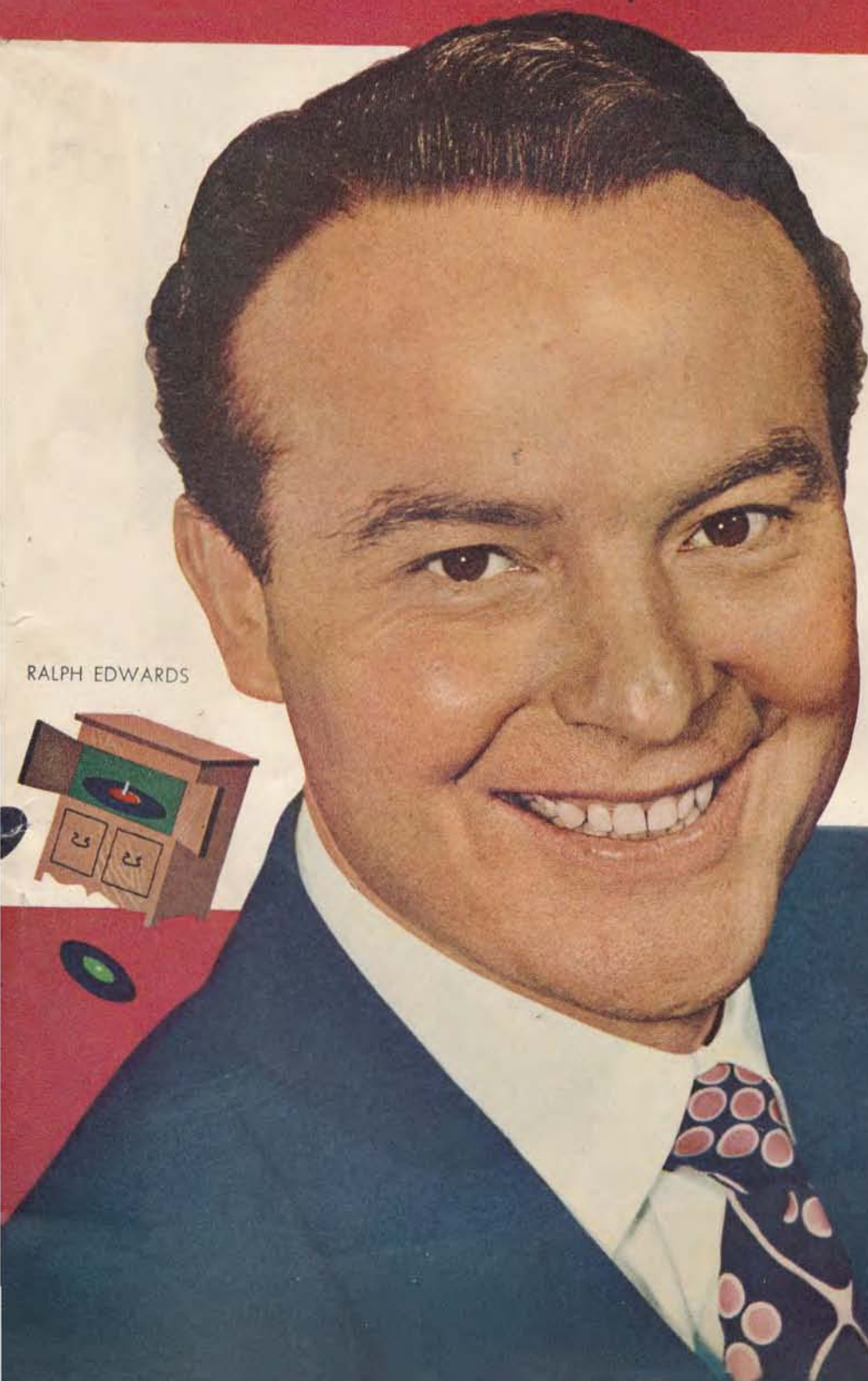


# ***RADIO*** ***AND TELEVISION*** ***MIRROR***

JANUARY • 25c



RALPH EDWARDS



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THE  
CUTER THEY ARE  
THE HARDER  
THEY FALL

By Sonia Lee

AS THE TOWERS of Manhattan gleamed in the morning sun, Clara's hopeful young heart pounded with eagerness and expectation. "What a beautiful city!" she thought. "My city to be!"

There would be so many fascinating places to see . . . so many famous people to meet . . . such an interesting job in one of the big studios. And, of course, a wonderful man whom she would some day meet and marry.

The vast catacombs of brick and mortar held no terror for her whatsoever. With her courage, her ability, her looks, how could she fail? As the train shot into the tunnel she took a last look at the tall buildings, now warming under the rising sun.

"It's my oyster, my great, big,

beautiful oyster! And I'm the one to open it."

At first, things seemed to go beautifully. She *did* meet a few famous people . . . but they didn't see her a second time. She *did* land a good job . . . but somehow it didn't last. And she *did* meet the dream man . . . but *he* didn't last, either.

Poor little, cute little Clara! She had every charm but one\*. But without that one charm it is pretty hard for anyone to get by for very long. The cuter they are the harder they fall.

In romance as in business, halitosis\* (unpleasant breath), whether chronic or occasional, can be three strikes against you. The insidious

ILLUSTRATED BY JACK KEAY

thing is that you, yourself, may not realize when you're guilty. But why risk offending even occasionally?

Why put yourself in a bad light even once when Listerine Antiseptic is such a simple, delightful *extra careful* precaution against bad breath? You merely rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic, and instantly your breath becomes sweeter, fresher, less likely to offend. Never, never omit *this extra careful precaution* before any appointment where you want to be at your best.

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.



# 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 apocrine glands to fairly gush perspiration, a dance, a date, an embarrassing remark may easily make you perspire and offend, or ruin a dress.

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

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

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

(Advertisement)

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**ON THE COVER:** Ralph Edwards; color portrait by Hymie Fink

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## Coming Next Month



Phil Harris is bedtime-story reader for his daughters Phyllis and Alice.

**P**HIL HARRIS and his lovelier-than-ever wife, Alice Faye, share the Radio Mirror cover, February issue, along with the Harris small fry. And a very pretty valentine picture they make, too. More: "The Happy HARRISES", a story about Alice and Phil and their family, told by a long-time friend.

\* \* \*

Double feature: the "Come and Visit" story in January takes you calling on Chester Lauck and Tuffy Goff and their families—Lum 'n' Abner on the air. Two separate stories, packaged as one, with plenty of pictures, both color and black and white, of both families.

\* \* \*

We don't very often make predictions, but here is one we're willing to stand behind: you'll be hearing a lot about a young fellow named Bill Lawrence. (You'll probably be hearing, too, the "swooning" groans of the bobby-soxers, or have they too, gone out of style?) Swoons or no, we give you Bill Lawrence next month, and with him his discoverer, Arthur Godfrey. Both of them in color!

\* \* \*

Helen Trent, designer of glamorous gowns for glamorous moving picture stars, takes a backward look "through the years" since The Romance of Helen Trent first went on the air. Four pages of story-in-pictures, with one full page, full color portrait of Helen.

\* \* \*

That, of course, isn't all. February brings much more: an exciting picture visit to one of the most talked-about programs in radio: Stop The Music; My Father, Groucho, by Arthur Marx; a new When A Girl Marries feature which will run every month, and in which all you readers will be invited to participate; and many more. February Radio Mirror, on sale Friday, January 7.

## Which Twin has the Toni?

(see answer below)



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

Make your first New Year Resolution—a Toni Home Permanent! Yes, decide right now to give yourself a Toni and have lovelier, more natural-looking waves than ever before! But first you'll want to know:

#### Will TONI work on my hair?

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

#### Is it easy to do?

Amazingly easy. Instructions in each Toni Kit show you how with simple step by step pictures. It's easy as rolling your hair up on curlers. No wonder more than 2 million women a month use Toni.

#### Will TONI save me time?

Toni puts half-a-day back in your life. For you give yourself a Toni wave right at home. You are free to do whatever you want while the wave is "taking".

#### How long will my TONI wave last?

Your Toni wave is guaranteed to last just as long as any \$15 beauty shop permanent—or you get back every cent you paid.

#### How much will I save with TONI?

You save money not just once with Toni—but every time you give yourself a lovely Toni wave! For the Toni Kit with plastic curlers costs only \$2. You can use the plastic curlers again and again. So, for your second Toni wave, all you need is the Toni Refill Kit. It costs only \$1... yet there's no finer permanent at any price!

#### Which twin has the TONI?

Attractive Frances and Bernadette Hanson live in New York City. Frances, the twin on the right, says: "My Toni Wave was soft and natural-looking right from the start." Bernadette says, "We're Toni Twins from now on!"



NOW over <sup>2</sup>/<sub>X</sub> million women

a month use Toni



# FLYNN'S

# FUN

Arthur Flynn (1) on top of building describes Mar. 17 parade in Boston while army bombers circle above.



L. to r.: Dave Egan, writer of the *Boston Daily Record's* "The Colonel Says," Flynn, restaurateur Jimmie O'Keefe.



From Jimmie O'Keefe's restaurant Flynn quizzes people thrice weekly. Wrong guess wins dinner on the house.

**D**ID you ever go into a nicely stocked cellar, and standing in the center of the bottle-framed enclosure in all the glory and thrill of anticipation, wonder what vintage you would taste first?

Well, that's how Arthur Flynn feels when he broadcasts his Lunch With Jimmy O'Keefe three times weekly from the famous restaurant of the same name on Boylston Street in Boston.

The variety of people he gets an opportunity to interview for WLAW's New England radio listeners tickles him no end for through the portals of O'Keefe's pass daily the great and the humble . . . those whose names are frequently chronicled in the press, and those who come just for the sights.

They are the sports greats of yesterday and today . . . personalities of stage, screen and radio, famed writers . . . and the usual run of everyday folks who come to the Hub for shopping, the theater and the baseball games.

And most of them talk with Flynn over the 50,000 watt WLAW microphone which carries their voices across New England from Portland to Newport.

The diamond flashes, like Eddie Stanky of the current Braves and Jumpin' Joe Dugan of the Babe Ruth Yankees tell of their experiences; Clipper Smith, coach of the Boston Yanks football team; Jack Britton, former welterweight champion, Baby Green, the Green Bay Packers power house; Dave Egan, song writer of "The Colonel Says" column of the *Boston Daily Record*; Allan Frazer, the "Around Boston" commentator for the same paper, and countless others who make the days interesting for radio listeners with timely and pointed comment and opinion on this matter and that.

Flynn, as he courses through the restaurant, mike in hand, converses over the air with an average of 25 people a day. He has numbers drawn for a lucky table at each broadcast. If those seated at the table can answer two out of the three easy sports questions he asks, they get tickets for a major ball game in Boston. If they don't, the lunch is on the house.

The program, designed and produced by Flynn, was made especially for him in the opinion of listeners. One of New England's best known and most popular sports-casters, he speaks to his guests and his radio audience with authority of background. While he excelled in school and college in all major sports, he found his niche in boxing and before retiring from the ring had annexed titles as New England professional middleweight champion and world's amateur welterweight champion.

He presents the blow-by-blow account of bouts staged by the Callahan Athletic Club of Boston and announced exclusively over WLAW, and his work in this particular field last year earned him the title as one of the ten best fightcasters in the nation as selected by the *New York Enquirer*.



# RADIO MIRROR QUIZ

1. This star of his own show was once a child golf champion. Who is he?



2. You know him as Spike Jones, what is his real name?



3. This popular comedy team got their start when the scheduled talent for a show failed to appear. Who are they?



4. Arthur Godfrey was once a (a) Taxi driver (b) Plantation owner (c) Typewriter repairman.



5. What well-known quizmaster once taught social psychology?

6. Tonsil trouble changed a sweet soprano to a contralto, made her famous. Who is she?

7. How long does it take a pineapple to ripen?

8. How many miles of blood vessels are there in the human body?

## ANSWERS

1. Jim Backus
2. Lindley Armstrong
3. Mr. and Mrs. Ace
4. Taxi Driver
5. John Reed King
6. Frances Langford
7. Eighteen months
8. About 100,000 miles



ANN BLYTH, STARRING IN UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL'S "RED CANYON". COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

# ANN BLYTH got me my first date

*I never had even a blind date.*

**THEN**—these words in a magazine caught my eye...

Ann Blyth believes soft, feminine-looking hands have tremendous appeal for a man. Says Ann, "I smooth my hands with Jergens Lotion."

*That very night I started using Jergens.*



**SOON**—it happened—my roommate's brother asked me out! Now we've a date for every evening! And I've noticed, Paul loves to hold my Jergens-smoothed hands!

Your hands can be lovelier—softer, smoother than ever—with today's richer Jergens Lotion. Because it's a liquid, Jergens quickly furnishes the softening moisture thirsty skin needs. And Jergens Lotion is never oily or sticky. Still only 10¢ to \$1.00 plus tax.

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



*Now Yours—  
Jergens  
Beauty Kit!*

Contains generous samples of Jergens Lotion, Powder, Face Cream and Dryad Deodorant. Send 10¢ to cover handling and postage to The Andrew Jergens Co., Box 6, Dept. 40A, Cincinnati 14, Ohio. Sorry, offer good in U.S.A. only, expires Dec. 31, 1949.





TV lens focused on Ford Theater's return to CBS, its glittering audience.

In order to do justice to the first American airing of Flaubert's "Madame Bovary," the producers and the cast spent many hours rehearsing and going over the script.



## WHAT'S NEW from

**W**ONDER how many listeners are aware of the kind of warfare that goes on behind the big network scenes? The current one in competition for the exclusive services of stars is a honey. CBS got in the first lick by signing Amos and Andy to that two-million-dollar outright-sale contract and by sewing up the Rose Bowl games for the next three years. CBS is planning to continue this policy of buying talent outright and then selling the stars' services to sponsors, but now NBC is getting into the hassle with counter bids for top name stars—rumor (at this date) claiming Jack Benny and Edgar Bergen involved. Well, this is one way for performers to get rich quick—and who can say that after their years of work they don't deserve it?

By DALE



Fay Bainter and her son (left) were caught by the TV camera before the performance began. Like a Hollywood premiere, the audience was as glamorous as the stars.



Last-minute rehearsal: Claude Rains, Marlene Dietrich, Van Heflin starred.

Among the first-night audience: the Bob Sterlings and another Bob (Hawk).



Marlene relaxes with Dr. Frank Stanton, CBS president, after her portrayal of the woman who ruined many lives in her fruitless search for high adventure and romantic love.



Claude Rains looks cheerful, Meg Mundy grim. Meg was the original "Respectful Prostitute."

## COAST to COAST

Hildegard won't be back on the networks for some time, but you've probably been hearing her on all local radio stations in a transcribed series that nets her more money than a sponsored web show.

You know, when people all around are crying panic, it's a good idea to take a look at reports of cut and dried figures. There's been so much talk about money being tight and many programs have been dropped for the sake of economy that, if you didn't know, you'd suspect radio is hitting the skids and is ready for the receivers to take over. But the Commerce Department reports show that network income for the first half of 1948 is about 8% ahead (Continued on page 9)

BANKS



In a pre-performance shot, the television cameras snapped Marlene with her attractive daughter, co-star Van Heflin and Director Fletcher Markle, second from right.



Van Heflin and Director Markle look more interested in each other than Ruth Woods.

Another attention-getter at the opening was John Robert Powers, snapped with Ruth Woods.





Besides his duties as continuity chief at KDKA, Dale teaches radio-writing at Duquesne but has little time to correct papers until Thomas Neill and dog Taffy are asleep and he and Mary Louise are alone.



## PLANNING FOR

# Progress

**A** WIDE and varied background on the stage, in motion pictures and radio gives Dale Jackson, KDKA continuity chief, a rich store of practical experience.

Born and educated in England, Mr. Jackson came to the United States in 1921. Before World War I he had been a choir singer in churches near his home, and his first work in this country was as a concert tenor.

Until 1926 he traveled with various road companies taking part in light opera, musical comedy and dramatic presentations. In 1926 he joined the Hollywood Playhouse, where he remained for nine years.

In 1932 he became program director of Radio Station KVOA, Tucson, Arizona, where he first began to put his stage and screen work to good use, applying entertainment techniques and psychology to radio.

Mr. Jackson first came to Pittsburgh in 1935, when in keeping with his philosophy—watching the trends and keeping abreast of the times—he free lanced for advertising agencies and with Pittsburgh radio stations as a radio actor, writer and singer.

New York was his next stop. There he prepared scripts for the Pick and Pat network comedy show, and during the New York World's Fair, Jackson was master-of-ceremonies in "Merrie England."

At the close of the World's Fair, Mr. Jackson became continuity chief at WMFF, Plattsburg, N. Y., where he remained until he joined KDKA's staff in 1940.

At KDKA Mr. Jackson has been closely identified with Westinghouse School Service's program, Adventures in Research, which he wrote and produced for five years. The program has won various awards for merit.

In addition to his duties at KDKA he has also been pressed into service as a speaker, not only at KDKA's Radio Workshop, but at the workshops of its sister stations, KYW in Philadelphia, and WOWO in Fort Wayne, Indiana. He is also one of the advisers of the Junior Achievement group, Radio Youth, which is sponsored by KDKA.

Mr. Jackson is also instructor in radio writing at Duquesne University, and he is writing the scripts for the series of industrial motion pictures.

He has been greatly interested in Television and is devoting his spare time to the study of television scripts and techniques so that he will be well-equipped for whatever the future may have in store for him, and his family—wife Mary Louise, son Thomas Neill, 4, and dog Taffy—is sure it will find him well prepared.



As an English character comedian, Dale Jackson recalls his stage success when he and Elizabeth Kenyon play KDKA's Windebanks.



# Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 7)

of the intake last year, in spite of the seasonal loss in the summer months.

By the time you read this, a new show may have hit the air lanes, this time glorifying the mailman. With the approval of the National Association of Letter Carriers, the series will be dramatizations of real incidents in the lives of mail carriers.

Olan Soule is no man to put all his eggs in one basket. Since making the move from Chicago to Los Angeles, when the origin point of the First Nighter show was shifted, Soule has opened a malt shop in the cinema city. Soule continues with his radio jobs, but between times he manages his shop and even acts as a soda jerk when the place gets busy.

Signs of the times—Hooper rating telephone interviewers are now obliged to preface their questions with "This is not a radio quiz contest," to soothe annoyed listeners when they happen to phone while some giveaway show is on the air.

The Department of Education at Yale University has been using recordings of Child's World in a seminar of graduate students. The program is getting more and more attention from educators and psychologists who work with children and their problems. Many schools and universities, including New York University, Columbia, the University of Southern California and several teacher's colleges throughout the country have been making the program required listening for students in education and philosophy courses. There should be some way to make it required listening for all parents who are interested in finding out what goes on in the minds of their children and what is behind some of their behavior.

Here's a strange combination for you—Georgie Price, the well known Broadway entertainer, whose specialty is satirical songs and who makes frequent appearances as a guest on radio and television, is also one of Wall Street's leading stock brokers.

Radio actress Lurene Tuttle, who plays Effie Perrine on the Sam Spade series, is branching out by teaching a class in acting at the University of Southern California. Just to keep in good with teacher, Howard Duff, her radio "boss," sent her a big red apple for the opening day of her class.

We hear that Joe Franklin, the 22-year-old collector of rare old records, clears better than \$50,000 annually from his hobby. He's not the kind of collector who invites a few friends to help him gloat over his precious finds. Joe rents his records, gives lectures on the subject, acts as adviser for films in which old recordings figure and cashes in on any and all deals connected with his hobby.

If you've been wondering why Georgia Gibbs has been limiting her radio appearances to guest spots, it's because she has given up her home in Hollywood and is in New York making a determined effort to establish herself in the Broadway musical comedy field. Hope she makes it. Her nibs can still give a song just (Continued on page 11)

# Are you in the know?



Which gal would you ask to complete a foursome?

- A Suave Sally    A numb number    A character from the carnival

Your steady freddy asks you to produce a date for his pal? Here's advice! Choosing a gal less winsome than you, can doom the party. It flusters your guy; disappoints his friend. Best you invite Suave Sally. You can stay confident—regardless of the day of

the month—with Kotex to keep you comfortable, to give you *softness* that *holds its shape*. No treachery with Kotex! It's the napkin made to *stay* soft while you wear it. And your new, all-elastic, Kotex Sanitary Belt is so snug-fitting! Doesn't bind!



How much should she have tipped him?

- 10%  
 25%  
 15 to 20%

Don't wait 'til a waiter wears that "why don't you do right" look. Hone up on tipping! 'Taint what it used to be, so leave a little extra on that silver tray. A 15 to 20% tip pays off, in good service. And for certain times there's a special service Kotex gives . . . your choice of 3 absorbencies, designed for different girls, different days. It pays to try all 3: Regular, Junior, Super Kotex. You'll find the one absorbency that suits your needs *exactly!*



What clan does her plaid represent?

- Frazer  
 Macpherson  
 Black Watch

For the Highland touch in togs—have a fling at "ancient tartans": top-rating plaids with authentic patterns, representing actual clans. A genuwyne *Macpherson*, for instance, as shown. And when your own clan meets, have fun—even at calendar time. Why be self-conscious, with Kotex preventing telltale outlines? Those *flat pressed ends* don't turn traitor . . . *don't show*. (As if you didn't know!). And that exclusive safety center provides *extra* protection.



More women choose **KOTEX**<sup>\*</sup>  
than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER



# NECK-HIGH in

# Sports



People like to see as well as hear Chuck Thompson (upper left). Witness this crowd gathered in front of WIBG's shop window studio in downtown Philadelphia where Chuck broadcasts his two daily sports round-ups.

**C**HUCK THOMPSON has a high neck, because C.T. is a tall guy. You'll see him looking over a microphone—a sports mike that is—practically anytime—and almost anywhere.

He does the play-by-plays of the Philadelphia Warriors basketball team, the Philadelphia Rockets hockey club, and two daily sports commentaries for WIBG.

That means that he has to prepare a quarter hour commentary to be aired at 5:30 P.M. daily and another ten-minute stint to be broadcast at 10:05 P.M. Mondays and Fridays.

The basketball games which are broadcast from the Philadelphia Arena every Tuesday and Thursday night, and the hockey tilts which he airs every Wednesday and Saturday night, add to that work. During the baseball season he spends most of his waking hours at Shibe Park, from which point he and Byrum Saam air the A's and Phillies' home games.

During the fall season, along with football, he adds basketball and hockey broadcasts.

One weekend last fall he spent Friday night at Temple Stadium in Philadelphia, for a play-by-play of the Temple-Boston University football game, after which he left for Baltimore and the Navy-Missouri game. That same evening he broadcast from the Philadelphia Arena, where the Rockets and the Providence Reds played hockey.

Consider that Temple, Boston University, Navy and Missouri all play a different brand of football; you have to

know the names and numbers of all the players to be able to describe the game properly; you have to know your football, and you realize that C.T.'s life is a complex one.

Hockey is about the most difficult game to broadcast. First, the action is exceptionally fast. Second, wholesale substitutions are made frequently by both clubs, who invariably have three interchangeable teams; and last, the sportscaster gets no time to catch his breath.

Baseball is a fairly slow game to air. There is time between innings for the color man to give commercials and scores of other games; in football and basketball, there are time-outs; but when you hit hockey, in which the clock is stopped frequently, but only for seconds at a time, it often happens that the announcer races at top speed for 30 to 40 minutes.

Due, perhaps, to all this vocal practice, Thompson is in great demand as an after-dinner speaker, and as a guest speaker at boys' clubs. This leaves him nowhere near the amount of time he'd like to spend with his wife and two daughters. Luckily they, too, enjoy sports, for even his hobby (golf) is a sport. He works hard at keeping his score in the seventies.

Up to his neck in 'em? Over his head is more like it. 62 hockey games, 64 basketball games, more than 150 baseball games, and 14 visits to the football broadcasters booth, plus his two daily sportscasts, his golfing dates—and oh, yes—two boxing bouts from Camden—make this 26-year-old veteran of the Battle of the Bulge quite a busy guy.



## Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 9)

a bit more than most other singers and she's no mean actress.

Milton Berle appears to be a comedian who appreciates the value of a top-flight scripter. His writing man is Nat Hiken, who used to be chief of the Fred Allen writing staff, and, with Berle, Hiken doesn't get any salary. He and Berle are partners in the ownership of the new Berle ainer. Of course, this is one way to guarantee the best from a writer and it might be an idea for other comics who've been having "material" problems.

Bet you didn't know that practically the first radio disc jockey to turn up was Bob Hawk. He had a turn at that about ten years ago, just before he started on a "man on the street" program, which found him popping questions and making laughs early in the morning in Chicago, interviewing people on their way to work.

We're told that Professor Quiz has had to change his telephone number because of the overwhelming number of bright listeners who thought he ought to be able to give them the answers to the questions on other quiz shows. Most frequent callers were those who wanted help in identifying the mystery melody on Stop the Music.

Vaughn Monroe and his orchestra don't get to New York for broadcasts very often—their road schedule is too heavy. But when they do, the rehearsal studio at the network's station is crowded to the beams by women and children. As a rule, visitors are barred from most rehearsals, but that rule is waived in this case, because the visitors are the wives and children of the musicians in the orchestra. Most of them live in New York and these rehearsals give them a few extra hours with their husbands and fathers during Monroe's rare New York sessions.

Happen to collect really odd facts about people? Here's one that's odd enough—about Ross Dowden, who sings with the Old Hickory Singers on Grand Ole Opry. He's a stewed-tomato fan, some days having them at all three meals, including breakfast!

In the years since she made her debut as a singer, Kate Smith has recorded more than 2,000 songs. She features three or four of her records every day on her new program, and, at that rate, Kate could stay on the air five days weekly without a vacation for two solid years without repeating a song. The only other singer who can match that tremendous backlog of records is Bing Crosby, no mean recorder over the years himself.

A deal is a deal—even if it takes eleven years to put it into effect. Back in 1927, when Chet Lauck and Norris Goff first went to Hollywood with their Lum and Abner show, they happened to hear a radio adaptation of Walt Disney's "Mickey Mouse." The two comedians were so pleased with the music on the show that they sat right down and wrote a fan letter to Maestro Felix Mills. The letter said something like this, "We liked your music on the 'Mickey Mouse' show last night very much and if we ever need an orchestra for our (Continued on page 77)

# Before your daughter marries... should you tell her *These Intimate Physical Facts?*



## BY ALL MEANS! And here is scientific up-to-date information *You Can Trust*—

The time to speak frankly to your daughter is *before* she marries. She should be fully informed on how important vaginal douching two or three times a week often is to feminine cleanliness, her health, marriage happiness, to combat odor, and always after menstrual periods.

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FOR NEWER  
*feminine hygiene*



Dean Martin, left, and Jerry Lewis—  
making their first Capitol record.



ONE platter that should make a pile of money is Capitol's waxing of "The Money Song"—first recording by that wonderful team of madcaps, Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis. It's hard to find any funnier pair in show business today, and this disc really captures the spirit of their work. We're anxiously awaiting their motion picture debut.

Youthful Elliot Lawrence gets a big hand from audiences everywhere these days with his baton twirling, a stunt he picked up when leader of the famed University of Pennsylvania military band. It seems to prove that a higher education really pays!

*It-could-only-happen-in-show-business department:* Recuperating in the hospital after having an emergency appendectomy, Tex Beneke was handed a wire from his New York press agent informing him: "Your operation big success. We made eight major newspapers!"

Without a doubt, the fellow most completely surprised by the success of Tommy Dorsey's hit platter, "Until," is Bob Crosby. Bob penned that tune himself, more than six years ago, and then did little more with it than hum it to himself occasionally. Somehow, Dorsey heard it, and now Bob is a bona fide songwriter.

We've recently had the pleasure of meeting a musician for whom we've had a great admiration over the years—Harry Roy, one of the biggest name band leaders in England for oh, so many years. We can remember way back before the war when Roy discs in the United States were going at a premium. Always a fine showman as well as a musician, Harry recently brought his bride to these shores for a vacation and look-see.

Biggest laugh in musical circles these days is the little bit that took place on the first Fred Allen program of the Fall season, when Fred told about the be-bop tambourine player he had discovered! The boys are now talking about teaming that individual with a be-bop rhythm section consisting of triangle, maracas and zither!

Speaking of be-bop—as who isn't—reminds me of the trouble most people have in speaking of it: the vocabulary. I got my good friend Lionel Hampton to make a few statements on that peculiar subject, and, in fact, to list a lot of the terms you have to know to talk be-bop at all. See right for the Hamp's helpful hints.



By  
DUKE  
ELLINGTON

whose disc show is heard: WLOW, Norfolk, Va., WFIL, Philadelphia, Pa. and KALL, Salt Lake City, Utah.

# Facing the

## "REAL CRAZY"

A Be-Bop Glossary By Lionel Hampton

It's common knowledge that music, like most other things in life, goes through periodic changes. No one fad ever dies out completely. In the field of hot music alone, my generation has heard Dixieland give way to Swing, which, in turn is now menaced by Be-Bop. And the latter may soon surrender to something being called the New Movement.

These changes in musical taste generally bring with them new words and expressions which are often more difficult to understand than the music itself.

You're a real "square" (translation: a person unknowing or uninformed) to millions of present-day youngsters if you are not "hep" (wise) to "jive talk."

But if you think that such talk is out of this world, just latch on to some of the following conversation which came hand in hand with Be-Bop, or Re-Bop, as it's known to some sticklers.

You don't say hello; that is expressed by "Ooh La Pa Da Pa." So long, or be seeing you comes out "Blee



In the film "A Song Is Born" Danny Kaye succumbs to Lionel Hampton's (right) contagious abandon and joins him in a kettle-pounding session. Background (l to r), are Benny Goodman, Tommy Dorsey, Charlie Barnet, Louis Armstrong.



# Music

Blee Lu Lu." When you like something, it's "real crazy." A warning not to be a *phony*, or *cheap* comes out as "Don't be no zircon." "Her future" means *legs*, and "the track" is Harlem's famed Savoy Ballroom. "Tom O Reni" is *one who feels inferior*, and "cool breeze in the knees" says the same as *act sharp, be sharp, or look sharp*. A *pretty girl* is known as "Hollywood eyes," her lips as "chops."

If you are a musician, you might make that money by doing a "gig" (a job for one night), "a session in the sweat shop" (a week at the Apollo Theater, home of Negro headliners) or "torture eyes" (a Southern tour). While on the latter, you'd be sure to run into "the gestapo," or *out-of-town union delegates*. That couldn't possibly happen if you were "cooling," or *unemployed*.

If you get into trouble with the law, the officer who makes the arrest is "the nab," a "sad eyes" (person disliked) or "bug" (annoying person). When things get straightened out and all is O.K. you breathe "Ah Lop Pow." And when your friends want to hear your story, they are likely to ask "Lu E Pa."

Do you suppose the Secret Service is overlooking a good bet in not teaching its operatives Be-Bop?



Recent Urban League show of "Paintings by Famous Amateurs" had Sinatra's "Scrubby, A Sad Faced Clown" and Lena Horne's oil portrait of her secretary.





“JUST BE

”

# Natural

**E**D DINSMORE is a splendid example of the potential influence of a disc jockey on a nation's music—only in the WBEN disc jockey's case, the influence is more than potential.

The rotund Ed is now M.C. of WBEN's hour-long Luncheon Club broadcast Monday through Friday afternoon at 12:30. Ed piloted a similar music show in Boston a few years ago when Vaughn Monroe was available at a bandbooking office as a trumpeter.

It seems that the bookers had a band date, but no leader, and they persuaded Vaughn to front an orchestra. Ed saw him, learned that he had made a record, and interviewed Monroe on his show after playing the disc.

“Vaughn wasn't anxious to lead a band—he was content as a singer and trumpeter,” Ed recalls. Shortly after that, the 920 Club, a radio-fan organization connected with the Dinsmore program, sponsored a dance. The well-known Gene Krupa and the obscure Monroe were hired for a band battle.

At the dance, Krupa told Ed that Monroe would go far with voice, appearance and ability to play, instead of merely batoning. Vaughn zoomed to the top.

