Your complexion is smoother—clearer, too—with your First Cake of Camay!

MRS. JACK STANTON, the former Marian Richards of California, is a recent—and lovely—Camay Bride

Doesn't Marian Stanton look like a story-book princess? Her hair is the color of spun gold—her eyes are azure. Yes, and Marian has a complexion soft and lovely as any heroine of fiction. Her first cake of Camay brought romantic new beauty to her skin!

Say "Camay" and Marian's eyes sparkle. "Camay smooths and freshens your complexion so quickly," she confides to friends. "Why, when I changed to regular care and mild, gentle Camay—my very first cake brought a clearer, softer look to my skin!"

You'll be lovelier, too—when you change to regular care—use Camay alone. Camay's lather is rich and creamy—just the kind you need to wake the sleeping beauty of your skin. Use Camay—and a softer, clearer complexion will be your reward!

Mild and gentle Camay—there's nothing finer!
Camay's gentle, creamy lather is sheer delight to use—it's soft as satin to your skin. And remember this—the larger cake, the thrifty "Beauty-Bath" size, is Camay at its finest. Use it for more lather—more luxury—more of everything you like about Camay!

New beauty for all your skin!
Bathe with gentle, rich-lathering Camay, too—give all your skin a luxurious beauty treatment! The daily Camay Beauty Bath brings arms and back and shoulders that "beautifully cared-for" look. It touches you with Camay's flattering fragrance!
WHAT A DAMNING thing to say about a pretty girl out to make the most of her holiday! Attracted by her good looks, men dated her once but never took her out a second time. And for a very good reason*. So, the vacation that could have been so gay and exciting, became a dull and dreary flop. And she, herself, was the last to suspect why.

How's Your Breath Today?
Unfortunately, you can be guilty of halitosis (unpleasant breath) without realizing it. Rather than guess about this condition or run a foolish risk, why not get into the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic? Rinse the mouth with it night and morning, and between times before every date where you want to be at your best. It's efficient! It's refreshing! It's delightful!

To Be Extra-Careful
Listerine Antiseptic is the extra-careful precaution because it freshens and sweetens the breath . . . not for mere seconds or minutes . . . but for hours, usually. So, don't trust makeshifts which may be effective only momentarily . . . trust Listerine, the lasting precaution. It's part of your passport to popularity.

*Though sometimes systemic, most cases of halitosis are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such oral fermentation, and overcomes the odors it causes.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.
Contents

Keystone Edition

FRED R. SAMMIS, Editor-in-Chief
Doris McFerran, Editor; Jack Zasorin, Art Director; Matt Basile, Art Editor; Josephine Pearson, Assistant Editor; Marie Haller, Assistant Editor; Dorothy Brand, Editorial Assistant; Esther Foley, Home Service Director; Television: Frances Kish.

Helen Cambria Bolstad, Chicago Editor; Lyle Rooks, Hollywood Editor; Frances Morrin, Hollywood Assistant Editor; Hymie Fink, Staff Photographer; Betty Jo Rice, Assistant Photographer

5 Ford Bond
6 Those Quiz Kids:
11 Best Letters In Answer to Althea Bigby Problem
12 What July Fourth Means To Me ... by Jim Hurlbut
14 Who’s Who In TV
28 The Pleasure to Present ... by Ed Sullivan
30 Three Happy People ... by Gladys Hall
32 Happily Ever After ... by Judith Field
34 Lucky Marion Marlowe
36 Come and Visit Tony Martin ... by Freda Dudley Balling
38 Groucho-isms
44 The Woman In My House
46 Gene Autry Prize Round-Up ... by Gene Autry

Special Section: Songs For Sale
56 They All Know Me ... by Jan Murray
58 Hayes Fever
60 Tips For Tune Writters
62 Sheet Music for Songs For Sale Contest
64 Call Me Mother! ... by Margaret Whiting
66 Saturday at the Shamrock
94 Radio Television Mirror Reader Bonus: A Reason for Living by Evelyn Fiore

Fun of the Month
16 Poetry
20 Art Linkletter’s Nonsense and Some-Sense
25 Selecting A Sitter ... by Terry Burton
26 Television For Children ... by William Parker
40 A New Figure ... by Dorry Ellis
48 This Is My Life ... by Grace Matthews
50 Daytime Serial Fashions For You
52 Junior Mirror
54 Suit Yourself Sundaes ... by Nancy Craig

WINS: Platter Spinning Professor
10 WCOP: The Lollipop Set
22 WCBS: Stay Up Stan
24 WGR: Man About Midnight

Information Booth
75 Program Highlights in Television Viewing
83 Daytime Diary

ON THE COVER: COLOR PORTRAIT OF ED SULLIVAN BY CAMERA ASSOCIATES


EXECUTIVE, ADVERTISING AND EDITORIAL OFFICES AND PERSONNEL:
205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.


All Rights Reserved under International Copyright Conventions. Copyright 1951 by Marketing Publications, Inc. No part of this publication may be reproduced, transmitted, or distributed in any form or by any means, without the prior written permission of the publisher. For information regarding permitted usage, please contact Marketing Publications, Inc., 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. All communications must be addressed to Marketing Publications, Inc., 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

Published at New York, N. Y., and at 225 North LaSalle Street, Chicago, III., also in Boston, Chicago, San Francisco, Los Angeles, and Canada. $5.00 per year for all other countries.

Change of Address: 6 weeks’ notice essential. When possible, please furnish street address impression address from a recent unused address change card can be made only if you send us your old as well as your new address. Write to Radio Television Mirror, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

MANUSCRIPTS, DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS should be carefully considered, but publisher cannot be responsible for loss of same.

Reprinted by Second Class permit 195, 1951, at the 205, 000 Office of publication. MC. "FOR" under the Act of October 3, 1940, as amended by the Act of June 30, 1944, as amended. Distributed by American Express Corporation, New York, N. Y.

For Sale On The Cover, Color Portrait of Ed Sullivan by Camera Associates

Member of The TRUTH Women’s Group.
Take the SIMMER out of SUMMER

For cool comfort, slimness-in-action, top designers suggest you wear

INVISIBLE PLAYTEX PINK-ICE

What's new? Shorter, narrow slacks—longer, slim shorts—sleek swimsuits—sheer, slim-draped dresses. Newest of all is your figure, in a Playtex Pink-Ice Girdle. Made by a new latex process, figure-slimming Pink-Ice is snowflake-light, daisy-fresh, dispels body heat. It's invisible, even under a swimsuit—it hasn't a seam, stitch or bone. Washes in seconds, dries with a towel.

Choose from the 3 most popular girdles in the world

PLAYTEX PINK-ICE GIRDLE
A new latex process. Light as a snowflake, fresh as a daisy, dispels body heat. SLIM, shimmering pink tube $4.95 and $5.95

PLAYTEX FAB-LINED GIRDLE
With fabric next to your skin. You'll look slim and feel wonderfully comfortable. In SLIM golden tube . . $5.95 and $6.95

PLAYTEX LIVING® GIRDLE
More figure-control, greater freedom than girdles costing over three times as much. In SLIM silvery tube . . $3.95 and $4.95

At department stores and better specialty shops everywhere
Sizes: extra-small, small, medium, large.
Prices slightly higher in Canada and Foreign Countries

INTERNATIONAL LATEX CORP'N. Playtex Park ©1951 Dover Del.
PLAYTEX LTD. Montreal, Canada
for a Gala hair-do every day all day

mystery quiz got Count Don't a got got even Said somewhat minute deck

Fun of the month

Bing Crosby Show
Carpenter: That's what you need on the program, Bing—more news. Like Louella Parsons, Walter Winchell, Senator Kefauver...
Crosby: Wait a minute Ken. The Kefauver program is a quiz show. Why, they even had a mystery tune.
Carpenter: What was that?
Crosby: “How Could You Believe Me When I Said I Don’t Remember When You Know I’ve Been A Liar All My Life.”
Bing Crosby Show: Wednesday at 9:30 P.M. EDT, CBS.

Elmer Davis
Elmer Davis, noted news commentator says; “French statesmen are like a deck of cards. They get reshuffled now and then, but the same faces turn up around the table only in a somewhat different order.”
Elmer Davis presents the news M-F, 7:15 P.M. EDT, ABC.

The Jack Benny Show
Kitzel: My poor brother! Tomorrow his wife’s relatives are coming from the East to visit him, and today he gets sick with the intentional flu.
Benny: No, no, Mr. Kitzel. That’s intestinal flu.
Kitzel: It’s intentional. You should see his wife’s relatives!
The Jack Benny Show: Sunday at 7:00 P.M. EDT, over CBS.

Life With Luigi
Luigi: America is even bigger than a supermarket! Take the different states Kansas is got wheat, Minnesota is got corn, California is got fruit and Milwaukee is got beer! And one state, Kentucky, is even famous for hats. I always hear people talk about the Kentucky Derby.
Life With Luigi is heard Tuesday at 9:00 P.M. EDT, over CBS.

Ken Murray Show
Douglas Fairbanks Jr.: Ken, are you telling me you are the athletic type?
Ken Murray: How do you suppose I got in this shape?
Ken Murray Show: Saturday at 8:00 P.M. EDT, over CBS.

We The People
Four zoot-suited teen-agers, members of the Brooklyn gang whose activities made headlines, fidgeted nervously as Dan Seymour introduced the evening’s guests. Some of them were members of foreign nobility now employed at unusual jobs in the United States. “Tonight,” said Seymour, “we have royalty with us, a glittering array of titled guests.” “That’s us, you guys,” whispered one of the Brooklynites. Seymour continued his introduction, “Prince Nicolo Corsini, Count Igor Cassini—” “What’s dis,” interrupted one of the toughs, “what mob are dem bums wit’!”
We The People: Friday, 8:30 P.M. EDT, NBC-TV.
Advice to aspiring radio announcers: learn to sing. That's how Ford Bond started twenty-eight years ago in Louisville, Kentucky, and Bond has just celebrated his twentieth anniversary as announcer with the same sponsor, Cities Service, over NBC. This marks the longest sponsor-announcer association in the history of radio.

"I entered radio via the singing route," he explains, "as did 99 per cent of all announcers in those days. At the age of five, I had started singing for yawning relatives gathered together on feast days."

In Ford's family circle, however, yawning must have been a sign of approval, for he was encouraged not only to continue his singing lessons, but also to add the study of the violin and the piano to his activities.

But music remained his prime interest and commanded so much of his time and thinking that he left college to accept a musical post with a commercial firm in the South.

In 1922, in Louisville, Bond accepted a singing and announcing offer with the local radio station. In eight years he progressed to general program executive, and left to join NBC in 1929.

In New York, Ford specialized in sports and news broadcasting, but among his assignments was the announcer's post for Cities Service. Now announcer for Band of America, Bond has remained through the changes in personnel and program format which have occurred under Cities Service sponsorship.

Bond married a Kentucky girl, Mary Elizabeth Ford, and they live in New York City. They have two children, teenagers Alice Marylyn and Reynolds Ford.

When he isn't busy with his announcing duties and his activities as head of Ford Bond Productions (transcribed radio programs), Bond is occupied with politics. A long-time friend of Thomas E. Dewey, Governor of New York, he has served as radio and television director of all of Dewey's Republican Party campaigns.

---

New finer Mum—more effective longer!

Now contains amazing new ingredient M-3 that protects 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. Yes, new Mum with M-3 protects against bacteria that cause underarm odor. Doesn't give odor a chance to start.

Softer, creamier new MUM smooths on easily, doesn't cake. Gentle—contains no harsh ingredients. 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!

New MUM cream deodorant
A Product of Bristol-Myers

Build up protection with new MUM! Mum with M-3 not only stops growth of odor-causing bacteria—but keeps down future bacteria growth. Yes, you actually build up protection with regular exclusive use of new Mum! Now at your cosmetic counter.
Those quiz kids

Presenting the Quiz Kids as good—and as bad as any other kids in town—living proof that it's fun to be smart.

Mike Mullin, thirteen, the bring-em-back-alive Quiz Kid, instructs Melvin Miles and Harvey Dytch in the safe handling of this five-foot fox snake. Mike captured the snake on a recent camping trip.

Halloween is still just Halloween, whether you're a Quiz Kid or not. (r) Frankie Vander Ploeg, Pat Conlon, Sally Ann Wilhelm, Lonny Dunde, Melvin Miles and Joe Kelly join in the costume party.

Nothing stuffy about these Quiz Kids! Here they join guest Tito Guizar in an impromptu jam session with a South of the Border flavor. That's Chief Quizzer Joe Kelly pounding away at the ivories.
For the past decade, listeners to the popular NBC radio show have pictured a Quiz Kid as a bespectacled little monster isolated from the mischief and fun of a normal childhood. In vain, Chief Quizzer Joe Kelly insisted this was untrue—that such a sad creature would be as big a flop on the program as he was in real life—but the public refused to believe him.

Today that impression is due to change. With the show entirely converted to TV, it becomes obvious to viewers that the typical Quiz Kid has charm as well as intelligence. He's a child who gets along well with others, who applies his learning to everyday situations, and who has as much fun, if not more, than the average child.

The Quiz Kids are on NBC-TV, Friday at 8 P.M., EDT for Alka Seltzer.

Twelve-year-old Naomi Cooks plays a perfect Juliet to John Carradine's Romeo—and without any rehearsal!

Melvin Miles, seven, may be scared to death of Bob Cavenaugh's educated mare, but he'd never show it. In fact, he's disappointed because the horse couldn't replace the tie.

It takes a lot more than a saxophone duet with Tex Beneke to phase six-year-old Frankie Vander Ploeg.

Joel Kupperman proves he can compute a math problem anywhere—even while taking a driving test.

There was a grin on every Quiz Kid face as they were invited to board one of the original merry Oldsmobiles.
Brad Phillips, referee of the Singing Battle Royal, finds a few spare moments in his four-hour WINS stint to prepare for his role as both student and professor.

I t was a quiet Sunday morning, and the voice on the radio said, "And now, presenting The Singing Battle Royal." This inauspicious introduction marked the beginning of one of the most novel of the current disc shows, presided over by WINS disc jockey, Brad Phillips.

For the ordinary man a four-hour tour of duty in a small broadcasting booth, particularly on a Sunday, may seem like an interminable period; the inexhaustible Mr. Phillips, however, finds that it fits right into his schedule. For, in between spinning records and selling everything from television sets to trips to Florida, Brad makes up his classwork for the following week. Not content with one job, he is also a full-time professor at New York University.

A native New Yorker, thirty-two-year-old Brad Phillips studied dramatic arts at the University of Michigan. When his days at Ann Arbor were capped off by the presentation of the usual sheepskin, Brad was offered his own program, a fifteen-minute variety show in Detroit. Shortly thereafter Brad married.

With the advent of Pearl Harbor, Brad joined the Marines, seeing action at the Saipan invasion, Okinawa and duty in Japan. Returning to his family in California, he decided to pull a switch on Mr. Horace Greeley and headed east to the lucrative fields of radio and TV.

In New York he became associated with WQXR as staff announcer and did free lance radio and television work. Having appeared in over fifty television shows including Studio One, and Kraft Theatre, he set out to work on his Masters Degree at the N.Y.U. School of Education. Upon completion of his degree he was offered a professorship teaching radio and television technique.

In 1948 Brad was assigned as staff announcer on WINS and given the disc show he has now made famous. The interesting feature about the Battle Royal is that it presents no bands or female singers. Four hours of records of the top male singers of the day might sound monotonous, but present Pulse ratings quickly belie the fact.

A resident of Bayside, Long Island, Brad has increased his family to include four children. The boss of the house, as Brad is the first to admit, is Russell, a hearty five-month-old. Not content with his family, his announcing chores at WINS, and teaching stint at N. Y. U., the indefatigable Mr. Phillips is now working toward his doctorate at Columbia. When time (?) allows he hies over to the American Theater Wing to continue his dramatic courses, for as he claims, "I want to be as versatile as possible." It's possible!
Coming Next Month

Mary Margaret McBride: radio's one and only.

August has a way of sounding delightfully drowsy from this distance and you may very well plan to make it delightfully drowsy. But be sure to reserve a place in your hammock for the August Radio Television Mirror. There's nothing drowsy about it and at the very least you'll find it delightful. Starting off—and what could be a better way—is a story, with color pictures plus a cover picture, of radio's very own first lady, Mary Margaret McBride. Mary Margaret from child to celebrity with never-before revelations is a feature no true McBride fan will want to miss. Sharing the August cover with Mary Margaret is Gordon MacRae, the Railroad Hour's charming young singer. There's a story about Gordon, too, of course. It's written by his secretary who sees her boss from an entirely different but nevertheless fascinating viewpoint. Be sure to look for it in the August issue of Radio Television Mirror.

Have you ever been lonely, so terribly lonely that you wished there were one person who could make your loneliness just a little easier to bear? Well, there is one person who has done that for countless men she never even sees. She's known to these men as Lonesome Gal and the only way they know her is via her late evening radio show. You'll find pictures and a story on this unique young woman in next month's issue.

Also in August: A Young Widder Brown picture story; a special section devoted to Saturday morning TV shows; and an inspirational piece by Susan Peters; Tommy Bartlett; plus our regular features. Remember the date—Wednesday, July 11. Happy hammocking!

You, too, could be more charming attractive popular

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 cream deodorant guaranteed to stop perspiration and odor for 24 hours or double your money back.*
- Odo-Ro-No is the deodorant that stays creamy longer—never gets gritty, even in open jar.
- No other cream deodorant is so harmless for fabrics.
- No other cream deodorant is safer for skin.

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

New ODO-RO-NO CREAM

GUARANTEED Full 24 Hour Protection
THE LOLLIPOP SET

Every Saturday morning at 9:30, the children of Boston receive an invitation from WCOP's Voltarine Block to hop aboard the "little red wagon painted blue." The Children's Songbag, crammed with stories, musical games and folk music from all over the world packs a studio full of excited small fry. The program gets off to a gay start with audience participation in the opening song. Then Voltarine may read one of the many stories that all children love or sing a song that is sung in a land across the sea.

A lovable little fellow, just the size of a grape is also on hand to charm the youngsters at 10 o'clock Saturday mornings. Created and narrated by Robert Warren Katz, the Adventures of Professor Teeny, brings its young audience tales of a creature even smaller than they are who knows what it is like to live in a world full of big people. On hand to assist in the dramatization are Robert Katz's three sons, Bobby, Richard and David, and Miss Betty Leary. Katz, himself, now a successful attorney, was once an actor.

Betsy King, ten-year-old disc jockey, starts the small fry day on Sundays at 8 A.M. with her program Let's Have Fun. For an hour-and-a-half Betsy spins the best in recorded children's stories and music, injecting her own youthful philosophy and chatter, and closing with a homespun but appropriate Sunday morning prayer. Betsy, who has been on radio since the time when she was smaller than the turntables she uses, spends several hours in the WCOP record library each week picking out the records she will use.

"Uncle" Ellie Dierdorff, WCOP's chief announcer joins the fun on Sunday morning too. At 11:30 eager youngsters crowd around him as he says "Let's sit down and read the Boston Globe funnies." The wit of the comics sometimes takes a back seat, however, when the youngsters visiting the broadcast add their own unpredictable humor. All in all, WCOP's series of children's shows each weekend—which no member of the lollipop set would miss—are the answer to a busy Boston mother's prayer.
Here are the names of those who wrote the best letters of advice to Althea Bigby in April’s daytime radio drama problem.

Sylvia of Hollywood has no patience with those who say they can’t reduce. She says, “A lot of women think the beauties of the screen and stage are the natural born favorites of the gods. Let me tell you they all have to be improved upon before they are presented to the public. Yes, I know, you are going to come back at me and say, ‘But look at the money they have to spend on themselves. It’s easy to do it with money.’

“There’s nothing else. I’ve been rubbing noses with money for a good many years now. Big money. Buckets of it. I’ve treated many moneyed women. But money has nothing to do with it. In most cases, money makes people soft. They get used to having things done for them and never do anything for themselves.”

Here Sylvia explains what you can do for yourself to improve your figure. There is no magic about The Common Sense Way to a beautiful figure. But if you follow the suggestions Sylvia has forth coming in the book you may, perhaps, challenge the beauty of the loveliest movie star!

Sylvia of Hollywood Names Names

Sylvia of Hollywood has reduced scores of famous stage and screen stars—successfully. In this book Sylvia tells how she helped many of Hollywood’s brightest stars with their figure problems. She names—tells you how she developed this star’s legs—how she reduced that star’s waistline—how she helped another star to achieve a beautiful youthful figure. Perhaps your own figure problems are identical to those of your favorite screen star.

Partial Contents
New Edition

Too Much Hips, Reducing Abdomen, Reducing the Breasts, Firming the Thighs and Legs, Slenderizing the Legs and Ankles, Correcting Bow-legs, Slimming the Thighs and Upper Legs, Reducing Fat on Back, Sculpting Off Fat, Enlarging Your Chest, Developing Your Legs, Off with That Double Chin! Beautifying the Face and Jowls, Reducing Your Nose, Nose, Nose, The Adolscence—The Woman Past, Present, Future—Sex Personality Figure, Glamour Is Glamour, That Thing Called Love, Cure-Fors-The-Alien Department, Take a Chance!

A brand new edition of Sylvia’s famous book, No More Alibis is now ready for you. This edition contains all the text matter of the original book, plus the greatest part of her splendid book on personality development entitled, Pull Yourself Together, Baby! So, in this one thrilling edition, you get Sylvia’s secrets of charm, as well as beauty.

The pages of No More Alibis are packed to the brim with practical instructions and the book is illustrated with photographs from life. All of Sylvia’s instructions are simple to follow. You can carry out Sylvia’s suggestions in the privacy of your room. The price of this marvelous new edition is only $1.00—and we pay the postage! Send for your copy today while our supply of this new edition is still available.

Bartholomew House, Inc., Dept. RM-751
205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Send me postpaid a copy of Sylvia of Hollywood’s NO MORE ALIBIS! COMBINED WITH PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER, BABY! I enclose $1.00.

Name

Please Print

Address

City State
What July 4th Means

I don't suppose I've ever before actually stopped to consider just what July the 4th means to me. And perhaps, that, in itself, is significant. There are few countries in the world where independence can be taken for granted.

Besides that most obvious point, July 4th also means something else to me. It's the date of one of the greatest news stories of all times—July 4th, 1776.

What a day that must have been. What a day for reporters. Although Thomas Jefferson and his colleagues had approved the Declaration of Independence on July the 2nd, they did it all over again on the 4th for the benefit of the public.

I'll wager the legmen for the Philadelphia papers and the regular reporters assigned to the Independence Hall beat would gladly have sacrificed all their inalienable rights for the privilege of being able to utilize, if only for a few hours, all the methods of communication available to present-day reporters.

I can just see those knickered newsmen roaring out of the meeting room in Independence Hall and dashing for the telephones. I can see the long banks of telegraph tickers set up in a side room. Just behind them, long rows of correspondents sitting at tables and beating out copy a mile-a-minute on clattering typewriters, trying to take full advantage of the few hours of the visitation of the miracle. All of them beating those typewriters like mad. All but one. One poor guy I can see in my mind's eye is scribbling away with his long quill pen. Remember, there's always someone who doesn't get the word.

By

JIM HURLBUT

A 1951 newsman's version of the biggest scoop in our history

Stay Cool...
Fresh...
Fragrant all day!

Djer-Kiss Talcum
(Deer kiss)
The "KISS ME, DEAR!" fragrance

Jim Hurlbut appears on Zoo Parade Sundays at 4:30 P.M. EDT, NBC-TV.
And suppose they had radio for a few hours. I imagine they'd catch on quickly on how to use it. I can see some colonial Morgan Beatty pushing his way through the meeting room, microphone in hand, trying to get to the side of John Hancock for a personal interview with the man who signed the precious document first. And Mo Beatty in knee pants and a powdered wig would be quite a sight, believe me.

Up on the roof, beside a bell tower, I can see an enterprising special events man—a revolutionary period Len O'Connor—who has scaled the slates to pick up the sound of that stirring peal to spread it, quite literally, the length and breadth of the land. The town crier down below looks definitely unhappy.

And television. What a story for television! The television news gentry would probably carry it even ahead of a bathing suit parade. And that would be a real concession. But certainly the ceremony in Independence Hall would top even the Kefauver Crime Investigating Committee hearings as television fare.

And, when you stop to think about it, there wouldn't be any Kefauver Committee if it hadn't been for what happened on July 4th, 1776. Further, in all likelihood there wouldn't be any of our modern methods of communication. And perhaps that's a basic factor in the significance of July the fourth.

Now that I think of it, I'd be willing to give up the modern tools of my trade just for the inestimable privilege of covering that story—just to see the birth of this great nation.
Perhaps the best time to become acquainted with Tampax is on a hot summer day. The difference then is almost startling. Here is monthly sanitary protection with no heat-dampened belt or pad—for Tampax is an internal absorbent. It is invisible and unfelt when in use. And 0 so clean!

A doctor invented Tampax to remove many of the monthly difficulties that trouble women. Since it is worn internally, there will be no bulging or chafing. Edge-lines won't show no matter how snug or sheer the clothing. Odor can't form....Tampax is made of long-fibered surgical cotton, firmly stitched for safety and compressed in efficient applicators. Easy to use and to change.

Are you aware that Tampax may be worn in swimming? That you can fit an average month's supply into your purse? That unfamiliar vacation circumstances will present no disposal problem? ...Don't let this summer go by without Tampax. Get it at drug store or notion counter. Three absorbencies—Regular, Super, Junior—to suit individual needs. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

You've seen or heard Donald Curtis in all forms of entertainment—theater, radio, movies and television—but it's television in which you have probably grown to know and like this tall, raw-boned hunk of man. Don was the male star of CBS-TV's Detective's Wife last summer and has since been featured on all the leading TV dramatic programs, such as Studio One, Lucky Strike Theater and Big Story.

Don came to New York in 1947 after eleven years in Hollywood. An ex-professor of dramatics and speech at Duquesne University, he turned actor when granted a Rockefeller Foundation Fellowship.

Married to TV agent Helen Keane, Don plans to try directing soon.

“...A girl doesn't have to wear a plunging neckline to keep her popularity rating from taking a dive in the same direction,”

Julia Meade says Dennis James in referring to Julia Meade. The James formula of conservatism has paid off well for his Gal Friday, who looks and acts like a Vassar co-ed. The James-Meade combo is now going into its third year on Okay Mother.

Julia, twenty-four, blonde and slim, was plucked from the cover girl profession when Dennis spied her photo in a magazine. “To me, Julia looked the part of the proverbial girl next door and the exact type I wanted for my show,” recalls Dennis. His legions seem to agree one hundred percent.

Who's who
Debonair Vinton Hayworth has played everything—from "con" man to irate husband to lover on shows such as Kraft Theater, Circle Theater, Hayworth Studio One and Pulitzer Prize Playhouse, to mention just a few.

Although he is still remembered as Jack Arnold of Myrt and Marge radio days, very few people know that Vinton was one of the real pioneers in television. In 1930, Mr. Hayworth produced and directed the second dramatic show ever attempted on television, over WMAQ in Chicago, with Irene Wicker as his star.

Vinton was around and ready when television came out of war storage in 1945, and has been turning in prizewinning portrayals ever since.

The name of Hank Sylvern goes all the way back to the early days of radio when he used to appear on WINS as the Phantom Organist. More recently, Hank Sylvern has come to the foreground as musical director on the Sam Levenson Show. Hank also arranges music for The Melodeers, vocal group featured on the same program. Although the fact is not so well known, Sylvern guides the destinies of many vocal groups including The Playboys Quartet which produced Alfred Drake.

When Hank isn't supplying musical background for Suspense, This Is Show Business and other programs, he's penning music for the World Concert Orchestra.

... Beautiful Swim-proof Lips
Romance-hued liquid colors that take to your lips with the idea of staying. Liquid Liptone, the miracle 'lipstick' at last, that can't smear—and that really won't rub off! Makes lips beautiful and keeps them beautiful for an extra long time. And the shades are lovelier—much lovelier than you have ever hoped for!

Now you can make up your lips before you go out—and no matter what you do—or whether it be in sunlight or in moonlight—they'll stay diviney red until long after you are home again. Sounds impossible, doesn't it? But it is so true. Obviously, this miracle couldn't be performed by lipstick made of grease, and it isn't.

A LIQUID DOES IT:
a heavenly new liquid, which instantly imparts glamorous color...in the most romantic shades ever! And if your lips are given to patching in the summer sun, Liquid Liptone will prevent that, too. All the best stores feature Liptone. Get yours today.

Liquid Liptone
SEND COUPON for generous Trial Sizes
PRINCESS PAT, Dept. 1147
570 S. Wells St., Chicago 16, Ill.

I enclose $25c, which includes Fed. Tax, for each shade checked below:

☐ Medium—Natural true red—very flattering.
☐ Gypsy—Vibrant deep red—enchanting.
☐ Regal—Glamous rich burgundy.
☐ Orchid—Exotic pink—romantic for evening.
☐ English Tint—Inviting carol-pink.
☐ Clear (colorless)—Use over lipstick, smearproofs.

CHEEKTONE—"Magic" natural color for cheeks.

☐ 1 English Tint ☐ 2 Coral ☐ 3 Deep Cherry

Address________________________
City__________________________State________________________

15
POETRY

THE INVASION

Summer is never fully fledged
Till the hollyhocks come down,
Tall and spiky and crinkle-edged,
Like an army on the town!
Looking south and looking north,
East and westward, too, the eye
Sees peduncles putting forth
White as if to mollify
Flaming scarlet, deep maroon,
Cream and lemon, salmon, rose—
Till someone must comment soon,
"I declare, but that weed grows!"

—Elaine Emans

CALLISTA

Callista said the sun was bright
Though the day was gray as gray
Callista said the world was good
And filled us with dismay.
Callista heard the night wind call
When not a breeze had stirred
We listened, but the cricket's chirp
Was all the sound we heard.
Callista curls her shining hair
And wears a dainty glove
And grandma says it seems to her
Callista is in love.

—Mary McMillin

ROBERT

Robert's lazy, so they say:
Robert dreams the livelong day
Robert's apt to run away
When there's scrubbing, errand-running,
Woodbox-filling, baby sunning...

Deep within a forest glade
Robert lies in dappled shade;
Sees the river's swift cascade—
Rainbow waters downward falling—
Never hears the school bell ringing.

Intimately Robert knows
How the chipmunk comes and goes,
How the willow sprouts and grows,
Gnarl of root and blade a-greening,
Mackeral sky and bluejay's preening.

One day Robert will arise,
Be a man in soul and size,
Peace and wisdom in his eyes;
Then they'll say in some surprise,
"How came he so wondrous wise?"

—Marietta Sharp

RAIN

A kind of guilt creeps on me as rain blows round the trees
And wind capriciously turns up the silver backs of leaves;
For I am glad within me, while other folk contend
That they feel like the weather, and would the storm but end
Their spirits, too would waken and soar toward the sun,
So should I speak and have them think me quite the foolish one—
For I delight in twisted twigs—determined drops of rain—
And clouds that huddle up and pout before they cry again.
I like the muted murmur of a rain-enshrouded wood,
The bowing-down of grasses which so proud and straight had stood;
I like the touch of bark and bough blackened by the rain,
The pert I told-you-so expression of the saucy weathervane.
I like the ruminating cows, resigned to wet and chill
Standing 'neath an orchard tree, so patiently and still.
Should I be thinking lovely thoughts when rain begins to fall,
Or hide within a cloak of gloom and think no thoughts at all.

—Betty Butler

RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR WILL PAY FIVE DOLLARS

for the best original poems sent in each month by readers. Limit poems to 30 lines, address to Poetry, Radio Television Mirror Magazine, 205 E. 42 Street, New York 17, New York. Each poem should be accompanied by this notice. When postage is enclosed, every effort will be made to return unused manuscripts. This is not a contest, but an effort to purchase poetry for use in Radio Television Mirror.
Cashmere Bouquet
Talcum Powder

Keeps you cool, smooth, dainty—with the fragrance men love!

Recipe for warm weather comfort and daintiness: Out of bed... into your bath... then Cashmere Bouquet Talc all over! See how it absorbs every bit of moisture left on your skin after towelling. You'll love the silky-smooth "sheath of protection" it gives to those chafeable spots. And the fragrance of Cashmere Bouquet is the romantic fragrance men love, that lingers for hours and hours. Yes, every morning... and before every date... sprinkle yourself liberally with Cashmere Bouquet Talc!

Only 29¢ and 43¢
RUTH ROMAN, beautiful Lustre-Creme Girl, one of the “Top-Twelve,” selected by “Modern Screen” and a jury of famed hair stylists as having the world’s loveliest hair. Ruth Roman uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo to care for her glamorous hair.

When Ruth Roman says . . . “I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo” . . . you’re listening to a girl whose beautiful hair plays a vital part in a fabulous glamour-career.

In a recent issue of “Modern Screen,” a committee of famed hair stylists named Ruth Roman, lovely Lustre-Creme Girl, as one of 12 women having the most beautiful hair in the world.

You, too, will notice a glorious difference in your hair from Lustre-Creme Shampoo. Under the spell of its rich lanolin-blessed lather, your hair shines, behaves, is eager to curl. Hair dulled by soap abuse, dusty with dandruff, is fragrantly clean. Rebel hair is tamed to respond to the lightest brush touch. Hair robbed of natural sheen glows with renewed sun-bright highlights. All this, even in the hardest water, with no need for a special after-rinse.

No other cream shampoo in the world is as popular as Lustre-Creme. Is the best too good for your hair? For hair that behaves like the angels, and shines like the stars . . . ask for Lustre-Creme, the world’s finest shampoo, chosen for “the most beautiful hair in the world”!

The beauty-blend cream shampoo with LANOLIN. Jars or tubes, 27¢ to $2.
Early start
Dear Editor:
Can you please tell me how old John Conte is and how long he has been singing? M.B., Detroit, Mich.

John Conte was born in Palmer, Massachusetts in 1915. His singing lessons began in grade school and before he was twenty-one he had his own musical program on the West Coast. Since then he has been singing in Broadway musicals, nightclubs, and now is the host of NBC TV’s Little Show.

Marital status
Dear Editor:
Would you please print a picture of James Melton. Is he married, and does he have any children? Their names?
Mrs T. C. H., Youngsville, N. C.

James Melton is married to the former Marjorie McClure. They have one daughter, Margot. Melton was born in Georgia in 1904 and sang with the Metropolitan Opera before his present TV assignment on Ford Festival.

Lion tamer
Dear Editor:
I would like to see a picture of Clyde Beatty. Where was he born and does he have any children?
Miss D.R.O., Portland, Oregon

Clyde Beatty was born in Bainbridge, Ohio, on June 10, 1903. He and his wife, Harriet, have one child, Albina. At present his home is on the West Coast, but he may be heard on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at 5:30 P.M. EDT, over MBS.

Correction, please
Dear Editor:
I have just finished reading your April issue and notice that you say Galen Drake is a bachelor. Will you check on this for me as the other day he mentioned having a daughter. Mrs. E.N.R., Flushing, N.Y.

Our mistake—as you and many other attentive readers have pointed out. Galen Drake is married, to the former Anne Peron, a professional model. They have one daughter, Linda Anne.

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 attach this box to your letter along with a stamped, self-addressed envelope, and specify whether your question concerns radio or TV.

New BLUE-JAY Corn Plasters
Contain PHENYLIUM for Fastest, Surest, Complete Corn Relief Ever

When corn sufferers tested New-Formula Blue-Jay Corn Plasters, three out of four said, “Best corn treatment ever!”

It’s Blue-Jay’s new Wonder Drug that does it! Phenylium, newest, fastest-acting, most effective corn medication ever developed.

In tests, Phenylium went to work 33% faster, was 35% more effective than other remedies. Removed corns in 19 out of 20 cases—a better record than any other agent!

Say good-by to painful corns! Get New-formula Blue-Jay with Phenylium at your favorite drug counter, now!
IF YOU'RE A VICTIM OF FIVE O'CLOCK SHADOW—

steer clear of Poplar Bluff, Missouri. There, the law forbids shaving during the day.

READER'S OWN VERSE—

Distimission

Mary Jane and Betty Jo,
Peggy, Sue and Beth . . .
Looking for new recipes
On how to starve to death!

—June Brown Harris

JULY

—the month in which silence takes a holiday. When I was a kid, if you had the urge—and the money—you went to the corner store and bought as many firecrackers, sons-o'-guns, smoke bombs and other semi-lethal weapons as you wished. Nowadays you can't go to the corner store and buy such delights. But it's a funny thing—for some reason only kids understand, the neighborhood still rings, for days in advance, with explosions. Can't figure it out. Neither, come to think of it, can the local dogs. Pooches don't like fireworks any more than they like thunder, and comes the thunder of the Fourth many an otherwise intrepid tail-wagger will be found under the bed or in the far reaches of the broom closet vowing he'll never chase the neighbor's cat again if only allowed to live through this day.

. . . Weather aspects of July look to be just what one might expect: heat in large quantities. "Wear a hat or an awning, afternoon, evening, night or morning," advises our good friend and companion, The Old Farmer's Almanac, regarding the early part of the month. Later, a bit more cheerfully: "Days are hot, nights are not." But just to make sure you aren't too cheered, the OFA throws in a date-to-remember item, casually reminding us that in 1913, on the 10th of July, a temperature of 134 degrees Fahrenheit was recorded in Death Valley. Phew—pass me my palm leaf and a bucket of lemonade, please!

Look both ways item:
The Fourth of July holiday always brings a rise in traffic fatalities. If you can, stay home. If you can't, be careful. Make it a safe and sane Fourth all the way around.

Note for Sunday:

Of all the Presidents of the United States, from Washington through Truman, two were Baptists, one Congregationalist, nine Episcopalians, one Quaker, four Methodists, five Presbyterians, two Reformed Dutch, four Unitarians, and four did not belong to any denomination.

Art Linkletter's

Nonsense and some-sense

Art Linkletter emcees House Party, Monday through Friday at 3:30 P.M. EDT, Columbia Broadcasting System; sponsored by Pillsbury Mills. Life With Linkletter is seen Friday at 7:30 P.M. EDT over the American Broadcasting System's Television Network; sponsored by Green Giant.
A LITTLE LEARNING—
LIBERTY BELL DIVISION:

You all know, of course, that the Liberty Bell is on display—so visitors may touch it if they wish—in Independence Hall in Philadelphia. But do you know how long it’s been there? And how it came to get that crack? Seems the bell was first cast in London, to celebrate the 50th Anniversary of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. It arrived in August of 1752, cracked while being tested. Recast, it was placed in the State House in June of the following year. Once again when the bell was tested it cracked, and this time it was broken up and recast completely, using the same metal plus some extra copper to see if the brittleness couldn’t be cut down. Always brittle, though, the bell got its present crack in 1835 when tolled for the funeral procession of Chief Justice John Marshall. Meanwhile, in September 1777, it was removed from the State House when it became apparent that the British were coming into Philadelphia. In a supply train of seven hundred wagons it was taken, along with Army baggage, to Allentown, where it was hidden in Zion’s Church. In June of the following year it was returned to Philadelphia where it’s been ever since, except for brief journeys on loan to exhibitions and expositions. On D-Day, June 6, 1944, the bell sounded again—not tolled, but struck with a rubber mallet—on two radio broadcasts.

IT HAPPENED ON
HOUSEPARTY—

Linkletter (to little girl): And where do you live, honey?
Little girl: With my Mommy and Daddy.
Linkletter: Yes, but where do Mommy and Daddy live?
Little girl: With me!

FUN AND GAMES—

Young kids aren't hard to get started on games, but sometimes a party of "middle-aged" youngsters dies on its feet. Here's a game that's silly enough to get any group laughing. It's called "Barnyard," and the equipment is simple—as many kids as you happen to have around at the moment, and a flock of peanuts. (The equipment the kids need, they come with—good, strong vocal cords.) Before festivities get under way, hide as many peanuts as you see fit around the house. When the youngsters get there, give each one the name of an animal—cow, donkey, cat, etc. Scatter the kids to find the peanuts, with the added provision that whenever one of them finds a peanut he must make the noise of his animal—moo like a cow, bray like a donkey, and so on. Of course, there's a prize for the one who finds the most peanuts, and another for the one who gives the most realistic animal imitation. (Better limit the time or the peanuts on this—how the neighbors will hate you!)

READER'S OWN VERSE—
The Pie-Eyed Piper
The piper piped the kiddies
From Hamelin, so they say.
In pinafores and middies
They followed him away.

And did he live in clover,
Thereafter? He did not,
For once the trip was over,
Unhappy was his lot!

The children clung like cactus,
And though the tots were cute,
He had no time to practice—
He had to flout his flute!

He'd been a virtuoso,
But now, upset by wails,
His trills were only so-so;
He often fluffed his scales.

He wished he hadn't swiped 'em,
And so, one summer day,
Back to town he piped 'em
And sighing, stole away!

—Ernestine Cobern Beyer
It may be music to the rest of the Shaw family, but to little Sandra Lee it's just so much noise.

STAY UP STAN

Stan Shaw, whose all-night record show has been something of an institution with New York insomniacs, night workers and stay-up-lates, now has a new nightly series of music and informal chatter over Station WCBS Monday through Friday at 11:15 P.M., and on Saturday at 11:30 P.M.

Shaw also answers to the names of “Your Very Good Friend, the Milkman” and “Stay Up Stan, the Record Man,” two titles he had registered while conducting the country's first commercially successful all-night radio show. During the program's run of seven years, he was on the air every night from 2:00 to 7:00 A.M.

Born in Kansas City, Missouri, Shaw was raised on several of the nine ranches owned by his father. He received his early education in Missouri, and later attended the University of Idaho, where he was leader of the school band. He worked his way through the University by organizing touring bands, and made enough money to come east.

He landed his first radio job in 1925 with a Newark, New Jersey, station and estimates he's been on the air a total of 50,342 hours since that time. He worked in Chicago, Baltimore and Washington radio stations, in a variety of capacities. Then followed a coast-to-coast tour with the Play Arts Guild, acting and producing stage plays.

He returned to New York in 1934, and shortly after began his all-night record stint, one of radio’s most successful “experiments.” During his seven years on the show, he got 150 to 250 telegrams each night, requesting tunes. At the time, one of the national wire services noted that he had received more telegrams than any living individual.

He also was cited by the police departments of several cities for his assistance in locating lost persons, apprehending criminals and preventing several suicides.

Shaw’s radio career almost came to a sudden end a few years ago when he fell asleep, exhausted, under a sun lamp for six hours, and ended up in a hospital for six weeks.

Shaw is married to the former Jean Dodson, who was one of the country's top models for several years. They have two children.
Can a husband ever tell a Sensitive wife this truth?

IF JIM WOULD ONLY TELL ME WHAT'S COMING BETWEEN US.

MAYBE IT'S BETTER TO HAVE A DOCTOR TELL HER.

Send now for FREE book revealing how no other type liquid antiseptic-germicide tested for the douche is SO POWERFUL yet HARMLESS as ZONITE!

What a hazard it is to marriage when a wife has never been given up-to-date, scientific instruction on the importance of practicing complete hygiene (including internal feminine cleanliness).

If only she'd realize the wonderful benefits of always putting ZONITE in her fountain syringe for her health, womanly charm, married happiness and after her periods. If only she understood that even the most refined and fastidious women must constantly guard against an offense graver than bad breath or body odor—an odor she may not even detect but is so apparent to others.

Why You Should Use ZONITE

Scientists tested every known germicide they could find on sale for the douche. And no other type proved SO POWERFULLY EFFECTIVE YET SAFE to tissues as ZONITE. So why remain old-fashioned and continue to use weak or dangerous products?

The ZONITE principle was developed by a famous surgeon and scientist. It is positively non-poisonous and non-irritating despite its great germicidal and deodorizing protection. Use as directed as often as needed without the slightest injury.

ZONITE'S Miracle-Action

ZONITE eliminates odor and removes waste substances. It promptly relieves any itching or irritation if present. ZONITE helps guard against infection and kills every germ it touches. 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.

Any drugstore.

FREE!

For enlightening booklet containing frank discussion of intimate physical facts, mail this coupon to Zonite Products Corp., Dept. RM-71, 100 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Name
Address
City State

© 1951 Z.P.C.
Tall, lanky John Lascelles is currently proving the inaccuracy of the widely held belief that "nobody listens to the radio at midnight." As WGR's Man About Midnight, Lascelles has a Pulse rating at midnight that many radio people would settle for at high noon. An expert at friendly small talk, he is excellent company for Buffalo's night owls. And John Lascelles has had adventures enough to last him for many years of big or small talk.

Shortly after John joined WGR the Army called him to see the world, and off he went to Africa, Egypt, Italy, France and Germany—a three-year tour of the Continent. Near the end of the war John was conducting a three-hour morning record show on the Fifth Army radio station in Foggia, Italy. Code-named The Great Speckled Bird, John developed a huge following of GI's and native Italians. Although he would probably deny being a sentimentalist, John still has a scrapbook of letters and cards from his wartime listeners.

Back at WGR since his discharge from the Army, John has two other shows as well as his midnight stint. A good chunk of the Buffalo population looks forward to his 6:30 show, which finds John jawing with top vocalist Elvera, and with members of Dave Cheskin's orchestra. He is also responsible for the 3:30 to 4 P.M. segment of the Saturday afternoon Bandstand Caravan, a new record show teaming him with colleagues Warren Kelly, Billy Keaton and Bob Glacy. Besides all this, John proves his versatility by handling WGR newscasts as competently as he handles the patter on his other shows.

Now having had enough of travel, John has settled quite conclusively, buying a home in Ridgeway, Ontario, just over the border from Buffalo. The house is located on Lake Erie, ideal for John's top hobby, sailing. It will also be fine for the cruiser he plans to buy this summer. Sailboat or cruiser, it looks like smooth sailing for a long while for WGR's Man About Midnight.
A recent Family Counselor guest, Mrs. Mary Ellen Goodman, did a wonderful thing for her community of White Plains, New York. She organized a much-needed, reliable baby sitting service—Sitters Service, Inc. Consulting with the National Safety Council, teachers, doctors, and PTA's, she learned that there was remarkably little understanding of "good" baby sitting.

Mrs. Goodman gives her sitters general information on the proper way to take care of children, but she emphasized that it's actually up to the parents to supply all pertinent material about their children to the sitter.

The first thing Mrs. Goodman told our listeners was: "Too many parents make the mistake of telling their sitter to come at the same hour that they want to leave. This is completely wrong. The sitter should arrive at least twenty minutes before the parents leave so as to have plenty of time to get acquainted with the child and to receive all instructions about what they are to do in the parents' absence."

When I asked Mrs. Goodman specifically what parents should tell the sitters, she gave us the following suggestions: "Make sure the sitter knows how and where to reach you or someone in your family, how to reach your doctor, the police and the fire department. In addition, show her the back entrance to the house in case a fire breaks out in the front. It's also a good idea if she knows exactly where the phone is located, so that there will be no delay in case she has to make an emergency call.

"If a sitter is called upon to feed the child, she should be given full details as to just what and how much the child should be given to eat. Above all, a sitter should never be allowed to give medicine to a child until she has had written directions from either the child's doctor or parents."

Mrs. Goodman's Sitters Service, Inc., has proved to be a most successful business venture. She has forty well-trained sitters working for her, and she finds that she could use many more.

Says Mrs. Goodman, "More of these services could and should be organized throughout the country. And mothers who are interested will find that their local PTA, doctors and clubs will be most eager to back them up. I know they offered me a tremendous amount of help and encouragement."

selecting a SITTER

A sitter should get to know the child before the parents leave, says Mary Goodman (r).
RECOMMENDED PROGRAMS

This list is comprised of current network TV programs that are wisely instructional and suitable entertainment for the average child, or both. More adult dramatic and musical programs have not been included. While such programs are frequently informative and are often reported as bringing the family closer together (such as The Aldrich Family), the intellectual and moral standards of most dramatic programs are too inconsistent from week to week to qualify them for a permanent place in a list of desirable children’s TV fare.
AGES THREE to EIGHT
Monday-Friday
- Lucky Pup (CBS-TV)
- TV Baby Sitter (DuMont)
- Howdy Doody (NBC-TV)
- Kukla, Fran & Ollie (NBC-TV)
- Small Fry Club (DuMont)
- Magic Cottage (DuMont)
- Gabby Hayes Show (NBC-TV, Mon., Wed., Fri.)
- Panhandle Pete & Jennifer (NBC-TV, Tues., Thurs.)
- Ozmo (ABC-TV, Tues., Thurs.)
- Mary Hartline Show (ABC-TV, Wed.)
- Half-Pint Party (ABC-TV, Thurs.)
- The Big Top (CBS-TV, Sat.)
- Super Circus (ABC-TV, Sun.)
- Zoo Parade (NBC-TV, Sun.)
- Mr. I. Magination (CBS-TV, Sun.)
AGES NINE to FIFTEEN
Monday-Friday
- Kukla, Fran & Ollie (NBC-TV)
- Camel News Caravan (NBC-TV)
- Captain Video (DuMont)
- Jimmy Blaine’s Junior Edition (ABC-TV)
- Space Cadet (ABC-TV, Mon., Wed., Fri.)
- Paul Winchell & Jerry Mahoney (NBC-TV, Mon.)
- Going Places With Betty Betz (ABC-TV, Tues.)
- Mr. Wizard (NBC-TV, Sat.)
- The Nature of Things (NBC-TV, Sat.)
- You’re On Your Own (DuMont, Sun.)
- Mr. I. Magination (CBS-TV, Sun.)
- Battle Report, Washington (NBC-TV, Sun.)
- Stars Are Born (DuMont, Sun.)
- Meet The Press (NBC-TV, Sun.)
- Mrs. Roosevelt Meets The Public (NBC-TV, Sun.)
- American Forum Of The Air (NBC-TV, Sun.)
- Zoo Parade (NBC-TV, Sun.)
- Super Circus (ABC-TV, Sun.)
- Mama (CBS-TV, Fri.)
- The Quiz Kids (NBC-TV, Fri.)

*Only very limited viewing of Western films is encouraged. Those made expressly for TV (Gene Autry programs and The Lone Ranger) are generally more suitable than those originally produced for motion picture theaters. Schedules of these programs vary in practically every city.

No one doubts the medium is here to stay

Television for children

BY WILLIAM PARKER
Writer, editor, television columnist

• A few weeks ago, screams from my small daughter’s bedroom at midnight got me out of bed and on the run. She was having a bad dream about “that man on the television.” Earlier in the evening she’d insisted on watching another chapter of a mystery serial — I remembered a scene showing a kidnapper dragging a little girl by the arm toward a waiting car. And the camera had even generously provided us with a closeup of the child’s horror-stricken face just as the curtain came down at the end of that night’s chapter. That was also the night the curtain came down on that program in our household for good. But I knew that such a step is only partially effective in helping eliminate the bad effects of certain television programs.

The next day, I phoned an acquaintance of mine who is in charge of programming at the station which presents that particular program.

“Isn’t there some kind of law or code forbidding horror stories about kidnappers on TV?” I asked.

“Not yet,” he retorted. “Television isn’t censored. It’s up to the networks and program producers to put on whatever they wish.”

I hung up the phone but said to myself it isn’t just the responsibility of the networks or program producers—it’s up to us, you and me, what we’re going to let our children see on television.

Undeniably, there are many great and wonderful things about having television in your home for your children—benefits for every age group. For the tiniest of tots there’s the value of seeing how people talk and act in society outside the home. Teen-agers know more about the world and its politics than ever before. They don’t spend as much time hanging around the corner drugstore on Saturday afternoons—it’s more exciting at home when they can sit in their living rooms and see Notre Dame five yards away from the goal line.

Admitted there are a number of good programs that help children in their school work and help
—here's what you can do to make it better

them to enjoy their reading more, but the question is—do children ever see them, or are they too busy watching the harmful ones? Mr. I. Magination has dramatized stories like Huckleberry Finn, Rip Van Winkle, and Captain Kidd. And the Ford Theatre has presented an hour-long excellent condensation of Alice In Wonderland. But before a child will watch programs like these, some parent has to read the program listings in the daily paper and make sure the set is on at the right time and channel.

Children from seven to fifteen years old are now spending an average of three hours a day watching TV indiscriminately. This certainly shows the need of applying the old adage: “There’s a time for everything.” According to a poll of six hundred and seventy-five school children in Washington, D. C., all report spending less time out of doors since they have TV. Over half report eating their evening meals before the TV set most of the time, and countless others are gulping down food to rush back to TV. With such examples of poor digestion and little outdoor exercise and fresh air, it’s easy to foresee a future generation of human potted plants, content to only sit and watch.

This “time for everything” rule pops up again at bedtime when children throw temper tantrums and insist on staying up. (Continued on page 81)
The pleasure to present

Showman meets showman: Rudy Vallee, among other big-name entertainers, made his TV debut on Ed's show.

Margaret Truman also made her TV debut on Toast, asked Ed that there be no reference to her father's job.

TV's a timetaker but Ed still manages his Broadway column. Lower right, with Peggy Lee, a Toast guest.

Pennsylvania Avenue, Sunset Boulevard, Broadway—from these streets the host of the town draws his glittering guests
When Oliver Basselin, a French poet living in Vaux-de-vire, France, gave the name of “vaudeville” to the variety show, he really started something. Vaudeville never has died.

Perhaps it was a bit of prophecy that Oscar Hammerstein II appeared with Richard Rodgers on my first CBS-TV presentation of Toast of the Town. The original Oscar Hammerstein, his grandfather, proved the long life and resiliency of the vaudeville format at Hammerstein’s Victoria Theatre in Times Square. Four blocks distant, at 39th Street and Sixth Avenue, I’ve proved the continuing public appeal of vaudeville in three years of TV weekly shows—and vaudeville shows still are the top shows in TV ratings all over the country.

Our vaudeville is a streamlined version of the variety shows which Grandfather Oscar Hammerstein featured at his famous Victoria but basically it’s the same thing—opera singers, ballerinas, comedians, animal acts, attractions that become celebrated on “page one,” dramatic sketches, celebs in the audience, dancers, acrobats—the formula is surefire.

My first TV variety show, in June 28, 1948, set a pattern for top-notch vaudeville that we have consistently followed. There were Rodgers and Hammerstein, Martin and Lewis, Monica Lewis, ballerina Kathryn Lee, and Eugene List, the ex-GI pianist who played for FDR, Stalin and Churchill at Potsdam. At that time we had a total of $1,500 to cover all expenses. Today we budget $9,000 a week for talent alone. At that time we had half a million receivers tuned in. Today we have five times as many. Does anyone care to argue that vaudeville is dead or dying?

The stars who have made their TV debut on Toast of the Town read like the “Who’s Who” of show business. We have had Bob Hope, Lena Horne, George Raft, (Continued on page 80)
Three happy people
Mrs. Sid has only one complaint to make about life with TV's mighty Caesar—and this is it. I quote: "People think I am the inspiration, if that's what you want to call it, for the typical average husband-wife sketches Sid and Imogene do on Your Show of Shows. Women actually ask me, 'Do you really put one olive in a gallon jug and keep it in the ice-box?' They want to know whether Sid got his take-off on a woman dressing in the morning from watching me. Whether quarrels between Sid and me are the basis for the husband and wife battles Sid and Imogene stage for the cameras.

'It's absurd. The olive in the gallon jug, for instance. An olive—for Sid? Why, he'd eat it jar and all! He has a tremendous appetite. He can eat a whole chicken at one time. For lunch today, he put away a big turkey leg, breast, wing and the neck! For breakfast he has grapefruit juice, specially squeezed (by me—I'm the family cook), two eggs, a pile of stale toast. He takes them in a bag, puts the bag on top of the ice-box where it stays until the bread turns to asphalt. He sometimes 'goes on kicks,' as he puts it, about food. For days at a time—four, five times a day, it will be yogurt. Then steaks. Then he can't look at a dish of yogurt or a piece of steak. Right now, the big kick is rice. Rice for breakfast, lunch, dinner (Continued on page 88)
Mrs. Sid has only one complaint to make about life with TV's mighty Caesar—and this is it, I quote: "People think I am the inspiration, if that's what you want to call it, for the typical average husband-wife sketches Sid and Imogene do on Your Show of Shows. Women actually ask me, 'Do you really put one olive in a gallon jug and keep it in the ice-box?" They want to know whether Sid got his take-off on a woman dressing in the morning from watching me. Whether quarrels between Sid and me are the basis for the husband and wife battles Sid and Imogene stage for the cameras.

"It's absurd. The olive in the gallon jug, for instance, an olive for Sid? Why, he'd eat it jar and all! He has a tremendous appetite. He can eat a whole chicken at one time. For lunch today, he put away a big turkey leg, breast, wing and the neck! For breakfast he has grapefruit juice, specially squeezed (by me—I'm the family cook), two eggs, a pile of stale toast. He goes for stale bread. Let a fresh loaf come into the house and he takes out several pieces, puts them in a bag, puts the bag on top of the ice-box where it stays until the bread turns to asphalt. He sometimes 'goes on kicks,' as he puts it, about food. For days at a time—four, five times a day, it will be yogurt. Then steaks. Then he can't look at a dish of yogurt or a piece of steak. Right now, the big kick is rice. Rice for breakfast, lunch, dinner (Continued on page 88)"
Happily ever after

BY JUDITH FIELD

No one feels sorrier about the marital troubles of Young Dr. Malone than twenty-eight-year-old Sandy Becker, who plays the role five days a week over CBS.

That's because Sandy has what Jerry Malone is losing—a happy marriage and a home echoing with the hubbub of growing children. And a good bit of hubbub it is, with six-year-old Joyce and two-year-old Curtis joined now by Annelle, who was born six months ago.

Yet, back in 1942, when Ruth Venable and Sandy Becker got married, the odds in their favor looked slim. They had eloped after knowing each other exactly a month; they were both only twenty years old. In addition, their elopement was a secret. Although a formal church wedding took place four weeks later, Ruth told her parents nothing about the first ceremony until several years had gone by.

Gravely, Sandy admits: "We were very lucky. It could have been a horrible mistake. Something as serious as marriage should be discussed with parents, should take place between two people who know each other well. All that an elopement and a secret marriage accomplishes is to give you a well-deserved feeling of guilt which is hard to shake off."

To understand how it all happened, you have to know not only that an impetuous twenty-year-old fell madly in love at first sight. You have to know, too, that he was several hundred miles away from his home and family in New York, and that he was riding high as an announcer at WBT in Charlotte at a salary that would be remarkable for a youngster that age even these days. (Continued on page 90)

Young Dr. Malone, with Sandy Becker in the title role, is heard M-F., 1:30 P.M. EDT, CBS. Sponsored by P & G's Crisco.
Supermarketing, Sandy helps fill the basket that will feed the Becker family. Neighbors used to be puzzled by Sandy’s unconventional working hours. When word why spread around, Beckers became known as Malones.

Evenings at home with a few friends, the Beckers find, is the best social life for young parents, baby sitters notwithstanding.

Story reading by Daddy is an evening ritual. Joyce, six, and Curtis, two, wouldn’t miss for the world—even baby Annelle refuses to be left out.

“Sometimes,” says happy Sandy Becker—and especially at times like this with Ruth and the children, “I feel so darn sorry for Young Dr. Malone.”
Europe’s royalty
took to hear her sing—but it’s
Arthur Godfrey, American, she
admires most of all!

Lucky
Marion Marlowe

ONE EVENING early this year channels all
along the CBS television network lit up
with an incandescence usually reserved for
the debut of a brilliant personality. It was the
debut of a brilliant personality. What viewers
saw was a regally beautiful young woman.
What they heard was a melody of love sung
in a way seldom seen or heard this side of a
coaxial cable. Where they heard it was even
more important: this TV debut was made on
the Arthur Godfrey and His Friends program,
and it marked another exciting addition to the
ever-increasing circle of “little Godfreys.”

The newest little Godfrey is Marion Mar-
lowe, who’s been known by much more exotic
identifications elsewhere. In London, for in-
stance, where she played the lead in a musical
revue, Marion was dubbed “the Modern Cleo-
patra.” The comparison isn’t as fantastic as it
sounds. Marion’s mother is of Egyptian-
French descent, and Marion’s long, dark hair,
wide hazel-green eyes and mobile expressions
suggest to some how the Queen of the Nile
might have looked. Marion, however, insists
that she’s plain American from St. Louis, Mis-
souri, and just about the luckiest girl in the
world.

Everything that has happened to her so far
has followed a fabulously fortunate pattern.
Luckiest of all, she feels, is her meeting with
Arthur Godfrey. She ranks it above a mar-
rriage proposal from a maharajah which she
received while (Continued on page 93)

Marion Marlowe appears on Arthur Godfrey And His
Friends, telecast Wed., 8 P.M. EDT, CBS-TV. Spon-
sored by Chesterfields, Toni Co., and Pillsbury Mills.
The Martins' chief pride, of course, is Tony, Jr., ten months. Cyd, who has a flair for the unusual, picked up the weathervane lamp (right) in a New England antique shop.
Love, laughter and music, the Martins agree, are basic ingredients for the good life—which is exactly what they have!

visit Tony Martin

BY FREDDA DUDLEY BALLING

Tony Martin and Cyd Charisse have achieved that universal dream: country living in the city. Their home is situated on one of the wide, tree-lined thoroughfares in Bel Air; they are within a few minutes driving time of San Fernando Valley where many of their friends live, within a few minutes of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer where Cyd is under contract, and within a few minutes of CBS where Tony is the star of the Carnation Hour.

Aside from this accessibility to Los Angeles points, however, the Martin house might as well be located in some wooded copse far from the road of civilization. The broad front lawns are shielded from public view by a high privet hedge which is punctuated at two widely separated points by the entrance and exit of a graceful half-moon driveway. The house itself is whitewashed brick, stucco and siding, and it nestles snugly amid its luxuriant landscaping. Camellias grow in huge wooden tubs on either side of the dark green door with its huge brass knocker.

Morning, noon or night, the first sound to greet the visitor is likely to be music of some sort. From Monday through Friday, Tony and his musical arrangers play over the recordings of the previous week’s radio show and work on interpretations for the next Sunday’s program. If Tony isn’t actually working, he’s likely to be singing on a purely personal basis or playing a series of new recordings for the household to enjoy.

Tony, junior, is now eight months old and is anxious to join in the vocalizing. He is always brought downstairs to meet visitors and his poise on these (Continued on page 92)

Tony Martin is the singing star of Carnation Hour, Sun., 10 P.M., EDT, CBS. Sponsored by Carnation Milk Co.
“Tell me,” Groucho asked a contestant, “why did you come to California?”

“My doctor advised me to get rid of my sinus trouble,” replied Yucca.

“And did you?” asked Groucho.

“No, it’s worse than before,” laughed Yucca.

“Well, in that case, it’s a good thing you came to California,” countered Groucho, “at least you got rid of your doctor.”

Groucho turned to a pretty U.C.L.A. freshman and asked if she were being rushed by any fraternities.

“You mean sororities—fraternities don’t rush women.”

Groucho shook his head. “Things have certainly changed since I went to school. We used to rush anything.”

“Are all hostesses as pretty as you?” an intrigued Groucho asked an airline hostess.

“Well, the company does hire girls on the attractive side.”

A long look later Groucho commented, “I don’t know which is your attractive side, but there’s certainly nothing wrong with the one I’m looking at. Tell me, is there anything about your passengers that annoys you?”

“Passengers who don’t obey rules and men who smoke cigars.”

Groucho remonstrated, “You mean I can’t smoke my cigar?”

“Well, we’d use discretion,” was the cautious reply.

“Well, I use tobacco,” quipped Groucho.

“If you don’t annoy the lady passengers, you may smoke,” she conceded.

Whooped Groucho, “In that case I won’t smoke. It’s more fun to annoy the ladies. I didn’t know there was a choice!”

Editor’s Note: When You Bet Your Life was on radio only (Wed., 9 P.M., EDT, NBC) the listener had to mentally supply the cigar-waving and leering Groucho Marx thrown in as a bonus along with remarks to contestants. Now that You Bet Your Life is on TV as well (Thurs., 8 P.M., EDT, NBC-TV; both DeSoto sponsored) these trademarks can be seen. On these pages are printed famous “Groucho-isms.”

Groucho-isms

When Groucho asked a Good Humor girl if her job wasn’t unusual, she explained, “There are only thirteen of us and we’re an experiment. If we make good you may see us all over.”

A wicked look stole over Groucho’s face and his eyebrows shot up. “Well, if you get all that for a dish of ice cream, it’s not bad!”

Groucho asked a lifeguard whether it was true that a drowning person always went down three times.

“No, that’s a fallacy. I remember seeing somebody bob up and down seven times.”

“That’s nice,” sneered Groucho, “the poor sucker is out there drowning and you’re standing on the beach counting.”
When the young soldier told Groucho that he was just a buck private, Groucho asked, "And what would you like to be?"

"A civilian!" said the soldier.

"Sorry, we're full up," replied Groucho, "but leave your name at the front office, and if anything turns up, we'll let you know."

A dark-haired beauty in a deputy sheriff's uniform caused Groucho to comment favorably about female sheriffs. He asked her if she had ever had occasion to use her .38 revolver. When she replied no, Groucho exclaimed, "Let's you and I go out after the show tonight. I'd give you occasion. I'm having walnuts for dinner and we can use your revolver to crack them."

Groucho talked to a newly-married man, six feet, five inches tall, and asked to try on his coat. The coat came down to Groucho's knees as he walked around the stage. He reached in the pocket and pulled out a box containing ant powder.

"Ant powder," he roared, "you've only been married six weeks and already you're trying to poison her. "You know," continued Groucho looking innocently at the cameras, "I didn't know people got ants in their coats."
Eileen Wilson knew what she wanted—a new figure!

This popular singing star of NBC's Hit Parade once weighed 185 pounds.

Now she's a slender 125 pounds. How did she do it?

She's the cook

Eileen prepares her own meals so she won't be tempted by luscious, fattening foods. To help her remember the menus that her family doctor suggested, she tacks a daily diet card on the kitchen cupboard door. Says Eileen, "I always serve my food on pretty plates and use a cheerful-looking tablecloth. It's surprising how this makes the meal look so much more appetizing. It helps to take the sting out of dieting and certainly does bolster my willpower."
brought happiness and success to Eileen Wilson

On these pages she shows you the "Wilson-Wonder-Way-to-a-Trim-Figure." It worked for Eileen and now she's the happiest gal in town.

Maybe it can do the same for you. BY DORRY ELLIS

No candy for Eileen

Even though Ray Kellogg, who is Eileen's husband, tries to tease her by offering chocolates, she doesn’t give in. Her motto is: "Develop a determined resistance against anything that is an obstacle to a feathery figure. To keep my eager hands from reaching into the candy box, I learned how to knit. That diverts my attention plenty! Busy hands don't get in trouble... and eating between meals is the kind of trouble I go out of my way to avoid."

Time out for grooming

Every moment in Eileen's busy life is put to good use. As she studies the lyrics of a new song she will sing on Hit Parade, she sits on the floor cross-legged and brushes her hair until her scalp tingles. This daily stimulation keeps her hair at a shining pitch of health. Eileen claims that one of the most important parts of her beauty routine is special care of her clear complexion. She regularly massages her face and neck with a rich cream.
A new figure... continued

Fresh air and fun

A brisk walk through the park is stimulating, especially when Eileen takes Chris, their black cocker spaniel pup, along for exercise. As Eileen walks she inhales and exhales deeply to develop rhythmic breathing. Twice a week she goes horseback riding. This gets her out in the air, tones her system, and provides healthful relaxation. She says enthusiastically, "After a few hours riding, I feel so full of pep that I'm in high spirits for days."

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>MONDAY</th>
<th>TUESDAY</th>
<th>WEDNESDAY</th>
<th>THURSDAY</th>
<th>FRIDAY</th>
<th>SATURDAY</th>
<th>SUNDAY</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Breakfast:</td>
<td>Grapefruit, one or two eggs, black</td>
<td>Grapefruit, one or two eggs, black</td>
<td>Grapefruit, one or two eggs, black</td>
<td>Grapefruit, one or two eggs, black</td>
<td>Grapefruit, one or two eggs, black</td>
<td>Grapefruit, one or two eggs, black</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lunch:</td>
<td>coffee, Eggs, spinach or tomatoes,</td>
<td>coffee, Eggs, spinach, coffee</td>
<td>coffee, Eggs, spinach, coffee</td>
<td>coffee, Eggs, spinach, coffee</td>
<td>coffee, Eggs, spinach, coffee</td>
<td>coffee, Eggs, spinach, coffee</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dinner:</td>
<td>one piece of dry toast, grapefruit,</td>
<td>steak, tomatoes, lettuce, celery,</td>
<td>one piece of dry toast, grapefruit,</td>
<td>Fish, combination salad, one piece</td>
<td>Plenty of steak, celery, cumbiners,</td>
<td>Cold chicken, tomatoes, grapefruit,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>coffee</td>
<td>olives, cucumbers, tomatoes,</td>
<td>coffee</td>
<td>dry toast, grapefruit, coffee</td>
<td>coffee or tea</td>
<td>coffee</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>coffee</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Vegetable soup, chicken, tomatoes,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>cooked cabbage, carrots, grapefruit,</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

This two-week diet should be followed only if your family physician approves.
Three ways to exercise

Weight has a way of shifting around to the wrong places. Although Eileen maintains an even 125 pounds, she still must exercise regularly to keep her figure in good proportion. Here's how she does it: Daily housework is a wonderful way of stretching and bending (she keeps her stomach flat and bends from the waist, of course) then she does the bicycle exercise to slim her legs. Her posture is improved by ballet practice. This also adds grace.

New clothes—new glamor

"Can you imagine what a thrill it was for me to lose sixty pounds! I used to look longingly at girls with lithe figures. If only I could wear pretty clothes! But as long as I remained 185 pounds I had to be content with matronly styles. Life is mighty different for me, now that I tip the scales at 125 pounds. I've learned to pick clothes that flatter my figure. I love color in my life so I wear beautiful pastels as well as bold colors in plaid or printed designs. My make-up is carefully planned to blend or contrast with my outfit. Most of all, I love the self-assurance that perfume gives me. Think of what a new figure did for me! It opened the door to happiness and success."
The creator of One Man's Family gives you a new drama with new and equally endearing characters

Carlton E. Morse, creator of One Man's Family and I Love a Mystery, has done it again. His new daytime serial, The Woman in My House, is a warm, human story of an average family living in the better part of Chicago. Father James Carter has a heavy problem on his hands just now because his teenage son and daughter, Clay and Sandy, have become involved in a manslaughter charge. Jeff, the oldest son, whose ideas often conflict with his father's, is engaged in secret work for the FBI and unable to tell his family what he is doing. They, judging from the company he keeps, suspect him of being a racketeer, particularly after his sister, Virginia, overhears a mysterious phone call. Virginia, James Carter's favorite, is equally devoted to him. Her mother, Jessie, although she loves her husband dearly, encourages Virginia to get out and live a life of her own.

The Woman In My House is heard M-F at 1:45 EDT, NBC, sponsored by Manhattan Soap.
A-Jeff, the eldest son, is involved in matters the nature of which his family is unaware. They, of course, suspect the worst. (Played by Les Tremayne)

B-Virginia, the Carter daughter, wants to live a life of her own. Mother encourages this idea, father discourages it. (Played by Alice Rhinehart, wife of Les)

C-Peter, the youngest son, is as alert to all the doings of the household as only a healthy, inquisitive twelve-year-old can be. (Played by Jeffrey Silver)

D-Eighteen-years-old and pretty—Sandy is typically teen-age in her likes and dislikes, often clashes with her father. (Played by Peggy Webber)

E-Clay, at nineteen, is fun-loving, flippant and devoted to sister Sandy. Their innocent intrigues are a trial to father. (Played by Billy Idelson)

F-Jessie Carter, wise and mature, recognizes the needs of her children, tries to get father to do the same. (Played by Janet Scott)

G-James Carter loves his family dearly, even if he doesn't always agree completely with their ideas. (Played by Forest Lewis)
Gene Autry’s prize round-up!

Calling all junior cowboys—and girls, too—it’s contest time!

BY GENE AUTRY

Next to having a horse all your own—which isn’t easy these days considering so many people live in cities and towns—the next best thing to get around on for a boy or girl is a bicycle. And I think the bicycle that’s the grand prize in this contest is just about the most exciting thing any young cowboy could win. But there’s something else I want to pass along to you. Looking and living the part of a cowboy isn’t enough. A fearless, honest cowboy has high ideals. No matter what the circumstances, he has the courage to stick by his code. This is my code and I’m mighty proud to pass it along to you.

Gene Autry’s “Code of the West”
A cowboy never takes unfair advantage—even of an enemy.
A cowboy never betrays a trust.
A cowboy always tells the truth.
A cowboy is kind—to small children, to old folks and to animals.
A cowboy is kind and religious prejudice.
A cowboy is helpful and when anyone’s in trouble he lends a hand.
A cowboy is a good worker.
A cowboy is (Continued on page 36)
Wife, mother, actress—off
the air as well as on, Big Sister
knows what goes into a comfortable,
well-run and happy home

It seems to me I've had housing problems longer and more often than anybody else I know. My husband and I came to New York from our home in Toronto, Canada, shortly after the close of the war—Court and I are both actors, and since New York is the heart of radio and theater, it seemed the logical place for us Bensons to settle.

At that time the housing situation couldn't have been worse. We finally found a little—and I use the word advisedly—two-and-a-half-room walk-up apartment. The half room was really the kitchen in the hall. About two years later the arrival of Andrea necessitated another move—this time to a small four-room apartment. Here our bedroom overlooked the delivery entrance of the local post office, and we slept to the accompaniment of the loading and unloading of trucks.

When it was reported on good authority that we might expect another addition to the family last December, we made a mad dash for our by now near and dear friends, the real estate agents. This time we decided to find a home large enough to house us once and for all. Of course I really hadn't had in mind a place with a dining room large enough to flood over in the winter to accommodate moderate-sized skating parties . . . but that's what I got! The building is quite old, and as is true with most old buildings, the rooms are over-sized, with extremely high ceilings. With the present cost of furniture, the prospect of outfitting a large seven-room apartment was somewhat staggering to us. But the thought of having to hunt for another place was even more so.

