

"For a much **MILDER**
smoke - I like Chesterfield
It's MY cigarette"

Alexis Smith

Co-starring in
"MONTANA"
A Warner Bros. Production

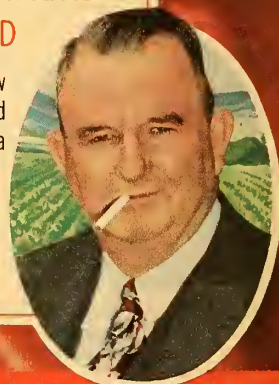


PROMINENT TOBACCO FARMERS
SMOKE CHESTERFIELD

"Chesterfield buys the best mild, mellow tobacco that I can grow. I like Chesterfield the best of them all. It always leaves a clean, fresh taste in my mouth."

L. E. Turnage

FARMVILLE, N. C.



CHESTERFIELD

... the Best Cigarette for YOU to smoke

RADIO AND TELEVISION **MIRROR**

OCTOBER • 25¢

**SPECIAL
ISSUE!**

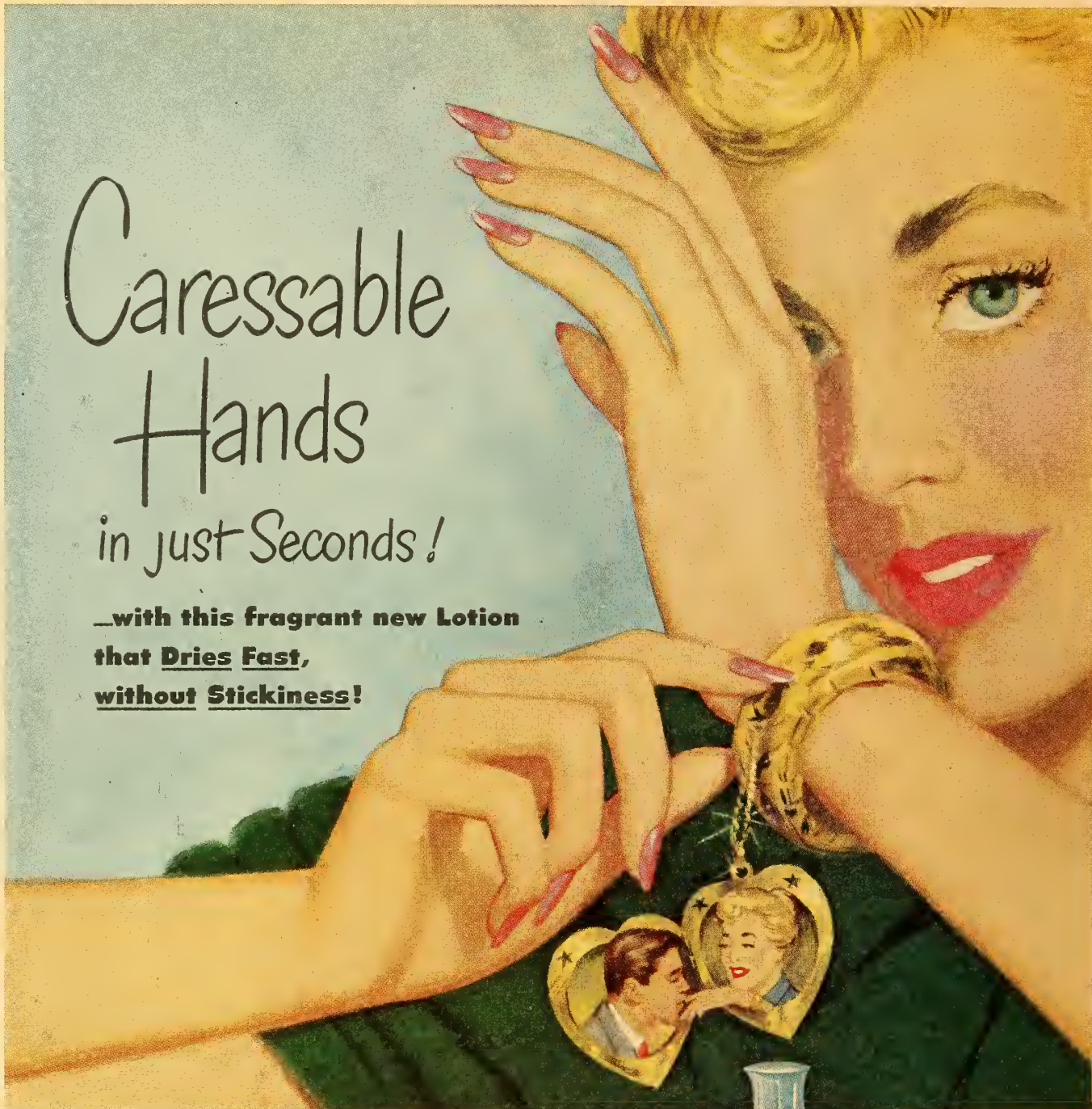


THEY'RE BACK ON THE AIR: 37 Top CBS Stars - Color Pictures and Stories!



Caressable Hands in just Seconds!

**...with this fragrant new Lotion
that Dries Fast,
without Stickiness!**



Prove It for Yourself with This 10-second Test!

Want hands that are soft as any flower petal?
Just as fragrant, too? Then it's New Cashmere
Bouquet Hand Lotion (*with lanolin*) for you!
Do *this* and you'll understand why!



Use Cashmere Bouquet on one hand,
any old-style lotion on the other.
Wait, then compare.

Your "Cashmere Bouquet" hand? This fast-
drying lotion that *softens* like
a cream has already done its wonderful
work. Not a trace of stickiness or tackiness.
Your hand feels smooth, is excitingly
fragrant, excitingly soft to the touch!



Your *other* hand? No comparison, of course! In
just 10 seconds you've seen for yourself, that
caressable hands call for Cashmere Bouquet!

*Pours like a lotion
— Softens
like a cream*



Cashmere Bouquet Hand Lotion

25¢, 39¢ and 79¢

Remember!

There's a Cashmere
Bouquet Cosmetic
for Almost Every
Beauty Need!



LIPSTICK
Creamy, clinging—in
8 fashionable shades!

FACE POWDER
Smooth, velvety texture!
6 "Flower-Fresh" shades!

ALL-PURPOSE CREAM
For radiant, "date-time"
loveliness—a *bedtime*
beauty "must"!

TALCUM POWDER
A shower of
spring flowers!

Take this Most Important Step to Save your Teeth!



"Most tooth loss comes from gum troubles," say dentists. So guard your gums as well as your teeth—this dentist-approved Ipana way!*

Think of the pain, trouble and embarrassment it could cost you to lose just one tooth!

Then think of this: *dental authorities say more than half of all tooth losses today come from gum troubles.* And gum troubles can strike anyone, even healthy teen-agers, with little warning!

That's why the most effective step you can take to save your teeth is to guard your gums. That's why tooth brushing alone—with any dentifrice—is not enough. Your complete dental routine must provide ef-

fective care for your teeth and gums *both!*

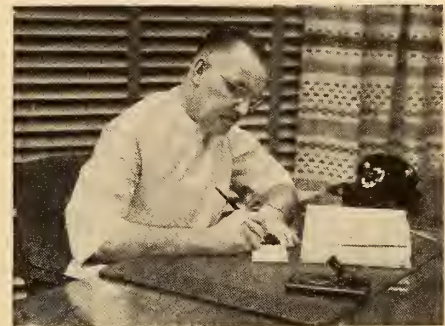
Ipana dental care does just that.* No other paste or powder can clean your teeth better and brighter than Ipana. And Ipana is the *only* leading tooth paste specially designed to aid the health of your gums, too! *Its unique formula actually stimulates circulation—promotes healthier gums.*

DENTISTS WARN YOUTH: GUARD GUMS!

America's top dental authorities issue this timely warning: *you can't have healthy teeth without healthy gums.* They urge you to start fighting gum troubles and guarding your teeth while you are still young!

See your dentist regularly. Follow his advice. And remember—*Ipana is the tooth paste more dentists recommend and personally use than any other!*

NATIONWIDE REPORTS: DENTISTS SAY THE IPANA WAY WORKS!



In thousands of recent reports from dentists all over the country, 8 out of 10 dentists say the Ipana way not only promotes brighter teeth, but healthier gums as well. What better evidence that Ipana dental care is *doubly* effective? Try it—see what it can do for you!

HERE'S ALL YOU DO — EASY AS 1, 2:



*The Ipana way is simple. 1. *Between regular visits to your dentist, brush all tooth surfaces with Ipana at least twice a day.* (This helps remove dulling, bacteria-trapping coating that invites decay. Leaves your teeth cleaner, brighter.) 2. Then massage gums the way your dentist advises. (Ipana's unique formula stimulates circulation—promotes healthier gums. You can *feel* the invigorating tingle!)

PROTECTS HER DATE-WINNING SMILE THE IPANA WAY!



Pretty Barbara Ann March of Roselle, N.J., has a beau-catching smile and wants to *keep* it! As a successful (and popular) junior model, Babs knows the importance of firm, healthy gums to sound teeth and a sparkling

smile. So she follows the Ipana way to healthier gums and brighter teeth *both*—because dentists say it works! Give *yourself* the benefits of this dentist-approved care. Get Ipana Tooth Paste today.

HEALTHIER GUMS, CLEANER TEETH—

IPANA for Both!

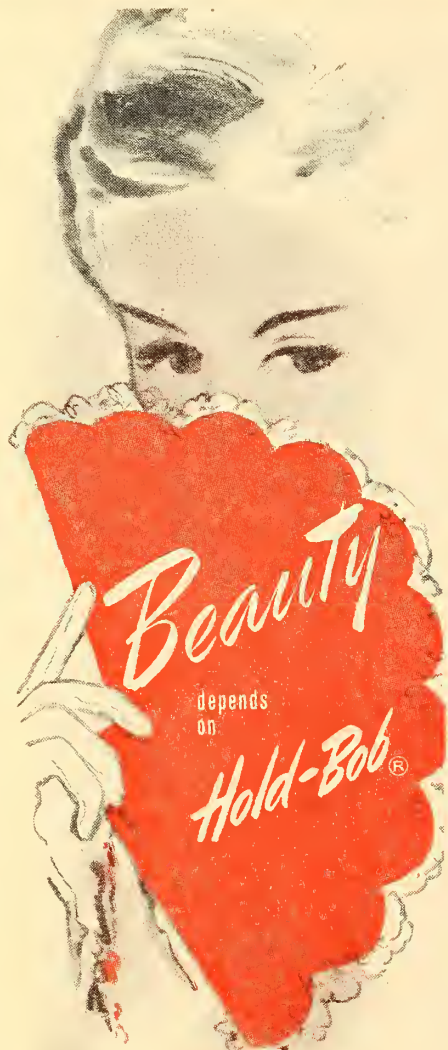


AND REFRESHING IPANA LEAVES MY BREATH CLEANER, MY MOUTH FRESHER, TOO!



Product of Bristol-Myers

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



... because HOLD-BOB bobby pins really hold. The perfection of this beauty is assured because those perfect curls are formed and held in place gently, yet so very securely, by this truly superior bobby pin. There is nothing finer.

More women use
HOLD-BOB
than all other
bobby pins combined



GAYLORD PRODUCTS, INCORPORATED
CHICAGO, ILL.

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Happy Birthday...my Eye!

OH, PLENTY of others would be at her first real grown-up party, but not Jim—not the one she wanted! Here was his note with its phony sounding "I am sorry . . . I know you will understand." But Ann didn't understand; no woman does, when, for no apparent reason, she sees a romance that started so sweetly end up so sour.

How About You?

Nothing turns a man away from you so quickly as halitosis (unpleasant breath). You're foolish ever to run such a risk; after all, you, *yourself*, may not know when your breath is off-color.

If you want to be your most charming self, never, never omit

Listerine Antiseptic before any date.

Listerine Antiseptic is no makeshift of momentary effectiveness. It's a tried and true *extra-careful* precaution against offending. Simply swish it in the mouth and, lo, your breath is fresher and sweeter . . . stays that way, too, not for seconds . . . not for minutes . . . but for hours usually.

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

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

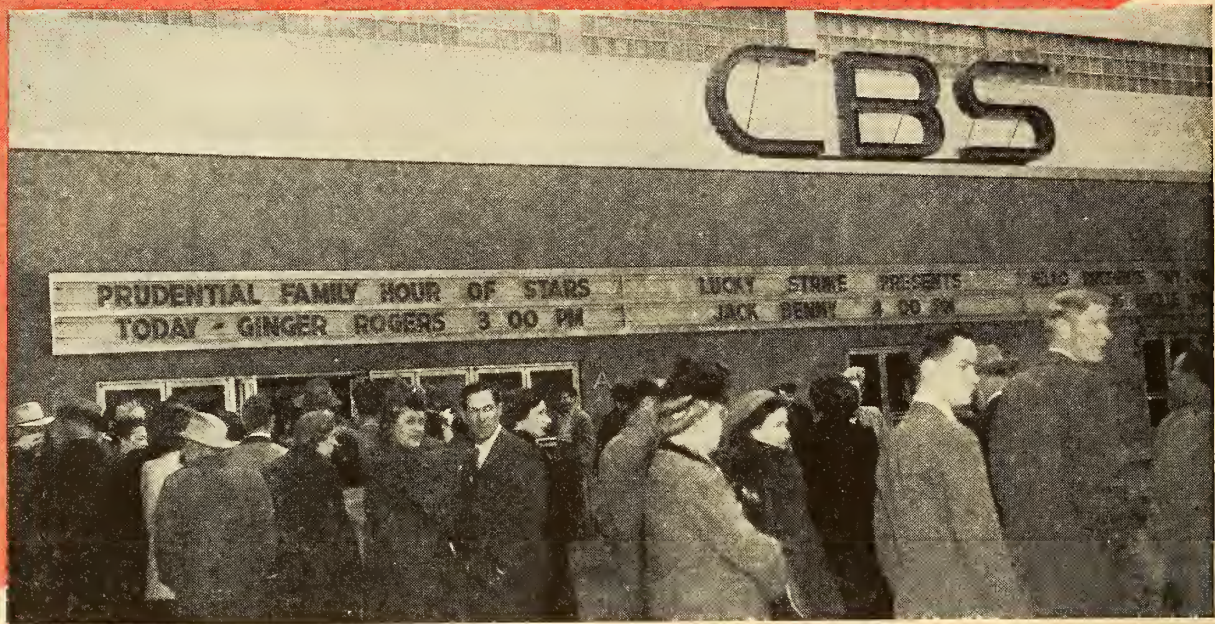


LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC . . . the *extra-careful* precaution against Bad Breath.

P.S. WOMEN TELL US THAT THEY MAKE LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC AND MASSAGE A REGULAR PART OF HAIR-WASHING AS A PRECAUTION AGAINST **INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF**



In Hollywood crowds of people line up in front of the studio to see CBS shows Sunday and every day.



WHAT'S NEW FROM COAST TO COAST

By DALE BANKS



Backstage at Amos 'n' Andy: the playback gives the cast a chance to cut and change lines. L. to r. Charles (Andy) Correll, script girl Charlotte Capune, producer Glenn Middleton, Freeman (Amos) Gosden, CBS producer Milt Stark, musical director Jeff Alexander.

Two of the cast of My Friend Irma put in their summer vacation from the program working in motion pictures. Hans Conreid, who plays Professor Kropotkin, did a stint as a butler in "Nancy Goes to Rio." Donald Woods, the air stanza's Richard Rhineland III, had the role of "the other man" in "Free For All" with Robert Cummings and Ann Blyth.

Joan Davis has also been busy at the flicker studios, and—hold onto your hats—her assignment at 20th Century-Fox was a dramatic role in "Turned Up Toes," a story of gangsters in the 'twenties!

Recently, a now famous lady arrived early at the studios for a chat with Dwight Cooke about her appearance on his show, You and San Francisco. She brought with her a letter that told its own story. In 1938, broke and disheartened, she had sent some scripts to the producer of one of radio's biggest shows. The producer couldn't use the scripts, but he returned them, advising her to keep on writing because she had wonderful talent. She did. The lady is Kathryn Forbes (who wrote the best seller, *Mama's Bank Account*, which was made into the play and movie "I Remember Mama," and which is the basis for the new CBS-TV show *Mama*) and the producer was (and is) Dwight Cooke.

When British-born novelist, James Hilton, wasajoled into being host and story selector for radio's

Hallmark Playhouse, he wasn't sure he'd like radio. But after his first fifty-two weeks on the air he's become one of radio's most vociferous fans. (He's in his second year now.) He thinks it would be a pity if television should completely supersede radio. "One of radio's charms," he says, "is that you can do so many other things while you are listening to it." Hilton fears that video will be more demanding.

It is with regret that we report the death of Oscar Bradley, who until his recent passing was musical conductor of We, the People for the previous six years. His place has been taken by Mrs. Oscar Bradley. She's been doing a heroic job of composing the twenty-five to thirty different bits of mood music needed every week for the half-hour program and conducting the orchestra which was started by her husband.

Robert Bendick, CBS Director of Special Events for radio and television, and his wife, Jeanne, are the authors of *Television Works Like This*, an abundantly illustrated book which explains TV in non-technical terms. Mr. Bendick has been associated with CBS-TV since 1941, with a two-year period out for service as a captain in the Air Forces Motion Picture Unit. His wife, Jeanne, is a well known author and illustrator, whose works include *How Much and How Many*, a story of weights and measures, and *Electronics For Young*

People. The Bendicks hold something of a long distance record for collaboration. During the war Mr. Bendick was in the China-Burma-India theater while his wife wrote chapters in New York for *Making the Movies*, and sent them overseas to him for editing. Once when Mr. B. commented in the margin, "Rewrite. It isn't very clear," the army censor wrote in, "It's perfectly clear to me."

West Coast announcer Frank Goss is going around with his chest stuck out these days, and it isn't his own success that's got him preening. Frank's as pleased as his own pup ought to be because his Doberman Pinscher, Rancho Dobe's Faro, took the blue ribbon in the senior puppy class at Harbor City's Dog Show.

A glance at radio news in show business's Bible, *Variety*, any week now is enough to give you the willies. At least three headlines on every page devoted to air information contains the word *axe*. On every network and in every agency, some pretty big heads have fallen already, some for economy reasons. But there's a suspicion that some of the personnel that's been axed, lost out on the pay envelope end because of too high standards in shows and, even for rather shameful political reasons. The atmosphere we hear ain't good what with more and more give-away shows hogging air time and throwing actors, writers and directors out of work and tending to lower the quality of such entertainment as is still being provided, and with a kind of *sub rosa* witch hunting atmosphere that exists throughout the industry. This can't lead to much good, for you, the listeners.

Hollywood, we hear, has blossomed forth with what amounts to its own Greenwich Village—in a limited sort of way. It's a three story building at 1558 North Vine Street, midway between Hollywood Boulevard and Sunset, in the heart of Radio Row. Locally, it is called "Character Castle," a title earned for it by its purely Bohemian tenants—musicians, writers, singers, record companies, publicists, conductors and arrangers, all in and out of each other's offices so much that it's more like a nice congenial community than an office building. The "Castle's" history is long and colorful. It was the first Paramount studio building, back in 1914, and the top floor offices once were dressing rooms and film storage vaults. The top floor has open-air corridors, designed like a labyrinth and completely baffling to strangers and—more important—bill collectors. It's a walk-up, the stairs inside to the second floor and out in the open to the third. The publicity office at the head of the stairs on the third floor is affectionately called "Grand Central Station," because of the steady stream of tenants running through it, taking advantage of the fact that it opens on both corridors and they can save a trip all the way around on the outside. Regulars roaming through are Jack Benny's Sportsmen Quartet, Jeff Alexander, conductor on the Amos 'n Andy stanza, Elliott Lewis, who comes through twice a week for a guitar lesson, Henry Russell, NBC's Western musical director, plus a bevy of beautiful secretaries and research assistants.

She spent the evening with that
"Left-Out Feeling!"



What fun is a party—for the girl other guests ignore? If only she didn't risk offending. If someone could whisper: "Never trust your charm to anything but dependable Mum." Mum gives safe, long-

lasting protection against underarm odor. Its unique modern formula contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. Be a safety-first girl. Get Mum cream deodorant today!

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

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



Product of Bristol-Myers

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

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

keeps you nice to be near

A recent guest on Bill Leonard's *This Is New York* was Deborah Kerr. The show's guest list reads like *Who's Who*—other visitors include Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Henry Wallace, Mayor O'Dwyer.



THIS IS BILL LEONARD

Three years ago, Lieutenant Commander Bill Leonard, just released from the Navy, auditioned for a new WCBS program, *This Is New York* (9:15-9:45 A.M. EDT Mon. through Sat.). Hundreds of headline interviews and stories later, Leonard can laugh when he recalls that audition.

"I was told that all New York was my beat, and I took that literally," he reflects. "In those days the program used to go on at 6:00 A.M., so I had to spend the nights looking for stories and interviewing people, and then prepare the show at the studio just as if I were going to air it."

Now one of the top interviewer-reporters in radio (he was guest emcee on *We, the People* and special network and television programs) Leonard's guest roster reads like *Who's Who*.

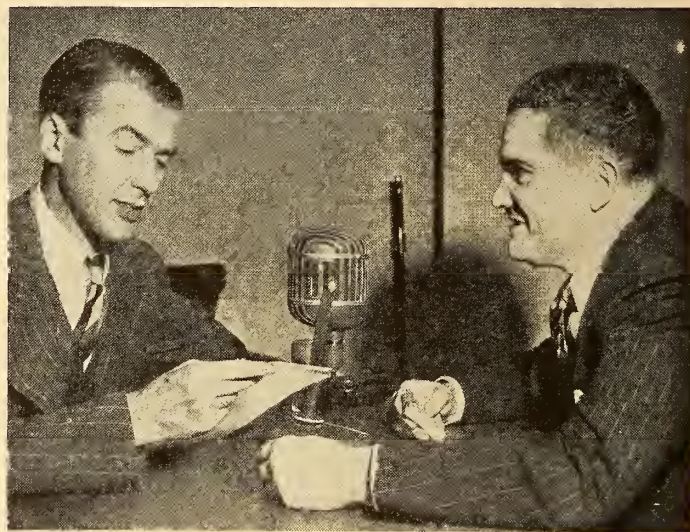
His staff of three crack reporters and two secretaries assists him in unearthing human interest stories and newsworthy events, places and people. They also help ferret out recipes and eating places, using a jeep for transportation.

Leonard concentrates on feature interviews, movie and play reviews. He covers all opening nights and since 1945 has seen more than a thousand plays and movies.

Born in New York City, Leonard spent his early childhood in New Jersey and Connecticut. He attended Avon School, and at college was managing editor of the *Daily Dartmouth*, a leading performer of the Dartmouth Players and president of the college amateur radio association.

After graduation he became a reporter with the *Bridgeport Post-Telegram*, announcer and script writer for WELI, New Haven, and head of his own radio producing group, Talent Inc. He also worked with the Newell-Emmett Advertising Agency in radio research and production.

An ardent amateur radio operator, he recently was thrilled when he was able to contact "hams"



Ex-navy man Leonard interviews ex-air corpsman Stewart. Leonard was discharged late in 1945.

in thirty-eight countries in twenty-four hours.

Leonard lives in Riverdale, New York, with his wife and their three sons, David Mullen, eight; William, three; and Andrew Harrison, two.

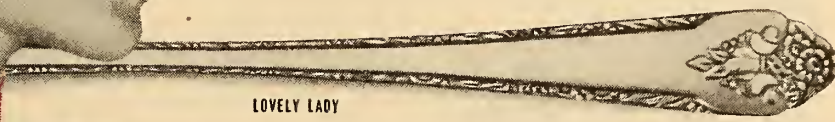
Of all the glamorous names and stories of which *This Is New York* can boast, Leonard is proudest of three special series: an explanation of the complex operations of city government; program profiles of some twenty of New York's main communities; and an industrial series covering the key business enterprises of New York.

The most admired patterns...



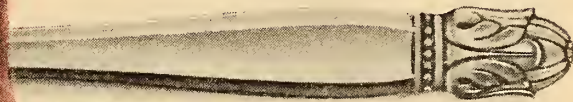
New SPRING GARDEN

are Sterling Inlaid, the silverplate with two blocks of sterling inlaid at backs of bowls and handles of most used spoons and forks.



LOVELY LADY

Thus the exquisite beauty of these four magnificently designed Holmes & Edwards patterns stays lovelier longer.



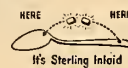
DANISH PRINCESS*

Particularly note Spring Garden, the gay, new favorite. 52 piece service for 8, chest included, in all patterns, \$68.50.



YOUTH

**HOLMES & EDWARDS
STERLING INLAID[®]
SILVERPLATE**



THE QUESTION MEN



Jim Westover asks the questions on KDKA's P. M. Tello Test Quiz.

There are two telephone calls KDKA listeners wait impatiently for every day—the calls of Bill Brant and Jim Westover.

And it's easily understandable why folks want Bill or Jim to call: they are the Tello Test men at the Pittsburgh Westinghouse station and when they're on the line they have cash for the person with the right answer.

Tello Test, the grandpappy of all radio telephone quiz shows, is simple in operation—just know the answer to the question Brant and Westover ask on their respective morning and evening shows, and you get the cash. They don't care where you get the answer—in fact they urge listeners to consult the encyclopedia or to call the reference department at the library. In that way the program is educational as well as entertaining. And listeners have sufficient time to check on the answer since if the question is not answered one day it is carried over to the next day.

Popularity of the two KDKA announcers can be traced to their activities on the station. Brant, a musician before he entered radio, is an authority on bebop and jive, and Westover majored in music during his college days. He favors the classics, opera and light opera.

Because of their backgrounds, it was natural for them to turn to the disc jockey chores at the station. Brant made friends throughout the nation late at night with his *Midnighter's Club*, and Westover found his mail piling up when he instituted his *Classics for Midnighters* and his popular organ program, *Consolaires*.

With their common interests, it was not surprising that they should get together and the result was a three-hour Saturday afternoon program of popular and classical recordings and transcriptions tailored for easy listening.

Their inherent announcing ability (Brant handles news and commercials, with Westover doing specialized programs which have won him honorable mentions and two first places in the H. P. Davis Memorial Announcers Award) and their propensity for ad lib make them a versatile team which has paid off in enviable Hoopers.



Bill Brant, l., of the A. M. Tello Test, tries Orrin Tucker's horn as the maestro looks on.



THE GIRDLE THAT'S ANATOMICALLY CORRECT, PLAYTEX PINK-ICE POWER-MOULDS AND SUPPORTS WITH COMPLETE COMFORT AND FREEDOM OF ACTION

ANNOUNCING A SENSATIONAL NEW KIND OF GIRDLE, THE NEWEST OF THE FAMOUS PLAYTEX® GIRDLES:

PINK-ICE

PLAYTEX proudly presents *PINK-ICE* — not as a color, but as a brand new kind of girdle that actually “breathes”—keeps you feeling fresh all day long.

Just touch it and you’ll feel the *difference*. It’s so shimmering smooth, so light, so cool. And it washes in a matter of seconds, pats dry with a towel.

PLAYTEX *PINK-ICE* is made of tree-grown latex, with an all-way stretch that power-moulds your figure along its natural lines and

controls your figure when you are sitting, as well as when you’re standing or walking.

Invisible under the sleekest dress, the slenderest clothes, PLAYTEX *PINK-ICE* becomes a living part of you, giving with every motion of your body.

See how *PINK-ICE* gives you back your own trim figure — inches slimmer and trimmer, in the most complete comfort!

INTERNATIONAL LATEX CORPORATION
Playtex Park, Dover, Del. ©1949



*Light as a snowflake
Fresh as a daisy—
Actually “breathes” with you!*

... In **SLIM** shimmering Pink Tubes
sizes extra small, small, medium, large:

- PLAYTEX PINK-ICE PANTY GIRDLE \$3.95
 - PLAYTEX PINK-ICE PANTY GIRDLE WITH CARTERS \$4.95
 - PLAYTEX PINK-ICE CARTER GIRDLE \$4.95
 - Extra Large PLAYTEX PINK-ICE CARTER GIRDLE \$5.95
- Also ask to see PLAYTEX LIVING GIRDLE. \$3.95
and PANTY GIRDLE, \$3.50

On sale in all modern corset and notions departments and better specialty shops everywhere!



R
M

FACING the MUSIC



Kay Starr and Ray Anthony teamed up for a jam session when Ray opened an engagement at the Hotel Statler's Cafe Rouge.



Martin Block conducts WNEW's Make Believe Ballroom (Mon. through Sat.) and NBC's Supper Club (Mon., Wed., Fri.).

By MARTIN BLOCK

The people over at M-G-M Records have started a new song-title game that seems as though it may be the beginning of a craze the likes of which we haven't seen or heard since the days of "Knock-knock, who's there?" It goes like this: You take a flock of record titles and weave them into a silly sentence. For instance, *Somehow, When You're In Love, There's Something About Paree, Just Reminiscing, Night After Night, Everything I Have Is Yours, Wedding Bells*. For a change of heart, try, *What's Wrong With Me, I'm Out To Forget Tonight, I'll Never Make The Same Mistake Again, It's A Cruel, Cruel World*. Try one and send it to me at RADIO MIRROR. The best one gets a brand new M-G-M album of records.

* * *

The latest Stan Kenton report making the rounds is that Stan will soon start touring the country with a new band after a lengthy vacation that included a trip to Brazil. We hear that it will still feature "progressive jazz" but in a less stringent manner. There will be much more versatility in the band with the hope that fans will take to the new school of music in a more kindly and lucrative way.

* * *

October is the month when the new Al Jolson picture gets around to the nation's theaters. This one is called, "Jolson Sings Again" and once more Larry Parks will mouth Jolie's singing voice.

* * *

Now that Betty Hutton has completed work on the musical film "Let's Dance," she has already started rehearsals on the one role that she's long wanted to portray, the lead in "Annie Get Your Gun." Her disc of two Frank Loesser songs from "Red, Hot and Blue" is one of the greatest wax platters made in many a year. You'll get a big kick out of listening to her "Hamlet" and "That's Loyalty."

* * *

It cost Frankie Laine \$1,000 to find out that a disc jockey can write songs as well as spin them. Platter pilot Steve Allen of KNX, Los Angeles, made a wager with the singer that he could write fifty melodies a day for seven consecutive days—Steve did it and Frankie paid! Of course, though, Frankie gets to own the melodies, without lyrics, and will try to make a few of them into hits.

* * *

Guy Lombardo's East Point House, the restaurant the maestro opened early in the summer at Freeport, L. I., has a unique accommodation for boat owners. The restaurant is situated at a point where two bodies of water meet, which gives the show-place two sides overlooking the water. To utilize the water frontage, Guy has had "slips" built for boats of many sizes. Hungry boaters can dock their craft next to the restaurant and have dinner, prepared in the inimitable Lombardo manner, within a matter of minutes.



Martha Wright of the Lanny Ross TV show (WNBT, Thurs., 8:30-9) talks with famous song writers Richard Rodgers (left), and Oscar Hammerstein.

* * *

Pert Patsy Lee, songstress on ABC's Breakfast Club, says it's a good thing cooking is her hobby. The comedy on the show is built around Patsy's hope chest and her search for a man. Since it started, Patsy's fans have sent her thousands of gifts for her hope chest—including five hundred pot holders.

* * *

A few weeks ago, tenor Ken Carson and his wife entertained the president of Ken's fan club as a house guest in their San Fernando Valley home. She is Mary Moody of Everett, Washington, who made the trip to Hollywood just to see Ken in person. That's loyalty for you, sure enough!

* * *

Elliott Lawrence's advance man, Sam Arnold, is finding the hotel situation pretty grim in many of the nation's smaller towns. When he arrived in one a few weeks ago, there wasn't a hotel available within fifty miles. The only alternative seemed to be the town jail, so Arnold offered to pay hotel rates for a night's lodging, but the jailer, who gets similar requests quite frequently, refused. There's a law against it so Sam slept in his car. What's the matter Sam? Don't you remember the old dodge from depression days, when it was a common thing to hurl a brick through the jail window and get lodged for several days?

* * *

Talking about books, Deems Taylor, that versatile composer and man-about-music, has just published his third volume, *Music to My Ears*, a compilation of his intermission talks on his Sunday afternoon radio series.

* * *

Chubby Silvers, one of Sammy Kaye's bandmen, had an expensive crease put in his size fifty-two band uniform when the crew was playing an engagement in Shea's Buffalo Theatre a while back. Chubby was in New York the weekend before the band left for Buffalo and had sent his uniform out to be pressed. When he reached Buffalo and started to unpack, he found a receipt from the tailor instead of a band uniform. So he phoned a friend in New York and asked her to pick up the suit and put it on a plane for Buffalo. The friend put the suit on the plane and herself with it, which brought Chubby's valet charges to a total of forty-five dollars.

* * *

Wilbur Hatch, musical director of My Favorite Husband, was about to leave his home in Iredell Canyon for the studios when a weather-stripping salesman met him at the door. The salesman delayed Wilbur's departure long enough for the maestro to see a brush fire, roaring over a hilltop toward his ranch. The salesman joined the maestro in battling the blaze, then took over alone when Hatch had to leave for a rehearsal at the studio. Phoning back later, Hatch learned that the salesman was still at it. He eventually was able to check the fire after an all-day fight with the result that Hatch bought enough weather-striping for his whole house.

FILM NEVER LETS UP

Awake or asleep, film is forming on your teeth — Pepsodent removes it!



FILM'S DANGER KEEPS GROWING ALL THROUGH THE DAY. (1) FILM collects stains that make your teeth look dull. (2) FILM harbors germs that breed bad breath. (3) FILM glues acid to your teeth, often causing decay. And remember—film never lets up, it's forming day and night on everyone's teeth.



FILM SNEAKS UP EVEN FASTER ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT. During the long still hours while you're asleep, mouth bacteria are multiplying in film's dull coating . . . "bad breath" germs that ferment food particles . . . also acid-producing germs that frequently cause tooth decay. So use film-removing Pepsodent every morning and night. No other tooth paste can duplicate Pepsodent's film-removing formula. No other tooth paste contains Irium*—or Pepsodent's gentle polishing agents. Use Pepsodent twice a day—see your dentist twice a year.

**Film on teeth forms night and day—
PEPSODENT cleans film away!**



ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF
LEVER BROTHERS COMPANY

*Irium is Pepsodent's registered trade-mark for purified alkyl sulfate.

R
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NOW! PROOF that brushing teeth right after eating is the safe, effective way to

HELP

STOP TOOTH DECAY with Colgate Dental Cream



NOW dental science offers proof that always using Colgate Dental Cream right after eating helps stop tooth decay before it starts!

Continuous research—hundreds of case histories—makes this the most important news in dental history!

Eminent dental authorities supervised 2 groups of college men and women for over a year. One group always brushed their teeth with Colgate Dental Cream right after eating. The other group followed their usual dental care.

The average of the group using Colgate's as directed was a startling reduction in number of cavities—*far less tooth decay!* The other group developed new cavities at a much higher rate.

Colgate's has been proved to contain all the necessary ingredients, including an exclusive *patented* ingredient, for effective daily dental care. No claim is made that using Colgate's can stop *all* tooth decay, or help cavities already started. But brushing teeth right after eating is the *proved* way to help stop tooth decay with Colgate Dental Cream. The Colgate Dental Cream now at your dealer's is the same formula that was used in the tests.

Always Use Colgate's* to

Clean Your Breath While You Clean Your Teeth

—and HELP STOP TOOTH DECAY!

**Right after eating*



**NO CHANGE IN FLAVOR,
FOAM, OR CLEANSING ACTION!**

TRAVELER OF THE



Mrs. Anna Spitzer, NBC's Traveler of the Month, spoke to emcee Bartlett of kind deeds, service and a long life which had been dedicated to her family.

One of the shortest trips on record landed our traveler of the month before our NBC microphone. But for her and us, the ten-mile trip from her home in Roseland, a suburb of Chicago, to the College Inn, where Welcome Travelers originates, was one of the most important Mrs. Anna Spitzer ever made.

This spirited little person, eighty-four years young, smiled up at me and made me think of all the pictures of grandmothers I'd ever seen. Her sparkling eyes and charming manner told me that she was a kindly soul, one who had devoted her life to taking care of others.

