

RADIO AND TELEVISION

MIRROR

MAY • 25¢



"MY HUSBAND IS IDEAL"
Mrs. Jack Smith tells why
THE BRIGHTER DAY
our pages of family pictures

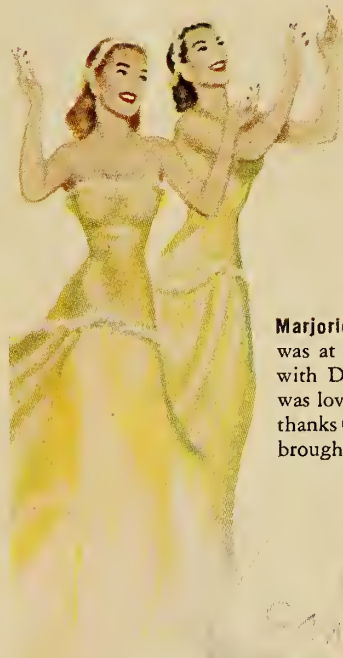
Harriet and Ozzie Nelson
and sons
Bobby and Paul

Watch your Skin Grow Lovelier with your First Cake of Camay!

MRS. BENJAMIN MOATS, Jr.
the former Marjorie Lehmann of Haverhill, N.H.
bridal portrait painted by *Tom Rose*

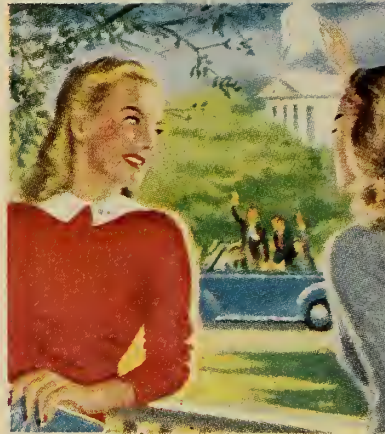
Charm and good looks, dates and romance, can begin with a lovely skin! And your skin can be softer, lovelier, with your very *first cake* of Camay.

Give up careless cleansing—go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested mild Camay care on scores of women—found most complexions grew softer and smoother with just *one cake* of Camay! Follow directions on the wrapper for a lovelier skin!

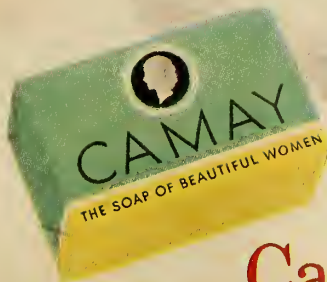


READ ABOUT A ROMANCE!

Marjorie met Ben when she was at Skidmore—he called with Dartmouth friends. It was love from the start! She thanks Camay: "My *first cake* brought a lovelier look!"



Honeymooning at Sea Island, bride and groom rode the ocean without a tumble. But Ben's "overboard" for Marjorie's complexion. She'll stay on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!



Camay THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

"Dentists say the IPANA way works!"

Junior model Mary Mohr shows how it can work for you, too



A dream dances . . . 21-year-old model Mary Mohr of Jersey City, clicks at a college prom. This popular gal brightens many a magazine page with a smile her beaux find irresistible!

"I follow the *Ipana* way to healthier gums and brighter teeth . . . because dentists say it works!" says Mary. Here's how her professionally approved *Ipana* dental care can work for you, too . . .

"See? The *Ipana* way is simple as 1, 2," says Mary:

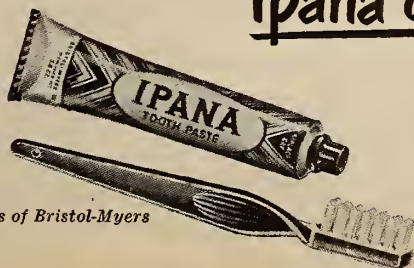
1. Between regular visits to your dentist, brush all tooth surfaces with *Ipana* at least twice a day.
2. Then massage gums the way your dentist advises—to stimulate gum circulation. (*Ipana*'s unique formula actually helps stimulate your gums. You can feel the invigorating tingle!)

Try this for healthier gums, brighter teeth, an *Ipana* smile. *Ipana* refreshes your mouth and breath, too. Ask your dentist about *Ipana* and massage. A good dentifrice like a good dentist is *never* a luxury!

YES, 8 OUT OF 10 DENTISTS SAY:

Ipana dental care promotes

Healthier gums, brighter teeth*



Products of Bristol-Myers

*In thousands of recent reports from all over the country.

P.S. For correct brushing, use the DOUBLE DUTY Tooth Brush with the *twist* in the handle. 1000 dentists helped design it!

I wouldn't want to be in his shoes!



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

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

LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream



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

NEW!
ECONOMY SIZE
EXTRA 65¢!
EXTRA VALUE! 59¢

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

MAY, 1949

RADIO AND TELEVISION MIRROR

VOL. 31, NO. 6

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ON THE COVER: The Nelson Family—Ozzie, Harriet, Ricky, and David; color portraits by Hymie Fink, Sterling Smith and Betty Rice

<i>Editorial Director</i> FRED R. SAMMIS	<i>Editor</i> DORIS MCFERRAN	<i>Art Director</i> JACK ZASORIN
<i>Managing Editor</i> EVELYN L. FIORE	<i>Associate Art Director</i> FRANCES MALY	
<i>Television</i> FRANCES KISH	<i>Editorial Assistant</i> JOAN POLLOCK	<i>Research</i> TERU GOTO
<i>Chicago Office: Editor, HELEN CAMBRIA BOLSTAD</i>		
<i>Hollywood Office: Editor, ANN DAGGETT</i>		
<i>Staff Photographers, HYMIE FINK, STERLING SMITH</i>		
<i>Assistant, BETTY JO RICE</i>		

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INFORMATION BOOTH

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

KEN CARSON

Dear Editor:

Please give me the name of the singer on the Lustre Cream Shampoo commercial on the Day in the Life of Dennis Day program. I'd also like to know what he looks like.



Ken Carson

Miss A. P. Culpepper, Va.

The singer is Ken Carson, who was formerly on NBC's Summerfield Bandstand.

NO RELATION

Dear Editor:

I have heard that Peggy Lee is the sister of Bing Crosby's wife, Dixie Lee. Is that true?

Mrs. J. K. Buffalo, N. Y.

No. As a matter of fact, Peggy Lee is not her given name—it's really Norma Egstrom.



Peggy Lee

OLD TIMERS

Dear Editor:

Could you tell me who plays the parts of Wallace Wimple, Mr. Old Timer, Mayor La Trivia, and Doc Gamble on the Fibber McGee and Molly program? They've been on that program so long that they seem like old friends to me.



Arthur Q. Bryan

Mrs. T. K. Chicago, Ill.

Wallace Wimple and Mr. Old Timer are played by Bill Thompson who, except for a two-year hitch in the navy during the war, has been on the program twelve years. He has also played Nick Depopolus and Horatio K. Boomer. Mayor La Trivia is played by Gale Gordon, who has been with the show for eight years. Arthur Q. Bryan, whose picture you see here and who plays Doc Gamble, joined the cast seven years ago.

FAMOUS UNCLE

Dear Editor:

I have often wondered if James Meighan, the actor who plays the part of Larry Noble in Backstage Wife and Cary Donovan in Just Plain Bill, is related to the late Thomas Meighan of the silent screen?

Miss I. K.

Detroit, Michigan

Thomas Meighan was James Meighan's uncle.



You don't want that
"Left-Out Feeling!"

Stop looking on while others go places, Honey. Join the gang and be welcome—but first remember this: *never trust your charm to anything but dependable Mum!*

This unique cream deodorant makes you sure of charm. Contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. Be a safety-first girl—get Mum today!

Mum-Safer for Charm ...Mum checks perspiration odor for the whole day or evening. Protects against risk of future odor after your bath washes away past perspiration.

Mum-Safer for Skin ...Gentle Mum contains no harsh or irritating ingredients. Doesn't dry out in the jar to form scratchy crystals. Mum is harmless to skin.

Mum-Safer for Clothes ...No damaging ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics. Quick, pleasant to use. Economical, too—no shrinkage, no waste.

keeps' you nice to be near



THE QUALITY OF A BRAND OF GOODS
Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
IS NOT AN ADVERTISED PROMISE

Product of Bristol-Myers

For sanitary napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable... ideal for this important use, too.



Joan Alexander matches a floral scent to her new Walter Florell bonnet—and Spring is here!

Scent of Spring

"HMM, you smell nice!" This is the compliment Joan Alexander, who appears regularly on NBC's *The Big Story*, often hears from her husband. Like most men, he doesn't beat around the bush with fancy words when he has something nice to say to his wife. And, like most wives, Joan likes this modern male approach to flattery.

Being a surgeon, Joan's husband breathes in an antiseptic atmosphere all day long. So he especially appreciates having a wife to come home to who not only keeps herself looking attractive, but who also takes the trouble to add that final touch of glamor to her toilette—perfume.

During their courting days, this was one thing he liked about her. She hasn't forgotten it. So every evening before he comes home she puts some on. Because their two-year-old little girl, Jane, sees Mommy doing it, Joan has to put a little toilet water, cologne, or sachet on her, too, so that when Daddy lifts her in his arms for a great big hug and a kiss, he'll notice how nice Jane "smells." Her mother touches just a drop or two behind her daughter's ears. One time little Jane tried putting it on herself, when Mommy wasn't looking, and got it *in* her ears! That's what she thought Joan did.

Over a period of time, Joan has built up a scent wardrobe of colognes, toilet waters, perfumes, sachet powders, and of course she always has at least one favorite fragrance in bath crystals and bath powder. The perfumes are mostly in small bottles, because she likes having a fragrance for every mood, one to match the make-believe flowers on her hat, or the artificial

or real corsage she's wearing. She's fond of bouquet fragrances, too, because they're a mixture of many flowers, and are neither too heavy nor too sweet, but just right for any time of the day, any outfit, and any mood. However, when she dresses in tweeds or sports costumes (she's a great outdoors enthusiast), she applies either an "outdoorsy" scent, or borrows her husband's clean-smelling toilet water which he uses after shaving. If he's wondered who's been swiping it, now he knows!

You can be sure that if you use too much fragrance, your best beau will tell you. If too little, he'll not notice it at all, and that's proof that you've been wasteful with it. By trying different ones, you'll soon learn the scents he likes best on you, and the ones he doesn't.

Behind your ears, at the nape of your neck, and on your wrists are the usual places for applying fragrance. But have you ever tried Joan's trick of spraying a dash of perfume, toilet water or cologne inside your gloves, purse, or on the veil or flowers on your hat? You can also saturate a clean piece of absorbent cotton with toilet water and pin it inside your brassiere, sprinkle a little toilet water or cologne in the final rinse water after you've shampooed your hair, tuck sachet envelopes or petals in among your lingerie, and place some between sheets, pillow slips, and towels in your linen closet. And did you know that the sprinkling of fragrant bath crystals in your bureau drawers, and fragrant soap, tucked in them, will also scent your underwear and linen nicely?

Spring flowers are blooming, and you want to "smell pretty" too!

By
MARY
JANE
FULTON



"You can't do this to me!"

BUT he *was* doing it—and doing it deliberately—breaking the biggest date of the year on very short notice! This was the party she had dreamed about . . . for which she had bought a lovely new evening dress and adorable new shoes.

Now he was calling the whole thing off with excuses that, to say the least, sounded phony.

Looking back at their last date she recalled that he had acted strangely indifferent. What had she said to merit such treatment then? What had she done to deserve it now? The more she searched for an explanation the further she got from the truth*.

Are You Sure?

Unpleasant breath (halitosis*) is the offense unpardonable . . . a hurdle that is hard for romance to clear. The insidious thing about it is that you, yourself, may not realize when you have it. Moreover, it may be

present one day and absent the next.

So why take your breath for granted—*ever*? Why risk putting yourself in a bad light when Listerine Antiseptic is such a delightful, *extra-careful* precaution against offending?

Lasting Protection.

You simply rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic and, lo, your breath becomes fresher, sweeter, less likely to offend. Not for seconds. Not for minutes. But for hours, usually.

If you want to be at your best, don't rely on makeshifts. Put your trust in Listerine Antiseptic—the *extra-careful*, lasting precaution. Use it night and morning and before every date where you want to be at your best.

Most cases of simple bad breath yield readily to Listerine Antiseptic; cases of systemic origin are for your doctor to treat.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Missouri

Before any date
LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC
to help you be at your best

Mrs. Anthony, David and John J. His institute lobbied for outlawing of breach of promise suits, revision of the alimony law, compulsory pre-marital health tests, a 3-day wait after license securance.



HAVE YOU A Problem

JOHN J. ANTHONY's back and WMGM's got him. After eighteen years of married life, the man who has made a career of helping people solve their domestic difficulties has a very creditable domestic entourage himself: attractive wife Etille and nine-year-old son David.

When Mrs. Anthony has a problem, to whom does she turn? Why, to Mr. Anthony, of course. "But she sometimes thinks I'm too close to her problem, and so she goes elsewhere. She usually finds out I was right about the whole thing."

Etille, a vivacious brunette from Montreal, was a modern dancer and shared the stage with Charles Weidman, Doris Humphrey, Martha Graham, and others of that stature. She gave up her dancing when she married and has no regrets.

"I guess if John had been a businessman or something that didn't interest me, I might have been sorry, but his work is so stimulating and so satisfying that I have never felt I missed anything by deciding to be a housewife," she said. "And then," Mr. Anthony's wife points out, "John has so many interests."

First, there is his weekly Monday night (8 to 9 P.M.) WMGM session, which is re-broadcast over WPEN, Philadelphia, the following Sunday night (6 to 7 P.M.).

As head of the Marital Relations Institute, which he helped found almost twenty-five years ago, he keeps abreast of the marital laws, always mindful that the efforts of his organization brought about reforms in New York State that set the pattern for many of the State legislatures.

Mr. Anthony also lectures, writes and paints. Irritated by the bother of cleaning his palette, he invented a disposable palette, which is now marketed.

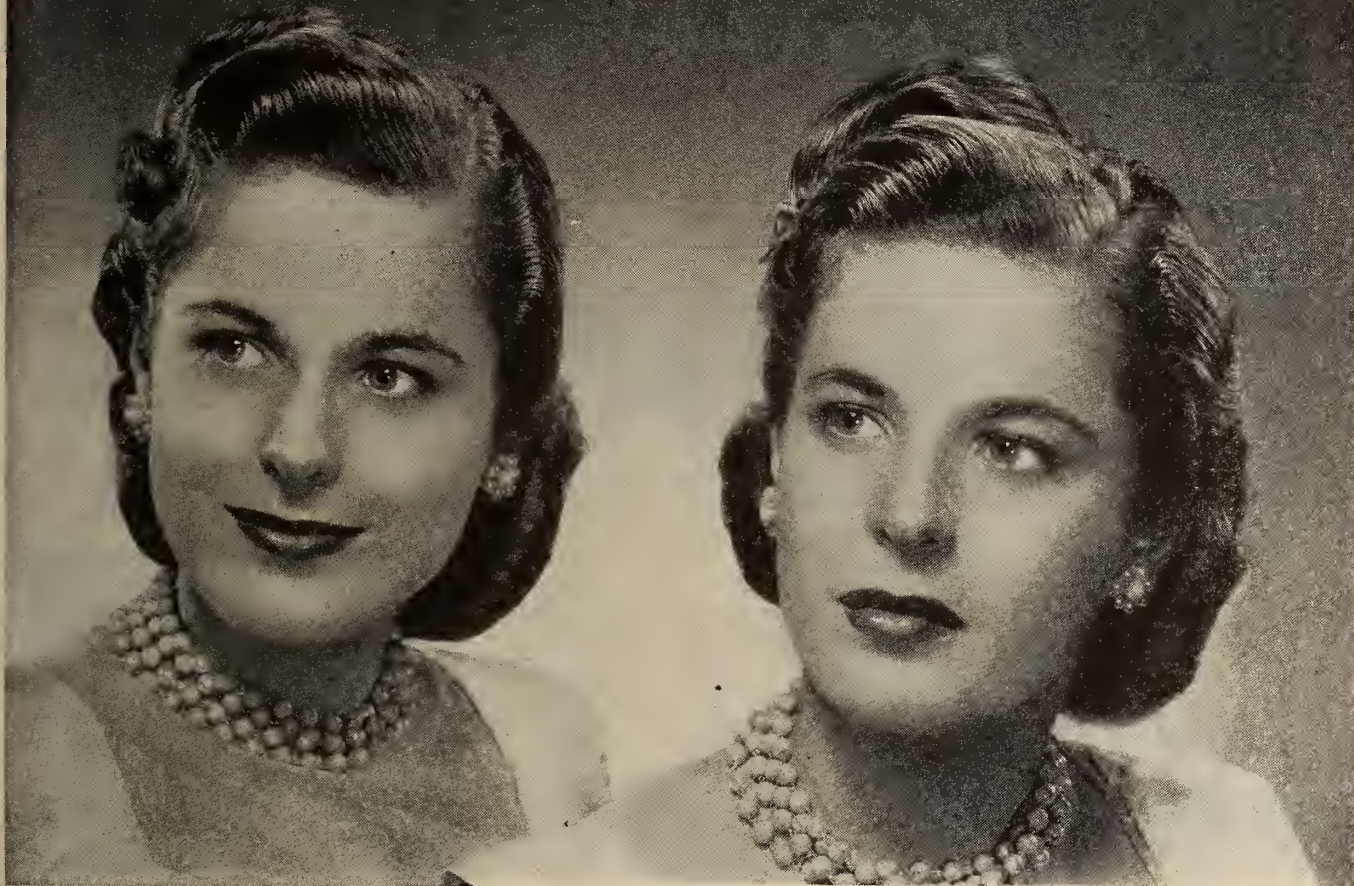
The Anthonys spend their weekdays in a Manhattan apartment overlooking Washington Square—they want David to have the experience of walking to school. But weekends the three of them head for their home in suburban Woodmere, Long Island.



John J. Anthony, who began his painting as the result of a dare, now turns out acceptable abstractions. He also has published six books.

Which Twin has the Toni?

(and which has the \$15 beauty shop wave? Answer below.)



**More than 2 million women a month use Toni
... the wave that gives that natural look!**

See how flattering a Toni is . . . how soft and beautifully natural it looks. Because there's no frizzy stage with a Toni. Even on the first day your Toni wave looks naturally curly with lovely deep waves and soft curls! But before trying Toni you'd like to know:

Will TONI work on my hair?

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

Will my TONI wave be loose or tight?

The exclusive directions in your Toni Kit give you exactly the wave you want — from loose, casual curls to a halo of adorable ringlets. You're sure of success with easy-to-follow Toni directions because they've given millions of perfect perma-

nents. Actually, more women use Toni than all other cold waves combined.

Why do most women prefer to use TONI?

Because the Toni Waving Lotion isn't harsh like hurry-up salon type solutions. Toni is a creme cold wave made especially for home use. That's why Toni leaves your hair in such wonderful condition — so shiny soft and natural-looking!

How long will my TONI last?

Your Toni is long-lasting and is guaranteed to look as lovely as a \$15 beauty shop wave . . . or your money back.

How much will I save with TONI?

The Toni Kit with re-usable plastic curlers cost \$2. For a second Toni get the Toni Refill Kit. It costs just \$1 . . . yet *there's no finer wave at any price!*

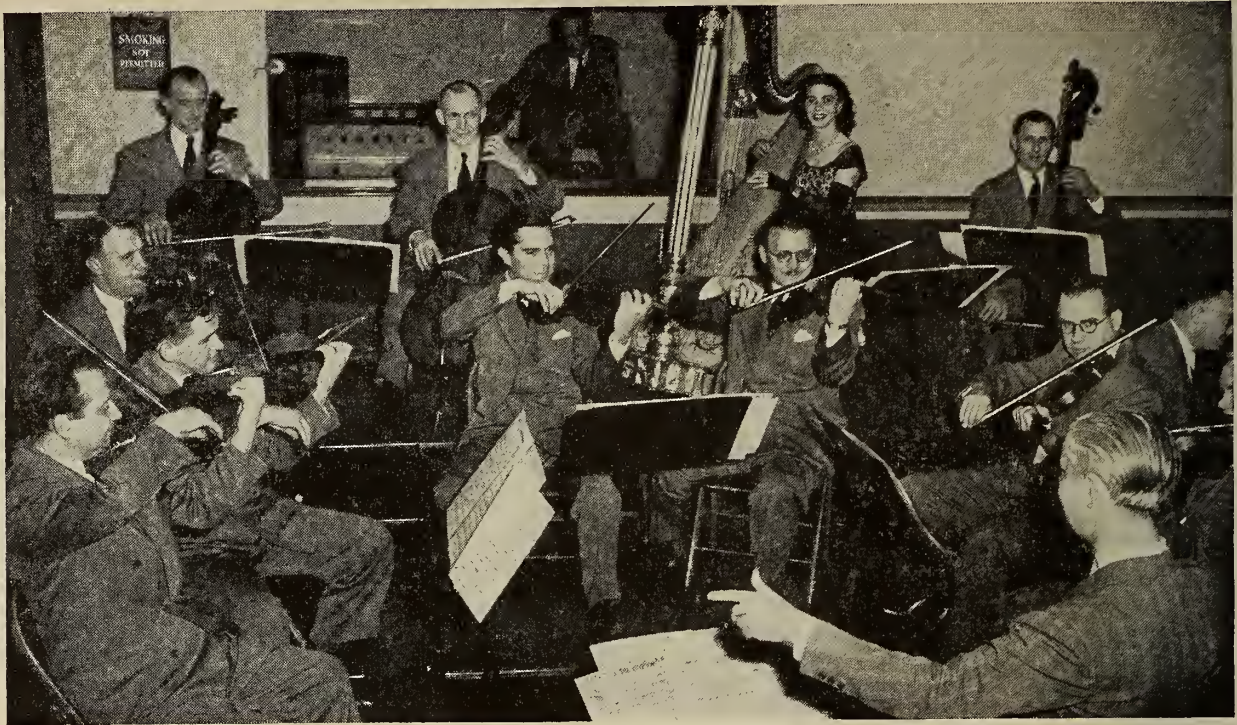
Which twin has the TONI?

Talented, teen-age Kathlene and Helene Crescente won the Beauty Contest for Twins in New York City. Kathlene, the twin on the right, has the Toni. She says: "I never knew a permanent could look so natural." And Helene says: "Next time it will be Toni for two!"



The wave that gives that natural look . . . Toni

KDKA's famed "Singing Strings" ensemble. The show has been aired by the same sponsor since 1945.



Singing Strings

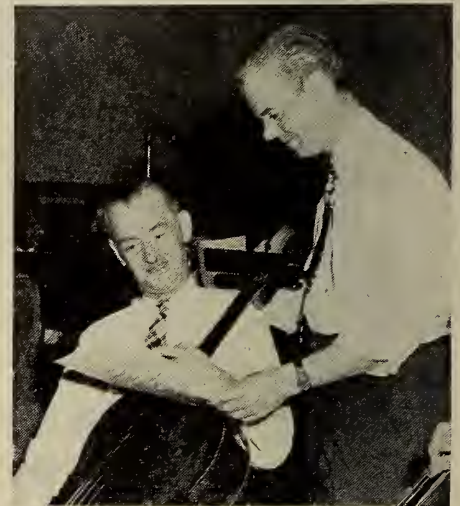
SINGING STRINGS, which has been a Wednesday night feature on KDKA in the 7:30 spot since 1945, is one of the most popular radio shows in Pittsburgh and has been frequently praised by listeners for its network-like quality.

Marked by distinctive and unique orchestral arrangements, the program presents an ensemble of string instruments and a clarinet. A variety of types of music—popular, light classical and selections from musical comedies—is highlighted.

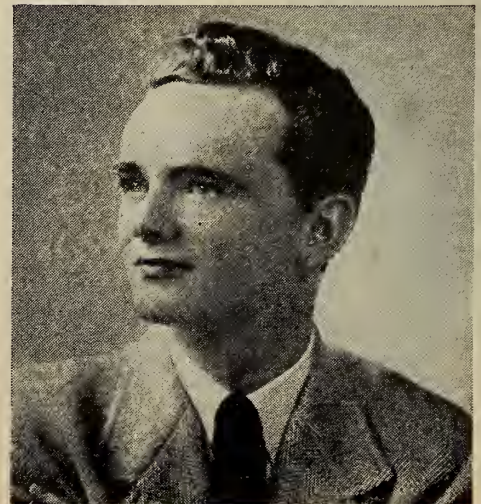
Pittsburgh's popular tenor, Johnny Kirby, honored this year by the Junior Chamber of Commerce at its "Man of the Year" banquet for his achievements in the world of music, is the vocal star of the show. Johnny has been active with the Pittsburgh Playhouse and the Civic Opera, is a young man who should go far in the entertainment world.

Produced by Ed Young, the program is under the direction of Bernie Armstrong, who heads KDKA's musical department. The string ensemble is made up of violinists Clement Iandiorio, Wilbert Frisch, Charles Riley, Louis Longdon, Francis Kleyle and Ruth Behringer; clarinetist Charles Klug; cellists James Younger and George Wilkins; harpist Marion Berger; bass viol August Frisch and pianist Russ Merritt.

Announcing duties are in the capable hands of Paul Shannon, two-time winner of the H. P. Davis Memorial Announcers' Award and the program has had the same sponsor, the Duquesne Light Company, since its inception—a good record for a fine program.



Music Dept. head Bernie Armstrong (r.) goes over a score with James Younger.



Johnny Kirby, singing star of the show.

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BY THE CREATORS OF Suspants®**

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minikins
THE SMART MINIMUM IN UNDIES

As brief as a wink . . . as smooth
as a sultan . . . that's Blue Swan's
MINIKINS. They're smartly styled
in SWANTONE, an amazing new
runproof rayon that wears longer
and washes and dries in a jiffy.
You'll love MINIKINS in each
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cellophane packages.

A size for almost every figure.
Tearose, pink, white, blue, black, maize.



79¢
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B.
BAND LEG
BRIEF

C.
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BRIEF

Blue Swan

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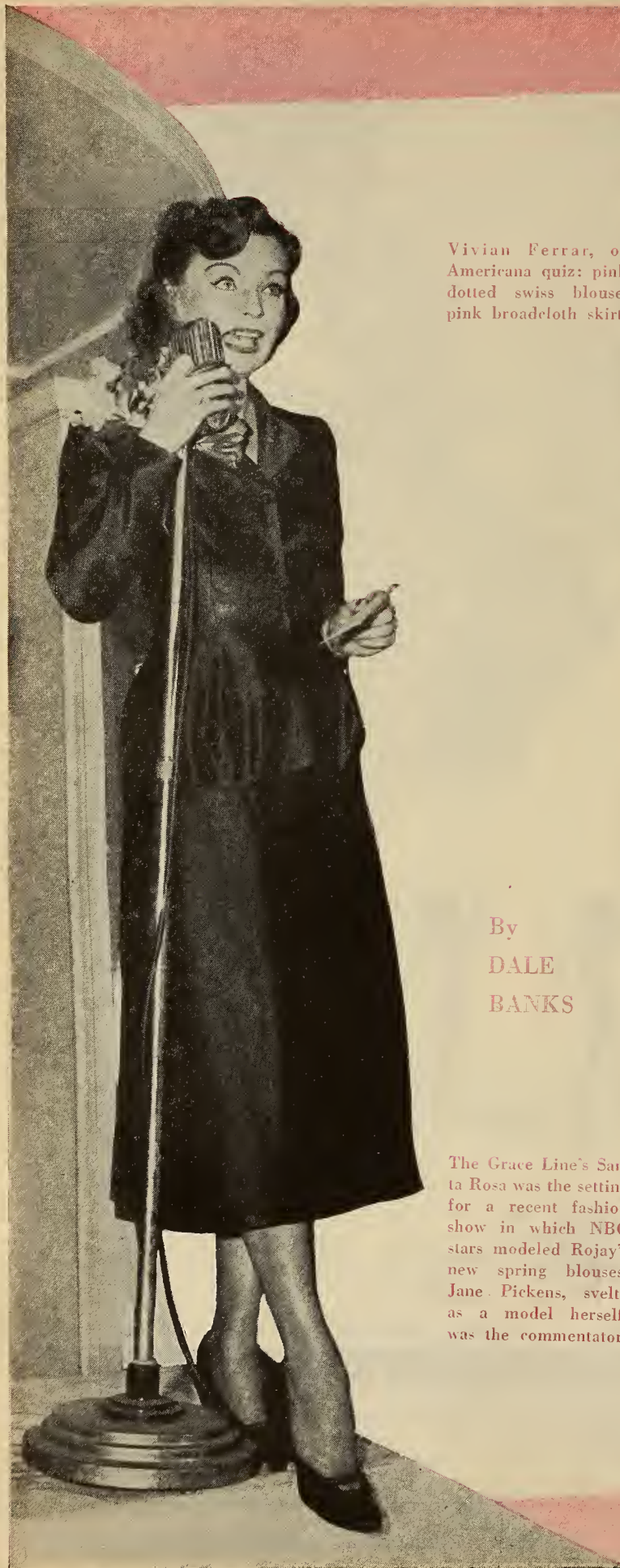
Please send me MINIKINS, through my local dealer (order by letter A, B, or C), at 79¢ a pair.

STYLE	COLOR	DRESS SIZES					QUANTITY
		9/10	11/12	13/14	15/16	17/18	

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____



Vivian Ferrar, of Americana quiz: pink dotted swiss blouse, pink broadcloth skirt.

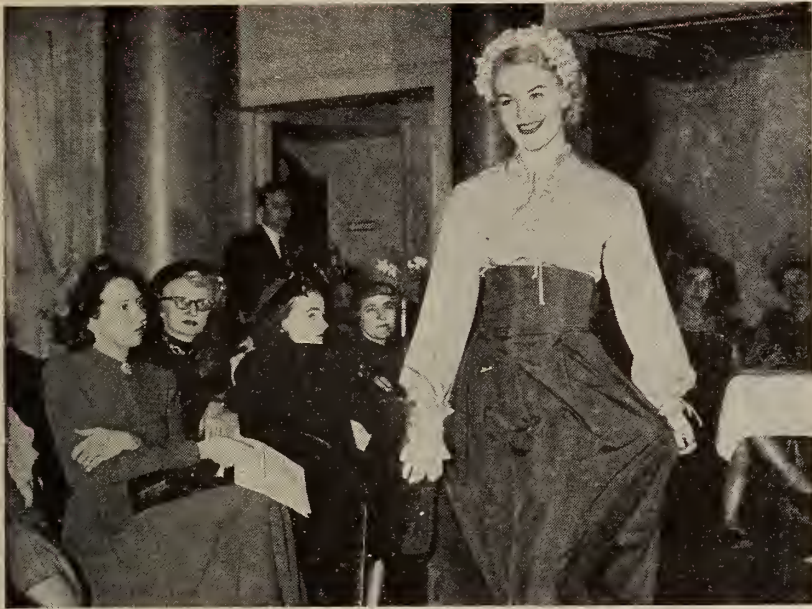


WHAT'S NEW

By
DALE
BANKS

The Grace Line's Santa Rosa was the setting for a recent fashion show in which NBC stars modeled Rojay's new spring blouses. Jane Pickens, svelte as a model herself, was the commentator.

FILMTOWN is getting more and more worried by the trend which threatens to move the entertainment capital from Hollywood back to New York City. The movie industry made Hollywood, killed vaudeville, and forced Manhattan-minded radio barons to originate their shows in the west coast "reservoir of talent." And now that the movie business has started suffering from retrenchment pains, cinema stars and supporting players in fairly large numbers are fleeing Hollywood for employment on the New York stage or in vaudeville tours across the country. The talent reservoir is getting lower and television may well empty the dyke. Video, in Hollywood, must remain on a local station basis for another two years, at least, until the coaxial cable system has become transcontinental. In the meantime, New York is the keystone of the TV network extending to St. Louis. New York, feeding a network of stations, can afford to pay more than Hollywood, which can offer only the extremely low talent fee paid for single station telecasts. The answer is obvious. The stars may like California's climate, but with film production slowed down, they will desert for the east—vaudeville, legitimate theater and video.



Kyle MacDonnell
(Girl About Town):
pale, delicate blouse,
high-wrapped rustling
skirt, flower coronet.

from COAST to COAST

More about trends . . . Contracts for radio artists seem to be for shorter terms, rather than for two and three years as heretofore. Both artists and sponsors feel they don't want to be tied up with exclusive radio contracts now that TV is making such rapid strides.

* * *
Now that Ozzie and Harriet can tape-record their show, they will probably introduce the bona fide Nelson offspring in the roles of David and Ricky. Seems that, until now, the Nelsons were afraid the live broadcasts would be too taxing for the children.

* * *
Spyros Skouras has denied buying the ABC network for 20th-Century Fox, but info trickling through from Wall Street indicates that someone has just purchased the controlling interest in the web through purchase of stock on the open market.

* * *
Sentimental note. Thanks to Vaughn Monroe, Georgetown University is richer by \$5,000. The University has reported to the popular band master-singer that shortly after he heard Monroe sing the Georgetown alma mater song, a misty eyed alumnus sent the (Continued on page 13)



Betty Wragge (Pepper Young) in white
scoop-necked top, beige cotton skirt.
Right, Dru Avedon, actress, modeled
banana-beige skirt, blouse, tiny hat.



THEY SHALL HAVE

Music



Hundreds of music lovers gather daily at The Eagle in the Grand Court to hear the broadcasts of the John Wanamaker Great Organ. This picture was taken during one of the special Lenten Cantata programs which also featured the Wanamaker Choir.

*The organ is in truth the grandest,
the most daring, the most magnificent
of all instruments invented by human
genius*
—Honoré de Balzac

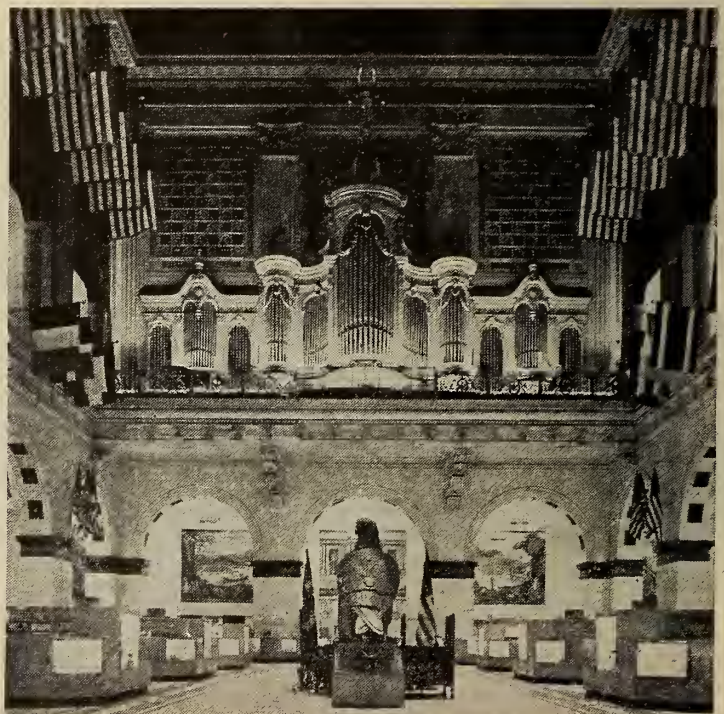
PHILADELPHIANS believe that Balzac never wrote anything truer than this, and all because organs and organ music have been a part of the John Wanamaker tradition since 1876, when an old Pennsylvania freight depot became the Wanamaker store in Philadelphia. John Wanamaker believed that music should be a part of daily living and working as well as a form of relaxation and amusement.

Because of that, a member of the Wanamaker staff was sent to St. Louis to buy the Louisiana Purchase Exposition organ. Rebuilt in the Grand Court of the Wanamaker store, it was heard publicly for the first time in the Quaker City on June 22, 1911.

Since then the John Wanamaker Great Organ has become one of the largest and finest in the world, with additions from 1914 to 1930 increasing it to a six-manual console instrument with 451 stops and 30,067 pipes.

World-famous organists have been impressed by the beauty, completeness and accessibility of the console and the musical obligation entailed by this majestic instrument has been recognized and observed ever since its first concert. It has been played every business day since its installation and has undoubtedly been heard by a greater number of people than any other organ in existence.

In 1945, after a full month of tests by engineers of radio station WIBG in Philadelphia, the Great Organ was heard in a new series of daily recitals, Monday through Saturday, from 10:05 to 10:30 A.M., making it one of the longest commercially-sponsored organ programs in the history of Philadelphia radio.



Alone, the organ stands in majestic splendor. A month of testing was necessary to discover the correct microphone placements that would encompass the great range of the instrument's divisions.

COAST to COAST

(Continued from page 11)

university a \$5,000 check for gymnasium maintenance.

* * *
You want to know why it costs such a lot to put on a radio show? Here's one sample. The Stop the Music radio series requires a staff of ninety-nine people to operate the show. Now that a theater unit has been added, this staff has been increased by fifteen, which does not include the house bands that will be used. A staff like this makes the show practically an industry.

