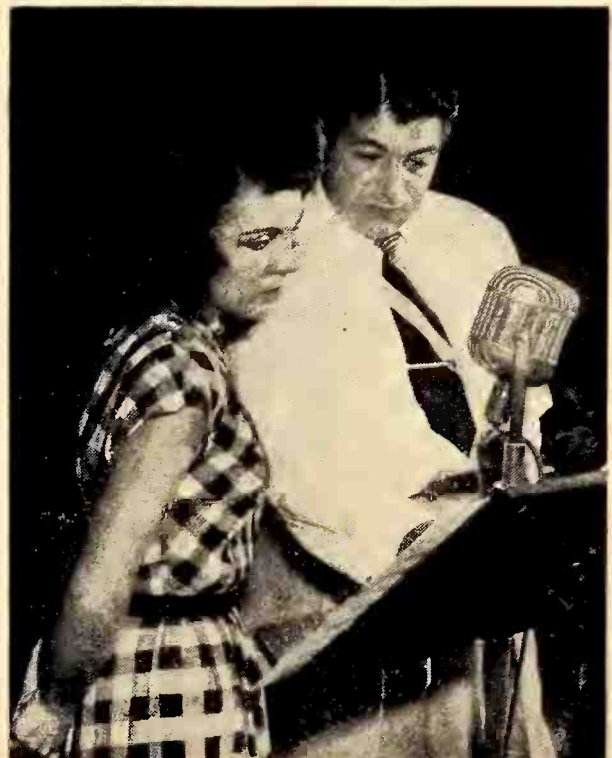
with it—but, at first, he could land his hands correctly only in the E Flat positions! It took plenty of serious practice before Al perfected the technique for all keys. Incidentally, Al Morgan is said to be able to play and sing any one of about 10,000 different songs—at the drop of a request from a paying customer.

It is possible, according to Capitol Records, that Margaret Whiting may yet realize her ambition to star in a Broadway musical. Johnny Mercer is hard at work in his California home writing both the book and the songs for a musical comedy and it was Johnny who first gave Maggie her big break in radio and recording work. The interesting title proposed for the musical is "30—26—36" and Mercer says it signifies the male's constant search for the perfect female figure.

After almost a year, Juanita Hall's fine recording of the catchy "Love's a Precious Thing" is finally getting the play it deserves and her recent waxing of "Love Can Hurt You," written in conjunction with poet Langston Hughes, should prove to be one of the season's big hits. These records, plus a series of broadcasts on New York's WNEW and various night club appearances, have introduced her to a wider audience since "South Pacific" tickets are still as hard to get as ever.

Vaughn Monroe has added another Lockheed plane to his "stable" of aircraft used for flying his entourage around the country . . . When Tex Beneke's band opened at the Hotel Statler in New York he made his date a salute to the late Glenn Miller, who was a favorite at that hotel when it was known as the Pennsylvania. Tex and the boys brought out the original Miller music stands and used them during their stay in New York . . . The Deep River Boys were so popular on that recent tour of Europe that they're already set for another twenty-two weeks of singing on the continent . . . Andre Previn, a pianist, who has been writing film scores, has turned down another movie offer.

(Continued on page 25)



The "Music, Music, Music" girl Teresa Brewer rehearses with recording director "Tutti" Camerata.

MORNING STAR

Good morning mother, dad, sister and brother . . . it's your old friend Phil Cook" is the tee-off for Phil Cook's entertaining batch-of-capers heard over WCBS daily except Sunday at 8:15 A. M.

Now, in his twenty-eighth year of radio, Phil is a one-man show. He reports the latest news in song, accompanying himself on the ukulele, and he tells "what's cookin'" in local events of the day. He also plays request numbers and pulls gags which he admits are "corny, but fun to dig up" and he carries on animated conversations with puppet characters he has created himself—among them, Sleepy, the slow-motion taximan, and Mr. Peck, the hen-pecked postman.

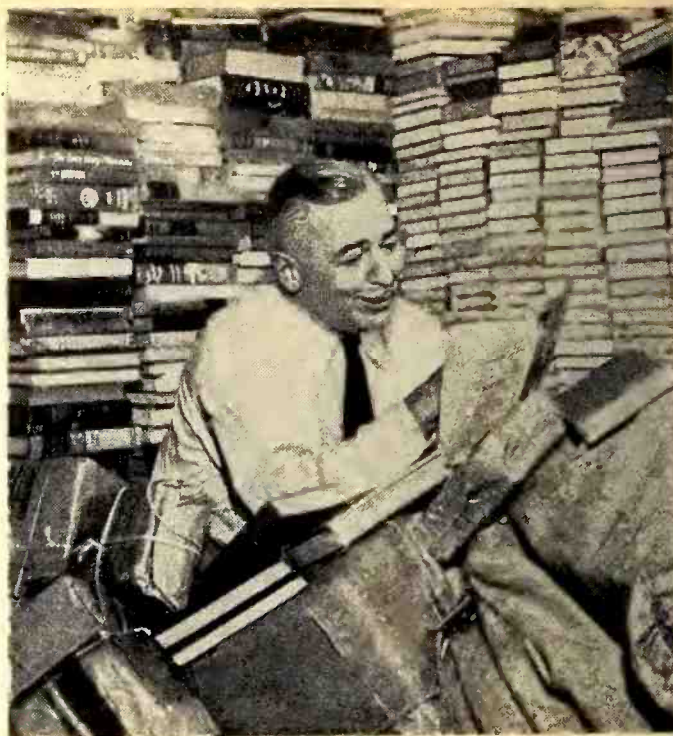
As a composer, Phil wrote three successful Broadway musicals, the first of which "Molly Darling," starred the famous actor-dancer Jack Donohue and ran for three years.

Phil admits he more or less "stumbled into radio." He says, "My real love is painting. When I was a child my fondest ambition was to paint magazine covers and it still is." Last year, when he stopped at the subway arcade art shop at Forty-Second Street and Sixth Avenue to order a frame for a painting of his, the proprietor was so impressed that he asked Phil for more of his oils to display in the window. Shortly after, the same pictures were exhibited at Colbee's Restaurant, off-air headquarters for CBS personnel.

Prior to radio, Phil was an art director at an advertising agency where he had started as an office boy. His first venture in commercial art came easy—he took twelve of his paintings to *Collier's* and ten were selected for the magazine's cover.

"Which," says Phil, "provided a second honeymoon for my wife and me in Paris." (The Cooks have two daughters, Sally, sixteen, and Philis, twenty.) The family is extremely proud of their Far Hills, New Jersey, home—a rambling affair with a lively brook running right through the middle, separating it into two parts which are connected by a bridge. Thoughtfully, Phil built a conservatory from which his guests can fish for trout. Other animal life includes chickens, hogs, cows and a French poodle, "Colonel."

A few years ago, Phil considered retiring from radio to devote his time to illustrating but fans' clamor gave him a case of radioitis, so-o . . . he's back at WCBS.



Listeners donated some 100,000 books to Phil's "Books for Cook" drive. His cheerful breakfast show is broadcast Mon.-Sat. at 8:15 on New York's WCBS.



(Continued from page 23)

He insists that worrying about the part in his hair would detract from his playing . . . One of the strangest "teamings" of music talent occurred when the Hotel Ambassador arranged for Dinah Shore and Benny Strong's orchestra to work together. Benny sticks to the old-time tunes, while Dinah is really a modernist . . . Hildergarde has switched her recording allegiance to Capitol Records from Decca, while Columbia has signed Guy Mitchell, Tony Bennett and Russ Emery to platter contracts . . . Capitol has added Arthur Morton, Fanny Brice and Dottie O'Brien to their list of disc artists . . . The first western or hillbilly singer ever to play the swank Waldorf Astoria hotel in New York is Spade Cooley . . . Spike Jones, at last reports, was still trying to make arrangements for a regular television program—and a better bet for some wonderful viewing couldn't be found anywhere.

Despite her youth, Eileen Barton has been a professional singer for a number of years. (Her dad, by the way, is a well-known music publisher.) Yet it was Eileen's recording of "If I Knew You Were Coming, I'd've Baked a Cake" that was the one lucky break all singers hope to get. It was lucky, too, for Lou Walters, who owns the Latin Quarter night club in New York. Now that Eileen is a big star she earns as much as \$1,500 a week in night club engagements, but at the end of April she appeared at the Latin Quarter for a whole month at only \$200 a week. It seems that Lou Walters signed the contract just a few days before Eileen's great record came out!

Tex Beneke is set to become a newspaper columnist in addition to his bandleading chores . . . Sammy Kaye was named honorary sheriff of Honolulu by Duke Kahanamoku, the Olympic swimmer who's been actual sheriff for fifteen years . . . Skitch Henderson gave up his dance band to become accompanist and musical director for Frank Sinatra . . . After seven years as one of the Pied Pipers, June Hutton has started out on a career as a single vocalist. She's the younger sister of band leader Ina Ray Hutton.

While it can't be called a "hoax," William Primrose, the world-famous viola player, created a bit of fuss some time ago when he finally told all about the instrument he had been using at more than two score concerts. Tired of hearing people boast about the better quality of old violins and violas, Primrose had a new viola made for him by William Moennig, Jr. of Philadelphia. He used this instrument rather than the extremely valuable Amati viola which he owns. He shocked many people when he announced one day that all the credit given to his "superb Amati" was sadly misplaced.

Interviewed by *Downbeat*, the jazz musicians newspaper, Stan Kenton said, "Everything that's been done in jazz in the past forty years is finished. People have to have something fresh given to them now. Why should they have to choose between listening to some old Mozart or having their ears blown off at Bop City? I think the answer is something between the old legitimate music and popular music."

THE MOST EFFECTIVE DEODORANT YOU'VE EVER USED!

Only New ODO-RO-NO Cream gives
you all these advantages:

- 1 Stops perspiration quickly and safely.
- 2 Banishes odor instantly.
- 3 The only cream deodorant that guarantees full protection for 24 hours.
- 4 Never irritates normal skin—use it daily. Can be used immediately after shaving.
- 5 Absolutely harmless to all fabrics.
- 6 New, exclusive formula. Never dries up, never gets gritty or cakes in the jar as ordinary deodorants often do.
- 7 Double your money back if you aren't satisfied that this wonderful new Odo-Ro-No Cream is the safest, most effective, most delightful deodorant you've ever used. Just return unused portion to Northam Warren, New York.



Don't trust your charm to outdated, ineffective deodorants.
Rely on the new Odo-Ro-No Cream, made by the leader in
the deodorant field for more than 30 years.

New **ODO-RO-NO**
CREAM



*The deodorant
without a doubt*

GUARANTEED FULL 24-HOUR PROTECTION!

More cream for your money. New 25¢ and 50¢ sizes, plus tax.

WTOP engineer Frank Somers, l., newsman Joe Wershba and assistant Kim Gregory smile with relief after their harrowing flight.



News editor Joe Wershba, currently assigned to "City Desk" on station WTOP in Washington, D. C., can and does cover any assignment in the capital city from sex offenses to the weather. Although unsuccessful in its original purpose, one of Joe's biggest assignments since joining the CBS news staff in 1944, turned out to be quite a hair-raiser. Joe was to fly over the North Pole and make a series of broadcasts surveying U. S. defenses in the Arctic region, climaxed by a broadcast from directly over the North Pole.

All went well until they boarded the "Blizzard Wizard," one of the Army's B-29's, and headed for the North Pole. Three and a half hours from the pole, fire broke out in the plane. For fifteen minutes it was a question of life, death or crash-landing on the Polar ice-cap. However, the excellent training of the B-29 crew paid off. Things were brought under control and the plane's crew, the radio engineer, and the two newsmen (their hair standing on end), survived.

Since joining WTOP in December, 1948, Joe has placed special emphasis on the use of tape recorders in reporting the news. He has run the gamut in his interviews, questioning the man in the street as well as officials and professional people. He makes good use of these tapes on the daily five-minute local news program, Washington City Desk, heard on WTOP at 6:40 P.M.

Joe, who has been working as a reporter since 1937, feels he's still more of a writer than a broadcaster, but he was amply rewarded during the presidential broadcast of 1948 when CBS bossman, William Paley, called up and said, "That kid Hamburger is good—keep him on." Hamburger being, in Mr. Paley's mind, easier to pronounce than Wershba.

"THAT KID, HAMBURGER"



Joe and his wife Shirley interview two young neighbors for WTOP's daily newscast, Washington City Desk.

Coming Next Month



A little-known story about Dinah—in September's issue.

September's RADIO MIRROR is crammed to the covers with so many exciting features that it's difficult to determine which one should be mentioned first. A safe guess is the story on Dinah Shore. Dinah, who will share next month's cover with her daughter Melissa, tells about her bout with the dread disease, polio. Look for this story—it's too important to miss. The September spotlight is on another girl singer—Jo Stafford. Songstress Stafford will tell you about how it pays to be lazy—yes, lazy! What do you suppose she means by that?

Anyone interested in men—and that means just about everyone, at least every woman—will be interested to read what television's Eloise McElhone has to say about them. Eloise's opinion of the male species is, well, slightly devastating—see for yourself. And just so it can't be said that RADIO MIRROR doesn't believe there are two sides to every question, you'll find a feature on women by Tom Moore. But the title is fair enough—"I Love Ladies." Look for it in the September issue.

Added attractions: Kukla's vacation letter with news about Fran, Ollie and all the other Kuklapolitans; a special offer from Johnny and Penny Olsen; and the chance to win a television set. You'll find all this in the September issue, on sale August 11.

Are you always lovely to love?

See page 11

Paid Notice

It's the waving lotion that makes all the difference in home permanents

For a lovelier wave in every way, use Richard Hudnut for your next home permanent.

Its gentler, more penetrating creme waving lotion is faster acting, yet actually leaves hair springier, stronger...less apt to break,* than most other home permanent wave lotions.

No frizzy ends, more *natural* sheen, more natural-looking curls.

Use with any plastic curlers you prefer!



Kit \$2.75
Refills \$2.00 and \$1.50
(PRICES PLUS TAX)

From the Fifth Avenue Salon

Richard Hudnut

NEW IMPROVED

Home Permanent

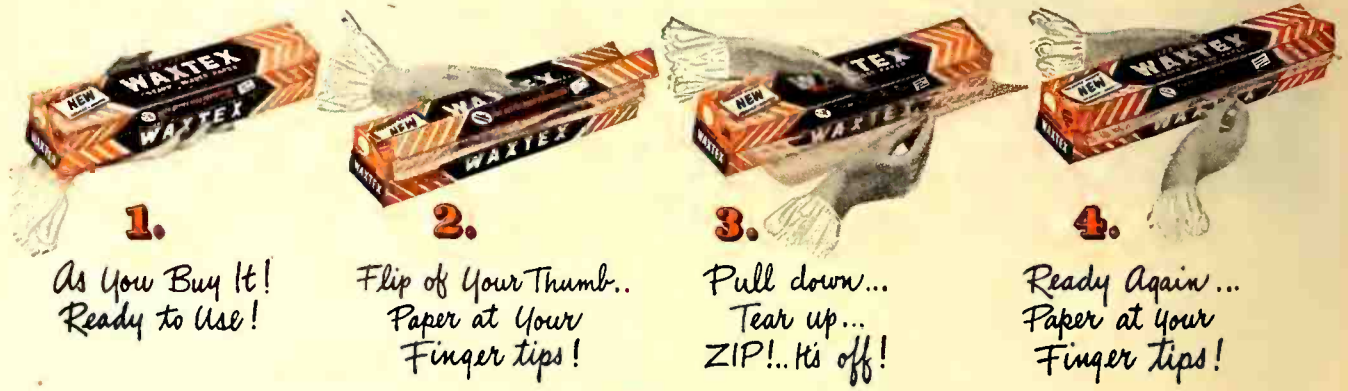


with the waving lotion that leaves your hair springier and stronger...less apt to break

*Tests made by a leading nationally known independent research laboratory. Name on request.

Hear the Walter Winchell Program, ABC Network, Sunday Nights

Amazing!.. This Waxtex Dispenser Box!



1.
As You Buy It!
Ready to Use!

2.
Flip of Your Thumb..
Paper at Your
Finger tips!

3.
Pull down...
Tear up...
ZIP!.. It's off!

4.
Ready Again...
Paper at your
Finger tips!

ROLL JUST CAN'T PULL

OR FALL OUT!



and in this Amazing Dispenser Box--
125 feet of excellent quality waxed paper—pressure-waxed
WAXTEX—heavy, strong, transparent and protective...

Look for the familiar Orange and Brown WAXTEX
Dispenser Box in your food store today!

A PRODUCT OF MARATHON CORPORATION



Protective Packaging FOR AMERICA'S FINEST FOODS

a KUKLA, FRAN and OLLIE

vacation letter



Oliver J. Dragon, Esq.

Dragon Retreat, Vermont

Monday

Greetings, Television Friends:

Well, we're here. Anyway, some of us are.

Dragon Retreat, as I've explained to you on the air, is a big, rambling old house set on a high plateau in the Green Mountains. One of my ancestors built it when my family fled from Boston and environs during "the late unpleasantness" when dragons and witches were somewhat unpopular there. Now that we're socially acceptable again, my folks have turned the place into a resort.

You ought to see it. The mountain (topped by the big antenna which brings in every television station in the country) rises sharply at the back. (Continued on page 80)



Kukla, Fran and Ollie return from vacation in Sept. and will be seen at 7 P.M. EDT, M-F., NBC-TV. Sponsored Mon. & Fri. by R. C. A.; Tues. & Thurs. by Sealtest; Wed. by the Ford Motor Company.

My Father,

My father, Warren Hull, doesn't act like a father at all. He's more like a brother and, if you'll pardon a pun, that's the consensus of the Hull family. In my sixteen years I can't remember any time that he's ordered or forced any of his sons to do anything.

"But when you do a job," he advises, "put everything you have into it."

That's always been Dad's philosophy and it's easy to understand why he gets so much satisfaction out of Strike It Rich when he tells contestants, "If you try hard enough, you can strike it rich." The words are a little different, but they say the same thing Dad believes and practices. And everyone who listens to the show knows that it is one of the few programs where something tangible is done for people in real need. It takes a master of ceremonies with a heart and real interest in people—and that's Dad. My two brothers will go along with me on that.

There are four Hulls in our white, stucco house in Scarsdale and the whole deal is strictly male. Mother and Dad are (Continued on page 92)



Participants on Strike It Rich don't mind telling its emcee all their secrets. "I guess that's because he's sympathetic," says his son.



When Paul's high school class put on "Robin Hood," they got some professional advice—from guess who.

WARREN HULL

When a fellow
in this family
needs a friend,
he never has
to go very far

By
PAUL
HULL



Proud father Warren Hull doesn't mind showing off his three attractive sons: John, who works in television; George, seated left with ukulele, and Paul, who tells story of this all-male household.

Warren Hull emcees *Strike It Rich*, Mon.-Fri. 4:00 P.M. EDT, CBS. Sponsored by Colgate-Palmolive Peet Co. The Warren Hull Show is seen Monday at 11 P.M., EDT, WCBS-TV. Sponsored by Doubleday. Warren Hull also emcees *Talent Parade* televised Saturdays at 7:30 P.M., EDT, WOR-TV, in cooperation with Skouras Theaters.

When it comes to a choice between relations who are in the wrong and old, trusted friends who are in the right, where do your loyalties belong?

The daytime serial problem-question this month is one which may have arisen in your own family.

It concerns a decision difficult to make—a decision between, on the one hand, an old and trusted friend and, on the other, persons bound to you by ties of blood relationship. In a case of this sort there are bound to be many factors to be taken into consideration—factors determined by the particular circumstances of each separate case.

It's also true that when a problem arises which concerns those near and dear to us, kindly outsiders, sometimes perfect strangers, are able to advise and help us, for they are not influenced by affections and family ties which may sometimes blind us to the true nature of the problem.

Ma Perkins faces, at the present time, a number of decisions difficult to make, all of them concerned with a choice of loyalties; all of them, in essence, concerned with the truth or lack of truth in the old adage which says that "Blood is thicker than water." Perhaps you can help Ma in making up her mind, reaching the right decision.

Each month, RADIO MIRROR puts before its reader-listeners a problem confronting a daytime serial favorite of theirs, like the one confronting Ma Perkins. She is torn between conflicting loyalties—loyalty on the one hand to Shuffle Shober, her trusted friend of so many years' standing, and, on the other hand, to the Hammachers. They are cousins of Pa Perkins—Bonita and her husband Ed and their son, Sylvester—whom Ma has not seen or heard of in many years. But she feels a moving sense of affection and kinship for the Hammachers, because of their relationship to Ma's beloved husband, for the deeply-revered memory of Pa Perkins is an ever-present part of Ma's daily life.

Listen to Ma Perkins on CBS; refresh your memory of her story by reading the brief account on the following pages. Then answer this question: "Who comes first—family or friends?"



TUNE IN: Ma Perkins is heard Monday through Friday at 1:15 P. M. EDT on CBS network stations. Sponsored by Oxydol.

Help is Needed — Family or Friends?



Ma looks to Shuffle as the Hammachers—Bonita, Ed and their son, Sylvester—wait anxiously.

Ma Perkins Asks:

Who Comes First When Help is Needed — Family or Friends?

When it comes to a choice between relations who are in the wrong and old, trusted friends who are in the right, where do your loyalties belong?

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TUNE IN: Ma Perkins is heard Monday through Friday at 1:15 P.M. EDT on CBS network stations. Sponsored by Oxydol.

Relatives, old friends—Ma will hurt one if she



Ma Perkins—faces making a difficult choice.



Shuffle Shober—long a loyal friend to Ma.



Fay—Ma's daughter has a part in the problem.

Not long ago, Ma Perkins received an unexpected letter. It was from Cousin Bonita Hammacher who was, Ma explained, Pa Perkins' second cousin. It had been a number of years since any of the Perkinses heard from the Hammachers. At the time of a previous letter they had been homesteading in Alaska. Now they were back; of course Ma, with her usual warm hospitality asked Cousin Bonita and Ed, her husband, for a visit.

The Hammachers, it developed, had had considerable trouble. Now they had taken their life savings and were looking for a business to buy so they could settle down in some nice town—like Rushville Center.

Ma felt very close to Cousin Bonita—she looked so much like Pa, and Ma remembered, too, that Pa had always been very fond of Bonita. Of course the memory of Pa Perkins is very precious to Ma. It wasn't hard for her to take Bonita and Ed—and Sylvester, their son who soon joined them—to her heart. Very soon, Ma had what seemed to be a wonderful idea—why not teach Ed and Sylvester the lumber business?

If Fay, Evey and Willy had some doubts about the Hammachers, they didn't express them to Ma—how could they hurt her by disparaging Pa's relatives? Fay and Evey introduced Cousin Bonita to everyone; Willy and Shuffle Shober, Ma's oldest friend and her assistant at the lumber yard, got Ed initiated into their lodges.

Privately, Cousin Ed and his son, Sylvester, were doing some intensive thinking. They recognized the Perkins Lumber Yard as a solid, prosperous business—and decided that they should take it over! Of course it would have to be accomplished by slow stages, but once agreed on the project Cousin Ed, with the help of his son, went to work.

Their first step was to undermine Shuffle, who had been Ma's trusted friend and co-worker for so long. Ed wisely realized that he couldn't manage this with Ma, so he began to undermine Shuffle with Shuffle himself—hints about his getting too old, being soon replaced. And, at one stage, by openly raking up Shuffle Shober's "old trouble"—the fact that Shuffle had once been accused of a crime, although he was quite innocent. Ma set Ed and his son right on that score at once, but the damage was done. As they all realized, once memories are reawakened, it's hard to quiet them again.

It wasn't, Ma felt sure, malice on the part of Ed and Sylvester, but simply innocent misunderstanding of the true facts. Good-hearted Ma, who could not, herself, ever intentionally harm anyone, always finds it hard to believe that others—and especially others related to Pa!—are not as good-intentioned as she.

Shuffle is very dear to Ma. As she said of him that night after Ed and Sylvester had let out the secret of Shuffle's once having been in trouble, "Pa said 't ain't right an innocent man should be persecuted, and Pa gave Shuffle a regular job. And the years have gone on . . . Evey getting married, Pa passing on, Fay getting married, losing her husband, us losing our boy John—but in all those years, who's been at my side? Who's been the best, the sweetest, the dearest, the most unselfish, the most wonderful person—to me, to my children, to my grandchildren? I won't stand for one word getting out about Shuffle's oldtime trouble!"

But no matter how dear to Ma Shuffle is, the memory of Pa Perkins is dearer, of course. And Cousin Bonita and her family are somehow like a part of Pa. They're blood kin. She found it impossible to believe them wrong in any way. Thoughtless, perhaps, but no worse.

helps the other! How can she choose?



Evey—another daughter is worried about Shuffle.



Willy Fitz—Evey's husband, Shuffle's friend.

However, it soon was apparent that the lumber yard was not big enough for both Ed and Shuffle, in view of Ed's constant conflict with Shuffle. Must Ma take sides, then—and what side could she take? Against her dear friend Shuffle? Or against Ed and Bonita, which was almost like taking sides against Pa! She faces the question which many women have faced—where does her first loyalty lie, with friend or relative!

In April **RADIO MIRROR**, reader-listeners were told in brief the story of Rosemary and the problem she is facing due to her husband's change in jobs and their attendant change in circumstances and way of life. The editors have chosen the best answers from those sent in; checks for those letters have been sent as follows:

TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS to Helen Huston Boileau, Covina Highlands, California, for her letter:

Your compromises need only be surface readjustments, not abandonment of basic principles. The ability to make harmonious readjustment reflects strength. Mere abandonment of ideals is weakness, lack of moral courage. Your character and background preclude the possibility of completely changing standards and having any happiness yourself or giving Bill any. Bill loves you for being you. The glamor of this new life will not, eventually, prove more important to him than his happy relationship with you. His love will be strengthened by the respect he will have for your ability to "fit in" and yet maintain your standards.

FIVE DOLLARS EACH for the five next-best letters to—Tex Ann Aldridge, Duncan, Oklahoma; Mrs. A. F. Arnold, Saunderstown, Rhode Island; Mrs. T. L. Stalker, Flint, Mich.; Mrs. Harold W. Throp, Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio; Mrs. E. B. Covill, New Bedford, Mass.

RADIO MIRROR will purchase readers' best answers to the question: "Who Comes First When Help Is Needed—Family or Friends?" To the writer of the best answer, \$25.00; the five next-best answers, \$5.00 each.

On these pages you will learn more of the story of Ma Perkins and her family and friends, and the present situation in Rushville Center.

Ever since Ma Perkins can remember, she's felt a great compassion for her friends and her family, a moving need to be of service wherever and whenever she can. Now, she is faced with a hard choice. Once again there is an opportunity for her to help, but she must choose whether she will help Shuffle Shober, her faithful, trusted old friend, or help Bonita Hammacher—Pa Perkins' cousin—and her family, her husband Ed and their son Sylvester, to whom she owes a duty. Ma feels that if she helps Shuffle she will hurt them, and vice versa.

Considering the question in a general sense, what do *you* think? Is it true that "blood is thicker than water," that one owes one's first loyalty to relatives rather than to friends—no matter how close the friends may be? "Who comes first when help is needed—family or friends?" State your reasons in a letter of no more than 100 words; address Ma Perkins, Radio Mirror, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. **RADIO MIRROR** editors will choose the best letter, basing the choice on originality and understanding of the problem; and will purchase it for \$25.00. They will choose the five next-best letters, purchase them for \$5.00 each. Opinions of the editors will be final; no letters will be returned. Letters must be postmarked no later than midnight, August 1, 1950. The coupon below should accompany your letter.

NAME.....

STREET.....

CITY..... ZONE.....

STATE.....

Their English Tudor home looks like a storybook setting.





Meet the MacRAYMONDS

Unscramble that name—you'll
 have Jeanette MacDonald and Gene
 Raymond. And you'll also have
 as happy a marriage and as nice
 a couple as you've ever seen!

By FREDDA DUDLEY BALLING

Gene Raymond, as *The Amazing Mr. Malone*, is heard Sunday nights at 7:30, EDT, over the ABC network.

Every Sunday evening over ABC, Gene Raymond stars in a breath-catching mystery drama entitled *The Amazing Mr. Malone*. What happens to Mr. Malone, and what he does about it, is truly—as advertised—amazing.

But even more fabulous and interesting is the life of *The Amazing Mr. Raymond*, whose charm cannot be exaggerated, whose experiences have been fascinating, whose talents are too great to be fully explored by one man (although he tries, in a relaxed sort of way), and whose accomplishments, although extensive at this time, threaten to increase to the point where he will need twenty or thirty lines to be adequately explained to the readers of *Who's Who*.

Gene is inclined to think that his life reached full throttle about thirteen years ago, when he married Jeanette MacDonald on June 16, 1937 in Wilshire Methodist Church in Los Angeles. Theirs was one of the great romances of the film colony. Both were world famous, both were handsome, gifted, and popular. Their circle of friends was large, and so was their collection of pets.

Gene had bought a dream house, English Tudor of architecture, in the hills of Bel Air, and into this he moved his bride, her six dogs and his own watch-hound which had been a birthday gift from Jeanette. One of his immediate discoveries was that he was always about five dogs distant from his own fireplace.

This was not his only defeat by the animal kingdom. One of the reasons Gene had bought the property he selected was that a stable had already been erected at the lower end of the estate. True, it was only a one-horse stable, and Gene wanted to double it in size to take care of his own mount

Meet the MacRAYMONDS



Gene did some remodeling; he made the stable into a study, the guest house, a music studio. But typewriters and pianos have returned to the main house—the MacRaymonds don't like solitude!



Fruit from trees in your own backyard, and large daily doses of sunshine and fresh air—two arguments that weigh in favor of California living.

and an American saddle horse he had bought to surprise Jeanette. He ordered the work to start at once.

A difficulty developed: the only way to transport the necessary cement, lumber, and other building materials from the service entrance to the stable area, nearly half a mile distant (down a hill), was by hand. Union regulations allotted one man, at twelve dollars per day, to this task. Gene broke a bottle of liniment over a section of manger as it passed on a wheelbarrow and christened his new horse boudoir "Raymond's Folly."

The worst was yet to come, and it was an unpredictable worst at that. During their courtship days, Gene and Jeanette had spent many hours together cantering along bridle trails, pausing to let their horses rest, and then continuing over the rolling hills of California's coastal uplands. Naturally, they anticipated many hours of roving the byways on horseback after their marriage.



The remodeling of stable and guest house—and the moving of materials and furnishings—was even more of a problem than it sounds. Here's the hill down (and up) which all those materials, all that furniture, had to travel.

