

RADIO AND TELEVISION **MIRROR**

SEPTEMBER • 25¢



JINX FALKENBURG



TEX McCRARY



PADDY

BACKSTAGE WIFE

Complete story in pictures

REMEMBERING TOM BRENNEMAN

by Garry Moore

SHOW THE WORLD
A LOVELIER SKIN!

MORE LUXURY!
MORE LATHER!

BIGGER—LOTS BIGGER!

SAME FINE,
SMOOTH TEXTURE!

DELICATE,
FLOWER-LIKE PERFUME!

BE LOVELIER—
HEAD TO TOE!

BEVIES OF BEAUTIES
ARE SINGING
ITS PRAISES!

Making a Sensational Splash!

Everybody's talking about the new Bath-Size Camay. Buying it. Trying it. Praising it to the skies! Because this bigger Camay makes every bath a luxurious beauty treatment. Bathe with it every day of your life—and your skin will be lovelier from head to toe. And you'll rise from your bath just touched with the delicate, flower-like fragrance of Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women!



**CAMAY
NOW IN 2 SIZES!**

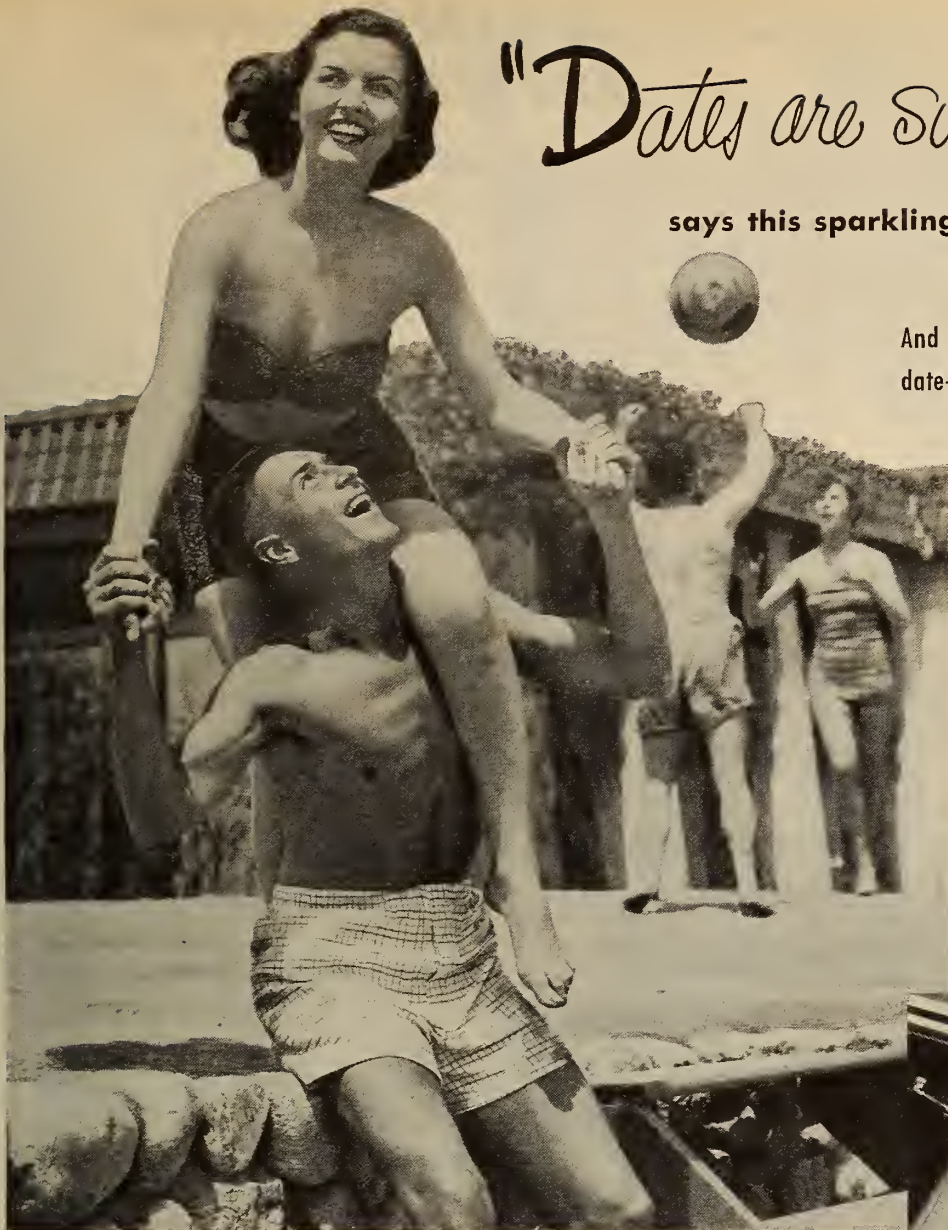
Use Regular Camay for your complexion—the new Bath-Size for your Camay Beauty Bath.

Bath-Size Camay

FOR YOUR
CAMAY BEAUTY BATH

"Dates are such Fun!"

says this sparkling junior model



And cover-girl Louise Hyde's crowded date-life owes plenty to her Ipana smile!

Having a high time is no novelty for luscious New Yorker, Louise Hyde. A radiant personality with a radiant Ipana smile, 20-year-old Louise is a top-flight Thornton model. And as for *dates*—Louise has a calendarful. Her smile is a magnet for the lads! For a date-winning smile of your own, follow Louise's "model" dental routine: Regular brushing with Ipana Tooth Paste, then gentle gum massage. Get a tube of Ipana today!



Air-minded. Louise is learning the know-how of flying. But she doesn't need coaching in care of her teeth and gums. She knows that firm, healthy gums are important to sparkling teeth, a radiant smile. So she never misses her Ipana dental care!



This is fun, too! Louise loves Ipana's livelier flavor—the way it leaves her mouth refreshed, her breath sweet. Try Ipana! And follow *your* dentist's advice about gum massage. (9 out of 10 dentists recommend massage regularly or in special cases, according to a recent national survey.)



Under the spell of Louise's enchanting smile, her handsome date, Bill Loock, dreams as he drives. Clever Louise—to *guard* that date-bait smile with Ipana! For more dentists recommend and use Ipana than any other tooth paste, a recent national survey shows.

Ipana Tooth Paste
for your Smile of Beauty



Product of Bristol-Myers

R
M

Don't be Half-safe!



by
VALDA SHERMAN

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

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

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

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

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

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

(Advertisement)

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<i>Editorial Director</i>	<i>Editor</i>	<i>Art Director</i>
FRED R. SAMMIS	DORIS McFERRAN	JACK ZASORIN
<i>Managing Editor</i>	<i>Associate Art Director</i>	
EVELYN L. FIORE	FRANCES MALLY	
<i>Television</i>	<i>Research</i>	
JOAN MURPHY LLOYD	TERU GOTO	
<i>Hollywood Office: Editor, ANN DAGGETT</i>		

Staff Photographers: HYMIE FINK, STERLING SMITH; Assistant: BETTY JO RICE

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Coming Next Month

FOR a change of pace and a change of scene, Grand Slam listeners are invited to Come and Visit Irene Beasley in October. Change of pace—Irene's very active life and very heavy schedule contrast with the more leisurely Hollywood pace of recent "come and visits." Change of scene—this time it's apartment life in New York: no swimming pools, no vast acres, no vistas except that of Central Park. But for contrast there's Irene's cabaña in Connecticut, with the whole of the Atlantic Ocean for her swimming pool.

Double portion of Arthur Godfrey coming up—an extra-special cover of Godfrey which all the editorial staff agreed was "the best picture we've ever seen of him, anywhere, anytime!" (For good measure, Janette Davis and Tony Marvin are on that cover, too.) Second half of double portion: October's RADIO MIRROR Reader Bonus departs from daytime serial stories for a change, and you'll find instead a full-length life story of Godfrey. That, alone, is worth the price of admission!

As a companion piece to the September issue memorial to Tom Breneman, written by Garry Moore, October RADIO MIRROR carries a story about Garry Moore. With this, a full page, four-color portrait—the keep-and-frame kind—of Garry Moore, one of the busiest men in the business since he took over Take It Or Leave It, and one of the most-watched of the younger comics.

Remember when a little street waif who called herself Chichi broke into Papa David's Slightly Read Book Shop one night years ago? That was the beginning of Life Can Be Beautiful, and that's where RADIO MIRROR begins, too, to tell the story of Life Can Be Beautiful from that first day up to the present moment. Four pages of story-in-pictures—and two of those pages in full color!

More, too: Dwight Weist, M.C. of We The People, tells the story of Joe White. Perhaps you remember him better as the Silver-Masked Tenor of radio's earlier days . . . John Nelson brings readers another heart-warming Bride and Groom true love story . . . An "it happened to me" story by one of the big winners on the grass roots quiz, R.F.D. America . . . Tommy Bartlett introduces to readers another of the journeying Americans whom he meets on Welcome Travelers . . . and that's, as they say, not the half of it. All in October RADIO MIRROR Magazine, on sale Friday, September 10.

OKLAHOMA CITY—oil derricks sprout in the front yard of the State Capitol!

CIVIC CENTER—Oklahoma City. Proud monument to a relatively young but fast growing metropolis.

Young, proud and still pioneering —that's OKLAHOMA!

You'll look far and wide to find thundering herds, cowboys and Indians in Oklahoma. But—not so hard to find what makes it tick. It's the people! The pioneer spirit lingers on, in their hearts, in their actions and efforts to build a sound state.

Blessed in its natural resources—oil down under, crops and livestock on top—Oklahoma has come a long way since statehood only forty years ago.

Living in a land of rich harvests, Oklahomans relish the fine flavor of—

Beech-Nut Gum

It has the flavor
you like



Beech-Nut
BEECHIES
Candy Coated Gum
—good too—

WILL ROGERS MEMORIAL
at Claremore. Shrine and tomb
of Oklahoma's beloved cowboy-
humorist and native son.

TULSA—"Oil Capital of the
World"—home of the Interna-
tional Petroleum Exposition.

Three FOR THE GIANTS

IN Frankie Frisch, the erstwhile Fordham Flash who holds a place of honor in baseball's Hall of Fame, newcomer Maury Farrell, and Steve Ellis, WMCA has a triumvirate of outstanding sports announcers. Frisch and Farrell handle the WMCA play-by-play broadcasts of all Giant games while Ellis provides the commentary for the televised games from the Polo Grounds and conducts the nightly sports show, *Giant Jottings*, over WMCA.

Frisch's colorful background as a player and manager—he's been in baseball since 1919—makes the 50-year-old squire of New Rochelle the best informed mike-man in the sport. Captain of the baseball, football and basketball teams at Fordham, Frisch joined the Giants after being graduated and remained with the New York team through the 1926 season when he was traded to the St. Louis Cardinals for Rogers Hornsby. He played with the rampaging Gas House Gang that included the fabulous Dizzy and Daffy Dean, Pepper Martin, Joe Medwick and Leo "The Lip" Durocher for the next decade and was manager from 1933 to 1938. Frisch donned mufti for the 1938 season and became a baseball broadcaster in Boston for one season. The following year he took over the command of the Pittsburgh Pirates and remained at the helm through the 1946 campaign. Last year he returned to the Polo Grounds—where he played his first major league game—as the chief man in the broadcasting booth. During his 19 years as an active player, Frisch batted .316, played in eight World Series and was named to two All Star teams.

Farrell is a native New Yorker who went South for his "minor league" training. A graduate of the University of Miami, his first radio experience was gained as an announcer at WQAM in Miami in 1936. Two years later he became director of sports and special events at WAPI in Birmingham.

Ellis, in a comparatively short time, has established himself as one of the country's top fight sports broadcasters. Born in Philadelphia, Steve attended school there and later worked his way through Miami University—as a fight manager, of all things! Later he joined the staff of the *Miami Daily News* as a sports reporter. He's been identified with New York Giant broadcasts for several years. Steve broke his "partnership" with Frisch to take over the television assignment this season.



The Giants' home run champion, Johnny Mize, admires the batting stances of the three broadcasters who furnish the team's "air power"—Maury Farrell, Steve Ellis and Frankie Frisch.

What Did This Bewitching Queen Really Want...

the doctor's cure or...the DOCTOR?

Was she really sick . . . or did she just want to be alone with the handsome new court physician? Here's one of the many enjoyable situations in Edgar Maass' sensational new best seller, *THE QUEEN'S PHYSICIAN*—the story of a passion that raised a commoner to power over a kingdom. It's yours for a 3c stamp if you join the Dollar Book Club now!



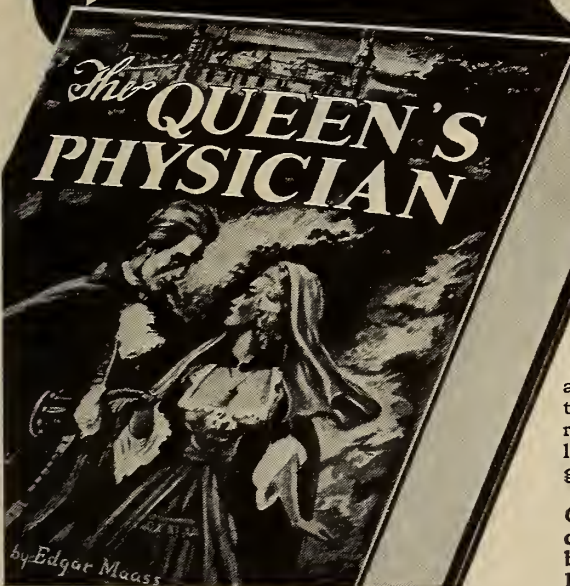
THIS COLORFUL NEW NOVEL OF ROYAL ROMANCE AND INTRIGUE

Yours for a

3 STAMP
¢

with DOLLAR BOOK CLUB Membership

Here Is True History as Lively and Exciting as FOREVER AMBER!



CAROLINE, the beautiful young Queen of Denmark, was said to be ill with a fever. So handsome Dr. Johann Struensee, newly appointed physician to the royal household, was summoned to attend her. From the moment he entered her chamber, to find her alone, reclining luxuriously, her golden hair loosened about her head, the doctor began to doubt the purpose of his mission.

For there was no haughtiness in the Queen's eyes—only an amused and calculating look. This was not the troubled patient he expected, but a delightful and inviting woman!

What did she really want of him—the court physician—and a commoner? How could he dare to read her mind, with his reputation and his personal safety at stake?

Neither Caroline nor Johann knew that their entire future—and the future of their country—hung in the balance at that moment.

Set against the glittering background of the royal court of 18th century Denmark, "The Queen's Physician" is a romantic and thrilling novel. It is yours for just a 3-cent stamp with membership in the Dollar Book Club.

The ONLY Book Club That Brings You Best-Sellers for only \$1

NO other book club brings you popular current books by famous authors for only \$1.00 each. You save 60 to 75 per cent from regular retail prices!

Yet membership in the Dollar Book Club is free and requires no dues of any kind. You do not even have to take a book every month; the purchase of as few as six books a year fulfills your membership requirement. In fact, for convenience, members prefer to have their books shipped and pay for them every other month.

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

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

Start Enjoying Membership Now

Upon receipt of the attached coupon with a 3 cent stamp, you will be sent a copy of Edgar Maass' exciting new romance "The Queen's Physician." You will also receive as your first selection for \$1.00 your choice of any of the best sellers described in the next column:

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

• *Annie Jordan* by Mary Brinker Post. The heart-warming story of a girl who learned at an early age that nothing in life comes easy, and who fought her way to happiness.

• *Came a Cavalier* by Frances Parkinson Keyes. The new best-selling story of the New England girl who became a baroness, wife of an ardent cavalier and modern mistress of a medieval manor.

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

SEND NO MONEY

Simply Mail Coupon with Stamp

When you see your copy of "The Queen's Physician"—which you get for 3 cents—and your first \$1.00 selection; when you consider these are typical values you receive for \$1.00, you will be more than happy to have joined the Club.

Mail This Coupon

DOUBLEDAY ONE DOLLAR BOOK CLUB
Dept. 9MWG, Garden City, New York

Please enroll me as a Dollar Book Club member and send me at once "The Queen's Physician" for the enclosed 3c stamp. Also send me as my first selection for \$1.00 the book I have checked below:

The Golden Hawk *Annie Jordan*
 Came a Cavalier

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

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

Mr. }
Mrs. } PLEASE PRINT
Miss }

Address

City, Zone & State

Occupation If under 21, Age, please ...
*Same Price in Canada: 105 Bond St., Toronto 2

DOUBLEDAY ONE DOLLAR BOOK CLUB, GARDEN CITY, N. Y.

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Mrs. Lillian Dretzin, of Lane Bryant, gave Terry Burton and her listeners a "new look" at maternity clothes.



Stork Facts

By TERRY BURTON

"YOU'RE going to have a baby." I was so excited and thrilled when I heard those words! But there were so many questions in my mind, I just didn't know where to start. Here was a real job for a Family Counselor. When Mrs. Lillian Dretzin of Lane Bryant appeared as my guest, she completely straightened out my confused thinking. (Lane Bryant, Inc., are the stores known country-wide for maternity and infant apparel, you know.)

The first thing Mrs. Dretzin told me was "Start with yourself, Mrs. Burton—don't make the mistake so many other prospective mothers do—that of immediately running out and buying the baby's layette with no thought for yourself." After looking forward and planning for my baby's clothes, this was quite a disappointment to me. But then Mrs. Dretzin hastened to explain that there would be plenty of time to plan for the baby's outfits, but that it was important to prepare myself physically for the months ahead. (This was right after I had had my accident, as you may remember.)

Then she went on to say: "And remember, Mrs. Burton, it's no longer necessary for an expecting mother to feel self-conscious of her appearance. A modern mother is proud of herself, especially since today's maternity fashions are designed to make you look so pert and pretty."

Of course, I know all about those lovely clothes, but Stan and I have been watching expenses so closely that I didn't feel we could afford to buy a wardrobe that I wouldn't be able to wear again.

Then Mrs. Dretzin came forth with some good news. "Believe it or not, Mrs. Burton, you can have the 'new look' in maternity clothes and stay within your budget!" she said. "Designers are most conscious of that fact and their prices fit your pocketbook. And

don't forget, the new styles are readily adaptable. You'll be wearing the same ballerina skirts and smart box suits and coats long after the baby has arrived."

But that was enough about me! I was so anxious to find out about the layette that I practically begged our Family Counselor for information.

"Well, Mrs. Burton, the first things to consider are the essentials such as diapers and shirts," Mrs. Dretzin said. I guess my disappointment must have shown in my face, for she laughed a bit and continued, "Every young mother wants to buy fancy baby things, but the layette should be made up primarily of a few and simple things. Remember, you can focus your attention on the baby's real needs and still have a charming layette. Don't worry, the trimmings come later."

"Remember, the layette should be designed to keep the infant clean, comfortable and safe. In no way should the garments interfere with the baby's freedom. It is tiny for such a short time that you don't want to accumulate a lot of unnecessary things."

Then, as the Family Counselor drew to a close, Mrs. Dretzin showed me a series of seven pamphlets, prepared by the Maternity Center Association. All that Mrs. Dretzin had been telling me and much more was included in the gaily illustrated series. It is something every young mother will want to have—it has so many helpful hints and advice. I asked our Family Counselor if we couldn't offer it to you.

Result: if you send a postal card addressed to Lane Bryant, Inc., 752 East Market Street, Indianapolis, Indiana, you'll get your free copy of "Stork Facts."

With the Family Counselor portion of The Second Mrs. Burton, we want to include topics that are of interest to you. If you have a problem that you would like to hear discussed, won't you send it along to me, c/o RADIO MIRROR?

Every Wednesday, The Second Mrs. Burton (played by Patsy Campbell) is visited by an authority on some phase of women's-world interest. Through this department, Terry Burton shares some of these visits with Radio Mirror readers. The Second Mrs. Burton may be heard each Monday through Friday at 2 P.M., EDT on CBS stations.



*Today—see the astonishing
difference in your skin!*



In the most dramatic beauty test ever

New Woodbury Powder

Wins 4 to 1

over all leading brands of powder

“Better than my own favorite face powder!”... that's how enthusiastic women from Coast to Coast rated the amazing New Woodbury Powder. 4 out of 5 preferred Woodbury to the powder they were using! And Woodbury won on an average of 4 to 1 over all leading brands of powder.

Actually women preferred Woodbury for every beauty quality! They raved about its “satin-smoothness on the skin”... loved its richness of shade that gives a warmer, livelier color-glow!

Discover now that New Woodbury Powder makes the most dramatic difference on your skin... that it is literally the world's finest face powder.



.....finer fragrance
.....less “powdery” appearance
.....better, finer texture
.....more color-true

clings longer.....
covers skin flaws better.....
smoother look on skin.....
warmer, lovelier shades.....

Twice New!

New Secret Ingredient
gives a satin-smooth finish to your skin. It gives a natural “unpowdered” look...yet covers tiny blemishes.

New Revolutionary Blending!
In all cosmetic history there has never been anything like Woodbury's new “Super-Blender.” It gives warmest, liveliest shades...finest-ever texture!

6 exciting shades

Get New Woodbury Powder—in the new “Venus” box—at any cosmetic counter. Large size \$1.00. Medium and “Purse” sizes 30¢ and 15¢ (plus tax).

Looks Like an Early Frost!



GOSH, JANE! EVERY TIME I TRY TO WARM UP TO YOU I GET THE COLD SHOULDER! WHAT GIVES ANYWAY?

JOE, YOU'D FREEZE UP, TOO, IF YOU HAD TO TELL A PERSON ABOUT BAD BREATH! ASK YOUR DENTIST, WON'T YOU, HONEY?

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

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

LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream

THANKS TO COLGATE'S, THINGS LOOK BRIGHT! NO EARLY FROST FOR ME IN SIGHT!



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



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

Life can be

"NUMBER PLEASE"

Radio Mirror's Best Letter of the Month

Dear Papa David:

When Mother sent me to a famous hospital, desperately hoping that some miracle of surgery could correct my faulty sight, I dreamed of the great things I'd do if a successful operation could be performed. But when three veteran specialists quietly shook their heads, my dream castle was swept away. I came home knowing that I could never see well, and in from six to nine years, total darkness must overtake me.

"What do you plan to do, Will?" Mother asked one evening.

"I don't know, Mother," I replied. "I think I may try for a job as timekeeper at the limestone quarry. Uncle Jed said there may be an opening there any day. It isn't far away, I know many of the men, and I could look at my time books as closely as I wish."

Feeling a bit timid and uncertain about the whole thing, I applied for the job. Fortunately, I knew Mr. Burk, the foreman.

"Our timekeeper is quitting," I was informed. "You shall have first consideration."

A week later—on my sixteenth birthday—I went to work for the first time in my life. How proud I was of the bright new pencils, the timebook with its leather cover, and the clean white time-sheets! For eight months everything went along in splendid fashion. But with stunning suddenness came the day when I slowly walked home and told Mother the bad news—the quarry was going to be under new management, with a new foreman, and

all employees would have to wear little numbered badges on their caps. I'd never be able to read those numbers!

"I can't tell you a thing—but come to work tomorrow morning—I'll be there to help the new foreman get started," Mr. Burk had said, his voice carrying a tone of sympathy.

On the following morning, with dread in my heart, I faced the new foreman. He was big and brawny, with a stern, ruddy face. When he saw my timebook he said, "It'll be numbers instead of names from now on, kid. Understand?"

I was trying to gather enough courage to explain about my eyes when Mr. Burk called the new foreman to his side. They talked for a brief moment. The new foreman walked to the front of the rambling tool shed and signaled the workers to be quiet.

"Men," he said, "I want you all to understand that the new management has an important new ruling, effective immediately. Every employee must know his number and call it out when the timekeeper says 'Number please.' Now, if that is clear, we'll go to work."

A lump swelled in my throat as I hugged the big brown timebook. Days later, when I had proved that I could handle the work the foreman approached me and, smiling, sat down beside me. When he said, "I think we're going to hit it off together pretty well, kid," I instantly saw in my future—even after blindness arrives—a span of happy years that shall hold only brightness and joyous contentment and beauty, for my brawny comrade went on to say, "I'm going to see to it, kid, that you stay here just as long as you can say, 'Number please.'"

K. D. S.

RADIO MIRROR OFFERS \$50 EACH MONTH FOR YOUR LETTERS

Somewhere in everyone's life is hidden a key to happiness. It may be a half-forgotten friend, a period of suffering, an unimportant incident, which suddenly illuminated the whole meaning of life. If you are treasuring such a memory, won't you write to Papa David about it? For the letter he considers best each month, Radio Mirror will pay fifty dollars; for each of the others that we have room enough to print, ten dollars. No letters can be returned. Address your Life Can Be Beautiful letter to Papa David, Radio Mirror Magazine, 205 East 42 Street, New York 17, New York.

You can say "yes" to Romance

Beautiful

This month's ten-dollar letters follow:

PRICELESS GIFTS

Dear Papa David:

I worked for two years before my husband died, after a long illness. When he passed away my two boys, Mike and Jerry, were four and five, and my little girl, Patsy, seven.

Patsy was a great help to me. One day while she was at a neighbor's the boys, Mike and Jerry, decided they wanted to do something nice for me. While trying to wash and put away the dishes, they managed to turn over the cabinet and broke every dish in the house. That evening they met me. They both started talking at once each saying how sorry he was and that it was his fault. Each was holding out to me his prize possession. Jerry's teddy bear, with a fresh ribbon around his neck. And Mike's little handful of Mexican coins his father had given him. I took them in my arms, and felt as if I were the richest, most blessed woman in the world.

J. M.

MOST PRECIOUS YEARS

Dear Papa David:

When my four children were small I sometimes felt their responsibility and the countless household duties a heavy burden.

I had at this time to take our oldest child to a specialist in Minneapolis. On the way home we sat up all night and shared our seat with a young priest.

We visited about little things and then talked of life. I said that I thought high school days particularly were the happiest days.

He answered, "It depends on what you mean by being happy. I'd think right now while you're being useful, your life would be at its happiest."

With sudden clarity I saw my senseless immaturity. I saw how useful and blessed I was, because four joyous lives were entrusted to me; I was shaping their ideals. These, I have remembered ever since, are the precious, beautiful years.

A. H.

Life Can Be Beautiful, written by Carl Bixby and Don Becker, is heard Monday through Friday on NBC stations at 12 noon, PDT; 1 P.M., MDT; 2 P.M., CDT; 3 P.M., EDT.



Because
Veto says "no"
to Offending!



Veto says "no"—to perspiration worry and odor!

Soft as a caress . . . exciting . . . new—Veto is Colgate's wonderful cosmetic deodorant. Always creamy, always smooth, Veto is lovely to use, keeps you lovely all day!

Veto stops underarm odor instantly . . . checks perspiration effectively. And Veto lasts and lasts—from bath to bath! You feel confident . . . sure of exquisite daintiness.

Veto says "no"—to harming skin and clothes!

So effective . . . yet so gentle—Colgate's lovely, new cosmetic deodorant, Veto, is harmless to any normal skin. Harmless, too, even to your filmiest, most fragile fabrics.

For Veto alone contains Duratex, Colgate's exclusive ingredient to make Veto safer. No other deodorant can be like Veto!

So trust always to Veto—if you value your charm!

Trust always to Veto if you value your charm!

FACING the MUSIC

By DUKE ELLINGTON



Ilene Woods, of Jack Carson's show, is the singing "Cinderella" of Disney's film.

Both Crosbys started in the Bel Air tournament, but only Bob was in at the finish.



Duke Ellington's interview with Charlie Spivak was heard on CKLW, WHAM, XLX, among others.

At the start of the annual golf tournament staged by the swank Bel Air Country Club in Hollywood it was Bing Crosby who attracted most of the cameras and the gallery—but a few days later it was brother Bob Crosby who played against Randolph Scott for the championship. Bob is ranked by many experts as one of the top amateur golfers in the country.

Johnny Long's latest Signature disc, "Poor Butterfly," looks like another hit in the long-chain of best-sellers for the left-handed bandleader. Fact is it's doing so well that Johnny's 1941 discing of that same song for another company was re-released. Imagine—competing with yourself on two different record labels!

That Anita Gordon-Ray Noble platter of "It's A Most Unusual Day" has started Columbia executives thinking more seriously of their little starlet. Anita, by the way, was the cute and unbilled voice on the Buddy Clark records of "Linda" and "I'll Dance At Your Wedding."

You should be seeing a super-fine Jimmy Dorsey band in the Monogram film tentatively titled "Manhattan Folk Song." Those of us who've heard JD's new group think it's the best he's ever had and pretty much the best anyone could have. Many a band leader drools at the thought



Andy Russell, building up a background for his title role in a new "Cisco Kid" movie soon to be filmed, made friends with a burro. Joan Davis and Mrs. Russell smoothed the occasion along.

of Jimmy having corralled such stars as Ray Bauduc, Nappy Lamare, Arnold Ross, Joe Mondragon, Art Lyons, Al Pelligrini and Art Rando.

RKO Radio has purchased the screen rights to "Nature Boy," and will feature it in "The Boy With Green Hair." Pat O'Brien, Robert Ryan, Barbara Hale and Dean Stockwell star in the film.

The High School Fellowship Club of Philadelphia presented a citation to Benny Goodman for his leadership in breaking down racial discrimination in music.

Dick Haymes bought "The Big Sky," to produce independently as a musical movie. Dick may forsake the Cinema City this Fall to star in Gordon Jenkins' Broadway musical, "Manhattan Towers."

In the few months jazz pianist George Shearing has been in this country (he's English), he's appeared on the Paul Whiteman Show, won the Arthur Godfrey Talent Scouts audition program, won raves at the Onyx Club and the Three Deuces. Not bad at all—he's only 28 years old and completely blind.

Andy Russell will play the title role in "Cisco Kid" for Inter-American Studios.



Star Jo Stafford and arranger Paul Weston rehearse with one of the NBC Supper Club's last—and best—guests of the season: Nat "King" Cole.

Patricia Wolcott's smile wins
 leading role in Little Theater play—

The smile that wins is the Pepsodent Smile!



Patricia Wolcott, Young Matron, made Little Theater history in Scarsdale, N. Y., recently when she was awarded the leading role in the Fort Hill Players' production, "Years Ago." A newcomer to the amateur stage, she stole the show during tryouts for the part of the beautiful heroine. But Patricia's favorite role is wife and mother. And her smile, so dazzling behind the footlights, sparkles in this real-life role, too. It's a Pepsodent Smile! "I've always depended on Pepsodent Tooth Paste to keep my teeth bright," she says. "Besides, I love its taste!"

Wins 3 to 1 over any other tooth paste!

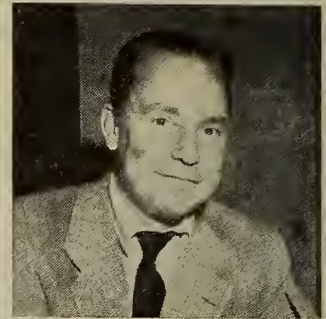
Like Patricia Wolcott, people all over America prefer New Pepsodent with Irium for brighter smiles. Families from coast to coast recently compared delicious New Pepsodent with the tooth paste they were using at home. By an average of 3 to 1, they said New Pepsodent tastes better, makes breath cleaner and teeth brighter than any other tooth paste they tried! For the safety of your smile use Pepsodent twice a day—see your dentist twice a year!



ANOTHER FINE
 LEVER BROTHERS PRODUCT

Facing the Music

Johnny Mercer



Anything that can be done with a song, the Savannah boy can do.

DID you know, statistically speaking that Johnny Mercer has composed more than 500 songs, has had more than 250 of them published and has scored hits with nearly 60? Among the hits of course, was his Academy Award-winning set of lyrics for "Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe."

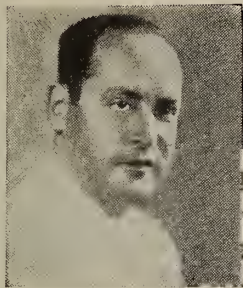
Born at Savannah, Georgia, in November of 1909, Johnny wrote his first song, "Sister Susie Strut Your Stuff," when he was only 15. A little while later, deciding to be an actor instead of a tunesmith, Johnny applied for an audition for the Theater Guild's Garrick Gaieties, but ended up writing a song entitled, "Out Of Breath And Scared To Death Of You." That song served a triple purpose. It was sung by a lad named Sterling Holloway and proved to be a fair success; it introduced Johnny to Ginger Meehan of the show's dancing cast, whom he married a year later; and it made Johnny decide to concentrate on song writing.

Then he became a singer for "Pops" Whiteman, and began to write more and more songs like "Here Come The British With a Bang Bang" and "Goody Goody." Whiteman also introduced Johnny to Hoagy Carmichael. That meeting resulted in a smash hit known as "Lazybones." Johnny joined Benny Goodman's Camel Caravan and was soon called to Hollywood as a writer of songs for the films. Among the list of hits to his credit are "Blues In The Night," "That Old Black Magic," "Tangerine," "Ac-cen-tchu-ate The Positive," "Dream," "Skylark," "GI Jive," and "I'm An Old Cowhand."

Johnny's writing methods vary, but he invariably gets amazing results. Usually, he says, a title or a simple idea comes first, and then the rest of the words fall into place. When he does both tune and lyrics, he writes a few words, pounds out melody with one finger and then finishes the words. His hunt-and-peck pianistics haven't affected his ability to discover talent for Capitol records. Johnny had a major part in the discovery of the King Cole Trio, Hal Derwin, Peggy Lee, Jo Stafford and Margaret Whiting.

At home, Johnny concentrates on the fatherly talent of enjoying himself with his wife and two children, young John and Amanda, who was the inspiration for the song "Mandy Is Two," which her dad wrote for her second birthday.

WALTZES
WALTZES



Harry Horlick's MGM album of American Waltzes has the answers.

HERE'S your opportunity to win one of twenty-five big prizes. All you have to do is take the clues given in these questions and pair them with your knowledge of American waltzes. You can win a Zenette Radio, MGM Record albums, and movie passes to your local Loew's Theater. Below are eight musical charades. The answers you get should be titles of the records in the new MGM album, Harry Horlick's American Waltzes. Guess the titles and send them to Facing The Music along with your reaction to the American Waltz Album in twenty-six words or less.

To make it really simple, you need only go to your nearest record shop, get the album and pair the titles with the charades.



1) What would you think a certain piano-playing President's favorite waltz might be?

2) If you were a Buckeye, you'd probably waltz to this tune.

3) If you had a dream girl, when would you see her?

4) They say that love is blind, but if you've been in love, you'd think your sweetheart was pretty nice too.

5) We don't believe it, but they say there are some things people are too old to do.

6) If you head West at the right time of the year, you'll know exactly what this tune is.

7) If you'd like to rid yourself of someone, you won't mind singing this. If you're in love, that's another story.

8) This is a popular tune most of us know real well, but it's nothing you'd sing to just anyone or all. Sticks and stones may break people's bones, but this name would never hurt anyone.

Are you in the know?



Should the lady be seated—

- Opposite the other girl
- At her left
- At her right

If you're ever bedeviled by this doubt . . . listen. Table etiquette decrees that ladies be seated opposite each other. Knowing for certain will de-panic you, next time.

Same as knowing (at certain times) that with Kotex you're safe from tell-tale outlines. Never a panicky moment, thanks to those special *flat pressed ends*. Yes . . . for confidence, you can trust Kotex. No doubt about it! And there's no binding when you bend in that new Kotex Sanitary Belt . . . adjustable, smooth-fitting, all-elastic. All for your greater comfort!



What's a jilted jane to do?

- Let his memory linger on
- Pursue him by mail
- Get herself a hobby

If last summer's knight beams at someone else this season—no use toting the torch. Now is the hour to get yourself a hobby. Something fun and worthwhile—that keeps your brain, or hands, or tootsies (why not learn to tap dance?) active. Fight off "calendar" blues, too, with the self-assurance Kotex brings. You see, there's extra protection in that exclusive *safety center* of Kotex: a feature you'll find in all 3 Kotex sizes. Regular, Junior or Super helps preserve your peace of mind!



In business, must she begin with—

- Good follow-through
- All the answers
- A promising career

Your first job—and you're all a-jitter? The boss won't expect you to be a quiz kid. But he does demand dependability. Don't be a promiser. Finish what you start. Good follow-through is a business must. And don't try the vacant chair routine on "those" days. No excuse, with the new, softer Kotex! For *dependable* is definitely the word for such miracle-softness that *holds its shape*. You can stay on the job in comfort, because Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it.



More women choose KOTEX*
than all other sanitary napkins

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

Pat O'Brien found Keeping Up With Kids too difficult; his son beat him in the parent-vs.-child quiz of which Benay Venuta is m.c. (Mutual, Saturdays at 9:00 P.M., EDT.)



WHAT'S NEW

By
DALE
BANKS

THE Federal Communications Commission reports almost one hundred withdrawn bids and cancelled permits for AM and FM stations in the past five months. Uncertain economic conditions and, maybe, commercial interest in television, are believed responsible.

Out Hollywood way the radio-wise are convinced that much of the summer buying of radio shows was done with an eye to signing the shows to Fall contracts. More than half the shows lined up as "summer replacements" are expected to go their merry, low-budget way into 1949.

It's not beyond the realm of possibility that Henry Morgan and Fred Allen may co-star in a movie. Morgan has made two guest appearances on the Allen program and the critics put on such raves that Hollywood perked up its ears.

Kate Smith is an Honorary Member of the Army Nurse Corps. She's Colonel Kate Smith, now, the rank having been bestowed on her in recognition of her wartime contributions to patients in Army hospitals and her support of the Army's campaign to have young girls take up nursing as a career. It's not such a far-fetched thing, either, considering that Kate was a student nurse at the George Washington University Hospital before she became a singer.

This new Mutual show, Three For the Money, just about tops everything in the matter of giving away that lovely green stuff. If the jackpot isn't won before the end of the year, it will have accumulated some \$50,000 for some extra-lucky radio fan.

