

# ***RADIO*** *AND TELEVISION* ***MIRROR***

OCTOBER • 25¢

**THE LIFE OF  
ARTHUR GODFREY**

Complete story of radio's  
most listened-to man!

*Janette Davis*



*Tony Marvin*



*Arthur Godfrey*









# "Come on — Slow-poke



Tim and Tina just found out their new silverware has arrived...

the Big Moment's waiting! Got to get the table set with that new chestful of million-dollar silverware!"

Know why it looks like a million? Because it bears those two silverwise old names—1881  Rogers  and Oneida. Naturally, the patterns these artists in silver turn out have authority, grace, style. And don't be afraid your 1881  Rogers  will wear out—your set's wear-areas are heavily reinforced with solid silver. So, set the table you've dreamed of, three times a day! Constant use just makes this silverware lovelier! Choose your pattern, and an easy-payment plan today. 5-piece place setting, \$4.50. Complete services for 8 start at \$39.75. No federal tax.

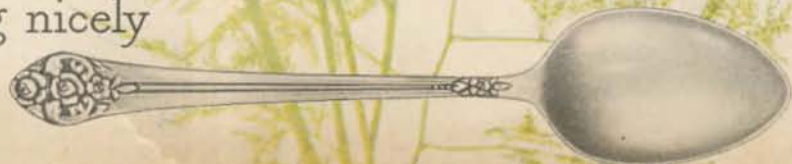
1881  
 **ROGERS**   
SILVERPLATE  
by  
ONEIDA LTD.  
SILVERSMITHS



For young people





who take pride in living nicely



Keep your hands evening-soft all day long! ☆



*This fabulous lotion is double-beauty magic*

*here...  as well as here... *

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

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

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

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

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

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

☆ **TRUSHAY**

A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS



☆  
*the lotion with the "beforehand" extra*

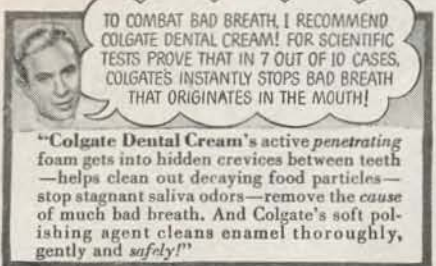


# No Sale!



JANE, I DON'T GET IT! HOW COME I DON'T REGISTER WITH YOU ANY MORE?

JERRY, WHAT'S SHORTCHANGING OUR ROMANCE IS A SUBJECT FOR YOUR DENTIST! ASK HIM ABOUT BAD BREATH, WONT YOU? PLEASE!



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



DO I REGISTER? BOY! YOU SAID IT! AND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM GETS THE CREDIT!



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

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

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## RADIO MIRROR READER BONUS

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# RADIO MIRROR QUIZ



Bill Cullen, Guest Quizmaster, is M.C. of Winner Take All Mondays Through Fridays, 5:30 P.M., EST and Hit the Jackpot, Tuesday, 9:30 P. M., EST, on CBS

1. Favorite friend of Charlie McCarthy. Who is she?



2. Judy Canova started out to be (a) an opera singer (b) a ventriloquist (c) a model.

3. Jack Benny was born in (a) Waukegan (b) St. Joe (c) Chicago.



4. What famous radio singing star started his career as a cantor?

5. Walter Winchell was once (a) a printer (b) singing usher (c) criminal investigator.



## MY FAVORITE QUIZ QUESTIONS:

- (a) Who was William Shakespeare's wife?  
 (b) Which travels faster—a bullet or sound?

## ANSWERS:

1. Anita Gordon  
 2. An opera singer  
 3. Chicago  
 4. Al Jolson  
 5. Singing usher  
 (a) Ann Hathaway  
 (b) A bullet. It goes about 2,200 feet a second

I never sit out this number...



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

As a skating partner, Beautiful—you keep the boys going around in circles... around *you*. And with Mum for protection against underarm odor, you'll *stay* nice to be near.

So never trust your charm to anything but dependable Mum. Remember, your bath only washes away *past* perspiration—but Mum prevents risk of *future* underarm odor. Get Mum today!



Product of Bristol-Myers

**Mum** safer for charm

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

**Mum** safer for skin

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

**Mum** safer for clothes

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



Left: Vern Hansen, announcer; Hal Azine, and The Factfinder hold a last-minute consultation before air time. Below: Hal, who has produced every sort of radio show, goes over scripts with a writer.



## DON'T MENTION

# Rutabagas

**H**AROLD AZINE hates rutabagas, loves radio, and once almost knocked himself out in a studio for a sound effect.

He hates rutabagas because in 1935, while touring the rural areas of his native Minnesota as director of a dramatic group, he was snowed in on a farm near Askov, a community of Danish farmers. For three days he ate nothing but rutabagas—baked, fried, boiled, roasted, in soup, in pie . . .

"I love the Danish people and Danish farmers," Hal says. "But don't mention rutabagas."

A radio producer's day is never done, especially in a 50,000 watt station like WTOP, Washington, D. C. A network producer is concerned with only one or two major programs, Hal explains. But a staff producer at a major station is called upon to handle every type of show in radio, often several in one day, sometimes several in one hour.

Since he joined WTOP in January, 1947, Hal has produced the only locally-originated regular daytime serial, a daily woman's commentary, a question and answer show (the famed Factfinder), quiz programs, shopping shows, news, documentaries (including WTOP's prize-winning series on venereal disease "The Undiscovered"), and special events shows such as the Howard Hughes hearings on Capitol Hill. In addition he conducts talent auditions, creates program ideas, trouble-shoots lagging programs, and spends off-hours lecturing in Washington universities.

It took Hal eleven years of radio experience to reach this pitch of activity. Just after he was graduated from the University of Minnesota in 1937 he joined WLS in Chicago. He began in the publicity department, then switched to news. One day two years later he aired a heavy dramatic program he had written "just for the fun of it." Listener re-

sponse was so good that Hal became program writer.

He took up sound effects. On one show he needed the correct effect for a man being hit over the head. A perfectionist, Hal stepped up to the microphone and clouted himself. The wallop was so loud that the radio show cast broke up in an uproar.

Hal called an end to his career as sound man. But he continued to write. WBAL, Baltimore, called him for a year as continuity production manager. Then he resigned to become a Marine Corps combat radio correspondent.

He spent a year in the Pacific waiting his first chance to report combat via radio. It finally came, at Bougainville, with Carlson's Raiders. But Azine hadn't been sent a wire recorder from the U. S. In the thick of things another Marine correspondent turned up, fresh from Washington, with a wire recorder. Azine watched him with envy, and then did the next best thing. He wrote the story of his brother correspondent's work. Azine's story was picked up by Time magazine and all the wire services. Then he wrote another story telling how he himself felt. That one was published in papers across the U. S., and in Harper's Magazine.

Later in the war he established a four-station network of the Armed Forces Radio Service in Northern China which served 50,000 Marines in the area. After his discharge he spent six months in New York studying television. Then he came to WTOP in the capital.

The thirty-two year old bachelor is chief spark-plug, manager, and catcher of WTOP's championship softball team. He can quote classical poetry by the hour, and his knowledge of literature, music and the arts makes him a sought-after dinner guest. Dinners, that is, *without* rutabagas.



## Never Again!

**THIS IS HER FIRST DATE** with him . . . and it will be her last. When the picture is over he is going to hustle her home faster than jet propulsion. And she won't know why\*!

**BEFORE ANY DATE** where you want to be at your best, isn't it just plain common sense to be *extra careful* about your breath? You, yourself, may not realize when it is off-color.

**AFTER ALL, THERE IS NOTHING** that puts romance on the run like a case of halitosis\* (unpleasant breath). Why run such a risk when Listerine Antiseptic provides such a delightful, extra precaution?

**SIMPLY RINSE THE MOUTH** with Listerine Antiseptic, and, lo, your breath is sweeter, fresher, less likely to

offend; keeps it that way, too . . . not for minutes but for hours!

**SMART PEOPLE**, popular people never, never omit Listerine Antiseptic. It's an *extra careful* precaution that often spells the difference between popularity and oblivion.

**WHILE SOME CASES** of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes. Use it night and morning and before any date, business or social.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

BEFORE ANY DATE **LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC** FOR ORAL HYGIENE

**P.S. IT'S NEW!** Have you tried Listerine TOOTH PASTE, the MINTY 3-way prescription for your teeth?

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



*Because*

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

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

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

**TRUST ALWAYS TO VETO**

**IF YOU VALUE YOUR CHARM!**



**SLIM  
SCHEDULE**

By Mary Jane Fulton

*Choose a schedule wisely, as Jo Stafford did,  
to whittle your figure...not merely your menu*

ONE who knows how difficult it is to carry a reducing plan through to a successful finish is Jo Stafford, lovely feminine singing star of NBC's Supper Club program. She stands 5' 7" tall in her stocking feet. A couple of years ago she weighed 180 pounds. Now she tips the scales at a neat 143 pounds.

Her incentive for losing weight was necessity. In spite of her lovely contralto voice, every time she sang before an audience she felt self-conscious about her appearance. Psychologically Jo says, this wasn't good for her, any more than it would be for you when attention is directed your way. For instead of thinking about how she looked, she should have been giving all her attention to her singing. So she went to her doctor.

In six months, by following his instructions, she acquired a lovely figure. Now, she is happy to say, she receives a real ovation, and an occasional whistle when she appears on stage, instead of the former polite applause.

After giving her a complete physical examination, Jo's doctor put her on a high protein diet. This meant cutting down on sweets, starches and fats, and eating more meat, eggs, fish, fresh vegetables and fruits. She had been used to eating two meals a day, and any foods she wanted. When on the diet, she had to eat three meals daily. But they were the right foods to take off weight and keep her healthy. Because of an outright dislike for them, she asked her

doctor not to insist that she also do exercises. Jo told him she preferred to get her exercise by walking, swimming, and playing badminton. Usually, you know, some form of exercise is required, along with dieting, so that the muscles don't become flabby. And as Jo was getting hers in her own way, this was, apparently, all right with her wise doctor.

Before you decide to reduce, have your physician give you a thorough examination. He will then prescribe for you, just as Jo's doctor did for her. There are other ways to reduce. You can enroll in a salon course. A good home course by mail outlines a diet, pictures suggestions for fixing tempting dishes within diet requirements. And there are good books telling how to whittle off inches here and there. If you'd like to reduce by one of these methods, confide your wish to your physician.

Jo points out that eating is just a habit. She has always been a great bread eater. Rich foods tasted good to her, and she indulged in them more than she should. Now she's formed the new habit of not wanting them, except occasionally. It was just as hard for her to make up her mind to stick to her dieting, as it would be for you. But, once you do make up your mind, you've acquired a willpower that will win out over temptation. You'll find that you enjoy being a martyr for a very good cause—yourself!



# THE WINNER!

bringing a New Kind of  
Beauty to your skin

*new*

# WOODBURY POWDER!

*"More warmth, more life  
in Woodbury shades!"*  
—vows Jeni Freeland of  
Knoxville, Tenn., in praise of  
New Woodbury Powder.

*"Smoothest look my skin  
has ever known!"* says  
Leona Fredricks of  
Miami Beach, Florida.

In nation-wide test  
**WOODBURY WINS 4 to 1**  
over all other  
leading brands of powder!

Enthusiastic women from Coast to Coast  
voted New Woodbury Powder better than  
their own favorite face powder. Actually  
4 out of 5 preferred Woodbury! And  
Woodbury won on an average of 4 to 1  
over all leading brands of powder.

Women preferred New Woodbury Powder  
for every beauty quality! Now, see for  
yourself that Woodbury gives a lovelier  
"satin-finish" to your skin...without that  
'powdery' look! Discover that it clings  
longer, covers amazingly... that New  
Woodbury is, literally, the world's finest  
face powder!



## TWICE NEW!

**New Secret Ingredient** gives a  
smooth-as-satin finish to your skin!

**New Revolutionary Process!**  
Woodbury "Super-Blender" gives warmest,  
liveliest colors, 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)

*"I never used to wear powder—  
hate that 'made-up' look. But Woodbury  
gives skin a glow that's super!"* writes  
Kay Crystal of Pelham Manor, N. Y.

# Everywoman's ANICE IVES



Anice Ives' annual luncheons attract thousands of women; her radio club numbers over 40,000 members.



One of her first acts was to take the program from kitchen to parlor.

**L**IKE SO many others in the field, Anice Ives—who's been on the air for seventeen years—got her radio start by accident rather than design. Her successful record over almost two decades of broadcasting proves that the WFIL star has made the most of the opportunity!

The dean of Philadelphia women commentators was born in upstate New York. She became a Philadelphian when she married Louis Ancker, one of the legitimate theater's busiest and most capable people. Miss Ives joined her husband in a swing of the nation's theaters, acting in the stock companies managed by him.

In 1931, the Anckers returned to Philadelphia, where Mr. Ancker became program director and special announcer for a Quaker City radio station. When that station's home economist suddenly was taken ill, Miss Ives drew the assignment of replacing her.

Aside from having done one dramatic bit opposite her husband, Miss Ives had had no previous radio experience. She did have one thing, however—the successful broadcaster's stock in trade, a truly beautiful speaking voice. With her theatrical background and that soft, intimate voice, the result of the experiment was a foregone conclusion. Miss Ives was in radio to stay. The Ives radio story since then has been a saga of success.

One of her first acts in her role as substitute home economist—a job that became permanent—was to take the program out of the kitchen and put it in the living room. As she explains it, "People need food for their souls as much as they need food for their stomachs." She began to read poems on the show and to chat informally about things of interest to women. She soft-pedalled home economics and placed the accent on social affairs. In her first year of broadcasting, she formed her *Everywoman's Hour*—the first "social club of the air" in radio, and a program that has proved to be a very



New York newspapers credit her as "one of the few women who have advanced the art of announcing for their sex."

popular feature with Philadelphia women ever since.

Miss Ives gained national recognition when she was selected by a manufacturer of soaps and cosmetics to do all their commercials and to act as beauty consultant on the firm's radio programs. For seven years she handled that phase of the sponsor's programs, appearing with Paul Whiteman, Shep Fields and other stars on coast-to-coast broadcasts, commuting between New York and Philadelphia, where she still broadcast her own local program. New York newspapers immediately recognized her talent, calling her voice "one of the five best feminine voices on the air" and crediting her as "one of the few women who have advanced the art of announcing and commenting for their sex."

Currently, Miss Ives broadcasts her *Everywoman's Hour* on station WFIL, Philadelphia, five afternoons a week. She is now in her eighth year of broadcasting for the station. Officer or member of eleven different women's clubs, she heads her own radio club which numbers well over 40,000 registered members. Her annual luncheons attract thousands of Philadelphia women.

Busy as she is, Miss Ives still finds time to pursue her chief avocation—helping underprivileged children. She has received numerous citations for her work in promoting various endeavors dedicated to helping unfortunate children in this country and abroad.

the spotlight  
is on the



*Bride*  
and  
*Groom*



specially designed gift watches . . . 49.75 up . . .  
inspired by the "Bride and Groom" Radio Program

They'll dance at their wedding, and the spotlight will shine brightly on them! This is their happiest hour—their hour to remember! To help you honor the wedding couple in your family or circle of friends, Gruen presents the specially-designed "Bride" and the "Groom," two handsome gift watches, priced from \$49.75 up. Gruen, America's Choice since 1874. Official timepiece of Pan American World Airways. The Gruen Watch Company, Time Hill, Cincinnati 6, Ohio. In Canada: Toronto, Ont. For cherished gifts, consult your dealer.

**GRUEN**  
THE *Precision* WATCH



Tune in on the "Bride and Groom" Radio Program  
broadcast over the ABC Network—Monday thru Friday.



Disc-jockey Ellington of WESX, Salem, Mass., KING, Seattle, Wash., and WBNY, Buffalo, N. Y.

# Facing the

By  
**DUKE ELLINGTON**



His plane's fine points are demonstrated to Tony Lane by licensed pilot Vaughn Monroe.



Jo Stafford's first N. Y. broadcast in



Buddy Clark dropped in for a chat when Guy Lombardo opened at N. Y.'s Hotel Roosevelt.

WHEN Sarah Vaughan embarks upon her nationwide concert tour during the Fall, her itinerary will include a date in Mexico City for which she'll receive a minimum of \$2000 plus a percentage of the total receipts during her appearance. That, to me, seems to be as good a reason as I've ever heard for keeping up with your vocal lessons.

In answer to the many requests from his fans, Rex Stewart, who used to play quite a bit of trumpet in my own band, is now playing U. S. Army Service Clubs in Germany.

Handsome young Gordon MacRae seems destined for top honors in all fields of the entertainment business. His first movie for Warner Bros., "The Big Punch," has received lavish praise from all the critics. And he sings, too!

Just about this time ten years ago, constant radio listening would have bombarded your ears with a song called "Joseph Joseph." Remember?

# Music



Victor Young, pianist Harry Sukman, singer Gordon MacRae, all of ABC Texaco Star Theatre, run over some tunes from Young's newest album.



two years—Dick Haymes was her guest.



Sarah Vaughan has a \$2000-plus-percentage date in Mexico City!

Looking for Ella Mae Morse? Try Guam, in the South Pacific.



When Sammy Kaye was presented with an honorary membership in Sigma Nu recently, it marked the fourteenth college fraternity he has joined. In addition to Theta Chi, to which he belonged at Ohio State University, Sammy is now an honorary member in thirteen other similar organizations. Who said that being a bandleader is easy living? Think of all those initiation ceremonies.

Ella Mae Morse, the songstress famous as the "Cow-Cow Boogie" gal, is now on Guam in the far reaches of the South Pacific, where her husband, a Navy medical officer is on active duty. Needless to say, Ella Mae's musical career has come to a temporary halt—at least we hope it's temporary.

There's only one non-musical member of Guy Lombardo's family. It's Joseph, who's an interior decorator. Practical, too—every year he drags in the green stuff by doing over the homes of his brothers, sisters and parents!

Another Vaughn Monroe hobby is collecting typo-

graphical errors, especially those in local papers which he reads while touring. One of his favorites was a social-events report which ended, "The evening was spent in an infernal (read informal) way, a television program being the main diversion."

Bing Crosby's experiment can be credited for this. Der Bingle proved that recording with Scotch sound recording tape provides the highest fidelity. Now Capitol Records is going to experiment with it, too, reasoning that it will allow backlog recordings on tape, eliminating storage space for masters; the tape can be kept without danger of injuring recorded matter or its fidelity; it will cut down on the difficulty of editing and patchwork; and it will save the loss of throwing away bad recordings, since tape can be erased and used over again.

Barry Wood is giving up all his radio assignments, except The Barry Wood Show, transcribed series he does with Margaret Whiting, to join CBS Television as a producer-director-performer. His first job is to build a musical talent series for video. Barry is quite a fellow, ready to take on all kinds of jobs—master of ceremonies, baritone, saxophonist, recording artist and even small town judge.

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



## FACING THE MUSIC

Harry Wightman



ABC's Music Librarian oversees 21,000 discs.

THERE is one man in the ABC network who almost wishes that the Stop The Music program had never gotten in front of a microphone. Nothing disrespectful in that thought, mind you; but keeping track of a library of over 21,000 records, 200 record labels, an uncounted number of musical manuscripts and two small sons is job enough for any one. The hundreds of requests coming in each day for the names of the various mystery tunes is getting close to the bone for Harry F. Wightman, Music Librarian for ABC.

What makes a music librarian? Harry Wightman attended Bucknell University and studied business administration, but all his extra-curricular activities centered around music. He played a trumpet for about eight years and French horn for four years. After graduation he got the radio "bug" and took a job as a page boy at NBC. Seven months later he was assigned to duties in the music library. In 1939, Harry received a call to organize and set up the library for ABC.

What does a librarian do? The best answer is to quote Harry:

"Not very long ago in the ABC Music Library, the phone rang and a distant female voice asked how many symphonies Haydn had composed. At the same time there was a man standing at our counter asking for a honky-tonk background for a mystery program; another wanted the accompaniment for an aria, while on the way to a studio were 3,695 orchestral parts for just one rehearsal for one single program. There were music to file, records to catalogue, a part misplaced, the second page of the bassoon score torn, returned records for filing and the inevitable question, 'What's The Mystery Tune?'"

Listening to every record issued by every company has spoiled Harry Wightman for many types of songs, artists and orchestras; but his favorites are still the classical composers. His personal record collection consists of over 500 discs, all either symphonic or collectors' items in any classification. But his tastes do not control the tastes of his two boys. Three-year-old Steve can sing "I'm Looking Over A Four Leaf Clover" in perfect tune, while five-year-old Jimmy is undecided between Shostakovitch's Fifth or Stravinsky's Petrouchka.



# Collector's Corner



BY THELONIOUS MONK

(This month's guest collector, *The-lonious Monk*, is certainly the most controversial personality to have come upon the musical scene in the last decade. Credited by most critics as the man who started the new style of music known as "be-bop," Thelonious Monk has been both praised and pilloried as the "Genius of Bop." No one, however, has been able to deny that "be-bop" is making a tremendous contribution to modern music.)

THESE days any sincere devotee of jazz can hardly call his record collection well-rounded if he has overlooked the most recent and radical form of "modern progressive music" which has come to be known as "be-bop."

Not new to musicians, "be-bop" has taken nine years to get any attention of the general public. It all seems to have started back in 1939 when some of the local musicians were playing with me at Minton's Playhouse in New York. We unconsciously created a new form and style which seems to have influenced every progressive band and group in the country today. Chiefly through records, Dizzy Gillespie and Charlie Parker were instrumental in bringing this new music to the public. More recently, even Claude Thornhill's fine dance band recorded an excellent version of "Anthropology" for Columbia.

Fine examples of the Gillespie groups can be heard on his recordings of "I Can't Get Started," "Groovin' High," and "Hot House." Charlie Parker shines on such platters as "Yardbird Suite," "Bird Lore" and "Billie Bounce."

The "be-bop" influence soon spread to the vocalists, too. Look for recordings made by Babs' Three Bips And A Bop. That vocal group was outstanding on "Oop-Bop-A-Da" and "Dob-Bla-Bli." The great Sarah Vaughan went to "be-bop" for inspiration on "You're Not The Kind" and "If You Could See Me Now."

For my own contributions to your wax collection, there are four sides that have been issued by Blue Note records. The tunes are all original and titled "Thelonious," "Suburban Eyes," "Round About Midnight," and "Well You Needn't." Listen for the beat in these four discs. The rhythm section is the backbone of my group. If the beat is right, then the horns can't help but play the music right.

And if any of these records will further your interest in the new "be-bop" form, then it won't be long before they add another "B" to Barrelhouse, Boogie-Woogie and Blues. Make room for Be-Bop.



TWIN CITIES—famed and friendly rivals. Minneapolis and Saint Paul



"Why live anywhere else?"  
—says MINNESOTA!

What space—and what a place! Vacationland is right at their doorstep, with field and stream, woods and lakes aplenty. Almost every kind of business is here, too—surrounded by prosperous farm and dairyland. Opportunity in every direction! No wonder there are so few "former Minnesotans" in other states.

Independent, intelligent and able people, neighborly Minnesotans enjoy—as do so many throughout the U. S.—the fine flavor of—

## Beech-Nut Gum

The flavor favorite everywhere

Beech-Nut BEECHIES Candy Coated Gum—good too—



MINNESOTA'S LAKES and WOODS—happy hunting and fishing grounds.

GIGANTIC OPEN-PIT MINES—producing iron ore in the Mesabi district.

STATE CAPITOL—in Saint Paul, seat of sound, progressive state government.

Bride and Groom's "three Johns" add up to quite a family—Michael Masterson, 1; producer John Masterson; Chris Nelson, 2; M.C. John Nelson; Greg Nelson, also 2 (they're twins); John Reddy, Jr., 1; writer John Reddy; Suzy Reddy, 5.



Guest Robert Young rehearses for a Studio One broadcast with producer Fletcher Markle, actress Mercedes McCambridge.

## WHAT'S NEW from

**H**ERE'S news for the young folks. The Borden Company, through its County Fair program on CBS and the CBS network, will sponsor 163 teen-age owned and operated County Fair Corporations under the Junior Achievement youth business training program.

This program calls for the setting up of County Fair Junior Achievement Companies in all areas served by CBS. Each of these companies, made up of boys and girls between the ages of 15 and 19, is to put on a fair during the week of October 23-30. Financed through their own efforts and run as a business, the companies will compete against each other for valuable merchandise awards. The winning company will get a grand award—the County Fair program brought from New York to originate in their own city. The young people can use the program to promote a community project, for any local or national charity, or for any similar purpose.

CBS stations working with Borden Company representatives will take the lead in forming these companies. The miniature enterprises are to be organized in September. Groups will average 15 members, will sell stock to finance their "business" and do everything in strict accordance with business practices. "County Fair Week," October 23-30, is the period during which the Fairs are to take place.

Hi Jinx at breakfast-time: Jinx Falkenburg interviews Lucille Ball on the NBC morning Falkenburg-McCrary show.



Dan Dailey (left) and Babe Ruth, appearing on Louella Parsons' ABC show, offered a masculine viewpoint on makeup.



Recent co-stars on the Screen Guild Players, (CBS) were two who take their acting seriously: Ida Lupino, Charles Boyer.



## COAST to COAST

Reports from the groups must be received by the committee of judges by November 13. Judging begins on November 20 and the winning groups are to be announced on the County Fair broadcast of November 27. On December 11, County Fair will be broadcast from the city which has provided the winning Junior Achievement group. Get busy, kids.

NBC has come up with its own competition to the CBS Studio One stanza. Radio City Playhouse, under the skillful handling of a newcomer to American radio, Harry W. Junkin, bids fair to keep Fletcher Markle on his toes, too. NBC started out with the intention of making this show a real theater of the air and it looks as though that's what it will be. The quality of the plays is high and so is that of the acting. Maybe that's because the policy behind the show is that anyone can submit plays and they are brought on merit, not on the basis of the author's reputation. The same goes for the actors; they have to be good, not necessarily glamorous names. If you like your drama honest and good, listen to NBC, Saturdays at 10 P.M. If you like what you hear, take the trouble to let the network know about it.

The buying season (Continued on page 17)

By DALE BANKS

# Network Voice,

## HOME TOWN COMPLEX



Pittsburgh and KDKA spell home to Jeanne Baxter; no offer is tempting enough to lure her away,



Jeanne's favorite charity is the Old News Boys' Fund for the childrens' Hospital of Pittsburgh. Here she attends a benefit, accompanied by Bernie Armstrong, Bill Hinds.

**T**HE gal with the network voice—and a hometown complex—that's Jeanne Galbraith Baxter, KDKA's popular song stylist.

Gifted with a resonant, dulcet voice, Jeanne has been singing since her high school days, and today she's a radio veteran of fifteen years, as a vocalist at KDKA and other Pittsburgh stations. She also sang on the NBC and Columbia networks. All of which explains why Miss Baxter, year in and year out, has been one of Pittsburgh radio's foremost girl singers of popular songs. Her extensive repertoire of current and old time favorites not only helps her in her radio work, but it has created a constant demand for personal appearances through KDKA's vast listening area.

Jeanne started singing professionally with her two sisters. Their father is a musician and it was under his tutelage that the three girls took to the airways. She became a soloist when her sisters married and retired from professional life. Though she is now married too—she's the wife of Fred Baxter of the W. Earl Bothwell Advertising Agency and the mother of a son—she has continued as an active entertainer.

Jeanne has been featured on many KDKA programs and currently is the feminine star of Bernie Armstrong's Friday night Duquesne Show. Though she has sung in New York and has had many offers to join famed name bands, she prefers to stay in Pittsburgh so that she can be near her family. She has sung with Phil Spitalny and his orchestra and made recordings with Bernie Armstrong, KDKA's musical director.

Since she and her husband moved into their new home in Pittsburgh's suburban Rolling Hills, Jeanne has developed a flair for community activity and has been closely identified with educational and civic programs. She has also taken an active part in the social life of Rolling Hills and its neighboring communities.

And she has great plans for her son, Chipper, who at the age of four warbles away in great style. Some day, she hopes, there'll be another Baxter among Pittsburgh radio favorites.





Actress Jan Miner is the romantic lead in NBC's Lora Lawton.

for fall radio programs has been very late this year. Usually fall shows are signed, sealed and delivered by July 15, but this summer many shows weren't taken off the hook until way in August. Seems there was a tussle between economy-minded agencies and talent which was holding out for high prices.

Hey! In the midst of all the talk about retrenchment a new sponsor has created a furore by asking a top radio writer to block out a program idea and do an audition script on a show with a weekly budget of \$50,000!

Out of the mouths of babes—Not long ago, Ralph Edwards had a birthday. One of the guests at the party asked six-year-old Christine Edwards who was her favorite radio star. The Truth or Consequences m.c.'s daughter answered, "Gene Autry." The question was reworded, trying to get the child to name her daddy. Finally, someone else asked, "What does your daddy do?" To which Chris replied, "I really don't know. I think he plays games."

Talking about games, here's a new twist on the "giveaway" shows. Over a local station in New York, WNEW, Jack Barry, who handles Mutual's Juvenile Jury and Life Begins at 80 programs, has launched a show called You Can Lose Your Shirt. On this show contestants can't win a penny and can lose a hundred dollars. They pay an entry fee of \$100 and have to answer four questions correctly to get their hundred bucks back. The money goes to charity and should the contestant answer all questions correctly he gets his money back and the program's sponsor dishes out the \$100. Barry is also donating his salary to charity. So nobody wins.

If present plans materialize, Stop the Music will be televised next season. Other plans in the making include a syndicated column, a motion picture, a record album, and a touring road show, all based on the radio stanza. Spreading it all over the place, aren't they?