The affable Mr. Dinsmore was born in Brookline, New Hampshire, and attended high school in Malden, Mass. After many successes in high school dramatics, he decided on the stage as a career and attended the Bishop-Lee Dramatic School in Boston. After that he toured with summer stock in New England, Virginia, Ohio and other states and settled down in New York in 1936. There, because of his New England accent, he received many character assignments on many NBC daytime serials. But New England was in his blood, so he returned to Boston in 1938, joining WORL there as an M.C. and disc jockey. He had five top years there and his success with the 920 Club was outstanding.

In 1943 Uncle Sam called him and he put his radio experience to good use in the Signal Corps. He was connected with the Armed Forces Radio Service in Hollywood for awhile before being shipped to the Pacific as manager of a 1000-watt Army station at Espiritu Santo in the New Hebrides. The Army Expeditionary station had the call letters WVUR and Ed's pleasant voice and know-how as to soldiers' wants combined to make many popular programs for the music hungry boys away from home.

Ed left the service in 1946 as a technical sergeant and returned to WORL for nine months. In February 1947, WCOP, Boston, made him an attractive offer and he joined that station to head a three-hour morning variety show from 6 to 9 A.M.

While in the service he married the former Bettina Roper of Gloucester, Mass., in 1944.

The intimate Dinsmore style was immediately recognized at WBEN and he was chosen as television host for the plays telecast from the Erlanger Theater over WBEN-TV. Ed also is announcing other studio shows over the Buffalo television station, in addition to the handling of his daily Luncheon Club assignment on WBEN.

Ed has only one formula for radio success—“just be natural.”



Rotund Ed Dinsmore acts just as cheerful as he looks when he pilots WBEN's Luncheon Club.



Ed is the sergeant at the right with the three stripes and T. This picture was taken on Espiritu Santo during the war.



# John Gibson



On CBS' Crime Photographer, Thurs., 9:30 P.M.

**I**F YOU'RE a fan of Ethelbert's—he's the slow-tongued, naively humorous bartender on the Crime Photographer show, (CBS, Thursdays at 9:30 P.M., EST) you'll be glad to meet actor John Gibson, who plays the man behind the bar on the weekly episodes. John has been interested in the theater and movies ever since he was fifteen, but what intrigued him most was the technical side.

One summer Gibson worked with a stock company. The following summer, he worked in some silent pictures—"... none of them very good." It was then that the technical end of picture making began to fascinate him, but, hang around the directors and cameramen as much as he could, he was still always called in for acting jobs.

What he remembers about that time is that then he played straight leads and he had a tough job overcoming the stilted speech that resulted from some elocution lessons that had been forced upon him by a kindly friend. "I had to undo all she'd taught me and learn how to talk like a human being," he says. "She was very upset and hurt, when she came to see me act."

Gibson also worked in a number of silent pictures in that period. Around 1929, Jimmy Gleason asked Gibson to make a series of recordings for radio with him. The writer of the Gleason series remembered him when he began a new radio show and Gibson was started on his successful career.

Once started, John Gibson kept pretty busy. "You know," he said, explaining why he's never gone out for big publicity splurges, "in those days, it was better not to be too well known. Actors became so easy to identify that listeners would complain because the same man was playing too many of their favorite characters. I guess they like to hang on to the illusion that the characters are real people."

From the looks of it, it's not necessary to be well known by listeners in order to work. In his 16 years in radio, Gibson has averaged more than one broadcast or recording for every single day.

John Gibson is a free lance actor, appearing regularly in True Story and Right to Happiness. Besides these and other stints, he's "Mr. Coffee Nerves" on the Portia Faces Life show.

In spite of this heavy acting routine, Gibson has had a chance, at last, to satisfy his first interest, the technical side of show business. He's built a model theater in his home for his family—his wife, whom he met in Italy when he took his one vacation from radio in 1938, and his seven year old son.



Photo by Underwood & Underwood

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One of the many things that makes home the best place in the world is the array of old and trusted friends, always there to greet you... in the kitchen cabinet, the medicine chest and on all the shelves of the household.

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The circle is by no means so exclusive that new brands are not always welcome. Every so often another name joins the trusted group. You greet new candidates for your loyalty with open minds and a ready welcome if they "make good."

This magazine, too, is brighter for the messages of many of your old brand friends and quite a number of new ones asking for your friendship.

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to Bath**



## Look at the RECORDS

By Joe Martin

### DANCING OR LISTENING

**FRANK SINATRA** (Columbia)—A beautiful ballad is sung beautifully by Frank to the accompaniment of Axel Stordahl's music. It's "Autumn In New York" that gets the superlatives this month. "A Moonlight Night" suffers a bit by comparison, though it's a fine song.

**PRIMO SCALA AND KEYNOTES** (London)—It's not very often that a recording artist can repeat hit after hit, but this imported version of "Jingle Bells" and "The Mistletoe Kiss" speaks well for Primo Scala. Both are done in refined string-band versions, à la "Underneath The Arches."

**KING COLE TRIO** (Capitol)—"Kee-Mo Ky-Mo" comes from the album set "King Cole For Kids," while "Rex Rhumba" is an original instrumental written and played by Nat Cole's group. The first-named side could easily become a national hit, but then, no one would sound half as good as Nat Cole. You'll like both sides.

**RAYMOND SCOTT** (MGM)—Mark Warnow's kid brother presents a pairing that is mighty easy on the ears. Dorothy Collins sings "You'd Be Surprised" in a blues tempo. The Scott orchestra plays brightly on "Rub-Dub."

**JEAN SABLON** (RCA Victor)—You will probably recognize the melody as Jean sings "Tell Me, Marianne." It's the famous tango with new lyrics. The French crooner uses his appealing accent to advantage on "Lillette" a tune that is bidding for the Hit Parade. Toots Camarata's string-full backgrounds are excellent.

**RED NORVO'S NINE** (Capitol)—Featuring such top musicians as Dodo Marmaroso, Ray Linn, Dexter Gordon, Red Callender and Barney Kessel; Red Norvo leads the group with his vibes in the very modern "Bop!" and a fine treatment of the oldie "I'll Follow You."

**JOSEPH FUCHS** (MGM)—Debussy's "Clair De Lune" and Kreisler's "La Gitana" are played by concert artist Joseph Fuchs. Macklin Marrow and the MGM String Orchestra supply the backgrounds for Mr. Fuch's exquisite violin technique.

**DESI ARNAZ** (RCA Victor)—Desi sings while his orchestra plays a novelty and a romantic Cuban-styled ditty. He sounds particularly romantic while singing "Perhaps, Perhaps, Perhaps" and infectiously gay while singing "The Matador."

\* \* \*

### ALBUM ARTISTRY

**I CAN HEAR IT NOW** (Columbia)—Here is a very unusual album that belongs in every home. This Columbia set of ten sides tells the story of the years from 1933 to 1945 using the actual voices of the important people during that important period of our lives. Side one starts with Will Rogers talking about America and the depression in 1932 and includes Franklin D. Roosevelt's March 4th, 1933 speech, "Nothing To Fear But Fear," and the Duke of Windsor's abdication for "the woman I love." The album contains such selections of documentary history as speeches by LaGuardia, Landon, Roosevelt, John L. Lewis, Chamberlain, Hitler, Mussolini, Churchill, Willkie, Eisenhower, Stalin, Dewey, Truman, Stettinius and MacArthur. It also includes such on-the-spot broadcasts as the Hindenburg Disaster, Louis-Schmeling fight, Nazi Blitzkrieg, French Surrender, Pearl Harbor Announcement, D-Day and Japanese Surrender. Edward R. Murrow supplies the narration. It is truly a wonderful set.

**CHRISTMAS FANTASY** (RCA Victor)—Al Goodman and his orchestra supply a collection of the most-loved Yuletide Songs. Richly orchestrated selections include "Hark The Herald Angels Sing," "First Noel," "O Come All Ye Faithful," "Joy To The World," "Silent Night" and others.

**GENE KELLY** (MGM)—Gene interprets the most famous song and dance men of all time, by singing their songs and dancing their dances. You'll love Gene's impressions of George M. Cohan, Fred Astaire, Bill Robinson, Pat Rooney, George Primrose and Eddie Leonard. It's a wonderful album.



## Collector's Corner



By Conrad Thibault

(This month's guest collector gave up his professional musical career at the outbreak of war to spend his time and efforts in entertaining troops all over the world. Once more, now, Conrad Thibault is back in radio and records to continue his outstanding vocal work. Best remembered, perhaps, for his role on the famous "Showboat" program with Charles Winninger, Mr. Thibault had the distinction of making the first recording of the meaningful "The House I Live In", as well as such Decca discs as "I Love You Truly", "The Lord's Prayer" and "Goin' Home".)

WHILE it was a bit difficult for me to sit down and select my favorite type of music, it was quite easy for me to choose my ten favorite operatic records. I've always been torn between two loves—opera and simple folk music. I've always liked the kind of music we call "music of the people." That perhaps, is why I chose as my first Decca album "Roustabout Songs" of the Ohio River Valley; and "Bayou Ballads," Creole songs of Louisiana. As for the latter, I am told that the Thibaults came from France to New Orleans—so it was my great pleasure to discover, these gems of folklore. But flipping a coin gave me the opportunity to list my favorite operatic selections. My list, mind you, is not in order of preference. I do believe, though, that the following ten records will make for the basis of a fine collection of recorded music from the opera. Some of the ten may be a little difficult to find these days, but they will be well worth the effort.

1. "Vesti la Giubba" by Enrico Caruso from "Pagliacci."
2. "O Paradiso" by Beniamino Gigli from "L'Africana."
3. "Credo" by Tito Ruffo from "Otello."
4. "Pace, Pace Mio Dio" by Claudio Muzio from "La Forza del Destino."
5. "Il mio Tesoro" by John McCormack from "Don Giovanni."
6. "The Bell Song" by Lily Pons from "Lakme."
7. "Eri Tu" by Lawrence Tibbett from "The Masked Ball."
8. "Evening Star" by Lawrence Tibbett from "Tannhauser."
9. "Habanera" by Gladys Swarthout from "Carmen."
10. "Elsa's Dream" by Helen Traubel from "Lohengrin."



## Pineapple hits



★**Buffet Beginner.** Your holiday first course—gala, sun-rich Dole Pineapple Juice to accompany a platter covered with colorful canapés. Bright, golden pineapple juice served ice-cold in tinkle-thin, clear glasses pricks appetites, makes friends, puts families in the mood for the feast that follows.

## decked out by DOLE



★**Pineapple Mince Pie.** Give mince pie a tropic touch! How? With a surprise layer of new-style Dole Crushed Pineapple under its top crust. Just spread those tempting, juicy cubelets generously over a thick layer of mincemeat in a pastry-lined pan, cover with top crust, and bake as usual. Serve hot—you can't miss! Remember—every can of Dole Crushed you buy is the new, crisp-cut Crushed.

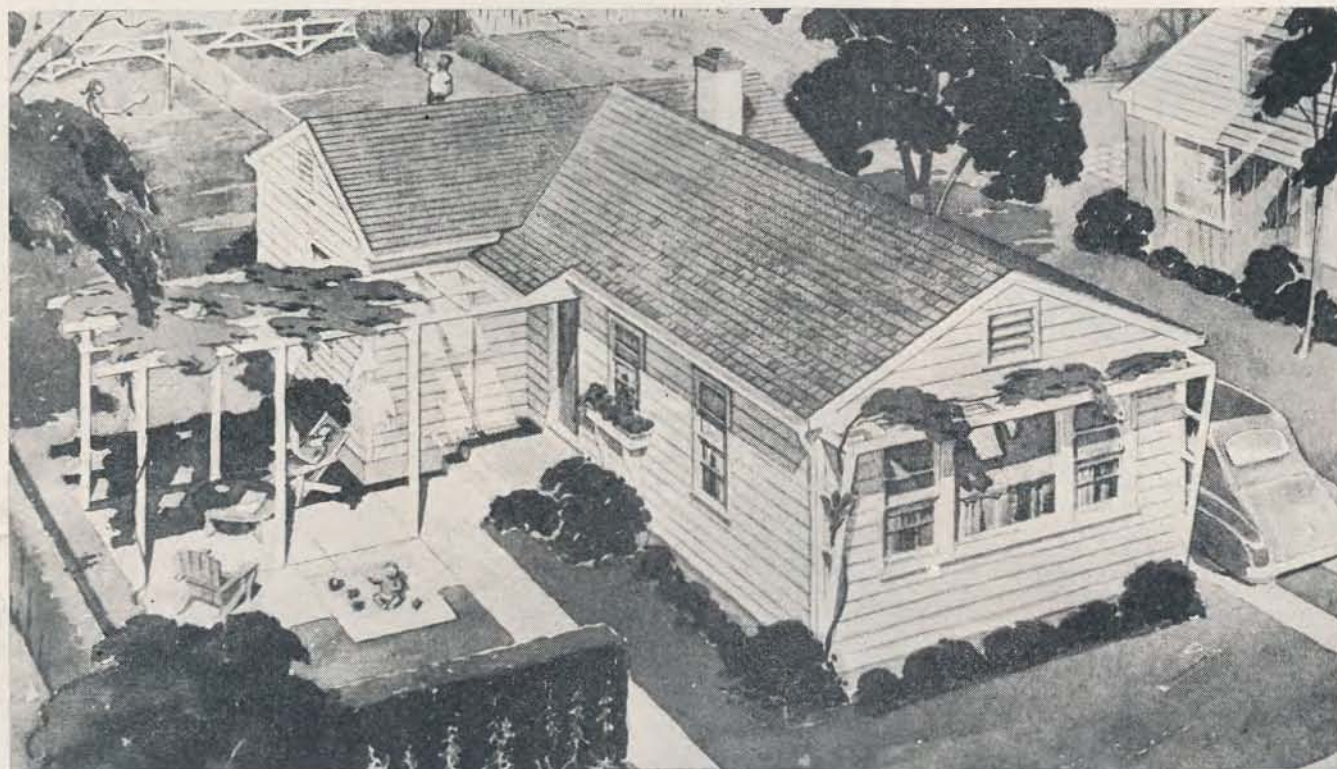
★ By Patricia Collier

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Now you can win the home of your dreams, built wherever you want it, absolutely free. For full details and four-color photos of the exciting new "dream house" contest—see January **PHOTOPLAY**.

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Today—get your January issue of **PHOTOPLAY** for full information and contest entry blank

# **PHOTOPLAY**



# Information Booth

Step up and ask your questions—we'll try to find the answers

**F**OR 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.

## A HIT IN "HARVEY"

Dear Editor:

Will you please tell me whether or not Joe E. Brown will have a program on the air this winter?

Mrs. T. B. Turnersville, Texas



Joe E. Brown

This seems highly unlikely as Joe is now very busy playing the title role in the long-run stage production, "Harvey." And from the raves he's received from the critics, it looks as though Joe will remain in this show for quite a while.

## PETITE RITA

Dear Editor:

Will you please tell us who plays the delightful little Faye on Ma Perkins? She has the sweetest voice on the air.

Miss J. B. Ogden, Utah



Rita Ascut

The little lady is Rita Ascut—and little is right—she's only 4' 9" tall.

## FROM DERRY CITY

Dear Editor:

Several Sundays ago, I heard a program of Irish music starring Michael O'Duffy. I believe it came over Mutual. Since then I haven't been able to get it. Is he still on the air? I especially liked this program as I am fond of Irish music. Which part of Ireland did he come from?

Clinton, Iowa

Michael O'Duffy is still on the air—tune in Sunday at 3:00 P.M. EST over your Mutual station. This Irish tenor comes from Derry City, Eire, where he was born twenty-nine years ago. Incidentally, according to a recent poll conducted by Radio Review, an Irish fan magazine, O'Duffy was voted "second only to Beniamino Gigli as the top-drawing singer in Great Britain."

## CAMERA-SHY

Dear Editor:

I would like to know a few facts about Galen Drake, such as birthplace and date. Isn't he married to a sister of Jo Stafford?

And I don't recall ever seeing a picture of him. Could you print one?

Hasbrouck Heights, N. J.

Mrs. J. C.

Galen Drake was born in Kokomo, Indiana. And, yes, he is married to a sister of Jo Stafford—Pauline. Sorry, no picture—Galen Drake is camera-shy.

## IN ONE MAN'S FAMILY

Dear Editor:

I would like to ask Radio Mirror's Information Booth for some information pertaining to radio actor Barton Yarborough. He has long been a favorite of mine, ever since I Love A Mystery was on the air back in 1945. I don't hear him anymore—could you tell me what he's doing now?

Charlotte, N. C.



Barton Yarborough

Last summer, Barton Yarborough was in ABC's I Love Adventure in which he portrayed Doc Long to Michael Raffetto's Jack Packard. Both Yarborough and Raffetto are members of long standing of the cast of One Man's Family—Yarborough plays Cliff, and Raffetto plays Paul.

## THE MYSTERY IS SOLVED

Dear Editor:

I have heard that Tex and Jinx are back on the air, but it's certainly a mystery to me—can't find them.

Mrs. M. M. Bronx, N. Y.

A mystery no longer—Tex and Jinx broadcast their show every Sunday at Noon, EST, over your NBC station.

## STELLA DALLAS

Dear Editor:

I have been taking Radio Mirror for two years but so far I haven't been able to see a picture of the actress who plays the title role in Stella Dallas.

Mrs. C. P. Farmington, Ky.

We've printed pictures of Anne Elstner (Stella Dallas) several times in past issues of Radio Mirror, but just in case you missed them, here's another one.



Jinx Falkenburg



Anne Elstner

# It's All History -but No Dates!



IT'S SO LONG SINCE I'VE HAD A DATE, I FEEL POSITIVELY DATED. I'D RATHER MAKE HISTORY FOR A CHANGE!

FINE! BUT FIRST, GET THE FACTS ON—ON BAD BREATH FROM YOUR DENTIST, HONEY!



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

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

LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream



SINCE I LEARNED HOW COLGATE'S RATES I'M MAKING HISTORY WITH MY DATES!

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



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

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



# Bachelors BEWARE!



Robert Merrill: no extra makeup, chipped polish.

By  
MARY JANE  
FULTON



Kenneth Banghart: wants a well-groomed career girl.



Robert Q. Lewis: no showing slips, crooked seams.

Jimmy Blaine: now he's found Phyl he's sorry for bachelors. She has that well scrubbed, much admired look that is so typically American.

If 1948 didn't give you a husband, perhaps 1949 will. If he's still too elusive, perhaps you'd like to know what several very eligible bachelors in radio have to say about why they're not benedicts. In listing the things they object to in a woman's appearance and actions, they want to go on record as admitting that there are many things that they do like. They want to point out, too, that they're quite willing to have their resistance broken down.

Robert Q. Lewis, comedian, now has his own Sunday afternoon CBS show. He says that when he takes a pretty date to dinner he doesn't like to see her lipstick leave smeary traces on her fork, spoon, coffee cup, and napkin. Not all girls do, so he knows there's a way to get it on so it doesn't come off easily. And when she repairs her lip make-up after eating, if she has to screw her mouth all around her face to get the coloring on exactly right, he wishes she'd trot off to the powder room to do the job. If she has to fish around in an overstuffed purse to find a "has-been" compact, and then powders her nose with its greasy, soiled puff, he immediately concludes that she's the kind of girl whose bureau drawers and closets are always in an unruly mess. He also doesn't like crooked stocking seams, slips showing, high-pitched voices, droopy postures.

Robert Merrill, singing star of NBC's RCA Victor Show, doesn't care whether the girl turns out to be beautiful or not. He just wants her to be an attractive eye-ful, and not go in for extremes in clothes and make-up. For if a girl tries to look like a sophisticated woman of the world when she isn't the type, she appears ludicrous. Bob avoids girls like this. He feels sure he would never fall so blindly in love that he'd fail to notice chipped nail polish, and hands that aren't soft and white. What he thinks he means is that he wants her always to be exquisitely dainty, ladylike and natural.

Kenneth Banghart, announcer for the same show, and also an NBC newscaster, definitely favors the well-groomed career woman type—who can cook. He hopes someday to find one who has the intelligence to agree or to disagree with him on world events, without being too determined or too sweet about expressing her opinions. He wants her to like people as much as he does, so that she'll be a charming, unruffled hostess to his many friends who like to drop in on him unexpectedly. If she has plenty of "get up and go," their life together would, he's sure, never be monotonous, but forever interesting. He admits this looks like a large order to fill, and that he may someday settle for less providing the woman is a genuine, understanding person.

Jimmy Blaine, ABC announcer on the Edwin C. Hill news program, says he's found the girl who has all the lovely qualities he's been looking for, and even more than he hoped for. His recent bride, the former Phyl Fish, was personal secretary to Harry Wismer, ABC's Director of Sports. Besides having all the attractions Lewis, Merrill, and Banghart specify, Phyl, Jimmy proudly boasts, has that "well-scrubbed," typical American girl look he's always admired. She also has the knack of making him feel as though he could go out and lick the world with only one hand.



RADIO MIRROR for BETTER LIVING



Patsy Lee



Smiling Patsy Lee sings with the Breakfast Club.

**S**ONGSTRESS Patsy Lee of the Breakfast Club (ABC, Monday through Friday, 9 AM. EST) is one girl who isn't waiting with bated breath to go to California. The reason? Patsy came from California to find her fortune in Chicago.

Patsy has just turned twenty and has been singing, or dancing, or both at the same time, since she was five. Born in Berkeley, California, she was an only child and got a lot of attention from parents and grandparents alike. The result was that as soon as she could walk without wobbling, she was sent to dancing school. She proved a natural for it and started dancing professionally at the age of seven.

While in grammar school, her grandfather decided she ought to be able to sing, too. So he bought her a piano and started her on singing lessons. It wasn't long before she found singing much more fun than dancing and gave up the more strenuous part of her training.

All through her high school days, Patsy sang with local California bands. "I was on thousands of amateur shows," she says with a grin. "Everyone in the vicinity of San Francisco must have recognized me and wondered when I would ever reach the so-called professional stage in my singing career."

It was during Patsy's last year at high school, six months before graduation, that she got her first real break. She joined the CBS station in San Francisco as a staff singer and, upon graduation, worked there full time for the next two years. She might be there, yet, if it hadn't been for a lucky fluke.

There was another girl singer on the staff and a friend of hers knew someone connected with the Breakfast Club show and knew the club show people were looking for a singer. The other singer's friend planned to send in one of her recordings as an audition. Hearing of this, a friend of Patsy's talked the other girl's friend into sending one of Patsy's records along, too.

The other girl didn't get a tumble, but Patsy was shortly notified that if she wanted to come to Chicago and take a chance, she would be placed on the show for one week. That was all the inducement Patsy needed. She hopped the first plane for Chicago. After her first week, she was on and off the show for about ten months. Now she is a permanent member of the cast.

"It's lots of fun and I love it. I just found an apartment and I'm decorating it, so I'm really enjoying Chicago. Sometimes, I get a little homesick for California weather and my family, but I certainly don't hear the call of the west as far as a career is concerned."

# "I expect DIAMONDS"

says Junior Standish, New York's most ravishing chorus girl.

"A man doesn't *have* to give me diamonds," she adds, "but—it helps!" Junior seems to know how to get what she wants. Both Milton Berle and Joey Adams have tried the diamond treatment and she still isn't saying which one, if either, is making any headway.

Read the amazing story of this fabulous girl from the south who got her first chorus job in a New York night club at the age of 12 and is still going strong.

In January

## TRUE EXPERIENCES

the woman's magazine of *fact* not fiction

Also in this exciting issue:

★ "I CAN'T WALK AND I DON'T CARE"

Singer Connee Boswell's story of courage and determination that has brought her fame and happiness.

★ "I AM A LADY CABBY"

The thrills, humor and just plain hard work that go with driving a hack in Manhattan are part of cabby Betty Fishbein's story.

★ "MY DECISION MEANT LIFE AND DEATH"

Her husband and baby boy were both drowning! Which one would she save was Hannah Myers' grim choice.

Read the 25 thrilling fact-features in January

## TRUE EXPERIENCES

magazine now on sale at all newsstands.

Listen to

### "THE RIGHT TO HAPPINESS"

every day Monday through Friday over NBC.



Read Carolyn Kramer's "Right To Happiness" column every month in TRUE EXPERIENCES magazine and win \$50.





How are contestants picked? One way is to ask 'em to sing . . .



Wonderful consequence: Margaret McGinn and son Tom are reunited—after twenty years!

# The TRUTH about

Now the show can start: Ralph and his wife arrive.



By  
RALPH  
EDWARDS

**B**ACK on the farm when I was a boy in Colorado, entertainment, like food, was a homegrown product.

There was no radio in our house in those days and no trucking out after dark to go into town for a Coke or the movies.

My mother believed in the fireside family, thank heavens. For it was out of games played by our big old range that Truth or Consequences was born.

Many were the rainy nights when mother and dad and three of us boys racked our brains over guessing games, dressed up for Charades, spun scary stories for Ghosts, but the best nights of all were with a gang around when we sing-songed "Heavy Heavy Hangs Over Thy Head . . . Is it Fine or Superfine? Tell the truth or pay the consequences."

The consequences were pretty simple in those pre-radio days, usually involving kissing Cousin Sue or the girl next door. Even then, you see, it was more profitable to take the consequences.

I can remember the exact second when that old game flashed into my mind as possibly convertible to radio.

It was late on a Thursday afternoon, November 13, 1939.

# TRUTH or CONSEQUENCES



Hilarious consequence: "Donkey Serenade" with proper accompaniment!

*The man who made it a big business tells how and why the childhood game has changed since the days when your consequence was to kiss the boy next door*

I had just taxied home from the network studios where I spent my days selling soap—same as now, except that then I was strictly an announcer, on a flock of daytime shows.

In the taxi—as in recent weeks wherever I had been, at the dinner table, in front of the microphone, or in my dreams—I was kicking around The Big Problem.

Half of the radio people in New York were fretting over The Big Problem in those days. The Big Chance it was, too: to come up with a program idea for an important sponsor who, scuttlebutt had it, would buy a nighttime radio show if they could latch onto a really fresh idea.

A family type show was wanted, something friendly and folksy. Could be a quiz show—Professor Quiz and the brand new Information Please were the radio sensations of the moment—but it had to be homey. This was all we knew.

Quizzes, contests, games—as I say, I was dreaming about them; trying to come up with something—as my wife, Barbara, and I had decided in hashing it over—which gave the contestant a little more of a run for his money.

And then, just as I threw my hat on the foyer table and started down the hall to say Hi to Barbara and her parents who had come to town for a visit, it hit me.

"Heavy, Heavy Hangs Over Thy Head!"

*Truth or Consequences.*

I said Hi, I guess. I went through the usual motions of entering a room and acknowledging the presence of the other people in it. But for half an hour I didn't hear a word that anybody—including myself—said:

At the end of that half hour I went to the phone and called John MacMillan, at that time Radio Director at the Compton agency.

"I think I have it," I said. "It's gamey." I meant game-y. I told him my idea for Truth or Consequences.

John didn't say anything until I had finished. I had outlined half a dozen ideas for stunts, including one with a telephone tie-up, I remember. I even recalled some of the old stunts I had performed on the radio while still in college. Jokes, angles had rushed into place as I filled the story out.

"This is it," I was thinking, even with the long silence at the other end of the line.

Then John said, "When can you audition it?"

This was it, all right.

"Oh," I said as casually as I (Continued on page 86)

Truth or Consequences, with Ralph Edwards as M.C., is heard Saturdays at 8:30 P.M. EST, over NBC. This Is Your Life, Ralph Edwards' new program, is heard Tuesday nights at 8, EST, also over NBC.



# a HEART as BIG as HIS NOSE



With Jimmy: Eddie Jackson (left), part of the old team of Clayton, Jackson and Durante, and Jack Roth (right), old friend who's now the partnership's business aide.

WHEN Jimmy Durante boxes the compass, he doesn't just board, nail and ship it. He goes with it. Jimmy has pointed the famous schnozzola north, east, west, south and in *multoodinous* other directions, including straight up into the wild blue yonder.

Through it all—off stage and on stage, on trains and planes, in Turkish baths and London fogs, I've been with Jimmy for thirty-four years. And that's a record for show business or any other business. When you can laugh and cry, eat and work with the same man for over three decades, brother, you know he's not the ordinary celebrity. Jimmy is a real human being.

There are two more of us who make up the Durante Thirty Year Club—Lou Clayton, now Jimmy's business manager, and Jack Roth, drummer and business aide. Compared to us, the Rover Boys are nodding acquaintances. Until late night or early morning, whenever our work is over and we separate to our own families, we're not out of each others' sight. When Jimmy gets a haircut, everyone gets a haircut. When Jimmy goes to the home of a big shot, everyone goes. When Jimmy guzzles corn flakes, everyone guzzles corn flakes. When Jimmy gets seasick, everyone gets seasick. That's the way it is now and that's the way it was when we first got started and things were tough.

After three decades, Durante is still friends with his partners, partners with his friends. That tells plenty about all of them!

By EDDIE JACKSON

The thin days back in the early twenties when we worked for bread without butter are gone and better off forgotten. The turning point in Jimmy's career and ours came in 1922 when he scraped enough money together to open his own night club. And believe me, it was a very humble beginning. I remember the last thing to be ordered was an electric sign to read "Club Durante."

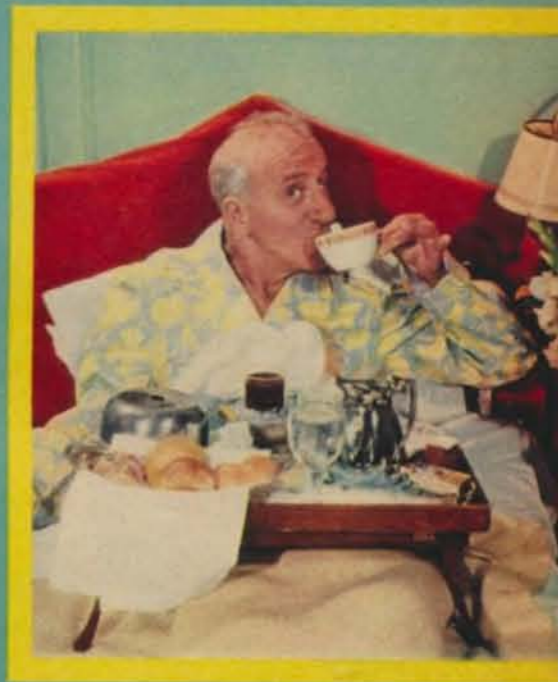
The day the electricians arrived found Jimmy proudly watching the men slide the sign off a truck. Suddenly the grin fell from his face. The sign read, "Club Durant."

"No e. It's uh catastroscope," Jimmy gasped. "I'm practically nekid."

He turned to the electricians. "Youse misconstrudled me," he said. "Yuh left the e off Durante."

The boss electrician stepped forward. "Look, Mr. Durante, you gave us \$250 to make a sign," he said. "We charge you \$25 a letter. For twenty-five bucks more we put on the e."

Jimmy dipped into his very empty pockets and came up with air. Then slowly the broad grin crept over his face. "Fuhgit it, gennumen," he said magnanimously and tossed his schnozzola aloft. "To (Continued on page 70)



For a lot of people all over the world, the words "Durate" and "comedy" are interchangeable. This story by one of Jimmy's oldest friends shows another side of Jimmy... the man who rarely has time for breakfast in bed, or a friendly game, because—for example—he's too busy sandwiching benefits into a schedule already bursting-full.





# Mrs. Howard's Day Off

To Young Ridge Howard, she's not Dorothy Lamour. She's his mother, and it's a great day when he can help her "do" the house



1. Ridge is going to grow up a normal, happy small boy—that's the rule in the Howard household, and nothing is allowed to interfere. Dorothy Lamour? To him that's simply a name he hears sometimes.



2. Most days, Ridge helps the maid with the breakfast dishes. When Dorothy is home she takes over that chore so Ridge can be with her and still not feel he's been cheated of his number one household duty.



3. Dorsey—he calls her—and son do a once over lightly with the vacuums. Ridge is also good with the ashtrays.



4. The Howards' house is a large but not spectacular one—not a guard in sight, no swimming pool, no "front." But it is just what they want it to be—a home for Ridge.

WHEN, on January 8, 1946, John Ridge-ly Howard was born to William Ross Howard III and his wife (known elsewhere, but not at home, as Dorothy Lamour) the Howards made a pact. He'll be just Ridge Howard, they decided, and not the son of a famous movie star and a wealthy Social Registerite advertising executive. He'll be a little boy like a million other little boys. They've kept the pact.