For Jeanette's birthday on June 18, two days after the wedding, Gene coaxed his wife down to the stables to inspect a snow white mare he had bought for her. His own black horse was occupying the adjoining stall, and together the pair represented perfection in horse flesh.

Thereafter, the sight of a beautiful red-haired woman wearing the traditional black derby, white stock, white vest, black coat and full black sidesaddle skirt, riding a milk white horse in the company of a blond man in black riding clothes on a black horse enchanted the eye of many a tourist.

Somehow Jeanette always managed to stifle her sneezing until she was out of sight of the tourist. At first she thought the paroxysms were caused by some shrub along the trail, but a doctor chuckled this notion away. "You've developed an allergy to horses," he said. "Better keep away from them or you may actually impair your resonance chambers."

Jeanette having been unhorsed, Gene sold the mounts, the saddles, bridles, fancy bits, cockades, curry combs and brushes, and had the stables scrubbed and fumigated. "Raymond's Folly" became the "Storage Stables" and a dazzling array of trunks, old Christmas decorations, extra flower baskets and vases, masked ball costumes in garment bags, and just plain junk found its way from the back door of the house, along a descending path still informally bordered by wisps of hay.

While Gene had been preparing a home for his bride, he foresaw the need for a music room separate from the main house. He knew it would be desirable for them to get beyond the reach of the telephone and the business of a house being kept so that Jeanette could rehearse in peace and Gene could be about his composing. (Three of his most successful songs are "Will You," "Let Me Always Sing," and "Release.")

On the estate grounds (Continued on page 89)

Come and visit the HEWITTS'

"We live," folk-singer Dolph Hewitt will tell you, when inviting you to drop in, "just west of town a piece."

The town referred to being Chicago, he might well mean one of the fashionable suburbs. But he doesn't. His further directions make the situation clear. "You cross a bridge," he finishes, "and turn left at the first trailer camp. Ours is the last trailer at the top of the hill. There's a white picket fence around it. Ruthie and I will be glad to see you."

And it's quite true, as you'd find out if you took Dolph up on his invitation. The Hewitts do live in a trailer. The reason for wanting to be out of town a piece is Chuck, their three-year-old son—a city apartment's no place to bring up a boy, they believe. And the reason for the trailer itself is simply that the Hewitts don't think of living in terms of fourteen-rooms-plus-swimming-pool. They're a nice young couple, just getting started in life, and a trailer seems to be an ideal solution to the problem of finding, in the midst of housing shortages, a place in the country where they could bring Chuck up the way they want to.

Yes, it's small, the trailer. But it's also compact, efficiently planned, easy to housekeep—this last no small matter to take into consideration if you want, as Ruth does, to spend as much time with your son as possible. And yes, it's a little crowded sometimes, especially when it comes to closet (*Continued on page 96*)

*Living in a trailer,
that's the life! Ask the
Hewitts. Better still, ask
their young son Chuck --
he's enjoying every minute of it!*

By HELEN BOLSTAD



You can easily pick out the Hewitts' trailer on the lot—theirs is the one with the picket fence.



Hand-me-downs are special here—Ruth remodels a Western outfit of Dolph's into a suit for Chuck.

HOME-ON-WHEELS



Although Chuck actually sleeps on the lower level, the top-deck bunk holds great charm for him. It's there that he does his "reading" of his favorite picture books. Chuck looks like both his parents, has Ruth's coloring and Dolph's expressions and wide, appealing grin.



Biggest housekeeping headache: finding space for Dolph's costumes in too-small, too-few closets.



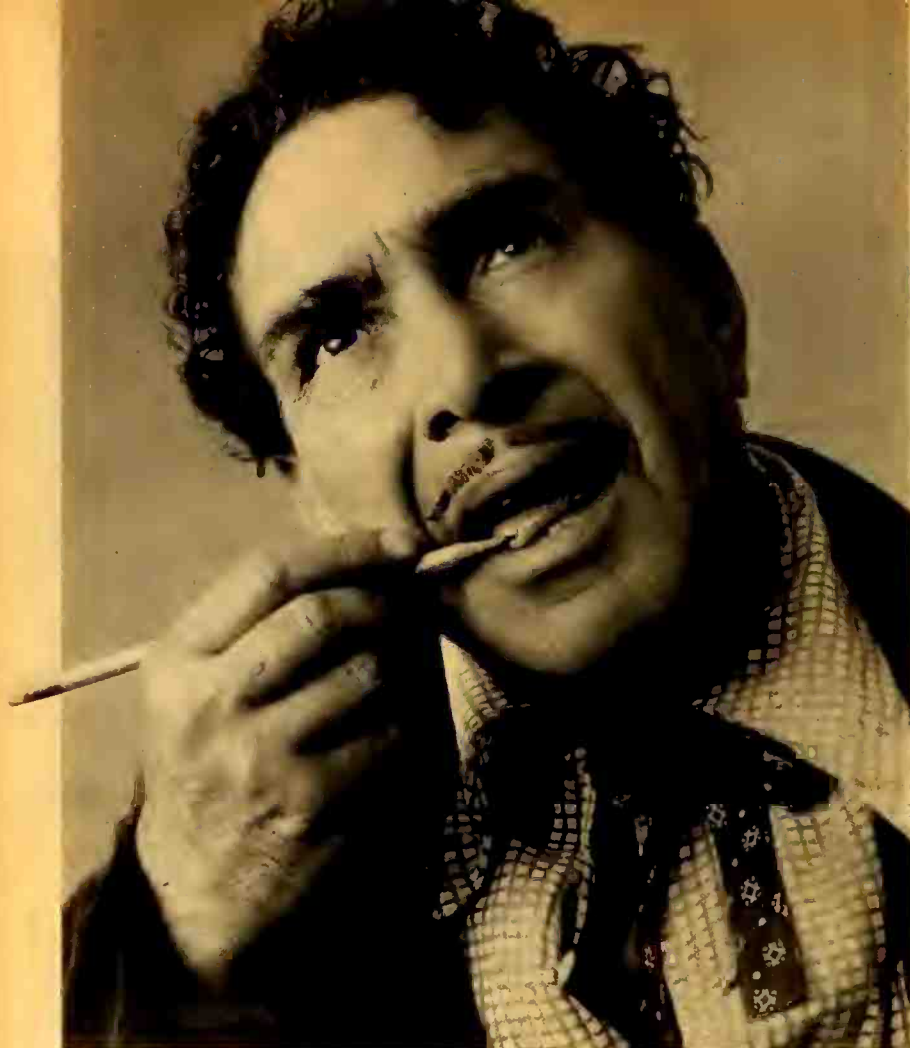
Ruth's the best cook in the world, both her men-folks say. Since marriage Dolph's gained weight.

Dolph Hewitt is heard on National Barn Dance, 7:30 to midnight Chicago time, Saturdays, parts of which are heard on the ABC Network as well; also on WLS, Chicago, Mon.-Fri. at 7:30 A.M. CDT, sponsored by the Holly Sales Company.

LIFE WITH LUIGI:

Mr.

This is a great day



"Dear Mama Mia: Tomorrow is gonna be one of the most important days of my life—I'm going to take the test for my first citizenship papers. Already I look more American. Is hard to explain exactly how I feel, Mama."

1. Class for prospective citizens is presided over by lovely Miss Spaulding, who gives last-minute encouragement to nervous Luigi.



Cy Howard is the creator of Luigi, the Little Immigrant, and is also the producer and director of the Life With Luigi show.

Life With Luigi is the story of the everyday experiences of Luigi Basco, an Italian immigrant who has come to—and loves—America, land of equal opportunity for all who are willing, as he is, to work for it. Luigi is a new kind of comedy-program character. You laugh with him, not at him, as you listen to his struggles to learn the new language, the customs so different from those of his native country.

Cy Howard, responsible for My Friend Irma, is "father" of Luigi, too. J. Carrol Naish, long known to movie-goers for his character roles, plays "the little immigrant" with warm understanding.



5. Incensed by the forged letter, the judge indignantly turns down Luigi's application for citizenship. Luigi is dazed, heartbroken.

Life With Luigi, with J. Carrol Naish in the title role, is heard every Tuesday night at 9 P.M., EDT, over CBS stations, sponsored by Wrigley's Spearmint Gum.

Basco, Citizen

for Luigi—no longer an immigrant, but a working partner in these United States!



2. Pasquale, Luigi's countryman and neighbor, agrees to witness the event—with, as always, daughter Rosa uppermost in his mind.



3. Angry that Luigi doesn't want to marry Rosa, Pasquale writes to citizenship court judge offering a bribe, signing Luigi's name!



4. Blissfully unaware of the fateful letter, Luigi goes calling on the judge, takes a pineapple—not as a bribe, but a respectful gift.



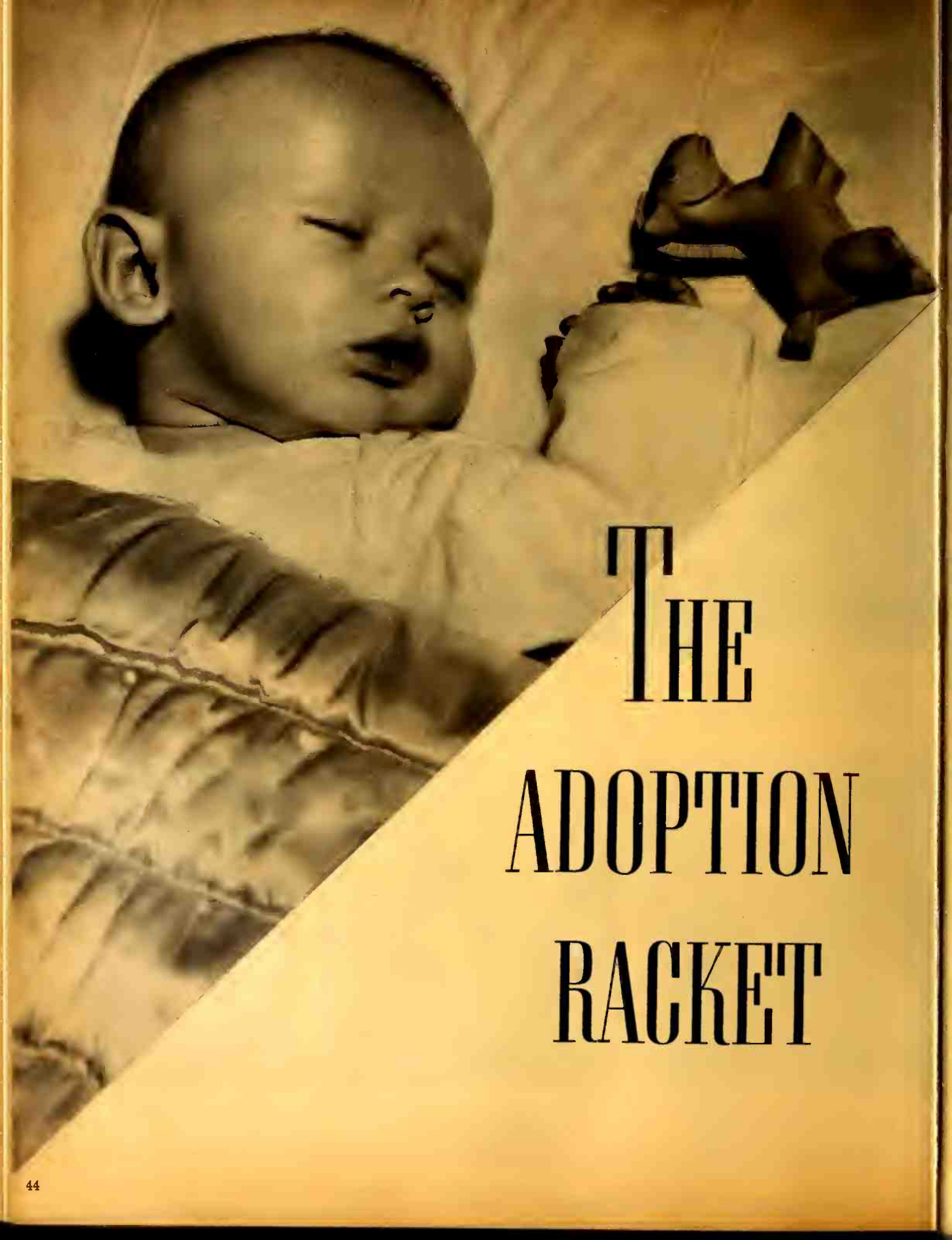
6. Triumphant, Pasquale once more offers Rosa's hand, for through marriage to her Luigi can become a citizen—sort of a citizen-in-law!



7. Miss Spaulding hurries to the rescue, explains Pasquale's skulduggery to the judge, who hastily calls Luigi back to the courtroom.



8. Luigi's life-long ambition is fulfilled—he gets his first citizenship papers. And no one ever worked harder, deserved them more.



**T
THE
ADOPTION
RACKET**

Black market in babies -- it flourishes without any regard for its innocent victims

As Dick Powell, private citizen, I have adopted a child and know that an adopted youngster can make a home the happiest place on earth, provided the child is brought into the home through proper channels. As Richard Diamond, a private detective who typifies the criminal investigators who fight corruption, I know that a most shocking racket exists today in the blackmarket of babies. Each year it is estimated over 30,000 helpless infants are brought into homes through improper channels. They are sold "under the counter" like smuggled narcotics or disposed of in the secrecy of back rooms. For up to two thousand dollars a baby will be handed over in the waiting room of a railroad station with no questions of the new parents!

This shameful practice exists in almost every state and major city in the country. It is unbelievable that a baby should fall into the hands of unscrupulous men and women who are nothing more than wholesalers in humanity, but it happens almost every day.

This is how it happened to Bettyjane Corring:

Anyone watching Bettyjane get off the train in Miami saw only a pale, pretty blonde in her early twenties. No casual observer guessed at the anxiety that had brought her fifteen hundred miles from home. And for a moment, Bettyjane forgot as she blinked at the brilliant sunshine filling the clean streets, the gaily dressed vacationers walking under the palm trees. Then a woman walked by with an infant in her arms. Bettyjane was jolted back into reality.

She, too, would be a mother soon but without the pride and blessings that usually come with childbirth. Her baby would be fatherless and that had led her to escape the friends in her hometown, in the hope she would be lost among the thousands of strangers in the resort city.

"Miami has become a mecca for unwed mothers from all parts of the country, who feel they can easily lose themselves there," said Assistant District Attorney Ernest Mitler, of New York. And he knows, for Manhattan police learned of at least thirty-five babies shipped into the big city from Miami to be sold to the highest bidder.

And it was to Miami that Bettyjane went for she had no family to turn to. Bettyjane had been raised in an orphanage where she missed the love and security of a real home. When she left the orphanage, she became a successful sales clerk but her dream was to have a husband and children in a real home of her own. She found a man and loved well but not too wisely. When Bettyjane became pregnant, her fiance

wasn't quite ready for marriage. He suggested an abortion. Bettyjane refused. Panic-stricken, she listened to a friend suggest going to Miami to have the baby and come back with no one knowing the difference.

"I can always get a job there," Bettyjane told herself. "Besides I have my life savings."

But Bettyjane's three hundred dollars didn't go far in Miami. She had paid thirty dollars a month for her room up north. In the resort city, she found herself lucky to get a room at forty dollars a week. Soon it became impossible to hide her pregnancy. She lost her job in a millinery store.

Her boss said abruptly, "You'd better take good care of yourself for that baby's sake."

But he didn't tell her what she could do for money. Desperately, she spent the next few days looking for work, feeling critical eyes flick over her body. On the third day, with only a hundred dollars left, she stopped in a sandwich shop to ask for a cashier's job.

"I'm sorry but we had someone a bit different in mind," she was told.

She felt the strange dizziness come over her again and walked over to the service counter. She didn't even look at the waitress until she found a glass of milk in front of her instead of the coffee she'd ordered. Then Bettyjane looked up into the eyes of the waitress.

"Milk is better for you," the woman said.

As Bettyjane sipped the milk, the waitress began wiping the counter and asked, "Things pretty tough, kid?"

Bettyjane nodded.

The waitress pulled a pencil and paper out of her pocket and walked away. When she came back, she slipped a note across the counter to Bettyjane.

"Go see this woman," she said. "She's helped a lot of other girls in your fix."

Outside Bettyjane looked at the paper. Written on it was the name of a Mrs. Windsor, and an address. Bettyjane took a bus to the (Continued on page 93)

By DICK POWELL

Dick Powell, private citizen, is well-acquainted with the facts behind the vicious adoption racket. As Richard Diamond, Private Detective, he's heard Wed., 10:30 P.M. EDT, NBC. Sponsored by Rexall Drug Stores.



Art Linkletter's Nonsense



Art emcees House Party, heard M.-F., 3:30 P.M. EDT, CBS. Sponsored by Pillsbury Mills. Now vacationing, it returns to air in Aug.

IT HAPPENED ON HOUSE PARTY—

Linkletter (to five-year-old boy): You look like a cowboy today. Did you punch any cows?

Boy: Nope.

Linkletter: What would they say if you did punch a cow?

Boy: Ouch!

THOREAU SAID IT:

"You cannot kill time without injuring eternity."

August—in which month come the dog days, probably called that because they're so doggone hot. (Sorry; I apologize to everyone, including dogs—of whom some of my best friends are . . .) It'll be a run-of-the-mill August, according to the Old Farmer's Almanac, with the usual thunder showers sandwiched in between plenty of hot, dry days . . . "Watch for shooting



stars from the 9th through the 11th," says the same source—must tell the kids about that. . . . This month there's the usual number of commemorating this-or-that days (like, for instance, the 29th, which is the anniversary—I don't know which one—of the beheading of John 'the Baptist) but for me, August is chiefly memorable for corn on the cob. Now there's a food fit for kings, princes, and working guys like you and me; I could—and will—eat it every day as long as it's in season. The best way, of course, is to snatch it off the stalks, run at top speed into the house, tear off the husks like a house afire, and pop the lovely cobs into the pot while the kernels are tender and oozing with milk. Cook it just long enough so it's get-your-teeth-into-able, spread with butter, sprinkle with salt—well, pepper too, if your fancy leans that way—and you've got a subject for a lyric poem if I could only write one. And about that butter—my wife has a trick with that worth mentioning. Melted butter's the thing, but if you put it in a dish or a bowl it takes buckets of butter and a lot gets wasted which, at these prices, is nothing to take lightly. Try Lois's way: pour the melted butter into an ordinary drinking glass, about half-way full, and dunk the corn in that—every kernel buttered, and no waste. Ah, me!

IT HAPPENED ON HOUSE PARTY—

Linkletter (to small boy): Do you know who Pancho Villa was?

Small Boy: I think he rode with the Cisco Kid. . . .

READERS' OWN VERSE—

Lines To A Thirsty Child
It's fine, indeed, my infant daughter,
To have a healthy thirst for water;
But why must yours, my little gem,
Assert itself at two A.M.?

—Richard Wheeler

and Some-Sense

IT'S A LAW—

If you cling to the belief that the automobile will never replace the horse, head for Boston, Massachusetts, on your travels. By law, all Boston hotels must supply accommodations for horses as well as for their riders. How about a double room, sir?



A LITTLE LEARNING—

On Becoming A Citizen of The United States: In general, a person can't become a citizen unless he's been lawfully admitted to the United States and intends to make it his permanent residence. The first step toward citizenship is to make a "declaration of intention" at the office of the clerk of any naturalization court. This may be made at any time after arrival in the country. After the declaration of intention, five years must elapse before you can apply for final papers—five continuous years of residence in this country, that is, and six months in the state where application for final papers is made. Everyone who files for naturalization must sign the petition in his own handwriting, if physically able to write; must be a person of good moral character, "attached to the principles of the Constitution and well disposed to the good order and happiness of the United States," and have a knowledge and understanding of our form of government and the fundamental principles of the Constitution.

FUN AND GAMES—

Here's a game for a crowd which requires no equipment—except, perhaps, a good pair of lungs and a sociable disposition. It's called "Sordines" and if you'll stick with me you'll find out why. Sordines is a variation of Hide and Seek, with a touch of Forfeits thrown in. One more suggestion—choose a cool day or evening for this—and we're on our way. At a signal the people, and the more of them the better the game works out, disperse to find hiding places. But there's strategy in not hiding too soon, because the purpose of the game is to find a spot in which another person is hidden, and join him in the hiding place. The more hiders per hiding place, the better. The last one left over at the end of the game—the one, that is, who's found no other hiders with whom to hide—must pay a forfeit. This is a good summer game, one of those sillies that call for a minimum of brain work and a maximum of foolish fun, which is a good recipe for any hot weather activity.

STOP AND THINK DEPARTMENT—

There's a great deal said about women drivers, especially concerning the incompetence of same. And the saying has been done largely by the all-knowing male of the species. As is usually true of "they say" rumors, this one, too, is wrong. Here's something for the men to chew on for a while; of the drivers in fatal automobile accidents last year, 35,660, or 93.6 per cent. were men; in non-fatal accidents, 1,462,480, or 90.5 per cent. were men. There, lady, are some statistics to wave in your husband's face next time he has a few choice remarks to make about women behind the wheel.



Make a Pretty SANDWICH



By **NANCY CRAIG** • RADIO MIRROR FOOD COUNSELOR

Heard at 1:15 P.M. EDT, Mon.-Fri., on ABC. (Recipes tested by the MacLadden Kitchen)

Sluggish appetites wake up when I serve a sandwich meal. As a family we are sandwich hounds! We love anything between two slices of bread—even sliced banana sprinkled with lemon juice!

When I plan sandwich meals I always try to follow the rules of good nutrition. It is as important to provide the necessary requirements in light summer menus as it is when serving heartier meals. So we always have some cold, some hot food for balance. We find soup relaxing and easy to digest. I serve it right along with the sandwich. If we have a hot sandwich, then the soup is chilled. For a pleasing blend of flavors, I combine two soups such as tomato and bouillon or asparagus and cream of celery.

I feel adventurous when preparing sandwich fillings. It's lots of fun to try new tricks. Perhaps a sauce like the Puffy Sauce. Or a glamorous sandwich loaf like the Tuna and Egg loaf. The Home-Made Deviled Ham is a wonderful chance to use various seasonings and combinations of flavors. It is now one of our favorites.

TUNA AND EGG LOAF

1 loaf unsliced bread	1 can (7 oz.) tuna fish
4 eggs, hard cooked	½ small onion, grated
½ cup stuffed olives, chopped	1 can condensed cream of mushroom soup
Mayonnaise	4 tablespoons milk
	Melted butter

Trim crusts from all sides of bread. Cut lengthwise into three strips. Chop the hardcooked, eggs. Mix with olives and enough mayonnaise to moisten. Spread on one strip of bread. Place next lengthwise strip of bread over egg mixture. Flake tuna fish and add onion and four tablespoons of mushroom soup undiluted. Spread on second strip and cover with last strip of bread. Brush with melted butter. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) 20 minutes. Cut crosswise in 1½" slices. Heat remaining mushroom soup with

4 tablespoons milk. Pour some over top of each slice. Serve with watercress and cranberry jelly. Makes 6 servings.

HOME MADE DEVILED HAM

3 cups cooked ham or	1 tablespoon Worcester-
2 cans (12 oz.) pressed	shire Sauce
ham	½ cup nuts, chopped
1 egg, beaten	fine
1 tablespoon catsup	1 tablespoon sugar
1 tablespoon chili sauce	1 dill pickle, chopped

Chop ham very fine or run it through a meat grinder twice. Add beaten egg and blend well. Add all other ingredients. Mix until blended. Place in a split, buttered frankfurter roll. Serve with hot canned asparagus tips. Makes 6-8 servings.

PUFFY CHICKEN SANDWICH

Trim the crusts from two slices of bread. Spread lightly with butter or margarine. Top with slices of cooked chicken. Cover meat with Puffy Sauce. Place under broiler for 2 minutes, until browned. Serve with cauliflowerettes dipped in Snappy Cream Cheese Sauce and corn-on-the-cob.

PUFFY SAUCE

3 eggs, separated	½ cup mayonnaise
	¼ teaspoon salt

Beat egg yolks and mayonnaise together until light. Add salt to egg whites. Beat until stiff but not dry. Fold egg yolk mixture gently into egg whites. Heap on top of chicken sandwich.

SNAPPY CREAM CHEESE SAUCE

1 (3 oz.) package cream	1 teaspoon grated onion
cheese	Chili sauce
	2 teaspoons horseradish

Work cream cheese with spoon until soft. Add horseradish, onion and enough chili sauce to make a medium thick sauce for dipping.

(Continued on page 87)

New forms for an old favorite: treat your family to the sandwich. It's delicious and nutritious, an ideal all year 'round food.





This is my life at HILLTOP

Julie Paterno

Creating a *real* home atmosphere for the children is our goal. Here are some of the ways Mrs. Dolben and I do it

Deep summer brings special problems to Hilltop. It is lovely here, and peaceful. The house is surrounded by flowers, greenery and happy children. But as in any house where children stay home in summer, August brings the old-fussy question . . . "Julie, what can I do now?" Meaning, of course, what shall I play with now. Children need guided play, especially near the end of vacation. Some of this play can have a useful purpose. So in the play hours we try to direct their activities to their good, and ours!

* * *

On making ship's corners



Well-made beds insure good sleep.

This is a good opportunity to show Shirley and Johnny how to make a smooth bed. They've been after Hannah and me to show them how to make "those ship's corners." A clean, comfortable bed is necessary for full rest and relaxation for everyone, especially for children because their days are so full of activity and excitement. Now to start: bedding should be aired. Spread it over two chairs by an open window. It should air for at least an hour. Do this before breakfast. Now

here are the important steps to follow in making ship's corners or mitered corners.

- 1) Spread the mattress pad smooth. Place the lower sheet with the rough sides of the hem down and the middle fold in the center of bed.
- 2) Tuck the sheet well under the head of the mattress. Lift the edge of the sheet with the left hand to form a triangle. With the right hand tuck in the bottom edge. Drop the triangle. Tuck in firmly making "ship's corners." Miter all four corners. Pull sheet smooth and tuck sides in.
- 3) Place the top sheet with middle fold in the center of the bed. Allow enough sheet at the head of the bed to fold over the blanket edge for protection. Leave enough to tuck in at the foot.
- 4) Place blankets high enough so that they will cover the shoulders. Tuck in at foot of bed. Lift edges of top sheet and blankets together to form a triangle. Tuck in bottom edges of triangle. Drop the triangle. This is a half-mitered corner. It is firm enough not to slip out and it gives a neat, finished look.
- 5) The spread is the final touch. Place it on top of the blankets and let the sides fall evenly, covering the blanket edge.

Plays the thing



Croquet is fun—challenging, too.

Pixie, our aspiring young writer, was a bit of a problem for a while. All she wanted to do was stoy in her room day after day ond write! I don't like to discourage her from this because she moy blossom into a professional writer, but children do need to get out ond play. Of course, she felt much too old to play with the little children for any length of time. So Dolbie and I put our heeds together ond came up with the ideo of croquet. Pixie enjoys the game because to play it well she must master

it. She challenges the other children to play ogainst her. She now hos reached a nice balance between work ond play. Hilltop is full of child activity. The older boys ore at Scout Comp but those that stoy here go swimming or hiking with the neighborhood children. We've set up on outdoor shower for the youngsters to run in and out of. And the cookie cutters they use moke beautiful sond or mud cookies!

* * *

Wax magic



A new way to keep floors shimmering.

The care of floors could be a great problem at Hilltop with so many children walking in and out all day. But cleaning floors and waxing them can be a "fun" thing. First the floor is washed with warm mild soapsuds. We use a mop and wring it almost dry. Then we rinse with a mop wrung out of clear warm water. Starting at this point, our children watch the floor, waiting for it to be absolutely dry. And now fun begins. We spread

liquid wax in a thin film. Hannah does this on her knees! She says "Too much wax smears and makes the floor slippery." Then comes another half hour of waiting for the wax to dry. During this period the children draw lots to see who will be the lucky ones this month. When they are chosen, they wrap their feet in soft clean rags. This is treated like

HOUSE...

by
Julie
Paterno

Hilltop House is heard at 3:15 P.M. EDT, Monday through Friday, on CBS. Sponsored by Alka-Seltzer.



Getting ready for the backyard picnic, Pixie, Henry M. and Maryann help Julie and Hannah the maid carry out the food.

a ritual. When wrapped up feet step out on the floor the other children gather in the doorway, ready to do their part. Strong, sturdy legs skate back and forth buffing and polishing. Eager eyes follow the feet ready to detect any little area that has been missed. Of course, the floors could be polished by hand or (with an electric polisher, if we could afford one), but we wouldn't have half as much fun doing it!

Let's eat outdoors

Barbecues are enjoyed by all of us. The menu is simple barbecued frankfurters, chicken or hamburgers, tomatoes (from Maryann's garden) or other raw vegetable, rolls, cookies, milk and pop for the children. Hannah is sending you her famous recipe for barbecue sauce.

BARBECUE SAUCE

¼ cup butter or margarine	1 teaspoon paprika
1 clove garlic, minced	1½ tablespoons
1 large onion, chopped	Worcestershire sauce
1 teaspoon salt	1½ tablespoons horseradish
1 teaspoon dry mustard	2 tablespoons vinegar
1½ cups water	2 (8 oz.) cans tomato sauce

Combine butter, garlic and onion in a saucepan. Cook slowly 5 minutes. Add all other ingredients. Cover and simmer 20 minutes. Brush on meat frequently while broiling or grilling. Heat remainder and serve separately. Makes 4 cups sauce.