Radio's ten- (Continued on page 19)

"I dress for a bowling party... at 8 o'clock in the morning!"



1. "For office hours I wear a tailored suit with trim jacket and widely flared skirt, set off with gold buttons, pin and earrings and sporting a separate bright cummerbund. And, of course, I rely on new, even gentler, even more effective Odorono Cream. Because I know it protects me from perspiration and offensive odors 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! So creamy-smooth too . . . even if you leave the cap off for weeks!



2. "For after hours—Off with the jacket, a quick change to bowling shoes, and I'm right down the alley for an evening of fun. I'm confident of my charm all evening too—thanks to new Odorono Cream. Because the Halgene in Odorono gives more effective protection than any deodorant known."

Now, 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 25¢ and 50¢ sizes, plus tax.)

# NEW!

for lustrous  
lids and  
lashes!



Vaseline  
TRADE MARK  
Eyebrow-Eyelash  
Cream



*Grooms your eyebrows!*

New, non-coloring 'Vaseline' Eyebrow-Eyelash Cream helps smooth unruly brows—gives them a clean, serene line.

*Flatters your eyelashes!*

Brush lashes up and out with this wonderful new cream—see how lustrous, how long they seem, without "made-up look."

*Adds lustre to eyelids!*

For a dewy, luminous, dreamy-eyed look, add a subtle, satiny touch of fragrant Eyebrow-Eyelash Cream to eyelids.

## Look at the RECORDS

By Joe Martin



Spike Jones' latest disc, like all the others, has a pair of comical labels.

### DANCING OR LISTENING

**BUDDY CLARK** (Columbia)—Riding higher than ever after teaming with Doris Day for a hit "Love Somebody," Buddy comes through again with a fine job on a truly beautiful ballad, "Where the Flamingoes Fly." Mitchell Ayres' background consists of trumpet, clarinet, flute and strings. The reverse side is "On The Waterfall."

**ALBERT AMMONS** (Mercury)—This platter is proof that boogie-woogie wasn't a fad. Though the eight-to-the-bar craze is not what it used to be, Albert Ammons' versions of "Bear Den Boogie" and "Tuxedo Boogie" will give you much pleasure.

**GENE KRUPA** (Columbia)—Much like the Goodman Trio of old, this is called the Gene Krupa Jazz Trio. Geney, of the light brown drumsticks, excels on "Body and Soul" and "Stompin' At The Savoy."

**CHUBBY JACKSON** (MGM)—To the uninitiated, Chubby plays bass, wears a beard and is known as the "monster." On this platter, "L'Ana" is be-bopish in style, while the frivolous bit on the reverse is titled—"The Happy Monster." Both are fine jazz.

**BARCLAY ALLEN** (Capitol)—Another Freddy Martin graduate, Mr. Allen maintains the style he used so successfully when with the Martin band. Backed by a rhythm section, he plays "It Began In Havana" and "Nola."

**TOMMY DORSEY** (RCA Victor)—This disc is one of the best TD has made in quite some time. We prefer "Let Me Call You Sweetheart" with a Stuart Foster and chorus vocal. You may prefer listening to Gordon Polk sing "Walk It Off."

**RAY BAUDUC** (Capitol)—If you are not familiar with the Dixieland or two-beat school of jazz, then get to hear this one. If you are familiar with the style, then the best recommendation for this record is the following list of musicians who made the disc with Ray: Eddie Miller, Nate Kazebier, Matty Matlock, Brad Gowans, Stan Wrightsman, Nappy Lamare and Morty Corb.

**JOHNNY DESMOND** (MGM)—A recent addition to this label, Johnny makes an auspicious debut with "P. S. I Love You" and "I Wonder Where My Baby Is Tonight." The former, you are right, is the oldie that you remember way back when—.

**SPIKE JONES** (RCA Victor)—Your favorite disc-jockey has probably worn out three records playing this one, by this time you've heard it and laughed with it many a time, but it's almost as much fun buying a Spike Jones record just to read the label as there is in listening. This label says that "I'm Getting Sentimental Over You" has a vocal refrain by "The Barefooted Pennsylvanians; credits: Sir Frederick Gas, Dick Morgan and George Rock." "I Kiss Your Hand Madame," insists that the vocal is by Paul Judson and the Ben Ghost Singers.

### ALBUM ARTISTRY

**AMBROSE HORS D'OEUVRES** (London)—Bert Ambrose had to go to England many years ago before the American public began to realize his talents. This album contains a collection of eight of the most famous and most admired Ambrose selections. You'll particularly like the title tune and "B'Wanga."

**ANDRE PREVIN AT THE PIANO** (RCA Victor)—The 19-year-old Frenchman, who is writing musical scores for Hollywood films, is one of the very best piano technicians around. This set contains such fine songs as "But Not For Me," "Mad About The Boy," "Just One Of Those Things," and "Should I."

FACING the MUSIC

# COAST to COAST

(Continued from page 17)

year-old Norma Jean Nilson, who plays "Cookie Bumstead" on the Blondie program, has been a good luck charm for the King Brothers, well known Hollywood independent producers. She's had a part in every picture they've made in the past five years. The King Brothers feel sure that Norma Jean is their good fairy, because right from the beginning every picture she was in has paid off.

The night before Sammy Kaye's singer and saxophonist, Chubby Silvers, left Los Angeles for New York, his auto license plates were stolen. In a rush to reach New York, Chubby left without getting new plates. On his way across the country, he was stopped more than 50 times for driving without plates and only credentials proving he was an honorary member of the Los Angeles Police Department saved him from stiff fines. The payoff lies in the fact that Chubby had been made a volunteer L.A. cop only two days before he left the West Coast.

Have you noticed how the midwest seems to be "the lucky area" as far as radio's biggest prizes are concerned? It was a Chicago woman who won the "Walking Man" contest. Now a Cleveland, Ohio, youngster named Kenneth Friedley has won thousands of dollars in prizes by identifying Cheyenne as the city which changed its name to "Lone Ranger Frontier Town" in observance of the Lone Ranger's fifteenth and widely-celebrated radio anniversary.

When Bill Lawrence worked as dialogue director for Republic's "The Plunderers," he used an old radio technique and recorded all speeches on tape, which permitted playbacks for criticism and correction before filming. Now, other producers are seriously thinking of taking up this technique because it cuts production time and cost.

Reports indicate that Philip Morris, contrary to the current trend in radio, will increase its spending this fall. And, happy day, they will skip the giveaway gimmick for straight entertainment.

Plucky Susan Peters, who made her movie comeback in a wheelchair, is now branching out in radio. She's cut an audition platter for a half hour show called "Book Store Girl."

If present plans materialize for the Front Page show, starring Dick Powell, to be televised, Producer Don Sharpe will take the show to New York, where the city room of one of the Manhattan newspapers will be used as background.

Shades of the Past! You know there's been a lot of turning back, recently. Movie companies are re-releasing a lot of oldies, magazines and newspapers here and there are reprinting the stories of famous writers like O. Henry and Ring Lardner. Now, radio's at it. Chandu, which was first heard on the Pacific Coast back in the days of crystal (Continued on Page 91)

# LOOK SMART! BE COMFORTABLE!



MAN-TAILORED for  
MAGIC FIT and  
FIGURE FLATTERY

\*Patents  
Pending and  
Registered

Magic  
Removable  
CROTCH

Snaps in and out in  
a jiffy for personal  
daintiness.



Magic  
Slim  
WAISTLINE

Adjustable twill satin  
band makes your waist-  
line inches disappear.



Magic  
Permanent  
CREASE

Stitched to keep you  
looking sleek always.



Magic  
Adjustable  
LENGTH

Easy to lengthen or short-  
en. No sewing. Just turn  
up hem and iron. Propor-  
tioned to your contour.



Order your Magic Slacks today!

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Only \$6.95  
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Sizes 10 to 20  
(38 to 44 \$7.95)  
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Black Brown Navy Grey  
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Please send me \_\_\_\_\_ prs. MAGIC SLACKS as indicated below. I will pay postman \$6.95 pr. (38 to 44 \$7.95) plus postage. I may return them in 10 days for refund.

Size \_\_\_\_\_ Color \_\_\_\_\_

Second Color Choice \_\_\_\_\_

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

Save money. We pay postage and shipping charges if you include payment now. Same refund guarantee.

All the Coles together, as they seldom are nowadays. Back, Grady Jr.; front, Grady Sr., Mrs. Cole, Edward.



## Mr. RADIO

# of Charlotte

TO the Southland, where tradition and legend are so great a part of the daily lives of its people; where men and women of outstanding character are celebrated in song and story down the years until they, too, are part of the South's colorful saga, WBT Charlotte has in the past 19 years made a contribution of amazing proportions—of lasting value. For WBT has given Grady Cole, radio commentator; public servant; people's friend; philosopher and humorist to the Southeast.

Throughout the southeastern countryside, in villages, towns, and the principal cities of the two Carolinas, Grady Cole is Radio. He is legend, tradition, part of the daily life of more than three and a half million folks who get their news, their crop information, their time signals, their comfort, philosophy, music and laughter from Grady Cole Time, four hours each morning belonging exclusively to King Cole for the express purpose of "talking with people, playing 'em a little music and kidding around a little." On the public service side of the ledger, Grady Cole has been known to personally take over the task of obtaining funds for giving a score of children involved in a school bus accident the benefit of the best in medical attention, including bone specialists, plastic surgery, delicate eye operations. He is remembered as going to bat for a victory for better North Carolina farm roads; for the national recognition he received by his unceasing efforts for the aid of flood victims; for winning the Personal Palm awarded by Variety Magazine for "outstanding contribution toward the war effort."

Cole, who has been seriously urged to run for various public offices including that of Governor of the State, is a happy man just where he is, doing just what he's doing, living in what, to him out of all the world, is "God's Country." Grady's in his forties now, has graying hair, literally chews to pieces several cigars a day, and manages to get along on less sleep than the ordinary person would believe possible.

In addition to his regular WBT shift, his numerous personal appearances at public functions and charity affairs, he likes to ride out in the country, dropping by to visit and chat with farm folks and join the crowds at the "General Store," accompanied sometimes by Mrs. Cole and young Edward Cole, the only one of Grady's three youngsters still at home. Daughter Beverly is a student at Florida Southern, and Grady Junior is following in the footsteps of his famous Dad at a radio station out of WBT territory.

When asked to what factors he attributes his success, Grady will only smile and reply, "Just keeping happy. The Lord has given me everything I ever wanted. He just made me smart enough not to want much."

WBT's Grady Cole, who's been urged many times to run for public office, is satisfied with "just what I'm doing now!"



# "Fashion Plate"

Cream Wafer

Face Make-Up by

REVLON



PHOTOGRAPH: RAWLINS JEWELS: MILTON SCHERER  
HAT AND COAT: LILLY DACHS CO. 1942 REV. 104 PRODUCTS CORP.

IT'S GOING PLACES...  
in the smartest handbags!  
It's designed to keep the  
poreless-as-porcelain perfection  
of the "Fashion Plate" complexion  
at your fingertips... always.



JUST FINGER-STROKE IT ON...  
Not a cake, "Fashion Plate"  
needs no water or sponge. It ends  
the old-fashioned, dry, mask-y  
look! Choose from exclusive  
fashion-genius colors.

The great new fashion in make-up! New vanity-case size 1.00 plus tax



New, for you! A fabulous luxury polish—at a way-below-luxury price!

Nail Brilliance by Cutex  
Only 25¢ PLUS TAX.

**NEWLY, TRULY LUXURIOUS!** That's wondrous Nail Brilliance! And once you use it, how you'll marvel . . . that this exciting *new kind* of polish could offer so *many* luxuries for an unbelievable 25¢, plus tax.

**Dream-lovely bottle!** Steady base . . . camel-hair tipped brush, gleaming plastic handle, that makes you an artist to your finger tips.

**Beyond-belief wear!** Nail Brilliance stays perfect longer than you dreamed possible!

**Heavenly purity!** Free from all irritating

substances. Even women whose sensitive skins are allergic to other polishes can use Nail Brilliance with perfect safety!

**Glamour-wise shades!** Ten of them—for every fashion, every need. Shades that *stay* brilliant—never turn foggy or dull.

**COLOR-KEYED CUTEX LIPSTICKS, TOO!**

Whether you choose Nail Brilliance in a delicate or a vivid shade, there's a Cutex Lipstick to harmonize! Creamy and clinging . . . swift, subtle glamour for your lips. Both polish and lipstick available in a special dressing table package. Large-size Lipstick alone, 49¢, plus tax.



# Announcing

## THE SECOND ANNUAL

# RADIO MIRROR AWARDS

**L**AST year at this time, RADIO MIRROR Magazine inaugurated an entirely new kind of radio poll—the RADIO MIRROR Awards—designed to discover the preferences of the nation's radio listening public.

Frankly, it was an experiment. In proof that it was a successful one, we announce the Second Annual RADIO MIRROR Awards, no longer an experiment but an established institution, a regular part—and a very important one—of the yearly schedule of our magazine.

We know now what last year we had only hoped to be the case: that radio listeners throughout the country are grateful for this, their *only opportunity on a nationwide basis*, to make known their likes and dislikes, interests and tastes, in radio listening fare.

There is no other institution like the RADIO MIRROR Awards. Each year there are many radio polls—polls of radio editors, columnists, critics. But only through the RADIO MIRROR Awards may *the listeners themselves*, who have no interest at heart but the interest of good listening, have their say. RADIO MIRROR believes that the listeners are the most important people in the whole of the very big business of radio; through the Awards, listeners are invited to voice their opinions—the opinions which have the best right of all to be heard.

In the coming November issue, the first ballot in the RADIO MIRROR Awards for 1948 will be printed, on which reader-listeners will be asked to vote for their favorite radio *personalities*. In the December issue will appear the second ballot, offering listeners the opportunity to vote for their favorite radio *programs*. When these two sets of ballots have been counted, the resulting tabulation will form the basis for the RADIO MIRROR Awards for 1948, to be presented to the top-ranking performers and programs next Spring.

The November and December issues of RADIO MIRROR Magazine will be, then, the most important issues of the year to you, the radio listener who, rather than simply applauding your favorite programs and criticizing those you don't like, really want to do something about getting from radio the kind and quality of program you enjoy. The thing you can do is to cast your votes for your favorites on the ballots in the next two issues of RADIO MIRROR. Make your voice heard!

The Editors



THEY all come onto the stage of the CBS playhouse where we broadcast *We, the People* every Tuesday night. The famous and the obscure, the rich and the poor—prizefighters, shoe-shine boys, actors and actresses, generals, judges, doctors, panhandlers from city streets, gamblers, waitresses, opera stars, salesmen, miners, elevator operators, every sort of person you can imagine. That's why it is such fun to be this show's master of ceremonies, as I am. It is one job of which the old saying is true: "You meet such interesting people."

But every now and then one face stands out from this parade of personalities; one story strikes right down to the bottom of your heart. This is that kind of story—a story of success and failure, of hope lost and then found again.

Perhaps you were listening a few weeks ago when two of the guests on *We, the People* were a man named Joe White and his son Bobby. Perhaps you heard what Joe said on the air. That was part of his story, but it

wasn't all, because Joe is not the sort of man who willingly looks backward to the dark times that have passed. Joe's eyes are fixed unwaveringly on the future now, and it would have been physically impossible for him to re-live, for the listening millions on a nationwide network, the fear and discouragement he lived through a few years ago. It would have seemed to him like asking for sympathy, for pity—and Joe never did need those. On the contrary!

It isn't likely you recognize the name of Joe White unless you were listening to *We, the People*, on the night he was its guest. You might—if you were old enough to be a radio fan in the nineteen-twenties and nineteen-thirties—know him better as The Silver-Masked Tenor. Under that name, Joe was one of the first of radio's great singers of popular songs. A muscular, handsome young Irishman, he had a tenor voice of magic sweetness and appeal, and every week that voice was heard on millions of sets tuned in from Maine to California.

Even then, in those early days of radio, he was a radio

veteran. He'd made his first broadcast in 1921, into a "tomato-can" microphone in a Newark studio where a sheet of plate-glass separated the performers from any onlookers who might come into the studio for curiosity's sake. He had become fascinated by this new thing, radio, and he sang over the New York stations WJZ, WEA, and WOR at a time when the networks of which they were to be the key stations were just beginning to be dreamed about.

The silver mask was an accident. At WEA, Joe had just finished a program and was on his way home when a distracted program director rushed out of another studio. The star of his show hadn't appeared, and the program was about to go on the air. He grabbed Joe's arm and hustled him into the studio. "Sing, Joe, sing!" were the only instructions he had time to give. But they were all Joe needed. He sang.

After his number the announcer stepped to the mike. The producer had neglected to tell him Joe's name, but he had to say something. He (Continued on page 75)

# Remember the

By DWIGHT

Bobby, shown below with Msgr. Fulton Sheen, is a student at St. Jerome's Parochial School, keeps his averages high.



It's legend in the White family that each generation's fifth child will sing. Both Joe and Bobby were No. 5.

Dwight Weist is m.c. of *We, the People*, which is heard every Tuesday night at 9 EST, on CBS stations.

# SILVER-MASKED TENOR?

WEIST

Spotlighted by *We, the People*: Joe White, whose singing son may reach the heights on which, in radio's early days, the Silver-Masked Tenor dwelt

When Bobby and his father appeared on *We, the People*, Dwight Weist introduced them to actress Margaret O'Brien, a fellow guest.





# A man named

# MOORE

Garry Moore thought radio was waiting for him. It took him a while to

learn the facts—and by then it was!

By HOWARD SHARPE

THE day had been typical of all the days Garry Moore had spent since he'd decided to take his Take It Or Leave It show to New York. He had come in at four in the morning after a long session at Eddie Condon's Village Dixieland bistro, had a cold shower and a pot of black coffee, kept three appointments in the forenoon, one at lunch, two in the afternoon, and now was preparing to meet a USO gang for a trip to a veterans' hospital. The phone rang in his Gotham Hotel suite.

It was the Coast calling. There was only one person in the radio field, the NBC executive at the other end said, who could take over the Tom Breneman show, Breakfast In Hollywood. Did Garry feel he wanted to tackle it?

In RADIO MIRROR last month, Garry himself described his flattered—and frightened—reaction.

Tom Breneman, until his death a few months ago, was one of the most beloved figures in radio, and one of the most popular. To attempt to step into his shoes would be a monumental task.

On the plane flying West the next evening Garry said to Nell, his wife, "Well, why *should* I step into Breneman's shoes? He had a personality uniquely his own, and I think people would resent my trying to ape him even if I were ham enough to do it. It certainly wouldn't be fair to Tom and his memory, and I don't propose to submerge my own character, which heaven knows is the antithesis of his. I've got to work it some other way."

"But the Breneman show," Nell pointed out, "follows a pattern that everyone's used to. All the ladies show up at the restaurant, you kid them along, everyone stooges for everyone else, and the laughs are on the house. All very, very homey. Will they let you change that?"

With a sudden gleam in his eye Garry asked, "Do you remember Club Matinee?"

"Could I forget it?" Club Matinee, over the Blue Network some years ago, was a sustaining show originated, produced and written by Garry and was pointed to with considerable pride by the network as their contribution to the higher sort of humor and entertainment in the field of radio.

"I am thinking," said Garry, "that very gradually—but not *too* gradually—the mood of Breakfast In Hollywood might change its personality to match the personality of its new m.c. And that a kind of merger of the Breneman idea and the Club Matinee idea might not be a bad thing. . . ."

Garry Moore has been thinking a little too hard and too fast for the good of his blood pressure since he was a kid in Baltimore and decided that man was now ready to listen to the radio. During his last year in high school his busy, fertile mind conceived the idea of giving listeners a little delicious horror over the airplanes every evening, and a local station took him on. By the time he was nineteen he figured he was ready for New York and the big time.

So he went to the metropolis and, no piker he, auditioned for the guest spot on the Fred Allen show. They said, "We'll call you when we need you." He thought they meant it. For three days he did not leave his hotel room (on a shaft) at the Shelton. Then he called the station and asked what the delay was all about.

"Look, Buster," they began—and gave him the facts of life.

After he had called Baltimore long distance, and ascertained that—with a few reservations—the station would take him back, Garry lay in his bed at the hotel and tried to sleep. Sleep evaded him. The picture of the next day's auditions was in his mind, and since it was a brash young nineteen-year-old mind it refused to give up.

Two and a half hours later he leaped out of bed. He dressed in three minutes flat and went charging out of the hotel. On Third Avenue, under the L, he pried up a manhole cover and took it back to his room, thoughtless of the taxis, dogs and children who might stumble into the uncovered sewer; thereafter, until four in the morning and from eight until noon, he was very busy collecting things.

At 2:30 P.M., unabashed as only youth can be in such circumstances, he arrived at the audition bearing a step-ladder, a sledge hammer, a coil of rope, the manhole cover and (Continued on page 78)

Biggest thrill of all was being asked to take Tom Breneman's place. It was the biggest problem, too. Garry solved it, as always, by instinct plus intelligence.



Garry Moore is m.c. of the Breakfast in Hollywood program (ABC, Mon.-Fri., 11 A.M. EST) and of Take It or Leave It (NBC, Sun., 10 P.M. EST).

Every time Mrs. Copperthite's radio says:  
 "We now switch you..." she looks nervously  
 behind her. For one unforgettable day, the  
 rest of that sentence turned out to be  
 her own living room in Washington, D. C.

16-year-old Andrew was in on  
 the plans, but kept them all  
 secret from his mother—"so  
 she'd have a perfect surprise."



Seconds after her name was announced as a Hint Hunt winner Mrs. Copperthite found that the program had moved into her living room, with WTOP's Glenn Taylor, sponsor's representative John Meyer—and photographers by the dozen.

Engineer Roy Bechtol, WTOP producer Larry Beckerman, announcer Glenn Taylor, plus equipment, waited for cue in the basement of Mrs. Copperthite's building.



# It Happened On Hint Hunt

BY MARJORIE COPPERTHITE

**M**INE, ALL MINE! A brand new Ford V-8 deluxe sedan . . . except that, six hours after winning the handsome car via CBS's Hint Hunt jingle contest, I sold it and earmarked the proceeds for medical treatment so that one day, God willing, I may no longer need this wheel-chair.

Despite the shadow cast over our household by my affliction, which struck without warning in 1936, we who occupy this Washington, D. C. apartment usually manage to keep in fairly good spirits. More often than not there's hearty laughter resounding through these four rooms . . . laughter sparked by the naturally buoyant humor of my husky 16-year-old son, Andrew.

However, a new high in happy atmosphere and excitement was reached on the lucky day, not many weeks ago. I'm really thankful that a weak heart isn't part of my ailment, for that momentous Monday was keynoted by suspense.

Actually, the suspense set in three days earlier, on Friday, when my mother, Mrs. Eunice Crittenden, was away working at her

office in downtown Washington. Andrew was attending school and only my great-aunt, Mrs. Josephine Whitcraft, who is the fourth member of our household, was at home with me. I had not yet risen . . . in fact, rarely do I leave my specially-rigged invalid's bed until about noon-time. The door buzzer sounded and Aunt Josephine answered it. I heard muffled voices in the living room. Presently Aunt Josephine came in, her lovable, normally calm features wrinkled in an expression of puzzlement.

"Marjorie," she whispered, "there's a Mr. John Meyer out there. Says he's the Washington representative of Armour and Company."

For a moment my expression must have appeared quite as puzzled as Aunty's . . . then I remembered the jingles I'd submitted to Hint Hunt not three weeks previous. With lively visions of a cash prize—maybe even the fifty-dollar one—being ceremoniously handed to me, I tidied up in record time and, helped by Aunt Josephine, switched from bed to wheel-chair.

My caller was a genial gentleman; portly, dignified—and cryptic! After a few preliminary

questions aimed at verifying that I was really the Marjorie Copperthite who submitted the jingles, Mr. Meyer smiled and said, "I don't want to get you all up in the air, Mrs. Copperthite, but I have an idea you've won a prize."

As to how much of a prize, the emissary from Hint Hunt would drop nary a hint. After he'd left us, Aunt Josephine fairly babbled over all the possibilities. This was no mere five or ten dollar prize, I argued. This time, I'd hit the jackpot with fifty dollars . . . else why would they send a personal representative?

In the midst of our conjectures, another development unfolded. I received a post-card in the morning's mail. It came from an old friend who proudly wrote that she had won a fifty-dollar prize from Hint Hunt. Spurred by curiosity, I picked up the telephone and called the lucky gal. When I inquired whether she, too, had received a personal visit from the sponsors of that program, she replied, "Gosh, no. The check for fifty came by mail."

I wondered: why this special treatment? Why didn't they just mail (Continued on page 73)



# Come and Visit

Like most New Yorkers, Irene comes from somewhere else. But she has made herself a home among the skyscrapers

By LLEWELLYN MILLER



"THIS IS ridiculous!" said Irene Beasley. "Spring fever in the spring is only to be expected. But spring fever in August—in October—in January—what is wrong with me?"

Something was very wrong. There was no denying that. Not with her career. It had been a happy succession of engagements ever since Victor had brought her to New York to make recordings of southern songs. She had plenty of friends, lots of beaux and a pretty apartment that looked north over the dramatic towers of Manhattan from the smart midtown east side.

"Aren't you lucky to have a lease on this perfect place!" her friends said enviously.

"Yes . . ." Irene answered without conviction

# IRENE BEASLEY



Coffee for three—Irene pours for Dwight Weist, who's part of Grand Slam, and Mrs. Weist—in the living room, where deep green walls make a perfect frame for the small, quiet conversational parties Irene likes to give.

At first Irene couldn't find a place in the sun—her apartment faced north. But a quick change gave her southern exposure, and with Anna (opposite page) in charge, the place is a haven of comfort for Irene and her apartment-mate Janis André.

because every time she went home to that supremely desirable apartment she found herself in the grip of an impulse to get away from it as quickly as she could. And she found herself entertaining the wildly impractical thought, "If I could only turn this building around . . ."

This emotional problem was solved, not by visits to a psychiatrist, but by the simpler expedient of moving to the south side of the building where floods of sunlight poured in all day long.

Sunlight and air are a passion with the girl who has made a star of herself under show business's synthetic suns. She is completely happy at work in the spotlights of night clubs, of vaudeville and musical comedy, and in the brilliant flood of



Irene came to New York to sing southern songs, but she got a program idea, called it Grand Slam . . . and it was.



On free days, Irene heads for Long Island, and water. If she and Janis André (below) have family finances to check, they do it over lunch at the beach club.



## Come and Visit

indirect light that bathes her radio theater. But, once away from her professional enterprises, she seeks sun and air—at home, in her car, or at the beach club that is home away from home for her during summer weekends.

Janis André, the dancer and radio actress, shares the apartment in town and is responsible for its decoration. She also is from the south, and the families were friends though the girls did not know each other well until both were booked on the same vaudeville tour. They joined forces when they returned to New York.

"We wanted two bedrooms when I moved, but there was not a chance with the way the housing situation is in New York. I was lucky to be able to switch to the sunny side," says Irene. "So Janis concentrated on giving the rooms we had the feeling of space."

Wedgewood green—a deep quiet shade—on living room and foyer walls makes the heart of the house a cool, airy cave high above the hot town in the summer, and a spacious, sun-splashed retreat in the winter.

The kitchen, domain of Anna who has ruled it for the last four years, is cheerful white—no competition from color there to the perfect beige of the crust of her famous biscuits, the pale gold of her southern chicken, the rich brown of her incomparable Swiss Steak. (Anna's Swiss Steak recipe is on page 87.)

Sprigged wallpaper in the bedroom, four-poster beds, ruffled curtains and a hand-knitted counterpane worthy of a museum are a contrast to the more formal living room and add to the effect of easy, comfortable space. A closet-lined corridor, an alcove with a desk that doubles as office and sideboard, and a formal little foyer complete the background for the two actresses and for a colony of canaries numbering four at the last census.

"Bease," as her friends call her, is quite the last person in all of radio who might be expected to keep canaries. Somehow bird-watching does not go with the tall, chic, vivid, vivacious beauty whose executive abilities have made her producer, director, star and master of ceremonies of her own program.

Bease is the first to admit that she was vastly taken aback two Christmases ago when the doorbell rang and one small perfect yellow bird was delivered in a minute golden cage. Her program, Grand Slam, was barely three months old, and she was working ten, twelve, fourteen hours a day to get it under control. In addition there was the usual stream of friends who wanted to give parties to celebrate her success, beaux who wanted to share theater tickets. Every spare moment was beleaguered by a dozen demands on her attention.

"This is all I need—a bird to take care of!" she thought, depositing Pete's cage on the sunny window-sill without any out-pouring of affection whatever.

He was automatically named "Pete" because all of her pets when she was a child shared that name, but before she quite knew how it happened he had won for himself the name of "Petie," was sporting

## IRENE BEASLEY

around in a new and far more commodious cage, and was getting fresh water in the morning before Irene had her own coffee.

Today she speaks of him in the unabashed language of love.

"Watching Petie and his gang has been my salvation a hundred times when I was too tired to speak," she says. "So much goes on, and on such a high emotional level!"

The first thing that went on was that Petie moulted and lost his song. Irene rushed delicacies to him which he ate in morose silence. He grew sleek and quite stout, but music was no longer in him.

"He is lonesome," decided Irene, and she found him an enchanting little bride of just the right color for \$2.98. "Females are inexpensive—when it comes to birds," she explains.

Patsy fell wildly in love with Petie at first sight, but Petie hated her from the start. While Patsy occupied herself with building a nest as a delicate hint that she was willing, Petie ruffled his feathers and endured her blandishments in stony silence.

