



PHOTO OF HELEN NEUSHAEFER BY VICTOR KEPPLER

FASHION BRIGHT COLORS by
Helen Neushaefer



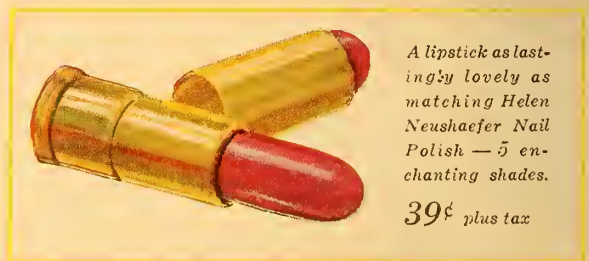
Beauty authority, Helen Neushaefer, creates significant new colors in nail polish and lipstick . . . captivating colors that add alluring excitement to a more beguiling *you*.

The *only* nail polish in the world at *any price* containing miracle, chip-proofing *PLASTEEN*—12 glowing colors.

Spreads smoothly, easily . . . without bubbles.

Brilliant porcelain finish stays perfect longer *without* chipping. Plasteen shockproofs nails!

25¢/10¢ plus tax



A lipstick as lastingly lovely as matching Helen Neushaefer Nail Polish — 5 enchanting shades.

39¢ plus tax

RADIO AND TELEVISION **MIRROR**

NOVEMBER • 25¢



New! Ten Pages!
DAYTIME SERIAL DIARY

First Ballot: 1949
RADIO MIRROR AWARDS

Our Gal Sunday . . . Johnny Olson
Fibber and Molly . . . Joan Davis

RED SKELTON

New! a make-up so perfect
 it's *Dream Stuff!*
 by Woodbury



*Look the way he loves you to . . .
 young, natural, effortlessly lovely!*

tinted foundation and powder in one make-up

Dream Stuff is both! It gives your skin the smooth, flawless, glamour...warm, delicious color you get from a *tinted foundation!* PLUS...the velvet-soft finish achieved with finest *face powder!*

Never that "made-up" look men hate! Dream Stuff is not heavy, leaves no "powdery" look. Not a drying cake or greasy cream! Smooths on in a flash with its own puff...stays for hours!

your complete dream make-up



four dreamy shades

- PRETTY DREAM
- ROSY DREAM
- GOLDEN DREAM
- TROPIC DREAM

49c plus tax

Now! Toni is *twice as easy*—*twice as fast*



Which Twin has the Toni, Lila or Ella Wigren of Chicago?

new SPIN curler cuts winding time in half—makes it double-easy!

New exclusive Toni SPIN Curler grips . . . spins . . . locks with a flick of the finger. *No rubber bands!* All plastic, patented! Nothing to tangle up in your hair! *Tiny teeth firmly grip* hair-tips so even the shortest ends become easy to manage! *Easy-spin action*—built right in—rolls each curl up in one quick motion! *Snaps shut!* Assures a better, longer-lasting curl. Winds more hair on each curler. Makes winding twice as easy—twice as fast! Now it's easier than ever before for any woman to wind perfect curls.

new FASTER process gives you the most natural-looking wave ever!

New Photo directions show how Toni waves hair in as little as 30 minutes! No other home permanent waves hair faster yet leaves it so soft and lustrous, so easy to set and style. For the Toni Waving Lotion is the same gentle lotion that has given more than 67 million permanents. Try this exciting Toni with new SPIN Curlers and see how quickly . . . how easily . . . you give yourself the most natural-looking wave you've ever had!

Which twin has the Toni? "Now we're both Toni Twins," says lovely Lila Wigren. "When I saw how easy it was for Ella to give herself a Toni with the new SPIN Curlers I decided on a Toni Home Permanent, too!"



SPECIAL COMBINATION OFFER

New Toni Refill Kit. Guaranteed to give the most natural-looking wave ever—or money back! Waves hair in as little as 30 minutes!

\$1.00

Complete Set of new Toni SPIN Curlers. No more rubber bands! Makes every wave from now on twice as easy! Reg. Value \$2.00

Included in this offer—Toni Creme Rinse to make your Toni wave even lovelier!

BOTH FOR \$2.29

How wonderful for YOU!
Stopette Deodorant
 sprays away underarm odor



Stopette
 SPRAY DEODORANT



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.



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**LOOK OUT
FOR COLDS
AND
SORE THROATS!**



Gargle LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC—Quick!—When you reach home

Prompt germ killing action can head off trouble or lessen its severity.

When you sit through one of those cold, late-season football games, you may be letting yourself in for a nasty sore throat, a troublesome cold—or worse.

You see, excitement, fatigue, icy temperatures and cold feet may often lower body resistance so that threatening germs called the "secondary invaders" can stage a mass invasion of the tissue. They can set up an infection, or aggravate one that is already started.

Nature Can Use Help

Then, if ever, Nature can use a helping hand to go after such threatening germs . . . to help prevent such a mass invasion . . . to head off a cold before it gets

started. That is why, when you get home, it is wise to gargle with full-strength Listerine Antiseptic repeatedly.

Attacks "Secondary Invaders"

Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of germs, including the "secondary invaders" that many doctors hold responsible for so much of a cold's misery.

Actual tests have shown that the Listerine Antiseptic gargle reduced germs on mouth and throat surfaces as much as 96.7% fifteen minutes after gargling, and up to 80% one hour after.

Always at the First Sniffle

Whenever you have sniffles, your throat is raw, or you feel chilly or under par,

start the Listerine Antiseptic gargle. You may thus spare yourself a nasty siege of a cold or sore throat due to a cold.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Missouri



**Germs Reduced up
to 96.7% in Tests**

**Fifteen minutes
after a Listerine
Antiseptic gargle,
tests showed bacterial reductions on
mouth and throat surfaces ranging up
to 96.7%, and up to 80% one hour
after a Listerine Antiseptic gargle.**



WOMEN TELL US That they make Listerine Antiseptic and massage

a regular part of hair-washing as a precaution against **INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF**

RECORD-BREAKER

Brokenshire

Norman Brokenshire, who has made a habit of setting precedents in radio, began his career in 1924. During his first year in radio, the Canadian born announcer handled the coverage for the Democratic Presidential Convention—the first convention for the presidency to be carried by radio. That fall he was in the foreground giving listeners a description of the Coolidge inauguration. As his record now stands, “Broke” has covered every presidential inauguration from Coolidge’s to Truman’s.

From his earliest indoctrination to broadcasting, Brokenshire was a “special events” man. He broadcast the first program from a plane in flight when he covered the arrival of the Graf Zeppelin; he was the first to announce a horse race; he broadcast the Lindbergh reception, the dedication of the Wilson and Edison Memorials and the Atlantic City Beauty Pageant of 1927.

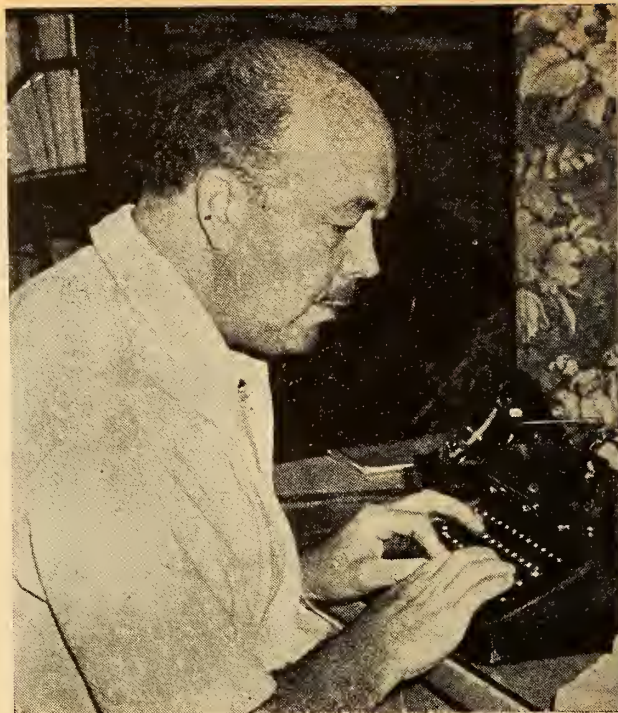
As was sometimes the case in radio’s earlier days, entertainers were often rather casual about appearing on time for programs and it was because of this that Broke may lay claim—if that is the correct term—to broadcasting the first radio serial. In 1924 when, owing to inclement weather, the talent failed to appear at air time, announcer Brokenshire desperately grabbed a book of short stories and began to read to the audience. When the flustered entertainer finally arrived, Broke stopped reading and said: “Listen in tomorrow for the conclusion.” Not only did the audience listen the next day, but Norman Brokenshire began a regular series of short story readings on a continued basis.

Another day, the absence of talent at broadcast time gave Broke the unenviable job of ad libbing for ten minutes. After making an opening announcement, the indomitable Brokenshire held his microphone out of the studio window and said: “Ladies and gentlemen, the noises of the City of New York.” A fire engine went by, the Sixth Avenue El rattled along its tracks, children yelled in the streets and the station received 2,000 letters saying it was the best ten-minute special event broadcast they ever heard.

But despite these “specials,” Norman Brokenshire was also a commercial announcer of the highest order. A partial list of the top-flight programs which Broke handled include Eddie Cantor’s Radio Follies, The Chesterfield Hour with Bing Crosby, the Street Singer, the Good Gulf Program with Will Rogers, the Boswell Sisters program and Major Bowes Amateur Hour.

Currently “Mr. Radio” is handling the announcing chores on the Theatre Guild On The Air series and is heard twice daily (Mon. through Fri.) on his own show of conversation and music titled Brokenshire Broadcasting. Brokenshire Broadcasting was first aired at 12:30 to 1:00 P.M. on June 23, 1947, and the listener mail included so many demands for “more Brokenshire” that the 9:15–9:45 A.M. program was added to his schedule of broadcasting.

Last June, Broke celebrated his Silver Anniversary in radio—over a quarter of a century of entertainment for listeners in every conceivable type of programming. There is very little doubt that his greeting and trademark, “How do you do, Ladies and Gentlemen, how do you do?” will be heard over the airwaves for many a year.



This year Norman celebrates 25 years in radio.



When radio covered the news “Broke” was there.



PINK-ICE BECOMES A LIVING PART OF YOU, TRIMS AWAY UNWANTED BULGES, ALLOWS COMPLETE FREEDOM OF ACTION

PLAYTEX[®] PINK-ICE

Success story of a new kind of girdle that gives young life to your figure

Introduced only four months ago, PLAYTEX PINK-ICE has already set records in thousands of stores, made friends with hundreds of thousands of women.

Not just a color—PINK-ICE is a new kind of girdle—with a power stretch that dynamically slims you to the perfect lines of fashion's new,

slender silhouette. With all its figure-moulding qualities, PINK-ICE is so comfortable you'll forget you have it on.

PINK-ICE, made of tree-grown latex, washes in ten seconds, pats dry with a towel. And it's absolutely invisible—even under your sleekest dress.

- ... in SLIM shimmering Pink Tubes
sizes: extra small, small, medium, large
- PLAYTEX PINK-ICE PANTY GIRDLE \$3.95
 - PLAYTEX PINK-ICE PANTY GIRDLE WITH GARTERS \$4.95
 - PLAYTEX PINK-ICE CARTER GIRDLE \$4.95
 - Extra Large PLAYTEX PINK-ICE CARTER GIRDLE \$5.95
- Also, see PLAYTEX LIVING GIRDLE, \$3.95 and PANTY GIRDLE, \$3.50
 At all modern corset and notions departments and better specialty shops everywhere...yes, everywhere!
 * INTERNATIONAL LATEX CORP'N. Playtex Park, Dover, Del. ©1949

TOP PARISIAN AND AMERICAN DESIGNERS AGREE NEW SLENDER FASHIONS CALL FOR PLAYTEX



PIERRE BALMAIN, brilliant fashion originator: "My 1950 silhouette will be my slenderest. And the PLAYTEX Girdle is the best way to a slender figure."



MME. SCHIAPARELLI, world-renowned Paris designer: "This season the silhouette is slanderer than ever—that's why you need the PLAYTEX Girdle."



OMAR KIAM, favorite designer of movie stars: "Today, a woman's figure is so important! PLAYTEX is the ideal way to look right in the new fashions."



PHILIP MANGONE, holder of "Golden Thimble" award: "I prefer to see my clothes on women with the slender figures PLAYTEX gives so effectively."



LILLY DACHE, noted American designer: "I've always said every dress looks better with PLAYTEX; for PLAYTEX slims inches off—and it's invisible!"



By MARTIN BLOCK

Martin Block conducts Make Believe Ballroom daily on New York's WNEW. He's also heard on NBC's Supper Club, Mon., Wed. and Fri. at 7.00 P.M. EST.



FACING the



Dick Haymes is the singing emcee on CBS's Club 15, which features Jerry Gray's orchestra.

After all the years Ezio Pinza spent on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House, it took Broadway musical stage to bring him to the attention of the Hollywood scouts. Now Ezio has been signed by MGM and is slated to co-star with Greer Garson in a musical that will probably be called "Mr. Imperium."

Late September and all of October is time when many of us disc jockeys get our "phizzes" on the screen of the neighborhood motion picture theater. That's because of a film called "Spin That Platter Around Christmas time there'll be a sequel to the one. It'll be called, "Disc Jockeys, U. S. A."

Another movie item of interest is that you'll soon be seeing a feature picture called "Down Memory Lane" in which Bing Crosby is the star. But, the film is actually made up of bits and pieces of shorts that Bing made in the 1930's for Mack Sennett. You hear him sing such oldies as "When The Blue Of The Night Meets The Gold Of The Day," "Between The Devil And The Deep Blue Sea," and "Auf Wiedersehen My Dear." You'll also see Gloria Swanson, Ben Turpin, Donald Novis, and Mabel Normand in the film and the Keystone Cops, too!

There's a strong possibility that by the time you read this, Frank Sinatra will be a disc jockey! It's very possible that Frank will be spinning platters for the Mutual Broadcasting System in addition to his regular five-time-a-week NBC show.

Despite all the trade-wise talk that the musicals created by such bands as Art Mooney and Prin

Basie or Ray Anthony what produced all this hilarity.



MUSIC

Scala would die quickly, the string-band sound has stayed with us for many months and will continue to be a favorite. True, the sound has been somewhat refined, but the nostalgic songs and the nostalgic instrumentation of the gay '90s doesn't seem to be losing any ground.

* * *

There's much of interest, too, in the rise to popularity of the lower-priced records. Such new names as Varsity, Hi Tone, Vocalion, Harmony and Bluebird are becoming more familiar as the record-buyers realize that you can get some mighty-fine platters for forty-nine cents. For what it may be worth, we'd like to remind you that Vocalion is Decca, Bluebird is Victor, Harmony is Columbia and Hi Tone is Signature. It appears to me that we'll be hearing lots more from the lower-priced record manufacturers as they get the time and opportunity to discover new recording names.

* * *

Vaughn Monroe isn't the only recording artist who flies his own plane on personal appearance dates. Larry Clinton, who's signed a new contract with RCA Victor, is also a pilot of note—having spent the war years on the India-to-China run. Jose Iturbi holds a commercial pilot's license and last year flew his own ship down to South America for his concert tour.

* * *

Now that London Records has taken to recording American artists it should be interesting to watch the changes that will take place in the artist rosters of some of the major disc manufacturers. As a tip, we suggest watching such names as Charlie Spivak, Vic Damone, Louis Jordan and Tex Beneke.



The Bop Hop gets a spirited and celebrated send-off from Benny Goodman and Martha Tilton. Benny has a Bop Cap, too.

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**

HOME HAIR STYLING



Little Miss Conway and her mother, Julie (who frequently appears on CBS' Theater of Today) are of the oval face type.

Miss Conway, with the oval type face and features, is fortunate, for this type of face can wear a variety of hair styles. There is no broad brow or jaw line to minimize, no long jaw, no width in the eyes. Therefore, a more sophisticated fashion or the very demure style (above) is only a matter of choice. Fred, the Hair Stylist, selects this style for Miss Conway because of her professional career, its ease in handling and its smartness. It has great diversity for, informally, it can be held back by a bow which Miss Conway wears in her "mother and daughter" plan, but when she is dressed, it can be held back by combs concealed by the curls. Little Miss Conway has her mother's oval face, and Fred set the hair in exactly the same way.

For this style, set curls counter-clockwise. (When brushed to the side they fall over the brow in reverse, thus making professional-looking bangs.) Fred, the Hair Stylist, recommends a simple routine for keeping Miss Conway's strawberry blond hair in healthy condition, thereby obtaining a brilliant sheen. She gives it a daily brushing of sixty strokes every morning and evening when possible. Contrary to the feeling that brushing removes the set or the curl from the hair, Fred assures us that it enhances it. "Always," he says, "brush the hair away from the face and toward the crown. This stimulates the flow of blood which in turn encourages a healthy scalp and beautiful hair. When the hair has been briskly brushed, it responds to adjustment into waves and curls much more readily than if simply combed." One more "must" for the care of the hair . . . never brush or comb with a soiled brush or comb. Give each a regular cleaning and rinsing. If soap or dirt is allowed to remain in the brush or comb, it is transmitted in a film to the hair and the luster that results from proper use is defeated. Except in rare cases when your hairdresser recommends less frequent washing, wash the hair each week with a shampoo recommended for your type of hair. (Your hairdresser can analyze your scalp and hair and give you expert advice on the type of shampoo.)



By
MARY JANE FULTON

For the *long face*, care must be taken not to exaggerate facial length. A soft fullness must be kept at the sides, the top must be flat, and if possible the outline of the hair should be asymmetrical.

In the sketch below there is a side part from which the hair is brushed to a fullness at the side front. A



soft fullness falls around the side and back.

Setting—The hair is combed flat on the top of the head. Curls are set downward in a counter-clockwise fashion so that they can be brushed away from the face to a side fullness. Because fullness is desired at the sides the curls are set in a downward fashion. Brushing is done from the crown of the head



toward the face, thereby framing the face with a softness which minimizes length.

If you have a round face, as above, the problem with this type of face is hair styling that will minimize a broad brow, jaw and (in general) a short neck. Fred, the Hair Stylist, recommends an upward feeling with fullness on the top of the head and a sleek side. For extreme fullness that will minimize breadth of face, he uses tricks in the setting of the curls.

In order to achieve this most effectively, the top curls are set in alternating clockwise and counter-clockwise rows. When brushed and combed an extreme fullness is the result. Curls at the sides are set counter-clockwise with an upward curl that can be combed up to fall naturally high and away from the face.

BETTER LIVING

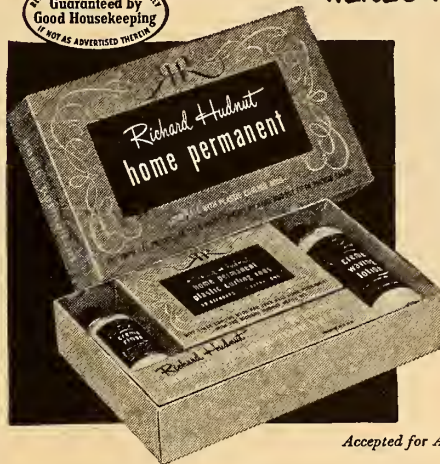
SALON-SAFE FOR HAIR THAT TENDS TO "FRIZZ" SALON-SMART FOR EVERY HEAD

If your hair is so *extra dry* that ordinary home permanents tend to make it frizzy...or so wiry-textured that most home waves make it unmanageable...here's good news for you!

With the new, improved Richard Hudnut Home Permanent you can be confident of silky-soft, easy-to-manage "salon-type" waves no matter what the texture of your hair. The secret? You use the same type preparations...even the same improved cold wave process...found best for waving thousands of heads in the Richard Hudnut Fifth Avenue Salon!

No fear of harsh, frizzed ends, thanks to the gentler, cream waving lotion. No worry about being able to do a good job. *If you can roll your hair on curlers, you'll manage beautifully!*

There isn't a more luxurious, softer, more natural-looking home wave for *any* head! Price, \$2.75; refill without rods, \$1.50. (Prices plus Tax.)



HERE'S WHY USERS PREFER HUDNUT!*

1. Gives you the wave you wish you were born with—soft, luxurious, natural-looking.
2. Doesn't dry hair or split ends.
3. Fast and easier, taal Special Hudnut pre-softening makes winding easier; ends less difficult!
4. Exactly the type curl you desire—tight or loose—but never a frizz on the ends!
5. Lasts longer—gives weeks more pleasure and prettiness!
6. Includes Richard Hudnut Creme Rinse, wonderful for making hair lustrous, soft, more "easy to do."
7. More manageable—greater caiffure variety.

*As expressed by a cross section of Hudnut Home Permanent users recently surveyed by an independent research organization.

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association.

New! Improved! Richard Hudnut Home Permanent



Soft-Boiled BALLADEERS



Elaine Beverley and Buzz Aston get together for a duet on KDKA's Memory Time show.

The Memory Time Quartet, featured on KDKA's big half-hour Thursday night musical show, Memory Time, is digging into the files of other years to find the tunes grandma sang, listened to and loved.

The quartet is made up of Pittsburgh businessmen who have made "barbershop" harmony their hobby. The group consists of Dick Fisher and Bernie Markwell of Gulf Oil; Bob Hughes, who works for the Pittsburgh Testing Laboratories, and Ray Griffin of Standard Sanitary and Manufacturing Company.

Not satisfied with "Sweet Adeline" or "Dear Old Girl," the Memory Timers usually come up with such soft-boiled ballads as "The Slug in the Gum Machines"; "Never Hit Your Grandma With a Shovel"; or "Don't Put Your Foot in My Face, Dear."

The quartet is featured on the appropriately named program which is famous throughout KDKA's listening area for its nostalgic songs and tunes. They are also heard on the Mildred Don and Men About Town Show. Singing emcee Buzz Aston and diminutive Elaine Beverley, the girl with the "Gay Nineties Voice," are the soloists and frequently get together in special duets.

Memory Time was concocted by Ronnie Taylor and his two radio aides, Tom MacWilliams and Les Stern of Smith, Taylor and Jenkins, for the Pittsburgh Brewing Company, but the whole gang joins in with them and the musical director, Al Marsico, when it comes to tracking down the words and music as they were written, "way back when."



Memory Time's Quartet: L. to r., Bernie Markwell, Ray Griffin, seated; Dick Fisher, Bob Hughes.

3 piece Tea or Coffee Service \$125. with Footed Waiter \$147.50. Inspired design perfectly executed for the ultimate in silverplate. Here is attention to small details (note the covered spout on the cream pitcher) and massive richness of ornamentation found usually on only the most expensive solid silver. "It looks like hand-chasing" experts say of the glorious Spring Garden decoration. Truly, a unique value!



NOW! *Spring Garden*
has its own magnificent tea set and service pieces.

Spring Garden! This season's gayest, loveliest silverplate design, first captured for you in exquisite flatware, is now yours in the loveliest holloware imaginable.

There is a breathtakingly beautiful tea set . . . its wealth of detail, weight, richness of ornamentation, rivaling in appearance the finest examples of hand-worked silver. There are service pieces for your every dining need . . . each a triumph of designers' art and silversmiths' craft.

And here is the most delightful news of all. You will find these Spring Garden pieces priced within the reach of even the most modest budget.

Have you seen Spring Garden flatware? This latest and loveliest pattern in famous Sterling Inlaid silverplate, comes in a 52 piece service for 8 at only \$68.50 with chest. There are three other enchanting Holmes & Edwards patterns, Youth, Danish Princess, Lovely Lady. All are made in the U. S. A.



Covered Vegetable Dish \$17.50. Something new in fine silverware design: instead of the conventional straight line, the lines of this lovely dish sweep up in a graceful curve. Oval serving dish (not illustrated) \$10.00.



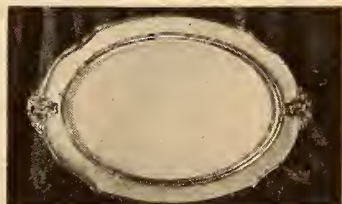
Bread Tray \$10.00. A remarkably lovely, truly versatile piece . . . can be used as fruit dish, sandwich tray, for flowers, and in many other ways.



Well and Tree Dish \$22.50. Rich Spring Garden ornamentation, unusually graceful outline, make this essential piece a royal setting for all meats, poultry and fish.



Gravy Boat & Tray \$15.00. A masterpiece of design. Distinctive, low silhouette sweeps up at the lip for perfect balance, perfect pouring. Tray has many uses.



18" Meat Platter \$17.50. One of the most useful service pieces of all . . . and the handsomest. Important: all prices for service pieces include Federal Tax.

HOLMES & EDWARDS
STERLING INLAID®
SILVERPLATE



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Beauty
depends
on
Hold-Bob®

... 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



a GAYLA®
hair beauty
aid

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Let's Look at the RECORDS

BY JOE MARTIN



A welcome arrival is Burl Ives' latest Columbia album, "The Return Of The Wayfaring Stranger."

BLUE BARRON (M-G-M)—The song that may very well be the successor to Blue's hit disc, "Cruising Down The River," is one called "Lingering Down The Lane." The reverse side is Bobby Beer's vocal of "Luna Lu."

VIC DAMONE (Mercury)—Here's a double-sided threat from Vic. Both "My Bolero" and "Through A Long And Sleepless Night" are good vocal material well done by the youthful crooner whose popularity continues to grow.

BILL FARRELL (M-G-M)—Bill's a nineteen-year-old vocalizing sensation. His first record is superlative. Singing "Circus" and "Through A Long And Sleepless Night" he sounds like a mixture of Al Jolson, Billy Eckstine, and Vaughn Monroe—hut a fine mixture that adds up to a new voice.

MISS LIBERTY (Columbia)—At long last the original cast recordings of Irving Berlin's new show have been released. One listening will show you why Ethel Griffies is the hit of the show despite her age. All the hit tunes you've already heard on the air and some you haven't are in this album.

NAT "KING" COLE (Capitol)—This is the man who can make anything sound like a hit song. Nat and his trio are properly smooth on "I Get Sentimental Over Nothing" and properly cute on the novelty, "Your Voice."

SLUGGER AT THE BAT (Columbia)—There isn't a baseball-loving American kid who won't go for this children's album written by Peter Steele and Peter Lyon. The big reason, of course, is that the voices of two Brooklyn Dodger stars, Pee Wee Reese and Jackie Robinson, are heard in the album.

PERCY FAITH (RCA Victor)—Every radio listener is familiar with Mr. Faith's orchestral chores on the air. Some of the jazz fans will also be familiar with Jimmy Dorsey's showpiece, "Oodles of Noodles." Mr. Faith, however, plays it with a forty-five piece orchestra. The backing is the lovely "Deep Purple," played in the inimitable Faith manner.

SQUARE DANCES (Capitol)—The "dosey-do" craze has even invaded the Eastern seahoard. So then, for the few who haven't tried square dancing, Capitol Records has a new album by Cliffie Stone which includes calls by Jonesy. This same company also has some good singles by Cliffie.

GEORGE SHEARING (London)—The wonderful blind pianist who is featured on M-G-M and Discovery records as well as London, has a new trio disc that he recorded in England some months ago. "The Nearness Of You" is the old favorite played slow-and-easy-like, and "The Fourth Deuce" is slow-hop.

BURL IVES (Columbia)—The title of the new album is "The Return Of The Wayfaring Stranger"—and a welcome return it is. Burl sings "Little Mohee," "Lord Randall," "John Hardy" and other fine folk songs.

FACING THE MUSIC

...dream girl, dream girl
Beautiful Lustre-Creme Girl
...hair that gleams and glistens
From a Lustre-Creme shampoo



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

NOT A SOAP!
NOT A LIQUID!
BUT KAY DAUMIT'S
RICH LATHERING
CREAM SHAMPOO
WITH LANOLIN
for Soft, Shimmering
Glamorous Hair



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

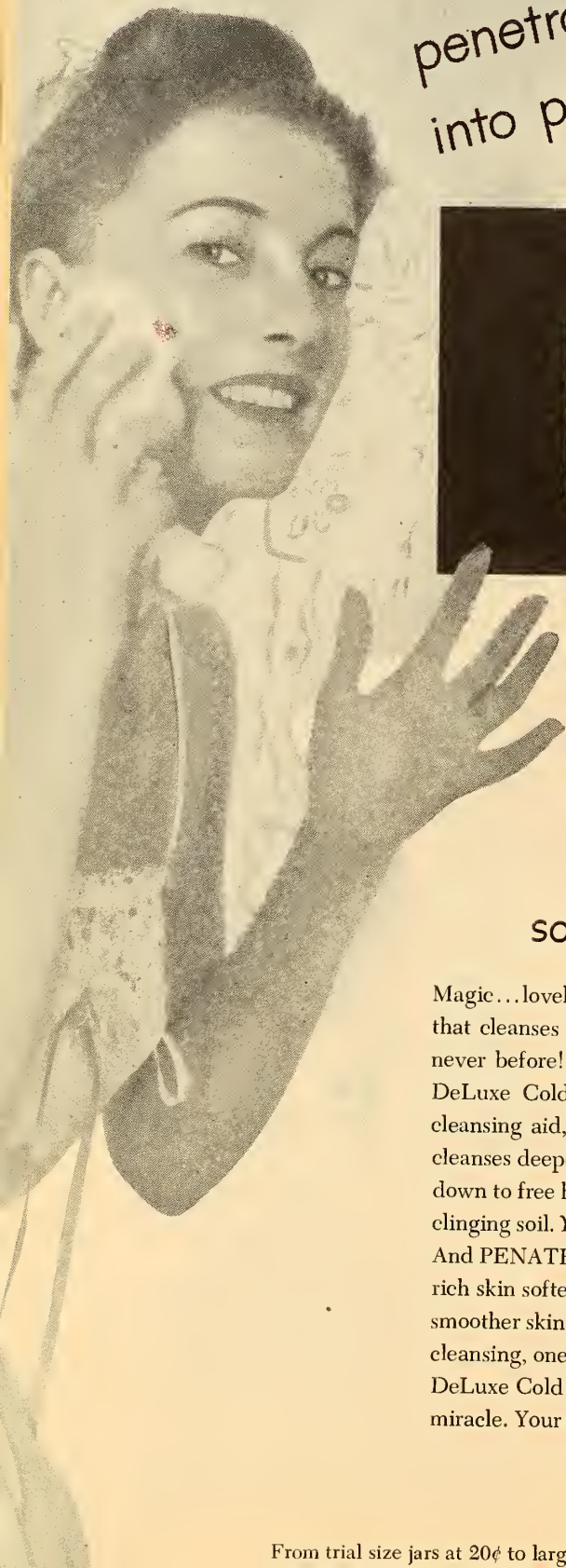
No other shampoo gives you the same magical secret-
blend lather plus kindly LANOLIN... for *true* hair beauty.

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

New! Woodbury DeLuxe Cold Cream with Penaten... penetrates deeper into pore openings



**cleanses
skin
cleaner**

softens, beautifies

Magic...lovely magic! A wonder cream that cleanses your skin cleaner, brighter as never before! It's the NEW Woodbury DeLuxe Cold Cream...with the miracle cleansing aid, PENATEN. *It penetrates...* cleanses deeper into pore openings. Seeps down to free hard-to-remove make-up and clinging soil. *Your cleansing tissue proves it!* And PENATEN carries Woodbury's rich skin softeners deeper...gives a smoother skin! Just one deep smoothing cleansing, one jar of Woodbury DeLuxe Cold Cream shows PENATEN's miracle. Your skin is radiantly alive.

From trial size jars at 20¢ to largest

JIMMIE LIPTON



Jimmie Lipton plays Windy Day on Hearts in Harmony.

Jimmie Lipton is one fellow who acted—and successfully for years before he suddenly decided that acting was a challenging and interesting profession.

Jimmie was born in Detroit, Michigan, in 1925. Detroit schools have a radio program and use the school students on the air, so, although he didn't want to be an actor, Jimmie started acting on the air at the age of eleven.

When he was in high school, Jimmie decided he would study law. To pay for it, he got himself a job as a reporter for the *Detroit Times*, and in due course was enrolled at Wayne University.

While at college, the director for whom he'd worked in radio offered him an audition. Jimmie came sailing through, but he hesitated. He was making twenty-eight dollars a week as a reporter and it was only on the director's assurance that he would not make less in radio that Jimmie finally gave up reporting for acting.

Came the war and Jimmie entered the Army Air Force. Discharged in 1945, Jimmie hied himself to New York to attend law school. However, still faced with the problem of supporting himself while he went to college, he immediately started auditioning for radio work.

"But everything changed," Jimmie said, "due to a series of events. First I was turned down by school. Next, I auditioned for Elinor Kilgallen, who promptly notified the papers that I was the hottest thing to hit the kilocycles in many a month. That led to my getting the lead in an Assignment Home show, which led to the radio editor of *PM* doing two articles about me. That led to my starting to work like crazy."

And all that—and more—led Jimmie to decide to scrap law and approach acting seriously for the first time. Two nights a week he studies acting with a professional workshop under Don Richardson; he works out every morning at the YMCA and he takes dancing with Anna Sokolow. For plain, ordinary relaxation, he sculpts when he wants to be alone and he plays a guitar and sings folk songs when he is with friends. He's married to radio actress Shirley Blanc, whom he met on a show

INFORMATION BOOTH

Step Up And Ask Your Questions—We'll Try To Find The Answers

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

JIMMY WALLINGTON

Dear Editor:

Can you tell me what has become of Jimmy Wallington, the announcer? We miss him on the air.

Mrs. L. S. C.
Canton, Ohio

Currently, Jimmy Wallington does the announcing chores for two NBC programs originating in Hollywood—Screen Directors Playhouse, heard Friday nights at 9:00 P.M. EST, and Carnation Contented Hour, on Mondays at 10:00 P.M. EST.



Jimmy Wallington

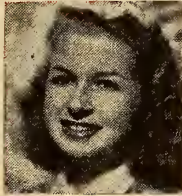
NO DATE WITH JUDY

Dear Editor:

Could you tell me if A Date With Judy is on the air? If so when does it come on and what time? Also, could you please tell me if Corliss Archer is on the air? If so when and what time.

Miss J. N.
Parsons, Kansas

A Date With Judy is not on the air at the present time but here's Louise Erickson who played the title role. Meet Corliss Archer, with Janet Waldo, can be heard Sunday evenings at 9:00 P.M. Eastern Standard Time on most stations of the Columbia Broadcasting System.



Louise Erickson

THEME SONGS

Dear Editor:

I have recently discovered a wonderful radio program called Against The Storm (Monday-Friday, 11:30 A.M., EST, Mutual Broadcasting System). The theme song intrigues me and I would like to know the name of it and whether a recording has been made of it.

Miss P. L. F.

Oklahoma City, Okla.

The theme is "Song of Bernadette" by Alfred Newman. It has not been recorded as yet. While we're on the subject of theme songs, we'd like to tell the many readers who have inquired about the theme music heard on Challenge of the Yukon (Wednesdays, 5:00 P.M. EST, ABC) that it is an excerpt from the Donna Diana Overture by Von Reznicek.

SINGING SAM

Dear Editor:

For some time now we have heard a regular program featuring Singing Sam from a Canadian station. We were under the impression that he was dead. Can you straighten us out on this? What was his real name?