* * *
Radio producer Jack Johnstone always appears at the studio carrying a briefcase, but let no one get the idea that this is because there's a lot of paper work connected with his job. Jack works like a frantic beaver during rehearsals and, following the dress rehearsal, he retires to a sheltered corner, unzips his briefcase, and takes out a fresh shirt and tie to put on before he faces the studio audience for the broadcast.

* * *
Zany lady Minnie Pearl has a hobby that's literally gone to her head. She collects antique hats and, having let her audience in on her hobby, she's getting a lot of help. Recently, she received a choice number, a 112-year-old straw lid, which was sent to her by a Kentucky listener. It's a wide brimmed affair with a small crown covered by a complicated combination of lace and tulle. Minnie ought to hold a show to prove that women's fashions don't really change so much, they just rotate a bit. This bit of straw and veil doesn't sound much different from what the gals have been wearing these days.

* * *
The staff of CBS's You Are There, the show that makes great moments in history come alive in your living room, pulled a cute stunt on Robert Lewis Shayon, producer-director of the program. Recently, without warning, they played him a specially written and produced version of the program called, "The Casting of a Show, CBS, New York," a gentle but satiric ribbing of Shayon's relentless insistence on perfect casting, authentic atmosphere and epic treatment of the historic events which the show features.

* * *
GOSSIP AND STUFF FROM HITHER AND YON . . . Sammy Kaye is now in the bowling alley business. He's started a chain in the midwest . . . Inner Sanctum host Paul McGrath is appearing on Broadway in Clifford Odets' new play, "The Big Knife" . . . Elliott Lewis acting in a new film being directed by Irving Reis, ex-radio cue tosser . . . Marie Wilson busy at the flicker studios, putting her role in My Friend Irma on celluloid . . . Lucille Ball is at work on the Columbia pic, "Miss Grant Takes Richmond," between stints at her radio role in My Favorite Husband . . . Jack Bailey's first book is on the stands. Title, *What's Cookin'* . . . Jimmy Stewart reported interested in doing a comedy series for CBS . . . Professor Quiz is writing a book on the history of quiz programs . . . Zanies Olsen and Johnson are being submitted to an auto sponsor in one of the most costly programs yet devised for television . . . Phil Davis, head idea man for Ralph Edwards, has sold an original story, "Moon Over the Catskills," to George Jessel for screen production . . . That's all for now. Good listening . . .

TONI TWINS prove magic of SOFT-WATER Shampooing



Lather . . .
was Alva's problem!

"Imagine trying to shampoo your hair without enough lather," complains Alva Anderson. "And that's just about what happens every time I use a soap shampoo!" Of course, Alva won't ever get the lather she wants with a soap shampoo—especially in hard water! And she can't rinse away that dulling soap film, either. That's what leaves hair looking drab and lifeless. Makes it hard to manage, too!

But Alice
got heaps of it!

"Toni Creme Shampoo is wonderful! Even in hard water, I get all the rich, creamy lather I need—and then some!" says twin Alice. And Toni does more than that! After Soft-Water Shampooing, your hair is exquisitely clean . . . shinier . . . more glamorous than you ever dreamed possible! Each strand shimmers with all, yes all its natural beauty! Curls are fresh, vibrant-looking . . . soft as a moonbeam!



Now it's Toni Creme Shampoo for Two!

The Anderson twins know there's nothing like Toni Creme Shampoo! Nothing like Soft-Water Shampooing in hard water! For Toni bursts into oceans of thick, billowy lather . . . rinses away dirt and dandruff instantly. Toni leaves your hair wonderfully fresh and radiant . . . sparkling with precious new high-lights. Helps your permanent "take" better . . . look lovelier longer. Get the jar or tube of Toni Creme Shampoo today. Try Soft-Water Shampooing. It's for you!



Enriched with Lanolin

FACING



Singer Anne Shelton's glamor isn't confined to her voice.



Niece Stephanie gets a special Shelton lullaby.



With sister Jo, r., a spot of "snooker" for fun.



When Anne Shelton can steal the time, she golfs—and prize chow "Jet" always comes along, too.

ANNE SHELTON, the young British singer whose records are becoming so popular over here, has a favorite Big Moment she likes to remember. It happened when Bing was touring England during the war on a series of USO shows. Anne was invited to make the tour with Der Bingle; sharing a mike with him is her favorite memory.

Anne is one of those rare people who decide at an early age what they'd like to do and then go right on to do it. When only ten years old Anne had made up her mind to follow a singing career. She started with entertaining at local functions. By the time she was fifteen, Anne had already been heard over the English radio on a BBC radio program. English bandleader Ambrose heard that program and immediately asked Anne to join his famous orchestra. After a short tour with the band, Anne was given her own radio program. Her broadcasts to the troops were heard all over Europe. Immediately after the war BBC officials kept Anne on the air with a program called Introducing Anne. The English vocal star was also featured with the Glenn Miller Band, and was the only British vocalist on American Forces Network.

In her personal life, Anne has permitted herself two luxuries: a limousine and a huge collection of perfumes. Her favorite hobbies are golf, her dogs and horse-back riding. She rides as often as possible. Fact is, she prefers the outdoor life with the passion that's possible only to a confirmed city

the MUSIC

By JOE MARTIN

dweller. If she had her way, she would turn country squire.

Anne's new home, in a suburb of London, is complete with a nine-hole golf course, kennels, billiard and ping-pong room and a complete music and recording room. She shares most of her activities with her younger sister Jo, who at the age of fourteen is well on her way to vocal stardom, too. Anne and Jo's biggest critic is their mother—Anne's most enthusiastic listener is her little niece, who gets a personal song every night around bedtime.

Anne's London Records are already being featured on every radio station in the United States, and, in addition, her English radio program is regularly beamed to this continent via short wave. At the moment, she is weighing offers to come to the United States before the year is out. Whether or not Anne comes will depend on English radio commitments and a very heavy recording schedule.

Petite organist Ethel Smith flies to London this month for a three-week engagement at the Palladium, and then on to Paris and Sweden. Since the Hammond Organ people have not exported their product to Europe for almost ten years, they are shipping an up-to-date model overseas for Miss

Smith, with an expert mechanic going along for safety.

Lena Horne's first stop on the personal appearance tour she starts this month will be "The Cave" in Vancouver, B. C. After that the gorgeous Lena takes her songs to San Francisco, Las Vegas and points East.

English singer Beryl Davis, who's now Mrs. Peter Potter, will be rocking the cradle some time this summer. Peter Potter is the Los Angeles disc jockey.

Eddy Arnold has a new Boxer puppy, named Duke. It seems Duke came from occupied Germany and has a German pedigree a mile long. When singer Eddy turns on his yodeling the dog rebels and shakes his head at the high notes. The dog, however, is probably Eddy's only censor—that is, judging from the Arnold popularity.

Even though Illinois Jacquet is an exclusive RCA Victor recording artist, you'll find his name on the record labels of five different companies. Many of the discs he recorded before signing his last contract are now being offered for sale.

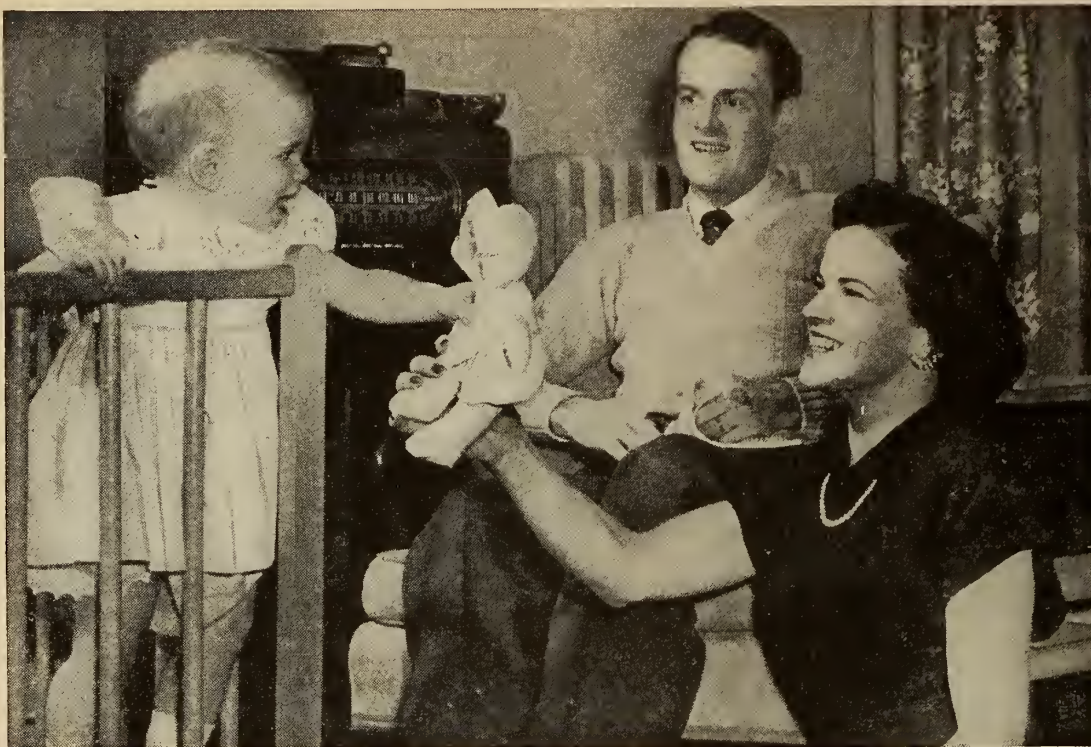


Victor Mature was one of Kay's recent guests on Starring Kay Starr, heard Sat., 8 P.M. EST, ABC.

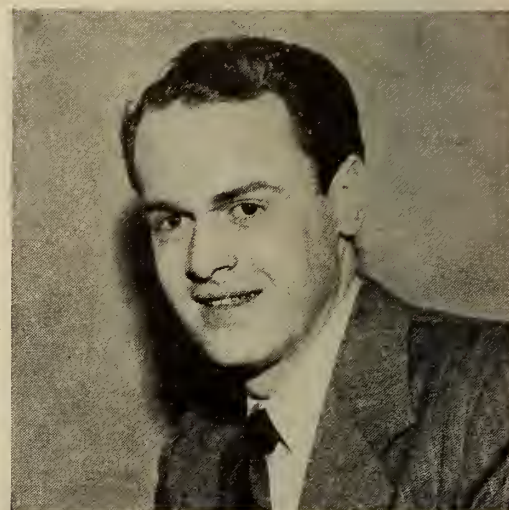


Nellie Lutcher changed the tempo when she guested on Supper Club, with Dave Barbour, Peggy Lee.

Harry and Betty Webb, whose marriage was the culmination of a radio romance, play with baby Melanie.



HISTORIAN OF THE AIR



WBEN newscaster Webb is on the air weekdays at 7, 8, 9 A.M. and noon.

ALL of the romance that goes on around a radio microphone isn't confined to the script, according to Harry Webb, now WBEN's popular morning newscaster.

Back in 1945 when Harry was an announcer at WSNY, he met pretty brunette Betty Sheffield, who was conducting a women's program on the Schenectady station. This was all very well except that Harry was announcing nights and Betty was working days.

But love laughs at time schedules, so Betty slyly arranged to do her script-writing at night—in the studios—and they were married on Aug. 24, 1946. Their daughter, Melanie Boyd Webb, was born Nov. 8, 1947.

Harry, a handsome six-footer, is a native of Fulton, N. Y. Graduating from Williams College with an A. B. in German, he was active in drama there and was a member of the Williams College Glee Club which sang at the New York Hippodrome in 1936.

Leaving Williams in 1938, Harry engaged in insurance work in Syracuse, then joined WSNY. He later became a public relations man for the Chamber of Commerce in East Orange, N. J., before becoming affiliated with WBEN.

During the war he sang in many War Bond shows.

Betty majored in dramatics at Mills College in Oakland, Calif., and still retains an abiding love for that state.

Harry likes his work although he can't say the same about the hour at which he arises—4:45 A.M., six days a week. He broadcasts bulletins at 6, 7, 8, 9 A.M., and Noon from *The Buffalo Evening News* editorial rooms. A conscientious worker, he listens to practically every newscast possible in order to check pronunciation and diction.

His most interested fan outside his own family is a court stenographer with offices near the WBEN studios. She practices at home by taking in shorthand the complete 9 A.M. news round-up; is one of Harry's severest critics, and never fails to tell him when he talks too fast.

Young Mr. Webb, who was born during the historic week when the United States declared war with Germany in World War I, also participated in a historic Buffalo radio inaugural. On his first day at work, Armistice Day on Nov. 11, 1946, he had the honor of putting *The Buffalo Evening News'* frequency modulation station WBEN-FM on the air for the first time.

What makes YOU tick?



John McCaffery, who asks the questions on What Makes You Tick? (CBS, 2:45 PM. EST, Monday through Friday) has prepared another special set of questions for Radio Mirror readers who are anxious to trip themselves up . . . or, if it sounds more polite, who are anxious to learn more about how they seem to other people. (And who, these days, isn't worrying about that?) Answer these honestly, add up your score, and you'll know a little more about your answer to the question: How stubborn are you?

- | | Yes | No |
|---|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. Have you ever been called stubborn? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 2. When you go out for an evening, does it distress you if the rest of the gang wants to go to a different place than you? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 3. As a child did your mother have a hard time getting you to eat certain foods? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 4. Have you ever wanted to make up with someone after a fight but were too stubborn to do so? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 5. Would you say that you had above average "snap" judgment? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 6. Would you adhere to your political affiliations after you had committed yourself strongly, though in your heart you knew your candidate wasn't the best? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 7. Have you ever argued with another driver about the right of way? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 8. Would you wear a piece of clothing that you liked, but most other people made fun of or criticized? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 9. Have you ever caught cold because you sat in a draft or didn't wear your rubbers, though you had been warned beforehand? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 10. Do you think your stubbornness has gained you anything? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |

Give yourself 10 points for every YES answer. Stubbornness is a very childish emotion for the reason that most times it draws a curtain on one's ability to reason and think clearly, and, even worse, it sometimes destroys one's sense of equity and fair play. If your score is over 80, better take stock of yourself and give the other fellow a break, for in doing so you'll be giving yourself a break too. People will like you much better. 40 to 70 is about right for most people. As everyone knows, a certain amount of stubbornness is highly desirable, if it's tempered with reason. 30 and below probably indicates that people take advantage of you in many instances. Better stiffen up a little, pal, because no one admires a "wishy-washy" attitude.

Your loveliness is Doubly Safe



Because

Veto gives you Double Protection!

So effective. . . . Veto guards your loveliness night and day—safely protects your clothes and you. For Veto not only neutralizes perspiration odor, it checks perspiration, too! Yes, Veto gives you Double Protection! And Veto disappears instantly to protect you from the moment you apply it!

So gentle. . . . Always creamy and smooth, Veto is lovely to use and keeps you lovely. And Veto is gentle, safe for normal skin, safe for clothes. Doubly Safe! Veto alone contains *Duratex*, Colgate's exclusive ingredient to make Veto safer. Let Veto give your loveliness double protection!

Veto lasts and lasts from bath to bath!

He'll say "Kiss me...Kiss me!"
when you use *Tangee*



*A Kiss Coming Up in a Tender
Love Scene Starring*

PEGGY ANN GARNER

AND

LON McALLISTER

IN

"THE BIG CAT"

An Eagle Lion Films Production
in Technicolor

Tangee

KISSABLE TEXTURE

1. Keeps lips soft...invitingly moist.
2. Feels just right...gives you confidence.
3. Does not smear or run at the edges.
4. Goes on so easily...so smoothly...so quickly.
5. And it lasts—and LASTS—and L-A-S-T-S!



Tangee

KISS COLORS

TANGEE PINK QUEEN—The pink of perfection... makes lips exciting—inviting—irresistible to men.

TANGEE RED RED—The reddest red of them all. Just what you need "to get your man."

TANGEE RED MAJESTY—No. 1 shade for brunettes! Sure to make your lips his "target for tonight."

TANGEE MEDIUM RED—Not too dark...not too light...but just right to tempt—and tease.

Jane Morgan



Jane Morgan looks after our Miss Brooks.

ON THE Our Miss Brooks program, Jane Morgan plays Eve Arden's pixilated landlady with delightful abandon. That's the CBS Sunday evening program—9:30 P.M. EST. She's equally funny as Mrs. Foster on the Jack Carson Show (CBS, Fri., 8 P.M. EST).

But the real Jane Morgan is a serious, sensible and very dignified lady, whose lifetime dream is to have a million dollars with which to hire a staff of practical nurses to relieve tired mothers who would then be sent on vacation. To which a lot of mothers can say Hallelujah!

Miss Morgan, who was born in England (she came to this country when she was a year old), became one of Hollywood's most demanded character actresses by way of violin and voice training. Her childhood ambition was to be a concert violinist, toward which end she studied at the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston. She added voice training to her curriculum and after graduation joined the Boston Opera Company, with which she doubled as a violinist and singer.

It was there that an operatic role, which demanded some dramatic interpretation, introduced her to that branch of the arts and from that time on Miss Morgan leaned more toward acting than music. It wasn't long before she decided to devote all her energy to the legitimate theatre. A character actress from the beginning, Miss Morgan toured all over the country.

She made her radio debut in 1930 in a program which featured the old-time movie actor, Lew Cody. In the years that followed, she has appeared on programs like Lux Radio Theatre, Dr. Christian very often and with Jack Benny, Bob Hope and others.

Her first job at the Boston Opera Company paid her only \$25 a week, but it brought big dividends in the way of romance. She met and married Leo Cullen Bryant, also a violinist with the Opera.

Mr. and Mrs. Bryant now live in the San Fernando Valley and their home is mute evidence of Jane's second most important hobby—the collection of Oriental art treasures. A Chinese screen is her most valued possession.

But Miss Morgan's major hobby is her grandchild, the small daughter of her daughter, Frances. About this youngster, she behaves and talks exactly the way every proud grandmother ever has and Frances is one mother who will never need one of those practical nurses for tired mothers.

R
M



Collector's Corner

BY

ELLIOT LAWRENCE

(The youthful Mr. Lawrence came right out of the University of Pennsylvania and into the top of the music-making world. After conducting the studio orchestra on WCAU in Philadelphia, he formed his own dance band, started recording for Columbia and became the fastest-rising star on the musical horizon. College dates are the Lawrence band specialty. Here's Elliot's second list for Collector's Corner—his first appeared in an earlier issue.

* * *

My likes and dislikes in music follow no defined pattern. I like music which pleases me, dislike the kind that rubs me the wrong way. As far as an orchestra's vocalist's interpretation of music goes, I respect the rendition if it proves that the person interpreting it has a knowledge of music. On the other hand there is nothing that makes me throw up my hands more quickly than an interpretation which shows that the bandleader or singer knows nothing whatsoever about music—and believe me, there are many such individuals whose incomes are in six and seven figures annually! Please don't take all this to mean that I'm a prude in my musical tastes. I like all types of music. However, I thoroughly dislike a dishonest or shabby interpretation of any piece of music. In this light I would like to list my ten favorite records, all of which I believe are worthy of being in any collection of the finest in music:

1. "Bijou" by Woody Herman—with Bill Harris's wonderful trombone.
2. "Artistry In Rhythm" by Stan Kenton—a thoroughly sincere artist.
3. "Voice of Frank Sinatra" album, my favorite being Frank's superlative rendition of "These Foolish Things."
4. "Tenderly" by Sarah Vaughan, who is one of the finest new singers.
5. "Benny Rides Again" by Benny Goodman—great because of Eddie Sauter's outstanding arrangement.
6. "For You" by Tommy Dorsey, who is one of my favorite bandleaders.
7. "I Can't Get Started With You" by Leonard Tristano—a great piano solo.
8. Ravel's "La Valse," as rendered by the Boston Symphony Orchestra.
9. Brahms' Symphony No. 1 in C Minor, by the New York Philharmonic Orchestra under Artur Rodzinski. Brahms is my favorite classical composer.
10. "Oo-Pah-Pada" by Dizzy Gillespie—a great be-bop rendition.

New Improved Pepsodent Removes FILM Amazingly!

In just 7 days—you'll have
brighter teeth and fresher breath—or

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK!

Run the tip of your tongue over your teeth. If you feel a slippery coating there — You have FILM.

Why FILM must be removed

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. FILM collects stains that make teeth look dull | 3. FILM glues acid to your teeth |
| 2. FILM harbors germs that breed bad breath | 4. FILM never lets up — it forms continually on everyone's teeth |

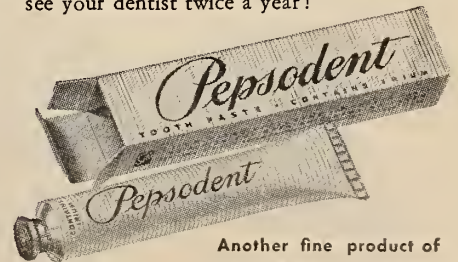
Now Faster Foaming! New Pepsodent Sweeps FILM Away!

New improved Pepsodent will bring a thrilling brightness to your teeth, a new freshness to your breath—or we'll return twice what you paid!

No other tooth paste can duplicate new Pepsodent's film-removing formula! It foams wonderfully—goes to work *faster*, fighting film: (1) Pepsodent routs discoloring stains that collect on film. (2) It checks film's "bad breath" germs that cause food particles to decay. (3) Pepsodent helps protect you from acid produced by germs in film. This acid, many dentists agree, is the cause of tooth decay. (4) Film forms continually. Remove it regularly and quickly with Pepsodent. No other tooth paste contains Irium—or Pepsodent's gentle polishing agent!

Try new fast-foaming Pepsodent with Irium for 7 days. If you're not convinced it

gives you cleaner breath and brighter teeth—mail unused portion of tube to Pepsodent, Division Lever Brothers Company, Dept. G, Chicago, Ill.—and you'll receive double your money back, plus postage! Offer expires August 31, 1949. Remember, for the safety of your smile, use Pepsodent twice a day—see your dentist twice a year!



Another fine product of
Lever Brothers Company

R
M

...dream girl, dream girl... beautiful Lustre-Creme Girl
 ...hair that gleams and glistens... from a Lustre-Creme shampoo



Tonight!.. Show him how much lovelier
 your hair can look... after a
Lustre-Creme Shampoo

NOT A SOAP!
 NOT A LIQUID!
 BUT KAY DAUMIT'S
 RICH LATHERING
 CREAM SHAMPOO
 WITH LANOLIN

for Soft, Shimmering
 Glamorous Hair



4-oz. jar \$1; 10-oz. economy size \$2.
 Smaller jars and tubes 49¢ and 25¢.

No other shampoo gives you the same
 magical secret-blend lather plus kindly
 LANOLIN... for true hair beauty.

Tonight he can SEE new sheen in your hair, FEEL its
 caressable softness, THRILL to its glorious natural beauty.
 Yes, tonight, if you use Lustre-Creme Shampoo today!

Only Lustre-Creme has Kay Daumit's magic blend
 of secret ingredients plus gentle lanolin. This glamorizing
 shampoo lathers in hardest water. Leaves hair
 fragrantly clean, shining, free of loose dandruff and
 so soft, so manageable!

Famous hairdressers use and recommend it for
 shimmering beauty in all "hair-dos" and permanents.
 Beauty-wise women made it America's favorite cream
 shampoo. Try Lustre-Creme! The man in your life—
and you—will love the loveliness results in your hair.

LOOK AT THE

ELTON BRITT (RCA Victor)—
 When Elton's girl friend prefers
 candy kisses to his own, it's time
 for him to sing about it. The title
 naturally, is "Candy Kisses." The
 reverse of this disc is "You'll Be
 Sorry From Now On." A good buy.

JANE HARVEY (MGM)—You'll
 recall that Jane sang with Benny
 Goodman, Bob Hope and toured
 with Eddie Cantor and Mickey
 Rooney. Her first record, coupling
 "Always True To You In My
 Fashion" and "So In Love," is fine.
 Listen to Jane, you'll like her.

PAUL WESTON (Capitol)—"La
 Raspa" and "Hot Canary" are
 paired to offer you excellent listen-
 ing. "Hot Canary" is the cutest
 instrumental record we've heard
 in a long time. "La Raspa" is a
 potpourri of "Mexican Hat Dance,"
 "Three Blind Mice," "Pop Goes
 The Weasel," and be-bop.

FRANK SINATRA (Columbia)—
 "The Voice" sings a pair of ballads
 that were both originally French
 chansons. "Comme Ci Comme
 Ca" is the lighter side of the
 record, while "While the Angelus
 Was Ringing" is based on the
 famous Edith Piaf recording of
 "Les Trois Cloche." Musically,
 both are above average.

DORIS DAY (Columbia)—The
 beautiful Miss Day does very well
 by the latest Irving Berlin opus,
 "I'm Beginning To Miss You." The
 side entitled "Don't Gamble With
 Romance" is an attempt to dupli-
 cate "You Can't Be True Dear"—
 it doesn't quite make it.

CHUBBY JACKSON (MGM)—
 Chubby's group is made up of ex-
 Woody Herman musicians, which
 the bearded Chubby is himself.
 They play two original be-bop
 compositions replete with bop vo-
 cals in unison. The musicians are
 Chubby on bass, Tony Aless on
 piano, Conte Candoli on trumpet,
 Emmett Carle on tenor sax, Mel
 Zelnick on drums, and Billy Bauer
 on guitar. It's almost weird.

KISS ME KATE (Columbia)—
 This is a twelve-inch set of six
 records that almost completely
 captures the spark and vitality of
 the new Cole Porter show. Con-

By JOE

RECORDS

tained in the set are almost every musical number from the show as performed by the original Broadway cast. Particularly effective are Alfred Drake and Patricia Morison. Lisa Kirk sounds just fine. It's a good set to add to your collection of show music.

PERRY COMO—SUPPER CLUB FAVORITES (RCA Victor)—None of the three records are new Como songs, but each one will probably replace Perry's discs in your collection that have been played and played and played. All in one package are "Prisoner of Love," "Temptation," "Because," "Till the End of Time," "When You Were Sweet Sixteen" and "Song of Songs."

SOUND OFF (Capitol)—The command, "Sound Off," familiar to millions of servicemen and other millions of radio listeners, refers to the original Army radio show of that name. You'll recall the distinctive "Sound Off" chant that identified each broadcast. Two Sousa Marches are also included in this set by Mark Warnow and the Army radio program cast and chorus.

STAN KENTON ENCORES (Capitol)—This may well be Kenton's recorded swan song. We don't know whether or not Capitol will be able to issue any more new Kenton recordings since Stan broke up his hand. Each of the selections in this album is in typical Kentonish "Progressive Jazz" style. You will think these records are either glorious or terrible. No matter what, though, you'll know that they are unusual offerings of recorded music.



Paul Weston's new disc is South American, with hop!

MARTIN

"I dress for an evening date...
at 8 o'clock in the morning!"



1. "For my everyday duties, a smart, sophisticated bronze and black taffeta and wool ensemble, studded with scatter pins. And, of course, I rely on gentler, even more effective Odorono Cream . . . because I know it protects me from perspiration and odor a full 24 hours!"

New Odorono Cream brings you an improved new formula in a bright new package. Stays creamy smooth, too . . . even if you leave the cap off for weeks!

2. "For my evening date, I remove the jacket and set off the gleaming dress with a tawny leopard print stole, black velvet belt and gloves. I'm confident of my charm all evening, too, thanks to new Odorono Cream . . . because the Halgene in Odorono gives more effective protection than any deodorant known."

It never harms fine fabrics, and is so gentle you can use it right after shaving! You'll find it the *perfect* deodorant.



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

Sometimes a dream is so



LUCILLE BALL
starring in
"SORROWFUL JONES"
a Paramount Production

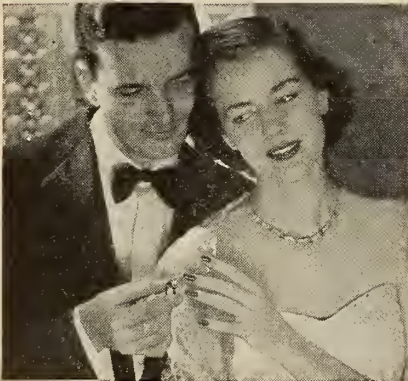
Lucille Ball

Showed me how to hold a Man!

It was all over between us.

Gene hadn't phoned for ages! I was heartbroken until the night I read: "Rough hands embarrass a man," warns Lucille Ball. "Men like a woman's hands to look feminine... feel soft. Keep your hands smooth and romantic with Jergens Lotion—I do!"

*I started Jergens-smoothing
my hands that night!*



The next time I met Gene... my hands looked so soft and smooth. "So nice to hold," teased Gene (on our second dinner date in one week)! I know he meant it, too... 'cause now I'm wearing Gene's ring!

See how much softer, smoother, lovelier today's finer Jergens Lotion keeps your hands. Being a liquid, Jergens quickly furnishes the softening moisture thirsty skin needs. Leaves no stickiness! Still only 10¢ to \$1.00 plus tax.



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

Used by more Women than any other Hand Care in the World!

SHE was our traveler of the month, but for Mrs. Elizabeth McDonald, of Glasgow, Scotland, it was the travel story of her life.

It's the American Story in reverse—the story of the person who *didn't* come to America with the rest of her family, the story of the woman who stayed home and dreamed of American plenty, while she had to keep working as a maid even when she reached the age of seventy-one. Yes, this is the companion piece to our much-told story of The Immigrant, and I think it's well worth telling.

When Mrs. McDonald, a round, smiling little old lady, came to our Welcome Travelers party, she was half-way through her dream trip—her once-in-a-lifetime journey—to see two daughters, a son, four brothers and two sisters, all of whom live in this country. When I asked her what traveling she had done before this trip, this is what she said into our ABC microphone:

"I never traveled anywhere. The farthest I ever went from Glasgow was to the town of Ayr, home of Bobby Burns, just thirty miles away. I never even saw things in Scotland, such as Loch Lomond, that other tourists come thousands of miles to see. No, I was never anywhere."

Now, understand. This wasn't said in bitterness or regret. It was said matter-of-factly, a simple statement of inexorable truth, an acceptance of the life of trouble she had led. And understand also that here was a lady who could smile, and did so often. And when this Scotch lady smiled, she had the sweetness and goodness of the universal grandmother.

As we chatted, I forgot for a moment that I was in the ultra-modern College Inn of the Hotel Sherman in Chicago. I had the feeling that I was in a Scotch cottage, with a good, thick broth simmering on the fire, and a worn, much-read volume of Bobby Burns' poems on the old table nearby. And this is the story I heard, in the pleasant burr of old Scotland.

Elizabeth McDonald was the oldest child in her family, and the first married. When she herself had three children, her parents, brothers and sisters decided to set out on the great adventure—the trip to America. Elizabeth herself didn't feel she could go. Her husband James, an honest workingman, was working steady, and the bairns—that's her name for kiddies—were used to their home in Scotland. Later, maybe, but not right now.

"Besides," Mrs. McDonald told me with a wink, "I never was one for riding boats or trains. They frightened me."

"If that's so," I said, "and you were afraid to travel, how did you get over here to America when you finally came?"

"It's simple, Laddie," the old lady said. "I came by plane."

But that's getting ahead of my story. Let's go back to Elizabeth and James McDonald and their family in Scotland. That family kept growing, a new child almost every year, until eventually there were eleven in all.

Then, the first World War. James went marching off with Scotland's famed Highlanders—the kilts, the fierce music of the bagpipes, the proud traditions of the men from the highland

strong it can take wings, fly an ocean

clans. Elizabeth, at home, began taking occasional day jobs as a domestic to help her war-thinned budget. Though she didn't know it then, this was the beginning of a long, long night.

James fought bravely. He was fighting bravely in a forest in France when he was gassed and hit by shrapnel. For months, he was in a hospital in France. Finally, he was able to write a letter to Elizabeth and the bairns. The worst was over, he said, and soon he would be home. And maybe now, that he had been mercifully saved, they could think about going to America at last.

So there was a homecoming. Not the way he had gone—one in a bright brigade of trim Highlanders. Just James alone, with a duffel bag over his shoulder, knocking at the door. Just James, too thin, grayer than he'd been, and coughing too much.

But James had plans now. He really would go to America, as Elizabeth's family had done, and perhaps he would prosper as all of them had.

In America, James found work all right, and for a while it seemed as if he soon would be able to bring over the family. All of a sudden, though, a blur came into his eyes. At first, he ignored it. Finally, he had to go to a doctor. The doctor wasn't certain what was wrong, said it seemed to be something tracing back to James's war injuries. James, knew, though. He knew he was going blind. There was only one thing for him to do now—get back to Scotland, get back there quickly.

This homecoming was even sadder than his return from the war. At least there had been hope that time, hope of going to America. Now there was only a confused man, stumbling over the furniture, sinking into a long silence.

Soon, James's sight was so bad he couldn't work. Before long, he was completely sightless. The family over in America heard the news, and an endless stream of (Continued on page 85)

It took half a lifetime for Mrs. Elizabeth McDonald of Glasgow to get to America. "But I hoped," she told Tommy. "And here I am!"

From the files of Welcome Travelers (Mon.-Fri., 12 N., EST, ABC) m.c. Tommy Bartlett chooses this favorite story to retell in Radio Mirror.

TRAVELER OF THE MONTH

By TOMMY BARTLETT



New in-laws—especially Ozzie and Harriet!—make

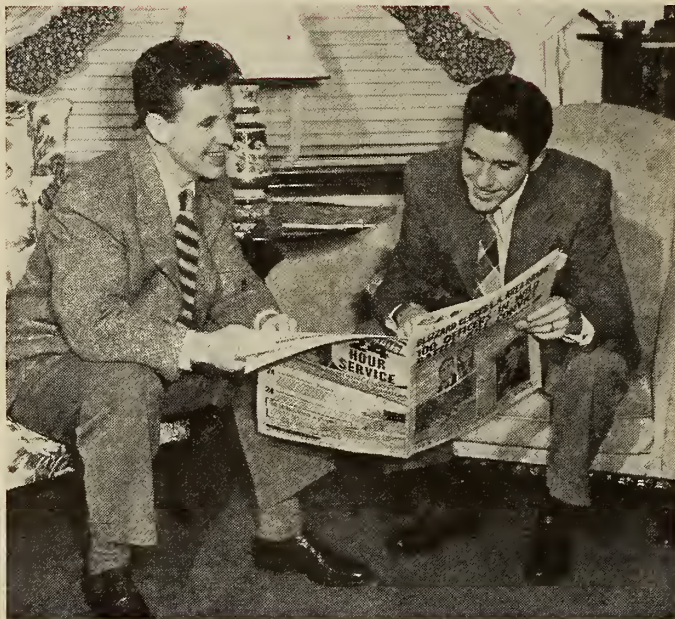
“Let’s Have the NELSONS”



1. Shop in person, Barbara says—you see what you’re getting, and it’s fun!



2. Home early, full of pep. “Give yourself plenty of time, keep it simple.”



6. With women in the kitchen, what do men in the living room talk about? It’s the same everywhere—baseball.



7. Don’s salad—with eleven, count them, ingredients—the kind of production that makes a banquet of dinner.

AS A BRIDE of almost six months—on the radio I’m Dennis Day’s girl friend, and Babs in *The Life of Riley*, but in private life I am Mrs. Don Nelson—I feel like an old married woman.

Don and I were talking about this happy settled-down state of affairs just the other evening. He too confessed that he felt that we had been married all our lives.

It was high time, we decided then, to break out of our honeymoon seclusion and face up to that traditional first hurdle for newly married couples—the first company dinner.

There was no question about whom we should invite as our first guests. It had to be Don’s brother, Ozzie Nelson, and Harriet.

Ozzie and Harriet Nelson, as everybody who listens to the radio knows, are Happy Young Marrieds not only in their personal lives, but on the air. Their wonderful life together gave us a goal to shoot for when we got married. I don’t think I’ve ever known anyone who combined the jobs of wife, mother, homemaker, and career-woman with more success than Harriet, and no husband more appreciative and more helpful than Ozzie.

And certainly no bride and groom ever got off to a better start through the help and good counsel of their prospective in-laws than Don and I.

I met Don through Ozzie and Harriet in the first place. I was working on their program—playing *Emmie Lou* for a series of several Sunday shows.

Ozzie and Harriet: Sun. 6:30 P.M., EST, CBS. Barbara Eiler is heard on the



3. Plenty of time? Why, Don even had leisure to polish up that tenor sax.



4. "I went to the door—not flustered, not hot, not wearing a Mother Hubbard!"



5. Harriet gave everything the taste-test and Barbara high marks as cook.



8. And afterwards, records and relaxation for Ozzie and Harriet, Don and Barbara, like any young couple and their first guests, whoever and wherever they may be. Nicest compliment: "Next time," Harriet told Barbara, "You can give *me* advice!"

I noticed the handsome and serious-looking young man who came in the first day to hear the run-through, and was very pleased when Ozzie brought him over and presented him as "my kid brother."