It was at this point that I developed an interest in auction sales. A wonderful institution, auction sales, and I can't recommend them highly enough to people on budgets! As Court says, if you're persistent, you can find anything and everything in these going-going-gone houses. However, if you don't know much about woods and authentic antiques, I suggest you take time off to study your local auction houses to determine which is the most reliable.

Court and I are particularly fond of English and French periods, so in the living room we've mixed Chippendale with a few pieces of Louis XV and XVI. One of our pride and joys is a Marquis chair—a semi-circular cushioned chair that was constructed to accommodate madame and her hoop skirt. It makes a really handsome small love seat and is a wonderful conversation piece!
Despite its size, I couldn’t be more proud of my dining room. The room has been styled around a buffet I found—antique glass trimmed with silver leafed wood. After we purchased the buffet, I was met with the problem (there I go again) of finding suitable chairs and table. Ordinary woods such as mahogany, oak, etc., killed the buffet, and vice versa. So we bought the dining table and chairs for their shape only, and had a little furniture man silver leaf them to match the buffet. The finish is heat resistant, so I use only table mats—a great laundry saver! And it’s really ever so much more practical than mahogany and dark woods. The silver color does not act as a reflector to the dust that hourly settles in New York apartmets.

The arrival of Paul, our second child, posed the usual problem of helping our two-year-old daughter through her period of adjustment. Andrea is an active, warm-hearted child, just a bit on the sensitive side, and a true “ham” at heart. But with two such parents, I suppose it was to be expected. We tried to be very careful to get the point across that the expected addition to the family was going to be just that—an addition, not someone to take the place of Andrea. At Christmas we gave Andrea a washable doll and a doll baby bassinet so that she and Mother would be able to take care of their new babies together. While I was in the hospital, Court brought her a lollypop each day “from Paul,” and by the time I came home with Paul, she had developed a really friendly feeling toward her new brother. I must admit, though, that she was somewhat shocked and a bit disappointed at his size. She evidently hadn’t really believed he would be so close to her doll baby in size. However, it wasn’t long (Continued on page 67)

Big Sister is heard Monday through Friday at 1:00 P.M. EDT on CBS stations. Sponsored by Procter & Gamble.

BY GRACE MATTHEWS
RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR’S
daytime fashions for you

For play, for street wear, for dress-up, too—for all-day all-summer prettiness and comfort, cotton look-alikes for mother and daughter are first choice. There’s a certain something about these mother-daughter darlings that makes Mama look younger, lovelier, and daughter feel most elegantly grown-up—and that’s good for them both! Two sets of such look-alikes are worn here by Barbra Fuller (who plays Claudia in the radio version of One Man’s Family) and a small friend. In the color picture, jaunty sailor dresses, double-breasted, with matching square collars and deep, stand-out pockets. Navy piping points up collar and dress-front.

Done in a wonderful fabric, Everglaze Devon, a wrinkle-resistant cotton with a permanent finish which means no starching, ever! These pretties come in pink, blue, yellow or white. Mother’s dress, sizes 10-18, under $9.00. Little girl’s sizes 3-6x, under $5.00; 1-3, under $4.00; 7-12, under $6.00. Summer-wonderful accessories: white gloves by Fownes and shoes by Capezio. On this page, another pair of “twins.” For play, for casual wear, a one-piece playsuit, sleeveless, with a little round collar and button-front, straight-leg shorts. To wear over it when you wish, a matching button-front skirt perked up with patch pockets. In cheerful prints, cherry red or blue on white ground. Mother’s dress comes in sizes 10-18 and is priced under $11.00. Small fry outfit in 3-6x is under $6.00 and 7-12, under $8.00. The material is a printed, embossed cotton that looks for all the world like pique. With these sun-and-fun clothes, so easy to wash and to iron, you’re all set for summer.

These fashions by Jack Borgenicht at stores on page 23

One Man’s Family is heard M-F at 7:45 P.M. EDT, NBC network stations. Sponsored by Miles Laboratories’ Bactine, Tabcin and Alka Seltzer.
Hi, fellows. This is the most exciting time of the year with baseball in full swing. When I was a youngster I couldn’t decide whether Christmas or the opening day of the season was the most important but I finally decided on the “opener” for Christmas lasts only twenty-four hours and baseball runs five months. And on the Knot-Hole Gang show we try to make your enjoyment even keener. When you dial us in, you’ll learn how you can qualify for a free trip to the ball field where you can talk with your favorite big league players and, of course, we have many of these same stars on the program with hardball advice for you.

You’d be surprised what a big kick the players get out of chewing the rag with you. I remember one youngster meeting Preacher Roe under the stands.

He asked, “How many innings should I pitch at a time?” (Continued on page 68)

**Tips on Baseball**

*By Happy Felton*

Hi, fellows. This is the most exciting time of the year with baseball in full swing. When I was a youngster I couldn’t decide whether Christmas or the opening day of the season was the most important but I finally decided on the “opener” for Christmas...
A Wilmer Story

By Pat Meikle

(Sketch #1)—It seems that one evening, right after supper, Mr. and Mrs. Pigeon settled down in front of their television set to watch one of their favorite programs. Wilmer and Maxwell, the Mouse, had gone off to their room to read their picture books.

(Sketch #2)—Just as the program had reached the part that Mr. and Mrs. Pigeon were most anxious to see, Maxwell came tripping in—walking in front of the screen!—to tell them something funny he had just seen in his book. By the time they had gotten him out of the way, they had missed the favorite part of their favorite program.

(Sketch #3)—He couldn't understand why they were so upset about it but the very next day, when Wilmer and Maxwell were watching their favorite program, Mrs. Pigeon came in and stood in front of the screen with her knitting and began talking about someone she had met at the grocer's that afternoon.

(Sketch #4)—Wilmer and Maxwell thought this was quite unimportant when they were watching their favorite show, and they told Mrs. Pigeon so. Mrs. Pigeon reminded Maxwell about the previous evening and suddenly both boys realized that they had been guilty of interrupting their parents' pleasure quite often in the same way. They felt quite bad about it but realized, as Mrs. Pigeon pointed out, that they had learned one very good lesson: If you don't like to be interrupted in watching your favorite television program, be considerate of grownups watching their favorites and don't interrupt them.

Baby Sitter: Mon.-Fri., 10 A.M. EDT and Magic Cottage: Mon.-Fri., 6:30 P.M. EDT: both on DuMont.
CREPE paper firecrackers are safer than the real thing,” I say this every year because the July Fourth I remember most clearly is the one of loud noise! All the children had stacked their assorted fireworks. Someone dropped a piece of lighted “punk” and in a few seconds everything had exploded. To our excitement and dismay because this meant our celebration was over. To our parents’ delight because the time of danger was over. I’m quite sure the ice cream sundaes and cake that we had later helped to lessen our grief.

BRANDY MARSHMALLOW SAUCE

Makes about 1 1/2 cups sauce
1/2 pound of marshmallows
2 tablespoons brandy
10 marshmallows, cut up
1/4 cup coffee

Combine 1/2 pound marshmallows and coffee in the top of a double boiler. Place over hot water. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until marshmallows begin to melt. It will take only a few minutes. Remove from heat, stir until mixture is smooth and fluffy. Add brandy; mix well. Place cut up marshmallows in bottom of sauce dish. Pour warm sauce over them. Serve immediately with ice cream.

BUTTERSCOTCH SAUCE

Makes about 2 cups sauce
3/4 cup brown sugar
1 cup light corn syrup
1/2 pint light cream
1/4 cup butter

Combine sugar and corn syrup in a saucepan. Bring to a boil and boil for 5 minutes. Add butter and light cream. Bring to a brisk boil. Remove from heat immediately. Cool and serve on ice cream with chopped nuts.

RASPBERRY OR BLUEBERRY SAUCE

Makes about 1 1/4 cups sauce
1/2 cup sugar
1/4 cup cold water
2 teaspoons cornstarch
2 cups fresh raspberries or blueberries
Dash of salt

Combine sugar, cornstarch and salt in a saucepan. Stir water in slowly; mix until smooth. Add berries. Cook over low heat, stirring until sauce is clear and thickened. Cool and serve.

GRAPEFRUIT SHERBET

Makes about 1 1/2 quarts sherbet
4 large grapefruit
1 pint heavy cream
1/2 cup lemon juice
1 1/2 cups sugar

Scoop out pulp and juice from grapefruit. Add lemon juice and sugar (to taste). Mix well, fold in whipped cream. Set refrigerator at lowest temperature. Turn mixture into refrigerator tray, freeze until firm about 1/2 inch from edge. Put into a chilled bowl, heat with rotary beater until mixture is thick mush. Return to tray, continue freezing until firm throughout (2 hours). Then set controls halfway between coldest and normal temperature until serving.
When CBS assigned me to emcee their big Songs For Sale musical show a year ago, it was not only pleasant but downright surprising. I couldn’t tell B-sharp from four pounds of rutabagas, Strauss was just an auto store, and music by Handel meant a hurdy-gurdy. But I plunged in. If I had known what was in store I would have tripled my insurance, given an assumed name . . . and plunged in even faster.

Actually in many ways being basically unversed (stupid) in music was helpful. On Songs For Sale I interview four new, unknown songwriters each Friday night, and my main task is to put them at ease. Usually after my very first question, these guests, novices though they are, realize they know so much more than I do that they’re completely at ease. Then they sympathize with me and try to help me relax. Working with these newcomers is fun. It’s very gratifying to share their excitement as they hear their song, their very own composition, brought to life by Ray Bloch and his big show-time orchestra and sung by top vocalists such as Richard Hayes and Rosette Shaw. Remembering my own beginning in show business, I can join with them in the thrill of hearing their own efforts cheered by packed studio audiences and listeners coast-to-coast.

Songs For Sale appealed to me from the start as a fresh stimulating program idea, but it seemed to have one drawback. Veteran producer Herb Moss was an acute showman with fifteen years of top show credits, and orchestra leader Ray Bloch was a music wizard, but I was afraid we might run out of new song-(Continued on page 102)
Jan claims he's a musical illiterate, but he's learned—and learned fast—to fit his role as Songs For Sale emcee. His wife, former actress Toni Kelly, shares his fondness for mysteries and movies. And she's tolerant of his shower serenades.

Eleven-month-old daughter Celia, Jan suspects, is musically inclined. She, however, isn't telling, preferring to keep her songs on a low, gurgling scale.

The Murrays live in a midtown Manhattan apartment near the CBS studios.

More Songs For Sale
Dungarees are his off-stage raiment, and playful off-key whistling the only vice of this very likable croon prince whose strictly on-key voice rules the ratings as one of the hottest things in show business today. And Richard's whistling may even be excusable on the grounds of a severe case of royal bliss. With a lovely little queen, wife Peggy Ann Garner, four lovely big radio and TV shows, booming record sales, the satisfaction of doing a job he likes, this boy should ring bells and shoot rockets. Born near Brooklyn's waterfront district, the Hayes youngster first discovered his voice in Mark Hopkins' school glee club. After singing with Teddy Phillip's band, he tried Godfrey's Talent Scouts and received "the greatest spontaneous ovation given any winner on the show." With SFS came recognition and romance. Vocalist Rosemary Clooney introduced him to Hollywood star Peggy Ann Garner and from the moment they met they had only to name the wedding date. They did and it was last Washington's Birthday. Peggy and Richard live in a small Manhattan apartment with Miss Mococo, their cocker spaniel.

Special section

Brooklyn's lovely Rosette Shaw has always had two loves, dogs and show business. She started tap dancing when eight, but at thirteen a heart condition forced two years of vexing idleness, with only her fox terrier to comfort her. Undismayed, she studied voice, and at sixteen she put up her hair to look eighteen and landed a vocal spot at a small local night club. Her mother kept her company in her dressing room, and between shows she studied algebra and Spanish for next day's high school classes. After graduation she and her pup toured eighteen months with Miguelito Valdes' Orchestra. Paramount Theatre and La Martinique booked her as a solo, she made her TV debut with Allen Dale, and premiered on network radio in April on Songs for Sale Friday the 13th. Rosette is single, makes her own clothes, avidly reads Somerset Maugham.
Man in charge of SFS headaches is Herbert Moss, the producer. Staffers say he's more likely to make a joke than a jibe in tense moments. But, above right with Jan, it's mock solicitation for Murray's mock anguish. Below: Herb, Rosette, Richard, Ray Bloch.

More Songs For Sale
CAN you write words to a tune? Two Songs For Sale professionals think you can, veteran conductor-arranger Ray Bloch and panelist Mitch Miller, director of popular records for Columbia Records.

During the past year on the program, they have discovered two reasons why fresh new lyric writers are not coming to light. In reviewing music submitted, they found many promising lyricists hampered by an unwieldy amateur melody or by the lack of a musical collaborator.

Therefore, to encourage undiscovered word-workers, Radio and Television Mirror has volunteered to be a silent musical collaborator. An original workable tune has been procured and appears on the following pages. This music is for you to use in writing words to fit it. Prizes, of course. See contest rules on opposite page.

Messrs. Bloch and Miller, the head judges, are keenly interested in developing new talent and offer these helpful hints to would-be Hammersteins and Porters:

DO
1. Listen to the tune repeatedly until it's fixed in your mind before writing a single word.
2. Use just one idea, modify and relate to it. (Example: "Some Enchanted Evening")
3. Be natural, simple, brief, avoid triteness.
4. Write a word poem that reads well without music.
5. If helpful, write with the style of a particular singer or band in mind.
6. Get a fresh-sounding title, repeat it in its entirety at least twice in the same relative place in the song. Make it a clue to the mood and direction of the whole song.
7. Experiment with internal rhymes and also sound effects especially where tune runs too fast for words.
8. Have the story line end optimistically.

DON'T
1. Don't force a rhyme. If the second matching word is strained, go back and change both.
2. Don't use harsh sounds such as "j's" and "k's," especially on notes that are sustained.
3. Don't worry if song can be sung by just a woman.

Songs For Sale's regular panelist, Mitchell Miller, is director of popular recordings for Columbia Records. He and Ray Bloch, right, conductor-arranger for SFS, believe that studying the techniques of top craftsmen is an important preliminary to good lyric writing. They also suggest writing lyrics for current hits, trying different tempos.
(ex.: “The Man I Love”) or just a man.
4. Don’t tangle with taboo topics in questionable taste.
5. Don’t worry if you don’t know musical mechanics.
Most successful lyricists are poor musicians.
6. Finally, don’t forget that public taste is unpredictable.
Songs contradicting all these tips become hits.

SAMPLE LYRIC FOR CONTEST TUNE

Tin Pan Alley’s famous songwriting team of Ervin Drake and Jimmy Shirli have volunteered their help with a sample lyric as a starter. They are best known for such hits as “Tico, Tico,” and “Come to the Mardi Gras.”

IT HAPPENS EVERYTIME

Lyrics by Ervin Drake & Jimmy Shirli

I keep saying that we’re through
But every time I do
Just then you appear
And I seem to hear—bells chime . . .
They go ding-dong—a-dingity-dong.
IT HAPPENS EVERYTIME!

Told my heart: “Now hush your fuss—
Romance is not for us!”
But soon as we meet
My heart starts to beat—in rhyme . . .
It goes tick-tock—a-tickety-tock.
IT HAPPENS EVERYTIME!

All day, how I pray for nighttime,
That’s when I’ll forget, it seems,
I close my eyes at nighttime—
Then what do you do—you walk into my dreams!

Darling, tell me that it’s true,
It happens to you, too,
That ring in the head
That sounds like a wed-ding chime . . .
It goes ding-dong—a-dingity-dong . . .
IT HAPPENS EVERYTIME!!

Songs For Sale Contest Rules

Here are the rules and regulations—read them carefully before submitting your entry

• You need not send in the printed musical pages. Just type or print your lyrics in a form similar to the sample form at left. Clearly mark your name and address.

Send to: RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR Songs For Sale Contest, P.O. Box 1370, Grand Central, New York 17, N. Y., postmarked on or before July 8, 1951. All entries become the property of RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR and none can be returned. The editors can enter into no correspondence concerning entries. All entries will be judged on the basis of originality, aptness of words and title, and conformity to the structure and mood of the music. Decision of the judges will be final.

The winner will be notified by July 22, and will receive an all-expense trip to and from New York City plus a weekend at the famous Hotel Vanderbilt on Park Avenue. The winner will appear on the Songs For Sale program of August 3, provided it is still on the air. (In the event that Songs For Sale goes off the air, no award will be made. In the event of a tie, a duplicate award will be given.) On Songs For Sale, the winner of the RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR contest will be among the four whose lyrics are played on the program. If the contest winner’s lyrics are judged by the show’s panel to be the best among the four, they will then be published by a New York song publishing house. The winner on SFS receives $200; losers receive $50 each.

The guidance lyric in the opposite column is just given for encouragement. Don’t feel constrained to follow their style. The melody on pages 62 and 63 is basically a rhythm ballad with both lyric and novelty qualities. It was designed to depend for life on the words that you devise.

Turn the Page For the Tune
music by CARL BOSLER

lyrics by

[Music notation image]
Call me mother!

Singing lullabies over a crib is new for Maggie—but how she loves it!
BY MARGARET WHITING

Most women expect at some time in their lives to become mothers. Most people expect most women to do so. News of approaching motherhood is usually greeted with delighted cries of “Darling, how perfectly wonderful,” or “I’m so happy for you,” or “Gee, that’s really great.” I know, because I’ve said the very same things myself countless times to others.

But what happens when I have a little announcement of my own to make? People look at me in disbelief and gasp, “Oh, no! Not you!”

It’s disconcerting to say the least, but then all those people couldn’t possibly know that the Maggie Whiting who was telling them this news was not the same girl they had known in the carefree days of old.

Not so very long ago I was strictly the career girl. I loved to stay up late, go to nightclubs, parties, see every show in town. Sometimes on an hour’s notice I’d throw some clothes in a suitcase and hop a plane to some distant city just to visit with an old friend or member of the family whom I hadn’t seen for a while.

I remember the time my sister Barbara called me from New York. She didn’t want anything special. She said she just got lonesome for me and wanted to hear my voice. Without (Continued on page 82)
Sophie Tucker visits the Shamrock to sing some of the songs she has made famous throughout the world.

SATURDAY AT THE SHAMROCK

"There's a great big beautiful Texas moon over Houston tonight" is the cue for the start of the shenanigans for Saturday at the Shamrock. Originating from Glen McCarthy's fabulous Shamrock Hotel, this coast-to-coast American Broadcasting Company show presents the nation's top-drawer talent.

When Texas does anything, it does it BIG! The emphasis of the entire KXYZ show is on the best in entertainment—BIG names in motion pictures and BIG names in radio. Featured stars playing at the Shamrock Hotel are guests-of-honor on the show. But they are much more than guests. The script is built around them, and each successive week makes the list of performers who have appeared read like a Who's Who in Show Business.

During the past twelve months people like Dorothy Lamour, Phil Harris, Burns and Allen, Dinah Shore, Tommy Dorsey, Maxie Rosenbloom, Jack Carson, Mel Torme and Sophie Tucker—to name just a few—have presented the best in comedy and music.

Versatile and dynamic Fred Nahas is producer and emcee of the show. On hand to provide the music is Henry King and his orchestra, aided by that rising young tenor, Dick Krueger. Robert H. Nolan writes the extremely varied script each week.

KXYZ's Fred Nahas chats with Mel Torme. At right, Burns and Allen drop in on the Shamrock cast to spend an unforgettable hour of hilarity on the program.
THIS IS MY LIFE

(Continued from page 49) before she entered into the spirit of the bassinet routine, and such exciting things as carrying Paul's bottle from the kitchen to the nursery make her feel so important. To say her parents are relieved is an understatement!

A number of my friends with small children seem to have trouble with family menus, particularly the dessert part. They seem to feel that each dinner requires two desserts—one for the adults and one for the small-fry. Personally, I think this is unnecessarily hard on the menu-maker... myself, of course. I have a number of desserts that are good as well as being good for one and all. Two family favorites are:

**Orange-Lemon Banana Sherbet**: Set refrigerator control at coldest point. Mix together juice of one orange and one lemon. Blend in one banana (peeled and mashed), 1 cup sugar, 1 cup water and 1/3 cup heavy cream. Pour into refrigerator tray and freeze until firm about 1/2 inch from edge of tray. Turn into chilled bowl and beat with rotary beater until free from large lumps. Mixture should look rather grainy. Return to tray and continue freezing until firm throughout, about two hours. Then set control back halfway between coldest and normal temperature until serving time. Makes about one quart.

**Apple Corn Flake Pudding**: Place in greased baking dish six pared and sliced cooking apples. Mix together 3/4 cup brown sugar, 1 tablespoon lemon rind and 1/4 teaspoon nutmeg, Spread 2/3 of this mixture over apples. Mix remaining 1/3 of mixture with 1/2 cup crushed corn flakes and 1/4 cup melted butter. Bake in a moderate oven (350°F) 45 minutes. Serves 4-6.

Why is it that when you have a “sore thumb” in your home, that is where the guests congregate? We have probably the weirdest pantry anyone ever saw—a twenty-five by four-foot hallway lined on one side with pantry shelves and a collapsible serving shelf. With everything else that was going on, I hadn’t paid too much attention to it... except to cast an occasional shudder in its general direction. But when we had our first party, I was horrified to find nearly a dozen lost guests merrily lining the walls of what I had come to think of as “our monstrosity.”

The very next day I announced to Court that since the pantry was seemingly to take the place of a basement game room and/or bar, we would have to do something about it. It has now been turned into our “galley.” Court’s father had been associated with United Artists for many years, and Court has inherited a large and most unusual collection of pictures and “stills” of old silent movies and stars. We had always hoped some day to find a place for them. Suddenly it hit us that this twenty-five foot wall was just the place. So we covered the wall with black and white linoleum. At the risk of seeming immodest, there are a number of our own pictures interspersed with those of the greats of yesterday and today. And now I no longer mind the occasional loss of a guest to The Gallery.
STOP cooking the same old HUMDRUM MEALS

Now there is no need to serve your family the same old tiresome dishes day after day. For, with the aid of the new Magic Cook Book, you can put sparkle and variety into every meal. And you needn’t strain your budget either.

The Magic Cook Book is different from the usual cook book. Its luscious recipes were gathered from every section of the country by the Food Editors of True Story Magazine. The result is the most thrilling collection of mouth-watering dishes you could ever hope for.

Even Beginners Can Cook Taste-Tingling Dishes

Now, from this selection of over 1500 exciting recipes you can serve your family a tremendous variety of palate-stirring dishes. And as the recipes in this unusual cook book are described in the step-by-step style, you just can’t go wrong when you follow these easy instructions. Even beginners can prepare scrumptious meals—at the very first attempt.

This giant 500 page book contains more than exciting recipes. It is a complete storehouse of cooking information. It brings you important facts on nutrition . . . special sick room diets . . . suggestions on cooking for two . . . new ways to use package mixes . . . rules for table setting and service . . . and numerous other kitchen aids.

In addition to its many other remarkable features, this book is packed with money-saving ideas. It shows you how to get top nutritional value out of every dollar you spend on food. Here, also, are new ways to prepare low-cost dishes—also simple ways to make inexpensive cuts of meat appetizing and attractive. Get this remarkable book at once and thrill your family and your friends with your new found culinary skill.

The price of this giant volume is $2.98 postpaid—or $2.98 plus postage, if you wish us to send you a copy C.O.D. Send for your copy of MAGIC COOK BOOK today. BARTHOLOMEW HOUSE, Inc., Dept. WG-751, 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

Tips on Baseball

(Continued from page 52) tell you my own experience," Preacher said. "When I was your age my father permitted me to go three innings. When I was sixteen, I could go six innings at a time. And after that it was up to the opposition." And I don’t think anyone is more anxious to help than Roy Campanella, who has a few sons of his own. One thing Roy told me to pass on was, "Tell those boys I want to see more curve balls." It seems, according to Campy, too many young pitchers are depending almost entirely on fast balls when they get into a jam. He thinks you should mix them up a bit.

Campy made a point for catchers that many of you have been neglecting. After you set up the target for your pitcher and get that right hand under the glove, be sure to make a half-closed fist to protect your knuckles from fouls.

One question that keeps coming up every time one of you gets a new mitt is how it should be broken in so we may as well get it down in writing. Now Campy says he uses any kind of oil, vegetable, mineral or animal, and he rubs it in good. On the other hand, Preacher Roe soaks a new glove in water, then puts on a coat of oil and leaves it out in the hot sun to bake. Billy Cox further confuses the issue by saying he uses shoe polish. Maybe it boils down to this: any oil or fatty substance is good to break in the glove.

Of course, it’s still the man behind the mitt that really makes it work. Some of the boys were beginning to think that good first basemen had to be double-jointed the way they split and twist. It’s not so. Gil Hodges says he got his flexibility through years of physical conditioning.

Same thing with outfield throwing. You can’t get that ball in accurately without plenty of practice. Best thing to do is set up a target of your own and just keep plugging away at it.

Now about a right bat, Slugger Jackie Robinson says no one can tell you a bat is too heavy or too light. A heavy bat may actually get you swinging late enough to improve the placement of your hits. Best thing, Jackie will tell you, is to experiment. Duke Snider came up with some good dope, too.

Duke was in a hitting slump when one of the Knot-Hole Gang approached him.

"Duke, you’re my ideal," the boy said, "but you’ve been hitting badly lately. How come?"

"I’ve been swinging at bad pitches," Duke answered.

"I’ve been doing the same thing," the boy admitted sympathetically. "What can be done about it?"

"Well, I spend my nights dreaming about the strike zone," Duke told him. "Think it out beforehand so your reflex comes naturally."

And he went on to say that a good batter must have confidence. He can’t be afraid of a pitcher. After that it’s all in trying. Start out with the right form and after that it’s practice and hard work.

Knot-Hole Gang is on WOR-TV, New York City, WBBR, Chicago, WNAC-TV and WRGBTV, Boston, WJAR, Providence, WFAA, Dallas; WBP, Fort Worth, WCAU-TV, WPTZ, WFIL, Philadelphia.
YOUR FAVORITE COSMETIC COUNTER POINTS THE WAY TO TRUE 'Cover Girl' Beauty

Do your beauty shopping at cosmetic counters that feature national favorites like these on the next 5 pages.

Your mirror will say “thank you” because these products are national favorites of proven quality.

Your pocketbook will also say “thank you” for their money saving values.

These twelve popular favorites are being featured now at cosmetic counters all over the country.

Look for the “cover girl” display in windows and on counters, and buy your summer needs today.

"Cosmetic counters that feature popular brands always carry every beauty need I ever use," says lovely NELLIE JANE CANNON, popular New York cover model.
Maybelline
EYE MAKE-UP

The eye make-up preferred by smart women everywhere

Suave

Only SUAVE keeps hair so lovely... so naturally perfect

Tintair

Home Hair Coloring

Nature isn't always right — but TINTAIR is!

Prell Shampoo Miracle

PRELL radiant shampoo for that 'Radiantly Alive' Look!

AMERICA'S FAVORITE BEAUTY AIDS FOR NEW SUMMER BEAUTY
YOUR FAVORITE COSMETIC COUNTER POINTS THE WAY TO TRUE 'Cover Girl' Beauty

by Dorry Ellis

TAKE YOUR CHOICE of the three BRECK Shampoos for three different hair conditions. Whether your hair is dry, oily or normal, BRECK has a special shampoo to meet your individual needs. Imagine being able to know that the shampoo you are using is caring for your hair as well as adding to its beauty. How wonderful, especially during the summer months, when you wash your hair more often, to have just the right shampoo for your hair condition. For fragrant, lustrous-looking hair use BRECK Shampoo frequently. The three shampoos are available at Beauty Shops and wherever cosmetics are sold.

MAKE DRAB HAIR COLORFUL with safe, temporary NOREEN. Now you can add all the glamorous color you want, or blend-in unwanted gray... without making a permanent change. NOREEN Super Color Rinse gives your hair such natural-looking color... color that rinses in like it belongs, and stays until shampoo'd out. There are 14 true-to-life shades, ranging from light gold to lustrous black, and lovely grays. Choose one, and "try it on." NOREEN is so easy to apply. It takes only 3 minutes with the NOREEN Color Applicator. Give your hair Cover Girl Color. Just select, and wear NOREEN Super Color Rinse.

MANY PEOPLE THINK that underarm deodorants are about the same and give equal protection from offending. This is not true. Merely deodorizing is not enough—underarm perspiration must be stopped and stay stopped. Smart people use FRESH Cream Deodorant because it really stops perspiration. Furthermore, when you use FRESH you are assured of continuous protection. That's because FRESH contains amazing ingredients which become reactivated and start to work all over again at those special moments when you need protection most. No other deodorant cream has ever made you this promise.

JUST A MINUTE test will show you how much more beautiful you can be... with a brighter PEPSODENT Smile! First, run your tongue over your teeth. Feel the filmy coating that's spoiling your smile? Now brush your teeth with film-removing PEPSODENT for 1 minute. Repeat the tongue test. Notice how much cleaner your teeth feel? And you'll be amazed at the dazzling brightness your mirror reveals. PEPSODENT'S exclusive film-removing formula gets teeth brighter than the average of all other leading tooth pastes combined! And dentists will tell you: Brighter teeth are cleaner teeth... much less susceptible to decay.

CRITICALLY SPEAKING... have you looked at your complexion in a mirror lately—close up? Do skin-faults show through your make-up? Are enlarged pores, "bumps," or discolorations making you feel self-conscious? Not noticeable from afar, these faults pop right out in close-ups... which are often important moments! With SOLITAIR Cake Make-up, you're safe. SOLITAIR hides as it beautifies. It conceals every little blemish! Your skin seems to come alive with youthful freshness. SOLITAIR, containing Lanolin, is featherlight. 7 lovely shades, 30¢, 60¢, $1.00. It's one make-up that makes you lovely to look at even in close-ups!

HOME WAS NEVER LIKE THIS... TINTAIR is the fabulous home hair coloring that can give you a whole, glamorous new personality in just a few magic minutes. TINTAIR makes it easy for you to have the beautiful, flattering, youthful-looking hair color you've always wanted. Just brush it on. Only TINTAIR has "Vegetable Catalyst D"... the amazing self-timing ingredient that automatically turns off the coloring action 15 minutes after you have applied TINTAIR. It's like the most expensive 5th Avenue professional treatment, costing up to $25. Yet, you can color your hair with TINTAIR, right in your own home, for only $2.

LOOK FOR THE COVER GIRL BEAUTY DISPLAY AT YOUR FAVORITE COSMETIC COUNTERS • BUY YOUR SUMMER NEEDS TODAY.
Your Favorite Cosmetic Counter Points The Way To TRUE ‘Cover Girl’ Beauty

AMERICA'S FAVORITE BEAUTY AIDS FOR NEW SUMMER BEAUTY

Your Favorite Cosmetic Counter Points The Way To TRUE ‘Cover Girl’ Beauty

AMERICA'S FAVORITE BEAUTY AIDS FOR NEW SUMMER BEAUTY
YOUR FAVORITE COSMETIC COUNTER POINTS THE WAY TO TRUE 'Cover Girl' Beauty

by Dorry Ellis

NEVER THOUGHT THE TIME WOULD COME when clothes and furniture would be safe from upset nail polish bottles. But the revolutionary new CUTEX feature ... a really “Spill-pruf” bottle, with the exclusive “Lac-R-Loc” feature, (pat. pending), allows you ample time to right the upset bottle. And the “Nail Measure” neck actually measures out, automatically, just the right amount of polish to cover one nail perfectly. Bottle contains amazing new CUTEX with the miracle-wear ingredient, Enamel on ... in a complete assortment of nail polish shades! Look for the “Spillpruf” label on your next CUTEX bottle.

HOW LUSCIOUS CAN A SUNTAN BE? ... is a question you won’t be able to answer until you’ve tried WOODBURY’S “TROPIC TAN.” Just fluff on this sun-enchanted powder color, and presto ... your skin turns the deep, warm gold of a Tropical Sun Goddess! The secret—a special ingredient that gives color-rich warmth and glow with no “powdered look,” plus creamy-softness and crushed-flower fragrance that clings for hours. Try WOODBURY Powder in the new 50¢ size. It is just right to see you through the summer with a glorious Tropical Tan. Also 15¢, 30¢, $1.00 sizes (plus tax).

RUMOR HAS IT that many glamorous stars use Hollywood’s own famous lipstick, WESTMORE, off the screen as well as on. Now you, too, can have “Lips of Enchantment.” Yes, the WESTMORE “cosmetic secret” lipsticks at your store are the very same lipsticks used by the Westmores, world-famous Hollywood make-up artists. Thrilling, enlumining color shades harmonize perfectly with your own individual complexion. Special creamy base stays on so excitingly long! Creates a lasting illusion of radiance and beauty. Fashion-right shades now being shown at variety, chain and drug store counters. Large size 59¢ plus tax. Medium size also available.

NEVER THOUGHT THE TIME WOULD COME when clothes and furniture would be safe from upset nail polish bottles. But the revolutionary new CUTEX feature ... a really “Spill-pruf” bottle, with the exclusive “Lac-R-Loc” feature, (pat. pending), allows you ample time to right the upset bottle. And the “Nail Measure” neck actually measures out, automatically, just the right amount of polish to cover one nail perfectly. Bottle contains amazing new CUTEX with the miracle-wear ingredient, Enamel on ... in a complete assortment of nail polish shades! Look for the “Spillpruf” label on your next CUTEX bottle.

RUMOR HAS IT that many glamorous stars use Hollywood’s own famous lipstick, WESTMORE, off the screen as well as on. Now you, too, can have “Lips of Enchantment.” Yes, the WESTMORE “cosmetic secret” lipsticks at your store are the very same lipsticks used by the Westmores, world-famous Hollywood make-up artists. Thrilling, enlumining color shades harmonize perfectly with your own individual complexion. Special creamy base stays on so excitingly long! Creates a lasting illusion of radiance and beauty. Fashion-right shades now being shown at variety, chain and drug store counters. Large size 59¢ plus tax. Medium size also available.

HOW LUSCIOUS CAN A SUNTAN BE? ... is a question you won’t be able to answer until you’ve tried WOODBURY’S “TROPIC TAN.” Just fluff on this sun-enchanted powder color, and presto ... your skin turns the deep, warm gold of a Tropical Sun Goddess! The secret—a special ingredient that gives color-rich warmth and glow with no “powdered look,” plus creamy-softness and crushed-flower fragrance that clings for hours. Try WOODBURY Powder in the new 50¢ size. It is just right to see you through the summer with a glorious Tropical Tan. Also 15¢, 30¢, $1.00 sizes (plus tax).

The TOP SECRET of day-long hair beauty is a morning kiss of SUAVE. Just a few drops leaves your hair looking and feeling heavenly soft. SUAVE holds your waves securely and smoothly in place, and as an extra attraction, adds natural, excitingly alive, highlights to your hair. And all this ... without that slicked-down “hairdressing” look. Only SUAVE contains amazing SOLEX to prevent dryness. (It screens out sun’s parching rays.) America’s beauticians favor SUAVE as the perfect finishing touch to keep your permanent and your hair lovely. A creation of Helene Curtis, foremost name in hair beauty. 50¢, $1.

THE TOP SECRET of day-long hair beauty is a morning kiss of SUAVE. Just a few drops leaves your hair looking and feeling heavenly soft. SUAVE holds your waves securely and smoothly in place, and as an extra attraction, adds natural, excitingly alive, highlights to your hair. And all this ... without that slicked-down “hairdressing” look. Only SUAVE contains amazing SOLEX to prevent dryness. (It screens out sun’s parching rays.) America’s beauticians favor SUAVE as the perfect finishing touch to keep your permanent and your hair lovely. A creation of Helene Curtis, foremost name in hair beauty. 50¢, $1.

RUMOR HAS IT that many glamorous stars use Hollywood’s own famous lipstick, WESTMORE, off the screen as well as on. Now you, too, can have “Lips of Enchantment.” Yes, the WESTMORE “cosmetic secret” lipsticks at your store are the very same lipsticks used by the Westmores, world-famous Hollywood make-up artists. Thrilling, enlumining color shades harmonize perfectly with your own individual complexion. Special creamy base stays on so excitingly long! Creates a lasting illusion of radiance and beauty. Fashion-right shades now being shown at variety, chain and drug store counters. Large size 59¢ plus tax. Medium size also available.

HOW LUSCIOUS CAN A SUNTAN BE? ... is a question you won’t be able to answer until you’ve tried WOODBURY’S “TROPIC TAN.” Just fluff on this sun-enchanted powder color, and presto ... your skin turns the deep, warm gold of a Tropical Sun Goddess! The secret—a special ingredient that gives color-rich warmth and glow with no “powdered look,” plus creamy-softness and crushed-flower fragrance that clings for hours. Try WOODBURY Powder in the new 50¢ size. It is just right to see you through the summer with a glorious Tropical Tan. Also 15¢, 30¢, $1.00 sizes (plus tax).

THE TOP SECRET of day-long hair beauty is a morning kiss of SUAVE. Just a few drops leaves your hair looking and feeling heavenly soft. SUAVE holds your waves securely and smoothly in place, and as an extra attraction, adds natural, excitingly alive, highlights to your hair. And all this ... without that slicked-down “hairdressing” look. Only SUAVE contains amazing SOLEX to prevent dryness. (It screens out sun’s parching rays.) America’s beauticians favor SUAVE as the perfect finishing touch to keep your permanent and your hair lovely. A creation of Helene Curtis, foremost name in hair beauty. 50¢, $1.

NEVER THOUGHT THE TIME WOULD COME when clothes and furniture would be safe from upset nail polish bottles. But the revolutionary new CUTEX feature ... a really “Spill-pruf” bottle, with the exclusive “Lac-R-Loc” feature, (pat. pending), allows you ample time to right the upset bottle. And the “Nail Measure” neck actually measures out, automatically, just the right amount of polish to cover one nail perfectly. Bottle contains amazing new CUTEX with the miracle-wear ingredient, Enamel on ... in a complete assortment of nail polish shades! Look for the “Spillpruf” label on your next CUTEX bottle.

HOW LUSCIOUS CAN A SUNTAN BE? ... is a question you won’t be able to answer until you’ve tried WOODBURY’S “TROPIC TAN.” Just fluff on this sun-enchanted powder color, and presto ... your skin turns the deep, warm gold of a Tropical Sun Goddess! The secret—a special ingredient that gives color-rich warmth and glow with no “powdered look,” plus creamy-softness and crushed-flower fragrance that clings for hours. Try WOODBURY Powder in the new 50¢ size. It is just right to see you through the summer with a glorious Tropical Tan. Also 15¢, 30¢, $1.00 sizes (plus tax).

THE TOP SECRET of day-long hair beauty is a morning kiss of SUAVE. Just a few drops leaves your hair looking and feeling heavenly soft. SUAVE holds your waves securely and smoothly in place, and as an extra attraction, adds natural, excitingly alive, highlights to your hair. And all this ... without that slicked-down “hairdressing” look. Only SUAVE contains amazing SOLEX to prevent dryness. (It screens out sun’s parching rays.) America’s beauticians favor SUAVE as the perfect finishing touch to keep your permanent and your hair lovely. A creation of Helene Curtis, foremost name in hair beauty. 50¢, $1.

RUMOR HAS IT that many glamorous stars use Hollywood’s own famous lipstick, WESTMORE, off the screen as well as on. Now you, too, can have “Lips of Enchantment.” Yes, the WESTMORE “cosmetic secret” lipsticks at your store are the very same lipsticks used by the Westmores, world-famous Hollywood make-up artists. Thrilling, enlumining color shades harmonize perfectly with your own individual complexion. Special creamy base stays on so excitingly long! Creates a lasting illusion of radiance and beauty. Fashion-right shades now being shown at variety, chain and drug store counters. Large size 59¢ plus tax. Medium size also available.

HOW LUSCIOUS CAN A SUNTAN BE? ... is a question you won’t be able to answer until you’ve tried WOODBURY’S “TROPIC TAN.” Just fluff on this sun-enchanted powder color, and presto ... your skin turns the deep, warm gold of a Tropical Sun Goddess! The secret—a special ingredient that gives color-rich warmth and glow with no “powdered look,” plus creamy-softness and crushed-flower fragrance that clings for hours. Try WOODBURY Powder in the new 50¢ size. It is just right to see you through the summer with a glorious Tropical Tan. Also 15¢, 30¢, $1.00 sizes (plus tax).

THE TOP SECRET of day-long hair beauty is a morning kiss of SUAVE. Just a few drops leaves your hair looking and feeling heavenly soft. SUAVE holds your waves securely and smoothly in place, and as an extra attraction, adds natural, excitingly alive, highlights to your hair. And all this ... without that slicked-down “hairdressing” look. Only SUAVE contains amazing SOLEX to prevent dryness. (It screens out sun’s parching rays.) America’s beauticians favor SUAVE as the perfect finishing touch to keep your permanent and your hair lovely. A creation of Helene Curtis, foremost name in hair beauty. 50¢, $1.
Monday through Friday

1:30 P.M. Garry Moore Show • 2
Teasing, tongue-twisting Garry coaxes laughs assisted by Durward Kirby, Denise Lor.

2:30 P.M. First Hundred Years • 2
TV serial about trials of young married love, played by Jimmy Lydon and Olive Stacey.

3:00 P.M. Miss Susan • 4
Story of a young woman lawyer who is confined to a wheelchair.

3:30 P.M. Bert Parks Show • 4
The dynamic entertainer sparks song, dance and laughs with Betty Ann Grove, Bobby Sherwood.

4:00 P.M. Kate Smith Show • 4
Kate, aided by Ted Collins, with an hour crammed full of news, music and fashion.

5:00 P.M. Hawkins Falls, Pop. 6200 • 4
Day-by-day story of life in a typical small American town.

5:30 P.M. Howdy Doody • 4
Howdy, puppet hero, with creator Bob Smith.

7:00 P.M. Kukla, Fran and Ollie • 4
Fran Allison shares the stage with Kuklapolitans.

7:15 P.M. Faye Emerson • 4
Interviews by the fascinating first lady of TV. (M, W & F)

7:30 P.M. Mohawk Showroom • 4
Roberta Quinlan, singing and looking like an angel. (M, W & F)

7:45 P.M. Perry Como • 2
Perry sings hits of today and yesterday. (M, W & F)

7:45 P.M. News Caravan • 4
John Cameron Swayze with the day's events.

Baseball Schedule For Television Viewing

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>DAY</th>
<th>TIME</th>
<th>GAME</th>
<th>CHANNEL</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Tuesday, June 12</td>
<td>2:30 P.M.</td>
<td>St. Louis vs. Yank.</td>
<td>5 &amp; 11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wednesday, June 13</td>
<td>2:30 P.M.</td>
<td>St. Louis vs. Yank.</td>
<td>5 &amp; 11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thursday, June 14</td>
<td>2:30 P.M.</td>
<td>St. Louis vs. Yank.</td>
<td>5 &amp; 11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Friday, June 15</td>
<td>8:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Detroit vs. Yank.</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Saturday, June 16</td>
<td>2:00 P.M.</td>
<td>Detroit vs. Yank.</td>
<td>5 &amp; 11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sunday, June 17</td>
<td>2:00 P.M.</td>
<td>Detroit vs. Yank.</td>
<td>5 &amp; 11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tuesday, June 19</td>
<td>2:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Chicago vs. Yank.</td>
<td>5 &amp; 11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wednesday, June 20</td>
<td>2:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Chicago vs. Yank.</td>
<td>5 &amp; 11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thursday, June 21</td>
<td>2:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Chicago vs. Yank.</td>
<td>5 &amp; 11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Friday, June 22</td>
<td>8:30 P.M.</td>
<td>C'land vs. Yank.</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Saturday, June 23</td>
<td>2:00 P.M.</td>
<td>C'land vs. Yank.</td>
<td>5 &amp; 11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sunday, June 24</td>
<td>2:00 P.M.</td>
<td>C'land vs. Yank.</td>
<td>5 &amp; 11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tuesday, June 26</td>
<td>8:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Dodgers vs. Giants</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wednesday, June 27</td>
<td>1:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Dodgers vs. Giants</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thursday, June 28</td>
<td>1:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Dodgers vs. Giants</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Friday, June 29</td>
<td>8:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Phila. vs. D'gers</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>8:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Boston vs. Yank.</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Saturday, June 30</td>
<td>1:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Phila. vs. D'gers</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>2:00 P.M.</td>
<td>Boston vs. Yank.</td>
<td>5 &amp; 11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sunday, July 1</td>
<td>2:00 P.M.</td>
<td>Phila. vs. D'gers</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>2:00 P.M.</td>
<td>Boston vs. Yank.</td>
<td>5 &amp; 11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Monday, July 2</td>
<td>8:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Phila. vs. Giants</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tuesday, July 3</td>
<td>1:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Phila. vs. Giants</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wednesday, July 4</td>
<td>2:00 P.M.</td>
<td>Giants vs. D'gers</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>2:00 P.M.</td>
<td>Wash. vs. Yank.</td>
<td>5 &amp; 11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(double header)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thursday, July 5</td>
<td>8:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Giants vs. D'gers</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>8:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Wash. vs. Yank.</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Friday, July 6</td>
<td>1:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Boston vs. Giants</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Saturday, July 7</td>
<td>1:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Boston vs. Giants</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sunday, July 8</td>
<td>2:00 P.M.</td>
<td>Boston vs. Giants</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Monday P.M.

8:00 P.M. Lux TV Theatre • 2
Dramatic stories cast with outstanding stars.

8:00 P.M. Paul Winchell Show • 4
Musical variety-quiz review with Paul and his saucy alter ego, Jerry Mahoney.

8:30 P.M. Godfrey's Talent Scouts • 2
Arthur gives assistance to talented stars-to-be.

8:30 P.M. Voice of Firestone • 4
Concerts by distinguished artists.

9:30 P.M. The Goldbergs • 2
Gertrude Berg in the warm role of Molly.

9:30 P.M. Robert Montgomery Presents • 4
Montgomery is host of a star-studded drama. Bi-weekly: June 11 & 25, July 9. Alternating with: Somerset Maugham Theater
Full hour dramas from the works of the renowned author. Biweekly: June 18 & July 2.

10:00 P.M. Summer Theater • 2
Reruns of best TV dramas and light comedies.
Program highlights in television viewing

New York City and suburbs, June 11 - July 10

Baseball Schedule For Television Viewing

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>DAY</th>
<th>TIME</th>
<th>GAME</th>
<th>CHANNEL</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Tuesday, June 12</td>
<td>2:30 P.M.</td>
<td>St. Louis vs. Yank.</td>
<td>5 &amp; 11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wednesday, June 13</td>
<td>2:30 P.M.</td>
<td>St. Louis vs. Yank.</td>
<td>5 &amp; 11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thursday, June 14</td>
<td>2:30 P.M.</td>
<td>St. Louis vs. Yank.</td>
<td>5 &amp; 11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Friday, June 15</td>
<td>8:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Detroit vs. Yank.</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Saturday, June 16</td>
<td>2:00 P.M.</td>
<td>Detroit vs. Yank.</td>
<td>5 &amp; 11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sunday, June 17</td>
<td>2:00 P.M.</td>
<td>Detroit vs. Yank.</td>
<td>5 &amp; 11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tuesday, June 19</td>
<td>2:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Chicago vs. Yank.</td>
<td>5 &amp; 11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wednesday, June 20</td>
<td>2:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Chicago vs. Yank.</td>
<td>5 &amp; 11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thursday, June 21</td>
<td>2:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Chicago vs. Yank.</td>
<td>5 &amp; 11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Friday, June 22</td>
<td>8:30 P.M.</td>
<td>C'land vs. Yank.</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Saturday, June 23</td>
<td>2:00 P.M.</td>
<td>C'land vs. Yank.</td>
<td>5 &amp; 11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sunday, June 24</td>
<td>2:00 P.M.</td>
<td>C'land vs. Yank.</td>
<td>5 &amp; 11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tuesday, June 26</td>
<td>8:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Dodgers vs. Giants</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wednesday, June 27</td>
<td>1:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Dodgers vs. Giants</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thursday, June 28</td>
<td>1:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Dodgers vs. Giants</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Friday, June 29</td>
<td>8:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Phila. vs. D'gers</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tuesday, June 30</td>
<td>8:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Boston vs. Yank.</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tuesday, July 1</td>
<td>1:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Phila. vs. D'gers</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thursday, July 2</td>
<td>2:00 P.M.</td>
<td>Boston vs. Yank.</td>
<td>5 &amp; 11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Friday, July 3</td>
<td>8:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Phila. vs. Giants</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tuesday, July 4</td>
<td>1:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Phila. vs. Giants</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wednesday, July 5</td>
<td>2:00 P.M.</td>
<td>Giants vs. D'gers</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>(double header)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>2:00 P.M.</td>
<td>Wash. vs. Yank.</td>
<td>5 &amp; 11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>(double header)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thursday, July 6</td>
<td>8:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Giants vs. D'gers</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Wash. vs. Yank.</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Friday, July 7</td>
<td>1:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Boston vs. Giants</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Saturday, July 8</td>
<td>1:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Boston vs. Giants</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sunday, July 9</td>
<td>2:00 P.M.</td>
<td>Boston vs. Giants</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Monday P.M.

8:00 P.M. Lux TV Theatre • 2
Dramatic stories cast with outstanding stars.

8:00 P.M. Paul Winchell Show • 4
Musical variety-quiz review with Paul and his saucy alter ego, Jerry Mahoney.

8:30 P.M. Godfrey's Talent Scouts • 2
Arthur gives assistance to talented stars-to-be.

8:30 P.M. Voice of Firestone • 4
Concerts by distinguished artists.

9:30 P.M. The Goldbergs • 2
Gertrude Berg in the warm role of Molly.

9:30 P.M. Robert Montgomery Presents • 4
Montgomery is host of a star-studded drama. Bi-weekly: June 11 & 25, July 9. Alternating with Somerset Maugham Theater
Full hour dramas from the works of the renowned author. Bi-weekly: June 18 & July 2.

10:00 P.M. Summer Theater • 2
Reruns of best TV dramas and light comedies.

Monday through Friday

1:30 P.M. Garry Moore Show • 2
Teasing, tongue-twisting Garry coaxes laughs assisted by Durward Kirby, Denise Lor.

2:30 P.M. First Hundred Years • 2
TV serial about trials of young married love, played by Jimmy Lydon and Olive Stacey.

3:00 P.M. Miss Susan • 4
Story of a young woman lawyer who is confined to a wheelchair.

3:30 P.M. Bert Parks Show • 4
The dynamic entertainer sparks song, dance and laughs with Betty Ann Grove, Bobby Sherwood.

4:00 P.M. Kate Smith Show • 4
Kate, aided by Ted Collins, with an hour crammed full of news, music and fashion.

5:00 P.M. Hawkins Falls, Pop. 6200 • 4
Day-by-day story of life in a typical small American town.

5:30 P.M. Howdy Doody • 4
Howdy, puppet hero, with creator Bob Smith.

7:00 P.M. Kukla, Fran and Ollie • 4
Fran Allison shares the stage with Kuklapolitans.

7:15 P.M. Faye Emerson • 4
Interviews by the fascinating first lady of TV. (M, W & F)

7:30 P.M. Mohawk Showroom • 4
Roberta Quinlan, singing and looking like an angel. (M, W & F)

7:45 P.M. Perry Como • 2
Perry sings hits of today and yesterday. (M, W & F)

7:45 P.M. News Caravan • 4
John Cameron Swayze with the day's events.
7:30 P.M. The Little Show • 4
Songs and chatter, starring vocalist John Conte with the Three Beaus and the Peep. Conte, who now passes himself off as a New Yorker, was born in Massachusetts and raised in California. (T, Th.)

7:30 P.M. Houlaah • 7
Ethel Waters, author of best-selling book, His Eye is on the Sparrow, in title role of family comedy. Others: Butterfly McQueen, William Post, Jr., Ginger Jones, Percy Harris, Clifford Sales.

8:00 P.M. Texaco Star Theater • 4
Bubbling, sparkling Milton Berle, who recently signed a 30-year contract with NBC, with a speed-paced variety show featuring top talent.

8:30 P.M. Johns Hopkins Science Review • 5
Absorbing, award-winning science program originating from Baltimore, home of the famous university. Host Lynn Poole introduces different scientists who for thirty minutes demonstrate such varying topics as freezing the atom to fear reaction but always in the understandable language of the layman.

9:00 P.M. Vaughn Monroe Show • 2
A superb, entertaining revue with vocalist Shaye Cogan, dancer Kenny Davis, comics Ziggy Talent and Ada Lynne and starring Monroe, who studied classical voice for year then painstakingly had to unlearn everything to sing pop music.

9:00 P.M. Fireside Theater • 4
Stories filmed in Hollywood, emphasizing the uncanny, unexpected tricks of fate that suddenly skyrocket people into bizarre situations.

9:00 P.M. Cavalcade of Bands • 5
Former screen star, Buddy Rogers, once a bandleader himself, plays host to Xavier Cugat, his orchestra and soloists on June 12, 19 and 26.

9:00 P.M. Q. E. D. • 7
Fred Uttal, announcer on Mr. D.A. for eleven years, emcees this panel show presenting problems in the realm of crime and mystery. Regular members: Hi Brown, producer of Inner Sanctum, Harold Hoffman, ex-Governor of New Jersey, renowned stage star, Nina Foch, and guests.

9:30 P.M. Life Begins at Eighty • 7
Jack Barry, of Juvenile Jury fame, at the other extreme with serious and humorous problems for Georgiana Carhart, 85 and one-time concert singer, John Dranuy, 90, former railroad engineer, Fred Stein, 82, still active as a realtor.

9:30 P.M. Suspense • 2
Tense atmosphere and a spine-tingling story makes this a real chiller. Robert Stevens directs.

9:30 P.M. Circle Theatre • 4
Nelson Case, who was a senior announcer at seventeen, is your handsome host to star-cast plays about real people in everyday situations.

10:00 P.M. Danger • 2
Absorbing mystery and adventure stories directed by Sidney Lument, 26-year-old New Yorker.

10:00 P.M. Original Amateur Hour • 4
The spotlight turns on the three-time winners for the annual competition for the $2,000 scholarship and Gold Trophy Award. Ted Mack is emcee.

---

Tuesday
7:30 P.M. The Little Show • 4
Songs and chatter, starring vocalist John Conte with the Three Beaus and the Peep. Conte, who now passes himself off as a New Yorker, was born in Massachusetts and raised in California. (T, Th.)

7:30 P.M. Houlaah • 7
Ethel Waters, author of best-selling book, His Eye is on the Sparrow, in title role of family comedy. Others: Butterfly McQueen, William Post, Jr., Ginger Jones, Percy Harris, Clifford Sales.

8:00 P.M. Texaco Star Theater • 4
Bubbling, sparkling Milton Berle, who recently signed a 30-year contract with NBC, with a speed-paced variety show featuring top talent.

8:30 P.M. Johns Hopkins Science Review • 5
Absorbing, award-winning science program originating from Baltimore, home of the famous university. Host Lynn Poole introduces different scientists who for thirty minutes demonstrate such varying topics as freezing the atom to fear reaction but always in the understandable language of the layman.

9:00 P.M. Vaughn Monroe Show • 2
A superb, entertaining revue with vocalist Shaye Cogan, dancer Kenny Davis, comics Ziggy Talent and Ada Lynne and starring Monroe, who studied classical voice for year then painstakingly had to unlearn everything to sing pop music.

9:00 P.M. Fireside Theater • 4
Stories filmed in Hollywood, emphasizing the uncanny, unexpected tricks of fate that suddenly skyrocket people into bizarre situations.

9:00 P.M. Cavalcade of Bands • 5
Former screen star, Buddy Rogers, once a bandleader himself, plays host to Xavier Cugat, his orchestra and soloists on June 12, 19 and 26.

9:00 P.M. Q. E. D. • 7
Fred Uttal, announcer on Mr. D.A. for eleven years, emcees this panel show presenting problems in the realm of crime and mystery. Regular members: Hi Brown, producer of Inner Sanctum, Harold Hoffman, ex-Governor of New Jersey, renowned stage star, Nina Foch, and guests.

9:30 P.M. Life Begins at Eighty • 7
Jack Barry, of Juvenile Jury fame, at the other extreme with serious and humorous problems for Georgiana Carhart, 85 and one-time concert singer, John Dranuy, 90, former railroad engineer, Fred Stein, 82, still active as a realtor.

9:30 P.M. Suspense • 2
Tense atmosphere and a spine-tingling story makes this a real chiller. Robert Stevens directs.

9:30 P.M. Circle Theatre • 4
Nelson Case, who was a senior announcer at seventeen, is your handsome host to star-cast plays about real people in everyday situations.

10:00 P.M. Danger • 2
Absorbing mystery and adventure stories directed by Sidney Lument, 26-year-old New Yorker.

10:00 P.M. Original Amateur Hour • 4
The spotlight turns on the three-time winners for the annual competition for the $2,000 scholarship and Gold Trophy Award. Ted Mack is emcee.

---

Wednesday
7:30 P.M. Chance of a Lifetime • 7
Magnanimous John Reed King, prince of quizmasters with questions that pay off in prizes and savings bonds worth up to $5,000. Pretty Cindy Cameron assists John along with comedian Dick Collier and song-dance team, Russell Arms and Liza Palmer, TV's youngest, successful couple.

8:00 P.M. Godfrey and His Friends • 2
The one-man industry mixes in a surprise guest with his bright pals Janette Davis, Haleloke, Marion Marlowe, Tony Marvin, Archie Bleyer and Frank Parker, the tenor star of the thirties.

8:00 P.M. Four Star Revue • 4
Top bow-prokers in a big, dance-musical fest. Comedians rotate: June 13, To be announced; June 20, Danny Thomas; June 27, Ed Wynn; July 4, Jack Carson; July 11, TBA.

9:00 P.M. Charlie Wild • 2
The rough and ready, fast-talking investigator in tales of crime. Title role played by John McQuade, who has also been seen in TV's Sure as Fate, Starlight Theater, and the Hellinger movie, "The Naked City."

9:00 P.M. Kraft Theatre • 4
One of the first and one of the best dramatic shows on TV, cast with actors and actresses known for their excellence of performance rather than for their "name" value.

9:00 P.M. Don McNeill TV Club • 7
Frank, friendly Don with his skill and charm visits with the audience, presents a star from show business. In addition clowning Sam Cowling, Fran (Aunt Fanny) Allison, handsome baritone Johnny Desmond, pretty Patsy Lee, Cliff Petersen and Eddie Ballantine's orchestra.

9:30 P.M. The Web • 2
Hard-hitting who-dunits culled from the best works of the Mystery Writers of America. Franklin Heller, a Connecticut commuter, directs.

9:30 P.M. The Plainclothesman • 5
Adventure drama stressing realistic crime detection with Ken Lynch in the title role, although only his voice is heard while the camera functions as his eye. Jack Orrison is seen and heard as Sgt. Brady.

9:30 P.M. Wrestling from Chicago • 7
From the Rainbow Arena in Windy City, grunts by grappling who excel in dramer and mellerdramer. Wayne Griffin, who announces, likes wrestling but claims he has developed an allergy to pretzels from his present assignment.

10:00 P.M. International Boxing Club • 2
Expert sport announcer, Russ Hodges, reports "Blue Ribbon" bouts originating from Chicago Stadium, Detroit Olympia, St. Louis Arena, and New York City's St. Nicholas Arena.

10:00 P.M. Break the Bank • 4
Bert Parks, who broke into show business as a child in an amateur show, poses ten questions worth ten to 500 dollars plus an extra chance to break the big cash bank. Bud Collyer is present along with Peter Van Steeden's band.

10:30 P.M. Stars Over Hollywood • 4
Filmed in the motion picture capital especially for video. Original comedies and light dramas cast with newcomers as well as established stars.
7:15 P.M. Lilli Palmer • 2
The ingratiating Miss Palmer with charming simplicity reads poetry, converses with guests. Her chief private interest, besides husband, Rex Harrison, and son, Carey, is painting in oils.

7:30 P.M. Lone Ranger • 7
With his miraculous silver bullets and trusty scout, Tonto, the masked rider champions the cause of justice in westerns filmed in Hollywood.

8:00 P.M. Starlight Theater • 2
Well-known stars in tales of love, directed by Yul Brynner, who plays in "The King and I." Biweekly: June 14 & 28. Alternating with: Burns and Allen
Gracie says she would gladly play golf with George if there were shops along the fairway and this inimical humor runs through the show. Biweekly: June 21 & July 5.

8:00 P.M. You Bet Your Life • 4
It's just about worth your life to compete for cash and bonds worth up to $6,000 when Groucho puts you through his devastating third degree but it makes for funny laughs for the audience.

8:00 P.M. Stop the Music • 7
Bert Parks, assisted by Marion Morgan, Jimmy Blaine and Betty Ann Grove, query the nation for "mystery tune" worth $15,000 in prizes.

8:30 P.M. Amos 'n' Andy • 2
On June 28, the premiere TV presentation of the famed radio program. The beloved characters created and performed by Gosden and Correll will be portrayed by outstanding Negro actors.

9:00 P.M. Alan Young Show • 2
Alan with his ingenious comedy sketches that make grand entertainment for the family.

9:00 P.M. Ford Festival • 4
James Melton, top star of radio, opera and concert stage, in an hour musical jamboree as the cast takes imaginary tours throughout the world.

9:00 P.M. Ellery Queen • 5
Suave criminologist, Ellery, played by screen actor Lee Bowman, unravels the deadly chain of events that occur weekly.

9:00 P.M. Holiday Hotel • 7
Music and laughs run rampant as Don Ameche manages his mythical hotel. Betty Brewer vocalizes, assisted by the Don Craig Chorus. Howls provoked by Joshua Shelley and Florence Halop.

9:30 P.M. Big Town • 2
Pat McVey, who broke away from a law practice for a stage career, as the crime-cracking newsman. Pretty Mary K. Wells as Lorelei.

9:30 P.M. Blind Date • 7
A competitive show for men in which the prizes are dates with lovely models. Arlene Francis, mother of a young son, is moderator.

10:00 P.M. Truth or Consequences • 2
Ralph Edwards, three times voted the best dressed man in show business, admits he hasn't a hat to his name, but takes the lid off the uproarious frenzy of TOC once a week.

10:00 P.M. Martin Kane • 4
From the quiet tobacco shop, operative Kane, William Gargan, begins his unerring sleuthing.

8:00 P.M. Mama • 2
Peggy Wood, who broke into show business by auditioning for Oscar Hammerstein's first production of "Naughty Marietta," stars in the title role of this heart-warming series.

8:00 P.M. Quiz Kids • 4
From Chicago, the winsome junior geniuses answer and work out clever visual problems posed by congenial Joe Kelly. Regular panel members: Harvey Dycht, age 7; Joel Kupperman, age 14.

8:30 P.M. Man Against Crime • 2
Mike Barnet launches his action-packed, one-man crusade against crime. Mike is played by Ralph Bellamy, who has worked in the past as a bell boy, soda jerker, farm hand and reporter.

8:30 P.M. We, the People • 4
Dan Seymour is friendly host to exciting vignettes of real people, both famous and unknown, with Oscar Bradley's orchestra. Dynamic Dan got started in his career by acquiring a college degree, a wife and radio job on the same day.

9:00 P.M. Ford Theater • 2
Leading Broadway and Hollywood artists fill the major roles of elaborately wrought dramas that draw on the reservoir of literary classics for material. Biweekly: June 15 & 29.

9:00 P.M. Big Story • 4
Exciting, documentary dramatizations of real reporters making headlines, portrayed by actors. June 15, from St. Louis Globe-Democrat. A. B. Hendry's story of brother-sister hatred that culminates with an insurance murder; June 22, from Philadelphia Daily News, Frank Toughill's story of the love potion clue that uncovered 200 arsenic murders; June 29, last show before summer hiatus, to be announced.

9:00 P.M. Pulitzer Prize Playhouse • 7
Handsome staged, masterly cast dramas from the writings of winners of the Pulitzer Award. Brooklyn-born director, Alex Segal, reveals that as much as five weeks' work goes into one show.

9:30 P.M. Henry Morgan Show • 4
Hank's newest show, stacked to the hilt with young character actor Art Carney, singing comedienne Kay Ballard, vocalist Dorothy Claire, dancer Dorothy Jarnac, and, of course, the unimpeachable Gerard, played by Arnold Stang.

10:00 P.M. Cavalcade of Sports • 4

10:00 P.M. Cavalcade of Stars • 5
A happy variety show with laughman Jackie Gleason, once an all night disc jockey till he got too lonely on the job. Regulars: Don Russell and the dazzling June Taylor dancers.

10:00 P.M. Studs' Place • 7
Chicago-style TV. The scene, a little neighborhood restaurant. Ad lib lines by Studs Terkel & friends.

10:45 P.M. Greatest Fights of the Century • 4
Historical boxing bouts recorded on film: June 15, Tony Zale vs. Rocky Graziano (third fight); June 22, Joe Louis vs. Max Baer; June 29, Joe Louis vs. Max Schmeling (second fight); July 6, Jack Dempsey vs. Gene Tunney (second fight).
11:30 A.M. Date with Judy • 7
Another well-liked radio show premieres on TV, the family comedy revolving around teen-age Judy, written and produced by Aileen Leslie.

12:00 Noon Big Top • 2

12:30 P.M. Faith Baldwin's Theater • 7
The popular authoress is host and narrator to romantic stories cast with prominent actors. Bi-weekly: June 23 & July 27. Alternating with—
I Cover Times Square

7:00 P.M. Sam Levenson Show • 2
Sam's madcap airing of parents' complaints against their children that really turns into the problem of "bringing up parents."

7:00 P.M. Victor Borge Show • 4
Fully guaranteed to double you up with laughter and then again fascinate you with his gifted piano. Both Borge's parents were musicians, his father was a violinist with the Danish Symphony.

7:30 P.M. One Man's Family • 2
The famed family show, first aired on radio 19 years ago, with Bert Lytell as Henry Barbour; Marjorie Gateson as mother Fanny.

7:30 P.M. Stu Erwin's Show • 7
A domestic comedy about nice people with calm, easy-going Stu as the woe-beset father. Mrs. Erwin (June Collyer) is his video wife, too.

8:00 P.M. Ken Murray Show • 2
Ken, officially Hollywood's good-will ambassador to New York, his birthplace, with funful variety featuring "glamourlovelies" and Darla Hood.

8:00 P.M. Band of Tomorrow • 4
Freddy Martin, top bandleader, with a new twist in TV. From the outstanding amateur musicians in the East, he will week by week select a man for the band of tomorrow.

8:00 P.M. TV Teen Club • 7
"The world is their oyster," Paul Whiteman says of the youngsters and proves it with exuberant entertainment featuring blonde Nancy Lewis, June Keegan and Sonny Graham.

9:00 P.M. Frank Sinatra Show • 2
Frankie dreamed of being a reporter till he saw his first Crosby movie. Latest venture is his wonderful show with guest stars plus songstress June Hutton and Alex Stordahl's orchestra.

9:00 P.M. Ben Blue's Barn Theater • 4
Blue lends his pixilated antics to a cast that is supposedly preparing summer stock. Singing comedienne Roberta Lee and Matty Malneck.

10:00 P.M. Sing It Again • 2
Comic Jan Murray, setting the pace in laughs, with gay song-quiz offering big savings bonds for identification of the Phantom Voice.

10:00 P.M. Doodles Weaver Show • 4
Doodles, who combines his warmth with wild, berated clowning, wanders vaguely among his stooges, Peanuts Mann, Red Marshall and Dick Davis.

4:00 P.M. Meet the Press • 4
Headline press conference for thinking people as reporters blast away at news personalities.

4:30 P.M. Zoo Parade • 4
The stars may be tiny jumping mice or rope-walking snakes in this show from Chicago's Lincoln Park Zoo. R. Martin Perkins is M.C.

5:00 P.M. Gabby Hayes Show • 4
Irrepressible Gabby spins a yarn of American History to Clifford Sales and Lee Graham and then usually goes out on a limb with a tall tale.

6:00 P.M. Hopalong Cassidy • 4
Films of straight-shootin', fearless Hoppy, starring veteran Bill Boyd, who once worked as a surveyor and tool dresser in Oklahoma oil fields.

7:00 P.M. Gene Autry • 2
Western romance and action filmed for TV. The popular cowboy troubador credits singing success to his preacher-grandfather.

7:00 P.M. Paul Whiteman Revue • 7
Pops waves his musical wand at Earl Wrightson, Maureen Cannon, Ray Porter Chorus and dancers directed by Frank Westbrook.

7:30 P.M. This Is Show Business • 2
Unique variety featuring a show business clinic hosted by Clifton Fadiman, literary critic.

7:30 P.M. Aldrich Family • 4
The long-popular family comedy starring Dick Tyler as ever-optimistic Henry; Jackie Kelk, in private life a farmer, as muddling Homer.

8:00 P.M. Toast of the Town • 2
Columnist Ed Sullivan, who branched out into show business in the early 30's, presents great variety, with the "Toastettes" and Ray Bloch.

8:00 P.M. Comedy Hour • 4
Rousing extravaganza of music and comedy with different comedians each Sunday. June 17, Eddie Cantor; June 24, and last show before summer hiatus, the hilarious Martin and Lewis.

9:00 P.M. Fred Waring Show • 2
Smooth, distinctive hour of dance and music with the famous Glee Club, lyric soprano Jane Wilson, vocalists Joe Marine, Daisy Bernier.

9:00 P.M. Philco Playhouse • 4
Full hour dramatization of great stories with great performers. Directed by Gordon Duff.

10:00 P.M. Celebrity Time • 2
Conrad Nagel lends his gracious skill to umpiring a game-and- fun session with regulars, singer Mary McCarthy, Yale coach Herman Hickman.

10:00 P.M. Gabroway at Large • 4
The unexpected is expected in Dave Gabroway's inspired show featuring vocal-lovelies Connie Russell and Betty Chapel, baritone Jack Haskell.

10:30 P.M. What's My Line? • 2
Guess-your-occupation quiz with sword swallowers, duck pluckers, wig-makers, challenging rotating panelists. John Daly moderates.

At the time we go to press, networks are still uncertain as to when some programs will take their customary summer vacation. It is possible several programs may be off the air prior to publication of this issue.
"Be Lux Lovely" says Joan Crawford

CO-STARRING IN
"GOODBYE MY FANCY"
A WARNER BROS' PRODUCTION

"This beauty care makes my skin softer, smoother!"

"I'VE ALWAYS TRUSTED MY SKIN to gentle Lux Soap care," says Joan Crawford. "Here's the daily beauty facial I depend on: I work up a rich lather with Lux Soap and cream it well into my skin.

"I RINSE THOROUGHLY first with warm water and then with a splash of stimulating cold. Already my skin feels delightfully soft and smooth." Lux Soap has active lather that works like a charm!

"NEXT I PAT MY FACE LIGHTLY with a soft towel to dry. It's wonderful the quick new beauty this facial gives my skin!" Try Joan Crawford's own beauty facials. Discover how easy it is to be Lux-lovely!
THE PLEASURE TO PRESENT

(Continued from page 29) Paul Winchell, Luise Rainer, Irving Berlin, Rudy Vallee, Faye Emerson, Billy Eckstine and dozens more.

No showroom of old could match the quality of attractions that have appeared on Toast. Ziegfeld put on one musical a year; in TV, you have to put on fifty-two separate shows. On our stage we've had exhibited Gloria Swanson, Moira Shearer, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Margaret Truman, Sarah Churchill, Margot Fonteyn, Mel chior, Rise Stevens, Melton, the Notre Dame Glee Club, Hedy Lamarr, Lena Horne, and countless others. I've heard bankroll to produce such names’ week after week because no producer ever before had a Detroit automobile factory as his “angel.”

For many of them, taking the first plunge into the new medium presented a problem. It took a great deal of persuasion on my part in some cases. It was almost a year ago that I first contacted Margaret Truman's manager. The President's daughter had turned down many TV offers. Her chief reason for refusing was an honest fear of exploiting her father's own and wanted to make good on her own.

Mimi Benzell's husband saw an associate of Margaret's manager. Mimi had made her TV debut on Toast and her husband came to my aid.

"Mimi found it a great opportunity," he said. "Ed presented her with dignity and in good taste.

The recommendation carried a lot of weight and her manager, Jim Davidson, arranged to have me meet Margaret at lunch. My first reaction to the President's daughter was that newspaper pictures didn't do her justice. She is a handsome, blue-eyed blonde with delicate coloring. As we sat in the lounge, he mentioned a show and suggested her doing a sketch.

"I'd be making a big mistake not to sing," she countered.

I agreed with her. We had hoped she would sing. And as we talked it was obvious that Margaret had a mind of her own and wanted to make good on her own, like many other children of famous people.

"I don't want any reference made to my father," Margaret said before the show.

It was to be her own debut and I made that clear to Victor Borge, who was appearing on the same program. (He had to forego one of his favorite jokes, the Spitalny.)

That night she sang "Oh, the Hills" and "My Johann." She was wonderful. Even reluctant Republicans stopped to say, "I may not like her old man's politics but the girl's fine."

Our orchestra leader, Ray Bloch, said that he had never worked with anyone as tough a ball as Mimi Shearer, who understood her music so well.

People ask me if Margaret Truman was nervou. The answer is yes. But in my experience all of the good professionals are nervous before they go on. If there is one exception, it is Victor Borge. The Danish-born entertainer never reveals himself when people get serious. In a way, this quirk accounts for his double-threat career as humorist and pianist.