"Little Patsy and her nest were too pathetic," says Irene. "There was nothing for me, who hadn't wanted any canaries in the first place, but to go back to the pet shop and get her a husband—name of Schmoie. Pretty soon Patsy had four eggs and was wearing the settled look of the happily married. And when the babies hatched, Petie burst into song! He instantly became the indulgent uncle, and could not do enough for them. We kept one—Trilby—and Petie leads him in song the minute Anna turns on my show. I do not flatter myself that it is my voice he likes. It is just the music. But he does not sing all the way through any other show!"

If you were to visit Irene at about 7:30 A.M. (which would be very unwise of you—"Woe betide anyone who calls me before I have my coffee," she says)—you would find her sitting in the sun on the combination steps and stool in her kitchen sipping coffee and knocking down the challenges of the day like so many tenpins in her mind.

"That is the time I get my clearest thinking done," she says. "Things that worried me the night before seem to have found their answers during the night, and I am all set by the time I start for the studio."

If the weather is good, she strolls the few blocks across town to the shining plate glass and chromium entrance to CBS where the staff is ready for full rehearsal of songs and features of the show that is to go on at 11:30 EST.

The theater fills to capacity half an hour before she goes on the air, and this warm-up period is a show in itself. After a light lunch, Irene goes back to the office to crowd the full day's work, usually done by a producer, into the afternoon. She finishes about seven. By that time she is happily tired and likes best of all to go home to Anna's cooking. Frequently there are guests but rarely more than three. She hates big parties. When she dines out she likes the quieter cafes where fine food and low music are the rule.

Her hours of work and those of Janis André do not coincide, but they make (Continued on page 85)



Petie began it; after him came all the other canaries who now share the Beasley-André quarters. Below, a script sneaks into a holiday; but that's life in radio.



# BOX 13 . . . NINE O'CLOCK



ALAN LADD  
as Dan Holiday

## AND ALL'S WRONG



1. To Dan Holiday, writer—and adventurer—comes a letter strangely worded. Secretary Suzy listens as he reads aloud directions to go to a certain antique shop and pick up a particular clock: one that has stopped at nine! But adventure is Dan's business; he gets his hat and goes.

**A**DVENTURE wanted. Will go any place, do anything. Write to Box 13" . . . This ad runs regularly in the classified section of the Star-Times, and brings to the desk of writer Dan Holiday exactly what he is looking for—adventure. Intelligent, capable and curious, Dan's excursions into other people's troubles have many times brought him close to danger; but he knows how to take care of himself. If, occasionally, he finds himself slightly involved with the police—well, Dan's always on the right side of that situation, as Lieutenant Kling well knows!

Box 13, starring Alan Ladd as Dan Holiday, is heard Wednesday nights at 9:30 on WOR, and on local stations from coast to coast. Sylvia Picker plays Suzy.



2. Here is the shop—dark, crowded, somehow sinister for the clocks that fill it are all very old. And presently Dan cocks an ear and hears . . . only silence. All of the clocks are set at nine o'clock, and all of them have stopped! How in the world is he to decide which of the clocks his letter-writing client wants picked up?



3. With nobody around to answer his questions, Dan characteristically decides to investigate. Cautiously—for Dan is too experienced not to realize that he has been lured into a threatening situation—he begins to explore the dusty stockrooms at the back of the mysterious shop.

# BOX 13...



4. Suddenly he stumbles, and draws back. At his feet is the crumpled-up body of an elderly man, from whose hand Dan gently takes a scrap of paper. Pondering the paper's message—"nine o'clock"—Dan is off guard long enough for a heavy antique candlestick to do its crushing work.

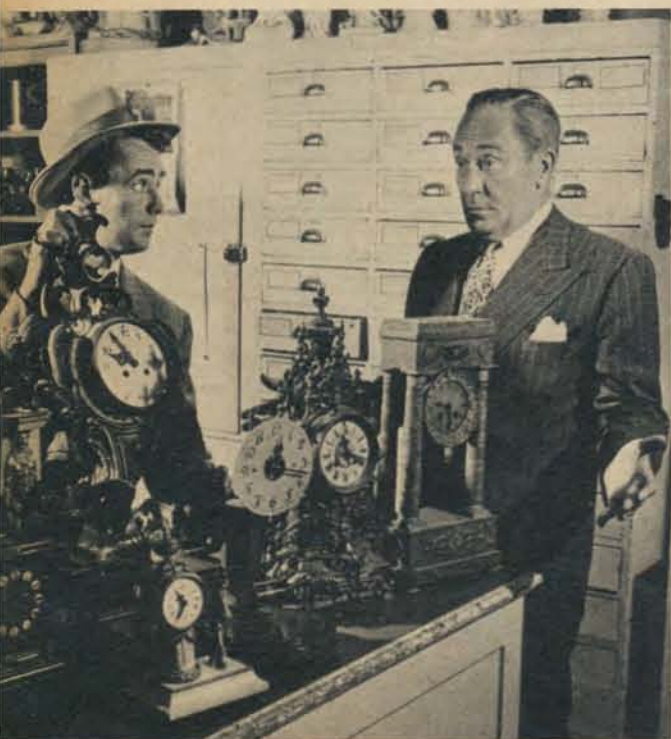


5. When Dan revives, he faces a stranger who introduces himself as the owner of the shop. "But I thought he was the owner," Dan says. "Who?" asks the man, and Dan turns to find that the body has vanished. He is suspicious of the stranger, but cannot be sure the man is an imposter.

# NINE O'CLOCK AND ALL'S WRONG



6. Still, Dan decides, no bona fide dealer in valuable curios would leave his shop untended and unlocked. Picking up an enameled vase, he remarks "This is a handsome piece; 16th-century Florentine, isn't it?" "Why, yes," says the stranger. Then Dan turns it in his hand and says coolly, "Maybe not, though. It looks more like 18th-century French." Confused, the stranger turns away from the accusing look in Dan's eyes.



7. With the "owner," Dan re-investigates the shop, only to find that now all the clocks are running—and all show different times. None of them shows nine o'clock. However, on one of the dusty counters Dan finds a round, clean spot. Something that stood there has been recently removed. Perhaps . . . the clock?



8. Dan raises his eyes from his discovery—and finds himself facing the "owner's" gun. But a quick maneuver changes the picture, puts the gun in Dan's hand with the cowering impostor at his mercy. Now Dan knows the missing clock must be valuable, for by giving up his search the man might have escaped.



9. Dan deduces, from the fact that the bogus owner remained on the premises after murdering the real owner and striking Dan, that the clock must still be there too. After strenuous search, he finds it . . . and finds, too, a fortune of jewels hidden inside it. That's why it had been worth murder to the fake owner!



10. To a bewildered Suzy, Dan explains: two people knew of the fortune in the clock: his client, and the bogus "owner." Dan arrived too late to prevent the murder of the real owner, too soon to allow the fake owner to get away with the jewels. Now, the criminals have lost out.

# Memo to COUNTY



To let the neighbors know how the youngest Lynch boy—that's Christopher—is getting on



Hear Christopher Lynch on the Voice of Firestone, Monday nights at 8:30 EST, on stations of the NBC network.

I NEVER kissed the Blarney Stone, but I think I'm the luckiest Irishman I know. I'm the "Minstrel Boy" on your fine American program the Voice of Firestone Hour and on Columbia Concerts—and I've just bought a house in America for my family and me—and after two short years in your country, I'm beginning to feel quite a bit American!

Not that you'd ever guess it if you listened outside our house at Valley Stream, Long Island, near New York City. Of course the house looks American: it's of stone and wood, two stories high and with a deeply eaved roof. But the sounds coming out of it are pure Irish . . . since I practice five hours every day, at almost any time you could hear me roaring out my two favorite tunes, "Down by the Glenside," or "All in an April Evening." If you saw me through the windows you might get quite a shock—for I'm afraid I don't look like the classic Irish tenor of tradition at all.

No, I stand in the music room behind my accompanist, facing the great picture I have of Ireland's fine singer John McCormack—whose protege, I am proud to say, I am. But you'd probably be quite dejected once you shifted your attention from Mr. McCormack's fine face to me. For I usually practice with my collar off—I wear detachable ones—and I gesture with a coke bottle which I drink from in between bars. Or else I wave the core of an apple I just finished eating. As a matter of fact, a piece of apple is usually tucked in my cheek while I sing!

However, if this picture of a tenor is saddening, a peek into the living room next door to the music room would cheer you up no end. For there are the three lights of my life: my lovely Irish wife Dympna, my handsome laddie Brian, and my tiny lass Marese—together with the Irish nurse Miss Fitzgerald, who is still so befuddled by America that she won't take a day off. (Whenever she does, she gets lost!) Yes, it's a nice family scene, and in a nice setting. We bought the furniture with the house, but our own mementoes are around to make it Irish—the crucifix that has been in my wife's

# LIMERICK

BY CHRISTOPHER LYNCH



At first confused by New York, McCormack's protege is now getting on nicely, thanks.



family for years, and the firearms and pictures of horses that I brought with me from Ireland. You'd think, looking at all this, that we'd adjusted ourselves well to America. And so we have. But less than two years ago, when we arrived, things were far different!

I'll never forget my first Christmas in your enormous country. That was Christmas almost two years ago, and Dympna and I had only arrived three months earlier. We were then staying in a New York hotel, so when Christmas time came I forced myself to go out and be buffeted around in the pack of people on Fifth Avenue. But only for a couple of hours. I couldn't get near a counter for the crowds, and the more stores I went into the further away I was from buying my wife's Christmas present. So I finally thought, "Ah! The corner drug store near our hotel! American drug stores have everything one would want, anyway!"

All invigorated by (Continued on page 88)



"The Old Turf Fire" gets enthusiasm from son Brian and wife Dympna, cold shoulder from baby Marese.



Valley Stream is his home, American radio his outlet, but Christopher is still an Irish singer.



# Take me out

Tired of baseball? Not the Barber and Desmond families! It's as much a part, as important a part, of their lives as eating



Sarah Barber practices with Mother, but her thoughts are definitely elsewhere.

WHENEVER and wherever there's a Brooklyn Dodgers' baseball game, Red Barber and Connie Desmond are on hand to bring radio listening fans at home a play-by-play description. And whenever and wherever there's Red and Connie, the Barber and Desmond wives and children are on hand, too—no baseball widows and orphans they!

During the season the Desmonds and the Barbers eat, breathe and live baseball, and when there's no game to give them a common interest, a warm friendship serves just as well. The women are friends of long standing—they shop together, are frequent visitors at each other's homes, act as unofficial godmothers to each other's children—which often means unexpected presents for Kathy and Jim Desmond and Sarah Barber. The children have as active an interest in baseball as their parents. That picture of Sarah Barber practicing piano, for instance: it's deceptive. She's probably wondering how soon she can get away and resume baseball practice with the neighborhood boys!

Of course, the Barbers and the Desmonds are all interested in other sports as well, just as the heads of the families are—especially the Barbers, for Red is year-around Director of Sports for CBS.



Mother's reading is fine with the young Desmonds—when there's no baseball!



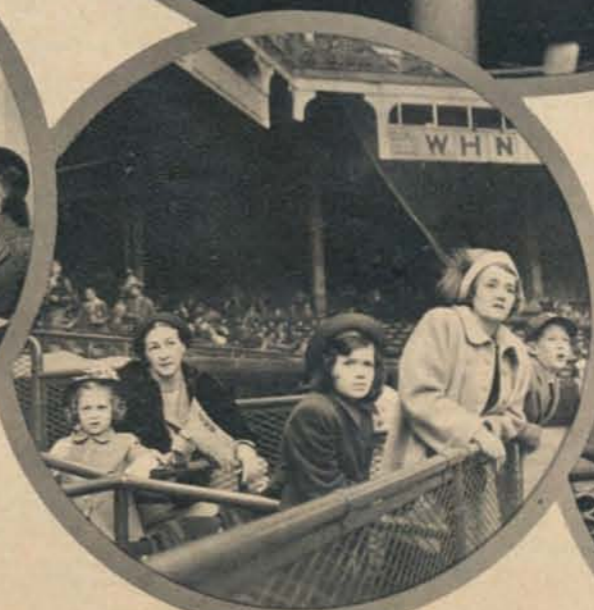
A fortifying pre-game snack at the Press Club.



# to the Ball Game!



Interest shifts—for a moment—to refreshments.



Will it go foul? Baseball's serious, if your name is Desmond or Barber!



The day's big thrill—autographs all around from Dodger star Hermanski.



# Between the Bookends

## 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.

Radio Mirror's Best Poem of the Month

### MY WISH FOR YOU

The best I wish for you is not the wealth  
That men may store against a rainy day;  
Time is a thief most cunning in his stealth  
Who will but doom your riches to decay.  
I would not wish for you the proudest name  
That man can cry aloud, to curse or bless,  
Nor would I wish you any meed of fame  
Lest fame departing leave you loneliness.

This is my deepest wish—that you may know  
The warm, true comradeship that satisfies  
The seeking heart and sets the mind aglow—  
A bright communion, eloquent and wise,  
The best I wish you is a steadfast friend  
To walk beside you till the journey's end.  
—Sydney King Russell

### SHH . . . HH . . .

She looks beneath her bed before retiring,  
Draws all the shades and closes tight the  
house.  
Makes certain the shotgun is cocked for  
firing  
And sets a trap for some intruding mouse.

Then, turning out all lights, and snuffing  
candles,  
(Her breath held in as if afraid to sneeze,)  
She walks to a dark room on padded sandals  
And listens to the program: "Quiet  
Please . . ."  
—Rosa Zagnoni Marinoni

### TO W.

Oh, long ago I put your love away  
As though it were a jewel, lost to sight  
Deep in a hidden corner of my heart,  
And yet the memory is warm and bright.

All through the long green days of Spring  
It lies in wraithlike mist . . . obscure . . .  
remote . . .

But when October flames, I lift it out  
And wear its scarlet splendor at my throat.  
—Jean Walter

### IN BOLD RELIEF

Sundays, from other days, are different,  
They seem to stand out on the calendar;  
Brighter than week-days, and more slowly  
spent,

As things of value usually are.  
At first this was the day when I could wear  
My "best dress," and could go to Sunday  
school.

And later it was welcomed, foul or fair,  
As holiday, freed from scholastic rule.  
Then that first row of numbers seemed to  
shout

"This is the day he comes to see me!" . . .  
Now—

There is no reason why they should stand  
out

From any hum-drum week-day, yet some-  
how

Because of other days and moons and  
stars—

All Sundays shine a bit on calendars.  
—Isa Paschal Richardson

### I HAD FORGOTTEN

I had forgotten it could be like this;  
A poet's rhyme . . . soft spoken  
words that sing  
Of silken rhapsodies . . . a breath-  
less kiss . . .

A night that lingers with remember-  
ing.

I had forgotten that my heart could  
beat

Like dark men's drums beneath a  
restless moon,

And then you came and breathed a  
dream complete

With stars and laughter drugged  
with madness. Soon

Again I shall know music rich  
beyond

The hour . . . and peace, like rain,  
typing welcome

Upon my roof. A clear but vagabond  
Perfection shimmers and the pendu-  
lum

Of love becomes the cycle of a sigh.  
I said I had forgotten—but had I?  
—Ruby Diehr

### FARM WIFE

There are so many things that I'd be saying  
If you could hear my heart 'way out of doors;  
I think of how I love you, while you're haying,  
Or plowing fields, or doing evening chores.

And after chortime, when you come in weary,  
I think of tender things I'd like to say,  
But I just say, "The fire feels mighty cheery."  
Or, "My! it's been just like a summer's day."

My heart knows all the love words poets treasure  
But I can't seem to say them, though I try,  
So when I love you more than I can measure,  
I scrub the floor, or bake an apple pie.  
—Marylu Terral Jeans

### SHOCK

In all of life's emergencies

One shock I label GOOD

The time the local plumber came

The day he said he would.  
—Helena K. Beacham

### AUTUMN NIGHT

In whirring flight

A frightened quail

Shatters the stillness

Along the trail.

The weeds grow high

Where our path once led;

The orchard is barren—

The grass is dead . . .

But my thoughts of you

Are living things,—

Shining moths

With eternal wings,

Blazing a pathway

Of clean, white light

Through the shadowed hours

Of an autumn night.  
—Rowena Cheney

### APOLOGY IN AUTUMN

Forgive my heart for so much golden  
weather,

For moon-mist and a river full of  
stars;

For small leaf-secrets and a red-  
wing's feather;

A gypsy camp and fiddles and  
guitars.

Forgive my heart for so much Indian  
summer,

For fields moon-eyed with pumpkins  
and with squashes;

For listening to the weather's tree-  
top drummer

While walking you in rain without  
galoshes.

Forgive my heart for so much  
autumn hunger—

(I love you but I love the season  
too);

For feeling gayer, giddier and  
younger

Than I have any right or reason to.

Forgive me and I promise to be  
sober

And sane and sweet again—after  
October.  
—Cosette Middleton



## By TED MALONE

Be sure to listen to Ted  
Malone's program Monday  
through Friday mornings at  
11:45 EST on ABC stations.

Verses for October, to catch the last brilliant

flaring of color before the world turns white



# Traveler of the Month

**O**THER members of Elsie Voight's family grow roots. They own houses, rear children, establish bank accounts and identify themselves with a single community, says our Traveler of the Month.

But Elsie Voight calls the world her home, her skill as a linguist, accountant and stenographer her wealth, and the people of every land her brothers.

We were flattered when she made Welcome Travelers her first stop on returning from a trip which had taken her to China as field auditor for UNRRA, and which had circled the globe before it ended. She was bound for her parents' residence at Homewood, Illinois.

There was a temptation, that day, to spend the whole program interviewing Elsie, for her addresses during the past twenty years have read like the index to an atlas. Bogota . . . Chungking . . . Johannesburg . . . Peiping . . . Quito . . . Zambesi River.

Driven by a burning desire to know the face of the earth as others know a small town, she stays in one city only long enough to earn passage to the next destination. She fills two bags with a suit, a pair of slacks, a lot of blouses, two sweaters, a long-sleeved black street dress, a short-sleeved black afternoon dress and a black lace formal, and she's ready for anything from crossing a jungle on foot to presiding as hostess at the captain's table on a big liner.

What's more, she has that gift, usually found only among the top wire service correspondents, of arriving in a city just at the moment it becomes important in world news.

Slender, soft-voiced Elsie Voight told me, "Tommy, it was the depression that turned

me into a world traveler. I couldn't find a job here, so I went abroad."

She started at the beginning, and told me her springboard to adventure had been a trip to Minneapolis—500 miles away—just after she was graduated from Chicago's Hyde Park high school. She had once had a vacation job as bookkeeper at the YMCA college and camp at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, so on arrival at Minneapolis, it was natural she should ask the Y for work. To explore the area thoroughly, she also worked at the St. Paul Y. Next jump was San Francisco and Los Angeles. She had her eye on Honolulu, but her family objected and she returned home.

The boom of the twenties was well under way, and Elsie soon saw it from the vantage point of one of the nation's leading law firms located at the corner of Nassau and Wall Street, in the heart of New York's financial section. Big-name clients made news every day on the stock market. Elsie liked being backstage at the greatest drama of that decade.

She spent every leisure moment sight-seeing. After a year, she felt she knew New York well enough, and more sights lay beyond its harbor. She went to Bermuda first, then to England, Belgium, Holland, Germany and France.

Returning to Chicago, she stayed long enough to add Northwestern University credits to those she had previously acquired at the University of Chicago, University of California, and New York University, taking a bachelor's degree in accounting in 1928.

Then came the crash. "That deflated the market value of my new diploma just as surely as it burst the bubble of the real

estate firm for which I worked," Elsie explained. "I scrambled for jobs. Annual cuts replaced annual raises, and I could see no reason for remaining in Chicago."

There were those in our Welcome Travelers audience who knew exactly what she meant. You could tell by their expressions they remembered those days too well.

Elsie started saving money for passage. Since her regular position paid eight dollars a week, she found an additional evening job to increase her income. When her little hoard of dollars equalled the price of a one-way ticket to Honolulu, she set out. She had many jobs during her two years in Hawaii. She recalls that when she applied for one, a man inquired, "Why did you leave the States?"

"Because there was a depression," Elsie replied promptly.

"What," asked the man, "do you think we're having here?"

But depression or no depression, Elsie found firms that needed letters written and books kept. Salaries were small, but eventually she saved enough for a one-way fare to Manila. She wanted to go to China, but with only sufficient money for one-way passage, she had to buy her ticket to an American port to obtain a visa.

That visa, however, permitted her to stop off at Japan. It was a fairyland place in those days, she remembers. A little island, little people and small prices when one toured the country third class and stopped at native inns. And their ferocious dream of world power was covered up by tidy little manners.

Best of all, it was just a short distance to Shanghai where she became secretary to the president of the (Continued on page 92)



By  
**TOMMY  
BARTLETT**

Tommy Bartlett is m.c.  
of Welcome Travelers,  
heard at 12 Noon on  
ABC network stations.

Elsie Voight is wearing  
her treasures: Chinese  
robe, Brazilian rings,  
bracelets from Trinidad.



*The spirit of Marco Polo guides this traveler's steps—desire for knowledge of far places, strange people*

# COAST to COAST in TELEVISION



Shaye Cogan and Johnny Desmond in a dressy number for Face the Music, their Mon. through Fri. CBS-TV show, 7:15 P.M. EST.



On Swing Into Sports (WABD, Mondays at 8 P.M. EST), Chuck Tranam and Johnny Farrell okay Wendy Barrie's follow through.



Ben Grauer conducts an alert panel of participants in his Americana quiz, heard and seen on WNBT, Mondays at 8:30 P.M. EST.



Playing Rube Goldberg's Drawing Game, along with the home audience (WPIX, Tues., 8 P.M. EST), a breathless quartet.



**D**UMONT is conducting an interesting show over WABD in New York and WNHC-TV in New Haven, Connecticut. It's called Key to Missing Persons and is aired on Sundays from 6 to 6:30 P.M. The star of the program is Archdale J. Jones, expert in the work of re-uniting people long separated. Most of the cases dealt with on the series do not involve crime or felony, and are not the kind which normally come under police jurisdiction.

Colonel Stoopnagle, long a radio favorite, made his television debut with a show called Colonel Stoopnagle's Stoop. Said stoop gave the irrepressible Colonel a meeting place for a wide variety of characters with whom he could exchange his peculiar brand of wacky chatter. Television gives him the opportunity to demonstrate his famous "inventions" as well as talk about them.

Anyone who doubts that 1948 was television's year to howl—take note that on October 1st premium time (6 to 10:30 at night) will be \$1,000 an

hour over the NBC television network. It was only \$400 an hour a year ago!

Credit Adelaide Hawley (whom we wrote about in the August issue) and her Fashions on Parade video show for bringing Procter and Gamble, one of the five largest advertisers in America, to television. P & G signed a 49-week contract to start at the end of July, and have been advertising Prell and Ivory Snow. Video needs more companies that have large advertising budgets, so that programs can improve more rapidly.

One exciting television possibility, still in the experimental stage, is "Stratovision" or television relayed from an airplane—five miles up. The plane circles and picks up a program transmitted from a ground station; it then relays that program to viewers on the ground within an area 400 miles in diameter. Since television now can only be thrown 50 miles, stratovision is revolutionary.

Elsa Maxwell, world- (Continued on page 97)



**JOHNNIE STEARNS** writes, directs, produces, acts in husband-and-wife show Mary Kay and Johnnie, on WABD Tues., 7:15 P.M. EST. Bent on acting, he rushed to Hollywood after his Boston schooldays, to find that his resemblance to (a) Lloyd Nolan and (b) Humphrey Bogart stood in the way of any real success there. Back in the East, he hit Broadway with parts in "One Touch of Venus," "On The Town," "Are You With It?" And he did better in Eastern-made movies, getting involved one way or another in "Boomerang," "Kiss of Death," "Carnegie Hall," "Miracle on 34th Street," "Portrait of Jenny"—all made in New York.



**STAN SHAW**, whose Milkman's Matinee is a radio standby, now goes into WPIX television with another disc show, Record Rendezvous (7:05 P.M. EST, Mon.-Wed.-Fri.). He calls it a "record variety show with live guest stars," and says his tele-hours are the hardest he's ever worked since entering radio in 1925. Stan's forty-ish, married to a lovely ex-model.



**IRENE MURPHY**, only 23, boasts more video hours than any girl in the business. (It's characteristic of the infant industry that its veterans should be youngsters in their 20s!) Starting with WABD's Cash and Carry, she transferred last year to RCA-Television Caravan, which introduced television to large department stores across the country. Pretty, brown-haired "Murph" is busy packaging her own video program, readying it for a debut which should be taking place early in the very important coming season.



**AL SCHACHT**, as Clown Prince of Baseball, has performed before sixty million people in forty years, expects to double that on tele through The Al Schacht Show (WNBT, five minutes before every Giants baseball game from Polo Grounds). He has clowned at most World Series games since 1921, written two books. Al Schacht owns a new 52nd Street restaurant.

Now it can be seen—Leave It To the Girls, whose permanent panel of lovely, lovely ladies makes it one of the most video-worthy of programs

# Leave It To The Girls



1. Luncheon at Lucey's in Hollywood preceded tele-debut on Mutual of "Leave It." Constance Bennett and fluff Miss Prudence sat between guest Walter O'Keefe and (r.) MBS exec. Lewis Allen Weiss.



2. Seated far left, Robin Chandler, a permanent "Girl"; far right, Constance Moore. Standing, psychoanalyst Dr. J. W. Gregory; Vanessa Brown; Charles Korvin; Ann Rutherford; Ruth Warrick.



3. In spite of crush, actress Vanessa Brown did get to sit down. But she had to get up again to get to tele-studio 'on time. As in radio, "Leave It" has permanent panel plus male and female guest.



4. Unkind video lights make small amount of gilding necessary even for Chandler and Bennett, though they are about as telegenic as humankind can be. Brown lipstick is gruesome but necessary touch.



5. As female guest-of-the-day Ann Rutherford prepares for her ordeal by television, she's watched critically by Don Lee makeup expert J. Grant Wilson (standing), and with awe by Mike Frankovich.



6. First up to congratulate Robin Chandler after the broadcast was comedian Joe E. Brown, still laughing. The program's point is that the "Girls" are not only beautiful—but bright as new pennies.



7. The Noise—after the girls have had their say (note Binnie Barnes, third permanent panel member) their male guest gets a chance to answer back. Walter O'Keefe calls for attention, but does he get it?

**BUD GUEST'S** stock answer to the question, "Where do you get all the material for your program?" is an understated, "I just report the news nobody else wants."

An experienced radioman once appropriately added, "Yeah, nobody but the listeners—thousands of them!"

For Bud Guest, WJR's Reporter-at-large, with his inconsequential news items "that nobody wants," is a pillar of Hooper audience strength in The Goodwill Station 50,000-watt line-up.

It's a natural flair Bud has for sunny items. He is the son of poet-philosopher Edgar A. Guest, whose homespun verses have brought many a smile to the most downtrodden and tugged at the heart-strings of the most cynical.

Bud doesn't take to iambic meters and such, but he shows in other ways the influence of his early environment. He puts into prose and narration many of the cheery philosophies his world-famous dad put into poetry.

It's a little difficult to describe Bud's Reporter-at-Large program. Over the past two and a half years since his return from the Navy, he has explored such subjects as the best way to cure hiccups, how to get a bat out of a summer cottage, the private life of a platypus, the history of the goldfish, how to be comfortable while taking a rocket trip to the moon, and how to understand what your patients are saying to you should you ever become a dentist.

Bud recently became involved with unusual epitaphs. It started innocently enough. The news wires carried an item quoting an English clergyman to the effect that our generation had become a humorless lot when it came to writing epitaphs. Our ancestors did a lot better at it; they were not content merely to list the deceased's name, along with the dates of birth and death. They told something about the person occupying the plot of land beneath the stone.

Bud agreed with the clergyman over the air, and called for an improvement in present-day epitaphs. The call was heard, apparently, by an enormous number of people who specialize in epitaph-collecting, for samples of this high art came to Guest's desk for weeks. Of all the sample epitaphs his listeners supplied he likes these for reasons of style, incisiveness, and ingenuity:

"Here lies a man whose crown was won,  
By blowing down an empty gun.  
No sooner down the gun he blew  
Than up the golden stairs he flew."

Bud contends that such an epitaph tells the complete story of what happened to the gentleman resting beneath the marker.

But the one that he prefers above all others, primarily because the author displayed more than the usual amount of inventiveness in constructing the rhyme, concerns the sad passing of one Susan Lowder. It goes like this:

"Here lies the body of Susan Lowder  
Who burst while drinking a Seidlitz Powder.  
Called from this world to her heavenly rest  
She should have waited till it effervesced."

WJR's Bud Guest reports the news nobody wants—nobody, that is, except thousands of radio listeners

# Reporter at Large

Happily married, Bud is the father of three children, Edgar A. Guest, III, nine; Ellen Elizabeth Guest, seven, and Jane Maynard Guest, three. They live in Detroit on the second fairway of the Detroit Golf Club.

Despite his poor eyesight, Bud was an officer-instructor in aerial gunnery in the Navy during the war. Before that, as city editor of the Detroit Free Press, he became impressed with the popularity of humorous fillers with newspaper readers. Then too, Bud has a great personal penchant for laughs in the news. With the rest of the world taking such a dim view of life, he feels there ought to be a spot on radio where light-hearted trivia gets a chance. That's the spot he's made for himself, with the "news nobody wants"—to which thousands listen.



Poet-philosopher Edgar A. Guest named his infant son Edgar Jr.—but Junior became “Bud” the day after he was born. Paralleling his father’s habit of looking on the cheerful side of things, Bud decided to concentrate, as a reporter, on the small humorous items which more “serious” commentators customarily throw away. Via WJR, he’s found a lot of listeners who agree with him that there’s a place in radio for trivia.

