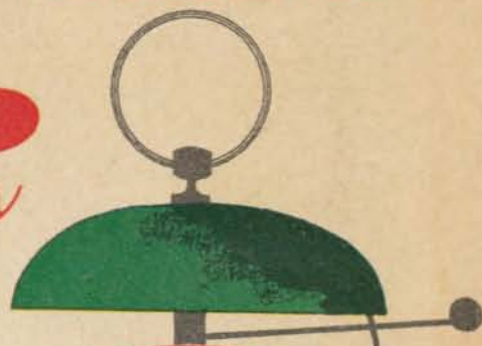


# ***RADIO AND TELEVISION MIRROR***

JANUARY • 25¢

Reading Clockwise  
Sam Cowling  
Patsy Lee  
Johnny Desmond



Mary Pickford's story: "My Buddy"

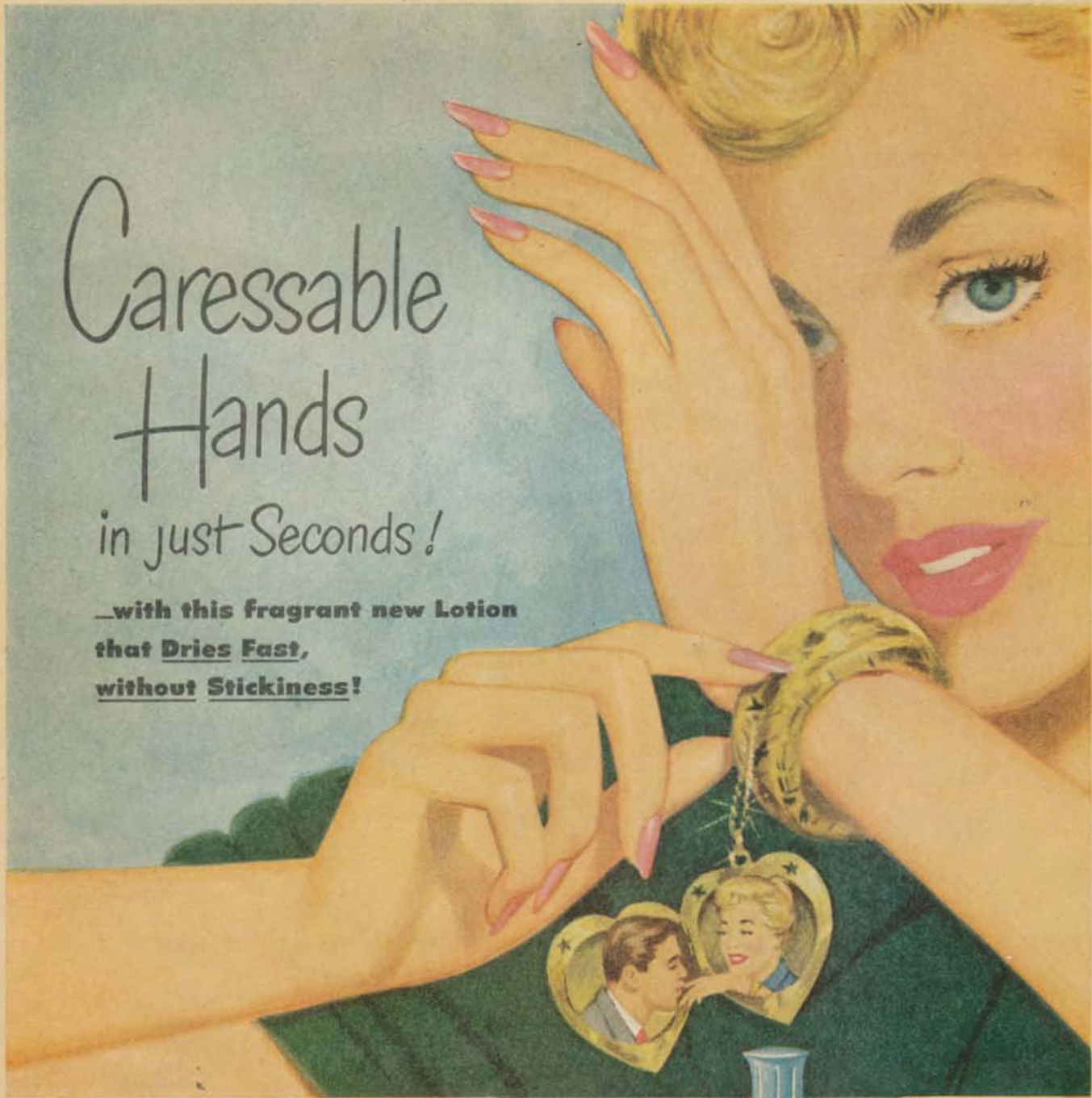
Your Ticket To THE GOLDBERGS

Reader Bonus:  
RADIO'S OWN LIFE STORY

**DON McNEILL**  
of the  
**BREAKFAST CLUB**

# Caressable Hands in just Seconds!

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



## Prove It for Yourself with This 10-second Test!

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



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

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

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

*Pours like a lotion  
— Softens  
like a cream*



## Cashmere Bouquet Hand Lotion

25¢, 39¢ and 79¢

## Remember!

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



### LIPSTICK

Creamy, clinging—in  
8 fashionable shades!

### FACE POWDER

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

### ALL-PURPOSE CREAM

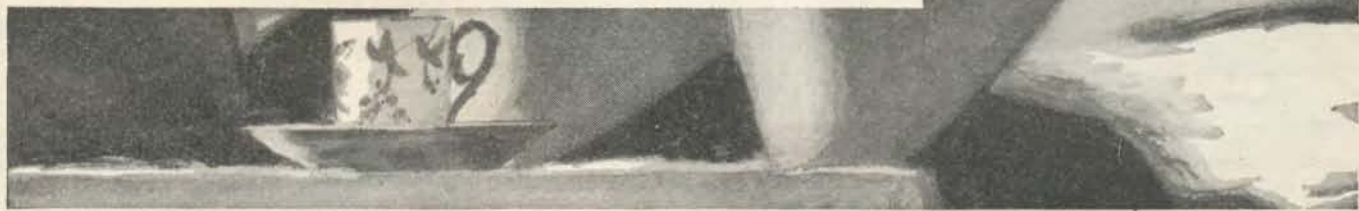
For radiant, "date-time"  
loveliness—a *bedtime*  
beauty "must"!

### TALCUM POWDER

A shower of  
spring flowers!



## When you've got a date with a man . . .



**W**HEN you have a date, you do things with your complexion. You want it to be radiant.

You fuss for hours with your hair to make it frame your face just so.

You wear your most flattering gown, your daintiest shoes. You're pretty sure of your charm, and yet . . . and yet . . .

If you've overlooked one intimate little matter\* your charms count for naught, your date may

be a flop, and you can lose your man *just like that!*

You may not know when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath)\*. It may be absent for days and then crop up at the very time you want to be at your best.

### *Never Take a Chance*

Why risk offending this way when Listerine Antiseptic is the *extra-careful* precaution that so many popular women rely on?

Listerine Antiseptic is no make-

shift of momentary effectiveness. It instantly freshens and sweetens the breath. And helps keep it that way, too . . . not for seconds . . . not for minutes . . . but for hours usually.

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

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

**LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC THE EXTRA-CAREFUL PRECAUTION AGAINST BAD BREATH!**

**NOW! PROOF THAT BRUSHING  
TEETH RIGHT AFTER EATING WITH**

# COLGATE DENTAL CREAM HELPS STOP TOOTH DECAY!



### The Most Conclusive Proof in All Dentifrice Research on Tooth Decay!

Now, the toothpaste you use to clean your breath while you clean your teeth, offers a *proved* way to help stop tooth decay before it starts! 2 years' continuous research at leading universities—hundreds of case histories—makes this the most *conclusive* proof in all dentifrice research on tooth decay! Colgate's contains all the necessary ingredients, including an exclusive *patented* ingredient, for effective daily dental care. No risk of irritation! And no change in flavor, foam or cleansing action!



### No Other Dentifrice Offers Proof of These Results!

Modern research shows tooth decay is caused by mouth acids which are at their worst after meals or snacks. Brushing teeth with Colgate's as directed, helps remove acids before they harm enamel. And Colgate's penetrating foam reaches crevices between teeth where food particles often lodge. No dentifrice can stop *all* tooth decay, or help cavities already started. But brushing teeth right after eating is the safe, *proved* way to help stop tooth decay with Colgate Dental Cream!

**CLEAN YOUR  
BREATH WHILE YOU  
CLEAN YOUR TEETH  
—AND HELP STOP  
TOOTH DECAY!**



**COLGATE**  
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

JANUARY, 1950

# RADIO AND TELEVISION MIRROR

VOL. 33, NO. 2

NORTH CENTRAL

### PEOPLE ON THE AIR

Radio's Own Life Story.....	by Llewellyn Miller	22
"My Buddy".....		24
Now I Can Sing Again!.....	by Dick Haymes	26
Your Ticket to the Goldbergs.....		28
Take 1950.....	by Eddie Cantor	30
The "Other Woman".....		32
Mother Knows Best.....	by Warren Hull	36
Father Knows Best.....	by Robert Young	37
Give Me Kids Anytime!.....	by Smilin' Ed McConnell	52
Christmas All Year 'Round.....	by Kay McNeill	54
Come and Visit Jean Hersholt.....	by Pauline Swanson	58
Madeline Lee.....		71
Owen Jordan.....		71

### INSIDE RADIO

What's New From Coast to Coast.....	by Dale Banks	4
Facing the Music.....	by Martin Block	14
Collector's Corner.....	by Nat "King" Cole	21
Inside Radio.....		68

### FOR BETTER LIVING

Her Hands Have An Audience.....	by Dorry Ellis	12
What Is Faith?.....	by Terry Burton	16
Traveler of the Month.....	by Tommy Bartlett	18
Between the Bookends.....	by Ted Malone	40
When a Girl Marries.....	by Joan Davis	42
Good and Rich!.....	by Nancy Craig	60

### TELEVISION

How Does Dunninger Do It?.....	by Martin Cohen	44
What Men Know About Women.....	by Maggi McNellis	46
My Husband, Ed.....	by Sylvia Sullivan	48
Coast to Coast in Television.....		50

### YOUR LOCAL STATION

WHO: Service Unlimited.....		6
KCMO: Kansas City Kemp.....		8
WGN: Four Persistent Perfectionists.....		10
KSTP: Glamorous Gourmet.....		20

### RADIO MIRROR READER BONUS

My Brother's Keeper—A This Is Nora Drake Novelette..	by Charles Dobbs	38
Daytime Diary.....		62

**ON THE COVER: Don McNeill and His Radio Family**  
Color portrait by Harold Trudeau

Costumes for The "Other Woman," page 32, executed by Miss Marie  
of Pandora Frocks

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Member of The TRUE STORY Women's Group

# Coming Next Month



Sure enough, it's Dinah Shore. For more about her, see February.

**T**hree-minute question and answer bee: Q. What's a dog's life like when his mistress is Marie Wilson? A. It's not a dog's life at all! And you'll know why when you read the story about Marie and her four-legged friend, Mr. Hobbs, in February's RADIO MIRROR. (Marie is next month's cover girl, too.) Q. How does it feel to return to your hometown, a full-fledged celebrity—to be honored and feted by all the people you've grown up with? A. Mighty fine, according to the girl who has two hometowns, both in Tennessee. Her name, of course, is Dinah Shore and she tells about her homecomings in the February RADIO MIRROR. Q. Where can you find the fascinating story of that fascinating medium—radio? A. In next month's issue, in this month's issue and in other issues to come you'll find Radio's Own Life Story, a continuing history which RADIO MIRROR believes is the most outstanding feature that has ever appeared on its pages. Q. Where do you have the chance to apply the wisdom acquired in your own life to the problems of others? A. In RADIO MIRROR's new feature, which presents a problem facing the characters in one of the daytime radio dramas. You are invited to help solve the problem and there are cash awards for the best solution. Next month's problem will center on a situation in which the Brents of Road of Life are involved. Q. Where can you find Nancy Craig's recipes; Ted Malone's poetry page; Joan Davis's wise counsel; a full length Bonus Novel; and all the latest television and network news? A. On the newsstands, Wed., Jan. 11th, when the February RADIO MIRROR goes on sale. Be sure to get your copy!



Which Twin has the Toni?

(See answer below)

After big game U.C.L.A.'s popular majorettes, Jany and Joey Pope of Los Angeles, Calif., are ready to leave for Victory Dance.

Attractive hair styles in this picture by Don Rito, famous Hollywood Hair Stylist.

## Now! Toni with SPIN curlers twice as easy—twice as fast!

The new patented Toni SPIN Curlers save you half the time of winding up curls. *No rubber bands!* All plastic, all-in-one! Nothing to tangle up in your hair! *Quick start!* Tiny teeth gently grip hair tips so even the shortest ends become easy to wind! *Easy-spin action*—rolls each curl up in one quick motion. Winds more hair on each curler. Fewer curlers are needed. *Snap shut!* Non-slip clasp fastens curls closer to head to assure a better, longer-lasting wave.

Most natural-looking wave you've ever had! For Toni Creme Waving Lotion is different. An exclusive gentle formula with matchless results—more than 67 million lovely, long-lasting waves.



At the game all eyes are on Jany's spinning baton—and her shining, natural-looking curls. Jany says, "The new SPIN Curlers have spin action, too. They grip—spin—and lock with the flick of a finger!"

So gentle and so fast! No other home permanent waves hair faster yet leaves it so soft and sparkling, so easy to set and style. Jany, on the left, has the Toni.



Still the center of attraction at the dance. And Jany knows her hair has a lot to do with it. She says, "Even after a strenuous day my Toni waves are still in place and look just as soft and natural!"

Toni Refill \$100

Special Combination Offer

Refill Kit and complete set SPIN Curlers \$3.00 value. Only \$229



THE WAVE THAT GIVES THAT NATURAL LOOK — TONI



Twenty-eight years ago Fanny Brice created her incorrigible Baby Snooks.

# WHAT'S NEW

By DALE BANKS



Len Doyle (Harrington), Vicki Vola (Miss Miller) and Jay Jostyn (Mr. D. A.) relax before attending to the serious business of airing Mr. District Attorney.



Morton Downey congratulates Guy Lombardo on his Twenty-fifth Anniversary in radio.



Ralph Edwards and Nellie Lucher egg on a shy Truth or Consequences contestant.

# FROM COAST TO COAST



Charlie McCarthy congratulates Red Skelton on being invited to "guest" with comics Amos 'n' Andy and Edgar Bergen on Jack Benny's eighteenth anniversary program.

A backward look: The New Year rolls around and once again—Father Time literally has nothing but time on his hands. Now in radio this isn't bad. For instance, a lot of entertainers would like to have even a small share of the Lombardo time. Guy is celebrating his twenty-fifth year in radio, and twentieth year as bandleader at the Hotel Roosevelt in New York City. . . . Running neck and neck with Lombardo is Ben Grauer who has spent twenty memorable years before the mike, and is currently one of radio's most sought after announcers and commentators. . . . Amos 'n' Andy, an American institution as immortal as Johnny Appleseed or Paul Bunyan, are enjoying their twenty-third season on the air, the first two years of which were aired as Sam 'n' Henry. It is interesting to note that after more than two decades, this upper Lenox Avenue set still polls an estimated twenty-five million listeners weekly.

On November 20, 1929, The Rise of The Goldbergs made its air debut, and, with the exception of two years when the show took to the stage under the title "Me and Mel" has been a listening must ever since. Twenty years after its air premiere, The Goldbergs bowed on television and on January 17, 1950, will celebrate its first TV birthday. . . . Not too far behind The Goldbergs is turkey-in-the-straw-flavored Lum and Abner which first hoed-down over a Hot Springs, Arkansas, station in 1931. Eight performances later it went network, and the Jot 'em Down store is now as well known as Macy's or Marshall Field's.

The misadventures of The Aldrich Family originated as a stage production, "What A Life!", which ran on Broadway for well over a year. The first radio versions were three ten-minute skits aired on the then-popular Rudy Vallee program. These made such a hit that Henry was installed as summer re-

placement for Jack Benny, and in the Fall of 1939 emerged as a full-fledged half-hour radio show. The Fall of 1949 found it also a full-fledged half-hour TV show. P. S. Ezra Stone, Henry in the radio version, created the role in the stage play, and, except for time out for his Government, has been with it ever since.

Lux Radio Theatre, now in its fifteenth year, holds the title of "oldest one-hour dramatic show in radio" . . . And in case you thought quiz programs were something comparatively new in the way of entertainment, Bob Hawk of Lemac fame is here to testify to the contrary—this year Hawk celebrates his sixteenth year as a quizmaster.

Looking into the records, there is one name that receives more billing than any other in radio and TV history—Arthur Godfrey Time, Arthur Godfrey and His Friends, Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts. . . . Another recordbreaker is Sammy Kaye whose Showroom is heard on the largest network of stations of any commercial program—375 in all.

And while discussing records it may surprise you to learn that the American Forum of The Air with its twenty-one-year air history becomes the oldest of the broadcast discussion programs, and as speakers has presented ninety percent of all senators, representatives and cabinet members, as well as two men who were to become Presidents . . . Band of America, which is now being broadcast over both radio and TV, first took to the air in 1929 and holds the record for being the longest continuously sponsored program . . . CBS' New York Philharmonic-Symphony is currently enjoying its twentieth consecutive season of Sunday afternoon concerts broadcast from Carnegie Hall, while on Christ- (Continued on page 17)



It's in-and-out-of-the-soup-again with William Bendix in NBC's Life of Riley.

# SERVICE UNLIMITED



WHO's Pat Griffith read of the Japanese surrender in Manila.

Pat Griffith returned to the land of milk and honey last October to resume work which she put aside shortly after Pearl Harbor. She came back to conduct WHO's Community Service.

Service is Pat's middle name, for she spent four years with WLS in its community service department, then joined WHO in community service, remaining there for four years until she went into another branch of service—the Women's Army Corps.

Pat was commissioned in one of the first classes of officer candidates at Fort Des Moines in 1942 . . . and she became a captain during three years of service which took her around the world. In Manila, at the conclusion of the war, she was one of four women who witnessed the surrender by the Japanese officers in the Philippines.

About this time the head of the WACs, Col. Boyce, came to the Philippines and Pat was invited to join the official party on the completion of its world inspection trip—a trip which took her to the China-Burma-India Theater, the Mediterranean Theater of Operations, North Africa, and the European Theater of Operations.

Back in the United States, Captain Pat Griffith was assigned to public relations in Washington, D. C., and then proceeded to Des Moines for her discharge. Shortly thereafter, she returned to Washington, D. C., to work for the Manila (P. I.) *Evening News*, and broadcast over stations WINX—Washington and WARL—Arlington, Virginia.

Then in 1948, she was named Director of Women's Activities of the National Association of Broadcasters. Still lonesome for the "good American soil," however, she resigned this post to return to Des Moines, WHO and service in the communities which she loves best.



As a WAC, Pat went around the world. Above: in Brisbane, Australia. At r., she drives a jeep around New Guinea.





"I had to watch a  
Three-day Football game!"

says SUSAN HAYWARD,  
co-starred with DANA ANDREWS  
in the SAMUEL GOLDWYN production,  
"MY FOOLISH HEART"

Though it lasts only a few minutes on the screen, the football sequence in "My Foolish Heart" took days to film! I sat with chilled, icy hands through three days of the rawest, meanest weather I've ever seen before we got the final "take"...



I washed dishes for hours to satisfy director Mark Robson...



But Jergens Lotion kept my hands from looking rough...



Kept them soft and beautiful in tender, romantic scenes...



And close-ups with Dana Andrews. You'll find that...



Because it's liquid, Jergens is absorbed by thirsty skin...

**CAN YOUR HAND LOTION  
PASS THIS FILM TEST?**

To soften, a lotion should be absorbed by the upper layers of the skin. Water won't "bead" on hand smoothed with Jergens Lotion (left hand). It contains quickly-absorbed ingredients doctors recommend, no heavy oils that merely coat skin with oily film (right hand).

Prove it by making the easy test described above...



You'll see why Jergens Lotion is my beauty secret...

**Jergens  
Lotion**

used by more women  
than any other hand care  
in the world  
still 10¢ to \$1+ plus tax

And is used in Hollywood 7 to 1 over other hand cares!



# KANSAS CITY

## KEMP

A favorite around KCMO's Kansas City studios—and also a favorite with Mid-America listeners is Uncle Ezra. In addition to being a very nice person, he's also a very modest one.

His disposition stays good all day, too. When you recall that he starts his day at 5:00 A.M. every morning Monday through Saturday with his early morning program of homespun humor, you realize being good-natured is no mean achievement. You might expect that around ten or eleven in the morning he'd be tired and cross, but not Uncle Ezra.

He's been in radio for almost twenty years. Before that, as a monologist, he was a leading Lyceum and Chautauqua entertainer. He also did some short movies with Sidney and Mrs. Drew.

Uncle's real name is Everett Kemp, and he and Mrs. Kemp have one son and two grandchildren. There are a lot of old fashioned plants around the Kemp home and one grapefruit tree—which wasn't Uncle's idea. However, he said it just kept growing and now it's one of his wife's favorites. Uncle boasts he is a "pretty fair" cook and although he doesn't specialize in any one dish, he confides he can bake "a very good" cake.

Red is his favorite color, and even though he prefers double breasted suits, he always wears single breasted ones, because "I don't want to look like a bag of cornmeal." Rainy days are good only for sleeping, he says, and he likes spring and fall. Eating is an enjoyable pastime of his, and on his "tops" list he includes fish, gooseberry pie, hominy grits and cornmeal mush.

Perhaps you may wonder how Uncle got his radio name. These are the facts: When he was working on Happy Hollow, Ted Malone was writing the show and Ted himself suggested the name. After Ted left Kansas City, Uncle continued to portray Uncle Ezra and also took on the chore of writing the program, which soon became a coast to coast production on the Columbia Broadcasting System.

Right now he is doing a new show every Saturday morning at 10:30. Called Bill and Mary, the program is a down to earth story of human interest, which deals with episodes in the lives of a husband and wife who might be your neighbors. There is no crime, no intrigue, just a good, wholesome portrayal of everyday events which could happen to anyone.

Uncle Ezra has been with KCMO for over seven years, and in that time he has built up a loyal audience. He always has a smile for everyone and it is no wonder that Everett Kemp is as well liked at KCMO as he is in Mid-America.



Everett Kemp's motto must be "look upon the doughnut and not upon the hole."



Kemp, who is known to KCMO listeners as Uncle Ezra, has been in radio for over twenty years.



**1915** figure was no figure at all. Straight up-and-down boned corset and loose clothes gave a potato-sack effect.



**1926** figure was straight, uncorseted, boyish. Its "tubular" lines were unflattering to many women.



**1931** saw a changing figure. Rigidly girdled, bias-skirted fashions were more feminine, but hardly exciting.



**1947** featured the famous "New Look!" Its full-skirted, padded-hipped fashions helped to conceal figure-faults.



## PLAYTEX® PRESENTS THE "FIGURE OF THE 1950's"

A slim, supple, vital figure that only Playtex gives with such freedom

Radical changes in feminine fashions within the average American adult's memory have been changes in foundations even more than in fashions.

The girdle that has helped bring about the most recent revolution in silhouette is the sensational PLAYTEX. Made of tree-grown latex, it combines amazing figure-slimming power with

complete comfort and freedom of action.

Without a single seam, stitch or bone, PLAYTEX fits invisibly under the narrowest fashions—smooths the line from waist to hips to thighs with its all-way action-stretch.

For your fashion of the 1950's—have the figure of the 1950's—a slim, young PLAYTEX figure.



PLAYTEX GIVES YOU THE SLIMNESS-WITH-FREEDOM SO IMPORTANT TO YOUR 1950 FIGURE

### JACQUES FATH,

world-renowned designer of fashions, expresses the "Fashion of the 1950's" in this dress designed exclusively for the American collection of Joseph Halpert.

**GIRDLE OF THE 1950's** is PLAYTEX — at all department stores and specialty shops, coast to coast. In slim, silvery tube: Blossom Pink, Heavenly Blue, Gardenia White; extra small, small, medium, large.



- PLAYTEX LIVING PANTY GIRDLE \$3.50
- PLAYTEX LIVING PANTY GIRDLE with garters . . . . . \$3.95
- PLAYTEX LIVING GARTER GIRDLE \$3.95
- Extra Large PLAYTEX LIVING GARTER GIRDLE . . . . . \$4.95

**HEARD ABOUT PINK-ICE?** It's the newest of the PLAYTEX Girdles — light, smooth, cool and fresh as a daisy, it actually "breathes" with you . . . in SLIM, shimmering pink tubes . . . \$3.95 to \$4.95.

**INTERNATIONAL LATEX CORPORATION**  
Playtex Park © 1950 Dover Del.

The Temptones are happily married even though their wives know nothing about music. On the other hand, the women can't interest their husbands in dancing.



WGN's sensational new musical outfit, the Temptones, create a tympanic illusion which makes the sound one hears seem greater than it actually is.

This musical voicing is achieved through the amazing versatility of four men, eleven instruments and a gimmick—a special attachment for the accordion which makes the instrument sound like a reed section when combined with a clarinet lead.

Sam Porfirio, inventor of the gimmick, has been a professional musician since he was sixteen. He plays accordion, piano and celeste, in addition to handling the business affairs of the group.

Fred Kissling, who led the co-op band at the University of Minnesota before joining Mel Henke and other outstanding small bands in Chicago, plays bass and doubles at the vibes.

Ben Carlton, the guitar player, started in Hollywood where he studied under leading studio guitarists, later joining Jimmy McPartland's famous group.

Ballads are handled with exceptional finesse by Al Barathy. Al, who plays clarinet and tenor and alto sax, has worked with such outstanding names as Ben Bernie and Ted Lewis.

As even the most casual observer can see, the Temptones' technique takes a goodly portion of talent and an extensive musical background, plus the persistency of an entire group of perfectionists.

## Four Persistent Perfectionists



WGN's "Four Men who Sound like a Million" are heard at 11:30 A.M. and 2 P.M. Last summer they were the TM-Bar Ranch Boys on the Curley Bradley show. L. to r., Fred Kissling, Ben Carlton, Al Barathy and Gimmick Inventor Sam Porfirio.

“  
*My*  
FOOLISH  
HEART”

by ELOISE WINTERS

I FIRST MET WALT AT A DANCE

I was just a small town girl, so awkward and unsure of myself in all the excitement and gaiety of my first college affair. Then I saw him, or rather, Walt saw me. Before he even spoke I think I must have been in love with him—Walt was so darkly handsome, so sophisticated, so supremely confident of his charm.

That was the beginning. My roommate, Mary Jane, tried to warn me. She saw a side of Walt my love-blind eyes could never see; but

I wouldn't listen. Not to her, not to anybody—all I knew was that with him I was all I always hoped to be; smart, gay and wanted . . . I could only hear my foolish heart.

You know what happened then. Before I knew it, Walt was gone and I was alone—so terribly alone, afraid and so ashamed.

I still don't know if what I did was right. Lew was Mary Jane's sweetheart, but he'd always been more than just a friend to me . . . it seemed the only answer. It was so easy to make him believe I loved him, to fan his liking into ardor. Within a few days we were married and I thought that now my child would have a name, a home, security.

I've never told Lew about Walt and what there was between us—maybe that's why these things have happened.

What would you have done? . . . wait until you know *the Truth* about—“MY FOOLISH HEART.”



SAMUEL GOLDWYN presents

DANA ANDREWS · SUSAN HAYWARD  
“MY FOOLISH HEART”

with Kent Smith · Lois Wheeler · Jesse Royce Landis · Robert Keith · Gigi Perreau

Screen Play by Julius J. Epstein and Philip G. Epstein · Based on a story in the New Yorker by J. D. Salinger

Distributed by RKO Radio Pictures, Inc.

Directed by MARK ROBSON who gave you “Champion” and “Home of the Brave”

A  
Squibb clean  
mouth  
has a  
mint-fresh  
breath



Pleasant...  
real mint for  
taste and breath.

Gentle...  
contains the finest  
known polishing  
ingredients.

Effective...  
made with  
antacid  
magnesium  
hydroxide.



# her HANDS have an



Rosemary's pretty hands tell a story—one you won't want to miss.

It takes more than talent to be a successful television performer. You have to know how to walk, stand, talk and gesture. No one knows the exacting requirements better than Rosemary Rice.

Ever since the petite star was given the role of daughter Katrin in the new CBS-TV program, *Mama*, she's been spending her spare time perfecting her acting technique. Blonde Rosemary likes to practice in front of her full-length mirror so she can see just how she looks to the thousands of eyes that watch her on the screen.

"I'll never forget the first time I concentrated on my gestures," says Rosemary. "I just couldn't get them right because I was so self-conscious of my hands. They looked so unattractive and awkward that I made up my mind to start a daily hand care routine."

She began by keeping her cuticle and hands soft, between manicures, by applying cuticle oil and hand lotion every night. Rosemary was careful never to start her household chores without first protecting her hands with a rich cream and work gloves. Her weekly manicure, which she once skimmed through in less than an hour, now takes at least two hours. Before she applies her polish to her long tapering nails, she files, creams, soaks, buffs and base coats her nails. As for the polish itself, Rosemary learned to choose shades that blend best with the clothes she plans to wear.

Rosemary has discovered the secrets of keeping her hands beautiful. Though she has to memorize forty pages of script every week, in addition to going to rehearsals, she always finds time to pamper them.

So, next time you see her in the television version of "I Remember *Mama*," take a moment to notice her soft, expressive-looking hands. She really wants you to. You're her favorite audience!

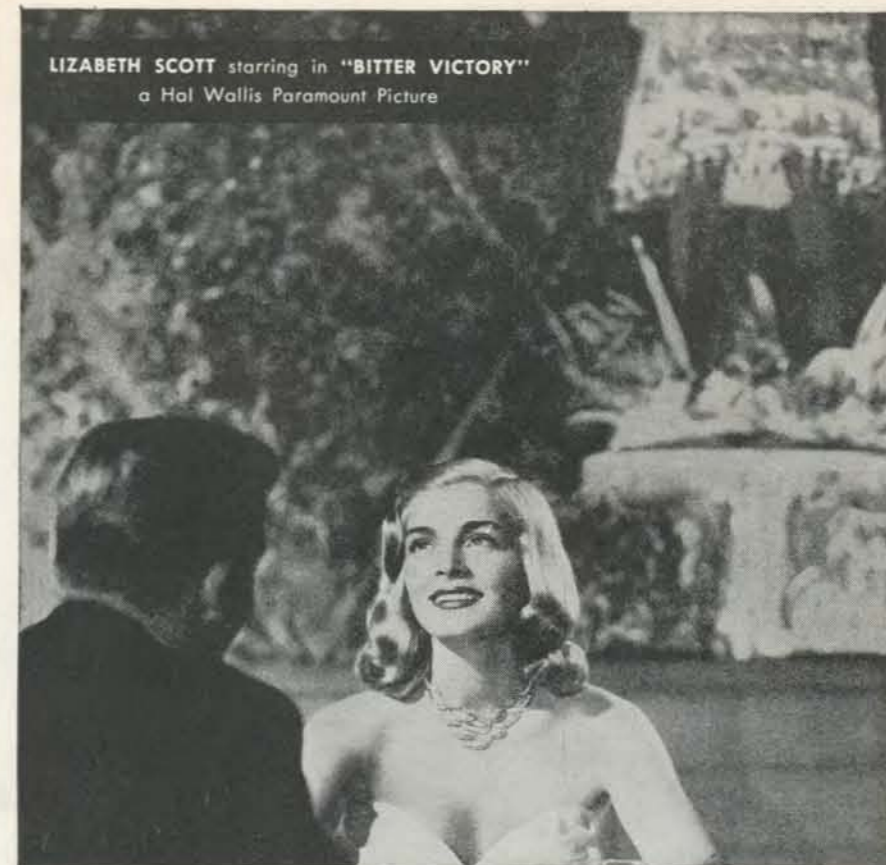
# audience

Can you imagine 915,843 people watching you? It happens to video star Rosemary Rice every Friday.