Victor was steeped in fine music from the day he was born in Copenhagen. His father was a violinist in the Danish Royal Symphony but Victor preferred to take piano lessons from his equally talented mother. At the age of ten he made a concert debut and at fifteen he was given the honor of playing a Rachmaninoff Concerto with the state symphony. In the middle of the concert, there was a long, two-fingered piano trill with the full string section sawing away behind him. The intensity of the musicians was too much for Victor and he looked at the audience over his shoulder and winked. There was a roar of laughter. Victor was reprimanded but ever since he has been combining good music and comedy in an understated manner.

"I just want to let a little bit of oxygen in on brilliant music," he explains.

A U. S. citizen now, Victor came to the states in 1940 to escape the Nazis. His first appearance was in my stage revue, "Crazy with the Heat." Because he's a self-designated jester, his antics are unpredictable. During rehearsals, everyone, including the sponsors, are doubled over with laughter. He will lead the orchestra through a havoc of mischords or rush down the aisle to don an usher's cap when the audience comes in.

But Victor is the exception. High-caliber entertainers are serious hardworking men like Gordon Jenkins and Phil Spitalny. Spitalny will devote three weeks of hard work to one show. He makes special arrangements, calls rehearsals that go into the night and, usually, puts the final touch on his girls with new gowns that cost about $6000. Each.

Vaughn Monroe, who also made his TV debut with us, is another example of an artist who believes in thorough preparation. He's at the top of his profession but when it comes to rehearsals he's as punctual and serious as a young man applying for his first job.

Another TV performer was Charles Laughton, a grand man although he pretends to be gruff. He fumes and rants but at heart he is a very mild person. I knew that, but even so I tried to shock him when we sat down to discuss what he would do on the show.

"I'd like to read from the Bible," he said, then sneered, "But I guess that's impossible on a variety show."

But I had the pleasure of shocking him.

"Sounds like a very good idea," I told him. "Fitting for a Sunday show, too."

Of course, with Laughton, you can be sure no matter what he does, it will be good theater. In the case of the Bible reading, it was so dramatic that our staff still talks about it. When he came back for a second show, I told him about one of our talented young folks, Frank Fontaine, who does a wonderful impersonation of the Captain Bligh. "Never!" Laughton roared, jumping to a natural conclusion. "He can't do the impersonation on the same show with me."

I said quickly, "I only want you to watch him during rehearsal for your own enjoyment."

So Laughton stood scowling in the wing while Fontaine, who is now a member of the Jack Benny cast, began the impersonation. Suddenly, Laughton rushed out on the stage shouting, "Stop! Stop!"

And then Laughton went on, "This is the way we'll do it tonight. You'll do the impersonation and I'll come on the stage as if I were about to murder you for being impertinent."

And on he went to outline a comedy sketch that was one of the funniest I've ever seen. It was the kind of act we wanted but had little hope of Laughton's agreeing.

Frankie Laine was probably the most nasty of all the new front men on the show. At the time, his recordings of "Mule Train" and "Cry of the Wild Goose" were among the biggest hits in the country. But his agents were in the midst of arranging bookings and the impression he was about to make would affect the negotiations.

Frankie naturally has the vitality of a dozen men. His hair looks like wheat when he sings. So we focused on these very characteristics. As he began singing, the camera caught his expressive hands and underlined the very physical characteristics that make his voice so exciting. He was terrific but again he was one who had been far from keen about TV.

My argument to convince stars that they should appear on the show merely boils down to this: I wouldn't be asking them if I didn’t think they were going to be good. I'm not a rival comedian, singer or dancer. My job is to put together the best possible show but in the final analysis it's the entertainers who must satisfy.

Glamer girls present another problem. I use "glamour" advisedly for the word perfectly describes such women as Gloria Swanson and Hedy Lamarr. What they fear most about appearing on TV is the weekly inroads of their faces into the American heart. Glamour girls sometimes find themselves on kinescope with a tattletale-gray look. It's my job to persuade them that competent cameramen can overcome this.

Gloria Swanson was scheduled for our show about the time "Sunset Boulevard" was opening in the major cities. She was touring with her pictures and took ill in Chicago just a few days before the Sunday show. Looking for an actress with the same kind of appeal, I thought of Hedy Lamarr who was vacationing at Southampton with her children. I've known Hedy since 1940. Although she's truly an exotic bundle of beauty, I know her to be a real trouper and a good friend. I put in a call to her.

"Ed, I don't want to do television," she said. "Frankly, I'm afraid of it and that's one reason my fee is so high."

I explained that Gloria Swanson's illness put her in the sick spot.

"If you need me, I'll do it," she said. "And you can write your own ticket."

That's the type of gesture few people understand. Some think of me as a newspaper columnist who just happens to be on TV introducing acts. That's far from the truth. I've been staging vaudeville, radio and benefit shows and I have only one assistant who helps book the show, Mark Ledly, a specialist in novelty acts.

All in all, I'm very proud of the show and the team that puts it together each week. If I had my way I would convince any of us that vaudeville is dead. Considering that our audience has been growing by the millions in the past two years, I expect Toast of the Town to be around a long time—vaudeville.
TV FOR CHILDREN

(Continued from page 27) But such tantrums are not new with TV—children have been thinking up excuses to get out of going to bed since the beginning of time. So the blame can't be put on the medium but on the parents.

As to the effect of TV on your child's education, it is obvious that the main damage is done by indiscriminate viewing. You may have taught your child that fighting is vulgar and death a great sorrow, yet the child can be completely fascinated by western films, murder mysteries, boxing and wrestling—simply because they're presented in his own living room by means of a picture that moves. One of the best ways of putting a stop to indiscriminate viewing is to work out a schedule of programs with your child. It is important that you choose them together—your child will seize the opportunity to cooperate. Yet you will not have hurt his feelings by laying down the law.

TV is literally abounding in instructional programs. Children everywhere have reported learning to knit, sew, cook, build bird houses—all from watching right TV.

If your child is too little to help choose a schedule, there are other ways. You might invite other children over to the house for some good programs, then turn the set off and divert interest with cookies and milk—this is good early social training.

A well-known New York physician recommends that children under six be kept strictly on a bland TV diet—no horror program, only puppet shows, gay films, and circuses. This may be your cure for those nightmares and nervous tensions.

Since it is inevitable that teen-age children are going to watch some mystery programs, I have made it my responsibility to see what the individual television networks are doing by way of censorship.

First, I went to the American Broadcasting Company to see Grace Johnsen, head of continuity acceptance.

Television is generally censored by the same standards as radio, Miss Johnsen avers, but she also keeps one eye on motion picture standards. The difficulty there is that movies often contain more violence than is welcome in a living room.

At all of the television networks I was allowed to see their files of complaints. Every network sees that complaints are delivered to the right people and action is taken. Without these complaints the people in these departments would have nothing to go by for a standard.

Doing their bit to solve the problem of TV for children, the networks usually schedule a block of children's programs in the late afternoon—all taking the same pattern, beginning with programs for tots first and progressing through dramatic programs at eight and eight-thirty for the older children. With a few exceptions, this also holds true on local TV stations.

Actually, there is nothing to fear about what TV is doing to our children. There is no evil brought on by the television age that can't be remedied—read your program listings, exercise your right to turn the dial; let the networks know what you prefer to see; and last but far from least . . . enjoy your new privilege of having a tighter family circle through the mutual pleasure of watching TV with your children.
CALL ME MOTHER!

I reminded myself firmly when I caught myself thinking of Lou. I began to have more and more dates with Lou, and in a short time the courtship assumed full regalia. Roses, slim volumes of poetry, and huge boxes of chocolates. He even composed a song for me. He writes wonderful songs, when he isn't busy at Capitol Records.

I was clinging weakly to the last outpost of The Independent Woman when he asked me to marry him. I said "Yes," just like a girl. And the wedding was a few days later.

When we discovered that Debbie was on the way, Lou was of course delighted, and so was I—despite moments of anxiety as to whether or not the baby would arrive without complications.

I needn't have worried. Everything went off like clockwork. Debbie arrived without a hitch. All nine pounds of her.

By the time I could leave the hospital there was another addition to our household, Mary Turner, an extremely competent young nurse who fitted herself into our lives with quiet ease. She's not only excellent with Debbie, but with all of us.

At first I was terrified at the thought of handling such a tiny baby. But Mary assuaged my fears, and within a few days I was dressing and changing and bathing Debbie like a veteran mother.

I found myself wanting to do these things, not out of a sense of duty, but because doing them made me feel important to my daughter. Feeling I was doing the warm, struggling new life under my hands, watching new responses was a thrill I had never experienced.

Even Lou has his turn at taking care of our Debbie. Like most fathers with their daughters, Lou is completely enchanted. I can tell who's going to play the "heavy" if there's any discipline to be meted out. It won't be Papa.

People ask me how I fit motherhood into my career. Well, in a manner of speaking I think it's the other way around. I am fitting my career into motherhood. I'd give up doing a show anytime if Debbie needed me.

Actually with a minimum of organization my days aren't too complicated. I have my radio shows to do, and twice weekly visits to entertain the veterans at the nearby hospitals. And outside of a few guest spots here and there and interviews, I'm pretty much of a homebody.

FORTUNATELY Lou doesn't feel that a wife with a career is a threat to marriage. We were discussing some recent Hollywood break-ups with some friends one evening and Lou summed up our attitude by saying "I don't think wives with careers affect a good marriage one way or the other. The only important thing is to learn to accept and respect each other without reservation. Just keep concentrating on the positive things that are happening in your marriage and the little differences will become completely unimportant.

That's the way it is with us. And that's why we think Debbie is going to grow up into a happy, well-balanced individual. We're going to give her the best thing that parents can give any child...a sense of belonging. And the only way that can be done is for there to be real harmony between a mother and father.
**Daytime diary**

**AUNT JENNY** In Aunt Jenny's hometown, Littleton, Walter Browning and Edith Hammond grew up in neighboring houses, friends from babyhood. To their parents, it seemed a foregone conclusion that Edith and Walter would fall in love, but the two young people, resenting what they felt was pressure, went out of their way to choose other mates. It was almost too late when they realized that in spite of their parents, they really did love one another.

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

**BACKSTAGE WIFE** Larry Noble, working on a picture in Hollywood, believes his wife Mary wants a divorce. Mary, in New York, thinks Larry has fallen in love with an actress. In her unhappiness she accepts an invitation to cruise aboard Rupert Barlow's yacht—not realizing that it is part of Rupert’s plan to widen the breach between the Nobles. On the verge of departure, Mary gets a wire from Larry, asking her to come to Hollywood.

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

**FRONT PAGE FARRELL** A hatchet girl, stabbed to death at a bridal shower being given to her by her friends—that is the startling news story which David Farrell, ace reporter, is sent out to cover. Before David is finished, the “April Shower Murder Case” takes him and his wife Sally through some dangerous experiences, involving a strange group of women and one of the most ingenious murderers he has ever helped bring to justice.

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

**83% OF PRINCETON SENIORS**

**who were interviewed said:**

"CAVALIERS are Milder than the brand I had been smoking!"

* More than 150 seniors at Princeton were asked to try king-size Cavalier Cigarettes and compare them with the cigarettes they had been smoking...

Just think of it—83% of this group of Princeton seniors said Cavaliers are milder than the brands they had been smoking! And they had been smoking many different brands!

In every group of smokers interviewed—such widely different groups as airline pilots, photographic models, television repairmen, nurses—

80% or more said that Cavaliers are milder than their previous brand!

Enjoy king-size Cavaliers — for mildness and natural flavor. Priced no higher than other leading brands.
GUIDING LIGHT  The past is behind Meta Bauer White. Her husband and child are dead, and she has survived her own trial for murder and has been acquitted on the grounds of temporary insanity. But in Meta's life, things seem to be happening at the wrong time. Almost as if she were trying to make amends for her days in prison, she becomes restless. Her emotional entanglement, plus her family's difficulties, are making readjustment to the ordinary world very difficult for Meta.
M-F, 1:45 P.M. EDT, CBS.

HILTOP HOUSE  Sometimes Julie looks back and wonders how her life might have developed if her cousin Nina had never come to live with her. Almost as if she were trying to make amends for her days in prison, she becomes restless. Her emotional entanglement, plus her family's difficulties, are making readjustment to the ordinary world very difficult for Meta.
M-F, 3 P.M. EDT, CBS.

JUST PLAIN BILL  Mona Kane and her father, Basil Kane, have both confessed to the murder of Paul Hewitt, Mona's fiance. David Baldwin's knowledge of human nature makes him suspect that Mona and her father are simply trying to protect each other. There is much consternation when Bill, after investigating a bit on his own, accuses Amelia Shepherd of the crime.
M-F, 5:30 P.M. EDT, NBC.

KINGS ROW  Chief psychiatrist at the State Hospital Dr. Parris Mitchell, has an intimate knowledge of the lives of his neighbors in the little town of Kings Row. When distraught Hazel Green becomes his patient, Parris learns that Hazel's ruthless husband, Fulmer Green, is trying to have her declared unfit. What will happen if Randy McHugh, Parris' childhood friend, manages to help Hazel?
M-F, 3:15 P.M. EDT, CBS.

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL  At last Papa David and Chichi can stop worrying about the Book Shop. Their home—and their means of livelihood—is not going to be taken from them. But the enormous strain took its toll of Papa David, who suffered a series of strokes. He is apparently well enough, but Chichi will never again take his sturdy presence for granted.
M-F, 3 P.M. EDT, NBC.

LORENZO JONES  Eccentric old Mrs. Murphy starts a mysterious chain of trouble for herself when she makes a will leaving her fortune to her pet cat, Christopher. When Christopher's cousin dies, it is revealed that the will was a forgery. Mrs. Murphy has been so peculiar for so long that nobody will believe her. But as the investigation proceeds, it is discovered that Mrs. Murphy is not quite as crazy as everyone thinks.
M-F, 4:30 P.M. EDT, NBC.

MA PERKINS  What is there about Tom Wells that makes Fay unable to forget him, though she is engaged to Spencer Grayson? For that matter, what is there about Tom that Spencer is afraid of? He certainly seems concerned when he learns that Tom has written a book in which he, Spencer, is the chief character. These questions are still unanswered when Belle, Lorenzo's wife, is not optimistic about his detecting.
M-F, 4:30 P.M. EDT, NBC.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY  The dreadful strain of Father Young's disappearance is joyfully relieved when he is rescued after having been given up as dead. The men involved in the bank robbery have all been brought to justice—as has Mrs. Ivy Trent, who finally confesses her important part in the scheme that caused the Youngs and their friends so much anguish. This creates an unfortunate situation, since Ivy is the mother of Carter Trent, to whom Pepper's sister Peggy is married.
M-F, 3:30 P.M. EDT, NBC.

PORTIA FACES LIFE  Portia Manning's friends and legal associates would never have believed it possible, but it happens—her career is abruptly curtailed when, on the eve of leaving for a vacation trip with Walter, she is accused of having bribed witnesses in the case in which she was recently involved. In spite of the efforts of Mickey Molyer and the Peroni family, the charge against Portia is successful enough to send her to prison.
M-F, 5:15 P.M. EDT, NBC.

RIGHT TO HAPPINESS  Carolyn believes that marriage to Miles Nelson would be the beginning of the happiness she has looked forward to all her life. The Nes nons are happy together, but the attack on Miles leaves a fatal wound and he is in danger of losing his life. As Governor of the State, Miles has many duties which put a great strain on him. Is Carolyn justified in her fear that this strain may prove too much for him?
M-F, 3:45 P.M. EDT, NBC.

ROAD OF LIFE  Puzzled by wealthy, erratic Conrad Overton, Dr. Jim Brent has made certain investigations in the man's past, and with the help of his friend, editor Frank Dana, has uncovered information which casts a revealing light on Overton's activities and past history. What effect will this have on Jim's friendship with Overton's niece, Joyce McLeod?
M-F, 3:15 P.M. EDT, NBC.
STELLA DALLAS Who is trying to murder Stella, and for what reason? Laurel Grovers, Stella’s daughter, can give no reason, and she is beside herself with worry when Stella suddenly disappears. A search, headed by Lieutenant Arlen, finds Stella just in time to drag her out of the abandoned garage where she has been left, unconscious, with a car with its motor running. Unconscious for days, Stella can offer her rescuers no help.

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

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES After the shocking accident in which Kathy Stanley is killed, Joan Davis finds that even her affectionate friendship is not enough to keep Phil Stanley from collapse. Joan, meanwhile, is troubled by Harry’s insistence that instead of renting the economical apartment she has found, they take an elaborate house. Also, what will happen to Sammy as Mrs. Fields’ influence over him increases?

M-F, 5 P.M. EDT, NBC.

SECOND MRS. BURTON For several years Terry Burton has been a quiet Dick- ston housewife, happy with her husband, Stan, with her attractive home and her two children, Brad and Wendy. But being creative by nature, Terry is pleased when she gets an opportunity to go back to designing—the career she gave up to marry Stan. How will Mrs. Westley, the new manager of Stan’s store, fit into the changed scheme of the Burton’s family life?

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

ROSEMARY Unfortunately, the return of Rosemary and Bill to Springdale was not the idyllic solution Rosemary hoped for, and Bill returns to New York to resume his advertising career. Rosemary’s friend Blondie, cynically suspecting that Bill is still interested in Blanche Weatherby, who almost ruined his marriage, tries in her own way to cut her out of Bill’s thoughts. Meanwhile Rosemary waits for Bill to send for her.

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

WENDY WARREN With Mark Douglas rescued from Europe and the aftermath of his secret assignment, Wendy finally admits to herself that he is the man who will always mean most to her. But perhaps she has made this discovery too late, for Mark is a changed man. He seems to care about nothing and nobody, and to be entirely emotionless about things which once affected him deeply. Is he now really a psychological cripple?

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

YOUNG DR. MALONE Does Dr. Jerry Malone really want his wife Anne to divorce him? It seems that way, for after Anne came to New York to take care of him Jerry disappears from the hospital. Heartick, Anne went back to Three Oaks with Sam Williams, not knowing that Jerry had wandered aimlessly to the apartment of Mary Browne. Jerry feels a sense of obligation to Mary because of her father.

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

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN Certain in her own mind that Lita Haddon is the real murderer of Horace Steele, Ellen Brown grimly continues to try to prove her suspicion, but nevertheless her fiancé, Dr. Anthony Loring, stands trial for the murder. Ellen is heartbroken when District Attorney Ralph Jordan bases his case against Anthony on the grounds that Horace was romantically interested in Ellen, thus giving Anthony a jealous motive.

M-F, 4:45 P.M. EDT, NBC.
Here’s how to take the worry out of child care

It’s not a simple job to raise a healthy, happy baby. When baby is cranky and irritable you fret and worry—and then you can’t do a good job. But if you can have expert advice, available at all times, you know what to do and you eliminate worry. Your baby may have his own doctor, but there are many ways in which you can help him by knowing how to handle the many everyday problems that constantly confront you.

Here is your opportunity to get expert advice from someone who really knows about babies and small children. In his book, How To Raise Your Baby, Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe, the famous “quintuplet” doctor, gives you valuable information you need to know about your child. Dr. Dafoe gives you valuable suggestions for preventing diphtheria, infantile paralysis, smallpox, scarlet fever, tuberculosis and other common ailments. He also discusses the nervous child, the shy child as well as jealousy in children. Dr. Dafoe tells you how to care for your children, year-by-year, from the very first year through the fifth year. Tells you how they should be able to do each year—how they should act, talk, walk, etc.

ONLY 50¢

It is your duty as a mother to read as much about babies as possible—and to learn what makes them “tick.” With Dr. Dafoe’s book close at hand, you can face each day with greater confidence and assurance. The price of this helpful book is only 50¢ postpaid—while they last. Don’t wait another minute—mail coupon for your copy today.

Contents: About Quintuplets—Twins and Premature Babies...The Newborn Infant—How it Should be Fed...Feeding the Growing Baby...Sleep—How Much a Child Needs...Early Training in Toilet Habits...Growth of the Child...Sunshine and Vitamins...Clothing and Health...Summer Care and Feeding...Guarding Against Illness and Injuries...When the Child is Backward or Nervous...One to Five-Year-Olds—Care and Growth...Training Hints as Child Grows Up.

MAIL THIS COUPON—TODAY

BARTHOLOMEW HOUSE, Inc., Dept. RM-751
205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Send me postpaid, Dr. Dafoe’s book How to Raise Your Baby. I enclose 50c.

Name___________________________

Address________________________

Gene Autry’s prize round-up!

(Continued from page 46)

1st Prize: Gene Autry Monark Bicycle
2nd and 3rd Prizes:
The Gene Autry Six-Shooter Watch
4th and 5th Prizes:
Gene Autry Gun and Holster Set
Next Eighteen Prizes:
Gene Autry Electric Pencil

clean in thought, word and deed. A cowboy respects womanhood, his parents and the laws of his country.
A cowboy is a patriot.

Get in the Contest!
Any boy or girl up to the age of twelve can enter this contest and all entries will be judged according to age. On a sheet of paper about eight by eleven inches, draw a picture of Gene demonstrating one of his Code of the West rules. You can include his horse, Champion, too, if you think it better illustrates the Code rule you’ve chosen. You can color the drawing with crayons or water colors or anything you wish. And now just look at these wonderful prizes:

First Prize: A real Gene Autry Monark Bicycle in rodeo brown finish with life-like horse’s head above the front fork, studded fenders, saddle with fringed two-toned saddle decorations and an official Gene Autry pistol in a leather holster, a pistol-type horn attached to the handle-bar, and chain-guard with Gene’s own autograph. Your choice of 22” or 24” size of this magnificent bicycle from the Lewis Supply Company.

Second and Third Prizes: The Gene Autry Six-Shooter Watch with jeweled Swiss movement. This is a fully guaranteed timepiece and not a toy. It has a luminous dial that glows at night, a genuine leather cowboy strap, an unbreakable crystal, animated gun action and a picture of Gene on the face of the watch. From the Almike Corporation, licensed exclusively to make Gene Autry watches.

Fourth and Fifth Prizes: The official Gene Autry Gun and Holster set. A lavishly decorated leather belt with handsome holsters, All “tooled” and studded with a real cowboy buckle and silver-colored trimmings. And in each holster a real, repeating cap pistol. Manufactured by M. A. Henry Limited of Canada.

Next Eighteen Prizes: The Gene Autry Electric Pencil. Press a button and four-
Rules of the Contest
1. Draw or paint a picture of Gene Autry (and his horse, Champion, if you wish) acting out one of his Code of the West rules. If you choose "A cowboy is a patriot," for instance, draw Gene doing something which shows how a cowboy can be patriotic. The drawing can be on paper, cardboard or canvas, not bigger than eight by eleven inches.

2. Fill in all the information required on entry blank. Clip the coupon and secure firmly to drawing. Entry blank must be completed by parent, and parent or guardian must sign the coupon.

3. Only judges of this contest will be Gene Autry and the editors of RADIO TELEVISION Mirror. Drawings will be judged on originality and imagination in capturing the spirit of Gene Autry and his Code of the West, according to the contestant's age.

4. Entries must be postmarked no later than June 30, 1951. All entries become the property of RADIO TELEVISION Mirror and will not be returned, nor can the magazine undertake to enter into correspondence concerning entries.

5. Entries should be addressed to Gene Autry Contest, Box 1477, Grand Central Post Office, New York 19, N.Y.
Let’s face facts. The overwhelming majority of single young girls on summer vacations are out to capture THE man. It’s as normal and natural as homemade apple pie. No one can map out a miracle. But if there ever were a basic set of rules that a young girl should follow to insure the ultimate in “arranging conditions so as to suit her purpose,” this is the story. It tells—

**THREE HAPPY PEOPLE**

(Continued from page 31) and between meals. He doesn’t go for sweets and he seldom takes a drink. Let him take one drink and boom, he puts on two pounds! He has to watch his weight which is a pitiful thing for he loves to eat. So, an olive in a big jar is none of my doing. None of Sid’s routines are any of my—

“The car,” said Sid’s voice, a quiet voice but with omen in it, “when I taught you to drive the car, know what I mean?”

“Oh, that, well…”

“She wanted to drive the car,” Sid explains, putting on that patient expression with which he regards the vagaries of Miss Coca, “she kept on egging me and egging me. So one Sunday I said okay, let’s go—because how much nagging can you take? So we get in the car and I tell here, ‘Put your foot on the gas. Shift gears. Put your foot on the gas. Shift gears. Put your foot on the gas. Shift. Shift gears. Put your foot on the gas. Shift.’ you know how it is, you tell a person one, three, four, six, seven times—the twentieth time you get aggravated, red in the face, start to holler. That’s what I suddenly started to laugh. I said, ‘This is funny.’ So,” Sid shrugged, “Imagenge and I did it on the show.”

“**SOMETIMES you are your own source of material,”** Florence put in defensively, “when Shellie was born—know what I mean?”

“Five and a half years ago my daughter is born and now she thinks of it!”

“You thought of it and not so long ago either when, on the show, you lampioned a father waiting for his first baby to be born.”

“So all right, so I walked around the hospital, I didn’t know where, what, who… I was talking to myself out loud. Sure. Why not? I was making all kinds of bargains with God … I won’t do this anymore, please … From now on, who will know me? To pass the time I was also making up things we’d do together, my son and I. I was telling him, ‘We’ll go skeet shooting in the Catskills. Your old man does a lot of target shooting. We’ll ride horseback,’ I said, ‘I’m a man on a horse. Swimming, too. Ever see your Pop swim? No? But you will. And badminton. Your mother is very unathletic. I’m trying to teach her badminton. My hobby is collecting guns. Think you’ll like that? I thought you would, and then the nurse comes in and tells me, ‘Mr. Caesar, you have a beautiful little girl!’”

“Which reminds me of another grievance I cherish and that is when people say to me, ‘Being married to Sid Caesar, you must laugh all day long!’ Oh, no. Apart from the fact that Sid rehearses all day long, six days a week, and rests the seventh day, Sid isn’t funny offstage. He’s serious. He’s intense. He’s a pessimist. A worrier. And every once in awhile he shuts up like a clam. He walks in and you know that’s it. Not a word out of him for hours, sometimes for days.”

In appearance Sid Caesar is most certainly not the way people who watch him on television think he is. He looks a good ten to fifteen years younger in person than on the television screen. And so much handsomer that your first reaction to the tall, dark and glamorous is, this must be Sid Caesar’s younger brother!

“Television does one of two things to most people,” Sid explains his youthful (and dreamboat) appearance. “It either adds ten to fifteen years, or it takes them away. On me, it adds. I am twenty-eight—look thirty-eight on the show and know it. Makeup might subtract a few years from me, but I don’t use any makeup. I can’t. I’d sweat it right off. I perspire when I work like in a Turkish bath.”

“He cares so intensively about everything,” Florence says, “I met Sid—let’s see, we’ve been married seven and a half years, so it would be eight and a half years ago—at my uncle’s small hotel, Avon Lodge, near Woodridge in the Catskills. I was nothing but a children’s counselor at the resort and Sid came up with the band. From that first day, we went steady. All I remember thinking was, Well, this will be a very pleasant summer romance …

“But things are never merely a tepid ‘very pleasant,’ with Sid. He’s too intense for that. To an extreme an extremist. In love, and in everything else. So the first thing you know, the very pleasant summer romance turns into the last act of Romeo and Juliet.”

“The war had something to do, of course, with the dark overtones shadowing our romance. For during that summer of falling in love and knowing it, of being together every waking moment, Sid knew that in the fall he would be in the Service. He was inducted into the Coast Guard in November. And well do I remember our ‘last Goodbye.’ The first one. We’d been somewhere for dinner that last evening and when we got back we stood at my door and Sid was saying, ‘Goodbye, goodbye, goodbye, so long … may never see you again, goodbye, goodbye …’ It was his big chance to play dramatic but the drama in it was that he wasn’t playing.”

“The next morning, I hear his voice on the telephone:"

**"WHAT HAPPENED," he says, ‘I just happened to wander to one side of a pillar that divides the induction center in half. Then I hear the induction officer saying: All the men on this side of the pillar go to Parris Island. The rest of you go to Manhattan Beach. I’m going to Manhattan Beach.’**

“Not long after this came word that Sid was to be shipped out. There was another ‘last Farewell.’ This time it was on the telephone: ‘All the men from A to L are being shipped out,’ he’s telling me, as if reading from ‘Hamlet,’ ‘so goodbye, goodbye, this is the End.’”

“**'So what happened? Again his voice on the telephone was saying, ‘Just wrote you a letter, packed my stuff and I’m shipped to —the Brooklyn Barracks.’**

“This went on, with variations, until on July 17, 1943, exactly one year to the day after we met, Sid and I got married. Because Sid had only a forty-eight hour leave, we were married very quietly, just family, a few old friends and the service held in a little chapel in New York.

“How Sid ever became a comedian,” says Mrs. Sid, “is something I will never know. He never had the remotest idea,
as you may know, of being a funnyman.
Nor did he give evidence of any talent for comedy. Far from being the exhibitionistic, life-of-the-party type, when he went to parties he always sat on the side-lines, watching everyone. He still does.

Far from being a funnyman, Sid's dream was to be a long-hair musician which he gave up (for the saxophone, the clarinet, and the writing of popular songs) when he realized that Juilliard, where he was studying, and the Paris Conservatory, where he'd hoped to continue his studies, were too rich for his bank account. "I wasn't in rags on the street," he'll tell you, "wasn't starving exactly, but I remember putting cardboad in my shoes and eating a lot of boiled potatoes and sour cream."

He's very observant, and that is how he gets his material. He watches—although not consciously, he insists—people on the street. Situations, rather than individuals, are his source. Last winter, for instance, the Caesars came up from a vacation in Florida on a DC-4, a non-stop flight, which turned out to be so cramped, uncomfortable and raged that Sid survived it—even enjoyed it—only because it gave him the idea for the routine he and Imogene did with Joan Bennett when she was their guest on the show. The three of them were jammed together like sardines on the front seat of the plane, you may remember, and Sid on their laps, in their hair . . .

"One evening a friend of ours dropped by Florence remembers, "He had had a fight with his wife. He started telling Sid, 'It's the finish, this is the end, the finish and no more.' 'Now, take it easy,' Sid counselled, 'relax, have some dinner, sit down.' 'No, I can't eat.' So he eats. As he eats, he's raving on, 'She's a nice girl, a nice woman, she's a fine girl—but she's miserable.' The next thing you know, the telephone rings, it's his wife and he's on his way home . . . and maybe you saw Sid as the husband who has left home on Your Show of Shows. Our friend and his wife saw it—they were in the studio audience that night as Sid's guests—and they died!"

His success hasn't changed Sid. He's still shy. Still nervous. Modest to a fault.
"A lot of the credit for Your Show of Shows goes," he tells everyone, "to my producer, Max Liebman, and the writers." Even his ambitions are modest. "I don't have any aspirations to be a millionaire," he tells you, "just enough to pay the butcher and the grocer." Yet he likes nice things, likes clothes, is neat as a new pin. Likes good cigars. Good food. Good cars.

Last Christmas, Sid gave Florence a mink coat. "We don't take her out anymore," he kids, "we take the coat out!"

He loves their new home, the eight-room-and-three baths co-op apartment on Park Avenue in the 80's which Sid bought. "This is our first home after sub-letting all over the place for years," Florence says, "and Sid loves the idea of owning it."

That their home is on Park Avenue is another joy for Sid. "As a kid, my father used to drive me down Park Avenue, clear from Yonkers where we lived," he says, "and it seemed to me like being in another world. I never dreamed . . . But here I am and it isn't," Sid asks, his eyes serious, "a small world?"
(Continued from page 33) "I was a pretty cocky kid," Sandy grins.

He was cocky especially because he'd done it all himself, done it, in fact, against the wishes of his father, a police lieutenant on the New York City force, wanted his son to become a doctor.

But fate had other ideas, and instead of becoming a doctor, Sandy has ended up by portraying one. Actually to those who understood where his real interests lay in his days at New York University, in Queens, the switch from medicine to the theatre could come as little surprise. Always drawn to acting, Sandy was a prominent member of the school's dramatic society. Puppetry, too, intrigued him, and he created his own troupe of puppets, giving performances at local churches and lodges. He liked art, especially cartooning.

Still, when he enrolled at New York University, Sandy had every intention of studying medicine till he got a job as a radio newscaster on a small station in Long Island, WWRL. At the grand salary of ten dollars a week, he started to work and the things work which he wanted to do. When a better job on a station in the upstate New York town of Olean came through, Sandy grabbed it.

Here, in Olean, Sandy spent six of the most important months of his young life. Throwing himself headlong into his first full-time job in radio, he began to get a clearer picture of what he wanted to go in it. First, establish himself in announcing, and then—branch out into acting.

Back in New York, he went to work for WNYC, the municipal station. Among his other assignments, Sandy was the announcer for New York's magnetic dynamo of a mayor, the late Fiorello H. LaGuardia, who used to call him "big kid." Then in the fall of 1941, young Sandy Becker had a plum fall into his lap—an announcing job at WBT in Charlotte, North Carolina. Settling back in the train that was speeding him to his new assignment, Sandy was filled with high ambitions and some rather unrealistic notions. The first one was shattered as soon as the train pulled in at Charlotte.

Sandy, whose idea of the South was derived strictly from "Gone With The Wind," had been looking forward to entering an exotic region of sprawling bales of cotton and crumbling mansions.

"One of the great disappointments of my life," he says, "was getting off to see nothing but a dreary railway station and a town no different than any other." As for the other misconception, it took Sandy seven months to get rid of that. Like any true nineteen-year-old New York sophisticate, he had a sentimentally disillusioned attitude toward Southern womanhood.

And then one June day—June 20th, 1942 to be exact—Sandy met Ruth Joyce Venable, one of the most popular girls in Charlotte. At the advanced age of twenty, after dating for several years, Ruth had decided that since she hadn't yet fallen in love she evidently was never going to. That being the case, Ruth thought she might as well take up singing as a career. She had a good voice and had already sung at some dances.

Four weeks later, Ruth said a not-too-sad farewell to her singing ambitions, and became Mrs. George Sanford Becker at an elopement ceremony in Marion, South Carolina. The couple had been a lighting affair. With their first date, Ruth had decided that this young man was entirely different from any she had known before.

When a little more than a week after they had met Sandy said, "What would you say if I asked you to marry me?" Ruth found the question unreasonable in the idea.

Still, after a week of courtship, even though they were wildly happy, Ruth understood what a selfish thing they had done. She just couldn't tell her mother.

"We had always been very close, Mother and I," Ruth says, "There was nothing that I had ever kept from her before. And actually there was no real reason for this secret marriage."

After the formal church ceremony a month later, Sandy and Ruth settled down briefly in a small cottage on the outskirts of town. Less than a year passed, however, before Sandy was called to service.

After his discharge, Sandy and Ruth came to see New York. Establishing some kind of a record, Sandy landed a job announcing a week later. From then on he became more and more in demand, but his heart was still set on acting. Finally in 1948, Gary Merril, who had been playing Young Dr. Malone, was giving up the part to go to Hollywood. As Sandy puts it, there were "mammoth auditions." Not very encouraging for an untired youngster. But when the shouting was over, Sandy Becker had become Young Dr. Malone, and he did so well listeners never noticed the switch.

Sandy insists that he doesn't deserve all the credit.

"I would never have been able to do it," he says, "without the wonderful cooperation of the cast, and without the help of Walter Gorman, our director—the best director in radio, in my opinion."

Exactly when did Sandy take over the part of Young Dr. Malone? Ask him that and he slowly pulls out his wallet, tenderly worded check, and weeps from his first salary check for playing the role, and it's dated November 30, 1948.

Now, of course, he's "Dr. Malone" not only on the daytime serial but to his neighbors and friends. Ruth comes in for her share of the kidding, too. When they first moved into their new housing development in New York's Borough of Queens two years ago, their neighbors couldn't figure out what this young man's profession could be. All the other husbands in the community left for work at a respectable 8 A.M. But this Becker character could be seen knocking on the front door at eleven o'clock in the morning.

One woman particularly was consumed with curiosity.

"For weeks," Ruth says, "she watched this phenomenon take place every morning, until she couldn't stand it any longer. She just had to come over and ask me. Naturally word spread around and we became the Malones instead of the Beckers."

When Ruth was in the hospital awaiting Annette, a new patient came in, who happened to be a daytime serial fan. At this
time, Jerry Malone had disappeared and the new patient kept complaining about not having a radio so that she could find out what was happening to him.

"I must know whether he's coming back." She kept repeating. "How can I find out if he's coming back?"

Without thinking, Ruth spoke up.

"He'll be back next Thursday," she said. "How do you know?" demanded the other, and, of course, the secret was out and Ruth was "Mrs. Malone."

Now that Annette has joined the family, the Beckers' two-bedroom attached duplex house is entirely too small for comfort and Sandy and Ruth are looking for a larger place. Spurring them on is the fact that their home is in desperate need of redecorating, largely due to the imaginative activity of two-year-old Butch, otherwise known as Butch. His greatest joy in life thus far appears to be marking up walls.

Six-year-old Joyce has always liked to draw, but for a long time she seemed uninterested in the mural as a form of creative expression. Then one fine day Ruth discovered that Joyce had caught the bug, too. On the wall over her bed, in the room she shares with Curtis, Joyce had drawn a group of gay figures.

The children have apparently inherited this artistic bent from their father, who spends a good part of his spare time drawing and sculpturing.

When the Beckers move and Ruth can redecorate, she expects to buy no pictures. She plans to have Sandy paint them.

Until the children are older, there will be no fragile or expensive furniture in the house. That's because Ruth firmly believes that the home should belong to the children as much as to their parents.

Another thing that both Ruth and Sandy believe in is discipline. The children are taught that there are rules which must be obeyed. If the occasion demands it, they are spanked.

"We give them all the love that we can," Ruth says, "but we also demand respect."

There is another important member of the Becker family. A pure-bred German Shepherd, his name is Jocko, and he is crazy about everyone in the family from Sandy to little Annette, whom he will lick gently as she lies in her carriage.

Sandy and Ruth have come a long way since that impulsive beginning almost nine years ago. They have matured into responsible adults, learning, in the process, to counter-balance two very different temperaments. Ruth is the calm, tolerant one; Sandy is the more temperamental, likely to be disappointed in people because he expects too much of them, subject to great enthusiasms.

"You never know what he's going to do next," Ruth says, contentedly. "It keeps life interesting."

One sure sign of the strength of their marriage is that neither enjoys doing things without the other, whether it's shopping at the supermarket on Saturday for the week's supplies, or playing poker or canasta with the neighbors, or looking for new furniture.

With Sandy branching out into television, with a new baby in the family, and with a new house to find and furnish, life has never been more exciting for the Beckers than it is right now.

As Sandy says: "It makes me feel so darn sorry for poor Young Dr. Malone."

---

WANTED!

Folks Who'd Like EXTRA SPENDING MONEY...

in exchange for a few spare-time hours

HERE'S good news! Now you can get the extra spending money you want—without taking a job or interfering with family duties. Show lovely Box Assortments of richly-decorated Christmas and All Occasion Greeting Cards, distinctive Stationery, gay Gift Wrappings. Many other items so exquisite, so reasonably priced that your friends, neighbors, co-workers will be delighted to give you big orders. NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED. Our helpful book (sent FREE) shows how any beginner can make money! You make as much as $50 to $65 on each box.

FREE SAMPLES

Mail coupon now—without money—for sample boxes on approval; free samples of exciting new "Name-Imprinted" Christmas Cards. No obligation. If friends don't want them at once—return approval boxes at our expense. Greeting Card Associates, Studio GT47, 195 West End Ave., New York 23, N. Y.

Copyright, 1953, Greeting Card Associates, Inc.

---

20 Boxes in 2 Hours' Time

"I'm thrilled with the beauty of these cards and so are my customers. I have now sold about 20 boxes... in about two hours."

Bernice Johnson, So. Dakota.
COME AND VISIT TONY MARTIN

(Taken from page 37) occasions is tremendous; at five months of age he weighed nineteen pounds, eight ounces, and had two firm, white teeth which he revealed in an infectious grin whenever he is accorded attention. Now he is taking his first steps and trying to manufacture baritone solos.

When Cyd and Tony purchased the house, they were a little worried about the usualness of its architecture. "The only way we're going to be contented here," said Tony, "is to give the place some personality. Right now it needs—well, something."

"To be lived in," supplemented Cyd, "and to be marked by our personal tastes and activities."

First step was to correct the dull character of the entrance hall, which started life as a stereotyped corridor leading from front door to patio.

The Martins agreed that an antiqued mirror, installed in foot-squares from floor to ceiling, would give an impression of space and graciousness. Next, an irregular planting area, marked by an eighteen-inch flagstone retaining wall, was installed in front of the mirrored wall. 

 Perez, the visitor was greeted by the illusion of size, airiness, and greenery.

The living room was furnished with lounges. Two huge divans were installed along the east wall. In front of the fireplace the Martins placed a lazy-susan coffee table, five feet in diameter. Around this they installed two semi-circular, backless sofas.

The Martins, analyzing their social life, discovered that their summer parties centered around the swimming pool and the patio barbecue, but that their winter parties centered around the fireplace. The two sofas were the answer to the fireplace conundrum. For a party of eight in the Goldstones' home can be moved into position beside one of the divans to create a large—but cozy—conversational group.

Tony's determination to fill the house with really meaningful mementos is given expression in the living room. Above the fireplace is a Vanlincck landscape, a prize purchase when Cyd and Tony were in Paris. It is a fascinating study of a thunderous sky brooding over a rain-soaked countryside, and—by contrast—it makes the fireplace seem a secure and cozy spot.

The card room, sunny and warm during the day, is the spot to which guests gravitate when Cyd and Tony are having only a few people in for supper.

The west wall of the card room is a souvenir-lover's dream. Assembled on it are such mementos as a giant-size key to the city of Boston; a certificate "key" to the city of New Orleans; the cricket hat which was presented to Tony during his Palladthrill tour of London.

The Martins' dining room is a gay room, flooded with morning sunlight from its wide eastern windows. They never entertain more than eight people at a sit-down dinner, and they keep the menu simple. When they give a really large party, the Martins entertain at a hotel.

The Martins' medium-sized parties are given in their own home and served buffet style, a system on which Tony insists that he is an authority. "The important thing about a buffet dinner is color. We like to serve sliced breast of turkey, covered by a golden Welsh rarebit. On the table we like to have a huge pot of baked beans topped by bacon, a bright red tomato aspic salad and a large plate of sliced avocados. Everybody says, 'That looks good,' and your party is a success."

Adjoining the dining room is Tony's music room. Its walls are chocolate brown, and applied in geometric designs on this background are a series of pages torn from an antique book of sheet music. Around the room, just below the ceiling, is a white border made by the lines of the scale. On this scale appear the white notes of Tony's theme song.

The entire house is eloquent of the fact that it is occupied by two people who are very much in love and who share one another's lives completely. Oddly enough, when Tony and Cyd first met, there was nothing in the meeting to prophesy that they would one day occupy a dream house together.

Their original date was arranged by Nat Goldstone, who was agent for both. Talent agents are notable epidemics in Hollywood, but in this case Mr. Goldstone's efforts seemed to be wasted. Cyd looked at Tony and decided that, in all probability, he was a self-satisfied young man. Tony looked at Cyd and concluded that she had been spoiled by those who were impressed by her beauty and talent. The evening was marked by mutual chill.

A year went by, and Mr. Goldstone tried again. He found himself stuck with two extra tickets to "Black Narcissus," called Tony and suggested that he take Cyd, joining the Goldstones for dinner in advance. Tony didn't exactly say no; he suggested that Cyd might be more interested in the main event. To this the Goldstone list, Mr. Goldstone said that time was running out and he didn't want to enthrall Cyd with anyone except Mr. Martin.

Tony called for the same Miss Charisse he had squared one year earlier, and in this case there must have been something wrong with his eyesight on that occasion. She was pretty. Moreover, she had a sense of humor. Furthermore, she was casual, natural and without affectation.

As for Cyd she decided that Tony had improved. She swallowed a great deal in twelve months. Shortly after, Cyd injured her knee in a dancing routine and was hospitalized. Tony sent her flowers regularly and telephoned several times a week. When, just after the stroke of midnight on New Year's Eve, he called to wish Cyd (still in the hospital) a Happy 1948, he suspected that this was going to be a great year for both of them.

They were married on May 15, 1948, and embarked on a permanent honeymoon. Tony, Jr., was born August 28, 1950.

The key to Tony's success has been harmony; the key to Cyd's success has been rhythm. The key to the Martin household is a combination of rhythm and harmony. What could make a guest more welcome!
LUCKY MARION MARLOWE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35) appearing in the London musical; above her performance before the King and Queen of England; above meeting such greats as Winston Churchill and Anthony Eden; and above the attentive escorts of nobility who flocked around her.

From the meeting with Arthur has come her present success on his television program, many movie offers, and a future more luminous than most twenty-one-year-olds dare to dream about.

The best thing about it, Marion feels, is that it all seemed to come about so casually. She was back in this country last winter, a bride of about five months, living with her husband temporarily in Miami. Anyhow, at this particular point she was having dinner one night at the Kenilworth Hotel in Miami, and in the course of the evening she met the hotel's owner, Mr. Raffington. He asked if she would like to sing there the following Sunday evening, and she said she would be delighted.

It happened that Godfrey had expected to be in Miami the previous week but was delayed until the night of Marion’s appearance on early. Fate scheduled her number with his belated arrival.

It was an unusually responsive audience and Marion left the stage elated. She was called into the office, and expected only to be handed her check for the evening’s work. “Someone wants to meet you,” Mr. Raffington said. It was Godfrey, who took her hand and told her later, “I think you’re wonderful. Can you leave for New York with me in the morning?”

That first day on the Godfrey show is almost a blank in her memory. From early afternoon she went through the motions of rehearsing and then doing the show, hardly aware of reality. Just what was it a career like Marion’s and justifies this faith? Let’s go back to the real beginning of her story and try to find out:

She was born in St. Louis on March 7, 1930, the only child of the Townsends. Marion became famous in the Townsend neighborhood for being the only baby who had bounced right out of her diapers in perfect rhythm with the music. At the age of four that feeling for rhythm had led to singing on the radio with juvenile talent shows, and at five she presided over a daily fifteen-minute program of her own. Two years later she was doing “dramatics” on the air.

When Marion got to Beaumont High School she was so taken up with her own special interests that she had no time for the usual teen-age sports. This is the sort of high school hersesy that sets a girl apart and leaves her a little lonely at times.

In her early teens, Marion got experience in dramatic roles with some of the little theater groups, like St. Louis’ Roof-top Theater. There was some professional modeling to help pay for lessons. Then, at seventeen, one of her biggest breaks came, although it didn’t turn out at all as she expected.

She had made a recording of a song for a friend, and a motion picture executive heard it and encouraged her to go to Hollywood.

After many months she was right where she’d started, career-wise. Fate was still on the job, however. One evening she decided that only a movie would lift her spirits. Although fifty cents seemed a sizable sum, she paid thirty-nine cents admission to the theater around the corner and ten cents went into the popcorn machine in the lobby. Her dime stayed in, but no popcorn came out, and she was banging on the machine and shaking it when a voice asked, “Can I help?”

She looked up—way up, beyond her own five feet seven and one-half inches, to the man who towered a full eleven inches above her. The first thing she noticed, of course, was his big heavenly height, men tall enough for her to look up to being reasonably scarce. She had liked his voice, and she liked his looks—but most of all she liked the fact that he shook the precious popcorn loose. He was on his way in to see the movie, too, and there happened to be only two seats left, and they were together. She shared the popcorn with him and after the show he asked which way she lived and offered to walk along with her if she didn’t mind.

On the way home he told her he had recently got out of the Navy. They compared ages and she learned he was eight years older than she. Marion’s aunt invited Hal in for coffee that first night, liked him so well that she asked him to dinner later in the week. Two and a half years later Hal and Marion were married at her home in St. Louis.

The movie didn’t seem to want Marion during that first Hollywood period, but one night when she was singing at Ciro’s, a London producer offered her a singing-dancing lead in a show he was casting. A few months later she was in London, rehearsing for the musical, called “Sauce Tartar.” It had a highly successful run and she stayed with it for eighteen months, doubling on Sundays on television for the BBC.

“T LOVED England, partly perhaps because I am English on my father’s side. Even the first time I set foot on London’s cobblestones I had the strangest feeling I had been there before. But I was terribly happy to get back. When I got home, Hal and I were married.”

Frank Parker, who sings with her on the Godfrey show, can’t say enough about her natural showmanship, her voice and her wonderful enthusiasm. Archie Bleyer, the orchestra leader, will tell you that every note she sings is expressive, every word full of meaning. This is rare praise from the artists who work with her every week. But perhaps the finest tribute of all occurred the night of her twenty-first birthday. Hal, now in government service, was down in Florida and couldn’t get to New York. She was feeling a little sorry for herself. Before the show began she told one of the crew that it was a big day in her life, then forgot she had even mentioned it.

When she came off the stage and went back to her dressing room, someone had marked up her mirror with lipstick. “Happy Birthday from the stagehands,” it said. A cake used in the commercial on the show had been decorated with a candle. Happily, she realized then that she had really been taken into the magic circle of Arthur Godfrey and His Friends.

FATE'S LUCKY SHAMPOO

For more luscious, beautiful locks than you’ve ever had before...just use SHAMPOO, not rinse.

FATE’S CREME SHAMPOO

For cutting or scraping hair quickly, safely... AMAZING CREAM REMOVES UNSIGHTLY HAIR QUICKLY, SAFELY

Acts Below “Razor Line” Without Cutting or Scraping Legs

The modern way to remove ugly hair from your legs is with Neet® Cream Hair Remover. It works deeper than a razor, below the surface of the skin. Safer too from razor cuts and scratches. Neet leaves tender skin soft and smooth, free from razor stubble. Just apply Neet like any cream, then rinse off and hair disappears like magic.
In the fight that was going on in Meta’s private world—in the world beneath the other surface—only Joe Roberts understood.
EDITOR'S NOTE: These are the harrowing events which led up to the death of Meta White's son, Chuckie, and the ordeal which Meta went through before she was cleared, on the grounds of temporary insanity, of the murder of her husband, Ted. Throughout it all, Meta was able to maintain the inner strength that helped her find a reason for living.

When Meta White went on trial for her life, charged with the murder of her husband, every paper in the country was ready to offer a fortune for her bylined story. Classically, dramatically beautiful, retaining still the aura of her successful modeling career and her brilliant marriage, and shadowed now by tragedy which had culminated in shattering horror . . . the public went wild with curiosity about her. Editors bit their nails and sent frantic long-distance calls to their Los Angeles correspondents. Wily reporters wheedled or bribed or blustered, until Meta's lawyer and friend, Ray Brandon, threatened to take special steps to protect her. The sensation-seekers did their best, but their best was not nearly good enough. Gradually it became clear that Meta White wasn't going to talk.

What the public never learned was that Meta couldn't talk. For a long time she couldn't even try, not even for the shaken little group of family and friends who banded (Continued on page 96)

The Guiding Light is heard M-F, 1:45 P.M. EDT, CBS. Sponsored by P & G's Duz.
**Don’t be HALF-SAFE**

_by VALDA SHERMAN_

Many mysterious changes take place in your body as you mature. Now, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a new type of perspiration containing milky substances which will—if they reach your dress—cause ugly stains and clinging odor.

You’ll face this problem throughout womanhood. It’s not enough merely to stop the odor of this perspiration. You must use a deodorant that stops the perspiration itself before it reaches—and ruins—your clothes.

As doctors know, not all deodorants stop both perspiration and odor. But Arrid does! It’s been proved that the new cream deodorant Arrid stops underarm perspiration 1 to 3 days safely—keeps underarms dry and sweet.

Remember this, too. Arrid’s antiseptic action kills odor on contact—prevents formation of odor up to 48 hours and keeps you “shower-bath” fresh. And it’s safe for fabrics.

So, don’t be half-safe. Don’t risk your happiness with half-safe deodorants. Be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be sure. Arrid with Creamogen will not dry out, and it’s so pleasant and easy to apply. Get Arrid today.

(Make your cash! Free Samples!)

**MAKE YOUR CASH! FREE SAMPLES!**

**Get Empire Christmas Cards**

For never—see our free offers. Coupon 31 Pages of Empire Christmas Greetings. It's plastic, can't soil. Surprising gift items. Free! imperial Christmas Cards 30¢ for 5 cards. Included: December's books, assorted stationery. 30 extra greeting cards making it 50 cards. Special Christmas mailing plan for church and clubs. Special Captain's Christmas card. Free! 234 Fox Street, N.Y. E. C.

**GLDENW R CAREER SCHOOLS**

7050 Glenwood Ave., Chicago 26, Ill. 
NI-7 Send valuable, free booklet on Practical Nursing.
Name. 
Age. 
City. 
State.

Start high as $3,450 a year!

U.S. GOVERNMENT JOBS


_Hollywood Glamour Secret!

• Kurlash curls lasses...makes any red or blond...sparkle. Glamorous eyes buy Kurlash today. $1 and $1.25 at cosmetic counters.

(Continued from page 95) together to help her. Not for Papa or her sister Trudy or her brother Bill; not for Charlotte Brandon, Ray’s wife, who was as nearly Meta’s most intimate friend as anyone in the world. Almost not even for Ray himself, though her very life depended on what she could tell him. Only one man in the early days of her trial understood that it was not obstinacy but self-protection. Better than any psychiatrist, Joe Roberts perceived that Meta couldn’t afford to remember. She was afraid she might lose her desperate fight for sanity, for balance... Joe Roberts, remember, saw this almost too clearly. It was the kind of understanding that could do him no good in his primary goal—to get her story. But gradually he gave in, acknowledging to himself that Meta Bauer White was no longer a story, but a woman...a woman. Meta could talk a little to Joe. He, too, had children, and he had been through some kind of purgatory himself. She tried; and she talked. Somehow, because it was Joe, she even knew just where to start.

The night it had happened, Meta and Ted had been sitting in the library of their home, reading. The Whites at home, she was thinking; like a picture in House Beautiful. The caption would never, never say that the Whites were not really at home with one another. They were at odds about everything under the sun. That the only thing that kept them in the same room—the same life—was Chuckie.

As if his name in her mind had been a signal, they heard it—the shout followed instantly by the sickening thud that resounded through the house. “Chuckie!” Meta screamed, and was running up the stairs before the echo had faded, dimly conscious of the pounding of Ted’s feet right behind her. Through Chuckie’s bedroom and into the bathroom—and there, horribly still, at the bottom of the dry tub, Chuckie lay. Silent; motionless.

Meta thought she screamed again, but it was on an indrawn breath that she said, “Oh—God!” Ted’s hand was already on Chuckie’s forehead, on his wrist. With the other he held her off.

“He’s all right; just stunned. Look out, I’m going to lift him.”

“Just stunned! Give him to me!” But Ted pushed her easily aside and carried Chuckie to his bed. Meta’s own breath stopped as she bent over the slight little figure; but in a matter of seconds the eyelids fluttered and opened. Chuckie—blessedly—was all right again.

“Where’s Dad?”

“She, son,” Ted said from the other side of the bed. He put a hand on Chuckie’s shoulder, and even at that moment Meta couldn’t help thinking, “Another man would bend down and kiss him. Not Ted—Ted has to be man-to-man. As though Chuckie were twenty-six instead of six.”

Her own lips trembled as she pressed them against Chuckie’s cheek. He stirred, too polite to push her away. “I’m all right,” she said. “What happened?—Oh, I fell?”

He sat up and seemed anxiously at Ted. “Dad—I didn’t cry.”

“Of course not. You only conked your- self a bit. Nothing to get—.” he glanced at Meta with cool irony—“hysterical about.”

“You think not?” Meta accepted the look as a challenge and hit back sharply. “It was quite a thud. I believe even you ran instead of walking. And Chuckie was unconscious for a few seconds—even you saw that. Call it hysterical if you like, but I’m going to call Dr. Boling.”

“Meta, really,” Ted’s mouth curved in distaste. “Must you go running to that man at the slightest excuse? I tell you Chuckie’s past is the problem.”

Meta started to say, “Let’s not do this in front of Chuckie, please,” but bit it back in time, remembering that after all she had snapped first at Ted. Without further words she went out to the hall extension and called Ross Boling.

Ross seemed to agree with Ted. He asked quick questions, if Chuckie seemed all right, alert, not in pain. “There’s always an off chance of concussion, but it doesn’t sound like it. I’ll come if you insist, but I’m certain it’s not called for.”

Reluctantly Meta hung up. From Chuckie’s bedroom came his thin, precise voice, childish but still so much like Ted’s... he did sound perfectly normal, talking away about the paint suit she had bought him that day. She smothered a faint regret that Ross hadn’t thought it advisable to come out, in a sense putting himself on Ted’s side against her, though he couldn’t know that...

When she went back into the bedroom Chuckie showed her how neatly he had done up his pajamas. “All by myself, Mother, see—I told you last night I

“These are Real Problems of real people!”

The radio program “My True Story” presents in dramatic form—direct from the files of True Story Magazine—the actual, true-to-life problems of real people. Thousands have found solutions to their own problems of love, fear, hope, jealousy and many others by listening to “My True Story”.

TUNE IN

“My TRUE STORY”

AMERICAN BROADCASTING STATIONS
could do the pajamas all by myself.”

And your mother wouldn’t allow you to?” Ted clucked his tongue in mock depression. “Now that she’s seen how well you do she’ll naturally not interfere again. Isn’t that so, my dear?” From almost identical eyes, Ted and her son looked at her, and Meta felt a full contempt she should bluster. Innocent triumph shone from Chuckie’s blue eyes, but Ted’s were not innocent.

After kissing Chuckie and tucking him in, they went out, Ted pausing to click off the light just outside his door. Meta bit her lip. It was an old battle, this of the night light, but it was going to be fought again tonight, with Chuckie already upset. If he asked for it... she listened, but from the darkened bedroom came no sound. With his father there, Chuckie was more afraid to reveal his fear of the dark than to suffer, as Meta knew he did, from the fear itself.

She had tried so often to tell Ted that nowadays people didn’t make children go through hell if they were scared of the dark. You gave them a dim light; then, when they were a little older and able to be reasoned with, you explained, you convinced them there was nothing to fear of. And because they had learned by that time to trust and believe in you, they believed you about the dark. It worked. In book after book on child psychology Meta had circled those paragraphs, but Ted always put them aside with the curt verdict: “Needless.”

Meta went to bed, to lie awake and wonder as the night lengthened how long it had taken Chuckie to fall asleep. It wasn’t only the dark he feared. There were so many things... sometimes she wondered how it could be that Ted, considered such an intelligent man, couldn’t see how ludicrous he was. His deliberate insistence that Chuckie not be afraid of anything. It’s unnatural to show fear, he would say; and Chuckie, more afraid of his father’s criticism than of anything, would stiffen and thin his little mouth and try to look as much like Ted as possible.

Meta sat on the edge of the bed. Was that a noise from Chuckie’s room? Fumbling for robe and slippers, she went silently down the corridor to his door. He was flinging about in bed, tossing the blankets frantically, his forehead damp when she touched it. Words formed in her mind: “Dear, Dad, I want...” and then, “I’m lost. I’m lost, you’ll have to come—” He gave a final toss that would have landed him on the floor if she hadn’t held him.

“Mother!” he cried, as though she frightened him more than his nightmare. “I’m sorry, darling, I didn’t mean to wake you. You were having a bad dream, I think.”

“I’m all right. It was... I think it was... I don’t want that paintbox, Mother.”

It took Meta a moment to understand. “The paints we bought today? Well, all right, dear, as long as you do want them.” He’s still half asleep, she thought. Best let him get right back without really waking him.

But Chuckie said earnestly, “I don’t want them at all. Dad says it’sissy.

Meta stiffened. For months she had watched Chuckie playing with his baby, nursery crayons, trying to get the effects he wanted. He had asked for paints every time they went into town. And now, Ted said they were sissy, so Chuckie couldn’t afford to want them any longer. But aloud she only said quietly, “We’ll talk about it when we’re both wide-awake, darling. Would you like anything now—some milk or water?” Chuckie shook his head. “All right then, darling. I’m going now.” Obediently he slid back and let Meta smooth the covers, and submitted to a kiss. At the door she hesitated. “Would you like me to leave the light on now?”

Chuckie jerked upright. “No, oh! I’m big enough to do without it!” There was an actual touch of panic as he thought she might tempt him to go against his Dad’s orders. Meta had an insane desire to scream at him as though he were an adult, “Chuckie, relax! Never mind Dad! If you want the light you may have it, darling, but don’t fight hard because of what Dad says!” But all she said was “Good night, then.”

She slept very little. But she used the long night to make up her mind to something she’d been evading: one of the few things she’d been afraid to do because of Ted’s violent objection to it. There were a few things he could not tempt than psychiatrists, and his anger when she first mentioned taking Chuckie to one was really frightening. The suggestion that any outsider could presume to advise him about his own son made him so furious that—because he rarely permitted it—“Goddamnit, Chuckie, lose his temper—he became really threatening. Meta hesitated, going only so far as to get from Ross the name of a child psychiatrist he respected. But she couldn’t let any more time go by. Chuckie worried her; he wasn’t doing well at all. Too many nightmares, she thought, planning out what to tell the doctor. Too much about other children, too unable to give and take. This disturbing fear of any kind of physical activity. And now Ted’s insistence that he take boxing lessons... could that do him any good? The fear of water, the other fears Ted wouldn’t recognize, and Chuckie wouldn’t admit... It was enough, surely, to disturb any mother?

Dr. Hewitt didn’t seem to think she was. Ross, who made the appointment for her the next day, told her how lucky she was to get on such short notice, but when Meta left Chuckie in the outer office and went in for her own brief interview, she realized that Ross must have given his friend a pretty thorough briefing on the White family, pointing up her anxiety and Ted’s opposition.

“I must say at once, Mrs. White, that in cases like this—where one parent is in opposition or at least is not cooperative—I usually withdraw. There’s not much I can do for a child whose home environment isn’t geared to operate in harmony with whatever I feel I’ve learned about the child. Dr. Boling explained that Mr. White isn’t”—

Meta’s hands clenched on her purse. “I’m prepared to do anything,” she interrupted, “even anything drastic, if you feel as I do about Chuckie—that he isn’t getting the right things from us at home. Please don’t worry about my husband.”

That night Meta prepared for Ted’s homecoming as painstakingly as though she were a bride still in love with her.
A always, Ted was well aware that she had tried to make it a special evening. He was like a woman that way, sensitive to the slightest change in atmosphere, observant of all detail. He never said, "You're looking well tonight," in the same way that the expression in another's voice causes one to think, "She must have been to see a friend who went away." Not that he was insensitive, but things that disturbed him were not overtly noticeable to him. Nobody burned with as many expressions of love as that. Love is a subtle emotion. It's never expressed in words, but rather, "The line of that thing is perfect for you," or "You must get something else in that shade of violet; it's charming." He said just that, tonight, and then as she thanked him, he went on with scarcely a pause and with no change in tone, "Why did you disregard my wishes—my orders—about the hair? Is Chuckie close to a psychological examination?"

Taken by surprise, Meta struggled to keep eyes and voice level as she answered. "I did as I thought best. Surely your—orders, as you call them—don't have the force of legal restriction?"

He said smoothly, "In case you're wondering how I found out it was Chuckie himself who told me, of course. When I dropped into his room before coming down to dinner, you know."

"Ted—please listen. Listen as though I were a stranger talking to you about Chuckie. Those nightmares—does it seem right to you that after four years of marriage I can't even talk? Doesn't it tell you he's worried, disturbed about something he can't or doesn't talk about while he's awake?"

"Everybody has fears, at some time in his life. The important thing is not to give way to your fear. Chuckie knows that. I've told him."

"I know you've told him. But he's only six, Ted. He can't control his reactions as well as you seem to expect. He'll do anything to live up to your expectations. Won't you try to find out what's best for him, and do that? At Dr. Hewitt's office today—just a quick chat. Then you can have your say. The doctor had a table full of toys for Chuckie. That's how they get to the children, apparently—try to get a line on them without asking questions. He pretended he had some papers to sign, and told Chuckie to amuse himself for a while. There were—there were boxing gloves, and a boat with a wind-up motor, and a set of oil paints."

Ted lit a cigarette. "I see. And with these props the eminent doctor can arrive at a blueprint, of any child's character."

"Please, please! You know psychology isn't a question of blueprints! All he wanted was a key—no indication to Chuckie's real thoughts."

"And he got it, no doubt."

"He got it, Ted. The first thing Chuckie did when he thought he wasn't observed was to push the gloves as far away as he could. Then he put the boat out of sight under the table. The only thing he played with was the painting outfit."

"Extraordinary," Ted said. "Did it occur to you or this so-called scientist of yours that the boy was showing very good sense? One can't expect him to box himself, now can one? And forgive me for being outspoken."

Through clenched teeth Meta said, "Let me finish. He didn't merely ignore the gloves. He pushed them from him, tried to hide them. And he wouldn't talk about his rooms when the doctor asked if he were looking forward to them. He just held up a picture he had painted and asked the doctor if he could tell what it was meant to be."

There was a pause, while Ted methodically stamped out his cigarette. Meta wondered if she should tell him that Dr. Hewitt had found Chuckie's paintings interesting, and had even said that he ought to be encouraged to express himself in drawing and color.

Ted was angry enough without that now. He stood up and looked at her coldly.

"If you've quite finished, I've got a book I'm anxious to get at. And by the way, Meta, it'll oblige me by paying close attention to what I'm about to say."

Steel had crept into his voice, arousing in Meta the familiar, futile resentment. She could only run away. It was hopeless. He said, "Chuckie is my son. I will bring him up as I see fit. You are not to annoy and upset the boy by any more psychological nonsense."

She hated him so much that she couldn't even look at him. She was conscious that he left the room and went on up the stairs.

Startled, Meta lowered the hands with which she had covered her quivering lips and stared upwards. She heard the door of her room slam. Meta was at a loss for money, she thought fiercely. At least they didn't have to preserve the fiction of a happy marriage on into the night. They could afford a house large enough to give them each a separate bedroom, could meet at breakfast with formal good-mornings like people staying at the same hotel.

A shuddering certainty crept into the room and hung over her, a cloud created of her own thoughts and Ted's. She could almost see him up there, hands tented before him, eyes calculating. Nothing more was said about Dr. Hewitt, except that Chuckie told Meta one day that Dad wouldn't let him talk about his visit to the doctor. "I wanted to tell about the pancakes, Mother, because I thought maybe they weren't sissy like the water colors Dad took away from me—the ones you got. I thought if that man had them in his office maybe other little boys played with them too, so I might—but Dad said it was the same thing."

Meta smiled down at him. "Never mind.
The boxing lessons came on Fridays.

Thursday nights Chuckie ate almost nothing, and his sleep was usually restless. One night he fell out of bed and when Meta, hearing the thud, came quickly to help him, he cringed from her. “No, no, I won’t,” he said hoarsely, “I won’t put up my hands. Don’t touch me—I can’t.”

Then he couldn’t talk either, and she and her sister, weeping, into her arms. Meta held him tightly, rocking him to and fro. It was so long since he’d let her hold him this way. Oh, he needed her! She lowered her head, for he was whispering something. “Mother, I want the light; please, please, she heard.

Of course you can’t—Chuckie. Don’t be frightened, my love,” she said, her lips against his hair. Suddenly she was aware that Ted had come into the shadowy room.

“Not frightened,” he said sharply. “Are you, Chuckie? You know and I know that there’s nothing to be frightened of. Come on, fellow. No tears.” Murderous hatred pounded in Meta’s throat. Couldn’t he let the child alone, let him give way for once? And yet—there was Chuckie, stiffening, beginning already to pull away.

Quickly she turned away, telling Ted she thought he would go right to sleep if they left him. But at the door she hesitated. “He asked for the light,” she said unwillingly. “Don’t you think we ought to—”

Ted glanced back at the flat little form in the bed. “Chuckie? You don’t want this light, do you, old man?”

“Oh, no,” Chuckie jerked upright. “Oh, no, Dad. I don’t—like the light. I don’t really want it. Only—please leave the door open, Dad?” His voice quavered on the last words, and Meta went swiftly out to blink tears from her eyes. As they separated at her room she said, “He did ask for it, you know. I wasn’t inventing that.”

“I don’t understand,” Ted said agreeably. “With a little encouragement a child will ask for almost anything, don’t you find? A light or a drink of water.”

Meta’s control cracked. “How can you be so utterly blind and stupid? Don’t you see he’s paralyzed with fear of you? Some day—some day—”

She burst into sobs and then she stood there, broken, and he’ll break into a thousand pieces, and I’ll have to stand by and watch and know that he could have been saved—”

“Oh, go to bed,” Ted said with unceaseable contempt. “You’re hysterical. You’re becoming so emotionally unstable I sometimes wonder if you ought to be around Chuckie at all. Good night.” The door of his study slammed.

That was it. Then, it couldn’t go on any longer. He couldn’t have shown more clearly the direction his thoughts had taken. It was no longer a question of making the best of marriage with Ted in order to protect Chuckie’s home. Ted had joined battle: perhaps he had already talked to his lawyer. Now it was a matter of acting quickly, surely, to make certain he couldn’t take Chuckie from her.

Next morning, making an appointment with Ray Brandon by telephone, she realized that none of this had the feeling of great decision. How deluded she had been and how long ago the inevitability of breaking with Ted. This didn’t even seem like a crisis, now, because they had been coming to it so slowly and over so long a period. The big thing now was to remain calm.

She came close to panic, however, when she went up to say goodbye to Chuckie before going to Ray’s office. He was having lunch, and didn’t take much notice of her presence until he, eyes on the applesauce he was spooning up, said, “Mother, when are you going away?”

Meta said carefully, “What made you think—going anywhere special, Chuckie? I’m just going downtown to see Uncle Ray right now, but I’m coming home after that.”

“I don’t mean now. I mean for a long time.” Dad said maybe you were going some time soon.

Meta’s whole body trembled. Dad said you were going away . . . the ground-work already being laid! Had she waited too long? What arrogant certainty Ted had revealed in saying such a thing to Chuckie. “I’m not going anywhere without you, Chuckie. If I do go away you’re coming with me.”

Later, returning home, Meta thought with almost wistful surprise how easy it was for a world to end. Wasn’t there a poem somewhere, about the world ending not with a bang but with a whimper? Her world was ending that way now—her make-believe world and the hard reality for Chuckie. Fizzling out—Ray had made it all so simple. He had arranged a plan which didn’t require much of her. All she had to do was get herself and Chuckie out of the house and established in some safe place—with her family in Selby Flats he agreed, when Meta admitted that.

“Callin’ Papa was the hardest thing she had to do. She had seen so little of the family lately that she couldn’t pretend it was just a routine visit she was planning. But Papa never asked questions of his children. He knew she would tell him in time. All he asked was for the hows and whys. He was just too busy to explain to Trudy and Bill, Meta? What should I tell them?”

In the stuffy phone booth, Meta shrugged. Make it definite; get it over with. “Yes, I see. Meta—you’re sure?”

“I saw Ray this afternoon, Papa. Ray Brandon. My divorce, he knew this would come. Uncle Papa—and Trudy too, who might otherwise be inclined to argue—that her mind was made up. She was right; by dinnertime, when she and a somewhat surprised but docile Chuckie were established in the Bauer apartment, it was plain that the family had decided to...
was lying there between life and death. She didn’t speak, but chose to need all her strength for prayer. Day after day, and through the nights when they would let her, she sat there beside him or outside in the corridor. She was responsible. She should never leave him go with Ted that day.

Ross Boling, speaking to Charlotte, said, “It makes her wonder to blame herself—it gives her something to do, in a way, while she’s so helplessly waiting.” But actually none of what had happened was Meta’s fault. It was . . . well, it was hard to place blame. One of those things. Chuckie had been sent to his boxing lesson that day. He didn’t mind, and even Ted admitted that, for Ted White was almost as distraught as his wife when time wore on and Chuckie showed no hopeful signs. He hadn’t wanted to go, but Ted had made him. And somehow, during the lesson, he had done something—backed away, not looking, and tripped against the ropes of the ring, and fallen headlong to the floor, striking his head on something there. They never knew what.

Unearably, it went on; the silent, motionless child, the mother, waiting. The hope growing fainter . . . One day Meta saw color in the grayness of her imagination. Ross, called quickly by the nurse, confirmed it; but he didn’t tell Meta that it wasn’t the good sign she had been waiting for. Instead he went quickly out and called a specialist for consultation. They had been afraid of this, inflammation—involved metastasis. They were all ready for it, inflammation.

She was alone at the hospital, in the corridor, when Chuckie died. Ross had the family called quickly, and the Brandons came too, but somehow Meta eluded them all. The hospital attendants had become so used to seeing her there that they didn’t pay much attention. Charlotte had seen her for a few minutes, right after it happened. Then her brother Bill saw her, and later on, when they had searched all over and couldn’t find her, they remembered she had said something about wanting a walk. He hadn’t taken it seriously, thinking she was too distraught to know what she was saying. They told Meta she had left the hospital, where she was?

It was so logical, when Meta explained it to Joe Roberts. Quite reasonable. Without making any decision, she had taken the direction that led toward Beverly Hills, toward Ted’s house. Chuckie needed clothes, she thought; a suit to be couriered in. The little white suit of which he had been specifically fond last summer.

Mrs. Winters saw her too, when she let her in. The news, of course, had come; and the housekeeper was weeping as she tried to say a few words to her former mistress. But Meta just looked at her and said, “I’m going to get Chuckie’s suit.”

“Mr. White is in the library, Mrs. White”—“Don’t tell him,” Meta cut in. “I don’t want to see him.”

It was too late; Ted had heard her voice and was standing at the library door. “Meta,” he said. “I was praying you would come.”

“I don’t want to see you,” Meta repeated. Then, like a woman in a dream, she turned. “Praying? What do you know about praying?” she asked curiously.

“Come in by the fire,” he pleaded. “You’re all damp, you’ve been walking in the fog.”

“How solicitous you are, Ted,” Mrs. Winters heard her say. She went into the library with slow, dream-like steps, leaving the door open. Mrs. Winters said later that she felt queer about the whole thing, Mrs. White looking odd; of course it was a terrible time for her and for Mr. White too, but still . . . She lingered and heard Meta say again, “You’re the man who’s not afraid of anything, Ted. Why do you need to pray?”

