

RADIO Television MIRROR

Two Magazines in One
May
25¢



SPECIAL AWARDS ISSUE!

Favorite Shows and Stars,
Voted Tops by You in the
ONLY NATIONWIDE POLL OF
RADIO AND TV AUDIENCES!



She wears the cleanest clothes
in town

... her mother swears by *TIDE!*

She wears the cleanest clothes in town—
So does her little brother.
Their clothes are always washed with *TIDE*—
They've got a clever mother!



Tide GETS CLOTHES CLEANER
THAN ANY SOAP!



P.S.

PREFER TO SKIP RINSING?

With Tide you can skip the rinsing, and save all that time and work. Just wash, wring out, hang up. Tide will give you the cleanest possible no-rinse wash!

YES, Tide WASHES CLEANER

... cleaner than any other washing product sold throughout America! And we do mean *any* other—old or new! Just try Tide in your washing machine. Wring out your clothes, rinse them, and, lady, you'll hang up the *cleanest* wash in town!

NOT ONLY CLEANER—WHITER, TOO! In hardest water, Tide will wash your shirts, sheets, curtains *whiter* than any soap you can name! They'll be so *shining* white... so radiantly *clean*, you'll say there's *nothing* like Tide!

AND BRIGHTER! Just wait till you see how your wash prints *glow* after a Tide wash! The colors look so crisp and fresh... the fabric feels so soft... irons so *beautifully!* Get Tide today—for the cleanest wash in town!

What Happened, Annabelle?

by GORDON KAY

Here she was, back in her berth, hopping mad and more than a little bit puzzled.

What right had that attractive man in the Club Car to terminate so quickly a conversation that had begun so pleasantly? Who did he think he was? There was no mistaking his attitude . . . snubbing her thus deliberately . . . the brush-off complete. And, as a beauty contest winner, she wasn't used to being brushed off.

Mixed with her resentment was a feeling of regret. Annabelle was sure that he was at least a director or a writer . . . definitely someone important on his way back to Hollywood. Such contacts were valuable; a girl needed all the help she could get in screenland.

It was possible, too, that he even knew Mr. Stukas, the famous producer to whom she carried a number of priceless letters of introduction setting forth her ability.

As she began to undress, her anger cooled off and the incident lost some of its importance. After all, what did it matter? . . . He was just another guy. What *did* matter were those letters to Mr. Stukas. It was Mr. Stukas who *really* counted . . . the man she must impress . . . the man who could make or mar her career in Hollywood. Everything depended on Mr. Stukas. She would do that bit from "Interlude" for Mr. Stukas . . . she would say this and that to Mr. Stukas. Abruptly she dropped off to sleep.

She awoke happy and eager. As the train halted at Pasadena, she stepped to the station platform for a momentary walk and a breath of sweet California air. As she did so, a man moving in a sea of baggage brushed by her, avoiding her eyes. It was her acquaintance of the Club Car.

"Board! All 'board," cried the porter as he helped Annabelle up the steps. When the car door closed she turned to him.

"Who was that man with all the luggage?" she demanded curiously.

The porter grinned. "Honey chile, you sho do need glasses! You don't know him? He's the Big, Big Wheel in Hollywood. He's *the* Mr. Stukas!"

It could Happen to You

When you're guilty of halitosis (unpleasant breath) you repel the very people you want to attract. You appear at your worst when you want to be at your



Illustrated by
JACK KEAY

best. . . You've got in wrong when you want to be in right.

Don't guess! Don't take chances! Put your faith in Listerine Antiseptic, the *extra-careful* precaution against offending that millions rely on.

When you want to be at your best, never, never omit Listerine Antiseptic before any date. It freshens and sweetens the breath . . . not for seconds . . . not for minutes . . . but for hours, usually.

That's why so many women . . . so many men . . . call it part of their passport to popularity, and make it a delightful ritual, night and morning.

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 Company, St. Louis, Missouri.



New finer

MUM

more effective longer!

NOW CONTAINS AMAZING NEW
INGREDIENT M-3 TO PROTECT UNDERARMS
AGAINST ODOR-CAUSING BACTERIA

When you're close to the favorite man in your life, be sure you *stay* nice to be near. Guard against underarm odor this new, *better* way!

Better, longer protection. New Mum with M-3 safely protects against bacteria that *cause* underarm odor. What's more, it keeps down *future* bacteria growth. You actually *build up* protection with regular exclusive use of new Mum.

Softer, creamier new Mum smooths on easily, doesn't cake. Contains no harsh ingredients to irritate skin. Will not rot or discolor finest fabrics.

Mum's delicate new fragrance was created for Mum alone. And gentle new Mum contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. No waste, no shrinkage—a jar lasts and *lasts!* Get Mum!



New **MUM** cream deodorant

A Product of Bristol-Myers

Contents

Keystone Edition

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- 6 Commander Godfrey, USNR
- 15 Stan Lomax
- 16 Mr. and Mrs.—Cynthia Stone and Jack Lemmon
- 18 Best Letters in Answer to Carolyn Kramer Problem
- 27 RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR Awards Winners for 1950 . . . by Ed Sullivan
- 28 This Is Me . . . by Sid Caesar
- 30 My Husband, Perry Como . . . by Roselle Como
- 32 Is It Wise For A Man To Fall In Love With A Woman Much Younger Than He?
- 34 Another Hilltop House
- 36 Coming, Mother!
- 38 Awards Winners for 1950
- 42 This Is Alan Young . . . by Fredda Dudley Balling
- 44 Awards Winners for 1950
- 46 My Own Story . . . by Walter O'Keefe
- 48 Awards Winners for 1950
- 50 Come and Visit Tony Marvin . . . by Gladys Hall
- 56 Our Gal Sunday and the Unscrupulous Stepmother
- 60 Johnny and Penny Go To The Fair
- 62 Beating The Clock
- 64, 66, 70 Awards Winners for 1950
- 90 Where There's Hope . . . by Ida Zeitlin

People on the Air

- 4 Fashion Your Figure . . . by Dorry Ellis
- 12 Traveler of the Month . . . by Tommy Bartlett
- 14 Knowing The News . . . by Terry Burton
- 21, 23, 78 Poetry
- 24 Art Linkletter's Nonsense and Some-Sense
- 50 This Is My Life . . . by Harriet Hilliard Nelson
- 52 Daytime Serial Fashions For You
- 60 Junior Mirror
- 74 Fun of the Month—Abe Burrows' poem
- 75 Program Highlights in Television Viewing

For Better Living

- 8 WGR: Mother's Big Helper
- 10 WTOP: Special Events Specialist
- 20 WNBC: New York's Brightest
- 22 KYW: Woman of Distinction

Your Local Station

- 19 Information Booth
- 79 Daytime Diary

Inside Radio

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"Your Figure
is Your Future..."

says



Geraldine Brooks

*Outstanding young Hollywood dramatic star
praises the famous*

Invisible Playtex® Girdles

They're the most popular girdles in the world—and no wonder! PLAYTEX combines figure-slimming power with complete comfort and freedom of action. They're actually invisible even under the most clinging of clothes—because they haven't a single seam, stitch or bone!

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TONI OWEN is Geraldine's favorite designer. She says, "I'm for the slender, young-looking figure—and that means I'm for PLAYTEX, the girdle that makes this supple, slim figure a possibility. It takes a wonderful girdle to give you the new silhouette in comfort—and PLAYTEX does it!"



Here is the famous PLAYTEX all-way action-stretch captured by a camera in millionths of a second! Made of smooth latex, PLAYTEX fits and feels like a second skin, gives you such freedom of action, you'll forget you're wearing a girdle. At department stores and better specialty shops everywhere.



starring ILKA CHASE. Top afternoon entertainment on CBS-TV Network (see local paper for time and channel).

In SLIM, silvery tubes,

PLAYTEX LIVING® GIRDLES

\$3.95 to \$4.95

In SLIM, shimmering pink tubes,

PLAYTEX PINK-ICE GIRDLES

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In SLIM, golden tubes,

PLAYTEX FAB-LINED GIRDLES

—Fabric next to your skin— \$5.95 to \$6.95

Sizes: extra-small, small, medium, large;

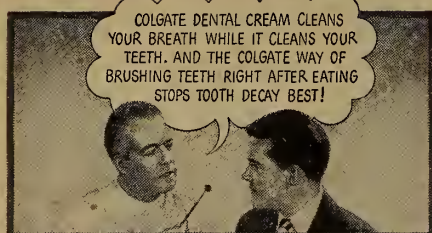
Extra-large size slightly higher

(All prices slightly higher in Canada and Foreign Countries.)

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PLAYTEX LTD. **Montreal Canada**

R
M

But When is Sometime?



READER'S DIGEST* Reported The Same Research Which Proves That Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST

Reader's Digest recently reported the same research which proves the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating stops tooth decay best! The most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today!

Yes, and 2 years' research showed the Colgate way stopped *more* decay for *more* people than ever before reported in dentifrice history! No other dentifrice, ammoniated or not, offers such conclusive proof!

LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream



*YOU SHOULD KNOW! While not mentioned by name, Colgate's was the only toothpaste used in the research on tooth decay recently reported in Reader's Digest.

FASHION YOUR



Jane Morgan, the American Parisienne, didn't get her figure by wishing. Hear her on NBC every Sunday at 2:45 P.M. EST.



Slouching can make even Jane Morgan's figure look dumpy.



Correct posture: to have that slim look stand up straight!

THEY CALL Jane Morgan "The Girl from Paris." Only, she isn't from Paris. They described her as a "French Chanteuse." But she couldn't speak French. One thing is certain, though. She can sing! But let Jane tell you the story:

"I was offered a singing job with Dick Stable's band, and one night as I was on my way to my dressing room, a man with a French accent spoke to me. He asked if I spoke French. I said no. He said that was fine because he wanted to take an American girl, who didn't speak French, to Paris to work in an elegant night club.

"In a matter of weeks I was singing American songs to a French audience. I loved every moment of it. So I decided to learn the language. It wasn't long before I started putting American songs into my own torchy French.

"Recently I returned to America. Now I am known as The Girl from Paris and have my own singing program on NBC every Sunday.

"I learned something wonderful from the French designers. When I started to walk in the clothes they created for me, they were shocked. They told me I must

RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR

Are you in the know?



What's your reaction to last-minute bids?

- Eager beaver Thumbs down Think it over

Ee-magine being asked to tomorrow night's shindig on such short notice! Should you gals say nay? Think it over. If the boys have jobs, it may be hard for them to plan ahead; or could be they're low on loot. If there's no excuse, you'd better squelch

eleventh-hour bids. But just because it's calendar time, you've no excuse for date dodging. Learn to count on Kotex for confidence. You'll see how poised you can be when you discover those *flat pressed ends* prevent revealing outlines!



What helps smooth out too-curly locks?

- Brushing
 Stretching
 Softening

If you're a frizz-kid, have your tresses shaped and thinned out. After each washing, use a softening rinse; apply wave set to s-t-r-e-t-c-h hair while putting into pin curls. And you'll find constant *brushing* helps. Of course, you can smooth away "certain" cares—with the comfort of *Kotex* to keep you at ease. Because *Kotex* is made to stay soft while you wear it; gives softness that *holds its shape*.



When leaving a vehicle, which is correct?

- Ladies first
 Ladies last
 Look before you leap

When you leave a bus, street car, taxi or jalopy—*ladies last* is the rule to remember. That's so your squire can assist you to a safe landing. Why tempt fate or thwart his gallantry? Why take risks at *any* time? You know, you can side-step problem-day "accidents" as surely as you can say "Kotex" . . . because, with that special *safety center* you get *extra* protection. Try all 3 absorbencies: Regular, Junior, Super!



More women choose **KOTEX**[®] than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

P.S.

Have you tried **Delsey**[®]? It's the new bathroom tissue that's safer because it's softer. A product as superior as *Kotex*. A tissue as soft and absorbent as *Kleenex*.^{*} (We think that's the nicest compliment there is.)

[®]T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

R
M

FIGURE

By

DORRY ELLIS

French designers taught

Jane how to make the

most of herself—

simple pointers to

help you look your best



learn how to show off the clothes with the right posture and the right walk. Well, I practiced, until my posture was improved.

"I posed especially for the pictures on this page, because I wanted you to see the difference good posture makes in my general appearance. Notice that when I slump, my head pitches forward; my shoulders become rounded and I seem to have added a few extra pounds in the wrong place. Now, look what happens when I stand correctly! Don't I look slimmer and even, a few inches taller? Since I learned to stand and walk correctly, my clothes look much better!

"It takes only ten minutes of exercise daily to keep my figure trim. I usually turn on the radio and do knee bends in time with the music. This is an easy exercise, as you can see. Then I do a few dance steps. There's nothing like simple ballet movements to keep your waistline slim. Dance steps are also wonderful for your arms and legs.

"Maybe you have been wondering why your clothes don't look just right on you. I guarantee that daily exercise will do the trick. Want to bet on it?"

FOR BETTER LIVING

Award-winner in
four categories



*“Any mother’s son can fly
a jet,” says Arthur, “and you don’t
have to be superman.”
But he was—finishing his course
in half the time!*



Godfrey flew to the Pensacola, Florida Naval Air Station in his privately owned Navion, was received by Vice Admiral John Dale Price, chief of naval air training, and an admiring guard. Right, Arthur refuses to let awesome jet pilot equipment smother his smile. “Jet flying’s as safe as any other flying,” says he.

CREDIT Arthur Godfrey, radio and TV’s genial red-head, with knowing what he is talking about when he says:

“Any mother’s son can fly a jet—you don’t have to be a superman!”

Godfrey, a commander in the United States Naval Reserve, has just completed the Navy’s rigorous jet pilot training course at Whiting, Florida. Now he can claim the title of “jet pilot” along with his already coveted rating as “naval aviator.”

Qualifying as a jet pilot—he’s forty-seven—wasn’t as easy for Godfrey as it might be for a youngster less than half his age. But he proved it could be done, safely, and in record time, too. Already an experienced pilot—he’s been flying for nearly thirty years and has two planes of his own now—Godfrey had to start from scratch in learning the new medium of jet flying.

When it was all over and he’d passed the course, Godfrey flashed his famous grin and remarked, “Jet flying’s as safe as any other kind of flying, and that’s pretty safe.”

Godfrey satisfied the doctors he could withstand the terrific atmospheric pressures encountered in jet flying at altitudes of 40,000 feet and higher by successfully passing his pressure chamber test on his (Continued on page 9)



Commander Godfrey USNR



Arthur's two weeks' training was taken up in intensive classwork learning the intricacies of turbine-jet engines, but he also found time to entertain patients in the Naval Hospital. Right, Arthur prepares for a take-off.

Warren Michael Kelly, one of the few people who can look happy at 8 A. M. The reason? He's busy giving away money on his WGR Take Five program.



Mother's BIG Helper

MOTHERS . . . do your children get dressed in the morning by way of three comic books? Do they act out last night's Hopalong Cassidy adventure for the half-hour it takes them to put on their shoes? Well, this can happen anywhere. Anywhere but in Buffalo, that is.

The reason? An ingenious young man named Warren Michael Kelly. Each morning at 8 o'clock on WGR, Kelly acts as official starter for a Kiddies' Dressing Race. The boys and girls, who are counted by Kelly's "Magic Eye" get dressed as fast as their fingers can fumble with their buttons. The winning team-members get to wear their Kelly Safety Club buttons on the proud day of victory. So far, there are close to 20,000 youngsters in his Safety Club—each one getting to school on time—and safely.

To put a little spice into the life of harassed parents in those early morning hours Kelly conducts "Take Five," a mystery-tune cash-prize game. Kelly telephones four listeners each day, and at times the jackpot for an alert fan has run as high as \$360.

Then, with the younger set safely off to school, Kelly devotes the last half-hour of his show, from 9:00 to 9:30 to the "nicer things in popular music." Now mother can relax as Kelly turns from the novelties and jive which filled the first hour to the serener music of show tunes and light classics.

Although it may seem strange, this "boon to Buffalo" was for many years without honor in his own home town. About ten years ago he was working, relatively unsung, for independent stations in Buffalo. Seeing a chance for greener pastures in the more friendly city of Detroit, he signed up with a station there as a disc jockey. Then, about two years ago, when WGR was looking for a new voice to put a kick in its morning schedule, Leo Fitzpatrick, board chairman for the station, who lives in Detroit, suggested this popular platter-spinner.

So back Kelly went to his old home town, this time far from unsung, to build up one of the most popular shows in Buffalo, with both a happy audience and a happy sponsor.

Kelly is married to a charming ex-Conover model named Mary Jayne and the Kellys, already having one son, will probably have another little stranger by the time this issue of RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR hits the stands. Kelly, himself, is in his thirties, shoots golf in the seventies, and indications are that he'll do very well in Buffalo in the fifties.

COMMANDER GODFREY

(Continued from page 6) first day of active duty with Naval Air Training Command.

In the pressure chamber atmospheric pressures are shot up to stratospheric heights to simulate actual flying conditions. Doctors observe the fledgling jet pilots for their reactions.

From the pressure chamber Godfrey progressed to jet plane theory classes and ground school, then on to actual flying. For two weeks it was a serious and sober-minded Godfrey who pitched in to complete a normal thirty-day course in less than half that time. From early morning until late at night, Godfrey and his instructor, Lieut. Commander V. P. O'Neill, USNR—also a red-head—toiled. The last week of training was spent almost entirely aloft in a series of high-speed, high-altitude flights at better than five hundred miles an hour speeds.

Busy as he was, though, with his own accelerated training schedule, Godfrey took time-out to visit the enlisted men's new recreation room aboard the aircraft carrier, USS Monterey, and to spend one rainy afternoon cheering up the hundreds of Korean war wounded in the Pensacola Naval Hospital. On leaving the wards, Godfrey remarked:

"If everyone in America could see these boys and the sacrifices they have made for us, then never again would we complain about home-front shortages or difficulties. We can never do enough to repay them."

Godfrey is sincerely and vitally interested in the welfare of the United States and the world. Flying and the Navy are the two great loves of his life. Godfrey spent twelve years as an enlisted man in the Navy and the Coast Guard—he likes to boast that his first thirty days as a gob were spent in the guardhouse—before he skyrocketed to fame as a radio and video star. His own son is now a Navy enlisted man, sworn into the service a few weeks ago by his famous father.

"I want to do all I can, both as a Navy officer and as an individual, to help preserve our American liberty," Godfrey says.

"I started out without two nickels to rub together and I want my kids to be able to enjoy the American way of life and have every opportunity that I did."



You, too, could be more **confident**
appealing
charming

Millions of women have found Odo-Ro-No a sure short cut to precious charm. For over 40 years we have conducted hundreds of tests on all types of deodorants. We have proved Odo-Ro-No safeguards your charm and attractiveness more effectively than any deodorant you have ever used.

- Odo-Ro-No is the only spray deodorant guaranteed to stop perspiration and odor for 24 hours or double your money back.*
- The only spray deodorant in the jewel-like blue bottle—pre-tested to spray perfectly, always.
- No other spray deodorant is so harmless to fabrics.
- No other spray deodorant is safer for skin.

**Double your money back if you aren't satisfied that new Odo-Ro-No Spray is the best deodorant you've ever used. Just return unused portion to Northam Warren, New York.*

GUARANTEED FULL 24 HOUR PROTECTION

New **ODO·RO·NO**

SPRAY

The Deodorant without a Doubt



**Guard Your Family
STRIKE BACK!**

GIVE

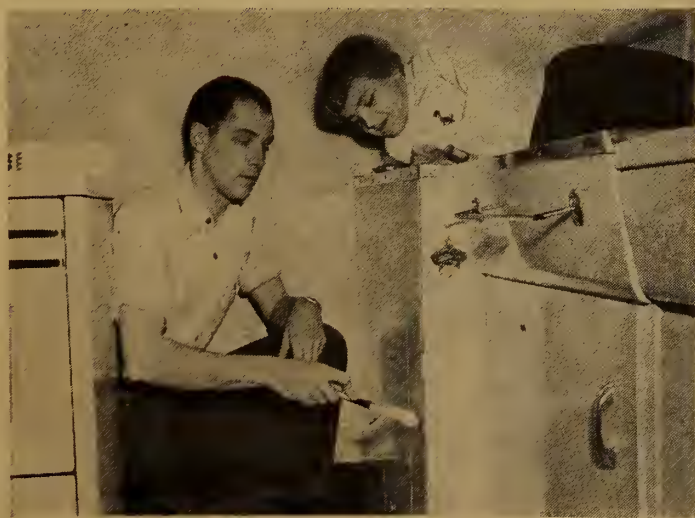
TO CONQUER CANCER

American Cancer Society

Lewis Shollenberger, CBS Director of Special Events in Washington, giving a cue to Senators Nixon and Smathers on a recent program.



Special Events Specialist



Lewis Shollenberger, with daughter Carol supervising, puts the finishing touches on some kitchen cabinets that he built.

COMBINATION newsmen, diplomat, producer, and nursemaid might be a better title for Lewis W. Shollenberger than his official one of CBS' Washington Director of Special Events. Mr. Shollenberger must not only have a "nose for news" and maintain contacts within government circles, but he must also be at ease with members of different political parties, foreign ambassadors and representatives, and leaders of opposing trade and management affiliations who appear on his broadcasts.

One of his most important jobs is to arrange for the broadcasting of White House, Department of State, and congressional speeches.

After one presidential address, Mr. Shollenberger flew in a chartered plane with a group of newsmen to interview Mr. Truman before he was to take a rest at his home. Arriving at the Kansas City airport, the newsmen, under the impression that the President had already gone to Independence started out with a police escort to overtake him. With sirens blaring they pulled in at the President's home only to be told that he had not yet arrived. A few minutes later, the President and his party drove up, remarking that they had been delayed because some extremely important people were being escorted through town. A quick check revealed that the "extremely important people" were the newsmen themselves.

In addition to supervising speeches, Mr. Shollenberger produces the program, Capitol Cloakroom heard over CBS every Tuesday at 10:30 P.M. This program features informal interviews with congressional and governmental leaders by three CBS correspondents. Such men as Senators Taft, Douglas, and Sparkman, and Representatives Martin and McCormack, as well as many cabinet members have been on the program. Mr. Shollenberger's job is to arrange dates for these men to appear on the show, see that they arrive on time, and give them instructions before air time.

This would probably be a simple job anywhere except in Washington. It is not unusual to have a Senator phone a few hours before broadcast time to say he has another speaking engagement which necessitates postponing his appearance. Then it's Mr. Shollenberger's job to find a replacement—but fast.

When such programs as People's Platform and Cross-Section, U.S.A. originate in Washington, Mr. Shollenberger must be on hand to secure speakers and assist in the production.

An unusual and informative program which Mr. Shollenberger produces is one beamed out over WCCO in Minneapolis. Each week he interviews a congressman from Minnesota and the people in the Midwest are kept up-to-date on important legislation which may apply to them.

Years of news writing and broadcasting, both on radio and television, coupled with an extensive education and travel in Europe and South America have given Lewis Shollenberger the background to produce such excellent CBS network public affairs programs.

Coming Next Month



In the Monroe manner: look for the story on Vaughan and his show.

STELLA DALLAS, Ken Murray, Margaret Whiting, Jean Dickenson, Betty Furness, Studs Terkel, Kate Smith, Milton Berle, Jack McCoy, Darla Hood, and Arthur Godfrey—put them all together and you have the June issue of RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR. Add lots more if you like because that's exactly what will be in next month's magazine. First of all, there's a special section devoted to Ken Murray and all the people on his Saturday evening TV show. There'll be color pictures of Ken and his wife—and a special story about Ken by his wife.

* * *

Speaking of wives reminds us that June is famous for making women such. And in the June issue there'll be an exciting contest for brides which will be conducted by Betty Furness, the blonde and personable hostess of Penthouse Party. Betty will also give you some ingenious ideas for having a bridal shower party. Watch for the announcement of this contest with its elegant prizes which no one—especially a bride—will want to miss.

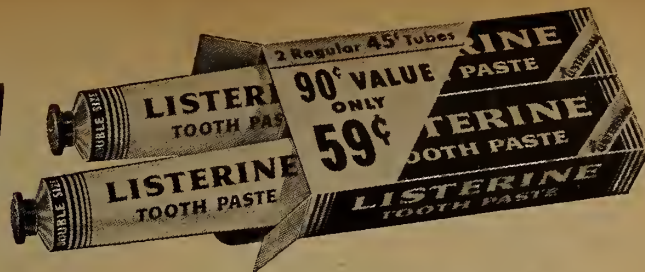
* * *

Stella Dallas' daughter, Laurel, will be seen modeling early summer frocks; there'll be a special story on Margaret Whiting and her new baby; and pictures and a story on that man who wants everyone to live like a millionaire—Jack McCoy. And be sure to look for the color candids of Arthur Godfrey and his Friends who are by this time your friends, too, of course. Arthur's favorite photographer has again exclusively recorded the infectious goings-on which make up both on and off the air time for Arthur and his Friends. You'll find these color pictures in the June issue on sale at your newsstand, Wednesday, May 9.

* * *

Also in June: an at-home story on Studs Terkel, keeper of one of TV's most hospitable hostels, Studs' Place and a story on the American Album of Familiar Music with a color portrait of Jean Dickenson. Extra added attractions: Kate Smith and Milton Berle, both on the cover and in a story.

NOW



BUY LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE'S NEW THRIFT-PAK...

SAVE \$3⁰⁰ A YEAR!

...get a glamorous piece of costume jewelry with what you save!



DO WHATEVER YOU WANT with the three dollars you save on Listerine Tooth Paste in the new Thrift-Pak!

The Thrift-Pak (two regular 45¢ tubes for 59¢!) contains enough Tooth Paste to last the average family a whole month . . . and saves you 30¢ every time you buy. Within a year the average family's bound to save as much as \$3 or more.

As makers of Listerine Antiseptic, we would never put our name on a product that isn't top quality. No

dentifrice you can buy beats Listerine Tooth Paste for:

- Reducing tooth decay
 - Thorough polishing
 - Sparkling flavor
 - Cleaning teeth and breath
- ("Listerine" means breath control.)

Only modern machinery, mass production, and more than sixty years of "know-how" make the low price possible. So change today to Listerine Tooth Paste in the new Thrift-Pak.

...UP TO 60% LESS TOOTH DECAY!

Research at a famous university definitely showed that modern dentifrices like Listerine Tooth Paste, used regularly immediately after eating, can reduce cavities as much as 60%. When it comes to cleaning, no tooth paste . . . not a single one . . . beats Listerine Tooth Paste.

for a
Gayla
 hair-do
 every day
 all day



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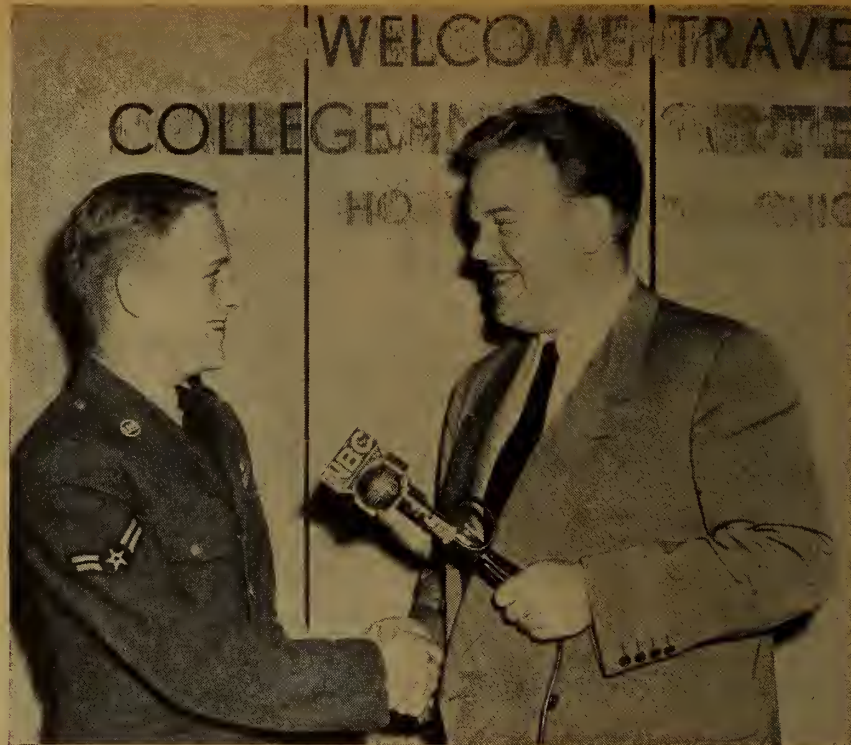
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Corporal Geoffrey Walter, lonely no longer, tells Tommy of his good fortune.

Traveler of the Month

By

TOMMY BARTLETT

THE KID with a jinx over his head, a tragic four-time loser, is carrying a four-leaf clover. Luck? "I'm the luckiest guy in the world," he declares. And the way he says it, you know that if there is such a thing as good luck, Corporal Geoffrey John Walter of the Air Corps must have it.

Geoff has always had plenty of luck, nearly all of it bad. His parents both died shortly after he was born. One would have been bad enough, but losing both his father and mother was too tough. And then, Geoff told me when I interviewed him at my Welcome Travelers microphone, it looked like his luck was going to change. He was adopted by a childless couple who gave him all their love, just before he was six years old . . . old enough to want nothing in the world quite so much as parental affection.

So what happened? Old Man Jinx was just getting started with Geoff Walter. His foster parents both lost their lives in an automobile accident shortly after they adopted him. There was nobody else to care for him, so the child was put into a Pittsburgh, Pa., orphanage. "The folks at the orphanage did a good job," he says, "but—well, an orphanage can't ever be a home, and it can't replace a dad and mother."

Geoff stayed in the orphanage until his eighteenth birthday. He reasoned that he should be doing something to make a place for himself in the world, but college was out of the question. He finally solved the problem by enlisting in the navy. "Uncle Sam Wants You," the posters said—and the idea of having somebody want him appealed to the boy.

The navy was all right, he says—but—you know—nothing like home. Home had become a symbol to him, a dream that always seemed just out of reach.

Monday-Friday at 10 A.M. EST,
 Tommy Bartlett emcees NBC's Welcome
 Travelers, sponsored by Procter and Gamble.

An orphan once—now the proud possessor of two brand new parents—Geoff Walter is a four-leaf clover boy for the first time

That constant search for something he didn't have must have been behind Geoffrey Walter's transfer from the navy to the Army Air Corps two years ago. And at Randolph field, he met another trainee, Sergeant John Dombeck, Jr., of Kelly Lake, Minnesota, one of four children in a fine, closely-knit family. John was lonely for his three brothers and his sister, and Geoffrey was just plain lonely. A close friendship developed.

John Dombeck liked to talk about his family, and Geoffrey Walter loved to listen. He began referring to Dombeck as his "brother," and Dombeck encouraged a correspondence between his friend and his parents.

A year ago, shortly before Christmas, Mom Dombeck packed a box for her son's friend. "He cried like a baby, mom," John Dombeck wrote. "It was the first time anyone had ever sent him anything—for Christmas or for any time."

Mrs. Dombeck thought it over, and wrote Geoff a letter. "We don't have much," she said, "but you're always welcome here. This can be your home. If it will make you feel surer of yourself, we'd like to adopt you as our son."

He was returning from an 18-day leave when he stopped off in Chicago and found his way to Welcome Travelers. The leave had been spent with his new parents, and Geoffrey Walter was a happy boy.

"I expect to be shipped overseas soon," he told me, "and I won't mind, now that I have a home and a family. I don't think I ever realized what was wrong with me 'til I saw my new parents. I'm going to try to get back to visit them again for a few days before I go overseas. Whether I make it or not, I'm still lucky to have such wonderful people for a mother and father. They're really great."

I've never met the senior Dombecks, but I think they're great, too.



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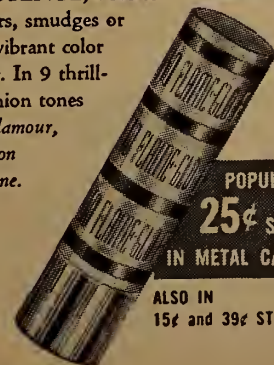
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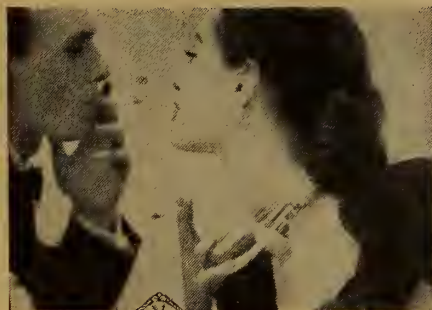
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KNOWING the NEWS

By TERRY BURTON



CBS correspondent Larry Lesueur discusses with Terry Burton the great importance of keeping up with the news and forming your own opinions.

RECENTLY WE had as a Family Counselor, Larry Lesueur, CBS News commentator, correspondent at the United Nations. "An understanding of the news is becoming vital to everyone's existence," he told us.

When I asked what it takes to be up on the news," he said, "If every American would read one newspaper each day and one news-magazine each week, they would know what was going on. But don't let headlines scare you. You must constantly remember that headlines are merely an eye-catching device. . . . And that they sometimes reflect the personal opinions of individuals."

Years of training have convinced Mr. Lesueur that the only way to try to understand the news is to read the entire story, down to the last word. "Then," he says, "make up your own mind. Don't let the headlines make it up for you."