Mrs. E. M. I.

Rochester, N. Y.

Harry Frankel, professionally known as Singing Sam, died over a year ago. Those songs you hear on the Singing Sam program are on records.

BRIDE AND GROOM

Dear Editor:

I am engaged to be married and would like to get on Bride and Groom. How do we go about it?

Miss G. K.

Brighton, Michigan

Write to John Masterson, c/o Bride and Groom, 6263 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood 28, California.

BUSY ACTOR

Dear Editor:

Does the actor who plays the title role in Michael Shayne, Detective also play the biology professor on the Our Miss Brooks program? If I'm right, what's his name?

Miss A. C.
Garfield, N. J.

You're right. Jeff Chandler (that's his name) is both Michael Shayne and the bashful Philip Boynton. Incidentally, he's also in motion pictures. His latest is "Sword In The Desert."



Jeff Chandler

THOSE WE LOVE

Dear Editor:

Would you please give me the names of the actors and the roles they played in the radio program Those We Love. It has been off the air for about four years and was heard on NBC, originating in California. Is there any chance of this program returning to the air?

Miss M. P.

Fitchburg, Mass.

At the present time there is no indication that Those We Love will return to the air this year. The principal members of the cast were Richard Cromwell who played the role of Kit Marshall, Donald Wood (Dr. Foster), Francis X. Bushman (John Marshall), Helen Wood (Helen Dacom), Anne Todd (Amy) and Nan Grey (Kathy).



Nan Grey

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.

NO OTHER DENTIFRICE OFFERS PROOF OF THESE RESULTS

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!

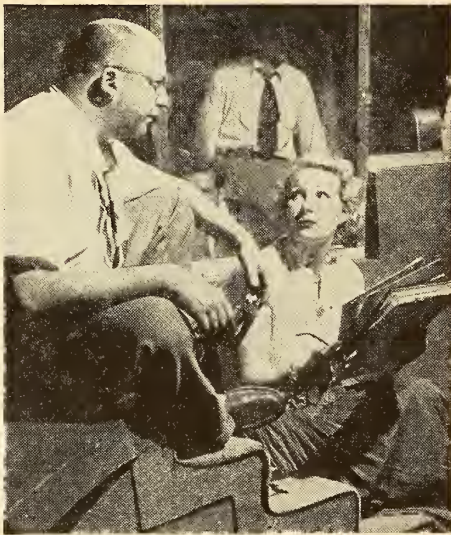
*Right after eating.



NO CHANGE IN FLAVOR, FOAM, OR CLEANSING ACTION!

What's New

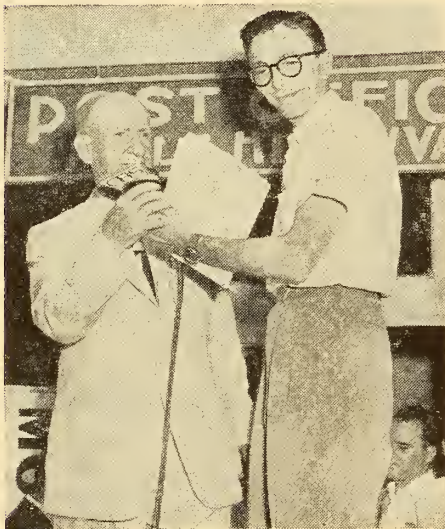
By
DALE BANKS



Binnie Barnes joined Abe on Breakfast with Burrows, Mon. at 9 P. M. on CBS.



J. Carroll Naish, writer-producer Cy Howard and Mary Jane Croft rehearse for CBS's series, Life With Luigi.



County Fair M.C. Win Elliot and company proved it can be done when Mole Hill, W. Va., was re-christened Mountain.

Gossip From Hither and Yon. . . . Larry Gelhart and Larry Marks are back pounding out gags for the Bob Hope ainer. . . . Columbia Pictures has signed to do a series of flickers based on Counterspy. . . . Wendell Holmes turning down film offers coming in the wake of his fine performance in "Lost Boundaries" because of radio commitments. . . . George Petrie to be starred in a movie role based on his CBS radio stanza, Call the Police. . . . Jack Mangan, emcee of the popular Ship's Reporter, writing a book based on the interviews he does for that air show.

Once Mark Twain, America's Number One humorist of another day, made a bet with an editor that people didn't really read when they were looking at words in books and magazines. To prove it, he wrote the most preposterous three paragraph beginning to a story that was ever put down on paper, full of silly things like trees with little known names floating in the sky, the weather hot, cold and sunny and raining within three sentences. Well, Twain won his bet. He got only one letter questioning one of his silly facts. Now we can ask the same question about people listening to radio. Do listeners really hear when they're listening? The producers of the Scattergood Baines show are willing to bet they don't. Evidence is in their mailbag practically every day. Mail has come to them addressed to "Scatterblood Baines," "Scatterhook Haines," "Slattery Baines," "Smattering Baines," "Scudd-a-hoo Baines" and "Scattergood Jane." These are all seemingly well-intentioned mistakes. The would-be comedians always seem to pick "Scatterbrains Good."

Mr. and Mrs. Radio, otherwise Cathy and Elliott Lewis are working in top supporting roles in their first feature picture together. They'll be seen in "The Story of Molly X," starring June Havoc. The flicker marks Cathy's return to pictures after an absence from studio sound stages of close to nine years. For Elliott, it will be his first major role in any movie other than one calling for him to act as narrator, or "unseen voice." His most recent film job was as the voice of the horse in "The Winner's Circle."

Polish up on your bebop. Maestro Hot Lips Page, the old-time radio favorite, is readying a program for one of the networks based on a fifteen-minute quiz format, but posing questions only about bebop.

In case bookers have been wondering why Stan Lee Broza, manager and, by the way, father of bandleader Elliot Lawrence, sometimes turns down some very alluring bookings, they'd better take a gander at climatic conditions before trying to sign Lawrence's band. Seems Elliot suffers from hay fever and papa takes good care of him by never signing for dates in lowland, sneeze producing areas during any pollination season anywhere.

Morey Amsterdam came up with a spur of the moment quip recently that had the audience at a benefit show rolling. When Lucy Monroe, whose name has become almost synonymous with the "Star Spangled Banner,"

FROM COAST TO COAST



Round the bend with full steam (vocally) come Victor Moore (l.) and Margaret Whiting, Gordon MacRae's guests on the star-studded show train of ABC's Railroad Hour which rides the coast-to-coast tracks Mon. at 8 P. M. EST.

stepped out on the stage to sing the national anthem for about the 2,000th time. Morey turned to her and asked, "Lucy, have you got your music?"

Watch for a new toy on the market. Patented under the name of "TumbleToy," the wooden gadget was devised and developed in his home workshop by Art Gilmore, whose regular job is announcing on the Dr. Christian series.

Emcee Warren Hull can chat about their home towns with just about all contestants he telephones on the Spin to Win quiz. During the ten years he co-starred with Parks Johnson on the Vox Pop show, he visited practically every important city in the United States.

The opinion has been expressed that giveaway shows are undesirable because they put too many trained and skilled actors, directors and such people out of work. But recently, we got a glimmer of their appeal. We were listening to Kate Smith's newest show, Kate Smith Calls and when she got to the part where she asked the operator to get the phone number for her, we thought, "Wouldn't it be funny, if she called us?" Then we realized that she couldn't call us, because we'd had our number taken out of the phone book. And there we sat bemoaning our fate, thinking of all the radio shows that could never call us, now, and all that gold

that could never come our way. Yes, we can see the appeal of the giveaway show!

Johnny Long's wife, Pat, has turned songwriter and one of her songs has been bought by a publisher. The tune's called "VMI Waltz" and said publisher hopes to make it another "Sweetheart of Sigma Chi."

Guess radio's no dead duck, yet. It's still a powerful personality builder and witness to that is the phenomenal success of Dennis Day's recent personal appearance tour. Dennis played to packed theaters and, actually, with overflow crowds in the streets, in seven Eastern cities, including Boston, Washington, Philadelphia, Buffalo, Columbus, Cleveland and Chicago.

Mary and Harry Hickox are two of the busiest people in West Coast radio and TV. But they can't be accused of being superstitious. At the moment, they are doing twelve shows per week, six on radio and an equal number on video. The thirteenth may be added shortly, since they have a sponsor interested in a TV idea to be kine-scoped for national release.

Besides becoming one of the famous knitters in history, Robert Q. Lewis will probably be the warmest one. Outside of completing a sweater or two during his summer substitute stint for (Continued on page 19)

There's Something about STARKE



Charlie's free lance announcing assignments read like a radio hall of fame but the Starke home base is WINS.

Just exactly how many hundreds of housewives curl into a comfortable chair, close their eyes and exist in a dream world for two hours every morning, no one—not even the Hooper people—really knows.

But letters to WINS' Charlie Starke, proprietor of the Music Shoppe of the same name, indicate that this kind of action is typical of his listeners. Surveys have shown that morning listeners—those who tune in from ten to twelve a.m. to be exact—are predominantly women, and something about Starke's voice and program makes them keep listening to WINS once they have discovered Charlie.

Charlie unquestionably has one of the most pleasing, soothing and sympathetic voices in radio. And his selection of records follows the pattern set by his voice: the show features lush orchestral arrangements, romantic and sentimental songs and dreamy melodies spun with a quiet touch. Bebop and jazz, swing and jam are non-existent on the Starke Music Shoppe.

Charlie's resonant bass graces many another radio show. He's the herald who tells what-has-gone-before on NBC's *When A Girl Marries*; he announces *House of Mystery*. As a free-lance announcer, he has handled *The Aldrich Family* and *Gang Busters*.

Charlie's radio career began in Reading, Pennsylvania, back in the Amos 'n' Andy era, when he startled his family by cutting his own commercials and station breaks on the family radio. This the enterprising young Starke did by drilling a hole through the living room floor and wiring a toy microphone to the set.

At about the time his voice lost its adolescent quaver

and slipped into its present rich bass, Charlie left Reading and moved to New York. After enrolling in a dramatic school here, he supported himself by working as an organized applauder of network shows.

His first real job came on his return to Reading. There, he did everything from writing scripts, producing and directing, to announcing and running his own disc jockey show. The *Phantom Symphony* was the title of this opus and Charlie not only announced the show but—because the station was understaffed—manned four turn-tables at the same time.

An example of his imagination and virtuosity is the manner in which he once cut a musical selection which otherwise would have run overtime: Charlie stopped the record abruptly, put in mumbling sounds of an audience and explained over the air that the conductor had fainted on the podium.

Charlie's next stop was Philadelphia. This was followed by New York City and, after two years, station WMCA. Here, as a staff announcer, Charlie covered special events and the once-famous Good Will Court. From there he switched to CBS, where he reported special events which ranged from a mouse steeplechase to the Howard Hughes world flight. During the late Franklin Delano Roosevelt's second inaugural, Charlie set a record for radio's longest ad lib: for one hour and ten minutes he talked throughout the world.

In addition to his king-size radio schedule, Charlie also runs a production office which has made a name for itself with such shows as the Peter Donald, Jacques Fray, Yello Cab, Radio Hymnal and others.

COAST to COAST

(Continued from page 17)

Arthur Godfrey on his daily morning shows and weekly Wednesday evening one, Robert Q. Lewis has been deluged with knitted apparel from his fan clubs throughout the country. So far, he's got seventy-eight sweaters, fourteen scarves, two quilts, nineteen pairs of gloves and five ties, to say nothing of fourteen pairs of booties—a slightly embarrassing item for a bachelor.

* * *

Denizens of Madison Avenue in New York, who've grown quite used to keeping a weather eye out for Conover models, always so easy to spot from blocks away because they carry those enormous hat boxes all the time are going to have to sharpen their glims now. The hat boxes are disappearing. Conover models are now toting rolls of film around with them. Since so many of the Conover Agency's bookings are for television, agency head Conover has arranged for each of the girls to make 16mm films. Instead of showing advertising agency and television executives still pictures of themselves, they give a live presentation of their personality projection via the films. Seems to us that everything is getting harder and harder. It used to be that beauty contest entrants and models only had to look beautiful. Now they have to be able to do things like act, sing and dance. Leave nobody ever say beautiful but dumb about any girl again.

* * *

Grand Ole Opry's Rod Brasfield has a new hobby. He is collecting clippings of typographical errors that appear in the numerous newspapers he reads. He's got a choice lot already. We can't give very many, because of space, but here are a few. In the classified columns of one paper, he found, "Porcupine, tame, eats anything, very fond of children." The social page of another paper contained this item: "Dinner was served at 6:30 and the remaining hours were devoted to general merry-making. This club meets only once a year and that is when members transact all business and enjoy the evening together. Wives are bared." A story in the business section of still another sheet read, "He reorganized the electric railroad and put it on his feet." Finally, in the shipping news was this one, "Alice Moore has been engaged as stewardess and social hostess aboard the S.S. Alexandria which sails tomorrow. Before leaving port she will have her barnacles scraped."

* * *

Harry Mynatt, official escort for the Queens on the Queen for a Day air show, estimates that in the five years the program has been on the air, he has taken Queens to 3,000 night clubs at a cost of over \$100,000, plus approximately \$26,000 in tips. Huh! That ain't nothin', Harry. In the days of Diamond Jim Brady, the fellers with the big money often spent \$25,000 on one night's shindig. Of course, the lovely ladies who amused them used to find diamond bracelets and similar gadgets under their napkins. That, of course, considerably upped the overhead.

* * *

Can this be romance? Mark Warnow has been squiring Ethel Smith around New York. They met when she was featured on "Your Hit Parade" several years ago.

The Double Life of June Havoc!



On the Screen

June is noted for her intense, realistic love scenes . . . the feminine beauty of her strong, yet soft, smooth hands.

JUNE HAVOC in "CHICAGO DEADLINE" a Paramount Picture



In Private Life

June loves "little dinners". Her pet recipe . . . flapjacks! Her pet hand care . . . "Before and after K.P. I use Jergens Lotion", says June, "no other hand care keeps my hands so perfectly smooth . . . so silky soft."

Hollywood Stars use Jergens Lotion 7 to 1 over any other hand care

Keep your hands soft and romantic the way the Stars do . . . use today's finer Jergens Lotion.

Because it's a liquid, Jergens Lotion quickly furnishes the softening moisture thirsty skin needs.

Protects longer against roughness.

Smooths hands to softer, finer beauty.

Never oily or sticky. Only 10¢ to \$1.00 plus tax.

Keep your hands lovely to look at with Jergens Lotion



Used by More Women than Any Other Hand Care in the World!



GIRL WITH A HEART

Ever since lovely blonde Joan Nichols started singing on the radio, her fans have been saying, "She ought to be on television!" So what was more natural that when TV hit her home town of Buffalo last year, Joan signed for a television series with WBEN-TV. (Joan is a radio headliner too, for she is also featured on the WBEN radio audience show, Breakfast at Laube's Old Spain.) The comely songstress, who was born in Buffalo as Joan Nickel, attended Lafayette High School and later graduated from Bennett.

Joanie can't remember when she didn't like to sing. At eleven she won first prize in a children's radio series and had her own fifteen-minute program. After high school she had a few club dates in Buffalo. But she achieved her first real fame away from home—in Washington, where she sang in supper clubs before becoming vocalist with Sonny Dunham's orchestra in New York.

Later she appeared with Dick Stabile at the Copacabana and the Park Central. In 1947 she made two guest appearances with Buddy Clark on the Carnation Contented Hour. She also was the guest, for a week, on Eddy Duchin's afternoon show.

It was inevitable that television would snare her and she made frequent appearances over the DuMont network in New York. She is fascinated by the work of television producers like WBEN-TV's Fred Keller. When she sang "The Peanut Vendor" not long ago, Fred brought an honest-to-gosh vendor in from the streets, peanut whistle and all. When she sang "Stormy Weather," there was artificial rain dropping and she had an umbrella.

"I like to sing a modern song with a 'heart' to it," Joan says, "but for listening I prefer the classics—modern or time-proved." Surprisingly for a vocalist, she prefers hearing instrumental music.

Joan was married nearly two years ago and her old home town of Buffalo beckoned so strongly that she is now combining housewifely duties with outstanding radio and television work. She makes her home in Buffalo and her husband, Walter Boehm, Jr., an air force veteran, is now a student at the University of Buffalo.



Joan likes a song with a heart. Pet: "Don't Take your Love from Me."

Coming Next Month



Come and visit Bob Hope and his family in the December issue.

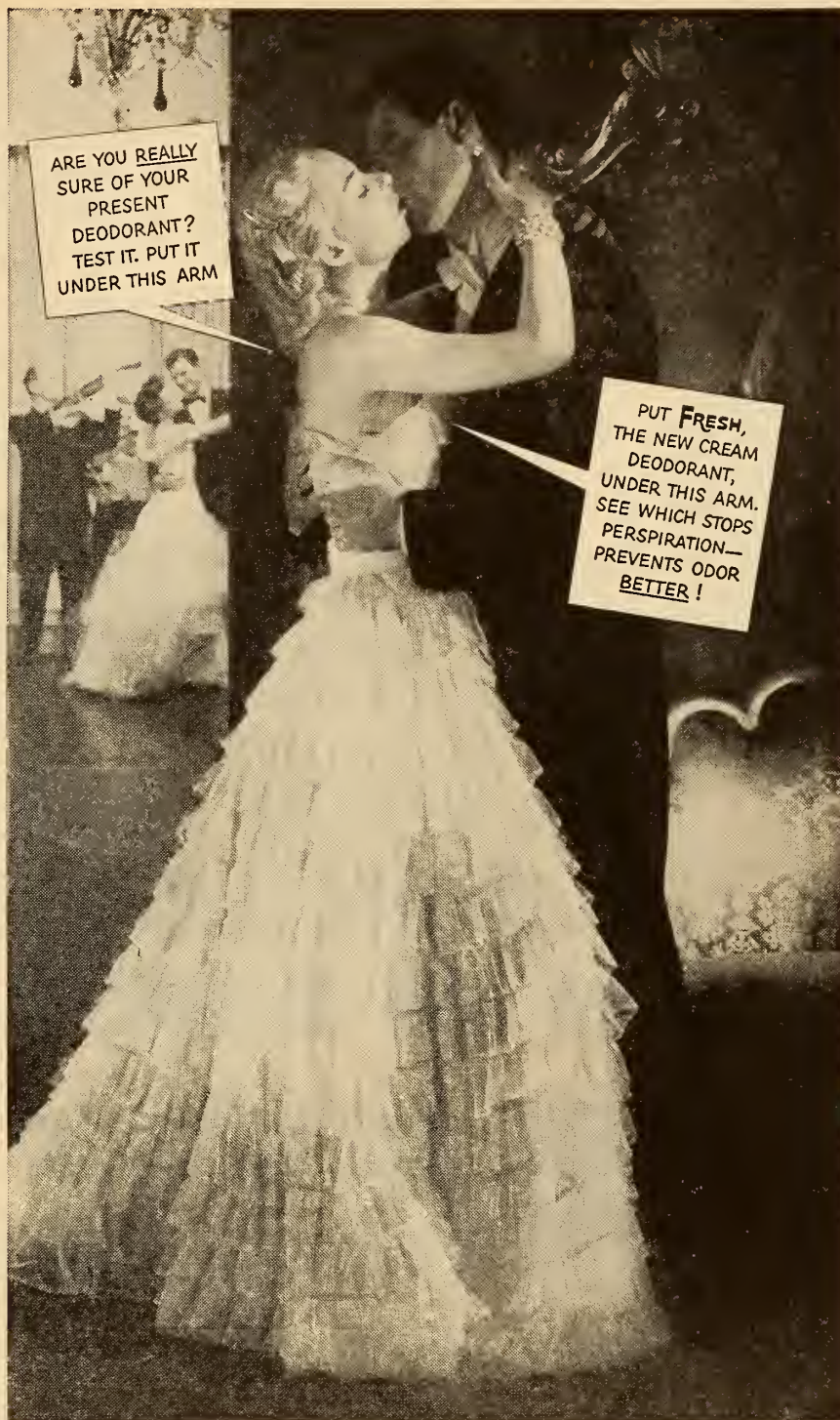
The jingle bell and holly season, while not exactly around the corner, is near enough to think about and plan for, and RADIO MIRROR has been doing just that. High on the list of holiday activities for next month's issue is a visit to Ma Perkins' house. Ma and her family celebrate the occasion for you complete with tree and presents—and they do it in color, too.

* * *

Suitable for any time of the year, but especially so for Christmas time is the story behind Fulton Oursler's *The Greatest Story Ever Told*. Relating the life of Christ on radio is an undertaking requiring infinite pains and a profound understanding of religious values. How this was successfully achieved makes an absorbing, distinguished article.

* * *

RADIO MIRROR'S December issue will also contain the not-to-be-missed *Through the Years* dramatization of *Just Plain Bill*. And you'll not want to miss the RADIO MIRROR Awards ballot either—the one you'll need to vote for your favorite radio programs. Daytime Diary, the new feature which you'll see for the first time in this issue, will be back in December—and every month—to keep you up to date with developments in your favorite daytime serials. All the regular features are scheduled for December, too—Joan Davis, Ted Malone, Nancy Craig (who has some wonderful new recipes for Christmas delicacies) and the entertaining TV section. The December RADIO MIRROR goes on the newsstands Wednesday, Nov. 9.



Are you really *Lovely to Love?*

try the test below

Have you ever wondered if you are as lovely as you could be—are you completely sure of your charm? Your deodorant can be the difference . . . and you will never know how lovely you *can* be until you use FRESH.

FRESH is so completely effective, yet so easy and pleasant to use . . . Different from any deodorant you have ever tried. Prove this to yourself with the free jar of creamy, smooth FRESH we will send you.

Test it. Write to FRESH, Chrysler Building, New York, for your free jar.





"Skin Blemishes were a real problem," says glamorous Cover Girl Carmen Lister. "Then a friend recommended Noxzema. I used it as my powder base and in no time my skin looked soft and smooth once more. Now it's my regular beauty aid."



"I had dry skin before I started using Noxzema," says pretty Doris Moore of Houston, Texas. "Now my skin feels so smooth. I always use Noxzema to help keep my complexion looking soft and lovely. It's a wonderfully soothing hand cream, too."

LOOK LOVELIER IN 10 DAYS ... OR YOUR MONEY BACK



"My complexion was very dry," says Mrs. Ruth Samuel, New York nursery school teacher, "until I used Noxzema. It's a grand protective cream. Helps keep my skin looking soft and fresh!"



No skin troubles for lovely Mrs. Ruth Vanderwist! "I started using Noxzema in high school to help protect my skin from blemishes—and have used it ever since. It's my all-purpose cream."

Doctor develops new home beauty routine! Helps 4 out of 5 Women in Clinical Tests!

● Practically every woman has some little thing wrong with her skin. If you've ever suffered from dry, rough skin or externally-caused blemishes, or similar problems . . . here's good news!

Recently a famous skin doctor found that a *greaseless* skin cream — medicated Noxzema — apparently works right with nature as a beauty aid. Now, to bring you the full effectiveness of Noxzema's greaseless, medicated formula, this Doctor has developed a **NEW HOME BEAUTY ROUTINE**. It's not a cure-all. But in clinical tests, it has helped 4 out of 5 women. Here are the Doctor's 4 simple steps!

4 Simple Steps

Step one—in the morning, apply Noxzema generously all over your face — and with a damp cloth actually "creamwash" your face. You need just water and this wonderful medicated cream. Your face feels so clean!

Step two—now dry your face,

and smooth on a protective film of Noxzema. Remember, it's greaseless. That's important! Let it help protect your complexion all day long. You'll love the way it holds make-up perfectly.

Step three—before retiring, again "creamwash" your face with Noxzema. After thoroughly "creamwashing" your face, gently dry.

Step four—now massage dainty snow-white Noxzema into your face as a night cream. Pat a little extra over any blemishes. See how quickly it helps heal them. An ideal night cream—it's grease-

less—no messy pillow smears.

These are the 4 simple steps. It's a new kind of home "beauty facial." Women who've tried it say it's wonderful. And so sure are we that results will delight you that we make this sincere money-back offer. Try this Doctor's New Home Beauty Routine for 10 days. If you're not completely satisfied, your money will be cheerfully refunded. Simply send the jar with unused contents to Noxzema Chemical Co., Baltimore, Md. Try it. Get Noxzema while this big money-saving offer is on.

MONEY-SAVING OFFER

BIG 85¢ JAR
NOW ONLY 59¢ plus tax

You get 43% more for your money than in the smaller size. Limited offer—stock up now!

TRAVELER OF THE MONTH

By TOMMY BARTLETT

Two college men who have a yen for adventure and an eye on their future, passed by our NBC microphone recently to become our travelers of the month. They are Robert Dow and George Perkins of Melrose, Massachusetts. Their destination, Alaska; their transportation, a Renault, one of those small French cars.

As to their future, both are scheduled to graduate in 1951, so they are on the alert for a spot where they think the future looks rosy. Alaska, they believe is that land of opportunity, and they want to look it over.

For good measure they are also out to set a record for a round-trip by car between Boston and Fairbanks, Alaska. They expect to cover the 12,000 miles in fifty-six days, at a cost of less than \$700.

Their most difficult problem, aside from how to stretch their dollars, was how to get them. George Perkins, or Bill as his friends know him, was the instigator of this trip. A student of marketing and advertising at North East University in Boston, he already is a seasoned traveler for his twenty years. He has criss-crossed the country several times, and has gone outside its boundaries. His money-making efforts were devoted to lecturing and showing pictures of his previous trips.

Bob Dow, who is studying electrical engineering at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, earned money by

working in a section gang and has blisters to prove it.

After they raised the money for their car, the next most important step in the journey was how to keep it in running order. Since it is the only car with rear engine drive (making spare parts hard to find) and a mechanic with a knowledge of its peculiarities is a rarity, they spent a week in a thorough course in the overhauling and repairing of Renaults. To back up these lessons they are carrying over \$200 worth of spare parts, in addition to two extra wheels, two spare tires and three tubes.

In the front end of the car I found camping gear, which included a gasoline stove, a collapsible water pail, and a big black frying pan. They hope to add fish to their daily fare, but only if a kindly warden permits fishing without a license. Budget problems, remember?

When asked if they planned to do any hunting along the way they just laughed and said, "Do we look like we could afford forty or fifty dollars for a hunting license? Our only hunting will be done with a camera."

Alaska has a population of only 90,000. From its mines \$550,000,000 in gold has been removed. But the boys think that there is still more to be found there . . . not only the shiny, glittering stuff, but the gold that goes into making a happy successful life that only opportunity can give. They want to find out for themselves.

To this tiny Renault weighing 1200 pounds, George Perkins and Robert Dow added an additional 1000 pounds —themselves and their equipment.



Welcome Travelers, which originates in the College Inn of Chicago's Hotel Sherman, is broadcast Mon.-Fri. at 10 A.M. over NBC.

Jim, Jr. catches Diane
at the end of her ride (she's
sister Kay's child) while
Grandma and Grandpa look on.



My MOM and DAD

By JIM JORDAN, JR.

When I first took Peggy Knudsen—who is now my wife—to meet my dad and mother she was very surprised that they were such plain folks. After all, weren't they Fibber McGee and Molly?

Most of my friends have first reactions like that, and I am always surprised that they are surprised.

I have always had a lot of trouble thinking of my folks as famous people, and when I find myself reminiscing—which I do a lot—about the fun we all had, and the scrapes I got into when I was a kid, the things I remember are the sort of ordinary, homey things that most people remember about their parents. My folks were in show business before I was born, but in their case it never seemed to make much difference.

They were just plain Mom and Dad to my sister Kay and me, and I think they always will be.

A year ago, I sold my interests in a film company in which I had been an associate producer, and came

east to take a job with NBC television in New York.

A lot of people thought I was crazy, but any doubts I had had about the move evaporated when Dad said, "You can't lose on television, Jimmy. A lot of our friends, who were sticking to vaudeville, thought your mother and I were crazy when we left the stage to go into radio. They had listened in a couple of times over the crystal sets of those days, and fled—holding their noses.

"But babies have a habit of growing up," he said, and he added, "If I were a young man, I'd get into television—and fast."

That cinched it, and I haven't been sorry I made the leap.

But I remember the night I took the plane to go east. Butterflies were having a field day in my stomach.

Mother had made everything (Cont'd on page 81)

As Fibber and Molly they're famous folks. But when they're busy being the Jordans (which is most of the time) they're like everyone else's parents—only more so

Caution at the closet; by now Fibber and Molly know what's going to happen.



Fibber McGee and Molly can be heard Tuesday evenings at 9:30 EST, on NBC.

Thanksgiving — in all its rich traditions —
is celebrated at Black Swan Hall
by Sunday and Lord Henry






OUR GAL SUNDAY

In the quiet elegance of the dining room at Black Swan Hall, their home in Virginia, Sunday and her husband, Lord Henry Brinthrope, are about to enjoy Thanksgiving dinner with their son, David, and his older adopted brother, Lonnie. Baby Caroline, still too young for such festivities, is asleep in the nursery upstairs.

As she presides over the table, Sunday's great prayer of thankfulness is for the love she shares with her family. An unexpected pleasure is added by a visit from their good friend, Irene Galway, who has stopped by to bring the boys Thanksgiving Day gifts. Sunday's faithful maid, Anna, looks on approvingly. Playing the parts in which you hear them on the air are:

Lord Henry	Karl Swenson
Sunday	Vivian Smolen
Irene Galway	Fran Carlon
Anna	Jay Meredith

Our Gal Sunday, produced by Frank and Anne Hummert, is heard Mon.-Fri. at 12:45 P.M. EST on CBS.



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Come and Visit

By HELEN BOLSTAD

Johnny and Penny, in a way all their own, succeeded in transplanting two little Midwestern towns to the roaring heart of Manhattan

In Penny's voice, the enthusiasm and happiness bubbled like champagne when she telephoned her invitation. "Our new apartment is finished at last. RADIO MIRROR readers had a hand in it, you know. How about coming over to visit?"

The idea was fine. For all their success, Johnny and Penny Olsen remain the young couple next door. The New York locale doesn't count. Half an hour after you first meet them, you feel as though you were in the middle of a class reunion with your best friends.

As viewers and listeners long ago guessed, Johnny and Penny are home folks. Johnny, born in Windom, Minnesota, still reads the *Cottonwood County Citizen* each week. Instead of talking about celebrities at Sardi's, he'll convulse you with an account of how, when at a small station in Mitchell, South Dakota, and singing with Lawrence Welk's band, he joined the musicians in turning mechanics, converted two cars into a bus, and started the trek toward big bookings.

Penny, whose roots strike equally deep into Wisconsin soil, can still name the top performer at WLBL, the Stevens Point station where she began singing at the age of six. She met Johnny at a country dance while he was an announcer at Milwaukee's WTMJ. He wooed her by writing new words for his theme song each day, proposed on a boat during a Lake Michigan storm, and married her in Decorah, Iowa, the place his family first settled when they came to this country.

A visit to the Olsens is always delightful. The only problem was time.

Reminded of it, Penny pondered. "Oh yes, the schedule. The wonderful, thrilling, awful schedule. All we need is some hours.

"Let's see . . . Rumpus Room goes on every morning, and so does Luncheon Club. Saturday is ABC's for Johnny Olsen's Get Together, and then there's Prince Charming on Mutual. I mustn't forget What's My Name with Arlene Francis, and Fun for the Money, televised from Chicago. . . ."

It sounded like the start of what television people call a "hassle," for Johnny and Penny, these days, are probably the busiest couple on the air.

Penny found a solution. "Let's make it like an old-fashioned progressive (Continued on page 92)



Johnny Olsen (Penny, too, on some shows) may be heard: Saturdays at 10 A.M. EST, on Get Together and again at 12:30 on What's My Name, both ABC; M-F, 4:30 P.M. EST, Prince Charming on Mutual; Fridays, 8:30 P.M. EST, Fun For The Money, ABC-TV; M-F 11 A.M. EST, Rumpus Room on WABD; M-F, 12:30 P.M. EST, Luncheon Club on WMGM and M-F, 3:00 P.M. EST, Ladies Be Seated, ABC.

JOHNNY OLSEN



Johnny decided, several years ago, that TV was here to stay, began to carve out a place for himself in the new medium.



Lena—a rare breed of poodle, even if she doesn't look it—came as a good-luck gift when things looked very black.




The little dog fulfilled her purpose—since her arrival Johnny has become one of the busiest men in radio and TV.

That Guy,

His sweet music and speedboats break records, but he's even prouder of his marriage—for that's something of a record-breaker, too

By MRS. GUY LOMBARDO



There are more at home like these: The Lombardo menagerie has a monkey, love birds and a parrot plus two more Pinschers.

The first time I saw Guy Lombardo he was eating a cheese sandwich. It was no run-of-the-mill Swiss on rye either, but an imposing structure of melted cheese and peanut butter, piled high between layers of toast. Sandwich did I say? Pint-sized Pentagon would be more like it. I learned later that my Dagwood calls this weird concoction a Cheese Dream.

A less hearty soul would have nightmares, but not Guy. He seems to lead a charmed life. Neither the dangers of speedboating nor the hazards of a Cheese Dream worry him for an instant. That's the way he is, so enthusiastic that all his projects turn out to be big productions. And it's this wonderful trait of doing

things on a grand scale that has made our life together exciting and full of surprises.

The night we met started right out with surprises. I was an ardent fan of the Royal Canadians and when the band came to Cleveland, where my family lived, I just had to see them. I made no secret of my enthusiasm, and before long some family friends invited me to supper at the Lake Road Inn where the band was playing. I had never seen a name band before and my friends took advantage of the situation. They painted a fantastic picture of how the Royal Canadians would look. Red jackets with gold braid, high cut boots—something like the Mounties. (Continued on page 85)

Guy Lombardo's show, Lombardoland, U. S. A., can be heard Saturdays at 9:30 P.M. EST over Mutual.

The Lombardos spent so much time on the water that they finally decided to build there. Their Freeport home is the result.



Lombardo

Guy's wife leaves the speedboats to him, but she never turns down a ride on the cabin cruiser.



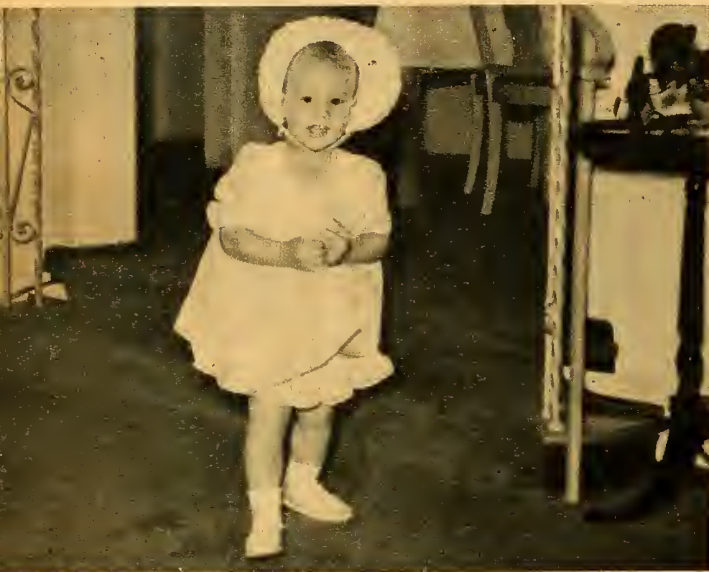
Speedboating always has been more than a hobby with Guy. He's a champ now—with a trophy to prove it.