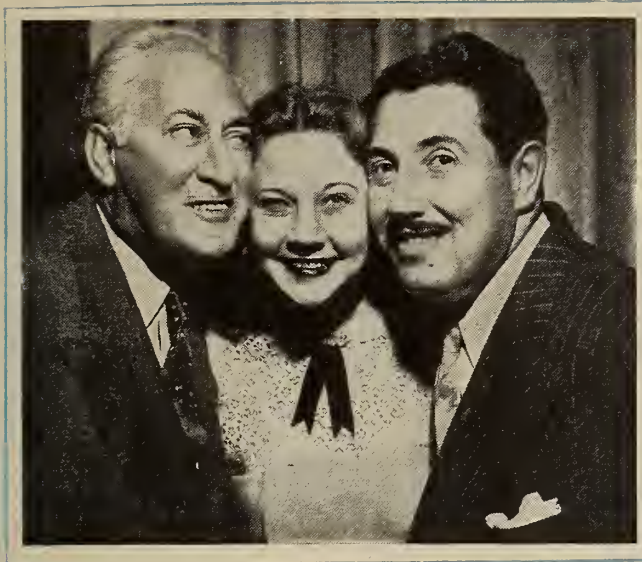
Risë Stevens will not be back on the Prudential Hour show in the Fall. It is rumored that the glamorous songstress refused to take a cut in salary.

That Ronald Colman Favorite Story program is now available to the public school system in New York. Schools are taking advantage of the fact that the world's great literature, vividly dramatized, is accessible to them for study purposes, via transcriptions. It's a good idea and maybe some other schools, outside New York, might like to avail themselves of this opportunity.



Ronald Colman's Favorite Story transcribes great literature; schools are interested.

Una Merkel is Hal Peary's new Gildersleeve girl friend; the Judge (Earle Ross, l.) is jealous.



Penny Singleton and Arthur Lake may do a Mr. and Mrs. Bumstead series on television.



Eddie Anderson, signed for one show by Jack Benny, is now in his eleventh year.

FROM COAST to COAST

Recently, Bill Lawrence, director of the Screen Guild Players show, held a "worst broadcast" party at his home. He featured recordings of various shows on which classic and hilarious fluffs were made. He's been collecting such records for years.

* * *

Another unique, "collector's item" recording was made right after the last broadcast of the season by the cast of My Friend Irma. Cathy Lewis and Marie Wilson did a recording, for producer Cy Howard and the cast only, in which they did a screaming burlesque of the regular program.

* * *

Eddie Anderson—Rochester will probably identify him better to you—was originally signed by Jack Benny for a one-shot appearance. This year, the gravel-voiced comedian celebrated his eleventh anniversary as a mainstay of the Benny program. Remarkable, considering that Rochester, as a character, has never bowed before the convention of the stereotype Negro in radio.

* * *

It's like father, like daughter in the case of the Whitemans. Pops Whiteman's talented daughter, Margo, has started to carve out a radio career for herself with that teen age talent show called Tomorrow's Tops. In fact, Margo almost seemed to be shoving Pops over, since her show took over the Monday evening spot of On Stage, America, which was one of Paul's babies.

* * *

This is a big year for Bobby Ellis, talented radio juvenile actor in Hollywood. Soon after being selected to play Babe Ruth as a youngster in the flickers, Bobby was asked to do a disc jockey series for teen-agers and to m.c. a televised quiz show with bright children of leading movie stars in the regular panel.

* * *

You know Una Merkel as a comedienne on stage, screen and radio. But Una got her start as a tragedy queen when she first arrived in New York to make a break for herself in show business. Parts weren't too easy to get, so Una helped herself along by being a photographer's model, most of her jobs being to pose for illustrations for confession magazine stories. "I had long hair," she (Continued on page 17)



After a too-long absence, Helen Hayes is back in radio in the new dramatic Electric Hour.



RICHARD KARP

Musical Consultant

Richard Karp is a leading musical figure at KDKA and throughout the Pittsburgh area. At KDKA's studios he goes over production problems with Vickey Corey, Grace Hirt and Franklin A. Tooke, Program Director.



KDKA's Richard Karp is a musician of engaging personality and all-around ability who is contributing much to advancing the cause of music in the Pittsburgh district.

He was born in Vienna in 1902. His mother, a concert pianist, won the gold state medal of the Vienna Conservatory at 17, and his grandfather, a newspaper editor, was prominent as a tenor.

Mr. Karp studied violin, viola composition and conducting in Vienna and Dresden and graduated with honor from the Dresden Conservatory. At 18, he conducted a stock opera company and later became musical and state assistant at the Dresden State Opera.

His success as a conductor won him the post of conductor of the Dresden Philharmonic Orchestra, in 1923, as well as that of musical director of the Dalcroze Festival in Hellerau where he led the Dresden State Orchestra in the "Midsummer Night's Dream" performances.

From September, 1925, until 1932, Mr. Karp was associated with the Dusseldorf Opera, and during 1931 he also guest-conducted the Philharmonic Orchestra concert in Bonn. The following year he was appointed

general music director of Bonn's Municipal Symphony and Opera. In 1933 he went to Prague as conductor of the Prague Symphony Orchestra.

Mr. Karp came to the United States in 1937 and was first introduced to the American music world in 1938 when he went on a transcontinental tour with the Canadian Hart House String Quartet. Late the same year he went to Pittsburgh to become a member of the Pittsburgh Symphony.

He joined the Pittsburgh Opera Society in May, 1941, as stage director and assistant musical director. When Vladimir Bakaleinikoff resigned as musical director in March, 1942, Mr. Karp became his successor. Retaining the direction of the Pittsburgh Opera, Mr. Karp joined the staff at KDKA in 1944 as producer and musical adviser.

Ilse Karp, his wife is a well-trained musician in her own right, having graduated from the Berlin Music Hochschule. She teaches piano, clarinet and theory.

In addition to his many duties both at KDKA and with the Pittsburgh Opera, Mr. Karp also finds time each summer to conduct the Adirondack Symphony Orchestra at Saranac Lake and at Lake Placid.

**WHAT'S NEW from
COAST to COAST**

(Continued from page 15)

relates, "and was always pictured as the ruined woman in every story." Which shows you what kind of type casting they do for photographs.

You'll be hearing two of Hollywood's top comedienne, Elvia Allman and Bea Benadaret, costarring in a new situation comedy show, "The Simpson Twins," come the cool weather.

Penny Singleton and Arthur Lake are wanted for a West Coast television series which, if rights can be cleared and negotiations jell, will be called "Mr. and Mrs. Bumstead," and find them discussing in good Mr. and Mrs. fashion such humorous items as they find in the day's news.

On the fall agenda for Vox Pop is a tour around the world, with programs to originate from the sites of the Seven Wonders of the World—not the Seven Wonders of Antiquity, but the Middle Ages—including the Coliseum at Rome, the Great Wall of China, Leaning Tower of Pisa, Catacombs of Alexandria, Druidical Temple at Stonehenge, England, Mosque Tower at St. Sophia in Constantinople and the Octagon Pagoda of Nanking.

In a dog-eat-dog business like the band business, it's always nice to come across a story of real friendship. One of the longest and closest friendships in the music fields is that between Guy Lombardo and Tommy Dorsey. They even carry it to the lengths of sharing the same office in New York. Latest data on this Damon and Pythias routine is that Tommy Dorsey asked the Music Corporation of America to get his band a booking in Detroit for the Labor Day weekend. The reason—Guy will be there racing for the Gold Cup and Tommy doesn't want to miss seeing that.

In July RADIO MIRROR's story on Twenty Questions, Ruby Sheppard's picture was accidentally omitted. It's Ruby who, by holding up a silent placard, lets the studio audience in on the words that the Twenty Questions players are trying to guess. We hasten to repair our error: see picture below.

A new Hollywood television firm headed by Joseph Cotten, movie star, has finished the first in a series of fifteen-minute (Continued on page 19)



Ruby Sheppard: important to Twenty Questions audience.

FOR YOU...FOR ROMANCE...

that Always-Fresh Look

LIZABETH SCOTT

Starring in
"PITFALL"

a United Artists Release



Try Lizabeth Scott's DEEP-CLEANSE FACIALS



Cuddly armful! Early play hour—and Lizabeth's skin is a-sparkle! "A quick Deep-Cleanse with Woodbury rouses my skin...brings a beauty-fresh glow!"



Delightful eyefull!... makes you stop, and—LOOK! "Film day done," says Lizabeth, "I date Woodbury—rich and smoothing. Leaves skin simply velvet!"

"You're lovelier—in seconds," promises Lizabeth. "Smooth on Woodbury Cold Cream... its rich oils cleanse deep. Tissue, and film on more Woodbury—four special softening ingredients smooth dryness! Tissue again—add a cold water splash for rosy color. See, your skin glows clear-clean, silky-soft... Woodbury-wonderful!"



*Woodbury
Cold Cream*

A pet show can be serious business when it is tied up with Uncle Jim's work as visual educator for the Pennsylvania SPCA.



UNCLE TO 50,000

WIBG's Uncle Jim has more nieces and nephews than he can count.

UNCLE TO over 50,000 children in five years. That's the story of Uncle Jim Willard of WIBG in Philadelphia.

Back in 1943, Snellenburg's Philadelphia department store decided to sponsor Uncle Jim Willard who has been a conductor of children's radio programs, for 23 years. They then had a combined membership of 2185 children registered in their Superman Tim Club for boys, and their Joan and Ginger Club for girls.

Today, there are 28,770 boys registered in the Superman Tim Club and 23,772 girls in the Joan and Ginger organization.

How did he do it?

Years of radio experience have given Uncle Jim the knowledge that makes for programs that appeal to children, and adults as well. His 5:15 to 5:30 P.M. daily program on WIBG includes a Stamp Club that fosters correspondence with youngsters in other countries; it includes entertainment by youthful performers of all ages, as soloists, as well as in groups. He frequently fills WIBG's Studio "A" with entire school classes, with glee clubs, with juvenile orchestras and dramatic units to bring listeners in the Philadelphia area an idea of what the younger generation is doing about radio. Talent ranges from four to eighteen years of age, and features everything from recitations to performances on the zither. There are certain memberships in the club which children don't care to obtain, but into which they're entered by their parents. These are the "Thumb Suckers' Union"—the "Nail Biters' Association" and the

"I Won't Club." Enrollment in these groups invariably breaks the bad habit, and results in disenrollment, which is the entire idea.

Willard is also a visual educator for the Women's Pennsylvania SPCA, in which position he visits many schools throughout eastern Pennsylvania, with special programs. On his visits, he often comes upon talent at school assemblies which add additional entertainment value to his programs.

His animal stories, both off and on the air, are requested by adult groups as well as by children, which accounts for additional lectures before parent-teacher, Rotarian and other organizations. Willard himself, when asked his age, usually replies that he was a hundred and three, several years ago, but he isn't sure how many. And backs it up by stating "I'd have to be at least that old to have over 50,000 nephews and nieces." But regardless of age, he's spry as many of the youngsters who call him Uncle. Three flights of stairs mean nothing to him, and he proves that by running up the stairs in the WIBG Building, rather than using the elevators. His nightly signoff "Don't forget to wash your face and hands, clean your teeth, and say your prayers" has worked far more than the admonitions of anxious parents in many homes, and because they've told him so, it has been in use ever since the first time he aired it, almost 20 years ago.

His whole theory of broadcasting is summed up in the words "I never worry about whether or not the program is good—all I ask is that it do some good."

WHAT'S NEW from
COAST to COAST

(Continued from page 17)

video shows on film for a cost of \$2,000, which is claimed to be some \$5,000 under the current tab.

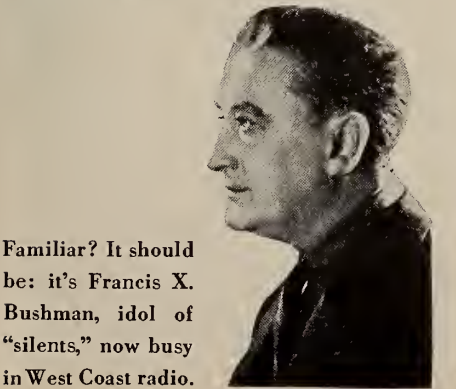
This is one for the oldsters. Have you noticed that Francis X. Bushman, who used to send the hearts of ladies fluttering back in the days after the first World War, has been appearing more and more often on radio? Latest stint we heard was his playing a small part as a ship's captain on one of the My Friend Irma programs.

Look for Mutual to start grooming a new singing star. Nineteen year old Delores Marshall was a typist in the script department of Mutual's Chicago outlet, WGN, until this past Spring, when she sought and won an audition as a singer, and so impressed execs with her voice that they promptly assigned her to a guest shot on a feature called Voices of Strings.

Did you know that Rudd Weatherwax came into possession of wonder dog Lassie when the former owner gave her up in lieu of paying a ten-dollar board bill for the dog?

As if Elliott Lewis weren't busy enough now, he's got another prospective show in the works. It's a burlesque on radio "whodunits," called "The Misadventures of Marcus O'Connor," and at this writing the program is on the front burner with a New York agency. If the deal goes through, you'll be hearing it this autumn.

GOSSIP AND STUFF FROM ALL OVER . . . Professor Quiz is turning author with a new tome tentatively titled "Ask Me Another" . . . Hollywood expects ABC and the Samuel Goldwyn studios to hold hands on television in the immediate future. . . . A new dramatic series, The Wanderer, starring Alfred Drake, is due to hit the airlines soon. . . . The Jack Smith show will move to the west coast this fall to give the singer an opportunity to do film work. . . . Helen Hayes returning to radio, after a long absence, in a new dramatic series now titled Electric Theater. . . . Any radio work for comedienne Cass Daley will have to wait until next year, since she's expecting the stork in November. . . . Can You Top This will probably not return to the air this year. . . . John Brown signed to play his Digger O'Dell role in the film version of "Life of Riley." . . . New contracts have been handed The Beulah Show, Judy Canova.



Familiar? It should be: it's Francis X. Bushman, idol of "silents," now busy in West Coast radio.

"I dress for a Barn Dance at 8 o'clock in the morning!"



1. "Here's how I manage those desk-dancing dates," says this smart career girl. "I wear a bright cotton suit and dark tailored blouse to the office. And, of course, I rely on new, even gentler, even more effective Odorono Cream. Because I know it protects me from perspiration and offensive odor a full 24 hours."

You'll find new Odorono so safe you can use it right after shaving! So harmless to fine fabrics . . . protects clothes from stains and rotting! And Odorono stays so creamy-smooth too . . . even if you leave the cap off for weeks!

2. "When date time comes I change to a light peasant blouse, tie on a big dark sash, and I'm set for an evening of fun. I'm confident of my charm all evening too—thanks to new Odorono Cream. Because the Hal'gene in Odorono gives more effective protection than any deodorant known."

New Odorono Cream brings you an improved new formula . . . even gentler, even more effective than ever before . . . all done up in its pretty, bright new package. Buy some today and see if you don't find this the most completely satisfying deodorant you have ever used.



New Odorono Cream safely stops perspiration and odor a full 24 hours!

(Now in new 25¢ and 50¢ sizes, plus tax.)

R
M



Joe Wesp once toured northern New York in a stagecoach, for fun. His tour of Poland was strictly for serious reporting.

WBEN'S Ironic Reporter

"WELL, this is great stuff," said Joe Wesp. "I've interviewed the big ones and the little ones—in Europe and America—but this is one of the few times anyone has ever interviewed me. I like it. It gives me an excuse to talk about myself."

All of which is ironic of the Ironic Reporter because from this point on it took an elephantine amount of wheedling, cajoling and coercing to bring forth salient facts about Joe Wesp. For seventeen years now Joe Wesp has been a nightly feature on WBEN and he has been sponsored all that time, with the exception of a brief few months. It's something of a local—if not a national—record. The present sage of Buffalo's suburban Clarence was born Milford Wesp, in Buffalo, spent his boyhood in nearby Hamburg but came back to Buffalo at the age of 17 to get a job as copy boy at *The Buffalo Evening News*.

He held this position long enough to learn to type, whereupon he walked across the street and told the city editor of the now-extinct *Buffalo Times* that he was a reporter. He became one immediately—the youngest reporter in Buffalo.

At that time he was fresh from the farm and admits it. "Why, I didn't even have the hay out of my socks yet. We didn't get to town very often. When I got the job I didn't even know where City Hall was." On his 18th birthday, he enlisted in the Army in World War I. Mustered out a drill sergeant, Joe plunged into newspapering again. His list of alma maters included the Buffalo papers mentioned and three others. He was managing editor of the *Syracuse American* at 23 and one time night art editor of the *Boston Advertiser*.

While Joe Wesp obviously majored in newspaper work he at least minored in radio work, creeping in when no one was looking, so to speak, in 1930. This was because he had an incurable desire to talk to people without giving them a chance to talk back.

"At that time," he explains, "newscasters were talking as sweet as sugar. I got sick of honeyed news reports, so I tried a new angle. I went out on a limb—analyzing and predicting. But now I've had to change all that. People are worried all day long by the serious trend of news events so I give them the funny side."

The robust reporter checks several papers daily for



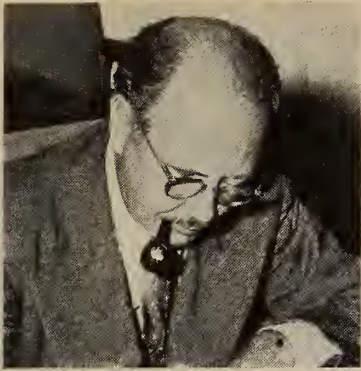
items on which to comment—can spend all day batting out a script or can do it in half an hour, as he did once.

Among his most memorable newspaper experiences were his tour of Poland in 1929 and his horse-and-buggy trip through Western New York in 1933. He traveled the length and breadth of Poland and wrote 50 daily articles for *The Buffalo Evening News*. His work won him the Golden Cross of Merit from the Polish Government. He wrote daily articles for *The Buffalo Evening News* about his horse-and-buggy trip and also about his tour of the country around Buffalo in a stagecoach.

Joe can't understand how his mother came to name him Milford but during his Syracuse newspaper days, he roomed with three other reporters and all four called each other "Joe." The name stuck to Wesp.

His hobbies are hunting and fishing with his wife, who's a swell sport, according to Joe. The two regularly spend vacations together at fishing spots in Canada or New York State.

Joe Wesp is heard on WBEN Mondays through Fridays for 10 minutes, starting at 11:15 P.M.



WILLIAM SHIRER

IN 1925, immediately following his graduation from Coe College, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, William Lawrence Shirer shipped as a cattle boat crewman to Europe "just for the summer." Twenty years passed before he was ready to resettle in the United States.

Upon arrival in France in 1925, he joined the staff of the Paris edition of the Chicago Tribune, thus beginning his career as a journalist. He stayed with the Herald Tribune until 1932 as European correspondent, working in Paris, London, Switzerland and Vienna, and in the Near East and India as well.

Shirer remembers two years in India with Gandhi as his greatest experience. He was there to cover the first great "civil disobedience movement" against the British, and counts the late Mahatma as one of his most interesting friends.

In 1934, Shirer became chief of the Berlin bureau of the Universal News Service. At the same time he began broadcasting for network listeners in the U. S. and keeping the daily journal which became the basis for his best-selling *Berlin Diary* and *End of the Berlin Diary*. For the next five years he wandered about Europe covering stories on the preparation of the Nazis for World War II.

Shirer returned to the United States in 1940 to assemble *Berlin Diary*. He went back to Europe on assignments in 1943, '44, and '45. His experiences as war correspondent, particularly at the war guilt trials at Nuremberg, were compiled from his journal and published as *End of the Berlin Diary*.

Although Shirer was commentator for many war-time movie shorts, Hollywood will probably never be able to lure him away from New York. He thinks the people in the film industry are "nice but a little crazy," basing his opinion on two weekends when he was flown to the film capital to act as advisor on a film. His total working time amounted to one and a half hours, plus travel time and sightseeing time of course, and for this he was paid \$10,000. "And the film was never produced," says Shirer.

The Chicago-born commentator is married to the former Theresa Stiberitz of Vienna. They make their home now in New York City with their two daughters, Eileen Inga and Linda Elizabeth. Mr. Shirer still writes a syndicated news column in addition to his fiction work. His weekly news broadcast heard over the Mutual Network on Sunday afternoon gives him sufficient free time for writing.



"HI, HAYHEAD!" . . . that was the uncomplimentary way Don greeted me the night of the hayride party. Believe me, that was the last straw! I made up my mind *then* to do something about my dull-looking, unmanageable hair.



HOPEFULLY, I consulted a leading hair-dresser. After a shampoo with Lustre-Creme, my hair revealed new loveliness. "It's not a soap, not a liquid," he said, "but a rich-lathering cream shampoo with lanolin. Use it at home, too!"

From Hayride to Honeymoon for a "LUSTRE-CREME" Dream Girl



ROMANCE SMILED on me after I discovered Lustre-Creme Shampoo. Don met me at a dance. "Golly . . ." said he, "it must have been dark the other night. I didn't know your hair is so lovely." He whispered, his lips brushing my Lustre-Creme tresses, "You are a dream girl . . . my Dream Girl."



For Soft, Glamorous "Dream-Girl" Hair

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

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

Lustre-Creme is a blend of secret ingredients—plus gentle lanolin, akin to the oils in a healthy scalp. Lathers richly in hard or soft water. *No special rinse needed.* Try Lustre-Creme Shampoo! Be a lovely "Lustre-Creme" Dream Girl. 4-oz. jar, \$1; smaller sizes in jars or tubes, 49c and 25c. At all cosmetic counters. Try it *today!*

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

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

Pre-viewing THE STYLES WITH LINIT

Dorian

creates a washable-starchable house-coat of great distinction, soon to be seen at the leading fashion shops. "For this and all washables," says Dorian, "we recommend LINIT Starch. This finest of starches restores original finish and freshness."

Such a versatile garment!
—a practical breakfast-timer that's also a lovely tea-timer. LINIT* is versatile too—the ideal starch for men's shirts, bed and table things, curtains, lingerie... LINIT makes cattans look and feel like linen, keeps them resistant to muss and soil. Ask your gracer for LINIT.



MINNIE PEARL

MISS MINNIE PEARL, queen of the mountaineer comedienne, who is heard on Saturdays at 10:30 P.M., EDT, on NBC's Grand Ole Opry, was born down in South Carolina way back in 1938—almost ten years ago. But Miss Sarah Ophelia Colley, whose personality has been practically usurped by the madcap character, was born at Grinder's Switch, Tennessee, near the quiet little town of Centerville, "... too long back to laugh about."

Ophelia, and the only one who still calls her that is her mother, because all her friends have taken to calling her Minnie Pearl, created her comedy character entirely by accident.

"Did you ever wish you had the nerve to say exactly what you wanted to, at any time, or act any way you wished, without worrying about what people thought?" Miss Colley asked. "Well, Minnie Pearl gives me a chance to do just that. I know it's corny, but it's fun."

Ophelia Colley first appeared in public as Minnie Pearl, costume and all, at a very fancy, gay, social function held at a fashionable hotel in a South Carolina resort town. She'd been there once before, while she was a coach for amateur talent shows, and had been asked to help out on this benefit. Her 89-cent organdy dress, lisle stockings, big, flat-heeled shoes and beflowered and fruited straw sailor hat created a riot of laughter among the evening garbed socialites as she walked through them to the platform that evening.

But her public appearances date back even farther than that. She was the youngest of five sisters and her sisters all played with her through her babyhood as though she were one of their dolls. The result—her sisters had her performing for the family and friends by the time she was able to walk.

When she finished high school, her parents decided to send her to Ward-Belmont, a leading Southern finishing school. She majored in elocution and dramatics, telescoped four years' work into two and returned to Centerville to teach in the local school.

But one day in 1940, the Tennessee Bankers Association had an all day session near Centerville and Minnie Pearl was engaged to help liven up the program. News of her unique and humorous act was carried back to Nashville and a week or two later she was hired by station WSM for a local show on the 'Saturday night Grand Ole Opry. In 1942 she went on the NBC network, where her antics have become a beloved part of the program.

FOR THE

Finishing touch...

© C. P. R. Co., 1948





SAM COWLING

FUN'S FUN, but try clowning before nine o'clock in the morning, sometime. Ourselves, we can't quite manage it. But Sam Cowling, the laugh getter on the Breakfast Club (ABC, Monday through Friday at 9 A.M., EDT) has no trouble whatsoever. He's a master heckler and practitioner of the deadpan school of comedy and he can turn it on and off at will, morning, noon, or night.

Cowling was born on January 8, 1914, in Jeffersonville, Indiana. In high school, he and two chums formed a trio, in which Sam played the ukulele and sang tenor.

All this had nothing to do with a career, then. Sam was mainly interested in designing and erecting great and beautiful buildings. But he was graduated from high school in the depression year of 1932, a year when the world had a lot more use for a little light entertainment than it did for architects. Having made this big discovery, the singing trio hied itself to Louisville. There, known as The Three Romeos, they made regular broadcasts for a few months and then moved on to try their luck in Evansville and Cincinnati. But those were tough days for young hopefuls. They scurried back to Louisville and, somehow, landed a morning hour program.

In 1935, Sam met the girl, and they were married shortly afterwards. A year later, while marooned in a maternity ward for three days during the Ohio River flood in 1937, Sam's wife presented him with a son. The proud parents almost named the baby Noah, but as the flood subsided, they decided to name him Sam, Jr. Later, another son, Billy, joined the family.

In that same year, Sam moved his family to Chicago, and the Romeos soon sang their way into a leading network show. Since then the trio has appeared regularly on various variety shows, and Sam has gained fame as chief heckler and stooge on the Breakfast Club. His inspired nonsense has become known from coast to coast and many of his quotations from "Sam's Almanac of Fiction and Fact" have become national catch-phrases.

Some of his most hilarious comedy never reaches the air. One piece of business he pulls every morning comes during that break in the show when the announcer gives the station break. As the announcer says, "This is the American Broadcasting Company," Cowling leaps to his feet like a maniac and yells, "He said that yesterday." And the audience rolls in the aisles.

Which Twin has the Toni?

(see answer below)



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

Such deep luxurious waves. So soft, so natural-looking. You'll say your Toni Home Permanent is every bit as lovely as an expensive salon wave. But before trying Toni, you'll want the answers to these questions:

Will TONI work on my hair?

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

Can I do it myself?

Sure. Every day thousands of women give themselves Toni Home Permanents. It's easy as rolling your hair up on curlers.

Will TONI save me time?

Definitely. The Toni wave puts a half-day back in your life. You don't have to spend hours away from home. While your Toni wave is "taking" you can go about your housework or do whatever you like.

How long will my TONI wave last?

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

Tune in "Give and Take" 2 p. m., Eastern Time, Saturday, CBS Network

How much will I save with TONI?

The Toni Home Permanent Kit with reusable plastic curlers costs only \$2. The Toni Refill Kit complete except for curlers is just \$1... yet there's no finer wave at any price.

Which twin has the TONI?

Lovely Jewel Bubnick of Miami Beach, says, "My sister, Ann, had an expensive beauty shop wave. I gave myself a Toni permanent — at home. And even our dates couldn't tell our permanents apart." Jewel, the twin with the Toni, is on the left.





At last! A dazzling luxury polish—at a dazzling new, low price!

Nail Brilliance
by Cutex → Only 25¢
PLUS TAX

YOURS FOR A SONG! Yours for the most fabulous finger tips that ever twinkled! Nail Brilliance—the utterly, excitingly new kind of polish.

Here's luxury unsurpassed by the highest-priced polishes. Yet it costs a mere 25¢.

New . . . the luxury bottle! Exquisite as a fine perfume bottle. Steady-based too. And you'll "paint" like a genius with that beautifully balanced artist-type brush with camel hair tip

New . . . the miracle wear! It's simply fantastic how long Nail Brilliance stays perfect! Like flawless jewels gleaming on your hands!

New . . . the heavenly purity! Free from all irritating substances. Even women whose sensitive skins are allergic to other polishes can use lovely Nail Brilliance with perfect safety. It's the *only* luxury polish that gives you this protection "extra."

New . . . such ravishing beauty! Ten tantalizing shades for every fashion, every need. Nail Brilliance *stays* brilliant too—never turns "cloudy." So dazzle yourself and your audience. Get Nail Brilliance today!

NEW! COLOR-KEYED CUTEX LIPSTICK! Creamy, luscious, clinging—created for perfect color harmony with Nail Brilliance shades. Only 49¢, plus tax. Try it!

My First AUDITION

By EDGAR BERGEN



"All wrong for radio," said the big executive who first auditioned Edgar and Charlie, which shows how wrong even a big executive can be.

CHARLIE and I were working the Chez Paree in Chicago, but we wanted to get into radio.

The quickest way, I figured it, was to interest advertising agencies. So I sent out a batch of telegrams modestly worded: "Come and see my act at the Chez Paree if you want a man with ten years' successful experience in vaudeville and nightclubs, who can write comedy and play it."

Nothing happened.

So I went to call on them, in person.

The first interview was a little disconcerting. "You write your own stuff? We have dozens of people who write good comedy."

"Ventriloquist?" shrugged the second. "It's probably all right to be one, but not on radio."

"You work with an audience? That's no good," another uttered his pronouncement. "I disagree," I ventured timidly. So I was out.

Then somebody pulled some wires and the really big chance came. Charlie was goggle-eyed. I was practically speechless—which went for both of us, of course! A fellow in charge of new talent at NBC was going to give us an audition. We sent our pants out to be pressed, got haircuts (at least, Charlie did), and presented ourselves promptly at the appointed hour. We did our stuff.

"That act will never go on radio," Mr. Big said bluntly. "The jokes aren't funny. The voice isn't right. The diction is dreadful."

"Nuts to you," muttered Charlie, and he held

his thumb in the region of his nose as we turned and went, we thought forever.

But forever is a long time. In this case, it turned out to be a little less than six months. By then we were back in New York, doing our act in the Rainbow Room at Radio City, and when Elsa Maxwell threw one of her famous "400" parties for Noel Coward, Charlie and I "entertained." Then Elsa went on Rudy Vallee's radio show and when she began to talk about the way she lined up her party talent, Rudy suggested she introduce us on one of her NBC radio parties.

They asked us to come back a second week, and a third.

"Maybe we should get a little more money," I suggested mildly, at this point.

"Maybe," Charlie broke in. "Positively. Or I quit the act, and then Bergen will have to do all the talking."

It wasn't until we had been on the Vallee broadcasts about four months that I woke up to what was happening. A letter came addressed merely "Edgar Bergen, New York"—and I got it.

"We're famous, Bergen," Charlie chortled.

"Don't be silly, Charlie," I squelched him. But I was feeling pretty good myself. We'd done it, at last.

And Mr. Big, who gave us the brush-off on our First Audition—what became of him? Why, he got to be a Vice President, of course!

The WORLD with a

Please note these old familiar words: The sentiments herein expressed are not necessarily those of the editors. Now, what about the sentiments of our readers?

NOT so long ago, on a program called House Party, Art Linkletter conducted a week-long search for "the most recent mother." It was a modest stunt, but it demonstrated with frightening clarity just how far people will go to participate in radio's current give-away craze.

First day's tour of the studio audience uncovered a woman whose baby was a month old. Next day, it was a mother with a baby three weeks old. Every day, Art found the baby a little younger, the mother a little paler. On Friday, final day of the search, a young woman arrived at the studio in a wheel chair with a nurse in attendance. She had just left the hospital. Her husband had gone on home with the red, wrinkled infant. To this dauntless lady went the shiny, tomb-sized refrigerator.

And across the land, many a housewife looked at her outmoded, too-small ice chest and assured herself, "I'd have done the same thing—for a new refrigerator!"

A decade ago the average American dreamed (but never dared hope) that he might someday inherit \$10,000 from his long-lost uncle in Australia. Today the dream has grander proportions. And the uncle in Australia has been replaced by any one of 20 national programs that give away a king's ransom in treasure.

Specifically, radio is now giving away seven million dollars per season in cash and merchandise. Network prizes alone

average \$84,000 a week. Out-of-town stations, with their own local give-aways, bring the jackpot up to \$165,000.

Since this list was compiled, the Mutual Network has leaped into the fray with a program whose jackpot will be \$50,000. "It's all a bribe," sputter the critics of radio. "Only way they can get listeners is to give away things!"

This, we know, isn't strictly true. A few audience participation shows are first-rate entertainment in themselves. And they'd have a healthy Hooper rating if they gave away nothing but old box-tops.

Alas, too many others have no entertainment merit whatsoever. They lure listeners with promises of grand prizes, but let weeks and weeks drag on before the only worthwhile ones, such as a car and a piano, are actually given away.

Moreover, one needn't show a gram of intelligence to win *all* on some of these sessions. Much depends on luck, the prompting of the studio audience and whether or not the quizmaster takes a fancy to you. Sometimes the hints are so broad it's a wonder the FCC doesn't come down in wrath and take away the station's license.



SCIENCE around it



By
HARRIET VAN HORNE

Harriet Van Horne's column, Radio and Television, appears daily in the N. Y. World Telegram

It was thought for a time last year that give-away shows were on the wane. That their day was mercifully over and we could go back to entertainment for its own sweet sake.

Then ABC came along with Stop the Music! It combined the flashier features of the juke box, the slot machine, bingo and an old program called The Pot o' Gold. It had a "mystery tune" for added excitement, and the grand prize winners were not the studio guests but people on The Great Outside who were called on the telephone.

In less than a month rival networks had programs on the air that were almost carbon copies. All used the telephone as a fulcrum. All suffered from the same noisiness. All were guilty of radio's newest sin: bribing listeners. Offering prize bait instead of entertainment. Unfortunately, it's a trend that will abate only when listeners shove their dials away from these bargain basements and tune in a half hour of good music or drama.

Though at least six programs now use the telephone gimmick, statistics show that the average family is listening against tremendous odds. Precisely, the chances are one in 22 million that you will be called by a jolly quizmaster who wants to know how many feet make a biped. A radio statistician figured that out simply by counting the phones in the USA.

People who (Continued on page 96)

For the law specifically bars programs that bear any resemblance to a lottery. If a contestant wins a prize without a show of skill or intelligence, couldn't it be said that he won by chance? And games of chance are forbidden. So there you are.

It's no wonder that comedians have taken to satirizing the whole give-away business. "Did you folks like the \$1,000 bills you found on your seats when you came in?" Fred Allen asked his studio guests recently. Truly, it wasn't a far-fetched query. Not as radio goes these days.

However, take the stunts on Truth or Consequences. They are handled with taste and showmanship. There is never a huge give-away, such as the Miss Hush contest or the Walking Man stunt, that doesn't have a charity angle. Ralph Edwards has raised hundreds of thousands of dollars for cancer research, for the heart fund and The March of Dimes. Ralph would give listeners a good show whether he had anything to give away or not. This puts Truth or Consequences in the minority among give-away programs. Most of them are, at best, mediocre.



The WORLD with a FENCE around it

NOW FOR
THE GRAND PRIZE
\$3,285,472.27 CASH
WHAT'S YOUR
MIDDLE NAME?



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Remembering TOM BRENEMAN

By GARRY MOORE

WHEN RADIO MIRROR first asked that I write about Tom Breneman, I was a little afraid to tackle it.

"There's nobody I'd rather talk about," I said, "but after all, I was never fortunate enough to be among Tom's intimate circle. I'd feel presumptuous. . . ."

But even as I was speaking, it came to me suddenly that I did know Tom very well indeed, that in a strange and wonderful way I had been becoming better acquainted with him day by day.

And it is this that I'll try, humbly and gratefully, to tell you about . . . how I, one among his millions of admirers, know that the spirit of Tom Breneman lives and his soul goes *laughing* on.

The world of radio, as you know, is a busy place, ruled by the clock. For a long time my acquaintance with Tom was mostly that of an interested listener to his phenomenal Breakfast in Hollywood. Very few performers who worked my late-at-night hours enjoyed the privilege of frequent contact with a man whose work hauled him from bed before dawn, sent him back shortly after twilight. When Tom was hitting the pillow out at his Encino home, most of us were warming up for our own encounters with the mike.

I listened, when I could, to Tom's show. Who didn't? It was the talk of show business. Here was a guy who, as Hedda Hopper once put it so neatly, had "parlayed a dame's hat, a hothouse orchid, and a gift of gab into a national institution." Radio's wiseacres had said, almost to a man, that the idea hadn't a chance. But there it was, heading the list of daytime shows for nationwide popularity, tops on the polls, first in the hearts of the nation's housewives old and young, and rating high with the male population as well. Skeptics, who couldn't believe it at first, began to listen tentatively and then became Breneman "converts." Like my friend Durante, he had a million of 'em—plus other millions who never needed "converting."

My actual meetings with Tom, when I look back on them, tell me why this had to be so. What he gave on the air was more than fun, zaniness, and laughter. It was warm, human

sympathy. It was friendliness. And he gave you that in person, too.

I first met him backstage at some benefit show a few years ago. A big fellow he was, with distinguished silvering hair, saddish eyes that still carried a twinkle in their depths, and a rather tired expression. Tired, that is, until he smiled, which he did often and freely. "Hiya, Garry," he said, as if we'd known each other a long time. "Say, I *like* your show."

Words like that are always sweet music to a performer, especially when they're said with Tom's sincerity by such a veteran as he was. Whenever we ran across each other after that, it was "Hiya, Garry" and "Hiya, Tom," easy and friendly.

The last time I talked to him it was by telephone. Tom was going away with the lovely Mrs. Breneman to Arizona for a badly needed rest, and I was among those who were to "guest" for him during his absence. But I had fallen ill, and my illness had become worse. Now it looked as if I'd not only be unable to "sub" for Tom but would have to ask help (*Continued on page 89*)

The people who work in radio,
and those who listen to it, will long
remember Tom Breneman. For
he gave away generously some of
the world's most precious goods:
kindness, friendship, laughter



I WAS THE *Wife of the Week*



Less than two hours after leaving Lackawanna, N. Y., the Pillions were at La Guardia, ready for the dining-out, theater-going holiday the Betty Crocker program had planned.