Mr. White said something, and there was a rustle, a drawer opening. Meta didn’t remember the situation. She didn’t remember opening the desk drawer, didn’t know how she’d gotten there. But suddenly Ted’s gun was in her hand, and she was seeing with surprise the terrible dawn of fear in Ted’s eyes.

“You’re frightened! How odd! Chuckie isn’t afraid any more, you know. Chuckie’s dead, Ted. Oh—but you know that. You killed him, didn’t you?”

“Meta!” His voice was tense. “Put down that thing. What are you—”

She went on as though he hadn’t spoken.

“No, Chuckie doesn’t have to be afraid any more. Of all those things, the water, the water, that was the most—That’s my opinion. And you’re frightened instead, aren’t you? That’s odd. That you should be afraid of anything, let alone this.”

Outside the room, the listening housekeeper heard another sound—movement, she didn’t know what. Then everything happened, involved. Mrs. White is about “Meta! Don’t!” and the simultaneous explosion of the gunshot cutting across his voice. There was only one blank, thunderstruck second for realization—another to run into the room. Meta White was still there, the gun in her hand, looking almost absent-mindedly at the body as it slumped in its last, horribly final movement.

That was the story Mrs. Winters told the police when they came in answer to her urgent summons. There was no need for haste. Meta wasn’t going anywhere. Meta didn’t seem to know what had happened and then she was turbulent when she kept telling them that Chuckie was dead. About Ted White, shot to instant death in his library, she said not a word.

It was a long time before the rest of the story emerged. A piece here and there came from the Bauers, from Charlotte—though they couldn’t know precisely what went on between Ted and Meta and Chuckie. Only when Joe Roberts made his strangely important entrance into Meta’s life did she begin to talk, to fill in the emotional jigsaw that had finally formed a picture of violent death. As Ray Brandon spoke. Meta knew herself what an impact Joe Roberts had made in her life. Joe knew he was in love with Meta. But nobody knew about Meta. Was it coincidence that when she met Joe she began to seem more normal, more buoyant? It was curious that some woman in terrible trouble but willing to fight? Or was it something to do with Joe?

Was it, Ray wondered, that Meta White somehow knew that in Joe Roberts she would find again a reason for living?
(Continued from page 56) writers. That’s like a newly-born herring afraid he might run out of ocean. I soon realized that the number of songwriters in this country is exactly two less than the total population; those two are myself and Roy Rogers’ horse—and I’m not too sure about him.

"Now that my name is linked with SFS, everyone—and that includes everyone with a song—seems to know me. I am automatically classified as musically bent, despite all my pleas and documented evidence of bad ear drums, scratchy larynx and zero training. I am the prime target of anybody who can draw five fairly parallel lines and spell "Elevator". I consider it a pleasant task to stop cars between to let me in on a sure-fire hit. My dentist leaves me strapped in and stranded with a mouthful of dredging tools while he gorges off thirty-two bars of his latest gem. Everyone has a tune. I’m convinced that Tin Pan Alley runs through every town in the country.

Oddly enough, for a guy who’s stupid (basically universal) in music, my two big breaks have been directly linked with musical successes. Broadway’s "Music In My Heart" started my bookings in the better clubs, and Songs For Sale has since won me face-time spot on the big CBS Saturday night show. Sing It Again, and I’m the sensation of the last two hours of the show. Strange doings for a guy who’s noticeably gun shy at the sight of a kazoo.

Of course the section of New York’s Bronx where I was raised never had much need of formal music at home. We had the usual continuous big city symphony—peanuts, soup and toilet paper. Penny whistles, fire sirens. Our family did love music, though, in the theater, however, and especially on the vaudeville stage. My mother used to take me every week when the bill changed at Loew’s Boulevard, and there I learned to love show business. My mother was a very sick woman most of her adult life, and her only escape was enjoying good entertainment.

Frequently Mother would be too ill to attend the theater, and I would go alone. When I came home, I tried to recreate all the fun of the eight acts I had seen. Thus my very humble beginning, playing to a small but very important audience of one.

This boy-into-senior-clerk first came in handy one night at a teen-age party when I got a crush on the hostess. Seeing my chance to make the big impression, I took a friend of mine aside and hurriedly pieced together a sketch from assorted vaudeville bits. We put on a show at midnight. I was all but my first week’s work off her feet when in the last routine I knocked over her mother’s pet vase. I was never invited back.

But the evening was not a complete flop. Present at the party were several members of the Cavalier social club. They invited my friend and me to attend their party the following week and entertain for them. I wound up joining the club, later became its president and arranged shows every Saturday night for two years.

My early ambition had been to study law, but I had to leave high school two years before graduation to work. My father was a textile worker, and I became an errand boy. The junior clerk first came in the trade. I enjoyed the work, particularly the selling, but couldn’t wait until the summer when I worked as an entertainer at a resort hotel.

An agent saw me perform at a benefit and came backstage to ask me if I had ever worked in Baltimore. "Baltimore, Baltimore, let me see," I mused, knowing I had never worked any city.

"Boy, you’re ten feet high," he gushed. "They’ve never seen anything like you. I’ll book you there right this minute. It’s fifty dollars a week to start. You’ll get raises and probably stay there twenty years."

He was very convincing, and it all seemed highly probable. I said enough goodbyes to the neighborhood to last them twenty years. All my relatives, father, mother, aunts and uncles came down to Penn Station. Twenty years! I was home before they got to sleep that night.

It happened fast. I arrived at the Two O’Clock Club in Baltimore, did my first show, and the boss came over and said, "You didn’t unpack yet, did you, Jan?"

"Well, t’s.

"What’s the matter?" I inquired. "Didn’t you like the show?"

"Don’t worry," he assured me. "The next show will be much better." He was right. I wasn’t in it.

I was certainly unhappy, and almost quit the business at that precise moment, Baltimore more. Then I calmed down enough to realize that I had failed not through lack of effort, but through a lack of experience. Nothing worthwhile was ever easy.

My next lesson was the opposite extreme. I needed a spot at Max Rudnick’s El Tinge Theater and pocketed forty dollars for the business at that precise moment. Three days later Max astounded me with an unheard of thirty-week contract at eighty-five dollars weekly. I signed and before the ink was dry my head was so big I had to leave through the freight doors. After I had been there six weeks, an agent came backstage and took me. If I quit the El Tinge, he would have me on the Kate Smith program in two months.

I sauntered in to ask Max Rudnick to relinquish my contract. He gently advised me that I was not polished enough.

With youthful arrogance I demanded my release. Reluctantly Max gave it to me, and wished me luck with all sincerity. I signed with my new manager.

Not only did I never get on the Kate Smith show, but I didn’t get a single job in the six months I was with him. Back I went to the long struggle of small vaudeville houses and minor night spots. Then, suddenly things got better. That is, if you call six years sudden.

I began playing better clubs, was selected by Eddie Davis to act as his own replacement at Leon and Eddie’s while he recovered from an illness. It was my first good New York engagement. Next my first Broadway looking at Loew’s State. Things were beginning to come my way.

I’ve had many interesting assignments: guest appearances with the incomparable Hildegarde, a role in a CBS comedy series, a tour of England and France with USO troupes. In each new environment I’ve learned something. All these associations have proved invaluable, not only in my work but in turning our guests on Songs For Sale.

In talking with these newcomers to show business—and songwriting is definitely show business—the number one question, of course, is how do you get started. I can only answer for myself and tell my story as it happened. I’m convinced that there is no magic pattern, no sure-fire formula. Ask the question of any ten performers, you will get ten different stories; all have known different problems, different conditions. The words that recur most often in all are persistence and hard work.

I’ve grown accustomed to late hours, as has my pretty wife, the former actress Toni Kelly. We never retire before three A.M., and I’m a left-over habit from years of working late in night spots. I spend a lot of time with my nine-year-old son Warren, who’s firmly convinced that “Take Me Out to the Ball Game” is our national anthem. Little daughter Cele, just eleven months old, so far has never broken into this ever changing world to ever changing. Aside from that, I seriously suspect she may turn out to be musically bent.

Mystery stories are a favorite. I’m a tremendous movie fan too, especially for action pictures. I could enjoy steak and milk (no potatoes or bread, please) three times a day simply. When I buy a suit, have a collection of Lisow records; in the shower I hit unbelievable notes doing “How Deep Is the Ocean,” and qualify for both indoor and outdoor Olympic records as the most unhandsy man who never fixed a toaster cord. Lucky for me home-loving Toni is as handy with the pliers as she is with needle and thread.

Confidentially, I hope to regain all prestige lost to mechanical gadgets about the house by my appearance as a graduation exercise notable. Yep. Recently I happened to mention my old Public School 75 in Cleveland, and the principal all of a sudden called up and invited me to their graduation ceremonies. He even asked me to be present on the platform as a distinguished alumnus. I plan to place my entire clan in the audience and have them properly impressed with my importance. Toaster cords, phonographs, that thing haunts me. Since the principal heard me on SFS, maybe he, too, thinks I’m musically bent. Possibly he may even have the big mahogany piano placed, expecting me to grudg out a few thousand decibels of Debussy.

Won’t anyone believe me? I love Songs for Sale. I love the people. I love the music. But honest, I’m just not bent thataway.
Which girl has the natural curl ... and which girl has the Toni?

Look closely! Compare the silky-softness—the deep, rippling waves and the natural-looking curls. Which is which? You just can’t tell! No—you can’t tell a Toni wave from naturally curly hair. That’s because Toni has the gentlest waving lotion known ... plus a new wonder neutralizer, Permafex, that actually conditions your hair ... leaves your wave soft and natural from the very first day. And month after month your Toni Home Permanent with Permafex takes no more care than naturally curly hair.

Remember, Toni is used by more women than all other home permanents combined. Only Toni has the new wonder neutralizer, Permafex. And only Toni guarantees a wave you can’t tell from naturally curly hair.

Have a Toni with Permafex today and tonight discover how thrilling it is to have a wave so perfectly natural, people ask you if you have naturally curly hair! Eva Gernay, the charming girl on the right, has the Toni.

Now—Toni with Permafex guarantees a wave you can’t tell from naturally curly hair.
She spreads the cleanest sheets in town
... she swears by TIDE!

She spreads the cleanest sheets in town—Tide gets them whiter, too.
Yes, cleaner... whiter! My, oh my!
The things that Tide can do!

Tide GETS CLOTHES CLEANER THAN ANY SOAP!

No soap—no other product sold throughout America will wash as clean as TIDE!

JUST TRY TIDE in your washing machine. Wring out your clothes, rinse them, and, lady, you'll hang up a cleaner wash than you'll get with any soap—or any other home washing product sold from coast to coast!

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—

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!
Heat-Warming Story of Amazing Mary Margaret McBride

Phil Regan – Bride and Groom
MY BOSS, GORDON MACRAE
Rosemary – Young Widder Brown
Your first cake of Camay brings a

lovelier complexion!

A SKIN FOR
WEDDING BELLS!

This is MRS. CORNELIUS LORENZEN, Jr.,
the former Barbara Jean Shaw of New Jersey—
a lovely Camay Bride!

There's an ingenue's fresh appeal about
Barbara Lorenzen—a "little girl" charm
that wins you from the first meeting. Her
coloring is in soft pastels—her complexion,
softer than satin itself. Barbara's first cake
of Camay made her a gift of new beauty.

When friends inquire about her beauty
care, Barbara has a ready answer. She says,
with conviction: "At last I've found a
beauty soap that's made for my skin—
Camay. When I changed to regular Camay
care, my first cake of Camay brought
a fresher, clearer complexion."

There's new beauty waiting for you, too—
with your first cake of Camay. Change to
regular care—use only mild, gentle,
rich-lathering Camay. Never use a lesser
soap—and Camay will wake
the sleeping beauty of your skin!

All your skin's lovelier!

Yes, all your skin gets a rewarding beauty
treatment—when you use Camay in your
bath, too. A daily Camay Beauty Bath
brings arms and legs and shoulders that
"beautifully cared-for" look. It leaves you
lovelier from head to toes— touched with
Camay's flattering fragrance.

Camay

the soap of beautiful women

In all the world—
no finer beauty soap!

For mildness, for fragrance, for quick, rich
lather—it's hard to imagine a finer beauty
soap than Camay! Always ask for the big
thrifty "Beauty-Bath" size. It gives more
lather, more luxury, more of everything
you like about Camay.
What makes her teeth so Sparkling bright?.. The answer is IPANA!

The answer is **IPANA** for cleaner, healthier teeth!

Yes, you really sparkle when you use Ipana. This tooth paste gets your teeth cleaner, reveals the hidden sparkle of your smile—and helps prevent tooth decay.

Shes always swamped with dates!.. The answer is IPANA!

You'll love Ipana's sparkling taste and tingle, too—leaves your mouth fresher, breath sweeter. Get Ipana Tooth Paste today for your Smile of Beauty!

For really cleansing teeth and mouth, the answer is IPANA!

Remember—to reduce tooth decay—no other tooth paste (ammoniated or regular) has been proved more effective than Ipana!
Contents

Keystone Edition

Doris McFerran, Editor; Jack Zasorin, Art Director; Matt Basile, Art Editor; Josephine Pearson, Assistant Editor; Marie Haller, Assistant Editor; Dorothy Brand, Editorial Assistant; Esther Foley, Home Service Director; Television Assistant: Frances Kish;

Helen Cambria Bolstad, Chicago Editor; Lyle Rooks, Hollywood Editor; Frances Morris, Hollywood Assistant Editor; Hymie Fink, Staff Photographer;

Betty Jo Rice, Assistant Photographer

Fred R. Sammis, Editor-in-Chief

8 International Circus
15 Best Answers to Dr. Jim Brent problem
16 The Bandleader
18 Father's Children
22 Who's Who In TV
27 A Letter From Bill Lawrence
28 Here's Mary Margaret . . . by Jo Pearson
32 Phil's Family . . . by Fredda Balling
34 Rosemary Asks: How Much Faith Should A Woman Have In Her Husband?
36 My Boss, Gordon MacRae . . . by Betty Cooley
38 Wasn't It A Lovely Wedding? . . . by Betty Baker
40 On Being A Person . . . by Laraine Day
42 What Rhymes With James?
44 Bailey's Barbecue
46 Live Each Day . . . by Frances Kish
50 Young Widder Brown

SPECIAL SECTION: SATURDAY VIEWING

56 A Date With Judy
58 I Cover Times Square . . . by Johnny Warren
62 Two Girls Named Smith
66 Lonesome Gal
72 Mystery Mirror
90 Radio Television Mirror Reader Bonus: The Ways of Love . . . by Nora Drake

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 decay for more people than ever before reported in dentifrice history! No other dentifrice, ammoniated or not, offers such conclusive proof!

 late—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream

Use Colgate Dental Cream

✓ To Clean Your Breath
✓ While You Clean Your Teeth
✓ And Help Stop Tooth Decay!

8 For Better Living
12 Beauty Through Bows . . . by Dorry Ellis
14 Security Begins At Home . . . by Terry Burton
25 Poetry
38 How To Be A Hostess . . . by Dorothy Doan
52 Daytime Serial Fashions For You
54 Very Peachy! . . . by Nancy Craig
64 Junior Mirror

97 Daytime Diary

On the Cover: Mary Margaret McBride, color portrait by Maxwell Coplan.

Gordon MacRae, color portrait by Hymie Fink and Sterling Smith

p. 12—Bows courtesy of Century Ribbon Mills, Inc.


EXECUTIVE, ADVERTISING AND EDITORIAL OFFICES at 355 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y., Telephone: I-7-1500.

Harry J. Macfadden, President; Welles F. Woodhouse, Vice President; Edmond L. Kish, Treasurer; James L. Mitchell, Secretary and Treasurer; Advertising offices also in Boston, Chicago, Los Angeles, London, Paris, Toronto, Sydney, Rome, Madrid, Tokyo, Mexico City, Buenos Aires, Calcutta, Cali.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: $3.50 per year, $6.00 per year. All other countries, 500 per year. All rebates required except Change of Address.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: 6 weeks notice essential. When postal, please furnish attend unsupervised address from a recent issue. Address change can be made only to new address.

Member of The True Story Women's Group

Old as well as your new address. Write to Radio Tele-

vision Mirror, 355 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y., for free dates. Accompanied by addressed envelope and return postage and will be carried considerate, but publisher cannot be re-

sponsible for loss of copies.

Reproduced in Second Class matter, Permit No. 811, Ottawa, Ont., Canada, under Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as Second Class mail, F. O., Ottawa, Ont., Canada. Copyright 1951 by Macfadden Publications, Inc. All rights reserved under Title 17, United States Code. Copyright: Grinnell, C. L. R., Special permission. Copyright. Permission under Title 17, United States Code. Copyright. Permission to reproduce, publish and exhibit this material whole or in part.

A42
THAT'S ALL, SISTER!

You're snubbed, Honey chile... definitely and deliberately... by the very man who, last night, simply begged to be introduced. You don't like such treatment? Of course you don't. Men usually stick around. But this one didn't. What did you say or do to antagonize him as you danced the night before? Whatever it was, you certainly are off to a bad start on your vacation.

It can happen to you... any time

No matter what other charms you have, they're likely to be forgotten if you're guilty of halitosis* (unpleasant breath). And, don't forget, halitosis* may be absent one time and present the next— without your realizing it.

Why risk offending needlessly when Listerine Antiseptic is such a simple, delightful, extra-careful precaution against offending? Never, never omit it, night or morning, or before any date when you want to be at your best.

To be extra-attractive be extra-careful

Listerine Antiseptic is the extra-careful precaution because it freshens and sweetens the breath... not for mere seconds or minutes... but for hours usually. So, don't trust make-shifts... trust Listerine Antiseptic before every date.

*Though sometimes systemic, most cases of halitosis are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such oral fermentation, and overcomes the odors it causes.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

BEFORE ANY DATE... LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC... IT'S BREATH TAKING!
Every year medical men are learning more about the large part music plays in the healing of the mentally ill. They might do well to consult with disc jockey Bob Swan of WORL, Boston, who has had considerable success on his own in bringing peace of mind to both hospital patients and everyday listeners.

The Armed Forces Radio Service carries Bob's Swan Boat to Army veterans at a hospital near Boston. Last year the Canadian American Writers Association took note of his work with their Radio Achievement Award for musical entertainment. Figuring largely in their presentation were numerous letters from patients of TB sanitariums commending his program.

That his show may have some therapeutic value pleases Bob, but he has no idea of entering the field of medicine beyond curing the blues. The title of doctor is strictly informal and was conferred upon him by affectionate listeners. The stethoscope is reserved for the romantic heartbeats of his wife.

The music Bob plays is slow and quiet. After experimenting with all types, he found that a steady diet of loud brassy music disturbed his nerves, while soft, dreamy numbers were soothing and relaxing. Listeners welcomed the change of pace from the hammering beat of the boppers, radical progressives, and hillbillies.

Boston audiences agree—a visit to "Doctor Swan" is often the best prescription for a case of "Worryitis."
"You’ll see the difference a lovely figure makes!"

Mary Hatcher

Millionths-of-a-second picture shows how a Playtex Girdle combines amazing figure-slimming power with complete comfort and freedom of action. Made of smooth latex, Playtex fits and feels like a second skin—creates a slimmer, trimmer you. At all department stores and better specialty shops everywhere.

Shapely young screen star now captivating audiences with personal appearances suggests you wear—

Invisible Playtex® Girdles

No wonder Playtex Girdles are the favorite with Hollywood stars, with famous designers, with millions of U. S. women! Ask yourself two questions about a girdle: how does it make you look—and feel? Best answer comes from Playtex, for it slims you from waist to thighs without a seam, stitch or bone—so comfortable! And Playtex Girdles fit invisibly under clothes, wash, dry faster than any other girdles!

Choose from the 3 most popular Girdles in the world

PLAYTEX LIVING® GIRDLE
More figure-control, greater freedom than girdles at triple the price. SLIM, silvery tube. $3.95 and $4.95

PLAYTEX PINK-ICE GIRDLE
Made by a new latex process. It's light, fresh, dispels body heat. In SLIM, pink tube. $4.95 and $5.95

PLAYTEX FAB-LINED GIRDLE
With fabric next to your skin. Look slim, feel wonderfully comfortable. In SLIM, golden tube $5.95 and $6.95

All prices slightly higher in Canada and Foreign Countries

Sizes: extra-small, small, medium, large — extra-large size slightly higher.

INTERNATIONAL LATEX CORPORATION
Playtex Park ©1951 Dover Del.
PLAYTEX LTD. Montreal Canada
IF YOU'VE SKULLDUGGERY
IN MIND—
and decide on New York City as the scene of your crime, be sure to keep to the better neighborhoods. There's a city ordinance which clearly states that it is unlawful to take a skeleton into a tenement house in that city!

READERS' OWN VERSE—
Precancelled
The letters that I plan each night I never seem to get to write:
But while it's nothing that I tell
With pride, it's really just as well,
Since any that I ever wrote
Stayed in the pocket of my coat.
—S. H. Dewhurst

AUGUST
—to start off I can freely predict, without recourse to my faithful friend The Old Farmer's Almanac, that we will have heat in August by day and by night. Shimmering, fry-eggs-on-the-pavement hotness, so thick you ought to be able to cut out a hunk and put it away for next winter. That's a good way to get through the dog days—remember how you slipped and slid on the ice last winter, how your toes tingled and your nose grew rosy, and decide August isn't such a bad month, after all. Having got that off my chest, I'll now take a peek at the Almanac and see how Link's predictions stack up with those of the gents in the predicting business. What d'you know—rain, it says here. First week, fine. But not the last two weeks; they'll be wet ones and no mistake . . . August also brings along with it the sneeziest of the assorted hay fever seasons, when ragweed comes to its own, and goldenrod lifts its yellow head. There'll be running noses and weeping eyes and ka-chooie and bless-youie . . . The August flower-of-the-month, gladiola; the birthstone, peridot or sardonyx. Now I know what a sardonyx is, but what in tunket's a peridot? Time out for consultation with Mr. Webster, unabridged, who says: "A deep, yellowish-green variety of crysolite." Sounds pretty.
Speaking of August, I'm sure it could win a walk as The Month In Which Men Like Not To Wear A Necktie Most. Which thought led to a little research on the subject of woman's favorite Christmas present to the male. Did you know that there's a Man's Tie Foundation—to which, incidentally, I'm indebted for the following tidbits. The Paisley pattern was brought to England from Persia by Sir Francis Drake's sailors in 1580. They used pieces of the gay material to tie up their pigtails—standard maritime equipment then. Undisputed leader of London fashion in the early seventeenth century was Beau Brummell, who dressed each morning as if it were a sacred ceremony, the climax of which was the reverent knotting of his white tie. Protective collars and ties of steel were issued to officers of the U.S. Marines in the early 1800's. Enlisted men were issued leather collars—from which came "Leathernecks." In the late eighteenth century, red faces were considered a sign of health. Men pulled their ties tight to make their faces flush—which also, unfortunately, made them pop-eyed. 

Art Linkletter emcees House Party, Monday through Friday at 3:30 P.M. EDT, over the Columbia Broadcasting System; sponsored by Pillsbury Mills.

CHARLES DICKENS SAID IT:

"When Death strikes down the innocent and young, for every fragile form from which he lets the panting spirit free, a hundred virtues rise, in shapes of mercy, charity and love, to walk the world and bless it."

IT HAPPENED ON HOUSE PARTY—

Linkletter (to school-girl Sandra): What do you do—have you any hobbies?
Sandra: I'm interested in rocks.
Linkletter: Say, you're ten years old—don't you like boys?
Sandra: Well, a little—when they're away from me.

PAUSE AND CONSIDER DEPT.

You may not have realized it, but a group of people has been working on you. They've spent over half a million dollars through promotion, displays in grocery stores and restaurants, and through an advertising campaign in some of the biggest magazines and in newspapers. What are they aiming for? They want to convince you that you ought to drink iced tea! As for me, I don't need any urging. Give me a hammock, something interesting to read and a nice, tall glass, and I'll slip through August's dog days with hardly a protest. Lois dolls up our iced tea in various ways—sometimes with a piece of lemon or lime to squeeze into it, sometimes with the lemon or lime juice stirred right in, making a sort of lemon-iced-ade-tea. Sometimes she spikes it with a juicy finger of fresh pineapple and a cool sprig of mint. Sometimes a clove or two gets steeped with the tea before the ice is added. In fact, I suspect that Lois regards iced tea as the French peasant woman regards the stew pot—anything and everything you have on hand goes into it. As a matter of fact, if my family had the slightest consideration for its husband and father, toiling here over a hot typewriter, someone would rush me in a long, cold, refreshing glass right now. What does a fellow have to do to get service around here, throw a tantrum?
International circus

• If you’re somewhere between the ages of four and ten, it doesn’t matter whether you come from Afghanistan, India, China, Russia or Yugoslavia—the circus is the only show on earth. Eighty-six excited youngsters, children of United Nations delegates from all over the world, recently spent an afternoon full of balloons, dolls, puppets, ice cream, clowns and animals, as special guests of TV stars Howdy Doody, Bob Smith and Clarabell.

Nasrine Varasteh of Iran summed up the general delight: “I’m so glad I’m going to see the circus because I won’t be able to see it when I go back to Iran. I like New York very much and will be sorry to leave because in school we are going to learn many things about many people in other lands.” Nasrine may not be here to have the rest of her lessons, but she had her first lesson in international understanding that day.

Howdy Doody Time is 5:30 P.M. EDT, Monday-Friday, over NBC-TV. Participating sponsors.

We’re off to the circus! In a flurry of balloons and streamers, Bob Smith and United Nations’ children wave goodbye.
Almost too excited to pose for their pictures, are representatives of Belgium, Pakistan, Poland, Afghanistan, Ecuador.

Home was never like this! Alicia and Carmen Albornoz, young delegates from Ecuador, display their Howdy Doody dolls.

Clarabell has a man-to-man talk with Alan Dessault of Belgium. Alan is in the costume of a miniature palace guard.

Vivienne Yu of China doesn't know what to do first—cuddle her new doll, eat ice cream, or gape at circus antics.

Are you in the know?

If you and your pal are smitten by the same Sigh Man, should you—

- Date him
- Bow out nobly
- Suggest a double date

Let's say you and your best pal are vacationing at a Dude Ranch. Gals meet cowboy—and you're both "gone" dogies! If you are the one he favors, why bow out? Suggest a double date; your femme friend may have a pleasant change of heart. Whatever the plans, you needn't cower in a corner just because it's that time. Come slacks, jeans or datin' duds, no one will know, with Kotex—for those flat pressed ends prevent revealing outlines—shore 'nuff! And that special safety center gives extra protection.

With sleeveless dresses, which goes best?

- A stole
- A razor
- Long gloves

Daintiness—and sleeveless frocks—call for underarm contact with the razor's edge. Keeps you out of the untidy bracket. Promotes poise. Self-assurance at calendar time calls for just the right answer to your sanitary protection needs. So Kotex gives you 3 absorbencies to choose from (different sizes, for different days). By trying all 3 you'll learn which one's exactly right for you.

When hickeys heckle you, what helps?

- Change your makeup
- Court "old Sol"
- Shun the sun

If your complexion's an oil gusher—it's boom time for hickeys! To dry 'em out, sun bathing's good, but don't get sizzled. Change your makeup to calamine; a flesh-tinted lotion that helps conceal and heal breakouts. Fine for problem day blemishes, too. Kotex helps keep you confident, at ease, because Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it; has softness that holds its shape.

More women choose KOTEX® than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

*F. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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.)
Sports—either way

Batting practice can be fun when your dad is a sportscaster. WPEN's Matt Guokas gives son a few tips.

Matt Jr. sneaks a bite of cake while Mom isn't looking—so he thinks. Sister Mary finds it amusing.

Had it not been for a serious automobile accident in 1946, Matt Guokas might never have entered radio. Up to that time Matt was headed for an active career in basketball; afterwards, with extensive knowledge as a participator in every sport behind him, he turned to broadcasting sports events. The ex-ace of the National Basketball Association soon became the ace sportscaster of WPEN in Philadelphia. Instead of playing basketball, he started to describe the game with the authority of one who really knows it.

Well-known in the world of sports, Matt became a basketball sentry while still in college. Once out of school he continued his sports career, mixing professional basketball with soccer and baseball. Even the Army did not stop Matt, and the team he coached and played for won the West Coast title.

In January of 1949, after several years as a free lance sportscaster, Matt joined the WPEN sports staff. It was only a few months before Matt became Sports Director for the station. Besides his play-by-play accounts of all major sports events, Matt also transfers his vast knowledge of sports to listeners in a nightly round-up of local sports news each evening and comes through with the Pre-Game Warm-Up before all the Phillies' games.

Strictly a family man, Matt spends whatever spare time he has with his wife, Joan, and his family. Relaxing the Guokas way usually means a swift catch or some batting practice for Matt Jr. His daughter, Mary, while far from being a "tomboy" excels in school sports and studies ballet as well.

In spite of their many extra curricular activities the children are both "A" students. Matt takes great pride in the sport activities of Matt Jr., and tries to develop not only sport technique in the boy, but a true spirit of sportsmanship which Dad believes is of utmost importance. Matt also takes his son with him when he broadcasts a ball game if he doesn't believe the game will run too late, because, of course, school work must come before play.

Matt is a living example of a true sportsman who can never say die. In spite of his serious accident which prohibits his active participation in sports, he still maintains an active interest in all sports and will always do what he can to further the goal of the various sport organizations to which he belongs, and to encourage youngsters to play "good" ball.
The song we’re singing for September is a merry one—and why not what with all the exciting features lined up for next month’s issue? One of the most exciting is Eloise McElhone’s own story on why she turned from man-bater to matron. The solution is simple, according to Eloise—all you have to do is choose a dreamy guy. And that’s exactly what she did. Eloise will tell you all about it in September’s Radio Television Mirror, on sale at the newsstands Friday, August 10.

Looking at matrimony from an entirely different viewpoint is hickory widow, Mrs. Al Helfer, who certainly doesn’t deny that Mr. H. is a dream guy. But she has plenty more to say about life with Mutual’s bigtime baseball broadcaster. Mrs. H., you may remember, used to be known as Romona when she was with Paul Whiteman’s band.

Is it fifteen years since Pepper Young’s family first took to the air? It certainly is, and Radio Television Mirror is celebrating Pepper’s radio milestone with a special six-page section devoted to the history of this long-loved daytime serial. You’ll find color portraits of the Young family and a fascinating album of through-the-years pictures. Speaking of pictures, don’t miss the ones of Dave Garroway and his “Dial” gang. They’re all there—Connie Russell, Jack Haskell, Art Van Damme, Charlie Andrews, etc. And speaking of special sections, be sure to see the Fun Roundup feature—you’ll find a collection of games and quizzes from all the best radio and TV panel and-participation shows. Try some of the specially picked stunts at your next party.

Art Linkletter’s Nonsense and Some Sense, daytime fashions, Who’s Who In TV and all the regulars, including the second in the new solve-it-yourself Mystery Mirror series, will be in September’s issue, too. Remember August 10—that’s when you can buy September’s Radio Television Mirror.

1. **ANTISEPtic (Protection from germs)**
Norforms are now safer and surer than ever! A highly perfected new formula actually combats germs right in the vaginal tract. The exclusive new base melts at body temperature, forming a powerful, protective film that permits effective and long-lasting action. Will not harm delicate tissues.

2. **DEODORANT (Protection from odor)**
Norforms were tested in a hospital clinic and found to be more effective than anything it had ever used. Norforms are powerfully deodorant—they eliminate (rather than cover up) unpleasant or embarrassing odors, and yet they have no "medicine" or "disinfectant" odor themselves.

3. **CONVENIENT (So easy to use)**
Norforms are small vaginal suppositories that are so easy and convenient to use. Just insert—no apparatus, no mixing or measuring. They’re greaseless and they keep in any climate. Your druggist has them in boxes of 12 and 24.

FREE informative Norforms booklet
Just mail this coupon to: Dept. RT-8
Norwich Pharmacal Company,
Norwich, N. Y.
Please send me the new Norforms booklet, in a plain envelope.
Name__________________________
Address________________________
City______ Zone____ State____
Lovely Leona Fredericks rose from beauty contest fame to a top-notch modeling career! Miami's Queen of Beauty says: "No girl is really beautiful unless she's exquisitely dainty! That's why I love to powder myself with Lander's flower-fresh talcs after every shower. You'll love them!"

Back interest bow: A summertime specialty—to be cool and chic at the same time, Faye uses one huge black velvet bow in place of a hat.

Side clasp bows: At right, Faye models two large bows on each side of her fashion-right chignon. Note unusual placement along the side.

Duet of velvet bows: For that special touch, Faye Emerson takes two of her tiniest bows and sets them snugly at the side of her chignon.
Vivacious Faye Emerson seems to have that certain flair for setting styles. She's the gal who first popularized the chignon coiffure. All Faye had to do was to explain to the viewers of her CBS evening television show that the puffy chignon she wears is not her own hair. "When I want to change my hairdo," confided Faye, "all I have to do is take off my chignon." That statement helped to start a fad, practically overnight, and the demand for hairpieces was on. Every woman loves to change her hairstyle and the chignon is the quickest and easiest way to effect a new style.

Now glamorous Faye has another beauty secret to share with you. She predicts that bows are definitely top beauty news this summer. Leading hairstylists are already creating coiffures especially for them. Bows of all sizes are being used, varying in size from tiny "kiss" bows to large "hug" bows. They help you to create whatever impression you desire on that extra-impressionable man—cute, sophisticated, or merely well-groomed.

The chic chignon, because of its sleek simplicity, is ideal for dressing up with gaily-colored or dark, contrasting bows. Faye has a selection of many bows in different colors, sizes and fabrics, and wears them in place of a hat in the summer. Sometimes she adds an eye-piece veil trimmed with matching bows.

"The most important beauty advice I can give you is to call attention to your hair with every trick in the book," says Faye. "All smart girls know that nothing is lovelier than clean, neat hair, groomed to perfection in a flattering style. One of the first things a man notices about a woman is her hair. That's why it pays to take special pains. You know what that means; a weekly shampoo and set, daily brushing, a good cold wave permanent that holds a loose, natural-looking wave, plus a touch of lacquer to keep stray hairs in place, and brilliantine or a hairdressing to add luster. Then you are ready to highlight your hair with an attention-getting bow that will be both a beauty and fashion accessory."

Faye Emerson posed for these pictures so that you could get a close-up view of some of the various ways of wearing bows. But there is no limit to the variety of effects you can achieve with a little experimentation—and imagination.

You, too, could be more charming, attractive, popular

Know this Secret of Summer Charm:

- Odo-Ro-No is the only deodorant guaranteed to stop perspiration and odor for 24 hours or double your money back.*
- No other deodorant is so harmless to fabrics.
- No other deodorant is safer for skin.

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

New ODO-RO-NO CREAM or SPRAY

GUARANTEED Full 24 Hour Protection

Find Tips Like These In This Amazing Book:
- 12 questions to ask yourself about your charm
- How to be your real self
- How to talk to a date
- Some tricks for forgetting self-consciousness

Get this wonderful book now—prepared for you under the direction of lovely Laraine Day, star of screen, radio, and TV. Regular $1.00 edition, it's yours for only 75c (to cover postage and handling) . . . see the coupon. It gives dozens of valuable tips that will help fill up your date book, make you happier, more popular—all in one book for the first time! Clip the coupon now.

NORTHEAST WAREHOUSE, BOX NO. 1500, DEPT. C
GRAND CENTRAL STATION, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

I enclose 75c in coin (to cover postage and handling) and the word "ODO-RO-NO" from the cardboard container of an Odo-Ro-No Spray or Cream package, for which send me the new book—"7 Secrets of Popularity." (Offer good for limited time only.)

Name: ________________________________________
Address: ______________________________________
City: ___________________ State: ________________

13
Security begins at home

BY TERRY BURTON

A recent Family Counselor was the psychologist Dr. Henry C. Link. Dr. Link has been worried about the sense of insecurity among the people of America and has recently written the best-selling "The Way to Security."

Dr. Link defined "security" for us, by saying that it is a set of principles or standards that a person clings to. "The trouble today," he said, "is that too many of us have become unfastened from these principles, and that's the reason we have investigations like the Kefauver one and basketball scandals. We've been putting too much stress on social security and dollar security and not enough on personal and spiritual security."

Dr. Link went on to say that social security is what a government does for its citizens or what a family does for its children. When a family gives a regular unearned allowance to a child, that's a kind of social security. Spending that allowance is supposed to teach the child the value of money, but it doesn't. When a youngster has to work for his allowance, then he is learning. He is developing skills which make for personal security.

When I asked Dr. Link whether he thought that parents today tend to give their children too much, he said, "Definitely, yes. Parents feel that because they had nothing when they were children that they should give their children all the luxuries they were unable to have. By doing this, parents tend to make the youngsters dependent and insecure."

Dr. Link's parting words are an example of basic belief: "We have trusted too long in the dollar instead of in God. The most interesting thing to me about modern psychology is that it shows that personality and character depend on the Commandments and God's moral laws. The insecurities of war, crime, gambling, divorce, high prices, personal difficulties, can only be met with spiritual weapons."

Wednesday is Family Counselor Day on the Second Mr. Burton, heard Monday through Friday at 2 P.M. EDT, over the Columbia Broadcasting System. Sponsor: General Foods.
Is it wise for a man to fall in love with a woman much younger than he?

Dr. Jim Brent is heard on Road of Life, Monday through Friday at 3:15 P.M. EDT, NBC. Sponsor: P&G's Crisco.

Here are the names of those who wrote the best letters of advice to Dr. Jim Brent in May's daytime radio drama problem.

Modern mothers will make sure their daughters have the latest scientific information on this intimate subject.

When your grown daughter wants to know more about the intimate facts of life—what a relief it must be to know that you can give her the most modern scientific knowledge because you, yourself, have kept up to date.

You certainly will tell her how important it is to put ZONITE in her fountain syringe for complete hygiene (including internal feminine cleanliness)—you will explain how no other type liquid antiseptic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is so powerful yet safe to tissues as ZONITE.

Your daughter will appreciate knowing how important douching often is to health, daintiness, and always after her periods. She will welcome the warning about a womanly offense graver than bad breath or body odor—an odor she seldom detects herself but is so apparent to others. And she will thank her modern mother for explaining about ZONITE.

The ZONITE Principle Developed by a Famous Surgeon and Scientist

The ZONITE principle was the first in the world that was powerful enough yet positively non-irritating, non-poisonous.

As a result, modern women no longer have to use dangerous products, over-strong solutions of which may gradually cause serious damage. Nor will they want to rely on weak, homemade solutions—none of which have ZONITE's great deodorizing and germicidal action.

And remember, despite its great germ-killing powers, ZONITE is positively safe to tissues. You can use ZONITE as directed as often as you wish without the slightest risk of injury.

ZONITE'S Miracle-Action
ZONITE dissolves and removes odor-causing waste substances. It promptly relieves any itching or irritation if present. ZONITE 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. Be modern—use ZONITE!

ZONITE
FOR NEWER
feminine hygiene

*Offer good only in the U.S. and Canada

Does your daughter have truths she can trust about these Intimate Physical Facts?

What's all this I hear about marriage hygiene, Mom?

Many things, dear, and first I must warn you about a grave womanly offense...

For enlightening booklet containing frank discussion of intimate physical facts, mail this coupon to Zonite Products Corp., Dept. RM-81, 100 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.*

Name

Address

City State
Swim without Worry!

nobody can "tell" when you use *Tampax

What a pity it is to let fear of embarrassment keep you out of the water on "those certain days of the month." Hasn't anyone ever told you about Tampax for swimming? With Tampax monthly sanitary protection, you can throw to the winds all the nagging worry that something may possibly betray the situation.

Tampax is simply ideal for bathing and for beach—with suit wet or dry. It is an internal absorbent, worn internally. Nothing at all outside. No external pad. No belt. . . . An invention of a doctor, Tampax is made of extremely absorbent surgical cotton compressed into slim applicators. Easy to insert. Quick to change. No trouble to dispose of.

Wonderful to think about—no odor forms with Tampax! No chafing is possible. No bulging bulk will bother you and no sharp edge-lines will "show," no matter what you wear. . . . Tampax is sold at drug and notion counters in 3 absorbency-sizes (Regular, Super, Junior). Average month's supply slips into your purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.


Gee, when I first saw you walk in I was sure you were Alan Ladd!

You wouldn't mind autographing a diaper for my baby, would you?

How do you feel about disc jockeys who play your records?

Well, what do you think of those who don't play your records?

Can you tell us briefly the difference between jazz and bebop?

Oh, just one last thing—may I have your autograph, Mr. Dorsey?

The bandleader

- Hordes of fans descend on Ralph Flanagan wherever he goes. George Simon, editor of the dance band musicians' magazine, Metronome, caught these candid shots of Ralph as he tried to answer some of the questions which were shot at him. Simon put these pictures, as well as many others, in a book called "The Bandleader." With a face like Ralph's who needs words to answer questions?

Ralph Flanagan's Let's Go Show is on ABC Mondays at 10:00 P.M. EDT under the joint sponsorship of the Army and the Air Force.
AVA GARDNER...Lustre-Creme presents one of the "Top-Twelve," selected by "Modern Screen" and a jury of famed hair stylists as having the world's loveliest hair. Famous Hollywood stars use Lustre-Creme Shampoo to care for their glamorous hair.

Yes, Lovely Hollywood stars help to keep their hair always alluring with Lustre-Creme Shampoo. Beautiful hair plays a vital part in the glamour-career of every movie star...so when Hollywood stars tell you they use Lustre-Creme, it is the highest possible tribute to this unique shampoo.

In a recent issue of the magazine, "Modern Screen," a committee of famed hair stylists named Ava Gardner as one of 12 women having the most beautiful hair in the world. Lustre-Creme will help you achieve such glamorous hair beauty.

Under the spell of its rich lanolin-blessed lather, your hair shines...behaves...is eager to curl. Hair dulled by soap abuse...dusty with dandruff, now is fragrantly clean. Rebel hair is tamed to respond to the lightest brush touch. Hair robbed of natural sheen glows with renewed highlights. All this, even in hardest water, with no need for a special after-rinse.

No other cream shampoo in all the world is as popular as Lustre-Creme. For hair that behaves like the angels, and shines like the stars...ask for Lustre-Creme, the world's finest shampoo, chosen for "the world's most beautiful hair"!

The Most Beautiful Hair in the World
is kept at its loveliest...with Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Famous Hollywood Stars use Lustre-Creme Shampoo for Glamorous Hair
Only one soap
gives your skin this

Exciting Bouquet

And Cashmere Bouquet is proved extra mild... leaves your skin softer, fresher, younger looking!

Now Cashmere Bouquet Soap—with the lingering, irresistible "fragrance men love"—is proved by test to be extra mild too! Yes, so amazingly mild that its gentle lather is ideal for all types of skin—dry, oily, or normal! And daily cleansing with Cashmere Bouquet helps bring out the flower-fresh softness, the delicate smoothness, the exciting loveliness you long for! Use Cashmere Bouquet Soap regularly... for the finest complexion care... for a fragrant invitation to romance!

Complexion and big Bath Sizes

Cashmere Bouquet Soap

—Adorns your skin with the fragrance men love!

For half an hour every Thursday night on Father Knows Best, Norma Jean Nilsson (left) and Rhoda Williams are sisters.

Father's children

The two daughters of the Anderson Family on NBC's Father Knows Best, both began their professional acting careers almost in infancy.

Norma Jean Nilsson, who portrays Kathy, first stepped before the microphone as a sophisticated three-year-old. During the war she furthered her show business career by playing Army camps around the country. She has had so many radio roles that she is a charter member of the Five Hundred Club, an organization of children who have appeared on five hundred or more radio broadcasts. One of her favorite and most challenging radio appearances was on the Bob Hope Show.

Today, a pretty, hazel-eyed twelve-year-old, she attends junior high school in Hollywood. Living in Los Angeles all her life, she has become a good swimmer and is fond of the latest craze of roller-skating. Her main hobby, however, is coin collecting. Besides radio work, she has also been seen on television and appeared in several movies.

Rhoda Williams, who plays the part of Betty on the show, had a slightly later start in radio than Norma Jean did. She was already five years old before she made her first appearance. Born in Galveston, Texas, in 1930, she moved with her family to California when she was three. There she did her first microphone stint on the Kraft Music Hall, and liked it so well that she has been in radio ever since.

After graduating from Hollywood High School at the astonishing age of fourteen she continued her studies at the University of California, where she received a degree in theatre arts. Rhoda has also appeared in a number of motion pictures, one of the most recent being "Mr. Belvedere Goes to College."
POETRY

THE TINKER MAN
The day was June and the sun was high
When the roving tinker man came by
With a Gaelic tune and merry eye,
The laughing tinker man.

I set the kettle and took the broom,
I brewed the tea and swept the room
The tinker sang in the twilight gloom,
The singing tinker man.

He mended kettle, he mended pan,
He said beware of a tall, dark man,
Then he drove away in his gypsy van,
The roving tinker man.

When cows bed down by the pasture bars
And soft winds talk in the oak tree spars,
Then I dream of a road beneath the stars
And a lonely tinker man.
—Alma Robison Higbee

SUMMER’S LASS
With wanton eyes twixt narrow streets
She fled with sheer delight,
And though destruction followed close
She laughed with all her might.

She waved at every passerby
And shrieked a frantic plea
For age had slowed a sprightly step
She hoped they would not see

The faded braids and shabby robe
Of which she once was proud,
And since the leaves were drifting
They soon would be her shroud,
And summer’s lass just hung her head
Retreating from the crowd.
—Hazel Boyett

DEAD END
old stories are scribbled on
the walk of the one-sided street
in the tread of listless feet
headed for the bank of the Hudson.

old dreams are smothered
in the cracks of the walk
buried and long-forgotten by arid hearts.

I walked on the one-sided street
and heard a bird singing . . .

—Aline Musyl Marks

PATTERNS
The pattern of her life is fixed;
She finds escape in scores of rules.
The pattern of her life is fixed
With no remembrance intermixed
Of times now passed. These are
her tools
To shut out thoughts and ridicules;
The pattern of her life is fixed.
—Jeannette Gould Maino

SUSPICIOUS
I cut my hair with bangs ond now
I'm not too sure l like them.
Folks say, "You look lots younger, dear!"
Just why should that thought strike 'em?
—Norah Berford Morgan

FISHING VILLAGE
Picturesque shanties, sprawling awry,
Cocking jaunty roofs at an aching blue sky,
Disorderly rows of mis-shapen piles
And deep water chuckling through their shadowy aisles.

Lobster traps bleaching in monstrous heaps
Fantastic chrysalids of the silent deep,
Fishing nets swaying with subite grace
Like languorous horses suspended in space.

Red and white fish boats alive on the swell
To the rise of the buoy and the sound of its bell,
Myriads of seagulls shrieking with glee
At the splash of an entrail into the sea.

Hip-booted fishermen ladling catches
To glittering tubs from slithering hatches,
Ripples and sunlight and seaweed and sand
And just a hint of the peace of the promised land!
—John Mantley

RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR WILL PAY FIVE DOLLARS FOR NOVEMBER POETRY

A maximum of three original poems in each of the following four categories: Love and Romance, Philosophical Poetry, Children's Verse (state your age,) and Humorous Verse will be purchased. Limit your poems to sixteen lines. No poetry will be returned, nor will the editors enter into correspondence concerning it. Poetry for the November issue must be submitted between July 10 and August 10, 1951, and accompanied by this notice. If you have not been notified of purchase by September 10, you may feel free to submit it to other publications. Poetry for this issue should be addressed to: November Poetry, Radio Television Mirror, 205 E. 42 Street, N. Y. 17, N. Y.
"They call me the Human Alarm Clock, Jr.," says John A. Gambling, twenty-one-year-old son of WOR’s veteran waker-upper John B. “But if the truth be known, for many of the twenty-six years my father’s been doing the sunrise stint on WOR wakening up New Yorkers, I was the one who woke him up to go to work!”

The reason WOR listeners refer to the youth as “the junior alarm clock” is that while John B. Gambling is on his month’s summer vacation, his son has taken over the 6 to 7 A.M. Rambling with Gambling show.

Young John, however, is no stranger to the faithful and large Gambling audience. Ever since February 5, 1930, when John A. made his first sound in this world, the WOR family of listeners have been given daily progress reports on the youth’s growth to manhood. And John A. is no stranger as a radio performer, either, having made his first appearance on his father’s morning show at the age of three. He has subsequently appeared every Christmas Eve for the past ten years on his father’s show reciting “The Night Before Christmas.”

Gambling Junior attended the famous Horace Mann Preparatory School for Boys in New York City where he was a star halfback on the varsity football team. Entering Dartmouth College in the fall of 1947, he soon became an announcer on the undergraduate radio station, WDBS. He became station manager of WDBS in his senior year, was elected a member of the Undergraduate Council, and graduated this June with a Bachelor of Arts Degree in English Drama.

But the younger Gambling did not confine his broadcasting activities during his college years solely to the campus. On summer vacations he got jobs in New Hampshire as replacement announcer at WKBR, Manchester, and at WTSV, Claremont. And during his senior year in college, young John got his real baptism by fire for early morning radio broadcasting when he landed a full-time job from 7 to 9 A.M. as disc jockey for the local station in Hanover, WTSV.

John is married to Sally Loppacker Gambling of Glen Ridge, New Jersey. The younger Gamblings have lived in Hanover since July, 1950. John’s hobbies are sailing his sixteen-foot “Comet” Class sailboat, building model railroads, and amateur photography.

And following in the true Gambling tradition, young John A. has a little “human alarm clock” of his own. This one is just a year old, and is named John R.
Who Is Hare?
Dear Editor:
Could you tell me something about Will Hare, an actor on TV? I seem to think he went under the name of Oliver Thorn-dike some months back. Is this the same person? Is he married and where did he start his career?
Miss M. M., Harrison, N. J.

Will Hare and Oliver Thorn-dike are two different people. Will Hare was born in Elkins, West Virginia and attended high school in Baltimore. Later, he worked with a little theater group, on local radio stations and in summer stock. In 1939 he appeared in Railroads on Parade at the World's Fair. His first Broadway performance was in "Eternal Light." He is not married.

Lost Tracer
Dear Editor:
Please advise why Bennett Kilpack does not appear as Mr. Keen on the Tracer of Lost Persons.
M. M., Philadelphia, Penna.

Bennett Kilpack had to give up his role as Mr. Keen for reasons of ill health.

Gift Parade
Dear Editor:
What is done with all the gifts Ted Mack receives when The Original Amateur Hour honors a certain city? To whom do they belong now, and are they ever on display?
Miss L. E. M., Mohnton, Penna.

At present the majority of the gifts received are in a warehouse being catalogued. At some future date they will be put in a museum on display for the public, but the exhibition will not be ready for quite a while. Ted Mack will publicly announce the time and place in which they will be shown.

Dimension X
Dear Editor:
Can you tell me what happened to my favorite NBC program, Dimension X?
R. H. C., Indianapolis, Ind.

The last broadcast of Dimension X was heard on January 29, 1951. Although it is off the air now, there is a possibility that it may be brought back in the future. As yet no definite plans have been made.

Bill's Other Daughter
Dear Editor:
I would like to know who is playing Just Plain Bill's daughter, Nancy, now, and what happened to the actress who played the part for many years.
Mr. M. S., Chicago, Ill.

Toni Darnay is now playing the role of Bill's daughter. Ruth Russell, who formerly had the part, had to leave because of her health.

Voice of Your Show
Dear Editor:
Could you please give me some information on Jack Russell, the singer on Sid Caesar's Show of Shows. He really has a beautiful voice and is just perfect for television.
J. R., Manhasset, L. I.

Jack Russell started his career at the age of six in a Florida minstrel show. After studying voice for many years he finally made Broadway. His first important role was as the featured baritone in "Alive and Kicking" in 1949. When that musical closed, he was signed for Your Show of Shows. Now thirty-two, Jack is married and has two children.

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 attach this box to your letter along with a stamped, self-addressed envelope, and specify whether your question concerns radio or TV.
Who's who

Born in the shadows of Hollywood’s motion picture studios, Wendy Drew had to travel three thousand miles across the country before receiving recognition as one of the outstanding young actresses of the day. Wendy wanted to give up California and try her luck on Broadway, but her family felt that at thirteen she wasn’t quite old enough to live alone in New York. Instead she turned to the Air Force, and at fifteen became a member of the Special Service Department, helping to put on shows.

Wendy finally made Broadway, but after a grand whirl found herself without a job. To help make ends meet she became a cigarette girl and turned to modeling. At the ripe old age of nineteen Wendy entered television, forgetting half of her two-line part on her first show. It wasn’t until she auditioned for a part on Lux Video Theater and left the directors weeping with her big scene that she really got a break. Although she is now recognized as one of the leading ingenues on TV, Wendy would like to give the legitimate theater a try next season.

One of the most arresting facts about Arnold Stang is that he is perfectly happy with the role of Gerard on NBC’s Henry Morgan Show. Unlike many actors and comedians who have climbed to fame with one particular role, Stang isn’t afraid of becoming “typed.” The small, economy-size, twenty-eight-year-old comic, who has been likened to a near-sighted chipmunk dragged out of the rain, has dispensed laughs on shows with many top comedians; yet every time he appears on a new television show, he points out with dismay, both the critics and the public “suddenly recognize me as ‘fresh new talent.’”

Stang’s career in show business began at a radio audition when he was eleven. Wearing heavy horn-rimmed glasses, and speaking in a voice somewhere between a quaver and a croak, Arnold began a serious recitation for the directors. They could not take him seriously. When they had recovered from spasms of laughter they signed him up on the spot for a comic role, a “type” of role which Stang has been handling ever since.

Maria Riva, talented daughter of Marlene Dietrich, came to the United States from her native Berlin at the age of six. Three years later she was seen with her famous actress-mother in “The Scarlet Empress,” her only screen appearance. At fifteen Miss Riva enrolled in the Max Reinhardt Academy in California, remaining there as a teacher after her graduation. With Jack Geller, she later helped organize the now famous Geller’s Workshop, and then came to New York to appear in “Foolish Notion” on Broadway.

The blue-eyed, titian-haired actress joined the USO in 1944 and trouped for six months in Italy and Germany, appearing in “The Front Page” before she returned to New York to resume the private teaching of dramatics. In 1947 she was married to William Riva, instructor of scenic design at Fordham University where she was a summer-session teacher. The couple now have two young sons. Miss Riva is already committed to twenty-eight CBS television appearances, among them starring roles on Studio One, Danger, Suspense, Big Town and Crime Photographer.
Ed McMahon, whose flashing nose and lettered wig open each week’s performance of CBS-TV’s gala circus review, The Big Top, is no stranger to television or circus life. During “vacations” from Boston College, McMahon worked as a sound truck announcer and Barker for the “Tunnel of Love” at an amusement park. Later he joined a circus to run a bingo game.

Shortly after this Uncle Sam beckoned and McMahon joined the Naval Cadet Corps. After leaving the service he won his B.A. from the Speech and Drama School of the Catholic University in Washington, D.C. Again he put his vacations to good use doing everything from dry cleaning to selling gadgets as a pitchman.

After graduation he applied for a job at WCAU-TV in Philadelphia. He was auditioned, hired and appeared as co-emcee of a three-hour variety show all on the same day. Of his five present TV shows he says his most enjoyable role is the clown on Big Top. “Like every American boy I always wanted to run away and join the circus. Big Top is a combination of two loves—circus and television.”

Delora Bueno, a Brazilian beauty from Iowa, is currently conducting a one-girl television campaign to bring the music of Brazil to the people of the United States. Ideally suited to the task, Delora was born in Iowa and reared in Brazil. Living in small communities she learned the songs that fishermen sing and the lovely lullabies of the native Brazilians.

In high school Delora discovered that folk music was the same the world over, that only the rhythms were different. Music became, to her, a key for world-wide understanding. Coming to New York she studied at the Juilliard School of Music and found her Brazilian folk songs in great demand. After graduation she brought her songs to night clubs.

Television and Delora were made for each other. To television Delora brings her dark beauty, rich voice and unusual songs. To Delora television is the best medium for Inter-American understanding. She has had her own TV show and was seen on Flight To Rhythm over DuMont. Since then she has made many radio and TV guest appearances.

It is quite fitting that one of the outstanding champions of American music and musicians should be Howard Barlow. Barlow made his modest debut at the age of six at a Sunday School social. Several years later he started studying piano, cello, trumpet and tympany. Although the family envisioned a business career for the lad, young Howard had other ideas.

After studying music at Columbia University he turned to choral conducting and soon directed small instrumental groups to accompany the singers. In 1923 he founded the American National Orchestra, composed entirely of American-born musicians and featuring American-composed music. With radio in its infancy, Barlow was one of the pioneers to put classical music on the air, at a time when such a move was considered impractical. He brought to the vast radio audience for the first time compositions of native Americans. Today, as musical director of NBC-TV’s Voice of Firestone, he is bringing the music he has championed to television audiences throughout the country.
Talent seems to run in the WGR family. Whether you want the best in news reporting or the best in music, you'll have to go far to beat this Buffalo trio.

WGR Chief Announcer, Allan Lewis, is one of Buffalo's leading newscasters, best known, perhaps, for his daily 6 P.M. and 11 P.M. news summaries. Allan's clarity and businesslike reporting make news items easy to understand, easy to remember. As a tribute to his consistency, it might be mentioned that one of his news sponsors has been with him for over six years. A Detroiter, Allan made a courageous switch to radio in 1942, leaving behind a successful career in the clothing business. The gamble paid off for Allan, and for news-hungry Buffalonians, too.

For twenty years as Music Director of WGR, the only Buffalo station maintaining a full-dledged orchestra, Dave Cheskin is by far the most popular conductor in Western New York. If there's a big function, be it college prom or convention ball, the odds are Cheskin will be there supplying the music. Dave came to WGR from Rochester, when he was only sixteen and a violin virtuoso. An all-high centerfielder in his early days, he still maintains a tremendous interest in baseball. But music is really his first love, as shown by his highly-rated shows, heard Monday through Friday at 6:30 P.M.

WGR's morning news voice is David Getman, who lives up to a rugged work schedule six days a week. Up at 4 A.M., Dave is at the station by 5:30 each morning to "sign on" and begin a series of five newscasts: the first at 6 A.M., the last at 9:50 A.M. As if these rather gruelling hours weren't enough work for one man, Dave has been studying in his spare time at the University of Buffalo, majoring in Political Science. A native Buffalonian, Dave is an ardent golfer and finds some compensation for his odd schedule in the fact that his afternoons are free.
George Burns: The person I get the most mail about is Jack Benny. And everybody asks the same question—is Jack really as stingy as they say on radio? Well I just wish you could see the Johnnie Walker Black Label he gave me for Christmas. How he got it off the bottle I’ll never know.

Burns and Allen Show: Alternate Thursdays, 8:30 P.M., EDT, CBS-TV.

Luigi: It’s funny about sitting in the park in America. If a man sits on park bench to enjoy the sun, he’s called a sun hater. But if he sit on that park bench all year, he’s called a bum.

Life With Luigi: Tues., 9:00 P.M., EDT, CBS.

Say emcee Joey Adams: “My grammar school teacher used to hit me on the head with a ruler. But I got the highest marks in the class. They were all on my scalp.”

Rate Your Mate: Sun., 4:00 P.M. EDT, CBS.

Jane: Listen to this, sweetie. “Broadway producer loses twenty-five thousand dollar suit.”

Irima: Well, if he paid that much for it, he probably has an extra pair of pants.

My Friend Irma: Mon., 10:00 P.M., EDT, CBS.

Groucho Marx asked an opera teacher, “Suppose I wanted to get up a lady quartette, could you find me one that sings bass?”

“‘No, the contralto is as low as a lady goes,” was the reply.

After a long, raised-eyebrows look, Groucho remarked, “Obviously, we don’t know the same kind of ladies.”

You Bet Your Life: Wed., 9:00 P.M., EDT, NBC.

Ziggy Talent, comedian-singer on the show, defines honor among gagwriters as a steal trust.

Vaugh Monroe Show: Tues., 9:00 P.M., EDT, CBS-TV.

Lyman Bryson: “Social lion” comes from the old phrase, calling a person a lion if he was a person of great social importance, somebody that a hostess was very likely to go after to get to a party.

We Take Your Word: Fri., 10:00 P.M., EDT, CBS.

“Don’t get me wrong,” says Arthur Godfrey, “I’m proud to be paying taxes in the United States. The only thing is—I could be just as proud for half the money.”

Talent Scouts: Mondays, 8:30 P.M., EDT, over CBS and CBS-TV.
When I was young, grandpa was so embarrassing...

If anyone questioned his pet brands, he'd take it as a personal insult.

Once, when an old crony made some slurring remarks about grandpa's favorite brand of pipe tobacco, he refused to speak to the man for two years.

But he was most embarrassing about that car of his. He'd bought it back in 1919...and from that day on, he took full credit for everything about it.

Whenever he saw another car of the same make, he'd go up to the owner like the fellow was a long-lost brother. He'd button-hole perfect strangers, and practically kiss 'em!

To a small boy it was agony...could anything be cornier?

As I grew older, I began to see that having brand names you could look for and trust, wasn't a bad idea at that.

Maybe it is "corny" to think of familiar brands as old friends...

But it's good to know exactly what you're getting. It's reassuring to realize that most manufacturers of brand name products spend money for research and quality control to make their brands live up to their name.

They know the best way to make money is to make friends!

Every day thousands of these brands are fiercely competing for your friendship...trying to give you more and more value and quality.

If value, and better products, and better living are "corn," let's have more of it.

As you study the ads in these pages, remember...brand names are names of friends you can count on!

*Whenever you buy—

*demand the brand you want*
In the Army now,
Godfrey's young baritone finds
a soldier's happiness often
depends on what you can do

A letter from Bill Lawrence

Army Hospital
Fort Dix, New Jersey

Dear Friends:

I am writing this to all of you who've so kindly thought of me and written CBS and RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR for some news. Most of you know I'm in the army but there are still many who haven't heard that I've been in the hospital since the day I was inducted. This is a sorry state of affairs and I haven't been able to do justice to my correspondence, although my mother and Janette Davis's sister, Carolyn, have tried to answer many letters. Right now, though, I'd just like to write an ordinary letter, and if you don't mind, pass on a few words of advice.

My luck has been bad since I was sworn in a few months ago. The very first day a case of flu sent me to a hospital ward. That was followed by a severe strep throat and I am now suffering, and I do mean suffering, with yellow jaundice. It hasn't hurt me to lose thirteen pounds but I can think of easier ways to do it. But the doctors and nurses have been swell. That's one side of... (Continued on page 73)
She came from Missouri with one shining dream—that she exchanged it for another has meant more than anything else she could have done

BY JO PEARSON

The day was like any other. Fifty to sixty women, their flowered hats bobbing cheerfully, stood in the hallway which led to the studio. Waiting at the entrance, as is her pre-broadcast custom, was Mary Margaret McBride, her warm handshake extended to them one by one. Then out of the line trotted a tiny, elderly lady in well-brushed black relieved by worn but carefully-pressed touches which were as white as the neat bun visible under her black straw. She thrust a tissue-wrapped package into Mary Margaret’s hands and darted away. In the swirl of handshakes and greetings, no one noticed that she hadn’t returned to her place in line.

The tissue fell away under Mary Margaret’s round hands to reveal an exquisite cut-glass bowl. The note attached to it read:

Dear Miss McBride:

This is the last of my wedding presents and I want you to have it. They are taking me away to the old people’s home today. Goodbye, and thank you for the many hours of pleasure your program has given me.

“Well, goodness!” said Mary Margaret. “Where is she? Where is she? Stella, please find her!”

Stella Karn, Mary Margaret’s good friend, manager, and “no” woman, raced to the elevators. No little lady. The operator remembered seeing such a person going down a few minutes before. He sped Stella to the main floor. The starter, too, remembered seeing a little old woman hurrying down the crowded RCA Building halls. Stella
Clearly a child of the new century, tho' born just before it opened, was Mary Margaret at seven months.

Tommy was older but Mary was bigger—there were no disputes about who was boss!

The curl may have belied her brains, but no one doubted MM was one of the University's prettiest co-eds.

Sophisticated New Yorker McBride, with her earrings and Italian stole, traveled and wrote for the magazines.

Mary Margaret McBride is heard Mon.-Fri., 1-2 P.M. EDT, WJZ, New York; 9:15-10:15 A.M. CDT, WGN, Chicago; and on the ABC network 2-2:30 P.M. EDT; 1-1:30 P.M. CDT; 2-2:30 P.M. MDT & PDT. Also heard in Honolulu and Alaska; residents of these areas can consult local papers for correct times. (Participating sponsors.)

raced up and down the corridors but the little woman was not to be found.

Mary Margaret's disappointment was genuine when Stella reported back. She is used to such devotion from her listeners but it never fails to move her.

"That poor dear woman!" she exclaimed, "She didn't even leave her name."

Most McBride admirers do not prefer to remain so anonymous, as Mary Margaret and her staff, who faithfully acknowledge tons of letters and thousands of gifts annually, well know.

Since starting on the air in 1934 as Martha Deane, Mary Margaret has become one of the most beloved women in America, second alone, perhaps, to Eleanor Roosevelt, who is an ardent McBride fan as well as a devoted McBride friend. Mrs. Roosevelt publicly confessed to having been so engrossed while listening to Mary Margaret's commercials when she was a guest on the program one day, that she had a hard time getting back to the United Nations matters they'd been discussing.

To the millions of women who drop less ponderous problems to listen, Mary Margaret's commercials are often as fascinating as her daily interviews with the world-famous. Listeners are quick to sense her belief in a product and equally quick to adopt it for their own. She is as convincing as the chat across a supermarket pushcart or the confidence exchanged on a back stoop. No one doubts for a minute that the rolls she extolls aren't the most delectable ever baked, that the ice cream doesn't have a truer flavor than any other, or that the bargains in the chain store aren't the most incredible ones in town.

Part of Mary Margaret's ability to convince lies in her own delight in good food; the rest in an unshakable belief in the simple but seldom adhered to adage that honesty is the best policy. She accepts no sponsor whose product does not pass her rigid standards for quality. Knowing this, more than one woman believes that if Mary Margaret says it, it's so.

Unlike those of radio row who regard sponsors as an evil, no matter how necessary, Mary Margaret gives as much affection and loyalty to her sponsors as she receives from her fans. When she
switched networks last fall, not one of her sixteen sponsors considered remaining behind. Such accord didn’t always exist between Mary Margaret and the people who wanted to buy time on her program. In her early days of radio, the very idea of a sponsor terrified Mary Margaret. She preferred doing and saying things in her own unorthodox way, and she didn’t want anyone around cramping her style. When sponsors did buy time on her show, she was firm in keeping them away from the studio. To one who insisted on attending a broadcast, she said, “Listen, I’m Irish, and when I tell you not to come around, don’t come around!” It was six years and many contracts later before the man summoned enough courage to attend a Mary Margaret McBride broadcast.

From the very beginning, Mary Margaret took the stand that radio is no different from newspaper work for a reporter—which is what she had been and which is what she has remained. Few things distress her more than being called a commentator.

“I don’t comment,” she says with good-natured emphasis, “I interview. And I don’t editorialize. I only try to tell about the interesting things people are doing.”

More often, Mary Margaret manages to get her celebrated guests to talk about themselves. Rodgers and Hammerstein come in to discuss their new musical, “The King and I,” bringing with them its sparkling star, Gertrude Lawrence. General Omar Bradley and his wife reminisce about Missouri—Mrs. Bradley and Mary Margaret were childhood playmates. The Dionne Quints, on their first trip to New York and with just one radio show to make, make it with Mary Margaret. Betty Smith returns as a guest, this time to tell Mary Margaret about the musical made from her famous book, “A Tree Grows In Brooklyn.” The circus doctor from Barnum and Bailey’s tells about his patients. Mary Garden recalls the glory of her singing career.

“There’s hardly anyone we haven’t had,” says Stella Karn.

A frequent guest before he had his own program was New York’s former mayor, the late Fiorello H. LaGuardia. His appearances (Continued on page 85)
Phil's family

Sons, daughters, grandchildren—the Regans have every good reason to believe that more is very much the merrier

BY FREDDA BALLING

The home of Phil and Josephine ("Jo") Regan is situated on a quiet, secluded street in Pasadena, the city which is, you will remember, the home of the Tournament of Roses and the New Year's Day Rose Bowl game.

Geographically, Pasadena is some twenty odd miles from Hollywood via the Arroyo Seco Freeway, but emotionally the cities are poles apart. Hollywood is glamour, hotcha, roaring talent, overnight success and overnight heartbreak; it is the Broadway, plus Coney Island, plus Tenth Avenue of the west.

Pasadena is the Civic Auditorium, the Huntington Memorial Library, California Institute of Technology, tradition, pomp, and circumstance. In the jewelry trade diamond choker necklaces are called "Pasadena dog collars." Pasadena is also Going to Church, Maintaining Tradition, Clinging to Modesty and Sensible Behavior, Revering the Family. It is Southampton and Bar Harbor—with palm trees.

The Regan house is—like the majority of Pasadena houses—old, vine-grown, shrub-surrounded, and dreaming in the sunlight. It rambles. Its 'dobe-colored stucco walls are cool in the heat of the day and warm in the moonlight.

Its original (Continued on page 68)

The Servicemen's Own Show, with Phil Regan, is heard Sundays at 5:30 P.M., EDT on CBS stations. Sponsored by Pepsi-Cola.
How much faith should a woman have in her husband?

Once a man has made a mistake is he forever after unworthy of trust? As Bill leaves, Rosemary searches her heart for the answer.

Bill Dawson left Springdale some time ago in search of an advertising career in New York. He soon became involved in an affair with Blanche Weatherby, daughter of his boss. Although Rosemary knew what was going on, she kept her knowledge to herself for a while. Finally, however, the problem was brought out in the open between Bill and Rosemary. Bill, very much upset, went out for a walk in an attempt to get things clear in his mind, and was hit by a truck. He was badly hurt. It was when he was on the road to recovery that he realized that he loved Rosemary and must forget Blanche.

Rosemary and Bill returned to Springdale and for a while all was well with them. But a short time ago Bill, quit his job and told Rosemary he was going back to New York to make another attempt to find his life work there. He would send her for when he had found a job and a place for them to live. It was then that the question began to torture Rosemary—how far could she trust Bill, how much faith could she have in him? He had made one mistake—would he make another? Was it unfair of her to suspect his motives.

From your own experience, from that of your friends and family, what is your opinion? How much faith should a woman have in her husband?

Radio Television Mirror will purchase readers' answers to the question, "How Much Faith Should A Woman Have In Her Husband?" Writer of the best answer, in the opinion of the editors, will be paid $25.00; to writers of five next-best answers will go $5.00 each.

What is your answer to this problem? State your views in a letter of no more than one hundred words. Address it to Rosemary, c/o Radio Television Mirror, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. The editors will choose the best letter, basing choice on originality and understanding of the problem, and will purchase it for $25.00. They will purchase five next-best letters at $5.00 each. No letters will be returned; editors cannot enter into correspondence about them. Opinion of the editors will be final. Letters should be postmarked no later than August 1, 1951, and should have this notice attached.

---

Heard Monday through Friday at 11:45 A.M., EDT, CBS network stations, Rosemary is sponsored by P&G's Ivory Snow and Prell.
How much faith should a woman have in her husband?

Once a man has made a mistake is he forever after unworthy of trust? As Bill leaves, Rosemary searches her heart for the answer.

Bill Dawson left Springdale some time ago in search of an advertising career in New York. He soon became involved in an affair with Blanche Weatherby, daughter of his boss. Although Rosemary knew what was going on, she kept her knowledge to herself for a while. Finally, however, the problem was brought out in the open between Bill and Rosemary. Bill was very much upset, went out for a walk in an attempt to get things clear in his mind, and was hit by a truck. He was badly hurt. It was when he was on the road to recovery that he realized that he loved Rosemary and must forget Blanche.

Rosemary and Bill returned to Springdale and for a while all was well with them. But a short time ago Bill quit his job and told Rosemary he was going back to New York to make another attempt to find his life work there. He would need for her when he had found a job and a place for them to live. It was then that the question began to torture Rosemary—how far could she trust Bill, how much faith could she have in him? He had made one mistake—would he make another? Was it unfair of her to suspect his motives?

From your own experience, from that of your friends and family, what is your opinion? How much faith should a woman have in her husband?

Heard Monday through Friday at 11:45 A.M., EDT, CBS network stations, sponsored by Ivory Snow and Prell.

Bill Dawson left Springdale some time ago in search of an advertising career in New York. He soon became involved in an affair with Blanche Weatherby, daughter of his boss. Although Rosemary knew what was going on, she kept her knowledge to herself for a while. Finally, however, the problem was brought out in the open between Bill and Rosemary. Bill was very much upset, went out for a walk in an attempt to get things clear in his mind, and was hit by a truck. He was badly hurt. It was when he was on the road to recovery that he realized that he loved Rosemary and must forget Blanche.

Rosemary and Bill returned to Springdale and for a while all was well with them. But a short time ago Bill quit his job and told Rosemary he was going back to New York to make another attempt to find his life work there. He would need for her when he had found a job and a place for them to live. It was then that the question began to torture Rosemary—how far could she trust Bill, how much faith could she have in him? He had made one mistake—would he make another? Was it unfair of her to suspect his motives?

From your own experience, from that of your friends and family, what is your opinion? How much faith should a woman have in her husband?

Bill Dawson left Springdale some time ago in search of an advertising career in New York. He soon became involved in an affair with Blanche Weatherby, daughter of his boss. Although Rosemary knew what was going on, she kept her knowledge to herself for a while. Finally, however, the problem was brought out in the open between Bill and Rosemary. Bill was very much upset, went out for a walk in an attempt to get things clear in his mind, and was hit by a truck. He was badly hurt. It was when he was on the road to recovery that he realized that he loved Rosemary and must forget Blanche.