Latest Lombardo enterprise: a restaurant in Freeport, the East Point House, with cuisine by a French chef.





Like all highchair habitues, Richard finds his surroundings more fascinating than the food, even with Red coaxing.



All dressed up—where to go? Valentina isn't telling, but she's awfully proud of her pretty new bonnet and dress.



Richard goes off to Barberry Cross with Red's help, but look who's stealing the scene. What's so funny, Valentina?

My Husband

Living with Red, says the woman who does, is

Our first meeting should have prepared me. You might say I really plunged into my acquaintance with Red feet first. With mutual friends I had dropped by his house, and had just settled myself in a quiet corner of the room, one foot curled comfortably under me on the burgundy-colored divan, when our host suddenly appeared before me, his mood living up to his hair's richest hue.

"Please get your feet off my red couch! I just had it covered," he said, glowering down at me reproachfully.

Later, I learned the psychological significance. Throughout all his years in show business Red's "good luck" color has been burgundy, the same shade as those neckties he still wears before every radio broadcast. And my French heels were definitely trespassing!

But not even four years of living together—nor forty times four—could prepare me for all the fascinating facets that are my husband's.

By **GEORGIA**



Rough-house with Mother: Georgia's always an ally for whatever the kids dream up.

RED SKELTON

like living with laughter. But even without it, Georgia would have a great deal to be happy about

Such Skeltonisms as the ten cigars he chews daily but never lights. The money he "deposits" inside books throughout the house—then flips frantically through them, leaf by leaf, when he wants to make a withdrawal. The phone numbers he scribbles on his white shirtsleeves or in indelible ink within the palm of his hands. His look of quiet ecstasy when he listens to his favorite Beethoven symphonies. The cold baby lima beans he prefers for breakfast. The sweet little lullabys he writes for our children, Valentina ("Tiny Red") and Richard ("Ritchie"), and such sentimental soliloquies as "A Woman Is Like a Rose," he composes as we ride along the highways in our station wagon on some vacation jaunt. Or his preoccupied expression that first day I found him cutting advertisements of a ballet dancer out of the morning newspaper with the simple explanation, "I just love ballet dancers. I like soft, fluffy things. . . ."

Any assumption that (Continued on page 89)

SKELTON



Young Mr. Skelton thinks the bathtub is a mighty nice place—three cheers for it, says he.



Red in a pensive mood is a rare Red, indeed. Could be that he's listening to one of his favorite symphonies.



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Any assumption that (Continued on page 89)

SKELTON



Young Mr. Skelton thinks the company is a mighty nice place—three chairs for the table.



Rough-housing with Valentina. Valentina is a ally for who's stealing the scene.



Red is a positive about the way Red Skelton would like that he's family of one of his favorite comedians. Red Skelton you know, he's a comedian. (Continued on page 89)

The RADIO MIRROR

For the last two years, the Radio Mirror Awards have made it possible for you, the listener, to vote for your favorite radio stars and programs. These Awards are unique in that they are the only ones based on the actual preferences of average radio audiences—people who listen to the radio for the simple reason that they like to and not because it is part of their job to do so.

In 1947, when the editors of Radio Mirror recognized the need for just such a poll, the response was great enough to justify making the Awards a regular part of Radio Mirror's plans for every year. The reader-listener, the balloting proved, was only too anxious for a chance to let his preferences be known. And the reader-listener who responded realized that this method would have far more meaning than an occasional letter to the broadcasting station which presented his favorite people and programs.

1948's Radio Mirror Awards proved it again, proved that there is a definite place—and need—in the industry for a nationwide survey of reader-listener preferences.

We therefore urge you to vote in the 1949 Radio Mirror Awards. It is your opportunity to state for the record exactly who and what you like above everything else on the air.

Before Radio Mirror inaugurated its reader-listener preference polls, the merits of radio and its stars were reflected only in the opinions of people close to radio—its columnists, critics and editors. Occasionally polls were taken among the public, but these polls usually were limited to a few communities at a time, and were taken only at certain hours. As a barometer of public tastes, these polls left, in many opinions, a great deal to be desired.

The only persons actually judging radio then, as is noted above, were the radio columnists, critics and editors. There's no doubt that these people were—and are—well qualified to determine the merits or demerits of the performers and programs on the air.

But it cannot be denied that these people are not like the completely detached listener—the one who turns the dial to a certain number on a certain night because he wants to hear a certain program, and who wouldn't want to miss that program for all the world if he didn't have to. And usually he doesn't.

This is the kind of listener the editors of Radio Mirror were anxious to reach—and poll—as against

the radio reviewer who might flip his dial to a program simply to review it for his paper the next day and not because he had any special predilection for it; or the columnist who makes a point of listening to all the quiz shows because he is doing a column on them; or the radio magazine editor who turns on the dial in search of ideas for his publication.

To reach the person who tunes in because he *wants* to become the objective of the Radio Mirror Awards.

And what the reader-listener wants on radio is, after all, the most important thing. If the listener's preferences aren't known, how can a sponsor tell whether he is reaching the most people for the money he is spending? How can a broadcasting company tell whether he's hiring the right kind of entertainment? How can the entertainers themselves know if their efforts are appreciated? And how can radio editors determine which stars and programs to feature in their publications in order to reach the tastes of the greatest number of their readers?

There is only one way these things can become known and that is by hearing from you, the listener. Radio Mirror provides that way with its Annual Awards. And it's up to you to tell Radio Mirror who should win those Awards.

On the opposite page is the Radio Mirror Award ballot for your favorite stars. Next to each category listed on the ballot, is a space in which to write the name of the star you think is tops in that particular category.

After you have filled in the ballot, cut it out and send it to Radio Mirror Stars Awards, 205 E. 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y. The results of this balloting will be announced in the May, 1950, issue of Radio Mirror which will appear on the newsstands early in April.

In the December issue of Radio Mirror, which goes on the newsstands Wednesday, November 9, the second ballot will appear, the favorite programs ballot.

Remember, this month's ballot is for favorite stars, next month's for favorite programs. Vote only for your favorite stars on the ballot opposite; vote for your favorite programs on the ballot that will appear in the December Radio Mirror. Star ballots should be in not later than Tuesday, November 1.

Every vote counts. Yours is important. Make sure you send it in!

AWARDS for 1949

★ The third annual Awards brings you the chance to vote for your favorite radio stars—next month you'll have the opportunity to vote for your favorite programs

VOTE FOR YOUR FAVORITE STARS

(Write in the name of *one* favorite star opposite *each* of the classifications below)

My Favorite SINGER (man) is My Favorite SINGER (woman) is

My Favorite ORCHESTRA LEADER is My Favorite NEWS COMMENTATOR is

My Favorite ANNOUNCER is My Favorite SPORTS ANNOUNCER is

My Favorite COMEDIAN (man) is My Favorite COMEDIENNE (woman) is

My Favorite DAYTIME SERIAL ACTOR is My Favorite DAYTIME SERIAL ACTRESS is

My Favorite WOMEN'S COMMENTATOR is My Favorite QUIZMASTER is

My Favorite HUSBAND & WIFE TEAM is My Favorite DISC JOCKEY is

My Favorite MASTER OF CEREMONIES is This year's most promising NEWCOMER TO RADIO is

My Favorite DAYTIME TELEVISION STAR is (man) (woman) is
(It is not necessary to answer Television questions unless you have TV in your community)

My Favorite NIGHT-TIME TELEVISION STAR is (man) (woman) is

Cut out this ballot and mail to RADIO MIRROR STARS AWARDS, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y., postmarked no later than November 1.

His name is John Guedel and ever since the age of nine (when he was the soda pop king of Beverly Hills), he's refused to believe that there's such a thing as "impossible"

By HELEN LIMKE

The MAN who

When a warm, friendly, full-of-fun voice comes over your radio saying "Mr. Jones, don't step out of your house tonight because—BECAUSE—PEOPLE ARE FUNNY!" ...

And when you hear the words "And here's that sterling Elgin American—THE ONE, THE ONLY—GROUCHO MARX!" ... when you hear these introductions, promising you a half hour of fun and nonsense, you are also being introduced to the one, the only JOHN GUEDEL. You've never heard John's voice on radio and you've never seen his face on television—but you've laughed 'til your sides ached at his jokes and the zany stunts he thinks of for People Are Funny and House Party.

The closest he ever comes to actually being on the air is the laughter you hear at the beginning of Art Linkletter's House Party. Ten minutes before air time, Art introduces John as the producer of the show. The audience gives a polite handclap, which John acknowledges with a nod of his head—it's a luxurious head of hair. Then Art leads John into a little speech about phonies in Hollywood—people with false teeth, false eyelashes, false fingernails. The windup comes just as the show goes on the air. John turns his back to the audience and lifts his hairpiece. For five years, his brightly shining pate has never failed to bring a roar of laughter and House Party is off to a rollicking start.

His moment in the limelight over, John retires to play his favorite role—the man behind the man at the mike.

John guides three of America's most (Continued on page 95)

Little Johnny wishes this were a real horse, but his father thinks he has some growing to do first.

John Guedel is on People Are Funny, Tues., 10:30 PM EST, NBC; House Party, M-F at Noon, EST, ABC; and You Bet Your Life, heard Wed., at 9:00 PM EST, CBS.

The Guedels, father (with mike) and son (right), prove that people are even funnier when a bear licks honey off their feet.



invented ENTERPRISE



Busy as he is, John still manages to lead a full home life with Beth and the children.



John and Art Linkletter (right) co-own the two shows: People Are Funny and House Party.

LUX RADIO THEATRE'S

Fifteenth Birthday

Radio's most famous dramatic
program celebrates an anniversary by
reviewing its brilliant past
—and planning a future just as bright



1934: The Lux Radio Theatre was born and Ernest Truex and June Walker played in "Nervous Wreck." Also born that year: the Dionne Quints.

Fifteen years on the air is not in itself a claim to distinction even in so young an industry as radio. Other shows have been on as long or longer—but it's certain that no one show can parallel the Radio Theatre's record for consistently presenting top programs with top stars.

Lux Radio Theatre was launched as an experiment. Would people want to hear a re-enactment on radio of the stories they had seen on the screen? The answer, after that first night in October, 1934, was overwhelmingly "yes." It was exactly what a great many people did want and it had added appeal in that the stars who appeared on the radio, in most cases, were re-creating their screen parts.

Since that first show—Miriam Hopkins and John Boles in "Seventh Heaven"—the Radio Theatre has piled up an impressive list of star-studded productions. And many of the stars have returned again and again. First place on the Lux Roll of Honor—so named for the number of appearances by stars—has three contenders with twenty-one times apiece: Loretta Young, Fred MacMurray and Don Ameche. Claudette Colbert and Brian Aherne almost equal their record with twenty times each, and George Brent, Barbara Stanwyck, Herbert Marshall and Robert Montgomery have been on fifteen times or more.

Producing the forty-four shows that make up the Radio Theatre's program for a season is William Keighley. He's been host-producer since 1945, succeeding Cecil B. DeMille. Keighley came to the Radio Theatre with a distinguished background as director, and on the Radio Theatre he often finds himself working with the same stars he directs on Hollywood sound stages.

It seems safe to predict that the Radio Theatre will continue to provide the kind of entertainment that has won for it the honors of the industry and—more important—an audience of over thirty-two million people.

So, it's happy birthday to the Lux Radio Theatre—and many, many more of them!



1935: Clark Gable, Lillian Emerson in "Misleading Lady." G-Men were the new heroes, people sang "Music Goes Round and Round" and Germany, led by Hitler, broke the Treaty of Versailles.



1936: Aileen Pringle, Marion Davies, Benita Hume in "The Brat." F.D.R., re-elected in a landslide over Landon, started the Good Neighbor Policy; people read a fat novel named *Gone With the Wind*.



1937: Janet Gaynor re-created her successful movie role in "A Star Is Born" for the Lux Radio Theatre with Robert Montgomery opposite. New personalities like Deanna Durbin and Charlie McCarthy were delighting millions that year and an American woman became the wife of a man who had abdicated the throne of England for her.



1938: May Robson, Henry Fonda and Joan Bennett were directed by Cecil B. DeMille in "I Met My Love Again." That was the year Howard Hughes circled the globe in three days, nineteen hours and eight minutes.



1939: Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. and Jr. and Frances Dee, directed by DeMille in "If I Were King." The World's Fair opened in New York and the fears of the world were confirmed when war broke -out in Europe.

FIFTEEN YEARS with



1940: Gary Cooper, Doris Davenport in "The Westerners." Hitler conquered five nations, F.D.R. won an unheard of third term against Wendell Willkie.



1941: Bob Hope, Carole Lombard in "Mr. and Mrs. Smith." Carole died in a plane crash a year later. In December came the attack on Pearl Harbor.



1942: Charles Boyer, Myrna Loy in "Appointment For Love." Corregidor fell, but Gen. MacArthur reached Australia. Housewives learned about the OPA.



1943: Irving Berlin brought his hit show, "This Is the Army," to the Lux Radio Theatre. American soldiers invaded Italy and F.D.R. traveled to Tehran to meet Stalin. At home, people wrote and received a flood of V-mail. Nylons and new tires had virtually disappeared.



1944: Dick Powell, Betty Grable, Carmen Miranda in "Springtime in the Rockies." Betty was a favorite wartime pin-up girl. F.D.R. won a fourth term over opponent Dewey, the second front was launched on June 6 and the war against Germany reached its climax.

The Lux Radio Theatre can be heard on Monday

LUX RADIO THEATRE



1945: Wm. Keighley directed "Mr. Skeffington" with Bette Davis and Paul Henreid. F.D.R. died without knowing about V-E Day, the dropping of the A-bomb or V-J Day. New president Harry S. Truman went to Potsdam and Americans welcomed home their men.



1946: Loretta Young, Joseph Cotten in "Love Letters." Prices sped upwards, meat was still scarce and the cold war began. But people in the U. S. still had much to rejoice about. Marriages boomed, and Army's Glenn Davis and Doc Blanchard were the big football heroes.



1947: George Brent and Barbara Stanwyck in "The Other Love." The fashion world ushered in the New Look and Princess Elizabeth wed Philip.



1948: Robert Young, Clifton Webb in "Sitting Pretty." Harry Truman proved the pollsters wrong, behop was born and women started cutting their hair.



1949: Fred MacMurray, Claudette Colbert in "Family Honeymoon." Proud of its past, the Radio Theatre looks ahead to more big stars in more big hits.



Be sure to listen to Ted Malone's program Monday through Friday mornings at 3:55 P.M. EST over ABC.

I LIKE TO SEE . . .

When Autumn days are gray and murky
I like to see the bronze plump turkey.
I like to watch him strut about
And give his gobble-gobble shout.
I like to see him eat and eat
Through cool spring-timé and summer heat,
Then after he can get no fatter
I like him roasted, on a platter.
—Georgia Moore Eberling

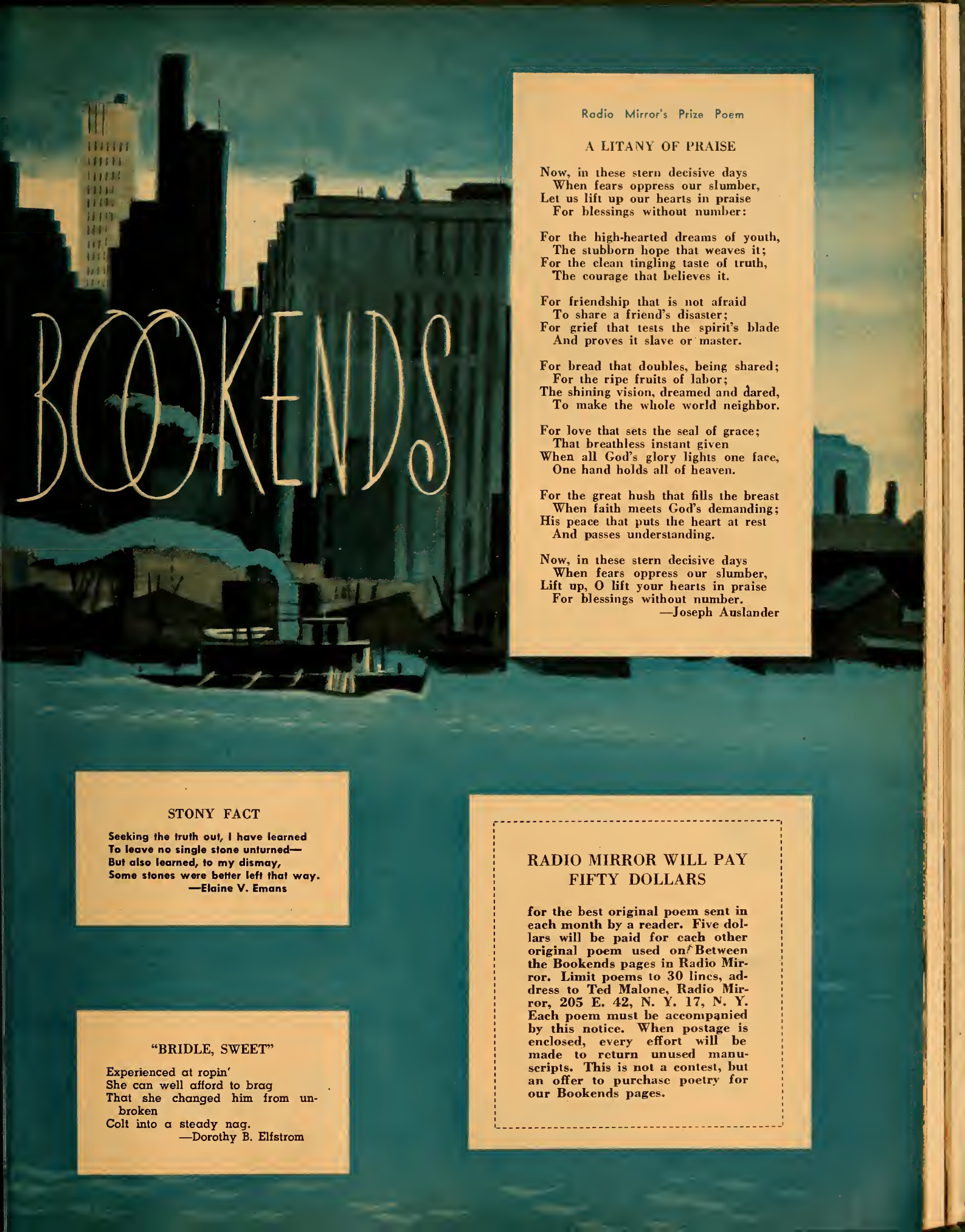
NOVEMBER VERSE

Cinnamon scent from an oven;
Mums in a tall jade jar;
Mem'ries, recaptured with music
Strummed on an old guitar.
Cheers, running wild in a grandstand,
Breaking through radio stalls;
Thanksgiving, oozing with gravy;
Noons, wearing pearl-grey shawls.
Bun-hinges, closing on wieners;
Wind, tying boughs in bow-knots;
Smudgy lists, started to Santa;
Soup, bubbling red in big pots.
Night, with the sky's focused flash-
lights
Seeking the sun it has lost;
Lunch-boxes, stuffed with last summer;
Window-panes, muraled with frost.
Swift-footed dusk, and soft firelight;
Lengthening dark to remember
God and his graciousness—giving
The gift and the giver—November.
—Mayhoward Austin McEachern

BETWEEN THE

ARMY OF OCCUPATION

My san has gane ta Irumgawa naw,
A world away, a lanely fareign place
Where dwarfed and twisted tree and stunted
baugh
Are things af beauty ta an alien race.
Each night, amid tall trees that pierce the
stars,
I walk the well-laved paths my san has trad,
Fargetting as he did, the greed af wars
Ta reach up taward the quiet heart af Gad.
I ask na favars far myself tonight . . .
Mine is the peace that heart and hearth-fire
bring.
Far me the reaching branches and the night
Of shining stars, and the wide streams that
sing.
But for my lanely san please let there be
A river, and a friend, and ane tall tree.
—Marylu Terral Jeans



BOOKENDS

Radio Mirror's Prize Poem

A LITANY OF PRAISE

Now, in these stern decisive days
When fears oppress our slumber,
Let us lift up our hearts in praise
For blessings without number:

For the high-hearted dreams of youth,
The stubborn hope that weaves it;
For the clean tingling taste of truth,
The courage that believes it.

For friendship that is not afraid
To share a friend's disaster;
For grief that tests the spirit's blade
And proves it slave or master.

For bread that doubles, being shared;
For the ripe fruits of labor;
The shining vision, dreamed and dared,
To make the whole world neighbor.

For love that sets the seal of grace;
That breathless instant given
When all God's glory lights one face,
One hand holds all of heaven.

For the great hush that fills the breast
When faith meets God's demanding;
His peace that puts the heart at rest
And passes understanding.

Now, in these stern decisive days
When fears oppress our slumber,
Lift up, O lift your hearts in praise
For blessings without number.

—Joseph Auslander

STONY FACT

Seeking the truth out, I have learned
To leave no single stone unturned—
But also learned, to my dismay,
Some stones were better left that way.

—Elaine V. Emans

"BRIDLE, SWEET"

Experienced at ropin'
She can well afford to brag
That she changed him from un-
broken
Colt into a steady nag.

—Dorothy B. Elfstrom

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. Each poem must be accompanied by this notice. 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.



When a Girl Marries

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES

When Mrs. M.S. asked, in the August issue, *Shall I give my daughters extra educational advantages such as music and art, or save our limited funds for a home for my husband and myself for security in our later years*, she was evidently posing one of the most universal of family problems. All our readers, parents and children alike, have been so eager to take sides that it's been difficult to choose the answer that, in our opinion, best disposed of Mrs. M.S.'s money. However, Mrs. M.L. Ruff, of Pueblo, Colorado, so carefully weighed and clearly stated an opinion that her letter has been judged worthy of this month's \$25 award.

Dear Mrs. M.S.: It is every mother's desire to give her children every possible advantage, but even greater is the desire to make them happy. In time, which will give your girls the most happiness: extra advantages, or independent parents? One of life's most pathetic situations is that of aged parents dependent for home or other security on their children. Let your girls

earn money if they want those extra advantages. There are many ways to do so (baby-sitting is one). By giving them this responsibility you are giving them an advantage few children receive: a chance to form independence and self-reliance, two of life's greatest assets.

This month's problem letter, for you to answer, will be found at the end of this article.

And now, here are the problems I've selected to answer on these pages this month.

IRRESPONSIBLE MOTHER

Dear Joan:

My husband and I have been happily married for ten years, and have two sons, six and two-and-a-half. A year ago my only sister lost her husband in an accident, and she and her seven-year-old son were left practically penniless. My husband generously offered my nephew a home so that my sister could go back to work. She has thus far contributed nothing toward her child's support, and we have treated



By JOAN DAVIS

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

him the same as our own sons. This has meant sacrifice, as we are not well-to-do at all. Now my sister informs me that she wishes to marry again, and the man she is in love with does not want her child. He tells her we have been perfectly happy caring for the child this past year, that the child loves us and is better off with us than he would be with them. We both feel that this is a poor way to thank us for what we have been doing for her son, and I am ashamed that my sister is willing to shift her responsibilities in this manner.

I do not feel it is fair to my husband or my own children for us to take our nephew when he has a mother of his own to care for him. But my sister insists I am selfish and accuses me of trying to wreck her chance for a little happiness. But I cannot see how happiness can be bought at the cost of her own son.

Mrs. R.W.S

Dear Mrs. R.W.S.:

It is inexpressibly shocking to learn of an apparently (Continued on page 99)

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

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 October 28. 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. 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.

RADIO MIRROR

TELEVISION

SECTION

The man who masters the

Pennsylvanians masters a new medium—

much to everyone's delight



Fred grimaces—as almost everyone does—when the makeup man gets him ready for the strong lights of TV. Below, Fred checks the continuity of spots on his show which debuted on TV last Easter Sunday.



FRED

Fred Waring reminisces about his TV debut last Easter Sunday like an oldtimer talking about the days when he was a boy. That's how fast television is moving.

"At the end of our Easter program," Fred admits now, "the nine remaining shows that had to be prepared and performed to fulfill our ten-week contract before we went off television for the summer seemed like so many sky-high hurdles. I had butterflies in my stomach all through the first four programs. Me, who had been so relaxed and comfortable on radio!

"Some of the critics said I looked too tense and talked too much, but it was because I was trying to keep things moving and make my gang feel at ease. Perhaps I still talk too much, but I do it now because I want to get close to the viewers and bring them right into the theatre with us. We're all learning the hard way how to tame the magnificent monster, television."

When you ask Mr. Waring what he means by that "magnificent monster" stuff, he explains: "Only a monster could eat up such quantities of talent and material and so many hours of preparation and rehearsal time. Yet this thing is magnificent in its potentialities for entertainment and education. The wonder of it is that we're all in at the beginning—



Rehearsing for a Waring show is almost as gay and relaxed as the show itself. Below, the Fred Waring Quintet: left to right are Gloria Mudell, Penny Perry, Gordon Burger, Jane Wilson and Daisy Bernier.

WARING

performers, technicians, audiences at home. All of us watching this new blend of all the arts grow into something big and beautiful before our eyes."

But Fred also points out that audiences today are having laughs that aren't on the agenda. They're seeing the mistakes of stagehands, performers and cameramen. They can smile at the scene-shifter who inadvertently crosses the screen when he thought he was well off-camera—at any one of the fluffs that give viewers a close-up of TV's growing pains.

It was all made a little easier for Fred and his Pennsylvanians because of the teamwork that has been developing in the Waring organization over the thirty-two years of its existence. Fred organized his first band when he was just sixteen, playing at fraternity dances and proms. Fifteen of his men have been with him more than twenty years. Only a few joined less than five years ago. They're all hard workers. Hard-headed, too. When everyone began worrying about visual gimmicks for TV, Fred and his gang were concentrating on the best distribution of sound within TV's special limits. Then they had to figure how an orchestra of sixty, plus guests could be fitted into proper perspective on a small screen. And how a crew of a hundred could be briefed for each program along with the performers. It all took a bit of doing. It still does.





1. This woman is trying to save her husband from the electric chair. Within a half hour she must reach the judge who sentenced him to death.

LIGHTS OUT

Terror on

These two half-hour shows, each in a different way

Specializing in suspense, *Lights Out* packs its thirty minutes with a kind of pulse-quickening drama not easily forgotten. Originally a radio show, it came to TV three years ago and is now on regularly—Tuesdays at 9:00 P.M. EST over NBC-TV. This picture dramatization is from the *Lights Out* production of *Long Distance*.



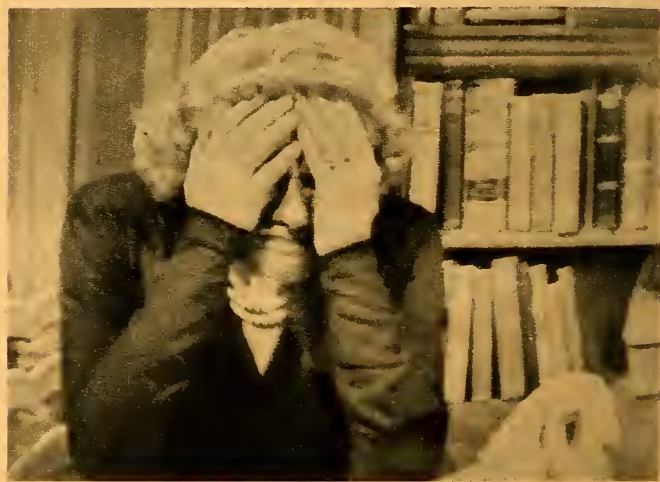
2. The long distance operator calmly looks up a number in California for the frenzied wife in New York. Only by locating the judge can she win a stay of execution for her innocent husband.



3. Time ebbs away as a series of unsuccessful calls is made. It's the quiet going about of the long distance operators in their routine jobs that makes for the mounting excitement.



4. The frantic wife (Jan Miner) at last reaches the judge in a railroad station in California after twenty-five minutes of tense telephoning. Use of the split screen is new for this type show.



5. Was she in time? When the telephone rings in the end, it's left to the viewer to decide. Maybe it's her husband. Maybe it's the warden telling her the stay came through. And maybe not.

Television

furnish a relentless edge-of-the-chair quality

Psychological mystery drama is the keynote of *The Clock*, a new video series on Wednesdays at 8:30 P.M. EST over NBC-TV. Like *Lights Out*, it was once a radio show and its scripts have been adapted from the radio version for television. Individual programs are not named—all come under the heading of *The Clock*.



THE CLOCK

1. Riding home on the subway, department store clerk Jeanie reads with mounting terror the newspaper story of the latest murder of a young brunette.



2. At work, she is reassured by stockroom clerk Freddie (Joshua Shelley) that he is always ready to protect her against danger. They have been discussing the series of unsolved murders.



3. Jeanie has dinner with handsome, unemployed actor Keith after returning a wallet he left behind at her department store counter. She is beginning to suspect that he is the killer.



4. Jeanie (Eleanor Randel) shrinks with fright as she realizes that the murderer is the person she turned to for aid against an innocent man. She is alone in her tiny room with the killer.



5. Keith (Steven Gethers) comes to Jeanie's rescue as she is cornered by the crazed Freddie, the co-worker in whom she confided and who is the brutal murderer of several young brunettes.



Broadway Spotlight's telegenic cast: the not unpleasant task of emcee falls to Dick Kollmar.

Fashioncaster Maxine Barratt and her signature—"Here's Looking at You."



Telev viewers in Louisville, Kentucky, can see Livingston Gilbert present the news. Does anyone know a more painless way to keep well-informed?

Coast to Coast

TV Talk: Television will be the first medium to give a complete account of the war in the Pacific, when March of Time completes its fifty-two-reel TV film for early 1950 release . . . A television first: DuMont network telecasting of all of Notre Dame's home football games in South Bend, as well as its meeting with the University of North Carolina in Yankee Stadium, New York . . . Kay Mulvey's Open House takes the format of successful women's magazines and translates it to video, over KLAC Thursday nights at 7:00 PST. The show presents the same sort of departments found in the magazines, such as fashions, beauty, household hints, food facts and Hollywood chit-chat. There's a guest star each week—an outstanding personality with authoritative ideas on some major subject. Miss Mulvey is Entertainment Editor of Photoplay Magazine and she knows from experience the things that interest other women.

* * *

Ask anyone in the Louisville area what's the high point of a Pee Wee King Show and they'll tell you that it's the

Kukla was invented to express
 a shy young man's undying devotion to
 his love. But today it's Kukla
 who's receiving the undying devotion
 —and he's not at all shy about it!



Kukla and Fran admired Mercedes' first gift from a TV fan and wouldn't let her throw it in the mud as she threatened.

Don't, if you want to keep peace with that circle of fans which grows each time television penetrates a new city, ever call Kukla a puppet, nor Ollie anything than a dragon.

Their friends, trying to explain NBC's Kukla, Fran and Ollie to one who lives beyond the television horizon, start by saying Fran is Fran Allison, whose wit and charm match her beauty. Then they stutter. While conceding Kukla and Ollie are, in substance, cloth and cotton, friends hate to come right out and call these intriguing personalities puppets.

To a wide variety of people, they are real.

They are real to the five-year-old who streaks in from play. They are real to business men who stop work to watch. They are real to Chicago's Mayor Kennelly. His Honor expressed public regrets when Ollie fell into a lagoon and offered to have the lagoon filled in.

To most viewers, Kukla and Ollie are as real as Fran, their co-star, and much more real than their creator, Burr Tillstrom.

Viewers glimpse Burr for only a few seconds at the close of each show when Kukla, beckoning in a young man with unlined face and crisp crewcut, says, "Thank you. Thank you on behalf of our boss, Burr Tillstrom."

Many, including Burr himself, will argue that "boss" business. Burr says he works for Kukla. With a million dollar, five-year contract just signed, it's quite a job.

Fans, when they emerge from illusion far enough to realize Burr is the person and Kukla the puppet, ask questions. Who, they want to know, does the voices? Is Fran a ventriloquist? Who writes the script?

The answer, briefly, is that the Kuklapolitans are Burr and Burr alone. He plots the show. Fran and the rest of the staff help dream it up, (Continued on page 77)



Burr's first and most loyal fans: his parents, Dr. and Mrs. Burt Tillstrom. They never miss a performance.

Kukla, Fran and Ollie is telecast Mon.-Fri. at 7:00 P.M. EST, over NBC.

Leave it to JOAN!

When, on August 5, 1933, Joan Davis scrutinized the small bundle of femininity which had just been deposited in her arms and introduced as her daughter, Joan said with as much emphasis as she could muster, "Well, squirt, here is one thing we might as well have understood between us. You don't ever have to go into show business. For you there's going to be an established home, school and school friends, and then college. Your mother has been through the show business routine, and it's fine for those who have poster ink in their veins, but for you I want a different life."

Miss Beverly Wills held her tongue. As a matter of fact, she held it for almost a year. And then, one morning, she grinned at her mother and said "Ma-ma!"

This event was not remarkable, as most children speak the selfsame syllables as their first attempt of language, but Beverly's manner of delivery was. She uttered the first syllable, then her voice broke in perfect imitation of Joan's under stress, and she uttered the second.

Joan sat down hard in the nearest chair, rested her elbow on the table and her chin on her fist, and stared analytically at Miss Wills. "I guess that settles it," she said. "I guess you're going to be an actress . . . or maybe you're just giving your mother a scare."

Things rocked along like that for several years with only an occasional squeak from an ever-busy destiny. One of those squeaks occurred when Beverly was eleven.

Joan was dressing to attend an elegant dinner party one night, and planned to wear black satin over black underpinnings. She searched high and low for her black satin pantie-girdle. Finally she asked Beverly if *she* had seen it.

Beverly, surprised that there had been any mystery in the matter, admitted that she had. She had cut off the garters, and was wearing the handsome foundation garment as gym shorts. "All the rest of the girls think my outfit is sensational," she confided.

Joan, torn between anger and amusement, finally gave up and laughed. She and Beverly reached a working agreement: Beverly was never, in the future, to take anything—no matter

She's a gal who can handle

anything and everything. But when

it comes to teenagers—like

her daughter, Beverly, for instance

—Joan finds that there's a

lot she doesn't know about after all

By FREDDA DUDLEY

how much it appealed to her—until she had Joan's official okay.

This agreement was effective for three years. By that time Beverly had attained a height one inch taller than that of her mother. This fact, coupled with the advent of the new look, made it possible for Beverly to wear every garment in her mother's closet, including shoes.

According to Joan, the situation is now, "The first one up in the morning is the best dressed."

Two additional events of major importance occurred when Beverly was eleven. She became a radio critic, and she had the distinction of making her first appearance in a cast. The two events were in no way related.

Her status as critic had been developing for a long time. Beverly had always seen every picture that Joan made, and she had practically grown up in a radio station. She came in one morning, after having toured the neighborhood, and announced with a (Continued on page 74)



BE THANKFUL FOR

These

By

NANCY CRAIG

Heard at 1:15 P.M. EST,
Mon. - Fri. over ABC.