By MRS. FRANK S. PILLION



Special pan for Mrs. Pillion's noodles was designed by her husband, but they explained to Magazine of the Air's Susan Adams (c.) that it's just an "extra."

I HAVE just finished three days in New York as the guest of The Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air, and, because the whole thing has been such fun, I think that maybe all of those who follow Betty Crocker's broadcasts every weekday morning would like to know exactly what happens when you are chosen the Homemaker of the Week and are invited to come to New York and appear on her Wednesday broadcast.

For those who are not familiar with the show, I had better explain that the Homemaker of the Week is chosen on the basis of letters about their wives written to Betty Crocker by husbands in her audience. In my case, I did not know what was in Frank's letter until he read it on the air. I did not even know that he had written it until one afternoon there was a ring at the door of our home in Lackawanna, New York, and a nice-looking young man identified himself as a representative of the Betty Crocker show.

I thought he was making some kind of an audience survey until he asked if I had any objection to going on the air. Then I realized that Frank must have written a prize-winning letter, without saying a word to me about it. I couldn't wait for him to get home so I could find out what he had said about me.

But he wouldn't tell me. He just laughed and said,



From a husband's tribute to his wife.



After Frank Pillion's winning letter was read, Mrs. Pillion demonstrated her chicken-and-noodle recipe step by step before the hungry eyes of M.C. Win Elliot, Mr. Pillion, home economist Elsie Buxman, (r) and the studio audience at Betty Crocker's Magazine of the Air. (Program time is Monday through Friday, 10:30 A.M. EDT, on ABC stations.)

"I've forgotten. You told me to write to Betty Crocker, so, being the properly obliging husband that I am, I did it."

"I never did tell you to write to Betty Crocker!" I protested. "I wouldn't be so conceited!"

Then I remembered.

Frank is extremely fond of a "Chicken Paprikash" that I make. He went on about it so enthusiastically the last time I served it that I said,

"Don't tell this to me—tell it to Betty Crocker so she can tell the world."

It was just something you say in fun, but it gave him an idea. He wrote the letter at his office, dropped it in the mail and said nothing whatever about it. And I thought my husband had no secrets from me!

The next thing that happened was a long distance call from New York. A nice voice asked if I would be at home at 4:30 to talk with Bill Doughten.

"You have the wrong number," I said firmly. "I do not know a Mr. Doughten."

When they insisted that they had the right number, it flashed through my mind that it might be one of my husband's army friends, so I said,

"Would you mind telling me who Mr. Doughten is? He may want Mr. Pillion, not Mrs. Pillion."

"It's Mr. Doughten, Program Supervisor of the Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air," they said. "Can you talk at 4:30?"

With that I woke up.

"By all means!" I said because I suspected that they would not be calling all the way from New York unless they were going to ask us to go on the air.

I was delighted. We had been at home quite closely since Frank came out of the army. We were ready for a holiday, and what could be more entertaining than going to New York and meeting the people I had been listening to on the air? Everyone always wonders what the people on favorite programs really are like. Besides, I always had been curious to know if Betty Crocker had a real kitchen in front of her microphone or if they were just acting out that part of the program.

I called Frank right away.

"Try to get here," I asked him. "And bring that letter! Now I have to see it."

The call came through on the dot. Mr. Doughten wanted to know if it would be convenient for both of us to be their guests in about two weeks. That gave us easy time to arrange Frank's business so he could be away, so the date was set and three other nice voices came on the line: Susan (Continued on page 79)

Magazine of the Air listeners learned a recipe—for a successful marriage



A snapping-turtle trap for Quaker Lake.



Mrs. Thomas gets a capsule trip to Iraq as Lowell Jr., planning a visit there with an economic mission, is briefed by Lowell Sr.

My Friend,

In his special corner of
New York State, world-wanderer
Thomas is really "at home"

By WELLS CHURCH

Director of News Broadcasts on CBS, on which
Lowell Thomas is heard Mon.-Fri., 6:45 P.M. EDT.

THERE are a lot of things I remember about Lowell Thomas, and one of the most vivid is the first taxi-ride I had with him. It was a dark night and we were on a dark corner. We got into the first taxi that came along and Lowell said, "Take us to the station, please." There was an instant reaction from the driver. Without turning around he announced, "I'd know that voice anywhere. You're Lowell Thomas."

"Happens all the time," Thomas grinned at me. "Proves one thing: I'll never commit a crime—I couldn't stay hidden for ten minutes!"

Walking around with Lowell in the daytime, I've noticed his face is recognized almost as fast as his voice—



From a completely-equipped studio behind the garage, Thomas can broadcast as conveniently as though he were at CBS in New York. Announcer Nelson Case (center) comes up to Hammersley Hill to be on hand for both broadcasts (6:45 and 11 P.M.). Electra Ward, one of Thomas's secretaries, times the show, keeps material straight.

2,000 acres of Dutchess County, in upper New York State, go with "Hammersley Hill," which Thomas purchased two years ago.



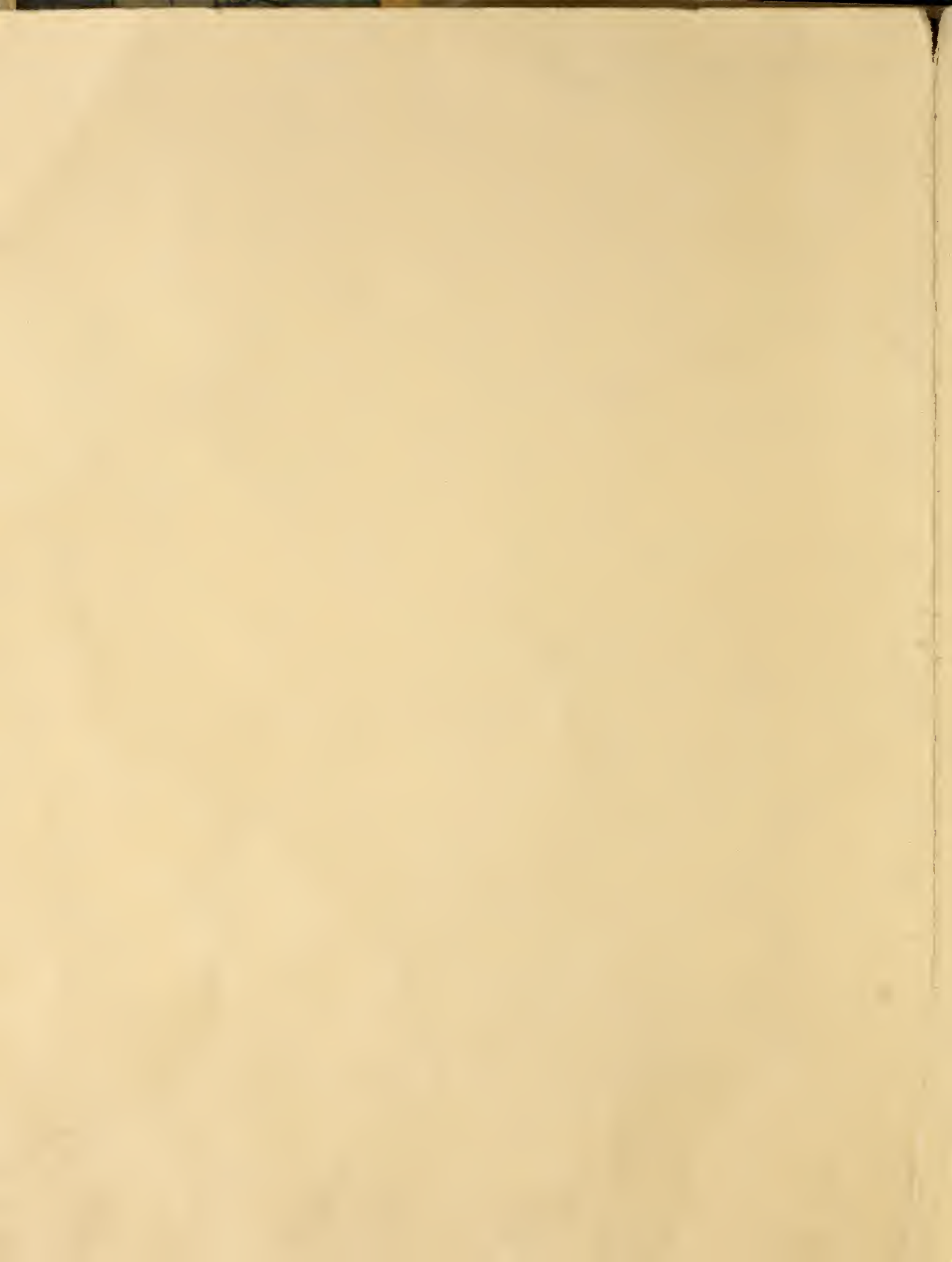
LOWELL THOMAS

The barn is HQ for a wild kitten club.



Thomas makes his outdoor "office" on the dock at private Quaker Lake, which sparkles over 90 acres of Hammersley Hill. At Quaker Hill Country Club (right) Thomas introduces a student group to the "History of Civilization Fireplace," which when complete will represent all ages of man with archaeological finds given by Thomas and many of his explorer friends.







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My Friend,
LOWELL THOMAS



Mrs. Thomas lifts Winkie out of reach of poodle Boots and spaniel Roger—though of course they're all friends!



Last-second news is teletyped into the garage-studio.



Both Lowells, Jr. and Sr., keep 16 mm. movie records of all their trips, which adds up to quite a film library.

thanks to a dozen years of having it on every Fox Movietone Newsreel. "Gosh, Lowell Thomas looks worried today—think he's heard some new war rumors?" strangers mutter to each other as they pass him on the street. Or else they gloat, "Hey, look how happy Thomas looks today. There'll be good news tonight!"

All of this is the natural result of the longest continual record in radio history: eighteen years of broadcasting, five days a week, at the same exact time (6:45-7:00 PM, EDT. No vacations, no holidays—when he goes anywhere, a microphone goes with him. Some of it comes also from twice-a-week newsreel commentary, and from hundreds of travel shorts and commercial movies which Thomas also narrates. Yes, his name and voice are known everywhere. I should know—as a friend of his, I spend half my time answering questions about him. I finally decided to get him down on paper for posterity—and to settle a few wrong guesses while I'm at it!

For instance, you think, don't you, that Thomas is a stuffed shirt—because his voice is so superbly modulated? Wrong. The only shirts he cares about are loud and raucous sports ones, of which he has a bigger collection than Bing Crosby. You think, also, that Thomas lives next door to CBS—and that all he does is face a mike? Wrong again. He lives two hours from New York City in a sprawling colossus of a country house



Thomas is very active in community affairs in the Quaker Hill section where Hammersley Hill is located; he lectures frequently at the Country Club to students, teachers and friends.

with his wife and son—and with his own private broadcasting studio 200 yards from his front porch. You think that he's an authority on just one thing, radio? Wrong once more—Mr. T. is a famous explorer of Africa and India, a traveler who has seen every corner of the world, the author of forty books, a ski expert . . . and in his past he has been everything from a gold miner to a college professor. He's also had a prodigious number of "firsts"—first man to broadcast from an airplane, from a ship at sea, from a submarine, and from a helicopter. Further, he's the first commentator who appeared on television. Convinced?

But you'd be convinced of anything if you visited his 2000-acre estate called "Hammersley Hill," where he lives and works. Certainly I was convinced when I first visited there, about a year ago. To start with, I will never forget my astonishment when I walked into his living room for the first time to meet my fellow guests—who were ex-President Herbert Hoover, General Jimmy Doolittle, and the famous explorer Roy Chapman Andrews! I might add that I was further astounded by Lowell's twenty-four-year-old son Lowell Jr., who is no mean explorer himself. He was home from Dartmouth College that weekend, and he sat around matching notes with General Doolittle and Mr. Andrews on such diverse places as Brazil, Alaska, and Turkey the way you and I would match notes on the

corner drug store. Pretty Mrs. Thomas joined in a lot too, because she's been around the world several times with her busy husband.

But fascinated as I was by the unusual guests and conversation, I was just as dumbfounded over the estate itself—most of whose 2000 acres Lowell showed me from horseback the next morning. "I'm always outdoors and exercising every morning, winter or summer," he told me as we rode. "I discovered long ago that there's no such thing as bad weather if you're dressed for it!"

So, mounted on Lowell's horses, we trotted up to a ski lift and a ski chalet. "Yes, they're my own," he admitted. "I built them because I love skiing—and now all my friends are up here skiing as much as I am." My jaw was still hanging at the idea of a private ski lift and chalet when Lowell guided me to a sparkling ninety-acre lake. "And this is my own lake, where I swim every morning in summer—along with all my friends," he said with the pride of ownership.

We spent the whole morning looking at the endless buildings and woods on his beautiful place. In the afternoon neither I nor anyone else in the household saw Lowell at all. He was hard at work in his four-room studio building, abetted by his four secretaries, a switchboard, a film-cutting room and a projection room for showing movies—these last two for his news-reel and travelogue film activities. Later (*Continued on page 97*)



When Mary came to New York from Iowa, she was a stranger in the city, lonely and confused. She tried unsuccessfully to get work as an actress, but without contacts or experience the way was so difficult that she finally accepted a stenographic job in a theatrical agent's office. It was, for the time being, the closest she could get to her dream. And she was never sorry, for it was here that, one day, she met Larry Noble, one of America's handsomest actors, idol of a million women.

Backstage Wife, conceived and produced by Frank and Anne Hummert, is heard Monday through Friday at 4 P. M. EDT, on NBC.

Through the years with

BACKSTAGE WIFE

The love of Mary and Larry Noble glows more brightly than the make-believe glamor of the theater that is part of their lives



2. Instantly attracted by Mary's prettiness and charm, Larry invited her to see the play in which he was starring. And later, at supper in one of New York's glamorous restaurants, the young actor and the shy Iowa girl realized breathlessly that they had fallen in love. Then and there, Larry proposed marriage—and was accepted.



3. Larry's love lifted Mary into a world of happiness where fear and loneliness had no place. Quietly, in a picturesque Connecticut church, they were married. Because of Larry's nightly appearances in his successful play on Broadway, they had no honeymoon—and needed none. They could not have been happier on the moon.

IN Radio Mirror's backward look at important moments in the life of Backstage Wife are the following actors, just as you hear them on the air:

Mary Noble is played by.....Claire Niesen
Larry Noble.....James Meighan
Regina Rawlings.....Anne Burr
Maude Marlowe.....Ethel Wilson
Tom Bryson.....Charles S. Webster
Margot.....Dorothy Sands

Through the years with
BACKSTAGE WIFE



4. Larry's success enabled the Nobles to buy a pretty little house in Rosehaven, a Long Island suburb half an hour away from the city. And Larry Jr. was born—born into a world over which threatening war clouds finally broke. Larry Sr. became a lieutenant in the Coast Guard.



5. Larry saw much active duty in the South Pacific, and Mary, though busy with her own acting career on which she embarked during his absence, went through days and nights of heartache. But two devoted friends cheered the little house in Rosehaven: Tom Bryson, Larry's former manager, and actress Maude Marlowe.



8. But luck changed: Tom Bryson returned from Hollywood with a play to be produced by wealthy, glamorous Regina Rawlings, in which there was an excellent part for Larry. The play was an immediate success—and so, in another way, was Larry, for imperious Regina fell in love with him and directed all her considerable charm toward winning him away from Mary.



9. As Larry continued impervious to her overtures, Regina became increasingly determined to make him conscious of her as a woman. Deciding that with Mary out of the way her chances would be far greater, she and her maid Margot worked out a series of lies and schemes which resulted in Mary's being sent away, with Larry's consent, for a "rest cure" in Connecticut.



6. Then came the day the world waited for: the war was over. Larry, reunited with his wife and son, planned a return to the stage. But financial trouble overtook the Nobles as time stretched out and Larry, in spite of his talent and experience, did not seem able to find a suitable, promising part.



7. Finally, famous playwright Eric Jackson, who remembered Larry's outstanding work, said he had written a play especially for Larry. Larry, eager to accept, suddenly realized that Jackson was infatuated with Mary. Mary, greatly upset, persuaded Larry to reject the part, though it meant hardship.



10. Mary's enforced "rest cure," which of course she did not need, was valuable because it gave her the time and perspective to see what was happening to her and Larry. She understood how—and why—Regina was plotting to separate her from Larry, and she saw that the best thing she could do was to return home at once. Suddenly, one day, she packed and went.



11. Larry, Larry Jr., Maude and Tom were overjoyed at Mary's return home. But her troubles with Regina were far from ended. Armed with a talent for scheming and the strong will to win any game she played, Regina countered Mary's return by flaunting the estate she had bought, right near the Noble home in Rosehaven. Here she was closer than ever to Larry.

Between the

Rodio Mirror's Prize Poem

THE NINTH MONTH

September is o stallion
with o flowing, tawny mane,
who hos never known o bridle,
nor o rider, nor a rein:
o steed of bronze ond ombre
whose bright hooves strike the ground
with o shorp, stoccato rhythm
ond on icy, ringing sound.
September is a mustong
from wild, untrommeled skies
who gallops down the earthways
with wind-enchanted eyes.

—Virginia Moran Evans

REGRESSION

I have drawn back the silver veil of years
And found the happy town, the laughing
street

That knew me as a child. Oh, I have stood
Once more in the familiar doorway where
the sweet

Clear scent of lilacs rides astride the breeze
To call and reawaken memories
Long laid in dust. Oh, I have walked
The garden paths again and I have talked
To old acquaintances and frequented
The gay familiar haunts of long ago
And yet I am an alien—alone—

A stranger in my native land. I know
Man may retrace the steps of any Climb,
Descent, or Distance—anything but Time.

—Pegasus Buchanan

TO A LITTLE GIRL GROWING UP

(On Having Her Dress Let Down)

This dress has faded pinkish-white
Like laurel long exposed to light—
Its hem, let down, has left a streak,
As pink as this or that plump cheek,
Around the skirt. It's that you mind—
Not fadiness? Why, how unkind—
For that pink streak will serve to show
All those who really couldn't know,
When it was new, your dress
Was all rose-loveliness!
Isn't the story you like best—
Better than "Snow White" and the rest—
The one that I begin: "When I was small like
you?"—

Well, that's a pink streak, too,
Or so it seems,
In the much duller stuff of dreams
My grown-up self must wear—
So there!

And, really, if one didn't grow
And hems were kept hemmed up just so
In gowns and selves, their dawn-color gone,
Each time we quietly slipped them on,
There wouldn't even be—just think—
One gay, remembering streak of pink!

—Violet Alleyn Storey

THE BOOK

The world's a book to small boys run-
ning

Past streams where solemn frogs are
sunning;

Through fields where yellow king-cups
shout:

"What's the hurry all about?"

So much to read in earth's thick book,

So little time to stop and look

At all the wonders printed deep

Upon the day. Too soon will sleep

Make reluctant prisoners

Of these quick-heeled geographers,

These small philosophers and sages

Who turn earth's multi-colored pages.

—Pauline Havard

September: a time for looking backward, with a sigh for summer

Bookends



By
TED MALONE

Be sure to listen to Ted
Malone's program
Monday through Fri-
day mornings at 11:45
EDT on ABC stations.

RADIO MIRROR will pay \$50

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

SONG FOR AN OPEN DOOR

An open door is beautiful to me
As anything in houses, whether it
Be when the pattern of it lies, lamp-lit,
Along the velvet grass, or when I see
The morning sun flow in to gild a floor.
An open door is somehow made for laughter
And song to drift through, and one looks back after
Leave-taking, glad to see an unshut door.
I know they will be lovely down the years
To me as now, all opened doors, but none
Can be so fair as that one which appears
In sweet remembrance when, my journey done,
Or school, I see again my Mother stand,
Smiling at me, and holding out her hand.

—Elaine V. Emans

EPITAPH FOR A PAS(T) TIME

In the bygone days when a man could glide
Through a waltz or two and a daring dip,
Or a fox trot paired with a one-two-slide
At a sweetly easy and dreamy clip;
When a man could figure on ample space
For his gal and self to meander in.
The art of dancing was subtle grace . . .
And you'd find me out for a trial spin.

But I learned my lesson with much to spare
On my first good crack at the modern floor,
When they finally dragged me away by the hair
From beneath the feet of some forty-score;
I was jittered and jived into black and blue
And wrestled around in a vicious whirl
Till I lost all track of the time and view,
And—*oh, where are you now, dear?*—even my
—girl!

Take the boogie-woogie and jumpin' jive,
Those who will dare. I'll just stay alive.

—S. H. Dewhurst

CHILD SWINGING

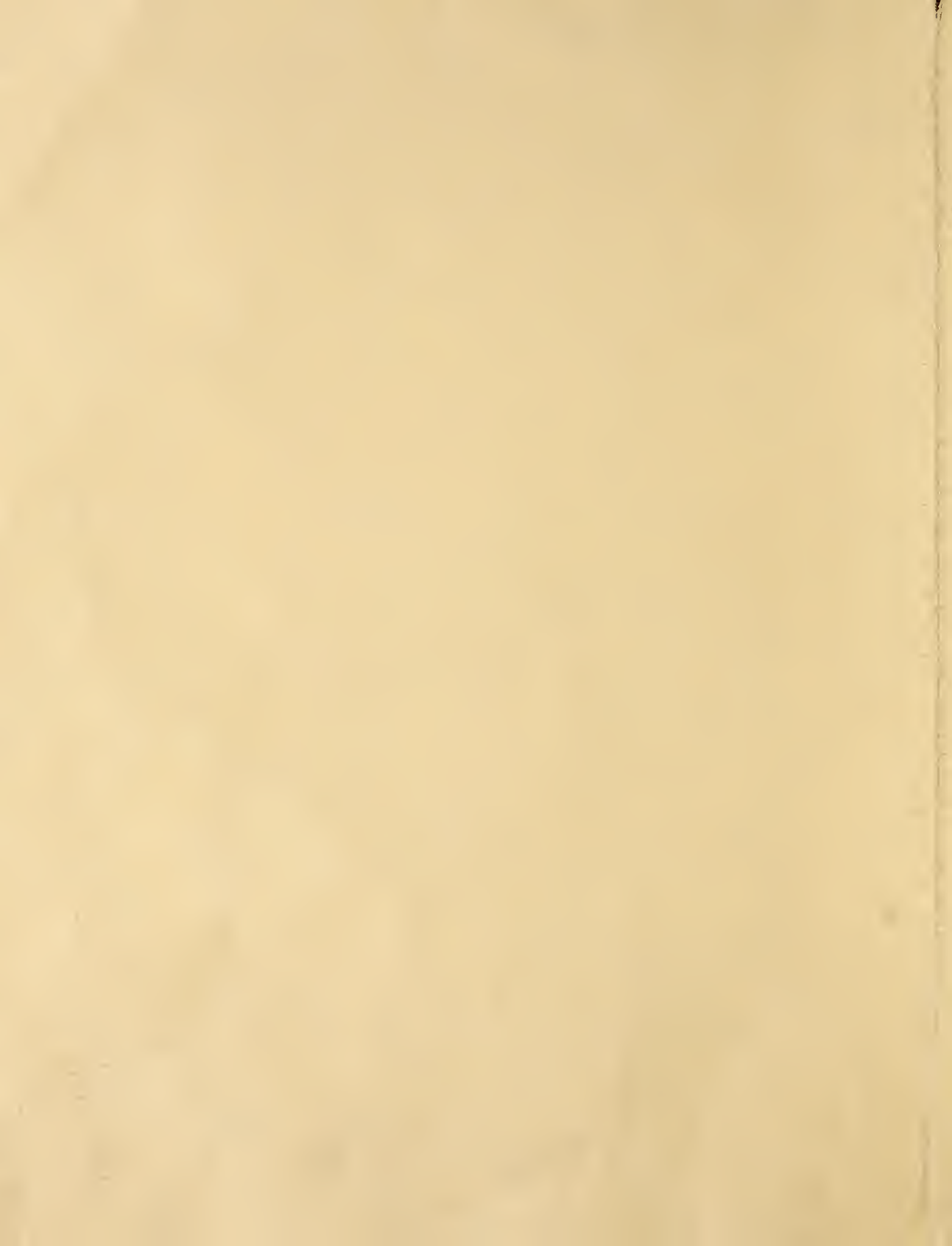
Firm his feet on the swing-board end;
Sure his knees in their stretch and bend.
Far up he goes; his body one
With sky and wind, and cloud and sun.
Down he comes with reluctant space
Pulling hard at his hair and face.
He stops in effervescent mirth
And staggers on the steady earth.

—Enola Chamberlin

VACATION

This is a photograph of you,
Warm and laughing, lean and browned;
This I have, and a ticket stub,
And a rusty ring from a merry-go-round.

With no regrets for the kiss we shared,
Nor the tears I shed when we came to
part,
I have decided it's just as well
That I had no room to pack your heart.
—Harriet Scott



Between The Bookends

Radio Mirror's Prize Poem THE NINTH MONTH

September is a stallion
with a flowing, tawny mane,
who has never known a bridle,
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a steed of bronze and amber
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This dress has faded pinkish-white
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Its hem, let down, has left a streak,
As pink as this or that plump cheek,
Around the skirt. It's that you mind—
Not fadiness? Why, how unkind—
For that pink streak will serve to show
All those who really couldn't know,
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Isn't the story you like best—
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Well, that's a pink streak, too,
Or so it seems.
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My grown-up self must wear—
So there!
And, really, if one didn't grow
And hems were kept hemmed up just so
In gowns and selyas, their down-color gone,
Each time we quietly slipped them on,
There wouldn't even be—just think—
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I have drawn back the silver veil of years
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Long laid in dust. Oh, I have walked
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Nor the tears I shed when we came to
part,
I have decided it's just as well
That I had no room to pack your heart.

—Harriet Scott

Thor, the colossal Great Dane, was a sidewalk superintendent as Les, maid Mary Hermanoski and Alice turned out the food.



THE Tremaynes

Come on over—Alice Reinheart and Les Tremayne



The apartment shortage kept the Tremaynes in one room until recently; that's why parties in their big new place are such fun.



Actress Ethel Owen's new white hat got a big ovation from Alice, while Les greeted Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Kohl (Arthur is Archie Andrews' radio father; Ethel Owen is heard in many daytime drama roles).



Guest Staats Cotsworth (Crime Photographer) captured Hal Peary (Great Gildersleeve), Thor and the Tremaynes for immortality—family tintage style.



There's a whole room for Les's hobby—cameras. Alice Frost (radio's Mrs. North) and her husband, ad-executive Bill Tuttle, were impressed by Les's work and equipment—both excellent.

Alice Reinheart is Chichi in *Life Can Be Beautiful*, on

are at Home...

are having some friends in for an informal party. They're all people you know



Les's hot swing records, which alternate on the library shelves with Alice's classical albums, proved too much for Hal and Gloria Peary, as Les, Alice, the Kohls and actor Ron Rawson looked on, enviously.



The ensemble: Alice's piano (covered with a family treasure, a priest's robe 200 years old); Arthur, Gloria, Hal, Mrs. Kohl, Les. But those are not the names the neighbors called them, the next day!



Any party, whether it be on Park Avenue in New York City (as this one was) or on Main Street in Medicine Hat, has one higher-than-high point: the eats. Light from the candlesticks (a gift from Ramon Novarro) falls on Alice's prized Wedgwood china, and on the handsome cloth that was hand-made by a devoted radio listener. And Mary decides she'll need that extra platterful, for the company, locust-wise, is clearing the table: left to right are Ron, Les, Ethel, Alice, the Tuttles, the Pearys, the Kohls.

People in love must have
a mutual interest, Charlene had
heard. So with a very little, a
very white lie, she invented one!

WHEN Bride and Groom first went on the air, we thought it would be interesting to arrange a set of master-files on the various phases of courtship, based on actual experiences of engaged couples. For instance, how do the average boy and girl meet? What is the usual reason for their falling in love? How, and under what circumstances, does the boy usually propose?

Since then, we've interviewed several thousand couples, on and off the air, but we still don't have those master-files. Instead, we have a separate file for each couple, and a thorough conviction that real-life love stories just can't be arranged into classifications.

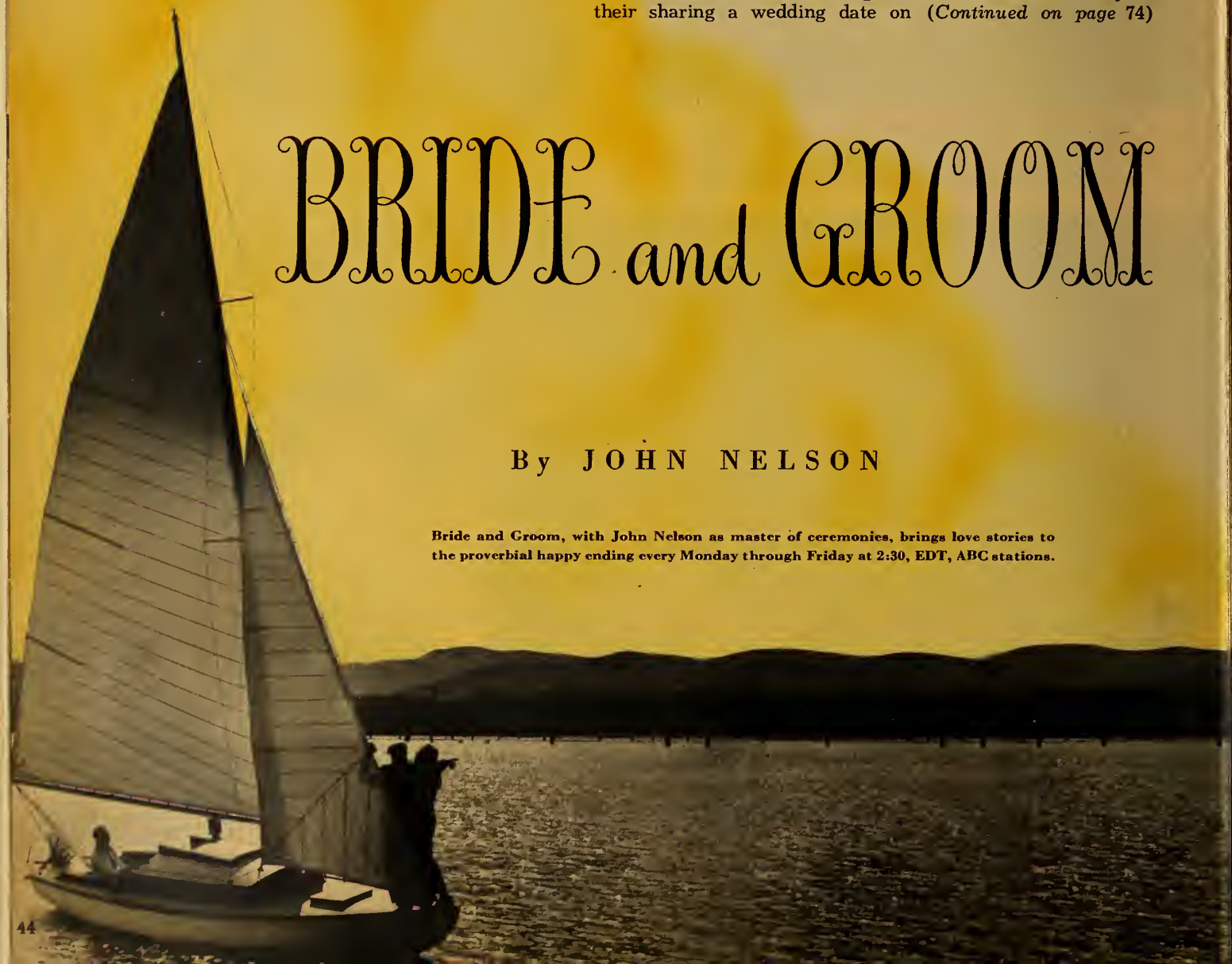
The way in which boy meets girl, for example. How would you classify a meeting that took place because of a mouse and a five-dollar bill? It happened when Monroe Martin was paying his breakfast check at the restaurant where Marjorie DeShazo was cashier. The mouse chose that moment to stroll nonchalantly onto the scene and, before the uproar was ended, Marjorie and Monroe were in a financial argument. Monroe insisted that he had given her a ten-dollar bill, while Marjorie was just as certain that it had been only a five-dollar bill.

To prove it, Marjorie indignantly checked her cash-drawer—and discovered she was exactly five dollars over. At the same time, Monroe checked his wallet—and discovered he still had his ten-dollar bill! They never did figure out where the extra five dollars came from, but they compromised by using it to finance their first date together—which led eventually to their sharing a wedding date on *(Continued on page 74)*

BRIDE and GROOM

By JOHN NELSON

Bride and Groom, with John Nelson as master of ceremonies, brings love stories to the proverbial happy ending every Monday through Friday at 2:30, EDT, ABC stations.





It all began when Charlene was enrolled in a school for models and Ed was attending a school of photography. And it came to the best of possible conclusions some months later, with the help of Bride and Groom and the good offices of Pastor George J. Robertson.

and a trout named Pappy



Coeur D'Alene had its fun with this "magnificent honeymoon suite" but more than made up for the joke later.



A special plane, "Just Married" blazoned on the side, carried Ed and Charlene to nearby points of interest.

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a mutual interest, Charlene had

heard. So with a very little, a

very white lie, she invented one!

WHEN Bride and Groom first went on the air, we thought it would be interesting to arrange a set of master-files on the various phases of courtship, based on actual experiences of engaged couples. For instance, how do the average boy and girl meet? What is the usual reason for their falling in love? How, and under what circumstances, does the boy usually propose?

Since then, we've interviewed several thousand couples, on and off the air, but we still don't have those master-files. Instead, we have a separate file for each couple, and a thorough conviction that real-life love stories just can't be arranged into classifications.

The way in which boy meets girl, for example. How would you classify a meeting that took place because of a mouse and a five-dollar bill? It happened when Monroe Martin was paying his breakfast check at the restaurant where Marjorie DeShazo was cashier. The mouse chose that moment to stroll nonchalantly onto the scene and, before the uproar was ended, Marjorie and Monroe were in a financial argument. Monroe insisted that he had given her a ten-dollar bill, while Marjorie was just as certain that it had been only a five-dollar bill.

To prove it, Marjorie indignantly checked her cash-drawer—and discovered she was exactly five dollars over. At the same time, Monroe checked his wallet—and discovered he still had his ten-dollar bill! They never did figure out where the extra five dollars came from, but they compromised by using it to finance their first date together—which led eventually to their sharing a wedding date on (Continued on page 74)

BRIDE and GROOM

By JOHN NELSON

Bride and Groom, with John Nelson as master of ceremonies, brings love stories to the proverbial happy ending every Monday through Friday at 2:30, EDT, ABC stations.



It all began when Charlene was enrolled in a school for models and Ed was attending a school of photography. And it came to the best of possible conclusions some months later, with the help of Bride and Groom and the good offices of Pastor George J. Robertson.

and a trout named Pappy



Coeur D'Alene had its fun with this "magnificent honeymoon suite" but more than made up for the joke later.



A special plane, "Just Married" blazoned on the side, carried Ed and Charlene to nearby points of interest.



"We act well, and work well, together."

The Love

THE life we've found together is really pretty special—and so peculiarly ours, I'm wondering how to talk about it. . . .

I'm also afraid to remember how close we came to never finding our love at all. Or, correction, how close I, who was allergic to love, came to passing it by.

George's story is that the instant he first set eyes on me, he said, "That's for me!" I tell him I don't believe him. How can I believe him when he describes what I was wearing *all wrong*—proving, doesn't it, that he didn't really see me at all? He insists that I was wearing a brown suit with, of all repulsive combinations, a black and white checked coat and, I'm quoting him, "The most vile hat!"—when actually I had on a beige wool dress, what I thought was a pretty wonderful hat and no coat at all!

We met, strangely enough, in the studio at CBS, the day George auditioned for the part of Bill Roberts in our Rosemary show—the part he got and, as our fans and friends know, still has.

Nothing could have been more unpropitious for falling in love, so far as I was concerned, than to meet another young man auditioning for the part of Bill. We had been auditioning young men and not-so-young men all week long and I was young-men happy. To me, George was just another young man, another young man in uniform (this was 1945 and George, still in the Army—just back, in fact, from overseas) so, barely glancing at him I said, riffling the pages of the script, "Okay, let's go. . . ."

But when we started to read together I realized that with *this* young man there was a mature interpretation of the script—and, for me, there was something more. There was a fine point, here, of relationship in acting.

In good acting, in proper acting, when you read a script with someone, you establish a relationship with him. Usually, however, actors are so nervous while auditioning that they are thinking only of *their* lines, only of themselves and not at all of you. But with George, it was different. It was the difference between making contact and not making contact. In other words, I felt that George related to me and I, to him.

. . . but only as Rosemary and Bill. . . .

After the audition, I congratulated him and we went our separate ways. If I'd thought about him at all, which I didn't, I'd have said that young Mr. Keane's lack of interest in me matched, nicely, my lack of interest in him. He didn't even say he hoped he'd see me again "some day." He'll tell you now, "I didn't try. I didn't even try. I just bided my time."

That he did.

"I kissed her in a taxicab on Thanksgiving Day, 1945" is George's line-a-day in his diary for Thanksgiving Day of 1945.

So he did.

We had been working together, by that time, for about two months and never an "ask" for a date; never a gleam in George's eyes. Then, suddenly, after the

The best way to fall in
love is not to know it's coming.
Then all at once, there you are
—and (if you're as lucky as
Betty and George) it's wonderful!

We Found


Thanksgiving broadcast, "Let's go around the corner and have something to eat," said George to me—and to Dodi Yeats, who was the director of our show at that time. At Louis and Armand's, the little restaurant around the corner from CBS, we had a holiday egg-nogg. Then Dodi had to leave us. I was going on for dinner at the Millard Lampell's (Millard, as you know, wrote *The Long Way Home*) and after a bit of talk which, for all the personal touch it had, might have been broadcast over the networks, George put me in a cab. Just as the cab started to pull away, he quickly leaned in—and kissed me.