I found out that Don was a musician—had played originally with Ozzie's band, and now was in the orchestra on the Groucho Marx show. But his real ambition was to be a writer. He was going to U.S.C., daytimes, he said—his job kept him busy only at night—to learn the craft.

This impressed me. I have known a lot of young fellows who think they want to be writers. But most of them, frankly, just want what they think is a glamorous and remunerative job. Don, on the contrary, wanted to *write*.

Harriet liked this quality about Don, too, she told me

when we were talking about him several days later. "Don is a lot like Ozzie," she said. "He'll get what he wants out of life, because he's willing to work for it."

Later, when Don and I were going about together regularly and were beginning to think about getting married, it was Harriet again who answered the unasked question.

"Don't wait," she said. "You don't have to have your first million in the bank to get married. You don't have to move immediately into the home of your dreams. It's more fun to work all that out together."

So without the million—and with no home at all—we did it. We were married in my mother's home in Los Angeles last September 17, and Ozzie was Don's best man. We were full of plans and hopes. (Continued on page 78)

R
M

My Husband *is*

If Vicki had been asked to
vote in that contest to choose the
Ideal Husband, Jack Smith's
score would have been even higher.
But he didn't need that
extra vote . . . he won, anyway

By
MRS. JACK SMITH

The Jack Smith Show is heard
Mon.-Fri., 7:15 P.M. EST, on CBS.

I GUESS most of us who are happily married figure that our husbands are *the* Ideal Ones. But we never give any particular thought to why we think so—at least that's the way it was with me. Then, all of a sudden, up came a special award for my husband, bestowed by the Society of Photographic Illustrators in their annual "Ideal American Family" competition. And they named Jack the Ideal American Husband!

I think it was more of a thrill for me than it was for Jack. And I got to thinking about it, started checking up on this mate of mine. Counting my blessings, so to speak. Because I wanted to figure out just exactly why my husband *is* ideal.

When I got to around the thousandth reason, I gave up and decided to relax and enjoy myself.

But, seriously, there are a lot of very sound reasons that make Jack the most wonderful guy in the world to be married to. For one thing, he has the kind of sense of fun that appeals to me. He's a trifle wacky in a dry, droll way. Adaptable, and so easy to get along with. That's how we manage to have so much fun just in our everyday life, because it always turns out to be full of things that other people might not think were special, but that appeal to us.

For instance, there's Uncle Fud.

Over our fireplace hangs the most amazing portrait of a long-eared dog that anyone has ever seen. It's one of those wonderful old chromos that everybody's grandmother used to paint. Fud is posed in a sort of man of distinction attitude. The only incongruous thing about the picture is a small flowered locket hanging at one side of his neck.

Jack and I were up in Connecticut one weekend—while we were living in New York—on one of our endless antique-hunting jaunts. And in a shop, I came face to face with Fud. I knew life would be absolutely empty without him, now that we'd made his acquaintance. I called Jack, and he agreed.

"He looks like somebody's ancestor," Jack said. "We have no family portraits. Go ahead and get him if you want. We'll put up a name plate and call him—how about Fud?—Uncle Fud?" So Uncle Fud he was. I accosted the woman and asked how much the thing was. She told me \$75. I cringed and looked at Jack, and he nodded solemn assent. Reluctantly I handed over the money.

"It seems like a lot," I said, "but it's such a wonderful picture!"

"The picture!" she shrieked. "I thought you meant the frame! Good Heavens—you can have the picture for five dollars!" So Jack and I escaped with (Continued on page 99)

Is a wife taking a chance, when she admits her husband is ideal? Vicki Smith doesn't think so. And,

Ideal



after all— who should know better?

AT first I was going to tell the fellow I wasn't in. That I couldn't write anything about Jack Carson because I am not a writer. But then I got to thinking that I've written a lot of insurance in my time. That's pretty good writing—keeps people from dying broke and it's a lot of good all around.

So I'm going to write about Jack Carson. I think it's about time some editor dug up a new slant on children. You remember the little trouble George Washington had with his son and how the boy said, "Father, I cannot tell a lie. I chopped down the cherry tree with my little hatchet."

I had the same experience when Jack Carson was about seven years old, except that it had nothing to do

with a cherry tree. The boy came scooting home one night with blood streaming out of his forehead. After the doctor left, I said, "That's a nasty gash you've got in your head, son. Tell me what happened. Tell me the truth."

At that age, Jack was acutely aware of the Washington plan. He looked at me stubbornly and replied, "Dad, I can't tell a lie—and I'm not gonna tell the truth either."

What can you do with a boy like that? I didn't do anything. Five years later he opened up one day. "Dad," he said, "remember the day I came home with that big cut on my head? Well, I was helping Bobby, the boy next door, chop wood. We had a fight. He said he'd chop my head off. I told him he didn't dare,

and that's where I was wrong!"

My first memory of Jack goes back to a few hours before his birth. This was at our home in Carmen, Manitoba, Canada, at a time when blessed events usually did not call for a trip to the hospital. The doctor had been there for more than an hour, while I paced up and down in the living room, engaged in the usual useless business of husbandly anticipation.

Finally I had to say something. I went to the foot of the stairs and called up, "Is everything all right up there?"

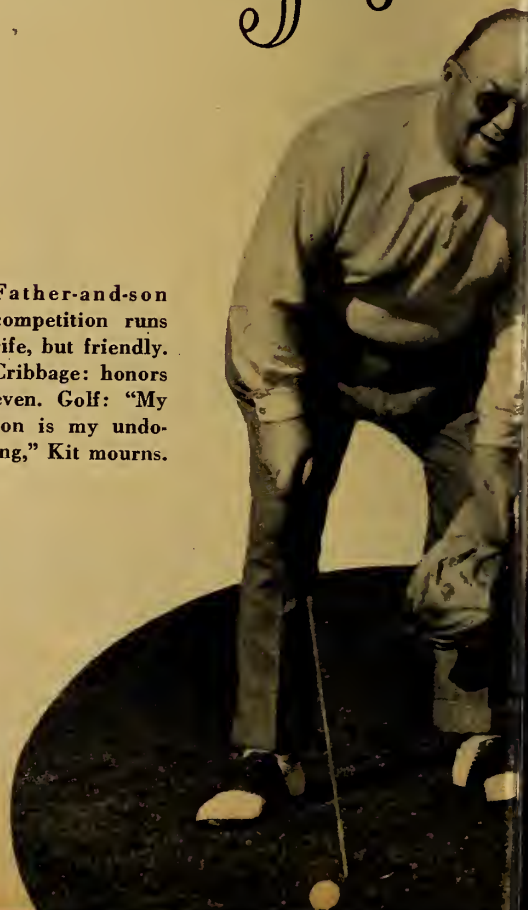
My wife's voice called back faintly, "Yes, Dad, everything's all right. This should be a fine boy—he's an awful lot of trouble."

A couple of hours later Jack arrived. He weighed close to eleven

That's My Boy!



Father-and-son competition runs rife, but friendly. Cribbage: honors even. Golf: "My son is my undoing," Kit mourns.



It's only a few miles from Dad's home in North Hollywood to Jack's in The Valley. One or the other makes it daily.



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I was working for a trade journal along about this time and we lived around Moosejaw (which Jack later adopted as a nickname for himself) until I was transferred to Des Moines, Iowa. Then Mrs. Carson put her foot down. When Mrs. Carson puts her foot down, even today, all the Carson men take notice. What she said at the time was that I could choose between my work and my family. I liked my family, so we moved to Milwaukee where I went into the insurance business and Jack went into (Continued on page 76)



Quote from Jack Carson, age seven: "I can't tell a lie—and I'm not gonna tell the truth!" What can you do with a boy like that? Jack's father still doesn't know

By E. L. "KIT" CARSON

The Jack Carson Show is heard every Friday night at 8, EST, on Columbia Broadcasting System stations.

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Reading is a delight to Nancy and her husband. The collection—still growing includes 400 cookbooks.



Come and Visit

Nancy practices at home what she preaches on the air—in a house boasting a secret stairway, a roofless bath!

BY LLEWELLYN MILLER



The Package Parents Plan—packages of useful items for war-orphaned children—was Nancy's idea for those who want to help, but cannot afford adoption costs.

Billy and Alice are very much in evidence in all household activity. Their parents make a point of letting nothing interfere with weekday family meals.

NANCY CRAIG

NANCY CRAIG'S husband opened the door of their Long Island home to a caller one morning, and, after a short conference, came to Nancy with a startling question.

"Tell me frankly, dear," he said. "Are you secretly a member of the Nazi Bund?"

The lady who holds some millions of housewives in thrall every day with her advice on homemaking, child care, cooking, fashion and the woman's angle on house, garden, education, books, theater, health and public welfare in general looked at him aghast.

"What's the joke?" she said.

"No joke," said her husband. "There's a man here from the FBI. He is serious. He really wants to know."

With that, Nancy went down to deal with just one more hilarious emergency brought to her by her extraordinary house in the country.

Needless to say, the FBI cleared up the mystery in a hurry after a few words with the one hundred percent American Nancy and her radio executive husband, and after an astonished tour of the house.

Eventually, the reason for his official interest was traced to a party that Nancy had given in her home for the girls at the studio. They were impressed, as is



The fireplace, made of boulders, is a joy—and so is Margaret, the maid, familiar to listeners as well.





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Nancy Craig is heard Monday through Friday, 1:15 P.M. EST, on WNC.

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everyone who sees it, and were still talking about its astonishing features the next day—about the fortress-thick walls, about the seven exits from the living room via concealed doors, stairs, balconies, terraces and windows; about the hidden closets and the glass-roofed shower. It was during the war, and one of the listeners, more excitable than sensible, heard just enough to send her rushing to the FBI.

"Nancy Craig has secret doors in her house!" she told them. "And the roof of her bathroom comes right off! You better find out why! They could hide spies—send up balloons or pigeons—signal to enemy airplanes—goodness knows what!"

As the FBI man found out, many of the closets are concealed behind panels, but they contained nothing more subversive than a little boy's tricycle, sheet music, canned goods or wool for Nancy's favorite needlework, petit point. He left after an hour's tour of one of the most unusual houses ever seen north, south, east or in the movies, assured that its occupants lived a life above suspicion, but stunned by their background, as you would be, too, if you visited Nancy Craig at home.

The house was built by Rolf Armstrong, the famous illustrator, after his own design and for his own use. He loves it so much that he will not sell it, but he has rented it to Nancy and her husband for the last eight years. It is half an hour's easy driving from the studio in Rockefeller Center where Nancy broadcasts over ABC stations each weekday at 1:15 EST. The approach is between glorious trees that completely conceal it from the road. It over-



Learning how to dress herself is a serious business for a young lady.



Just division: weekdays belong to children, weekends to social life.

looks a tidewater lake, lovely wooded shores and a sweep of Long Island Sound. Its exterior is stone and so is much of its interior—stone set in cement for steps and stairs and floors, and fireplaces built of gigantic boulders. Its beams are huge hand-adzed timbers, and much of its furniture has been carved out of enormous slabs of handsome wood, polished until it shines like mirrors. One whole side of the two-story living room is a vast half circle of glass overlooking the Sound, and one of the showers really does have a glass roof.

It is a beautiful shower, lined with dark blue tile. Overhead is the blue sky above waving branches of an apple tree. The tree was the inspiration for the glass room. Mr. Armstrong loved its blossoms so much that he installed the transparent top so that he could watch the clouds and the flower-laden branches while taking his morning shower. Needless to say, house guests fight to be assigned to it. Also, needless to say, it is quite respectable, and spies look neither in or out of it.

The way they came across the house is a story in itself. Nancy and the man she always calls "my best beau" on the air had driven out to the country one Sunday to look for a little weekend cottage for the summer. Her husband dresses with the quiet conservatism that becomes a successful executive, but on that particular day, because the wind was high and his hat would not stay on, he had bor-



Nancy always manages to be there to hear the children's prayers. Her mother, below, has lived with Nancy for the past three years, shares her delight in fine needlework.

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It gave him a definitely rakish air. To Nancy's secret amusement, he forgot that he had it on when they entered the office of a real estate agent. The agent took one look.

"I have just the house for you!" he cried. "I've been waiting for artists to come along. It is just the place for a painter."

Her husband gave Nancy a baffled glance. Secretly convulsed, she kept a straight face as the realtor waved them into the astounding stone house on the shore and continued to sell the "artist" its north light, its paintable views, its seclusion from the distractions of city life.

It was not at all the simple little vacation place they had in mind, but they could not resist a thorough inspection, and as they looked their interest in it grew. It was far too big for two people, but it was the right distance from their weekday jobs in New York. The garden was beautiful. The house was cool. The view was superb. They could not resist the combination, and they took it for the summer.

After living in New York apartments, it was a delight to have plenty of room for visiting family and friends. They found themselves hurrying to it every evening after the sweltering day in New York. After Billy, now nearly six, and Alice, three, came along, the extra space was heaven-(Continued on page 74)



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Just division: weekdays belong to children, weekends to social life.





LIZ, eldest daughter of minister RICHARD DENNIS, is housekeeper, sermon-typist, and holder-together of the family. She keeps track of money (when there is any), cooks, sews, mothers the other children, and even finds time to be nice to wives of the deacons!
(Liz: Margaret Draper; Richard: Bill Smith)

The Brighter Day

Here are some newcomers to join your daytime radio friends. The Dennises may startle you, worry you, make you smile—but if ever you've been part of a family yourself, you'll understand, and like, this one



GRAYLING—the Dennis family's only boy—is restless, charming, spoiled. He writes poetry, plays the violin, has a long string of girl friends who adore his flashing eyes and his wonderful tennis, and drinks too much. But none of these activities has helped Gray, at twenty-three, to “find himself.” (Bill Redfield plays Grayling)

ALTHEA is the Dennis family's allotment of glamor. Nineteen and single-minded, Althea has her eyes on Hollywood; endless, expensive self-development lessons in dancing and singing are designed to pave her way filmward. Althea's neither very talented nor very bright—but lovely to look at. (Althea is played by Jay Meredith)

The Brighter Day is heard Monday through Friday at 10:45 A.M. EST, on NBC.



BARBARA—who is naturally called Bobby—is, in a way, the strangest member of the Dennis family. At fourteen, Bobby ought to be beset by adolescent problems. But—and this is the strange part—she isn't. She's placid, obedient, uncomplicated—and if she does eat too much of everything, that hurts only her own figure.
(played by Lorna Lynn)

PATSY is a forthright sixteen-year-old who would rather have been born a boy—she thinks. But Liz is sure that some day Patsy will shed her horn-rims, take a good look at herself in the mirror and be quite glad she's female, after all. In the meantime, blunt, honest Patsy is Liz's most important aide in family crises.
(played by Pat Holsey)





The Dennises are newcomers to the little town of Three Rivers; they moved in just a few months ago. But they're already very much a part of the town's warm, friendly life. Thoughtful gifts are always arriving at the big, dilapidated Dennis house from parishioners who know that the family—or rather, Liz, who does all the managing—is having a hard time getting along on a minister's small salary. Wherever there are young folks, of course, there are problems; but with Three Rivers—and Liz—behind them, the other Dennises don't worry about the future. Except that, like all of us, they spend a lot of time wondering whether—and when—they'll get the things they're hoping for.



By IRENE BEASLEY

MAKE A

"Oh, I could answer that one!"

How many times have you said that?

Here's your chance to make good

I ALWAYS like to think of Grand Slam's broadcasts as one big, nationwide living room, with neighbors joining in the game everywhere.

But many of you, for good reasons, can't get to our New York studios, and many of you have written that while listening at home you answered the questions better than our contestants.

Well, here's your chance to play, and win prizes wherever you are. Each of the following question groups has been presented on the Grand Slam broadcasts. Follow the instructions—tell us why you like to play Grand Slam—then send in your answers. You may make a Grand Slam!

FIRST PRIZE . . . \$100

NEXT TEN PRIZES . . . EACH, \$10

**WINNERS WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN
AUGUST RADIO MIRROR**

Watch for Irene Beasley's picture on the cover

RULES—PLEASE OBSERVE CAREFULLY:

1. All questions must be completed. Your entry will be judged on correctness and neatness of your answers. In the event of a tie, the winners will be determined by originality and aptness of thought of their statements, completing, in twenty-five words or less, "I like to play Grand Slam because . . ."
2. Submit your entry on a separate sheet of paper with answers clearly typed or printed. Do not repeat questions on your entry; give only answers. At right is an example of the proper way to submit your entry, with correct answers given you for the sample group of questions.
3. Clip the box on the last page and fill in your name and address. Then finish, in twenty-five words or less, the statement, "I like to play Grand Slam because—" Attach this box to your entry.
4. Contest closes April 30, 1949, and entries must be postmarked not later than midnight of that date.
5. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be given.
6. No entry will be returned, and decisions of the editors of Radio Mirror, who will be the judges, will be final.

Here is a bonus of five tricks for you, and an example of how to submit your answers. Print or type only the answers as below:

1. What holidays do these represent? Each picture represents a well-known song title. Name the song.



Your answer should look like this:

1.
 - (a) WHITE CHRISTMAS
 - (b) EASTER PARADE
 - (c) I'M A YANKEE DOODLE DANDY
 - (d) WEARING OF THE GREEN
 - (e) TURKEY IN THE STRAW

GRAND

SLAM!

2. Pa's Photo Album. Here are well-known song titles, illustrated by the pictures. In each title, one or more words are omitted. List the omitted words to complete the titles of these well-known songs.



- (a) Pa and his girl friend sit "By the, By the"
- (b) The quartet harmonizes an old favorite, "Wait Till The Shines,"
- (c) Pa takes his girl for an evening boat ride "On Bay"
- (d) Pa masquerades as a Thanksgiving gobbler, doing "The Trot"
- (e) On a bicycle huilt for two, Pa takes his girl, whose name is "....." for a ride.

3. List the musical terms which can be substituted for the blanks in:

Recipe For Cherry Pie: (a) and seed one quart of cherries. (b) one cup of sugar, 4 tablespoons of flour, and mix with cherries. (c) a 9-inch pie tin with pastry. Add the mixture; (d) with butter. Cover with top crust; trim edges of pastry with a (e) knife. Bake 45 minutes in a hot oven.

4. Play butler and announce the guests shown in the pictures. They've come to the masquerade dressed to represent well-known song titles. List the missing words indicated by the blanks in the titles below:



- (a) "Mr. Gallagher and Mr."
- (b) "..... Bill, The Sailor"
- (c) "Steamhoat"
- (d) "Poor"
- (e) "..... Bailey"

5. When it comes to composing the following melodies—whodunit?

- (a) "Fantasie Impromptu"—Whodunit: Chaminade, Chopin or Chaminez?
- (b) "Prelude in G Minor"—Whodunit: Rachmaninoff, Rubinstein or Rimsky-Korsakoff?
- (c) "Malaguena"—Whodunit: Lavallo, Lecuono or Liszt?
- (d) "Kamenoi Ostrow"—Whodunit: Rubinstein, Reinhold, or Rimsky-Korsakoff?
- (e) "Hungarian Dance No. 5"—Whodunit: Bach, Beethoven or Brahms?

6. (a) What bird was asked, "Why do you sit singing 'Willow, tit-willow, tit-willow'?"

- (b) What bird went to sea with a pussycat?
- (c) What bird awoke me last night when all was still?
- (d) To what bird are we urged to listen?
- (e) To what bird are we urged to hark?

All of these birds occur in well-known songs or verses.

7. These descriptions will help you list your answers to fill the blanks in the following well-known song titles:

- (a) A matter of donation of osculation: "Gimmie A Little"
- (b) A trio of utterances: "..... Little Words"
- (c) Feeling slightly free of obligations: "A Little Bit"
- (d) Snuggle with slightly greater proximity: "..... Up A Little Closer"
- (e) Concerning a small, elderly woman: "Little Lady"

8. Five children played a musical race, choosing the same piece of music, and starting exactly the same moment, but each child played in a different tempo. Name the order in which the children finished if each played in the tempo indicated below.

- George played ALLEGRO.
- Jack played ADAGIO.
- Walter played PRESTO.
- Sammie played ALLEGRETTO.
- Horton played ANDANTE.

9. Here are the incomplete titles of famous compositions often

heard at weddings. Composers are given, clues are in the pictures. List the words which complete the titles:



- (a) Wagner: "Here Bride"
- (b) MacDowell: "To A Wild"
- (c) De Koven: "O Promise"
- (d) Cadman: "At"
- (e) Mendelssohn: "..... March"

10. List your corrections of the five mistakes in the following paragraph:

Gilbert and Snllivan wrote many light operas. The music of W. S. Gilbert was very inspiring, and combined with the clever lyrics of Sir Arthur Sullivan, they created a pattern individual unto themselves. Arthur Sullivan also wrote music, and is famous for such compositions as "The Lost Chord." Among contemporary composers, I like George Gershwin and Ira Berlin. I especially like Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue" and "Easter Parade"; Berlin's "Chickery Chick" is my favorite nonsense song.

11. Each picture represents a well-known song which Mother remembers on Mother's Day. The pictures will give you clues to the words left blank in each of the well-known song titles Mother remembers. List the missing words:

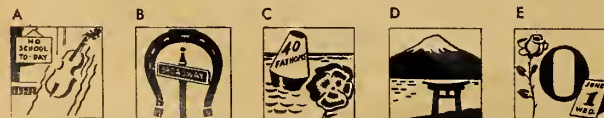


- (a) "Rock-a-bye"
- (b) "Just a Baby's At Twilight"
- (c) "School"
- (d) "On Day"
- (e) "Somebody Else Is My Place"

12. Here are five musical instruments and five parts of instruments, but they are not properly matched. List the instruments together with the part that belongs to each:

- | | |
|----------------|---------------------|
| (a) Xylophone | (1) Tuning Peg |
| (b) Clarinet | (2) Water Key |
| (c) Snare Drum | (3) Tone Bar |
| (d) Cornet | (4) Tension Key Rod |
| (e) Ukulele | (5) Reed |

13. Here are five "Roses" who are not flowers—that is, "Rose" is a part of the name of each of the five people who are identified by the following pictures and descriptions. List the parts which are omitted which will complete each person's name:



Here's Grand Slam in action, just as you hear it M-F, 11:30 A.M., EST, on CBS.

- (a) The composer of "Holiday for Strings" is Rose.
- (b) This Rose, associated with "The Diamond Horseshoe" and husband of Eleanor Holm, is Rose.
- (c) The composer of "Deep Purple" is de Rose.
- (d) This woman, indicted as a war criminal, was an unpopular disc jockey during World War II called Rose.
- (e) This Rose, of Irish descent, was a popular song several years ago. She is "Rose"

14. Who are these classical composers?

- (a) Little Wolfgang, so they say, at the age of four began to play.
- (b) Father of German music is Johann; always near-sighted, became a blind man.
- (c) Ludwig astounded noble and rich; even though deaf he made his niche.
- (d) And then there was Edward, most versatile; his compositions have a Scandinavian style.
- (e) Franz composed peerless song and melody; never completed his renowned symphony.

15. The lyrics of these songs are poems by Rudyard Kipling. List the missing words to complete the song titles:



- (a) "On the Road To", where the flying fishes play.
- (b) They're hanging "Danny" in the morning.
- (c) You're a better man than I am, "..... Din."



ing a part of the human body.

- (a) What is the lower part of an organ pipe called?
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- (c) One of the three parts of any note is called what?
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- (e) To know a piece of music so well that one can perform it without use of the music means that one can perform it by what?

18. On this chart are some ladies' names. Under the "M" column are pictured clues to names beginning with M, each of which is the same as a well-known, one-word song title. Below we give you clues from the lyrics of the songs themselves. Can you list the names beginning with M, which are also the titles of the songs.

- (a) ".....", *I'm always thinking of you.*
- (b) ".....", *the dawn is breaking.*
- (c) ".....", *I still hear you calling me back to your arms.*
- (d) ".....", *with your hair of raven hue.*
- (e) ".....", *there's a minister handy.*

- (d) So 'ere's to you, "..... Wuzzy", at your 'ome in the Soudan.
- (e) These "....." go movin' up and down again! There's no discharge in the war!

16. What author wrote each of the following:

- (a) "Alas for those who never sing, but die with all their music in them."
- (b) "Show me the home wherein music dwells, and I shall show you a happy, peaceful, and contented home."
- (c) "It's the song ye sing, and the smiles ye wear, that's making the sunshine everywhere."
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- (e) "And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away."

17. Each of the following questions can be answered by nam-

		S L A M O			
Sally	Louise	Alice		Ophelia	
			(a)		
Sylvia	Laura	Agnes		Ora	
			(b)		
Sophie	Lolita	Arlene		Ollie	
			(c)		
Sarah	Lillian	Angeline		Olga	
			(d)		
Sue	Lena	Adeline		Opal	
			(e)		

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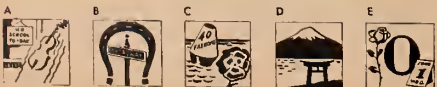


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Hello There:

Here are some May verses . . .
for everybody who likes
spring mornings . . . apple
blossoms . . . sunshine . . .
little boys and girls,
and especially, mothers.
Since this is their month . . .
what could be better than
a maybasket of stories
including "sugar 'n' spice and
everything nice . . ." and all
the spring mornings since
time began.

—TED MALONE

Be sure to listen to Ted
Malone's program Monday
through Friday mornings
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Radio Mirror's Prize Poem

WARNING: PROCEED WITH CARE

It looks like junk, this pile of—things;
The desk top fairly bristles
With toys and gimcracks, guns and strings
And horns and bells and whistles.

This tired old box is an iron-bound chest,
Souvenir of the Spanish Main;
If I were you, I wouldn't molest
That drawing; (secret plane
The FBI
Might buy).

This gadget's a trap, placed here in the hope
Of catching a fox, or a bear;
That broken-down second-hand telescope
Is strategically balanced there
Should a spy
Pass by.

Though it's something less than picturesque,
Let the light touch be your theme
When re-arranging a small boy's desk
Or his dream.

—Mary McGrane Powers

YOUNG FARMER

It seemed he sow the new-green wheat thrust
through
The sun-wormed field, before his very eyes,
And, sensing its shorp urge to grow, he knew,
With mon-grown wisdom, that his course wos
wise.

It hod been hord, ot first, to be pine-toll,
And bound by mule-drown plough to narrow
field,
When his young hondz could olmost feel life's
woll
Crumble before book-learning, break, ond yield.

But now his eoger mouth shoped summer's song
As he looked post o forty ocres' girth
To thin-ribbed children, growing brown and
strong,
Because long furrows reached around the eorth.

—Anobel Armour

THEN AND NOW

It's not so long ago that he
Stood barely heart-high to my knee;
And told me all his griefs and joys;
His plays and fights with other boys.

Today his pain and pleasure swirls
Around, not boys, but pretty girls.
It is the same yet changed, for now,
He stands full heart-high to my brow.

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FIRST LOVE

When I had tucked her safely in her bed
And was about to dim the last, small lamp,
"Please wait a moment," hesitantly she said,
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glow
As delicate and pure as candle-shine . . .
Good-night, dear little girl . . . in love . . .
at nine!

—Christie Lund Coles

THE HOUSEWIFE

Strauss glowed and slaved before a
stubborn score;
She dreams, with apple parings on the
floor.
Keats spent his heart on one immortal
spell;
She broods above her bubbling cherry
jell.
Was Rembrandt careful of his tints, his
curves?
No single flaw may mar her peach
preserves.
Hands stained by grapes, arms filled
with jars of pears,
Men see in her no angel on the stairs
But splendid wraiths drift earthward
from the skies
To watch the shining wonder of her
eyes!

—Geraldine Ross

VACATION WEEK

Oh, Monday is well-water in a
shiny tin dipper;
Tuesday is a bowl of grapes,
Malaga, Tokay;
Wednesday is a new-baked loaf,
brown and crisp and crusty;
Thursday is a daffodil, smell-
ing like May!
Friday's a yellow bird singing
in a cherry-tree;
Saturday is butterflies drifting
in a wreath;
Sunday is a toy balloon, slipping
from its tether . . .
And Monday's a persimmon
that is wry between the teeth!

—Louise Owen

WHAT'S COOKING?

Mory Jone is baking
Mud pies in the sun.
Pretending she's a grown-up
Is her idea of fun.

While I look out my window,
My fingers deep in dough,
And dream I feel the mud again
I played in long ago.

—Esther Baldwin York

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 Between the Bookends pages in Radio Mirror. Limit poems to 30 lines, 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.

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for the best original poem sent in each month by a reader. Five dollars will be paid for each other original poem used on Between the Bookends pages in Radio Mirror. Limit poems to 30 lines, 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.

If you've a problem . . . or the
answer to someone else's problem
why not tell Joan about it?

LAST month I asked for your answers to the following problem: When husband and wife both work, should the husband help with the household duties? Your letters certainly proved one thing: there are no lukewarm reactions to *this* question! And—surprisingly—some of the most outspoken letters came from men, agreeing with Mrs. D. Sirotkin, of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., whose letter was chosen as the best we received! Here's the letter that won Mrs. Sirotkin a \$25 award.

"Yes! Yes! Yes! Where is there a better place to exchange the day's experiences than over a sinkful of dirty dishes or a swirling tubful of clothes? There is little time left for recreation if the husband sinks deep in the divan, waiting for the wife who sinks equally deep in the rut of endless housework. My advice? Housewives, if you're helping pay for that new furniture, make your husband help you clean it. Husbands, to keep a marriage partnership on its feet, stay on yours until the housework's done!"

And here are the letters I chose to answer this month, letters that ask questions I think many of you have had to answer—or may have to answer—sometime in your lives.

GOING HALF WAY

Dear Joan:

I live in a small village on the seacoast. It's a beautiful place and we have a very nice house—we're trying to buy it on the GI Bill of Rights. I have a nice husband and two wonderful boys aged one and three.

But I feel out of place in this village, and I don't have any friends here. The only ones I know are relatives. No one wants to be friendly. I don't have any outsiders call on me or ask me to join their clubs or to visit them. I have had this feeling ever since I came here, but my husband says it's my fault because I don't want to go out of my way to make friends. He can talk—he's lived here all his life and he knows everyone! I don't feel I should go around and try to make friends. I think the people should at least come half way.



By JOAN DAVIS

Joan Davis, played by Mary Jane Higby, is the heroine of *When A Girl Marries*, heard Mon.-Fri. at 5 P.M. EST, NBC.

When A Girl Marries

Everyone in my family loves it here. But I want to leave, and start over in some other place, where people are people. Do you think I should give up my home and take my boys and leave? I know it would hurt them to have to leave and it would more than hurt my husband. But I can't see living here the rest of my life where people think you are imposing, or that they are doing you a favor letting you stay here. Maybe my husband is right—maybe I am just a little backward wife and don't want to make friends.

Mrs. W. R. F.

Dear Mrs. W. R. F.:

Look back to that sentence where you say, "I think the people should at least come half way." Are you sure that you have gone at least half way to meet them? And wouldn't you be willing, for the sake of your husband and your sons—for your own sake, and the sake of your marriage—to stop standing on ceremony and go more than half way?

I think that in one way, your problem is not as acute as it would be if your whole family were strangers in the town—if your husband, too, knew no one. But in another way, I'm inclined to think that much of your trouble stems from that very fact that your husband does have friends, and because of that you perhaps feel more left out of things than actually you are.

Have you explored all possible avenues open to you for making friends? Your church, and the groups involved in doing church work? Have you any special talents or skills that you can offer which would make you a valued member of one of those clubs of which you speak? Have you tried to make friends with, discuss your mutual child-raising problems with, the mothers of your son's little playmates? Have you genuinely tried to be friendly with your husband's old friends instead of standing aloof and waiting for them to press friendship on you?

No, I don't advise—not yet, certainly—going away and "making a fresh start." That would mean another strange town, wouldn't it? And more strangers? And the whole business to begin (Continued on page 106)

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

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Here is this month's problem:

How can a housewife, untrained in business and with small children to care for, earn money at home to help the family budget?

What is your answer to this problem?



Still Married

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Winner (at table) really takes all: Emcee Bud Collyer presents him with a complete dinner—with service de luxe—to take place in his home



RADIO MIRROR TELEVISION SECTION

WINNER

Gloria Shannon helps Bud with makeup.



CLAYTON "BUD" COLLYER, television emcee of Winner Take All every Thursday night at 8:30 EST, and radio emcee for the same show Monday through Friday at 4:30 to 4:45 EST, graduated from law school and worked as a law clerk for two long years. Collyer senior was a lawyer, and Bud was going to follow in dad's footsteps, quite overlooking the fact that there was an actress mother in his background and a grandfather, Dan Collyer, who had died during the run of a play in which he was appearing.

There was also sister June Collyer, who had become famous in motion pictures and retired from the screen after she married actor Stuart Erwin. And there was also that boyhood up in Maine where Bud used to amuse the family by setting up a little theater in an empty room of the big house and give ad lib plays; the glee club at Horace Mann school; and the little theater productions at Williams College.

So how could he escape his theatrical fate?

He didn't try—not too hard. "The pull was too great," he tells me. "At Fordham College, where I took my law course, I helped pay expenses by singing on the radio.



Vaudeville comes back in "Winner": a horse-act (above) and a song-and-dance routine (below), with Joe Silver.



Evelyn McBride, artist Frederik Whittaker and Collyer examine the picture to be given a lucky contestant.

TAKE ALL

After I graduated I'd slip away from law every little while and do a Broadway play—even though they were always flops.

"One day Helen Claire introduced me to some people in radio who helped me get a sustaining show at CBS. After that, the law didn't have a chance."

Bud's radio career hit a high peak with his portrayal of that children's delight, Superman—still part of his triple job, the other two being "Winner" and a program called Beat the Clock. It takes a Superman to carry a load like that.

On the television version of Winner Take All, as you undoubtedly know if you're within seeing distance of the CBS-TV eastern-midwest network or its kinescope recordings, Bud is a lively quizmaster, awarding refrigerators, washing machines, paintings and painting courses, dresses for the ladies, shirts for the men, meals for the family, and a little bit of everything for everybody.

There are two people competing against each other on the show—a Champion and a Challenger—and once on, a player remains as long as (Continued on page 90)





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KNBH: ZaSu Pitts with Gordon Peters in kinescope-movie version of "Ramshackle Inn," originally heard on Philco's WNBT (N. Y.) show.



Jack and Patty Meakin present The Meakins show nightly on KTTV. The show features songs, previews of KTTV evening listings.



Another KTTV specialty: Baum Kuchen, "Tree Cake," as prepared by chef Otto Nagel, r., for Fred Beck's Kitchen. Fred looks dubious.



KNBH's live show, Nocturne, features Lucille Norman, l., Ellen Ray and Jack Baker in songs and dances. Instrumental music is by Thomas Mancini.

HOLLYWOOD'S Looking at -

LAST month we told you about what goes on at that pioneer West Coast television station, the Don Lee Studios. Now here's how TV has been shaping up at NBC and CBS in the Glamor City.

NBC's tele station KNBH, in Hollywood's Radio City, opened January and is now going full blast. Besides kinescope films of popular eastern shows like Philco Television Playhouse, Chevrolet on Broadway and Howdy Doody, KNBH is putting on some good live shows of its own.

Locally produced live shows include The Pickard Family—a real family group of six musicians. Mother plays the piano and organ, a daughter Ruth plays the accordion, sons Bub and Charlie perform on the string bass and guitar. And there's the youngest, Ann and Dad Pickard.

A Woman's World is a discussion group. Starlight Time, featuring singers Anita Gordon and Bob Graham, includes dancing and instrumental music in a modern night club setting.

At Hollywood's CBS tele station KTTV there are kinescopes of such well known eastern programs as Toast of the Town, Lucky Pup, Winner Take All, Kobb's Korner, and others—and some good local live shows.

Fred Beck's Kitchen features radio and newspaper columnist Beck as emcee of a program on which guest chefs and specialists prepare foods for special panel of gourmet guests.

Students at the famous Pasadena Playhouse give one-act plays. Discussion programs include Hollywood Talks It Over, which features screen stars as guests, and What Do You Think?, which features guests who talk about the great books.

And of course there are charades—what TV line-up would be complete without *them!* And sports—and western films.

So here you have it—the old TV standbys—the kinescopes that bring some of the best of what the east and mid-west can offer—and the local talent—all lined up together to make California TV-conscious.

Jerry Mahoney's Private Album

BRASH and bold—but bright enough to carry it off—wooden-headed Jerry Mahoney is talking his way into a leading position in the TV picture. At least, his master Paul Winchell does the talking, but it's Jerry's personality that makes the combination. They share the cameras with mind-reader Dunninger, Thursday nights at 9:30 EST, on WNBT and on the cable. From Jerry's star-studded album, here are some of his favorite pictures—with comment.



"Phil Harris gets Alice Faye on his show. I get Paul!"



"Paul's daughter Stephanie used to be scared of me."



"I was glad to meet Howdy. Was Paul glad to meet Bob?"



"Jackie Robinson of the Dodgers was a big success."



"For Sinatra, a joke from my special, private stock."



"With Dunninger around I can't even think what I want."



It's Rhoda Mann who pulls the strings for Howdy Doody, heard and seen on NBC.