**RADIO MIRROR
FOOD COUNSELOR**

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Beginning this month, Nancy Craig takes over as RADIO MIRROR's Food Counselor. Nancy's background in this field is well-known—we welcome her to these pages.*

Sometimes it seems that food tastes best in late fall. The chill in the air sparks our appetites as it braces our spirits. And to come home to a kitchen filled with the rich fruity aroma of hot desserts—that indeed is living!

Hot desserts can be easy to make. The ready mixes, for instance, cut preparation time in half. Some of them can be used as is—like pie crust and gingerbread mix. Others can be altered. We add grated apple to pancake mix with good results—and, once in a while, steam waffle mix and make a pudding.

These recipes are favorites. Serve them as a perfect ending for a full meal or as a between-meal snack. Many of them could be used to top off a small family Thanksgiving dinner.

PEAR BRITTLE

8 slices quick Sponge Cake (see below)	½ cup crushed peanut brittle
½ cup heavy cream	2 cups sliced or diced pears
1 tablespoon sugar	
1 teaspoon vanilla	

Place sponge cake on plates. Beat heavy cream, sugar and vanilla together until stiff. Fold in peanut brittle and sliced pears. Place over cake. Makes 8 servings.

QUICK SPONGE CAKE

1 cup sifted cake flour	5 egg yolks
5 egg whites	1½ teaspoons grated lemon rind
¼ teaspoon salt	2 tablespoons water
¼ teaspoon cream of tartar	1½ teaspoons lemon juice
1 cup sifted sugar	

Sift flour three times. Place egg whites and salt in large mixing bowl and beat until foamy. Add cream of tartar and beat until stiff but not dry. Continue beating, adding ½ cup sugar one tablespoon at a time. Beat until just blended. Beat egg yolks with remaining sugar, lemon rind and water until thick and light. Gradually beat in lemon juice. Add flour to yolk-sugar mixture and stir until blended. Fold into egg white mixture. Bake in ungreased 9-inch tube pan in moderate oven (375° F.) 30 to 35 minutes. Remove from oven. Turn upside down. Let stand one hour or until cool. Makes one 9-in. tube cake.

GINGER MERINGUE TORTE

1 recipe gingerbread (made from prepared mix)	½ cup current jelly 1 egg white 1 tablespoon sugar
---	--

Bake gingerbread. Melt jelly. Beat egg white until stiff. Add melted jelly gradually, beating after each addition. Add sugar and beat well. Spoon onto top of gingerbread. Place in hot oven (425° F.). Bake 10 minutes until meringue browns. Garnish with jelly. Makes 6 servings.

(Continued on page 102)

RADIO MIRROR FOR BETTER LIVING



These baked desserts can be used to supplement the traditional mince, pumpkin and apple pies at your Thanksgiving dinner table: at lower left, ginger meringue torte; at upper left, peach upside down cake; at right, quick sponge cake with pear brittle topping.

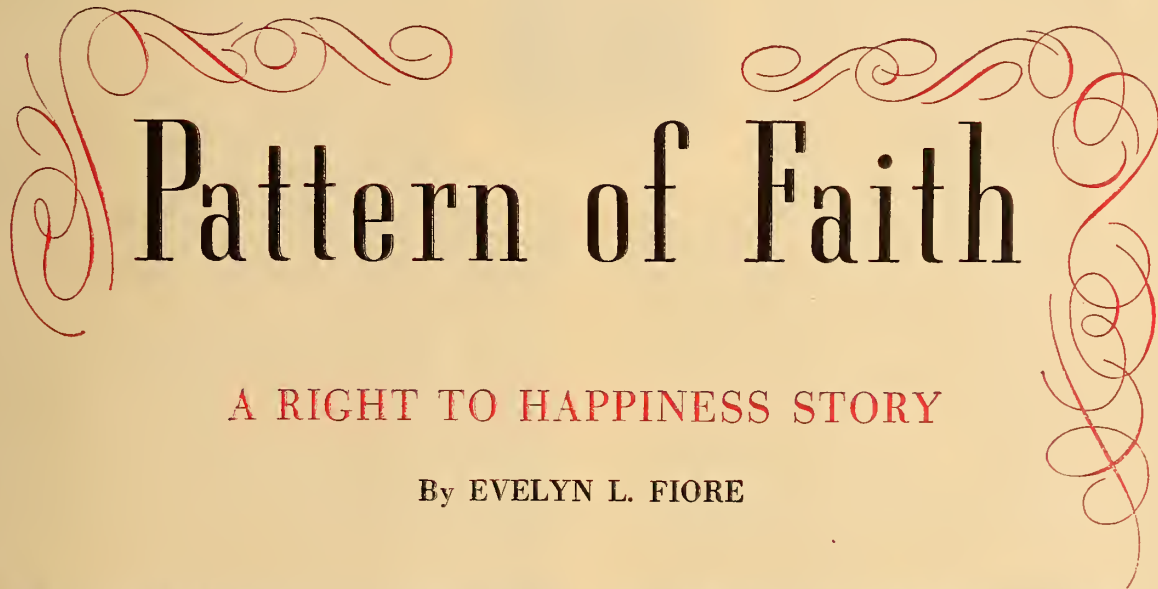


Claudia Morgan is heard in the part of Carolyn Kramer on *Right to Happiness*, Mon.-Fri. at 3:45 P.M. EST over NBC.

DAYTIME DIARY

A NEW RADIO MIRROR READER BONUS

With this issue, RADIO MIRROR inaugurates a feature which the editors believe many readers have been waiting for—a new, special feature section entirely devoted to daytime serial dramas. The Reader Bonus Novelette, which so many of you, your letters tell us, await eagerly each month, will appear as before, and will continue to bring you in story form important dramatic incidents from the lives of your favorite daytime characters. In addition to the Novelette, you'll find the second part of this bigger-and-better, expanded Reader Bonus—the new Daytime Diary. On Daytime Diary pages each month you'll find brief, complete-as-possible reviews of the most important recent events on the daytime dramas you listen to. Perhaps you unavoidably missed listening for a few days last month . . . perhaps there's a story you haven't listened to before and would like to know a little more about before you start tuning it in. With Daytime Diary before you every month, your knowledge of what's going on in the daytime drama world will be more complete than ever. The editors hope that RADIO MIRROR's new Reader Bonus will round out the pleasure you already get from your daily listening.



Pattern of Faith

A RIGHT TO HAPPINESS STORY

By EVELYN L. FIORE

In the dark days of Carolyn Kramer's life, when her former husband, Dwight, was struggling to secure permanent custody of their young son Skippy, Carolyn sometimes wondered bitterly how she ever could have believed in happiness. Could one have faith in the unseen future when the present seemed built on such treacherous, shifting sands? When, reaching out blindly for help, one's hands touched only emptiness . . . nothing, nothing to hold on to. . .

Nothing except Miles Nelson. Miles, whose hand on hers sent strength pouring through her veins, whose shoulder lightly brushing hers was the most potent reminder that she need no longer face her troubles alone. Miles, whose ingenious, optimistic mind never gave way to despair, never doubted for a moment that one day he and Carolyn and Skippy would be living peace-

fully together in the home he was planning for them in Pine Valley. When she was with Miles, his love seemed to throw up a protecting wall behind which, sheltered for the moment and safe, she could build up her hopes again.

But . . . lately, Carolyn thought, she was so seldom with Miles. His brilliant legal career was about to culminate in a campaign for the governorship of the state, and he was often away on necessary political trips. Oh yes, they were necessary . . . with her mind, Carolyn knew that; but with her heart she reached after him, silently demanding that he be beside her when she needed him, silently hoping that he would feel her need and come to her. Without him she was lonely and chilled with fear.

It was one morning when she felt this most sharply that the stiff cream-colored envelope

turned up in her mail. Ripping it open, Carolyn discovered a formal announcement which she read with a faintly puzzled frown. It said: "Dr. and Mrs. Andrew Whelan announce the arrival of John Carl, on September 3rd." Then abruptly recognition dawned, and she re-read it with delight. The Whelans! Would there be a message for her? . . . yes, there on the back: "Carl was as close as we could get to Carolyn, for a boy," she read. "Because if it hadn't been for you—well, that's all past and forgotten, all but your part in making our life the wonderful thing it is now. It's not likely, of course, but if there ever should be anything that we can do for you, it will be a favor to us if you'd let us know."

Vividly there came before Carolyn the image of the girl who had written those words. The earnest simplicity that was so eloquent of Claribel Whelan stood out clearly against the cream-colored paper: round, childishly unfurrowed brow above wide-apart light eyes, eyes whose color was indeterminate but whose expression, when Carolyn had seen her, was so unmistakable. Faith had looked out of Claribel's eyes. Harried by events she couldn't control, caught in a frightening trap . . . still she had faced Carolyn, faced all the world, armored in her calm belief that it would all come right in the end . . .

Startled, Carolyn dropped her eyes once more to the note. ". . . anything we can do for you . . ." Perhaps—perhaps they had already done more than they knew by putting that one word *faith* into her mind. Perhaps by recalling to her the time of their own deep trouble, they were unconsciously sending a message to her through her own . . .

It was when Carolyn was working as a reporter on the *Tribune*, a few years earlier, that she'd first heard of the Whelans. Morse Bennington, her editor, had flipped a picture across her desk with the question, "What d'you make of that?"

Carolyn studied it for a moment. It was a picture drawn from the *Tribune's* files, so she knew that across the back of it was pasted all the information that had come in with it, but she didn't turn it over. Morse made a game, every now and then, of proving to her how hopeless it was to make any judgment about a human being merely from his face. He'd proved it, too; during the last months Carolyn had learned a frightening amount about people's faces and what they could hide. Morse had shown her the loving face that had covered a murderous hatred; the open, simple face that had hidden a bitterly scheming heart. And now this one . . . a young man, hat in hand, who had been caught by the camera as he stepped from the revolving doors of an office building on to the sidewalk. His dark eyes gazed somberly up at Carolyn out of a narrow, sensitive face.

Surely, Carolyn thought, whatever else he is, this is a student of some kind. A just-set-up lawyer or doctor, perhaps even a young professor. She hazarded her guess aloud, and was surprised and pleased when Morse nodded.

"Half right," he said. "Turn it over."

On the back Carolyn read the caption: "Dr. Andrew Whelan, young physician, leaves District Attorney's office after questioning in connection with recent looting of Burgess mansion on Eastview Drive."

The Burgess robbery! Carolyn took another long look at Andrew Whelan's lean figure. With his dark, neat suit, his quiet-figured tie, he seemed a most serious and respectable young citizen. And the direct, intelligent expression spoke of something more in his personality—a confident self-

respect that set him a little apart from all the other respectable young citizens of whom he reminded Carolyn. Was this the man who had furtively stolen a set of matched diamonds from the home of a patient, who had sneaked off into the night, perhaps glancing nervously over his shoulder . . . ?

Carolyn shook her head. "It doesn't fit. He could never have done it. He might do something by accident—hurt someone in a fight, or something—but he'd never commit such a sneaking, sordid crime."

"Don't be a fool," Morse grunted. "I can show you a baker's dozen of young good-looking sneak-thieves that looked just like somebody's younger brother just out of college. The big point in this fellow's favor is that the police can't prove he took it. And his record's perfect—three years in practice, got a nice little wife and a new house over in the Eastview section—unless they can find the loot, they can't touch him."

"But that's outrageous," Carolyn said heatedly. "If he's innocent it's wickedly unfair to publicize him this way. 'Questioned'—everybody knows what that means, you might as well accuse him outright. And for a doctor it'll be fatal—he'll never be able to practice here. His family—"

"There's your angle," Morse interrupted. "Go see her and get me a follow-up on how this thing has affected them—what they plan to do, what she's got to say, all that. Woman's stuff." He grinned. "And don't get carried away by the little lady's tears, if any. Just remember she may have those diamonds hidden away in the piano, just waiting till everything blows over so they can leave town and dispose of them one by one. It's happened."

Oh, it's happened, Carolyn acknowledged to herself later as she stood before the Whelans' little red-brick house. *It happens all the time. But—to the people who live in this house?* She glanced again at the white-painted door, the stone-bordered oblong of bright

new lawn. The grass was neatly cut, the door was scrubbed, the knocker beneath her hand had been polished till it glittered. She gave it a smart rap, and thought as she waited, "No. The people in this house have planned to work for everything they get."

A moment later the door was opened by a small dark girl—very pretty, and very angry. Carolyn's tentative smile gave way to a genuinely friendly one. "Mrs. Whelan?"

"I'm not Mrs. Whelan." The girl surveyed Carolyn belligerently. "I'm a friend. What is it you want?"

"I'm from the *Tribune*. I'd like to see Mrs. Whelan, if possible."

"She's—" began the girl, but was cut off by a voice from inside. "Who is it, Pauline? Do you want me?"

The dark girl made an abrupt decision. Carolyn had been certain she was going to close the door in her face, but instead she held it wider and said, "Come in. At least you didn't try to lie about it, like some of the other reporters." She led Carolyn into a small, square living room and asked her to sit down. "Frankly, I don't think Claribel ought to see anyone, least of all reporters, and up to now she hasn't. But . . ." she paused, and her appraising glance seemed to say *But you look different*. "Anyway, maybe it's time she told someone her side of the thing," she added. "I'll go get her."

Left alone, Carolyn walked about the room with a peculiar sensation that she was not in a strange place. Confused, she wondered, can I have been here before, or seen it in a magazine? Then



Dwight Kramer played by
DAVID GOTHARD

gradually she realized that the sensation of familiarity came from her own imagination. Wrongly or rightly, she had begun to build up a picture of the young Whelans that was so detailed, so complete, that she'd sensed even before she saw it how they would furnish their first home. That it was their first she had no doubt. The gay, unspotted couch that faced the little artificial fireplace spoke of newness; the chairs were plumply cushioned; everything was tidy and bright as a bride's dream of a home. Against one wall, an old, graceful walnut table stood proudly, adding something special to the room. Something, Carolyn thought oddly, that in its own way was like the quiet pride with which Andrew Whelan had faced the prying camera—the grave self-possession that gave him his extra touch of personality.

"Did you wish to see me?" The voice that came from the doorway was low and steady, matching the steadiness of Claribel Whelan's light eyes and the firm, flexible movement of her body as she crossed the room and sat down. The dark girl—her name was Pauline Potter, Carolyn learned later—slipped in beside her, and settled hoveringly on the arm of her chair.

Claribel Whelan was not outstandingly pretty. One day, when the childishly rounded cheeks slimmed into maturity, and the soft, pale mouth became fuller and firmer, she would be, perhaps. But now she was no more memorable than hundreds of other long-legged youngsters, with her thick light hair cupping her small head and a beige sweater and skirt uniforming her slim body.

Still . . . as Carolyn introduced herself and explained her purpose, she saw that there was something about Claribel Whelan that lifted her to distinction. "I'm sentimentalizing—Morse will call me a fool," she warned herself, but nonetheless the conviction grew that the man who had married this girl was not capable of committing a sneak-thief's crime. The professional detachment with which Carolyn had tried to arm herself weakened and died. Now she wanted only to help.

Swiftly revising the questions she had planned, Carolyn asked Claribel to describe what had happened, so far as she knew, on the night of the Burgess robbery. The girl slid forward on her leather-covered chair and spoke eagerly.

"I've gone over and over it till I can do it backwards. For the police, for myself—to see if there isn't something, some clue that will show that Andy couldn't have done it. But there's nothing . . . About seven-thirty, just after dinner, he got a call to go over to the Burgesses. He'd been there once or twice before for minor things—Eastview Drive is just a few blocks away, you know. Once Mrs. Burgess herself called him for a turned ankle, and we thought . . ." uncontrollably, the girl's lips quivered, "we thought how wonderful it would be if he began getting calls to the other houses on Eastview Drive. But anyway, this night the Burgesses were away. They have been for months. It was the housekeeper who wanted him. Mrs. Anders. Andy took his bag and went right over, and her husband—they're caretakers when the family is away, and they live in a few rooms on the top floor with the rest of the house shut up—Mr. Anders came down and let Andy in. Andy waited in the hall till the woman was ready, then he went upstairs and fixed her up. She thought she had appendicitis, but it was only indigestion, I think. Anyway, he was back in just over an hour. And that's all." Her voice wobbled. "Until about eleven o'clock when the police arrived, and all but told Andy to produce the case of diamonds he'd

taken from the safe. At first it seemed just funny to us, a funny mistake, but after a while Andy lost his temper and told them . . ." she giggled unexpectedly, and with a trace of hysteria, ". . . told them he always swallowed diamonds right after he stole them."

Carolyn's voice was gentle. "Is that the story your husband told you?"

"That's what happened." Claribel's head went up, her eyes meeting Carolyn's with directness that was like a physical shock. The girl's belief in her husband was as tangible as a suit of armor. If she should be wrong?

But she was not wrong. Meeting that look, Carolyn nodded. "Yes. That's what happened. But—"

"Of course that's what happened." Pauline Potter's voice trembled with anger. "But what's the use of going on and on about it? Andy's finished in this town. Do you think anyone will ever forget that he was 'questioned' in connection with the Burgess robbery? What's the difference if they haven't got a scrap of proof—people will just think he had some extra clever way of disposing of the jewelry . . ." She glared at Carolyn.

"The newspapers, all those stories that sounded as if Andy were on the verge of arrest! It's cheap enough now to offer Claribel a few columns of sob story, but that won't make up for a ruined career!"

"I'm not offering a sob story," Carolyn replied sharply. "I'm fully aware that a sympathy-building story in the *Tribune* right now, after Dr. Whelan has technically been cleared, will only serve to keep all the unwelcome publicity alive. I'm only interested in finding out how an innocent man can be made to appear so guilty. Somewhere there's something everybody has missed . . ."

Into Claribel's face there came such radiance that Carolyn was momentarily dazzled. "Do you think you can help us?" the girl half-whispered.

Carolyn smiled back at her. "I can try," she said. "I hate injustice."

Pauline Potter made a small, tense movement, quickly controlled. She folded her arms tightly about herself, as though she felt a sudden chill. Her expression . . . Carolyn was puzzled. It wasn't angry any longer; it was . . . well, what was it? An unclassifiable expression about the eyes and mouth . . .

The next day, Carolyn was still puzzling as much over the look on Pauline Potter's face as she was over Claribel's story. She'd noticed it several times before she left . . . once, when Claribel pointed out in her controlled voice, "Of course it isn't enough that they let Andy go. We've got to find out who really took the stuff before our former friends will stop watching us for evidence of newly-acquired wealth. And as for patients," her smile was bitter, "three have already called up to cancel their appointments. It's heartbreaking. Andy worked so desperately hard to get his practice on its feet and now, just when things looked pretty good . . ."

"He can build it up all over again in another town," Pauline had put in swiftly. "That's where he's gone today," she explained to Carolyn. "Over to Harville to talk to a friend of his, another doctor, about maybe setting up there. Maybe he could even change his name. Plenty of others have gotten away with it."

Both Claribel and Carolyn had turned on her, then, but Carolyn's words had come more swiftly, winged with indignation. "You don't really want your friends to take that way out, Miss Potter? Since Dr. Whelan is (Continued on page 104)



Miles Nelson played by
JOHN LARKIN

DAYTIME DIARY

A new Radio Mirror reader-listener service, designed to keep you up-to-date with the latest developments in daytime serials.

Here is the second part of the expanded Reader Bonus section: Daytime Diary, which reviews what's been happening lately on your favorite daytime serials. It is Radio Mirror's intention to offer on these pages a complete catalogue, bringing you information about every daytime drama on the air, but you may find that this first Daytime Diary does not review one or two of your favorite stories. In this connection the editors have a word of explanation. All daytime radio dramas are brought to you by sponsors, working through advertising agencies. Before including a story in Daytime Diary, Radio Mirror must have the permission and the cooperation of its sponsor and the agency that handles it. The editors hope that by the time the next issue goes to press, Radio Mirror will have gained permission to include every daytime drama on the air in the monthly Daytime Diary.

BACKSTAGE WIFE



Mary Noble
heard on
NBC 4 P.M.

CAST: Mary Nable, a girl from a small town in Iowa, married to Larry Nable, famous Broadway actor; Larry Jr., their adored son; Tam Bryson, Larry's general manager and best friend; Maude Marlawe, character actress and devoted friend; Harold Ramsey, whose wealth may possibly back Larry's play; Julia Dixan, who wanders where Ramsey's interest really lies.

BACKGROUND: In suburban Rosehaven, Long Island, the Nables have made a secure and happy home for little Larry. It's close enough for Larry's work—but it could be

a thousand miles away in atmosphere. **RECENTLY:** During the summer, Larry Nable was associated with a summer theater production which became so successful that there was talk of putting it on Broadway in the winter. As this is an expensive proposition, it is fortunate that the group has succeeded in interesting wealthy Harold Ramsey in backing it. But Julia, who has "set her cap" for Ramsey, wonders . . . is it the play he is interested in, or is it Mary Nable, wife of the play's leading man, who has attracted Ramsey's attention?

BIG SISTER



Doctor John Wayne
heard on
CBS 1 P.M.

CAST: Ruth Wayne, known as "Big Sister" to all her friends; Dr. John Wayne, her husband; Dr. Reed Bannister, friend—and rival—of John; Valerie, wife of Reed; Antan, a dancer, who loves Valerie; Mary Winters, widow, in love with Antan; Parker, the neurotic millionaire who loves power; Travers, his henchman.

BACKGROUND: Travers, whose enmity toward Reed dates back a long time, persuades Parker to buy up property Reed wants for his cherished Health Center in Glen Falls. Also, he forces attentions on

Valerie that cause both Antan and Reed to pursue him with murder in their hearts. Antan reaches him first, and in the ensuing brawl, is fatally shot.

RECENTLY: John, whose sense of security has always been threatened by Reed's strange personality, feels he cannot succeed at the Health Center with Reed in charge, and—for a fabulous fee—becomes physician to the infamous Parker. Knowing that Reed has never put her quite out of his heart, is more anguish in store for Ruth as she stands between the two men who love her?

BRIGHTER DAY



Althea
heard on
CBS 2:45 P.M.

CAST: Rev. Richard Dennis, minister in the little town of Three Rivers; his children—quiet, maternal Liz; glamorous, restless Althea; brusque Patsy; the always-hungry youngest girl, Babby; and Grayling, the only boy, now on his way to becoming a responsible citizen with a business of his own; Bruce Bigby, engaged to Althea; Samuel Winship, lawyer for whom Liz works. BACKGROUND: Althea's latest attempt to get to Hollywood has ended in defeat, for her older sister Marcio, at whose California home she planned to visit, has sent back a

letter that is definitely discouraging. RECENTLY: Knowing how determined Althea is to get into movies, Bruce has warned his family that he may worry her to keep her from going West. His horrified mother makes Papa Dennis promise that he will not allow this to happen, but the young people have the last word—they elope. Althea has decided that maybe Bruce's money will get her to Hollywood, if there's no other way. But she reckoned without the feud that has now developed between her family and Bruce's. Maybe she wasn't so shrewd after all.

DAVID HARUM



David Harum
heard on
CBS 3:00 P.M.

CAST: David Harum, president of the Homeville Bank; Aunt Polly Benson, David's sister, who lives with him in the big white house on Catalpa Street. BACKGROUND: David Harum's story is the story of all America, of the never-ending search for love, happiness, the good way of life. David's importance in Homeville, a small town in upstate New York, is measured only partly by his position at the Bank; unofficially, with wisdom deepened by love of his fellow-humans, he acts as understanding confidant to many troubled souls. And

beside David staunchly stands Aunt Polly, with a tongue sometimes sharper, but with kindness no less than David's own. RECENTLY: During the summer David was drawn into the tangled affairs of a summer theater group. To help an actor friend, he undertook to play a part in one of the group's productions, the proceeds of which went to the Homeville Orphanage, of which David is President of the Board. In the midst of the play-acting, David realized that real tragedy was brewing. Unable to stop it, he stood by to help when it climaxed.

FRONT PAGE FARRELL



David Farrell
heard on
NBC 5:45 P.M.

CAST: David Farrell, crack newspaperman for the New York *Eagle*; Sally, his wife, who used to be a reporter and still goes along on David's exciting assignments. BACKGROUND: The New York *Eagle* cannot send David Farrell out on a story without finding they've even more of a story on their hands than they expected. For "Front Page" Farrell has a talent for uncovering the truth—and sometimes the truth, hidden beneath the apparently innocent surface of events, has involved him dangerously in the criminal life of the city.

RECENTLY: An incident in a local store set David off on one of his most breathtaking fact-finding adventures. In the *Eagle*, he broke the story of a racket that had been preying on the small people of the community, and then enlisted the help of interested citizens to crush the racketeers. Extortion—and murder—come to light as the police entered the case, but they've never stopped David before and did not now. Once again, he got not only the story his paper wanted, but the unsuspected truth that lay beneath it.

GUIDING LIGHT



Charlotte Brandon
heard on
CBS 1:45 P.M.

CAST: Dr. Charles Matthews, minister, in whose study burns a lamp that has been a beacon to many troubled souls; Roy Brandon, young lawyer; Charlotte Wilson Brandon, his wife; Julie, Ray's divorced first wife; Jan Carter, mother of Chuckie, who was adopted by the Brandons; Ted White, Chuckie's wealthy father. BACKGROUND: The marriage of Ray and Charlotte Brandon, strengthened when they adopt Chuckie, is shaken again by Charlotte's decision to give up the child when Jan Carter, his mother, claims him.

RECENTLY: Having decided that he wants custody of Chuckie, Ted White is suing to prove Jan Carter an unfit mother. But Jan's dying mother begs Ray to act as her daughter's lawyer in the suit, and Ray promises, much as he wants Chuckie himself. Bitterly he turns for comfort to the woman who has always been a threat to Charlotte's security—Julie, his first wife. But Julie, knowing Ray is really in love with Charlotte, self-sacrificingly discourages him. And day by day the tension mounts: to whom will the appealing Chuckie be awarded?

HILLTOP HOUSE



Julie Paterno
heard on
CBS 3:15 P.M.

CAST: Julie Paterno, who works at Hilltop House, a small orphanage, as assistant to Mrs. Grace Dolben, the supervisor; Michael Paterno, Julie's husband, a young Glendale lawyer on the Hilltop board; Hannah, Hilltop's cook; Jean Adair, former Hilltop girl; Steven Crowley, son of wealthy Ed Crowley, influential businessman; Sailor, 13-year-old Hilltop boy recently adopted by Mrs. Dolben; Pixie, Mortho, Johnny, Shirley, Conrad, Clementine—the other Hilltop children. BACKGROUND: In the cheerful orphanage on the crest of a hill outside Glendale, Julie

and Mrs. Dolben have created a real home for their young charges. RECENTLY: Twenty-two-year-old Jean Adair, who grew up at Hilltop, fell in love with Steven Crowley, and became the focus of a family crisis when Steve's father Ed decided he, too, was infatuated with her. With Julie's help, Steven broke away from his father's influence and married Jean. Though Julie knows she has made a relentless enemy in Ed, the gratitude of the newlyweds repays her; but suddenly she finds herself facing a serious problem in her own marriage.

JUST PLAIN BILL



Bill Davidson
heard on
NBC 5:30 P.M.

CAST: Bill Davidson, barber of Hartville; Nancy, his daughter, wife of Lawyer Kerry Donovan, mother of little Wiki.

BACKGROUND: When Bill's wife died at Nancy's birth, the child was taken away by her grandmother, Mrs. Palmer, who raised her in an aristocratic atmosphere entirely foreign to the simple, kindly upbringing Bill would have given her. But when Nancy was eighteen she insisted on going back to her father. In Hartville she met and married young Kerry Donovan, and now their son Wiki is absorbing his grandfather Bill's

quiet lessons in the art of happy living. **RECENTLY:** Wealthy Wesley Franklin has returned to Hartville, his home town, and engaged Kerry Donovan to look after his widespread interests and help him acquire property he wants. Ordinarily Bill Davidson is not an interfering man—it's live and let live with him, unless a friend is in trouble. But now a friend is in trouble—an old friend who owns a factory that Franklin is determined to acquire. Stubborn and powerful, Franklin will be a dangerous man for Bill Davidson to oppose.

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL



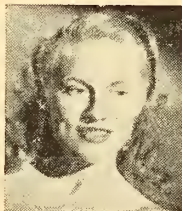
Chichi Conrad
heard on
NBC 3:00 P.M.

CAST: Papa David, the kindly book shop owner, who lives by the belief that life can be beautiful; Chichi, the waif who some years ago, in Papa David's *Slightly Read Book Shop*, found shelter and a whole new way of life; Douglas Norman, Chichi's fiance; Alice Swanson, with whom Douglas is co-publisher of the *East Side News*; Chuck Lewis, a teen-age boy in whom Papa David has become interested. **BACKGROUND:** Papa David's personal philosophy shines like a magic lamp upon all those he meets, illuminating their lives

. . . sometimes only for an instant; sometimes, as with Chichi, for always.

RECENTLY: Not much goes on in the neighborhood that escapes Papa David. Lately, he has turned his tolerant—but keen—eyes toward the recreation center, where young folks gather for games and dances. And interest is quickening too in the *East Side News* office next door to the book shop. Is something not quite so harmless as games and dances going on at the Center? And if it is—will brash, young Chuck Lewis be their key to the secret?

LORA LAWTON



Lora Lawton
heard on
NBC 11:45 A.M.

CAST: Loro Lawton, who works in a dress shop on New York City's Park Avenue; May Cose, the friend with whom Lora shares a small apartment in a quaint old section of the city; Theodore Blaine, millionaire who is in love with Lora.

BACKGROUND: Struggling to blot out the unhappy past, Loro throws her energies into the Diano Dress Shop. Gradually, as her responsibilities there increase, she begins to hope that life may still offer her the worthwhile, stimulating future which not so long ago seemed impossible.

RECENTLY: Lora's emotional life has been excitingly stirred by Theodore Blaine—because he loves her, and also because he carries with him the glamorous aura of the moneymoney Broadway plays to which he has been "angel"—the theatrical term for the person who finances a play's production. Lately, too, Lora has revealed a talent for designing, and in spite of her doubts has definitely embarked on the path to an absorbing career. But will she forget that the more exciting life is, the greater are its potentialities for heartbreak?

LORENZO JONES



Lorenzo Jones
heard on
NBC 4:30 P.M.

CAST: Lorenzo Jones, garage mechanic; his wife Belle; Jim Barker, Lorenzo's boss; Madame Cunard, beauty shop owner.

BACKGROUND: Lorenzo, constantly working on a new invention which will make him an overnight millionaire, hasn't too much interest in life's practical aspects. Fortunately for him—since his inventions never do make that million, somehow—Belle is a practical soul. It's a strange combination for a marriage—but neither of them would have it any other way.

RECENTLY: Jim Barker's patience finally

gives out, and Lorenzo is fired from his job at the garage. Since he has always considered his garage work merely incidental to his real work of inventing, Lorenzo isn't too regretful; but practical Belle, a little worried about the weekly food bills, goes back to her old job at Madame Cunard's beauty parlor. Unfortunately, Madame Cunard takes the opportunity of sympathizing because Belle has to support her worthless husband. Nobody can talk that way about Lorenzo to Belle. She loses her temper . . . and now neither of the Joneses has a job.

MARRIAGE FOR TWO



Vikki Adams
heard on
NBC 10:30 A.M.

CAST: Vikki Adams, who loves charming, irresponsible Roger Hoyt; Vikki's Aunt Debbie, opposed to their marriage; Pamela Towers, also opposed—so she wants Roger. **BACKGROUND:** Though love hasn't blinded Vikki to Roger's instability, she believes that marriage will make him the mature, responsible man she thinks he can be. And so—they are married.

RECENTLY: At Roger's insistence, Aunt Debbie rents the Hoyts her elaborate home on Glenwood's most expensive street. It's Roger's idea, too, that their honeymoon

should be spent in New York, rather than quietly in Glenwood as Vikki would have preferred. And, though Pamela's last minute effort to lure Roger away fails, it leaves a disturbing undertone as Roger and Vikki go off on their New York adventure. But the gay glomor of New York throws a magic cloak over trouble. More in love than ever, Vikki forgets that the magic won't last . . . and that it may take more than love to make Roger "grow up" to real life. Roger wants excitement, Vikki wants security; can such a marriage succeed?

OUR GAL SUNDAY



Sunday
heard on
CBS 12:45 P.M.

CAST: Sunday Brinthrope, orphan from Silver Creek, Colorado; Lord Henry Brinthrope, her husband; Lonnie, Davey, Carolyn, their children.

BACKGROUND: Despite the vast differences in their backgrounds, the simple girl from the barren mining town and the wealthy, excitingly handsome Englishman have built their marriage into enduring happiness. Tested by events, Sunday's quiet taste and unflinching character have proved that she has an innate breeding equal to Henry's, though his is the expensive product

of many generations of British aristocracy. **RECENTLY:** Black Swan Hall, the Brinthrope estate in Fairbrooke, Virginia, would be a haven of happiness if Sunday and Henry could avoid the outside world. But they are far too prominent to go unnoticed, and Sunday is unhappily aware that some of the notice is not friendly. Someone's jealous envy is working to ruin her marriage. Carefully Sunday guards her family, and watches: for she knows that happiness is like a crystal bowl which a moment of strain can shatter into a thousand pieces.

PERRY MASON



Perry Mason
heard on
CBS: 2:15 P.M.

CAST: Perry Mason, dynamic lawyer-detective; Della Street, his secretary; Gertie Lade, his switchboard operator; Martha Herold, a lovely new client; Wilfred Palmer, mysteriously tangled in Martha's life; Don Smith, Martha's jealous fiance.

BACKGROUND: In the midst of vacation plans, Perry is approached by the worried Martha who begs him to protect her from a blackmailer.

RECENTLY: Perry, not suspecting that Martha's blackmailer is the mysterious "Wilfred" who has been courting Gertie Lade,

advises Martha to go to the police. But Martha fears the consequences if Don Smith should learn of her entanglement with Wilfred. Wilfred's demands become more pressing; he insists that Martha pawn Don's engagement ring to supply him with extra money. Meanwhile Gertie, who is innocent of Wilfred's true character, continues to be flattered by his attentions. Suddenly, the situation explodes in murder. The stunned Gertie, the alluring Martha, the jealous and excitable Don Smith . . . how deeply will they be involved in Wilfred's death?

PORTIA FACES LIFE



Portia Blake
heard on
NBC 5:15 P.M.

CAST: Portia Blake Manning, successful lawyer whose career keeps interfering with her life as the wife of Walter Manning; Clint Morley, District Attorney in love with Portia; Kathy Baker, sister of Joan Ward, for whose murder Walter is on trial.

BACKGROUND: When Joan Ward's body is found in the Manning garage, Kathy Baker is so sure of Walter's guilt that she accuses him before Morley. After talking to Portia, who is in the hospital after having a baby, Kathy's hysteria dies down and she attempts to retract her accusation—but

Morley will not listen to her retraction. **RECENTLY:** Ruthlessly, Morley builds his case and succeeds in obtaining a Grand Jury indictment against Walter for Joan Ward's murder. Weak and ill as Portia is, she cannot let Walter face his trouble alone. Of what use is her brilliant legal mind if it cannot save the man she loves? One day, as the trial is under way, she makes a surprise appearance in court and takes over Walter's defense. Somewhere there must be a chink in Morley's case against Walter. But will Portia find it in time?