Rosemary and Bill returned to Springdale and for a while all was well with them. But a short time ago Bill quit his job and told Rosemary he was going back to New York to make another attempt to find his life work there. He would need for her when he had found a job and a place for them to live. It was then that the question began to torture Rosemary—how far could she trust Bill, how much faith could she have in him? He had made one mistake—would he make another? Was it unfair of her to suspect his motives?

From your own experience, from that of your friends and family, what is your opinion? How much faith should a woman have in her husband?
Does a secretary's viewpoint differ from everyone else's? Not in this case! Gordie's Girl Friday knows he's as terrific as others can only think he is

"The whole MacRae family is in the terrific class anyway," says Betty Cooley, meaning Sheila, Meredith Lynn, Heather Allison, Gar—and Gordon, of course.
BY BETTY COOLEY

A secretary looking at her boss—any secretary, that is, not just me looking at Gordon MacRae—gets a pretty good, honest picture of the man she works for. A better all-around picture than, say, his wife—who's pretty much predisposed to see only the good in him or she wouldn't have fallen in love and married him. Better than his mother, who perhaps still thinks of him as her little boy. Better than the one-sided picture you get from friends who see him only at his best.

With a calm, dispassionate eye a secretary can view her boss, assess his faults and his virtues. Being handy with a typewriter, she can put them all down on paper. And there, if you want a really well-rounded picture of the man, you have it. A well-rounded picture but a pleasant one—after all, if she didn't like the guy she'd go off and get herself another job, wouldn't she?

Since October of 1948, when The Railroad Hour first went on the air and I first began to work with Gordon MacRae, I haven't had the slightest desire to go off and get myself another job. So I'm in a pretty good position to give you that well-rounded picture of a guy who's a very good guy.

Sometimes your first impressions don't hold up on longer acquaintance. My first impressions of Gordie were that he was completely down-to-earth, unaffected and good-natured. (And awfully handsome, of course, but who doesn't (Continued on page 79)

The Railroad Hour, with Gordon MacRae, is heard Mon., 8 P.M. EDT, NBC. Sponsor: Association of American Railroads.
Does a secretary's viewpoint differ from everyone else's? Not in this case! Gordie's Girl Friday knows he's as terrific as others can only think he is.
Dick was extremely handsome, dated so much, Betty didn’t consider him good husband-material. She relented when he assured her he’d only been shopping for the right girl—and the moment he saw her he knew that his shopping days were over!

On their wedding day Dick and Betty had tea with Bride and Groom’s John Nelson. Now there are twosome meals three times a day for Betty and her husband. Betty’s a good cook, Dick says. She adds, “Maybe he’s a little bit prejudiced?”
Wasn't it a lovely wedding?

By BETTY BAKER

If you watch Bride and Groom, you'll remember the day that "Mrs." was added to Betty's name.

Isn't that a pretty name . . . Betty Baker? Mrs. Betty Baker, if you please. I'm so proud of it.

Of course, I haven't been Betty Baker very long; only since last March 20th. Before that I was Betty Mitchell. Miss Betty Mitchell. I acquired the Baker name along with Dick, my wonderful husband. Lots of you know how handsome he is, too, because you saw him at our wedding. Remember? It was on the Bride and Groom television program. And wasn't it a lovely wedding?

I know you'll forgive me if I dwell on how handsome Dick is. Actually, it was his good looks that almost kept me from becoming his wife. I thought he was conceited when I first met him—which he wasn't—and I also thought he was a playboy—which he was. It seemed as though he never dated the same girl twice. Dick says that's because he always felt that when the right girl came along he'd know her immediately, and he was always looking for that girl.

The very first time I met him, Dick said to me: "Betty, I've always known that when I met the girl I was going to marry I'd recognize her. And you're the girl." Of course, I thought that was just a "line"; I had figured him as a wolf!

Ours was a stormy romance at first, but once I discovered how wrong my appraisal of Dick was, the thunderclouds disappeared and everything has gone smoothly and happily ever since.

We're very lucky in having had the chance to be married on Bride and Groom. So many people who attended our wedding through the magic of television have written to us, telling us little things that have made their own marriages happy and successful over many long years, and others have told us about their own romances, which started off as stormy as ours and developed into lifelong wedded bliss. Through these letters from Bride and Groom viewers (Continued on page 82)
On being a person

BY LARAINÉ DAY

A philosophy for popularity: think of others first and you'll never have to worry about yourself

The top interest in my life is the Giants—the Giants baseball team. I have a husband who manages it, a son who sleeps and breathes it, a daughter who loves the excitement of it, and a television show built around it!

Come to think of it, perhaps right there I have my first tip on developing a personality—but I’m getting ahead of myself, for you can’t very well develop one unless you decide first just what the word means. You’re not born with personality—it just grows. It’s called by various names, such as charm, poise, self-confidence, and it all boils down to one fundamental trait: you like people, and people like you. At least, you do and they do if you have an interesting, attractive personality.

We all think we like people. But is that strictly true? The girl who acts superior to her gang at school (that was I to a T) or Mrs. No-One-Likes on your block, are cut from the same cloth. They say they like people but they don’t like them well enough to give them a chance to be friendly. I know because, very frankly, I’ve been that way myself. I wish I’d been smart enough in school to realize that I was only cheating myself—only hurting myself. Deep down I wanted to be every bit as popular as the girl who got asked out every night and I’m sure Mrs. No-One-Likes envies Mrs. Popular because she’s in the thick of her P.T.A. work and gets invited to more kaffee-klatsches than any woman in the neighborhood. Everyone pities Miss Superior in high school and Mrs. No-One-Likes, yes, but (Continued on page 84)

Laraine Day can be seen and heard on The Laraine Day Show, 1 P.M. EDT, Saturdays, sponsored by Odorono and Cutex, and Daydreaming With Laraine, 7:15 P.M. Thursdays. Both programs, ABC-TV.
Most charming guest on Laraine's TV program—Dr. Mary Sloop, who was voted Mother Of The Year.

When she's not being Laraine Day on TV, she's Mrs. Leo Durocher of Park Avenue—and the Polo Grounds!

At the ball, park: Michele likes crowds and excitement, Chris just plain loves baseball!

Laraine in her Giant-fan role tells Monte Irvin, Hank Thompson, how many hits she expects today.
If there's a man with more mothers than Dennis James, let him come forth and make his claim. But Dennis' activities aren't all on the distaff side—the ladies' husbands know him for his ringside announcing of the prizefights and the wrestling bouts.

If you have watched Okay Mother, a DuMont daily television program, or listened to the many Dennis James television and radio assignments, you know what Dennis means when he tells you, "My mother says I was vaccinated with a victrola needle." He can talk, either in prose or poetry, as fast as any record can play it. His rhymes are always spontaneous, and always fun, especially when he plays the Line and Rhyme game on Okay Mother. "You supply the line and I'll supply the rhyme," he announces to the studio audience, and they're off.

Now we are turning the tables and asking Dennis to supply the lines and let our readers supply the rhymes, for prizes of course. (See Dennis' lines and details of the contest on the next page.)

Dennis himself has rhymed as many as twenty-five lines on one program. People sometimes throw him curves, like the word anti-disestablishmentarianism, which so caught him by surprise at first that even he was silent. Then he gave it a little thought, came up with the rhyme, "prism." A pretty young matron recently insisted, "A word that sticks me quite a bit is the one called hospital," but Dennis was equal to that too. "I had a bite but it wasn't from a wasp at all," he assured her neatly.

Dennis has talked in spurts of verse since he was in grammar school. His public rhyming started one night when he was announcing a wrestling match and there was an interlude to be filled with talk. Referring to a fighter, Dennis sud-
Dennis' forays into the audience are ritual on Okay Mother, and none would be complete without his singling out some mothers for kissing. Handsome Dennis never encounters any objections.

But I'd rather play baseball with my gang of buddies.

You'll find a list of prizes in the column at the right. And be sure to read the rules before sending in your entry.

supply the rhyme—and try for an exciting prize!

Rhyme Contest Rules

Here are the prizes in the Radio Television Mirror-Dennis James Rhyme Contest:

1st Prize: Tula, famous for its "at home" wear, has made a pure silk organza peignoir, rainbow-hued and a perfect hostess gown for the feminine woman. (Value: $35.00)

2nd Prize: A Revlon gift package that will take care of your glamour from lip to fingertip. Includes Dream Eye Make-up Kit, lipsticks, nail polish, hand lotion, etc. (Value: $35.00)

3rd Prize: $15.00

4th Prize: $10.00

5th Prizes: $5.00 each to five 5th place winners

Write your rhyme lines on a separate piece of paper; attach to it the coupon below, properly filled out, and address to Dennis James Rhyme Contest, Radio Television Mirror, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Entries must be postmarked no later than August 1, 1951. Dennis James and the editors of Radio Television Mirror will be the judges; all decisions are final. Entries become the property of Radio Television Mirror and none can be returned. The editors cannot enter into correspondence concerning any entry. Be sure to fill out the coupon below.

Okay Mother with Dennis James, is telecast M. F. 1 P. M., DuMont Network. Dennis announces the Monday evening wrestling bouts and the Thursday evening boxing for DuMont; also the major prize-fights on CBS-TV; The Original Amateur Hour, NBC-TV; and Stop the Music, ABC-TV.
Bailey's barbecue

A lesson in the fine art of the barbecue by Jack Bailey, your Queen for a Day emcee

1. First—the costume: What's a chef without an apron? Besides, his wife gave it to him so he had better wear it!

2. To build the fire: Douse kindling well with gasoline, throw in a match, and pray that the party does not end right there.

3. Breathes there a man with soul so dead who doesn't try to carry all the equipment in one unmanageable load?

4. Time out while the chef checks the cook book. Jack never can remember—does salt keep the flavor in or let it out?

Jack Bailey is heard on Queen for a Day, M-F, 11:30 A.M. EDT, MBS, sponsored by Old Gold and Kraft Foods; on Comedy of Errors, Sat., 7:30 P.M. EDT, MBS.
5. Like a finicky old maid trying to put a worm on a fish hook, the master attempts to make the spit and steak meet.

6. Somehow wife, Carol, remains unimpressed with Jack’s lecture. Demonstration ends with slightly burnt finger.

7. Lovingly, chef Bailey prepares to carve. Hmm—must be a dull knife. Doesn’t anybody sharpen the set things?

8. A little well done, but wonderful flavor. Ooops! Oh well—the dentist said I should have had that tooth pulled anyhow.

9. Certainly it’s not tough. You simply can’t get into the spirit of things if you use a knife and fork on a good steak.

10. What a feast! Just can’t eat another mouthful. Come here Chi-Chi! Leave it to a dog to know a fine piece of meat.
SOMETIMES a real life story parallels the most exciting fiction on television or radio, and in many ways exceeds it in drama, sentiment, courage and humor. Such is the story of Susan Peters, young motion picture actress who was paralyzed from the waist down as the result of a hunting accident in January 1945, and who is now giving a glowing performance five times a week in the daytime serial drama, Miss Susan. In a Philadelphia television studio the real life Susan sits in a wheelchair and portrays the fictional Miss Susan Martin, a youthful lawyer who had been crippled seven years before in an automobile accident in which her parents were killed.

That much of the script, of course, had to be planned. It was obvious that the girl Susan Peters played would have to be in a wheelchair, because Susan is. But the show's writer had no idea when it was decided to make Susan Martin a lawyer that the real Susan was planning to take a law course. Planning it so definitely that "I'm saving my money like mad so I can go to school and I'm already studying by myself," she tells you.

Her interest in law began when she helped another paraplegic prepare for his legal examinations and then took an aptitude test herself. "I got a rating of 97, and was told by the examiner, 'You're in the wrong business. You have the mind of a lawyer and business woman.' I hope some day to be both," she adds.

Successfully playing Miss Susan would appear to be the right business for Susan Peters right now if the fan mail is any indication. And "right now" is the only time that matters, in her philosophy. "I live each day as it comes," she says, and as her gray eyes look straight into yours you know these aren't empty words. "I think I always did, even before my accident. I learned that from my grandmother, a Frenchwoman of such strength of character and originality of mind that..."

(Cont'd on page 70)
How to be a hostess

Mrs. Roosevelt was Dorothy’s idea of a perfect guest. “She found each person she talked to stimulating. She was poised before the cameras, and she didn’t feel that she had to arrive fashionably late—in fact, she was a half hour early!”

When someone compliments you, don’t apologize,” says Dorothy. “You insult your guest’s taste when you point out something that’s wrong in face of a sincere compliment.” Dorothy’s work on the loom is toward a huge hook rug.

• Little more than three years ago I found myself in front of a television camera for the first time, introducing Joan Blondell to an audience of hundreds of you critical viewers.

Suddenly my knees turned to jelly, as I thought, “Dorothy, your manners are showing.” Hardly had the camera been capped on that initial program than the telephone rang and a polite but puzzled woman was proving my worst fears were justified.

“Why didn’t you show your guest to the door when you said goodbye?” she inquired. Ashamed of the fact that in working out the program I hadn’t thought about the rudeness of such an omission, I stuttered through an excuse, mentally making a note that this would never again happen on my program.

The next day, I followed my listener’s advice and the results were (Continued on page 74)
Vanity Fair’s Dorothy Doan finds that being a good and gracious hostess is easily accomplished. Her four rules can add up to happy guests for anyone.

Dorothy Doan daily invites from two to five famous persons into her living room, located at CBS where Vanity Fair is telecast Mon., Wed. and Fri. at 2:45 P.M. EDT. Dorothy's own graciousness is more than enough endorsement for her advice.

When your husband’s boss comes to dinner,” says Dorothy, “do invite people whom you know he’ll find interesting.” Dorothy finds the rules she follows on TV are equally applicable to home. Husband Richard is a TV executive.

Sally Victor, above left, brought along some of her millinery creations to be modeled on the day that she was a guest on Vanity Fair. Dorothy’s variety in guests is infinite—she’s had everyone from Dali to Dewey appearing on her program.

Gilbert Phillips, left, manager of the AAA’s New York Travel Department, gave tips on vacation auto travel, outlining routes and giving sound advice for comfortable and scenic trips.
Ellen's love and courage are sorely tested in this episode from the life of

**Young Widder Brown**

Not long ago, at a time when Ellen Brown's engagement to Dr. Anthony Loring had been broken as the result of a misunderstanding, Horace Steele, a wealthy widower, came to Simpsonville to live. With him he brought his daughter Jacqueline. And with him, too, he brought trouble and anguish for Ellen and Anthony. The pictures on these pages tell the story of that episode in the life of Young Widder Brown.

In these pictures, as on the air, the cast of Young Widder Brown: Ellen Brown... Florence Freeman Anthony Loring... Ned Wever Horace Steele... Horace Braham Jacqueline Steele... Elaine Rost Lita Haddon... Sarah Burton Ralph Jordan... Lauren Gilbert

Conceived and produced by Frank and Anne Hummert, Young Widder Brown is heard Mon.-Fri. at 4:30 P.M. EDT over NBC stations; sponsored by Bayer Aspirin and Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.

Unaware of the tragedy which newcomer Horace Steele will soon bring into their lives, Ellen Brown and Dr. Anthony Loring welcome the rich widower to Simpsonville, wish Steele and his daughter Jacqueline good luck and happiness in their newly chosen home.
Unrest begins when Horace falls in love with Ellen. No longer engaged to Ellen, Anthony resents Steele, wonders if Ellen returns his love.

New York socialite Lita Haddon calls on Ellen, warns that she is going to marry Steele—Ellen’s friendship with him must stop or there’ll be trouble!

A little later Anthony is called to Steele’s home—and finds him dead! Lita Haddon accuses Anthony of murdering Steele in a jealous rage.

Ellen comforts Steele’s daughter but her thoughts are with Anthony, who has been arrested and faces trial for murder. Ellen loves him, will stand by him.

Lita’s jealousy prompting him, Horace comes to ask Ellen to marry him. Anthony, sensing the reason for the visit, leaves with a heavy heart.

Talking to D.A. Ralph Jordan they know that together they can brave this test of courage, confident that at the end Anthony will be cleared!
PARIS at a price—isn’t that every woman’s dream? And isn’t it wonderful to find that dreams can, do, come true? The designer of the smart cottons seen here went to Paris, saw the collections of the great designers, brought home to you styles she felt would be wearable, fashion-wise additions to young-American-housewife wardrobes. Here are two of these Paris inspirations, adapted from famous-name designers. Biggest, most important news of all, the budget-in-mind price tags! So—the line forms on the left for mid-summer cottons to wear now and into fall, dark calico prints equally smart in town or country, doubly smart because they have that extra Paris something! In the color picture Elaine Rost, who’s heard on Aunt Jenny, models a Dior adaptation. It’s a one-piece dress with a flattering U-neckline, chicken-leg sleeve, and double-breasted with large, important bone buttons. The skirt, softly full; the hip pockets, smartly cuffed. There’s a self belt but we—and you could, too—have added a black patent one. Color combinations are black with blue, red or green print. Sizes: 10-18.

And price? A mere $12.95! On this page Elaine models a Balenciaga adaptation. There’s up-to-the-minute news in its brief jacket with all the flattery of a cape and the practicality of a tiny wrap. Under it, a wonderfully draped bodice—strapless, boned at the sides—is truly figure flattering, and the skirt is so gracefully full! In black, green or brown print, sizes 10-18, priced at $14.95. Both dresses by Gracette, at stores on page 83.

Pretty complements for either dress: complexion-flattering pearls by Richelieu, brief gloves, black or white as you choose, by Grandoe.

Aunt Jenny is heard Monday through Friday, 12:15 P.M. EDT, over CBS stations, sponsored by Lever Bros.’ Spry.
WE ALWAYS serve cream with peaches. Heavy, cold and rich. It can be whipped, frozen or just plain. But the fruitty, sharp-sweet flavor of peaches needs this rich touch. My family is particularly pleased when I whip cream just thick enough so that it pours slowly from the pitcher. Try this on a bowl of peaches, sliced and sweetened, and garnish with blueberries.

**Mock Peach Melba**  
(Makes 6 servings)  
3 fresh peaches  
1/2 cup heavy cream, chilled  
1 cup water  
1/2 cup sugar  
6 slices plain cake  

Peel peaches, cut in half; remove pits and turn in lemon juice to prevent darkening. Combine water and sugar. Stir over low heat until sugar is dissolved. Bring to a boil. Add peaches, cover and simmer only until peaches are tender. Remove peaches from syrup. Allow to cool. Combine chilled heavy cream with confectioners’ sugar. Beat until stiff enough to hold its shape. Use a pastry tube with a rosette tip to make mounds of whipped cream, or shape with two teaspoons. Drop onto freezing tray. Place tray in freezing compartment of refrigerator. Chill until firm. Cut cake slices into 21/2 inch rounds. Place in serving dish. Rest a peach half on each piece of cake. Just before serving place a whipped cream mound in the center of each peach. Pour on raspberry melba sauce.

**Raspberry Melba Sauce**  
(Makes 1 cup sauce)  
1 teaspoon cornstarch  
1/3 cup sugar  
3 tablespoons currants  
3 tablespoons currants, sieved  
1/2 cup fresh raspber- 

Combine cornstarch, sugar, jelly and raspberries in saucepan; mix. Cook, stirring constantly, over low heat until mixture is thick, about 5 minutes. Pour through sieve to remove seeds. Cool.

**Peach Betty**  
(Makes 6 servings)  
1/2 cup brown sugar  
3 tablespoons butter.  
1/2 teaspoon salt  
1/2 teaspoon nutmeg  
11/2 cups fine bread crumbs or graham crackers  
1/4 cup water  
4 fresh peaches, peeled and sliced  

Combine sugar, salt, nutmeg, lemon juice and water. Mix butter with crumbs. Grease a custard cups lightly with butter. Fill with alternate layers of crumbs, peaches and sugar mixture. Top with crumbs. Bake in 375°F. oven 25 minutes.

**Deep Dish Peach Pie**  
(Makes about 6 servings)  
3/4 cup sugar  
6-8 fresh peaches, peeled and sliced  
3 tablespoons flour  
1/4 teaspoon cinnamon  
2 tablespoons butter  
2 teaspoons lemon juice  

Combine sugar, flour, cinnamon and lemon juice. Sprinkle half of mixture into shallow baking dish. Add sliced peaches. Sprinkle remaining flour mixture over peaches. Dot top with butter. Cover dish with baking sheet. Bake in a hot oven (400°F.) 25 minutes. Cool before serving, cover with baked pastry wedges.

(Continued on page 83)

**Very peachy!**

RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR FOR BETTER LIVING
A date with Judy

Pretty Pat Crowley finds that playing teen-aged Judy is not really acting at all—she just has to be herself for Saturday's date with the TV camera.

Flopit, who brings acting Crowleys up to three, likes to be in on things, especially Pat's phone calls. He's his fluffy Maltese self in "Seventeen," the B'way musical in which Pat's sister Ann stars.

Pat memorizes scripts rapidly and works right up to bedtime. She loves to tease her sister by reading Ann's scripts aloud in a phony British accent. Ann doesn't always think it's funny, but then what can you do with a kid sister?
Any similarity between A Date With Judy and a day with winsome Pat Crowley is purely possible inasmuch as this pert just-seventeen brunette lives at a lively pace parallel to the impish teenager she portrays on television. Over a double-scooped chocolate chip ice cream Pat will tell you breathlessly—and Judyishly—about her home town of Scranton, Pennsylvania, ballet, white rain slickers, Earl Wrightson’s songs, cashmeres, and the works of Thomas Hardy. Another scoop and she’ll continue on her two favorite topics, the success of her older sister Ann, and her unbounded delight in winning this starring role in ABC-TV’s sprightly dramatic series.

Actually, it was sister Ann who led the Crowley caravan to New York and thus made Pat’s career possible. Ann, at fifteen, nabbed the ingenue lead in “Oklahoma!” Mrs. Crowley followed to be with her and brought along eleven-year-old Pat who found the big city quite unappealing until she began juvenile modeling and was enrolled in Professional Children’s School. She idolized her sister’s stage work, and her greatest pleasure was her walk-on part in the musical “Carousel” in which Ann was featured.

Producers took notice and soon were making calls to the Crowley home for both Ann and Pat. Gaining dramatic experience touring in “Philadelphia Story,” Pat returned to play on Broadway and now TV.

Pat considers blue jeans the world’s greatest garment, but she’s not averse to the pretty clothes Mrs. Crowley turns out.

Pat’s early love was ballet and she still practices it about the house. Bric-a-brac damage, say the Crowleys, is slight.

Piano practice for Ann must end when Kukla, Fran and Ollie begin, but she’s enough of a TV fan not to mind. Ann’s career inspired Pat’s; both are viewed with quiet pride by Mr. and Mrs. Crowley. Left, Pat stops at the hansom line-up on the Plaza near Central Park to chat with favorite horse, Lucky.
I cover Times Square

BY JOHNNY WARREN
played by Harold Huber

Times Square, New York, N. Y.
... the cock-eyed carnival...
... the million dollar midway...
the concrete crater of pandemonia.
Times Square, where something is always happening, and when it does, I'm the boy who's got to know it first...
because when I know it, you know it...
you read my column... you see it on your ABC-TV screen. You'll find action is my by-line... such as the saga of Big Joe, the man who came back.

I Cover Times Square: Alternate Sat., 12:30 P.M. EDT, ABC-TV; sponsored by Air-Wick.

1. Tips move fast along the Main Stem, and when Big Joe got out of jail sooner than anyone expected and immediately visited the artillery department of a pawnshop, I had it in the column but quick.

2. At the swank Satyr Club manager Mike Dato clutched the column with a chewed manicure. Mike had put the finger on Big Joe, then taken over Joe's rackets, I advised him not to start any continued stories.

3. Before the trigger work started, I needed Big Joe's story. His daughter turned on the tears and refused to believe Joe was in danger from his old friend Mike. That left just one source of information.
4. Union Square specializes in free speech, but Times Square talk comes just in shades of green. A ten spot eased the tonsils of Mousie to confirm Mike's boys were looking for Big Joe. Mousie spilled they also knew where Joe's daughter was.

5. When the Pulitzer committee makes an award for the hundred yard dash, I'll dust off the mantel. I skidded back to the girl's apartment just in time to shove her out onto the window ledge before some of Mike's hoods broke in to grab her for live bait.

6. I got her in a cab then zoomed back to the Satyr in time to see Big Joe saunter right into Dato's office to brand him a double-crosser in front of his trigger men. He added "Gutless heel" and spun contemptuously away. Dato gunned him in the back.

7. I caught Joe as he fell. Mike sent his boys for the car, Joe slipped his gun to me. Flashing it, I backed Dato to the wall and dialed homicide. I told Big Joe, dying, that this murder rap on Dato squared his old frame-up, but it was the hard way.

8. Joe's last words were "Not so hard, Johnny. Y' see, I got my parole because my heart went bad. I only had a month to live." Big Joe paid off in spades—with a heart. A big story. They're all big stories on my beat because . . . I Cover Times Square.
Two girls named

They're also named the "Sleepies," for noontime viewing for you means the dawn's early light for them.

Two girls named Peggy are the two girls named Smith: Peggy French of Broadway, and Peggy Ann Garner, a Hollywood actress since she was four. Assembled Smith cast, left: George Petrie, Reedy Talton, Peggy F., Peggy Ann, Richard Hayes.

SUNDAY VIEWING

Ups and downs of big city living for small town girls make up the antics on Smith. Joseph Buloff, here with Peggy Ann and Richard, plays neighbor Mr. Basmany, the jovial mountebank whose well-meaning advice often backfires.
Producing a major dramatic show at midday is a new and successful concept in TV, but it involves a pace that would stop a clock. The after-hours marathon for Two Girls Named Smith is just beginning at the time most TV viewers are tucking their picture tube to bed. On Friday evening at 10:30 the stage hand squad descends upon Studio #4 to strike the set from the preceding Pulitzer Prize Playhouse. By midnight the stage is bare, and they start setting scenery for "Smith." Aptly enough, the streets are still dark at 3 A.M. when Dave Adler, the lighting man cometh, and it's still blackout when the camera crew yawn in. The sound technicians arrive even before the first milk bottle clinks outside on 66th Street. Director Charles Dubin checks in at 4:10 when his fellow directors are just leaving Lindy's for bed. Working regulations are scrupulously observed, and at 6:30 the technicians knock off for, you should pardon the indigestion, lunch. The cast, with lines memorized during the week, are in place by 7:30, and before you have sipped your second cup of breakfast coffee, final rehearsals are in full swing. And the "Sleepies" do a wide-awake job.

These are hours to paralyze seasoned trouperers, but staff and stars Peggy Ann Garner and Peggy French take it right in stride, aided and abetted by untold gallons of coffee.

Two Girls Named Smith: Sat., 12 Noon EDT, ABC-TV. Sponsor: Babbitt, Inc.
Until they read this, the cast of a recent drama on The Faith Baldwin Theatre of Romance won't know that their script girl was a radio television mirror writer getting first-hand knowledge of how this polished half-hour dramatic program gets on TV every other Saturday. Actual camera rehearsals begin on Friday afternoon but by Thursday, the cast is supposed to be letter-perfect in their lines. This is the day the script girl does her hardest work. Actors, concentrating on the role itself and deprived of script, frequently blow their lines, and it becomes the script girl's job to decide whether to sing out the forgotten words or to hold her tongue and let the actor reach for them. Maybe he hasn't forgotten but is timing his speech to the emotion he is trying to put across, or maybe he prefers to remember by himself and thus impress the elusive line on his consciousness. Before the day was over, the script girl had developed a kind of sixth sense about these things. On Saturday morning, telecast day, the script girl calls the star and makes certain he'll be on the set by 8:30 A.M. He answers sleepily at 7 and is in the studio by 8:15, fortifying himself with black coffee. Costumes and accessories have to be checked, too. A fabulous fur cape arrives for one of the girls to wear in a restaurant scene. A negligee has to be hurried to the cleaner because there's a spot on it the camera might pick up. The sound effects man makes ready such details as the chimes of a clock or the sound of a popping champagne cork.

In the last flurry of directions, a voice comes over the loudspeaker, calling "two minutes," then "one," then "thirty seconds."

The real star of the show, the woman whose stories are dramatized bi-weekly, sits at a desk and introduces her characters to the TV audience. Her name, of course, is Faith Baldwin, well known to readers of light romance as the author of fifty-five novels and innumerable short stories. Miss Baldwin, the mother of four children, including twenty-three-year-old twins, lives in an enormous Connecticut farmhouse whose name derives from her own career—Fable Farm.

Attractive leads on an early T of R story were Bill Eythe and Betsy Von Furstenburg. Authorress Baldwin gives prologue and epilogue on each presentation.
• How would you like to make a saxophone out of a soda straw? It's easy, and it'll only take a couple of minutes. But first let me tell you what makes it work. Every sound you hear comes from something vibrating—that is, moving rapidly back and forth. For instance, when you hear the buzzing of a bee you're actually hearing the vibrations that are made in the air when the bee flaps his wings. You might wonder why you can’t make a sound the same way, simply by flapping your arms up and down. The only reason you can’t is because you can’t flap your arms fast enough. You’d have to beat your arms up and down about fifty times a second before you could make a sound. And a bee’s wings move much faster than that. To take another example, middle “C” on the piano is the sound made by the vibration of a string inside the piano. It’s been tightened so it vibrates exactly 256 times a second when it’s struck by the hammer attached to the key. If the string were tightened more, so it vibrated faster, the note would be higher.

All other musical instruments—or any other sounds you hear—work the same way. Take a saxophone. You blow on the reed which is fastened to a mouthpiece on the saxophone. This reed starts the air in the saxophone vibrating and you make different notes by pressing
Mary Dell Martin’s engagement to William E. Gill (now in the Army) is exciting news to her many friends in Michigan and Florida. A beautiful diamond shines on Mary’s finger—stars shine in her eyes. At her wedding in Grace Episcopal Church, four bridesmaids will walk down the aisle with Mary—a gloriously happy bride.

Mary’s sunny hair falls in soft waves to her shoulders. Her wonderful complexion has a satin smoothness. A charming smile twinkles in her eyes, about her lips. Her face gives out a bright picture of her captivating Inner Self. You see Mary and you know you will like her very much.

"It gives you such a lift when you look your best," Mary says

A wonderfully sure, confident feeling comes to you when you know you are looking your sweetest and prettiest.

Mary thinks every girl’s most important beauty asset is sparkling-clean, soft skin. "I wouldn’t miss my nightly cream-cleansings with Pond’s Cold Cream,” she says. "It’s simply tops for keeping my skin smooth and soft."

Cream-cleansing with Pond’s can help your skin, too—it’s beautifully thorough and never drying. Every night (and for day cleansings) cream your face with Pond’s as Mary does. This is the way:

Hot Stimulation—a good hot water splashing.
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 to rinse off last traces of dirt, leave skin immaculate. Tissue off.
Cold Stimulation—a tonic cold water splash.

Now—doesn’t your mirror say happy things about your face? It’s so alive, rosy!

It’s not vanity to help your face look lovely. When you look your nicest, a bright confidence flashes out from the real you within—wins others to you on sight!

Mary Dell Martin’s engagement to William E. Gill (now in the Army) is exciting news to her many friends in Michigan and Florida. A beautiful diamond shines on Mary’s finger—stars shine in her eyes. At her wedding in Grace Episcopal Church, four bridesmaids will walk down the aisle with Mary—a gloriously happy bride.
PHIL'S FAMILY

(Continued from page 34) exterior architecture is Mediterranean; there are grilled iron doors, a pair of brown gabardine slacks, and a bright red shirt. "How about this shirt!" he would observe, laughing. "If anybody had asked me about my willingness to wear a red shirt, I would have said, 'Not unless I was out of my head.' However, Jo bought this for me in Palm Springs and certainly enjoy it. Gives me a big lift." This den is compact, probably the smallest room in the house; but it is obviously used, lived in, enjoyed. There is a fireplace in which a fire crackles every morning and evening, and above the mantel are two large framed pictures. One contains Phil's engraved invitation to attend the inauguration of the President's den in 1937, and it is flanked by portraits of Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Garner; the second contains Phil's invitation to the 1945 inauguration, flanked by portraits of Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Truman.

To the left of the fireplace is Phil's gun collection. Because Phil served with New York police force, he is much interested in firearms, particularly any weapon having a history. He likes to tell the story of the most interesting guns. For instance, there is a specimen with wooden stock and short barrel which was manufactured by a criminal who ingeniously sawed a .22 rifle down to revolver size. Purpose: to make use as a pocket pistol. There is also a famous thunder craft, a lethal fountain pen which seems entirely innocent when worn conventionally in a gentleman's coat pocket. It fires a .22 slug and is fatal at close quarters.

Also occupying a conspicuous position in the case with the gun collection is a Pepsi-cola bottle, half-filled with a dark and evil-looking fluid. The appearance is deceptive. The bottle contains crude oil, that lovely stuff which makes Texas the home of the billionaire. Several years ago, a friend of Phil's asked him if he would care to invest some of his hard-earned show business salary in oil. Being an Irishman, Phil kissed a shamrock and signed a check.

As a direct result of this action, a series of wells were spudded in and Phil became one of the stockholders in a highly profitable oil development. Phil regards this with the same interest as anyone who enjoys good things in life. He says quite simply, "God has been very good to us." And so, every time a member of the family happens to glance into the gun cabinet, he or she is reminded of the bounty of earth and the goodness of God.

On the east wall of the den there are three large diaphanous pictures of three beautiful women: Joan Crawford, Irene Dunne, and Ruby Keeler. The pictures are at least ten, perhaps fifteen, years old. Phil made a picture with each of the actresses and cherishes each as a friend.

The west wall of the den is as crowded with pictures as the walls of the Hollywood Brown Derby. It brings back memories of the years Phil spent with two senators: Truman of Missouri and Barkley of Kentucky. Beside it is another candid, taken in 1948, showing Phil standing between President Truman and Vice President Barkley.

There is a picture of Phil greeting President and Mrs. Roosevelt on the occasion of the 1933 inauguration; one of Phil at a table with Edgar Bergen and Jimmie Stewart before Bergen became a father and Jimmie met Harvey; one of Phil, Mayor Kelly of Chicago and other friends; a number of pictures taken at different times of Phil with one-time Mayor, now Ambassador O'Dwyer.

The dominant picture, the great far-reaching picture, shows Phil on the reviewing stand in Washington during the 1949 inauguration, singing "The Star-Spangled Banner" while half a million people crowded frosty Pennsylvania Avenue and listened in patriotic awe.

In the northeast corner of the den there is a small desk at which Josephine Regan does her writing and keeps her accounts. One of Jo's notable accomplishments is a slender volume entitled "A Child's Magic Key to Heaven" and is a child's version of the ten commandments.

Originally, Jo formulated this guide for her own four children: Phil Regan, Jr. (called "Bud" in the family), Joseph, Marilyn, and Joan. All four are now grown. Joe is married and has three youngsters. This array of grandchildren made Phil Regan a grandfather at the sprightly age of thirty-seven.

Bud and his wife, Loanne, were married on February 13, 1951, in Palm Springs. Joan and Marilyn live at home, of course; Joe and his family have a house only a short distance from the family home; Bud and Loanne are living nearby.

The result of this integrated family situation is that the parental door bangs all day and half the night with the goings and comings of the clan. Jo never knows whether luncheon will be served for two or four.

Naturally, this sort of thing takes planning. Jo bakes a ham once a week, then puts it in the deep freeze. Often she also roasts a leg of lamb and a rolled roast of beef. For luncheon, these can be sliced in amount extensive enough to serve all guests, no matter how unexpected. For dinner, they can be heated and served as necessary. At all times, Jo likes to serve a salad such as shredded cabbage, apples, and pineapple (all ingredients which can be kept on hand ready to stretch a menu) and she keeps ready-to-bake rolls in the refrigerator, and corn bread mix in the cupboard. In case of a fruit compote or strawberry shortcake.

All of Jo's planning is done at the desk in the den, where she also keeps her household accounts, and does her creative writing. The desk is also famous for the fact that it was here where one of the great decisions of the Regan family was made.

Phil has lived in New York, where he had been highly successful in show business, and try his luck via screen test in Hollywood, he and Jo discussed the move far, far into the night. First, they analyzed the family bank account; four hundred dollars. Then they discussed Phil's need (as he had been warned) for an extensive wardrobe. Did they have to buy white tie and tails, black tie and dinner jacket; riding clothes, tennis flannels, several standard business suits.

Jo made a neat list. She arrived at an estimated total. She and Phil agreed on a plan: they would borrow enough to buy the wardrobe; they would split the bank account. Phil would take two hundred dollars and assault Holly- wood. Jo would keep two hundred dollars and maintain the family in good condition until Phil could send for them.

As everyone knows, Phil was an immediate click. He puts it this way, "All I can say is that God was very good to us."

There is one amusing highlight on those Holly- wood days. When Phil signed his contract, he did not know that there was a clause in it which forbade him to marry. He appended his signature with a clear conscience. He had no intention of marrying; he was already set for all time and eternity. He was already the father of four children.

The newspaper men, who press agents felt it would be wise to conceal this fact, but Phil made no real secret of it and all of his friends knew the truth. Gradually word leaked out, so one enterprising newspaper man approached Phil: "I hear that you're married and have five children. How about it?" "It isn't true," explained Phil. "I have only one child." The newspaper man laughed, fully satisfied with this denial. "Isn't it a kick—the way rumors get started?" he observed. He printed a denial of Phil's marriage and fatherhood, missing the honesty of Phil's statement entirely.

In the northeast corner of the den, the lower floor of the Regan house consists of a comfortable living room (in which choice specimens of Phil's Toby Mug collection are displayed), an airy solarium, a banquet hall of a dining room, the usual butter's pantry and farmhouse kitchen. Also, off the main corridor, there is a tiny chapel.

In this case, the room is for only a small bookcase, an old, well-worn but totally comfortable armchair, and a prayer bench. Around the walls are the fourteen stations of the cross, and against the east side of the room there is a modest altar. Jo spends many hours in this restful sanctuary, reading, singing, and meditating.

Next to the den in usefulness, the most lived-in room is the solarium with its split
bamboo chairs, lounges, and chaises longue, with its reed screens, and its bamboo milk bar. Phil and the boys built the bar and their stories of its construction are hilarious. As you may not know, bamboo must be worked while wet. However, it dries rapidly with the result that the deliberate workman finds himself half-done and stymied by a length of dry timber.

Phil soaked the bamboo in the bathtub in the service porch bathroom, then trailed it through the kitchen, and dining-room before using it in the sun porch. Placing the bamboo footrail was the final, trickiest stunt; just as Phil had it fitted into three of the rests extending from the semi-circular face of the bar, the bamboo rebelled, tossing Phil as if he had been riding a broncho. The boys laughed until they cried, and Phil hasn't yet lived down his rough-riding carpentry.

There is a great deal of laughter in the Regan house, a great deal of conversation, and much high planning. There is that rare and wonderful thing, a sense of dedication. Nowadays, no one can talk to Phil for long without getting onto the subject of his radio program and what he hopes to accomplish.

He was semi-retired until last spring when Mr. Alfred Steele, president of the Pepsi-cola Company and a long-time friend of Phil's, accompanied Phil to an Army base where Phil had agreed to sing. This trip persuaded both men that, once again, this country is in a shooting war of desperate proportions. The lethargy of the country has astonished Phil. Millions of Americans seem oblivious to the fact that there are many government hospitals to which men are brought direct from Korea, blood still fresh on their bandages.

Phil worked with Roy Tooper, a gifted writer and ex-newspaperman whose beat was Chicago, to perfect a format for the show. Roughly it is this: in advance of Phil's scheduled show, the men at the base to be visited select a man to star on Phil's program. This man is given one hundred dollars in cash, plus a five hundred dollar war bond. In some cases, this recognition will eventually pave the way to a career.

Phil has been astonished at the swift appreciation of the program evinced from bases throughout America. After hearing the first few shows, boosters began to send telegrams. A group in one camp wired, "If you think that man on your Sunday show was a singer, just come up here and listen to our boy." An Air Force base announced, "No Marine ever sang as good, as high, or as loud as a mechanic we have; he's practiced against a B-29 warming up."

AFTER Phil has completed his show at a base, he goes to the nearest hospital and walks through the wards, chatting with the men. In many cases he is the first American civilian with whom they have come in contact since being shipped overseas; Phil tries to bring them word of the appreciation extended by all freedom-loving people.

And so that is how the Regans will be living when you read this: they will be traveling by plane, train, and car over fifty thousand miles and forty-eight states. When that mission is accomplished they will return to Pasadena to plan other helpful excursions for groups of people in need.

Because the Regans are grateful to God, and they intend to show that gratitude.
LIVE EACH DAY

(Continued from page 46) I have never met quite her equal. Ma Mere, as we called her, never postponed anything pleasant or anything difficult. If the day was bright and sunny she would put everything aside to take me on some jaunt she suddenly decided would please me. If she had something hard to face she never put it off in the hope it would get any easier. When she didn’t like the way things were, she did her best to change them, and refused to worry. ‘Tomorrow,’ she would say, ‘will take care of itself.’

There’s another parallel in the story of Susan Peters and Susan Martin besides their interest in law. On television, Susan is extremely fond of her brother Sam’s young stepson, who is played by nine-year-old Ralph Robertson. In real life, Susan adores five-year-old Timothy Richard whom she and her ex-husband Richard Quine adopted a year after she was hurt. Timothy was ten days old at the time.

With Timothy, it was quite a household that Susan transferred to Philadelphia from her pretty house in the San Fernando Valley section of Hollywood. It includes her nurse, Mrs. Stein, who has been with her since she got Timmy, and the couple who act as her chauffeur and cook. They all live in a rented furnished house that makes them more than a little homesick for their own well-equipped place in California. Susan had been offered a choice of doing her show from Chicago or Philadelphia because of its nearness to New York and the fact that friends could occasionally come down for a weekend. Little did she know then what a fifteen-minute five-day-a-week drama would mean in time and energy consumed, and that friends would have to be gently asked to “hit the road,” as she puts it, before too late on Sundays, so that their hostess could memorize next day’s script.

Susan is up and dressed at 8:30 to have breakfast with Timmy before he goes off to the Oak Lane Country Day School. By 10:30 she’s on the set, going through the first run-through of that day’s episode in the life of Miss Susan Martin. There’s a break during the morning for the commercial run-through, but Susan stays on the set and watches everything. She will move her chair off to one corner and read dialogue with Natalie Priest, who plays her companion and confidante, Daisy; or with Don Hammer, who plays her brother Sam. She’s a perfectionist, and wherever there’s a bit of dialogue or business that needs some extra work she’s eager to keep at it. She’s vitally interested in everyday’s share in this miracle of getting a television show on the air.

At noon the run-throughs commence again, continuing with brief rest periods until 2:00 when every line has been polished and every scene timed. Dress rehearsal is from 2:15 to 2:20. Then make-up. At 3:00 Miss Susan goes on the air, at 3:15 the day’s story is finished—and at 4:00 rehearsals for the next day begin.

At 6:00 Susan gets a thirty-five minute cooling drive home through beautiful Fairmount Park, along the quiet Schuykill River (twenty-five minutes, if Susan herself takes the wheel, because she likes to move along at the full legal rate of speed, and she handles her manually operated car with precision and assurance).

Timmy is waiting for her at home, eager to have her share his favorite Western on television. Sometimes he lures her out in the yard for a fast game of ball—the wheelchair doesn’t keep Susan from being a first-class catcher—before she even has time to take off her make-up. After dinner the inevitable script comes out, to be memorized for next day’s rehearsals.

Saturday is Timmy’s own day. They go fishing. They go to the circus or a carnival. They play baseball. Sometimes the two of them go to the studio asks Susan to inspire their games and Timmy helps along. They’re trying to get permission to use the Police Gun Range so Susan can get in some target practice, for in spite of the fact that she shot herself accidentally while out hunting, Susan has no complex about guns or shooting and no one has to be careful about mentioning either in her presence. Quite the contrary—she still thinks it’s great sport.

Keeping up with Timmy is an important part of Susan’s job, because of his alert inquiring mind and his capacity for getting into mischief. The gang at the studio hands Susan its...
highest accolade when they tell you she's "a good egg," "a real person," "a girl with guts and a fine actress."

"We were told she would be close-lipped until she got to know us, and that's true," one of them told me, "but very soon there wasn't a guy in the place who wouldn't do anything for her."

Susan admits she has a temper that she has tried very hard to overcome, and she must have succeeded because no co-worker mentions it. All they say is that she works harder than anyone else and is more demanding of herself than is she of others.

She gets her scripts about two weeks ahead, so she knows the story line in advance. But she finds television very different from motion picture routine and a great deal more taxing. "On a television set you work constantly, whereas on a movie set you always have some free time between takes. Here I have to be on hand all the time the cameramen are working, while lights are being adjusted, while technical problems of space and movement are being worked out. In a motion picture studio, the man does this to help her."

Susan neither wants nor gets any special consideration on the set. Producer-director Ken Buckridge may instruct her, "Re-position yourself, Susan, about three steps forward," and Susan will touch the wheels of her chair and roll it slightly forward. When she still doesn't seem to be in quite the right spot, no one comes to help her. "You'll have to lean back a little, Susan, if you stay there," Ken cautions matter-of-factly, and Susan decides to lean.

Susan's ex-husband, Dick Quine, is now directing for Columbia Pictures in Holly-
wood and Susan considers him one of the best out there. She and Dick are still very good friends, although she divorced him in September 1948, after five years of marriage. Close friends say the divorce was entirely her idea and they praise him highly for his devotion and loyalty. Susan doesn't discuss the divorce, but she talks about Dick freely, and they have long conversations over the long distance telephone. When she toured as the invalid Elizabeth Barrett in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," Dick rehearsed her before she would take it on the road, even though it was after the divorce. "I'd rather not do anything of any importance without Dick's suggestions," she says.

Movie-goers first took notice of Susan when she played in "Random Harvest," with Greer Carson and Ronald Colman, and was nominated for an Academy Award. Her only motion picture since the accident was "The Sign of the Ram," in which she played a demanding invalid.

Susan's independence of character is no doubt inborn, but certainly was fostered by that indomitable grandmother of hers. For instance, the fact that Susan drives so fearlessly now, even though she controls the car completely with her two hands, probably stems from the time Ma Mere taught her to take hold and drive, when she was twelve. Ma Mere was almost blind at that time but she decided one day they would go for a ride, even though the chauffeur was off and everyone else was away from home. "I'll show you how," she told Susan. "There is nothing to be afraid of." Carefully she explained which pedal to press, which lever to pull, how to

brake and steer. Somehow they got out on the road and went for a short ride and got back without incident.

No car ever held any terrors for Susan after that. Her present car has the latest improved equipment with automatic drive, a hand lever that pushes up for the air-brake, down for gas, and flips back and forth for dimming and signalling.

When you ask Susan now, in the light of her new experience as a television star, what advice she would give to young actresses she grows very practical. "I would tell them," she says, "that acting requires a considerable amount of talent, especially for television, and a great deal of work. But they should always have some other work, too, that they can fall back on if success comes too slowly or doesn't last. That's why I want to study law and work toward a business career. I'm planning to adopt a little girl next year so Timmy won't grow up an only child, and as time goes on there will be so much I want to do for my children."

"Another thing I would like to tell every actress, and every young girl for that matter, is to develop your capacities and forget your deficiencies. Everyone has some handicap, seen or unseen, recognized or unrecognized. Never underestimate yourself and never underestimate others. We can all do more than we dream of.

"The character I play on television, Miss Susan Martin, is warm, sympathetic and understanding. I think I'm beginning to get inside of her. To make her live, and to bring those qualities to the television screen, is reward enough. Especially with Timmy waiting for me at home."

YOU Can Have A Lovelier Complexion in 14 Days
with Palmolive Soap, Doctors Prove!

NOT JUST A PROMISE . . .
but actual proof from 36 leading
skin specialists that Palmolive Soap
facials can bring new complexion
beauty to 2 out of 3 women

Never before these tests have there been proof of such sensational beauty results!

Yes, in 1948, supervised by 36 leading skin specialists—proved conclusively that in 14 days regular facials with Palmolive Soap—using nothing but Palmolive—bring lovelier complexions to 2 out of 3 women.

Here's the easy method:
1. Wash your face three times daily with Palmolive Soap—each time massaging soap on each side of your face until it feels smoother and smoother—thirty 
seconds each time.
2. Rinse gently, dry—wipe face with a soft towel—new expression of beauty.

Remarkable results were proved on women of all ages, with all types of skin. Proof that Palmolive facials really work to bring you a lovelier complexion! Start your Palmolive facials tonight.

DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!
Charlie Wild was dictating a little essay on murder the day Police Sergeant Keough came into his office saying he'd been suspended from duty on a frame-up. Keough claimed he'd caught the assailant of a lady in distress only to find him badly beaten and without the purse the lady said he'd stolen. She disappeared, and at headquarters, Matejka, the assailant, charged Keough beat him. Keough insists he doesn't know Matejka, and Charlie agrees to help him. Meanwhile, in another part of town, Matejka's name means trouble to Jean Bannion and disbarred lawyer Andrew Voelker whose behind-the-scenes help Jean is counting on to free her husband, Carl, from a murder charge. Matejka demands more money for his part in the Keough "frame-up," but Voelker balks. On her own, Jean decides to see Matejka and come to an agreement. Charlie, there for reasons of his own, meets a shaken Jean coming out of Matejka's room. Charlie finds him dead. The police suspect Keough, knowing he had it in for Matejka. And Charlie knows it was he who arrested Jean's husband in the payroll-robbery murder—and that the $40,000 payroll was never found.

Keough visits Charlie again, hears the inspector wants to see him. "Let him come and get me," says Keough, who admits that he knows the payroll was never found. Later, Charlie waits outside Voelker's apartment for Jean. Voelker knows Charlie saw Jean leaving Matejka's room, warns her Charlie will want money for keeping quiet. "Pay off Wild and let me take care of you."

Jean, fearful that Charlie will tell, agrees to give him the money which, at her husband's advice, she had hidden in an accordion and put in a pawnshop after the robbery. The night before, Keough had suddenly warned Charlie to drop the case. Disregarding him, Charlie meets Jean in the pawnshop. As they are about to retrieve the money-stuffed accordion, an armed man enters the shop. In the struggle that follows, Charlie wrestles with the gunman, a person known to both him and Jean. Is it Voelker who was merely stringing Jean along until she revealed the hiding place of the money? Or is it Keough who was playing a waiting game until the Majetka "frame-up" spoiled his plans? Solve it yourself, then turn to page 96 for an explanation of "The Air-Tight Frame-up."
A LETTER FROM BILL LAWRENCE

(Continued from page 27) the Army where you find very few grieves.

But the crazy part of it all is that I've got nothing to talk about but Army hospitals. I don't even know what branch I'll be in. Or even, if I have any more hard luck, whether I'll be in the Army by the time you read this. But now I'm Private Bill Lawrence, all right. And frankly, it was a relief to find out the old Army joke about a private having no privacy was true. Without the constant companionship of my Army friends, I'd be feeling pretty low. Even in the ward, reveille is at seven and lights out at ten. It wouldn't be much fun if you had to spend those fifteen hours alone.

Most of the boys I've met are regular. Naturally, the most popular GIs are the men who are cheerful. I think first of a buddy, Joe Jura of Pennsylvania, who once was in a sick bed next to me and even now comes back to give the boys some laughs. Of course, we make our own occasionally. If you hear a shriek from the showers, you can bet someone has hidden the man's clothes. But we spend most of the day trying to sleep away the germs and fill in odd hours with cards, reading, listening to the radio and watching television in our ward. Then, of course, there are gab sessions. And what do men talk about? You guessed it—women!

Surprisingly, they don't talk about the glamour-lovelies. The boys talk about their girls back home and, believe me, they are really proud of them. Lana Turner and Betty Grable may be nice to watch on a screen, but when it comes to serious interest it's the homespun girl who heads the list. And this is where I'm going to offer some advice.

Most of the boys like to hear from home about two or three times a week. When they don't hear that often, they begin to feel a lot more sick than any germ could make them. If you could see a soldier drop everything when he gets a letter from home, reread it a couple of times, you'd understand why a letter is so important.

A cheerful letter really lifts up a GI's spirits. After all, the Army isn't exactly a picnic and whimping about civilian hardships doesn't set right. Not that a man doesn't want to share the responsibility of any bad news. It makes him feel good to be asked to help with decisions and give some advice. So don't get me wrong when I say letters should be just cheerful. There's a lot of difference between complaining about the price of sirloin and working out a real problem.

What can you write about? It's simple. Just talk about the ordinary, every-day things. He wants to know what his friends are doing, even if it's the same old thing. If they lay some new bricks on Main Street or put a fresh coat of paint on the firehouse, that's news. He wants to know about the books you read and your favorite TV and radio programs for chances are he's seen them, too, and it gives you something in common. If you put a new picture on the wall or buy a new dress, describe it.

Tell him where you go it, why you got it. Send him a picture. He'll relish it all, but more than that he'll feel that he is still part of your personal life. Actually, a man's world is very small and his strongest emotions are tied to home and people he loves. And when you keep him informed, you're telling him that he hasn't really left so far as you're concerned.

In my letters from mother and friends, they tell me about each other. Just simple things. Janette Davis writes about all my old co-workers on the Arthur Godfrey show: "I'll bet Bill is Captain of the Head," and I write naval officer Arthur, "In the Army, we call it a latrine."

Letters are the next best thing to a personal visit. Fort Dix is about three hours from Manhattan, so my mother gets down to visit me only on Sundays. But in between I have two letters from her and the usual packages. If you're ever doubtful about what to send your soldier, just think of something he can't get in the Army. For example, home-made cookies or candy. Or maybe he goes for something special like toasted almonds or olives or sardines. But you can bet it's not fried chicken he misses most.

In my case, I miss my mother and the card games we had in our apartment with my friends. I miss singing on the show with Arthur and his "big family." I miss a good show and a big mattress and the freedom to go wherever and whenever I choose. And your soldier misses these things, too, but they aren't really the most important.

What he misses most is you. And that goes for Bill Lawrence, too!

*80% of New York Models

WHO WERE INTERVIEWED SAID:

"CAVALIERS are MILDER than the brand I had been smoking!"

*Hundreds of New York models tried king-size Cavaliers—compared them for mildness with the cigarettes they had been smoking. The results...

80%—that's right—80% of these models said Cavaliers are milder than the cigarettes they had been smoking! If they'd been smoking all the leading brands!

Models aren't the only ones who agreed on Cavalier's mildness! Nurses, telephone operators, airline pilots—in each and every group of smokers interviewed...

80% or more said Cavaliers are milder than the cigarette they had been smoking!

Try Cavaliers yourself—for mildness, for natural flavor. They're priced no higher than other leading brands.

KING-SIZE CIGARETTES—EXTREMELY MILD

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N.C.
EXCLUSIVE!
I KNOW THE TRUTH ABOUT IT!
LIZ TAYLOR, BACHELOR GIRL
by Hedda Hopper
in AUGUST
PHOTOPLAY

Liz knew a month after marriage she'd made a dreadful mistake. And because of what Hedda Hopper learned in this amazing Hollywood scoop, she doesn't blame the beautiful young starlet for living on her own and not going back to her mother. It's one of the most stirring and revealing stories to come out of Hollywood in years about Liz Taylor. Don't miss it!

EXCITING SPECIAL SECTION
Choose Your Star!

It's that glittering, thrilling time again when YOU choose your favorite, from more than 100 newcomers currently in Hollywood. YOU will help make the stars of tomorrow. ONLY YOU can decide whether they'll become stars. Here's your chance to put your favorite out front.

OVER 50 NEW PICTURES, many in color, including your ballot in this colorful AUGUST issue.

PLUS many other glamorous stories and pictures of HOLLYWOOD life.

DORIS DAY
GORDON MACRAE
DAN DAELEY
KIRK DOUGLAS
ANN BLYTH
MARIO LANZA

ALL IN AUGUST

NOW AT YOUR NEWSSTANDS

(Continued from page 49) devastating. The camera followed the guest and me to the door for nearly one minute of aimless chatter that slowed up the show and probably made viewers whirl their cups in something more interesting. Right then and there I decided it is better to forget the rules than to make a guest uncomfortable—and, in the case of TV, lose the audience.

My definition of a hostess is very simple. She's a woman who puts the same careful consideration into planning a party as she could into planning a new garment for her wardrobe. Her first duty is to furnish a comfortable setting for her guests. Her second duty is to invite the right people so that guests will find each other entertaining.

A LITTLE bitterly I recall one small party given in my honor during a convention a couple of years ago. Eight of us were comfortably settled in the living room after a very nice dinner. The talk was stimulating and informative. Then the hostess announced that since I was new in town and she wanted me to have as many wonderful memories of my visit there—we would all sit down to an old-fashioned poker session. I protested that I didn't play cards, but because she thought I was just being modest she went right ahead and set up the table. I don't know a spade from a heart and after the first round of cards she was relieved when she suggested that I sit out the next few hands. My evening was spent emptying ashtrays and filling glasses. I carried away a memory but not the kind my hostess would relish. The hostess hadn't bothered to know her guests. So rule number two, in my book, is: always be sure of your guest's pleasure and forget what you, as the hostess, would prefer to do.

There is one quality which all of us who want to be good hostesses can acquire—the quality of self-confidence, which in my dictionary is almost the same as unashamed. I think this quality comes from a woman's being a genuine success—in what she does, whether it's in the field of world affairs or in running a good household. And that means being considerate, too. As a hostess don't you just hate late guests for ruining your dinner? I know I do for lateness is just as ruinous to my television show. Mrs. Roosevelt, an ideal guest, if there ever was one, was half an hour early the day she appeared on Vanity Fair.

She didn't interrupt or demand special attention. Mrs. Roosevelt found each person she talked to stimulating and interesting. She asked questions and listened to the answers. Before the cameras, when broadcast time came, Mrs. Roosevelt was poised and assured. If each of us is to be a good hostess, I think we can learn from this example of a successful guest.

Rule three: If you plan ahead so that your house is neat and clean, your dinner or supper is well prepared, you can then relax in the knowledge that you are an assured human being—and let your guests take the spotlight.

I think the perfect example of what thought and planning will do for a party was shown me not so long ago by a woman who has a small one-room apartment here in New York. After a lively hour of getting each guest introduced and comfortable with the others, dinner was served. There was no dining room, so a table had been set at one end of the living room. From the tiny kitchenette the hostess brought out a casseroles of curry and placed this on a small table to her right. Then she put the women to work filling the water glasses and placing the hot food around the table. She occupied the men by having them hold the small table until the last of the guests was finished with the chores at the same time and that awkward half hour of serving time was turned into fun.

In direct contrast to this I remember another party I attended when I was working on a Pasadena, California, newspaper. The hostess began the afternoon by apologizing for not having a bigger house. Among her guests were some women who had very amusing and interesting stories to tell—but as the afternoon wore on, I noticed that not once was any guest allowed to finish a story without the hostess interrupting to press a sandwich upon her. They were sitting at the kitchen point with a spot of house-cleaning (she even got down on her hands and knees and cleaned some crumbs off the floor). I resolved then and there that the guest's conversation is more important than her comfort. It taught me that the over-solicitous hostess can be a bloody bore. Rule number four is: allow your guests to feel at home.

There are few other specifics that I've learned over the years. Too much drinking makes for dullness. Introductions are another bothersome social formality which can be handled with grace instead of making everyone feel uncomfortable. The best rule is: allow your guests to feel at home. I would any other part of your party. We allow our guests to catch their breath by letting them get their hats and coats deposited and by letting the women freshen their make-up. Then instead of introducing the guests around the room during a large party, group them in a corner nearest the entrance. As they move along we see that they meet members of the next group and so on around the room.

I do not approve of "business parties" at which the host wants to invite his boss to dinner, by all means entertain him. But do invite people whom you know he'll find interesting. Don't think it is necessary to invite the whole office force. Quite the contrary is true, for nine times out of ten the boss wants to come to your home because he's enjoyed your house and what's more, he thinks it would be fun to relax with him. With the rest of the office present, he'll have to be on his best behaviour and so will the other guests and the results will be painful.

One last bit of advice: let parties fall in the winter. Candles and soft music, a cozy fireplace, good reading material placed at the guests' disposal, a comfortable hostess—what more could anyone want?
Program highlights in television viewing

New York City and Suburbs July 11 - August 10

Baseball Schedule for Television Viewing

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>DATE</th>
<th>TIME</th>
<th>GAME</th>
<th>CHANNEL</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Thursday, July 12</td>
<td>1:30 P.M.</td>
<td>S. Louis vs. Giants</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>8:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Chicago vs. D'gers</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Friday, July 13</td>
<td>1:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Chicago vs. D'gers</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>8:30 P.M.</td>
<td>S. Louis vs. Giants</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Saturday, July 14</td>
<td>1:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Chicago vs. D'gers</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>1:30 P.M.</td>
<td>S. Louis vs. Giants</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>9:00 P.M.</td>
<td>Queens of Amer.**</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sunday, July 15</td>
<td>2:00 P.M.</td>
<td>Cin'ati vs. D'gers*</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>2:00 P.M.</td>
<td>Picts. vs. Giants*</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Monday, July 16</td>
<td>1:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Cin'ati vs. D'gers*</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>1:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Picts. vs. Giants*</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tuesday, July 17</td>
<td>1:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Chicago vs. Giants</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>8:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Picts. vs. Dodgers</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wed-Thurs., July 18-19</td>
<td>1:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Chicago vs. Giants</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Friday, July 20</td>
<td>8:30 P.M.</td>
<td>S. Louis vs. Giants</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>8:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Cin'ati vs. Giants</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Saturday, July 21</td>
<td>1:30 P.M.</td>
<td>S. Louis vs. D'gers</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>1:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Cin'ati vs. Giants</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>9:00 P.M.</td>
<td>Queens of Amer.**</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sunday, July 22</td>
<td>2:00 P.M.</td>
<td>S. Louis vs. D'gers</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>2:00 P.M.</td>
<td>Cin'ati vs. Giants*</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tues-Thurs., July 24-26</td>
<td>2:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Chand vs. Yank.</td>
<td>5 &amp; 11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Friday, July 27</td>
<td>8:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Chicago vs. Yank.</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Saturday, July 28</td>
<td>2:00 P.M.</td>
<td>Chi'go vs. Yank.*</td>
<td>5 &amp; 11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sunday, July 29</td>
<td>2:05 P.M.</td>
<td>Chicago vs. Yank.</td>
<td>5 &amp; 11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Monday, July 30</td>
<td>8:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Detroit vs. Yank.</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wed-Thurs., August 1-2</td>
<td>2:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Detroit vs. Yank.</td>
<td>5 &amp; 11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fri-Sat., August 3-4</td>
<td>2:30 P.M.</td>
<td>St. Louis vs. Yank.</td>
<td>5 &amp; 11</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*Doubleheader
**Chicago home games from the National Women’s Professional Baseball League

Monday through Friday

1:30 P.M. Garry Moore Show • 2
Baltimore-born Garry, who once collaborated on a play with F. Scott Fitzgerald, in variety.

2:30 P.M. First Hundred Years • 2
Daytime comedy serial of young married life, starring Olive Stacey and Jimmy Lydon.

3:00 P.M. Miss Susan • 4
Screen star Susan Peters as Miss Susan Martin, a successful lawyer, confined to a wheelchair.

3:30 P.M. Remember This Date • 4
Bill Stern, award winning sportscaster, with an audience participation quiz and merchandise prizes (Tuesday & Thursday).

5:00 P.M. Hawkins Falls, Pop. 6,200 • 4
Over 30 actors a week contribute to the warmth and humor of the people in this typical American town, Philip Lord in the role of Judge Sharp.

5:00 P.M. Mary Hartline’s Show • 7
The pretty blonde who captivates youngsters and adults alike with music and games from Chicago.

5:30 P.M. Howdy Doody • 4
Bob Smith and his delightful puppets.

7:00 P.M. Captain Video • 5
Science adventure featuring Al Hodges in the title role of the interplanetary hero. Don Hastings plays his juvenile sidekick, the Video Ranger.

7:00 P.M. Time for Ernie • 4
From Philadelphia, the city of peace, the riotous zany burlesquing of Ernie Kovacs.

7:45 P.M. Mel Torme • 2 (M, W & F)
Perry Como takes a vacation and the “velvet fog” blows in assisted by sweet-singing Mindy Carson.

7:45 P.M. News Caravan • 4
John Cameron Swayze, winner of twenty awards for newscasting, with the day’s events.

Monday P.M.

7:30 P.M. Hollywood Screen Test • 7
Two Hollywood aspirants compete for film contract aided by a guest star and emcee, Neil Hamilton.

8:00 P.M. Pantomime Quiz Time • 2
The TV Academy Award winner featuring Hollywood stars in charades. Mike Stoyke, emcee.

8:00 P.M. Cameo Theater • 4
Albert McCleery directs, using arena theater technique, special music and lighting.

8:30 P.M. Godfrey’s Talent Scouts • 2
Hoosier comedian, Herb Shriner, sings Arthur Godfrey beginning July 30, as talented newcomers bid for stardom.

8:30 P.M. Voice of Firestone • 4
Howard Barlow conducts the orchestra and chorus with concerts by distinguished musical artists.

9:00 P.M. Lights Out • 4
Tales of the supernatural. Frank Gallop, “the face,” is hollow-voiced narrator.

9:30 P.M. Who’s Who • 2
Phil Baker takes over for the Goldberg’s with a new quiz-identification game.

9:30 P.M. Somerset Maugham Theater • 4
Full hour dramas adapted from the novels of the celebrated author. Biweekly: July 9 & 23.

10:00 P.M. Westinghouse Summer Theater • 2
Hostess Betty Furness, with reruns of TV dramas.
7:30 P.M. Beulah • 7
The merry mix-ups in the Henderson family always involving playful housekeeper, Beulah, played by Hattie McDaniel. Others: Butterfly McQueen, William Post, Jr., Ginger Jones.

8:00 P.M. Pinky Lee Show • 4
Taking part of Uncle Milty’s time, Pinky Lee, Puck-like, lisping comedian, who started as a youngster with Gus Edwards and is widely remembered for appearances with Rudy Vallee.

8:00 P.M. Court of Current Issues • 5
In a typical courtroom setting, the judge puts on trial the most dramatic questions of the day. Outstanding personalities appear as witnesses with Irvin Sills, creator, serving as “clerk.”

8:30 P.M. Johns Hopkins Science Review • 5
The recent Peabody Award Winner program takes you behind the scenes in experimental work and discards professional terminology for layman’s explanations. Lynn Poole, creator and producer, is your host.

8:30 P.M. Juvenile Jury • 4
Fun with children, Jack Barry moderating. His secret of success is to treat children with the same individual respect you would give adults.

9:00 P.M. Cavalcade of Bands • 5
Buddy Rogers, who now makes his home in Manhattan with wife Mary Pickford and their children, is handsome host to big name bands.

9:00 P.M. Q. E. D. • 7
From the mystery file, emcee Fred Utal, attempts to stump a board of experts with questions on crime. Panelists: Harold G. Hoffman, ex-governor of New Jersey; Hi Brown, producer of Inner Sanctum; witty actress, Nina Foch, and others.

9:30 P.M. Life Begins at Eighty • 7
Octogenarians all but as bright and witty as any panel on TV. Youthful Jack Barry poses straight and funny questions to Georgiana Carhart, 85, former concert singer, John Dranuy, 89, former railroad engineer, Fred Stein, 82, realtor.

9:30 P.M. Suspense • 2
Exciting, tense drama that will needle your spine for thirty full minutes. Robert Stevens directs.

10:00 P.M. Danger • 2
Charles W. Russell, who has acted for radio and movies, produces chillers of ill-fated people.

10:00 P.M. Original Amateur Hour • 4
The talent show so close to American hearts for 17 years that it is almost an institution. Ted Mack, emcee, reveals that over 700,000 amateurs have been auditioned and 12,000 went on the air.

10:00 P.M. Royal Crest Theater • 5
A new series of feature films with actress Helen Twelvetrees as your hostess.

11:00 P.M. Broadway Open House • 4

Tuesday

7:30 P.M. Chance of a Lifetime • 7
Jovial John Reed King with the famous audience participation quiz that pays off in handsome prizes and savings bonds worth a thousand dollars and more. Lovely Cindy Cameron assists John along with comedian Dick Collier, and song-dance team, Russell Arms and Liza Palmer, who fell in love and married after meeting on a Christmas eve TV show.

8:00 P.M. Godfrey and His Friends • 2
Arthur takes a well-earned vacation but the show goes on headlining vocalists Janette Davis, Hale-Joke, Marion Marlowe and tenor Frank Parker, with Chordettes, Mariners and Archie Bleyer.

8:00 P.M. The Ruggles • 7
Family comedy filmed in Hollywood and starring the grand actor Charley Ruggles, 59-year-old comedian born in Los Angeles next door to the film industry that has made him so famous.

9:00 P.M. Charlie Wild • 2
The tough, slugging private eye who will tackle any crime is played by veteran performer, John McQuade, who began his career as a boy soprano.

9:00 P.M. Kraft Theater • 4
The fine dramatic show, now celebrating its fifth year on TV, with excellently produced and cast plays adapted from stage classics of all times.

9:00 P.M. Down You Go! • 5
Quiz show based on parlor game, “Hang the Butcher,” Moderator is Dr. Bergen Evans. Panelists: Toni Gilman, stage star; Carmelita Pope, actress; Fran Coughlin, writer; Prof. Robert Breen of Northwestern University.

9:30 P.M. The Web • 2
Men trapped by fate with no escape but death is the theme of half-hour dramas culled from the pens of the Mystery Writers of America. Franklin Heller, director of What’s My Line?, produces.

9:30 P.M. Shadow of the Cloak • 5
Counter-espionage series with Helmut Dantine investigating insidious operations.

9:30 P.M. Wrestling from Chicago
The grapplers grimace, grunt, growl and groan from Rainbow Arena as Wayne Griffin peeks from his foxhole where many times he has ducked a flying mare.

10:00 P.M. International Boxing Club • 2
Dennis James, known for his wrestling commentary, is sportscaster on “Blue Ribbon” bouts originating from Chicago Stadium, Detroit Olympia, St. Louis Arena and St. Nicholas Arena.

10:00 P.M. Break the Bank • 4
Bert Parks, who spent three weeks behind the Jap lines in World War II, asks ten questions worth ten to 500 dollars with a chance at the bank which has held over 9,000 dollars. Bud Collyer is your host with music by Peter Van Steeden’s orchestra.

10:30 P.M. Stars Over Hollywood • 4
Original comedies and light dramas, filmed in the motion picture capital, especially for video. Cast with Hollywood stars as well as newcomers.

Wednesday
7:30 P.M. The Lone Ranger • 7
Cast to proportions of the courageous law-enforcement officers of the Old Wild West, the masked rider and Silver fearlessly combat crime.

8:00 P.M. Starlight Theater • 2
Dramas featuring well-known stars in top romantic roles, set in the contemporary scene. Biweekly: July 12 & 26, August 9. Alternating with— 
Burns and Allen
Along with popular comic-announcer Bill Goodwin, Georgie and Gracie chase through hilarious madcaps for as Gracie notes she was born in San Francisco the year of the big earthquake.

8:00 P.M. It Pays to be Ignorant • 4
Groucho rests and timeless comic Tom Howard takes over, jokingly assisted by George Shelton, Lulu McNicholl and Harry McNaughton.

8:00 P.M. Stop the Music • 7
Zestful, indefatigable Bert Parks again with the TV edition of the show he made famous. Marion Morgan, Jimmy Blaine and Betty Ann Grove in cute musical sketches that furnish clues for those who stop the music for prizes worth up to $15,000.

8:00 P.M. The Al Morgan Show • 5
From Chicago, the very popular variety show featuring Al Morgan, singer and pianist.

8:30 P.M. Amos 'n Andy • 2
The saga that has kept the nation chuckling for 25 years with Amos played by Alvin Childress, Andy, Spencer Williams, Kingfish, Tim Moore.

8:30 P.M. Treasury Men in Action • 4
Stories from the closed files of the U.S. Treasury Department with exciting integrated film and live performances. Walter Greaza, with more than 30 Broadway plays to his credit, as the "Chief."

9:00 P.M. Ford Festival • 4
Starring James Melton, who made his first appearance in New York's Roxy Theater. Story lines that embrace all factors of show business with orchestra directed by David Broekman.

9:00 P.M. Ellery Queen • 5
The super-criminologist plays for keeps in this crime series loaded with startling situations. Ellery is portrayed by Lee Bowman with Florence Ames as Inspector Queen, Ellery's father.

9:30 P.M. Big Town • 2
Pat McVeY, married to Milwaukee actress Courteen Landis, cast as Steve Wilson, earthy, hard-working reporter, in action-packed series of a crusading editor. Mary K. Wells as Lorelei.

10:00 P.M. Freddy Martin Show • 4
The popular maestro, raised in an orphanage, knows about humble beginnings and premieres a new show to help amateur musicians. Each week a musician is selected until a complete new band is formed. Merv Griffin is vocalist.

10:30 P.M. Crime Photographer • 2
Casey, click man, who strays into murders and excitement, assisted by Inspector Logan.

10:30 P.M. Quick on the Draw • 4
The cartoon-charade series featuring pretty Eloise McElhiney as emcee. King features cartoonist, Bob Durin draws charades while a guest panel tries questions submitted by TV audience.

11:00 P.M. Broadway Open House • 4
See Tuesday, 11:00 P.M., for description.

8:00 P.M. Quiz Kids • 1
The winsome, Windy City youngsters whose amazing brilliance and wit make for thorough adult enjoyment. Joe Kelly poses ingenious visual quiz to Joel Kupperman, 14, Harvey Dycht, 7, and guests.

8:30 P.M. Man Against Crime • 2
Ralph Bellamy plays he-man Mike Barnett, a shrewd, hard-hitting private detective. Bellamy, in his teens, had his sights set on the theater as president of his high school dramatic club.