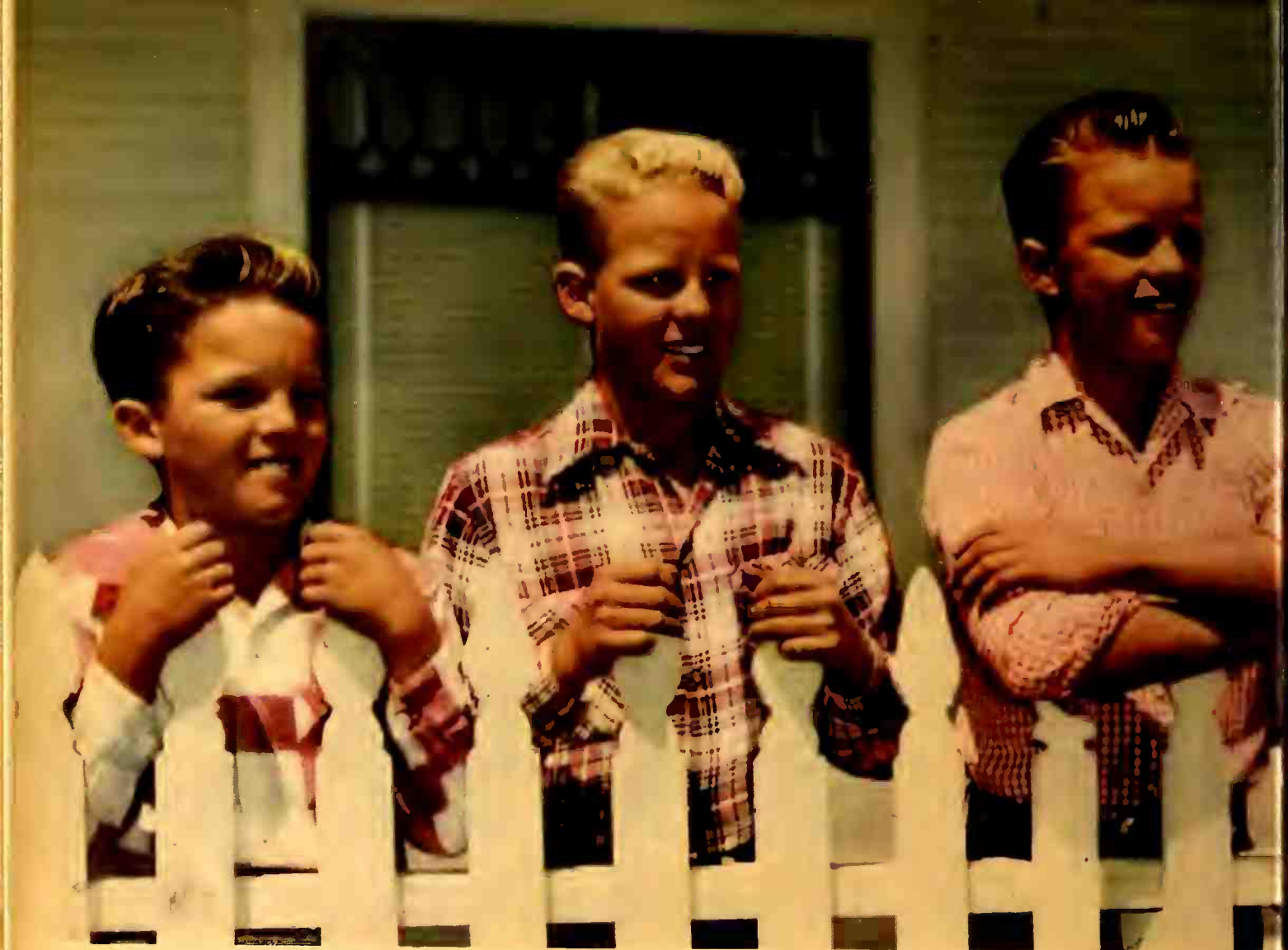
• • •

We're making them ourselves



Some old, some new, all are attractive.

Hilltop looks so gay with its inexpensive plastic draperies. But they'll have to come down soon to make way for fall and winter draperies. I must tell Hannah to wipe them off with a damp cloth, fold them and store them away for next year. We've been able to keep the house looking fresh by making over old draperies to fit different rooms. But we're going to need new ones for the living room, and Dolbie says we can make them ourselves. I saw some inexpensive acetate rayon fabric that would be just right for our room. And with that new self-pleating tape, it'll be simple to make the draperies right here at Hilltop House.



Say Hello to the Crosbys

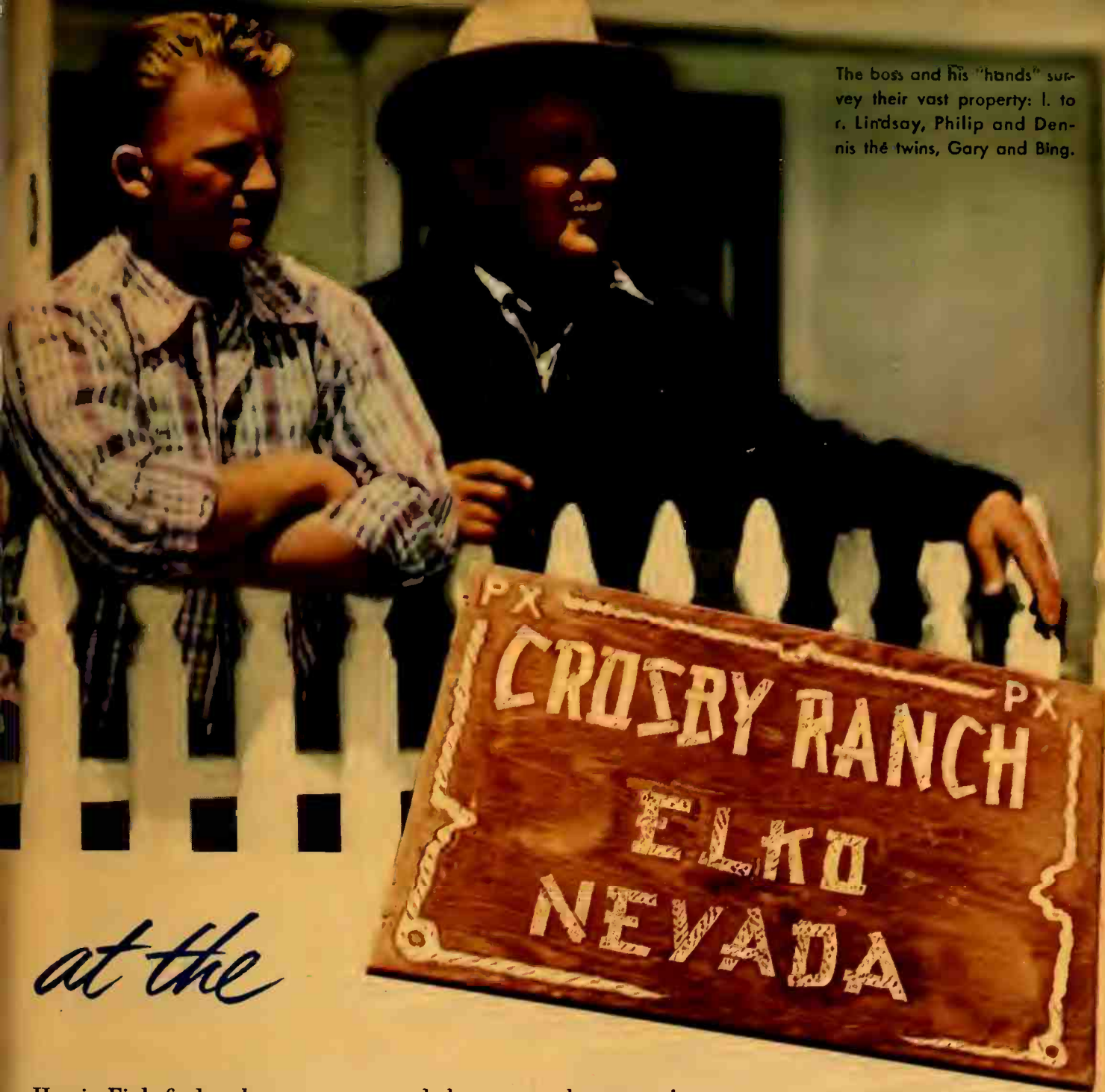
Pages from a photographer's notes: assigned to cover the Crosbys,



Center of operations: bungalow serves for eating, sleeping, recreation.

When RADIO MIRROR made arrangements with Bing Crosby to photograph Bing and his sons at their Elko, Nevada, ranch—where, during out-of-school season, Bing's four sons work for and with their father—Hymie Fink, RADIO MIRROR's Hollywood staff photographer, was given the assignment. Here's Hymie's diary of his trip to Elko, on which he took the pictures on these pages and on the cover—exclusive pictures, for color photographs of the Crosby family at the Elko ranch have never before been printed!

The boss and his "hands" survey their vast property: l. to r. Lindsay, Philip and Dennis the twins, Gary and Bing.



at the

Hymie Fink finds a lot more to record than meets the camera's eye

Thursday—Arrived at Elko about eight P.M., and went to the Commercial Hotel. Clerk said that Bing had been in about four in the afternoon, on his way home from a hunting trip. Looked very tired, the clerk said, and went straight on out to the ranch. I called the ranch, was told Bing had gone to bed, dead tired, and that I should call him tomorrow morning at eight if he hadn't called me earlier. Pretty beat myself, so I took a quick look around town, followed Der Bingle's good example and hit the hay.

Friday—Called Bing at eight. He answered the phone himself, sounded mighty pleasant when I told him who I was. Said, "Tell me just what it is you want to get, and when, and we'll fix it up." I explained what pictures we wanted. Bing: "Okay—but the boys are working at near-by ranches and will have to be rounded up. They leave here at seven A.M. and when they come home at night they're too tired for pictures or anything else. They eat their supper and go right to bed. Tell you what—you (Continued on page 82)



The boss and his "hands" survey their vast property: l. to r. Lindsay, Philip and Dennis the twins, Gary and Bing.

Say Hello to the Crosbys at the

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Center of operations: bungalow serves for eating, sleeping, recreation.



A man must have a hobby and Walter's is fixing clocks. And he hardly ever leaves out any parts.

Did you ever notice that a boy's parents never ask the girl he's going with what *her* intentions are?" asks Walter Kiernan, ABC commentator. "Well, the parents should—for behind every successful man stands a good wife!"

And Walter knows what he's talking about. During twenty-seven years as a working reporter, he's observed successful men in every kind of business and profession. He has studied intimately heads of governments and leaders of industry, bakers and bankers, even cops and robbers.

"An ideal marriage," he tell you, "is not a division of responsibilities between husband and wife, but a real active partnership in which both have equal say and vote in all matters, domestic or business."

Walter, a tall, husky man in his forties, doesn't have to go far to give you an example of an ideal wife. He points to his own wife, Helen, (*Continued on page 104*)

Walter and Helen think times like these with David, Dick and Jerry are the best part of having children.



ONE MAN'S

In an age when women

are blamed for

everything, Walter Kiernan

speaks up and says:

"They'd do a good job of

running things—if

it weren't for men!"

By

CATHERINE

CLELLAND

Walter tackles the lawn, considers the chore good exercise. The Kiernan home is in Milford, Conn.



OPINION— *about women*



Backyard barbecue and the whole family turns out. Chief chef Walter makes sure the steak is seasoned right.

Walter Kiernan is heard on *One Man's Opinion*, M.-F. at 3:25 P.M. EDT, ABC, sponsored by Philip Morris; on *Cliche Quiz*, Wed. 8:30 P.M. EDT, ABC; and on *WJZ M.-F.* at 6:30 A.M. to 7 A.M. and from 7:15 A.M. to 7:55 A.M. EDT.



A man must have a hobby and Walter's is fixing clocks. And he hardly ever leaves out any parts.

ONE MAN'S

OPINION—*about women*

In an age when women are blamed for everything, Walter Kiernan speaks up and says: "They'd do a good job of running things—if it weren't for men!"

By
CATHERINE
CLELLAND

"Did you ever notice that a boy's parents never ask the girl he's going with what her intentions are?" asks Walter Kiernan, ABC commentator. "Well, the parents should—for behind every successful man stands a good wife!"

And Walter knows what he's talking about. During twenty-seven years as a working reporter, he's observed successful men in every kind of business and profession. He has studied intimately heads of governments and leaders of industry, bakers and bankers, even cops and robbers.

"An ideal marriage," he tell you, "is not a division of responsibilities between husband and wife, but a real active partnership in which both have equal say and vote in all matters, domestic or business."

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BOBBY BENSON



Young Bobby Benson, owner of the B-Bar-B Ranch in the heart of the Big Bend country, Texas.

and the Floating Ghosts

This is the kind of story with an ageless kind of appeal. It's for you, it's for your husband. And it's for your children, too—especially when they want a “read aloud”

BY
MARTIN
COHEN

It was a dark night in the Big Bend country of Texas. Along the Mexican border, the Rio Grande writhed invisibly as clouds crossed the pale curve of moon, making the moon blink on and off like a huge lamp. Only the lights in the B-Bar-B ranch were constant. And in the living room of the ranch house, Bobby Benson, the young ranch owner, leaned against the window anxiously searching the range. His foreman, Tex Mason, sat at a table cleaning his six shooter.

“I'm getting worried!” Bobby said suddenly.

Tex got up and walked over to the window. The broad-shouldered foreman looked down at the slim, dark-haired boy.

“What's got into you, Bobby?” he asked. “I've never seen you like this before.”

Bobby looked away. He was ashamed to tell Tex what was really on his mind. He knew Tex just laughed when anyone talked about ghosts.

“Well, partly, Tex,” Bobby said. “I'm wondering why Windy isn't back yet.”

“Did Windy go somewhere?”

“He went up to the haunted house alone.”

“I can hardly believe he'd go up there during the day,” Tex grinned, “but at night!”

Bobby turned to the window again. Tex frowned as he saw the anxiety on Bobby's face.

“Now look here, Bobby, you know

there's nothing much up there but spiders and rats.”

“I'm having my doubts lately,” Bobby admitted. “Course the boys are kidding Windy so much about those floating ghosts he's seen in the sky, he just had to go.”

Everyone on the ranch knew about Windy's floating ghosts. Twice during the past week he'd seen them but no one else had been there to witness them. And Windy Wales was dependable. He had his joke occasionally, but if he were joking this time, he had everyone else fooled for sure.

Bobby pressed his face to the window again, his hands cupped over his eyes. “Golly,” he said and turned quickly. “I think that's Windy coming back now. I'm going out to see.”

He ran out the door and crossed the yard to the corral. The moon was out of the clouds now and across the murky range he saw the horse and its rider. There was no mistaking the gallop of Windy's mare, Mabel. But right then both man and horse were moving with the speed of a cannon ball. Windy galloped right up to the corral and flung himself off Mabel.

“I heard them this time, Bobby,” he cried breathlessly. “I *knowed* there was ghosts there.”

“What did they look like?”

Windy wiped off his forehead and dropped to a log. Bobby crouched down beside him.

“I didn't (Continued on page 83)

Bobby Benson & the B-Bar-B Riders is heard on MBS Mon. 8 P.M., M.-F. 5:30 P.M.; on WOR Mon. 8 P.M., Sat. 5 P.M. and Sun. at 3 P.M.; telecast Tues. 7:30 P.M., WOR-TV. All Times are EDT.



the Morey—

Amsterdam and family—
composed of lovely
Kay and a small cowboy
they sometimes call
Schnuckle—at home. Very
much at home indeed!



Morey's a man of many accomplishments—
not the least, typing of professional quality.

VISION SECTION

the Merrier!

Five minutes after you walk in his front door, you begin to wonder if you are visiting one or two Morey Amsterdams. After ten minutes, you entertain the suspicion the man is triplets. After fifteen minutes, you just settle down to watching the parade of Amsterdams go by.

In that parade, you see the Amsterdam who is known to every doorman, head waiter and cab driver in town as an inveterate night-clubber—and you also see the Amsterdam who neither smokes nor drinks, and whose favorite hobby is developing his own snapshots in a home-made darkroom.

You will meet the Amsterdam who wrote "Rum and Coca Cola" and "Why, Oh Why, Did I Ever Leave Wyoming?", who also plays classical music on his cello like an angel—and who can type

one of his own gag-packed scripts as fast and as accurately as a professional stenographer.

You will hear stories about the Amsterdam whose hair was worn in long, silky curls until he was six (his mother has them framed in a shadow box to this day)—and the Amsterdam who was nearly killed by gangsters when he was sixteen.

But let's start at the beginning and pay a call on all these fellows called Morey Amsterdam whose wise-cracks tumble over each other at torrential speed whenever he gets near a microphone or stage or television camera.

Your first surprise may come when you ring his bell, because the door of the smart New York apartment may be opened by The Lone Ranger! The Lone Ranger will (Continued on page 95)



Greg, when he's not too engrossed in being a masked, booted, spurred and ten-gallon-hatted cowpoke, is the center of activities at the Amsterdams'.



Kay, before marriage, was a professional model. Morey's a song writer on the side.

My twin sister, June, is really ten minutes older than I am but she never holds it over me so she can be boss. She has a very nice disposition and we get along wonderful and share everything. Her full name is June Doris Keegan and mine is Joan Diane, but at home they call us Junie and Joanie.

There are five girls in our family, and no boys. Dorothy is twenty-three, Kathleen is fourteen, and Alice is ten. Our thirteenth birthday—June's and mine—is July 24.

June is the only one in our family in show business. Paul Whiteman, whose two shows she sings on, tried to get me to go on the TV Teen Club program over the ABC television network from our city, Philadelphia, every Saturday night. It's on station WFIL-TV. June sings on the program every week, winter and summer, and every other week she's on Mr. Whiteman's big Sunday night show from New York, the Paul Whiteman Revue, except when it's off the air for the summer.

Well, on the Teen Club, I danced this one time and June sang, and they kept switching the tele-

vision cameras from June to me, so I think some people thought it was June on the screen all the time. I was very excited about it, and it was fun, but I don't think I'd like to go on again. I have my own ideas of what I want to do, and ever since I was quite young I have wanted to be a nurse.

You can see that, for twins, June and I are quite different. We look different, too. June has the prettiest long, light brown curls with a sort of gold light in them, and my hair is shorter, much darker, and not as curly. June's eyes are lighter blue than mine, but my lashes and eyebrows are darker. I'm a full three inches taller than she is, because she hasn't grown much for three years. My mother says my oldest sister was like that, and then she suddenly shot right up, and she thinks June will be the same way.

When we were still the same height we dressed alike. We don't all the time now because it's hard to find things that fit us both. I like longer dresses and June wears hers short. She still likes low-heeled Mary Janes and I'm always borrowing Kathleen's shoes because they (Continued on page 86)



“How do I look?”
Joan assures June on the age old question.

TEEN CLUB



June calls Paul Whiteman “Pops” and, like the rest of the kids on TV Teen Club, she thinks that he is absolutely the tops.



It's fun to be a twin.

Take it from someone who knows

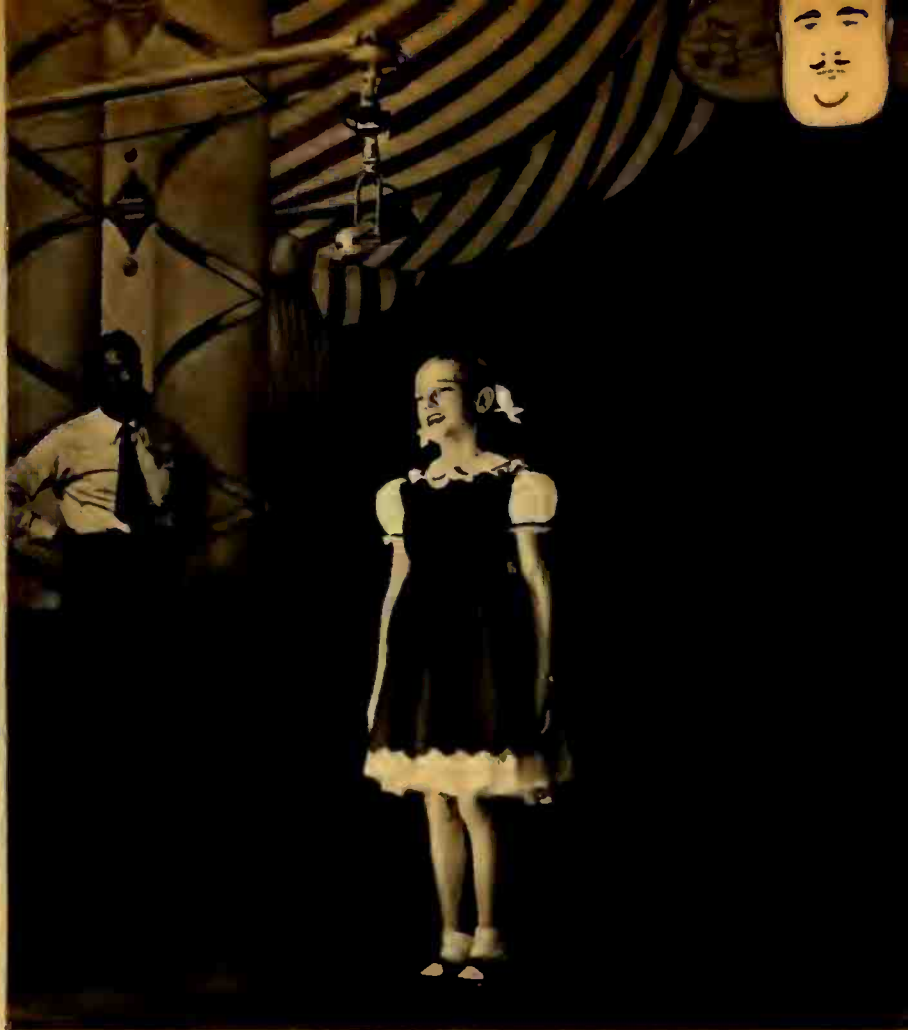
—like TV Teen Club's

June Keegan, for instance. You

might even take it from

her twin Joan. She *really* knows

by Joan Keegan



Pig-tailed, pinafored June has a sweetly sophisticated young voice, and a completely relaxed and easy manner of delivery.

TWOSOME



At the Robert Morris School in Philadelphia, June studies the three R's—and music. Here with teacher Miss Wolaniuk.

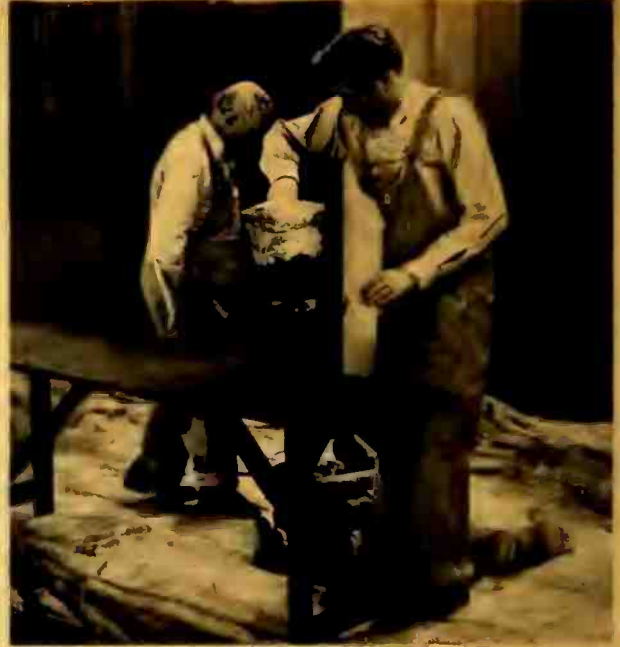


Though too young for real beaux, Joan and June don't totally ignore the boys—nor vice-versa! Comics also rate with them.

Alan dramatizes the dilemmas of the dentist's chair, but he manages to make them painless—to you.



Paperhanger's assistant Young finds a perplexing situation on hand. Skits like this typify Alan's comedy.



My Mr. Fix-it

Being married to a Mr. Fix-It, who is a perfectionist about everything he does, has its good points—and I must confess, some trying ones. For instance, when I hang a picture I judge the height, and space on each side, drive in my nail, and it's done. But not Alan. Oh, no. He gets out a tape line and with all the precision of an engineer calculates the distance to the fraction of an inch, carefully marking the spot before he touches a nail or hammer. By the time he's through with any little job, there are enough tools and equipment strewn around to build us another house.

One of my husband's most cherished possessions is a home mechanic's handbook, which he consults frequently as he goes about his fix-it chores. I suppose his love for constructing and repairing things started when, as a little boy, he went to a manual arts class in Vancouver, Canada. His mother says he was always bringing things home to her, which frequently fell apart upon use, although I believe she still has a few of them that she prizes.

In spite of being a professional comedian, Alan goes about every job he does in dead seriousness, whether it's his television show or his "home work." His weekly half-hour CBS program, the Alan Young Show, requires rehearsals all day Monday and Tuesday, and sometimes a third day when he wants to get in some extra work on a scene. He keeps regular (Continued on page 88)

Though you'd never suspect
it from watching him on TV, Gini's
husband is as adept with a
hammer as he is with hilarity

By MRS. ALAN YOUNG

The Alan Young Show is televised Thursdays, 9:00 P.M. EDT, CBS-TV. Sponsored by the Esso Company.



So nice to come home to—that's what Alan Young thinks of his family. Here he is with Gini and the youngest Young, Cameron Angus, who delayed coming into the world long enough to be born on his father's birthday—November 19.

RADIO MIRROR TELEVISION SECTION

CAPSULE-SIZED COVERAGE OF PEOPLE AND SHOWS YOU LIKE TO LOOK AT. SOME ARE



Mood indigo is her trade-mark, but she's a longhair at heart. Sat. 7:15-7:30 EDT CBS-TV.

Blues by Bargy

Jeanne Bargy made her television debut a year ago last January, and her Blues by Bargy program has now converted a lot of longhair listeners to her indigo music. Maybe it's because she sings it so sweet and low and seductive, and you can really sit back and relax to her brand of blues.

She's the daughter of Roy Bargy, of radio orchestra fame, and was born in Chicago. When she was thirteen she went on a children's program in Toledo and by the time she was sixteen she had a Voice of the Blues program of her own. At New York University she majored in music. After college she did nightclub work and entertained servicemen. In between times she was always composing serious music and trying her hand at fiction, and there's a suitcase full of both—all unpublished—to prove it. She can't hide her light under a suitcase for too long, her friends report.

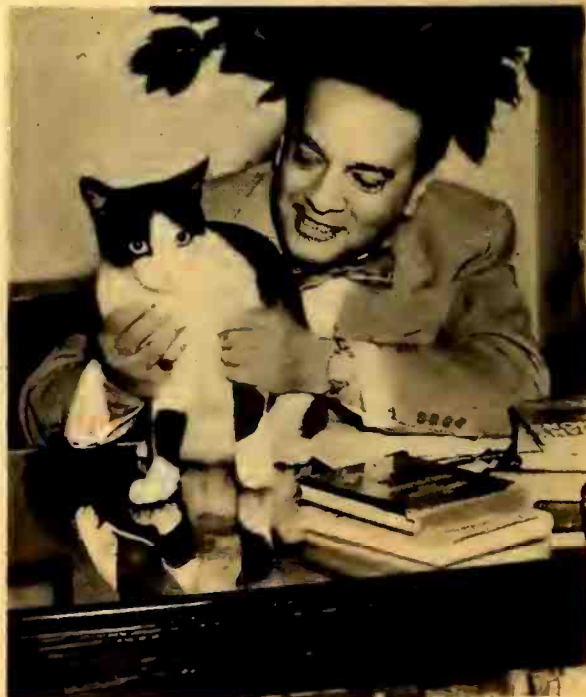
Although she's Miss Bargy professionally, she's actually an attractive Mrs. who keeps her private life apart from her job. She teaches music too, her favorite pupil being an eighty-year-old man who wanted something to do and loved to practice!

Lopez Speaking

Since the early 1920's folks have been tuning in to a smooth dance orchestra introduced by the quiet announcement, "Lopez Speaking." These words, and his rippling piano signature, "Nola," are the Vincent Lopez trade-marks. Two years ago he went into television with a daily early evening show from the DuMont studios and later, a Saturday night show from the Hotel Taft, from which he has broadcast dance music for a decade over NBC.

Lopez' other interests concern astrology and numerology. Betty Hutton and Deanna Durbin are among the stars whose names he changed just before they hit their stride to success. He predicted some important World War II happenings, he now predicts a war with Russia next year and a world-shaking conflict with Oriental countries in 1977 (but let's not worry about that one yet). He predicts that the moon will be explored by television cameras, carried by rocket planes which will circle it and return.

Since Lopez is on television, children recognize him on the street, tell him they like to watch his fast-moving fingers on the piano. Adults are interested in his astrological references, write in to ask his birthday. It's December 30; the sign is Capricorn.



Lopez and friend Amos. Lopez TV shows are on DuMont evenings Mon., Thurs. 7:30; Fri. 7:45; Sat. 8—EDT.

Mystery Chef

Now that he's switched from radio to television, it's doubtful that the Mystery Chef can conceal his identity much longer.

A businessman (advertising and soap) who once made cooking only his hobby, he has kept his secret well.

Necessity started his cooking career when he came here from England as a young man and had to make his food money stretch. When he married a girl who couldn't cook, he kept on, and taught her. After a while his recipes and methods began to make him famous and he turned his hobby into a popular radio program. He still works in a business suit, without an apron, to show watchers how easy and un-messy cooking can be if done methodically.

When a viewer writes that she had "such wonderful luck" with something he demonstrated on television, he's tempted to retort, "You might just as well say you added two and two and had wonderful luck getting four. Cooking is really a science, not just luck."

The Mystery Chef lives in New York, commutes to Philadelphia every week to telecast for his sponsor, Philco.



His identity's mysterious, his recipes easy to follow. NBC-TV, Thurs. 4:30-5 P.M. EDT.



Norma Gilchrist and Bill Leyden are Helpfully Yours Mon. and Fri., 2 P.M., PDT over KFI-TV, Hollywood.

Co-Emcees

How Helpfully Yours started is as amazing and amusing as anything dreamed up for the show itself. If you live in the Hollywood and Los Angeles area you know it's an hour-long program you see twice a week over KFI-TV. You know it's sponsored by the Broadway Department Stores, and that its popular co-emcees are pretty Norma Gilchrist and glib-tongued Bill Leyden.

You may not know that the two young fellows who own and produce the program decided to go into television because they shared an apartment and were looking for ways to keep on paying rent, not just this year, but the next and the next. Budd Grossman had a master's degree in journalism, had been a salesman, even a weather man! Arnold Mills knew merchandising, had managed movie houses and boasted some minor New York stage experience.

They worked out a program, but knew so little about television that they invested seventy-five cents in a book that could give them a few pointers. After struggling to learn a thing or two more, assembling a cast, and selling the show, they finally found themselves deep in TV, and getting more expert with every program. Now they're in to stay.



Even in California, people notice Spring. Even in Selby Flats. Nobody could help noticing . . . even Trudy Bauer couldn't help noticing. It gave her a headache.

No, that wasn't fair—to blame her headache on the little breeze that sneaked in through the office windows and danced across her hands as they lay on the typewriter. Or on the fact that Martha Howard had brought in little bouquets of violets for everybody this morning. Or on anything except—eyestrain. “Yes, that's convenient,” she thought. “Eyestrain.” With a smile that was just a little wry, she began to type again.

R
M
Suddenly the room held more than just the two of them. The image of Meta hung in the air, so close to being real and breathing . . .



Trudy knew that miracles rarely occur. What she had yet to find out was that with a little effort, almost anything can be made to happen—even love

you be waiting?