Dorothy and Bill met during the war when Bill was a Major in the Army Air Forces. Now, five years later, they're more in love than ever. The Howard house operates on schedule—has to, with so many busy people part of it. Bill has his advertising business. Dorothy has her picture career, a dress designing business, and now her very-important-to-her radio program, Variety Theatre, on NBC Thursdays at 9:30 P.M., EST.

The Howards manage to keep "office hours" like any other working couple, with nothing allowed to interfere with the time spent with Ridge. A maid, Ridge's nurse, and Dorothy's mother, Mrs. Castleberry (called by her grandson "Mrs. Coffeepot" for reasons known only to him) complete the household—as normal and happy a one as if it were on Main Street in any town, instead of in Beverly Hills.

5. Ridge's day, under the watchful eye of his nurse, follows a strict schedule, with meals, naptime, playtime, bedtime at set hours by the clock. When Dorothy's home, playtime takes the form of helping mother, more fun than little-boy pastimes.



6. Sometimes, dinner's early enough for Ridge to share, and weather permitting, his favorite eating is outdoor eating, with just enough Howard cooks not to spoil the broth. After supper comes Daddy's romp with Ridge. Bedtime is seven.



7. No bath-resistance here. Ridge loves it, and he's very proud of his after-bath robes, especially the ones Mommy made for him. His favorite is a man-tailored terry cloth number with bunny fur scuffs completing the ensemble.





# BRINGING UP THE BOYS

By  
**HARRIET  
HILLIARD  
NELSON**

A "HALF-NELSON" is, as you probably know, a wrestling hold. An effective one, I understand. Sometimes, when Ozzie thinks that he has deciphered some of the more obscure behavior of one of our young sons, he says he has a half-Nelson on the boy. But he always adds, quickly, "Of course, the other half is Hilliard"—meaning that there is no telling what will happen next.

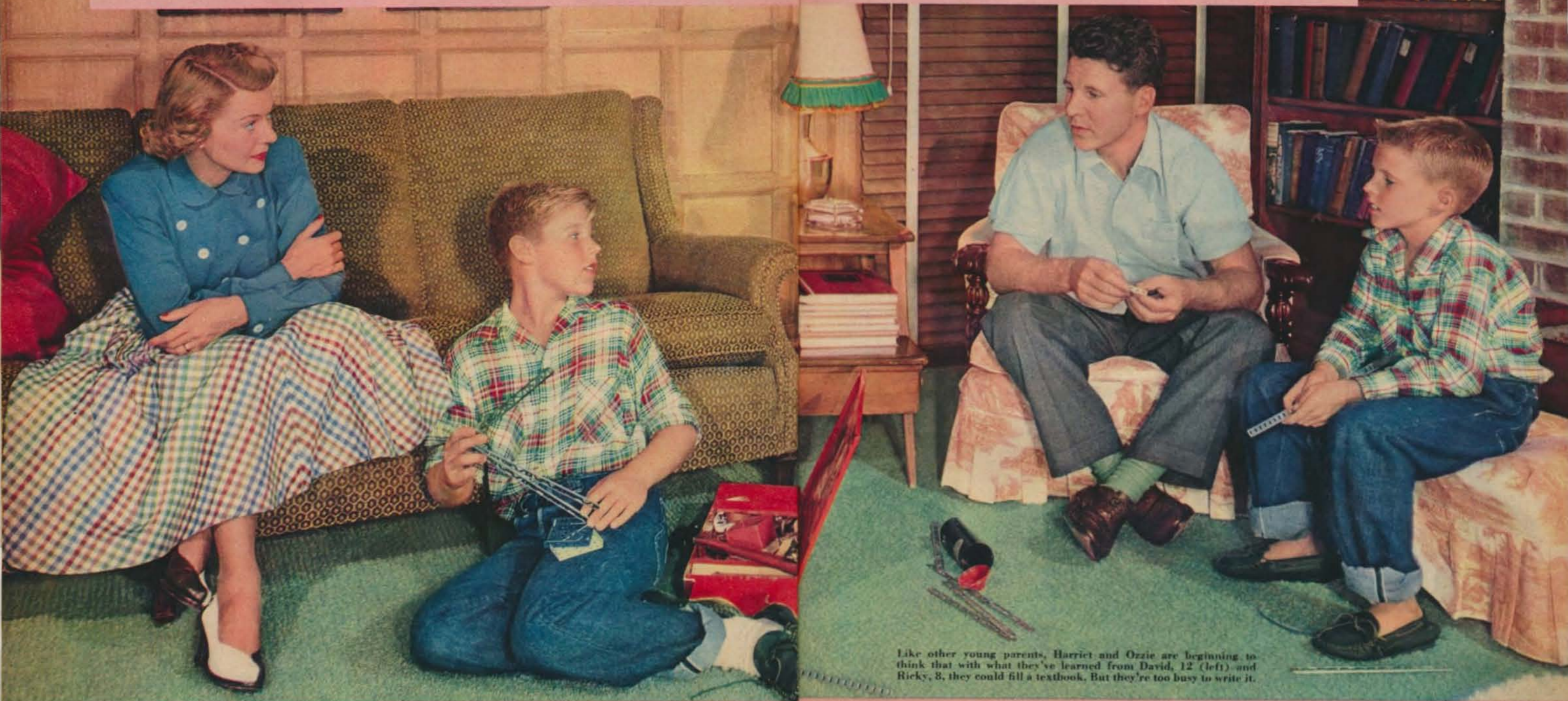
I certainly wouldn't set myself up as an expert on the training of sons, despite the fact that a great many mothers write to me to inquire how I have handled such-and-such a problem in our family. Sometimes I am greatly relieved to discover that the problem outlined by a troubled mother is one I have never been called upon to face; sometimes I can write to give my version of the

same difficulty described by my correspondent.

If one were to attempt to confine our "fun" family life to the yardstick of one cardinal rule, I suppose he would say that we have always regarded one another as individuals with individual needs, aims, and personalities. Mutual respect is our unchanging motto.

We enjoy one another.

At the present time, for instance, we are deep in daily playing of the word game. At dinner every night the whole family joins in. We learn several new words, how to spell them, how to pronounce them, and how to use them in a sentence. It's true that this practice is aiding the boys' school work because words are the keys to every door of human knowledge, but sometimes Ozzie and



Like other young parents, Harriet and Ozzie are beginning to think that with what they've learned from David, 12 (left) and Ricky, 8, they could fill a textbook. But they're too busy to write it.

Or is it, perhaps, the boys who are bringing up Ozzie and Harriet? That's a question that arises so regularly in the Nelson household that father Ozzie has become a master...at evading it



Ozzie's petty cash system is simple: he disposes currency here and there among his pockets. Harriet is always richer the day she sends a suit to the cleaner.



Ricky works for his dollar a week, does his chores so efficiently that they scarcely interfere with his playtime.

Harriet's own version of the Hat Dance—performed when she has to stake a new claim for her hat collection, which periodically outgrows its allotted quarters.



## BRINGING UP THE BOYS

I are amazed to discover how much the game is helping us.

I grew up in a trunk because my parents were theatrical people, so I'm usually good at geographical names; Ozzie shines when the word has a legal tinge because he took his law degree from New Jersey Law School. He had planned to continue with his band until he had ten thousand dollars; then he was going to sink this fund into a law office and hang out his shingle. By the time he had ten thousand dollars, he couldn't afford to quit the band business and start over again as a struggling young attorney. Little did he think, when he was struggling through "contracts" and "real property" that the day would come when—at a Hollywood dinner table—he would be able to explain the phrase "time is of the essence" to his two sons!

Some very funny dialogue sometimes results from our attempts to advance the boys' vocabulary power. A few years ago an ambulance, its siren screaming, scorched down Hollywood Boulevard only a few hundred feet from our front lawn.

Said David (aged seven at the time) "Look at that old 'amblience' go, will you!"

Ricky (then four) corrected him loftily. "You mean an 'anulope,' don't you?"

I rather like that word "anulope." It sounds like

a cross between an antelope and an ambulance.

David, now nearly 12, can be lofty about his multi-syllable words, too. He glanced out of his bedroom window the other day and noticed that Ricky and some of his friends were pushing one another in the pool and getting a little rough about it as boys will. When David decided that the fun had gone far enough, he shouted, "All right, all right, let's *suspense* with that stuff."

**R**ICKY has trouble with transposing the letters n and m. Berlin, in our family, is located firmly in "Gernamy," and when my hair needs attention, I get a "pernament" wave. Sometimes we think we like the words better that way.

Also in observance of our intention of enjoying one another is the plan Ozzie and I have made for recreation with the boys. Twice a week I take them ice-skating at Hollywood's Polar Palace, and twice a week Ozzie coaches them at tennis.

Both boys are lucky in that they have excellent coordination. Things seem to come very easy to Ricky, but David is more persevering. Each boy knows what the other's personality advantage is, and each tries to be mutually helpful. David has taught Ricky not to quit when things get a little too complicated for his impatient, facile grasp, and the younger boy has taught the older to relax,

that things will be easier if he doesn't try too hard.

From the mail I receive, I'm inclined to believe that in some families the children suffer from comparison with one another instead of benefiting from their perfectly natural differences. That seems such a tragedy when it is possible to point out that each human being excels in some way. This excellence should be regarded as a family possession in which everyone shares and from which everyone can learn.

Once in awhile, one of our boys develops interest in a hobby that we approve, but which we simply can't gratify. Two years ago David decided that he wanted a horse for Christmas. His closet was loaded with full cowboy regalia, and he had steeped himself in the Saturday movies at The Hitching Post Theatre. He poured over magazines containing pictures of and stories about Gene Autry or Roy Rogers, and he could recite the life of Buffalo Bill backward. His favorite comic was Red Ryder, and I think he saw "My Friend Flicka" half a dozen times. He pawed through our encyclopaedia to learn all he could about horses, and confided his discoveries to us—at length—at dinner every night. He had it bad.

It's easy enough to tell a child an unexplained "no," but we have made it a practice never to do it. We always say, "No, (Continued on page 73)



Ozzie and Harriet check scripts against their sons' slang; were recently told to stand by for a substitute for the last year's outmoded "super."

Ozzie and Harriet are heard

Sunday nights at 6:30 EST, on NBC Network Stations.



The Heart to Heart Hookup is more to Jack Berch than a part of his program — it is his honest philosophy of life

Jack is his own carpenter, plumber and handyman, finds a jeep useful for carting the tools of his assorted trades.



Son Jon, and Jon's dog—now dead, but not lost to the boy—helped Jack understand childhood's viewpoint.



A song, some fun, some seriousness, a bountiful helping of good fellowship—this is the Jack Berch show.



World

Full of Neighbors

By JACK BERCH



THE TROUBLE with a typewriter is that it can't sing. It can't even whistle. Take my word for it, the typewriter will never replace the microphone.

Perhaps the best way to explain myself—my program, and my attitude toward life, and even why I want a whistling typewriter—is to tell you why I like to start my radio show each morning with a whistle and a song. It all began like this:

I was riding into town one morning on my way to a broadcast. In company with a few million other commuters, I was reading the morning paper. Suddenly I realized that the whole front page was full of disaster—fires, murders, political troubles, jealousy and strife between persons and between nations. Leafing through the rest of the paper, I discovered that most of the editorial columns were filled with more of the same. There were only a couple of stories, and those very short and well-hidden, that dealt with nice things, friendly things—man's humanity to man, instead of his inhumanity.

"Now," I said to myself, "something ought to be done about this. And, in my small way, I'm the guy to do it." Then and there, in theory at least, the Heart to Heart Hookup and the Good Neighbor Club came into being. Very shortly they were practice, not theory. And those two features of the program can tell you, if you listen, exactly the way I feel about life, and exactly the way I feel about what a radio program ought to give the people

who listen to it. Friendliness, neighborliness, the spirit of goodness which prompted a person to do another a good turn—those are the things that make the world go 'round for everyday people like you and me. Of course, the other things are important, too. But it's the everyday things that get overlooked. They need, in the language of radio, a sponsor.

So I elected myself sponsor of friendliness, a sort of town crier for the small good deeds that are likely to pass unnoticed. I've got a great many co-sponsors, too—all those swell people who send in their letters and clippings for the Heart to Heart Hookup and the Good Neighbor Club.

Of course, there are other parts of the program, too. We sing a little, talk a little, tell a few jokes. By and large, we have a pretty good time, the boys and I.

The boys—I'd better tell you something about them. They are, believe me, tops in their professions. Eddie Dunn is the announcer. Besides his regular chores on the show he has the self-imposed one of trying to "break me up"—make me laugh in the middle of a song, that is. A good portion of his salary, to say nothing of a lot of time and energy, goes into this project.

Masks and funny faces are his particular delight. There was the morning, for instance—how could I forget it?—when he slipped a set of Mortimer Snerd teeth (the kind that come down over your lower lip) into his mouth, and started to suck on a lemon just as I was singing "Yours Is My Heart Alone." If you heard that particular program, and have always wondered why I never did finish the song, there's your answer.

I remember—why I can even laugh at it, now—what I thought at the time was the low point of my career. It was a day early last summer, when the Republican national convention was in progress. Now I'll have to admit that what happened was (Continued on page 83)

Singing is, in the Berch family, a friendly, heart-warming thing to do—just as it is on the Jack Berch Show, heard Monday through Friday, 11:30 A.M. EST, over NBC network stations.





Although the apartment's furnishing is not completed, Spike and Helen will cheerfully whip up brunch for company any day.

# Just the

By Helen Greco Jones



Helen and Spike, of course, have a full collection of City Slicker records. He is a great, if somewhat devil-may-care, help around the house.



Spotlight Revue with Spike Jones, the City Slickers, and Dorothy Shay, is heard every Friday night, 10:30 P.M., EST, on CBS.

I SUPPOSE you think being married to Spike Jones would be like living with a three-ring circus. I can understand that. I would have thought so myself at one time, and if anyone had told me that I, Helen Greco, a quiet, reasonable girl who sang soft, sensible music, would end up as Mrs. Spike, I would have promptly told them they had whole notes in their heads.

That was until I met him.

To my utter amazement I discovered that Spike Jones, private citizen, is as different from Spike Jones, zany band leader, as any two people could possibly be. He's all the things you'd never dream he could be after listening to him make musical mayhem with his City Slickers. He's a very quiet fellow. Dignified, compassionate and thoughtful. And very business-like.

I remember how surprised I was to find this out, because when I first went to see him, I half expected to find him swinging from a chandelier waving a string of cowbells. But it wasn't like that at all.

In the first place, I never dreamed I'd be the kind of singer Spike would want. (Continued on page 89)

# Two of Us



Marriage to Spike Jones, Helen reports, in no way resembles the three-ring circus you might imagine



# CURTAIN TIME

*"Nothing Personal"---the story  
of a young man whose  
life was planned---until  
he tried to buy a house!*

As you do every Wednesday at 10:30 P.M., EST, on NBC stations, you'll hear on December 15 the familiar invitation to "join the gay throng at Chicago's Merchandise Mart." That night, Curtain Time will present "Nothing Personal," the same story told here in pictures. In the pictures, as on the air, Doug Fleming is played by Harry Elders; Flo, Margaret Brayton; W. D. Bennett, Arthur Peterson; Marcey, Beverly Younger; Cyrus Kimball, Art Van Harvey.



1. Doug Fleming protests that he hasn't time to go to Pinesville to purchase the Kimball house for his boss, W. D. Bennett. After all, in three days Doug and Flo, Bennett's secretary, are to be married. But Bennett insists, and Flo—knowing that Doug is the Bennett heir, but that wills can be changed—sides with their employer. At last, Doug says he will go.



2. Bennett has explained that the Kimball house symbolizes all that he missed in his impoverished childhood. Because the Kimballs hate him, they will not sell directly to him. Doug misses his train, is rescued by a pretty girl. But he tells her Pinesville is a cemetery, says he's going to pull a fast deal and get out. He can, she says, get out now—and walk. She loves the town and hates city smart alecs.



3. Too late, Doug learns her name—Marcey Kimball. In desperation, Doug remembers Bennett's warning: "no house, no job." Flo, he is sure, shares her employer's views. What Flo likes best about Doug is Bennett's money. So Doug arms himself with orchids and goes to call on Marcey. Finally she forgives him. Old Cyrus Kimball invites Doug to dinner. Things seem at last, Doug tells himself, to be looking up.



4. After dinner, a walk in the moonlight. Marcey tells Doug about the house and that grandfather will get out his shotgun if "those low-down backstabbing Bennetts try to buy." Ever the opportunist, Doug asks her to sell to him and she agrees.



5. Doug encounters a hitch in his plans—in the form of Kimball's shotgun. A bellhop at the hotel, it seems, has informed Cyrus that Doug works for Bennett. Marcey says it's not true, that Doug wants the house for himself, and the old man points out that it's much too large for a single man. "But I'm planning to marry," Doug explains—and this is interpreted as a proposal to Marcey, who accepts on the spot. A telephone call interrupts. It is Flo, who says that she's on her way to Pinesville. "My sister," Doug tells the Kimballs.





6. At the hotel, Flo reserves the church in Doug's name, orders the flowers, completes her plans to be married in Pinesville. Vainly, Doug protests that there is something he must tell her. In love now with Marcey, but still engaged to Flo, Doug really finds himself in trouble.



7. Flo leaves; Marcey comes in. Grandfather Kimball has found that the church is reserved for Doug. Though surprised, Marcey promises to be ready. A call tells Doug that W. D. Bennett is in the lobby. Asking Marcey to wait a moment, Doug races downstairs to head Bennett off.

# CURTAIN

# TIME



8. Re-enter Flo. Marcey, believing her to be Doug's sister, invites her to the wedding. Indignantly, Flo explains that she is the one who's marrying Doug—here in Pinesville, because Doug has not yet completed negotiations for the house he is

buying for W. D. Bennett. Marcey announces she'll burn the house before she'll let Doug buy it now. When Doug and Bennett return, Flo tells them what Marcey has said. Bennett fires Doug. Flo follows his lead, breaking the engagement.



9. Cyrus Kimball has heard that Bennett is in town, learned the whole story. Taking his shotgun, he goes hunting for Bennett and Doug. The two are confronted at the elevator, but as Cyrus fires, Marcey pushes him. The shot goes wild, hitting the chandelier—which falls on Doug.



10. While grandfather takes off after the fleeing Bennett, Marcey comforts Doug. Returning to find his granddaughter holding the victim's head and announcing to all and sundry that they're going to be married at once, Cyrus realizes the Kimballs won after all, gives his blessing.



# Between The Bookends



*Hello There:  
Every time a new year turns the corner . . .  
we try to make certain resolutions . . .  
Some of them we may have made before . . . way back there . . .  
and didn't keep.  
Some are brand new, like every new day.  
But I guess the year or the day doesn't matter much  
as long as there is at least one worthwhile resolution to make  
every time the clock strikes midnight on a new beginning.  
The best resolution I know of  
was made thousands of years ago . . .  
and is so ancient you may think it as worn out  
as the cover of the book it came from . . .  
but it needs no brand new date to make it worth our while.  
If we resolve to DO UNTO OTHERS  
AS WE WOULD HAVE THEM  
DO UNTO US  
we have begun the year with the clearest of high hopes  
for the future.*

—Ted Malone.

## UNTO THE HEART

A ghost can be a little thing . . .  
Like a tennis racquet without a string,  
A cigarette case, a pair of glasses,  
An old brown hat, two season passes.

A ghost can be a tender thing . . .  
Like baby hands too small to cling,  
An old love letter, lines from a book,  
Words to a song, a remembered look.

A ghost can be a silent thing . . .  
Like a telephone that does not ring . . .  
Books on a shelf, an easy chair,  
Guns on the wall, suits pressed to wear.

A ghost can be a welcome thing . . .  
Like memories a moonlit night can bring,  
A picture's smile, a dream that is wanted,  
The kiss of a child—(MY HOUSE IS HAUNTED!)  
—Robbie L. Donaldson

## END OF THE BOOK

Life's paper-covered novel

May pall a bit with age—

But oh, I shall be sorry

To turn the final page.

—L. R. Lind

## TO A CALENDAR

You have no power over winds nor rain,  
Nor snow upon the evergreens, nor sleet,  
And yet we turn a page, and think, "Now sweet

The zephyrs of the spring will blow again,"  
Or "Summer goes, here, in a blaze of glory,"

Or "This will be a sombre time at best,"  
And we take care to turn you carefully, lest

The year be interrupted in her story.

But have I not known chilliest winds to blow

Through warmth, and found, in laughter of a child,

Spring in November's gray? Do I not know  
Peace of an autumn night can bloom in wild

Snow-storms, and have I not perceived the glow

Of summer in me, whenever he has smiled?  
—Elaine V. Emans

## THE MIRROR IS YOURSELF

There is a time when, nothing said at all,  
All words are possible—no action made,  
All choice is ours; whatever course we call,  
We dare to follow on it unafraid.  
But every choosing points the newer one—  
The north leads farther north with every day.

The south leans ever closer to the sun—  
We speak tomorrow's thought with all we say.

In vain we ask the mirror not to note  
The choices past which lend the future fear—

To smooth each line of record that we wrote

Day by swift day, slow year by crawling year.

Now, all our thoughts made visible at last,  
We are our future, we ourselves our past.  
—Virginia Scott Miner

## GROWTH

I'm growing older, there's no doubt.

And furthermore, I'm growing stout.

But luckily for my peace of mind,

I'm growing wiser and resigned!

—Thomas Uak

## PRAYER FOR THE ESSENTIAL

Give every man his dream—and let it be

His star to guide through vast immensity

Of doubt and shadow; light to penetrate

The gloom dark circumstance may well create;

A gleam rekindling hope's sweet sorcery.

The dream will be for each the magic key

To liberate him from life's tyranny,

To swing for him enchantment's jewelled gate—

Give every man his dream.

Having his dream for open-sesame

To Happy Isles, let each go fearlessly

With banner high and faith inviolate . . .

That we have private courage for his fate

Nor fall before each new inclemency,

Give every man his dream,  
—B. Y. Williams

## IT'S NICE TO FEEL NICE—ABOUT NOTHING

There is no sun—in fact, it's snowing!  
I've no idea where I'm going  
To spend the day; it's only Monday,  
And nothing special happened Sunday,

And yet I feel a strange elation—  
As if I'd had an invitation

To someone's wedding, or a shower,  
And this is growing by the hour.

There is no reason for it—really!  
My baked potato wasn't mealy;

My favorite fruit is out of season,  
But if the world must have a reason,

Say of my beautiful sensation,  
That, though it has no real foundation,

I most emphatically endorse it,  
And, were it law, I should enforce it,

And, were it not, I'd still adore it  
Because there is no reason for it.

—Faye Chilcote Walker

## HILL CALL

Radio Mirror's Prize Poem

I would go back to the dreaming hills  
And the fields below  
When the land is hushed and the valley fills  
With the drifted snow,  
But my shoes are lighter than those I wore  
When I climbed the blanketed hills before.

I would go back when the spring awakes,  
As the heart has planned,  
For the river thaws and the green blade breaks  
Through the waiting land,  
But my gown is tighter than one I wore  
When I crossed awakening streams before.

I would go back to the summer hills  
Where the skylarks nest,  
For the daisies blow by the languid rills  
And the land is blessed,  
But my skirt is longer than when I came  
Through the clover field and the stonebed lanes.

I would return to the amber hills  
With the autumn breeze,  
For the fields are pale as the color spills  
Through the sunloved trees,  
But the wind would tangle my lacquered hair,  
For the braids were cut that I used to wear,  
As the ties were cut when the land was sold.  
I would go back, but the heart is old.

—Pegasus Buchanan

## RADIO MIRROR will pay fifty dollars

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

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



# The PHILADELPHIA TV STORY



**WFIL-TV**

Jack Steck is the video "operator" of WFIL-TV's Swap Shop, on which lookers-in can trade things they don't want for things they do. The little girl with an embarrassment of puppies will keep one, swap the remainder.



With the advent of television, the old-time "kiddie revue" has come back into its own, offering a showcase for young talent. WFIL-TV's Starlet Stairway presents juvenile entertainers to the viewing audience once a week, Tuesdays.



**WCAU-TV**

Dr. Armand Spitz is a man who not only talks about the weather but does everything about it that is in his power to do. Using authentic weather instruments, he has a large following for his predictions each night, WCAU-TV



"Uncle Wip" is a favorite with Philadelphia youngsters—those who watch and those who participate in his popular program for children. He and his small fry talent are heard three times a week, at 6 P.M., over WCAU-TV.

WITH well over 60,000 sets in operation, Philadelphia is the number two television town in the country.

The three stations carry programs from the four video networks, plus clever and vigorous local programming. WFIL-TV is owned by *The Philadelphia Inquirer*, WCAU-TV is owned by *The Philadelphia Bulletin*, and station WPTZ is owned by Philco, so it is not too surprising that the Quaker City is very Tv conscious.

They have more advertisers by actual count than any other video station in the country; some of them are small accounts that's true, but it's a healthy sign.

WPTZ was experimenting with television ten years ago and got its commercial license in 1940, making it one of the oldest Tv stations in existence. They televised the 1940 conventions in Philadelphia and relayed pictures to New York, but since the television sets at that time numbered only a few hundred not many people saw Willkie and Roosevelt in their video debuts.

WCAU-TV has been going less than a year, but has made remarkable progress. They have been doing a very popular show in the early afternoon for several months, so they are out front in the Philadelphia field as far as daytime video is concerned.

WFIL-TV has pulled a very neat trick. They bought their own sport arena—stage fights and other events for live as well as Tv audiences. If the Tv rights to sporting events keep climbing, who knows how many Tv stations will follow their lead?

On this and the opposite page are pictures, two for each of the three Philadelphia television stations now in operation, of outstanding programs of "looking-in" fare that the city offers owners of Tv sets in the area.

There are, of course, many others on each of the stations. Some of these programs are carry-overs from radio, which are gaining even wider audiences now that they can be seen as well as heard. Others are brand new shows designed specifically for the newer medium.



**WPTZ**

Ted Steele, for many years a favorite with listeners, can now be seen as well as heard in Philadelphia. He brings his one-man show of music and fun to the viewing audience of WPTZ twice a week. It's called Piano Patter.



WPTZ's Jack Creamer—the Handy Man—has the oldest commercial television program. Jack is a radio old-timer, now brings to viewers, too, his household hints and gadget demonstrations, with the assistance of pretty Carol Reed.





"Public Prosecutor"  
John Howard, left,  
watches his own Tv  
program with (l to r)  
Mary Beth Hughes,  
Jerry Fairbanks, pro-  
ducer, Anne Gwynne.

# Matinee Idol, 1949

**J**OHAN HOWARD is well known to every movie fan as the handsome leading man of some fifty-four motion pictures, and he made millions of radio friends when he created the charming Dr. Leslie Foster in the serial *Those We Love*. Now John has combined his movie and radio techniques, thrown in his stage experience, and emerges as the first top-flight star to do an important television series.

He will soon be coming in over the nation's television receivers as video's first two-fisted serial hero. He has recently completed the first twenty-six films in the *Public Prosecutor* series for Jerry Fairbanks and NBC Television.

*Public Prosecutor* is one of the most discussed (and most expensive) deals in Tv history, and is the first whodunit to be written, directed, enacted and photographed especially for television. Howard, playing the title role, engages in gun battles, cracks fists with underworld thugs, stalks clever criminals, fights his way out of death traps and even tussles with savage lions in one episode. His weekly encounters with danger almost equal those of the early movie serial kings and queens.

Many of his fellow actors and actresses in Hollywood have been cornering John to find out just how acting techniques for television differ from those used for the stage and motion pictures. Since John is not only an accomplished actor, but also a Phi Beta Kappa, who was voted the most outstanding student in his class when he graduated *Magna Cum Laude* from Western Reserve University in 1934, he is able to give a thorough-

going analysis of the points of likeness and difference.

"The first thing that must be said," John points out, "is that television acting is a combination of stage, screen and radio acting." That has been said before, but John can explain in interesting detail: "Video long shots, for instance, require the broad acting of the legitimate stage, otherwise facial and body expressions would be lost entirely on the small Tv screens. Close-ups, on the other hand, demand the underacting of the cinema."

John was amazed at first because the stage sets used for television are so small. This is also due to the small size of the video screen—there must be a close grouping of the actors. This fact, he says, is one of the most difficult aspects of acting in Tv films.

"I had been accustomed to the large stage sets and the spacious motion picture sets, where you have plenty of room to roam about and plenty of space for mad gesturing. I suddenly found myself acting in what seemed to be a two-by-four box. At first I felt hampered but gradually adapted my movements and gestures to the tiny area."

The camera takes on added importance in television John finds. The video film actor does not move about as much as the motion picture or stage actor—due again to the small screen. In Tv films the camera is moved about and this gives the viewer the feeling he is seeing more action than is actually photographed.

"In *Public Prosecutor*," he explained, "we used the stage technique of talking directly to the audience. The camera was our audience. This (Continued on page 74)



# Coast to Coast in TELEVISION



Tops in their fields, eager to learn about the new medium: Lee Bowman, Leon Ames, George Chandler, William Holden, Walter Pidgeon, Walter Abel, get instructions from James Pollack, director of WPIX's film department.



Sonja Henie and skating partner talk to Danton Walker; Doris Brown, narrator on Lucky Pup.

**D**UMONT'S New York outlet, WABD, started the ball rolling on full-scale daytime television by scheduling fifteen hours of telecasting each day. Commander Mortimer Loewi, executive assistant to Dr. Dumont, said when making the announcement: "It is ridiculous for television broadcasters to ignore the women in the home who want news, information and entertainment, and to deprive them of the opportunity to use their television sets during the day."

The daytime operation is primarily instruction—programs dedicated to sewing, cooking, shopping and baby tending. Of course, big sports events are still carried. Although they realize at Dumont that no woman can sit and watch her video set all day, when she does have some leisure, there is always something worthwhile for her to see. The programs are worked out in a way that makes them interesting to listen to without seeing the screen; the housewife can be off doing some chore and still be able to follow the programs (Continued on page 85)



Funny man Joe E. Brown guests on Dumont's Zero Mostel-Joey Faye Tuesday show.





# Right to Happiness

Nothing, even happiness, comes easily—like all things worth having, it must be fought for, and won



2. At seventeen, Constance Wakefield fell in love—with the theater. She was fascinated by everything connected with it. When a troupe of traveling players came to Westwood, Connie managed to attend each performance, and at last began to go to rehearsals, drinking in every word and action on the bare stage.

1. At last Connie Wakefield has found, if not happiness, the stepping-stones to it. One of them is peace, here in her home town of Westwood. A second is the security she finds in the house her parents left her. A third is the friendship of her neighbor, Carolyn Kramer, who, remembering her own long search for happiness, listens with sympathy to the story Connie tells.



3. Then Connie tried out for a part with the players and fell in love all over again—this time with suavely handsome Alex Delavan, the director of the troupe. Connie's cup of happiness was full when Alex made both her dreams come true. He gave her a part, and he told her he loved her, asked her to marry him!

In these pictures, as you hear them on the air, Carolyn Kramer is played by Claudia Morgan, Constance Wakefield by Louise Barclay. *The Right to Happiness* is written by John M. Young, and is heard every Monday through Friday, 3:45 P.M., EST, over stations of the National Broadcasting Company.







*Your ticket to the*

# FRED WARING SHOW



*For you, Radio Mirror reserves the best seat in the house for radio's most lavish all-musical broadcast*

THE pale sea-green walls and carpeting of the big NBC studio in New York's Radio City form the background for the Fred Waring programs, almost as interesting to watch as they are to hear. The audience, in gay tangerine-colored seats, upholstered in the same green, adds a brightness almost matching that on the stage. The daytime program finds the performers in everyday clothes, but at night the cast is more formal—dinner jackets for the men, lovely evening gowns for the women.

Left to right, as you'd see them from the front row: Penny Perry,

Gloria Mudell, Joan Wheatley, Daisy Bernier, Jane Wilson, Joe Marine. Behind the girls, announcer Bill Biven; behind him, the men of the Glee Club. Fred Waring himself stands at the front of the stage; on either side of him are Livingston Gearhart and Virginia Morley, duo-piano team. Stuart Churchill stands to the right of the Glee Club. Far right, the orchestra, with "Uncle Lumpy" Brannum at his bass fiddle and Poley McClintock above and to the right of him. Fred Waring's morning program: Monday through Friday at 10, EST; night show Thursdays at 10:30 EST. Both on NBC.