9:00 P.M. The Door with No Name • 4
Replacing Big Story for the summer is this fast moving crime series of a government agent who probes murders no one else can solve. Grant Richards, Hollywood actor, in starring role. Mel Ruich plays the part of his agency chief.

9:00 P.M. Hands of Destiny • 5
Original TV melodramas cast with Broadway veterans. Author Lawrence Menkin explains the title comes from the belief that all emotions funnel through the hands for it is the hands that perform the final act of violence.

9:00 P.M. Pulitzer Prize Playhouse • 7
Excellently produced dramas featuring documentary treatment of Pulitzer Prize news stories as well as plays and novels from the pen of past Pulitzer winners.

9:00 P.M. Film Firsts • 2

9:30 P.M. Front Page Detective • 5
Edmund Lowe, many years a star of stage and screen, stars in sleuthing that rocks the headlines of daily papers as he uncovers corruption.

10:00 P.M. Cavalcade of Sports • 4
Jimmy Powers, as well known for his TV and radio commentary as his daily column, is sports-caster for boxing and other sports events.

10:00 P.M. Cavalcade of Stars • 5
Stellar name guests in company with comedienne Jackie Gleason, once a daredevil driver in an auto circus. The June Taylor Dancers trip the light fantastic with music by Sammy Spear.

10:00 P.M. Star of the Family • 2
You'll meet relatives of famous show people along with the stars themselves who perform their specialties. Program moves to 6:30 P.M. on Sundays, beginning July 29th, with Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy as your hosts.

10:00 P.M. Jerry Colonna • 7
Fog-horned voice comic in new variety comedy.

10:45 P.M. Great Fights of the Century • 4
History-making events from the ring on film: July 13, Joe Louis vs. Tony Galento; July 20, Billy Conn vs. Melo Bettina; July 27, Mickey Walker vs. Max Schmeling; August 3, Jack Dempsey vs. Gene Tunney, Chicago; August 10, Joe Louis vs. Charley Retzlafl, Barney Ross vs. Ceferino Garcia.

11:00 P.M. Broadway Open House • 4
See Tuesday, 11:00 P.M., for description.
11:30 A.M. Date with Judy • 7
  Completely revamped for TV, the famous radio
  program with its family situations complicated
  by teen-age Judy. Producer is Aileen Leslie.

12:00 Noon Big Top • 2
  Elephants, jugglers, acrobats along with others
  make up this full hour fun-fest with ringmaster
  Jack Sterling, clowns McMahon and Keegan.

12:30 P.M. Faith Baldwin Theater • 7
  Stirring stories of romance from the pen of Faith
  Baldwin. Authoress Baldwin narrates the stories
  herself with stars cast in the leading roles. Bi-
  weekly: July 14 & 28. Alternating with—

1 Cover Times Square
  Ace newspaper columnist Johnny Warren, played
  by Harold Huber, covers Times Square to uncover
  the angles and angels that make it the heart of
  the city. Biweekly: July 21 and August 4.

1:00 P.M. Laraine Day Show • 7
  One of the loveliest and most gracious ladies on
  TV, Laraine Day, actress and wife of Leo
  Durocher, weaves entertainment and interviews.

6:00 P.M. Studs' Place • 7
  From Chicago, a genuine human show of every-
  day people who frequent a diner. Studs Terkel
  manages the eatery; Chet Roble is at the key-
  board and Beverly Younger is seen as Grace.

7:30 P.M. Beat the Clock • 2
  Bud Collyer, one of TV's nicest people, with
  a clever audience stunt show. Contestants compete
  for prizes worth one to several hundred dollars.

7:30 P.M. One Man's Family • 4
  Bert Lytell, who made his acting debut as Marie
  Dressler's nephew, plays Father Barbour in this
  well-loved series. Marjorie Gateson as Mother.

7:30 P.M. Stu Ervin Show •
  Stu and June Collyer, who celebrate their 20th
  wedding anniversary this July 22, in bright com-
  edy about the hi-jinks of a school principal.

8:00 P.M. TV Teen Club • 7
  61-year-old maestro Paul Whiteman with an
  elaborate summer show featuring pert Nancy
  Lewis, Junie Keegan and Josephine Graham.

8:00 P.M. Feature Films • 2 & 4
  NBC and CBS come up with movies for times
  vacated by Jack Carter and Ken Murray.

9:00 P.M. Summer Hay Pride • 4
  An hour barn dance from Cincinnati. Emcee
  Bill Thall with singers Judy Perkins and Lee
  Jones, plus Kentucky Briar Hoppers, the
  Rangers, Pine Mountain Boys and many others.

9:00 P.M. Faye Emerson Show • 2
  Thirty minutes with the beguiling queen of TV.
  Faye admits she gets brickbats as well as bou-
  quets from fans but aims to continue covering a
  wide range of subjects in behind-the-scene visits.

9:00 P.M. They Stand Accused • 5
  Provocative marital questions that form the crux
  of difference between man and woman are sub-
  jects for this realistic courtroom drama.

9:30 P.M. The Show Goes On • 2
  Robert Q. Lewis (the Q for quixotic, quick and
  qute) interviews prospective buyers of talent
  and auditions entertainers in hopes of a sale.

10:00 P.M. Sing It Again • 2
  Comic Jan Murray, selected as TV's best-dressed
  man, selects jokes and contestants for the song
  quiz, offering savings bonds as prizes. Alan Dale
  and Judy Lynn add visual and vocal clues.

10:00 P.M. Doodles Weaver Show • 4
  A half-hour "mad-house" of comedy featuring
  mad clown Doodles and a company of stooges.

10:30 P.M. Assignment: Man Hunt • 4
  Subbing for Hit Parade, this semi-documentary
  thriller with detectives in pursuit of vicious
  killers. Dan Petrie is in charge.

5:00 P.M. Super Circus • 7
  A mammoth show in the best traditions of the big
  ring with Ringmaster Charles Kirchner, clowns
  Cliffy, Scampy, bandleader Mary Hartline.

6:00 P.M. Hopalong Cassidy • 4
  Shoot 'em up Westerns, filmed in Hollywood for
  TV, starring Bill Boyd in title role. Latest enter-
  prise of Bill's is an 80-acre park for children
  in California, aptly called, "Hoppyland."

6:00 P.M. Ted Mack Family Hour • 7
  Ted, who makes his home along the Hudson's Rip
  Van Winkle country, presents professional enter-
  tainers in songs, music and dance in a format
  fashioned after the late Major Bowes' program.

7:00 P.M. Gene Autry • 2
  America's favorite singing cowboy filmed in
  action packed Westerns. Horse-ridin' Gene also
  pilots his own plane whenever he takes long trips.

7:00 P.M. Leave It to the Girls • 4
  Moderator Maggi McNellis may collect porcelain
  cupids but here she spurs on the girls in their
  unceasing warfare against the male sex. Panel-
  ists: Eloise McIlhone, Dorothy Kilgallen, Harriet
  Van Horne with one man as a sitting duck.

7:00 P.M. Paul Whiteman Revue • 7
  A grand musical with Pops' vocal and dance
  groups and featuring baritone Earl Wrightson
  and soprano Maureen Cannon, who made her
  debut at 12 in Chicago.

7:30 P.M. Go Lucky • 2
  A brand-new quiz game patterned after the old
  parlor favorite, "Coffee Pot." Contestants, chosen
  from the audience, pair off to try their luck at prizes for "coffee-potting" celebrities.

7:45 P.M. Theatre of Movie Classics • 9
  Rudolph Valentino, Vilma Banky, Bebe Daniels,
  Doug Fairbanks, Sr., are just a few of yester-
  day's favorites seen in this series.

8:00 P.M. Toast of the Town • 2
  Ed Sullivan will take a few weeks' vacation but
  cheer will continue with the usual great variety
  show plus Ray Bloch's band and the Toastettes.

8:30 P.M. Concert Hall • 4
  Recitals by some of our finest artists.

9:00 P.M. Guest House • 2
  A show-biz quiz as top guest performers appear
  before a panel of experts to act, sing or dance
  out riddles.

9:00 P.M. Philco Playhouse • 4
  Gordon Duff, once an economics teacher, directs
  this dramatic showpiece, presenting full hour TV
  plays adapted from best-selling books.

9:00 P.M. Rocky King, Detective • 5
  Roscoe Karns, quizzical-faced Hollywood char-
  acter actor, in title role with who-dunits stressing
  believable police work rather than violence.

9:30 P.M. The Plainclothesman • 5
  Ken Lynch portrays the hard-working police lieu-
  tenant probing baffling murders while the camera
  functions as his eye and only his voice is heard.
  Jack Orrison is cast as his assistant, Sgt. Brady.

10:00 P.M. Celebrity Time
  Conrad Nagel, born 1897 in Keokuk, Illinois,
  deftly directs the game and fun session between
  celebrities and 300-pound Yale coach Herman
  Hickman and musical star Mary McCarty.

10:30 P.M. What's My Line? • 2
  A challenging quiz show as the panel tries to
determine the occupation of contestants. John
  Daly moderates the rotating experts: columnist
  Dorothy Kilgallen, poet Louis Untermeyer, com-
  edy writer Hal Block, and actress Arlene Francis.
STOP PAIN INSTANTLY
COMBAT INFECTION
PROMOTE HEALING
WITH SOOTHING
Campho-Phenique

(PRONOUNCED CAM-FO-FIN-EEK)

USE IT FOR
FEVER BLISTERS
COLD SORES, GUM BOILS

Not only do fever blisters heal faster, but the same thing happens when Campho-Phenique is used on cold sores, pimples*, gum boils. Wonderfully soothing too, for minor burns, insect bites, poison ivy.

And Campho-Phenique is a highly effective, pain-relieving antiseptic for minor cuts and scratches from paring knives, can openers, tin cans, etc. It doesn’t stain the skin. Get a bottle today.

*Externally caused
The TRUTH about Draft-age Morals in AUGUST

True Story MAGAZINE

now at newsstands

The average decent teenage girl of today faces serious problems in a nation made restless by the growing threat of war. Wrong answers can easily lead her into the ranks of our tragic delinquents. We'd better do something about it! Don't miss this revealing comprehensive article by Jules Archer, one of America's leading authorities on teen-age delinquency.

Plus exciting August TRUE STORY features including

GANGSTER'S GIRL

Other girls had their dreams of marriage, of loving just one man forever. This is the frank story of a girl who only wanted MONEY, and what it could buy. And she found out how to get it.

THEY CALLED ME TEASER

About a lonely girl who wanted dates but copied tricks from the WRONG KIND of girl.

LAST SUMMER'S LOVE

The stirring account of a young girl who vacations alone to get even and finds a new and lasting love.

GET YOUR COPY OF AUGUST

ON SALE AT NEWSSTANDS NOW!

The TRUTH about Draft-age Morals in AUGUST

True Story MAGAZINE

now at newsstands

The average decent teenage girl of today faces serious problems in a nation made restless by the growing threat of war. Wrong answers can easily lead her into the ranks of our tragic delinquents. We'd better do something about it! Don't miss this revealing comprehensive article by Jules Archer, one of America's leading authorities on teen-age delinquency.

Plus exciting August TRUE STORY features including

GANGSTER'S GIRL

Other girls had their dreams of marriage, of loving just one man forever. This is the frank story of a girl who only wanted MONEY, and what it could buy. And she found out how to get it.

THEY CALLED ME TEASER

About a lonely girl who wanted dates but copied tricks from the WRONG KIND of girl.

LAST SUMMER'S LOVE

The stirring account of a young girl who vacations alone to get even and finds a new and lasting love.

GET YOUR COPY OF AUGUST

ON SALE AT NEWSSTANDS NOW!

Anyway, Mr. Heidt telephoned Sheila's mother, begged her to allow Sheila to visit with them, promised a careful chaperonage for still-teen-aged Sheila. That was in the spring, and everyone knows what spring does to young love. Sheila and Gordie were no different from any other in-love youngsters. It wasn't long before they were hunting a minister.

Like the story Sheila tells about their wedding. Although they were in a strange city, sof course the minister they found was a stranger, he wasn't the kind who marries a pair of young people unless he's sure they know what they're doing, sure that they are really in love.

"He told me," Sheila says, "that no couple should ever get married if they've been divorced. And he wanted to know if I realized how important a step this was. I told him how very much in love I was, which seemed to me a complete answer to the question. But it wasn't, and I've never forgotten what he told me then. You have to be more than in love, he told me. You have to be willing to give up every other thing that's important to you, if necessary, to make your marriage succeed. You have to make up your mind that your husband will come first in your thoughts, that you're prepared to serve and cherish him all your life." Sheila must have convinced the wise and kindly old man that this was what marriage meant to her, because Sheila and Gordie were married that day. Nowadays, no one who knows the MacRaeis could help but be convinced that this is exactly what marriage still means to Sheila. And to Gordon, too. With them, their marriage comes first.

Sheila is a better rememberer of specific appointments than Gordon is, but he's one of those rare and wonderful men who never forgets an anniversary or a special occasion. He remembers all the little days, the small remember-when occasions, as well as the more obvious birthdays and holidays.

The best important-occasion celebration from the MacRae children's point of view is the one they're allowed at such times as birthdays. Then they attend the Railroad Hour show, and how they love it! And how I enjoy seeing Meredith and Heather, sitting in ladylike decorum in the client's booth, listening Daddy with wide eyes and undisguised admiration!
re-writing of the script. On Monday comes complete rehearsal, full cast and full orchestra, as long as necessary to get the program in shape. Show time itself is never nerve-wracking. With Gordie on hand there’s a lack of tension, and it’s tension that wracks nerves.

Gordie’s always considerate of the people who work for and with him. The team that puts on the Railroad Hour is just that—a team. Conductor-arranger Carmen Dragon has a great deal of respect for Gordie, and that respect is mutual. This admiration is shared by Norman Luboff, who’s choir director.

Gordie shows the same earnestness toward his fans that he does concerning his work. They’re very important people, those fans, and he never loses track of the fact—as some performers do, once they’ve reached the top—that if it weren’t for the fans who love him he wouldn’t have got up the long, hard ladder. And if they don’t continue to love him he won’t stay there. And so, he loves them in return. He never brushes aside the crowd outside the back door—the artists’ entrance, it’s called—at NBC. He stops to talk, to give autographs, to make the youngsters know he’s their friend.

In case you’ve decided by now that Gordon MacRae is just about perfect, let me hasten to correct this. He’s—not—that would be awfully dull. He has faults, sure, like any normal human being. For instance, there’s that forgetfulness of his I mentioned before. I have to keep extra-good track of appointments, because Gordie doesn’t. He has to be reminded. Sometimes he’s late for rehearsals on account of he’s got himself involved in an exciting golf game. But he never stays for a show, and has never missed a show. I have a special list of my own for thinking of Gordie—and of Sheila, too, for that matter—as a really kind and thoughtful person. A little while back I was rushed to the hospital with an attack of appendicitis. That was the afternoon of the show, the last one to be recorded before Gordie left for a trip to New York. When I swam out of the ether, minus my appendix, next morning, there was a phone call from Gordie and Sheila, who absolutely refused to leave town until they were sure I was out of danger!

I don’t think you’ll find it hard to understand why, when people ask me, “Bet, don’t you want to quit your job and be a housewife?” I shake my head and answer a most positive, “Not for me!” Sure, I’m happily married—but my husband, Howard Cooley, doesn’t stay home to be a housewife, either, and the only reason I can see for staying home would be to be with him. Howard does his job as an NBC engineer—and I’ll keep right on doing mine as Railroad Hour secretary, thanks! What could I find to do at home that would be half so much fun?

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS
When changing your address please promptly advise your postmaster and Macfadden Publications, Inc., St. Louis, Missouri, both your old address (printed label) and your new address, in order that copies of RAYO MIRROR may continue to reach you without delay. Such notice may be by letter or on post office card Form No 232,5, respectively, which your postmaster will supply on request.

MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC. 205 E. 42nd Street New York 17, N.Y.
REGION
This Common Sense Way

"I've really got to reduce!"—how many times have you promised yourself that and then kept putting it off. Delay no longer—let Sylvia of Hollywood tell you how to reduce The Common Sense Way. There is no magic at all about The Common Sense Way to a beautiful figure. But if you follow the suggestions Sylvia of Hollywood has for you in her book No More Alibis you may, perhaps, challenge the beauty of the loveliest movie star!

Sylvia of Hollywood Names Names

Sylvia of Hollywood has reduced scores of famous stage and screen stars—successfully. In this book Sylvia tells how she helped many of Hollywood's brightest stars with their figure problems. She names names—tells you how she developed this star's legs—how she reduced that star's waistline—how she helped another star to achieve a beautiful youthful figure. Perhaps your own figure problems are identical to those of your favorite screen star.

New Edition Only $1.00

A brand new, edition of Sylvia's famous book, No More Alibis is now ready for you. This edition contains all the text matter of the original book, plus the greatest part of her splendid book on personality development entitled Pull Yourself Together, Baby. Now get Sylvia's book as well as well as Sylvia's method of beauty! The price of this new edition is only $1 postpaid. Order today while supply is still available.

Partial Contents—New Edition

Too Much Hips, Reducing Abdomen, Reducing the Breasts, Firming the Breasts, Fat Pudgy Arms, Slimming the Legs and Ankles, Correcting Bow-Legs, Slimming the Thighs and Upper Legs, Reducing Fat on the Back, Squeezing Off Fat, Enlarge Your Chest, Develop Your Legs—Off with That Double Chin! Slimming the Face and Jowls, Refining Your Nose. Advice For The Adolescent—The Woman Past Forty—The Personality Picture, Glamour Is Glandular, This Thing Called Love, Cure-For-The-Blues Department, Take a Chance.

WASN'T IT A LOVELY WEDDING?

(Continued from page 39) we've made many wonderful friends with whom we still correspond, although we haven't even met most of them. I suppose every girl dreams of a big, big wedding, with literally thousands of people on hand. I'm one of the fortunate few who has been able to share the happiness of my life's biggest moment with so many. And it was such a beautiful wedding. The quiet dignity of the wedding chapel where Dick and Groom producers have built as a setting for the program; the warm, pleasant friendliness of John Nelson, the master of ceremonies; and the cordial, sincere attitude of the Rev. Harold J. Quigley, who officiated, all combined to make my wedding a memory which Dick and I shall cherish always.

I think there's something appropriate in our being married on Bride and Groom, with people in many cities in many parts of the country among the viewers. You see, Dick and I come from widely-separated places, Vermont and Texas.

I went to Wheaton and Simmons Colleges, then on to The Institute of Technology to work as a secretary. Dick came to M.I.T. to do graduate work. He's now working for the Air Force in electronics at M.I.T.

We met at a party given for the M.I.T. laboratory where I work. There were many people there, but I noticed one particularly handsome young man surrounded by a crowd of girls. I couldn't help noticing that he was making dates with many of the girls, and I made up my mind he was a wolf.

A few minutes later, someone introduced Dick to me, and he immediately asked me for a date. I turned him down. Even though I had been seen by him only once, I thought I knew a wolf when I saw one. I was wrong. Soon enough, I found the hard and hard to refuse him a date, and was really happy when he finally asked me out, and a group of four others to hit a play.

Dick, much to my surprise, behaved like a gentleman. I still didn't believe him when he repeated his earlier statement —that the moment he first met me he knew I was the girl for him and that I was going to marry him.

Every day after that, Dick phoned me and asked for another date, and I kept refusing. Finally, though, I gave in and went with him to a baseball game.

On the way home, Dick asked me to marry him. I said no. I told him why, too. He was too good-looking, too con- ceited, and the son of a playboy. Besides, I didn't love him.

After that, I gave him an occasional date, and every time we went out he'd proposed to me. I kept finding it more and more difficult to turn him down.

My situation was getting more and more confused. I was no longer the wife of a man with whom I had been married in Minnesota of whom I was very fond, and he had been asking me to marry him. He was coming East for the holidays and I promised to give him my answer during his visit. I mentioned this to Dick, of course, and if you ever saw a man eaten up with jealousy, it was Dick from then on. He insisted that I couldn't have the other fellow come to Massachusetts to visit me.

"He's coming and I'm going to give him my answer, and it will probably be 'yes','" I announced firmly. The angrier Dick got, the more I became convinced that he did love me. And that I loved him.

Finally Dick said, "All right, be stubborn and have your boy friend come out for Christmas—but marry me first." I was a woman, I suppose it's only natural stubbornness kept me from agreeing to marry Dick when he wanted. But when he called me next day, and asked me again to marry him in December, I said I'd marry him in February. He said he'd accept the later date if I'd not let my boy friend from Minnesota come out.

From then on, our romance progressed beautifully. Discussing our wedding plans, we decided it would be nice to have Dick's relatives in Texas and mine in Vermont present, but realized it would be difficult for many of them to make the trip. That's when we decided to apply to Bride and Groom producers to see if we could have our wedding through the miracle of television.

We wrote for an application and held our breath while waiting for word. How thrilled we were when Harriett Snelling, hostess on the program, called long-distance to tell us we had been chosen. The weeks that followed were hectic on my part. I had to be made up to the ideal for the show, and I had to co-operate with the added task of arranging details of the ceremony. The Bride and Groom people took care of all the arrangements, efficiently and with taste.

Our wedding was beautiful and impressive. My gown was gorgeous antique ivory Skinner's satin in a semi-off-the-shoulder model, with antique lace bertha and a net yoke. My finger-tip veil fell from a Juliet cap trimmed with white forget-me-nots. Elbow-length gloves and a single-strand pearl necklace completed my ensemble.

The gifts which the Bride and Groom producers showered on Dick and me were fabulous. For our honeymoon, Dick and I went to that dream place of all newlyweds, Niagara Falls. For a whole week we revelled in the luxurious accommodations.

Now we've settled down in our little home in Brookline. For the time being I'm back at work as a secretary, but I still find time to keep house and cook. I don't believe I'll continue working too long, though. Dick and I both want to have a family—a big family. I'd like to have a couple of boys who look like Dick, and he says he wants a couple of girls who look like me.

Meanwhile, though, I'm enjoying my busy career-gal-housewife routine. Each day Dick and I hurry home from work and fix dinner. I cook New England style, and Dick is trying to teach me to make some of his favorite Texas dishes . . . mostly steak! Dishwashing is a joint enterprise, too, and so is housekeeping.

Even shopping we do together, and the women still cast admiring glances at my handsome husband every time we enter the grocery store. But I'm not jealous, even when he smiles pleasantly at them. I know I'm the one he loves—I'm the one he married!
**PEACH BAVARIAN CREAM**

Makes about 6 servings

1 tablespoon gelatine \( \frac{3}{4} \) cup sugar
2 tablespoons cold \( \frac{3}{8} \) teaspoon salt
water
1 cup heavy cream
4 fresh peaches, 1 tablespoon peeled and chopped lemon juice

Soften gelatine in cold water. Place over boiling water and stir until dissolved. Add chopped peaches, lemon juice, sugar and salt. Mix thoroughly. Chill. When almost set, fold in whipped cream; chill. Serve in sherbert glasses. Garnish with nuts.

---

**NEW...CREAM DEODORANT**

Keeps Underarms Dry and Odorless

Here's why more men and women use Arrid than any other deodorant. Used daily as directed, Arrid gives best results of any deodorant tested.

1. **Effective**, prevents even the appearance of perspiration—keeps underarms dry.
2. **Safe**, saves clothes from stains. Does not rot dresses or men’s shirts.
3. **Removes** odor from perspiration on contact. Keeps underarms odorless.
4. **Mild** and gentle for skin. Antiseptic.

5. Today's Arrid with Creamogen stays smooth, creamy. Never dries out in jar! Don’t be half-safe. Use Arrid to be sure. Buy Arrid today.

**ARRID**

America’s Largest-Selling Deodorant

---

**CORNS REMOVED BY**

Your money refunded if not satisfied. The Moss Company, Rochester, N.Y.

---

**If You Like to Draw**

Sketch or Paint...

Make money with your brush and pen! Take the famous Talent Test. It’s already helped thousands toward art careers. No fee. No obligation. Mail this coupon TODAY!

---

**ART INSTRUCTION, INC., Dept. 7391**

500 S. 4th St., Minneapolis 15, Minn.

Please send me your Talent Test (no fee).

Name ___________________________ Phone ________

Address ____________________________________________

City ___________________________ State ___________

County ___________________________ Age ________

Occupation ___________________________
ON BEING A PERSON

A story

you’ll never forget

the immortal F. Scott Fitzgerald’s

THE BEAUTIFUL and DAMNED

35¢ at newstands now available

ONLY in America’s most popular

small-book line

PERMABOOKS

It’s a searing tender story of the passion and heartbeat of youth swept up in the wild whirlwind of the fast-moving, roaring Twenties!

OTHER OUTSTANDING

PERMABOOK TITLES AVAILABLE:

★ THE SALEM FRIGATE
★ ARREST THE SAINT
★ TOUCH AS THEY COME
★ WELL OF LONELINESS
★ TO HELL AND BACK

PERMABOOKS

(Continued from page 41) but we certainly don’t want to copy the poor dears! The first step to popularity then is liking people. And the perfect example of this is my husband. He likes people. He enjoys them. They can feel that he likes them. I remember walking with Leo on Park Avenue one day when a young man stopped Leo and introduced himself. He said that he didn’t want to intrude on Leo’s time, but if Leo could possibly stop by the hospital where the young man’s father was seriously ill, the young man felt it would do his father a world of good. The next day Leo went in and talked to the boy’s father. Leo genuinely liked him, too, and as a result when Leo needs friends he has them.

Just learn to think more of other people than you do of yourself and you’ve tucked rule number one away. Right now is the time to explain to yourself that shyness is natural to everyone. But when shyness interferes with your making friends, it is a form of selfishness. You are using it as an excuse. Here are some practical hints that I can pass on to you. I’ve watched others use them.

As an example we will use Gail Patrick Jackson. She was an actress and now runs a darling children’s shop in Beverly Hills. She is married to a successful advertising executive and is one of the most charming hostesses in all of California. I know because I’ve been her guest innumerable times. Whenever she enters a room a full of people she greets those she knows and then plunges into the really difficult part—introduces herself to those she doesn’t know. You can do it, too, once you see how successful you can be. Who knows, perhaps you’ll meet the dreamboat of all times just by extending your hand in friendly greeting.

Don’t hesitate to ask help when you need it from those you trust. When I was approached to do a TV show, I was frankly frightened of the idea. I’d never appeared in public as Laraine Day. Always I was an actress playing a part. So I started my first shows with people I knew very well. They helped me get over my first hurdle, and gave me the chance to achieve success and self-confidence. Then I found myself able to cope with strangers.

At first I was timid about asking di-rectly what a stranger did or was interested in. But I found it was really easy. Remember that the other fellow wants to make a good impression on you, and usually the things nearest and dearest to his heart make the easiest conversational pegs. I found that nearly everyone was interested in baseball so I had a conversational handle and once I grabbed that, I was in.

This goes hand in hand with listening intelligently. The perfect example of that is the motion picture actor. The first thing you learn in dramas is how to listen because your reaction to the other actor’s lines is what counts in dramatics. It takes time for you to give up the habit of considering yourself first and your partner in conversation second, but once this is reversed, you’ve won. Your confidence in the person speaking makes him think he’s great and isn’t that what we’re after?

Don’t be afraid to express an honest opinion—but do be tolerant of the other person, too. Remember we live with all sorts of people. For instance, in our house hold our daughter, Michele, isn’t interested in baseball. She prefers concerts, children’s plays, her ballet lessons, music. On the other hand, Chris, our son, is the least bit excited about anything except sports, and particularly baseball. He’s in heaven when he gets into his uniform (a small-scale version of my husband’s Giant uniform number 7) and sits on the Giants’ bench.

Here’s one very nice thing about personality—it has little to do with being beautiful. Some of the women to whom we’d never think of giving a beauty prize are the ones we admire most. But there’s one thing they all have—good grooming. And every woman can, with effort, have it.

You’ll find that life’s fun, too, if you develop a variety of interests. For example if you can draw a little, show your talent to advantage by making gay party invitations or birthday greetings. Not long ago I took up weaving as a hobby, and I can’t tell you what pleasure I get from making stoles, rugs, other gifts for my friends. After all, things like that are a little bit of you and your time that you’re sharing with others.

And that brings us right back to rule number one. So, be yourself—but your very best self, remember—and have fun!

Listen to

HOLLYWOOD LOVE STORY

A complete romantic drama presented on each program. Cal York, famed PHOTOPLAY Magazine reporter, digs into Hollywood’s love life for these heart-palpitating stories. Also latest Hollywood news.

Every Saturday morning, 11 A.M. EDT, NBC
HERE'S MARY MARGARET

(Continued from page 31) were almost always at his own request. His secretary would call Mary Margaret: "The Little Flower has something to say on Tuesday? Can it be arranged?"

Always with an urgent message for New Yorkers, the small and fiery mayor would arrive at the studio without having given Mary Margaret an inkling of what was on his mind. "Mary," he'd say when they went on the air—she was always Mary to him, never Mary Margaret, "I think the people of New York ought to know about this!" Then he'd launch an impassioned plea for attention to some civic problem. Once it was for a personal cause.

"Mary, it's that house they've given me. It stinks!"

During his second term in office, the City of New York had bought an historical mansion as official residence for its mayor. "Oh, you mean Gracie Mansion?" Mary Margaret asked.

"That's what they call it," he answered.

"And they expect me to live in it. But I tell you, it stinks! The rugs haven't been cleaned. There's grease all over. My wife can't cook a meal, the kitchen's so filthy. It hasn't even been painted. Now, Mary, I don't think the people of New York want their mayor living in a place like that!"

As a result of the broadcast, a group of women formed a citizens' committee for the purpose of renovating Gracie Mansion. What probably would have taken months of snail-like legislation was accomplished in only two weeks.

Much as it annoys Mary Margaret to be called a commentator, it annoys Stella Karn even more to hear Mary Margaret refer to as a phenomenon.

"She has tremendous ability," says Stella, "and she's a hard worker. Where's the phenomenon? I've known Mary Margaret for thirty years and I always knew she was going far. There was never a time when I or anyone else thought differently. Even as a youngster, she had a respect for work. And she gets a great deal of pleasure out of it. What's more, I don't think she's changed much in the years I've known her. I always say to her, 'Mary Margaret, they can take you away from the country, but they can't take the country away from you.'"

Life for Mary Margaret began on a farm in Paris, Missouri, November 16, 1899. Her father, Walker McBride, was of Irish descent and known as one of the best farmers and traders in Monroe County. Her mother, Elizabeth Craig, whose Scotch ancestors had been in America since the Revolutionary War, was the typical, tireless farm woman of that era. For her, the word leisure had no meaning. The rooster's crow at four was her alarm clock and her day began with the building of the fire, the feeding of the chickens and the preparation of enormous breakfasts for her husband, children—Tommy, Mary Margaret and later, Buford, Milton and Boone. Sweeping, churning, bathing the babies, preserving, baking, sewing, gardening—this was her

To Tampon users...

Fibs

-the Tampon with rounded ends...
the only Tampon 'Quilted' for comfort...
'Quilted' for safety...

Next time try Fibs

*Internal sanitary protection*

CRINKLE-TIE
3250 Logan Blvd., Chicago 47, Ill.
Enclosed please find 10c in coin. Please send me illustrated booklet on how to tie beautiful bows.

Name ____________________________
Address __________________________
City __________________ Zone ______ State ________

All through Mary Margaret's girlhood, New York, and the dream of becoming a great writer were part of her conscious desires. A reading child, she absorbed all the primers in the one-room schoolhouse before most of her contemporaries could even decipher the printed words. She read more extensively and sat for many happy hours thumbing through piles of old magazines in her aunt's attic.

At eleven, Mary Margaret went away to the boarding school which had been founded by her uncle and which to this day bears his name, the William Woods College. It was her aunt's fondest hope that Mary Margaret would someday assume the role of "lady principal" in this school. To this end, the wealthy Mrs. Woods was willing to train her niece. She was even willing to pay Mary Margaret's expenses at the University of Missouri. But at one time, her best year at the University, Mary Margaret, clinging to her original aspiration, shocked her aunt by telling her that she had no intention of becoming the "lady principal" of William Woods College.

"If you don't do what I tell you," stormed Mrs. Woods, "I won't give you anything!"

The threat did not daunt Mary Margaret. She worked for a year on the Mexico, Missouri, Ledger—"I did everything on that paper except set the type"—and then went back to Columbia for another year. At Columbia she took as many courses as possible a term and attended summer sessions, thus getting her journalism degree in a total of two-and-a-half years. Such a schedule may have been possible for any brilliant girl, but, cut off from her aunt's support, Mary Margaret had to earn her own way.

She solved this by joining part-time work for the Columbia Times. Often she worked nights. If she was paid, she ate. And getting paid depended on the amount of copy she supplied. A big source of her copy was a little delicatessen store run by a German woman. There the storekeeper ordered the luncheon rolls or party ice cream or company salads. By finding out who had ordered what, Mary Margaret was able to get leads on social functions for the paper.

The little woman who owned the store played another important role. Sensing that Mary Margaret wasn't getting enough to eat, she'd say, "Mary Margaret, here's some chicken salad that was never picked up. If you don't take it, it'll go to waste." There was always an excuse to press Mary Margaret with food and the way the woman did it never offended Mary Margaret's youthful pride.

In 1940, when the University gave Mary Margaret its annual award for achievement in journalism, the delicatessen owner was present in the scholarly hall. She remembered Mary Margaret and smiled at the reporter who was interviewing the quaint old woman.

"Unable to leave New York, Mary Margaret accepted the award over a special hook-up with the University, and paid special tribute to the proud little woman who helped her to get through college.

After graduation, Mary Margaret had no difficulty at all in achieving her imme-

...
And impressionable Mary Margaret certainly was. New York, for her, even exceeded expectations, and being poor didn’t stand in her way. She and Stella and their roommate, Hortense, were much too bright and resourceful to let the lack of money limit them. Food, the ever-present problem, was partially solved by the creation of a dish which they called “Chaos.”

“Chaos,” Mary Margaret recalls, “usually had a corn or tomato base which we’d flavor with tomato sauce. Then we’d add to it whatever we had around. It rarely tasted the same twice! We’d make it in individual casseroles and—”

“We never owned any casseroles,” Stella is quick to remind her. “Well, it was the same thing. Any odd dish that could go into the oven was used. There was one for everybody.”

“Sometimes there wasn’t,” says Stella. “One evening two cousins of Hortense came unexpectedly. We’d already invited other guests so I said, ‘Mary Margaret, you’ll have to go to bed. There simply isn’t enough Chaos.’ She was furious! Hortense and I told everybody that she was ill, and there we sat commiserating on poor Mary Margaret at the very moment she came bumping up the steps, rustling a paper bag full of food she’d gone out to buy. From where we sat we could hear her steps from the stairway to the bedroom, and they certainly didn’t sound like those of the deathly ill girl we’d pictured to our guests.”

Inventive as they were, the girls, especially Stella, now and then succumbed to store delicacies that wreaked havoc with the budget. Hortense would come to Margaret and say, “Look at my shoes. How am I going to get money for new ones if Stella spends it all on pate de foie gras and peaches in glass?”

Hortense once had an even more valid complaint against her roommates.

“We desperately needed an icebox,” Mary Margaret recalls. “When Hortense’s suitor asked us what she wanted for her birthday, Stella and I said, ‘An icebox! She wants an icebox more than anything!’ You should have seen Hortense when the icebox arrived. She’d been hinting for a jade necklace.”

When the Interchurch World Movement disbanded, Mary Margaret heard that the New York Evening Mail wanted a girl who could cover fires dramatically. She flew down to the city room, got the job, but never expected she’d have a chance to cover a fire, but did. Dramatically. But, sure enough, the next week there was a fire in the Bronx.

“I tried my best to be dramatic,” says Mary Margaret, “but I didn’t think my story would get much space in the paper. I remember stopping with Stella at a newsstand on the corner of Sixth Avenue and Forty-Second Street. We looked all through the Evening Mail. No story. Then we spotted it on the front page. And there was my big, black by-line. I didn’t come down to earth for days after that.”

Writing for the newspapers was not Mary Margaret’s ultimate aim. One day while she was sitting dejectedly grinding out a feature story, the awful possibility that she was never going to become a great writer occurred to her.

“I nearly had a nervous breakdown on the spot,” she says.

Stella found her crying in front of a Western Union office on Seventh Avenue that very evening.

“What’s the matter with you?” she demanded.

“I’m going back to Paris, Missouri,” she sobbed. “I’m sending my mother a telegram.”

“Now look . . .” said Stella. She led Mary Margaret into the nearest Schrafft’s, ordered something smothered with whipped cream, nuts and chocolate fudge, and convinced her that she should stay on.

Sometime later the same feeling of desolation came over her. She fainted at the newspaper.

“That was the time I really knew I’d never become a great writer,” says Mary Margaret. “Anyway, they got me home and the doctor who was called in recommended a sea voyage. Now, a sea voyage was as far out of my reach as the next month’s rent. But Stella and Hortense decided that my health must be restored. They took me on a voyage all right—on the Sandy Hook day boat!”

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>want hair soft, obedient?</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>BE PROUD OF YOUR HAIR WITH</strong> Helene Curtis CREAM SHAMPOO with EMULSIFIED LANOLIN dollar quality giant size...99¢ Finest creme shampoo you have ever used...or money back. Why pay a dollar? Guaranteed by Helene Curtis—foremost name in hair beauty. large size tube 49¢</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**EARN SPARE TIME CASH!**

Show CARDINAL EXCLUSIVE CHRISTMAS CARDS

Make money for Christmas, starting now! You need no experience. Just show these PROOF Samples of BACKS and **25 CENTS.**

**Mail Coupon TODAY!**

MAIL COUPON NOW!—

| 1000 State Ave., Cincinnati 14, Ohio Rush Free Imprint Sample and Assortments on approval. |

| Name | Address | City | Zone | State | 87 |

**Show CARDINAL EXCLUSIVE CHRISTMAS CARDS**

Make money for Christmas, starting now! You need no experience. Just show these PROOF Samples of BACKS and **25 CENTS.**

**Mail Coupon TODAY!**

MAIL COUPON NOW!—

| 1000 State Ave., Cincinnati 14, Ohio Rush Free Imprint Sample and Assortments on approval. |

| Name | Address | City | Zone | State | 87 |
Shampoo Made Specifically For BLONDES!

BRINGS OUT Shining Radiant Color SAFELY!

Now—without tints, rinses or ugly bleached look—you can safely give your hair that radiant blonde color that men love. You can do it quickly, easily, in 11 short minutes—with Blondex. This amazing home shampoo alone contains Andlum for extra-lightness and shine. Instantly removes dingy film that makes hair dark. Washes blonde hair shades lighter. Gives it lovely lustre. Helps keep it from growing dark or faded. Safe for children. Get Blondex—today! 10c, drug and department stores everywhere.

"The sea's the sea, isn't it?" asks Stella.

Later, there was a period of Europe every year. But she'd yet to come into that kind of money. Hortense left to be married, and Mary Margaret and Stella moved to a smaller walk-up in the Village.

"We counted pennies and sometimes we didn't even have those," says Mary Margaret. "There was a time when we were so broke that it was a major tragedy if our cookie tins didn't have the number in we'd counted on. Cocanaut Dainties were especially irregular, I remember. But there was always Chaos. And we usually managed to have hearts of lettuce. Often we budgeted meals down to twenty cents."

Mary Margaret read as much as she could in her spare time and worked hard on the job. She knew her career was progressing nicely when the Evening Mail put her under contract. She became its chief feature writer, doing a page three story every day. But when the Mail was sold to the Globe, with most of the women writers dismissed and Mary Margaret being offered the chance to do religious features only, she told the editor she didn't want the job. "I want to write," she announced.

"Why don't you?" he asked, not unkindly.

Then Stella, who was managing Paul Whitman, persuaded Mary Margaret to write a book with Paul on the whole which gave its name to that era. "Jazz, The Story of Paul Whitman," was bought by the Saturday Evening Post.

"To me, that seemed like the most magical thing in the world," says Mary Margaret. The Post ranked with the Big Five and the Saturday Evening Post, where I came from. To have my first stuff in it was like a dream."

Next she discovered the women's magazines. It was a lucrative discovery. Until the early 1930's, the name Mary McBride appeared over stories in almost every important publication. She became the highbrow writer, the country writer, in the style, in the country. And in collaboration with Helen Josephy, she wrote a series of bestselling travel books.

T here was money for everything then. Mary Margaret fulfilled a long-standing ambition to take her mother on a tour of Europe. Stella, by some judicious speculation in the stock market, managed to make two years' rent in two days' time. This was used to get the luxurious apartment they'd been coveting.

"If ever I had a period of going out a lot, that was Mrs. Margaret," says Stella. "But an awful lot of the nice men I met were married. Besides, I was still career-bound and fiercely ambitious."

When Mary Margaret was in college, there was a young man, a medical student. They were very much in love. One soft spring evening after the Easter holidays, he'd proposed.

"As much as I loved him," Mary Margaret says, "I can remember thinking to myself, 'I'll never marry. I'm going to New York and become a great writer.' Once, after I'd been in New York, I did go back to see him. We met in Kansas City but it just wasn't worth the work."

Other men sought pretty young Mary Margaret McBride, but she was never able to relinquish the idea of a career.

"Edna Ferber and I talked about that once when she was on my program," says Mary Margaret. "She said people always asked her why she had never married. She doesn't regret it. She feels she was kind of born for work and that work had been enough. My dream of writing was like that. I always wanted scoops. I always wanted my by-lines to be in the same line possible. I'd actually suffer if someone did a story I thought I should have thought of.

"I'd call that having too much ambition. And that can be deadly. Ambition should be tempered with reason. Then you have more self-assurance and a defense against your sufferings. But I suppose I'll always be a sufferer."

MARY MARGARET McBRIDE as a sufferer is a possibility that probably has never occurred to those who think of her as a warm, winning woman whose very appearance of serenity can invest others with that quality. But Mary Margaret, as every other mortal, is not entirely free from fears and insecurities.

"If I have a good show, I'm walking on air," she says. "But let me hear it on record and all the glow is gone. My reasoning tells me that I could not have remained on the air for fourteen years without being good, but I can't believe it. I don't feel that I ever measure up to the standards I set. I fear people will find out that I'm not really as good as they think I am. That's why hearing those records nearly makes me lose my mind."

Poison pen letters have the same effect. Mary Margaret claims she can repeat verbatim every one she's received, and that one bad letter can wipe out the satisfaction of a thousand good ones.

The good letters, however, helped Mary Margaret achieve the kind of radio program she thought the women of America would like. By 1934 the high-paying magazine work was history, Mary McBride still received assignments, but the checks were slim for one who'd collected some of the fattest in the field. When Station WOR auditioned people for a new woman's program, Mary Margaret was invited to try out.

"I think she got the job because she didn't mention money," says Stella.

The broadcasting company barely mentioned it, either. Mary Margaret McBride, radio novice, received twenty-five dollars per week for six hours of programs.

What the station had in mind was a half-hour of household hints with a little grandmama, a sort of PSYCHOLOGY. A little information on how to make last year's draperies into this year's dress. Mary Margaret, as Martha Deane, cheerfully invented a family for herself, played the role of grandmother with great gusto—and tired of it within a few weeks.

"Listeners started hearing her, "I am now going to kill off my family. Radio is fun but all this stuff they ask me to say is a lot of rot. I'm a reporter and I think you'd like to hear about things that actually happen."

She then described a flea circus she'd seen the night before and on successive programs talked about everything she'd seen, done, or eaten. Listeners were delighted. They wrote letters to the station.
Needless to say, Mary Margaret's fake family was never resurrected. Mary Margaret, by giving her listeners intimate conversations with all kinds of "doing" people, helps broaden their horizons and gives them a more vivid sense of participation in the world. Authors are by far Mary Margaret's favorite guests and she reads over five hundred of their output every year in pursuit of material for her program. Books line almost every wall of her Central Park duplex. They overflow into the foyer and pile up in Stella's 45th Street office. They are the only mementos of a woman who detests possessions.

"I don't own a house or jewelry or a car," she explains, "I just can't be bothered owning things." She does have that one symbol of success—the mink coat.

"Stella made me buy it," she says, "We were going out to Missouri for Mary Margaret McBride Day in 1940. Stella had a mink of her own and she said to me, 'Look, you'd better get yourself one or people will think I take all your money.'

Stella, who gets a third of Mary Margaret's income, has a brief definition for her success. "It's based on Mary Margaret's ability and my bad disposition," she says, referring to the Karn talent for saying "no" at the right time. "But," she'll add, "ability is ability and you can't take that away from her." Stella occasionally has to restrain Mary Margaret's estimation of her own abilities. In 1944, at the Madison Square Garden celebration of her tenth anniversary on the air, Mary Margaret decided she wanted to shake hands with each and every comer, just as she does at the studio. Stella was appalled. The Garden was filled to capacity. Thousands had been turned away.

"You'll wear yourself out," Stella warned. "Imagine wanting to shake hands with 20,000 women!"

"But they're my friends," insisted Mary Margaret, "and they've come to see me."

She soon realized the impossibility of her intention and gratefully allowed Stella to shoo her up to the platform, which was flanked by assorted dignitaries waiting to pay her tribute.

Five years later, for the celebration of Mary Margaret's fifteenth year on the air, Stella made certain no such limitation as capacity would stand between Mary Margaret and her admirers. She hired Yankee Stadium with its 65,000 seats. No one bothered to count the empty ones, but it could have been done very easily—there were that many. The subway system ran special trains to the Stadium from Brooklyn and Queens. Some women, bound for shopping, found themselves caught up in the jam, but they stayed on. Bargains in Macy's could wait; it was more fun to help Mary Margaret celebrate.

McBride and Stella are all ages, possibly because there are questions about Mary Margaret which seem to fit the needs of every age group. The younger woman sees her as the warm mother-confidant, tolerant, understanding, and brimming with life; to her contemporaries she is an extension of themselves, the woman who gets around and relates to them the things that chance confines their doing; to the older woman she is the good daughter, the one who has gone far in the world but who has never forgotten her own mother and the training she received at home.

These days Mary Margaret sees less of her fans than she'd like to. Most of her programs are broadcast from a pleasant, book-lined room overlooking Central Park. Busier than ever with her new network commitments, Mary Margaret finds she saves three hours a day by not going to the studio. ABC sends a control man, and Vincent Connolly—who has been Mary Margaret's announcer from almost the beginning and to whom Mary Margaret is devoted—comes to do the hour-long show heard in New York. The program is revised for its a.m. transcription to Chicago, then condensed for its half-hour on the network.

"Of course, my friends in the studio audience know," she says, "but when I tell them I don't have to get into my corsets this way, they understand."

Mary Margaret's corset was once the cause of considerable anguish not only to herself, but to those who were waiting for her to go on the air. When the scheduled hour came and Mary Margaret did not, Stella went on.

"Probably a traffic jam," explained Stella to the waiting audience.

It turned out to be more serious than that. The zipper on Mary Margaret's corset had jammed, catching her skin and refusing to budge. Mary Margaret's maid called a doctor, but his equipment was useless against the stubborn zipper.

"Call the janitor," he said to the maid, "and tell him to bring all his tools."

Under pressure from various saws, files and pliers, the zipper gave. Mary Margaret forgot her pain, rushed to the studio, and took over for the rest of the broadcast.

Mary Margaret's apartment is simple and comfortable. On the first floor is the studio-sitting room from which she broadcasts, and the kitchen—the domain of Myra, her maid. Upstairs is Mary Margaret's private sitting room with its plant-lined windows and books, books. Covering the walls of her bedroom is the collection of samplers which were made by listeners. Her favorite is the tiny square of linen with the dainty inscription:

Two old friends
And a cup of tea
One of them you
And one of them me.

Today, at fifty-one, plump and rosy, her unique, squared pompadour now white, Mary Margaret McBride begins her eighteenth year of broadcasting with little more than flecks of gray hair having become a twentieth-century Bronte.

"It's been completely satisfying," she says about radio, "But I suppose TV has to come. Women write to me all the time wanting to know when I'm going on TV. But I don't want to be on display. I want to make faces and grotesque gestures when I feel like it. I just want to be myself." Mary Margaret had a brief, not entirely satisfying bout with television in 1948. But she's game to try again. And, as always, she'll be giving whatever she attempts all her energy, enthusiasm, and famous capacity for hard work.

"She'll just be Mary Margaret McBride," says Stella.
Suzanne continued playing her Chopin prelude as though nobody was in the room.
Suzanne had every reason to hate Tom—until she found in him the very quality he sought most to hide

BY NORA DRAKE

I was tired last night, so tired that I didn’t even bother changing from my uniform to street clothes before I left the hospital. So tired that later, resting in the dim coolness of the living room, I half dozed, and came awake suddenly to hear myself say, “That was lovely, Suzanne—play something else now.”

Even as I spoke I blinked myself fully awake and knew that I spoke into an empty room. Suzanne wasn’t sitting there at the piano gleaming in the shadowy corner. It was many months since she had shared the apartment with me. Then, listening, I realized that there was music drifting in to me from somebody else’s radio, and I knew why the illusion of Suzanne had seemed so real to my relaxing mind.

I clasped my hands behind my head and leaned back, thinking of all the evenings Suzanne had played to me to ease away the tensions left over from Page Memorial. At (Continued on page 92)
Hundreds of thousands of users have learned that it all ends in removing crusts and scales of psoriasis lesions external in character and on no scale of skin. If leaves recur, light applications will help control them. SIROIL does not stain clothing or bedding linens. SIROIL offers you a two-weeks-satisfaction-or-money-refunded basis. Write for free samples.

**DEPT. M-59, SIROIL LABORATORIES, INC.**
Santa Monica, California

**LOOK WHAT’S HERE!**
IT'S EASY TO MAKE BIG MONEY SELLING WELCOME CHRISTMAS COOKIES

YOUR SPARE TIME TURNED INTO CASH
Sell your friends and neighbors 24 for $1.25 and 50 for $5.25, with approval. Your friends and neighbors will want to order more. Write for free sample and directions. NOW! Costs nothing to try. NO RISK! NO LAYAWAY!

**FREE IMPRINT SAMPLES**
METALLIC Christmas Cards

**You** $40.00 **MAKE CASH**
On Only 2400 Cards!
Boxes Include Instructions.

**FREE BOOK and FREE Lesson-Sample show how name and address, No obligation! No salesman will call.**

**CHAS. C. SCHWOR, 220 Elm St., Westfield, Mass.**

---

**INGROWN NAIL**
Hurtling You?
Immediate Relief!

A few drops of OUTORO® being blessed relief from tormenting pain of ingrown nail. OUTORO counteracts the pain underneath the nail, allows the nail bed to grow out of the skin without discomfort.

**Play Right Away!**

Now it's EASY and it's FUN to learn ANY MUSICAL INSTRUMENT—even if you don't know a simple note name. No boring exercises. You play delightful pieces RIGHT AWAY! From the start as a complete musician—by the manufacturing company. Makes a terrific hobby. Only a few cents per lesson. OVER 150,000 STUDENTS.

**FREE BOOK and FREE Lesson-Sample show how to learn to play. No obligation! No salesman will call.**

**E. S. School of Music, Kiddle A20, Port Washington.**

---

**MAJOR PRESIDENTIAL DECISIONS MAKE MONEY**
WITH EXCITING NEW CHRISTMAS CARDS

**Mail order for Samples TODAY!**

**AMAZING EASY WAY**

**Amazing easy way to make money with exciting new Christmas cards.**

**Mail order for Samples TODAY!**

---

**PSORIASIS**
*(HEAVY OF BEAUTY)*

No Longer Ruins My Summer Pleasures

Eighteen, she had seen enough suffering in Europe to understand that even a nurse professionally trained to handle it, could sometimes find a routine hospital day almost unbearable. She was a mature little person, sensitive and gentle, but she was power behind the government which stung you when it came out in the only outlet it had—her music. One of the best pianists in the world had said Suzanne had a talent, and had taken her for his pupil.

They were all pleasant memories, when I thought about her music. But gradually the unpleasant ones began to crowd. How endlessly and inextricably people are chained together—Suzanne to Tom Morley. Tom to Charles Dobbs and me and through us to George Stewart and Dorothy, his wife... and over us all the menacing shadow of Big John Morley, Tom's father.

The trouble began with Big John, too. When Charles, then a Special Prosecutor, began to compile the information that would big Big John behind bars, he knew he was tracking down one of the most ruthless characters in the city. Corruption the city had ever known. We all knew—Charles and I and his other friends—that it was a dangerous assignment; no attempt to expose Big John had ever yet been carried through to a conclusion. But Charles had no doubt of his ultimate success—and neither did Big John Morley. Perhaps he had decided his time had run out—perhaps it was the effect of having his son Tom out of college, ready to make a beginning in the world. Morley must have thought a great deal about just what kind of a beginning Tom could make, with his father's record and name and fortune to back him up. Nobody had the answers, except Tom Morley. When on the verge of his indictment Big John Morley went out in a boat and was drowned, Tom Morley accused Charles of having killed his father.

He couldn't, naturally, make a formal accusation of murder. But, with grief and hatred, he said to Suzanne's father, having unjustly persecuted Big John until death was the only way out. And because I was with Charles on that dreadful grey day when we tried to keep Morley from going out in the boat, Tom turned his hatred on me as well. That was how he and Suzanne parted, and told me that somehow, he didn't yet know why, he was going to make Charles and me pay for what he believed we had done to his father. For all the youthful melodrama of his threat, it was nonetheless omen—partly because hatred was working down into Tom himself to twist a decent, pleasant, inoffensive person into a madman.

Before I had rather liked Tom, but now I frightened me. I was relieved when several months went by with no further contact between us.

Suzanne asked about him once or twice, for he had frightened and intrigued her too. But in normal people hysteria doesn't last forever; I was sure that time and travel had softened the grief of losing his father, and that Tom was beginning the good life I suspected Big John had died to give him. So it was a shock when Charles told me bitterly that Tom was planning to go back with a vengeance; that Tom had found the key with which to unlock all sorts of trouble for Charles. He found it in his father's office safe—a check signed by George Stewart, Charles's brother, which Tom said that he could prove was a forgery.

Special Prosecutor cannot have a brother under suspicion of forgery. Tom's plan moved smoothly right from the start, for Charles felt he had to resign. He began at once to set up a defense for George, but saw him growing more harassed as his hopes for a good case weakened. Tom held all the cards—the check, the proof, and worst of all—dusted off an old story which had sometimes taken him close to the line between legal and illegal activities. The fact that he had been working for Big John Morley was enough to damn him in the eyes of any intelligent jury.

And the worst of it was that George wasn't really guilty of the forgery. Everybody—big men and small alike—knew that only Tom could prove it. In all our faces he flaunted his power, even going to the trouble of coming up to our apartment one night to make it perfectly plain that if he chose to he could save George.

He came in and sat down as nonchalantly as though we were all good friends, he even went as far as to say that it was simply wild, you know, he said, looking pleasantly from me to Suzanne. "She knows my father tricked George into signing that check, and Dobbs knows it too—and they can't do anything."

With an effort I kept expression off my face, but Suzanne didn't even try. "You're unbelievable," she said. "You're the most contemptible creature I've ever known."

Tom looked her up and down. "You're so young, Miss Turrie—you haven't really known so many people, now have you? You're really very naive. You must be, because you've swallowed Miss Drake and Mr. Dobbs so thoroughly. They sound noble, therefore they must be noble. Such faith! And to think I have to come along and destroy it! Destroy it because it's built on a lie, because two people capable of hounding a man like my father to death mustn't be allowed to parade their hypocrisy around without some punishment!"

Suzanne said fiercely, "It's you, who are naive. Stupid and vicious! Why don't you face the fact that your father had a hand in it?"

"Suzanne," I intervened, "that's quite useless. Tom will have to arrive at the truth in his own time and manner." I was frankly a little frightened at the callous fury that came into his face when he called his father a criminal. If there was anything less in the world that I could understand or face—point—he had never been able to accept the truth about Big John Morley.

Bitterly though they had fought, Tom seemed to find some stimulation in Suzanne's contempt that he couldn't resist. Perhaps it was the simple, spontaneous unleashing of anger. But it didn't last long; By the day we had been ago given up all hope of making an impres
sion on him by anger—or in fact in any other way. But Suzanne had lashed out at him, and Tom liked it so much he came back for more. She was more wary the second time, and I could tell when he left that he was disappointed at not having provoked her to anger. She simply treated him like an unwelcome salesman, and after about ten minutes he couldn't stand it any more. I had been surprised at that second visit; but then, a week later, he suddenly rang the doorbell again. He seemed as surprised to find himself there as I was. Only Suzanne appeared undisturbed, and continued playing her Chopin prelude as though nobody had entered the room.

Tom glanced at Suzanne, but spoke softly to me. “I hope you don’t mind enough to throw me out,” he said. “I thought I’d stop in and see how you were.”

“We’re quite well.” I spoke shortly and coldly, my hand still on the door. But when his eyes met mine, I let go the door-knob almost involuntarily. Once, long ago, Tom had come with his father to a hospital board meeting, and everyone had judged him to be a nice, eager, intelligent boy. Now for the first time in months I saw that boy again, his blue eyes troubled but free of malice, his face pale and strained, but showing no snare. I was shaken, because you couldn’t loathe this Tom Morley. You could only feel terribly sorry for him. I let him come into the room, where he sat quietly until Suzanne finished playing.

When she took her hands from the keyboard nobody spoke. Then Tom said, “That was tremendous. I didn’t know you could play like that.”

Suzanne gave him a direct look. “Why should you know anything at all about me? I don’t fit anywhere into your interesting schemes of trouble-making.”

“And you don’t like me talking about your music, do you? I couldn’t possibly know what I was talking about.”

I was rather proud of the almost amiable look Suzanne turned on him. She said, “I couldn’t possibly care what you were talking about, Mr. Morley. I know as much about you as I care to. When I know that Nora is unhappy because of you, that Charles’s legal career may suffer a setback because of you, and that George Stewart may spend years in prison for a crime he didn’t commit—because of you.”

As Tom Morley stood up, I saw Suzanne’s expression change. He looked at her for a minute, and then he said, “Will you come out for a walk with me?”

“Yes,” she said instantly, “I will.” It was over in a second—the challenge given and received. I was baffled by the feeling that though I saw and heard everything, I didn’t really know what was going on. They had met only a handful of times; it seemed to me that they couldn’t know one another well enough for this emotion to have sprung itself between them. It’s very often that in the space between one breath and another two people can fall in love.

But it was a long time before the truth got home to me. It seemed impossible— Suzanne and Tom Morley, who in just a few weeks was going to do his best to bring unhappiness into the lives of her best friends. I suppose it was a long time before Suzanne herself admitted it. Suzanne didn’t deliberately conceal anything, but I think she was so perplexed by it all—not only the situation between herself and Tom, but the incredible fact that there was any situation at all. She really feared him at first, as one fears anything unknowable. But sometimes the mystery dissolved. She did begin to understand him. And after that she couldn’t hate or fear him any more.

I was rather dimly aware that something was going on. Suzanne never went out much, but after that walk with Tom there were suddenly dates during the week—just odd hours when she would disappear in her around-the-house clothes with a scarf to tie over her hair. I imagine they spent those hours walking around the city, but I don’t really know. All I am sure of is that there was a definite line between the old Suzanne and the new.

There was less music around the apartment, suddenly. She would begin to play, break off in the middle of a phrase and disappear into her room. One afternoon she returned in tears from a lesson with Durosha and I guess that his accurate ear had caught some fumbling in her playing. That would explain the tears, for Durosha was merciless in his anger when he thought a protege of his was doing less than his or her best. I thought surely Suzanne would break down and talk to me then, but she only stared at me, the tears sliding helplessly down, and then ran to her room.
There was more practicing after that, and almost a return to the old, quietly happy Suzanne. Except that she wasn’t happy. When the phone rang she was always right there, but she made no secret of the fact that when it was for her it was usually Tom. I think she wanted me to know. But by that time I was afraid of what that would mean.

The date of George’s trial came closer and closer, and Suzanne grew increasingly nervous. Then one Saturday morning, when neither of us had the excuse of work to take us away from the breakfast table, she looked at me with desperate determination in her eyes. “I need your help, Susie,” she said. “I’m in love with Tom Morley, you know. And yet I can’t be in love with someone I can’t respect.”

She laid it before me as though those few words had given me all the knowledge I needed to solve the problem.

“I asked, ‘Do you want to tell me about it? I know you’ve been seeing him.’

Suzanne frowned. ‘That’s all of it. I can’t believe how I came to let myself in for such a thing—with both of us really hating one another. We understood that it wasn’t hate but something else. And now I don’t know what to do with it. I can’t stop seeing him. I’ve tried. He’s already too important.’

‘Then what’s the problem, Suzanne? With most of his father’s question Am I, or Am I Not, that causes the trouble. You seem to have worked out your answer.’

‘What’s the problem?’

‘Weren’t you listening, Nora? How can I love him when he’s still as insane as ever about you and Charles? He hasn’t stopped praying that he’ll find ways to make you suffer for his father’s death. How can I love a man who has such a bitter loathing of the two people who are my dearest . . . her voice shook, and she stopped. I said nothing, appalled at the intensity of emotion she had carried around inside her for so many weeks. Appalled too at my own helplessness . . . for she asked a question I didn’t want to tell her. He said, ‘You can love a man you can’t respect. Not forever, perhaps, but for long enough to learn just how much self-deception and shame you’re capable of suffering. And it’s a kind of love I pray you’ll be spared.’

‘It’s his father, Suzanne was saying, ‘That’s his fault, the isolation. He can be so wonderful, Nora. If only there were some way to divorce him from the memory of that wicked man. Something he had to see, something he couldn’t call a lie as he does everything you have told him . . .’

Suddenly I remembered it—the brown hamula envelope. The innocent-looking envelope that the Charles would have needed to blow the kingdom of Big John Morley into a million hits and pieces. Where was it now—lying useless in Charles’s safe, perhaps? Or no—he had given it to Dorothy long ago to see if she couldn’t persuade Tom to read through what Suzanne was talking about in the picture at all; and that was why I had forgotten it. When Dorothy failed, as Charles and I had failed, we put the envelope away and out of our minds.

But Suzanne was in the picture now. I told her about the envelope, and what was in it—details, dates, names, places, proof beyond question that Big John Morley had stopped at nothing short of murder in his greed for power and money.

‘But that’s it?’ she said. ‘So far it’s been words, all words! If this is what you say, Nora, he must admit it. He can’t shrug away a fact by calling it a lie.’

‘He can refuse to read it,’ I reminded her, ‘but I know best if we tried once before to show it to him. But he will want to read it.’

‘I can,’ she said. ‘He’ll read it if I take it to him. He knows I want nothing but what is right for him . . . Oh, he’ll read it now. Nora. This is all we need!’

On the verge of warning her that it might not be quite so simple, I held back. Still an hour had happened. The mere falling in love of Tom and Suzanne was strange enough.

On the phone, I tracked the envelope down at Dorothy’s apartment, and arranged for Suzanne to pick it up on her way to her luncheon date with Tom. A radiance shone from Suzanne when she went out, looking or shortly afterwards. I sped her with a silent hope that all would go well. Then I gave myself time off to go shopping.

I wasn’t gone very long, so I was startled when I came back to see Suzanne flying about her room, throwing clothes on the bed and opening drawers with rough urgency.

‘What in the world?’ I asked faintly.

‘Never mind. Never mind!’ She came out of her closet and tossed her overnight bag on the bed. ‘Don’t ask questions. I’m too young, I’m a fool, I’ve made a mistake. I want to get far away from here.’

‘Where are you going? What is this?’

‘Oh, I don’t know. I don’t know where I’m going. She straightened up and gave me a thin smile.

‘I’m not doing anything desperate. Durosha asked me last week if I’d substitute for Carla Monteggo, the pianist—you remember, she got appendixes. I’m only going down to Baltimore for tomorrow.’

‘Without actually looking, I saw that she was making more clothes than she would need for one day. She tucked them almost furiously into the bag. “I may stay a couple of days,” I told Durosha last week I didn’t want to go, but he made an issue of it so I thought I’d better—’

Our eyes met and with appalling abruptness she collapsed on the bed.

‘What happened?’ I asked gently.

‘Do you want to talk about it?’

She nodded toward her desk, where I saw now that the brown manicula envelope lay unopened as the last time I had seen it. Nothing had happened to it.

‘He laughed in my face, Nora. He said—Oh, I don’t want to remember. That was one of you instead of being with him. How I’d been sly and sneaky, how they’d only pretended to be falling in love with him. If he knew! If he had the wit and sense to know how I’m feeling about him?’

There was no comfort to offer. She wouldn’t have heard words anyway.

Suddenly she turned on me. “It’s retribution,” she said. “This is in order to make him go through—Tom. Just as my belief in him is shattered, we were all trying to shatter his belief in his father! He was right to defend himself!” She stood up swiftly and walked away from me, as if she couldn’t bear to be near. “If this is what you go through when you can’t have it in your own way?”
The phone shrilled, galvanizing Suzanne into action. She threw the rest of her things haphazardly across the suitcase and booked wildly around for forgotten items. "Bag," she muttered. "Gloves—wallet, here it is—"

Suzanne stared at me, strained, tearless eyes. "Who can help me now? Who can make me feel better except myself? In the last, analysis everyone must look after himself."

"Oh, Suzanne—this from you? After—"

"Yes, after everything!" She pressed her hands over her eyes fiercely. "After all this I can only help myself, I can't look to anyone else! That's why I'm going away. Nobody can give me back my faith or my love—nothing only to drake—is can only make myself well again. I'll be sorry about all this one day, Nora—you know that, don't you? I'll want to apologize, ask you to forgive me and forget all these mad things I'm saying. But you'll have to allow me to get it out of my system."

"And don't tell me, she said softly, so Suzanne couldn't hear. "I gather you know about her trouble?"

"How avoid knowing? The little face is pale, the figure droops, the hands are uncertain—and between us, Miss Drake, my impulse is to apply the type punishment one would give to, say, a three-year-old."

"He chuckled. "A fine mess, it is not? But I will not have this career ruined! Not for a dozen young men with temps—or whatever is the trouble, I don't know. This love..."

"He made a peculiar sound half-way between a laugh and a sigh. "And yet no artist can do without. She has it now—the love, the suffering—so she gets over with it for the next five years."

"I hope you're right," I said. "No, I'm not right," Durosha's voice became suddenly impatient. "With Suzanne is different. This is not to be got over in five years or ten. Tell me, Miss Drake—is it not possible to find this young man and perhaps beat him gently with a whip until he consents to make Suzanne happy? When she is unhappy she cannot play."

"I wish it were possible. But it's—all, even more involved. It's not just Suzanne and Tom—are in the picture."

"Don't tell me," he pleaded. "Enough I have already watching after the music. Ah, these children! Out of the corner of my eye I saw Suzanne hurry from the bedroom. "I'm off," she hissed. "Wish me luck." Then the door closed behind her.

From the other end of the phone, which I had almost forgotten I was holding, came a rumbling, "So... So... So she has left, has she. Miss Drake, they are corrupting you! Take shame!"

Poor Suzanne, I was thinking as I cleared up the debris of her whirlwind departure. I felt too remote from whatever had been going on with her and Tom to have any notion that I could help. George's trial was coming up the very next week; Charles was so harassed he couldn't be spoken to; Tom had now made tragedy inevitable by refusing to have anything to do with the proof of his father's wrongdoing. And he had ruined not only George, but Suzanne, by the refusal.

I found myself almost hating him; there was no room left for open-minded sympathy. It was the worst possible time for Tom himself suddenly to materialize before me. Suzanne had been gone about an hour when he walked in. He still walked with arrogance, but his face didn't show it anymore. He was almost as tormented as Suzanne had been.

"You might have rung or knocked," I said coldly.

He didn't bother to answer. Striding through the room, he peered into the empty kitchen, and turned and saw the open bedroom door. "Where is she?" he demanded. I said sharply, "To please mind manners. You have no rights here at all, you know, particularly after what you did to Suzanne today. I've never seen her so wretched before, if knowing you is going to do that to her, I'll use every influence I possess to cut this relationship short."

"Knowing her?" Tom said. "Didn't she tell you I'm in love with her?"

I wonder if Suzanne knows and believes it. For that she was in love with him I knew he had realized all along.

"Perhaps she was ashamed to," I said. "You?" Tom's voice shook with resentment. "Haven't you done enough to me already? I won't let you poison Suzanne, the way you've poisoned everything else that meant anything to me. I love her. I didn't know it till she went out. Till I looked at me like that and just—went."

He snapped his fingers. "That for you, Tom Morley. Do as we say, betray your father, dirty up his memory, or else I walk out. And when I wouldn't do it, out she went. She let me go back—she's my kind, you hear me? You and your lying envelopecs and faked lies—for such like that check of George Stewart's—"

"Tom," I cut in sharply. "Have you forgotten how that check was forged—that your father engineered the whole thing? That George signed it in ignorance, thinking it was a joke? You told Charles Dobbs that yourself."

"What's the difference? I'll serve."

"Beautifully," I agreed sarcasticaly. "It will serve to put an innocent man in jail. It will serve very nicely to destroy Charles Dobbs' faith in himself. That's a very important point to you. Not to mention the brutal offense you've done to Suzanne. She believed you something, you're obviously not. Now that you've shown yourself otherwise, you've shattered her. But I suppose you know that."

"I don't know that. I don't know anything about Suzanne except that I—" I walked in my life now and I can't go on if she leaves it. And you know," he frowned. "It was only a matter of time, but it was barely a month, isn't that strange—you know I planned it all, don't you? You must know that, you always believe the worst of me and you've been so right. I planned..."
and worked to make her fall in love with me. Caught in my own trap, as they say."

"Oh, stop thinking of yourself," I burst out. "You're young and healthy—at least physically healthy. If you go on this way you won't be mentally healthy for very much longer, you know. Face life like a man. Your father placed trust in all the things of him, as you know, but he was a strong, ambitious man. I wonder how he'd feel if he knew that all he had for his love and plans was a—a permanent infant!"

With an effort, he finally spoke. "Is it a crime to love your father? Is it wrong to look up to him? Don't I have to fight for him if ever I want him?" His words hung almost pleadingly in the air.

"Not wrong, Tom," I said gently. "Your love for your father is—or was—a private matter. Why should anyone try to take it from you? He loved you; he was good to you. But you must face the fact that to dozens of other people he was cruel. The envelope. Now, I thought—now is the right time. He'll take it now.

Still talking, not taking my eyes from Tom, like a hypnotist who keeps precarious control over his subject, I got somehow into Suzanne's bedroom and reached behind me for the envelope. I don't think he knew I had it until I put it into his lap and closed his hand over it. He looked down at it then, and came to his feet. "No!" he said. "I won't. Nobody in the world can make me do it. I don't want to know. What will be left for me if I tear him down like this?"

For a sick moment I was afraid he was going to rip the thing in two. I reached for it involuntarily, and he raised his eyes. He spoke more quietly.

"Suzanne. There's Suzanne, isn't there? And she won't have a—a permanent infant. She's worth more than that. You don't have to say it. I wouldn't offer her that—"

Almost dizzy with victory, I sensed rather than saw that Tom went out of the apartment. I went to the chair he'd been sitting in and picked up the envelope, thinking that after all he might have left the envelope behind... but it was gone. It was gone! He would read it and he would know that he couldn't go through with this trumped-up case against George, and Suzanne would be happy at last.

I suppose Suzanne knows what happened when Tom read that file on his father. I don't—and I don't want to.

So, though in a way I caused it, I'm glad I didn't have the task of ministering to Tom's pain when he read that file and felt the ripping away of all the false ideas about his father with which he had protected himself from the truth. Nobody saw or heard anything of him in the three days. When he appeared in the courtroom haggard and hollow-eyed, he seemed to have aged ten years.

But I had the happiness of seeing Charles's face as Tom, under oath, speaking with suppressed fierceness as though he were eager to get the words said and out of his mind, told the whole story of his father's plan to trap George Stewart with the forged check. He told it in such detail that there was no doubt left in anyone's mind as to George's having been the not the criminal, but merely the dupe... and when I saw Charles realize his brother would go free, I didn't try to keep the tears from streaming down my cheeks.

I suppose I would have cried at Suzanne's wedding too, if I had gone. But those two did nothing in the routine way. Suzanne flew back when we phoned and told her what had happened, though she had already seen it in the headlines. We knew that this was all she had been waiting for, the proof of Tom's fundamental straightforwardness and courage, and I suppose it served me right for waiting so complacently for her to tell me when they were getting married. While I was waiting... and I when I saw Charles realize his brother would go free, I didn't try to keep the tears from streaming down my cheeks.

I think Suzanne is happy, and I'm glad of her happiness; but sometimes I miss her a great deal. Like last night, when I was thinking of recalling her so vividly... But she plays for Tom now, and that's even better. As for me—I got up and put some records on the phonograph, and went to the kitchen to see what there was for supper with a Mozart sonata singing around me.
**Daytime diary**

**AUNT JENNY** Every week or so Aunt Jenny begins a new story about life in Littleton. One of the most recent was the tale of a childless couple who wanted a child so desperately that they decided to adopt one. After a long search, they find the right little boy. What happens, however, when they learn that he comes complete with a little sister from whom adoption officials feel that he must not be separated?

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

**BACKSTAGE WIFE** On the verge of a serious misunderstanding with her husband, Larry Noble, Mary agrees to join a yachting party arranged by wealthy Rupert Barlow. But a telegram from Larry at the last moment calls her to the West Coast. Barlow, still determined to break up the Nobles' marriage, interests Harold Ramsey in reaping a play in which Larry had starred. If Larry returns East, will Barlow's plan be successful?

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

**BIG SISTER** Though the crisis between Neddie and his wife Hope has some extent exposed the villainy of Millard Parker, Ruth Wayne knows that her marriage hovers on a thread because of Parker's influence over her husband, Dr. John Wayne. Will Parker be successful in convincing John that he has reason to be jealous of Dr. Reed Bannister? On the other hand, can Ruth truthfully tell John that Reed is not in love with her?