But her mind, usually so well disciplined, was rebellious this afternoon. Like the breeze, it slipped here and there, freeing itself from the controls she had been tying so tightly around it, dancing over many things that only made her headache worse. She'd been a fool to make that lunch date with Martha, a bigger fool to keep it. She'd never liked the girl. But—when they left and got married, and you didn't see them for a while, you somehow forgot whether you had or hadn't liked them . . . they fell automatically into the status of old friends, and automatically when they called up or came

in you were glad to see them and went to lunch with them at Feininger's, just like the old days.

She might have known that Martha had about as much interest in her, Trudy Bauer, as she had in one of the office files. Martha with her too-tight blue suit, her too-bright hair, her wristful of bangles clanking as she ate—no, she wasn't interested in Trudy. She wasn't subtle about it, either; almost before they sat down she was demanding all the details of Meta's wedding.

"I saw the pictures when they left for Europe," she twittered excitedly. "Your sister's just mag-

netic, Trudy, magnetic. Beautiful. And it's like a fairy tale, really it is—marrying Ted White. So much money! You must be so excited!"

Trudy's silence hadn't stopped her. In self defense, Trudy began to talk, to try to wrest the conversation over to some track that wasn't quite so bothersome as Meta. Even talking about Mama was better. In fact that was the only thing Martha said that sounded sincere . . . the few words she said about Mama's death, and how sorry she'd been to hear; how much she liked and remembered Mama from the time she'd gone to the Bauers' for dinner (Continued on page 97)

RADIO MIRROR READER BONUS • by EVELYN FIORE

The Guiding Light is heard Monday through Friday at 1:45 P.M. EDT on CBS network stations. Sponsored by Duz, a Procter and Gamble product.

Daytime

Diary

AUNT JENNY



Aunt Jenny
heard on
CBS 12:15 P.M. EDT

Small as the town of Littleton is, observant Aunt Jenny finds in it plenty of material for the revealing human stories she tells listeners every weekday. She begins a new story every five or six days, and in recent weeks has handled, dramatically and suspensefully, many important problems of living. Among them are conflict of a too-loving brother who protects a sister unworthy of his self-sacrifice; the crucial situation between a philandering husband and a wife who remains loyal; and the strange drama of a man who becomes jealous of his own stepchild, and to his dismay finds himself competing with the child for the affection of his wife.

BRIGHTER DAY



Bruce Bigby
heard on
CBS 2:45 P.M. EDT

Althea Dennis has gained her heart's desire—a chance to become a movie actress. But Althea's big chance has its effect on more lives than hers alone. Her quiet older sister, Elizabeth, accompanying Althea to Hollywood, is astonished when the dynamic young producer Nathan Eldridge starts "rushing" her. Finding Nathan the most delightful of companions, Liz isn't immediately aware that his attachment to her is getting talked about in film circles. But glamorous Renee Cinetti, the star Eldridge was supposed to marry, is more than aware enough for both of them. In her own way she begins to work on the situation—and her way may wreck Althea's career.

BACKSTAGE WIFE



Mary Noble
heard on
NBC 4 P.M. EDT

Directly and indirectly, wealthy Rupert Barlow continues to make trouble for Mary and Larry Noble. Claudia Vincent, who claims that Barlow stole her mother's fortune, takes possession of his Long Island estate while he is away. On his return Barlow forces her out, and Larry Noble sympathetically offers the woman the hospitality of his own home. Normally Mary too is the kindest and most helpful of people, but in Claudia's case her hospitality is somewhat strained because Claudia has become romantically interested in Larry. Is Mary right in fearing that if Claudia should remain in the Noble home there cannot help being many complications?

DAVID HARUM



David Harum
heard on
NBC 11:45 A.M. EDT

The Simmons family's money has been the cause of a tragedy which David Harum, though he feared it was going to happen, was unable to prevent. Young Richard Langdon is murdered. Though his murder actually enables Kate Simmons, the niece of Lorraine, to marry the man she really loves, nobody in Homeville can rest easy until a trick cleverly engineered by David succeeds in bringing Langdon's murderer into the open. David is also able to show that in spite of the charming, attentive personality which Langdon had displayed to Kate, in reality there had been much about his private life that would not have borne close investigation.

BIG SISTER



Valerie
heard on
CBS 1 P.M. EDT

The figure of Parker, the millionaire whom Ruth Wayne has always feared and hated, now hangs like an evil threat over her young brother Neddie and his wife Hope. Even Hope now realizes that Parker's large cash advances to Neddie—help in purchasing a new garage business, money for clothes, the outright present of a flashy new car—do not stem from a disinterested desire to help the young Evanses. Parker wants something; but neither Ruth nor Hope can be sure what he wants, and so cannot convince Neddie that he is running into grave danger by continuing to accept Parker's help. When Parker shows his hand—what will be in it for Neddie and Hope?

FRONT PAGE FARRELL



Sally
heard on
NBC 5:45 P.M. EDT

The politics and intrigue that go on in the offices of a famous magazine complicate things for star reporter David Farrell, when his paper, the New York *Daily Eagle*, assigns him to cover the murder of the magazine's eminent publisher. David calls this case "The Case of the Man who Expected Murder" because he soon discovers that the dead publisher left a note saying that he might be murdered and naming three people who could be guilty. Even with the help of his sharp-eyed wife Sally, David has a difficult time in this investigation, for he is blocked by the publisher's ambitious daughter, her husband, and the publisher's assistant—who may be the cleverest of all.

Here's your guide to good listening
on the daytime drama circuit—plot,
character, time, station information



Papa David
heard on
NBC 3:00 P.M. EDT

Alice Swanson, wife of Douglas Norman, is now a bigamist—for her husband Jim, declared legally dead after a long disappearance, suddenly reappears. Jim proceeds to ingratiate himself with Chichi Conrad's wealthy employer, Victoria Vandebush. He finds an eager ally in Christine, wife of Victoria's nephew Paul, who is so anxious to get her hands on Victoria's money that she will join in any kind of scheme. But when the crisis comes, it is Christine who is found dead. Will Victoria recover from the shock soon enough to tell what she knows? And will the young inspector Craig Roberts bring both the case and his interest in Chichi to a successful end?

GUIDING LIGHT



Bertha Bauer
heard on
CBS 1:45 P.M. EDT

Meta Bauer White finds herself desperately fighting for her six-year-old son Chuckie in the most ironical situation of her life. She married Ted White in order to give their son Chuckie a legitimate name and background, only to learn that Ted's ideas of child-raising are so far from hers that Chuckie is changing from a lovable, outgoing little boy to an over-mature, nervous, cold-mannered child who no longer seems like hers. Ted refuses to modify his ideas to allow some of the things Meta considers essential—such as religious training—and eventually forces Meta to formulate a desperate plan—a plan which is bound to result in tragedy.

LORENZO JONES



Lorenzo Jones
heard on
NBC 4:30 P.M. EDT

Lorenzo Jones, who would rather be an inventor than a mechanic, has so far had nothing but trouble from his inventing. This time the trouble is serious—for when Lorenzo, in a mystery novel he writes, sets forth an ingenious plan for robbing a bank, somebody puts the plan into action and uses it to rob the bank in Lorenzo's own home town! Naturally to the police it looks very much as if Lorenzo himself must have done it, and he is jailed. Belle furiously turns detective, Lorenzo's manuscript is recovered, and with it enough evidence to put the guilt where it belongs. But a new crisis is already on its way—with Lorenzo's new invention.

HILLTOP HOUSE



Julie
heard on
CBS 3:15 P.M. EDT

With shocking suddenness, Michael Paterno dies after an automobile accident. His loss is made slightly easier for his wife Julie because their marriage had been under strain for the past few months. Her big new job as supervisor of Hilltop, the orphanage, had roused Mike to jealousy which was spoiling their relationship. Julie throws herself into her job, which becomes complicated when Dr. Jeff Browning asks her to take care of an unknown child who was left at his office. When the child recovers from the effects of shock, Julie realizes there is some connection here with Dr. Browning's past, for the child's mother was Dr. Browning's former wife.

MA PERKINS



Faye
heard on
CBS 1:15 P.M. EDT

Ma is heartbroken over the strange turn that has come in the relationship between herself and her dearest, oldest friend, Shuffle Shober. Long Ma's assistant at the lumber yard, Shuffle has left town and gone to Mr. Boswell's yard in Middleboro because he is unable to get along with Ma's cousins, Ed and Bonita Hammacher and their son Sylvester. A newcomer to Rushville Center, Ed succeeded in unearthing some old trouble of Shuffle's and in a quiet way spreading it around town. But the true story behind Shuffle's leaving town may not come out for a long, long time because he will do anything to avoid bringing trouble upon Ma Perkins.

JUST PLAIN BILL



Nancy Donovan
heard on
NBC 5:30 P.M. EDT

Carl Bennett, the gangster who has set a deadly trap for Bill Davidson, is himself killed, together with his wife, and Bill escapes. But Deborah Walsh now needs Bill's help, for the discovery that the dead Bennett, a criminal, was her real father, has had a very unsettling effect on the young girl's mind. Though she knows that young Nicholas Webster, a Chicago socialite, is in love with her, Deborah tries to break with him to keep him from learning who her father was. With Bill's encouragement Nicholas continues to try to see Deborah, though the opposition of his wealthy and prominent father may involve Bill Davidson in unpleasant complications.

NONA FROM NOWHERE



Nona
heard on
CBS 3 P.M. EDT

Beautiful Nona Brady can now resume her film career. Her foster father Pat Brady has been acquitted of the murder of producer Emery Monaco. But there are many people in Hollywood who may find it to their interests to see that Nona's career is not a success. Errol Dunbar claims to have a great interest in the Brady family, but there is a sinister something about him that makes Pat Brady wonder. There is also Viola Vance, famous veteran actress who has been hired to coach Nona for her part in a new Palladium Films production, and who is destined to have a grave effect on the lives of Nona and Pat Brady and Vernon Dutell, producer who loves Nona.

OUR GAL SUNDAY



Sunday
heard on
CBS 12:45 P.M. EDT

Kevin Bromfield, brilliant young lawyer whose friendship with the Brinthropes began some time ago, comes to Fairbrooke to help clear Sunday of suspicion in the death of Tippy Rogers. When Sunday's innocence is established, Kevin becomes involved as administrator of the will of Wilfred Gordon, whose widow married Howard Crail, a fortune hunter. When Crail learns that Wilfred Gordon's money is left to his daughter Morcia, he turns his attentions to the young girl. But Morcio has fallen in love with Kevin Bromfield. Will she be quick to see that the young lawyer is in love with Sunday? And what will happen when Henry realizes Kevin's feeling?

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY



Mother Young
heard on
NBC 3:30 P.M. EDT

Mrs. Ivy Trent, mother of Carter, Pepper Young's brother-in-law, would have left a fortune to her secretary, Ginny Taylor, if Ginny had given up Jerry Feldman. But to Ginny, Jerry means much more than a fortune. She is waiting now for him to return from the South American flight on which he is piloting Edie Hoyt in a last-chance effort to find her husband, Andy, missing after a plane crash. Edie insisted on going down to see a stranger, recently rescued from the jungle, who might have some clue to Andy's fate. She even thinks the man himself may be Andy, though Jerry has told her that her hope is without foundation, for the man is years older than Andy.

PERRY MASON



Perry Mason
heard on
CBS 2:15 P.M. EDT

Allyn Whitlock, murderer of blackmailer Wilfred Polmer, is given a short manslaughter term as the result of wires effectively pulled by her sinister, influential boy friend, Walter Bodt. Bodt is having his own troubles as his erstwhile lieutenant, Mac, takes over the city's marijuana distribution against Bodt's orders. War between these two is just what the police and Perry Mason may need to lead them to the center of the marijuana menace. Mason, meanwhile, is working on it from another angle—the angle provided by young Kay Clement, who became an accidental victim of the drug and is now anxious to help fight it. Will Kay endanger her own life as she helps Mason?

PORTIA FACES LIFE



Walter Manning
heard on
NBC 5:15 P.M. EDT

The mill workers who are suing Walter Monning's boss, Ralph Staley, for criminal negligence, cannot find a lawyer until Portia persuades her friend Murray Lathrop to take their case. Lathrop, however, is severely injured in an accident, and Portia tells Walter that in spite of his objections—in spite of his ultimatum that it will end their marriage—she herself must take the case. Bitter at Portia's resuming her law career as well as at her being on the opposite side in this situation, Walter undertakes a private investigation, and learns that Portia is right in believing Staley guilty. This proof that his judgment is poor is a serious blow to Walter's self-confidence.

RIGHT TO HAPPINESS



Dwight Kramer
heard on
NBC 3:45 P.M. EDT

Carolyn Kramer faces the permanent loss of her son Skippy when the dishonest lawyer, Arnold Kirk, employed by her divorced husband Dwight Kramer, succeeds in building a faked case which persuades the court to grant custody of Skippy to Dwight and his new wife, the former Constance Wakefield, once Carolyn's good friend. Carolyn's fiancé, Miles Nelson, is so preoccupied with his campaign for the governorship that he cannot give full attention to Carolyn's desperate efforts to get Skippy back. It is her old suitor Dick Campbell who helps Carolyn when she tries—and fails—to get evidence of Kirk's treachery. In doing so she damages Miles's political chances.

ROAD OF LIFE



Dr. Jim Brent
heard on
NBC 3:15 P.M. EDT

Knowing that his only hope for happiness lies in putting behind him the events of the past months which culminated in proof that his wife was dead, Dr. Jim Brent plunged into his work at Wheelock Hospital in Merrimac, Pa. Young Jocelyn McLeod, a newcomer to town, succeeds in arousing first his curiosity and then other emotions to which Jim cannot put a name, when he learns that she is suffering from a malady which appears to be quite incurable. Turning his attention to helping Jocelyn, Jim cannot understand the strange attitude shown by Conrad Overton toward Jocelyn, since the girl is apparently a family friend. Is it hatred Overton shows or fear?

ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT



Agatha Anthony
heard on
CBS 12:30 P.M. EDT

Just as Helen Trent and lawyer Gil Whitney are making final plans for their wedding, Cynthia Swanson returns to Hollywood with a woman named Betty Mallory and a little girl, Mollie Lou. To Helen's horror, Betty claims to be Gil's wife, saying Mollie Lou is his child. Postponing the wedding, Helen waits miserably for Gil to come forward with proof that Betty is lying, and meanwhile tries to calm herself by concentrating on her new job as top gown designer for Jeff Brady's studio. But gradually Helen's hope begins to fade, for Gil apparently cannot prove Betty is lying; and a final blow falls when he makes a will leaving all his property to Betty.

ROSEMARY



Mother Dawson
heard on
CBS 11:45 A.M. EDT

Back in New York from her visit home, Rosemary runs right into the middle of the situation that involves her husband Bill with Blanche Weatherby, glamorous divorcée daughter of his boss. Rosemary's hard-boiled, good-hearted neighbor Blondie knows that Bill has lied to Rosemary about Blanche—knows too that Bill and Blanche spent a lot of time together while Rosemary was out of town—but feels it best to keep Rosemary from finding out. In Blondie's experience these episodes come and go, and the less a wife knows about them the better. But will this be Rosemary's philosophy when she realizes that Blanche and Bill are greatly attracted to one another?

SECOND MRS. BURTON



Terry Burton
heard on
CBS 2 P.M. EDT

Terry Burton finally learns that the so-called business trip which took her and her husband Stan abroad is in reality a mission on behalf of the government. This explains Stan's friendship with Cedric Dulumen, an experienced secret service worker whose help is vital in Stan's assignment. With horror, Terry learns one day that the Dulumen with whom Stan has just gone off is an impostor—the real Cedric Dulumen himself comes to see her and explains the deception. He knows where Stan has been lured . . . but will he and Terry get there in time to save Stan Burton and the elderly scientist, Dr. Wolfram Steinbach, whom Stan was sent to Europe to find?

STELLA DALLAS



Richard Grosvenor
heard on
NBC 4:15 P.M. EDT

Eva Lenox and her daughter Marla, relatives of the Grosvenor family, are the center of a strange situation in which Stella Dallas becomes increasingly involved. An air of mystery hangs over the past of Mrs. Lenox, and is deepened by the periodic visits which she insists on making to her old house in Boston. Meanwhile, Ted Lamont, a new guest at the boarding house run by Stella's good friend Minnie Grady, seems destined to play a large part in the lives of Stella and the Lenoxes. Will it complicate or simplify the situation that Marla has fallen in love with Andy Conroy? What will Stella Dallas learn about the mysterious past life of Mrs. Lenox?

THIS IS NORA DRAKE



Charles Dobbs
heard on
CBS 2:30 P.M. EDT

Nora's receipt of an anonymous love letter becomes a storm center in many lives. Tom Morley suddenly confesses that he loves her, and blindly refuses to accept her analysis that he is turning to her with the affection he never had the opportunity to give to his dead mother. But Tom continues his talks with the psychiatrist, Dr. Seargent, and after one such talk persuades Suzanne, who still loves him, to run off and marry him. Suzanne consents. Meanwhile, Seargent, on the basis of certain expectations, has committed himself to a large contribution to the new Mental Hygiene Clinic. It is a horrible shock to him to learn from lawyer Charles Dobbs that the estate he inherited is worthless.

WE LOVE AND LEARN



Paul Tracy
heard on
NBC 11 A.M. EDT

Madame Sophie, the famous dress designer, thought she could stop worrying about her young friends Jim and Thelma Carlton when they patched up their broken marriage. But then Madame Sophie and lawyer Paul Tracy learn that Mrs. Carlton, Jim's mother, is not prepared to give up her son without a fight. When Thelma goes to a psychiatrist for mental help, Paul decides to step in, knowing that if there is anything wrong with Thelma—which he refuses to believe—Mrs. Carlton is probably responsible. Meanwhile pretty Mickey Smith wonders wistfully if, even with Madame Sophie's help, she can ever get Paul Tracy to understand and reciprocate her feeling for him.

RADIO MIRROR READER BONUS

WENDY WARREN



Wendy Warren
heard on
CBS 12 Noon EDT

Has Wendy's boss, the brilliant managing editor Don Smith, bitten off more than he can chew in buying a controlling interest in the newspaper from Mary McKenna? Furious at changes in the paper made by Don, Mary insists he find the money to buy her out completely or she will ruin him, and Don has no choice but to borrow more money from the fascinating Mrs. Clement, who is not at all averse to backing Don, in whom she has become much interested. As far as Wendy knows, this interest is merely friendly, but Aunt Dorrie is beginning to wonder. Has Wendy brought Don and Mrs. Clement together only to lose the man she loves to the glamorous widow?

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES



Harry Davis
heard on
NBC 5 P.M. EDT

The tragic accident from which Joan Davis barely escaped with her life has left her completely paralyzed from the waist down. Her two children, Hope and Sammy, waiting impatiently for their mother to come home from the hospital, are puzzled when the whole house is revised, fitted up with ramps and other aids, to make it easy for Joan to get about in her wheel chair. Harry, refusing to lose hope although the verdict of great specialists is that Joan will never walk again, borrows \$5000 from his brother to continue his efforts to cure his wife. Are Joan and Harry justified in continuing to hope? He is grimly determined that Joan must recover.

YOUNG DOCTOR MALONE



Anne Malone
heard on
NBC 3:15 P.M.

At last Dr. Jerry Malone begins to see the truth behind wealthy Lucia Standish's gracious mask. Though the expenses of Dr. Browne's mental breakdown are paid for by Lucia herself, Jerry suspects that she was responsible for it in the first place with her incessant goading of the mild, elderly doctor whom Jerry respects so much. Meanwhile in Three Oaks, Anne, Jerry's estranged wife, has given Sam Williams some reason to hope their friendship may lead to marriage. But his son Gene, also in love with Anne, becomes a problem when he uses Crystal Gates, who is attracted to him, as a trouble-making factor in the situation between his father, Anne and himself.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN



Dr. Anthony Loring
heard on
NBC 4:45 P.M. EDT

Ellen Brown and her fiancé, Dr. Anthony Loring, are caught up in an emotional tangle when wealthy Alex Simpson is killed in a mysterious fall and his wife Louise comes into his estate—which includes a big interest in the Health Center Hospital, where Anthony is on the staff. Since Louise has always wanted Anthony, her influential position at the hospital may mean trouble now for Ellen. Also, Madeleine Harper, Louise's sister-in-law, has aggravated the situation by pressing upon Ellen some letters written by Louise to Anthony. Greatly upset, Ellen wonders if serious trouble lies ahead for herself and the man she loves—and what she can do about it.

INSIDE RADIO

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

SUNDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30	String Quartet	Local Programs	Summer Show	The Garden Gate
8:45				Memo From Lake Success
9:00	World News	Happiness Hour	Sunday Morning Concert Hall	News E. Power Biggs
9:15	Wormwood Forest	Dixie Quartet	Voice of Prophecy	Trinity Choir of St. Paul's Chapel
9:30	Bach Aria Group	Christian Science		
9:45	Male Quartet			
10:00	National Radio Pulpit	Radio Bible Class	Message of Israel	Church of the Air
10:15	Religion in the News	Voice of Prophecy	Negro College Choir	Church of the Air
10:30	Morning Serenade			
11:00	Faultless Starch Time	Back to God	Foreign Reporter Frank and Ernest	News Makers News, Howard K. Smith
11:15	UN is My Beat			Salt Lake Tabernacle
11:30	News Highlights	Reviewing Stand	Hour of Faith	
11:45	Solitaire Time			

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00	American Forum of the Air	Kiwanis Series	Fantasy in Melody	Invitation to Learning
12:15	Arthur Treacher	Lutheran Hour	Piano Playhouse	People's Platform
12:30				
12:45				
1:00	America United	William Hillman	Sammy Kaye	Charles Collingwood
1:15	Chicago Roundtable	Voices of Strings	National Vespers	Elmo Roper
1:30		Chamber Music		LP Record Parade
1:45		Oberlin Choir		
2:00	NBC Theater	Top Tunes With Trender	This Week Around The World	Choraliers
2:15		Bill Cunningham	Mr. President Drama	Main St. Music Hall
2:30		Veteran's Information		
2:45				
3:00	The Truitts	Treasury Variety Show	Speaking of Songs	Your Invitation to Music
3:15	The Quiz Kids	Hash Knife Hartley	The Lutheran Hour	To be announced
3:30				
3:45				
4:00	Cloak and Dagger	Hopalong Cassidy	Old Fashioned Revival Hour	
4:15	High Adventure	Martin Kane		Symphonette
4:30		Private Eye		
4:45				
5:00	Big Guy	The Shadow	Milton Cross Opera Album	Music For You
5:15	James Melton	True Detective Mysteries	Think Fast	Earn Your Vacation
5:30				
5:45				

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	The Catholic Hour	Summer Show	Drew Pearson	Summer Show
6:15	Western Caravan	Nick Carter	Don Gardner	Steve Allen Show
6:30			Music With the Girls	
6:45				
7:00	\$1,000 Reward	Affairs of Peter Salem	Voices That Live	Guy Lombardo
7:15	The Saint	Under Arrest	Amazing Mr. Malone	Hit the Jackpot
7:30				
7:45				
8:00	Adventures of Sam Spade	A. L. Alexander	Stop the Music	Percy Faith
8:15	NBC Symphony with Guest Conductor	Enchanted Hour		Summer Show
8:30				
8:45				
9:00	My Mother's Husband	Opera Concert	Walter Winchell	Rate Your Mate
9:15		Music From Canada	Louella Parsons	Horace Heidt
9:30			Crossroads With Ted Malone	
9:45				
10:00	Take It or Leave It	This Is Europe	Jimmy Blaine	Contented Hour
10:15	The Milk Show	Phil Napoleon Orchestra	Love Letters	We Take Your Word
10:30			Jackie Robinson	



MICHAEL RAFFETTO—Paul in One Man's Family (NBC, M.-F., 7 P.M. EDT) got his law degree, then promptly began acting. He's been doing so ever since.



FRANK LOVEJOY—Lucky Stone in NBC's Nightbeat (Mon. 10 P.M. EDT) graduated from a character actor (Sgt. Mingo in "Home of the Brave") to a leading man in one picture ("East of Java"). Before facing the cameras, Frank was well-known to New York radio fans and theater-goers. Married in 1940, he has a daughter and a son.

MONDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30	Do You Remember	Local Programs	Local Programs	Margaret Arlen
8:45			8:50 Pauline Frederick	
9:00	Southern Shindig	Robert Hurleigh	Breakfast Club	This Is New York
9:15	Clevelandaires	Tell Your Neighbor		
9:30		Tennessee Jamboree		Missus Goes A Shoppin'
9:45				
10:00	Welcome Travelers	Cecil Brown	My True Story	This is Bing Crosby
10:15	Double or Nothing	Faith in Our Time	Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air	Arthur Godfrey
10:30		Say It With Music	Victor Lindlahr	
10:45				
11:00	We Love and Learn	Behind the Story	Phil Bovero	
11:15	Dave Garraway	Bob Poole	Quick As a Flash	Grand Slam
11:30	Jack Berch			Rosemary
11:45	David Harum	Doughboys		

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00	News Echoes From the Tropics	Kate Smith Speaks	Ladies Be Seated	Wendy Warren
12:15	Hometowners	Lanny Ross		Aunt Jenny
12:30		Chuckle Wagon	12:25 Carol Douglas	Helen Trent
12:45		Heater's Mailbag	Local Programs	Our Gal Sunday
1:00	Boston Symphony	Cedric Foster	Baukhage	Big Sister
1:15	George Hicks	Harvey Harding	Nancy Craig	Ma Perkins
1:30	Art Van Damme	Harold Turner	Art Baker's Notebook	Young Dr. Malone
1:45	Quintet	Checkerboard Jamboree		The Guiding Light
2:00	Double or Nothing	Game of the Day *	Welcome to Hollywood	Second Mrs. Burton
2:15	Live Like a Millionaire	Ladies Fair	Chance of a Lifetime	Perry Mason
2:30		Queen For A Day		This is Nora Drake
2:45				The Brighter Day
3:00	Life Can Be Beautiful	Bob Poole	Summer Show	Nona From Nowhere
3:15	Road of Life		3:25 Walter Kiernan	Hilltop House
3:30	Pepper Young	Right to Happiness	Hannibal Cobb	Winner Take All
3:45				
4:00	Backstage Wife	Local Programs	Surprise Package	Strike It Rich
4:15	Stella Dallas	Hoedown Party	Happy Landing	Music Matinee
4:30	Lorenzo Jones			4:55 Hite and the News
4:45	Young Widder Brown			
5:00	When A Girl Marries	Mark Trail	Fun House	Galen Drake
5:15	Portia Faces Life	Bobby Benson	Superman	Hits and Misses
5:30	Just Plain Bill			
5:45	Front Page Farrell			

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	Bob Warren	Local Programs	Local Programs	Jackson & the News
6:15	Clem McCarthy			Dwight Cook
6:30	Sketches in Melody			Curt Massey Time
6:45	Three Star Extra			News
7:00	One's Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Edwin C. Hill	Gary Moore
7:15	News of the World	Elmer Date	Elmer Davis	
7:30	Irving Field's Trio	Gabriel Heatter	The Lone Ranger	
7:45	Richard Harkness	I Love A Mystery		News
8:00	The Railroad Hour	Bobby Benson	Ethel and Albert	Hollywood Star
8:15	Voice of Firestone	Crime Fighters	Henry Taylor	Playhouse
8:30		8:55 Bill Henry	Joe Hasel	Summer Show
8:45				
9:00	Telephone Hour	Murder By Experts	Melody Rendezvous	Granby's Green
9:15	Band of America	Murder at Midnight	Rex Maupin	Acres
9:30				Count Your Blessings
9:45				
10:00	Night Beat	Frank Edwards	United or Not	Straw Hat Concert
10:15	Top Secret	Mutual Newsreel	Strictly From Dixie	The Bob Hawk Show
10:30		Dance Bands		
10:45				

* Heard in southern & west-central states



JOE FORTE—Horowitz on CBS' Life with Luigi (Tues. 9 P.M. EDT, currently on summer hiatus) left home at thirteen to join a medicine show. When only a tot, he used to make miniature theaters out of cigar boxes, using a pebble to represent the central character—himself. Married for thirty years, he has one son, Richard.

T U E S D A Y

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember	Local Programs	Local Programs 8:50 Pauline Frederick	Margaret Arlen
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Southern Shindig Clevelandaires	Robert Hurlleigh Tell Your Neighbors Tennessee Jamboree	Breakfast Club	This Is New York Missus Goes A Shoppin'
10:00 10:15 10:30	Welcome Travelers Double or Nothing	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air Victor Lindlahr	Bing Crosby Arthur Godfrey
10:45				
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	We Love And Learn Dave Garraway Jack Berch David Harum	Behind the Story Bob Poole	Modern Romances Quick As a Flash	Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15	News Echoes From the Tropics	Kate Smith Speaks Lanny Ross	Ladies Be Seated	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny
12:30 12:45	Hometowners	Chuckie Wagon Heatter's Mailbag	12:25 Carol Douglas Local Programs	Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Vincent Lopez George Hicks Art Van Damme Quintet	Cedric Foster Harvey Harding Harold Turner Checkerboard Jamboree	Baukhage Nancy Craig Art Baker's Note- book	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Live Like a Millionaire	Game of the day* Ladies Fair Queen For a Day	Welcome to Hollywood Chance of a Lifetime	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road of Life Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Bob Poole	Bride and Groom 3:25 Walter Kiernan Hannibal Cobb	Nona From Nowhere Hilltop House Winner Take All
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Local Programs Hoedown Party	Surprise Package Happy Landing	Strike It Rich Music Matinee 4:55 Hite and the News
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Mert Copeland Bobby Benson	Fun House Sky King	Galen Drake Hits and Misses

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bob Warren Clem McCarthy Sketches in Melody Three Star Extra	Local Programs	Local Programs	Jackson & the News Dwight Cooke Curt Massey Time News
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	One Man's Family News of the World Irving Field's Trio Richard Harkness	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter I Love A Mystery	Edwin C. Hill Elmer Davis Counter Spy	Garry Moore News
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Who Said That? Starlight Concert	Count of Monte Cristo Official Detective 8:55 Bill Henry	ABC Summer Concerts Gentlemen of the Press	Mystery Theatre Satan's Waitin'
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Penny Singleton Adventures of Marcel	John Steele Adventure Mysterious Traveler	America's Town Meeting of the Air Erwin D. Canham Rex Maupin	Romance Candid Microphone
10:00 10:15 10:30	Big Town A Life in Your Hands	Frank Edwards Mutual Newsreel Dance Bands	Time For Defense Labor & Management	Yours Truly, Johnny Dollar Philip Marlowe

* Heard in southern & west-central states

W E D N E S D A Y

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember	Local Programs	Local Programs 8:55 Pauline Frederick	Margaret Arlen
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Southern Shindig Clevelandaires Inside the Doctor's Office	Robert Hurlleigh Tell Your Neighbors Tennessee Jamboree	Breakfast Club	This Is New York Missus Goes A Shoppin'
10:00 10:15 10:30	Welcome Travelers Double or Nothing	Cecil Brown Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air Victor Lindlahr	Bing Crosby Arthur Godfrey
10:45				
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	We Love and Learn Dave Garraway Jack Berch David Harum	Behind the Story Bob Poole	Modern Romances Quick As a Flash	Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15	News Echoes From the Tropics	Kate Smith Speaks	Ladies Be Seated	Wendy Warren
12:30 12:45	Hometowners	Chuckie Wagon Heatter's Mailbag	12:25 Carol Douglas Local Programs	Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Vincent Lopez George Hicks Art Van Damme Quintet	Cedric Foster Harvey Harding Harold Turner Checkerboard Jamboree	Baukhage Nancy Craig Art Baker's Note- book	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Live Like a Millionaire	Game of the Day* Ladies Fair Queen For a Day	Welcome to Hollywood Chance of a Lifetime	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road of Life Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Bob Poole	Bride and Groom 3:25 Walter Kiernan Hannibal Cobb	Nona From Nowhere Hilltop House Winner Take All
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Local Programs Hoedown Party	Surprise Package Happy Landing	Strike It Rich Music Matinee 4:55 Hite and the News
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Mark Trail Bobby Benson	Challenge of the Yukon Superman	Galen Drake Hits and Misses

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bob Warren Clem McCarthy Sketches in Melody Three Star Extra	Local Programs	Local Programs	Jackson & the News Dwight Cooke Curt Massey Time News
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	One Man's Family News of the World Irving Field's Trio Richard Harkness	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter I Love A Mystery	Edwin C. Hill Elmer Davis Lone Ranger	Garry Moore News
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Dangerous Assignment The Falcon	The Hidden Truth International Airport 8:55 Bill Henry	Summer Show Cliche Quiz	Mr. Chameleon Dr. Christian
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Break the Bank Mr. District Attorney	2000 Plus Family Theater	Detour Chandu the Magician	It Pays to be Ignorant ABC of Music
10:00 10:15 10:30	The Big Story Richard Diamond	Frank Edwards Mutual Newsreel Dance Bands	Lawrence Welk On Trial	Summer Show Dixieland Jazz Concert

* Heard in southern & west-central states



HERB BUTTERFIELD—who plays Dr. Clarence Wellman on Halls of Ivy (Wed., 8 P.M. EDT, NBC) has been in all phases of show business. Before arriving in Hollywood in 1946, he had spent ten years on almost every day and night time show in Chicago. In his spare time, Herb enjoys gardening at his home in the San Fernando Valley.