Mrs. Spitzer's opening remark was, "You know this is the first time in twenty years that I've been to the loop, and how it has changed."

When I asked why she hadn't been to Chicago's famous shopping center for so many years, when her home is but ten miles as the crow flies, she summed it up in a few words. "Daddy was sick, and I just couldn't leave him alone. Now he is gone and I'm so lonesome. I've heard your radio program, and I just wanted to meet you personally."

I considered it one of the nicest compliments I've ever had. I knew how much she missed her husband, with whom she had celebrated sixty-four wedding anniversaries before he passed away.

The audience in the College Inn loved Mrs. Spitzer. When they applauded, she laughed and waved back.

She told me she was born in Mokena, Illinois, which is just about thirty miles from Chicago, that she had come to Roseland as a bride. Her life had been a busy one, with children, caring for her home and her husband. It had been a full life, with happiness and contentment. Now, alone, she felt it was empty and she wanted to ease the pain of her loss.

We on Welcome Travelers wanted her to remember the day she spent with us. As it is our custom to entertain our guests, we planned a big day for little Mrs. Spitzer. We explained to her that we

Each month Tommy tells a story taken from the files of Welcome Travelers, heard at

MONTH

By
TOMMY BARTLETT

didn't want to tire her out, she could do as much or as little as she felt up to, but we did want her to pack in all the fun possible.

Twelve hours later, our pretty page Pat Fogarty who accompanied Mrs. Spitzer reported on their day. She said that our eighty-four-year-old gadabout was still spry and chipper after a full day that had included lunch, a sightseeing tour in a chauffeur-driven car, dinner and the circus. She also had time for shopping in Chicago's exclusive stores. She selected some dresses which were gifts from the show and had time to visit a milliner, who designed a hat for her, as a remembrance from Welcome Travelers.

But the nicest gift and the biggest surprise of all for our traveler of the month was a flight to Long Beach, California, to visit her brother, who was living there.

When I explained to Mrs. Spitzer that it was a rule of the air lines that all travelers over eighty have to have statements from their physicians saying they are able to stand the trip, she replied, "I don't blame the air lines. They wouldn't want to have a lot of old corpses on their hands!"

Like a veteran air traveler, Mrs. Spitzer boarded the Constellation and seven and a half hours later she wired that her brother and all his family were on hand to meet her at the Los Angeles airport for a big, happy reunion.

When she stopped by on her return to Chicago to tell us about the trip, she raved about the wonders of flying and the breath-taking beauty of California. She smiled and said, "Tommy, when I put my toes in the Pacific, I just wished that Daddy and I could have started all over again, and spent our lives in California."

It made me so happy that what had started out to be a little incidental trip of ten miles to the loop had developed into such a pleasant journey for our eighty-four-year-old traveler of the month.

It is things like meeting such fine people as Mrs. Spitzer that makes me the luckiest emcee in radio.



HELENA CARTER
Soon to be seen in
"TOMAHAWK", a Universal-
International release.
Color by Technicolor.

Helena Carter brought love into my life!

*I thought "dates"
were something to eat!*

Love was a dream I saw in the movies...until these words of Helena Carter tipped me off: "Romance and rough, red hands don't go together. I keep my hands perfectly smooth, soft and feminine with Jergens Lotion."

It was Jergens Lotion for me, pronto!



I noticed the difference right away...my hands looked silky soft. Then the men around the office noticed too! Now "dates" mean dancing and dining...and Paul thinks hands like mine need a diamond!

No other hand care keeps your hands so smooth, so lovely. Being a liquid, Jergens Lotion furnishes the softening moisture thirsty skin needs. Never oily or sticky. Still 10¢ to \$1.00 plus tax, for today's finer Jergens Lotion.



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!



By JOAN DAVIS

Mary Jane Highy plays Joan Davis, heroine of *When A Girl Marries*, Mon. through Fri., 5 P.M. EDT. on NBC.

WHEN A GIRL

If you have a problem you can't solve . . .

Next month *When A Girl Marries* resumes its usual length and we'll print the winning solution to the problem we posed in August—the problem of Mrs. M. S., who wondered whether to invest her family's small savings in special education for her three daughters, or to save it for old-age security for herself and her husband. And here is this month's problem, for which Mrs. E. S. has received \$25. If you can think of some good way of solving Mrs. E. S.'s dilemma, send it along . . . your advice may earn twenty-five dollars for you.

Dear Joan:

I am one of five children, married and have two children of my own. Two years ago my mother died, leaving my father alone. He was fine until about three months ago, when he started going out. He has heart trouble, and when we asked him to tell us where he was going he said it wasn't our business. But we discovered that he is nightly visiting a couple who has a bad reputation. The woman entertains other men when her husband is out. Recently another girl came to live with them who has a prison record, and whose husband is still serving time. One of the other men in the group was mixed up in a killing here several years ago. When we proved all this to my father, he told us he was old enough to know whom to associate with and to mind our own business. I know he's his own boss, but my father owns seven acres, a six-room house and a car. These people own nothing, live in a shack and might easily take advantage of him. What can I do to make my father see the risk he is running in associating with this crowd? The trouble is it may all be over before we can help, for I know he will be too proud to admit he's being taken for a sucker.
Mrs. C. S.

What would you do? Won't you send your answers to me in care of RADIO MIRROR? Now here are the problems I have chosen to answer this month.

WRONG MOVE

Dear Joan:

I have a friend who was married to a fine young soldier in 1942. She knows nothing of his family or friends, but they were very happy. He was sent to the Philippines in 1943, and she hasn't heard from him since though she wrote to the State Department. She has started meeting other young men. The other day she received a letter from an unidentified source saying they had news of her husband. She was to go to New York and bring \$500 with her. She loves her husband very much, and has the money. What should she do?
D. K.

Dear D. K.:

There are several things your friend might do, but—most *emphatically!*—obeying the summons of this letter is not one of them. I have never heard of a surer invitation to trouble than you outline . . . a letter from an "unidentified source," a request for money . . . nonsense! If your friend sincerely desires to locate her husband, the wisest course she can follow is to first write again in clear and explicit terms to the State Department, describing her situation and asking them to give her information about her husband which she has a legal right to obtain.

Then, too, she will find the local chapter of the Red Cross very helpful in tracing him. If she fears gossip, she might contact a Red Cross chapter in a nearby town, where she is not known, and ask them how to proceed. They will be glad to help her in her quest for her husband. Thirdly, if she can afford to, she would be wise to put her problem in the hands of a reliable lawyer, who will be able to guide her in her search for the silent young man and in her actions later on if she discovers that his silence is the result of reluctance to go on with the marriage or other emotional disturbance. But under no circumstances would any intelligent, reasonably cautious young woman pay the slightest attention to such a communication as the one you describe. There's "danger" written all over it!

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.

RADIO MIRROR WILL PAY \$25.00

to the person whose problem letter is chosen and

ANOTHER \$25.00 WILL BE PAID

to the person submitting the best answer to that problem in the opinion of the editors, whose decision will be final. Letters must be postmarked not later than Sept. 26th. No letters will be returned. Address Joan Davis, Radio Mirror Magazine, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Prize answers, with the name of the winner, will be printed each month. (Due to space limitations, we have not printed the prize letter for this month. It will appear instead in the November issue.) Winner of the prize for the month's best problem will be notified by mail, as those who submit problems usually prefer not to have their names used in the magazine.

"I dress for the theater...at 8 o'clock in the morning!"

MARRIES

why not confide in Joan

Dear Joan:

I was married in 1938 and had a son. When he was six months old his father left me without even saying good-bye, returning when the boy was nine months old, with promises to make a home for us. Shortly before our second child was born he disappeared again and I didn't see him for four years. But I divorced him and am now married to a man who is known to my two older children as their father since he adopted them; they love him very much and do not know that my child by my second marriage, a little girl, is not their full sister. They are now nine and ten years old. Shall I tell them about their real father now, or wait until they are older and ready to go out into the world? My present husband has always treated them as if they were his own.

Mrs. D. F. E.

Dear Mrs. D. F. E.:

Why speak at all? The mere circumstance of parentage does not make your long-gone first husband the real father of the youngsters toward whom he evidently felt no responsibility whatsoever. You are most fortunate that your second husband is a warm-hearted, understanding man who merits the love of your children and returns it—in every respect the ideal relationship between father and children. Why confuse the two children by telling them—either now or later—that the man they call "father" is not the actual author of their beings? In the truest sense of the word, he *is* their father; he has earned this place by his love and care. You would be very wrong, and would serve no purpose beyond that of trouble-making, to introduce any information that would jeopardize the security of your children and the position of your husband, for the sake of a man to whom none of you owe anything, and whose brief presence in your life is better forgotten.



1. "For the business world—a chic black suit—its jacket sporting an unusual combination of brown on black—its skirt slim and straight. And, of course, I rely on gentler, 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. So creamy smooth too—even if you leave the cap off for weeks.

2. "For the Broadway whirl—I remove the jacket and add a gleaming satin waistcoat and feather. I'm confident of my charm all evening, too, thanks to new Odorono Cream. Because I find it gives me more effective protection than any deodorant I've ever known."

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



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

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

Besides the variety acts, the Paul Whiteman TV-Teen Club features a teen-age chorus. The show is produced by Jack Steck, written by Ben Martin. Music is provided by Norman Black's orchestra and Herb Horton directs the cameramen.



Since the start of the WFIL-TV show, "Pops" has been cited by several organizations (including the VFW) for his work on behalf of U. S. youth.

"POPS" IS TOPS



You may know him as "Paul Whiteman, King of Jazz" or "Paul Whiteman, disc jockey"—it all depends on your age. But to thousands of youngsters in the Philadelphia area, this man who gave a start to some of the brightest stars in the world of entertainment is just plain "Pops." These boys and girls are members of the Paul Whiteman TV-Teen Club, which presents a weekly television show over WFIL-TV and the ABC network.

Staged at the 103rd Engineers' Armory in Philadelphia, the television program is the high spot of the club's activities. Some evenings more than 5,000 boys and girls gather to be entertained by talented performers of their own age group, and there's no admission charge. "Pops" and his teen-age daughter—pretty, vivacious Margo—handle the emcee chores, and it's evident to everyone viewing the program that the veteran orchestra leader is having as much fun as any teen-ager in the place.

What the television viewer does not see is the high good time enjoyed by the young guests before and after the show. Whiteman opens the doors of the armory to

club members for several hours every show night and they dance to the music of an orchestra composed of professional musicians, have their own dance contest, with prizes going to the winners, and enjoy refreshments sold at cost. The idea for the club and the television show was born in Paul's mind as a result of the successful Saturday night parties he organized for the youth of Lambertville, New Jersey, near his home.

To be eligible for membership in the Paul Whiteman TV-Teen Club, a girl or boy must be between thirteen and nineteen and must register at the WFIL-TV studios or the armory. Out-of-town teen-agers may form clubs by applying to Whiteman or WFIL-TV for charters.

Says "Pops": "Our goal is to see the club expand to such an extent that there will be others like it in cities throughout the country. I hope to personally be able to go to many of these places in order to meet the stars of the future and present them to the public myself. We're interested in providing wholesome recreation for the young folks and keeping them off the streets."

LOOK AT THE RECORDS

By JOE MARTIN

JIMMY DURANTE (MGM)—Jimmy really celebrates a great event as he sings "It's My Nose's Birthday." As for "Fugitive From Esquire" it's in the very best Durante tradition.

BUDDY CLARK (Columbia)—The master of melody who's only recently been getting his due as a popular singer has a new album on the market that's packed with great standard songs. "Songs of Romance" includes such favorites as "Just One More Chance," "Girl of My Dreams" and "Linger Awhile."

EDDY ARNOLD (RCA Victor)—It's another winner for America's top folk-singer in "I'm Throwing Rice (At The Girl That I Love)" and "Show Me The Way Back To Your Heart." They both have an appealing and wistful quality that's just fine.

RAY ANTHONY (Capitol)—The leapin' leader of a fine dance band offers a tongue-in-cheek version of "Darktown Strutters' Ball" and a novelty tune in "Velo." The pairing makes a delightful disc.

HARVEY STONE (MGM)—An ex-G.I. who saw some real humor in his life as a soldier tells the story on a record. This is the famous "G.I. Lament" with which Harvey Stone has been regaling theater, night club and radio audiences for the past few years. It's really funny.

BETTY GARRETT AND LARRY PARKS (MGM)—Mr. and Mrs. Parks make a fine record duet, too. Teamed on "Reckon I'm In Love" and "Side By Side," the pair come through in fine fashion while Larry sheds his Jolson voice for his natural vocalizing and Betty stays as Betty.

GENE AUTRY (Columbia)—"My Empty Heart" and "I Wish I Had Stayed Over Yonder" make two good ballads for Gene's soothing voice. He's co-writer of both songs.

SONGS WITHOUT WORDS (Capitol)—Offering a chance to win as much as \$1,000 cash, Capitol gives budding lyric writers the opportunity to pair their talents with such names as Johnny Mercer, Isham Jones, Ray Noble and others. Even if you don't intend to enter the contest, the melodies on the six discs in the album make excellent dinner music.



*The famous
yellow package*

All Beech-Nut Gums
have the uniformly high
quality and fine flavor
that have given them such
outstanding popularity
throughout the nation.

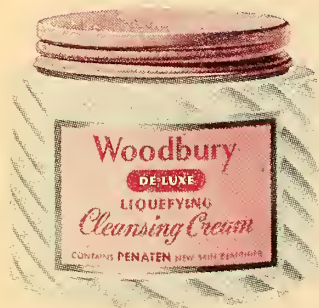
*It's "Always
Refreshing"*



PEPPERMINT
BEECHIES
The Candy Coated Gum
Also in Spearmint and Pepsin

New...
a special make-up remover!

Faster!
Thorough! for
cleansing tinted make-up!



Woodbury Cleansing Cream with Penaten

Do you use cream, cake or liquid make-ups?

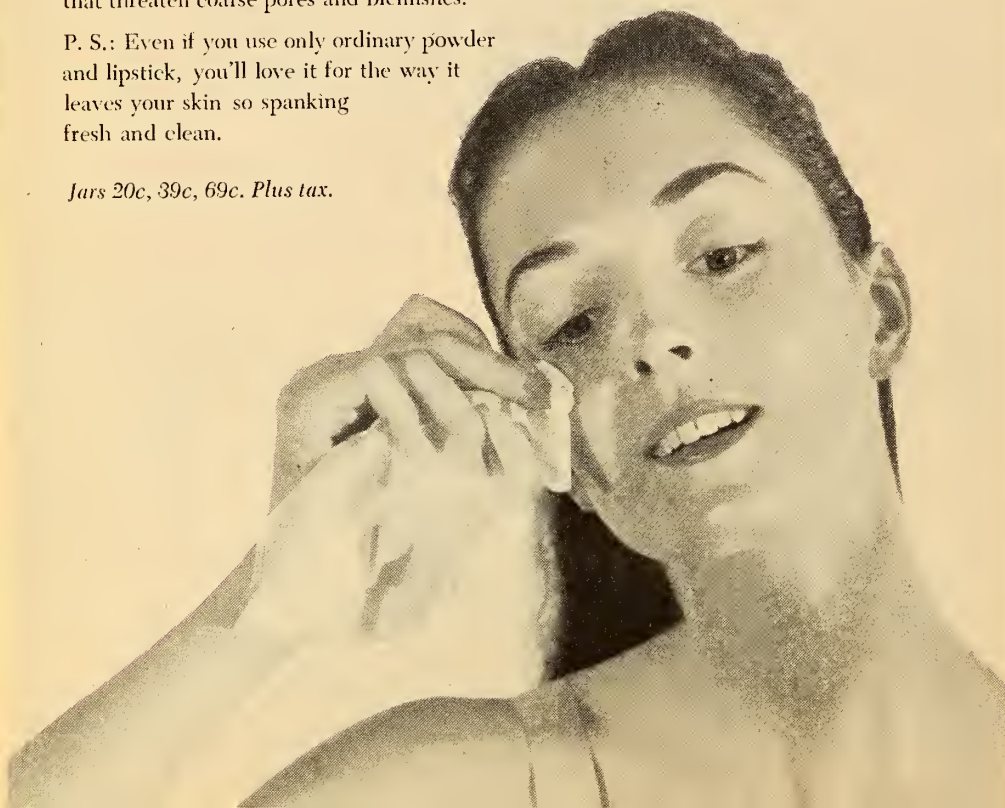
If you do, you probably love them because they cling for hours.

But the fact that they *do* cling means that they're harder to remove. And that's why Woodbury Liquefying Cleansing Cream is a boon and a blessing to so many women.

Here is a cream designed especially for women who use tinted make-ups. And because it contains PENATEN, it seeps deep into the pores, floating away clinging grime and pigments that threaten coarse pores and blemishes.

P. S.: Even if you use only ordinary powder and lipstick, you'll love it for the way it leaves your skin so spanking fresh and clean.

Jars 20c, 39c, 69c. Plus tax.



Coming Next Month



In November: Fibber McGee and Molly are appraised by their son, Jim.

There's a wonderful new surprise feature coming up in RADIO MIRROR which we hope to have ready for you in next month's issue. We're hard at work but even if we have to hold it for another issue, there's still an excess of exciting features in November. Jim Jordan discusses his parents—Fibber McGee and Molly—in a story that's both charming and frank. Also frank, but no less charming is Georgia Skelton's story—My Husband, Red Skelton. Red's the November cover boy, too. There's another Come and Visit feature—this time the welcome mat is out at Johnny Olsen's. And because November is synonymous with Thanksgiving, we're celebrating the festive day at Black Swan Hall—in color—with Our Gal Sunday. Also in color: Joan Davis and Kukla, Fran and Ollie, with stories.

* * *

Nostalgia department: for fifteen years now, the Lux Radio Theatre has been one of your favorite radio programs. To commemorate their anniversary, we're presenting a picture album on the history and highlights of this fabulous show. This is a not-to-be-missed feature in next month's issue.

* * *

And November is special for another reason—the appearance of the First Ballot of the RADIO MIRROR Awards. It's the ballot you'll need to enter the annual RADIO MIRROR polling of favorites—and surely you'll want to vote for your favorites, for RADIO MIRROR's Awards are the *only* awards reflecting audience preferences. All your regular friends will be around next month, too—plus the Reader Bonus—a fictionization of the daytime serial, The Brighter Day. You'll be able to get the November RADIO MIRROR at your newsstand on Wednesday, October 12.

LIVING IS A SERIOUS BUSINESS



During four years in service, WBEN newscaster Ward Fenton (fourth from left) aired army shows over various stations in N. Y. state. This picture shows the first program produced by Rome Air Field. (It was heard over Utica's WBIX.)



Nella Fenton, two and a half, helps Mommy and Daddy feed Ward III, six months, in front of the ever-present radio.

Ward Fenton, newscaster and night supervisor of WBEN, Buffalo, sometimes surprises his associates by his knowledge of the French language. Ward's proficiency stems from his prep schooling in Paris.

After graduation, he worked for three years in Paris for an international freight forwarding concern and the years he spent in Europe have contributed to the well-rounded education which has proved so helpful to newscasters. On his return to the States, he worked for a machinery firm and attended business school in Seattle, Washington. A lover of travel, he crossed the country by auto in 1938 and eventually landed in New York, where he worked at Radio City and attended announcing school. He was assigned to WJIM, Lansing, Michigan, and the next year went to WJBK, Detroit.

That same year he went to WENY, Elmira, New York, and was there until October, 1941, when he came to WBEN as morning newscaster. Here the roving radio man thought he had found a secure haven but Uncle Sam tapped him in 1942. During his tour of duty, he added many more stations to his credit, broadcasting army programs over outlets in Utica, Syracuse, Schenectady and other central New York cities.

He rejoined WBEN in April, 1946, and in addition to his radio duties has done considerable announcing over WBEN-TV and has been the interviewer on the Who's Who? television program. This is old stuff for young Mr. Fenton, who appeared on Schenectady's television station WRGB more than five years ago while in service.

His advice to radio-TV aspirants is to garner experience in as many phases of show business as possible. Ward himself took piano lessons and sang in the double quartet, glee club and church choir while at the Lenox School, which he attended before enrolling in the Mac Jannett school in France.

BETWEEN THE BOOKENDS

A few lyrical thoughts for October's bright blue weather



By TED MALONE

Radio Mirror's Prize Poem

RETURN

The gray frost clings to wagon wheels;
The old horse hangs his head, and feels
A drowsiness creep over him;
His knees relax, and eyes grow dim.

The driver lets the harness fall.
His wife, wrapped in a thin red shawl,
Stands close beside him near the stall:
Her lamp throws shadows on the wall.

What recompense for weariness,
And labor that seems meaningless?
A wife who waits for him at night
With eager eyes in lantern light.

—Marjorie S. Scheuer

LIFE'S BRIGHT WEATHER

The young wife lifted slim brown hands
to place
Another jar of fruit high on the shelf
And there was love like sunshine on her
face
And warm contentment deep within
herself,
Remembering how she crossed the rustic
bridge
Because the wild red plums were ripe to
can
And elderberries picked along the ridge
Woods-deep with her small son and her
tall man,
And thinking of the garden, row on row,
Which had been just a border for wide
fields,
Where she had helped green beans and
carrots grow
And learned the pleasure extra labor
yields;
Small things, yet she had stored up life's
bright weather
For winter hours the three would share
together!

—Anobel Armour

WHAT LITTLE GIRLS ARE MADE OF

Sugar, spice, and all things nice
Compose the nature feminine.
If that is so, I'd like to know
Who sneaked the dash of lemon in.

—Norman R. Jaffray

HALLOWEEN

A rabbit's foot
Or a knock on wood
On a night like this
Will do no good.

One step outside
Could be your doom—
There are no headlights
On a broom.

—Iva Poston

TOAST TO WOMAN

There's gladness in her gladness
when she's glad
And there's sadness in her sadness
when she's sad;
But the gladness of her gladness
And the sadness of her sadness
Is nothing to her madness when
she's mad.

—H. W. Guenther

MAN OF METAL (Ode for a Husband)

When I was twelve, my heart was meek
with awe
Of a boy with rusty hair and copper skin,
Whose temper was mercuric, and whose
jaw
Was well-known iron beneath a steely
chin.
His eyes were steely, too, twin hot blue
fires;
He had his share of brass, don't ever
doubt;
His whiskers, some years later, were like
wires—
Tungsten, not copper, I have since found
out.

With an iron will and muscles, nerves of
steel,
They called him Golden Boy—odd para-
dox.
Harder than nails at closing every deal,
He salted down his tin and ceased to box.
At fifty-six, his hair is rusty gray
With silver threads, and though the golden
path
He made for me had not one leaden day,
Lead weights his step in action's after-
math.

And now, at last, he's putty in my hand—
They put white lead in *that*, I understand.

—Lola Ingres Russo

EXILE

Your name comes back across my
mind,
Limping on little feet;
And suddenly the wind is chill,
Rain-black the street.

My mind runs wide with thorough-
fares,
But when the fall wind grieves,
Narrowly your name walks through,
Scuffing the leaves.

—Berniece Bunn Christman

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.

Be sure to listen to Ted Malone's program Monday through Friday mornings at 11:30 EDT over ABC.

Have You Heard?



JOAN LANSING

Down on Radio Row there are tall tales about a certain master of unceremony. Everyone I've talked to says he's a hazard to women's inhibitions. His name is Art Linkletter. This master of mirth runs a small daily riot called "House Party" on the American Broadcasting Company network but it's like no house party I ever attended. For Pillsbury's mid-day host is a genius at verbally creeping up on an unwary participant. His interviews are famous for revealing repartee. As a matter of fact, someone once said that Linkletter could find something gay and funny in a quilting bee at an old maid's home. If "House Party" is any indication of this talent, I agree completely. Linkletter perpetually skates on the censor's thin ice. The personal questions he asks the Mrs.'s at the mike are unbelievably funny. But that's not all of "House Party", there are stunts that could be conceived only by a master . . . games, quizzes and contests of the "est" variety—biggest feet, oldest old maid, longest married and so on. But the crowning glory of this noontime madness is Linkletter, the man who flies through his ad libs with the greatest of ease and makes "House Party" the best reason for staying out of the noon day sun ever invented.

P.S. In case you don't know it's at 12:00 noon EST every weekday.

★ ★ ★

Anyone can put her foot into it, but you should hear the contestants on Peter Donald's show talk their way out of it! This is just about the most hilarious example of the ticklish situation I ever heard. For here is the proof that silence is NOT golden. Peter Donald sows his wild oats (Quaker, of course) by donning fantastic guises to go with each situation — "Scarface Stiletto" was my favorite with "unwashed Donald" a close second — and then the trapped participants talk their way out of it to the tune of cash prizes. Naturally Peter Donald's masterful dialects are the *creme de la creme* which makes me sorry "Talk Your Way Out Of It" — a mad melee of wit and nitwicism — is only aired Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 3:00 PM EST on the ABC network.

★ ★ ★

Other Tips on Daytime Dialing
Modern Romances 11:00 AM EST
 Thrilling dramatizations of twentieth century love.

Galen Drake 4:00 PM EST
 Interesting facts and fiction told by a master entertainer.

Betty Crocker 10:25 AM EST
 Instructive household hints you'd never find elsewhere.

Joan Lansing

Advertisement

LESLEY WOODS



Lesley not only wanted to act — she was sure she'd be good!

Ever since she was a small girl in Berwick, Iowa, Lesley Woods not only wanted to be an actress, but was sure she would be a good one. Lesley is now heard as Peggy Martinson on This Is Nora Drake, broadcast over CBS, Mondays through Fridays at 2:45 P.M., EDT.

Lesley went to St. Joseph's Academy, a boarding school in Des Moines. It was there she won a contest reciting poetry with gestures which earned her a year's free tuition in elocution, which made her decide acting was for her.

She got a job with a stock company at Benton Harbor, Michigan, and later, through a connection she'd made at Benton Harbor, she got small parts in a summer theater at Spring Lake, New Jersey.

While she was there, seasoned professionals told her the methods for getting jobs on Broadway, among them to write to all the producers months in advance. Lesley did and got a job with the Theatre Guild. As she puts it, "I really got the small part I did get, because I was so cocksure that I could play the lead."

Even with that break, it wasn't easy sledding, however. Lesley did get roles in several other plays, but between parts she had the problem of eating. She solved that by working in department stores and at the straw hat theaters, saving as much as she could for the lean winter.

After returning to New York from a road tour, Lesley decided to go home to Chicago for a square meal and a rest. She only intended staying a short while, but she found all her friends were in radio there and she had no trouble getting plenty of work on the air.

She still wanted to be in the theater, though, so after two years she moved back to New York on the strength of a job in a summer stock company. But the war had hit by then and summer stock was dead. Lesley tried radio and found it very easy to get started this time, her Chicago experience and contacts standing her in good stead.

Meanwhile, she had married John Abbate, an architect. After the war was over, they spent two years in Europe and ". . . I wouldn't have missed any minute of it for anything in the world," Lesley says.

Lesley was scared for a little while, wondering how they would get started again after two years away. She need not have been. Once she let people know she was back, work began coming along pretty regularly and she's in constant demand again.

Your Loveliness is Doubly Safe



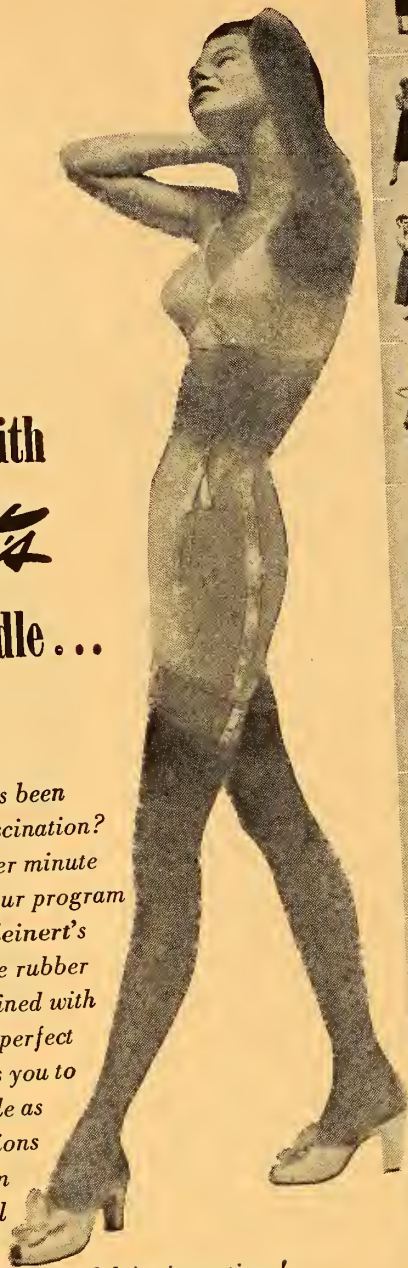
Because
**Veto gives you
 Double
 Protection!**

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!**

look slimmer
in ten seconds with
Kleinert's
*Slimderella Girdle...



be slimmer
in ten days with
Kleinert's
Glamour Program...

Have excess inches been robbing you of fun, freedom, fascination? Then don't waste another minute... start on Kleinert's glamour program today! First... slip into Kleinert's Slimderella Girdle. Pure rubber for perfect control... lined with absorbent, soft, knit-cotton for perfect comfort. Slimderella molds you to vital new beauty, yet it's flexible as your skin. All over perforations for coolness. Fleece lined bottom edges, smooth flat seams, flannel backed garters assure you perfect freedom from rubbing. Washes and dries in no time!

Every inch sizes... 24 to 36. Step-in Slimderella... \$3.50.
Easy-on slide-fastened Slimderella... \$4.50.

Free! Helena Rubinstein Reducing Diet and Beauty Plan

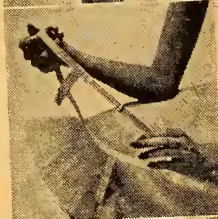
... an exciting part of Kleinert's glamour program! No dreary "rabbit food" routine... you get appetizing, satisfying meals, yet you can lose as much as seven pounds in ten days. This diet... by world-famous Helena Rubinstein... is just part of Kleinert's glamour program. The whole plan is yours for the asking... at your store that sells Kleinert's garments.

With your Slimderella girdle, you get a free sample of Kleinert's *Mirelle powder. A delightful deodorant... helps you slip into your girdle, helps prolong its life.

*Ⓜ Prices slightly higher on the West Coast



***Sani-Seants**
Really smooth protection for troublesome days! Dainty, knit panties with waterproof panel. Tabs for pins. White and flesh in rayon, \$1.25. All nylon, \$2.50.



***Nuvo Elastic Sanitary Belt**
Can't twist, cut or curl. Adjusts to any size. Anchored safety pins or pinless fasteners. In rayon—50¢; nylon and acetate—65¢.



***Braforms**
The uplift bra gives you wonderful lines—the attached shields protect your clothes. Nylon marquisette, 32-42. \$2

salute to...

This autumn, in the season of rich harvest, CBS has brought together the most remarkable collection of old and new favorites that it has ever offered radio listeners. To salute this magnificent crop of music, comedy, drama, variety and mystery, RADIO MIRROR has dedicated a special issue.

This Sunday through Saturday Broadcast Cavalcade is already being heard, or will be on the air within the next few weeks. All of the people you see on the cover, those whose stories are in the feature section of this issue, and many more, have turned their talents to bringing you old favorites and new programs which are likely to become favorites. The autumn horn of plenty overflows.

RADIO MIRROR feels that such an array of programs and talent, as well as the effort behind the scenes that went into gathering these shows and stars together, is worthy of special mention. This All-CBS Issue of RADIO and TELEVISION MIRROR is the magazine's way of drawing the special attention of you, the reader-listener, to what CBS has to offer you this coming season.



The Editors

The Life and Times of

CBS

The Fabulous Story of a Network That Grew Faster than Jack's Beanstalk

By **LOWELL THOMAS**



Mr. Thomas, currently on a world tour, plans to broadcast via short wave, whenever possible, at his regular time: Mon.-Fri. at 6:45 P.M. EDT over CBS stations.

More fabulous than any fairy-book tale is the story of CBS.

Thirty years ago, even the word "radio" was not in common use. The crackle of Morse code signals and the occasional voices and music heard mainly through the earphones of crystal sets was called "wireless."

And the gigantic network of the Columbia Broadcasting System had its beginning only twenty-two years ago!

Twenty-two years from two small studios and a great dream to the vast company that now serves 185 affiliated radio stations in the United States as well as forty-two television stations; that employs thousands of people and is a vital part in the life of millions; that brings great news, great drama and great music to virtually every household in the land.

The Jack who planted the magic beanstalk was a small cultivator compared to William S. Paley. He is the man who merged two companies—United Independent Broadcasters and Columbia Phonograph Broadcasting Company—named the new company CBS, became its first president at twenty-seven, and has been its guiding, dynamic force ever since.

In 1926 the wealthy, powerful NBC was established—the biggest thing by far in radio—backed by the millions of RCA.

The start of CBS within a year was very different. CBS began with relatively little money. Its main assets were an idea, a high hope and after young Bill Paley took over, a determination to catch up with NBC—to surpass NBC.

The miraculous strides made by the radio industry



At his first show for CBS in 1931, Bing Crosby (shown here with ad executive Jack Nelson) wore the golf togs that have marked his broadcast appearances ever since.



Twenty years of Burns and Allen—1929-1949: George and Gracie haven't changed much in that time and their talent is still as appealing as it was then.



Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson were a popular husband-and-wife singing team during the thirties. After her husband died, Miss Sanderson retired from air.



Who doesn't remember Major Bowes' Amateur Hour? The late Major's program, first of its kind, incubated many famous talents—Frank Sinatra among them.

as a whole are due in no small part to the competition that began between these two major networks before Mutual was organized and before ABC completed the quartet of separate national networks.

My first regular broadcasts were over CBS. They started in 1930. The reorganized CBS was barely a year old, but even in that first year it had been striding ahead in ten league boots. The race of the giants was starting!

Each year saw great innovations, new technics, new stars. CBS had its full share of notable "firsts" as well

as a full roster of names that were to become famous in every corner of the globe.

Look at the list of some of the great who came to radio prominence on CBS:

Deems Taylor narrated his own new opera, "The King's Henchman," on the first broadcast made by the new network on September 18, 1927.

To the concern of his friends, H. V. Kaltenborn left the city desk of a newspaper to give full time to broadcasting CBS news. They shook their heads sadly over his rash exchange of (Continued on page 89)

R
M



Mug went along when Arthur was "piped aboard" the Navy plane *Constitution* for a special broadcast from the giant airship.

My Boss,

You never know what's going
to happen next when you work for
an unpredictable redhead . . .
but that's what makes it exciting!

By MUG RICHARDSON

"Well, Miss Richardson, go on up to New York and start in on this career of yours and lots of good luck to you. But if you don't like it—if you run into trouble with any big city wise guys or some producer wants you to wear a feather and stand in a spotlight, come on back here and I'll give you a job. My secretary is leaving in a few weeks and I'll be needing someone."

That's what Arthur Godfrey said to me the first time I met him way back in July, 1934, at six o'clock in the morning at Station WTOP in Washington, D. C. I had just won the title of "Miss North Carolina of 1934" and was being shown around the Capital city by my chaperons from Raleigh. The night before I had been taken to Club Michelle, a roof garden spot where Arthur was working at night as a bandleader-emcee. He introduced me from the floor for a bow and arranged with the folks from the North Carolina State Society, who had sponsored the beauty contest, for me to come on his early morning show the next day for an interview.

When his program went off the air Arthur and I

chatted awhile and I explained I was on my way to New York to try modeling or work in a show or nightclub until September when I was entered in the Miss America contest in Atlantic City. I can see his doubtful expression yet, as he looked at me—a green, wide-eyed young kid with a southern accent you could cut with a knife, and said, "Well, remember what I told you—if you find you don't like it up there in New York, come on back here and I'll give you a job."

Up to New York I went, full of excitement, hopes and dreams, anxious to get a job and get going in the big city. My chaperons had arranged for me to live with a lovely family, Mr. and Mrs. Billy Castle. The Castles were vaudevillians who had an apartment in Manhattan which their sister kept for them whenever they were on the road. They were simply wonderful to me, gave me my own room and took care of me as if I were their daughter.