It made me feel very warm and nice, that kiss—very nice and warm but nothing more. I know, now, that I underestimated its significance, but at the time—well, after all, it was a holiday and men who had been overseas were pretty sentimental, I knew, about holidays. So it didn't particularly surprise me. Putting it down as just one of those things, I quickly dismissed it from my mind.

It was, as I recall it, another two months before George again indicated that I was in his (Continued on page 92)

By
**BETTY
WINKLER**

Betty Winkler and George Keane
are heard in *Rosemary*, Mon.-Fri.
at 11:45 A.M. EDT, CBS stations.



"After the weekend
we spent with Elaine
Carrington, he mar-
ried us in the script!"



Tex-Jinx

Tex McCrary and his wife, Jinx Falkenburg, run Tex-Jinx Productions in N.Y. In Manhasset, they just live.



Jinx, who used to be America's foremost model, poses for distinguished painter Moses Soyer.

IN THE East Sixties in New York there is a brownstone house that has been converted into handsome offices. You go up two flights of stairs, carpeted in emerald green, and come to a door that says, in very small print, "Tex-Jinx Productions." Inside is a set of rooms done in the most attractive modern style. The first is studded with four little desks of blond wood, deep leather chairs, and stunning drapes. The main room is outstanding for its use of color and the fact that it is built around a fabulous television set in a custom-made cabinet. Off this is a small private office done in cocoa brown but dominated by a cherry-red sofa—one of those long, flat jobs in heavy weave material.

All this gives a picture of the workshop in which is conducted one of the most successful partnerships today—Mr. and Mrs. Tex McCrary—successful in marriage, family, radio and television, they go at a dizzy pace, so they are very grateful for their office-haven. Their home is out in Manhasset, Long Island, and they manage to keep it completely free from business.

Although they are doing seven radio shows a week—their early morning show six times and, of course, they are the summer replacement for Duffy's Tavern every Wednesday night, it was television we wanted to talk about, and Tex was only too happy to comply. Jinx lets him do most of the talking—displaying a great deal more wifeliness than most less glamorous, less famous fraus.

To the all-important question about what was wrong with television today, Tex answered a surprising, "Nothing." But then he went on to say he meant nothing that some real showmanship wouldn't cure. According to Tex,

Productions



Al Jolson is an old friend: Jinx was in "Hold On to Your Hats" with him when she first met Tex.

Production HQ is a New York brownstone: guest Sonja Henie (r) can stay to tea when Tex, Jinx and engineer let her "off duty" after broadcast.

television is now being run mainly by engineers, salesmen, and advertising agencies. His big hope is that people like Rogers and Hammerstein, George Abbot, David Selznick, Irving Berlin, Sam Goldwyn and other famous showmen will come into the field and do for it what they've done for the theater, radio, and movies.

"I think one of the best things that could happen to video is to have Bing Crosby produce a show of his own—built around himself—on film. In short, do in television what he did in radio."

Did that mean that in his opinion only big names like Crosby would shine on tele? What about new talent—did he think there would be opportunities for them?

"Enormous opportunities for new people—I mention Crosby because he could do so much for the medium, but he is an exception. There are only a few big name stars who could afford to go into it. You have to be at the very top, have reserve capital, and a tax situation which not only permits but almost demands that you operate something at a loss. Despite their big salaries there are mighty few big name stars in that position."

Tex is cooking up an extremely interesting tele show

that promises much good televiewing. It is a visual newspaper—an hour show with Tex as Editor-in-Chief; Dave Sherman—former editor of *Life* magazine's "Speaking of Pictures"—as managing editor; and Barry Lohman as woman's page editor. Jinx will be a reporter assigned to Miss Lohman and a camera will follow her while she gets her story. Fifty percent of every show will be on film. When I cautiously suggested that that was expensive, Tex looked pleased with himself and said he had a way of getting around that. He is even planning a "Junior Edition" built around the McCrary-Falkenburg son, two-year-old Paddy. They want to do this show at 9:00 o'clock on Sunday mornings. It would feature all kinds of entertainment aimed at the very young, plus a view of the reactions of Paddy and his little friends.

Tex was getting so enthusiastic about video that I popped the \$64 question, to wit: "Are you interested in television to a point that you will exclude all radio broadcasting eventually?"

"Absolutely—as soon as we really get going in television, we'll devote ourselves (Continued on page 83)

"**H**EIGH-HO, Everybody"—that greeting will go down as one of the most famous in the history of radio. For twenty years radio fans recognized those words as meaning that Rudy Vallee was on the air, and they were going to be entertained! Twenty years ago, Rudy stepped before a microphone in the smart and expensive night spot, the Heigh-Ho Club, in New York, and there was born the greeting of the same name and a fabulous radio career. Since that night back in February of 1928, Vallee has become something of an American phenomenon in the field of entertainment. Singers, comedians and actors have flared into fame and then fallen by the wayside, but Vallee goes on and on.

So, when the almost legendary Rudy Vallee announces that he will henceforth devote himself to television, that bears investigation. Rudy is now busily engaged in the production of a series of half-hour comedy-dramas written, directed, enacted and photographed (he'll put everything on film) exclusively for TV. The first, a satire on the importance of college football, titled "College Days," has been completed for several months. Vallee, producer, director and star of the TV picture, has studied the cast with such well known laugh getters as Charlie Cantor, Lionel Stander and Maurice Cass. And for a touch of glamor, Vallee has co-starred Lorry Raine, a new singing discovery. The company has started its third half-hour film already and present plans call for the making of a series of twenty-five of these half-hour video programs. (Continued on page 84)



Heigh-Ho VIDEO!



Here's the Vallee-Video group: Maurice Cass, Lorry Raine, Lionel Stander, Rudy himself, Charles Cantor. They plan 25 half-hour telefilms; three of them are already completed.

Doorway to FAME



M.C. of WABD's Doorway to Fame is Johnny Olsen, of Ladies Be Seated fame.



Cooperating in Doorway to Fame's tele-talent search is Radio Mirror; when you view the show watch for Joan Lloyd, our television editor.

AS MANY viewers of the stations of the WABD network already know, RADIO AND TELEVISION MIRROR in the person of its television editor, Joan Murphy Lloyd, has begun a new and more active interest in television—cooperation in the production of WABD's Doorway to Fame program and its search for new television talent.

The hand, which, so to speak, opens the Doorway to Fame each Monday night at seven on Dumont Network stations, is Johnny Olsen's. Radio listeners remember him as "that wonderful m.c. on Ladies Be Seated, who laughs with you, not at you!"

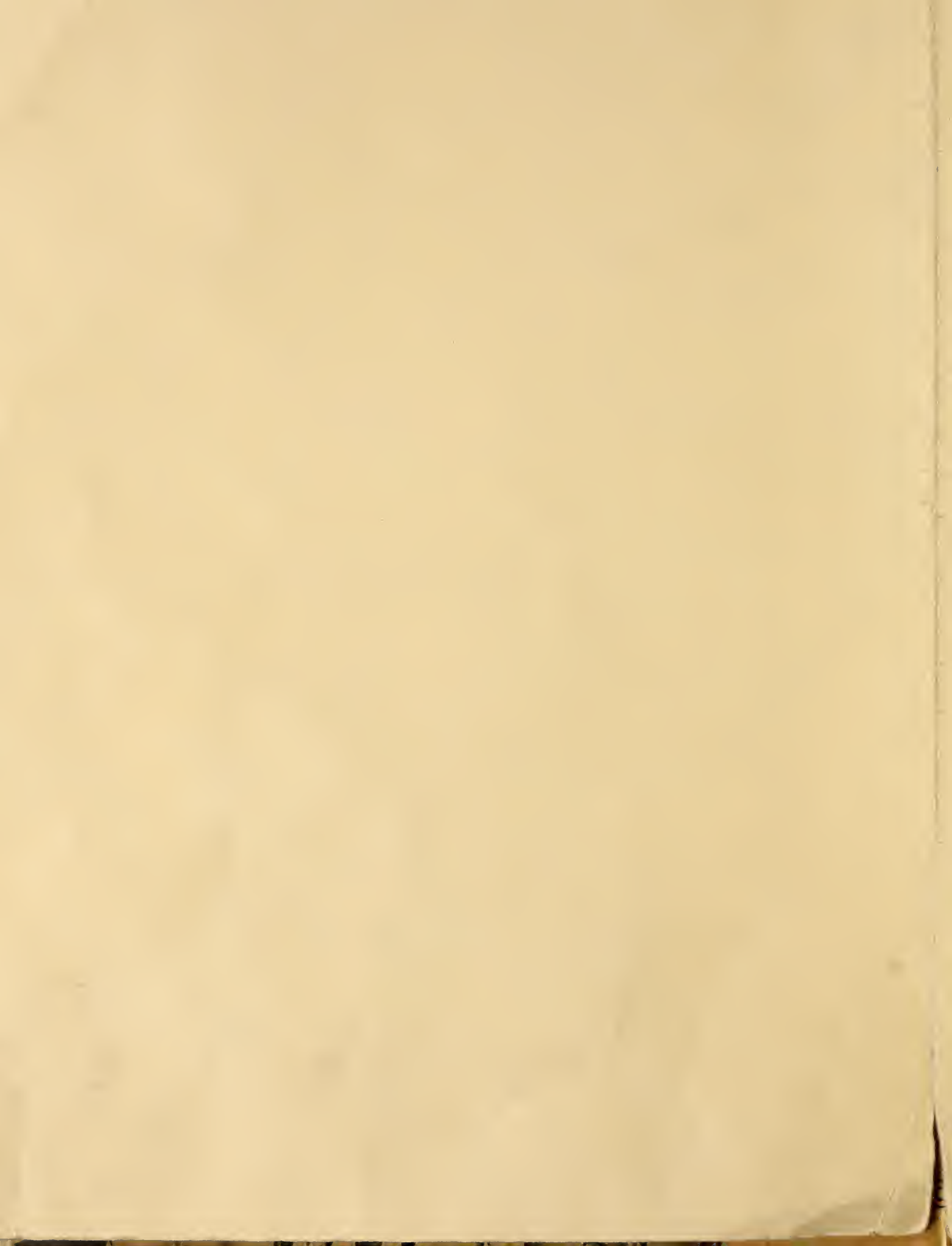
Johnny made his radio debut at seventeen as the "Buttermilk Kid" on a Madison, Wisconsin, station, and at eighteen achieved the distinction of being the youngest radio station manager in the country. His next move was to organize a dance band. Soon afterward Chicago radio beckoned; then Hollywood, then New York and Ladies Be Seated.

Johnny is the youngest of ten children in a Minnesota family—and perhaps its that big family which accounts for his generous understanding of people, his kindness and sympathy toward contestants on his programs. He's happily married to that same "Penny" whom radio

audiences knew as his assistant for many years. He stands five feet ten, has blue eyes, dark brown hair, and is stockily built. His hobby is recording, and in the Olson household you'll always find, according to that happy Scandinavian custom, the coffee pot bubbling merrily on the stove.

At the present time, Johnny is a show business triple-threat man, entertaining radio, stage and television audiences. His MBS Movie Matinee is heard every afternoon direct from the stage of the Palace Theater in New York; his ABC Rumpus Room for stay-up-laters is heard six nights a week; and he is *seen* and heard on Doorway to Fame, which presents to television viewers talented people who have made their mark in other fields, but who are new to television audiences.

Seen and heard with him nowadays on Doorway to Fame is Joan Murphy Lloyd, for Dumont Television and RADIO AND TELEVISION MIRROR have combined efforts, through the program, to conduct a large-scale search for new and better talent for video viewers. Next month, this department will reveal plans for a new kind of talent hunt, in which the readers of the magazine and the audience of the program will be asked to participate. Be watching for it!



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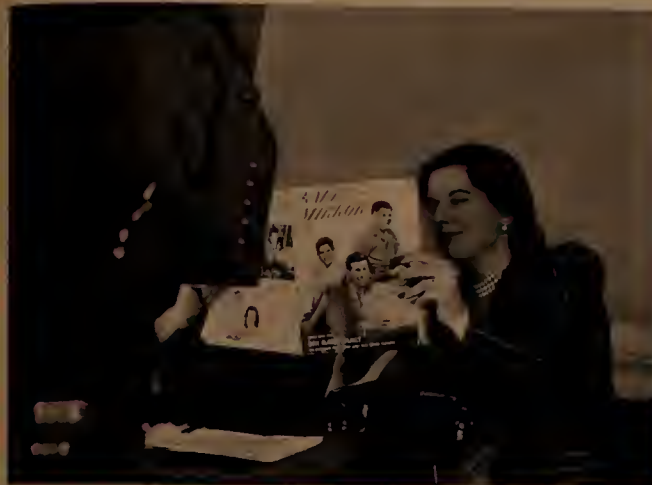


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Mel Allen

Soda vendor at the ball
park to "The Nation's Number One
Sportscaster"—with time
out in between to get his degree
in law! That's the Allen story

PICTURE of a very good guy: a bachelor at thirty-five, a lawyer (though he doesn't work at it), a fellow whose favorite cuss words are "Dad Gum," whose height of vituperation is "I could spit!", whose greatest loves are baseball and his two-year-old niece and baseball and seafood and baseball and movies and baseball and more baseball!

That's Mel Allen, the Voice of the New York Yankees, whose broadcasts of Yankee home and road baseball games over Radio Station WINS have won him the designation of the Nation's Number One Sports Broadcaster.

Mel's first participation in big league ball was a passive one. At the age of thirteen he managed to get himself a job as a soft-drink butcher at the ball park in Detroit. But the job didn't last long—Mel was much too interested in watching the Tigers to be a howling success at peddling soda pop, and he was fired.

Born in Alabama, Mel spent most of his life there, with the exception of that year in Detroit, another in Toledo, and three years in the pay of Uncle Sam, until, in 1937, he was called to CBS in New York for an audition, and became a member of the announcing staff there. Broadcasting experience prior to that had been play-by-play descriptions of the University of Alabama and Auburn football games. That job had been a normal follow-up to Mel's college days, for before graduating from the U. of Alabama Law School in 1935, he was sports editor of the university newspaper and annual, and manager of the baseball team.

Allen lives with his mother and father in Fieldston, at the northern tip of the island of Manhattan, where there's still a lot of country left. He's the sort of stay-up-late addict who gets into his pajamas at ten o'clock, announces, "Well, I need a good night's sleep," and is still awake and going strong at 3 A.M. The neighborhood movies—his mother is his favorite date—take up a good deal of his time, and if there's a double feature playing, so much the better. Apple of his eye is his next-favorite date, Risa, very young daughter of Mel's sister, Esther. Brother Larry, who also lives at home, is Mel's statistician, and works with Allen and Russ Hodges at the WINS microphone during Yankee games.

It's Russ Hodges, who knows Mel so well from long and close association at these games, who can give the best insight into the Allen personality, for Mel himself is reserved on the subject of personal data.

"Allen?" says Hodges. "As grand a man to work with, to be associated with, to know, as you will find from one Portland to the other!"

Of course, Yankee games don't take all Mel's time, especially out of season. There are World Series games, too, and, in the winter, his own disc jockey show on WINS as well, to keep him a busy guy the whole year around.



Over WINS, Mel Allen broadcasts New York Yankee games



Traveler

YOUNG David Leadinghouse wastes no dreaming time on buried gold and pirate treasure. Strictly 1948 in his approach to high adventure, the fifteen-year-old student follows the contests.

Because he does, his lovely mother, Florence—Mrs. William John Leadinghouse—became our Traveler of the Month and winner of Procter and Gamble's Hidden City prize that makes a miser's hoard seem small change.

Although it was Florence who carried the \$25,000 check home to their five-room apartment at 1429 Edgewater Avenue, Chicago, her husband Bill, and her sons David and Jack all had a part of winning it. For the Leadinghouse family has a habit of doing things together. When

*This month's traveler
wasn't going anywhere,
but a pencil-and-paper
trip led her to "The
Hidden City"—and
the rainbow's end*

Tommy Bartlett, sponsor's representative H. E. Purcell, and grocer Henry Jung all had a share in Florence Leadinghouse's big day.

By
**TOMMY
BARTLETT**



From the files of Welcome Travelers (12 Noon,

of the Month

their varied interests keep them from home at dinner time, Florence doesn't fuss too much. She's a bit more tolerant than the average wife and mother about the touchy subject of serving meals on time. She knows it won't be long until one of her menfolk comes in shouting "Let's play golf," "Let's go fishing," or "Let's work a contest."

At fifty, Florence Leadinghouse is the kind of woman who fits into that active life. Smoothly coifed gray hair frames her unlined, youthful face. Her quiet reserve scarcely masks a bubbling sense of humor.

With both her husband and her sons, she's the girl they best like having around, for she maintains a fine balance

of femininity and independence. She may expect them to bait her hook when they fish, but she can also sock a golf ball down the fairway with such accuracy that she keeps the family foursome interesting.

For Florence, this pattern of zestful living began in a big, rambling house in Morgan Park, a suburb of Chicago. Her father, George Sjoerdsma, a landscape artist, was once one of the country's largest importers of Holland bulbs, and Florence, as a child, helped care for the acres of tulips which flanked their home.

Much as she loved her family, she had the Hollander's desire to stand on her own two feet. Being independent was part of growing up. Florence became a secretary in a Loop office, and in the early twenties moved to Chicago where she shared the giggling gaiety of the group of career girls who roomed at a widow's home.

Every night was date night for some one in the crowd. Girlish boasts about a couple of "just wonderful young men" piqued her curiosity. Frankly admitting she, too, wanted to see them, Florence donned a maid's uniform and answered the door. But her disguise scarcely lasted through the first meeting, for one was a lad from Ohio, just starting a radio and sporting goods store. It wasn't long before he became her best beau. In 1926, Florence Sjoerdsma and William John Leadinghouse were married.

Because they didn't want their son to carry a life-long tag of "Junior", the young couple reversed the order of the father's names—called their first-born John William, and promptly shortened it to Jack.

When their second boy arrived five years later, Jack had a voice in family conferences. He adored a Milt Gross comic strip character called Dave and demanded his parents name the baby for his hero. Florence and Bill laughed at first, then realized David was a good, solid Biblical name a boy could live with. Jack had his way. He named his brother David.

Jack, now twenty, has a couple of terms of Northwestern University journalism classes to his academic credit, some short stories started, and draws his paycheck from Kemper Insurance Company.

At fifteen, David wants to be a big league baseball player, and already shows signs of being a good provider. He likes to do the family shopping at the Hollywood IGA Food Market where his friend Henry Jung keeps Jr. informed of both the best food buys and the current contests sponsored by manufacturers.

Says Florence, "We kid Dave about bringing home entry blanks, but we all end up having fun working them out. If I happen to have the products in the house, we tear off a label and send in our (Continued on page 70)



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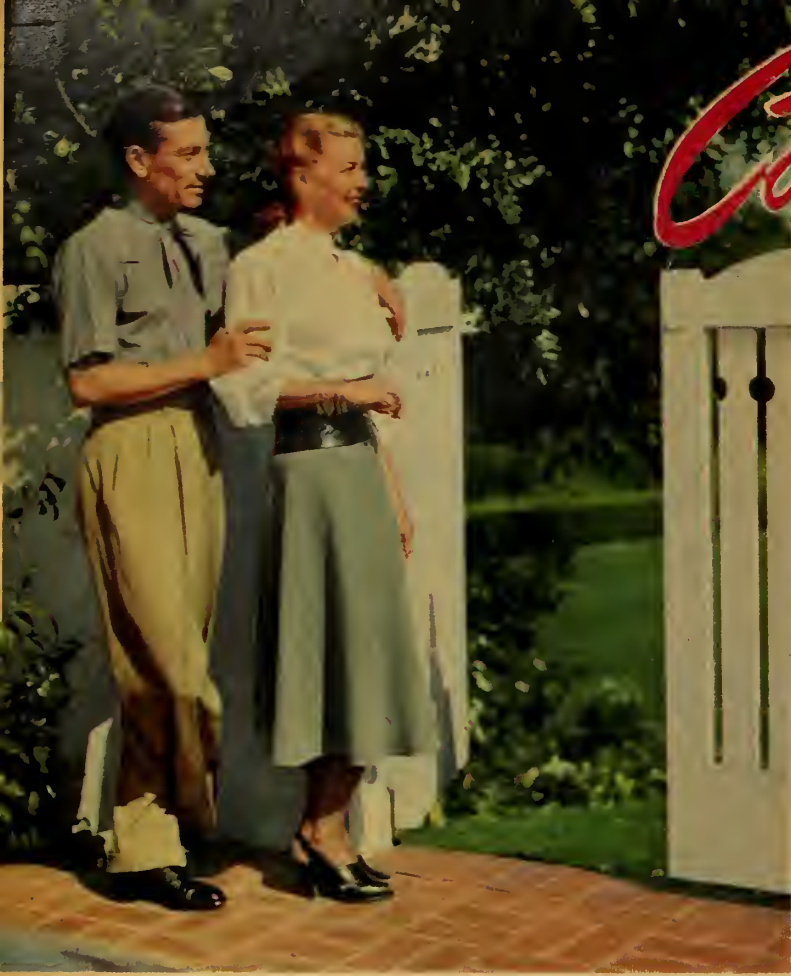
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By
**TOMMY
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Come and Visit



Ruth and Hoagy's off-again, on-again romance worried columnists till Winchell formally "engaged" them on the air.

Hoagy is "Sawdust"—nobody knows why—to Randy Bob, seven, and Hoagy Bix, nine. He's also a big help when one of the "Small Fry" machines gives out.



Hoagy's still got Indiana in his soul. "But

By PAULINE

A NEW television station opened in Hollywood the other day and the top stars of screen and radio were on hand to participate in the dedication ceremonies.

Along about midway in the gala three hour program, the master of ceremonies drew a long breath and announced:

"Comes now one of the most versatile young stars in Hollywood—song writer, recording artist, star of his own radio show, now a comedy sensation in the movies—Hoagy Carmichael!"

"Man," Hoagy said, ambling to the microphone, "that introduction makes me feel old."

The first of the five thousand times he had heard himself described as versatile, he explained



Hoagy Carmichael



Beverly Hills isn't bad, as a substitute."



"The fellow who wrote *Star Dust*" is entitled to hang out his shingle as a lawyer. He's still surprised about that.

Hoagy wore himself out trying to keep up with his energetic sons, finally hired a physical trainer named "Skeeter" to help wear *them* out.

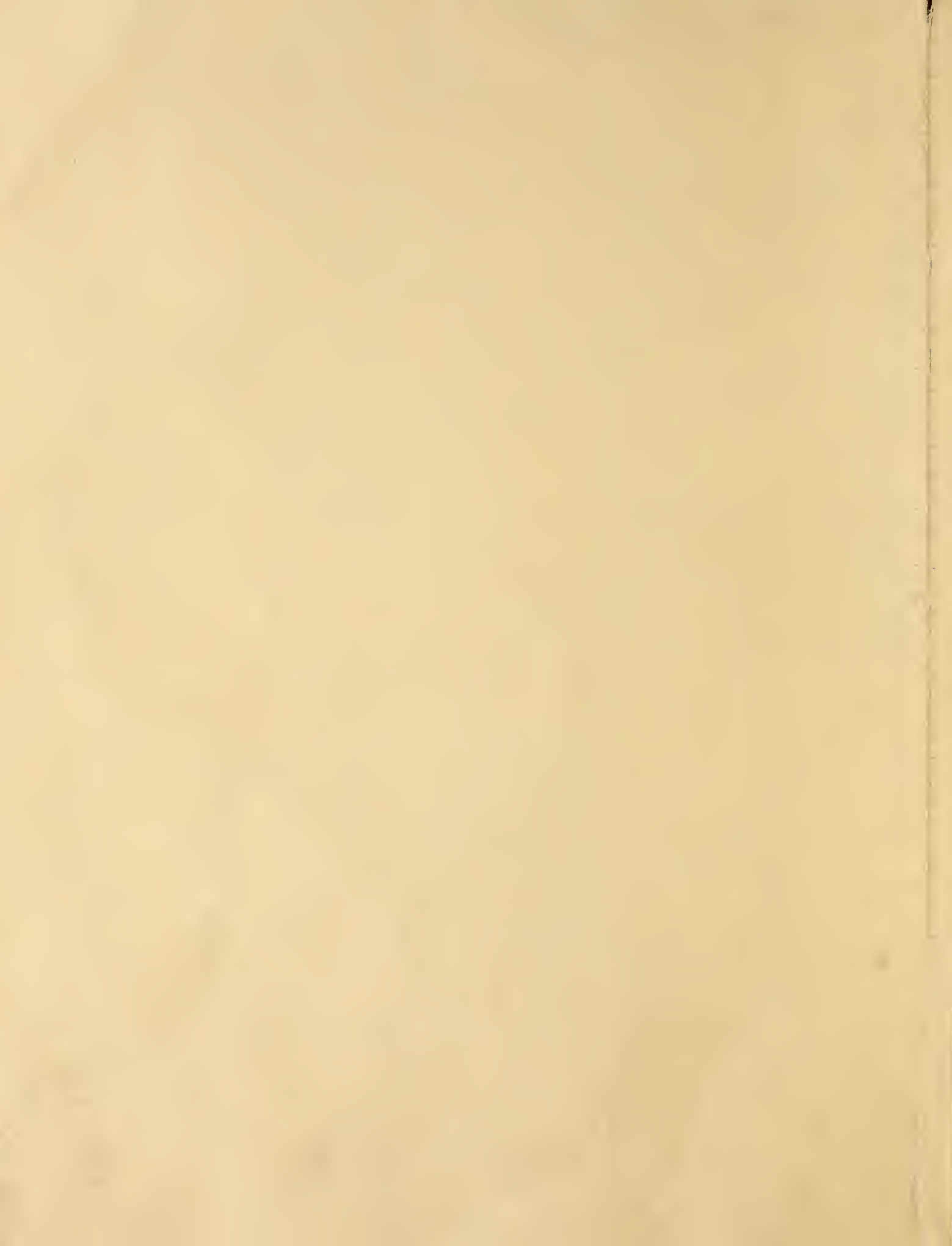
SWANSON

later, was twenty years ago when he surprised everyone—including himself—by passing the bar and hanging out a shingle as a lawyer.

This business of studying law was never Hoagy's idea, but his father's. The elder Carmichael—an electrician—had held out for a "respectable" profession for his day-dreaming son long after it was apparent that Hoagy's real interest was in music.

That Hoagy spent more time mooning over the piano in the Book Nook, the Indiana University student hang-out, than in the library over his law books, didn't alarm his father so long as his son made passing marks in his "serious" studies. Hoagy's dance band, which was an Indiana in-





Come and Visit Hoagy Carmichael



Ruth and Hoagy's off-again, on-again romance worried columnists till Winchell formally "engaged" them on the air.



Hoagy's still got Indiana in his soul. "But

Beverly Hills isn't bad, as a substitute."



"The fellow who wrote Star Dust" is entitled to hang out his shingle as a lawyer. He's still surprised about that.

Hoagy is "Sawdust"—nobody knows why—to Randy Bob, seven, and Hoagy Bix, nine. He's also a big help when one of the "Small Fry" machines gives out.

Hoagy wore himself out trying to keep up with his energetic sons, finally hired a physical trainer named "Skeeter" to help wear them out.

By PAULINE

SWANSON

A NEW television station opened in Hollywood the other day and the top stars of screen and radio were on hand to participate in the dedication ceremonies.

Along about midway in the gala three hour program, the master of ceremonies drew a long breath and announced:

"Comes now one of the most versatile young stars in Hollywood—song writer, recording artist, star of his own radio show, now a comedy sensation in the movies—Hoagy Carmichael!"

"Man," Hoagy said, ambling to the microphone, "that introduction makes me feel old."

The first of the five thousand times he had heard himself described as versatile, he explained

later, was twenty years ago when he surprised everyone—including himself—by passing the bar and hanging out a shingle as a lawyer.

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Come and Visit Hoagy Carmichael



The internal workings of Stardust House are managed by the Carmichael's English housekeeper, Ada Dockery.

Songs by Hoagy Carmichael may be heard Saturdays on CBS, at 7:45 P.M. EDT.

stitution, was acceptable to the home folks because it helped to pay the freight for an expensive legal education. As for the songs he was already beginning to put down on paper—well, his parents said, it's always nice to have a hobby.

Hoagy's college pals—and his professors—were more realistic about what was a hobby with the boy. It was only when he passed the bar that they tagged him as versatile.

He was a little surprised himself. So surprised that he snooted a remarkably flattering offer—for a non-pro—to come to New York as staff composer for a big song publishing house, and set himself up instead in a law office in West Palm Beach, Florida.

For a year and a half he played lawyer, "with a straight face," he recalls. He made a good enough living, taking on civil damage suits on a percentage basis. But he was bored.

One spring-fever day he leaned out of his open office window for a whiff of air, and heard a tune—strangely familiar—coming from the music store across the street. He put on his hat, locked the office and went over there. The tune was familiar—it was his own "Washboard Blues," newly recorded by the top band of the day, Red Nichols and his Five Pennies.

"I'll buy that," Hoagy said, meaning the record, and more.

If his stuff was good enough for Red Nichols, he



Friends never telephone: they just come. "It's a party,"

knew he was wasting his time in West Palm Beach. He took the night train for New York, and the music business.

It would be a shorter story if one could say here that from this point everything was clover. It wasn't. Hoagy had the songs, but important ears weren't ready to hear them.

He made his first trip to Hollywood in 1929, to try to interest Paul Whiteman—who was about to film "King of Jazz"—in two of his new numbers. He couldn't sell either one of them: "Old Rockin' Chair," and "Star Dust."

"Star Dust" had come out of a sentimental pilgrimage to the Indiana campus the summer after he turned his back on the law. He had wandered into the Book Nook—quiet, uncrowded now, his old friends all gone—and had sat down at the piano on which every scar was familiar.

Idly, he played a few notes . . . there they were again.

He pushed the bench back, began to stroll away. As he walked he whistled. It was the rest of the tune. He went back to the piano and scribbled the whole thing down.

As everybody knows, Paul Whiteman missed a bet with that one.

Among the old college pals Hoagy ran into at jam sessions that summer in Indiana was Helen Menardi.

Helen had written a few (Continued on page 85)



On the spread in Hoagy's otherwise tailored room, his mother has embroidered the opening bars of "Star Dust."



Hoagy says—and it is, when he's around.

The concert grand in the living room, Hoagy explains, is for "fun." Work is something else, and is done in the workroom on a beat-up studio upright.



Come and Visit Hoagy Carmichael

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Lazy Day Dinners

By

KATE SMITH

Listen each Monday
through Friday at
noon when Kate Smith
Speaks, on MBS



RADIO MIRROR

FOOD COUNSELOR

WHEN I am tired, a big fruit salad just seems to hit the spot. I don't seem to want a lot of heavy food—or a lot of heavy work. So I buy an assortment of fruits, cut them up, and dunk them in citrus fruit juice to keep them from darkening. Then I chill them thoroughly, pile on crisp lettuce—and it's as pretty as a picture!

I have several special dressings I like to serve with my fruit salads. French dressing and mayonnaise are always good, but so is variety. Several of my favorites are included here. They'll give salads a "new look" and a new taste.

Since I make it a rule never to let a meal go by without serving at least one warm food, my choice is hot biscuits or popovers. Here are my special cheese and watercress biscuits too.

Cheese Biscuits

2 cups sifted all purpose flour	½ cup grated American cheese
3 teaspoons baking powder	¼ cup shortening
1 teaspoon salt	¾ cup milk

Sift together dry ingredients, stir in cheese. Cut in shortening until well mixed. Add milk, stirring quickly until a soft but not sticky dough is formed. Turn out on lightly floured board. Shape into a smooth ball; roll lightly or pat out to 1-inch thick. Cut out rounds with a floured biscuit cutter. Place on lightly greased baking sheet ½ inch apart if you like a biscuit with crusty sides. Put them close together for a tall soft-sided biscuit. Bake in a very hot oven (450° F.) for 12 to 15 minutes. Makes 12 two-inch biscuits.

Watercress Biscuits

Add ½ cup finely chopped watercress to flour-shortening mixture, instead of the cheese. Serve with salads and meat stews.

Warm weather is light-eating weather. Fruit salads fill the bill; they're crisp and cool and picture-pretty.

Minted Fruit Salad

¾ cup diced fresh pineapple	1 apple diced
¾ cup sliced bananas	2 avocados, peeled and sliced
¾ cup cubed oranges or peaches	1 cup pineapple or orange juice
¾ cup cantaloupe balls	mayonnaise
¾ cup watermelon balls	mint sprigs
¾ cup honey dew balls	watercress lettuce

Lightly combine pineapple, bananas, oranges, cantaloupe, watermelon, honey dew, apple and avocado. Pour juice over fruit. Chill thoroughly in refrigerator. To serve, drain off juice, lightly mix with mint and watercress. Place on lettuce, serve with mayonnaise. Makes 6 servings.

Frozen Fruit Salad

3½ tablespoons flour	⅓ cup lemon juice
3 tablespoons sugar	¼ cup orange section
1 teaspoon salt	¼ cup cherries
⅓ teaspoon paprika	¼ cup pineapple
few grains cayenne	¼ cup sliced bananas
2 egg yolks, well beaten	1 cup heavy cream, whipped
¾ cup milk	lettuce
1 tablespoon melted butter	mayonnaise

Mix flour, sugar and seasonings in top of double boiler; add egg yolks. Gradually stir in milk. Place over hot water and cook, stirring constantly until mixture thickens. Add butter and lemon juice. Turn into a bowl and beat for 2 minutes then cool. Cut fruits into small pieces and add to cooked mixture; fold in whipped cream. Turn into freezing tray of refrigerator and freeze for 3 to 4 hours, or until firm. Cut in slices and top with mayonnaise. Makes 6 to 8 servings. (Continued on page 78)

Happy endings cannot always be had for the asking. Not even by

"THE WAY the Barbour family lives," said Teddy, "—and the other Americans equally fortunate—is a fairy story, a beautiful dream, a gorgeous, gilded, story-book existence."

"That's the way I felt about all of America when I first came to the United States," said Nicolette. "When I saw all the good things, I became a citizen—poof!—quick like that!"

"It's a by-product," said Paul, smiling at Teddy across Nicolette. "The way of living of the average American family is as much a by-product of our kind of life as are automobiles and radios and this very plane."

They were on their way home. The roar of the big plane was in their ears, so that they had to speak through it, shaping their words clearly. Below them was the Atlantic; behind them, Germany. In the rear of the plane was the sleeping, blanket-wrapped form of Patricia Baldwin, who had been the object of Paul and Nicolette's secret, government-ordered search in Germany. Teddy had helped them find her; now Teddy was returning with them to care for Patricia on the trip and thereafter to take a vacation from her work as a Red Cross nurse. Paul and Nicolette were

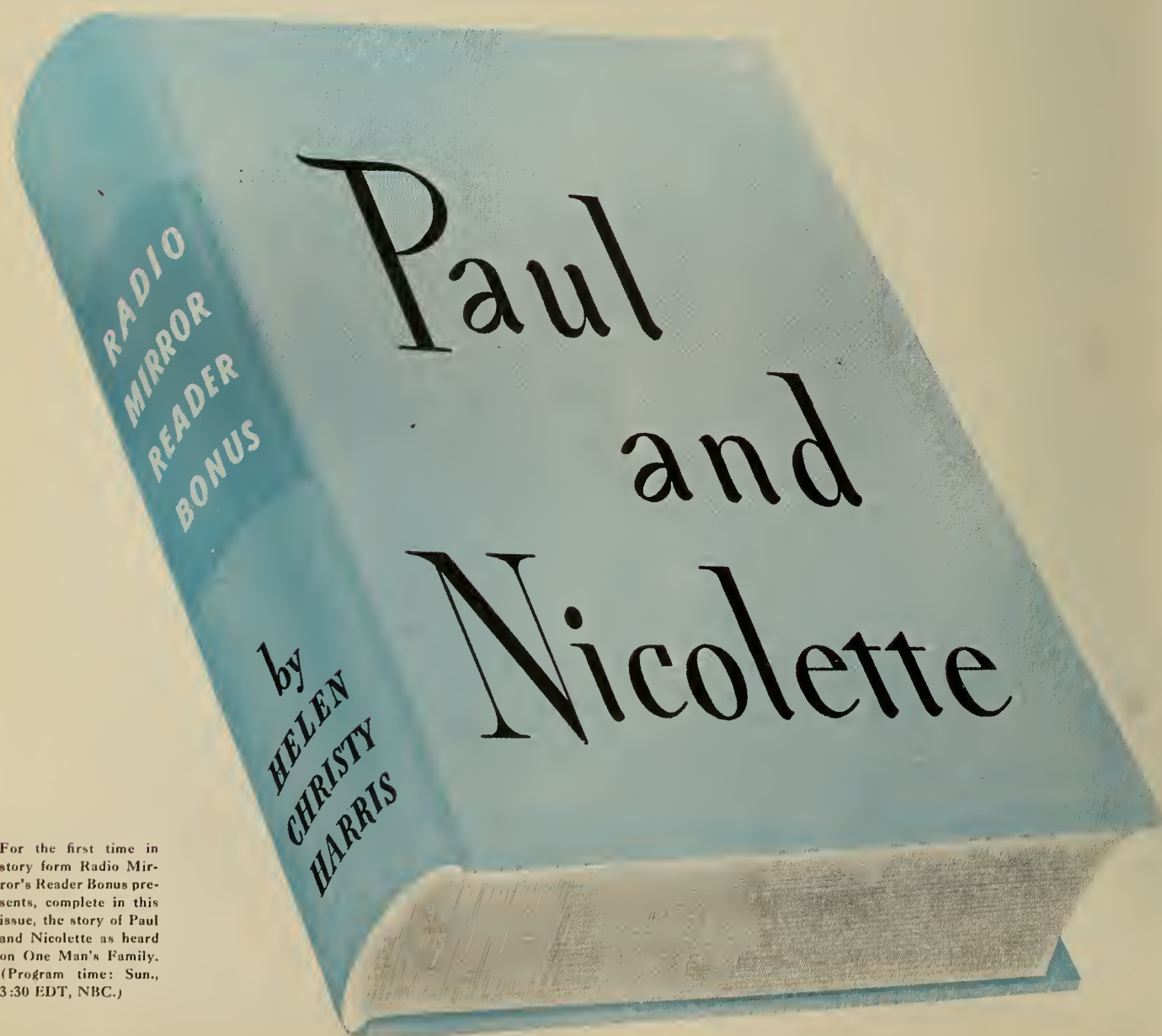
well pleased with the arrangement; only Teddy was reluctant—strangely so, for a girl who had been so long away from home.