Mr. Lesueur added that you should read and listen to reporters who take opposite sides of a question. "You know," he said, "many of our opinions can be traced back to some columnist or commentator who has expressed the same opinion."

Interested in Mr. Lesueur's work at the United Nations, I asked him how he felt about the progress of the U. N.

He told us that he was convinced that behind the headlines, the interests of our country and the United Nations are exactly the same. "Two dreadful wars have proved that this country must have friends and allies. In the first place, we have only 150 million very precious men and women. That's not enough considering what we're up against. Second place, even this great continent lacks vital raw materials . . . which we can get only from other people. The U. N. has proved the only democratic way to keep allies at our side. Free people just won't be pushed around, but they can be led, if our reasons stand up under the hard light of democratic discussions.

TUNE IN: Every Wednesday is Family Counselor Day on The Second Mrs. Burton, heard Monday-Friday at 2 P.M. EST on CBS. Sponsor: General Foods.

RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR for **BETTER LIVING**



STAN LOMAX

"I ONCE PUNCHED Joe Louis in the whiskers," says Stan Lomax, WOR's ace sportscaster. "And what's more," he adds, "I've got a picture to prove it."

What Stan humorously forgets to add, however, is that the picture shows he was wearing a catcher's mask when he stepped into the ring for his "battle of the Century," carrying a portable microphone to give WOR listeners an account of how it feels to swap punches with the famed Detroit Brown Bomber.

Where action-packed sports programs are concerned, Lomax has long been the favorite of New York Metropolitan audiences. Stan's sportscasts are heard over WOR Mondays through Saturdays from 6:45 to 7 P.M. With the outbreak of the Korean fighting, his broadcasts are again transcribed and rebroadcast throughout the world by the Armed Forces Radio Service.

Stan was born on May 20, 1899, and in his early years, in addition to his studies, he played first-string football, baseball and basketball. College years were spent at Cornell and Hobart where he was a member of both grid squads. At Cornell he was coached by the famed Gil 'Dobie.

After college Stan played pro basketball, but when the first World War broke out, he volunteered in the Royal Air Force.

As a sportswriter for the Bronx Home News from 1923 to 1927, Stan covered an estimated 1,000 boxing bouts.

Among the top matches he has covered were those of Dempsey-Firpo, Wills-Willard, the first Dempsey-Tunney bout and all Berlenbach's title bouts.

Stan's radio debut came in 1930, over WOR, after several years with the N. Y. *Journal American*.

During World War II, Stan was responsible for the sale of over one million dollars in War Savings Bonds, and was cited by the U. S. Treasury Department.

Married and the father of one son, Lomax lives in Garden City, Long Island, and in his spare Sunday afternoons he joins thousands of other fellow Americans watching local football games.

CORN SUFFERERS

find out about new

WONDER DRUG



It's wonderful to walk without corns

It's Phenylum, Blue-Jay's New Wonder Drug! In tests, Phenylum went to work 33% faster . . . worked 35% more surely than other leading remedies. New Blue-Jay Corn Plasters with Phenylum on sale now!

Science has new help for painful, burning corns. A new wonder drug, Phenylum, brings far quicker relief, far surer corn and callus removal.

Developed by Blue-Jay Scientists, Phenylum is the fastest acting, most effective medication for corns and calluses, the first new corn-removing medication in seventy years.

In tests, Phenylum started its action much sooner—removed corns in 19 out of 20 cases . . . a better record than any other agent.

And three out of four corn sufferers who tried New Blue-Jay Corn Plasters with Phenylum say: "Better than any corn treatment I ever used!"

Discover the new Blue-Jay wonder drug. And remember, *only* new Blue-Jay Corn or Callus Plasters bring you Phenylum.



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Dora's DOWN



PERIODIC PAIN

Midol acts three ways to bring relief from menstrual suffering. It relieves cramps, eases headache and it chases the "blues". Dora now takes Midol at the first sign of menstrual distress.

FREE 24-page book, "What Women Want to Know", explains menstruation. (Plain wrapper). Write Dep't. B-51, Box 280, New York 18, N. Y.

DORA'S UP WITH MIDOL



MR. and MRS.



CYNTHIA STONE

JACK LEMMON

THE CHARMING young actress who appears on Buck Rogers and The Plainclothes Man started out in several careers before she decided that she wanted to act. "I think now," says Cynthia Stone, "I always wanted to, but I was just scared. Everything else looked easier!"

Cynthia was born in Peoria where her father was an executive with the First National Bank. She attended school there, and finished at Finch in New York. At the time she was planning to be Dr. Cynthia Stone, psychiatrist. But gradually her marks at Finch convinced her that she didn't have a scientific mind. In fact, after a year there, she found she would have to take another course, any course, in order to graduate. The only thing open was dramatics—and a star was born.

After graduation Cynthia went through the motions of looking for a job in radio, but she still had her "too good to be true" feeling about an acting career. So she entered her modeling phase. It was fun, and not hard, but she found that her brief flyer in the drama had spoiled her, and she haunted the networks—in earnest. Director Bill Marshall liked her audition record, and she was soon playing parts in Modern Romances, Portia Faces Life and others. During this time she also played in a little theater play called "Power Of Darkness." Cynthia had about five lines but she was much impressed by the leading man, Jack Lemmon, and he with her. Cynthia and Jack were soon going steady, and last May they were married—after five months of apartment hunting. Their first piece of community property was a dog (mostly wire-haired) named Duffy. Cynthia likes to cook, design clothes, and collect antique jewelry.

JACK LEMMON arrived in New York via Harvard and the Navy determined to succeed as an actor. He had \$300 which seemed like a lot at the time. A month later, it didn't look so good. Jack rented a room for \$4 a week. It was wonderful, except that it had no window. He took that as long as he could, and then found a seven-room apartment for \$2.50 a week! It had a drawback, too. He had to close off five because they were infested with rats. All very bohemian, but Jack was happy when he found a steady job and could move to a conventional hole in the wall.

His first professional job came about accidentally. He visited the Old Knick Music Hall where a friend of his was working. It was amateur night and the friend thought it would be fun to call on Jack to play the piano and sing. He did and won. The prize was a two-week job as M.C. there. Jack stayed on for a year at the Old Knick, writing several shows.

All this time he was doing short jobs in stock companies. While playing in an off-Broadway production, he met Cynthia Stone, who had a small role. Since she was very pretty, Jack asked her to coach him for a radio audition. She did and—much to his surprise—it was his first successful audition. He got a few small parts, and then attained the role of Butch in Road Of Life, a part which he still plays. His first TV break was on the Kraft show, and since then he has appeared on Studio One, Ford Theater and others.

Married last May, Jack and Cynthia are about the busiest couple in town. They are redecorating their apartment, keeping up with radio-TV appearances and looking forward to a long career of working together.

Loveliness with a Natural Look!



Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder

So smooth, so naturally clinging—
6 flattering, “Flower-Fresh” shades!



Only 29¢

Accentuate your loveliness the natural way—with luxuriously smooth Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder. For no matter what your coloring, there's a fashionable, “flower-fresh” shade to complement and flatter your own true skin tone. *Plus* texture and cling like pure velvet . . . no streaking, flaking or shine. Scented with a lingering whisper of the romantic “fragrance men love”!

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Tonight! Be his dream girl...



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

BETTER THAN
SOAPS

Leaves hair sparkling, starry-bright... no dulling soap film with Lustre-Creme Shampoo! And it lathers lavishly even in hardest water.

BETTER THAN
OILS

Leaves hair fragrantly clean, free of loose dandruff. Unlike many oil shampoos, Lustre-Creme needs no special rinse.

BETTER THAN
LIQUIDS

Leaves hair silken soft, manageable, easy to curl. Lustre-Creme is easier to use. Contains LANOLIN... is not harsh or drying. Try Lustre-Creme Shampoo today—be his dream girl tonight!



Kay Daumit's secret formula with LANOLIN. Jars and tubes, 27¢ to \$2.

World's finest shampoo—a beauty creme-blend with LANOLIN

Can you have
a happy marriage if
your husband is
wedded to his work?



Carolyn Kramer is the heroine of *Right To Happiness*, heard M-F, 3:45 P.M. EST, NBC. Sponsor: Ivory Soap and Duz.

Here are the names of those who wrote the best letters of advice to Carolyn Kramer in February's daytime drama problem

In February RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR reader-listeners were told Carolyn Kramer's story and asked if a happy marriage could be achieved with a man who is wedded to his work. RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR editors have chosen the best letters and checks have been sent to the following:

TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS to Mrs. M. R. Simons of Dallas, Texas, for the following letter:

The answer to your problem is "yes." Make yourself so important to your husband he will unconsciously find time for you. Be happy in the reflected sunshine of his happiness in his work. I think by being sympathetic, loving, and confident in him you will become such a part of him he will blend you with his career.

Build up a mutual admiration between Miles and Skippy. No man finds complete joy in a successful career without the love and admiration of a family to share it with him, and don't worry he will find time for them!

FIVE DOLLARS each for the five next-best letters in answer to the question has been sent to:

Mrs. Deryl Westbrook
Sherman, Texas

Mrs. Irvin Greer
Baldwin, Kansas

Mrs. R. V. Pester
Dayton, Ohio

Mrs. R. H. Fletcher
Carrollton, Georgia

Mrs. L. C. Robbins
Elwood, Ind.

INFORMATION BOOTH

Ask your questions—we'll try to find the answers

FOR YOUR INFORMATION If there's something you want to know about radio and television, write to Information Booth, RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR, 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. We'll answer if we can either in Information Booth or by mail—but be sure to sign your full name and address and attach this box to your letter.

BETTER HALF

Dear Editor:

I would like to know something about Frances Langford, singer and actress on the TV show Star Time. Didn't she play Mrs. Bickerson on the radio?

Wilmette, Ill.

J. W.



Frances Langford

Frances Langford was born in Lakeland, Florida and became a contralto by accident. She was born a soprano and was active in glee club work until a tonsillectomy changed her naturally-high voice into its present velvet tones. She originated the role of Mrs. Bickerson on the Edgar Bergen Show, playing opposite Don Ameche.

LEADING MAN

Dear Editor:

I would appreciate it if you could print a picture of the man who plays Don Smith on Wendy Warren and the News. Is he heard on any other programs?

Wichita, Kans.

B. J. H.



John Raby

John Raby, who is heard as Don Smith, also portrays Harry Davis on When A Girl Marries.

GILDY THE GREAT

Dear Editor:

Can you please tell me who is the new Gilder-sleeve and what happened to the person who used to take the part?

Richmond, Ind.

Mrs. N. M.

It's Willard Waterman (see photo) who is now heard as "Gildy." Harold Peary, who used to play the role, now stars in his own show, Wednesdays at 9 P.M. EST on CBS stations.



Willard Waterman

ONE MAN'S HISTORY

Dear Editor:

Although this originally was a department for questions about radio, I notice you are now answering queries about television as well. Here's mine: Who played the part of Johnny Roberts on One Man's Family? How old is he; is he married and what is he doing now? Where can I write to find out more about him and other TV stars?

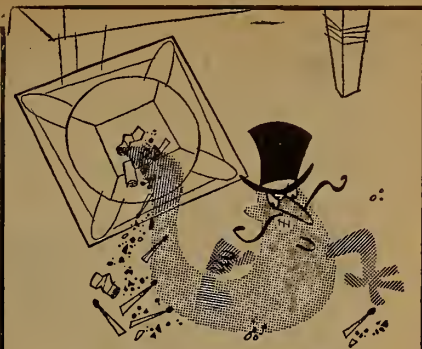
East Providence, R. I.

Miss P. T.



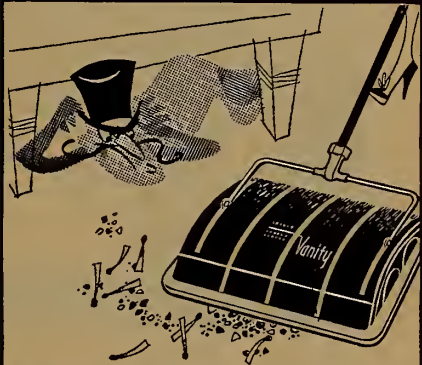
Michael Higgins

Michael Higgins left One Man's Family for the Broadway production of "Romeo and Juliet." The twenty-eight-year-old actor is married, has one son, Sean. For information about him and other video personalities write to the networks on which they appear.



I'M THE RUG-A-BOO!

I TELL BRIDES THAT ASHES ARE GOOD FOR THE RUG. HA! HA! THEN I GRIND 'EM IN UNTIL TIME TO VACUUM AGAIN!



HORRORS! WHO GAVE HER THAT BISSELL SWEEPER FOR A WEDDING PRESENT? NOW THOSE ASHES AND BURNT MATCHES CAN'T WORK INTO HER NEW RUG AND SPOIL IT!



BRIDE: IT'S THE HANDIEST GIFT I GOT! WATCH THIS "BISCO-MATIC" BRUSH ACTION DO THE WORK, WITH NO PRESSURE ON THE HANDLE. YOU JUST GLIDE IT—ON THICK OR THIN RUGS, OR UNDER LOW FURNITURE!

DON'T LET THE RUG-A-BOO GET YOU!
GET A "BISCO-MATIC" BISSELL

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A little more in
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Bissell Carpet Sweeper Company
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R
M



NEW YORK'S BRIGHTEST

WNBC Quiz Kids Marcia Balaban and Peter Hughes seem to know the right answer to the question while quiz mates Allan Kaminsky and Marilyn Hacker puzzle it.

"OH, I DON'T want to brag, mind you, but my child is so smart—" says proud parent, and the unlucky listener is in for a long list of how many "A's" Johnny got in Arithmetic and the magnificent composition Mary wrote on "Why I Love My Dog." And the listener sits there with a sceptical look. Sceptical, that is, unless the child happens to be one of those astonishing creatures, a "Quiz Kid."

WNBC is the proud parent of four of these unusual youngsters whose intelligence has been definitely established over the Savings Bank Quiz Kids program heard each Sunday at 1:30.

Looking like a young version of Arthur Godfrey is eleven-year-old Peter Hughes. Peter says that one reason he wanted to be a "Quiz Kid" is that he likes to take advantage of new experiences and acquire more knowledge. If that is his desire he has already made a good beginning by holding a 97% average in the seventh grade at St. Peter's School on Staten Island. He has also acquired a great deal of general knowledge through reading all types of books during his industrious lifetime. Being a typical American boy, sports are high on the list of Peter's favorite activities, particularly football, softball and swimming.

Marcia Balaban is a young lady who is as bright as she is pretty. She has managed to maintain an "A" average through all the six grades she has spent in school. Although she excels in English literature and reading, her interests outside of school are varied. She collects stamps, rocks and minerals, sews beautifully and makes flower catalogs. Besides all this she finds time to take part in plays given for the Parent Teachers' Association.

Allan Kaminsky, who hails from the Dodgers' home base, is quite naturally a lover of baseball and spends much of his time knocking balls over Brooklyn's back fences. Besides baseball, Allan manages to keep up with his quiz-mates with his "A" average. He frequently retires to the family parlor for his favorite indoor pastime of playing the piano.

Marilyn-Terry Hacker is a bright-eyed young lady from the Bronx who already knows what she would like to be when she grows up. She has decided upon a writing career and has started to work toward her goal by writing poems and stories for her school newspaper. An avid reader, this third-grader counts the *Book of Knowledge* among her favorite books, since she finds its help invaluable for Quiz Kids bouts.

POETRY

CHILDREN'S WORLD

This is their private universe—
The backyard of their home,
Content are they to stay and play
While imaginations roam.

The time will come, of course, to go
Exploring down the lane,
Their eager eyes on hills beyond
Will urge them on again.

But now their playground does not seem
Too small a world at all;
Each day brings new adventuring
Behind the garden wall.
—Marion Simms

BECAUSE I LOVE

Afraid for me? Because I love
The brightest stars in skies above,
The highest hills, the deepest streams;
The greatest minds, the rarest dreams.
Afraid—because a great love beckons
To this mind which only reckons
That the soul is freer still
For loving well the things it will!

I will love you, so do not dare
To lure me from my heart's desire.
The mountains quake, the stars may fly;
The minds grow weak, the streams go dry.
The dreams we dream are all unreal,
My love for these may turn to nil.
But love of you is part of me,
As it was always meant to be.
—Reba K. Hughes

BRUSHOFF

Our landlord, a literate man is he,
But we have one complaint—
He has never heard of the simile—
Fresh as paint!
—Thomas Usk

JEST FOR FUN

In a full length mirror
Take a sidelong glance,
You may get a laugh
At your own expanse.
—Maurice Seitter

RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR WILL PAY FIVE DOLLARS

for the best original poems sent in
each month by our readers. Limit
poems to 30 lines, address to Poetry,
RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR Maga-
zine, 205 E. 42 Street, New York 17,
New York. Each poem should be
accompanied by this notice. When
a self-addressed, stamped envelope
is enclosed, every effort will be
made to return unused poems. This
is not a contest, but an effort to
purchase poetry for RADIO TELE-
VISION MIRROR.

when all you're wearing is a SWIM SUIT

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Sea Nymph

One and Two Piecers in LASTEX
FAILLE. Colors are Blush, Lemon,
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Slightly higher West of the Rockies



Debra Paget,
star of 20th
Century - Fox's
"Bird of Para-
dise" wears
a SEA NYMPH
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At your favorite store, or write MARTHA GAINES

JORDAN MANUFACTURING CORP.
1410 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 18, N. Y.



General Eisenhower awards the Medal of Honor to Ruth Welles for her Freedoms Foundation cookie cutter.

Recognized as a writer, broadcaster and singer, is Ruth Welles, Women's Director of Station KYW.

WOMAN of DISTINCTION



WHEN someone wins a Freedoms Foundation Award for outstanding achievement in politics or journalism, we are not surprised. Rather, we feel that they are "proper" fields of endeavor for that great fight for world brotherhood and honor that person for his achievement. But when someone wins this coveted award because she has made a better cookie cutter, it is time to sit up and take notice of this "someone." And Ruth Welles, Women's Director of KYW is definitely worthy of notice.

Long impressed with the importance of cookies as a symbol of American life, Miss Welles designed a cookie cutter, shaped like the Freedoms Foundation's Credo emblem and won one of the top ten awards from that organization.

Miss Welles, when she is not designing cookie cutters, is probably the best-known woman broadcaster in Philadelphia. Not only does she conduct a women's program at 9:30 every morning, but she also teams with Gabe Millerand for a fifteen-minute husband-and-wife show three afternoons a week.

An accomplished vocalist, Miss Welles studied voice at the Battle Creek Conservatory of Music and sang professionally for a number of years. She was Director of Music at the Chicago

Latin School for Girls. Even when she moved back to Rockford and began her first broadcast of a women's commentator-type, she sang in churches and taught voice.

That first program series on what is now station WROC was broadcast six days a week. It started as a daily half-hour recipe program sponsored by a grocers association, then increased in length as quarter-hour girl disc jockey programs were added to her daily stint (with good sales results) until she found herself on the air from 10 A.M. to 11:45 A.M. every day except Sunday.

Soundly established in radio as a women's activities broadcaster, she accepted a position with WGAR, Cleveland, conducting a women's show under her own name, from 1932 until 1935. It was that year that she came to Philadelphia to work for the *Woman's Home Companion* as Carolyn Price, women's columnist, broadcaster, and merchandising contact—all for her magazine employer.

For a few months she held the dual role of writer for RCA's South American broadcasts and copywriter for the appliances division, and joined KYW in September, 1940.

POETRY

ROBIN'S VIEW

The lordly robin on the campus grass
 Surveys the interlopers as they pass
 Across his green estate, and solemnly
 Outraged, ponders such effrontery.
 "A chattering flock," he thinks, "lack-
 ing the poise
 Of robins, and given to unnecessary
 noise.
 Such bare, unfeathered faces—not a
 beak
 Among the lot. Totally unfit to seek
 For worms."

The unheeding youngsters
 shout and cry,
 A brightly-sweated covey, skim-
 ming by.
 "Helpless fledglings from the parent
 nest,"
 Sighs the small philosopher with the
 russet vest.

—Alice Briley

AWARENESS

Speak no word . . .
 Let the eternal stars tell of a silver hour,
 let the chantry of a bird
 shape the pattern of awareness
 fragile as a flower.
 Speak no word
 for I must stand alone
 pierced by the thin white shard of dawn
 with never a footfall,
 never a sound
 to tell me that you
 are gone.

—Alma Robison Higbee

DESERT EVENING

Across the sunburnt dunes a band of
 sheep
 Flows as a saffron mist within a cloud,
 Following bronzed arroyos to the
 deep
 Recesses of the gorge; where the
 wind, loud
 In nervous laughter, leaps from stone
 to stone.
 Ewes nuzzle lambs—as near the eve-
 ning—bold
 Coyote screams his taunting mono-
 tone—
 Then huddle quickly in their sage-
 brush fold.
 Thin shadows writhe down darken-
 ing lava streams,
 Clamber the rims and coil about the
 buttes,
 Strangling the cowering light that
 trembling seems
 A frightened rabbit trapped in cedar
 roots.
 As careless night throws down his
 blanket roll,
 A burro brays by the muddy water-
 hole.

—Cullen Jones

Who should explain this grave WOMANLY OFFENSE TO A YOUNG WIFE?



Read here how no other type liquid antiseptic-germicide tested for the douche is SO POWERFUL yet SAFE to tissues as ZONITE!

Too often a marriage goes through a needless crisis simply because the young wife fails to practice complete hygiene (including internal feminine cleanliness). Too often the reason is she doesn't know *what* to put in her fountain syringe.

Today every young woman should be fully instructed on the importance of using ZONITE in her douche for health, womanly charm, married happiness—and always after her periods. She must realize there's a womanly offense graver than bad breath or body odor—an odor she seldom detects herself yet is so apparent to others around her.

AND ABOVE ALL remember this: *no other type liquid antiseptic-germicide tested for the douche is so powerful yet so safe to tissues as ZONITE.*

ZONITE'S Miracle-Action

The ZONITE principle was developed by a famous surgeon and a

scientist. It's the *first* in the world to be so *powerfully effective* yet *absolutely safe*—safe—SAFE—to tissues. Scientists tested every known antiseptic-germicide they could find on sale for the douche and no other type was so *powerful* yet *safe* as ZONITE. Positively non-poisonous, non-irritating. You can use ZONITE as directed as often as needed without the slightest injury.

Gives BOTH Internal and External Hygienic Protection

ZONITE dissolves and removes odor-causing waste substances. It promptly relieves any itching or irritation. It helps guard against infection and kills every germ it touches. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract but you CAN BE SURE ZONITE *immediately* kills every reachable germ and keeps germs from multiplying. Instructions with every bottle. © 1951 Z. P. C.

FREE! NEW!

For amazing enlightening NEW Booklet containing frank discussion of intimate physical facts, recently published—mail this coupon to Zonite Products Corp., Dept. RM-51, 100 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.*

Zonite
 FOR NEWER
feminine hygiene

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Offer good only in the U. S. and Canada

R
M

NONSENSE AND



Art Linkletter emcees House Party, M-F at 3:30 P.M. EST, CBS; sponsor, Pillsbury Mills. Life With Linkletter is seen Fri., 7:30 P.M. EST over ABC-TV; sponsor, Green Giant.



Favorite Radio Master of Ceremonies

MAY . . . on the first day of which, as custom has it, you hang a posy on the doorknob at your best girl's house, ring the bell and run like anything. If you're shy, that is. In my early courting days, no such coyness held me back. When I took a girl flowers, I took 'em clutched in my own fist, handed them to her myself. What was the sense of wasting a week's allowance on a bunch of flowers, I reasoned, if you aren't around to get a thank-you for them? As for May baskets, suppose the girl's mother opens the door and thinks the flowers are for her? Or her sister, the one who looks moon-eyed at you even without any such encouragement? No, son, if you take your girl flowers in celebration of May Day, the heck with this hanging 'em on the doorknob and skittering off like a shot-at rabbit. Stand your ground and collect whatever the little lady may see fit to bestow on you in gratitude! . . . To get on to more practical considerations, let's take a peek at our trusty friend *The Old Farmer's Almanac*, and see what's predicted. Sounds like every bit as dandy a month as May usually turns out to be—nice, mild, spring-like weather with plenty of sunshine to make the flowers come up so fast you can almost watch their growing. A couple of misty days at the end of the month, they say, followed by rain for the wind-up, but who's going to complain about a little shower? . . . Besides flowers and showers, May offers a holiday or two. Mother's Day, for instance, falls on Sunday the thirteenth; mark "gift for Mom" on your calendar right now, so you won't forget. Memorial Day's the thirtieth, of course. And, if you're so minded, you may have cause to rejoice or to despair on the fifth of the month—that's the date of this year's Kentucky Derby.

READERS' OWN VERSE

Lines To A Man Standing On The Corner

A woman's promise
Not to be late
Can carry with it
A lot of wait.

—Pauline Saltzman

Pause and Consider—A list of a few towns in Newfoundland has come my way. Of course everyone's heard of Gander, where the big transatlantic planes light down and set a spell. Now the obvious inference here is that the place was named after the husband of a goose. Likewise, it's easy to understand Heart's Delight and Heart's Content—those names conjure up happy pictures of travel-weary settlers choosing a homeplace at last. But how about Little Seldom? And Sop's Arm? And Venison Tickle? Is there a Newfoundlander in the audience? And if so, would he or she kindly step up to the podium and explain?

SOME - SENSE

IN CASE YOU CARE—

The tallest people in the world are found in Denmark, the Scottish Highlands, East Africa, and southernmost South Africa. . . If you live in Michigan or Wisconsin, you can get married for fifty cents—or, anyway, that's what your license to wed will cost you. On the other hand, if you're a resident of North Carolina or Indiana, you have to pay the top price, five bucks per license. . . There's an organization, central offices in Detroit, boasting the fascinating title of "Society For The Preservation and Encouragement of Barber Shop Quartet Singing in America." . . . There are three parts to a comet: nucleus, coma and tail. . . In 1945, the flag of the President of the United States was somewhat changed—so that, among other things, the eagle on the bronze seal now faces toward the olive branch of peace instead of, as formerly, toward the arrows of war. . . .

Benjamin Franklin said it: "Who is wise? He that learns from everyone. Who is powerful? He that governs his passions. Who is rich? He that is content. Who is that? Nobody!"

Letter of the Law Dep't—If you live in, or intend to visit, Illinois this coming summer, here are a few tips which may help you to avoid entangling alliances with the gents in the blue coats: In Sullivan, for instance, the law clearly states that women going swimming must wear bloomers reaching below the knees and long stockings. South Park Beach, Chicago, is a little more lenient, merely stipulating that female bathing dresses must have sleeves which cover at least a quarter of the arm. And just over the state line, in East Chicago, Indiana, an ordinance comes to grips with the problem of covering up the mole figure on the beach. Men, says the law, must wear suits with "skirt effect" or a shirt worn outside trunks, and in any event said trunks must end no further up than four inches above the knee.

READERS' OWN VERSE

Gossip

Something that is never wise,
Something that the good despise,
Something that can hurt a friend,
Something that should really end,
Something one should be above . . .
Something I am guilty of.

—Richard Wheeler

IT HAPPENED ON HOUSE PARTY

Linkletter (to five-year-old girl): What do you like to do best?

Girl: Ploy cards—because I get all the oces ond jokers ond the twos. The twos are wild, you know.

Linkletter: You don't say. How come you happen to get all these good cards?

Girl: Oh, I sneak them out beforehand!

MATUTINAL REFLECTIONS ON AN OVIPAROUS

FOWL—It's shortly after breakfast, and I'm sitting, in a mellow mood, thinking about what to write for Nonsense and Some-Sense. What crosses my mind—gems of wisdom, pearls or poesy? No—hens! A lovely bird, the hen. Such a morale-builder she is, bless her little heart, as she sends us off to face the day's tribulations fortified by a good breakfast, the very heart and core of which is a new-laid egg. Or two eggs. Or even, on special occasions such as hunting or fishing trips, three eggs. (I once knew a guy, an ex-fullback, who could do away with seven eggs on a hunting-trip breakfast, but even I think that's overdoing it just a trifle.) What brought on all this philosophy anent the hen and her contribution to our welfare is, of course, the breakfast I just finished. Lois has a special way with eggs, one that would drive me to writing odes if I were a poet. Here's how it works: she butters a little baking dish for each person to be served. Meanwhile she melts butter and top milk together, nicely salted and peppered, in a saucepan—say about a teaspoon of butter and a third of a cup of milk per person. She cuts the crusts off thin-sliced bread and cuts the slices in half. Next, the pieces of bread are dipped in the butter-and-milk mixture and fitted into the dishes, sort of like a pie-crust, using two slices of bread per dish. Into each dish go two raw eggs, unbroken, and over the eggs is poured whatever's left of the melted butter and milk. Then into the oven they go to bake—at a very low heat, Lois warns, on account of quick cooking makes eggs leathery—until set to the degree you like them. The ingredients are simple but by some magic, done up this way, they blend into a dish I could eat every day of the week and twice on Sundays. You can dream up a dozen variations, too. The kids—believe it or not—like a layer of spinach in the bottom before the eggs go in. I'm partial to a crumbling of nice, spicy, home-styled sausage meat, browned-up first. Lois's favorite is a thin slice of ham. Sometimes she gilds the lily with a liberal sprinkling of grated cheese over the top. Gosh, I'm hungry all over again. and it's a good three hours till lunch!



Dry skin. "The Noxzema Home Facial helped my dry skin look softer and smoother," says Mrs. Ina Marlow of St. Paul, Minn. "And Noxzema's so refreshing to use!"



A lovelier-looking complexion rewarded Tucson's Mrs. Ann Snodgrass, when she tried the Noxzema Home Facial. "Greaseless Noxzema is wonderful," she says.

Look Lovelier ⁱⁿ 10 Days

with Doctor's Home Facial ... or your money back!

Easy, New Beauty Routine Quickly Helps Skin Look Softer, Smoother, Lovelier!

No need for a lot of elaborate preparations . . . no complicated rituals! With just *one* cream—*greaseless, medicated* Noxzema—you can help your skin look softer, smoother and fresher, too!

All you do is follow the easy Noxzema Home Facial, described at the right. Developed by a doctor, in actual clinical tests it helped 4 out of 5 women with problem skin look lovelier!

See how it can help you!

With this doctor's Home Facial, you "creamwash" to glowing cleanliness—without any dry, drawn feeling. You give skin the all-day protection of a *greaseless* powder base . . . the all-night aid of a *medicated* cream that helps heal externally-caused blemishes, while it helps soften and smooth.

Money-Back Offer! Get Noxzema today at any drug or cosmetic counter—40¢, 60¢, \$1.00 plus tax. If it doesn't help your skin look lovelier in 10 days, return your jar to Noxzema, Baltimore, Md.—and get your money back.

Do this for a lovelier-looking complexion!

Morning—Apply Noxzema over face and neck. Using a damp cloth, "creamwash" with Noxzema just as you would if you were using soap and water. When you "creamwash" your skin clean with Noxzema, there's no dry, drawn feeling afterwards!



Now, smooth on a light film of Noxzema for your powder base. This greaseless, invisible film of Noxzema not only holds your make-up beautifully, but it also helps protect your skin *all day!*

Evening—At bedtime, "creamwash" again with Noxzema just as in the morning. How clean your skin looks! How fresh it feels! See how you've washed away make-up, dirt—without harsh rubbing!



Now, lightly massage your skin with Noxzema to help soften, smooth. Pat a bit extra over any blemishes* to help heal them. Noxzema's *greaseless!* No "smeary" face or messy pillow with this dainty cream!

*externally-caused



NOXZEMA SKIN CREAM

Like an Angel of Mercy to your skin





*Toast of the Town's host, an
Awards winner himself, marks the fourth annual reader-
listener poll with a special message for you*

Radio Television Mirror awards

1950



BY ED SULLIVAN
*Master of Ceremonies,
Toast of the Town,
Sun., 8 P.M. EST.,
CBS-TV. Sponsored by
Lincoln-Mercury.*

THERE are all sorts of polls, just as there are all sorts of surveys in television and radio. You can hardly turn around in a studio without colliding with a poll-taker. Far from this being a defect, it seems to me that it is rather an index of the tremendous interest in both media. And, when RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR carries the poll directly to its readers, this is the best of all possible polls, because readers base their selections, not on technicalities, but on genuine "likes." The shows come into their living rooms and they determine which visitor is preferred. So, when TV viewers or radio listeners send in their ballots, this is a poll which represents public opinion, and the industry can be grateful to the magazine for the work and space which it has devoted to the Annual RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR Awards.

There are other methods of polling audience preferences. Some of them focus on TV and radio editors; some of them are the expression of the feelings of magazine staffs; some are compiled among technicians. All of these help to form a pattern of likes and dislikes. And all should be encouraged, because of the impetus they give to TV and radio. Yet, there is no substitute for the expression (*Continued on page 85*)

Success Story: from "the borscht belt" to Your Show

of Shows—with assists from three mad men and

one wonderful guy—as related • BY SID CAESAR



Family portrait in the Caesar manner—Sid, Florence and Michele, known as Shellie. Strictly taboo at home is show "shop talk."

WHEN I'm doing a comedy sketch, I always try to put myself in the place of the fellow who is earning an average salary and living a fairly simple life. He's the fellow I speak to.