T H U R S D A Y

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember	Local Programs	Local Programs 8:50 Pauline Frederick	Margaret Arlen
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Southern Shindig Clevelandaires	Robert Hurleigh Tennessee Jamboree	Breakfast Club	This Is New York Missus Goes A Shoppin'
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Welcome Travelers Double or Nothing	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air Victor Lindlahr	Bing Crosby Arthur Godfrey
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	We Love and Learn Dave Garraway Jack Berch David Harum	Behind the Story Bob Poole	Modern Romancee Quick as a Flash	Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	News The Note Noodlers Hometowners	Kate Smith Speaks Lanny Ross Chuckle Wagon Heatter's Mailbag	Ladies Be Seated 12:25 Carol Douglas Local Programs	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Vincent Lopez George Hicks Art Van Damme Quintet	Cedric Foster Harvey Harding Harold Turner Checkerboard Jamboree	Baukhage Nancy Craig Art Baker's Notebook	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Live Like a Millionaire	Game of the Day* Ladies Fair Queen For a Day	Welcome to Hollywood Chance of a Lifetime	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road of Life Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Bob Poole	Bride and Groom 3:25 Walter Kierman Hannibal Cobb	Nona From Nowhere Hilltop House Winner Take All
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Local Programs Hoedown Party	Surprise Package Happy Landing	Strike It Rich Music Matinee 4:55 Hite and the News
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Mert Copeland Bobby Benson	Fun House Sky King	Galen Drake Hits and Misses

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Lionel Ricau Clem McCarthy Sketches in Melody Three Star Extra	Local Programs	Local Programs	Jackson & the News Dwight Cooke Curt Massey News
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	One Man's Family News of the World Irving Field's Trio Richard Harkness	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter I Love a Mystery	Edwin C. Hill Elmer Davis Counter Spy	Garry Moore News
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Summer Show For Your Approval	California Caravan Sports Show 8:55 Bill Henry	Gregory Hood Blondie	Operation Danger Mr. Keen
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Cass Daley Duffy's Tavern	Limerick Show Mr. Feathers	Ted Mack's Original Amateur Hour News, Paul Harvey	Somebody Knows Crime Photographer
10:00 10:15 10:30	Dragnet Sara Private Capers	Frank Edwards Mutual Newsreel Dance Bands	Author Meets the Critics Summer Show	Summer Show Hollywood Theatre

* Heard in southern & west-central states



GRACE MATTHEWS—Canadian-horn heroine of CBS' *Big Sister* (M-F, 1 P.M. EDT, NBC) toured Europe after graduation from the U. of Toronto. In 1940, she received three awards as Canada's leading radio actress and, in 1947, less than a year after arriving in New York with actor-husband Court Benson, she got her present role.



THOMAS CHALMERS—for the past nine years *Father Young* in *Pepper Young's Family* (M-F, 3:30 P.M. EDT, NBC) has sung leading operatic roles both here and abroad. Since turning to acting, he has appeared in many outstanding productions of the past twenty-five years. (Most recent part was Uncle Ben in "Death of a Salesman.")

F R I D A Y

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember	Local Programs	Local Programs 8:50 Pauline Frederick	Margaret Arlen
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Southern Shindig Clevelandaires	Robert Hurleigh Tell Your Neighbor Tennessee Jamboree	Breakfast Club	This Is New York Missus Goes A Shoppin'
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Welcome Travelers Double or Nothing	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air Victor Lindlahr	Bing Crosby Arthur Godfrey
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	We Love and Learn Dave Garraway Jack Berch David Harum	Behind the Story Bob Poole Doughboys	Modern Romancee Quick as a Flash	Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	News Echoes From the Tropics U. S. Marine Band	Kate Smith Speaks Lanny Ross Chuckle Wagon Heatter's Mailbag	Ladies Be Seated 12:25 Carol Douglas Local Programs	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Vincent Lopez George Hicks Art Van Damme Quintet	Cedric Foster Harvey Harding Harold Turner Checkerboard Jamboree	Baukhage Nancy Craig Art Baker's Notebook	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Live Like a Millionaire	Game of the Day* Queen For a Day Ladies Fair	Welcome to Hollywood Chance of a Lifetime	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road of Life Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Bob Poole	Bride and Groom 3:25 Walter Kierman Hannibal Cobb	Nona From Nowhere Hilltop House Winner Take All
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Local Programs Hoedown Party	Surprise Package Happy Landing	Strike It Rich Music Matinee 4:55 Hite and the News
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Mark Trail Bobby Benson	Fun House Green Hornet	Galen Drake Hits and Misses

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Lionel Ricau Clem McCarthy Sketches in Melody Three Star Extra	Local Programs	Local Programs	Jackson & the News Dwight Cooke Curt Massey News
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	One Man's Family News of the World The Playboys Richard Harkness	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter I Love a Mystery	Edwin C. Hill Elmer Davis Lone Ranger	Garry Moore News
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Stars and Starters Dimension X	Bandstand U. S. A. Eddy Duchin 8:55 Bill Henry	The Fat Man This Is Your FBI	Summer Show
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Summer Show Confidentially Yours	Army Air Force Show Press Time, U.S.A.	The Thin Man The Sheriff	Up For Parade Broadway's My Beat
10:00 10:15 10:30	Wanted Bill Stern	Frank Edwards Mutual Newsreel Dance Bands	Orrin Tucker Steel Pier Orch.	Escape Capital Cbakroom

* Heard in southern & west-central states

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
9:00	Down Homers	Local Programs	No School Today	This Is New York
9:15				
9:30	Coffee in Washington			Missus Goes A Shoppin'
9:45				
10:00	Fred Waring Show	Local Programs		Galen Drake
10:15				
10:30	Mary Lee Taylor	Leslie Nichols		Garden Gate
10:45		Helen Hall		
11:00	Mind Your Manners	Frank Hemingway	Joe Franklin's	News, Phil Shadel
11:15		Almanac	Recordshop	11:05 Let's Pretend
11:30	Archie Andrews	Hoosier Hot Shots	At Home With Music	Junior Miss

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00	News	Man on the Farm	101 Ranch Boys	Theatre of Today
12:15	Public Affair			
12:30	Luncheon With Lopez	Dance Music	American Farmer	Grand Central Station
12:45				12:55 Cedric Adams
1:00	National Farm Home	Joseph McCaffrey	Navy Hour	Stars Over Holly-
1:15		Jerry & Skye		wood
1:30	Summer Show	Cumberland Valley	Roger Dann	Give and Take
1:45		Barn Dance		
2:00	Summer Show	Game of the Day*	Let's Go to the Opera	Hormel Girls
2:15				
2:30	U. S. Army Band	Bands For Bonds		Music
2:45				
3:00	Pioneers of Music	Dance Orchestra		Reports From Over-
3:15				seas
3:30		Caribbean Crossroads	Hometown, New York	Adventures in
				Science
				Farm News
4:00	Summer Show	Campus Club	Recorded Music	To be announced
4:15			Racing News	
4:30	Matinee at the Meadowbrook	Sports Parade	Treasury Band	Musical Notebook
4:45				At the Chase
5:00	Summer Show	True or False	Tea and Crumpets	To be announced
5:30	Summer Show	Radio Harris		
5:45	Hollywood Closeups	Twin Views of the News	Club Time	Cross Section U. S. A

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	Bob Warren	Music	Albert Warner News	News From Wash-
				ington
6:15	Bob Considine		Roger Renner Trio	Memo From Lake
				Success
6:30	Living, 1950	Al Helfer	Harry Wismer	Sports Review
6:45		Preston Sellers	Rex Koury	Larry Lesueur
7:00	Voices and Events	Hawaii Calls	Treasury Band	Dallas Opera
7:15			Bert Andrews	
7:30	Joe DiMaggio	Comedy of Error	Buzz Adlan's	Camel Caravan with
7:45		7:55 John B. Kennedy	Playhouse	Vaughn Monroe
8:00	Summer Show	Twenty Questions	Dixieland Jambake	Gene Autry Show
8:15				
8:30	Summer Show	Take a Number	Hollywood Byline	T-Man
8:45				
9:00	Your Hit Parade	True or False	Summer Show	Summer Show
9:15				
9:30	Tales of Texas	Lombardo Land		Police Line-Up
9:45	Rangers			Digest
10:00	Chamber Music	Theatre of the Air	Sleepy Hollow Gang	Sing It Again
10:15	Society			
10:30	Granoë Oie Opry		At the Shamrock	

* Heard in southern & west-central states



JEFF CLARK—popular singing star of NBC's Hit Parade (Sat., 9 P.M. EDT) has become a top favorite in less than two years—he got his first break when he won Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scout show award in 1948. Born in New Castle, Pennsylvania, Jeff attended Westminster College, where he edited the school magazine.

LOVERS' QUARREL

She said . . . and he said . . .
And oh, they made it plain
That each was through.
Would never do
A "twosome" thing again.

She cried . . . then he tried
To comfort her despair—
In doing this
He stole a kiss—
The quarrel ended there.

—Helen Howland Prommel

MY PERFECT DAY

We walked the lonely prairie roads today
And watched the sunrise catch at globes of dew.
We saw it throw a sparkling golden lei
Upon the quiet fields. Our rendezvous
Embraced a pond where willow shadows fell.
We talked of hills and rain and poetry . . .
And time became enchanted in our spell.
The moon rose high . . . a disk of sorcery.
And languor pressed the earth. You took my hand . . .
We walked the silver road back home . . . somehow
This day will live . . . each shining, silver strand
I'll pigeon-hole within my heart, and now
Bewitching fireshine and the certain proof
That happiness lives here beneath our roof.

—Ruby Diehr Boerman

GLOWING FIRES

What words are left us now that Keats is dead.
His lyric joys were strung with beads of gold.
By such bright gleam St. Agnes's Eve was told,
Through timeless paths his pale young knight was led.

He moulded beauty high upon an urn
While his own spirit measured distant wings.
At dark his nightingale forever sings,
And in our hearts his glowing fires burn.

—Plowden Kernan

BREAKDOWN

It makes no difference how strong the toy is
How large or complex it may be,
Its wear depends upon how strong the boy is—
And/or his curiosity!

—S. H. Dewhurst

RADIO MIRROR WILL PAY FIVE DOLLARS

for the best original poems sent in each month by readers. Limit poems to 30 lines, address to Poetry, RADIO MIRROR Magazine, 205 E. 42 Street, New York 17, New York. Each poem should be accompanied by this notice. When postage is enclosed, every effort will be made to return unused manuscripts. This is not a contest, but an effort to purchase poetry for use in RADIO MIRROR.

Part-Time PAYCHECK



Placement director Brennan told Terry how she finds temporary jobs for women of all ages.

"Would you like to get a temporary job?" That's the question Marie Brennan, director of training and placement service for Dictaphone Corporation, asked when she visited us as a Family Counselor.

Marie has found from her experience that many women want to supplement their family income a bit, or would like to buy a luxury item or have extra time on their hands. At any rate, there are many temporary jobs available—the reason being that in the winter there are many employees out ill and in the summer there are very often replacement jobs.

When I asked Marie if it was hard for women to go about getting jobs after not having worked for quite a few years, she explained: "Many of the women who come in to see me are women who have been out of the business world for many years. If they know typing, it doesn't take long to brush up and gain speed, and we can teach them to use a Dictaphone Machine in approximately ten days. She continued by saying: "I've seen women who haven't worked for as long as fifteen or twenty years get back into the swing of things in a matter

of a few weeks. It really is quite remarkable."

I was interested to know just how important Marie felt a secretarial background is for a woman. She stressed the fact that a woman may unexpectedly find herself a widow, her husband may lose his job, or any number of things. "That's why it's extremely important to have some kind of skill, no matter what. You can use it to fall back on in case of emergency."

In the last two years Marie has placed several thousand women—many in temporary jobs. In addition, she's organized what she calls a "Temporary Club." The membership includes some extremely interesting women. One's a writer of detective stories and magazine articles, who does temporary office work on the side. Another is an actress who does secretarial work between theater jobs. Last year she trained and found jobs for eleven blind girls who now have Seeing-Eye dogs to escort them to work.

A few suggestions Marie gave to women looking for jobs were: Wear a suit with a fresh blouse and don't go overboard with makeup. Employers also prefer women in high or medium heels, and a hat "is essential."

Every Wednesday is Family Counselor Day on The Second Mrs. Burton, heard M-F at 2 P.M. EDT on CBS. Sponsor is General Foods.

By TERRY BURTON • RADIO MIRROR for BETTER LIVING



Joan's ring

She's Engaged!

The news of the engagement of adorably pretty Joan Delany to tall, athletic Daniel Gerard Spaeth is giving New York's younger set a gay flurry of excitement and parties. Theirs will be a formal church wedding, with five charming bridesmaids, and Joan a beautiful, beautiful bride.

She's Lovely!

You know you will love Joan the first minute you see her! *Her face tells you so!* Her happy eyes, her endearing smile, her luminous, petal-smooth complexion, send you a lovely picture of Joan's delightful *inner self*—let you see that she is someone *extra sweet!*

She uses Pond's!

"The prettier you look, the happier you feel..." Joan says



Today, get a big jar of snowy Pond's Cold Cream.

Start now to help your face show a lovelier You!



Lovely Joan Delany—Friends of Joan say her complexion looks as luscious as peaches and cream. Joan says, "I never miss my Pond's creamings."

It makes a world of difference to you—when people like your looks. And Joan thinks having clear, soft skin is terribly important. "I find Pond's Cold Cream is absolutely wonderful to get my skin *super clean and soft,*" she says.

You, too, will find this a magic treatment—use it every night as Joan does—mornings, too. *This is the way:*

Hot Stimulation—a quick hot water splash.

Cream Cleanse—swirl Pond's Cold Cream over

your face to soften and sweep dirt and make-up from pore openings. Tissue off—clean.

Cream Rinse—more Pond's now, to rinse off last traces of dirt, leave skin immaculate. Tissue off.

Cold Stimulation—a tonic cold water splash.

See how this simple Pond's care makes your skin soft and fresh as petals!

It is not vanity to help your face look lovely. It gives you an air of happy confidence that glows out from the real you within, attracts people to you—on sight!

Radio's Own Life Story

(Continued from page 19)

cultural force. It had just the opposite effect in some cases, however, because it made station operators think twice about giving time to any unpopular opinion or controversial subject. For a while, "When in doubt—don't" became an unwritten law, though this, too, was changed later.

Alexander Woollcott, the memorable Town Crier, was sponsored by Cream of Wheat in 1934 and his program was a sensation. He had been on New York radio in such series as The Early Bookworm since 1930. Now the whole country listened, enchanted, to his polished, intricate, wandering, absorbing sentences and rode his hobbies with him. If he was collecting spectacles for people who could not afford them, the mails were jammed with them. When he went "quietly mad" about an obscure little book that no one was buying, there was nothing quiet about the result. James Hilton's *Goodbye, Mr. Chips* zoomed into the best seller list.

As long as there is radio, Woollcott will be remembered as a great show personality—and for the way he met his death. On an evening in January, 1943, he was doing a round table discussion over CBS. Suddenly he lay back in his chair, white and shaken with a heart attack, but he made no move to withdraw. Instead he scribbled, "I am sick," and motioned the other speakers to carry on without him. Against his wishes, one of them assisted him to the anteroom where he summoned strength to gasp, "Never mind me. Go back on the air!" At midnight the radio carried news of the death of the Town Crier who had been faithful in his last moments to the trouper's credo, "The Show Must Go On."

1935: More social legislation was passed than in any other one year in our history, and radio added dozens of men to Washington staffs. There was the Social Security Act and The National Labor Relations Act (more often known as the Wagner Act) which replaced NRA, recently declared unconstitutional. WPA came in, providing work instead of a dole for the unemployed, though many of them entertained the firm belief that some Share-the-Wealth plan was just around the corner. Radio was playing an enormous part in these dreams. Dr. Townsend's Old Age Revolving Pension Plan possessed the air in California. This called for everybody over sixty to be paid \$200 every month with the provision that the money be put into circulation within the next thirty days. Upton Sinclair came close to being elected governor on his EPIC ticket (End Poverty in California).

Leading all the rest as a radio spellbinder was Senator Huey Long and his Share-the-Wealth Clubs. His hypnotizing project was to make "every man a king" by giving everybody \$5,000 a year, no matter who. Long had used the radio in Louisiana as early as 1928 to brilliant political effect and his sensational career would have been impossible without a microphone. He used to take the air with, "Now I'm not going to say anything much for the next five minutes. That'll give you time to call up five friends and tell them Huey Long's on the air." His following all over the country was enormous. He had supported the New Deal at first. This year he lashed out against it, set-

ting the stage for his own campaign for the presidency in 1936. There are many who think he might have made it if he had not been shot in 1935.

Other millions were turning on Father Charles E. Coughlin who was throwing his tremendous influence in with Long on many issues. This was another amazing radio career. Father Coughlin had been broadcasting sermons from his church in Royal Oak near Detroit since 1926. He had organized a "chain" of his own by buying time on many other stations by 1930, and was building a big following by emphatically calling for the government to take over all natural resources as well as all banks. He, too, was first for the New Deal and then became its foe. By 1935 members of several new organizations began to think he was wonderful because of statements like his "I shall fight to my dying day to hand America back to the Americans." On the other hand, many people were entertaining the uneasy feeling that his magazine, *Social Justice*, was deceptively named, and were acutely worried about the large circulation of his pamphlets which many felt encouraged anti-Jewish feeling.

An antidote for these highly partisan voices was a most important new show, America's Town Meeting of the Air, which was based on free discussion of all sides of controversial subjects. George V. Denny got the idea for the program when he found out that some of his friends refused to turn on the president's radio speeches, no matter what he had to say, and that many Democrats, in turn, simply would not tune in on any Republican opinion.

Denny entertained the sound idea that both sides couldn't possibly be all wrong and that debates with all sides represented would make a good and useful air show. The first subject was "Which Way, America? Fascism, Communism, Socialism or Democracy?" and the cry "Town Meeting Tonight" has been the cry of free speech ever since.

A completely new thing came to radio in 1935 when a gong sounded on the air and Major Bowes' Original Amateur Hour was launched. This show turned the spotlight for the first time in any important fashion on non-professional talent. It also started the trend to participation by listeners with its then novel method of judging winners by telephone response. Within the year it was voted the most popular show on the air. It went out from NBC's biggest theater, seating one thousand two hundred, which was packed for every performance. The Major was getting over two thousand letters a day from hopefuls who wanted a chance on the air. The number Murray Hill 8-9933 was the most famous in the country, and everybody knew the Major's rhyme about the wheel of fortune:

Round and round she goes

Where she stops, nobody knows.

Bowes conducted the Amateur Hour until his death in 1946.

Vox Pop, another show featuring non-professionals, came to national attention in 1935. Its emphasis was on human interest stories rather than people who wanted to break into show business. Parks Johnson had local success first over KTRH, Houston, which led to a network spot as summer replacement for Joe Penner. After that,

Johnson and his wife, Louise, roved the whole country looking for remarkable real life stories to feature. Vox Pop was a pioneer in giving presents instead of pay. The gifts were nothing sensational compared to the terrific awards that were to become the fashion later on the give-away shows, but they were chosen with much imagination. Delight in voices was genuine when the surprised guest said, "How did you ever find out that was just what I wanted most?" when he received some such unlikely gift as an Angora goat or a flag pole. The Johnsons knew because they spent endless hours querying friends and family in advance.

Bob Hope did not find "Thanks for the Memory" as his theme song until after his first movie, "The Big Broadcast of 1938," but it will be hard to find anyone who does not say that today in gratitude for the flood of fun he has brought to the air, not to mention the million miles he travelled during the war to do camp shows.

Hope's first air series started in 1935, sponsored by Pepsodent, and right away he began featuring wonderful talent like Jerry Colonna, Frances Langford, Vera Vague, Skinny Ennis, Brenda and Cobina among many others. Lever Brothers bought Pepsodent in 1944 and Hope went along, so now he plugs Swan Soap making it painless for listeners by explaining, "Easy, folks—either we sell it this way or I have to spend Saturdays in Thrifty's window scrubbing Sydney Greenstreet's back" and "We make no extraordinary claims for our soap—but what do you care? We take it for granted you are reasonably clean to start with."

His cracks about current events keep the nation laughing because of their amiable wry sting. Even the dismayed GOP had to laugh when he summed up the results of the 1948 election with "I guess the only way a Republican can get into the White House is to marry Margaret Truman." FDR roared at a Washington dinner when he cracked, "The reason Roosevelt and Churchill met in the Atlantic was to figure out where they could fight the war and still keep Eleanor out of the crossfire."

Hope travelled close to a million miles during the war, driving himself to exhaustion, giving shows wherever there were men to listen. These activities brought him many medals and awards, and the title "Number One Soldier in Greasepaint."

1935 was the year a new term, disc jockey, began to be widely heard because of the arrival on the air of one man, Martin Block, on a small New York station. Before his time, stations had been definitely apologetic when records were played. The only stylish thing to fill empty spots was the gusty music of a studio organ. Block changed all that. Talking his way into a twenty-dollar-a-week announcing job at WNEW, Block approached manager Bernice Judis with the absurd idea of doing a program of records, the Make-Believe Ballroom. Instead of apologizing for playing canned music, he announced each platter with all of the rah-tah-tah a show featuring live musicians rated.

Then he had another piece of luck. WNEW was giving very extensive cov-

Hauptmann in Fleming, New Jersey, under the newly-enacted Lindbergh law which called for the death penalty for kidnapping. This trial was the biggest news on the air and was avidly followed by all who could get to radios. WNEW poured out bulletins for a good part of each hour. Block was assigned to fill the time between with his records. This gave him an enormous new audience. It stayed with him when the trial was over. Soon Make Believe Ballroom was running for three hours, independent stations all over the country were copying the pattern, and the heyday of the disc jockey had arrived.

In 1935, Grace Moore started on Vick's Open House and was eagerly awaited by opera lovers until her tragic death in a plane crash in Denmark in 1947. Lucy Monroe started on The American Album of Familiar Music, and after that it seemed as if no one else ever sang "The Star Spangled Banner." The Hit Parade began its introduction of the many new singers who went on to stardom after being featured on that show. The Cavalcade of America started its excellent dramatizations of the lives of colorful Americans, and Fibber McGee and Molly came into their own, at last.

Marian and Jim Jordan had anything but an instantaneous success. They met when Jim was seventeen and Marian was sixteen, at choir practice in Peoria, Illinois. It was love at first sight. They were married in 1918. Five days later Private Jim Jordan went off to war. Marian taught piano for a living until he came back and then Jim struggled as an insurance salesman. They added to their income by singing and dancing at club affairs and tank-town vaudeville engagements even after their daughter, Kathryn, was born in 1920. The arrival of Jim, Jr., in 1923 ended their tours, and the young father went to work as a drygoods clerk.

Life was not much fun until they took a dare. They had been listening to a radio show with a critical air. "We could do a better job of singing than anyone on that program," said the restive drygoods clerk.

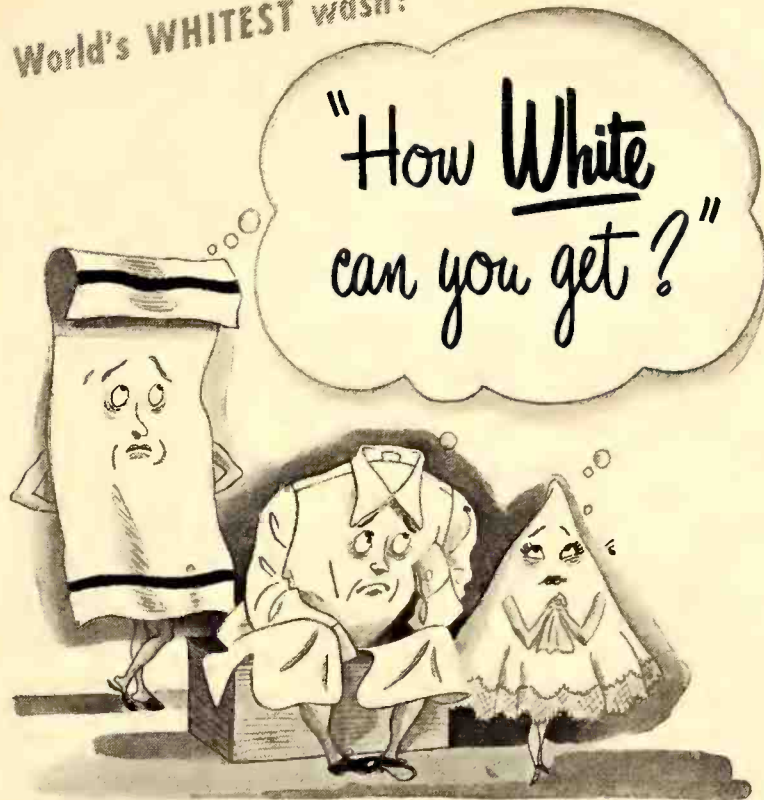
"Ten dollars says you can't prove it to the station," said his brother.

Without more ado, the Jordans went to the station, demanded an audition, and were signed for an appearance. A chance came to play in one of the earliest of the daytime dramas, The Smith Family. In 1931 they met Don Quinn, cartoonist turned radio writer, and began to do his serial Smackout. They have been an inseparable business trio ever since. In 1935 Fibber McGee and Molly moved into 79 Wistful Vista and the Jordans have never again had to worry about the rent on their own home. Hal Peary created the Great Gildersleeve as one of their visitors, and played it on their show until 1941 when he starred in his own program.

Popeye took the air, sponsored by Wheatena. His super-human strength was now attributed to that breakfast food and his battle cry, "I yam what I yam!" became the slogan of the country that was echoing his fighting spirit and pulling out of the depression.

Next Month
How Charlie McCarthy broke in
The program that took Mae West
off the air for 10 years
Orson Welles and his one-man in-
vasion from Mars

New Record for WHITENESS!
Whiter than Ever Before!
World's WHITEST wash!

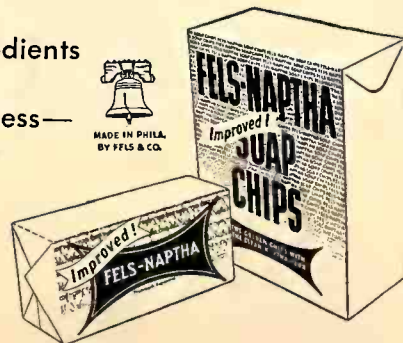


The makers of Improved Fels-Naptha Soap believe that any housekeeper will understand the plain facts about *whiteness and cleanness*, stated below:

Improved Fels-Naptha contains the finest ingredients that give your washes extra, brilliant whiteness. And Fels-Naptha *also* gives you *cleaner, sweeter washes*—because it combines the EXTRA WASHING ENERGY of TWO GREAT CLEANERS—good, golden soap and gentle, active naphtha.

Just Remember This: ONLY IMPROVED FELS-NAPHTHA SOAP GIVES YOU THESE THREE WASHDAY ADVANTAGES:

1. Mild, golden soap.
2. Gentle, active naphtha.
3. Finer "Sunshine" Ingredients that give white things extra, brilliant whiteness—make washable colors brighter than new.



IMPROVED
Fels-Naptha Soap
BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

Beautiful, Heavenly Lips For You WITHOUT LIPSTICK



And These Newly Luscious Colors Can't Come Off On Anything

Bid "good-bye" to lipstick and see your lips more beautiful than ever before. See them decked in a clear, rich color of your choice—a color more alive than lipstick colors, because—no grease. Yes, this new Liquid Liptone contains no grease—no wax—no paste. Just pure, vibrant color. Truly, Liquid Liptone will bring to your lips color-beauty that's almost too attractive!

Makes the Sweetest Kiss

Because It Leaves No Mark on Him

Think of it! Not even a tiny bit of your Liquid Liptone leaves your lips for his—or for a napkin or tea-cup. It stays true to your lips alone and one make-up usually suffices for an entire day or evening.

Feels Marvelous on Your Lips...

... they stay delightfully soft and smooth.