# Bride and Groom

WHO WERE RIGHT FOR EACH OTHER



Ray wasn't left out when bride-kissing time came round. As singer Jack McElroy saluted Mary, Ray thanked Roberts Roberts of the Bride and Groom office with a kiss "because she'd been so nice."

Mary Gilmore's wedding party is looking at one of the things that make this boy-meets-girl-in-Hollywood story so unusual: the wedding ring that almost stopped the wedding.



ONLY a few blocks separate the Bride and Groom studios on Wilshire Boulevard from the fabulous "Strip" on Sunset Boulevard, where are located the famed restaurants and night-clubs that figure prominently in so many Hollywood legends. And yet, despite the fact that we'll soon be starting our fourth year on the air, there have been only two or three Bride and Groom couples chosen from the hundreds of people whose lives are connected with that famous "Sunset Strip."

There is an understandable reason for that. For one thing, we have deliberately avoided choosing couples who were already front-page celebrities. We wanted our couples to represent the sort of love stories lived by the type of boy and girl that we all know in our own lives. Too, there was the fact that Hollywood romances often receive such sensational publicity that there is likely to be a question as to the sincerity of any movie-town marriage. We knew that such publicity had often been without the slightest justification, but we didn't want even the shadow of a question to arise about a Bride and Groom couple. After all, we're mighty proud that our couples have established a new national record in proving they were sincere when they made their marriage vows.

That was why (Continued on page 70)

These two intend to prove that some Hollywood marriages are made in Heaven — to last a lifetime!

By JOHN NELSON



Ray—to whom everything seemed absolutely perfect—was surprised when Mary's mother found a fold out of place.

Bride and Groom, with John Nelson as m.c., is heard Monday through Friday at 2:30 P.M., EST, on ABC stations.

THROUGH THE YEARS WITH

# Life can be beautiful



the story of Chichi—from her eventful meeting with Papa David, long ago, up to the present day



1. David Solomon was a lonely man until that night, many years ago, when Chichi blundered into his "Slightly Read Book Shop" . . . and his life. Locked out of her sordid tenement home by the woman who had raised her, the frightened, defiant Chichi, little more than a child, ran into the Book Shop for shelter. But she found much more than that: a permanent home, a lovable, wise old man to whom she rapidly became as close as a daughter, and the inspiration to transform herself into a worthwhile human being.

FOR many years, Papa David's "Slightly Read Book Shop" has been a source of far more than second-hand books. Shrewd and tolerant, with an unshakable faith in humankind, Papa David has led many others to an understanding of his personal creed—belief in the intrinsic beauty of life. To Chichi, his protegee, the faces in Papa David's album are well known; but to writer Douglas Norman, who has only recently found his way to the Book Shop, everything about it is new and fascinating—particularly the people from whom it takes its personality.

**"LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL" CAST MEMBERS**  
Papa David played by . . . . . Ralph Locke  
Chichi . . . . . Alice Reinheart  
Douglas Norman . . . . . Sidney Smith  
Tohy Nelson . . . . . Carl Eastman  
Dr. Markham . . . . . Charles Webster  
Nellie Gleason . . . . . Ethel Owen

Life Can Be Beautiful, written by Carl Bixby and Don Becker, is heard on NBC every Monday through Friday, at 12 noon, PST; 1 P.M. MST; 2 P.M. CST; 3 P.M. EST.



2. Papa David arranged living space for Chichi at the rear of the shop, and set her to dusting the books. He watched with satisfaction as she began to realize that between the covers of those worn-out books, whole worlds of knowledge and beauty were waiting to be discovered.





3. Chichi was still friendly with her old companion, Toby Nelson, who objected violently to his friend's new way of life—not to Papa David, but to the fact that the Book Shop's living quarters were also sheltering crippled Stephen Hamilton.



4. As Chichi bloomed under Papa David's care, Nellie, the woman who claimed to be her mother, tried to regain Chichi's confidence by telling her the truth about her parents: both were dead. "After all," Nellie emphasized, "I brought you up."



5. When Chichi met young Barry Markham, playboy son of famous Dr. Bertram Markham, she was thrilled by his attention—until Dr. Markham came to "rescue" his son from the girl he thought predatory. Conflict became affection as he learned to know Chichi.



6. Though Dr. Markham now tried to promote the romance between Barry and Chichi, she finally married Stephen. Happiness was brief. Stephen died suddenly, and bitterness succeeded grief when Chichi learned Stephen had been dishonest and unfaithful.



7. At this opportune time, self-seeking Nellie reappeared, "mothered" Chichi, and was able to enlist her aid in operating a disreputable hotel. When Chichi realized what was going on, she exerted herself to reform both the hotel and, temporarily, Nellie.



8. It was at the Gleason Hotel that Chichi met and fought with writer Douglas Norman. Her misunderstanding of him turned to hatred when she realized that if it had not been for his search for material, Stephen's duplicity might never have come to light.



9. But quarreling was suspended when Douglas, after a dangerous eye injury, was moved at Dr. Markham's request into the office and flat adjoining the Book Shop. Moved by emotions she herself could not define, Chichi volunteered to take care of Douglas and to act as his secretary.

# THE LIFE OF

# ARTHUR GODFREY



With Godfrey (far left) on his 10:30 A. M. show: assistant Mugs Richardson; writer Chuck Horner; secretary Mimi Ross; writer Hank Miles; Archie Bleyer standing before his orchestra; at right of guitarist, producer Will Roland; at mike, far right, announcer Tony Marvin, vocalist Janette Davis; behind them, the Mariners Quartet.

RADIO  
MIRROR  
READER  
BONUS

**A**RTHUR GODFREY'S story is a strange saga of journeys over the Seven Seas, of vagrant wanderings across our continent, of itinerant jobs in offices, kitchens, coal mines, vaudeville houses and factories.

It is a chronicle that borders on the fabulous and there are still people who doubt that so many things could have happened to any one man in such a short span of years. But the story is a true one and, if anything, it is less challenging to the imagination than the glittering facts of his present-day success.

Sailor, salesman, coal miner, room clerk, chauffeur, chef, vagabond, vaudevillian . . . radio amateur to radio personality extraordinary—he might

never have embarked on such a checkered career were it not for the special circumstances of his young boyhood.

Radio's famous redhead was born on August 31, 1903, to Kathryn and Arthur Hanbury Godfrey who lived at Amsterdam Avenue and 112th Street in New York City. Two years later, the Godfreys moved from crowded Manhattan to rural Hasbrouck Heights in New Jersey. It was a tiny town which only recently had persuaded the Erie Railroad to make regular passenger and freight stops there. Horse-drawn buggies clop-clopped down its dusty, tree-shaded main street. The earthy smell of livery stables was a commonplace thing and the most violent sounds heard were the occa-

Hear Arthur Godfrey on CBS, Monday through Friday at 6 to 7:45 A. M., 10:30 to 11:30 A. M., and Monday nights at 8:30 EST.

Red Godfrey's story is a fairy tale with a difference. It's not only wonderful . . . it's true, too



This is the Godfrey who was known to Baltimore listeners, some years ago, as "Red."



Come weekends, Arthur is likely to take to the water with as many sea-going friends as his sloop can carry. Singer Janette Davis, a good sailor, comes along as one of the redhead's party.

By IRA KNASTER

sional hoot of a train whistle or the jolly clang of a blacksmith's anvil.

It was a pleasant, picturesque environment . . . but Arthur was still too young for any of it to register on his mind. A couple of years later, though, when he was nearing his fourth birthday, a vivid incident did leave its mark.

"It's my earliest recollection," he says. "It seems I got lost in a meadow. I remember that one minute everything was safe and familiar. Then, before I knew it, this tall grass began closing in on me. I started to run. The grass got taller and thicker and I got more and more panicky. I must have thrashed around in that maze for only a minute but it felt like a year. I blubbered

and screamed and suddenly mother was standing there, smiling. She had a hard time convincing me that I'd got lost only about twenty feet away from our front porch."

Fortunately, Arthur's childhood misadventure didn't leave him with any unhealthy fear of the great outdoors. Actually, the opposite is true . . . so very true that, reminiscing about him, J. Earle Thomson, Arthur's old school principal, recalls him as "the Daniel Boone of Teterboro."

In the period when Arthur was eleven or twelve years old, a tremendous, swampy bottomland sprawled at the foot of the ridge on which Hasbrouck Heights was settled. This was Teterboro, a marshland pocked with bog-holes, stagnant

## THE LIFE of ARTHUR GODFREY

pools, grassy hummocks and a criss-cross of dank waterways and brackish streams. Old men would come down to this mosquito-infested place with spades and cut out blocks of decayed vegetation called peat. In season, great flocks of wild ducks would darken the sky . . . and the sharp bark of shotguns would fill the air.

Teterboro swamp was Arthur's Shangri-la, his playground. In it, along with Allan Vannoti, tomboy Molly Moran and other companions, he fished, crabbed, hunted for birds' nests and sailed home-made boats. Best of all were the hours spent in trapping muskrats. If, now and then, one of the crude traps snared a muskrat, its dark pelt could be sold for a few welcome dollars.

One of his chums owned a keen rifle that never failed to bring a glint of envy to Arthur's blue eyes. It would have been swell bagging muskrats with a rifle like that but they cost money . . . more money than he dared to mention in the Godfrey household those days.

Only eleven years old, but already Arthur was conscious of the meaning of money. Day after day, his awareness of it came from spoken and unspoken references to it at home. Arthur now had sisters and brothers . . . Kathryn, Charles, Robert and Gene. It was a large family to feed and many times the worry of it was written in mother's eyes.

Mother . . . with her tall, slender figure and her lovely auburn hair—a magnetic personality, some of the neighbors said. Every ounce of her patience and love went into the rearing of this family and still, with an intense kind of pride, she would find time for community activities. There was the church choir. There were the meetings of The Woman's Club of which she was a charter member.

There were discussions at the Shakespeare Club and, every so often, a trip by ferry to New York for some performance of "Hamlet" or "Othello." Mother took part in these cultural events . . . as often as her dwindling



Sailor, salesman, chauffeur, chef . . . Godfrey has not forgotten the knocking-around he once took.

means permitted. The occasions became fewer and fewer.

As for Dad, outwardly his dapper appearance bespoke self-assurance and security. Still in his prime, a fine figure of a man with fair complexion, alert, intelligent eyes set in handsome features, he was every inch the gentleman. His vocabulary was remarkably extensive and his manner of speech was precise and in keeping with his English education.

**B**UT Dad indulged in fewer witticisms than he used to . . . laughed less frequently, less heartily. He talked only occasionally about the fascinating work he had done as feature writer for national magazines, as editor of trade papers and periodicals that dealt with horse-breeding and horse shows. He'd been an acknowledged expert on those subjects. Sometimes there would be a special ring in his voice as he told stories about the glamorous people he'd seen and met while working as publicist for millionaire Vanderbilt's racing interests.

But an important change had taken place. Exactly what this change was, Arthur didn't know, except that it was linked to the atmosphere at home. Dimly, he realized that it had something to do with horses and money and laughter at the dinner table. It had something to do with the grim, resigned look that came over Dad's face whenever one of those new-fangled "horseless buggies" chugged into view.

And so, with the coming of his school vacation, young Arthur Godfrey elected not to laze in the summer sun. Instead, he traipsed down to Ehler's grocery store and offered his services for whatever wage Mr. Ehler deemed worth-while. Small fry weren't much good behind the counter, so a post was found for him as assistant in charge of deliveries. That arrangement was okay with Arthur because, like his father, he loved being near horses . . . and the Ehler deliveries were made via one-horse-power wagon. It was a prospering establishment and orders had to be taken to customers who lived all over the neighboring countryside. Arthur liked moving about and meeting folks . . . and besides, he was able to come home on Saturday nights with a fistful of silver.

There were other summers and other jobs. There were



Margaret "Mugs" Richardson is head of the small army of assistants who expedite Godfrey's shows.

## THE LIFE of ARTHUR GODFREY

jobs he worked at in after-school hours. There was the newspaper route he shared with Ralph Chandless and the job of driving Schaeffer's bakery wagon.

He was growing up, taking on man-sized responsibilities. But the kid had his off moments, too. For example, the several occasions when he was supposed to be exercising Mr. Schaeffer's horse and when, instead, he was seen riding the nag bareback down some otherwise quiet residential street—charging hell-for-leather past the house of some pretty girl he was trying to impress.

THEN, there was the matter of Mrs. Goodrich's Thursday afternoon card party, a social institution in Hasbrouck Heights. It was Mrs. Goodrich's custom to serve the ladies cold refreshments in summertime. This was August and she had ordered three quarts of ice cream from John Ferrari's Sweet Shoppe, young Godfrey's current place of employment. At 3 P.M., promptly as instructed, Mr. Ferrari had the cold refreshment packed and in Arthur's hands for delivery. At 3:45 P.M., Ferrari's prized customer telephoned and, in tones several degrees chillier than any ice cream, demanded to know why it hadn't arrived. Frantically, Ferrari dashed outside. The first thing he saw was Arthur and a couple of other kids crouched over a hot game of marbles . . . and three quarts of hot ice cream oozing off the curbstone.

However, those departures from good behavior were very rare. Ask John Ferrari today and he'll tell you emphatically that "Arthur was a fine lad. If he earned a two-bit tip I happen to know that he'd turn it over to his mother. And when she let him have the nickel for ice cream, he'd come into my place like the happiest youngster alive."

In that period, just prior to the first World War, important social changes were taking place in America . . . changes brought about by the appearance of two new

developments—the flivver and the flickers. Already it was apparent that the increasing numbers of automobiles were having an adverse effect on the elder Godfrey's fortunes. As for the movies, they, oddly enough, provided a means of livelihood for Mrs. Godfrey.

Hasbrouck Heights' sole movie emporium may have been named the usual Bijou, or Palace, or Cameo. No one seems to recall just what its proper name was, but everyone does remember it as "the monkey-house." It probably earned that label because of wild monkey-shines indulged in by the town's teen-age set. "The Perils of Pauline," the Mack Sennett Comedies, the Theda Bara heart-throbers, the Vitagraph epics and all the Charlie Chaplin films paraded across its silver screen.

Seated at the piano down front, playing mood music for all those silent flickers, was Arthur Godfrey's mother. It was work that utilized her musical talent. It was work that meant income, however meager.

The Black Tom explosion, booming within earshot of Hasbrouck Heights . . . unrestricted U-boat warfare in the Atlantic . . . our declaration of a state of war against Germany . . . Wilson's Fourteen Points of Peace . . . Battle of the Somme . . . Battle of the Meuse-Argonne . . .

Against the background of those troubling world events, Arthur progressed from grammar school to high school. He was a good student, neither brilliant nor mediocre. He became known as a chronic yawner in morning classes, just as he is today during his early morning broadcasts. He had a special aptitude for mathematics. Geography captured his imagination although there were several instances when his open geography book was used to shield some novel of high adventure. In one biology class, Arthur amazed his teacher and fellow students by accurately identifying several species of bird-life, topping off his talk with an enlightening discourse on nesting characteristics (*Continued on page 96*)

Mary and Arthur can ride over quite a bit of Virginia without leaving their own land, of which there's 800 acres.



# Food and Frolic



PARTY FOOD SHOULD BE FUN—AS GOOD TO LOOK AT AS IT IS TO EAT!



ONCE a year it's fitting for ghosts to stalk your table. Heap goblins on to the sandwich platter with funny face cut-outs. Cut circles from Boston brown bread. In half of them snip out eyes and mouth. Spread the remaining slices with a contrasting colored filling. A good yellow pimiento cheese mixture is good with brown bread. Choose ham or tongue or a jelly for the white ones. Let ghosts walk on the sandwich platter by stuffing celery stalks with cream cheese, using leafy celery ends for the arms. Stand the ghosts to guard the sandwich pile. Serve a pitcher of cider and fresh apples to munch on.

Here are other suggestions for holiday celebrating around Halloween.

## BLACK CAT COOKIES

Melt bitter chocolate over warm water and keep warm enough not to harden. Put a drop of chocolate in the middle of a large round cookie, over this place a chocolate coated peppermint wafer for the body of (Continued on page 84)

## CROSS BONES SALAD

Serve this on a supper plate along with hot food. Take 2 stalks of stuffed celery and cross them on a lettuce leaf. At one end place 2 stuffed prunes. (Remove stones and fill each prune with seasoned cream cheese.) Use stuffed olives for the eyes. Cut a triangle of olive for the nose and a pimiento strip for the mouth. Serve with mayonnaise at the side.

## HALLOWEEN SALAD

Lightly mix canned kernel corn, cooked shredded stringbeans, cubed cooked potatoes and hard-cooked eggs, chopped. Season to taste with minced onion, salt and pepper and fold in enough mayonnaise to moisten. Serve in lettuce cups, garnish with tomato slices and sprinkle with grated hard-cooked egg yolks.

## HALLOWEEN SUPPERS

Goblin-faced Meat Pies  
(face slashed in crust)  
Julienne Carrots  
Orange Ice in Orange Cups  
Chocolate cookies  
Gingerale  
\*\*\*\*\*  
Halloween Salad  
Cream Cheese Sandwich  
Nuts Apples Taffy  
Orange-Filled Cup Cakes or  
Doughnuts  
Sweet Cider

## ORANGE ICE

Combine 2 cups of water and 1 cup of sugar. Heat until sugar is dissolved. Then add 2 cups of strained orange juice and 1/4 cup of strained lemon juice. Cool, and then pour into ice cube trays. Place in freezing compartment of refrigerator. Freeze until firm. Makes 1 1/2 pints or 6 servings.

By  
**KATE SMITH**

**RADIO MIRROR  
FOOD COUNSELOR**



Listen to Kate Smith Speaks, heard Monday through Friday at 12 Noon, EST, on Mutual network stations.

**RADIO MIRROR for BETTER LIVING**



The fun of a Halloween party can be magnified by having refreshments that carry out the ghosts-and-witches theme—in an appetizing way, of course! Leafy ghosts walking among goblin-faced sandwiches will do it.

# Inside Radio

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

## SUNDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45			Earl Wild	Carolina Calling
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Story to Order Words and Music	Tone Tapestries Chamber Music Society	White Rabbit Line	News E. Power Biggs Trinity Choir of St. Paul's Chapel
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Bible Highlights Voices Down The Wind	Radio Bible Class Voice of Prophecy	Message of 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	Breakfast in Wash- ington Lutheran Hour	Texas Jim Robertson Piano Playhouse	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 Roger
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Eddy Howard One Man's Family	Charlie's House Juvenile Jury	Harrison Wood The Almanac Dance Music	CBS Symphony Orch.
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	The Quiz Kids News Living—1948	House of Mystery True Detective	Thinking Allowed	Make Mine Music
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Author Meets the Critics Jane Pickens	The Shadow Quick As A Flash	Personal Autograph Musical David Harding Counterplay	Sunday At The Chase

### EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	The Catholic Hour Hollywood Star Preview	Those Websters Nick Carter	Drew Pearson Don Gardner Greatest Story Ever Told	Family Hour The Pause That Re- freshes on the Air
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Rechall Summer Theater	Sherlock Holmes Behind the Front Page	Johnny Thompson Johnny Fletcher	Gene Autry Blondie
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Charlie McCarthy Show 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	Jim Backus	Walter Winchell Louella Parsons Theatre Guild on the Air	Winner Take All Strike It Rich
10:00 10:15	Take It or Leave It	Voice of Strings		Hollywood Show- case, Mickey Rooney Escape
10:30	Horace Heidt	Clary's Gazette	Jimmie Fidler	



**MOREY AMSTERDAM**—fast-talking night-club performer now heard Saturday nights at 9:00 P.M., EST, CBS.



**MARILYN ERSKINE**—plays the role of Janey Brown in Young Widder Brown which is heard Mondays to Fridays on CBS at 4:45 P.M. EST. No stranger to the Broadway stage, Marilyn has appeared in many big-time productions, one of which was Thornton Wilder's successful "Our Town." Despite a busy acting schedule, she has managed to find time to study languages and music as well as to write several short stories and poems.

## MONDAY

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

### AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Harkness of Wash- ington Words and Music	Kate Smith Speaks Victor H. Lindlahr U. S. Service Band	Welcome Travelers	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	U. S. Navy Band Robert McCormick Robert Ripley	Cedric Foster Happy Gang Checkerboard Jamboree	Bill Baukhage Nancy Craig	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Today's Children Light of the World	Queen For A Day	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	Luncheon at Sardi's Red Hook 31	Ladies Be Seated Galen Drake	David Harum Hilltop House House Party
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Robert Hurleigh Johnson Family Misc. Programs Two Ton Baker		Hint Hunt Winner Take All
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Adventure Parade Capt. Midnight Superman Tom Mix	Fun House 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 Fred Felbel 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 Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis The Lone Ranger	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:55	Cavalcade of America Voice of Firestone	The Falcon Casebook of Gregory Hood Billy Rose	Sound Off Stars in the Night	Inner Sanctum Talent Scouts
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Telephone Hour Dr. I. Q.	Gabriel Heatter Radio Newsreel Quiet Please	Tomorrow's Tops Get Rich Quick	Lux Radio Show
10:00 10:15 10:30	Contented Program Fred Waring	Fishing and Hunting Club Dance Orch.	Arthur Gaeth Earl Godwin	Vaughn Monroe



**ARNOLD STANG**—goggle-eyed, 5'4", 120-pounder has been playing comedy parts for fourteen of his twenty-five years. A native of Chelsea, Mass., he acquired his radio experience in Let's Pretend, The Children's Hour, and The Goldbergs in which he created the role of Seymour which later emerged as the hapless Gerard, mirth-provoking addition to The Henry Morgan Show.

## TUESDAY

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, Mag- azine of the Air Club Time	Music For You Arthur Godfrey
10:45	Joyce Jordan			
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	This Is Nora Drake We Love And Learn Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Passing Parade Tell Your Neighbor Heart's Desire	Bkfst in H'wood Ted Malone Kiernan's Corner	Arthur Godfrey Grand Slam Rosemary

### AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Harkness of Wash- ington Words and Music	Kate Smith Speaks Victor H. Lindlahr Service Band	Welcome Travelers	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Art Van Damme Quartet Robert McCormick Robert Ripley	Cedric Foster Happy Gang Checkerboard Jamboree	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	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	Luncheon at Sardi's Red Hook 31	Ladies Be Seated Galen Drake	David Harum Hilltop House House Party
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Robert Hurleigh Johnson Family Misc. Programs Two Ton Baker		Hint Hunt Winner Take All
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Adventure Parade Capt. Midnight Superman Tom Mix	Fun House Sky King	Treasury Bandstand The Chicagoans Lum 'n' Abner

### EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	John MacVane Sketches in Melody Sunoco News	Local Programs	Local Programs	Eric Sevareid Frontiers of Science Fred Felbel Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World Lenie Herman Quintet H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Alvin Helfer News H. V. Kaltenborn	Headline Edition Elmer Davis Green Hornet Drama	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:55	Dinah Shore, Harry James and Johnny Mercer Date With Judy	Mysterious Traveler	Youth Asks the Government Edwin D. Canham America's Town Meeting of the Air	Mystery Theater Mr. and Mrs. North
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Amos 'n' Andy Call the Police	Gabriel Heatter Radio Newsreel Lone Wolf	Local Programs	We, The People Hit The Jackpot
10:00 10:15 10:30	Bob Hope Show People Are Funny	Public Defender Dance Orchestra	NAM Series Labor U. S. A.	Studio One

## WEDNESDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember			The Trumpeteers Songs By Bob A cher
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in N. Y. Clevelandaires Nelson Olmsted	Editor's Diary Ozark Valley Folks	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America Barnyard Follies
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fred Waring Road of Life	Cecil Brown Faith In Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker, Mag- azine Of The Air Listening Post	Music For You Arthur Godfrey
10:45	Joyce Jordan			
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	This Is Nora Drake We Love And Learn Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Passing Parade Tell Your Neighbor Heart's Desire	Bkfst. in H'wood Ted Malone Kiernan's Corner	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. Marine Band	Welcome Travelers	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	NBC Concert Orch. Robert McCormick Robert Ripley	Cedric Foster Happy Gang Checkerboard Jamboree	Bill Baukhage Nancy Craig	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30	Double or Nothing Today's Children	Queen For A Day	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	Luncheon at Sardi's Red Hook 31	Ladies Be Seated Galen Drake	David Harum Hilltop House House Party
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Robert Hurleigh The Johnson Family Two Ton Baker		Hint Hunt Treasury Band Show Winner Take All
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Adventure Parade Capt. Midnight Superman Tom Mix	Fun House 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 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	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:55	Dennis Day Great Glidersleeve	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 Lionel Hampton Show	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	Bing Crosby Gordon MacRae	The Whistler Capitol Cloak Room



**MARY SMALL**—whom radio fans will remember as the singing M. C. of the recent Mary Small-Junior Miss program and as "the little girl with the big voice" can now be heard on Mutual's radio game, Three For The Money, aired Saturday nights from 9 to 10 P.M., EST. Mary is married to song writer Vic Mizzy who has written a long string of hits. They have a daughter, three-year-old Patti Lou.

# T H U R S D A Y

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

## AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 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
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	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	Luncheon At Sardi's Red Hook 31	Ladies Be Seated Galen Drake	David Harum Hilltop House House Party
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Robert Hurlleigh Johnson Family Two Ton Baker		Hint Hunt Winner Take All
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When a Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Adventure Parade Capt. Midnight Superman Tom Mix	Fun House Sky King	Treasury Bandstand The Chicagoans Lum 'n' Abner

## EVENING PROGRAMS

8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Sketches in Melody Sunoco News	Local Programs	Local Programs	Eric Sevareid Report from the United Nations Avenir de Monfred Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World Lawrence Welk	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Alvin Helfer News Inside of Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:55	Aldrich Family Burns and Allen	Lucky Partners Better Half Quiz Billy Rose	Front Page Criminal Casebook	Dr. Standish Mr. Keen
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Nelson Eddy-Dorothy Kirsten Sealtest Village Store	Gabriel Heatter Radio Newsreel Revere Revue Background For Stardom	Child's World Candid Microphone	Suspense Crime Photographer
10:00 10:15 10:30	Bob Hawk Show The Time, The Place and The Tune	Family Theatre	Local Programs	Radio Readers' Digest



**ROY ROGERS**—one of the greatest box office attractions of all time has come a long way since the days when he was plain Len Slye of Duck Run, Ohio. He began his career as a member of the International Cowboys and later joined the Sons of The Pioneers. Republic Pictures claimed him next. Recently, Roy returned to the air after a long absence; Roy can be heard on Sundays at 6:00 P.M., EST on Mutual.



**CONNIE DESMOND**—who helps add sparkle to CBS's County Fair, Wednesdays at 9:00 P.M., EST, as a member of the singing "Bordenaires" quartet still finds it had to explain how she broke into radio so easily. Her first job was as a singer with an ETO touring unit; later she joined a quartet with Louis Prima's band. And in four short months she was offered her present spot with the County Fair quartet.

# F R I D A Y

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

## AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Harkness of Wash- ington Words and Music	Kate Smith Speaks Victor H. Lindlahr Campus Salute	Welcome Travelers	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny
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	Maggi McNellis Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burto- 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	Luncheon At Sardi's Red Hook 31	Ladies Be Seated Galen Drake	David Harum Hilltop House House Party
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Robert Hurlleigh Johnson Family Two Ton Baker		Hint Hunt Winner Take All
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When a Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Adventure Parade Capt. Midnight Superman Tom Mix	Fun House Jack Armstrong	Treasury Bandstand The Chicagoans Lum 'n' Abner

## EVENING PROGRAMS

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

# S A T U R D A Y

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

## AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

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

## EVENING PROGRAMS

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



**DWIGHT WEIST**—the host on We The People, Tuesdays, 9:00 P.M., EST, CBS is an actor who can write as well as act. An alumni of Ohio Wesleyan, he has turned out several scripts which have been considered worthy enough to be broadcast. And there's more coming up, too. Dwight, his wife and their two robust youngsters live in Pelham, New York, where he practices his favorite hobby—photography.

# It's Here!

The General Electric Company is now busy producing a new model electronic toy phonograph that should be a boon to parents of record-conscious children. The machine will play small children's discs as well as standard 10-inch and 12-inch records and comes in a metal case finished in blue, with lithographed figures in white. The device measures approximately 13 inches long, 9 inches wide and 5 inches high. It weighs only 6 pounds.



Teletone: light and handsome.

Weighing only 6½ pounds, the Teletone Model 185 portable makes for easy toting to your favorite football stadium. This little three-way set comes in a plastic case with a gold metal grill and drop-door front. Retail price is about \$27.95.

Becoming more and more available are record players with two-speed motors, capable of playing both standard records and the newly arrived LP (long playing) records. Since it's a bit too soon for comprehensive study and intelligent recommendation, RADIO MIRROR suggests a listen and look-see shopping tour. Basically, the LP records revolve at a speed of 33½ revolutions per minute as against the 78 revolutions per minute of standard records. In addition, the groove in which the needle rides is much smaller. Result is best described by pointing out that an eight-record album can be recorded on a single LP disc.

Another new table model television set that combines AM and FM radio with a 13-channel video receiver is the Garod model 900TV, which will retail for \$375 plus tax and installation. The 10-inch direct-view set is finished in hand-rubbed mahogany veneers. Garod is also producing a similar set with a 12-inch tube, which will retail for \$425 plus tax and installation.



\$375 for Garod's 10-inch direct view.



Beverly Smith, left, director of The Second Mrs. Burton, introduces as Family Counselor the man who has made a hobby of hobbies: engineer Warren Morgan.