Through the Castles I met the late Marty Sampter, a theatrical agent, who at that time managed Barbara Stanwyck and Joe Penner. He was a little startled

Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts, now heard Mondays at 8:30 P.M. EDT, will return on TV at the end of Sept. Godfrey and His Friends, scheduled to return on TV Sept. 23, will be telecast on Wednesdays at 8:00 P.M. EST. Godfrey's morning program, heard at 10:15, M.-F., returns to the air on Sept. 26. All programs are on CBS and WCBS-TV stations.

ARTHUR GODFREY



"Mug is my production chief plus-plus-plus," says Godfrey whenever people ask him about Mug's job. And Mug, to whom "plus" can—and usually does—mean everything from chauffeuring to remembering names, doesn't think she could find a more fascinating job: "I love it. It's full of hard work, late hours, surprises, a million laughs—and I'm never, never bored!"

at the name Mug, which had been tagged on me by school chums back in my home town of Wendell, North Carolina, but he said it was at least different and I might as well use it. Sampter decided the first thing I should do was get a daytime job so I could study dramatics and dancing at night. And he wanted me to take elocution lessons in order to lose my thick accent. Marty was a live wire and within a few days I was set with a modeling job in a wholesale evening dress house in the garment center.

But it didn't take me long to discover that modeling dinner gowns all day long for buyers, with the constant dressing and undressing was not the glamorous toil I thought it would be. I didn't know anyone in town except the Castles and I was so dog tired at night that I didn't have the energy to go out on a date even if I'd known any boys to ask me. And besides, after six weeks that old homesick feeling really began to get me. I told Marty I wanted to quit and go home or back to Washington, where I had friends. He begged me not to leave just yet because the Paradise nightclub, then one of the top spots in New York, was looking for girls for their new show and he felt sure he could get me a job there and I'd be happier.

At his insistence I went over and met Nils T. Granlund (N.T.G.), the producer who ran the place. He looked me over and sent me to the dressing room to try on one of the show costumes. When I was handed the "costume," I nearly died. It was only net—literally—with a string and a bead here and there, and I just wouldn't put it on. I ran out of the dressing room, starting to cry, mumbled an



Mug and Arthur relax at Colbee's, a Manhattan



Mug's delight is reason to suspect that Godfrey is planning a prank with the rabbit he has hidden in his hands.

apology to N.T.G., and left, miserable as could be.

The next day some friends of mine came up from Washington, and at the sight of familiar faces my homesickness got the best of me. I called Marty and told him I had definitely made up my mind to leave New York. I thanked him for all he had done for me, marched down to the dress house, collected my check and drove back to Washington with my friends that night.

The following morning I called Arthur and made an appointment to see him. I told him what had happened and he had a knowing smile on his face as he said, "I knew you'd be back. You're not the type to buck all that razzle-dazzle in New York." So I went to work for Arthur Godfrey, the beginning of what has been a wonderful association. I never did get to the Miss America contest in Atlantic City, but I've never regretted it for a moment.

Arthur's secretary broke me into the work and showed me as much as she could before she left. Though I had taken some commercial courses in high school I decided I needed to brush up so I started night school. But getting up at four-thirty in the morning so I could get to the studio by six

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Hardly anyone remembers that Godfrey's Girl Friday was christened Margaret. Mug is a schoolday tag that stuck.

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I managed to get along fairly well though, except for the times Arthur would blow up at me for some stupid mistake I'd made. I was a sensitive kid and it took me a little while to get used to him before I could "take it." I soon learned, however, that Arthur can rage like fire, blow his top for thirty seconds, and then it's all over and he's forgotten what he was mad about. He has what they usually call a "typical Irish temper." And I might add that after all these years he hasn't changed a bit in that respect.

Of course there are a few things that time hasn't changed in me either—my spelling and my arithmetic, for example. To this day one of Arthur's pet expressions to me is, "You can't even spell Duddle's-squat," a southern saying meaning what, I don't know, and I don't think he does either. And he'll scream, "Mug, you *still* can't add!" In the early days, besides my secretarial work, I used to take care of Arthur's check books, accounting, etc., and if I'd make an error, which I often did, he'd work for

hours trying to find it. It wasn't the missing penny, it's just that he has such a terrific mathematical mind that it drives him crazy until he finds that one cent difference.

He taught advanced math when he was in the Coast Guard and has a brilliant head for that sort of stuff. He was determined I should "get with it" and made me take a La Salle extension course in accounting and bookkeeping, but when I got all through I still had trouble with figures. So he was finally convinced it didn't do me a "darned bit of good."

Fortunately though, Arthur soon began to get more sponsors on his early morning show and we had to get a regular full-time accountant. And gradually my duties grew and grew until before I knew it I was compiling most of the material he used on his broadcasts—letters, notes, suggestions, poems, newspaper and magazine clippings—anything I thought would fit into his humorous style of rambling, impromptu talk. Then, as now, I sat next to him while we were on the air and handed him one piece of material after another as he went along. I developed somewhat of a—well, I guess (*Continued on page 87*)

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RED SKELTON and CO.

The funny man's a family man now—and doing nicely, thank you

Some people would hesitate to keep antique furniture and fragile porcelains in the same house with redheads. But not the Skeltons—and they're four redheads strong: Red, his wife Georgia, daughter Valentina Marie and son Richard Freeman. Even though the Skelton home isn't temper-proof, it is beautiful—Georgian colonial with nine rooms, located in star-studded Bel-Air. In the pink entrance hall, there's an antique organ. And since both Red and Georgia putter with paints, most of the paintings around bear the Skelton signature. Red keeps his movie projector, electric trains and playback in a den separate from the house and he's just beginning to wonder when the two little redheads will discover that room and make it their own. But in the meantime, he's having all the fun he can.

Red Skelton can be heard on Sundays, beginning September 25, at 8:30 P.M. EST on CBS.



Red's hobbies, family and photography, combine for shots of wife Georgia, and small Skeltons, Valentina Marie, Richard Freeman.



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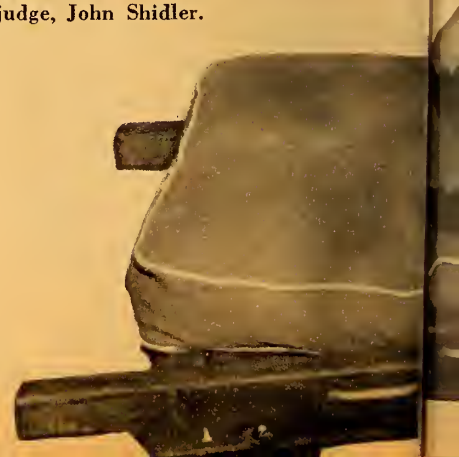
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Three very good reasons why Rosemary likes to stay home as much as possible: Margaret, Martha, baby Valerie.



There's a long-standing family croquet tournament—a round is played whenever there's time. Rosemary's husband is a judge, John Shidler.



THE FACE IS FAMILIAR

*Face known to movie-goers,
voice to radio listeners—
here's Rosemary DeCamp
at home, when she's
not busy being an actress!*

By FRANCES KISH

Out in Palos Verdes, those "green hills" of California that were once part of a Spanish land grant, you follow a slight hill a quarter of a mile from the Pacific and come upon a large, white-plaster, Mediterranean style house, roofed with rust-colored tiles. It has nine rooms, a big sunporch, and a white-walled patio, and something's going on in practically every part of it practically every minute.

It's the house that Dr. Christian's nurse, Judy Price, lives in, when she's just being Mrs. John Shidler, née Rosemary DeCamp, wife of Judge Shidler and mother of seven-year-old Margaret, three-year-old Martha, and baby Valerie.

The Shidlers bought the place a month after John was discharged from the Air Corps. It's presided over by Rosemary, with the help of a treasure of a nurse and a combination housekeeper and cook—this latter an elderly Japanese who answers to "Jo" and is most polite and almost completely un-understandable.

There are always pets about, permanent and transient ones—dogs, cats, ducks, and anything in the vicinity that walks, crawls or flies and that Margaret has been able to snare. For first-grader Margaret (Nana to the family) is all wrapped up in bug-ology at the (Continued on page 79)



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Being the mother of Liza and Constance gives Eve authority and wisdom she otherwise would not have had for her role as Miss Brooks.

"If I Did Teach School"

Teachers are supposed to know all the answers—and most of the questions, too. That's why Eve is so well qualified, for as radio's Miss Brooks—and the mother of two—she gets plenty of practice

By EVE ARDEN



In character: the object of Miss Brooks' affection, whether he knows it or not—and usually he doesn't—is Madison High's biology teacher, Mr. Boynton (played by Jeff Chandler).

So I'm a school teacher! Once a week, as Miss Brooks—who is sort of America's answer, in slang, to England's Mr. Chips—I survive the calamities of pedagogy. Because my writers are resourceful, I sometimes emerge from a classroom encounter in jaunty triumph.

Those writers, and my audiences, should see me at home.

Last week my elder daughter, Miss Liza—aged four and a half—came to me with a problem. "Mommy, what is light?" she inquired in the casual tone of one who is about to hear a simple, vivid answer.

I gave it some thought. What is light? Well, it should be easy . . . light is what the sun sheds on the earth.

"But, Mommy, it's light sometimes when the sun doesn't shine—like when it rains."

The sun is still shining, of course, just behind the clouds, darling.

"But after we've seen the sun go down, it is still light for a little while. What makes that?"

Reflection, of course. You see, the sun is still shin-

ing against the curvature of the earth which acts as a . . .

"And then, Mommy, when it is perfectly dark outdoors, it is light in the house."

Ah, yes, my darling daughter, but the light in the house is caused by electricity. We turn it on at the wall switch, or with the little chain in the lamps, remember?

"Mommy, what is electricity?"

Mommy is going down for the third time, but she is game to the end. She says that once upon a time there was a man named Benjamin Franklin who tied a key to a silk cord and tied the silk cord to a kite. In the midst of a lightning storm. . . .

Whereupon my daughter, always a genius at *non sequitur*, turned a cherubic smile upon me as she asked, "Mommy, what means Dixieland?"

"Dixieland is a place," I said with decision, "just west of the rising sun and just south of total chaos. It is a place where mint grows on silver glasses, where it is not corny to be a colonel, and where Jack Benny keeps Phil Harris between Sundays." (Continued on page 74)

Manhattan Rain

A FIRST



1. One rainy day in New York Dr. Bob Lawton, in desperate need of a cab, bails Pleasant Bolton's taxi. The back is occupied by Cassy Clemmons, on her way to be married, but Lawton's car has broken down on an emergency call to deliver twins and he persuades Cassy to detour through Teaneck and assist him.

"When it rains in the big city," says New York cabbie Pleasant Bolton, "lots of things happen. Take yesterday. It was raining cats and dogs. I was cruising down 56th Street when all of a sudden this beautiful dame comes rushing towards me, all excited."

Thus Manhattan Rain, vividly and skillfully enacted by the same cast you see pictured here, gets under way and another exciting First Nighter drama is on the air.

CAST

Cassy Clemmons.....Barbara Luddy
 Dr. Robert Lawton.....Olan Soule
 Pleasant Bolton.....Bob Jellison
 Walter Rathbun.....Willard Waterman



2. Once in Teaneck, Cassy has ideas of her own. Told by Lawton to boil some water, she puts up several gallons, then calls her fiance, Walter Rathbun, to explain. Lawton interrupts, demanding the water.



6. At her fiance's house the men decide she must not face Walter alone. Cassy objects and proves her point by kicking Lawton in the shins. However she is overpowered and all three of them go in to soothe Walter.

NIGHTER DRAMA



3. How was Cassy to know Dr. Bob only wanted a little hot water for tea! Lawton scolded her gently and made her exchange her rain-soaked clothes for a dry nurse's uniform belonging to the expectant mother.



4. Three hours later Robert beams at Cassy who tenderly smiles back at him as she holds the newborn babies. By this time Cassy has discovered that the doctor is not married and her eyes are sparkling.



5. "That," says Pleasant, "is how your eyes *should* look when you get married. And your dress is the right color, too!" But on the return trip Cassy is glum . . . until a sudden stop throws her into Bob's arms.



7. Since Walter refuses to listen to reason, Cassy goads him into fighting Lawton who, unfortunately, gets the worst of it. As Cassy watches helplessly, Walter (who is 6'5") lands a hard right to Lawton's jaw.



8. "My darling, are you hurt?" sobs Cassy as she comforts Robert. "What do you mean by darling!" shouts Walter. "Do you love this man?" "Yes!" shrieks Cassy. "I love him and I never want to see you again!"



9. With eyes sparkling, Cassy Clemmons and Dr. Robert Lawton take leave of their cab driver-turned-Cupid as the curtain falls on another First Nighter performance in the little theater just off Times Square.

HE'S MADE HIS

Groucho Marx has been combining comedy and questions for some time now on his quiz program—but nobody's ever bothered to quiz Groucho. To correct this tempting oversight, RADIO MIRROR dispatched Fredda Dudley Balling to turn the tables on Groucho. Here are the questions Mrs. Balling asked—and the answers she received.

Q. I understand that your name is Groucho Marx. Why?

A. I was named after my brothers, Chico and Harpo.

Q. There doesn't seem to be much connection, except for a family insistence on the letter "o."

A. They were born first, so you see I was named *after* my brothers, Chico and Harpo.

Q. Is Groucho your real name?

A. No; my real name is Julius. I was so-called because my mother mistakenly thought my Uncle Julius had a lot of money hidden away. The idea was that when he passed to his reward, he would be so pleased at having a namesake that

we all would receive a rich inheritance.

Q. And?

A. Uncle Julius lived with us, board and room free, for thirty years. When he finally departed, he still owed my father \$38.00. This came as quite a shock to my mother.

Q. How did you acquire the name Groucho?

A. From a juggler who appeared on the same vaudeville bill with my brothers and me. He started at the foot of the family and worked up: he called Gummo by that title because he always wore his rubbers, rain or shine, and in those days rubbers were called 'gum shoes.' Harpo played the harp. Chico was a chicken fancier, and I don't mean the chickens you keep in coops. Zeppo, the youngest, was named after a clown we saw one time. They called me Groucho because I was supposed to be grouchy. This is a lie, of course.

Q. What are some of the other names you've been called?



Groucho's a quiz kid now and goes to the head of the class. Better yet, he proves that he's still one of the funniest men alive



MARX

A. To what age group are we addressing this interview?

Q. This is a family magazine, Mr. Marx.

A. Then I'll omit some of the names I've been called. However, in the movies and on the stage I've been known impressively as "Professor Wagstaff," "Rufus T. Firefly," "Otis B. Driftwood," "Dr. Hackenbush," "Attorney Loophold," "J. Quentin Quale," "Wolf J. Flywheel," "Lionel Q. Devereaux," "Julius B. Fritewiff," and "Emil Kreck." That last guy got in through a Kreck in the script.

Q. Now, Mr. Marx, let's have some vital statistics. For example, how old are you?

A. That's not a vital statistic, that's a chemical formula. Besides, I'd rather avoid the question on the grounds that I can't remember; it's been years since I had my rings counted.

Q. Birthplace?

A. New York.

Q. Height?

A. Five feet, seven.

Q. Hair?

A. Yes.

Q. I meant, what color is your hair?

A. Early nubian, or Beverly Hills black.

Q. Eyes?

A. Two—both brown.

Q. As for your mustache, Mr. Marx—true or false?

A. Like love in the soap operas, it started out false but as time wore on it became true. In movies, my mustache was a generous smear of burned cork. In radio, I was persuaded by my producer to let my mustache grow. A week later I was persuaded by my wife to shave it off. One week on, one week off. Somebody had to weaken. It was my wife; she let me keep the mustache.

Q. Weight, Mr. Marx?

A. Sure. As long as you like, baby.

Q. I mean, how heavy are you?

A. Last time I lifted myself, the hand on my suspenders stopped at 155, which was probably the address of the manufacturer. Besides, it was my hand and it was holding up (Continued on page 97)



We, the People



Dan admits that his wife Louise was a big help to him—not only in picking these stories—but long before that.

I REMEMBER BEST

By Dan Seymour

Mrs. Richard Bennett (right), organizer of Polio Parents, was on We, the People with Virginia DeFabio, whose life found new meaning thru Polio Parents.





Mary Margaret McBride was persuaded to join Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Dan when they sang "Busy Doing Nothing" on *We, the People* one night. The trio didn't exactly make musical history, but what's more important, they had a lot of fun.

Little or great, well-known or obscure,
We, the People represents all types, but whoever they
 are, each one has something to offer . . .

I'm a hard man to pin down. When you ask me—and everyone does—what people, what story I remember best of all of those I've come to know on *We, the People*, I'm hard put to it to find an answer.

Not that there aren't memorable stories. Just thinking of it, faces crowd my memory, and stories, dozens and dozens of them, clamor to be told. That's the trouble. How is it possible to choose one "best" when there have been so many that tear at your heart with their poignancy, to recall but one face, out of so many unforgettable, un-forgotten faces?

Maybe I'm the wrong man for the job—maybe I'm too soft, or impressionable, or whatever you want to call it. But in all my twelve years of association with *We, the People*—first as an announcer and more recently as master of ceremonies—there've been very few people and very few stories it would be possible for me to forget.

Perhaps before I try to tell you any of those stories I should explain (I admit it—I *am* stalling!) how the guests for the program are chosen. *We, the People* has a staff of highly trained researchers who do nothing but comb the papers and the wire services to find interesting and heart-warming stories of great and little people. Not that little people can't be great. Quite the contrary—usually it's their stories, so quietly wonderful, so unspectacularly magnificent, that are the ones that are best-remembered.

I remember one such "little" person—small in size as well as in relative importance in the world. His name is Richard (*Continued on page 91*)



Nine-year-old Dick Kenney was the hero of Salisbury, Conn.—and later of *We, the People*—for stopping a careening school-bus.



1. As housekeeper for the Henderson family, Beulah shares their troubles and laughs, helps solve their problems and ease their worries. Beulah doesn't devote her whole time to the Hendersons though. There's her boyfriend, Bill, for instance. He's a great big hunk of man who loves Beulah, but feels that marriage isn't anything to rush into. But Beulah isn't a gal to give up easily.

Actress Hattie McDaniel was well-known to movie audiences long before she started in radio as Beulah, but even a seasoned veteran can have butterflies in her stomach at the microphone. "I thought I'd never get through those first few broadcasts," says Hattie. She did though, and admirably, now having two full sessions to her credit. Hattie's first movie appearance was as Queenie in "Show Boat," but she is best remembered for her Academy Award portrayal of Mammy in "Gone With The Wind."

Hattie lives in Hollywood, drives her own car and has a reputation as a fine cook.

With Hattie on the Beulah show are Hugh Studebaker, who plays Harry Henderson, Beulah's employer; Mary Jane Croft as Harry's wife, Alice; and Henry Blair as their son, Donnie. Ruby Dandridge is Oriole, housekeeper next-door and Ernest Whitman plays Bill Jackson, the man Beulah sometimes despairs of ever getting roped and tied. But while there's life, there's hope is her motto—and there's a lot of life in Beulah.

Beulah

She's a gal with a smile on her face, a song in her heart, a load on her feet . . . and as the Hendersons' housekeeper, she's rapidly becoming a national institution



2. Beulah serves breakfast—and advice—to the Hendersons—Alice and Harry and their son, Donnie.



3. Beulah always says that she gives her boyfriend, Bill, plenty of rope but he refuses to tie the knot.



4. Sunday is Beulah's day off and rather than stay home without her, the Henderson family goes out.



5. Beulah's wit shines when she gossips over the wash with Oriole, the next-door housekeeper.


Beulah can be heard Monday through Friday at 7:00 P.M. EDT, over CBS stations.

Come and Visit

You might see Ed Murrow teeing off with a hefty southpaw wallop or you might smell delicious aromas escaping from Janet Murrow's kitchen or maybe you'd hear Ed and his young son, Casey, making a record on their wire recorder. For up on Quaker Hill in Pawling, New York, where the Murrows live, life is easy and pleasant—and they make the most of it.

"This cedar was hand-hewn by some Finns who came over during the World's Fair," explains Ed, proudly referring to his log cabin type, eight-room house atop 1,500 feet of Berkshire foothills.

"Janet, Casey and I start coming up here in early spring and don't close the place until the snow begins to fall." (Pawling is about seventy-seven miles



Golf's his sport—and Jane's—but Ed spent the summer planning a sequel to "I Can Hear It Now," his album of famous speeches.

A news commentator travels the whole world over—but there's always one special place he prefers to call home



ED MURROW

By PATTY de ROULF

from Manhattan, where Murrow broadcasts.) "Gives me plenty of exercise," the commentator continues, "what with storm windows to put up or take down, the garden to be planted, the cedar to be oiled and a tempting golf course practically in my back yard."

But the CBS news commentator looks like the kind of a gentleman who can take his share of exercise. He's six feet one, carries himself with easy grace and has the appearance of a Hollywood casting director's dream of a foreign correspondent. Yet, in his steady climb to success, Murrow has never lost that quiet, friendly Southern hospitality. His home is constantly packed with guests from Europe, scholars, newspaper men, radio people. He and Janet and even three-and-a-half-year-old

Casey seem to possess the magic which attracts friends back to Quaker Hill again and again.

Greensboro, North Carolina, is Ed Murrow's home town. He was born there on April 25, 1908, son of a farmer. When the Murrow family moved to the state of Washington, young Edward spent college vacations working as a compassman and topographer in the thick timber regions of the country. From necessity he had to carry his lunch with him and eat on the ground week in and week out. As a result, there's nothing he hates worse these days than going on a picnic.

At Washington State College, the lad from North Carolina made Phi Beta Kappa and in 1930 set foot on a career which began (*Continued on page 102*)



When Ed cleans his guns for the fall hunting season (pheasant's his game), Casey likes to help.



Ed calls exercise what most people call work. One of his "exercises" is oiling the cedar logs.

RADIO MIRROR

TELEVISION

SECTION

For this special all-CBS issue, RADIO MIRROR presents on this and the following seven pages, a review of the television shows which either are available now on CBS-TV or will be very shortly.

These are early season plans, of course, subject to change without notice as new programs develop and others drop out. Shows may be switched to different dates and time slots. But any changes will be in the interest of better programming for you, the viewer.

In this general CBS round-up the shows are listed, for your ready reference, by the type they are: Variety, Drama, Children's Shows, Music, News, Sports, etc. The territory covered is wide—ranging from Ed Sullivan's Toast of the Town, the Goldbergs and Lucky Pup to Bob Howard, Quincy Howe and a Brooklyn Dodgers baseball game. Whatever your tastes, the scope of CBS's television program is broad enough to satisfy them, for these shows—plus the special events such as guest appearances, films, holiday celebrations, etc.—are all designed to round out the exciting new TV season that is just beginning.

There's



Headed for TV—maybe: Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone—and the whole gang.



Not yet scheduled, but on the way: Edgar Bergen and his indispensable Charlie.

VARIETY...



Ed Wynn is working on a TV show for presentation this fall.



Crosby also expects to bring himself to TV on CBS this year.



Inside U.S.A., TV musical revue, debuts this fall. Arthur Schwartz is producer.



Rehearsal shot at Toast of the Town brings into view the seldom-seen production men. Broadway columnist Ed Sullivan (right) emcees this CBS revue.

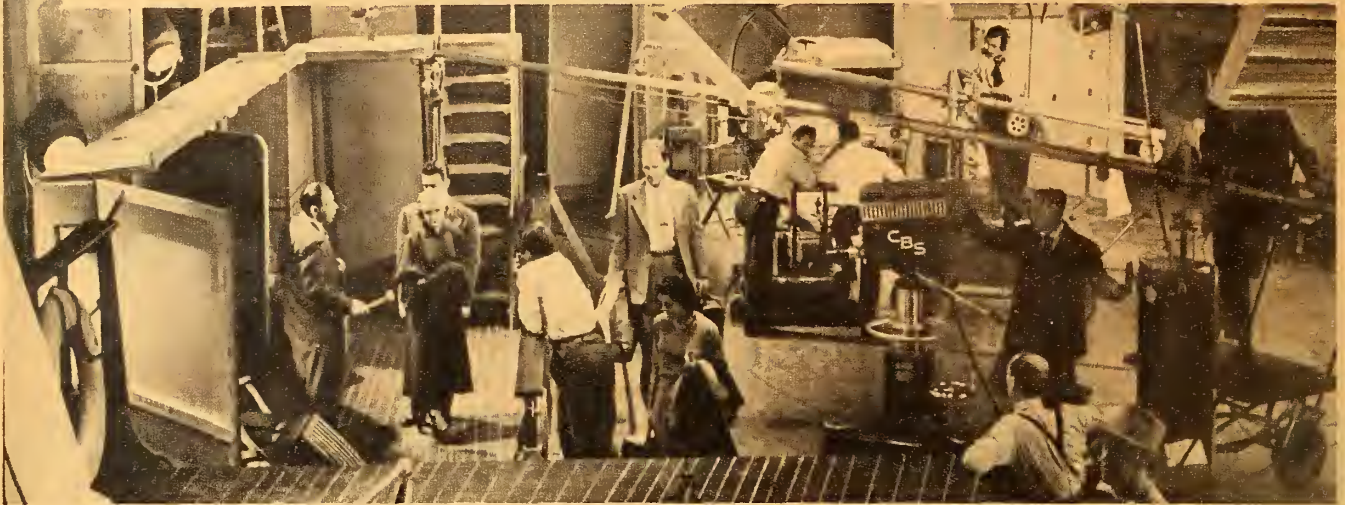


Tex and Jinx McCrary continue as editors of CBS's living magazine, Preview.



The Fred Waring show: an hour-long CBS musical with variety supplied by the Pennsylvanians, a flock of featured singers—and a dance contest.

There's DRAMA...and



Shades of Hollywood: This is the set used for Cabin B-13, presented by the TV chiller show, Suspense.

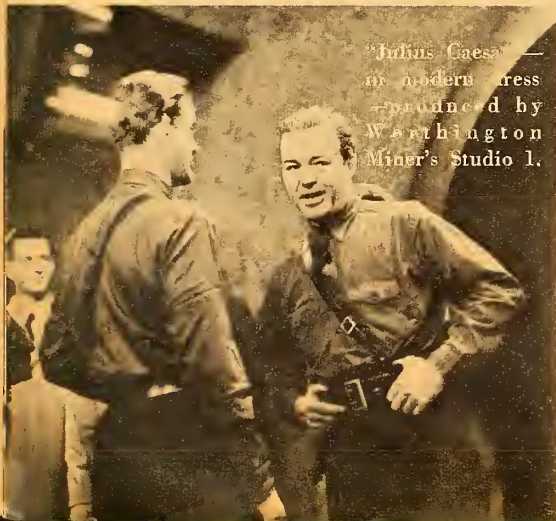


Family Portrait No. 1: The Hansens of San Francisco in the new Mama.

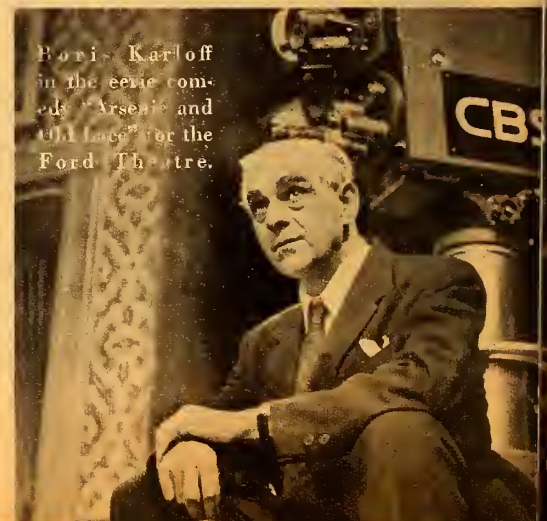
CBS brings the Great White Way theatre district right into your own living room every night in the week with musical shows, comedies, drama and intimate little plays about family life. The five programs illustrated here are only a part of the CBS-TV lineup—there's lots more fine entertainment already on or scheduled for the coming months, but these are most representative: Ford Theatre, now on every other Friday at 9 P.M. EDT; the Goldbergs, Mondays at 9:30 P.M. EDT; a Suspense chiller, Tuesdays at 9:30 P.M., EDT; Mama, adapted from the book, *Mama's Bank Account*, which was a hit on the stage and screen as "I Remember Mama," is on Fridays at 8:00 P.M., EDT; and Studio One, a Worthington Miner production, on Mondays at 10 P.M., EDT, with a repertoire ranging from frothy comedy to Shakespeare in modern dress.



Family Portrait No. 2: The ever-popular Goldbergs of The Bronx.



"Julius Caesar" in modern dress produced by Worthington Miner's Studio 1.



Boris Karloff in the comic "Arsenic and Old Lace" for the Ford Theatre.

FUN for the CHILDREN...

Some people call them "family shows," though these excursions into fantasy, puppetry and cowboy lore are planned for children. Basic premise for Paul Tripp's Mr. I. Magination is that children long to play grown-up parts. On this Sunday program a child always gets that chance, in an otherwise adult cast, made up of Paul, wife Ruth Enders, Ted Tiller and others. The *piece de resistance* is a wonder-train.

On Lucky Pup it's the \$5,000,000 inheritance that magician Foodini tries to take from the Pup, and the encounters with Pinhead and Jolo, that have the kids on the edge of their chairs five days a week and during the filmed Saturday resume. Hope and Morey Bunin are the creators, puppeteers and voices for the crew, Doris Brown is the narrator.

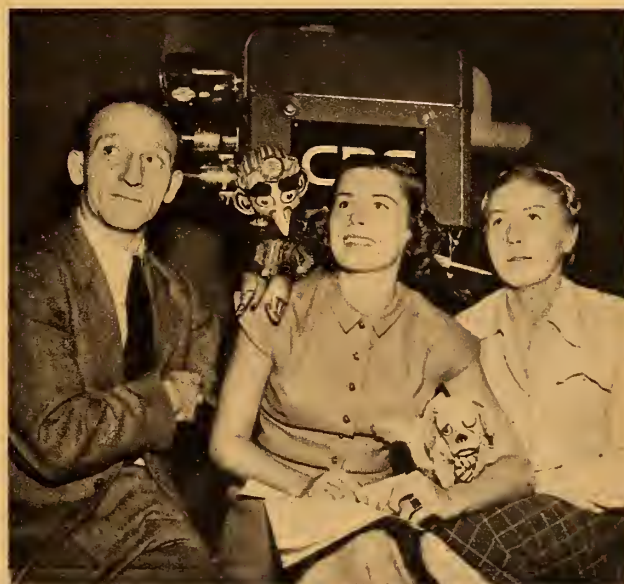
Sheriff Bob Dixon, his dog and range lore make Chuck Wagon popular with thousands of young "deputies." Bob sums up children's programs this way: "If they like your stuff, then you're in solid."



Paul Tripp, as Mr. I. Magination, takes wishful kids—via television—to Imaginationland.



Chuck Wagon: Bob Dixon and canine Tumbleweed Grogan rate high with small fry.



Foodini parks on Doris Brown's shoulder, Lucky Pup in her arms. R. and I. the Bunins.

There's MUSIC...



Pianist, organist, singer, composer—it's Ted Steele and he's seen and heard on his one-man variety program over CBS-TV.



Another one-man show: Bob Howard, who's at the keyboard five days a week at 6:45 P.M. EDT.



Al Bernie heads the parade of Broadway talent on the 54th Street Revue on CBS-TV every Thursday evening at 8:00 EDT.

Spotlighted on this, and the opposite page are some of CBS's outstanding musical programs which provide good looking as well as good listening. From Monday through Sunday, CBS's television menu is varied enough to provide something for all tastes.

For a well-balanced Monday evening's viewing, you can choose (musically) among Cliff Edwards and his ukulele antics, Bob Howard's sweet-talking piano and the indomitable Godfrey and his Talent Scouts. (For more about Godfrey, see page 26.)

Then there's a quiz show—one with a twist—It Pays to Be Ignorant. For the ladies—and any gentlemen who care to look—there's Dione Lucas, who knows the way to any man's heart; and Dorothy Doan, who brings Vanity Fair to life every weekday at 12:30.

Tuesday's fare is equally varied. Musically there are still Bob Howard (heard through Sat.) and Ted Steele, who's on daily. There's also sophisticated Sonny Kendis and his piano, assisted by glamorous Gigi Durston in the vocal department. Another singer worth looking at



Musical quiz show: Warren Hull emcees Spin to Win with its \$15,000 Jukebox Jackpot.

is Jeanne Bargy, daughter of famous band leader Roy, who has her own show, Blues By Bargy, Tuesday, Wednesday and Saturday.

Wednesday offers Cliff Edwards at his usual time—7:45 (if you like his style you can catch him again on Friday) and Arthur Godfrey and his Friends. Following Godfrey is Paul Winchell and his engaging friend, Jerry Mahoney, plus Dunninger, the mentalist.

Come Thursday, you can hear Sonny Kendis once more and enjoy the 54th Street Revue, with funnyman Al Bernie and a variety of well-known entertainers. A new mystery show, scheduled to begin about the time you read this, will probably be on view Friday night at 8:30.

Winner Take All, the exciting giveaway emceed by Bud Collyer, is on Saturday at 8:00 P.M., followed by Ken Murray's Blackouts.

Beginning in October a new show, Tonight on Broadway, will feature excerpts from successful shows, played by the theater cast. You will also find fun in your future with Jack Sterling, and perhaps a fortune on Spin to Win—if you can identify tunes played backward!



Piano-playing, ballad-singing Jeanne Bargy calls her one-woman show Blues By Bargy. On Tues., Wed., Sat., 7:45 P.M.



Variety of style: Sonny Kendis and Gigi Durston, the supper club brand; Cliff Edwards (below), who's on hand with uke.



There's NEWS...



Doug Edwards does the announcing on CBS Television News telecast Monday thru Friday at 7:30 P.M. EDT.

Want to know what's happening in Bagdad or Butte? In Washington or the United Nations? Doug Edwards informs you Monday through Friday on CBS Television News at 7:30 P.M. EDT, and Quincy Howe gives you In the First Person analyses every Saturday evening at 7:30. Doug started with CBS in 1942, made his mark as a newscaster who presented facts clearly, concisely and correctly in one of the easiest-to-listen-to voices on the air. And when TV came along, listeners found Doug just as easy to look at.

Quincy Howe, in addition to his Saturday analysis of the news, conducts People's Platform every Monday evening from 9:30 to 10. On this program the Harveys, Don and Judy, who represent an average young couple, open a discussion on some topic that millions of other Americans are pondering. Recorded opinions of average citizens are followed by a pro and con discussion by experts, moderated by Mr. Howe. Issues can't be solved in half an hour, but the viewer gets a better background for his own thinking on the subject.



Quincy Howe is a two-program man: a Saturday news analysis and People's Platform.



People's Platform: an informal forum. Left to right: Dwight Cooke, Jeremiah Cross and Henry Pratt Fairchild.

There's SPORTS



CBS's roving television cameras bring the stadium into the parlor, covering Eastern football games, the tennis matches, basketball games and the big track meets. TV has been responsible for getting more people—especially women—interested in following sports.

Time was when if you owned a television set you spent most of your viewing time watching sports events. Fragile ladies who had heretofore blanched at the sight of a cut finger strained to see punch-drunk prizefighters slug it out to the last battered and bruised round. Sports are still among the more popular and important items on TV, and their feminine fans are way up in the thousands, swelled by all those early-day converts who had to watch, if they wanted to see anything at all.

CBS-TV has been right up there with the first and the best in bringing the special events and the big games to the viewers. And you'll see plenty more this fall and winter—the fights, baseball, boxing, the tennis matches at Forest Hills, golf, basketball and the big track meets. Football is announced by veterans who never miss a fine point.

Intimate interview programs like Red Barber's Club House, a quarter-hour Saturday 6:30 to 6:45 telecast, open with a survey of the week's major sports developments followed by an interview with a top figure in sports. The program usually ends with late bulletins and scores. And Your Sports Special program, Monday through Friday, at 7 to 7:15 P.M., has daily sports scores and news, clinics and interviews—the whole proceeding presided over by a trio of experts consisting of sportscaster Bob Edge, hunting and fishing authority Van Campen Heilner and radio-TV vet Jack Sterling.



The Brooklyn Dodger home games (that's famed Ebbets Field above) are telecast by CBS; also the fights and wrestling.



"All Three of Us—"



Grace is used to being a fishing widow during season, but with Andrea around, she doesn't mind it *too* much any more.