HOWDY DOODY'S BOSS

TEN years ago, when Rhoda Mann was eleven, her father bought her a puppet doll for Christmas. That began a career which seven years later landed Rhoda in show business and, before she was twenty-one, made her the puppeteer for that puppet with personality, Howdy Doody, whose voice is, of course, Bob Smith.

By the time she was at Taft High she had added other puppets to the troupe. They all sang and danced, probably because those were the things Rhoda liked to do most.

At eighteen she turned professional and for two Christmas seasons put on shows in department store windows.

To maneuver Howdy, Rhoda clammers up a little iron ladder and swings over to her own private catwalk, about two feet wide and fourteen feet above the floor. The platform is high, and Howdy's twelve strings are unusually long, because Bob Smith is a tall fellow and Rhoda has to be way above him out of the camera eye. Long strings are harder to control than short ones. "But it's not hard," she says. "It's like a harp."

But the best part of all is watching her follow Bob's conversation without a smitch of a script. Before the show goes on Rhoda takes a quick look at the beginning and the end of the script, or listens to Bob talk about it. That's all. The minute the "on the air" sign lights up she glues her eyes to Bob.

Rhoda got her job when Frank Paris, her associate on the Toby of the Circus shows, got into TV and brought her with him.

They both worked on the Howdy Doody show with Bob. Then they both left to do another show. But Rhoda came back.

"They asked me how I'd like to come back and be Howdy's boss," she told me. "I didn't want to seem too eager, so I just said yes three times. It took me three seconds to accept."



In private life Rhoda's the one who jumps around; Howdy's a quiet type.

On Your SCREEN



Allan Frank: Charade Quiz, DuMont
Wednesday nights at 8 P.M. EST.

ALLAN FRANK looks like a serious theologian. And what do you know?—that's what he almost became. But Fate saw that half-hidden twinkle in his eyes and made him give up the study of theology for an acting career before he was twenty. It's true that he was cast as a serious actor, getting his basic training with an experimental acting group, invading Broadway in a series of children's plays, and joining such serious successes as "Angel Street" with Vincent Price and "Skipper Next to God" with John Garfield.

But that twinkle just had to out, and a director at DuMont was the first to notice it. Before our Mr. Frank had time to draw himself up to his full six feet and one-half inch and remind the guy that he was talking to a fellow who nourished ambitions to play "Hamlet," he found himself one of the regular actors on Bill Slater's Charade Quiz which is televised every Wednesday night from 8:00 to 8:30 EST, over the DuMont network.

He's been on the show so long now that he can't remember the time when he wasn't expected to take at least one comedy fall and give out with at least one comedy cackle, all in the course of a half hour's program.

He works with four other regular charade actors, one of them a small girl—and three regular expert guessers. They're Bob Shepard, Minabess Lewis and Harold Rowe.

Allan was born in Brooklyn, brought up in Connecticut, and married a Connecticut girl while he was in the Army Air Forces. Right now they're back where he started from—living in Brooklyn.

The third member of the Frank establishment is Allan's mother-in-law—and his wife's only complaint is that her mama sides with Allan whenever there's an argument.



Dan Seymour: Emcees We, the People,
CBS-TV, Tuesdays at 9 P.M. EST.

DAN SEYMOUR moved into the emcee's spot on We, the People, just as naturally as the proverbial duck takes to you-know-what. He was the show's announcer for six years, so when former emcee Dwight Weist left to produce some TV shows of his own, there was Dan—ready, willing and able, every Tuesday at 9:00 EST, over CBS and CBS-TV.

Dan got into radio in Boston, in 1935, when he was twenty and newly graduated from Amherst. Before the year was out, he won the audition as announcer for a Community Sing show with Milton Berle, and went on from there to announce the Major Bowes Show for CBS in New York. Before long our Mr. Seymour was adding announcing chores for such top personalities as Bing Crosby, Bob Hope and Al Jolson.

In addition to his present combined audio and video broadcasts of We, the People, which spotlights weekly guest-celebrity hosts, Dan doubles as emcee of CBS's big audio musical quiz, Sing It Again, and triples as announcer for The Aldrich Family and Aunt Jenny, and the TV Dunninger-Winchell show.

When he really needs a rest now and then he romps with six-year-old Stephan Dana, nine-year-old Judith Ann, and twelve-year-old Nancy Louise. They all live in a pleasant nine-room Dutch Colonial house in White Plains, New York. Their summers are spent on Cape Cod.

Oh yes, and there's mama too. Dan met Louise when he was a senior at Amherst College in Massachusetts and she was at Mt. Holyoke College nearby. They were married during spring vacation but kept it secret because it would have meant expulsion from college. Then came graduation, which fell on a Monday; by Tuesday, he was one of the announcers for the Yankee network.

COAST to COAST in TELEVISION



Ringmaster Claude Kirchner shows the youngsters how to grab pennies

ALL'S right with television—the Goldbergs have taken over! Last January 17, over the CBS network, at 9:00 P.M. EST, Molly and Jake and Sammy and Rosalie and all their relatives and their neighbors in the Bronx began to brighten our screens. Complete episodes in themselves, each telecast is different, but always the same as far as family life and family problems and family joys are concerned. Molly's sorrows are every mother's tears—Molly's triumphs are every housewife's overcomings—Molly's

laughter is joy in which every listener shares. There's something universal about this woman—a timelessness that few personalities have been able to capture.

Stop and think about it—The Goldbergs went on the radio for the first time on November 20, 1929. During two periods the show totaled seventeen years on the air, one of the all-time favorites in radio. For two years it has not been heard, but in the meantime Molly and Jake and their brood did a stage play based on the radio series, called "Me and Molly."

Eddie Albert and Margo spent a whole day last winter on a one-minute snow scene filmed for NBC's Chevrolet on B'way.

It's a quiet evening at The Goldbergs with Jake (Phillip Loeb), Molly (Gertrude Berg), Sammy (Larry Robinson).





CBS-TV's Super Circus, Sun., 4:00 P.M. CST.



Bret Morrison, Arthur Godfrey, and Talent Scout Candy Russell at rehearsals for Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts, CBS-TV, Mondays, 8:30 P.M. EST.

So now they're on the stage again every Monday night, but for the exclusive benefit of TV viewers. Look and listen at 9 EST, CBS-TV.

* * *

Mondays and Wednesdays, if you hear a sudden drawl and a chuckle coming from your television set, one quick look will confirm your suspicions—it's the irrepressible Arthur Godfrey, emceeing his Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts (Continued on page 89)

Kathi Norris of WABD's Television Shopper (daily) displays some children's bargains on her niece (l.) and daughter.



Admiral Revue's opening night had comedian Sid Caesar, Mary McCarty, Imogene Coca, Lorene Welch in "No, No, Rigolett."

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That DAY Girl

by Bob Hope

FIRST I want to say that everything Doris Day has written about me is untrue. I haven't read it, but I deny the whole thing. I asked her to let me see it so I could refute it in a nice way, instead of like this, but she said she'd already sent it in to RADIO MIRROR.

She didn't improve things any by saying, "I thought it would embarrass you if I read it to you."

What did she mean, "read it to me?" I can read—why, I went to college! I remember those happy days well—all three of them. And they're proud of me at my old school. They've put a plaque over my old desk. It says "Bob Hope slept here."

One of the nice things about making a personal appearance tour of the country is that you get a chance to look at famous landmarks like that. Another nice thing is that you get a chance to really know the people you're working with.

Doris joined the Tuesday night NBC broadcast last September, and she showed no signs of breaking under the strain of working with me by the time we left Hollywood in January. But after five weeks of one night stands, I can really give you the lowdown on her.

It's one thing to do a half-hour show on the air once a week from Hollywood. It's quite another thing to play nine two-and-a-half-hour shows a week on the road as well as the network show.

If there is any gravel in a girl, that routine will bring it to the surface.

We set out from Hollywood on January 4, cheered on by my friends—my brother and two others. It was wonderful to see all of those smiling faces and to hear those shouts of "Keep moving—you need a change and we need a rest."

It did not work out quite that way. The hotels got all of my change and the government got the rest, but we had fun, even when we were in the air.

We traveled in a United Mainliner DC6 that stayed with us throughout the tour. They named the ship after me, "The Bob Hope"—not, as has been erroneously reported, "The Hot-Air Lift."

A lump comes into my throat every time I think of that splendid flying crew. It isn't my stomach. My stomach went in the other direction. I leaned over to find it as we crossed the Santa Rosa Mountains (Continued on page 102)

That HOPE Fellow

by Doris Day

WHEN you first meet Bob Hope you think he is wonderful because he is kind and nice, and the gags keep pouring out and you have a lot of laughs.

After you have done five weeks of one night stands with him you really *know* that he is wonderful because you have found out a lot of things about him that he would never tell—things that you would not get a chance to see unless you were traveling with his company and spending practically every waking minute caught up in the activities that move around him like a tornado.

For the first week, your head is in a whirl because there are about fourteen things happening each minute and every minute. There seem to be hundreds of people swarming around grabbing at his attention and thousands of demands on his time. As you see this go on and on, you understand why they call him "Mr. Perpetual Motion," and you begin to wonder how he can keep up the pace, and when he is going to begin to wear thin and snap at somebody. But it never happens.

Gradually you begin to realize that his good nature goes on forever, and so does his sense of humor. It isn't an act. He really is just as funny all the time off the stage as he is on. Then you begin to notice something about his gags. They never are mean and if there is a sting in them it is always pointed at Bob, himself, never at anybody else. He never hurts anybody's feelings because he really likes people and he shows it in a hundred different ways. I'll tell you about some of them later.

Though you may die laughing at some of his gags about himself, nobody ever tries to get funny by making that kind of a crack about him. In the first place, you respect him too much for all he is and all he has done and all he knows. In the second place, he just isn't the kind of man anybody gets fresh with. He is easy and friendly and just the same to everybody, from the most important people in the land to the guys backstage, but he just isn't the kind of a man you would play a practical joke on, for instance.

He hasn't any pose or side; he always seems to be just himself. But pretty soon you find out that he is really hard to get to know. He seems to have a little wall built around him. It is a wall made of laughter and fun, but it is there, just the same. (Continued on page 104)



DORIS DAY

BOB HOPE

Sharing a program, they've learned a lot about each other. And both Doris Day and Bob Hope just love to talk!

"I can't even get

As Herb Shriner tells the story of his life, it's a sad one:

When he was struggling toward success, he couldn't afford to date; now that he's on his way—he can't afford the time!

By MARTIN COHEN

If you know a girl who won't mind competing with a boat—tell her about Herb Shriner.



a haircut"

HERB SHRINER may have to wait for women's hair styles to change.

"I picture her with soft, long hair, brunette or Titian," the tall, blond humorist tells you as he describes the kind of girl he'd like to marry. "She's petite and her eyes should be bright blue with a kind of slant, almost Polynesian."

But Herb Shriner, young and handsome star of his own CBS program, doesn't have time for romance. When a girl attracts him, he just can't do anything about it.

"I can't even get a haircut," Herb says. "That's the way it is. When you're poor, you can't afford a haircut or much courtin' and when you're making a buck, you can't find the time."

He shrugs his shoulders and looks away. Although Earl Wilson and Milton Berle have praised him as America's great new humorist, Herb is still shy.

"You know, I've never met a girl who can cook a Swiss steak like my mother," Herb continues. "But that's not the only qualification. I got a lot of other ideas about what kind of girl she should be."

Herb's mother learned that, too. Until a year ago, when she passed away, she brought many girls around to meet Herb. As usual, mother and son never saw eye to eye on women.

According to official records, Mrs. Shriner's only child first saw the light of day in Ohio, but according to Herb he was born at the age of four when they moved to Indiana. He has great affection for the Hoosiers and their country.

"It's so peaceful and fertile," Herb says, "that if an atomic bomb were dropped there it would just blossom into a garden of roses."

He picked up a lot of his grassroots humor at his grandfather's general store near Fort Wayne. It was an old-fashioned store complete with pot-bellied stove, cracker barrels and characters who never let the crackers get stale. More merchandise was borrowed than bought and you could always tell when the candy was fresh. It didn't have finger marks.

Herb explains, "I figure that the loafers used a running patter of jokes to divert grampa's attention while they sampled his food."

He spent much time with his grandfather because usually his father and mother were working. Mrs. Shriner was a store detective for many years and Herb recalls he once earned \$7 as a (Continued on page 86)



Is there, at last, a humorist who might fit into Will Rogers' shoes? Acute show business critics think CBS's Herb Shriner is it. But Herb isn't resting on his laurels, yet. He works so hard he's scarcely resting at all!



Your ticket to

COLGATE - PALMOLIVE
Presents

THE JUDY CANOVA SHOW



Here's a Radio Mirror ticket to another big Hollywood studio. Use it Saturday

IF you were in Hollywood, in the neighborhood of NBC's Radio City studios, some Saturday night at about quarter of six (Pacific time) you'd see a lot of eager people waiting to get in to see the Judy Canova Show. Well, even though you're not, most of you, in Hollywood, your copy of RADIO MIRROR this month makes it easier for you to get into that studio

than it is for the folks right on the spot. You're in your comfortable seat in the maroon-draped studio in plenty of time to get the benefit of the pre-air-time warm-up show that Judy and her cast never fail to put on. And hillbilly Judy, trying desperately to fit herself into the elegant suburban life of her aunt's Brentwood home—and always managing to do the

- PEET DVA SHOW



any night—or any other night—to see the Judy Canova Show as it goes on the air

Wrong thing—is just as funny to watch as you've imagined, from hearing her, that she would be. When the On-the-Air signal flashes, this—up above—is the line-up you'll see on the stage, left to right: the Sportsmen Quartet; Judy herself; orchestra leader Bud Dant, ready to give the downbeat; announcer Howard Petrie; seated, Mel Blanc (who plays Pedro

and Roscoe Wortle); Gale Gordon (the neighbor); Hans Conreid (Mr. Hemingway, William Boswell); Ruby Dandridge (Geranium); Verna Felton (Patsy Pierce). The program is written by Fred Fox and Arthur Phillips, produced by Joe Rhines.

You can hear the Judy Canova Show every Saturday at 9:30 P.M. EST, 6:30 P.M. PST, on NBC.

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"The CRISIS we learned



The doctor's words
might have plunged another
man into despair. But
Lawson Zerbe had two safeguards
. . . courage, and Doris

Lawson's "Frank Merriwell" role expanded from an acting job into a research project. At Yale, "Frank's" Alma Mater, he absorbed atmosphere.



Two branches of the same art serve as hobbies. Lawson, above, sketches; Doris (right), more ambitious, tries oils—with a favorite model.

to live with"

By

DORIS McWHIRT

ZERBE



When Lawson asked for his first date, he offered tickets to a show as his qualifications. But Doris quickly discovered more important ones.

SOMETIMES I think of it, to myself, as "the day the roof caved in." And then I remember that it was only the day the roof *might* have caved in . . . if Lawson had had just a little less courage, and if I had had a little less faith in him. And I count my blessings!

It's quite an experience, you see, sitting across a restaurant table from the man you're falling in love with, expecting the gay and friendly words that have been part of his charm for you, and hearing him say, instead, "Doris . . . I've just come from my doctor."

It would have been foolish to ask "What's the matter?" Even if I could have spoken, that is. I just sat, waiting, trying not to look as frightened as I felt. And Lawson told me.

A few weeks before, he'd had his physical examination for army service (this happened during the war). He hadn't mentioned it to me, thinking he'd wait until he got his actual notice to report. Instead, he was turned down . . . because of a heart ailment.

"Which," Lawson told me grimly, "I never knew I had. I went to my own doctor, of course, and he gave me the works—cardiograph, everything. I got his reports today. Those army doctors had the right story, Doris. My heart's in bad shape."

"How bad?" I asked at last. "Just because the army wouldn't take you—"

"The doctor ordered me to give up radio. . . . Go to some quiet place and stagnate. I can't do that, Doris. There's got to be some other answer."

(Continued on page 81)



"The CRISIS we learned to live with"



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(Continued on page 81)

Lawson Zerbe plays the title role in *The Adventures of Frank Merriwell*, Saturdays at 2 P.M. EST, on NBC stations.



So Sweet!

Top left, Two-tone Chocolate Pie; center, Coconut Cream Tarts; right, Rum Cream Peach Pie. And how they taste!

SPRING is here. And when the soft little breezes come my way, I start thinking about something different for dessert. Something sweet and good, of course—but something refreshing too. That's when I like to trot out a refrigerator pie.

These pies are good year-round, of course. Chocolate and coconut cream are probably your old family favorites. But these are all a little extra special—a touch of rum here, an extra garnish there. Rum cream peach pie and nesselrode pie are in the best French manner. Straight from the Deep South comes lime pie—and there's one that looks as springish as it tastes!

Start with a good pastry shell. Dress it up with a fancy edge, if you like. If you want to serve the pie on a plate (as in the picture), just remove the shell from the tin while it's still warm. Want to make the pastry part extra good eating? Brush it with melted jelly, then dust it with very finely chopped nuts, before pouring in the filling.

All these pies will taste and look better if they are chilled for two or three hours before serving. And with a steaming hot beverage, they're a perfect ending for any meal!

PIE SHELL

1 cup, plus 2 tbsps. sifted enriched flour	6 tbsps. shortening
½ tsp. salt	3 tbsps. ice water

Sift flour and salt together into mixing bowl. Gradually cut in shortening with a pastry blender or two knives, until lumps are the size of small peas. Sprinkle ice water a tablespoon at a time over the mixture. With a fork lightly blend in each bit of water, until pastry clings together, leaving bowl clean. Wrap dough in waxed paper and chill. Roll out dough on a lightly floured board to a 10½-inch circle. Fit into a 9-inch pie tin with a 1-inch overlap all around. Trim overlap evenly and fold under to make a double standing rim. Flute the edge, or press down with fork to make a lacy pattern. Prick entire surface with a fork. Bake in a very hot oven (450° F.) about 15 minutes, or until lightly brown.

To Make Tarts: Cut rolled out dough into circles large enough to cover your tart pans. (Use the bottoms of muffin tins or custard cups.) Press firmly onto pan (do not stretch). Pinch excess into folds. Prick well all over with fork. Bake in very hot oven (450° F.) 12 to 15 minutes. Makes 3 to 5 tarts.

TWO-TONED CHOCOLATE PIE

3 squares (3 oz.) unsweetened chocolate, divided	3 eggs, separated
2 tbsps. butter	¾ tsp. vanilla
⅓ cup cornstarch	2 tbsps. rum
1 cup sugar	1 baked 9-inch pie shell
¼ tsp. salt	1 cup heavy cream (optional)
2½ cups milk, scalded	¼ cup shaved semi-sweet chocolate (optional)

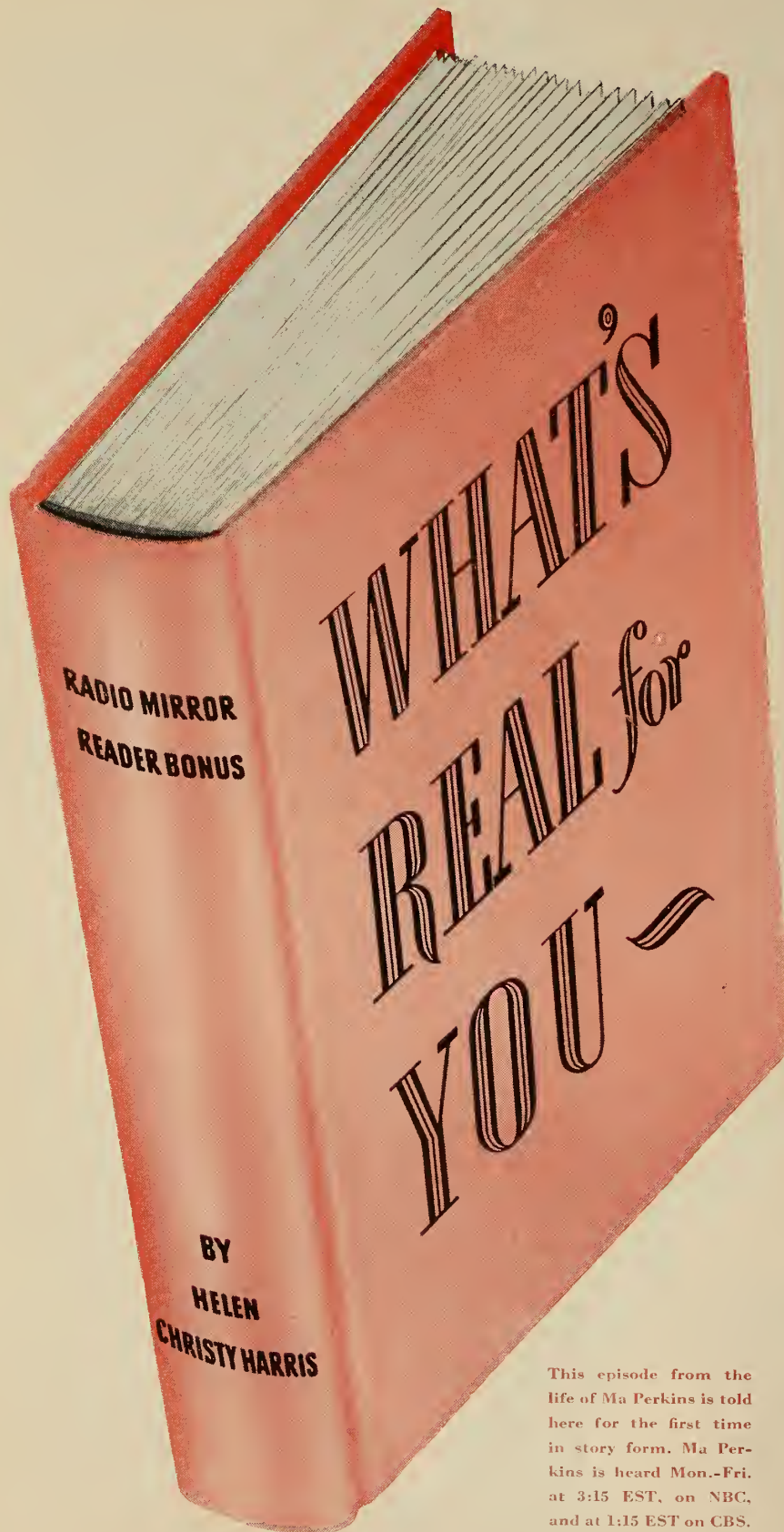
Melt 1 square of the chocolate with butter (over hot water) in the top of a double boiler. Mix cornstarch, sugar and salt and stir into chocolate, mixing until well blended. Add 1 cup of hot milk and stir until smooth. Add remaining milk and cook, stirring occasionally, until smooth and thick (about 15 minutes). Beat egg yolks well. Stir in a little of the chocolate mixture. Then pour into hot mixture and cook 2 minutes more, stirring constantly. Pour half of this filling into a bowl and cool. Grate remaining chocolate and add to filling in double boiler and stir until well blended (about 3 minutes). Pour into shell. To the remaining filling, add vanilla and rum. Beat egg whites until they stand in peaks and fold gently into cooled chocolate filling. Pile lighter (Continued on page 38)



By KATE SMITH
RADIO MIRROR
FOOD COUNSELOR

Listen to Kate Smith Speaks,
 12 Noon, and Kate Smith Sings,
 12:15 P.M., Mon-Fri., MBS.

A MA PERKINS STORY



A string of beads . . . against a life of luxury. Did Starr have this choice to make? Or—as Ma Perkins said—had her heart already given her the answer?

MR. EDDIE MARKEL, proprietor of the almost-exclusive Teddy Bear Club and various other allied and prosperous enterprises, was a self-made man. The police had their version of how he'd worked his way out of an orphanage and into a half-million dollars in some thirty-odd ruthless years; Eddie himself attributed his success to knowing what he wanted and going after it.

Just now he wanted, to the point of dementia, his newest hat-check girl at the Teddy Bear Club.

She was an odd one, this girl who called herself Jane Smith, with her frightened dark eyes and her wax-like skin and her delicate bones and her air of gentle distinction . . . and her cough. Eddie noticed the cough the first night she came to work at the Teddy Bear; it was his excuse for calling her into his office on the second night.

She sat opposite his desk on a shiny green leather chair, and even though she looked small and pale and frightened, she wore her simple uniform like a Paris original. Eddie had noticed that about her, too. *Get her into some real clothes*, he thought. . . .

"I just wanted to ask how you feel

This episode from the life of Ma Perkins is told here for the first time in story form. Ma Perkins is heard Mon.-Fri. at 3:15 EST, on NBC, and at 1:15 EST on CBS.



"A kid's necklace!" snorted Eddie. But Ma saw the look in Starr's eyes as she held up the gift.

tonight," he said easily. "I thought I heard you coughing once or twice, back among the coats and hats."

She mustered a faint smile. "Once or twice," she agreed. "It's getting better, though."

"And the job?" he asked. "How do you like it?"

"It's—" But she couldn't lie, he noted with satisfaction. "It's all right," she said hopelessly.

"Which means that it isn't," he laughed. "It's not what you're used to, is that it?"

"Well—it doesn't take much brains to put coats on hangers."

"No," he agreed. "But then, we don't pay much. We don't pay for brains."

She smiled wryly. "It's the only job I could get. Maybe that means I don't have any brains."

"Maybe," said Eddie. "But maybe on the other hand you have other assets. On which you could capitalize."

He saw the quick alarm in her eyes, and he was angry at himself for the stupidly premature remark. He was angry, too, that she must have heard his reputation. Ordinarily, he didn't mind too much what people said about Eddie Markel's way with women, but for some reason, he

hadn't wanted this girl to know it.

"They're getting busy out there, Mr. Markel," she said quickly, rising. "If there's nothing special you want—"

"Sit down," he said grimly. "Yes, there is something special I want to ask. You've run away from home, haven't you?" Pretending not to notice the sudden intake of her breath, he went on, "Or are you running away from a boy friend? Or college? Were the teachers mean to you?"

"College?" Again the faint smile, and she looked relieved that he hadn't, after all, known exactly what she was running from. "No, I wasn't in college."

"You're a college type, you know," Eddie confided. "Respectable, good background, dainty, clean cut—or maybe it's your voice. You speak very well." And he was proud of himself for his own speech. Once he would have told her that she "talked good."

"My father was a great believer in grammar," she said. "He spoke very well himself."

"What was your father?" Eddie asked. "A minister?"

"A—" He couldn't read the thoughts behind her eyes. He



Joseph is played by Joe Helgeson.



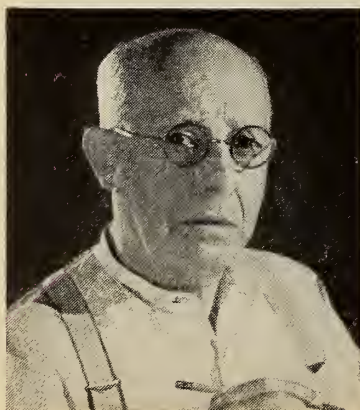
Evey is played by Kay Campbell.



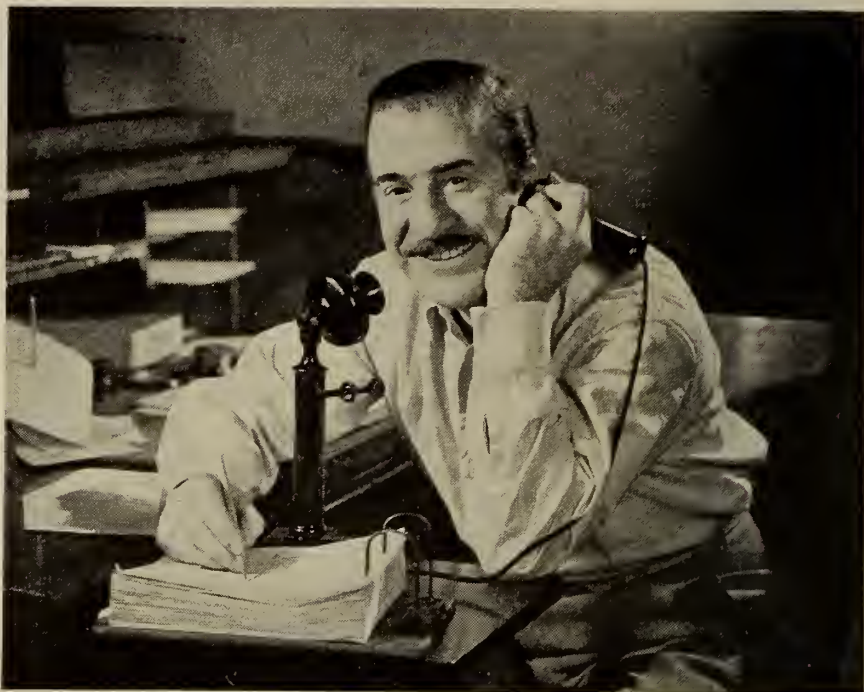
Fay is played by Rita Ascot.



Paulette: Judith Lockser.



Shuffle: Charles Egelston.



Willy Fitz, Evey's husband, is played by Murray Forbes.

couldn't know that she was seeing her father, the polished, persuasive "Professor" Bassett speaking of God and life and love eternal to the aged and the lonely—to the well-to-do aged and lonely—until he was stopped finally, forever, by the citizens of a little town called Rushville Center and a little old lady called Ma Perkins.

"No," said the girl. "He wasn't a minister. I'd rather not talk about myself, Mr. Markel, if you don't mind. I told you I'd like to keep my job, and so of course I'm a little afraid of you—it's nothing personal so far as you're concerned, but—"

"But you know I'd like you to be my girl, don't you, Jane?" He was smiling lazily, keeping it all sounding very casual. She gasped, and before she could reply he leaned forward and pointed to a button on the wall. "See that?" he said briskly. "Punch it—it opens a closet. I want you to try on what's in there. Go on," he ordered impatiently as the telephone rang. "Do as I say."

He reached for the phone. She rose as if mesmerized, her eyes fixed on his face, pushed the button.

"There's a plain clothes man here, Mr. Markel," said his switchboard operator, "from the Bureau of Missing Persons. Shall I—"

"I'll be down right away," Eddie told her. But he wasn't fast enough. He had to watch the girl's face as she touched the mink coat that hung in the closet, had to urge her again to put it on. And when she obeyed, moving like a person in a dream, he had seen her pull the

silky rich folds around her. It was thus that Sergeant Leahy, entering uninvited, found them, the girl in the mink coat and Eddie watching her avidly.

"Now listen, copper—" Eddie swung toward him.

"Young lady, you can come with me now, or you can come after work," said the sergeant, ignoring Eddie. "There's a fellow downstairs who's put a lot of sweat and heartaches and life's blood into looking for you. If you don't come down until four A.M., I guess he'll have to wait, but he'll be waiting. Your husband, girlie. One Joe."

"Joseph?" she whispered. "Downstairs?"

"Husband!" Eddie repeated. But he wasn't really surprised. "Have you a husband, Jane?"

"Joe," confirmed the Sergeant. "Nice fellow. And her name isn't Jane. It's Starr."

"Starr," repeated Eddie. "Are you married?"

Her frantic glance went from him to the officer. "I—I—tell the boy who's waiting to go away. I can't see him. I'm very busy with Mr. Eddie Markel—who's just given me a lovely fur coat. Haven't you, Mr. Markel?"

"Why, yes," said Eddie softly, pleased, hardly believing his luck. "Yes, I certainly have."

"Now just a minute," said the sergeant desperately. "You don't know what you're doing, girlie. This guy's a crook and a liar and he's got a record as long as your arm, and when he throws you away, you won't even have a fur

coat for a souvenir. Now come on downstairs and make up with—"

"You heard the lady!" Eddie barked. "Get going, copper. If you're coming here to preach, bring a warrant next time."

"Maybe I will," said the sergeant. "If, for instance, we find out this girl isn't quite as old as you may think she is—"

"Oh, let me alone!" The girl's voice, low and intense, cut across his words like a scream. "Tell Joe—tell him to let me alone! Tell him if he doesn't, I'll go someplace else! Tell him to go home where he belongs and I never want to see him again—ever, ever, until I'm dead!"

"Okay—okay." The sergeant moved toward the door. "But you're making a big mistake. You're—" The door closed on his words. Eddie turned to the girl.

"How old are you, Starr? Is that your name?"

Her lips trembled. "I never want to hear it again!"

"It's a pretty name," said Eddie, trying it over again on his tongue. "Starr. It suits you. You're no plain Jane. But how old are you?"

"I'm going to be nineteen."

"Nineteen." He sighed. She was even younger than he'd thought. Although just now, with her lips shaking and her eyes held wide to keep back the tears, she looked about fourteen.

"Mr. Markel," she said, "I said something in front of that policeman that I— Well, I really don't want this coat. All I want is a job. And I'm all mixed up about some things, so I'd rather you wouldn't— I'd rather not be— Oh, gee, I'm scared!"

Eddie laughed sympathetically. "Of course you're scared! A policeman, and that crazy kid who's looking for you—enough to scare anybody. Now I'll tell you, you take the rest of the night off—take three or four nights off," he amended, thinking rapidly. "Rest up, and get rid of that cold. And don't worry about your job. The policeman was right, Starr. I'm a roughneck, but you're a nice girl. And maybe I want you around to help me be nice. So don't worry about your job. Just rest up, and get beautiful, and your job'll keep for a long, long time."

Starr accepted—perhaps because she was obviously too tired and ill to do otherwise. But Eddie left her to remove the coat and repair her make-up and went down the stairs to the cafe floor whistling softly, feeling that things were working out very well. With Starr away from the club for a few days, even if anyone *did* come back looking for her. . . . Then, at the foot of the stairs, his whistle died abruptly.

His headwaiter, Alfredo, and the bouncers, Gus and Hoffman, were at the door, determinedly struggling to keep out a young man who seemed equally determined to get in. The young man was tall and slightly stooped, and in spite of having what Eddie would have called a studious face, he was doing very well at holding his own against the three of them.



It's Ma Perkins to whom all of Rushville Center turns in times of trouble.

"I tell you," he was insisting, "I came to see Mr. Markel. And I'm going to see him—"

Eddie went swiftly forward. "Scram, stupids," he ordered his men. "Try using your brains instead of your muscles for a change. As for you—" he turned to the young man—"I'm Eddie Markel. What do you want?"

"My wife. I know she's here, and I don't want to hear any more blither about her being busy with you and mink coats. I've come to take her home."

"Your wife," Eddie repeated quietly. "Suppose I say she's my sweetheart? That makes us even, doesn't it? And suppose she doesn't want to go with you?"

"She's not your sweetheart!" the young man exploded. "Next you'll be telling me she's your partner in this dance hall, or whatever you've got here! I never heard anything so crazy—"

Eddie shrugged. "Maybe," he said. "Suppose we leave it up to her. You can see her, Pugnacious. First door up those stairs, in my office. But if she doesn't *want* to see you, suppose you go back where you came from, and fast, and don't come back. Fair enough?"

"Fair—" The young man hesitated, and burst out, "I'm not making any bargains with you! I'll do as I think best—"

"Oh, no." Eddie shook his head. "I think you'll play it square. You're the type. And when you've seen her, maybe you'll see something else—that it's just possible I'm better for her than you are."

The young man bounded past him up the stairs. Eddie looked after him for a moment, then he went into the bar for a drink. He was smiling confidently, but in his heart was the closest thing to a prayer that Eddie Markel had ever shaped.

In Eddie's office, Starr had hung the coat away in the closet and was trying, with lipstick and finger tip, to rub some color into her pale mouth when the door opened.

"If it's all right with you, Mr. Markel," she said without looking up, "I think I'll leave now— Joe!"

"Hello, Starr," he said quietly. And then he looked at her, really looked at her. "Honey," he said brokenly, "you look terrible. You're thin—" His voice gave out. He stopped, swallowing. "You—you look so *thin*, Starr!"

For a terrified moment, she thought he was going to cry. Then he moved as if to scoop her into his arms, to warm her thinness, her coldness against him. She backed a step convulsively. Her voice rose to a scream.

"Get away from me, Joe! Don't! Go away!"

He shook his head, bewildered. "What's the matter, Starr? What's happened? What's happening?"

She'd backed to the desk, as far as she could go. But Joseph had stopped, too, and she drew a deep breath, trying to control herself.