By  
**TERRY  
BURTON**



# Hobbies Help

**E**VEN though I know many people are interested in hobbies, I couldn't help but wonder how many housewives have enough time to spare for them! However, our next Family Counselor was Mr. Warren F. Morgan, an engineer whose hobby is hobbies. He very neatly set me straight.

He said: "A hobby can become a very important part of a woman's life. You see, the main advantage of a hobby is that, in addition to the real pleasure it can bring you materially, it also adds a lot to your life." I didn't quite follow this, and asked him to explain. "Well, a hobby gives you a feeling of real accomplishment. Take, for instance, dress designing—I know that's a hobby of yours."

"Why, come to think of it, I guess it is a hobby!" I agreed. "I know I do have fun planning clothes for myself and my friends, and as a result of my hobby, Stan added a new department in the store and it's already showing results—why, of course, that is a real accomplishment."

"You see, Mrs. Burton, by taking up a hobby women will find themselves to be more interesting people," Mr. Morgan continued. "A housewife with a variety of hobbies, or one special hobby, keeps from falling into a dull pattern. Because her curiosity is awakened, her mind is active and her conversation becomes more interesting."

"And besides," I reminded him, "you're always learning something new, for instance, a different way of solving a tedious problem. And most important, a hobby leads to new friendships, too."

"And I'd like to emphasize this point, Mrs. Burton," said Mr. Morgan. "Everybody's talking about brotherhood these days. Well, I can't think of a more successful example of brotherhood in action than a group of people, or one or two people, working together with their hobbies for their mutual advantage. That way, it's a real give and take proposition. With a common interest, every person is eager and ready to find out what the others have discovered, and then apply it for themselves."

"How," I questioned, "does one go about finding or developing a hobby?"

"You know, Mrs. Burton, most people really do have hobbies, even if they don't recognize them. Anything you do of your own free choice, for your own personal pleasure and satisfaction, is a hobby. All you need worry about is to be sure it's the way you most enjoy having fun."

On the Family Counselor broadcasts, we want to discuss the problems that chiefly interest our audience. What topic would you like to hear discussed by one of our Family Counselors? Won't you send your suggestions along to me in care of RADIO MIRROR?

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

# Mrs. Nicholas R. du Pont

## HER FACE tells you the charming story of herself

In Mrs. du Pont's lovely face you see the true reflection of her lovely inner-self. For her face shows you, with its sparkle and beauty and intelligence, what a completely captivating woman lives back of it.

Does *your* face let the real *You* come through—so that others see you as you want to be? Your face is the *outer* picture of your *inner-self*, remember. And, it can be such a delightful, enjoyable picture, if you care enough to make it so.



Her complexion has a beautifully cared-for look—fine in texture, clear, soft

She  
uses Ponds! "I can't imagine a finer face cream," Mrs. du Pont says



Ponds is used and beloved by more women than any other face cream. Get yourself a big jar of snowy Ponds Cold Cream—today!

A CHARMING FACE reveals *you* as a charming person. Don't think your face doesn't matter. It *does*. And so does the care you give it. *Always* at bedtime (for day cleansings, too) do Ponds' "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment. *This is the way:*

**Hot Stimulation**—splash face with hot water.

**Cream Cleanse**—swirl Ponds' Cold Cream all over your face. This softens and sweeps dirt from pore openings. Tissue off well.

**Cream Rinse**—swirl on more Ponds'. This rinses off last traces of dirt, and leaves your skin immaculate. Tissue off.

**Cold Stimulation**—a tonic cold water splash.

See your face now! It looks *re-made!*

This "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment acts on both sides of your skin. *From the Outside*—Ponds' Cold Cream wraps around surface dirt and make-up, as you massage—sweeps them cleanly away, as you tissue off. *From the Inside*—every step quickens beauty-giving circulation.

It is *not* vanity to develop the beauty of your face. It gives you a glowing air of confidence and happiness that wings from you to all who see you. It brings the *Inner You* closer to others.

# 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)

## Bride and Groom

(Continued from page 53)

we asked even more questions than usual when we considered the application of Mary Lesch and Ray Gilmore. Surely Hollywood had played a leading role in their real-life romance. It was even the reason for their deciding on a Bride and Groom wedding. As Ray explained, "When we think of marriage in Hollywood, we think of your program. Being on it would sort of complete the picture; because all the rest of our love story, including our first meeting, has had a Hollywood setting."

After the board of judges, who select each day's couple, had read that story, they gave quick approval to the appearance of Mary and Ray. "Theirs is a Hollywood story, yes," one of the judges said, "but it's also exactly the type of story we always look for—the story of a boy and girl who are truly in love, and whose marriage would have every chance of being a thing of lasting happiness."

Their story started in a completely-Hollywood setting—the Samuel Goldwyn Studios. Ray's work was in the scenic department, while Mary was a clerk-typist in the studio's story department. But a major picture studio is a huge place, and the two might have worked in their separate departments for years without even seeing each other. "Probably we should have anticipated our meeting," Ray laughed. "Mary told me later that the story department had thousands of plot-outlines based on the idea that the right boy always finds the right girl regardless of circumstances. Judging by what happened, I think those scenario-writers know what they're talking about!"

The first meeting took place the morning that Mary went looking for her boss, to deliver an important message. Her search included a stop at Ray's office, in a part of the studio where she had never been before. "That was all it took," said Ray, "just a few words of strictly-business conversation to convince me that that something mighty important had happened into my life."

To make sure that it wasn't to end with just those few words, Ray appointed himself Mary's guide for the remainder of her search. They found the missing boss finally, in a remote projection room, but by that time it was lunch-hour. Starting with that noon, the Studio Coffee Shop thereafter had the same couple at the same little table

in the corner every day at lunchtime.

There were other dates, too—quiet dinners at a famous little restaurant on La Cienega... pre-showings or premières of a Goldwyn production... drives along the coast highway to nearby Ventura. "When you finally meet the right girl," Ray said, "it's as though you've always known each other. We hadn't put our feelings into words during those first few months. It doesn't always take words between people in love, and I was certain that Mary and I felt the same way about each other."

Then came a happening to shake that certainty. A boyhood friend of Ray's came to Hollywood on a visit from a southern state. Knowing Hollywood only through what he'd heard and read, the friend had an exaggerated idea about everyone connected in any way with the movies. "I think he was disappointed that I hadn't brought along Lana Turner or Betty Grable to meet him at the station," Ray laughed. "I finally got that straightened out, but I couldn't convince him that most of his other ideas of Hollywood were just as wrong."

For instance, when Ray got around to the subject of Mary, the friend sort of whistled and said, "A studio glamor gal! Swell, long as you don't take her too seriously."

"You bet she's a glamor gal," Ray replied. "Just wait till you see her! But you're wrong on the rest of it—and I am taking her seriously."

Well, the friend really went to work in earnest, bringing up every fable and cliché that he'd ever read in a gossip column. "Don't kid yourself—she's a Hollywood gal, isn't she?" he asked. "You meet her at the studio, have a few dates with her, and then try to tell me she's different. How do you know she is—how do you know she isn't just going along for the laughs? What makes you think she's as serious as you say you are?"

Ray laughed good-humoredly. "The only thing wrong with you is that you've read too many tabloids," he chaffed. "You forget that ninety-nine percent of Hollywood is made up of people like Mary and me. People who never make the headlines, who fall completely and seriously in love with just one person, and who actually do get married for keeps. But you've done me a big favor by (Continued on page 72)

## It Mirrors Life Amazingly!



Women who listen regularly to "My True Story" radio program give many reasons why it's their favorite morning show. "It's so like real life" is one of their main reasons. That, of course, is because *each* complete drama, broadcast mornings Monday through Friday, is based on a *true* life-story, prepared in co-operation with the editors of TRUE STORY magazine. You will be thrilled and refreshed by this morning radio show that is so different from the long drawn-out dramas of fiction characters.

Listen to "My True Story" AMERICAN BROADCASTING STATIONS

# USE UP TO 25% LESS FUEL OIL

## with a Duo-Therm heater with Power-Air

*You don't want to* pay more dollars for less heating comfort, but—

*Chances are you will* if you depend on a heater this winter that's not as efficient and downright fuel-thrifty as a Duo-Therm.

Doesn't it make sense, then, to invest *now* in a beautiful Duo-Therm heater with Power-Air? You bet it does. This exclusive pays-for-itself combination gives you clean, constant, just-right heating comfort while it cuts fuel oil bills as much as one-fourth.



*You save up to*

*1 gallon of oil out of every 4!*

Yes, the Duo-Therm heater with Power-Air Blower has proved in severe tests in a cold Northern climate it *actually cuts fuel use as much as 25%*! Being a Blower—not a fan—Power-Air gets more heat into every nook and corner . . . keeps floors much warmer . . . gives you more heat and comfort at the living level.

The major fuel savings made possible by Duo-Therm's exclusive Power-Air can pay for the cost of your new Duo-Therm and let you maintain your standard of heating comfort!

Duo-Therm Burner does this!) for clean, efficient operation from low pilot to highest flame.



The full-bodied, mushroom type flame floats in the tough, lightweight steel heat chamber . . . hugs the chamber walls . . . transfers more heat to your home *quicker*. Because there are no moving parts, there's nothing to get out of order or wear out. And it's completely silent!



*Beautify your home as you heat it!*

Here's another extra you get when you get a Duo-Therm: *fine period furniture styling*. A Duo-Therm heater is designed by master furniture stylists to beautify your home as it heats it. No other heater gives you this!

And it's so *effortless* to heat with a Duo-Therm! On the first cold day you strike a match and light your Duo-Therm heater. Then tend the fire all winter by turning a handy dial. No work or dirt or ashes or worry *ever!*

Remember—it costs far less than you think to own one of these fine heaters. Duo-Therm makes a model for *every* purse and purpose! So why try to get through another winter without one? It won't pay you to have less!



*Free fact-packed, helpful catalog*

Clip the coupon below now and send for your free copy of this valuable catalog. It's packed with information. Shows the complete Duo-Therm heater line in full color, real room settings. Tells you everything you'll need to know to spend your money wisely for a heater.

Send for your free catalog now—get all the facts and compare. Compare Duo-Therm's fuel-saving Power-Air Blower . . . Duo-Therm's fuel-stretching miracle Burner. Compare Duo-Therm's Waste-Stopper and Coordinated Controls. See why, feature for feature, in fuel oil heaters—it's Duo-Therm.

MORE THAN A MILLION SATISFIED USERS!

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ALWAYS THE LEADER...

TOO HOT HERE	WARM HERE
WARM HERE	WARM HERE
COLD HERE	WARM HERE

Hot ceiling — cold floor with ordinary heaters. Even floor-to-ceiling heat with Power-Air blower.

*You save on oil with the exclusive Duo-Therm Burner!*

Your fuel-oil savings with a Duo-Therm don't stop with Power-Air. Duo-Therm's amazing Burner *gets more heat out of every drop of oil*, too! The reason: it mixes air and oil in 6 stages (only the

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Here's how I proved to Mary



AT ALL DRUG STORES  
U.S. AND CANADA



(Continued from page 70) even bringing it up."

"How do you mean?" the friend asked. "Well," said Ray, "when you first started talking, I thought 'I could sure prove to you how serious Mary and I are about each other, just by asking her to set the wedding date.' And that's exactly what I'm going to do tonight! Not to prove anything to you, but because there isn't any sense in our waiting any longer, when we're this much in love."

"I hope you know what you're doing," the friend said doubtfully. "But from what I've read about these Hollywood glamor gals, particularly the ones working in studios..."

"From what you've read, you haven't got the slightest idea of the truth!" Ray exploded. "I'm going to prove it to you by having you meet Mary tonight. But you're leaving early," he added. "We won't need any witness to what I'm going to ask her later. Now come on, I've got to pick out an engagement ring."

THAT night Ray was prouder than ever as he introduced his friend to Mary. She'll show him how completely wrong he was about her, Ray thought. Even the conversation seemed to be adding proof that the only "Hollywood" part of the romance was that it had happened to take place in that town. For instance, the subject of divorce came up, and Mary mentioned casually that there had never been a divorce in her family. Ray glanced triumphantly at his friend. But the friend seemed to have missed the point. Instead, his face bore a sudden odd look of disapproval, almost of pity, as he sat watching Mary and Ray.

Mary left the room to bring refreshments, and Ray leaned forward eagerly. "What'd I tell you?" he asked his friend. "You and your talk about 'Hollywood types'! Isn't she the kind of a girl I said she was?"

Pity was more evident than ever in his friend's glance, and he hesitated before saying slowly, "Ray, you told me you'd never actually put your feeling for her into words. Maybe it would have been better if you had—you wouldn't have built yourself up to this let-down."

"What are you talking about?" The friend's voice was reluctant. "Remember when she said there'd never been a divorce in her family?" At Ray's bewildered nod, the friend went on, "She must have included herself in that. When she comes back, look at the third finger of her left hand!"

Ray tried to force a laugh at even the thought, but just then Mary came back into the room. For a moment Ray looked into her eyes, then slowly his gaze went to her left hand. There, on the third finger, was a plain golden band.

The friend, sensing the drama of the moment, rose to leave, but Ray said, "Wait for me outside. I... I'm not going to stay, after all." And I, he thought bitterly, was going to show him that, even without words between us, Mary and I had known all along the way we felt about each other.

When the door closed behind the friend, Mary faced Ray in bewilderment. "Why aren't you going to stay?" she asked. "I thought you said you were going to ask me something important tonight?"

"I was," Ray said quietly. "But I didn't know until just now that I've been taking too much for granted. I should have said something before so you could have set me right."

"Right about what, Ray?"

"About us. You see, I've been head over heels in love with you. I thought it was the same with you. Why, I planned on asking you to marry me."

"But what happened to..." Mary broke off suddenly, her eyes following Ray's gaze at the ring on her finger. "Ray!" she cried, her voice a mixture of tears and laughter. "Do you mean it's this ring? Look!"

She twisted the ring around on her finger. It wasn't a plain band of a wedding ring—on the side that had been hidden, the gold had been formed into the design of a friendship-knot. "Ray, I've worn this ring before, but right side out! I've had it since another girl gave it to me in high school. How could you think that..."

She didn't get to finish the question. Ray was already answering it—not with words, but with his arms tightly around her, and his lips on hers. Outside, his friend paced impatiently back and forth on the sidewalk. Why didn't Ray accept the truth, much as it might hurt him? But suddenly the door was opened and Ray was saying, "I have to find a jeweler who can take the design off a friendship-ring—Mary and I want to use it for our wedding ring!"

At the time Ray and Mary came to the Bride and Groom studio for their first interview with us, they were no longer with the Goldwyn Studios. But Hollywood was very definitely still in the picture. In fact, an even more fabulous part of Hollywood, for Ray had become the night manager of one of the best-known places on Sunset Strip—the famous *Ciro's*. Yes, there were all the things you read about—the celebrities, the limousines, the spotlights, the gay parties where every guest was a front-page personality. But there were also Mary and Ray—a boy and a girl as sincerely in love as any two sweethearts in the smallest and least-glamorized hamlet of the county.

IT was that very evident fact that brought them in unanimous approval of the Bride and Groom board of judges, and that made them one of the best-liked couples ever to appear on our broadcasts. A personal-appearance commitment had taken me out of town that day, and Jack McElroy acted as master-of-ceremonies. The owner and "boss" of *Ciro's*, H. D. Hover, entered into the broadcast picture, too—sharing in the laughter that came when Jack presented Ray with a set of boxing gloves, explaining, "We want you to be fully equipped for your work at *Ciro's*!"

The boxing gloves, of course, were only a gag addition to the really valuable gifts presented to Mary and Ray that afternoon—a gas range, a refrigerator, home-cleaning unit, furniture, Gruen watches, silver, china, luggage, and all the rest. High in importance was the week's honeymoon at one of the most unique resorts in America—the Timberline Lodge in Oregon.

There was an added event awaiting the newlyweds upon their return from the Oregon honeymoon—an event usually reserved for only the most famous of Hollywood, an all-evening party at fabulous *Ciro's*. The entire establishment was at their disposal, an impressive list of motion-picture and radio stars were included on the guest list, and every minute of the evening was in honor of Mary and Ray, Mr. and Mrs. Gilmore. A Hollywood affair for a Hollywood couple? No. A party among friends for a boy and girl who had become man and wife, because they were truly in love.

## It Happened on Hint Hunt

(Continued from page 29)

me a check for whatever amount I'd won?

Next day, Saturday, I received a telephone call from Mr. Meyer. Would I please remain at home on Monday and would I please tune in on WTOP, Washington's outlet for the Hint Hunt program? I assured him that both those requests would be complied with.

On Monday, a bright, sunny day, the routine of our little menage was completely off schedule. Son Andrew was an absentee from school . . . and mother decided to play hooky from the office.

At long last, four p.m. came and, you may be sure, my dial was set for WTOP. Hint Hunt got under way and we listened avidly. Andrew, who had been dashing in and out of the apartment, knew what the score was but I was blissfully unaware of the strange activity going on in the basement of our Lanier Place apartment house. My attention was centered on every word and inflection coming from master-of-ceremonies Chuck Acree who interviews housewives attending the broadcast in Chicago. At 4:20 P.M. Chuck began announcing winners . . . not winners of cash prizes but of Ford sedans—five of 'em! At 4:23, I thrilled to the sound of my name coming over the loudspeaker—and then the program suddenly cut off!

**BUT** only for the merest instant, whereupon it resumed . . . in a strangely different way. It had a different quality to it. A different voice was speaking. . .

"Ladies and gentlemen, this is your WTOP announcer, Glenn Taylor, bringing you a special broadcast from the home of Mrs. Marjorie Copperthite, Washington, D. C., winner of the Hint Hunt jingle contest. We shall interview the lucky lady directly from. . ."

Mystified, I turned to mother, then to Aunt Josephine and finally to a grinning Andrew. Then the hall door of our apartment burst open!

Into our living room walked a man . . . WTOP's Glenn Taylor himself, talking at a mile-a-minute clip into a portable microphone! Only one step behind the announcer was what appeared to be a small army . . . reporters, both male and female, frantically jotting down notes . . . photographers busy flashing their flashguns . . . miscellaneous people I couldn't identify at all . . . and Mr. Meyer, smiling broadly, this time.

What had happened was that WTOP had cut away from the CBS network hookup to pull this special stunt for local listeners. Before I could catch my breath, I was "on the air," being interviewed. All Washington was listening in while I, a dazed but happy woman, mumbled answers to Mr. Taylor's questions. I found myself accepting the bright shiny keys to a bright, shiny automobile.

When Hint Hunt signed off, the reporters and photographers really went to town. Firing a barrage of questions, they hemmed me in on every side. Out of that welter of impressions and chatter I recall Mr. Meyer's pithy comment, to wit: "Well, Mrs. Copperthite, it looks like your jingle jangled to the tune of a Ford sedan."

Someone else chimed in with, "She still looks mighty skeptical. Let's take her outside to see for herself."

With very little ceremony, I was

## One Word Led to Another



**DISGUSTED**—What woman wouldn't be disgusted?—when the lure of mysterious washing miracles and other 'inducements'—ends in the same old weary wash days and dingy, half-clean clothes.



**DELIGHTED**—Any woman will be delighted—when sparkling, fragrant washes, done easily with the help of golden soap and active naphtha—prove there still is nothing like Fels-Naptha Soap.

In many a 'clothes line chat', the Fels-Naptha Story is told again and again. The plain, straightforward story of two great cleaners—mild, golden soap and active Fels naphtha—combined to do a thorough, gentle washing job, in machine or tub.

No mysteries. No 'inducements'—unless whiter washes and easier wash days can induce *you* to try Fels-Naptha Soap.



GOLDEN BAR OR GOLDEN CHIPS

# Fels-Naptha Soap



MADE IN PHILA.  
BY FELS & CO.

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"!



**You can't  
shut  
your  
ears...**



**to the chorus of praise  
about Tampax!**

"Marvelous" to the enthusiastic type, "sensible" to the practical-minded and "dainty" to the fastidious—whatever the point of view—the praise of Tampax grew louder as its users mounted in numbers to the present millions. Tampax discards all belts, pins and external pads for monthly sanitary protection! Is it any wonder it's popular?

An invention of a doctor, Tampax is made of highly absorbent cotton compressed in easy-to-use applicators. It is worn internally—and when in place it can neither be seen nor felt. No bulkiness. No chafing. No "ends" to show under smooth-fitting skirts. Odor cannot form.

Tampax is quick to change. Disposal no trouble (only 1/15 the size of external pad). Something else women appreciate—there's no need to remove

Tampax before taking bath.... The many-sided advantages of Tampax help keep up your morale on the difficult days. Buy it at drug stores or notion counters. Three absorbencies—Regular, Super, Junior. Average month's supply slips into purse; economy box holds 4 times this quantity. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

**NO BELTS  
NO PINS  
NO PADS  
NO ODOR**



Accepted for Advertising  
by the Journal of the American Medical Association

wheeled out to the street and there, sure enough, stood the brand new car... beautiful, big as life and, well, quite unreal. Even while feasting my eyes on it, I knew it was destined to have another owner very soon.

Later, after the small army had gone and when the hubbub had subsided, Andrew explained about the mysterious activities that preceded the "invasion." Roughly one hour before the Hint Hunt program got started, a small but efficient crew of WTOP technicians had entered the basement of our apartment building. They had set up their equipment and were ready to join the big broadcast at 4:20 P.M. Frankly, the neatness and secrecy with which they accomplished all that impressed me almost as much as the stroke of good luck that came my way.

A few hours later, we made a deal with one of the several dozen people who telephoned to ask if I would sell my new car. The money is already being used for medical treatment. It isn't nearly the amount needed to cover all expenses but it will go a long way.

**I**N 1936, I was a healthy, normal woman, active in my secretarial job with the Resettlement Administration, then headed by Rexford Guy Tugwell. It was interesting work. More important, my income from it was the main support of four-year-old Andrew and myself for, at that time, my husband and I had been separated. I'd been working quite hard and looked forward eagerly to that summer vacation. Especially was I looking forward to the swimming.

Vacation time came and, with Andrew, I visited my uncle's home in Newport News, Virginia. Down there I swapped the drive and tension of my city routine for a lazy, sun-soaked holiday during which the most vigorous activity indulged in was swimming... and I couldn't get enough of that. It was all quite perfect... until one day, toward the end of my two weeks, I suddenly felt horribly ill. Fever. Chills. Aches. Weakness. It was frightening, mainly because it was so unaccountable. A physician who was called in said my condition had something to do with a swollen gland... or vice versa, I'm not sure.

I returned to Washington and to my job but, within a month, I was forced to quit. My agony had increased to such a degree that I was hospitalized. Specialists diagnosed my condition as hemolytic-septicemia... the invasion and persistence of pathogenic bacteria in the bloodstream. In 1936, it was a disease with a 99-percent mortality.

In that fierce early onslaught of the illness, my temperature soared to 107 for hours at a time and it rarely dipped below 103. For months I was kept under opiates to deaden the pain. And, hemolytic-septicemia being what it is, destruction of my red blood cells was going on at a furious rate. It was in that period that relatives and friends donated seven blood transfusions.

Considerable publicity was given late that year to a serious strep throat condition suffered by Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr. More exactly, the publicity centered on a new drug used by his doctors. It was called prontosil-prontozol. In desperation, my own physicians decided to try it on me. The drug was very scarce and there was much frantic telephoning and dashing around Washington before some was located. At about two o'clock in the morning mother roused one pharmacy owner from bed, dragged him down to his shop, obtained the medical wonder and then raced back

to the hospital with it. It is the consensus that prontosil-prontozol... original of our present-day sulfa drugs... saved me from joining the 99 percent.

But already the disease had brought terrible havoc. With a silver spike pierced through my ankle and rigged to weights so that my limb and hip-joint would maintain a certain position, I spent eight months in Emergency Hospital. Several times during that period, bone surgery was performed, and the doctors created artificial hip-joints because that portion of my bone structure had already been invaded by the bacteria.

How did that bolt from the blue strike? What brought on this crippling disease? The doctors could give no conclusive reason nor could I explain it. I recall having had no noticeable cut or scratch. There had been no fall, no bruise... and yet one of those things must have happened because, somehow, that malignant bacteria entered my bloodstream and began its destructive work.

I was bedridden for over eight years. What sustained me, in addition to the best medical skill obtained at great sacrifice, was the love and comfort of my family... the knowledge that they were always near, rooting for me to win. Their presence, their infinite patience and their loyalty was a constant reminder that, although a ruthless germ was coursing through my system, I had a heritage of finer stuff in my veins with which to combat it. My ancestors came to America in 1632. My granddad was a drummer-boy with General Robert E. Lee's Confederate Army and his own brother fought under the Union flag. You see, our little family inherits the best that was in a bunch of Rebels and Dam' Yankees.

Since advancing to the wheel-chair phase of my life, these last two years, I've been on a few auto rides and to a few movies. It's my strapping boy who lifts me into the car when some friend or relative takes us for a drive. Andrew is pretty solid for his sixteen years. He's five feet, nine inches tall and he tips the scale at 170 pounds... and it isn't all brawn, either. He's regarded a good student in high school. Just as I used to be, Andrew is very fond of swimming and all water sports. Like me, he's a good speller and an avid fan of every quiz and contest program.

**I** PARTICIPATE in many of those programs, too. Matching wits with all those radio quiz-masters and contest braintrusters takes care of a large size of time that otherwise would weigh heavily on me. Sometimes I draw a blank and sometimes I win. One of my trophies is a radio-phonograph combination. Also I've won several albums of records, two sets of aluminum kitchenware (didn't they delight Aunt Josephine!), two electric irons, compacts, bracelets and (this one tested my sense of humor) several pairs of nylons. Winning all those things was fun. What pleased me most was not the material value they represent, but the feeling they gave me that I'm able to compete.

The material value of this Hint Hunt windfall, though, is like icing on the cake. I've had the thrill and the satisfaction of being with the top winners and, what's more, new frontiers of hope have been opened with the money that we're now using for further treatment.

It was wonderful being a car-owner... but it'll be even more wonderful if it helps me to become a pedestrian.

## Masked Tenor

(Continued from page 25)

did some fast thinking. As it happened, a movie current then was "The Man in the Iron Mask," starring Douglas Fairbanks. The sponsor of the program was the maker of Silvertown Cord tires. The announcer put these two ideas together and produced Joe's new trade-mark.

"Folks," he said, "the tenor you have just heard is a man of mystery. No one knows his name. He is the man in the *Silver Mask*."

That's the way things happened in radio, in the old days.

The combination of Joe's magnificent voice and the mystery surrounding his identity caught the listening public's fancy, and in less than a week the studio had received sixteen thousand letters demanding to know the real name of the Silver-Masked Tenor. That was a big secret by then, though. The sponsors, seeing the letters pour in, had already bought Joe a silver mask to wear and given him a contract to sign.

IT couldn't have happened at a nicer time. Joe had been married only a few months before, to a blue-eyed dark-haired Irish girl named Maureen O'Byrne. When a man's newly married, very much in love, and thinking about starting a family, he wants something solid and substantial, like a contract with a big sponsored radio program.

Not that Joe had ever had any doubts of his own ultimate success. Singing had always been in his blood. He was the fifth child of the White family, and for generations back every fifth child in each generation had been gifted with a lovely voice. At the age of eight he had made his first stage appearance, as a child actor and singer in "Checkers" with Thomas Ross, and he'd been singing ever since—in vaudeville and minstrel shows, in New York night spots, entertaining troops overseas during the first world war. He had been a sergeant in the 27th Division of the AEF, had been wounded in Flanders and sent to the hospital to recover. Later on, he'd been blown from an ammunition truck and bruised his left leg, but that injury didn't seem to be serious—not then. He forgot it almost immediately, got back on his truck and delivered the ammunition to the front lines.

What with the weekly broadcasts and concert appearances where listeners flocked to see the Silver-Masked Tenor with their own eyes, Joe rode the peak of success. He and Maureen had their first child, Rosemary, and their second, Joseph, and their third, who was named Graham McNamee White, after Joe's very good friend.

Then, imperceptibly at first, the tide of success began to turn. The program went off the air, and Joe was without a sponsor. NBC signed him up for a number of sustaining programs, however, and concert engagements were still easy to secure. He dropped the disguise of the silver mask and began singing under his own name. He kept busy—not so prosperously as before, perhaps, but busy enough to provide for the family which had now been increased by another child, Philip.

But the concert engagements became fewer and fewer as the years went by. One of his weekly sustaining pro-



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**KURLASH**  
ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

grams went off the air, and then another. During the Silver Mask days, Joe had written and introduced a number of songs, and now his royalties from those songs, as they were played on the air from time to time, became a more important part of his income, not the small change they had always seemed until now.

Still, with unquenchable optimism, Joe never worried. He had always taken care of his family and he always would. Two more children were born—Bobby, the fifth child, and little Eileen, and Joe and Maureen were as happy over their arrival as they had been over the others'.

His years of singing had made of Joe a walking encyclopedia of popular music, and when the time came at last that NBC, in its corporate wisdom, decided it could no longer employ him as a sustaining artist, it offered him instead a job in the network's music library. He accepted it, although it meant that now he would be earning in a week what once he had earned in a day. He could do a good job in the library, with his experience and knowledge, and that was the important thing as far as he was concerned—to do a good job and be worth the money he found in his pay envelope every week.

Then, in 1943, as he was entering an office building, he slipped on the highly polished floor and fell, breaking his left leg just below the hip. At the hospital it was discovered that the bone was diseased as a result of the war-time injury, and that was why it had broken. It was necessary to amputate the leg.