After Rosemary files her nails, she always applies a protective covering of creamy hand lotion. She knows it will smooth and keep her hands ever lovely.

By DORRY ELLIS



LIZABETH SCOTT starring in "BITTER VICTORY"  
a Hal Wallis Paramount Picture

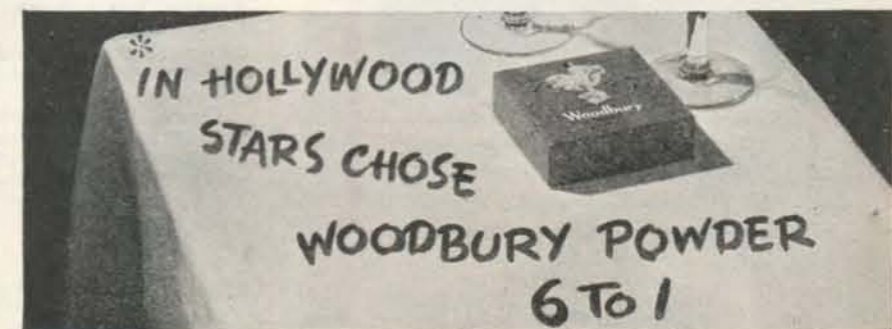
Don't look now...

You're at the Mocambo. Over at the next table is Lizabeth Scott. It's not polite to stare—but what do you do? You look up from your crepe suzette, steal a glance. Think she doesn't know it? Of course she does! She's a star... she expects it! That's why she wears Woodbury Powder (*Fiesta* for Lizabeth) on her radiant features... and carries it in her compact.



there's  
Lizabeth Scott...

Lizabeth is one of the Hollywood stars who chose Woodbury Powder, 6 to 1, in response to a recent survey.\* Something wonderful in Woodbury Powder—a new ingredient—gives your skin a smooth-as-satin look. The delicate fragrance clings as long as the powder. 7 heavenly shades glorify every skin type—no obvious "powdered" look. 15¢, 30¢, \$1.00, plus tax.



RADIO MIRROR for BETTER LIVING



Photogenic quintet: Vaughn Monroe and the Moon Maids, who currently supply the music on CBS stations, Saturday evenings at 7:30 EST.

# FACING

# the MUSIC

By  
MARTIN  
BLOCK



Ted Steele is a busy man these days. He makes records with the Marlin Sisters, above, has his own TV show (WCBS, M-F, 5:00 P.M. EST) and he's WMCA's morning disc jockey.



WNEW disc jockey Martin Block is also on NBC's Perry Como Show, Thurs., 10 A.M. EST, and seen on the TV version Sunday nights at 8.

If ever there was a year in which the record buyer could get loads and loads of discs at real bargain prices this was it. What with most of the major record companies running those wonderful "half-off" sales, lots of us have taken full advantage of the opportunity to add those long-wanted records and albums to our collections. More than that, this Christmas season sees the manufacturers offering the greatest selection of Yuletide music that was ever available. Of course, RCA Victor, Decca, Capitol, Columbia, M-G-M, London, Mercury and the others will have available the fine catalogue of records and albums that they offered last year. In addition, however, each company has already introduced several holiday items that range from Christmas songs by a western singer to carols sung by a church choir.

Some of the most interesting news and photographs of your favorite recording artists can be found in those regular monthly publications issued by the disc companies themselves. Newest of the pamphlets is the RCA Victor *Picture Review*. It's actually a revised version of the old *Record Review*, but this one is bigger and better. Then, of course, there's still the Columbia Records *Disc Digest* and the Capitol *News*. It's a good way to keep up with the latest recordings and musical happenings of the month.

One of the most sensational American acts ever to play the British Isles has been Billy Kenny and the Ink Spots. Three separate times, thus far, they have had their original four-week engagement extended for several additional months. Looks as though our English cousins don't want the group ever to leave, and we can hardly blame them.

It may seem hard to believe, but it's absolutely true that the Hit Parade's new vocalist, Jeff Clark, hadn't even thought about singing for a living until three years ago. When friends insisted, Jeff went to see vocal coach Jimmy Rich, who numbers such great names as Dinah Shore among his former

pupils. Jimmy knew when he had found a sure thing. Jeff easily went from vocalist on the Henry Morgan Show to star of the top musical stanza of the air waves.

Mel Torme gets another crack at the movies soon when he starts to work on a new Esther Williams-Van Johnson film titled, "Duchess of Idaho." The Velvet Fog will have to give up his lucrative personal appearance tour to return to Movieville. But he'll go back on tour as soon as his flicker duties are finished. Lena Horne will also be seen in the film.

Never one to rest on his laurels, Benny Goodman followed his European tour with one in the Philippines! In addition to a series of concerts, Benny got together groups of Philippine musicians and formed a little jazz group to show the Islanders that playing jazz isn't difficult when it's started right.

Listening to the pianistics of Errol Garner usually makes for a fine evening of music, but trying to buy a specific Errol Garner disc usually results in an afternoon of frustration. One record shop we visited had Errol Garner records under twelve different record company labels! The prolific young pianist has made so many records for so many companies that it's a tough job to find the one you want. Might be a good idea for someone to issue a special Garner catalogue!

There is a strong possibility that the days of the big-name dance bands may be coming around again. Benny Goodman, Tommy Dorsey, Woody Herman and now, Artie Shaw are once again waving their batons in front of dance bands—rather than show bands. Then, too, there are such up-and-coming groups as Ray Anthony, Ralph Flanagan, Claude Thornhill, Elliot Lawrence, and Sam Donahue. The old stand-bys—groups that never did give up—include Charlie Barnet, Bob Chester, Sammy Kaye, Guy Lombardo and Alvino Rey. It would be wonderful once again to have ballrooms and campuses resounding with little else but good, danceable music.



Tenor James Melton (r.) and music director Frank Black confer before their Harvest of Stars broadcast, Sun., 5:30 P.M. EST, NBC.

"Faith is power," affirmed Reverend Smith in an inspirational message to Terry and her listeners.



## WHAT IS FAITH?

This past summer Stan and I were in church one Sunday when Dr. Cornwall, our minister, was on vacation and we were fortunate in having Reverend Smith, pastor of the Roxbury Methodist Church in Stamford, Connecticut, visit us.

Stan and I were so deeply impressed with Reverend Smith's talk, "Faith Is Power," that we asked him if he would come and visit the Burtons as a Family Counselor and repeat his inspiring message. Reverend Smith said he'd be delighted to come and this is what he told us:

"Friends, faith is power. The reason I say this is that so often people with problems tell me that if they only had faith, they would have the power to solve their troubles. As an example of this, I recently read of a young actor who took his life, and left a note saying: 'Please forgive me. I've decided that the cons outweigh the pros in life. Goodbye.' What could have made this man, who was in apparent good health and who had an interesting career, decide that life's cons outweigh the pros? Many things, perhaps, including a girl. But primarily he took his own life because he didn't have the faith which would give him

the power to solve his problems.

"Yet every day, we hear of people in this world, much worse off than this young man, who solved their problems. People like Helen Keller, who was born deaf and blind and who taught herself to read and communicate with others. And there's Glenn Cunningham, who was badly burned during his childhood and was told that he would never walk again. He became one of the great track stars of all time. These people solved the power problem by making a simple discovery which transforms the lives of all who make it—that faith is power. Faith, however, like the heart and the brain, needs exercise to grow. Like a weak muscle, it can be strengthened through use.

"Another example of the power of faith was vividly illustrated to me when, as a young preacher out West, I was called to the bedside of a sick boy who had safely passed the crisis but had no desire to live. I went to the boy and prayed and read passages from the Bible to him until he fell asleep. The words got through to him, somehow, the boy found faith, wanted to live—and he did, which shows how faith is working energy."

Wednesday is Family Counselor Day on the Second Mrs. Burton, heard on CBS, Mon.-Fri. at 2 P.M. EST.

FAMILY COUNSELOR • By TERRY BURTON



"DULL" DAYS  
CAN BE  
GAY DAYS

# MIDOL

RELIEVES FUNCTIONAL  
PERIODIC PAIN  
CRAMPS-HEADACHE-"BLUES"

"What a difference  
Midol makes"



RELIEVES CRAMPS

EASES HEADACHE

CHASES "BLUES"

MOTHERS: 24-page book, "What Women Want to Know", explains menstruation. Sent Free in plain wrapper. Write: Dept. N-10, Box 280, New York 18, N. Y.

# Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 5)

mas day, 1949, the Metropolitan Opera celebrates its eighteenth year of weekly broadcasts.

In the department of firsts comes We the People which is in its thirteenth year. In 1948 it became the first regularly scheduled program to be presented on radio and TV networks simultaneously. . . . Although a comparative newcomer to the air, The Life of Riley (a mere six-year-old) lays claim to being the first show in history that has appeared simultaneously in three entertainment media—radio, motion pictures and television.

The New Year also finds a number of the many daytime shows well on their way to making radio history. Just Plain Bill has aired five-times-a-week for eighteen years. Helen Trent has been romancing since 1933. Big Sister, which was originally a newspaper serial, has been heard Mon.-Fri. for over thirteen years. . . . In the whodunit bracket, Mr. Keen has been tracing lost persons for nearly fourteen years, while the children's show that is enjoyed by equally as many adults, Let's Pretend, will have its twentieth birthday in 1950.

Two of the big radio-television problems that will hold the stage in 1950 are the FCC's ban on giveaway shows and the development of color television. With regard to the latter, there is no longer any doubt but that color TV is inevitable. At this writing, the big question is which method—CBS' or RCA's—is more desirable. It would appear that CBS is way out in front. When the FCC-giveaway show squabble will come to trial is anybody's guess, but the industry will feel a lot safer when it can look back on the litigation.

Never underestimate the power of radio, or WGN gets the bird! Recently actor Paul Langton of the Chicago "Death of A Salesman" cast, lost a cockateel from his apartment. WGN newscaster Leslie Nichols flashed the news. Within five minutes Les received a call stating that such a bird had been sighted on the mast of the U. S. S. YR51, rescued by the Machinist Mate first class, and sold for five dollars to Shipfitter first class, M. R. Jackson who was at this point hitch-hiking home. Mrs. Langton hopped a train, met Sailor Jackson, presented him with a fifty-dollar reward, and recovered the errant bird. The reason for this to-do? The Langtons were very attached to the critter—having raised it from an egg!

OFF THE LINE . . . CBS may not agree with this, but Charlie McCarthy says the web's call letters stand for: "Charlie, Bergen and Snerd" . . . Warner Bros. may do a re-make on "The Jazz Singer" with Gordon MacRae in the role created by Al Jolson . . . Jack Bailey is considering an offer to stage his Queen For A Day from the center ring of Ringling Bros. circus this Spring . . . Humorist Robert Q. Lewis, who subbed last summer for Arthur Godfrey, now speaks of the great man as "my winter replacement" . . . Ben Grauer is being wooed to conduct the first two-hour musical show on TV . . . Hildegard has waxed more albums than any other woman in show business . . . Singer Jack Smith has acquired a piano originally designed for Princess Margaret Rose . . . That's all for now.



## Like an Angel of Mercy to your Face and Hands

Millions of women find  
this **NEW BEAUTY IDEA** proves  
wonderfully effective aid to:

1. Lovelier, clearer-looking skin.
2. Softer, whiter-looking hands.
3. Healing beauty-marring blemishes.\*
4. Glorious soothing relief for irritated or itching skin conditions!

Why bother with countless jars and bottles? You don't need a lot of preparations to help keep your skin looking lovely. Do as so many nurses, models, actresses do. Give your skin *medicated* care.

### Try it for 10 Days

Use medicated Noxzema as a dainty, greaseless night cream—as a long-lasting foundation for make-up. Try this *beauty secret* for just 10 days. See how fast it helps your skin improve.

You'll be delighted to discover how quickly *medicated* skin care helps smooth and soften a rough, dry skin and helps heal unattractive skin blemishes\* from external causes.

### Smoother, Whiter-Looking Hands . . . often in 24 hours

Nurses first discovered Noxzema for hands irritated by constant scrubbing. If your hands get red and rough from

housework, from exposure to water or weather . . . see how quickly *medicated* care helps soften and heal them back to natural beauty.

### Read how 2 typical women helped solve their skin problems:



**Beauty** . . . Pat Barnard says, "Noxzema is part of my regular beauty routine. . . I use it every morning and night. It works wonders for my complexion."

**Blemishes** . . . Rita Tennant uses Noxzema as her regular night cream. "Noxzema is so dainty to use," says Rita. "And it quickly helps heal any of those little externally-caused skin irritations."



### 25,000,000 Jars Sold Yearly

Try Noxzema! See if you aren't honestly thrilled at the way it can help your own complexion problems . . . as it has helped so many thousands of other women. See for yourself why over 25,000,000 jars are used every year. Available at all drug and cosmetic counters. **40¢, 60¢, \$1.00 plus tax.**



# YODORA

the deodorant that works

## 2 WAYS



### stops

perspiration odor

Wonderful Yodora does not merely mask, but stops perspiration odor. Effective for full 24-hour protection.



### softens

and beautifies underarm skin

Made with a face cream base, Yodora keeps armpits fresh and lovely-looking as the skin of neck and shoulders. Tubes or jars 10¢ 30¢ 60¢

Kind to skin, chemically safe for clothes, it's the perfect cream deodorant... You'll adore Yodora!



McKESSON & ROBBINS  
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

# TRAVELER OF THE



Blanche Sherman made the trip from Monona, Iowa, to Chicago just to buy a pair of shoes.

I've heard of a number of reasons why visitors come to Chicago, but one of the most unusual was given by our Traveler of the Month, Miss Blanche A. Sherman, of Monona, Iowa. She made the trip to the Windy City to buy a pair of shoes.

She told me that although it isn't so easy, for her it's more important to have well-fitting, comfortable shoes than for most of us. Miss Sherman has been a polio victim since 1910 and cannot use her left limb and right arm.

Many of us would consider this a real handicap. But not Miss Sherman. Her smiles, her radiance told me without words that she has had a busy, happy life. That has been her aim since her illness which came shortly after she finished at Upper Iowa University.

Hers was the second case on record in her home state and in those days there was no such thing as therapy, exercise in pools and Sister Kenny treatments. Miss Sherman credits her recovery to the encouragement given her by parents and friends, who never said a discouraging word to her. It was her mother, she says, who helped her

so very much by massaging the afflicted areas.

"I had been teaching school when I was taken sick," Miss Sherman told me. "High school English and dramatics were my subjects. I wanted to get back to my desk, but before I could go back I had to learn to walk again. I had braces for support."

It was only a year after she returned to work that she was advanced to the position of principal of the high school, a job which she filled for twenty years.

Those twenty years were not always easy. Three times she fell, and broke the already-weak limb by stubbing her toe or slipping, and each time she had to learn to walk again; braces, crutches, and finally being able to graduate to a cane. During this period she was also caring for her parents, until they both passed away.

After the last tumble, she gave up her position at the high school. To loaf, you say, for the rest of her life? Not our Traveler of the Month! About that time the women's club of Monona decided to establish a public library. At first

# MONTH

By  
**TOMMY  
BARTLETT**

Welcome Travelers, heard Mon.-Fri. at 10 A.M. on NBC, originates in the College Inn of Chicago's Hotel Sherman.

all the members took turns passing out books. But finally when the operation was organized and there were more readers than they could handle, Miss Sherman took over. She now has the title and authority as well as the headaches and paycheck of the head librarian.

Her eyes sparkled when she told me, "I'm luckier than most librarians. The library board is so co-operative and the purchasing committee... well, they always approve of the books I select. We're real proud of our library. It's grown so much that we are moving into larger quarters in the fire station."

Talk about a full life! Miss Sherman has done graduate work at the University of Chicago. She's been to California several times, driving her own car. She's gone to the East Coast by train.

She writes for her own pleasure, but some of her poems have been published in *Poetry Magazine*.

She collects antiques, some of which came in the covered wagon which brought her father to Iowa from New York, when he was only eight years old.

When she meets some of her former pupils and they tell her how much she has meant to them, she's gratified and proud of her accomplishment.

About those shoes! Right after the broadcast we rushed Miss Sherman over to one of Chicago's most famous shoe stores where she had a pair made to order. Welcome Travelers also gave her a platina fox fur scarf as a remembrance of her visit to the broadcast.

## Are you in the know?



What to do if Mom says you're too young for dating?

- Try crowd psychology     Play Hannah the Hermit     Stick to hen parties

Chances are, it's solo dates the family vetoes... they're not against your having friends. Why not get your schoolmates to rally at your homestead, now and then? Show Mom you can cope with a mixed crowd. Dating first on the "gang" plan is good practice for

solos later. And whatever the doings, whatever the day, remember—those flat pressed ends of Kotex prevent revealing outlines. Even when you're toggged for a gala evening, you know you can brave the limelight with confidence... (and Kotex!).



Should you break a movie date with Bill—

- For a Big Man On Campus  
 If you're asked to a formal fray  
 To meet a blind find

You're booked for Saturday night at the cinema. Then the real Bikini comes along. Should you call Bill and beg off? Check no on all three counts above! Breaking dates is a rating-buster. And "calendar" time, too, is no excuse... for new Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it; gives softness that holds its shape. And your new Kotex Wonder-form Belt won't twist, won't curl, won't cut! Made with DuPont Nylon elastic; feather weight, fast drying!



It's a mighty sharp student who—

- Snags the prof  
 Has the Tweedy Look  
 Majors in poetry

Competition's keen when the prof's cute. True, you may not be a ball of fire at scanning. But your tweeds'll tell him you're on your toes, style-wise. For this year, tweed's terrific... new, inexpensive, with a "high fashion" look. In coats, suits or dresses, it's for you! And just for you on problem days, there's a Kotex absorbency you'll find exactly right. How to tell? By trying all 3: Regular, Junior, Super. Each has a special safety center—pledging extra protection!

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

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

**K**STP-TV, Minneapolis-St. Paul NBC Television affiliate, boasts of the best-fed engineering staff in the nation. Every Monday afternoon following Bernice Hulin's television feature, *What's Cookin'*, drooling staffers invade her specially-built television kitchen and feast on the culinary delicacies she prepares during each telecast. Home viewers find themselves suffering from hunger pangs about 3:30, too. Bernice is KSTP-TV's home economist, and one of the Northwest's best-known food experts. Slim, attractive Bernice has what housewives declare is a "natural pantry manner" and her television visits bear the mark of woman-to-woman intimacy. She seems to be letting her viewers in on deep secrets of food magic.

A graduate of the University of Minnesota, Bernice, who has a master's degree in home economics, began her career in 4-H Club work as a teen-ager and won scores of state championships in baking. Before joining KSTP-TV, she was a featured 4-H Club work speaker on NBC. It was Bernice who taught home economics to hundreds of home economists in Minnesota.

Bernice's marriage to an army officer gave her the opportunity to study foreign cooking in Hawaii, Guam, Manila, and Zamboanga on Mindanao. She also learned about Spanish, Dutch, English, Chinese and Filipino foods in the galleys of inter-island ships.

Her television kitchen is a homemaker's dream, complete with electric stove, dishwasher, refrigerator, sink with running water, streamlined cupboards, and a full complement of all kitchen utensils. Each week Bernice prepares some interesting dish, varying from hot rolls to spaghetti and meat balls . . . from angel food cake to baked fish. She actually prepares and bakes each item during the telecast and explains each step of the procedure as she goes along. Each recipe is printed clearly on a blackboard and is always in sight for the home televiewer to copy at her leisure.

The finale of each show is a decorator's delight. Bernice neatly arranges the finished product in an appetizing manner, making use of silver trays, plate settings, fanciful accoutrements, and parsley sprigs.

KSTP-TV's home economist Bernice Hulin demonstrates culinary techniques every Monday afternoon at 3:30 on *What's Cookin'*.



# GLAMOROUS GOURMET

When her husband is away Bernice enjoys relaxing at home with a good magazine.



# Collector's Corner



By NAT "KING" COLE

(There is little that can be said about this month's guest record collector that hasn't already been mentioned. After years of hearing "the king," the music-minded public suddenly realized that Nat Cole played the kind of music and sang the kind of songs that came from the heart—not from a written score. His meaningful interpretations of every type of music from hot jazz to folk ballads have made him an all-time great. His Capitol records, plus radio and personal appearances, have gained for him a large and loyal audience.)

Picking a list of discs that I would call my favorites—among-favorites wasn't nearly as hard as I had imagined. I just thought about my record collection, pictured the records and albums on the shelves and then recalled the exact positions to which I most often reach when I start playing my records.

Way over in the far left corner, on the second shelf from the top, I've got my Dizzy Gillespie, Stan Kenton, Frank DeVol and Duke Ellington discs.

I never go to that shelf without taking down Dizzy's version of "Manteca" or the Duke's "Black, Brown and Beige" album or his record of "Chelsea Bridge." I like those particular numbers because they are just plain good music, played with technique and taste. Then, too, there's Stan's album, "A Concert in Progressive Jazz," and his "Artistry Jumps" record.

In my collection of vocal discs—that's the top shelf in the middle cabinet—I almost automatically take down Sarah Vaughan's great record of "Trouble Is A Man," or Billie Holliday's "Lover Man." And for a really restful evening of record-listening, give me the Frank DeVol album of "Classics In Modern."

Of course, I hope that I'm not leaving the impression that my collection is limited to the popular or jazz fields. Drop around some time and listen to my Milhaud, Debussy, Stravinsky or Copland selections. Or would you rather be a mule?



*Some tinted make-ups cling—even in the rain...but*



*you need a  
special cream  
to remove them*

Thanks to those new tinted make-ups, you no longer have to look like a Sad Cinderella when you go walking in the rain.

But those same cream, cake or liquid make-ups that cling for hours are no cinch to remove!

They need a special cleanser—Woodbury Cleansing Cream!—specially designed to remove hard-to-remove make-ups (ordinary make-up, too). Because it contains Penaten, Woodbury Cleansing Cream penetrates deeper... emulsifies the clinging pigments... quickly floats every stubborn speck away!

So mild, so gentle is this "special" cream that sensitive skins prefer it. *Your skin*, too, will feel soothed, cool, fresh as mint! 20¢, 39¢, 69¢ plus tax.



*Woodbury Cleansing Cream*

**penetrates deeper  
because it contains  
PENATEN**



Examining the first transatlantic wireless set: its inventor, Guglielmo Marconi, at right; his first assistant, G. S. Kemp, left; and Viscount Wolmer.



The then unknown David Sarnoff who stayed on duty at wireless station 72 hours in 1912, directing ships to scene of the Titanic disaster.

# RADIO'S OWN LIFE STORY

By  
**LLEWELLYN  
MILLER**

Used for first broadcasts of KDKA, Dr. Frank Conrad's Wilksburg, Pa., home was birthplace of radio as it's known today.



**1901 to 1920:** Nothing in the whole fabulous history of radio is more astounding than the fact that broadcasting for entertainment is barely thirty years old.

Well within the memory of many people not yet middle-aged is the very first news broadcast, the first coast-to-coast hook-up, the first advertising on the air.

Thirty years ago there were no networks. There were no sponsors. There were no paid entertainers. In 1919, there was only one regular broadcast of music in the entire United States. That came from Pittsburgh for two hours each Wednesday and Saturday evening, and it was devised for the amusement of only one hundred people listening through earphones.

Forty-five years ago, the first broadcast of a voice was still to be made. Fifty years ago even the dots and dashes of the Morse Code had not crossed the Atlantic by wireless.

This story of broadcasting will deal mainly with the great entertainers of radio rather than with the great inventors who made radio possible, though their stories are fascinating, for their discoveries set the stage for the biggest show on earth—the show that comes free to us for the turn of a dial—the show that fills the air that was empty and silent half a century ago.

The story of broadcasting in this country starts on December 12, 1901, when the young Italian, Guglielmo Marconi, waited on the icy shores of Newfoundland for the sound of the signal his men in England were trying to send over more than two thousand miles of winter sea.

Marconi must have held his breath as he waited in the little control room under the weirdly cumbersome wooden masts of his crude aerial as the time drew near.

Then he heard it. Dot Dot Dot. Clear and hard, the prearranged signal crackled out from the tip of Cornwall, and rounded the curve of the world at the speed of light—186,273 miles per second. Feeble and faint, but

unmistakable, it was netted by the flimsy web of wire all the way across the Atlantic. Four hundred and nine years after that other great Italian, Christopher Columbus, heard the cry "Land ho!" Marconi conquered the ocean again. The day of radio was at hand.

Broadcasting is not the invention of any one man. Scores of brilliant explorers of the ether contributed. Marconi, himself, was only part of the great stream of experiment. The presence of ether waves had been noted long before he was born.

He is properly called "the father of wireless," however. He was the first to harness the thin ether for practical use when he built the first sending aerial in 1895 and picked a sound out of the air a mile and a quarter away—a miracle no man had done before.

He was twenty-one years old, son of an Italian father and an Irish mother. The family was wealthy. The boy had been educated by tutors. In his teens, when he became absorbed in his wild surmise that the ether was another uncharted ocean waiting for its Columbus, his father gave him 5,000 lira or about \$1,000 for pocket money with which to carry on his experiments.

He is one of the few great inventors whose way was easy from the start. His genius won almost immediate recognition and quickly brought honor, fame and great fortune. There was one major set-back, however.

When he succeeded in sending a Morse Code signal through the air to a station out of sight behind a hill, young Marconi knew that he had something of enormous value. Patriotically, he offered his discovery to the Italian government. The fantastic fact is that it was courteously but firmly refused as not important enough to deserve official consideration, and Italian ships continued to use homing pigeons to carry messages from ship to shore!

Marconi's mother had influential connections in England so they took young (Continued on page 78)

MIRROR PRESENTS THE STAR STORY OF ITS OWN SEVENTEEN-YEAR HISTORY

IN BEGINNING THE HISTORY OF A MIRACULOUS MEDIUM, RADIO

# “My Buddy”

Here's Mary Pickford's own story about Buddy, and why she came to New York with him—  
“You have to be near the man you love!”



Rogers family portrait: Mary Pickford, Buddy Rogers, Roxanne Pickford Rogers and Ronald Pickford Rogers.

Transplanting the roots of a well-loved, well-established home to strange new ground is something most women have always been able to do with a minimum of fuss and protest. The reason stands out with great clarity: a woman, quite naturally, prefers to be near the man she loves. That's why it was easy for Mary Pickford of Beverly Hills, California to say to her husband:

“Why, of course I'd love to live in New York, darling. Let's go!”

Husband Buddy Rogers' great success on radio and television during a brief period in the East was a fact that Mary was well aware of before Buddy returned to California to tell her about it himself. She had seen kinescopes of the Toast of the Town show when Buddy substituted as emcee for Ed Sullivan. She had read the rave reviews of his vocalizing on the Roberta Quinlan show. And friends returning from the East had informed her that Buddy was being hailed as the new sensation of television. Best of all, she had heard that the American Broadcasting Company wanted to sign him to a long-term radio and video contract.

It was typical of Buddy's modesty about his own accomplishments that Mary hadn't heard the wonderful news during any one of their innumerable long-distance telephone conversations. Buddy, however, was much more eager to find out what was going on at home during his absence: the children's progress at school, Mary's new recipe for enchiladas (which he loathes, but will eat just to please her), the fact that eight-year-old Roxanne had lost another tooth, and that son Ronnie had frightened everyone by remaining away most of one day to hunt “coyotes” in the mountains surrounding their home.

So it wasn't until Buddy returned to Pickfair that he even mentioned his activities in the East. He and Mary were seated in the comfortable little Book Room, (Continued on page 74)



# Now I Can SING AGAIN!



"How wonderful it was to find someone who liked things I liked! That had never happened before!"

**I**t seems hard even to recall it now, but a year ago I was a trapped, emotionally exhausted, bitterly unhappy guy.

My eight-year marriage to Joanne Dru was breaking up—it would have ended long before, and both of us knew it, except for our mutual concern for our three children.

The career on which I had embarked ten years before with such energy and enthusiasm had become an intolerable burden, worse, a bore. I was fed up with being the perpetual singing juvenile, certain in my bones that the public was equally fed up with meeting me in that role.

For all I really cared, I could have quit—but I couldn't quit.

The future didn't look black, just dirty, sullen grey . . . it was as hopeless.

*Breaking up a marriage,  
especially when there are children,  
isn't easy. Add the fact  
that Dick's in the public eye and  
you'll understand his heartaches*

By DICK HAYMES

Until I met Nora.

It was in October, in Palm Springs.

I had flown down alone in my plane, just to get away for a few hours, just to have a chance to think.

At the Racquet Club, I watched a beautiful girl playing tennis. I couldn't stop watching her, because she seemed to be everything I wasn't then—healthy, happy, vibrantly alive.

Someone told me she was Nora Eddington Flynn. I wangled an introduction, and something happened inside me—Nora says it happened to her, too—the minute we spoke for the first time.

That afternoon we played tennis together, and I was amazed that I could play so many sets without a hint of fatigue. I had been exhausted, or so I had thought when I arrived.

I asked Nora to have din- (Continued on page 72)

Club 15, with Dick Haymes, is heard Monday through Friday evenings at 7:30 EST, over CBS stations.



"At the Racquet Club," Dick says, "I watched a beautiful girl playing tennis. I couldn't stop watching her, because she seemed to be everything I wasn't then—healthy, happy, vibrantly alive. I wangled an introduction and something happened inside me—Nora says it happened to her, too—the minute we spoke."