4. Connie was well aware of all that she was giving up, that night she slipped out of her parents' house to elope with Alex. But what were comfort, security, compared to the joy of being Alex's wife, the wonderful opportunity for a career on the professional stage that the life with Alex Delavan and his traveling stock company offered her?

5. The company left Westwood, and Connie, married now to Alex, went along. For a year they toured; Connie proved an apt pupil—she had great talent, great promise, Alex said. By the end of that year, Connie was sure she had everything in the world—Alex, her career, and now, to make life complete, perfect, her wonderful baby boy.

6. But even greater things beckoned. Shortly after little Ted was born, Alex was offered an important position as a director in New York—New York, the mecca of hope for everyone in show business. The new opportunities that this job held for Alex meant a great step forward for Connie, too, for she was offered a part in the play.

7. Only a few short years ago, Connie had had many a daydream of herself in a star's dressing room, a successful actress, surrounded by all the panoply of greatness—telegrams, flowers, wonderful reviews in the papers, people anxious to congratulate her. And now dreams become reality, with her success as the star of Alex's play.



8. Connie's lucky star still rode high in the sky. She and Alex had two children, now—Ted and his sister, Susan, a year younger than he. The Delavans lived in a luxurious apartment; both of them were famous in New York, heart of the theater. This, Connie told herself, was happiness to last any woman for a lifetime.

9. Then came change. A Hollywood offer for Constance, another for Alex. But in Hollywood Alex's success didn't keep pace with Connie's meteoric rise to motion picture stardom, nor did his love for Connie keep pace with the passing of the years. Alex turned to other women, and then Connie knew bitterly that happiness is not forever.

10. Connie and her children faced the future alone. She finishes her story, telling how she divorced Alex, left Hollywood, returned to her home town, to the house her parents, now dead, left to her. Here she seeks for herself and her children, she tells Carolyn Kramer, the happiness—lasting and secure—that is every woman's right.





Breakfast in bed, served by Edna, is Todd's idea of a busy quizmaster's heaven. But a quizmaster's busy wife likes pampering, too; for her, dinner out—cooked by someone else!

# My Husband,

Double role for Edna: wife, at home;  
at work, severest (and dearest) critic

By EDNA RUSSELL



Good music means more than good listening for Todd and Edna—it's soothing and relaxing too.



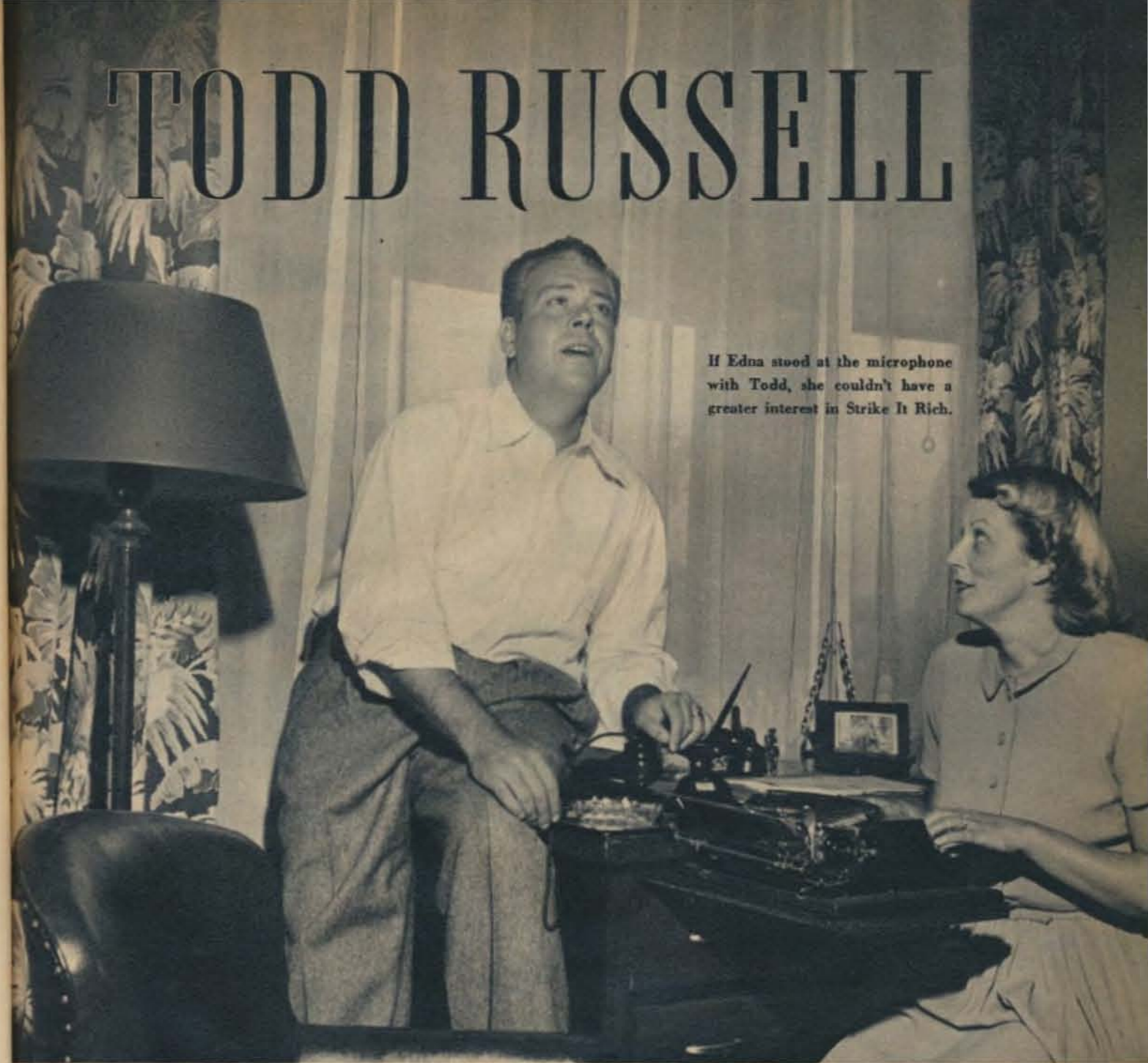
**T**ODD always says, "Almost everybody can use some money."

That's why he gets such a kick out of being a Santa Claus every Sunday as the M. C. of the CBS show, *Strike It Rich*. Think of it, nearly a hundred thousand dollars have already been given away by Todd's sponsor, and some three hundred people have gained their dearest wishes, or got a start toward them.

"I like this show better than anything I have ever done," Todd tells everyone. "It has such a human angle. The people are so real."

I love my husband's show, too. Todd says he is his own best critic and I'm the second best, but I'm not so sure I agree. He will come home, or we'll meet after the broadcast, and do our usual post mortem. "I didn't like it so well tonight," he'll start. "Oh, I don't know," I'll say, "maybe it wasn't the best, but it sounded good

# TODD RUSSELL



If Edna stood at the microphone with Todd, she couldn't have a greater interest in *Strike It Rich*.

to me." I always think Todd's work is fine.

When *Strike It Rich* started, more than a year ago, we were living in Scarsdale, near New York City. I spent Sunday evenings playing solitaire and listening to the radio (a combination we both go for) while Todd was working from the CBS Playhouse in New York. A little while before he was due home I would be out in the kitchen fixing the after-broadcast supper he likes, leaving the card table in the living room with my signals set. If the show had sounded super I would have an Ace turned up to greet him; a Queen meant it was a good average show; and a Jack meant, well—"Thank heaven I don't see that Jack often," Todd tells our friends.

He says I always work harder on the show, listening at home, than he does on the air. It's true I get myself worked up about the people who seem mike-shy, al-

though I have watched my husband during broadcasts and if anyone can put a contestant at ease I know he can. Considerately, he has them face slightly away from the studio audience and directly toward him, and he looks right at them and engages their interest at once, so they have little time for stage fright. He doesn't play it for gags either, to make the audience laugh and the contestant stand uncertainly and wait for the laughs to subside. When a contestant chokes up with emotion—and remember, many who want to *Strike It Rich* are facing pressing and serious problems—he covers for them with conversation until they get hold of themselves.

"Todd, you handled that beautifully," I'll say to him silently, knowing that's about the toughest thing he can be called upon to do. Like most men, my husband is scared and embarrassed by tears.

I remember the time a woman (Continued on page 75)







# But once a Year

By

KATE SMITH



RADIO MIRROR FOOD COUNSELOR

Listen each Monday through Friday at 12 Noon  
when Kate Smith Speaks on the Mutual network.

**T**HIS is such a happy season!

Around the holidays, the house always seems to be full of people. At this time of year, I try to make every day open house. Half the job is keeping a few things always ready in the pantry and the ice-box. I like to have several boxes of ready-mixed products on hand. Biscuit mix can be used to make not only biscuits, but fruit desserts, coffee rings, loaves and muffins. I use pancake mix to make my New Year Loaf. It has an unusual flavor when served hot with a light glaze. Hot rolls, muffins or gingerbread can make a party too.

Nuts and fruits are good to munch on, and fun to turn into decoration for special foods. An extra loaf of bread, a gallon of cider and plenty of crackers help out when guests are unexpected, and I keep plenty of cheese of various kinds on hand. The fun comes in putting all these things together in unusual ways.

I make cookies well in advance—they keep wonderfully. For hot chocolate I make a syrup to store in the refrigerator. When there are teen-agers in the party, I add a double-decker sandwich of sliced American cheese and canned chopped ham with lettuce and mayonnaise. I toast and salt nuts for my young married friends and serve them with spiced cider and crackers. Often I make up onion cheese spread, thin enough to dip out of the bowl with a potato chip.

Sometimes an entire family drops in for a visit, and I like to invite them to lunch or dinner. I find it easy with the help of some of the recipes I'm going to give you. They add the glamour and the "little extra" that you need when you're making a meal for two serve six.

Every day can be a party at your house during the holiday season if you follow Kate Smith's suggestions for no-fuss-and-bother entertaining.

## Sugar Cookies

- |   |                          |
|---|--------------------------|
| 2 cups sifted all-purpose flour             | 1 egg                    |
| 1½ tsps. baking powder                      | 1 tsp. vanilla           |
| ½ tsp. salt                                 | 1 tbsp. milk             |
| ½ cup shortening                            | colored sugar            |
| 1 cup sugar, white or brown (firmly packed) | chopped cherries, citron |

Sift together dry ingredients. Cream shortening; beat in sugar, egg, vanilla, milk. Stir in flour mixture. Mix well. Divide dough into portion and roll ⅛" thick on lightly floured board. Cut with floured cutter. Place on ungreased baking sheet. Decorate with colored sugar, chopped cherries and citron. Makes 4-5 dozen.

*To Color Sugar:* Place ¼ cup sugar on square of wax paper. Sprinkle 2 or 3 drops red or green vegetable coloring on sugar. Fold wax paper over and rub until sugar absorbs color.

## Chocolate Cookies

- |                               |   |
|-------------------------------|---|
| 3½ cups sifted enriched flour | 2 eggs, well beaten                                 |
| 1 tsp. baking powder          | 3 tbsps. milk                                       |
| ½ tsp. salt                   | 3 squares, unsweetened chocolate, melted and cooled |
| 1 tsp. cinnamon               | 1 tsp. vanilla                                      |
| 1 cup shortening              |   |
| 1½ cups sugar                 |   |

Sift flour, baking powder, salt and cinnamon. Cream shortening; add sugar gradually (*Continued on page 93*)



# ONE WONDERFUL DAY

the town house to us for a wedding present."

"Your—" Wendy stopped, looking rather as if the town house, with its servants and its multitudinous rooms, had toppled over on her then and there. "Your mother's house?"

He nodded. "It's too much for her. She's taking an apartment, leaving us the staff, everything."

"But Gil!" Her eyes were wide, almost pleading with him. "It's so—I mean, it's so big!"

Didn't he see? Dorrie thought in bewilderment. He was still smiling as if, instead of distressing Wendy, he'd just granted her her dearest wish.

"It's not really big," he said. "And it's one of the most beautiful residences in the city."

"Yes, I know," Wendy swallowed. "It's a lovely house. It's—breath-taking. I—" She jumped up suddenly and went to the window. "What's the night like? Gil, there's a full moon on the snow—do you want to take a walk?"

He rose obligingly. "It's cold," Dorrie warned them. "Better wrap up well, both of you."

Sam chuckled. "Don't forget your overshoes; wear some ear-muffs; take along an umbrella and an oil stove," he mimicked.

Dorrie didn't smile. She waited, concentrating on her knitting until the young people had left. Then she said intently, "Sam, that's the second thing that's happened."

"Second what?" asked Sam blankly.

"First was the wedding," Dorrie looked at him with troubled eyes. "Wendy didn't really want it that way, all big and formal. It was Gil's mother, and Gil—"

"Mm," said Sam, only half agreeing. "But I think she's just as glad, now it's been decided that way."

"But the house, Sam! Another woman's house! It'll never be really hers. It's—oh, you wouldn't understand. Only a woman would really understand."

Sam smiled at her fondly. He might not understand about the house, but he understood Dorrie. His motherless daughter was the only child Dorrie'd ever had, and for the size of her heart, Dorrie should have had a dozen. "At the same time," he told her, "Wendy can hardly look a wedding-gift horse in the mouth, if you'll pardon the inelegant expression. Besides," he added thoughtfully, "Gil's got a position to keep up, you know. Wendy'll be moving into quite a niche in society as his wife."

Dorrie bent over her knitting, took several stitches before she spoke. "Does Wendy realize that?" she asked in a low voice.

"She's not a child, Dorrie. She's an adult, and a darned smart one. She's not walking into marriage with her eyes closed."

"But she's in love, Sam," said Dorrie softly. "When you're in love as much as that, it's no help to your eyesight."

"Um." He frowned a little. "You like Gil, don't you, Dorrie?"

She looked up, facing him squarely. "Yes, I do, Sam. But I wonder if we really know him. I wonder if Wendy does. It's come over me bit by bit—that there's much more to his life than we have any notion of. I—I'm afraid I can't put it into words very well, Sam. This big house of his is an example, with the servants and the social life that goes with it. It's what he's always been used to, and it's something we don't know anything about at all."

Sam frowned and lifted his coffee cup. Finding it cold, he set it down again with a little grimace of distaste. Dorrie reached over and warmed it from the pot before he replied.

"I know what you mean," he said finally. "I think perhaps I'm inclined to agree with you. But

one thing we must always remember, Dorrie. It's Wendy's life, not ours. We want all the happiness in the world for her, but if she shouldn't find it, we can't be any help—unless she asks us. We must never interfere. Never, Dorrie."

Neither of them mentioned Mark Douglas, who had known Wendy since high school, who had worked with her on the high school paper, and who had been engaged to her before the war. Neither of them mentioned that it was a long time after Mark's plane had crashed and Mark himself had been supposed dead that Wendy had begun to respond to Gilbert Kendal's ardent suit. And when Mark had been found finally in a remote Lolo village, and had come back after a five-year absence from the civilized world . . . well, it was only a few months ago that Wendy had come to Sam with a personal problem. Mark still loved her and wanted her and was doing his best to win her away from Gil. And she wasn't sure of her own feelings. Sam had given her the only answer he knew—that only she could be sure.

And what was it she'd said when she'd decided to stay with Gil?—That it was he who needed her more, that in spite of his wealth and his worldliness, he was a very lonely man. Whatever happened to him, Mark could stand on his own feet. He could take it. . . .

Mark had taken a lot in the past months. Losing Wendy, and then discovering that the backer for the play he'd been working on was his rival, Gil. He'd blown up at first, refused to let the play be produced, and had gone into hiding, working out his misery on the run-down family farm outside of Elmdale. But he couldn't stay in hiding long, not when Wendy'd needed him in her fight against Dexter and Lang. He'd nearly got himself killed, and he'd certainly been well smeared in the political mud that was slung . . . and now in a few days he would be going to Wendy's wedding, seeing her married to Gil. . . .

ON the day after Wendy had returned the *Clarion* to her father, Mark sat in the farmhouse living room, energetically typing a letter. There was a good fire going in the fireplace; his friend and co-worker, Bob Evans, warmed himself at the flames and watched Mark curiously.

"Well?" he asked finally, when Mark had ripped the sheet from the typewriter, signed it with a flourish, and folded it into an already addressed envelope.

"My resignation as Chairman of the Independent Voters' League of Elmdale," said Mark succinctly.

Bob shook his head. "I thought so. But I don't see why you're doing it."

"Are you crazy?" Mark inquired. "After the smearing I took at that last meeting before the election?"

"But it was a frame-up!" Bob exploded. "Of course the membership doesn't know that—but they won't think more of you if you resign. If they want you out of the chair, let 'em kick you out. Then you can step up on your little soapbox and tell 'em the truth."

"And who'd believe me? I'd be just a sorehead, yelling sour grapes. Oh, no—" He broke off, listening for a moment as the sound of a motor broke the country stillness. Then he went on, "No, Bob, I'm resigning from the League, but I'm not resigning from the fight. Only it's got to be played slow and easy—my way. This time I don't want to make any mistakes."

Bob had gone to the window to peer out at the yard. "Company," he announced. "Who—? Oh, it's your beautiful ex."

It was a moment before Mark realized that Bob meant Nona. That Nona Marsh had ever been anything of his, much less a fiancée, even casually, even for a few weeks, was still not quite believable. In a sense they weren't even friends—allies, rather, as it had suited Nona. Mark



Aunt Dorrie  
(played by Tess Sheehan)



Nona Marsh  
(played by Anne Burr)





Sam Warren

(played by Rod Hendrickson)

wanted Wendy, and Nona wanted Gil—with some justification, Mark had always thought. She was part of Gil's world—rich, social, even distantly related to Gil through his mother.

Mark went to the door to meet her, and saw her picking her way through the packed and piled snow of the farm yard, well wrapped in a mink coat, with a bit of mink on her ex-

quisite little head, and with her feet encased in the sheerest of stockings and the lightest of slippers with four-inch heels. "I'll rustle up coffee and sandwiches," Bob offered and tactfully disappeared.

"Welcome to Little America," Mark called to Nona. "Can you manage in those spike heels?"

"I've been walking for years, dear," she assured him, and finally gained the farmhouse steps. "Why don't you sweep all this white stuff into a neat little pile, somewhere out of sight? Hello."

Her cheek brushed close within a few inches of his face, a gesture which might or might not have been the offer of a kiss.

"Hello yourself," he greeted her, and reached to help her with her coat. "What're you doing up here?"

"Looking for a fireplace," she said, going to it and standing gratefully close to its warmth. "I'm frozen. Also, I thought we might be friends again. Do you mind?"

"Not at all. I'm a friendly sort. I like to be friends with everybody."

"What a repellent thought. Me, I'm choosy." She picked up the thick, engraved white card that stood on the mantel. "An invitation to the wedding," she murmured. "The unkindest cut of all."

"No," said Mark, "I asked for one."

"You—You're really going?" Her eyebrows rose.

"Yes, dear," he answered, falling into her idiom.

"But why? A slight case of self-torture?"

"I wouldn't say that." But he didn't offer to tell her why he was going—couldn't have told himself why, for that matter. It was just that—well, if there was anything he wanted in this world, it was to remain friends with Wendy, and perhaps to stay as close to her as he decently could without getting in her way. And a little of it was the feeling—ridiculous, of course—that if Wendy needed help, he would be there.

Nona was looking at him speculatively. "You're a queer one," she observed. "I never thought I'd see you at Wendy's wedding."

He grinned crookedly. "You never thought you'd see Wendy's wedding—that's what you really mean."

"Touché." She made a little mocking bow, and sat down in the corner of the sofa. "Where's your fellow-eskimo?"

"Making like a hostess in the kitchen," said Mark. "Well, Miss Marsh? Spill."

"Mark—" she leaned forward earnestly—"Wendy's going to be very unhappy married to Gil. She doesn't know it yet, but she's marrying Mother Kendal as well as Gil. And as you and I both know, Gil isn't quite the plumed knight on horseback she thinks he is. There's a lot more to him than that."

"So," said Mark, "what's there to do about it?"

"We could have done something about it," said Nona intensely. "We could have let her know that Gil was in with Charles Lang on that paper mill thing, that it was Gil's money she was really fighting all the while she thought she was fighting Lang and Mayor Dexter. I said let her know, Mark. You needn't have told her, nor I, but we could have seen that she found out."

He moved restlessly. "We've been all through that. Maybe the marriage of hers is the equivalent of her jumping over a cliff—but I'd have jumped over a cliff myself before I destroyed, or let you destroy, what she thinks of Gil. For that matter, I did stick in an oar,

indirectly. I didn't say anything to Wendy, but I did tell Gil what I thought of him."

"You told Gil? When?"

"After that sneak bombing attack on the *Clarion*. Oh, I know Gil didn't order it, wouldn't have had it happen for the world—but that's the kind of people he's mixed up with. I told him—" Mark went on with bitter relish, because telling Nona these things was a little like telling them to Gil a second time—"that he'd cut his mother's throat to feed his own ego. That his newspaper ideals were incorruptible, but that he wasn't. I told him that he and Charles Lang were cut from the same bolt of cloth."

Nona sat very still, her eyes wide. "And what did he say?"

"Nothing," said Mark. "Oh, he told me to get out, but that was all. Otherwise, he took it. I rubbed that in, too. I told him that although he was twenty pounds heavier than I and right in the pink, he didn't have the stuff to throw me out. He didn't even have the stuff to push a buzzer and let the strong-arm boys throw me out. I told him that I could scratch matches on his desk or spit on his rug—and he'd take that, too, because he's hollow, he's a figure stuffed with sawdust."

Nona was very pale; Mark felt a twinge of pity. "I'm sorry, Nona," he said more gently. "I know you love him. But that's what I think of him, and that's why, if you've come here with any last-minute tricks or plots or machinations to stop the wedding up your sleeve, I'm serving notice that I don't want to be in on them."

Her lips curved in a bitter smile. "What good would tricks be now? I can't very well ask you to run forward shouting, 'This must not be' when the minister comes to the part about 'if anyone can show just cause why this man and woman should not be joined in wedlock, let him speak now'—or however it goes. But I'm not quitting, Mark. I'll never quit."

Mark's head went up warningly, and she went on quickly, "Oh, don't worry, I'm not going to interfere with them now or afterward. But you can't stop me from hoping, and waiting. And that's all I have to do—wait. Because from now on, things are going to be just bump, bump, bump for Wendy—one let-down after another. She knows and hates Gil's being involved with Lang socially; some day she'll find out the rest. Because after this, Lang won't let Gil alone. He knows the hold he's got over Gil because Gil doesn't want Wendy to know of their connection. And he'll use it to bring Gil into other deals, bigger ones. And Lang isn't all of it. There's Mother Kendal. Wendy's moving into a setup she'll hate."

MARK shrugged resignedly, his brief flare of bitterness over. "You seem to know more about Wendy than she knows about herself."

"You don't like hearing the truth, do you?"

"I've heard it all," said Mark, "and I'm tired of it. Everything you say is true. But—Wendy loves the guy. I don't think you quite realize what that means, Nona. You don't realize what she's like, or how she'll fight to save her marriage. And that's why, Nona, I'm afraid you'll have to wait a long time. A good long time."

At that hour, as Mark and Nona sat before the fire in the farmhouse, another couple sat before another fire—Wendy and Gil, in the beautifully appointed drawing room of Mother Kendal's town house. Sam and Dorrie were with them, having come for luncheon and for their first meeting with Mother Kendal.

Now they were having coffee, and Dorrie was still a little overcome by



Mark Douglas

(played by Lamont Johnson)

(Cont'd on page 80)



# T H U R S D A Y

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember			Local Programs
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in N. Y. Clevelandaires	Editor's Diary Tell Your Neighbor Bob Poole Show	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 KMGallen	Music For You Arthur Godfrey
10:45	The Brighter Day			
11:00 11:15 11:30	This Is Nora Drake We Love And Learn Jack Berch	Passing Parade Victor H. Lindlahr Gabriel Heatter's Mailbag	Kay Kyser Ted Malone	Grand Slam
11:45	Lora Lawton	Minute Quiz	Kiernan's Corner	Rosemary

## AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15	Harkness of Wash- ington	Kate Smith Speaks Kate Smith Sings	Welcome Travelers	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny
12:30 12:45	Words and Music	Luncheon at Sardi's	Maggi McNellis	Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Art Van Damme Quartet Robert McCormick Jack Kilty	Cedric Foster Happy Gang Checkerboard Jamboree	Bill Baukhage Nancy Craig	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Today's Children Light of the World	Queen For a Day Golden Hope Chest	Bkfst. in Hillywd. Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake Evelyn Winters
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Red Benson Movie Show Heart's Desire	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	Misc. Programs Johnson Family Misc. Programs Two Ton Baker	Second Honeymoon Treasury Band Show	Hint Hunt Winner Take All
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Adventure Parade Capt. Midnight Superman Tom Mix	The Green Hornet Sky King	Treasury Bandstand The Chicagoans Alka Seltzer Time

## EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Sketches in Melody Sunoco News	Local Programs	Local Programs	Eric Severeid Of Men and Books Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World Art Van Damme Quintet	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date News Inside Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis Final Edition	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30	Aldrich Family Burns and Allen	Talent Jackpot Better Half Quiz	Abbott and Costello To Be Announced	The F.B.I. In Peace and War Mr. Keen
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:55	Al Jolson Show Dorothy Lamour	Gabriel Heatter Radio Newsreel Revere Revue Bill Henry	Child's World	Suspense Crime Photographer
10:00 10:15 10:30	Screen Guild Theatre Fred Waring Show	Family Theatre Dance Orch.	Local Programs	Hallmark Playhouse First Nighter



**CATHY LEWIS**—who plays the role of Jane in My Friend, Irma, was doing small parts in motion pictures and not getting anywhere when a CBS producer encouraged her to try radio. She did, and was a success in shows such as Suspense and Sam Spade. Now, married to Elliott Lewis, the two, busy as they are as an acting team, double as a writing team, too.



**DONALD VOORHEES**—silver-haired conductor on NBC's Telephone Hour is known among the trade as a "musician's musician," and has attracted to his orchestra some of the finest instrumentalists in the country. His hobby is raising Scotch terriers, of which at one time he had 150; he often acts as judge at dog shows in New York City.

# F R I D A Y

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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 Arthur Godfrey
10:45	The Brighter Day			
11:00 11:15 11:30	This Is Nora Drake We Love And Learn Jack Berch	Passing Parade Victor H. Lindlahr Gabriel Heatter's Mailbag	Kay Kyser Ted Malone	Grand Slam
11:45	Lora Lawton	Minute Quiz	Kiernan's Corner	Rosemary

## AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15	The Betty Harris Show	Kate Smith Speaks Kate Smith Sings	Welcome Travelers	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny
12:30 12:45	Words and Music	Luncheon At Sardi's	Maggi McNellis	Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Milton Katim's Show Robert McCormick Jack Kilty	Cedric Foster Happy Gang Checkerboard Jamboree	Bill Baukhage Nancy Craig	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Today's Children Light of the World	Queen For A Day Golden Hope Chest	Bkfst. in Hillywd. Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake Evelyn Winters
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Red Benson Movie Show Heart's Desire	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	Misc. Programs Johnson Family Misc. Programs Two Ton Baker	Second Honeymoon Treasury Band Show	Hint Hunt Winner Take All
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Adventure Parade Capt. Midnight Superman Tom Mix	Challenge of the Yukon Jack Armstrong	Treasury Bandstand The Chicagoans Alka Seltzer Time

## EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	News Sketches in Melody Sunoco News	Local Programs	Local Programs	Eric Severeid Report from the United Nations Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Henry J. Taylor Inside of Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis Lone Ranger	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30	Cities Service Band Of America Jimmy Durante Show	Great Scenes From Great Plays Leave It to the Girls	The Fat Man This Is Your FBI	Jack Carson Show Mr. Ace and Jane
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Eddie Cantor Show Red Skelton Show	Gabriel Heatter Radio Newsreel Lionel Hampton Show	Break the Bank The Sheriff	Ford Theatre
10:00 10:15 10:30	Life of Riley Sports	Meet the Press Dance Orch.	Boxing Bouts	Everybody Wins, Phil Baker Spotlight Revue



# S A T U R D A Y

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

## AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00	Arthur Barriault	Magic Rhythm	Junior Junction	Theatre of Today
12:15	Public Affairs			Grand Central Station
12:30			American Farmer	
12:45	Coffee in Congress	This Week in Washington		
1:00	Nat'l Farm Home	Smoky Mt. Hayride	Maggi McNellis,	County Fair
1:15			Herb Sheldon	Give and Take
1:30	Edmond Tomlinson		Piano Playhouse	
1:45	Report From Europe			
2:00	Music For The Moment	Time For Melody	Football	Stars Over Hollywood
2:15		Music, Opera		Football
2:30				
2:45				
3:00		Dell Trio		Football
3:15				
3:30	Local Programs	Music		
3:45				
4:00		Music		Football
4:15				
4:30	Local Programs	Charlie Slocum	Local Programs	
4:45		First Church of Christ Science		
5:00		Take A Number	Tea and Crumpets	Chuck Foster's
5:15				Orch.
5:30		True or False	Melodies to Remember	Make Way For Youth
5:45	Lassie Show		Dorothy Guldheim	

## EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	Peter Roberts	Dance Orchestra		News from Washington
6:15	Art of Living			Memo From Lake Success
6:30	NBC Symphony			Saturday Sports Review
6:45			Jack Beall	Larry Lesueur
7:00		Hawaii Calls	Treasury Bond Show	
7:15				
7:30	Vic Damone, Hollace Shaw	Robert Hurlleigh	Famous Jury Trials	Camel Caravan with Vaughn Monroe
7:45		Mel Allen		
8:00	Hollywood Star Theatre	Twenty Questions	Johnny Fletcher	Sing It Again
8:15				
8:30	Truth or Consequences	Stop Me If You've Heard This One	The Amazing Mr. Malone	
8:45				
9:00	Your Hit Parade	Life Begins at 80	Gang Busters	Winner Take All
9:15				
9:30	Judy Canova Show		What's My Name?	It Pays To Be Ignorant
9:45				
10:00	Day in the Life of Dennis Day	Theatre of the Air	Whiz Quiz With Johnny Olsen, M.C.	Hometown Reunion
10:15			Hayloft Hoedown	
10:30	Grand Ole Opry			National Guard Military Ball



**BARBARA LUDDY**—might have been a professional singer instead of the top-notch radio actress on First Nighter (Thursdays, CBS) if her voice hadn't failed her when she was eleven. Barbara is so small (all of 4'10") that she needs a box to reach the mike when playing with any tall actors.

# It's Here!



Genuine FM set at \$29.95, Emerson's 602 is a real find.

If you are wary of make-shift or "super-egen" receivers, hie yourself to the nearest radio store and listen to the excellent tone quality and wide range of pitch of the Emerson 602—the lowest-priced FM set on the market. This handsome table

model goes under the name of the "Conqueror" and retails for only \$29.95. Its good looks and fine reception make it a real find for lovers of good music.



At last: portable TV and a 54" screen—the Olympic "Duplicator."

Most unusual of the recent developments in television is the Olympic "Duplicator." The "Duplicator" is nothing more nor less than portable television. By connecting the portable set to the master teleset, you can duplicate the picture and sound in any room in the house or in every room in the house. The "Duplicator" is completely automatic with only an on/off control and a 54" screen in a mahogany cabinet. Because of the un-

complicated wiring connections it can be easily moved from one part of the room to the other when you feel the urge to shift the furniture around.

In 1938, the Wilcox-Gay company introduced the Wireless record player, and now 10 years later the company announces a new Wireless player for "Micro groove" recordings—the new 33 1/2 r.p.m. discs that have created such a furor in the record industry.

The Wilcox Gay Wireless instrument plays through any and all home radios without connecting cables. No tampering with radio wiring is necessary and there are no installation problems or expenses. One of the many features of this new instrument is its wide range response. The cost is only a modest \$29.95.



For your long-playing records: the Wilcox-Gay Micro-groove phonograph.



# Girl Going Places



Anne Whitfield, at 10, has behind her a career many a mature actress might envy, ahead of her a future that seems very close to limitless.