He's the man, for instance, who recognizes a familiar situation when I portray the troubles of Joe Smith trying to get a television set for his apartment. He's completely confused by the different claims of his friends. He's run ragged, going from store to store, listening to technical talk he doesn't understand. He runs into delays and extra charges he didn't anticipate. He has a big battle with his landlord over putting up the aerial. Finally the set is installed and ready. The guy gets into his robe and slippers. He fixes a little snack, draws up a comfortable chair, turns down the lights in the room, clicks on the dials and—bang! The set blows up in his face!

That's familiar. It's the perfectly ludicrous situation that happens to all of us with one sort of thing or another—an automobile, a ball-point pen . . . anything.

I couldn't project the silliness of these familiar situations if I weren't guilty myself. I could have won the prize for ridiculous behavior when I had that first tiff with my wife, (*Continued on page 100*)

Sid Caesar is seen on Your Show of Shows, every Saturday night from 9-10:30, EST, on NBC-TV stations. Participating sponsors.

"Most important—Max Liebman's belief"

THIS IS

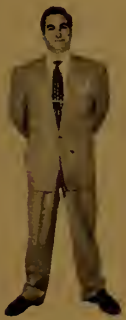
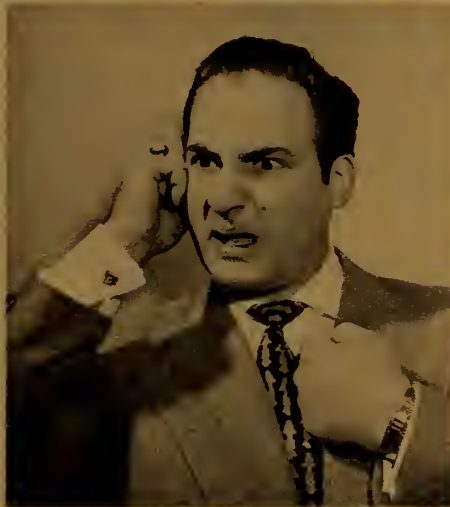


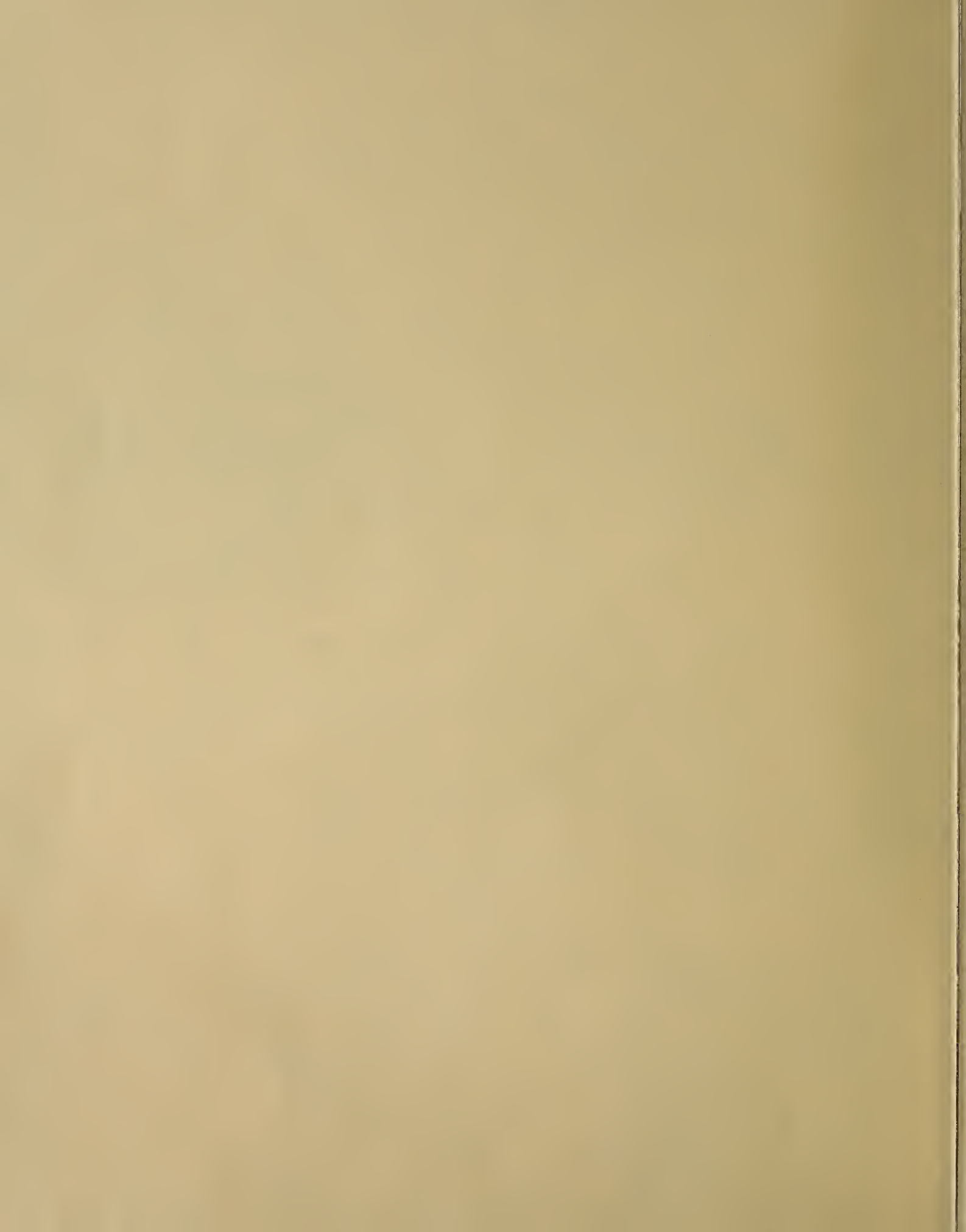
*Favorite TV Variety Program
Your Show of Shows*





MIB





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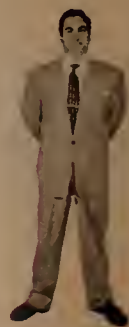
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"Most important—Max Liebman's belief"



THIS IS ME



Favorite TV Variety Program
Your Show of Shows

She calls him her "old man"

which



*Perry and
Roselle have been
married for
nineteen years—
and without a
serious quarrel!*





My husband, Perry Como

Favorite TV singer

means she loves him very much!

*A personal
glimpse of Perry*

BY
ROSELLE
COMO

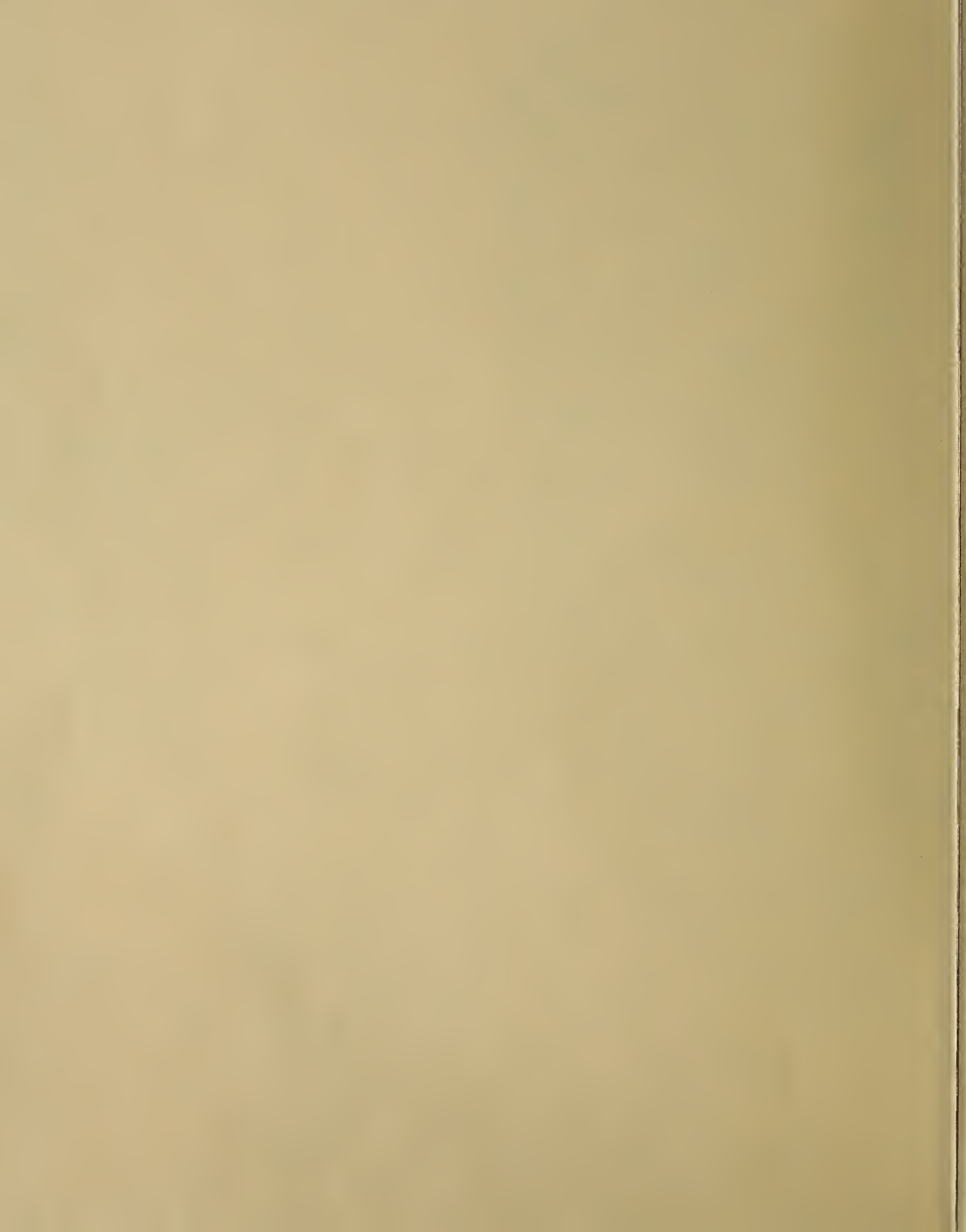
A FEW WEEKS ago a friend of mine telephoned me and asked if I would be good enough to write a magazine story about the man in my life, my husband, Perry Como. I couldn't have been more surprised and I'm sure my sputtered answer went something like, "Me? Well, it's very nice of you to ask me, but I've never written a magazine story in my life, and I don't know if I . . ."

"But that's just the point," he interrupted enthusiastically, "rather than have a professional writer do an interview with Perry, it would be much more interesting for you to write about him and give out with some honest, straightforward dope on your husband—what it's like to be married to a famous singing star."

My friend was kindly persuasive and before I realized it, he had talked me into the job. I warned him I wasn't exactly the lady author type so I hoped there wouldn't be too many dangling participles, split infinitives, etc., in my little masterpiece. "Oh, don't worry about that," he said, "just go to work and I'll bet you'll turn out a darned good story."

For the next few days while Perry was at rehearsals for his TV show, I worked on my assignment in my own pick and peck system of typing. Every time Perry saw me banging away, he'd ask, "Honey, what are you writing, anyway? You look like you're sweating out the great American (*Continued on page 86*)"

The Perry Como Show is telecast Monday, Wednesday and Friday, 7:45 P.M. EST on CBS-TV stations. It is sponsored by Liggett-Myers, makers of Chesterfields.





She calls him her "old man"

which means she loves him very much!



Perry and Roselle have been married for nineteen years—and without a serious quarrel!



Favorite TV singer

My husband, Perry Como

*A personal
glimpse of Perry*
BY
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Favorite daytime serial
Road of Life

Dr. Jim

Brent asks:

DR. JIM Brent, head of Wheelock Hospital in Merrimac, is a warm, fine man. A widower, Jim is greatly disturbed by the obvious need of his little daughter, Janie, for the motherly care that only a woman can give.

Several months ago, Jocelyn McLeod came to Merrimac from Samoa for observation and treatment, suffering from a type of anemia as yet undetermined. As her doctor, Jim cannot allow her to return to Samoa until a complete diagnosis of her illness can be made and a cure effected. Jim's interest in Jocelyn, however, is more than professional. From their first meeting he has found her freshness, her humor, her wholesomeness, the outgoing warmth of her personality, increasingly delightful. Her youth and wistfulness have aroused in Jim a desire to help and protect her.

Jocelyn is immensely drawn to Jim. And Jim's friends, heartsick at seeing him so lonely, are beginning to suggest that Jocelyn is the girl for him. But Jim holds himself back.

It would be, he knows, easy to love Jocelyn. But would it be fair to ask a girl fourteen years younger than he—a girl who, because of her upbringing, has never had a chance to know the normal fun of youth—to assume the responsibility of his home, his child?

What do you think? In a larger sense, considering this as a universal problem, do you feel that it is ever wise for a man to fall in love with a woman who is many years younger than he?


Is it wise for a man to fall in love with a woman much younger than he?

Is age difference alone an obstacle to happiness in marriage? Has the marriage of two people whose ideas are separated by a span of years as great a chance of lasting as the marriage of two who are close together in age?

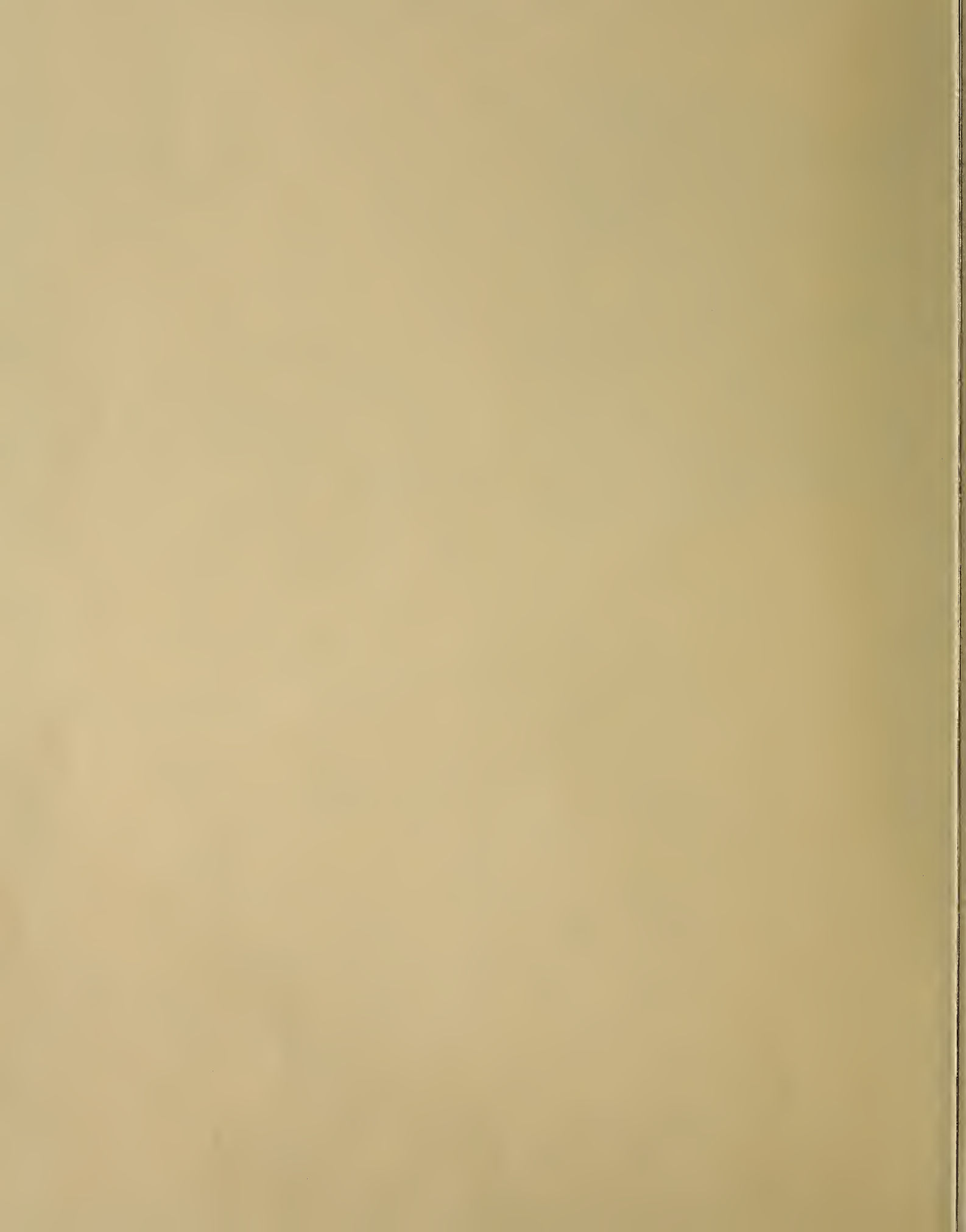
RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR will purchase readers' answers to the question, "Is It Wise For A Man To Fall In Love With A Woman Much Younger Than He?" Writer of the best answer will be paid \$25.00; writers of five next-best answers, \$5.00 each.

What is your answer to this question? State your reasons in a letter of no more than one hundred words. Address: Dr. Jim Brent, c/o RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, New York. Editors will choose the best letter, basing their choice on originality and understanding of the problem, and will purchase it for \$25.00. They will purchase the five next-best letters at \$5.00 each. No letters will be returned; editors cannot enter into correspondence about them. Opinion of editors will be final. Your letter should be postmarked no later than May 1, 1951; this notice should be attached.

Dr. Jim Brent, of Road of Life, seeks advice. What is your opinion?



*Jocelyn McLeod and
Dr. Jim Brent of
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Jocelyn McLeod and Dr. Jim Brent of Road of Life, which is heard each afternoon, M-F, at 3:15 P.M., EST, over stations of the NBC network; the sponsor of the serial: P&G's Crisco.

In her hundred-year-old New Hampshire home, Jan Miner finds that good black earth and greasepaint mix well . . . and spell happiness

Another hilltop house



Boning up on spot removing, Jan tries milk on an ink spot, following it with an interlude of old-fashioned relaxation.

DESPITE its being in a valley, Jan Miner's Hilltop House came by its name by dint of the coincidence involved in Jan's signing the bill of sale on the same day she x'ed the dotted line of the contract giving her the starring role of the daytime serial, Hilltop House.

Hilltop House, located in Meredith, New Hampshire, is over one hundred years old, and still points with pride to the original beams and wide floor boards. It is a nine-room, L-shaped house situated on twelve acres of land . . . most of which is uncultivated. The three-car garage was once the hen house. Lest it sound too, too grand, Jan hastens to explain that the only occupant of the three-car garage is a 1932 Chevrolet purchased for the munificent sum of one hundred dollars from a native of Meredith. "Despite its age," she explains, "it's in excellent condition. You see, it's practically never been driven over five miles an hour . . . the roads being what they are."

Jan has been careful to keep the reconstruction and interior decorations of Hilltop House "in (Continued on page 73)

Hilltop House is heard Monday through Friday, 3 P.M. EST, CBS. Sponsored by Miles Laboratories, makers of Alka-Seltzer.



Jan Miner's Hilltop House paradoxically nestles at the side of a hill. Here Jan spends week-ends attempting the seemingly impossible—overruling Mother Nature's plans for a rustic lawn. Even if she never succeeds, the change of pace is the real answer to this busy radio star's prayers.

Farmer Miner struggles valiantly to assume the attitudes of farmerette and handywoman. If she seems too gay, blame it on the altitude.



Favorite TV comedy story

To Henry, sweets for the sweet was a good idea. But

Coming, Mother!



Rehearsals for the cast are few but thorough. In this incident, Henry wants to buy a box of glazed fruit as a gift for his girl friend.

But his sister Mary has the same idea. She buys the last available box for her beau. Henry objects, says he thought of it first.



Operation Aldrich is as much fun as it is hard work for this TV trio: producer-director Lester Vail, ass't. director Allen Potter and technical director Heino Ripp.

"HENRY! Henry Aldrich!" That famous call and its equally famous response has introduced almost four-score comic crises in the TV lives of the irresistible Aldriches. On video since October, 1949, The Aldrich Family consists of Dick Tyler as Henry, Mary Malone as Mary, Lois Wilson as Mother, House Jameson as Father, and Jackie Kelk as the omnipresent neighbor, Homer. Situations, no matter how impossible, always turn out right in the end for the Aldriches. It's the between-times that are so bothersome!

The Aldrich Family: on TV Sun., 7:30 P.M. EST, NBC-TV, on radio Thurs., 8 P.M. EST, NBC. Sponsored by General Foods' Jell-O.



Henry protests to Mrs. Aldrich, who decides that Mary has a moral obligation to let Henry have the fruit since he had first mentioned getting it. Then Mary protests. Mr. Aldrich, seeking calm, slips away.

complications set in!



Not convinced that she did the right thing, Mrs. Aldrich talks it over with her husband who, in order to make out his income tax, has taken refuge in the laundry room.



Homer, meanwhile, decides to make some glazed fruit for himself. Going home, he happily stuffs peanut butter, blackberry jam and cream cheese into apricots, then attempts to sew them up.



Aunt Harriet drops by, sees Mary in tears and warns Mrs. Aldrich that she's ruining Mary's chance of marriage by not allowing her to give the fruit to her beau.

Aunt Harriet and Mother Aldrich's wrangle is joined by Father and Mary. Boosted to the window by Henry, Homer reports all. Aunt Harriet soon leaves in a huff.



Mary decides that she doesn't want the fruit after all. Henry snubs it, too. Exasperated, Mrs. Aldrich gives it to Homer who in turn gives it to his best girl.

The Aldriches cease bickering and decide to make fudge for presents when they hear that Homer's girl has indignantly returned the fruit to him, claiming it's inedible!





1-favorite radio audience participation program
Don McNeill

2-favorite radio teen-age program
Meet Corliss Archer Janet Waldo

3-favorite TV mystery program
William Gargan

awards winners for 1950

Favorite radio audience participation show is Don McNeill's Breakfast Club for which Chicago audiences gladly arise early to attend. It's broadcast from there M-F, 8 A.M. CST on the ABC network.

Favorite radio teen-age program is Meet Corliss Archer. Corliss, whose life is bounded by boy-friends, proms and her puzzled but sympathetic parents, is played by Janet Waldo. On Sun., 9 P.M. EST, CBS.

Favorite TV mystery program is Martin Kane, Private Eye. Murder, mayhem or monomania, Martin always gets his man. William Gargan plays the title role in this drama, telecast Thursdays 10 P.M. EST, NBC-TV.

Favorite radio woman's commentator is Hollywood's Louella Parsons who sometimes seems to know the news before it even happens. Louella's Sunday evening quarter-hour is heard at 9:15 EST on ABC.

Favorite radio comedy program honors go to Red Skelton's show which is heard Sundays at 8:30 P.M., EST on CBS. This marks the fourth consecutive year Red has won the RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR Award.

Favorite TV daytime program is the Kate Smith Hour, a lively and varied show telecast M-F at 4 P.M. EST on NBC-TV. Honors also go to Kate's daily MBS show as the Favorite Radio Woman's Program.

Favorite TV entertainer for children is Bob Smith and his freckled and friendly Howdy Doody. Youngsters become an on-screen audience for Howdy's antics, which can be seen M-F, 5:30 P.M. EST, NBC-TV.

Favorite man radio singer votes go to the man who really doesn't need to be identified. Everyone knows Bing Crosby, who's heard Wed., 9:30 P.M. EST, CBS, and on uncounted hours supplied by disc jockeys.

Favorite TV news program honors go to Doug Edwards and The News which comes to CBS-TV viewers Monday through Friday, 7:30 P.M. EST. Doug supplements excellent commentary with up-to-the-hour newsreels.

4-favorite radio woman commentator
Louella Parsons

5-favorite radio comedy program
Red Skelton

6-favorite TV daytime program
Kate Smith

7-favorite TV entertainer for children
Bob Smith

8-favorite man radio singer
Bing Crosby

9-favorite TV news program
Doug Edwards







1-favorite new TV program

Comedy Hour—Eddie Cantor

2-favorite newcomer to radio

Tallulah Bankhead

3-favorite TV children's program

*Kukla, Fran and Ollie
Burr Tillstrom*

Radio Television Mirror



awards winners for 1950

4-favorite radio sports announcer

Bill Stern

5-favorite new radio program

Songs For Sale—Jan Murray

6-favorite TV series of plays

Studio One—Worthington Miner

7-favorite radio dramatic program

Lux Radio Theatre—William Keighley

8-favorite TV homemaking program

Homemakers' Exchange—Louise Leslie

9-favorite program on the air

Arthur Godfrey

Favorite new TV program honors go to NBC's Sunday evening program which features rotating comics: Eddie Cantor, Martin & Lewis, Bob Hope, Bobby Clark, Abbott & Costello, etc. Televised at 8 P.M. EST.

Favorite newcomer to radio votes go by almost unanimous decision to the tempestuous Tallulah Bankhead who emcees NBC's Sunday parade of top talent, The Big Show, broadcast on the network, 6 P.M., EST.

Favorite TV children's program—and one with many adult admirers, too—is Kukla, Fran and Ollie. Burr Tillstrom, creator of the Kuklapolitan wonderland, appears at show's end. On Mon.-Fri., 7 P.M. EST, NBC-TV.

Favorite radio sports announcer Bill Stern is another four-time winner in the annual RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR Awards. Bill's colorful reporting can be heard Tuesdays and Thursdays, 11:15 P.M. EST on NBC stations.

Favorite new radio program, Songs For Sale, emceed by Jan Murray, is the answer to every songwriter's prayer—the chance to present a song to an audience which may even include a publisher: On Fri., 8 P.M., EST, CBS.

Favorite TV series of plays is Studio One, winning out in a field where the competition is extremely close. Worthington (Tony) Miner produces and directs its hour-long plays, telecast Mondays, 10 P.M. EST, CBS-TV.

Favorite radio dramatic program is CBS' Lux Radio Theatre, produced by William Keighley. This marks the fourth consecutive year the show has won a RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR Award. On Mon., 9 P.M. EST.

Favorite TV homemaking program, the Homemakers' Exchange, is conducted by Louise Leslie, whose culinary demonstrations are followed by thousands of housewives. It's seen Mon.-Fri., 4 P.M. EST, CBS-TV.

Favorite program on the air is only one of the Awards which go to Arthur Godfrey. He's also been voted the Favorite Nighttime Star, and "His Friends" shows won Favorite TV Program, Favorite Radio Variety Program.



*Alan's a handy man, to have around the house—
but only because he knows that if at first
you don't succeed, your wife can try again!*



Favorite TV comedian

This is Alan Young

BY FREDDA DUDLEY BALLING

HERE is a scene which will bring tears of recognition to the eyes of housewives from coast to coast; the cast of characters is two: husband and wife. In this particular case, their names are Virginia and Alan Young (star of stage, screen, radio and television) and their address is Hollywood, California.

The husband, noting that the mortar around the kitchen sink has disintegrated, announces that he is going to fix it. After all, a new dishwashing machine is to be installed the next day, so the kitchen should be in perfect condition to receive the new guest. "I'm pretty handy around the house, you know," he says, using the tone of quiet pride customary for such statements from husbands.

With grace and speed he caulks the crevices between sink and draining boards, between draining boards and walls, and for good measure, around several windows. This little job takes him ten full hours during which no meals can be prepared, no member of the household can be permitted in the kitchen. However, when finished it is, indeed, a beautiful job.

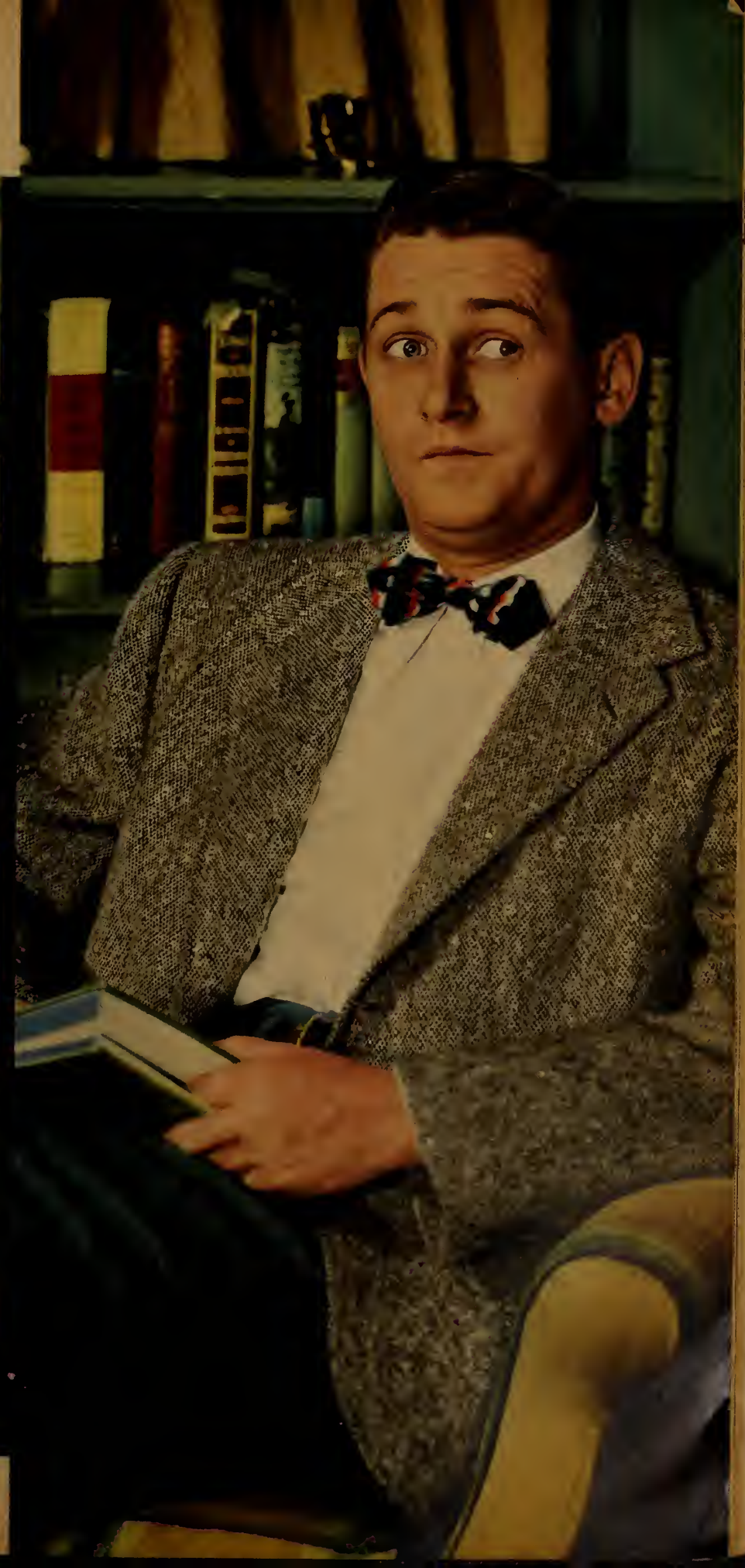
The dishwashing machine is installed. It is plugged into the electric circuit.

The switch (Continued on page 67)



Alan has long since forgiven Cammie for taking over his den—it was turned into a nursery—but he hasn't quite forgiven Ginny for putting his things in order. Now he can't find anything! Left: Cammie's a loyal but sometimes puzzled TV fan. He can't understand why his father is sometimes so near and yet so far.

Alan's not only a Mr. Fix-It—of sorts!—he's also an adept sketcher, a better-than-average player of the bagpipes and a man who'd be an inveterate bookreader if he had the time. This is all in addition to being one of TV's funniest. (The Alan Young Show is telecast Thursdays, 9 P.M. EST on CBS-TV. Sponsor: Esso Co.)





1-favorite radio detective
Sam Spade—Steve Dunn

2-favorite TV woman's program
Faye Emerson

3-favorite TV sports program
Cavalcade of Sports
Jimmy Powers

awards winners for 1950

Favorite radio detective Steve Dunn's career of tracking down criminals has been brief but he's picked up a vast number of admirers as the new lead in *The Adventures of Sam Spade*, Fridays, 8:30 P.M. EST, NBC.

Favorite TV woman's program is the Faye Emerson Show. Faye, whose gowns and jewelry are as good to look at as she is, has a loyal audience of men viewers, too, on Mon., Wed., Fri., 7:15 P.M. EST, ABC-TV.

Favorite TV sports program is *Cavalcade of Sports* which is conducted by Jimmy Powers, long-time sports columnist for the *New York Daily News*. Jimmy's program is on Mon-Sat., 6:45 P.M. EST on WPIX.

Favorite woman TV singer is the blonde and blithe Roberta Quinlan whose brand of vocal enchantment can be seen and heard Mon., Wed. and Fri. on the *Mohawk Showroom*, at 7:30 P.M. EST on NBC-TV.

Favorite nighttime radio quizmaster—the exuberant Bert Parks whose name is synonymous with *Stop The Music* and *Break the Bank* shows. The latter wins an Award, too—as the favorite TV quiz show.

Favorite TV news commentator is John Cameron Swayze whose clear and concise reporting is carried M-F, 7:45 P.M. EST on NBC-TV. John frequently appears on TV panels, notably, *Who Said That?*

Favorite TV comedy show is that late evening hour of zaniness, *Broadway Open House*, telecast 11 P.M. EST, NBC-TV. Its energetic host, Jerry Lester, appears thrice weekly—Tues., Thurs., and Friday.

Favorite TV serial drama honors go to *The Goldbergs* whose creator, Gertrude Berg, has played Molly in one media or another for the past twenty-one years. It's telecast Mondays, 9:30 P.M. EST, CBS-TV.