Your ticket to

# The GOLDBERGS

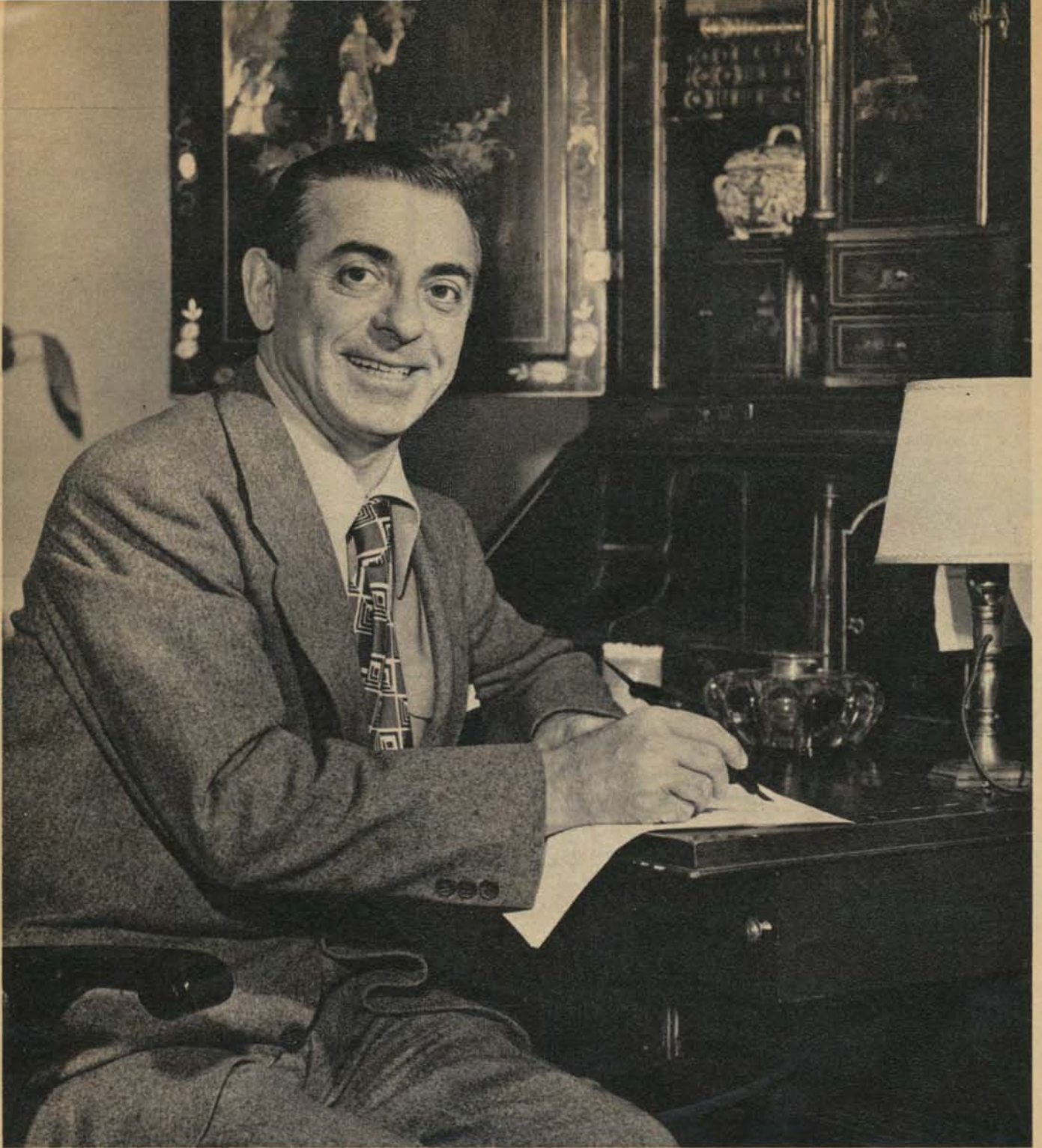


**Pay a visit to the First Family of The Bronx—Molly,**

**I**f you're one of the many, many people who have made The Goldbergs your favorite radio or television show—or both—and if you live in or around New York, here's a chance to see the Goldbergs in person. If you were to enter the big CBS television studio in Manhattan, you would see the above set, which is a replica of the Goldberg dining room at 1038 East Tremont Avenue, The Bronx. And, if you just happened to find everyone home, you would be able to identify them from this picture. That's the gregarious Gold-

**her brood, her friends. Their happiness is contagious!**

berg neighbor, Mrs. Kramer, at left; Uncle David, seated first left at the dining table, seems to be trying hard to put across a point; next to David is the wealthy, sophisticated Uncle Simon, whom the Goldbergs sometimes try to impress. Then, of course, come the Goldbergs themselves: Rosalie, Molly, Sammy and Jake. This is how The Bronx's most beloved family looks when it gathers together to enjoy one of Molly's abundant dinners. (The Goldbergs are on TV Mon., 9:30 P.M., EST; on radio Fri., 8 P.M., EST, both CBS.)



1950 is more than just a new year in a new decade. According to an incurable optimist named Eddie Cantor, it's the beginning of a great new era filled with happiness and hope for all mankind

# TAKE 1950

By EDDIE CANTOR

Nineteen hundred and fifty, if you'll pardon a clown a few serious thoughts, will go down in history as the year of great opportunity, the year of choice.

What right does a comedian have, you may ask, to get profound, or even sentimental about the New Year? Well, even a comedian can see the atomic writing on the wall. And as a comedian, I don't think the script reads very funny. But just the same, I know that everything is going to be all right with the world in 1950, that 1950 is going to be a happy New Year, that all the years after that are going to be happy.

As for that atomic writing on the wall, I like to think now that maybe the bomb was invented *not* to be used, but to wave over our heads to keep us humble, to keep us from forgetting that we have created the means of our own destruction. With that leveling influence, what else can we do but have the sense to enjoy the wonders that wait for us in 1950 and the years to come?

It's easy now—much easier than it ever was for our ancestors—to rely on a Happy New Year. It's got to be. Either it's a happy New Year or *no* New Year.

In military circles, they say they haven't found a weapon to cope with the atom bomb. They just can't beat it. But the way to head off atomic destruction will never be found on military blueprints. It will be found, as it has for more than two thousand years, in the Sermon on the Mount, and it will be found in the Ten Commandments handed down to Moses.

You know, Cantor has lived a pretty long time. After all, I might

as well admit it—I'll be thirty-five in 1950. And I've seen a thing or two, and heard a thing or two. One of the things I'm almost always hearing is the despairing cry that you can't change human nature.

I hope they won't try in 1950 to change human nature. I like it the way it is—despite occasional quirks that give some men nothing but daughters. There's nothing wrong with human nature that a good laugh and a good cry can't cure. Admit it. Well, is that bad then, if human nature is centered around the heart?

And since you can't change human nature—and since we're all selfish by nature—let's learn one thing only. It's a very simple trick. The wisest selfishness is unselfishness. Honest. Just think about it.

Nothing is paid back more quickly or more abundantly than unselfishness. You know, it's really a miracle formula. If everybody was unselfish—and I guess it goes back to the Golden Rule again—think how it would pay off, on a strictly selfish basis. Here's how it works.

Cantor is just one man in a country of 150,000,000. I reform and act unselfish, while everyone else in the country is doing the same thing. It's wonderful. I'm just one guy being kind, but 149,999,999 others are returning my kindness—by being kind to me. Where else can you get such returns on an investment? It's more kindness than I can handle.

And if the whole world did that—well, no one would have to worry about anything, even the A-bomb.

See what I mean? Happy New Year. Don't take it or leave it. Take it, with my sincerest good wishes.



At a flower-banked altar in Glenwood's picturesque little stone church, lovely Vikki Adams fulfills her greatest hope by becoming Roger Hoyt's bride. The charming and wealthy Roger was considered the town's most eligible man and the wedding is in keeping with Hoyt standards of elegance and fashion. But despite their momentary happiness, the newlyweds face a serious problem.

# The "OTHER WOMAN"

Vikki Hoyt, of the daytime serial  
Marriage For Two, faces the problem of  
a lovely rival for her husband's  
affection. What is your advice to her?



Marriage For Two, the daytime serial story of Vikki and Roger Hoyt, is heard M-F, 10:30 A.M., EST, on NBC stations.

**H**ardly a day goes by that does not bring to RADIO MIRROR letters from reader-listeners commenting on how amazingly real are the problems in the lives of their daytime serial favorites. And often a reader will say, "That same thing happened to me not long ago—I wish I could tell those people what I did about it. Perhaps it would help them, too."

*Beginning with this issue, RADIO MIRROR has made arrangements for you to offer your advice to your daytime serial friends, give them the benefit of your experience with the problems they face!*

This month's problem is that of a young wife who, only very recently married, faces an emotional crisis which, wrongly handled, might lead to disaster. She is Vikki Hoyt of Marriage For Two, the story of two young people who differ widely in their attitude toward life but who, because they love each other, are starting the sharing of one life under one roof. They hope for nothing but happiness. But it is only

in fairy tales that lovers live happily ever after, and Marriage For Two is a story of the modern world and the obstacles which must be met and overcome if marriage is to succeed in that world. One of those obstacles, for Vikki, is a lovely young woman named Pamela Towers.

On the next two pages you will find the story of Vikki and Roger, and of the other people—particularly Pamela Towers—who will influence them in their marriage. On the air each day you will hear more of the Marriage For Two story of the life of Vikki and Roger. When you have read about them, listened to them, perhaps you will be able to advise Vikki on a question that is vital to her happiness.

**RADIO MIRROR WILL PAY \$100.00 FOR  
THE MOST INTERESTING LETTERS!**

You'll find full details by turning to the next page.

Pamela Towers,  
the "other woman."



Mrs. Adams,  
Vikki's sweet, gentle mother.



Mr. Adams,  
Vikki's kind, humorous father.



Vikki Hoyt,  
troubled young bride.



Roger Hoyt,  
happy-go-lucky groom.

Aunt Debbie,  
Roger's aunt and guardian.



### Can You Help Vikki Solve Her

Roger is unstable. He's a dreamer. His head's in the clouds and always has been. He doesn't know the value of money—and, as much as he thinks he does, he doesn't know the value of having a wife like you!

That was the warning Vikki got—from Roger's own Aunt Debbie, his guardian for all the years since his parents had died—before she married Roger.

That wasn't the only unpleasant foretelling of disaster for the marriage of Vikki Adams and Roger Hoyt. Roger had his share of them, too—from Pamela Towers, the girl he'd known overseas when he was an Army captain and she worked with the Mobile Canteen. Pamela had fallen in love with Roger. Now that they were back in Glenwood—even now that Roger had fallen in love with Vikki and was going to marry her—Pamela made no attempt to conceal the fact that she still loved Roger, still felt that she would be a much more suitable wife for him.

"Vikki's not your kind," Pamela told Roger again and again. "She's too practical for you."

"I can be anything Vikki wants me to be."

"You won't like that," Pamela cautioned. "You won't like pouring yourself into a mold. You'll be miserable."

But in spite of Aunt Debbie's warnings and Pamela's, and the less pointed mutterings and headshakings of some of the other Glenwood people, Roger and Vikki were married—at high noon in the Community Church, on a lovely day in October. And they went to New York on their honeymoon, to the big city Vikki had never seen.

Neither of Vikki's parents was sure their daughter had made a wise choice. Tom Adams, Vikki's father—warm, loving, full of gentle humor—determined to watch the marriage closely, hoped for nothing but the best for his only child. Vikki's mother, caught up

in the excitement of marrying her daughter to one of Glenwood's most eligible young men, gave herself up to enjoying the things of the moment—the car that Roger gave Vikki for a wedding present and the fact that her daughter was going to live on Mountain Avenue, in Glenwood's best residential section.

Now, Roger and Vikki have returned from their honeymoon, have settled into that big house that Mrs. Adams so admires. And still no one close to them feels that they are quite suited to each other. No one but Roger and Vikki themselves, that is. To Aunt Debbie's pre-marriage warning Vikki had replied, "All Rog needs is love and understanding, and I can give him those!" It's by this creed that she's embarking on her married life—and already she has discovered that neither love nor understanding can be the answer to all facets of Roger's character.

There was the honeymoon itself, for instance—on the trip Roger showered her with jewelry and clothes. Vikki—too happy to protest aloud in those first days of their marriage—nevertheless wondered about their dwindling bank account, and planned passionately for the future. A future which, to her, means the building of a stable, sensible life together.

Now Vikki realizes that there will have to be a compromise between her way of life and Roger's. Roger knows it, too—but neither will give an inch! They aren't being stubborn—it's just that they are so terribly different—parallel lines that reach out, in their mutual love, but can never really meet.

There's the house on Mountain Avenue, for example. Roger rented it from Aunt Debbie who moved away because, she says, "It never brought me anything but misery!"

What an impressive place that house is, Roger feels—what a place to entertain! It suits Roger perfectly. But Vikki had in mind a more modest estab-

### Problem of the "Other Woman"?

lishment—a place more in keeping with the sort of life she's used to, and with the budget she's planned. And although she agrees to live there, the house is one of those points on which she and Roger will never think alike.

Another such point is Pamela Towers. Contrary to all her instincts, Vikki tries, sometimes, to be more like Pamela—to have a reckless, devil-may-care attitude—because she knows that Roger admires those things in Pamela. But each try is a dismal failure.

And Roger, in his great love for his young bride, tries in turn to play the role of a practical small town family man. But his temperament rebels; he finds himself growing more dissatisfied, remembering more of what Pamela said to him before he was married. "We're cut of the same cloth, you and I, shiny silver stuff—the stuff that dreams are made of."

"And Vikki?" Roger had asked, amused.

"Vikki? She's cut from checkered gingham, like the curtains at a cottage window. Not your type!"

Roger had laughed at her—then. Now he's not so sure. Often nowadays, he finds himself turning to a willing Pamela for understanding!

So—as every woman must—Vikki faces problems in her marriage undreamed of in courtship. The problem of money, the big house. The problem of difference in tastes, in way of life, between her and her husband.

But largest and darkest of all looms the problem of "the woman"—the problem of Pamela Towers. Pamela, so like Roger, always understanding him, always sympathizing with him. Pamela, eager—as Roger is—for adventure, excitement, for living life to its fullest without regard for the consequences. Surely, of all the problems, Pamela is the greatest threat to Vikki's happiness, to her Marriage For Two itself. How shall she handle it? What is the wisest course—and why?

RADIO MIRROR will purchase Readers' Answers to the question "How Should Vikki Handle Her Problem Of The Other Woman?" Best answer: \$50.00; Next five best answers: \$10.00 each.

Nearly every married woman has at one time asked herself, "What would I do if I found that my husband was attracted to another woman?" Vikki Hoyt, of Marriage For Two, finds herself in that situation. Perhaps you can help her. Write your advice to RADIO MIRROR, based on what you have learned about Vikki and Roger and Pamela in this story, and from listening to Marriage For Two on NBC. State in a letter of no more than one hundred words how you think she should handle this problem. Address your letter to Marriage For Two, RADIO MIRROR Magazine, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. The editors of RADIO MIRROR will choose what they feel to be the best letter and will buy it, for \$50.00, for publication in the April, 1950, issue. They will also choose the five next best letters and purchase these at ten dollars each. The opinion of the editors is final; no letters will be returned. Your letter must be post-marked no later than midnight, December 31, 1949. The coupon below must accompany your letter.

NAME .....  
STREET or BOX .....  
CITY or POSTOFFICE ..... STATE .....

# MOTHER KNOWS BEST

By WARREN HULL

—who, with Isabella Beach, upholds Mom's side on Mother Knows Best, Saturdays 5:30 P.M., EST, CBS



"Better ask Mother; she knows best!" Sound familiar? This is Father's stock answer to most household posers.

In some cases Dad is too tired from his "hard day at the office" to enter into family problems and so he passes the decisions on to Mom. Although he'll only jokingly admit it, Father really believes that Mother knows best.

Which brings us to the question—just what does Mother know best about? Mrs. Isabella Beach, homemaking authority on Mother Knows Best, says Mother knows best concerning just about *everything* on the warm and human side of life. And Mrs. Beach rates as an expert on the subject because she has had eight children of her own. In addition, she is Food Editor of the New York *Journal-American*.

Dad may wear the crown as the breadwinner but Mom's the queen at home—and particularly in the kitchen. Before Pop can teach junior to be a running back on the school team, Mom paves the way with body-building meals.

Mom is thinking of the future. From the time she encourages the baby to say "thank you" she is teaching manners which will be important in the business and social world.

Mother knows it's best to be enthusiastic towards the children's activities and sees that she attends their school functions, sometimes with Dad in tow—Dad, who at the outset wishes he were home behind the evening paper but at the close of the affair finds himself enjoying his family life.

Aside from making a comfortable home, Mother has to have a general knowledge of reading, writing, geometry, Spanish, French, biology, etc.—how many times during an evening has that muffled voice behind the newspaper said, "Ask your mother to help you. I've been working all day?"

History shows that mothers have played a major part in many great lives. As a father myself, I'd like to quote the tribute Abraham Lincoln paid to his mother during his first inaugural speech when he said, "All that I am, or ever hope to be, I owe to my angel mother."

And though Pop thinks Mom is a fuss-budget about such rules as a jacket and tie worn at the table or no dog in the living room, don't think he's hedging when he says to ask Mother, she knows best—he *knows* she does.

## WHO KNOWS BEST

At your house, is it Mom or Dad who makes the final decisions? Does Mother's better understanding make her the "head of the house" or does Father's superior wisdom win him the role of final court of appeal? Or perhaps the burden and pleasure of decision-making is pretty well divided according to the subject at hand and the special abilities of one parent.

Warren Hull, Robert Young, and the editors of RADIO MIRROR would like to hear about your own experiences along these lines—incidents from your own lives which proved that either Mother or Father knew best. They may concern any subject

Everybody knows that Father knows best—at least everybody says so when the old boy is within earshot. But I guess the only one who really believes it is Father himself. However, being pinned down to defend the family pants-wearer in print puts me, Bob Young, the father of four gals, right on the well-known spot—how would *you* like to have five irate females waving a copy of RADIO MIRROR under your nose and demanding explanations? So I guess I'd better launch into this debate as my radio-self, Jim Anderson, Sr., the breadwinner in the radio series, Father Knows Best. Jim not only knows best, but *knows* he knows—and the Anderson household realizes that there's no use arguing the point.

As Father Anderson, then, let me say right off that there are some things that Mother knows best about—calories and vitamins, for instance, and symptoms of children's diseases, clothing and rubbers, table etiquette and things generally associated with "proper bringing up." But Father is the fellow who makes the weighty decisions that affect the child's future. His knowledge of the world, with which he does daily battle, makes him an authority on the things which are out of Mama's ken.

Father's children, be they boys or girls, know almost by instinct that Daddy is the one who will give them "the straight dope." And whether the problem is a broken toy or a broken heart, Father can be counted on for an answer.

Father is right there with the right answer when it comes to the more important things like making the home secure, mending broken toys, participating in constructive play, such as erector sets and model trains, making sling shots; boxing and building doll-houses, hunting, fishing and philosophy; baseball scores and political awareness; crossword puzzles and arithmetic; how to drive a car; allowance and wage earning, home building and grand-children raising. Yes, Father can be counted on in *any* emergency to come through with a solution.

His superior knowledge of all these things mentioned, and many more, weigh the scales heavily in Father's favor, and make the phrase, "Father Knows Best," entirely justifiable.

# FATHER KNOWS BEST

By ROBERT YOUNG

—who, as Jim Anderson, roots for Dad on Father Knows Best, Thursdays, 8:30 P.M., EST, over NBC.



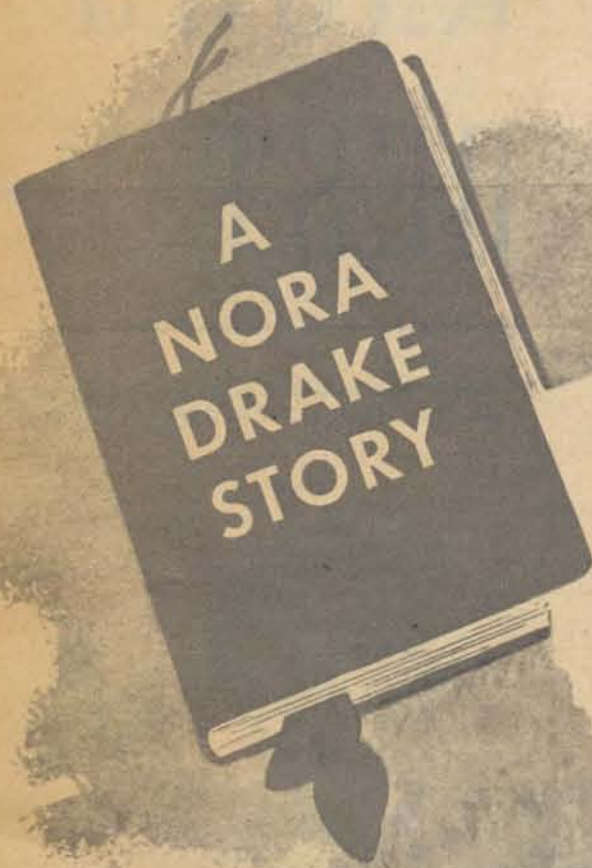
## AT YOUR HOUSE?

of interest in the home—children, finances, RADIO MIRROR WILL PAY \$25 for the best incident, sent in by a reader, which proves that Mother Knows Best, and ANOTHER \$25 WILL BE PAID to the reader sending in the best incident proving that Father Knows Best. Tell your story in one hundred words or less, and address your letter to Who Knows Best?, RADIO MIRROR Magazine, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. This is an offer to purchase stories on this subject for publication in the April, 1950 issue. The opinion of the editors will be final. Your letter must be post-marked not later than midnight, December 31.

# "MY BROTHER'S

# KEEPER"

By CHARLES DOBBS



**RADIO MIRROR  
READER BONUS**

*This is Nora Drake is the story of Nora, a young woman with her own way to make in the world, who has chosen the profession of nursing, and Charles Dobbs, able young attorney whose integrity sometimes proves a stumbling-block to his ambition.*

*The story Radio Mirror has dramatized this month tells of a time of crisis for Charles—a crisis he must face and resolve without help from Nora, the woman he loves. Here is Charles' own story of this critical moment in his life.*

I guess this has happened to everyone, sometime. . . . You get to a point in your life where all of a sudden things look pretty good. You're healthy, your job is going well, maybe you're lucky enough to be in love. Altogether you can't, at the moment, find anything serious to worry about.

Well, when next that happens to you, enjoy it! Because the one thing you can be sure of is that it won't last long. I suppose it's not in the nature of living to have any state of affairs continue indefinitely, but why the most pleasant interludes have to be the briefest ones I don't know. All I'm sure of is that, just about the time you're telling yourself in a surprised way that it's not such a bad world after all, it suddenly turns upside down and your little holiday is over. Sometimes the morning mail will do it; sometimes it's a phone call, or somebody you meet accidentally in the street.

With me, it was a ring at my doorbell one evening. . . . an evening when my small particular world seemed full of hope and smiling promise, challenge and reward. There were some little reasons for it, and three big ones.

I'd been given a case to handle

which was an unusually important one to have fallen to a mere Assistant District Attorney. I'd been told on good authority that the governor had definitely decided on me for a Special Prosecutor's appointment that I almost hadn't dared to hope for. And I'd seen Nora that day. That was the biggest reason of all. I'd touched her hand twice—once to say hello, once to say goodbye. I'd seen her eyes and her lips warm with excitement when I told her about the governor, and behind her words of congratulation I'd heard—or thought I heard—something that was a little more than the delight of a friend at what was coming up for me. Something that made my heart bound with the hope that at last she'd understood what I felt for her. Something that started me thinking that maybe, one day soon, I could tell her. . . .

And then the doorbell rang, a

sharp dagger of sound that pierced my little soap-bubble world as effectively as if the woman who stood there had reached out and done it with her pointed red nails.

Dorothy Stewart gave me a slow smile, and enough time for my mind to register the automatic warning I gave myself whenever she faced me: *Be careful!* Then, when I didn't speak, she said amiably, "Are you entertaining your callers in the hall these days, Charles? How different of you. Unless. . ." she drew back in mock confusion, "perhaps you're not alone?"

I moved aside. "I'm alone, unfortunately," I said, knowing I could count on her to register the double meaning of my words. She did. She looked back over her shoulder with amusement, and wary as I was I felt the impact of those long dark eyes of hers that went so oddly with her (Continued on page 82)

*This is Nora Drake is heard M-F at 2:30 P.M. EST, CBS stations.*

"Where can I turn?" Charles asked himself  
—and knew the answer. He could always turn to Nora.  
She would know, would tell him what to do . . .



George Stewart  
(Played by Leon Janney)



Dorothy Stewart  
(Played by Elspeth Eric)



Nora Drake  
(Played by Joan Tompkins)



Charles Dobbs  
(Played by Grant Richards)



# BETWEEN THE

# BOOKENDS



Be sure to listen to Ted Malone M.-F. at 3:55 P.M. EST over ABC and Sundays at 10:15 P.M. EST on ABC.

Radio Mirror's Prize Poem

## SONG FOR CANDLE GOLD

"When we're rich," I said it lightly,  
"We'll light candles, burn them brightly,  
Set them out at dinner time  
And have a silver bell to chime  
The hour, we'll be as fine as silk  
With candleshine to star the milk,  
The cookies, and of course your eyes."  
He looked at me in quick surprise  
That such as these could ever be.  
But little boys of five can see  
A dream come true, while you can mix  
The biscuits and find candlesticks  
While you put plates and cups in place,  
Can turn a checkered cloth to lace  
With one sound kiss and turn to state  
Unanswerably: "Must we wait  
Until we're rich?" Now all the room  
Is wrapped within the golden bloom  
Of candle flame and certain blue  
Of shining eyes when dreams come true,  
And my heart gaily, left and right,  
Spends riches spun of candlelight  
And the rare, quicksilver gold  
Of a little boy five years old.  
—Gladys McKee

## WITH NIGHT

When night has dyed my window pane  
Deep blue, and painted there  
A single star—a candle set  
To summon me to prayer,  
I speak your name into the dark,  
And light a candle, too,  
Upon the altar of my heart—  
My memory of you.  
—Rowena Cheney

## JUST WONDERING

A woman of few words, I see  
Why use them, then, so constantly?  
—Mayhward Austin McEachern

## SHARE

I'll never be one hard to please  
When shares of heaven are given out.  
My wishes will be only these:  
A heart at peace, and free of doubt;  
A lamp beside an easy chair,  
A gaily colored picture book;  
And snuggled, warm, beside me there,  
A little child to help me look.  
—Emma Jean Bell

## YOUNG ENVY

A's father is a wealthy man,  
He owns a sleek, chauffeured sedan,  
Its finish always polished bright,  
Its tires with sidewalls gleaming white.  
But A looks wistfully at B,  
A lad about as old as he,  
And envies him his great good luck:  
You see, B's father owns a truck.  
—Richard Armour

## GROWING, GROWING, GROWN

Barbara Anne, a grown-up three  
Already, is versed in coquetry  
And dodges a would-be hug or kiss  
With an eighteen-year-old's artifice.

Barbara Anne has buttercup curls,  
And poppy cheeks, and satiny whirls  
Where other people's eyelashes are,  
And a dimple that trembles like a star.

Barbara Anne has pale brown freckles,  
Smudged as tarnished-gold fawn-speckles;  
Her mouth can't decide which way to grow:  
A parenthesis smile or a wondering "O."

Sun-flecked laughter and blue surprise  
Mingle their colors in Barbara's eyes,  
Till one cannot say they are green or blue,  
Like a woodland roof when the sky falls through.

Barbara Anne will outgrow dolls  
For lace-and-nylon folderols;  
But the thought we stifle, tremulous,  
Is "when will Barbara outgrow us?"  
—Lola Ingres Russo

## THE CODE

Their teen-age heads bend raptly over pages  
Of ancient history with new-found zeal.  
They ride the bus with Babylonian ages;  
And digest Egypt with their malt-shop meal.  
She copies cryptic symbols on his jackets;  
He doodles hieroglyphs while on the phone.  
And oh, the secret joy of daily packets  
Exchanged in class, but read by each—alone!  
Inscriptions from lost empires live once more  
In new translation. Puppy love is blind  
But literate; it robs stone tablets for  
A paper tablet of the five-cent kind.  
Even a Pharaoh's dust must fondly sigh  
To sense the feet of young love passing by.  
—Esther Baldwin York

## EARS

These things have amazed me:  
How well a robin hears,  
How much a rabbit misses,  
For all its length of ears—  
And how old folks insisting  
Their hearing days are spent  
Can tell me, from another room,  
How conversations went.  
—Elaine V. Emans

## PUBLIC FUTILITY

That person I would like to throttle,  
Who first put olives in a bottle!  
—Howard Haynes

## AVOWAL

I cannot relegate you to the past,  
To tell you why would tax my eloquence,  
For death is too inscrutable and vast,  
And immortality is too immense  
To comprehend. But, though I stand aghast  
Against the overwhelming evidence  
That you are dead, I hold steadfast  
And still avow, "I love you, present tense."  
—Donnafred Baker Hoff

## MEDITATION

I thought I knew humility;  
I didn't, not until  
I heard a man speak well of me  
Of whom I've spoken ill.  
—Blair Rich

## MENTAL CRUELTY

The soup is tasty, full of savor,  
The salad has a tangy flavor,  
The casserole is good and hearty,  
The fresh-baked rolls would grace a party,  
But, while I wait in expectation  
Of husbandly appreciation,  
You simply say, in accents clear,  
"Forget to buy the pickles, dear?"  
—Norah Smaridge

## 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

Problems, even  
the most trying  
ones, are never  
insurmountable when  
shared with  
another. That is  
why Joan offers her  
confidence to you



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.

It's a funny world, isn't it—there's always something wrong with the rest of it! Parents complain that their children are difficult to manage, and children—even when they're grownup—can't seem to understand their parents. That was the problem of Mrs. C. S. in October RADIO MIRROR: her recently-widowed father was spending his time with a group of disreputable, and possibly dangerous, new companions. I think Mrs. G. Wilton Owens, of Baltimore, Md., has offered the most hopeful solution. For her letter, below, Mrs. Owens gets a \$25 check.

Dear C. S.:

Your father is lonely, and there is nothing more bitter than the aloneness of the old. You say that "for two years he was fine." In that time did you try, truly and sympathetically, to fill the need that every human being has to be wanted and loved and cherished? Have you let him know in action and word that you wanted his happiness and loved him? Apparently he got into this situation searching for sympathy and understanding. Your only recourse now is to prove not that his new friends are scoundrels (he probably knows that), but that you care about his happiness. Remove opposition, even invite his new companions to your home—but more important, try to interest him in other activities. Social groups, church or fraternal orders, hobbies he might take up—perhaps a trip that would provide a complete change. You are looking at the possible loss of material things and "what people will say," but what really matters is your father's peace of mind and happiness in the closing years of life. Think of that, and your problem will solve itself.

Now, here are the letters I've chosen to answer this month—letters that tell of problems that might be your own. You'll also find a problem letter to try your hand at answering. Your solution may earn \$25 for you.

#### ASKING TOO MUCH?

Dear Joan:

I am sixteen years old, and even though I have quite a few years before thinking of marriage, I have a problem about it. My friends say I'm too particular about the boys I go with. They say I expect too much of them. Do you think I'm expecting too much to want

a boy that attends church regularly, doesn't drink and doesn't use profane language? I'm afraid if I go with just anyone I might fall in love with a man of different ideas from my own. My friends believe a drink and a little profane language is masculine, but I can't see it that way.

J. B. C.

Dear J. B. C.:

You're very right—it takes more than "a drink and a little profane language" to make a man. In fact, I imagine your problem is that, for your age group, you're a little too right—in other words, you have perhaps matured earlier than the rest of your friends and have come to an understanding they have yet to attain. But . . . in the (Continued on page 75)

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 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 December 26. 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.

Does Dunninger, whose brain busters have baffled millions on radio and on his current Wednesday evening CBS television show, actually read minds?

"No!" magicians contend. "It's all a bag of tricks."

Then why don't the magicians expose Dunninger?

"Dunninger uses professional magic tricks that cost money or require years of practice to perform," they explain. "To expose Dunninger would mean exposing ourselves and destroying our means of livelihood."

Dunninger, the master mindreader, insists loudly that other magicians envy his peculiar talent. He claims the ability to read minds is a kind of extra-sensory act, like touching or smelling, and argues, "Anyone similarly blessed could do the same thing with sufficient practice."

The intense, colorful mentalist has had more than thirty years' practice, although raised in a family that displayed no power of telepathy and even tried to discourage their youngest son's interest in magic. Joseph Dunninger, born in New York City, April 28, 1896, was the son of a textile manufacturer from Bavaria. His parents and brothers were as conventional as any other American family.

As a child, Dunninger claims that he first became conscious of his extraordinary power when he startled his parents by casually announcing who was calling when the telephone rang or when someone knocked at the door. In school he "guessed" the answers to arithmetic problems by mere concentration on the minds of the other pupils.

"How could I miss?" demands Dunninger. "With fifty out of sixty students concentrating on the right answer, I usually got the correct result."