"Nothing's happened," she said, "except that I've left you, for good. Go home. Go back to college and forget that you—Joe, how can you be here? Why aren't you (Continued on page 91)

INSIDE RADIO

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

SUNDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30			Earl Wild	Carolina Calling
9:00	Story to Order	Tone Tapestries	Sunday Morning	News
9:15	Sach Aria Group	Chamber Music Society	Concert Hall	E. Power Biggs
9:30				Trinity Choir of St. Paul's Chapel
9:45				
10:00	National Radio Pulpit	Radio Bible Class	Message of Israel	Church of the Air
10:15	Children's Hour	Voice of Prophecy	Southernaires	Church of the Air
10:30				
10:45				
11:00		Christian Reform Church	The Fitzgeralds	Bill Costello
11:15		Reviewing Stand	Hour of Faith	The News Makers
11:30	News Highlights			Salt Lake Tabernacle
11:45	Solitaire Time			

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00		Wings Over Jordan		Invitation to Learning
12:15	Eternal Light	Lutheran Hour	Piano Playhouse	People's Platform
12:30				
12:45				
1:00	America United	William L. Shirer		Joseph C. Harsch
1:15	Author Meets Critics	John B. Kennedy	American Almanac	Elmo Roper
1:30		American Radio Warblers	National Vespers	Tell It Again
1:45		Songs By Great Singers		
2:00		Mutual Opera Concert	This Week Around The World	Longine Symphonette
2:15	NBC University Theater	Bill Dunningham	Mr. President Drama	You Are There
2:30		Veteran's Information		
2:45				
3:00	One Man's Family	Ernie Lee Show	Harrison Wood	N. Y. Philharmonic Symphony
3:15		Juvenile Jury	Betty Clark Sings	
3:30			Dance Music	
3:45				
4:00	The Quiz Kids	House of Mystery	The Future of America	
4:15				
4:30	News Living—1949	True Detective		Skyway to the Stars
4:45				
5:00	Jane Pickens Show	The Shadow		Festival of Song
5:15				
5:30	Robert Merrill	Quick As A Flash	Quiet Please	Strike It Rich
5:45				

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	The Catholic Hour	Roy Rogers	Draw Pearson	Family Hour of Stars
6:15			Don Gardner	
6:30	Ozzie Nelson, Harriet Hilliard	Nick Carter	Greatest Story Ever Told	Spotlight Revue
6:45				
7:00	Horace Heidt	Adv. of the Falcon	Go For the House	The Jack Benny Show
7:15				Amos 'n' Andy
7:30	Alice Faye and Phil Harris	Mayor of the Town	Carnegie Hall Musicale	
7:45				
8:00	Fred Allen	A. L. Alexander	Stop the Music	Sam Spade
8:15				
8:30	NBC Theater	Memos For Music		Lum 'n' Abner
8:45				
9:00	Manhattan Merry-Go-Round	Under Arrest	Walter Winchell	Electric Theatre with Helen Hayes
9:15	American Album	Jimmie Fidler	Louella Parsons	Our Miss Brooks
9:30		Twin Views of News	Theatre Guild on the Air	
9:45				
10:00	Take It or Leave It	Secret Missions		Life With Luigi
10:30	Who Said That?	The Alan Ladd Show	Jimmie Fidler	It Pays to be Ignorant



DINK TROUT—is the meek little Mr. Anderson on the Dennis Day Show, Saturdays, 10:00 P.M. EST, NBC.



JEAN DICKENSON—was born into a family of globe-trotters (her father was a mining engineer) and might have followed in their footsteps if she hadn't decided to stay home and study voice. After considerable experience in Denver, she signed as soprano star of NBC's American Album of Familiar Music (Sun., 9:30 P.M. EST) on which she has been heard for nine years.

MONDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30	Do You Remember			Local Programs
8:45				
9:00	Honeymoon in New York	Editor's Diary	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America
9:15	Clevelandaires	Tell Your Neighbor		This Is New York
9:30		Bob Poole Show		
9:45				
10:00	Fred Waring	Cecil Brown	My True Story	Music For You
10:15		Faith In Our Time		
10:30	Road of Life	Say It With Music	Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air	Arthur Godfrey
10:45	The Brighter Day		Eleanor and Anna Roosevelt	
11:00		Passing Parade	Jane Jordan	
11:15	We Love and Learn	Victor Lindlahr	At Home With the Kirkwoods	
11:30	Jack Berch	Gabriel Heatter's Mailbag	Ted Malone	Grand Slam
11:45	Lora Lawton	Lanny Ross	Galen Drake	Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00			Welcome Travelers	Wendy Warren
12:15	Harkness of Washington	Kate Smith Speaks	Kate Smith Sings	Aunt Jenny
12:30	Words and Music	News	Maggi McNellis	Helen Trent
12:45				Our Gal Sunday
1:00	Boston Symphony	Luncheon At Sardi's	Nancy Craig	Big Sister
1:15		Happy Gang		Ma Perkins
1:30	Robert McCormick	Hollywood Theater	Dorothy Dix	Young Dr. Malone
1:45	Jack Kilty			The Guiding Light
2:00	Double or Nothing	Queen For A Day	Bkfst. in Hollywood	Second Mrs. Burton
2:15				Perry Mason
2:30	Today's Children	Golden Hope Chest	Bride and Groom	This Is Nora Drake
2:45	Light of the World			What Makes You Tick?
3:00	Life Can Be Beautiful	Red Benson Movie Show	Ladies Be Seated	David Harum
3:15	Ma Perkins	Pepper Young	House Party	Hilltop House
3:30	Right to Happiness	Ozark Valley Folks		Your Lucky Strike
3:45				
4:00	Backstage Wife	Misc. Programs	Kay Kyser	Hint Hunt
4:15	Stella Dallas	Johnson Family	Ethel and Albert	Winner Take All
4:30	Lorenzo Jones	Misc. Programs		Robert Q. Lewis
4:45	Young Widder Brown	Two Ton Baker		
5:00	When A Girl Marries	Superman	Challenge of the Yukon	Galen Drake
5:15	Portia Faces Life	Capt. Midnight	Jack Armstrong	The Chicagoans
5:30	Just Plain Bill	Tom Mix		Alka Seltzer Time
5:45	Front Page Farrell			

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	John MacVane			Eric Sevareid
6:15	Bill Stern	Local Programs	Local Programs	"You and —"
6:30				Herb Shriner Time
6:45	Sunoco News			Lowell Thomas
7:00	Chesterfield Club	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Headline Edition	Beulah
7:15	News of the World	Dinner Date	Elmer Davis	Jack Smith Show
7:30		News	The Lone Ranger	Club 15
7:45	H. V. Kaltenborn	Inside of Sports		Edward R. Murrow
8:00	Cavalcade of America	Straight Arrow	The Railroad Hour	Inner Sanctum
8:15				
8:30	Voice of Firestone	Sherlock Holmes	Henry Taylor	Talent Scouts
8:45				
9:00	Telephone Hour	Gabriel Heatter	Stars in the Night	Lux Radio Theatre
9:15		Radio Newsreel		
9:30	Dr. I. Q.	Fishing and Hunting Club		
9:55		Bill Henry		
10:00	Contented Program	American Forum of the Air	Arthur Gaeth	My Friend Irma
10:15			Earl Godwin	
10:30	Radio Playhouse	Dance Orch.	On Trial	The Bob Hawk Show

STAATS COTSWORTH—was working hard to become an artist (he studied seven years in Paris) when his funds ran low. Since he was fond of eating he turned to the stage where he found almost immediate success. That was fifteen years ago and since then he has appeared in twenty-three Broadway plays and entered radio. He is Crime Photographer, Thursdays CBS.



T U E S D A Y

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember News			Local Programs
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in N. Y. Clevelandaires	Editor's Diary Tell Your Neighbors Bob Poole Show	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America This Is New York
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fred Waring Faith in Our Time Road of Life	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker, Magazine of the Air Club Time	Music For You Arthur Godfrey
10:45	The Brighter Day			
11:00 11:15	We Love And Learn	Passing Parade Victor H. Lindlahr	Jane Jordan At Home With the Kirkwoods	Grand Slam
11:30	Jack Berch	Gabriel Heatter's Mailbag Lanny Ross	Ted Malone	Rosemary
11:45	Lora Lawton		Galen Drake	

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Harkness of Washington Words and Music	Kate Smith Speaks Kate Smith Sings News	Welcome Traveler Maggi McNellis	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Art Van Damme Quartet Robert McCormick Jack Kitty	Luncheon At Sardi's Happy Gang Hollywood Theater	Nancy Craig Dorothy Dix	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 Hollywood Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake What Makes You Tick?
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Red Benson Movie Show Dixie Barn Dance Gang	Ladies Be Seated House Party	David Harum Hilltop House Your Lucky Strike
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	Kay Kyser Ethel and Albert	Hint Hunt Winner Take All Robert Q. Lewis
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Straight Arrow Capt. Midnight Tom Mix	The Green Hornet Sky King	Galen Drake The Chicagoans Alka Seltzer Time

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	John MacVane Bill Stern Sunoco News	Local Programs		Eric Sevareid "You and ——" Herb Shriner Time Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World The Smoothies H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date News Inside of Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis Counter Spy	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:55	This Is Your Life Ralph Edwards Alan Young Show	George O'Hanlan Show Official Detective Hy Gardner	Youth Asks The Government Earl Godwin America's Town Meeting of the Air	Mystery Theatre Mr. and Mrs. North
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45 9:55	Bob Hope Show Fibber McGee Molty	Gabriel Heatter Radio Newsreel Air Force Hour Bill Henry	Erwin D. Canham Detroit Symphony Orch.	We, The People Morey Amsterdam Show
10:00 10:15 10:30	Big Town People Are Funny	Korn's-A-Krackin' Dance Orchestra	It's in the Family	Hit The Jackpot Mr. Ace and Jane

W E D N E 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 This is New York
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fred Waring Faith in Our Time Road of Life	Cecil Brown Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker Mag- azine of the Air Eleanor and Anna Roosevelt	Music For You Arthur Godfrey
10:45	The Brighter Day			
11:00 11:15	We Love And Learn	Passing Parade Victor H. Lindlahr	Jane Jordan At Home With the Kirkwoods	Grand Slam
11:30	Jack Berch	Gabriel Heatter's Mailbag Lanny Ross	Ted Malone	Rosemary
11:45	Lora Lawton		Galen Drake	

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15	Harkness of Wash- ington Words and Music	Kate Smith Speaks Kate Smith Sings News	Welcome Travelers Maggi McNellis	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Luncheon With Lopez Robert McCormick Jack Kitty	Luncheon at Sardi's Happy Gang Hollywood Theater	Nancy Craig Dorothy Dix	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 Hollywood Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake What Makes You Tick?
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Red Benson Movie Show Ozark Valley Folks	Ladies Be Seated House Party	David Harum Hilltop House Your Lucky Strike
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Misc. Programs The Johnson Family Two Ton Baker	Kay Kyser Ethel and Albert	Hint Hunt Winner Take All Robert Q. Lewis
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Superman Capt. Midnight Tom Mix	Challenge of the Yukon Jack Armstrong	Galen Drake The Chicagoans Alka Seltzer Time

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	John MacVane Bill Stern Sunoco News	Local Programs		Eric Sevareid "You and ——" Herb Shriner Time Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World The Smoothies H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date News Inside of Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis Lone Ranger	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Blondie Great Gildersleeve	Can You Top This? High Adventure	Dr. J. Amate Hour, Ted Mack, M.C.	Mr. Chameleon Dr. Christian
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:55	Duffy's Tavern Mr. District Attorney	Gabriel Heatter Radio Newsreel Family Theater Bill Henry	Milton Berle Show Groucho Marx Show	Your Song and Mine Harvest of Stars with James Melton
10:00 10:15 10:30	The Big Story Curtain Time	Comedy Play- house Dance Orchestra	Bing Crosby Meredith Willson	Beat The Clock Capitol Cloak Room

BEVERLY YOUNGER—who plays leading roles in Curtain Time, Wed. NBC, has been a regular trouper ever since the age of two when she made her debut as Little Willie in "East Lynne." She has appeared in leading roles on the stage and made her radio debut in 1936. If she ever retires, she says it will be in order to concentrate on homemaking or social work.



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 This is New York
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fred Waring Road of Life	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker, Mag- azine of the Air Dorothy Kilgallen	Music For You Arthur Godfrey
10:45	The Brighter Day			
11:00 11:15	We Love and Learn	Passing Parade Victor H. Lindlahr	Jane Jordan At Home With the Kirkwoods Ted Malone	Grand Slam
11:30	Jack Berch	Gabriel Heatter's Mailbag Lanny Ross		
11:45	Lora Lawton		Galen Drake	Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15	Harkness of Wash- ington Words and Music	Kate Smith Speaks Kate Smith Sings News	Welcome Travelers Maggi McNellis	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
12:30 12:45				
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Luncheon With Lopez Robert McCormick Jack Kilty	Luncheon at Sardi's Happy Gang Hollywood Theater	Nancy Craig Dorothy Dix	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 Hollywood Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake What Makes You Tick?
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Red Benson Movie Show Dixie Barn Dance Gang	Ladies Be Seated House Party	David Harum Hilltop House Your Lucky Strike
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	Kay Kyser Ethel and Albert	Hint Hunt Winner Take All Robert Q. Lewis
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Straight Arrow Capt. Midnight Tom Mix	The Green Hornet Sky King	Galen Drake The Chicagoans Alka Seltzer Time

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bill Stern Sunoco News	Local Programs	Local Programs	Eric Sevareid "You and—" Herb Shriner Time 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 Counter Spy	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Aldrich Family Burns and Allen	Western Hit Revue	Abbott and Costello Our Job is Man- hattan	The F.B.I. In Peace and War Mr. Keen
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Al Jolson Show Dorothy Lamour	Gabriel Heatter Radio Newsreel Mysterious Traveler Bill Henry	Personal Autograph Jo Stafford Show	Suspense Crime Photographer
10:00 10:15 10:30	Screen Guild Theatre Fred Waring Show	Dance Orch.	Child's World	Hallmark Playhouse First Nighter



QUINCY HOWE—the CBS news analyst (Mon.-Fri. 11:10 P.M. EST) was born in Boston and educated at Harvard. Upon graduation he joined the staff of Atlantic Monthly. Later, he worked for Simon & Schuster as head of the editorial department. His first taste of radio came when he became a regular commentator for WQXR, and in 1942 he joined CBS as news analyst.



KAY ARMEN—the singer on Stop The Music (ABC, Sundays), Saturday Night Serenade with Vic Damone (Saturdays, NBC) got her start at WSM, Nashville, Tenn., after graduating from a Chicago high school where she was an A student. A year later, 1944, she decided to try her luck in New York, and, as everyone knows, she found fame immediately.

F R I 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 This is New York
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	We Love and Learn	Passing Parade Victor H. Lindlahr	Jane Jordan At Home With the Kirkwoods Ted Malone	Grand Slam
11:30	Jack Berch	Gabriel Heatter's Mailbag Lanny Ross		
11:45	Lora Lawton		Galen Drake	Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15	Echoes From the Tropics Words and Music	Kate Smith Speaks Kate Smith Sings News	Welcome Travelers Maggi McNellie	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
12:30 12:45				
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	U. S. Marine Band Robert McCormick Jack Kilty	Luncheon at Sardi's Happy Gang Hollywood Theater	Nancy Craig Dorothy Dix	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 Hollywood Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake What Makes You Tick?
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Red Benson Movie Show Ozark Valley Folke	Ladies Be Seated House Party	David Harum Hilltop House Your Lucky Strike
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	Kay Kyser Ethel and Albert	Hint Hunt Winner Take All Robert Q. Lewis
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Superman Capt. Midnight Tom Mix	Challenge of the Yukon Jack Armstrong	Galen Drake The Chicagoans Alka Seltzer Time

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	News Bill Stern Sunoco News	Local Programs	Local Programs	Eric Sevareid "You and—" Herb Shriner Time Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date News Inside Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis Lone Ranger	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Cities Service Band Of America Jimmy Durante Show	Great Scenes From Great Plays Yours For A Song	The Fat Man This Is Your FBI	Jack Carson Show My Favorite Husband
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Eddie Cantor Show Red Skelton Show	Gabriel Heatter Radio Newsreel Enchanted Hour	Break the Bank The Sheriff	Ford Theatre
10:00 10:15 10:30	Life of Riley Sports	Meet the Press Dance Orch.	Boxing Bouts	Philip Morris Play- house

S A T U R D A Y

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
9:00	Mind Your Manners		Shoppers Special	CBS News of America
9:15				Barnyard Follies
9:30	Coffee in Washington	Paul Neilson, News Ozark Valley Folks		Garden Gate
9:45				
10:00	Archie Andrews	Ozark Valley Folks	Concert of American Jazz	The Garden Gate
10:15			Big and Little Club	Romance
10:30	Mary Lee Taylor	Jerry and Skye	Saturday Strings	
10:45		Albert Warner		
11:00	Meet the Meeks	Hormel Girls Corps	Abbott and Costello	Let's Pretend
11:15				
11:30	Smilin' Ed McConnell	Magic Rhythm	What's My Name?	Junior Miss
11:45				

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00	Arthur Barriault Public Affair Luncheon With Lopez	Smoky Mt. Hayride News	Junior Junction American Farmer	Theatre of Today Grand Central Station
1:00	Nat'l Farm Home	Luncheon At Sardi's	Maggie McNellis, Herb Sheldon	County Fair
1:15			U. S. Navy Hour	Give and Take
1:30	R.F.D. America	Symphonies For Youth		
1:45				
2:00	Frank Merriwell's Adventures	Family Theater		Stars Over Hollywood
2:15	Edward Tomlinson			
2:30	Report From Europe			
2:45				
3:00	Pioneers of Music	Proudly We Hail		Local Programs
3:15		The Clock		
3:30				
3:45				
4:00	Roy McKinney Echoes From the Tropics	Hobby Lobby		
4:15			Local Programs	Local Programs
4:30	Radio Reporter	Charlie Slocum First Church of Christ Science		
4:45				
5:00	The Lassie Show	Russ Hodges Quiz True or False	Dance Music	Chuck Foster Make Way For Youth Red Barber's Club-house
5:15	Wormwood Forest			
5:30				
5:45	Dr. I. Q. Jr.			

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	Peter Roberts	Music	Speaking of Songs	News From Washington
6:15	Religion in the News			Memo From Lake Success
6:30	NBC Symphony	Bands For Bonds		Saturday Sports Review
6:45			Jack Beall	Larry Lesueur
7:00		Guess Who?	Treasury Bond Show	Winner Take All
7:15				Camel Carvan with Vaughn Monroe
7:30	Vic Damone, Kay Armen	Robert Hurliegh News		
7:45				
8:00	Hollywood Star Theatre	Twenty Questions	Starring Kay Starr	Gene Autry Show
8:15		Take a Number	Famous Jury Trials	Adventures of Philip Marlowe
8:30	Truth or Consequences			
8:45				
9:00	Your Hit Parade	Life Begins at 80	Little Herman Drama	Gang Busters
9:15			The Amazing Mr. Malone	Tales of Fatima
9:30	Judy Canova Show	Guy Lombardo		
9:45				
10:00	Day in the Life of Dennis Day	Theatre of the Air	Musical Etching	Sing It Again
10:15			Hayloft Hoedown	National Guard Military Ball
10:30	Grand Ole Opry			



TOM HOWARD—the quiz master on *It Pays To Be Ignorant*, (Sun. 10:30 P.M. EST, CBS) came to radio after years of vaudeville and movies. His real name is Tom Black but he changed it—to spare his mother's feelings. She wanted him to be a clergyman. Tom was married to Ruth Berg 39 years ago. They have a daughter, Ruth and son, Thomas.

QUIZ CATALOGUE

Notes to keep your Radio Mirror

Quiz Catalogue up to date

CBS's big Saturday night giveaway show *Sing It Again* had a distinguished creator, the big boss himself, William S. Paley. When the network's handsome and brilliant chief executive noticed the meteoric success of ABC's *Stop the Music*, he developed a similar project for his own web. That was last April and now, after more than 40 consecutive broadcasts, *Sing It Again* is flourishing and helping you phone subscribers and radio fans win extravagant prizes.

Sing It Again differs sharply from the ABC hour quiz in two specific ways. It stresses top flight musical entertainment and it uses the parody format for brain-busters.

Such well-known recording and radio performers as young Brooklyn-born Alan Dale, Eugenie Baird, who used to chirp with Bing Crosby, The Ames Brothers, cigar-puffing Bob Howard, and Ray Bloch's crack 21-piece orchestra sing and play well known popular songs. Then they do them again, with specially written parody versions containing clues to persons, places, and things. Phone listeners, picked at random from a collection of U. S. telephone directories, are asked to identify the parodies, then qualify for jackpots ranging from \$12 to \$30,000.

Then radio's most active announcer-m.c., Dan Seymour, plays a recording of a "phantom voice." This is usually some well known living American who sings a little jingle that contains pertinent information about his or her career.

The show carries a staff of six top flight parody writers, all well known song writers. They concentrate on writing parodies about famous movie and radio stars, sports figures, and comic strip characters, follow the issues of *PHOTOPLAY* and *RADIO MIRROR* as guides to what personalities the public is most interested in at the moment. Phone listeners have the most trouble guessing parodies about historical personages, geographical landmarks.

A battery of telephone operators work directly off stage and don't put calls through until the show starts its broadcast at 10 P.M., EST on Saturdays. The show originates from CBS's largest radio theater and despite the 1,400 seating capacity, there's usually standing room. Tickets are at a premium but out of towners visiting the Big Town get preference.

Though *Sing It Again* has won respectable ratings it is still sponsorless. The pending FCC decision regarding giveaway shows has made interested advertisers wary. But CBS is still determined to stick with the show, remembering that it took more than a year to get Arthur Godfrey's *Talent Scouts* a bankroller.

Emcee Seymour considers *Sing It Again* his biggest radio opportunity. The 34-year-old spieler got the emcee job on *We, The People* mainly on the showing he made with *Sing It Again*. He and his pretty little wife, Louise, dine at Gallagher's Steak House every Saturday before the broadcast, make sidebets between them on which parodies will stump the phone contestants. The three Seymour children monitor the show in their spacious White Plains home, usually leave their combined comments and criticism on the night table for their talented father to peruse before he hits the sack.

* * *

YOU SHOULD KNOW THAT—

Strike It Rich lost its cough drop sponsor and is now heard on CBS Tuesdays, 9:30 P.M., EST. . . . The FCC will soon have a new chairman and this may delay any decision on their part regarding the legality of such shows. . . . When *Stop the Music* goes on television shortly it will have an entirely different format from the radio version. . . . Don't be surprised if one of the air's oldest quizzes, *Take It Or Leave It*, returns to CBS, its first home. . . . The show was recently sent to our soldiers in Germany. . . . *Stop the Music*'s theme song is now available in sheet music form in your favorite music store. Kay Armen may record it soon. . . . There was a near riot in the studio audience of a certain Mutual network quizzer when the audience wasn't exactly satisfied with the method of choosing contestants. Such red faces in the control room. . . . The boing could be heard on the air.

That unseen woman within you can make you over...

if you
will only let her

MANY WOMEN feel in their hearts that they have missed *full* self-realization.

Many live always with a numbing sense that they are of little importance.

Yet they *need not* accept this—help is *within themselves*. You can feel it within you—an inner drive for happiness. The close *interrelation* between this Inner You and the Outer You, the almost uncanny power of each to change the other—can change you from drabness to joyous self-fulfillment.

Never think of yourself as cut to a set pattern. You are *not*—you are changing every day. You can *direct* this change. Let the strong, beautiful Inner You help you to lift your life up.

This inner force in all women is tied inextricably with need for physical attractiveness. This is the real reason that nothing so shakes your confidence, your whole outlook, as the uneasiness that comes from *not looking as you should—not appearing at your best*.

It is also the reason that nothing so bolsters your faith in yourself as the warm, sweet knowledge that you *look lovely*—and that this outer loveliness is *actually drawing others closer to the true You within*.

Right now—today—start an inspiring *new way of living*, that will send a new and lovelier You flooding out through your face and lift you right out of the class that nobody notices.

Base this new living on the great laws of health and beauty: Exercise each day—so circulation keeps renewing you! *Relax*—let go a few minutes at least twice each day. You'll be amazed how this soothes and lifts *your spirit*. Enough sleep. A bal-



Mrs. Vanderbilt's flawless skin shows the exquisite care she gives it.
"The best creams I know are Pond's," she says, "they're perfect for my skin."

anced diet. Enough water. *Cleanliness*.

And then—*your face*—that constantly changing *outer* expression of You that always seems more fascinating than anything else about you. A new understanding of its care will bring the real *Inner You singing through it* for all your world to see and love.

New "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment

Never underestimate the little miracles that can be wrought by simple daily habits.

That luminous look—for instance—which *true cleanliness* gives to skin. The fineness and softness of texture that can come to you through faithful, meticulous grooming. Yes—the gratitude of skin for the care you give it is a lovely thing to see.

You'll find it takes no time at all to give your face this Pond's new "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment that acts on *both sides* of your skin. From the *Outside*—the Pond's Cold Cream is softening, smoothing and cleansing your skin, as you *mas-*

Mrs Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.

Mrs. Vanderbilt's charming, mobile face sends a fascinating challenge from her vivid Inner Self . . . gives to all who see her a lovely, stirring picture of the truly magnetic person she is

sage. *From the Inside*—every step of this new treatment is stimulating the blood in your cheeks to beauty-giving activity.

You really should not wait another day to give your skin this rewarding new beauty care. Do it *always at bedtime* (for day face-cleansings, too)—*this is the way*:

Hot Stimulation—splash your face with hot water.

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

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

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

Now—see *your face!* Rosy! Sparkling clean! So soft! This new "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment with Pond's Cold Cream is beauty care you'll never want to miss—because it works! As lovely Mrs. Vanderbilt says, "This treatment leaves my face feeling refreshed and *immaculate*. Pond's is a *beautiful* cream!"

Is yours Dry Skin?

Dry skin requires a *special* cream—one that will give your skin *more oil*. From 25 on, many women find their natural skin oil starts *decreasing*. Lots of you will lose as much as 20% of this natural oil before you are 40. If you have *any* tendency to dry skin, give your face the *extra* softening help of *lanolin-rich homogenized* Pond's Dry Skin Cream. Very rich, yet *never* sticky—you'll love the way dry skin really seems to drink it up.

For a greaseless Powder Base!

If yours is skin that does not like a *heavy* foundation, it *will like* the different *feather-light* foundation Pond's Vanishing Cream gives. Completely greaseless—it leaves no "coated" look. You have no shade problem. It leaves only a smooth, protective film that's transparent on your skin. Powder goes on smoothly, looks more natural—and lasts!

Discover, too, the quick "beauty-lift" a 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream can give you. Just cover your face (except your eyes) with a cool, snowy mask of

the cream. After 1 full minute, tissue off. See your skin look clearer, brighter, silkier—immediately!

Have the "Angel Face look?"

You look sweet and smart and completely natural when you wear Pond's Angel Face—the newest kind of new make-up that is actually foundation and powder—all in one. Not a cake make-up, no wet sponge; not a greasy foundation, no smeary fingertips—Angel Face goes on with its own downy *puff*—and stays! And it can't spill in your handbag or "snow" over dark dresses. You are just bound to *love* Angel Face—and you can choose from five heavenly shades.

Then—for your lips—you'll find subtle flattery in Pond's satiny-pink "Lips" shade—"Dither." A perfect shade for Spring—it is completely adorable on blondes—and downright bewitching on brunettes.

Don't just take your face for granted. Every face needs loving care and understanding. *What are you doing for your face?* It is the *You* that others see first. Do help it to show you *at your very best*.

Always remember—The you that others see first is in your face!



It is not vanity

to develop the beauty of your face. You owe it to those who love you—you owe it to *yourself*. The lovelier you look, the happier you'll feel—and you will find this greater happiness brings the real Inner You closer to others.

Seven favorites among the Beauty Aids Pond's makes for You—used and trusted by lovely women the world over

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. More men and women use Arrid than any other deodorant. Antiseptic, used by 117,000 nurses.

Intimate protection is needed—so protect yourself with this snowy, stainless cream. Awarded American Laundering Institute Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. Safe for skin—can be used right after shaving. Arrid, with the amazing new ingredient Creamogen, will not dry out.

Your satisfaction guaranteed, or your money back! If you are not completely convinced that Arrid is *in every way* the finest cream deodorant you've ever used, return the jar with unused portion to Carter Products, Inc., 53 Park Pl., N.Y.C., for refund of full purchase price.

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.

Come and Visit Nancy Craig

(Continued from page 33)

sent, as were the country air and the safe places to play, inside and out. Now city-born and bred Nancy says, "I will never live in a city again if I can help it."

She was born in St. Louis and was christened Alice Maslin. Her father's parents had brought that good Irish name straight from County Cork. Her mother's family, combines German and English strains, accounting for the practical approach that she brings to the many problems of organizing her complicated program.

When Alice was quite small, she was educated to be a concert pianist, and it was as a musician that she first made her mark in radio. She also studied Home Economics in Colorado College, however, and she admits that she rather fancied herself as a cook. This led to a dismaying experience when she was first married.

SHE had met George Junkin, then manager of Station KMOX in St. Louis, when she applied for an engagement there as a pianist. She got the job and the manager, too, but neither on the strength of her cooking. Not until after their wedding did she let him know what a paragon in the kitchen he had won.

"What is your favorite dish—just name it," she said, gaily confident.

Mr. Junkin, a Philadelphian, named dishes he had not been able to find since he left the city of brotherly love. Would it be scrapple? Scrod? He settled on tripe. Could she really make it?

"I had learned to cook practically everything else, but for some reason I never had cooked tripe," says Nancy. "But I had no hint of impending disaster. I ordered it, and asked the butcher what next. He said, 'Just sauté it three minutes on one side, turn it over and give it three minutes on the other.' What he had neglected to tell me was that it is a good idea to boil it for about five hours first."

She served the tripe with a flourish, floating in a tempting sauce to cries of joy from her enchanted husband.

"Any bride will know how I felt," she says. "It was so much leather. It was some years before I heard the end of that."

The days at Station KMOX were packed with activity, and it was here that Nancy got the wide experience that laid the groundwork for the program she was to make famous later on a national network. She became program director doing everything from auditioning talent to writing continuity, acting in skits, directing an orchestra, singing in a trio, and broadcasting special women's programs.

An extremely advantageous offer to Mr. Junkin from an agency in Philadelphia brought them east. That led to an offer to him from a recording company in New York.

"There the idea for my show came of itself," says Nancy. "I found the town so fascinating that I sold NBC the idea of bringing it alive to listeners by covering many aspects of it that everyone does not have a chance to see—fashion shows, first nights, unusual restaurants, interviews with celebrities."

Her delight in her big-time program was somewhat dimmed by a suggestion from the network. Since it was a combination of their time and facilities and her personality that was making "Alice

Maslin" famous, they wanted her to assign the rights in that name to them so that their promotion and advertising of that name would not be lost if she decided to retire.

"It's my name," she protested. "It would make me feel lost to give it away. I don't want to."

The network was amiable about it. "All right. Then you pick any other name you want for the air," they said.

Mrs. Junkin was equally amiable. "You pick it."

After some searching of minds, someone came up with Nancy Booth Craig because the initials were NBC. And that was how Nancy Craig was born.

She didn't like her new name at first. "As a matter of fact, I couldn't stand it," she says. "To me Nancy was someone very tiny and dependent and feminine. I never did become accustomed to it until the name became my own property. Now I love it."

She had made the name famous by the time that part of NBC known as the Blue Network became American Broadcasting Company, and she went with the new company. When contract time came around, all legal rights to the name were transferred to her and she now owns it just as completely as she does her own.

Young Billy put it pretty well. "I have two mommies," he said proudly. "Mommy and Nancy Craig, too."

If you were spending an average day with Nancy, you would need to get a good night's sleep beforehand to prepare you for its strenuous demands.

Her day starts early. The bus from the nursery school picks up young Bill at 8 A.M. The family has had breakfast by that time. Nancy's mother, who has lived with her for the three years since Mr. Maslin's death, gives little Alice her bath while Nancy settles down to two hours work at her typewriter. She is in her office by eleven.

The office is more like a series of small comfortable living rooms than a place of cold business. There are pictures of the family on the walls. There are green plants and many books on low shelves that ring the walls. There she checks the heavy morning mail, and goes over the day's script.

AT one o'clock she goes to the sound-proofed studio to meet her guest and to chat for a few minutes before going on the air. About twice a week the pressure of detail is so heavy that she will have lunch at her desk. Other days will find her at one of the glittering fashion luncheons for the press or in one of New York's glossier restaurants for a talk with sponsors, future guests or some one who can contribute material for future programs. During the afternoon, she catches up with movie previews, exhibits and interviews. She is seldom home before six, but she never fails to be back in the country by six-thirty for dinner with the children.

On the nights when a new show or a concert is not demanding attention, Nancy has a chance at her hobbies. In the library are four hundred cook-books, in the living room her beloved piano is waiting. If she is tired, the enormous couch that is both treasure and problem is waiting in front of the fire.

The couch was bought for their first

home in New York, a tiny house in Greenwich Village. They decided to furnish it in the Victorian manner. Gradually, the house began to take perfect shape except for one thing. Mr. Junkin is well over six feet tall, and all agreed that he should have a really big and roomy couch. They looked at dozens, but nothing was quite right. One evening a decorator friend called up excitedly. "I have found just the couch for George . . . hurry!"

They rushed over to the rooms where an auction was in progress, and, sure enough, there was the couch of George's dreams—vast, down-filled, and plump as a feather-bed. It must have been built for a hotel.

George's eye lit with a happy gleam. "That's it," he said. "We've got to have it!"

There was not so much money in those days as there is now in the household. The decorator gave him an apprehensive look.

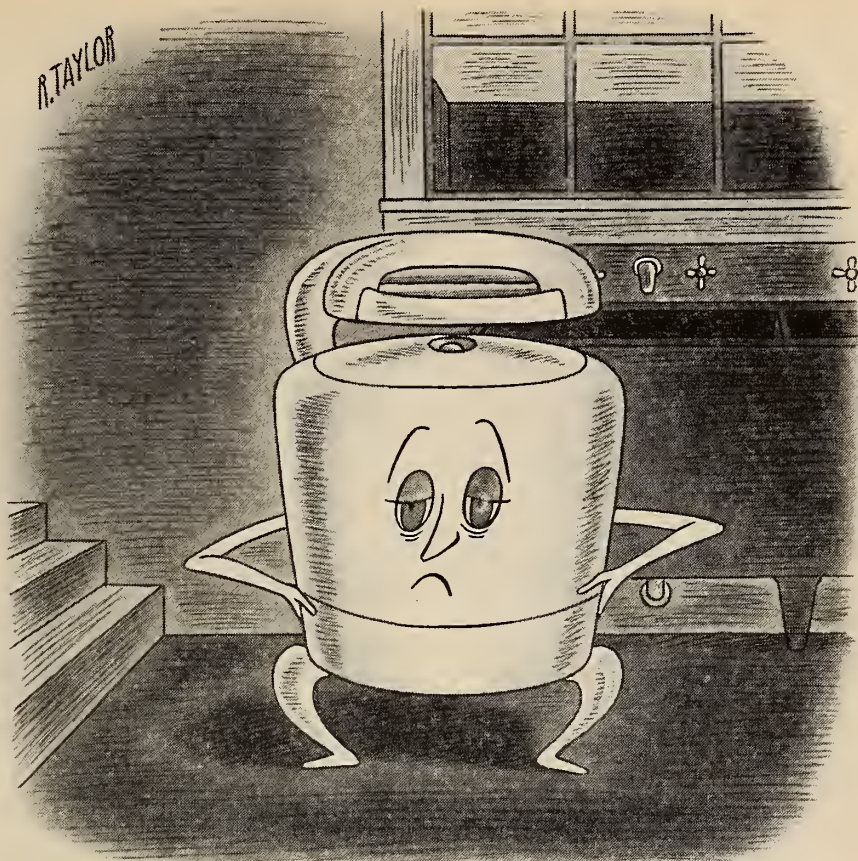
"Let me do the bidding," she said. "You look entirely too eager, George." George could not contain himself. He plunged into the bidding, himself, frantically raising his own decorator's bid at one point in the evening. But he won, and triumphantly arranged for delivery that very night.

IT was pouring rain by the time the truck pulled up at their house, and not until then did they discover that their enchanting new possession would not go in their front door! The proud owners rented a tarpaulin and tenderly covered it for the night. The next day they had to saw the couch in sections to get it inside and the process has been repeated every time they have moved since, but the couch still is their treasure of treasures, and they would no more think of moving without it than without Margaret, who is their maid, familiar to all regular listeners to Nancy's program. She has been with them since before they moved to the country. Not only has she a fine hand in the kitchen, she loves the children and they adore her.

Of all of the honors that have come her way, Nancy is proudest of The Foster Mother Award which was given to her in 1947. This award goes each year to the woman who has done an outstanding service for needy children, and it was given to Nancy for originating the Package Parents Plan. She knew of a number of families who could not afford the \$15 a month required to become a foster parent to one of the war orphans of Europe, but who wanted to help none the less. Nancy arranged for these people to send a package a month, rather than money. It has been estimated that 200,000 people became Package Parents and are still sending packages of food and clothing to children overseas.

"It is a good plan for everyone concerned," says Nancy. "It is good for the children overseas to get personal things and to feel that some family here is taking a continuing interest. And it is good for our children to pass along toys that are still good and so learn to share with others."

Her own children send some of their things, but their greatest source of joy cannot go through the mail. This is the menagerie that has included at various times ducks, goats, dogs, cats, chickens, squirrels and turtles. The urban Nancy welcomes them all. How could she do otherwise? The weird and wonderful house she lives in came equipped with a special cat and dog entrance!



All work and No Fels-Naptha...