Favorite radio musical program, the *Railroad Hour*, features light classical and popular songs. Its male vocalist, good-looking Gordon MacRae, is known to movie-goers, too. On Mon., 8 P.M. EST, NBC.

4-favorite woman TV singer
Roberta Quinlan

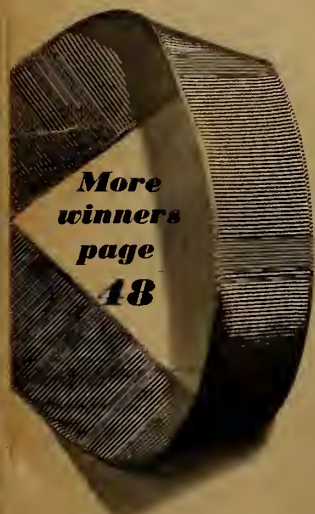
5-favorite nighttime radio quizmaster
Bert Parks

6-favorite TV news commentator
John Cameron Swayze

7-favorite TV comedy show
Broadway Open House—Jerry Lester

8-favorite TV serial drama
The Goldbergs—Gertrude Berg

9-favorite radio musical program
The Railroad Hour—Gordon MacRae





Radio Television Mirror Award, 1950
Favorite Daytime Quiz Program

Editor's Note: Actor turned author is a feat not to be ignored—when the editors of RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR asked Walter O'Keefe for a story, he said, "Surely, but I'll write it myself." Now the usual procedure would have been to send a professional writer to interview Walter and write the story which would appear under his name in the magazine—actors, as a rule, not being any better at writing than writers are at acting. But Walter proves he can do both equally well. Here is his story—we think you'll like it.

My own story

*Double or Nothing's
emcee turns writer—
genuine pen-in-hand,
room-pacing writer!*

BY WALTER O'KEEFE

IT'S A long road this story covers—from 1900, when I was born, up to now—up to 1951 and Double or Nothing. Let's start right back at the beginning with my mother and father, who were Irish immigrants. Mother was Mary Mulcahy, daughter of a professor of Philosophy at Limerick University. She had two brothers, Jim and John. When Mother was three both their parents died. John was sent to England, Jim to France, and Mary was adopted by relatives in Hartford, Connecticut. After she'd completed her schooling, Mother met another Irishman by the name of Mike O'Keefe. He was an advertising man and known as the best amateur entertainer in Connecticut. They were married in the Catholic Church in Hartford. When they went to the church, they were surprised (Continued on page 72)

Double Or Nothing with Walter O'Keefe is heard M-F, 2 P.M. EST, NBC, with a rebroadcast at 10:30 A.M. EST, NBC. Sponsor: Campbell's Soup.

*Walter's made
Notre Dame fans out
of his sons,
Tony and Michael,
takes them to
all West Coast games.*





Walter O'Keefe, at twenty-five, wasn't quite as serious as he looked. With college and a brief newspaper career behind him, he was just beginning to break into show business. Below, shades of a Coney Island barker in a movie short made in 1932.

At fourteen schoolboy Walter, right, faced the camera with his sister Mary and his brother Jack. At that time his ambition was to become a priest. Below, an unlikely but funny O'Keefe in a 1934 Camel Caravan.





1-favorite disc jockey

Dave Garroway

2-favorite woman radio singer

Janette Davis

3-favorite TV detective

Ralph Bellamy



awards winners for 1950

4-favorite TV husband-wife team

George Burns

5-favorite TV husband-wife team

Gracie Allen

6-favorite daytime TV star

Garry Moore

7-favorite radio daytime quizmaster

Bill Cullen

8-favorite radio amateur program

Original Amateur Hour—Ted Mack

9-favorite nighttime TV star

Fran Allison

Favorite disc jockey Dave Garroway's chatter is as entertaining as the platters he spins five times weekly on the Dave Garroway Show, M-F, 11:45 A.M. EST, NBC. Dave's a Sunday P.M. regular on TV, too.

Favorite woman radio singer Janette Davis, one of the "little Godfreys," supplies some of the solo songs on Arthur Godfrey and His Friends, Mon.-Fri., at 10 A.M. EST, CBS. Jan's on the TV version, too.

Favorite TV detective Ralph Bellamy plays the charmingly cynical Mike Barnett in Man Against Crime, Fri., 8:30 P.M. EST, CBS-TV. Last year Ralph alternated between this-role and B'way's "Detective Story."

Favorite TV husband-wife team is Burns and Allen, who are as comfortably ensconced in their new medium as they were in the old. George narrates the show. Telecast alternate Thurs., 8:30 P.M. EST, CBS.

Favorite TV husband-wife team distaff member, Gracie, continues to be as endearingly scatterbrained as ever. Her long-loved antics can be seen on the Burns & Allen Show, alternate Thurs., 8:30 P.M. EST, CBS-TV.

Favorite daytime TV star, Garry Moore, hosts a daily hour fun fest, designed to give housewives a respite from kiddies and kitchen. Mostly music and intelligent nonsense, it's on M-F, 1:30 P.M., EST, CBS-TV.

Favorite radio daytime quizmaster Bill Cullen conducts Quick As A Flash, the daily audience participation show where contestants who answer most-est firstest win prizes. On M-F, 11:30 A.M., EST, ABC.

Favorite radio amateur program, the Original Amateur Hour, which is conducted by Ted Mack, won same honors last year. OAH has sent many talents along to professional careers. On Thurs., 9 P.M. EST, ABC.

Favorite nighttime TV star, Fran Allison, appears with her friends, Kukla and Ollie, Mon.-Fri., 7 P.M. EST, NBC-TV. The lovely and lively Fran is also known as Aunt Fanny on Don McNeill's Breakfast Club.





Inveterate readers-aloud, Dot, Tony and Lynda Ann take turns at this least strenuous of indoor sports. Tony touts Dot as a perfect wife, mother, homemaker—and as a Green Thumb gardener.



From the white house set in beautiful gardens comes music—Dot's piano, Tony's singing, the lively rippling of Lynda's laughter

BY GLADYS HALL



Favorite radio announcer

AN OLD house in Massapequa, on Long Island . . . English Tudor in architecture, it's built of white stucco with gray-green slate roof, green trim and shutters. A wonderful boxwood hedge, four hundred feet of it, surrounds the

gardens. In the spring, a weeping Japanese cherry tree blossoms for just three weeks. In midsummer the rose garden and rose arbors take your breath away, for the mistress of the house has the green thumb. At all seasons of the year music comes from the house behind the boxwood hedge, music of piano and flute and singing, and a child's laughter.

This is the home of Tony Marvin—announcer for Arthur Godfrey—his wife Dorothea, and the pride and joy of the household, Miss Lynda Ann. *(Continued on page 82)*

Tony Marvin, heard on CBS: Arthur Godfrey Show, M-F 10 A.M., EST; Arthur Godfrey and His Friends, Wed., 8 P.M., CBS-TV.

Come and visit

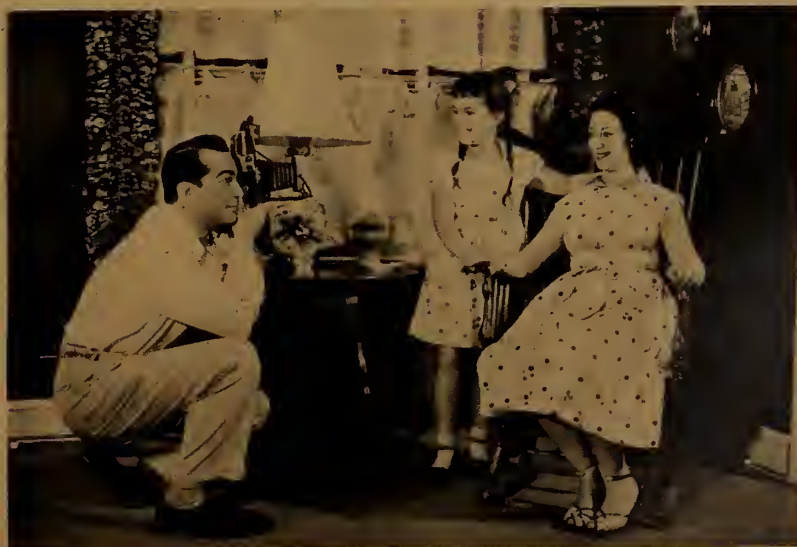
Tony Marvin



Home-loving Marvins feel no need to go far afield in search of amusement. An evening around the piano, or taking—and posing for—Tony's pictures, constitute best family fun for them.



Lynda's room is done entirely in pink and white. Here she keeps her treasures, reads her books, writes her stories and ad libs her "soap operas!"





Favorite radio husband-wife team

*This
is my life*

*Award-winning husband and
wife team: Harriet keeps house
on and off the air—here are some of
her prizeworthy at-home methods*

A maximum of planning leads, I've discovered—in housekeeping as well as in practically any other line of endeavor—to a minimum of effort. So, of course, I plan. And resourceful planning makes it possible for me to supervise the household, do all the shopping, plan the menus, do some of my own housework, all the cooking on Thursdays, all the housework at our weekend beachhouse—and still have plenty of time for our weekly radio show and for the fun with my family that is the most important part of being a wife and mother.

Our house is a two-story, white frame building whose architecture is Cape Cod Colonial. It's situated on a wide, quiet Hollywood street which rises steeply from Franklin Avenue to dead-end against the wooded Hollywood Hills. Actually, we're in the heart of things—ten minutes drive from CBS, for instance—but there's a very pleasant country atmosphere, as well. From the second floor of our house you can look down on the entire city and, in spe-

cially clear weather, out to the distant Pacific.

Ozzie says I missed my calling—I should have been a carpenter! I prefer to think of myself as a builder, junior grade, and leave all the knocking-apart and putting-together-again to an excellent professional carpenter who's been doing work for us for years. Actually, the most wonderful thing about him is that he can translate the nebulous ideas with which I sometimes wake up in the morning into actual doors and windows and shelves and improvements which not only fit my plans but fit the general scheme of things as well! There was the recent morning, for instance, when I suddenly found myself viewing the east wall of our breakfast room with a jaundiced eye. Outside that east wall was a lot of extremely attractive outdoors going to waste. So I called my little carpenter and explained. He shook his head and grumbled mightily, but I'm used to that. I went shopping and left him to it. When I got back, the east wall of the breakfast room was gone, only a canvas covering the gaping hole, and Ozzie and the boys were laying for me with blood in their eyes. I reminded them that their trouble was lack of Vision, suggested that they try to take a Broad View, and told them to Wait and See. Two weeks later, they saw—a door and a picture window where once had been only wall. Ozzie whistled, said, "That looks *good!*" which is for him—at least as far as my remodeling efforts are concerned—equivalent to conferring Knighthood on me.

Cheered on by this notable success, I took another Broad View—this time of the upstairs

RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR **F**OR BETTER LIVING

office. It, too, had a wall which shut off the much more attractive view that could be had if it weren't there. In another couple of weeks it *wasn't* there—in its place, another picture window. Ozzie and the boys tell me it'll be all right if I want to apply for an architect's license.

The boys are expected to pull their weight in the house, and they do. David, who's fourteen, and Ricky, ten, take care of their own rooms, polish their shoes, wash the car every Saturday, and run errands *ad lib*. As pocket money, David gets an allowance of a dollar fifty a week, Ricky a dollar.

David is in the process of learning the value of money, which process began not long ago when he reported to me that new jeans and tennis shoes were a must. I told David it was time he picked out his own things, presented him with a ten-dollar bill and told him to go to it. Much business of planning on David's part, which culminated in a decision to buy three pairs of jeans, two pairs of tennis shoes and—I gathered from the Cheshire Cat grin he wore as he fared forth—a number of other little odds and ends to contribute to his sartorial splendor. Poor David! He came home with one pair of jeans, one pair of tennis shoes, and a fearful indignation in his heart.

"Do you know what they charged me?" he mourned. "Three-fifty for jeans and five-ninety-five for tennis shoes! *Plus tax*. No wonder everyone's yelling about inflation!"

In the fairly recent past, David has lost two jackets and two sweaters. When he reported the fourth in this series of "mislayings" Ozzie and I shook our heads, muttered, "Too bad," made no effort toward replacement, and waited to see if the lesson would sink in. Not long after that David started for school one morning in a brand-new (Continued on page 89)

The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet, whose stars were chosen as the favorite radio husband-wife team, is heard Friday, 9 P.M. EST, ABC. Sponsor: H. J. Heinz Co.

BY HARRIET
HILLIARD NELSON



Making rugs is Harriet's hobby; people who see the fruits of her labors say that it's also a fine art! One practical aspect of her homemaking is the weekly session in which menus are planned. typed. David—hungrily—supervises this batch.





A four-in-one for summer that's four ways wonderful. Worn by Helen Lewis—who is Mary Browne of Young Dr. Malone—are two parts of the foursome: solid-color skirt, brief plaid jacket. The model wears two more—camisole top (it's reversible!) and smart, practical pedal pushers. Bonus: the visored, eye-shading cap of matching plaid. (Young Dr. Malone is heard M-F, 1:30 P. M., EST, CBS, is sponsored by Crisco.)

RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR'S

daytime fashions for you

HERE'S two-plus-two which you can, with a little ingenuity, add up to five or six or even more! The answer, of course, is separates, so dear to the heart of every woman these days. Best-yet news—these separates are done up in denim, which means that they are durable, wash and iron easily, are priced for a young housewife's pocketbook. On the opposite page: co-ordinates for town or beach or staying at home. For cover-up, a brief bolero with three-quarter sleeves and a little collar is priced at \$4.98. Plaid camisole, reversible to solid charcoal, \$3.98. Plain-color denim skirt with matching plaid trim and a huge, hold-everything pocket, \$3.98. Pedal pushers, also plaid-trimmed, \$3.98. And the number of combinations you can whip up from among those four pieces should be limited only by your imagination! Bonus additions: plaid cap, \$1.98; feedbag, \$2.98; sandals—sized small, medium and large—\$1.98. All in U.S. Rubber's sanforized denim, in coral plaid with charcoal, as shown, or chartreuse-pink plaid with solid pink. By Art-Mor, sizes 10-18. On this page: a jumper dress you'll bless for its button-down-the-back ease of wearing. Flattering scoop neck, with dress-up detail in embroidered set-in belt, roomy hip pockets. Exciting new colors: purple, shrimp, charcoal, toast, faded blue, yellow. The denim is, of course, colorfast and sanforized. Only \$5.98 in sizes 10-20, by Sport-Life. These fashions are at stores listed on page 69.



Our gal Sunday

And The Unscrupulous Stepmother

The mistress of Black Swan Hall makes an enemy as she helps a friend

1. Spotting her husband with one of Lord Henry's pistols, Judith Chandler nears a state of collapse.



2. Accused by Sunday of faking the spell, Judith, who is Philip Chandler's second wife, admits her guilt, explaining that she wanted to discredit Philip in Sunday's eyes. She claims he is unfit to handle children.



3. Philip, Judith says further, has a dreadful secret in his past—another reason why he should not be the superintendent of the Fairbrooke Orphanage. But Lois, Philip's young daughter, tells Sunday that Judith married her father for money.



Favorite Daytime Serial Actor—Karl Swenson



4. Faced with Lois' accusation of Judith, Philip Chandler tells Sunday and Lord Henry that he has signed over all his money to Lois and that he is fearful of what his wife may do when she learns that he has disinherited her. But Judith already knows.



5. Judith reveals to Sunday her scheme to get revenge on Philip. She plans to arrange for her unprincipled cousin, Rodney Warren, to marry Lois and in that way get the money that Philip Chandler has signed over to his daughter.



6. Sunday, shocked at Judith's treachery, tries to do what she can to prevent the scheme. She pleads with Dr. Norman Forrest, Lois' former fiance, to save Lois from making the terrible mistake of marrying worthless Rodney Warren.



7. Thanks to Sunday's intervention, Lois and Norman rediscover their love for each other and together feel they can overcome the threat which Judith and her cousin, Rodney, still represent to their happiness.

OUR GAL SUNDAY, produced by Frank and Anne Hummert, is heard M-F, 12:45 P.M. EST, CBS. Sponsored by Anacin. Playing their parts as you hear them on the air are:

- Sunday.....Vivian Smolen
- Lord Henry.....Karl Swenson
- Philip Chandler.....Don McLaughlin
- Judith Chandler.....Ann Loring
- Lois Chandler.....Toni Darnay
- Norman Forrest.....James Meighan
- Rodney Warren.....Richard Janaver



Johnny and



Touring the town, Johnny and Penny observed Springfield's historic sites while Springfield observed Johnny and Penny. The annual fair drew folk from all over the Illinois countryside.

FIRST sign of Spring at the Johnny Olsen domicile dates not to the tulip showing in the flower beds, but to the moment when Johnny, puttering around the house, starts to croon an aged and unpublished broken-English ditty which goes, "Ay bane Svede from Nort' Dakota, vork on the farm for about six year, then I say to Ma, 'By golly, ay skal go pa big state fair.'"

At that, they're off in a flurry of plans, eager as they were when children. Then, as country kids both, Minnesota-born Johnny schemed in terms of the Cottonwood Fair, while Penny dreamed of rearing a calf capable of taking blue ribbons at the Milwaukee fair. Now the Olsens usually contrive at least one fair engagement and when they do, they always have fun as these pictures show.

Penny appears with her husband on The Johnny Olsen Show, broadcast M-F, 12 Noon EST, ABC; sponsored by Philip Morris. Johnny's Rumpus Room is telecast M-F, 12:30 P.M. on DuMont; sponsored by Premier Foods.



Down the midway they went but no one spotted them as celebrities. Johnny swung the mallet to ring the bell, stood in line to buy pink candy—and missed all the targets!



*Favorite Daytime TV Star
Penny Olsen*

Penny go to the Fair



An item for the memory book: Johnny and Penny took a ride on the photographer's bicycle built-for-two. Right, Johnny proves he's still an expert at farm chores—as a boy, he milked the family cow by every day's early light.

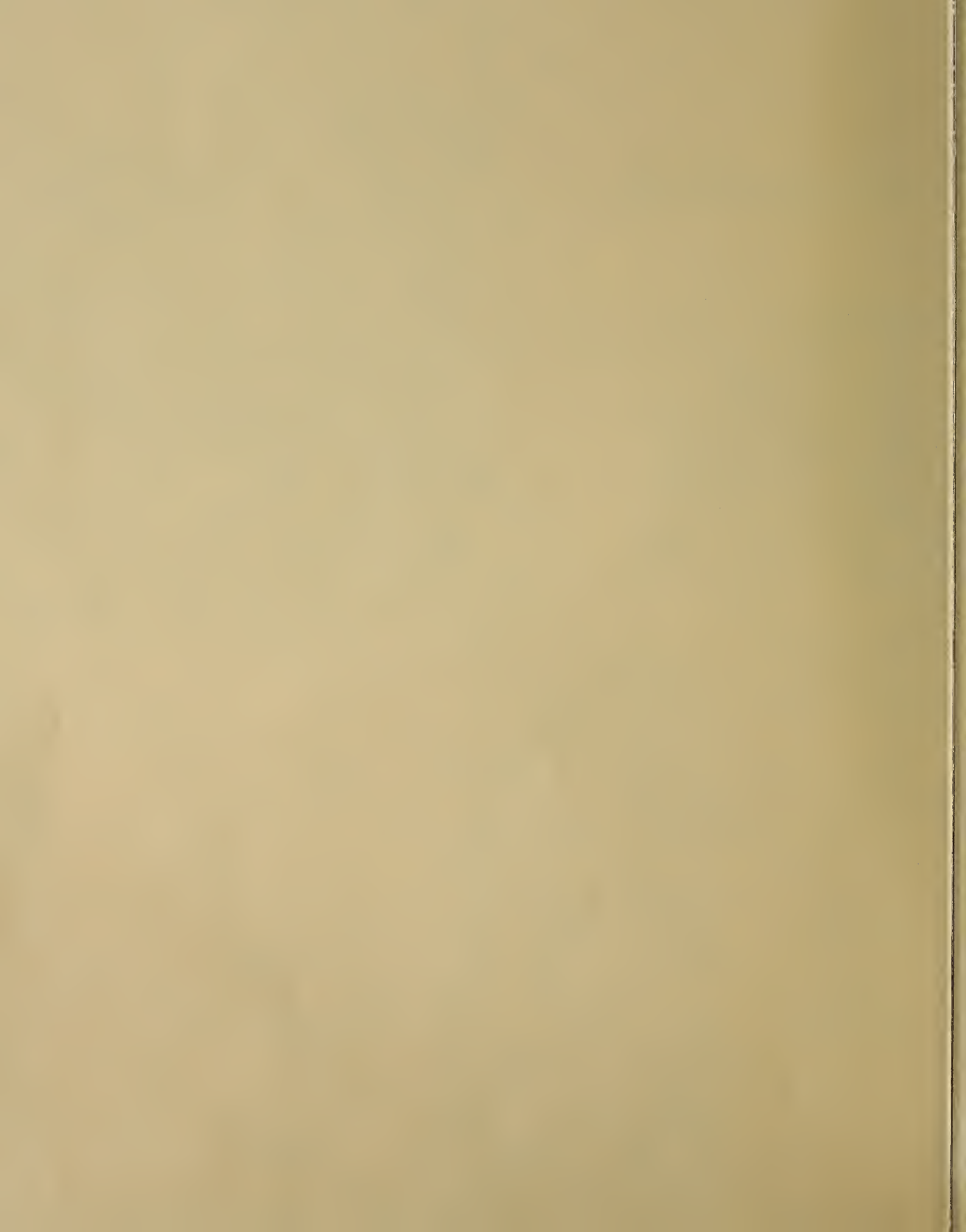


Johnny broadcast his luncheon show via Springfield's WCVS. Afterwards he and Penny toured concessions. Penny fooled the weight guesser, won a plaster pup.



Oh,
her aching
feet!







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Penny Olsen



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Oh,
her aching
feet!



Junior MIRROR



The most dangerous moment in my life

By Clyde Beatty

HARRIET and I have had a lot of thrilling things happen during the years we dealt with wild animals, and one of the most dangerous took place in Mexico City. We were giving a performance in the Plaza de Toros and it was in the middle of the grand climax of Harriet's act. When we first started working together, I wanted her to have a very spectacular act—one not performed by any other woman animal trainer. We finally thought of it—a lion and a tiger riding side by side on an elephant and ending with the two cats jumping through a flaming hoop. As you know, animals hate fire worse than anything else; it is harder to train



an act involving fire than any other. Furthermore, elephants and lions and tigers are natural enemies; it is a tremendous accomplishment to get them to work together.

We used Simba, a lion that is now dead, Primba, the tiger, and Anna Mae, the elephant, who still do the same act. We built a wooden platform that rode on Anna Mae's back at a slight incline, so that the lion and tiger had their front paws higher than their back so they could see over the top of the elephant's head. Harriet trained it and worked it herself, and it never failed to draw ooh's and aah's. But the act often provided its share of trouble.

In Mexico City, the incident which I started out to tell you about took place in our wild animal arena. The arena is a circle of steel bars much higher than a man's head, topped by a heavy rope netting which is attached to the top of the steel section of the arena and pulled taut by guy wires toward the center.

Well, the act was going fine this day with Anna Mae walking around the circle of fire with the lion and tiger on her back. Suddenly, Primba took a notion to leave. She leaped off the platform straight for the top of the steel arena and hit the net with the full force of her body. She tore a hole in it, knocked loose some of the steel bars and fell to the ground outside a bewildered, enraged animal.

Inside the cage there was even more terror. Anna Mae proceeded to shake Simba loose from her perch. In a second, she had thrown Simba to the ground and was charging headlong after the tigress. The iron bars, already loose from Primba's onslaught, were no match for one ton of badly frightened elephant.

That left Harriet inside the arena with Simba, who by now was in a state of terror equal to that of the tiger and the elephant, two enraged animals outside with nothing between them and the audience but some helpers and myself.

I went after Primba. Somebody else rounded up Anna Mae. Harriet remained in the arena, standing between Simba and the fallen bars, keeping one more animal from being turned loose. Eventually we got them all back in their cages, without a single person being hurt, but believe me, in all my years with the circus, I don't think I've ever had a worse moment.

Clyde Beatty Show, on M, W, F, 5:30 P.M. EST, MBS.



Making your own puppets

By "Big Brother" Bob Emery

MANY boys and girls of The Small Fry Club have written in to ask if they could make puppets themselves and put on their own shows at home. Well, they certainly can and it would be great entertainment to have a little theater in your cellar or bedroom and dream up stories for your friends. Puppets aren't hard to make once you know how. And I've got Peppy the Penguin, Honey the Bunny and the Panda together to show you how.

The only thing you may have to buy is ordinary modeling clay. Get about two pounds. Then take the clay and roll it into a ball the size of a baseball. Now shape the clay into a face. Scoop out holes for the eyes. Make the lips and ears separately and stick them on. Be sure to put on a neck at least three times the thickness of your finger. In the first picture, Peppy is putting on the nose. (Pic #1)

For the second step, you will need strips of newspaper about one inch wide and six inches long. When they are prepared, put some ordinary baking flour in a bowl and add cold water until it is as thin as light cream. Then, one at a time, dip a strip of paper into the flour mixture, wipe off the excess and put it on the puppet's head. Be sure to smooth the paper down and take out all the wrinkles. Cover the entire head and neck with six layers of paper just as Peppy is doing. (Pic #2)

After you let the puppet head dry for one whole day, you are ready for the final steps. Carefully, split the (Continued on page 100)



Small Fry Club is on M-F, 6 P.M. EST, on DuMont TV.

Beating the clock

Bud Collyer has a job a lot of people envy—he gets paid for being a clock-watcher!

ONE OF the few jobs of where a clock-watcher is looked upon with favor is the one Bud Collyer fills on television every Friday night. As emcee of *Beat The Clock*, it's Bud's official job to see that each pair of contestants follows the rules and performs the stunts within the specified time limits, as recorded on three clocks—one that pays off with a hundred dollars' worth of prizes a second paying two hundred dollars' worth, and the jackpot clock, that pays off with a big screen console television set for unscrambling a well-known quotation. All of which bounteous giving makes Bud just about the most popular clock-watcher in the nation.

Beat The Clock began on radio in 1949. Its producers, Mark Goodson and Bill Todman, already had several popular audience participation programs in full swing on radio and had won success in television with their *Winner Take All* (which is now *Continued on page 84*)



*An in-the-works stunt you'll see on *Beat The Clock* around the time you're reading this issue: contestant must take the balanced (hard-boiled) eggs across stage, dump both at once, unbroken, into paper cups.*



*This hatbox-balancing stunt couldn't be done in allotted time, so it wasn't used. *Beat The Clock* is on CBS-TV Sat., 7:30 P.M. EST, sponsored by Sylvania Electric Products Co.*



Bud Collyer, favorite television quizmaster

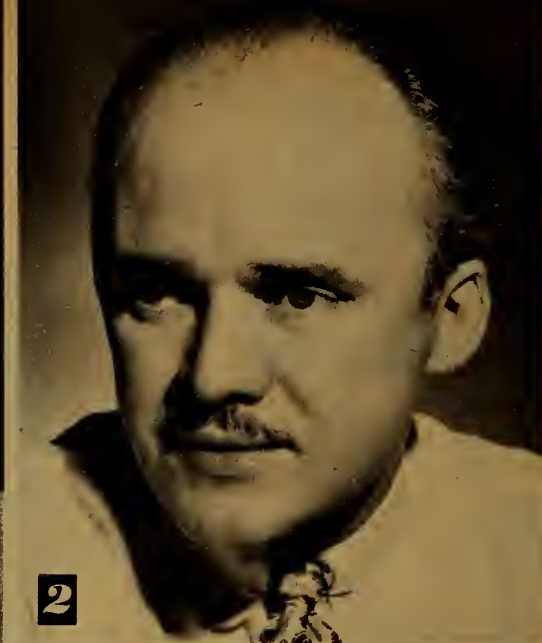


Beat The Clock stunts are tested by at least four different pairs of stand-ins and approved by a panel of eight before every show. Testing starts Tuesday, and by Thursday fifteen stunts are ready, of which seven or so will be used. At left, two CBS actors try trading hats in top picture; on the show, in the picture below, contestants do same stunt.



What speed could you make—provided that you are a man, of course—putting on a pair of trousers without the use of your hands? The CBS actor above right managed it quickly enough in “rehearsal,” so the stunt was used on next Beat The Clock. Contestant who was chosen to have a try at the stunt on the program made it in time. Stunt was called Snappy Suspenders.





1—Favorite children's radio program

No School Today—Jon Arthur

2—Favorite educational radio program

Cavalcade of America—Jack Zoller

3—Favorite TV musical director

Fred Waring



awards winners for 1950

4—Favorite TV sports announcer

Dennis James

5—Favorite radio news commentator

Ed Murrow

6—Favorite TV amateur program

Horace Heidt Show

7—Favorite radio mystery program

Dragnet—Jack Webb

8—Favorite radio cowboy actor

Gene Autry

9—Favorite nighttime radio actor

Ronald Colman

Favorite children's radio program, *No School Today*, was created by Jon Arthur, who is known to assorted small fry fans as "Big Jon." He and his invisible friend, Sparky, are on Saturday mornings, 9:00 EST, ABC.

Favorite educational radio program, *Cavalcade of America*, dramatizes achievements reflecting the opportunities offered by this country. Jack Zoller directs the changing star cast. On Tuesdays, 8 P.M. EST, NBC.

Favorite TV musical director, Fred Waring was last year's Awards winner in the favorite musical program category. His hour-long song festival featuring the Pennsylvanians is telecast on Sundays, 9 P.M. EST, CBS-TV.

Favorite TV sports announcer is Dennis James, who handles the Monday wrestling bouts and the Thursday boxing matches for DuMont. Handsome Dennis is also the emcee on *Okay, Mother*, M-F, 1 P.M. EST, DuMont.

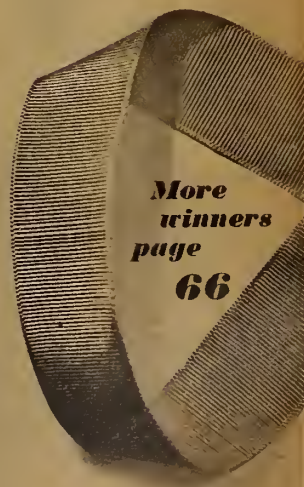
Favorite radio news commentator, Ed Murrow, keeps the nation up on its crises M-F, 7:45 P.M. EST on CBS. Ed is also editor and narrator of *Hear It Now*, a weekly news magazine of the air, Fri., 9 P.M. EST, CBS.

Favorite TV amateur program honors go to the *Horace Heidt Show*, which is telecast Mondays, 9 P.M. EST on CBS-TV. Horace and his *Youth Opportunity* winners are on radio Sundays, 9:30 P.M. EST, also CBS.

Favorite radio mystery program is *Dragnet*, which features Jack Webb as Sergeant Joe Friday, detective. It is heard Thurs., 9 P.M. EST, NBC. *Dragnet* stories are based on actual cases from the Los Angeles police files.

Favorite radio cowboy actor, Gene Autry, is home on the range Saturdays at 8 P.M. EST, CBS where he sings his particular brand of western music. Gene's TV show is telecast on Sundays, 7 P.M. EST on CBS-TV.

Favorite nighttime radio dramatic actor is Ronald Colman whose portrayal of the charming college president in *Halls of Ivy* is heard Wed., 8 P.M. EST, NBC. Ronald's wife, Benita, won corresponding feminine Award.





awards winners for 1950

1—Favorite radio orchestra leader

Guy Lombardo

Favorite radio orchestra leader honors are not new to Guy Lombardo, who won in last year's Awards poll too. Guy's music can be heard on Saturday nights at 9:30 EST, over MBS stations.

2—Favorite nighttime TV quiz program

You Bet Your Life—Groucho Marx

Favorite nighttime TV quiz show, You Bet Your Life, emceed by fleet-witted Groucho Marx, is a hilarious half-hour of questions, quips. Seen Thursdays 8:00 P.M. EST, NBC-TV stations.

3—Favorite daytime radio program (non-serial)

My True Story—Margaret Sangster

Favorite radio daytime program is My True Story, heard M-F at 10 A.M. EST, ABC. Based on real-life dramas which appeared in True Story, show is written by Margaret Sangster.

4—Favorite TV musical program

Voice of Firestone—Howard Barlow

Favorite TV musical program is the Voice of Firestone, a half-hour of light classical music with guest singing star. Howard Barlow conducts. Simulcast Mon., 8:30 P.M. EST, NBC.

THIS IS ALAN YOUNG

(Continued from page 44) is thrown.

The vibrations of the machine promptly shake out every inch of mortar lovingly installed by Householder and Minor Repair Man Young.

But the end of the scene is not yet. Mrs. Young slaps a fine lot of mortar into place (in about two hours) the next morning, and it solidifies into a permanent cement.

There is a moral to this tale: if at first you don't succeed, have your wife try again. There is also a philosophy: even if your very best efforts accord you nothing but last place in a race, cheer up. You may have won anyhow.

Winning in reverse has keynoted the history of Alan Young's phenomenal success. Naturally such an enigma should be investigated. The investigation might as well start in Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada, where Alan also started as Angus Young. (He changed his given name when he discovered that audiences, confronted by the kilted cadence of "Angus" expected him to execute a sword dance or to sing "Rrrrrroamin' In The Gloamin'.")