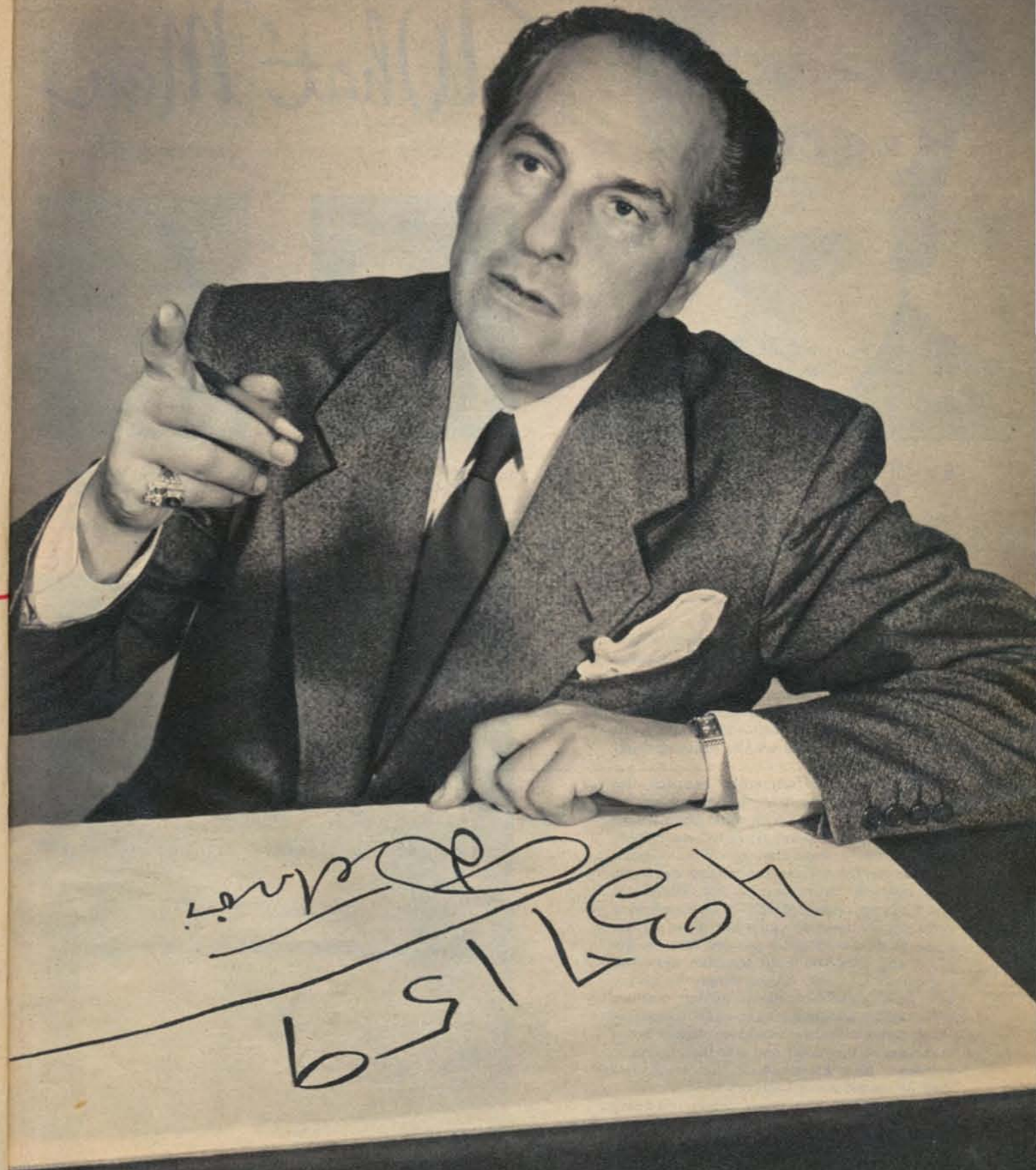
At an age when most boys are wound up in scout activities, he became absorbed in the practice of magic. His mother, apparently unimpressed by his feats of telepathy, insisted that he go into business. To satisfy her, young Joseph took a job in a department store but spent his evenings practicing sleight of hand tricks and the performance of (Continued on page 89)

How does Dunninger do it?

The master mentalist astonishes some and troubles others. But his feats never fail to interest everyone!

By MARTIN COHEN

Dunninger and his demonstrations of mental wizardry may be seen Wednesdays at 9 P.M., EST, on CBS-TV.





# What Men KNOW about Women

By **MAGGI McNELLIS**

Leave It To The Girls—Maggi McNellis as moderator and a changing panel of experts—Sundays, 7 P.M., EST, WNBT.



Richard Kollmar, producer and husband of Dorothy Kilgallen: a kind and chatty guest.



Ted Malone: a favorite—asks "married man" questions, thinks the program is a lot of fun.



Henry Morgan: came with blood in his eye and, asked, "Why are women so feminine?"



George Brent: hedged a little about expressing views, but Girls thought him a good guest.



Andre Baruch, suave emcee: enjoyed making girls fumble, but apparently without malice.



Bennett Cerf: asked "Why do women want convertibles, then always ride with top up?"

Every week on Leave It to the Girls a lone male guest tries to uphold the dignity, infallibility and sovereignty of his sex against the verbal onslaughts of four determined and articulate young women. That he succeeds at all against such odds is a personal triumph for each male who is brave enough to appear.

Even when, as frequently happens, he comes off second best in the encounter, he still manages to let go with some plain truths about women that never cease to amaze me—coming from a man, that is. Women have long known these facts about their own sex.

In my role as moderator for The Girls and their opponent, Man, I often listen to a girl's pat arguments, watch her grow a little smug at how well she's putting Man in his place, and then suddenly see Man blow the arguments into thin smoke simply by giving her a straight-from-the-shoulder answer with nary a wisecrack in it. (Of course, at home the little wife would probably burst into tears at this point and win the argument anyway. Men know about that trick, but they let us get away with it.)

Not that I'm deserting my sisters and going over to the men's side. I know, for instance, that men are not as objective in their thinking as we are. Even (Continued on page 91)



Typical panel: (l to r) Mrs. W. R. Hearst, Jr., Ilka Chase, Dorothy



Kilgallen, Faye Emerson, Maggi, Dr. Houston Peterson.

Eloise McElhone (left) and Robin Chandler—two of the Girls who have appeared with Maggi quite often as panel members.





Outstanding service plaque is from organizations of many kinds and creeds.



Only at-home meal for Ed is breakfast in bed, prepared and served by Sylvia.



Pride of the Sullivans—daughter Betty, beamed at Hollywood Ciro's by her Dad.

# MY HUSBAND,

# Ed

By  
SYLVIA  
SULLIVAN

I've always chuckled at stories in popular magazines about the "little woman" who is responsible for her husband's success. I'm sure it's usually a figment of the imagination—the little woman's imagination. I wish to declare here and now that I am the little woman who is *not* responsible for her husband's success.

We were married twenty years ago, when Ed was a sports writer, twelve years before he became a Broadway columnist. In those years I have never contributed actively to his success as a writer, nor to his more recent success as host of the town on CBS-TV's *Toast of the Town*, his big Sunday night show at 8 o'clock and on the *Little Old New York* show, Monday nights at 7:30 on WPIX. My part has been that played by most other wives—a leader of the cheering section. Mostly it has been roses, but at times there were the accompanying thorns—reading occasional bitter attacks against Ed by other newspapermen, suffering through his disappointments, but always rooting.

In twenty years you get to know a person awfully well. After these twenty years I can still say that my husband is a wonderful guy. He has his share of idiosyncrasies, he is a little spoiled, as anyone in his position must be, but he is a fine husband and a wonderful father to our nineteen-year-old Betty.

Ed is a liberal in his attitudes on political issues, one hundred percent American in his idealism, and loyal to his friends. He is never jealous of the success of other people and he judges everyone, even those he has cause to dislike, dispassionately. He is Irish in his sentimentality. He has the quick Irish temper and the sudden remorse that follows it, is generous with his emotions and his money and will fight as hard for a lost cause as for a winning one.

Certainly he has done things that irritated the blazes out of me, and I've told him so. Remember, we'll soon be celebrating two decades together! We've been lucky, to be sure, enjoying the maximum of happiness and the minimum of tragedy. God has been very good to us, and in my own small way I have tried to repay our blessings by working for the Red Cross for the past eight years. I'm a Gray Lady at the United States Marine Hospital, at Ellis Island, in the harbor of New York.

Although Ed's ambition and determination have never needed prodding from me, there is one area in which the wife of a busy Broadway columnist and toiler in television might be tremendously helpful to a husband often too busy to cover every new show or motion picture. The "little woman" could step into the breach, rush to the theater, report on the show, and by an accurate analysis of plot and performance values predict the likelihood of success. So I dutifully rush to the theater and sit through the entire action, not budging until the cast has taken the last curtain call. Thence home, where my spouse awaits my report.

Once, alas, he waited eagerly, until the years revealed that my batting average wasn't destined to get me into the Hall of Fame. It's a terrifying fact that only twice have I called the turn on a hit: once I declared defiantly that "Oklahoma" was a great musical, and then shuddered through the night, fearful that the morning papers would prove me wrong again. (Continued on page 92)



Ed's TV duties, columnist chores, stage shows, countless benefits, preclude routine home life. Yet, after 20 years, Sylvia would like to re-live every day.

Toast of the Town's host makes his living on the gay, glittering Broadway beat. But, according to the woman who knows him best, there's one place he loves above all—and that place is his home!



*Toast of the Town*, with Ed Sullivan, may be seen at 8 P.M. EST, Sundays, CBS-TV. Ed's *Little Old New York* show may be televised Mondays at 7:30 P.M. EST, WPIX.

Books, books everywhere—but no time to read. Bojangles wants to play, three phones clamor. Sylvia looks down understandingly from portrait, as in reality.



He covers the waterfront: Jack Mangan, ABC-TV's Ship's Reporter, interviews actor Paul Muni.



Hijinks by Chico Marx and high kicks by Dancer Vera Lee highlighted KECA-TV's season opening.



Rounding out his first year in TV is Chris Stearns, who's not much older than that himself.

# Coast to Coast

**T**V NOTES: Delora Bueno, Dubuque-born star of Dumont's Flight to Rhythm, is an expert on Brazilian folksongs. She was taken to Brazil for her education, but finished her studies at New York's Juillard School of Music . . . John Tillman, chief announcer of WPIX, New York, is one of the busiest men in busy TV, with twenty-seven weekly shows. Twelve of these are the twice-daily Telepix Newsreels, which he narrates every day but Saturday. At least two are emcee jobs: the forty-five minute This Is Your City program every Thursday evening and the Saturday night hour-long Four-Star Showcase. In between, he interviews would-be announcers and is a part-time production supervisor. Oh yes, and he narrates special events whenever he has a spare half-hour . . . The same situations and dialogue are used for television and radio scripts of The Goldbergs, except that radio scripts must sometimes tell more in order to take the place of action that can't be seen. Gertrude Berg continues to write both versions and to give out with the Molly Goldbergisms on both programs. In fact, the whole cast doubles in radio and TV.

Christopher Stearns is probably the only actor who has been in television all his life. Chris is the year-old son of Mary Kay and Johnny Stearns, whose Mary Kay and Johnny show has been on NBC-TV for more than two years, Thursdays from 8:30 to 9 P.M. EST.

In the months before Chris was born, on December 19, 1948, his mother continued on the show, and after his arrival very little time was lost in writing a carry-on part for him in the script. He has now appeared several times, gets his own private fan mail, and boasts a number of proposals from young lady fans around his own age.

More than twenty years ago talking pictures were born on the lot that now houses the huge ABC Television Center in Hollywood, the home of KECA-TV. The twenty-three-acre site is the former Vitagraph lot, and it still houses the largest sound stage in the Film Capital. The last theatre size movie made there was "Kiss in the Dark," with Jane Wyman and David Niven.

When the new Center was opened last September, exclusively for TV, old Hollywoodites brought their memories to the opening performances. Newcomers saw Chico Marx, Art Linkletter, and Gale Robbins, among the many others who helped re-christen the lot. But the old residents saw the faces that once shone under the kleig lights—the Gish sisters, Norma Talmadge, John Barrymore, Wallace Beery, Antonio Moreno and the Costellos—Maurice, Dolores and Helene, and a host of others.

When KFI-TV, Los Angeles, wanted to install an all-tile kitchen for their Cook's Corner program, they had to figure on a color and finish that wouldn't reflect the glare of studio lights and yet would look like honest-to-goodness tile—which it was. Tile in gray satin finish solved the problem and gave Monty Margetts, the cook of Cook's Corner, a real home kitchen to work in, not just a television setting. There's even an electric dish wash-

# in TELEVISION



Birthday boy Dennis James gets a surprise party from Ladies of the Peabody Home for the Aged. Occasion was planned by the ladies to express gratitude to Dennis and the WABD Okay, Mother show for adopting their home last winter.

er, garbage disposal unit, refrigerator, and of course a modern gas range where Monty whips up her tasty tidbits.

"I'm just another Marine named Mac," says the voice, as Mac comes marching onto your TV screen to tell the story of World War II in the Pacific. He tells it in twenty-six separate chapters, each running twenty-seven minutes. It begins with the pre-War Pacific and Pearl Harbor, continues through Guadalcanal, Tarawa, Guam, Iwo Jima and Okinawa, and ends with the post-War Pacific and the atom bomb tests.

Thirteen of the chapters were ready and two had been shown on television by early fall of this year. Historian Fletcher Pratt, whose book supplied the title, worked with producers Otis Carney and Paul Cunningham on script and footage selected from more than 9,000,000 feet of U. S. Marine Corps combat film and from 3,000,000 feet of captured Japanese film.

Producing company of this series is United Videogram, but there's another Pacific series coming soon, made by the same group that did Crusade in Europe. So TV viewers will have plenty of opportunity to review our recent war in waters that were once thought to be as peaceful as their name.

Dennis James of the DuMont show Okay, Mother, has been the tele-darling of the Peabody Home for the Aged ever since last winter when he adopted the home. For his birthday the ladies gifted Dennis with a surprise party dominated by a three-layer cake which they had baked especially for him.



Televsual good neighbor policy: Delora Bueno and her Brazilian folk songs, on WABD's Flight to Rhythm.

# GIVE ME KIDS

## Anytime!



Smilin' Ed has a passion for cars but like all people with a concern for kids, he's a sane driver.

**M**ost of my adult life I've been a radio entertainer and peddler. Before that I worked for a living . . . but let's not dig up old painful memories. I'd rather talk about my twenty-seven years of doing the thing I most enjoy in the world—and getting paid for it.

In radio, twenty-seven years is a pretty long spell of continuous employment; I can't think offhand of anyone who can top it. Which proves how good I am? Not at all—just how lucky. Of all the good luck I've had, I guess about the best was hooking up with the Buster Brown Gang which I am ramrod of when it takes over NBC's air from 11:30 to 12 every Saturday morning. From my experience with the Buster

And the kids say: "Give us Ed  
*everytime!*" It's no wonder, for he  
believes that children should  
not only be seen, but heard as well

By SMILIN' ED McCONNELL

Browners I can tell you this about entertaining kids—it's purely a pleasure. A pleasure, but no cinch.

The pleasure part comes from kids' responsiveness to something they like. You don't need any Mr. Hooper to tell you how you rate when you're working in front of a kid audience whether it's the gang in the studio or the one-ear-in-the-loudspeaker home listeners. If they like you, you'll be hearing from them—you and your partner in the deal, your sponsor. That's why I say: for my audience, I'll take kids.

"Oh sure," I can hear some wiseguy in the back row mumbling, "give him kids. They're easy."

Now, I'd like to ask that (*Continued on page 76*)

Smilin' Ed McConnell is heard every Saturday morning at 11:30 EST on NBC.



Surrounded by the people he loves best, Smilin' Ed McConnell shows why he's entitled to such an optimistic nickname. Contributors to Ed's easygoing, genial nature — as well as reflecting it themselves — are his family: daughter Mary Jane Shimp, left, holding her daughter, eleven-month-old Ronnie Shimp; Ed's wife Ruth, right; and their son, Jim, center.



# CHRISTMAS ALL YEAR 'ROUND

As Christmas Week babies, the McNeills missed a lot of fun. But thanks to the Breakfast Clubaries, they've made up for it since!

By KAY McNEILL



Bobby McNeill, helping Kay wrap the gay gift packages, tries Santa's whiskers just for size.

Christmas Week baby! Unless it happened to you, it's difficult to appreciate just what that means. It isn't only a matter of receiving half the normal number of presents. You grow accustomed to having gifts arrive late, tagged "Merry Christmas and Happy Birthday." The cheated feeling goes far deeper than that.

It's more a sense of having no birthday at all. Where every other child has a day when the whole family celebrates his arrival into the world, the Christmas Week baby gets the idea he sneaked in when no one was looking and his coming caused no end of bother.

Don and I were both Christmas Week babies. We grew up—he in Sheboygan, Wisconsin, I in Milwaukee—with that secret, puzzled resentment. While being the first to say Christmas was wonderful, we also used to think why, oh why, did Christmas have to come so close to our birthdays?

Years later, after we met and, eventually, were married, I added a private, silent promise to the usual "love, honor and obey." It was—"and remember my husband's birthday."

I kept it, too, until—you've guessed it. It was the Breakfast Club which made me forget, that first Christmas broadcast.

Tommy was just fourteen months old, and Don had his heart set on having his Breakfast Club listeners meet his son. Paternal pride, however, didn't compensate for Tommy's lack of vocabulary. My birthday



Fran Allison, Patsy Lee, Don and Sam Cowling (on truck) helped make the Reverse Giveaway deliveries. Families were designated by the welfare board.

and Don's birthday slipped by unnoticed in our concentration on teaching the baby something to say and in doctoring his cold so I would dare take him out in the stormy weather to go to the studio.

Our child rewarded us handsomely. He not only said Mama, Daddy and bow-wow, he also recited glibly, "Hi diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle," right down to the last word.

You people out in the audience loved it. You told us so in hundreds of letters and asked for a repeat performance the next year. By that time, Don had two sons and a bright idea that for a Christmas present he wanted one morning when he didn't have to get up to go to the studio. Instead, he would have breakfast in bed.

The microphone got smeared with jam and bacon before that was accomplished, for with two lively boys squirming over the covers and listeners expecting a play-by-play account of their antics, Don was too busy to be concerned about table manners.

Those first two Breakfast Club Christmases set the precedent, and I turned into the shortest-shining star in radio. Escorted by our boys, Tommy, Donny and Bobby, I arrive to the jingle of sleigh bells promptly at 8 A.M. Central Standard Time, on December 25, and at 9 A.M. my career is over for another year.

The only Christmas broadcast that I've ever missed was one that didn't happen on Christmas day at all, but



Happy surprise to a needy Chicago family was the refrigerator Don presented in the Reverse Giveaway.



Major Robert Hoggard and Kay watch Don fasten the name plate to room the McNeills furnished at a hospital.

in the middle of the summer.

Again, I attribute it all to Don's feeling about lost birthdays. When, during the war, servicemen mourned the Christmases spent in combat, Don decided to do something about it, and that something was labeled the Breakfast Club's Christmas in July.

It took a little doing, for decorations at that season are packed in warehouses, and a tree had to be specially cut and trucked to Chicago. Yet it was worth the effort, I realized as I sat at home listening to the carols, hearing about the brightly bedecked tree, and feeling like the servicemen guests and the rest of the audience that the Christmas spirit ought not be restricted to one day in the year.

Its finish, however, was unlike any other Christmas broadcast. Don arrived home late that afternoon, tired and sunburned. "Where in the world have you been?" I asked.

Don grinned. "When the show was over, we went down to the beach to cool off. Santa Claus swapped his coat for a red bathing suit, but he kept on his whiskers."

It took two more special Breakfast Club broadcasts to bring a happy ending to Don's and my Christmas-birthday frustration.

The first occurred when a downstate Illinois woman wrote complaining that Don was, to say the least, "frugal". While other radio shows were showering fortunes in gifts, the Breakfast Club didn't give away so much as a cup of coffee.

Don and the rest of the staff thought it over. Give-away shows were sweeping the country. Perhaps he was missing the boat. They decided to ask you people in the audience what you thought about it.

You told them. More than fifty thousand of you wrote that you didn't want washing machines, furniture or fur coats. All you wanted was just what you had been getting, good old Breakfast Club corn, complete with gags, puns, audience interviews, Sam Cowling, Aunt Fanny and all the rest of the gang.

You set an idea cooking. How, the people around the microphone wondered, would you Breakfast Clubbers like to do the giving?

That's what produced the Reverse Giveaway, when, to gain admission to the studio, visitors had to bring Don a useful gift. The response was overwhelming. Twice as many persons as could get into the studio jammed the doors.

Sponsors, staff, cast and orchestra added to the loot, and when completed, the mountain of presents ranged from enough roofing to cover a house down to hand-made sewing kits.

We've always wished all of you could have seen what happened when those presents reached families which really needed them. The Cook County Welfare Board undertook the distribution, and the cast went along with the truck to deliver some of the major items. Don spoke for the people who received them as well as from his own heart when he thanked you, saying, "Nothing



Santa Claus, of all people, gets caught in a tug of war between Don and a pretty model at one of the Christmas in July parties.

exceeds the generosity of the Breakfast Clubbers. You actually believe it is more blessed to give than to receive."

The second event deeply important to Don was the show's Fifteenth Anniversary Party. That was held last year in our backyard and everyone who had been connected with the show added their greetings to those of the listeners. When it was over, Don said to me, "Do you know, Kay, it was like all the birthday parties I never had rolled together into one great big celebration."

Although I knew the Breakfast Club's birthday, June 23, occurs exactly six months after Don's own, I didn't realize until then how fully it had replaced his usually uncelebrated natal day.

But by this past summer, it had slipped my mind.

I was sitting reading one day, hearing through the open windows the boys' shouts as they pursued some game of their own in the backyard. I also heard, after Don's car pulled up, footsteps too fast to fit that sizzling weather. From his walk I could tell that the Breakfast Club's toastmaster was just bursting with a bright idea.

Grinning from ear to ear, he greeted me with, "Guess what? I'm starting a new society."

A ten-year-old just admitted to the secret sessions of the DeWindt Road Daredevils couldn't have been more excited. He thrust a publicity release into my hand. It was headed, "Don McNeill Forms STOFFTGPTCWB."

I looked up, puzzled. "Is this supposed to mean something, or did the stenographer just run a crescendo on her typewriter?"

"This," said Don important- (Continued on page 81)



*Come and Visit*  
**JEAN  
HERSHOLT**

Radio's Dr. Christian proves that  
a person can lead a normal home life even  
when his address is Hollywood, U.S.A.

By PAULINE SWANSON

Among the thousands who come to Hollywood every year to work, or perhaps just to look, there are many who flee in alarm, horrified at the lack of reality, the feeling of impermanence which characterizes the place.

"The people work on stage sets, and they live in stage sets," these runaways complain. "There are no roots in Hollywood, no reality."

But they haven't looked far enough. There are real people in this unreal town, and real homes, as anyone could testify who has been lucky enough to visit Jean and Via Hersholt in the lovely, mellow house they have lived in for the past twenty-four years.

"Dr. Christian"—for that is the name by which most Americans know and love Jean Hersholt—and his lovely Danish-born wife live in a simple two-story house on a busy corner in the heart of Beverly Hills, but once inside its big vine-shaded front door they, and the many famous people from all over the world who are their friends, have entered a quite different world, an unhurried serene and cheerful place, filled with great books and great paintings, with warm welcoming color, and good, serious talk.

Every inch of the Hersholt house and the charming walled garden is used and lived in—and it looks it. There is no clutter, but complete comfort. The visitor understands at once (Continued on page 88)

Jean Hersholt, as Dr. Christian, is heard Wed., 8:30 P.M. EST, CBS.



By concentrating on the real values of life, the Hersholts have achieved a marriage that is enviable by any standards. Jean and his wife have celebrated thirty-six anniversaries, the last twenty-four having been spent in their present home.





Starting the New Year right: stuffed shoulder of pork, with mashed sweet potatoes, broccoli and corn muffins.

# GOOD *and* RICH!

Cold, brisk weather—how my family's appetite thrives in it! And when the holiday season is over we settle down to simple dinners again. Although the food is plain, I try to make it flavorful and attractive.

I have no worry about criticism from my "best beau" and the children when I place before them a crisp brown pork roast. How they love it! It's a special treat when I take the time to rub it with oregano and make our favorite stuffing. Of course, a pork dinner, being a favorite at our house must follow a ritual: sweet potatoes, hot corn muffins, sautéed pineapple are always part of the menu.

Because pork tastes so good at this time of year, I have a variety of appealing dishes using different cuts: sweet and sour spare-ribs, are easy to prepare; or a tenderloin baked with tomato soup sauce is tempting served with carrot and raisin salad.

## STUFFED SHOULDER OF PORK

4 pounds boned shoulder of pork  
1 recipe Apple Stuffing  
salt  
pepper  
oregano

Wipe off roast with a damp cloth. Stuff pocket of roast loosely with apple stuffing. Roll and tie securely. Place fat side up on a rack in an open roasting pan. Rub outer portion with salt, pepper and oregano. Insert a meat thermometer into center of the thickest muscle so that the bulb does not touch fat or bone. Roast in a moderate oven (350°F.) 2 hours or until meat thermometer reads 185°F. Makes 8-10 servings.

## APPLE STUFFING

¼ pound salt pork, diced  
½ cup diced celery  
½ cup minced onion  
2 cups apples, diced  
½ cup sugar  
1 cup coarse stale bread crumbs  
2 tablespoons chopped parsley  
½ teaspoon salt  
¼ teaspoon pepper

Fry salt pork in a large skillet over low heat until crisp. Remove salt pork and drain. Sauté celery and onion in fat. Add apples and

By  
**NANCY CRAIG**

Heard at 1:15 P.M. EST,  
Mon. - Fri., on ABC.  
(Recipes tested by the  
Macfadden Kitchen)



**RADIO MIRROR  
FOOD COUNSELOR**

sugar. Cover and cook until apples are tender. Combine bread crumbs, parsley, salt, pepper and salt pork. Add apple mixture. Blend well. Makes 2½ to 3 cups stuffing.

## TROPICAL SWEET POTATOES

2 lbs. or 6 medium sized sweet potatoes  
¼ cup butter  
½ cup pineapple juice, heated

Scrub potatoes clean with a vegetable brush, trim roots. Place in boiling, salted water. Cover and boil rapidly 20 to 30 minutes or until tender. Drain, peel and mash. Add butter and pineapple juice. Beat until fluffy. Season. Reheat if necessary. Serves 6.

## SAUTÉED PINEAPPLE RINGS

1 No. 2 can sliced pineapple  
2 tablespoons fat

Drain pineapple slices well. Melt fat in a skillet. Add pineapple slices. Cook over low heat until both sides are slightly browned (3-5 minutes). Garnish with parsley. Makes 5 to 6 servings.

## CORNMEAL MUFFINS

1½ cups sifted flour  
3½ teaspoons baking powder  
1 teaspoon salt  
1 cup yellow cornmeal  
2 eggs, slightly beaten  
½ cup sugar  
1¼ cups milk  
3 tablespoons melted shortening

(Continued on page 77)

**RADIO MIRROR FOR BETTER LIVING**

# DAYTIME DIARY

Daytime Diary is compiled by Radio Mirror each month to keep reader-listeners posted on the latest events in daytime radio drama. If you have missed listening to one of your favorite serials lately, Daytime Diary will tell you what went on during the time you were unable to hear the story. Or perhaps you may only recently have become interested in a particular story and want more information about it before deciding whether or not you want to listen to it every day. Whatever your interest, you will find Daytime Diary a useful, compact chart for planning your listening, for keeping you abreast of happenings in daytime serials, and for reference concerning the people in the stories and their relationships.

## BACKSTAGE WIFE



Mary Noble  
heard on  
NBC 4:00 P.M.

**CAST:** Mary Noble, married to handsome, popular actor Larry Noble; Tom Bryson and Maude Marlowe, their close friends; Rupert Barlow, who plans to back Larry's new play; Beatrice Dunmore, beautiful press agent hired by Barlow to publicize Larry . . . and for other reasons.

**BACKGROUND:** Both Mary and Larry innocently accept Rupert Barlow's interest, thinking that he merely wants to make a success of Larry's play. But Rupert has another success in mind: his personal success with Mary Noble.

**RECENTLY:** Neither Mary nor Larry has any suspicion that one of the reasons Rupert hired Beatrice Dunmore was her beauty. He hopes that she will attract Larry deeply enough to break up his marriage with Mary . . . thus leaving Rupert himself a clear field with Mary, who appeals to him more than any woman he has ever known. And Rupert's plan begins to succeed as Larry, becoming increasingly involved in Beatrice's publicity campaign, spends so much time with her that Mary, in spite of herself, feels a dreadful doubt entering her heart.

## DAVID HARUM



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

**CAST:** David Harum, one of Homeville's most respected citizens; Aunt Polly Benson, his sister; Mrs. Elaine Dilling, former Homeville resident, who returns with her daughter Dorothy, and Dorothy's fiance Jack Wallace.

**BACKGROUND:** Since Mrs. Dilling has come back to Homeville on financial business, David, as president of the Homeville Bank, is immediately involved in her affairs. She arouses his interest and sympathy so strongly that he invites her, with her daughter, to stay with him and Aunt Polly at the Harum house on Catalpa Street.

**RECENTLY:** Renewing his friendship with Mrs. Dilling, David becomes aware of a strange thing—she is afraid of her daughter. He doesn't yet suspect that the girl he knows as Dorothy is an imposter who is trying to lay claim to the real Dorothy Dilling's inheritance. Nor does he realize that Dorothy and Jack, aware that David distrusts them, are planning an unpleasant surprise to prevent him from interfering in their scheme. Through what mysterious hold does Jack force Elaine Dilling to help him deceive David Harum and the Homeville police.

## LORA LAWTON



May Case  
heard on  
NBC 11:45 A.M.

**CAST:** Lora Lawton, who lived quietly with her friend May Case in a small New York apartment until millionaire Theodore Blaine entered her life; Rosalind Ray, actress, and Sidney Markey, her manager, who resent Lora's friendship with Blaine; Ira Cullen, Blaine's lawyer; Mabel Oakes, whose past may control Lora's future.

**BACKGROUND:** Lora is more than half in love with Blaine when Mabel Oakes arrives in town. Swathed in furs and glittering with gems, Mabel makes it plain that the source of her wealth lies in Ted Blaine's past. What

is this secret so dangerous to Blaine's security that he and his lawyer Ira Cullen will go to desperate lengths to prevent Mabel from revealing it?

**RECENTLY:** Rosalind, infuriated by Blaine's romantic interest in Lora, is swift to realize that she can make use of Mabel Oakes in some way, for the woman obviously has knowledge of Blaine that gives her power over him. Has fate at last placed a real weapon in the hands of the jealousy-driven Rosalind, who will stop at nothing to separate Lora and Theodore Blaine?

## LORENZO JONES



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

**CAST:** Lorenzo Jones, mechanic by profession—inventor by choice; Belle, his devoted wife; Jim Barker, who can't decide if he keeps Lorenzo on at his garage for work—or for fun; Marty Crandall, an old school friend of Lorenzo's.

**BACKGROUND:** Lorenzo's back at Jim Barker's garage again, after a short spell in another job, and life appears to be settling down once more. Then suddenly Marty Crandall comes to town in a blaze of glory. Lorenzo is delighted, till he learns that Marty is subsidized by a syndicate interested in

an invention he's working on. Lorenzo's inventions have never had such success.  
**RECENTLY:** Adding insult to injury, Marty leases Lorenzo's workshop to work on his invention. It's a very hush-hush thing, to hear Marty talk about it. In fact he won't talk about it; he just talks around it in a way that makes Lorenzo very suspicious. And Belle's flattering response to Marty's big talk doesn't help things any. As Lorenzo does his dull work at the garage, he has a new companion . . . a little green-eyed monster who gets bigger every day.

## ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT



Gil Whitney  
heard on  
CBS 12:30 P.M.

**CAST:** Helen Trent, mature, attractive, a successful Hollywood designer; Gil Whitney, lawyer, who loves her; Cynthia Swanson, who hopes and plots to take Gil away from Helen; Carl Dorn, a sinister "mentalist" once employed by producer Rex Carroll, who has been murdered.

**BACKGROUND:** Discovered by columnist Daisy Parker alone with Rex Carroll's murdered body, Helen cannot convince the police that a mysterious phone call brought her to Carroll's apartment to find him already dead. But Gil believes in her, and

is working desperately to save her.  
**RECENTLY:** Gil knows that the vengeful Rita Harrison, one of the chief witnesses against Helen, had a strong motive for murdering Carroll herself. But he cannot prove that she was involved, and he does not know yet that a more direct road to the truth lies through Cynthia's maid Francine. In fact Francine herself does not realize this, for on the day of Carroll's death she had been hypnotized by Dorn, and remembers none of the details which Gil must discover if he is to prove Helen innocent.

## STELLA DALLAS



Richard Grosvenor  
heard on  
NBC 4:15 P.M.

**CAST:** Stella Dallas, devoted and unselfish mother of Laurel, who married wealthy Richard Grosvenor; Mrs. Grosvenor, Dick's aristocratic mother; Gordon Crale and his sister Mercedes, an attractive, unscrupulous pair of schemers.

**BACKGROUND:** Stella doesn't know just what designs the Crales have on Laurel's family, but she is sure they are up to no good. She would be even more disturbed if she knew that Gordon and Mercedes plan to break up Laurel's marriage and get control of the Grosvenor estate.

**RECENTLY:** While Mercedes schemes to trap Gordon into a situation so compromising that Laurel will leave him, Gordon Crale pursues his own end of the plot—pursues it so well that the widowed Mrs. Grosvenor, deceived by his charm and attention, agrees to marry him. But Stella is not deceived. Even when Gordon rescues her and Mrs. Grosvenor from a holdup man, her instinct tells her not to trust him. Somehow she knows that the Crales are dangerous . . . but just how dangerous she has yet to learn.

## MARRIAGE FOR TWO



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

**CAST:** Vikki Adams, who has married Roger Hoyt in spite of temperamental differences; Pamela Towers, "the other woman"; Roger's Aunt Debbie, who does not believe that Roger will make a good husband.

**BACKGROUND:** Their honeymoon abruptly ended by Aunt Debbie's illness, Vikki and Roger come back to Glenwood, to the house Roger insisted on renting from Debbie, though Vikki protests that it is too large.  
**RECENTLY:** Shocked to learn that Debbie's will now names Vikki instead of Roger as heir, Vikki tries to persuade Debbie to re-

instate Roger. But now that she herself has to contend with his irresponsibility, Vikki knows there is reason for Debbie's fear that Roger cannot be trusted. Nor is Roger's un-dependability only financial. Despite Vikki's dislike of Pamela, he continues to see her in New York, where they both work. Lately the house has created another kind of worry for Vikki. One day she hears noises in the cellar that drive her into panic. But Roger is completely unsympathetic. She cannot convince him that something evil is living with them.

## FRONT PAGE FARRELL



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

**CAST:** David Farrell, star reporter on the *New York Eagle*; Sally, his wife, who was once a reporter herself and shares David's excitement when a big story is about to "break."

**BACKGROUND:** David's fearless exposés of big-city racketeering and crime have earned both him and his paper a reputation for honest reporting. Now, however, he is involved in a story whose repercussions may astonish not only his own city, but the rest of the world.

**RECENTLY:** To investigate the strange

death of a famous scientist, David takes a room in the hotel where the scientist was killed. Gradually he pieces together a series of clues which lead him to a startling discovery. The dead man had apparently come to New York to work on a formula so secret and valuable that it was of international importance. The reason for his death, David realizes, must in some way be tied up with this formula. When David learns the frightening secret behind the scientist's murder, the *New York Eagle* has another brilliant scoop.

## PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY



Ivy Trent  
heard on  
NBC 3:30 P.M.

**CAST:** Pepper Young, married to Linda; Mother and Dad Young, his parents; Peggy, his sister, wife of Carter Trent; Mrs. Ivy Trent, Carter's mother; Miss Taylor, her secretary; Jerry Feldman, pilot friend of Pepper's; Edie Hoyt, who lives with the Youngs, and whose husband Andy was lost in a plane crash in South America.

**BACKGROUND:** Mrs. Young has always detested the high-handed selfishness of Carter's mother, and is afraid that Mrs. Trent's present visit to Elmwood may mean trouble for the marriage of Carter and

Peggy which has been happy so far.

**RECENTLY:** Grimly, Mother Young watches Ivy Trent's efforts to keep her efficient secretary from becoming involved in a love affair with Jerry Feldman, and vows that she will not allow the self-centered Mrs. Trent to interfere in the happy future that might otherwise lie ahead for these two young people. In the meantime, the search for Andy receives new impetus as the Youngs learn that a man has been seen deep in South America who may be Edie's missing husband.

## PERRY MASON



Gertie Lade  
heard on  
CBS 2:15 P.M.

**CAST:** Perry Mason, brilliant lawyer-detective; Della Street, his secretary; Gertie Lade, his switchboard operator; Martha Herald, now the wife of Don Smith, through whom Perry became involved in the murder of blackmailer Wilfred Palmer.

**BACKGROUND:** Gertie Lade, who was discovered with Palmer's body, has been exonerated by the police. Martha, who, as one of Palmer's victims, had a strong motive for murdering him, dreads the moment when her name will come into the case, and Don, who loves her deeply, prepares to protect her

even if he must sacrifice himself.

**RECENTLY:** Meanwhile flamboyant Allyn Whitlock congratulates herself on having so successfully covered her tracks that the police may never learn it was she who plunged the letter-opener into Palmer's heart. And the man who exercises such a strange and sinister power over Allyn—Walter Bodt—feels fairly secure too, as he sees the police hurrying down false trails. Will over-confidence lead these two to give their secret away to the alert, experienced eyes of Perry Mason?

## PORTIA FACES LIFE



Clint Morley  
heard on  
NBC 5:15 P.M.

**CAST:** Portia Blake Manning, who hopes to give up the practice of law to devote herself to her new baby, but is forced to undertake the defense of her own husband, Walter, charged with murdering Joan Ward; Clint Morley, district attorney, determined to convict Walter; Dickie, Portia's older boy, who knows something he is afraid to tell; Connie Abbott, waitress, Portia's friend.

**BACKGROUND:** As Portia dreads the moment when Dickie will be called to testify against his father, the boy takes matters into his own hands by running away. He is

too upset to realize that this is an admission that he knows something against his father.

**RECENTLY:** Portia is almost desperate with anxiety when a radio alarm finally brings Dickie home. After Morley extracts his story things look hopeless for Walter. But Connie Abbott, the waitress whom Portia once helped, is working grimly to get to Nick Evans the man she knows can save Walter by breaking the alibi of Steve Ward, the murdered woman's husband. Will Nick Evans be willing and able to help?

## WENDY WARREN



Mark Douglas  
heard on  
CBS 12:00 Noon

**CAST:** Wendy Warren, successful newspaperwoman; Mark Douglas, who wants to marry her; Nona, Mark's estranged wife; Sam, Wendy's father, who has gone to a sanitarium to recover from a bad heart attack, leaving Aunt Dorrie free to come to New York to keep house for Wendy.

**BACKGROUND:** The long heart-searching that preceded Wendy's decision to marry Mark was wasted, for Nona has discovered that she is going to have a baby and now refuses to go ahead with her divorce. She pleads with Wendy to help her re-establish

her marriage with Mark, and Wendy, though she is bewildered and almost stunned by the abrupt change in her own expectations, succeeds so well that now to all outward appearance Mark and Nona are together again.

**RECENTLY:** Wendy's personal troubles are complicated by professional ones as a new managing editor takes over on her paper. His gruffness and sarcasm infuriate the independent Wendy, who has yet to learn that her new boss has a thorough understanding of his job, of men . . . and of women.

## GUIDING LIGHT



Meta Bauer  
heard on  
CBS 1:45 P.M.

**CAST:** Charlotte Brandon and her husband, Ray, bitterly estranged over the loss of their adopted son Chuckie; Meta Bauer, Chuckie's mother, who has taken him to live at her parents' home; Trudy, Meta's sister, in love with surgeon Ross Boling, resentful of Meta's interest in him; Ted White, Chuckie's father, determined to persuade Meta to marry him in order to provide a home for their son; Sid Harper, Charlotte's theatrical agent.

**BACKGROUND:** Unable to explain to Ray why she was willing to give Chuckie up when

Meta claimed him, Charlotte sees her marriage drifting toward disaster.

**RECENTLY:** Resentful over Ray's attitude, Charlotte begins to pay more attention to Sid, who has always loved her. In the Bauer home, strained emotions approach a climax as Trudy, whom Chuckie already prefers to his real mother, tries to force Meta to marry Ted White and leave Ross Boling free. And Ted's own determination to give Chuckie a real home intensifies when his father reveals the truth about the strange environment in which Ted himself grew up.

## BRIGHTER DAY



Bruce Bigby  
heard on  
CBS: 2:45 P.M.

CAST: Liz Dennis, who, at twenty-six, has fallen into a pleasant rut caring for her family: Althea, the glamorous, now Mrs. Bruce Bigby; Patsy, the genius; Bobby, the ever-hungry adolescent; her brother, Grayling; her beloved father, Reverend Richard Dennis. Liz recently began to work for lawyer Sam Winship, and is very fond of his two motherless children, Tallulah and Toby. BACKGROUND: Only since Althea's departure has Liz been conscious of an emptiness in her heart. Believing that the one romance of her life is behind her, Liz can-

not account for her restlessness.

RECENTLY: When little Tallulah falls ill, Liz cannot help realizing what a wonderful man Sam is, and how much she values his friendship. Is it possible he's beginning to appeal to her as something more than a friend? Meanwhile, in the small college town where Bruce is studying, Althea's over-active desire for excitement begins to rub up against the facts of life. How much longer will the modest rooming house content her—particularly when she knows all too well how wealthy Bruce's family is?

## MA PERKINS



Willie Fitz  
heard on  
CBS 1:15 P.M.

CAST: Ma Perkins, who is revered by all of Rushville Center for her warm common sense and willingness to help in time of trouble; Joe, the young milkman Ma has taken under her wing; Alfred Sinclair, writer, and his glamorous assistant Ann Morrison, who completely upsets Joe's quiet scheme of existence.

BACKGROUND: Though at first she was a trifle suspicious of Sinclair, Ma now knows that he is a very intelligent and honest person who wants to write about Rushville Center because he feels it tells the whole story

of America. She enlists his help when Joe, mortified because his dinner date with Ann Morrison gets talked about all over town, lets his temper run wild. It is largely due to Sinclair that Joe retains both his friends and his job.

RECENTLY: Joe has allowed a wild dream to carry him away, but Sinclair tells Ma that there is no hope of its becoming reality. Ann, he reveals, is no longer able to love anyone. Sinclair's warning is justified when a hideous tragedy exposes the bitter secret of Ann Morrison's past.

## ROAD OF LIFE



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

CAST: Dr. Jim Brent, whose wife Carol returns to him and their daughter Janie after a year's absence; Maggie Lowell, who must now step out of Jim's life; Frank Dana, newspaperman, who is suspicious of Carol's story; Beth Lambert, an actress who has been trained to pose as "Carol Brent" by a gang that wants information about the top-secret work Jim is doing.

BACKGROUND: Accepted by everyone in Merrimac as the real Carol, Beth falls easily into her part. Too easily . . . for she comes to love Janie and Jim as if they really be-

longed to her. Anxious now to protect Jim's work, she tries to stall her ruthless employers.

RECENTLY: Frank Dana is suspicious enough of "Carol" to send a detective to Europe to check on the story Beth has told. And on the other hand, Beth's employers have caught on to the fact that she is no longer really cooperating with them. Now as she understands for the first time in her life what happiness might be, Beth faces a double threat: exposure by Frank Dana's agent and retaliation from the gang she is trying, for Jim's sake, to deceive.

## ROSEMARY



Jessie  
heard on  
CBS 11:45 P.M.

CAST: Rosemary Dawson Roberts, who stays home in Springdale when her husband Bill goes to New York to work, accompanied by his assistant Jane Springham; Jessie, young daughter of Bill's first wife and gangster Lefty Higgins; Audrey, the girl friend Lefty can't get rid of; Brad, who loves Jane; Mother Dawson, now engaged to her old friend Dr. Jim Cotter.

BACKGROUND: Gossip, and her own intuition, lead Rosemary to suspect that Jane is in love with Bill. When Jane herself admits this to Bill in New York, he insists she

return to Springdale, where she tells Rosemary that she would take Bill away from her if she could.

RECENTLY: Lefty Higgins' attempt to get out of the country fails when the ship on which he and Audrey are escaping sinks. A government cutter brings them back to New York. Lefty chooses this time to admit his love for Audrey—an unfortunate time, for he is turned in to the police by his friend Mac. Meanwhile Rosemary makes eager plans for her life in New York as she prepares to rejoin Bill.

## YOUNG DR. MALONE



Mother Malone  
heard on  
CBS 1:30 P.M.

CAST: Anne Malone, superintendent of the Dineen Clinic in Three Oaks; Dr. Jerry Malone, her husband, staff member of a medical research institute in New York which is dominated by Lucia Standish; Sam Williams, Three Oaks industrialist, and his son Gene, both attracted to Anne; Dr. Brown, whose fear and dislike of Lucia may ruin his friendship with Jerry.

BACKGROUND: The Malones' separation was supposed to be temporary, but as Anne in Three Oaks and Jerry in New York draw farther apart in every way, it begins to look

as though their marriage can never again mean anything to either of them.

RECENTLY: Because she knows what misery misunderstanding can create, Anne mediates in the tempestuous quarrels between Sam and Gene, and finds a strong appeal in Sam's positive personality. Meanwhile, Lucia's domination of Jerry begins to influence his very words and thoughts. Unable to understand Dr. Brown's deep-rooted fear of this woman, Jerry may find too late that her pathological need for power has destroyed his character and his happiness.



## OUR GAL SUNDAY



Irene Galway  
heard on  
CBS 12:45 P.M.

**CAST:** Sunday, married to Lord Henry Brinthrope; Hazel Carter, crippled daughter of Lewis Carter, who is devoted to his brilliant ward Joyce Irwin; Peter Galway, Lord Henry's friend and neighbor, at whose request the mysterious Roy Kingsley has been hired as a gardener on the Brinthrope estate, Black Swan Hall.

**BACKGROUND:** Sunday realizes that the tension in the Carter household will finally come to a head over Roy Kingsley, for Hazel is driven close to hysteria as she suspects that Roy, the only man who ever noticed

her, is being drawn away by Joyce's dazzling charm.

**RECENTLY:** The mystery of Roy Kingsley approaches solution as the Brinthropes are told that he is a government agent on a strange and secret mission. How will this involve Clifford Steele, the New York real estate man who has come to Fairbrooke to talk to Lord Henry about going into partnership with him . . . and who has long been in love with Joyce Irwin? And will Sunday be able to prevent the tragedy toward which the Carters and Joyce are heading?

## THIS IS NORA DRAKE



Charles Dobbs  
heard on  
CBS 2:30 P.M.

**CAST:** Nora Drake, a nurse, who thinks she is falling out of love with the young lawyer, Charles Dobbs; George, Charles's scapegrace brother, married to Dorothy, who can't decide why she stays with him—but doesn't leave; Tom Morley, who blames Charles and Nora for the death of his father; Suzanne Turrie, brilliant young pianist deeply in love with Charles.

**BACKGROUND:** Tom's bitter threat of revenge against Charles takes shape when he discovers in his dead father's safe a forged check which enables him to bring suit

against George. Unable to persuade Tom to call off the suit, Charles and Dorothy pool all their cash for George's bail.

**RECENTLY:** Tom, meanwhile, has found another way to disrupt Charles' life. He convinces Suzanne that Charles, whom she hoped desperately might fall in love with her, has really loved Nora all along, and takes advantage of the girl's disillusionment to make an ally of her. Then the most crushing blow of all falls: George disappears, forfeiting the bail Charles and Dorothy had so painfully scraped together.

## SECOND MRS. BURTON



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

**CAST:** Terry Burton, married to Stan Burton, merchant of Dickston; their children, teenage Brad, baby Wendy; Barbara Wright, who is on her way to visit the Burtons when she is hurt in a train crash; Helen Greene, who usurps her place.

**BACKGROUND:** Knowing of Barbara only through a phone call from Terry's father in far-off Wisconsin, the Burtons welcome Helen, never dreaming that the real Barbara is in a distant town struggling against the amnesia she suffered during the crash.

**RECENTLY:** The mentally unbalanced Helen,

armed with the information Barbara innocently gave her as they were traveling together, loses no time in disrupting the Burton home. Irresponsible, a liar and a thief, she involves them in much embarrassment through her pilfering of small objects which she disposes of through Grimes, who runs a junkshop and acts as a "fence" for stolen goods. Through her negligence, Wendy falls seriously ill. And a climax threatens as Helen, fancying herself in love with Stan, begins a gossip campaign against Terry which may destroy Terry's home.

## JUST PLAIN BILL



Kerry Donovan  
heard on  
NBC 5:30 P.M.

**CAST:** Bill Davidson, barber of Hartville; his daughter Nancy, married to lawyer Kerry Donovan; Karen Ross, who is trying to save her father, John Ross, from ruin by flirting with wealthy Wesley Franklin; Vera, Franklin's despised wife.

**BACKGROUND:** Headstrong in her determination to save her father, Karen continues her dangerous flirtation with Franklin in spite of Bill's cautioning advice. Kerry, meanwhile, is in a difficult situation. When Franklin first came to town, he engaged Kerry to look after his interests, and now the young law-

yer finds himself helping to destroy one of Bill's oldest friends.

**RECENTLY:** Finally Kerry makes his decision—he withdraws from Franklin's employ. But Karen Ross finds herself caught in her own trap as Franklin agrees to drop his campaign against her father if she will marry him after he divorces Vera! But her problem approaches a tragic solution: Franklin disappears under strange circumstances that makes it look as if John Ross knows more about the disappearance than he will reveal.

## YOUNG WIDDER BROWN



Janey Brown  
heard on  
NBC 4:45 P.M.

**CAST:** Ellen Brown, a young widow, who provides for herself and her children, Mark and Janey, by running a tearoom; Dr. Anthony Loring, Ellen's fiancé; David Campbell, who wants to marry Ellen; Angela McBride, who wants Anthony; Amanda Cathcart, David's possibly unbalanced sister.

**BACKGROUND:** Anthony suffers deeply when Ellen, having lost her memory in an accident, appears unable to recall the closeness of their relationship, and indicates interest in young David. But Anthony suddenly realizes that he cannot just wait for Ellen's

memory to return. He, and he alone, must do something to help her.

**RECENTLY:** Fate helps Anthony to choose the right moment to make a powerful appeal to Ellen's emotions . . . and with indescribable joy he sees the light of recognition in her eyes. She remembers him—she remembers everything! But now Angela, seeing the ruin of all her hopes, makes a desperate resolution. If Anthony cannot be lured away from Ellen, then Ellen herself must be destroyed! Will Angela succeed in trapping Ellen into the danger she plans for her?

## HILLTOP HOUSE



Grace Dolben  
heard on  
CBS 3:15 P.M.

**CAST:** Julie Paterno, assistant to Grace Dolben of the Glendale orphanage, Hilltop House; Michael, Julie's lawyer husband; Kevin Burke, with whom Julie was once in love; David, Kevin's child.

**BACKGROUND:** Happy in her work and in her marriage, Julie looks forward to a successful future until Kevin comes back into her life. Now on the verge of a possibly fatal operation, Kevin pleads with Julie to shelter his motherless five-year-old son. Though the man himself recalls painful memories, Julie cannot refuse to help his

child, for children are her life's work.

**RECENTLY:** Michael is unable to suppress his bitterness at Julie's renewed contact with Kevin now that he knows how much this man made her suffer in the past. When Kevin, after bringing David to Glendale, remains instead of leaving, Michael becomes suspicious. Kevin says that he has decided against the operation, preferring to gamble for the year of life doctors say is all he can have. But Michael wonders—is the whole story a ruse to appeal to Julie's emotions and break up her marriage?

## RIGHT TO HAPPINESS



Connie Wakefield  
heard on  
NBC 3:45 P.M.

**CAST:** Carolyn Kramer, divorced from Dwight Kramer, and fighting him for custody of their son, Skippy; lawyer Miles Nelson, Carolyn's fiancé, who conducted her case until his political ambitions made it necessary for him to go to the state capital; Constance Wakefield, once Carolyn's good friend, now the new Mrs. Dwight Kramer; Dr. Dick Campbell, Carolyn's former suitor; Annette Thorp, politically powerful head of a newspaper chain.

**BACKGROUND:** Carolyn, realizing Miles' political career is at stake when he leaves

her, tries to overcome her resentment, but she is desperately afraid that his desertion will mean the loss of Skippy. For Harlow Sloan, Miles' partner, is no match for Dwight's unscrupulous lawyer, Kirk.

**RECENTLY:** Now that Annette Thorp has met Miles, she has begun to make plans for him that go far beyond supporting him for the governorship. When Carolyn finally sees them together she is quick to realize this. It makes her doubly grateful for the sympathy and friendship that young Dr. Campbell is eager to offer.

## BIG SISTER



Valerie  
heard on  
CBS 1 P.M.

**CAST:** Ruth Wayne, "big sister" to her friends; Dr. John Wayne, her husband; Dr. Reed Bannister, John's friend and associate; Valerie, his wife; Parker, a power-hungry millionaire; Mark Anderson, his old business associate.

**BACKGROUND:** After Anton's death, Parker tries to ingratiate himself with the Waynes and the Bannisters by showing great sympathy—but John is the only one who believes him. John wants to believe, for he sees in Parker a vast source of funds for the Health Center which he and Reed

have built up in Glen Falls.

**RECENTLY:** Mark Anderson, who owes Parker money, comes to Glen Falls to plead for an extension. Ruth waits for Parker's refusal, hoping that his cruelty will prove to John the danger of associating with such a man. But Parker fools her. Graciously, he agrees to wait, and gives John the chance to say "I told you so" to Ruth and Reed. Nonetheless, Reed's unconquered suspicions cause him to reject Parker's \$50,000 donation to the Center—and lead to John's infuriated resignation.

## LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL



Douglas Norman  
heard on  
NBC 3:00 P.M.

**CAST:** Papa David, who lives by the philosophy that life can be beautiful; Chichi, the young woman whose life was changed by Papa David's beliefs; Chuck Lewis, leader of a youthful gang; Douglas Norman, who wants to marry Chichi.

**BACKGROUND:** Some years ago, when the frightened, homeless Chichi found shelter in Papa David's Slightly Read Book Shop, she began to change from a tough, defiant youngster to a warm-hearted young woman. But she's young enough to recall her own days of running with a neighbor-

hood gang, and when young Chuck Lewis starts making trouble at the Recreation Center, Chichi decides to step in.

**RECENTLY:** Chichi's impulse to reform Chuck leads to trouble with Douglas Norman. But he loves Chichi too much to go out of her life entirely, even though his partner Alice Swanson would be quite ready to take Chichi's place. The Recreation Center trouble comes to a triumphant conclusion when gambler Coleman Reynolds, the moving force behind the young delinquents, gives the Center to the Settlement House.

## WHEN A GIRL MARRIES



Phil Stanley  
heard on  
NBC 5:00 P.M.

**CAST:** Joan and Harry Davis, reunited after Harry, suffering from amnesia, had disappeared in N. Y.; Phil and Kathy Stanley, their friends; Angie Jones, whom Harry knew in N. Y.; Anne Dunne, who hates Joan.

**BACKGROUND:** When Phil Stanley's mother bequeathed her money to Anne, she put into Joan's hands the power to decide whether Anne spent it wisely. For if she did not, the balance was to revert to Phil. Joan's decision that Anne has squandered the money has earned her Anne's enmity.

**RECENTLY:** Having turned her estate into

a luxury club, Anne wires to N. Y. for a dining-room manager, and is elated when Angie Jones replies. For Anne recognizes the name of this woman with whom Harry was so intimately involved during his amnesia, and knows that her presence in Beechwood will mean trouble for the Davises. Meanwhile Joan is stunned to learn Harry has not regained his memory, but has pretended to because his love for her was the one thing he retained despite his loss of personality. Does he remember Angie, and what she meant to him?





# Now I Can Sing Again!

(Continued from page 26)

ner with me, and we drove in her open car to a steak house in town. We sat over coffee for hours, in a candle-lighted booth, and talked. And of course I told her my troubles. Nora had problems, too—she had just separated from Errol Flynn and had moved with her children to a new house in Brentwood. Nora had her problems, but that night she listened to mine. I think the only thing I didn't tell her that night was the tremendous attraction I felt for her, the exciting new feeling of aliveness being near her gave me, even after these few hours.

The next day we played tennis together again, and swam, and had lunch in bathing suits by the club pool.

The weekend was over too soon, and I flew back to town, to my work and my responsibilities, but I couldn't get Nora out of my mind.

We met in town a few times after that, for dinner, for tennis. What had begun as exhilaration was becoming a torment, for I was in love with Nora, and I knew it. But I didn't dare say it, I didn't dare believe it. Two families were involved, five children. This was a monumental thing to face.

But then I realized that Nora was in love with me, too, and the monumental thing was like a mountain that had melted away.

We could work out our problems—we had to, because only one thing mattered now, that we could make a new life together.

All the people immediately involved agreed, without rancor, that it was better to break up unhappy marriages than subject children to the crippling atmosphere of unhappy homes.

Joanne sued for divorce in Los Angeles. Nora made plans to establish

residence in Nevada to obtain her freedom. It would be a year—according to the ruling of California courts—before we would be free to be together. Staying apart that long would be a torment, but we decided it would have to be that way.

Then Christmas came. On the day after Christmas Nora went back to Palm Springs, the scene of our meeting. I was miserable.

I drove out to the airport and warmed up my plane. The weather was bad. But I decided to go anyway. I had to see Nora.

I made it, although the first break in the fog was over the Racquet Club. Nora was down there. I was there in ten minutes myself—I went straight to Nora. I didn't care who knew; I no longer cared what anybody said.

Neither did Nora. "This may be the end of my career," I told her. "You know I may wind up running a gas station."

"I don't care," Nora said. We spent New Year's Eve in Palm Springs, and we were exhilarated with a sense of our own new beginnings.

The way was cleared in the spring for our marriage. Joanne, having withdrawn her original suit for divorce, went to Nevada and got her decree. Nora's Nevada decree was granted a few weeks later.

In July, we were married, Nora and I. We came back from a blissfully peaceful honeymoon in Honolulu to take up our new life together.

We have a house in Beverly Hills. Nothing pretentious—there is plenty of room and comfort for Nora and me, and for our kids. Diedre and Rore, Nora's little girls, are with us now, and my three spend a lot of their time with us.

Pigeon, as we call my five-year-old daughter, Helen, and Skip, who's seven now and going to Military school, and Nugie, who's just two and a half, have rooms of their own in our house, and we are always especially happy when they're in them.

Our life is simple. We get up early—I never got up early in my life, and I was crazy! Mornings are wonderful! We play tennis together every morning. Nora looks after her household chores while I do a couple of hours of practicing, then she goes with me for lunch and stays with me usually while I do my afternoon broadcast.

We're tired enough lots of nights: just to have dinner in bed, and read aloud for awhile before sleep. (I always had a house full of books—for the first time in my life, I'm reading them.) Other nights we'll run a cartoon for the kids, maybe a picture for ourselves.

We see a few good friends, Lionel and Beverly Neumann, Nora's friend, Bernice Turrel, the Victor Youngs, the Leon Shamroys. But the dropper-inners have taken a hint and left us alone. It was a pretty broad hint. I just said, "Sorry, we're busy."

My attitude toward money is different, too. One day, before I met Nora, I was in New York, doing a brutal five-shows-a-day personal appearance at the Roxy. I got a letter from my secretary "Everybody is fine here . . ." he wrote and named a dozen or so of our fairly constant visitors. "We're all getting fat and tan."

I showed the letter to my brother, who indignantly tore it up.

"Everybody is getting fat and tan," he said, "and you're singing 'Old Man River' five times a day."

I won't be doing any more of those killing tours. I don't need money that bad. Nora agrees with me. My career is important, but not as important as our marriage.

As for her career, she decided long ago that it should be confined to being a wife and a mother. "A woman can have a marriage, or a career," she told me. Nora has decided what she wants.

And I know, at last, what I want. As I figure it, my job is being happy with Nora and our family. And, important but second, entertaining people. I love my work, but I won't live for it.

Probably because I have put it into its proper place in my life at last, my work is more satisfying to me now than it ever was. On my new radio show, Club 15, I have had the opportunity—for which I fought unsuccessfully for so long—to step out of the juvenile groove and do something more adult.

My records are going better than they ever did. Pictures can wait until I am allowed to do on film what I have managed on the air—to grow up. I will take a show of my own into the Coconut Grove in a few weeks—and indicate the sort of thing I want to do now. Who knows, maybe the people will like it.

I'd like to enjoy life. And the way things are now, Nora and I have our weekends to get in the plane and run off somewhere, anywhere, together.

Nora loves to fly. Nora loves everything I love.

But why go on. Nora is a lovely lady. And I get a great big lump in my throat just thinking about her.

I am so glad, so grateful, that it happened—even the way it did.

Now . . . I feel like singing!

## STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933, OF RADIO MIRROR published Monthly at Dunellen, N. J., for October 1, 1949.

State of New York  
County of New York } ss.

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

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

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member must be given.) Macfadden Publications, Inc., 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock in Macfadden Publications, Inc.: Orr J. Elder, 187 Old Short Hills Road, Short Hills, New Jersey; Meyer Dworkin, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, New York; King & Co., c/o City Bank Farmers Trust Co., 22 William Street, New York 15, New York; Henry Lieferant, 100 West 55th Street, New York 19, New York; Carl M. Loeb, Rhoades & Co., 61 Broadway, New York, New York; (Mrs.) Elizabeth Machlin, 501 West 7th Street, Plainfield, New Jersey; (Mrs.) Margaret Machlin, Beaver Dam Road, Stratford, Connecticut; O'Neill & Co., P. O. Box 28, Wall St. Station, New York 5, New York; Joseph Schultz, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, New York; Arnold A. Schwartz, c/o A. A. Whitford, Inc., 705 Park Avenue, Plainfield, New Jersey; Charles H. Shattuck, Pharr, Texas; Walston, Hoffman & Goodwin, 35 Wall Street, New York 5, New York; Harold A. Wise, 11 Mamaroneck Road, Scarsdale, New York.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are (If there are none so state.): Orr J. Elder, 187 Old Short Hills Road, Short Hills, New Jersey; O'Neill & Co., P. O. Box 28, Wall St. Station, New York, New York; Charles Shattuck, Pharr, Texas; City Bank Farmers Trust Co. Trustee, for Mary Macfadden, 22 William Street, New York 15, New York; Bernard Macfadden Foundation, Inc., 535 5th Avenue, New York 5, Mrs. Mary Macfadden, 406 E. Linden Avenue, Englewood, New Jersey; Charles Mendel, 720 Broadway Avenue, New York 25, New York; Carroll Rheinstrom, 300 Park Avenue, New York, New York; Braunda Macfadden St. Phillip and L. Arthur St. Phillip as trustees for Braunda Macfadden St. Phillip, 400 Linden Avenue, Englewood, New Jersey.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner, and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

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

(Signed) MEYER DWORIN

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 23rd day of September, 1949.