"All I know is," she went on through the roar of the motors, "I get a tremendous satisfaction out of stuffing food into starving babies, shooting vitamins into under-fed mothers . . . the kind of uplifting satisfaction I never had at home, taking the pulse of Mrs. Goldbottom, in the hospital with a 'liver' after having stuffed herself like a holiday goose. Or Mr. Business Executive who's got ulcers from making too much money—"

"More likely he got them trying to save some of it from a predatory government," Paul interrupted lightly. But there was no stopping Teddy.

"Okay," she agreed. "so he got them worrying over taxes. I'd like him a lot better if he got his ulcers worrying because Palestine may die in the agony of being born, because the face of Western Europe is going through some plastic surgery which could easily change its former friendly expression."

Paul turned to Nicolette, palms upturned helplessly. "Well, Nicolette, you see the kind of daughter I raised."



For the first time in story form Radio Mirror's Reader Bonus presents, complete in this issue, the story of Paul and Nicolette as heard on *One Man's Family*. (Program time: Sun., 3:30 EDT, NBC.)

two who had loved as much, and been as lonely, as Paul and Nicolette



Hank and Pinky (Conrad Binyon, Dix Davis) snooping over the shoulders of Clifford (Barton Yarborough) and Teddy (Winifred Wolfe).

"For which you should be very proud," said Nicolette warmly. "A thinking, responsible, loving daughter—"

Paul chose to take it personally. "No," he said, thinking of Teddy's determination to return to her work in Germany as soon as possible, "I don't think she cares much for us any more."

If he had slapped Teddy, the result could not have been more electric. She gasped and went pale, and her eyes widened as if to hold back tears. "Paul," she said in a low, thick voice, "I—I think that's the worst thing you've ever said to me. I—excuse me—I've got to see how Patricia Baldwin is resting—"

Paul started up and would have followed her, but Nicolette put her hand on his arm. "Let her go," she said softly. "Let her find self-control by herself."

Paul sat down, and stared at her in bewilderment. "But what did I say?" he demanded to know.

Nicolette laughed "You are stupid, aren't you? All men are stupid about women. I think. Teddy loves you."

"Of course she loves me," he snapped. "I adopted her when she was eight years old. I've been a father to her—"

"I didn't mean that she loves you as a father."

Paul looked at her, and away, and back again, still unbelieving. "Nicolette are you crazy?" he burst out. "First Teddy tells me *you're* in love with me—oh, yes she did, while we were waiting for you that last day in that cottage in Nurnberg. Then she tells me that I'm in love with you . . . and now you tell me *Teddy's* in love with me—"

Nicolette was unruffled. "Why else has she never married another man? Surely she's had the opportunity. Why else did she leave your—the Barbour—roof and devote her life to serving humanity? Why all that—if it wasn't to find an outlet, a relief in physical effort for the passionate devotion she has for you?"

He believed her now, and immediately she felt terribly sorry for him. He looked stricken. "Never in my most secret thinking. . . Nicolette, I swear to you that Teddy has never been anything but a daughter to me—"

PAUL and NICOLETTE

"Do not you think I know that?" she said gently. "Paul, it is only when a man does not love a woman that he is so blind he cannot see the woman's affection. She'll probably not thank me for telling you, but I couldn't let you go on being so blind—hurting her, and not knowing why. You think about it." She rose, touching him lightly on the shoulder. "I'm going back and see if I can be of help with Patricia Baldwin—and perhaps help Teddy herself."

She made her way to the rear of the plane, found Teddy crouched beside her charge, for all the world like an animal that had crept away to lick its wounds in secret.

"Still sleeping," she said in response to Nicolette's inquiring look. "She's so exhausted she still doesn't know that she's on a plane within six or seven hours of New York. Nicolette, will the facts of her rescue ever be made public?"

"No more than the facts of her kidnapping will ever be told," Nicolette shook her head. "Ah, she is a pretty child—such a gentle, good, wholesome face—"

Teddy said bitterly, "The face of all America once upon a time. Before all the world began to—" She stopped, went on with even greater bitterness, "Teddy, stop it! You sound like an idiot schoolgirl bemoaning the fact that she doesn't have a date for Saturday night. Nicolette, I'm sorry—I made an awful fool of myself out there in front of you and Paul."

"Don't be sorry," said Nicolette. "Teddy, I wish you would stop hurting yourself this way. Don't keep whipping yourself. I know you feel that you are Paul's daughter, but you don't love him as a daughter, and that makes you feel that there must be something terribly unhealthy in yourself. Well, look at it *this way*—you're *not* his daughter. Circumstances made it possible and necessary for him to give you a father's care, but he's no more related to you actually than he is to me."

"The law says—" Teddy began.

"The law says you must not marry, but believe me, Teddy, if there had never been any adoption papers signed, the law would have no objection at all to your marrying Paul. So you see, all that stands between you and your love is a signature at the bottom of a piece of paper. Is that anything for a girl to condemn herself with? So you can't marry him—but you enjoy him, enjoy yourself; you can love him completely, wholeheartedly, without feeling this terrible guilt you've piled on yourself."

Teddy's eyes were fixed upon her face. There was hope in them now, and admiration. How could she know so much, Teddy wondered—this woman with the wise eyes and the quick smile and the delicately accented speech? She was like Paul; she understood more of you than you understood yourself.

"Nicolette, you—you make me feel—I feel free, almost *human*." And then, breathless with her anxiety to have everything clear between them, she cried, "Oh, I hope you didn't think I was ever resentful of you and Paul! I never felt that way. I—I'm *glad* you're in love with each other."

Laughter welled up in Nicolette; she stifled it quickly. The girl was so deadly earnest, so genuinely troubled. "Teddy," she said as earnestly, "let me tell you something. Paul and I have never once in our entire relationship discussed the subject of love, of our feelings toward each other. I do not know about Paul, but for certain, if you know that I'm in love with him, you know more than I know. Now let's go back to him and put him at his ease by letting him see that you are really all right."

Teddy shook her head, but smiled reassuringly at Nicolette. "In a little while. You go ahead."

Nicolette left. Teddy gazed after the sturdy figure in the plain, practical traveling suit and low-heeled shoes. All those weeks together, she thought, and never a word of their feeling for each other between them? That the feeling was there no one who saw them together could doubt. Talk and ideas leaped between them like fire feeding flame. And in the cottage they had shared in Nurnberg, she had been with each of them while the other was out on an errand that could easily be dangerous; she had seen each consult a watch every few minutes until the other returned.

Made for each other. A worn expression, but one that applied to Paul and Nicolette. They were both citizens



Minetta Ellen and J. Anthony Smythe played husband-and-wife in Oakland stock company productions before becoming Mother and Father Barbour of the Family.

of the world, in the best meaning of the words. Nicolette, born in Central Europe, had seen her husband shot by a firing squad at the order of a political assassin. Paul had lost his World War One bride of two weeks in an epidemic that swept through the little French hospital like fire in a field, and after that there had never been anyone else for him . . . until now.

They *had* to wake up to themselves, Teddy thought. They must be made to see all they had, and could so easily lose. The opportunity lay directly ahead. Paul had invited Nicolette to stay with him at the family house at Sea Cliff until her next government orders came through, and she had accepted. Never mind the ache in Teddy's own heart. Never mind the feeling that an axe hung by a thread over her, and that the kindest thing she could do for herself would be to cut the thread.

They reached San Francisco late on a cold and dreary Saturday afternoon. "Good enough," said Paul, speaking of the day and the weather. "Even the kids ought to be on hand to welcome us on a day like this. We'll surprise them—take a taxi and be home in no time." At the word 'home' the three exchanged secret, sober smiles. This was America. Cold didn't matter here, as it had in the frigid cottage in Nurnberg. Here there was plenty of fuel for furnaces, plenty of wood for the hearth-fires at Sea Cliff.

On the way out Paul and Teddy briefed Nicolette on the family, although she had heard much about them and had met Claudia and Clifford the summer before at Sky Ranch. First there were Father and Mother Barbour, whose big house was the gathering point of their children and grandchildren. Then there was Hazel, oldest of the children next to Paul, and her husband, Dan Murray, and her teen-age boys, Hank and Pinky, and her young daughter, Margaret, Father Barbour's favorite grandchild. There was Claudia, beautiful wife of Nicholas Lacey and mother of fifteen-year-old Joan and young Penelope, and, at present, foster-mother of her widowed brother Clifford's young Skippy. Youngest of the Barbour children was Jack, whose family was composed of his wife, Betty, and their three small daughters, born so close together that they were like steps.

Paul proved to be an accurate prophet. With the exception of Clifford and Claudia, who were at Sky Ranch, most of the family was at the Barbour house. Those who were near by, in their neighboring houses, were quickly

summoned. The reunion was explosive. It would have been enough to see Paul alone, but that Teddy should be with him after her long absence seemed little short of a miracle.

Through it all, Teddy stayed close to Nicolette, anxious to see that she wasn't forgotten in the excitement. She need not have worried; Nicolette was at home anywhere, and everyone liked her on sight. Everyone, that is, but Father Barbour.

He embraced Teddy and Paul with tears in his eyes, but clearly, he thought that this ought to be a family reunion, with no outsiders included. "Nicolette?" he inquired testily. "Haven't I heard that name before?"

"You may have, father," Hazel answered. "She's been Paul's traveling companion in South America, the African Gold Coast, and Central Europe."

"Traveling companion!" he ejaculated in a voice quite loud enough for Nicolette to hear. And when they were introduced, he stared suspiciously at her from under his heavy brows and barked, "Eh? Are you speaking with a dialect?"

Nicolette laughed. "Yes," she agreed, "I'm afraid that is just what I am doing."

"Um," he grunted. "Well—very happy to meet you, I'm sure." He had to say that much, for the sake of manners. But he was not at all happy. "Nicolette," he muttered, when Hazel had taken her upstairs to her room. "Nicolette Moore—how does the 'Moore' fit in, anyway? Teddy, that woman's a *foreigner!*"

"But, Father Barbour, such an exciting foreigner!—

And she's a friend of the Harlans. Paul met her last spring at Sky Ranch when she was staying with the Harlans on King Mountain." Her effort to cast a reassuring local color over Nicolette was wasted. Father Barbour simply ignored her.

"Traveling over the face of the earth as Paul's companion! How'd she finagle that, anyway?"

"She didn't," Teddy protested. "The government sent her. They didn't even know they were on the same mission until they

met at the airport. There was no finagling involved." But the old man had the last word.

"A foreigner!" he repeated. "By George, if it isn't one thing, it's another! What's Paul thinking of, anyway?"

Paul himself didn't know, Teddy could have answered, but she meant to see that he did know, as soon as possible. The next morning, dressed not in her uniform, but in one of her own dresses taken from a scented hanger in her own closet, she reached into that same closet, drew out a length of soft scarlet wool, a pair of mules that were just strips of gold crossed at the instep. To these she added a bottle of her most precious cologne, and went softly down the hall to Nicolette's room.

Nicolette was up; her eyes widened as Teddy shook out the scarlet negligee, waved the bottle of cologne under her nose.

"Potent," she said. "It should make a man's head reel. It even makes me dizzy."

"Then use it," said Teddy. "And put on the mules and the negligee. It was brand new when I left home and hasn't been touched since. We'll go up to Paul's studio and give him the thrill of a lifetime."

Nicolette laughed, but her eyebrows rose. "But no, Teddy!"

"Oh, but yes, Nicolette! When he wakes up, I want him to see you standing there in my prettiest negligee. Then—*well!*"

Some of the laughter faded from Nicolette's eyes, but she spoke lightly. "Teddy, you're a very wicked young woman."

"No," said Teddy, "just a very practical nurse. Now come on—dress up, and let me do your hair."

It was Nicolette who felt like a nurse, giving in. There was a quality so urgent about Teddy's insistence that it seemed best to humor her. But when Teddy knocked

PAUL and NICOLETTE



Margaret (Dawn Bender).

on Paul's door and received no answer, Nicolette balked. "You see, Teddy, he's still asleep."

"Of course," Teddy chuckled, turning the knob. "Come on."

"But, Teddy, to enter a sleeping man's room—!"

"Done every day in this house," Teddy assured her. She led Nicolette across the big studio room which was Paul's top-floor retreat, to the alcove which housed his bed. "There now," she said, "you

stand right there at the foot of the bed. Oh—is he deep in a beautiful dream!"

"Teddy," said Nicolette, "are you sure you know what you're doing?"

Teddy gave an odd little laugh. "You're not afraid, are you?"

Nicolette almost said yes, though not for a reason that Teddy would have clearly understood. "Well," she equivocated, "I certainly don't belong in Paul Barbour's bedroom."

"You belong in somebody's bedroom," Teddy retorted, "looking as enchanting as you do, and smelling as scrumptious—"

Paul interrupted sleepily, without opening his eyes, "Is that Nicolette I smell?"

"He's awake—" Nicolette sighed with relief. She felt that she could not have whispering over the sleeping man a moment longer. It was a silly, schoolgirl prank, but it was something else, too, something she hesitated to name.

"He's been awake all the while," said Teddy. "Paul, you old fraud, open your eyes and see what I've brought you."

"Something nice?" mumbled Paul. "Tell you what—come back and see me in an hour."

"Let him sleep—" Nicolette started to back away, but Teddy caught her wrist and held her.

"Paul," she wheedled, "there's a glass of water on your bedside table—"

"Help yourself," said Paul politely, and buried his face in the pillow.

"Thanks," said Teddy. "You asked for it." She reached for the glass. Paul sat up in a hurry, sputtering and gasping.

"Teddy, you've drowned me! Oh—uh, good morning, Nicolette."

There was just one way to carry it off, Nicolette thought—as a joke. "So!" she exclaimed in pretended indignation, "I've been standing here for ten minutes, and you say 'good morning, Nicolette' only now!"

"My humblest apologies—" He rubbed his eyes and groaned. "I'll bet I'm a handsome brute at this hour! Need a shave, hair on end—" Then he opened his eyes wide, and his jaw dropped. "Nicolette, what happened to you?"

She colored faintly. "To me?" she asked innocently. "Yes—am I seeing things, or have you shrunk? You're smaller—you—I've always thought of you as being a solid, sturdy, aggressive young woman, and here you are, looking small and dainty and excessively feminine. Teddy, what did you do to her?"

Teddy laughed triumphantly. "Just made her hair different, put her in some yummy clothes. Remember, you're used to seeing her in her working clothes—sub-zero working clothes, at that. Now do you like what you see?"

"Teddy—" Nicolette stirred uneasily, and then a knock on the door saved her.

"Paul, are you awake?" It was Father Barbour's voice. "Just a minute, Dad," Paul called. Teddy gasped and seized Nicolette's arm. "Through the side door," she whispered, "into my room—"

They made it just in time. Father Barbour entered the studio by one door a split-second after they'd left by another. From Teddy's (Continued on page 100)



Hazel (Bernice Berwin).



Paul (Michael Raffetto).

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

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Eternal Light	Timely Topics Lutheran Hour	Texas Jim Robertson On Trial	Invitation to Learning People's Platform
1:00 1:15	America United	William L. Shirer Mutual Music Box	Sam Pettengill Edward "Ted" Weeks National Vespers	Tell It Again
1:30 1:45	Chicago Round Table	Music		
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	First Piano Quartet Robert Merrill	Army Air Force Show Bill Cunningham Veteran's Information	This Week Around the World Mr. President Drama	You Are There Joseph C. Harsch Elmo Roper
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Eddy Howard One Man's Family	Charlie's House Life Begins at 80	Harrison Woods The Almanac Dance Music	CBS Symphony Orch.
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	The Quiz Kids News Living—1948	House of Mystery True Detective	Thinking Allowed	Make Mine Music
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Jane Pickens	Under Arrest What Makes You Tick?	Personal Autograph Musical	Here's to You Carle Comes Calling

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	The Catholic Hour Hollywood Star Preview	Those Websters Nick Carter	Drew Pearson Don Gardner	Family Hour The Pause That Re- freshes on the Air
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Myetery Playhouse Rexall Summer Theater	Behind the Front Page	I Love Adventure Johnny Fletcher	Gene Autry Blondie
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Robert Shaw's Chorale RFD America	A. L. Alexander Jimmie Fidler Twin Views of News	Stop the Music	Sam Spade Man Called X
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Manhattan Merry- Go-Round American Album	Meet Me at Parky's It's A Living	Walter Winchell Louella Parsons	Strike It Rich
10:00 10:15 10:30	Take It or Leave It Horace Heidt	Voice of Stringe Clary's Gazette	Jimmie Fidler	Shorty Bell with Mickey Rooney Eescape



JACKSON BECK—unmarried native New Yorker now heard as Philo Vance and on many other network shows.



MARGO WHITEMAN—the mistress of ceremonies on Tomorrow's Tops, new ABC teen-age talent program, heard Mondays at 9:00 P.M., EDT. Margo is seventeen herself; a student at Marymount; an ardent horsewoman; has more right than anyone to call Paul Whiteman by his nickname—"Pops" is her father. She made her radio debut when she substituted for him at the mike because he had a cold.

MONDAY

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

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Harkness of Wash- ington Words and Music	Kate Smith Speaks Victor H. Lindlahr U. S. Service Band	Welcome Travelers	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	U. S. Navy Band Robert McCormick Robert Ripley	Cedric Foster Happy Gang Checkerboard Jamboree	Bill Baukhage Nancy Craig	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Today's Children Light of the World	Queen For A Day Martin Block Show	Maggi McNellie Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake Evelyn Winters
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Red Hook 31	Ladies Be Seated	David Harum Hilltop House House Party
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Robert Hurlieigh Johnson Family Misc. Programs Two Ton Baker	Treasury Band Show	Hint Hunt Winner Take All
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Capt. Barney's Treas- ure Chest Superman Adventure Parade Tom Mix	Dick Tracy Terry and Pirates Jack Armstrong	Treasury Bandstand The Chicagoans Lum 'n' Abner

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	John MacVane Sketches in Melody Sunoco News	Local Programs	Local Programs	Eric Sevareid In My Opinion Avenir de Monfred Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Alvin Helfer Henry J. Taylor Inside of Sporte	Headline Edition Elmer Davis The Lone Ranger	Robert Q. Lewis Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:55	Fire Piano Quartet Voice of Firestone	The Falcon Casebook of Gregory Hood Billy Rose	Sound Off Stars in the Night	Inner Sanctum Cabin 13-13
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Telephone Hour Dr. I. Q.	Gabriel Heatter Radio Newereel Quiet Pleasee	Tomorrow's Top Treasury Band	Local Programe
10:00 10:15 10:30	Contented Program Fred Waring	Fishing and Hunting Club Dance Orch.	Arthur Gaeth Earl Godwin	Vaughn Monroe Romance



PHILLIPS CARLIN — MBS Vice President in Charge of Programs, celebrates twenty-five years in radio. With Graham McNamee, on WEAf, he aired World Series, championship boxing bouts, the Pan-American Conference, play-by-play football games, during radio's crystal set days. His was the first coast-to-coast audience participation program, Breakfast at Sardi's. He transferred from NBC to MBS in '44.

T U E S D A Y

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

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Harkness of Washington Words and Music	Kate Smith Speaks Victor H. Lindlahr Service Band	Welcome Travelers	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Art Van Damme Quartet Robert McCormick Robert Ripley	Cedric Foster Happy Gang Checkerboard Jamboree	Baukhage Nancy Craig	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Today's Children Light of the World	Queen For A Day Martin Block Show	Maggi McNellis Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake Evelyn Winters
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Red Hook 31	Ladies Be Seated	David Harum Hilltop House House Party
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Robert Hurleigh Johnson Family Misc. Programs Two Ton Baker	Treasury Band Show	Hint Hunt Winner Take All
5:00	When A Girl Marries	Capt. Barney's Treasure Chest Superman	Dick Tracy	Treasury Bandstand
5:15 5:30 5:45	Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Tom Mix	Terry and Pirates Jack Armstrong	The Chicagoans Lum 'n' Abner

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	John MacVane Sketches in Melody Sunoco News	Local Programs	Eric Sevareid Frontiers of Science Avenir de Manfred Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World Lennie Herman Quintet H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Alvin Helfer News Inside of Sports	Robert Q. Lewis Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:55	Dinah Shore, Harry Mercer and Johnny Carmen Cavallaro	Mysterious Traveler Billy Rose	Mystery Theater Mr. and Mrs. North
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Adventures of the Thin Man Call the Police	Gabriel Heatter Radio Newsreel Lone Wolf	We, The People Hit The Jackpot
10:00 10:15 10:30	Meet Corliss Archer Evening With Romberg	Public Defender Dance Orchestra	Studio One Labor U. S. A.

W E D N E S D A Y

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

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15	Harkness of Washington Words and Music	Kate Smith Speaks Victor H. Lindlahr U. S. Marine Band	Welcome Travelers	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny
12:30 12:45				Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	NBC Concert Orch. Robert McCormick Robert Ripley	Cedric Foster Happy Gang Checkerboard Jamboree	Bill Baukhage Nancy Craig	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30	Double or Nothing Today's Children	Queen For A Day The Martin Block Show	Maggi McNellis Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake Evelyn Winters
2:45	Light of the World			
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Red Hook 31	Ladies Be Seated Paul Whiteman Club	David Harum Hilltop House House Party
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Robert Hurleigh The Johnson Family Two Ton Baker	Treasury Band Show	Hint Hunt Winner Take All
5:00	When A Girl Marries	Capt. Barney's Treasure Chest Superman	Dick Tracy	Treasury Bandstand
5:15 5:30 5:45	Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Tom Mix	Terry and Pirates Jack Armstrong	The Chicagoans Lum 'n' Abner

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	John MacVane Sketches in Melody Sunoco News	Local Programs	Eric Sevareid Talks Avenir de Manfred Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World Adrian Rollini Trio H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Alvin Helfer News Inside of Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis Lone Ranger Robert Q. Lewis Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:55	Dennis Day The New Jack Pearl Show	Special Agent High Adventure Billy Rose	On Stage America Mr. Chameleon Dr. Christian
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Tex and Jinx Mr. District Attorney	Gabriel Heatter Radio Newsreel Racket Smashers	Abbott and Costello Go For the House Your Song and Mine Harvest of Stars with James Melton
10:00 10:15 10:30	The Big Story	Opinion-Aire California Melodies	Gordon Mac Rae Music By Maupin The Whistler Capitol Cloak Room



MARY MARTHA BRINEY — leaves her home in Coraopolis Heights, near Pittsburgh, where she is Mrs. R. A. Martin, and entrains for New York each Wednesday to appear as soprano star of *Your Song and Mine*, heard on CBS at 9:00 P.M., EDT. Her singing career began in 1937. She has played leads in musical comedy and operetta and sung in concert but this is her first important radio appearance.

T H U R S D A Y

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

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15	Harkness of Washington Words and Music	Kate Smith Speaks Victor H. Lindlahr	Welcome Travelers	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny
12:30 12:45		U. S. Service Band		Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Art Van Damme Quartet Robert McCormick Robert Ripley	Cedric Foster Happy Gang Checkerboard Jamboree	Bill Baukhage Nancy Craig	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Today's Children Light of the World	Queen for a Day Martin Block Show	Maggi McNellis Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake Evelyn Winters
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Red Hook 31	Ladies Be Seated Paul Whiteman Club	David Harum Hilltop House House Party
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Robert Hurleigh Johnson Family Two Ton Baker	Treasury Band Show	Hint Hunt Winner Take All
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When a Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Capt. Barney's Treasure Chest Superman Adventure Parade Tom Mix	Dick Tracy Terry and Pirates Jack Armstrong	Treasury Bandstand The Chicagoans Lum 'n' Abner

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Sketches in Melody Sunoco News	Local Programs	Local Programs	Eric Sevareid Of Men and Books Avenir de Monfred Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World Lawrence Week	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Alvin Helfer News Inside of Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis Henry Morgan Show	Robert Q. Lewis Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:55	Armco Services Revue New Faces	Lucky Partners Talent Hunt Billy Rose	Front Page Criminal Casebook	Dr. Standish Mr. Keen
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Nelson Eddy-Dorothy Kirsten Ray Noble	Gabriel Heatter Radio Newsreel Revere Revue Background For Stardom	Candid Microphone	Suspense Crime Photographer
10:00 10:15 10:30	Bob Hawk Show The Time, The Place and The Tune	Family Theatre	Boxing Bouts	Hallmark Playhouse



JOAN TOMPKINS—landed her first radio role because of her stage-earned prominence. Now she's starred in This is Nora Drake and a featured player in David Harum, The Second Mrs. Burton and other network shows and lucky if she can find a few hours just to see a Broadway play. Joan was born in New York and brought up and educated in nearby Mount Vernon. She's married to Bruce MacFarlane



HANS CONREID—familiar to those who dial CBS, Mondays at 10 P.M., EDT. as Irma's friend, Professor Kropotkin, also has a better Japanese accent than most Japanese! (He got it helping to set up radio stations in Tokyo and Korea.) Ten years ago, when he was playing a Shakespearean series with John Barrymore, he was called "one of the most versatile actors I've ever seen," by John himself.

F R I D A Y

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

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15	Harkness of Washington Words and Music	Kate Smith Speaks Victor H. Lindlahr	Welcome Travelers	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny
12:30 12:45		Campus Salute		Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	U. S. Marine Band Robert McCormick Robert Ripley	Cedric Foster Happy Gang Checkerboard Jamboree	Bill Baukhage Nancy Craig	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Today's Children Light of the World	Queen for a Day Martin Block Show	Maggi McNellis Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake Evelyn Winters
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Red Hook 31	Ladies Be Seated Paul Whiteman Club	David Harum Hilltop House House Party
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Robert Hurleigh Johnson Family Two Ton Baker	Treasury Band Show	Hint Hunt Winner Take All
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Capt. Barney's Treasure Chest Superman Adventure Parade Tom Mix	Dick Tracy Terry and Pirates Jack Armstrong	Treasury Bandstand The Chicagoans Lum 'n' Abner

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15	News Sketches in Melody	Local Programs	Local Programs	Eric Sevareid Report from the United Nations Avenir de Monfred Lowell Thomas
6:30 6:45	Sunoco News			
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World Mary Osborn Trio H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Alvin Helfer Henry J. Taylor Inside of Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis Lone Ranger	Robert Q. Lewis Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:55	Cities Service Band of America	There's Always A Woman Leave It to the Girls Billy Rose	The Fat Man This Is Your FBI	Mr. Ace and Jane Danny Thomas
9:00 9:15 9:30	First Piano Quartet Waltz Time	Gabriel Heatter Radio Newsreel	Break the Bank The Sheriff	Musicomedy
10:00 10:15 10:30	Mystery Theater Sports	Meet the Press Tex Beneke	Boxing Bouts	Everybody Wins, Phil Baker Spotlight Revue

SATURDAY

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

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00	Arthur Barriault Public Affairs	Campus Capers	Junior Junction	Theatre of Today
12:15	Coffee With Congress		American Farmer	Stars Over Hollywood
12:30		This Week in Wash- ington		
12:45				
1:00	Nat'l Farm Home	Alan Lomax	Maggi McNellis, Herb Sheldon	Grand Central Sta.
1:15		Dance Orch.	Speaking of Songs	County Fair
1:30	Edmond Tomlinson Report From Europe			
1:45				
2:00	Music For The Moment	Woody Herman's Orch.	Fascinating Rhythm	Give and Take
2:15	Salute to Veterans	Bands For Bonds	Hitching Post Variety	Country Journal
2:30				
2:45				
3:00		Dance Orch.	Piano Playhouse	Report from Overseas
3:15				Adventures in Science
3:30	Local Programs	Sports Parade	ABC Symphony Orch.	Cross-Section U.S.A.
3:45				
4:00		Charlie Slocum Horse Race		Dave Stephen Orch. Brooklyn Handicap Race
4:15				
4:30	Local Programs	First Church of Christ Science	Racing	
4:45				
5:00	Dizzy Dean Sports- cast	Take A Number	Treasury Band Show	Make Way For Youth
5:15	Lassie Show			
5:30	Dr. I. Q. Jr.	True or False	Melodies to Remem- ber	Saturday at the Chase
5:45			Dorothy Guildheim	

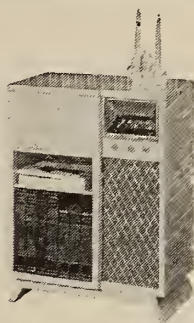
EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	Peter Roberts	Dance Orchestra	Ernie Felice Quartet	News from Wash- ington
6:15	Art of Living		Profits of Prayer	In My Opinion
6:30	NBC Symphony		Harry Wismer	Red Barber Sports Show
6:45			Jack Beall	Larry Lesueur
7:00		Hawaii Calls	Challenge of the Yukon	St. Louis Municipal Opera
7:15		What's the Name of That Song	Famous Jury Trials	Saturday Night Serenade
7:30	Curtain Time			
7:45				
8:00	Life of Riley	Twenty Questions	Ross Dolan, Detective	Sing It Again
8:15		Stop Me If You've Heard This One	The Amazing Mr. Malone	
8:30	Truth or Conse- quences			
8:45				
9:00	Your Hit Parade	Three For The Money	Gangsters	Joan Davis Time
9:15				
9:30	Can You Top This		What's My Name	It Pays To Be Ignorant
9:45				
10:00	Radio City Playhouse	Theater of the Air	Professor Quiz	Let's Dance, America
10:15				
10:30	Grand Ole Opry		Hayloft Hoedown	



JANE PICKENS—back on the airwaves after two years' absence and heard Sundays, 5:30 P.M., EDT, over NBC. Jane began her radio career in a trio formed with her sisters, Patti and Helen, but Helen, then Patti married and left radio. Jane went on as soloist in musical comedies, revues and nightclubs and had her own radio program, American Melody Hour.

It's Here!

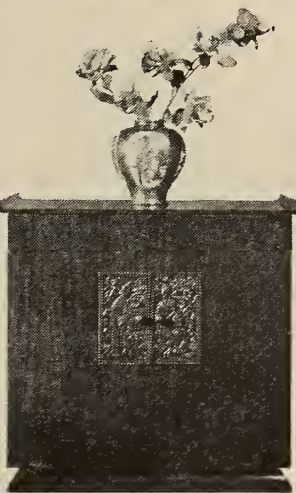


Stewart-Warner "Interpreter."

A CONSOLE radio phonograph combination that was specially designed to blend with modern furnishings is the Stewart-Warner "Interpreter." The technical-minded will be interested in the electro-hush reproducer, while the furniture-minded would like to know that it is finished in either Blond Mahogany (\$185.00) or natural mahogany (\$180.00).



Globe Trotter: very portable



Dignified "Mandarin."

If it's the unusual set you're after, take a peek at Stromberg-Carlson's model called The Mandarin. It's a sauve masterpiece of modern design that comes in ribbon striped mahogany veneer with a Chinese carving reproduction in bas relief. More, it's FM and AM and contains an excellent record player. It's less than \$500.00 for this special set.



Carrollton: storage, too.



Little Sentinel: little price.

FM performance in a small compact package is the feature of the new Sentinel model 315-W. Housed in an attractive walnut plastic cabinet is a 6 tube AM-FM receiver. This table model is extremely low-priced for its type of radio set. Best of all, it doesn't require external antenna except in extremely unusual conditions.

Traveler of the Month

(Continued from page 55)

entries. Once we won a whole two dollars!"

Our fabulous Hidden City contest supplied more than the usual amount of amusement for the Leadinghouse family. To identify the clues given week by week on the twenty radio programs they pored over geography books to find latitude and longitude, and made a game of trying to outguess each other. Florence, the housekeeping authority, added the important twenty-five words. They stripped four box tops, dropped their entries into the mail, and forget them.

They had other, more crucial things to think about, for Florence was worried, seriously worried.

HER FATHER, now retired to Phoenix, Arizona, had developed a serious heart ailment which brought with it costs exceeding his income. Bill's Uptown Sports and Radio shop at 4803 Broadway comfortably supplies the needs of the Leadinghouse family, but there's a limit to how far its revenue will stretch.

It was her problem, Florence decided. She wanted to help her father, but she did not want either to burden her husband or risk denying her sons things they should have. She could solve it only by going back to work.

She planned to start her job hunt as soon as overdue decorators finished work on her apartment. It would be wise, too, she concluded, to invest in a new permanent while she still had free time.

She followed her beauty shop appointment by having dinner with a woman friend and seeing a show. It was almost 10 P.M. when she returned home.

Dave, who has a theoretical 9 P.M. bedtime, was still awake. What's more, he was jumping up and down with excitement. His "Hey, Mom!" started as soon as she turned her key in the door. "There was a man here looking for you. He phoned. Then he came out here."

With as much severity as she could muster, Florence demanded, "Dave, why aren't you in bed?"

"Honest, Mom, the man was here. He says you won a prize. And you better be up by 7:30 tomorrow morning, because he's coming back then."

"Nonsense. You just thought up a new excuse for not being in bed. Get going."

David was indignant. "He was too, here. And he's coming back."

"I don't believe it."

"Wanna bet? Wanna bet?"

"I bet."

"How much you bet, Mom?"

For fast settling, Florence said, "I bet you a quarter. Get to bed."

Breakfast the next day was no production number at the Leadinghouse menage. Bill, who had been at the store with customers until all the television programs went off the air, was still asleep. Jack would dive from covers to clothes just in time to get to work. David, however, is at the perpetually hungry age. Wrapped in a bathrobe, Florence was getting his breakfast when the doorbell rang.

"It's that man," yelled David.

Gags in the Leadinghouse family take elaborate staging. Florence thought her son had cooked this one up with a friend from down the street.

Unperturbed, she answered, "Tell him to come right to the kitchen."

In walked H. E. Purcell, Proctor and Gamble's manager for Chicago.

Florence confided to use later, "I certainly wasn't dressed for company. The kitchen was, though. You would have thought we set the stage. Standing in plain sight, right under the sink where Dave had put them when he unpacked the groceries, were four different P&G products."

Fussed by having Dave's joke turned real, she scarcely understood her early morning caller's statement that she was being considered for one of the minor prizes in the Hidden City contest.

Because we at Welcome Travelers wanted our College Inn and radio audience to hear what happens when a person is handed a sudden fortune, no one told Mrs. Leadinghouse what she actually had won. We held to that "minor prize" line, and invited her to appear.

Getting down to Hotel Sherman that day turned into such a problem for her that she came close to asking us to mail the check. The decorators were at work in her apartment and she felt she should be home. Shy about appearing before the audience, she dreaded arriving alone.

Her husband had an appointment, and her best friend, Mrs. Lillian Smith, would be in Augustana Hospital having a major operation just at the time Mrs. Leadinghouse would go on the air.

The boys, reminding her they had a share in the prize, wanted to come along, but Florence vetoed the idea. David, although permitted to skip school in the morning, should return to classes as quickly as possible. Jack had an insurance examination. Particularly since none of them knew exactly what the prize would be, the kids protested they couldn't stand the suspense.

Florence compromised. "If it's a hundred dollars," she told them, "you can come downtown to help me spend it."

Her grocer, too, had been kept in the dark and told only that one of his customers had won an award, and that he, too, would receive a prize.

OUR CROWD in the College Inn sensed something was in the air. They seemed more excited than she when I asked if she knew how much she had won. She presumed, she answered, that since it was a minor prize it would be a hundred dollars.

"Could you use some extra money?" I asked.

She flashed a tremulous smile. "Of course I could. My father is ill."

I brought out the check, keeping my thumb over the amount.

"Here's the check, made out to you. Read it."

"I have to get my glasses."

She fumbled in her purse. By that time, the paper trembled in my hand.

Specs in place, she still hesitated.

"What is the name of the bank?" I prompted.

"Guaranty Trust Company of New York. . ." She seemed puzzled.

I began to wonder if I could stand the suspense myself. "What's the next line?"

"Mrs. Florence Leadinghouse, 1429 Edgewater Avenue, Chicago. . ."

"Now the amount. See if the hundred dollars is correct. Read the figure."

I lifted my thumb.

Mrs. Leadinghouse drew a breath. As though hypnotized, she started to read.

"Twenty-five-thou—" The words turned into a shriek.

Her face drained dead white. We had been afraid she might faint. We had a doctor and nurse standing by.

Still unbelieving, her lips moved to say, "Twenty-five thousand dollars." But the words had no sound.

Tears rolled down her cheeks. Laughing and crying at once, she flung her arms around me and kissed me. The news photographers closed in. The crowd went wild.

When both of us got our voices back, I asked the inevitable questions about what she would do with the money.

Her father came first. As soon as possible, she would go to Phoenix to see him. Later, I learned that he had heard the show and shared the thrill.

FLORENCE LEADINGHOUSE'S real concern in that joyous moment was for her husband and her boys. Bill would have heard the program at his store. David, she suspected, had an ear glued to the family radio, but Jack didn't know. She phoned his office.

While we were on the air, a bit of drama had been going on at Kemper Insurance company. Jack was writing his examination, but two of his friends had brought in a portable receiver and sneaked off to the washroom to listen.

Hearing the fabulous award, they rushed to find him. When people tell him his mother was white as a sheet, Jack replies, "You should have seen those guys."

"Those guys" had also been known to concoct involved practical jokes. When they rushed to Jack, he countered their excited shrieks with the flat statement, "You're kidding."

"But it's twenty-five thousand dollars," they protested.

Jack still didn't believe it. The excitement spread. A breathless crowd had gathered around his desk when the phone rang. When Mrs. Leadinghouse confirmed the report, it was her six-footer's turn to consider fainting.