PLEASE TRY LIQUID LIPTONE AT MY INVITATION

Once you experience the greater beauty of liquid color and know that your lip make-up will stay on no matter what your lips touch—I'm sure you'll thank me for this offer. Let me send you costume-size Liquid Liptone—one or more shades. Each is at least a two weeks' supply. Enclose 25c for each shade to cover postage, etc. You will be thrilled by the startling new beauty that Liquid Liptone instantly brings to your lips.



Accepted for advertising
in publications of the
American Medical Association



liquid liptone

SEND COUPON for generous Trial Sizes

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Send Costume Sizes. I enclose 25c, which includes Fed. tax, for each shade checked below:

- Medium—Natural true red—very flattering.
- Gypsy—Vibrant deep red—ravishing.
- Regal—Glamorous rich burgundy.
- Orchid—Exotic pink—romantic for evening.
- English Tint—Inviting coral-pink.
- Clear (colorless)—Use over lipstick, smeorproofs.
- CHEEK-TONE—"Magic" natural color for cheeks.
 - 1 English Tint 2 Coral 3 Deep Cherry

Miss _____
Mrs. _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

Kukla, Fran and Ollie

(Continued from page 29)

In front of us, at the foot of a shady green lawn, there's a spring-fed lake, clear blue, leading down to a stream.

To start at the beginning, our vacation isn't going quite the way we planned. As we left the studio after our last show, Fran told Burr Tillstrom and Kukla and me, "I'm not sure I want to fly with Buelah. You know what she did to me last year. We ended up in California."

B. T. nodded. "How will it be if we use the station wagon? I'll drive."

Buelah took it hard. "It isn't fair to hold that against me. I'm flying a new broom now—an enclosed cabin, jet-propelled job fully equipped with radar, sonar and all the latest devices."

Kukla offered a compromise. "Buelah, you fly the baggage—since we're splitting up for separate vacations at the end of two weeks, we'll have so much it'll crowd us."

Mercedes let out a wild yelp. "Na!" Kukla sent me a knowing wink. "She's just trying to get to Hollywood. Let her go along."

Right on time, Buelah and Mercedes took off. Back in our dressing rooms, Kukla spread out the road maps and traced a route. "We'll go out U. S. 112 to Detroit, see the folks at WWJ, then go on to WSPD in Toledo. From there we'll cut over to Highway 6 and—"

B. T. interrupted. "That's going to take up a lot of time, kid."

"Perhaps I can offer a solution," Fletcher Rabbit put in. "By dividing up our party we can accomplish more. Cecil Bill and I, being the outdoor type, would like to travel by canoe. We can stop at all the Great Lakes stations while you whiz right up to WHAM in Rochester and take them from there."

Fran drew her finger in a straight line across the map from Chicago to Toledo. "If you want to portage, there's the place to do it. It's a long paddle up Lake Michigan, down Lake Huron."

Fletcher's ears twitched. "Why Frances, I think that's a dandy idea. We'll paddle right down the Chicago River to the Union Station and portage out from there."

"Send us postcards," Fran begged. "Keep in touch." And, after they'd left, "I worry about them."

We had another worry, too, we found out. Madame Ooglepuss insisted on taking the convertible, claiming that all stage, screen and radio stars traveled that way and it was time television people, too, made a good impression.

B. T. was doubtful. "On one condition—you'll have to follow us all the way."

And a glorious road it was, too, up to the point where the Colonel horns-waggled us into taking the wrong route. Near Buffalo, the convertible had swung out ahead, the Colonel and Madame lifting their voices in song. In the station wagon, things weren't so merry. At a sign that plainly said *Chautauqua*, B. T. pulled up even with the convertible and shouted, "What's the big idea? We're headed for Rochester!"

The Colonel's tone was smooth as butter. "An excusable subterfuge, I assure you. Ophelia and I heard a super-secret report that the Chautauqua program was unusually good this year, and the place is full of talent scouts."

Said Fran, "Who wants to see a talent scout? I want a vacation, really, don't you?"

I could have been mistaken, but I thought I saw a tear in Madame Ooglepuss' off-eye. Mournfully she said, "Oh, darling, I'm so sorry. We didn't realize. The temptation to see old friends, familiar scenes, was too great."

Kukla came to her rescue. "It'll work out. You spend a few days at Chautauqua and we'll visit TV stations."

B. T. agreed and we backtracked. We had a wonderful time with the television crews, but we were a little tired as we headed north, taking our secret route to Dragon Retreat. Mercedes was the first to greet us. She wailed, "Na—you fooled me!"

Buelah, on the other hand, was smug. Before she could exult too much, however, my folks hurried through the door and we fell on each other's necks. My mother was thinner and she'd had her hair cut stylishly short, but my father looked just the same. We were about to go inside when the Colonel and Madame Ooglepuss drove in, all excited about the wonderful booking they'd found in a nearby summer theater.

We've been just loafing until now, when I sat down to write you this letter, and Kukla went after the mail. He came back just a minute ago, carrying a postcard. "Ollie," he said, "it's the strangest thing. Here's the first message from Cecil Bill and Fletcher. It says, 'Having wonderful time. Lake very narrow this point.' And it's post-marked Peoria—that's not on the Great Lakes!"

Tuesday
Fran is out picking wild strawberries, Buelah is sitting on the verandah swapping stories with my father. Mercedes is on the dock, throwing stones to scare the fish. Colonel Cranky and Madame Ooglepuss have gone to rehearsal.

Everything was peaceful. Kuke just came with the mail. There's another card from Fletcher. It reads, "Have just sighted antenna. Native identifies it as KSD-TV. Will visit."

I looked at Kuke. "Gosh, KSD is in St. Louis. That's on the Mississippi, not the Lakes. What are we going to do?"

Kukla was firm. "We'll keep it to ourselves. Let's not spoil everybody's vacation. I'll wire the folks at KSD to send them back."

Wednesday
This morning, at the breakfast table, my father looked up from his newspaper and said, "Here's a funny one. From Hannibal, Missouri. The headline reads: *Is Mark Twain's Ghost Walking The River?*"

Kuke swallowed hard and looked off into the middle distance. By great force of will I refrained from gulping the sugar bowl. Father read on: "Mississippi River boat captains, by tradition long on imagination and short on veracity, are spinning a new yarn today which might well come from the pages of Tom Sawyer. They tell of seeing a small canoe moving upstream, apparently under its own power. They insist they could not detect passengers."

I said to Kuke, "I think this is a good day to explore the Long Trail."

We took a long walk. While we were walking, we planned our annual pageant, entitled, "The History of Dragon-dom on the North American Continent." We also thought it wise to hide under a rock today's postcard. It's postmarked Burlington, Iowa, and reads, "Decided to skip TV station visit. Lots of islands."

Must be Thousand Island group."

Thursday

This morning B.T. said, "I wonder why we don't hear from Fletcher and Cecil Bill?"

After breakfast, Kukla and I called everyone into the living room to give out the parts for the pageant. Madame Ooglepuss and Colonel Cracky begged off, claiming they had to go to the barn theater. Their show is tonight.

Friday

I am the only one up, so far. Everything happened last night . . .

We'd just returned from the barn theater and were telling the Colonel and Madame how terrific they were.

My mother was fixing cocoa with marshmallows in it when the phone rang. She answered, then turned to us. "It's long distance. Davenport, Iowa. I don't know any Ernie Sanders . . ."

B.T. leaped up. "I'll take it. He's manager of WOC-TV."

B.T. was struggling with the old wall phone. "Operator, it's so faint—please, you people on the party line, hang up so I can hear."

There was a long wait while he listened. Finally, he said, "Thanks, Ernie. Thanks a lot. We'll decide what to do and call you back."

B.T. told us: "I might have known we couldn't have a normal vacation. Sanders says this afternoon people began calling in reports of a small canoe circling Credit Island. One man had field glasses, but after a single look he got so scared he dropped them in the water. He phoned WOC to insist the canoe was paddled by midgets from Mars who must have fallen out of a flying saucer."

"I know what's coming," Fran put in. "I hope they're all right."

"Sure they are," B.T. told her. "They're sleeping like babies, Ernie just scooped them up, shouted to the crowd it was driftwood caught in the current, and told the boys to hide under a canvas. He waited until dark to sneak them into the station."

Buelah Witch jumped up. "I'll take charge. With my new jet-propelled broomstick I'll have them back in a jiffy." She zoomed out the door.

B.T. said, "I suppose that's best. But what happened to the postcards they claim they wrote, I wonder?"

So I'm kind of in the doghouse. But I expect the pageant will restore my jovial spirits. I now have nineteen parts.

Saturday

Well, they're back. Buelah had no more than landed on the lawn when we all flocked out. "What on earth happened to you?" Fran asked.

Cecil Bill let loose with a long tattoo of tooies.

Fletcher looked a little sheepish. "Maybe we'd have had better luck if I'd asked the man what direction to take, instead of letting Cecil Bill do it."

Madame started, "Of all things—" but my mother sort of got between her and our wandering boys. In her silkiest voice, Olivia said, "You've had quite a time, but we mustn't let it spoil your vacation. There's lots to do. Oliver, do you have their parts ready?"

Gosh, I guess I'll have to give them two of mine. I've got twenty-three, now. And I'm going to be so busy with rehearsals, I'll have to leave it to Kukla to tell you how it all came out. So watch for his letter next month in RADIO AND TELEVISION MIRROR.

Love and kisses,
Ollie.

Back Home by 10



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THE
New
Tangee
LIP STICK

Say Hello to the Crosbys

(Continued from page 53)

get a car to bring you up here tomorrow about 11:30 in the morning. I'll make arrangements to get the boys in from the other ranches, and I'll be here! How's that?"

I told him it would be fine. "Get a driver to bring you who knows the way," Bing warned, "or you'll get lost. What do we wear?"

"What you always wear around the ranch, working," I told him, and suggested that I get there a little ahead of time to look around, get set up and so on. We left it at that, and I went out to find a driver who knew where the ranches are. (When Bing spoke of the boys working on near-by places, he didn't mean they were helping out the neighbors. He was talking about the other Crosby ranches—Bing owns five in the same vicinity.) Hired a car and a driver—one who was willing to wait around up at the ranch and bring me back when I was through.

Saturday—Left Elko at 8:30 in the morning, because the driver said the road was in bad condition and driving was slow. It's a hundred thirty-four miles to the ranch, round trip—including a beaut of a detour where the road's being repaired.

Out here, distance means nothing. Bing, I discovered, has seven ranches—five of them in this area, aggregating more than twenty-five thousand acres. The boys were working on one of the ranches about twenty miles away—all except Lindsay, the youngest, that is. He does chores around the house and grounds at the home ranch.

Got to the main ranch about eleven. It's five miles off the road. What a hideout! No wonder that Bing, who never was much of a glad-hander anyway, loves this country! Who wouldn't?

Bing and the boys hadn't arrived. Jack Eacret, the ranch foreman, was away, too—in town buying supplies—but Doris, his wife, was there to meet me. A really nice woman, Doris Eacret. She runs the house. While we were waiting for the Crosbys to get in from work, Mrs. Eacret showed me around the pleasant, unpretentious ranch house. The main house is a bungalow which consists of living room, den, dining room and kitchen, with a three-room wing in the back consisting of Bing's bedroom, dressing room and bath. Between this section of the house and the den is a bedroom with built-in double bunks, where the boys sleep. Around the main house is a group of five small ones where the help lives, as well as several barns and a cook house and mess hall.

At 11:50 the cook rang a big bell—looked as if it might have come off a fire engine—and right then Bing and the kids arrived. They were starved, wanted to know if it was okay to put off pictures until after lunch. Breakfast was a long time back for me, too, so I made no objections.

"If you want anything to eat," Bing advised me, "you'd better put your camera away and sit down here, because when those four wolves of mine get going there's nothing left!"

Lunch—well, mid-day dinner, really, as it has to be for guys who've been working their heads off since early morning—consisted of a huge platter of cold roast beef, another, just as big, of tripe served on toast, a bowl of fresh-cooked potatoes with plenty of butter

and parsley, big pitchers of milk at intervals down the table, bread and butter, pickles and jam and all that. For dessert there was fresh homemade berry pie with ice cream to top it off.

The boys sure piled into that food! But not too hungry to remember their manners, at that, the way some kids are—they waited until their father and Mrs. Eacret and I had been served before going to work on it.

I asked the boys how they liked working on the ranch, and their answers left no doubt in my mind, believe me! As far as they're concerned, living in Hollywood and going to school doesn't hold a candle to Elko, in spite of the fact that they do regular ranch hands' work, and for regular ranch hands' wages. The kids wear levis and cotton plaid shirts, or no shirts at all, to work in, and they're brown and healthy-looking, the way you'd want your kids to be, ideally. (So's Bing, for that matter.) For picture-taking the boys wore Sunday clothes—levis and brand-clean shirts!

Bing explained that Jack Eacret, the foreman, is really boss at the ranch. Bing usually rides during the day, tours the places where the boys are working. Bing rates tops with his help—leads the ordinary life of a rancher, saddles his own horse and rubs it down, asks no favors and expects none. He's obviously tops with the boys, too. Talk at lunch concerned the work they were doing, the crop they were getting in, and baseball. Not a word about radio. Not a word about movies. They'd left those things behind, back in Hollywood.

Lunch over, I got my pictures after the boys had changed into those clean shirts as a special concession. Bing explained, while I was shooting, that they were cutting and stacking hay. The boys work as a unit with the other ranch hands—if they aren't on the job, no one works, because they pull together as a team. When hay is being cut, stacked and cured, there's no stopping until the job's done, as a rain during this operation can cause considerable loss. This was why the picture taking had to be done at the noon hour so the boys could get back on the job. Bing, too, had to get back, so I started on the return trek.

Bing's got a beautiful place there—nothing pretentious about it, but a swell situation and just what you'd expect in a working ranch, not a fancy show-place. Other than about three houses, there's nothing as far as the eye can see on that ride back to Elko except a lot of jack rabbits, so I had plenty of time on my hands to think about the ranch. Wish I had one like it.

Last note: Shouldn't forget to mention the wonderfully friendly people in Elko and the full account of my stay there as reported in the *Elko Free Press*! I came near to applying for a job. I hated to leave. Believe me, a life like that—it's real living!

Are YOU a
"10 O'CLOCK DATE"?

SEE PAGE 81

Paid Notice

Bobby Benson

(Continued from page 57)

stop to look," Windy said. "It was just a question of who would git here fust, me or Mabel."

Tex and Harka, the Indian, came up behind them. Windy turned to Tex and said, "Don't you reckon we oughta look around there tomorrow?"

"Afraid we'll have to put off any picnics for a couple of days, Windy," Tex said. "Too much work to do."

"Guess Tex just don't believe me," Windy said. "No one does."

"Tex just doesn't believe in ghosts," Bobby reminded him.

Windy put one hand on Bobby's arm and said, "Wish I didn't either—but I been seein' too much the past coupla days. Jist yesterd'y night I was sittin' here talkin' and right over there—" His arm suddenly tightened on Bobby's arm and he gasped, "Look, Bobby."

Bobby saw it in the distant sky over the haunted house. He jumped to his feet and ran toward the house.

"Tex! Tex, come out here," he called. "Look, now, Tex, look over the haunted house."

"I don't see anything," Tex said. "Durned if it ain't gone again," Windy said disgustedly. "But I got a witness this time, the boss himself."

"That's right," Bobby said. "I saw it." Tex studied them both, then asked, "What did it look like this time?"

"Same as always," Windy told him. "Just a white thing that floated down to the haunted house. They always go down and never come up. Mebbe they're havin' a ghost convention."

"Sounds like it could be a parachute," Tex said.

Bobby shook his head. "We'd of heard an airplane, and anyway it was so dark that even a parachute wouldn't show up like that. Besides why would they keep dropping at the same place?"

"Well, there's no sense in investigating after it's over," Tex said. "I'll tell Harka we're going up there in the morning."

Windy sighed, "Suits me. I got no hankerin' to go back there tonight."

The next morning it was hard for Bobby to remember that just last night they had been talking about ghosts and even now they might be riding into danger. Bobby patted his horse's neck. Then he straightened up as Tex pulled the roan to a stop and turned to Harka.

"Think we should all go in together?"

Harka's eyes twinkled as he spoke, "Ghosts not afraid of men. Men afraid of ghosts."

Tex grinned and they walked their horses through the gully. The house was a ramshackle adobe hut that hadn't been used in years—and looked it.

"No sense in all of us going in," Tex said. "Only bring out more snakes." So Tex and Harka went together into the shack, their feet kicking up dust.

"Reckon I'll scout around the ravine in back," Windy told Bobby. "Once found a cute bullfrog there." He walked to the rear of the house and dropped over the side of the bank.

Alone, Bobby looked through the trees, over the glint of the river to the Mexican side. He saw several men riding the bank and recognized the Mexican patrol. Bobby wondered if there had been trouble again with smugglers. Then he heard a shout behind him.

"Come 'round here," the voice called

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urgently and Bobby realized it was Windy, calling from down in the ravine. As Bobby ran toward him, he heard Harka and Tex moving inside the shack.

Bobby dropped from rock to rock down the ravine until he saw Windy, bent over, staring down at something sprawled on the dust, the body of a man! "You shouldna come here," Windy said, when he saw who it was.

Bobby looked at the man stretched on the rocks. No doubt about it, he was dead. Tex came running up, took one look and cried, "Why, it's Chad Jedson, the deputy sheriff!"

"Look at his eyes," Windy whispered. "Looks like he was scart to death. That's the way a man would look if he seen a spirit!"

"Or anything he didn't expect," Tex added.

Frowning, he said to Harka, "See if you can find anything up there."

Harka climbed quickly up the side of the ravine to the spot from which Chad Jedson had fallen.

"Don't see any bullet holes," Windy said, looking down again.

"No, but there's that gash on the side of his head."

"Coulda got that when he fell, backing away from a spirit."

"Or before he got pushed off the rocks."

Bobby observed that Jedson's gun was still in his holster. If he'd been up against a dangerous man, he'd surely have pulled it.

"Better not touch him—leave him for the Sheriff," Tex advised.

They clambered back to the high ground. Harka was waiting by the horses.

"Others here last night," he told Tex. "Hoofprints behind trees."

"Those were the voices you heard last night, Windy," Tex said. "They were real men."

"Mebbe," Windy said and Bobby wondered if Windy, too, was thinking of that gun untouched in Chad's holster.

"Let's get back to the ranch and phone the sheriff," Tex said. "Harka can wait till he comes."

It was late afternoon when Bobby saw the whirl of dust racing down the road—one horse and rider. As he came up to the ranch house, almost by signal Tex and Windy were on hand. But it wasn't the sheriff.

The man had ridden his horse hard, but he didn't dismount. He leaned forward in the saddle.

"Reckon you know me," he said. "You're Pete Jedson," Windy offered. "Chad's brother."

The man looked suspiciously from one face to the other, then turned to Bobby.

"Hear you're the owner," he said. "Do you take my orders?"

"What orders?" asked Tex. Pete shifted in his saddle and stared down at Tex.

"It's like this, Mason," he said. "The Sheriff had to be off into the mountains suddenly and he deputized me to look into my brother's killin'."

Jedson touched his gun and there was a warning in his voice.

"Here's my orders for all of you," he said. "Keep away from that dobe shack 'til I tell you different. D'ya understand?"

"I only make promises I intend to keep," Tex said quietly. "And I'm not promising you anything."

Jedson stared down at Tex, a threat in his eyes. Then, with a shrug, he dug his heels into his horse's sides and took off.

"That one's just as crooked as his brother was straight," Windy said, as he disappeared over the rise.

Tex didn't answer. "What're we goin' to do?" Bobby asked him.

"Soon as Harka gets back we'll make plans to go up there tonight and scout around."

"Can I go?" "Better not, Bobby," he said. "Too many of us might scare them off. We don't want that."

That night, waiting on the porch, Bobby said thoughtfully, "Seems to me Tex and Harka are walking into a trap. From the way that Pete Jedson looked at Tex, he was daring him to come up there tonight."

"Man's got a right to act funny when his brother's killed," Windy said. "Even a mean one like Pete."

"Wish we could do something."

"Better sit tight," Windy cautioned. The telephone rang in the ranch house.

Bobby recognized the Sheriff's voice the moment he picked up the phone.

"What did Tex find out about Chad's death, Bobby?"

Bobby told him what had happened, and then about Pete Jedson's visit.

"Pete Jedson said I deputized him? Why, he just asked if he couldn't go out and look around. I told him to tell Tex I had to go into the mountains and that Tex was in charge 'til I got back."

Bobby dropped the phone and ran out on the porch.

"Windy, that was the Sheriff. Pete Jedson is lying. He wasn't deputized at all!"

"We better warn Tex and Harka," Windy said slowly, getting to his feet.

It wasn't more than a few minutes before they were on their way, but it seemed like hours to Bobby.

They slowed to a walk as they got near the end of the river trail. Windy waited till Bobby pulled along side him.

"I figger we better leave the horses out here," he said, "and walk the rest of the way to the haunted house."

Suddenly, from the Mexican side of the river, a white object shot up in a wide arc over the river. Then it began to fall, quickly at first, then more slowly, as if something were holding it up.

"That's it!" Windy gasped. "The ghost!"

The white object dropped to the ground a hundred yards beyond the haunted house.

It was a white, shiny box, a third the size of a man, with a small parachute dragging on the ground.

"Tex was right," Bobby said. "It was a parachute." He pulled away from Windy, ran toward the package.

A man leapt from behind the tree. He struck Bobby's knees in a tackle and Bobby felt Windy come crashing over them. Bobby thrashed out.

"Stop it, Bobby," the attacker said. "It's Tex!"

"Golly," Bobby said. "Get behind those rocks quick," Tex ordered. "It's a trap."

As they watched, a roar split the air and a blinding bolt of flame sprang up from the clearing. Dirt and stones showered over them.

"What was that?" Windy gasped. "Dynamite," said Tex.

The air was full of dust and the smell of burnt powder. Peering cautiously over the boulder, they saw a hole in the middle of the clearing big enough to hold a truck.

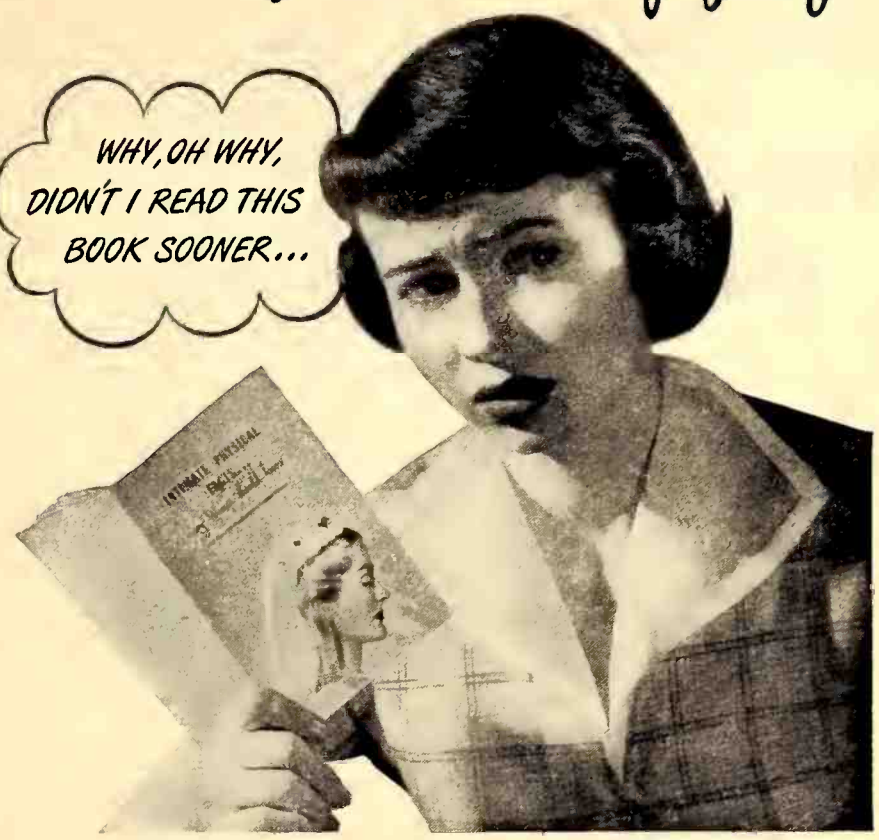
"Tex, the Sheriff called," Bobby re-

membered. "He said Jedson wasn't dep-
 uted. He's behind this. Let's get him!"
 "We can't," Tex said. "We're dead."
 Windy cocked an eyebrow at Tex
 saying, "I'm not dead, Tex. Least I
 don't think so."
 Tex grinned. "No, but they *think*
 we're dead. That package was loaded
 with dynamite just for us. It was a
 trap."
 "What do we do now?"
 "You and Windy stay here," Tex said
 quickly. "Don't make a move unless
 I need you."
 Near the edge of the clearing Tex
 mashed his hat, threw it on the ground,
 then dropped into hiding behind a rock
 not ten yards from the hat.
 He'd barely got under cover when
 they heard footsteps coming through
 the brush from the direction of the
 haunted house.
 One of the men was laughing and
 talking loudly. As they came near,
 Bobby realized it was Pete Jedson.
 "Well, Clark, I guess that little ex-
 plosion blew the B-Bar-B Riders to
 Timbuctoo," he roared.

They stepped into the clearing. There
 were only two of them. The man Pete
 called Clark wasn't laughing.
 "What if they weren't here when the
 powder blew?" he asked. "Maybe they
 didn't get here in time."
 "Course they did, Clark," Pete said.
 "They're too smart for their own good.
 Look."
 Pete raised his arm, pointing at Tex's
 hat.
 Clark walked toward the hat. As he
 bent over, Tex's voice rang out.
 "You're both covered," he snapped.
 Clark stiffened, his hands over his
 head. But Pete whirled at Tex's voice.
 He fired twice at Tex, then ran toward
 Bobby and Windy.
 "Get him!" Bobby cried. "Get him,
 Windy!"
 Windy, behind the rock, held the
 rifle to his shoulder but as Pete came
 near them he thrust the barrel toward
 Pete's feet. Pete twisted in the air,
 then crashed to the ground.
 "We got him," Windy said, leaping to-
 ward Pete and kicking at his pistol
 hand. "Got him the easy way! Saved
 him for the sheriff!"
 "Tex, are you okay?" Bobby called.
 Then he saw Tex walking toward
 him, with Clark in front, his hands
 high.
 Windy's rifle covered Jedson, who got
 to his feet, glaring at Tex.
 "I guess we know who killed your
 brother," Tex said, quietly.
 As they rode back, Tex explained,
 "Harka went back to call the Mexican
 patrol. They'll pick up Jedson's ac-
 complices."
 "How did they work it?" Bobby
 wanted to know.
 "I figure the smugglers had some kind
 of catapult across the river so that when
 the chute opened, it came down on the
 Texas side. They painted the package
 with luminous paint so it would be
 easy for Jedson to follow."
 Bobby looked up in amazement.
 "What made you think it was Pete?"
 "Well, when I saw Chad's body it
 really had me puzzled," Tex said. "His
 gun was in his holster, just as if he'd
 trusted whoever killed him. And that
 look on his face could've come from
 surprise. Wouldn't you be surprised
 if your brother turned out to be a
 criminal and was going to kill you?"
 "You bet!" Bobby said. His voice
 was thoughtful. But everything was
 all right now. You couldn't go wrong
 with friends like Tex and Windy.

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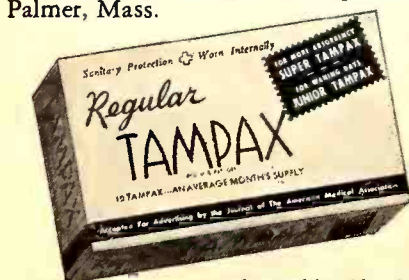
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Accepted for Advertising
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Teen Club Twosome

(Continued from page 60)

have heels.

We adore jewelry. We're always looting Dorothy's jewel box and she gets after us. June has a real diamond ring now that Mr. and Mrs. Whiteman gave her last Christmas and a nice watch she won on the Teen Club program. Her favorite color is baby blue and mine is pink. We both have Clark Gable for our favorite movie actor and June Allyson for our favorite actress, but neither of us is such a fan as Kathleen. She keeps movie scrapbooks and knows all about the stars.

June and I are great record fans, especially jitterbug stuff. We like "Chattanooga Shoeshine Boy." Perry Como is our favorite man singer and Doris Day our favorite girl. We own all our records together and when it isn't vacation we bring the girls to our house after school sometimes and jitterbug. All the kids in our family have always got together to sing and dance, and sometimes we almost run my mother out of the house with our noise. But I guess she's used to it by now. On television, we like the variety shows and the cowboy and gangster pictures.

Our very best girl friends are the Russell twins. Their names are Barbara and Beatrice, and they live right near us. They're twelve, and look exactly alike, but we can tell them apart. June and I think it would be fun to be identical twins like they are.

At school, some of the kids sometimes think I'm June, even if we don't look exactly alike when we're together. They say we talk alike, too. Sometimes they ask me for my autograph, and then I know they have me mixed with June. I'm extremely proud of June and of her success, so I don't mind.

Even though June is on television now she still keeps up her part of things. She likes to sew and do the mending. I prefer sweeping and dusting and doing dishes and work like that around the kitchen. We share a bedroom and we each make our own bed. June is neater than I am, and she's a slower dresser because she cares more about the effect than I do. She always looks so nice when she gets dressed up.

The only time we ever argue is about socks. Sometimes June thinks I have hers, and sometimes I think she has mine, but we don't ever really quarrel. And if anyone says anything to me, June takes my part, and so do I for her.

June likes to cook, in fact we both do. We take cooking in school and one of the first things we learned was how to bake a plain sponge cake. Then we try the things out at home by ourselves. Sometimes they turn out good, sometimes not so good.

I eat more than June does. I mean, where June will eat one egg and a small piece of ham for breakfast, I'll have two eggs and a much bigger piece. June's favorite food is rice, rice with anything. Mine is ham with salad or corn or beets, things like that. We adore ice cream, especially chocolate.

June's favorite wish is a trip to Hollywood, or around the world. My very favorite wish is to go up in an airplane.

I guess June would like to visit Hollywood because she wants to be a singer and an actress. She started singing on radio when she was eight. The very first time was when she sang "Some Sunday Afternoon" on the Horn and Hardart Hour. My mother took her, and she was quite scared to go on. A few months after that she got on Jack Steck's children's show over WFIL-TV from Woodside Park. She was on every Sunday afternoon for about four years. I used to go along sometimes but I wasn't interested for myself. It's the same way with dancing lessons. We both took them, but I stopped because I didn't take care about it. June is studying ballet now.