RIGHT TO HAPPINESS



Carolyn Kramer
heard on
NBC 3:45 P.M.

CAST: Carolyn Kramer, whose marriage to Dwight Kramer ended in divorce; Miles Nelson, resourceful lawyer to whom Carolyn is now engaged; Skippy, the child over whose custody Carolyn and Dwight are fighting; Arnold Kirk, Dwight's unscrupulous lawyer; Harlow Sloane, Miles' partner.

BACKGROUND: Though all Miles' legal skill is on her side, Carolyn's fears still continue to grow. Through Kirk's trumped-up case she knows that she may lose not only her little boy Skippy, but also her reputation, forever.

RECENTLY: At a crucial point in the custody suit, Miles, who is engaged in a campaign for governorship of the state, is called to the state capitol, and reluctantly lets Sloane take over. But Sloane is no match for Kirk; hurriedly, he calls Miles to return—but by then Miles cannot get away without damaging his campaign. Despairingly, Carolyn realizes she will lose Skippy. And though she herself urged Miles not to sacrifice his career to her interests, she cannot help feeling that he should have come to her when the case climaxed.

ROAD OF LIFE



Doctor Jim Brent
heard on
NBC 3:15 P.M.

CAST: Dr. Jim Brent, whose wife Carol has suddenly reappeared—he believes—after a long absence; Janie, the Brent's young daughter; Maggie Lowell, the girl to whom Jim turned after Carol's disappearance; and Carol Brent, who is not really Carol at all but Beth Lambert, agent of a vicious group of gangsters, whose natural resemblance to the real Carol has been intensified so that she might successfully impersonate Jim's wife in order to spy on him.

BACKGROUND: Beth Lambert was planted in Merrimac for just one reason—to relay

information to her organization on Jim's top-secret work at Wheelock Hospital. But unexpectedly, she grew to love Jim and Janie—an emotion Beth cannot afford, for it will surely lead her into dangerous conflict with her employers.

RECENTLY: Now plotting to protect Jim's work rather than to betray it, Beth has sent falsified information to her group. They detected one "mistake," and demanded an explanation. Knowing she cannot deceive them indefinitely, Beth plans escape. But—will she be quick enough to save herself?

ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT



Helen Trent
heard on
CBS 12:30 P.M.

CAST: Helen Trent, chief gown designer for a big Hollywood studio; Agatha Anthony, the much-older friend who shares Helen's home and confidence; Gil Whitney, successful lawyer whose romance with Helen is balancing on the point of marriage; Cynthia Swanson, wealthy, charming, in love with Gil; Rex Carroll, movie producer who is trying to sweep Helen off her feet.

BACKGROUND: Helen, a mature but very attractive woman, is brilliantly successful in her work but confused in her emotions. Many fascinating men have crossed her path, but

none of them seems to be the one right man . . . unless Gil Whitney is that man . . . ?

RECENTLY: The emotional upheaval Rex Carroll caused is still upsetting Helen's life. Gil Whitney's intervention stopped Rex from marrying Helen after he had spirited her away to Mexico with him. Now Gil has again interfered in the proposed plan that Helen go to Rome to work with Rex. After getting as far as New York, Helen lets Gil persuade her to return to Hollywood—where she suddenly learns that Rex Carroll is in grave trouble.

ROSEMARY



Rosemary
heard on
CBS 11:45 A.M.

CAST: Rosemary Dawson Roberts, recently—after many difficulties—married to young veteran Bill Roberts; Jessica, the child of Bill's first wife and gangster Lefty Higgins; Mrs. Dawson, Rosemary's devoted mother; Patti, her young sister; Jane Springham, who works with Bill.

BACKGROUND: The legality of their marriage finally confirmed, Bill and Rosemary, with Jessie, have settled down in Springdale.

RECENTLY: Mrs. Dawson, who had taken Jessie into her heart, did not dream that the child had hidden her father in the Dawson

cellar. On the run from the police, Lefty demanded help from his daughter, and the frightened, confused child hid him in a temporary hideout which she had made, he was discovered by Mr. Dawson, whom he killed while trying to escape. Now, though Mother Dawson, is grief-stricken, she does not want Jessie's life poisoned by self-reproach, and hopes that Bill's acceptance of a job in New York will provide a healthy change. But for Rosemary there is trouble ahead; Jane Springham accompanied Bill to New York and Jane—Rosemary suspects—is in love with Bill.

SECOND MRS. BURTON



Terry Burton
heard on
CBS 2:00 P.M.

CAST: Terry Burton, the devoted second wife of Stan Burton; Brad, teen-age son of Stan's first marriage; Vivian Gilby, a lawyer, in love with Stan; Arnold Huxley, who recognizes Vivian's faults but loves her anyway; Robin Osborne, involved in a puppy-love affair with Brad.

BACKGROUND: Influenced by Vivian, Stan becomes a candidate for the mayoralty of his beloved home town, Dickston. Terry is enthusiastic at first, but begins to doubt when people she trusts warn her that the Osborne group, which is sponsoring Stan, is

working crookedly for its own interests. **RECENTLY:** Unable to make Stan wary of Osborne, Terry asks help of Arnold Huxley. Together, they discover papers that support Terry's fears. Furious, Stan withdraws—but at once Brad is kidnapped. His safety, Osborne blandly says, can be bought by Stan's continued cooperation. Desperately Stan goes on campaigning. But Osborne's daughter, Robin, rescues Brad just as Stan is about to make a key speech. Stan instantly publicizes the whole story, and Osborne leaves town with his cohorts, in utter defeat.

STELLA DALLAS



Stella Dallas
heard on
NBC 4:15 P.M.

CAST: Stella Dallas, courageous, self-sacrificing mother; Laurel, her daughter, who married wealthy Tom Grosvenor and whose children Rickey and Stella—Louise, Stella adores.

BACKGROUND: Stella Dallas is the embodiment of unselfish mother love. For years she strove for security for her beloved daughter Laurel. Then, after Laurel married into wealth and society, Stella quietly withdrew, convinced that their worlds were now so far apart that it would only cause heartache if she attempted to take an active

part in Laurel's. From afar, Stella lovingly watches Laurel's happiness, and fills the gap in her own life with the many friends who have been attracted by her warm sympathy and intuitive knowledge of life.

RECENTLY: After the shocking fire—she is still recovering from the burns—Stella is beset by another problem; an urgent plea from Laurel that she visit her. Against her better judgment, Stella allows herself to be persuaded by Laurel's insistence. She visits her daughter—brushing against the world in which she is sure she has no place.

THANKS FOR TOMORROW



Anne Morley
heard on
NBC 10:45 A.M.

CAST: Anne Morley, a blind pianist; Bruce Caldwell, a war-mutilated veteran who was once a famous composer; Amelia Morley, the aunt with whom Anne lives; Martha, Amelia's companion-maid; Bart, the brother Anne has not seen for many years.

BACKGROUND: Blinded in a long-ago accident which killed her parents, Anne lives in Edgecliff in a little private world of her own. Nearby lives composer Bruce Caldwell, whose face was so mutilated in the war that he prefers to be considered dead by his old friends rather than show himself.

Can these two find happiness in sharing their lonely lives?

RECENTLY: Stricken by a heart attack, Amelia does not know that an old scandal threatens her security. Bart, whose activities during his time away from Edgecliff have been shifty, knows a secret Amelia has hidden successfully for years. Since he is hiding out in Edgecliff now, he has decided to improve his time by blackmail. To save Amelia, Martha promises to pay Bart, but she may not be able to keep him from forever ruining the family peace.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE



Nora Drake
heard on
CBS 2:30 P.M.

CAST: Nora Drake, a nurse, in love with Charles Dobbs, Special Prosecutor; Big John Morley, whom Charles believes to be guilty of murder; Tom Morley, John's son.
BACKGROUND: While Charles is still trying to get evidence to indict Morley, he allows Tom to take his sick father away for a rest. Shortly afterwards, a frantic call from Tom, saying that Big John has disappeared, starts Charles and Nora on a hurried trip to the Morleys' hotel in Maine.
RECENTLY: Just as Nora and Charles reach Tom, Big John phones the hotel with direc-

tions on how to get to his hideaway. Following them, Nora, Charles and Tom arrive at a farm on a cliff that seems completely deserted. But after a search they discover Big John on the cliff's edge overlooking the water, and Nora skillfully persuades him to join them. The next day, Tom and his father go swimming. Suddenly the current becomes too swift to fight. Himself exhausted, Tom manages to drag his father until they are picked up by a fishing boat. But when Big John Morley is taken out of the water, he is dead.

WENDY WARREN



Wendy Warren
heard on
CBS 12:00

CAST: Wendy Warren, glamorous newspaperwoman; Mark Douglas and Anton, who want to marry her; Nona Douglas, who is in Reno divorcing Mark; Sam Warren, Wendy's father.
BACKGROUND: With the most dangerous experience of her career successfully behind her, Wendy concentrates on her own emotional problem: will it be Anton or Mark?
RECENTLY: Fond though she is of Anton, Wendy decides that she will marry Mark when his divorce from Nona is final. Happily, they begin to make plans, but are inter-

rupted by news from Elmdale that Wendy's father, Sam, has suffered a heart attack. In the midst of Wendy's preoccupation with her father's illness, Mark, worried over a long silence from Nona in Reno, calls her long distance to check on the progress of the divorce—and is appalled to learn that she has checked out of her hotel, leaving no forwarding address. What will happen to Wendy's plans when she learns that Nona is going to have a baby, and now refuses to go through with the divorce? And how close to death is Wendy's beloved father?

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES



Harry Davis
heard on
NBC 5:00 P.M.

CAST: Joan Davis, an attractive, wealthy girl who defied her family to marry a lowly named Harry Davis—and gained great happiness; Lilly, their devoted maid; Mrs. Davis, Harry's mother; Sammy and Hope, the Davis children; Terry MacDonough, who knew Harry in New York.
BACKGROUND: Together again at their Beechwood farm, Joan and Harry find renewed happiness in their little family . . . unaware that tragedy is speeding toward them on a train from New York.
RECENTLY: Terry MacDonough is on that

train—Terry, who was so helpful during Harry's recent experience in New York when, lost in amnesia, he lived through harrowing days before finally getting back to Joan. To an acquaintance in the train's club car, Terry briefly opens his heart . . . he confides that he is on his way to Beechwood to bring anguish into the lives of two fine people. Unable to protect them, Terry feels he must at least warn them it is coming. Finding his way to the Davis farm, Terry meets Mother Davis, who wonders, dismayed, what menacing evil lies ahead.

YOUNG DOCTOR MALONE



Young Dr. Malone
heard on
CBS 1:30 P.M.

CAST: Dr. Jerry Malone, recently separated from his wife, nurse Ann Malone; Lucio Standish, dominant member of the Board of the Institute for Rurul Medical Research in New York, whose influence over Jerry is the real reason for the separation; Dr. Browne, Jerry's one good friend of the Institute; Sam Williams, industrialist of the town of Three Oaks, to which Ann returned after the separation; Gene Williams, who may—or may not—be Sam's son.
BACKGROUND: Lucio Standish, having forced Dr. Browne into a position where he

owes her some allegiance, insists that he persuade Jerry to become the Institute's new director. Knowing how dangerous Lucio can be, Browne suffers when Jerry accepts, thus putting his career into her hands.
RECENTLY: Back in Three Oaks, where Ann is now Superintendent of the Dineen Clinic, the mystery surrounding Sam and Gene Williams grows more complicated. They cannot seem to decide whether or not they are father and son, and both of them are strongly attracted to Ann. Must she, perhaps soon, choose between them?

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN



Dr. Anthony Loring
heard on
NBC 4:45 P.M.

CAST: Ellen Brown, owner of a small tea shop in Simpsonville, and widowed mother of teen-aged Mark and Janey; Dr. Anthony Loring, who loves Ellen; Angelo McBride, attracted to Anthony; David Blake, who wants to marry Ellen.
BACKGROUND: Until Ellen fell in love with Anthony, her life was dedicated to her children. When she and Anthony decided to marry, they made the heartbreaking discovery that Mark and Janey were so bitterly opposed that plans for the marriage had to be postponed. Slowly, then,

Ellen and Anthony tried to overcome her children's objections, and succeeded enough to venture once more on an engagement.
RECENTLY: The plane crash in which Ellen lost her memory may work to the advantage of Angelo McBride, who hopes to win Anthony's love for herself. For Anthony, discouraged by his failure to restore Ellen's memory, may find Angelo's obvious admiration reassuring. And, though Ellen loves Anthony deeply, her memory loss may confuse her enough to listen more warmly to David Blake's proposal of marriage.

INSIDE RADIO

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

SUNDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45			Earl Wild	Carolina Calling Memo From Lake Success
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Story to Order Games 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 Mutual Music Box	National Vespere	Meaning of the News Elmo Roper Syncopation Piece
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	U. S. in World Affairs NBC University Theater	Charmer and the Dell 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	The Quiz Kids	Ernie Lee Show Juvenile Jury	Harrison Wood Dance Music	CBS Symphony
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Newe	House of Mystery Martin Kane, Private Eye	Ted Malone Dick Todd Milton Cross Opera Album	Skyway to the Stars
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	James Melton	The Shadow True Detective Mysteries	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	Phil Harris-Alice Faye Show	Adv. of the Falcon The Saint	Think Fast Carnegie Hall Musicals	The Jack Benny Show Amee 'n' Andy
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Sam Spade Theater Guild on the Air	A. L. Alexander Smoke Rings	Stop the Music	Sam Spade Lum and Abner
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	American Album	Count of Monte Cristo Sheilah Graham Twin Views of News	Walter Winchell Louella Parsons Go For The House	Earn Your Vacation Our Mice Brooks
10:00 10:30	Take It or Leave It	Secret Missions Don Wright Chorus	Jimmie Fidler	Life With Luigi It Pays to be Ignorant



HELEN LEWIS—plays Maggie Lowell, laboratory technician on Road of Life, Mon.-Fri., 3:15 P.M. EST, NBC.



ARTHUR GAETH—whose news comments are heard Mondays, 10:00 P.M. EST, ABC, is a native of Milwaukee. When still a young man, he moved to Utah where he received his B.A. at Brigham Young University. After spending ten years as correspondent in Europe, Gaeth returned to Utah as instructor in political science, later forsaking teaching to become a European correspondent for Mutual. Last year, his weekly series moved to ABC.

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		Temp Tones		
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Dr. Paul We Love and Learn Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Behind the Story Your Marriage Against the Storm	Modern Romances Pick a Date	Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15	Echoes From the Tropics	Kate Smith Speaks Kate Smith Sings	Local Programe	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny
12:30 12:45		Lanny Ross Heatter's Mailbag		Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Vincent Lopez Robert McCormick	Cedric Foster Music 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 Sardi's	Ladée Be Seated Ted Malone	David Harum Hilltop House Robert Q. Lewis
4:00 4:15 4:30	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jonee	Misc. Programs Misc. Programs Johnson Family	Kay Kyser Tune Time	Beat the Clock Winner Take All
4:45	Young Widder Brown	Two Ton Baker	Irene and Allan Jones	
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Facee Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Ted Drake Tom Mix	Challenge of the Yukon Jack Armstrong	Galen Drake Hite and Misses Curt Massey

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bob Warren Clem McCarthy Sunoco News	Local Programs	Local Programs	Eric Sevareid "You and—" Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	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		Straight Arrow Voice of Firestone	Peter Salem Henry Taylor	Inner Sanctum Talent Scouts
9:00 9:15 9:30	Telephone Hour Cities Service Band of America	Murder by Ex- perts Secret Missions	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

BETTY WRAGGE—made her radio debut on one of Raymond Knight's children's programs at the age of ten. In 1936, when sponsors of a new serial, Red Davis (the title was later changed to Pepper Young's Family), were looking for a typical American girl for the role of Peggy Young, Betty auditioned and won the part. She has been a member of that cast ever since. Pepper Young's Family is heard daily at 3:30 P.M. EST over NBC stations.



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 10:45	Welcome Travelers Faith In Our Time Road of Life	Cecil Brown Georgia Crackers Temptones	My True Story Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air	Music For You Arthur Godfrey
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Dr. Paul We Love and Learn Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Behind the Story Your Marriage Against the Storm	Modern Romances Pick a Date	Grand Slam Rosemary

T U E S D A Y

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember News			Local Programs
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in N. Y. Clevelandaires	Editor's Diary Tell Your Neighbor Bob Poole Show	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America Barnyard Follies
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Welcome Travelers Road of Life	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Georgia Crackers Temptones	My True Story Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air Club Time	Music For You Arthur Godfrey
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Dr. Paul We Love And Learn Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Behind the Story Your Marriage Against the Storm	Modern Romances Pick a Date	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 Music 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 Ted Malone	David Harum Hilltop House Robert Q. Lewis
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Misc. Programs Misc. Programs Johnson Family Two Ton Baker	Kay Kyser Tune Time Irene and Allan Jones	Beat the Clock Winner Take All
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	The Green Hornet Sky King	Treasury Bandstand The Chicagoans Curt Massey

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	News of the World The Smoothies 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	Cavalcade of America 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

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:30 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	Cedric Foster Music 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 Ted Malone	David Harum Hilltop House Robert Q. Lewis
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Misc. Programs Johnson Family Two Ton Baker	Kay Kyser Tune Time Irene and Allan Jones	Beat the Clock Winner Take All
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Ted Drake Tom Mix	Challenge of the Yukon Jack Armstrong	Treasury Bandstand The Chicagoans Curt Massey

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	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	Hogan's Daughter Great Gildersleeve	Can You Top This? International Airport	Original Amateur 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

JOHN LARKIN—who plays the title role on Perry Mason (CBS, 2:15 P.M. EST, M-F) and has been heard often on CBS's Assignment Home got his first radio job in Kansas City as announcer on station WHB. Two years later when he had reached network stature John went to New York where he had no difficulty getting assignments. Larkin, a native of Oakland, Calif., is married to Genelle Gibbs. They have a six-year-old daughter.



T H U R S D A Y

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember			Local Programs
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in N. Y. Clevelandaires	Editor's Diary Tell Your Neighbor Bob Poole Show	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America Barnyard Follies
10:00 10:15 10:30	Welcome Travelers Road of Life	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Georgia Crackers	My True Story Betty Crocker, Magazine of the Air Dorothy Kilgallen	Music For You Arthur Godfrey
10:45		Temptones		
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Dr. Paul We Love and Learn Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Behind the Story Your Marriage Against the Storm	Modern Romances Pick a Date	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 Music	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 Ted Malone	David Harum Hilltop House Robert Q. Lewis
4:00 4:15 4:30	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones	Misc. Programs Johnson Family	Galen Drake Tune Time	Beat the Clock Winner Take All
4:45	Young Widder Brown	Two Ton Baker	Irene and Allan Jones	
5:00 5:13 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Straight Arrow Capt. Midnight	The Green Hornet Sky King	Treasury Bandstand The Chicagoans Curt Massey

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	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 Fishing and Hunting Club	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	Chesterfield Supper Club Fred Waring Show	This Is Paris Mutual Newsreel	Personal Autograph	Hallmark Playhouse First Nighter

WINIFRED WOLFE—is one actress who can truthfully say she has grown up in radio. She made her radio debut at the age of 8 and at 10 was chosen to play Teddy in NBC's *One Man's Family*. That was in 1934; now, at 25, Winifred is married, the mother of a baby girl and is still playing Teddy who is now a nurse. Born in San Francisco, Winifred grew up in Los Angeles where she attended UCLA for three years, majoring in English.



JACK McELROY—began his radio career eighteen years ago as singer and announcer on a Missouri station. After four years, he moved westward, working for various radio stations as emcee, announcer, producer, writer, and engineer until he hit the West Coast circuit. In Hollywood he became singer on *Bride and Groom*, and is now M.C. on *Breakfast in Hollywood*, ABC, 2:00 P.M. EST, M-F. Jack is married to Nancy Hurd of Tulsa.



F R I D A Y

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember			Local Programs
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in N. Y. Clevelandaires	Editor's Diary Tell Your Neighbor Bob Poole Show	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America Barnyard Follies
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Welcome Travelers Road of Life	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Georgia Crackers Temptones	My True Story Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air	Music For You Arthur Godfrey
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	We Love and Learn Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Behind the Story Your Marriage Against the Storm	Modern Romances Pick a Date	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	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 Ted Malone	David Harum Hilltop House Robert Q. Lewis
4:00 4:15 4:30	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones	Misc. Programs Johnson Family	Galen Drake Tune Time	Beat the Clock Winner Take All
4:45	Young Widder Brown	Two Ton Baker	Irene and Allan Jones	
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Ted Drake Tom Mix	Challenge of the Yukon Jack Armstrong	Treasury Bandstand The Chicagoans Curt Massey

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	News Clem McCarthy Sunoco News	Local Programs	Local Programs	Eric Sevareid "You and—" Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	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	Jimmy Durante Show	Plantation Jubilee Music	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 Enchanted Hour	Break the Bank The Sheriff	Ford Theatre
10:00 10:15 10:30	Dr. I. Q. Sports	Meet the Press Mutual Newsreel	Treasury Band	Philip Morris Playhouse Yours Truly, Johnny Dollar

S A T U R D A Y

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

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

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

EVENING PROGRAMS

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

GLORIA McMILLAN—who plays teen-ager Harriet on Our Miss Brooks (CBS, Sun.,) is a schoolgirl herself. At sixteen, she is a junior student at Westlake School for Girls in Los Angeles. Gloria, who has been in radio for almost ten years, prides herself on her membership in the "500 Club" a group of Hollywood juvenile radio players, all under seventeen, who have appeared on five hundred or more network radio broadcasts.



QUIZ CATALOGUE

Notes to keep your Radio Mirror

Quiz Catalogue up to date

Hollywood, "the land of the gigantic super-stupendous," not to be outdone by any other city, has called on the services of quiz-maker Louis G. Cowan, marshalled the forces of the movie studios and finally come up with the colossus of quiz shows.

The title for this newly created hour-long show, is, surprisingly enough, simply Hollywood Calling and it takes place every Sunday evening at 6:30 P.M. EST. The show is not particularly original in concept, inasmuch as it is another telephone quiz show, but its glamor is devised from its hugeness. Here's how it goes. . . .

The orchestra and chorus give a musical clue, which indicates the name of a motion picture star, or the title of a picture. Then the master of ceremonies, song and dance star George Murphy, takes over and places a call to someone, somewhere in the United States. These lucky contestants have been chosen at random by such well-known people as Governor Earl Warren of California and Deborah Kerr of the movies. If the contestant answers the first question correctly, he or she is introduced (on the telephone, of course) to a guest star, who then carries on a brief interview and awards the prize.

Some of these prizes are "gifts that money can't buy." Gifts that include complete sets and props from recent motion pictures. There's no need to worry though making room in your apartment for the main set from "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" for instance, as these giveaway sets are especially picked to fit in with the winner's occupation or hobby. Even if the contestant misses the question, he or she receives a valuable consolation prize, valuable because it is autographed by the two guests as well as emcee George Murphy.

A chance at the Jackpot on Hollywood Calling is given only to those answering the questions correctly. Three clues are given to help the contestant, and a new clue is added each week; the Jackpot is worth \$31,000 and includes two free weeks in Paris.

If you are wise, you had better tell your friends not to telephone you on Sunday evenings, for you never know . . . Hollywood may be calling you.

* * *

QUIZ CHATTER—

Take a Number is using a lot of baseball players these days . . . what's more, their quiz batting average is quite high. . . . Ann Notra, twenty, a dental assistant of Union City, New Jersey, won \$31,000 in prizes by identifying "Jealousy" as the film of fortune on Hollywood Calling. She was the winner of the newly instituted program's first Jackpot. . . . One night last spring in Stewartstown, Pennsylvania, some enterprising citizens put on a minstrel show. There had been plenty of advance interest in the event but suddenly the ticket sale came to a standstill. The trouble was that a local couple had been telephoned by emcee Bert Parks of Break the Bank and were invited to New York. No one wanted to be at the minstrel show if it meant missing a broadcast on which home-town folks would be in there pitching. But the minstrel men were resourceful. They sent out word that a television set would be placed in the auditorium to cover the event. Ticket sales zoomed and the big night arrived. The minstrel show was interrupted at 9 P.M., a packed house watched Break the Bank for thirty minutes and then the show was resumed. . . . Queen For A Day's Jack Bailey is celebrating his fourth year with said program . . . interesting footnote on the "Queen" is that with a ratio of eight to one it has given away the most valuable prizes . . . amounts to two million one hundred and twenty-six thousand.

GOLD MINE in the ATTIC

By TERRY BURTON



Carl Drepperd told Terry that much so-called junk can be converted to cash.

A few weeks ago I read Carl Drepperd's best-seller, *Treasures in Truck and Trash* which he wrote under the name of Morgan Towne. This is a fascinating compilation of the unsuspected valuables people may have in their basements and attics.

I was interested because I think all of us have a room or closet somewhere that is seemingly filled with old pieces of junk. Mr. Drepperd maintains that much of this so-called junk can be converted into the merry sound of silver coins. I asked him to be our Family Counselor and pass on the benefit of his knowledge. The first thing he mentioned was the value of old buttons, and I got quite excited as I knew Mother Burton had a lot of old costumes and clothing stored away. Mr. Drepperd said, "Any old button made as late as 1920 is worth at least what it was paid for originally. Fine old buttons are worth from fifty cents each up to as much as ten dollars. Button strings should not be cut apart. Keep them intact. They are worth more that way; from five to twenty-five dollars or more."

I know lots of us have old letters we've saved, so my next question concerned them. "Keep envelopes or wrappers with stamps on them. I know of a couple who bought a farm and, in going through their new domain, they stumbled on some half-burned letters that the previous owners had partially destroyed. One letter was left and the stamp on that letter brought fifteen thousand dollars."

Mr. Drepperd went on, "Old catalogs were once given away. Montgomery Ward and Sears Roebuck catalogs before 1906 are worth from two dollars up to fifteen. Any catalog of glassware, toys, pottery or fabrics before 1876 may bring from one to one hundred dollars."

I was surprised to find out that old toys and dolls are so valuable, but Mr. Drepperd said, "Not long ago, there was a man who stood at a booth in an antique show holding a small toy. He stood there muttering to himself, 'I can't believe it' . . . the toy was a little tin boat with a little tin man holding a pair of oars—the price tag said fifty-five dollars. The old man just couldn't believe that the same toy had been included in a barrelful of similar stuff which, a month before, he had paid a trash man to carry off to the dump."

"What about periodicals such as directories, guide books and magazines?" I asked.

"These may be immensely valuable. A *Guide to the Gold Fields* dated in the 1850's may be worth a small fortune. Any of this material may range from one dollar up to a thousand. Generally speaking, magazines such as *Godeys*, *Leslies*, *Grahams* and *Ballous* are worth at least twenty-five cents a copy. Some are worth a dollar a copy. Bound volumes are worth from one to five or more dollars. Very old magazines, printed from 1750 to 1825 may be worth up to ten dollars a copy. Some are worth one hundred dollars a copy.

"Treasures in truck and trash! They are everywhere—in the most unexpected places. We must remember that our country has not only social and political history, it has family history. And the history of our families is one of expansion, of progress, of failure, of riches in one generation and poverty in another, of in-laws and other relations, of wills bequeathing and devising, and of poor relations who, often, were willed only household stuffs unwanted by others of the family. There may be a gold-mine in *your* house. Look for it!"

Mrs. George Whitney, Jr.

Her face is lighted by the bright charm of her Inner Self

Mrs. Whitney's face sends you a tingle of pure pleasure—it is so lovely to look at. It has a warm way of sharing with you her Inner enthusiasms for people and places and things.

Every day you are facing new adventures, new people. And, the way your face expresses you is the way others think of you. Help it, then, to show you with beauty and spirit and charm.



Mrs. Whitney's complexion looks smooth, glowing. "I'm never without Pond's Cold Cream. No woman could ask for a finer quality face cream," she says.

COME OUT OF THE DIMNESS THAT IS HIDING THE INNER YOU

So many women *never show* the world how delightful they can be! Instead—they are negative, full of inferiority. Yet, *every* woman has *within herself* the power to become lovelier, happier.

You have it *within you*—a wonderful force that grows out of the close inter-relation of your Inner Self and your Outer Self, and the power of each to change the other.

This force lights you with confidence when you *know* you are *charming to see*. But—it can dim you like a cloud if you *miss* looking right. It is the reason those little habits that make you *look lovelier* mean so much to your *daily happiness*.

"Outside-Inside" Face Treatment

Your face, especially, is your passport to friendship. Do help it to have the beckoning charm of really lovely skin. Pond's

"Outside-Inside" Face Treatment brings wonderfully satisfying results. *Always* at bedtime (for day cleansings, too) cleanse and soften your face with Pond's Cold Cream *this rewarding way*:

Hot Stimulation—splash face with hot water.

Cream Cleanse—swirl Pond's Cold Cream over your face. This light, fluffy cream will

soften and sweep dirt and make-up from pore openings. Tissue off well.

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

Cold Stimulation—a tonic cold water splash.

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

Beautiful Mrs. Whitney says, "After I do this Pond's treatment my face seems re-made—so fresh and clean, so soft."

It is not vanity to develop the beauty of your face. When you look lovely, you flower into new happiness. This happier glow in You quickens an answering glow in all who see you—helps to bring the real Inner You closer to others.



YOUR FACE IS WHAT YOU MAKE IT—Get yourself a big jar of Pond's Cold Cream—today.

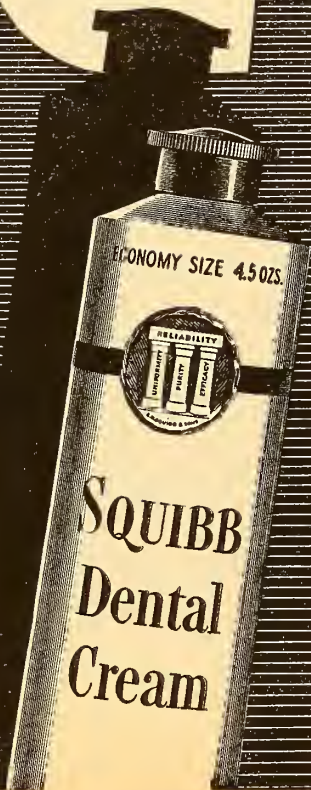
pleasant
gentle
effective



Pleasant . . .
real mint for
taste and breath.

Gentle . . .
contains the finest
known polishing
ingredients.

Effective . . .
made with
antacid
magnesium
hydroxide.



Leave It to Joan

(Continued from page 54)

sigh, "The kids didn't like your show very much last night, Mother."

Joan, instead of shrugging it off, invited Beverly into the den where they discussed the program in detail. "For one thing," explained Beverly, "that hot rod joke was square. A hot rod has to be able to do fifty in low gear or it isn't any good. I know you're a little old-fashioned about these things, but if you're going to be solid with the kids, you've got to get hep."

The following week Joan went over her script in advance with Beverly, and Beverly, taking her responsibility seriously, okayed it with only one suggested change.

Thereafter, the report from the junior dial club was cavu. (Pilot talk for "Ceiling and visibility unlimited.") To this day, however, Joan is acutely sensitive to the reaction of Beverly and Beverly's friends.

And now, about Beverly's first appearance in a cast: she fell from her bicycle and broke her arm. When Beverly was brought home, Joan could scarcely see the dial while she was trying to call the doctor. She cried—she, who is not a crying woman—all the way to the hospital in the ambulance and throughout the X-ray session and the business of setting the bone.

Shortly after Beverly had recovered from the arm accident, she broke her leg. That had mended without incident and she was just getting back into active sports participation when she broke her finger playing basketball. Only a few weeks had passed since removal of splints from her right hand when she stumbled over her dog, fell upstairs, and broke another finger.

The human emotional system can absorb only a certain amount of anguish and healing before it becomes blasé. At the time of Beverly's most recent fracture, Joan was not at home, so a friend drove Beverly to the doctor's office. Once back in a cast and marveling at her quaint feeling that she was again fully dressed for the first time in weeks, Beverly telephoned Joan.

"I'm at the doctor's," she announced. "Oh dear! What have you broken this time, darling?"

"Only a finger."
"What luck. Is it giving you much pain?"

"About the same as usual. I may not be an actress, Mother, but I certainly am a character in a cast," quipped Miss Brittle Bones.

Beverly's method of starting her career was typically casual in a determined sort of way. She learned that tryouts were being held for the part of Fuffy Adams in Junior Miss. She presented herself to the proper authorities and read for the role. According to later station reports to Joan (when it became known that Joan was Beverly's mother) she was sensational.

"What's your name?" the casting director wanted to know.

"Beverly Wills."
"Ever worked in radio? Ever been around a station?"

"Oh, I listen to radio all the time."
Beverly won her first job under her own power.

Joan was hard put to it not to burst with pride at this hearty show of independence, but she was not particularly surprised. After all, there has always been a healthy determination on

Beverly's part to equal her mother's mark in any field.

Joan, looking over her daughter's report card, had once said, "You do very well—maintaining a straight B average."

Something about Joan's tone piqued Beverly's pride. "What kind of grades did you get?"

"Straight A's," admitted Joan. "But then, I wasn't the athlete that you are. I fell over my own feet if I tried to run five steps, and I couldn't hit a baseball with a snowshoe. Holding up a book was the extent of my muscular prowess."

From that day on, Beverly began to connect with the books every night instead of romping with the dog or carrying on timeless telephone conversations. Next report consisted of straight A's.

"Not so tough, once you get the hang of it," admitted the scholar.

Shortly after Beverly had won her Fuffy Adams role, she vanished from the dinner table one night, after a murmured request to be excused, and closed herself in her room. Once established there, she was heard in no telephone conversations, no bebop issued forth.

As any mother would have done in such a circumstance, Joan began to worry. Finally she tapped at the door and was invited in. Beverly was on the bed, studying her first script.

"I really want to turn in a performance," Beverly confided. "I think I have good ideas about handling most of this script, but there are a few lines I'm not sure about. For instance . . ." and she read a comedy sequence, ending with the query, "How would you read that, Mother?"

"I would read it this way," Joan said, illustrating. "But for you to do it that way would be wrong, because you aren't Joan Davis. You're Beverly Wills, a totally different person."

For over an hour they dissected the script, extracting the last small chuckle from its content. Eventually Beverly observed with a sigh, "You're right, as usual, Mom. You've always said that being funny was serious business."

Probably Beverly's greatest triumph as Fuffy came, not at the radio station, but in the Hollywood Brown Derby one night when Joan and Beverly were celebrating the finish of Joan's new picture for Columbia, "Traveling Saleswoman." There were several teensters in the booth next to Joan and Beverly. They recognized Beverly's voice, so popped over to secure her autograph.

They did not recognize Joan. It would be unfair to give the impression that all association between Joan and Beverly is as sweet as peaches and cream.

For instance: Beverly wanted a car for her sixteenth birthday. At sixteen, in California, a person is legally of age to secure a learner's permit. Once the holder of a learner's permit has passed a police test, the person (if under seventeen) is granted the right to drive a car whenever accompanied by a regularly licensed driver.