At six, he fell in love with a banjo. It was lying in a Vancouver second-hand shop window amid guns, tarnished silver, harness jewels and pale green stickpins, but surroundings were powerless to make it seem less than lovely to Alan. He decided to learn to play it.

HE SAVED his money—earned by running errands, returning empty soda bottles, shining shoes—until he had enough to buy a book of banjo-playing instruction. Thereafter, each afternoon after school, he hurried to the window where his treasure reposed and "practiced." By studying the manual and then studying the banjo keyboard, he put the two together mentally and began to develop what he regarded as a fair proficiency. Nobody else could hear a sound, but it rang sweetly in Alan's imaginative ear.

Came the wretched afternoon when Alan reached his window for his musical session and discovered that the banjo was gone. In its place there was only a clean banjo-outline in the dust.

One could have understood tears from a six-year-old in such an emergency, but Alan did not cry. It seemed for a few blocks that he had a cold coming on, but it wasn't a very bad cold. He told himself that the thing to remember was that he had taken banjo lessons for three months. He had learned to play half the pieces in the book. Even so, it seemed a cold day for Vancouver; the chill went through a man's mackinaw and pinched his heart.

When Alan reached home he went straight to his room . . . and found the banjo lying on his bed. The secondhand merchant had watched Alan practicing each day, had learned his identity, then telephoned Alan's mother to offer the instrument at a reasonable rate. It had taken Mrs. Young many weeks to accumulate the price, because the Youngs were in modest circumstances, but at last she managed it—as mothers will.

Experiment proved to Alan that he really had learned to play the banjo by remote control.

By the time he had reached high school



Only one soap
gives your skin this

Exciting Bouquet

And Cashmere Bouquet's gentle lather has been proved
outstandingly mild for all types of skin!

Whether your skin is oily, dry or normal—here's news you'll welcome! Tests show that Cashmere Bouquet Soap is *amazingly mild!* Used regularly, it will leave skin softer, smoother, flower-fresh and younger looking. And the *fragrance* of Cashmere Bouquet is the lingering, irresistible "fragrance men love." Love is thrillingly close to the girl who is fragrant and sweet, so use Cashmere Bouquet Soap daily. Complexion Size for face and hands, the big Bath Size in your tub or shower!

Complexion and
big Bath Sizes



Cashmere
Bouquet
Soap

—Adorns your skin with the
fragrance men love!



Love and kisses for me!

I get that new skin care

Mennen Baby Magic

...checks diaper odor...diaper rash

Who kisses me down to my dimpled toes? Who says I'm more beautiful than a big bouquet? Daddy and Mummy do! My skin's so silky and pretty since we switched to Mennen Baby Magic for after baths and at diaper time. Smells like flowers, m-n-n-n. Feels dreamy, too—there's protective "Purateen" in it! Mummy says that unbreakable Squeeze Bottle works like a whiz. She's smart. Borrows my Magic to make *her* skin lovely, too!

Try this Mennen Baby Powder treat!

Baby gets the finest, softest powder made . . . plus jolly Built-in Rattle...plus adorable Mother Goose pictures on the can! Collect a set of six—all different—wonderful nursery toys when empty.



choice of
nursery colors



MENNEN

he had decided that he was a reed instrument man. Through a series of odd circumstances he became owner of a midget B flat saxophone. However, there was no orchestration written for it, so when he played with the high school band he had to sit behind the B flat clarinet or the B flat horn and follow their music. Only a musician can appreciate what a hazard this was: like trying to sing bass one week and soprano the next. He began to grow despondent. He was not, he concluded, to be the Sousa of his generation.

And at this point, having lost—he won. He noted that the drums had no such key problems as other instruments did. Neither did the cymbals or the triangle. Mr. Young became a tympanist and spent his last three high school years making a resplendent and noisy appearance at football games and similar triumphant functions.

His breaking into show business was another example of success through the back door. He belonged to a little theatre group in Vancouver, whose members included such currently celebrated artists as Judith Evelyn, Bernard Braden, Fletcher Markle (radio producer and husband of Academy Award winner Mercedes McCambridge), and Alan's sister, Harriet Young.

ALAN was always slated to do the heavy dramatic chores for the company. He had to be the King's ghost in "Hamlet" and Sydney Carton in "Tale of Two Cities." He had to be Caesar while Mark Antony orated, and he had to materialize as Banquo at the Macbeth feast.

He was not a success. He could be, in appearance, the most awesome ghost who had ever climbed the battlements of Elsinore, but the instant he spoke, the audience began to laugh. Shakespeare's most fearful prose somehow had a comedy lilt when it emerged from the lips of the astonished Mr. Young.

A disease like that spreads. Word got around that you had never seen a funny show until you had seen Alan as Uncle Tom at Little Eva's ascent to the angels. His fellow players sympathized with Alan's sincere interest in the serious drama and his frantic attempts to make it live, but they had to recognize failure when they saw—and heard—it.

Rather than give up show business, Alan called his group's attention to a project on which he had been working for a long time: a comedy skit.

But why continue! That particular road, blasted out of failure, led from Vancouver to Ottawa, to New York, to Hollywood.

In Hollywood, Alan's record for getting there the hard way continued. He was fairly broke during his transition period from radio to television, but he managed to buy a secondhand, cream-colored convertible anyhow. Then he learned to drive. (In the midst of Los Angeles' maniacal traffic.)

He got along fine. Too fine. One of his friends, riding with Young and growing older by the instant, said to him, "Look, Bub, you're driving too fast. You're going to get a ticket that will cost you your ham and eggs for the next two weeks. How about slowing down enough to let the jets keep up with you?"

Alan said he was sorry. He hadn't realized. He slowed down to a dignified twenty-five m.p.h. at all times and in all lanes of

traffic—and a week later was hit broadside in the middle of an intersection by an impatient citizen who had failed to make a boulevard stop.

Alan's car was demolished and a vertebra was broken. He lived in a cast for six months, although he was able to walk cautiously. Even more serious than this injury, in his opinion, was the price of taxi fare from the San Fernando Valley to the radio stations in Hollywood . . . and where was he going to get it?

Two days after Alan came home from the hospital, his sister won a handsome royal blue sedan in a raffle. Ticket cost seventy-five cents. She owned a highly satisfactory car at the time, so she sold her windfall to Alan at nominal cost. He is still driving it.

Even Alan's romance with Virginia McCurdy is an example of the fact that it is possible to lose a girl entirely until she shows up at your wedding. Alan first met Gini when she was a member of a quintet billed professionally as "Four Chicks and Chuck." Her agent was Alan's agent, so they were introduced by this tweedy cupid.

Alan thought Gini was wonderful, but he was too broke to ask her for a twosome date, a fact well-known to the agent.

"There's another fellow on the scene anyhow," said the agent. "Maybe she's going to marry him. However, my wife and I thought the four of us could have fun together, and we thought we might as well go night-clubbing once or twice more before Gini goes east."

They went night-clubbing and they had fun . . . in a quiet sort of way. Gini was sweet, but preoccupied. She danced well, and confided that she loved it. Alan danced badly, and confessed that he loathed it.

Gini said she could see a movie every night in the week, and Alan said he preferred to read: if given a chance, he added, he could read a book a day for two weeks.

Gini said she had always admired dark men, and Alan recalled that the fellow he had shaved that morning was a tow-headed, grey-eyed, un-brunet type. Alan said un-huh that he guessed he, too, had always gone for Spanish coloring, and then realized that the girl he held in his arms was as blonde as Betty Grable.

According to the books, this is no way to advance a love affair.

So, of course, Gini and Alan were married in 1948, and Cameron Angus Young, Jr., arrived on November 19, 1949 as a birthday present. Not only did Cammie arrive on the proper date, but he made his bow at five-thirty in the afternoon, the exact moment of his father's somewhat earlier debut.

And even Cammie engaged to do his dad a good turn in the usual upside-down manner.

Alan had turned the second bedroom of the modest Young home into a den; he had painted the walls and installed wainscoting. He had selected his furniture personally and had whopped up a fine, masculine confusion upon all the shelves, desks, and chairs. His easels occupied a corner, his unfinished canvases another corner, and his work in progress yet another. He knew where everything was, and could lay his hand on a three-year-old letter simply by going down three layers and then straight north. It was wonderful. Then he had to leave Everyman's Dream

of Heaven to make a tour through the east. He was in Detroit when Cammie arrived in Hollywood. When Alan finished his tour and returned home, he discovered that Cammie had kicked him out. Or at least out of the den. It had become a nursery, all pink and blue and white, equipped with bassinet, bathinet, high chair, crib, rocking horse and stuffed animals.

Explained Gini gaily, "I sorted out all your letters, documents, and such, and lined them up alphabetically and according to date, then filed them in the store-room. I also lined up your canvases according to state of completion, and catalogued them."

"Woman," yelled Alan, "you've ruined me! I'll never be able to find anything again. Never!"

A few days later he was telling a friend about having been dispossessed from his den. It made a funny story, full of pathos and man's victimization by the younger generation.

The friend dried his eyes and suspended his laughter long enough to say, "I didn't know that you were an artist, at least part-time. Glad to hear it. Ever work with pastel crayons?"

Alan described his enthusiasm for pastels, which is monumental. The friend explained that, during the war, he had been stationed in France and had purchased a supply of art materials, including a valuable array of pastels. "This particular type isn't imported into this country because the cost would be too great, and even in France they would be difficult to get at this particular time. However, I really haven't any use for them,

so I'll send all of them over to you."

And so the score read as follows: Alan became a father and got kicked out of his den, whereupon, because he made a comedy of it, he fell heir to a valuable box of gorgeous chalk.

Aside from his proclivity for winning in reverse, Alan Young has a number of other interesting traits. He is a great badminton player, but he is too impatient to play golf. He is a photographic enthusiast who has just bought a sixteen millimeter camera, but whose favorite reel of film was taken with an eight millimeter. Seems that he exposed this particular reel in Dallas, securing some fine shots of a rodeo in which cowboys rode a terrifying series of white Brahma bulls. Some time later, Alan wanted to shoot some Sunday afternoon art around the swimming pool of a friend, and inadvertently re-exposed the reel. For anyone else this would have resulted in a ruined film and two lost-forever camera gems. For anyone else—but not for Alan.

Alan's reel shows a Brahma bull tossing a cowboy into a swimming pool; it shows a girl in a bathing suit sitting languidly on the saddle of a madly careening bronco; it shows a line of grinning cattlemen sitting along the top of a privet hedge, and it shows a bull departing in terror from a stately matron clad in a sun suit.

The Young man can't lose.

To prove it, there is one more handy-household-helper story which should be told. Not long ago Gini complained to Alan that there was something wrong with the television aerial.

"I'll fix it," said electronic expert Young, strapping on (*Continued on page 99*)

The following stores carry the Art-Mor denim separates and the Sportlife denim dress featured on pages 54 and 55.

Akron, Ohio	Palsky's	Indiana, Pa.	Trautman's	Reading, Pa.	Pameroy's
Baltimore, Md.		Jackson, Mich.	Field's	San Antonio	
	O'Neill's	Kansas City, Mo.	Peck's		Jaske's of Texas
Butler, Pa.	Trautman's	Lake Charles, La.		Savannah, Ga.	Levy's
Cincinnati, Ohio	Muller's		Reed's	Seattle, Northgate,	
	Rallman's	Latrabe, Pa.		Everett, Wash.	
Cleveland, Ohio		Lebanan, Pa.		The Bon Marché	
	Sterling-Lindner-Davis		The Ban Tan	Spokane, Wash.	
Columbus, Ohio		Lawell, Mass.		The Ban Marché	
	Marehause-Fashion		The Ban Marché	Springfield, Mo.	Heer's
Connellsville, Pa.		Lynchburg, Va.		St. Paul, Minn.	
	Trautman's		Guggenheimer's		The Golden Rule
Dallas, Tex.		Malden, Mass.	Jaslin's	St. Petersburg, Fla.	
	Titche-Gaettinger	Minneapolis, Minn.		Maas Brothers	
DuBais, Pa.	Trautman's		Danaldsan's	Syracuse, N. Y.	
Easton, Pa.	Laubach's	Muskegan, Mich.		Dey Brothers	
Grand Rapids, Mich.	Herpalsheimer's	Hardy-Herpalsheimer's		Tacama, Wash.	Fisher's
		New York City		Tampa, Fla.	
Great Falls, Mont.		Gertz, Jamaica		Maas Brothers	
	The Paris Ca.			Warren, Pa.	
Greensboro, N. C.		New Castle, Pa.		Metzger-Wright	
	Meyer's		The Newcastle Store	Waterloo, Iowa	Black's
Greensburg, Pa.		Patersan, N. J.	Quackenbush's	Wilkes-Barre, Pa.	
	Trautman's			Pameray's	
Harrisburg, Pa.	Pameray's	Pontiac, Mich.	Waite's	Yakima, Wash.	
		Pottsville, Pa.	Pomeray's	Barnes-Waodin	

For further information write direct to Allied, 401 Fifth Ave., N. Y., N. Y.



awards winners for 1950

1. As inevitable as the Awards itself is the fact that Arthur Godfrey is bound to win in more than one category. 1950's votes give Arthur Favorite TV Nighttime Star honors. His "Friends" show on Wed., 8 P.M. EST. CBS-TV, wins as Best TV Program On The Air with its radio version, on M-F, 10 A.M. EST, CBS, winning as Favorite Variety and Best Program On The Air. **2.** Favorite TV Comedian votes go to Alan Young, who can be seen on Thurs., 9 P.M. EST, CBS-TV. **3.** Everybody's favorite schoolmar'm is also everybody's favorite radio comedienne—Eve Arden, heard as Our Miss Brooks, Sun., 6:30 P.M. EST, CBS. **4.** Robert Montgomery takes an Award as the Favorite TV Dramatic Actor. He's seen in his own production, Your Lucky Strike Theatre, on alternate Mondays, 9:30 P.M. EST, NBC-TV. **5.** Known to an admiring audience as the wise and gentle Mama, Peggy Wood wins the Award as Favorite TV Dramatic Actress. She stars in Mama, on Fri., 8 P.M., EST, CBS-TV. **6.** Favorite TV Master of Ceremonies, Ed Sullivan who hosts Toast of the Town, Sun., 3 P.M. EST, CBS-TV, has written an article about the Awards which you'll find on p. 27. **7.** Favorite Nighttime Radio Dramatic Actress honors go to Benita Hume, who plays the college president's wife opposite her real-life husband, Ronald Colman, in Halls of Ivy, Wed., 8 P.M. EST, NBC. **8.** Favorite TV Male Singer, Perry Como, is seen on his own show, M.W.F., 7:45 P.M. EST, CBS-TV.

Favorite TV homemaking expert, Betty Crocker, has a unique approach to the kitchen arts. Each day on her program, Betty dramatizes an individual's cooking problem, amply demonstrating ways to achieve best recipe results. Betty Crocker Show: on 3:30 P.M. EST, CBS-TV.

Favorite TV western program honors go to the Lone Ranger, who's been riding across the plains to the tune of the William Tell Overture for a year and a half on TV. The Lone Ranger, his horse Silver and friend Tonto, can be seen Thursdays, 7:30 P.M. EST, ABC-TV.



Favorite religious programs, The Greatest Story Ever Told, presents the messages of Jesus in everyday terms. Publicity about this program is discouraged because the sponsors do not want Christ's teachings of brotherhood to be lessened by commercial exploitation. "Working on the program is something like going to church," one actor was heard to say. Cast members stay anonymous so that there is no identification of the Biblical character with any other part which the actor may play on the air. Spokesmen of all faiths have acclaimed this program. The Greatest Story Ever Told is written and directed by Henry Denker. It is heard Sundays at 5:30 P.M. EST on ABC stations.

She's Engaged!

A Christmas engagement for pretty Grace Rodgers and Edward S. Hill, Jr.! She is a senior at Finch Junior College, New York. It will be a June wedding—Grace an *adorable* bride!

She's Lovely!

Grace Rodgers' happy face gives out her charming Inner Self. Her blue eyes smile delightfully—her complexion looks spring-soft. Her face shows you right away what a *refreshing person* Grace is!

She uses Pond's!

**“When you look your best –
you can forget about yourself,”**

Grace says



Grace's Ring—
twin solitaires with
six smaller diamonds
in a platinum band

What a wonderful feeling of self-confidence you get when you *know* you *look* attractive!

Grace thinks every girl's first beauty rule is clean, soft skin. "I wouldn't think of skipping my nightly Pond's face care—*ever*," she says. "It gives my skin *extra good* cleansing. And, since it's *cream cleansing*, it can't be drying."

Every night (day cleansings, too) care for your face with Pond's Cold Cream, *this way*:

Hot Stimulation—give face a quick hot water splash.

Cream Cleanse—swirl Pond's Cold Cream over face and throat to soften dirt and make-up, sweep them from pore openings. Tissue off.

Cream Rinse—more Pond's now, to rinse off last traces of dirt, leave skin *immaculate*. Tissue off.

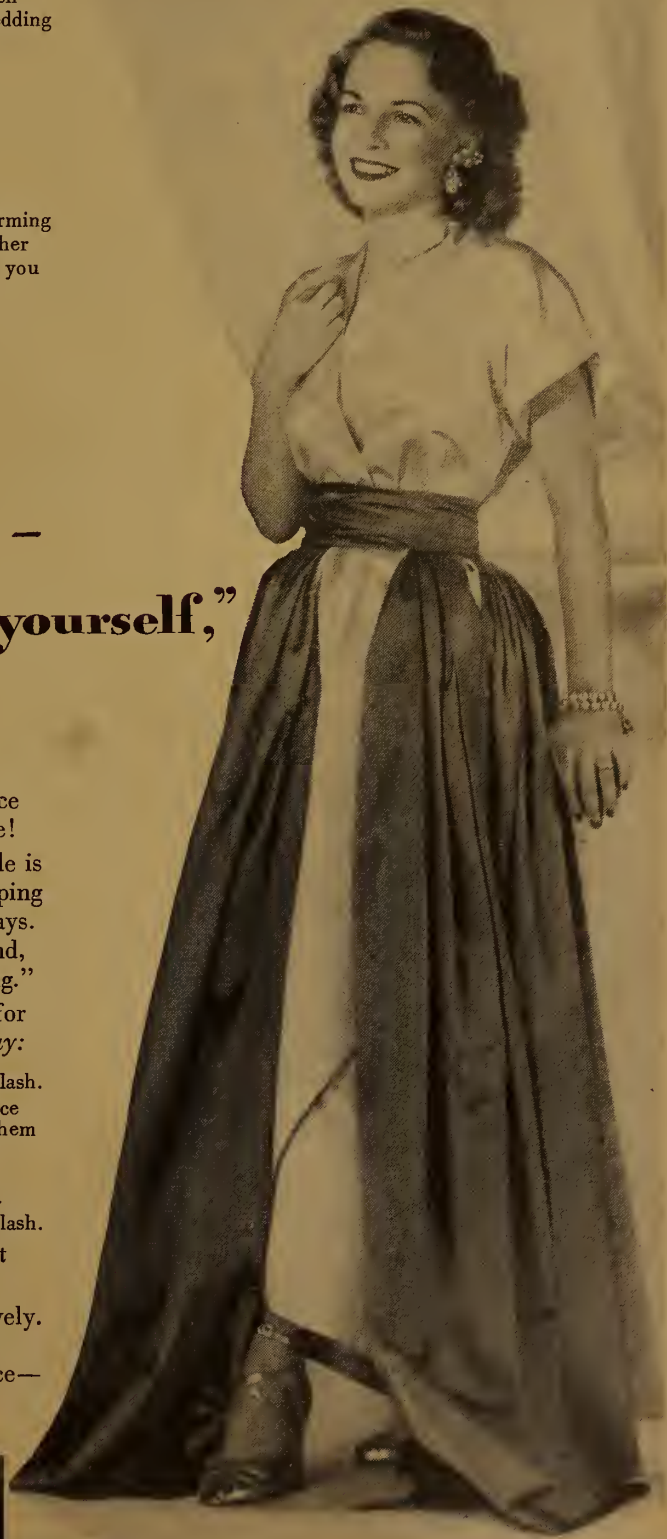
Cold Stimulation—give face a tonic cold water splash.

Now—just see your *prettier* self . . . that *sparkling* clean, *soft* look your skin has!

It's not vanity to help your face look lovely. *Look* your best, and the You within sends a bright confidence glowing from your face—draws friends to you *on sight*!



Start now to help your face show a lovelier You!



GRACE RODGERS—she has a complexion soft and delicate as sweetheart roses. "I always use Pond's Cold Cream," she says.

MY OWN STORY

(Continued from page 46) to learn that the priest's name was Father Mulcahy. Mother told him that was her maiden name, and she had a brother John Mulcahy she hadn't seen in years. The priest checked and found Mother's brother was in Tilbery, Ireland, as a priest. Mother wrote him right away.

Now, my father—in my first recollection of him, he was standing in front of a gas jet at a parish social singing and telling jokes. I was about five at the time, and thought it was the most wonderful performance in the world. Soon I took up singing, but with Dad's editing from the wings I was never allowed to tell jokes. (My father didn't appreciate anyone telling jokes that made fun of any particular race or color. I still feel he's right.)

FATHER John Mulcahy came to Connecticut to see his sister, took a fancy to me and took me to England to be educated. We traveled on the Franconia. At the ship's concert in October, 1912, I started telling jokes—and I've been at it ever since.

Uncle John was the chaplain in Hampton Court, where Queen Mary of the Scots was beheaded. I stayed in England and finished school, then returned to the United States to study for the priesthood at St. Thomas Seminary. I was quite young, having finished high school at fifteen. Soon after, I decided against the priesthood and wanted to enter Notre Dame.

I wrote to Father Cavanaugh and eagerly asked to be admitted. He sent for me, gave me a job working out my tuition in the chemistry laboratory under Father Nieuwland. I didn't know who he was—I only knew he walked around smelling of unattractive chemistry smells. He happens to be one of the men instrumental in the discovery of synthetic rubber—no wonder!

At this time the name of Knute Rockne was unfamiliar to me, too. I was living in a room for which I paid three dollars and twenty-five cents a week. I wanted a better place to live, so I walked up and down till I found a house I liked, and rang the bell. When a woman answered the door I used an old dodge. "Do the Robinsons live here? I hear you have a room for a student."

She smiled and asked, "Do you go to the University?" I told her I did. She said, "Maybe you know my husband Knute Rockne. He's in the chemistry department. Come back at six and you can meet him and we'll talk it over." That night at six I met Knute Rockne, and from that time until his death we were great friends.

Father Cavanaugh took me to task regarding my marks in my sophomore year. He told me people were imposing on me—I was like Tommy Tucker who was always being asked to sing for his supper. He said, "You're working for five dollars a night and your marks are suffering. From now on I will be your booking agent. Hereafter you are to get twenty-five dollars for working in South Bend."

Rock was responsible for many of my jobs at parties. In the evolution of Rockne as a celebrity he became a wonderful after-dinner speaker. He would speak, and then work me in for jokes in the closing spot.

In 1920 Notre Dame was at the height

of its football hysteria. All the class officers were football players or athletes of some kind. On February twenty-second, we had the traditional exercises for Washington's birthday. The night before, walking across campus, I met the class president. He asked me how my poem on Washington was coming.

I said, "What poem?" I didn't know what he was talking about.

He said, "Oh, didn't you know . . . in December we elected you class poet. You're to write a poem for tomorrow's exercises." I hastily thanked him for giving me at least a few hours' notice, hurried home and wrote the poem with the help of friends and a bottle of red wine.

I believed it flawless, that poem—best thing I'd ever turned out. The next day the school paper, *The Scholastic*, wrote, "The subject of O'Keefe's poem was not very revolutionary, but it was delivered with his customary verve."

After college, I went to work for the South Bend *Times News*, as advertising manager, when I was twenty-one. The Fort Wayne *Sentinel* heard about me and spoke to a fellow from Notre Dame who worked there. He was older, but the editor thought I was the same age as he, and sent for Mr. O'Keefe to come to Fort Wayne at considerably more money.

I inquired about the size of the staff. The editor said there were five, no, four men—four men and a boy. I asked how old the boy was, and he answered, "Twenty-three." I took the group in with a straight face—and took the job, too.

In August of 1923 I was in New London, Connecticut, on my vacation. The people I was visiting wanted to drive to New York, and I volunteered to drive because—I said—I knew the way. It was an open car, and I drove leaning out. I felt sort of fuzzy and when I left my friends at seven I really didn't feel good. At breakfast in the Taft Hotel I dropped my first cup of coffee. The waiter brought me another, and I dropped that, too. I knew something was wrong. Very soon I began having chills and fever. I went to a hospital—which will be unnamed, because they fumbled the ball. They discharged me in two weeks.

For another two weeks, after I got out of the hospital, I kept falling down. Finally I went to an osteopath who, after examining me, told me, "This may shock you, but you have infantile paralysis." I shot up off the pillow so fast I knocked his glasses off. I didn't like the sound of that word "infantile." It was something associated with children! I was on my back for ten months. Gradually I progressed from a wheel chair to crutches to cane.

ABOUT this time I decided to try the stage as a means of earning a living. My mother had died the year before, so there was no one left to object to "a college boy going on the stage."

Years before—when I was twelve, as a matter of fact—I'd been sent to visit some relatives in Worcester, Massachusetts. There, away from parental censorship, I'd entered an amateur contest at a local theater. I told jokes and sang "It's a Long Way to Tipperary," and it was pretty bad

—but I won first prize. The local papers made note of that fact.

Now, having decided on a stage career, I remembered this press notice. Armed with it, and my cane, I went to see the manager of the Little Theatre. I don't know which of us was more surprised, but he gave me a job. Very shortly I opened in New York. It rained that night. People were late coming in—or they stayed home.

It was around this time I tried my hand at song writing, too. My music can only be likened to the music of Harry Lauder and Ed Wynn—horrible. My first effort—while I was lying in bed, with a ukulele to pick out the tune on—was called "Et Cetera." (Years later in Hollywood Ina Claire and Leo McCarey wanted to buy it for a moving picture. Bobby Dolan, the composer of the music for "Texas Li'l Darling" and "Messer Marco Polo" was my collaborator and roommate at that time. Bobby wrote the music, but when we tried to play the song we found we had lost one bar someplace. If a chorus tried to dance to the music they'd have wound up with one foot in the air!)

SOMEHOW, in spite of my first flop, I managed to make my way in vaudeville, and after that in night clubs. I didn't like working in clubs, though, and I heard that fortunes were to be made in the Florida land boom. Besides, the doctors had said that exposure to Florida sun would do my leg good. J. P. McEvoy, the author, was a South Bend alumnus and a Notre Dame man. He invited me to dinner with Ben Hecht. Ben had a three-day growth of beard, a pipe, and an idea for Miami land development which we sold for five thousand dollars a week. We took the promoter's money, his Rolls-Royce, and cruiser . . . which we convinced him we needed. In seven weeks we were all broke.

Back I went to New York . . . with a straw suitcase, a song, eighty-five cents, and a lot of nerve. I took forty cents to have a picture of myself taken, and sent it to Texas Guinan with this note on the back: "You may get the services of the guy on the other side while he is still inexpensive. Get in on the ground floor. Get him at a decent salary." She got me out of bed at six to tell me to come on over.

From clubs and vaudeville, it wasn't too big a step to radio. Nighttime shows first until, one time when Don McNeill was ill, I filled in on Breakfast Club. That opened my eyes to the importance of daytime radio, not only to listeners, but to O'Keefe. More fun, fewer headaches—that was for me. The whole atmosphere of daytime radio is more relaxed, less ulcer-making and your audience is more faithful.

The daily Double Or Nothing Show takes up most of my time. I still write songs once in a while. And I've got a pair of swell sons, Michael and Tony, to take up my weekends. We go fishing, go to football games—especially Notre Dame's.

One way or another, since the time this story starts, I've piled up quite a few years and more good memories. Good times, good friends.

But then I'm only getting started—on my second half-century, that is. There are plenty more ahead, too—I'm sure of that!

ANOTHER HILLTOP HOUSE

(Continued from page 35) character." Old family pieces are scattered throughout the house. Filling in the gaps of authentic Early American antiques are reproductions made especially for Hilltop House by the Pilgrim Pine Furniture Company . . . of which her oldest brother is a founder. By way of making it even more "her very own," some of the pine lumber used in the furniture came right off Hilltop House's acreage.

It's with pardonable pride that Jan brags about her twenty-seven by seventeen foot living room, its out-sized fireplace (complete with Dutch oven), gayly flowered slip covers, and scenic wall-paper . . . all of which symbolizes the easy and graceful mode of living of a past era.

Having been badly bitten by the country bug, Jan is also the proud possessor of the Morrow Farm "down the road a piece" from Hilltop House. The sixty-five acre farm was named after Jan's favorite uncle who was her mentor and partner up to the time of his death two years ago.

The farm consists of a seven-room house, barn, chicken house for four hundred New Hampshire Reds and White Rocks, and a guest house which Jan plans to turn into a studio or hobby-house. The original cow path leads to a twenty-foot frontage on Lake Winnepesaukee where Jan will some day build a log cabin . . . in the interest of bigger and better beach parties. Personal friends, and natives of Meredith live on and work the farm, which, Jan proudly announces, is now completely self-supporting. The farm's fame has even filtered into New York City, where Jan has just taken her first order for eggs . . . thirty dozen a week to the Whelan Drug Store just around the corner from the CBS Studio. With fingers crossed, our gentleman farmer hopes she has not over-estimated the abilities of her hens.

BEING a sentimentalist, Jan has named just about everything connected with the farm after either her radio and television sponsors or her favorite roles. Her pet pig is "Annie" of Crime Photographer; her three cows "Bab-O," "Bristol," and "Myers"; and her jittery tractor "Mrs. Jacks" after her well-known character in the Radio City Playhouse presentation of Long Distance.

"Just to complete the picture, the surrounding countryside is filled with Miners . . . Jan's mother and father own Blueberry Hill Farm a few miles away, her youngest brother and family make their home on their parents' farm, while her oldest brother and his family live right next door.

When does she get to see and make use of her country homes? "By no means often enough," Jan bemoans. "It's a two-hour plane trip to Laconia, New Hampshire, and then a half-hour drive to Meredith. During the winter frequently cancelled plane service keeps me rooted to the city on week-ends. But come spring, just watch my dust . . . every free week-end will find me wending my way to my Hilltop House haven!"

For clothes that look cleaner... smell cleaner... are cleaner... nothing succeeds like

FELS-NAPTHA soap

FELSO, the All-Purpose White Detergent is also made by FELS & CO.

FELS-NAPTHA SOAP CHIPS

THE GOLDEN CHIPS WITH THE CLEAR NAPTHA ODOUR

FELS-NAPTHA

MADE IN PHILA. BY FELS & CO.

Kissable?
mmm...
Irresistible!

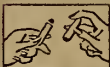
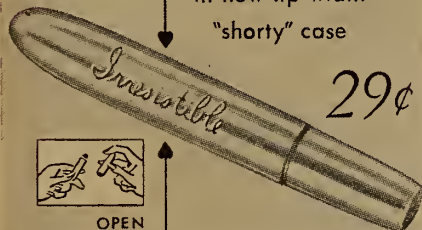


Irresistible

CLOSED
it's
purse size

LIPSTICK

in new lip-width
"shorty" case



OPEN
it's a full
size lipstick



PLACE THE CAP
on the base
and presto, it's
the long
length size

Go ahead and try it... just for
the beauty of it... just for
softer, smoother, more excit-
ing lips. WHIP-TEXT to stay on
longer... and perfumed with
Irresistible fragrance.

All the advantages of a pencil
plus extra strength in the lip-
width "shorty."

Fresh...fragrant...smooth all over
with



DIER-KISS
IDEAL KISS!
TALCUM

Keeps you
cool, dainty in hottest
weather. Smooths as
it soothes...and
prevents chafing.

with the fragrance that whispers
"Kiss me, dear"

FUN of the MONTH

THE FANNY BRICE-BABY SNOOKS SHOW

Daddy: Women's shoes! The less they give you the more they cost. And every year it gets worse. First no toes, then no backs, then no sides—if it keeps up, you know what they'll probably be selling you next year? Two bunion pads with ankle straps!

The Fanny Brice-Baby Snooks Show: Tuesdays at 8:30 P.M. EST, on NBC.

BURNS AND ALLEN SHOW

"The oven has been on all day," said Gracie to the salesman. "What are you cooking?" "Nothing. I leave it on so the gas company won't know we eat out a lot."

Burns and Allen Show heard Thursdays at 8:00 P.M. EST, on CBS-TV.

STRIKE IT RICH

Warren Hull asked a doctor appearing on the program if, in his opinion, newborn babies can think.

"I suppose so," said the doctor. "Otherwise, why do they yell the moment they see what kind of a world they're in?"

Strike It Rich: M-F, 4:00 P.M. EST, CBS.

THE ALDRICH FAMILY

Henry: Have you ever noticed the way the whole human race hungers after a certain something that's more or less sort of... I don't know... you know what I mean?

Mary: Of course, Henry. And I'll tell Mother you want to eat early.

The Aldrich Family heard Thursday evenings at 8:00 EST, on NBC.

SONGS FOR SALE

Jan Murray: Tell me, Mr. Arnheim, are the girls today as attractive as the girls fifty years ago?

Contestant: Yes, provided they're not the same girls.

Songs for Sale: Fri., 8:00 P.M. EST, CBS.

KEN MURRAY SHOW

Ken Murray: My physical culture course is doing wonders. Every week my moilmon brings me heavier weights.

Lex Barker: You mean they are developing your muscles?