TULLIO MUCELLI

Notary Public, State of New York,  
County of Residence, Bronx, Bronx Co.  
No. 128, Reg. No. 90-M-O. Cert. filed in  
N. Y. Co. No. 530, Reg. No. 317-M-O.  
Commission expires March 30, 1950.



Mrs. Roosevelt's flawless complexion has a special flower-fresh beauty—  
"To my mind there is nothing finer in face care than Pond's Cold Cream," she says.

Mrs.  
H. Latrobe  
Roosevelt,  
Jr.

Her face speaks out to you  
of her enchanting Inner Self

Something fresh and lovely about Mrs. Roosevelt's face draws you to her immediately. For her face *gives out* the enchanting *self* that lives back of it.

Your face, too, can give such a happy impression of you. Always—your face is the *you* that others see first—remember best. Keep it, then, bright and unclouded so that wherever you go it will beckon friends and happiness to you.

## Within you—is a delightful second self —and she can make new happiness come your way

Do you, like so many women, have that hampering, unhappy sense of being inadequate? You can change this. You have *within yourself* a wonderful power that can *re-make* you to new loveliness.

This power grows out of the constant interaction between your *Inner Self* and your *Outer Self*—between the way you feel and the way you look.

This power fills you with confidence when you know you look charming. But—when you are *not* living up to your best, it can engulf you with self-doubt. It is the reason you must never neglect the daily details that can add so much to your *outer loveliness*—your *inner happiness*.

### "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment

Don't imagine your face is going to show your loveliest self, without the right encouragement from you. This "Outside-

Inside" Face Treatment with Pond's Cold Cream brings lovely help to faces. Always at bedtime (for day cleansing, too) *cream* your face with Pond's—like this:

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

**Cream Cleanse**—swirl Pond's Cold Cream all over your face. This light, fluffy cream will soften and sweep dirt, 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.

**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 and sweeps away dirt, make-up, as you massage. *From the Inside*—every step of this treatment stimulates circulation.

Mrs. Roosevelt says. "I'm enthusiastic about this face treatment with Pond's. It gives results immediately."

Remember—it is not vanity to develop the beauty of your face. When you look lovely—everything you do takes on a happier significance. And this happiness *you show* has a magnetic way of bringing others closer to the real Inner You.



YOUR FACE IS WHAT YOU MAKE IT—Care for it this Pond's way. Get a big jar of Pond's today!

## "My Buddy"

(Continued from page 24)

which is his favorite spot at Pickfair, when he said very casually: "By the way, dear, would you mind New York for a few months? The reaction I got back there was quite good."

Mary would have been prepared to say, as she did, "Let's go!" even without knowledge of his New York success, for, as she says:

"The most important thing in life to Buddy and me is each other. This means that I want to do and to have what he needs to do and to have. And Buddy wants the same for me. Happily, we almost always want to have things and do things together."

It was just a matter of weeks after the Book Room conference that the Rogers family, together with Elizabeth Lewis, Mary's long-time good friend and secretary, left a partially closed Pickfair in care of a skeleton staff and arrived in New York. Fortunately, Mary really does like New York, having spent most of her childhood there.

"But even if I didn't like it," she says, "I'd have come. Buddy is working hard, very hard. His radio show, Pick A Date With Buddy Rogers, is on five mornings a week and he spends a lot of time planning his television show. When that gets underway, he'll be even busier. He needs the tranquillity that only his home and family can give."

Like many another uprooted wife, Mary's efforts to find the home she wanted for her husband and children weren't easily realized. She finally found the right one—a very pleasant, not-too-large apartment, but it took a lot of doing. Real estate agents had determined among themselves, apparently, to show her nothing less, in size, than fifteen to thirty rooms and nothing less elaborate in decor than befitting the tenancy of, say, Marie Antoinette.

Said one such agent of one such elegant establishment: "Very spacious, very rich, really quite, uh, chi-chi, don't you agree, Miss Pickford?"

"I agree," she said, "and that's just why I am not interested."

"But, Miss Pickford—" the young man demurred, looking more disillusioned than disappointed. "I had supposed that you and Mr. Rogers . . ."

Mary didn't bother to explain to the frustrated fellow that Mr. Rogers is, at heart, a Kansas farmer and that the less he has of the "uh, chi-chi," in his surroundings, and in his life, the happier he is. Nor did she feel called upon to explain that what she now wants in her life is as little responsibility and as much fun as it is possible for her to have—and not only for herself, but for Buddy and the children, too.

She did play with the notion of confessing to the baffled realtor that she and Buddy are planning a series of kitchen parties, maybe one or two a month while they are in New York, and that each guest will do whatever dish he or she does the best, and will also wash the dishes and put everything in apple pie order.

But, as Mary knows so well, one of the great secrets of life is to exit gracefully from a situation, so she simply said: "I'm sorry, but what we are looking for in New York is a small apartment or house." And she added: "But small. Thank you, and goodbye."

When Mary speaks of Buddy as a "Kansas farmer" at heart, she does not mean that he is a behind-the-plough

sort of farmer. So far as she knows, Buddy has no yearning to go back to the land. It's just that he is a simple, typically American man in many of his tastes. His favorite dinner is a good steak, any kind of potatoes, creamed corn and apple pie. He likes easy going clothes and not only likes, but loves a special pair of run-down slippers that have to be seen to be believed.

While Mary is not sure that Buddy is really a Kansas farmer at heart, she is convinced that he is an Olathean at heart. Buddy was born in Olathe, Kansas, went to school in Olathe and graduated from the University of Kansas. He believes that Olathe is practically the heart-of the nation (as a matter of geographical fact, it is) and certainly Olathe and memories of the good people of the town are in his heart.

Olathe, indeed, was the cause of one of the worst frights of Mary's life.

"Buddy is practically never late for dinner," she explains, "or, if he knows he's going to be late, he never fails to call. In all the years we have been married, in fact, I can remember only one night when he was late and didn't call to tell me why. After an hour had passed and no word from him, I began to be very nervous. After three hours, I was on the verge of calling the hospitals and the police when in he walked.

"He was really stricken when he saw my frightened face. 'Terribly sorry, darling,' he apologized, 'but you see, this fellow from Olathe . . . 'Friend of yours?' I interrupted, still smarting from plain scare. 'Well, not exactly, but his great-uncle loaned my grandfather a team of mules and helped him bring in the crop. So when I ran into him downtown today, found him in a jam and needing someone to go bond for him, why, of course . . . ' Now what could I say but 'of course,' too?"

Buddy not only acts charitably towards his fellow man, he is charitable. Mary says he will not gossip and will not listen to gossip.

"If I make even the mildest criticism of anyone," she says, "he will stop me, saying 'Darling, you will learn that she's not at all the way you think and then you'll be sorry.'"

"Only once since I've known Buddy have I ever heard him express dislike for any person and funny as it was, I was quite shocked. We were dining out one night and suddenly Buddy whispered in my ear, 'I'm looking at a man at the next table and I just hate him!' 'Do you know him?' I whispered back. 'No,' he said, 'but if I did, I suppose I'd think he was all right.'"

"But don't think that Buddy's all angel," she will tell you. "Imagine me living with anyone with wings! He's not much of a flower-sender or gift-giver, but then anniversaries mean little to us. Very often when my birthday comes around, it's close to Easter and I'm likely to get a basket of bunnies or eggs! When he does give gifts—and this I must tell on him—they are distinctly odd. One of the first things he ever gave me was a kimona, magenta lined with purple. On the Queen of the Nile, it might have looked effective. But on me—can you imagine!"

"Another one of his early gifts to me was an airplane. This was just before the war and Buddy himself had only been flying a short time. Since the plane was a present to me, I felt

beholden to fly with him. Greater love hath no wife for her husband than when she goes up in the air with him when he's not too sure how to land.

"Of course, it wasn't long before he became an expert aviator. During the war, you know, he was a Navy pilot."

Buddy is very conscious of Mary's clothes—a new hat or dress and he spots it instantly. He usually prefers her in dark clothes, navy or black. He *doesn't* like her to wear platform shoes, but Mary compromises and only wears them with evening clothes.

"Actually, I never wear anything I know Buddy doesn't like," says Mary.

As a father, Buddy gets top rating from Roxanne and Ronald. He plays tennis with Ronnie, swims with both children and can be depended on when allowances are in straits. But Buddy believes, like his own father, in obedience and respect from his children. And with two such lively children, there are times when Buddy has to take certain measures to get it. Discipline in the Rogers household is usually defined by depriving the children of Saturday movies or the use of their bicycles. Mary and Buddy have found these methods to be sure-fire behavior restoratives.

While Roxanne and Ronald are adopted children in the legal sense, Mary and Buddy feel that the adoption process worked just the opposite way.

"The children adopted us," Mary will tell you. "The California law provides that a child can make his own choice after a year. That is, if he doesn't want to stay with you, he's free to leave. So we feel that Roxanne and Ronald adopted us as their mother and father.

"And," she adds, "we're very happy that they did!"

Much as the children loved life at Pickfair, they're finding New York a happy substitute. Roxanne is enrolled at a private day school, Ronnie in a boarding school which is near enough to New York to enable him to come home on weekends. Together they've been exploring the enchanting pleasures of the city—the zoo at Central Park, the ancient wonders in the Museum of Natural History, the Statue of Liberty and all the other time-honored sights of New York. But there's one treat that means even more to them than the magic of the city and that's the special privilege of being allowed to stay up to have dinner with Daddy.

In time, perhaps, Buddy's schedule will enable the Rogers to return to Pickfair. But in the busy months to come, Mary feels that Buddy will benefit more by the presence of his family. Professionally, too, Mary feels that he will benefit by her nearness.

"I try to be to Buddy what Mother was to me—a person upon whose fair and loving advice I could always depend," she explains. "While Mother would give me full share of praise, she also would point out any weak spots in my performance. And she was most critical of my personal appearance. I can hear her saying now, 'Darling, you look like a catfish today. Recomb your curls, powder your nose and change that dress. You might meet a fan.'"

America's Sweetheart—and she still can qualify for that title—tries to take an impersonal, sincere look at her husband's performance. And that look, like the critics', finds something slightly sensational.

## When A Girl Marries

(Continued from page 43)

meantime, you stand in some danger of limiting your social life, always a most unfortunate circumstance at your age. What I suggest is this: don't preach your beliefs to your friends, or show that you hold them in low esteem because they do not make the same demands on each other that you feel you should and want to make. When a date comes your way, accept it (unless you know definitely that the boy is a really undesirable associate). And then try—*by your example*, not by your words or criticism—to prove that it's not necessary to swear or drink or act in any other regrettable manner in order to enjoy oneself. In most cases it's the girl who sets the tone of a social evening, and if you make it pleasantly clear that you expect to be treated like a lady—a friendly, gay, young lady with an operating sense of humor, but still a lady—you may be surprised how quickly your companion will respond with the kind of behavior you can approve and enjoy. If he does not, you've lost very little, for after all a single evening is very quickly over, and if your date has been offensive you are under no compulsion to date him again. But be tolerant, and remember that sixteen is really very young to be setting up too-rigid standards. Stick to your own ideas, by all means—but don't become prematurely carping and old-maidish as you try to live up to them.

Here is a problem in family relations which Mrs. H. B. has found herself unable to solve. Can you suggest some way out for her? Your letter of help may earn \$25.

Dear Joan:

I was adopted at birth, and was always close to my dad and mother for they had so much trouble with their only son. He was always in trouble or in prison. They spent thousands of dollars on him, but when he got out of prison he would always go to another state and get into trouble there all over again. Last year I became ill with a bad lung, and the doctor said I could no longer live in our apartment but must have a house in better air. My husband and I were so in debt that my mother and dad gave us the down payment and gave up their apartment so we could all live together. This spring my dad died, and my mother has been staying with us, but now we have heard that my brother is expecting to be paroled. He says he will come 'home,' but my husband refuses to have him here—he will not stand for the drinking and carrying on and having the law knocking on our door as has happened in the past. But my mother says she owns part of this house, and insists that my brother be allowed to come here. Must we sell the house and return her money? And must we stand by to see her go through the same troubles all over again with my brother? What shall we do?

Mrs. H. B.

# Now in Drene... Only in Drene ... this New *Beauty Conditioner*



Now! For truly Natural Softness, Natural Sheen...  
Don't just "wash" your hair...

## Condition Your Hair with New Drene Shampoo!



Want your hair to shine with *all* its loveliest natural sheen... have *all* its own true natural softness? Then don't just "wash" your hair with old-fashioned shampoos—*condition* it to fullest natural beauty with New Drene Shampoo!

Now New Drene has a wonderful new Beauty Conditioner. It's an exclusive cleansing agent found in no other shampoo—cream or liquid.

If you haven't tried Drene recently, you just don't know how wonderful it is!

So get a bottle now—right away—and see for yourself how it awakens the sleeping beauty of your hair!

- 1 New Drene cleans hair and scalp like a dream—yet it's gentle, non-drying, baby-mild!
- 2 Conditions your hair to natural sheen and softness... yet leaves it ever so easy to manage!
- 3 Leaves no dulling soap film, so needs no special rinses. Quickly removes dandruff from hair and scalp!
- 4 Makes billowy, fragrant lather instantly—even in hardest water!

**Note:** Baby Paulette is Fay Henderson's child, not the Fitz's as she was incorrectly identified in Christmas With Ma Perkins (Radio Mirror, December).



# Give Me Kids Anytime!

(Continued from page 52)

gentleman just two questions: Did you ever tell a kid a joke that he didn't get or didn't think was funny? Did you get a laugh, or even a polite giggle?

You got a blank stare, and that's all you got, brother. There is absolutely no put-on with most kids. And you'd better not try any put-on with them either, if you don't want to be made to feel like hunting your hole.

Back in 1943 when Frank Ferrin, now the producer of the Buster Brown program, asked me to do a Saturday kid show for the Brown Shoe Company, I was pretty leery of it.

"What do I know about entertaining kids?" I asked him.

"You've got two of your own, haven't you?" was the reply. "You must have learned something from them, Ed."

"I have learned one thing," I admitted. "They're a tough audience."

So, as usual when I can't make up my mind, I went home and asked Ruth, my wife, what she thought of the idea.

Ruth said, "Do it, Ed. You can do it, and you'll enjoy it."

I called Frank Ferrin and told him I'd do the audition. Right off the bat, I fielded one idea for the program—one that had never failed with my own two youngsters, Jim and Mary Jane: tell 'em a good story. Dramatize it. O.K., that accounted for fifteen minutes of my half-hour. Now, what to do during the other fifteen?

Up till then, the line of entertainment I'd peddled had always been just songs and patter, backgrounded by my own piano accompaniment when I used to work vaudeville.

I first got tangled up with the kilocycles on WSB, down in Atlanta, Georgia, back in 1922—the early stone age of radio. How that came about was an accident. A friend and myself were walking down Peachtree Street in Atlanta one Saturday when we decided to look in on the new radio station.

There was only one man in the place but he was in enough of a lather for three. He was Lambdin Kay, WSB's complete staff, and a most unhappy human being. There he was with all that equipment, all the air in Georgia, and nothing to put out on it. The lady singer hadn't showed up. My friend mentioned that I could play and sing. Next thing I knew Lambdin Kay had shoved a piano in front of me and announced that Ed McConnell was now on the air. (He figured shoving the piano would be easier than shoving me; I weighed about 275 at the time.)

Well, sir, that woman never did show up. I believe I was on the air nearly two hours that first time, before I was finally relieved. And after the telegrams and phone calls started coming in, I enjoyed every minute of it, even though it was all for free.

Right from the start I made a practice of mentioning over the air the names of people who wrote letters or sent telegrams. Two of my earliest and most faithful correspondents were a couple of business men down in Arcadia, Florida—a fruit broker and a car dealer. Pretty soon I figured that those fellows'd be willing to pay something to have their names mentioned regularly over the air. So I wired them.

When my clients wired back: "Terms satisfactory. Check in mail," I was flabbergasted. I resolved that my first sponsors were sure going to get their

money's worth of radio mention. They did. I believe my first commercial ran about half an hour.

Those, to the best of my knowledge, were the first paid radio commercials broadcast on American air. Whether this historical fact entitles me to be called a benefactor of humanity is debatable. One thing isn't debatable, however: without paid commercials, radio would never have got to be the big source of free entertainment it is today. The sponsor pays the freight.

After about a year I went down to Winter Park, Florida, where with a couple of partners I put in my own radio station. When the boom began to shrivel I turned over my share of WDBO to my partners and moved on.

At WSM, Nashville, Tennessee, in 1928 I picked up one of the two sponsors I still have, a lamp company. (Here let me state that, though I've always called myself a salesman as much as an entertainer, I don't mean by that I can sell just anything. I've got to be sold on a product myself before I can peddle it successfully.)

I worked a spell in Cincinnati, where I hooked up with a paint company, my first network sponsor. Going network led to my moving to Chicago, where I was in 1943 when, at my agent's suggestion, I took on the Buster Brown Gang.

I sweat gallons of blood trying to figure out what to do with the rest of my Buster Brown time besides giving the kids a dramatized story. Without those two sprouts of my own to experiment, I doubt I'd ever have worked it out. Their reactions help a lot with the show.

I've never believed in the old adage that children should be seen and not heard. How are you going to find out what kind of people your kids are, if you never give them a chance to express themselves? 'Cause, believe me, kids are people, real individual persons; they're not just small size replicas of Mom and Pop. Any parent who thinks they are is due for a lot of surprises. Whether the surprises are pleasant or unpleasant depends on whether the kids are allowed to work out their own personalities naturally or whether they have to battle every inch of the way against repressive authority, like grass trying to grow up through a crack in a sidewalk. Cultivate 'em, don't cement 'em in, is my motto for raising kids.

When I first introduced Jim and Mary Jane to Froggy the Gremlin—that ir-repressible needer of over-inflated personalities—and saw their delighted reactions, I knew I had me a permanent character for the Buster Brown Gang. I believe Froggy is my most popular character with the older kids at least. In the tot and toddler division, Squeekie the Mouse probably holds first rank. We also have a little music on the show, mostly comic songs which I composed myself.

The first thirteen weeks the Buster Brown Gang was on the air we didn't have a studio audience. Then we invited the kids to come down and watch us. Now I can't imagine how we ever got along without 'em. Having a few hundred happy kids out front is the best tonic a radio show could have.

More than once during those first few months of doing a show I wondered how big a home audience we had. Then

something happened that not only reassured me but brought a lot of happiness to a little girl who'd been on short rations of that commodity for a long time. Her name was Evelyn Valentine and she was an invalid. She wrote me a letter saying she'd like to get a valentine from me. Something made me want to read that letter over the air to my Buster Brown Gang. I did, and when I'd finished, I said, "You bet I'll send you a valentine, Evelyn, and I'm asking all my buddies to send you one, too." And I gave her address.

That little girl got 50,000 valentines.

A couple of years later, in 1945, I got another very touching letter from a little girl in St. Louis who'd been a wheel-chair paralytic nearly all her life. She asked me to send her a birthday card. I read that letter over the air, too, and those wonderful kids who listen to the Buster Brown Gang, you know what they did? They sent that little girl over 300,000 pieces of mail—cards, presents, remembrances of every sort.

Now do you wonder why I think kids make the best radio audience?

My gang writes to me, too, mainly to tell me what they like or do not like. Whenever I don't give Froggy Gremlin enough to do, I hear about it. Some of my kids go on for ten pages telling me exactly what they want Froggy to do and say—and then illustrate it in crayon to make sure I get it right. I always try to follow instructions of this kind.

Another nice way the kids have of showing what they think of old Smilin' Ed is reflected in the sales records of my sponsor. When the Buster Brown Gang first took the air, children's shoes were the smallest division of their business. Now, it's the biggest. Nuff said?

In 1945 we McConnells moved out here to Hollywood, California, and ever since Buster Brown's been riding the kilocycles from NBC's West Coast headquarters. I guess about the biggest thing that's happened to Ruth and me since our move is the advent of our first grandchild, a cute little carrot-top, eight months old at present writing.

While waiting for my grandson to get big enough so I can start teaching him to swim in our backyard pool, I find myself putting in a lot of time with Jim, my son, who's fourteen now. Jim and I share a hobby—photography. I furnish the equipment and Jim furnishes the talent. To provide transportation for our photographic field trips I recently bought one of those little sawed-off English MG runabouts. Getting out of one of those things isn't as hard as it looks; you just unbuckle it and stand up. I'm kind of like cars like women are about hats—got to have a new one every few months. The MG is known as our 115½ car.

Right now I'm under contract to put Buster Brown on television, whenever our sponsor deems it advisable. But whether or whenever I go on television, I want to keep my kids with me. Any performer needs another pay-off besides that green stuff the banks dote on; he needs to feel some of what he puts out coming back to him from his audience. A man would go empty mighty quick, if it was all put-out and no take-in. When you're putting out for the kids, you get an awful lot back. You get a lot more back than you put out. How can you beat a deal like that?

## Good and Rich!

(Continued from page 61)

Mix and sift flour, baking powder and salt into a large mixing bowl. Add cornmeal and blend well. Combine eggs, sugar, milk and melted shortening in a small bowl. Pour into dry ingredients. Stir enough to blend. Fill greased muffin pans  $\frac{2}{3}$  full. Bake in a hot oven (400° F.) 20 min. Makes 20 muffins.

### SWEET AND SOUR SPARERIBS

1 No. 2½ can sauerkraut

3 pounds spareribs

salt

4 large cooking apples

Drain sauerkraut and turn into a shallow roasting pan. Wipe spareribs with a damp cloth. Cut into serving pieces allowing about 3 ribs for each serving. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Arrange over sauerkraut. Cover pan tightly and bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) 1 hour. Wash and core apples. Cut in quarters. Place in pan with sauerkraut and spareribs. Cover and continue cooking 30 minutes longer or until apples are tender. Makes 6 servings.

### COTTAGE PIE

Grind left-over pork and measure. Make up twice this amount of bread stuffing. Line the bottom of a 1-quart casserole dish with one-half the amount of pork. Top with bread stuffing. Then add remaining pork. Make a well in the center of the casserole and fill with left-over gravy. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) 25 to 30 minutes. Makes 4-6 servings.

### BAKED PORK TENDERLOIN

1½ lbs. pork tenderloin

sliced bacon

salt and pepper

1 can condensed tomato soup

½ cup water

Cut pork tenderloin in ½-inch pieces. Wrap a strip of bacon around each slice. Place in a shallow roasting pan and season. Combine soup and water and pour over meat. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) 1 hour. Serves 6.

### CARROT AND RAISIN SALAD

2 cups grated raw carrots

¾ cup seedless raisins

3 tablespoons vinegar or lemon juice

½ cup salad oil

¼ teaspoon pepper

½ teaspoon salt

½ teaspoon paprika

Mix carrots and raisins. Combine all other ingredients in a small bowl. Beat until well blended. Chill. Pour over carrots and raisins. Toss well. Serves 6.

### ORANGE-LEMON CHIFFON PIE

1 tablespoon gelatine

¼ cup cold water

4 eggs, separated

1 cup sugar

¼ cup lemon juice

¼ cup orange juice

½ teaspoon salt

1 teaspoon grated lemon rind

1 9-inch pastry shell, baked

Soften gelatine in cold water. Beat egg yolks until thick and lemon colored. Add ½ cup sugar, fruit juices and salt. Blend well. Cook over hot water, stirring constantly, until thickened (5 minutes). Add softened gelatine and stir until dissolved. Add lemon rind. Chill until nearly set. Beat egg whites until stiff. Gradually add remaining sugar, beating well after each addition. Fold egg whites into gelatine mixture. Pile into baked and cooled 9-inch pastry shell. Chill until firm. Makes 9-inch pie.



# Reduce

this common sense way  
and join in the fun!

Do not let excess weight rob you of your share of happiness. Reduce this common sense way and join in the fun.

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# Radio's Own Life Story

(Continued from page 23)

Guglielmo's "ether telegraph" to London, and he took out his first patent in 1896. Demonstrations were given for the proper people, including Queen Victoria. By 1897 a company had been formed. Marconi owned half the stock, had fifteen thousand pounds in his pocket, and wireless was headline news around the world.

Sea-faring, fog-bound England put it to work immediately. What a wonderful thing for a maritime nation was this invention that could jump fifty, a hundred, maybe two hundred miles through dark and storm and warn ships of danger in thick weather. There was talk of ringing the entire rocky coast of Britain with wireless stations to supplement the foghorns of its countless lighthouses. By the time he was twenty-three, Marconi was famous, well on his way to wealth, crowned with success.

But he was not satisfied. If his wireless could reach two hundred miles, why not five? Why not a thousand? Why not set up a station on each side of the Atlantic so that a ship leaving England could keep in touch with its homeland to the middle of the ocean? Then, as it passed beyond reach of signals from behind, it could move into signals sent out from the shores of America.

The thing was fantastic, absurd, ridiculous! Against all sober counsel, he set up a huge ring of wooden masts and wires in the little village of Poldhu in Cornwall. The masts were 170 feet high and covered nearly an acre. He powered his station with such a fierce force of electricity that a three-foot wooden lever was used to turn current off and on. Then he crossed the Atlantic to build his receiving station at St. John's in Newfoundland. By this time his plan had changed. He was going to cross the Atlantic by wireless in one leap!

In December, 1901, all was in readiness. The savage winter storms had blown down the first masts that had held his aerials, but they had been replaced. On the other side of the Atlantic his generators were whirring and his staff was waiting. When they thrust the lever home, the world entered a new era.

It was a world that would seem fantastic to us if we could spin back the dial of time and take a look at it. It was a world without movies. Not until 1903 would the first one-reeler with a story, "The Great Train Robbery," be produced. There were no electric refrigerators, vacuum cleaners, plastics, air travel. It would be two years before the Wright brothers would lift their plane into the air at Kitty Hawk and stay aloft for one minute. Automobiles were erratic toys that only the very rich could afford, and, outside of cities there were no paved streets for them to travel on. Pianolas were vying with Mr. Edison's phonograph—the one with the cylindrical records and the morning-glory-shaped horn. Many city homes were still lighted with gas, and kerosene lamps were the rule on farms. The Yellow Kid, Foxy Grandpa, The Katzenjammer Kids, and Happy Hooligan had just started and were seen on Sunday only. The daily comic strip was not to begin until 1909 when Mutt and Jeff took the plunge. Vitamins? Not until 1913. Permanent waves, rayon, crooning, aluminum pans, pres-

sure cookers, jazz—what were they?

The newly born twentieth century was to see a rush forward on every scientific front, and discoveries in radio came in a tidal wave. Hundreds of men share the credit but above them all, two American giants tower: Lee deForest and the greatest of them all, Edwin Howard Armstrong.

Without the inventions of these two there might be no symphony in the air today, no news round-ups from the ends of the earth, no sixty-four-dollar question, no Lone Ranger, no Sinatra—and very possibly no United Nations.

Lee deForest was born in 1873 at Council Bluffs, Iowa, one year before Marconi opened his eyes on the fashionable world of Bologna. It would be hard to find backgrounds more dissimilar. A Congregational minister, deForest's father had left a comfortable home in Iowa when Lee was six years old to accept the scantily paid presidency of Tallageda College in Alabama. It was a school for Negroes. In those unenlightened days, that was enough to make the white community practically ostracize the family of the Reverend deForest. Young Lee had a lonesome and poverty-bitten childhood. His college years were not much better. He took his entrance examinations at Yale in a shiny suit, shoes a year old and a straw hat his father had discarded.

He did not have enough money for most of the social activities at Yale. The laboratory became his main diversion. After he won his Doctor's degree, things were still hard. His first job paid eight dollars a week. Even after his sensational invention of the audion tube, his career was harassed for years by financial struggles, though the audion made him famous and brought broadcasting very near. It was the first practical vacuum tube, and what it did was pick up the weakest signals and magnify their sound enormously. It could make the ticking of a watch sound like a drumbeat. It could lift sounds out of seemingly silent air and make them heard.

By 1906, many men were working on the possibility of sending the human voice through the air. The race was won by Reginald A. Fessenden, brilliant Canadian who had an experimental station at Brant Rock, Massachusetts. It was deForest, however, who led the way in the commercial development of our wireless telephone.

The story they tell of his first voice broadcast is fascinating.

In 1907 he had a laboratory in New York. It was devoted to the improvement of wireless, but on the side he was carrying on a special experiment—the wireless telephone.

One night friends came to inspect his workshop. With them was a concert singer, Madame Eugenia Farrar. DeForest asked her if she would like to be the first to sing over his new invention. Not quite sure whether it was a pretext to get her to sing, or the real thing, Madame Farrar stepped in front of the curious instrument.

"Did anyone really hear me?" she asked when she had finished the last note of "I Love You Truly."

Dr. deForest had to admit that he had no way of knowing, but over in the Brooklyn Navy Yard a wireless operator had torn off his ear-phones, aghast, convinced that he was ready for the

booby hatch.

He had been listening to the routine dot and dash signals of ships at sea when suddenly the loveliest singing he ever had heard came through. He lifted his ear-phones. All was quiet in the Navy Yard. He put them back on. The beautiful music came through clearly again.

"Angels! Angels singing in the air!" he muttered, and, completely unnerved at being so close to heaven, shouted for his commanding officer who listened and then excitedly called the *Herald-Tribune*.

A bored night editor almost let the story die right there. Voices in the air? Silly. Half convinced that one of his reporters was trying to pull his leg, he refused to cover the story until he had called the Navy Yard back to verify the source. By the time his reporter reached Brooklyn, the singing had long since ceased. The faintly sceptical newsman wrote a brief account which appeared in the paper the next morning. Not until he read it did Dr. deForest know that his experiment was a success.

Once again it was men of the sea who recognized the great potential of the new instrument. Six months later, twenty-four Navy ships steamed out of New York harbor on a round-the-world cruise, equipped with the new wireless telephones.

Lee deForest is also credited with the first broadcast by remote control when Enrico Caruso's voice was carried by wire from the Metropolitan Opera House to the laboratory and from there, put on the air.

Even though the singing of one of the greatest tenors of all time had been heard 260 miles at sea, no one thought of radio as anything but a new method of communicating messages. Broadcasting as entertainment was undreamed of, though wireless was fast becoming a fascinating hobby for "hams." By the thousands these amateur operators began to set up home-made sending and receiving sets, and the air bristled with the clicks and cracks and dots and dashes of Morse Code. Since anyone ingenious enough to build a set could launch a wave on the unregulated air, their messages overlapped and interfered dreadfully. Worse yet, the gabby gossip of the amateurs began to jam messages from ship to shore to such an extent that Congress passed the Communications Act of 1912—first federal attempt to deal with the airways. The act gave the Department of Commerce the right to license stations and assign frequencies. It did, but nobody paid much attention. The hams went merrily on their way, flooding the air with calls.

Incidentally, the nickname "ham" which has confused so many people has a simple explanation. It originated in England. British sports writers' slang for amateur is "am." Cockney fans added a gratuitous "h" making the word "ham," and so it remains to this day. Not for one minute is it to be confused with the stage slang meaning a corny performer who chews up the scenery.

In radio, ham is a proud title, deserving the respect of the nation as we shall see when we get to the record of service given in fire, flood and disaster by the amateur who stayed by his Morse Code

key, without pay and frequently at the risk of his life, when he was needed.

Like all other traditions of service, the radio operators' creed was developed in disaster. The one particular tragedy that waked the world to the importance of radio, more than any other, happened in 1912 when the fastest, safest, proudest ship built to that date went down in the Atlantic.

She was called the Titanic. She was the biggest thing that had ever sailed the seas. She was vast. She was beautiful. Her passenger list of 2,223 was packed with the distinguished, the famous and the rich when she set out on her maiden voyage.