"It's funny," Joe told me during a pause in rehearsals for *We, the People*. "The reason I went into that office building was to get a copy of 'The Caissons Go Rolling Along.' I needed it for a date I had to sing that Saturday at an American Legion banquet in Brooklyn. And I could have picked up a copy of the music at the NBC library just as easily, but I never liked to borrow NBC property—there was always the chance I'd lose the music somewhere, or it would be torn or something. Since I was passing the publisher's during my lunch hour, I thought I'd drop in and buy a copy of my own. And the floor had just been waxed, so—there I was, with a broken leg."

His crutches were by his side, and as he told me the story he reached down and touched them, thoughtfully.

"It seemed like a cruel thing just

then," he said quietly. "But now I know it wasn't an accident. Nothing is an accident. Losing my leg was something that had to happen."

In those first days in the hospital, though, when the world held just one fact for him—the fact that he now had but one leg—in those days it wasn't possible for Joe to accept his personal tragedy with such serene philosophy. He lay there, and he recalled the days of his great success, knowing that they were gone forever. Always before, with the optimism of an Irishman and a showman, he had been able to believe that some new success was just around the corner for him. Now he had no such illusions. He was a has-been, a cripple, well into middle age, useless.

It wasn't the money so much. He had some savings, his song royalties would continue coming in, and NBC had already sent word that his job in the music library was waiting for him when he recovered. Financially, he was in fairly good shape, all things considered. But suddenly all the flavor had gone out of life, and upon thinking it over, he knew why.

His singing days were over, he believed. That was the reason.

He would be Joe White of the music library, and that was all. "You remember Joe White," people would say. "Used to have a beautiful voice, years ago."

When Maureen came to see him, he tried to be cheerful and happy, but she knew what his thoughts were. With the eyes of love, she looked at him and saw that something had gone out of her husband—some vital essence that was nearly as important as life itself. Riding home to their house in the Bronx, she worried about him, and she went into the dimly lighted church where she and Joe had worshiped every Sunday for years, and whispered a prayer to the Blessed Virgin.

Joe and Maureen believe—they *know*—that those prayers of hers were answered. For one day Maureen took little Bobby, who was then not quite six, with her to visit Joe in the hospital. Now, hospitals have rules against allowing children to visit patients, but rules are made to be broken when there is a reason.

"It will do him so much good," Maureen pleaded with the nurse at the desk. "I know it will. If you'll only let me take Bobby in—just this once—"

The nurse listened, hesitated, and Bobby tiptoed into his father's room, awed and a little bit scared. But when

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Maureen said, "Now, Bobby. Go on, sweetheart, sing the song we practiced"—then his boyish soprano voice rang out, high and true and sweet.

He sang "Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life," and Joe lay there listening. The boy wasn't trained—well, naturally, nobody had thought of telling him *how* to sing. It was something he had picked up more or less by himself. But he had the voice, Joe realized, the true lyric sweetness. The fifth child of each generation. . . .

"Well," he said when Bobby had finished. "That's fine, son. Listen. Can you do this?" He sang a bar of the song himself, phrasing it differently, more expertly. Bobby grinned, and gave the music back to him just as he had sung it.

JOE WHITE drew a deep breath, and suddenly there were tears in his eyes. It was true! Bobby had a voice, and he had the singer's instincts. Joe's career wasn't finished. It was beginning again, through his son.

He reached out an arm and drew Bobby close to him. "How'd you like to have me teach you to sing, son?" he asked. "Do you think that'd be fun?"

Silently, his eyes on Joe's face, the child nodded.

Joe was right—it has been fun. It has been more than fun; it has been a new life for both the boy and the man. Bobby took to singing as naturally as a bird takes to flying. He soaked up all of Joe's accumulated musical knowledge and put it to use. In no time at all he was appearing on Madge Tucker's NBC children's programs, singing at entertainments for wounded veterans, for church affairs, for district political rallies. And Joe has been always at his side.

To see Joe now, you wouldn't suspect that he had ever known despair. His face is round and merry, and his laugh rings out with unaffected merriment. Two years ago he gave up his library job at NBC to devote all his time to teaching Bobby the art of fine singing.

Bobby is now ten, a dark-eyed, brown-haired lad with his father's round face and sturdy build. In the last two years he has appeared on several top radio programs, both singing and acting. On the Fred Allen program he has been heard ten times.

He's a real trouper, Joe says fondly. He can eat any time, and he can sleep any place. After an out-of-town singing engagement, he curls up in a bus or train seat and falls asleep before the journey is really started.

While he loves to sing, Bobby isn't impressed with his own importance. Joe and Maureen have seen to that. Unlike many radio and stage children in New York, he does not attend the Professional Children's School. He goes to St. Jerome's Parochial School, where his average last term was 98.7 per cent, in spite of the fact that singing jobs had caused him to be absent twenty days out of the three months. Around a radio studio he's a joy—friendly, polite, quiet, and invariably on time for rehearsal. After all, Joe is a real trouper too, and he has taught Bobby everything he knows.

But I think that no matter how much Joe does for Bobby—and it may well be that he has already set his feet firmly on the road to stardom—Joe will always owe a greater debt to his son. You should think so too, if you could see Joe's face when Bobby starts to sing—the pride in it, the happiness, the thankfulness at having found a new reason to live.



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MOVIE STAR Inc.

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## That Man Named Moore

(Continued from page 27)

sundry other most peculiar articles.

He carted this collection of trash into the audition studio, arranged it around his chair, and sat down. "What," asked an attendant, "is all that? A treasure hunt?"

"My props for the act," Garry said, with dignity.

"So he thinks we got television aw-ready," the attendant said.

It was a relatively simple idea. Garry had recollected the then current feud between Jack Benny and Allen on the subject of Benny's rendition of Flight of the Bumblebee, and this was a kind of Rube Goldberg contraption to kill the bee. You started by climbing the stepladder, and followed a series of outlandish happenstances until eventually the manhole cover fell on the bee, demolishing it. Garry ad-libbed throughout.

When the final crash came, at the audition, the others present rolled on the floor with laughter. Half an hour later Garry had the guest spot on Sunday's show.

It must be remembered that the dialogue accompanying the act was ad lib. All of it. He went into his routine at full speed, followed through to the crashing climax, and waited confidently for his laugh. There was only a bewildered silence in the audience. Then with sudden shock he recalled that he had omitted the key device that explained the entire sequence.

He was already on-stage for the second show to the Coast, determined this time to wow 'em, when he was motioned off from the wings. They had been running over-time, he was told, and Fred had decided to cut his act. He talked with Allen afterward. "I flopped, didn't I?" Garry said miserably.

"My boy," said Allen, "you didn't just flop. You was bombed."

"You think I should go back to Baltimore?"

"Did they hear you there tonight?" Garry blushed. "I wired everybody to listen."

"Then will they let you come back?" "I think so."

"Go and learn your job," Fred said kindly. "Come here in another two years and we'll try it again."

Garry returned in two years, but not to Fred Allen. He had tried his hand at writing in the interim, and now had agreed to collaborate with another

writer named F. Scott Fitzgerald (Garry was not as well-read then as he is now, and to him "Scotty" was just someone who beat a typewriter too and not one of the finest literary minds of the generation).

For seventeen months Garry and Scott and Zelma, Fitzgerald's talented wife, attempted to turn out a series which was to be part serious work, part nonsense. It was a hectic and fruitless period. Fitzgerald's genius had expressed itself at first in sound hard work, then in terms of despair at what he thought was his own inability to put on paper what he felt and believed. In consequence he drank, monumentally. Garry, whom Scott grew to think of as the son he never had, took care of his friend as best he could, trying to understand when, after ten hours work, Scott would throw the entire script out the window, mutter, "We'll start all over," and then pass quietly out on the nearest couch or bed.

Once, when they were in a cab in Washington, D. C.—with Scott in his usual condition—they passed the statue of Francis Scott Key, who not only wrote The Star Spangled Banner but was an ancestor of whom Fitzgerald was very proud. Scott shouted for the cab to halt, then got out and hid under a bush. "Run around behind him," he told Garry, "and wave your handkerchief to attract his attention while I go past. I can't let the old boy see me in this condition."

"The old boy is made out of bronze," Garry pointed out.

But Scott insisted. So while Garry stood behind the statue, shouting and waving his handkerchief, Fitzgerald leaped into the cab and disappeared, leaving Garry to elbow his way through the crowds he had attracted. Old Mr. Key stared imperturbably on into the dawn's early light. . . .

It was at this point that Garry decided there was not much future in his collaborative arrangement with Scott.

He persuaded the Blue Network to try the Club Matinee idea, and after that went with Jimmy Durante, which was the best thing that ever happened to him. There had not been much money, just professional satisfaction, in the Club Matinee job; now there were both. Garry, with his subtle humor built on personality rather than on gags, was to complement Durante's

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purely gag stint. They made a perfect pair.

After a time, however, Garry began throwing in an occasional gag on his own, to step up the tempo of laughter and thus save his ego: after all, they chuckled with him, but they roared with Durante. Later he started putting in one gag for the audience for every smooth bit of business he wrote in for himself. Eventually, of course, his part of the show consisted entirely of gags.

It made him a little sad. But he had married Nell by this time, and there were Martin and Garry, Jr. to care for, and money to consider. Lots of it.

But he promised himself something. Someday, he said, someday I'll have a show I can manage any way I like. And when that day comes I'll do work again that I'm proud of, something original with me and not cribbed out of a filing cabinet—

WHEN, finally, Durante accepted picture commitments, and decided to move his show to Hollywood, Garry said to Nell, "Leave us face it, I can't see sticking the kids and you and me into a hotel suite for that length of time—we can't get an apartment—so let's take a house.

"Only," he added firmly, "we're not going Hollywood. No mansion. And positively no swimming pool, with a Great Dane loping around it."

They found a sweet little place, finally, with only four bedrooms and four baths and a den and a few little extras, and the swimming pool wasn't very big.

On this last trip to New York he spent a considerable amount of time denying vehemently that he had a swimming pool or a mauve Cadillac or that he lunched daily at Romanoff's or that his grounds swarmed with Great Danes.

"Well, just one Great Dane," he admitted, "only I didn't know he was. That is, I found him on a golf course and he was just a starved mongrel-looking pup, without his ears clipped. But I took him to a vet for worm-shots and the vet said he was a fine Dane."

As a matter of fact, he need not have bothered reassuring anyone. Garry Moore could no more go to Hollywood than he could spread his arms and fly. He is a shrewd, sensible, immensely intelligent man with a lively awareness of the ridiculous in himself and in others. He has dreams and aspirations far beyond those of other radio comedians, but he is also a good technician; if the public doesn't like what he likes, then he defers to the public, who after all buy the products of the sponsors who pay him his salary.

In his relaxing moments, which are few enough, he has two passions: his home and family, with whom he leads an orderly and exceptionally normal life, and jazz. He is a devotee not of be-bop or the fad stuff, but of good, solid, two-beat Dixieland, the kind he spends hours listening to at Eddie Condon's in New York or at Billy Berg's on the Coast.

Perhaps I should not have said "relaxing moments" because I have never seen Garry more relaxed and happy than he is when in the midst of work. Perhaps that is why, when just recently he began to check his fan mail for the first time in years, he discovered to his surprise that there was an awful lot of it. If his shows turn out to be among the best on the air, it won't be anybody's fault but Garry's.

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\*some pronounce it "swahv"... others say "swayv"... either way it means beautiful hair.



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# INFORMATION

Step up and ask your questions—

**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.

## CONFUSED

Dear Editor:

Please tell me how Lucille Wall, of Portia Faces Life, received her recent injury that kept her off the air so long. Like all of her fans, I missed her terribly and was so interested in her complete recovery. One day the announcer said she fell in her kitchen. But, according to a Hollywood columnist, we were told that Lucille was recuperating from a serious auto accident. So you can see, I'm very much confused. Won't you set me straight?  
Mrs. J. E.



LUCILLE WALL

Jackson, Miss.

We'll be happy to. Lucille, who has played the leading role in Portia Faces Life ever since its premiere eight years ago, suffered a skull fracture and a serious concussion when she slipped against the open door of her refrigerator in her Manhattan apartment. This was in February; she recuperated in California during the ensuing three months. And while she was off the air, Anne Seymour took over her role.

## ALIAS POPSICLE PETE



BEN COOPER

Dear Editor:

Has Ben Cooper left radio? I don't seem to hear him any more. As he was one of my favorites, I hope he'll be back soon.

Miss H. S.  
Silbley, Iowa

Ben, who formerly played the part of Brad on The Second Mrs. Burton, has given up his radio career to become Bob Feller's Champion of American Youth. He will help distribute the \$100,000 Popsicle Youth Awards to combat juvenile delinquency. To avoid being called a publicity seeker, Ben will drop his name and be known merely as Popsicle Pete. Although only fourteen, he can point with pride to his past theatrical experience. He was practically reared in "Life With Father" in which he began at the age of eight, as Harlan, and grew into the part of older brother Whitney. During the three years he was in this show, his hair was dyed carrot-red.

## STILL ON THE AIR

Dear Editor:

I have lost track of three of my favorite

programs—can you tell me where to find What's The Name of That Song, Strike It Rich, and Leave It To The Girls?

Mrs. S. B.

Chicago 23, Ill.

These three are still on the air. What's The Name of That Song is broadcast on the Mutual network Sundays at 3:00 P.M. EST. And, in answer to many queries concerning Dud Williamson, the former M.C. of this show, he passed away in May and was replaced by Bill Guinn. Strike It Rich is heard Sunday at 9:30 P.M. EST on the CBS network, Todd Russell is the M.C. And on Friday evenings at 8:30 P.M. EST tune in to Leave It To The Girls on the Mutual network. The panel is composed of Constance Bennett, Robin Chandler and Binnie Barnes.



BINNIE BARNES

## DON'S KID BROTHER

Dear Editor:

I've enjoyed Welcome Travelers for over a year now, and so I've been particularly interested in your articles written by Tommy Bartlett. However, I'm very curious about the announcer Jim Ameche. Is he older or younger than his brother Don?

Miss A. R.

Bowling Green, Ohio

Jim, younger than Don by five years, owes much of his success in radio to big brother Don. After graduating from high school in Kenosha, Wis., Jim had thought little about acting until one day Don urged him to try for an audition. He tried, he won, and he's been going strong since.



JIM AMECHE

## IN MOTION PICTURES, TOO.

Dear Editor:

I have listened to my favorite radio program, My Friend Irma, and have enjoyed it so much. However, I'd like to know which part Leif Erikson plays, and wasn't he in the movies?

Miss A. P.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Leif plays the part of Richard Rhineland. III, Jane's boyfriend. And, as you've guessed, he was in motion pictures. His last picture was "Arabian Nights."

# BOOTH

we'll try to find the answers

## PLAYS BOTH ROLES

Dear Editor:

Just to settle a little friendly argument, please tell me if the actress who plays the part of Connie Wakefield in The Right to Happiness is the same one who plays Leslie Palmer in Portia Faces Life. I say it is the same person, my friend says no. Who's right?  
Louisville, Ky. C.E.E.



LUISE BARKLIE

It looks as though you're right as both of these roles are played by Luise Barklie. Luise, a native of Philadelphia, at first intended to become a concert pianist until she realized she could never become a first-rate musician. Switching to dramatics, she broke into radio via Helen Trent.

## BUSY JUVENILE

Dear Editor:

Could you tell me whether Anne Francis, who was featured on the cover of Radio Mirror (May 1947), is making any pictures or doing any radio work now?

Mr. E. M.  
Providence 5, R. I.



ANNE FRANCIS

She certainly is, and modeling, besides. That pretty girl on the cover of Junior Bazaar, September issue, is none other than Anne Francis. And you'll see her in the motion picture, "Portrait of Jennie," in which she has a small but effective role. As if making pictures and modeling were not enough, she seems to have time for radio work, too, as she is frequently heard on daytime serials, such as When a Girl Marries and Portia Faces Life.

## HOW HOOPER RATES THEM

Dear Editor:

Please tell me how the following programs rank as daytime programs: Front Page Farrell, Just Plain Bill, Portia Faces Life, When a Girl Marries, Backstage Wife, and Young Widder Brown.

Miss M. D. E.

Six Miles, S. C.

According to the June 30th report of the Hooper Survey of the top 10 daytime serials, here's how the above serials rated: Portia Faces Life was in third place, When a Girl Marries and Backstage Wife tied for fifth, trailed by Young Widder Brown. Way behind in seventeenth and eighteenth places were Front Page Farrell and Just Plain Bill. You should bear in mind that by the time you read this, the standing of these serials may have changed considerably, as popularity of each varies week to week.



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# Life can be Beautiful

## TRIUMPH

Radio Mirror's Best Letter of the Month

Dear Papa David:

Nobody loves a fat man, according to the old saying. And the fat boy, traditionally jolly and good-natured, is the natural butt for practical jokers. I learned this early in school, where I was at first inclined to resent such horseplay, until I found that a fat sorehead is even more ridiculous. With more or less resigned good grace I fell into the predestined role of buffoon and class jester. However, I will admit that I got a keen personal satisfaction out of Sidney Greenstreet's accomplished screen villainy and the fictional Nero Wolfe's acute reasoning.

Things went along fairly smoothly until my senior year in high school, when a hot contest developed between the fraternities and the independents over class offices. Some joker started an underground campaign which got out of hand, and to everybody's surprise, I was elected president on a write-in ballot.

I was burned up over the deal, because I knew I never would have obtained office legitimately. The rest of the class was disconcerted to find the class buffoon at its helm. When time came for the acceptance speech, I outlined my proposed program. Then I opened my heart and showed my true feelings—for once. I pointed out that a number of countries had got into serious trouble by handling the ballot carelessly and allowing clowns to come into power. I told them I was hurt by their action, because it had not been taken seriously. Then I formally declined the post of president.

Believe me, then and there I learned that life can be beautiful. For that class assembly turned around, renamed me president by acclaim, and indicated wholehearted support of the proposed class program. And from that experience I learned that people will respect sincerity, even when it comes from a surprising source.

D.K.

## A STAR WILL SHINE

The ten-dollar letters follow:

Dear Papa David:

Ever since I can remember we lived in the same house, used the same old furniture, and had the same yard, without grass.

Now that I'm fourteen years old, I understand that we are poor and we can't have everything that we want. I know that we have much more than some people in this world. It makes life feel beautiful to know that someday a star will shine bright and stay bright. And if your hopes are big enough, your dream will come true.

D. W.

## LIKE A PARTY!

Dear Papa David:

Rose and I were on our lunch hour. We worked as stenographers in the Railroad Superintendent's office.

As we entered the waiting room that day our chatter were hushed when we noticed a little old lady sound asleep on one of the hard benches. Her thin white hair was drawn to a small knot at the back of her head. A light jacket was spread over her shoulders. She wore a faded cotton dress and her thin-soled shoes looked as if they had been wet for a long time. A small bundle of clothes was placed under her head for a pillow, and her blue veined hands clutched a little old handbag. An old umbrella without a handle leaned against the seat.

"Is this what happens to some when they are old?" we thought. Would we be like that some day? We wanted to help her.

We hurried on to Hattie, the negro attendant, to ask for help. She had been there a long time and we had often heard of her good deeds. Hattie went to the dining room for a box of lunch and we started up town for warm clothes. We went to a department store where we had charge accounts and soon found what we were looking

for. A warm black coat, dress, purse, scarf and underthings.

Rose and I took the new purse back to our office and when we got through with those seventy-five hard working railroad clerks, dispatchers, truckers, etc., the purse looked heavy and full.

Some of the passengers became interested. One well dressed lady repacked her suitcases and had one to spare for the old lady. Another gave her an umbrella and another a pin for the neat dress.

Hattie and the women passengers took over from there, as we girls had to get back to work. They said it was like a party when the old lady saw all the new things. Hattie dressed her and took her across the street for new shoes. They had a hard time convincing the old lady the money was hers! Rose and I had one of the happiest days of our lives.

Mrs. O. J. V.

### INTEGRITY

Dear Papa David:

At the age of two, our sturdy, handsome son Don began to suffer attacks of epilepsy, and for the next eight years we tried every "cure" that came our way. Finally a friend recommended a chiropractor in whom she had great faith, and he agreed to call at the house in the evening and give treatments at the boy's bedtime. He at least was different from the others. He said: "I may be able to help him. I'll try."

He came perhaps a dozen times, and we used to sit around afterwards drinking tea and talking. We wanted to pay for the treatments as he gave them, but it was always: "Wait awhile. We'll see if he's better." Finally, and regretfully, he gave up trying to cure the epilepsy, and although he had helped Don's nerves a great deal, he refused to take a cent.

I am happy to say that now, at sixteen, our boy seems to have quite outgrown his trouble, but the only one in all the hard years who didn't add to his fortune through our misfortune was this one chiropractor.

Dr. Y has been banished from the Coast for years now, but I write him and send a card at Christmas. He's a Japanese.

Mrs. F. W.

### RADIO MIRROR OFFERS \$50 EACH MONTH FOR YOUR LETTERS

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

Noon, PST; 1 P.M. MST; 2 P.M. CST; 3 P.M. EST;

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here's something  
interesting  
a finer, different  
kind of silverplate  
Sterling Inlaid with  
two blocks of  
Sterling Silver \*  
...not like extra-plated  
or over-plated kinds.  
Stays lovelier longer!  
That's for me!



### HOLMES & EDWARDS STERLING INLAID<sup>®</sup> SILVERPLATE



HERE AND HERE  
It's Sterling Inlaid

\*Two blocks of sterling silver are invisibly inlaid at backs of bowls and handles of most used spoons and forks to make this different, finer silverplate stay lovelier longer!

LOVELY PATTERNS? The loveliest! Lovely Lady, Danish Princess and Youth, all made in the U.S.A. by the International Silver Company.

PRICED RIGHT? Indeed yes! Unlike so many other things the price of Holmes & Edwards has not gone up! Still only \$68.50 for 52 pieces, service for eight with chest. (No Federal Tax.)

WHERE TO BUY? At jewelry and department stores everywhere.



Lovely Lady

Danish Princess

Youth

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R  
M

"HALGAR'S  
**Bu-Tee-Wave**  
HOME PERMANENT  
IS SENSATIONAL!"

Say enthusiastic users who have made millions of glamorous curls with this amazingly new and different HOME PERMANENT.

it's guaranteed by  
**GOOD HOUSEKEEPING  
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**Bu-Tee-Wave IS THE MACHINELESS HEAT METHOD  
IT IS NOT A COLD WAVE!**

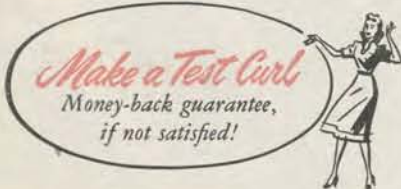
THERE'S NO NEUTRALIZING—NO GUESSWORK—NO TURBANS—  
NO TIMING—NO ODOR—NO SOAKING YOUR HEAD FOR HOURS

Women from coast to coast are adding their seal of approval to this highly endorsed home permanent. You, too, will acclaim Bu-Tee-Wave for its wonderful speed, ease, simplicity and amazingly thrilling results.

ONLY 24 CURLS required for a complete and glamorous permanent.

With Bu-Tee-Wave's lanolized solution, curls and waves are gently steamed into your hair . . . and no reconditioning rinses are required.

Bu-Tee-Wave gives you a complete permanent IN A LITTLE OVER TWO HOURS FROM START TO FINISH. Just unwind the curlers and comb your hair into gorgeous natural waves which will give you months of "permanent" satisfaction.



Complete Set **\$3<sup>98</sup>** Plus 5c Fed. Tax  
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**HALGAR, INC., 283 E. GRAND AVE., CHICAGO 11, ILL.**  
Available in U. S. A. only

**Food and Frolic**

(Continued from page 63)

the cat. Using a tooth pick to apply melted chocolate, outline cat's head, tail, legs and long whiskers.

**HALLOWEEN PUNCH**

- |                          |                           |
|--------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1/2 pound dried apricots | 1 cup lemon juice         |
| 2 cups water             | 1 cup bottled apple juice |
| 3/4 cup honey            | 7 cups carbonated water   |
| 1 cup orange juice       |                           |
|                          | Orange slices             |
|                          | Lemon slices              |

Cook apricots in water until tender. Press fruit and juice through sieve; combine with honey and fruit juices. Chill in refrigerator. Pour over ice and add carbonated water; garnish with orange and lemon slices. Serve immediately. Makes 25 punch-cup servings.

**CHOCOLATE KISSES**

- |                              |                                    |
|------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 2 egg whites                 | 5 tablespoons chopped nuts         |
| 1/4 teaspoon cream of tartar | 3 squares bitter chocolate, melted |
| pinch of salt                | 1/4 teaspoon vanilla               |
| 5 tablespoons sugar          |                                    |
- Beat egg whites until frothy. Add cream of tartar and salt. Beat until stiff, but not dry. Gradually add sugar, one tablespoon at a time, sprinkling it over top of egg whites. Gently fold in nuts, chocolate and vanilla. Drop by teaspoonsful onto a lightly greased cookie sheet. Bake in a slow oven (275°F.) for 20 to 25 minutes. Makes 2 dozen kisses.

**HOT POT PIE**

- |                                      |  |
|--------------------------------------|--|
| 1 cup yellow cornmeal                | 1 pound ground beef                    |
| 3/4 teaspoon salt                    | 1 (11 ounce) can condensed tomato soup |
| 2 cups boiling water                 | 1 teaspoon salt                        |
| 1 onion, finely chopped              | 1/4 teaspoon pepper                    |
| 1 tablespoon chili powder            | 1 cup canned whole-kernel corn         |
| 1/4 cup whole ripe olives (optional) |  |

Stir cornmeal and salt into boiling water. Cook, stirring constantly, until thick, continue cooking over very low heat 5 more minutes, stirring occasionally. Spread two-thirds of the cooked cornmeal over bottom and sides of a deep baking dish. Mix together remaining ingredients and pour into dish. Spread remaining cornmeal over the top of the mixture. Bake in a moderate oven (350°F.) 1 1/2 hours. This will make a complete supper if served with a crisp Cross Bones Salad. Makes six servings.

**ORANGE-BLACK LOAF CAKE**

- |                                |                           |
|--------------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1/2 cup shortening             | 2 eggs, unbeaten          |
| 1/2 teaspoon grated lemon rind | 1 1/2 cups sifted flour   |
| 2 teaspoons grated orange rind | 2 teaspoons baking powder |
| 1/2 cup sugar                  | 1/4 teaspoon salt         |
| 1/2 cup corn syrup             | 2 tablespoons milk        |

Cream shortening; blend with rinds. Add sugar gradually; beat vigorously; add corn syrup, beating until light and fluffy. Add eggs singly, beating well after each addition. Stir in mixed and sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk. Pour into prepared 9" x 5" x 3" loaf pan; bake in oven at 325°F. (low temperature) about 1 hour and 20 minutes. Frost with package of prepared fudge mix. Makes 1 loaf cake.



# Irene Beasley

(Continued from page 33)

a point of dining together once a week, going over the budget and setting up any plans they can for entertaining together. Anna runs the house to perfection and is frequently counselor as well as home-maker.

"Stand up and tell them who you are!" she admonishes.

Irene was born in Whitehaven, Tennessee. The family moved to Amarillo, Texas, when she was six. Her vacations were spent with her grandmother in Plum Point, Mississippi, and her earliest memories are of practising the piano by the side of that grandmother in her big shadowy parlor. As far back as she can remember, music was her great interest, and after graduation from Sweet Briar College in Virginia she wanted to teach it. Her first job was a year of mentoring seven grades in all subjects in a country school. Then she won a post in the Memphis Junior High School as instructor in music, mathematics and business management—subjects she was well qualified to teach, as later events have shown.

Research into hill-billy melodies brought her to the attention of Victor, for whom she has made many recordings. They brought her to New York and radio engagements followed.

Grand Slam, the first radio show to give the listener an equal chance with the studio contestant, started in her sister's home in Connecticut as a piece of fairly idle conversation.

"As a housewife and mother, you are a pretty good critic of daytime shows," said Irene. "What do you think is lacking?"

"Nothing is lacking," said her sister, "but I do wish someone would give listeners like me a chance to win prizes."

Irene had no answer for that. But a few days later when an agency called and said, "Have you any ideas for a new show?" Irene paused for only a minute before she said, "I think maybe I have a good one."

"Can you come over right now and tell us about it?" said the agency. "We need one right now."

Irene outlined what she had decided to call "Musical Bazaar" on the way over. The agency liked it enormously.

"Can you put the idea on paper so that we can discuss it with the sponsor?" they said.

Irene wrote "Musical Bazaar" firmly at the top of the paper and went on to outline how five questions, submitted by listeners all over the country, were to be asked of a contestant in the studio. For each question correctly answered, a prize went to the contestant in the studio. For each question missed, a prize was to be mailed to the listener.

"And if all questions are answered or missed, the winner gets a grand slam of five. . . ."

Irene's pen stopped.

"Grand Slam!" she thought. "Best show title I ever heard!" And Grand Slam the show has been ever since.

Everything about the show fell into happy order from the start, but not without an heroic amount of work after she had assembled her staff.

Actually, the first step had been taken years before when Irene found Bob Downey. She had gone with a friend to Number One Fifth Avenue to hear a singer, but as soon as the accompanist started to play she knew that she had found her pianist if he

# AT LAST! a shampoo made especially for you who do your hair at home...



NEW  
**Shasta**  
beauty cream  
Shampoo

## • makes home permanents "take" better!

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

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



## Shasta leaves your hair more lustrous, easier to manage!

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

Procter & Gamble's  
new beauty miracle

NOT A SOAP...LEAVES NO DULLING FILM

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If YOU want to enjoy that  
**SLIM**  
**'TEEN** SIZE  
feeling..

Does a bulging tummy make you look years older than you really are? Are ordinary girdles uncomfortable to wear... do they fail to flatten out your abdomen the way you want? Then here at last is the answer to your problem! SLIM-MODE, the wonderful new adjustable health supporter girdle is scientifically constructed to help you look and feel like a "Slim Sixteen".