When husband and wife cease to be each other's favorite topic of conversation, there's usually a very good reason. In this case it's an enchanting young redhead—who also happens to be their daughter!

By HAZEL SHERMET

If radio's Big Sister were the sort of person to be eclipsed by anybody, she'd be eclipsed by Little Sister. Not on the air, that is. At home. And by her own choice.

At home, where Big Sister is Grace Matthews, or Mrs. Court Benson, the limelight is very definitely on Little Sister, otherwise known as Andrea. Andrea is a fascinating young person with red-gold hair, brown eyes, and an enchanting smile. And she is just one year old.

Once, if you met them for a light snack lunch at the restaurant in the CBS building, or spent an evening at their home, Grace Matthews' and Court Benson's talk would be about each other. It still is, but indirectly. No longer is Grace's favorite topic of con-

versation the husband she's so much in love with—nor is Court's favorite topic exclusively Grace. They now have a favorite topic in common: Andrea.

There is nothing surprising in this. A first baby is always a minor miracle to its parents, and this one took a long time making her appearance. Her coming was delayed by the war with its long separations, by the post-war readjustments of two careers. By the time they could plan for her, Grace and Court not only were ready to welcome her, but had grown pretty anxious. Of course, it's true Little Sister was somehow expected to be Small Brother!

Andrea was born in September 1948, and Court and Grace have been married since October 1940. They had met in Toronto on (Continued on page 84)



GOD GAVE ME EYES

ON THE COVER



Here are the programs in which the stars pictured on the cover appear. You can hear them now—or very shortly, when they return to the air for the fall season—at new times, in new shows, on CBS

1 EDGAR BERGEN

Projecting his humor through those two personalities of his own creation, Charlie McCarthy and Mortimer Snerd, Bergen ranks as one of the great comics of his time. He can be heard on CBS stations, Sunday evenings at 8, EST, beginning Oct. 2.

2 ARTHUR GODFREY

Great popularity brings Godfrey to the air on three CBS programs: Talent Scouts, Mon., 8:30 P.M. EDT (also on TV beginning in late Sept.); Godfrey and His Friends, TV, Wed. 8 P.M. EST beginning Sept. 28; and daily, beginning Sept. 26, Mon.-Fri., 10:15 A.M. EST.

3 JACK BENNY

Sunday night at seven never seems right without the man from Waukegan around to hand out the laughs—mostly at his own expense. Benny returned to his perennial spot on September 4 and can be heard at 7:00 P.M., EDT, Sundays on CBS network stations.

4 LUCILLE BALL

Lucille found a whole new audience when she took over the role of Liz Cooper on My Favorite Husband. Richard Denning is her partner in this show that makes domesticity a mad delight. My Favorite Husband can be heard on CBS stations, Fridays at 8:30 P.M. EDT.

5 GRACIE ALLEN

Burns and Allen occupy a niche among combinations that is closely akin to such inseparables as ham and eggs or scotch and soda. Gracie's scatterbrain sallies can be heard on Wednesday evenings beginning September 21 at 10:00, EST, when B. & A. go on over CBS.

6 GEORGE BURNS

The restrained exasperation which characterizes George on the air doesn't show up here, but that's probably because Gracie didn't take the picture. George, of course, is heard right along with Gracie beginning September 21 on Wednesdays at 10 P.M., EST, over CBS stations.

7 MARIE WILSON

Playing dizzy blondes so delightfully on the screen was excellent training for Marie Wilson, for now she plays the dizziest blonde of all—Irma. My Friend Irma is the name of the show and it is broadcast over CBS network stations on Monday evenings at 10:00 EST.

8 RED SKELTON

Red paints pictures of clowns and according to those who know about such things, they're pretty good. But most people prefer it when Junior Skelton does his own clowning. And that he does, beginning Sunday evening, Sept. 25 at 8:30, EST, over CBS stations.

9 BING CROSBY

It is probable that only the deaf are unaware of this gentleman's gifts. The crooning Crosby, who seems to appeal to everyone from six-year olds to septuagenarians, will be back on the air Wednesday evenings, beginning September 28, at 9:30, EST, CBS stations.

10 GERTRUDE BERG

Guiding the Goldbergs through radio, the stage and TV (plus playing Molly) has been Gertrude Berg's well-loved task. The Goldbergs are on TV Mondays at 9:30 P.M., EDT, CBS, and this fall marks their return to radio—Fridays at 8:00 P.M. EDT, also CBS.

11 GROUCHO MARX

Groucho Marx with his brothers is insanely funny. And Groucho Marx without his brothers is just as insanely funny. Taking up the role of quizmaster, self-styled, Groucho can be heard beginning September 28 on Wednesdays at 9 P.M., EST, on CBS.

12 EVE ARDEN

Everybody wants to go to school these days, especially to one named Madison High where a brisk, blonde lady named Miss Brooks teaches English. And it's brisk, blonde Eve Arden who plays Our Miss Brooks over CBS stations, Sunday evenings, 6:30, EDT.



Helen Trent, top Hollywood designer, and Gil Whitney, prominent lawyer, are in love, but thus far have been unable to marry. Here at her home, Helen places a flower in Gil's lapel while her friend, Agatha Anthony, pours tea. But they are interrupted by Rex Carroll, wealthy movie producer, who is infatuated with Helen. With him is actress Rita Harrison, who dislikes Helen because of Rex's interest in her. Rex is angered by the sight of Gil but Rita restrains him, hoping to encourage Helen and Gil's romance. (Conceived and produced by Frank and Anne Hummert, Helen Trent is heard M.-F., 12:30 PM, EDT on CBS with Julie Stevens as Helen Trent; David Gothard as Gil Whitney; Bess McCamman as Agatha Anthony; James Meighan as Rex Carroll and Kathleen Cordell as Rita Harrison.)

HELEN TRENT

This is the story of a woman who proves
that romance can exist at 35—and far beyond



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MY

By
**DESIREE
BALL**

This portrait is proof enough that Lucille inherited a fair share of her mother's good looks.



Says Lucille Ball to her mother: "You made me what I am today, I hope you're satisfied!" Mother is all of that . . . and then some

Favorite ACTRESS

I've been asked, as I suppose nearly every actress's mother is, how Lucille ever got into show business. The answer to that is easy—you find it in our early home life, in the way Lucille was brought up. "If," I tell them, "you'd seen our house in the old days, with play-acting all over the place, day and night, you'd know it would have been a minor miracle if Lucille Ball turned out to be anything *but* an actress!"

Lucille says the same thing. "You made me what I am today," she'll tell me, lifting the words out of one of the old ballads that used to make our little white house in Jamestown, New York, shake in its rafters.

We had a good time—a wonderful time. There wasn't a lot of money, and the house certainly wasn't anything like the showplace Lucille lives in now, and Lucille and the other children didn't have lovely clothes and big cars and all the trimmings that they've managed to acquire since

they've grown. But we had the best thing in the world, the one that money can't buy, that all the riches in the world won't make up for, if you lack it. We were happy. We had *such* a good time!

My children and I made our home with my parents, in a rambling two-story frame house—the old-fashioned kind with a living room *and* a parlor, and huge sliding doors in between. We'd come to Jamestown from Wyandotte, Michigan, when Lucille was four, right after her father died and just before her brother, Fred, was born. Later on, when my sister passed away, her little girl, Cleo, came to join us. With Grandma and Grandpa, we had one of the first requisites for a happy—and noisy—home: lots of people, plenty of children.

Almost from the first day we moved to Jamestown we were mixed up in amateur theatricals in one way or another. (Continued on page 93)

The My Favorite Husband crew: Richard Denning and Lucille Ball as the Coopers, with Ruth Perrott as Katie the maid.



the **MARIE WILSON**



STORY

Radio's Irma is the lady of a thousand legends,
all of them contradictory, all of them true. But they have one
source in common—her own great generosity of spirit

By PAULINE SWANSON

About eight years ago, a man named Ken Murray was looking for a leading lady for his show, "Blackouts." He had some very definite ideas in mind. The girl he wanted must measure up to these specifications: "She must be a blonde—with a body. I want a girl that will make every man in the audience want to climb up on the stage. If she can talk, fine—if not, I'll teach her. That isn't what counts."

He chose Marie Wilson for the part.

Three years ago a man named Cy Howard was looking for a leading lady for his new radio program, My Friend Irma. Cy, too, knew exactly what kind of girl he wanted. The one he had in mind must measure up to these specifications: "She must be a pretty, wide-eyed little girl, kind and sweet—but not sexy. She must be able to look like a secretary and sound like a secretary. Gentle, naive, innocent."

He chose Marie Wilson for the part.

Marie has just finished her all-time record run in "Blackouts" in the middle of the show's eighth year. So Ken Murray must have been right when he chose her as his leading lady.

Marie has also just begun her third sponsored season on My Friend Irma, a program which finished last season in second place among all the shows on the air in terms of popularity with listeners, ahead of programs which cost five times its modest weekly budget. So Cy Howard, who writes the show must have been right, too, when he chose

Marie to play the part of Irma.

But how is that possible—how is it possible that both men, looking for such widely different types, both chose Marie Wilson and had their choices proved right?

The answer, of course, is that Marie Wilson is both of those girls, and a lot more.

She was a Hollywood legend fifteen years ago and she will be a Hollywood legend until she dies as—her friends insist—"the most beloved old lady in the poorhouse" somewhere about 1999.

Everyone in Hollywood has his favorite Marie Wilson story. Assembled, they're wildly contradictory—and they're all true.

She's a child in lots of ways, and will always be a child, and at the same time she's the little mother of all the world. She has a pink satin bedroom, with dolls piled on the bed. She ties pink hair ribbons on her adored Yorkshire terrier, Hobbs, and where Hobbs can't go to lunch, Marie doesn't go.

She was the dimwit girl in "Boy Meets Girl" in which she soared to stardom for the first time when she was seventeen.

She was "engaged" to a director, Nick Grinde, and when she went to Hollywood parties with him she would give him bewildering counsel.

"Don't drink anything but whisky tonight, Nicky," she would say. "Remember you have to drive."

Grinde took her once to visit Hugh Herbert, the actor. Herbert's house was then strictly in the flashy Spanish tradition, and the entrance foyer boasted a lily pond, complete with



Marie's been playing wide-eyed, naive blondes ever since her hit, "Boy Meets Girl."

THE MARIE WILSON STORY



a lush growth of floating lilies. The Herberts were doing some renovating, and when Marie and Nick went back for a second visit a few months later Marie spied a brand-new fish pond in the middle of the rolling front lawn.

"Oh, look, Nick," she said, "they've moved the house inside."

At the same time, she was supporting her whole family—her mother and stepfather, grandfather, two brothers and three sisters and assorted aunts and cousins.

Everybody knows the story of Marie's arrival on the Hollywood scene. She came into a \$10,000 inheritance from her father's estate when she was sixteen, and having just seen Greta Garbo in "Camille" she decided that she would invest it in establishing herself as an actress.

She bought a flashy car and a mink coat (forgetting to buy anything to wear under it), several hundred cases of canned goods to see the family through while she knocked down the studio gates, and proceeded to make such a pest of herself in casting directors' offices that they hired her after a while in self-defense.

"Casting directors never liked me," Marie says, wonderingly. "And producers . . . ouch!"

But the fans liked her so much in the small, undressed parts in which they glimpsed her first that they bombarded Warner Brothers with so many tons of letters that the studio was afraid *not* to let her play "Boy Meets Girl."

"I just had to work," Marie says. "My stepdaddy was the sweetest man in the whole world, but he didn't make a lot of money."

Marie was making money, lots of money, even then, but it had to be spread around a lot. Except for the now moulting mink coat, she had almost no clothes.

"I had one pretty dress," she remembers. "It was cocoa satin with brown velvet Peter Pan collar and cuffs. It cost fifteen dollars. I wore it every Friday, Saturday and Sunday night for a year."

But the rent was paid regularly in the big, heavily populated house on the hill, and the stock of canned goods regularly replenished.

The household was right out of "You Can't Take It With You." There were nine in residence when Allen Nixon and Marie were married in 1942, and Allen moved in to make Number 10.

Meal times were like a chow line in the army, Allen recalls and he says he was usually last in line.

His wife, he decided, was "relative happy."

Nobody but Marie worked regularly. Her stepdaddy was an inventor, which is interesting work but not very profitable. Brother Bill was working up to an audition as a singer, and had mastered the lyrics of "Wagon Wheels," which he could pick out on a banjo, but a summons to the army nipped that career in the bud.

Bill went off to camp in Texas and came home on furloughs with a new Mexican wife and two children who spoke only Spanish.

Bill and the Mexican wife were divorced and both remarried. On his next furlough Bill came home with a second wife and their brand-new baby, to find his ex-wife, with her new husband and children already in residence in the garage. Marie had invited them for a visit.

A friend who visited at the house during that period came upon Marie ironing Bill's ex-wife's new husband's shirts.

"Do you really have to do that?" the friend inquired solicitously.

"Well, it was this way," Marie explained. "The poor little thing can't iron, and my maid wouldn't do it. . . . Somebody had to."

The household is simpler now. The three sisters have married and moved away, Grandfather died a year ago, and Marie's stepfather just last Christmas.

Marie has exchanged the big house for adjoining Normandy cottages on a Hollywoodland lot. Marie's pretty, little round mother and her half-brother, Frankie, who is studying photography at the Archer school, live in one, and Allen and Marie in the other.

Marie's mother has a maid, and the Nixons have two—one who comes in the morning to clean, and the other in the afternoon to cook. Marie's relationship to the maids is like her relationship to everyone else: motherly. She would really do the work herself, she says, except that "I hate to make beds, and I hate to squeeze orange juice and besides they have to work someplace."

Allen says Marie mothered him from the time she first laid eyes on him, which was on the set of "Rookies on Parade" at Republic in 1941.

He recalls that she was the cutest thing he had ever seen in her WAC uniform, and he promptly asked her to lunch.

At lunch she told him that he was terribly pale and probably dangerously anemic, and should really

have some home-cooked meals and get some rest for himself.

He was living at the Knickerbocker Hotel at the time, and the next morning found a package, with a note from Marie, in his mail box. The box contained seven kinds of vitamin pills, and the letter full instructions for their use.

So he asked her to go dancing at Ciro's.

Very soon he was asking her with bulldog persistence to marry him and she was saying that she would love to but she couldn't because she was engaged to Nick Grinde and she wouldn't want to hurt his feelings.

Nick Grinde made the mistake of leaving town on a fishing trip, and Allen pinned Marie down. They would go to Las Vegas, and right now, he insisted, and be married.

Marie agreed, but only if Allen would help her keep the whole thing a deep secret. She went to Max Factor's and rented a black wig, borrowed some dark glasses, and further insisted that they make the trip by bus so that they would go unnoticed.

Marie couldn't see very well through the borrowed glasses, so she assumed nobody could see her.

They hurried from the bus station to the registrar's office, where Marie carefully spelled out her legal name, Marie White, on the license application.

"Thank you, Miss Wilson," the clerk said, giggling. "I hope you'll both be very happy."

Her dilemma didn't register with Marie until she and Allen were half way down the hall.

"Oh, dear, Allen," she cried, "hurry back and ask her please not to tell Louella Parsons."

The clerk didn't tell—and neither did anybody else—for six months, because Marie couldn't bear to upset Nick. She really adored him. Nick was upset, needless to say, when he finally found out, and Marie was upset because Nick was upset.

Why did she have to hurt him? He was such a wonderful man.

"Why did you marry Allen," one of her pals asked her, "if you feel that way about Nick?"

"Oh, he was so lonesome . . . and about to go into the service and all. He wanted somebody to write letters to, and I decided I should marry him."

Which isn't quite true, for she is really deeply in love with Allen. Their one-week separation last spring, when Marie filed for divorce—and then withdrew the suit—



proved that, to Marie and most of their friends. Her trouble is that she loves everybody who loves her, and that can lead to complications, for everyone who knows Marie loves her without reservation.

Marie possibly could stop being married to Allen, but she could never stop mothering him.

She mothers him, sometimes, to the point of smothering him.

When he was appearing in a play at the Biltmore in downtown Los Angeles recently, Marie insisted on putting on his makeup herself at home every night. Allen had to drive all the way down to the theater in full grease paint.

When he got out of the army in

1946 and planned to resume his acting career, Marie insisted that he go to her masseuse at Westmore's for a series of facials.

"You'll never make the grade in Hollywood," she said, "if your face sags." Allen was in top physical condition, without a sag in sight—but he took the facials, and hated every minute of it. He couldn't say no to Marie.

Marie and Allen would have never disagreed to the point of separation, they both say now, if Marie hadn't been so tired. She was doing her usual ten shows a week in "Blackouts," her broadcast every week, and keeping six A.M. to six P.M. schedule at Paramount where

she was shooting in "My Friend Irma."

Allen, to make things really nervy around the house, was out of work.

"You haven't a job, and you have nothing to do, so you get discouraged and that makes things worse," he said.

Allen got arrested once during this period—he was only jaywalking, but Marie and Hobbs had to bail him out in the middle of the night, and Marie needed her sleep.

Things got so bad that she called a lawyer, and Allen moved out. Or tried to.

"We mustn't be seen together," Marie told (Continued on page 105)

Mrs. O'Reilly (Gloria Gordon) finds good things in the cards for Irma and her boyfriend, Al—they hope. (John Brown plays Al.)



THEIR Favorites- AND YOURS

These are the specialties of the stars—the kind of food they not only enjoy eating, but making as well

Almost everyone has a recipe which he or she thinks is unbeatable—one that is tried and true and prepared with loving care each time it's made. Radio people are no exception and these favorite recipes from some of the top CBS stars prove that their taste in food is distinguished. From Gertrude Berg's gefillte fish with egg sauce to Ma Perkins' rolled oats cookies, you'll find them all an adventure in good eating.



▶ VAUGHN MONROE'S CURRIED PINEAPPLE-SAUSAGE

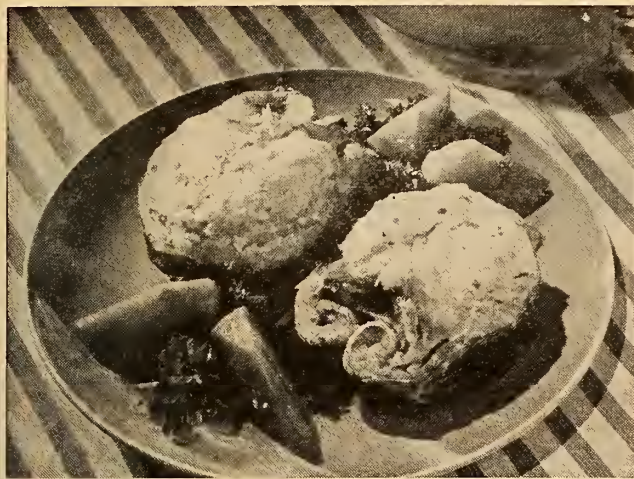
Place 1 pound pork sausages in pan with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water. Cook over low heat, covered for 5 minutes. Remove cover and drain. Cook until brown, about 10 minutes. Remove sausages and strain fat. Brown 8 canned pineapple slices in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of the sausage fat. Mix 1 teaspoon corn starch with $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon curry powder. Add syrup from canned pineapple. Stir into the sausage fat left from sauteing pineapple. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until thickened. Place 4 cups hot cooked rice (1 cup uncooked) in center of the serving platter. Arrange pineapple and sausages around rice. Pour sauce over the rice.



▶ BETTY WINKLER'S TOMATO AND TARRAGON SOUP

Chop contents of one No. 1 can tomatoes very fine. In the top of a double boiler, blend together one 10-ounce can condensed tomato soup with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup heavy cream. Add chopped tomatoes and 2 teaspoons sugar. Heat thoroughly over boiling water. Just before serving, blend in $\frac{1}{3}$ cup sherry wine and $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons powdered tarragon. Fresh minced herbs may be used if available. Serve with croutons. Makes 4 to 6 servings. As a pleasant variation, use $\frac{1}{2}$ can condensed green pea soup with $\frac{1}{2}$ can condensed tomato soup. Then proceed as above.

Note: This soup is delicious chilled, served with whipped cream.



▶ GERTRUDE BERG'S GEFILLTE FISH WITH EGG SAUCE

Wash a 5-pound haddock; dry. Remove head, tail and fins. Cut into 4-inch slices. Remove flesh, leaving backbone and skin. Mince flesh with 4 large onions and 1 sprig parsley. Add 2 beaten eggs, dash of pepper and cinnamon, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt and 1 tablespoon sugar. Add $\frac{3}{4}$ cup cracker meal. Refill fish slices. Tie into shape with string. Put in saucepan with 1 sliced onion, a sprig of parsley, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt and 1 small carrot. Cover with water; simmer 1 hour. Remove fish. Gradually stir 2 cups of the fish liquid into 2 beaten egg yolks. Simmer 5 minutes, stirring. Do not boil. Pour over fish. Makes 8 servings.



▶ FREEMAN GOSDEN'S (AMOS) CHICKEN CASSEROLE

Heat 3 quarts water to boiling. Add 1 tablespoon salt, 1 8-ounce package of noodles. Stir. Let cook, covered, 15 minutes or until tender. Drain, and rinse with hot water. Combine 1 can condensed tomato soup with $\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk. Heat; add 4 ounces grated American cheese. Cook over low heat until cheese melts. Remove from heat and add $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups diced cooked chicken, 2 tablespoons diced pimento, 2 tablespoons diced green pepper and noodles. Mix lightly and pour into buttered casseroles. Sprinkle $\frac{3}{4}$ cup crumbled potato chips over the top. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 30 minutes. Makes six servings.



▶ MA PERKINS' ROLLED OATS COOKIES

Mix and sift 2 cups sifted flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon baking soda. Cream 1 cup shortening until light and fluffy. Gradually add 1 cup granulated sugar and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup brown sugar, firmly packed, creaming until light. Stir in 2 eggs, slightly beaten. Add 2 cups of rolled oats, then the flour mixture. Stir in $\frac{1}{3}$ cup of chopped dates, $\frac{1}{3}$ cup of chopped nuts, $\frac{1}{3}$ cup of raisins. Drop the batter by teaspoonfuls about two inches apart on a greased baking sheet. Bake in a moderately hot oven (400° F.) 10 to 12 minutes or until lightly brown. Makes about 50 cookies.



▶ CHARLES J. CORRELL'S (ANDY) CHERRY TORTE

Drain one No. 2 can pitted sour cherries, reserve juice. Blend $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons cornstarch and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cinnamon. Add 2 tablespoons lemon juice and juice from cherries. Cook slowly, stirring until thickened (3-5 minutes). Add cherries, saving a few for top and cook 1 minute more. Pour into baked 9 inch pastry shell. Beat 2 tablespoons sugar with 2 egg yolks until thick. Stir in 2 tablespoons water. Add 2 tablespoons flour and a pinch of salt. Beat 2 egg whites until stiff. Fold into flour mixture. Bake in a moderate oven (375° F.) 10 minutes, or until brown. Decorate with cherries.

INSIDE RADIO

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

SUNDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45			Earl Wild	Carolina Calling Memo From Lake Success
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Story to Order Cameos of Music	Tone Tapestries Wings Over Jordan	Sunday Morning Concert Hall Voice of Prophecy	News E. Power Biggs Trinity Choir of St. Paul's Chapel
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	National Radio Pulpit Children's Hour	Radio Bible Class Voice of Prophecy	Message of Israel Southernaires	Church of the Air Church of the Air
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	News Highlights Solitaire Time	Christian Reform Church Reviewing Stand	The Fitzgeralds Hour of Faith	Allan Jackson News Newsmakers Salt Lake Tabernacle

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Living 1949 Eternal Light	Chamber Music Lutheran Hour	Piano Playhouse	Invitation to Learning People's Platform
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	America United Chicago Roundtable	News Organ Music Michael O'Duffy Mutual Music Box	National Vespers	Meaning of the News Elmo Roper Syncopation Piece
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	U. S. in World Affairs NBC University Theater	Dr. Simon's Band Bill Dunningham Veteran's Information	This Week Around The World Mr. President Drama	Longine Sym- phonette You Are There
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	One Man's Family	Ernie Lee Show Juvenile Jury	Harrison Wood Dance Music	CBS Symphony
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	The Quiz Kids News Jane Pickens Show	House of Mystery True Detective	Ted Malone Dick Todd Milton Cross Opera Album	Skyway to the Stars
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	James Melton	Under Arrest Quick As A Flash	U. S. Navy Band Curt Massey Show	Choraliers "Broadway's My Beat"

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	The Catholic Hour Martin and Lewis	Roy Rogers Nick Carter	Drew Pearson Don Gardner Betty Clark Sings	Family Hour of Stars Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Guy Lombardo	Adv. of the Falcon Mayor of the Town	Think Fast Carnegie Hall Musicales	The Jack Benny Show Amos 'n' Andy
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Fred Allen NBC Symphony Orch.	A. L. Alexander Smoke Rings	Stop the Music	Sam Spade Lum and Abner
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	NBC Theater American Album	Under Arrest Jimmie Fidler Twin Views of News	Walter Winchell Louella Parsons Go For The House	Earn Your Vacation Our Miss Brooks
10:00 10:30	Take It or Leave It Horace Heidt	Secret Missions Don Wright Chorus	Jimmie Fidler	Life With Luigi It Pays to be Ignorant



EILEEN O'CONNELL—is the pert, alert production assistant on County Fair, heard Sat. at 2 P.M., EST, CBS.



PAUL FREES—has so many voices he has no single identity. Described as one of the greatest impersonators, he has simulated the voices of virtually every celebrity you can think of, from the late F. D. R. to Sydney Greenstreet. As narrator on Suspense, Frees, with his deep, ominous voice, introduces a "tale well calculated to keep you in suspense." He also played the lead in CBS's The Green Lama.

MONDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember			Margaret Arlen Local Programs
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in New York 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	Welcome Travelers Road of Life	Cecil Brown Faith In Our Time Georgia Crackers	My True Story Betty Crocker Mag- azine of the Air	Music For You This is Bing Crosby Arthur Godfrey
10:45		Tom, Dick and Harry		
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Dr. Paul We Love and Learn Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Passing Parade Victor Lindlahr Against the Storm	Modern Romances Ted Malone Galen Drake	Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Echoes From the Tropics	Kate Smith Speaks Kate Smith Sings Lanny Ross Heatter's Mailbag	Local Programs	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Vincent Lopez Robert McCormick	Cedric Foster Happy Gang Misc. Programs	Baukhage 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 Say It With Music	Bkfst. in Hollywood Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Bob Poole Luncheon at Sard's	Ladies Be Seated	David Harum Hilltop House Robert Q. Lewis
4:00 4:15 4:30	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones	Misc. Programs Misc. Programs Johnson Family	Kay Kyser Eleanor and Anna Roosevelt Irene and Allan Jones	Beat the Clock Winner Take All
4:45	Young Widder Brown	Two Ton Baker		
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 Hits and Misses

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bob Warren Clem McCarthy 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 Gabriel Heatter Inside of Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis The Lone Ranger	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Cavalcade of America Voice of Firestone	Straight Arrow Sherlock Holmes	The Railroad Hour Henry Taylor	Inner Sanctum Talent Scouts
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Telephone Hour Dr. I. Q.	Affairs of Peter Salem Radio Newsreel Fishing and Hunting Club	Kate Smith's Music Room	Lux Radio Theatre
10:00 10:15 10:30	Contented Program Radio Playhouse	American Forum of the Air Mutual Newsreel	Kate Smith's Music Room	My Friend Irma The Bob Hawk Show



GERTRUDE WARNER—who plays the role of Susan in CBS's David Harum daytime series, originally planned to be a school teacher in hometown Hartford, Conn. That ambition was cancelled when, one summer, she played a role on WTIC. In a few months she was playing leads, reading commercials and handling her own show on WTIC. Two years later she came to New York and 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. Clevelandaire	Editor's Diary Tell Your Neighbor Bob Poole Show	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America Barnyard Follies
10:00 10:15 10:30	Welcome Travelers Road of Life	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Georgia Crackers	My True Story Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air Club Time	Music For You Arthur Godfrey
10:45		Tom, Dick and Harry		
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Dr. Paul We Love And Learn Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Passing Parade Victor H. Lindlahr Against the Storm	Modern Romances Ted Malone Galen Drake	Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Betty Harris Show Echoes From the Tropics	Kate Smith Speaks Kate Smith Sings Lanny Ross Heatter's Mailbag	Local Programs	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Vincent Lopez Robert McCormick	Cedric Foster Happy Gang Misc. Programs	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 Say It With Music	Bkfst. in Hollywood Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Bob Poole Luncheon At Sardi's	Ladies Be Seated	David Harum Hilltop House Robert Q. Lewis
4:00 4:15 4:30	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones	Misc. Programs Misc. Programs Johnson Family	Kay Kyser Eleanor and Anna Roosevelt Irene and Allan Jones	Beat the Clock Winner Take All
4:45	Young Widder Brown	Two Ton Baker		
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	Treasury Bandstand The Chicagoans Herb Shriner Time

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bob Warren Clem McCarthy Sunoco News	Local Programs		Eric Sevareid "You and—" Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World The Smoothie Richard Harkness	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter 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	Gregory Hood Official Detective Bill Henry	Little Herman America's Town Meeting of the Air	Mystery Theatre Mr. and Mrs. North
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Bob Hope Show Fibber McGee and Molly	John Steele Adventure Mysterious Traveler	Erwin D. Canham Rex Maupin Entertainers	We, The People Strike It Rich
10:00 10:15 10:30	Big Town People Are Funny	Korn's-A-Krackin' Mutual Newsreel		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 Barnyard Follies
10:00 10:15 10:30	Welcome Travelers Faith in Our Time Road of Life	Cecil Brown Georgia Crackers	My True Story Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air	Music For You Arthur Godfrey
10:45		Tom, Dick and Harry		
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Dr. Paul We Love And Learn Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Passing Parade Victor H. Lindlahr Against the Storm	Modern Romances Ted Malone Galen Drake	Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	The Play Boys Echoes From the Tropics	Kate Smith Speaks Kate Smith Sings Lanny Ross Heatter's Mailbag	Local Programs	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Vincent Lopez Robert McCormick Jack Kilty	Happy Gang Misc. Programs	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 Say It With Music	Bkfst. in Hollywood Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Bob Poole Luncheon at Sardi's	Ladies Be Seated	David Harum Hilltop House Robert Q. Lewis
4:00 4:15 4:30	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones	Misc. Programs Johnson Family	Kay Kyser Eleanor and Anna Roosevelt Irene and Allan Jones	Beat the Clock Winner Take All
4:45	Young Widder Brown	Two Ton Baker		
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	Treasury Bandstand The Chicagoans Herb Shriner Time

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bob Warren Clem McCarthy Sunoco News	Local Programs		Eric Sevareid "You and—" Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World Dardanelle Trio H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter 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	Adventures of Archie Andrews	Can You Top This International Airport	Original Amsteur Hour Ted Mack, M.C.	Mr. Chameleon Dr. Christian
9:00 9:15 9:30	Duffy's Tavern Mr. District Attorney	Scattergood Baines Family Theater	Lawrence Welk	County Fair
10:00 10:15 10:30	The Big Story Curtain Time	Comedy Playhouse Mutual Newsreel	It's Time For Music On Trial	Beat The Clock Capitol Cloak Room

DON HOLLENBECK—who is heard on CBS News of America, M-S., 9 A.M. EST., is Nebraska-born-and-educated, got his first reporting job in Omaha, was picture editor for the Associated Press, and the national affairs editor of the newspaper PM. During the war, Hollenbeck worked for the OWI, broadcasting from France, Italy, England, and Germany. He returned to New York and in 1946, joined CBS.



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. Clevelandaire	Editor's Diary Tell Your Neighbor Bob Poole Show	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America Barnyard Follies
10:00 10:15 10:30	Welcome Travelers Road of Life	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Georgia Crackers	My True Story Betty Crocker, Mag- azine of the Air Dorothy Kilgallen	Music For You Arthur Godfrey
10:45		Tom, Dick and Harry		
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Dr. Paul We Love and Learn Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Passing Parade Victor H. Lindlahr Against the Storm	Modern Romances Ted Malone Galen Drake	Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Betty Harris Show Echoes From the Tropics	Kate Smith Speaks Kate Smith Sings Lanny Ross Heatter's Mailbag	Local Programs	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Vincent Lopez Robert McCormick Jack Kilty	Cedric Foster Happy Gang	Baukhage 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 Say It With Music	Bkfst. in Hollywood Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Bob Poole Luncheon at Sardi's	Ladies Be Seated	David Harum Hilltop House Robert Q. Lewis
4:00 4:15 4:30	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones	Misc. Programs Johnson Family	Kay Kyser Eleanor and Anna Roosevelt Irene and Allan Jones	Beat the Clock Winner Take All
4:45	Young Widder Brown	Two Ton Baker		
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	Treasury Bandstand The Chicagoans Herb Shriner Time

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Lionel Ricau Clem McCarthy Sunoco News	Local Programs	Local Programs	Eric Sevareid "You and—" Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World Echoes From the Tropics Richard Harkness	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter Inside of Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis Counter Spy	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Aldrich Family Burns and Allen	Air Force Hour True or False	Local Programs	The F.B.I. In Peace and War Mr. Keen
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Nelson Eddy and Dorothy Kirsten Dorothy Lamour	Meet Your Match Sing For Your Supper	Play It Again Name the Movie	Suspense Crime Photographer
10:00 10:15 10:30	Screen Guild Theatre Fred Waring Show	This is Paris Mutual Newsreel	Personal Autograph	Hallmark Playhouse First Nighter

JANET WALDO—is a Bing Crosby discovery. Born in Washington, the Groaner's home state, she attended the University of Washington where her work was so outstanding that she was presented with a special award. Bing made the presentation. Later she was signed by Paramount. Bit parts in movies followed before she entered radio. Janet is on the Ozzie and Harriet Show and Meet Corliss Archer.



ABE BURROWS—the wit's wit, heard on CBS's This is Broadway, Fridays, and on his own program, is a radio writer turned comedian. He has written for Ed Gardner, Colonel Stoopnagle, Rudy Vallee, Joan Davis, and Dinah Shore. Born and raised in New York, Burrows tried everything—accounting, wall papering, and entertaining on the Borscht Circuit—before he got his first job as script writer.