"I'm not the complaining kind, goodness knows . . . but it does seem as though *some one* in this house would think about *me* once in awhile.

"Nobody works any harder than I do . . . week after week . . . washing the family's clothes . . . with never so much as a 'thank you' or a pat on the wringer.

"I'm not choosy, either . . . whatever they hand me . . . fine linens; the ladies' lingerie; Junior's grubby play suits; the Boss's work clothes . . .

I get the dirt out—somehow.

"Seems to me it's about time I had some capable help on this job. After all, I don't ask for *too* much . . . just some Fels-Naptha Soap."



Golden bar or Golden chips

Fels-Naptha

banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"



That's My Boy!

(Continued from page 29)

the first grade. These were two momentous events.

At the end of his first year of schooling, Jack's teacher paid us a call. "Something has to be done about your son," she said, "he's turned into quite a nuisance. He does all his own lessons and everybody else's and then he looks around for more to do. The only thing to do, I think, is to have him skip a grade."

Mrs. Carson and I were delighted. We thought that our youngest was going to turn into a great scholar. When we told him about what was happening, Jack said, "Good. Now I can be in the same class with Bob." The next year he didn't work so hard.

Bob Carson, it naturally follows, is Jack's older brother by something more than a year.

JACK always wanted to be like Bob, and he worked at it so much during twelfth grade that he was selected to make a speech at the presentation to the school of a new flagpole. He dropped the news casually a few days in advance. I knew Mrs. Carson was worried when I heard her ask him a couple of times, "How's the speech going?"

He'd say, "All right." Then I'd nudge him a little by suggesting, "Jack, if you want to tonight, Mother and I will go upstairs while you practice your speech."

He was quite reassuring. "You don't have to do that."

Mrs. Carson and I went to the ceremony in fear and trembling because he hadn't to our knowledge rehearsed the speech once, and if there was a loose shutter murmuring in the house we always knew about it.

The flag was raised. Jack got up and made a speech. It was such a good speech neither of us could remember what he said. The neighbors congratulated us and really meant it. That night after supper I casually brought the subject up.

"Jack, about that speech of yours today. Out of curiosity, just when did you practice it?"

"I didn't," he said, gulping down his strawberry shortcake. "I just went over it in my mind."

Well, what do you know!

All in all, we had about as smooth-running a family as you could find anywhere. That is until Mrs. Carson became involved in a nearly fatal accident. One New Year's Eve I went home early while she stayed to help some of the ladies clean up in the kitchen. Then she came home in a cab which skidded on the streets, turned over and smashed all over a lamp post.

We never expected Mrs. Carson to walk again.

She did, mainly by virtue of her great spirit, but that accident changed our lives a good deal. We thought that it would be best to send the boys away to school so that they would be removed from the unnatural atmosphere of a home with an invalid mother. So they started what amounts to Senior High School at St. John's Military Academy at Delafield, Wisconsin.

They did all right, including the times they got themselves in trouble.

Jack, one time, committed an infraction I never found out about. But it was important enough to reach the attention of the School Captain. There

was no official punishment involved, but Jack was asked to put on the gloves with one of the school's best boxers. Jack knocked him out. This was not the way the dressing down should have turned out. They put up a better boy. Jack knocked him out. Finally, the School Captain had to put on the gloves himself and finish Jack.

When Mrs. Carson was back on her feet we moved to a cottage on Lake Pewaukee, which is twenty-five miles outside Milwaukee and six miles from the school. Weekends we ran a boarding house with seldom fewer than a dozen boys around.

Jack, who was crazy about music, finally bedeviled me into buying him a saxophone for his birthday. That was hard on Mrs. Carson's ears and mine, but it didn't last long. Jack came to me a couple of months later and said, "Dad, about this sax. It's a tenor and what I should have had is an alto, but what I'd rather have is an auto."

I considered the discord we'd been through and Jack found a boy who needed a sax. His father had an old Buick he didn't need. The trade was made and now we had a Buick in the family. Jack and Bob painted it four different wild colors, took a huge searchlight off a boat we had, and with the aid of this extra precaution against the dangers of night driving they managed to smash it up against the side of a freight train.

There was more damage to the freight train than the boys, and it taught them a good lesson in the value of insurance, not to mention good driving.

However, the boys were never much to worry about. Each summer they took off for YMCA camp where they won their Life Guard and Red Cross certificates. By the time they were ready for Carleton College at Northfield, Minnesota, they were a couple of good men.

Carleton is one of the finest colleges in the country, with extremely high scholastic standards. The boys did pretty well there, played football and Jack displayed considerable swimming prowess. That they didn't graduate is more my doing than theirs. I'd held them an extra year at St. John's. After a couple of years of college, I had a talk with the Dean and he agreed that they were ready for business careers.

THEY were ready, but I didn't know that the acting bug had really bitten Jack. He got together with a young fellow named Dave Willock and they formed a vaudeville team. It was over this that Jack and his mother had their first real clash, with me as the referee.

We were riding along in the car when Jack said, calmly, "Mother, I'm going on the stage."

She took a deep breath. "No you're not, Jack. Dad, tell him he's not."

I couldn't. All I said was, "Let him get it out of his system."

Dave and Jack broke in their act at Madison, Wisconsin. Mrs. Carson wouldn't go—not because she was angry. She was afraid to see him get hurt. But she did stand in the lobby until it was over.

When I came out I said, "They're not bad."

After several weeks they arrived at the Riverside in Milwaukee. This time Mrs. Carson went along. I made a mis-



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take on purpose so we arrived while they were on stage with Jack in the middle of his Mussolini imitation.

She loved it.

Jack had it rough when he hit Hollywood, but by accident he wound up at Ben Bard's school. He didn't get any work for seven months, then he picked up a bit part, followed by a week's work in a Ginger Rogers picture, which brought him \$500.

The studio wanted to sign him for \$100 a week, but his agent, Frank Stempel turned it down.

Jack called me. "Dad," he said, "I don't know but what it's foolish to turn down \$100 a week."

I pointed out that Stempel was turning down \$10, and he must know what he was doing. The price went up to \$150. Jack came to me again. We were living in an apartment together while I recovered from a sick spell. "Now," I reasoned, "Stempel is turning down \$15. Let's see what happens."

The price went to \$200 and then \$250. Jack was fit to be tied. "I think I feel well enough to go home," I said, and did.

Jack signed for \$250.

BY this time Jack had gotten around quite a bit; by this time his friend and agent, Frank Stempel, was turning down parts that ran into the thousands. When Jack was almost a nervous wreck, he got a job in "Strawberry Blonde" at Warners, with Jimmy Cagney. Next thing he knew he was under contract at Warners at \$1,000—plus the unheard-of thing at the time—the right to do his own radio show.

Today the firm of Carson-Stempel is a real going concern. It owns a fine ranch with twenty-two head of cattle, a lot of turkeys and chickens. It is developing new talent in radio and television shows. Jack has his beautiful two-story semi-ranch home in the San Fernando Valley. Bob is living in Van Nuys and stirring up quite a bit of interest over at the Century Theater, an up and coming group of Hollywood players. I expect to see both of them going big in television one of these days.

But in the meantime, it's only a few miles' round trip from where Mrs. Carson and I have our home in North Hollywood to the establishments of our two boys. Jack has had a little domestic trouble, but that's nobody's business but his. Mrs. Carson and I are crazy about his two little tikes, John and Kitten, or Katy, her real name.

My only trouble is that about twice a week I make the mistake of going out on the golf course with Jack. I've never been a good golfer. Bob is the family champ and has been ever since he began to caddy when the golf bag was bigger than he was.

My problem is that I keep taking Jack on. I have a handicap that ranges between 12 and 17. Jack is consistently 8 and 10, but he's either hot or cold—on the course or in the soup. I go on and on trying to lick him at the game. What upsets me is that I never will—and now he's kept me so active that I just can't keep away from golf or business.

Sure as I'm the father of Jack Carson, the guy is going to come to me in about five years and say, "Remember when I made you go out that day and play golf with me in the rain? Shucks, I only did that because I was afraid you thought you were getting to be an old man—come on, where's your clubs? Let's get going!"

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"Let's Have the Nelsons"

(Continued from page 25)

With the dramatic example of Ozzie's and Harriet's happy marriage before our eyes, we were determined to prove again that two careers in a family are an asset, not a liability, if you work together toward common goals.

(Funny, though. It was Harriet who warned me against sharing *everything* with my husband. "If you work together and play together all the time, you'll *have* to be bored sooner or later. Let Don and Ozzie have their golf. You come ice-skating with me.")

We faced only one serious problem at the start. The only vacant apartment we had been able to find was one of those brutally functional, white-tile-and-chrome things, about as homey as a hotel room and about as big. We tried to make it livable, but it was no use. The place just wasn't made to be a home.

Again it was Harriet who came to our rescue. She scouted around all over town and found a spacious apartment in a big, old apartment house. Old fashioned—and as comfortable—as an old shoe, it had room for all of our prized wedding presents, our books and our records—and with a great deal more scope for my first lessons in running a home of my own.

Of course it *had* to be Harriet and Ozzie, when we got around to inviting the guests to our first dinner party.

And nobody will be at all surprised that it was one more piece of Harriet's sterling advice which made it possible for me to have fun at my own first party.

When I called to invite them—dinner at seven, Tuesday night—there was a long pause before she said, "We'd love it."

The explanation came with her next words.

"I'm remembering the first dinner I ever cooked for guests," she said, "and it gives me goose pimples.

"I tried to be fancy. Cooked a duck, with all the sauces and fixings. When the company arrived, I was still in the kitchen in my Mother Hubbard, red and perspiring, and I spent most of the evening there, fussing over the dinner while Ozzie and the guests lolled lazily about—or so I thought then—in the living room.

"I had to dig deep for my sense of humor that night—or that first family

dinner party would have been the occasion for our first family quarrel."

Well, I got goose bumps at that, and asked her—as I had asked her every time a problem had come up since our wedding day—"What should I do?"

"Make something you've made a hundred times before. A recipe you know by heart. I don't care if it's boiled beef and parsnips. Cook something easy.

"Have one hot dish and a salad. Otherwise you'll be jumping up and running in and out of the kitchen all through dinner.

"And for heaven's sake, plan a menu most of which can be prepared well in advance. That last-minute dash can be torture."

Don and I talked over the menu that night.

I don't suppose I had cooked anything more than once or twice unless it was waffles—we have those every Sunday morning for breakfast, from one of those ready-mix packages. But waffles wouldn't do for dinner.

"Make spaghetti and meat balls," Don suggested. Mother and I had cooked that the first night Don came to our house for dinner, and he had loved it. It was easy, certainly. The sauce and meat balls could be prepared way ahead of time, and it was the "one hot dish" Harriet had recommended.

But we couldn't resist fancying things up a little. It wouldn't be any fun playing hostess unless we could get at least one "however do you make this?" from replete and admiring guests.

Janet Waldo had served a wonderful hot crabmeat canapé when we went to her first company dinner, and I had come home with the recipe. And Don had been practicing up on a tremendous Caesar salad. He'd mix that at the table, he said. That would impress them. All those eleven ingredients!

We'd have a bottle of wine, and some crunchy French bread with unsalted butter, and fruit and cheese for dessert.

"And I know," I said, coming up with the fanciest idea of all. "We'll see if we can borrow Romeo's steamer and make Espresso."

Espresso is a thick, strong Italian coffee that we always order when we go to Romeo's Chianti, our favorite restaurant.

We were feeling gay already. Why,

"Real romance comes into my kitchen..."

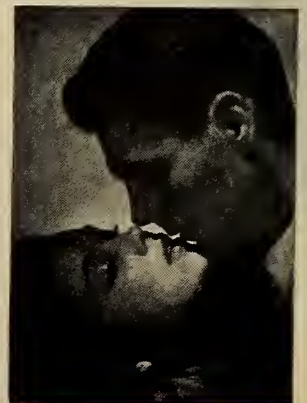
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My True Story

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having guests for dinner was a lark, not torture!

And fortunately, we turned out not to have been fooling ourselves. It went off very well.

I went shopping early Tuesday morning, got a bundle of the long fine semolina spaghetti at the Italian grocery store Harriet had told me about. Got the olive oil for the salad there, too—the real thing—and a long loaf of sour dough bread.

Don shopped for the other salad things himself. This was to be his production. I got the cheeses and some dramatically beautiful fruit at the Farmers' Market, and stopped by on the way home to borrow the Espresso machine.

I got home still full of pep, after our Life of Riley rehearsal, and set the table. My gay red and white table cloth and napkins were just right, I decided, and the fruit in a big bowl made a wonderful centerpiece. Some big fat candles—have to have candles with spaghetti—the silver, my pretty new white dishes.

THE apron went on at noon, and came off before two—and it stayed off. Unless you count the frilly little thing I popped on over my hostess dress for the very last-minute jobs.

I made the meat balls first, and then the sauce (I'll give you all the recipes later), toasted the bread squares for the canapés and made the crabmeat mixture. I dosed the French bread liberally with garlic butter and wrapped it up again. It was all ready to pop into the oven.

Don was at class during the early afternoon (he's a musician, plays the tenor sax on the Groucho Marx show, but he wants to be a writer and is taking an advanced English course at U.S.C. under the GI bill). He came in at four—I was luxuriating in a hot bath by then—and I heard him splashing about in the kitchen washing the greens for the salad.

They have to be washed and thoroughly dried well in advance, then chilled in the refrigerator.

He was in a state when I finally came out, all clean and perfumed, to see how he was coming. He had made up his tray of ingredients for the dressing, and there were only nine. He counted again: croutons, the oil, garlic, lemon juice, wine vinegar, salt, fresh ground pepper, two coddled eggs, a hunk of Italian cheese to be grated later. With the romaine, that would make ten. What, oh what, was Number Eleven?

I racked my brains. Don had made this a couple of times before, but I had stayed strictly at a distance. I looked in the cupboard.

"Worcestershire!" I cried, triumphantly.

That was it. So the stage was set for the Salade Grande.

"What are we going to do until seven o'clock?" Don wondered nervously. I couldn't have been more pleased. Here we were with time on our hands, and everything ready for our first party!

Salted water was boiling for the spaghetti when Ozzie and Harriet arrived. I popped the canapés under the broiler when the doorbell rang and joined Don at the door to greet our guests before they'd had time to say hello.

I was not red, I was not perspiring and I was not in a Mother Hubbard. I could see Harriet was impressed—and a little smug. After all, who had told me how to do it?

Don opened the wine, and I disap-

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peared into the kitchen to bring out the canapés. The spaghetti went into the boiling water at the same time and I set our clock to ring in fifteen minutes.

The meat balls were simmering away in the savory sauce. The bread went into the oven. When the alarm went off. I told Don to show Ozzie and Harriet their places. I came in a moment later with steaming spaghetti and meat balls.

Don poured more wine and passed the hot bread.

Nobody said anything for a few moments, which I thought was highly complimentary.

Don's salad show—and it is a show!—made my replacing spaghetti plates with salad plates very inconspicuous.

When the salad was served, Don attached the Espresso machine and our guests were really flabbergasted. We made like we had things like this for dinner every night—oh boy!

"Next time," said Harriet, "you give me advice."

What a fun evening!

And here are the recipes—if you want to have fun too.

CRAB CANAPÉ

- 1 cup crabmeat
- 3-inch rounds of bread
- mayonnaise
- cucumber
- Dash of seasoning (worcestershire or other)

Pick over and shred crabmeat. Mix with enough mayonnaise to hold it together. Add the seasoning. Toast bread rounds. Peel and chop cucumber. Season lightly with salt and pepper. On each toast round spread thin layer of cucumber. Cover with a mound of crabmeat. Smooth it over. Place under broiler to brown lightly.

MEAT BALLS

- 1½ lbs. ground round steak
- 1 onion minced
- 1 garlic clove minced
- pinch each: marjoram, thyme and parsley (these same herbs go in the sauce)
- 1 egg
- salt and pepper

Beat the egg lightly and add seasonings. Add to meat and blend *very* lightly. Form into loose balls. (The egg will hold them together.)

Brown on all sides in four tablespoons good olive oil and remove to a covered pan. Make the sauce with the same oil, now seasoned with the meat.

SAUCE

- The oil in your frying pan
- 1 clove garlic
- 1 onion
- 1 carrot
- ½ green pepper
- 2 cups tomato sauce (2 small cans—you can add water if the sauce gets too thick)
- salt
- pepper
- 1 tsp. each marjoram, thyme, parsley (you can use more if the herbs are fresh from your own garden)
- A few dried mushrooms, chopped, add a real Italian touch.

Mince the garlic, onion, carrot and pepper into the hot oil. Cook, stirring gently, for 10 minutes. Add the tomato sauce and the seasonings and herbs. Cook slowly for about twenty minutes, stirring often. Put aside for last minute reheating.

GARLIC BREAD

- ½ cup butter
- ¼ cup chopped parsley
- 1 tbsp. minced garlic
- 1 loaf French bread

Cream half of butter with parsley and remaining butter with garlic. (Just occurs to me that if you don't like garlic, you're going to *hate* this dinner.)

Cut bread in half crosswise and lengthwise (four parts). Spread cut side of two parts with parsley butter mixture and cut side of the other two parts with garlic butter mixture. Cut slices down to, but not through, the crust. Place in a hot oven to brown.

I have no special recipe for the spaghetti—only a warning not to overcook it. Ten minutes boiling is often enough for the commercial varieties—it is a lot better when it is a little bony. I pop a piece of butter into the hot pot after the spaghetti has been removed to the colander to drain. I run just a little water over the spaghetti to take off excess starch, then turn it around quickly in the melted butter. The sauce, in which the meat balls have been cooked for approximately half an hour, should be mixed with spaghetti before serving.

I can't give you the exact proportions for Don's salad. That's his secret. But I advise you to experiment, as he did. Then the final triumph is all your own.

As for the Espresso—the recipe for that is: "You gotta know Romeo."

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on "People Are Funny"

Every Tuesday Night 10:30 EST
Over NBC Stations



Read Art Linkletter's own true story in May

TRUE STORY magazine on sale April 15.

"The Crisis We Learned to Live With"

(Continued from page 61)

"Acting isn't everything, Lawson. You were quite willing to give it up to go into the army. Now, just because the reason is different—"

"To give up the important for the more important is a natural thing. But to give it up for—for emptiness . . ."

I stared back at him, realizing for the first time the full impact of Lawson's news. An actor lives to act. If there is a war, he goes to it—laying the acting aside—but fully believing that when the war is won he will act again. It's trite, but perfectly true to say that it's something in his blood.

"Well," Lawson said after a pause. "Don't worry. There's bound to be an answer somewhere and I'll find it. Say—it's almost one-thirty. You'd better get to your rehearsal."

"What about your program tonight?"

"Oh, I can make that all right," he assured me. "Why don't you meet me at the studio after the show and we'll have dinner between the broadcast and repeat?"

"Fine."

We parted at the restaurant door and I walked down Sixth Avenue slowly, thinking and remembering. Although I had known Lawson for only eight months, I was well aware that nothing that happened in his life could leave mine untouched. What he felt for me I didn't know and probably never would, now.

I thought back several years to the days when Lawson Zerbe had been only a name to me. I was sixteen then and just beginning my radio career in Washington, D. C. Practically everyone I met around the Washington studios had worked with Lawson at one time or another—in Dayton, Ohio, his home town, at Station WLW in Cincinnati, or in New York where he was working at the time. These people were proud of Lawson's success and made constant references to the numerous programs on which he worked regularly. I became curious as to how one man could possibly handle so many parts and finally decided to question an announcer who seemed to know him quite well.

"Lawson is the man of a thousand voices," he told me. "He can play any kind of character a script writer can dream up. And double! He can play two characters on the same program—switch flawlessly from one to the other without batting an eye. Why, once at WLW—"

And so it went, until Lawson Zerbe became a sort of myth to me. In my spare time I began to listen to some of the programs on which he was featured and soon found myself studying his technique and wondering what Lawson Zerbe, the person, was like.

Two years later when I left for New York a number of Lawson's Washington friends told me to be sure to look him up, but I was too busy lining up auditions and tracking down casting rumors to bother. Finally, after several discouraging months of pavement pounding, I found myself in radio, with a job on the commercial of Pepper Young's Family.

A tall, blondish young man played the role of "Pepper Young" and I could tell immediately by the way he worked that he was both talented and experi-

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Have you got soft, fine, "baby" hair? No wonder you worry about *ordinary* home permanents.

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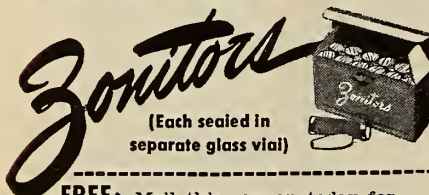
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enced. When the program was over, I went into the control room to speak to Mr. Vincent, the director. The telephone interrupted us and after answering it Mr. Vincent spoke into the talk-back: "Pepper—telephone for you!"

"Pepper" came into the control room and picked up the phone. He listened silently for a moment, then said, "Oh, that's all right, honey. Business before pleasure . . . We'll make it some other time . . . S'long."

Chick Vincent grinned. "Stood up, Pepper?"

"That's right. A last minute call for a show—occupational risk of dating an actress."

"Pepper, have you met Doris McWhirt?" Mr. Vincent asked, grinning again. "Doris, this is Lawson Zerbe."

So, at last, I'd met the flesh and blood Lawson. The wonder was that I hadn't recognized his voice in the studio, but I suppose I was thinking more about making the commercial sound good than I was about the actors on the show.

"Hello, Doris," Lawson said easily. "I don't suppose you're free for dinner tonight? . . . Before you answer, let me state my other qualifications—I have two tickets for a show."

"Go ahead," Chick Vincent said. "I'll vouch for Lawson. He's not half as fresh as he sounds."

"Oh, I know all about him," I blurted out. "I've heard his whole life story from a dozen mutual friends in Washington."

"Good," said Lawson. "That gives us the whole evening to talk about you. How about a nice thick steak?"

I learned more about New York radio during the next few hours than I'd been able to find out for myself during months of pavement pounding and reception room inquiries. Lawson knew which shows were handled by which agencies; which directors would give a newcomer a chance; he not only knew where each director could be found but when he was likely to be in his office; he knew about new programs still in the audition stage; about transcribed shows, cast and waxed in New York for out of town broadcast. To a neophyte, this kind of information was priceless.

We had reached our third cup of coffee when I became aware suddenly that the restaurant seemed quiet and, looking around, I discovered that most of the tables were empty. My watch pointed accusing hands at ten o'clock and I realized that we'd talked right through the first act of the play!

During the months that followed,

Lawson and I saw each other frequently. He seemed to take a genuine interest in my career and thanks to his advice and guidance, I was making excellent progress. There was no tinge of romance in our relationship then—we were just good friends with a common ambition, but we did enjoy being together. Lawson never relaxed. He rushed from program to program; rehearsal to rehearsal; broadcast to repeat broadcast as though demons were chasing him. And after a time, I found myself worrying about this for although Lawson seemed to take this breathless schedule in his stride, to me the pace seemed to be all out of proportion to human endurance. Perhaps, even then, I had a premonition of tragedy . . .

I reached the studio for my rehearsal a little early but the director was already there and I took the script he handed me gratefully. It was a relief to escape from my own thoughts and submerge myself completely in the character I was to portray.

That night, I arrived at Lawson's studio just after his program had gone off the air and Lawson met me in the lounge.

"Let's get out of here," he said by way of greeting. "I've something to tell you."

The elevator was crowded and I had to wait until we were in the street before I could voice my eager questions. "What is it?" I demanded as soon as the street door had closed behind us. "What's happened?"

"I've found the answer to the whole thing right here," Lawson answered, taking a bulky script from his pocket and tapping his knuckles against it.

"In a script?" I asked incredulously. "I don't understand."

"This character named 'Sandy' that I played on that Special Service Program tonight had the same problem I have," Lawson explained. "He wanted to get into the army but they wouldn't take him because of a heart condition. But Sandy wasn't the kind to take the verdict lying down. He decided to join the American Field Service, a volunteer ambulance service and—"

"Lawson, what are you getting at? If the doctor says you're in no condition to continue with your work, surely you don't think you could get into an ambulance service?"

"Why not? All I'd have to do would be waive all responsibility of health."

"Sandy was a character in a script," I argued. "His story ended where

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yours would begin—isn't that right?"

"Doris, if I can get into the American Field Service, I'm going. I don't think that sort of work would be half as hard on my heart as radio. The doctor said this condition was brought on by mental strain and constant pressure. Well, driving relaxes me. This is the answer and I know it. Now—how about that dinner I promised you?"

I didn't hear anything from Lawson during the following week and when I didn't see him around the studios, I began to wonder hopefully if he had taken his doctor's advice and had gone away for a rest. Facing the possibility of a long separation made me realize that aside from my work, Lawson had been the focal point of my existence for many months. I simply couldn't imagine what life would be like without him. During the days that followed, I fought back a hundred impulses to call him and then one afternoon, after I'd finished a stint on a radio show at NBC, I found Lawson waiting for me in the lobby as I got out of the elevator.

"I have only a few minutes," he said casually, "but I wanted to say goodbye. I'm leaving in the morning."

I TRIED to keep the anxiety out of my voice. "You're going to take that rest, then?"

"Of course not. I'm going overseas. The American Field Service accepted me and I asked for an immediate assignment."

"Well, I suppose you know best." We were both ill at ease and that was strange because there had never been any tenseness between us. Finally, I asked, "Will I hear from you?"

Lawson avoided my eyes. "You'd better not count on that, Doris. But when this is all over, you'll hear from me sure enough. In the meantime, you have fun."

"Certainly," I said smiling. This was a situation that called for some real acting because my heart was crying out, protesting the strange emptiness of this farewell. I wanted to beg him to write, to tell him how deeply I'd learned to care for him, to entreat him to take care of himself, to tell him I'd wait if he wanted me to . . .

"Well, I still have a lot of packing to do and a dozen loose ends to tie up so I'd better get going." He reached for my hand and pressed it tightly in both his own. "So long, kid." He turned abruptly and I watched his broad back until it disappeared through the door.

"Goodbye," I whispered. "God keep you . . ."

The swift, brutal agony of our parting was easier to bear than the long siege of silence that followed. Lawson never wrote a word to anyone. I told myself over and over again that Lawson was lost to me and, in self defense, I tried to put him out of my mind. Sometimes for short periods I succeeded and, eventually, when the war ended and demobilization began I found that I could think about Lawson again without feeling the old hopelessness.

His return was as abrupt as his departure. I returned to the Rehearsal Club late one afternoon after a particularly gruelling day in the studios to find this message waiting: "Lawson Zerbe will call at five o'clock to take you to dinner." Just like that—as casual as if he'd merely been away for a weekend.

The little Italian restaurant we had chosen was a perfect place for talk—quiet, romantic, secluded—and as Lawson and I faced each other in the dim candlelight, all the tenseness that had



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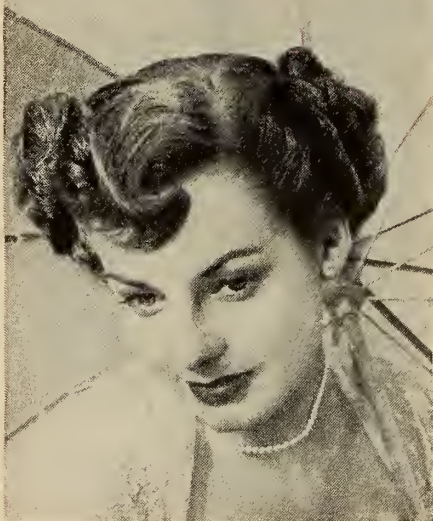


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stood between us at our parting fell away and we were frankly happy. It was easy now to ask the question that was uppermost in my mind. "Lawson, tell me honestly, how do you feel—your heart, I mean?"

"Better than when I left," he assured me.

"Have you seen your doctor yet?"

"No, but I have an appointment for tomorrow at two. If you're free—why don't you come along?"

"This young man is a bad patient," the doctor told me when the nurse finally summoned me into the consulting room. "The last time I saw him I ordered him to the country for a long rest and now I find that he's been overseas driving an ambulance. That might kill some people but in his case it's seemed to prove that radio work is harder on the heart than anything else."

"Then he's better?" I asked eagerly.

"He's in better health generally but if he goes back to those ten-hour-a-day studio grinds, he'll get worse."

"He has to give up radio then?"

The doctor looked across the room to where Lawson was sitting. "I'm not going to say that," he said. "If I did, I don't think he'd take my advice anyway. How about a compromise, Lawson? You can work on an average of five hours a day, provided you take one day off each week and sleep for ten hours every night."

Lawson drew a long breath. "It's half a loaf, but I'm grateful for it," he said slowly. "Now all I have to do is find those radio jobs."

Lawson had no trouble at all getting back into the radio swing. As soon as directors learned that he was available, the calls started coming. We made some weekly work charts with Sundays eliminated. He would accept jobs for other days up to the five-hour limit, but a ten-hour sleeping period was charted for every twenty-four hours. This schedule eliminated any active participation in sports, of course, and that angle worried me.

Then fate took over again. Lawson was chosen for the role of Frank Merriwell on a new adventure series on NBC. As everyone knows, Frank Merriwell excelled in every type of sport and scarcely a script was without a thrilling touchdown, a last-minute home run or some other sports feat. I soon discovered that Lawson was getting a vicarious thrill out of playing this part, for he could let his imagination take wing and carry him over the goal line or into home plate.

I used to listen to this program gratefully and to the parts he played for Hi Brown on Bulldog Drummond, The

Thin Man and Inner Sanctum and I could feel the impact of his expert pretending as I had never felt it before—for now he actually lived these adventures in his imagination. They were his escape from the bonds of his own physical limitations. He had found a way to compromise with destiny and he was safe.

As I helped Lawson make these adjustments to his new life our friendship deepened and I began to think once more about the future. He had accepted the "half a loaf" philosophy for himself so it was up to me to show him in the hundred subtle ways that only women know that it was everything I wanted too. I must have succeeded rather well, for on one of those bright false-Spring afternoons that sometimes come in late winter as Lawson and I were walking through the park he asked abruptly, "Doris have you ever thought of getting married?"

"Why yes—of course I have," I answered promptly. "I've thought about it for a long time and hoped you'd ask me." This wasn't any time to be coy, I decided. I wanted Lawson to understand how I felt about him.

"Well I've thought about it a lot too. I knew I loved you even before I went away but I couldn't say anything about it then because I really thought I was washed up. Now things look fine again, but—"

"Lawson, for heavens' sake, if you love me that's all I want to know."

"I do love you. More than I ever thought one person could love another, but—"

"Are you asking me to marry you or not?" I interrupted. "If you are, let's do it right away."

By the following Wednesday we had our license and set about comparing work schedules because we wanted to leave for my home in Washington the moment the ceremony was over.

Finally we figured out that we could both be free from eleven o'clock Saturday morning until the following Wednesday morning if Murray Burnette would replace me on True Detective on Sunday and if we didn't accept any other jobs in the meantime. So our marriage, like everything else connected with radio, was neatly fitted into a schedule.

The story books usually end with "They lived happily ever after"—and that is certainly an excellent finale—but for those who have been challenged by some artful quirk of destiny, I think it's more cheering to remember something Shakespeare said: "Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie, Which we ascribe to Heaven."

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Traveler of the Month

(Continued from page 23)

money and packages began coming back to Scotland. That wasn't enough, though. And neither was the dole—about \$40 a month. Thus, it was up to Elizabeth. And while her husband stayed home, trying, in his sightless way, to keep track of the younger children, Elizabeth began going out every day to scrub and clean and serve in the homes of others.

Sometimes, sitting alone in her kitchen at night, Elizabeth allowed herself a luxury—she took the time to dream of life in America. In that dream there were picture shows and dinners at fine restaurants and bright colored clothes. It was a dream, though, and the tea pot over there, the tea pot with the few shillings in it, was the reality.

IN 1933, James McDonald, a good man, a man conquered by the madness of a world he didn't make, finally died.

Mrs. McDonald's brood began to move away. Two daughters and a son came to America. They, at least, made the grade, and they did well. This was some relief, of course. Meantime, back home, there still was the business of getting up early to go out on domestic work. A grandmother, who should have been home by her fire, going off to do the work of a younger woman.

The cavalcade went on. World War II this time. Bombers roaring out over Scotland. American soldiers in the streets—young laughing kids with independent, friendly ways. Elizabeth looking at their well-fed bodies, their innocent swagger, and wondering if her own boys would have been that way had she gone to America years ago.

Finally, though, the war was over. And Mrs. McDonald began thinking more and more about America. Her daughters and son wrote urgent letters. They would gladly pay her passage over. Then, as she put it:

"All of a sudden, I just took a notion. I wouldn't take one of those frightening boats, of course, but I would fly. Yes, I'd fly to my family in America."

After fifty years of waiting, the arrangements were astonishingly simple. Almost before she knew it, she was tightening her safety belt in a huge airship which would take her to Ireland, Boston, New York.

Had she found her relatives here different from the people back home? And if so, in what way?

"Oh yes, my people are all Americans. I mean they smile more, and don't seem to have to count their pennies, and every day is a holiday. Yes, I'll say they're different all right. Now, me, I always had something to keep me back. Nothing really seems to keep these people back."

One of these days, Mrs. McDonald will be going back to Scotland. All of her children are away now, and she'll be living in that house all by herself. I wondered if she'd be lonely.

"Lonely?" she asked. "No, not hardly. For I'll still be going out to do my domestic work three or four days a week. And the rest of the time, I'll be glad to just be home taking it easy."

Well, I hope this wonderful little old lady really has a chance to take it easy. And as she sits near her fire, and maybe drops off to sleep, I hope she dreams again of her rare and wonderful holiday in America. I hope she's stored up enough memories to make up for those fifty years of waiting.



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"I Can't Even Get a Haircut"

(Continued from page 57)

"private eye" for tailing a car. His mother told him stories of the odd personalities she met and he believes this explains his love of odd characters.

Herb's father was a tombstone engraver with a strong inventive streak. Until his mother gave him a harmonica one Christmas, Herb imitated his father and spent most of his time in the cellar tinkering with gadgets. He didn't find Indiana weather conducive to sports.

"Summers are too short there," Herb explains. "Usually they come on Tuesdays."

But Mrs. Shriner encouraged Herb's interest in the harmonica and often coaxed him into performing for her friends. She had a great Irish wit.

At the age of seventeen, Herb became a semi-professional musician. It started when a group of his friends organized the Har-Maniacs.

THEY discovered quickly that professional mouth organs cost about \$25 apiece. With typical Hoosier bargaining, Herb made a deal with a music merchant. In exchange for good instruments, the Har-Maniacs would give a concert in his store window every Saturday night. The idea was good and successful, too successful. Police complained that the crowds on the street created a traffic hazard.

After that engagements were easy to get and the Har-Maniacs were heard on the Hoosier Hop, a CBS network show that originated in Ft. Wayne and they played in the surrounding small towns. A year later Herb lit out for Detroit and he hoped, the big time. Instead he wound up as a harmonica soloist in the Keith circuit.

"We just kept moving and playing seven shows every day," Herb recalls. "And for that I got \$40 a week and all the road maps I could eat."

However, if it hadn't been for the heavy demands of vaudeville, Herb might never have become a humorist. It happened just about the same way Jack Benny switched from the violin to gags. In Herb's case, his lips were so sore and cracked one evening that he felt blood would flow if he blew another note. But there he was alone on a stage with an audience waiting.

"I'm sure an unlucky guy," Herb thought, only he thought aloud and there was the audience watching, waiting for him to explain. "Yesterday I bought my first new suit in two years. It was a suit with two pairs of pants so this morning I burned a hole in the coat."

It was a borrowed joke, but it worked. Laughs rolled down from the balcony, across the orchestra to the stage and Herb felt gratified. As the audience quieted, he felt panicky again. They were watching and waiting for more. Out of desperation Herb began to talk about his family and friends back in Indiana. He heard chuckles. He got laughs. A humorist was born.

Herb had plenty of chance to polish up his routine in the States and later in a six-month tour through Australia. While he was in the Antipodes, war broke out. He immediately booked passage on a Canadian ship and, fortunately, missed the boat. It was sunk. A few days later he boarded the last civilian ship to leave Melbourne.

He had a quick visit with his mother before he began a tour with the USO

and the famous Caravan shows. And just before he went in the army, he got his first chance at the big time. He was invited to appear on the Kate Smith radio program.

Eager and excited, he boarded a train for New York. As the cars rolled across the country, he worked out his routine and worried: "Would the audience be cold? Would his pacing be off? Would they expect sophisticated gags?"

As it turned out he was too good. The audience laughed so hard that Herb forgot about the studio clock and the frantic producer. He ran four minutes over time, committing radio's first, worst and most unforgivable sin.

He hadn't much time to feel low, for the army got him and he was sent to the European theater with a rifle, a pocketful of rations, a few musicians and instructions to go into the front lines to entertain the boys. He even played for foreign troops and one of his most famous lines he often told through an interpreter, "The mail in our military unit is very good. Packages are delivered as fast as they can smash them."