It was about a year ago last April that my Aunt Lula took June to Mr. Whiteman for an audition. She heard about his program from Mr. Steck. Mr. Whiteman liked June's singing and he put her in his shows, and she has been with him ever since. She likes him very much, and calls him "Pops." So do all the other kids on the show.

When school begins again Junie and I will be in the eighth grade at Robert Morris public school, in Philadelphia. June is secretary of the Student Council and I'm on the Council too as an Aide of the Class. Her favorite subject is home economics. Mine is arithmetic. We're both good spellers and we both like to write compositions. Our report cards are good, and Junie gets just as good marks as she did before she was on Mr. Whiteman's show.

We do our homework together, and play together. And things are pretty much the same as ever. But I know that someday my sister will be a big star—and I'll be even prouder of her.

"Helps solve my
own problems..."



says one regular listener to the fascinating radio program "My True Story" heard every morning, Monday through Friday. You meet new people each day, hear their real-life stories taken from the pages of True Story Magazine. Each morning there's a complete *true* drama, prepared in co-operation with the editors of True Story Magazine. Thousands of women vote this their favorite morning program because the people you meet... with their loves, their fears, their problems... could be you, could be your neighbor.

June in "MY TRUE STORY"

AMERICAN BROADCASTING STATIONS

Make a Pretty Sandwich

(Continued from page 48)

FRENCH-TOASTED HAM AND CHEESE

Combine:

- 2 eggs, slightly beaten
- 1 cup milk
- ¼ teaspoon salt

Place a slice of American cheese or Swiss cheese and a slice of boiled ham between two slices of bread. Dip each sandwich in egg-milk mixture. Fry in small amount of fat until browned, turning to brown on both sides.

MUSHROOM TOASTWICH

Place in skillet:

- 1 tablespoon fat
- 4 slices boiled ham

Cook 5 minutes or until ham is well heated.

Combine in a saucepan:

- ½ cup thick sour cream
- 2 (3 oz.) cans mushrooms, drained

Heat 5 minutes.

Toast: 8 slices bread

Spread each slice with prepared mustard. Cover 4 slices of toast with a slice of ham. Top with second slice of toast. Pour hot sour cream and mushroom mixture over each sandwich. Serve. Makes 4 sandwiches.

SAUSAGEBURGERS

Combine in skillet:

- 2 tablespoons fat
- 3 tablespoons green pepper, chopped
- 3 tablespoons onion, chopped

Cook over low heat until green pepper is soft.

Combine:

- 8 eggs, slightly beaten
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon pepper

Add to onion and green pepper mixture. Scramble over low heat until eggs are firm.

Shape into 8 patties:

- 1 pound sausage meat

Fry over low heat 15 minutes or until done.

Split and toast:

- 8 buns

Serve open faced on dinner plate with sausage patty on one half and egg mixture on the other. Makes 8 servings.

CORNERD BEEF SPECIAL

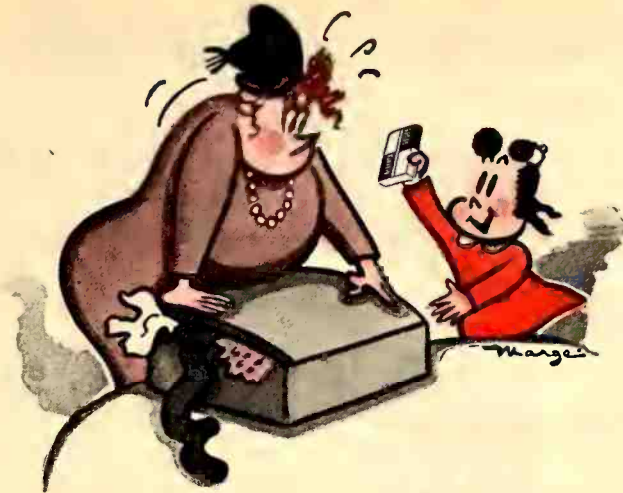
Use three slices of whole wheat bread for each sandwich. Trim crusts. Cover one slice with sliced cold cooked corned beef. Top with seasoned chopped raw spinach. Cover with second slice of bread. Spread with a mixture of softened cream cheese and shredded lettuce. Add third slice of bread. Press together. Cut into wedges. Serve with pickles and potato chips.

Are you as lovely
as you can be?

See page 11

Paid Notice

LITTLE LULU



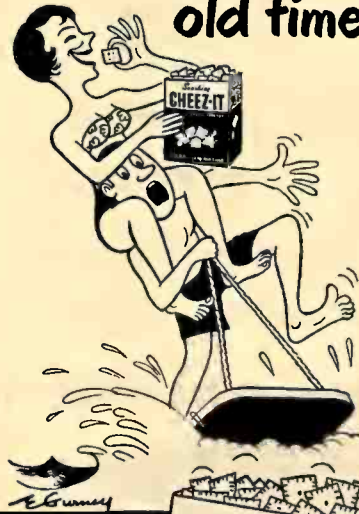
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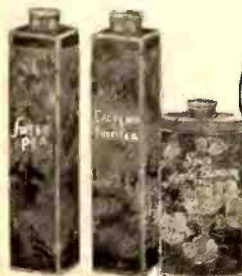
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My Mr. Fix-It

(Continued from page 62)

office hours at CBS headquarters, from ten until six, working with his writers, doing some writing of his own (mostly comedy), planning his programs and tending to all the business connected with the show.

It's over the week-end that my help-mate gets out the paint and turpentine, the screwdriver and the wrench, and goes to work on the plumbing, the furniture, and even the roof. In fact, he has fallen off the roof twice, but I have to admit that he did a good job on our television aerial. We couldn't seem to get a clear picture until he went to work on it.

We have a six-room western type farmhouse in North Hollywood, only one-story, so he didn't really fall far enough to hurt himself. Besides, he was smart enough to pick the low side for his tumbles!

Absolutely nothing stumps Alan or deters him. He'll take a crack at any job, no matter how little he may know about it. I guess his least successful experience was the time he decided to open a pipeline in the kitchen that connected with the drain, which had become clogged. He worked like fury to get the top off, and finally I persuaded him to give up and call a plumber. Angry with himself at being licked by a minor mechanical problem, he was even more chagrined when the plumber appeared, gave the top a couple of turns the other way, and left, whistling, after five minutes, the job completed and four dollars richer than when he came.

The time he decided to paint the whole house, starting with the laundry, is another subject that we now speak about only in hushed whispers and when the master isn't present.

Alan had read that a roller would put the paint on faster and better, so he went to work. From the outset I could see that the biggest part of my job would be to clean up the mess he made. The harder he worked, the more the marks of the roller showed, and after the first coat was smeared on I suggested we go out on the badminton court for a workout and let an expert take over the painting. We didn't get to badminton that day, however, because it took the rest of the afternoon to clean the paint out of Alan's hair. It turned out exactly like one of the situation comedy skits in one of Alan's

shows—probably more of them are based on his own experiences than you, or I for that matter, know.

But don't think this experience cured him of fancying himself a painter. At the drop of a brush he'll go at it again. That means a job for me too, cleaning up after him. He starts out neat, but somehow or other he ends up in a frenzy of paraphernalia and mess. It's probably because he concentrates on the end and pays little attention to the means. Among his successes is a lovely arrangement of sconces and shadow frames he did for one of the living room walls. They're much admired by our friends and I really brag about my Mr. Fix-It Husband when those are mentioned.

Alan brags a little about me, too, when he shows people the nursery I fixed up for Cameron Angus, our little boy. He was born last November 19, not only on his father's birthday but at the very same hour in which Alan had entered the world twenty-nine years before. (Angus is Alan's real name.) Cammy was due before the 19th, but we think now he was stubbornly timing his entrance, to follow in his dad's footsteps.

Alan was away on tour some months before the baby came, and I decided to make his office at home into a nursery. My mother was visiting me, so she helped. I had some wood cornices made and then I covered them with padding and quilted chintz and did the same with a wood bench and two chests. Then I made the bassinet. When Alan came home I thought he might mind my taking his office, but he was so delighted with the way everything was turning out that he never said a word, even though I had stored away his whole collection of scripts.

Alan and I generally stay home most evenings, except the night of his show. I usually watch the program from out front and then we have dinner afterward at the Derby.

Saturday mornings Alan is apt to get up singing and whistling, even gayer than on other days, and pretty soon I'll see him rummaging around in his tool chest. I know the signs now. Mr. Fix-It is getting ready to make some "improvements" in the place, and I'd better get my rags and scouring power ready to follow him up!

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"TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES"

Every Sunday Afternoon on Mutual Stations

Meet the MacRaymonds

(Continued from page 39)

stood a second small building which had been used by the previous owners as a guest house. Into it, the enthusiastic Mr. Raymond moved twin grand pianos. Somewhat later a recorder-radio-phonograph combination was added and, during the frantic days of 1939, 1940, and 1941, Gene recorded many of the radio speeches of President Roosevelt, Prime Ministers Chamberlain and Winston Churchill.

The music room was a great success, not only with the MacRaymonds (as their friends were beginning to call them) but with those friends and a circle of relatives—who stopped calling on the telephone, and simply appeared, instead, at the door of the music room to demand private concerts.

This happy state of things was short-lived. Gene was one of the first of the Hollywood contingent to earn the uniform of the Air Force; after he had gone, Jeanette found the music room too lonely, too inclined to echo with memories, to use. She loaned the recorder unit to the U.S.O. for use in an Army camp (incidentally the priceless pre-war and early-wartime recordings were in the cabinet when it went on loan-out, but they didn't return when the cabinet did). She put dust covers over the pianos; the music room, too, began to collect the odds and ends of life as it changed.

When Gene came home at war's end, having served as a Captain in the 97th Bombardment Group under General Ira Eaker, and having won his majority before being honorably discharged, he decided he wanted to write.

"The thing to do," he announced with his customary energy, "is to renovate the stables. I'll be able to write down there where I'll have quiet, isolation, and every necessary item of equipment. This is going to be great."

So the stored items were moved into the music room, and the grand pianos were sold. The stables were painted inside and out. Appropriate furniture was moved—on hand truck—down the garden path and into the stables, until the stables were resplendent with a desk, a typewriter on a movable stand, file cabinets, reams of yellow and white typewriting paper, and a stock of carbon and typewriter ribbons. With a bottle of ink, the amazing Mr. Raymond christened his new retreat "Fable's Stables."

The gregarious Mr. Raymond had trouble, from the first day, remaining in his hideaway. If Jeanette were around the house, he would think of things he needed to discuss with her, and if she were away, he was afraid she might telephone and he would miss the call.

In the evening, he developed a habit of lugging his typewriter back up the garden path, and up a long flight of stairs to his second floor study. There Jeanette would read while Gene pounded the keys. He could pause to read a particularly deft paragraph to her, and she could interrupt with an anecdote about her day's work. It was a fine arrangement. "Fable's Stables" fell into disuse. After many months, the office equipment was moved from the stables to the guest house where the MacRaymonds' secretary now does the family bookkeeping, answers fan mail, and attends to the details of running two careers.

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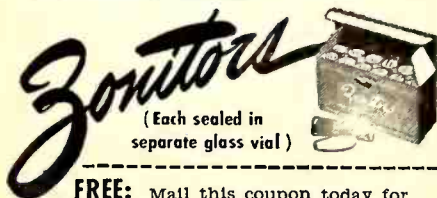
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The stables are now filled with old garment bags and Christmas tree decorations.

Gene loves to tell the story on himself. Unlike some actors, writers, composers, and motion picture producers (all of which he is) Gene has never become impressed with himself. His favorite story is one in which he comes off second or third best, not so much because he is a merry andrew, as because he loves to laugh, but he is so gentle that he can laugh at no one except himself.

As might be suspected, because of Gene's genuine liking for human beings, he is a delightful host. The MacRaymond parties are famous in Hollywood—so famous that a bid to one is probably the most coveted honor in town.

Usually the parties are sit-down dinners for eight or ten. In the case of a larger guest list, the dinners are given in the cosy taproom which Gene, personally, planned, and the construction of which he supervised. Across one wall of the room is a massive stone fireplace, and along the opposite wall, in a recess, is the bar. The flagstone floors are sanded smooth. The mulioned windows are hung with draperies of hennaed monkscloth (just about the shade of Jeanette's naturally red hair), and high on the shelves which encircle the room is the MacRaymond collection of mugs of every type.

This is a room which inspires comradeship and engenders brilliant conversation. Guests linger long at dinner, then wander almost reluctantly into the softly-lit and gracious drawing room which is dominated by the grand piano.

On one recent occasion the MacRaymond guest list included Jose Iturbi, Lauritz Melchior, Bidu Sayao, and General Ira Eaker.

One of the great rules observed by professional entertainers is that no one shall ever be asked, when he is a guest, to entertain. To do so would be like inviting an accountant to be your dinner guest, then asking him to compute your income tax, or wining and dining your doctor and then asking him to remove your appendix in lieu of playing canasta.

There is one exception to the rule: when every guest in a room is an artist, it is only natural that artistic discussion will ensue. "I love the aria that starts" . . . "But that is not quite the way . . . it's more like this" . . . "Aren't you confusing that aria with a little popular number that goes . . ."

Suddenly Jose Iturbi is at the piano, illustrating his point. Once launched, he plays the entire selection. Melchior, recognizing one of his favorites—into

which Senor Iturbi has sequed—begins to sing. He motions to Miss Sayao; he beckons to Jeanette.

There sit the non-singing guests, pop-eyed with delight to be the audience for nine million dollars' worth of talent singing and playing its collective heads off for the fun of it.

On other evenings, when the guests are not particularly musical, the MacRaymonds lead their friends into wild variations of what Hollywood calls "The Game" and which you knew in your younger panty days as "Charades."

Gene and Jeanette, instead of *acting out* book title, epigrams, current events, and the names of songs, like to select two team captains and ask them to *draw* enough clues for their teammates to guess the puzzle. Afterward, Gene saves the drawings. One masterpiece is Jack Benny's charcoal (No. 2 pencil) clue to the book title, "Diary of a Chambermaid." Another is Nelson Eddy's masterful "Barber of Seville."

Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Eddy are frequent guests at the MacRaymonds', and Nelson's life appears to be inextricably tangled with Gene's. When Nelson first came to Hollywood, he had already achieved fame on the concert stage, but he was unknown to picture audiences, hence to autograph hounds.

Wherever he went, he was greeted as "Mr. Raymond" when he was asked for an autograph. A humorous man, he obliged by signing, "Sincerely, Gene Raymond." Yet, after his first picture was released, he was as famous as Gene Raymond, so the confusion increased. Whenever Gene was approached, the greeting was likely to be, "May I have your autograph, Mr. Eddy?"

At parties, Gene and Nelson exchanged sly statistics. Nelson would say, "This week I was asked for twenty-three Raymonds, twenty-seven Eddys!" And Gene would parry, dead-pan, "Strange. This week I was asked for twenty-three Eddys, but *thirty-seven* Raymonds."

Gene grew accustomed to having strange women stop him on the street and ask him if he would sing at a church social come next Michaelmas, and Nelson got a great kick out of being told that his "wife," the beautiful red-haired Jeanette MacDonald, was any man's dream of a sweetheart. At that time, Nelson wasn't married. Incidentally, it's amazing how many people in these enlightened United States still think, according to the fan mail written both to Nelson and Jeanette, that Miss MacDonald is Mrs. Eddy in private life.

The real Mrs. Eddy is quite as involved in the confusion as the other three members who make up two couples. When she is traveling with



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Nelson, she expects to be called "Jeanette" quite often and she answers to that name as readily as she does to her own, which is Ann.

One of the treasures in the MacRaymond household is the bronze head which Nelson sculptured of Jeanette when they were singing their way through such smash hits as "Naughty Marietta," "Rose Marie," "Sweethearts," and "Maytime." The study occupies a place of honor in the library opposite a bronze of Lincoln.

For years Gene collected "Lincolni-ana" and read everything he could find about the gaunt Emancipator; this was one of his first hobbies. Another hobby is now and has always been the dreaming up of quaint gifts. Shortly before he and Jeanette were married, he decided to give her an alarm clock. The idea was entwined around some nonsense about her being on time for their early-morning horseback rides.

Naturally, Gene couldn't content himself with the usual alarm. He spent weeks finding a clock-maker who would build a combination clock and music box, the chime to sing the melody of "You're All I Need." The completed

LEE: Bay, dis income tax is a tricky thing.

Take my uncle. He was a single man, payin' big taxes. Den he found out dat de guvment allowed you a fifteen hundred dollar deduction far havin' a wife. Bay, he didn't waste na time takin' advantage of dat clause.

ANDY: He didn't, huh?

LEE: Na, anly trouble was he gat arrested twelve times far bigamy.

The Amas 'N' Andy Show

timepiece was worth a small fortune and was a gift fit for a queen.

The queen loved it; she said so again and again, and she played the alarm until it threatened to sicken both Jeanette and Gene of "their" love song. However, she finally confessed that a problem existed: she cannot bear to have to listen to the ticking of a clock.

From that day to this the clock has occupied a place of honor in the magnificent breakfront in the MacRaymond drawing room—but it does not run and it chimes only for guests who inquire about it.

Another of Gene's ideas met with supreme success. He collected a complete set of still pictures made on the set of every motion picture in which Jeanette has worked, and had the stills bound in dark green leather, one motion picture recorded in each volume.

In telling of this resourceful and lavish gift, Jeanette says, "Gene's an amazing person. I've never known anyone as genuinely thoughtful, as even-tempered, as much fun to be around, as he is. Maybe I'm prejudiced . . ."

But he is. The Amazing Mr. Raymond.

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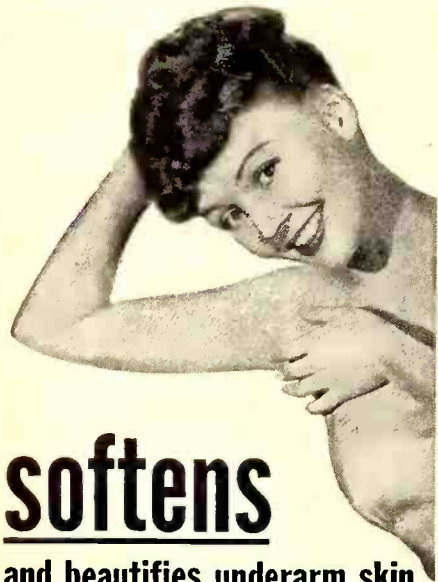
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My Father, Warren Hull

(Continued from page 30)

divorced and Mother now lives in California. Last summer Dad bought a car for my brothers and me so we could drive out to see her. The Four Musketeers, as we sometimes call ourselves, start with Dad, then John, who is the oldest and now getting a foot into television business; George, who is just out of high school (but his girl friend sees more of him than we do), and last, but not least, there is Paul. That's me.

My earliest memory of Dad is that he always took care of the monkeys. Unfortunately for both of us, my bedroom was infested by imaginary monkeys. I couldn't cross the carpet to my bed but what they'd tickle the bottom of my feet. As I recall, Dad would throw me over his shoulder with my feet toward the ceiling so those monkeys couldn't get at me. After that he would tell me a poem and if I had been good, he would throw in some additional entertainment. He might play the trumpet or sing or dramatize some lines from a movie or tell me about some of the famous people he'd interviewed. And Dad's done it all: he's acted and sung in many Broadway plays plus thirty-six movies, emceed top radio programs and even played a trumpet professionally.

"He's got more talent than one man can find use for in a lifetime," John once observed. "You're going to have a tough time of it, Paul."

My brother means that it won't be easy to live up to my ambition—which is merely to follow in Dad's footsteps. It would be hard to fill his shoes let alone keep up with him. But I'm trying. I'm pretty proud about being a member of the track team and having a lead in this high school production of Robin Hood this past year. At sixteen, Dad, too, was on his school's track team and also in the school operetta in Lockport, N. Y.

Dad's family were musical. They had a quartet within the family and everyone played some musical instrument. In fact, one summer Dad and his sister sang duets on a Lockport radio station.

After one year in business school at New York University, Dad decided to enroll at the Eastman Music School to study voice. It was there, two years later, that John Charles Thomas heard Dad.

"Warren, you should be singing professionally now," Mr. Thomas told him. And that was all Dad needed.

He made a beeline for Broadway and walked into a chorus job with the Shuberts. Then he was an understudy in several shows but, in a short enough time, has principal roles in such famous musicals as "My Maryland," "Rain or Shine," and "Follow Thru."

I didn't come into the picture until 1934. Dad was on some big radio shows but before I was one year old we were in California where he went to work for Warner Brothers.

My brothers and I had a lot of good friends out in Hollywood. We played with Dennis Morgan's kids and Sonny Jolson, Al's son. It's my teen-age opinion that the stuff you hear about Hollywood being phony is nonsense. All the boys I knew were as regular as my friends in Scarsdale.

Dad quit movies before we moved to Scarsdale and worked as co-emcee on Vox Pop for seven years, until the program went off the air in 1948.

I've heard and watched Dad talk to people on Strike It Rich many times. It always astounds me the way he can get men and women to tell the intimate things about themselves and yet in the end, you have only respect for their dignity and courage. That's something Dad does that you can't learn: you either have a real interest and sympathy for a stranger or you just don't.

"You have to be able to look any man in the face," Dad will tell us. "You can't live with yourself peacefully if you can't live honestly with others."

I think that's great stuff, that's why I quote it to you. Of course, Dad has taught me and my brothers a lot of practical things. When any of us had a part singing or acting in a school production, Dad has always been on hand to coach us through our lines. We had the entire cast over to the house the Saturday before "Robin Hood" was presented and Dad worked most of the afternoon with us.

As I said before, our household is all male. You might think things would get into quite a mess, lacking the feminine touch but it doesn't. We all chip in, and we have the help of our good friend Jim Harvey, who is combination housekeeper and cook. But most evenings and weekends Dad is with us. We run to the beach together during the summer and take hikes through the woods all year round. All of us were in the Boy Scouts but Dad has taught us more than a little about cooking. Among the four of us, we have invented quite a few special dishes. One of our favorites is spachili which is a kind of combination of spaghetti and chili.

"When you find a girl that wants to marry you," Dad counsels, "try that dish on her first so she can have a fair chance at changing her mind."

Dad isn't always prodding us. If he hears me slur a note wrong when I'm singing, he will offer some advice—but usually he waits till we come around asking for help. He's quick to lend us a tie or an extra dollar when we overrun our allowance but, on the other hand, we take care of our clothes ourselves and have jobs around town to earn spending money.

The Governor, as I like to call Dad when I'm teasing, has a great deal of respect for women and has in his subtle way taught us a complete set of rules in etiquette and courtesy.

In writing this I've had to refer to Warren Hull as "Dad," so it hasn't been easy to convey the exact feeling of friendliness that exists among the four of us. Sure, when I was bitten by a mad dog, he rushed me to a doctor then stayed at my bedside until I got over it. Sure, once in a while he has to build a fire under us when we sometimes get a little lazy in our school work. But in spite of the head of the house responsibilities that he can't—and doesn't try to—avoid, we always see Dad as the older brother. There has never been the feeling that he was too old and dignified for us to be frank with. When there are chores around the house, he strips off his jacket and pitches in with the rest of us.

It won't be easy for me to follow in Warren Hull's footsteps. It wouldn't be easy—except for one thing: Warren Hull's my father, and he'll be around to show me the way!

Adoption Racket

(Continued from page 45)

street address in the outskirts of the city. She found the number on a large, stucco house, set off by itself. Uncertainly she rang the doorbell.

A gray-haired, plump woman answered the door.

"Does Mrs. Windsor live here?" Bettyjane asked. "I'm looking for work."

"I'm Mrs. Windsor," the woman said. There was shrewd appraisal in the middle-aged woman's eyes as she quickly took in the desperation in Bettyjane's eyes, her conspicuous pregnancy. But Mrs. Windsor's voice was kindly when she spoke.

"Come in, my dear."

Over a glass of lemonade, Bettyjane told about her need for a job. Before long Mrs. Windsor knew practically everything about Bettyjane.

"Can you get me a job?" Bettyjane asked eagerly.

"No," the woman said. "But you've found a friend. I can help you. You see, I conduct a private agency to place children in foster homes."

The woman went on to explain there were many childless couples who were willing to pay for a baby.

"You could live in my home until the baby comes," the woman said graciously, "And I know of a good doctor. Or do you already have one?"

Bettyjane, ashamed to admit she didn't have one, said, "No one special."

"Then it's all settled. You'll move in this evening."

During the six weeks she stayed with Mrs. Windsor, Bettyjane was treated well. Her room was airy and comfortable. Mrs. Windsor took her regularly to the doctor.

Bettyjane's gratitude was boundless and more than once she said, "I'll pay you back some day, Mrs. Windsor."

"Don't worry about it," was the standard reply. "I want to help you."

Bettyjane went to a hospital in February and on the second night gave birth to a little girl. The next morning her heart filled with joy when she saw her baby for the first time. On the tenth day Mrs. Windsor called in a cab and took the mother and child home.

They were barely home when Mrs. Windsor said, "They'll pick up the child tonight."

"Who?"

"The people who are adopting her."

Bettyjane remembered the talk about foster parents the first day but had thought this had meant only a temporary home for a child, not adoption. And she had grown to love her own child more than she thought possible.

"I've decided to keep my baby," she said quickly.

The gentleness was gone from Mrs. Windsor's face as she picked a sheet of paper off the table. The young mother looked at an itemized list of expenses. She discovered Mrs. Windsor was a better bookkeeper than a hostess. The total bill was five hundred and twenty-five dollars.

"I thought you took me in out of kindness—" Bettyjane began.

"I can't pay these bills out of kindness. I'm not a wealthy woman," Mrs. Windsor said, then continued softly, "But I've found a nice, well-to-do couple with good social position for the baby. They are willing to give six hundred dollars, which means you will have about seventy-five dollars left over to help you get started again."

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Write for free booklet.



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Bettyjane was in a daze as Mrs. Windsor reminded her that she was without any means of support and was already indebted. All of this was true and Bettyjane gave in.

That was the last time Bettyjane ever saw her baby. She didn't meet the new parents but on her way back North she tried to console herself with the vision of her infant being cared for by fine, kindly people. But even that wasn't true. Mrs. Windsor had no idea where the baby was going but she knew her partners in the "baby blackmarket" would get far more than six hundred dollars. Most likely fifteen hundred to two thousand dollars. And what the parents would be like, would be anyone's guess. There is record of an ex-convict, addicted to narcotics whose middle-aged wife bought a baby in the hopes that it would be a stabilizing influence on her husband. Another man bought a baby for a similar reason—his wife didn't have enough to do; when he came home, she was usually drunk.

Many other couples have bought a child with the best of intentions only to be terribly hurt. The assembly line distributor of babies does not check the mental capacity and physical condition of babies and some foster parents dealing with marketeers have nourished babies that were morons or cripples or diseased with syphilis.

MARY: Jack, aren't you gonna bring your show to Waukegan?

JACK: Mary, I was born in Waukegan. how can you follow that?

—The Jack Benny Program

But none of these are the real victims, neither the mother who must give up her flesh and blood nor the foster parents who are disappointed. The real victim is a human being who cannot voice his feelings for he speaks with only his heart. He is the infant in arms who is sold in the marketplace. Placed in a home not properly investigated, his entire life may be distorted. And at the present time about two-thirds of the placements are made in the black market.

How can we eliminate the baby market?

Most people don't realize that only a few states in the union have laws prohibiting the sale and purchase of infants. While most states require the same of adoption agencies. And, of course, only a few states require an investigation of the prospective parents and a decent lapse of time after birth to determine the baby's physical and mental fitness.

Only through the enactment and enforcement of proper laws can we protect the 50,000 or more babies that are placed in foster homes each year. The proper placement of babies is as important as the security of our country for in the near future it may mean the difference between peace and chaos. The price of a baby cannot be reckoned in dollars, only in happiness.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The names Bettyjane Corring and Mrs. Windsor, used in the foregoing stories, are not real names but are fictional; and any resemblance to real persons is wholly accidental and unintentional.



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The Morey the Merrier!

(Continued from page 59)

be masked, naturally. His trusty six-shooter will be in his hand, and his sombrero will be worn at the approved rakish angle, but you will be astonished to note that, in person, The Lone Ranger is something under four feet tall and also answers to the name of "Schnuckle." This will be Gregory, seven years old.

The Lone Ranger's father is a chunky, black-haired, blue-eyed man who manages to look taller than his five feet, six and a half inches.

Mrs. Amsterdam is the former professional model, Kay Patrick, so beautiful that she still is in demand by commercial photographers though she gave up her career when she married in 1941, because "Just keeping up with Morey keeps me busy."

Morey was born thirty-six years ago in Chicago and was christened Maurice, a name he dropped in favor of his nickname. His father, Max Amsterdam, was first violinist for the Chicago Opera. While Morey was still a baby, his father joined the San Francisco Symphony, so Morey and his two brothers grew up in the west.

With his usual lightning speed, young Morey had raced through high school and entered the University of California when he was fourteen. His brother had a vaudeville act, and when one of the troupe got sick, Morey was allowed to substitute. That fall, his brother joined an orchestra and Morey returned to college, but his heart was no longer in his books. He wanted to go on the stage. His sympathetic family shipped him to Chicago where relatives could keep an eye on him.

By the time he was seventeen, Morey was in demand as master-of-ceremonies for stage shows and supper-clubs in cities like Chicago and Detroit.

He made his radio debut in 1930 in Hollywood, first as a featured comic and then as star of his own show.

Later Morey joined Al Pearce's Radio Gang and stayed with that for the next five years. Theater and night club work all over the country followed, and then he went back to Hollywood to write comedy for MGM's Good News program and also to put on his own radio show. For USO camp show tours, he swung around Uncle Sam's circuit for two years, playing in the C.B.I. theater.

"I kept busy," says Morey, "but nothing much happened. I looked over the field and decided I couldn't be the littlest or the biggest guy in show business, so I'd be the busiest."

His own club, The Playgoers, in a basement in midtown New York, started because the energetic Mr. Amsterdam wasn't working for about twenty minutes in each twenty-four hours. This made him nervous so Morey became The Playgoers' floor show. He sang, cracked jokes, told stories, played the cello.

The place stayed jammed to the doors and won the inextinguishable Morey a whole new set of admirers.

Now of course, a tremendously enlarged audience is saying the same thing when they see the Morey Amsterdam show on the Du Mont TV network.

The secret of his success?
"Taking things easy," says Morey, "and not wasting time in worry. I learned early that nothing is ever all wrong. Even a clock that stops is still right twice a day."

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Come and Visit the Hewitts

(Continued from page 41)

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space. But that's not worth being picky about, Dolph and Ruth think. It's attractive, it's home, it suits them, it provides a place in the country for people who feel penned-in by city living. And it's theirs—it's paid for, which can't always be said of the fourteen-room places.