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. Clevelandaire	Editor's Diary Tell Your Neighbor Bob Poole Show	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America Barnyard Follies
10:00 10:15 10:30	Welcome Travelers Road of Life	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Georgia Crackers	My True Story Betty Crocker Mag- azine of the Air	Music For You Arthur Godfrey
10:45		Tom, Dick and Harry		
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	We Love and Learn Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Passing Parade Victor H. Lindlahr Against the Storm	Modern Romances Ted Malone Galen Drake	Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	The Hometowners U. S. Marine Band	Kate Smith Speaks Kate Smith Sings Lanny Ross Heatter's Mailbag	Local Programs	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Vincent Lopez Robert McCormick Jack Kilty	Cedric Foster Happy Gang	Baukhage 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 Say It With Music	Bkfst. in Hollywood Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Bob Poole Luncheon at Sardi's	Ladies Be Seated	David Harum Hilltop House Robert Q. Lewis
4:00 4:15 4:30	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones	Misc. Programs Johnson Family	Kay Kyser Eleanor and Anna Roosevelt Irene and Allan Jones	Beat the Clock Winner Take All
4:45	Young Widder Brown	Two Ton Baker		
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	Treasury Bandstand The Chicagoans Herb Shriner Time

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	News Clem McCarthy 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 The UN is My Beat H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter 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	Cities Service Band Of America Jimmy Durante Show	Experience Speaks 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	Opera Concert Radio Newsreel Enchanted Hour	Break the Bank The Sheriff	Ford Theatre
10:00 10:15 10:30	Sports	Meet the Press Mutual Newsreel	Treasury Band	Philip Morris Play- house You're Truly, Johnny Dollar

S A T U R D A Y

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Mind Your Manners Coffee in Washington	Paul Neilson, News Misc. Programs	Shoppers Special	CBS News of America Barnyard Follies Garden Gate
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Mary Lee Taylor	Magic Rhythm Jerry and Skye Albert Warner	Johnny Olsen's Get Together	Music For You Tell It Again
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Frank Merriwell Smilin' Ed McConnell	Coast Guard on Parade Music	Modern Romances The Jay Stewart Fun Fair	Let's Pretend Junior Miss

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Artur Barriault Public Affair Luncheon With Lopez	Smoky Mt. Hayride News	Girls' Corps What's My Name	Theatre of Today Grand Central Station
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Nat'l Farm Home R.F.D. America	Campus Salute Dance Orch.	Concert of American Jazz American Farmer	Stars Over Hollywood Give and Take
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Musicana Edward Tomlinson Report From Europe	Dance Orch. Music	101 Ranch Boys Junior Junction	Handyman Get More Out of Life Columbia's Country Journal
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Local Programs	Poole's Paradise Sports Parade	Treasury Band Show Fascinating Rhythm	Report From Overseas Adventures in Science Cross Section U.S.A.
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Your Health Today Horse Racing Contrasts Musical	Bill Harrington Horse Racing Jerry and Skye First Church of Christ Science	Tom Glazer's Ballad Box Horse Racing	Saturday at the Chase
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Wormwood Forest	Russ Hodges Quiz Organ Music News	Dance Music	Local Programs

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bob Warren Religion in the News Bands For Bonds	Music	Honey Dreamers Saturday Session	News From Washington Memo From Lake Success Saturday Sports Review Larry Lesueur
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Vic Damone, Kay Armen	Hawaii Calls Robert Hurliegh Mel Allen	Bert Andrews The Eye-Drama	Spike Jones Camel Caravan with Vaughn Monroe
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Hollywood Star Theatre Truth or Consequences	Twenty Questions Take a Number	Pat Novak For Hire Famous Jury Trials	Gene Autry Show Adventures of Philip Marlowe
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Your Hit Parade Judy Canova Show	Life Begins at 80 Guy Lombardo	Musical Etchings	Gang Busters Tales of Fatima
10:00 10:15 10:30	Day in the Life of Dennis Day Grand Ole Opry	Theatre of the Air	Record Show Irving Fields Hayloft Hoedown	Sing It Again



JOAN DAVIS—has played comedy roles ever since her debut at the age of seven on the Pantages Circuit. She entered radio after establishing herself as a first-rate comedienne in motion pictures. Her program Leave It To Joan is heard Mondays at 9:00 P.M. EST, CBS. Sixteen-year-old daughter Beverly seems to be following in her mother's footsteps; she's Fluffy Adams in CBS's Junior Miss.

QUIZ CATALOGUE

Notes to keep your Radio Mirror

Quiz Catalogue up to date

From the time you present your ticket at the door for Give and Take to the time you leave the CBS Playhouse, you are in for a riotous afternoon. Genial emcee of the show, John Reed King, is at the door to greet you, accept your ticket and send you to your seat primed for a half-hour of fun.

On stage are the valuable gifts which await a lucky contestant, but before the audience has a chance to look over all the prizes, Give and Take's featured personality and announcer Bill Cullen steps on stage with a fish bowl full of the admittance tickets which have been collected by John Reed King. Bill chooses four individuals from the audience. Then John Reed King takes over and selects four more contestants from the audience by number. These contestants are invited to bring their families or companions with them on stage.

As each contestant goes up on stage he is briefly interviewed by King, aided and abetted by Bill Cullen. By this time the hands on the clock have moved around and Give and Take is on the air.

The first four contestants are brought to the microphone to participate in the "Free-for-All," an elimination contest in which all four contestants are asked a series of questions. One mistake will eliminate a contestant. However he is awarded a prize for his efforts. The last person eliminated gets the biggest prize by being titled "Second Guesser." This entitles him to a chance at every question asked on the show which is answered incorrectly by other contestants and an opportunity at their prizes.

The program also has a "Secret Sound." It is a sound played by a recording and when identified entitles the winner to what amounts to Give and Take's jackpot. The largest jackpot came to \$11,200. Several "Secret Sound" recordings are kept on hand in case the first sound is guessed and a new contest must be begun. Every week the jackpot is enlarged with the addition of another prize.

The program continues when the next contestant comes to the microphone with his son, daughter, or friend. If the "Secret Sound" remains unidentified after the second guesser has taken a crack at it, the show continues with the next contestant selecting his prize from those on display. This is another unique feature, because Give and Take is the only program where the contestant is allowed to choose his gift beforehand. The question is asked and the contestant or those accompanying him try to answer correctly. If they succeed, the selected gift is the contestant's. If not, the bell rings and the second guesser has a chance to answer and win a prize. Each contestant is asked two questions—whether he answers correctly or not—and has a chance at the "Secret Sound." After all the contestants have been interviewed and the "Secret Sound" has still not been identified, Bill Cullen goes down into the audience with a roving mike and gives people picked at random a chance to identify the sound. If it remains secret, another prize is added and the sound is carried over to the next program.

One of the charming aspects of this show is the relaxed atmosphere inspired by John Reed King and Bill Cullen with their ad lib banter and clever handling of guest interviews. Prize boner pulled by a contestant was when King asked a girl to name different cloths, beginning with the letters, C-L-O-T-H. The entire house was broken up when she started with C, for silk.

Give and Take, on the air for the past four years, is currently heard on Saturday, at 1:30 EDT.

Give and Take has toured anywhere from Texas to New England, so there is a good chance that you, too, may be welcomed at the door of Give and Take by master ad libber, John Reed King.

FAMILY COUNSELOR

Pat Coffin (left) told Terry that entertaining is an art which—with a little practice—almost anyone can learn.

By
TERRY
BURTON



ENTERTAINING ECONOMICALLY

Entertaining is an art. Some people are born with the knack, but those who aren't can learn it." That's what Patricia Coffin, party and personalities editor of *Look* magazine, told me when we were having tea at her apartment recently.

Pat went on to say that at partytime, imagination is more important than money. I agreed with her wholeheartedly because I know how many times I've been stumped as to what kind of party to give. I was so interested in listening to Pat's party-giving experiences that I asked her to visit the Burtons as Family Counselor and tell us how to give a successful party without overtaxing our pocketbook.

"I've been at many extravagant and lavish affairs that weren't half as much fun as the Animal Party given by designer Harold Schwartz," said Pat. "It wasn't a big party—just twenty-five people—and Mr. Schwartz didn't have to spend a fortune."

As to the reason for its success Pat said: "You can sum it up in one word—*imagination*. Harold sent out invitations announcing that the party was in honor of Rockie, his French Poodle, who had just given birth to a litter of pups. Rockie was there wearing a rock crystal necklace and looking bewildered and cute as a bug. All the guests were asked to come as the animal they most resembled. Gerald Kersh, the author, came as a literary lion. Most of the women slinked around as panthers. Everyone there had a world of fun."

I asked Pat if she knew any basic rules for giving

a successful party. "A 'must' for a successful hostess is to be enthusiastic," she emphasized. "Make your guests feel that you're genuinely happy to have them in your house. This creates an atmosphere of true hospitality. Secondly, be relaxed. If you can't, at least seem so. A tense hostess makes everyone else ill-at-ease. Also if anything goes wrong, don't be disconcerted. If the roast is burnt or someone spills coffee on your best tablecloth, laugh it off."

"Have you ever been faced with the challenge of entertaining on a shoestring?" I asked Pat. She told us that recently she had been in Hollywood and was royally entertained by movie stars and studio heads. "I wanted to return their hospitality before I left," she said, "but didn't have their incomes. I put my imagination to work and gave a party in an ice cream parlor that belonged to some friends. They gave me the place for the afternoon. Champagne sodas were served—domestic champagne and peach ice cream. The stars sat around on the iron fountain chairs and exclaimed what an original party it was. It was one of my least expensive."

After hearing Pat, I'm sure our listeners were convinced that the list of different parties one can give is endless. I know I was. Pat mentioned come-as-you-are parties, scavenger hunts, bring-your-own-picnics, little dinner parties, back yard buffets and charade parties. She ended her talk by saying, "There are more than a million different ways you can entertain without crippling your budget."

DEEP WITHIN YOU IS A VERY SPECIAL SELF ... that can create a New You

Don't stay fenced in behind the thought that you are *not* the way you'd like to be.

Within you, is a wonderful power that can make lovely *changes* happen to you.

This power grows out of the interrelation of your *Inner Self* and *Outer Self* and the power of each to change the other. It quickens the happiness you radiate when you *know* you *look* charming. But—when you haven't lived up to your best, it depresses you with discontent. It is the reason you should never skip those pleasant daily rites that do so much to make you *look* lovelier, *feel* happier.

"Outside-Inside" Face Treatment

Keep your face always a delightful picture of you. This Pond's "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment has a way of bringing special help to faces. *Always* at bedtime (for day cleansings, too) cream your face, *like this*:

Hot Stimulation—splash face with hot water.

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

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

Cold Stimulation—a tonic cold water splash.

This "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment works on *both sides* of your skin. *From the Outside*—Pond's Cold Cream softens and sweeps away dirt, make-up, as you massage. *From the Inside*—every step of this treatment stimulates circulation.

It is not vanity to develop the beauty of your face. When you *look lovely* you give out a magic spark. It kindles a glow of pleasure in everyone you meet, it brings the *Inner You* closer to others.



Her face comes out to meet you like a lovely flower. It is only natural she is delighting both New York and Paris society.

Agnès de Saint-Phalle

—captivating young daughter of
The Count and Countess André de Saint-Phalle

The minute you see her you are drawn by her magnetism. For her face sends you a fascinating preview of the Inner Magic that is herself. This young French-American has an individuality that is tremendously appealing. Ask her how she keeps her skin looking so perfect, she'll tell you—"I use Pond's. It is the *very best cream* I know to get your skin really clean and soft."

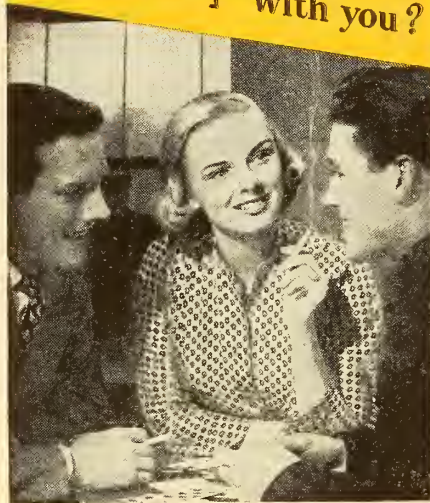


YOUR FACE IS WHAT YOU MAKE IT—get yourself this *big size* jar of Pond's Cold Cream today!

Smoke all
you want,
but...



why take
TOBACCO MOUTH
[OFF-COLOR BREATH
OFF-COLOR TEETH] with you?



The most unfortunate thing about "tobacco mouth" is that it becomes part of you so gradually. The only people it gives a "start" to are your friends!

Your friends, your neighbors, your dentist—they all recognize "tobacco mouth" at the drop of a smile. But you, you're never quite sure . . . unless, of course, you are a regular user of Listerine Tooth Paste. There's a good reason why you can be sure—

It contains *Lusterfoam*—a special ingredient that actually foams cleaning and polishing agents over your teeth . . . into the crevices—removes fresh stain before it gets a chance to "set" . . . whisks away that odor-making tobacco debris!

See for yourself how Listerine Tooth Paste with *Lusterfoam* freshens your mouth and your breath! Get a tube and make sure that wherever you go—you won't take "tobacco mouth" with you!



...give it the
"brush-off"
with

**TOBACCO
MOUTH**



"Feel that *Lusterfoam* work!"

"If I Did Teach School"

(Continued from page 35)

Liza chortled. She had no idea what I was talking about, of course, but the mad explanation not only satisfied her at the moment, but gave her something to mull over long enough for me to escape from the witness stand.

At such times I am faintly appalled to consider the extent of knowledge owned and operated thoughtlessly by an adult, which one is totally incapable of explaining to a child. At least, I feel incapable of explaining.

Along with this admission comes the frightening memory that, at thirteen, I had decided to become a school teacher. I was considered very good with children. On one occasion I actually substituted as first and second grade teacher during the illness of the regular teacher. I remember that I had no trouble giving the youngsters their lessons, no trouble with keeping them busy, no trouble with discipline.

I wonder what I had in those days? Whatever it was, it went away before Liza and Connie (now two) came into my life. I never knew what it was to be baffled until I became the pre-school teacher of my own small daughters.

I must admit that when I was invited to be Our Miss Brooks and was given my first script to study, I viewed the project with doubt. It struck me that a program about a school teacher couldn't possibly hold an audience for more than two or three episodes.

This analysis of mine proves that I had better develop an ambition to be President, because I can't be right. Not only did Our Miss Brooks make an instant hit, it has grown in popularity (according to Mr. Hooper, bless him) from week to week. It seems that practically everyone is interested in the everyday problems of a school teacher. Certainly, we expected teachers to be amused, but we were delighted to discover that we could entertain two additional groups of citizens: (1) everyone in school at present; (2) everyone who had ever gone to school, with or without protests.

From the very first, there was one thing I desired for the program. I wanted it to be believable. Naturally, to hold an audience, one must employ a certain amount of high drama; however, there is drama in the lives of each of us—daily adventures of the mind and the spirit—which, thank heaven, seldom

appears in the headlines. It would have been simple to have placed our school teacher on an Indian Reservation for vivid local color, or in a settlement school for propaganda purposes, or in one of the large cities where anything can happen, but we didn't want that. We wanted a small town, an ordinary school system, and logical incidents.

This attitude paid off handsomely. We began to get letters (spelling—A; punctuation—A) from school teachers everywhere in America. Most of the letters indicated a warm appreciation of what we were trying to do.

From Milwaukee came a note saying: "Thank heaven, you've humanized us. One of the problems a teacher has always faced has been the 'setting apart' which has made us seem almost on a par with members of the clergy. However, we are nothing more or less than professional people in the sense that an interior decorator, a lawyer, a clothing designer, a writer, or an actress is a professional person. We should be accorded the same human privileges which they enjoy as a matter of course. To secure these privileges, we must be humanized. You are doing that for us."

From hundreds of cities have come letters breathing sighs of thankfulness because we have pointed out, whenever possible on the program, that school teachers are frequently underpaid and overworked. To complicate the financial situation, there are always a dozen hungry hands in a school teacher's pocket, because a teacher is expected to be among the first to contribute generously to the Red Cross, the Community Chest, the Guide Dog Fund, at least one Church Fund, the Buy An Indian a Blanket Fund, the Community Auditorium Fund, the Plant an Elm Week Fund, and to any other community undertaking which needs money—as community enterprises are inclined to do, king-size.

Teachers, like actresses, are always broke, because both are sensitive to the plight of others; both realize that when financial aid is sought, it is usually for a worthy cause. To maintain self-respect, a teacher should be well-paid.

From Chicago came a letter asking Our Miss Brooks to point out in some dramatic manner the fact that it is unfair to expect a teacher to teach Sunday School (Continued on page 76)



"It helped me
'get my man!'"

—This is what a listener to "MY TRUE STORY" writes—both in fun and in earnest. "These real-life stories solve problems every woman must face."

Listen to this greatest of morning radio shows taken from the pages of True Story magazine, and you'll see for yourself why so many women never miss a single drama, Monday thru Friday.

Tune in "MY TRUE STORY"

AMERICAN BROADCASTING STATIONS

Great News! A Complete Hair Beauty Routine ...yet All you do is use New Drene Shampoo!



- NO SPECIAL RINSES—yet your hair is naturally shining and soft!
- NO SPECIAL LOTIONS—yet hair is so easy to set!
- NO SPECIAL POMADES—yet waves stay put—hair beauty lasts and lasts!

Just treat yourself to one shampoo with wonderful New Drene! See how wonderfully simple hair beauty can be

With New Drene, all you do is shampoo . . . and your hair has glorious natural sheen and softness. You don't have to use a special rinse because New Drene leaves no dulling film. Your hair takes the set like a charm . . . and holds it. And you don't have to mess with waving lotions or pomades. Just use New Drene—that's the whole routine.

What's the secret? There's beauty magic in New Drene . . . an exclusive cleansing agent found in no other shampoo—cream or liquid. That's the reason why New Drene cleans your hair so thoroughly, so gently . . . rinses out so completely. That's why New Drene leaves your hair so springy, curls last and last. Try this wonderful New Drene Shampoo today!

For Complete Hair Beauty...

Get NEW *Drene* Shampoo



NEW! *Different!*



A Procter & Gamble Exclusive

WIVES TELL EXTRA ADVANTAGES

in using this suppository for

INTIMATE FEMININE HYGIENE

Easier, Daintier... yet one of
the MOST EFFECTIVE METHODS!



Assures Hours of Continuous Action!

Zonitors have made a sweeping change in the whole idea of intimate feminine cleanliness—made it simpler, less embarrassing and more convenient, yet Zonitors are one of the most effective methods—so powerfully germicidal yet so absolutely safe to tissues.

What Zonitors Are . . .

Zonitors are greaseless, dainty, snow-white vaginal suppositories. When inserted, they release powerful germicidal and deodorizing properties for hours. Yet Zonitors are positively non-poisonous, non-irritating, non-burning. All you need is this dainty suppository—no extra equipment.

Easy to Carry if Away From Home

Zonitors remove offensive odor, help guard against infection—kill every germ they touch. While it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract, you can depend on Zonitors to immediately kill every reachable germ without the slightest risk of injury to delicate tissues. Any drug counter.



FREE

Mail this coupon today for free booklet sent in plain wrapper. Reveals frank intimate facts. Zonitors, Dept. ZRM-109, 370 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

(Continued from page 74) after she has spent five days each week teaching secular subjects. School teaching is an exhausting business and every teacher needs at least two days to recharge the batteries.

Some of our correspondents have suggested themes for programs as well as anecdotes with which to embellish them. Remember when our principal tore his trousers, sent them to the domestic science department for quick repairs, and was caught in this negligée condition? That was the true experience of a teacher with enough sense of humor to want to share a real life absurdity with Miss Brooks' radio audience.

Not all of our mail is friendly. We get our share of bigoted mail from, for instance, people who find Miss Brooks' interest in Mr. Boynton slightly sinful. Other people find Miss Brooks' normal feminine interest in pretty clothes too frivolous, and yet a third group finds something sinister in Miss Brooks' camaraderie with her boy students.

All I can answer to such criticism is that it must be comfortable to be a bigot. A bigot's answers are ready-made, and they never change. Social usage today, to a bigot, is exactly the same as it was thirty years ago, dynamo transmission, nylon, and jet-propulsion be hanged.

Thinking, as every honest school teacher will tell you, is a hard process, requiring time, honest investigation, comparison, and the drawing of conclusions which are not weighted in any way by emotion, or the view one's grandfather held. As I have said, it is easy to be a bigot and live in a mental cement block, yet it is just one more luxury which a true teacher, an actress, or any sincere person cannot afford.

Occasionally, the mail contains a red-hot poker. One teacher, from a New England state, sent us ten pages of criticism which could have been bottled and sold as prussic acid. First of all, she wrote, no teacher in her right mind would address her principal in the tone Miss Brooks uses. "The relationship between these two individuals," intoned Miss Blue Stocking, "should be similar to that between an army private and a general: distant, formal, crisply respectful."

I had an answer for that one, and I quote: "WHY?"

The relationship between a PFC and a General has to be somewhat distant. Army discipline must be maintained. But a school principal is nothing but a teacher with executive talent added. He should be sympathizer, counsellor, aide and friend to the classroom teacher. He

won't need discipline under fire from his ranks, because the only battle he is likely to fight is one of wits, and if I know anything about the current crop of youngsters, he is licked before he starts with that old army game. Nowadays a child is backward if he can't out-strategy his parents and teachers from the age of six months onward.

Another complaint was that Miss Brooks seemed entirely too chummy with her students. "A teacher should rigidly maintain her position of superiority," she wrote. "She should represent an intellectual ideal, a concept of classical scholarship."

I wanted to stamp my foot and shout at her.

Instead, I could only comfort myself by re-reading a letter received from a high school sophomore, and I quote: "Dear Miss Brooks: We have a Brooks Club which meets every Sunday to hear your program. We get an e.l.c. (extra large charge) out of Miss Brooks, because she has taken the sting out of the superstition that teachers are monsters. We used to go to school with a feeling that we were entering an iron curtain country: anything might happen. Suffering from jangled nerves, we couldn't think of an answer to a question, even when we knew it.

"Now that we're Brooks fans, things are different. We look at our teachers in the morning and wonder if they have been hitting the bicarbonate after a breakfast like one of those Miss Brooks has to eat, and we feel real friendly toward them. We smile, and they smile back. We think we're getting twice as much out of school as we used to in the bitten-fingernail days."

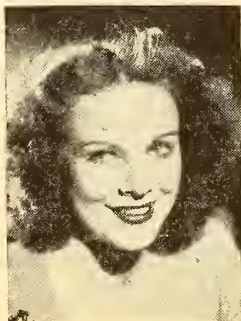
That sort of thing sets me up for days.

Quite often radio fans ask whether Miss Brooks is patterned after a favorite teacher of my own. Not exactly. Yet I am quick to admit that my life has been influenced by one of my teachers, so it is inevitable that some of her philosophy should color my radio performance.

Miss Lizzie Kaiser was my English teacher during my entire four years of high school. My ambition then, as it has remained to this day, was to write solid, worthwhile fiction some day, an ambition which Miss Kaiser encouraged. Instead of requiring that I, or any other member of her class, turn in a theme at some specified interval, she told us at the beginning of the term how much written work she expected us to accomplish by the end of the term. She pointed out the folly of waiting until the last to do the work, and suggested that whenever we were impelled to strong feeling about a situation, we turn that into (Continued on page 78)

WOMAN'S FIRST RIGHT . . .

"THE RIGHT TO HAPPINESS"



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

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

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



DALLAS! "My doctor suggested Noxzema for my dry skin," says attractive Mrs. Marjory Ryan! "Now Noxzema is the only beauty cream I ever use—I couldn't do without it. I always use it as a powder base to help keep my skin soft and supple."

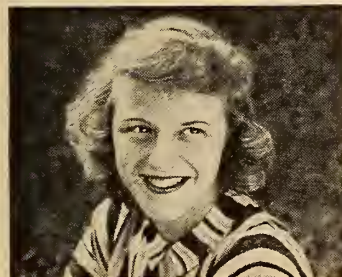


KANSAS CITY! "I used to have occasional blemishes," says popular Judy Hadas, "but since using Noxzema as my regular night cream, my skin is soft and smooth. Now it seems as though I'm always getting compliments on my complexion."

WHO ELSE WANTS A LOVELIER-LOOKING COMPLEXION?



NEW YORK! Charming Arlene Anderson first used Noxzema for an annoying skin rash. "It helped improve my skin so much," she says, "it's now my regular morning powder base and night cream as well. I'm never without Noxzema."



CHICAGO! Vivacious Marion McEvoy had a dry skin condition. "Then I started using Noxzema every night," she says. "I soon noticed my complexion was smoother... and I've used it ever since."

Doctor's new home beauty treatment helps 4 out of 5 women in clinical tests

● Pictured here are six women who solved one important skin problem almost every woman occasionally faces. At one time each was bothered with minor skin troubles like blemishes from external causes, rough dry skin or similar skin disorders. But they found a way to softer, smoother, lovelier-looking skin.

New Beauty Routine

For now a noted skin specialist has developed a home beauty routine for just such skin prob-

lems. It really gets results. You need only one cream—medicated Noxzema. There are only 4 simple steps. Here's all you do:

1. **Morning**—bathe face with warm water, apply Noxzema with a wet cloth and "cream-wash" your face.
2. Apply Noxzema as a powder base.
3. **Evening**—repeat morning cleansing with Noxzema.
4. Massage cream lightly into face. Pat on extra Noxzema over any blemishes.

Follow this routine faithfully for only two weeks. See the results! Note how refreshed your face feels—how Noxzema's medicated formula helps heal blemishes that come from dust and dirt. And if your skin gets rough and dry, smooth on Noxzema and watch for amazingly quick improvement.

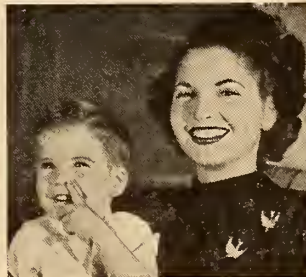
You'll enjoy using Noxzema, too. This snow-white greaseless cream doesn't stain bed linen... never looks messy. Use it every night before retiring... every morning as a base for make-up. See if your complexion doesn't look softer, smoother, lovelier.

Helped 4 out of 5 Women Tested

Noxzema's new 4-Step Beauty Routine has been thoroughly tested under careful supervision of skin specialists. Scores of women tried it—and 4 out of 5 showed softer, smoother, lovelier-looking skin in only two weeks. Try it yourself—see if you aren't amazed at the difference in your skin. **At all drug and cosmetic counters. 40¢, 60¢, \$1.00 plus tax.**



BALTIMORE! "A skin irritation almost ruined a Company party," says Mrs. Erma Boone. "But I used Noxzema in time... and the party was a complete success. Now it's my night cream and powder base, too."



BOSTON! Mrs. Suzanne Lipsett likes to hunt and fish with her husband. "Noxzema keeps my skin soft and smooth in spite of long exposure. I also use it on the children for minor skin irritations."



Jane's husband upsets ashes...

and Jane sets up a howl! Then stalks off for her vacuum, or a dust pan and broom. Meanwhile...



So does Jill's...

But she whisks up those ashes in jig time, with her handy Bissell Sweeper.

Only Bissells® have "Bisco-matic"® Brush Action which adjusts automatically to any rug, thick or thin. No need to bear down, ever!

FASTER, EASIER CLEAN-UPS WITH BISSELL SWEEPERS

This amazing "Bisco-matic" Brush Action even picks up perfectly under beds and chairs, with the handle held *low*.

For quick daily clean-ups, get a new Bissell. And save your vacuum for periodic cleaning.

New Bissell Sweepers with "Bisco-matic" Brush Action as low as \$6.45. Illustrated: the "Flight" at \$9.45. Prices a little more in far West.



Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co.
Grand Rapids 2, Mich.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Bissell's full spring controlled brush.

(Continued from page 76) a theme. If we felt that the basketball team was unfairly overshadowed by the football team, we might deal with that in an essay. If we were moved by something that happened at Christmas, or if we were annoyed by a pestiferous younger brother or sister, that would make good source material.

This was so startling a departure from the assigned topics with which we were familiar, the "My Vacation," "My Favorite Pet" sort of thing, that every one of us reacted. I'm sure we turned in work the course required.

Furthermore, we were freed from the pressure which inhibits the performance of some students. We weren't in competition with anyone because we were to write about what interested us, and each of us was convinced that he was unique. Fear of failure was eliminated, because we knew instinctively that we do well what fascinates us. Personally, I can't think of a healthier mental climate in which to learn the rudiments of English composition, or the basis for lifelong self-expression.

Miss Kaiser showed us that teaching should add up to one thing: giving children the incentive to acquire as much learning as possible during school years, and to continue the student attitude throughout their lives.

Quite often someone wants to know whether my portrayal of Our Miss Brooks carries over into my private life as a mother of two alert daughters.

All I can say is that the girls are patient with me. They train me slowly.

And vice versa. As nearly as I have been able to discover, children are little star fish. First they stretch an exploring tentacle in one direction, then they relax and set out on an expedition in quite the opposite direction.

Liza, who, as I have said, is four and a half, has delighted me by giving signs of having musical talent. When she was scarcely high enough to wiggle herself onto the piano bench, she could pick out tunes with one finger.

Once she had memorized a song, it was hers permanently. She would progress to the next song without forgetting the previous one. By last summer she could play "Oh, Susanna," "Frère Jacques," "The First Noel," "Rockabye Baby," and "America."

I let her alone. Whenever she went to the piano of her own accord, I complimented her, and whenever I heard her humming a simple melody around the house, I asked if she could play it. I made it a point, however, never to suggest that she "practice." I wanted her to keep this exercise as part of her natural expression.

Suddenly I realized that Liza hadn't been near the piano for days. I began to check back, and to record each day which went by without a song. Over three weeks passed before Liza strolled casually to the piano one morning and played her entire repertoire, plus the melody of Brahms' Lullaby which she had picked up in the meantime.

During her non-musical weeks, Liza's personality had not been lying dormant. She had taken up painting. She has always loved to do the finger-daubing in which kindergarten inmates indulge, but lately her painting has taken a "serious" turn. One effort was entirely surrounded by a wide, black border.

"There's one for a child psychologist," I thought, feeling more than my customary bewilderment.

Just as Liza has expanded in nursery school, she has also picked up a few bits

of information which, in my opinion, we could have skipped. We have never had a boogie man in our household. I don't believe in teaching children fear.

However, some of the little boys in Liza's class had been disciplined, apparently, by threats of having some sooty horror show up at the foot of their beds by night; the first time Liza, in dealing with these boys, showed a certain feminine independence about who was going to be "it," the boys told Liza who would get her if she didn't watch out.

Liza is an imaginative child, so she accepted the suggestion and parlayed it into something that would have scared the tar out of General Douglas MacArthur.

If I hadn't played Miss Brooks on the radio and read her fan mail, I might have blamed Liza's school system for her fright. Yet in this instance, as well as in others, Miss Brooks gave me understanding.

I simply explained to Liza why the boys had tried to scare her, and suggested that all during her life she would meet people who would boo at her out of dark corners simply to force her to do their will instead of her own. This philosophy is probably beyond her at present, of course, but as I grow older and remember the things that have stuck with me since childhood, I'm not sure where retention begins. I'm not taking any chances. The philosophy might stick. If it does, Liza will be equipped from now on for some of the nasty shocks which come to us all through courtesy of destiny.

I gave Liza more than philosophical aid; I began to burn a night light in the hall outside Liza's room, and to burn a small merry-go-round lamp at her bedside. I don't believe in forcing a child to fight her own imagination.

One thing in which I do believe, Miss Brooks notwithstanding, is an occasional spanking. It has been my experience as a teacher-mother that children build up tensions within themselves in a deliberate effort to drive an adult to some sort of drastic action. Children don't understand the curious frictions which exist in everyone. Adults do mad, incomprehensible things for which they could kick themselves afterward; children do non-characteristic, infuriating things for which they should be spanked.

Being a radio school teacher has persuaded me of one additional conviction of importance: children must be taught according to capacity. When a need arises within a child, the alert parent should grasp that need and satisfy it.

I have an example of what I mean. We live on a hill high above Hollywood. Furthermore, Sunday is my busy day (when I was working on my latest movie, "The Lady Takes a Sailor," everyday was busy) because I have to report to the radio station early in order to start rehearsal. I don't return home until late. And I hadn't been able to enroll Liza in Sunday School.

Not long ago Liza looked up from a story book in which there was a picture of a baby. Staring thoughtfully into the middle distance, she asked, "Who is Jesus? Do I know Him?"

I made arrangements for Liza to start Sunday School the next week. The time had come for a new phase of my daughter's mental and emotional development, and I was grateful to be alert enough to catch that moment.

I suppose you might say that I regard myself as Miss Brooks' most willing (but sometimes backward) student

The Face Is Familiar

(Continued from page 33)

moment and talks about Arachnida as glibly as you and I discuss Crosby.

Badness, a special pet in spite of the name, is a huge black cat. Linoleum is a cat that looks like the covering on the kitchen floor. Nana's dog, Merry Christmas, has a litter of pups every year, all named for special days and then presented to friends. Two of Merry Christmas's children, Admission Day and April Fool, live nearby and sometimes come home to visit.

In the dining-room, windows look out to the ocean; the carpet is green, the walls cream, and the furniture bleached modern. Chairs are covered with a cream linen splashed with huge pink and green and lavender hibiscus, the same design being enlarged to make a handsomely painted mural on one wall.

Rosemary is the artist who planned and executed the mural, but before it was finished the whole family had their brushes in it. "I wanted to be an artist," she says, "but just didn't cut the swath I hoped to during my first year at college. So I threw it over for dramatics. That hasn't kept me from painting everything in sight ever since, from still life to furniture."

Upstairs there are three bedrooms and three baths. Nurse and baby share a room that Rosemary decorated herself—"It's rather amazing, but quite pleasant to live in," says she.

It has deep chocolate walls, bright red carpeting, cream white furniture and mirrors, hand-blocked red and white curtains. The girls' room is made to seem like two, with a partition dividing it, and the door in the partition has "Nana" lettered on her side, "Martha" on hers. There's a different color scheme for each—Nana's half has brightly painted peasant furniture and red, yellow and black Mexican curtains. Martha's side is decorated in squares of rose, with little colored lambs pasted on the squares. Her curtains are blue.

Before Nana settles down at night, her mother has to read at least two chapters of "Oz" to her. "She'd like ten or twelve," says Rosemary, "but I'm only good for two. It's fine for the voice and diction—and for 'playing' all the characters—but sometimes it's a little difficult when you're supposed to be doing six other things!"

The big bedroom is about eighteen by twenty-three feet, opens on a small balcony, and has windows that go two-thirds of the way around the room. Because there's so much light, the walls are painted a dark Wedgwood blue. Ceiling's white, carpet silver-blue.

The seven and a half foot bed was specially built. At both sides and the foot are white woven oval carpets. The big electric clock built into the wall, which can be illuminated at night by a switch, is for "two near-sighted people who think it's wonderful." They wanted it set in the ceiling, but an expert finally convinced them that oil from the works would be bound to drip at times.

On the ocean side of the property there's a home-made barbecue, set in a little grove of trees. "Not one of your fancy Hollywood jobs, but a crude affair where we do a lot of living," is the way the Shidlers describe it. They built their own croquet court, and family tournaments go on for days.

The patio is practically an outdoor

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'Gold' Rush of '49



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And no wonder! This 1949 Fels-Naptha brings them a brand-new washing experience. Every process in the Fels-Naptha formula has been tested and checked with the washing demands of today's smart, young housekeeper.

If you haven't tried the 1949 Fels-Naptha Soap or Soap Chips get some today. Get a big red and green box of Fels-Naptha Soap Chips for your washing machine or automatic washer. You'll really get a thrill at the way this grand, golden soap gets things fragrantly clean and sweet and a bigger thrill when your dazzling white washes are hung on the line.

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No messy fingers!
 You never touch Stopette . . . hardly know it touches you!

Just squeeze the flexible bottle . . . Stopette envelops underarm in cool deodorant mist, banishes odor and perspiration worries.

You have never used a deodorant so delicate, yet so effective. Stopette is invisible, dries the instant you spray it on, leaves no trace on skin or clothes. Composed of kind-to-your-skin ingredients . . . assures the firm yet gentle protection you must have. The squeezable bottle is unbreakable—carry it anywhere. So economical, too—hundreds of sprays in each bottle.

Your favorite drug or cosmetic counter has Stopette. Try it once . . . you will never use another deodorant.



JULES MONTENIER, INC.
 CHICAGO

living room five months of the year and a wonderful place for picnic buffets. Regular daily meals in the Shidler household are simple. Waffles are a Sunday treat, popovers and spinach soufflé are among Rosemary's specialties. She's the every-other-Sunday cook, when Jo is off.

Rosemary keeps her "city" clothes for days away from home, wears colorful slacks, shirts and jackets around the house. "John's even more addicted to casual clothes," she says. "Being a judge, he's often caught in informal garb on Sunday by some desiring-to-be-wed couple, but when enough notice is given he dresses with all the proper formality for the occasion."

John is interested in everything from community affairs to boys' Bible classes. Rosemary's radio and movie work, combined with home and children, keep her out of everything except the big annual bridge tournament that husbands and wives of the community play against the husbands and wives of a nearby hill town. "You never play with the same people twice, which makes it interesting—and the food is wonderful," is Rosemary's reason for always entering the tournaments.

How she got into radio and the movies is a story in itself, of course. It really started because Rosemary's mother is one of those always-finish-it girls, and consequently Rosemary can't quit anything she starts, whether it's a foolish book or a poor meal—and certainly not the quest for a movie or radio part. Mama taught her too well.

People are always asking Rosemary how they can get on the air. "A," she tells them, "make a list of jobs to be had. B, people who can give them out. And C, start sitting on benches and pestering B to give you A. If you work at it hard enough you'll win, and the more you work the more proficient you'll get."

She got to be "Judy Price" that way. A, she found there was a job to be had on the Dr. Christian airshow. B, she got the name of the job-giver. C, she auditioned for three days, brought her lunch every day and outstayed all comers.

Somewhere there must have been a D too; she had what it takes.