Ken Murray: No, but you ought to see the moilmon's.

Ken Murray Show: Sat., 8 P.M. EST, CBS-TV.

OUR MISS BROOKS

Conklin: Miss Enright said she considered you one of her oldest friends.

Brooks: She did?

Conklin: Yes, and then she said she likes you as well as some of her younger friends.

Our Miss Brooks heard Sundays at 6:30 P.M. EST, on CBS network stations.

THE \$64 QUESTION

"I once asked a contestant his occupation," said emcee Jack Paar. "He said he was a lion tamer. I asked him if he ever put his head in the lion's mouth, and he replied, 'Only to look for Dad!'"

\$64 Question: Sun., 10:00 P.M. EST, NBC.

NEWS CARAVAN

John Cameron Swayze, news commentator and best-dressed man in TV according to polls, tried a new tailor. As he tried on a suit the tailor remarked, "That suit fits you like the paper on the wall."

"Maybe," quipped Swayze, "but I've never seen a wall bend over."

News Caravan seen Monday-Friday, 7:45 P.M. EST, on NBC-TV Stations.

GRAND OLE OPRY

Rod Brasfield says that when a girl starts reducing she's usually going out of her weigh to please a man!

Grand Ole Opry heard Saturday evenings at 10:30 EST, on NBC stations.

ABE BURROWS' POEM OF THE MONTH

OUR BIRD BATH

By Abe Burrows, Bird Lover and Naturalist



There's a bird bath in our garden,
And every single day,
Lots of little birdies,
Come to splash and play.

We feed them bird seed from our hands
They're not shy nor suspicious,
And when they're grown we take them in,
They really are delicious.

Abe Burrows appears on This Is Show Business, Sun., 7:30 P.M. EST, CBS-TV; We Take Your Word, on radio, Fri., 10 P.M. EST, CBS, on TV Fri., 10:30 P.M. EST, CBS; Hear It Now, Fri., 9 P.M. EST, CBS.

Program Highlights in Television Viewing

APRIL 11th — MAY 10th • NEW YORK CITY and SUBURBS

Sunday

Time	Channel	PROGRAM
5:00 P.M.	7	Super Circus Animals and aerialists, thrills galore with ringmaster Claude Kirchner, pretty Mary Hartline, Nicky, Cliffy and pint-sized clown, Scampy played by ten-year-old Bardie Patton.
6:00 P.M.	4	Hopalong Cassidy The fearless range rider in westerns filmed for TV. Bill Boyd, born in Ohio, acquired his western drawl as a schoolboy in Oklahoma.
7:00 P.M.	2	Gene Autry Action-packed films with the singing, slugging cowboy who actually was born to the saddle in Tioga, Texas, at his father's ranch.
7:00 P.M.	4	Leave It to the Girls Sharp-witted experts Robin Chandler, Harriet Van Horne, Eloise McElhone and guests, uncover the covert warfare between the sexes with Maggi McNellis as moderator.
7:00 P.M.	7	Paul Whiteman Revue "Pops" emcees a lavish musical with guest stars and handsome baritone, Earl Wrightson, whose career began as air NBC page boy.
7:30 P.M.	2	This is Show Business Footlight performances and backstage wit offered by dramatist George S. Kaufman, comedian Abe Burrows with guest entertainers and experts. Clifton Fadiman is moderator.
7:30 P.M.	4	The Aldrich Family Family problems translated into comedy. Dick Tyler as befuddled Henry; Jack Kelk, Homer; House Jameson and Lois Wilson, parents.



DOROTHY KILGALLEN — Columnist and radio-TV star, naturally gravitated toward a news career. Married to producer Dick Kollmar, they have two children and their own program (MBS, 8:15 A.M. EST). Dorothy panels on TV's *Leave It To The Girls* and *What's My Line?*



CONRAD NAGEL — TV actor-director, is well known to moviegoers of 20 years ago. Iowa-bred, he played in summer stock, B'way and is now in demand for TV and radio acting roles as well as emceeing on *Celebrity Time*, televised every Sunday at 10 P.M. EST, on CBS-TV.

7:30 P.M.	7	Showtime, U. S. A. Top entertainment from stage and screen presented by Vinton Freedley, discoverer of Bert Lahr, Ginger Rogers, Ethel Merman.
8:00 P.M.	2	Toast of the Town Headliners and newcamers in show business guest an Ed Sullivan's revue along with the "Taastettes" and Ray Bloch's orchestra.
8:00 P.M.	4	Comedy Hour Clawns Martin and Lewis, pop-eyed comic Eddie Cantor among the merrymakers rotating on this hour. Apr. 22, Cantor; Apr. 29, Martin and Lewis. Others to be announced.
9:00 P.M.	2	Fred Waring Hour The special musical variety of the Pennsylvanians featuring maestra Fred, vocalists Jane Wilson, Jaanne Wheatley, Gordon Goodman, Joe Marine and the Glee Club.
9:00 P.M.	4	Philco Playhouse A dramatic shawpiece, superbly cast and directed by Gordan Duff, a thirty-eight-year-old Scotsman, raised and educated in Boston.
10:00 P.M.	2	Celebrity Time Yale football coach, Herman Hickman, and vocalist, Kyle MacDonnell, team up with guests in a novel quiz. Conrad Nagel is moderator.
10:00 P.M.	4	Garroway at Large Camera witchery with host Dave Garroway and cast. Vocalists: pert Bette Chapel, lovely Connie Russell and baritone, Jack Haskell.
10:30 P.M.	2	What's My Line? John Daly moderates this guess-your-occupation show. Panel: Arlene Francis, Louis Untermeyer, poet, Dorothy Kilgallen, columnist, and Hal Block, Ken Murray's writer.

Monday

Time	Channel	PROGRAM
1:30 P.M.	2	Garry Moore Show Garry is host to guest stars and regulars Denise Lor, Ken Carson.
2:30 P.M.	2	The First Hundred Years . . . the hardest, especially in marriage. Principals are Jimmy Lydon and Olive Stacey as the newlyweds.
3:30 P.M.	4	Bert Parks Show Comedy and musical sketches starring Bert Parks, vocalist-comedienne Betty Ann Grove, and orchestra leader, Bobby Sherwood.
4:00 P.M.	4	Kate Smith Hour The songbird heads a jam-pocked hour of variety assisted by her long time associate, Ted Collins.
5:30 P.M.	4	Howdy Doody Show Bob Smith with his winsome marionettes. Howdy, in top billing, was originally called "Elmer" until his little TV fans renamed him.
7:00 P.M.	4	Kukla, Fran and Ollie Fran Allison and Burr Tillstrom's Kuklopolitons, endeared to children and adults, live in a world more human than fanciful.
7:15 P.M.	7	Faye Emerson Show The vivacious, Louisiana-born Queen of TV interviews guests from all walks of life.



RICHARD HAYES—At twenty-one this Brooklyn boy is fast becoming a top singing star, appearing M&W at 11 P.M. EST on Broadway Open House, his own show on DuMont and on Songs For Sale-TV. He recently married actress Peggy Ann Gerner.

7:30 P.M.	2	Perry Como Imperturbable Perry, whom Crosby once called "the greatest," sings hit songs.
7:30 P.M.	4	Mohawk Showroom Roberta Quinlan, who got her first break with Will Osborn is piano-playing hostess.
8:00 P.M.	2	Lux TV Theatre Outstanding Hollywood and Broadway actors in exciting dramas of romance and adventure.
8:30 P.M.	2	Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts Newcomers compete for a chance at appearing on Arthur's daytime show.
9:00 P.M.	2	Horace Heidt's Youth Opportunity Program By traveling all over the country, Heidt uncovers a vast store of eager, youthful talent.
9:00 P.M.	4	Lights Out Strange tales narrated by funereal-voiced Frank Gallup, once Berle's straight man.
9:30 P.M.	2	The Goldbergs Molly, Gertrude Berg, has a collection of 500 operas, wears a different one on each show.
9:30 P.M.	4	Robert Montgomery Presents Best known for his screen work, Robert Montgomery combines his talents to present drama—alternating with— Musical Comedy Time TV adaptations of his Broadway musicals.
10:00 P.M.	2	Studio One One of TV's best dramatic productions. Directed alternate weeks by Lelo Swift.

Tuesday



GARRY MOORE—Crewcut comedian and former radio partner of Jimmy Durante, is now seen on his own show M-F, at 2:30 P.M. EST, CBS-TV. Born Thomas Garrison Morfit in Baltimore, Maryland, he took an early interest in writing and acting—and once collaborated on a play with F. Scott Fitzgerald.

Time	Channel	PROGRAM
1:30 P.M.	2	Garry Moore Show
2:30 P.M.	2	The First Hundred Years
4:00 P.M.	4	Kate Smith Hour
5:30 P.M.	4	Howdy Doody Show
7:00 P.M.	4	Kukla, Fran and Ollie
8:00 P.M.	2	Family Playhouse Donald Davis, writer-producer-director of radio, motion pictures and theatre, directs distinguished plays cast with celebrated actors. Biweekly: Apr. 10 & 24, May 8.
8:00 P.M.	4	Texaco Star Theater Milton Berle, who began his career as the "chee-ild" in Pearl White movies, sparks a variety show with his inimitable enthusiasm.
9:00 P.M.	2	Vaughn Monroe Show The singing orchestra leader, who flies his own plane, pilots a sparkling show with Shaye Cogon, Ada Lynne, Ziggy Talent.
9:00 P.M.	4	Fireside Theater Popular series filmed in Hollywood especially for TV with original plays performed as well as adaptations of famous short stories.
9:00 P.M.	5	Cavalcade of Bands Buddy Rogers, famed acting star and husband of Mary Pickford, is your host each week with a different name band and top-flight variety.
9:00 P.M.	7	Billy Rose Show Human interest drama, based on anecdotes and short stories, directed by Don Petrie and produced by Broadway veteran, Jed Harris.
9:30 P.M.	2	Suspense The Peabody Award winning, spine-tingling series, directed and produced by Robert Stevens.
9:30 P.M.	4	Circle Theatre Handsome Nelson Case, son of a California publisher, is your host to romance and comedy with screen favorites in leading roles.
10:00 P.M.	4	Original Amateur Hour Ted Mack, a successful saxophonist in the company of Glenn Miller and Motty Malneck, gives amateurs a boost to stardom.



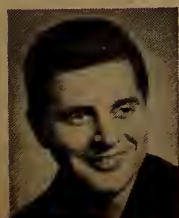
JOE MARINE—ballad singer with Fred Waring (CBS-TV, Sun., 9 P.M. EST, and heard in N. Y. on WMGM on Sat.) juggled football practicing and singing lessons while at high school in N. Y. In World War II he served as an infantryman in the Battle of the Bulge. He's married to a dental technician.

Wednesday



TED HUSING—whose voice is known to millions is at last facing his public on television announcing boxing matches and other sports events. His first love was flying but in 1924 he turned to radio and sportscasting. Today he also twirls discs nightly on WMGM in N. Y. His own favorite sports are tennis, golf, handball.

Time	Channel	PROGRAM
1:30 P.M.	2	Garry Moore Show
3:30 P.M.	4	Bert Parks Show
4:00 P.M.	4	Kate Smith Hour
5:30 P.M.	4	Howdy Doody Show
7:00 P.M.	4	Kukla, Fran and Ollie
7:15 P.M.	7	Faye Emerson Show
7:30 P.M.	2	Perry Como
7:30 P.M.	4	Mohawk Showroom
8:00 P.M.	2	Arthur Godfrey and His Friends Arthur, if he isn't taking a refresher with navy pilots or on a jaunt to Europe, heads the parade with Janette Davis, Momikai, the Chordettes, Mariners and Archie Bleyer.
8:00 P.M.	4	Four Star Revue Four of America's favorite comics with lively dance, music and laughs. In turn, Jack Carson, Apr. 11 & May 9; Jimmy Durante, Apr. 18; Danny Thomas, Apr. 25; Ed Wynn, May 2.
9:00 P.M.	2	Maugham Theatre Romantic love stories from the works of W. Somerset Maugham and other fine fiction writers. Director-producer is Martin Ritt.
9:00 P.M.	4	Kraft Theater Superbly produced and cast. Distinguished plays, movies or novels are presented weekly.
9:00 P.M.	7	Don McNeill TV Club The McNeill gang, chipper and refreshing, featuring handsome Johnny Desmond, star of his own radio show, songstress Patsy Lee, Aunt Fanny, Sam Cowling and many others.
10:00 P.M.	2	International Boxing Club Russ Hodges reports first-rate boxing from Chicago, Detroit, St. Louis and New York City.
10:00 P.M.	4	Break the Bank Bert "Mr. Energy" Parks, asks ten questions worth ten to five hundred dollars with an extra chance to break the huge cash bank.



JOHNNY DESMOND — Former G.I. crooner was a sensation in Paris after the last war, and is currently entertaining listeners to Don McNeill's Breakfast Club (M-F, 9 A.M. EST, ABC) and the McNeill TV Club (Wed., 9 P.M. EST, ABC) Johnny was born Giovanni Alfredo De Simone, in Detroit, in 1921.

Thursday

Time	Channel	PROGRAM
1:30 P.M.	2	Garry Moore Show
2:30 P.M.	2	The First Hundred Years
4:00 P.M.	4	Kate Smith Hour
5:30 P.M.	4	Howdy Doody Show
6:45 P.M.	2	Lilli Palmer Show The captivating actress, in private life Rex Harrison's wife, brings charm and intelligence to her interview of notables.
7:00 P.M.	4	Kukla, Fran and Ollie
7:30 P.M.	7	The Lone Ranger The ever masked, mysterious executor of justice in exciting westerns filmed for TV.
8:00 P.M.	4	Groucho Marx, You Bet Your Life Courageous contestants exchange repartee with uninhibited Groucho and can win over four-hundred dollars.
8:00 P.M.	7	Stop the Music The "Mystery Melody," worth \$14,000 to \$22,000 stumps nearly everyone, but the skits and songs of Bert Parks, Betty Ann Grove, Marion Morgan and Jimmy Blaine make for great entertainment.
8:30 P.M.	2	Burns and Allen Show One of the happiest married couples in show business celebrate with laughs biweekly: Apr. 19 & May 10 —alternating with— The Show Goes On Breezy Robert Q. Lewis, who broke into radio as a boy soprano, helps entertainment buyers audition talent. Biweekly: Apr. 12 & 26.



LILLI PALMER—Daughter of a famed German surgeon, wife of British actor Rex Harrison, is a scintillating TV, stage and movie star in her own right. Her Thurs. show (CBS 6:45 P.M. EST) has won critical acclaim. Lilli's chief interests are her husband, son Carey, acting and painting.

9:00 P.M.	2	Alan Young Show Refreshing comedy for the entire family featuring the hamey humor of Alan, who plays equally well drums, saxophone, and bagpipes.
9:00 P.M.	4	Ford Star Revue James Melton is star and emcee of a full-hour musical variety with soft-singing Mindy Carson, big-name guests and Carl Hoff's band.
9:00 P.M.	5	Ellery Queen A lovely woman, a baffling mystery and one or more corpses make up suspenseful episodes solved by Ellery, played by Lee Bawman.
9:30 P.M.	2	Big Town Crime-busting journalists with Pat McVey as the crusading editor, Steve Wilson, and Mary K. Wells, a fifth grand-niece of George Washington, as Lorelei Kilbourne, reporter.
10:00 P.M.	2	Truth or Consequences Ralph Edwards is emcee in this riotous audience participation show. Filmed in Hollywood.
10:00 P.M.	4	Martin Kane, Private Eye The popular mystery series with Bill Gargan, film star, in the title role of the detective.

Friday

Time	Channel	PROGRAM
1:30 P.M.	2	Garry Moore Show
2:30 P.M.	2	The First Hundred Years
3:30 P.M.	4	Bert Parks Show
4:00 P.M.	4	Kate Smith Hour
5:30 P.M.	4	Howdy Doody Show
7:00 P.M.	4	Kukla, Fran and Ollie
7:15 P.M.	7	Faye Emerson Show
7:30 P.M.	2	Perry Como
7:30 P.M.	4	Mohawk Showroom
8:00 P.M.	2	Mama Nostalgic, amusing account of a Norwegian family in the United States about 1910. Peggy Woad as Mama; Judson Laire, Papa; Iris Man, Dagmar; Dickie van Patten, Nels.
8:30 P.M.	2	Man Against Crime Mike Barnett, hard-boiled detective, sympathetic to clues and women in distress, played by Ralph Bellamy, whose hobby is painting.
8:30 P.M.	4	We, The People Dynamic Dan Seymour presents people from all walks of life in dramatic vignettes.



DOROTHY COLLINS—Canadian-born singer came to Your Hit Parade (Sat., 9 P.M. EST, NBC; 10:30 P.M. EST, NBC-TV) via childhood radio appearances and vocalizing with Raymond Scott's band. Now living in N. Y., Dorothy is single, blonde, hazel-eyed and five foot two.

9:00 P.M.	2	Ford Theater Excellent produced TV plays with leading Broadway and Hollywood artists in major roles. Biweekly: Apr. 20 & May 4. —alternating with— Live Like A Millionaire Genial Jack McCoy emcees, with children introducing talented parents who compete for a week's interest on \$1,000,000 plus other prizes.
9:00 P.M.	4	The Big Story Professional actors partray true stories of reporters on big stories. Apr. 13, Edward Kasun, <i>The Pittsburgh Press</i> ; Apr. 20, Joseph Garretson, <i>Cincinnati Inquirer</i> ; Apr. 27, Pat. Foley, <i>Los Angeles Herald Express</i> ; May 4, Ed Freeman, <i>Baltimore News Post</i> .
9:00 P.M.	5	Hands of Mystery Strange stories of illusion and melodrama written especially for TV.
9:00 P.M.	7	Pulitzer Prize Playhouse New heights in television entertainment are achieved with the warks of Pulitzer winners.
9:30 P.M.	4	Henry Morgan's Great Talent Hunt Fresh-witted Morgan, assisted by comedy partner Arnold Stang, in a "hunt for all the world's underprivileged, no-talent characters."
10:00 P.M.	4	Cavalcade of Sports Fights scheduled by matchmaker Al Weill and usually ariginating fram Madison Square Garden. Running commentary by Jimmy Powers.
10:00 P.M.	5	Cavalcade of Stars A parade of stars, the June Taylor dancers, and head man, Jackie Gleason, who has played the gamut from carnivals to the stage.

Saturday



W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM—Internationally famous novelist and short story writer whose works may be seen Wed. 9:00 P.M. EST, CBS-TV and heard Sat. morn. at 11:30 EST, CBS, was born in Paris, educated in England and at Heidelberg. He studied to be a physician, but became a writer when his first novel was accepted.

Time	Channel	PROGRAM
12 Noon	2	Big Top Exciting circus acts that originate from Philadelphia, featuring ringmaster Jack Sterling, bandleader Joe Basile, the Paulette Sisters, and clowns Ed MacMahon and Chris Keega.
7:00 P.M.	2	Sam Levenson Sam, a rare show business phenomenon, who won a television award before he had his own show, tells excruciating stories of family life.
7:30 P.M.	2	Beat the Clock Bud Callyer's lively audience stunt-participation show.
8:00 P.M.	2	Ken Murray Show The man who refused to let vaudeville die with Hollywood guests, darling Darla Hood, Johnny Johnston and the Glamourlovelies.
8:00 P.M.	4	Jack Carter Show Jack, who once traveled with Robert Merrill in an Original Amateur Hour unit, is host and comedian in this Chicago-produced variety.
8:00 P.M.	7	Paul Whiteman's Teen Club The beloved "Pops" ably and enthusiastically assisted by co-emcee Nancy Lewis, age 16, singer Junie Keegan, age 13, and others.
9:00 P.M.	2	Frank Sinatra Show Frankie, the showman, is as polished as Frankie, the singer. Each week a top array of new talent emerges with big laughs and music.
9:00 P.M.	4	Your Show of Shows Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca, brightest of young comics, in a big show with soprano Marguerite Piazza, baritone Robert Merrill, the Hamilton Tria in a 90-minute revue.
10:00 P.M.	2	Sing It Again Dan Seymour heading a bright musical-quiz with pretty brunette, Judy Lynn, heart-throber Alan Dale and the mysterious Phantom Voice worth \$15,000 in cash and merchandise.
10:30 P.M.	4	Your Hit Parade The nation's tap ten tunes sung by Eileen Wilson, Snaaky Lansan, Dorothy Collins, the Hit Paraders with Raymond Scott's Orchestra.



RUTH THOMAS—Blonde lovely of the Ken Murray Show (Sat. at 8 P.M. EST, CBS) has more titles than a bookshop—her favorite being the Most Beautiful Blonde. Born in Boston, she attended the Bishop-Lee School of the Theatre. She's married to one of the Entchanters, and loves writing poetry.

DAYTIME DIARY

Here's your guide to good listening on the daytime drama circuit—plot, character, time, station information

AUNT JENNY

M-F, 12:15 P.M. EST, CBS

Is it possible for a girl to have too much money? Recently Aunt Jenny told the story of Grace Jamison, whose large fortune came to her weighted down with trouble. In love with Phil Barnes, Grace was almost ready to marry him—except that she couldn't convince herself that he honestly loved her. Was it, she wondered, her money he was after? Grace couldn't tell. Could she be wrong to marry Phil in spite of her suspicions? Or should she turn her back on happiness?

BACKSTAGE WIFE

M-F, 4 P.M. EST, NBC

While Mary Noble, injured by the crazed Claudia Vincent, lies in the hospital, Larry goes to Hollywood to take advantage of an opportunity in movies which his friend Tom Bryson may have found for him. It was at Mary's request that Tom tried to help Larry, because she knew his self-esteem would suffer if he did not regain his place as an actor; but Larry believes she is trying to get rid of him and a rift develops which may leave the way open for Rupert Barlow.

BIG SISTER

M-F, 1 P.M. EST, CBS

Ruth Wayne's brother Neddie and his impotent young wife Hope have broken up over the question of Hope's job with millionaire Millard Parker. Bitterly Ruth realizes she cannot convince anybody that this was what Parker intended all the time, just as he probably hopes to break up her own marriage to Dr. John Wayne. Ruth looks with fear toward the future, wondering to what violence Hope's continued flaunting of Neddie's wishes will drive him.

BRIGHTER DAY

M-F, 2:45 P.M. EST, CBS

Missing in action—so read the telegram Althea Dennis gets about her husband, Bruce Bigby. Liz, Althea's sister, fears that release from marriage will enable Althea to lead a life which their minister father, Dr. Richard Dennis, cannot approve. If Althea should resume her acting career after the birth of her child, will her return to Hollywood mean anything to Liz and producer Nathan Eldridge, with whom she is still very much in love?

FRONT PAGE FARRELL

M-F, 5:45 P.M. EST, NBC

"The Mad Killer Murder Case" posed a tough problem for police until David Farrell, ace reporter of the New York *Eagle*, was assigned to cover the case. In this stabbing of a prominent publisher evidence pointed to a tall person as the killer, and when it emerges that the dead man's stepdaughter, a tennis champion, fits that description, the girl becomes suspect. With the help of his wife Solly, David unearths information which solves the case.

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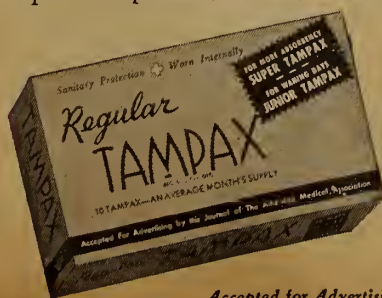
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GUIDING LIGHT

M-F, 1:45 P.M. EST, CBS

Even with the threat of death hanging over her, while she is a trial for the murder of her husband, Meta White finds time to wander about the reporter, Joe Roberts, who has gone to such lengths to help her defense. When she first met Joe, he was antagonistic, and Meta knows that he believed her guilty. What made him change? What have his two motherless children to do with the change? What place will Joe Roberts have in the future life of Meta White?

HILLTOP HOUSE

M-F, 3 P.M. EST, CBS

Though Alan Richards still considers himself her suitor, Julie Poterno, superintendent of the orphanage Hilltop House, knows that she is in love with Dr. Jeff Browning. But when her cousin Nina comes to Hilltop to take some of Julie's multiplying duties off her shoulders, the situation involving Julie, her job and her emotional life begins to cloud over. Is Nina the charming, helpful, unsophisticated girl she appears to be? Just what does she want out of life in Glendale?

JUST PLAIN BILL

M-F, 5:30 P.M. EST, NBC

Mona Kane, caught in a tense situation between her father and Paul Hewitt, the undesirable young man she wants to marry, beames even more involved mentally after being injured in an automobile accident which seems to change her whole personality. Despite Bill's efforts to calm her, she threatens to kill Paul if he will not marry her. Bill's plea to Hewitt to promise anything to calm Mona is disregarded as Hewitt tries to leave town, and the situation grows worse.

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL

M-F, 3 P.M. EST, NBC

Barry Markham's mother-in-law, Mrs. Peter Potter Jones, continues her rapacious demands for money despite the fact that the Markham family is at a low ebb financially. Knowing that Barry owns the book shop property, Mrs. Potter conceives of a plan whereby, through its sale, Barry can realize a good profit. She cares nothing for the fact that this will drive Chichi and Papa David out of their home. Will Victoria Vandembush help Chichi?

LORENZO JONES

M-F, 4:30 P.M. EST, NBC

In his new role as detective, Lorenzo seems destined not only to get into trouble but to make it for others. . . . specifically for his boss Jim Barker. Irma, Jim's wife, retains Lorenzo to check on Jim, whom she suspects of paying too much attention to a young girl. For this assignment Lorenzo invents a secret camera which automatically records events at Barker's garages, and as the pictures pile up it begins to look as though Jim Barker will have a hard time explaining.

MA PERKINS

M-F, 1:15 P.M. EST, CBS

Instead of putting the seal of decision on her feeling for Spencer Grayson, Fay's trip to New York confused her. His business and social activities are faster and more sophisticated than the little girl from Rushville Center is used to—or is even sure she likes. Back in Rushville Center, Tom Wells, the young man whose acquaintanceship with Spencer dates back to their Air Force days, gains significance in Fay's eyes for several reasons. What does he know about Spencer?

OUR GAL SUNDAY

M-F, 12:45 P.M. EST, CBS

Has Sunday become too involved in the family affairs of the Chandlers? Lord Henry fears she is endangering herself as the resentments explode in violence. Lois Chandler, engaged to Dr. Norman Forrest, may be in danger from Judith, rapacious stepmother, who is anxious to prevent Lois and her fortune from getting away from Rodney Warren. When circumstances make it appear that Norman has tried to poison Lois' father, Sunday realizes how far Judith will go.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY

M-F, 3:30 P.M. EST, CBS

As the result of the violent scene in which he tried to prevent icy Willie and Mousie from taking Father Young away, Andy Hoyt has regained his mental balance, but must be hospitalized because of the injury he sustained trying to protect his friend. Meanwhile the Youngs heartbrokenly face the task of trying to find out what has happened to Mr. Young. In Chicago, Mrs. Trent has admitted all she knows about the bank robbery, but she may have waited too long.

PERRY MASON

M-F, 2:15 P.M. EST, CBS

Helen Henderson, kidnaped and terrorized, is heartbroken when she learns that her fiance, Jake, couldn't see through the girl who was trained by Walter Bodt's gang to impersonate Helen at Bodt's trial. However, testimony given by the fake Helen, who is really a girl named Elise Scott, so stuns Perry that by sheer process of elimination he arrives at the right conclusion—that the witness Helen Henderson is an imposter. Bodt's downfall hangs on Perry's proof.

PORTIA FACES LIFE

M-F, 5:15 P.M. EST, NBC

Portia resumed her career as a lawyer only because she and Walter needed money desperately. Knowing that Walter is miserable when she is working, she wonders if she is making a mistake, but when she gets her first case she decides that her duty to her client is as binding a contract as her duty to her family. But had Portia been able to look into the tragic consequences of her forthright decision, would she have made it anyway?

RIGHT TO HAPPINESS

M-F, 3:45 P.M. EST, NBC

It's difficult for Carolyn Kramer to realize that the troubles of her recent life are behind her, and that, as Mrs. Miles Nelson, she will be able to look forward to comparative peace of mind. Will she, Miles and her little son Skippy find the family happiness they have been waiting for? Will the bitter shadow of Dwight Kramer, Carolyn's former husband, have any power over Carolyn's future? Or will trouble come through Constance, Dwight's second wife?

ROAD OF LIFE

M-F, 3:15 P.M. EST, NBC

When Jocelyn McLeod, ill and alone, comes to Merrimac to stay with her family, the Overtons, she had no suspicion that she has walked into a very strange situation. Dr. Jim Brent, afraid that he is becoming too interested in Jocelyn, turns her case over to his foster son, Dr. "Butch" Brent, but cannot keep his mind off her and the peculiar family group of which she is a part. In order to help Jocelyn, will Jim have to acknowledge his feeling for her?

ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT
M-F, 12:30 P.M. EST, CBS

Jeff Brady's picture company, with Helen Trent as chief gown designer, is on location in Marble Hill, Georgia, the town that holds the secret of Gil Whitney's marriage to Betty Mollory. Helen, who still loves Gil, tries to get a look at the record book held by the town's justice of the peace, and is made suspicious by his efforts to hide it from her. Later little Molly Lou brings the book to Helen, and events approach a crisis as Gil and Cynthia Swanson leave for Hollywood—Cynthia as sure as ever that Gil will marry her.

ROSEMARY

M-F, 11:45 A.M. EST, CBS

Back at last in Springdale, Rosemary and Bill Roberts look forward to a peaceful life in the quiet community as soon as Bill regains his health. But suddenly the town is shaken by a typhoid epidemic, and while Dr. Jim, Rosemary's stepfather, is busy saving the victims, Bill and Brad Reynolds take on active part in a tense search to discover the source of the infection. Will this bring Brad and Jane into the kind of close contact with the Robertses that once cause trouble for all of them?

SECOND MRS. BURTON

M-F, 2 P.M. EST, CBS

Largely through Terry's persistence, Rupert Gorham is exposed as a crook and the murderer of Ralph Kirkland. With the arrest of Gorham and the annulment of his marriage to the elder Mrs. Burton, Stan once more becomes involved in his mother's life, as he tells Terry that they cannot let her live alone and lonely. In an effort to protect herself against Mother Burton's possessiveness, Terry undertakes a career that may lead her far from her quiet Dickston home life.

STELLA DALLAS

M-F, 4:15 P.M. EST, NBC

Staying at the home of Laurel and Dick Grosvenor are Myron Grosvenor and the Ransome sisters, and Stella, Laurel's mother, is much worried about these three. Engaged to Leona, Myron is really in love with Rosolie, but his sense of duty keeps him from telling Leona the truth. Meanwhile Myron's secretary, Oliver Faxon, causes plenty of trouble on his own by trying to make Dick Grosvenor believe that Laurel and he, Faxon, are in love.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE

M-F, 2:30 P.M. EST, CBS

Neurotically determined to ruin nurse Nora Drake, Peg Martinson becomes chairman of the Financial Committee of the Mental Hygiene Clinic where Nora works. Vivion Jarrett, ex-wife of Dr. Robert Seargent, becomes Peg's ally when she fears the doctor is planning to marry Nora. But Peg's other ally, Fred Spencer, is forming plans of his own. When of the crucial moment Peg hesitates to climax her plan, Spencer decides to act, and crippled Peg Martinson finds herself one night trapped alone in a flaming house.

WENDY WARREN

M-F, 12 Noon, EST, CBS

Admitting now that both his moral and his business relationship with Kay Clements were ill-advised, Don Smith joyfully accepts Mary McKenna's proposal to put her money back into his paper. Wendy's concern with the paper goes somewhat into the background when she hears from Anton Kamp, somewhere in Europe, that Mark Douglas may escape from the political imprisonment which resulted from his secret service work. Will her own presence in Europe do Mark and Anton any good?

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES

M-F, 5:00 P.M. EST, NBC

For years Joan and Harry Davis have had a successful, happy marriage in spite of the efforts of Joan's snobbish mother to separate them. However, after a crisis which ruins them financially, Joan is forced to become a guest at her mother's home, together with her three children. After a comparatively short period of desperately hard work, Harry is once again able to make a home for Joan. Will their love be proof against the ruthless undermining tactics of Joan's mother?

YOUNG DR. MALONE

M-F, 1:30 P.M. EST, CBS

Crystal Gotes now has her dearest wish—she has become Mrs. Gene Williams. Now she sits in her brand-new home and wonders what her punishment will be for marrying a man she suspects does not love her. Gene's father, Sam Williams, also faces emotional torment as Anne Malone cannot sever her bonds with her husband, Jerry Malone, whom she was about to divorce when news of Jerry's serious illness took her to New York. Will it be Sam or Jerry with whom Anne Malone goes on?

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN

M-F, 4:45 P.M. EST, NBC

When wealthy Horace Steele is killed, Lita Haddon succeeds in framing a case against Dr. Anthony Loring, Ellen Brown's fiance, by making it look as though Anthony had an overwhelming motive to kill Steele. Not only was Steele paying attention to Ellen, but his will reveals that he has left her his fortune. Further, Lita shows the District Attorney a batch of love letters alleged to have passed between Ellen and Steele. For Ellen this is tragic because she fears Anthony may believe it.