THREE years ago Anne Whitfield stepped up on a box before an already lowered mike in an NBC studio and said, "I want another slice of bread." It might make a better story to add that Anne was a hungry little waif who read the line, from experience, with great feeling but such was not the case. For rosy-cheeked Anne was a brand-new seven, a brand-new Californian, and a brand-new radio actress reading her first commercial.

Since that Sunday in September 1945, Anne has been on 450 radio shows; she has had seven running parts, has played eighteen leads, and supporting roles to most of Hollywood's radio and movie stars; and she has made guest appearances in Chicago, New York and the South.

Arriving in Hollywood in August 1945 without an acquaintance, personal or professional, and minus customary letters of introduction, Anne's story denies the well-worn show-business "You-have-to-know-somebody."

"In my naive fashion," her mother, Frances, now marvels, "we knocked on some pretty important doors."

Carlton Morse's opened in response to a letter Mrs. Whitfield had written the producer, and for an hour Anne read *Margaret's* lines from *One Man's Family* scripts while Mr. Morse looked impressed.

The following Sunday Anne asked for another slice of bread in the show's commercial; two Sundays later she became *Penny*, script-daughter of *Claudia* (Barbara Fuller) and *Nicholas* (Tom Collins). By the time the character of *Penny* was well established, Anne was playing three roles weekly in top NBC shows.

By Fall of 1946 Anne was being called for other shows. She played daughter Phyllis on the Phil Harris-Alice Faye Bandwagon; she was on Lux Radio Theater, Screen Guild, Family Theater and Cavalcade of America; and she learned a great deal from the variety of direction and the performances of the distinguished succession of stars in the shows.

The big secret of Anne's past, until the show went off the air, was her last season's portrayal of *Christopher Martin*, on NBC's daytime serial Dr. Paul. Anne replaced Henry Blair. A director who had noticed a similarity of voice quality when Anne and Henry appeared on a Red

Cross Show suggested her for the part. But Dr. Paul was not an audience show and Anne never disclosed the fact that she was *Chris* "Because he was a very nice little boy and I didn't want people thinking he was a sissy!"

On *Doorway to Life*, Anne was also occasionally cast as a very small boy. And *Doorway*, with its succession of neurotic children in featured roles, became Anne's favorite show because, she admits, like any other actor, "my parts were always fatter and I got to yell and scream and cry!"

Anne's favorite running role, which she proudly remembers as her "heavy," was *Pamela Richardson*, the banker's (Alan Reed) snobbish daughter on *Baby Snooks*.

Long rehearsals hold no weariness for Anne. Her sensitive ear is pricked for inflection, timing and voice quality. Most of the dialects she has learned from listening to grown-up actors during rehearsals. If her part is small, she sometimes knits as she listens . . . "Argyle sox, like the big actresses make."

On one occasion Anne pulled a tooth just three minutes before air-time for the Jack Carson Show because she had a fast-talking mouthful of words to get out all in one breath and the tooth was so loose she became afraid it might "wobble." And once she was written out of *Cavalcade of America* because she was supposed to sing with Robert Young, but Bob felt silly singing in his role as editor of the *New York Times* and ordered the change.

Anne thinks radio is wonderful, the most de luxe brand of playing make-believe, and it's such grand fun wondering what kind of little girl—or boy—the next show's script will call for. She loves to double and ad lib, but she prizes a tag line or a lead as would any seasoned trouper! Now ten, and in the sixth grade, Anne attends Rosewood Avenue Public School, and Sunday School at the First Baptist Church of Los Angeles. She likes to ride and skate and play with her cat, "Parky" and Cocker, "Asa." Her current hobby is a butterfly collection, and she speaks authoritatively on the subject, mentioning six-syllable names and tracing life cycles glibly. Rare specimens from friends and fans over the country receive special attention in mounting and classifying; but her most cherished ambition is to "raise my own butterflies from caterpillars."





Mrs. Astor's beautiful skin has the clear, smooth look of faultless grooming

Mrs.  
Ellen Tuck Astor

You see her, and you feel the special quality of her charm. For her lovely face brings you the glamour, and distinction, and warm responsiveness that are so much a part of her inmost self.

So much that is *You* speaks for you in your face. It is the out-going expression of your inner self—the you that others see first—and the you they remember best. Do help your face, then, to look clear and bright and lovely—so it can express you happily.

She  
uses POND'S!

*"To my mind — there is just no better face cream,"*  
Mrs. Astor says

**YOUR FACE** has a fascinating way of telling the story of *You*. And—your face is what *you* make it! Never let your skin lose its soft color, get a grayed look. *Always* at bedtime (for day cleansings, too) do this "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment with your Pond's Cold Cream. *This is the way:*

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

See your face *now!* It looks and feels *re-made!* So clean and rosy! So *very* soft!

Literally, this Pond's "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment acts on both sides of your skin. *From the Outside*—Pond's Cold Cream wraps around surface dirt, as you massage—sweeps it *cleanly* away, as you tissue off. *From the Inside*—every step quickens beauty-giving circulation.

It's not just vanity to develop the beauty of your face. *Look lovely* and it slips over into how you think and feel and act. It gives you a happy confidence—brings the real Inner *You* closer to others.



Pond's—used by more women than any other face creams. Today—get this favorite *big*, dressing-table size of Pond's Cold Cream.



# A Heart as Big as His Nose

(Continued from page 27)

qert fum Shakespeah, a nose smells as good wid any utter name."

Those were the thin days, but not for long. In a few months word spread throughout New York of the new comedian who was rolling them out of their chairs. The paying customers came—and also the moochers.

The moochers lined up at the stage door every night, but Jimmy wouldn't let us send them away. They always got a few dollars, sometimes five, sometimes twenty-five. Jimmy's big heart became as famous as his nose and each night the handout line got longer. Sometimes there were twenty men with outstretched hands. It became big business for the bums and, I am told, a few of them even incorporated and began to file tax reports. It wasn't uncommon for a tramp to slide up to a buddy and whisper, "I'll take you where you can get a few bucks but you got to split with me."

They all came to Durante and they're still coming. When it's a worthwhile cause, he lays out his cash and heart.

And in all of these many years of success, he has thrived on work and help for the other guy. His vacations come in snatches and for him they are days to relax and rest. But even a cruise or fishing trip is decided on the spur of the moment without planning or regard to consequences.

Back in 1931, Jimmy was staying at his now famous Suite 472 in the Hotel Astor. As he walked through the lobby and passed the travel bureau, he became entranced by a huge diagram on the wall.

"What's dat?" he asked the clerk.

"That's a pleasure ship. It makes a three day cruise to Bermuda."

"Plesha ship! Fuh how much?" Jimmy asked.

"Well, the minimum rate is \$85," the clerk said.

"Whaddye get fuh \$85 minimum?"

Gleaming with salesmanship, the clerk said, "For the minimum you get nice rooms with real luxury."

"Enough chit about chat," Jimmy

said. "Gimme six tickets, minimum."

"The ship leaves in three hours," the clerk said.

"Okay, okay," Jimmy shrugged.

He called Jack Roth, his sister who has two kids, and me. He told us all, "Meet me in t'ree hours at the pier." That's all he said. Three hours later we all arrived.

"We're goin' on a plesha trip," he announced. "T'ree days minimum."

Up the gangplank we went without baggage, without a change of clothes or even the humble toothbrush. Jimmy showed his tickets to one of the stewards and was directed to a gangway. We began descending to our cabins. One flight, two flights, six flights—all down. Finally, we found our quarters. The rooms were so small only one of us could walk in at a time. It was so hot I could smell the rubber burning in my suspenders.

"So dis is strickly minimum," Jimmy said and angrily stomped up the gangway.

"Send me duh poiser," Jimmy told a steward and dropped into a deck chair.

When the purser arrived, he greeted Jimmy like a long lost brother.

"Mr. Durante, would you mind singing a few songs for the passengers during the voyage?" he asked.

"Foist, I wanna see anudder cabin," Jimmy said. "Now youse got me sleepin' in da closet."

He walked off with the purser and when he came back, he was all smiles.

"We got da King's soot," he announced proudly. "Yuh press a button and everyting falls in."

It was on that trip he discovered the ocean didn't agree with him. When the sea got a little rough, he retired disgruntled to his bunk. That was the last voyage we took for five years.

In the meantime, Jimmy rapidly rose to the top layer of the entertainment field. And with stardom in big theaters, musical comedies, radio and Hollywood, we began to hop, skip and slide all over the world.

But what happened to us in our

travels not only shouldn't happen to a dog but often does.

In 1936, we took the act to England, Ireland, Scotland and Italy. Outside of a few shaky moments, Jimmy's stomach held up crossing the Atlantic. But from England we had to cross the Irish Sea and open in Dublin.

When we boarded the ship and found our stateroom, there was a bucket next to each berth.

"Izzit gonna be rough?" Jimmy asked, paling.

"The Irish Sea is always rough," Jack Roth said, and kicked his bucket aside. "But I never get seasick."

"Yer revoltin'," Jimmy said.

"I got sea legs," Roth told him.

Jimmy dropped dolefully on his bunk murmuring, "I wisht I got dem seedy legs."

The next morning when the ship began to pitch, he pulled the blankets up to his neck, glaring as Roth and I went off to breakfast.

**R**OTH joked about Jimmy as we drank our juice. The ship was rising and falling underneath us. But when our eggs got to the table, Roth shut up. I looked at him. The color was draining from his cheeks.

"Excuse me," he said suddenly and dashed out of the dining room.

I followed and by the time he got to the cabin his face was as green as St. Patrick's Day. Jimmy poked his head out of the blanket in time to see Roth dive for one of the buckets.

"Gettin' seedsick, Jack?" he asked gleefully.

Roth, the hardy seaman, wouldn't give in.

"It's just nerves," he said. "I didn't sleep well last night."

We got a grand reception in Dublin and packed the house at every performance. After one show, some members of the renowned Dublin Players called in Jimmy's dressing room.

For two hours they talked to Jimmy, intellectualizing about the modern theater and interpreting his performance in three-syllable words, minimum. Jimmy floundered, smiling and nodding his head. When they left, he dropped back on the couch, exhausted.

"My flabber is gasted, Eddie," he said. "Wuz dey knockin' or praisin' me?"

The next step was Glasgow. The Scots loved Jimmy and one night Harry Lauder, the Scottish comedian, was in the theater. He came up on the stage and got into the act. Then he invited Jimmy to his castle. There, two of the world's greatest comedians put on a five-star performance, playing their own songs for each other.

Scotsmen, like all the rest, spotted Jimmy for his kind heart. There was the cab driver who appeared in his room one morning and explained that a bunch of kids had broken his window when he was hauling Jimmy from the theater. The new window cost him fifteen shillings. Jimmy not only paid him in full for the window but also made up the half day's work that the driver lost while the cab was being repaired.

Jimmy's heart's so big that it's a wonder he has the strength to carry it around. And when people do something for him, he falls over himself showing his appreciation.

Take the party he threw for newspapermen in London. For most enter-

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tainers it's standard practice in New York or Hollywood or London to set up a cocktail party for the press before a show opens. Jimmy didn't stop there. Because the reporters were so enthusiastic about his act at the Palladium, he took over a ballroom when the show closed and staged a shindig that is remembered to this day.

The party wasn't without its humorous climax. Several days later when we were on a train in Italy, Jimmy turned to me, his bosom heaving with pride.

"Dem London reporters sure appreciated dat party," he said, clucking his tongue. "Pernt yer eyes at dese Italian papers."

He pushed the newspapers at me. Neither one of us could read Italian but there was the name of Durante on the front page, the inside columns and even on the comic page. Then he picked up another paper and we found the same thing again.

"It warms da cocktails of muh heart," he muttered, his eyes shining. "T'ink I'll amble."

Roth and I watched him strutting down the aisle, both of us pleased with the advance publicity. Suddenly Jimmy came tearing down the aisle.

"Get da engineer, da king, da president—anyone who kin speak English."

We found the conductor and Jimmy hurried him back to the washroom. The conductor was bewildered as Jimmy led him into the toilet. Printed on the wall was a notice in Italian that began, "Durante . . ."

"What's da woid Durante mean?" Jimmy demanded.

"Durante means during," said the conductor in broken English. "The words on the wall say, 'During the time the train is in the station, do not—'"

"Stop! Dat's enough," Jimmy screamed and collapsed in violent laughter.

JIMMY allows himself one big prejudice, but it's not against man. It's airplanes. When he sees a ship overhead, he stares at it with deep distrust, with the look of a man who doesn't believe his eyes and anytime at all expects the plane to crash at his feet. With Jack Roth and me it's pari-mutuel. We concur with Jimmy one hundred percent.

But on two different occasions he persuaded himself to fly. Five years ago he had to make a hurried trip to New York. Trembling, he got on the plane and happened to sit by the late Boake Carter.

"I ain't got no confidence in flyin'," Jimmy confided.

"Don't worry," Carter said. "A plane can do anything a bird can do."

"Yeah," Jimmy said. "Kin it take a bath inna saucer?"

Carter laughed, but when he saw Jimmy look out the window and wince, he realized his seat-mate wasn't kidding.

"Now, look, Jimmy," Carter said. "I've traveled over a hundred thousand miles by air. It's as safe as on the ground. Just as safe as if you were in a car."

"Tell me," Jimmy asked sadly, "if any'ing happens, kin dey fix a flat up here?"

Jimmy's second excursion by air occurred after we did our Friday night broadcast over NBC. We were in Ft. Worth and he was grumbling that it would take him three days by train to get back to Hollywood.

The afternoon we were to leave, he walked into his hotel room where Jack Roth and I were chatting. His eyes

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looked worried and his voice was strange.

"I might fly back," he said suddenly. Roth and I just looked at each other. "I boughta ticket," he screamed. "Dincha hear me?"

Roth shrugged his shoulders and looked at me.

"If you want to fly, Jimmy," I said, "that's your business. Count us out."

His voice became soft and plaintive. "Tell me, fellas, am I doin' da right 'ting?"

He didn't wait for an answer but walked to the window. He squinted up then clapped his hand to his head.

"Sky looks bad," he muttered. "Looks real bad."

He left the bright sunlight at the window and phoned the airport. He canceled his ticket then walked back to us.

"Maybe I wuz hasty," he said thoughtfully. "He sez da sky looks good at the field."

He picked up the phone and called the airport again.

"How's da sky now?" he asked. "Yer sure? . . . okay, I fly."

He dropped the phone again and walked over to the window. He stared along the horizon, his eyes squinting against the sun, then followed the same procedure at the other windows. Suddenly he threw up his hands.

"Looka da sky! Dere's a cloud," he screamed. "Da guy's crazy. What's he know about a sky?"

He called the airport again and canceled his ticket. Before departure time, he had canceled his reservation so often that he had to get the permission of a vice-president to board the plane.

But it was Jimmy's last air trip. A short time after they left Fort Worth, the plane began to make a huge circle.

"We're going back to Fort Worth," the hostess announced.

Jimmy grabbed her arm.

"Sump'n happen?" he asked anxiously.

"One of the engines is losing oil and we're flying on only one wing."

"Is dat serious?" Jimmy persisted. The girl smiled sweetly.

"If we get back to Fort Worth it isn't," she said.

So now we always travel by train. It's okay by us.

People respect Jimmy's honesty and sincerity, his work in charity, his entertainment during the war for soldiers and civilians. They pay tribute to him in many ways. Not only with scrolls and plaques but in the way they meet him and open up their homes for him. A couple of years ago, a publicist wanted to get Jimmy onto the field before the Yale-Harvard baseball game at New Haven. This is a day wrapped in tradition for Yale. All the old classes convene and parade in groups before the stand of the Yale President. When he was told that a Hollywood actor wanted to get into the ceremonies, President Seymour was polite but firm.

"Sorry," he said. "Against all tradition."

Then the publicist mentioned Durante's name.

"Now that's different," President Seymour said. "Durante can come up here anytime he pleases."

So Jimmy was made an honorary member of the Class of 1913. He marched in review with his "classmates." After the parade, President Seymour himself broke precedence by leading a cheer for the Class of 1913.

That Jimmy deserves all of this attention no one will dispute. He's one of the nicest guys in the world. But with his strong sense of humor, he's also a practical joker.

Take the night we were on a train to Dayton. He and Jack Roth and I had a drawing room. We'd had a long hard day and Roth fell asleep at once, snoring loudly as usual. When I fell asleep, Jimmy was lying on his berth, his eyes wide open. Suddenly something whacked my arm. It was Jimmy.

"Didja call me?" he asked. "I've been sleeping," I told him. Jimmy's eyes narrowed.

"Da trouble is youse guys ain't got a 'ting on yer mind. I do da worryin'," he said, then looked up at Roth. "Lissen to him snore. Like he's pullin' da whole train."

Jimmy jumped to his feet and shook Roth.

"Giddup," he shouted. "We're in Dayton."

"Gee, I didn't sleep a wink all night," Roth complained. "How soon will we be there?"

"Toity minutes," Jimmy said. Roth jumped out of his berth and began to slide into his clothes.

"I'll wait outside for you," he said and dragged his luggage and drums out of the room.

Jimmy snapped out the lights and crawled into bed and soon was sleeping peacefully. A few minutes later I heard a commotion outside our door.

"You got to get those bags out of the aisle," a porter was telling Roth.

"We're getting off at the next stop, Dayton," Roth explained.

There was a brief pause.

"We won't be in Dayton for seven hours," the porter said.

NEEDLESS to say, Roth didn't speak to either of us for several days. But no one can stay angry at Jimmy for long. A week later, Jimmy made it up by hauling Roth and myself off on a fishing trip.

Few people know that Jimmy's only hobby is fly fishing. He loves to cast and when his work allows, he'll drive hundreds of miles to fish for a few hours. One of his classic remarks was made when he and Billy Rose went out for trout.

"You gotta get an oily start," Jimmy reminded Rose.

Dutifully, Rose woke him at four o'clock in the morning and as they walked off into the woods it was still dark. Jimmy picked up a stick and began to beat every tree he passed.

"What's all the noise for?" Rose asked.

Jimmy glared and whacked another tree.

"When Durante's up," he said, "no bird sleeps."

Yes, Jimmy wants everyone in the act, even birds. What he has, he wants to share with everyone if possible. If he had Fort Knox in his hip pocket, I know he would build homes for every needy person. He's already made a good start in Beverly Hills. Near his own house, he's built homes for two nephews and myself, and his next project is a garage for Jack Roth. We call the community "Duranteville."

And even here in Beverly Hills, things begin to happen when Jimmy travels, although it may be only a ride around the block.

Last week we were working very hard on a radio script. At four in the morning we finally knocked off. How ever, Jimmy still had to be at his study early the next day. At eight in the morning, he stumbled out the front door, sleepy and groggy, and dropped into the back seat of a cab.

"Where to, Mr. Durante?" the cabb asked.

Jimmy half opened his eyes. "Drive me home," he mumbled.

The driver did a double take, looking from Durante to his house.

"But you are home, Mr. Durante," Jimmy opened his eyes, saw the morning sun streaming over his lawn.

"Gee," he said. "Dat wuz a short day."

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933, OF RADIO MIRROR published Monthly at Danellen, N. J., for October 1, 1948. State of New York. County of New York } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Meyer Dworkin, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Secretary of RADIO MIRROR and to the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form. To wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, Macfadden Publications, Inc., 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.; Editor, Fred R. Sammis, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Doris McFerran, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.; Secretary, Meyer Dworkin, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Macfadden Publications, Inc., 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock in Macfadden Publications, Inc.: Orr J. Elder, 187 Old Short Hills Road, Short Hills, N. J.; King & Co., c/o City Bank Farmers Trust Co., 22 William Street, New York 15, N. Y.; Henry Lieferant, 54 Riverside Drive, New York, N. Y.; Carl M. Loeb, Rhodes & Co., 61 Broadway, New York, N. Y.; (Mrs.) Elizabeth Machlin, 299 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Meyer Dworkin, 305 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.; (Mrs.) Margaret Machlin, Beaver Dam Road, Stratford, Conn.; O'Neill & Co., P. O. Box 28—Wall Street Station, New York, N. Y.; Joseph Schultz, 417 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Arnold A. Schwartz, c/o A. A. Whitford, Inc., 705 Park Avenue, Plainfield, N. J.; Charles H. Shattuck, 221 N. La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill.; Harold Wise, 11 Mamaronck Road, Scarsdale, N. Y.; Walston, Hoffman & Goodwin, 265 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif.

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5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is (This information is required from daily publications only.)

(Signed) MEYER DWORIN,

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 24th day of September, 1948.

(SEAL)

TULLIO MUCELLI,  
Notary Public, State of New York,  
County of Residence, Bronx, Bronx Co.  
No. 128, Reg. No. 90, N.O. Cert. filed in  
N. Y. Co., No. 530, Reg. No. 112-M.O.  
Commission expires March 30, 1950.



# Bringing Up the Boys

(Continued from page 33)

because. . ."

Yet there are times when even "No, because" will not serve. One must appeal to a child in such a way, I think, as to give the child a chance to reconsider, to change his mind and so avoid all disappointment.

We told David, "There is just one problem: where will you keep your horse?"

"In the garage," he said promptly.

Ozzie nodded. "And where would we put the manger and the watering trough, the feed bin and his harness? You know that a horse must be groomed. Who would curry and brush him every day? Who would put clean straw in his stall at night and pitch it out the next morning? Who would haul away the dirty straw, and where would you store his hay?"

David started to figure. The boys have been taught that they must be responsible for their own pets. Up until that moment, David had regarded a horse in an automotive light . . . free of some of the more exasperating habits of horses. Faced with facts, he quickly retracted.

A few nights later he said that he had decided no one who didn't have a farm should own a horse . . . wouldn't be fair to the animal.

We agreed.

He was very happy with the bicycle he found under the Christmas tree. He could shoe it himself.

**E**ACH of the boys earns his own pocket money. David is paid \$1.00 per week to dust the car every morning, and on Saturday he can earn an extra fifty cents for washing the car. We have tried our best to impress upon them that money is not something provided by a gracious Nature, like sunlight, but something for which human beings must exchange their time, their energies, and their skill.

Ricky earns his dollar per week by turning down the beds to air each morning, opening the blinds, and hanging up everything in his room and in David's. He does not feel the slightest resentment about cleaning up David's room as well as his own, because we have explained that the person for whom the work is done is not the important factor; what counts is that one has a duty and does it well. With their incomes the boys buy their own school pencils, their tablets, their comic books, and pay their way to the Saturday movie.

I know that there is a recurrent parental doubt about the wisdom of allowing children to read comic books. Ours read them and apparently enjoy them. In the first place, I think children are objective about such things. They feel only the excitement of action; they are not emotionally developed to the point where they realize that if forty Indians are dispatched by the U.S. Cavalry, forty squaws are left widows and at least forty papooses are left without a father.

Frankly, the things I read as a child were just as bloodthirsty. There was a lovely story about a girl who pretended to die by taking a sleeping potion. Her sweetheart stabbed himself beside her body; when she awakened from her nap, only to find her lover dead, she too committed suicide. Good gory tale. You probably recognize the fundamentals of "Romeo and Juliet." A classic.



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Then there was the wolf who ate grandmothers, the witch who was always turning princes into frogs, the ugly stepsisters who beat their little Cinderella and made her sleep in the fireplace, and the bramble hedge that strangled anyone who tried to reach Sleeping Beauty.

What do we read today? "The Naked and The Dead" by Norman Mailer, a magnificent book about the bloodiest war in history. Or "The Loved One" by Evelyn Waugh, which deals with mortuary provisions for the deceased. We live amid violence and death, horrible as the fact is, but I suppose we might as well be truthful about it.

Speaking of truthfulness, David learned—the hard way—that a falsehood always catches up with one. When we moved him from public school, which was overcrowded and a little difficult to reach from our place, to a tutoring school, we asked occasionally if he didn't have any home work to do.

"No," said David urbanely. "No home work."

TOWARD the end of the semester I called at school and was told that David's reading was such that he was going to have to go to summer session in order to move on with his class. The teacher said regretfully, "If only David had done his home work!"

Ozzie and I had a talk with David at the dinner table. We explained that he was going to have to go to summer school—while all his friends were free to enjoy themselves—simply because he had double-crossed himself by telling fibs.

"We aren't doing this to punish you," we explained. "We're sorry about it because we had planned a number of things for all four of us to do. Now, we just won't do them, so we're suffering as much as you are. It doesn't pay to fib out of things ever."

David said very little about it, studied diligently, and suggested that the three of us go on beach outings even when he knew that he had to be in school. We were certain he had learned his lesson, but to what extent we discovered when we overheard him coaching his younger brother one day.

Demanded David, "Why aren't you doing any homework these days?"

"Don't have any," answered Ricky with elaborate casualness.

"Look, I went through that," responded David. "I didn't do my home work and I lost a summer. Don't be as silly as I was. If you have something to do, you'd better do it instead of getting out of it by lying. It'll catch up with you sure."

Two days later, by sheer coincidence, Ricky had quite a bit of homework to do. He does it under his brother's approving eye. Frequently David joins him across a study table because David, also, has homework.

Our boys have been taught that waste is sinful. Ozzie and I believe that sheer squandering is the cause of much of the woe of the world.

The natural application of our principle in the home is the passing of David's clothing down to Ricky. I know, from conversations with my acquaintances, that hand-me-down clothing is usually resented in a family. We avoided any feeling of slight on Ricky's part by saying from the time he was a toddler, "When you are tall enough to wear David's tan cords, I believe he will give them to you."

Ricky's sense of partnership became so strong that he has always taken an active interest in his older brother's

wardrobe, and now has garments earmarked for inheritance long before David has outgrown them. Ricky's conviction of being the lucky heir apparent makes him critical of David's selections, of course, but we have found this to be a healthy situation.

Because we remember from our own childhood how terribly important it is for a child to be equipped, clothed, combed and even fed exactly like the child's friends are—or at least as he *thinks* his friends are—we have allowed the boys to select most of their own clothing without question. Many are the orange Mickey Mouse shirts and the windmill beanies which we have bought with fingers crossed. "He'll never wear it," Ozzie has muttered to me.

Usually the only things *not* worn out entirely were those which we, in a parental moment, decided would be "right" for a well-dressed fugitive from the Apaches.

There is one very important exception to this rule. Once in awhile a boy decides to acquire dignity. This happened to David. He fell in love with a mature-cut navy blue double-breasted suit, and nothing anyone could say would persuade him that he wouldn't be the junior world's answer to Lucius Beebe in it.

We bought it for him after having mentioned our misgivings.

Sunday he put on the new suit and went to Sunday school. When he came home he hurried to his room and took it off. At dinner he said, "The other kids don't wear suits like that. I felt funny."

The script for the children on our radio show (the parts played by actors) is constantly checked against our own pair for authenticity. There is a constant tide in the affairs of the young, and to miss it is to lose the authority of a natural force. For instance, two years ago the very-young generation was expressing approval by saying, "Super." A year ago it was "neat." The jury is still out on this year's superlative.

Ozzie usually reads that part of the script in which the kids appear to David and Ricky. Feeling that something was wrong, but not knowing exactly what, Ozzie asked David one night, "What do you think ails the dialogue?"

David shook his head. "I don't know, Pop," he said. "It's *your* show." And he walked away, wearing a smile of indulgent amusement.

As a matter of fact, the boys and I frequently regard Mr. Nelson with bewildered delight. We have reason.

Take, for instance, the way in which he handles his cash. He is not careless, really. He always—by osmosis, I suspect—knows exactly how much money he has. But he carries it crash-dive fashion. That is, the instant he lays hand on a bit of currency, he crumples it into a small green ball and slides it

into his pocket. . . . *any* pocket.

I never send a suit of Ozzie's to the cleaner without going through every pocket and emerging far richer.

Even with this waste-basket method of handling our petty cash, Ozzie frequently runs out of crumpled bills . . . particularly if we have just decided that there is a movie we must see. Our next move is simple: we dash to the closet and start a search through Ozzie's clothing. Here is a remarkable fact: we have always unrumpled enough money to take us to a picture, or to do anything else we had in mind. It's a wonderful system and I don't quite see how it works—but I'm glad it does.

Considering the provocation, I am remarkably restrained in my teasing of Ozzie about his haphazard currency habits. That's because he has something to worry *me* about.

For some reason I don't seem to be able to keep my date book accurately. I always write down the exact dates, places and names, but more often than not something goes wrong.

ONE Saturday night Ozzie was laboring over the Sunday script and I was patching a pair of Ricky's shorts. The telephone rang and when I answered the forlorn accents of one of my best friends, Ginger Rogers, demanded, "Have you forgotten my dinner party?"

She was giving a formal dinner honoring Bennett Cerf, to be served at eight, to eight persons, presumably including the Nelsons. We fell into formal clothing and arrived at the Briggs' home about ninety minutes late. Ginger forgave me.

Several weeks later Ozzie and I thrust ourselves into our formal attire and set out for the home of Dick and Sherry Burger where—according to my date book—a fancy party was being given. When we arrived there wasn't a car parked on the street, and only the den appeared to be lit.

"I'm certain this is the right address," I wailed to Ozzie. However, we drove to the nearest drug store and I telephoned. Dick assured me that the address I had for them was correct.

"By the way, what happened to you and Ozzie last week? We kept expecting you all evening," he said.

This sort of thing fills me with the most horrible uncertainty. My friends probably think me addle-pated when I insist upon being told the day of the week, the date of the month, and the hour at which an affair is scheduled.

Ozzie's attitude is always benevolent. "Sometimes I feel as if I were bringing you up, right along with David and Ricky," he says.

This startled me somewhat because I usually have the impression that it is I who am bringing up Ozzie, David and Ricky.

And I would like to add that it is a vast and ticklish job.

## Matinee Idol, 1949

(Continued from page 46)

was new to me, as in motion pictures the actor seldom if ever looks directly into the camera."

Lovely Anne Gwynne plays John's fast-talking secretary in the series, and the one hundred and three players who make appearances include names like Beulah Bondi, Lina Romay, Mary Beth Hughes, and Evelyn Ankers, among others. No expense was spared to make the series technically and artistically perfect, and it is said that prospective sponsors will have to hand over an extremely pretty penny for each half-hour episode.

Does John Howard believe in the future of television? The answer is obvious—he has just formed his own TV film production company with Bill Brighton. They call themselves Telamerica Productions. So now we'll look forward to the private productions of the Public Prosecutor.



# My Husband, Todd Russell

(Continued from page 57)

from the middle west was chosen to appear on the broadcast because she needed money to help her baby, born blind and deaf. An operation, to be performed in New York at a cost of a thousand dollars, seemed the only hope. Todd was wonderful with her and she answered the five questions correctly, winning the maximum amount of \$800. We were all thrilled. Todd told me later that before she had finished, a long distance call came to the studio from a man in California who offered to pay for the entire operation, no matter what the cost.

People are wonderful like that. Many of them send money to help contestants whose cases interest or touch them deeply. Dollar bills pour in from all over the country, and fives and tens are not unusual. A man in Georgia heard a woman who needed money to visit her veteran husband, hospitalized near his city, and wrote to say that he and his wife would be happy to have her and her little girl as their guests during her visit.

THE real life stories we hear on the program and in the thousands of letters that come in have made us realize what a difference a little money can make. There was one motherly old soul who showed Todd how she had to eat with a broken lower plate held together with wads of chewing gum. It may have sounded amusing to some listeners but a new plate was terribly important to her. She had worked and scrimped and saved for three years but the hundred dollars or so it would cost was still way out of reach. When she won more than was needed Todd beamed all over.

(And "all over" covers a lot of territory when you're talking about my husband—he is six foot one and is slowly getting his weight down from 225 to a possible 200—when I hide the dessert from him.)

So many things can come along unexpectedly to throw a family off financially, we have learned. There was the young couple who had no home and had been living in a trailer which burned up with all their possessions, including the robe for the baby's christening that day. The insurance payment was a few days overdue and they weren't sure they were still covered. All they had saved was their car, cut away from the trailer just in time, and the baby's crib.

There was the woman whose family had a series of accidents and illnesses and who brought the eviction notice her landlord had just sent her. When she won \$500 the audience was with her every word of the way.