Rosemary's been Judy for twelve years, except for the three maternity leaves. "It always seems strange to be paid, when it's so much fun," she tells you, then adds, "Dear, dear, let's not be too naive about this!"

When River's End and its folks go on television she wants to go along, because she thinks Dr. Jean Hersholt-Christian is the kindest, most generous, most humorous person she could work with—"and nobody's fool, in spite of these things," she adds.

Plenty of girls would have envied Rosemary's early life. She was born in Prescott, Arizona, but her father was a mining engineer and the only thing she could count on was change. Her formal schooling began much later than other girls', and when she did get started she changed schools every year. Either the family moved, or she had to be shipped off somewhere to get an education. She used to wonder what it was like to grow up in a house you were born in and see the same faces for at least twelve months at a stretch.

Now she knows that this nomadic life made her more understanding of differing customs and ways of living and left her in the permanent dilemma of being able to see the other fellow's

point of view, even when completely contrary to her own. Therefore she can't be too tough on anyone—which is sometimes tough on Rosemary. It also made her more adept at meeting new people, although she insists that's a surface facility and that she's really still the shy ten-year-old who was brought up alone and suddenly sent out to face a world of strange schools and stranger grownups.

Shy she may have been at ten, but already she had seen mine tragedies, disastrous fires and even killings in the border towns and mining camps that were her early homes. Maybe it was seeing all this pain and sickness that made her want to be a doctor—and even now makes her read every medical treatise she can make head or tail of. She can't bear to see anything, human or animal, suffer and tortures herself with theories about ways to help. Doctor Christian has competition in his own office!

Oddly enough, she flunked her first screen test, which was for the role of Judy Price in a film based on the radio show. Persistence didn't pay off in that case. "You're not the type," they told her.

Some Hollywood agents had warned her she'd lose by a nose. Like Rosemary, her nose has individuality—but while not as photogenic as, say, Bergman's, it has led her into twenty-six movie roles to date, the latest being Ma Miller in Warners' "Look for the Silver Lining," based on the life of dancer Marilyn Miller. She's just started a movie version of the Bill Bendix radio show, *The Life of Riley*. She's played screen mother to such diverse children as June Haver, who portrays Marilyn; to Sabu, Jimmy Cagney, Bobby Driscoll, Ronald Reagan, Ann Blyth and Robert Alda. On the air she has done something like four hundred different characters, from the Columbia Workshop to Gangbusters.

Character roles started for her at fourteen, when she played in stock. Smaller parts were usually older women and she got used to padding and gray wigs. Once she did Mercutio and lost half her mustache in the vehemence of her performance.

She majored in drama and psychology at Mills College, in Oakland, California, got her Master's Degree after a year of post-graduate teaching there. She acted on radio, screen and stage, once did reviews for the *New York Morning Telegraph*, was fired for telling the editor not to cut her stuff. "It took me some time to get over the notion that I was sent from heaven to aid the arts," she confesses.

Rosemary had been fired from her first radio job, on *One Man's Family* in 1934, because she couldn't resist telling the boss how to run the show. They hadn't been enthusiastic over her audition, but next day someone broke a leg—a break for Rosemary, because she was the substitute. Six weeks later she was bossing the boss. So she had to move on—this time to the Pasadena Playhouse. But the role she liked best was Mad Agnes in "The Drunkard," in a mad tour that took her all over the country and landed her in New York and a part in "Merrily We Roll Along." She worked her way up to a small speaking role—and the show closed. Not cause and effect, she insists.

She got into the movies because actress Martha Scott fought for her until it was easier to put up with Rosemary than it was with Martha. Martha looked upon her as a com-

bination of Bernhardt and Bergman, so Rosemary got her foot in the motion picture door by playing the immigrant girl in "Cheers for Miss Bishop," in which Martha starred.

When you ask Rosemary if she wants her three daughters to be actresses you get an emphatic answer, "Only if they want to act more than anything else. Whatever they do, I want them to be good at it." Looks as if they're in for a little hard plugging along the traditional DeCamp always-finish-it formula. Nana takes her mother's goings-on as a matter of course. "She thinks all mommies act on the radio and make 'pitchers,'" Rosemary says.

Rosemary and John met when she was at Mills and he was a student at nearby Stanford University, in Palo Alto. College over, and the nomadic life in full swing again for Rosemary, they didn't see each other again for eight years. They were married in 1941.

"When I married, everything good began to come my way," she tells you earnestly. "Children, good picture roles, more radio opportunities—and so much else. There are always a dozen projects afoot in our household at any moment, but it's my theory that no human works up to his potential and that by organization of time it's possible to accomplish seeming miracles. John is a highly organized character, who gets far more work done than I. But we live simply and try to take frequent vacations—fishing trips, for instance.

"When I drive home from Hollywood I go into another world, that of a small town, where my husband's friends and mine are our neighbors—businessmen, doctors, lawyers, people who work in various fields. Right now I'm up to my elbows in a fairly tricky undertaking, etching patterns on glass with a grinding machine, because I couldn't find the right lighting fixtures for the house."

Asked what she thinks are the most important qualities in a man, Rosemary answers, "An interest in people who may be quite different from himself, and in other ideas as well as his own. The most dangerous man is one who will *listen*. He can accomplish anything by being of such a rare species."

And the most important qualities in a woman? "Kindness, understanding, a sense of humor—plus the necessary 'wheels' to meet life intelligently." Judy Price has those qualities, as every Dr. Christian listener knows. And why not—since she learned them from Rosemary!

With a flick of your finger... the Dial-a-Wave ends guesswork in your home permanent

Her Rayve Wave Number is **2**. Find yours on the Dial-a-Wave... easy as setting a clock! It's the sure way to the kind of wave you want... for your kind of hair.



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LONG-LASTING—YET SOFTER, MORE NATURAL—A Rayve cold wave is satin-soft—like natural curls from the *first* day. No frizz, ever! And if you have *any* kind of plastic curlers, all you need is a Refill Kit for your *personalized* Rayve wave.

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WVAM Altoona	KFRE Fresno	WPAY Portsmouth
KLYN Amarillo	WENT Gloversville	WPRO Providence
WAIM Anderson	KILO Grand Forks	WTAD Quincy
WWNC Asheville	WJEF Grand Rapids	KOTA Rapid City
WCMI Ashland	KFBB Great Falls	WHUM Reading
WGAU Athens	WBAY Green Bay	KOLO Reno
WAGA Atlanta	WBIG Greensboro	WRVA Richmond
WBAB Atlantic City	KGBS Harlingen	WDBJ Roanoke
WROW Augusta	WHP Harrisburg	WHEC Rochester
KTBC Austin	WDRC Hartford	KROY Sacramento
KERN Bakersfield	WHOP Hopkinsville	WFOY St. Augustine
WCAO Baltimore	KTRH Houston	KMOX St. Louis
WGUY Bangor	WAOO Indiana, PA.	KSL Salt Lake City
WJLS Beckley	WFBM Indianapolis	KTSA San Antonio
WNBF Binghamton	WHCU Ithaca	KCBQ San Diego
WAPI Birmingham	WJQS Jackson	KCBS San Francisco
KSUN Bisbee	WMBR Jacksonville	KVSF Santa Fe
KDSH Boise	KSJB Jamestown	WSPB Sarasota
WEEL Boston	WARO Johnstown	WTOC Savannah
WGR Buffalo	KSWM Joplin	KOLT Scottsbluff
WCAX Burlington	WKZO Kalamazoo	WGBI Scranton
KBOW Butte	KMBC Kansas City	KIRO Seattle
KAVE Carlsbad	WKNE Keene	WGWG Selma
KSUB Cedar City	WNOX Knoxville	KWKH Shreveport
WMT Cedar Rapids	WIOU Kokomo	KSIL Silver City
WOWS Champaign	KLOU Lake Charles	KSCJ Sioux City
WCSC Charleston, S.C.	KLAS Las Vegas	WSBT South Bend
WCHS Charleston, W. VA.	KLRA Little Rock	WSPA Spartanburg
WBT Charlotte	KNX Los Angeles	KXLY Spokane
WOOD Chattanooga	WHAS Louisville	WTAX Springfield, ILL.
WBBM Chicago	WMAZ Macon	WMAS Springfield, MASS.
KXOC Chico	WFEA Manchester	KTTS Springfield, MO.
WKRC Cincinnati	KGLO Mason City	KGOM Stockton
WGAR Cleveland	WREC Memphis	WFBL Syracuse
KVOR Colo. Springs	WCOC Meridian	WTAL Tallahassee
WKIX Columbia, S.C.	WGBS Miami	WQAE Tampa
WRBL Columbus, GA.	WISN Milwaukee	WTHI Terre Haute
WBNS Columbus, OHIO	WCCO Minneapolis	WIBW Topeka
WHUB Cookeville	KGVO Missoula	KTUC Tucson
KEYS Corpus Christi	WKRG Mobile	KTUL Tulsa
WCUM Cumberland	WCOV Montgomery	WMB5 Uniontown
KRLO Dallas	WLBC Muncie	WIBX Utica
WOAN Danville	WLAC Nashville	WTOP Washington
WHIO Dayton	WWL New Orleans	WBRY Waterbury
WSOY Decatur	WCBS New York	WWNY Watertown
KLZ Denver	KOSA Odessa	WJNO W. Palm Beach
KSO Des Moines	KOMA Oklahoma City	WWVA Wheeling
WJR Detroit	KFAB Omaha-Lincoln	KFH Wichita
WCED Du Bois	WDBO Orlando	KWFT Wichita Falls
KOAL Duluth	WPAO Paducah	WPPA Williamsport
WONC Durham	KCMJ Palm Springs	WTAG Worcester
KROO El Paso	WPAR Parkersburg	KIMA Yakima
	WMBO Peoria	WKBN Youngstown

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THOUSANDS OF WOMEN who've put up with polish which chips soon after manicuring are making a thrilling discovery . . .

It's the *new* Cutex polish . . . the *new miracle-wear* polish! Now it contains Enamelon, a Cutex-exclusive ingredient designed to give incredible wear!

Cutex with Enamelon stays lovely day after day after day! Resists chipping, flaking, peeling as no polish ever did before!

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Many fashion-styled colors. Get new Cutex today . . . at your favorite cosmetic counter.

If you don't find that New Cutex wears longer than you ever dreamed possible, send the bottle to Northam Warren, Box 1355, Stamford, Conn., and your money will be refunded.

Advertisement

All Three of Us

(Continued from page 54)

New Year's Day of that same year. One of Court's assignments at the time was announcing on the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation's daytime serial, *The Story of Dr. Susan*. Grace Matthews came in to audition for the title role. She not only got the part—she walked into a lifetime assignment.

At the time they met, Grace and Court were both busy and successful people. Court, in fact, was working on something like twenty-two free-lance assignments, while Grace, a graduate of the Royal Academy in London, was fast making a reputation for herself as one of Canada's best-liked radio actresses. Court was doing some work in the legitimate theater, and Grace was planning to resume her career in the theater. All this meant eventually coming to New York, the center of all things theatrical.

It meant a lot of disciplined, concentrated work. Yet at no time since their marriage—for all that two careers can be so time-consuming—has it occurred to either Grace or Court to think of themselves as anything but a family in the fullest, deepest sense of the word. They are so very much a unit, husband and wife. Perhaps, Court will tell you, that's because Grace is such a warm, sympathetic person—she has so much to give. Even the radio personalities she portrays reflects this quality of hers: As Ruth Wayne on the Big Sister program she has time for everyone's troubles; as Julie Paterno in Hilltop House, she is assistant supervisor of an orphanage—and the kids love her.

Wherever she is, Grace just naturally makes a home. Although most of the places they lived in have been small city apartments, each one has had "Home" stamped all over it. Court, who plays suave villains on *Counterspy* and can be heard on *Gangbusters* as any one of a series of good, solid homespun characters—kindly doctors, lawyers, businessmen—loves to come home from his adventures as either the hunter or the hunted. He especially appreciates the peace and quiet of their smoothly-running attractive household at the end of his winter weekends: that's when he runs up to Canada for his international commuting chore, commenting on our northern neighbor's biggest sports broadcast, the Imperial Oil Hockey Show. It's a bit hectic.

When they were first married, Grace and Court furnished their Toronto flat mostly in Chinese Chippendale, using some lovely old Chinese rugs which Court's family had brought from Peking. This same furniture and rugs decorate their newest apartment. The rugs, however, have had quite an odyssey of their own. At one point Court had to put them in storage, and the man with whom he stored them subsequently went to jail. The family rugs vanished. Court had to do a super-sleuth act to recover them. They finally turned up in the moth-ridden cellar where the jailed man's landlady had stowed them away—for her own future use!

Today the rugs, minus moths and mildew, harmonize effectively with the turquoise broadloom which covers the rest of the floor of their home. But there is no point talking about the newest Matthews-Benson home without talking a lot more about the baby.

As soon as they knew Small Brother was under way, Grace and Court began apartment-hunting in earnest. They

hunted seven months. Grace was able not only to hunt houses with her husband whenever his schedule permitted, but to go on with all her radio shows. And they finally found the place that suited them. It was in the East Seventies, a fine solid apartment house that stood tall and serene in a block of remodeled brownstones.

In spite of the sweltering heat of July in New York, Grace, who still had some energy left over, decorated it herself. She and Court both like gray, so she chose gray paint for the walls, contrasting with silver paper decorated with Chinese figures for the foyer and the wall over the fireplace. She had the baby's room done all in blue—a color she had always disliked but now—probably in anticipation of "Andrew"—began to use even for her new clothes. As it turned out, blue actually suits Little Sister's red-gold and brown coloring better than pink might have done!

There is plenty of space to move around in the new apartment: There's a large living room, a dinette and kitchen, two bedrooms, and two baths. All this still seems pretty luxurious to a pair of space-hungry Manhattanites.

Grace and Court both like to reminisce about the time the baby made her appearance, and also about the time of waiting. Andrea—or Andrew as they kept calling her then—was due the first week in September. Grace's grip, packed weeks in advance, stood ready in the hall closet. Court promised the baby to Grace as a birthday present, to arrive on September 3rd.

But the baby was late. Grace, who had stopped work two weeks earlier, grew restless. Court bought his wife a substitute birthday present but that didn't really help. Grace's mother, who had come down from Canada, had to go home again. Babies, the Bensons were discovering, can be extremely unpredictable.

One night, they decided to "do" Chinatown with Paul McGrath, Grace's "husband" on Big Sister, and his wife Lu, one of Grace's best friends. They had dinner which consisted of all kinds of exotic dishes, then shopped around for knick-knacks. They said goodnight to the McGraths at midnight, and went home—then suddenly it was time to get the bag out of the closet and head for the hospital.

At nine o'clock the following morning, Paul was at the hospital pacing the floor with the baby's real-life father. At 11:30 he had to leave for rehearsal. At one o'clock Big Sister went on the air. Then, immediately following the commercial, Little Sister gave her first vocal performance. Her father and mother think the baby showed a real flare for show business in the matter of timing, and displayed wonderful professional courtesy toward the sponsors in waiting until after the commercial.

Andrea was born September 6th, Labor Day. The simple change in name was her father's idea—but it wasn't just a change in gender. During the war, Court had spent some pleasant months in the beautiful town of Andrea in southern Italy. He likes to explain that the golden-haired child was named for the sun-kissed town because both are beautiful in the same sunny way.

But Grace, smiling a little, will remind him that the story really doesn't

go like that. When Court had his first quick glimpse of his daughter through the hospital nursery window he was not nearly so poetic. Later during the day everyone around radio started asking who the baby looked like. Court's prompt answer was, "She looks like Johnny Mize." But then, Court claims Andrea stopped resembling the first baseman for the New York Giants as soon as they got her home. And anyway, he'll add irreverently and proudly, she's so unusual—all babies are born with blue eyes and Andrea never did have blue eyes, not even for one day!

Grace's "other husband," Paul, kept coming to the hospital with his wife. The whole cast of Big Sister came or sent gifts. Collectively, they sent a set of gold safety pins. Individually they brought flowers, books, small gifts. Producer Jack Rubin of Hilltop House sent a tremendous basket of flowers. When the flowers began to wilt, the nurse discovered toys hidden under them—a rattle for the baby, a high chair with a doll in it . . . Andrea still plays with the doll which only recently has acquired a rival—a big plushy teddy bear.

It was the hospital staff which first began to call the baby Little Sister, although the nickname was a natural. Andrea couldn't have escaped it.

The nurses and doctors felt very pleased with the tiny celebrity and her mother. They got a kick out of taking care of Big Sister. Besides, they enjoyed meeting all the other celebrities—practically every character in half a dozen daytime serials came in to visit Grace.

Since, as is usual for September, the weather was pretty sticky, all the doors at the hospital were constantly left ajar. A woman across the hall heard Grace's voice and kept insisting an acquaintance of hers must be having a baby right on the same floor. Grace's voice was so familiar to this woman she couldn't stop worrying until she was finally told that the Mrs. Benson whose name meant nothing to her was the Grace Matthews she listened to regularly in her own home.

Grace was touched and pleased with the realization this incident brought her of how much a part of the lives of her radio audience she has really become. She understood better than ever why it is always a matter of so much importance to the writers of a serial script what to do with a major character who temporarily must leave a show. Writers solve this problem in different ways. For instance, when Grace and Court got married and left on their honeymoon, the writers of Dr. Susan announced that the young doctor had mysteriously disappeared—and fans all over Canada worried about her for a couple of weeks!

Julian Funt and Robert Newman, who write the Big Sister script, kept Ruth Wayne in the conversation of other people—for instance, she was talked to on the telephone—or called to in another room—and the audience never realized she was away. But Addy Rich-ton and Lynne Stone, writers of Hill-top House, decided to give Julie Paterno a Bermuda vacation. This worked out fine too—so much so that on the day Grace returned to work, Hilltop House acquired a sponsor.

After mother and baby came home, Grace's problem was how to get back to a work schedule as soon as possible without doing damage to either herself or Andrea. The simplest and best answer was a competent nurse. Grace got one immediately—a trained woman



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No need to be embarrassed any more. The invention of Tampax has simplified the whole subject of monthly protection for women.

You require no belts or pins with Tampax—and no outside pads. For Tampax is worn internally.



You insert Tampax by means of individual patented applicators; your hands need not touch the Tampax.



You will find great daintiness in Tampax. No odor, no chafing—and it's only one-ninth the bulk of the external kind.



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You will like the scientific character of Tampax—invented by a doctor and made of pure surgical absorbent cotton throughout.

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who specialized in the care of brand-new babies. At the end of six weeks, when there was no more need for that kind of specialist, this nurse recommended another—a motherly German woman, in this country for twenty years, who would be able to take over completely.

It has worked out beautifully. Nurse not only has charge of Andrea, she has adopted the whole family. Since there is no sleep-in maid, it is she who fixes Grace and Court their coffee in the morning (and what can be greater luxury?). The Bensons have coffee early enough to give them an hour of play with Andrea before they go to the studio and she goes to the park. They don't see each other again, except on the nurse's day off, until the baby's bath and dinner.

Grace's schedule is pretty full during the day. Rehearsal for Big Sister starts at 11:30. The show itself is over at 1:15. She has half an hour for lunch, for which she generally rushes downstairs in the CBS building to Colbee's. At 1:45 she's back at the studio to begin rehearsal for Hilltop House, and is kept busy until 3:30.

A lot of Court's work keeps him busy during other people's dinnertime. So husband and wife often have to operate on a stagger schedule, which, on Wednesday, the nurse's day off, works like this. Mornings are as usual, except that Nurse leaves right after breakfast. When Grace leaves, Court takes the baby over, giving her lunch and taking her for an airing in Central Park. There he is greeted by all the other nurses, who know Andrea, and love to come over and talk to him about her. He is rather proud to play the role, not of a well-known radio character, but simply of Andrea's old man.

Grace meets them at the Zoo as soon as her work is over, and it's her turn to take the baby. While Court goes to the studio, Grace gives Andrea her bath and her dinner, which she thoroughly enjoys doing. Court frankly admits he prefers not to have to feed his daughter. He hasn't the patience for a baby's thousand delays and the endless resourcefulness it can show about not swallowing food. . . . Anyway, he claims Andrea is always half-starved by the time Nurse gets back for breakfast on Thursday morning.

The Bensons' social life is fairly limited, since working as hard as they do doesn't leave much time for staying up late. They read a lot, see many plays (they still plan to do some legitimate

theater work in the fairly near future) and see their friends. Once a week, Court has a poker session, using an octagonal table Grace gave him last year as a Christmas present.

During the summer the routine of the Benson household changes considerably. For several months out of the year they become commuters. And they love it.

Their house in Darien, Connecticut, is so surrounded by water it looks like a houseboat . . . almost. Not quite, though. It isn't that isolated. The Bensons would hardly like a real houseboat—they enjoy moving about too much, walking along country roads. Out at Darien they sleep better than in the city, and even the food tastes better to them. They claim the same steaks and chops develop a different flavor. It isn't just the result of cooking sometimes on an open grill—it's eating after the long walks, the swimming. The evenings and early mornings in the country are so invigorating they don't half-mind the commuting.

Andrea, who spent her first long summer there, thrives on the country. After a few weeks she became one of those lovely honey-colored babies. She smiled and gurgled all day long, showing off her four brand-new teeth—two of them eye-teeth which, her parents say, make her look as if she were growing fangs.

She is growing up fast. Court and Grace have some very definite ideas—which don't always coincide—on the way Little Sister should be brought up. They argue a good deal about the importance of environment in raising a child. Grace believes that the most important thing is the psychological effect of good home atmosphere, a feeling of security and being loved. Court tends to feel that though these factors are important there is too much stress today being placed on the psychological side of upbringing and is more fatalistic about human character. He feels that the fundamentals of a person's character are inborn.

Luckily, both know how to listen in an argument, and they respect each other's judgment and ideas. By the time Andrea is old enough to need it, they will undoubtedly have arrived at a pretty sensible approach for all of them. In the meantime, they are wondering just how much musical talent their daughter will have. They think probably a lot. At ten months, Little Sister has taken to tuning both Court and Grace off the air unceremoniously. She prefers to listen to music.

listen to singing star

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My Boss, Arthur Godfrey

(Continued from page 29)

you might call it a sense of timing. I got so I knew just which piece of material to hand him next.

That's the way we've always worked except now of course, with all our network shows and our television programs, we have a staff of five writers who work under my direction. They gather together anything and everything they think might fit into a show, then I sift it and show it to him just before we go on the air. Of course sometimes, or I should say many times, we don't get a chance to go over a thing before the theme starts, and Arthur doesn't know what he's going to say until I start pulling stuff out of my folder. It's certainly not the orthodox, "everything-timed" way of putting on a broadcast, but then Arthur is anything but orthodox, to say the least. There are always those days when he uses nothing I've planned or outlined. He'll get started on some subject or another and just talk on and on, "ad libbing in my 'imimitable' fashion," as he laughingly mispronounces it, and first thing we know, the program is over.

Arthur actually has no sense of organization at all. He prefers leaving that department strictly up to me. But he's one of those people who somehow manages to always get everything done, regardless of mountainous confusion. With so many shows and the pressure of sponsors, advertising agencies, personal appearances, making records and everything else that goes with our round-and-round routine, you'd expect him to fall on his face at least once a month. I honestly don't know how he can go as fast or as hard as he does continually. Maybe it's because he has learned the art of relaxing completely for short periods at a time. He can put his head down on his desk, fall sound asleep for fifteen minutes and wake up feeling like a new man. It's probably a lucky thing for him inasmuch as he's the keyed-up, excitable type.

As unpredictable and impetuous as Arthur is, his wife, Mary, is just the opposite. She's calm and even-tempered as can be. The rush and tension of radio doesn't bother her in the least. Of course Mary used to work at NBC in Washington before she and Arthur were married so she has a thorough understanding of his work.

When someone asks Arthur just exactly what my job consists of, he'll usually answer, "Mug is my production chief-plus-plus-plus," and Mary would be the first to know what he means. Like the time a few years ago when he broke his foot chopping wood and was done up in plaster cast for about a month. I immediately became a chauffeur without uniform, driving Arthur from the farm to the studio and back every day. That is, I sat behind the wheel while he screamed instructions, warnings and signals at me. Boy! he's the worst back-seat driver in the world. Was I ever glad when that cast came off and he could drive again.

Of course I have other duties, not so physical, which Arthur has always delegated to me. Like remembering everyone's name for him. He has a terrific memory for faces and will yell a big greeting to somebody he knows well and then turn to me a minute



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

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4-oz. jar \$1; 10-oz. economy size \$2.
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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.

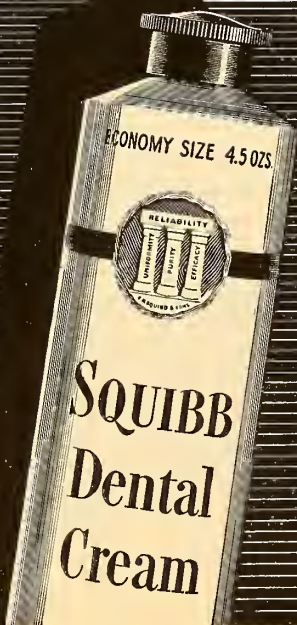
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later and say, "What in the heck is that guy's name?" Sometimes this habit of his can be a little embarrassing. A few months ago we got into an elevator at CBS and Arthur said, "Hi there, how are you?" to a fellow in the back of the car and chatted with him warmly until the man got off on his floor. Then Arthur said to me, "You know, I never can remember that fellow's name." I calmly reminded Arthur that "that fellow" had been our first engineer when we moved to New York and that he had been in service and a prisoner in a concentration camp for two years and had just returned to CBS.

Many times I'm asked, "What kind of a person is Arthur Godfrey when he's away from the microphone?" And people are usually surprised and say "Really?" when I tell them he has exactly the same personality off the air as on. But it's absolutely true. He is just as straightforward and outspoken and has just as keen a sense of humor. Incidentally, his great humor is one of the things that has made my job so enjoyable all these years. One of the funniest tricks he ever pulled, at least to me, was the time he gave away the washing machine on our morning show. Every day for a week we had found refrigerators, dishwashers, deep freezers, etc., in our studio which the Winner Take All program had left there from the afternoon before. Arthur kept threatening, "If I find one of those contraptions in here tomorrow morning I'm going to give it away."

Sure enough, the next day there stood a huge washing machine, so after we were on the air, Arthur told the audience how it happened to be on the stage, and he picked out a lady in the second row, asked her to stand up and tell him her name and spell it. She did just that and he said, "For answering my question correctly, the washing machine is yours!" As it turned out, the woman certainly had use for it because she had several small children.

Arthur is also quite a practical joker in his private life, and the victim can be anyone from a vice-president to a sponsor. For instance, Mr. Robert B. Smallwood, who happens to be the president of the Lipton Tea Company, invited some friends of his, including Arthur and me, to a party at his tower apartment in one of New York's residential hotels. At the end of the evening he was showing his guests the skyline view from his terrace, which was just off his bedroom.

We were on our way out to the terrace when Arthur noticed Mr. Smallwood's pajamas folded neatly on the turned-down bed. Arthur got a flash and when no one was looking he quick-

ly tied each leg in double knots and folded them back so they wouldn't show. Then I took my little perfume atomizer from my bag and we sprayed the whole bottle all over the sheets and pillow. The next morning Arthur could hardly wait for Mr. Smallwood to call so he'd know his reaction to the gag. P. S.—He loved it. But who else but Arthur could get away with something like that?

But with all his joking and kidding, Arthur is the fairest man I've ever known and the most honest. He has never, even in the early days, plugged a product or worked for a client he didn't absolutely and completely believe in. On one or two occasions in the past, when he found out that a sponsor pulled a fast one on him with a phony commercial, he dropped the account right then and there and never would take it up again even though the clients tried to apologize in every way. If you once lie to Godfrey, he's through with you forever.

With Arthur as a boss, I don't have the usual social life of the average career girl. Because of our schedule, it's impossible ever to plan ahead.

But lack of a set routine in my private life doesn't bother me at all. If we broadcast from the farm on Friday I usually spend the weekend with friends in Washington, which is my permanent home. Several times a year I get down to Raleigh to see my folks. In the summer months I do a lot of sailing with Arthur, Mary and their kids at Larchmont, N. Y. And if I'm not sailing I indulge in my other pet pastimes, tennis, swimming and movies. During the work week Tuesday is actually our only free night and whenever possible Arthur will get a gang together from the program—Janette Davis, Archie Bleyer, Bill Lawrence, and we'll all see a Broadway show. Believe it or not, by some miracle Arthur even got tickets for "South Pacific." And of course he promptly gagged that the crowd at the box-office was so big there was one woman standing there with five children who wasn't even married when she got in line.

All in all my job is a fascinating one and I love it. It's full of hard work, late hours, surprises, and a million laughs. I can't imagine anything more interesting and I'm *never, never* bored! Last July the Junior Chamber of Commerce of North Carolina invited me to Raleigh as a special guest for the annual Miss North Carolina Beauty Pageant. As they crowned the winner I couldn't help thinking, "I only hope that girl will be as lucky as I was and winds up with a career that is as wonderful and exciting as mine."

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Check Paper for Time

Read the fascinating feature,

"Woman's World"

reported by Wendy Warren each month in
TRUE EXPERIENCES magazine now at news-stands.

The Life and Times of CBS

(Continued from page 25)

the security of the press for the "uncertainty" of the still static-ridden air!

A thin, energetic, young man by the name of Ted Husing was lugging the heavy weight of a recent invention—the portable transmitter—around after Bobby Jones in the National Amateur Golf Finals. He was the first reporter to use a portable mike at a sports event.

And CBS was about to put Rudy Vallee on the air and change the singing style of the nation.

It happened by accident. One of the most popular of early CBS programs was called Night Club Romances. It featured the lively jazz of the day. One night there was wild alarm in the studio a few minutes before the program was scheduled to go on the air. The orchestra was in place, the conductor was there, the engineers were ready. But there was no music score in the studio.

The producer burned up the telephone wires, and made a deal with a young bandleader to go on the air from his recently opened Heigh Ho Club in Greenwich Village. "As a great novelty, we are leaving the studio and taking you directly to a night club to hear Rudy Vallee and his Connecticut Yankees," said the announcer. With that a brand-new sound went out over the airways—a band with no brasses—a singer who murmured to the mike.

The era of the crooner had come.

In 1929, CBS signed Paul Whiteman, the greatest name in jazz, and, as a result, scored several more "firsts." When Whiteman and his band went to Hollywood to make "The King of Jazz," his was the first program troupe to travel, broadcasting as it went. It moved as a unit in ten railway cars and made seventeen broadcasts.

In Whiteman's troupe was a big-eared boy who already was beginning to hum "boo-boo-ba-boo-boo" into the mike—Bing Crosby, who also won his first big radio chance by accident . . . accident and President Paley's ceaseless search for new talent.

Paley was relaxing on the deck of a ship bound for Europe. Technically, he was on a vacation. But when he heard a new, dulcet sound pouring out of a stateroom window, he went to work. He rushed to the door of the unknown traveler while "To you my love, my life, my all—I surrender, dear," was still floating out of the Victrola, demanded the name of the singer who had made the recording, hurried to the wireless room. The result was Bing Crosby's first engagement on the big time.

But was this an accident? How often is "good luck" no more than a combination of good thinking and quick action? The scores of famous personalities first introduced to the airways by CBS cannot all be the result of happy accident.

Look at the record:

1930—CBS brought the New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra to the air and has kept it on ever since. The expense was staggering but hundreds of thousands of people who never had heard of symphonies before were able to enjoy it, free for the turn of a dial. Today, it is estimated that nearly forty-four million people hear CBS concerts in one season.

Kate Smith was first heard regularly

(Continued on the next page)



"Something Wonderful in
New Woodbury Powder
makes my Skin look Satin Smooth!"

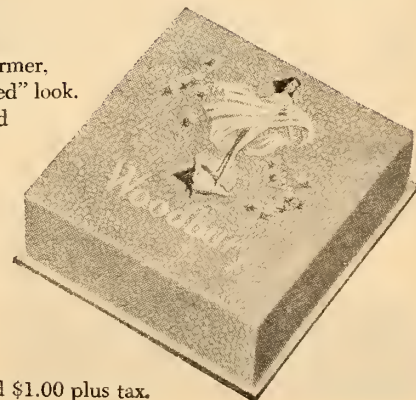
says **GLORIA DE HAVEN**

co-starring in
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's
"SCENE OF THE CRIME"

There is something wonderful in New Woodbury Powder—a new ingredient that gives your skin a smooth-as-Satin look.

And Woodbury shades are just a glow of Satiny color on your skin—richer, warmer, they give none of that obvious "powdered" look. New Woodbury Powder is finer-blended than was ever before possible. And the subtle, exciting fragrance clings as long as the powder.

See for yourself why women from Coast to Coast voted New Woodbury the four-to-one favorite over all leading face powders!



7 glow-of-color shades, 15¢, 30¢ and \$1.00 plus tax.

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**Nestle
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**GIVES YOUR HAIR
MORE COLOR**

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in 1931 on a national network and became "Everybody's Sweetheart"—through CBS.

A decade later, CBS brought to the air for his first regular broadcasts still another singer who was to become a national rage—a skinny, frail boy from Hoboken. Overnight, strange new words entered the language, such as "Bobby-soxer," and "Swoonatra," and high-pitched shrieks of the teenage fans echoed through the CBS studios.

Famous are the names and colorful are the personalities that streamed past the CBS microphones. First heard over CBS were Jack Benny, Morton Downey, Ed Gardner, The Mills Brothers, Fred Allen, Easy Aces, Fred Waring, Raymond Scott, Burns and Allen, Horace Heidt, Raymond Paige, Perry Como, Ozzie and Harriet, Edward R. Murrow, Elmer Davis, Bob Trout, William L. Shirer, The Cavalcade of America—great shows and performers, each adding to the increasingly great tradition of show business on the air.

Alexander Woollcott will be remembered as long as there is radio for an outstanding example of devotion to the unseen audience. In January, 1943, he was stricken by heart attack during a CBS broadcast—a roundtable discussion of the War Writers' Board. Unable to talk, he scribbled "I Am Sick," lay back in his chair and signalled to the others to go on without him. Helped to an anteroom by one of the speakers, he gasped "Go back in there—never mind me," faithful even in his last moments to the trouper's credo, "The show must go on."

Norman Corwin, noted for his exploration of new forms of radio writing, came to the air through CBS sustaining programs such as Columbia Workshop. This experimental dramatic feature was maintained at considerable cost to encourage new air technics.

Other CBS dramatic programs were attracting rising talent and winning wide audiences. How vast was this following CBS discovered with a jolt when Orson Welles' War of the Worlds, on the Mercury Theatre series, sent thousands of listeners fleeing for their lives. And all because they thought they were hearing a real newscast!

From the start, CBS poured money, brains and ambition into its news coverage. An early news beat was scored when disaster struck the Ohio State Penitentiary in 1930. A CBS crew was inside the walls broadcasting a concert given by the prison band. Fire broke out. When it got beyond control, the CBS men flashed word to their stations

to stand by for a report. Until the fire burned through their cables, the CBS men stayed at their microphones.

CBS, in 1933, set up its own independent news-gathering service. Its success led to an exchange of services between radio and press that helps make us today a better informed people.

CBS claims again to have taken the lead with the first television to go out from New York on regular schedule in 1931, and in 1939 constructed the largest television studio in the country when it set up teletest headquarters in the Grand Central Building in New York. These studios, recently rebuilt, are today the most modern and complete in the country.

And so the story continues, each year boasting new achievements in radio and television.

Now, in 1949, the company that started only twenty-two years ago with sixteen stations is a giant—still young—still growing. Look at a partial roster of the talent and the shows.

Amos 'n' Andy, Jack Benny, Edgar Bergen, Bing Crosby, Horace Heidt, Lum and Abner, Groucho Marx, The Lux Radio Theatre, George Burns and Gracie Allen, Edward R. Murrow and Arthur Godfrey.

Godfrey was a hard-working announcer on a local Washington station when he became so bored that he turned critic, smashed phonograph records that displeased him and gave his own caustic "book review" of the commercials, heckled his sponsors. He expected to be fired. Instead fan letters poured in and so did orders to his sponsors. That one broadcast set the style that makes him one of the most popular of CBS stars today . . . great stars that include Gene Autry, Abe Burrows, Helen Hayes on the Electric Theatre, Quincy Howe, The Andrews Sisters on Bob Crosby's Show, Eve Arden, Lucille Ball, Jean Hersholt, Jack Smith, Marie Wilson, Red Barber, George S. Kaufman and Clifton Fadiman on "This is Broadway," Joan Davis, Vaughn Monroe, Basil Rathbone, Herb Shriner and dozens more.