Instead of a birthday gift car, Beverly received a handsome desk which matched the rest of her bedroom furniture. She loved the desk, of course, but she was disappointed and could not avoid showing it.

"I'm sorry, squirt," Joan said, feeling the usual pangs (Continued on page 76)

Date tonight?



GIVE IT THE BRUSH-OFF!
Listerine Tooth Paste attacks tobacco stain, off-color breath.

Perhaps it seems a petty little thing. Perhaps you think it *couldn't* make a difference.

Well, don't fool yourself! That tinge of yellow film can spoil the softest smile . . . that over-laden breath can sour the sweetest words. So why take chances? Why risk "Tobacco Mouth"?

It's so easy to make sure you're not offending. If you smoke a lot, just play safe and use the new Listerine Tooth Paste . . . especially before a date.

There's a reason: Listerine Tooth Paste is made with Lusterfoam—a wonderful new-type cleansing ingredient that literally foams cleaning and polishing agents over tooth surfaces. It removes yellow tobacco stain while it's still fresh . . . whisks away odor-producing bacteria and tobacco debris.

Use it regularly, and *know* they'll never say "Tobacco Mouth" about you! Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.



(Continued from page 74) of a parent who wants to contribute as much as possible to a child's happiness, "but I think that eighteen is a more sensible age at which to begin to operate a car."

And then, like most parents, Joan was nagged by the wonder whether she really *was* old-fashioned, and whether a sixteen-year-old girl, living in the atomic age, really should be able to operate an automobile. Yet, coupled with this thought was the added problem of Beverly's rapidly becoming a public figure. No mother in Hollywood can forget that Shirley Temple had been driving only a short time when she was spotted on a boulevard by a carload of careless youngsters. They deliberately forced Shirley to the curb. Both cars might have been wrecked in the maneuver, and all of the youngsters might have been killed. The boys only wanted an autograph, of course, but it might have been one of the costliest signatures on record.

Another typical teen-age problem is that of smoking. When Joan noted that several of the girls in the set just a year or so older than Beverly, had begun to smoke, she went into a new tussle with her concept of a proper parent. This deliberation cost Joan a week of nearly sleepless nights, but finally she marshalled a series of persuasions.

While she and Beverly were lying on the beach one afternoon, Joan said casually, "By the way, I hope you don't plan to take up smoking for a long time yet—not until you're through college at least. Smoking for a young girl is a useless habit, because no person under twenty should need relief from nervous tension; smoking is an expensive habit, as most allowances are set up nowadays, so you might have to decide at some time between smoking and buying a pair of new nylons; smoking is a destructive habit because it burns holes in clothing and in furniture, and it litters a room." She drew a deep breath and waited for expected resistance from Beverly.

Said that young lady after a muffled yawn, "I'm not interested in smoking, Mother. I wouldn't think of doing anything that might inhibit my lung power."

Another mother-daughter experience which Joan anticipated with what novelists call "mixed emotions" was living through Beverly's first somewhat serious teenage romance.

Joan felt certain that a minor heart-ache was in the making when Beverly began to show a marked preference for a very popular boy in her group. To disinterested eyes, he was very much the colt-legged, uncertain-voiced, sub-college lad, but to the girls in Beverly's set, he was almost as exciting as Gable.

As the spring progressed, he began to show marked attention to Beverly. That is, he told her she danced terribly, she was no good at ping-pong, he engaged in long, impudent telephone conversations with her, and he conscientiously pushed her off the float when the gang went swimming. All being signs of high teen-age regard.

Beverly made the tactical error of admitting to several of her girl friends that she liked the boy, and the next thing she knew, the boy was being kidded about his "romance."

Beverly, still unaware of the tenderness of masculine independence, thought nothing of it. There was a big party scheduled for the last of the month, and she assumed that the boy would invite her. Let the girls kid her

and the man in the case all they liked. She was set.

Came then, tragedy. The boy asked another girl.

Beverly accepted a date with a secondary swain, and—when she came home from the party—gave her mother a glowing report of the evening.

As casually as possible, Joan inquired about the erstwhile dream boat.

"Oh, he was there," announced Beverly airily. "Seemed to be having a wonderful time. But did I tell you what Tommy said when we were square dancing. . . ."

Said Joan afterward, "Thank heaven, she's the type which carries a match instead of a torch."

It may be that, in the romance department, Beverly burns with a cool-flame, but when her interest in some organizational activity is aroused, she not only carries a match, but a blow-torch.

Last summer she decided that the social life for teenagers at Malibu was disorganized and languishing. What was needed, she told Joan, was a youth center.

"You have something there," agreed Joan. "The only difficulty, as I see it, is where are you going to establish this center for youths?"

Beverly opined that the most central spot would be Brian Donlevy's tennis court. Which he seldom used.

"Oh well, if you're going to let your mind wander . . ." said Joan, returning to the script she had been studying.

Beverly strolled out of the house and up the beach. She discussed her idea with Brian Donlevy, a reasonable soul who understands daughters, with the result that he turned the canvas-enclosed tennis court over to Beverly.

From another neighbor whose children had outgrown the sport, Beverly promoted a ping-pong table, and from yet another group she extracted shuffle board equipment. She talked a noted film industry figure into loaning her, personally, a portable record player; she saw to it that the player and all recordings were returned to the lender in good condition after meetings.

When she decided that the club needed a small bank account with which to buy cokes and cookies, she perfected a benefit plan. She promoted the use of a motion picture projector from a previously untapped source, and cadged enough film from another to give a two hour program.

Then she suggested that each member of the club bring a parent, or solvent facsimile of same, to the movie that night. The club members were admitted free, but the accompanying adult, after submitting to an eloquent sales talk, was "permitted" to leave a donation in a cardboard box. Fort Knox should take lessons.

Joan, hearing reports from Beverly about the success of the venture, and being given reports by the neighbors about Beverly's executive ability, experienced a moment of quizzical awe.

She went to her desk where keepsakes are kept and opened her favorite book, a volume of Beverly's early, highly original poems. Joan leafed over the work, found some of the writing had gained meaning over the years.

In the manner of every proud but bewildered parent since time began, she told herself, "First she was a poet, then a radio talent saleswoman, and now a corporation president. I can't imagine what she'll do next, but I wouldn't miss it for worlds."

Kukla's Daddy

(Continued from page 53)

and then it happens, spontaneously.

Burr and Kukla have grown up together. Together, they have produced joy and laughter, but they have also faced sorrow, hunger and death. It's the living they have done which makes Kukla, Fran and Ollie more than "just another puppet show."

Their story starts with Dr. Burt F. Tillstrom, a chiropodist, and his wife, Alice, whose sons were Dick and Burr.

The kind of parents who thoroughly enjoy their children, Burt and Alice took the boys swimming, sailing, hiking. They also had an interest in amateur theater, and Burr mimicked them by having his teddy bear, toy soldiers and giraffe act out nursery rhymes and songs his mother sang.

During summers spent at their grandparents' homes in Benton Harbor, Dr. Tillstrom provided additional stimulus for the boys' quick imaginations. The moment he arrived for week ends, Dick and Burr pounced on him for stories. Some he read from *Peter Rabbit*, *Alice in Wonderland*, and the *Wizard of Oz*. Others he made up during long walks through open country.

As early as that, the Kuklapolitan Opera began to shape, for Burr, on his return to the city, endowed his toys with the characteristics of his country friends.

Eventually, puppets replaced toys and the chain of circumstances began which inevitably turned Burr Tillstrom into a puppeteer.

It was marionettes, however, which brought him his first job, right after high school graduation. Those were depression days, and the Chicago Park District and Federal Theater joined to set up a marionette group as a WPA project.

Burr and a few other puppeteers, not on relief, were hired as instructors to help get the show on the road.

For the sheltered lad from a substantial home, it was an awakening. Burr's blotting paper mind soaked it all up and he added their skills and experience to his own.

And that included hunger. He has never forgotten the shock of opening a friend's ice box and finding a single egg. Just an egg. Not another scrap of food. He took the friend home to dinner, but the bleak memory is still reflected when the television audience sees Kukla, beset by too many troubles, announce he is going to pack his little things and just go away.

The most significant part of that Summer was Burr's start in experimenting with hand puppets.

When Fall came, Burr was reluctant to put them aside, but he had won a scholarship to the University of Chicago and he felt it would be more practical if he should forget the stage and prepare to teach.

It might have worked if Burr hadn't fallen in love—devotedly, worshipfully in love with an ethereal ballerina of the Ballet Russe.

The feeling was quite different, he assures you, from his affection for his schoolmate girl friend. To Burr, Tamara Toumanova was the incarnation of the theater itself. As her Chicago engagement closed, he sought a parting gift to express his adoration.

Characteristically, Burr made a hand puppet. In Tamara's dressing room,

Your washing machine needs this help!



You may be satisfied with your washing machine or automatic washer. But many other women have learned—even without our advice—that their washers turn out cleaner, sweeter-smelling clothes with the help of Fels-Naptha Soap.



The reason is plain. Fels-Naptha is not a synthetic, chemical "quickie." It is more than an "average" laundry soap. Fels-Naptha is mild, golden soap blended with active NAPTHA—the fast gentle cleaning agent whose extra dirt-removing action is a proven fact.



Use this safe, thorough soap in your washer and you'll see an immediate improvement. Remember—you own a wonderful labor-saving device. You can make it an even more wonderful means of getting clothes completely, fragrantly clean. Just give it the help it needs—golden Fels-Naptha Soap—preferably the non-sneeze Fels-Naptha Soap Chips.



MADE IN PHILA.
BY FELS & CO.

FOR EXTRA CLEANING ACTION USE

Fels-Naptha Soap

MILD, GOLDEN SOAP AND ACTIVE NAPTHA

EXTRA ADVANTAGES WHEN YOU USE this greaseless suppository for INTIMATE FEMININE HYGIENE

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



Assures Hours of Continuous Action!

Young wives are so enthusiastic about Zonitors—a *higher* type of intimate feminine cleanliness which is so much easier, less embarrassing to use yet one of the most effective methods ever discovered—so *powerfully* germicidal yet so *absolutely* safe to tissues.

Positively Non-Irritating

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. 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. Available at any drug counter.



FREE

Mail this coupon today for free booklet sent in plain wrapper. Reveals frank intimate facts. Zonitors, Dept. ZRM-119, 370 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

with a chair back as improvised stage, he introduced his gift. Impishly, the puppet peeked up and bowed to the lady.

Tamara shrieked, "Kukla!" and began to laugh. "Kukla," she explained, was the Russian word for *doll*. It also was the Greek word and was used in most Slavic languages.

With his christening, the puppet seemed to take life. He danced, he bobbed, he pantomimed his eternal devotion to the ballerina.

Recalling that evening, Burr says, "It was the strangest thing—almost as though Kukla were doing it all himself. I suddenly found I couldn't bear to part with him."

Kukla was disturbing. Burr was trying to be a serious student. His marionettes were packed away, but he couldn't ignore Kukla. Kukla wanted out. It was, for Burr, a period of painful conflict between two possible careers. In the end, Kukla won. After two quarters, Burr quit school and re-joined the marionette troupe. Show business, he realized better than ever, was no bed of roses, but it was the only thing he wanted to do.

The marionettes were the stars, and Kukla only a between-acts bit player. His personality did not emerge until the group scheduled an arty production of Romeo and Juliet. Burr wanted to play Romeo. He knew the role letter perfect. He ended up turning pages of the narrator's script, the most frustrated Shakespearian in Chicago.

Burr took his disappointment politely, but Kukla just couldn't stand it. Out he popped, during rehearsal, and in a voice which had its origin in Burr's old-man parts, he took up Romeo's romantic lines. He sighed for love and ranted against cruel fate. Then he shifted to do Juliet's role, too, interpolating highly personal comment on the cast. Things well-mannered Burr would never say, rattled rapid-fire from Kukla, and Kukla was a riot.

From that time on, Kukla became impromptu entertainer at all parties. People asked him questions, and as Burr says, "Kukla was really smart with people. When I was too young or ignorant to have an answer, Kukla took over. What would have been naive from me sounded funny coming from him."

It was 1938 before Burr's own personality developed sufficiently to give Kukla a companion. He was, by that time, getting a few bookings for parties, and usually his girl friend went along to help work the show.

She had a funny take-off on an opera singer. The voice was too good to waste, so Burr created Mme. Ooglepuss to match it. Even after Burr and his schoolmate sweetheart parted, Madame remained. Boasting of her great days, and cherishing the illusion she is irresistible to all males, she became a perfect target for Kukla's satire.

Ollie appeared shortly after Burr began his Saturday shows in the children's theater at Marshall Field's department store. Burr's mother played piano and kept the young audience quiet.

Traditionally, every puppet show had a terrifying dragon. Burr sought one which would not frighten the most timid child. The result was Ollie, possessed of one tired tooth, the gentle pop eyes of a heifer, and a foolish, bashful grin.

Ollie for some time, was content to stretch his neck and flap his mouth soundlessly. Then a friend of Burr's

wrote "St. George and the Dragon," still a production pageant for the Kuklapolitans, and Ollie took voice.

Burr was playing the State Lake theater when it became apparent Mme. Ooglepuss needed a boy friend. Obviously Kukla wasn't going to stand still while she sang "My Bill" to him. From pure necessity, Burr created a new character who said the only thing one could say to such a woman, "Boyng!"

It wasn't until the show came to WBKB, years later, that Madame's tumble-tongued boy friend had a chance to get even. He asserted his independence by changing his name to Cecil Bill with a bow to the station's stage manager, Bill Ryan.

Cecil Bill makes it clear his affections incline toward Mercedes. Mercedes' origin was completely commercial. A Marshall Field's official conceived the idea of using the Kuklapolitans to dramatize sales instructions to employees. Mercedes was invented to show clerks how to cope with a nasty little girl and add a few laughs to the problem.

That was the cast in 1939—Kukla, Mme. Ooglepuss, Ollie, Cecil Bill, and Mercedes—when an RCA unit moved into Marshall Field's and Burr Tillstrom discovered television.

Burr took one look at what happened with cameras and screen and knew it was for him. He pestered RCA and Field's officials, begging to go on. No one wanted him. At last, to silence the nuisance, someone gave permission and Kukla went to work. Officials were unimpressed.

Says Burr, "It was the engineers who saved us. They fell in love with Kukla. The guys who keep things running always like Kukla."

Their liking was contagious. Burr and Kuklapolitans were supposed to open the RCA exhibit at the New York World's Fair.

Their opener turned into an all-summer engagement. The Kuklapolitans had found their medium. Real to their creator, they became, when projected human-being size on a screen, equally real to their viewers.

Burr knew that come what may he had to stay in television. On his return to Chicago, he had just enough time to appear on some of WBKB's opening programs and play a show or two in the Zenith experimental studio before Pearl Harbor hit.

From the services, Burr drew a flat-footed rejection—literally. He couldn't march, the Army and Navy told him. His draft card was marked 4F.

Bitterly embarrassed by looking so healthy and wearing civilians, Burr decided that even if the Navy would not have him, it might accept Kukla.

Out he went to Great Lakes Naval Training station to volunteer. His mother went along as accompanist, and the commandant equipped them with a tiny portable piano which could tour the hospital wards. The first of the casualties had just been returned.

Says Burr, "I never was so scared in my life. Here I was, a carefully preserved civilian, trying to be bright for a batch of guys who had caught hell on the beachheads. I wouldn't have blamed those Marines if they had thrown me out of the joint."

There were a few rough cracks while they were setting up for the first time, but the moment Kukla entered, the Marines took interest, and when Ollie showed up as a dopey Shore Patrol,

they got their first real laugh.

"That," Burr recalls, "was when Ollie learned the value of the broad gag. Subtle nursery rhyme whimsey was out. Ollie got down to earth, and every time Kuke took off on some flight of fancy, Ollie grounded him, too."

It was in the psychiatric ward that they won their stripes. A wounded man was so deep in melancholia he would not talk and was expected to die. In desperation, doctors sent in Kukla and Ollie, warning Burr anything might happen.

The man wouldn't look, at first. Kukla and Ollie kept punching. He stole a glance. He watched. At last he smiled. The melancholia broke. A few weeks later, he was discharged from the hospital.

Every week for four years, Burr and his mother, Alice, brought the Kuklapolitans to Great Lakes, and the patients always said, "Come back again, Mac."

They worked bond shows, too, and it was there that Burr met Fran Allison. Fran was best known as Aunt Fanny, the gossipy old maid of Don McNeill's Breakfast Club.

In contrast to her public character, she is, in private life, the charming wife of Archie Levington, a song plugger with a music company. In relating their romance, Fran, who had come from Iowa to work in Chicago radio, says "Archie brought me a song to try. I sang the song, and I married Archie."

She fell in love at first sight for the second time when she met Kukla and Ollie. Like her own characterization of Aunt Fanny, they were real to her. She chatted happily and naturally with the pair.

Burr remembered this when, during the Fall of 1947, Captain William Crawford Eddy, then director of WBKB, asked him to do a children's show on the station. It would be an hour long, he stated and his old friends at RCA were ready to sponsor it.

Burr gasped. He had dreamed of this for years. Here was his chance, but it also was a chance to fall flat on his face. No one, Burr tried to explain, could do a new, hour-long, one-man show five times a week. He wouldn't even have the respite of music, for at that time Petrillo barred union musicians from television stations. It was, Burr pointed out, beyond all human endurance.

Captain Eddy, a fabulous character in his own right, believes nothing is impossible in television. He never batted an eye at Burr's protests.

"That's easy," said WBKB's Skipper. "Find someone who can work with you out in front. Whom do you want?"

Mixing puppets and people was unorthodox, but Burr took the challenge. He said, "Get Fran Allison."

It was a happy choice. Burr recounts, "Fran was just what we needed to turn our make-believe real. She's the Alice who wanders through Wonderland, the Dorothy who goes to Oz."

The same basic method of constructing a show, then as now, is this: After that spark of an idea comes, a plot is outlined within minutes and Kukla and Ollie take it from there. No one, not even Burr, is certain what will happen next, and Fran must be alert to deal with the unexpected. That's why the show lives.

Kukla and Ollie turned out to be highly effective salesmen for new television sets, thanks to their friends. Every youngster who glimpsed the show was anxious to have his gang



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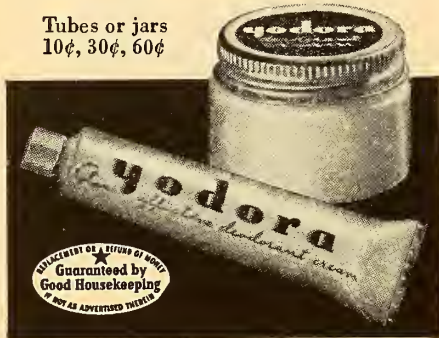


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meet them. As word spread, Chicago's small fry scouted the town for receivers. An antenna on a roof was a standing invitation to come calling.

The mail that poured in expanded the Kuklapolitan cast. Obviously, the Kuklapolitans needed a mailman. Again Burr's childhood recollections supplied the answer. Fletcher Rabbit, who originated as a bit-player in Burr's version of Hansel and Gretel, was the choice.

To explain the workings of television to young fans, Burr also needed someone at home in the stratosphere. The Hansel and Gretel witch changed character. Burr freed her from her wicked heritage by giving her a small refresher course in sociology, electronics and aviation at Witch Normal, named her Beulawitch and made her the expert on things televisual.

Another character came into being because Mme. Ooglepuss had not taken kindly to Cecil Bill's deflection to Mercedes, and Madame is not one to wither patiently. No one is quite sure where she found him, but she suddenly had in town an overly-courtly and slightly moth-eaten Southern gentleman designated as Colonel Cracky. That a real-life colonel was about to open a rival TV station then was purely coincidental.

It may have been that Ollie was a little jealous of all these new characters, for he began to make noises like an oldest inhabitant. With family pride throbbing in his dragonly throat, he went out of his way to talk about his mother, whose ice-blue hair spun out behind her when, in the old days, she sailed over Boston. He spoke of how, after that certain unpleasantness in Boston, when dragons, witches and their ilk were purged, the family settled down to become substantial citizens of Dragon Retreat, Vermont. Ollie was spouting more genealogy than a D.A.R.

It troubled Kukla. He never speaks of the lovely ballerina who gave him his name. He may, via television, be into the Everywhere, but to him, his origin is lost in Nowhere. Wistfully, one day, he wondered out loud about it. Fletcher, said Kukla, was a rabbit, Beula was a witch, Ollie a dragon, but what was he?

A little girl visiting the show that day had an answer. She had, she said, asked her mother about it. "Mother says," she piped, "That you're a blessing."

That's good enough for Kukla, for Burr and the other people concerned with the show. From then on, they all designated Kukla as "a blessing."

This fall, Burr, who has not forgotten

what RCA and NBC did for him in the lean days of television, has moved over to WNBQ, the NBC outlet in Chicago. The million-dollar contract notwithstanding, Burr remains an impressively modest guy. His original hat, if he ever wore a hat, would still fit. He lives with his parents in a comfortable, but not pretentious apartment on the north edge of Chicago, near Evanston.

His day, customarily, starts around ten o'clock when he pries his eyes open, wrestles on a white terry cloth robe and stumbles into the kitchen where his mother has breakfast ready. He's slow to wake up, he confesses, and his mother usually accomplishes the feat by turning on a wire recording she has made of the previous night's show.

Burr listens as he eats, interrupted now and then by a dive-bombing tiny green parakeet, who can say his name, "Buster Tillstrom," and also the name of Burr's sponsor. He hasn't, Burr insists, yet discovered he is a bird. Like Kukla and Ollie, he thinks he is real.

Breakfast finished, Burr usually contrives to spend an hour or so in his workshop where he makes props for the show. He's a skilled craftsman, thanks to his WPA theater days. The miniature gadgets you see Kukla and Ollie employ have usually been constructed by Burr.

Dr. Tillstrom's arrival is his signal it's time to quit the shop. The family lunches together, and then Burr leaves for Loop business appointments.

By three o'clock he reaches the studio where he confers with Jack Fascinato about music, talks with his friend Joe Lockwood—Monsieur Josef—about costumes, and dictates answers to fan letters. Then Fran arrives, Beulah Zachary and Lew Gomavitz, the producer and director come in and the plot huddle starts. Some one says, "Now why doesn't Kukla take the company on a tour of the Caribbean . . ." And they're off. A couple of hours later, viewers are seeing it happen, right on the air.

There isn't, at the present time, any super-important girl in Burr's life. Every time some publication mentions he is unmarried, proposals come in. Burr is indifferent to them. He's sure they are meant for Kukla, not him.

It may be, too, he feels he has his hands full with Kukla, Ollie and the rest of the Kuklapolitans. Each has a life of his own which continues, in Burr's mind, off screen as well as on. They're quite a family, for to Burr, as well as to their television friends, Kukla and Ollie are real.

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My Mom and Dad

(Continued from page 25)

I like best for our last dinner together—fried chicken and cream gravy, and chocolate icebox cake for dessert—but I didn't seem very hungry.

When the three of us got to the airport, we couldn't seem to think of any last minute things to say. After all, this was the first time in my life that I had put 3,000 miles between us.

"Well . . ." I said, for the flight officer was checking the passenger list.

"Well, son," said Dad, and left it hanging there in mid-air. I kissed Mom and started up the runway.

Just as I got to the steps, I heard Mother yelling to me.

"Write when you get work," she called, and I could hear Dad laughing, and I was suddenly laughing myself, and the butterflies were gone.

"Write when you get work!"

How that took me back, back to that house on Bradley Avenue, in Peoria, Illinois, the house where I was born.

Our family had lived with Dad's parents when sister and I were kids.

Mother and Dad had gone into vaudeville with a musical act—Mother played the piano, and Dad was the tenor in a male quartet—soon after Dad came back from the First World War. They were out on the road a good part of the time and leave-takings were a matter of course. Sometimes, if bookings were good, they'd be away for months. Sometimes, in bad times, they'd be back after a couple of days. Kay and I never could think of those as "bad" times. Weren't Mother and Dad at home for baseball and picnics?

There was always a flurry of nervous excitement in the house when the folks were packing to go on the road. My grandmother would make an especially nourishing dinner, and then see them to the door.

And every time, as they hurried down the walk she'd shout after them, "Write when you get work."

It was hard to see anything very glamorous, or even special about a job which made my folks work so hard, for so little fame and fortune.

I found my grandfather, who had hunted buffalo with Buffalo Bill, and been a cow puncher on the western plains when there were still Indians to deal with, a really glamorous figure. I kept him awake nights in the bedroom we shared, pumping him for all the tall tales he could remember or make up about life in the old West.

My father, then, seemed just like any other kid's dad, a fellow who worked very hard to make a very ordinary living, and who could be counted on to hold up the family honor in the fathers' baseball games at Rogers Park on Sunday afternoons.

Dad was easily the best player on the block—except for one terrible day.

On that black Sunday, they put him in right field. I was disappointed that he wouldn't have a chance to show off. None of the batters in that league could hit into right field.

In the ninth inning, when our side was one run ahead, a fellow—purely by accident, believe me—struck a long fly ball right into Dad's hands, and he dropped it. He said he was blinded by the sun, but sun or no sun the other side scored two runs. We lost the game.

It took me years to forgive him for that, although he more than made up

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I could brag about the sports prowess of everyone in my family in those days, and I needed to. I wasn't so hot myself. My mother had nine brothers, all ball players, and could catch like a man and run like a deer, and even my sister could beat me in races at picnics.

My sister, like all six-year-olds' big sisters, I guess, was pretty much of a pain in the neck in my eyes then.

It wasn't enough that she got wonderful grades in school, and I didn't, and was always carrying home notes from the nuns telling mother what a little hellion I was. Even worse was the fact that I had to wear her hand-me-down sweaters, and sometimes—hideous memory—had pants made out of her outgrown skirts. Fortunately I had inherited the only army overseas cap in the neighborhood, or the kids would have laughed me off the block.

Things got so tough at one point that I decided—as all boys will, at least one time in their lives—to run away.

Rather hoping, I expect, to be talked out of it, I announced my departure plans one morning at breakfast.

Grandmother and Kay gasped; Mother kept on turning pancakes.

"Go ahead," she said calmly, "run away if you want to."

Dad hit the porch—he was in his pajamas and robe and slippers, and there was a foot of snow on the ground—just as I reached the gate. He caught up with me half a block down the street, and by that time he was bare-foot. He had lost his dignity running down the street in his pajamas in broad daylight and he had lost his slippers in the snow, and he was mad as blazes. He made me know it.

I fared better when we moved to Chicago.

Mother and Dad were in radio now, and home all the time—evenings anyhow. They had to leave the house at six every morning to be on the air at seven in their new serial program, Smack Out, and they put in a full eight-hour day after the program on the next day's script. But we had dinner together every night, and wonderful long weekends.

We were living in an apartment then, near the north branch of the Chicago river, and all the kids were kayak crazy. We could not afford a kayak, my father said, but we Jordans were resourceful people. We would make one. He sent away for a kayak-kit and the whole family repaired to the basement to put it together. We built the frame, and caulked it, and began stretching the canvas for the cover.

At this point, Dad looked around him in the basement room, at the narrow, winding stairway from the main floor, and the tiny slits of windows over the coal chute and turned green.

It was a beaut of a kayak all right, but it would have to be launched right there in the basement. There wasn't a way to get it out.

I stopped feuding with my father about this time, to start feuding with President Roosevelt.

I had fifteen dollars in a savings account when the new president closed all the banks early in 1933, and my bank never reopened. I held Roosevelt personally responsible.

This worried my father, who thought That Man was doing his best to dig the people out of a hole, and when the president came to Chicago to deliver a speech at the opening of the Wacker Drive bridge, he took me.

It was quite a speech, and when it was over I was willing to forgive Franklin D. Roosevelt for the loss of my fifteen dollars. I forgave him so hard that I cast my first vote for him.

By the time I was ready to go to high school Fibber McGee and Molly had evolved from Smack Out, and with the family relatively prosperous we had moved to the first real home we'd ever had, a lovely brick and stucco house in a suburb of Chicago.

The folks registered me in Loyola Academy, my sister was a junior at St. Scholastica's and already going out with boys, and I am sure they felt redeemed when I not only made decent grades, but made the football team. Second squad, but the team.

I never will forget one Saturday when mother came out to the school to see me play. I warmed the bench for the two first quarters, feeling extremely foolish, but early in the third quarter the coach put me in at half-back. I could hear mother whistling that blood-curdling whistle of hers all the way from the stands.

I got the ball on the very first play. They hit me back of the line like a ton of bricks. I nearly got killed, and I lost four yards on the play. As they carried me off the field, I could hear Mother shouting, "Atta boy, Jim."

I had finally found a sport, though, at which I could really excel. I found out I was a pretty good swimmer. I made the Academy team in a breeze. With a lot of practice, there was a chance that I might even make A.A.U.

Unfortunately, it was also about this time that I had begun to smoke. Secretly, of course, I had started by swiping cigarettes out of Dad's humidor to



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give to the older boys I ran around with, and then began experimenting with them myself, locking myself in the bathroom, dragging away frantically and blowing smoke out the window. I got caught, of course. There I was with a half-smoked cigarette, and there was my father, watching me. Painful memories of the day I tried to run away from home crowded my mind.

But Dad surprised me. "It's all right," he said. "Go ahead and smoke if you want to. But I doubt if you make A.A.U." I quit smoking.

Dad was pretty proud of my swimming record, I think, although he tried not to show it.

At this time, I was swimming the mile every day—a length not often tackled in high school meets—and I did the ninety-nine lengths every morning under twenty-five minutes.

Of course, I had to brag about it. "Why, that's nothing, son," my father told me. "Your uncle and I used to swim five miles down the Chicago river just to go fishing."

I didn't even know he was kidding until he added, "and then we swam upstream all the way back, lugging the fish."

We never got away with much vain-glory in our family. But for that matter neither did Dad.

We got our first car in 1934, and Dad got a new white pongee suit, and a white hat and white shoes to go with it. And on the first Sunday, the family embarked on a drive to the airport.

Midway, we pulled up short at a stop sign. It had started to rain, and the two cars just ahead of us had skidded and crashed. A great big bruiser of a man got out of the front car, and came back to pull a little fellow—who looked for all the world like Donald Meek—out of the car which had piled into his. He began to give the little fellow a beating. Then the women folk got out and began pulling hair, and the six kids in the two cars set up a bedlam of screaming.

This my father couldn't stand. He forgot about his new white suit, and he forgot about the rain, and he climbed out from under the wheel and went to the defense of the Donald Meek.

The little man, who was doing very well by himself, heaved the big bruiser down, and then he turned on Dad and pushed him in a mud puddle, just for messing up his victory.

I was beginning to propagandize for a car of my own. A year before I had protested violently when Kay wanted me to go with her to the Friday night dances at St. Ignatius social hall. I was a fast four feet tall then, and found myself sitting on the sidelines like a faded wallflower while Kay flitted about, the belle of the ball.

But I had grown about a foot in the past year, and had learned a couple of dance steps in addition to the Irish Jig and the time step my mother had taught me in her vaudeville days, and I was newly interested in the Friday night dances. But I didn't want to go with my sister. I wanted to take a girl, and everybody knows you can't take a girl on the street car.

Mother was inclined to sympathize with me, and began giving me driving lessons when Dad wasn't looking. He had turned down my first appeal with a flat statement that there were too many young sharpies terrorizing the neighborhood already.

I got pretty good, after a few lessons,

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and gradually Mother—with Dad's consent, finally, since it was three against one—let me take the car out.

I had a dog then, a wonderful little fox terrier pooch named Teenie for one of Mom's characters on the radio show. I had had her for eight or nine years and I was crazy about her. So dearly that I kept her around even after a half dozen specialists had told my folks that having a dog made my occasional attacks of asthma worse.

Mother let me keep Teenie, and put up with the asthma attacks, but she swore that if anything happened to Teenie we'd never have another dog.

The unhappy point to all of this, to get it over with, is that I took the car out alone for the first time and half a block away from the house I ran over my own dog. Teenie died in my arms, and I sat on the curbing and wept like a baby and I didn't care whether I ever saw another automobile.

Mother, who had heard the commotion, came out and sat down with me for a minute, and then she got into the car and drove away, drove straight out to the country to the kennels where she bought a beautiful little cocker spaniel as a present for me.

Very few guys have a mother like that.

Fibber McGee and Molly moved to the West Coast in 1936, so that Dad and Mother could make a picture, and of course the program has originated in Hollywood ever since.

Kay went east to Trinity College just about the time the family moved west, but I trotted along with the folks and signed up for my last year of high school at Loyola High in Los Angeles. My plans were all laid out—as most boys' were in those pre-war years. I would finish high school, go to U.S.C. for a couple of years, and then go to Georgetown to the United States School of Foreign Service.

I got as far as U.S.C., and then of course—like everybody else my age—I went to war. Of course I spent most of my service time as an air corps cadet in the hospital with the old asthma on the rampage, and I never got overseas. But neither did I get to Georgetown. I will never know if I would have made a good diplomat. I could fill you in—and so could my folks—on how I did as a movie actor, and a radio actor, as manager of my dad's cynararia nursery and as a movie producer (get me!) and ultimately as the wizard of television, but I have long since cancelled all of those orders for

striped pants, tophats and tailcoats.

I think before I wind up these memoirs, I really ought to tell one story to get my father off the hook. After all, in picturing him as the man who dropped the ball, the man who built the immovable kayak, and the man in the white pongee suit, I am giving out a pretty one-sided portrait.

He's an avid hunter, and a good one, but he has never been able to live down a photograph one of his pals took of him at our ranch one fall. The picture is entitled The Quail Hunter and it shows Dad down on his belly in the field, aiming his gun with steely nerves at some object off scene. And nibbling at the heels of his very expensive hunting boots are five of the tamest looking quail you ever saw.

Dad could bring in the limit of anything and still be labeled "The Quail Hunter." Until he decided to go bear hunting in Alaska.

It was in the summer of 1941. Mother and I went with him—after all, he might get hurt.

Actually, we all hunted bear, and we all shot bear. I shot five or six. Everyone in our party, with the single exception of Dad, bagged at least one. Dad went out with us every day, but he didn't take a shot. At night he would explain that he didn't choose to shoot just any old bear, he wanted to shoot a good bear. As days went by, that story got weaker and weaker.

Our last day out, Dad spotted his prey, in a stream about 250 yards away.

He saw him first, and he announced "That is my bear."

It was the most enormous animal I had ever seen. I confess that most of us were thinking only of what would happen after Dad had missed him.

But he didn't miss. It took him twenty minutes to line up his shot, but he only shot once. That bullet went right through that bear's shoulders, the cleanest shot I ever saw. And when Dad's bear was measured that night, he found that he had missed the world's record by one quarter of an inch.

Nobody calls Dad The Quail Hunter any more. The picture of "his bear" has been pasted over that old photo.

Now, at least a couple of times a year, he spellbinds Kay's little daughter, Diane, with stories about the time he shot the biggest, well almost the biggest, bear in the world.

Diane thinks her grandfather is pretty special. Just as I did when my grandfather used to tell me about Buffalo Bill and the Indians.

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TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES

Check Your Local Paper For Time

That Guy Lombardo

(Continued from page 30)

I swallowed it hook, line and sinker. When we got there and I saw the band in formal summer dress I felt as foolish as a schoolgirl.