"Was she as nice as she sounded?" was the first thing I asked Todd that night. He called that "Edna's No. 1 question"—I always ask it when I specially like a contestant's voice. Sometimes I form a picture of what the person looks like and find I'm completely off. The man whose wife was expecting quadruplets had such a big voice I thought he was a big fellow like Todd. My husband described him as a swell little guy. I guessed that the woman with the rich, hearty laugh and the eleven children, eight of them foster-children, was a big motherly person, and for once I was right.

No matter how much contestants need the money, Todd won't slant his questions to them. When they get up

to answer, they are on their own, with no hints from him or help from the audience. "That's the only fair way," he reasons, "with \$800 at stake each time." He feels dreadful when a really worthy contestant loses, but can't do anything about it and still keep the show up to his standards. It's an interesting sidelight that studio audiences are more apt to stay with the contestant who doesn't throw away chances too recklessly.

An average of five people have an opportunity to get on the air every broadcast, and surprisingly enough, some of the most wonderful and dramatic stories have been found right in that night's studio audience. Of course, every letter that comes in is carefully read and judged, and if any of the twelve judges finds a letter of particular interest it is read by Todd and the owner-producer of the show, Walt Framer. The writer is interviewed, and if the story is on the level the interviewee is apt to get on the air.

Sometimes the reasons for wanting to Strike It Rich may seem trivial to others, but be all-important to the letterwriter. On one of the early broadcasts Todd was undecided about a woman who wanted to be on the program because the family needed a new dining room suite. I told him I thought other women would understand and be happy for her if she won enough to re-furnish her room. We all rooted for the securities clerk who wanted to hand out dollar bills to a breadline that formed every morning in front of a church he passed on his way to the office. He said he had known what it was like to be broke and hungry and he wanted to give those fellows an unexpected treat some morning. He played it safe and won \$230 out of the possible \$800, added \$20 of his own to make an even \$250, and asked Todd to meet him next morning and let him prove his request had been strictly on the level. My husband got a lot of satisfaction watching those faces as each man was handed a dollar bill.

LETTERS have come from far and near, thanking Todd for help the program has given them. A young Egyptian was stranded in this country because of his country's currency restrictions, and escaped deportation by winning enough to book passage before the immigration authorities' deadline. His thanks were reiterated all the way from Alexandria, Egypt.

The program isn't all serious or even dramatic, as regular listeners know. For instance, there was the young fellow who belonged to what his gang dubbed a "Lazy Man's Club." They needed money to have the clubroom redecorated, but it was against the rules to work for it. (In a world where most people have to work for what they get, I suppose this was their final adolescent protest before they had to meet life on its own terms.)

This lad walked up on the stage so indolently and looked so relaxed that Todd asked him right away if the club members hadn't been worried about the effort he would have to make to be on the show. The boy answered that they all figured the only physical effort would be walking up to the mike, so they guessed that wouldn't be too much. At this, Todd had a chair brought out for him, and the audience howled.



Those **BAD DAYS**  
CAN BE **GOOD DAYS**

# MIDOL

RELIEVES FUNCTIONAL  
**PERIODIC PAIN**  
CRAMPS-HEADACHE-"BLUES"

PERSONAL SAMPLE—In plain envelope.  
Write Dept. N-19, Room 2500,  
1450 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.



"What a DIFFERENCE  
Midol makes"

RELIEVES CRAMPS  
EASES HEADACHES  
CHASES "BLUES"





There is nothing lazy about my husband—he has been a hustler ever since he combined grade school and piano practice well enough to win a medal in a music competition. There is just one luxury he goes for, breakfast in bed, and he gets it every Sunday. He's a guy who likes his coffee before he shaves. His only attempts at cookery are ham and eggs, and he does those up brown.

He really couldn't be lazy and remain such a perfectionist. Even when he was doing record shows he planned his programs down to the last disc. You may not know that announcers on small shows usually pick their own records, and it's quite a chore to make selections for an all-day show. Todd always knew just which one he wanted to start off with and finish with, and all the steps in between. He was studying radio technique all the time. We did post mortems on the programs we heard, discussed how they could be improved, where they sagged, why some broadcasts went over better than others. He was always learning something new about his job.

Once, in the early days, when Tommy Dorsey played as a guest with a band Todd was announcing, he asked Todd if he was more used to announcing record shows. "Maybe you're a little nervous about this," Tommy suggested. "Well, I am—a little," my husband confessed. Then Tommy advised Todd, "You do your announcement in the same way, whether it's a record or a live show. When you announce a record you tell who did the arrangement, you say whether or not I play a solo, and so forth. You do the same thing now. There's no difference."

"Sensational advice," Todd says, that kept him from ever being worried again about the form of his announcements.

Todd and I met when I was seventeen and he was twenty. He was president of our Young People's Society in the church we both attended. Todd was born in Manchester, England and I in Toronto, Canada, but our paths came together at this church in Hamilton, Ontario, though we had not been formally introduced until the minister cast us both in a play given by the Society. When Todd joined the young people's group one of his friends had cautioned: "Look out; that's where I met my wife." Todd had laughed, because he was still in school and trying to get a foothold in business, and wasn't thinking of marrying for a long time. He was easily the most popular boy in

the church and I had admired him secretly for a long time

In the play he was my husband, and before we finished the circuit of our own church and nearby churches where we gave performances, we fell in love.

Todd went to work for a furrier, learning to be a nailer, which meant he worked on the stretching and drying boards to which pelts are nailed. The constant nailing and pulling of the furs made callouses on his fingers and his piano teacher said his concert ambitions would be jeopardized if he continued. Maybe it was a put-up job—he was bored to tears with the work—but he won't admit it, even today, if it was. Anyhow, his parents agreed he ought to quit the fur business and he settled down in a minor clerkship for a big steel corporation.

Just before the depression struck hard and relieved him of his duties in steel, he had begun to get interested in popular music and was doing more and more piano-playing stunts with dance bands. He did vocal solos too—I wish he were doing some singing now, because he has a romantic voice. When I tell him it's something like Russ Columbo's he laughs. He won't perform at all, except on a stage, and is probably the quietest person at a party, especially a big one where he doesn't know many people.

While Todd was working with a dance band the bass fiddle player told him he was selling insurance on the side and making quite a tidy sum extra. "You would make a doggone good salesman," he said to Todd one day. "Why don't you try your hand at insurance?" Todd figured it would be a good idea made an appointment with the insurance manager, and was on his way to keep it when he bumped into a friend who managed a radio station. The friend said, "I'm on my way to the studio to conduct auditions for a new master of ceremonies. Say, maybe you would like to try out for it." Todd had never thought of any such thing, but there he was, with one of those split-second decisions to make. He decided the insurance would always be there, and the audition would not.

The payoff was that while the show for which Todd auditioned never came off, they made Todd an announcer as a result of the test. The regular announcer wasn't doing as well as expected, so they put Todd in his place. In those days he worked fourteen hours a day for \$15 a week, less than he got with dance bands, but he felt he was

building a more solid future. After all, we had been engaged five years and now we wanted to marry and make a home of our own.

That first week on the air he shouted all his lines into the microphone and wherever he rested his hands he left a little pool of perspiration from nervousness. I remember on one of his first day's broadcasts he did the foreign newscast perfectly, pronouncing all the names carefully, but when he got to the five minutes of domestic news his tongue twisted and he talked about "John McCormack, the great Irish terrier." It was an understandable slip, but the telephone rang and the mail bulged with demands for apologies. Todd made them, wherever he could. Some time later, in giving a tobacco commercial, he rushed to the microphone after listening to a record he was planning to use, and breathlessly asked, "Men, do you smike a pope?"

AFTER a while Todd was conducting Community Sings on the air and having a wonderful time doing it. Music is in his bones, and he has some good ballads and rhythm tunes ready for publication now. Did I say good? He wrote both words and music, and I think they're sensational. He knows quite a bit about art too, because many of our Canadian friends are artists. We "do" the wonderful New York art galleries whenever we can find time, are baseball and hockey fans, and small-towney enough to enjoy picnics—especially for two. Todd likes the theater, some movies—and visits to broadcasts. Quiz shows would be too much of a busman's holiday for him, but Art Linkletter is the exception. Top programs with Todd are Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts, Fibber McGee and Molly, Bing Crosby—and the fights on television.

His first quiz show came his way in Canada, and when we came to New York in 1945 (we had been married seven years then) he stepped into the Double or Nothing quizmaster spot after an announcing stint on another show. It was a natural transition, because Double or Nothing was the first Canadian quiz program he emceed.

Then along came Walt Framer with his Strike It Rich show, which appealed to Todd immediately. We planned a wonderful motor trip before he would plunge into his new job. We were going to Canada, and have a picnic every day if we wanted to. What we got was just one Sunday off between the old and new assignments.

Right now we are looking for two things: a New York apartment and a cocker spaniel to take the place in our hearts left empty by Rusty and Mugsy, the two we had to leave in Canada. Rusty got his name from his color, but Mugsy was tagged for Mugsy Spanier, the trumpet player. It happened this way: We brought her home, a scared puppy, put her down on the living room floor and turned on the radio. Mugsy Spanier's fine trumpet work came through the loudspeaker at that moment, and our spaniel whimpered.

"That's her name," we both shouted. "Mugsy Spanier."

We love dogs so much that we talk of retiring some day with two special friends of ours to raise cockers. Todd has another "some day" idea too. He wants to write songs, so he can travel anywhere and everywhere for inspiration, and not be rooted to any one place. Meanwhile, he wouldn't change his job for any other kind.

## listen to "GRAND OLE OPRY"

every Saturday night over NBC

Hear Red Foley sing his famous folk ballads.

Read the story of Red Foley's life in the January issue of

## TRUE STORY

magazine complete with full-color autographed photograph.





# What's New from Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 11)

show we'll certainly remember you." Mills filed the letter away with his other souvenirs and thought little more about it. The pay-off? Felix Mills does the music for the new half-hour Lum and Abner show.

Guy Lombardo certainly gave us some surprising news the other day. Guy says that musically speaking New York is a world unto itself. Very often the songs being sung and whistled by the citizens of the big city don't find much favor in the rest of the country. As a result, a hit song becomes a hit after being "discovered" by people in the midwest, west, south or north. On the other hand, Guy tells us, some of the biggest hit songs—if you're going to judge by record and sheet music sales that reach the sky—never become popular with New York listeners and dancers.

Arthur Godfrey is the kind of man you'd expect almost anything to happen to—and it does. Now, it comes out that there's a horse in the Gene Autry Rodeo named after radio's red head and that said horse is a tough creature on whose back no cowboy has yet been able to remain the required ten seconds. Not the least disturbed by this dubious honor, Godfrey says, "I've got my eye on that prize money, and when it gets big enough, I'll send somebody over there who can handle that Arthur Godfrey—my wife!"

A member of Johnny Long's orchestra, who prefers to remain nameless, had a harrowing experience recently. He sent his shorts and shirts to the hotel laundry, marked "rush," because he was leaving the next day. When the parcel came, he put it unopened into his grip and climbed on the band's bus and left town. A few hundred miles later, in another hotel, he opened the parcel to find a woman's girdle and other delicate bits of feminine finery. If the lady who got a bundle of laundry containing shirts and shorts will write to Buddy Basch at 17 East 45 Street in New York City, she can have back what belongs to her.

The Red Cross recently awarded Minnie Pearl a citation for the work she's done this year in veterans' hospitals. The boys have given Minnie their own citation—the laughter of men for whom it is sometimes difficult to find things to laugh at.

Louise Erickson spent last summer touring Europe. She found out so many exciting things that she's negotiating with a national teen-age magazine to write her impressions of Europe in a series of articles.

Sweeney and March, who pinch-hit for Jack Carson last summer, will probably have their own show for a major sponsor around the first of the year. Can't understand why those two don't move faster to the top—they're among the funniest people on the air.

People sitting in movie theaters are used to watching all kinds of camera tricks that are used to get across to the audience the mood or action in a picture. But television audiences haven't yet learned to expect the unexpected,

as witness what happened recently when Tom de Huff, director of Hollywood Screen Test, a WJZ-TV show, used a fancy trick or two. The story called for someone to be knocked out, remain unconscious for a time, and then return to consciousness. To convey the feeling of the victim "coming to", de Huff produced a gray, fuzzy picture that cleared up gradually as the lad returned to normal—a device that's been used hundreds of times in the movies. But a dozen people phoned in while the show was being televised to find out whether the trouble was in the studio or in their video sets!

The geniuses behind the giveaway shows, having fallen heir to the audiences which once were the property of the comedians, are learning that, along with the lofty Hooperatings, they inherited also some of the comedians' occupational diseases. The producer of two of CBS's top giveaways recently spent an uncomfortable spell in the hospital being divorced from a brace of ulcers.

There has come to our attention a contest which should be of interest to all those connected with the writing end of radio. Called The National Five Arts Awards, the contest aims to stimulate creative writing in the U. S.—by a total of prize money amounting to \$100,000!—and provide production for the best scripts received. It is open to anyone with two dollars—the entry fee for the first manuscript submitted. (For each one thereafter, it is one dollar.) For further information and entry blank, contact The National Five Arts Awards, Inc., 715 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y.

GOSSIP AND STUFF . . . . Marion Hutton (not to be confused with sister Betty) in the new Marx Brothers pic, "Love Happy," which hits the nation's theaters just about when you'll be reading this . . . . More Marx Data—Frank Sinatra and Groucho Marx will be doubling from radio into a picture together at RKO this winter . . . . Eve Arden will be Danny Kaye's leading lady in the Warner Brothers' film, "Happy Times," which makes us plenty happy . . . . NBC is reported peddling a simultaneous AM-TV pickup for the NBC Symphony when Arturo Toscanini takes over the baton this winter. The series has been sustaining the past few years . . . . Arnold Moss, no stranger to radio listeners of top dramatic shows, has completed his second featured film role in the pic, "Reign of Terror" . . . . Wingy Manone has joined the roster of musicians trying to tell jazz fans what it's all about by authoring an autobiography, *Trumpet on the Wing* which is now on sale at all bookstores . . . . Gail and Harry Ingram, man-and-wife radio writing-directing-producing team have written a comedy based on the activities of a mythical radio network president and his staff. It's due to hit Broadway this season. Alfred N. Miller, ad agency exec, will produce . . . . CBS will hold the second nationwide television clinic in New York this January. One way to make developments in video move faster . . . . And so it's going to be a New Year and we hope there will be plenty that's really new about it—and good. Happy New Year and what are you doing to make it so?

**Joey of the Quiz Kids**  
N.B.C. SUNDAY AFTERNOON



Alka-Seltzer spells relief  
When nagging headaches  
Bring you grief.  
Alka-Seltzer does the trick  
Does it right  
And does it quick.

There's Nothing  
Quite Like  
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Next time you have a headache, take Alka-Seltzer for really fast relief! Remember, there is nothing quite like Alka-Seltzer. Here's why:

(1) Alka-Seltzer contains one of the world's most effective pain-relieving agents. (2) This pain-relieving agent is protected by valuable alkaline buffers for increased effectiveness. (3) Alka-Seltzer's fizzing effervescence speeds its pain-relieving action and so helps bring relief fast, pleasant relief.

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

**for HEADACHES**  
ACID INDIGESTION  
DISCOMFORT OF COLDS  
MUSCULAR ACHES and PAINS



**Fast RELIEF**  
ALKA-Seltzer



# Life Can Be Beautiful

(Continued from page 22)

## BATTLE OF THE BUDGET

Dear Papa David:

One morning not so long ago I dragged myself and my three toddlers into the grocery store for the weekly battle of budget versus prices. I was feeling haggard and harassed.

While I listlessly picked up dozens of this and pounds of that, I noticed a well-groomed and beautifully-dressed woman. Whereas I was getting large amounts of economical foods, she was picking up out-of-season and expensive bits of tasty things. I could tell by the size of her purchases that she must live alone. How I envied her those long leisure hours I knew she must have; her one-cucumber-two-tomatoes type of shopping; her pale pastel unruffled appearance.

Then I noticed that she was watching us, too. With a half-smile on her face she followed the children and me with her eyes. I was beginning to be very uncomfortable under her scrutiny while I wrestled with sacks and shooed the kids away from displays. I felt she was being very amused at my struggles, my stringy hair, the children's scuffed shoes.

So you can imagine my surprise when she walked over to the checker with her purchases and, nodding in my direction, said to him, "They're just like a picture—a mother and her little family." Then she sighed, "Family life is a wonderful thing."

The checker nodded absently. But the envy, the loneliness, the heartache that was in that woman's voice as she said those words made me want to cry. I looked around at my children's rosy, excited faces and I realized that this strange woman had given me a priceless thing—she had opened my eyes to the fact that I need never envy another woman her existence, for here in my own hands were the ingredients that go into making a beautiful life.

MRS. J. S.

## THE KIND OF HEART

Dear Papa David:

I was huddled in a chair in the oculist's waiting room, lonely, frightened, busy with my own troubles.

Suddenly a man rushed in, asking for the doctor. He was on his way to Washington, he explained, and on the train stop-over had dropped in to the corner drugstore for a cup of coffee just then, and had overheard the waitresses discussing one of the other girls who worked there and the operation that the oculist for whom I was waiting had offered to perform for her. This man had heard enough of the conversation to realize what a splendid thing the doctor was doing and, although he didn't know the girl, he wanted to add his bit by contributing enough money for room and board for the girl during the time she would have to be away from work.

The doctor told me later that he usually lunched in the drug store and had noticed the girl because her eyes were so crossed, that they badly disfigured her. He realized what a handicap this must be for a young girl. Learning that her parents had been recently killed and that she had no relatives and no money, he offered to operate without charge and straighten her eyes, provided she could pay the

hospital expenses. The other employees had that day collected the necessary money for those expenses.

I left the doctor's office with a tremendous surge of courage and happiness. We hear over and over that the only way to lasting happiness is by helping others but not until that day did I fully appreciate what that meant.

Mrs. B.P.F.

## GOOD WILL AMBASSADORS

Dear Papa David:

I wish your letters in RADIO MIRROR could be translated and distributed in Europe—they would make very good ambassadors!

I am a GI bride, born in Austria. I spent the first ten years of my life in a happy, carefree way, along with the rest of the people of my country, until suddenly in 1930-31 everything changed. Concentration camps, barbed wire, machine guns in the middle of town. My father spent most of his remaining years in a concentration camp or jail until he died. In 1938 I left for England, on my eighteenth birthday, two months before Hitler took Austria. My sixteen-year-old sister was sentenced to eighteen months in prison for working for the Underground; my brother had to join the Nazi army, and died there. I was put in an internment camp in England for ten months because I was an alien. All that worked on my mind. I didn't trust people. I wondered what was the use of living.

Then I met and loved and married my GI. I couldn't believe how different it was over here until I came to the United States with my year-old son. People over here think nothing of things like helping people less fortunate, of radio programs where people give for the fun of giving. It brings tears to my eyes, just reading or listening.

Each day I say a silent prayer of thanks for the chance to let my children grow up over here and be Americans!

H. T.

## NOTHING TO LOSE

Dear Papa David:

I had no home, no job, and less than two hundred dollars, when the doctor released me from the hospital after telling me that I suffered from a disease for which there is no cure. I was only twenty-four years old. I wanted to kick and scream and tell the whole world that it wasn't fair. But I knew that wouldn't get me the things to which I thought everyone was entitled: the right to know the rapture of loving and being loved; the strength to work and to accomplish; the heart to laugh and play; something to look forward to in life besides an early death!

Then some friends invited me to come and stay with them until I felt better. I was in Minnesota and they in Arizona. I was too ill to make the trip except by air. It took almost my last penny to straighten up my affairs and buy my ticket. And when I boarded that plane I was feeling deeply sorry for myself.

The trip was a calm and pleasant one until we were flying over the plain of Kansas. There we ran into a blasting electrical storm. Suddenly, a great flash of lightning seemed to illuminate the entire earth as if with a great fluorescent light. There I was, four miles in the air and surrounded by lightning,

of which I had always been afraid. And the thought came to me that of the thirty-five people up there with me, I was the only one who had nothing to lose. I could enjoy the full beauty of that tumult in the heavens with a complete freedom from fear.

Ever since, I have been able to live each day to the fullest—with joy, with no fear. Each dawn opens a whole new world for me. And I give thanks for the lesson that, since we pass this way but once, there is no time for self-pity—only for joy and service.

L. B.

## NEW SHOES—NEW LIFE

Dear Papa David:

I work for a child care agency. During the year 1945 a small, tow-headed four-year-old boy was given into our care. His parents claimed that the hospital had made a mistake and had given them the wrong baby. They hated him intensely.

The child had been kept in one room, been made to eat out of a pan on the floor. He did not know how to talk, had never been out of doors, or had on a pair of shoes. He was taken from his parents and brought to our playroom, which is large and airy. The child spent hours walking the length of the room, stopping every little while to touch his first pair of shoes and to show them to everyone who came near him. He would pick up the crayons and the small toys, their bright colors reflecting the joy and wonder in his small, sad face. Today that child is a handsome little boy, safe in the knowledge that the kind people who now have him in boarding care love him.

M. A. F.

## EVERYTHING IN THE WORLD

Dear Papa David:

I was listening to the radio as I scrubbed the floor. It was the third time that day someone had said that no family could live on less than \$3600 a year nowadays.

I looked around the kitchen—the walls needed painting. I looked out the window, past the drying diapers, and saw the house next door—so near we could watch our neighbors as they ate. As I walked over to the stove to stir the beans we were having for the third time that week I felt rather angry. \$3600 a year—why, we were living on a third of that!

Then I started thinking: maybe we were eating beans, but we didn't owe anyone a cent. The kitchen was grimy—but our month-old baby had been paid for in three weeks. Our neighbors were awfully close—but when the baby and I came home from the hospital they ran in and out to take care of us, so we wouldn't have to hire anyone. Yes, my dress (four years old) was patched—but the baby had all the clothes he needed, his own crib, and a pretty bonnet and sweater to wear when I took him out. I hadn't been to a movie in three months—but every night my husband read to me for hours while I sewed or mended.

I had everything I could want or need, and I honestly had never been happier. Living is wonderful when you learn the meaning of contentment.

L. D. F.



# Traveler of the Month

(Continued from page 49)

young man in West Virginia. He had been released from the hospital in 1946. But home was different to him. People tried to be considerate, of course, and everyone was helpful—too helpful. The boy felt like an alien. A few days before Thanksgiving he wired the Thiels that he was coming North to spend the holiday with them.

Thanksgiving at the Thiels was just as he remembered it. A great big turkey, lots of chatter and jokes. Mrs. Thiel arranged their plates so that the blind boys could "eat by the clock"—turkey at a certain spot, potatoes somewhere else, just where the boys had been taught to expect it. They made no other concession to their misfortune.

This was a holiday weekend, and about ten of the boys slept at the Thiels'. Mr. and Mrs. Thiel slept on the floor, and the young veterans curled up in chairs all over the place. For all of them, in a way they couldn't explain, this was home.

The weekend was over, at last, but the guest from West Virginia stayed on. At the end of a month, he drew the Thiels aside and told them what he had been thinking.

This was the place where he was happy, the only place. Could he stay on, as a boarder, forever?

That, as I said, was over two years ago. Well, he's still there, and happy. He has a job, he pays his way and he has found one corner of the world where he can really relax and forget his blindness once in a while.

"He's just another of my kids, now," Mrs. Thiel said. "No special treatment, just one of our kids."

When she said that, I couldn't help thinking that being one of Mrs. Thiel's kids was a special treatment in itself—a treatment in zestful living that few doctors, apparently, could prescribe.

I asked the Thiels if, with such a busy home life, they ever found time to travel.

"Oh, sure," said Mr. Thiel. "Two years ago we took a 4,000 mile trip to see eleven of our boys. That was really something. The families, in their own ways, felt very close to us, and we were royally entertained. We stayed everywhere from a millionaire's home in Delaware to a cold water flat in Chicago. The parents just couldn't do enough for us, and the boys were really

happy to be our hosts."

How did they find their boys on these visits? Were these young men able to find their way in a busy, seeing world, and, perhaps, find happiness?

"The wonderful thing about going to see the boys is that, in almost every case, they're really doing fine. They've got jobs suited to their handicaps. Many have been married—and we even have a few 'grandchildren,'" Mrs. Thiel said.

"Seeing these boys as they are today, and remembering the uncertain, sort of suspicious way that they first came into our home is a real reward for the little we may have done."

But even when the young men have won their private battle with disaster, even when they've taken up the busy life of their own communities, they have a way of returning to the Thiels for a visit. It isn't that they need these kind people from Philadelphia any more, but they regard them as precious friends. And a stay at the Thiel home still is a great treat.

Last year, for instance, Ed Rankin, the bridegroom, began missing them. As Mr. Thiel recalled:

"Ed just wanted to see us. So he flew in and stayed a month."

The story of how Ed met his bride, incidentally, also concerns the Thiels. The girl is the relative of another sightless veteran who had been their guest. This fellow used to brag about his pretty cousin, and one day, he introduced her to Ed. The girl had learned the ways of the blind world. She understood Ed and, in time, became part of his private happy ending.

The time is coming when the mission to which Mr. and Mrs. Thiel appointed themselves will be at an end. The Philadelphia Naval Hospital has sent the last of the blind boys home, or to other places. However, there are still some blind ex-soldiers at nearby Valley Forge Hospital. These young men now come to the Thiel house, and this is one instance when the Army doesn't mind sharing quarters with the Navy.

"We'll miss the excitement and laughter when the last of the boys have gone home," Mr. Thiel was wistful.

"Yes," said his wife, "but we'll be glad, too. Because that will mean that all the boys are where they should be—home. In a way, I guess, an empty house would be the happiest sight of all."

# REDUCE

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R  
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# One Wonderful Day

(Continued from page 63)

her surroundings. Not that she felt inferior to them; it was, rather, something like a good amateur musician's first attendance at a symphony concert. A born hostess and homemaker herself, she couldn't help but be impressed by the exquisite perfection of the luncheon, the service, the house, and Mother Kendal's manner.

While the others talked she thought about it, trying to put it into words. "Gracious living," she said finally, at a lull in the conversation. "That's what it is—been on the tip of my mind all afternoon. That's what this house stands for."

Mrs. Kendal smiled at her, genuinely pleased. "Why, Miss Warren, how very kind of you to say that!"

Dorrie blushed, suddenly shy again. "It's been such a nice luncheon, Mrs. Kendal. And the house and everything just so—so perfect. I don't know how you do it—"

**S**AM came to her rescue; Sam could always be depended upon for just the right word.

"I might say, Mrs. Kendal, that my sister is a famous hostess in her own small circle," he said with a smile.

"I'm sure she is," Gil's mother agreed. "It's an American trait, don't you think? The tradition of hospitality—are you a traditionalist, too, Miss Warren?"

"A traditionalist?" Bewildered, Dorrie turned to her niece. "Am I, Wendy?"

"Yes, darling, you are." Wendy beamed at her, suddenly wanting to hug her. She was so proud of them both, of her aunt and Sam. Aunt Dorrie looked smart and lovely in her Elmdale-made "new look" suit—a new look which she laughingly claimed was twenty-five years old. And Sam—well, there was nowhere that Sam wouldn't look distinguished. With his silvery head and his fine, strong features, he looked as at home here amid these luxurious furnishings as he looked sitting in the old swivel chair before the scarred roll-top desk in the *Clarion* office.

"Your fresh gingerbread," she went on, "and your home-made preserves, and hot mulled cider on a frosty night—they're all traditions you keep alive, Aunt Dorrie. I could go on reciting them for hours!" Then she choked suddenly, realizing with surprise and a touch of sadness that these things were behind her. There would still be crisp winter nights in Elmdale, and hot cider waiting at home—but she wouldn't be there. She would be here, part of this quiet magnificence.

Her hand stole across the space between her and Gil on the sofa, crept into his, and he pressed it reassuringly. "I second everything Wendy said," he said heartily.

Mrs. Kendal nodded. "Personally, I regard it as a precious heritage. I think the world would be less ugly if people practiced it more generally. The Victorians knew the secret."

"The Victorians," Sam reminded her, "believed in keeping all their skeletons locked away in their closets, too. I think we're blundering our way into a more honest view of life than that."

Mrs. Kendal's smile thinned a little. "You've a political mind, Mr. Warren, and I have the greatest respect for you. But as a woman, my sphere is far removed from yours. Women played their proper part in the war. Now they must

step back—into the all-important background of a man's world."

Her tone was gentle, with just the slightest edge. But none of them missed it. Just how much was she saying, Wendy wondered. She, Wendy, had already given up her column for the *Bulletin*, before she had taken over the *Clarion* during her father's illness. She had promised Gil not to resume it. Now—did Mother Kendal want her to give up her beloved daily broadcast, too? But she couldn't; she must know how much it meant to her. Why, it was a chance to talk to all the women in America every day! And not just to them—with them, too. Because in the letters they wrote, in the comments they sent in about the broadcast, she heard from them, learned what they were doing and thinking.

No, Mother Kendal certainly didn't mean anything about the broadcast. She was only reminding Wendy that this house would be hers, that she must live up to and keep up all it stood for.

Dorrie, watching Wendy's face, grave and sweetly serious for all the happiness in it, felt a sudden impulse to weep. She was glad when Sam moved to go, saying that he had to see a man about a cutaway, glad when the butler closed the heavy front door behind the two of them.

"Is that all that fellow does?" Sam asked mildly. "Spend his life opening and closing doors?"

"I don't know," Dorrie answered. "In books they polish the silver a lot. Oh, Sam—"

At the catch in her voice her brother moved closer, squeezed her arm. "Now, Dorrie—"

"**I** CAN'T help it," Dorrie said. "It's— it's silly-sounding, but I'll say it all the same. It's like Wendy's being taken prisoner. And she doesn't know it. Like—like the sleeping beauty, or someone. I watched her all the time. She's in love, and she doesn't know. She's being taken prisoner, our darling."

If Wendy was going to prison, it was gradually, with all the elegance and fanfare Mrs. Kendal could call up, and with the loving hands of her own people to speed her. Aunt Dorrie spent the weekend with her at her New York apartment, and on Monday, after the broadcast, Bertha, who had helped Dorrie with the Elmdale house for as long as Wendy could remember, arrived to assist with the last-minute preparations and to attend the wedding.

Bertha brought a gift, which she took shyly out of her bag, saying, "I don't know when you're supposed to give a wedding present, but I better give you mine now. Because I thought maybe if you didn't have something blue—you know the saying about something old, something new, something borrowed and something blue—"

"Oh, Bertha—" Wendy was touched, then overwhelmed as she looked at the bit of blue enamel and seed pearls that Bertha laid in her palm. "It's the most exquisite locket I've ever seen! Bertha, I don't feel right about—"

"I don't know of a fitter neck to wear it," said Bertha, almost fiercely. "It's an heirloom. Been in my family from my great-great-grandmother. She brought it from England, but it's French work, so I'm told. It's a real happiness to me to give it to you, Miss Wendy—"

Wendy blinked hard, and kissed

Bertha, and it was then that Mark called. His voice, properly light, but with a world of friendship and devotion underneath, was like a steadying hand at her elbow.

"Hello, Wendy," he said. "I just wanted to bid my bachelor girl friend a fond farewell."

"I'm glad you called," she told him gratefully. "Are you in town?"

"Now what do you think?" he laughed. "With a wedding scheduled two hours from now—remember?"

Then he actually meant to be there. She was surprised at the relief and pleasure the knowledge gave her. "A wedding—my wedding!" she laughed excitedly. "Mark, I'm in such a dither! Keep your fingers crossed for me, will you?"

"**W**ILL DO," he assured her. "Lots of luck, Miss Warren. Next time we meet, it'll be Mrs. Kendal. I won't take any more time—I just want to say goodbye, and hello."

Wendy couldn't see it, but his hand shook and there was cold perspiration on his forehead as he hung up. Wendy was busy. The doorbell rang while she was at the phone—her wedding dress had been delivered. She lifted it from the tissue paper and held it up to her for Aunt Dorrie and Bertha to see.

"Oh, they did a beautiful job," Bertha sighed. "It's just too beautiful, Miss Wendy. That off-the-shoulder look, and the lace insertions to match the veil—you'll be like a princess, a queen. Oh, Miss Wendy, I made up my mind I wasn't going to cry until the last minute, but—"

Aunt Dorrie cried a little too, and Wendy felt like it, and found she was too excited to squeeze out a tear. "My wedding day," she said shakily. "It's true, isn't it? For the first time, I feel that it's really happening. I'm going to be married. This is my wedding day."