And on CBS Television: Fred Waring, The Goldbergs, The Ford Theatre, Ed Sullivan, Lucky Pup, Peggy Wood, Jack Benny, Ed Wynn, Dione Lucas, We, the People, Suspense, Arthur Godfrey—among the many.

1950!—future unlimited for all of radio! Future unlimited for the pleasure and enlightenment of the public served by all of the networks through the free air that makes possible the service given by CBS to whom the issue of RADIO MIRROR is dedicated.

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the editors of True Detective Magazine. Your favorite mystery program is still on every Sunday afternoon . . . but it is now one hour later. Beginning September 4th, True Detective Mysteries will be broadcast at:

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\$1,000 Every Sunday

GET THE DETAILS . . . LISTEN TO TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES

We, the People

(Continued from page 41)

Kenney, and he was just nine years old when he visited us on We, the People.

One winter day Dickie and thirty of his Salisbury, Connecticut, schoolmates were jam-packed into a bus, on their way to school. It was a day just like any other—the girls were giggling and whispering together over those wonderful secrets that only little girls have, and the boys were talking about skating, and trying, some of them, to horn in on the girls' conversation and at the same time making it perfectly clear that they weren't the least bit interested in girls. And they were all having a fine time as only youngsters can.

Then it happened.

The bus jolted, lurched, then plunged on, down the slippery, winding road—without a driver. He had fallen out of his seat, lay in a faint on the floor while the vehicle, with his charges, careened along without guidance.

The laughter stopped, as if it had been turned off. The singing died away. A tiny silence, and then someone screamed. And then everyone screamed.

Everyone, that is, but Dickie Kenney. Dickie jumped up, fought his way through the mass of children, now milling helplessly in the aisle, and got to the steering wheel just in time to give it a sharp jerk, and avoid hitting a telephone pole.

But Dickie didn't know anything about the mechanics of the bus, didn't know what all those gadgets on the dashboard meant. "Then how did you stop the bus?" I asked him.

He looked at me as if I ought to know better, and told me calmly, "Why, I just steered down the middle of the road. And it began to slow down. So then I steered it into a snow bank, because that was soft, and it stopped. Then Tommy Booth opened up the emergency door at the back, and we all climbed out. Nobody was hurt. One of the girls went home crying, but just because she was so scared."

I suppose I like stories like Dickie's—stories about children—so much because we—my wife, Louise, and I—have three very active youngsters of our own: Steven, who's seven; Judith, ten; and Nancy, thirteen. To parents, at least to Louise and me, it's heartening to think that these kids of ours, and yours, are We, the People, to whom you and I are going to hand over the future. I'm not worried. They'll do all right, the Dickie Kenneys of the world, and all the rest of the youngsters. Maybe they'll never be in the public eye, or, like Dickie, they may have their one moment of acclaim, and then go their quiet—but important—ways, never again to do anything that will make headlines. But just the same, they'll keep the world pasted together, and show us what a good job of running it can really be.

But there's still that question—what story, of all of them, on We, the People, do I remember best? The more I think about it, the more I wonder whether I can answer it. My wife would say, "Of course you can!" But then Louise thinks I can do anything.

Without Louise I'm afraid I wouldn't have gotten very far—I'm one man who admits what he owes to his wife. And in my case, it's a big admission! Louise has been the power behind my throne ever since school days.

We met, Louise and I, while I was

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attending Amherst and she was at Mount Holyoke. We married on the q.t. during my senior year—it had to be kept quiet, because Amherst took a dim view of under-graduate marriages. I wanted to become an actor, but at the same time I wanted to eat . . . to say nothing of Louise, who has always had a very normal appetite.

A friend suggested that I look into radio, which medium seemed to combine theatre and eating . . . a most attractive prospect. I knew my voice was not my greatest asset, and since I thought radio was all voice and nothing else, I was in favor of turning down my friend's offer of an introduction to an executive of a Boston radio station. However, my astute wife, who had great faith in my ability to read a script intelligently, shipped me off to Boston, and the day after I graduated I went to work as an announcer.

That was quite a year, 1935! In twelve short months I acquired a wife, a college degree, and a job. Then the next year Louise again was the one to persuade me that I now had enough training to come to New York and make a go of it. Her timing was perfect. Just as I was ready to leave Boston, I received an offer from CBS to come to New York. I have never since questioned Louise's reasoning or intuition.

And so perhaps I'll tell you Louise's favorite We, the People story, because the more I think of it, the more I believe it's my favorite, too.

It is the story of a courageous woman that left an indelible impression on us—the story of a woman who made a pledge to God: "Dear God, I pledge myself to do everything in my power to help other parents in the same tragic situation . . . if You will just spare my son's life until I can get to the hospital."

The woman who made that promise is Mrs. Richard Bennett of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. And she is keeping that pledge, for her wish was granted.

A few years ago her son, Jerry, came home after a stint with the Navy in the Pacific. It was a happy family reunion for a month. Then her little daughter, Betsy, contracted polio. It crippled both of her legs. A month after Betsy became ill, Jerry was stricken. One night Mr. and Mrs. Bennett received a call from the hospital . . . Jerry had taken a turn for the worse. While they were driving to the hospital, Mrs. Bennett made her pledge. Jerry pulled through, and it was then Mrs. Bennett's turn to keep her part of the bargain.

After much thought and observance of her own two afflicted children, she came to the conclusion that, next to the disease itself, the most tragic thing about its victims was the lonely lives they were forced to live. So she called on other parents whose children were polio victims. In a short time one hundred and seventy Polio Parents had banded together in an effort to help polio sufferers adjust to their new world.

"You see," Mrs. Bennett assured me, "polio victims don't need charity. They mostly need help in making the adjustment." Club members entertain them in their own homes. Volunteers conduct classes in typing and shorthand, so they can support themselves and regain a certain amount of independence. Other volunteers teach sewing and ceramics.

News of the Polio Parents Club spread and it wasn't long before they were being flooded with requests from families in neighboring towns who wanted

to join the club. But Mrs. Bennett and her club members felt the work they were doing should remain a "local job." They didn't want to raise funds . . . theirs was solely a service organization. So, instead of enlarging their own group, they helped the people from other towns and cities form clubs of their own.

On the same program on which we heard Mrs. Bennett's story, a twenty-five-year-old polio victim, Virginia Difabio, appeared to tell how the Polio Parents had given her a new lease on life. Virginia was stricken with polio when she was a baby, and had spent the greater part of her life a prisoner within the four walls of her bedroom.

"Then somehow," explained Virginia, "the Polio Parents discovered me. Mrs. Bennett got me a typewriter, and after they taught me to use the machine, I started a business of addressing envelopes for small firms. My business grew so fast that I recently bought an addressograph out of my profits."

With the aid of Polio Parents Virginia also studied braille, and now spends much of her spare time transcribing stories and books for the blind. Her life at last has a purpose. To you and me it might seem paradoxical, but not so to Virginia who has now found that "there are other people who need help more than I do."

Mrs. Bennett's current ambition is to see someone interested in every polio victim in the United States. And she knows she will live to see that day. Just before she decided to form the club, she tacked the following verse above her desk: "Bite off more than you can chew—then chew it! Plan for more than you can do—then do it!"

"That's been my motto since I began this work," explained Mrs. Bennett, "and it always will be."

The more I think of it, the more I think this is my favorite We, the People story. While helping herself, Mrs. Bennett set out to do what she could for others. That is the part of her story that, to me, makes it so impressive.

But I seem to have discussed only the sombre stories that have been told over the air. I don't want to leave the impression that nothing amusing ever happens on We, the People.

There was the day, for example, when I both bubbling Mary Margaret McBride and dignified Sir Cedric Hardwicke appeared on the same program. At the last minute I got Sir Cedric to promise to sing "Busy Doing Nothing"—although he drove a hard bargain by insisting that I sing along with him. Since neither one of us has a vocal range of more than three notes, I decided we needed at least one person who could carry a tune. So without giving her enough warning to allow her to gracefully say "no," I thrust a copy of the music into Mary Margaret's hands, and escorted her to the mike. I don't believe a rehearsal would have added much to our rendition. What we lacked in quality we made up for in volume. Which may account for the competition we encountered from the audience. In any event, a fine time was had by all.

As you can readily see, We, the People collects all types—little, great, people from the past, and those of the moment. And each and every one of them has something to offer all of us . . . comfort, inspiration, understanding, or a hearty laugh. To me it is inspiring to know that of such stuff are made "We, the People of the United States of America. . ."

My Favorite Actress

(Continued from page 61)

We were especially proud of the family orchestra which we organized a little later on, when Fred and Cleo were old enough to play. It was the nucleus around which we built our productions. Lucille played the saxophone and drums, Fred played the cello, and little Cleo—she's four years younger than Fred—sawed away on the violin.

"And Mother played the piano and Grandpa gnashed his teeth," is the way Lucille always finishes the description of our family circle in those days.

Besides her work in the orchestra, Lucille also did specialties during intermission—dances, songs, imitations—in the entrance hall we made believe was a stage. The hall had a staircase that was grand for making dramatic entrances, and the red and green velvet portieres that divided the hall from the parlor were perfect for the curtain.

The family parlor wasn't the only scene of our activities, though. In those days I directed school plays in the village—PTA projects, they were. Very often Lucille played the lead.

We put everything we had into those plays—including most of our furniture. Father would come home in the evening and find the parlor stripped bare as Mother Hubbard's cupboard. The parlor furniture was made of wicker, and it was just right for use in stage settings. We saw no harm in it, but the poor family had to use the living room, supposed to be kept for special occasions. No wonder Grandpa gnashed his teeth!

It was in her first operetta (during her freshman year in high school) that Lucille wore the red wig that was her big discovery. She brought the wig home and showed it to the family.

"Isn't it beautiful? This is it," she raved, dancing around the dining-room table. And it became as soon as she could wangle it. (Lucille's hair is really a dark brown. I know she doesn't mind my telling, even though her red hair is practically a trademark.)

I was working as an assistant buyer in a local department store then, and by the time she was eleven Lucille had assumed the responsibility of looking after the younger children and cooking for the family. She was a good cook, even at that age, although I will admit that nothing ever tasted exactly the same twice. She couldn't seem to resist ad libbing with the ingredients. But we all liked it better that way, so it was just as well.

Nowadays, whenever Lucille flies off somewhere to be with her husband, Desi Arnaz, while he's doing personal appearances, she always tries to find an apartment instead of going to a hotel, so she can cook.

The only fault I ever found with her cooking in those starting days—if you could call it a fault—were the guests who came to dinner.

Lucille also loves to give things away. I'll never forget the time her best pussy-willow brown taffeta dress disappeared. We had a good dressmaker come to the house twice a year to sew for us and that taffeta dress (trimmed around the bottom with beaver fur) was the last word. I hung it in the closet (I thought) waiting for a special occasion. But when the special occasion, a school dance, arrived, Lucille said she didn't feel like going. A strange attitude

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for her to take, I thought. After a little probing she finally confessed.

"I lent the dress to Aggie," she told me. Aggie was a schoolmate.

"Why in the world did you do that?" I demanded.

"She asked for it," was her simple explanation.

I sent her after the brown dress, pronto. It turned out, however, that Lucille's "loan" had really been an out-and-out gift. When she tried to get it back, Aggie only cried "Indian giver" and slammed the door in her face. She never did get the dress back, and I refused to get her another party dress that winter. It hurt me terribly to see her go without, but I thought she needed to be taught a lesson.

The discipline didn't take too well, I'm afraid. To this day she's generous to a fault. All you have to do is admire something and it's yours. Even if she needs it and uses it all the time. The other day she called me, in a dither. "Mom, I can't find my electric mixer."

"You gave it to me," I told her, acting surprised. I wasn't really surprised. I've learned to put "gifts" like that away for safekeeping, knowing she'll need them back.

Of course, I'm writing now about the things she parts with when she gets carried away and acts on impulse. Her talent for unusual and surprising gifts is another story.

For example, we're still talking about the wedding she gave not so long ago at the ranch for her brother Fred and his bride, Phyllis Brier, a girl from Jamestown. Lucille had converted her ivy-covered tea house into a wedding chapel, and in one corner she banked white flowers, stocks and gladioli, four feet high all along the wall. She had white altar candles there to shed a glow over the place and rolled out a white carpet for the kids to say their vows on. Afterwards the birds in the trees joined in with the organ music. (Lucille had even thought to bring in an organ.)

Another high in gift-giving was the time she opened in "Dream Girl," her hit play, in Detroit. She called me long-distance (I was here in Hollywood) and said, "Mom, I want you here for my opening. I've already bought your plane ticket and you've got to come. Don't disappoint me, darling."

I assured her that I was packed and had been packed for a week.

"Don't let me down, Mom," she insisted.

As though all the king's horses could keep me away!

Lucille knew very well that I wasn't likely to miss her opening.

All that fuss about not disappointing her turned out to be just a smoke screen

for the surprise she had up her sleeve. When I arrived in Detroit and checked into my hotel, who should be there too but Grace Munson, an old friend from Jamestown. Lucille had asked Grace to come out, so I wouldn't get lonesome in Detroit while she was busy with interviews and rehearsals and such. That was one of the loveliest surprises I have ever received from anyone.

Lucille started up a little theater group in Jamestown when she was fifteen. In one of the plays, "Within the Law," she played a tough girl part that made a big hit with the local drama critic. He went overboard in his column.

"Lucille Ball is a potential Jeanne Eagels," he wrote.

That did it.

My heart did nip-ups at the thought of my little girl all alone in New York, naturally. But I wasn't surprised when Lucille came to me and said that she'd like to go to New York to study at the John Murray Anderson Dramatic School.

"We'll see," I said, and we began figuring ways and means.

It wasn't very long before we made the trip to New York. I saw that she got safely settled in a conservative second-class hotel and briefed her on the perils of life in the Big City. Then I returned to Jamestown.

I had the feeling from the beginning that she wasn't doing too well at dramatic school. She was always crying into the phone that she was homesick and wanted to come home. But I kept encouraging her to stick it out. Frankly, I couldn't understand why she wasn't making the grade. She'd shown promise back home and gotten enough recognition to make us think she had what it took to make good.

It wasn't until I visited her in New York that I saw what was happening. Lucille, left to her own devices, had fallen into a rut of hamburgers and Cokes, a diet that told on her badly. She was terribly run down. Besides that, she was going through a stage where she thought she was getting too tall (she's five-six), and no matter how I insisted that she'd be glad someday she was tall, she went in for slouching. That didn't fool anybody about her height and only hid her natural poise.

Those things, plus the fact that she couldn't lose her Western twang, got her off to a bad start. At the end of her first year Robert Milton, director of the school, told her, as gently as he could, "Your mother is wasting her money." She took the hint and left.

More long-distance calls. "Mom, I'm homesick," she'd cry, and "Keep trying," I'd tell her.

We were especially glad she stuck to

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it, the night that Robert Milton called backstage to congratulate her after seeing "Dream Girl," some years later.

"I'm the one you told to quit acting, remember?" Lucille let him have it. The director was happy to admit his mistake. But not half as happy as we were, you can be sure.

When Lucille landed a chorus job in the third road company of "Rio Rita" it looked as though the tide was beginning to turn for her. But after five weeks of rehearsal—for free—she was out. In those days the performers didn't get paid for rehearsals and it wasn't unheard of for a show to fold up after weeks and weeks of rehearsing without pay. It was terribly hard on the actors.

After four such ill-fated attempts to arrive on Broadway, it dawned on her that she could probably get there faster some other way. So she became a model in one of New York's wholesale dress houses.

By that time long-distance telephone tolls had gotten me down. I packed up and took the other children to New York so we could all be together. I got a job at Stern's on 42nd Street and we took up where we'd left off in Jamestown.

The cloak-and-suit job brought Lucille to the attention of Hattie Carnegie. Soon she went to work in the Carnegie Salon on Fifth Avenue as a model, and shortly after that she became the "Chesterfield Girl" on billboards. Next thing we knew she was "discovered" by Hollywood.

Were we ever excited the day Lucille took off for Hollywood! As we said good-bye she promised to send for us as soon as she made good and before long I received a call, long-distance.

Lucille was thrilled to pieces. "I've just signed a contract! Columbia Pictures! Come right away!" The words poured out breathlessly.

We packed that very night, but before we had a chance to buy the tickets we had further word from Lucille. Columbia Pictures had decided just that moment to dissolve its stock company.

Her contract was just a pretty piece of paper.

She said, "Come anyway." When we arrived, Lucille was working as an extra.

Thank goodness, that was the end of the setbacks. From then on Lucille went right up. RKO. MGM Technicolor musicals. Co-starring with Bob Hope at Paramount. And now her own radio show (and very soon television).

Am I proud of Lucille's success? You bet I am. I visit her occasionally at the studios when she's making a picture, and I've only missed one broadcast since the program's been on the air.

The show's a lot of fun to watch. Instead of just reading the script, Lucille and the other actors try to make it visual. Sometimes she uses props, like eating real crackers the time the script called for eating crackers in bed. Or she'll munch on toast or dress up as an old lady and wear a shawl.

Sometimes her realism bounces back at her. For example, the time when Liz was supposed to be getting back at George for growing a mustache. Lucille went out and had the make-up people glue a gray mustache and goatee on her face, for laughs. The laugh was on her when she couldn't get them off. She struggled for hours.

She thinks that radio sound men know their business and that they contribute a lot to a show. But when it comes to things like kisses, she believes in the

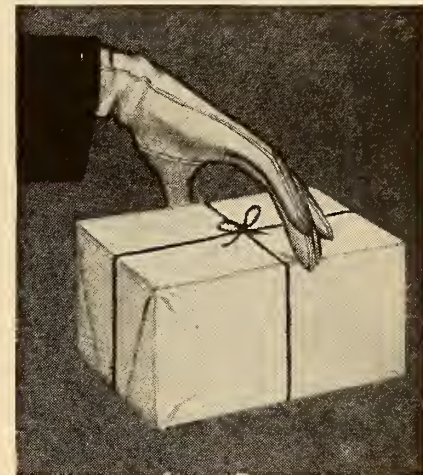
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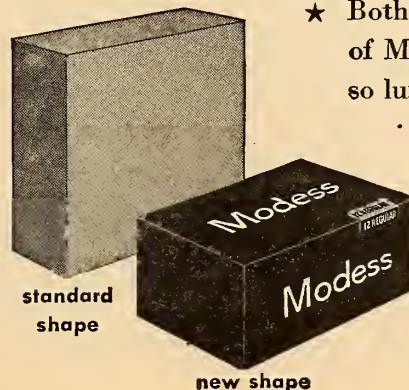
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real thing. So if the script starts out with a kiss between Lucille and her Favorite Husband, Richard Denning, it's a real kiss that you hear, and not a sound effect!

My Favorite Husband has some of the longest rehearsals in radio, simply because Lucille likes to spend half her time clowning for the orchestra and cast. (Shades of Jamestown!)

She brings some of her personal life into her radio characterization. When she and Desi were married they made it a rule never to go to bed on a quarrel. You'll notice that neither do Liz and George on the radio.

The reason why My Favorite Husband is a successful show, if you want my opinion, is that the people in it are real people. There are no melodramatic situations. She has budget troubles and does foolish things that any woman might do. George is always the stronger (people seem to like that), but in the end she's the one who straightens things out.

Lucille made a lot of radio appearances before she got the show, as many movie personalities do. But this is the first time in her career that she's been starred in a series like this. The break wasn't anything she sought. As a matter of fact, it came to her quite by happenstance.

Lucille's agent, Don Sharpe, owned the My Favorite Husband idea (package, they call it). Don needed a good record to play for the radio people and he asked Lucille to cut a record for him, to put the character over. CBS heard the record and liked it. They decided to put it on the air one time, to test the audience reaction. They liked that first try so well they decided to make it a steady thing and it's been on the air now ever since a year ago last July.

It's wonderful being the mother of a radio star like Lucille. Most any day you'll find me weeding my garden in Canoga Park, a tiny country town six miles away from where Lucille and Desi have their ranch in Chatsworth.

Fred built the house when he started up in the construction business. It was originally supposed to be sold in the usual manner, to whoever showed up first with the necessary down payment. Lucille decided that Fred had put too much of himself into this first venture for it to go to a stranger, so she bought it for me and here I am in Canoga Park, growing radishes, planting trees and square dancing. I'm having the time of my life.

Lucille planted most of the trees on her own place herself and wants me to have the fun of watching mine grow, too. Whenever I get impatient I take a run over to her house and look at their home movies. She and Desi have kept a movie record of the ranch from the time they bought it eight years ago.

"It's good luck," she says.

Like most people in show business she's superstitious. She was thrilled when she discovered a cricket on the hearth one day. Desi was all for getting rid of the noisy creature but she wouldn't hear of it.

"Don't spoil our good luck," she warned.

The next thing they knew they were knocking on my door and asking if they could spend the night. All of a sudden their house had turned thick with crickets and they were forced to call in a fumigating crew who sealed the place up while the poor crickets were being purged!

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He's Made His Marx

(Continued from page 39)

my pants at the time.

Q: Married?

A: Yes, to Kay Gorcey . . . blonde, lovely and a lousy strudel maker. Do you know where I can find a good strudel maker?

Q: Sorry, I can't help you there.

A: It's my wife needs help. If I need your help, I'll ask for it.

Q: Children?

A: Yes—three. Arthur, twenty-eight, is a film writer and tournament tennis player, two nice rackets. Miriam, twenty-two, is a senior at Bennington College, in Vermont; a handy girl with a typewriter, she assures me that some day she is going to be a great writer. She's doing all right so far—has taken in one hundred dollars a word for some of her writing.

Q: That is terrific pay for writing. What was the literary effort, article, short story, or a novel?

A: A five-word telegram to me reading, "Please rush five hundred dollars."

Q: Tell me about your third child.

A: Melinda is three; at present she is specializing in being a little girl.

Q: How did you meet your wife?

A: The first time my wife saw me, I was on the screen. So she opened the door and let me in. The next time was on a ferry boat, when she gave me the slip. But if you're still interested in how I met my wife, it was while we were making "Copacabana." This proves the adage, "Movies are dangerous weapons in the hands of a pretty blonde."

Q: Mr. Marx, what do you consider your biggest mistake to date?

A: On a sunny Thursday afternoon in October of 1929, Max Gordon, the Broadway producer, and I were playing golf at a swanky Long Island country club. We were smoking five dollar cigars and rolling in wealth, all gained from our Wall Street speculations. We were making around twenty-five hundred dollars per day. We spent some time that sunny afternoon plotting ways to boost the take to three thousand per day. The next morning the telephone rang and Gordon's voice moaned, "The jig's up. Wall Street has crashed and we're on the bottom layer."

Q: So that was your biggest mistake—dabbling in the stock market?

A: Six hundred thousand dollars is not dabbling; that's swimming in deep water. That was bad enough, but the biggest mistake was playing golf with Gordon. He beat me out of three bucks and a tomato surprise.

Q: For thirty years, Mr. Marx, you've been one of the world's favorite comedians. Tell me, how did you get started in show business?

A: I was a boy soprano until my voice changed in Denver and I got fired. That's one story. Actually it goes back farther than that. My mother, Minnie, was the daughter of a German magician who toured Europe for fifty years. I think my mother was thoroughly indoctrinated in show business long before I was born. She came to New York and married an East Side tailor, Sam Marx, but she never got used to the idea of being a housewife. Her vigorous interest in show business was given the jet treatment when her brother became a star; he was Al Shean, of the team of Gallagher and Shean. Mother decided that if Al could do it, so could her boys. She hornswoggled Chico into learning

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piano; Harpo she introduced to her mother's ancient instrument; me, she trained as a singer and dancer. At the age of thirteen, I went to work with the LeRoy Trio as a female impersonator. This ended when my soprano became a baritone in Denver.

Q: How did the Marx Brothers become an act?

A: Mother again. As fast as we boys grew up, she shoved us onto the stage. When Gummo finally reached his teens, Mother tied the two of us together, added a girl singer and dubbed us "The Three Nightingales." We earned twenty dollars a week.

Q: What was Harpo doing?

A: He was a bellhop at the Hotel Plaza. On the spur of the moment one night, Mother decided that it was time for Harpo to make his debut. She took a cab to the Plaza, collared Harpo, and dragged him to the theater where Gummo and I were appearing. He had no lines to speak, no song to sing, no dance to do and no harp to play, but Mother shoved him out onto the stage with us. Since he had nothing to do or say, he just stood there looking dumb. He's been a success at it ever since. To this day he's never said a word in public, and he still looks dumb.

Q: That accounts for three of the Marx Brothers. How about the fourth?

A: After World War I, Gummo left our act and went into business, so Mother kidnapped Chico and pushed him into the duo of Harpo and Groucho to make us a trio. Zeppo was old enough to graduate from high school by this time, so he was added to the act. That made four of us.

Q: The Four Marx Brothers on the stage made theatrical history. What brought you to Hollywood?

A: The Union Pacific railroad.

Q: I mean, why did you come to Hollywood?

A: To make money, same as everybody else.

Q: You're making this very difficult, Mr. Marx.

A: Making money is very difficult.

Q: Well, then—what particular reason did you have for coming to Hollywood?

A: To make a film version of our stage hit, "Cocoanuts." A satisfactory number of people paid their money and swallowed "Cocoanuts" so we stayed on to make "Animal Crackers," "Monkey Business," "Horse Feathers," "Duck Soup," "A Night at the Opera," "A Day at the Races," "A Day at the Circus," "A Night in Casablanca"—so we should have made one called "Time Stood Still" but we worked in "The Big Store," and "Go West," instead. I did a solo in "Copacabana" (during which I met Kay), and in my new picture for RKO, "It's Only Money." In this one I'm a different Groucho: kindly, warm and bumbling. It proves that I'm an actor.

Q: Are the Marx Brothers going to make any more pictures together?

A: "Love Happy," out this year, is our last as far as I know. Of course, if someone should come along with a good story, we would do another picture together; there's no hard and fast rule about it, like who's going to make the next six passes at Las Vegas.

Q: Millions of fans all over the world will go into deep mourning if the Marx Brothers should stop making movies together. Remember what Alva Johnston once wrote about you: "The Marx Brothers are engaged in a war to free the mind from the domination of reason and judgment, to overthrow sanity, logic and common sense, and to



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A: 'Raw! Old-fashioned!' That's me—Groucho Marx.

Q: So now we come to your radio career, Mr. Marx.

A: You're pretty late. I came to it years ago, but maybe we can still find you a seat.

Q: Let's settle one point immediately: do you agree with many of your critics that you're wasting your talents on a quiz program?

A: I certainly don't agree. My current show, *You Bet Your Life*, has caused more favorable talk and has been far more successful than anything I've ever done on the air. Last season we won the Radio Editors' poll as the best quiz show on the air. Even more gratifying than that, we won the coveted Peabody Award for presenting the best comedy show on the air. That sort of thing has never happened to me in the past, but I feel we've only begun to win honors and acclaim.

Q: To what do you attribute this success? After all, the air is cluttered with quiz shows.

A: Let's face it. *You Bet Your Life* is a good program. I like it because it has provided my first opportunity to be myself. I walk out on stage and patter with my contestants, say what I want, do what I want, and have a wonderful time. The listener absorbs some of that feeling of genuine fun and has a good time, too.

Q: The natural, spontaneous humor on your program is quite apparent, Mr. Marx. I suppose you appreciate the fact that you're producing a change in radio comedy.

A: Yes, we're well aware of the new field of humor we've developed. There's nothing artificial about the jokes on our show; they are authentic, home-spun comedy.

Q: I don't quite understand. What do you mean by "artificial?"

A: Well, on the usual comedy show, the straight man creates an artificial situation and the comedian makes a joke. We'll say, for instance, that the comedy situation is built around a plumber. The comedian pretends he's the plumber and makes a lot of jokes about plumbing. The listener knows the whole thing is a frame-up because the actor is not a plumber; he may not even smoke a pipe.

On our show, when we make jokes about a plumber, the comedy has the ring of truth because I'm actually talking to a plumber . . . or to a tree surgeon . . . or to a dentist, or a cowboy, or a department-store Santa Claus.

We don't have to create situations in order to make jokes; the situations are already there. When we had a shoe salesman who was married to a lady chiropodist on our program, it was obvious for me to ask, "How did you meet—did your arches fall for each other?"

Q: Do you attempt to have some sort of pattern for every broadcast?

A: Yes. We always look for particular types of individuals in our audiences before we go on the air. You'll notice that we always have a romantic couple as contestants; newlyweds, older people who've just been married, a pair of youngsters who'd like to get married, or a bachelor teamed with an old maid.

(Continued on the next page)

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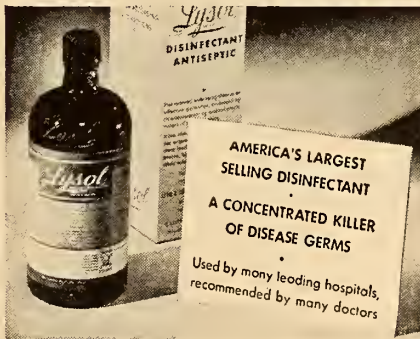
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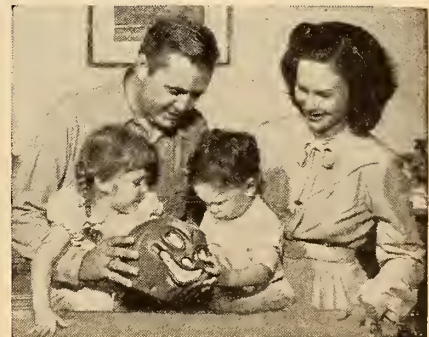
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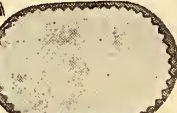
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Q: Apparently you also attempt to secure people with interesting occupations as contestants.

A: Yes, but only if the occupations are familiar to everyone. We've discovered a peculiar point; if a contestant's occupation is too interesting, the audience won't laugh. They become too engrossed in what the contestant has to say. On one broadcast we had a chemist who prattled merrily on about the atomic age. It was fascinating stuff, but nobody laughed. After all, we're running a comedy show, so we have to get guffaws. We tried a fashion designer and the same thing happened. Nowadays we try to stick with everyday occupations which have a solid basis for potential humor, such as the butcher, the grocer, the insurance man, the home demonstrator, the bank clerk.

Q: I've noticed that you usually manage to have a gabby housewife. . . .

A: Is there any other kind?

Q: . . . Is this by design, Mr. Marx?

A: Yes, it is. Before the show, we ask for housewives in the audience to volunteer. The volunteers are sent to the back of the house and their stories are heard by members of our staff. If they have something interesting to say, and insist on saying it, we put them on the show. A timid, shy, or boring contestant would be disastrous. The whole thing is like a party: the good eggs have fun and the wall flowers sit it out.

Q: As a quizmaster, what would you say was the most unusual thing that ever happened to you?

A: We had a nervous young fellow on the show, picked from the audience because he was very close to initial fatherhood. His wife was in the hospital at the time and he was momentarily expecting the big news. Naturally, his mind wasn't on what he was doing up there with me. I had some by-play planned to try on him.

I was going to ask if he'd like to win a new refrigerator, a new car, and a new home. He was supposed, of course, to say, "Yes." Then I was supposed to say, "All right, just answer one question correctly and you will win all those prizes." Whereupon I was going to inquire, "Who is the President of the United States." When he answered, "Truman," I was going to be very funny and say, "That's right. Now here is the question: What is his social security number?"

At that, the audience was supposed to go into gales of laughter.

Well, here's what happened: the young fellow, sweating profusely, said, "Yes, I'd like to win all of those prizes."

"Just one question," I began, "and you get them. Who's the President of the United States?"

At this point the boy's mind went completely blank. He stammered and fidgeted and wiped his forehead and laughed nervously and gibbered. But, for the life of him, he couldn't recall the name of the President of the U. S.

Q: You couldn't have cooked that one up with a prepared script.

A: I'll say you couldn't. I'm not going to try. Incidentally, who is the President of the United States?

Q: How about guest stars? Do you ever have them on your show?

A: Art Linkletter is the only guest star we have ever had. Aside from Art, we established a policy about guest stars; the best way to explain that is to cite an example. Last spring one of the most famous and best comedians on the air telephoned me at home and volunteered to serve as a contestant—for nothing, except the fun of it.

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had to inform him that the regular people from our audience were better comedians than he is. It broke his heart, but he agreed.

Q: What is the most embarrassing experience you ever had before the microphone?

A: Me? Embarrassed?
Q: Forgive me. Mr. Marx, I know you have a staff working for you. If the entire show is spontaneous, what does your staff do?

A: You'd be surprised at the complicated mass of detail connected with a simple show like ours. There's the quiz, for instance. All those quiz questions have to be gleaned from research books, checked and double-checked. We have a complicated bookkeeping system which provides for the payoff to our winners. We have a lot of herding to do for the contestants after they're picked, and, of course, the normal production problems associated with any broadcast must be handled. My partner and producer, John Guedel, is the guiding genius behind the whole show. It was he, by the way, who first decided that I could handle a quiz show like this one, and he's guided me expertly ever since. Please note that the old, brash, impudent Groucho is no more. Now I'm a kindly, warm old character, sympathetic and understanding. Just an old shoe, that's me. But don't be misled, there's still a little kick in the old boot!

Q: In reviewing your two years as a quizmaster, which contestants would you describe as your most interesting?

A: To me, every contestant is interesting. However, I'd say Harry MacDermott, an Irishman with a brogue as thick as a mattress, was outstanding. He said he was a good Irish Catholic, but that didn't stop him from being head of the maintenance department of a Jewish Synagogue, and proud of it. He was an admirable old man, the kind of a contestant you run across every seventy-five years.

I also enjoyed an ex-Wac who had married a French bathing suit salesman from Paris. They made a wonderful team.

Last spring we had a Hungarian Baroness and a Baron on the show. They were outstanding.

Another contestant I won't forget was Etta Rue, an old maid who topped everything I said.

Q: What are your present plans for television?

A: What are yours?
Q: Not to be completely satisfied with it, Mr. Marx, until I can see You Bet Your Life.

A: I'll say this: many people have been fooled by television, and I don't want to be one of them. I know it is an extremely sensitive and intimate medium. It requires tremendous thought and preparation to do a thirty-minute show. Basically, I believe we could use the same format for television as we're using now: just me talking to people from the audience, but we'll need some careful planning to give the show the extra kick that is so necessary in this field. We are making plans to try television sometime within the year, but as yet we have no definite starting date.

Q: Will you be smoking that same big black cigar on your television show, Mr. Marx?

A: Nope. By then I hope to be able to afford a new one.

Q: Thanks, I imagine, to your fine new time and network time on CBS on Wednesday night, just ahead of Crosby?

A: Lady, You Bet Your Life.

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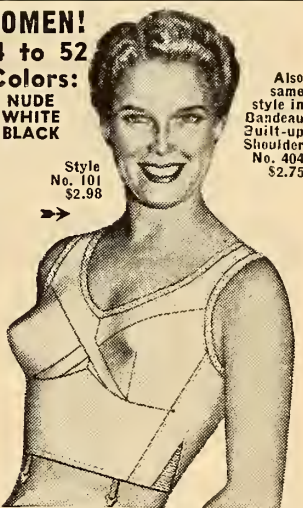
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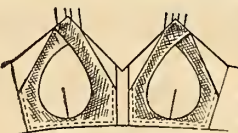
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Ed Murrow

(Continued from page 45)

with heading the National Student Federation of America, soared to success with his celebrated wartime This Is London Calling broadcasts, made him vice-president of the Columbia Broadcasting System and today is winning distinction with his spine-tingling "I Can Hear It Now" record album.

"Janet and I met on a train bound for New Orleans," recalls Ed. "Her name was Janet Brewster in those days—a cute, little, blue-eyed girl on her way South to represent Mount Holyoke. I was going to New Orleans to give a lecture. It was the real thing from the start," admits Ed with a warm gleam in his dark eyes. "We were married in Janet's home town, Middletown, Connecticut, October 1934."