Mrs. Leadinghouse's first expenditure out of her \$25,000 was twenty-five cents. The man had come back.

Henry Jung, her grocer, who came to the broadcast expecting to receive two tickets to a stage show, drove home his prize, a shiny new de luxe Ford sedan.

Mrs. Leadinghouse has gone on no spending sprees. Her major concerns after receiving the fortune were to get the house back in order after the decorating job was finished, and to help her friend, Mrs. Smith, through those crucial days which follow a major operation.

Besieged by telephone calls from persons who wanted to talk to her and congratulate her, she turned for advice to Mrs. Florence Hubbard, the department store saleswoman who won the Walking Man contest. The two luckiest women of the year liked each other instantly, and immediately plotted a joint open house for their friends.

Beyond that, she hasn't planned much. Perhaps the family will celebrate by purchasing a lakeside cottage. The only thing the Leadinghouse family likes better than golf is fishing.

The really wonderful thing to Florence is that she will now be able to give her father the little luxuries she wants him to have.

David, the lad who follows contests, and who has always been certain the family would win a big one, has a graphic answer. "Change it all into one dollar bills and try to carry it home. Then you'll believe it. Twenty-five thousand dollars is an awful bale of money!"

*Just as you picture
a duchess to be* —

An incandescent, star quality in the Duchess of Leinster's face sends her loveliness out to you—makes you feel the graciousness that is her inmost self.

Your face is the keynote of your inner self. It is expressing *You* every minute—your spirit, your disposition, your habits. Help it then to reveal you *clearly*—as you *want* to be.



The Duchess' complexion is radiant, glowing-clear and silken-smooth

**“I have an unbreakable rule
for fresh, soft skin” —** *says* **Rafaelle,**
DUCHESS of LEINSTER

“I HAVE an unbreakable rule for fresh, soft skin—Pond's Cold Cream,” this lovely Duchess says. Follow her rule—and work magic on *your* face today. See how Pond's “Outside-Inside” Face Treatment brings your skin new loveliness. *This is the way:*

Hot Stimulation—splash your face with comfortably hot water.

Cream Cleanse—swirl Pond's Cold Cream—lots of it—all over your face. This will soften and sweep dirt and make-up from pore openings. Tissue off well.

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

Cold Stimulation—give your face a tonic cold water splash.

Now . . . see your *new* face! It's alive! Rosy! Clean! Soft! It has a cleanliness that you can *feel* as well as *see*.



*Rosy! Clean! Soft! Your
face comes alive!*

You'll want to give your face this new rewarding Pond's treatment every single day (and of course *always* at bedtime). It literally works on both sides of your skin at once.

From the Outside—soft, cool Pond's Cold Cream wraps itself around the surface dirt and make-up, as you massage—sweeps all cleanly away, as you tissue off. *From the Inside*—every step quickens beauty-giving circulation—speeds tiny blood vessels in their work of bringing in skin-cell food, and carrying away skin-cell waste.

Skin loveliness takes *renewing* every day. Bring your skin fresh loveliness this rewarding *Pond's* way. It is beauty care you'll never want to skip. Don't wait one more day to do it.



*Pond's—used by more women
than any other face cream*



It takes the Nurses to lead the way!

Tampax is "a different kind" of monthly sanitary protection because it is worn internally. Yet notwithstanding this radical difference, a recent survey among registered nurses shows 45% have already adopted Tampax for their own use. . . . Invented by a doctor, the hygienic features of Tampax are outstanding — no odor, no chafing, easy disposal.



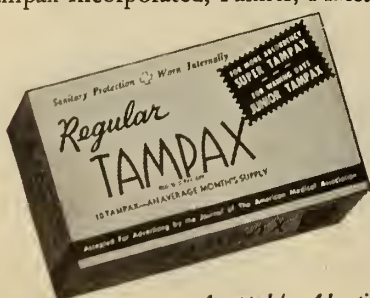
College girls too

Count the college girls in, whenever improved modern methods are offered. Tampax sales actually soar in women's college towns. And no wonder! No belts or pins for Tampax means no bulges or ridges under a girl's sleek formal. And you can't even feel the Tampax!



. . . . the young married set

Another recent survey shows the young married group "leading the way" for Tampax. . . . Made of pure surgical cotton compressed in slim applicators, Tampax is dainty to use and a month's supply will slip into purse. Sold at drug and notion counters in 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. . . . Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



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Information Booth

Step up and ask your questions; we'll try to give the answers

RELAX, BOYS

Dear Editor:

Could you please tell me who played "Hotbreath Houlihan" on the Jimmy Durante program? I would also appreciate your printing a picture of her in your magazine. To tell the truth I always wanted to hear her come on the show and say, "Relax boys, it's Hotbreath Houlihan." Could you also tell me if she is heard on any other program?

Boston, Mass.

Yes—Florence Halop, alias Hotbreath Houlihan, is also Miss Duffy on Duffy's Tavern which will return to the air on October 6th. Miss Halop's Brooklynese jargon comes easily as she was born in Brooklyn and is the sister of one of the original Dead End Kids.



FLORENCE HALOP

Mr. G. K.

PHIL BAKER'S BACK

Dear Editor:

Will you please inform me as to the night and station of Phil Baker's new show on the air. We know he's on the air again but don't know when.

Mrs. C. B.
Amsterdam, N. Y.

After a too-long absence from radio, Phil Baker returned last Spring with a show called *Everybody Wins*. Tune in on Fridays at 10:00 P.M., EDT on the CBS network.



PHIL BAKER

THE LASS WITH THE DELICATE AIR

Dear Editor:

Would like very much to know if Evelyn Knight is on the air. She is by far the favorite songstress in our family.

Miss D. D.
Cedar Rapids, Iowa



EVELYN KNIGHT

You'll be happy to hear that Evelyn can be heard Wednesdays on the Texaco Star Theatre (10:30 P.M., EST, ABC) on which she co-stars with Gordon MacRae.

SHE'S PEGGY

Dear Editor:

Pepper Young's family is my favorite serial. Does the girl who plays Peggy Young look as pleasant as she sounds?

Miss M. D.
Richmond Hill, N.Y.



BETTY WRAGGE

She certainly does! And here's a picture of Betty Wragge (she's Peggy) to prove it. Betty made her radio debut in a children's program way back in 1927 and since then has followed a long succession of juicy parts in shows such as *March of Time*, *Lux Radio Theatre*, *We The People*, and *Texaco Star Theatre* with frequent outs for Broadway roles. In 1936 when the sponsors of a new serial called *Red Davis* (later, the title was changed to *Pepper Young's Family*) were looking for a typical American girl for a featured role, Betty won the audition and has played the role of Peggy ever since.

RFD AMERICA

Dear Editor:

There is a farm program which I think originates in Chicago—a quiz program for farm families. Could you tell me about this program—also the time and station?

Mrs. E. L. M.
Keene, N. H.



ED BOTTCHER

RFD America (Sundays, NBC, 2:00 P.M. EDT) is what you have in mind—and a lively program it is, too. The contestants are farmers who compete for awards which sometimes include a ten-year supply of overalls and wire fencing. The winner is dubbed "Master Farmer of the Week" and returns the following week to defend his title against three new contestants. 41-year-old Ed Bottcher, whose only previous radio experience was as an eight-time winner on the same show, is the M. C. Ed commutes to Chicago weekly from his 153-acre farm near Hanceville, Ala., for broadcasts.

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

"You're adorable!"



AVA GARDNER is adorable indeed as she plays opposite ROBERT WALKER in Universal-International's "ONE TOUCH OF VENUS"

"I'm a Lux Girl" says AVA GARDNER

This is a beauty care that *works!* In recent Lux Toilet Soap tests by skin specialists, actually 3 out of 4 complexions became lovelier in a short time.

"Smooth the fragrant lather well in," says Ava Gardner. "Rinse with warm water, then cold. As you pat gently with a soft towel to dry, skin takes on fresh new beauty!" Don't let neglect cheat you of romance. Take Hollywood's tip!

YOU want skin that's lovely to look at, thrilling to touch. For a softer, smoother complexion, try the fragrant white beauty soap lovely screen stars recommend. Lux Girls win romance!



Another fine product of Lever Brothers Company



9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap — *Lux Girls are Lovelier!*

R
M

Bride and Groom

(Continued from page 45)

Beau-Drape



Clever draping makes this high shade lush quality Rayon Gabardine a stand-out. It's exquisitely tailored and fashioned and is finely saddle-stitched, in contrasting color, to give it that made-to-order look. It can't be duplicated anywhere at this exceptionally low price and you'll be amazed at how expensive it really looks. Colors: Beige, Aqua, Winter White, Gray, Black, Kelly.

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our Bride and Groom radio program. Methods of proposal, also, refuse to fall into any pattern.

But it's in the department of "Reasons For Falling in Love" that we've found the greatest variation. I remember the first time Charlene Koroske of Lansing, Michigan, and Edmond Read, Jr. of Glendale, California, came to our program-studio to see about being married in connection with the broadcast. When I asked Charlene how she and Edmond had fallen in love with each other, she laughed and said, "Well, I guess it was because of half a sandwich, half an orange, half a banana—plus a huge trout named 'Pappy'!"

NOT even three years of talking daily with engaged couples and newlyweds had prepared me for that; but Charlene and Edmond assured me there was a logical story that went with it—a story which turned out to be one of the most intriguing romances ever told on Bride and Groom.

It had begun many months before in Los Angeles, where Ed was attending a school of photography and Charlene was enrolled in a school for models. To provide practical experience, the two schools made arrangements for the girls to model some formal gowns while the photography-students took pictures.

"I was lucky enough to draw Edmond as my photographer," explained Charlene. "I liked him from the first, and I kind of thought he liked me, too. For one thing, even though the other photographers left the minute they finished their assignments, Edmond remained in the studio. But he was too bashful to talk to me—instead, he started discussing fishing with a group of fellows."

That might have ended the story right there, but Charlene very femininely decided to end the impasse by entering into the discussion of what was obviously Ed's favorite sport. "I thought she used some funny terms for a girl who was supposed to be a fishing-fan," Ed laughed, "but she seemed so sincerely interested that I thought 'Ah, a kindred spirit—as well as a cute gal!'"

Charlene enjoyed their talk, except for two things. First, she had never gone fishing in her life and didn't think she'd like it if she did go. Second, it was now late afternoon and Charlene hadn't eaten a bite since breakfast. But how could a girl bring up the subject of mere food, while listening to Ed's story about a fabulous trout named Pappy?

It seemed the trout had become almost a legend at Ed's favorite fishing spot, not only for its unusual size but also for its skill in eluding the hook. Every fisherman in the district was after Pappy, and the one who landed him would be the recognized champ.

"And I'm going to be the one," Ed was saying enthusiastically. "I've got a brand-new fly that'll fool even Pappy. Why, I'd rather fish than eat!"

Perhaps the word reminded him of the time, for he turned apologetically to Charlene, saying, "Say, you must be getting hungry. How about having lunch with me?"

Charlene brightened immediately—now she was sure she liked Ed. And how lucky that they'd met here at the photography studio, only a block or two from the famous Sunset Strip. With visions of a small table at one of the exclusive cafes, she said, "I'd love to. But let's choose some quiet place, so we

can go on talking about fishing!"

The next moment she realized she'd overplayed the role, for Ed grinned happily and said, "Swell; I brought a lunch from home, we can sit in the park and share that."

Charlene still laughs at the remembrance of that first "lunch-date" with Edmond. "It was my own fault—I'd put on such a show of being an ardent angler, that Ed just took it for granted that it didn't matter where or what we ate, long as we could discuss fishing! By that time, I was so hungry that it didn't matter to me, either—just so we ate."

They ate something, all right. The lunch, a small package carried casually in Ed's side pocket, consisted of one sandwich, one orange, and one banana! Ed carefully divided each item in half, explaining, "I didn't expect company, or I'd have brought more. You see, I'm on a diet."

"Even then, I still thought he was just about the nicest person I'd ever met," Charlene said, "but when he asked me for a date for later that week. I made up my mind to eat a hearty lunch before I went!"

Ed made up for that first lunch by taking her to one of the nicest restaurants on the Strip for the nicest dinner on the menu. But fishing was still the sole topic of conversation. "Several times that evening Ed would look at me sort of admiringly, and start to say something, then switch the conversation right back to discussion of bait."

"It was because she'd thoroughly convinced me that she was the world's greatest fishing fan," Ed explained. "I kept wanting to talk about all the things that go with falling head-over-heels in love; but I thought she was interested in me only because I liked to fish, too!"

OTHER dates followed—including Sunday trips to the beautiful Mojave Desert, covering photographic assignments for magazines and newspapers—and finally Ed and Charlene got around to discussing some of the "things that go with falling head-over-heels in love." Charlene, realizing that this was no casual friendship, and liking Ed more and more with each meeting, tried to summon up enough courage to admit that she was a fraud as far as being a fishing-fan was concerned. But Ed chose that moment to invite her on an extra-special date.

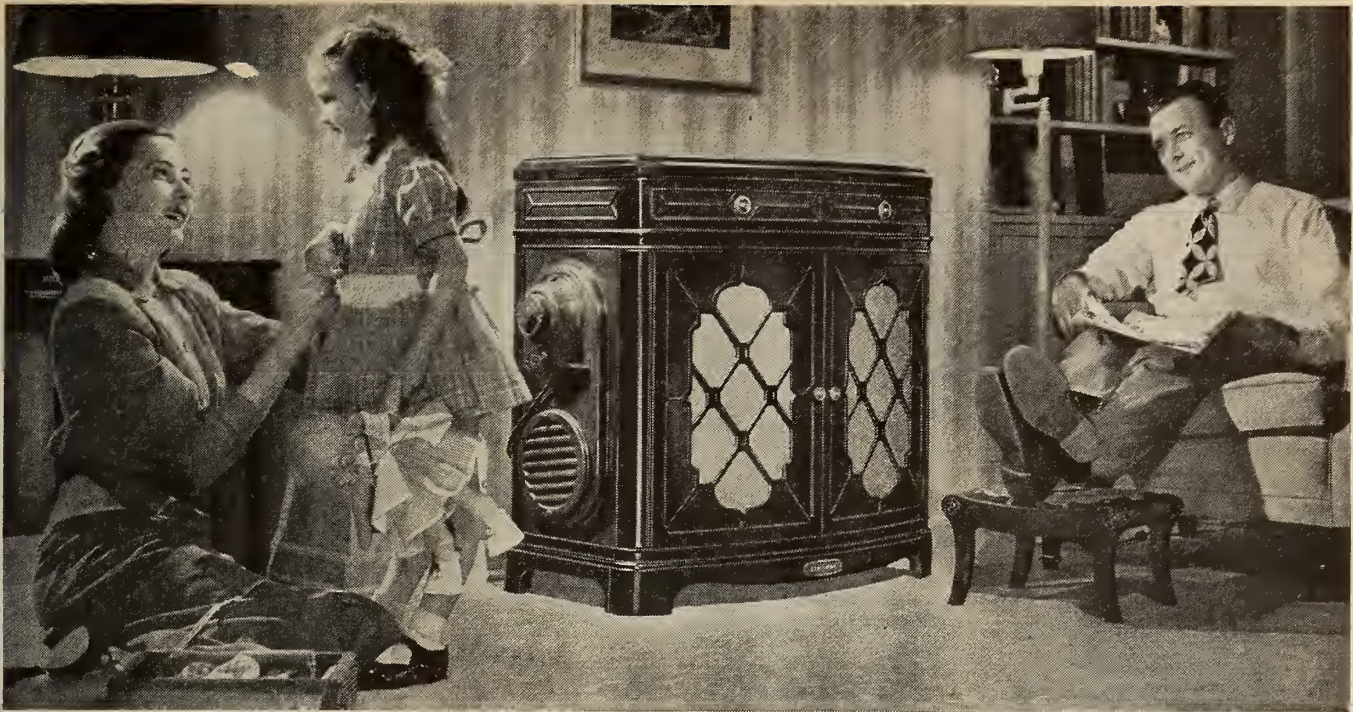
"We'll drive up to Big Bear Lake Sunday—that's where Pappy, the trout, is!"

It was the final accolade—a fisherman inviting a girl to his special fishing spot. Charlene dismissed the idea of confessing; instead, she spent the week reading up on "How To Fish," and buying a rod and reel.

Sunday was a perfect day; and the drive out Rim o' The World highway, past Lake Arrowhead, to Big Bear Lake, was a perfect setting for a boy and a girl in love. But just as they drove up to the shore of Big Bear Lake, clouds obscured the sun, a cold wind started blowing across the water—they were in for a storm.

"I tried to keep from shivering, as we got into the boat, and Ed started rowing for the place where he'd seen the big trout," Charlene said. "I kept thinking of how much I wanted to get in out of the rain and into a warm place, but I knew fishermen didn't."

"And I was (Continued on page 76)



The beautiful Duo-Therm Hepplewhite period furniture model, in rich, new mahogany finish.

Slash fuel oil costs up to 25% with a Duo-Therm heater with Power-air!

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Real oil economy . . . clean, workless heat . . . fine period furniture styling.

But *only* a Duo-Therm heater gives you all three. Here's how and *why*:

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

Actual tests in a cold Northern climate *prove* that a Duo-Therm with Power-Air *cuts fuel costs up to 25%*. (This saving alone can pay for the cost of your Duo-Therm.) Only the Duo-Therm heater has Power-Air Blower.

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

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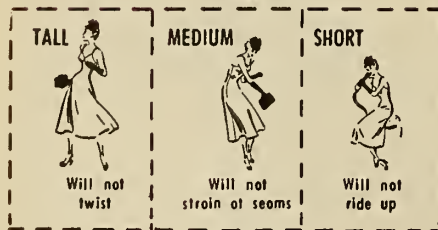
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MOVIE STAR INC.
159 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

(Continued from page 74) thinking the same thing," Ed laughed, "But I was afraid to suggest it."

When they got to the fishing spot, Ed started casting, while Charlene tried to figure out the mystery of how to prepare her rod, tie on a fly, and all the other intricate things that any self-respecting fisherman would have known.

"I kept getting it more and more tangled up," she said. "I noticed Ed was watching me sort of puzzledly, so I decided to make my cast whether I was ready or not."

Her cast probably set a new world's record for awkwardness. First, she almost upset the boat; second, her hook just missed embedding itself in the dodging Edmond; and third, despite all the vigor she had put into the effort, her fly landed two feet from the boat.

Ed's look of puzzlement was getting more pronounced than ever, and Charlene faced the inevitable—she would have to confess that she knew nothing about fishing and cared less. But just as she opened her mouth, a trout at least a foot and a half in length lunged through the water in front of her, grabbed her trout-fly, and raced away. It was Pappy! On the very first cast of her life, Charlene had hooked the champion trout!

Her reel screamed as the huge trout raced away with her line. "Play him! Give him slack!" Ed was calling, beside himself with excitement.

It was too late—all the line was out, and the improperly-tied knot was no match for the express-like speed of the trout. The fly parted, and Pappy was gone as quickly as he had come. For a moment, the boy and the girl just stared at each other, then Ed said, "You... you let him get away."

Sudden warm tears joined the cold raindrops on Charlene's cheeks, and her reserve was gone as she sobbed, "I couldn't help it! I don't know how to fish! I've never done it before in my life—I always hated the idea!"

It seemed to be the end of everything. "From the first, I'd taken it for granted that it was only my pretended interest in fishing that had attracted Edmond," said Charlene. "And now, for him to know that I didn't know, and hadn't cared, anything about the sport that seemed to be so important to him!"

"Imagine how I felt," Edmond said. "Here I'd been talking fishing to her every time we met. Partly, of course, because it is my favorite sport; but also because I thought it was the one thing in which she was interested. What a

dope I must have seemed!"

But suddenly a thought came to him—if Charlene had pretended about liking to fish, knowing it was his hobby, then that must mean she... He didn't finish the sentence in his mind; instead, the boat was wobbling dangerously again as he drew her into his arms.

"All the fishing in the world isn't one-millionth as important as this one moment with you," he said softly. Charlene's answer was the raising of her lips to meet his, in a kiss that said all the things mere words can never say.

But it was to turn out even more perfectly. When Edmond finally said, "Let's get out of this rain, and forget about fishing," Charlene shook her head.

"No," she said. "I told you I hated fishing; but that was before I had ever done any. The thrill I got from feeling Pappy when he struck at my trout-fly—rain or no rain, I want to stay here and keep fishing!"

She was serious about it, too. In fact, by the time they announced their engagement, there was no greater fishing enthusiast in all Southern California!

You should have seen their faces when, on their wedding day broadcast, we told them, "You're to be flown by Western Air Line to Lake Coeur d'Alene in Idaho—considered one of the three most beautiful lakes in the world. In addition to beauty, it rates right at the top of the list as a fisherman's paradise!"

The whole town of Coeur d'Alene took part in making it a week always to be remembered. As a gag, merchants and various clubs had set up an outdoor "Honeymoon Suite," furnished with a decrepit cast-iron stove, a broken-down bed, and an ancient dresser—in hilarious contrast to the costly and shining gifts given them at the broadcast. (The town made up for it later, though, by ensconcing Ed and Charlene in the bridal suite of the beautiful Desert Hotel, and by loading them down with countless gifts—new, this time—of silver, china, and household furnishings.)

There was even a special Honeymoon Plane at their disposal for trips to nearby points of interest; and a trim craft with lofty sails for the all-day fishing trips, and for leisurely evenings of sailing through the moonlight.

"We've found out that life can really be a magic thing," Charlene said happily. "And that all your dreams can really come true—even if they start out with only half a sandwich, half an orange, half a banana, and a trout named Pappy!"

Girls! Here's one MANHUNT that WON'T lead to MATRIMONY...

Tune in to radio's most exciting monhunt. It leads to thrills, chills and adventure... for you. So join the search!

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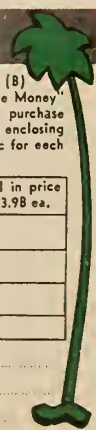
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***Pineapple-Gold Ice Cream.** It's yours to enjoy in a matter of minutes. On top of snowy mounds of vanilla or coconut ice cream heap spoonfuls of the new Dole Crushed. That's all there is to it—except to marvel at the exquisite combination of the ice cream and those flavor-rich, crisp-cut pineapple morsels that Dole alone brings you.

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***Super Stand-by Dessert . . . or breakfast fruit.** Reach for a can of the new, crisp-cut Dole Crushed. Spoon those sparkling, tender pineapple morsels into dishes that are right for the occasion. Then watch those first-taste smiles expand into genuine delight at each spoonful of this tropic treat.

**By Patricia Collier*

DOLE HOME ECONOMIST

Hawaiian Pineapple Company, Ltd.
215 Market St., San Francisco 6, California

Lazy Day Dinners

(Continued from page 61)

Condensed Milk Mayonnaise

¼ cup vinegar or lemon juice	1 egg yolk
¼ cup salad oil	½ teaspoon salt
⅔ cup sweetened condensed milk	1 teaspoon dry mustard dash of cayenne pepper

Measure ingredients into a pint jar in order listed, cover tightly and shake vigorously for 2 minutes. Store in refrigerator. Will thicken on standing. Serve with fruit salads. Makes 1½ cups dressing.

Lemon Honey Dressing

1 egg, beaten
¼ cup lemon juice
½ cup honey
3 tablespoons milk
1 cup cottage cheese
dash of salt
dash of mace

Combine egg, lemon juice and honey in top of double boiler. Cook over hot water until mixture thickens, stirring constantly. Cool. Stir milk into cottage cheese, beat until smooth. Add salt and mace and blend with cooked mixture. Makes 1½ cups.

Jellied Ginger Pear Salad

1 package lemon-flavored gelatin
1 cup water
1 cup gingerale
½ cup seedless, halved grapes
1 cup diced fresh pears
⅓ cup chopped nuts
2 tablespoons chopped crystallized ginger lettuce and mayonnaise

Combine the gelatin and water. Place over low heat and bring to boiling, stir until dissolved. Add gingerale and chill. When slightly thickened fold in fruit, nuts and half the ginger. Turn into individual custard cups or molds; chill until firm. Unmold on crisp lettuce, garnish with mayonnaise and remaining ginger. Makes 6 servings.

Popovers

1 cup sifted all-purpose flour
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon sugar
3 eggs
1 cup milk or ½ cup evaporated milk plus ½ cup water
1 tablespoon melted shortening

Before starting to mix the popovers, heat the oven to very hot (450° F.). Then grease heat-proof glass custard cups or muffin pans and place them in the oven to heat. Sift flour, salt and sugar together. Beat eggs until frothy. Add flour mixture and half of the milk, and beat with a rotary beater until ingredients are combined. Add remaining milk and shortening and beat until smooth. Fill hot, greased cups ⅓ full and bake in a very hot oven (450° F.) 20 minutes. Then reduce heat to moderate (350° F.) and continue baking 15 to 20 minutes. Makes 9 popovers.

Orange and Black Olive Salad

4 navel oranges, peeled and sliced
2 onions, thinly sliced; lettuce
½ cup ripe olives, sliced

Arrange oranges and onions on lettuce. Sprinkle with olives; serve with French dressing. Makes 6 servings.

Wife of the Week

(Continued from page 31)

Adams, the food editor, with some questions about my "Paprikash" recipe; Virginia Stewart, an associate editor, with questions about our personal background; and Georgette Koehler who wanted to know if we preferred plane or train.

We took a big four-motored plane early Tuesday morning that brought us into LaGuardia Field in less than two hours.

Mrs. Adams was waiting for us, and she was so gay and such fun that we felt that we had arrived at a party. After we were settled and brushed up, she took us over to The Drake to meet Miss Stewart for lunch and to talk about the script that was to be written that afternoon while we were having fun going sightseeing and shopping in New York.

ONE of the first things Miss Stewart said was, "Aren't you proud of the letter your husband wrote about you?" and I had to admit that, for the first time in his life he was being really mean to me, and that I had not seen it yet.

Tickets for that evening had been provided for the hit musical, "Annie Get Your Gun." Because the seats had been gotten at the last moment, I did not think they could possibly be very good, so I took along my opera glasses. But someone had a lot of pull. They were in the fifth row! But Frank used the opera glasses, anyway, on a pretty brunette in the chorus.

"Don't complain," he said. "I said in my letter that you were never jealous."

"What else did you say?" I whispered, but he just laughed and kept on looking at the brunette.

A table had been reserved in The Warwick's Raleigh Room for the supper show, so we danced and felt very gay.

The next morning at nine we went just a few blocks to Radio City for rehearsals and to meet Betty Crocker. She is a delightful person, just as pretty and friendly as her voice on the air, and the minute you meet her you feel that you have known her always.

Win Elliot, the master of ceremonies, is tall, thin and gives you the impression that he is having a lot of fun all of the time.

We ran through the program once with Ted Corday, the director, and he was so easy and amusing that we were not nervous at all when time came to go on the air, both because we felt that we knew everybody and because we knew exactly what was going to be asked us.

There is no curtain, but otherwise the studio looks like a luxurious little theater seating about fifty people. On the stage there's a sink, an electric stove, a table and chairs in front of a yellow tile background. Frank's special noodle pan was in place over the pot of boiling water.

This pan is a gadget that Frank had made especially for us. How good the dish tastes has nothing to do with the shape of the noodles—but this gadget makes them come out in a shape we like. It is an ordinary light-weight eight-inch frying pan with about twenty holes, each half an inch in diameter, bored in the bottom. One firm swipe of a spoon forces the dough in little almond shapes through the holes and into the boiling water below.

All of this kept us busy so I had no time to get nervous and before I knew it we were on the air and at last I was hear-

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... when it should
look like THIS



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NOT a greasy "slicker downer" . . . NOT a hair oil, lacquer or pomade . . . NOT an upholstery "smearer" . . . NOT a dirt collector . . . NOT smelly . . . NOT drying; no alcohol . . . NOT sticky . . .

*some pronounce it "suahr" . . . others say "sway" . . . either way it means beautiful hair.



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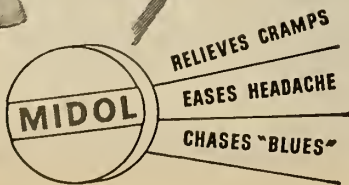
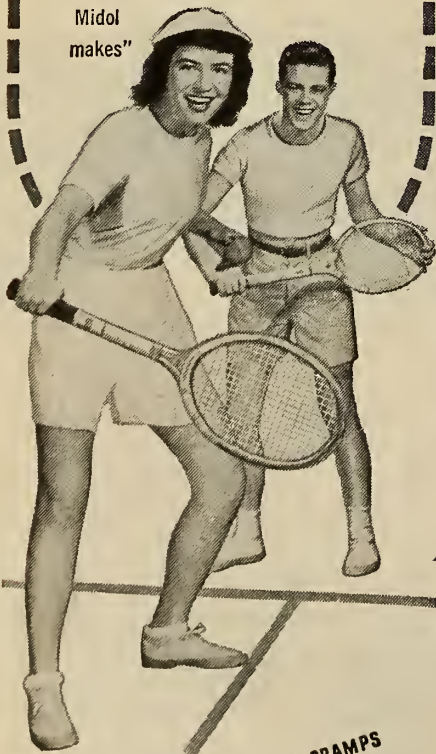
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**RELIEVES FUNCTIONAL
PERIODIC PAIN
CRAMPS-HEADACHE-"BLUES"**

"What a DIFFERENCE

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ing the famous letter as Frank read it, himself.

"Dear Betty Crocker: I wrote so many letters while I was in service that I thought I would never willingly write another letter again, but after hearing your program I felt I had to write to you about my wife who has been the staff of my life and who has kept me going many times when the way seemed too rough to go on. We eloped eighteen years ago, shortly after finishing college, and announced this world-shattering event to our families and friends fourteen months later. That was during the depression, but we were young and had no idea of the value of a dollar so we spent practically every cent we had on a West Indies cruise. What a rude awakening I had when we settled in our own flat and I discovered that I could not stretch my bank teller's salary to cover our expenses!"

The studio faded out as I listened, and my memory drifted back to the first time I met my husband and both of us fell in love at first sight. It was in a corridor at the University of Buffalo, my current best beau introduced us!

We had no idea of marrying until we had finished college, but pretty soon Frank began to talk about getting a job. Both families approved the match but were firm against a quick marriage. They thought we were entirely too young and should wait until Frank was graduated and established. But we were so much in love that we thought a secret marriage would be romantic.

"Our parents were right," Frank was reading into the microphone. "I couldn't support a wife but I wouldn't admit it to them."

Thinking back, I am so glad that he wouldn't! It was a great temptation to accept help, because we needed so many things. But we didn't. If you are ever going to make a success of your business—and your homemaking is your business—your very first obligation is to get along on what your husband makes. Of course our families did loving things for us, like giving us some furniture and little treats, but we positively refused any real assistance. This gave us a glorious feeling, but the fact remained that between my inexperience and Frank's generosity, we were always running out of money.

"I explained the situation to my bride," Frank was reading, "and I decided to let her take over and see what she could do. She did well, and got us through that and an even worse period when the bank where I was employed went on a part-time basis and I brought home \$15 a week. You will admit this was a feat, especially for an only child whose parents were only too happy to give her anything she wanted. In fact she did so well she has been the financial manager ever since."

"Poor Frank," I thought. "How sweet of him to be grateful after what I did to him!" I think that when a woman is made responsible for the family money she is apt to be more careful than a man to start with, but I squeezed every nickel so hard that I bet those Indians never recovered. We went on an iron-clad budget. Frank, who had always been

used to money, was cut down to \$2.50 a week.

"She enjoyed keeping house and cooking (though frankly I had to teach her practically everything) until now she has built up a reputation as a home maker. She devotes herself entirely to being a home maker and can't understand why it bores so many women, because to her way of thinking it combines more activities than any other job."

That's true. I can't think of anything that is more enjoyable than making a comfortable pleasant home for the one man who is the most important person in the world to you. At the start I spent all day shining up my house. Frank was certainly right in saying that I had a lot to learn. It wasn't until I began to manage the money that it occurred to me to do any of the washing myself, for instance.

"I think I better get a washing machine," I said to Frank's mother.

So she gave me twenty dollars as a present to start my laundry fund, and I started to save. We never have bought anything on time, and I think it is an excellent rule.

I was terribly glad that we were not involved in time payments when that major blow fell, and Frank was put on half-time with a salary of \$15 a week. I thought he was unbalanced by the shock when he told me and then added, "Let's take a vacation in Florida. If I'm going to worry, I'd rather worry in comfort in the sun."

He wasn't kidding, either. We took the meager savings we had been accumulating for a vacation, drove down with some friends of the family and did our worrying in Miami! As a matter of fact, Frank had been working hard and could use the break then, instead of at normal vacation time.

Things picked up slowly. Frank went back to work at the bank, eventually at full salary. It was still small but we saved a little each week, not for any special purpose but just as a matter of policy, and I was very glad that we had later. We might never have attempted building a house if we had not had enough saved to buy a lot. When my father became ill and we wanted him with us we were worried because our flat was small. We didn't know the answer until one evening a friend said, "Why don't you build? I'll give you a mortgage."

It was a brand new idea. We got out paper and pencils as if it were a game, but with the drawing of the first line we were off in full cry on a wonderful new enterprise.

"The spoiled little girl I married became a fine woman who took care of both of her parents during their last lingering illness, though at the time she was far from well herself. She also nursed her grandmother until she passed on, too. Then I was very nervous and had a hard time finding a job as good as the one I had left to go into service, so for a whole year I did nothing. Many women would have complained bitterly over this seemingly wasted time but my wife said nothing and just let me alone until I got on my feet by myself. Any veteran who has gone through such a miserable period of adjustment will appreciate what I mean."

I felt like crying when I heard Frank tell the whole country about this

period of our lives because, while it was a difficult time for me, it was a dreadfully hard one for him in more ways than one. When he went into uniform, he was a very well-established and prominent member of our community. He had been the president of the Lackawanna Food Merchants Association for nine years, was former president of the Chamber of Commerce and was then serving as treasurer. He held the sales promotion managership of the largest independent bakery in Lackawanna. We had two cars, two saddle horses and our own home, so it was hard for him to adjust to the orders and general kicking around that a younger private may not mind, but that an older man finds hard to take. Then he went through the landing at Oran, spent months in Africa all through those tough campaigns. He weighed 215 when he went in, and 167 when he came out.

Frank was very nervous during the first months at home. He didn't want to go anywhere or see anybody. He just wanted to sit around the house—so I sat with him, talked when he wanted to talk, kept still when he wanted to be silent.

To have him thank me in his letter and over the air for doing what any loving wife would do made a lump come into my throat. I thought I would never be able to say what was expected of me, but Betty Crocker caught my eye, gave me a sort of a gay little smile, and I was all right again.

"Now I am in business and my wife continues to give me encouragement and support. She gets up at 5:30 to give me a good breakfast and has lunch and dinner ready for me whenever I have a chance to get home to eat. I show up anywhere between 6 and 8 o'clock and somehow or other she always has a delicious hot meal ready for me. By the time she finishes the dishes it is generally too late to go out, but she always finds something to occupy her time and never reproaches me."

"What would I reproach you for?" I thought. Frank is putting in twelve hours a day hard work for me as much as for himself. He had decided to go into business for himself, and when the opportunity to buy the Gerstung Dairy came along, and he showed his old eagerness and enthusiasm, I knew that he had done the right thing to put the effects of his war years completely in his past.

"If only I could make you see what a comfortable, liveable home my wife has made for the two of us who could so easily become dull and stuffy! You know, Betty Crocker, I think it is harder to make a real home for two than for a family. My wife has succeeded in this and it isn't just my opinion. Many of our friends comment on the peaceful, cosy atmosphere of our home. Believe me, after twelve hours of work and worry it is my haven of peace. Don't get the idea that my wife is stuffy because she spends so much time making me comfortable. She is a red-head and you know you can always depend on a red-head to make life interesting. I am sure she deserves to be made one of your Homemakers of the Week, and I'll be waiting to hear an announcement over WKBW any day. Very truly yours,

Frank S. Pillion"

THE LARGE ECONOMY PACKAGE



Fels-Naptha Soap Chips are sold in just this one generous package . . . millions of women prefer these husky, active Fels-Naptha Soap Chips to any package soap or substitute . . . regardless of price.



MADE IN PHILA.
BY FELS & CO.



ARE YOU REALLY
SURE OF
YOUR PRESENT
DEODORANT?
TEST IT AGAINST
NEW PERFECT
FRESH

SEE
FOR YOURSELF
WHICH STOPS
PERSPIRATION—
PREVENTS ODOR
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Be Lovelier to Love
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FRESH
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CREAM DEODORANT
STOPS PERSPIRATION

P.S. Test FRESH yourself at our expense. See if FRESH isn't more effective, creamier, smoother than any deodorant you've ever tried. Only FRESH can use the patented combination of amazing ingredients which gives you this safe, smooth cream that doesn't dry out . . . that really stops perspiration better. Write to FRESH, Chrysler Building, New York, for a free jar.

Now you know what a prize-winning letter sounds like. Win Elliot pinned a beautiful orchid on my shoulder, but I felt that Frank had laid down a carpet of orchids from coast to coast for me to walk on, first by feeling the way he did and second by saying it so beautifully.

The whole thing made me feel like a bride. Particularly our presents—a pressure cooker and an iron, a set of hollow ground carving knives in a red-wood case, a blanket wardrobe and a very sizable shipment of the products of Betty Crocker's sponsor.

Thursday morning we went back to see the Magazine of the Air again, and by this time Frank was a veteran radio performer and covered himself with glory in the Homemaker's Quiz part of the program. The show is run like a magazine: features on home care, beauty, food, interviews with famous people . . . something different every day. Thursday is the day when the guest is like a true story, and Allen Funt, the man who is known for his adventures with a Candid Microphone, was there to tell how he worked.

We said goodbye with the feeling that we had had the most novel holiday, got back on the plane and were home Thursday night.

Home always has looked wonderful to me, but it seemed doubly so because I was seeing it as my husband had described it to millions of people who were listening. I felt proud of it, and proud of what we had done together in building it, but most of all I felt proud of him.