But as things turned out, my friends more than made up for their little joke. Several of our party knew Fred Kreitzer, Guy's pianist, and when he came to our table during one of the intermissions he told us about the litter of kittens which the house cat had recently presented to the management. Fred asked if we'd like to come backstage and see them, and since I loved animals I was eager for a look at the new arrivals. But I was completely unprepared for the real surprise that awaited me backstage.

The kittens were there all right, but so was Guy! He was seated at a table, feeding the little tabbies with crumbs from that Cheese Dream I mentioned. I was so surprised I couldn't speak for a moment. There I was being introduced to the famous Guy Lombardo.

But Guy—to whom I was just one of the hundreds he had to meet day after day—knew how to handle that. His pleasant, casual manner put me at ease and in a moment we were talking and laughing together quite naturally. I told him how much I enjoyed his music, and he in turn gallantly offered to play anything I requested. But all too soon the intermission was over and the band went back to play.

Guy came to our table several times that evening but I didn't know I was the reason for it—until he asked me to dance! I don't remember much of what we said, but anything Guy had talked about would have thrilled me. I know we discovered lots of mutual interests—sports and music and especially speedboating. Guy had been fascinated by speedboats ever since he was a little boy. I knew something about them, too, for I had often driven the boat of one of my friends. And when I told him I had studied piano, voice and violin, he was quite impressed. I quickly informed him, however, that as a musician I was a rank amateur. My violin playing probably would have been better if I had used a golf stick for a bow.

But the happiest surprise of the evening came when Guy asked if he might see me again. I was drifting on clouds. I don't believe in love at first sight but I think someone must have sprinkled stardust in my eyes that night.

Guy and I spent many happy days together that summer—boating, swimming, taking long walks—just enjoying each other.

In those days he didn't have a speedboat to tinker with, but he loved working on his car and was always trying to get more speed out of it. The engine was constantly undergoing major surgery, and I had lots of fun playing the role of chief nurse at my mechanical wizard's operations. I'd never met anyone quite like Guy before. He was always bubbling over with enthusiasm for some new project, yet never forgetting the practical things needed to make his dreams come true. By the time the summer ended and the Royal Canadians left to go on tour, I knew that Guy was a rare individual—and, to me, a very important one.

I don't imagine anyone would call the letters I received from Guy love letters. Mostly they were full of talk about music and sports and the things

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he was doing. But Guy could make even the most impersonal topics sound romantic. Besides, I was reading between the lines—I hoped—and so they were love letters to me. Sometimes I talked them over with my older sister, Viola. Viola and I were very devoted to each other and I always went to her for advice. Her quiet, serious ways were a good balance for my carefree, fun-loving nature. Together we made a good team—and we still do. Viola would never say much when I rambled on excitedly about Guy's letters but I could tell from her understanding smile that she thought they were love letters too. While Guy was away I had other dates, of course, but I began to notice that I was thinking more and more about him and saving all the important things to write to him.

Then one day he was back, calling for me in the old stained jumper he wore when he worked on his car, and we dashed off to test whether the latest mechanical improvement would push the speedometer up another notch. Love? Well, we weren't really thinking about it; we were having fun, and everything we did together seemed to click. But, as time went on, Guy's talk of future plans always included me, and the talk sounded perfectly natural. We both seemed to understand that someday we'd be married.

One afternoon Guy was busy making some adjustments on the car's engine. He was far under the hood, and I was passing tools to him. As he worked I heard him say, "Honey, the next band tour is going to be a long one. I'd like you to come along. Let's get married."

I took a deep breath. "Fine," I replied, calmly—as calmly as I could!—and handed him a wrench.

Suddenly he jumped up. "Hey, I just proposed to you!" he exclaimed. Like all men working on engines, he was smeared with grease, but even so he swept me into his arms and kissed me.

A few weeks later, after I'd got all the grease out of my hair, we were married.

We still joke about the fact that we've never really had a honeymoon. But this year we're going to do something about it. A trip to Europe, we hope—and we want to get to Italy in time for the speedboat races. Music is our greatest pleasure, but close behind in our affections come boats.

Even our home began with a boat. And a dream, of course—one of those dreams that Guy has such a talent for turning into reality. It started out to be

a summer cottage, but before we finished we had another big "Lombardo production" on our hands. We had purchased a cabin cruiser and had rented a dock for it on a canal in Freeport, Long Island. It would be fun, we thought, to live on the boat that summer and spend our days cruising. There was only one drawback. No telephone. And for Guy a phone is vital. So he had a line run to the dock and a phone installed in a little box on a post.

Well, our summer started gaily enough. We'd cruise during the day and return to the dock each evening, dog-tired and ready for a good night's rest. No sooner would we have the boat moored than that phone would start ringing. And the moment Guy left the shelter of the boat to answer it the skies would open and send rain pouring down. Poor Guy. There was nothing he could do about it. The calls were so important he just had to stand there talking in the rain, and by the time I came running with a raincoat he'd be soaked to the skin.

Guy is a patient man, but after a half dozen drenchings or so he gave up. "Lilliebell," he said. (He gets formal like that when he's about to make one of his major pronouncements.) "Lilliebell, we're going to build a summer cottage." "Wonderful," I answered. "Where?" "Right here," Guy replied. "We can buy a little piece of property around the dock and build ourselves a nice cottage. With a phone *inside!*"

So out came paper and pencils and we began planning. Guy started off with a basic thirty-by-thirty floor plan. Into it he tried to squeeze a million things—bedrooms, living room, kitchen, workshop, den. The longer we worked the more things he thought of to add. Finally he looked up in desperation. "This will never do," he said. "It's hardly big enough for a living room." So we decided to call Guy's brother, Joe. Joe is one of the best designers and decorators in the business, and we knew he would know what to do. What we didn't count on was how *much* he would do.

When Joe arrived he took one look at our plan and one at the property around the boat slip. Then he rubbed his hands happily together and set to work. Before the night was over our "little piece of property" had become three acres. And the house he and Guy dreamed up is a two-story, twelve-room affair with a nautical motif. Half of the house is built over the slip, on white cement pilings. The main living

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quarters are on the second floor, and on the ground floor are playrooms, work rooms and garage. A wide veranda on the second floor runs three-quarters of the way around the house.

Our modest thirty-by-thirty plan became the living room, and it's our special love. In spite of its size it's friendly and home-like. Large picture windows with bright, flowered drapes overlook the canal and lawns. On the knotty pine walls are pictures of our favorite sea scenes. The floor is on two levels. The lower level, by the fireplace, is semi-circular, bordered by white leather divans. The higher level has an immense green rug and right in the center is a long, red table. The rest of the furniture is on the massive side, done in white with a large green fern pattern.

I know it all sounds awfully large for two people, but when you think of the size of the Lombardo clan which often descends on us you can understand why we need so much room. Besides, with all our pets, we need lots of space to keep peace in the family.

As far back as I can remember I was always surrounded by pets. My family lived on a large estate and Dad just about turned it into a zoo. We had every imaginable kind of pet—even an eagle and a skunk. And there was a stable full of trotting and riding horses, too. But when Dad became ill we had to move to a more modest home and there was no room for our pets. Viola and I were heartbroken over losing them, but of course Dad's health came first.

Today Guy and I have started a little zoo of our own and it's rapidly becoming rather formidable. We have six dogs (five Pinschers and a wire-haired terrier), a Siamese cat, a parrot, two love birds and a marmoset monkey. She's a fantastic little creature, six inches tall, with a tail twice as long as her body. She prefers Jello and scalions for dessert. Fanny Lombardo we call her, and she's shamelessly in love with Guy. Loves nothing better than to cuddle on his shoulder and wrap her long tail around his neck. Sparky, the terrier, is Guy's favorite, though. And mine too. He was a prize for one of the speedboat races I won.

Guy's parents live in Connecticut, in a lovely home he built for them. Originally all the Lombardos planned to live there, but of course when the children got married they moved into places of their own. But they're still the closest family you ever saw. At the slightest excuse they'll get together for one of their wonderful family reunions. Any day will do—holiday, Sunday, what have you. The phone will ring and it will be one of the family saying, "Let's go out to Mom's."

Excursions to Mom's always have a festive air, like a country picnic. Joe, ever the decorator, usually arrives with a new piece of bric-a-brac. Then he chases around all day re-arranging things. He loves it at Mom's because she gives him a free hand. Guy's other brothers, Victor, Lebert and Carmen, with their wives and children, make a gay, noisy entry. Rosemarie and Elaine, Guy's sisters, are always on hand for the festivities too. Elaine and her husband, Kenny Gardner, have been bitten by the photography bug, and come laden with enough equipment to make a full-length movie. The children make the most of the big outdoors and their grandfather's pets. Papa Lombardo doesn't stop at dogs and cats—he has chickens and ducks and goats and rabbits, all in large quantities.

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Mom's table is always a masterpiece. There are heaping bowls of vegetable salad, peas steamed with onions, and sweet and sour carrots. Steaming platters of spaghetti usually serve as the main course—and there are three sauces to choose from. One with sweet and hot Italian sausage, one with sweetbreads and sauteed mushrooms, and a pungent, spicy, meat sauce. And heaps of fluffy hot biscuits, and a tasty wine from Papa Lombardo's cellar.

After supper we have a little siesta and Carmen usually plays the piano. Pretty soon the whole gang joins in, singing the sentimental old favorites. Sometimes Mom will give in to the boys' persuading and sing a lovely old lullaby. The festive mood gradually changes into one of tranquillity. The children's heads begin to nod and that's the sign that it's time to leave.

On those quiet rides home a gentle feeling of contentment and happiness steals over me. I lean back and close my eyes and count my blessings. How lucky I am to be part of such a family . . . how lucky to have a husband like Guy. How much I love him for the little things he does, as well as the big things.

Little things like never forgetting a birthday or an anniversary, like making his own holidays when the gift-giving spirit moves him. Guy returned from one tour on my birthday with a beautiful crystal ring set with rubies and diamonds. Then on Valentine's Day he gave me a matching bracelet. A few nights later I came to the supper table to find a jeweler's box by my plate. Inside was a lovely double crystal clip set with stones to match the ring and bracelet. Brushing the happy tears from my eyes I asked, "Any special event?"

"Two special events," he grinned, "rainy Tuesdays and you." Is it any wonder I'm so crazy about him?

Many of the famous bandleaders were once Guy's proteges—Louis Prima, Johnny Long, Freddy Martin, Lawrence Welk and the Korn Kobblers are just a few. But we both feel the most worthwhile thing we can do is to help underprivileged youngsters. Each summer we send a group of boys to camp, and Guy keeps several clubs supplied with sports equipment. As for the Royal Canadians, I think the fact that eight of the original nine men are still with Guy shows how much they think of each other.

Touring with the band is great fun, and I used to go along, but lately I haven't had the time. My breadwinner got so many projects going that one of us had to stay home and take care of them. And I can't lead a band!

Naturally, I missed the tours at first, but I was much too busy to mourn over past pleasures. Besides, I knew something would turn up to take their place

—and something did. Guy's friend, Frederic Ziv, one of the top talents in radio production, hatched the wonderful idea that resulted in the transcribed Guy Lombardo Show. Now, when the band is recording the program, I make my own little tours to New York to see them, and to watch the exciting Ziv magic turn out those letter-perfect radio shows.

Of course, most of Guy's projects center around speedboating. He's one of the finest speedboat drivers in the United States and has a whole room full of trophies from the races he's won. But his most prized possession is the trophy he won for first place in the 1946 International Gold Cup Regatta.

Guy has so many schemes underway that it's hard to keep track of them all. Besides his band work and speedboating, he's treasurer of the American Powerboat Association and owns two music publishing firms. As if all this weren't enough, our latest project was launched this summer—a restaurant.

For me it has been the most exciting thing we've done together. I was reading in the living room one evening and Guy was in the kitchen experimenting with a new variety of Cheese Dream. Suddenly I heard the familiar warning signal. "Lilliebell," he called, "can you think of any good reason why we shouldn't have our own restaurant?"

I made a few hesitant noises. "What's the matter?" he challenged. "Don't you think you can handle it?"

"All alone?" I asked.

"Well, I'll be away a lot, so it'll be mostly up to you," he said frankly; and his enthusiasm, as usual, caught me too.

"It's a deal," I grinned, picking up the phone to call Joe.

That's how the East Point House got started. It was lots of fun—planning with Guy and Joe, working out problems with the architects and contractors, seeing the sleek, modern building begin to take shape. It's really a magnificent place and we're very proud of it. There are long sliding windows to let in the ocean breezes, the walls are covered with large photo murals, the roof is made like a deck for outdoor dining, and in the cocktail lounge is a large glass case for our trophies.

The huge kitchen, with its great stoves and gleaming pots and pans was too much for Guy when he first saw it. "Boy," he said gleefully, and I could hear that dream machine of his shift into high. "Imagine what a tremendous Cheese Dream I can turn out here."

"Never!" I said, staggered by the thought and worried by the painful look on the face of our French chef.

But I know my Guy. One of these days he'll get to that kitchen and make another of his dreams come true.

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Read **BILL STERN'S**

"SPORT SURPRISE" feature in the current issue of **SPORT** magazine now on newsstands.



My Husband, Red Skelton

(Continued from page 33)

Red's profession had at long last driven him to this unusual pastime would be wrong. With his keen analysis of humor, my husband was just doing a little home work. He still collects clippings of ballet dancers, we attend every ballet possible, he reads books on ballet, and we saw "Red Shoes" five times. With a clinical eye, Red studies the grace and hand movements of the dancers that can be best utilized in his own comedy routines and pantomimes. We have a clip of the picture, "Bathing Beauty," in one sequence of which, as you may remember, Red disguised himself as a ballet dancer in a dancing class in a girls' school. He runs and re-runs it yet, studying the movements of the "other" artists. Naturally, being Red, he would have a foreign sound track dubbed in, and he awaits with eager expectancy the double-takes of our guests when they hear him speaking Spanish while doing nimble Arabesques in a bouffant pink ballet costume. Even then, Red is clocking their reactions and judging how much funnier the sequence is with the Spanish dialogue.

People are constantly asking me what it's like living with my favorite comedian.

Living with Red is like living with laughter. But it is far more than this too. It's living with a wonderful human being who has an affinity for nature and for his fellow man.

Red goes happily about the business of creating laughter with all the thoroughness of a laboratory technician. He studies real-life situations. Every night before he goes to bed he writes down fifteen of the funniest things he's heard throughout that day.

He has leather-bound volumes of notes he's taken about people he's met in trips across the country, complete with dates, names, probable ages, professions, conversations and usually candid shots of them. The pictures may be of a farmer astride a plow in a field, a man who owns a hardware store in Amarillo, Texas, a colored bootblack in New Mexico.

I wasn't able to accompany him on his last trip through the Southwest, but he introduced me eagerly to all his new friends "This is Tom and Bebe," he said of a snapshot from Dallas, Texas. "Tom's had diabetes very bad. For a year he sat up in a chair and wouldn't go to bed . . . says too many people die there. . . ."

People who invariably ask Red where he learned to "do a drunk" so realistically seem startled when he replies, "From children . . . from watching the unbalanced movements of a baby learning to walk." Red is always studying children's faces for a typical expression to pantomime. Everything comes from children, he says. Camera fiend that he is, he's been making movies of our two since they were five days old and he will pore over the pictures for hours at a time capturing some look.

He's a wonderful father for our vigorous offspring—and a highly entertaining one. For not only does Red read nursery tales to them, but he plays all the animal parts at the same time. A physical comic, Red can imitate the exact body movements of every animal. When Valentina says delightedly, "Do

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Have You Heard?



JOAN LANSING

Some men are better heard than seen but as the French say, there's an exception to every rule, and Don McNeill happens to be my favorite exception. Perhaps you'll say I can't go wrong when a man is 6' 2", dark and handsome. But, Don McNeill, the man who makes the Breakfast Club radio program my dish every morning at 9 AM, is no adde-pated adonis but a genuinely nice guy as I've found out from personal experience. For sixteen sensationally successful years he has worked on the theory that one man's corn is another man's candy, and his round-up of fun and foolishness (applauded by Swift, Philco and General Mills) turns me into a modern Minnie-Ha-Ha five times a week. But as he told me, variety probably accounts for the 250,000 fan letters he gets a year and to put it mildly the Breakfast Club is vivid with variety. There's spontaneous comic combustion, sentiment, nostalgia and a time for prayer and hymns, many of which McNeill writes himself. To use an old vaudeville billing, the Breakfast Club is 60 beautiful minutes 60, generated by the gentleman who's made America realize coffee and comedy go well together—Don McNeill. Just a reminder—Don and the gang get together over ABC every morning at 9 o'clock EST.

★ ★ ★

Unless my eyes and ears deceive me where there's a groom there's a bride but—what's even more intriguing—there's often a tale of a romance that's riotous enough to pin your ears back. Since marriage is a public affair every day on "Bride and Groom" at 2:30 PM EST I've heard some startling stories of "how they met." Think the story that should win a place in the Hall of Fame is the one about the shortstop who missed a fly ball that soared through the air with the greatest of wizz and hit the future Mrs. Shortstop on the heart! It's just such miraculous meetings and a delightful aura of hope, happiness and humor that make "Bride and Groom" the sterling (Sterling Drug that is) marital marvel that it is! Remember you can join the fun at 2:30 PM EST every weekday by tuning in your local American Broadcasting Company station.

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Diet tips from a food expert.

Joan Lansing

Advertisement

a deer, Daddy," Red really "does" a deer, with all its frightened shyness. When he does a grizzly bear he waddles clumsily around the floor with a bear's familiar rolling gait. And when, for an encore, he decides to be a bunny rabbit, he literally turns into one, with big eyes and ears and a floppy jump.

Red works in his beloved little "bachelor hideaway" which I converted from the guesthouse for him, and which boasts its own front lawn and flower gardens, including a row of prize peonies and dahlias Red proudly planted himself. It was this guesthouse, together with the picturesque spiral staircase and the unusual architecture of the quaint round hall of the Georgian Colonial house that made us fall in love with the place immediately and know, after months of house-hunting, that at long last we were home.

Believing a home should be an expression of the personalities of the people who live there, I redecorated it completely into "Comfortable Modern," which seems to suit our household. To wit: our two baby redheads, who have their separate rooms and nursery and their own little winding stairway; our housekeeper, Ida; our Scotch nurse, Margaret; Red's beloved thirteen-year-old cat, Lucky, another good-luck piece through show business; and our neighbor's visiting Great Dane dog, Duke, who has so lovingly adopted Red.

We redecorated Red's den too, lightening its original dirty-brown walls by using pale rose and lemon yellow to give the illusion of lots of sunlight. This, one might say is done in Comfortable *Electrical* Modern, since it's furnished with an electric typewriter, electric pencil sharpener, wire recorder, television, radio-phonograph, movie projector, film cutting equipment, a two-burner electric stove (I surprised him with that for his birthday after seeing him eyeing it wistfully in a hardware store), and a small electric trailer-size refrigerator we bought with money we'd saved out of our vacation fun and which I keep well stocked with bacon, eggs, roquefort cheese, brown beans and cokes, so Red can whip himself up a snack when he's working late—many nights until four A. M.

An acquaintance was a little startled the other morning to find my husband working in the garden, laying bricks and mixing cement while attired in a grey flannel suit and his best brown suede shoes.

At her look, Red remarked, "Never did like brown suede shoes anyway."

She thought it was funny. But to me it was a little heartbreaking, for I knew only too well why Red was all dressed up working away. Why he stays dressed up even at home all the time. Mostly to convince himself that, even now, he has a coat and pants that match. Too vivid still are the memories of an impressionable kid who left home at the age of ten because he was hungry. Too sad those years in which his widowed mother fought a losing battle to find enough food for her brood. And during which, as Red says, "I never had a suit that matched. Always as a kid I just had a pair of pants and a sweater. Sometimes I can't believe I have one now. So I wear them. . . ."

So—we make an extra big thing out of celebrating Christmas and birthdays and all holidays now. I always decorate the house, say, for Hallowe'en, and we dine by the light of pumpkins with little candles in them. For months before Christmas we go window shopping together, each of us noting the counters where the other stops and particularly the gifts admired. Then, come Christmas morning, we've surprised each other with a number of them.

Red is an overgrown "Junior" about presents anyway, and is as proud as a kid of the gold gifts people have given him, not so much for their monetary value as for the sentiment expressed by those who gave them. He has gold watches from Eddie Cantor and Danny Thomas. A gold key to our home. And a miniature gold album, Edna's birthday gift to him, which attaches to his key chain (gold) and is filled with tiny miniature gold frames and pictures of his mother, myself, the children, Edna, and all the members of the cast of his radio show.

Red's as psychic as he is sentimental. On one hunting trip to Wyoming he was enthralled by a picturesque little town he passed through high up in the mountains in Colorado. For some strange reason he felt drawn to the place, he said, when he called me the next evening, still full of excitement about it.

"You've got to see it too, Little Red. Some day I'll bring you back with me and we'll visit it again."

When I inquired the name of the town and he said, "Glenwood Springs, Colorado," I laughed . . . but softly. For I had already seen it. I was born there.

When Red was stationed in Italy he wrote, "I'll be home in six months." And in exactly six months and three

the man who spreads the golden rule . . .



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days, Red was back home with us. He was a little "psychic" about our wedding date too, although in this case it was a planned state of mind. And one which struck no common romantic chord with his C.O. in the Army who, when he read the news, threatened to "send that Skelton to Calcutta—and lose him—for this!"

When Red had first mentioned getting married I told him I thought we should know each other at least a year. By that time we should at least be familiar with, if not acclimated to, each other's faults and virtues. One year from that date Red managed to get leave from the Army base where he was stationed in Virginia and come home. Realizing he could hardly ask for leave just to get married, Red conveniently remembered the tonsils his family physician had advised him having out long before. He had the tonsillectomy—but after the marriage ceremony.

We were married in Beverly Vista Church with only immediate relatives and a few intimate friends present. It was then I got an insight into the Skelton sense of humor on his mother's side, when at the small reception following the ceremony she became a casualty of a bottle of champagne that fell off the sideboard and broke, scattering splinters of glass on her feet.

To her son's solicitous inquiry, "Are you all right, Mur?" she grinned, "To heck with my legs. They're sixty years old. But this was a fresh bottle of champagne."

Red's a hostess's headache at Hollywood dinner parties, for he has no qualms about insisting she rearrange her table seating, saying politely, "If you don't mind, I'd like to sit next to Mrs. Skelton." When the surprised hostess, who probably can't comprehend why any husband doesn't want to take advantage of even this brief matrimonial respite, objects mildly, saying this will throw off her entire table arrangements, Red is equally positive.

"I married her because I want to be near her," he insists. And the switch is made. He's always been a little puzzled over this bit of social strategy. "I can't understand why they want to split 'em up anyway," he says.

True Irish, my husband has all of that noble race's sentiment. Equally, all the fire. Nothing gets his Irish up and going overtime like any traitorous affiliation against this country. He resents as a personal affront the "Com-mies" or any who engage in un-American activities against a country to which Red is so humbly grateful. A country whose way of life has enabled a penniless red-thatched Hoosier kid to enjoy its fullest opportunities.

When material worries like production meetings and big budgets close in on him, Red envisions establishing his own Skelton Shangri-La, a cattle ranch, on top of Big Sir mountain near Carmel. There he can run Angus cattle, and there he, too, can roam at will.

Like Will Rogers, my husband never meets a man he does not like. In fact, he never meets a man he doesn't already "know." It makes him feel so good now to walk down a street in a strange town and have people address him naturally with, "Hi, Red!" And, he adds happily, "offer me a cup of coffee—just like I'd lived there all my life!"

It makes me proud when I walk into a room with him and watch the way people brighten up.

Then once again, I'm glad that my husband is Red Skelton.

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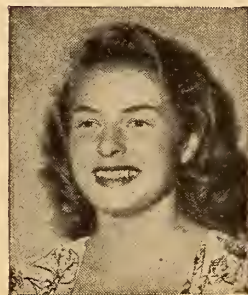
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Johnny Olsen

(Continued from page 28)

dinner where you move to a new location for each course. Just latch on and keep up until we can go home."

It sounded hectic but fun. In the WABD dressing room, where Penny was firmly lipsticking a televisable mouth and Johnny slicking his smooth hair down just a little slicker, there was only time enough to ask, "How's Lena, the good luck poodle?"

Forty-five minutes and a half-dozen quiz contestants later, in a taxi, Penny caught her breath to answer, "About Lena—I just clipped off all her hair, and she's the funniest sight. I was walking her on Riverside Drive the other day when a boy stepped up to ask, 'Lady, is that really a baby lion?'"

Lena's position, officially, is that of mascot. Her arrival marked the end of a run of hard luck and sorrow which RADIO MIRROR readers, too, had a hand in breaking.

"You remember all the awful things which happened to us after our little dog died last winter," says Penny. "That was the start, and a deluge followed. Johnny's father passed away, and we were both terribly broken up. Then it was the apartment. That meant an awful lot to us, for it was the first real home we'd had in years. We sent for our antiques and started to settle down at last."

Her face clouds at the recollection. "It never occurred to us, when we were invited disaster. On a Rumpus Room broadcast, we announced it was finished. That same night, on another show, we got word it was on fire. We rushed home and found that we had been robbed, too—all we had left was the clothes on our backs.

"It hit doubly hard because I had to go to the hospital for an immediate operation. Next, Johnny's best programs cancelled. We felt as though we had lost our last friend.

"We were feeling so low that John Gibbs, Johnny's friend and agent, decided to take a hand," Penny continues. "He brought us Lena, assuring us a new dog would change our luck.

"It was the strangest thing, but do you know she did? The very next day, Johnny got a new show. Then the RADIO MIRROR story ran—but let us show you, rather than tell you, what happened after that."

When the taxi delivers you on Park Avenue, Lena, the animated good luck piece, makes herself heard before she is seen. Her happy yips start as soon as the elevator lands, and when the door opens, she hurls herself, ecstatic with joy, into Johnny's arms.

Says Penny, "She's the jumpingest dog. Sometimes I think she's crossed with tomcat or jackrabbit."

Although the Olsens look out on the towers of Manhattan, the interior of the apartment presents a rustic aspect. Johnny and Penny, forever homesick for the country, have created a sky-high version of a Midwest farmhouse.

Antiques furnish the spacious living room, and each one has a story. Stopping in front of the open-front maple dresser, Penny lifts a plate. "This china came from Johnny's home, and the milk glass was my mother's."

"And Penny's grandfather carved the settee in the hall," Johnny volunteers. "We're sort of sentimental," Penny confesses, "I guess we both like old-

so soft!



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fashioned country things best of all." "We're sentimental about our fans, too," says Johnny. "Our families' fire shower surprised us, but the second shower, from RADIO MIRROR readers, really knocked us for a loop. Come on, Penny, let's get the things."

They return, arms heaped high with hand towels, bath towels, dish towels and sheets. "I've never had such linen in my life," Penny says. "I received some of the most gorgeous luncheon sets."

Deeply serious for a moment, Johnny says, "Tell everyone how much we appreciated the gifts, will you? We'll never forget what our friends did for us."

Says Penny, "Much as I love every single present, I can't help feeling people shouldn't have done it. I know some of them had to sacrifice things they needed themselves in order to send these to us."

"Well," says Johnny reflectively, "there's joy in giving, as well as receiving. We've handed out over a million prizes, but I still get just as much kick out of it as the contestant, providing it's a fun prize—something which doesn't amount to a great deal, but which the person will enjoy using."

"This may be a strange thing for a quiz master to say, but it turns me sick to have a contestant get within reaching distance of a whopping big award and then miss the question. When I see that shocked, dead look come over their faces, I realize that winning, to them, meant getting rid of the mortgage or paying for an operation. I know they'll forever reproach themselves for missing the question."

Penny, well aware of Johnny's habit of carrying his listeners' problems home with him, seeks to switch the conversation to a lighter vein. "I won a quiz prize once. In fact, because of it, I actually got on ABC before Johnny did."

She goes on to tell how, when Johnny came to New York to apply for a job, she waited in the corridor until a man came by and asked if she would like to be on Ladies Be Seated.

Penny says, "I had never heard of a 'regular'—a person who goes to every audience show—and I certainly didn't know that their badge at that time was a red hat. Ed East, with a then-new show to run, thought it wise to choose a few persons who had seen a microphone before. He spotted the red hat I had on and invited me in."

"I answered my questions, and I'd won an ironing board before it dawned on me that would be pretty clumsy to tote home to Milwaukee if Johnny didn't get his job. I also thought of how little cash we had. So I asked East if he would buy it back. He gave me the most disgusted look. He must have figured he had a real nut on his hands and it was worth anything to keep the peace. He gave me three dollars."

The big clock booms three deep notes. Johnny looks up with a grin. "Coffee time?"

"Coffee time," Penny agrees. Leading the expedition into the kitchen, she comments, "After ten years of learning Olsen's Norwegian habits, you'd never guess my ancestors were Irish."

She sets the coffee to perk, then says, "It will take only a minute or two to get dinner started. We're having Johnny's favorite dish — Norwegian hamburger soup."

"It's really like a stew," Johnny explains. "My mother, having ten children,

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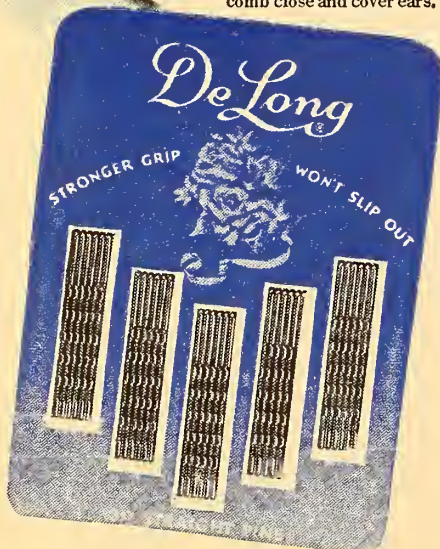
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used to cook it to make the meat stretch. We'd make a meal of it."

Penny takes a fresh recipe card from her file box. "Let me tell RADIO MIRROR readers how to make it. Giving the recipe is one way to say thank you for the shower. Just follow these directions:"

Norwegian Hamburger Soup

Break an egg into a mixing bowl. Beat slightly, and to it add salt, pepper, a dash of sage, a chopped onion, and just a little garlic.

Add the hamburger, mix thoroughly, shape into small balls, and roll the balls in flour. Melt fat in a dutch oven, and when it's sizzling, drop in the hamburger balls to brown. Add some water, and let simmer for about three hours or more.

When the meat is cooked, add the vegetables—carrots, celery, potatoes, peas, green beans, cabbage and tomatoes. Simmer for an additional thirty minutes.

"Then add one more line," Johnny instructs. "Deelicious! Penny is my favorite cook."

"And it's just lucky I like it," Penny continues, "for Johnny never wants to go out to eat. I suppose the only way we manage the schedule we do is because when we're through, we come home, get into old clothes and really let our hair down and relax.

"Johnny has his record collection, and I've got my cooking for hobbies. The most fun I've had in a long while was when my niece came here on her honeymoon. I'd always wanted to cook a wedding dinner, so we put all the leaves in the table and called our friends and relatives.

"I set the table with my best linen, and of course there were flowers. First of all, we started with cream of chicken soup, and after that, we had fried chicken, carrots and peas, potatoes and gravy, and green salad. For relishes, I had home made dill pickles, stuffed celery, and radishes. I baked Parker House rolls and served them with melting butter. For dessert, we had strawberry shortcake, followed by mints and coffee."

"Just a simple little meal, tossed together after a day over a hot microphone," says Johnny with a grin.

Penny matches his smile. "Savour the recollection, my lad, for you get store-bought cake with your coffee today. The housekeeping suffers when I fly out to Chicago to watch you televise Fun for the Money."

"It's worth it," Johnny replies. "We've worked together so long that I'm lost without Penny. Even if she isn't on the show, I need her in the audience. We are partners in everything we do. One is no good without the other."

"How's about a little partnership in setting the table?" Penny suggests. "The hamburger balls are almost brown enough, Lena wants to be fed, the coffee's ready, and everything seems to be happening at once."

"Sure," says Johnny, ambling into the yellow-walled dining room. He takes dishes from the china closet, then holds up a cup for inspection. The pattern is a scene which might have been drawn from Penny's Wisconsin hills.

"See," says Johnny, "we can't get away from it, even in dishes. We may live in the biggest city on earth, but Penny and I like to think we're still country kids."



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The Man Who Invented Enterprise

(Continued from page 36)

popular radio programs—House Party, People Are Funny, and You Bet Your Life. He's the vice president of John Guedel Radio Productions (there is no president, but there are fifty-nine vice presidents).

He's the guy who invented the word enterprise.

At least four stars date their careers BG and AG—before Guedel and after Guedel.

Granted, Art Linkletter, Harriet and Ozzie Nelson, and Groucho Marx were already radio personalities when they met John. But all four of them are quick to admit that their stars took on a brighter light the day John Guedel stepped into their lives.

Ozzie was a bandleader and Harriet his singer, providing the musical entertainment on The Red Skelton show. Occasionally, they played foil for Red. John was producer of the show in those days and naturally got to know Harriet and Ozzie pretty well. One day, he got an idea for a switch.

"Why don't you and Harriet work up a show of your own?" he said to Ozzie. "Portray yourselves in a situation comedy. Let the music become incidental."

Ozzie liked this idea so much he set to work to write the script himself. Later, when Skelton entered the Army, John sold The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet to replace Red. For the past two years, the show won RADIO MIRROR Magazine's poll for the most popular husband and wife team on the air.

When John Guedel met Groucho Marx, Groucho's movie career as one of the Four Marx Brothers (with the other three no longer around) had come to an impasse. Groucho had made three stabs at a radio show of his own, and now he was doing guest appearances on other, more popular radio comedians' programs.

John dropped by the studio the night Groucho was guesting on Bob Hope's show. In the middle of a scene, Bob accidentally dropped his script. Groucho tossed his script in the air. For the next ten minutes Hope and Marx fought it out—ad lib for ad lib. The audience was weak from laughter when the program came to an end.

The wheels began turning in John's head. What made Groucho so funny tonight? Could it be that the material that came out of his mouth, off the cuff so to speak, was better than that of any script writer? It not only could be. It was.

John approached Groucho and said "Hiring you for a scripted show is like buying a Cadillac for hauling coal. What you need is a show *without* a script—a program that will capitalize on your natural wit."

Thus was born the You Bet Your Life program—the show that won both major radio awards in 1949. The radio editors of America picked it as the best quiz show in 1948 and, much to Groucho's surprise, it won the Peabody Award for being the best comedy show.

In the case of Art Linkletter, it was just lucky chance that John Guedel switched on his car radio to a San Francisco station one day while riding to work in Los Angeles. A local show was on the air called Who's Dancing Tonight? John liked the friendly voice coming over the airways. He made a

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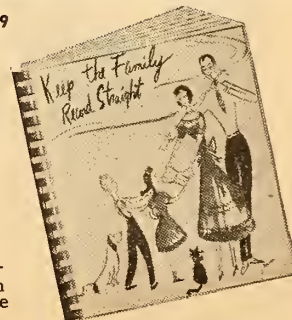
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mental note that he wanted to meet the guy behind that voice—Art Linkletter.