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GREYHOUND

COME AND VISIT TONY MARVIN

(Continued from page 51) dark and striking. Latin-looking but born in Brooklyn without a trace of Latin blood! She's a crack swimmer, a brilliant pianist and—take her husband's word for it—a mouth-watering cook. Tony is so glamorous looking that he was offered the lead in a film about the late Rudolph Valentino but rejected it because to make the film would have required a trip to Hollywood, and Tony prefers Dot, Lynda, Arthur Godfrey and the house behind the boxwood hedge. Lynda (and you'd better make sure, her Dad warns, to spell the Lynda with a "y") is an amazing combination of the tomboy and the very feminine, the artist and the mechanical, the precocious and the completely normal. It is, in fact, with Lynda that most of Tony's conversation is concerned, and it is around Lynda, rather than around her televised Dad, that the Marvin household pivots.

OF THIS household, Tony says, "It is as typically average-American as the smell of home-made bread." Even the romance of Tony and Dot was as normal as any story of young love to be found in any June issue of any popular fiction magazine.

"To start at the beginning," says Tony, "we met at a children's camp in Honesdale, Pennsylvania, where we were both working—Dot as swimming counselor and I as dramatic counselor. When I needed a pianist for a musical play I was putting on with the kids, Dot used to come down and play for us. That, in two words, did it.

"The camp was situated on Rose Lake and the first thing you know Dot and I were spending our day off together. We both loved canoeing, so we'd take a canoe and a picnic lunch, and stay out all day long. On a little beach, a thin crescent of silver sand across the lake, we'd beach our canoe, have our lunch, talk together, sing together. In a mere matter of weeks I proposed. Yes, in a canoe. Yes, in the moonlight . . . one evening on the lake, both of us singing and, in between songs, the question and the answer. . . .

"People are apt to speak disparagingly, I've noticed, of 'summer love,' the inference being that summer love is a sort of vacation emotion about as substantial as sea spray. Nonsense, I say, for this love of ours started in the summer of 1932 and it is now the summer of 1951 and it's a simple statement of fact that, in our hearts, that summer and this are one."

But although love came swiftly to Tony and Dot they decided to postpone marriage plans until Dot, who was a sophomore at Cornell, should receive her degree—a Bachelor of Science in Home Economics. "Which comes in real handy," her husband says. "A darn good cook, she knows her way about in every department of home-making. And since part of the course was taking care of the professor's kid, a darn good mother, too. I earnestly recommend young women with B.S. degrees as wives."

Even with the degree in hand Dot did not, however, immediately change cap and gown for bridal gown. Tony, who had quit medical school because the depression made financing the long road to an M.D. impossible, was not yet making enough money to qualify as a dependably bill-pay-

ing husband. Having made the theater his second choice as a career, he'd done the usual working-your-way-up stints, such as ushering at the Paramount Theater in New York.

Working—between jobs—at a gas station, Tony sang one day while servicing a limousine. The owner, a wealthy manufacturer, was so impressed with his voice that he got him a vocal teacher and arranged a scholarship for him. Tony, who'd never sung before outside of school, amateur theatricals and in the shower—and on Rose Lake!—hadn't thought of his voice as a saleable commodity. But he was more than willing to try.

After studying, he won a role as leading bass with the New York Operatic Guild and appeared in a number of Guild productions. After that he got into musical comedy and was understudy in such hits as "White Horse Inn," "Virginia" and "Having Wonderful Time." In the meantime he got acting jobs on daytime radio programs.

Singing in "White Horse Inn" paid a salary that made marriage possible, if not plushy. Wedding bells finally rang, after five years of waiting, for Tony and Dot.

Says Tony reminiscently, "The waiting wasn't easy, and proved to be economically unsound, the postal rate being terrific, the phone calls bankrupting. And since I spent many a weekend on the Cornell campus, there was the rail fare to boot. . . .

"The wedding took place in Brooklyn, Dot being a Brooklyn girl. An afternoon affair it was, complete with white satin, orange blossoms, and rice."

For several years after they were married the young Marvins lived in Brooklyn Heights. In November of 1941, Lynda Ann was born. Meantime, the Marvins had taken a summer place out in Amityville, Long Island, and had also bought two acres of land there. But by the time Lynda Ann was ready for school and Dot and Tony had decided to live on the Island the year round, building was prohibitive, building materials vanishing commodities. "And so," says Tony, "we shelved our plans for building, at least for awhile, and bought this old house in Massapequa instead."

THE WHITE house behind the boxwood hedge is not too large a place—"medium large," the Marvins say—set on about a quarter acre of land.

The predominating "feel" of the house is Early American and the predominating color green. The living room is papered in solid bottle green, the woodwork done in white, and what may be called the "feature" of the room is the big and beautiful fireplace of white-veined black Italian marble. Before this rich relict of antiquity the Marvins, undaunted, pop corn, grill wieners and—in the wintertime when there are guests—have what Tony describes as "A kind of camp-out in the living room."

The living room furniture is a combination of Early American and English. Two cherry cabinets contain some of the antique glass which Dot, whose hobby it is, has collected.

"Dot has been bitten by the antique bug," says Tony, "but only, thanks be, in small things. I am not one to favor a spindly chair which may give way and

break your blooming back just because some long-goner once sat in it."

One entire wall of the living room is built-in book shelves. "Books are part of my life," says Tony, "couldn't live without reading. I'm a reader-in-bedder and so are Dot and Lynda. Without your books, how can you build any character or, in my case, make answers to the hundred-and-sixty-four-dollar questions Boss Godfrey heaves at me!"

Built into the living room bookshelves you find the television set, in use much of the time the Marvins are at home, but hidden away when there are guests. "Even though I make my living and love it on radio and TV, I still like to talk to my friends," says Tony.

In the music room the basic color, as in the living room, is green. Also as in the living room, bookshelves and cabinets of knotty pine line one wall. There is a grand piano at which a very considerable part of the Marvin home-life is lived.

"Dot plays," says Tony, "and I sing. Now that Lynda plays piano too, she'll often play for us. Or there are times when Lynda will play the flute and Dot the piano, then I whip out my ukulele—the Arthur Godfrey barytone uke—and there is rhythm on the range! When Lynda first became music-minded, at a very early age, she thought she'd like the trombone. Dot and I averted this disaster by 'selling' Lynda the flute. Easy to tote around, we told her, a classic instrument, too. Lynda, the flutist, a member of the school orchestra, made her first appearance at the dedication program of her new school."

The one exception to the green which dominates the Marvins' first floor is the dining room, which is papered in an off-white background patterned in bamboo shoots and green leaves.

In the kitchen the Marvins go all the way green again, walls, linoleum, dining counter—"Which gets to be a sort of Dagwood deal," says Tony, "when Daddy has to go to work. I usually fix the orange juice. Then Dot comes down, gets the coffee going and the bacon and eggs. Lynda Ann sets the table. I have the best of it, I must admit, since the orange juice is, of course," Tony grins, "hi-V frozen juice."

"But the morning routine I've described is typical of us—strictly co-op. Lynda's job is to be general assistant to Mommy. And Lynda Ann does some serving at table, too. She also keeps her own room in order. Dot is the gardener. I do the spade work and the general repairing around the place. I'm a pretty fair electrician and carpenter. A leak in the bathroom and I'm your man.

"Our bedroom," Tony carries on, moving upstairs, "is Early American. The bed is a big four-poster double bed—the carpeting a dark green and the furniture pine."

Lynda's room is all pink and white, with the whole front wall bookshelves holding her own library. She has her desk at the window; over it, the lighting fixture is a bird-cage, draped in white toile and housing an artificial bird upon which Tiger fixes a predatory eye.

Mention of Tiger reminds Tony to tell you that the Marvin family is supplemented by two pets. One cat, Tiger of mixed heritage. He's greatly loved by Lynda who says,

"This is the only animal who ever really understood me!" And one goldfish who suffers the name "Goldie."

Lynda, says her Daddy, ad libs little soap operas—at the recording machine, does all the voices and sound effects. None of this "I'm going to be a great actress." Just a whole lot of fun.

Normal evenings at home often find Dot and Tony playing with Lynda in the cellar. Or playing and singing together at the piano. Or reading aloud. At eight, Lynda's bed-time, Daddy carries her upstairs—that's a ritual.

"The rest of the evening Dot and I spend in reading or listening to recordings of the symphonies or in talking about things that need to be talked about," Tony explains. "We go to the theater very seldom. The last play we saw (Lynda, too) was 'Peter Pan.' I play golf and I paint a little.

"We have a very wonderful and congenial group of friends. We get together and give progressive dinner parties. We play charades and all sorts of silly indoor games. One very silly one is called 'Sardine,' which is a kind of lethal Hide 'n' Seek, the object being for all the players to find, and hide with, the original Sardine, who may have gone to earth in a very small space. On one occasion the game ended with twenty people in our hall closet—it was murder!

"We're practically normal people, I'm afraid," concludes Arthur Godfrey's man-at-the-mike, proudly rather than apologetically. "Come and visit us by all means," he added warmly, "but you may go away, wondering what's happened to the glamour of actors and the wild, mad lives they lead!"

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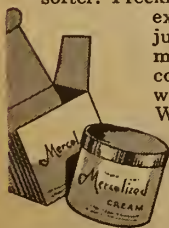
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BEATING THE CLOCK

(Continued from page 63) a five-day-a-week afternoon show).

Being able to see Bud, his clocks, his contestants and the stunts gave the show enormous added impact, and viewers wrote in to ask more about the games, so they could be adapted for their own home parties. Whole families imitated the stunts in their own living rooms. That's when a lot of viewers discovered that these stunts had to be carefully thought out.

In case you still think the stunts are dreamed up by some prankster an hour or so before the show and then foisted on the simple, trusting contestants, you're wrong. Every game has been tried out by at least four different pairs of stand-ins, and finally approved and timed by a panel of eight.

The whole thing starts with a Tuesday morning meeting to which everybody comes armed with ideas. "Everyone" includes producer Todman or Goodson (they alternate) and Bill Beecher, who are charged with full responsibility for stunts, and the other workers on the show who contribute whatever they hope will be helpful. These others are writer Bob Howard, production manager Jean Hollander, program assistant Candy Tinkler, set dresser Tom Alt, and coordinator Peggy Springstead (who also holds the stopwatch for the tests).

By Thursday morning a list of some fifteen or sixteen stunts has been worked out, of which seven or eight will probably get used on that week's program. The games are ready for testing by stand-ins, representing the husband-and-wife teams that will later on the actual show be chosen at random from the studio audience.

The stand-ins themselves are taken from a group of actors and actresses who remain on call for various CBS programs and think that acting like contestants and getting paid for it is pretty slick.

When the testing begins, the panel sits at a long wooden table and the first game is explained to the stand-ins. Let's say it's one recently used, in which the wife had to put a quarter between her husband's teeth and he then, with his hands clasped behind his back, had to drop it from his mouth through a slit in a plate that held a lemon meringue pie. Under the plate was a glass-enclosed fare box, of the type used in buses and street cars. Naturally, to reach the slit in the plate, the actor had to dive deep into the lemon meringue, a feat he performed so well that they made him do it twice. On the show, later, it had to be performed twice too, to beat the two-hundred-dollar clock. The pay-off was that the actual contestant hated lemon

meringue, but he beat the clock anyhow!

The next stunt to be tested involved a blindfolded girl who had to pile seven hat boxes, one by one, on top of the man's head, which had been flattened out by giving him a little cap like a bellboy's. The first pair of stand-ins had a dreadful time, and hat boxes flew in all directions. Another pair tried, with no better luck. Then Bill Todman decided he knew the way a really smart contestant would figure the thing out. He put on the girl's blindfold, told the man to get way down on his knees, piled the boxes up and attempted to set them on the man's head at once. An ingenious solution only he had forgotten that the rules said the boxes were to be piled up one by one. Chagrined, he retired, feeling like many a defeated contestant, except that the contestant gets a portable radio and Todman got nothing but laughs.

Oddly enough, actual contestants often do these things much better and quicker than the stand-ins. Maybe it's the incentive of those fine prizes. Maybe it's the fun of getting up before a huge audience (seen and unseen) and proving their mettle.

Bud tells a story on himself, about a contestant who had a hard time getting started and to help her along Bud kept reminding her of the time. Suddenly she wheeled and faced him. "Will you be quiet!" she demanded. He was, and she beat the clock.

Some contestants should win, but get too nervous and excited. A couple recently beat both clocks, and then it was the wife's responsibility to go to the magnetic blackboard and rearrange a scrambled quotation for the jackpot prize of a big console TV set. Their two children were on the stage with the parents and had been watching proudly. Mother had been getting visibly more nervous every moment, and the excitement was probably what caused her to get one word out of place when she unscrambled the quotation, since she appeared to be familiar with it. When she found she hadn't won the television set for the kids, she wept a little.

It happened that one of the executive vice presidents of Sylvania Electric, the show's sponsor, was watching. Unable to bear the sight of her tears, he got the studio on the telephone, instructed, "Give her a table model television set so she won't be so disappointed." A nice, warm-hearted fellow, that v.p., but he had Bud worried for a while. Supposing he had started an epidemic of weeping women on the show. In a contest between tears and TV, Bud would have a hard time being tough. After all, he's a sentimental family man with a wife and kids, and they're all crazy about TV, too.

Watch For It At Your Neighborhood Theatre . . .

"HOLLYWOOD AWARDS"

the exciting screen snapshots film taken during the presentation of Photoplay's Gold Medal Awards to Hollywood's outstanding performers. Produced by Ralph Staub for Columbia Pictures, this special film will be released throughout the country beginning April 19th. Ask for it at your local theatre! It's an on-the-scene experience you won't want to miss!

RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR AWARDS

(Continued from page 27) of the fans, because it is John Q. Public who writes all the answers. He is listener, viewer, and buyer.

For instance, the fantastic popularity of television was determined by the public's willingness to purchase TV sets to create their own personal theaters. It was a considerable expense, and when some of us bought sets, in the early days of 1948 television, there was not any certainty that the programs of that period would justify the outlay. In those days, as a matter of fact, TV stores pointed out that if you bought a set, you could witness the national political conventions; the subject of entertainment was carefully skirted. So, TV set buyers should go down in history as the boldest and bravest pioneers of all, and when people like that are asked to make their selections of their favorite performers, you can rest assured that their decisions are based on complete familiarity with the subject and a rugged disinclination for regimentation.

This is the first year that RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR set up a complete TV ballot, so let's examine the voting of the fans. Actually, the selections are not an astonishing departure from the findings of various surveys. Newcomers include such daytime personalities as Kate Smith, NBC, and Garry Moore, CBS. Burns and Allen, CBS, have forged their way into the lead as the top Husband-Wife team. It is a matter of personal amazement to me that Groucho Marx, although a winner in

radio, did not also emerge a winner in some TV classification. But it is entirely possible that his show hasn't been on the air long enough.

The rest of the TV selections emphasizes the same names that have been prominent, with the possible exception of the comedy show, Jerry Lester's Broadway Open House over NBC. The pixyish Lester, graduate of night clubs and vaudeville stages, latched onto this midnight show and proved that there was a vast audience for TV in the late hours. This has been an important extension of TV executive thinking, because it was not so long back that station executives believed that television viewers could not be held after ten p.m. Lester's formula, eagerly greeted on the late watch, did not register so well when NBC-TV experimented with him on the eight-to-nine p.m. spot, Sunday nights, which demands stricter adherence to form. However, Lester emerged as a very potent factor in the 1950-1951 television picture.

If I speak with some authority on the Sunday night, eight to nine o'clock sector of television, it is because my Toast of the Town show occupies that hour on the CBS-TV network. So, when NBC-TV determined to work out a competitive show for that time, as they'd done the previous year on the Saturday night schedule, my interest was more than casual. Most formidable of our competition has been Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, who, curiously, are not mentioned in the poll. This may be because this very amusing team appears

on TV at irregular intervals. Missing, too, in the poll, is the wonderful Jimmy Durante. And here again, it is probable his once-a-month schedule has prevented wider public recognition of the most delightful personality that has arrived in TV.

In the double fields of TV and radio, red-headed Arthur Godfrey has won four awards. No one will quarrel with this quadruple honoring of Li'l Arthur. He has been a phenomenal figure in both media. He not only has sold sets, but has kept viewers and listeners glued to them.

In the radio balloting, Tallulah Bankhead, NBC, has been designated as the most interesting newcomer. This was a foregone conclusion, and it couldn't have happened to a nicer "Dah-ling." While Jan Murray, CBS, is not named in the awards, his program, Songs for Sale, won as the best new radio program.

The absence of Milton Berle presents an interesting incongruity, a case of the public contradicting itself. Berle's Texaco Star Theatre continues to get the highest rating of any show in the country, indicating that the public tunes in on him Tuesday nights. So when he fails to win an award, the only conclusion is that the public now takes his talent for granted, creating a paradox that has no precedent.

However, enough of speculation. Let's study the awards.

And let's extend our appreciation to RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR for having the patience and enthusiasm to give us a behind-the-scenes picture of the fans.

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MY HUSBAND, PERRY COMO

(Continued from page 31) novel."

"Not quite," I told him, "but you'll find out in due time." Perry always likes to think he springs all the surprises in the family, but this time I pulled one on him. He knew nothing about the story until it was all finished, and then I wouldn't let him read it for fear he'd make me change something. You see, Perry is so instinctively shy and modest, that I knew he'd make me omit any extra words of praise I might put in the story. I told him he'd have to wait until the magazine came out.

I think modesty is one of the nicest traits about my old man, but I can remember when it almost worked against him. When he was just starting as a singer he was so very retiring that he lacked self-confidence and didn't believe he had a good enough voice to make a go of a singing career.

When we got married, Perry had his own barber shop and was doing very well at his trade. Singing was just sort of a hobby with him. He'd work with little local bands a couple of nights a week or sing at club affairs, and people did seem to like his voice and personality. I encouraged Perry to think seriously about taking a chance at a musical career, and his father agreed with me. Father Como was a great guy and he loved music. He had a beautiful voice himself, and his sister, Perry's Aunt Anina Barbera, had been a leading soprano with the San Carlos Opera Company in Naples, Italy. On the other hand, Mother Como wanted her son to stay with the barber shop, because like most mothers, she felt a trade was good and steady and he wouldn't have to worry about making a living.

But I guess Fate stepped in because just a few days after we were married Perry received an offer from Freddie Carlone to be a vocalist with his band. It paid only twenty-eight dollars a week, was far less than the barber shop brought in, but his dad and I thought Perry should give it a try.

So Perry sold his shop, joined the Carlone band, and just four days later they went on the road. Of course Perry didn't make enough money to take me along—he was helping his folks out too—so I stayed in Canonsburg with the Comos. We thought he'd only be traveling a few weeks, and instead the road tour lasted

eight months. He couldn't afford long distance telephone calls, but we wrote to each other every single day.

While Perry was away, his mother taught me to make all the Italian dishes he liked. We had always cooked French style at my house, so I had to start from scratch and learn how to do the Italian sauces, and all the other specialties. By the time he came back I was proficient in turning out a good Italian meal. Perry's favorites were spaghetti, rigatoni and lasagna—and they still are, by the way.

Shortly after the Carlone band came home, Perry got an offer to sing with Ted Weems. At first he hesitated because he wasn't sure he was ready to go with such a big outfit. At that time Weems had one of the most popular bands in the country, and of course it was a wonderful opportunity for Perry. Carlone insisted on his taking it, convincing him he just couldn't turn down such a good chance.

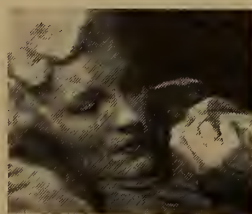
This time Perry's salary was enough so that he could afford to take me with him. Otherwise, I know he wouldn't have accepted the job because he had made up his mind we would never be separated again. And we never have been.

Perry and I saw practically the whole United States during the years we traveled with Weems. Our ultimate ambition was to have a home of our own and settle down in one place, but that was naturally out of the question as long as Perry was with the band. Though we lived in hotels, or took an apartment if we were to be in one town long enough, we always carried along little knick-knacks—vases, ash trays, pictures and things like that, so that each new place would seem as homelike as possible.

Unlike many men, Perry loves beautiful china, glassware and silver, and in each new city we'd haunt the antique shops for unusual pieces. Most of the things we have in our Long Island home now were collected during our Weems days.

When our son, Ronald, was born, I wanted to go home because I didn't think it would be good for the baby to travel. But Perry was determined that we should both be with him, so he had a specially built mattress constructed in the back seat of our car on which Ronnie could sleep comfortably. And Perry even rigged up a special gimmick under the hood of the car

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Has the doctor ever said that to you . . . and made you think "Who'll be home to mind the children, to cook . . . will my husband be able to get along without me? . . ." This is one of many types of problems you'll hear in dramatic form on the radio program "My True Story," which comes direct from the files of TRUE STORY Magazine. You'll hear the hopes, fears, loves, ambitions and jealousies of real people, and through their problems gain a better understanding of your own. So . . .

TUNE IN "MY TRUE STORY"

AMERICAN BROADCASTING STATIONS

so we could heat Ronnie's bottles. Ronnie thrived on his "road routine" and was as healthy as could be.

One of the most wonderful things about my old man is his great sense of loyalty. It's something he was just born with, I guess, and he's never lost it, thank goodness. While the Weems band was playing in California, Perry received several good offers for radio. One came from Fibber McGee and Molly, who wanted him to be the regular singer on their program. I wanted Perry to take it because it would mean the chance for us to stay in one place.

But he refused, because he didn't want to leave Ted Weems. He felt Ted had given him his first big break and had had confidence in him and that he would be letting Ted down if he left the band. Then, too, Perry wasn't sure he was quite ready to step out on his own as a radio soloist. I talked and talked, but the old man is very determined, once he makes up his mind to something. So he remained with Weems until Ted joined the merchant marine during the war, and the band broke up.

BY THIS time Perry and I were really tired of traveling and we thought it was time for Ronnie, who was now four years old, to be playing in a backyard instead of a hotel room. So Perry turned down several offers from name bands and we headed home for Canonsburg. We had saved a little money and Perry was thinking about buying a shop and going back in the barber business. I wasn't at all enthusiastic, even though I wanted to settle down too, because I sincerely believed that he should stay in the music business. I wanted so badly for him to go into radio—I just knew he could become a soloist.

One day Tom Rockwell, who was head of the General Amusement Corporation, a big talent booking office, called Perry from New York. He said he had heard Perry wasn't going to join another band, and he was calling to offer him a sustaining radio show over CBS. The salary wouldn't be great to start with, but we wouldn't have to travel, and Tom was convinced he could get Perry something better before long. So the decision was made and the Comos took off for the big city. This was in 1943, just at the height of the crooner craze, and there was plenty of competition on the air. But he worked hard at his program, and before long Perry was set for better things.

He sang at the Copacabana, got a record contract with Victor (his first release, "Goodbye Sue," was a hit), he landed the Supper Club radio program, and was signed by Twentieth Century-Fox for three pictures. Quite a few "better things"!

So now the name Perry Como finally meant something in the entertainment world and his popularity zoomed, complete with fan mail, fan clubs and all the other trimmings that go with a successful career. But the person, Perry Como, I'm grateful to say, hasn't changed one single bit from the sweet, wonderful boy I married. He still works around the house, helps me get dinner and wash the dishes when we have no help, and pitches in when there are special chores to be done.

Though it sounds like press agent stuff, my old man is truly a home guy. We rarely go to night clubs—in fact Perry's never been in the Stork Club, 21, El Mo-

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rocco, or many of the so-called glamor spots in New York. He'd much rather stay home and play records, watch television or read. And when we entertain, we usually do it at home.

We're both very proud of the fact that we've never had a serious quarrel in the nineteen years we've been married. Of course, like all couples, we do have little arguments. One of these is about golf. Everyone who knows Perry also knows it's absolutely his favorite sport and he plays practically every free day he has, which is fine with me. I even got interested in the game and took some lessons so I could play with him now and then. But when he comes home, I want him to leave his game out on the course. He has a horrible habit of practicing his drives and shots around the house with the result that three of our nicest pieces of furniture have been damaged—two chairs in the living room and a commode in the bedroom.

Then another little set-to we have, which has been going on for years, is about my passion for cleanliness. Perry calls me "the Clorox kid," because all the years we traveled I always carried my trusty Clorox bottle along and the minute we'd get to a new hotel or apartment I'd start in my scouring routine.

He really gets annoyed at me when he finds out I'm overtired because of a busy day with the vacuum. However, Perry has a sense of humor about it. For instance, something that happened three years ago:

When he went out to the coast to make "Words and Music" at MGM, I couldn't leave with him because Ronnie and our adopted daughter, Terry, came down with a virus infection. As soon as they were well we joined Perry at the Beverly Hills Hotel. When I walked into our bungalow, there was a tremendous arrangement of beautiful flowers in a huge basket which Perry fixed for me. And tied to the basket was a big bottle of Clorox, a box of Spic and Span, cans of Bab-O, and all kinds of soaps and cleansers. Before I could stop laughing he said, "Now, listen, Roselle, this hotel is a gorgeous place, and the management keeps it clean. I want you to have a vacation out here. Don't you dare start to scrub anything."

Perry is very serious about his career and he's especially serious about his television work. Which reminds me—I get so mad when I hear people accuse him of

being lazy or of having an "I-don't-care" attitude about his career, because it's so untrue. He has such an easy-going, relaxed personality that he never shows it when he's anxious, tense or nervous. But he's a perfectionist about his work.

I've watched him develop from a not-quite-sure-of-himself vocalist to a capable, self-confident performer, but I've also seen how hard he has striven to gain the poise he now has. I guess I'm his toughest critic. Perry always calls me after every telecast, and if he's good I'll tell him so, but if I think something was wrong I'll tell him too.

Incidentally, the program is something else we argue about once in a while. I practically never go to the studio, though he's always asking me to. Somehow, I just don't think it's right. After all, his TV show is his business and his rehearsal time and telecasting time are his working hours. And posing for pictures, being interviewed, and all that are part of his job. If he were a doctor or a lawyer or a business man I wouldn't go sit in his office with him all day. So I don't think I should hang around a studio stage while he's working.

My old man likes me to wait up for him on program nights though, and I always do, even though he sometimes gets home very late. When he does come in we have a bite to eat together and he tells me everything that's happened during the day and I brief him on Ronald's latest mischief or something cute Terry did, and by the time we get to bed it's usually three. Perry loves to read and usually finishes a couple of chapters before he puts out the light.

Weekends Perry devotes to the children. He plays with Terry and takes Ronnie fishing and swimming, and never misses taking him to church on Sundays. Ronnie is a member of the choir at his school, and his ambition is to "sing as good as Daddy."

Perry has always cut Ronnie's hair since his very first haircut until just recently, when Ronnie decided he "didn't want Daddy to cut my hair any more because he makes it too short," and he cried and said, "Besides, I want a wave." I guess he's growing up, but he's not such a big boy that he doesn't get discipline from his father when he's naughty.

Speaking of haircuts and discipline reminds me that I have to start working on Perry at least two weeks ahead of time in order to make him get his hair cut. Believe it or not, he hates to go to the barber!

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Yes, women too have been cashing in on the \$1,000 offer made every Sunday afternoon on "True Detective Mysteries." It's not a contest, there's nothing to buy. Be sure to hear this exciting radio program adapted from the pages of True Detective Magazine every Sunday.



TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES

On 519 Mutual Stations every Sunday afternoon

THIS IS MY LIFE

(Continued from page 53) leather jacket not furnished courtesy of the adult Nelsons. Queried about the addition to his wardrobe, he explained he'd financed the purchase by careful saving of his allowance plus the sale of one book of his stamp collection. There is no danger whatever of his losing it—he never lets it out of his sight.

We Have—Or had—a dog problem. The problem is usually to choose between a happy hound and a liveable house. Our hound—very happy now, thank you—is Nick. A Llewellyn setter, Nick is big, has long black-and-white hair. From the beginning, Nick was trained to stay off the furniture. But he reasoned—and so did we—that if people have furniture to sit on, a dog ought to have something he, too, can call his own. Nick has. It's a good-sized white rug which has a place of importance before the fireplace. That rug is Nick's to do with as he pleases—and he pleases to use it as a bed, a towel on which to dry wet paws, a fearsome foe on which to practice growling, shaking and sneaking-up, and—best of all—a repository for hairs.

Meals For Three men, each of whom is an individualist at table, isn't a chore to be tossed off lightly. Ozzie is a steak man, loves heavy cream gravies. David likes meat in any shape or form and will, if pressed, eat peas, carrots, spinach, tomatoes and string beans. The only things that Ricky wholeheartedly enjoys are eggs—in any form—or cheese soufflé.

Now obviously no female household genius could whip up three meals a day which would please each one of those varied and unorthodox tastes. Something has to give. In our house, everyone gives a little. I've developed menus for each member of the family, including his favorites. These are served in rotation and the rest eat with today's food-fancier, knowing that another day will bring another's favorites.

A favorite recipe of mine I discovered years ago. Start by buying one healthy-sized loin lamb chop for each person; have the butcher trim the fat and skewer each chop. Place them in a flat, shallow pan—a pie pan does beautifully—add salt, pepper, and as much finely-chopped Bermuda onion as your family will take. Stir together a sauce made up of 1 tablespoon flour, 2 teaspoons sugar, 2 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce, 1 tablespoon vinegar and enough water to cover the chops. Pour sauce on chops and bake at 350 degrees for two hours—an hour and a half covered, the last half hour uncovered. During the last hour and a quarter, bake potatoes in the same oven. Serve with green salad, and there's dinner.

When we entertain, I like a sit-down dinner for eight. You can say what you will about buffet suppers but I've never yet cornered a man into admitting that he likes self-service dining. I like to invite no more than eight, principally because I think our house accommodates that number perfectly. I don't like big parties. No one ever gets the hostess's full attention at them, the hostess is too harried to enjoy her own party, there's too much confusion. No friendship is deepened in the midst of a mob scene, to my way of thinking.

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Where There's Hope...

BY IDA ZEITLIN



Greeting Bob at the airport after his Korean trip: Mrs. Hope, Linda, Tony, Nora, Kelly.

AT THE age of three, wearing an Eton suit, Bop Hope discovered that by sticking his fists deep into his pockets and pooching his stomach out, he could hand Great Aunt Polly a laugh and she'd hand him a cookie. Thus, comedy proved to be a two-way blessing. You gave, you got.

In due course, his audience expanded from Aunt Polly to the world. Hope gets - (Continued on page 92)

The Bob Hope Show: broadcast Tues., 9 P.M. EST on NBC, sponsored by Chesterfields. Watch your local paper for announcements of Bob's TV Show, which is sponsored by Frigidaire.



"Red, Hot and Blue" was one in a long line of Broadway musicals which called attention to the Hope style of comedy. Ethel Merman was the show's vibrant lead.

Christened Lester Townes, Bob was four when his family left England to settle in Ohio. In this portrait with his parents and brothers, he's seated bottom rt.

The road from Cleveland was long—but no longer



Favorite radio comedian



Well-known to anyone in uniform is the Hope record for overseas entertainment. The troupe Bob brought to Korea, which included Marilyn Maxwell, Les Brown and Judy Kelly, was seen by 500,000 in Pacific area.

During World War II, Bob traveled to every war theatre. Above with the late Gen. George S. Patton, famed "Blood and Guts" leader of Third Army. Singer Frances Langford made almost as many trips as Bob.

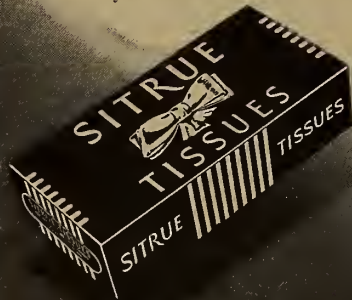
Hurley's Jolly Follies boasted Bob and George Byrne. Their act prompted such remarks from its manager as: "Why don't you two put some make-up on. Might make you look better. You couldn't sound any worse..."

than the one Bob's traveled since in making people happy

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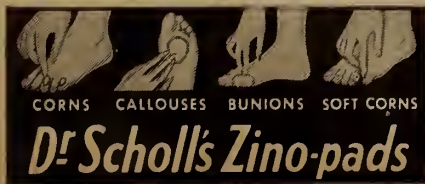
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(Continued from page 90) his cookies now through Chesterfield on radio, Frigidaire on Television, Paramount in the movies. The switch to Chesterfield followed a twelve-year tryst with Lever Brothers, ten of them for Pepsodent. Then Robert wanted out, so he could tape his shows.

One fine day, as he golfed with the president of NBC, a message arrived—his release from Lever Brothers. For no sensible reason, Bob glanced at his watch. "I asked for it, I got it. Just the same, it feels peculiar to be out of work at 5 o'clock on a Monday afternoon."

He remained among the unemployed for twenty-one hours. Chesterfield signed him at two the next day—with a raise, with taping, with all his requirements met. No mean stunt in these days of what they call fading radio.

To know Hope is to know one thing for sure. Take money away and he'd work for hay, because he wouldn't be able to help himself. Most comedians enjoy making people laugh. With Bob, it's more than enjoyment. It's the mainspring of his being. It's life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. The gag goes that if he saw

tween completion and added scenes on *The Lemon Drop Kid*, he flew to Korea with a unit of forty. Last Christmas Eve he was doing a show at the Fairfield-Suisan Base. A plane took him back to spend Christmas Day with his family.