The rest of the afternoon passed in a dream. There was the sleek black limousine drawing up before the church, a graystone pile towering magnificently against the cold white winter sun. And there was her father's arm, and Aunt Dorrie carefully looping her veil, and the double line of curious strangers, their voices murmuring her name and Gil's.

"Chin up," Sam whispered. "Don't begrudge them a glimpse of you. You're a beautiful thing to see, my dear. I only wish your mother were here. But then . . . perhaps she is."

Now the interior of the church—hushed, expectant, fragrant with great masses of flowers, the lights and the music soft—and she was moving down the aisle; it was all happening so quickly that there was no time for her to see it all, to think, to feel. Her father stepping aside, and Gil standing beside her, and the minister's voice—

"Dearly beloved, we are gathered together here in the sight of God and in the face of this company to join together this man and this woman—"

Only one thing spoiled it. Not the wedding itself—nothing could ever spoil that for her. She was glad that Mrs. Kendal had insisted upon the full ceremony. The lights, the music, the flowers, the assembled guests blended into a swelling, splendid symphony that complemented the splendor in her uplifted heart. But at the reception she



saw the Langs, Charles and Adele. Not only saw them, but had to speak to them and smile and offer her hand. And then later, when the receiving line had broken up and the party was swirling about her, Gil asked, "Wendy, have you spoken to the Langs? Be nice to them, won't you, sweet? I think they're feeling a little out of things."

"But, Gil—"

But he was gone, saying hurriedly over his shoulder, "I've got to find Gordon Hunter. Maggie's had too much to drink, and she's in hysterics."

Wendy didn't seek out the Langs. She let the crowded room remain between them and her, and felt guilty about it, and worried lest Gil ask her about it afterward. That is, she worried until the reception was over and they were alone in Gil's car, and she knew that he'd forgotten everything in the world but her.

He caught her to him with his free arm, and Wendy relaxed against him, half laughing with weariness. "Oh, Gil, it was beautiful and unforgettable—all of it. But so many people—"

"We're done with them now," he laughed. "There are just the two of us."

"The two of us—" Her voice sang softly over the words. "And a great dark world outside. Oh, Gil, my darling—"

This, too, was unforgettable—the car slipping silently out of the city in the winter night, turning into the parkway, carrying them swiftly past the suburbs, past the little towns with their lights orange on the snow. Then they were in the country, the white fields all around them, overhead the deep poignant star-struck blue of the winter sky.

WENDY moved even closer to Gil, if that were possible, and turned her hand in his. "Gil—"

"Yes, darling—"

She didn't know what she'd been going to say. That is, she knew, but there was simply too much of it, too much in her heart to put into words. The last glimpse of her father and Dorrie as she had left the reception, her last conversation with Mark, his words easy and bantering as always, and on his face a look that was queerly tight and desperate, as if all the time she'd been his Wendy had come back to him out of the past all at once. And Nona—wishing her happiness with real affection and sincerity, while Wendy knew how much it must be costing her, knew that in her heart Nona must hate her, not for herself, but because of her place beside Gil. And Bertha, tearful to the last... all of Wendy's past life tied up, done with, left behind her at the wedding reception.

And Gil was worth it, all of it—that was what she wanted to say to him. Whatever she was giving up, whatever she'd had and loved and could never return to, she had gained much more. But she couldn't say it. She could only look at him with her heart in her eyes, and hold tightly to his hand, and compromise by saying, "I love you."

"And I love you," he returned. Perhaps he caught something of her thoughts because he added, "I want you to be happy, Wendy—that's what I want most in this world. I want to keep you safe and never let you be hurt—"

She laughed softly. "Nothing can hurt me now, Gil. Nothing can ever hurt me, as long as we're together." Then she straightened, her voice rising excitedly. "Gil, there's our house—and there's a light in the window!"

He smiled at her alarm. "I turned

it on by remote control. Surprised?" "Gil, you didn't—there isn't anyone there?"

"No, sweet," he laughed. "But you'll find a fire burning and a supper for two. The housekeeper didn't leave until seven. I telephoned her during the reception."

"Oh!" She sank back with a sigh of relief. "You're a wonderful, ingenious man, and I'm very glad I married you."

"I'm glad you're glad." He stopped the car before the house, and as Wendy made no move to get out, asked, "Are we spending our honeymoon in the car? It's nice—but restricted."

"I'm afraid to move," said Wendy. "Afraid to break the spell."

"It's a permanent spell," said Gil, opening the door and coming around to help her out. "It's guaranteed unbreakable. Your hand, milady."

SHE gave him her hand, and he drew her into the circle of his arm as they walked up the path toward the house. "I'm glad the lights are on," Wendy decided. "It's so friendly and warm to come home to, as though we'd just come away a little while ago, and now we're back again—to stay."

If there was a wistfulness in her voice that they wouldn't go on living at the cottage as she'd first hoped, she wasn't aware of it, nor was Gil. He opened the door, and as Wendy stood still on the threshold, urged her gently. "After you, darling."

"But—" She smiled up at him expectantly. His answering smile was puzzled, inquiring.

"What goes, sweet?"

"You're forgetting," said Wendy. "You mustn't forget."

"Forgetting, Oh—you mean to garage the car. Never mind. Let it wait."

"No, Gil. The threshold." She gave a little confused laugh. "It's an old custom, isn't it? To carry the bride across—"

"Oh!" He tapped his forehead despairingly. "Kendal, you go to the foot of the class." He lifted her, pretended to toss her gently in his arms. "Darling, you're feather-light, so light you could float away. Just so you don't float away from me—There!" He set her down inside, shut the door behind him. "Any more customs?"

"I—don't think so."

He frowned. "Why would I forget that one? Annoys me—"

"Don't let it, darling," she told him lightly. "We aren't superstitious."

No, she wasn't superstitious, but she wished heartily that she hadn't mentioned the matter of the threshold. It had been a slip, the kind of slip she'd be all too likely to make from now on. In Elmdale the observance of little customs was important and fun; Gil's circle would be hardly aware of them. She must remember not to make this kind of small mistake again; she must try to be exactly what Gil wanted.

"Why are we standing here in the hall?" he asked. "Let's have your coat, Mrs. Kendal."

"Say that again," said Wendy, trying to cover the restraint between them.

"Say what? Your coat?"

"Mrs. Kendal," she corrected him. "I must memorize it—I've got to believe it. Mrs. Kendal. Mrs. Gilbert Kendal."

He laughed and bent as if to kiss her—and didn't kiss her. Instead, he helped her off with her coat, hung it away in the closet, removed his own. "You darling," he said. "You adorable girl—let's go in by the fire, say hello to our home."

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Wendy walked ahead of him, wishing that he had kissed her there in the hall. It might have put an end to this unaccountable strangeness between them, this stiffness.

"Mrs. Gilbert Kendal of Dreamhouse, Long Island," she murmured, making conversation. "Formerly, Miss Wendy Warren, of Elmdale, Connecticut . . . entertains at tea— Yes, I believe it now. I believe in Mrs. Gilbert Kendal."

"Good. I hoped you might," he said. "And now—shall we sit down?"

Here was another small stumbling block, monumental at the moment. Wendy hesitated between the small table, with the food set out on it in covered dishes, and the corner of the sofa nearest the fireplace. Was Gil hungry? Would he want to have supper right away? He'd given her no indication of his wishes. Finally she chose the sofa. She sat down, saying in a high-pitched, unnatural voice, "How nice! I haven't sat down for weeks! What a strange, delightful thing to do!" Gil didn't laugh. After a brief, dreadful pause, she went on, "Do you hear a pipe-organ playing Lohengrin?"

"No." He smiled a little at that, and drew up a hassock to sit at her feet. "It's only the echo of an echo."

"The echo of an echo," Wendy repeated. And then there was another pause. "We're really alone here, aren't we? This is such a welcoming room."

"I'll stir up the fire a bit." He rose as if glad of having found something to do, threw another log on the fire. "There—that'll do. Hungry?"

"Are you?" She was glad the question of food had come up. Not that she was hungry, but at least one point would be settled.

"Umm-n," said Gil, which settled nothing after all. But he reseeded himself on the hassock. "Expecting someone?" he asked. "Sofas are made to lean back on."

"I'd forgotten." She laughed self-consciously, realizing that she'd been sitting stiffly on the edge of the sofa. She relaxed—or gave a good imitation of relaxing, and Gil reached for a cigarette from the silver box at her elbow. "Windy out," he observed.

"February," Wendy corroborated. "That old month," he said. "Everybody knows what to expect of it!" Then they both laughed self-consciously. "Shall I turn on the radio?"

"If you like," she assented. "Well—maybe silence is cosier," he decided.

There was nothing cosy about this silence. Her throat ached; she felt wooden and awkward as never before in her life. This terrible stiffness and strangeness between Gil and her—she had to put an end to it somehow. "Sometimes," she said painfully, "things seem to take forever. But then they happen, and it's no time at all. I mean—my becoming Mrs. Gilbert Kendal."

"Now there's a girl for you," said Gil. "What I could tell you about her! Born with a taste for silver spoons, came to the big city, laid snares for her boss, dragged him to the altar, lived happily ever after."

She laughed nervously, catching a little of his phony heartiness. "I resent that bit about silver spoons. Otherwise, it's accurate. Oh, Gil—" and a note of real distress crept into her voice—"suppose it had been some other girl?"

"Some other newspaper girl? Queenie Kirk, perhaps?"

"I mean a pretty girl," Wendy went on. "And suppose you and she had been married today. And I slipped into the church and cried."

"In a black veil—"

"Pink. I guess I'd hate that girl, although I'd have no right to." She stopped, thinking of Nona, but Gil didn't notice. He was still playing the game.

"And you'd go back to your desk," he went on, "and pound out a scathing indictment of her wedding dress—"

"And be fired because of it," Wendy put in, "and end up a gentle spinster with kind, understanding eyes—"

"That," said Gil dolefully, "is the saddest story I've ever heard."

"Well," she said, "it would be, if it had happened. Only you wouldn't know about it. You and that Mrs. Gilbert Kendal."

"She only married me for wealth and position," said Gil. "Later she eloped with a phony Balkan count. Did that open my eyes!"

Wendy's laughter had a ragged edge. The game had run out—and there seemed nowhere else to go. Were they going on forever, strangers making polite talk, grimacing politely at each other? This was Gil, her husband—but the word "husband" had a false ring, even in her thoughts.

"Well—" he cleared his throat desperately. "I—"

She never learned what he'd been about to say, because suddenly they were plunged into complete darkness.

"Gil—what happened to the lights?" "They've gone out." She could hear him getting up, feeling about in the

dark.

"Thank you, darling," she said in his general direction. "I like a straight answer to my questions. Power failure?"

"I hope not. Hope it's just a fuse." She saw his silhouette against the window, and then he said, "Can't see any other houses, but I guess we're too far away. I'll have to find the fuse box. There should be a flashlight and candles in the pantry. Don't go away, Mrs. Kendal—"

Go away! She sat huddled in her corner of the sofa, unable to move. The excitement of the day, the terrible unnatural tension between her and Gil, and now this, this complete, terrifying darkness. She was afraid of the dark, always had been, and no amount of reasoning or rationalization would change her. And now Gil was leaving her, blundering his way out of the room, leaving her alone in the dark.

SHE heard a door close, heard him stumble, heard his smothered exclamation. She started up in panic, crying, "Gil—Gil, darling, are you hurt? Where are you?"

He answered her, she thought, but she was really too frightened to hear. She stumbled after him, feeling her way, crying his name. Where was he? In the pantry? But where was the pantry? She pushed open a door, tripped—and fell squarely into his arms.

"Wendy, darling—" He was half-laughing, half-alarmed. "What's the matter?"

"I was so afraid. I thought you were hurt, and I was so afraid—" She was almost babbling in her relief. "I was always afraid of the dark. Even when I was a little girl, I had to have a night-light—And in this house, even if it is our house, I felt so strange, so lost—Oh, Gil—"

The last was a whisper. He was kissing her, holding her so hard and close that she could feel his heart beat as if it were her own, kissing her hungrily, as if he had been starved for her kisses . . . until the strangeness and the terror were gone, until she was aware only of the singing of her blood, of their sweet and urgent need of each other . . .

In the old Douglas farmhouse outside Elmdale, Mark sat typing at a table beside the fireplace. Daylight had long since gone, and he'd turned on only the one necessary lamp, so that Bob, coming in from the evening chores, found the man and the clacking machine silhouetted against a small pool of yellow light.

"What goes?" Bob asked. "I thought you'd be—" He stopped, tactfully deciding that it would be better not to say "I thought you'd be resting up after the wedding."

"Plenty," answered Mark. "I've started a novel. It's going good, too."

Now there was something for you, Bob thought. He'd just seen his girl married to another guy—and he came home and started a novel.

"What's it called?" he asked cautiously.

"Make Dust Our Paper." At Bob's blank look, he quoted, "It's from Shakespeare. 'Let's talk of graves and worms and epitaphs: Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.'"

Bob nodded solemnly. "That's okay. Yeah—even a cluck like me gets it. What's it about?"

"People," said Mark. "About a marriage that—well, doesn't work out . . ."

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# World Full of Neighbors

(Continued from page 35)

partly my fault; I was late for the show. That day—the day on which all programs had been cancelled in order to make way for convention broadcasts—I picked to be late.

Someone would doubtless have been kind enough to tell me, if anyone had dared risk life and limb by getting in my way as I sped down corridors and whizzed around corners to get to the studio. Just as I reached the door the theme music started, and without even taking off my hat I burst into song. Some kind soul shoved a script into my hand, and we were off.

Indeed we were! First, Eddie fumbled his lines. After thirty seconds (it seems like as many hours on the air) of stuttering, he ended up by dropping his script all over the floor. All over. I jumped into the breach and ad-libbed until he got the papers assembled again motioning him to get up off the floor so that we could go on. That was my second mistake. He got up, all right—knocking over the microphone in the process.

This was an emergency I had not been prepared by experience to face. But I rose nobly to it, motioning the trio to start on the number we had rehearsed, while Eddie righted his second wrong. That should have straightened things out. And so it would have—if the trio had been playing, and I had been singing, the same song. The second time through they found themselves, switched to the right number. Only a soprano, however, could have managed the key in which they chose to play it.

You can't imagine how I felt, because I'm pretty sure I'm the only living human being who ever felt just that way. Fortunately, the boys couldn't keep it up any longer. They laughed, and then I laughed, and the show broke up in disorder.

THEY finally explained that the convention had usurped our broadcast time and we weren't really on the air. It was half an hour before I could speak, and I'm not sure that my blood pressure has gone back to normal even yet. I've managed to be a little ahead of time for broadcasts ever since.

From this you may gather that there's a certain informality about the Jack Berch Show. We like to think of ourselves as coming into your living room for a visit every morning. After all, you'd get pretty tired of stiff and formal guests every day, wouldn't you?

That's my workday. When it's over, I go home. Home's a farmhouse, a good, comfortable distance from New York, for I feel that although I work in the city that's no reason for me to coop myself and my family up in the kind of apartment that so many New Yorkers call home. It takes me about an hour to drive each way, but, being a farm boy at heart, it's worth it.

The house is an old one, pleasantly rambling, and we love it. There's plenty of room for kids, lots of outdoors in which to run my dogs. Like the house, our family is old fashioned—at least, in size. And, come to think of it, in a lot of other ways, too. Comfortably, satisfyingly old fashioned. Margo is my wife, and we have four children, three girls and one boy.

I remember my mother once saying to me (she loved kids, too), "You'll find, Jack, that after the first couple of

children, the next one and the next don't cost so much." Mother was quite right—to a point. It's true that the cost per unit goes down, but she neglected to mention the general overhead. That goes up and up...

Pretty satisfactory youngsters, we think they are, Margo and I. It makes me very happy to report that there's not a genius in the lot, not one child prodigy among 'em. Carol, who's seventeen, and Shirley, thirteen, would a whole lot rather walk down to the village for an ice cream soda and a session at the juke box than take their piano lessons. Son Jon, at five years old, can't quote a line of Shakespeare or add up a column of figures in his head. His interests tend toward new toys or funny books. (He's become quite a business man; traded three fifteen-cent Roy Rogerses for one ten-cent Superman. We trust he'll outgrow this tendency, or the overhead will go upper and upper.)

AS FOR me, I'm famous. This has nothing to do with my work on the radio. Not long ago I gave a lecture in our Town Hall. Subject: Raising Good Melons. I also worked in something on cross pollination of various fruits. I was, for a while, the local sensation. Some of the neighbors began to call me The Melon Man. (Margo insists that I just misunderstood; what they said was "Melon Head.") A short consultation with my mirror convinced me that this was unjust; obviously the woman's jealous because no one asked her to make a speech. I much more resemble a squash than a melon!

If you've ever lived on the land, you'll know what I mean when I say that I have a typical farmer's attitude toward waste. Prompted by this, and because I like to hunt, I enrolled in a course in butchery at one of the local schools last fall. This, of course, made it necessary for me to have, in my basement, a block and a full set of knives and cleavers and all the rest of the paraphernalia. (Shirley says she could name several other butchers who have their own radio shows, so I needn't think I have a corner on the idea. She will, I trust, mellow with the years.) Anyway, what I hunt, I butcher, what I butcher goes into the deep freeze, and the Berches have out-of-season game the year around.

Cooking is my first love, with eating a close second, and the family, fortunately, shares this latter affection. Sometimes a look, which I have never been able to interpret to my entire satisfaction, goes the rounds of the family when I announce that tonight I'm going to get dinner. But I maintain that what I put before them is tasty and tempting, as they say on the women's programs. At least, they eat it. No one says, "No, thanks," and turns away.

No one has to force me, or even ask me, to cook. But washing dishes I will do only at the point of a gun. This aversion stems from an experience of years back that still sends me into a cold sweat every time I remember it.

I used to work as a busboy after school. My job was to collect the dishes in a large cart and roll them out to the washers in the kitchen. One day the cart tipped over. I couldn't possibly pay for all the dishes that were broken, so I was promptly promoted to dishwasher by the owner of the res-

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restaurant. For over a month I washed dishes in the daytime and dreamed about washing them at night, until at last I'd worked out my bondage. I made, on that last day, a solemn vow: never again, as long as I lived, would I wash a dish. I've had to, once in a while, but on the whole I've kept that promise.

My cooking is done with artistic license—which includes dirtying every bowl and utensil and pan in the house, and generally going through the kitchen like a high wind. When cleanup time comes, and I blanch and turn green at the sight of the mess, I summon my daughters to this woman's work. You'd think the girls would be used to it by now, but each time they raise howls of protest. I am not, I admit, above bribery at such times. The girls are well aware of this flaw in my character and play it for all it's worth. Each time, the ante goes up. Not long ago, I had to take them to a Broadway show after one particularly artistic culinary fling of mine.

**DID I say there was no genius in our family?** Pardon me, girls—you do have a flair for taking Dad over.

You can see from all this that in our house we're all pretty good friends. We try to work out whatever snags we come across on a basis of reasoning, and Margo and I don't believe in the "don't do as I do, do as I tell you" attitude which keeps some parents and their children miles apart.

That same friendliness, that same feeling of wanting to know the other fellow's point of view, I try to carry over into the program, too. Every day except Thursday we have our Heart to Heart Hookup, and on Thursdays, the Good Neighbor Club. The whole point of the Club is to tell the stories of people who have proved themselves good neighbors, of acts done out of kindness and not for material gain. In this way we make the small news, the stories which are carried on the back pages of the newspapers, into big news over the air.

The Club is open to everyone—no distinctions of race, creed or color here—and the by-laws are simple: The Golden Rule. Of course, we haven't time to read, on the program, all the clippings received—there were more than a million last year—so we have to satisfy ourselves with choosing the one we think best exemplifies our "do as you would be done by" belief for the program each Thursday.

The first member of the Good Neighbors Club was Mrs. James E. Spaar of Dearborn, Michigan. She sent us clippings from the *Detroit News* about a kindly, thoughtful neighbor who had collected more than a thousand dollars to provide a new home for a couple and their blind and paralyzed daughter when the family faced eviction. That started the ball rolling, and stories like that have been coming in ever since.

One of the stories I like best concerns the staff of the *Pottstown Mercury* and the good citizens of Pottstown, Pennsylvania. For ten months one of their neighbors, seventeen-year-old Nancy Dagleish, had been having treatments for spastic paralysis at a Philadelphia hospital. Slowly, but encouragingly, those treatments were changing Nancy from a helpless cripple to a normal young woman. Then more trouble came to the Dagleish family. Nancy's mother, they were told, was to have an operation. That made it impossible for them to pay the huge hospital bill the operation would entail

and still keep up Nancy's treatments as well. It looked, for a while, as if Nancy's chances of cure were at an end. Then someone on the *Mercury* heard about it and the story was published in the paper. It touched the hearts of the people of Pottstown just as it touched mine. More practically, it touched their pocketbooks, too. Money began to roll into the *Mercury's* offices, totaling, finally, not only the eighteen hundred dollars necessary to pay the hospital bills, but a wonderful eight thousand dollars in all.

Nancy's gone on to the Berry Foundation School now, and has been promised complete recovery by her doctors.

Here's another story I like to tell. This happened at the Indian Reservation at Wellpinit, Washington. Last December, during all the bustle of Christmas festivities, a widow, Mrs. Cecelia Abrahamson, hurried to help a sick neighbor to do her housework and care for her children. While she was gone, Mrs. Abrahamson's house burned to the ground, and in the fire her two daughters and her grandchildren were burned to death.

The grief-stricken woman had no place to go. Neighbors took her in, but that could be only a temporary arrangement.

The local *Spokane Review* heard the story and publicized the plight of this kindly and charitable old Indian woman. The reaction was tremendous. From all over the country came donations to help in the rebuilding of her home.

This, of course, was wonderful—but Mrs. Abrahamson couldn't build her own house, people decided. Delegations of tradesmen—bricklayers, laborers, carpenters, everyone who could possibly be useful—appeared on the scene. After hours and on weekends they worked, without pay. In what is probably record time for housebuilding, the new home was completed.

**CHRISTMAS spirit?** Out in Wellpinit, that doesn't mean buying presents because it's the thing to do, giving gifts because you know you'll get one in return. Christmas spirit in Wellpinit, and in thousands of other communities all over the country, means giving of yourself, your time, your talents—because your heart tells you to.

When I think of essential goodness, of faith, I like to remember something my son Jonny said to me not so long ago. He'd just lost his dog, and that was the first real tragedy of his young life. I didn't know quite what to say to him, how to go about comforting him. But he supplied the right words, explained to me his philosophy, although of course he didn't call it that. It's the philosophy of the very young, and of those older ones among us who have managed to carry the sense of proportion of youth in our hearts through life.

"My dog is still with me, Dad," Jonny told me. "There he is."

I followed the direction of his pointing finger, and I saw that Jonny had taken the North Star for his dog. Wherever the boy goes, his dog will go with him, following faithfully long past a dog's life span.

I've been getting pretty serious, haven't I? That's part of our program, part of my life, too. But the fun is always there. I still wish this typewriter could sing—or at least whistle—so I could show you what I mean. But if you listen to the Jack Berch show—or if you'll listen now, after reading this—you'll understand.



# Coast to Coast in Television

(Continued from page 47)

Most people in television are looking for a sponsor, but the great Godfrey (Arthur, that is) is different. The red-head's troubles stem from too many sponsors! Two of his radio sponsors want him to do a video show for them—each claiming exclusive rights—and the result is a deadlock. The sponsor does want to televise Talent Scouts, which would be a natural for video.

NBC has announced that their sales policy will be to create new sponsors for television instead of siphoning off radio money. Thus they will "protect" radio while television is a red ink operation. Department stores will be the first group of potential sponsors to be wooed for video. They never did use radio to any extent, are perfect for the new plan of getting television backing without harming radio.

Doctors have performed surgical operations for the television cameras, and now we hear that dentists have got into the act. On December first the Minneapolis District Dental Society scheduled two major dental operations for telecasting over KSTP-TV. The operations took place in the Fairview hospital and some 500 dentists watched over receivers set up in the Nicollet hotel ballroom. New techniques can be demonstrated to so many dentists at once now. Without television of course, not more than ten dentists could crowd around the patient's mouth to witness the operation.

On a recent trip to Washington, we were standing gazing at the White House, quite pleased at having a share in its beauty (even if it's only a 1/140,000,000th share) when what should we notice atop this symbol of our democracy but the familiar television antenna! Everybody's doing it.

There are now 870,000 television sets in the country, and the experts predict there will be 2,500,000 sets in a year—at the end of 1949. They have even looked ahead ten years and expect to see 15,000,000 TV sets in operation then. For that number of sets the annual re-

pair bills will come to half a billion dollars!

No matter what you thought of the Presidential election, it helped the television networks to their first really profitable operation. By selling their election return coverage to top sponsors, they picked up \$400,000 in billings for something that required no writing, directing, talent or rehearsals.

We were at CBS to watch Mrs. Dionne Lucas do her cooking show. Her guest of the evening, Russ Morgan, was so natural and amusing that we asked him why he wasn't doing a show on TV. He said he wasn't ready for it. Someone must have disagreed with him because two weeks later he started his own program, Welcome Aboard, featuring his orchestra and guest stars, over the NBC east coast TV network.

Although Der Bingle hasn't done a television show for himself yet, he is not going to be out of the video picture. He has filed for permission to build three television stations in Washington State; one each in Spokane, Tacoma, and Yakima. He estimates that the first two will cost \$209,337 each and the third \$173,337.

Having trouble getting baby sitters? The simple solution is to get a television set. You can persuade practically anyone to keep your young fry company if you have a set in your living room. The only rub is when you get your set you hate to go out!

If you can come up with a good format for a commentator on television, you've got a gold mine. Some of the top-flight commentators are spending plenty of money trying to get shows that will carry them gracefully into video. They can't sit in front of the cameras and read their copy; they don't want to attempt to deliver it from memory, either. Newsreels will take over most of the function of the news commentator, but there is still a vast field for which an appealing technique is needed.

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## The Truth About Truth or Consequences

(Continued from page 25)

could, "in a couple or three weeks."

"Could you do it," he said, "by Sunday?"

Sunday! It was Thursday then. Late Thursday.

I gulped.

"Sure," I said, and hung up the phone. It was quite a weekend.

I used my family and my friends and the people of New York and we auditioned the show on Sunday.

Thursday night I dispatched Jack Farnell—a school chum I used to sell papers with back in Oakland—to the library to look up questions. And Barbara and her folks and I began dreaming up the Consequences.

On Friday, in between announcing *Against The Storm*, *The Gospel Singer*, and *Life Can Be Beautiful*—it *can*, too—I made arrangements to keep my Sunday morning Children's Hour audience in the studio for an extra forty-five minutes to provide listeners—and contestants—for the audition show.

I CALLED on some of my professional friends for help. Andre Baruch, with whom I had shared an apartment in our bachelor days, said he and his wife, Bea Wain, would go on for me.

On Saturday night I exploited my non-radio friends. Barbara invited the whole gang of my University of California pals for supper and do you know what we did for laughs after coffee and dessert? You guessed it. We played *Truth or Consequences*.

That was the first of a long, long series of ulcer-curing Saturday nights. I say that because emceeding the show itself is fun for me. No matter how much work and agony goes into the preparations, Saturday night brings a great release. The show is one big holiday. Now it is.

But I will never forget that audition.

The audience was willing, but this was new stuff. Nobody had played this old game in public before.

A fellow at the piano played and I sang "It was at the *Ivory* (Duz came along later) Radio Party I was Seeing Nellie Home"—("Merrily" came along later, too) and we were on! The first contestant was a smiling round man named Goldblatt.

"Let me see," I said, reading from the little card the usher passed up along with Mr. Goldblatt, "Your name is Mr. Goldblatt. Nice to see you, Mr. Harry Goldblatt."

"Haw," said Mr. Goldblatt. And no more.

I explained about our little game, asked him his question.

"Haw," said Mr. Goldblatt.

After an awful moment, I took this for a miss and began ad libbing the *Consequence*.

"Pretend you're a radio announcer, Mr. Goldblatt," I told him. "And you're about to go on the air. But you're in trouble, for your partner, who has all the sound effects, is stuck in the elevator and can't get to the studio. You'll just have to make all the sounds vocally yourself, Mr. Goldblatt."

Silence.

Those seconds were ticking off, cold and clammy.

"Do you understand the *Consequence*, Mr. Goldblatt?"

"Haw."

I plunged on desperately, reading now from the script.

"It is a windy day in New York City . . ." I paused for Mr. G's wind effect which was not forthcoming. "You hop into your car . . ." Silence. "And head down Broadway. You are *roaring* along." Silence. "You put on your brakes, toot your horn."

"TOOT YOUR HORN, Mr. Goldblatt," and at this I wheeled round in back of him jabbed him hard with a pencil where it would do the most good, and from Mr. Goldblatt came:

"Yipe." It was the most ear-splitting, horn tooting "Haw" you ever heard, and the audience collapsed.

After that it was easier.

Andre and Bea did the next stunt. They were terrific but we found out later that celebrities shouldn't be contestants on our show. As much as the audience loved seeing the happily married Baruchs getting breakfast to the tune of the clown song from "Pagliacci," some of them thought the whole thing was thought up and perfected in advance, rehearsed and made ready. It wasn't fair to Bea and Andre—who went on just as cold as Mr. Goldblatt. So, since then, celebrities have appeared from time to time on our show—not as contestants but as important props. And maybe someday the last cynic will believe the absolute truth which is that *there are no planted contestants on Truth Or Consequences!*

But no time for choler. Back to the audition. The Baruchs went off, having paid their consequence. A shy fellow in glasses told the audience five nice things about himself, and a nice old lady in a flowered hat played "Hold That Tiger" on the trap drums. We were off. And we were in.

THE agency heard the record the next day and hurried it off to Cincinnati. The men who made soap loved it too, and four weeks later *Truth or Consequences* was on the air.

It was a simple operation at first.

I—with the help of my family, my friends and the people of New York—thought up all of the *Consequences* at first. With me on stage, and Herb Moss being an athlete and a director and Farnell and the sound man doubling as props—we got along fine.

I was taking it easy. After all, I had given up a thousand dollars a week in announcing jobs to go into this venture—and it could flop. Too recent memories of my lean days in New York when I was hanging around theatrical casting offices and eating in nickel cafeterias made the idea of starting over—in case of disaster—something to have nightmares about.

Now, nine years and four "Hush" contests later, we struggle along with a stage manager, production manager, director, five idea men (besides me) four secretaries, press representatives, lawyers, mail and accounting departments, transportation experts and, as I write, four promotion men out on the road with as many harried contestants chasing beetles! I suppose the set-up is as populous as the whole town of Merino, Colorado, where the whole thing started—and everybody has plenty to do.

Phil Davis, my chief idea man, and Al Paschall, our production manager, have been around longest. Herb Moss voted to stay in New York when we moved the show to the West Coast, and Ed Bailey is our director now.



Al joined up in the show's fourth week when I began dreaming up really elaborate nonsense.

I remember the horror on our agency representative's face when I suggested at one of our early idea meetings that it might be fun to ask a contestant to throw a custard pie at somebody.

"Next," he said sternly, "you'll be wanting a seal on stage."

The next week we had a seal. Al Paschall managed that.

The people liked it, but the agency boys were still skeptical.

"I suppose," they sighed, "that next you'll want somebody to wash an elephant."

So, the next week, somebody washed an elephant.

By the time I got around to suggesting the pie-throwing routine again it seemed mild stuff, and they all wondered why I hadn't thought of it before.

Now, nothing that our brain trust—Phil Davis, who has been with the show for eight seasons, Mort Lewis, my brother Paul, Bill Burch, Mel Vickland and I can think up—is too much for Al and nothing Al or his assistant, Fred Carney, can pull is too much for our sponsors.

One week recently, for instance, one of the boys thought it might be funny if a contestant, asked to sing "Donkey Serenade" for the people, could be accompanied by a surprise chorus of twenty voices—donkey voices.

Al got the twenty donkeys, and everybody had a big laugh. Except perhaps, the NBC custodians.

But the show, as you know, isn't all laughs. We have drama, and excitement, and pathos, too—we have everything, as a matter of fact, that is a part of life.

Sometimes, when we go out for a heartthrob instead of a laugh it's like playing the part of a master-magician.