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

**BRIGHTER DAY** Althea Dennis wants passionately to become a successful actress. She is ready to sacrifice her child to this ambition, feeling certain that the baby would be well cared for by her sister Elizabeth. But—there is a career for Althea? Is she the actress she believes she is—or just another beautiful girl? And who is Tony Race? What impact will he have on the town of Plymouth and the lives of the Dennis family?

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

**FRONT PAGE FARRELL** Is it ever possible to retrieve lost youth and beauty? David Farrell, ace reporter, would be inclined to say no, for his involvement in “The Fountain of Youth Murder Case” led him to the tragic results of one such quest. A former beauty queen is killed while having a rejuvenation treatment. As David and his wife Sally aid in the police investigation, they uncover a story so fantastic it can hardly be believed.

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

**GUIDING LIGHT** On the verge of a happy new life, Meta Bauer suddenly knows that her romance with reporter Joe Roberts is not, after all, to be completely free from trouble, for Joe’s two children resent her so much that they may pose a permanent obstacle to marriage. Meanwhile, the marriage of Meta’s brother Bill to Bertha seems tottering on the edge of tragedy as Bill’s relationship with the singer, Gloria, deepens.

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

**HILLTOP HOUSE** Shocked though she is at the sudden turn of affairs that leaves her cousin Nina married to Dr. Jeff Brown, whom she herself expected to marry, Julie Paterno tries hard to adjust to the situation. Trouble immediately starts when Nina so badly mismanages little Bill, Jeff’s son, that he runs off to Hilltop House and Julie, and eventually has to be sent by Jeff to spend the summer with Jeff’s parents.

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

**JUST PLAIN BILL** Bill Davidon’s sure understanding of human nature led him to the conclusion that Amelia Shephard was guilty of the murder of Paul Hewitt, in spite of the apparent evidence to the contrary. Bill’s suspicions were proved to be absolutely correct by Vincent Blake, the young orderly who had supplied Amelia with the poison and who knew that the additional supply that she had requested would have been used to poison Bill.

M-F, 5 P.M. EDT, NBC.

---

**RELIEVES HEADACHE NEURALGIA NEURITIS PAIN FAST**

Here’s Why... Anacln® is like a doctor’s prescription. That is, Anaclin contains not one but a combination of medically proved active ingredients. Anaclin is specially compounded to give FAST, LONG LASTING relief. Don’t wait, Buy Anaclin today.

---

**GRAY HAIR**

Brush It Away – At Home – Look 10 Years Younger

It’s easy! Now, with Brownitone, you can quickly turn streaks of gray to lustrous youthul shades that actually defy detection. See how it works. Send for more information. No obligation. No salesman calls. You direct也可购买.

---

**LEARN PROFITABLE PROFESSION in 90 days at HOME**

Women and Men, 18 to 60 Many Swedish Massage graduates make big money. Large salaries and tips. Opportunities in private practice, others make good money through massage for hospitals, hotels, spas, and so on. Send for a free booklet and money charts.

---

**SUFFERERS FROM PSORIASIS (SKALLY SKIN TROUBLE)**

Don’t mistake remedies for the stubborn, only with this fool-proof test do you know for sure, if you have the disease or not. Send 10¢ today for 10¢ worth of P. S. T. E. Plus free booklet and money charts. Send 10¢ today and get this trial bottle to make our remedy your permanent treatment. Send 10¢ today for your free booklet...

---

**ZIP-IT’S OFF because IT’S OUT**

Sleek for men, trim for women. Plush for kids. Send $1.50 to Jordee, Box C-15, South Orange, N. J.
OUR GAL SUNDAY The death of Keith Carlyle touches off a chain of horror. Only when it is shown that Keith was stabbed does Sunday get over her fear that her car might have killed Carlyle. But Alison Gray, the lawyer, believes Carlyle who was involved in the death of her son, was killed by Lord Henry to keep him from talking.
M-F, 12:45 P.M. EDT, CBS.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY Though Mrs. Young believes that Ivy Trent should pay for the suffering she caused she becomes anxious about Ivy's hysterical mental state. Pepper, meanwhile, is disturbed about his wife Linda, who has had to give up taking care of baby Edith now that the child's parents have been reunited and can care for her.
M-F, 3:30 P.M. EDT, NBC.

PERRY MASON Perry Mason starts out looking for a missing woman—a woman who suddenly, for no reason, walked out on a happy home and a loving husband and vanished, taking her daughter with her. Perry knows that the most innocent law-abiding citizen may have some secret buried in his past. Is this the case with May Grant?
M-F, 2:15 P.M. EDT, CBS.

RIGHT TO HAPPINESS Under Carolyn's loving care, Governor Miles Nelson stubbornly continues to discharge his duties, in spite of the bullet lodged near his heart which cannot be removed until his condition warrants. Carolyn becomes aware of the activities of Annette Thorpe and of Neil Prescott and wonders what they are planning for Miles.
M-F, 3:45 P.M. EDT, NBC.

ROAD OF LIFE As Dr. Jim Brent becomes more closely involved with lovely Jocelyn McLeod, he becomes more irrevocably drawn to the mystery and intrigue surrounding Jocelyn's family, the peculiar Overtons. What will happen when Augusta Creel who is virtually imprisoned in a sanitarium, remembers the secret about the Overtons, hidden in her disturbed memory?
M-F, 3:15 P.M. EDT, NBC.

ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT Cynthia Swanson finally succeeds in getting Gil Whitney to marry her, and Helen Trent resolves to put him out of her mind forever. However, Betty Mallory tells Gil the whole story—how Cynthia engineered the fake marriage with Betty. Gil leaves Cynthia, but will this mend his romance with Helen?
M-F, 12:30 P.M. EDT, CBS.

ROSEMARY While Rosemary in Springdale awaits the reunion with Bill, back in New York, Bill has become involved in a dramatic complication with Blanche Weatherby. Can he prove that the shot which wounded Blanche was not fired by him? How will Rosemary feel about this new evidence that Blanche intends to remain in Bill's life?
M-F, 11:45 A.M. EDT, CBS.

SECOND MRS. BURTON How much can one person affect events in a small town? Terry Burton wonders about this when beautiful Amy Westlake becomes manager of the Burtons' store in Dickens. Though Terry tries hard to trust and like Amy, she is soon forced to admit to herself that she doesn't really like her at all.
M-F, 2 P.M. EDT, NBC.

STELLA DALLAS Mrs. Arnold, an old friend of Minnie Crady's, opens an antique shop right opposite Stella's sewing shop. One of her first assignments is to find the home of Laurel Grosvenor, Stella's daughter. Thus Stella becomes acquainted with Ben Jasper, Mrs. Arnold's assistant—a man so charming that Stella can't understand her own distrust of him.
M-F, 4:15 P.M. EDT, NBC.

THAT IS NORA DRAKE Not knowing the evidence Fred Spencer gave her is faked, Peg Martinson uses it to revenge herself upon Nora and Dr. Robert Ser- geant, who goes to Dr. Jerry and the head of Page Memorial Hospital, with proof that they have been obtaining money under false pretenses. Can Dr. Jensen defend Nora against a woman as influential as Peg?
M-F, 2:30 P.M. EDT, CBS.

WENDY WARREN Is there some hope, after all, for Wendy's newly-realized love for Mark Douglas? Now back at the farm he loves, Mark seems to be approaching a more normal emotional condition. It seems likely, though, that until the whole truth about his past comes out, he will never be happy again. Can Wendy help him find himself again?
M-F, 12 Noon EDT, CBS.

WOMAN IN MY HOUSE Between James Carter and his children there has always existed strong affection. But lately James has begun to wonder whether one of his grown children remain part of the family. What of Jeff, with a war behind him? And what of Virginia, whose decision to get a job was made without consulting him?
M-F, 4:45 P.M. EDT, NBC.

YOUNG DR. MALONE Driven by his feeling of guilt, Jerry Malone allows his life to become more closely involved with the Brownes, not realizing Mary Brown loves him. In Three Oaks, meanwhile, Jerry's wife Anne has agreed with Sam Williams to postpone any resolution of the problem of what is to happen to Anne's marriage and Sam's love for her.
M-F, 1:30 P.M. EDT, CBS.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN Thanks to Ellen Brown's efforts, Dr. Anthony Loring, the man she loves, is cleared of the murder of Horace Steele, and Lita Haddon is proved to have committed the crime. However, the trial stirred Simpsonville. Victoria Loring, Anthony's sister, holds Ellen responsible. How far will she go in her resentment?
M-F, 4:30 P.M. EDT, NBC.
Modess .... because
After all the Mildness Tests,

**CAMEL'S LEAD IN POPULARITY GREATEST IN 25 YEARS!**

Latest Published Figures Show
CAMELS LEAD

*Why did you change to Camels, PAUL LUKAS?*

WITH CAMELS—
EVERY PUFF'S A PLEASURE! CAMELS HAVE A RICH FLAVOR THAT PLEASES MY TASTE—AND A MILDNESS THAT AGREES WITH MY THROAT!

The smokers of America have made many tests for cigarette mildness. The quick tests. The trick tests. And the thorough Camel 30-Day Test. After all the testing, Camel has its biggest lead in 25 years!

Make your own 30-Day Camel Mildness Test. Prove to yourself, in your own "T-Zone", that Camels have a full, rich flavor—and a mildness that agrees with your throat. Through steady smoking, you'll discover why more people smoke Camels than any other cigarette!

**PAUL LUKAS** has delighted millions on the stage... in movies... on television. "There's no room for throat irritation in show business," says Mr. Lukas. "I smoke Camels—they agree with my throat!"

Noted throat specialists report on 30-day Mildness Test:

Not one single case of throat irritation due to smoking **CAMELS**!

**Make your own 30-Day Camel Mildness Test and see why!**

Yes, these were the findings of noted throat specialists after a total of 2,470 weekly examinations of the throats of hundreds of men and women who smoked Camels—and only Camels—for 30 consecutive days.
In color: BIG TOP

Dial Dave Garroway
Pepper Young's Family
Road of Life • Big Sister

The Burns & Allen Story
By JACK BENNY
Your lips have been waiting for Cashmere Bouquet—and Cashmere Bouquet for your lips. So luxuriously smooth, naturally clinging, that your lips take on a fresh look, a luscious look, one that says right out “I dare you!”

And somewhere among Cashmere Bouquet’s eight flattering shades is one that’s made just for you. But why not see for yourself, today!
How Sparkling can you be?

The answer is **Ipana**

for cleaner, healthier teeth!

Life itself sparkles for those with a sparkling smile—that's so true! Use Ipana, and see for yourself. Ipana gets teeth cleaner, uncovers the full sparkle of your smile—and helps prevent tooth decay. And how that sparkling Ipana taste and tingle refresh your mouth, sweeten your breath! Get Ipana today for your Smile of Beauty!

For a smile that's a Sparkle with appeal... The answer is **Ipana**!

How cleansing with Ipana Tooth Paste helps keep your whole mouth healthy

1. **TEETH**. Brush all tooth surfaces thoroughly with Ipana. To reduce tooth decay effectively, no other tooth paste—ammoniated or regular—has been proved better than Ipana.

2. **GUMS**. Brush teeth from gum margins toward biting edges...Ipana's active cleansing foam helps remove irritating debris and soft calculus from gum margins—where they can lead to gum inflammation and disease. ...Yes, cleaning teeth with Ipana helps keep your whole mouth healthy.
Contents

Keystone Edition

Doris McFerran, Editor; Jack Zasorn, Art Director; Matt Basile, Art Editor; Marie Haller, Assistant Editor; Frances Kish, Television Assistant; Dorothy Brand, Editorial Assistant; Esther Foley, Home Service Director; Helen Cambria Bolstad, Chicago Editor; Lyle Room, Hollywood Editor; Frances Morrin, Hollywood Assistant Editor; Hymie Fink, Staff Photographer; Betty Jo Rice, Assistant Photographer

Fred R. Sammis, Editor-in-Chief

9 Should You Remarry Against Your Child’s Wishes?
17 Robert Murphy
18 Madeline Belgard
20 Knot Hole Gang
27 Remember This Date... by Bill Stern
28 Big Sister Asks: Is It Wrong To Help Those Who Will Not Help Themselves?
30 Gracie Knows Best... by Jack Benny
32 Choose A Dreamy Guy... by Eloise McElhone
34 Through The Years With Pepper Young’s Family
37 Summer at the Swayzes?
42 Dagmar’s My Sister... by Phyllis Jean Egnor
44 Down At The Opry House
46 Robert The Q
48 Big Top
50 Dave’s Happy People
56 I’m A Hickory Widow... by Ramona Helfer

SPECIAL SECTION: SUMMER FUN

58 The 264 Question
59 Twenty Questions
60 Strike It Rich
61 Break The Bank
62 Hawkins Falls, Pop. 6200
64 Junior Mirror
66 Brave Voyage
68 One Man’s Faces
90 RTVM Reader Bonus: Margaret’s “Barbour Book”

4 Family Counselor: Know Your-Legal Rights
6 Fall Change-Over
10 Art Linkletter’s Nonsense and Some-Sense
19 Poetry
25 Fun of the Month
52 Daytime Fashions For You
54 All Ways Delicious... by Nancy Craig

8 WNBC: The Old and the News
12 WIP: Culinary Cut-Ups
14 WNEW: “Longhair” with a Crew Cut
24 LBS: Birth of a Network

16 Coast-To-Coast
22 Who’s Who in TV

17 Program Highlights in Television Viewing
30 Information Booth
86 Daytime Diary

On the Cover: Burns and Alien, color portraits by Sterling Smith
F. 54—Wooden swivel plates by Denise for Longway


EXECUTIVE, ADVERTISING AND EDITORIAL OFFICES at 200 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. Executive Branch Offices: 521 South Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif., and 2214 Apache Wash, Phoenix, Ariz.

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

Use Colgate Dental Cream

✓ To Clean Your Breath
✓ While You Clean Your Teeth—
✓ And Help Stop Tooth Decay!

*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.
If you are fond of someone who is fond of you—keep it that way! Don’t let halitosis (unpleasant breath) take the bloom off that kiss . . . or turn ardor into indifference.

Unfortunately, you can offend this way without realizing it. That’s the insidious thing about halitosis. But why risk offending when Listerine Antiseptic is such a simple, delightful and extra-careful precaution against off-color breath?

Long-lasting Effect
Listerine Antiseptic is the extra-careful precaution against halitosis because it sweetens and freshens the breath . . . not for seconds or minutes . . . but for hours, usually.

So, when you want to be at your best, don’t trust makeshifts. Trust Listerine Antiseptic. Use it every night and morning . . . and between times before every date for that lasting protection.

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, Mo.

... Before any date . . . LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC . . . it's breath-taking!
K

now your

legal rights

By TERRY BURTON

- If you have a legal problem, do you know what to do about it? Or if you have suffered loss, damage or hurt, do you know how to determine whether it’s wise to take your troubles to the law—or wiser just to forget about it?

Well, chances are that you don’t know what to do. That’s the reason I invited Mr. Ed Hotchner, well known lawyer and writer, to visit the Burtons as this month’s Family Counselor, and give us some expert legal advice.

Mr. Hotchner told us of a number of legal situations in which the average homemaker might find herself involved. For instance, if a woman is riding on a department store escalator that stops suddenly, causing her to fall down and break an ankle, she has a legitimate cause of action. The reason for this is that the store has been negligent in running its escalator.

Or a woman might injure herself by tripping over a very small step at the door of a store—a step that because of its size is not easily seen. If that step is not clearly marked to differentiate it from the sidewalk, for example, then the store is responsible. On the other hand Mr. Hotchner told us if the woman trips going up a flight of stairs which are in perfectly good condition and have no obstacles, then the store is not held liable. It is entirely the fault of the (Continued on page 13)

Wednesday is Family Counselor Day on the Second Mrs. Burton heard M-F, 2 P.M. EDT, CBS. Sponsored by General Foods.
CHEERS for the World’s most Popular Girdle!

For Fall Fashions and Back-to-Campus!

NEW Playtex® FAB-LINED Girdle

It's the first new kind of girdle in 11 years
—the girdle praised by top fashion designers, the girdle that’s caressed millions of women to new slimmness in new comfort! Just see how the Playtex Fab-Lined Girdle gives your figure a slim new future for fall. With a cloud-soft fabric fused to the smooth latex sheath without a seam, stitch or bone, it's invisible under clothes, allows complete freedom of action for your active autumn life. And it washes in seconds, dries in a flash.

The 3 most popular girdles in the world

PLAYTEX FAB-LINED GIRDLE. With fabric next to your skin, for cloud-soft comfort. In SLIM, golden tube . . . $5.95 and $6.95

PLAYTEX PINK-ICE GIRDLE. So light, so cool, dispels body heat. In SLIM, shimmering pink tube . . . $4.95 and $5.95

PLAYTEX LIVING® GIRDLE. With more figure control, greater freedom of action than girdles at three times the price. In SLIM, silvery tube . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . $3.95 and $4.95

Sizes: extra small, small, medium, large; extra large size, slightly higher.

At department stores and better specialty shops everywhere. Prices slightly higher in Canada and foreign countries.

INTERNATIONAL LATEX CORPORATION
Playtex Park 01051 Dover Del.
PLAYTEX LTD. Montreal, Canada

DAYTIME HIT! PLAYTEX presents ARLENE FRANCIS in “Fashion Magic,” top entertainment. CBS-TV Nationwide Network. See local papers for time and channel.
BEWARE THE RUG-A-BOO!
HA! THE KIDS HAVE SPILLED CRACKER CRUMBS! I'LL GRIND 'EM INTO HER RUG BEFORE MOM VACUUMS!

FOILED AGAIN! HERE COMES HER BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER TO RESCUE HER RUG FROM THAT MESSY CRACKER DUST!

I DON'T NEED TO "BEAR DOWN" WITH A BISSELL® THE "BISCO-MATIC®" BRUSH ACTION ADJUSTS ITSELF TO ANY RUG TEXTURE—GETS THE DIRT QUICK, EVEN WITH THE HANDLE HELD LOW!

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

Fall change-over

This autumn, say these three young Mutual misses, let your hair down—but—keep it neat

RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR
Well, seems it's time to start thinking about damp, gusty days and autumn hair-do's.

Long, loose hair is soon going to be in vogue again, and it is still the most feminine and becoming style of all. In fact, to Julie Bennett, Adrienne Bayan and Louise Snyder, three fetching misses we met at the Mutual studios the other day, it is a real necessity. These young actresses are all featured on radio and television and may be called upon at a moment's notice to play a certain role. This means a suitable attractive hair-do, which may have to be changed from full and glamorous, to high and chic, or smooth and prim.

And don't have the mistaken idea that busy girls like this can always go running to a beauty salon. On the opposite page you can see their own Mutual beauty parlor in operation—combined with rehearsals for their Sunday shows.

Julie Bennett (A), who appears on The Adventures of Nick Carter, is fortunate enough to have long red hair that is naturally wavy. Her only complaint is that the wet fall weather makes it curl too much. But when this happens she brushes it under to give a page-boy effect and holds it with hidden bobby-pins and lacquer, or else gathers it back with a fine net.

Louise Snyder (B) has the opposite problem. Not enough wave! When we visited the Mutual lounge she was taking advantage of time between rehearsals of The Shadow to give herself a permanent to hold the curl in her hair when she wets it loose, and to make it easy to whisk into a pert up-sweep.

Says Louise: "Some permanents are a good bet for almost everyone. You know your own hair and how you may want to wear it. But you must plan carefully the most useful basic style for you and decide how tight a curl to have.

"We asked Louise if she had any special home permanent hints. "Definitely," she said, "from long experience! Read the directions. Don't improvise as you go. The perm-ing is the result of a subtle chemical action and woe to the woman who interferes with it."

But you may discover some helpful tricks for yourself apart from the process, itself, as did Adrienne Bayan. Adrienne (C) is featured on True Detective Mysteries which is directed by her husband, Murray Burnett, a gentleman who heartily dislikes artificial-looking coiffures. When Adrienne takes a permanent she trims her hair about an inch and a half. This takes off the tighter end curls which usually fluff up and out, and leaves the bigger base waves. But Adrienne does add this word of warning. "Before you run for the scissors and start hacking, make sure you cut just above a wave ridge so that the curls taper off in a curve and not a sharp hook."

And remember—that boyish, outdoor look may go fine with a pair of dungarees, but in your new autumn black you want to look like the charming woman you are.

"I was shipwrecked 5 times in one day!"

says EVELYN KEYES, co-starring with Jeff Chandler in "SMUGGLER'S ISLAND" a U-I release, Color by Technicolor

Learning the ropes on a sloop left my hands raw again... But between scenes, I used soothing Jergens Lotion... It kept my hands lovely for romantic closeups!

Can your lotion or hand cream pass this film test?
To soften, a lotion or cream should be absorbed by upper layers of skin. Water won't "bead" on hand smoothed with Jergens Lotion. It contains quickly-absorbed ingredients that doctors recommend, no heavy oils that merely coat the skin with oily film.

Being a liquid, Jergens is absorbed by thirsty skin. Prove it with this simple test described above... You'll see why Jergens Lotion is my beauty secret.

More women use Jergens Lotion than any other hand care in the world
Stills 16c to $1.00 (plus tax)
Reporting an eclipse of the sun from the jungles of Brazil, giving listeners a tense description of the state-by-state returns during a hotly contested Presidential election, commenting with quiet dignity on the next selection of the NBC Symphony orchestra, bringing the theatre into your own living-rooms each weekday morning on his WNBT Footlights and Klieglights program and covering the news wherever and whenever it happens is the day-by-day job of Ben Grauer, one of the most popular and busy personalities in radio and television.

People in the broadcasting business have stopped wondering "how does it?" They just expect Ben to have an inexhaustible supply of energy and he has never given them any reason to believe otherwise. But, like any other active man, Ben has his hobbies to provide him with badly needed relaxation. He is an ardent book collector and lists archeology as his number two hobby, placing special emphasis on the culture of the ancient Maya. One need only step across the threshold of Grauer's bachelor apartment in mid-town Manhattan to see samples of his collections.

His walls are lined with well-filled book cases and shadow boxes holding some pieces of Mayan handiwork. In fact, his library became so space consuming that he had to talk the management of his hotel into renting him an unused electric closet for additional storage room.

Browsing through the Grauer library, you will see rare first editions, books on games of all descriptions and a goodly number of foreign language volumes. Since he makes his livelihood through the use of words, the study of word derivations is Grauer's pet hobby. His most prized edition is one of the twelve existing copies of the first dictionary printed in the Western Hemisphere, Molina's Diccionario, published in Mexico in 1555. He also has a first edition of Webster's Dictionary bearing the publication date of 1828.

In a slightly lighter vein, Grauer collects joke books and volumes on the origin of slang terms. His oldest book in this line is the first dictionary of slang ever printed in the English language titled New Dictionary of the Canting Crew, published in London in 1695. He proudly displays a third edition of Joe Miller's joke book, which is considered a collector's item.

Although his interest in book collecting and word origins dates back as far as his school days, Grauer first discovered the fascination of archeology as a direct result of his NBC work. He was sent to Mexico on an assignment in 1940 and he has been south of the border six or eight times since then for both business and pleasure. During these trips he developed a great curiosity about the culture of the Maya and Olmec tribes. He has participated in two exploratory expeditions to Mexico and Panama as guest of Dr. Mathew Stirling of the Smithsonian Institute. The Mexican expedition made an important contribution to archeology by finding the largest sculptured stone head as yet unearthed. Grauer takes great pains to explain that he had nothing to do with this discovery—"It was wonderful of Dr. Stirling to allow me to come along."

When asked if book collecting had ever produced an unusual anecdote, Ben thought a bit and then smilingly came up with this one. In 1946 he was appearing as co-emcee on an NBC-BBC program titled Atlantic Spotlight, in which Leslie Mitchell interviewed personalities in London and then switched to Grauer conducting interviews in New York. While visiting London a few months after the series was concluded, Ben was hunting through the book shops at Charing Cross Road and his voice was recognized no less than three times in an hour by various shopkeepers as "that American chap who chats with Mitchell on the wireless each week." In his sixteen years in radio, Ben has never once been recognized by his public in America. Now what is that old story about a prophet being without honor in his own land?
Here are the names of those who wrote the best letters of advice to Nora Drake in June’s daytime radio drama problem.

**In June Radio Television Mirror** reader-listeners were told Nora Drake’s story, and asked if it is wise for a parent to remarry against a teen-age daughter’s wishes. The editors of *Radio Television Mirror* have chosen the best letters and checks have been sent to the following:

**Twenty-Five Dollars** to Mrs. E. B. Covill, Fairhaven, Massachusetts, for the following letter:

There should never be any hesitation to remarry against your child’s wishes, if all other factors are favorable for remarriage.

Grace’s objections naturally stem from a selfish fear of the loss of her father’s love, a fact wielded by her mother, a jealous ex-wife, as an evil tool. To counteract this, it is necessary to prepare the child in an assuring manner that she will not lose any parental love, but regain the home life lost to her by divorce.

Dr. Sargent’s courtship of Nora should include courting his daughter to the idea that his remarriage will bring happiness to them.

**Five Dollars** each for the five next-best letters in answer to the problem has been sent to:

- Mrs. Daniel Constant
  El Paso, Texas
- Mrs. Iverne Boyette
  Springhill, La.
- Mrs. Nona Barbaric
  Shinnston, W. Va.
- Mrs. Hazel Heald
  Somerville, Mass.
- Mrs. Maria Rembert
  Chicago, Ill.

**Should you remarry against your child’s wishes?**

Nora Drake is featured in This Is Nora Drake, on M-F, 2:30 P.M. EDT, CBS. Sponsored by the Toni Company.

You, too, could be more charming, attractive, popular

Know This Secret of Summer Charm:
- Odo-Ro-No is the only deodorant guaranteed to stop perspiration and odor for 24 hours or double your money back.
- No other deodorant is so harmless to fabrics.
- No other deodorant is safer for skin.

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

**New Odo-Ro-No CREAM or SPRAY**

**Guaranteed** Full 24 Hour Protection

SEND FOR 7 Secrets of Popularity

written under the direction of Laraine Day

Get this wonderful book now—prepared for you under the direction of lovely Laraine Day, star of screen, radio, and TV. Regular $1.00 edition, it’s yours for only 15¢ (to cover postage and handling) . . . see the coupon. It gives dozens of valuable tips that will help fill up your date book, make you happier, more popular—all in one book for the first time! Clip the coupon now!
THE LABOR DAY WEEKEND

ranks with other holidays as a
great toll-taker by way of auto-
mobile accidents. Sure, you want
to have a good time—but stop
and think: can’t you have it right
at home, save your driving for
some other weekend when traffic
isn’t so heavy? But if you must
drive, take care, won’t you? Re-
member, when you’re driving you
have two people to think for—
yourself and the other fellow!

SEPTEMBER

This month hath, among its thirty
days, some mighty pretty ones.
Nice, lazy, not-too-hot days, when
you quick crowd in a lot of pic-
nics and some extra swimming
and all the summer-fun things,
because you realize that there
aren’t too many such days left
this season. (To prove it, had you
taken into consideration that,
come September 1, there’ll be
only ninety-eight shopping days
till Christmas?) Our wise and
witty friend, The Old Farmers’
Almanac, gives the lie to my
statements about this month’s
lovely weather by stating boldly
that, the first few days anyway,
it’ll be pouring rain. And it re-
minds us, along about mid-
month, that the hurricane season
will be upon us. Oh, well—you’d
better pay attention to them and
not to me. They’ve been in the
weather-predicting business for
quite a spell, doing a fine job of
it, too. As for me, I’ll have to
admit I’m a weather prophet with-
out honor even in the bosom of
my family. Lois always asks me
what I think the weather’s going
do today and when I tell her
solemnly that it’s going to be
fair all day she says, “Fine. I’ll
be sure to take my umbrella.”

GOOD OLD DAYS NOTE

A statute on the law books of
Kentucky, plainly designed to
protect the weaker sex, plainly
states that, and I quote, no fe-
male shall appear in a bathing
suit within this state unless she
be escorted by at least two peace
officers or unless she be armed
with a club... Sorry I wasn’t
able to warn you girls—and guys
—earlier in the swimming sea-
son, but the matter was just now
brought to my attention!

READERS’ OWN VERSE—

The Truth About Fathers
Any child who’s often bad is
Bound to learn with satisfaction
That a disciplining dad is
9/10 threat and 1/10 action.
—Richard Wheeler

IT HAPPENED ON HOUSE
PARTY—

Linkletter (to little girl): Do you
come from a big family or a small
family?
Little Girl: Small.
Linkletter: How many sisters or
brothers have you?
Little Girl: None. That’s fewer
than not any!

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAID:

“Demonstrations of love are
ever altogether displeasing to
women, and the most disdainful,
in spite of all their coyness, re-
serve a little complaisance in their
hearts for their admirers.”
REREADS OWN VERSE—
Pause That Doesn’t Refresh
Man waits on trains;
He waits on busses;
He waits in dusty
Terminuses.
He waits to view
Great works of art;
He waits on games
And shows to start.
He waits on plumbers
(Waits and curses!) Wards on dentists.
Bell-hops, nurses;
He waits to eat;
For clerks to clerk;
He waits on coffee
Pots to perk.
He waits while bosses’
Aaxes fall;
He waits on woman
Most of all.
—Ray Romine

In case you care
Labor Day first celebrated—first
Monday in September—sixty-nine
years ago this month . . .
On September 7, 1533, Queen
Elizabeth was born . . . September
13th marks Springfield, Min-
nesota’s, annual Sauerkraut Day . . .
The 25th is the 438th anni-
versary of Balboa’s first sight of
the Pacific Ocean . . . in 1776, on
the 22nd, Nathan Hale—did you
know he was only twenty-one-
years-old?—was hanged as a spy . . .
The 14th is the 137th birth-
day of the Star Spangled Banner.

IT HAPPENED ON HOUSE
PARTY—
Linkletter (to young farm boy):
If you were going to milk a cow,
which side would you take?
Farm Boy: The outside!

Art Linkletter emcees House Party,
Monday through Friday at 3:30 P.M.
EDT, Columbia Broadcasting System;
sponsored by Pillsbury Mills. Life
With Linkletter is seen Friday at
7:30 P.M. EDT over the American
Broadcasting System’s Television
Network; sponsored by Green Giant.

FUN AND GAMES—
Here’s a strictly-for-fun game
with which to test your memory
for names, or to use as the basis
of a party game. Now certainly
the names of presidents of the
United States are among the most
familiar to everyone. But do you
know the middle name of, say
Herbert Hoover? Or that Calvin
Coolidge’s first name wasn’t Cal-
vin? Here are names of past
presidents—can you supply the
full name indicated here only by
the initial? (1) Warren G——
Harding (2) J—— Calvin
Coolidge (3) Herbert C——
Hoover (4) S—— Grover
Cleveland (5) Ulysses S——
Grant (6) William H—— Har-
rison (7) T—— Woodrow
Wilson (8) John Q—— Adams
(9) James K—— Polk (10)
Rutherford B—— Hayes.
And now here are the answers.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Answers to Fun and Games</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>(1) Warren G—— Harding</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(2) J—— Calvin Coolidge</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(3) Herbert C—— Hoover</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(4) S—— Grover Cleveland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(5) Ulysses S—— Grant</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
| (6) William H—— Harri-
  son                        |
| (7) T—— Woodrow Wilson   |
| (8) John Q—— Adams       |
| (9) James K—— Polk       |
| (10) Rutherford B—— Hay-
  es                        |

Of course you’ve heard—
“Monday’s child is fair of
face, Tuesday’s child is full of
grace” and so on. Kids recited it
in my day, still do, probably have
since some old-time wit first
thought of it. But did you know
that there’s a days-of-the-week
verse about, of all things, mani-
curing? Don’t think you need to
take it seriously enough to let it
be your irrevocable rule in such
matters, but anyway, here it is:
Cut your nails on Monday, cut
them for wealth;
Cut them on Tuesday, cut them
for health;
Cut them on Wednesday, cut
them for news;
Cut them on Thursday, a new
pair of shoes;
Cut them on Friday, cut them for
sorrow;
Cut them on Saturday, see sweet-
heart tomorrow.
Cut them on Sunday, cut them
for evil—
The whole of the week you’ll be
ruled by the devil!
Culinary cut-ups

Tiny Ruffner is one man who really puts his heart into his work. At right, a congratulatory kiss to a WIP contestant.

Below: The Kitchen Kapers version of a dignified interview, conducted by Johnny Wilcox, left, and co-emcee Mac McGuire.

Take three hundred and fifty happy housewives, add a couple of sparkling emcees, flavor with a perfect foil of an announcer, garnish with a clever quiz, and what have you got? Philadelphia’s original fun-drenched housewife food quiz jamboree, Kitchen Kapers.

Leading the parade are co-emcees, Tiny Ruffner and Mac McGuire. Six-foot seven-inch Tiny still gets congratulations and remembrances from Kitchen Kaper contestants for his many years on radio’s famous coast-to-coast Show Boat hour. Tiny does a great deal of radio and TV work in New York, and commutes each week to the Quaker City for his “Kitchen” stints.

Co-emcee Mac McGuire who also tops six feet by four inches, is by all standards Philadelphia’s leading radio personality. He does the fabulously successful and highest rated morning show in Philadelphia, WIP’s Start the Day Right, at 7:00. On top of this, he also master-minds the Matinee McGuire sessions heard daily from 3:00 to 4:30 P.M. In addition, he owns his own record company; leads, directs and sings with his own five-piece unit, the Harmony Rangers; makes dozens of personal appearances in and around Philadelphia; and as if this were not enough, he does six half-hour coast-to-coast programs on the Mutual Network.

But, as the old saying goes, “When you want a job done right, give it to a busy man!” Never was the saying more true, for Kitchen Kapers is riding the Philly airlines high, wide, and extremely successfully.

Whoever selected the announcer for the show did so out of sheer, unadulterated inspiration. He is five-foot five-inch Johnny Wilcox, a lad of many talents, himself. Johnny came to the Quaker City back in 1948, a native of Minnesota. With a long and distinguished Western career before the mike, Johnny immediately ingratiated himself into the hearts of all in WIP-land. His sense of humor, his excellent voice, his fine sense of delivery and timing, plus his size all combine to make him a perfect foil for the gigantic Ruffner-McGuire twosome.

On each show, housewives vie for varied prizes, including Lewyt Vacuum Cleaners and vacation trips to Mexico; for in addition to everything else that keeps the pot stirring, Kitchen Kapers boasts some of the finest contests and awards of any similar program. Completely sold out most of the time, Kitchen Kapers rides along, first in the hearts of housewives within a seventy-five mile radius of the Liberty Bell.
Look Lovelier in 10 Days

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

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

No need for a lot of elaborate preparations . . . no complicated rituals! With just one dainty, snow-white cream—greaseless, medicated Noxzema—you can help your problem skin look softer, smoother and lovelier!

The way to use it is as easy as washing your face. It’s the Noxzema Home Facial, described at the right. Developed by a doctor, in clinical tests it helped 4 out of 5 women, with problem skin, to look lovelier!

See how it can help you!

With this doctor’s Facial, you “creamwash” to glowing cleanliness—without any dry, drawn feeling afterwards. You give skin the all-day protection of a greaseless powder base . . . the all-night aid of a medicated cream that helps heal*, soften and smooth.

*externally-caused blemishes

Save this! Follow Noxzema’s Home Facial as an aid to a lovelier-looking complexion!

Morning—Apply Noxzema. With a damp cloth, “creamwash” as you would with soap and water. No dry, drawn feeling afterwards! Now, smooth on a light film of greaseless Noxzema for a protective powder base.

Evening—“Creamwash” again. How clean your skin looks! How fresh it feels! See how you’ve washed away make-up—without harsh rubbing! Now, lightly massage Noxzema into skin to help soften, smooth. Pat extra over blemishes* to help heal.

Money-Back Offer! If this Home Facial doesn’t help skin look lovelier in 10 days, return your jar to Noxzema, Baltimore, Md.—your money back.

At any drug or cosmetic counter 40¢, 60¢, 1.00 plus tax

NOXZEMA SKIN CREAM

Like an Angel of Mercy to your skin
Every Sunday evening one of America's most famous "long-haired" musicians, the young concert pianist, Eugene List, can be heard presiding over one of New York's hottest record programs devoted to the art of jazz piano. At 8:35 on WNEW, Eugene flips the platters, comments on outstanding jazz techniques and styles—telling why certain favorites "send" him—and in general, acts completely different from the popular conception of a highbrow pianist.

The blond-haired artist, who made his debut at ten with the Los Angeles Philharmonic, says this is one of the most pleasant jobs he's ever had. "It's something I've always wanted to do because jazz, in all its forms, has long been my pet hobby. I'm especially interested in the men and women who excel in it at the keyboard. It's also fun because I have a chance to dispel, at last, the odd idea that serious musicians and jazz don't mix, or if they do it's only with condescension on the 'long-hair's part.'"

Actually Eugene says that countless professional concert artists share his enthusiasm for and believe in the importance of our American jazz. But like all personal tastes, their interest in jazz is not apparent in their professional lives; hence the popular myth that a classical musician is not equipped with the sensibilities to appreciate jazz.

Eugene himself does not play jazz—only an occasional popular number for his own amusement—as he prefers to listen to the people who really know how to play this music the way it should be done. "There's nothing worse, to my mind," he says, "than hearing a concert pianist coyly giving out with a boogie-woogie or swing number. That's one thing I don't intend to do. When I play some Gershwin or Rogers' favorite—behind closed doors—I always think how much better an artist like Art Tatum, Teddy Wilson, Mary Lou Williams or Count Basie could handle the number."

Eugene feels that these pianists and others like Erroll Garner, Joe Bushkin, the late Fats Waller, Jess Stacey and that master of the sophisticated style, Cy Walters, have created individual styles and techniques that establish them as first-rate artists among our American musicians.

These, he adds, are only a few of the notable contemporary jazz pianists, not to mention such past greats as Pine Top, Jelly Roll Morton and others who have played an important part in the history of jazz. Through his program, Eugene hopes to show how vital a force the jazz piano has been in the development of our popular music and how it has influenced modern serious music, such as the piano works of Stravinsky.

For his weekly Jazz with List show, Eugene commutes between New York and Dorset, Vermont, where he and his wife, the concert violinist, Carroll Glenn, have a summer home. Having spent the winter on a transcontinental concert tour, Eugene is spending as much of his time in Vermont as possible, to be close to his new little daughter, Allison.
This Gorgeous Book is Really... HOLLYWOOD IN REVIEW

Here is the most colorful and glamorous movie book of the year. It is a treasure-mine of information about the stars...a real Who's Who in Hollywood. Here is just a brief description of this truly lovely book:

STUDIO DIRECTORY—Pictures and addresses of all the well-known movie studios. Now you will know where to write your favorite stars.

THE MOVIE YEAR IN REVIEW—Twenty thrilling pages covering the motion picture highlights of the entire year—movie memories you will want to keep!

COLOR PORTRAITS OF THE STARS—Gorgeous four-color photographs of Elizabeth Taylor, Howard Keel, June Allyson, Esther Williams, June Havoc, Tony Curtis, Jane Powell, Vera-Ellen. Farley Granger, Joan Evans, Gordon MacRae, Doris Day.

STARS OF THE FUTURE—Photographs of Hollywood's most promising up-and-coming personalities. You will see them here, learn their prospects for the future and when they become stars, you can say, "I knew about them when...!"

PLAYERS AND CASTS OF 1950—A complete chart covering thirty pages, of all the players and casts of all motion pictures released in 1950!

PHOTOPLAY'S PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM—Priceless old pictures from Photoplay's fabulous collection! A photographic treasure chest of the early days in movie-making! Valuable collector's items you will find only in PHOTOPLAY ANNUAL 1951.

ONLY 50c POSTPAID MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

PHOTOPLAY
WG951
205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Send me postage paid, the Photoplay Annuals I have checked below. I enclose $.

☐ Photoplay Annual 1951
☐ Photoplay Annual 1950

Name. Please Print
Address
City. State.

SPECIAL NOTE
A Limited Supply of the 1950 Edition Still Available

Fashions listed on pages 52 and 53 are available at these leading stores which are members of Independent Retailers Syndicate, 33 West 34th St., New York, N. Y.

Allentown, Pa. Somach's
Arlington, Va. Young Men's Shop
Atlantic City, Norman's
N. J.
Buffalo, N. Y. J. N. Adam & Co.
Chicago, Ill. Kaufman's
Clayton, Mo. Gutman's
Columbia, S. C. Kohn's
Columbus, Ga. Kirven's Sport Shop
Corpus Christi, Lichtenstein's
L. Tex.
Dayton, Ohio The Home Store
Durham, N. C. Baldwin's
El Paso, Tex. The White House
Fayetteville, The Capitol of
Ark.
Fort Dodge, The Boston Store
Iowa
Harrisburg, Pa. Worth's
Ithaca, N. Y. Rothschild Bros.
Lancaster, Pa. Garvin's
Miami, Fla. Hartley's
Pawtucket, R. I. Shartenberg's
Springfield, Muriels
Mass.
Steubenville, O. The Hub
Terre Haute, Meis'
Ind.
Traverse City, J. W. Milliken,
Mich.
Troy, N. Y. Inc.
Washington, Denby's
D. C.
Waterbury, Conn. Young Men's Shop

Color picture outfit also available at:
Stern Bros., New York, N. Y.

1951 POLIO POINTERS

DON'T GET CHILLED
DON'T MIX WITH NEW GROUPS

IF POLIO COMES...

DON'T HAVE MOUTH OR THROAT OPERATIONS

RECOMMENDED BY THE NATIONAL FOUNDATION FOR INFANTILE PARALYSIS

The above polio pointers are excellent reminders as to what precautions should be taken during summer months—the months when polio is most prevalent.

R
M

15
YOU SAVE money, time and work when you keep Kool-Aid in your ice box by the pitcher full. Simply dissolve a 5¢ package of Kool-Aid in 2 quarts water, sweeten to taste. Keep in space-saving ice box pitcher. Then it's always chilled, fully blended, ready for quick serving. Handy for your children. Six delicious flavors. Kool-Aid is a year-round favorite.

Otto Preminger (left) producer-director of the suspense film, "The 13th Letter," tells John Shuttleworth (Dick Keith) of True Detective Mysteries all about the film—except—"who dunit."

Little Wayne Van Nostrand, a "peanut gallery" fan, is having a wonderful time working his new Howdy Doody hand puppet. Bob Smith, creator of the show, explains just how it should be done.
ABC's Robert "Ace" Murphy shrugged his shoulders, rubbed his eyes and commented: "For most people, if an alarm clock sounds off at 5:00 A.M., it must mean: 1. A special occasion (getting an early start for a trip, etc.) or 2. The alarm clock is busted. For me, 5:00 A.M. Monday through Friday, is rising time for work."

"Ace" gets up before daybreak to announce a network newscast for Alex Dreier at 6:45 A.M. At its conclusion, Bob dashes over to rehearsals for Don McNeill's Breakfast Club. After announcing the 8:45 to 9:00 A.M. portion of the show, Mr. Murphy, himself, eats breakfast. At 11:00 A.M. Bob speaks the words which put WENR-TV on the air, and then continues for two hours as co-emcee, with Kay Westfall, of the Bob and Kay Show. Following this show on Wednesdays, Bob joins Don McNeill's TV Club, announcing and doing "bits" on the program. Rehearsals, actual showtime, and postshow conferences bring Bob's closing time to 11:00 P.M. This makes a grand total of seventeen hours since he dragged himself out of the sack.

"So what," you say, "he has the weekends." Bob's only reply: "What weekend?" For the past four years he has emceed WENR's Amateur Hour each Sunday afternoon.

When Bob is home he spends his time with his family—wife, Louise, and six children, ranging in age from ten months to nine and a half years.

Peace and quiet? Bob claims the only place he can find the words is in the dictionary.

**Only one soap gives your skin this Exciting Bouquet**

And Cashmere Bouquet is proved extra mild... leaves your skin softer, fresher, younger looking!

Now Cashmere Bouquet Soap—with the lingering, irresistible "fragrance men love"—is proved by test to be extra mild too! Yes, so amazingly mild that its gentle lather is ideal for all types of skin—dry, oily, or normal! And daily cleansing with Cashmere Bouquet helps bring out the flower-fresh softness, the delicate smoothness, the exciting loveliness you long for! Use Cashmere Bouquet Soap regularly... for the finest complexion care... for a fragrant invitation to romance!

Complexion and big Bath Sizes

**Cashmere Bouquet Soap**

Adorns your skin with the fragrance men love!
The “tissue test” proved to Alexis...

that Woodbury floats out hidden dirt!

The “Tissue Test” convinced Alexis Smith that there really is a difference in cleansing creams. Alexis is co-starring in the Paramount production, “Here Comes the Groom.”

We asked her to cleanse her face with her regular cleansing cream. Then to try Woodbury Cold Cream on her “immaculately clean” face and handed her a tissue.

The tissue told a startling story! Woodbury Cold Cream floated out hidden dirt!

Why is Woodbury so different? Because it has Penaten, a new miracle ingredient that actually penetrates deeper into your pores openings... lets Woodbury’s wonderful cleansing oils loosen every trace of grime and make-up.

It’s wonder-working Penaten, too, that helps Woodbury to smooth your skin more effectively. Tiny dry-skin lines, little rough flakes just melt away.

Buy a jar today—25¢ to 97¢, tax.

Woodbury Cold Cream
floats out hidden dirt...
penetrates deeper because it contains Penaten

Madaline Belgard

She is a TV veteran at the ripe young age of eight! And she is the youngest long-term contractee on television. Her name is Madaline Belgard and she plays the role of Teddy Lawton in Carlton E. Morse’s One Man’s Family over NBC-TV.

Madaline started her career two years ago as a model, working briefly and occasionally after school or on Saturday mornings. From modeling she went into small parts in movie shorts and on television commercials. She had small bits in two movies, “The Killer That Stalked New York” with Evelyn Keyes and “The Sleeping City” with Richard Conte.

One day, in the middle of a modeling assignment Madaline was whisked off to NBC’s television studios by one of the models who had heard that they were looking for a tiny girl to play an important part in Martin Kane, Private Eye. Madaline got the part.

After that she appeared in some twenty other TV productions, among them “Mr. Barry’s Etchings” for Kraft Theater; “Mr. Cobb’s Daughter” for Pulitzer Prize Playhouse; the Beatrice Lillie show; the Kate Smith Show and others.

Each time Carlton E. Morse saw the child on television he made a mental note and when it came time to look for a “Teddy” he knew just where to find her.

The little TV star attends public school and is in the third grade. She loves dolls, has a large collection of them—some “to play with” and others “just to look at and admire” and she spends much of her spare time making new clothes for them. She also collects records, preferring albums of musical comedies. She is an avid reader and has begun a collection of children’s classics.

Another favorite pastime for Madaline is fishing in Central Park’s lake with her brother and favorite companion, David, ten. Madaline loves dogs and has a new puppy named, appropriately enough, “Teddy.”
Lazy Daze

Filled a ship with wishes,
Set an elf to steer it,
Launched it in a frowny brook
With a wind to veer it.

Drew a picture in the sand,
Watched some ants parade,
Threw a pebble out to see
The ripples promenade.

Looked at busy dragon flies
Blue as otherwhere,
Listened to the bumble bees
Ambient as the air.

Brook had little pushy ways,
Ship received some knocks
Fretting at the willow boughs,
Chafing at the rocks.

Day began to fribble out,
Elf departed gnomeward,
Ship and cargo disappeared,
Ho,—hum,—homeward.

Linn

Summer Carnival

There's a carnival of laughter in
your eyes
And gay, light music like a carousel
Pervades the air when I am walking
With
Your hand in mine. I'm lost be-
neath the spell
Of springtime magic, frothy as the
pink
Of cotton candy in a paper cone . . .
There's never time enough to stop
and think
That such as you could never be my
own.
For, like the carnival, you've come
. . . and gone . . .
Before I've had a chance to weary of
The sweet excitement . . .
There's not even time
To wonder if . . . perhaps . . . you
were my love!

Bonnie E. Parker

In Saecula Saeculorum

The caissons roll. Whole world seems black as night:
And yet eternal stars still shed their light.
Despite the gas and guns, massed bombs, fear, pain,
Proud sun will set in truth to rise again.
The constant moon her rigid circuit rides,
Immune to cataclysms ether hides.
In man's destruction man shall pay the score:
The Universe remains intact though jet planes roar.

Mira Chamberlin

RADIO TV MIRROR WILL PAY $5.00 FOR DECEMBER POETRY

A maximum of ten original poems will be purchased. Limit your poems to sixteen lines.
No poetry will be returned, nor will the editors enter into correspondence concerning it.
Poetry for the December issue must be submitted between August 10 and September 10, 1951, and accompanied by this notice. If you have not been notified of purchase by October 10, you may feel free to submit it to other publications. Poetry for this issue should be addressed to: December Poetry, Radio Television Mirror, 205 E. 42 Street, N. Y. 17, N. Y.
A young man's fancy always turns to one thing—baseball.

Twenty-five minutes before the first cry of "Play ball!" rings out over Ebbets Field, before the pop bottles start flying toward the umpire, Happy Felton and his Knot Hole Gang take over the WOR-TV scene. The youngsters, chosen from junior baseball leagues from Maine to Texas, chat with Dodger greats, get hints on batting and fielding, and even bat the ball around with the stars. The boys are judged for their baseball ability and Happy hands out major league equipment for prizes. But the best prize of all is the chance to meet with and talk to their baseball heroes.

Knot Hole Gang is on WOR-TV, before Dodger games. Sponsor: Curtis Candy.
Joseph Vitole, representative of the Dohill Cubs, goes into action as ace Dodger pitcher, Don Newcombe, watches carefully so that he may be able to give constructive criticism.

The thrill that comes once in a young boy's life—Joseph Vitole, whose skill in baseball won him many Dodger friends, gets his chance to shake hands with batter, Duke Snider.

Just to prove the old arm's still in good condition, Happy Felton decides to get into the act, himself, and winds up for the pitch.

Above, in the Dodger dugout, Happy Felton and Dodger star, Jackie Robinson, talk things over with sandlot star, Artie Welkner. Left, Happy shows Don Newcombe the Kiwanis' trophy he received as a tribute to his contribution to the cause of sandlot baseball.
Who's Who

There's a quality of the young American wife in vivacious, auburn-haired Barbara Joyce. She has been a wife to Arthur Treacher in "Clutterbuck," the wife in the "Male Animal" and now plays, among her many other TV roles, the typical wife on the Twenty Questions radio and television commercials. It was a breath of fresh air for her when she got a chance to play the "other woman" in "No Time for Comedy" with Helmut Dantine in Washington.

Barbara Joyce

Barbara who was born in Oakland, California, wanted to be a doctor. It was while studying pre-med at the University of California that she joined the Community Playhouse just for fun. That move robbed the medical profession of a very glamorous member, for her work at the playhouse brought to the surface a hidden talent. Barbara feels that television should do more of the classics. She is a believer in "true theatre" and wants TV to bring it to the viewers. Some day she would like to have her own repertory theatre in New York.

Earl Hammond, who is featured as the young sergeant on Rocky King, Detective, made what is probably one of the most unusual entries into television. At the last minute he was called to audition for a TV show which required dialects. He had no time to prepare any material so he began reading a newspaper and told his auditioners just to call out when they wanted a new dialect. Earl read the paper through in twenty-one different dialects. Needless to say, he got the role.

The draft called a temporary halt to his career, but after being in the front line infantry for a year, he blushingly admits, he was put in charge of a WAC recruiting program. Earl, a handsome six footer, is a bachelor but has definite ideas about what his future wife should be like. He is actively looking for an independent-minded, willowy brunette who is a cross between big-town sophistication and small-town sweetness, and who can make real Southern fried chicken.
Vital and lovely Patricia Wheel has been featured on just about every major dramatic show on television. A native New Yorker, she got her start in show business while still at school. At the age of fourteen, she became a model, and the result was an offer for a stock company apprenticeship as an actress.

By fifteen, she had graduated from high school and went on the road with the first repertory company to entertain at Army bases. It was during this time that Pat was fired for the first and last time. She had joined a winter stock company managed by a man who didn’t believe in paying his actors, or feeding them either. Her protests brought her dismissal—much to her relief. By the time Patricia was seventeen, she was very active in radio, but gave it up in 1944 to go out with the U.S.O.’s first legitimate show to the South Pacific.

Single and popular, Pat’s preference for men falls into two categories—either comedians with a terrific sense of humor or else a guy who’s tall, blond and blue-eyed.

When George “Gabby” Hayes, was a youngster, his father, an oil investor and hotel man, wanted the boy to join the family business. But even at an early age, Gabby was obsessed with the theatre. He had been appearing in theatricals and later joined a stock company playing the “tank towns” doing everything: dancing, singing, comedy and straight roles—and sometimes just gabbing away as emcee.

Gabby’s beard—his trademark—has a story of its own behind it. Walking down a New York City street some years ago, on his way to the barber’s, he encountered a producer who was casting a new show. Gabby had a ten-day growth of beard acquired on a fishing trip. “Just what I need,” said the producer, and Gabby was signed to his first character role. From then on he was given so many bewhiskered roles that he grew his own to save wear and tear on his skin.

In real life, Gabby is literate, well-read and talks like the native of New York State he is. He is married to the former actress, Dorothy Earle.
On Monday afternoon at 3 P. M., in the Midwest hamlet of Anniston, Alabama, Mrs. Mamie Jones interrupted her ironing to turn on her kitchen radio. She twisted the dial impatiently until she had found her program. John's Other Wife? One Man's Family? No! The Detroit Tigers vs. the New York Yankees.

How can Mrs. Jones be party to these Yankee Stadium proceedings, long regarded as the exclusive listening property of the citizens of Detroit and New York? And why is she interested? A unique personality named Gordon McLendon is her sports godfather, as unusual and inventive a twenty-nine-year-old as radio, Texas and the sports world has found in many years.

Son of Barton R. McLendon, who owns a chain of theatres in the Southwest, young Gordon, a former Naval Intelligence officer and Yale graduate, saw in his father's acquisition of Dallas station KLIF in 1947, a chance to test out a hunch he had had for many years: that millions of Americans in all the states would enjoy hearing live or "re-created" broadcasts of major league baseball games.

But Gordon ran into all sorts of opposition. First was the conviction of radio and local baseball "experts" that listeners, say, in Dallas or Los Angeles or Oklahoma City, would not be interested in a play-by-play account of a game played in far-off Brooklyn between the Dodgers and the Pittsburgh Pirates, or any other major league game.

Second, he had to buck a baseball ruling which banned broadcasts of major league games at any time within an area of fifty miles of a minor league's club without the owner's consent.

March 21, 1948, was a historic day in Dallas. On that day KLIF, with Gordon at the microphone, "recreated" from a telecast play-by-play account an exhibition game between the New York Yankees and the St. Louis Cardinals. Thousands of Texans wrote enthusiastic letters calling for more. Other Texas stations wrote, too, asking if they could hook in on young Gordon's colorful broadcasts.

Within a month, the nucleus of the present far-flung Liberty Broadcasting System was born. In sixty days McLendon had forty-seven stations in the network. Today with more than three hundred stations LBS is operating in all forty-eight states.

While the backbone of the network is baseball and football—one major league baseball game is broadcast daily—musical, variety and news programs have made possible a seven-hour-a-day, seven-day-a-week schedule. They also have one of the most comprehensive schedules of basketball broadcasts ever lined up by any network. During the off-season in sports, Liberty broadcasts Great Days in Sports which re-creates famous baseball games, fights, hockey games and tennis matches.

Raymond Swing is Liberty's news-caster. Liberty broadcasts fifteen minutes of the United Nations General Assembly five days a week. The program consists of five minutes from the floor, five minutes from the chambers and five minutes from important members.

The network's Hollywood show comes direct from Herman Hoover's Ciro's on Sunset Boulevard. Liberty's disc jockey round-table features a different disc jockey from a different city each day. In place of soap operas, Liberty features fifteen minute daytime mystery dramas. Their Crosswords and Sweet Music program is a unique combination of a crossword puzzle and musical show. They also do bingo games on the air.

Secret of Liberty's meteoric rise has been McLendon's knowledge of, and enthusiasm for, baseball. On all but the live broadcasts McLendon creates his own sound effects in the studio. These include crowd noises, band music, chants of the peanut and pop-corn vendor.

McLendon, who likes to refer to himself as "The Old Scotsman" and kids his listeners about being eighty-seven years old, is optimistic about radio's future. Says he: "We could not be growing so fast in a dying industry. Put on good programs and folks will tune in."

Today, Mamie Jones, the baseball-football-fan housewife joins 30,000, 000 other listeners on McLendon's Liberty network, the third largest major network with over three hundred stations in forty-eight states.
Judy Canova Show
Judy: The last time I walked down Vine Street, Clark Gable gave me the double wink.
Stooge: The double wink? What's that?
Judy: He took one look at me and closed both his eyes.
Judy Canova Show: Saturday, 10:00 P.M. EDT, NBC.

Garroway At Large
“A modern home,” says Dave Garroway, “is one where everything is controlled by switches except the children.”
Garroway at Large: Sunday, 10:00 P.M. EDT, NBC-TV.

Life With Luigi
Olso: A good citizen is a good father. He stays home nights with his family, keeps out of trouble, doesn’t drink or gamble.
Schultz: ... and twice a year simonizes his halo.
Life With Luigi: Tuesday, 9:00 PM. EDT, CBS.

My Friend Irma
Jane: The other day Irma ran across a volume of Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea, and she said, “I’d rather see the National or American Leagues. I don’t like baseball under water.”
My Friend Irma: Monday, 10:00 P.M. EDT, CBS.

Jack Benny Program
Benny: I managed to get three great guest stars for my television show—Claudette Colbert, Robert Montgomery and Basil Rathbone.
Babe: Gee, that’s wonderful. How did you do it?
Benny: I sent them a telegram and signed it “Senator Kefauver.”
Jack Benny Program: Sunday, 7:00 P.M. EDT, CBS.

Burns and Allen Show
Gracie: When George came calling we’d sit on the sofa. One time my mother came in and turned out the lights.
Blanche: Your mother turned out the lights?
Gracie: She couldn’t stand to look at George.
Burns and Allen Show: Alternate Thursdays, 8:00 P.M. EDT, CBS-TV.

Can You Top This
Joe Laurie, Jr. says: A dowager was trying on summer hats in a fashionable salon. Several hours passed and the lady was not only completely surrounded by chapeaux but also completely dissatisfied with the selection. Finally, after trying on every hat in the shop, she called the manager. “My good man,” she cried, “haven’t you got a hat that becomes me?” The manager bowed suavely. “A thousand pardons, madam,” he murmured, “but today we are selling hats, not faces.”
Senator Ford’s Can You Top This is heard Tuesday at 8:00 P.M. EDT, over ABC.
Are you in the know?

Which helps slim down "jumbo" stems?
- Exer-circling
- Hoofing
- Flat footwear

Whether you're fairway-trotter or hiking fan—don't expect mere mileage to unfatten ankles. Better do this exercise: Lying on floor, hold leg up straight (and still) as you circle foot outward 20 times; then inward. Repeat with other leg. Foot circling's fine for slender ankles, as well. Helps keep their shape. Just as on calendar-circling days—the softness of Kotex keeps its shape; keeps you oh-so-comfortable. After all, isn't Kotex made to stay soft while you wear it?

Three guesses what's in this refrigerator?
- Apple pan dowdy
- An ongora sweater
- A sweet treat

Think she's searching for a snack? Guess again! She's retrieving her best angora sweater. If your sweater's a fuzz shedder, wrap in a hand towel and pop it into the "cooler," overnight. Makes angora fuzz stay put. And here's another tip: At certain times, you needn't be befuzzled as to which Kotex absorbency to choose. Just try all 3 (different sizes, for different days) —instead of just guessing whether Regular, Junior or Super is the one strictly perfect for you!

To revive that vacation-time romance, try—
- A long distance call
- A torchy letter
- A short note

Has distance made your summer-resort Romeo forgetful? Don't phone! To recall those happy days, try a short note—about a book, movie or platter he'd be interested in. A light approach is the safest "reminder." So too, when your calendar reminds you it's that day, there's no chance of embarrassment—with Kotex. For that special safety center and soft, moisture-resistant edges give you extra protection. What's more, Kotex can be worn on either side, safely!

At this theatre party, should one of the gals be seated—
- Beside the other
- On the aisle
- Farthest from the aisle

Getting into a hassel over who's to sit where—won't get you an early dating encore. Learn your ettiquette. Even-numbered groups should start and end with a man; so here, one lad should take the farther seat, followed by you two gals—then your squire.

See? You can travel the play-going circuit smoothly, even at trying times. Just mention "Kotex" at your favorite store. You'll find that magic word props your poise—because you know those flat pressed ends mean "certain" for telltale outlines!

Have you tried Delsey?

Delsey is 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.)

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

KOTEX, KLEENEX AND DELSEY ARE REGISTERED TRADE MARKS OF THE INTERNATIONAL CELLUCOTTON PRODUCTS COMPANY
Remember this date

BY BILL STERN

OFFICIALLY September is the first month of fall, but the dog days of summer drag right into September. It's hardly the time when people think of taking the most momentous step of their lives. But I want to tell you about some men and women who made such a crucial move, in face of incredible hardship and death, to plant the seeds of the very freedoms we treasure most today.

During our lifetime we have seen and heard much of religious and political persecution, so it's easy to understand the predicament of William Brewster, his wife Mary, and their children and friends. They were living in Leyden, Holland, when the big decision was made—but understand this: for twelve years, the Dutch had given Brewster and his friends refuge from the religious persecution of King James I of England. And the Dutch had no complaints, for Brewster and his friends were splendid citizens, industrious, law abiding and so honest that they had credit wherever they went. However, the band of exiled Englishmen was not happy. Their children were growing away from them, the kindness of the Dutch could not take the place of their cherished native customs. Even worse, Holland had become dependent on England for protection from the threat of Spain's big navy, so that James was now insisting that the Dutch punish Brewster and his friends. The exiles made the decision to (Continued on page 89)

Remember This Date, with Bill Stern, may be seen each Tuesday and Thursday afternoon, 3:30-4:00 EDT, on NBC-TV stations.
**Big sister asks:**

**Is it wrong to help those who will not help themselves?**

In the little town of Glen Falls, Dr. John Wayne and his wife Ruth—Big Sister—have been growing apart. A number of things have happened recently which give John a feeling that the world is against him. For example, he was in line for the directorship of the Health Center, but was by-passed when a new director was appointed and now feels that he should resign. Ruth, on the contrary, feels that he should keep on with his job. There have been other instances of what John feels to be the unfairness of fate in general, and which Ruth deems simply the ordinary ups and downs of any normal life. As is often the case with a man like John—never the most stable character—he's likely, when frustrated, to strike out at those nearest him. For example, he realizes that wealthy and completely despicable Millard Parker has bullied and high-pressured Ruth, making her life miserable, and although he is aware that Parker is a hypochondriac, John adds to Ruth's misery by accepting a yearly retainer of $25,000 to be Parker's personal physician. In his heart of hearts he knows that by so doing he is betraying Ruth's love—to say nothing of his own professional reputation.

Ruth asks herself, now, whether it is better to let things go on as they are, or to take some definite stand. It is her way to help her family face problems—but John won't help himself. Is it wrong to try to help those who will not help themselves?

Radio Television Mirror will purchase readers' answers to the question, "Is It Wrong To Help Those Who Will Not Help Themselves?" Writer of the best letter will be paid $25.00; the five next-best letters will be purchased for $5.00 each.

What is your answer to this problem? State your reasons in a letter of no more than one hundred words and send it to Big Sister, c/o Radio Television Mirror, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, New York. The editors will choose the best letter, basing their choice on originality and understanding of the problem, and will purchase it for $25.00. Five next-best letters will be purchased at $5.00 each. No letters will be returned; editors cannot enter into correspondence concerning them. The opinion of the editors will be final. Letters should be postmarked no later than Sept. 1, 1951, should have this notice attached.
What more can I do?

Have I failed John?
Big sister asks:

Is it wrong to help those who will not help themselves?

In the little town of Glen Falls, Dr. John Wayne and his wife Ruth—Big Sister—have been growing apart. A number of things have happened recently which give John a feeling that the world is against him. For example, he was in line for thedirectorship of the Health Center, but was bypassed when a new director was appointed and now feels that he should resign. Ruth, on the contrary, feels that he should keep on with his job. There have been other instances of what John feels to be the unfairness of fate in general, and which Ruth deems simply the ordinary ups and downs of any normal life. As is often the case with a man like John—never the most stable character—he's likely, when frustrated, to strike out at those nearest him. For example, he realizes that wealthy and completely despicable Millard Parker has bullied and high-pressured Ruth, making her life miserable, and although he is aware that Parker is a hypochondriac, John adds to Ruth's misery by accepting a yearly retainer of $25,000 to be Parker's personal physician. In his heart of hearts he knows that by so doing he is betraying Ruth's love—to say nothing of his own professional reputation.

Ruth asks herself, now, whether it is better to let things go on as they are, or to take some definite stand. It is her way to help her family face problems—but John won't help himself. Is it wrong to try to help those who will not help themselves?

Radio Television Mirror will purchase readers' answers to the question, "Is It Wrong To Help Those Who Will Not Help Themselves?" Writer of the best letter will be paid $75.00; the five next-best letters will be purchased for $5.00 each.

What is your answer to this problem? State your reason in a letter of no more than one hundred words and send it to Big Sister, c/o Radio Television Mirror, 205 East 44th St., New York 17, New York.

The editors will choose the best letter, basing their choice on originality and understanding of the problem, and will purchase it for $75.00. Five next-best letters will be purchased at $5.00 each. No letters will be returned; editors cannot enter into correspondence concerning them. The opinion of the editors will be final. Letters should be postmarked no later than Sept. 1, 1953, should have this notice attached.
Tops in show business, happily married past the quarter-century mark—how do Burns and Allen do it? Long time friend Jack Benny knows!

Gracie knows best

BY JACK BENNY

When people—like magazine editors, for instance—ask me to talk about George Burns and Gracie Allen, I say sure. Who better—I've known George and Gracie since they were married, and George a long while before that, haven't I? But, I add, it won't be a gag script. Straight stuff. Those two I admire too much to kid about them. Besides, someone might ask George—the all-time gag-topper, the loosest man with an insult—to do a story about me some day.

What kind of theme do you want for this Burns and Allen story, I ask next. Give me a jumping-off place. What do people most want to know about them? And the answer is: How they got that way.

I don't have to ask "what way?" How they got to be tops in just about every form of entertainment they turned their wits to, of course. Vaudeville. Musicals. Movies. Radio. And now, television. And how they managed to hang up, through all that, a record as one of the happiest married couples you'd ever hope to know.

Take the second one first. George and Gracie have some theories of their own on the subject of staying happily married for twenty-six years in a town, and a business, not noted for long stretches of connubial bliss. George says it's because he and Gracie have outside interests—different ones. (Continued on page 72)

Burns and Allen may be seen on CBS-TV alternate Thursdays, 8 P.M. EDT, sponsored by Carnation Milk.
George may turn his back at home but you can be certain he'll keep his ears open for Gracie-isms that make good TVidiocy.

Four Burns and one TV set. What program shall it be? Sandra and Ronnie don't always feel parents have priority—and vice versa!
Tops in show business, happily married past the quarter-century mark—how do Burns and Allen do it? Long time friend Jack Benny knows!

Gracie knows best

BY JACK BENNY

When people—like magazine editors, for instance—ask me to talk about George Burns and Gracie Allen, I say sure. Who better—I’ve known George and Gracie since they were married, and George a long while before that, haven’t I? But, I add, it won’t be a gag script. Straight stuff. Those two I admire too much to kid about them. Besides, someone might ask George—the all-time gag-topper, the loosest man with an insult—to do a story about me some day.

What kind of theme do you want for this Burns and Allen story, I ask next. Give me a jumping-off place. What do people most want to know about them? And the answer is: How they got that way.

I don’t have to ask “what way?” How they got to be tops in just about every form of entertainment they turned their wits to, of course. Vaudeville. Musicals. Movies. Radio. And now, television. And how they managed to hang up, through all that, a record as one of the happiest married couples you’d ever hope to know.

Take the second one first. George and Gracie have some theories of their own on the subject of staying happily married for twenty-six years in a town, and a business, not noted for long stretches of connubial bliss. George says it’s because he and Gracie have outside interests—different ones. (Continued on page 72)
EVER SINCE I became Mrs. William Paul Warwick—exactly six weeks ago as this goes to press—people have been asking my husband, “How does it feel to be married to the world’s leading man-hater?”

Before he can answer, I speak up. I say, “Remember, I only hate men thirty minutes a week, on television.” Then I add, “Besides, I always said there were the dreamy men and the majority—fortunately, I got one of the dreamy ones!”

Furthermore, as you readers know, in last September’s issue of Radio Mirror and Television I publicly stated that some day I would like to be married, and that I had a few hopes about my future husband. In part, I said, “I hope that he wants to live in New York City; I was born here, went to school here, and I really love the place. . . . I also cherish a hope that he is employed. . . . I’d kind of like it if he were in the entertainment business. . . . I don’t care if he’s a blond or brunet, just so there’s a brain-cell or two under his thatch. Also, I hope he has a sense of humor. And I hope he’s sentimental enough to remember that my favorite color is blue—and to turn up on my birthday with something-or-other in blue!”

I’m afraid I was describing Bill there, not an (Continued on page 70)
marriage is merely a matter of the right man

Eloise's kitchen is the one room that is fully furnished, thanks to a shower given her by the Leave It To The Girls cast. She even received a rolling pin—but says she doesn't intend to put it to anything but its proper use!

“I can talk almost as fast as she can,” says Bill about his loquacious bride. “And I can do it louder!” He's an agency TV director.

Midnight snacks in the shiny new kitchen aren't the extent of Eloise's ability as a cook. She claims she's a good one and Bill has yet to complain. But sometimes he does wish his wife would make her phone conversations a little shorter.

Eloise McElhone is on Leave It To The Girls, Sun., 7 P.M. EDT, NBC-TV, sponsor: Regent Cigarettes; Quick On The Draw, Thurs., 10:30 P.M. EDT, WNBT, sponsor: Vim and Westinghouse; Musical Merry-Go-Round, Sat., 8 P.M. EDT, NBC, sponsor: R.C.A. Victor; Eloise Salutes the Stars, Fri., 11 P.M. EDT, DuMont, sponsored by Doeskin Tissues.
Betty Wragge, the original Peggy Young, literally grew up with the role. Introduced as a young schoolgirl, Peggy has grown up, married, and is now the mother of little Hal Trent. Betty, too, has kept pace—recently added “Mrs.” to her name.

Marion Barney and Thomas Chalmers, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Orvis Young, have been shepherding their flock through fifteen years of family ups and downs. Ma and Pa have been played by the same actors.

The cause of it all, Pepper Young is currently played by Mason Adams. Starting out as a typical American boy, Pepper got himself and family in and out of scrapes until he finally married his childhood sweetheart, Linda Benton, played by Eunice Howard.

A daytime favorite
For fifteen years, Monday through Friday, American housewives have been listening to the exploits of a typical American family, Pepper Young’s Family. In the course of this listening, they have heard over ten million words or enough to fill one hundred and twenty-five full-length novels.

The scene was laid in the small, average American town of Elmwood where the average American couple, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Orvis Young, were raising their two high-school-age children, Peggy and Pepper.

At the opening of the story, Sam Young was happily working for a Mr. Curtis—which job he lost to the boss’s nephew. Then came a period of rough sledding until Mr. Young was offered a job by Mr. Bradley, father of Biff Bradley, one of Peggy’s schoolmates.

Pepper Young’s Family and friends celebrated their fifteenth year on the air at a cocktail party. Guest of honor was author Elaine Carrington, extreme right. Others pictured include Peggy, Linda and Ma and Pa.

A good job well done, and may the next fifteen years be as successful for both star, Betty Wragge, and author, Elaine Carrington. Adding his congratulations is Walter Brooke, Betty’s new actor-husband.

Pepper Young’s Family is heard Mon.-Fri., 3:30 PM EDT, on NBC. Sponsored by Camay.
Curtis Bradley, played by Ed Wolfe back in 1941, was Biff’s father and Sam Young’s business partner. Linda Benton, as played by Eunice Howard, always loved Pepper . . . finally became Mrs. Pepper Young.

Biff Bradley, played by Laddie Seaman, is Pepper’s best friend. While his father was missing, he lived with the Youngs. First loved Peggy . . . then Edie. Peggy and brother Pepper, played in 1938 by Curtis Arnall, pose for a brother-sister picture in the very best tradition of the times.
and a long-time admirer of hers.

At about this time Mrs. Young had an emergency appendectomy. In the hospital she met Hattie Williams, a young girl whose seafaring husband had deserted her before her baby was born. Hattie, who had no home and no place to go, agreed to cook for the Youngs and, with little Butch, become permanent members of their household. Sometime later, Hattie's husband, Jack, gave up the sea and returned to Hattie. In an effort to do something nice, Mrs. Young rented a little house for her, and Mr. Bradley furnished it—even gave Jack a job in the shipping department of his business. But Jack soon reverted to his former self—became surly, cocksure and a troublemaker at his work. Eventually, Mr. Bradley was forced to fire him, and for a while Jack stayed home and looked after little Butch while Hattie went to work. But he was careless and shiftless, and one evening, while Hattie was at the Youngs', her house caught fire. Butch was saved but Jack lost 'his life, and Hattie returned to her former position with the Youngs.

Meantime, Mr. Bradley's business expanded and Mrs. Young inherited money from an uncle's estate. With this money Mr. Young bought a partnership in Bradley's firm, as well as an old building on the bank of the river. This they remodeled for business purposes.