Ask what prompts this tireless activity, and he's likely to give you the eye. "I love flying, he'll say." With pleasure, you can wring out a little more. "These are potent kids. They're defending our way of life. Why should I sit around on my Morris chair? Besides, it's exciting, it's gratifying, I get a belt out of it. At Yukasuka Hospital we ran into all these guys from the First Marines, all in one big ward. Some were badly hurt, two or three wouldn't walk again. But 'Tell the First Marines we'll be back,' they yelled. They didn't ask to be heroes, they're no crazier about blood and pain than you are. But as long as their buddies were in, they were in too. 'Tell the First Marines we'll be back.' How about that? It gives you goose pimples. But you can't read about it in a newspaper. You've got to go there to get it."

This is the Hope you don't hear on the



Broadway saw Bob in many of the early Thirties' musical comedy successes—"Roberta," "Red, Hot and Blue," and "Ziegfeld Follies of 1932" from which this moment with Fanny Brice (when she wasn't being Baby Snooks) was recorded.

four guys on a corner, he'd stop and do a show. Or, as Crosby put it: "Hope's favorite text is: Where two or three are gathered together, there am I in the midst of them." Humor is his element, and the communication of gayety his mission on earth. As surely as Heifetz fulfills himself through the fiddle, so does Hope through laughter.

While this is his native form of self-expression, it's hardly the whole man. He'd blench at so solemn a word as dedication. But something root-deep drives him to spend his talent where it's needed most. In wartime entertainment, his name leads all the rest. By V-J Day he'd made six overseas trips and, when contracts interfered, took a year's leave of absence. On this side he zipped from camp to naval base to hospital. Christmas of '48 found him with the U. S. Airlift in Germany. Christmas of '49 he promised to stay home. But Stuart Symington suggested that the boys in Alaska could use him. So he compromised by taking his wife and the two elder children along. Last November, be-

radio—and rarely off. What he feels goes into action rather than words. What he feels most stays farthest under. The surface bubbles with casual foolery. In his own right, he's a very funny man and the currency of everyday living is a quip. It's been said that if you tagged behind him, sweeping up his cracks, they'd make a still better show than the one he broadcasts.

Why this fifth son of an English stonemason should have grown up to be an archetype of American humor isn't for us to delve into. He was an individualist from the first. On shipboard his brothers submitted to vaccination. Leslie Townes, aged four, observed the plunging needle and broke loose. He was chased, nabbed and stuck, but undefeated, for he knew his mother and carried his arm to her. Avis Hope would let no son of hers be put upon. Those that wanted to be vaccinated, let them. This one didn't. Indignantly she wiped the spot clean.

Her husband had preceded the family to Cleveland, where his brothers lived.

There she and the six boys joined him, and a seventh was born. There they made the kind of home which does much to explain Bob—ruled by love, by principle and common sense. Mom was the hub round which this household revolved. The boys were men when she died of cancer in '34, but her loss was none the less grievous. She was a woman of outpouring warmth, gay, gentle and spunky. In defense of her young, she'd have done battle with lions. Her faith in them was absolute. An aunt disapproved of Bob's hanging around a poolroom where he'd organized a quartette. "It must be a nice poolroom," said Mom serenely.

BOB's distaste for his given name was acquired at 6. "Leslie Hope," he answered when the teacher asked him. "Hope, Leslie," she put it down, and at recess the kids started bawling Hope Leslie at him. His brothers rallied round and staged a whale of a fight, which accomplished nothing. It was a short step from Hope, Leslie to Hopeless, and Hopeless stuck. They could hardly have hit on a less appropriate title. Sitting hungry in Chicago some years later, with no prospect of a job, Bob nevertheless mused dreamily on the effect in lights of such a name as Leslie Townes Hope. Dignified, yes, but it didn't match the act—which right then seemed destined for a pauper's grave. Briefly, he became Lester. Around '27 he threw the whole thing out and settled for Bob. "Chummier type handle," he explains.

In Cleveland, the Hope clan functioned as a private co-operative. Lacking sisters, the boys scrubbed floors and helped with the dishes. Mom saw that they shined their shoes on Saturday night and went to church on Sunday. If they had a grudge to work off, Dad steered them to the backyard with boxing gloves, whispering: "Don't tell your mother." It was a futile precaution since all she had to do was look out the back window and come a-running. In this department, however, Dad's word was final. "Let them alone. They're boys, they've got to fight it out—"

"Men!" she'd scoff, and stand by to staunch the wounds.

Dad got to be boss of his own stoneyard, but his work was seasonal and the seven were eager eaters. Each kid understood and accepted responsibility. Each staked out a corner and sold papers before school. After school they worked in meat markets for so much a week and so much meat on Saturday. Mom, a superlative cook, fed them bountifully but would tolerate no waste. To this day, Bob doesn't take more on his plate than he can eat and eats all he takes. To this day he says: "That lemon cream pie was great, but not as good as

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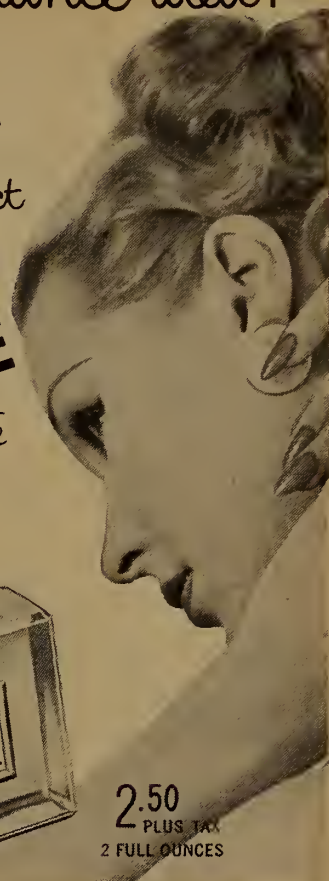
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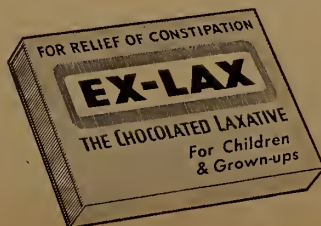
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Home for the Hopes is one of the most beautiful in that community of beautiful homes—Beverly Hills, California. A less formal retreat in nearby Palm Springs enables Bob and the family to get away from it all—but only too seldom.

my mother used to make." When he worked on Broadway, she'd send him lemon cream pies via airmail.

According to Bob, he entered show business by singing around apartment houses with another kid. "They threw us money to make us go away. Then I found out that actors sleep late. This turned out to be a delusion, but it ruined me."

Actually, he couldn't escape show business. Where Bob was, there was mirth, music and a heightened zest for life. During the Chaplin craze, he flipped his derby and went round on one oversize shoe to win a contest. The fact that he'd planted his gang to tear the place down made the triumph no less sweet. In high school he discovered dancing, and took some lessons. So, for a while, did his brother Jack who recalls Bob in an unwonted mood of earnestness on the way home. "Boy, this is wonderful. It's the greatest thing in the world. I'm going into vaudeville—"

He went by way of the Chandler Motor Company, whose purchasing agent was brother Ivor. They put Bob in charge of tools, but when you wanted tools he was somewhere else, rounding up three other fellows for a singing-bee. Ivor bawled him out. "Yes sir," said Bob, who'd been taught manners—but failed to mend his ways. He insists that the Chandler people kept him to act as emcee at salesmen's meetings, thus providing him with a price-less proving ground.

Meantime he was living his own life after hours—doing amateur shows around town, picking up five bucks or a loving cup, working out a duo with Lloyd Durban as partner, and keeping both eyes on the door of opportunity. Fatty Arbuckle set it ajar and Bob shoved his foot in. Passing through Cleveland on the comeback trail, Arbuckle needed some local talent. Hope and Durban presented themselves. He liked them and, on the eve of departure, recommended them to the manager of a show memorably titled *Hurley's Jolly Follies*. Hurley signed them at fifty dollars a week. They contributed to the jollity with dance, a blackface routine and a saxophone solo by Bob. To his mother, he was already a star. His father's attitude may be best summed up in Bob's words. "He

kind of looked at me round the edges. Didn't think anything much would happen to me."

For a time nothing much did. Durban fell ill and Bob teamed up with George Byrñe of Columbus. The *Jolly Follies* closed, but they managed to get bookings in Detroit and Pittsburgh, and finally in New York where they danced with the Siamese twins. During this engagement they were tagged for a show called *The Sidewalks of New York*. Their reception was frosty. To get a second bow, they'd leap back like kangaroos from the wings. One day the manager yelled: "Hey, Hope and Byrñe—" Shuddering, they issued from the dressing room. "Why don't you two put some makeup on at least? Might make you look better. You couldn't sound any worse—"

They returned to the midwest and vaudeville. At Newcastle, Indiana, Hope was asked to announce a forthcoming attraction. He kidded the announcement, and the people howled. For the first time he felt that flow of warmth between him and an audience which means they like you, they've taken you in, they're yours. It's a dizzying sensation and it stimulated Hope, Les. Before he got through, the house was hysterical. "Great, great!" said the manager, pumping his hand. "That's a fixture. I want it in every show while you're here."

Bob turned thoughtful. He'd always found it easy to amuse people, yet he'd been basing the act on dance routines. The light broke. He split with his partner, worked out a single that he felt at home with, shaped it up in the small time and set out to astonish the booking agents of Chicago.

The booking agents were too busy to be bothered. Bob ate his heart out trying to get an audition, and reached the point where coffee and doughnuts were his only other fare. With holes in his shoes and a bigger one in his stomach, he made his dogged way from door to door, took his rebuffs and started the weary round all over again, haunted by visions of a bus headed for Cleveland and his mother's table.

One day the incredible happened. In an agent's office he encountered a friendly

face. This was the face of Charles Cooley, a boyhood chum, who was doing all right in vaudeville.

"How's with you?" asked Cooley.

"Bad. The agents can't see me. They think I'm a ghost."

"Let's go eat."

Cooley ordered steaks. Bob gave his the once-over. "Confidentially, do you cut these things with a knife or drink 'em out of a spoon?"

They returned to the office where Cooley had been waiting for his agent, Charles Hogan. The agent must have had a good lunch too. "This friend of mine," Cooley told him, "is a swell emcee. Do me a favor. Give him at least a day's work."

"All right. West Inglewood's open on Sunday. He can go in."

West Englewood was a small house. Bob went in and wowed them as Hogan and Cooley watched. "Well?" demanded the friend.

"Not bad," said the agent. "Think I'll stick him into the Stratford."

Cooley was already out of his seat. "Let's go tell him."

HEARING the news, Bob looked from one to the other. A long sigh escaped him. "Gee, thanks," he said soberly.

At the Stratford, Ted Leary had held forth for two years. The people adored him. Bob realized that he couldn't crash into their graces, he'd have to sneak in. So well did he manage that the original three-day booking stretched to six months. Curiously, his hit tune was a serious number—"If You See Me Dancing in Some Cabaret, That's Just My Way to Forget You." For old two-a-day fans round the windy city, that song is as closely linked to the name of Hope as another serious tune which was still to come, called "Thanks for the Memory."

Charles Cooley's in California now, working for Hope. Observes Cooley: "He never said, 'You did me a favor once, I'd like to repay you—' He said, 'I want you around.' The rest is understood. He won't have you under obligation to him. Makes you feel that for what you get, you give. It's not just me. Look at his pictures, they're stacked with old vaudevillians. He can't take care of 'em all, but he sure does his best. Try to thank him, he says, 'For what?' and switches the play. I ought to keep my trap shut. He doesn't go for this business of talking him up. But to me he's the greatest guy in the world. Let him sue me."

The road up led through the midwest and the old Interstate Circuit, and at last they asked Bob to show for the Keith-Orpheum time. With experience, a reputation and five thousand smackers socked away, he re-entered New York. The next segment you can have in his own words.

"Two years ago I'm Leslie Townes Hope, remember? Now I'm a big shot, I've got dough, I shove bookers around. They call me. 'Would you like to show your act at the Jackson?'"

"I'm being very cozy, eating it all up. 'Don't bother me. Don't call me till you get next-to-closing in a good house.'"

"What else do you want?"

"Nothing," I say, buffing my nails. "In two weeks I'm going to the William Morris office."

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by VALDA SHERMAN

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"Whom do I follow?" Whom. With grammar yet.

"Leatrice Joy."

"Fifty bucks for three days. Well, they can keep it. If this act goes over, they're going to pay me for it."

Knowing he'd be appraised by these shrewd operators at his own appraisal, the cockiness was deliberately assumed. But he couldn't quite sustain it. The next phone call was made by Mr. Hope, more in a mood to bite than buff his nails. "Could you get me three days in Brooklyn for a warmup?"

The agent obliged. What's more, he sneaked over to watch. An audience is a mystery. The Brooklyn house sat on its hands. Bob laid an egg and found his agent in the dressing room, fretted with woe. "Creepers!! How d'you think you'll do over there? It's the toughest crowd in New York—"

"If I don't do good," said Bob, too weary for grammar, "call me out at sunrise."

With his first line, 86th Street took him to its heart. The act went wham, wham, wham, to the kind of delirious finish entertainers dream of. Exhausted and blissful in the wings, Bob heard the roar that wouldn't be silenced. Through his mind flashed the memory of himself and Byrne, snatching their second bow. Not now, brother. Now he was home and it was wonderful. Now let 'em plead, God love 'em, before you answered the roar that called you back again and again and again—

In his dressing room, the agent thumped him sore. "Boy, I knew you could do it," he gloated, Brooklyn forgotten.

To the reader of a career story, nothing equals the first blaze of success for drama. To the true entertainer, it's exhilarating every step of the way. Hope signed a contract as headliner with the RKO circuit. There was a triumphal return to Cleveland, with banners blaring *Our Own Bob*, with Mom (who'd known it all along) beaming down front, and Dad (who'd looked round the edges) beaming beside her. There was his first date at the Palace when, between

wonder and terror, he beheld his name on the marquee with Bea Lillie's. They billed him as "The Midwest Sensation," and he could already hear the wise guys sneering, "Send him back to the corn."

The Palace, however, was 86th Street repeated on a grander scale. Jerome Kern spotted his breezy affable humor as just what was needed for a show to be called "Roberta."

During the run of "Roberta," Hope met a girl named Dolores Reade. She was a native New Yorker, half Italian, half Irish. Her real name was De Fina. She'd taken Reade as a professional name, and one of her first jobs was at the Vogue Club, where she sang in a deep contralto and looked like a dream.

It was a night in December when George Murphy, an old family friend, came to hear her sing. He introduced the guy with him as Bob Hope. All three sat together till George excused himself to speak to some people at another table. Bob made no effort at small talk, nor did he respond to the efforts of Dolores. Indeed, he seemed to have scruples against looking at her. He looked carefully past her at the musicians and dancers. This singular conduct began to unnerve Dolores. In desperation she asked, "Would you like to dance?"

His gaze returned as from a far country. He spoke quietly and with great dignity. "No, thank you. I'm tired."

Dolores Reade wasn't just a pretty girl. She happened to be a raving beauty, and this was her first experience at direct rejection. Recovering from the shock, she turned furious. Her initial impulse was to dump a water pitcher over his head, her next was to giggle. She suppressed both impulses sternly. Pretty soon George came back and asked her to dance.

They'd circled the floor three or four times when a tall figure approached, tapped Murphy's shoulder and took the lady away. "I thought you were too tired to dance," she heckled him.

"Thank you, I'm rested."

They played "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes" and "It's Only A Paper Moon." The evening grew enchanted. It was Bob, not the old family friend, who took Dolores home. Outside her house—though the night was



Almost as well-known as the talents that brought them fame is the Bob Hope-Bing Crosby friendship. Crosby never passes Bob's dressing room on the Paramount lot without honking his horn or calling out some affectionate insult.

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freezing—they sat in the car, talking till dawn. Then Dolores ran upstairs and woke her mother. "I've just met the man I'm going to marry."

"And what does he do for a living?"
 "That never came up. But George Murphy brought him. So he must be a chorus boy in 'Roberta.'"
 "You're out of your mind," said her parent. "Go to bed."

Next day Murphy sent her two tickets for the matinee. She took a girl friend along. "I met the cutest chorus boy from this show last night. Let's find his name." They searched the small print of the program in vain. "That's funny," thought Dolores, feeling pretty flat till the curtain rose and presently out walked Hope, one of the stars.

It was only courteous to go backstage and thank George for the tickets. On the other hand, Miss Reade wasn't kidding herself. This character who made her heart stand still would be somewhere around. Her presence would serve to remind him that she was on earth. As she talked to George, he stuck his head out of his dressing room. "Would you mind stepping in here, if you've got a minute?"

HER BACKBONE tingled. Obviously he meant to ask her for a date. In the dressing room a man was taking his measurements. Bolts of cloth lay around. "How do you like this fabric?" he inquired earnestly. "Think it would make a good-looking suit?"

"Yes, indeed."
 "Thanks. I'll be seein' you."
 She left, resolved to wash him out of her hair, and started by hotfooting it to the phone every time it rang. Through a long Saturday evening and an empty Sunday, no message from Bob. Late Monday evening he called the club. Would she have supper with him when she got through?

The world turned rosy. In the midst of her song, he entered, a lovely blonde on his arm. This time it wasn't funny. In the dressing room she made ready for her next number and concocted a really devastating brush-off. On her return, a second male sat with Bob and the blonde. By signals, her date conveyed to her that the blonde was strictly the other guy's business.

All four had supper at a place called the Haha Club. Between courses they danced. Her ear was convenient to Bob's voice. "I don't suppose you'd consider marrying me, would you?"

"Absolutely," said Dolores.
 Unfortunately, it couldn't be tomorrow. He had to go on the road with "Roberta." She'd signed for four weeks at the Embassy in Miami, with a four-week option. They tore themselves apart, but four weeks was all they could stand. Dolores refused to go through with the option clause. In Erie, on February 19th, 1934, she became Mrs. Bob Hope.

"Roberta" closed in April, by which time Bob had worked out an act for himself and his wife. She was to open it with a song. At the end of the second chorus, he'd stroll out for the comedy routine. Accustomed as she was to public singing, Dolores did fine with the verse and first chorus. Then, unaccountably, panic hit her. This was a stage, not a night club. She'd never sung on a stage before. Petrified, she opened her

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mouth and not a single sound came out.

From the wings Bob noted her plight, sallied forth toward the footlights and addressed the orchestra leader. "Again, please." They played it again. He bent an attentive ear. "Once more, please." They played it once more. He straightened up and turned to Dolores. "Sounds all right to me. How often do you let them play it before you interrupt?" Which laid them in the aisles and was thereafter retained as part of the act.

Off and on she continued to work with him till, in 1939, they adopted Linda and, ten months later, Tony, Kelly and Nora have joined the family since. To these four, Dolores is a full-time mother. She and Bob prefer it that way.

BOB'S START in radio was unspectacular. "In those days," he explains, "I was snubbing radio. Vaudeville suited me fine. All I had to do was change a joke once in a while. You could also put the snub on the other foot. Every now and then they'd ask me to do a guest shot on RKO Theatre of the Air. After the pain wore off, they'd give me another chance to see if I got any better. I didn't."

The mike terrified him. On a stage he was the easiest guy in the world, master of all his wits. Through "Roberta" he floated. In front of a mike, he fell apart. Someone was inspired to stick a music-stand between him and the instrument of torture. But he spied it over the music-stand, and his eyes glazed. "Why did you cross the street?" he'd ask, and start humming.

"Please don't hum," said the director. "Who's humming?" he demanded. "Hm, hm, hm." Then he'd wipe the sweat from his brow and croak: "Be nonchalant. Light a hum."

Nevertheless, Bromo-Seltzer offered him fifteen weeks on a program with such names as Al Goodman and Jane Froman. Nothing happened. "Nothing," says Hope, "but a great silence like in the Utter-McKinley waiting room."

He's not a man to accept defeat lightly. In '35 he started steaming for the Atlantic Refining Company. Through '36 and '37, working for Woodbury, he won the battle of the mike. While Woodbury meditated contract angles, Pepsodent grabbed him. "We wish," sighed the old sponsor, "that we were your new sponsor—"

"You could have been," said Bob helpfully.

Now he's co-salesman with Bing for Chesterfield. Their constant gibing is based on respect and friendship. Crosby never passes the dressing room without honking his horn and yelling, "Hi, Flab" or "Lard-head" or "Happy Hips." Bob's favorite insult for him is Grandpa Moses. This bears no connection with the Grandma Moses which hangs in the Hope living room. If Dolores had her way, their walls would be covered with paintings. As it is, Grandma reigns alone. Bob likes her. For the rest—"I don't want anyone's inhibitions round the house."

Like other top comedians, he refuses to go whole-hog for television. When you're working in other media, it's impossible. But he's intelligently curious and willing to experiment. Thus far, he's done five TV shows for Frigidaire. His chief interest, however, still lies with radio and pictures.

There was a time when pictures held less

allure than does TV now. He'd been tested by Pathe and still swears that his test broke the company. It didn't bother him. He was riding high between vaudeville and musicals, and pretty suspicious of that village called Hollywood. "Roberta" was followed by "Say When." Then came "Ziegfeld Follies" and "Red Hot and Blue."

Mitch Leisen was preparing "Big Broadcast of 1938." Having tried and failed to snag Benny, he cased Broadway, got an earful of Hope and made him a bid.

"Uh-huh. I like it here."

"Who says you won't like it there?"

"Who says I will?"

The harder he shook his head, the more cabbage they waved. Things reached a point where he couldn't afford not to nibble. So in "The Big Broadcast," a new face appeared, complete with nose. A new voice sang "Thanks for the Memory" with Shirley Ross. A new personality captured the affections of people.

The warmth he first felt at Newcastle continue to flow between him and his audiences. Since they're world-wide, he can't see them all now. But they love him, they've taken him in for good, they're his.

If people love Hope—not merely his humor, but the man—it's because Hope loves people and has the thoughtfulness and imagination to put himself into their skins. His greatest tenderness, his deepest responsibility is toward those whom life has hurt. Sentimentality isn't in his nature. He doesn't shoot off his mouth, he acts.

Going through hospitals here or abroad, his heart is never visible on his sleeve. "What good does it do," he once asked, "if you cry with them?" His job is to entertain. He clowns for them, kids them, rolls dice with them. To a bedridden patient he'll say, "Move over. I'm tired." If his face grows grave on leaving, the most he'll ever say is "How about that!" But he'll bring home long lists of the names of boys whose folks he's promised to call.

There was a boy in Japan whom the doctor asked him to talk to. Since being brought in from Korea, he hadn't talked at all. Without working any miracles, Bob did get him to smile. When he offered to call the kid's family in Seattle, he brightened perceptibly. In the confusion that followed, his name was lost. All the way home, this giggled at Hope like the pea in the princess's bed. Luckily, the shows had been tape-recorded. One day his secretary was running the tape while Bob worked at his desk. Suddenly his head lifted. "Tony, that's it. There's the name." The name was all they had, but Tony enlisted the aid of the Seattle operator, and Bob finally got through to the folks. Which end derived more satisfaction from this mission completed, it's hard to say.

HIS BROADCASTS are again beginning to come from camps and naval bases. Far from draining him, the trips seem to invigorate him. "With those kids," he says, "you don't even have to try. All you have to do is show up—"

At Paramount he won't allow his set to be closed. But he won't make a virtue of it either. "I'm not against set-closing on principle. In many cases, it's a practical necessity. Visitors can raise ned with the cost-sheets. But our gang doesn't do that



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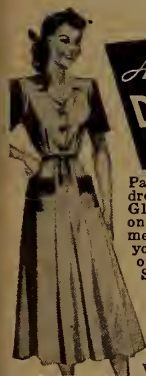


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type of work. We laugh it up and we like an audience. I meet lots of people. I say, come see me at the studio if you're ever in town, and I mean it. I'd hate to have somebody walk in from Japan and be told the set was closed—"

Stories about stars beloved by their co-workers are a dime a dozen. Stretched end to end, they'd put a girdle round the earth and be just as credible. Instead of boring you with stale hosannas to Hope, I'll draw from personal experience.

Long ago I questioned a skeptical reporter who'd been in Hollywood for years. "Of all the movie people you've run into, which one do you most like and respect?"

Without taking time to ponder, he answered: "Bob Hope. By a mile."

My first encounter with him was characteristic. I was in his dressing room with a couple of other people, gathering material for this story. None of us noted the flight of time. Bob arrived for lunch to find the door closed. His secretary offered to dispossess us. We were left undisturbed. Emerging forty-five minutes later, we discovered Hope at lunch in the outer office. "Thought I'd have to get an injunction," he observed amiably, "to blast you out."

It didn't kill him to eat in the office. But this was his one quiet hour in a tight-packed day and he'd have been much more comfortable in his own room. I've never met anyone but Hope who'd have handled it that way.

THIS IS ALAN YOUNG

(Continued from page 69) his carpenter's apron complete with many instruments.

"Now do be careful," Gini warned him. "You know how you are." And she kissed him to remove any hint of criticism.

"Just leave it to me," ordered Alan in stout-fellow tones.

He located a ladder, set it against the side of the house, borrowed a second ladder, boosted it onto the house roof and ascended to the ridgepole and the aerial.

With infinite care he removed a corrosion eliminator from his pocket along with a polishing cloth, and a hammer. "The first thing to do," he said, looking for a place to rest his equipment...

Somehow his foot slipped. He clutched at the aerial and clung for an instant before his hand slipped. In the handsomest half-gainer of his career, he dove off the roof and into the garden where he lay motionless, mentally examining his limbs for fractures. He had decided that he was intact just as Gini came running from the house, crying.

"I'm perfectly all right," he announced with great dignity. "I'm not even shaken up... to speak of." And he regained his feet in a movement which was only slightly cramped and awkward.

But from that day to this, the aerial has functioned in tune with the gods of TV.

Yes indeed... there are more ways to be a winner in this world than merely charging boldly forward and surpassing the field. Ask Alan.

Correction: Cavalcade of Stars (April issue) is presented by the Druggists of America in cooperation with the National Association of Retail Druggists.

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THIS IS ME

(Continued from page 28) for instance . . .

The scene was Avon Lodge, near Woodridge, New York. The time—early summer, 1942. The characters were Florence Levy, a children's counselor at the resort—tall, auburn-haired, beautiful—and Sid Caesar, a musician in the band—tall, brown-haired and awfully burned up.

Florence: I'm really sorry, Sid, but, after all, I can't break a date once I've made it—

Sid: (glaring) That's just the point. After *all* we're supposed to *mean* to each other, you made a *date* with somebody *else*. That's what I can't comprehend!

Florence: But Sid, I told you—

Sid: Enough! This whole discussion is futile! Just answer yes or no—you *still* insist on going out with that guy tonight?

(Florence quietly nods)

Sid: (in a towering rage) Very well! *This is the finish!*

See what I mean? Get that big exit line: "This is the finish!" You'd think I was winding up a five-year-long engagement. The fact is, I had met Florence only *three days* before!

That sort of silly behavior is familiar to everyone. Fortunately for most of us we can laugh at ourselves—later. Florence and I certainly laugh when we think back to that silly situation at Avon Lodge. Just one year after I yelled, "This is the finish!" Florence and I were married.

Then the Axis boys started a global war. Our country was drawn into it. Me? I joined the U. S. Coast Guard. You see, I had it figured out that there would be less walking than in the infantry.

I guess if it weren't for the Rome-Berlin-Tokyo Axis, I'd probably still be blowing my brains out playing saxophone in a dance band.

Hirohito, Mussolini and Hitler—I hate to credit that Terrible Trio with anything, but because of them, I met the man who guided me to fame and fortune. His name is Max Liebman. How Der Fuehrer would have chewed the rug at that one!

Well, I was wearing holes in the soles of my third pair of marching shoes when an opportunity to play in the Coast Guard band presented itself. They didn't have to twist my arm. I leaped at the chance.

Things hadn't change much, it seemed. The previous summer I was tooting sax at a resort in the borscht belt near Monticello, New York. Here I was again, still tooting, but for the boys in blue.

Being a Coast Guard bandsman made sense. While at school in Yonkers, my chief interest had always been music. Don't get me wrong—I wasn't any pale-faced high-brow about it. I liked to clown around with the guys in the gang. I liked to go out on little hunting trips with them. I was active in sports. But I had an unshakable conviction that a career in music was the thing for me. By the time I got half-way through Yonkers High I was playing sax in small dance bands. I can even remember one all-night job that paid two dollars.

At the ripe age of seventeen I was playing with Charlie Spivak's Orchestra. Not long after that I was helping Shep Fields make Rippling Rhythm.

Was I carving out a career with the name bands? It seemed that way but secretly I yearned for acceptance as a Serious Musi-

cian. And to that end I began to study the classical composers. But World War II changed that.

This gets us back to how Hitler, *et al*, unintentionally brought about a very fateful meeting. The year was 1942. The U. S. Coast Guard, apparently inspired by "This Is The Army," decided to put on a show that would build recruiting and morale. Into our midst came a short, mild-mannered civilian—Max Liebman.

Long before he appeared on the scene I had worked up a few monologues, pantomimes and satirical sketches, just to keep from being bored stiff by our day-to-day routine. Most of my subjects (or maybe targets is a better word) were the officers. I lampooned many an enlisted man, too, including myself.

As a member of the band, I reported for the first rehearsal of "Tars and Spars." I had scarcely entered the hall when Max Liebman came over to me.

"Your name Caesar?"

"That's right, sir."

With an odd little half-grin, he said, "Seems like you have quite a few press agents around here. Some of the officers have been telling me about the routines you do—"

I started to sputter defensively, "Look, I was only clowning around—"

"Relax," Liebman cut in. "I'm not the Gestapo. I wanted to say the opinion seems to be that your routines are funny. Care to try out for 'Tars and Spars'?"

And that's how one man's career was suddenly switched from musician to comedian. That marked the beginning of my wonderful association with the man who now produces Your Show of Shows.

The Coast Guard's "Tars and Spars" had a successful production. Columbia

Pictures later made a movie of it, and I repeated my routines. The critics wrote favorably about me and Columbia signed me to a term contract.

A term contract doesn't necessarily mean a career in front of the cameras. It certainly didn't, in my case. After two years of much Hollywood sunshine and no picture-making, I headed back East. There were some theater and night club dates in New York and Chicago. More important, there was always Max Liebman's belief in me. His loyal friendship and his constant boosting eventually paid off.

Max Gordon and Leo Lindy were two others who did a lot of drum-beating for me. At Gordon's insistence, producer Joseph Hyman caught my show at the New York Roxy. I was promptly offered a good comedy part in the successful Broadway revue, "Make Mine Manhattan."

When Max Liebman began rounding up a company for his first big television venture, The Admiral Revue, he gave me the top comedy spot. Your Show of Shows followed that and here I am today—an saxophone player memorizing lines and business instead of musical scores.

My day starts at 8:30 A.M. It ends when we finish rehearsal around 6:30 in the evening. Saturday is usually a killer. That's show day and we don't wrap it up until after 10:30 at night. It's the sort of schedule that leaves precious little time for family life. That's the toughest part of being in television. And yet at the same time, working with such a talented, knowing comedienne as Imogene Coca, makes it really fun.

Florence and I have agreed that shop talk is strictly taboo at home. We have plenty of diversion with our delightful little girl, Michele. Shellie, we call her. Three and a half years old . . . chockful of charm . . . blonde-haired . . . blue-eyed—oh, well, I guess that I'm just a bit biased.

After Shellie is put to bed, Florence and I like to relax. We enjoy good books and good music. We watch some of our favorite television shows. Once or twice each week Florence meets me in New York, after rehearsal, and we scout around in search of an unusual restaurant. Afterward, we hit a good movie. Florence shares my enthusiasm for fascinating foreign films. I hope you enjoy the impressions of them I've done on Your Show of Shows.

I'm not altogether certain that Florence shares my enthusiasm for guns. Her approach to my hobby is pretty philosophical, though. "It could be worse," she remarked one day, "You might have been interested in collecting Amazonian shrunken heads." There's a rack, just off our living room, that holds ten beautiful hunting rifles and while it's pretty fancy dreaming for a guy who was born and raised in Yonkers, I have a mighty strong yen to go on a real African safari.

Okay. So there isn't one chance in a thousand that I'll ever be in a spot like that. But I've actually done research on the planning of such an expedition. What I've learned, though, leads me to believe that it's tougher to cut through international red tape than it is to cut through an elephant's hide. Guess I'll just have to settle for my routine life in the laugh business!

JUNIOR MIRROR PUPPETS

(Continued from page 61) puppet with a knife, starting at the neck, and going across the top of the head to the other side of the neck. Now you scoop the clay out (save it for future use) and you have two papier-mache halves.

Now put the two halves together and paste more paper over the cut to join them firmly. Let the paste dry then paint the puppet head with ordinary poster paint. In the barn, Peppy and the Panda are putting on the eyebrows and eyes of their puppet. (Pic #3.)

Clothes are easy to make. You need two pieces of material four inches wide and long enough to reach down to your elbow. Sew them together and attach them to the neck of the puppet with a needle and thread and paste. Cut holes where the puppet arms should be and attach sleeves large enough to hold your fingers. The animals' puppets, as you can see by picture (Pic #4) turned out very cute.

To work the puppet, put your thumb in one sleeve, your pinky and ring finger in the other sleeve. Your index and middle finger work the head. With a little practice, you will be ready to have your own puppet show like Peppy, Honey and the Panda.



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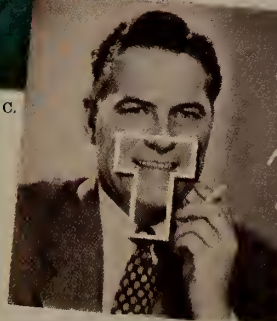
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