Before Herb returned to the States, he was made tech sergeant, was subjected to buzz bombs and made a strategic retreat from the Battle of the Bulge clad only in long woolen underwear.

It was overseas he received a letter from his mother who with typical wit wrote, "You'll be coming home soon, Herb. It seems that the war will last forever so they'll have to retire you on an old age pension." But shortly thereafter Herb was writing his mother in a more serious tone from a separation camp in Virginia, "I guess I'll be going into some other kind of work than show business. Who remembers me after three years overseas?"

HE WAS wrong, though. Before he was discharged, Perry Como invited him to appear on the Supper Club. Other engagements followed but Herb decided to give up the night club routine for a while. He bought a land cruiser, a bus-sized motor van with complete household facilities. He toured the country, stopping off in little towns and country schoolhouses to give his show, meet the audience.

The feeling for American humor, civilian humor, had returned and seven thousand miles later Herb was back in New York sharing comedy honors with Beatrice Lillie and Jack Haley in "Inside USA." The drama critics praised Herb. One wrote that he thought Shriner was a better homespun humorist than the great Will Rogers. A few months later Herb had his own radio show, five evenings a week over CBS, where you hear him today.

"Sure I'd like to get married some day," Herb tells you now. "But how would you expect a wife to put up with the kind of life I've got to lead?"

His day begins at eight-thirty when he goes into a huddle over the evening radio show. He and the producers work right through till five o'clock when the broadcast is over. Just about the average working hours for the average working person but Herb isn't finished. Not yet. At seven, he reports to the Majestic Theater for his "Inside USA" appearance. That is six nights a week plus two matinees.

"Besides they tell me newlyweds like

to spend a lot of time together, especially the first year," Herb says. "How could I do it?"

So now he's a Sunday Romeo. When he has a date it begins at midnight, after the Saturday night performance, and they make the rounds of Hungarian cafes where Herb has made many friends among the gypsies.

Sunday morning he gets up early and drives out to the yacht basins looking for a boat. He's hoping to save enough money to buy one for the summer.

"It's different from getting married," Herb draws. "Maybe a man will look over twenty girls before he gets hitched up but when he picks out a boat, he looks at a couple hundred.

"Trouble is though, longer you're single, more difficult it is to get married," Herb will tell you. "Like jumping off a high bridge. Longer you look down, harder it gets to jump off."

HERB doesn't think he's so demanding in the virtues he expected to find in a wife. She should be a good homemaker and be able to cook Hungarian goulash and, of course, Swiss steak. On the mental side, she should have broad interests. He'd like her to be pretty.

"Beautiful women are pace-killing," he said. "They have a cynical attitude because of the men they have accumulated and they demand a lot of fuss."

Even though he prefers petite women, he wants his girl slightly rugged, hardy enough to rig a sail. And she shouldn't be finicky about putting on coveralls and taking apart an engine with him. She would be between twenty and twenty-five. Older women, he thinks, have their own routine and are as stubborn as old bachelors.

"And she should have a lot of imagination," he concludes.

He figures a woman with imagination would be better able to accept his ideas, impulses and hobbies. Herb's hobby is collecting gadgets, cameras, ship models, automobiles, characters and other hobbies. He has shelves and boxes full of complicated mechanical contraptions.

"Now supposing my wife needed a new refrigerator," Herb asks, "how would she react if I spent our money on a four-wheeled harmonica?"

He cites the land cruiser he bought when he's already garaging two Cords, an all-aluminum Yugoslavian Tatra and a custom-built Packard which was the showpiece in the Paris Auto Show. In his pocket, he usually carries catalogues of new foreign cars which are for sale in New York show rooms.

"Is there a woman who would put up with that kind of goofiness?" he asks.

Actually, a lot of women would like to, for Herb is a sensitive, intelligent young man with real talent for humor as distinguished from the glib wisecrack. But the woman who cares for Herb would find her real competition with the picture he carries in his wallet. It's a snapshot of the small schooner he hopes to buy. This summer he plans to take a two-month cruise out of New York, south through the Panama Canal, then up to California.

"I'll probably find the ideal woman, marry her and then when she gets aboard my ship, she'll get seasick," he gloomily predicts.

But if you know a girl who doesn't mind crawling under a motor, cooking goulash, seeing her husband maybe two hours a day, and prefers bright talk to bright lights, tell her about Herb. She might even be in time to make this summer's cruise.



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So Sweet!

(Continued from page 63)

mixture over darker. Garnish with whipped cream and shaved chocolate if desired. Chill until firm (about 3 hours). Makes one 9-inch pie.

RUM CREAM PEACH PIE

1/4 cup cornstarch
3/4 cup sugar, divided
1/4 tsp. salt
1 1/2 cups scalded milk, divided
3 eggs, separated
2 tbsps. butter or margarine
1/2 tsp. vanilla
1 tablespoon rum
1 baked 9-inch pie shell
2 cups well-drained canned sliced peaches

Mix cornstarch, 1/2 cup of sugar and salt in the top of a double boiler. Add 3/4 cup scalded milk. Stir vigorously until well blended. Add remaining hot milk and cook over direct heat until thick and smooth, stirring constantly. Beat egg yolks well, stir in a little of hot mixture and pour back into double boiler. Cook over hot water 2 minutes, stirring constantly. Remove from heat, stir in butter, vanilla and rum. Beat egg whites until stiff. Then beat in remaining 1/4 cup sugar until thick and smooth. Fold meringue into hot filling. Pour into pie shell. Arrange peaches over top. Chill. Makes one 9-inch pie.

COCONUT CREAM TARTS

Make Rum Cream Peach Filling as directed above, omitting rum and peaches. Fold in 1/2 cup moist, shredded coconut, just before adding meringue. Pour into tart shells. Garnish with additional 1/2 cup coconut. Place in a moderate oven (350° F.) for 5 minutes or until the coconut is browned.

APRICOT CHIFFON PIE

1 envelope unflavored gelatin
1 1/2 cups unsweetened apricot pulp
1 cup brown sugar
3 eggs, separated
1/2 tsp. salt
2 tbsps. granulated sugar
1 tbsp. lemon juice
1/2 cup heavy cream
1 baked 9-inch pie shell

Combine gelatin, apricot, pulp, brown sugar, egg yolks, and salt in top of double boiler. Cook over hot water until thick, stirring constantly. Remove from heat. Chill until mixture begins to thicken. Beat egg whites until stiff, but not dry. Then gradually beat in granulated sugar. Fold the meringue

into the cooled apricot mixture. Add lemon juice. Whip the cream and fold into apricot mixture. Pour into baked shell. Chill. Top with additional whipped cream, if desired. Makes one 9-inch pie.

NESSERODE PIE

3 eggs, separated
1 1/2 cups milk
1/4 tsp. salt
2/3 cup sugar, divided
1 envelope unflavored gelatin
1 tbsp. cold water
2 tbsps. rum, or rum flavoring
1/4 cup finely chopped maraschino cherries, well drained
1 9-inch baked pie shell
2 tbsps. sweet chocolate, shaved

Combine egg yolks, milk, salt and 1/3 cup sugar and gelatin in top of double boiler. Cook over hot water until thick, stirring occasionally. Remove from hot water. Chill. Beat egg whites until stiff, but not dry. Beat in remaining sugar. Fold into gelatin mixture with rum and cherries. Place in shell, sprinkle with chocolate. Chill until firm. Makes one 9-inch pie.

LIME REFRIGERATOR PIE

3 eggs, separated
1/2 cup lime juice
1/4 tsp. freshly grated lime rind
1 15-oz. tin sweetened condensed milk
1 drop green food color
1 baked 9-inch pie shell
1/2 cup confectioners' sugar

Beat yolks, add lime juice and rind and beat slightly. Add milk. Mix thoroughly, then add color. Pour into cool shell. Beat egg whites until stiff, but not dry. Add sugar gradually, beating after each addition until smooth and thick. Pile lightly over filling. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) from 12 to 15 minutes. Chill thoroughly. Makes one 9-inch pie.

GRAHAM CRACKER CRUST

1 1/2 cups crushed graham crackers (18 crackers)
1/4 cup sugar
1/2 cup butter or margarine, melted

Combine graham cracker crumbs, sugar and butter. Press firmly into the bottom and sides of a greased 9-inch pie pan. Chill one hour before filling. For extra-rich flavor, bake the crust in a moderate oven (350° F.) 8 to 10 minutes before chilling.

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Coast to Coast in Television

(Continued from page 53)

(CBS-TV Mondays, 8:30-9:00 P.M., EST) or his other program Arthur Godfrey and His Friends (Wednesdays, 8:00-9:00 P.M., EST). The Monday night telecast has a simultaneous radio broadcast, for the benefit of those not blessed yet by TV!

No one has ever figured out, I'm sure, how many talented young people have been launched on successful careers by the talented Mr. Godfrey or how many others have been encouraged to stay right in there and keep pitching—but the list gets longer every day. Most recently he's been forming "touring units" of players, all hand-picked talent from his programs, starting from such famous stages as the Capitol Theater in New York and fanning out to the north and the south and the west. Why, the thing threatens to become a Godfrey monopoly!

But jesting aside, it all adds up to that old adage "It pays to be yourself." That is, it does if you're a guy named Godfrey.

* * *

If you think you have headaches, consider the producer of a television show—Owen Davis, Jr. of Chevrolet on Broadway, for instance, when he was planning to put "Jinxed" on video a while ago. Jackie Cooper, Peggy Knudsen and Ernest Truex were to star in the George Mosel original. It had all been planned well ahead. But on the first day of rehearsal Peggy had to fly back to Hollywood from New York because of her child's sudden illness. Truex, who was expecting his play to fold momentarily, found that "Oh Mr. Meadowbrook" had taken a box-office spurt—which made him unavailable. And to top it off, Cooper had been signed for a concurrent band date (Jackie is a super drummer) in New England all during rehearsal week.

Davis grabbed the aspirin, sent the script up to Jackie to study between his performances, and grabbed off Mary Anderson for the Knudsen role and video veteran Vinton Hayworth for the Truex role. Jackie shortened his band engagement, flew in for quick last-minute rehearsals and the performance, and everything went off smooth as silk. Only a fluoroscope of producer Davis's stomach can tell what it all did to those incipient ulcers!

* * *

NBC has made itself the pioneer in Sunday morning TV programs. Last January 30, at 10:30 EST, the popular Horn and Hardart Children's Hour, so long familiar to radio listeners, began to invade the Sabbath stillness with childish voices raised in song and all the ritual of children's entertainment, followed by another program beamed at the kids, called Pow-Wow. This one's about Injuns and their lore.

It won't be long now until telecasting is a morn to midnight affair, seven days a week, twelve months a year. And wait till you see those disc jockeys on their all-night shows, rubbing the sleep out of their eyes as the music goes round and round.

* * *

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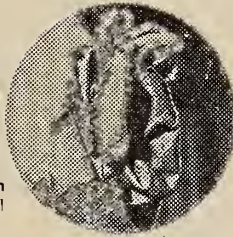


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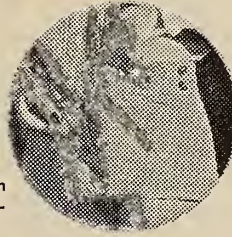
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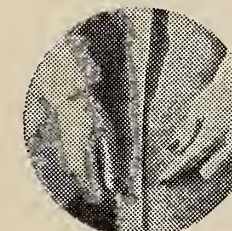
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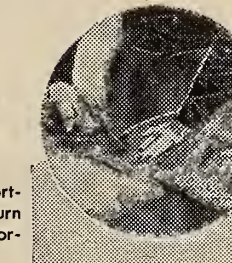
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show, presumably for the benefit of those who can't manage to catch Lucky during the week. The show goes on at the same time as the weekday one—6:30 to 6:45 P.M. EST, over CBS-TV.

Oh yes, and Doris Brown, the pretty girl who every day tells you what the puppets are up to, makes a personal appearance on Saturdays too. Otherwise you'd hear a long loud squawk from the papas of the nation. Papas seem to prefer puppets with cute little emcees like Doris.

* * *

The Admiral Corporation, plus NBC and DuMont, inaugurated the Friday evening Broadway Revue with a gala telecast from the stage of the International Theater on Columbus Circle, New York. The opening and the subsequent telecasts starred Sid Caesar, the funnyman who happily is coming into his own, after a movie success in "Tars and Spars" and a stage success in "Make Mine Manhattan." Featured prominently in the cast are Imogene Coca, one of the funniest gals that has

hit our TV screens, and Mary McCarty, late of the play "Small Wonder," now getting ready to go into a Moss Hart-Irving Berlin musical come early summer. Roy Atwell, the tongue twisted comedian, mans the commercial and manages to fill it with static and interference, to everybody's delight, including presumably the sponsor's.

Twenty-four TV stations in sixteen cities see the revue. In fact, in some places it's telecast simultaneously over both NBC and DuMont channels, so you can choose the one your set brings in most clearly. Fourteen cities in the South, the West and on the Pacific Coast get a delayed showing by tele-transcription.

At the party following the opening telecast, two motion picture stars almost stole the show from the TV shiners. They were Dean Jagger, fast becoming well known to television too, and Lon McCallister, who had come east for exploitation on his newest Eagle Lion movie "The Big Cat," and a role in a Colgate Theater television play.

WINNER TAKE ALL

(Continued from page 47)

he is winning. Five or six contestants are used each week, chosen from the studio audience. If a champ and challenger are still in the running when the time runs out they're invited back the next week. Longest TV run for one champion to date has been five weeks.

To bring the popular show to television, questions had to be made visual, with stunts like a song-and-dance man starting to tell an old-time joke and asking for the punch line. Or blown-up cardboard cut-outs of three American military medals, one of which is to be identified as the highest decoration. There's never a chance for a tie, because if the champion's bell is pressed even a split second before the challenger's buzzer, or vice versa, the other signal is blocked off electronically.

One of Bud's favorite contestants was a little Irishman named Patrick, who had been in this country only eight days when he got on the show. He

stayed on for four weeks, routing all challengers. When he left, he took prizes that included bicycles for his three girls and two boys, complete football uniforms for the boys and pretty dresses for the girls. "America is certainly a wonderful place for kids," was Patrick's comment as he departed triumphantly.

Two beautiful "Chevvie Girls" assist Bud in his pleasant and often hilarious duties. They are blonde Gloria Shannon and brunette Evelyn McBride, and their fan mail reaches from here to there, as you may well imagine.

But the girls of his dreams are the three who live with Bud and son Michael, who's six, going on seven—in a 14-room French Norman farmhouse on a Greenwich, Connecticut hilltop. They are Patricia, almost eleven, Cynthia, seven; and wife Marian Shockley, a mighty good radio actress in her own right.

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What's Real for You—

(Continued from page 67)

in school? Why did you have to come?" "What are you doing here?" he countered. "Why aren't you with me in school?"

"Joe!" she cried wildly. "You haven't quit, have you?"

"Maybe that depends on you," he answered. "Have you really quit me, or haven't you?"

"You're crazy—" A fit of coughing stopped her. "You *have* quit," she said when she was able to go on. "I can see it. Well, we'll just mark it up against Starr again—the lone *last* thing she figured out wrong in the big romance of Starr and Joe. It never occurred to me you'd quit college and come after me. You've got to go right back and make them take you in at the Seminary."

"I'd like that," he agreed, "if you'll come with me."

HER voice shot up again. "Stop it!" she cried tearfully. "I'm bad for you, and we both know it. All I've ever done is spoil things for you! Won't you understand? Do you have to be hit on the head with a club? I spoiled things for everybody in Rushville Center, for Ma and Fay—everyone! And then when you started school and we were off by ourselves in Fort William, I hated the life we were living! I hated the Quonset hut and the movies once a week for a big celebration—and if you had any brains, you'd know it wouldn't be long before I began hating you!"

He took it all in silently, his eyes incredulous, searching into hers. Then he said slowly, "I sure don't have the brains to see *that*. We're married, Starr, and you can never tell me that doesn't mean anything to you. Just tell me one thing, and look at me when you say it. You—you really don't want to live with me any more?"

She lifted her head, suddenly strong and proud, and looked him full in the face. "From the bottom of my heart," she said distinctly, "I don't want to live with you any more."

His expression didn't change; only his eyes probed more deeply into hers. "And is it for your sake, or is it for some crazy idea you think it's for my sake? Let's not be generous; let's be selfish. Selfishly, would you rather be here, or with me?"

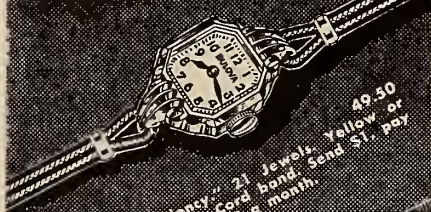
Starr fixed her eyes upon Joseph's eyes and her mind upon the mink coat in the closet. It would help her to sound convincing. Because she did want a mink coat, and all the things that went with it . . . only she wanted Joseph, who never would be able to give them to her, to give them to her. And more than anything else she wanted Joseph himself—but she mustn't think of that now. Just think about the coat, and sound convincing.

"From the bottom of my heart," she said, "I'd rather be here."

He'd made up his mind to take her at her word, but now he found that he couldn't. "Starr—" He reached for her, pleadingly. She jerked back as if stung. "Oh, go away!" she cried hysterically. "Can't you see what you're doing to me? In the name of heaven, go away!"

"All right, Starr." He spoke quietly, soothingly. "I'll go, and I won't bother you any more. But won't you see me just once again—tomorrow, when you feel better? I'd feel surer about it if you told me all this when you weren't so upset."

FAMOUS-MAKE WATCHES



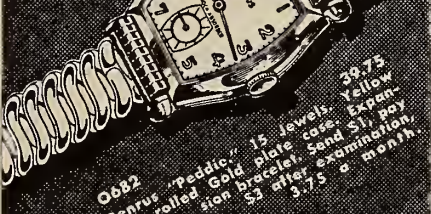
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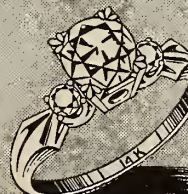
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She nodded. She was crying and coughing and making ineffectual dabs at her eyes, but she gave him the address of her hotel and agreed to see him there at three the next afternoon.

Then he left her, although he hated leaving her, even for a few hours. She looked sick—she *was* sick, in body and spirit. He couldn't wait to get her out of New York, to take her home with him, back to Ma— And there his thought stuck. The burden would fall upon Ma again. Ever since he'd met her, when Starr's father, Professor Bassett, had established his "religious refuge" in Rushville Center, bringing Joseph and Starr with him, Ma Perkins had been shouldering Joseph's and Starr's troubles. Not just because she was Ma and could no more resist offering a helping hand than she could stop breathing, but because she loved them—loved Joseph, especially, as her own son. He looked like her John who'd been killed in the war; he had the same speech, the same mannerisms. Sometimes Ma called him by John's name; sometimes she actually forgot that he wasn't John Perkins.

There'd been an element of truth in the words Starr had flung at him so hysterically. Going back to Rushville Center meant more trouble for Ma. But then, Ma wanted them back. She had helped Joseph make this trip to search for Starr; she had arranged to have him stay with her friends, the Fentons. For Ma's sake as well as his own, he had to take Starr back with him to Rushville Center.

Promptly at three the next afternoon Joseph walked into the lobby of Starr's shabby little side street rooming house-hotel. He'd been afraid to come early; it would have seemed too much like pushing his luck.

"Miss Jane Smith," he told the girl at the switchboard. "She's expecting me—"

"Miss Smith has checked out."

He didn't believe it; his first reaction was an irrational anger at Starr for having chosen a name that could so easily be mistaken. "She can't have," he declared. "She's expecting me. It must be another Miss Smith."

"Only one in the house, believe it or not," said the girl flatly. Then she looked more closely at him, and her face softened sympathetically. "I'm sorry," she said. "She was leaving when I came on at noon—a red-headed girl."

"But she wouldn't—" He had to stop and clear his throat, which had suddenly become dry and scratchy. "She'll

be back, or she'll call—and when she does, will you tell her I'm waiting. I'll be in that big chair over there—"

He sat down facing the lobby clock, his eyes rivetted on the creeping minute hand. And it seemed that with each completed circle, the hand twisted his heart tighter and tighter . . . He jumped as a voice spoke at his elbow. "Say, Bud—your name Joe? Joseph?"

"Yes," Joseph stared at him, dazzled. A nondescript little man—but Starr must have sent him! "You have a message for me?"

"Yeah," said the man. "Annie doesn't live here any more."

"Annie—What—" And then he understood. His eyes narrowed ominously. "See here," he said, "are you from Eddie Markel?"

"Let's name no names, Bud. Just go home. Nothing to wait for. She's gone away. She doesn't want to see you. So long, friend—"

"Wait!" But it was incredible how fast the little man faded. Joseph followed him out of the lobby, out into the street, before he realized that it was no use. The man was gone. And Starr was gone.

He walked the twenty-odd blocks back to the Fenton's apartment, hardly knowing where he was going, knowing only that he had lost all direction, all purpose—for the rest of his life. He was packing his suitcase when Francis and Zenith Fenton came home and found him.

Francis warned Zenith away with a look that said, "This had better be man to man," and asked, "Going someplace, junior?"

Joseph looked at him blankly. "She's gone," he said. "She'd left the hotel, and then a man came up and said she didn't want to see me."

"You mean she's gone with Eddie Markel?"

"I hadn't thought about it," said Joseph. "The point is, she's gone of her own free will. I'm running out of money; she *knows* I can't stay in New York forever . . . so she must want me to go back."

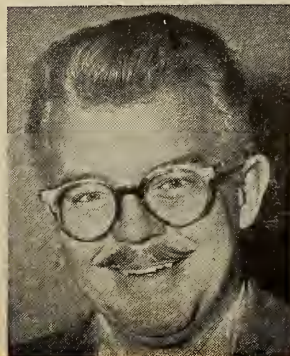
"And leave her with Markel?" Francis' voice rose. "Listen to an old newspaperman, junior. Markel's a hoodlum. Not too bad as hoods go, but a hoodlum just the same. I wouldn't take the word of one of his stooges for what *my* wife wanted. I'd wait until I heard it from her own lips."

"I did," said Joseph wryly. "Last night."

"Did you feel that she meant it? That she was telling the truth? Do you really

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believe that she's through with you?" "I felt she was lying," Joseph admitted. "But maybe it was because I wanted to feel that way."

"Joe, listen." Francis was pleading now. "I'd never forgive myself if I let you go home without seeing her again. And rather than let her fall into Eddie Markel's hands, I'd tear down every building in New York City until I found her and got it straightened out. A little fight in there, boy—a little of the old scrapperoo!"

"Yeay!" Zenith's voice came from the other room. "That's telling 'em!"

"Hey," Francis yelled. "You weren't supposed to be listening to this!"

"I wasn't!" began Zenith with dignity, but then she snickered, and even Joseph laughed.

THAT was how he and Francis Fenton came to pay a call on Eddie Markel the next afternoon. It was well that Francis went along. Eddie was indisposed to see them, and admitted them only because Francis was a newspaperman and could, if he wished, do him harm. It was Francis who kept Joseph's temper in leash and asked Eddie pertinent questions that had to be answered. The whole thing had an unreal, nightmare quality for Joseph. He couldn't be begging this slick, too-well-dressed night club operator for information about his Starr; it couldn't be true that Starr was going to divorce him and marry Eddie Markel.

Eddie had her installed in an apartment in the best part of town. Adele, one of his other hat-check girls, was staying with her as nurse and chaperone. Eddie was treating Starr very well and was obviously proud of it, and proud of his honorable intentions. He regarded Joseph as a poor loser who was welshing on his bargain.

"Look, Mister," he said, "we agreed to let Starr make up her own mind. And she did, and now you're crawling. What'll it take to convince you?"

Joseph didn't answer immediately. Then he asked, "You must have a safe somewhere, Mr. Markel. Isn't there someone you trust with the combination?"

Eddie blinked. "Well—sure. But what's my safe got to do with it?"

"Just this," said Joseph. "How do you know that person won't run away with all your money?"

Eddie shifted uneasily. "Because it's somebody I know. Somebody I trust."

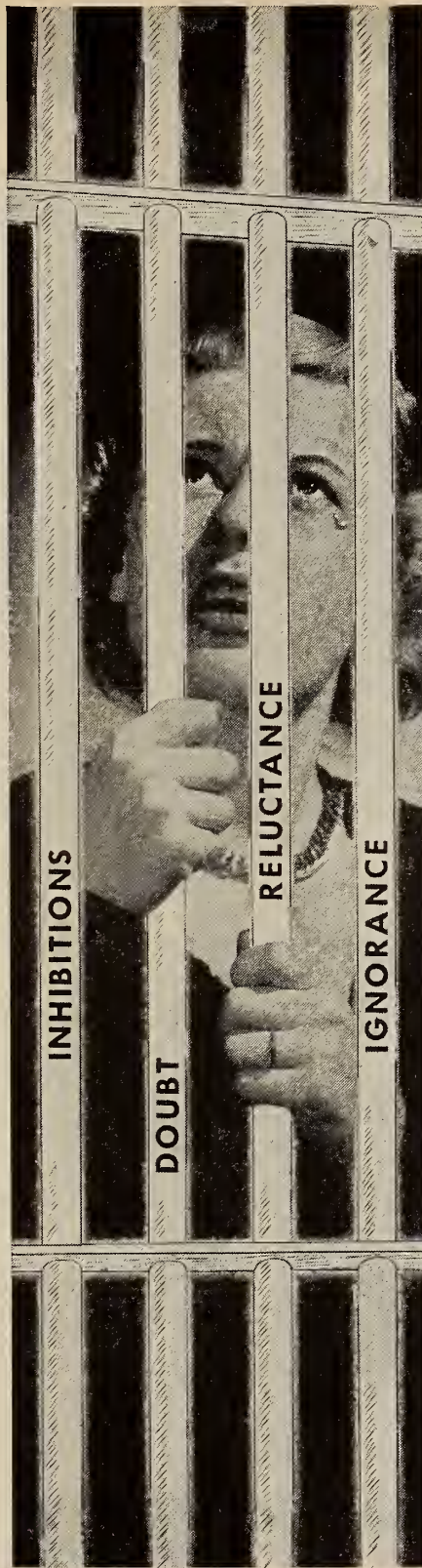
"Exactly," said Joseph. "You know that person, and therefore you know that he wouldn't play a dirty trick. It's the same with Starr and me. I know her; I know what makes the wheels go round. She's sick; she's been under a great strain for a year—and, yes, for years before that. As for her running away from me—it was to help me. I know it sounds crazy, but that's what's in her head. She thinks she'd make a bad wife for a minister, and that's all it is!"

"A minister?" asked Eddie. "Are you a minister?"

"No," said Joseph. "I'm studying. Was studying."

Eddie stared at him thoughtfully, and then he sighed. "Okay," he said. "I ought to have my head examined, but I'll call the doctor and see if she can have company. If she can, you can put it up to her, for the last time. Not whether she'll marry me—she hasn't got any hint about that, yet—but about whether or not she's sticking with you. And this time it's final. If she says 'go' you go. That fair?"

"Um," Francis put in. "How do we



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know you won't stack the cards before you take Joe to her?"

"Use your brains," Eddie told him impatiently. "Why should I stack the cards and wind up with a dame who plays tricks on me like he says she plays on him? I'm just as interested in getting at the truth as you are!"

And this too, was part of a nightmare, Joseph thought the next afternoon as he and Francis entered the imposing apartment house lobby—going to see his own wife, with the permission of Eddie Markel and Eddie Markel's doctor. He left Francis in the lobby and took the elevator up. The girl who opened the apartment door was unnaturally redheaded and pertly pretty.

"So you're her husband," she greeted him. "The Jimmy Stewart type. This way—" He followed her, and there was Starr, propped up against a small mountain of pillows wearing a delicately embroidered bed jacket that Joseph knew instinctively must have cost more than he earned in a season. Starr, with a down puff across her knees, and a dressing table covered with cut-glass bottles and a view of Central Park from her window—

"Hello, Joe," she said tremulously. "Come on in." And then as he stared at her speechlessly, silently, she asked, "Aren't you even going to say hello?"

"I—" He could contain himself no longer. "Starr, when I got out of the army, I said I'd never fight with anyone again, that I'd try to understand the other fellow. But I—right now—what's my wife doing in another man's apartment? With him treating me as if I—Starr, if you weren't sick, I'd pick you right up out of that bed and take you home where you belong, and if Eddie Markel tried to stop me, I'd break his neck!"

"You shouldn't be mad at him, Joe," she said in a small voice. "He's been nice to me. I was sick and broke—and he's done everything for me. That girl out there, Adele, she's staying here, looking after me—Joe!" She broke off, alarmed. "I hope you don't think there's anything *wrong* about me being here!"

"Will you tell me what's *right* about it?" Joseph shouted. "I—" He broke off, choking. "Starr," he went on, trying desperately to sound calm and reasonable, "naturally, I don't think Eddie Markel means anything to you. What's important is, I want to know when you'll be well, so I can plan when you'll come back home with me."

Her eyes were huge, wistful—she was nothing but eyes. She looked as if a

puff of wind could lift her and carry her away. "What'll we do back home, darling?" she asked softly.

"Do?" he repeated. And a vision of home rose before him. Starr in the Quonset hut off the campus, waiting for him when he came in from class; Starr walking home from the movies with him, hand in hand, gazing wistfully into shop windows and then turning to him passionately when they reached home, saying, "You're *everything*, Joseph! I've always wanted so many things, but you're all I've ever loved—"

"Why," he went on, "we'll just be there, darling, like we were before—only better. I've been selfish—I see that now. This time we'll do it your way."

"What do you mean, my way?" Her voice was low, coaxing.

"Well—my job, for one thing," he said. "It wasn't fair to you—me having classes all day and then that job until midnight. I'll get a different job, and we'll try to find a better place to live than the Quonset hut. And then our neighbors, like the Blattners—I don't blame you for the way they affected you. They meant well, but they were awfully loud, and . . . Well, I guess you're just more sensitive than I am. From now on, I won't fuss at you for not being pals with a bunch of people who really don't mean much to me, either. How does that sound to you?"

"Oh, Joe!" She swallowed, and her eyes were bright with tears. "You're sweet—so very sweet. I guess I did right to fall in love with you. I guess I'll never again know anything as good as loving you has been."

Panic rose in him. She spoke as if it were all in the past. "What do you mean *has been*?" he demanded excitedly. "You still love me, Starr. You can't fool me about that—"

She gave him a long, strange look, and for a crazy moment she reminded him of—of all people—Ma Perkins. There were no two people in the world who were less alike than Starr and Ma, but he had seen that same expression in Ma's eyes—a deep, compassionate look, as if she knew depths of love and understanding that others could only guess at.

And her voice when she spoke was like her eyes—full of love and infinitely sad and wise. "Oh, lover," she said, "you mustn't ever talk to a girl the way you just did—make her promises like those! If you do, it'll be the end of Joe—and that's what must not happen!"

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"Starr, for heaven's sake, talk sense!" he exclaimed. "Listen, all I want to know is when you can—"

"You listen," she cut in passionately. "I'm no good, Joe, not for anybody. About my mother I don't know, but she couldn't have been too wonderful or she wouldn't have married my father. About my father you know—"

"What of it?" he cried. "There's no such thing as a person being born bad—"

"I was," said Starr. "I've been bad for everyone. Ma Perkins took us in—and look what I did to her and to Fay, almost crippled Fay for life! I had to get rich in a hurry, so I lost my money, and you had to work like a dog. And now you tell me it's you who's going to change! Do you think I want that on my conscience, too?"

Joseph walked over to the bed and laid his hands on her shoulders and shook her. "Stop it," he ordered through set teeth. "Stop trying to do my thinking for me. I'll think what I want, and you think what you want—"

SHE twisted away from him, so violently that some of the little heaped-up pillows slid to the floor. "I am thinking of myself! What kind of life would I have, watching out every minute that I wouldn't hurt you, wondering every minute what sort of sacrifices you were making for me? How long would it be before I wanted to kill you—or myself? This way is better, Joe. We get divorced; it's over; you go your way and I—"

"You'll what?" Joseph's eyes were dangerous. "Be Eddie Markel's girl?"

"So what?" She sat bolt upright, her face twisted, tears pouring down her cheeks. "Maybe I'd just love being Eddie Markel's girl! He's a crook too—maybe we'd get along fine!" She fell back, moaning, "Oh, get out—get out, Joseph! Can't you see what you're doing to me? I'm only trying to do what I know I've got to do, and you stand there torturing me—"

It hit him, then, that he was torturing her. This meeting was accomplishing no more than the other. There was no reasoning with Starr, no pleading, no way to persuade her. All he was succeeding in doing was to reduce her to gibbering hysteria.

"All right," he said, his voice barely audible. "Maybe you're right, Starr. I've known for some time that emotionally you—well, you need a rest. But if I'm the one who makes you unbalanced, maybe you're right, Starr. It's over. I don't want it to be—but every word I say just makes it worse, doesn't it?"

She didn't answer. She covered back among the pillows, her face buried in her hands.

"Doesn't it?" Joseph repeated, pleading again in spite of himself. And when she didn't move, when there was still no answer, he turned and walked out.

He had one satisfaction. In the little hall outside Starr's room he met Eddie Markel, spruce, and—after one look at Joseph—self-satisfied.

"Well!" Eddie exclaimed, "I don't have to ask how it came out. Now, no hard feelings, brother. And if you want to write to her every once in a while, it's perfectly all right with me."

Joseph's hand, doubled into a fist, went back, came forward again with the speed and accuracy of a bullet. Eddie went down. Unhurriedly, Joseph

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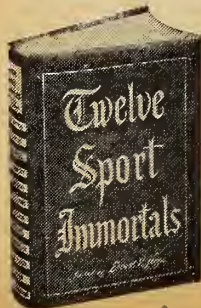
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walked on to the outer door. Eddie scrambled to his feet, pure poison in his eyes, then, as the door closed, he began to grin, ruefully but triumphantly.

He was set, now. The would-be minister had hit him, and so had conclusively admitted defeat. From now on Eddie's dreams, which had grown more elaborate by the day since he'd met Starr, would begin to come true. He saw an estate in Maryland—no slick, vulgar penthouse for his Starr—with a columned colonial house and rolling grounds, horses, dogs, an army of servants, and Starr there, living like the queen she was. His queen, to serve, to give things to . . . and for that matter why not start giving her things now? Christmas was just around the corner; was there any harm in rushing the season just a little bit?

It was Christmas Eve, the day the mink coat was delivered, that the little old lady came. Eddie had just left Starr with the coat and was in the living room with Adele, receiving Adele's effusive thanks for a wrist watch, when there was a tap on the door. Eddie went to open it; a little old lady stood on the threshold, a picture-book old lady, with white hair waving under a tiny velvet toque, a neat scrap of fur at the throat of her neat cloth coat.

"Mr. Markel?" she asked composedly. "I'm Mrs. Perkins from Rushville Center—only back there everybody calls me Ma. I'd like to see Starr, please."

For a moment Eddie was speechless. Had a genii appeared on his doorstep, he couldn't have been more surprised. Then he stammered, "Who told you—How do you know who I am?"

"My friend, Francis Fenton, called me," the old lady explained sweetly. "He told me that our Starr was here, and that she was ill and upset, and that he thought someone from home ought to see her. And—I'd like to see her, Mr. Markel."

Eddie recovered quickly. "Sorry," he said. "But the doctor said she's to have no visitors. Maybe some other time—And he made as if to shut the door."

The old lady didn't move. Her blue eyes remained gentle, her face sweetly composed, but for some reason Eddie changed his mind about closing the door and took a step backward.

"Let's get straight to the point, Mr. Markel," she said. "Are you scared to let Starr see an old friend? If your hold on her is so small, you can't have much of a hold at all."

"What are you talking about?" Eddie blustered, and turned quickly at a sound from the back hall.

"Adele—" Starr stood in the hallway, calling. "Where is my—Ma?"

"Starr, child!" The old lady rushed past him. The next few minutes were busy ones, with Starr and the old lady embracing, and the old lady bundling Starr into bed, and Eddie banishing the fascinated Adele to the outer room.

Starr and the old lady were talking about people Eddie'd heard of—people called Shuffle and Willy and Evey and Fay and a little Paulette. They were all just fine, it seemed; they were all anxious to know when Starr was coming home. "And I brought you this," Ma said, placing a small package in Starr's hands, "from someone who loves you very much."

"Joseph!" Starr whispered. "Has he—is he—?"

"No," said Ma, "he didn't go back home, Starr. He's right here in New York—right down in the lobby, for that matter."

"In the lobby!" Eddie echoed con-

temptuously. "Is he sending you up to fight his battles for him?"

Ma turned to him, and again he sensed an indomitable will behind the blue eyes. "I believe Joseph made a bargain with you, Mr. Markel," she said drily, "that he felt bound to keep. That's why I've come to talk to Starr."

"It won't do any good, Ma." Starr was fumbling with the wrappings of the tiny package. "I don't belong in Rushville Center. I—I guess I don't really belong anywhere. Oh, Ma!" She had the box open, was holding up a necklace of tiny carved wooden beads.