At this stage of his career, Dolph might well afford more than the down-payment on such "puttin' on the dog" living quarters, as he'd call them, for delighted RCA-Victor executives refer to him as the newest hillbilly sensation and add that in their folk music division his recording of "I Wish I Knew" has sold more copies than any other artist's first record. Other contributions to his bank account are his National Barn Dance bookings, his five-times-a-week WLS show, TV and personal appearances. Nevertheless, Dolph and Ruth are happy in their trailer.

Keeping house in a trailer, the Hewitts explain, isn't so much a matter of making do as it is of adjustment. Once you get the routine set, everything is a breeze. In the first place, the Hewitts' is a big trailer, not a one-room affair. The compact, well-laid out plan includes a living room-dining room combination, a hall, a kitchen, a bathroom, and two bedrooms. As you enter, the kitchen faces you, across the hall. To the left is the living room. A big, comfortable sofa across one end of it, is upholstered in an attractive print. By day, this provides a pleasant place to relax; at meal times, dinner guests are seated there. And at night, this piece of triple threat furniture can be opened out to full-sized bed.

"It's very convenient when my sisters come to visit," Ruth says. And adds, "We like company."

Quite obviously they do. The first act, when a visitor comes, is to plug in the coffee percolator, and the second is to take the guest on a grand tour of the trailer.

First stop on the tour is the kitchen, which represents something close to magic from the point of view of equipment and convenience. The electric refrigerator and the stove, which operates on bottled gas, are full-sized. The oil heating stove and sink, however, are a bit smaller than normal. The water heater, too, is small enough to fit in the space under the work counter. But, as Ruth explains, its automatic, which means she always has plenty of hot water for all their kitchen and bath needs. Plumbing, built into the trailer, connects with the trailer camp's water supply and sewage disposal systems.

Down a narrow hallway from the kitchen is the bathroom—a shower instead of a tub is a concession to compactness there. Opposite the bathroom is one of the bedrooms—Chuck's. It has a double-deck bunk. "He sleeps in the lower bunk," Dolph explains, "but the top deck is his favorite place to 'read' his story books."

Across the far end of the trailer is master bedroom. Ruth's decorated it in blue, with a pale blue candlewick spread on the double bed and ruffled curtains of a deep tone at the windows. And with that room, the tour ends, there isn't any more. No more rooms, that is, but plenty more to be said for the efficiency of trailer living, and the efficiency of Ruth, who has that variety of living down to a science by now.

"Our only real problem is clothes closets," Ruth will tell you. "We have three but honestly—if Dolph gets another Western costume, I don't know where we'll put it. Dolph believes that with Western outfits, the more the better, since they are a part of his stock in trade. And considering that he's an important part of ABC's National Barn Dance, that he has daily shows on WLS as well, that he does a number of guest appearances on TV and many more at local entertainments and dances around Chicago, his attitude toward those beloved clothes of his seems justified."

The sewing machine is a very important part of the Hewitt household, for it is the answer to keeping Dolph's wardrobe under control and Chuck's up to date. When an outfit of the older Hewitt's has outlived its usefulness, Ruth promptly transforms it into a suit for the younger one.

Sewing takes time—but thanks to Ruth's efficient schedule she manages very well.

The schedule swings into action at five A.M. when Ruth gets up to make breakfast. Dolph's morning show on WLS is at seventy-thirty, so decks are cleared for Ruth's household chores early each day. The daily cleaning is easily done, thanks to the trailer's compactness.

After a round of bed-making and dusting—and a quick siding up of the neat kitchen, Ruth's free to sew, to cook, or to play with Chuck.

Cooking is one of her major accomplishments and there's nothing, she boasts, that can be turned out in a full-sized kitchen that she can't make in her pint-sized one. She's an experimenter, too. Dolph's favorite dessert is apple pie. One day Ruth found herself without enough apples for a full-sized one, so she added raisins, half-and-half. It was such a success that Dolph has now switched allegiance to the Ruth-style pie instead. Barbecued ribs are a household favorite, too.

One look at little Chuck with his mother's strawberry-blonde coloring and his dad's infectious grin, is proof enough that a trailer kitchen is adequate for a healthy diet, provided the cook, too, is adequate. As for Dolph, he's gained thirty pounds since he and Ruth were married, five years ago.

Those five years have been happy ones for Ruth and Dolph. And though Ruth and her sister Mary Jane had been a well-known singing duo, the Johnson Sisters, Ruth willingly gave it all up. As Ruth says, "Dolph and I knew that two separate careers were too much for one family."

That's still the dominating sentiment with the young Hewitts. Ruth adds—a bit wistfully—that some day, when Chuck is older, she would like to return to radio. "Just so I can work with Dolph." She makes it plain, that however such plans are pushed ahead to the distant future. Other things must come first, such as building a house.

Says Dolph, "We don't know where it's going to be yet, but we do know this. It will be simple, comfortable, and have plenty of ground around it. It won't be elaborate. Ruth and I are sort of like the songs we sing. We'll let other people put on the dog if they want to while we stick to the old-fashioned ways. We've found out the important thing is just being together."



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(Continued from page 67)

once . . .

Finally Trudy got away. Martha was still talking about Meta when they parted in the lobby, and for all Trudy knew had gone on talking for quite a while before realizing she was alone. Suppose she had told Martha that she didn't want to talk of Meta, Martha would have leaped to the conclusion that she hated her sister, and would have gone around talking about how Trudy couldn't sleep nights because she was so jealous of her sister. Whereas the truth was . . . Trudy paused. What was the truth? She didn't hate Meta. She loved her, in a tired-out, disillusioned sisterly fashion.

It wasn't anybody's fault that Meta has so much extra loveliness, and that Trudy was—just Trudy. They'd been friends. Until Ross. A danger signal flared in Trudy's brain. Mustn't think about Ross. Back to work.

But with a sudden, piercing stab, as she boarded her bus, came the thought, "I wonder how Ross is. I wonder how he's getting along at the hospital." They had talked so often, back in the days when he was boarding at the Bauer home, about the hard time a young doctor had getting started. "I was interested, too; sympathetic," Trudy thought wryly. "By all the rules he should have fallen into my arms. So much for the rules."

She was an idiot to ever let her mind wander back to Ross Boling. He was gone, though she was achingly conscious whenever she passed near the Selby Flats Hospital that only a few thicknesses of granite and plaster separated her from him at that moment. He wasn't thinking of her; he'd never called since Meta had come and gone. . . . She *must* stop thinking of him. "I'll take two aspirins and go to bed," she promised herself. "Right after dinner. Get some sleep for a change."

But she had reckoned without Bertha. At dinner, over a second cup of coffee, Trudy studied her ninety-eight pound sister-in-law. She was pretty, all right—and her hair was pretty, too—wavy and dark, cut short so that it curved back from a charming widow's peak and hugged her small head. "Very pretty," Trudy said aloud.

"What is?" Bertha asked.
"I was looking at your hair."
"Oh, I'm glad you like it. I just had it cut today." Bertha pushed back her chair and got up. "Want to help tonight, Trudy, or are you too tired? You looked tired when you came home."

"I'm fine now." Trudy folded her napkin and started collecting dishes. "What's up, Bertha? Usually you turn down my offers of help and do it all yourself. You're not sick or anything?"

Bertha was already on her way to the kitchen with a tray full of dishes. She said over her shoulder, "It's only fair when everybody works all day for me to take care of the house. Bring the coffeepot, Trudy." All at once, perhaps because she couldn't see her face, Trudy's ear picked up a nervous note in Bertha's voice. Then Bertha turned, and Trudy realized for the first time that she was all keyed up about something. Her color was high and her movements, normally swift and light, were jerky. "That's why I picked tonight, after all these weeks, to notice

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JOAN LANSING

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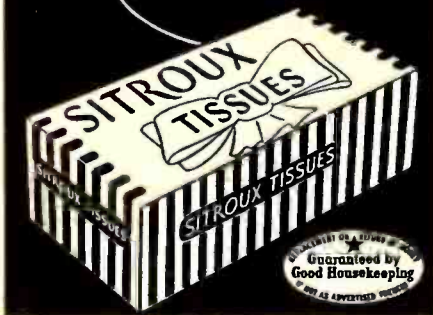
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her looks," Trudy thought wonderingly. "She's all sharpened up and twittery. I wonder what's up?"

She was about to ask a question, but Bertha spoke first. "You've got a new lipstick, haven't you?"

"Um," Trudy pressed her lips together.

"I saw the new color. I like it. But let me tell you—it's not enough! Trudy, we've got to do something about you! You have the figure, and there's nothing wrong with your face—"

"Thanks," Trudy said drily.

"Oh, you know what I mean. Or do you? Tonight when I told you I'd had my hair done, you sounded just like a man—just like Bill does sometimes. He never knows just what it is, he just sort of senses there's a change and he either likes it or he doesn't—and that's how you were, Trudy. I don't know another girl who wouldn't have realized that I'd had my hair cut a completely different way!"

"Well, all right," Trudy said. "So I didn't notice. Honestly, Bertha, I haven't got the faintest idea what you're getting at." She really was confused by Bertha's harangue, but not altogether as confused as she made herself sound. She had a vague idea what her sister-in-law was talking about, and if her suspicion proved right she wanted to get out of the enforced intimacy of the kitchen as quickly as possible. Or did she? It would be no trouble to cut Bertha short, if she really wanted to. Did she in some corner of her mind want Bertha to go on and say what she evidently was bursting to say? "Very silly," Trudy told herself sharply. "You go on with this conversation and you'll end up talking about men. About Ross. And there's nothing to talk about. It's over."

Bertha had scoured down the sink and stood rolling down her sleeves. "I'll put it another way, then," she said stubbornly. "It's springtime, Trudy. You noticed? Well, then, you've got to get yourself a boy friend and start having some fun. "Every girl's entitled to that!"

"Here we go!" Trudy thought. "I knew I should have gotten out of here."

"I know you think I'm not very bright, Trudy. Maybe by your standards I'm not. But there are some things I know about. Like your sister Meta. She knew it's not enough to be good-looking and nice and agreeable. She knew enough to work over herself and give herself that—you know, that plus. So what happens! She takes her good looks, makes herself into a raving beauty, gets herself a rich husband—"

"—and pretty soon an expensive di-

voice." Stung by the mention of Meta's name, Trudy made the retort before she could stop herself.

"Don't be silly, Meta's not divorcing Ted White as fast as all that. What makes you think—well, anyway, that's not what we're talking about. What I'm saying is that granted, Meta's kind of beautiful. Look at me. Am I beautiful? Not me. I'm too short. So I pick out my clothes very carefully, not to look too droopy or too fussy. My mouth is too small—so I take a little trouble every morning, my lipstick should fill it out for me. My eyes are pretty good, so I put a little mascara on here and there, just a touch—and what happens? Everybody looks at my eyes!"

"But you didn't get a rich husband."

"No, but what made Bill see me in the first place was that I knew how to fix myself up with that extra something—and Trudy, I'm telling you, it works!"

Trudy sighed. She sat down on a corner of the kitchen table, folded her arms, and gazed sternly at Bertha.

"What brought all this on? You've been talking to somebody, Bertha! You're not just pulling this out of thin air."

Bertha met her eyes. "No, I'm not. I'll be frank, because I want you to know I'm your friend, Trudy. I'm thinking of your own good." She hesitated. "I—my friend Carolyn, you know the one, is in the Selby Flats Hospital having a baby, and I went over to see her today. And I—I saw that cute Doctor Ross Boling, and Carolyn said . . ."

Bertha's voice went on, but carried no meaning to Trudy's brain. *I knew it!* she was thinking bitterly. *I wanted her to talk about him, that's why I let her keep me here!* How much of a fool could a girl be? She hadn't seen him in months, not since right after Mama died. He hadn't called or anything. But all at once she was filled with the need to say his name, to talk about him. The question came out with a shamed eagerness. "How is he?"

"Who? Oh! Oh, so you are interested! Well, let me tell you, Trudy Bauer—"

"And let me tell you, Bertha, that all I asked was how Dr. Boling is! It's natural. He's an—an old friend."

"An old boy friend," Bertha amended. "Carolyn was saying how he never seems to talk about girls or go out much, and what I want to say to you, Trudy, is I think it's a crime, a nice fellow like that—and here you are, as nice as you can be—and all because of that sister of yours, Meta!"

"What are you talking about?"

"Oh, it's pretty plain. When Carolyn tells me, which I didn't really know be-

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fore, that when Ross was a boarder here when Meta was away from home—well, he took you out a few times. So what happens? Meta comes home. Boom—Ross Boling has no more time for you. And she doesn't really marry him anyway. She goes off and marries Ted White. And where does that leave Miss Trudy Bauer?"

"I'm punished, Trudy thought. Just for the luxury of hearing him talked about I've let Bertha humiliate me.

She slid off the table. "It leaves me with a ripping headache," she said, and went to the door. "Just one thing, Bertha—please don't go telling everybody what you've just said. There was never anything much between Ross and me. You'll be doing me a favor if you'll forget whatever idea you've gotten into your head."

"I will not," Bertha said loudly. "Trudy, you've got to listen to me this one time. Please! Come to Pierre's with me and let him fix your hair. And we'll buy you some new clothes—different, more sophisticated. And a little more makeup. And then you'll see—Ross will—"

Trudy said fiercely, "Bertha, for heaven's sake, shut up!" and escaped into the hall that separated the kitchen from the rest of the house. She was full of an urge to get away by herself. Out was the only place she could go.

She walked for a long time before her tumbling thoughts began to settle into some kind of order. That Bertha! Did everyone have to go poking into things, leaving you not a single corner in which you could hide with the griefs and regrets that you were sort of ashamed of?

But still she remembered Ross . . . quiet, serious, sensitive—so much what she wanted!

Now walking alone on a spring night, Trudy almost felt Ross beside her and automatically she began to walk slowly, as they had walked together in the past.

But what had started so sweetly in that past was over. Meta had come home, and for Mama's sake . . . Mama, who was dying . . . even Trudy had been glad. Then Mama had died, and Trudy had known the truth, that her sister's homecoming had functioned in her life as a plague, murdering the fragile tendrils that had begun to wind Ross and Trudy together. Meta hadn't intended destruction; she was too preoccupied with her own troubles to notice what her presence was doing to Ross. But Mama, before she died, had seen; and Trudy, bitterly, had seen; and finally Ross himself believed he was in love with Meta.

Bertha had been right. If Meta hadn't come home, made her brief, destructive pause in the Bauer household before becoming Ted White's wife, then possibly Ross might have grown to love Trudy. The beginning had been there. She straightened and looked around. She had come a long way. Two miles or more from home! No wonder her legs were trembling with tiredness.

She waited a minute until she felt steadier. Then she began to walk again. Somewhere down one of these streets was a drug store. If she could find it now she'd have a cup of coffee, and then go home.

After two more blocks, the drug store's light flashed from the next corner. Gratefully Trudy went in and found a stool at the counter, and ordered black coffee. Only then, as she sat watching the bright-eyed teenagers clustered about the magazine

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racks, did it occur to her to wonder why she was so tired. Normally a two-mile walk was nothing. But—she put her hand to her forehead and it came away damp—she did feel funny. Her hand, she saw with a slight shock, was shaking.

She gulped down the coffee. Her stomach felt funny, too. A large, lumbering boy brushed by her, and in the faint breeze created by his passage Trudy shivered. She put a cold hand to a hot cheek and thought suddenly, "Home. I've got to get home." As she slid off the stool, the clerk handed her her check, and looked at her sharply. "Say, lady, you're not sick, are you? Want an aspirin or something?"

Trudy shook her head, shoved money at him and headed for the door. A taxi—if she could find a cab now and get home, into bed . . . there! There was one, across the street! Thank goodness.

By the time they pulled up before the Bauer house, Trudy's teeth were chattering in earnest. "Whatever it is I've got it good," she thought. "Better take something. Couldn't stand being sick with Bertha around, she'd smother the life out of me."

As it turned out, she had to stand for Bertha's ministrations. In the morning she found she didn't care to lift her head from the pillow. She felt weak, and her insides were so shaky that when Bertha tapped on the door and came in the slight effort of talking made her feel violently ill. "Don't feel well," she mumbled.

"I should think not!" Bertha said. "You look green as anything." She put a cool hand on Trudy's forehead and shook her head. "No fever, but look—your pillow's soaking. My heavens, Trudy! Is your throat sore? Have you got a pain anywhere?"

"Cold or something, I don't know. Be all right in a little while." To her own surprise, she didn't even want Bertha to go away. The knowledge that her sister-in-law would like nothing better than to make a fuss over her was comforting. She watched from halfshut eyes as Bertha moved busily around the room, and didn't listen to her stream of chatter till she caught the word "doctor."

"No doctor, Bertha—not that sick. Just rest a while . . ."

It was, however, Bertha's day to hold all the cards. Trudy slept for a while, but when she woke she knew that Bertha was right. Whether it was Ross or just anybody, maybe she'd best let Bertha call a doctor. She remembered the headache of the night before, and the spell of chills that had overtaken her while she was walking. Maybe she did have a virus infection . . . Ross—a doctor would be able to tell. She was about to try to call out when Bertha came in.

"Now I will call, whether you like it or not!" she said. "I'm going to call Dr. Boling."

Opening Trudy's dresser drawer, Bertha took out the hairbrush and comb, face powder, tissues and rouge. She put these on the night table and said briskly, "Now where's the new lipstick?"

"Good old Bertha," Trudy thought. "Maybe she's right. Maybe . . . see Ross . . . now Meta's gone . . ."

Her thoughts trailed off. She was dimly conscious of being pushed around a bit, and once of being—it seemed to her—beaten on the head, but she submitted because it was too much trouble to do anything else. Fever, I suppose,

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she thought in one lucid moment. Then Bertha shoved a mirror into her hands and said, "It's nice you're as weak as a kitten, Trudy dear, so I can do what I want with you! What do you think now?"

Looking at her reflection, Trudy began to smile. It did look pretty good! Bertha had pulled a wave of hair across the forehead that Trudy usually left bare and had tied back the rest with a peach-colored ribbon that exactly matched the filmy bedjacket she had brought in from her own closet. You could still see the pallor of Trudy's skin under the powder, but it had taken on a pearliness that was oddly appealing. Bertha said contentedly, "Not bad for a change, eh? Now lean back, and I'll go call the hospital. Don't muss your hair!"

As soon as Bertha was gone, Trudy wanted desperately to call her back. The whole thing was transparent. Ross would see through it in a minute. *But on the other hand, I am sick*, she reminded herself. There were still chills between her shoulder-blades, and an inner shakiness. *I'm sick all right. He'll have to admit that.* Soon Bertha bustled in and said, "We're lucky, Dr. Boling can be here in half an hour."

Trudy felt suffocated. In half an hour Ross would be with her, here . . . in her bedroom! She gave herself a mental shake. Ross was a doctor, don't forget that. Ladies' bedrooms were nothing in his life. But still . . . oh, maybe Bertha was right. Maybe what you had to do was thrust yourself forward, make them notice you. But after they noticed you, what then? He had noticed her once before, and she hadn't known how to follow up. No, that wasn't true. She *had* known, because she had been so—so fond of him, but then Meta had come.

Suddenly a sound outside, a stir in the hall sent her hand to her heart. The time for theory was past then, and she must face whatever was going to happen as well as she could—

Outside her door Bertha called sweetly, "Trudy? The doctor is here!" and then quickly entered. Behind her, his head and shoulders towering over her small figure, was—Ross.

Whether it was the fever, or nervousness, it seemed to Trudy that it was a long, long time before Ross crossed the room and reached the bedside. When he picked up her hand from the quilt and patted it, Trudy felt that both of them were moving with unnatural

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slowness. But thank goodness her pounding heart had quieted down. She smiled, and hoped that it looked natural and friendly.

Bertha was making for the door. "If you want anything, Dr. Boling, I'll be in the living room," she said. Ross smiled his thanks.

Ross said, "Well, Trudy," and put down her hand. "From the way your sister-in-law sounded I thought I'd find you in a coma." He looked down at her. "And here you are, looking as—well, at that, you don't look quite yourself. Very pretty, though."

She laughed, and heard a sound more like a giggle than anything she had uttered since she was sixteen. "I think I'm still feverish. I've been saying and thinking the craziest things all day."

Bending down over his bag, Ross was smiling. "We'll fix that. Unless you like the feeling—I can give you a nice pill to keep you kind of light-headed if there's anything you want to get off your chest." They laughed, and Ross pulled up a chair and sat down, putting a stethoscope around his neck. "Now tell me. Sore throat? No. Headache? Since when?"

"Last night. I thought I had invented one as an excuse to get out of being sociable, and all of a sudden it was a real one. A liar's punishment."

Ross looked at her for a silent moment. Then he said, "How about your insides? Upset?"

"Shaky," Trudy agreed. They went on down a brief list of questions, to almost all of which, to Trudy's relief, she was able to give an honest "yes." With all those symptoms he'd have to believe she was really sick enough for a doctor! While he did his quick check of her heart and lungs and took her temperature, Trudy indulged in the luxury of staring at him, taking in carefully each detail to see if it was as she remembered it. After all there was very little other place for her to turn her eyes with a thermometer stuck in her face like that. Hazily she watched the stiff, light lashes hide his eyes as he checked the thermometer he had drawn from her mouth. It didn't matter what happened—or if nothing happened. It was nice just being with him.

He put his instruments away and looked at her thoughtfully. "You've had it," he said. "There's nothing much wrong with you now, but I think you've fought off a virus infection."

"Fought it off?" Trudy said irritably. "I've been sick with whatever it is. What do you mean, fought it off?"

Ross laughed. "The real thing lasts about five days, more or less. When a person with a terrific constitution like yours catches it, the fever often lasts just about twenty-four hours, and then everything's over. So we say you've fought it off. But you may get it again."

"If I do I'll call another doctor. You're not soothing enough."

"Please do," Ross said. "I'd rather come back to see you as—just a friend." Somehow the atmosphere had changed. The gaiety for which Trudy had been inwardly congratulating herself slipped out of reach and instead a too-familiar tenseness crept over her.

Ross, however, showed no such anxiety. He said, "Trudy—how have you been, really? You said before you didn't want to—to be sociable. Aren't you happy these days?"

"Who is happy? Are you?"
 "No," said Ross. He looked away, and suddenly the room held more than just the two of them. The image of Meta

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hung in the air, so close to being real and breathing that Trudy involuntarily lifted a hand to touch her. *But she's not here*, she told herself. She looked at him helplessly. What was the use? Ross was Ross and Trudy was Trudy, and the image of Meta still had its maddening power to cripple both of them.

Ross said abruptly, "No, I'm not happy, really. But I'm not unhappy, Trudy. I've been thinking a lot these past weeks, getting a lot of things straight. I'm not so mixed up as I was. I—I've missed you, Trudy—"

Trudy didn't answer. She could only have said. *Then why didn't you come?*

"I guess everybody had to reach for the moon sometime," Ross went on. "Kind of an adolescent business. Even if you got it you wouldn't really want it . . . I got a note from Meta the other day."

Trudy's heart thumped sickeningly. "She's coming home," Ross said.

"Home? But they said they'd be months."

"Yes. Apparently something's wrong. Meta's coming home. That's what she wrote me, anyway."

Trying to keep her voice steady, Trudy asked, "Meta? Not Ted? Not the little boy, and the governess?"

Ross nodded. "Evidently just Meta."

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CONTESTANT: Sounds like a baseball umpire to me. —Give and Take

I didn't read it too carefully."

"Why not?" Trudy asked. "She must have wanted you to know . . ."

"That's what I'm trying to tell you," Ross said. "I didn't read it carefully. I read it, and I tore it up. How else can I put it, Trudy? Whatever . . . whatever it was, it's not. It's over. I don't care if Meta comes home or stays in England. Don't you see?"

Ross was telling her this deliberately, making a big thing out of telling her so that there would be no mistake.

Ross put his hand lightly down on hers. "I told you—I've done some thinking. I must sound like a fool, Trudy. It's all so—so intangible; just feelings, nothing you can touch. But I can tell you about it; I can always talk to you."

He sighed. "I suppose I shouldn't have bothered you with all this now when you're not well."

"Who's not well? I feel wonderful." Trudy took her hand away from her eyes so that he could see how happy she had begun to look.

"You go to sleep," Ross ordered. Tenderly he drew his hand over her forehead and down her cheek. "I'll leave a prescription with your sister-in-law. If you feel better tonight, Trudy, I'll—I'm off tonight; maybe I could come back and keep you company. I'll read to you or something."

Trudy said, "That would be lovely. I'm sure I'll be much better tonight."

She turned her face toward the window when Ross left, surprised to see that it was still bright outside. Of course, it was still afternoon.

But in a little while she would be asleep. Maybe she would sleep so long and wake up so late that when she opened her eyes Ross would be there already, waiting for her. . . .

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One Man's Opinion

(Continued from page 54)

who has earned his high regard in twenty-six years of marriage with her easy temper, resourcefulness and love.

Walter believes woman is man's equal and deserves a full vote in every matter that concerns a couple. He has always discussed business matters with Helen. His success story is that of a husband and wife who have shared equally in responsibility and decisions, happiness and pain.

Walter, son of a mechanic, was the baby of eight children. His mother died when he was very young and he began to look out for himself then and there. This early insecurity, he believes, is probably the reason he's usually doing more than one job at a time. Even today he has three jobs: in addition to his network shows, he writes a syndicated column and broadcasts a local wake-up program.

"I was led to Helen and my first job as a reporter because I can't resist a bargain," he recalls.

An acquaintance had a set of drums that he was selling cheap. Walter bought them, and through friendship with a member of the musician's union, almost overnight became a drummer.

"You know how everyone has a hidden desire to beat drums," Walter observed. "Well, at one dance the business manager of the town newspaper asked to play."

Walter gave him the drumsticks but stood by, talking about his ambition to be a reporter. Before the evening was over Walter had been promised a job. His first beat was the police station. First day at the station he met Helen, a tall, pretty blonde with a smile that began to haunt him. Helen was secretary to the chief of police.

They don't remember when he actually proposed but within four months they were holding hands as they window-shopped at furniture stores. Less than half a year later they married.

"From what I've experienced, I believe the first year of marriage is the most difficult," Walter says. "But we made a pact that kept us in line."

They learned quickly that worse than a marital argument is the strained silence that follows a disagreement. So they simply agreed that they would never go to sleep, regardless of what happened, until they said goodnight. If anything, Walter thinks they quarreled less than most couples but he remembers one night after an argument when both were particularly stubborn. For hours they lay awake in bed, neither

speaking till dawn, when Helen said, "Well, goodnight—and good morning."

Helen gave up her job after they were married. Walter thinks that if she had had a separate career, their marriage would have been more difficult. He thinks that most husbands with career wives have a big problem, especially if the wife outshines the man.

"Behind every successful man stands a good wife," he repeats then adds, "But the minute she goes around and stands in front of him, look out!"

If Helen were to have a career, he would want it to be something they could work on as a team. He respects her ability and judgment. Throughout their marriage, Walter several times has had to take a drop in salary in order to get a job that had greater appeal to him. Each time he and Helen thoroughly discussed the step.

The last difficult decision they made was in 1944. He had been away from home most of four months reporting Wendell Willkie's presidential campaign for International News Service. Back in New York, he and Walter O'Keefe began work on an idea for a radio program. Suddenly ABC asked Kiernan to go on the air by himself.

"I'd have to give up my job, take less money," he told Helen, "and I really don't know anything about radio."

"Do you think you can do it?" Helen asked.

"Well, I'd like to try."
"Helen is sympathetic but assertive," Walter explains. "But when she gets behind me, she is there one hundred per cent."

He needed her in 1930. At that time he was carrying five different jobs and had all of their savings invested in a weekly newspaper he also edited. He was making one hundred and fifty dollars a week. Then in less than a week's time he lost all five jobs—and the newspaper folded! He frantically looked for something—anything—to do, and the best he could find was work with a wire service at twenty-five dollars a week. At the end of the first week a general wage cut went into effect.

Heavy-hearted, he dropped the pay envelope on the kitchen table. Helen calmly counted out the money, then looked at Walter, frowning as he watched her. She turned her back and her shoulders began to tremble.

Walter was puzzled. He hadn't expected her to break down. "Don't cry," he said. "It's not that bad." He put

a comforting arm around her, and discovered that she was grinning from ear to ear. She was laughing!

"I began to laugh too," Walter recalls. "I knew for certain then that our happiness was quite independent of how much money we had."

It's easy to trace the prosperity of the Kiernans. Their first child, David, was brought home from the hospital in a Lincoln; the second, Dick, in a Chevrolet; and their third, Jerry, was born at home.

Dave and Dick are at Holy Cross. Dave appears to be following in his father's footsteps. Last summer, he was an announcer at WNHC in New Haven. Back at school in the fall, he was appointed manager of the campus station. The first Walter heard of his son's achievement was when Dick sent him a clipping from the school paper.

The Kiernans have followed a very simple rule in raising the children: they just let them grow. Their companionship is always available to, but not forced on, the boys. Walter considers himself "the fifth at bridge." If one of the boys asks him to catch ball or go to a game, Walter drops whatever he is doing and goes along; otherwise he doesn't intrude.

"Too many parents neglect their kids when they're young because they think it doesn't matter but any time they want me I'm always there."

Raising three healthy, active boys is no small chore, and frequently Helen has had the job all to herself. Walter's assignments took him away from home for days or months at a time. On Helen fell the full brunt of responsibility. And it wasn't always easy, for the Kiernans seem to have emergency operations almost as regularly as birthdays.

Just a few years ago, when they lived in Long Island, Walter called Helen around midnight to say he wouldn't be coming home.

"We're editing some TV newsreels," he explained, "and only half-finished. I may as well stay over at a hotel."

"That's all right," Helen said. "But be sure to call me at eight tomorrow morning, will you?"

Walter was recording his voice on the sound track of the newsreels. He was too tired and busy to think twice about her request but when he called the next morning, he learned that David had had an emergency operation.

"Why didn't you tell me last night?" he asked.

"You couldn't have done anything," Helen replied. "And it would have interfered with your work."

The Kiernans now live in a handsome new house in Milford, a suburb of New Haven.

And Walter has a suggestion about our troubled world that fears war, chaos and annihilation.

"Women think more clearly than men—they go right to the heart of a problem," Walter will tell you. "Trouble with men is that they are ruled by the three P's—pride, prejudice and passion. We'd be in better shape if the world were in the hands of women," he says. "Women don't run with the pack like men. They would keep their eye on essentials—peace, security, happiness."

You get the feeling he is thinking of Helen as he says this. Then he smiles and with typical Kiernan humor adds, "Women would do a good job running the world—if it weren't for men."

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