Mrs. Pillion's Recipe for Noodles
(serves two)

- 2 cups of Gold Medal flour
- one half teaspoon of salt
- one egg
- one cup of water

Beat the egg in the water and add to the salt and flour. Stir until smooth. Then cut small pieces of the dough into rapidly boiling salted water. Let them cook until they rise to the top. Drain, rinse, drain again and then add them to the chicken prepared as follows:

Mrs. Pillion's Chicken Paprikash

Have the butcher cut up a four- to six-pound roasting chicken in serving pieces. It is essential to have a kettle with a tight cover so that no steam can escape. We use a Dutch oven. In the kettle brown lightly two medium sliced onions in about two tablespoons of fat. Then brown the chicken in the same fat, adding a tablespoon of salt and a quarter of a teaspoon of black pepper, a teaspoon of paprika, one big bay leaf and a couple of shakes of cayenne pepper.

When the chicken is browned, add a cup of water, cover, turn down the heat and cook for about an hour until the chicken is tender.

Then add one half pint of sour cream and more salt, pepper and paprika, according to taste. We like it very highly salted because the noodles are bland and can stand a highly seasoned gravy.

Add the noodles and let them marinate with chicken and gravy for about 15 minutes.

This amount of chicken will serve many more than two, so expand the noodle recipe according to the number of guests. I allow one cup of flour for each person because everyone loves the noodles.

With this, all we ever serve is a green salad. We have served extra vegetables on occasion, but no one seems to want them.

Tex-Jinx Productions

(Continued from page 49)

to it. That was the real plan behind Tex-Jinx Productions."

What about color television, I wanted to know? How long before that would be here, and were they interested?

"I can't say how long before color television will be here—I doubt that anyone would want to give you even an approximate time, but we are definitely interested in color—in fact this room was planned for a color television show to originate here." He waved a hand in the general direction of the luscious greens, yellows, and prints of the room.

"Yes," Jinx put in. "Our presentations start out in black and white and toward the end of the portfolio, they go into color." (In case you don't know, a presentation is the very elaborate outline of a proposed radio or television program that is "presented" for the consideration of an agency or network.)

Tex believes that there won't be much daylight tele for a while—except baseball and special events, of course—but he does think that very soon the 8:00 to 9:00 A.M. hour will become important on television—catching just about everyone at breakfast somewhere within the hour.

He is unconditionally against televising regularly scheduled radio shows per se. Thinks the classic remark that "television cannot be radio with a peephole" covers that situation. There simply isn't enough visual interest in people, no matter how talented, standing before microphones reading scripts.

I was personally very interested to know what he thought about Hollywood. So far the film capital has been extremely uncooperative as far as video is concerned. There is an absolute "Verboten" sign on the tele rights to any good Hollywood picture.

"I think you'll find a relaxation of restrictions very shortly," Tex said, "and even better than that, actual cooperation. I've been talking with Mr. Paul Reyburn, of Paramount Pictures, and he stands for full cooperation with video."

We all had some iced coffee at this point, and the McCrarys started interviewing me. How did I like being a television editor? What all did it entail? How was my husband?, etc., etc. As we talked I realized that here was a manifestation of one of the nicest things about Jinx Falkenburg and Tex McCrary—no matter how busy or important they get, they always seem to be interested in you; and that surely is the secret of a stimulating and happy way of life!



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**KATE
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Noon D.S.T. Monday-Friday
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Ruth Hussey discloses:

"John has high standards of charm. A girl's hands, for instance, must be flawlessly smooth and soft." Ruth has those charming hands.

"Thanks to Jergens Lotion," she says. The Stars use Jergens 7 to 1 over any other hand care.



He's Charmed?

Charm your own man with even smoother, softer hands today. Do as the Stars do—use Jergens Lotion. Finer than ever now, due to recent research. Protects even longer, too. Two ingredients in Jergens are so excellent for skin-smoothing and softening that many doctors use them. Still 10¢ to \$1.00 (plus tax) for today's Jergens Lotion. Lovely. No oiliness; no stickiness.

**Used by More Women than
Any Other Hand Care in the World**



For the Softest, Adorable Hands, use Jergens Lotion

Love-quiz... For Married Folks Only



WHAT SINGLE MISTAKE THREATENS HER ONCE HAPPY MARRIAGE?

- A.** This foolish wife failed to take one of the first steps usually important to marital compatibility.
- Q.** What is that first step so vital to continual marital congeniality?
- A.** A wise wife practices sound, safe feminine hygiene to safeguard her daintiness with a scientifically correct preparation for vaginal douching . . . "Lysol" in proper solution.
- Q.** Aren't salt or soda effective enough?
- A.** No, indeed! Homemade "makeshift" solutions can't compare with "Lysol" in germ killing power. "Lysol" is gentle to sensitive membranes, yet powerful against germs and odors . . . effective in the presence of mucus and other organic matter. Kills germs on contact—stops objectionable odors.
- Q.** Do doctors recommend "Lysol"?
- A.** Many leading doctors advise their patients to douche regularly with "Lysol" brand disinfectant just to insure daintiness alone. Safe to use as often as you want. No greasy after-effect. Three times as many women use "Lysol" for feminine hygiene as all other liquid products combined!

KEEP DESIRABLE, by douching regularly with "Lysol." Remember—no other product for feminine hygiene is safer than "Lysol" . . . no other product is more effective!

For Feminine Hygiene
rely on safe, effective

"Lysol"
Brand Disinfectant
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Easy to use . . . economical

A Concentrated Germicide



FREE BOOKLET! Learn the truth about intimate hygiene and its important role in married happiness. Mail this coupon to Lehn & Fink, 192 Bloomfield Avenue, Bloomfield, N. J., for frankly informing FREE booklet.

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R.M.-489 *Product of Lehn & Fink*

Heigh-Ho Video

(Continued from page 50)

Incidentally, if Vallee's magic touch applies to TV as it did to radio, the aforementioned Miss Raine has a bright future. Rudy is credited with giving the initial break to many of today's top performers, such as Edgar Bergen, Bob Burns, Joan Davis, Alice Faye, Frances Langford, Larry Adler, and many more. There is reason, therefore, to suppose that he will discover future television greats. Rudy has never been reluctant to share the spotlight with new and promising talent. He still remembers his own start, and how much a little help meant.

Rudy began his trek up show business road by giving out with the taps on a drum in his high school band. With the aid of a saxophone he paid for his college education. During the summer following his graduation from Yale, he toured New England with a small dance band. That fall he counted his money and decided the time had come for him to try his luck in New York. His first job there was a one-night engagement with Vincent Lopez at a benefit for the Hebrew Orphan Asylum on December 4, 1927. Several widely spaced one-night jobs followed with Lopez and with the late Ben Bernie's band.

Deciding that it would be just as easy to be an unemployed band leader as it was to be an unemployed saxophonist, Vallee organized his own group. Don Dickerman, a well-known night club impresario, booked the new orchestra into the Heigh-Ho Club and the rest is history. From 1928 until he enlisted in the U. S. Coast Guard in World War II, Rudy was a top radio personality and had also established himself as a fine comedian in motion pictures. His most recent chore is the wonderful characterization in "I Remember Mama."

Everyone who is interested in television is cheered by the fact that Rudy is bringing his showmanship and experience to the new field. Vallee-Video, Inc. (which is what Rudy calls his new company) is as hopeful an infant as the television industry itself. He says, "We of Vallee-Video are doing it for the fun, for the thrill and the challenge that the making of films for television presents to us. We've embarked upon this project of preparing and making as many of these Video-films as possible for the voracious demand that is sure to come."

Alan Ladd

as

Dan Holiday

of



MBS's BOX 13 is more than a match for a criminal (as usual) in OCTOBER RADIO MIRROR'S exciting picture story

Hoagy Carmichael

(Continued from page 59)

songs too, and she and Hoagy proceeded to do one or two more together.

When they met again in New York at Hoagy's midtown apartment Helen's kid sister, Ruth, was along.

"I didn't pay much attention," Hoagy confesses.

And Ruth—Mrs. Carmichael since 1936—adds that he was "the rudest man I ever met. But I knew right away I wanted to marry him."

"I was a smart aleck," Hoagy teases her, "but adorable."

Their romance was one of those on-again, off-again things which drive the gossip columnists crazy. At one point, Ruthie, after one "last" blow-up, took a boat to England, through with Hoagy for good.

As soon as she was gone, Hoagy says, he knew he shouldn't have let her out of his sight. He went half-way to meet her homecoming ship—although he swears he had always hankered for a vacation in Barbados—and when they heard Winchell announce their "engagement" a few days later over the ship's radio, Hoagy gallantly remarked: "Well, now I'm really stuck."

But he didn't mean it.

THE Menardi-Carmichael wedding was an occasion which the hepsters in New York still recall with nostalgia. The ceremony at five in the afternoon drew more musicians into the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian church than had ever been at church in their lives, and the reception later—with the hottest band in New York, Bunny Berrigan, Eddie Condon, all of the "boys"—drew even more.

The bride almost didn't make the reception. The horse-drawn carriage which the best man had hired sentimentally to bring the wedding couple from the church to the party, stopped at the curbing in front of Hoagy's apartment hotel and the bridegroom hopped out. He held up a hand to help down his bride—but the horse, carriage, and bride were half a block away, Ruthie screaming back for somebody to stop them. Ruth swears—but not too seriously—that the horse started to run away before Hoagy jumped out.

It was quite a party. George Gershwin played—as a preview—the entire score for a new show he had just written, "Porgy and Bess." After which Hoagy's father, having recovered from his suspicions of the music world, moved in and said, "Now George, I want you to hear some *real* piano playing." He meant by his lawyer-son.

The Carmichaels came to Hollywood wrapped in the aura of that now-famous party. Probably that accounts for the fact that whatever they do now takes on the aspects of a jam session.

All of his success and his responsibilities—which now include two sons—have failed to change the basically irrepressible little-boy core of Hoagy. Life at the Carmichaels' house in the swankiest section of Beverly Hills carries over a good many of the easy-going aspects of life in the Book Nook back in good old Indiana.

The intercommunication phone rings in the "big house," and Ada Dockery, the Carmichaels' cheerful English housekeeper, crosses the room to answer it. The voice of Hoagy Bix (for the one and only Bix Beiderbecke, Hoagy's early friend and mentor), who

See lustrous, natural "LOVELIGHTS" in your hair

TONIGHT!



Richard Hudnut
enriched creme
SHAMPOO

The Egg makes it Extra Gentle!

not a soap—a smooth
LIQUID CREME

IN bygone days, lovely women used egg with shampoo. Now, again, the lowly egg—just the right amount, in powdered form—helps make Richard Hudnut Shampoo soothing, caressing, kind to your hair! But the egg is *in* a luxurious liquid creme... that helps reveal extra glory, extra "love-lights." Try this *new kind* of shampoo... created for patrons of Hudnut's Fifth Avenue Salon... and for you!

A New Kind of Hair Beauty from
a World-Famous Cosmetic House

Not a dulling, drying soap. Contains no wax or paste. Richard Hudnut Shampoo is a sm-o-o-o-th liquid creme. Beauty-bathes hair to "love-lighted" perfection. Rinses out quickly, leaving hair easy to manage, free of loose dandruff. At drug and department stores.



New! Improved!

Richard Hudnut Home Permanent



This New Home Wave Keeps Your New Short Haircut Salon-Sleek!

Give your smart new short coiffure just enough wave for body...just enough curl on the ends to keep it a sleek, close cap...with the new, improved RICHARD HUDNUT HOME PERMANENT. Right at home...as easily as you put your hair up in curlers...you can give yourself this soft, salon-type permanent. You use the same type of preparations and the same improved cold wave process used in the Richard Hudnut Fifth

Avenue Salon for expensive permanents. Save money and tedious hours at the hairdresser...try this glorious home wave today! Price \$2.75; refill without rods, \$1.50 (all prices plus 30¢ Federal Tax)..

It's 7 Ways Better!

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



is nine and the older of the Carmichaels' two sons, roars distinctly into the room.

"Is Sawdust home yet?"
"No reverence," drawls Sawdust himself, ambling to the telephone. "What's up, man?" he says into the receiver.

The boys can spare their father some time, it turns out, if he can shake the visitors and come on down to their house. They thought maybe a little tether ball . . .

"Can't Skeeter take it?"
Skeeter is Seaton Grant, the ex-pro baseball player and current physical education major at U.C.L.A. whom the Carmichaels have engaged to live with the small fry and rub off the top layer of their energy. Unrubbed, they're too much for Hoagy. Under Skeeter's tutelage they've become such expert swimmers, tennis players, tether ball players and all-round muscle men that Hoagy is thinking of hiring a physical trainer of his own to get even.

"I'll be down," Hoagy promises.
"Down" is across the garden, past the swimming pool to the little bungalow which originally was the guest house at the lavish hilltop estate which the Carmichaels bought six years ago. Now a small boys' idea of heaven, the cottage houses Hoagy Bix, Randy Bob (for Randolph Scott and Bob Montgomery), who is seven, Skeeter and assorted athletic equipment.

WHEN the boys are feeling particularly affable—or when, like today, Skeeter is otherwise engaged—Hoagy is invited down for a work-out.

Invitations to the grown-ups to visit Small Fry house are much harder come by than bids in the other direction. Hoagy Bix and Randy mingle at their convenience with the parade of visitors who come and go from the big house—no rules in this family about childrens' visiting hours—but when their parents are invited to the cottage it is usually a special occasion.

"On my birthday," their father reports gratefully, "they let me take them to the circus."

The life-with-father theme is played out in reverse at the Carmichaels, although at the big house itself it must be said that signs are more frequent that the master is a fellow of some consequence.

In Hoagy's study and workroom, his desk is waiting for him, a model of orderliness—mail here, papers here, checks here. Perhaps next week he will get around to looking them over. This top letter—what's this?—oh, just an offer.

"Anybody ever hear of the Golden night club in Cleveland?"

Better ask his agent, Hoagy decides, and forgets it.

He gravitates to the work piano. It's a studio upright, unimpressive piece of machinery to have turned out so many hits. "I have a concert grand in the living room," Hoagy explains, "but that's for fun."

He runs through the first bars of the song he's working on now:

"I'm from Dallas, Texas"
(It's sung with emphasis on the Southern accent)

"But you can't tell
Cause I don't talk that way-ee"
At this point Hoagy breaks himself up laughing.

This one probably won't land in the leather bound volume entitled in gold leaf "Non-Commercial." This book which Ruth Carmichael had made up

for Hoagy is a collection of his tunes which did *not* make the Hit Parade. "Some of my favorites, too," Hoagy says of them, ruefully.

The phone rings—the outside phone this time, and Hoagy grabs for it. Someone wants him to go on the radio, not his regular Saturday night CBS session this time, but an ad lib go on Leave It to the Girls.

Hoagy shies away frantically. "I'm not bright enough for that sort of thing," he says, meaning it, "not funny enough. I don't think fast enough on my feet." He listens for a minute, but he isn't moved. "No, look," he says, at last. "I can't do it. I have an irritating voice . . ."

Everyone in the room, aware that Hoagy's "irritating" voice has made him a fortune, gets a big laugh at this.

But he couldn't be more serious.

"You have to have something special—a sense of humor or something," he says after hanging up, "to get away with that."

At this point, he thinks it's time for "Mrs. C." to show us around the house.

Ruthie Carmichael has never hung out a shingle as an interior decorator, but she could. She really has worked something of a miracle with "Stardust House."

Built in a sprawling U around a beautiful swimming pool, looking out across a vista of terraced gardens, the house could very easily have been formidable. But with a sagacious blending of modern comfort (in the upholstered pieces) and style (in the fine English antiques) and with a bold hand with colored fabrics, Mrs. Carmichael has achieved an effect which is casual and informal.

The large blue and rose living room is so inviting that you have to look twice to realize that it is also appropriately (for the Indiana boy who made good) expensive. The series of Dresden figurines of the composers which are arranged along the mantelpiece and the impressive collection of white ironstone are—to use a Hollywood colloquialism—"thrown away." You are much more apt to notice the McClelland Barclay portrait in oils of Ruth's handsome sister, Helen, or the kids' new television outfit set up, for want of a better place, on a rare old English table.

HOMEY touches supplied by Hoagy's mother, Mrs. Lyda Carmichael, are here, as everywhere in the house, importantly in evidence. The old Indiana rocker, with its needlepoint cushion, the needlepoint cover on Hoagy's piano chair—brown on beige showing the opening bars of "Stardust"—are Grandma's contributions. The elder Mrs. Carmichael embroidered the entire score of "Stardust" on Hoagy's bedspread, a resplendent touch in an otherwise severely tailored room. Ruthie's bedroom, contrarily, is frilly and feminine with a huge white-canopied four-poster, eyelet cotton drawn back with black velvet at the windows, and a collection of old family photographs in silver frames on the wall.

Except for the children, there are no contemporary family photos about. In the living room McClelland Barclay's—he's an old friend—line drawings of Hoagy and Ruth are prominently displayed, along with some good modern watercolors. One, a snow scene, is an original by Johnny Mercer. Another, a seascape, characteristically unsigned, is the work of the Hoagy Carmichael, a Sunday painter himself of enthusiasm and some talent.

NEW

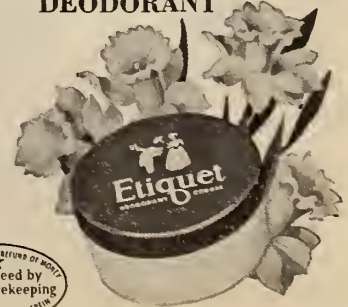
Safe-and-sure deodorant ends perspiration troubles!



- 1.** ETIQUET actually ends under-arm perspiration odor—*safely—surely!*
- 2.** ETIQUET—made by specially patented formula—really checks under-arm perspiration!
- 3.** FLUFFY-LIGHT AND SOOTHING—Etiquet goes on easily—disappears in a jiffy! No gritty particles!
- 4.** MORE ECONOMICAL TO BUY—Etiquet won't dry out in the jar!
- 5.** NO DAMAGE TO CLOTHING when you use Etiquet—famous cloth-test proves!

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THE SAFE-AND-SURE DEODORANT



RECOMMENDED BY THE BOARD OF HEALTH
 Guaranteed by
 Good Housekeeping
 IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

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WIVES THRILLED

over 'extra advantage'
of this higher type

*Intimate Feminine
Hygiene*

Easier, Daintier,
More Convenient

YET ONE OF THE
Most Effective
Methods



Greaseless Suppository Assures Continuous Medication For Hours

Here it is, girls! A *higher type* of intimate feminine cleanliness for which you've long been waiting. One that would be easier, daintier, more convenient and less embarrassing to use—one that would be *powerfully germicidal* yet *absolutely safe* to tissues.

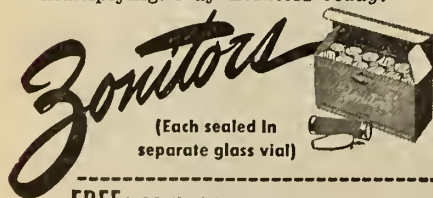
So be sure to enjoy the 'extra' advantage of Zonitors!

Easy To Carry If Away From Home

Zonitors are greaseless, stainless, snow-white vaginal suppositories—each sealed in a dainty glass vial you can easily slip in your purse. Zonitors instantly begin to release powerful germicidal properties and *continue* to do so for hours. Positively *non-irritating, non-burning, non-poisonous*.

Leave No Embarrassing Odor

Zonitors do not 'mask' offending odor. They actually destroy it. Help guard against infection. They kill every germ they touch. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract. But you can BE SURE Zonitors *immediately* kill every reachable germ and keep them from multiplying. Buy Zonitors today!



(Each sealed in
separate glass vial)

FREE: Mail this coupon today for free booklet sent in plain wrapper. Reveals frank intimate facts. Zonitors, Dept. ZRM-98, 370 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Name _____

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"Of course I'm a better barber," he says, "or *was*, before Ruth sold my barber chair."

There just wasn't room for it, Mrs. Carmichael insists. Besides, Hoagy took to cutting hair at parties instead of using the piano bench. And it wasn't half as much fun.

"It was for *me*," Hoagy laments.

Hoagy just stumbled into his talent for barbering—like his talent for painting, or singing or composing.

He points out that he studied law at the University of Indiana, under Paul McNutt, adding dryly, "that's probably where I learned to be an actor."

This is not quite true. Hoagy did some acting at Indiana; played the part of a monkey, in false nose and long underwear complete with tail, in the senior class play. But the real chance came when his friend, Slim Hawks, came by the house one day and found him in faded blue jeans and several layers of dirt pruning the roses.

"What a character," she muttered to herself, making a mental note to tell her husband, Director Howard Hawks, that she had found a movie natural. Hoagy's hit part in "To Have and Have Not" resulted, and a whole new phase of his career.

Hoagy loves putting in his garden, and not, he insists, just because he was "discovered" there. He worries about the woolly aphid along with the rest of Beverly Hills garden lovers and claims that despite its blight his roses are the biggest and the best in the neighborhood. The wisteria vine trained over a latticework arch—monument to Hoagy's nostalgia for springtime in Indiana—is his real pride, and he is furious that it has bloomed and faded for three seasons now without his having recorded its lavender and green wonder on color film. Next year, he swears, he will go on strike at wisteria season.

Hoagy's gardening proceeds without handicap now that Rags is no longer around. Rags, a "dirty white" dog, half poodle and half Yorkshire terrier, used to tear up planting beds as fast as Hoagy could plant them.

She disappeared one day. The family didn't worry for forty-eight hours—Rags had customarily taken an occasional two-day sabbatical—but when three days went by and she didn't show up, the boys and Hoagy were frantic.

Hoagy put an ad in the Beverly Hills paper: "Dog, sort of white; brown tail and ears; tick scar under left eye." But no luck. No Rags. Hoagy finds it satisfying to think that whoever kid-

napped the puppy is having a terrible time keeping his pansies planted.

Hoagy is so fond of his garden that Ruth surprised him on his last birthday by giving him a party there.

"Really went Hollywood," Hoagy recalls, still pleased at the whole idea. "Big tent, orchestra, catering by Romanoff's—the works."

The Carmichaels seldom entertain so lavishly. They say they don't entertain at all, but actually they never stop entertaining. Even Hoagy's working hours are entertainment—he loves his work, and so do the lucky auditors.

There are always people around—sitting at umbrella-shaded tables around the pool, hiding from the sun in the plant-filled lanai, or perched on the handsome ebony-inlaid English bank tellers' chairs at the brown and white gingham-lined bar.

"It's a party," Hoagy says, sticking his head out of his workroom.

It's always a party, if Hoagy is at home—even *he* can't be sure when the work ends and the fun begins. Supper for six—or even ten or twelve—is no trouble for Ada, and the big table in the dining room is ready without so much as an extra leaf.

Their friends—the inner circle, at least—are the same year after year. The Hawkses, the Bob Montgomerys, the Lee Bowmans, the Alexander Halls, the Victor Flemings. They know they don't have to telephone—the latch is always out.

The guest room nearly always is occupied too, by Hoagy's mother, or one of his sisters, or Ruth's sister on one of her frequent treks from her home in Maine. "Always a bulge in the house, seems like," Hoagy says.

Wherever "Sawdust" is at home, people hang around. And why not? Isn't it a party?

It's a party when Hoagy's on the air. William Paley, big boss at CBS, has decided that it should be a thirty minute instead of a fifteen minute party, and Hoagy has cut audition records of that length for all consideration.

It's a party on any movie set where Hoagy works. Ethel Barrymore herself, who "adored" working with Hoagy in "Night Song," is only one of the authorities for that. And as for his real love—the song-writing business—the party is apt to go on for a long, long time.

Hoagy has a hatful of new tunes—"Sad Cowboy" probably will hit first.

Hoagy is more than versatile, it is apparent after a good long look. He is inexhaustible.

"It gives me a better and broader look at life"

—These are the words of just one listener to "My True Story" radio program, but they speak for many thousands of women. For here are many kinds of real people! A complete story every day Monday through Friday prepared in co-operation with the editors of TRUE STORY magazine. One day you may "visit" an Arizona ranch . . . New York the next day . . . a village the next. You "meet" the very rich and the poor . . . and women just like your neighbor and yourself!



Tune in "MY TRUE STORY"

AMERICAN BROADCASTING STATIONS

Remembering Tom Breneman

(Continued from page 29)

on my own Take It or Leave It. I had just heard from Ralph Edwards of Truth or Consequences that he would take over for me—when the telephone rang. It was Tom.

"Say, Garry," he said. "I hear you need somebody to pinchhit on your program. If I can help, I don't need to go on this trip right away. Billie and I could leave later just as well."

That was Tom. The ultimate sad event a few weeks later proved how desperately he *did* need that rest, but there he was, offering to postpone his vacation to "help out" somebody else.

When I recovered, I went to my home town, Baltimore, to visit my parents. It was there that I heard the shocking news of Tom's sudden passing. With millions of others, I said "No! It can't be!" when I heard the message on the air. Later, trying to tell my folks about Tom, I paid him what is probably one performer's most sincere tribute to another: "Gee, I'd hate to be the guy who has to try to fill his shoes!"

IRONICALLY, three days later in New York I received a call from the sponsors of Breakfast in Hollywood. They asked me to step into Tom's program. You can imagine my feelings. I tried to put them into words in a pre-broadcast talk just before facing the studio audience that first time.

What I said then still goes: "I know that I cannot fill the shoes of Tom Breneman for he was a man of unique mold. . . . I cannot promise you that I will be good at the job. Nobody knows that, least of all myself. But I can promise you that I will try to bring to the job the things that Tom treasured most highly—friendliness and love of his fellow man. . . . The wheel of life continues to revolve. There is no way of turning it back. . . . The crowd is waiting in the next studio. So let's go in there together and hope that this is the beginning of a good friendship."

And I think that, from that moment on, I began *really* to know Tom Breneman. For some of the kindness that he had dispensed through his work while he lived—dispensed to you—began to fall around me like a warm bright light, reflected back from you. Your letters, expressing your grief and yet wishing me well, showed that you shared Tom's spirit of friendship.

Through you and your letters, then, I began *really* to know Tom. And in another wonderful way I came to know him. This was through working with the fine people who had worked with him, through hearing their tales of Tom as they saw him. Tales of the man, the human being.

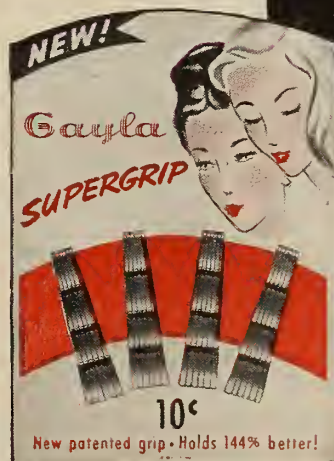
In these tales, not at all strangely, the accent is usually on laughter—as it was with Tom. Laughter was one of his great gifts. Once you heard it, could you ever forget that laugh of his? That deep-down, mellow, infectious and irresistible geyser of mirth that fairly shook the air?

You must have noticed the frequency with which Tom turned that laughter on himself. On the air, of course, that could be regarded as merely good showmanship. Every professional funny man knows that to be on the receiving end of a gag puts him in a good light, while dishing it out can make him appear smart-aleck or worse. As a show-

a new kind
of bobby pin



holds
YOUR HAIR IN PLACE
144% better



Here's the first real improvement in bobby pins! A radically new patented shape, scientifically designed to *hold better*. Stronger, yet flexible, easy to open. Yes, certified, unbiased tests prove that Supergrip holds 144% better!

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SUPERGRIP

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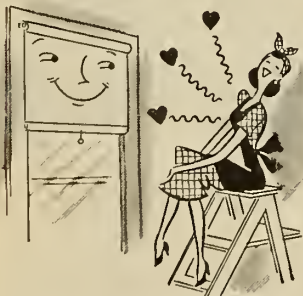
There was a young lady
named Grace
Whose window shades were
a disgrace,



Till one sunny day
She found she could pay
Pennies to smarten her place.



'Cause window shades made
by Clopay
Cost pennies, yet look bright
and gay



They work like a breeze
Are certain to please,
Discover these bargains today!

Clopay Window Shades won't crack or
pinhole. Complete with
plastic screw button, from— **22¢**

Clopay Washable Window Shades clean easy.
Just wipe oil finish with
damp cloth. From— **39¢**

Clopay De Luxe Shades with smart, new
velvety "corduroy" effect. **55¢**
Washable. From—

(On rollers—all shades about 20c more)

CLOPAY Remember
it will pay
to say Clopay

At your favorite variety, department or neighborhood store
Some prices slightly higher Denver and West

man, Tom doted on every one of those famous "insulting" introductions by John Nelson. You remember how they went: "... to all you ladies who want the latest dope, here he is—Tom Breneman!" ... "In this day (of airplanes) we forget in what kind of thing man first flew through the air. It was in a balloon. A big bag filled with hot air, which reminds me that here's—Tom Breneman!" Cracks like that, every day. And the loudest, most appreciative roar you heard was always Tom's. He loved it.

But he was that way off the air, too, when no showmanship was involved. His favorite stories (as the gang retells them) were always those in which Tom himself was the butt of the gag, caught without a comeback, stumped.

IN A SHOW like his—all ad lib, just "gabbing with the gals," as he termed it—anything could happen. Roaming among the guests with his traveling mike, asking folksy questions, spoofing the ladies' zany hats, no matter what he did, Tom was the old master of the quick retort. But he always liked to relate, not the many times he wowed them with a fast one, but the rare occasions he himself was left speechless.

The time, for instance, he asked a young housewife how many children she had. "One—and one on the way," was the answer, at which Tom beat a quick retreat to another table. She called after him, in a voice that carried over the nation, "Don't be afraid—it's not catching!"

And the time, quizzing a sweet old lady, he asked a certain question and then quickly corrected himself: "Oh, I shouldn't have asked that—I make it a point never to get personal on this program." She fairly bowled him over (he admitted it later) when she snapped: "I know differently. I listen to you often and most of the time you're pretty nose-y!"

And there was another sweetheart, all of eighty-seven, who missed out on the "oldest guest" orchid by only a few months. "Shucks, Tom," she said, "I didn't mind not getting the orchid, but I came here for your kiss. That's what I'm sore about!"

Tom, in his most chivalrous manner, planted his second kiss of the day on her cheek.

"My," she sighed, but her eyes twinkled mischievously. "Why didn't I meet you when I was a girl? Betcha we'd have had a lot o' fun!"

I like the story of the beginnings and early struggles of Breakfast in Hollywood. Its beginnings, indirectly, can be traced to Tom's constant interest in brightening the surrounding atmosphere—in making people happier. In the program's birth struggles there was Tom, with his associates, putting up a good fight for a thing he believed in. And Tom, throughout his life, was a fighter.

The seed of Breakfast in Hollywood was planted the day Tom and his old friend Chet Mittendorf sat over coffee at a little lunch counter. A radio was giving with a sad, sad drama. The waitress snapped it off, with an acid comment about the morning's programs: "You'd think it was against the law to laugh before noon! News, records, or tragedy—morning, after morning!"

Tom and Chet chuckled, and allowed the truth of the charge.

"Must be plenty of people who feel the same way," ventured Tom. "I bet almost anybody could ad lib a show more cheerful than most of these morn-

ing broadcasts."

Chet recalled this a few days later when he sat in Sardi's restaurant on Hollywood Boulevard, along with Raymond R. Morgan, head of the radio-advertising agency, and Dave Covey, the restaurant's owner. It seems they were discussing the sad state of business. Sardi's wasn't doing well. Chet, who was then selling radio time to sponsors, had his troubles too. Ray Morgan suggested cheerfully that they should join worries.

"Just figure out a radio show that will help the restaurant business," he said. "That would solve both your problems."

Chet remembered that snapped-off radio—and Tom Breneman's comment. He told about it. Ray Morgan, listening, began to envision something. Dave's restaurant could be their studio, Chet could line up sponsors, Tom Breneman could be M. C., ad libbing over ham and eggs. Why not?

They found plenty of answers to that question before Breakfast at Sardi's finally hit the air, unsponsored, over one local station, KFWB, on January 13, 1941. Breakfast in Hollywood, as it was later called when Tom moved to his own restaurant on Vine Street, did not spring full-blown into hit status. It wobbled along for weeks and months, just another "crazy idea."

Women, skeptical of the notion of attending a mere radio program at 7 A.M., had to be cajoled by free taxicab rides, free breakfasts, gifts of beauty wares and flowers. As they became converts, and then enthusiastic patrons, sponsors still rejected the show with discouraging regularity. "Nobody," remarked Tom wryly, "seems to like us but the listeners!" And he kept on plugging, hoping, working. It took nine months for "Breakfast" to leave local rating to be heard up and down the Pacific Coast. Less than a year after that, ABC was sending it coast to coast, now with two major sponsors. Tom with his "crazy idea" of a show, had really arrived.

EVEN after that, there were diehards who admitted the success but marveled at it. What was funny, they demanded, about a guy trying on ladies' hats—when the vast radio audience couldn't see it even if it were funny? The experts were stumped by that one, but the fans continued to howl with glee just the same. Maybe it was like it was with that fellow Bergen who wanted to air an act with a wooden dummy named McCarthy—whom dialers couldn't "see" either.

Well, you can't hear all the tales about Tom without realizing that he deserved everything he won: the fame, the fortune, the devotion of millions of human beings. Building up to these, he had had thirty years of hard schooling in show business. And I'm sure he must have spent his whole allotted forty-seven years in the school of the human heart.

That's why, along with laughter, his program so often glowed with hushed moments, tender and inspiring in their revelation of the goodness, the hopes, the courage of "ordinary, everyday" people. Through Tom, and his "most elderly guests" and his "Good, Good Neighbors" and his Wishing Rings, America knew many such moments along with the fun.

Who could ever forget the little crippled girl who wanted "just once to walk like other kids?" Or the boot-black who, from his own earnings, sent weekly cartons of cigarettes to servicemen overseas during the war? Or the

women who, in their own communities, set shining examples of helpful service? Or the woman who wished that "all the lonesome little puppies and all the lonesome little boys" could be given to each other?

Building the unique niche he ultimately won, Tom had kicked around vaudeville and radio for years. He began in radio back in the twenties, when it was still a strident and disorganized infant of the show world. It was before the era of vast networks, and a sponsor on one station was an actor's delight. Tom knew good times—as singer, comedian, M. C., studio executive—and he knew bad. He survived that near-fatal freak accident—the iron curtain rod which fell and struck him down at his desk—which nearly cost him the permanent use of his normal voice. There was one week, in the period after a seeming miracle restored his speech, that Tom for all his talents could find only two roles—a "newsboy calling in the distance" and "a wailing banshee."

All the large troubles and the varying triumphs, shared by his devoted wife and later by their children, went into the making of his eventual great success. (Mrs. Breneman and the children plan to do, now that Tom is gone, exactly what he would have most liked them to do—continue their lives as nearly as possible as if he were still with them. Mrs. Breneman will still be an Encino housewife; Gloria is to continue her studies in music, and Tom, Jr., will, of course, finish school.)

Many people, including at least one famed psychiatrist, have tried to explain Tom's success. What did he "do"? What "tricks" did he use? One of his pals, after a nostalgic session with a few of Tom's transcriptions, gave as good an answer as any: "Tom didn't 'do' anything—and he did it beautifully. He hadn't any 'tricks,' he hadn't any script, and he hadn't any set pieces of business. What did it was his personality—the man himself. The way he treated people, the sympathy and warmth he felt—and showed."

I'll go along with that. Tom was a great showman, but showmanship was only a small part of it. It was showmanship plus his ability to project himself over the air.

And what Tom had to project was something rare indeed—Tom Breneman.

Is Old-Fashioned Advice RUINING YOUR MARRIED HAPPINESS?



Then learn here Scientific Truth you can trust about these *INTIMATE PHYSICAL FACTS!*

The very women who brag they know about this intimate subject are often the ones who are the most ignorant. So, for the sake of your marriage happiness—stop listening to unsound information and "old wives' tales." You owe it to your husband and self to learn here scientific truth *you can trust.*

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

"The Love We Found"

(Continued from page 47)

thoughts, off the air, as on, by inviting me to go to the symphony with him. Later, George was to explain to me why, feeling as he swears he did about me, he was so slow. He was, he said, "very involved." He was still an officer in the Army. He was still working for the Army by day and, also, by night. He was able to do the Rosemary show only by courtesy of his commanding officer who gave him a couple of hours leave of absence each day. He was trying to get back in the theater. He was trying to find an apartment. "And," he concluded his defense of himself as a laggard in love, "you were a very popular girl—men calling for you at the studio and all that. I was too involved to get in there and cope. And," he added, "too scared."

GEORGE had been in love before. He'd come out of it, with scars.

We went to the symphony and George held my hand and it was nice. Even nicer was the fact that George revealed to me a side of himself I'd had no opportunity to know in the studio . . . his knowledge of music, for one thing, which is good, is fine. His appreciation, both warm and intellectual, of all the Arts. That evening I realized, for the first time, how much we have in common. *It disturbed me.*

I had no desire to become involved with anyone. I had been in love, too (or that's what I called it) a long time ago and it was misery. So I, too, was afraid of love. Very afraid of getting married.

So here we were, two people afraid of love, falling in love—and if that isn't being impaled on the horns of a dilemma, what in the world of lovers and their problems, is it?

I attempted to escape by telling myself flatly that what I felt for George Keane was nothing more than the friendly affection natural between two young people who work together every day, Monday through Friday. I told myself, "We act well together—'Simply that and nothing more.'"

Nothing more?

Then why when, shortly after our evening at the symphony, George went to Fort Dix to get his discharge from the Army and there was a chance he might have to stay there several weeks; might, as a consequence, lose his job on the Rosemary show—why did I feel so violently that he must not lose the job? Why was I so embattled, so up in arms at the mere mention of another Bill?

I knew why.