Two years later, in 1941, Art was visiting Los Angeles. A mutual friend arranged a meeting. John says, "We struck it off right away. When we got together, things began to blossom."

"Making things blossom" is not new to John's family or friends.

John's enterprising nature came to the fore shortly after his family moved to Beverly Hills from Portland, Indiana. John decided to go into the pop business. But he wasn't content with just one stand. John had vision. He wanted to be the Pop King of Beverly Hills. He opened a series of stands.

This required finding a lot of stand operators. An easy feat for John. He made the job sound so enticing to the neighborhood kids that they all agreed to work for free. The only remuneration they received was all the pop they could drink—before 9:30 in the morning, and the title of manager—all day. John admits he shamelessly exploited his playmates, but they loved their title so much they became his willing slaves.

In 1931 John graduated from high school and the next fall he entered the University of California at Los Angeles. While he was in high school and during his freshman year of college, John's family changed homes frequently.

"The houses kept getting bigger and bigger," John says, "until one day my father called a family meeting in the living room of our rather spacious Bel Air mansion. He had an announcement to make."

"We're wiped out," John's father stated simply.

In the year 1932 a lot of men were telling this same story to their wives and children. John was shocked but he only felt sorry for himself for about five minutes. Then he began to think of ways and means. He says that lack of money in his instance was a godsend. Until that time, he had no particular ambitions and no goal in mind. Now he had a goal. He would become a writer.

John's father, in the meantime, had decided to become a writer too. He had once been a very successful manufacturer and real estate man, but he had always wanted to be a writer. Besides, to start over in business, he would have to have capital. To be a writer, "capital" need be only one type-writer. They had that.

He and John took turns at the typewriter and fortunately Pop began selling stories to the pulp magazines for John didn't sell a thing.

Several rejection slips later, John decided he'd better get a job, if he could, and write on the side.

He got a job selling the kind of paper you see in drugstores, pasted on the mirror to advertise malted milks and ice cream sodas. The company gave John Indiana and Illinois as his territory. And this was all they gave him. For John had to purchase the paper outright. If he could sell it, swell. If not, he was stuck with it. And stuck with it he was. The company went bankrupt.

John returned to California. At least it was warm there.

He kept writing whenever he got a chance. When the rejection slips started piling up, John remembered the advice of his English high school teacher. She said, "Write what you know about." John decided to try this out and started writing the story of his

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life. He was nineteen years old then. John reckons he amassed 187 rejection slips from thirty-five stories written during his sleeping bag period (including twenty for his autobiography). Today, hanging on the wall of his spacious office overlooking Hollywood's radio row are those rejection slips, all neatly framed. John calls his picture, which hangs opposite his desk, "Lest We Forget."

In the Spring of 1933 things began to look up. John sold a cartoon idea to *Esquire Magazine* for five dollars. And a few months later he sold a magazine story for fifteen dollars. This was the extent of his career as a magazine writer, but it did encourage him to keep on writing.

The following Fourth of July found John broke again, still out of a job. He decided to go to the beach. When his family was in the chips, they had belonged to the Bel Air Bay Club, exclusive beach swimming resort. Remembering how clean the sand was there, John went to the public beach a half mile past the Club and worked his way back along the sand. He saw a young man he thought he recognized, sitting near one of the cabanas. The young fellow turned out to be Hal Roach, Jr., whom John had met several years before. Through this chance meeting, John got a job writing "Our Gang Comedies" for twenty-five dollars a week.

He was on easy street now, he thought. Then the studio closed down. Mr. Roach had decided to go bear hunting, and every time he went on a hunting expedition he closed the studio.

The only job open at that time was one John took—working for the Beverly Hills Sewer Department. John was smaller than most of the fellows on the crew so the foreman sent him down into the pipes when he thought gas might be escaping. Luckily, none ever was.

In 1934 he met a cartoonist and they worked out an idea for a comic strip. Then they went down the list of news service agencies in alphabetical order. NEA was the only one that answered. An NEA official wired—"Not interested in the drawings but interested in the man who writes the words."

John wired back, "Does that mean I have a job?"

The reply was vague, so John borrowed enough money to get back to Cleveland, the home office of NEA. The official was so astonished to see him that he put him to work on a daily column, called "Barbs", which appeared in NEA's 733 papers. For this he received twenty-five dollars a week.

But John still wanted to write for pictures. He figured out that the best way to get the attention of the picture people was to write dirty cracks about the movies and send them to the producers. Finally, one producer took the bait—Hal Roach. The studio had reopened. John went back to work in Hollywood for the next two years, during which time Roach shut the studio down six times.

In October of 1936, John married Beth Pingree. Later that month John lost his job at the Roach Studio. (It was bear hunting season again.)

"We had \$700 in the bank, between us," John says. "And Beth didn't want me to get just another job. She wanted me to be a writer. So she got a job and I stayed home and wrote. We figured that we could live on \$97.73 a month, but by April of the next year



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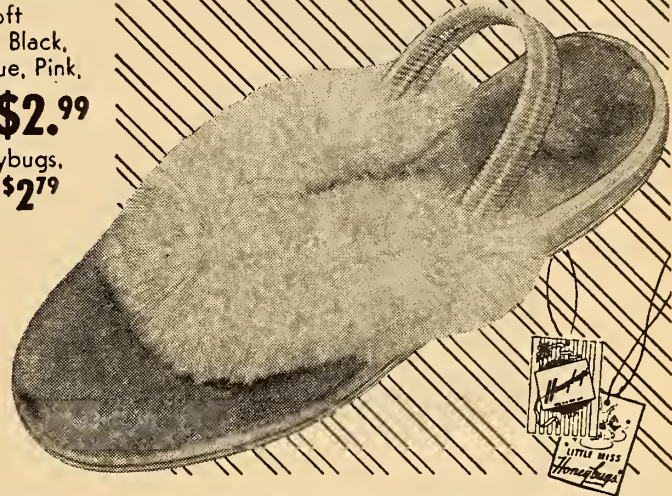
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I've always had expensive bras made to order. But I could never get the satisfactory fit, style and attractive bustline for my full bust that your "Yuth-Bust" bra now gives me.
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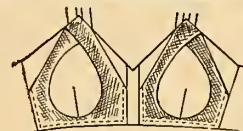
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Illustrated are some of the large bust types who can be helped.



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we were down to our last twenty-three dollars. That is when I decided to go into radio writing. I got a job in the first advertising agency where I applied. At first I did nothing but write jokes. Then I got a chance at more serious stuff. I began writing half-hour dramas for Forest Lawn Memorial Park."

During this period, John says, he committed two major crimes—he originated the singing commercial announcement and the audience stunt show.

The audience stunt show idea came to him one day while doing research on James Garfield in the public library. He accidentally pulled out an old book called *Games*, and this gave him the idea for a switch on straight quiz shows.

"They weren't new ideas," John admits, "just twists on old ones."

He developed a show called *Pull Over Neighbor*. The first stunt was simple, but it presaged great things to come. A contestant was supposed to sing "Smiles" and at the end of each line, John shoved an ice cube in the man's mouth. The stunt brought down the house, just as the house comes down today when a contestant on *People Are Funny* (an outgrowth of *Pull Over Neighbor*) gets a pie shoved in his face by Johnny's father. Yes, Pop, as everyone calls him, is a vice president in John Guedel Productions too—and a very important one. He's script editor on the *People Are Funny* program. Sixty-three years old now, he's been earning a living by writing ever since that fateful day in 1932.

John's mighty proud of him. And he's mighty proud of John.

For John's sleeping bag days are far behind him. Today, his earnings average \$150,000 a year. He has a beautiful wife and two adorable children.

But John Guedel isn't resting on his laurels. As a matter of fact, he's just getting started, judging from the reports of his nineteen-day European "vacation" this past summer.

Between visits to Napoleon's Tomb and the Louvre, John managed to transact the following business deals:

An agreement to transcribe *People Are Funny* and *House Party* into English, Italian, Spanish and French to be broadcast over the forty-seven Luxembourg radio stations . . .

A deal with a London baby carriage factory to manufacture a new-type carriage for countries on the Continent . . .

And a deal to sew up the popcorn concession in 1,700 theatres in France, the Netherlands, Italy and England, as well as street sales.

Popcorn is not yet fashionable in these countries—but it will be, it will be!




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When a Girl Marries

(Continued from page 45)

normal, healthy, in no way handicapped woman who is so callous to her most fundamental responsibility that she is willing—even eager—to give up her child. That she is being encouraged to do this by the man she intends to marry promises poorly for the marriage, but this, of course, isn't your problem.

Actually, this man has made an important point in saying that the boy would be happier with you than with his own mother, for feeling as they do about him, it is not likely that your sister and her fiancé will exert themselves to make a successful home for the child. It is all very well to insist "He is your child, take him!" but what of the boy himself? Shunted about in this brutal way, it seems almost inevitable that he will build up that dangerous sense of being unwanted which psychologists tell us is at the bottom of so much adult misery and maladjustment. For the sake of the boy's happiness, perhaps you can arrange a compromise with your sister. Make your insistence purely financial. Explain—if necessary, call a family council including her fiancé—that you are willing to give the boy a happy home which it seems evident that he could never have with his mother, but that you positively cannot burden your husband with the increased expenditures that a growing boy entails. If they are willing to contribute adequately to the child's support, the chief reason for your unwillingness to keep him will be removed. If they refuse, I think you must then insist that your sister assume complete responsibility, for you are not justified in penalizing your husband and your own boys for her greater comfort.

But, no matter how the situation resolves itself—will you be careful to keep the boy from being too cruelly hurt? The most crushing unhappiness is likely to fall on his young shoulders unless somebody stands by with understanding help . . . and it looks as though, no matter what happens, you and your husband and your own boys will have to give him that.

BEWILDERED

Dear Joan:

What is the social status of a teen-age girl with an annulled marriage? We were just too young and since I've returned home I realize that and would like to get back into the teen-age activities I used to enjoy. I'm so bewildered at times I'm not sure if I should act as a single girl, a wife, or a widow.

E. A. B.

Dear E. A. B.:

If your marriage annulment and return home have all been rather recent, both you and your friends will naturally feel a certain self-consciousness at your reentrance into the group. Time will ease any strain, however, particularly if you learn to handle yourself with poise and honesty. By all means consider yourself a single girl; even legally your marriage is held not to have existed, and there is no reason why you should carry its memory around with you to blunt the pleasures of your "second chance." Don't talk about it; don't fall into the trap of trying to impress your girl friends with how much more experienced you are than they; and make it plain to the boys you know, in a friendly, quiet way, that you expect to be treated just like any

Small BUST WOMEN

Sizes 28 to 38

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Special Design "Up-and-Out" Bra Gives You A Fuller, Alluring Bustline Instantly!

NO PADS! NO ARTIFICIAL BUST BUILDUP NEEDED

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Color.....How Many.....Size.....
Name.....
Address.....
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 Check here if you wish to save postage by enclosing \$2.49 with coupon. Same Money Back Guaranteed.

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Special patent pending bust molding feature on inside of bra lifts, supports and cups your busts. No Matter Whether They Are Small, Flat or Sagging, Into Fuller, Well-Rounded "Up-and-Out" curves like magic instantly!



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Just try this SYSTEM on your hair 7 days and see if you are really enjoying the pleasure of ATTRACTIVE HAIR that can so very often capture Love and Romance for you. MARVELOUS HELP for DRY, BRITTLE, Breaking-Off HAIR

WHEN SCALP and HAIR CONDITIONS are normal and dry, brittle, breaking-off hair can be retarded, it has a chance to get longer and much more beautiful. Amazing. The JUELENE System is not a hair restorative.

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Just try the JUELENE SYSTEM for 7 days. Then let your mirror PROVE the thrilling results. JUELENE comes in 2 Forms Pomade Liquid. SEND FOR IT TODAY! C. O. D. \$1.00 plus Government charges. It is fully guaranteed. Money back if you are not delighted. Write Now! JUEL CO., 4727 N. Damen, Dept. B-610, Chicago 25, Ill.

other girl they date. As time goes by, and especially as you meet new people, you'll find that the brief, unhappy episode has almost passed from everyone's mind, including your own.

SACRIFICE

Dear Joan:

I have been married for ten years to the finest of husbands and I love him with all my heart—so much that I would be willing to give him up if I felt it would be best. Since the second year of our marriage, I have not been well. We have had no children and have not led a normal married life. I have seldom been able to share in his participation in community activities and our social life has been practically non-existent.

Through it all, my husband has been loving, patient, deeply devoted. We still share a deep love. However, more and more I feel like a burden to him, and wonder if he would not find greater happiness if I were to leave him. Should I offer him a divorce?

Mrs. E. B. B.

Dear Mrs. E. B. B.:

Aren't you going out of your way to look for trouble? This, essentially, is your husband's problem, and from your description of his conduct he has met that problem in a mature, self-controlled, understanding manner—met it so successfully that the deep love you speak of must truly be the motivating force behind his actions. He hasn't given you cause for the slightest suspicion that he may be longing for freedom; on the contrary, it is evident that his relationship with you, your mutual happiness, are the most important things in his life. Why not strive to pattern your behavior on his, rather than allow yourself to fall into the invalid pitfall of brooding?

You don't say to what extent you are prevented from leading a normal social life. In these days, even partially disabled people find it possible to live happily and, within limits, actively. If you can't go out, perhaps you can do some quiet entertaining at home—even if you must do it from your bed. Don't worry about elaborate preparations for guests; a home that is warmed by the loving kindness which you and your husband share is bound to give pleasure to all who enter it. There seems no reason why you cannot enter into some of your husband's mental activities, talk over problems with him, interest yourself verbally in his affairs even though you cannot go about with him to any great extent. There are a dozen hobbies you might work out together, there are music and books and people to be discussed.

Probably you have allowed your mind to become inactive as, more and more, worry and apprehension crept into it. The only way to solve that problem is to pull yourself up by the bootstraps. Take another look at your life from a new point of view; surely there are many avenues of activity open to you. And if the opening of them calls for real effort . . . isn't your husband's increased happiness worth that?

OUT OF THE PAST

Dear Joan:

When I was fourteen my stepmother, who hated me, persuaded my father to have me sent to a reform school for incorrigibility. I stayed there until I was nineteen. It was one of the new, modern schools and I had every advantage

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Joyce Thoresen (Miss Photoflash of 1948) recently engaged, keeps her hands soft and free from chapping with Italian Balm.

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WRITE FOR A COPY.

there I should have gotten at home—good schooling, pleasant living quarters. When I left they got me a job as a stenographer. I owed everything to my housemother, who taught me what a good life could mean.

I married a young advertising man and we lived in Chicago for eleven years. Now we have moved with our two children to a small New England city where my husband has an excellent position. But last week a new family moved into the house next door; it is my housemother and her family. I met her yesterday at the market. We looked into each other's eyes, and I didn't speak.

What shall I do? I couldn't bear it if my husband and my girls ever found out where I knew her. But she meant so much in my life, I feel so ungrateful now.

Mrs. H. S.

Dear Mrs. H. S.:

Reluctant as I am to say so, we all do learn as we grow older that these are times when complete, outspoken honesty is not the wisest course, that under some circumstances it may be advisable for the happiness of ourselves or those we love to recall that silence is golden. I think that yours is to some extent one of those cases. There is no reason to expose your two small girls to what must, to them, be a most upsetting revelation about their mother.

On the other hand, your husband is a grown person, capable of understanding your explanation of the past and of making his own judgment about it. Surely, after so many years of happy married life, you can trust his love and his basic valuation of you enough to tell him of your youthful difficulty. To be sure, there is another course open to you. You can arrange to have a private talk with your former housemother and explain your dilemma to her. Perhaps between the two of you you can concoct a convincing explanation of previous acquaintance which does not mention the reformatory, and you can then resume the friendship that was once so valuable to you. However, this involves a deliberate and sustained deception of your husband, and I can't recommend that you undertake it unless you're absolutely certain that your husband's faith and security would not survive the truth. I'm sure your friend will understand and agree that there's no reason for your children or the rest of the town to know the truth, but your husband is in a different category. Don't put yourself in the position of sharing with another person a secret which so intimately concerns you, and which your husband does not know, except as a last resort.

As this month's problem, I have chosen a letter which I believe will find its echo in many unhappy hearts. Mrs. R. E. has indeed a bitterly difficult choice to make. Can you help her? For the letter which offers the best solution, Radio Mirror will pay \$25.

Dear Joan Davis:

I was an unwed mother when my baby girl was born, so my sister took her and raised her as her own. Soon after, I married, and my husband and I had two children. Last month my sister died, and my brother-in-law is unable to keep his own children or mine so he is putting her in a home. Should I claim her and tell my husband about her, or must I keep silent and let my baby be adopted?

Mrs. R. E.



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Be Thankful for These

(Continued from page 56)

PEACH UPSIDE-DOWN CAKE

- 1/4 cup butter or margarine
- 2/3 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 9 canned peach halves
- 2 cups sifted flour
- 3 teaspoons baking powder
- 1/4 cup shortening
- 1 cup granulated sugar
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 2/3 cup milk
- currant jelly
- walnut halves

Scatter 1/4 cup butter in small bits over the bottom of a greased 8-inch square pan. Place in a moderate oven (350°F.) to soften butter. (Don't melt). Add brown sugar and blend well with softened butter. Place peach halves on top of sugar mixture, round side up. Mix and sift flour and baking powder. Cream shortening with granulated sugar. Beat in eggs. Add dry ingredients, alternately with milk, beating just until smooth after each addition. Pour over peaches. Bake in a moderate oven 40 to 50 minutes, or until toothpick inserted in center comes out dry. Let cool 5 minutes. Then turn out onto plate. Fill center of peach halves with jelly and place a walnut half, in the center of each. Serve hot or cold. Makes 9 servings.

STEAMED APPLE PUDDING
 (made from waffle mix)

- 1 1/2 cups waffle mix
- 1 tablespoon sugar
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 1 egg
- 1 cup milk
- 2 cups chopped eating apples

Mix dry ingredients. Beat egg, add milk and combine. Gradually add to waffle mixture. Place chopped apples in bottom of well-greased ring mold (or individual molds). Place waffle mixture over apples. Cover tightly with aluminum foil, parchment paper or double layer of waxed paper. Steam slowly, covered, 40 to 45 minutes. Loosen with spatula and turn out. Serve hot, topped with nutmeg sauce or sweetened whipped cream. Makes 8 servings.

NUTMEG SAUCE

- 2/3 cup sugar
- 1 1/2 teaspoon cornstarch
- 1/8 teaspoon salt
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1 tablespoon butter
- 1/2 teaspoon nutmeg

Mix sugar, cornstarch and salt in saucepan. Add boiling water and cook 5 minutes, stirring constantly. Remove from heat and add butter and nutmeg. Serve warm with apple pudding. Makes 1 1/2 cups.

CRANBERRY RAISIN PIE

- 1 package pie crust mix
- 2 1/2 cups sugar
- 2 tablespoons cornstarch
- 1/2 cup water
- 1 cup raisins
- 4 cups fresh cranberries
- 1 tablespoon grated orange rind

Prepare pie crust mix as directed on package. Hold in refrigerator. Combine sugar and cornstarch in saucepan



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and mix thoroughly. Add water and cook 5 minutes. Add raisins, cranberries and orange rind. Bring to rapid boil. Cover saucepan and remove from stove; cool. Roll out half the dough into a circle 11 inches wide and fit into a 8-inch pie pan. Pour in cooled cranberry mixture. Roll out remaining dough, slash, and fit over top. Seal edges well with floured fork. Bake in a moderately hot oven (400°F.) 35 minutes. Makes one 8-inch pie.

PRUNE WALNUT TURNOVERS

- 1 cup prunes
- 1/3 cup chopped walnuts
- 2 tablespoons honey
- 1 tablespoon butter or margarine, melted
- 1 box pie crust mix
- 4 tablespoons water

Stew prunes according to directions on package. Slit and remove pit carefully. Mix chopped walnuts, honey and butter. Place 1/2 to 3/4 teaspoonful in each prune. Make up pastry according to directions on package of mix. Roll out into a rectangle 10 inches by 15 inches (1/8 inch thick). Divide into 6 five-inch squares. Place 2 to 3 prunes on one side of square. Prick other side. Fold diagonally to make triangular turnover. Press edges together with floured fork. Bake in hot oven (425°F.) 20 to 25 minutes or until pastry is brown. Makes 6 turnovers.

NECTAR MINCE PIE

- 1/4 cup shortening
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 2 eggs
- 1/2 cup raisins
- 1 cup prepared mincemeat
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts
- 2 tablespoons orange juice
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice
- 1 recipe pastry (use prepared mix)

Cream together shortening, sugar and salt. Add eggs singly, beating thoroughly after each addition. Add remaining ingredients except pastry and mix thoroughly. Line a 9-inch pie pan with 2/3 the pastry. Pour in mincemeat mixture. Roll out remaining pastry. Make cut out design and arrange on top of filling. Seal edges. Bake in a hot oven (425°F.) 30 to 40 minutes. Makes one 9-inch pie.

PEAR MERINGUE

- To Cook Pears:
- 6 pears
 - 1/2 cup water
 - 1/4 teaspoon ginger
 - 1 stick cinnamon
 - 1/2 cup sugar
- Meringue:
- 2 egg whites
 - pinch cream of tartar
 - 1/2 cup sugar
 - 1/2 teaspoon vanilla

Peel pears, leaving them whole and stems attached. Cut a small slice from bottom so they will stand upright. Cook water, spices and sugar 5 minutes. Add pears and cook slowly, covered, basting occasionally until tender but still firm (30 to 40 minutes). Drain well. Beat egg whites until foamy. Add cream of tartar and beat until stiff but not dry. Add sugar, 1 tablespoon at a time, beating until smooth after each addition. Add vanilla; beat until smooth. Spread meringue on pears; leaving bottom free. (Use a pastry bag, if you have one.) Stand in baking dish. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 20-25 minutes. Serve hot or cold.



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Pattern of Faith

(Continued from page 61)

innocent, wouldn't you prefer that he have his name cleared?"

Pauline shrugged irritably. "It's because I am Clarry's friend that I want her out of this mess. But you'd have to find the real thief first."

"And you don't think that can be done?"

To that question, Pauline had given no answer. Instead that disturbing look came over her face again.

For the time being, Carolyn could do nothing for the Whelans beyond keeping their name out of the *Tribune*. She'd reported to Morse that there was no story in Claribel Whelan. But she hadn't dared admit to him that she'd found something else. How Morse would scoff if he knew she had embarked on a crusade to save the happiness of a girl she had seen once. It was the kind of blind faith he was always warning her against. But Morse faded into harmlessness when she remembered Claribel's parting words, the undaunted hope, "I think it's going to be all right. Don't you? I think we can do something..."

Yes, but what? At half past seven that night Carolyn, still asking herself that question, found herself at what was always called "the scene of the crime." You wouldn't have to be a very experienced thief, she admitted to herself, to see the possibilities in Eastview Drive. It was the most luxurious street in town, each huge home stood in its own little park, hedge-bordered or fenced for the greatest possible privacy. The Burgess house seemed remote and forbidding. Still, the Anders couple might be there, using the back entrance. Would it do any good to have a talk with them? Carolyn put a reluctant foot upon the driveway.

Behind her, in the darkness, somebody said, "They're gone." With a gasp Carolyn whirled, and faced Pauline Potter. Soft camel's hair wrapped the girl's slight figure, and she was pulling on the leash of an enormous German Shepherd. In the dimness her eyes were enormous, her pointed face sharply white. She smiled apologetically, "I'm sorry—I startled you."

Carolyn's heart was still pounding. "You did," she admitted ruefully. "I was having a hard time trying to work up courage. Your voice coming out of nowhere was the finishing touch."

"It's an ominous-looking place, isn't it?" Pauline, looking toward the house, shivered slightly. She was different this evening, Carolyn thought. Less belligerent, more approachable.

Pauline moved slowly and Carolyn fell into step beside her. "Did you say they were gone?" she questioned. "The Anders couple, I mean."

Pauline nodded. "When the police got through, the Anderses closed the house. They've gone to join the Burgessses down south." She added, smiling up at Carolyn, "I live around the corner, and I walk my dog past here twice a day so I can't help picking up information. I heard the Anderses were afraid to stay." She gave the leash a sharp tug. "Rob—come along!"

Bounding forward, the huge dog caught Pauline off balance. Carolyn reached out a steady hand. "Don't you mean your dog walks you past here twice a day? He's magnificent. He

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looks like a puppy. How old is he?" "About eight months, I believe." Pauline seemed confused. "He's rather new and—his papers haven't come." "Oh? But I thought you said you walked him every day—" "I have another dog," the girl explained. Peering at her through the darkness, Carolyn got the fleeting impression that she regretted the turn the conversation had taken. But why? A casual remark about a dog—why should that frighten Pauline Potter?

Frighten—that was it! It had been fear, the previous day at the Whelan house, that had edged Pauline's voice with harshness. Carolyn's heart leaped with hope. Intangible as her discovery was, she felt certain that it had some connection with the Whelans' trouble.

She framed her next remark. "Is your other dog a Shepherd too?" "No, she's a French poodle." Pauline appeared to come to some decision. She went on, "After the robbery I got rather frightened. My aunt and I live alone, and we have some things of my mother's that are valuable." "Then you got Rob for protection? I think it was a wise move." Pauline nodded. They had turned a corner and were walking now along the modest street that backed on East-view Drive. Before one of the small white-fenced houses Pauline halted. "I live here. Won't you come in for some coffee? My aunt would love to meet you."

Glancing at her watch, Carolyn shook her head. "I'd love to, but I'm late now." With friendly smiles, they parted. But all the way up the street Carolyn felt as if Pauline were watching her.

The next day, Carolyn called on the District Attorney.

Probably, if the District Attorney at that time hadn't been Miles Nelson, Carolyn wouldn't have approached him. She had no new evidence to offer in the Burgess robbery. She had nothing but a feeling; and feelings had no official standing. But this particular feeling had grown so strong that she wanted to talk it over with Miles quite apart from his position as District Attorney. And unacknowledged in her heart lay the certainty that Miles would be glad to see her.

But Miles' warm smile disappeared when she mentioned Andrew Whelan. "Carolyn," he groaned, "my dear, I'm a busy man. That case is in our unsolved file. Besides, it's one of our failures. Let's talk about something else."

Carolyn smiled, but refused to be diverted. "You call it a failure because you couldn't get proof of Whelan's guilt, isn't that so?" "Well, yes," Miles was puzzled. "that's what I call an official failure."

Carolyn's voice challenged him. "I think it's a failure because you never got near the guilty party." "Do you know something?" "No . . . no, I . . . Miles, that boy just didn't do it!"

"Carolyn," Miles said sternly, "is this woman's intuition? Because if it is, it has no place in the District Attorney's office."

"Neither has injustice," Carolyn retorted. "Oh, I know that technically nobody has come out and said Andrew Whelan is guilty. But there's a world of difference between 'released after questioning' and 'completely exonerated from any connection with the crime.'"

Miles was becoming a little annoyed. "Look, Carolyn. The Burgess house is locked. Every day Anders makes a tour

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to see that nothing has been disturbed. As a matter of fact the day he calls Whelan he's just finished making his tour. All right. Whelan comes in, waits in the hall till Mrs. Anders is ready to see him, goes up, fixes her up, goes home. Carrying his little doctor's kit, of course. Half an hour after he's left Anders comes downstairs, and sees the wall safe has been burgled, the diamonds are gone." Miles shook his head. "We'd have been delinquent in our duty if we hadn't called Whelan in for questioning. If you can show me where else to look—"

"The Anders couple?" Carolyn offered without much hope.

Miles' gesture dismissed them. "Impossible. They're on a pension from the family and they're down in Mrs. Burgess's will."

"What did happen to the diamonds?"

"Yes, what? Maybe he buried them on his way home. Maybe he had an accomplice." Miles shrugged. "If I knew what happened to them . . ."

"Miles . . ." Carolyn hesitated. What she was about to say was unpardonable, without proof, but she plunged ahead. "Question Pauline Potter. She's a very good friend of Mrs. Whelan. I'm not making any accusation. She surely doesn't need money—her clothes show that and she's just bought an expensive dog." *All these details*, Carolyn thought. *I sound as though I were trying to convince myself, not Miles.* "Anyway, she's like the Whelans—just not the kind who would even think about somebody else's property."

"Then what brings her into this?"

Miles questioned reasonably.

"Nothing you can put on an official report. Just . . . that girl's attitude is wrong. It bothered me all through the interview. Then last night I met her walking her dog and I knew what made her seem so strange. She's afraid. She's even scared of her own dog—" Carolyn paused as a piece of the puzzle suddenly clicked into shape. "The dog, Miles . . . why would a small girl who already has a poodle go out and buy a powerful German Shepherd?"

Miles sat up alertly, his excitement beginning to match Carolyn's. "Maybe you've got something after all."

"I know I have! Miles, may I use your phone?" Carolyn dialed Claribel Whelan's number and asked the puzzled girl two questions. Just two . . . but when the answers came, another piece of the puzzle slid into position.

Miles reached for the phone. "I'll get that girl in here this morning."

"No—wait." Carolyn's hand over his stopped him. "If we're right, getting her up to the District Attorney's office would throw her into a worse panic. I'll make a lunch date with her. I can say I want to talk about Claribel."

Miles was reluctant. "It's most irregular. It's not the way I—"

"Yes, but it will be quicker, and fairer to Pauline. Besides," Carolyn added, with a laugh, "you know what happens to officials who don't cooperate with the press."

Miles gave in. "I'll be there. Now let's hope you're right."

Yes, let's certainly hope I'm right, Carolyn echoed a couple of hours later, as she waited for Pauline at the Fairmont restaurant. But she had no real doubt as, from her carefully-chosen table for three, she scanned the entering lunchers. Her only anxiety was that the girl might have changed her mind about coming. No—here she was! Pauline was out of breath as she

slid into the seat opposite Carolyn's.

Carolyn smiled reassuringly. "Thank you for coming. I couldn't make myself very clear on the phone."

"No, but you said it was something to help Claribel and Andy." Pauline picked nervously at her menu. "I'd do a lot to see them out of this mess."

"That's what I'm counting on," Carolyn said quietly.

Pauline's horrified eyes were a wordless confirmation of Carolyn's suspicions. Confident now, Carolyn went on. "My guess is that you've been so frightened and mixed up you haven't known where to turn. My guess is that right now, between your conscience and your fear, life isn't very pleasant." She sent a clear glance across the table, then lowered her eyes to the menu. "Shall we order?"

"No . . . no." Fumbling with her purse, Pauline half rose, then sank back exhaustedly. She whispered, "If you knew! It's been a nightmare . . ."

"We'll take care of that." Miles's approach had been silent. Hastily Carolyn introduced him, adding "Mr. Nelson isn't only the District Attorney, but a personal friend. If you're honest with us, I think your trouble is over."

Pauline folded her hands tightly on the table's edge. "All I know is that I can't stand any more of this other business. I won't spend the rest of my life jumping at shadows. I should have come to you at once," she told Miles.

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"Would you ask me some questions?"

Miles smiled down at her. "This isn't official. Just talk."

"Or let me," Carolyn interposed. "You tell me where I go wrong. As I see it, what probably happened the night of the robbery was that you were walking your dog along Eastview Drive in the early evening. That night it was just about the time Dr. Whelan was upstairs with Mrs. Anders and her husband. You didn't know that, of course . . ."

"No, but there was a light in the downstairs hall." Pauline sat forward tensely. "That caught my eye even when I was down at the corner, because the house had been dark for weeks. So I was watching, and that's how I happened to see him. He was just coming down the driveway when I passed, and I realized that for some reason he was trying to stay out of the dim path of light that seeped through the glass doors. The memory of fear made her voice uneven. "He saw me. His eyes . . . I was terrified."

"When you say 'he,'" Miles interrupted gently, "I gather you don't mean Andrew Whelan."

"Andy?" said Pauline, "Andy! No! It was a man I'd never seen before in my life. He stood there, as close as you are now. Then disappeared into the shadows. I was limp as a rag."

"You saw him again, though?"

Pauline's smile was a mere lifting of her lips over even white teeth. "Saw him again? He's been everywhere. The next day when I'd talked to Claribel and found out about the trouble Andy was in, I knew at once that I must have seen the real thief. I was getting ready to tell somebody about it when the phone call came.

"Oh, it was horrible! A whisper I could hardly hear, telling me the most hideous things would happen to me. That was the beginning. The next day there was a dirty-looking note in the mailbox . . . left by hand. There were more calls, and twice I've seen him following me. That's when I got Rob, last week, because I was terrified. And not only me—he threatened Aunt May, too, and she's arthritic and almost helpless . . . You see," she said to Miles with complete conviction, "he meant those threats. I'd seen his face. And his horrible whispering on the phone . . ."

"Yes," Miles said grimly. "I can imagine. But—Pauline, you could have asked for protection."

Pauline put a hand over her eyes. "I know. But you're not at your bravest or most clear-thinking when you're being followed—haunted. I'd have come to you eventually, I think, but maybe I'd have had a nervous breakdown first." She squeezed Carolyn's hand gratefully. "How did you guess?"

Carolyn ticked the items off on her fingers. "You were frightened to death of something. You got a big dog, so big that you couldn't handle him and even a large man might think twice about getting too close to him. You and the Whelans and Eastview Drive are all in the same small section of town. And last I called Claribel this morning and found out that lately you had become terribly jittery; and you were talking of moving out of town. It added up."

Yes, thought Carolyn Kramer dreamily, it had added up. Now, three years later, as she sat with the note from Claribel Whelan before her, she recalled how Miles had tucked Pauline under his wing and taken her to police headquarters, where the files had readily yielded the picture and the long record of Pauline's threatener. He'd been found with the jewels. It had added up to a good long sentence for him. And the Whelans . . . they'd decided to leave town anyway, so that Andy could work with an eminent specialist in Harville. Pauline had left town too, a year later—left smiling with happiness, her hand tucked under the arm of her very new husband. Left with a special kiss at the wedding for Carolyn and Miles.

So it was over. But a thing like that, Carolyn thought, is never really over. It leaves its patterns traced in your memory. And the look in Claribel's eyes came back to her: the deep belief when she'd said, "That's what happened." The hope, when she'd whispered, "I think it's going to be all right."

Carolyn felt calmer, more hopeful than she'd felt for days. Pulling paper and pen toward her, she began. "Dear Claribel," she wrote, and told how glad she was to learn of their baby's birth. Then, smiling in a way that Claribel would have recognized, she went on: "You ask me if you can do anything for me. Oddly, I think you've done it. Your note came to me in a time of trouble and by its very coming reminded me of your trouble so long ago, and of the faith and hope with which you faced it. There's been a message in this memory for me . . ."



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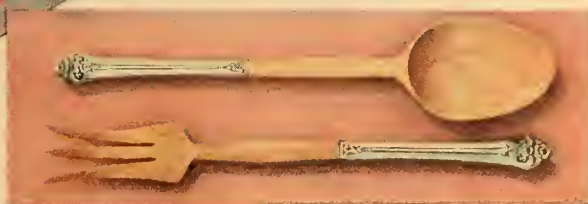
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