So why go on day after day with a tired back that needs posture support to bring relief? Why look droopy and beyond your years because your mid-section bulges and your clothes don't fit right? Read below why SLIM-MODE brings you vital control where you need it most... how it helps to "harmonize" your figure to more stylish lines... why it's so comfortable to wear. And remember, you can have a SLIM-MODE sent to you to wear on FREE TRIAL. See our offer in the coupon.

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The Adjustable  
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**LIFTS AND FLATTENS YOUR BULGING TUMMY**  
SLIM-MODE has a built-in front-laced panel. Adjust the laces to your own greatest comfort. Your tummy is lifted in to shape, flattened out... yet you feel truly comfortable.

**NATURALLY CONTROLLED S-T-R-E-T-C-H**

SLIM-MODE is made of two-way S-T-r-e-t-c-h wonder cloth—it stretches as you breathe, bend, stoop, after meals, etc.



**HEALTH SUPPORTER GIRDLE**

**HEALTHFUL, ENJOYABLE FIGURE CONTROL — ALL DAY LONG!**

You can wear SLIM-MODE all day long. Will not bind or make you feel constricted. That's because the two-way s-t-r-e-t-c-h cloth plus the front-laced panel brings you perfect personalized fit. The design of SLIM-MODE is based on scientific facts of healthful figure control. Made by experts of quality materials. Comes with detachable crotch of rayon, satin material; also 4 detachable garters. (Remove garters when not wearing stockings.) Color: Nude. All sizes. Only \$3.98 in regular sizes. Sent on Free Trial. Give measurements asked for in coupon below.

**FREE** "Magic" Plastic Laces. For your extra added comfort you get a pair of Plastic laces that stretch gently as needed. Try them in SLIM-MODE instead of regular laces. See which you prefer.



**SEND NO MONEY YOU TRY IT BEFORE YOU BUY IT!**

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Send me for 10 days' FREE TRIAL a SLIM-MODE. I will pay postman \$3.98 (plus postage) (sizes 38 and over \$4.98) with the understanding that this payment is only my evidence of good faith and is not to be considered a final purchase unless I decide to keep the garment. In 10 days I will either return SLIM-MODE to you and you will return my money, or otherwise my payment will be a full and final purchase price.

My waist measure is..... Hips are.....  
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was available. His style was perfect. "What a musician... he's out of this world!" she said, and went back four times to hear him just for her own pleasure before talking business.

Dwight Weist, who announces Grand Slam, also announces We the People, Inner Sanctum, Big Town, and Pathe Newsreels. He was an equally happy addition, as was Abe Goldman, the organist. All three men are married, all are congenial and so are their wives, so Irene's group is close-knit socially as well as professionally.

They worked, experimented, rehearsed and slaved like Trojans on the new program all through the blistering weeks of September, 1946. Then Irene sent everybody away for a week's vacation.

"We've done all we can," she said. "Let's have a rest and start fresh."

Since the material for Grand Slam scripts must come from the listeners, Irene's only worry was that the listener response would not be sufficient to supply her with varied, lively and amusing scripts. But that worry vanished in the first week the program was aired when an enthusiastic response from listeners all over the country proved that Irene had been correct in thinking that the people at home wanted to participate in radio games.

The response grew and grew and Grand Slam became one of the favorite shows on the air. In its first year it managed to secure a place in the distinguished ranks of the top ten in daytime radio while its companion shows had careers of eight to ten or more years on the air.

The handling of the mail is interesting in itself. It is picked up from a post-office box by a commercial mail-handling firm. They sort it according to date of postmark. This is because in case of duplicate entries, the one carrying the earlier date is the winner. This company does the heavy labor of slitting the envelopes and delivers them otherwise untouched to Irene's office where the staff goes to work, playing Grand Slam themselves as they go along. The judge who turns up the greatest number of winning entries in a week gets a cash prize.

Ideas are sorted according to subject, and a good original idea is kept in the permanent file until the right opportunity to use it comes along. Irene has one of next Easter's ideas chosen already from among suggestions that came in too late last year.

The mail is full of surprises. One letter was right to the point:

"Dear Mr. Slam—please give me anything you have to give away, yours truly."

Another letter of fulsome praise of Irene, her voice and her personality ended somewhat dismayingly, "Long may your Slam-Bank Wave!"

Another letter contained a check for \$14,000! It had been put into the wrong envelope by mistake, and no doubt a Grand Slam entry was puzzling a bank in Colorado.

Bills of lading for livestock, love letters and once a note explaining why Johnny had not been at school on Tuesday have turned up, but this is nothing on the surprises that have turned up on the show itself.

Sometimes the apparently most self-possessed contestants get miked right the minute they are on the air and are unable to make a sound. Irene is skillful about getting them past this moment, but once she could not break through. The contestant mumbled and stuttered answers that were barely intelligible.

After the show she came up apologetically.

"Know what's the matter with me?" she said. "Left my teeth at home!"

A man broke up Irene and the audience coast to coast, too, with the way he finished a poem. It was on a Father's Day show, and Irene had chosen a sentimental rhyme called "Lines to an Absent Husband" for one of the features. It went on about "no shirts behind the door, no ashes on the floor, no ring around the tub" and ended,

"No matter if it's spic and span  
Home's no fun without a man."

Irene read it with a lot of fine fervid feeling right up to the last word—the easy obvious rhyming "man" that the contestant should have added. But he had his own answer.

"Wonder Bread!" he cried triumphantly.

Even more of a surprise was the answer of a little old lady who wanted to play games according to her own design. The problem was to supply last words of lines from songs. Irene explained it carefully.

"Like the beat, beat, beat of the—what?"

"Give me the music—I'll tell you the title," said the contestant firmly.

"But this is different," Irene explained. "This time you fill in the last word. Try this: Oh, what a beautiful—what?"

"Give me the music—I'll tell you the title," said the contestant in the tone of

**WOMAN'S FIRST RIGHT . . .**

**"THE RIGHT TO HAPPINESS"**



Listen to Carolyn Cramer's courageous struggle for security and peace of mind on "The Right To Happiness," one woman's search for a richer, more meaningful life.

**TUNE IN** every afternoon Monday to Friday (3:45 EDT) on NBC stations.

If you have overcome obstacles to your own happiness, write Carolyn Cramer about it and you may win \$50. For details see the current issue of **TRUE EXPERIENCES** magazine. Now at newsstands.

one arguing with an unreasonable child. "Try this, then," said Irene, and in her anxiety to get the idea across to the little old lady she tilted the microphone a little closer, smiling encouragingly, "What is this thing called—?"

"A mike—you know as well as I do," said the little old lady. "Give me the music—I'll tell you the title."

The most disconcerting thing that ever happened in the studio, however, was when a particularly attractive woman drew a winning number and, when Irene asked her name, said, "This will be a bigger surprise to you than you realize. I am Mrs. —" and she gave the name of a man to whom Irene had once been engaged.

"I drew a complete blank for a moment," said Irene. "When I came to I heard myself saying to the audience. 'For goodness sake! She married the man I was in love with!'"

Oddly, time and again it has been discovered that winners have received their prizes at curiously appropriate times. One man wrote that a grand slam of gifts had arrived on his wedding anniversary when he was out of a job and had not been able to buy his wife a remembrance. A widow wrote that her winnings of a vacuum cleaner and a set of club aluminum pans had arrived the day before her daughter's wedding, augmenting most happily the very small gifts she had been able to afford. And on many more occasions than chance would seem to justify visitors win at Irene's show and then go on to win at every other show they visit. They come back and tell her, claiming that Grand Slam is blessed with a little extra touch of luck.

Irene agrees—but only to a point. Has she won a single grand slam at bridge since the show started? Not she—no time to play!

**H**ERE'S the Swiss steak recipe that's one of Anna's delectable specialties:

#### SWISS STEAK

Trim the edges of 1½ lb. round steak. Pound into both sides of the steak as much flour as it will hold, using a mallet or the side of a plate. 1 tsp. salt and ½ tsp. of pepper should be combined with the flour.

Heat in a heavy skillet a ¼ cup of bacon fat combined with ½ cup of chopped onion. Brown the beef in the fat quickly. Add 1½ cups of canned tomatoes, 1 stalk of celery, diced, 1 peeled clove of garlic, diced; cover tightly and bake in a slow oven of 275° for 2-2½ hours or until tender. Uncover for last half hour to thicken sauce. Thicken gravy with flour if necessary. Remove steak to hot platter and serve with sauce over and around it. Serves 4.



Irene's Grand Slam studio audience draws from all age groups.



where does he go from here?



First step? Not quite. For earliest spoon-feedings baby sits in your lap. Often, the first foods after milk are good-tasting *Gerber's Cereals*. Flavor and texture favorites with thousands of tiny tots—and toddlers.



Next step! Doctors approve early introduction of *Gerber's Strained Vegetables, Fruits, Meat-combinations, Meats and Desserts*. All prepared from the *most carefully* selected ingredients. Tempting, nutritious *Gerber's* for well-varied menus—are all ready to serve!



Then—baby gradually changes to *Gerber's Junior Foods*. Same high quality! Same size container—*same low price!* That increases the variety of foods you can serve—*without increasing grocery bills!*

## New! Gerber's Meats

ARMOUR

Beef, Veal, Liver. All-meat!  
All luscious! Strained and Junior—*one price!*

Babies are our business... our only business!



**Gerber's**

BABY FOODS  
FERMONT, ILL. OAKLAND, CAL.

3 Cereals • 20 Strained Foods • 15 Junior Foods  
3 Strained Meats • 3 Junior Meats

(Continued from page 39)

## YOUNG WIVES!

so enthusiastic over  
this higher type

*Intimate Feminine  
Hygiene*



Daintier...  
Less  
Embarrassing  
to Use Yet One  
of the Most  
Effective  
Methods

### Greaseless Suppository Assures Continuous Medication For Hours

You, too, should bless the day you started enjoying the 'extra' advantage of this *higher type* intimate feminine cleanliness. Zonitors are so much easier, daintier to use—so *powerfully germicidal* yet *absolutely safe* to delicate tissues.

### Easy To Carry If Away From Home

Zonitors are greaseless, stainless, snow-white vaginal suppositories—so easily inserted. They instantly begin to release their powerful germicidal properties and *continue* to do so *for hours*. Yet Zonitors are so *SAFE* to tissues. Positively *non-poisonous, non-irritating, non-smarting*.

### No Tell-Tale 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. You can buy Zonitors at any drugstore.



(Each sealed in  
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Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

the thought, I rushed back to the corner drug store. I bought Dymyna a grand present at once—a Lucite brush and comb set. But here is what was funny: just as the present was being wrapped, I caught sight of a familiar face—my wife's! She too was Christmas shopping in this drug store—buying *my* present. I peeked and saw that it was one of those curious pens that write under water. Then I quickly sneaked out without her seeing me, and I never admitted to her that I'd seen my present before I should.

But you can see by this story how confused a couple of young Irish people can be in your country—when we're driven to shopping in the nearest pharmacy instead of your beautiful big stores!

Right here, though, I would like to stop and tell you something. Just because I am bewildered by your stores and high buildings doesn't mean that I'm an uncivilized sort of fellow who'd never known anything before. I've discovered that most Americans think a pig goes with every kitchen in Ireland. This isn't so. We have a few modern conveniences in Ireland too, you know. And we also have schools that really educate you. Oh, we get along!

Take my case. I was born twenty-six years ago in a big ten-room house—not the mud hutch you people seem to expect!—in the village of Rathkeale, County Limerick, in Southern Ireland. Supposedly, this house was once an old inn where Sir Walter Raleigh stayed the night. But whatever its history, my father bought it many years ago, and there lived my father, my mother, and their six children, of whom I was the youngest.

At home, my three sisters Alice, Sissie, and Dimple did all the housework—making beds, sweeping, and dish-washing. We boys, John James, Frank and I looked after the fourteen horses, my father's pride! Father ran a stud farm—breeding horses, you understand—so the facts of life never had to be explained to any of us! Let me add with pride that one of our beautiful horses, Pollyphayn, won first prize at the Dublin Horse Show.

**W**E used to get up at 7:30 in the morning, exercise the horses on a lead in the ring, groom and feed them. Then we'd walk the half-mile to the Rathkeale school. At lunch-time, we'd nip the bicycles ridden to school by the country lads, and we'd ride home for lunch and back again.

I must say I never cared for studying, though I did manage to learn Latin, French, and English composition—does this surprise you, in an Irish school? And don't think the Rathkeale school was small, either; it had 1,000 pupils. What I liked a lot more than my studies was playing "hurling," which is like American ice hockey only without the ice. But what I really liked best were the evenings—when all the Lynch family sang and acted around the house like a troupe of opera stars!

This was not at all unusual in Ireland. There every village has its local concerts and drama clubs. In our village, the Lynchs were heavily dramatic—in one play, "Private Secretary," I remember that four of us Lynchs acted parts. And at one time five of us sang together in the church choir—

my big moment was when I sang the solo of "Silent Night." And when we weren't singing and acting in public, we were doing it just for fun around the house of an evening. Oh, we had jolly times under the Lynch roof!

But that is just what I might still be doing—if it hadn't been for your movie actor Robert Taylor!

Yes, one of his movies was playing in Limerick one night. I had gone there—a green lad of twenty who had never sung outside my own village until then—to sing in the stage variety show during the movie intermission. Little did I know it, but sitting in the audience that night were the O'Mara brothers, Joseph and Alphonse. They were the wealthy bacon and ham packers of Ireland, and they had come that night to see the Robert Taylor movie. But they saw me at the same time! And fortunately for me, I seemed to them somewhat like their uncle, the great Irish tenor Joseph O'Mara.

Afterwards they came backstage to see me. I'll never forget our conversation—it went something like this:

"**H**AVE you ever studied singing, my lad?" they asked.

"No, sirs," said I. "In fact, this is the first time I have ever sung outside my own village of Rathkeale."

They conferred a minute, and then they asked, "Would you like to go to Dublin to seriously study voice? We stand ready to pay for your lessons and living expenses if you say yes."

"Yes," was what I answered immediately, with my head in a whirl—and you may possibly imagine the excitement at home when I told the many Lynchs that I was off to the great city of Dublin to start singing lessons!

I was soon there, and put to work learning Italian and brushing up on my French as well as taking voice lessons. My singing teacher was Dr. Vincent O'Brien, who had been John McCormack's teacher. After a year's study, I gave my first public recital in Dublin and then, wanting a vacation, I went to the health resort of Lisdoonvarna—and ran right into my future wife!

That happened like this. My brother John James had married a girl from Lisdoonvarna; and there he had settled to manage the sulfa wells—it is a well-known spa in Ireland. So I went to visit them. There I found that every hotel has a dance every night (in Lisdoonvarna, every house that takes paying guests is called a hotel), and at my first dance, my first night, I saw the most beautiful girl I had ever seen in my life. She was nineteen, brown-haired, and her eyes were as dark as her hair. Fortunately I knew her escort. I rushed up to him, shook his hand warmly, and naturally he had to say, "Miss Dymyna Daly, this is Mr. Christopher Lynch."

Those were his last words to her—he never saw her again! I swept her away in the dance, and during my visit at Lisdoonvarna I saw nobody else. Together we danced the fox-trots and the square dances, and we got to know each other. I learned that she was there because she too had a relative engaged in the business there—her aunt owned many hotels at the resort. I also learned that she was as bright as she was beautiful—she was studying for a degree of philosophy at the Uni-

versity of Dublin. That meant, of course, that when we both returned to Dublin, we could continue seeing each other!

That we certainly did, for the next two years. We went to many movies together, to the dog races, and in the summer we went bathing at seaside places. On October 24, 1945, we were married at the University Church in Dublin. I had my brother John James as best man, and for an usher my best pal Jack Healy; and Dymrna had her three cousins as bridesmaids. Before the ceremony we had a press reception—for by this time I was a professional singer, who had made several concert-tours of Ireland—and after the ceremony we had a reception for Dymrna's relatives! Anyway, that's how it seemed—dozens of her relatives collected at the Chelbourne Hotel. Afterwards we went to Graystone's for our honeymoon, a seaside resort near Dublin. You can see why I think I'm the luckiest Irishman who never kissed the Blarney Stone!

But now I must go back a year to tell you of yet another almighty piece of luck.

It was in 1944 to be exact. After much studying and concert-giving, one evening I gave a sherry party for the press in Dublin. At it I was asked to sing; and just before I began, I saw a man of about sixty years enter the room. He had one of the noblest faces I had ever seen, and a dark thatch of hair that was gray at the temples. Of course I knew him at once from pictures of him I had seen—this was Ireland's greatest singer, John McCormack.

Right after he came in I sang Handel's "Art Thou Troubled." Afterwards, to my astonishment, Mr. McCormack unexpectedly made a speech, saying that I would be the tenor most likely to succeed him. You can imagine my overwhelming joy at such praise—and then Mr. McCormack added to it by inviting me to his house to dinner the following week. At that dinner, we talked nothing but music, and he told me many of his experiences. Later that evening he made me an offer I shall never forget—he offered to coach me in singing. I thus became the only pupil John McCormack ever had. And it was due to this directly that I came to America.

For one day, after I had been studying with Mr. McCormack for a year and a half, *Time Magazine* printed a photograph of the two of us together. Mr. Arthur Judson, president of Columbia Concerts, saw that picture. He immediately cabled Mr. McCormack for information about me—and suddenly I found myself contracted by your American Columbia Concerts and by the Voice of Firestone Hour. Equally suddenly I was lifted from the quiet village of Lahinch in County Clare (where we were then living) to the enormous skyscrapers of New York City. I was literally lifted, too—Dymrna, our baby son Brian and I flew to New York. The sudden transition was, as I said before, almost too much for us!

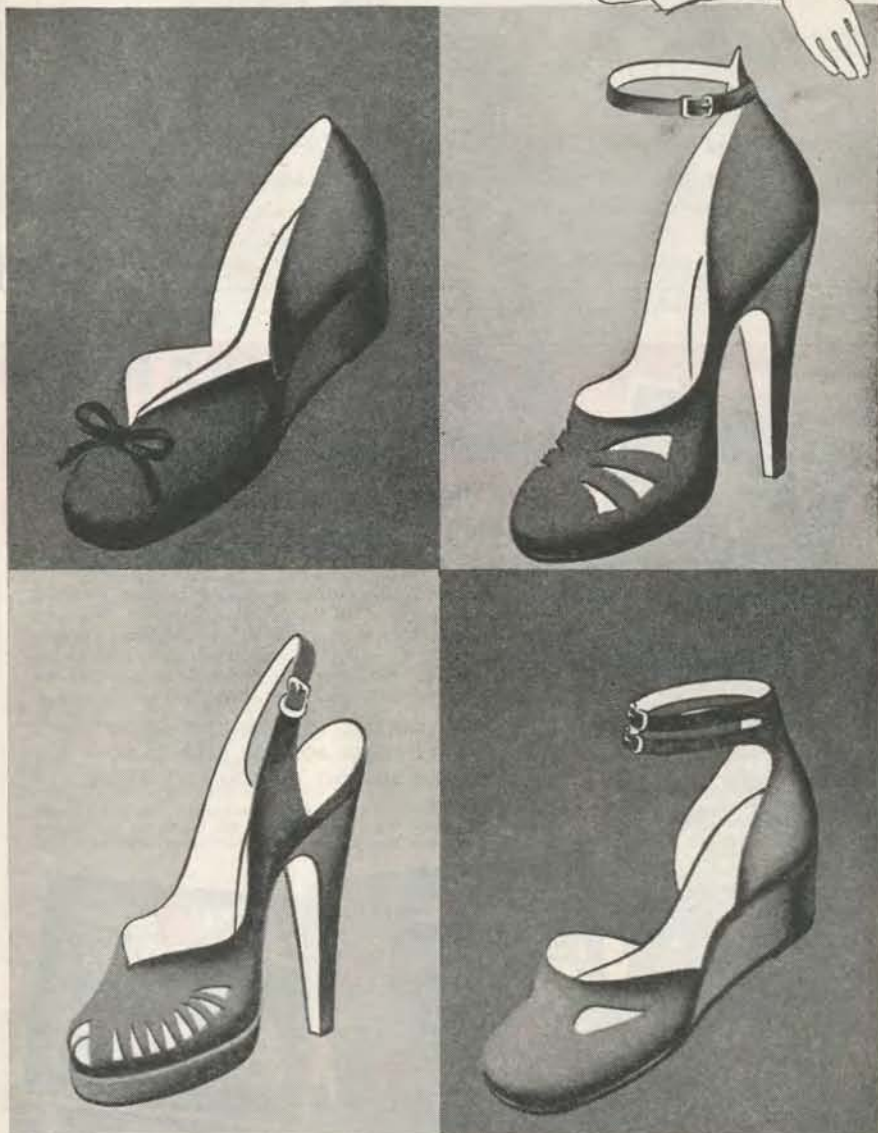
We were rushed from the airport to a New York hotel. The minute we got to our three-room suite, the telephone rang and a voice said, "This is your American cousin Joe Lynch." As I have no relatives in America, this surprised me. I told him we weren't related—but soon the telephone rang again, and a girl's voice told me she was my American cousin Susan Lynch. I would say that about one hundred and fifty

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Lynches have called me since then, all claiming to be a relative—when none are!

Now that we have a house in America our lives have fallen into a pattern. Dympna and I are up about nine every morning. I take a shower—singing my pet shower song "The Old Turf Fire"—and then eat the fine breakfast of bacon and eggs that Dympna prepares. After that I rehearse, usually drinking Cokes and eating apples as I sing, and often picking up the babies to sing into their faces while they laugh at me. After lunch I relax for awhile, and then usually go into New York to study voice with my teacher there, who is the great old baritone Guiseppe de Luca. When dinner is over—which is usually steak and apple pie, or corned beef and cabbage—I practice again. I have heard that automobiles run better at night. This is probably true—and certainly it is true that voices sing better at night.

Before a concert, I never eat dinner. Neither do I take throat lozenges. I simply sit about quietly, resting my voice. Dympna usually goes with me to every radio broadcast, which I give before an audience of 1,400 people. I generally sing clinging to the music rack in what must look like a very awkward way—this is because I never sang into a microphone until I came to America, and I'm still afraid I might miss a note! After the broadcasts, Dympna and I usually eat dinner in the city at O'Sullivan's Restaurant.

We lead very quiet lives, I suppose. I don't drink or smoke, you see, and I can't imagine going to a night club except for once—then we went to hear Milton Berle's comic routine.

I play golf whenever I can—although we have a different method of scoring in Ireland than you have—and I play tennis occasionally, and badminton. Also I spend hours in the garden, working with the plants. In the Spring, too, you can count on my sitting behind a fishing pole working on some trout.

And we Lynches have made a number of American plans. Two of them are going to happen next year: we will buy an automobile, and we will take out our American citizenship papers. Oh, yes—even if we've transported Ireland over to the U.S., we're really becoming quite, quite American!

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## Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 19)



Susan Douglas is Jean Baker, next-door-neighbor of Backstage Wife.

sets, is back on the Mutual network with Tom Collins and Irene Tedrow in the leading roles.

Songstress Julie Conway, now featured on the Musicomedy stanza, has probably done more singing in the past ten years than anyone else in the business. She's sung at the Pump Room in Chicago, with Kay Kyser on the air, in the movies and in theaters from coast to coast. But those stints do not comprise the greater part of her singing activity. Miss Conway is perhaps the leading interpreter of the singing commercial. For example, in the past few years she has been running from one New York studio to another, five days a week, from 10:30 A.M. until 11:30 P.M., employing her capable lungs on "That new, new, NEW Oxydol Sparkle!" Several afternoons a week her schedule is so tight she has to charter a cab and have elevators held for her so she'll make her programs on time. She's never been late, but she's had a few close calls. Not satisfied with all this and being married to announcer, Bob Sherry, and mothering a three-year-old daughter, Miss Conway is eager to become an actress, too. She is studying theater technique with the idea of some day combining musical comedy and radio work.

**GOSSIP AND STUFF FROM ALL OVER . . .** Wendell Niles and Bob Hope's brother, Jack, have formed Telepix Productions, and will work almost exclusively in 16 mm. film . . . Veteran Hollywood picture producers John Ford and Merian Cooper have also formed a new television producing firm . . . Myrna Loy may be the first star to appear in a 52 week day drama on television . . . Mutual's Sherlock Holmes series has been renewed for next season . . . It's rumored that Fred Allen is dickering to get Arnold Stang (Henry Morgan's hilarious Gerard) for his Allen's Alley line-up . . . Lum 'n Abner may do a recording of their famous Christmas story, which, if done, will be ready for sale this fall . . . Inner Sanctum latest radio show to hit the pix. Mary Beth Hughes and Charles Russell co-starring in first one . . . Eddie Cantor has signed another kid—Toni Harper, nine-year-old singer.

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# Tips on Kitchen Decoration



by Ellanor Martin  
Homemaking Expert



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# Traveler of the Month

(Continued from page 45)

Chinese medical association. This was followed by an appointment as statistician for one of the United States government offices.

Here at last she was realizing her double dream—to see the world and to work at her profession as an accountant. Her boss thought she was out of her mind when she asked for a year's leave of absence. He pointed out that she had a fine salary doing work she liked, and living in comparative luxury due to the favorable rate of exchange between American and Chinese dollars.

"I came to see China," Elsie stated firmly, "and I want to go to the Yangtze gorges."

The Yangtze gorges were 2500 miles inland, and could be reached only by boat. Her boss argued, then promised he would get a leave for her next year.

"There won't be a next year," said Elsie.

And she was right. China already was in turmoil. By the time she had changed boats three times and seen what she believes to be the most beautiful river valley on the face of the earth, she was not permitted to leave the tiny native craft at Chungking. The communist rebellion had broken out. The next year, the Japanese invaded.

HANGKOW, the Chicago of China, was her next destination, and from there she went to Peiping. As secretary to the president of the College of Chinese Studies, she was able both to attend classes and earn a salary.

About that time, the remainder of the one-way ticket to Manila, which had brought her into the Orient, was about to expire. She saw no reason for being penalized ten per cent for cashing it, so she booked passage.

Again, she arrived with the news. A shipping strike held her up a month at Hongkong—a month during which the British colony seethed with the announcement that their King had abdicated for "the woman he loved." To the British subjects, it was more than the loss of a monarch, it was the first crack in the stability of the Empire. During her wait, Elsie found work in a new field—investigating the Chinese motion picture industry for the United States commercial attaché.

What she describes as "a slight affair of the heart" brought her back to Shanghai. She landed on Christmas Day, 1936, just as the news broke that his kidnapers had released Chiang Kai-shek.

Shanghai was her home, and the Rockefeller Foundation her employer, until August 13, 1937, when the Japs bombed the city, and Elsie Voight found herself in the international news dispatches.

"Just like you, Tommy, I take my jobs seriously," she told me. "We were warned to stay indoors. I started for the office, feeling there must be some way I could help. A sniper's bullet whizzed past my head and killed the man behind me. The story went out on the wires, and my folks at home started to worry."

"You must have been scared," I said. "That wasn't the narrowest escape," she replied.

It was fortunate her parents didn't know that greater danger awaited her. More than 400 women and children were evacuated to Manila. Their small, overloaded boat nearly capsized. An hour after they docked, the worst earthquake in fifty years struck Manila.

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Disregarding her own harrowing experience and the loss of all her possessions, Elsie Voight pitched in to do what she could as a Red Cross volunteer. Part of that work was collecting stories from the survivors for publication in a Manila newspaper.

It was the editor of that paper who found Elsie a post as secretary to the president of the American Leprosy Foundation, who was then on a tour of inspection of leprosaria. They went to Dutch East Indies, Singapore, Ceylon, and to the International Leprosy Conference at Cairo. Our modern, feminine Marco Polo also saw Greece, Italy and France, and had three dollars in her pocket when she waved hello to the Statue of Liberty in New York harbor.

But her contract with the Foundation called for return to San Francisco. They bought her first class and Pullman tickets. Elsie exchanged them for coach accommodations and had \$70 when she sighted the Golden Gate.

But in 1938 jobs were no more plentiful than they had been in 1932. Our traveler's want ad brought a single reply from an author who offered her \$25 for typing a story—if he sold the story. He did, however, tell a newspaper editor about her. Her adventures, as recounted in the Chronicle, caught the attention of a talent scout for Edgar Guest's "It Can Be Done" program. They brought her to Chicago for the show, and for a week, she lived luxuriously at the Drake Hotel with scarcely a penny in her pocket. Again, she cashed in her return ticket, and used the money to visit New Orleans and points of interest in the Southwest.

The next year she did her exploring while working at the San Francisco exposition, where many of the interesting things of the world were compressed into the one huge fair. When it closed, she toured Mexico for six weeks on \$66, saw the Florida boom as bookkeeper for a swank hotel, was studying Spanish at the University of Panama when the war started, then traveled south to work for a United States Military attaché in Peru.

A YEAR of that job was enough. Elsie set out to see Peru. Easy travel ended abruptly when she found a jungle lay between her and her next destination, Pucallpa, the headwaters of the Amazon river.

The only passage was via a trail which later became Peru's Burma Road. There was no transportation, so Elsie jettisoned her luggage, packed an overnight case with a paring knife and a few cans of food, and started to walk. She was alone until she encountered a missionary, also bound for Pucallpa. Together, they plunged through the dense growth for three days and three nights. Beasts cried in the darkness, huge snakes slithered through the foliage. They told her later she was the only white woman ever to walk through that green horror. But Elsie maintains she was not afraid. She's a fatalist who can't waste time on senseless fears.