Like the time, for our Mother's Day show, when we brought Mrs. Margaret McGinn all the way from Ireland to surprise her son Thomas whom she'd not seen in twenty years. Thomas lived in Los Angeles and worked hard at a job; it was not likely that he could get back to Erin to see his mother. Mrs. McGinn had little time or money for travel herself; she had fifteen other children, all living.

We found her through Radio Erin, rushed her across the ocean by plane and then across the country so fast she didn't even have time to explain until she got off the stratoliner in Los Angeles that her luggage was back in

Spiddal, County Galway. She had thought, when the car came for her, that she was merely going down to the government offices to see about a passport. Wiser by the time the limousine reached downtown Dublin she leaned out of the car when it passed the shop where her husband worked, called "Goodbye Joe, I'm off to America."

Thomas, whose presence at the broadcast we had assured by conspiring, in deep secrecy with his neighbors, had a heart-warming reunion with his mother on the Truth or Consequences stage, and Mrs. McGinn had two wonderful weeks in all the glamorous corners of Southern California. To say nothing of a whole new wardrobe to make up for the forgotten luggage.

Those are the miracles it is fun to make.

They tell me our contests are miracles, too. They started out, you know, as a gag. This was late in 1945. I had got so fed up with radio programs which asked a contestant some first grade question like what is the capital of the United States and rewarded a correct answer with a gift of a Cadillac, that I decided to run a give-away to end all give-aways.

I worked out a jingle full of clues: "Hickory Dickory Dock, The hands went round the clock The clock struck ten Lights out Goodnight."

For eight weeks, a mystery voice read this limerick on our program—listeners were asked to identify the voice.

We had meant to knife the big-gift contests—I felt then, and I still do, that a radio show which cannot hold an audience on the basis of its entertainment value should not be on the air. But what happened was not a murder, but a birth.

The first Mr. Hush contest grew so important in the five weeks that the mystery voice went unrecognized—we were committed, after all, to throwing more big gifts into the "crackpot jackpot" each week which went by without a winner—that by the time Richard Bartholomew correctly identified Mr. Hush as Jack Dempsey he received prizes valued at over thirteen thousand dollars.

And Truth or Consequences had an army of new listeners crazy for more guessing games.

I couldn't let them down. Nor could I, in good conscience, go along with a technique which turned radio into an oversized grab bag.

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The months between the Dempsey contest and our Mrs. Hush game with Clara Bow were an agony of conferences with lawyers, United States government legal experts, and ultimately—for I had found a "right reason" for the contests—with officials of the March of Dimes.

The Mrs. Hush contest brought in \$545,000 in voluntary contributions to the Infantile Paralysis Foundation, making Mrs. William H. McCormick's \$17,590 in prizes insignificant. The next search for Miss Hush—or Martha Graham—amassed \$672,000 more to fight infantile paralysis, and "The Walking Man" contest—with Jack Benny as our mystery man we could not reveal a voice, settled for footsteps—gave the American Heart Association \$1,612,587.96.

I have no right to discard an idea which can do this—especially when it gives half the people of the country a wonderful time besides. Storm signals are up now; the F.C.C., it is said, contemplates a new ruling against giveaways. Okay, Truth or Consequences got along without prizes before and it can again. But I wish if the F.C.C. wants to pass a ruling it would rule against stealing another guy's ideas. What goes on in radio in this respect—well, it just shouldn't.

Radio creators have no copyright protection—but it shouldn't be necessary. There is such a thing as creed of showmanship. There was no copyright law in vaudeville, either, but a vaudevillian would starve before he would steal another actor's stuff.

I used to get angry when yet another fellow would pop up with yet another carbon copy of Truth or Consequences. Now I just get to work. There is a real challenge in competing with your imitators—and staying on top.

Now its Mr. and Mrs. Hush—and everybody, including you, I hope—is guessing, or by this time have found the answer. Either way, I hope you're still sending your contributions to the Mental Health Drive.

Merrily we roll. Merrily, I said. Truth Or Consequences is starting its ninth year, and feeling no pain.

My new radio show, This Is Your Life, is starting its first year—it's on approval with the people.

This Is Your Life was born of an idea similar to the one which we introduced on Truth or Consequences two years ago when a hospitalized veteran was confronted with the key people who made up his life that was past. And

then we presented him with his future—the jewelry store he wanted. Then we tried it in another form last Christmas time. Perhaps you remember it—our radio "trip back home" for the paraplegic veteran in the Long Beach Naval Hospital.

We used the most complicated technical set-up in our program's history—a three-way remote—to let this wounded boy visit the scenes of his childhood, his old school where his old teachers said hello, the drug store where he used to drop by for a soda, his church, his grandmother's house. He talked with his old doctor, his pastor, the clerk at the general store; and his classmates at Greenville, Tennessee High School sang Christmas carols just for him. And for a final, wonderful surprise we had brought his mother and father and his best girl from Greenville to Long Beach to spend Christmas with him.

This boy's story touched the hearts of America, as it had touched ours—and our country is rich in these stories. Our country, I have come to believe in these ten years of getting to know it, is richest of all in its people.

I have talked about Truth or Consequences so much that you could believe that I have no other life—it isn't true.

Barbara and I, after nine years together, have as much fun as we did when she was a student at Sarah Lawrence—she was a child psychology major and I was her first patient—and I was announcing the daytime serials. We have more fun—for now there are our three children, Christine, Gary and Lauren, and nothing ever happened on Truth Or Consequences which couldn't—and hasn't—happened at home.

I know I wasn't as nervous when I did my first stint on the air back in Oakland in 1930 as I was when I took Gary to kindergarten on the first day of school last month.

I changed suits twice, and ties three times. Everything seemed too flashy for this sort of responsible job. What would Gary's friends say?

And besides I was scared. When we had taken him to Sunday School the first time, he balked on the front steps and it took five weeks to get him inside. What if he did this at school!

Gary made it this time, and I guess I did, too, although I must admit I was awfully warm in that New York banker's suit for the rest of the day.

At home with the little kids, on stage with the big ones—everywhere I go, it seems, I have a wonderful time.

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## "Just the Two of Us"

(Continued from page 37)

I sing low, torch type numbers. But one night a couple of years ago at the Palladium where I was singing with Hal McIntyre's orchestra, I was approached by a pleasant looking man who said his name was Beau Lee.

The name didn't mean a thing to me. That is until Mr. Lee added that he was Spike Jones' manager.

"O.H.," I said, and this time a bell rang. A cowbell probably. Spike Jones was almost a legend to me. Our home, where I lived with my parents and five brothers and five sisters, was stacked high with Spike's records. Mother was such an ardent fan that whenever she heard him she'd turn the radio up so loud it drowned out the entire neighborhood. And then she would make everybody keep quiet so she could listen. Imagine having to be quiet to listen to a Spike Jones arrangement. Shotguns, camelbells, auto horns, frying pans and heaven knows what else. What a racket! But she loved it. And so did I. In fact, whenever I got a case of the blues, I'd start playing "Chloe" or "Cocktails for Two" or any one of his records, and it wouldn't be long before the blues would vanish . . . in self defense I guess. Anyway, I felt as though I had always known Spike even though I never met him.

And now here before me was a real live emissary from Spike himself. "How would you like to come to Catalina and do a benefit with the band next week?" Mr. Lee was asking me.

How would I like to! I was so darned excited I could hardly sing for the rest of the night.

"But how can you sing against all that racket?" my mother asked wonderingly. "You know I love his music, but I still don't see how anyone can really sing to it."

"I don't know either, Mom," I said, "but I'm sure willing to find out."

So I went to Catalina. And got the surprise of my life.

Don't let anyone kid you into thinking that all you have to do to be a City Slicker is to bang a frying pan around. No, sir. Every single one of the Slickers is really a fine, serious musician. Spike has since explained to me that in order for a musician to burlesque anything successfully, he has first to be an excellent technician. Like Benny Goodman, he believes that if you can't play Bach, you can't satirize anything musically.

I began to find that out for myself as I listened to them rehearse. And I found out something else. Not only were the Slickers fine musicians, but they were swell human beings. I was a little nervous at the beginning, but when they began to rehearse one of those crazy numbers . . . I can't remember now whether it was "Benzedrine Beguine" or "You Always Hurt the One You Love" . . . with special licks for me, I was laughing too hard to be scared.

When the time came for my number, though, they played like any other orchestra. Spike doesn't burlesque everything in the show. It's not good showmanship.

All the time before the show Spike was so busy with arrangements I don't even think he knew I was there. But when I started to sing . . . with my knees a little shaky . . . I caught him looking

at me. He grinned over at me and winked.

"You're okay," he whispered later as I stood by the mike taking my bows. I smiled back at him, feeling a sudden warmth for this twinkling-eyed fellow who stood beside me holding my hand.

I was to learn later how many other people felt the same way about him. Spike is one of the sweetest guys in the show business. There isn't a problem too big or too small that he hasn't got a sympathetic ear for. Mr. Anthony has nothing on him. Anyone who has ever worked around Spike is crazy about him. Including me. But oddly enough, Spike never seemed to talk much about his own troubles. I noticed this when I came to work as a permanent member of the band.

This didn't happen, however, until six months after the Catalina date. Six dreary months when I almost wanted to give up show business. But I didn't. Show people always feel that way when things get rough, but they never really mean it.

Unlike most show people, though, I had always placed the idea of a home and family first. Sure I wanted my career. It was fun to sing and I loved it, but even more important to me was my dream of marrying some wonderful man and becoming a wife and mother.

I was hoping, of course, that I would be able to combine this with singing professionally, but I had struggled through to the decision that if my husband-to-be seriously objected to my career, I would give it up. It would be like tossing away a big hunk of my life, but I would do it. Since, however, there wasn't any husband on the horizon, it wasn't much of a problem. Oh, I had lots of boy-friends, but having a lot of boy-friends isn't at all the same as having one . . . the one. There never had been that for me, but I knew there would be someday. There just had to be.

In the meantime I had my music . . . and my family. Mother and Dad have always been my best friends.

THEY wanted me to be a singer. Most parents object to such a career. But not mine. Ever since I've been old enough to stand up and turn a phonograph crank, I've known I wanted to be a singer. Both Mother and Dad love music, and since I was apparently the only one musically inclined, they were delighted with the idea.

When I was only eight . . . we were living in Tacoma, Washington, then . . . I became an ardent fan of Helen Kane's. You remember Helen Kane, the "boopy-boop" girl with the baby voice. Well, I used to get her records, listen to them and try to imitate her.

At first I did this in my room, quite secretly, I thought, and then I discovered my father and mother had been watching me. One day after I had finished an imitation I heard some applause offstage in the dining room. I was a little embarrassed, but my father swooped me up into his arms. "Well, well," he said, "what do you think, Mother, we have a singer in the family!"

He used to take me to his club so that I could entertain his friends. I guess you might call these my first professional appearances. And it was through this that I got my first real singing job on a radio station in Seattle.

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Not long after, we moved to Los Angeles and I got a spot on KHJ's Happy Go Lucky show. And when I was thirteen I got what I thought was the most wonderful break a girl could ever get. I got a motion picture contract! At Universal Studios. Oh, I was in seventh heaven. There were all kinds of talk about making me another Deanna Durbin, and there were story conferences and meetings with producers and directors. It was terribly exciting. And then came the let-down. One of those "out with the old, in with the new" regimes overtook the studio, and I was outside the gates before I even had a chance to look a camera in the eye.

So I went back to radio. I got a job singing on The Squirrel Cage Show at KFWB, and another singing spot on a night show. This was followed by several stints with some well known bands, singing at clubs and special dances.

**IT WAS** good to be working, but something was missing. I was lonesome. It got to the point where dates, books and even good jobs weren't enough to wipe out that strange desolation I was experiencing. I needed something else. Or rather *someone* else. I needed someone to be close to. Someone to be in love with. It was indeed a dreary six months.

Then came that wonderful day when I got word that Spike wanted me to come and work for him. Not for just one performance. But for good!

I spent hours fixing my hair, brushing it till it shone golden. I put on my lipstick a dozen times before it satisfied me. And as a final touch, I broke open a bottle of my best perfume and then satisfied with my appearance at last, I sallied forth to meet my new boss.

To be perfectly truthful I wasn't entirely preoccupied with business at the interview. I kept watching Spike's face . . . the way it lit up when he talked about his new show, the way his eyebrows slid off at the corners, giving him that funny, quizzical look that I love so . . . so that I didn't hear everything he said. Which was quite a lot. Except that it was terribly business-like.

"Would you mind moving over under the light, Miss Greco, so I can check something, please."

I smiled my most alluring smile, but there was no answering smile.

"That's good," he said scrutinizing me with all the intimacy of a CPA going over his notes. "You'll show up well under lights. Makes your eyes glow."

Maybe he could see that they could glow, but I'll bet anything he didn't know what color they were. He had me turning and walking, hitting high notes and low notes, breathing and bowing and I don't know what all. He scribbled little notes in his book as he talked to me. Then he stood up, shook hands with me, said he hoped we'd enjoy working together and out the door he went.

That was the beginning of my big romance!

It certainly didn't start out with much promise. In fact the relationship was on such a professional level that I was nearly convulsed with laughter when my mother insisted on sending my sister along as chaperone on our first tour.

"That's silly, Mom," I said when I could stop laughing. "He doesn't even know I'm alive."

"Never mind," said my mother stubbornly, "he will."

Well, you certainly couldn't have proved it by me. He was my boss. Nothing else. A charming one to be sure. And helpful and friendly. But there

was a wall of business between us a mile high. I decided I'd better forget what romantic fantasies I'd ever had about him. He was interested in me solely as an investment. And for that reason he spent quite a lot of time giving me lessons. I have had teachers before, but believe me Spike is the best teacher I ever had. He has such patience. But above all he knows what he's talking about. His criticism is both constructive and imaginative. As I worked with him I realized more and more what a fine musician he really is. There is no more similarity between him and the zany character he plays as band leader of the Slickers than between Bergen and Charlie McCarthy. He's just a quiet, hard working guy who loves what he does, thinks a lot, reads a lot, and whose only relaxation is an occasional golf game; or a few hours with his camera.

I saw a lot of Spike, but it was strictly business. Whenever we ate dinner together it was with half a dozen other people . . . publicity men, song writers, theater managers and other behind-the-scenes people. Or if we had coffee, it was with the band. We were seldom alone.

And then one night after a rehearsal in Chicago we found ourselves the last two people on stage. Everyone else had gone, and I started to pick up my things and leave as usual. I had my coat half on and was heading for the exit when Spike stopped me. "Wait a minute, Helen," he said, "how about having dinner with me?"

"Of course," I answered automatically, thinking it would be the usual way with half the band along.

"No," he said sensing my interpretation. "I mean you and me. Just the two of us."

I think you could have knocked me over with a pizzicata I was so surprised. I just stared at him.

"What's the matter," he said banteringly, "don't you approve of going out with the hired help?"

"SURE," I said, "but isn't it all so sudden?" Whereupon he began to laugh, and tell me about the wonderful place he was going to take me to. The Pump Room.

"Ever hear of it?" he asked. I nodded. It was the most famous place in Chicago.

"Good," he said. "Run along and change and I'll pick you up in an hour."

I rushed home like a school-girl going out on her first date. I felt exhilarated and not a little afraid. I guess a lot of girls feel that way when they first go out with the boss, especially such an attractive one. And then Spike wasn't just a boss.

I had gotten dressed so quickly that the time lag between the final touch of lipstick and the hour when he said he'd be over seemed eternal. Then I began to think maybe he wouldn't come. Maybe he'd forget about our date. Or maybe some important business had come up. But I needn't have worried. In exactly an hour the doorbell rang, and there was Spike with a single rose in his hand.

All I could think to say was "Oh, Spike." He looked so handsome in his dark blue suit—he dresses very conservatively and with impeccable taste—that I could hardly stop looking at him.

But it wasn't long before he had put me entirely at ease. We had a wonderful time that night. It was the first time I had ever talked to Spike as Spike. After my first uneasiness wore off, I was confiding in him like an old friend.



Pretty soon both of us were carrying on like a couple of old cronies.

He told me a lot about himself. How he had wanted to be a musician ever since he was a little boy. Spike started out as a drummer you know, and he first learned to play on a bread board in Calexico in Imperial Valley, where his father was a station agent for Southern Pacific. Train sounds were very exciting to Spike. In fact the clicking rails . . . the railroad spikes . . . which first suggested drums to him, also suggested his nickname.

Then one Christmas his mother and father gave him a set of drums. Like many parents they wanted their son to play classical music, and stipulated that jazz was out. But Spike overcame the protests of his parents when the longing to join a local dance orchestra won over the symphonic allure of Beethoven and Brahms.

Afterwards, when the family moved to Long Beach, he joined the orchestra led by Dwight Defty, and before long he became drum major of a 90 piece band.

THE incredible energy which characterizes Spike today was evident even in his salad days, because in addition to these musical duties he organized a high-school dance orchestra. "Spike Jones and His Five Tacks" he dubbed it and this was Spike's first venture on the podium.

Later, as an established and professional drummer, he worked with some of the top entertainers of the day. Dave Rubinoff, Fibber McGee and Molly, Eddie Cantor, Bing Crosby to name just a few. But Spike was a restless soul. He became bored with playing straight music. To offset this he got some of his pals together and just for fun they began to burlesque the song hits. It was just a hobby and they gave themselves a name . . . "The Calipat Melody Boys," which turned out to be the loudest four piece orchestra in Imperial Valley.

It was all in fun, until one day Harry Meyerson, West Coast Recording Director for RCA Victor heard them, and sent some of the records east.

A contract came by return mail! The boys made a few more records among which was the now famous "Der Fuehrer's Face." It was this record that started Spike up into big-time.

Overnight, almost, the record became a national hit. Spike was more surprised than anybody, especially when, 48 hours later, he found himself signing a movie contract. He says for days afterwards he was walking four feet off the ground, using a large pink cloud as ballast.

Since then you all know the story. Spike made a hit, and he's still a hit. But it wasn't easy. He had to convince a lot of skeptical people. At first a lot of people sniffed at this novelty-type orchestra and predicted an early demise. They had a point, for novelty stuff seldom lasts long in show business. But what they didn't reckon with was Spike. And Spike's determination not to have just another "novelty-type" orchestra. Spike's arrangements take as much preparation as a Bach Music Festival. It isn't "stuff" with him. He respects it. He feels . . . and so do his millions of fans . . . that he has made a real contribution to American Music.

It is this respect, for instance, which makes him go out and hire real Hawaiian musicians and do hours of research in order to make a piece like "Hawaiian War Chant." Or like in "Cocktails for Two," where he hired

some of the finest musicians available in order to make the satire more effective. Not that the Slickers couldn't do it, but he needed a special quality added to his regular band.

This kind of precision takes planning. It takes almost eighteen hours out of Spike's day. His energy is amazing. "It's my perfectionist drive," he explains to me. "I don't like half measures. And I don't want something that's just good . . . I want something that's perfect."

It was this driving ambition, this relentless pursuit of perfection that filled Spike's life when I first met him. No time for any personal attachments. In spite of all the busy hours, though, it was kind of lonely. I realized that as he talked to me, and was very impressed with the fact that he had chosen me to spend some of his few precious hours of relaxation with.

Looking back on it, it wasn't the usual, "all of a sudden" type romance at all. It was a slow-growing thing. And it was better, because it grew out of a friendship. Oh, I had dates, but somehow I always saved up the important things to tell Spike. I don't know . . . it was just that there was something added . . . an edge, a flavor . . . to things when he was around. I don't really remember what day, what hour I discovered I was in love with Spike. He doesn't remember when it happened to him, either. It was just there, that's all.

Then other people began taking us for granted. And the first thing we knew we were a team. "Spike and Helen." It sounded nice. That was all. Just nice. But when I found myself doodling his name on the corners of napkins and telephone pads, I began to suspect that my friendly feelings had gotten a little out of hand.

When we were on tour we were hardly out of each other's sight. I found myself feeling not quite complete without him. And then before we knew it we were in love. He began asking me questions about my family.

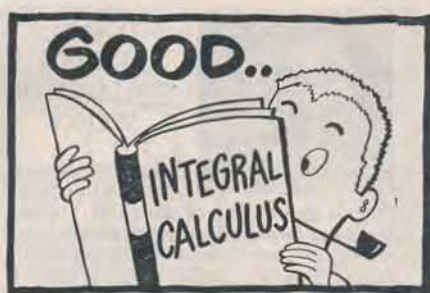
I WAS a little apprehensive at first, because Spike was an only child. I didn't know how he'd feel when he learned about my huge family . . . there are thirty-five of us including in-laws . . . but he loved the idea. Thought it was great. He confided that he'd always wanted to be part of a big family. It made Christmas and Thanksgiving so much more fun.

I knew for certain then that Spike was the one . . . the one I had been waiting for. It was wonderful to be with him. We understood each other. We worked together . . . he wanted me to go on with my career. And we liked the same things and the same people. It was as perfect a relationship as any two people could have.

We talked about everything. Especially the kind of home we wanted. One with lots of children. Of course we won't be able to have that for a while. Not until we stop going on tour and we can settle down in one spot. Then it will be a bright, wonderful house somewhere around Beverly Hills or Westwood. A house with a swimming pool, lots of closets, and a big nursery.

Only once have I ever been mad at Spike. And then it wasn't for long.

It was while we were on tour in the South. We were playing a small town in West Virginia somewhere. The theater was over a fish market of all places. Right and proper for the City Slickers. Anyway, it was the silliest shaped thea-



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ter I had ever seen. It struck me so funny that I broke right in the middle of my number and began to laugh. The audience began to laugh too.

This gave Spike an idea. He grabbed up one of the instruments . . . a seltzer bottle in C Major . . . and began spraying me with it. The audience howled. But I was furious. My new white satin gown was ruined. But it made such a hit, and Spike was so consoling . . . between guffaws . . . that I simply had to be a good sport. I still have that dress. A memento of my courtship.

It was last Christmas that Spike and I officially became engaged. Knowing the hazards of show business I was afraid to plan for a real wedding and I suggested we have a quick, quiet trip to the nearest Justice of the Peace.

**B**UT Spike said no. He wanted me to have a real wedding. One in full regalia with all the family present. "Don't forget," he reminded me gently, "I've never had much of a family of my own. Besides," he added with a sly little grin, "I want a lot of people to see how beautiful you'll look."

We were in Las Vegas when we broke the glad tidings and everyone was wonderful to us. They were planning a fashion show at the hotel, and I was asked to model as a June bride. Spike thought it was a great idea, and with much glee he deposited himself in the midst of the audience with all his moving picture equipment draped around him so that he looked like Frank Buck on a cameraman's holiday.

This made me quite nervous, but I didn't dare say anything to him, because I knew he would tease me afterwards. I went on with the show, a brave smile covering up the quakes inside me. It was so much like the real thing. Someone was singing "Oh Promise Me," there were flowers all over the place, and an aisle for me to walk down. And there was Spike grinding away at his little old camera for all he was worth. My knees were shaking, and so was the bouquet I was carrying. "My, you made a wonderful bride," someone said to me afterwards. "You acted as though you were really nervous." I smiled weakly. If they only knew!

Then, before I knew it, the date for the real wedding had arrived. Spike kept his promise. He always keeps his promises. It was going to be exactly the way he said it would be. He had planned everything so carefully, including our honest-to-goodness honeymoon in Honolulu. Practically no one in show business ever gets a real honeymoon.

On the morning of the wedding, I was comparatively calm. I still couldn't believe it, though. I felt as though the girl sitting in her room waiting to be married were someone else. Not me at all.

At the rehearsal I tried to get my father to practice with us. "Why do I need to rehearse," he said jokingly, referring to the number of other daughters he had already given away in marriage. "I've had plenty of practice."

"But you won't have a chance to practice with this one again," said Spike pulling me close to him and smiling down at me.

Two hours before the ceremony, Spike called me on the phone from his room. "Hello, darling," he said. "how do you feel?"

"Scared," I admitted. "How about you?"

"Terrified," he said. "A nervous wreck."

But when I saw him he was very

self-possessed. I would have been completely fooled by his air of assurance if it were not for the fact that after the ceremony when he was told he could kiss the bride, he bent over and gave me a quick peck on the lips, and then like a man coming out of a daze, he opened his eyes and looked at me and kissed me again. Hard.

My father, who saw the whole thing, just grinned knowingly. Spike smiled a little foolishly as we walked down the aisle together as man and wife.

Suddenly halfway down he stopped and put up his hand for silence. Then he stepped aside and held me at arm's length. "Look everybody," he said to the two hundred assembled guests, "I want you to see how beautiful she is." And then he kissed me again.

I guess I'm one of those rare brides who stay for the refreshments. I really didn't want to leave. Everything was so wonderful, everyone was so kind, and I could see Spike was loving every minute of it, especially being with the family.

I guess being an only child really had an effect on Spike. All during our stay in Honolulu he bought presents for the family. Beach coats, jackets, grass skirts, drums. There wasn't a shop that didn't like to see him coming. He was Santa Claus in tennis shorts.

That was the wonderful thing about our honeymoon. We could lounge in comfortable clothes. And lie on the beach. We're both sun worshippers. And we took long walks. We even hunted pebbles. And of course Spike took pictures. Dozens and dozens. The most wonderful thing to Spike, though, was not having to get up until ten o'clock. And no telephones!

It was exciting being really alone with him for the first time since I had known him. We acted like a couple of stock sweethearts, discovering and rediscovering each other, recounting how we first met, what we first thought. It was heaven.

I hated to come home, but once in Los Angeles, we rapidly got in the swing again.

**S**PIKE invaded my parents' home like an army of liberation. He was literally loaded with presents. The whole family was there and no Christmas had ever been as exciting. Spike looked like a little boy having the time of his life.

Spike showed his pictures, which were on gorgeous colour film. They were the best pictures of the island that we'd ever seen. He was so proud of himself.

Well, the routines have begun again. The phones are ringing and the appointment book is full.

There is his radio show, Spotlight Revue on Friday nights. This is the toughest part of it all. Two brand new arrangements every week and a different presentation for each guest star. And then there's the special material for Dorothy Shay . . . the "Park Avenue Hillbilly."

Spike is also continuing with his Musical Depreciation Revue which he originated a while back. Last year he took it on a tour of a hundred and thirty-nine concerts in a hundred and thirty-nine cities.

We'll go out again on tour this winter. The radio shows will be remotes of course. We plan to play the show to special audiences of industrial workers all over the country.

That's the thing that's so wonderful about Spike and me. We're a team off stage and on. And I know it's going to be a permanent arrangement.



## But Once a Year

(Continued from page 59)

and beat until light. Add eggs and milk and blend thoroughly. Add vanilla and chocolate and mix well. Add dry ingredients and combine thoroughly. Chill slightly and put by small portions through cookie press onto ungreased baking sheet. Bake in hot oven (400° F) 6 to 10 minutes. About 6 dozen cookies.

### Holiday Chocolate Syrup

1 cup cocoa 1/8 tsp. salt  
1 1/2 cups sugar 1 1/4 cups water  
Mix cocoa, sugar and salt. Add water; stir until well-blended. Place pan over low heat, boil 5 minutes. Cool. Store in covered jar in refrigerator. Makes 2 cups.

**To Make Hot Chocolate:** For each serving, scald 1 cup of milk; add 2 tablespoons chocolate syrup. Stir until syrup is dissolved. A pinch of cinnamon or nutmeg may be added if desired.

### Toasted Nuts

1 cup shelled nuts  
1 tsp. oil or shortening, melted  
1 tsp. salt

Stir nuts in oil. Spread on baking sheet. Sprinkle with salt. Bake in moderate oven (350° F) about 10 minutes, or until lightly browned. Stir frequently during baking.

### Cheese Roll-Ups

2 cups biscuit mix 1/2 cup coarsely grated  
1/2 to 3/4 cup milk American cheese

Add milk to biscuit mix and mix well. Turn out on floured board, knead gently eight to ten times. Roll out to 1/4" thick rectangle, about 18" x 6". Sprinkle with cheese. Cut into triangles. Roll up in crescents. Bake in hot oven (400° F) for 15 minutes or until brown. Makes 10 Roll-Ups.

### Spiced Cider

1 quart cider 6 whole allspice  
1/4 tsp. salt 4 sticks cinnamon  
1/2 cup brown sugar, orange and lemon  
firmly packed slices  
6 whole cloves

Combine cider, salt, sugar and spices in saucepan. Bring to boiling point, simmer for 5 minutes. Strain into heated bowl or pitcher. Float thin slices of orange and lemon on top. Serves 6.

### Pilaf

6 strips bacon, 1 clove garlic,  
halved chopped (optional)  
3 cups left-over 1 cup rice  
meat or fowl, 2 tsp. salt  
diced 1/4 tsp. pepper  
1 large onion, sliced 4 cups water

Brown bacon and remove from skillet,

leave drippings. To fat, add meat, onion and garlic; cook until browned. Make layers of bacon, meat, onions and uncooked rice in baking dish, season with salt and pepper. Cover with water. Bake in a low oven (300° F) about 1 hour until rice is tender and liquid absorbed. Makes 6 servings.

### Turkey in Toast Cups

1/2 cup diced green 1 can cream of  
pepper mushroom soup  
1/4 cup dried pimento 1 cup milk  
2 tbsps. shortening 3 cups diced turkey  
1 can cream of 6 slices bread  
chicken soup (or)

Cook green pepper, pimento and shortening together in large skillet 5 minutes. Stir in cream soup, milk and turkey. Heat thoroughly—do not boil. Serve in toast cups. Makes 6 portions.

**To Make Toast Cups:** Trim crusts from bread, spread with softened butter. Press butter side down into muffin tins. Bake in moderate oven (375° F) until lightly browned.

### New Year Loaf

3 cups pancake 1 1/2 cups milk  
mix 2 tbsps. melted fat  
1/2 cup sugar 1 cup chopped  
2 eggs, beaten fruit

Combine pancake mix and sugar, add eggs and milk and stir until combined. Fold in melted fat and fruit. Pour into 8x5x3 heavily greased loaf pan. Bake in moderately low oven (325° F) for 1 hour. Cool slightly, turn out on wire rack and glaze.

**Glaze:** To 1/2 cup sifted confectioners' sugar, gradually add 2 tablespoons boiling water until a thin paste is formed. Brush on top of loaf.

### Coffee Ring

2 cups biscuit mix margarine  
2/3 cup milk 1/2 tsp. cinnamon  
1 cup raisins 1/4 tsp. nutmeg  
1/2 cup brown sugar 2 tbsps. boiling  
(firmly packed) water  
1/4 cup butter or

Mix biscuit mix and milk until combined. Place on floured board. Knead gently 8 to 10 times. Roll out into long strip 6" wide and 18" long. Mix sugar, butter, raisins and spices and boiling water to paste. Spread lengthwise down center of strip. Fold once lengthwise, press edges together with a fork. Lift into a 9" pie pan, bring ends together and press to seal. Cut large triangular holes around top of ring. Bake in hot oven (400° F) for 20 to 25 minutes. Glaze, if desired. Serves 10.

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Jim Fitzpatrick, left, and Jim Bywater visited Art Linkletter on House Party last Fall, confided that their joint ambition was to be football players.

# THE *Time of Their Lives*

**T**WENTY-FOUR hours in heaven—that's the present Art Linkletter made to two twelve-year-old boys last Fall. Heaven to them was the training camp of the Los Angeles Rams pro football team.

The boys, Jim Fitzpatrick and Jim Bywater, came to the microphone on House Party as part of the program's regular feature of round table discussions among children. When Art asked them what they wanted to be when grown up, the answer came in chorus: football players! It was the next day that the Rams' invitation was passed along to the boys, and they spent the following day and night sleeping in players' quarters, eating at training table, attending practice (and even "skull practice") sessions.

And that wasn't all. They went home happy, but sorry it was all over, to find it wasn't over at all. Both young Jims have been guests at the Rams' games in Los Angeles Coliseum all season. (House Party is heard Monday through Friday, 3 P.M. EST, CBS.)

Head Coach Clark Shaughnessy instructs the two Jims in the fine points of pass from center.



George Trafton, assistant coach, Los Angeles Rams, puts the two youngsters through strenuous tackling-dummy drill.



In the huddle: the Rams seem to be enjoying their visitors, and oh how the visitors seem to be enjoying the Rams!



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