Shortly after George got back from Dix—this was in April of 1945—what he describes as "A great event in our lives" befell us: George got a car. In the car, taking long drives, going for week-end visits with friends in the country, this was how we really got to know each other; got to know how curiously one we are, in our interests, in our reactions, our senses of humor; in what we like and what we like to do. . . . The sun, for instance, we both love the sun, love the beach, the sea. We found out, too, how extraordinarily sensitive we are to each other, so sensitive that one never unknowingly hurts or insults the other because of knowing, as we do, what would hurt, insult. . . .

In the car we used often to drive

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down for week-ends with Elaine Carrington, who writes our Rosemary show (and how many others!) at her lovely Bridgehampton, Long Island, home. Elaine, realizing immediately, how *right* we are together, how close we were—closer, to her seeing eye, than even we really tried, we suspect, to push our relationship along. "Tried," my foot! After the very first week-end we spent with her, *she married us in the script!*

In real life, it took us a year longer to get married. A year in love—there was no longer any shadow of a doubt about that—but for me, at least, a year in fear, too.

Fear, that, as I look back on it now, has about as much substance and reality as the bogie-men that beset neurotic children.

I had never "gone with" an actor. In my home-town of Berwick, Pa., and later in Akron, Ohio, I grew up with a prejudice against marrying an actor. I was afraid of marriage to anyone but the prescribed "solid older business man." Later, I was afraid of marriage, period.

But solid older business men do not, alas, share your interests—not if *you* are *me*, they don't! They do not share your sense of humor, your flights and fevers and fervors whereas, *George* . . . George is an actor, yes, George is an artist, yes—but George, I reminded myself, is very interested in politics, as well as in plays and play-acting; is interested in the production end of the theater, in music, in travel and books and people and life. George has dimension—all this and the heaven of the fun he is, too!

JUST as these reflections were building props for my courage and I was close to capitulating, came a crisis in our affairs: George got a job on the stage—his part in the musical comedy "Park Avenue" whereupon, except for our morning broadcasts and our Sundays together, we practically didn't meet.

This panicked me. What kind of a marriage, I asked myself, newly fearful, would this be? Which proved to be another false fear because George is still in the theater, playing the comedy lead in "Brigadoon" and, after eight months, what a wonderful marriage ours is!

During this year-of-fear George proposed to me in, he insists, every advantageous and disadvantageous spot in, and within driving distance of New York.

According to his story: "I first proposed to you in the studio at CBS, with the lights burning brightly and an engineer, smoking a big black cigar, the smoke curling from his unlovely lips, kibitzing. I kept on proposing to you—in the movies, on Bridgehampton Beach, on top of a Fifth Avenue bus, at the Museum of Modern Art, in Grant's Tomb, in Elaine Carrington's garden, also in Elaine's kitchen, in the subway, in a thunder storm, in my mother's presence, in your mother's presence, while fixing a flat tire on a country road, while you were under the dryer in a beauty parlor, in swimming, on roller-skates. And you kept on saying *no*."

Incredible as it seems to me now, so I did.

Then suddenly, one day, the one day he *didn't* ask me, I said "Yes."

Immediately I said it, the doubts, the fears, the reservations and all the vestiges thereof simply dissolved, like

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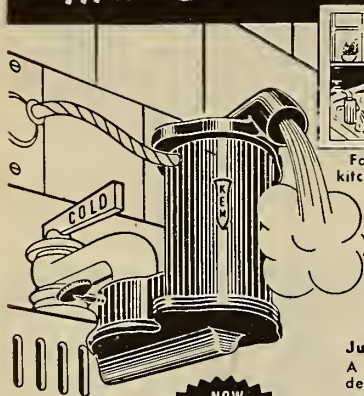
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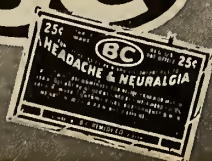
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in Powders

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the vapors they were, and were gone.

We still had our problems, of course . . . no lovers' quarrels, we didn't have time for them—but small riles and rifts such as, for instance, when I called for taxicabs. George has a great aversion to career women who act like career women. When I called a taxi, he wouldn't say anything but when the taxi came, he'd say "Why don't you open the door?"—and I would. And he'd get in first! A few of these and I learned my lessons so well that now I occasionally forget to open the door of a cab when I'm alone!

On Thanksgiving Day, 1945, George kissed me in a taxicab. In January, 1948, we got married.

It was the most exhausting wedding!

As I was dressing for the wedding, which was in New Jersey, a gala-spirited neighbor stopped in unexpectedly and threw two boxes of rice all over me and all over the room which made it impossible, since the floors are waxed, to keep from slipping and sliding with every step!

GEORGE'S sister and brother-in-law, driving in from Long Island in a blizzard, arrived with hamburgers in hand, having had no time to eat on the road. Hamburgers obviously called for an accompaniment of hot coffee which, five minutes before George was due to arrive for me, I patiently perked!

My sister-in-law-to-be also wanted to borrow a hat having, she suddenly wailed aloud, forgotten hers!

As we left the house, my maid called out the window that I'd forgotten my purse and my "Something borrowed, something blue . . ."

On the drive to Jersey, we got stuck in the snow and George and his brother literally put their shoulders to the wheel for a good half hour before we were on our way again!

Having left the telephone number of the Judge who was marrying us with the Registry, in case the air-line should call us about our reservations for Havana, two calls for radio jobs came in for us before George said "I do."

Back in New York, in our apartment which, during our absence had been transformed (George's orders) into a hothouse of the white flowers I love, we had a champagne supper—and then my bridegroom left to report back to work.

The next day, the honeymoon . . .

In the late afternoon of the day the honeymoon began, George had a limousine from American Airlines pick me up at the apartment. On the way to the airport, we stopped at the theater where "Brigadoon" is playing and George, in full make-up (and on a week's leave of absence from the show) got in. Removing his make-up en route to La Guardia, we made the plane and took off on what George calls "The highest honeymoon ever spent," for Havana.

When we came down in Havana, two photographers, neither of whom spoke English, were there to meet us and accompanied us, snapping like mad, to the La Nacional where we were staying. "Two to one," I said to George, "they have no idea who we are." A bet I collected when, the next day, the pictures came out in the papers, captioned "Mr. and Mrs. Keena."

Since George didn't know how to rhumba, and neither did I, and both of us wanted to rhumba in Havana, we went down, in all innocence, to take a lesson from the teacher recommended by the hotel as teaching the

"original Cuban rhumba." Teaching the "original Cuban rhumba" was this New Yorker—and at twenty dollars the lesson! George, once in a while, protests that he can never remember the steps; I merely say to George "Twenty dollars"—and George remembers the steps!

But it's a dreamy place to honeymoon, Havana. . . . We swam a lot, in the La Nacional's beautiful, beautiful pool. We danced the rhumba—the "original Cuban rhumba," yes, siree, at Havana's fabulous night-clubs. We wandered around the streets, watching the people as, wherever we are, we like to do. We were in love, in Havana; we were honeymooning, in Havana. . . . doesn't Havana mean Heaven? It should.

We act well together. (I'd like to do a play with George someday.) We live together well, too. We live very much for each other. With us, with both of us, the other person's interest does come first. We indulge each other.

For instance, I'm fairly extravagant about clothes; George is fairly extravagant about books and records. We indulge each other's extravagances. George likes me to have nice things. I like George to have the things he wants.

That our interests are varied, as they are, brings richness to our relationship. I am interested in child psychology. I once took a course in anthropology at the New School, in New York. I love interior decorating. I like to paint materials. I like warmth in rooms—and in people.

I'm on the Board of Directors of New Stages, which brought "The Respectful Prostitute" to Broadway. George is one of the Elia Kazan-Bobby Lees group, now working on producing "The Sea Gull." His ambition in the theater is to be a director.

WE had no lovers' quarrels, while we were courting, because we didn't have time for them. We have no married quarrels because, if an argument arises, we talk it out *at the time*, thus preventing a long period of time in which to be angry. We both know that, in an argument the one *impossible* thing is when people stop talking. We do not stop talking until one or the other gives in or until, by mutual agreement, an agreement which settles the point in question is reached.

We lead very simple lives, at home; not part of any big show business crowd. We walk and drive and swim and like our friends and want to travel and hope to have children and, eventually, a house in the country, a house in the sun, a house by the sea . . .

In our marriage, Time is my only rival; is George's only rival—or ever will be. Our working time being different, I mean, our lack of time together. Only on our radio show in the morning are we together during the day, then our paths separate until dinner time and then, with George going on for the evening performance and with me going to my class in acting (which I adore) we separate again until bedtime.

But whether we are together, such time as we have together, or whether we are apart, for the first time in our lives, we *really* know the meaning of love. The love you find when you're mature. A different kind of love than ever we knew (and feared) before. A love more rich, more real—in short, the love we found and, I hope and pray, "finding's keepings!"

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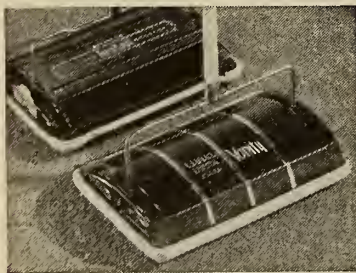
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World With a Fence Around It

(Continued from page 27)

like the radio for its genuine entertainment have been deeply alarmed at the manner in which give-away shows are cutting into the ratings of good performers.

Take Fred Allen, for example. His program has always enjoyed a large, loyal following. Now he finds his chief opposition is Stop the Music. His rating has dropped steadily while Stop the Music has risen. This just doesn't make sense. For in Fred you have a man of keen wit—and yet a folksy humorist. His guest stars are always of high calibre. And even when his show falls below par—as it now and then does, Mr. Allen being only human—it is still head and shoulders above any give-away show I ever heard.

It might be well to point out here that not all give-away shows have a popular following. But they're the cheapest show a sponsor can buy in these money-tight days.

Why? Well, first the talent costs little. The quizmaster is the most expensive item. Guest stars are out. No need to pay a talented performer \$1500 when you can give away a new washing machine instead. And a washing machine that is absolutely free, so long as the quizmaster remembers to mention the name of the company.

There are only two programs on the air that buy the merchandise they give away. One is County Fair, where the prizes are rather modest. The other is Vox Pop, which is currently shopping around for a new patron.

It seems to me that the actual quiz shows, those requiring that a contestant know at least his own name and who discovered America, retain a certain parlor game appeal. To the credit of the quizzes, too, let it be said that the prizes are reasonable—with a few exceptions.

The jackpot on Break the Bank soars into the thousands at times—which is too high for healthy radio. One man missed a sizable chunk of cash because he couldn't recall "What famous document proclaimed the independence of the United States?"

Another great moment on Break the Bank came when a woman announced that she had ten children. "You have?" gasped the announcer. "Can you name them?" The woman obliged. The studio audience broke into wild applause and cheers. A mother had ac-

tually remembered the names of her children! Incredible!

Queen for a Day takes no account of a lady's learning. To be chosen Queen you simply must be a wishful thinker on a grand scale and a full-blown exhibitionist to boot. By her wishes is Milady judged. A woman whose husband and brother are both policemen said she had always yearned to direct traffic in Times Square. She did, and the newspapers took her picture.

One Queen asked for a husband. Another said she wanted to spend the night atop the Empire State Building.

For these and similar feats Queens have won a \$15,000 chinchilla coat, a Piper cub plane, a trip to England, a trailer—and so on. Those at home who win nothing are assumed to derive a vicarious thrill from hearing about the prizes handed out to others.

This practice of giving away prizes on the air goes back to 1939 and The Pot o' Gold. For answering the telephone and admitting that you were you, you received a check for \$1000. If you weren't in when the program called, you got a \$100 check as consolation.

During the war years, give-away programs became especially popular because the prizes were all of the hard-to-get variety. Nylons, electrical appliances, automobiles and radios were standard offerings.

Some of our current give-away shows are hold-overs from the war. I suppose they must have merit to survive. But the new-comers are almost devoid of merit. Let's scan the list, separate the swans from the turkeys.

Among the shows that offer entertainment, along with loot, large or small, I would list Truth or Consequences, Houseparty, Take It or Leave It and Vox Pop. Occasionally I've had a chuckle from People Are Funny (but not often), from County Fair and Double or Nothing. I don't recommend any of them, however, as steady listening.

That leaves us with a fairly big pen of turkeys—of which I won't call the roll. They tend to blur, after a while.

Fortunately, the radio dial has a wide range. At almost any hour the listener has his choice of a dozen programs. With diligence, you should be able to find one that isn't giving away grand pianos to all who recognize the National Anthem.

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tune in on the Supper Club

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Lowell Thomas

(Continued from page 35)

I saw his broadcasting room, and the only word that came to my mind was "impressive." One long wall is a mass of books; the other is a complete map of the world which Lowell faces while he announces the news every evening.

After his evening broadcast, Lowell rejoined us for a talk-filled dinner and for a couple of leisurely hours afterwards. Then, a little before 11:00 P.M., he vanished again—to do his repeat broadcast for the West. After that, he stayed out in his studio working until about 2 A.M., writing a set of books that he's been preparing for the past two years. They are the history of mankind, told in the short biographies of famous people from the beginning of history until now—350 such biographies. By this coming fall, we'll be able to read them.

It's a hard-working life he leads, but certainly a fabulous one. The estate on which he leads it was bought only two years ago—for half a million dollars. Not bad for a man who started life without a cent, and who spent his boyhood in a Colorado mining town. Lowell has his own theory about his success story—but let me tell my theory first. I say he's the greatest salesman I have ever met. Let me give sure-fire proof with a story I forced out of him only recently, at his own dinner table:

MANY years back, long before he'd ever faced a radio mike or dreamed of having any money, he was an unknown young man who wanted to write a book on a world trip he had just made. Driving with his wife and baby son along a country road in Dutchess County, New York State, he suddenly saw a charming house on a hilltop. He said to his wife, "Frances, there's the house where I want to live while I write this book!"

"But somebody already lives in it—look at the curtains at the windows," objected his wife. Then she added, "Lowell, why are you driving into the driveway?" Then, being his wife and used to such surprises, she sat back and said nothing further. Her husband stopped the car in front of the strange house, rang the doorbell, and said to the elderly lady who opened the door, "I love your house; I am a struggling writer, and my family and I would like to live here while I write a book."

The owner of the house was naturally startled. But what happened? After five minutes of fast talk from Lowell, she invited him and his wife and baby to stay with her a year—which they did! Furthermore, at the end of the year she offered to sell them the house. The figure she named was sky-high. Mrs. Thomas shook her head when she heard it.

"Too bad, Lowell," she said. "We haven't a cent, thanks to your financing those expeditions into India this year—we can never hope to afford it."

"We'll own it in a week," contradicted her husband. He rushed off to see Doubleday Doran, the book publishers. There he outlined two books—verbally—and got the biggest advance yet heard of in the publishing business. Within a week, they owned the cherished house—which was their home for many years until Lowell purchased their present one, two years ago.

You see what I mean about Lowell's being a salesman. However, neither his success nor his salesmanship could have

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been predicted in his youth. Lowell was born in Woodington, Ohio, fifty-six years back. His father was Dr. Harry Thomas, a surgeon who moved his wife and son to Cripple Creek, Colorado, right after Lowell was born. Lowell lived there for the next fourteen years—an altitude of 10,000 feet—and for nearly all of those years he was Cripple Creek's star speaker. Not because he wanted to be, however. "Oh, no," Lowell told me, "that was my father's idea."

His father, you see, was one of those men you can't help calling a "character"—and a wonderful one. "My father, far from being just a doctor, was fascinated by everything in the world," Lowell has told me. "We always had a telescope in our home through which I peered for a third of my youth. My father taught me astrology, botany, zoology, geology. He read me the Bible and all of Shakespeare. Before I was twelve I knew all about comparative religions. And by the time I was fourteen I had made more public speeches than a Presidential candidate. To whom? To the Elks, Kiwanis, the miners, and anyone else who'd listen. And how I hated it!"

What he hated most was the discipline his father had forced on him—insistence on correct pronunciation, on never sounding nasal, on reciting dialect poems for practice in variety of expression. "I hated all of my father's lessons so much that I decided never to speak in public again," Lowell said. "But a year after that decision something happened that completely changed my mind."

He went East to a new school. He was a stranger to the thousands of students, who all seemed to know each other. Among them he was silent and lonely. Then one morning came a school crisis: the speaker for the assembly that day was sick. Who would take his place in announcing the school program? "I could," offered Lowell, and did. That one speech changed his whole life at school. He saw in astonishment that after that morning everyone said hello to him—and later on he was even elected captain of the football team.

"That was the starting point," Lowell told me. "From then on, all my life long, things have showered on me—as a direct result of my father's teachings when I was a child."

He went through four different colleges like a meteor—and earned his own living on the side. At the University of Chicago he was asked to pinch-hit for a sick professor in the forensic ora-

tory department. "I started out to pinch-hit, and wound up being a professor for my complete course in law school, teaching thousands of men how to do courtroom speaking," Lowell said. After graduating from Chicago, he went on to Princeton. Here again he was a professor, this time in the English department. Meanwhile, all the time he was attending school he was also reporting for local newspapers.

With World War I he ceased being a professor and a bachelor at the same time. He married pretty Frances Ryan, and he went to every front in the war as a newspaper correspondent. Again, this was due to salesmanship. A twenty-two-year-old professor was far too unimportant to warrant war correspondent's papers—but he talked an influential newspaper man into backing him and was on his way to the front. His reporting was tops. After it was over, his father's teachings showered fortune on him again—entirely unexpectedly.

At a party in England before returning to the United States, he met a British impresario. The Englishman talked to him a few minutes and then said suddenly, "You're the only war correspondent who's also a good speaker." Even more abruptly he added, "If you get up a lecture on the recent war, I'll pay your expenses throughout a tour of England. We'll split the profits. Will you do it?"

The fact that Lowell had never given public lectures before did not, of course, stop Lowell. His only answer was, "Immediately." He then prepared a lecture that covered every phase of the war from A to Z, and every battlefield. He gave it three times—to three bored and restless audiences. The coughing and yawning couldn't be ignored, and he went to his backer about it. "But I have noticed something," he added. "Whenever I get to the part about Lawrence in Arabia, everyone seems to wake up and hang on every word."

"Then," said the impresario, "why not forget your original war lecture—and just talk solely on Lawrence?"

Lowell did. Let me hastily summarize the avalanche of success that followed: Lowell's lecture on Lawrence of Arabia became the second most famous lecture in history—"Acres of Diamonds," by Russell Conway, being number one. Lowell himself gave his Lawrence lecture in every town in England. Then he sold it to various lecturers in other countries—it was eventually given in twenty-one languages. It was printed repeatedly. And finally Lowell sat down and wrote a

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book based on it, "With Lawrence in Arabia."

It was after that that Lowell became a world traveler. His wife always went with him, and he concentrated on writing up his own adventures and other men's—into forty books. Among them were such best-sellers as *Count Luckner the Sea-Devil*, *India*, *Land of the Black Pagoda*, and *Beyond Khyber Pass*. Radio? He'd never thought of it. By 1930 he was an established travel writer who lived in that house on a hill top and never came into New York.

That is, until a wealthy Philadelphian named William Paley bought into CBS and began searching for a radio newscaster. At that time Floyd Gibbons was the only news commentator in radio; he spoke on the Literary Digest program over Paley's big rival NBC. Three things happened: Literary Digest dropped Gibbons; then they moved over to CBS; and then Paley began shouting up and down the streets of New York, "Where is a man who can announce news for the Literary Digest?"

SOMEBODY shouted back, "Lowell Thomas!" Lowell found himself hauled out of his quiet house in the country. After, when the Digest failed, an oil company put the same Thomas voice on the air at the same hour for a sixteen-year period. Now, with his soap sponsor, Thomas has hit the eighteen-year record—with no interruptions ever. He manages, by Thomas salesmanship, to get in long skiing trips: he talks his sponsors into letting him broadcast from whatever ski lodge he goes to in Canada, Vermont, or New Hampshire. Radio experts set up all he needs in his hotel room. On his world trips he broadcasts from wherever he stands on the globe. Thanks to his voice and his selling ability, Thomas lives ten lives instead of one!

But the most prominent of these lives is his family one. His wife Frances long ago made the rule, "We won't have our house look like a museum"—so all of Lowell's travel trophies, from African masks to Hindu robes, from African masks to Hindu robes, are kept in an enormous third-floor rumpus room. Their son Lowell Jr. has added quite a collection of his own—for in his twenty-four years Lowell Jr. has built up a travel history almost as big as his old man's. At fifteen, he was a cameraman with Admiral Kimmel on a trip around South America; at sixteen, he and his camera went on an Alaskan expedition; at seventeen, he was mountain-climbing in British Columbia; at eighteen, he was a flier in the war. Bikini's atom bomb tests found Lowell Jr. piloting an observation plane.

Next to his wife and son, Lowell's affection goes to the Quaker Hill community where he lives. It's Lowell who arranges for all the famous speakers who talk at the Quaker Hill Community Center—which is to say, the country club. It's also Lowell who organizes, every summer, his "Nine Old Men" baseball team—the most unprofessional ball players in the history of sports. Some of the Thomas henchmen have been Governor Thomas E. Dewey, Eddie Rickenbacker, Ed Thorgerson, Robert Montgomery, Gene Tunney, Babe Ruth, Ted Husing, and Lanny Ross. They play against any challenger—last summer's big threat being opera singer James Melton's group, "The Ancient Spark Pluggers." To explain: these are men who, like Melton, collect antique automobiles—and who drove doggedly in them to the baseball diamond without which Hammersley Hill would not be Lowell's estate!

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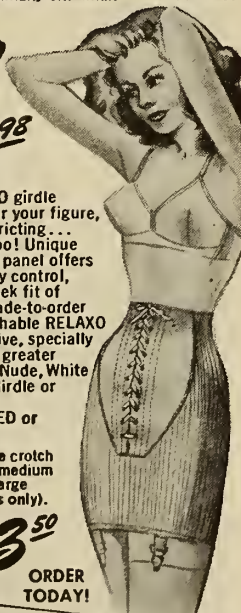
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Paul and Nicolette

(Continued from page 65)

room Nicolette went on into the hall, and then downstairs to her own room. There she collapsed into a small upholstered chair, her knees shaking, her breath coming fast and unevenly.

She had been a fool to go with Teddy in the first place, she scolded herself. It was all over now—the pretense that her visit there was a casual one. Not simply because Paul's eyes had told her that she was beautiful—they had told her that before, under conditions she trusted better, when she'd been tired and drawn from lack of sleep, and dirty because there was no water in which to bathe, and pinched and blue with cold. Nor had it been the intimacy of the incident—in a sense they had lived more intimately before, in the weeks they had worked together. She had watched over his sleeping face on planes and trains and in the native hut where she had nursed him through the injuries he'd received in Africa . . . and in the freezing Nurnberg cottage, where, wrapped in their separate cocoons of blankets, they had shared the same room for the sake of safety and the feeble warmth of a tiny charcoal fire.

BUT it had been a different intimacy. The mission that bound them together had also kept them apart; with their eyes fixed upon their goal, there had been little time for looking at each other. Here, Paul was a man in his own home, and she was—what? Something more than a visitor, certainly, but just what, exactly? She had seen the question in the eyes of the family, but she herself had not thought it needed an answer—until now. Now she realized that she herself needed to know the answer. She must have a talk with Paul at the first opportunity.

The opportunity came some time later, and under shocking circumstances. A few days after their arrival in San Francisco, she and Paul went to Sky Ranch to visit Claudia and Clifford. Paul asked Teddy to accompany them, and Teddy refused—emphatically, Nicolette gathered, and with something of her old bitterness. Nicolette was not present at the scene, but Paul told her a little about it, and his distress and uncertainty as to what to do about Teddy told her a great deal more. She was not surprised, then, when upon their return from the ranch they were met with the news that Teddy had packed her bags and gone back to her job, leaving no word except that she positively did not wish to be followed or asked to return.

Paul was stunned. He had come back from the ranch rested and with high hopes that a solution could be found for Teddy—and now this!

"I don't understand," he said over and over again to Nicolette. "Why—" "I think I understand," said Nicolette. "It's an old pattern, isn't it? Anyone in whom Paul is interested. . . " "But she threw us together! She wanted it, from the first time she met us in Nurnberg—"

Men, thought Nicolette pityingly. Even Paul in all his wisdom, to whom the whole family turned for advice and aid in their most delicate problems, was helpless when it became a matter of the devious methods of a woman who had set her heart upon him.

"That was different," said Nicolette. "That was Germany. There she had

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her work; there she was a nurse, doing an important job for people who needed her. She was not so much Teddy Barbour, foster-daughter of Paul Barbour. I think she may have been wise in wanting to stay there, Paul, in not wanting to come back with us. Once she came back here, there were the old conditions, the old feeling of frustration—

"But," he protested, "even the first day or two after we got here—the day she put you in her negligee and perfumed you and brought you up to my studio—"

"Don't you see?" she interrupted. "That was her desperate effort to live up to what she had said and done about us in Germany. She felt the old antagonisms rising, and she went overboard to make you conscious of me, to cover up what was happening inside her."

Paul thought about it. "You think so?" he asked slowly. "It all seems—"

Nicolette nodded. "It all came back—everything she'd ever felt when you'd shown interest in a woman. She sank back into the same old waters of despair. She felt the waves of anger and frustration and disillusion sweeping over her, and she hated herself . . . which, incidentally, made her hate me." "Not you personally—"

"PERHAPS not," she agreed. "I think perhaps her mind approved of me, liked me. But her heart was a different matter. Her heart she could not control."

"I suggested a psychiatrist," Paul admitted, "when she fairly flew at me for insisting that she go with us to Sky Ranch."

"I see," said Nicolette softly.

He shook his head. "She reviled me. She said 'I offer you my love, and you offer me a cure for a sick spirit.'"

"Oh!" said Nicolette, and felt a little sick in spirit herself. Things had been even worse for Teddy than she had realized. "Paul, I ought not to have come. The poor girl was so unhappy—I should not have been here to torment her."

"But that's fantastic!" he started up angrily. "The girl is my daughter! Am I to be deprived of any sort of natural relationships with all women because Teddy can't bear the idea? That's making normal people bow down to a neurotic—"

"All the same," said Nicolette, "I should not have come. Which brings me to a question I have been wanting to ask you—Why have you kept me with you? Why didn't you say, after we delivered Patricia Baldwin into safe hands back in New York, 'Nicolette Moore, it has been nice knowing you, but now that the adventure is over—goodbye?'"

Some of the shadow lifted from his face; his eyes twinkled a little. "Why didn't you say that to me?"

"I had intended to," she returned. "I thought that when we arrived in New York from Germany our paths would separate. I supposed that you and Teddy would come on West, and I had intended to go to Florida to await my next call from Washington."

"Isn't it just as simple to await the call here in California?" he asked.

"You know it isn't," she answered shortly. "In Florida there is no Paul Barbour. I would not have made Teddy unhappy, nor Father Barbour unhappy—"

"Father Barbour!" he exclaimed. "Nicolette, can't you distinguish be-



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tween an elderly man who finds fault with everything and everyone and a man who is really antagonistic?"

"Yes—" She crossed over to the window, stared unseeingly out, drumming her fingers upon the pane. Over her shoulder she said, "I can see that some day your father might sit down in friendly acceptance of me, given time for adjustment. But—" She didn't finish. But, her thoughts ran, you still haven't answered my question.

SHE heard him get up from his chair, take a few restless steps toward her and away again. When he spoke, it was so suddenly and in so altered a tone that she started.

"Nicolette—I want to ask you something. Have you sincerely considered what you would do if I were to ask you to marry me?"

"Is that a fair question?" she asked without turning.

"Perhaps not," he admitted. "We've never discussed marriage—and now I'm sorry Teddy made so much of it because sometimes I wonder if I'm thinking about it because she put the idea there or because it's what's in my own heart. And you—you must have given it some thought, too. I'm sure you have."

"Thought?" she repeated in a far-away voice. "Yes—but what I've thought is for me alone to know."

"Oh," He sounded rebuffed, shut out. Then, understanding, he said, "You mean until I've said to you, 'Nicolette, will you marry me?'"

"Yes." She turned and faced him, glad that her voice was steady, glad that they could discuss this fragile subject as openly and honestly as they had discussed everything else. "When you have said that to me, then there will be time enough to know my true thoughts on the subject."

"You know," he warned her, "it would mean giving up this international espionage work for which you have trained yourself. It would mean coming to this house to live. Dad and Mom are old people. If I were to go away and leave them, this house which has been their home for so long would be too much for them."

"But it isn't good, Paul," said Nicolette, "for a man to bring a new wife into his parents' home. Even the lowliest peasant on the Siberian Steppes knows that."

"On the contrary," he replied, "I think Mother and Dad would receive a wife I chose into this house with great happiness and relief. If they could live the rest of their lives under this roof without the worries and tribulations of housekeeping, I think it would solve a great problem in their lives. I know it's a nice problem to present to any girl—but all these things would have to be considered by anyone I asked to marry me."

"I see." She was silent a moment. Then she asked, "Is—is that why you have not married sooner?"

"No." She waited, finally probed gently, "Do you mind saying why?"

"No." His voice was flat, deliberate. "Because there has been no one since the girl I did marry and lost with whom I had any desire to spend the rest of my future."

The answer fell like a stone into the pool of silence and stillness which seemed suddenly to have filled her. "But now—" she thought, and closed her lips tightly. She would ask no more questions for which no answers were forthcoming. No, it was perhaps

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better to go, to leave this house, and to return to her own life, as Teddy had done.

BUT she did not leave, for a reason as bold as family life itself. She was needed. The children and grandchildren came to the house singly and in groups at all hours, and the amount of work they made for Mother Barbour was incredible. Hazel and Betty and Claudia helped as they always had, but they had their own houses and their own families; they were glad to turn the work over to other hands.

The day came when even Father Barbour made his peace with her, over a pared apple.

He went up to Paul's studio one afternoon and found Nicolette there before him, comfortably curled up in the deep chair across from Paul's. He was testy about it until Nicolette quartered an apple for him, shaving the peel off tissue-thin.

"To your taste?" she asked, handing it to him and smiling a little.

"Eh?" he grunted. "Um—yes. Why, even Fanny doesn't pare the skin of an apple so thin!"

Paul grinned. "One of Nicolette's habits from early training. Waste nothing—"

"If you think that is something," put in Nicolette, "you should see me with a potato. In fact, it makes me feel bad to remove the jacket from a potato. In my girlhood days they were always eaten down to the last crumb."

"I abhor waste," said Father Barbour positively, and the glance he gave her from under his brows was not so sharp as formerly.

Nicolette's eyes sparkled. Now, she thought, is the time . . . Rising, she said, "You will want to excuse me. I think often that I am too much in Paul's studio . . . there must be talk enough that I am in the house at all."

Father Barbour stared, and exploded, "Talk! Why should there be talk? Why shouldn't you be here?"

"After all," she reminded him demurely, "Paul and I were on a mission together. There is only our word for our integrity; there is only our word for what goes on in this house."

Father Barbour rose majestically. Miss Moore," he thundered, "let me put you straight on one subject! So long as our confidence in Paul is secure, which I guarantee you it is, then you have nothing to concern yourself about within the confines of the Barbour clan. What other people may say or think is a matter over which I have no control nor wish to, a matter about which I have not the slightest concern! Um—won't you have a piece of this apple?"

Nicolette took the apple and left them, exchanging a dancing glance with Paul as she went. Then Paul turned to his father, still grinning. "Trying to read something in my face, Dad?"

"No more," said the old man, "than you're trying to read in mine."

"Oh, I know what you're thinking," Paul replied. "You're saying to yourself, 'Paul, don't be a fool. Don't let this one get away from you.'"

"That's all you know," returned his father. "I wasn't thinking any such thing. I was thinking, 'By George, if I were forty years younger and a single man . . .'"

AND then, after weeks, months, of Nicolette's being a part of the family, the letter came from Washington, asking her to stand by for a new assignment, and to be ready to leave within

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the month. Mother Barbour took to her bed with a violent sick headache. Father Barbour, who had never before been known to miss a meal, was able to put down only a cup of coffee at breakfast and nothing at all at lunch; he retreated to his favorite chair in the library, shutting himself in with his black thoughts.

Paul and Nicolette talked it over in the studio at the top of the house. "But it doesn't say that you have to leave immediately," Paul said. "It says within the next month. And I guess from this that whatever your assignment is to be, it will not be outside the United States."

Nicolette bit her lips. After all this time, he was shaken, searching for something to cling to. She tempered her impulse toward kindness. "I could very well be," she said. "After all, there is nothing to indicate that it won't be on the other side of the world."

"The other side of—Nicolette, there's no need for you to have anything more to do with that sort of life. Stay here. There's need for you here. You're wanted. Stay here, and—and—"

"And what?"
He hesitated, and plunged. "Marry me."

She smiled sadly, shaking her head. "Ah—you finally said it, didn't you? But it was so hard! And right now, I'd feel like the meanest and cheapest of women if I had any intention of accepting what you offer."

"But if I hadn't meant it—"
"No, Paul. This isn't the time or the place for you and me to talk of marriage. I would never marry anyone in a moment of haste or panic. That is not the way."

"But if you once leave us—"
She leaned forward, and he thought that he must have been mad not to have asked her before. Never had she seemed so lovely, so in earnest, so right.

"Paul—if our relationship is so ephemeral that three or even six months' separation will dissolve our interest, then it is a poor thing indeed. This is what I suggest: I will accept this assignment. It will not be less than three months, I know that. When it is finished, if it is still your wish, I will come back here. Then perhaps all of us will know better what we want."

"I know now," Paul insisted. "Nicolette, I mean it. The idea of your leaving is pure desolation. Stay here. Marry me. Make your home—"

Still she shook her head. "Hush, Paul! Say those words to me when I come back again—then perhaps I will believe them!"

With that, he had to be content. Nicolette would not move an inch from her stand, not with all the pressure of the family upon her . . . not until the final, confirming telegram had arrived and she was actually packing. Then she considered it unfair that Paul came upon her uninvited and unannounced except for a tap on her door.

"Come in," she called without turning from the suitcase she had open on the bed. "I do not have much time—you will excuse me if I go ahead with what I have to do?"

"YES," Paul agreed in a hollow voice, and looked at his watch. "Five-fifteen your plane leaves, and it's two-forty-five right now. Nicolette—wire Washington you're not coming."

She straightened, facing him. "And what would I say in such a wire, please?"

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"Dear Washington," said Paul promptly, "unexpectedly detained by matrimony. Please drop my name from your list of available agents."

She bent low over her packing. "Don't make it any harder," she whispered.

"Nicolette, look at me—" When she turned her face aside, he got up, came around the bed and turned her toward him, his hand hard upon her arms. "Nicolette! You've been crying—"

She tried to pull away. "Do you think it's fun for me?" she flung at him. "To leave a house where I've put down such roots, where I've had the best time in my whole life—"

He shook her a little. "Don't fight it, Nicolette. Did it ever occur to you that sometimes being strong is not strength at all, but only a defiance, a weapon against fear?"

He'd hit home. Her eyes were enormous, pleading with him. "Don't say that," she begged. "It is difficult enough, and now you would turn me against myself."

"Not against yourself." He spoke softly, but some of the joy and triumph that filled him escaped into his voice. "I only want you to stop fighting yourself. Standing there with your head up and your fists clenched, you look exactly like a person before a firing squad—there's nothing left but to stand and take it—"

She went limp suddenly, sagging against him. And the tears came, a steady stream, all the more terrifying because no sound accompanied them.

He let her go, stricken at what he had done—to her, and to his own cause. *The firing squad*, he thought; *her husband . . . Of all the clumsy, blundering—*

"Nicolette, forgive me," he pleaded. "I felt like a great big thick-skulled oaf—"

"Please don't." She shook her head, managed a wavery smile. "It would not have affected me this way if I weren't already so emotional over leaving all of you. Now please help me to pack; help me to get away as gracefully and easily as I can."

In the hall Paul encountered his father, who was on his way upstairs to join Mother Barbour in the studio. The two men hesitated, stopped; then Father Barbour asked heavily, "Soon?"

"In about half an hour," Paul answered. "It'll take us an hour to get to the airport. She'd like to see us all before she leaves."

Paul went on downstairs to telephone. Father Barbour made his way to the studio, where his wife sat fingering through her button box, a treasure trove collected over a lifetime.

"Betty asked me for a pearl sunburst the other day," she greeted him absently, "and I'm sure I have one—"

"Buttons!" snorted Father Barbour. "Fanny, what are we going to do about that boy? Nicolette's leaving in half an hour, and Paul—well, for all he's so capable in settling other people's problems, apparently he's unable to solve his own."

"Oh, no, Henry." She smiled up at him over the buttons. Fanny Barbour had her own reserves of strength. She had had her moment of panic over Nicolette's leaving; then she had thought it through and had arrived at her own comforting conclusions.

"Nicolette's no problem," she said confidently. "The solution to that one will come as easily and naturally as breathing. There's a very satisfactory ending to the story of Paul and Nicolette. You wait and see."

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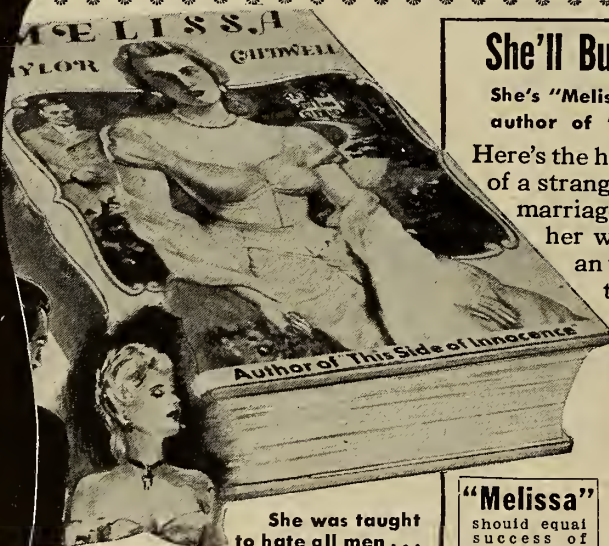
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