Fate was again on her side when she reached Mexico, after working at Quito, the city 9500 feet high, Bogota, and Guatemala City. Sightseeing at Vera Cruz, she was attacked while walking on a public highway, stabbed, robbed, thrown over a cliff and left for dead. The criminal was apprehended and sentenced to death by the Supreme Court of Mexico. She asked for clemency. She had survived, and she wanted no man's death on her head. His sentence was reduced to twelve years.

## HOW TO Remove Dandruff COMPLETELY



**1 APPLY FITCH** directly from bottle onto the hair and scalp before any water is added. Massage well with hands, making sure shampoo reaches each part of the scalp.



**2 ADD WATER** gradually, continuing to massage. Remove the cleansing lather. Then continue to add water and massage until no more lather forms.



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the small bust—  
minimize the  
full bust.

Elsie sat out the rest of the war in Chicago. When UNRRA formed she shipped to China on a troopship with an appointment as field auditor. She regards it as a minor incident that one plane on which she traveled was lost for four hours with both radio and compass dead before the pilot contrived an emergency landing. Why talk about that when, after all, nothing happened?

She returned on a Dutch ship via South Africa, leaving the vessel at Durban to go overland. She fell in the Zambesi River while viewing Victoria Falls, severely injuring both legs, but was able to rejoin the ship at Capetown. Buenos Aires, Montevideo, Santos, Rio de Janiero and Trinidad, were final ports of call before reaching New York.

"What happens next?" I asked. With this girl, there'd be no sitting at home, resting!

"I hope to secure an appointment to the Economic Cooperation Administration, Tommy. I would like to go to Europe. I'd like to do what I can to help the people."

She summed up her feeling toward "the people" with the statement, "I like the human race. People, individually, have no animosity. Everyone I have ever encountered has been a wonderful human being. If only nations could find the same way of getting along together. . . ."

"It sustains my faith to realize that regardless of what we foolish humans do, the rhythm of the world goes on. Everywhere I have been, I have seen the sun rise. When the darkness breaks and the first rays come. I feel infinitesimal, yet a part of the whole universe. Over the chaos created by humans, there is a stronger governing power which controls that universe. Small as I am, I, too, am ruled by it, and must do my part for the welfare of human beings everywhere."

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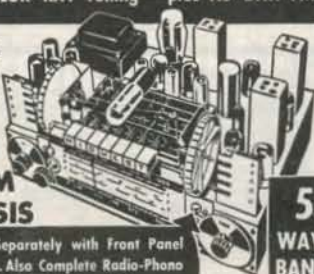
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## Coast to Coast in Television

(Continued from page 47)

famous party giver, writer, and friend of socialites, celebrities and royalty, will start her own television show very shortly. While in Europe last summer, Miss Maxwell made filmed interviews with celebrities in London, Paris, and Rome. These will start off her series, and then the show will turn to her fabulous parties; the scene will be her own apartment in the Waldorf-Astoria—as well as the homes of friends and places of national interest. Rumor has it that the show will carry a \$5,000 per price tag.

The major film companies in the United States have been stalling about getting into video with both feet, and if they don't make up their minds soon, England's J. Arthur Rank will beat them to the punch. After two years of test productions of telepix, Rank is now ready to push off on a full commercial program of television fare for all parts of the world. He could invade the U. S. market in nine or ten months.

Independent companies in Hollywood are on their toes as far as television is concerned—far ahead of the big studios, in fact. Cecil B. DeMille is establishing his own company to produce video films. David O. Selznick is investigating possibilities for doing the same thing, and Robert Productions—owned jointly by Bob Roberts, John Garfield, and Abraham Polonsky—are in production with a series of 26 half-hour films.

Texas is putting in its bid to take some of the television monopoly away from New York and Hollywood. Plans are under way for a million-dollar film and video center in San Antonio. Some of the financing is coming from Hollywood, though.

Just when sales of sets are soaring and advertisers are beginning to see the terrific potentialities of the medium, the industry is confronted with a shortage of cathode ray tubes—those are the tubes that make the television picture—and current production can't keep up with the demand.

The Republicans and Democrats will each have spent a quarter of a million dollars to televise their respective candidates before you go to the polls.

When audience participation radio shows first became popular, the legitimate theater was at a low ebb and it was easy for the networks to buy up theaters to conduct their radio programs in; now television is going to need theaters for audience shows, but the theaters simply are not available.

The big reason that more old movies are not available to television is the strong objections of re-issue companies and theaters. Organizations like Film Classics, Inc., buy up movies which the major companies have no further use for and rent them to motion picture theaters which are devoted exclusively to the showing of fairly old pictures. This market is extremely lucrative, and a one-shot on television could kill off the value of an old picture—so it's easy to understand why those distributors and managers who have been waxing fat want video to keep hands off.



Poor witness, Clara ... Tears smeared her mascara ...

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**INSTITUTE of MENTALPHYSICS, Dept. 305G**  
213 South Hobart Blvd., Los Angeles 4, Calif.

## Life of Arthur Godfrey

(Continued from page 61)

of the chipping sparrow. His schooling in this nature-lore came, of course, from his experiences down in Teterboro swamp.

Hasbrouck High, like every other school, had its usual quota of students who violated rules and regulations. It is a matter of record that not once was Arthur ever sent to the principal's office for discipline.

Notwithstanding that fact, Arthur blandly remarked to his teacher one day: "School's all right but it's the principal of the thing I don't like."

Maybe it was a Godfrey pun and maybe it was indicative of his inner conflict, his growing hunger to realize a life outside this environment. There were other times when Arthur did and said things that further revealed this unrest. Talking to Miss Quigg, another of his teachers, he once declared, "I'd like to go out and see the world, even if it's only through a porthole."

HE made that remark at a time when colorful Navy recruiting posters were pasted on almost every fence. The Navy beckoned, offering the lure of excitement, education and travel. To Arthur, the world was a huge adventure book whose pages were yet to be read.

Two of his four years at high school remained uncompleted when certain developments (what they were is locked in Arthur's heart) crystallized his decision to go out into the world. A clue as to what prompted this decision lies in something he said to close friends with whom he stayed for a short while.

"It's best that I get out on my own," he told them. "I can't continue to be a burden to my family."

And so presently the world that was a huge adventure book began to reveal what was written on its pages. The text, Arthur was soon to learn, made far less glamorous reading than he had led himself to expect. The text, for several chapters, at least, was to contain some tawdry, uninspired prose.

Bravely, with high purpose, Arthur went out on his own. From shortly before Armistice Day, 1918, to the Spring of 1920, his activities resembled that crazy, zig-zag, in-again-out-again behavior of the steel ball in a pin-ball machine. His score was a fairly consistent "tilt."

Office boy with a New York architect ... dishwasher ... confrère of down-and-outers, glad to cadge a night's sleep in a newspaper warehouse ... civilian typist at an Army Separation Center in New Jersey ... pick-and-shovel man in a Pennsylvania coal mine ... would-be lumberjack ... farmhand ... bum again ... tire-finisher in an Akron, Ohio tire plant ... dishwasher ... gambling-joint aide ...

Confused ... empty ... without direction ...

Arthur must have done some thorough soul-searching those nights. Obviously, this wasn't what he'd planned back there in Hasbrouck Heights. This was aimless drifting.

But, what was it he wanted?

He knew. Deep inside himself, he really knew. The thing he needed, the thing that would banish these nocturnal bouts with conscience was education—training for some special field of endeavor—know-how that gave man a sense of integrity and self-confidence.

The U. S. Navy gave him those things.

He walked into a Cleveland, Ohio, recruiting office on May 11, 1920, and got them to sign him up for a two year hitch. Apprentice Seaman Godfrey went through boot training and specialist's training for radio. He crammed a lot of other special know-how into his head . . . enough to qualify him for entrance into Annapolis. His impatience for action, movement and color made him choose, instead, a tour of duty aboard the destroyer "Upshur" on which he served as radio operator.

When his first hitch was up, he extended it for another two years, serving as "Sparks" aboard the cruiser "Rochester" and later on another destroyer, the Hatfield. Action, movement and color were his in large doses, for those two ships were patrolling the Mediterranean, particularly the Archipelago and waters of the Dodecanese Islands. While Arthur's efficient hand pounded out Morse code in the Hatfield's radio shack, his glance could easily take in the spectacle of night-sky glowing blood red over the Turkish mainland where Mustapha Kemal Pasha's troops were busy driving the Greeks out of Smyrna.

On a mild evening in the Spring of 1924, the quiet of Hasbrouck Heights was broken by the pleasant plinkety-plank of a banjo. Folks looked up from their newspapers and knitting and saw a gangling, red-headed gob sauntering down their street. Here and there, a fluttery-eyed flapper gasped, "Why, it's Arthur!"

Yes, he was back . . . jaunty, suntanned and the last word in sophistication as he strummed on that banjo.

It was good being back among friends. An aura of glamor enveloped him as he answered questions about his adventures in distant lands. And . . . it was good to be with his family again . . .

But before many weeks had passed, the questions were asked less often and life at home again brought into focus his need for independence. Hasbrouck Heights was home . . . it was wonderful . . . but it would never provide an answer to his own burning question: where and how could a guy make a decent living?

**T**HE middle 1920s had arrived. It was a time when the miracle of mass production was attracting men from every corner of the country. The miracle, of course, was happening in Detroit, and Arthur yielded to the lure of five dollars a day and maybe more.

He made the migration . . . found work in the biggest automobile body plant, an inferno of mechanistic sights, ear-splitting sounds and lung-searing acid smells. It was a pretty rotten contrast to the clean salty tang of ocean and the neat line of horizon he'd enjoyed these past few years. Arthur stuck with it as long as he could, and then . . .

Gratiot Avenue . . . Lower Woodward . . . Jefferson Avenue—right down the scale of Detroit's less desirable employment agencies. At last, a dog-eared card thumb-tacked to one bulletin board: "Dishwasher — Good Pay — Meals."

Dishwasher in a greasy spoon. Pretty deplorable, it was true, but Arthur was eating regularly and, what's more, an idea began revolving inside his noggin. That short-order cook working behind the counter, for instance. Now, what did that character have that Arthur didn't have? Just what kind of talent did a guy need to make the kind of food

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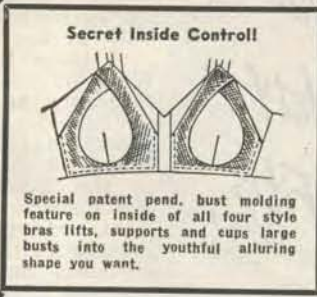
Style 101 Longline Built Up Shoulder Bra

Top is built up at front and back to hold in excess flesh. Built up shoulder straps of bra material, also, special V-Control feature of midriff support helps flatten bulging stomach. Girdle attachment hooks. Only \$2.98.



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**MONEY BACK GUARANTEE**

they served in these "quicke" joints? By a combination of salesmanship and outright misrepresentation of the facts, Arthur convinced the eatery owner that he, Arthur, was really an ace cook and that his talents were shamefully wasted back there at the sink. Result . . . Arthur began flipping flapjacks, frying eggs and fouling up filets like a veteran and at a raise in pay!

None of the patrons got indigestion. In fact, there were a few murmurs of approval and, since Arthur happened to overhear them, his ego swelled like a ten-cent balloon. On his day off, he went over to the personnel office of a big chain restaurant. There, behaving like Oscar of the Waldorf, he really pulled out all the stops as he outlined his cooking prowess. They hired him on the spot.

Chef Godfrey reached the pinnacle some months later. His self-esteem as a skillet artist brought him to the kitchen of Detroit's Book-Cadillac Hotel. Not that Arthur just waltzed in. On the contrary, he had to talk himself blue in the face before that French chef hired him—as vegetable peeler. With the job, however, went a verbal assurance of advancement. The chef undoubtedly would have kept his word, except that his untimely death intervened. Arthur was left without an ally in the Book-Cadillac kitchen. The chef's successors proved to be downright unfriendly and so he quit . . . a move for the best, it proved, because presently he read a help-wanted ad that led to more money than he ever dreamed of earning.

It was money earned by way of rather macabre method. The new job was selling cemetery plots. His boss, a high-pressure man from 'way back, showed him every trick in the trade and, in a matter of months, Arthur's salary and commissions were awe-inspiring. He had a bank-balance in five figures, but he held on to it only until he encountered someone who had a sales technique just a shade smoother than his own. That somebody was one of Arthur's prospective customers for a cemetery plot. Arthur never sold him the plot but he did buy a half interest and equal billing in the man's vaudeville act! You see, Arthur still had that banjo . . . and a strong yen to make a pleasant plinkety-plank on it, just as he'd done in amateur shows aboard the U.S.S. Hatfield.

Vaudeville! Show business! It must have seemed like a dazzling chance to Arthur because he went for it to the

tune of his entire savings. The troupe got bookings on a minor circuit . . . got a rooking from unscrupulous house managers who demanded kick-backs . . . and Arthur got out at some whistle stop in Wyoming, with a few months' questionable experience, an utterly deflated wallet and a pawnticket for his precious banjo.

He went on to the West Coast, only to contend with Hollywood's colossal indifference to his existence. He bummed it once again and, by way of the box-cars, arrived in Chicago. There, he talked himself into a taxi-driving job. Wising up to some of the "angles," he began making bigger money by taking the night-shift . . . by driving pleasure-bent fares to places of amusement on the seamier side of town. One night, a passenger turned out to be one of his former shipmates, now serving with the Coast Guard. They celebrated their reunion . . . they talked far into the dawn . . . and Arthur was sold on the idea of joining up.

In 1927, he served aboard the U. S. Coast Guard destroyer Ammen.

In 1929 . . . "Naval Research Laboratory, Bellevue, Anacostia, D. C. . . . June 7, 1929 . . . to A. M. Godfrey, Radioman first class . . . Subject: Graduation from Radio Material School. 1. The Director takes pleasure in stating that you have very commendably completed the course of instruction in the tenth Radio Material School . . ."

Even if you hadn't known a blessed thing about his "very commendable" graduation from radio school, you might easily have guessed that Arthur's morale and spirits were sky high, the way he plunked on that brand-new banjo of his.

His outfit was stationed near Baltimore, at the time, and some of his Coast Guard pals urged him to take a crack at a local broadcasting studio's amateur contest. He went down to WFBR and did his routine. The station manager told him his singing wasn't half bad and his speaking voice was slightly terrific. Along with those comments went a job offer.

That night and for many a night thereafter, Arthur mulled it over. Staff radio announcer. It sounded important, exciting. If he clicked, it might prove to be the best break that ever came his way. Some of these radio guys made fantastic money, he'd heard. He could send a lot more dough home to the family than his present \$84 a month permitted.

hear



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*Horace Heidt*

Each week, Horace Heidt visits another town to give talented youngsters a chance at winning \$5000 PLUS screen and radio contracts. Tune in this Sunday and help pick a winner. It might be someone you know!

**LISTEN TO** *Horace Heidt* . . . Every Sunday Night Over All Stations of the National Broadcasting Company. And read Horace Heidt's own story in the October issue of **TRUE ROMANCE** magazine . . . on sale at newsstands now.

On the other hand, suppose he didn't click . . .

Better take it slow. This Coast Guard deal is going pretty smoothly . . . a guy can advance himself . . .

"United States Coast Guard—Discharge—This is to certify that Arthur Morton Godfrey has, this first day of April, 1930, been discharged under honorable conditions . . . at his own request and convenience. Character of service: Excellent . . ."

WFBR billed its new announcer as "Red" Godfrey, The Warbling Banjoist. A sponsor picked him up: The Triangle Bird-Seed And Pet Shop. He got paid peanuts but something told him: "Stick with this thing."

He undertook every kind of studio chore. Listeners, in and around Baltimore, acquired the habit of tuning in on Red Godfrey's Melodians. He did another show called Morning Air Mail. A rival Baltimore station carried Amos 'n' Andy at 7 to 7:15, leaving WFBR with those fifteen minutes of minus-zero time on its hands. Arthur considerably raised the value of that quarter-hour by broadcasting ukulele lessons. He m.c.'d various musical programs, rounding them out with an occasional baritone solo of his own.

OVER the year, he drew twelve thousand fan letters!

They made him program director at WFBR.

Washington's WRC had its spies out. Their reports on this new carrot-topped, banjo-plunking Baltimore oricle evidently intrigued the WRC crowd. He was summoned . . . and hired.

As of that day, Arthur's career zoomed upward and onward in dazzling style. He was like a man riding on a comet and Washingtonians behaved like people witnessing such a spectacle.

Although WRC, an affiliate of the National Broadcasting Company, had somewhat coyly kept him "under cover" for two weeks, local newspaper columnists were prompt in reacting to the newcomer. Don Craig, of the Washington News, wrote that he "knows how to sing, loves to act . . . is a snappy announcer." Madeline Ensign, of the Washington Herald, observed that "the new redhead over WRC way . . . is doing a splendid job. He has all the earmarks of a Graham McNamee-Ted Husing in the making."

Arthur's Washington debut was made on November 1, 1930. On a sunny Saturday afternoon, ten months and twenty-six days later, he was driving his car northward along Chillum Road in Maryland. Overhead, the September sky was a cloudless blue.

Sitting casually at the wheel, Arthur hummed softly to himself and, every now and then, grinned in a contented sort of way. His thoughts purred in harmony with the car's engine . . .

"Keep 'er rolling at a comfortable forty-five . . . that'll get me to the airport in about half an hour . . . ah, me . . . 'tis a lovely day . . . a beautiful day for a flying lesson . . . but then, it's a beautiful world, as nobody can deny . . . and, what's more, I'm sitting right smack on top of it . . . looks like I've clicked . . . got me doing half a dozen different programs . . . four of 'em sponsored . . . feels good . . . mighty good, after all that uncertainty . . . kind of figure I've found myself at last . . . this isn't just another job . . . looks like the Career . . . shaping up like the Big Money . . . enough of it to send more home to mother and dad . . . enough of it for a hobby like these glider-pilot les-

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In white, nude and blue.

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sons... some day I'll fly a plane and, by golly, some day I'll own one, too... some day, I'll— That crazy dope! What's he doing on this side of the road—!"

The big truck came head on, careening straight toward his car! No escape....

Crashing, blinding blackness! At Takoma Park Sanitarium, they tried to patch together his broken body. There were lacerations to the left arm, left hand, left leg and left side of the head. There were a fractured pelvis, dislocation of the right hip and fractures of both knee caps. There were weeks of stunned, pain-wracked silence broken only by the hushed voices of doctors and nurses.

A pall of gloom descended upon Washington and its neighboring towns. Thousands of telephone calls jammed WRC's switchboard. Hundreds of telegrams and letters poured in... expressions of regret, some from "important" people, but mostly from just plain Godfrey fans.

Hours, days, weeks... they drag slowly in a hospital room. Bones and tissues began knitting together. The healing process was under way. Slowly, he came up out of pain and shock... into an awareness of the warm affection and concern expressed by his new friends. He willed himself to recovery.

Four long months after the crash, Arthur was at the WRC mike again... and, by letters, postcards and telephone, his unseen audience said "Bravo!" The old redhead was back and in the swing of things. True, there was a slight difference... he had returned on crutches... but a cane replaced them before very long and in time even that ambulatory prop went the way of all firewood. The remaining mark of his terrible accident was a noticeable limp. Less obvious... a nagging pain in his right hip... that, and a nervous irritability completely new to his personality. These after-effects bedevilled Arthur but he did his level best to keep signs of them hidden.

1932 and 1933 unwound their days from the spool of time and, for The Warbling Banjoist, virtually every one of those days was marked by a staggering schedule. He was heard over WRC (then the Red Network affiliate) and also, over WMAL (attached to The Blue), both being Washington outlets for their parent National Broadcasting Company. Both outlets had studios in the same building. Despite that fact, Arthur had to hop around in lively fashion to keep his program commit-

ments. A little master-of-ceremonies activity in night clubs and on the stage of RKO-Keith's theater didn't lessen the work-load. You'd think he was a network personality.

The blow-up came on January 2, 1934... a day that began, as usual, at six in the morning. Arthur did his WMAL Breakfast Club broadcast until nine and remained around the studio, on call, until noon. He returned that afternoon to announce the Farm and Home program. Before filling that assignment, though, he rehearsed with band-leader Ben Bernie who, whenever performing in Washington, requested the redhead's services. Maestro Bernie's broadcast went over the net that evening with a repeat broadcast for the West Coast later on in the night. Scattered between the highpoints of that day's agenda were a few other scheduled programs that leaned on the Godfrey voice-magic.

Arthur got through the day. At midnight, knowing he'd reached some sort of physical limit, he contacted WMAL's station manager and advised him he wouldn't, couldn't preside over next morning's Breakfast Club. Arthur was told that someone would pinch-hit for him. He mumbled his thanks, crawled home and slept....

Slept well into the next day... so well, in fact, that he appeared at the studio only minutes before his 5:15 broadcast. Arthur, serenely rested and long familiar with the show's routine, was all set to carry on in his usual unruffled fashion. He made his entrance in an atmosphere of clicking stop-watches, scratching blue pencils, muttered cuss-words and utter confusion. Arthur's cheery "Hi'ya, people—" froze on his lips. The freezing was done by the station manager's frosty stare, or rather glare. In strictly uncomplimentary terms, Arthur's lateness was challenged. The tardy one retorted angrily. There was an exchange of insults. The manager shouted, "I don't like your attitude!" Arthur shouted back the well-known suggestion as to what the station manager could do with his job. Then he strode out... into the January dusk.

He walked for hours. Now, an icy blizzard pelted him. The heat of his anger cooled considerably as he sat hunched and weary on a park bench. His thoughts became less chaotic and more dismal as he appraised the situation. Great guns! Had he actually quit? His mind's eye beheld a scene of ruin and desolation. It viewed the wreckage of his carefully-built career.

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He had let two minutes of uncontrolled temper blast the edifice that he'd erected these past few years. It didn't seem possible. It didn't make sense.

His mind's eye beheld another image... a girl's face. Only yesterday, the merest glimpse of it would have caused his heart to skip several beats... for it was a lovely, radiant face crowned by copper-gold hair and livened by a pair of laughing blue eyes. Mary Bourke! What would she think of him now? What might he read in those beloved features? Would he find sympathy... understanding? Or would there be mockery... cold disapproval of his brash behavior? Wretchedly, he realized he couldn't confront Mary until something, someone extricated him from this catastrophe.

He needed straightening out... guidance. Arthur got to a telephone. He called "Scoop" Russell, one of the station's vice-presidents. "Scoop" was a good egg... he'd have some ideas.

Russell listened sympathetically. He advised Arthur to report in next morning and go through with the motions of an apology to the station manager. Arthur eagerly agreed to the plan and carried it out promptly next morning. The station manager primly shook hands, said "Let's forget it" and added—"but we no longer have a spot here for you."

SO he was fired, anyway! Stunned, Arthur stood there for a few tense seconds. Then, in one pungent, explosive sentence that would have done credit to any stevedore, he gave vent to his withering opinion of the station manager. With that, he turned and made his final exit.

As he stormed out of the building, one idea roared through his head. "I'm through with radio! Through with it for good!"

When Washingtonians failed to hear Arthur Godfrey's voice three mornings in a row, eyebrows began arching, tongues began wagging and reporters began snooping. The hue and cry was on—"Where is Red Godfrey?"

Feature writers and columnists failed to find him at NBC, at his home or at any of his regular haunts. Grotesquely garbled versions of his abrupt disappearance from the air (and seemingly from the earth) were printed in various newspaper columns. A rash of letter-writing took place. A small minority hailed the redhead's downfall. A vast pro-Godfrey majority expressed opinions ranging from mild shock to strong denunciation. One letter, with forty-eight signatures attached to it, appeared in the Washington Daily News. "We have forcefully stated," it said, "that as far as we are concerned, WMAL can take a running jump off the old dock. The officials may be big-shot business men but we think they are a bunch of punks."

Meanwhile, where was Red Godfrey? One man who had a hunch as to his whereabouts was Harry Butcher, of WJSV (WTOP, nowadays). He knew that Arthur owned a half-interest in a flying school. It was late at night but the executive nailed Arthur at the airport. At 2:30 in the morning, they were having drinks and discussion in Butcher's apartment.

Next day, WJSV's publicity staff fanned the big news. Arthur Godfrey was taking over its Sun Dial program, aired 7 to 9 A. M., directly opposite his former Breakfast Club show on WMAL. Up and down Washington's radio row, talk buzzed about the deal. The in-



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It was an amusing gag, Arthur thought. Nice of Winchell to ask him in on it. What Arthur didn't know was listening with Winchell in his New York apartment were Ruth Etting, Jimmy Cannon, Billy Rose, Mark Hellinger—and Ben Bernie!

Another thing he didn't know: the comet he'd been riding was at that moment being guided from its narrow orbit into a brilliant arc that would soon flash across the national scene.

Within forty-eight hours, Walter Winchell began beating the drum. Followers of his column were reading: "Among other buried personalities—who belong in New York—is a stranger to me named Arthur Godfrey. I got a load of his stuff when he happened to be on an all-night show the other night. Godfrey is stuck down there across the Potomac from the Capitol. But he is big-time. His quips are sly—and his fly-talk is terrifically Broadway or Big Town. Some shrewd radio showman should bag him for New York to make our midnight programs breezier . . . talent is at a premium . . . I haven't picked a flop yet."

Whoosh! In one stroke his name was blazoned across the sky! They read that name from California to Connecticut . . . from The Great Lakes to the Rio Grande.

AT WJSV in Washington a yellow snowstorm of telegrams descended on Arthur. They came from "shrewd radio showmen" who were scrambling to climb on the Godfrey bandwagon. Delighted but bewildered, he telephoned Winchell whose advice was: come up here and we'll sift through every one of those offers. I'll be your unofficial manager and tell you which one is best.

In his column of February 8, Winchell wrote: "Well, that's getting action—and my thanks to those who think my judgment is good. Arthur Godfrey, the chap whose microphoning falls on easy ears, has been signed by the Columbia Broadcasting Network. Arthur commences on a coast-to-coast twice weekly sometime next week . . ."

Local to network . . . dramatically overnight . . . with all the spectacular pyrotechnics of a fiery comet!

Fourteen fabulous years have passed since that Winchell-blessed event. Scarcely one year in the Big Time would have passed if Arthur had been a flash in the pan, a "phony." But then, that gets right down to the root of the matter. Once given the opportunity to make his acquaintance, Americans have completely accepted Arthur . . . partly because of his droll way with a song and a joke but mainly because of his complete genuineness. It just happens that he is the composite American . . . the breezy, believable guy with whom it's a pleasure to share a few minutes or half hour of your time.

Launched into national fame by the "magnetic forces," Arthur has himself become an amazing magnet . . . a phenomenal force that attracts radio sponsors by the station-wagon load. With infallible effectiveness, he goes to bat for them at his CBS microphone for a total of seventeen and a half hours each week . . . and that staggering schedule tues off at six o'clock in the morning, five mornings each week.

Fourteen years have passed. For Arthur, all fourteen have been wondrous years, if only because he has shared them with Mary Bourke, she of the lovely, laughing blue eyes and the radiant, copper-gold hair. Today, it is



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2024 West 6th Street • Los Angeles 5, Calif.

Mary Bourke Godfrey and she represents one third of his reason for rushing homeward after his stint at the CBS studio in New York. The other two thirds? They are minx-eyed, pixie-faced, five-year-old Patricia and that miniature of Arthur, Mike, age seven. Priceless possessions, those three...

In the category of crass, material possessions, Arthur has acquired much... an 800-acre farm atop Catoctin Mountain, near Leesburg, Virginia... a magnificent home in the midst of its lush acreage... a stable of thoroughbred steeds... a sailing sloop or two... a private plane or two... a car or two... a penthouse apartment in Manhattan... a half dozen offices in which to conduct his complex business affairs... a small army of assistants headed by dependable Margaret "Mugs" Richardson... and a host of friends.

As a rule, when a man is fortunate enough to acquire such wonderful things in that quantity, he consciously or otherwise acquires a sort of slick veneer... mannerisms and attitudes usually identified with "the filthy rich." Arthur has mannerisms—the kind that put you completely at ease, as completely as if you were chatting with your best pal. His attitudes? He's for you one hundred percent providing you're not a phony... providing you believe a man should be judged on his merit, not on background or bankbook. And nobody in the business is quicker than Arthur at spotting the phonies.

No "phony" cares to go back, either actually or conversationally, to the scene of his humble, almost impoverished childhood. Arthur hasn't forgotten Hasbrouck Heights where, when he was all of eleven years old, he knew the want of a dollar and, knowing, went out and worked for it. Call it nostalgia, call it what you will, the place and its people pull at him. His home town crops up frequently in his random reminiscences at the microphone. He has mentioned the barn behind Ehler's grocery store where he used to stable Dobbin after a day's work. He has mentioned old John Ferrari of the Sweet Shoppe. He has mentioned (a little wryly, perhaps) J. Earle Thomson, principal of Hasbrouck High. Don't, by the way, let Arthur fool you when he makes cracks about his former principal. That happens to be a routine, for there was never an unfriendly word between them.

IT could be that there are more impressive success stories than the one belonging to Arthur, but it's a safe bet that none of them has the pay-off that goes with this one. The astoundingly successful radio personality who is the hero of this piece is the owner and pilot of a private plane. Since he divides his time between a Virginia farm and a New York office skyscraper, he uses said private plane for commuting to and from these points...

At least once a week he lands it or takes off at Teterboro Airport, down the hill from Hasbrouck Heights. The pay-off comes when you realize that Teterboro is the exact, precise patch of land where, thirty years ago, a red-headed kid named Arthur Godfrey, used to set his crude traps for muskrats, on account of he didn't have the price of that keen hunting rifle. It would almost seem as though there were more than just the years—even thirty of them—between those two human beings. Well, there has been more—all those years, plus Godfrey.

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