She was so big that nothing could hurt her. She was so fast that when an iceberg was sighted dead ahead she could not possibly change her course in time. She veered, but not enough. The wallowing berg raked a three hundred foot hole in her steel side below the water line, jamming the mechanism that operated her waterproof compartments. Four hours later she was gone.

The CQ went out first, the call meaning "All Stations Stand By for News." Then, shortly after midnight, the wireless operator on the Carpathia, fifty-eight miles away, was shocked to hear CQD-SOS-CQD-SOS from the great unsinkable Titanic.

CQD—the signal of distress. SOS—the newer signal that meant death at hand.

(SOS is newer than you think. When the Marconi company first started, CQD was chosen to mean an urgent call to clear the air for the message that was to follow. It did not mean "Come-Quick-Danger" as many people thought, because it meant the same thing in other languages besides English. In 1906, SOS superseded it as the international code for distress. It was chosen because the three dots, three dashes and three dots of SOS were easier to send and to identify than the dot-dash-dot-dash-dash-dot-dash-dash-dash-dot-dot of CQD. SOS does not mean "Save Our Ship" or "Save Our Souls." It means "Distress-Help" in every language in the world from Persian to Chinese.)

But SOS was new in 1912, so the Titanic's radioman took no chances. He sent it and then CQD and then SOS again as it became hideously, incredibly certain that the Titanic was doomed.

"Coming hard," wirelessed the Carpathia, turning off her course though her old engines could not bring her to the scene until dawn, hours after the Titanic had disappeared. Tragically, another ship only fifteen miles away chugged calmly on through the dark, oblivious to the Titanic's cry. She carried a radioman, but, as was the custom in those days, he had closed his key and gone to bed at the end of the day.

The sinking of the Titanic and the loss of all but 706 of her passengers focused attention sharply on wireless as an essential supplement to cable and telegraph lines.

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company was pouring money into experiment, and it was needed. Radio was wildly erratic. At one moment signals would be clear. The next they would fade into humming silence or the crackle of static.

Then young Edwin Howard Armstrong entered the picture with the first of the four discoveries that were to qualify him as the greatest of all radio inventors, and, according to many engineers, the greatest American inventor since Edison.

His background was completely different from that of both Marconi and deForest except for one thing—all three decided to become inventors in their teens.

Armstrong was born in 1890 in New York. His father was the American representative of the Oxford University Press. The family lived comfortably in a big house in Yonkers. When Howard was fourteen, his father brought him a present from England. It was *The Boy's Book of Inventions*. He read it, absorbed, and immediately began his career with the setting up of a shop filled with home-made wireless gear in his spacious attic.

Before he graduated from Columbia University he was ready to apply for a patent on the regenerative circuit. That jaw-cracking name is well worth remembering. It is the discovery that took wireless out of the crystal detector, ear-phone stage and made possible the radio we have today.

His patent was issued in 1914, and he became the sensation of the radio world. Dreary litigation, exhausting to both sides, was to follow when Dr. deForest's attorneys were to press the claim that the same ground was covered in his patent for the ultra-audion, but that is not a part of this story. The important thing is to honor both men for great achievement, and to remember the name Armstrong because his later invention of the superheterodyne was to make possible the standard receivers we use today. His superregenerative circuit made possible our short wave communications. His frequency modulation gave us static-free, high-fidelity FM sets—a stunning list of gifts to the world.

Take courage. The stage is almost set. The curtain is about to go up on the show.

In 1916, another very young man, David Sarnoff, was dreaming of a completely new use for wireless, and he wrote a memo to his chief at the American Marconi Company about it. He wanted to bring music to individual homes by means of what he called a "radio music box."

Sarnoff's is one of the most fabulous of American success stories. He was to play a vital part in the formation and operation of the first great major network, NBC, and was to become the president of RCA before he was thirty-nine, so his start is doubly dramatic.

He was born in Minsk, Russia. He was brought to this country in 1900 when he was nine years old. His father died when he was fifteen, and David became the main support of his mother and four other little Sarnoffs. He went to work selling newspapers. On the side he picked up much-needed extra cash as a messenger boy for the Commercial Cable Company. He became so fascinated with what he learned there of long distance communications that he studied Morse Code at night. When wireless telegraphy came along, he became an operator, first at a lonely station on Nantucket Island, then on an Arctic sealing ship, then in New York where he stayed on duty for seventy-two hours straight helping direct ships in the search for Titanic victims.

It is amazing how accurately he outlined the future of radio in his memo of 1916, though his plan was turned down cold as quite impractical. The company could make a profit on the sale of the music boxes, as he suggested. Certainly. But who would pay for the programs that would have to be supplied? Could they charge a monthly

He'll remember you  
each day he uses  
your Christmas gift  
of Kings Men



DIANA LYNN, lovely Hollywood star of Hal Wallis' Paramount release "My Friend Irma" recommends

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fee for the use of the music boxes as the telephone company did for its services? No, the radio music box would never replace the Victrola. Forget it.

So the memo was filed and forgotten by everyone but Sarnoff.

1917 came and in April we entered the war. The biggest movie stars of the day, Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, toured the country for weeks making speeches for the Liberty Loan. They did not use the radio. There wasn't any. Contrast their demanding schedule and the comparatively few thousands of people that they reached with what Kate Smith achieved in one day in 1944 when she sold \$112,000,000 worth of War Bonds—over the radio.

July 31, 1918, was a sad day for the hams. On that date the government banished all amateur stations from the air and took over virtually all commercial stations as a wartime measure. Except for this brief period, our radio has remained free. Stations were returned to private control a few months after Armistice Day, when crowds poured into the streets to wait for extras—the only way they could get the news.

In 1919, occasional scraps of music and talk were heard on the air, notably from the brand new Detroit News station, 8MK. But the real birth of broadcasting took place in Pittsburgh. The first disc jockey, too. He was the distinguished Dr. Frank Conrad, chief assistant engineer for the Westinghouse Company, makers of all kinds of electrical supplies. His specific job was to improve the sending of radio signals.

So that he could have an accurate check on his experimental broadcasts, he put one hundred hams on the payroll. They were spotted at different distances from his Station 8XK, and they were paid to listen and report.

As time went on, the hams grew vastly bored at listening to the same old test signals in Morse Code, and perhaps Dr. Conrad grew bored sending them. Anyway, he started to play records of new songs like "Dardanella," "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles," and "K-k-k-katy." Within a few weeks he had more mail than he could handle. Hundreds of hams beside those paid to listen began to request special records and more of them. Finally in self-defense, he settled down to broadcasting music regularly on Wednesday and Saturday evenings for two hours, just as a goodwill gift to the amateurs.

And that was the very beginning of regular broadcasting.

The first advertising came out of these programs in an elementary sort

of fashion when a Pittsburgh music store began to donate new records in return for an announcement on the air.

Dr. Conrad had no idea what he had started until an enterprising department store ran an ad offering radio receivers "capable of picking up Dr. Conrad's popular broadcasts."

Westinghouse was delighted. Money was appropriated for a more powerful station—KDKA, a giant of 100 watts.

This same year, the Radio Corporation of America absorbed the American Marconi Company and David Sarnoff became Commercial Manager at RCA.

Immediately he began talking about his radio music box to his new bosses, but still without success. RCA was dedicated to the sound commercial enterprise of sending messages by radio-gram and wireless telephone, and doing very well, too. Nobody wanted to talk about selling music on the air. Too visionary and not practical.

1920 was the year the Eighteenth Amendment prohibiting the manufacture, transportation and sale of beverages containing more than one-half of one percent alcohol was ratified and became the law of the land. Later in the year the Nineteenth Amendment became law, too. For the first time women went to the polls all over the nation. The big movie was Charlie Chaplin and Jackie Coogan (five years old) in "The Kid"—silent, of course. F. Scott Fitzgerald's "This Side of Paradise" was published, heralding the twenties as "the Jazz Age" and the young men just back from war as "the lost generation."

It was the year of the first big news broadcast which happened in a casual and unplanned fashion on November 2.

President Wilson had come to the end of his second term a broken man. After his return from the Versailles Conference, he had made a gruelling tour of the United States in a desperate attempt to tell the people his conviction that the League of Nations was the only road to permanent peace. Though he made scores of speeches, the tour did not reach enough voters and it broke his health.

What might have been the history of the world if he had been able to tell the nation over the radio what he so passionately believed?

The Republicans had picked Governor Warren G. Harding to run against Governor James M. Cox. They were jubilantly confident of victory. They had reason to be. The country was ready for a change—any change. Harding's promise of a "return to normalcy"

was tempting.

The election news was the biggest thing in the restless country. Newspapers were braced for extras. Circulation crews were ready to grab the papers wet off the presses and rush out through the streets crying "Wuxtry! Read all ubottit!" . . . a cry that soon was to be heard no more.

Newspapers did not dream that radio ever would compete in the coverage of news. Amiably, the publisher of The Pittsburgh Post allowed the returns to be telephoned as soon as received by telegraph to Dr. Conrad at KDKA. He read them to his few thousands of listeners before the extras were off the presses—and so newscasting was born.

KDKA is one of the great names in radio. Nearly every time its listeners tuned in they heard something new and wonderful. There was the KDKA little symphony, for instance, the first live orchestra on the air. It was composed of Westinghouse employees. They were not paid for playing, of course. Preposterous idea! Out of their concerts came an important discovery. During the summer they decided to play outdoors in a tent. The sound was suddenly much improved. Why? Was it the cloth walls? They promptly pitched the tent inside the studio, and there it stayed. Sound-proofing of studios had been invented.

KDKA was run on high-minded lines, but it has the dubious honor of being the first station where censorship was needed. It happened on the symphony program of all places. A singer, taking a mighty lungful of air before a high note also inhaled a bug. First strangling sounds hit the air. Listeners thought it was static, but not for long. As he was being assisted away from the forgotten microphone, the singer expressed his opinion of all insect life, freely and profanely—and censorship was around a not too distant corner.

This year marked the beginning of a brand new style of singing. Vaughn de Leath, known as "the original radio girl," was one of the early great favorites. She became enormously popular because she not only had a pretty voice, she had learned to pitch it so that it did not knock the station off the air.

That was a major achievement in those days because volume was controlled by moving the microphone nearer to or farther from the source of sound. An unexpected strong note would blast the temperamental equipment into silence. Miss de Leath sang cautiously, sweet and low. Soon she was getting fan mail on what was beginning to be called a "blues" voice.

Though there were only about fifty thousand sets in the whole country by the end of 1920, radio was beginning to have an effect on popular music. The bouncy rhythms of the Turkey Trot and the Bunny Hug began to give way to the dreamier melodies of such songs as "Avalon," "Japanese Sandman," and "Rose of Washington Square."

The great day of broadcasting for entertainment was at hand, though nobody knew it yet.

## "It enriches my life!"

—These are the words of one listener to "My True Story" Radio Program, but they speak for many thousands of women. For here are morning radio dramas culled from real experiences of real people. A complete story every day Monday through Friday. One day you may "visit" an Arizona ranch . . . New York the next day . . . a village the next. You "meet" the wealthy and the poor . . . enrich your own life by the experiences of others, taken from the pages of TRUE STORY magazine.

Tune in

## "My True Story"



### NEXT MONTH

A young tenor, Milton Cross, gets a new job. The first heavyweight championship fight on radio. "Uncle Don" takes the air. The Goat Gland Doctor makes a fortune.

Radio's Own Life Story will be continued in the February RADIO MIRROR, on sale Wed., Jan. 11, 1950.

# Christmas All Year Round

(Continued from page 57)

ly, "is the Society To Prevent One From Forgetting to Give Presents to Christmas Week Babies." Since they're bound to be overlooked, they can use the Breakfast Club's birthday, June 23."

Don and I no longer mourn our own lost birthdays. True, as children, each of us found the religious celebration of Christmas deeply moving, yet, we also felt just a little cheated.

Even my reigning position as the youngest in a family of eight children didn't help much. Fifty-one weeks out of the year I got just about what I wanted, but not on that one day.

Parties were the particular sore spot. I would be invited to other children's birthday parties, but I could never invite them to one of my own. We'd entertain them at other parties, but it was never the same. Even Fate was against me. Take the matter of the birthday party which almost happened.

I was going to be seven, and mother had promised a big celebration. My whole grade was invited. Preparations were made, and I was plain puffed up with importance. Each cookie which came out of the oven was a special tribute to my being in the world.

The minutes, each counted, ticked away to the late afternoon of December 19. I was concentrating on wishing it was tomorrow when my brother Jim left the house on an errand.

Jim was walking down the street, minding his own business. In a third floor room, some man we didn't even know was also minding his own business, but he chose that exact moment to chop something with an axe which was loose on its handle.

The axe head flew off, sailed through the window, and struck my brother. His wool stocking cap probably saved his life. Jim stumbled into the house gashed across the scalp and as bloody as if the Indians had tomahawked him.

Mother gave one scream, dumped a bottle of peroxide over his head and rushed him to the doctor. Jim recovered, but my party didn't. I had to stand up in school the next day and announce tearfully that I would not be able to entertain my class.

Years later, I learned the same sort of thing had happened to Don. A celebration was planned for his tenth birthday. His sister Agnes got pneumonia. Same story. No party.

As if to make up for such childish disappointments, my Christmas luck changed when I grew up. The way it changed put stars in my eyes.

I had a wonderful job, the most wonderful one in all Milwaukee, I thought, for I was secretary to the dean of the College of Journalism at Marquette University. Being less than twenty and secretary to the dean is one way to be invited to the campus parties.

Tops on the list was the Christmas Journalism Jamboree. The year was 1929, and I arrived at the plush Hotel Pfister in the best flapper manner.

My boyish bob framed my face in precisely plastered points. I had a bright new dress which just touched my kneecaps, and to protect my party shoes against the snow, I wore four-buckle galoshes. It was the style to wear them wide open, and when I walked, they provided a sound effect I defy any radio technician to imitate.

Crossing the ornate old lobby of the fashionable Pfister, my feet made

enough noise to draw the attention of everyone in the place. That was all right with me, for I was being escorted by a fellow named Marty, whom I considered the handsomest lad in Journalism.

However, by the time the last number came, Marty and I were content to sit it out. At least I thought I was content. I changed my mind when a tall and even handsomer senior stepped up and asked me for the dance. I had glimpsed Don McNeill at school, but I really didn't know him, a fact which left me blushing in confusion when he asked if I would care to go out with him. I murmured something to the effect I would have to know more about him. In the finding-out department, brothers are an asset. Mine constituted a family Gestapo.

The comment at times had been disconcertingly frank, but after investigating Don McNeill they made glowing reports. The dean confirmed them.

When Don phoned, I didn't hesitate. That was one date I knew I wanted.

His graduation as valedictorian of the Class of '29 brought the first great emotional crisis. Those lost birthdays had made presents doubly important to me. I finally settled on a pair of bronze bookends, but presenting the gift frightened me. I finally settled the matter by persuading two girl friends to accompany me to the door of Don's apartment. There I set the package on the floor, rang the doorbell, and scampered away fast before anyone could answer.

Despite my shyness, Don was becoming the man most likely to succeed, both in my heart and in his career.

His career was doing nicely. On the *Milwaukee Journal* he was a triple-threat man, holding simultaneously jobs as radio editor, cartoonist, and announcer on the newspaper's radio station. Then the *Louisville Courier-Journal* offered him more money.

By the time Christmas rolled around again, letters had become a faint substitute for a personal appearance. I had a vacation, but Don didn't. He wrote pleading that I come to Kentucky.

However, it wasn't until Don proposed that we discovered we shared the frustration of lost birthdays.

We were driving through a park when he cleared his throat and said, "Would you care to marry me?"

I answered just "Yes." Then both of us blushed and couldn't say a word.

Don broke our embarrassed silence by asking, "How old are you, Kay?"

"I was born December 20, 1906. When were you?"

"December 23, 1907."

When I realized I was a year older than he, I wailed, "This will never do." Don, however, was pleased. It was right in his family tradition. His mother was a year older than his father; his grandmother a year older than his grandfather. Then he asked, "Did you ever have a birthday party?"

We didn't lack conversation after that. Each of us poured out stories of things which had happened to rob us of our birthdays, things only another Christmas week baby could understand.

And as I said, Don and I no longer mourn our own lost birthdays. We've used them to help bring a happier birthday to others. You'll know we are thinking of them and praying they may have a brighter future when, with new joy in our voices, we say to you this year, "Merry Christmas!"

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JOAN LANSING

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# "My Brother's Keeper"

(Continued from page 39)

pale-blond hair. She sighed.

"If it's any satisfaction to you," I told her, "I've never seen anyone more out of place in this room than you."

"Meaning you'd like me to get out of it?" Smiling, she stretched her long legs out before her and rested her head against the back of the couch. "Charles darling, why are you so heavy-handed? You must know it never pays to be rude to an attractive woman."

"I know," I interrupted. Attractive was a mild word for Dorothy, and we both knew it. I said gently, "Let's not both forget you're my brother's wife, shall we?"

"Your brother," she repeated softly. "Yes, indeed. It's convenient you haven't forgotten, Charles, because if ever George needed a brother he needs one now. One who can provide him with a little money."

I said politely, "What a surprise. George needs money? Since I haven't heard from him in such a long time I imagined money was the one thing he didn't need. The five hundred I gave him to get out of town with was going to make him a million, I think he said."

Dorothy sighed. "Charles, you'd be so much more fun if you'd let your temper rip. Go ahead. Say all the vicious things you want to say. I'd love to see you really excited for once!"

Part of me wanted to smash something, swear, pick her up bodily and throw her out and slam the door in her insolent, smiling face. But the other part, the wary, cautious part, had much more practice. A lawyer can't afford to lose his head. "Not right now," I said coldly. "I'm saving my strength."

"You're so right, really. It's nothing to get excited about. Only ten thousand." She blew an imperfect smoke ring and shook her head at it sadly.

Dorothy started to say something else but I cut her off sharply. "Don't tell me anything about it; I'm sick to death of George's little deals. I told him the last time I was finished."

She shrugged. "All I wanted to say was that he told me to ask for fifty thousand, but I'm not that much of a fool. I happen to know ten will do."

"Thanks for letting me off so easily. I've got news for you. I haven't got ten thousand dollars. I haven't got half of that. I can't get it, and I wouldn't if I could. Run along and tell George he's got to help himself out this time."

"Oh, too bad." Dorothy began to pull on her gloves, smoothing each finger with care. "Will you come to see him in jail? It'll be heartrending. I can see it now—also the headlines: District Attorney Dobbs visits jailbird brother—"

"Jail? You mean they know?"

"They will on Monday." Rising, Dorothy draped her furs about her and started toward the door. "Wait a minute," I said irritably. "Give me time to think."

This was Wednesday. Four days to raise more money than I'd ever seen in my life. I couldn't do it. But if George went down this time, I went with him. Everything I'd studied and worked and prayed for. And Nora . . .

"I'm waiting, Charles." Dorothy said impatiently. "Say yes or no and let me be on my way. I'm late already."

"Why do you stay with him?" I asked. "You're obviously very expensive. He may have given you those furs and that

bracelet once, but what can he give you now? And why did you come here to beg for him?"

"Why?" She surveyed me thoughtfully. "I don't know that I can explain it to you, Charles. Your motives are all so beautifully clear—like a ten-year-old child's, I've often thought. You don't know much about real people, shoddy, confused people—like George and me." Opening the door, she gave me her practiced backward look. "I can't give you the answer. Some day, after you've grown up a little, you'll learn what holds people like George and me together."

I couldn't stay in that room, with the scent of Dorothy swirling around me. Maybe a walk would clear my head, help me decide. . . . Reaching into the closet, I grabbed at the first coat I felt (I saw later that it was an old raincoat, though the night was brilliant with stars) and went out.

For a decision had to be made. It wasn't as simple as telling George he couldn't expect help from me. Assistant District Attorneys can't afford criminal brothers. And if I were singled out as a Special Prosecutor every detail of my private life would find its way into the files of the men who mattered . . .

Men like Big John Morley. Morley would give me that ten thousand dollars. It wouldn't matter to him any more than my laundry bill mattered to me. Not in money. What would matter would be the right he'd be buying to call my soul his own.

But that might happen anyway, I argued. Morley's like an octopus—he's got a hand on every ambitious man in this town. Sooner or later he's bound to get to me. And he's not such a bad guy. Maybe he won't want anything in return.

Not right now, perhaps. But suppose I really got somewhere? Suppose that Special Prosecutor's appointment was the stepping-stone I hoped it would be, and led to the bigger, better jobs I dreamed about? I'd be lying to myself if I didn't admit that in a year, five years, ten, there would be something John Morley would want of me. Something I'd have to give him, whether it went against my oaths, my conscience, my deepest beliefs. That was the way men like Morley built power and held it.

Back and forth, back and forth went the argument, a leaden pendulum swinging against the sides of my brain. In a corner drugstore I bought myself a cup of coffee. Right then I knew I wanted to see Nora Drake more than anything in the world. I didn't give myself time to think about whether I should or shouldn't. I went straight from the counter into a booth and dialed her number.

The gods had saved me a little luck that night, anyway. She was home, she was alone, and the idea of my coming up there seemed to please her.

In fact, as she let me in and took my coat—that was when I noticed it was the decrepit old raincoat—I thought there was an unusual warmth in the way she said, "I'm glad you called, Charles. I was feeling low and lonely."

"Have a bad day?"

"At the hospital, you mean?" She shook her head, curled up in a big chair and put aside the book that lay open across its arm. "Nothing special. Outsiders always think hospitals are

depressing to work in, but it's more exhilarating than depressing. Charles," she added with that twinkle in her eyes, "if you're not sitting down because I've taken the most comfortable chair, you may have it."

We laughed together. "I'm not sulking over the chair," I assured her. "I just feel restless tonight. In my business you can't always put up a fight. It's frustrating."

"Is that what's bothering you? Is it something you can tell me about?" She sounded so concerned that I looked up sharply, hoping I would catch the special responsiveness I'd seen . . . or thought I'd seen . . . when I told her about my new job earlier that day. But the hope died; there was friendly anxiety there, nothing more.

Yes, I thought. *I could tell you about it. If you loved me, Nora, I could sit on the floor beside you and not be afraid to let you know that I'm filled with shame for my brother, and fear for the future. And you could tell me what to do about Morley, about the money . . . if you loved me.*

She said quickly, "I don't want to pry. But if it would help you—here I am, with nothing to do but listen."

"If there's anyone in the world I can talk to about it, it's you, Nora," I said. "And yet . . . just because it's you, and having your good opinion matters so much—it's harder than if you were anyone else. Pretty mixed up, isn't it?"

She shook her head. "I don't think so. I know how that is—sometimes there are things in my mind that frighten me, that I'm sure I could discuss with anyone whose respect I wanted to keep. We're all like that, Charles. Afraid to admit we can be as foolish, as shameful, as full of twisted motives as other people." She paused, and smiled a little. "I sort of encourage myself by telling myself that it's being honest enough to admit you're not better than other people, or different, that makes you a little bit different. That, and the desire to be better."

I stood before her, abashed. Like an adolescent preening for his first date, I'd been terrified to show myself to her in anything but the best possible light. I'd needed her to remind me that we were both grown-up people, and that she was prepared with understanding and kindness to face the fact that I—or anyone else she cared about—was not quite perfect. I drew a breath of relief that she hadn't fully seen the petty, childish reason for my reluctance and began to talk with George.

The things I remembered, and told her, surprised me. Somehow I'd always thought that if ever I told anyone about George, my disgust at some of the things he'd done would get out of hand, so that I'd build up a picture of a character so contemptible that never again would I be able to feel toward him as a brother should.

But it was a strangely different picture that emerged. Naturally I couldn't forget how, when I was still struggling through college, he'd gone off, debonair and unburdened, to look for his pot of gold—gone off without even apologizing for leaving me with our parents to care for. But neither could I forget the time, much further back, when two older boys had decided it would be good fun to waylay me on my way home from school. Out of nowhere, George had appeared at my side, and lazy and out of practice though he'd been, he'd given those two a licking

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they probably still remembered . . . It was the first time I'd been proud of being George's kid brother.

"And the last?" asked Nora. She was sitting forward, the pale oval of her face quietly intent.

"Just about." Neither of us spoke for a while. When she looked away, I studied Nora, wondering belatedly if she would resent the responsibility I was forcing on her—because that's what you do, I think, when you confide in a person.

But it had to be Nora I talked to. Who else mattered? She was the one, the only one, whose answer I wanted to the question tormenting me.

"Nora," I demanded abruptly, "am I my brother's keeper?"

She smiled. "Apart from the fact that you love him, you mean?"

"Yes. Apart from that," I answered slowly. "Though I hadn't realized until now that I had any affection left for him. But apart from that."

"Aren't we all, Charles?" She seemed to be trying to choose her words carefully, to say just enough. "Remember those words that are written somewhere . . . 'no man is an island'? To me that's always meant that we're all involved with one another, every one of us. Every human being on earth is in some degree responsible for every other human being." She was still smiling, but her voice held a hint of confusion. "You know, it's odd, but I would have said you were one man who would always answer such questions for himself. I . . . maybe I'm not the right person to tell you what to do."

"You've told me," I said. "You're the right person. The only person. I think you've just put into words what I knew all along."

I wouldn't let her talk about it any more that night. We talked about a lot of other things—the book she'd been reading. Music—we made plans to go together to hear the pianist Derusha when his concert tour brought him to town. I was almost light-headed with relief, for my decision had been made. It seemed so clear now. I had to help George. Not because his disgrace would damage my career, but because he was my brother.

And if I had to go to Morley for the money—well, I had to take my chances with that too. I was strong. I had to be, so I would be. It seemed as clear as that after talking to Nora.

That was because I was in love with Nora. I should have remembered that

a man in love, even when he isn't yet certain he will be loved in return, has a dangerous tendency to believe he has suddenly become a giant of strength.

I did remember it the next morning, when the first phone call I got at the office reminded me, with a shock, how far-reaching John Morley's power was.

It was Big John himself. "Congratulations, Charley," he said. "I hear you're in for a big deal from the governor."

"You hear more than I do. What's all this?"

He chuckled. "Come now, boy, none of that. The governor's an old pal of mine. Do you think he'd appoint a Special Prosecutor and not let me know about it?"

"He hasn't let me know about it yet."

"No?" He chuckled again. "Seen your morning mail yet, Charley?"

I signalled frantically for my secretary to bring the mail, and rifled through it with one hand. There it was—the official envelope I'd been waiting for!

When I went back to the phone I was torn between a fierce elation . . . and a nagging apprehension. I said cautiously, "Right as usual, John. This is it, all right. I don't know how you do it. Tell me—what did I have for breakfast this morning?"

This time he laughed outright, a deep, pleasant bellow that almost had me laughing with him. "I could tell you that too, Charley, and if I wanted to I could tell you what the governor had, too. But between you and me, that's only because he and I grew up together. But let's be serious, Charley my boy. Once before I offered to help you if you ever needed anything. Remember?"

I remembered. It was when my Assistant District Attorneyship came through, and Morley had taken me aside to congratulate me in a somewhat special way. He'd said, "Charley my boy, I like you. I want to see you get somewhere. I couldn't want that more if you were my own son. If I can help you, I will. Just let me know." I remembered too the astonishment with which I had realized that the man was sincere. It wasn't just talk. I was convinced of his sincerity, but I was convinced too, with an instinctive recoil, that he would be a dangerous man to accept help from.

"It still goes, Charley. Take money, for instance . . ."

"Money? You think I need money?"

"Who doesn't? Especially a man on

*the man who spreads the golden rule . . .*



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his way up. I know a lot of things, Charley. It's my business. Don't say yes or no, boy. It's up to you. The offer stays open whenever you need it."

With a friendly goodbye he rang off, but it was a long time before I put my phone down. I'd said, "How do you do it?" But of course I knew. He did it by having eyes and ears everywhere—eyes and ears that belonged to men like me, men he'd done something for. Men he'd bought, with his charm and his friendship . . .

The pendulum began to swing again. I couldn't deliberately sell my future to Big John Morley. No man in politics can keep himself absolutely clean—I knew that, I accepted it. But I knew too that some men manage to keep themselves clean enough to retain self-respect. I meant to be one of them.

George would just have to take it, this time. And even if his scandal pulled me down with it, at least I'd have nothing to hide.

My brother George has an instinct for self-preservation that's like an extra sense. He must have, otherwise why did he pick just that moment to call, the very moment when the pendulum had swung away from him?

It was a long time since I'd spoken to him, and in spite of everything I was glad to hear his voice. "Charley," he said tentatively, "are you okay?"

"I'm fine," I said. "But what about you? Is it safe for you to be around town?"

"Oh, I'm all right. Until Monday." "Yes. We've got to talk about it. How about lunch?"

"Swell," he said eagerly. "What about the Barrington, at one?"

The Barrington. Well, that was typical all right—one of the dressiest, most lavish places in town. "Fine," I said drily. "I'll just have time to get a new suit. The one I've got on would never do. See you later."

I was still irritated when I joined them there—George and Dorothy. I said bitterly, "This is quite a place, George. Sure you can cover the check?"

He flushed, and Dorothy looked up quickly. "I can. I always carry a little something extra when I'm out with George. So eat your fill, children."

Quietly, as though we were an ordinary table of friends, we got the ordering over with.

Dorothy said finally, "Well, Charley?" I met her eyes. I didn't look at George. "I can't do anything, Dorothy. It means my whole future. I can't give that up for George or anybody."

She nodded. "I knew you wouldn't. I told George that."

"I didn't believe her!" George burst out. "Charley, you can't do it to me. Listen—they'll send me to jail!"

"That's a little thought you might have had before you took the money."

"Not he—he was going to make millions, and put it all back," Dorothy said tauntingly.

George turned on her. "I could have. I still could! I've got a terrific mathematical brain—Charley, you know I have!"

"Sure I know you have!" I said furiously. "Maybe you could have made your million honestly if you'd worked for it. But not you—you had to get it the tricky way. Well, I've worked for whatever I've got, and worked too hard to throw it away for you."

All at once the fight went out of George. Physically, even, he appeared to grow smaller, to shrink away from his clothes like an old man. He shook

his head. "I don't know why you should, Charley," he said slowly. "No reason, I guess. It's just that you're the only one I can ask for help. That's all."

Dorothy took a mirror from her bag and altered the slant of her hat as though it were the only thing that mattered at the moment. An emerald glinted mockingly on her hand as she replaced the mirror.

"Charles is right," she said. "I'm a little tired of waiting around for that million. And by the time you got out of jail we'll both be old. I've had enough of this myself. I'm through, George. I've said it before, but this time I mean it."

Oddly, it was I and not George who reacted violently to this. I was frightened, suddenly, frightened for my brother. Dorothy was brutal, extravagant, selfish as an animal and as ruthless in the pursuit of her own comfort. But she was vital, with something in her that matched something in George.

"Dorothy," I said urgently, "don't. Don't sneak out. You and George love each other—"

"Do we?" She lifted a shoulder slightly. "What do you know about love, Charley? It's comical that you should appeal to me on that basis, when you don't know what you're talking about. And leaving love aside, if George goes to jail I'll have myself to take care of. I'm not, as they say, getting younger."

George's voice was very low, but something in it compelled his wife's eyes to his. He said, "Dorothy, why do you do this to me? Why do you carry on and carry on, with words you don't even hear?"

I thought she would laugh in his face, but she didn't. In a voice as low and uncertain as his, she said, "I don't know. Maybe I get pleasure out of seeing you beaten, suffering. Maybe it's because I know that pretty soon you'll be roaring and boasting again—"

I wasn't a part of their scene any more. This was between them, whatever it was . . . it held them in a grip that was closer than an embrace, just the two of them, with me and the rest of the world outside. It was something I couldn't understand.