The Murrows went traveling on their honeymoon—the West Coast, Mexico and then back to New York, where they fully expected to settle down to a peaceful existence. But in 1935, CBS hired Ed as director of Talks and Education. Suddenly one day, while in a New Orleans conference, Ed was interrupted by New York's request that he go to Europe—permanently—and New York gave him a half-hour to decide. With the idea that maybe New Orleans brought them good luck, Janet and Ed agreed on the rapid change and crossed the Atlantic in time to get mixed up with Der Fuehrer's sudden entries into neighboring countries.

Ed was on his way to Poland in 1938 to set up a children's broadcast when the Nazis marched into Austria. He chartered a twenty-three passenger plane and, as its sole occupant, flew to Vienna to describe the goose-stepping of the German troops up the Ringstrasse. Getting to Vienna was only half the battle. Murrow had a tough time getting the air cleared, but eventually succeeded, only to discover there wasn't an announcer within shelling distance. He broke a company rule that bosses never broadcast and started talking. He's been talking ever since.

Back in London, Ed Murrow set up a historical roster of crack correspondents and began covering events that shook the world. He flew twenty combat missions with the British and American Air Forces, lost four offices in six months of heavy blitzing and caused Janet a good deal of nail chewing. During this hectic period, Janet kept herself occupied by preparing coffee and sandwiches for radio and newspaper friends after her husband's midnight broadcasts. She was also British Director of Bundles For Britain and did educational broadcasts for BBC.

"I used to worry about Ed's dangerous activities," Janet smiles, "but now I only worry about his getting in the way of slices on the golf course."

In 1946 the Murrows returned to the U. S. and Ed purchased what he calls "Murrow's Folly." It's a huge house in midtown Manhattan, expensive and quite unsaleable. "Murrow's Folly" is presently classified as a winter home and a place to accommodate guests, friends of friends—anybody who happens to be stranded in New York. The house on Quaker Hill is the real home of the Murrow clan. Casey, in particular, enjoys life on the knoll.

Although he's azure-eyed and fair-haired like his mother, young Casey, (his true name is Charles) seems to possess all the other characteristics of

easy to sleep with



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At the age of two, Casey Murrow interviewed Santa Claus on his Dad's broadcast and told listeners what to expect for Christmas. At the more mature age of three, Casey took over the analysis portion of the Edward R. Murrow With The News program and discussed the latest developments on the Christmas gift front. When the mail poured in, Casey decided to get back to his toys, leaving Daddy to answer the letters.

But that doesn't mean Casey isn't adept any place except before a microphone. A year ago, Ed planned to take his offspring to the zoo, but had to postpone the trip for a party celebrating his winning the Alfred I. du Pont Radio Commentator Award. Casey attended the party, enjoyed every bit of it and concluded enthusiastically, "This is better than the zoo!"

Besides the Alfred I. du Pont Award, Murrow has received the Overseas Press Club 1947 Award and the National Headliners' Club Award, which he was given for "the best foreign on-the-spot radio reporting coverage of Princess Elizabeth and Philip in England last Fall."

When they went to London in 1947, the Murrows found a shocking change. "Things improve badly," explained Mrs. Murrow, and Ed found much the same situation. The country where they had lived for nine years seemed not to have come back to its own and it's no wonder that when the Murrows returned to America, they were quick to decide on the purchase of the cedar log cabin.

"I saw the place a couple of times when I went golfing up here with pals of mine," Ed explains. "It always intrigued me—a throwback to my early lumber days, I guess. When I heard it was for sale, I asked Jan to look at it with me. We took one tour inside the house and bought it."

Pawling is the hideaway of a good many celebrities. Governor of New York Thomas Dewey lives only a few miles from Janet and Ed, and Lowell Thomas is within yelling distance. Yet you must be supplied with a carefully marked map to find the Murrow home.

Three winding dirt roads have to be pursued and one false turn can lead you into Lowell Thomas' cabbage patch.

Nevertheless there's usually a friend or two sitting on the porch, for the people make it a point to find their way up the hill for one of the Murrows' dinner parties. Janet and Ed enjoy having two or sometimes four join them at dinner—but never any more than that. It gets too formal, they contend.

"My greatest disappointment in my marriage," admits Janet Murrow candidly, "is that Ed never raved over my cooking. It was most exasperating at first because I knew I was a good cook and couldn't understand his apathy. I discovered, after a few months of worry and angry tears, that Ed just doesn't care much for food."

Ed will tell you, "The best meals I ate were those devoured during the London blitz. I felt at that time maybe those particular dinners would be my last and for some reason or another I really enjoyed them."

The Murrows are simple people. Their home has its plain log walls, its rustic furniture, the good clean smell of cedar.

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- Grieve and leave Grin and forget Call the manager

You know the fizzician didn't drench you on purpose. Why brow-beat the poor guy? Or make like a banshee all evening? Grin . . . say the dress can be easily cleaned, then forget it. That's good sportsmanship. And it jet-propels your rating. Your con-

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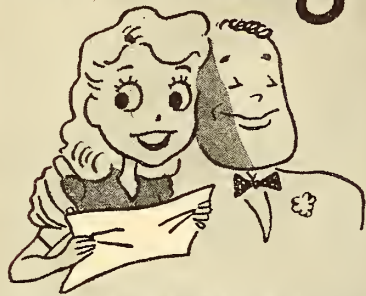
You may be a walking posture lesson, but how do you fare with a chair? Plop down? Recline on the tip of your spine? Lady, be seated gracefully, with your weight on the foot nearest the chair. "Sit tall"; keeping soles of feet on floor. Correct posture's a poise-magnet. Also helps avoid "that day" discomfort—and you'll feel so at ease when you've chosen Kotex. For this new softness holds its shape. After all, isn't Kotex made to stay soft while you wear it?



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The garden is small—through necessity. Ed had several carloads of soil hauled up Quaker Hill because of the lack of top soil in the vicinity and then he discovered that most of the moved soil had a tendency to slide down the incline. Janet solved the horticulture problem by installing boxed flowers and planting trees around the house.

In dress, also, the Murrows have simple tastes. It's a wardrobe of semi-tailored frocks for Janet when she's in town and Ed takes to dark, double-breasted suits and sports a black Homburg in the winter. But up on Quaker Hill, casual costumes are their choice. Ed's wildest garment is a Bing Crosby-type shirt with flower petals running wild over it—a Father's Day gift from Casey.

In the spring, Ed shoots golf; in the fall, he shoots pheasant. In the summer he tries to loaf, but without much success. This summer he was occupied planning another album similar to the "I Can Hear It Now" selection of records, the new album to incorporate historic utterances from the end of World War II to the present time.

Ed Murrow has some latent ambitions, too. Although he's a fair carpenter, he's had a deep-rooted desire to work in metal, perhaps hammer brass, and for this he intends to build a workshop-barn. The other ambition is to become a gourmand of fine wines and cheeses. Janet agrees this latter ambition is a noble one because if Ed develops a taste for wines and cheeses, he'll eventually appreciate her cooking.

There's never much free time up on Quaker Hill. Week-end guests, cocktail and dinner invitations, Saturday night dances at the Community Center and children's parties. Two or three evenings a week, however, Janet and Ed manage to get caught up on some of their sewing and reading, respectively... that's after Casey's gone to bed. For as long as the young fry is up, he's determined to stay in the thick of things—whether it's patching the eaves of the house or making the beds. In either case, Casey's a willing helper.

The Murrows are a well-balanced team. Everybody cooperates—even in activities about which they're not too enthusiastic. Ed, for example, doesn't like to go swimming. Janet and Casey do. So in the summer the three of them frequently trek down to the lake, Janet and Casey splash around and have a wonderful time. Ed?—He just sits on the beach and reads the newspapers.

Then, there are the wire recording sessions. Not long ago, Papa Murrow brought home a recording gadget. Casey was fascinated by the sound of his own voice and every night, father and son make a record. Janet? She sits on the sidelines and applauds in all the right places.

Janet and Ed both enjoy a brisk round of golf, and both swing left-handed clubs. Casey, the right-handed member of the family, doesn't see much sense in batting a little white ball around the greens, but he insists on tagging after his parents. He carefully watches Daddy get into position for a tee-off and when the ball is hit, only to swing sadly off into the bushes, Casey grins and loyally shouts, "Nice shot, Daddy!"

Yes, the Murrows are a great team—for wherever the sidelines, and whether it's work or play, they always root for each other. And their kind of team usually wins.

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NON-SLIP

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Finest Rubber Heels & Soles!

The Marie Wilson Story

(Continued from page 65)

him, "because we're getting a divorce. But you must come here for dinner—you'll get sick on hotel cooking."

And he must bring his laundry to the house every week. The maid did such a lovely job with his shirts.

Allen pined for the week of their separation, homecooking or not, but the thing that did it was Hobbs. Hobbs is legally Allen's dog—a birthday present from Marie—so he went with Allen when the household broke up. But he refused to eat, away from his beloved mistress. Decided, in fact, if things were going to be this way, just to lie down and die. Before he sickened hopelessly, Allen wrote Marie a letter over Hobbs' signature and asked her to take them back. She did.

Marie doesn't confine her mothering to the immediate family. She has lots more to spread around.

Joan Banks, who played Irma's pal Jane Stacey all last season, will never forget her first day on the show.

She was at her doctor's office when an emergency call came from CBS. Cathy Lewis, the original Jane, had collapsed during rehearsal, and Joan was to go on in her place.

"I had to be there," she recalls, "twenty minutes ago."

She rushed home, dressed, started for the studio and ran out of gas. She arrived in a state of nerves with a half-hour to go over a strange script before the program went on the air.

Cy Howard and the company were all in a dither, too—all except Marie. "She turned those fascinating eyes at me and calmly said, 'Why are you worried, Joan? You can do this.'"

And just as calmly she ran through the script with Joan with little helpful hints: "In this spot, we've been doing it this way."

The show went off without a hitch. After Joan spoke to Marie gratefully.

"You saved my life," she said, adding, "You're wonderful, you know. How do you always know just the right comedy reading of a line?"

Marie pooh-poohed the idea that she could do anything unusual.

"You're the one who's wonderful," she said. "I'd give anything to be able to play those big, weepy dramatic roles you do so well on the air."

They had known one another two hours now, and they were pals. And Marie put Joannie—as she was calling her already—on her list of people to worry about.

"You shouldn't sit in the sun too much. It will ruin your skin. You're a blonde . . . an actress . . . you'll burn your skin up and that won't be good."

"I have the nicest little woman over at Westmore's who could give you facials. You should have a course of them . . . I'll pay."

Joan insisted that she didn't need facials, she liked looking sunburned, but Marie didn't listen.

Two days later she called up and announced that Joan's first appointment was all set, for Saturday at one.

"You're too thin," she told her another time. (Joan also likes being slim.) "You must come with me to my little doctor's."

Marie is always buying something, Joan says, for herself or somebody else—something nine times out of ten she doesn't need.

"The nicest little lady" comes back-



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stage at CBS with handbags for sale. Marie buys them by the dozen and distributes them among the cast.

"The nicest little man" made her a pair of gold kid platform shoes with hand crocheted tops—Marie didn't need them and Joan wasn't mad about them, but Marie insisted upon buying a second pair for her friend.

Joan admired a white sweater of Marie's one time and for Christmas, six months later, she received its duplicate, a present from Marie.

She bought Hans Conreid, who plays Kropotkin, two rare and wonderful Japanese figurines, which he collects. Hans says they were specimens that he couldn't have afforded even if he could have found them. He didn't even know Marie was aware of his hobby.

The cast breaks after rehearsal every Monday, and repairs to a shop across the street for tea and crumpets.

"We run and pay our checks before Marie gets there — otherwise she'd never let anyone pay," they report.

Her friends try hard, but they think they haven't a chance of stopping Marie's determined march to the poorhouse. Eleanor Corrigan, who publicizes My Friend Irma, for CBS is still talking about the battle of the planted lamp.

Marie dropped into the publicity staff's new streamlined offices after rehearsal one day and was aghast at the lack of decoration.

"I'm going to write to Mr. Paley," she said. "If Cy Howard can have pictures and drapes, you can too."

Eleanor insisted that a publicity office was much too busy, and too messy, for any such dressing up.

Marie, who was picking up the telephone, went right on decrying the hard-hearted bosses who expected the hired help to work in this dungeon atmosphere.

"I want to order a planted lamp," she said into the phone, and to Eleanor she called out "What color do you want, red, green, blue or yellow?"

"I don't want any planted lamp," Eleanor protested. "We aren't even here in the evenings."

"What color?" Marie insisted.

"Red," Eleanor finally said, in self-defense. The lamp arrived the next day, a good fifty dollars worth of copper, ivy and huge red shade. It's never been lighted, but it looks mighty pretty in the press department's "dungeon."

A girl from the Federal Income Tax bureau came to call on Marie one day on business. Most Hollywood stars would hide under the bed to avoid such a visit, but Marie not only welcomed the young woman, but in ten minutes had her talking about her troubles.

She had been jilted by her boy friend, and she was broken-hearted.

"Now honey," Marie told her, "you're just tired and upset. You just lie down on my bed for a while, and then we'll run over to Westmore's to fix you up. Your hair's all wrong . . . we'll have Marian fix it. And you really should have a series of facials . . . I have the nicest little woman . . ."

There are no records available to reveal whether Marie's income tax was adjusted upwards or downwards, but her friends are optimistic.

When Marie was working in "Broadway" several years ago at Universal—this was during the inexplicable career slump which hit Marie after her "Boy Meets Girl" triumph; she was just one of six chorus girls in the picture—she met Gus Schilling, an ex-burlesque comedian and now a character actor of

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rare talent in the glamor town.

Gus took Marie home to dinner one night to meet his wife, Betty Rowland, whose "Ball of Fire" strip act is one of the classics of present-day burlesque.

Marie fell in love with Betty because, she said, "we look so much alike we could be sisters." Betty has red hair and green eyes, and is 5-1; Marie has blonde hair and hazel eyes and is 5-6, but anyhow they both have beautiful figures.

They could be sisters in their mutual relaxed love of life, and good fun, and they became fast friends. Inevitably, Marie took the Schillings, too, under her protective wing.

When Gus went to the hospital recently for a serious operation to remove stomach ulcers, Marie sent him a pie that she had baked herself and five pounds of salted nuts.

"If I had had a stomach," Gus recalls, "it would have turned."

When he got home and was convalescing, Marie telephoned every day. One day she was bubbling. She had agreed to "adopt" a European war orphan. It would cost only \$185 a year, and Marie had never had such a bargain.

"And what's new with you?" she asked Gus.

"Oh, nothing much," he replied. "I've just had half my stomach out, Betty closed last night at Zucca's and Republic cancelled my contract."

"Oh, dear," said Marie. "Maybe I shouldn't have adopted that orphan. I may have to take care of you."

There is no limit, the Schillings say, to Marie's solicitude. Hobbs, the dog, goes regularly to a canine hairdresser, and Marie insisted—until Betty put her foot down—that their mongrel pup should be beautified too.

"Our dog would have got pneumonia," Gus insists.

Marie doesn't limit her flow of human kindness just to her family and friends.

The day the Bob Mitchum story broke with headlines announcing Bob's sins in every newspaper, a magazine writer went to interview Marie and opened up with a flip, "What do you do that's interesting, say like Robert Mitchum smokes marijuana?"

"Don't say that," cried Marie, aghast. "Why, if a rumor like that got started that boy could get in a lot of trouble."

Cy Howard is still shaking his head over his first meeting with Marie. He had gone to see "Blackouts" and met Marie backstage afterward.

He hadn't thought of her as Irma when he saw her on the stage, but afterwards she was "so sweet and cute" that he asked her if she'd like to do a radio program.

"Yes," she replied, "but I can't read."

What she meant was that she had tried radio a couple of times and flopped. Reading from a script was an insurmountable problem for her.

But Howard insisted that she could "read," that he would teach her.

"Oh, Mr. Howard," she said, "it's so nice of you, but I couldn't really. You'll get fired, you know, and that would be terrible. You look like a nice guy."

Cy's directing technique is authoritative, to say the least, and Marie quit after the first show. She was simply terrified. A script—and Cy Howard too.

Cy had to coax her all over again, and he won—but to this day she turns her back on the control room when she works, and if she makes a blunder hides her head in her coat collar and whispers agonizedly to whomever is

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nearby, "What is he doing now?" Cy had to stop yelling at Marie after a while, he confesses.

"If I yelled at her everybody else would yell at me, John Brown would say it was all his fault. Joan Banks would insist it was all her fault. My secretary, Pat Burton, would jump in with a thousand excuses for Marie."

After a few minutes of this Marie, who had forgotten by now what started the beef, would start scolding all the others for screaming at Cy.

"He can't help it," she'd say. "He's so nervous. It's glandular."

He can't win, Howard has decided. "If Marie makes a bloop the audience loves it, and I'm the heavy."

He isn't too unhappy. In two years he has built Marie's radio salary from \$250 to \$2000 a week, and his own has thrived along with it.

Marie is going to be a great star, in spite of herself, he feels, even if she does insist on being the little mother of all the world.

He leaves her to her mothering, most of the time. There was only once when he felt he had to interfere.

It was the time "Irma" first landed a sponsor. Cy telephoned Marie in triumph to announce that they were to go in henceforth for Swan soap. "Replacing Joan Davis," he explained.

Marie wasn't a bit happy. "Poor Joan," she said. "This must be a blow for her. Maybe she could come on the show with us."

Marie will be a star, all right, for her unbelievably sweet and generous nature is matched by a great natural ability. With a combination like that, both of her directors say, the girl can't lose.

She is completely unaware, apparently, of her effect on other people. It has never occurred to her that she is an Important Person.

When Louella Parsons rave-reviewed Marie's new film, and headlined the piece *Irma Smash: Marie Wilson Zingo* Marie remarked that "Louella is just trying to be nice."

When her radio options are picked up with monotonous regularity, each one with a boost in Marie's paycheck, she can't understand it.

"People are so sweet," she says. People are so sweet, and the toothpaste is selling like crazy.

Marie gives others lavish credit for her success, while belittling her own amazing energies which have made that success possible. She rocked cynical Hollywood back on its heels when—exhausted from a routine of weekly radio shows, films, and the ten-performances-a-week in "Blackouts"—she gave Ken Murray a year's notice that she planned to leave the show.

"I owed it to him," she says simply. "He has helped me so much with my timing. I used to stammer and stutter around—it was impossible to be funny. Ken taught me about the economy of words . . . how if you put in any extra words before you come to the punch line you're dead."

"When I started in 'Blackouts,' I was scared to death. Now I am so sure of myself. Ken did that."

Cy Howard, too, has her devotion and loyalty.

"I never did make good on radio until Cy got hold of me. He not only created a great character, he created a great show. The whole show is alive . . . all the other characters are just as well written as Irma. Jane has her own viewpoint. Al has his. Everyone gets laughs, or drama, or something."

"Cy knew that a show can be pretty

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sad if only one character is great. Cy is a great director."

Cy Howard is great and Ken Murray is great. And if they have anything else in common—but Marie never says this—it is a reputation for being tough, and tyrannical. It is interesting to note that no love is lost between them. She ignores this fact, and loves and admires them both unreservedly.

To Marie, they're both spoiled little boys. "It's glandular."

But then Marie was never one to knuckle under to the high brass. Her husband fondly tells the story of the two-star general who came backstage at "Blackouts" during the early months of the war. The general was loaded with medals, and feeling his power.

Marie happened to have a guest that night, Private Salvadore Gonzales.

Between acts she approached the general, whom she'd met a few moments before, and said, "General, what's your first name?"

"Tom," said the General, taken aback.

"Tom," Marie commanded, "say hello to Salvadore. I want you two to buddy up. I see you're in the same outfit."

Her unconscious humor is probably the largest factor in the Marie Wilson legend. Allen Nixon tells another story of the war days when Van Heflin came backstage during a "Blackouts" performance. Van had spent three months in a marine bootcamp. And he was very articulate about it.

"I feel so sorry for all you poor boys," Marie told him. "My husband is having a terrible time too. He calls me up sometimes, and he's just miserable."

"Where is he?" Heflin wanted to know.

"Ft. MacArthur," Marie replied, naming the local induction center.

"How long has he been there?" Van asked, bewildered.

"Since yesterday," Marie told him.

Another time, Allen telephoned Marie from New Jersey where he was playing in summer stock. He had just landed the lead opposite Helen Hayes in a little theater engagement of "Happy Birthday," and he was very pleased about it.

"But," she complained, "Helen Hayes is getting \$3,000 a week and I am getting \$100."

"Oh," said Marie, "that's about right."

Gus Schilling vouches for the truth of a current Wilson quote regarding her plans to redecorate the den at her home. The decorator had suggested a pair of love seats, which Marie resisted because she thought they might "be embarrassing to some people who just want to sit and talk."

And Allen heard it with his own ears when a peddler came to the door with fur coats for sale.

"This genuine ranch mink," he said, holding up a dyed rabbit number, "you can have for \$80. Believe me, lady, you'd never get it for this price if it weren't 'hot'." Marie replied that she'd really rather have something cool for summer. But she bought it anyway, and sent it to Allen's mother for a present.

A neighbor of the Nixons has a huge mongrel dog named Mike, and Marie thought it would be so nice if they had pups. "Only," she said, "we can't because your dog doesn't have a pedigree." The fact that Hobbs weighed three pounds to the mongrel's eighteen, and the further fact that both dogs were males, hadn't occurred to her.

Sometimes Marie is *consciously* funny—just slightly less funny than in her normal zany state.

Cy Howard has a reputation for talking a lot and never listening. One day,

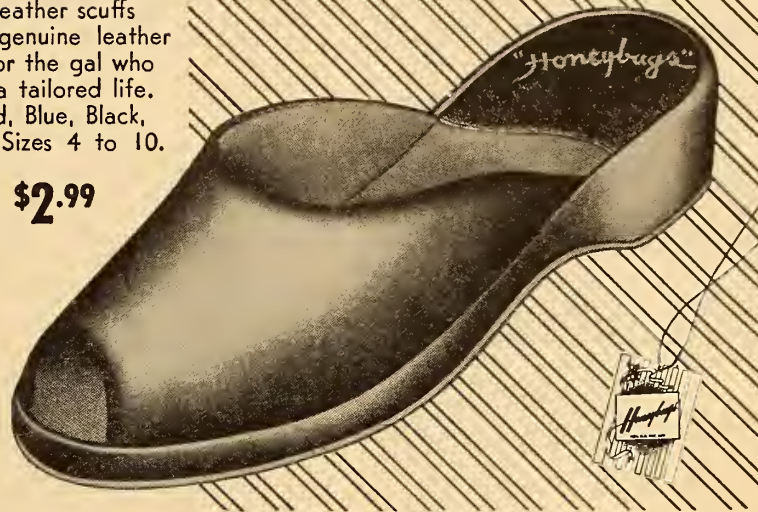


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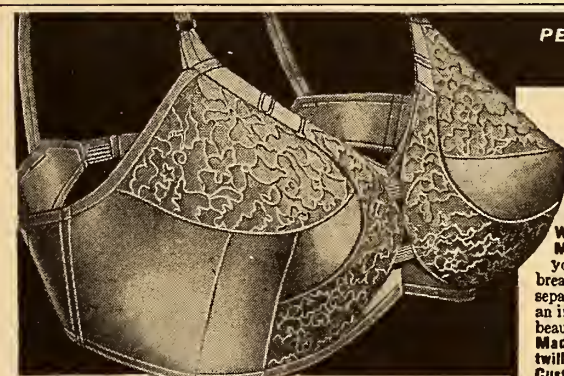
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when Marie made some gentle joke, Cy laughed.

"Oh, were you listening, Cy?" she said, "I'm so glad."

But Allen's favorite among Marie's conscious jokes came out of a visit, when Marie tagged along, to his agent's.

The walls of the agent's offices were lined with photographs of the dozen or so big-time stars who are his clients, and Marie was irked that Allen's picture was not among them. The agent explained that Allen was a talented boy, and had a great future but that so far he "hadn't arrived."

"Couldn't you," Marie asked him beguilingly, "put him up on spec?"

The picture of Marie as a naive pixie with all the appeal of a wide-eyed little girl is only half revealing. Naive she is, and at the same time, those closest to her insist, one of the shrewdest business minds in her business.

For nearly eight years Marie has driven the management of "Blackouts" crazy. Their box-office has operated as Marie's branch bank.

Little people who need ten dollars appear regularly with notes from Marie. Magnin's sends over a dress, C.O.D. forty dollars. Schwab's sends out a lipstick, C.O.D. \$1.50. Marie's relatives come by on their way to market with more authorizations for I.O.U.'s.

Sometimes, by the end of the week, Marie's sizable check has shrunk to something around thirty-eight cents.

The business brains up front are aghast at Marie's obvious intention of giving all her money away. But they don't see the other side. On stage, and backstage, Marie has worked seriously and steadily at improving herself. She came into "Blackouts" as a fallen star. She goes out of the show as a bigger star even than in her earlier heyday.

She set an all-time record with 2,332 consecutive performances in "Blackouts." The show runs seven days a week, with two shows on Saturday and three on Sunday, and Marie didn't miss a single one in over four years.

In the entire run she has missed about forty performances, three weeks of which were on authorized vacations.

She worked sometimes with a temperature of 103, when she should have been in bed. She worked—during the recent filming of "Irma" at Paramount—when she was so exhausted that she could scarcely stand. But she worked. She is a trouper.

She may have been a dimwit girl when she first hit pay dirt with "Boy Meets Girl," but even then—in so far as her work was concerned—she was a serious actress, working hard at her development.

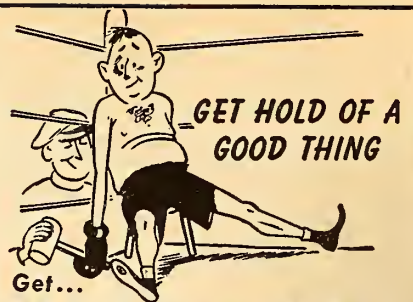
When Marie first came to Hollywood from the family home in Anaheim, California, one of her stepsisters paid for six months' training for Marie with Sandy Saunders, a voice coach.

"Sandy taught me how to speak," Marie says. "How to talk, that is, like you're talking to somebody."

She also rubbed the corners off Marie's western accent. When she was through with Sandy, Marie was not extra material. She was ready for parts.

At Warners, where she was under contract for several years, she continued her high school education in the studio school and did more coaching, this time with Sybil Harris. It is Sybil whom Marie credits with teaching her the essentials of acting.

Many a young girl, with a face and figure as good as Marie's, would be content to let it go at that, to let tech-



HOLD·a·PAK

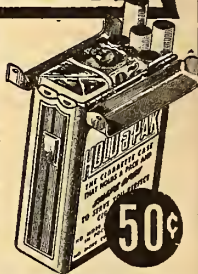
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nique take care of itself. Marie never was satisfied with her work, and she still isn't. As a result her native talent will continue to develop and grow.

On one of her vacations from "Blackouts" Marie visited New York and saw "Born Yesterday."

She was enchanted with the Judy Holliday role. "She was so wonderful," Marie says, "that I cried all the way home in the taxicab."

The next day she sat down at the desk in her hotel suite to write one of her rare letters—to Garson Kanin, the author of the play.

"I have just seen Billie Holliday," the note began. (Marie is terrible about names. She's always introducing her friend Gertrude Niesen as Gertrude Lawrence and Douglas Dick as Douglas Fairbanks.)

But here was the letter:

Dear Mr. Kanin:

I have just seen Billie Holliday in "Born Yesterday" and she's so great. She's so great. But maybe she doesn't want to be in pictures, and maybe if she does she wants nine million dollars, and Mr. Kanin if you make "Born Yesterday" into a picture I will play the part for nothing.

Marie Wilson

Mr. Kanin replied that when they were considering people for the "Billie Holliday" part, Marie would not be forgotten.

Meanwhile, of course, Columbia has bought the screen rights to "Born Yesterday" and Harry Cohn, who invested half a million in the play, wants to protect his investment with a big star name like Rita Hayworth or Lana Turner.

Like Betty Hutton with "Annie, Get Your Gun," Marie has been eating her heart out for that plum role in "Born Yesterday." Maybe, like Betty, she'll get it. The part is right for her, as no part has been right since "Boy Meets Girl," and she knows it.

She doesn't waste time envying the Misses Hayworth and Turner—but she does hint that maybe "they're such ladies that the public wouldn't believe that they'd take that from a man."

Her chances of coming in as a long shot when "Born Yesterday" finally goes into production are very slim, she admits. But she is hoping against hope.

"Maybe, if they wait long enough—and maybe if Rita and Lana are busy on something else and maybe if 'Irma' really is a hit, well maybe."

One of her friends suggested that maybe the time had come to start her fans writing letters again. It worked with "Boy Meets Girl."

At this Marie shuddered. Her fans tried that once with Harry Cohn, when Marie was in the running for "Tillie the Toiler." After a few days of mail had piled up, Mr. Cohn called Marie's agent and yelled at him. Loud.

"Come and get these blankety-blank letters off my desk," he screamed. "I wouldn't hire that girl even if she were good."

Marie says he was right. She had seen her test for "Tillie" and she admits that she was awful.

"I wore a black wig, and tried to talk fast, and oh, dear."

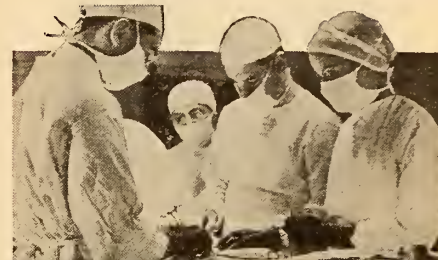
But she wishes Mr. Cohn would burn up that old test film, and take another look. Now she's good, and she knows it.

She's good and despite her otherwise angelic disposition, when her work is involved she's tough.

In the nearly eight years' run of "Blackouts" the members of the cast remember seeing Marie angry only

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once. That was the time soon after she had given Ken Murray notice when he sent Pat Williams, an understudy he was grooming for Marie's spot in the show, out in front to watch her work.

"Let Pat work up her own stuff," Marie said. Pat came back to the wings.

Cy Howard still bursts a blood vessel when he recalls the time Marie tracked him down at Sun Valley to announce over the phone that she had just read his script for "My Friend Irma" and she felt it wasn't right.

"I feel you just haven't captured my character, Cy," she said. "Nothing personal against you, of course. But I must refuse the picture." And she hung up.

Cy's choler at this point is fairly understandable. He had to fight CBS's objections when he wanted Marie on the air as Irma; he had fought the good fight all over again when the story was sold to pictures, and Paramount wanted a "big star" for the part.

And, while he may not have "captured" the character, he had created it.

His screams were audible in Hollywood. After a double dose of a barbiturate, however, he looked the script over himself and had to agree that it wasn't right. So he packed his skis, came back to Hollywood and rewrote it.

Marie had been maddening, but right.

These rare instances of self-assertion cost Marie something emotionally. Her drive to be better—"You can be good if you want to enough," she says, "but to want to enough you have to want to enough"—is exceeded only by her need for love and reassurance.

The deep, psychological reason for her generous dispersal of love in all directions is that she wants, and needs, to be loved back. She will risk a rebuff only if it's urgently necessary for her artistic survival.

One has to remember about this child-woman that her parents were divorced before she was two, that her beloved daddy died when she was five, and that at an age when she should by rights have been still sheltered and mothered she was supporting—and mothering—her whole family.

She mothers her own mother. Mrs. White is a completely charming—and fairly helpless—little woman whom Marie thinks is too frail to carry an extra bar of soap home from the market, but who, nevertheless, staggers in after a night of her favorite game of Keno loaded with fifty pounds in prizes she has won.

If Marie has any moments of frailty, she doesn't let them show. She handles her problems, her husband's, and her family's, and has enough emotional

energy left over to fight with Ken Murray for the rights of whichever chorus girl is in the doghouse this week, and with Cy Howard for any writer or actor currently feeling the boss's ire.

Marie thinks, apparently, that it would be a sign of weakness for her to need anybody, and in the rare moments of great distress when she does reach out a hand for sympathy or help she is embarrassed.

Once during the week when Allen and Marie were separated, right after Marie had filed suit for divorce, she telephoned Joan Banks and poured out her heart to her friend.

The next time they met, Marie didn't mention the episode. She wanted to forget it. It had never happened.

Life would be easier for Marie if she realized that the people who need her would like sometimes to be needed too.

Allen, whose own career is at a stalemate at this moment, plans to go East in the fall to try to get a toe-hold in the theater.

"I don't want to leave Marie even for a week," he says, "but I have to if I am ever going to make good on my own and stand on my own two feet." (He tried to make such a break last spring, but fell ill with undulant fever and hurried home to Marie and her mothering.)

Allen is a handsome guy, and a good actor. He had a fat part in his most recent film, "Siren of Atlantis," but his friends say he can't claim to have made good on his own so long as Marie is in protesting distance.

Marie was on the set every day Allen was shooting, one of their friends recalls, fiddling with his make-up. And when Allen and Gus Schilling hit upon an idea for a revue and proposed to retreat to a mountain cabin to write it, Marie said Allen could go "if you take me to a movie every afternoon and get in every night by 10:30." Since the cabin was some hundred miles from Hollywood, the project was off.

Allen likes to play tennis and golf, but Marie insists that she's "lazy." Her only recreation is the movies—she goes every day when she isn't working, and loves the weepy ones, dramas with Joan Crawford or Bette Davis.

She never walks a block if she can drive, which she puts down to another sign of laziness, forgetting that she ran off three inches around her hips simply by tearing up and down stairs to her dressing room at "Blackouts" and melted away ten pounds during the arduous weeks when she was filming "My Friend Irma."

Except for such occupational exercises, and ocean swimming which she

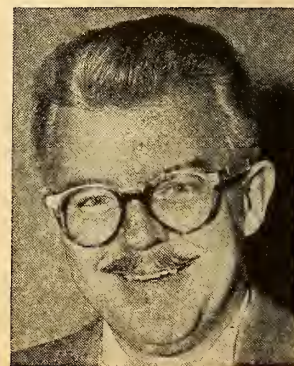
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enjoys on her rare vacations, Marie avoids exercise. Her beautiful figure just "grew that way."

But nobody—except Marie—would think of calling her lazy. She actually drives herself unmercifully. After seven brutal years in "Blackouts" she could be expected just to crawl into a corner somewhere and sleep and sleep and sleep. Instead, she has agreed to go on personal appearances in connection with the release of "My Friend Irma," a program which will require a great deal of energy-expenditure.

"But I'll be back two weeks before the program goes back on the air, and maybe three weeks before the new picture starts. Allen and I can have a real vacation. Won't that be nice?"

Allen is much more sanguine about the impending close of Marie's record-breaking run in "Blackouts" than she is. "At last Marie can get a little rest," he says, "and then we can start working on a baby."

It would be interesting to see what would happen to the "little mother of them all" if she had a baby of her own.

Children adore her—and Marie, of course, loves them all passionately.

Joan Banks brought her five-year-old daughter, Judith, to see the broadcast one evening. Marie was a pink and gold dream that night in a salmon satin blouse, and a light wool skirt of the same color, her blond hair falling in thick waves to her shoulders.

Judith was enchanted.

"I know, Mommie," she told Joan, "that fairy princesses are just pretend, but Mommie, if there were fairy princesses they would look like Marie."

There are lots of grownups who know the Marie Wilson radiance who would agree.

You find yourself—after talking to her husband, and her friends, and her co-workers about Marie—that she is too good to be true, that somebody has to start protecting her from her own generosity of spirit.

Marie and a writer were to have lunch, as the last step in gathering the material for this life story, and when she telephoned to make the date she was already in a giving mood.

"Let's do something gay," she said.

"Let's go to Romanoff's."

Now Romanoff's is very expensive and after days of hearing about Marie's compulsion to give all her money away, a protest seemed necessary.

"Wouldn't that be extravagant?"

"Oh, no, honey," Marie replied. "I have to go there tomorrow anyhow, so we might as well go today."

Lunch was wonderful. At Romanoff's.

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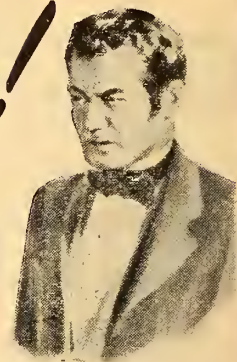
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