"A kid's necklace!" snorted Eddie. "About twenty cents' worth—"

"Thirty-five cents, Mr. Markel," said Ma. "All he could afford. There's a card, Starr."

Starr was crying—as she hadn't cried over the mink coat. "Forget the card!" Eddie shouted. "Look at your coat! Natural wild Canadian minks, forty-nine hundred without the tax!"

"Oh, Ma—" Starr cradled the beads in the palms of her hands. "Joseph—What am I going to do?"

"Do?" said Ma. "Why child, you're just going to ask yourself what's real for you, what you really want. I expect you've always wanted a lot of things you weren't to blame for wanting. And now it looks to me as if you've got them. Just ask yourself if that's what's real for you. Are you any happier for things like—like this mink coat?"

"It isn't just that, Ma." Starr's lips trembled. "It's Joseph. I'm bad for him, because of the way I am. And so, I guess you'd better give these back to him—" She held out the beads.

"That's the girl!" Eddie cried. "And now tell her the rest. Tell her you're not only going to divorce him, but you're going to marry me!"

"I'm going to—" But she couldn't finish, couldn't say it. "You've never even asked me if I loved you, Eddie."

"Oh, love!" said Eddie fretfully. "People get married for lots of reasons—because their sister's getting married, or because they're tired of being somebody's secretary, or because they want to go to California—"

"And why," Ma interrupted, "do you want to marry Starr, Mr. Markel?"

EDDIE blinked. "Why—because I want to take care of her! She's sick; she needs somebody. Isn't that a legitimate reason, if taking care of her makes me feel big and strong?"

"A real legitimate reason," said Ma sweetly. "Is it the only one?"

"No." Eddie reddened at the prospect of bringing his dreams so close to the surface. "She's beautiful. With the right clothes, she'll look like a princess. She's an aristocrat. Look at her bones, her wrists—she's got breeding. Say, what is this? The True Hearts hour?"

"I always wanted to be rich," Starr put in shakily. "Things like that mink coat—I don't say my reasons are highly moral, but that's the way I am."

"Is it, Starr?" Ma asked quietly. When the girl had no answer, she went on, "Reckon that's the best looking coat I've ever seen. Er—mind if I slip it on, Mr. Markel?"

"You—" He snickered. "I guess mink gets 'em all. Sure, grandma—"

Gallantly, he helped her out of the cloth coat, into the mink. She stroked the satiny skins, examined the gleaming lining.

"Mmm," she said. "No label. Gladys Pendleton once told me that when a coat is stolen, they take out the lining and put in a new lining—"

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"I paid for that coat!" Eddie exploded. "I can prove it!"

"Have you paid for everything you've got in life, Mr. Markel?" asked Ma, slipping out of the coat. "You know, Starr, Mr. Markel's got a police record. And his coat *doesn't* have a label."

Eddie snatched the coat from her, flung it down. "I never pretended to be anything but me!" he shouted furiously. "Sure, I grew up in the streets and took my living off the streets—because I had to! Well, I don't have to any more! I want a nice home, a nice wife. I'm a gentleman now, and my kids will be gentlemen—because I'm marrying a lady!"

"A lady," said Mr. reflectively. "Of course, you've told Mr. Markel about your father, Starr."

"Ma!" Starr went white.

"In his way," Ma went on, "Mr. Markel is being real honest with you. He don't pretend. Have you been just as honest? Does he know about your father?"

"Ma, please—" Starr begged. Eddie's eyes were riveted upon her suspiciously.

"What's this about her father?" he asked.

"HE was a criminal," said Ma, "with a long police record. He was killed in the act of stealing money, right near our town of Rushville Center. Of course, at home we all know about it, and love Starr just the same. And if you really care about her—"

But it was all over, and the three of them knew it. Eddie stood like a man struck dumb, blinking, moving his lips soundlessly. A criminal's daughter. No better than—than Adele. No better than he himself.

Ma prayed on her way downstairs to Joseph, prayed for forgiveness. She'd been cruel—deliberately cruel, for perhaps the first time in her life. But wasn't it to spare a greater cruelty?

As she stepped out of the elevator, Joseph came toward her, so much like John that her heart turned over. So much like her own son—she knew what was best for him. And if she'd had to be cruel to help him, surely the good Lord would forgive her.

"It's all right, son," she said. "She's alone, now, and frightened, and there's no Eddie Markel any more. And I think if someone went to her with his heart in his hand—oh, go on, Joseph!"

Joseph lost no time. Starr was crying when he entered her room.

"I tried," she said in a small lost voice. "I tried, and it almost worked. But Ma wouldn't let it. Oh, Joseph, what's going to become of us now?"

He gathered her into his arms, shaken anew by her slightness. "You're going to get these silly notions of not being good for me out of your head. You're going to— Oh, Starr—"

He couldn't go on without kissing her. The aching hunger for her rose and choked him; he had to have her mouth, the touch of her thin, dearly remembered hands. And Starr, feeling her lips warm under his kisses, feeling life stir again within her, knew a brief and sudden moment of clairvoyance. Perhaps it wasn't wrong, after all, to have Joseph given back to her. She wasn't enough for him; she wasn't good enough for him—but he loved her, wanted her. Forget the past, don't think of the future; Joseph loved her, and this much, this little time in the present, was hers. *Think what's real for you*, Ma had told her. And as usual Ma had been right, Starr thought. Joseph's love was the only reality she had ever known or ever would know.

My Husband Is Ideal

(Continued from page 27)

our five-dollar Uncle Fud and a lot of hysterical laughter.

We love to celebrate. We celebrate at every possible opportunity. Excuse would be the better word. Jack never forgets an occasion or a holiday. He puts great thought into gifts. Asks people what I would like, rushes around making all sorts of preparations, usually drives Vivian, his secretary, crazy, double checking on everything. St. Patrick's Day. Valentine's Day. Whatever it is. Easter, I got a pair of earrings I wanted very much. Fourth of July, I got the pin to go with them.

But our anniversary is the big thing in our lives. Then Jack really goes all out. He couldn't very well forget it. You see, it also happens to be the date of both our birthdays. We're exactly the same age, Jack's 55 minutes older and because it was so unusual, having both birthdays, the same day we chose that date for our wedding, too.

This year Jack had a party for us at the Beverly Hills Club, complete with the special reservations, flowers, and a sealskin stole I'd been longing for. Then he brought home a magnificent piece of furniture that contained a combination radio, television, and record playing set-up, and informed me that was my gift to him!

Actually, Jack and I met because of our double birthdays. My cousin went to Hollywood High School, where Jack went too, and she told me about the new boy she was going with, whose birthday was the same as mine. She wanted me to meet him, and asked him to my fifteenth birthday party. This was a big mistake on her part, because Jack and I hit it off right from the first. They soon broke up and Jack and I began going together.

He started to work that next year—left high school to go to work. It was a big thing. He and two other boys had been singing in the high school assemblies. More or less on a dare, they tried for a job in the Coconut Grove at the Ambassador Hotel. And they got it! Jack had two years of school to finish, so he went to school during the day and worked at night. But he still had a half year left when he went East with the trio.

It was Phil Harris who took the three boys East with him. While there, Kate Smith asked Jack to join her show. In the meantime Jack was able to see me only during the summer vacations. When Jack was nineteen (which is four years after we met) he came West during the summer vacation and proposed to me. I accepted and we made plans for the marriage on our mutual birthdays. At the end of this summer, Jack returned East to resume with the Kate Smith show—alone. That fall I went East for the first time in my life—to become a bride.

Jack and his brother, Walter Reed, met me at the station when the train pulled into New York. We were all so shy and young and bashful that when I got off the train I kissed Walter and shook hands with Jack!

However, it didn't take long for me to get over my shyness—and so we were married.

Anyway, back to Jack's schooling. Although he'd only attended school for three and a half years, technically he had enough credits to get his diploma. So, this last year in 1947 on

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"homecoming day" at Hollywood High School the officials invited him over and made a big ceremony of presenting him with that long missing document.

While we were back east we began to develop a hobby that both of us are mad about—collecting antiques. We had wonderful weekends, poking into little old shops or homes or barns up through New England, finding all sorts of treasures. Jack started our milk glass collection long before it was a fad. We have some wonderful things. And it's far more fun for me to collect, when Jack enjoys it so much, too.

So many men don't really care anything about how a home looks. Jack is as interested as I in getting the right lamp, the right table, the proper chair. We have all our own furniture in our home here in Hollywood.

THE house we now have was the first place we looked at. We liked it immediately, but looked around a lot just on principle before we gave in and came back to it. We haven't been sorry. It's an English-type place, dark wood and brick outside, and we both knew our early American furniture would fit into the pattern. The rooms are large, and our furniture, which is massive, requires large rooms. It is a two-story house high on a hill overlooking Hollywood. A friend of ours always says, panting as he finally gains the front door, "A couple of hundred feet higher, and you'd have edelweiss growing in the garden!"

Actually, it's a bigger house than we'd ever want to buy. It's eight rooms, and since I do all the housework I don't fancy any such chore as a permanent thing. I have a girl come in only once a week, on Thursday, to do a thorough cleaning job. I do all the cooking, and if we have a dinner party, I get the dinner and the girl comes in to serve it. Fortunately I love housework and cooking.

Another thing about Jack, he's enormously easy to cook for. When we first married, he was used to a steady diet of steak, peas, mashed potatoes, and apple pie. I'm sure he ploughed through that uninspired menu three times a day as a bachelor. No imagination in the food department. I love highly seasoned food, Mexican, Chinese, French—all those things.

So, slowly, I began to educate Jack. Here, his wonderful quality of adaptability came in. He started loving everything I fixed, and it was fun to teach him to like new things. His mother came over for dinner one night and suddenly shrieked, "Heavens! Jack is eating shrimp!" I assured her he wasn't hysterical—that he really liked them now. He still balks at one thing: he will not eat an olive. And we have a beautiful California lot with forty olive trees on it!

We have had a lot of fun decorating this house together. As I said, we have all our own furniture, all antiques except for the mammoth radio-television piece, and one large coffee table which fits in well with the early American authentics, even though it's not old.

We carried out a green and white idea, with dark woods as background. The whole place has a sort of fresh feeling, we think, and the contrast is good. We like a lot of growing things around, too, and have some wonderful containers for our vines and plants. One of our favorites is a small iron stove, painted white, which we keep in the hall, with vines growing out of its door.

A couple of other favorite pieces of mine are the berry-picker Jack found in Connecticut, which we use for a magazine container, and our wonderful Lazy Susan dining-room table. One of Jack's favorites is a broom-maker's bench which he unearthed somewhere. It's in the den now. There's a story behind that bench.

Jack is very handy around the house, good at refinishing furniture, and does a lot of it as a hobby. However, this was quite a task, and required a special sander. The man he got it from offered to do the job for \$18. Jack said, "I'll do it myself, save the \$18, and have fun, too!" So he brought it home. First (in a spirit of thrift) he bought a sander—\$38.50. Then, all the dust and stuff from the work got up his nose. He couldn't sing, he was off the air for three days, and the doctor sent him a final bill for \$65. Now he uses a little mask when he does that kind of work.

Jack not only helps around the house in repairing things and fixing the furniture, but, praise be, he even helps me dry the dishes. One thing he won't learn to do, and that is to cook. But I'm just as happy, because I like to preside over the kitchen.

Currently, Jack's project is building a fence to keep in Buff, our cocker spaniel. He's doing a very good job, too. I'm impressed. He has something that is called a post hole-digger, with which he digs big holes for the fence posts. As for me, I got talked into painting part of the fence. I painted a whole day and finally gave out. It's an awful lot of trouble to paint a picket fence—it dawns on you after a while that there are four sides on every picket!

Another thing that makes Jack wonderful is that he gets along so well with my mother. And he, too, is blessed with a likable family. My mother lives with us, and if an argument ever does come up between Jack and me, and mother gets roped into it (which is seldom), it's ten to one she'll side with him.

We both love to travel, and summer before last, we took a long trip with both our mothers along. We drove for four weeks to a lot of places we'd both always wanted to see—Banff, Lake Louise, a lot of wonderful spots. We plan to make a trip to Europe as soon as we can find the time, maybe this summer. We went to Hawaii last summer, and we have been to South America, too.

JACK keeps up our picture albums. We take lots of pictures, but he keeps them in perfect order, with dates and places carefully noted. We had a tragedy in this department on our South American trip. Our camera was stolen, we were unable to get another in Argentina, and wound up with only a few pictures of Rio de Janeiro.

Jack has seven weeks free every summer, which gives us a chance to be together. Too, he is careful to make no commitments on weekends. I know he's one of the most conscientious workers in all of radio, and his week is so tied up, that he feels we should have our entire weekend for each other.

The French doors from our living room open out into a small garden, in which we both love to work. It's very small, but just what we want. I'd never done any gardening before, but I was anxious to try my hand at it. I put a lot of chemical fertilizer in the holes under some bulbs I planted. Everyone said dire things—that it

would burn them up, that they'd be rotted, that nary a bulb would see the light. Now I'm triumphant. They're all coming up anyway!

Jack is the neatest man ever made. He could go into his room in the darkest night and find any single thing he owns. He has a place for everything, and everything in its place. I'm the exact opposite, but he never complains about my practice of hanging things on the floor. He once tried to show me how to fix my things, straightened them all out—and every time, for weeks afterwards, when I wanted anything, I had to yell for him. It took me three months to mess them up again properly so I could find them.

Jack seems to like doing things that most men wouldn't stand still for. For instance, I make all my own clothes, and I have one of those bulbs for hem marking. He'll always help me, when I'm making something new, and marks all my hems.

Both of us seem to like the same kind of people and the same kind of life. Neither of us smokes and as for drinking—a little wine with dinner sometimes. This bowled my father over when he first met Jack. It was a selling point, despite the fact Dad didn't warm up to the idea of my marrying "an entertainer." Now Dad is one of Jack's greatest fans.

I THINK one of the qualities that I find most endearing in Jack is his thoughtfulness. I suppose when you get right down to it, essentially, it is kindness. For instance, there were four little girls, fans of Jack's who came to his show every night in New York. They sat in the front row at the studio. Finally, Jack had their seats reserved for them each night. Terribly faithful fans. Even now, they call us up long distance. And on our birthday, knowing how we loved it, they sent us a huge cheese cake from Reubens. Jack had some mention of it written into the lyrics of one of his songs that night.

But before we left New York, he wanted to show the girls his gratitude for their faithfulness. He planned a surprise for them. The only thing he would tell them was that they should dress up on a certain night. They showed up all washed and polished and radiant. He knew they wouldn't want to go on a party in regular street clothes, so he had to risk giving away the surprise by warning them.

And what a party it was! He had reservations for them at the Barberry Room, gave them gardenias, took them there and had a wonderful feast for them, winding up with Baked Alaska. The kids were in seventh heaven!

He's always been the ideal husband and now, after twelve years of being married to Jack, we have more fun than ever together. It's been such a wonderful life! And it seems as if every day I discover new reasons to make me know that my husband is ideal!



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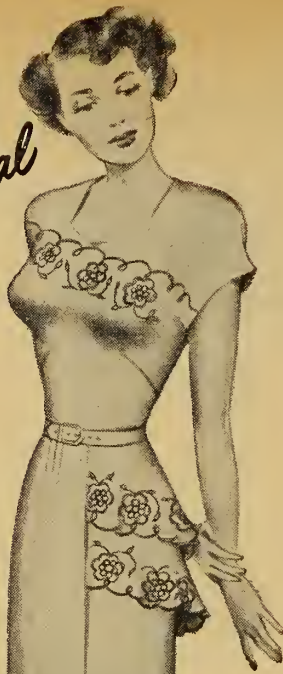
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That Day Girl

(Continued from page 55)

and got it back just west of Kansas City. By that time I didn't want it.

That is when I first found out how sympathetic and kind Doris is.

"What are you doing down there under the seat?" she asked.

"Lying down with a sick friend," I said.

"Goodness," she said. "Who?"

"Me," I said.

"Oh, good," she said. "Then if you're taking care of Bob, I think I'll just take a nap."

We were coming in under a ceiling so low all the clouds were wearing shoes, but that didn't bother her. I had taught her how to make every minute count in the air. For instance, on the way east I read a book—on the way back west I read the second page.

On this tour, everybody from the Tuesday broadcast was along; Les Brown and his band; our announcer Hy Averback; Billy Farrell, Jack Kirkwood and the two that everybody looked at—Irene Ryan and Doris Day.

EVERYWHERE we went, I got a rousing response.

"Off, boy, OFF! Get away! Fade! OFF!!" rang from the rafters every time Doris and I made our first appearance together. The applause was deafening. The only way I could control my fans was by withdrawing. That calmed them.

What I like about Doris is she did not mind all of that attention going to me. She just stayed out there all alone by the mike and gave the customers a show—a real trouper.

Seriously, she is just that in every best sense of the word. She is on the up and zooming in one of the fastest-moving careers I have ever seen. When I say "fastest-moving," I can think of only one comparison—but she is moving even faster than the vegetables did the night Les Brown and his band came to my house to dinner.

Doris has hit the jackpot in everything she has touched in the last year, but she hasn't let success go to her head. That cute little noggin is on straight and she still wears the same size hat.

Let me tell you a little about the gal in case you haven't seen her first movie, "Romance on the High Seas." She is just as cute looking off the screen as on. Maybe cuter, because she has a lot of freckles and she doesn't care who knows it. She doesn't wear any make-up except lipstick and freckles, and she's the girl to get away with it. She has one of those shiny kissers that always looks as if it's just been scrubbed. She's a blonde with big blue eyes. She's something like Ginger Rogers with freckles and Ingrid Bergman with song.

Doris hits a good middle road. Wholesome. Nice. And wised up, too. There is enough country in her so you know she's solid. But she also has plenty of pep for the cats.

She is full of bounce and pep and zing. She is always on the go—even when the customers aren't chasing her. And she has a great sense of humor. She thinks I'm funny.

She's quick-witted and bright. When you're working in front of an audience, you have to be prepared for emergencies. They are forever shouting questions like "Where's Bing?" I have never seen her get in the least flustered at a time like that. She leaves all that to me.

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She is a great meat and potatoes girl. Her idea of a party is two orders of steak. But she keeps that five foot, five and three-quarters inches shape down to a neat 120 pounds by getting plenty of exercise. She doesn't play golf, so I'm teaching her by letting her carry my golf bag.

When she was born in Cincinnati twenty-four years ago, they christened her Doris Kappelhoff. The dawn of a new Day came when she was seventeen. She got her first professional engagement singing with Barney Rapp's band in her home town. He thought Kappelhoff was not the ideal tag for a songstress. "Choose something else," he said.

Her first number was "Night and Day," so she picked "Day" for good luck. What a break she wasn't singing "Mairsy Doats."

The luck was terrific, as it should be, to match the girl. She moved on to Bob Crosby's band and then toured with Les Brown (that's our band now) as featured soloist. His tour brought her to Hollywood where she set the town on its ear. First she cut some records that went like good hotcakes. Her version of "It's Magic" has sold over a million copies.

Then Michael Curtiz gave her a screen test, put her under contract and right to work in the top spot opposite Jack Carson in a movie that already has had enough plugs from me. After all, there is a film called "The Paleface" around, too, you know, in case you're going to only one movie this week.

There is nothing high-hat about Doris in spite of her big success. She really likes people—all kinds of people—and she gets along beautifully with two completely different kinds: men and women. This fascinates me, because, hard as I try, I never get anywhere with women. But Doris knows how to get cozy with everybody from elevator operators to governors. One smile and the men want to kiss her. This never happens to me. And women call her "honey." This never happens to me either.

Seriously, the reason she gets along with everyone is because she has lots of heart, lots of imagination and sympathy and humor as well as lots of voice, and because she knows what trouble is.

YOU know, she wanted to be a dancer, and she was good enough by the time she was twelve to get a job with a Fanchon and Marco unit. She was really on her way when she had a tough break. She was in an automobile accident and one of her legs was broken. She had to wear a cast for a year.

No fooling, breaking that leg nearly broke the kid's heart, too. But it was a lucky break for everyone else. To amuse herself, she started to study singing. Her father was a concert artist and music teacher, so she had a good start, as well as the courage to begin an entirely new career when she was an old lady of seventeen.

Today she can dance as well as ever, but there is something about that voice that gets you even more. After her first number on the broadcast, the whole band stood up and said "Rrrrrrufffff" and we've been hearing that same noise all over the country from audiences—but I'm used to it after all of those years of fighting audiences for some attention against Frances Langford.

All I can say is, if somebody has to take second place, it couldn't happen to a nicer person—me.



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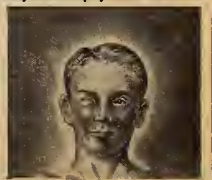


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That Hope Fellow

(Continued from page 55)

When you get to know him a little better, you realize that there is a great deal of seriousness behind that wall of clowning and gags and fun. Then you begin to notice that quite a lot of that seriousness comes through in his jokes.

For instance, he was cracking about politics and world affairs after the inauguration, and he started with "It begins to look as if a Republican will have to marry Margaret to get into the White House," and then he went on, "But things are moving so fast in this atomic age, who can plan? Wouldn't it be awful for the Republicans if they finally got in just as the world went out?"

Everybody was making Democrat-and-Republican jokes at that time, and the Republicans laughed as hard as the Democrats, but I was beginning to watch the way he builds his jokes, and the thing I noticed was that he had added, in a funny way, the thing that everybody has in the back of their heads... that we live in a pretty serious time. I think that is one of the reasons audiences are so crazy about him—he says things that everybody is thinking in a way that you can remember.

ONE of the reasons he is so funny is that he takes his jokes very seriously. When he gets a new idea, he tries it out on everybody who calls up, sometimes as many as fifteen people right in a row. Sometimes he will work for an hour on just one word. Nearly all of his gags are no more than about three sentences long, so every word counts.

He is a demon for energy. He left Hollywood in the middle of December, flew to Germany, did twenty shows in eight days for our men in the Air Lift, flew back, had two days in Hollywood, then started right off on one night stands.

When you first hear about it, it sounds like a fairly easy life, flying from one place to another and doing only two and a half hours' work every night. But that is just the beginning. In the first place, there are special gags to be written and rehearsed and added to the show for each city. Everybody plans luncheons and parties in his honor. Everywhere there are interviews. There were at least a dozen March of Dimes broadcasts, in addition to the Tuesday network show, and I don't know how many times Bob slipped off for a personal appearance at a hospital for crippled children or for veterans.

He can't say no when service men ask for him. For instance, on the way back from Germany he was told that a thousand men stationed in the Azores had signed a petition asking him to stop and do a show for them. Bob was good and tired from piling up one show on top of the others all the time he was in Germany—one day he did five!—but when he heard about those boys out there on that green rock in the Atlantic Ocean waiting for him, he said, "If they can take it, I can."

The plane was due in the Azores at three o'clock in the morning. The schedule did not allow for a stopover of any length of time. So he got up at 2:45, did a full two-hour show, and was on his way again before dawn.

His favorite gags are about what a coward he is and how afraid he is of flying, but the other side of the picture are his one hundred and sixty-six citations including his award as "Number

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You never hear anything like that from him. You learn about those things from the people who work with him. Most of the people on his staff have been with him for years. Charlie Cooley, for instance, staked him to a meal and a job when both of them were in vaudeville and Bob was broke, and Bob has never forgotten. Charlie is one of the most important men in his organization. Jimmy Saphier got Bob his first radio date, and still handles all of his radio affairs. Charlie Yates booked his first vaudeville date and still handles his stage engagements.

Bob's memory is just as long as his loyalty. All over the country, people would stop him and say, "You wouldn't remember me, but we met. . . ."

Bob would remember though. Always he remembered the first name and often the last! He gets on a chummy, first-name basis with nearly everybody right away. I asked him once how he could remember, after five or six years, all of those thousands and thousands of people that he had met, and he said, "He was a great guy. I liked him, so of course I remembered him."

Bob never gets flurried. He just takes one thing at a time. He does it very easily, but somehow he fixes it so that everyone gets full attention without interruption from anyone else.

The best way I can describe how he does this is to say that he sort of departmentalizes himself, and that is how he gets through all of the things he does—movies, radio show, benefit performances, interviews, his books, his syndicated column, the Cleveland Indians and personal appearances, not to mention golf.

He has more than two hundred people involved in his various interests, and still shoots in the low seventies.

He usually travels in flannel slacks and a sports jacket, so he will be ready to grab off nine holes if he gets a chance. Close to show time, you begin to think that he isn't going to have time to change and that this is one time when he will have to rush, but he always fools you and strolls out in an immaculate blue suit, chewing gum and giving the eye to the girls in the audience.

HE talks plenty of wolf in public, but when he is alone with the cast what you hear is the latest about his wife, Dolores, and the kids. He calls them up every evening when he is away, just before the kids' bedtime, and I hate to think what the phone bills must be because he has to hear all about an eight-foot putt that Tony sunk that afternoon, advise Linda about an ailing doll and discuss their affairs with Kelly and Norah. Every Tuesday night after the network broadcast, he calls Dolores to find out how it went. Her opinion is the one to which he pays most attention.

Just about the best part of the trip was hearing him tell stories about his early days in vaudeville when he was making twenty-five dollars every other week. He had a really tough time getting started, but he even makes a gag about that. He says, "I ate hamburgers so long that when I got to Hollywood and somebody gave me a steak, I didn't know how to cut it."

If you try to thank him for something, he makes a gag, or laughs it off, or stops you. So I am glad that RADIO MIRROR has given me this chance to say "Thanks for the memory, Bob, and for all of the kind things you do for everyone all the time."

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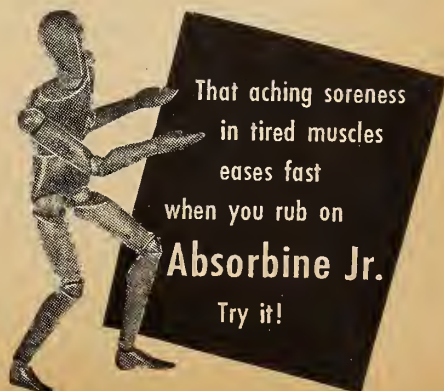
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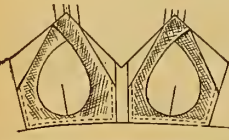
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When a Girl Marries

(Continued from page 45)

again? And how could you be sure that you'd like the new place any better, or that the people there would be any friendlier? By and large, people are basically pretty much alike, wherever they live. Women, in particular, like to reserve judgment, not give their friendship too easily. And again, most people are fairly shy—just as you seem to be. So bide your time, do your best, make a real, honest effort!

Joan Davis

GOOD NEIGHBOR POLICY

Dear Joan Davis:

My neighbor's granddaughter, aged four, and my daughter, aged three, are constant companions. Lately, I've noticed that my child is impudent and uses profane language, which she attributes to the other child. My husband feels I should not allow her to associate with the child next door, although she has no other playmate.

If I do bring an end to their friendship, how will I explain to the grandparents, whom I like, and who drive us to church each Sunday? Or, is the need of companionship so important that I should overlook the bad language my child is acquiring?

Undecided

Dear Undecided:

I think there is a middle course open to you. Certainly I don't think that you should deny your daughter the companionship of her only playmate—and I don't quite see how, short of locking her up, you could manage it anyway! Nor do I think you need go to the other extreme of ignoring the problem.

Apparently you are quite friendly with the grandmother next door. Why not, then, make the problem a mutual one, to be solved together by both of you? I think you can go to the grandmother and in the friendliest possible way say that you've noticed that both your daughter and her granddaughter seem to have picked up a bad habit, and ask her advice and assistance, taking it for granted that she will want to solve the problem just as much as you do.

Joan Davis

MORE THAN ONE ANSWER

Dear Joan Davis:

I was an illegitimate baby, and adopted when I was ten months old. My parents have been dead for several years and I have been married six years. My husband is a very nice person, and we have three children.

Joan, do you believe it wrong to try to find my own mother? I have enough information to get started—but should I? I know she visited me when I was ten. My adopted mother, of course didn't approve. My own mother must have crossed her bridge and burned it—otherwise, why didn't she make herself known to me when I was twenty-one? (I will be twenty-three next week.) I want to find her ever so much, but should I?

Alice B.

Dear Alice B.:

I think that the answer lies in your own mind and your own heart. However, I know that that's very easy for me to say, so let me see if I can't help you to search your mind and your heart for the answer.

You say that you're twenty-three.

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But how old are you *really*? Old enough to face possible grief or embarrassment or shock? To take on added financial burdens? To risk a certain amount of trouble or hardship? To risk possible disagreements with your husband?

If, in wishing to locate your mother, the only thought in your mind is one of a pleasant, joyous reunion, then my advice to you is not to make the attempt to find her. However, I can easily realize how you must feel, and how you will always feel, too, if you *don't* try to find her. And so, if you can bring yourself—and your husband, for his wishes are important in this matter, too—to face the fact that finding your mother may not be a matter for a touching reunion scene, then I think it would be safe for you to go ahead. But it is, you see, a matter which no one can decide for you—you must make your own decision, and be prepared to abide by it.

Joan Davis

THREE'S A CROWD

Dear Joan Davis:

I have a big problem—to me, anyway. My sister has been with us almost since we were married. We have never been alone, and my husband doesn't think this is right. He is very unhappy. My sister fusses at my children, and my husband doesn't like this at all. But my problem is, how am I going to get her to move without hurting her feelings? She is a widow with a small child, and I care for the child while she works. I love to make everyone happy, but I think my first consideration is that of my husband, don't you?

Ella M.

Dear Ella M.:

It's very nice to want to make everyone happy, but it seldom works out, in this world, that a person is able to. So you have to make a choice, ask yourself which, of the people you could make happy, is most important to you. In this case, I'm sure you'll answer that your husband is—in fact, you know that already, as can be told from the last sentence of your letter.

It would be nice if some arrangement could be made so that you could continue if you wish to, to care for your sister's child while she works—that is, if living quarters for her and the child can be found somewhere in your neighborhood. But if this isn't possible, I still think you must ask her to move. Once again I can repeat the old truism—there's not room for more than one family in one house! It's up to your sister to make a life of her own for herself and her child, and up to you to see that your home life, with your husband and your children, isn't jeopardized.

Joan Davis

THIS IS THE TIME!

Dear Joan Davis:

The boy I have been going with just takes me for granted, I feel. He has never asked me to go steady with him, but he doesn't expect me to go with anyone else. Several boys have been asking me for dates lately and some of them I'd like to accept. I think this boy is very nice, but as I'm only sixteen I would like lots of other dates. Another thing, I feel that he is beginning to take me too seriously. Should I let him kiss me?

Margaret R.

Dear Margaret:

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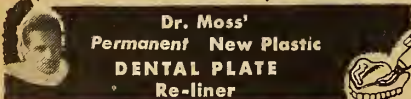
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a couple of years there'll be all sorts of pressures on you—the pressure of a job, of people expecting you to "act your age," perhaps a man whom you really care about in an adult fashion. But now is the time when you can be as carefree as you like—and have dates with as many different boys as you like. From the tone of your letter, I think that's exactly what you'd like to do—have lots of dates with lots of boys, and not bother your head about being serious, "going steady," with any one of them.

So why don't you do just that—while you still can? Believe me, I know that being young has its drawbacks, but it's an awful lot of fun, too! At sixteen, you ought to have a lot of boys cluttering up the place, not just one. Don't take any of them too seriously, and don't let any of them take you too seriously, and you'll have a wonderful time. As for kisses, they're part of growing up, too. A friendly, boy-and-girl, doesn't-commit-you-to-anything kiss is just that. A serious kiss—but then, if you have a lot of boy friends, and a lot of fun, there won't be any really serious kisses, or any really serious problems, will there?

—Joan Davis

EXAMINE YOUR HEART

Dear Joan Davis:

My husband and I are separated—temporarily, I hope. We've been married three years, and the only trouble we've ever had has been over living quarters. The only apartment we could find when we got married was a two-room, dreary place in an undesirable part of town, and where we shared the bath with all the other occupants on that floor.

We were both working, and finally, when we'd each had a sizable raise, I started to talk about finding a better apartment. My husband wasn't a bit interested, so I figured that if a change was made I would have to be the one to make it. I finally found a more desirable apartment—conveniently close to my work, but across town from my husband's. However, since we both had night jobs, I thought it better for him to make the long trip than for me, especially in the winter months.

I really thought my husband would see the matter as I did, but nothing but hot and ever-hotter arguments followed, until I packed up and left for the new place I'd found—alone. I confess I might not have taken this serious step had I not been so confident he would pack up his clothes and follow. But he didn't. I waited all the first evening, then the next morning I phoned him. But he hung up on me. Next I tried writing. My letters came back—unopened.

What in the world shall I do next? I could go where he works, and see if he will talk to me there, or go to his folks and have a heart-to-heart talk, or even send a friend to mediate for me. I'm scared to death, though, Joan. If every one of these should fail, what is there left I can do? I love my husband the same as always, and don't want this separation.

Mrs. L. D.

Dear Mrs. L. D.:

Usually it's fairly easy for me—or for anyone else—to give advice on a problem in which I am not personally involved, because I can stand off and view it from all sides, so to speak. But I don't find that to be true in your case. I've read your letter through many times and at the end of each reading

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I have the definite feeling that there is something missing, something which you haven't told me—something which you have purposely not mentioned, or which you don't realize or recognize yourself, which would provide us with the key to what, on the face of it, seems an entirely inexplicable reaction on your husband's part.

Let's look at the facts you've given me, and your husband's reactions to your moves. You say that this is the only serious cause for disagreement which you two have had since your marriage. Certainly the premises on which you worked—that your husband would naturally prefer better living quarters, although he didn't want, as many men don't, to look for them, and that he would, as naturally, prefer to be abroad late at night rather than have his wife make that sort of trip—seem perfectly valid. Certainly his refusal to talk to you, his returning your letters unopened, seem to be much too drastic treatment in return for the fact that you left the apartment and moved to the new one without him.

All of which brings me right back to what I've felt since I first read your letter—that there must be something deeper in the way of a misunderstanding than the one which appears on the surface. The only clue I have is the "hot and ever-hotter arguments" of which you speak. Sometimes, moved by anger, we say things we don't mean—things which, unless they are cleared up at once, grow larger and larger until they become a cloud which can obscure all the brightness of a marriage. Was anything of that kind said in those arguments of yours? That you'll have to answer for yourself, but I advise you to go over, in your mind, very carefully, those arguments of which you speak. And also to consider the time just previous to your locating the new apartment—did you disagree on some basic issue then, which you may have overlooked in the remembering of the more recent arguments concerning the apartment?

At any rate, it's inconceivable that your husband, no matter how hurt or how angry he may be, could childishly continue to refuse to discuss the matter with you. If he does continue I would, if I were you, take the choice of having a friend mediate for you, rather than trying to see him at his work or discussing the matter with his parents. For preference, I suggest you choose your family doctor or pastor to talk to your husband. From his reactions to this talk, you can be guided in further action. But first, think hard—what did you omit telling me?

Joan Davis

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(remember the March issue?)

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FAMILY COUNSELOR

Going to College?

When Sue Howell, USC sophomore, was Family Counselor, she made some points about college which interested Brad Burton.



By TERRY BURTON

Wednesday is Family Counselor Day on The
Second Mrs. Burton, heard M-F, 2 P.M., CBS.

WHEN my step-son, Brad, raised the college question, I felt rather inadequate in my role as mother. Colleges had changed since Stan's and my time, and while we often romantically visualized "our boy" as captain of his college football team, we realized there was more to going to college than that. This was Brad's question, yes—but it was a problem for the entire family, too.

We were fortunate in having young Sue Howell, sophomore at the University of California, drop by for a visit. As winner of the 1949 Maid of Cotton Contest, Sue was on a temporary leave of absence from school, touring the United States, England and France as goodwill ambassador of the American Cotton Industry. Well, when Sue and Brad started to discuss college, I knew that she would be able to answer many queries on the merits of a college education, so I asked her to appear as Family Counselor. After all, Sue was chosen contest winner not only for her good looks, but because of her personality, ability to learn and school grades.

Sue told Brad to do some serious thinking about going to college and suggested he talk it over with his teachers, school counselors and parents. "Don't jump into college blindfolded just because your best friends are registering," she said. "Participation in campus activities will make for good citizenship in later life, but you've got to mean business too."

When Brad asked just how important a degree was, Sue offered these wise words: "A degree is important, yes, but it's no fool-proof key to success, Brad. Such qualities as industry, integrity, adaptability and congeniality are left up to you." Brad agreed that these important items were every bit as necessary to success as the knowledge one carries in one's head.

Courses in classrooms, Sue pointed out, offer no cure for laziness, slackness, inattention and carelessness. There's also the matter of self-knowledge—of deciding whether you, personally, learn faster by experience and observation, or whether you need books, lectures, laboratories.

"Find out if you're college material, Brad, and if your folks can afford the additional school training. And if you have the mental powers and ambition to make the most of your college years," Sue suggested. "Yes, going to college will broaden your mind, widen your vision and enrich your life . . . but the rest is up to you."

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



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