I had my own troubles. I had just made them all over again by deciding that if I didn't get the money from Morley or from the devil himself to save George . . . well, I'd never be able to live with myself again. George was my brother and I was his.

Who knows himself so well that he can say: at such and such a time in my life I did thus and so for this and this reason? Not I. If, behind my impulse to help George, there lurked a small, silent consciousness that if I did help him nobody would be able to accuse me, Charles Dobbs, of having a jail-bird brother—I honestly wasn't aware of it when I went to John Morley's office that afternoon.

When his secretary told him I was there, he came outside and led me himself through the door that said "Private." He placed a chair for me before he sat down. And he didn't offer me a cigar not because he was rude, but because he remembered I didn't smoke them. It was all part of his secret, part of the personality he'd learned to use like a special tool.

"Charley—it's nice to see you here. Say, tell me, how do you keep that figure?" He patted his own impressive paunch and grinned. "Not that I'll do anything about it even if you tell me. Play much tennis, is that it?"



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"No, just worry," I said. "Nothing like it for keeping the weight down."

He laughed. "Try tennis, anyway. Come up to the farm some weekend and my youngest son will give you a game. They tell me he's good." He grew serious. "That's not a come-up-some-time invite, boy. I want you to meet my family. And you'll meet a few others too—some of the men you ought to know around town. Will you let me know when you can make it?"

I nodded. "I could use a rest, I guess. But John, I—"

He held up a big red hand. "Wait a minute, Charley. Let's get this thing over with first." Unlocking his top drawer, he took out a long envelope and slid it across to me. "Read the figure, boy," he said. "See if it's right."

I knew then that I didn't even have to look, but my stiff fingers had gone ahead almost of their own accord. They drew the check out and held it so I could see the figures. "Ten thousand," it said. "\$10,000." I stared at it, fighting for self-possession.

"Do you know everything, John?" I asked when I could.

"Almost everything. You'll find that as you get to know me better, Charley. I make it my business to know a lot about anyone I think is important. And I think you're on the way to becoming very important, boy. I'm going to be proud of you one day. Proud of having helped you."

"Wait a minute." Fumbling in my breast pocket, I drew out an envelope and gave it to him in turn. "Before you say anything you'd better read that. Then if you still want me to have this check, okay. But only on these terms."

Taking my letter, he bent his head over it for a long moment. When he looked up, I saw that for once I'd caught him off guard. He didn't know how to proceed.

"Charley. Why on earth do you want to do this? Turn down the governor's offer—why, it's political suicide, boy. A spot like that for a man your age is unprecedented. It can lead anywhere. You can't afford to throw it away."

"I can't afford to take it, John." I flicked his check. "Not under the circumstances. Let's say I don't feel that my—my family background makes me a good choice for the job."

"That's nonsense! When I spoke to the governor about you—"

"You spoke to him?"

"Don't be a child, boy. Of course I spoke to him! He agreed you were the only possible man for the job. Do me a favor, Charley, and do yourself a bigger one. Don't send this letter!"

I handed back the check and stood up. "Okay," I said. "Then this is off too, and thanks for trying."

Morley shook his head in exasperation. "What a hothead! Listen, that money's yours whatever happens. Take it and do whatever you have to do with it. You think ten thousand matters to me? Take it on your own terms."

"On my own terms?" I asked.

"Sure, sure, boy. I'm not buying and selling. I want you to clear up your personal affairs so you'll have your mind free to concentrate on public affairs. That's all this check means."

It was a bitter-sweet victory, all right. In my pocket—freedom for George. Freedom from scandal for me. And in Morley's hand, the key to my future. The key, I thought miserably, that was going to lock the door instead of opening it. Well. It had to be this way. I couldn't take Morley's money and accept the governor's appointment. That much integrity I would, I must maintain. It was the only way I'd been able to bring myself to come to Morley for the money.

"You'll get this back, John," I said. "Not right away, maybe, but . . ."

His wave silenced me, but didn't affect my determination. How long, I wondered, would it take to pay back ten thousand dollars on an Assistant District Attorney's salary? Who could count that high? Not Charles Dobbs. Maybe George can, I thought grimly—George has the brilliant mathematical brain. I started for the door, but stopped before I opened it. "John—will you take care of that letter? Mail it?"

"The letter?" He looked down at it, still in his grip on the desk. "Sure. I'll take care of it for you, boy." Suddenly he lifted it and ripped it cleanly in two. He looked up at me almost pleadingly. "Like that, Charley. Boy, I can't do it. I can't see you throw a sensational future down the drain for an idealistic whim, a nonsensical, childish idea. Fun's fun, Charley—"

"Yes," I said quietly. "Fun's fun." I went over and put his check down before him. "It was fun having that much money, even for a few minutes. Okay, John. You've got yourself a Special Prosecutor. But remember this—he

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doesn't owe you a thing!" I didn't even try to get a glimpse of his face for my memory book. I just got out of there as if I were escaping from the entrance to purgatory.

But that didn't make what lay before me any easier. Though I hadn't said anything when I parted from George and Dorothy at lunchtime, my very silence had been a giveaway. I knew that George realized I'd changed my mind again, and his defeated eyes had flamed with hope as we'd said goodbye. He'd felt I was going to try . . .

And now I had to go and tell him it was off. Really, finally off, this time. I'd flung my cap over the windmill, and it had boomeranged. George was going down, and I—unless the governor thought more of me than I had reason to believe—I was going down with him. Well, I'd been a Special Prosecutor for a whole day, anyway. In fact, they'd probably let me have the job all weekend, because if the story about George didn't break in the papers until Monday they couldn't revoke the appointment till Tuesday, could they?

When I reached Dorothy's apartment, I didn't give myself time to hesitate. Get it over, I thought, and rapped hard on the door.

A blaze of light and a blare of music hit me as George opened the door. He had a drink in his hand, and all the way across the large foyer he tried to make me take it. But I thrust it aside. You didn't drink with a man when you were about to cut his throat.

George, I saw, had had a little to drink. So had Dorothy. She swept toward me in a robe that seemed to be part of her skin, so tight it was and so nearly the same gold-lit color. I had never seen her apartment before, and I spared it a look. You couldn't avoid looking at it. It was opulent, full of curved and gilded chairs, full of rich, brilliant color. Money had been poured all over the place. I looked at Dorothy, and it was evident that she knew what I was thinking.

"A little fancy, a little chi-chi, you think? Well, perhaps," she said. "But I like it. I like things elegant and glamorous."

"Do you want me to say—like yourself?"

"What a cad you are, Charley," George said gaily. "If you won't say it, I will. My wife is elegant and glamorous. Here—have a drink."

"To celebrate," Dorothy said, eyeing me thoughtfully.

I looked at them both, and sat down. "What are we celebrating?" I asked.

The room became strangely, awfully silent. The lights still blazed, the music still blared, but they had been drained of life. There seemed nothing alive left in the room at all. Then, slowly, George sat down.

"I see," Dorothy said. Carefully she put down her glass, and rubbed her fingers with a small handkerchief. "You didn't get the money."

I shook my head.

George's lips twitched. "I counted on you. Well, that's that. I—I guess you just couldn't, Charley."

"No. Don't ask me about it. I just couldn't."

"That's that," he said again, and sighed.

Dorothy walked across the room, stopped the record, and selected another. She took a long time placing it on the turntable and steadying the

needle on it. When she turned to us, she was smiling a little.

"What a depressing atmosphere," she said. "Like a Russian play."

"Try doing something about it, instead of standing around pointing out what we already know," I snapped. For the first time in my life I knew how you would have to feel before you hit a woman. I hated her. She smiled more broadly.

"I did," she said.

"You did what?"

She said simply, "I got the money."

George was the first to collect his wits sufficiently for speech. Harshly, he said, "Where did you get it? You're crazy. You haven't got ten thousand."

"Next question?" said Dorothy.

"I've got one," I said. I went over and picked up her hands—first one, then the other. Then I dropped them and nodded. "It's all right, George. I don't understand it, but it's all right. She means what she says. She's got the money."

"How?" George came over and gripped her by the shoulders. "How did you get it?" He shook her, and she pulled violently from his grasp. I stepped in front of her.

"George, you're a fool. Shut up and calm down. God knows why, but she thought you were worth selling her jewels for. That emerald she always wears—it's gone. And probably a lot of other things too, because ten thousand dollars is a lot of money—"

"Just say I saved it," Dorothy put in, patting her hair into place as calmly as though an impersonal breeze had ruffled it, rather than her husband's vicious shaking. "And for heaven's sake let's not make a song and dance out of it, shall we? I knew all along somebody would have to help you two out, the way you were fumbling along—George because he's too stupid to know when he's licked, and Charles—" she smiled her mocking smile, "Charles because he still believes he can be a pure white knight and a politician at the same time." She laughed. "And because he still hasn't found out what makes people human."

I looked at her with a mixture of admiration and horror, and I looked at George with pity. There was no point in telling Dorothy she was wrong. Wrong, that is, about me. I might not know, yet, what "made people human"—not all of it. But there were some things I did know, now. I knew about self-doubt, and confusion, and love and contempt and hate so mixed together that it was impossible to tell where one left off and another began.

I knew that the kind of "human" Dorothy meant was not for me. There were people who could live as she and George lived, clawing and spitting at one another, and believing they were living exciting lives.

As for me, it was the other kind of life I wanted. I couldn't get out of Dorothy's apartment fast enough, or get enough clean fresh air into my lungs to blow away the charged, uneasy, unhealthy atmosphere of her place.

As I hurried along the street, I had a vision of Nora's clear eyes, and the calm, generous mouth that could be so stubborn . . . and so soft. I laughed aloud. Dorothy was a strange, erratic, shrewd woman. Perhaps she was even more generous than she believed. But understanding she was not, and perceptive she certainly was not.

Hadn't she said I didn't know anything about love?

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# Come and Visit Jean Hersholt

(Continued from page 59)



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why the Hersholts love their home and are always loathe to leave it.

Their friends love it too. Last April when the Hersholts began making a list of "just a few friends" to be invited to their thirty-fifth wedding anniversary party, they were alarmed when the list passed one hundred.

The problems disappeared with careful planning. The hundred guests came, overflowed from the big magenta and blue-grey drawing room into the downstairs library and sitting room; when all the rooms in the house were filled, late comers were welcomed in the garden.

Equally responsible for the success of the party—along with the enchanting setting and good food—were the stories Jean and Via recalled of their courtship and their marriage and the struggles of their early years together.

They met in 1913 when twenty-seven-year-old Jean—though celebrated as a star in Copenhagen, was a struggling aspirant to American fame in the infant film industry in Hollywood—was invited to Montreal to star in a play for the Danish Brotherhood. His hosts had assembled a group of young amateurs from whom he could pick his supporting cast, and Jean quickly chose blonde, young Via Andersen to be his leading lady.

Jean spent only four weeks in Montreal, but before he left they were engaged, and the next April Via came to meet Jean in San Francisco, where they were married.

They went to Hollywood—or rather to metropolitan Los Angeles, there was no town of "Hollywood" in those days—to establish their home in a cramped, little apartment on Figueroa Street. From there, Jean took the fifteen-mile street car trek to the Ince studios every day, and Via managed to keep house, "splendidly," Jean says, on their fifteen-dollar-a-week income.

They returned to San Francisco after their first anniversary where Jean directed the Danish national play at the International Exposition and Via went to a hospital to have their son, Allan.

Life is much easier now for the Hersholts than in those early days of their marriage, and their circle of friends expanded to include notable people from every field and from almost every country in the world.

Their guest lists are never without a sprinkling of notables from diplomatic and government circles, for Jean Hersholt has for years been a friend of kings and presidents.

In the only motion picture in which he has appeared in the past six years, "Dancing in the Dark," Jean plays himself as the president of the Motion Picture Relief Fund. This group, through which the people of the motion picture industry provide for the sick and aged and destitute among their fellow workers, has just elected Jean its president for the thirteenth time.

In the red to the tune of \$34,000 when Jean first took office, the Fund last year aided a peak load of 10,000 applicants for help, and remained solvent, at the same time running at capacity its beautiful Rest Home for retired actors and its new hospital with beds for one hundred patients. The Screen Guild radio program, which Jean Hersholt originated, supports the hospital, and in the film-depression

period last year came to the aid of the general Fund program.

There was no Motion Picture Relief Fund to rescue down-on-their-luck actors when Jean Hersholt first came to Hollywood. And not because there were no actors—Jean among them—frequently down on their luck.

Jean was making eighteen dollars a week at the Ince studios when he and Via brought their infant son, Allan, back from San Francisco.

"We had a little apartment at Ocean Park," Via recalls, "three rooms and a kitchen, for \$12.50 a month. The rent seemed quite high, what with the cost of diapers and milk."

But they managed, for, as Jean says, "Via has always been a splendid cook."

They managed, that was, until Allan fell seriously ill with scarlet fever.

There was no provision in their budget for medicines, or doctor bills, so Jean had to think of something.

What he thought of left him black and blue, but increased his professional versatility.

There were no such things as extras in those early days of film-making, and the studios needed lots of Indians. Actors in the stock company who were willing to ride horses bareback as Indian braves could pick up an extra dollar or so a week. If they were willing to be "shot off" their horses, they could claim three dollars a fall.

When the baby was sick Jean, who was deathly afraid of horses, volunteered for falling duty. His bruises paid the doctor bills.

The Hersholts were willing to do anything, when times were tough, to eat—including even selling some of Jean's treasured first editions.

But times were not tough forever, and they've been rosy now for a good, long time.

Jean Hersholt has been one of the lucky ones, and he is acutely aware of that. In his thirty-six years in films and radio, he has spent thirty-four under contract. He will never have to fall off a horse to pay a doctor bill.

Jean's professional activities for the past twelve years have been concentrated in radio. Dr. Christian went on the air on CBS in 1937 as the result of Jean's success in the same role in the film, "The Country Doctor." The show has been on the air every week since, on the same network, the same time, and for the same sponsor.

Jean's comparatively easy life as a radio star leaves him with time to devote to his reading and writing, and philanthropic activities.

Not only has he served the Motion Picture Relief Fund as president for twelve years, but for the past seven years he has found the energy to function as well as a leader of another motion picture industry institution, the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. For three years he was first vice president, and the following four years Academy president.

At home, Jean says he "lives" in his upstairs library. Surrounded by his books, puffing away on one of his famous collection of pipes, Jean can read or write or just think in peace and quiet. Every wall of his library is lined with great books, and they have spilled over into the closets.

It's the good life at the Hersholts'—it's real, it's permanent. And the skeptics would do well to take another look.

# How Does Dunninger Do It?

(Continued from page 44)

illusions. At the age of sixteen he got his first job as a magician at the Eden Musee on Manhattan's West 23rd Street.

Billed as "The Child Wonder Magician," he set a record with a run of sixty-five weeks. This proof positive convinced his mother Joseph's hand was quicker than her eye. With her change of mind and encouragement, Dunninger quit his daytime job and embarked on a career that has established him as one of the greatest entertainers of our time.

For the next several years he toured the vaudeville circuits and between tours performed at club meetings and banquets. It was after one of these private performances that he displayed his mind reading act. He had sat down with the entertainment committee and they pleaded for more tricks. That evening for the first time, Dunninger worked only with a pencil and paper, mystifying the small group of men with his skill at projecting and receiving "thought waves."

It was a surprised booking agent who had a call from the same club two weeks later. "We want Dunninger again."

"But why?" the agent asked. "You just had him."

"We want his specialty this time," the man explained, "his mind reading act."

That, perhaps, was the turning point in his career. Since then he has performed for presidents and royalty. Huge scrapbooks of newspaper clippings attest to his drawing power. There are complete records of public appearances since his late childhood but he refuses to discuss his personal life.

In radio circles, however, everyone knows of his wife, Chrystal Spencer Dunninger, who won a separation from him in 1944 on the grounds of abandonment. Their names still splash in newspaper headlines when they meet in court to settle an alimony squabble. This unpleasant experience has not corroded Dunninger's feelings toward women in general but the handsome mentalist shrugs off any speculation as to whether he will ever marry again.

Among other magicians he is known as a "lone wolf." He belongs to none of the several magic fraternities and societies. He believes that he can gain

nothing by such an association. With no attempt at self-modesty he has said, "Fundamentally, I am the last of the great name magicians." Such sweeping, startling statements are an integral part of his stock in trade.

To raise a simple question of doubt stirs up his temper, for Dunninger takes himself seriously on or off stage. He continually battles with those who ridicule his claim to being a telepathist.

"There is nothing supernatural about what I do," Dunninger says. "I cannot foretell the future but I definitely perform feats of genuine telepathic communication and thought reading."

This unyielding attitude has aroused a storm of criticism from scientists, newspaper men and magicians.

During the war, two Columbia University professors, Dr. Paul F. Lazarsfeld and Dr. Robert K. Merton, director and associate director of the University's Office of Research, participated in a radio "brainbuster." Dr. Lazarsfeld was to concentrate on a sentence from any book in his library while Dunninger read his mind. Dr. Merton sat in the studio with Dunninger to confirm the correctness of the experiment.

With fingers pressed to his temple, his brilliant dark eyes staring at the hushed audience, Dunninger announced, "The name of the book is 'Middle-town.' The page is 444."

"That is correct," confirmed Professor Merton.

Dunninger went on to give the quotation. The audience applauded the performance but that was not the end of the matter.

Dr. Merton, for many years an amateur magician, had agreed to participate in the show under the impression that Dunninger's act was presented as entertainment. The professor was startled to discover during the broadcast that Dunninger presented his act not as entertainment but as a true demonstration of mental telepathy.

No man, of course, would start a scene during a network broadcast although Dr. Merton had reason to believe Dunninger had not read Dr. Lazarsfeld's mind. In an anteroom before the broadcast Dunninger had asked Dr. Merton to write down the book, page number and quotation on a slip of paper. In doing so, Dr. Merton with scholarly skepticism purposely made several minor errors as a check. Dun-

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ninger recited the errors on the slip. The professors, neither of whom claim to be students of psychic research, were outraged, feeling they had been used to lend credence to Dunninger's claims. Within twenty-four hours they issued a public letter objecting to Dunninger's claims to being a telepathist. In part their statement read, "We want to make it clear that we fully dissociate ourselves from any implication that these experiments were more than ingenious, highly entertaining and wholly natural demonstrations of Dunninger's skills, dexterity and ingenuity as a professional entertainer. We do not in any sense regard them as evidence of 'mind reading' or 'telepathy.'"

Dunninger treats such accusations with scorn and points to his scrapbooks as evidence of the famous people whose minds he has read. Other magicians, some of them admirers of Dunninger, grin tolerantly at his testimonials.

"Of course the Prince of Wales or President of the U. S. is mystified," one explained. "A person could be a genius yet know nothing about magic. It takes a fellow magician to explain how Joe does his mind reading act."

Fellow magicians refer to Dunninger as "Joe." All of them respect his showmanship but they split sharply on his claim to being a real telepathist.

"That's part of the business," one said. "When a magician saw a woman in half he doesn't explain it's a trick."

Other magicians take a more serious attitude. They contend that very few people actually believe that the illusion of a woman being bisected is real while many people have been exposed to just enough coincidence of thought that they may swallow Dunninger's claim to being a telepathist.

Richard Himber, bandleader and magician, said, "I've never thought of myself as an altruist but if Dunninger convinces enough of the public that mind reading can be performed with such ease, fortune tellers could spring up all over the country to bilk the public by using tricks of mind reading to gain confidence."

Himber and Dunninger have been carrying on a feud for many years. Neither one has suffered from a lack of publicity but there is little doubt that the contempt each holds for the other is the real thing.

"I'll give Dunninger \$100,000 if he can read my mind," Himber has said. Dunninger usually replies, "First let Himber prove that he has a mind."

All magicians interviewed by this re-

porter bring up the point that Dunninger has never been tested by both scientists and magicians, although there have been invitations from various universities.

Asked about these invitations, Dunninger rears back and roars, "Tests, I'm sick of tests. Would you ask a surgeon to demonstrate an appendectomy before you submitted to an operation? In my years I've had hundreds of tests."

This answer doesn't satisfy the skeptics. Some of them wonder why Dunninger hasn't bothered to pick up the \$100,000 offered by the British Society of Psychic Research to anyone who can perform a supernatural feat.

Several years ago Waldemar Kaempfert, science editor of *The New York Times*, took a blast at Dunninger, writing, "It is significant that always more than one person is involved, and that always the one in the studio knows what Dunninger is to 'mind read' and has to write it down. If there were no writing Dunninger would probably be stumped. No psychologist would accept the evidence of the broadcasts."

Dunninger replied to this during his next performance by reading a subject's mind without requiring a scratch on paper. The audience cheered for apparently he had disproved the *Times* article—but again magicians snickered.

"There are many ways known to magicians in performing a mind reading act," one explained. "Joe knows all the techniques and a few of his own."

These critics speculate that the "thought reading" act is done by (1) any number of professional gimmicks and techniques practiced by other legitimate entertainers, (2) that Dunninger uses stooges occasionally even though he offers \$10,000 to anyone proving he uses paid confederates, (3) that he forces cooperation from subjects through his impressive mannerisms, shrewd psychology or hypnosis.

Dunninger snorts at these accusations. "These men are but charlatans," he thunders.

Perhaps the most reasonable attitude to take is that of his many friendly admirers who consider him a great entertainer. And Dunninger should find little fault in this description. As an entertainer he has given most of his life to amusing and mystifying generations of Americans. The public has responded to him with acclamation and enthusiasm. Whether some day he will be remembered as a demonstrator of telepathic communication or one of the greats among magicians, only his audience can decide.

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## What Men Know About Women

(Continued from page 46)

on the show, men put their questions, on a personal basis.

And besides getting personal about the girls, men invariably ask questions that are the key to their own domestic status and experience. Married men harp on how much money women spend and how many clothes they buy—especially hats.

Bachelors betray their status with questions like, "Why does a girl pretend before marriage to be interested in the things a fellow likes, and lose interest after marriage?" Questions, obviously, that are keeping them bachelors!

Some of our guests are amused by the girls' ready answers. Some stumble and are quickly routed when all four girls go to work on them. A few get really angry—especially at Eloise McElhone.

Eloise is our *enfant terrible*. She's the only one of the regulars who isn't married. She's pretty, witty and popular—and the girls suspect that she doesn't mean a word of what she says against men. But the men take every word that comes from her lips as the gospel truth of what she thinks. So when Eloise disposes of their arguments with remarks like—"Men remind me of drums—a lot of skin stretched over nothing"—naturally, it riles them!

Florence Pritchett is another sparkler with a sharp, quick quip. When nice, kind Dick Kollmar stressed the importance of a woman being a good cook because romance fled when the roast got charred, Florence answered, "As far as I can tell from listening to you, man is nothing but an enlarged stomach." Whereas Dick's wife, Dorothy Kilgallen, is often on the side of the men.

Robin Chandler is the really serious regular member of the panel. I often call on Robin first because she treats every question thoughtfully and fairly.

Besides being an indication of what he knows about women, the questions the man asks and the comments he makes indicate his type, sometimes even his occupation. For instance, male movie stars often hedge in expressing their opinions about women, with one eye on the box-office. Or maybe it's just that they're more suave and courtly.

Men like Dr. Houston Peterson, of Rutgers University, and Lawrence Spivak, *American Mercury* editor, aren't easily downed by the girls. Neither is Ted Malone, who sees both sides of the problems and approaches them with a gentle wit and philosophy. Nor Bennett Cerf, who came up with the stumper, "Why do women insist that their husbands buy convertibles and then never ride with the top down?" Nor Andre Baruch, who innocently asked why women are suspicious of their husbands' pretty secretaries. When Vincent Lopez asked the same question on a recent program (it seems men have guessed we're jealous!), he added that "pretty girls are often just as efficient as less attractive ones," but Eloise flung back, "A wife isn't worried about the girl's efficiency. It's the husband's deficiency that bothers her."

Summing it all up, Leave It to the Girls seems to prove that men know quite a lot about us. But not as much as they think, of course.

"Oh yeh?" I can hear them chorus. "Doesn't it take four girls to answer one man on this program!"



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# My Husband Ed

(Continued from page 48)

On another red-letter night I reported, again defiantly, that "Mrs. Miniver" was a great motion picture!

But it's a standing joke in the family that my liking a play or picture is equivalent to the kiss of death, because even I must admit that I like anything contained within the four walls of a theater.

There are housewifely areas, of course, into which the little woman could fit herself as neatly as the sections of a jigsaw puzzle, and that I do not cook is not entirely my fault. Ed doesn't like home cooking. He likes the conveniences of hotel living, and he enjoys eating at good restaurants. Granted my eagerness to cook for him, I shouldn't enjoy having to compete with Henri Soule at Le Pavillon, or Gene Cavallero at the Colony, or the Kriendlers at "21." I'm not even the poor man's Escoffier, and even if I were, Ed is a real city-bred, a native New Yorker, who prefers the fine cuisine of top restaurants. He would rather have spaghetti at Leone's one night, fish on Friday nights at Billy the Oysterman's—whatever he wants at a place that prepares it to perfection.

**M**aking party dates in advance for him is a form of suicide which I early learned to avoid as often as possible. As the date approaches, he starts getting stiff-necked, and his accusations would indicate that I was part and parcel of a deep-laid sinister plot to expose him to cannibals. Once I get him to the party or dinner, he's wonderful, because he's really gregarious.

Yet he never can say "no" to just such invitations. If anyone asks how about having dinner next Wednesday, the answer is "I'd love to." Usually he forgets it completely, never mentions it to me. If he does tell me, something important generally comes up and he has to cancel out at the last minute. That's my job, and one I do not relish. People invite you in good faith and it's difficult for them to understand.

It's probably Ed's aversion to noise—he has unusually keen hearing—that makes him dislike people with bad table manners, loud telephone bells, shrill-voiced women and men with booming voices. Living in what most often be a chaos of noise, he wants quiet. He detests drunks and one reason he doesn't go as often to nightclubs as he once did is because of inebriates who insist on greeting him like a long-lost brother. (This happens to all columnists, I imagine. The drunk always starts off being enchanted at meeting "my favorite writer," and a few minutes later wants to start a fight.)

Because Ed works at an amazingly fast tempo—five newspaper columns per week, an occasional magazine article, two weekly television shows (Toast of the Town on CBS-TV network Sundays, and Little Old New York locally on Mondays on the Daily News Station WPIX), his benefit shows and appearances at various banquets, plus the shrill demands of three telephones that ring almost continuously—he begrudges anything that wastes time. If a show palpably is poor, he chafes at the necessity of sitting it out. When he drives the car, he drives fast and decisively, and if a motorcycle cop grabs him I have never heard him offer an alibi.

His streamlining of Toast of the Town acts, the technique which I'm sure has been responsible for his TV success, is part and parcel of his economy of thinking. Brevity, to him, is the soul of effectiveness.

Even on vacation plans he doesn't waste time. We have done a lot of traveling, and the approach to a trip is always the same. He'll come home one night and suggest flying to Europe. I start packing, because I know we're on our way.

But even on a vacation Ed's in high speed. He's always ready to move on to another place, while I always want to stay longer. I practically ran through the Vatican. I got one quick look at the Coliseum in Rome, and we were off again. Recently we flew to Europe. In three weeks we saw Paris, Rome, Naples, Capri, Sorrento, Venice and London. But we had a wonderful trip—extra-special because it was our daughter Betty's first trip abroad.

Sometimes what Ed says and what he means are two different things. For instance, he has always claimed he doesn't care for celebrations and presents. So one year Betty and I took him at his word and we didn't make a fuss over his birthday. That night when he came home he looked very unhappy. We asked what was wrong. He said, "I certainly thought you'd have a little birthday cake and ice cream waiting for me." That was the last time we ignored his birthday!

Despite the hectic pace, Ed has never been too busy with anything to forget to be a wonderful father. He would do anything to make Betty happy, yet he has never spoiled her. He has instilled in her a truly liberal viewpoint and he is proudest when she shows an intense interest in, and sympathy for the problems or misfortunes of others.

**I** don't know any home that has greater affection than ours. Betty has always been treated as an individual in her own right. It was never a case of a child being seen and not heard. We have always invited her to speak up in discussions, and we have extended the same respect for her thinking as she has extended our thinking and opinions. We agreed, Ed and I, that if we ever made a promise we would keep it, and as a result we have never destroyed our integrity with Betty. Her father once promised her that she could choose her own college. She picked UCLA, and though he didn't like the idea of a three thousand-mile separation, the promise was kept. She's a sophomore there now.

Betty has been so happy at UCLA that both her Daddy and I feel wonderful that we had some part in making it possible. Despite the distance from New York to California, we're very close. Every Sunday night she telephones and we have a three-way conversation—I in the living room, Ed in his den, and Betty at her sorority house. That Sunday call is the highlight of our week.

There's another member of the Sullivan household I must mention. He's Carmine Santullo, Ed's secretary, to which description Ed always adds, "loyal friend and confidant." He's all those things, and the politest person anyone ever talked to over a telephone. Carmine has been close to us for almost ten years, since he began to do little odd

jobs and favors for Ed backstage at Loew's State Theater when Ed was appearing there. Everyone who knows Ed well knows and likes Carmine.

And there's another member of our household who must be mentioned. He's our miniature French poodle, Bojangles, named after our friend Bill "Bojangles" Robinson. Ed, Betty and I are mad about dogs and always have had one. Bojangles is dreadfully spoiled, but he's so cute we forgive him everything.

Ed's hobby is golf. He plays a very good game, scores in the seventies, but is always seeking the secrets of golf. He has read more golf books and taken more lessons than Ben Hogan. Every time he comes home from the club he tells me, with great glee, "I have the secret of golf." Whatever I'm doing I have to stop. He hands me a golf club and proceeds to show me his secret. I'm never too impressed because I know he'll have another "secret" next week. I don't play golf with him—I'm not very good at it.

Ed's other love, after golf, is television. He's very proud of his Hooper and Pulse ratings, and he spends hours on anything that will help his show. I'm proud, too, of Ed's success with it.

**M**ost everyone is interested in his opinions, and in pleasing him. It is inevitable that he is spoiled, all men in his position are. Wherever he goes, he gets preference. In a restaurant or nightclub he is ushered in with fanfare, gets the best table. The food is prepared to suit his taste, and waiters are solicitous. I must admit that all of this has spoiled me a little, too. I enjoy the special privileges. But mine is a reflected glory, such as when a saleswoman recognizes the names and asks, "Is that the Ed Sullivan?" I try to appear nonchalant, but I'm very flattered.

There are drawbacks, however. If I'm with Ed people have no difficulty in recognizing me. If I meet the same people sometimes without him they haven't the vaguest idea who I am.

It's an amusing misconception that the wife of a Broadway columnist and television star must laugh her way through life. Doesn't she live to the gay refrain of nightclub bands, popping champagne corks, world premieres?

The answer is a positive no. The truth is that the role calls for great understanding, great adaptability and great tolerance. If you want peace and quiet, it's not the life for you.

As a Broadway columnist and television personality, Ed naturally meets a lot of people. Fortunately, I'm not jealous. I'm very conscious that girls find him attractive, but I don't worry about it. He is attractive. I'm proud of his good looks. My only reaction is to try and look as well as possible myself. He sincerely likes people and, as a whole, I would say that people like him. He has a wonderful sense of humor, in spite of what some people call his "poker face." (Which, by the way, he wouldn't try to change now, because it has become his television "trade-mark.") Above all else, he requires loyalty and alertness.

Would Ed choose the same life, if he had to do it over again? I'm sure he would, because while it has often been a headache it has never been a bore. Would I? A thousand times yes. In fact, I'd like to re-live every day.

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