At about this point, Sam Young was approached by a few leading men of Elmwood to run for Mayor. Pete Nickerson, the "Big Boss" of the crooked organization running Elmwood's politics, had put up Bill Maguire, equally dishonest, as his candidate, and the delegation felt Mr. Young, as a respected citizen, was their best bet. After a rugged campaign, Nickerson suddenly did a switch and threw his power behind Mr. Young—this because of a split with his party, not because he had seen the error of his ways, as Sam believed.

Pepper by now was almost through high school and beginning to take an interest in girls—although everybody assumed that Linda Benton, whose books he had carried from their early school days, was his girl. One summer Marcella Parson visited Elmwood and soon had Pepper under her spell. Linda was forgotten. Marcella, who had a real estate business in California, very nearly enticed Pepper into leaving school and coming home with her.

Peggy and her dearest friend, Edie, were also having their share of romance. Edie was first dazzled by a crooked jeweler. From this she moved on to one of her professors, an Army Captain, a friend of Pepper's, and Biff Bradley. Here Andy Hoyt arrived on the scene, and the typical immature romances of a young girl ended with Edie's engagement and subsequent marriage to Andy.

Peggy, too, fancied herself in love a number of times—first with a young reporter, then an engineer, and then Frank, a young architect in whom the scurrilous Pete Nickerson had an interest. One Thanksgiving night Peggy, taking Edie along as witness, eloped with Frank. Fortunately for Peggy, it was the night the dam burst and their car was mired in the tide of rising water. By the next morning, when they were rescued, Peggy found the glow gone and the infatuation a thing of the past.

With the bursting of the dam, life changed for many people, including Mr. Young and Mr. Bradley. Their factory was destroyed by the flood, and the combination of shock and a head wound caused Mr. Bradley to lose his memory. In the course of convalescence, he disappeared and was lost for a long period of time.

One day at a mass meeting in the Town Hall, a man by the name of Woodruff incited the people so against
Nickerson for being responsible for the loss of life and property (it was his inferior materials and cheap workmanship in building the dam that caused it to give way), that they set out in a body to tar and feather and run him out of town. Mr. Young foiled this attempt. Woodruff, the mob leader, was arrested and Pete tried, convicted and sent to prison.

Shortly thereafter a piece of property owned by Mrs. Nickerson was sold by Sam Young, as her agent, to a group from New York—represented by Edward Brewster. Brewster sold the town people on the idea of raising a large sum of money to pay for the transportation of children from war-torn countries and house them in cottages on the property. Headed by Mr. Young, who undertook the raising of the money, the town went all out—cottages were built and furnished by the people of Elmwood, and the sum over-subscribed. The project turned out to be a hoax, and Brewster absconded with the funds. Sam was tried and eventually acquitted. Later, as a result of a war plant being built on his factory site, he received six thousand dollars—used it to return every penny of the contributions.

Then Mr. Young was offered the presidency of the war project now housed on his old factory site. While this was going on, Peggy met and fell in love with wealthy Carter Trent, a young private at Camp Elmwood. Before he went overseas, he bought a little house, deeding it in Peggy’s name. When word was received that Carter was missing in action, Peggy turned the house into a recreation center. A short time later Carter was found in a West Coast hospital, and when he returned home they were married—against the elder Trent’s wishes—and had a little boy, Hal. Some time later Mrs. Trent was widowed, and, left to her own devices, staged an all-out campaign to break up the marriage.

Pepper, turned down by the Air Force (rheumatic fever as a child left him with a weak heart), went to work in the war plant headed by his father. Here he fell in love with his father’s secretary, Diana Greene, who was a widow with a little boy, Tony. After some time she agreed to marry Pepper, but never set a date. One day her brother, Mack, came to live in Elmwood. He was a complete no-good. One night Pepper caught him robbing Mr. Young’s safe. In the ensuing scuffle, Pepper was shot in the leg and Diana, realizing she could never marry Pepper, ran away. When she later returned to Elmwood, she brought with her her new husband, and this closed a chapter in Pepper’s life. At this point, Linda (who had lost her doctor-husband during the war) and Pepper picked up their old friendship, which gradually turned into love and they were married.

Meantime, Mr. Young’s factory burned to the ground. Once again they were poor. Things went from bad to worse. Mrs. Young tried earning money by baking, until Mr. Young got a job as night watchman at the Elmwood bank. Eventually he worked his way up to Assistant to the President, Harvey Witherspoon.

After his marriage, Pepper, incensed by the hideous conditions of the local Shantyville, wrote a series of highly successful articles for the Elmwood Free Press. These exposes brought threats on the lives of both Pepper and Sam—but when the smoke cleared away, Shantyville was much the better for it. As was Pepper, whose election as Mayor of Elmwood stemmed from his honest attack on the town’s slums.

During this campaign, Edie and Andy Hoyt were in a plane crash in South America. Pepper flew down to assist in the rescue. Edie was saved, but it was two years before Andy was located and brought home—a mental and physical wreck of a man whom Edie hopes to be able to bring back to normality. (Continued on page 89)
By the time Carter and Peggy were married, Stacey Harris played Carter. Marriage to Andy Hoyt, in 1947 played by Blaine Cordner, changed Edie, played by Jean Sothern, from a fluttery girl to a thoughtful wife, helping Andy with his new air transport line.

A rehearsal shot taken in 1942 of the main characters, Sam, Mrs. Young, Peggy and Pepper, then played by Curtis Arnall. At about this time Peggy met Private Carter Trent, played by James Krieger, and in due time announced their engagement.
Old Greenwich, Conn., is a peaceful town and the Swayze manse fits right into the picture except when a hotly contested game of croquet is in progress in the backyard. John Jr. is the champion.

Susanne, Johnnie and Mrs. S., known to all by her nickname of Tuffie, faithfully follow Dad's nightly news programs, report on how his ties televise. His collection admits of a tie for every telecast.

The entire family works on the Jayhawk, a bright blue 19-foot sloop, Hurricane class. When afloat in Long Island Sound it's a good jumping-off place for swimmers, and for sails on Dad's free Saturdays.

Summer at the Swayzes'

The John Cameron Swayze family, from Kansas City by way of a stay in California, have lived in Connecticut since 1947 in a white clapboard house with black trim in what was once an apple orchard, of which only two fine trees remain. Son Johnnie is now a Harvard man, lately graduated from a well-known military academy. Daughter Suzanne goes to Greenwich High. The dog, Skippy, and Kitty complete the family. It's up in the little third floor study of this house that the famous Swayze newscasts and columns, and his knowledge of Who Said That are plotted, between time for a typical American family pattern of life.

Dad's broadcasting chores know no seasons, but somehow there's time for sun and fun.
Sentimental home girl with that figure—
no wonder the mail (and male) pull is terrific!

Dagmar's my sister

ON TELEVISION my sister plays a not-very-bright blonde known as Dagmar, with the kind of figure for which low-cut evening gowns were obviously invented. Off television my sister has a keen brain under her blonde pin-curls, and the low-cut evening dresses—the figure's still there, of course—are merely one part of her wardrobe. She owned only one the night they first called her to appear on Broadway Open House. And she looked just as beautiful then, was just as talented and witty, just as sweet and just as sentimental under all her clowning as she is today.

The family always knew Sis was a born comedienne, when she was Virginia Ruth Egnor, and when she took the stage name of Jennie Lewis; when she became Dagmar it was no surprise to us at all. To the home folks, of course, she is still our Sis. Home is Huntington, West Virginia, and Sis the oldest of our family of seven children. I'm next, my brother Jackie is nineteen, Mary Ann is sixteen, (Continued on page 82)

Dagmar can be seen three times a week—Tuesday, Thursday and Friday—on NBC's late-evening comedy show, Broadway Open House: 11 P.M. EDT, NBC-TV, sponsored by Anchor Hocking Glass Co.
BY PHYLLIS JEAN EGNOR

Sis's sister came up from Huntington, West Virginia, to act as Girl Friday and general secretary in the fan-mail, clothes-buying and helpful advice departments. Says she, "I can't get anything done when Sis is around—she keeps running in every minute to talk to me about new ideas!"
Clown of Grand Ole Opry is the Duke of Paducah, otherwise known as Benjamin Franklin—Whitey—Ford. Roy Acuff started out in a medicine show. That's his wife, Millie, playing catcher for the home team.

Down at the Opry House

Down in Nashville they tell the story—the true story—of the old Kentucky mountaineer who, never having been on a train, walked some twenty miles to the station and took his first ride on the steam cars to see WSM's Grand Ole Opry. There are a lot of other stories like that, all of them true. But none of them, no matter how unlikely-sounding, come near to telling exactly how important Grand Ole Opry is to the people of Nashville and the surrounding territory—and the whole country—who love American folk music. Starting twenty-five years ago in a cramped studio, the show has outgrown one hall after another until nowadays every seat of Nashville's largest auditorium is spoken for eight weeks in advance of each performance. Records made by Opry performers have reached a staggering total sale of more than 150,000,000 discs. On these pages are some of the people—there are a great many more—who've made this show so fabulous a success, who'll keep right on to greater successes.

Hank Williams began singing when he was eight, has been at it ever since. On the side, Hank and his wife, Audrey, run a kind of "boots and saddles" emporium for cowboy gear.

Bumptious Minnie Pearl is Ophelia Colley by birth and Mrs. Henry Cannon by marriage, a schoolteacher before starting her "Howdee-e-e-!" act.
Ole Opry's getting grander—and livelier—every year it gets older!

Red Foley got a start-to-fame guitar when just a kid. His father took the instrument in on a bad debt, Red says.

There's a reason for putting the "little" before Jimmy Dickens' name—he measures in at four feet eleven inches!

Ernest Tubbs' record shop (and his recordings) keep him a mighty busy man. Another Hank—Snow—pauses for refreshment.
Dear Miss D.:
   After reading your charming letter I suggest you see your eye doctor immediately.

Dear Robert Q.:
   My sister's boy friend says you're forty, my mother says you act fourteen, and my sister says you're wonderful. How old are you?
   Johnny N., Hollywood Calif.

Dear Johnny:
   I'm as old as I feel which, before I got to the part about your sister, was terrible. (Confidentially, I was thirty last April 5.)

Dear Mr. Lewis:
   Do you like being a Godfrey eight-week summer replacement on his morning radio program?
   Marilyn L., Des Moines, la.

Dear Marilyn:
   This is a question I want to answer seriously and sincerely, because I have never enjoyed doing anything as much and I am very grateful to Arthur Godfrey for the opportunity of taking over his program during August and September.

Dear Bob:
   I never heard you speak of owning a pet. Do you?

Dear Jane:
   I have recently acquired a dog— I guess he's an autograph hound. Anyhow, I named him Matinee. He was sick as a man recently and some of his reactions were so slow I was thinking of sending him to an analyst, until I remembered he isn't allowed up on couches.

Dear Robert Q.:
   When are you going to play your latest records on your CBS daily radio (Continued on page 81)

A fool about the circus? You bet I am!” says Jack Sterling, who dons a black top hat and red tailcoat every Saturday for his stint as ringmaster of CBS-TV’s circus show, Big Top. Jack’s enthusiasm for his job is matched by the hordes of kids—and grownups—who invade the TV tent in Philadelphia every Saturday to watch the three-ring thrills that noontime viewers can see for a flick of the dial. Big Top’s hour on the channels is complete with everything from acrobats to zebras. It has three clowns and, true to tradition, their performance is strictly pantomime. Jack considers his whistle the single most important factor of the show. It’s the cue that runs Big Top, as any other circus, from start to finish. Biggest problem on Big Top is timing. It’s impossible to predict what animals will do—sometimes a horse or dog decides to be stubborn and take its time doing a trick. Often the reverse is true—an animal will perform with speed not exhibited during rehearsal. Jack ad libs with the kids during these unscheduled lapses. Authentic added touch: a popcorn-peanuts-and-ice cream concession. Charles Vanda produces Big Top; Paul Ritts directs.

Big Top is telecast Saturdays 12 Noon, EDT, on CBS-TV stations. Sponsored by Sealtest.
Music by the famous Philadelphia Mummers Band, gaily clad, opens, closes and intersperses Big Top.

Cavorting across these pages is Jingle. Other Big Top clowns: Ed McMahon, Chris Keegan, above.

Ringmaster Jack Sterling gives two young Big Top devotees an extra close look at goings-on.

No stranger in the sawdust is Jack. He's ringmastered a traveling circus at age of seventeen.
Dave's happy people

A hostess famous for her parties once advised, “Invite more people than the room comfortably accommodates. Crowded together, they’re sure to have a good time.” The lucky few who daily wedge in to watch Dial Dave Garroway agree, though Dave asked for NBC’s smallest studio only because big audiences overwhelm him. Seat no more than ten, specified Dave. So ten sit—and the rest sit on the ten’s laps or stand, for, particularly when touring high school classes visit, the ten often increases to forty. The kids love the crowding. They don’t mind tucking their feet up so writer Charlie Andrews can get by. Boys, sitting so close, find Connie Russell’s beauty breathtaking. And girls, seeing handsome Jack Haskell, wish for a boy friend just like that, please! Young musicians thrill as they watch Art Van Damme’s fingers fly over the keys. Dave, of course, is just as they expected him to be: broad shouldered, easy going, confiding. His shy smile at the end of a joke invites an answering smile instead of a resounding laugh. But everyone likes best—in the studio or listening at home—the way Dave joins in the audience’s enjoyment of the show. “Why,” one listener wrote, “he’s more like a proud big brother talking about the talented youngsters in his family than he is like an emcee!” That’s why the staff at NBC have started to call the cast of the program “Dave’s happy people.”

There’s room for only ten
in the studio—so forty crowd inside. A tight fit, but they have
such fun nobody minds a bit!
How high is Haskell? Answer: considerably farther off the ground than Russell. When Jack and Connie sing at the same mike, as they often do, Connie's supplied a special for-standing-on-purposes platform.

Garroway gang combines business with Vitamin D, holding a conference on Merchandise Mart roof. Left to right are Parker Gibbs, Art Van Damme, Jack Haskell, Charlie Andrews, Connie Russell—and Dave.

Connie, about to sing, doesn't heed Dave's description of her "Crimson Dior gown"—actually a blue skirt and blouse. Haskell snickers as Dave adds "plunging neckline, choker collar." Connie gets it. "Who—me?"

Hold it! Show can't—and won't—go on till gum-chewing Charlie Andrews gets his daily ration. Connie has been through this before. Like cigarette cadgers, Charlie is always going to "buy a pack—some day!"

The rooftop conference went so well that one day Dave took the whole show—and audience—up on the roof. A show gimmick is argument about Connie's hair style, so this time she put it up in little-girl braids.
Radio Television Mirror

daytime fashions for you

In sportswear the country look is the comfortable look and the comfortable look is the fashion-wise look—what more could anyone ask? Nearly every woman's idea of perfect all-day wear is the blouse and/or sweater and skirt combination. Dyed to match in color, these separates are soft as a kitten, have as many lives. Here Anne Sargent, Jocelyn McLeod on Road of Life (M-F at 3:15 P.M. EDT, NBC, sponsored by Crisco), models three pretty sets of budget beauties, all to be found at the stores listed on page 15.

Color—one of the nicest, newest for fall is rich russet, accessorized here with gold, turf brown. The top: turtle necked, drop shouldered blouse in a wonderful new fabric of 100% spun nylon that fits and washes like a dream, never needs ironing! Sizes 10-18, priced about $10.95. The skirt: velvet-top corduroy with two pockets, inverted pleat, narrow self belt—we've used a leather one. In 10-18, about $8.95. Both by Korday in dyed-to-match russet, purple, green, cyclamen, gold—and separately in other colors. Rogers Van S bag, Town and Country shoes, Criterion belt. Gloves by Wear Right.

Like the fairy tale princess, this long-sleeve slipover is as good as it is beautiful, and you'll feel like the princess wearing it! Dolman sleeves and crew neck are noteworthy. Of 100% Austrian zephyr, sizes 34-40 and 10-16, in oxford, tan, blue, gold, green, red, lavender, purple, about $7.95. By Select Sportswear. The skirt, by Korday, pin-check imported all wool tweed, with two pockets and four gores for fashionable flare. Sizes 10-18, in green and russet tweed, about $12.95. Jewelry by Bill Agnew, Wear Right gloves.

Match-mates again: short sleeve semi-fitted classic slipover is topped by a long sleeve classic cardigan, also semi-fitted. Both in 100% Austrian zephyr, by Select Sportswear; 34-40, 10-16. Short sleeve sweater about $5.00; long sleeve about $7.95. The flare skirt—two diagonal pockets—in all wool J. P. Stevens flannel to match, by Century Sportswear. Sizes 10-18, about $7.95. Dyed-to-match in navy, purple, black, green, wine or for contrast—in other colors.
All ways delicious:

My family sniff happily and appreciatively whenever I make our favorite beef stew. Mushrooms give a dark rich flavor to the broth. Mushroom caps, stuffed and baked, lend fragrance and garnish the serving platter. I serve very little besides the main dish. An antipasto type salad starts the meal, garlic bread aids the stew, poached pears with a pecan meringue add the finishing touch to the meal. A few or a generous number of mushrooms, canned or fresh, can turn an ordinary dish into an appetizing, always anticipated delight.

(Recipes tested by the Macfadden Kitchen)

WINE BEEF STEW
Makes 6 servings

2 pounds beef stew meat
2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons cooking sherry
6 mushrooms, quartered
1 clove garlic, minced

1/4 cup tomato sauce
3 tablespoons flour
1 cup beef stock or bouillon
1 cup red wine
1 teaspoon salt
1/4 teaspoon pepper
1 bay leaf

Cut beef into 2 inch cubes. Add to hot butter in saucepan. Brown on all sides. Stir in sherry wine. Remove meat. Add mushrooms and minced garlic; cook for 1 minute. Stir in tomato sauce and flour to make a smooth paste. Add stock slowly while stirring. Bring mixture to a boil. Add 1/2 cup red wine, seasonings, bay leaf and beef. Cook over low heat about 1 1/2 hours or until meat is tender. Add remaining red wine during cooking period. Serve stew in rice ring.

STUFFED MUSHROOM CAPS
Makes 6 servings

12 mushrooms
3 tablespoons butter
3 tablespoons chopped onion
3 tablespoons chopped celery

1/2 teaspoon salt
Dash pepper
1 teaspoon lemon juice
1 1/4 cups soft bread crumbs


MOLDED CRANBERRY NUT SALAD
Makes 6 servings

1 package lemon gelatine
1 cup water
1 tablespoon lemon juice

1/2 can jellied cranberry sauce
3/4 cup chopped nuts

Dissolve gelatine according to directions on package using 1 cup water. Chill until mixture thickens. Crush cranberry sauce with a fork. Add chopped nuts and crushed cranberry sauce and strained lemon juice to lemon gelatine. Divide among 6 individual molds. Chill until firm. Unmold and serve with relishes.
**Game Of The Day** is heard every day of the week on MBS, sponsored by Gillette Safety Razor Co., R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., local sponsors. Check paper for time.

In summer, everything's hurried at the Helfers'. Hurry to get Daddy up, get him a snack when he's late getting home, hurry him off to today's game—halfway cross-country, sometimes!

*Al didn't lay eyes on the pretty Hartsdale home—where Ramona, Mona and Mother keep the fires burning—until the purchase contract was signed.*
Next to Ramona, Al loves baseball. And Ramona loves Al, so how can she object to sharing him with a "rival"?

**hickory widow**

**BY RAMONA HELFER**

It's just my luck. If I were the wife of a writer with a bad temper he'd probably be underfoot all the time, but I'm married to Al Helfer, a prince of men and a dream come true—and seven months of the year he travels all over the country as sportscaster for Mutual's baseball coverage!

For instance: when we moved into our present home at Hartsdale, New York, he didn't even see the house before he signed the purchasing contract. I caught him with pen in hand at La Guardia between planes and moved in with our daughter and my mother.

During the first few weeks our new neighbors were extremely kind but they seemed to be sorry for me. One day neighbor Ruth Muller came over. "I don't mean to intrude," she said, "but if you need any help around the house my husband will be glad to give you a hand."

I didn't quite understand at first, but as we began talking I realized that Ruth and our other neighbors thought I was a widow. I told her that I was really only a "baseball widow." (I was very happy for the opportunity to explain because Al, when he does get home, generally arrives at one in the morning and leaves again a few hours later to catch another plane!)

Of course. (Continued on page 84)

---

*Mona is something of a baseball fan, too. She's certainly an Al fan—won't wear her jeans when Daddy's home, but always dresses her very best for occasions of, 'I've a date with Daddy!'*

*Al's every bit as much a Mona fan. Once when he got home, dead tired, at two in the morning he stayed up two more hours to fix the swings he had promised her for a party the next day.*
I'm a hickory widow

By Ramona Helfer

It's just my luck. If I were the wife of a writer with a bad temper he'd probably be underfoot all the time, but I'm married to Al Helfer, a prince of men and a dream come true—and seven months of the year he travels all over the country as sportscaster for Mutual's baseball coverage.

For instance: when we moved into our present home at Hartsdale, New York, he didn't even see the house before he signed the purchasing contract. I caught him with pen in hand at La Guardia between planes and moved in with our daughter and my mother.

During the first few weeks our new neighbors were extremely kind but they seemed to be sorry for me. One day neighbor Ruth Muller came over, "I don't mean to intrude," she said, "but if you need any help around the house my husband will be glad to give you a hand."

I didn't quite understand at first, but as we began talking I realized that Ruth and our other neighbors thought I was a widow. I told her that I was really only a "baseball widow." I was very happy for the opportunity to explain because Al, when he does get home, generally arrives at one in the morning and leaves again a few hours later to catch another plane!"

Of course. (Continued on page 840)
The $64 question

Strictly for fun . . .

four pages of radio,

TV games to while

away summer stay-

at-home hours

Accordian-playing quizmaster Phil Baker made the last question of Take It Or Leave It into such a widely quoted expression that in its honor the program was renamed, The $64 Question. After eleven years on the air, it still remains a favorite of armchair puzzlebugs who stoutly insist if they had been at the microphone, they could have answered all the questions. To settle this debatable point, here are questions taken right from the script. Now test your skill.

Famous Animals: Fact and Fiction

$1.00 1. What animal ain’t what she used to be?

$2.00 2. What dog is the constant companion of Donald Duck and Mickey Mouse?

$4.00 3. Why did the lion spare Androcles’ life?

$8.00 4. How did Pegasus differ from other horses?

$16.00 5. What Victorian poetess had a cocker spaniel named Flush?

$32.00 6. What animal in Kipling’s Just So Stories was known for his insatiable curiosity?

$64.00 7. What animal beat a unicorn?

Eating and Drinking—I’ll tell you what I’m eating and drinking; you guess where I am.

$1.00 1. I’m eating blinchiki and drinking a glass of tea with jam in it.

$2.00 2. I’m eating frog’s legs and drinking Chablis.

$4.00 3. I’m eating a cut off the joint and drinking ale.

$8.00 4. I’m eating shark’s fins and drinking jasmine tea.

$16.00 5. I’m eating goulash and drinking Tokay.

$32.00 6. I’m eating sauerbraten and drinking schnapps.

$64.00 7. I’m eating baked beans and codfish cakes and drinking my breakfast coffee.

For answers, turn to page 79.

Heard Sundays at 10:30 PM, EDT, on NBC.
THE ONLY clue emcee Bill Slater gives the panel on Twenty Questions is whether the subject is animal, vegetable or mineral. They have twenty questions, answerable by "yes" or "no," with which to identify it. Here is a sample of the techniques employed by the panel. The subject of the questions below was announced as a combination of "mineral and vegetable." Follow the questions and answers. Can you identify the subject? The answer will be found on page 79.

Q. 1. Is this "mineral and vegetable" subject located geographically?  
A. Could be

Q. 2. Is it a building or part of a structure?  
A. No

Q. 3. Is it a manufactured article?  A. Yes

Q. 4. Is it famous for its connection with a person?  A. Yes

Q. 5. Is this person living?  A. No

Q. 6. Was this person fictional?  A. No

Q. 7. Was he a military figure?  A. No

Q. 8. Was he an American?  A. Yes

Q. 9. Was he an elected government official?  A. No

Q. 10. Was he an entertainer?  A. No

Q. 11. Was he an early Colonial American?  A. No

Q. 12. Was he a Westerner?  A. No

Q. 13. Did he live in the Twentieth Century?  A. Yes

Q. 14. Was he connected with the government in any way?  A. No

Q. 15. Was he a scientist?  A. Yes

Q. 16. Was this subject an invention?  A. Yes

Q. 17. Was this a farm implement?  A. No

Q. 18. Was this something to be used in the home for pleasure?  A. Yes

Q. 19. Was this man Edison?  A. Yes

Q. 20. Was this his?  A. Yes

(The panel guessed it... did you?)

Originally a parlor game, Twenty Questions is now in its sixth year on the air and TV. This is a perfect party game. Invent your own subjects, such as: A kiss (animal), MacArthur's corncob pipe (vegetable), and the Golden Gate Bridge (mineral).

T.Q. heard Sat., 8:00 PM, EDT, Mutual.  
Can be seen on DuMont stations, Fri., 8 PM, EDT.  
Sponsored by the Mennen Co.
The pay-off . . . producer Walter Framer and M. C. Warren Hull congratulate Lt. E. I. Halter on his answers.

Strike It Rich, Warren Hull's lively afternoon question session is known as the “quiz show with a heart” because contestants selected have a worthy need of the prize money. Each starts with fifteen dollars, and each must decide before every question whether to risk all or part of his winnings. A correct answer doubles the amount placed on that question. Compare your luck and skill with a recent contestant. Start with fifteen points. See if you could have Struck It Rich! Answers are on page 79.

A quadriplegic Iwo Jima hero, seeking funds to help him get a house and whirlpool machine, bet the limit and won on each of these. Was awarded $480 plus a $20 bonus.

1. Shaker: A vibration of a portion of ground is called an earth——what?
2. Music Quiz: What orchestral instrument in its literal translation means “small” and is small?
3. On Your Mettle: What is the name of a British Crown Colony in western Africa? There’s metal in the name, so be on your mettle and name it.
4. Star and Song: This famous star is a clarinet-playing bandleader, a familiar sight in his battered top hat as he sings “When My Baby Smiles At Me.” Who is he?
5. Isle of Somewhere: There’s a small island in the South Pacific with a population of two hundred and fifty. It has gigantic statues and archeological remains of unknown origins. It was discovered in 1772 on a day in spring the Christian world celebrates with joy, and from this day got its name. What is it?
6. Music Quiz: Are “lyrics” the words or music of a song?
7. Word Wonders: Mildew is a kind of fungus. What is “curfew?”

*Strike It Rich is heard M-F; 4 P. M. EDT, CBS. Seen CBS-TV, M-F, 11:30 A. M. EDT; Wed., 9 P. M. EDT. Sponsor: Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.
EVER SINCE the founding of the institution, the bank, people have been trying to break it. Effective June 5, 1946, this was legalized by the arrival of the radio program, Break The Bank, followed two years later by the TV version. Now you need have no qualms. Go ahead and see if you can break this bank. You'll find the answers on page 79.

1. What famous actress emcees the radio program, The Big Show?
2. Name the suave newspaper columnist who emcees Toast of The Town.
3. Born in Huntington, West Virginia, this blonde Amazon has made a name for herself on TV. Who is she?
4. What famous husband and wife team won acclaim for their Halls of Ivy?
5. Mary Livingstone is to Jack Benny what Portland Hoffa is to what famous comedian?
6. On what TV anti-crime program is Walter Greaza called "chief" by his agents?
7. Name the two stars who portray the Bickersons on both TV and radio.
8. What former pitching ace telecasts many of the New York Yankee's home games?
9. Name the Senator who made TV history with his crime investigations.
10. The beautiful wife of Rex Harrison is a TV star in her own right. Name her.
11. Generally acknowledged to be the First Lady of Television, she recently became Mrs. Skitch Henderson. Who is she?
12. Who is the noted hockey announcer who kibitzes emcee Bud Collyer on the radio version of Break The Bank?
13. Name the actor who plays "Harrington" in Mr. District Attorney.
14. This ex-barber makes the girls swoon on his Supper Club. Who is he?
15. You Bet Your Life this quizmaster is quick on the quip. Name him.
16. Who is the lone gal member of the regular Twenty Questions team?
17. Name the late world-famed conductor whose Boston Symphony rehearsals were broadcast.
18. What famous radio commentator toured Tibet with his son?

Break The Bank heard M-F, 11 A.M. EDT, NBC. Seen weekly NBC-TV. Consult your newspaper. Sponsor: Bristol-Myers.
The pay-off ... producer Walter Framer and M.C. Warren Hull congratulate L.t. E. J. Holmes on his answers.

Strike It Rich, Warren Hull's lively afternoon question session is known as the "quiz show with a heart" because contestants selected have a worthy need of the prize money. Each starts with fifteen dollars, and each must decide before every question whether to risk all or part of his winnings. A correct answer doubles the amount placed on that question. Compare your luck and skill with a recent contestant. Start with fifteen points. See if you could have Struck It Rich! Answers are on page 79.

A quadruple-limbed Iwo Jima hero, seeking funds to help him get a house and whirlpool machine, bet the limit and won on each of these. Was awarded $490 plus a $20 bonus.

1. Shaker: A vibration of a portion of ground is called an earth—what?
2. Music Quiz: What orchestral instrument in its literal translation means "small" and is small?
3. On Your Mettle: What is the name of a British Crown Colony in western Africa? There's metal in the name, so be on your mettle and name it.
4. Star and Song: This famous star is a clarinet-playing headliner, a familiar sight in his battered top hat as he sings "When My Baby Smiles At Me." Who is he?
5. Isle of Somewhere: There's a small island in the South Pacific with a population of two hundred and fifty. It has gigantic statues and archeological remains of unknown origins. It was discovered in 1772 on a day in spring the Christian world celebrates with joy, and from this day got its name. What is it?
6. Music Quiz: Are "lyrics" the words or music of a song?
7. Word Wonders: Mildew is a kind of fungus. What is "curfew"?

Strike It Rich is broadcast M-F, 4 P. M., EDT, CBS. See CBS-TV, M-F, 11:30 A. M., EDT; Wed., 9 P. M., EDT. Sponsor: Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.

Ever since the founding of the institution, the bank, people have been trying to break it. Effective June 5, 1946, this was legalized by the arrival of the radio program. Break The Bank, followed two years later by the TV version. Now you need have no qualms. Go ahead and see if you can break this bank. You'll find the answers on page 79.

1. What famous actress emcees the radio program, The Big Show?
2. Name the movie newspaper columnist who emcees Toast of The Town.
3. Born in Huntington, West Virginia, this blonde Amazon has made a name for herself on TV. Who is she?
4. What famous husband and wife team won acclaim for their Halls of Ivy?
5. Mary Livingston is to Jack Benny what Portland Wills is to what famous comedian?
6. On what TV anti-crime program is Walter Genna called "chief" by his agents?
7. Name the two stars who portray the Bickersons on both TV and radio.
8. What former pitching ace telecasts many of the New York Yankee's home games?
9. Name the Senator who made TV history with his crime investigations.
10. The beautiful wife of Rex Harrison is a TV star in her own right. Name her.
11. Generally acknowledged to be the First Lady of Television, she recently became Mrs. Skitch Henderson. Who is she?
12. Who is the noted hockey announcer who kilates emcees Bud Collyer on the radio version of Break The Bank?
13. Name the actor who plays "Harrington" in Mr. District Attorney.
14. This ex-barter makes the girls swoon on his Supper Club. Who is he?
15. You Bet Your Life this quizmaster is quick on the quilt. Name him.
16. Who is the head and heart of one of the regular Twenty Questions teams?
17. Name the late world famed conductor whose Boston Symphony rehearsals were broadcast.
18. What famous radio commentator toured Tibet with his son?

Break The Bank broadcast M-F, 11 A.M., EDT, NBC. See weekly, NICTV. Consult your newspaper, Sponsor: Helmut Moyer.
It's a skillful blending of recognizable past and present, fact and fiction, which makes you feel, when you see Hawkins Falls on TV, that this is somehow a reflection of your own life. The skill in the blending is the skill of the actors and of the show's creators, writer Doug Johnson and producer Ben Park—who feel that everyone holds a small town in his heart—as nostalgic memory or hope for the future.

The town of Hawkins Falls itself is the main character, but many of the citizens play important roles: Belinda Catherwood, self-elected defender of morality and culture and history... Knap and Lona Drewer and runaway Roy whom they adopted... Laif Flagle and Millie, his wife, whose poignant devotion makes more sophisticated citizens a trifle jealous... Jake Debro, the know-it-all barber... Janet Weaver, Belinda Catherwood's niece... Doc Gibbs, the educated hobo... Judge Sharp and Elmira Clebee and Jonathan Kratz and so many others. Now that you've met them here you'll want to visit them daily in their own home town—which might well be your home or any town in the U.S.A.—Hawkins Falls, Pop. 6200.

Belinda Catherwood's precise ways and unbending views on practically any subject that comes up are a trial to her niece, Janet Weaver, (played by Hope Summers, Nancy Brougham.) Major Izzah Cornwallace, one of Hawkins Falls' settlers, was an ancestor of the history-venerating Miss Catherwood.

Not a serial but a "television novel"—a warm story that touches heart and funnybone, with the town itself as the main character.
Hoping to convince Belinda she should donate to Lodgeman’s Fund, Jake (Les Spears) carries in her groceries, treats her to a few know-it-all opinions.

In Hawkins Falls, says Lona (Bernardine Flynn,) a mother knows a child’s born with a fear of water—especially if it’s on a washcloth! Roy (Bruce Dane) and Knap Drewer admit the truth of those words.

The Danes’ back porch makes a fine gathering place for a neighborly confab: Knap Drewer (Frank Dane,) Millie Flagle (Ros Twohy,) Janet Weaver. (Dane’s real-life son is his show son as well.)

Janet Weaver and Gillie, her chum (Jean Hawley,) are at the we’ll-be-pals-forever-and-forever stage. Getting around Aunt Belinda requires many a whispered conference in Janet’s bedroom (far rt.)

Most devoted couple in the town—Laif Flagle (Win Stracke) and his wife, Millie. While she does the week’s wash—old-fashioned style—he serenades the girl he loves more with each day.

Conference of the staff and the cast. You haven’t yet met the three men in foreground. They are writer Doug Johnson, announcer Hugh Downes and show’s producer Ben Park.
It's a skillful blending of recognizable past and present, fact and fiction, which makes you feel, when you see Hawkins Falls on TV, that this is somehow a reflection of your own life. The skill in the blending is the skill of the actors and of the show's creators, writer Doug Johnson and producer Ben Park—who feel that everyone holds a small town in his heart—as nostalgic memory or hope for the future.

The town of Hawkins Falls itself is the main character, but many of the citizens play important roles: Belinda Catherwood, self-elected defender of morality and culture and history... Knapp and Lona Drewer and runaway Roy whom they adopted... Laif Flagle and Millie, his wife, whose poignancy devotion makes more sophisticated citizens a triffe jealous... Jake Debro, the know-it-all barber... Janet Weaver, Belinda Catherwood's niece... Doc Gibble, the educated bloo... Judge Sharp and Elmira Oohe and Jonathan Kratz and so many others. Now that you've met them here you'll want to visit them daily in their own home town—which might well be your home or any town in the U.S.A.—Hawkins Falls, Pop. 6200.

Not a serial but a "television novel"—a warm story that touches heart and funnybone, with the town itself as the main character.
If you'd like to do some reading that's a lot more fascinating than fiction, just try books about animals. Here's a sample of what I mean, in the form of a little quiz:

a) One particular bird has such keen sight it can spot a field mouse in the grass while flying at terrific height. What bird is it?

b) If you've gone fishing, you've probably dug worms for bait. Bet you don't know how big earthworms grow in Australia?

c) Ever been curious about how fast some of the wild creatures can move? Take a guess at these—mule-deer, jack rabbit, swallow.

d) This is really hard to believe, though it's true. Know a large animal who actually lands on his head when he jumps?

e) Ever hear stories about animals sleeping with one eye open? Know what mammal, found in Africa, never closes its eyes?

Here are the answers: (a) It's the hawk who has such keen eyesight. (b) Down there, earthworms grow as much as twelve feet long! (c) The mule-deer can travel at 35 miles an hour. Jack rabbits' speedometers hit 45. The swallow's really a speedster—110 m.p.h.! (d) Biggest sheep in the world, the Argali, lands on its head. (e) The African elephant shrew even sleeps with its eyes wide open! (You can hear Sgt. Preston on Challenge of the Yukon on Sundays at 6 P.M. EDT, over MBS stations.)
Captain Video, adventurer in space travel of the future, champion of right, is seen M-F at 7 P.M. EDT on DuMont TV stations. In these pictures, just as you saw them on TV, Al Hodge is Captain Video, Don Hastings is the Video Ranger, Hal Conklin is Dr. Pauli, Natalie Core is Queen Karola, Kem Dibbs is Geral, John Martin is Asbek, Walter Black is Kaan and Nat Polen is Maha.

When this Captain Video adventure starts, Dr. Pauli, the Captain's arch enemy, is hiding out at the home of Professor Nyari, well known Egyptologist. As the doctor and the professor look through some old hieroglyphic tablets, Dr. Pauli discovers and deciphers a fantastic ancient formula for the most powerful force in the world. He decides to move his operations to Planet 1-X-7—taking the tablet with him—where he can construct the necessary intricate machines to create this force, use it to conquer the world.

Captain Video receives reports from his space agents that Dr. Pauli's rocket ship is on the way to Planet 1-X-7. Immediately he calls in the Video Ranger, and together they take off in their super-rocket ship. Meanwhile, Dr. Pauli has landed on Planet 1-X-7 and started construction. Dressed in the costume of the planet he comes up from underground retreat to scan the heavens for signs of danger. Captain Video approaches, releases his emergency rations rocket, preparing to land. Dr. Pauli is knocked out by the concussion of the landing rocket. His faithful aide, Corin, seeing this, quickly goes underground to report to Queen Karola, who reigns over Planet 1-X-7. Fearing that Captain Video will discover Dr. Pauli, she tells Corin to go back and rescue him.

Now, follow the rest of this adventure through the pictures at the right:

1. Captain Video and the Ranger land. Armed with Atomic Rifle, Cosmic Ray Vibrator, wearing atmosphere suits, they spot the footprints of Dr. Pauli. Using interspace radio they notify agents to close in, then they go underground.

2. Exploring caves leads Captain Video to throne room of Queen Karola. He finds Geral, the Martian space Captain, also trying to track down Pauli. Ranger radios that Pauli has escaped in their ship, sends solar-system-wide alarm.

3. Geral and Captain Video join forces, start back to Earth. On Venus, Asbek of Jupiter and Kaan of Mars instruct Maha of Eos to go to Earth, for Maha becomes invisible at will. Pauli has landed on Earth with Captain Video in pursuit.

4. Playing the hunch that Pauli has returned to the professor's home, Captain Video and the Ranger look through every room, but Dr. Pauli has put on his Cloak of Invisibility. He corners them and mercilessly prepares to immobilize them.

5. Suddenly the helpless Captain and Ranger hear sounds of struggle, and the gun clatters to the floor. The situation is saved as Dr. Pauli comes from invisibility, held in the steel grip of Maha, the only one who is able to penetrate the Cloak!
From north of the border comes a daytime serial of great warmth telling the story of one woman's

Brave voyage

Produced in Canada, with all Canadian actors, Brave Voyage tells the story of Helen Marsh, a young schoolteacher in a small town near Toronto. Having been brought up to believe she was an orphan, Helen discovers that her father, Mr. Manning, is still alive, but in prison on false charges. Investigating the circumstances in his case, she manages to clear him of all guilt and he is released. Now Helen finds herself reliving the same nightmare; her husband, Gordon, a prominent writer, has been falsely convicted of murder.

Helen, convinced that Dickie Schuyler is guilty of the crime, appeals to the governor, but all she can obtain is a promise that the matter will be taken under advisement. Desperate, she decides to try to make Dickie confess his crime by confronting him with her knowledge of it. Dickie's reaction only confirms her suspicion, but now Helen finds her life endangered by this man who has already murdered one woman.

Brave Voyage is heard M-F, 2 P.M. EDT.

CBC Trans-Canada, sponsored by Rinso.
Only Lilt’s Superior Ingredients give such a Superior Wave! You can use the Lilt Refill with any plastic curlers and, for only $1.25*, get a wave far more like Naturally Curly Hair! Guaranteed by Procter & Gamble!

No Other Home Permanent Wave looks...feels...behaves so much like the loveliest Naturally Curly Hair!

Never before such a gentle, yet effective Waving Lotion! Never before a wave so easy to manage! Never before such a natural-looking wave that would last and last! Never before such assurance of no kinky, frizzy look!

Money-back Guarantee: Both the Lilt Refill and Complete Kit are guaranteed by Procter & Gamble to give you the loveliest, softest, easiest-to-manage Home Permanent wave you’ve ever had—or your money back!
You've seen Maurice Manson in dozens of TV shows, but you've probably never once recognized him as the same man you saw before—the man with as many different faces and personalities as he has roles.

Most of the historical figures you see on TV—anyone from Nero to Napoleon—are portrayed by Manson. To prepare for the make-up job on these exceptionally difficult roles he usually spends several hours in the Public Library picture file, studying the face from all angles.

The voice to be used, for any role, is another problem Manson has to face. If possible he listens to recordings of the person he is to portray so that he may come as close as possible to actual speech. Imagination often has to take over on its own, however, for Manson has been called on to play parts ranging from the voice of a telephone receiver to a talking cocker spaniel.

Actual research finally over, Manson arrives at the studio about four hours early to put on his own make-up. Noses, ears, face lines, require careful and slow application. If an authentic wig is not available he often has to glue his hair on strand by strand.

Once the face is on, there still remains the costume problem. Manson keeps his own equipment—paddings, corsets, even lifts. He has suits to make him look fatter or thinner, suits that make him look like a gangster and others in which he looks like what the well-dressed man will wear.

But as drastic as the changes are on the outside, the change on the inside has to be equally great. Manson will accept a part only if he believes he can fit it mentally as well as physically. So well does he suit the parts he does play, however, that after watching one of his recent TV performances, his mother made the classic remark: "Son, you were wonderful—which one were you?"

One man's faces

A face that only a mother could love—but probably wouldn't recognize
“Easy to be

LUX

LOVELY”

says CLAUDETTE COLBERT

Starring in
“THUNDER ON THE HILL”
A Universal-International Picture

“My beauty facials really make skin softer, smoother”

“I've found Lux Soap facials really make skin lovelier,” says glamorous Claudette Colbert. “It's such an easy beauty care, but one I know I can depend on. Here's all you do:

“First work the creamy lather well in. Lux has active lather that cleanses thoroughly but ever so gently. Rinse with warm water, then splash freely with cold. Pat dry with a towel.

“Now my skin feels softer, smoother!” Why don’t you take Claudette Colbert's tip? Try this gentle care screen stars recommend. You'll agree—it's easy to be Lux-lovely!"
ChooSe A DREAMY GUY

(Continued from page 32) unknown dream man—for we'd been dating a year by that time, and Bill fits the description to perfection. Only three months after that article was published, Bill and I decided to get married, and Bill proved his sentimentality by gifting me with a pin that I'd admired in a shop window in the summer before! Moreover, he too wants to live in New York City because he too was brought up here. And he is television and radio director of Warwick and Legler Advertising Agency—and for years before entering the agency, he prepared for it by holding all kinds of jobs in the entertainment world. Of course I think he's bright, humorous, and completely wonderful—so that (somewhat) covers Mr. Warwick.

You can see that when it comes to marriage, a man-hater is just as delirious as any other wife—over her own dreamy man! What else could she be, when everyone we know has pitched in to make us as happy as possible?

For instance, neither Bill nor I will ever forget the midnight we returned from our honeymoon. Hot, rumbled and exhausted from a long flight from Florida, we unlocked the door of our brand-new apartment, expecting to face six dark and dusty rooms—and we knew, all too well, what little furniture stuffed those rooms: a bed, two night tables, two chests of drawers, and (in the living-room) a sofa and coffee table. You can imagine our delight when we found that our mothers had been there earlier, getting things ready—while our things were sparse, furniture was still sparse, we stepped into a living-room with lights going, flowers arranged in bowls, and a tray laid out with cold drinks and sandwiches. In the bedroom, we found more flowers—and in the kitchen, we found an ice-box fully stocked for meals the next day! With such thoughtfulness on the parts of our mothers, our "real life" got off to a marvelous start. Naturally, we stayed up until dawn eating sandwiches and admiring our new home.

Our friends have been equally thoughtful, before the wedding ever took place. All the girls on Leave It to the Girls had out-done themselves at a shower for me, of course, and so many of the guys did for Bill. For instance, Maggie McNellis presented me with a linen breakfast set with the note, "This is for when he cooks you breakfast in bed." (That'll be the day!) Robin Chandler gifted me practically with a cute yellow garbage pail. Dorothy Kilgallen gave me a luncheon set with a card that read, "This is so you don't get us all to lunch when you get back from your honeymoon—for a conference on married life." Producer Martha Rountree gave me an ice bucket—and as a result of that kitchen shower, my kitchen is the one room of the house that is fully furnished! It has everything you can imagine, from Waring mixers to a rolling pin (that last being a gag present from my ten-year-old nephew). I will add, here and now, that I can cook. The only thing I haven't yet made for Bill is a cake, and I'm dying to try one.

Our two hundred wedding presents were all sensational too—although it'll be the year '82 before I get through writing thank-you notes. For instance, Tex and Jinx gave us a double silver picture frame, with the name "Eloise" engraved on one side, and "Bill" on the other. Ed and Peggie Fitzgerald presented us with a darling gift: a gold key for our front door. Then, too, we got dozens of gifts from strangers—friends—the people who watch us on television. From these nice people came, among other things, napkins with hand-embroidered edges, a beautiful crocheted doily, some blue and yellow pot-holders, and even a picture of me, framed! And how could a man-hater resist my wedding—which I thought was beautiful naturally! We were married at four-thirty in the afternoon last April 6th, at St. Ignatius Loyola Church at 84th Street and Park Avenue in New York City—and over a thousand people jammed into the church. (There were so many that they were even out on the sidewalk.) This crowd was made up of friends and listeners . . . and proved that if we'd asked everyone we wanted to receive the reception afterward, we'd have had to rent Madison Square Garden.

Instead, our reception was small and limited mainly to members of our families. It was held at the home of Mrs. O. J. Sterling—otherwise known as my sister Dorothy. New York's Mayor Impellitteri came, and my uncle Admiral Carl Fink, and Ilka Chase, and dozens of cousins, aunts and uncles of both Bill's and mine. Afterward we left on our honeymoon. I'm proud to say that my honeymoon trousseau was perfectly matched—although why I'll never know, since I'd buy a green dress four weeks before I'd get a chance to buy the shoes that went with it! I'm also proud to announce that I managed, by bouncing vigorously on suitcases, to get everything into two suitcases and a case face.

Then we were off on a two-week honeymoon that turned out to be as hectic as the way I talk on television. We went first to St. John's in the Virgin Islands, a wonderful honeymoon spot. There were only eight cottages on the whole island, all of them removed from the others and surrounded by porches. When we asked for maid service, a maid would materialize out of the scenery—and if we wanted to see people, we could go to the commissary in the center of the island to buy food and to meet the other people there. Mostly, of course, we lay on our own private beach soaking up the sunshine.

After four days there, we went to St. Thomas Island to the Virgin Isle Hotel, which is the last word in chic hotels anywhere (they even sent champagne and fruit to our room). Then we were off for Havana, with a one-hour stopover in San Juan—long enough, we proved, to get to the new Caribe-Hilton Hotel for lunch and still get back on plane! In Havana, we stayed at the Nacional Hotel, and saw the entire island with a wonderful Cuban driver named Mike. Then we went to Palm Beach, Florida, for twenty-four hours (and two parties in our honor) before flying back to New York City and our "second honeymoon"

As I say, marriage for a man-hater who only hates men thirty minutes a week is as wonderful as it is for other (lucky) wives. And for Bill and me, it has been much as we expected, because we didn't rush hysterically into it. We'd known each other a good year and a half—in fact, during our courtship we'd introduced a couple of friends, and even had a baby before we got around to signing our marriage license! This long wait was due to the fact that both of us wanted to be sure we were entering a lifetime partnership. By the time we were formally engaged—last December 16th, when he gave me my ring—we were both positive that we were.

I first met Bill in highly unromantic circumstances, at the National Broadcasting Company. One morning, my director and I were winding up rehearsals on a daily radio show I was then doing. Just as we finished for the day, the door of the studio opened and Bill Warwick walked in—he was a new NBC director and still getting acquainted. We were introduced, and we lunched together. For the next three days Bill worked on my show with me. Then he asked me out on a date, and we've been going out ever since. During the eighteen months we were together, we found that we had many of the same interests—parties at friends' homes, night clubs, amusement parks, and of course visiting each other's families. Both of us loved television, and loved to go out, and loved people. We also loved giving each other presents. You've already heard about Bill's last two wedding gifts. There are seven little china kissing bugs, and a set of little China animals; I gave him some kissing rabbits, and gag books like How to Play Golf. Also, he knew that I collected after-dinner coffee cups—and everytime he returned from a

Eloise has a large collection of tiny, delicate cups and saucers. Her husband adds to the display whenever he comes home from a trip.
business trip anywhere, he brought me a new cup for my collection. Months ago, too, he gave me a gold "13" for my charm bracelet—because 13 was the number of his plane when Captain Warwick was a fighter-pilot during the war. And I found out that he was not only thoughtful about presents—but about such things as telephoning when he knew he'd be late for a date.

Actually, there is only one thing about Bill's tastes that doesn't jibe with mine—he's an outdoor man, who thoroughly enjoys every sport, while I'm in my element on a sofa. Now, I like swimming, and I have enough sense not to be crushed in the head by a boom when sailing—but as for tennis and riding, I've already told Bill that I'll be glad to welcome him home. He's agreed to let me stay off horses and tennis-courts; but he's determined to teach me golf, and I've had to give in on it. So don't be surprised to see me batting my way out of sand-traps from now on—remembering that, if I can ever break 100, my father-in-law has promised to give me a matched set of clubs.

**Yes, I Find** marriage a fine institution.

We both like to sleep late in the mornings, and on Sundays we like to poop around in old clothes. Bill's handy around the house, and while he's happily putting up hooks in the kitchen, I'm contentedly arranging closets—with frills on the shelf-edges, and everything stacked neatly. Both of us stage a wild celebration over each new piece of furniture that finally reaches our empty apartment; our plan is for semi-modern furniture, a beige-white-and-blue color scheme, and plenty of comfort. Of course we'll have two television sets, one in the living room and one in the library.

My "career" doesn't interfere with my married life at all—even though I'm now doing a brand-new weekly radio program, Musical Merry-Go-Round (starting a week after my honeymoon), as well as my three usual television shows, Eloise in the Stars, Leave It to the Girls, and Quick on the Draw. But everything blends.

Last week, for instance, I finished a personal appearance and rushed into a supermarket to buy dinner supplies. I was all done up in my new Navy blue suit, my initialed blouse, white felt hat, stone martens and a huge orchid... but nevertheless I was wheeling a wire basket around and loading it high with groceries. Shortly a few other housewives gathered around—strangers to me, but very nice ones—and asked, "Well, Eloise, how do you like this marriage routine?"

I held out my hands, with the nails all chipped from tearing open wedding presents, and said, "I love it, even though it's left its mark on me—why, it's no problem at all!"

Bill seems to feel the same way about our marriage. Recently a friend asked him, "How can you get a word in edge-wise, married to Eloise?"

He said, "I can talk almost as fast as she can—and I can do it louder!"

It isn't, either... as I say, girls, if you insist on marrying, be sure to do what I did: and pick one of the dreamy ones!
(Continued from page 30) “We don’t do anything alike. After all, we spend so much of our working time together, we’d probably kill one another if we shared all our leisure time, too. I like outdoor sports, spend a lot of time on the golf course. But Gracie can’t stand the sun. I like bridge. Gracie doesn’t play. You know Gracie—her hobby is window shopping, and her country club is Sak’s.”

That’s how it is. George goes off with the boys to Hillcrest Country Club. Gracie heads for Wilshire Boulevard with the girls. They get home at night, George tells Gracie about that approach shot on the golf course that Saracen had — but I never pulled off any better. Gracie tells George about the darling little blue silk with the silver buttons she picked up for peanuts. Everybody’s happy.

G r a c i e tells a story to point it up. “We envied the Mortimers. They seemed to have the ideal marriage. Always together, sharing every moment, every interest. We thought maybe there was something wrong with us, the way we like to do separate things. One day the Mortimers were having breakfast. Mr. M. said, ‘Please pass the salt.’ His wife said, ‘I want a divorce!’ So now George and I don’t wonder and it’s never even been forgotten. Just the same, some Beverly Hills neighbors who’ve glanced in the windows as they passed the Burns house recently — (that’s one of the outdoor sports here, like golf and window shopping) — have whispered that things may not be so good with George and Gracie after all. There’s George in one room, muttering to himself. There’s Gracie in another room, muttering to herself. What d’you know, the Burnsnes aren’t speaking! Sure they’re speaking, same as always. They’re just rehearsing lines for their TV show. ‘It’s this way,’ George explains. ‘We play only one scene together, while the rest of the show are with other people. I’d be feeling Gracie every line and in my own — and probably end up remembering everybody’s but my own.’ It wouldn’t be fair,” Gracie says with a twinkle, “for poor George to have to memorize the whole show. And,” she adds with modest pride, “that one scene we do together, we don’t have to practice at home! Why, we know each other’s ways so well we can just feel out that scene!’ George and Gracie cast a unanimous vote on television. They’re crazy about it. ‘It’s like a new lease on the profession,’ George tells everyone who’ll hold still long enough. ‘It’s being in the theater again. We’ve got the live feeling radio never gives.’

“No,” Gracie puts in. “You couldn’t ad lib in radio without rattling the paper. In television you’re real people. And the audience feels it. They know you can make a mistake because you’re human, and if you do — so they like you for it.” George says that TV is like the stage or vaudeville. Video performers don’t have, aren’t expected to have, the glossy perfection of the movies. “So we don’t all come out looking like Dolores Del Rio. Nobody minds. But sure, there are problems. When you haven’t acted before an audience for a long time, you can even forget how to pick up a telephone. The darn thing looks at you and you look at it, and you wish they’d give you a bulletin on these new inventions ahead of time. But pretty soon you get used to it again and the way you did on the stage, you find you’re having a swell time and so’s the audience.”

In any Burns and Allen audience having a swell time you’ll find J. Benny in the front row. There’s something about George that gets you — just a look at that sour face — before he opens his mouth. Even I do laugh so hard at his jokes before he finishes them, George still says I’m his best audience. I think I can say that I’m known in these parts as one who offers a mite of competition to anyone in the comedian racket, but I’ll doff my toupee to George any day.

Come to think of it, this is pretty white of me. Ask George about me and he’ll tell you some outrageous stories. In fact, they’ve grown so awful over the years George has been telling them, that even he is beginning to get insulted for me.

That’s George’s long suit, insulting his friends, and because I’m about the oldest friend I take the worst roasting. I’d guess we’ve been pals for around twenty-eight years. George and I just got stung. Not even forgotten, it’s been so long, how we came to meet in the first place. That’s not important — what is, I think, is that we’ve both had the long row to success without losing track of each other. George and I used to share a room back in the old vaudeville days. When he married Gracie, I had to move in on the other half and make. I remember, quite a hole in my budget. Our paths have been crossing ever since. In vaudeville we often played the same bill. In radio we guested on each other’s shows. Now, since we’ve got our feet wet in television, we still exchange appearances. It’s no act, either — we don’t show off an act and try to be each other in between. Many’s the B & A business conference I’ve been asked to sit in on, and George is always ready to rally around with help and advice if I need them.

G e o r g e has developed terrifically as a comedian since the old days. Darn if you can’t top him! Not professionally or socially, either. In our gang, which includes, besides George and Gracie and Mary and me, the William Goetzes, Claudette Colbert and her husband Joel Pressman, Danny Kaye and his wife, the Charles Vidor, Barbara Stanwyck — George shines as the brightest star. We hang on to the others. I single which made. I remember, quite a hole in my budget. Our paths have been crossing ever since. In vaudeville we often played the same bill. In radio we guested on each other’s shows. Now, since we’ve got our feet wet in television, we still exchange appearances. It’s no act, either — we don’t show off an act and try to be each other in between. Many’s the B & A business conference I’ve been asked to sit in on, and George is always ready to rally around with help and advice if I need them.

GRACIE KNOWS BEST

Summer fun DRIES your skin

TORRID SUMMER SUN tends to bake the outer layer of your skin—make it look coarser, summer-dry.

HERE IS A QUICK UN-DRIEST to soften and relax your summer-dried skin.

After you’ve been out in any strong summer sun or dusty, drying wind — smooth your hot, parched face with soothing, softening Pond’s Dry Skin Cream (hands and arms, too). Don’t be stingy. This rich, rich cream spreads easily. Your dry, thirsty, tight-feeling skin will “soak it right up” — become softer, moister, more comfortable at once!

3 features

Three features make Pond’s Dry Skin Cream effective. 1. It is very rich in lanolin — most like the skin’s own oil. 2. It is homogenized — to soak in better. 3. It has a special softening emulsifier.

See its effects on your skin. At night — work in richly for extra softening. By day — use lightly for a smooth look under make-up. And all summer — use immediately after any sunny, windy exposure.

You can be generous in using Pond’s Dry Skin Cream — it is so sensibly priced — 55¢, 31¢, 15¢, and 98¢ for the extra-generous biggest jar (all plus tax).

START NOW to repair, ease, soften your summer-dry skin. Get your jar of Pond’s Dry Skin Cream today!

8 R

M
"Send up two orders ham and eggs," he growls, and slam goes the phone, leaving me with my mouth hanging open.

I finally got my own back, though. It took years, but I made it. George and Gracie went to England two years ago to play the Palladium. The night before their opening, I flew to London as a surprise. I put up at the same hotel and, with Jane Wyman, who was in England then, playing the operator, we called George. Jane making sure the call sounded as if I were still home. We talked a few minutes, with me wishing George lots of luck on the opening. As soon as I'd hung up, I strolled into the next room, where George was telling everyone how sweet it was of his old pal to call and wish him luck. He looked up and saw me. I don't care if I never do another thing to George—the memory of the look on his face will last me a lifetime.

Good as they always were at whatever they turned their hand to, I think George and Gracie have topped their previous best now that they're in TV. George holds the show together as if he carried it around in his pocket, and Gracie's timing and naive delivery are great. They've developed the perfect formula for themselves, and TV's their medium, no doubt about it. Not an easy medium, either. (Don't I know it! I knocked my brains out doing four TV shows last season. I couldn't do a weekly, or even a bi-weekly television show, and keep on with radio, too.)

The use of repetitious gags, for instance, is pretty well limited in TV. Like the laugh George and Gracie used to close their act with, in vaudeville days. Gracie would wander across the stage with a piece of apple pie in her hands. When George asked why, she'd say, "You never know when you're going to meet a piece of cheese." A good gag—but in TV you can only pull it once and it's dead. (Just as well, Gracie says, "It's all for the best—I used to gain a lot of weight, eating that pie every night to keep it from going to waste.")

George and Gracie, besides working out a sure-fire formula, have shown wonderful judgment in picking a solid supporting cast. Bill Goodwin is one of the best, and Bea Benaderet and Fred Clark are perfect as the Mortons, their neighbors. Fred is Bea's third husband in the role of neighbor Harry Morton. "I tell all the girls," Gracie says, "that TV's a good way to get a husband!"

The Burns and Allen video show is a full-time business for George. With his writers—Harvey Helm, Sid Dorfman, Paul Henning and brother Willy Burns—George always keeps one show ahead. The day following a program, George and the writers huddle in their office near Hollywood and Vine and spend whatever time is necessary working out show-after-next's story line—based, always, on something simple that will offer a lot of laughs when developed. Then they scatter, to work separately on what they've dreamed up, until the following Friday. Between writing sessions, though, no one's idle. That week is spent in constant rehearsals with the entire cast, anywhere from one to four hours a day, of the up-coming show. Following the Thursday performance, George and the writers meet again, read over what they've
Edna's DISMAL

PERIODIC PAIN

Menstruation is natural and necessary but menstrual suffering is not. Just take a Midol tablet, Edna, and go your way in comfort. Midol brings faster relief from menstrual pain—it relieves cramps, eases headache and chases the "blues."


produced separately during the week. On Monday they begin putting it together and by the following Thursday night they have a completed show. Then comes Friday and the whole routine starts over.

Because he's both actor and interlocuter, George's part is lengthy—but he says that Gracie's is more difficult from a memorizing standpoint. Come to think about it, that's probably true. In the case of George and the others, there are cues to work from. But Gracie's lines don't depend on any one else's. For instance, George might ask, "How do you feel tonight, Gracie?" and Gracie answers instead of the interlocuter, "Fine, thanks," can be anything as far-fetched as, "Isn't it too bad about Blanche's sister's husband's little boy's cat's kittens?"

Ask Gracie if she has trouble memorizing and she'll just make a face at you and shrug her shoulders. But according to the people on the set, she's the first one to have her lines letter perfect. Although George is in charge of writers and ideas, Gracie gets in her important two-cents' worth all along. It's always been that way, with their radio show as well. George and the writers work up a script, and then they try it out on Gracie because her judgment is good on everything. She knows what's funny, she knows what's in good taste, and she knows what's in character for her to say. On the set, too, Gracie seems to sense anything that will be out of key when it meets the feminine eye—which is always cocked, as is natural with the female, to spot mistakes—and her ideas are never overlooked. So Gracie has the last word and from the smoothness of the show you can tell that George is right to work on the Gracie-knows-best principle.

Everyone they work with likes and respects George and Gracie. They're easy-going people, but perfectionists about the show. George is the more out-spoken of the pair, and Gracie, who's rather shy, likes it that way. She looks to him to do the official talking. Gracie's a worrier about how she's going to look. She shouldn't be—whenever and wherever you meet her, she's perfectly turned-out, looks great.

The idea for a Burns and Allen TV show was hatched at a luncheon at Romanoff's. George was sold immediately, eager to get to work, but Gracie wasn't so sure. George had to kid her into it, but now she's delighted. George, of course, thinks it's great. Gives people a chance to recognize them, he says. "Now that we're being seen again, people know who we are by just looking at us."

That lovable old ham has a wonderful time playing to the audience. Timid Gracie—and it's no act—plays to the four walls of the set. (Very retiring, Gracie is, as a matter of fact. There's the time they still tell about at CBS, for instance. Ordinary TV show rehearsal, it was—everything in a state of orderly confusion, with people running off in all directions and coming back a few minutes later for their heads. Presently Gracie's absence was noticed and a painstaking search of her. She was discovered, some time later, huddled under one of the big cameras. Said she, defensively, as she was hauled out, "It was cool down there!")

Of course, the Burnses' two youngsters, Ronald and Sandra, watch Mom and Pop on TV. Although they're away at Chadwick, a private school about forty miles out of town, they see the kinescopes when they come home every other weekend.

"Ronnie always says it's great," Gracie tells you, "because Ronnie's a good politician."

"Or wants something," George adds.

"Sandy's more critical," says Gracie.

"She also is full of suggestions," George puts in. "And they all turn out to be friends of hers."

One of George's big weaknesses—except that he can turn it into a gag, so it's an asset after all—is his poor memory for names. To give you an idea, there was the time when George and Gracie were starting a new radio series, a few years back. The sponsor's advertising agency planned an all-out campaign and sent one of their top publicity representatives to work with George and Gracie on it. This guy, Carroll Nye, had been in pictures in previous years. He literally moved in with the Burnses, stayed at their home for weeks working with them on the campaign.

At one point, George and Gracie managed to escape. They were enjoying a movie when Nye's face flashed on the screen.

George nudged Gracie. "Look! There's what's-his-name—you know, him, the fellow who's living with us!"

Sure, I admire George. I think he's tops in the laugh racket. I think he's tops as a great guy. But maybe he's the real reason we've remained close friends through all the ups and downs of nearly thirty years—my name and Gracie's are the only ones he can remember!

$1,000 . . . is offered to alert radio listeners who keep their eyes open. This is not a contest. There is nothing to buy. Get the details about this $1000.00 offer on

TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES

Every Sunday afternoon on 520 Mutual radio stations
Monday through Friday

1:30 P.M. Garry Moore Show • 2
Durward Kirby and the gang with Garry, who went from radio writing to juggling when called in as a last minute fill-in for a comedian.

2:30 P.M. First Hundred Years • 2
Daytime serial pivoting about the life of newlyweds played by Olive Stacey and Jimmy Lydon.

3:00 P.M. Miss Susan • 4
Pleasant, radiant Susan Peters enacting the day-to-day problems of a successful woman lawyer.

3:30 P.M. Remember This Date • 4 (T & Th)
Bill Stern, once stage manager at Radio City Theatre, with an audience participation quiz.

4:00 P.M. Streetlight Matinee • 4
Until Kate Smith returns, Mel Martin is your host to a full-hour variety show from Cincinnati.

5:00 P.M. Sherill Bob Dixon • 2
There’s drama for the youngsters plus demonstrations of handicrafts and woodlore.

5:00 P.M. Hawkins Falls, Pop. 6200 • 4
Well-paced, well-written daytime serial of the pressures and personalities of small town life.

5:00 P.M. Mary Hartline Show • 7
Pretty Mary’s games, songs and stories for the small fry with Chet Roble at the piano.

5:30 P.M. Hooray Hoody • 4
The moppets’ puppet hero with Bob Smith.

7:00 P.M. Captain Video • 5
Video’s ace science fiction series with Al Hodges, Sunday school teacher in private life.

7:45 P.M. TV’s Top Tunes • 2 (M, W & F)
Blonde warbler Peggy Lee and throaty Mel Torme with the Fontane Sisters and occasional guests.

7:45 P.M. News Caravan • 4
John Cameron Swayze, a news expert now, admits his real ambition was to go on the stage.

Monday P.M.

8:00 P.M. Pantomime Quiz • 2
Mike Stolley, emcee, pits two teams of movie actors against each other in acting and identifying sayings, situations and songs sent in by viewers.

8:00 P.M. Cameo Theatre • 4
Theater-in-the-round with Albert McCleery directing special effects.

8:00 P.M. Present Perspective • 7
A two-hour period planned to give you background on current issues.

8:30 P.M. Godfrey’s Talent Scouts • 2
Humorist Herb Shriner subs during August.

8:30 P.M. Voice of Firestone • 4
Howard Barlow, an excellent baritone, himself conducts chorus and orchestra for top artists.

9:00 P.M. Lights Out • 4
Tremble with fear as the sinister tales unfold.

9:00 P.M. Wrestling with Dennis James • 5
Two hours on the mat with “Okay Mother” James in grunt-and-groan sessions.

9:30 P.M. TV’s News to Me • 2
Panel Quiz with John Daly as moderator.

9:30 P.M. Somerset Maugham Theatre • 4
For the summer only, weekly half-hour dramas adapted from the pen of the famous author.

10:00 P.M. Summer Theatre • 2
Comedies, mysteries and light dramas make up the summer series with Betty Furness as hostess.

11:00 P.M. Chronoscope • 2

Program highlights in television viewing

New York City and Suburbs August 11—September 10

Baseball Schedule for Television Viewing

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>DATE</th>
<th>TIME</th>
<th>GAME</th>
<th>CHANNEL</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Saturday, Aug. 11</td>
<td>1:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Boston vs. Dodgers 9</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Phila. vs. Giants 11</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sunday, Aug. 12</td>
<td>2:00 P.M.</td>
<td>Boston vs. Dodgers 9</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Phila. vs. Giants 11</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Monday, Aug. 13</td>
<td>1:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Philadelphia vs. Giants 11</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tuesday, Aug. 14</td>
<td>8:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Dodgers vs. Giants 11</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wednesday, Aug. 15</td>
<td>1:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Philadelphia vs. Giants 11</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thursday, Aug. 16</td>
<td>3:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Chicago vs. Dodgers 9</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Friday, Aug. 17</td>
<td>8:30 P.M.</td>
<td>St. Louis vs. Giants 11</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Saturday, Aug. 18</td>
<td>2:00 P.M.</td>
<td>Pitts. vs. Giants 9</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Monday, Aug. 19</td>
<td>8:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Pitts. vs. Giants 9</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tuesday, Aug. 20</td>
<td>1:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Chicago vs. Giants 11</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wednesday, Aug. 21</td>
<td>8:30 P.M.</td>
<td>St. Louis vs. Giants 11</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thursday, Aug. 22</td>
<td>1:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Cin’ati vs. Giants 11</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Friday, Aug. 23</td>
<td>8:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Cin’ati vs. Giants 11</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Saturday, Aug. 24</td>
<td>1:30 P.M.</td>
<td>St. Louis vs. Giants 11</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sunday, Aug. 25</td>
<td>8:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Ch’go vs. Dodgers 9</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Monday, Aug. 26</td>
<td>1:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Los Angeles vs. Giants 11</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tuesday, Aug. 27</td>
<td>8:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Chicago vs. Giants* 11</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wednesday, Aug. 28</td>
<td>1:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Chicago vs. Giants* 11</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thursday, Aug. 29</td>
<td>8:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Chicago vs. Giants* 11</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Friday, Aug. 30</td>
<td>1:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Chicago vs. Giants* 11</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Saturday, Sept. 1</td>
<td>8:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Dodgers vs. Giants 11</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sunday, Sept. 2</td>
<td>1:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Brooklyn vs. Giants* 9</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Monday, Sept. 3</td>
<td>8:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Phil. vs. Giants* 11</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tuesday, Sept. 4</td>
<td>1:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Phil. vs. Dodgers 9</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wednesday, Sept. 5</td>
<td>8:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Boston vs. Yankees 11</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thursday, Sept. 6</td>
<td>1:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Phil. vs. Dodgers 9</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Friday, Sept. 7</td>
<td>2:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Boston vs. Yankees 5 &amp; 11</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Saturday, Sept. 8</td>
<td>2:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Wash. vs. Yankees 5 &amp; 11</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sunday, Sept. 9</td>
<td>1:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Giants vs. Dodgers 9</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>8:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Wash. vs. Yankees 5 &amp; 11</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

* Doubleheader
Announcers and sportscasters for the Giant games include Russ Hodges and Ernie Harwell; for the Yankee games, Mel Allen, Dizzy Dean and Art Gleason; for the Dodger games, Red Barber, Connie Desmond and Vince Scully.
7:30 P.M. Beulah • 7
Ethel Waters continues as Beulah until early fall when Hattie McDaniel takes over as the witty, cheerful role of housekeeper in the Henderson home. Others: Butterfly McQueen, William Post, Jr.

8:00 P.M. Meet the Press • 4
The same moderator and same format as the Sunday show but featuring different name-in-the-news guests and a fresh panel of crack newspapermen.

8:00 P.M. Court of Current Issues • 5
The prize-winning opinion program with thirty minutes of incisive cross-examination of authoritative exponents of vital issues. Irving Sulds, producer, creates a typical courtroom scene.

8:30 P.M. Juvenile Jury • 4
A panel of five children discuss questions concerning parents' minor difficulties with their offspring. Originator Jack Barry moderates.

8:30 P.M. John Hopkins Science Review • 5
The absorbing, exciting "show-how" of science mixes new subjects with reruns from last winter's program. Aug. 14, "Which Came First?" Aug. 21, "Fireflies and Metabolism"; Aug. 28, "Don't Take Your Heart for Granted"; Sept. 4, "Magnificent Microscope."

9:00 P.M. Fireside Theatre • 4
A special series of live shows for the summer with original scripts and adaptations from famous short stories. Albert McLeery directs.

9:00 P.M. Cavalcade of Bands • 5
Buddy Rogers, who plays eight different instruments himself, emcees the weekly showcase of big name bands plus top-flight variety acts.

9:00 P.M. Q.E.D. • 7

9:30 P.M. Suspense • 2
Now in the midst of its new experiment with producer-director Robert Stevens presenting documentary material in the usual tense format.

9:30 P.M. Life Begins at Eighty • 7
Old but young in heart and then some as emcee Jack Barry discovered when a guest, 86, demonstrated a "pivot punch" and Jack's eyes popped. Panelists: Georgiana Carhart, 85, John Draney, 90, and Fred Stein, 82.

10:00 P.M. Danger • 2

10:00 P.M. Original Amateur Hour • 4
This famous program continues to entertain as well as inspire countless amateurs. Ted Mack notes that over 500 "original amateurs" have attained professional success in show business.

11:00 P.M. Broadway Open House • 4

7:30 P.M. Chance of a Lifetime • 7
Jovial John Reed King, aided and abetted by blonde beauty Cindy Cameron, poses puzzlers to contestants that pay off in handsome, valuable prizes plus chance at "Mystery Voice" jackpot.

8:00 P.M. Godfrey and His Friends • 2
Arthur is fishing but not "his family." The show goes on with Marion Marlowe, Janette Davis, Frank Parker and Hal Elode, backed up by the Chordettes, Mariners and Archie Bleyer's orchestra.

9:00 P.M. Strike It Rich • 2
This popular daytime show can now be seen by evening televiewers as well. Warren Hull continues to emcee the program as the audience decides which of the contestants seems most worthy of financial assistance.

9:00 P.M. Kraft Theatre • 4
Masterly produced and cast with excellent actors. "KTT" obtains its scripts from Broadway and Hollywood success plus novels and original stories.

9:30 P.M. The Web • 2
One of the best of TV's who-dun-its with top yarns by the Mystery Writers of America. Franklin Heller, producer, is a model railroader.

9:30 P.M. Shadow of the Cloak • 5
Debonair actor Helmut Dantine cast as Cloak and Dagger agent in suspenseful tales of intrigue.

9:30 P.M. Wrestling from Rainbow Arena • 7
Feature cards with 60-minute time limit, plus tag games and shorter matches. Announcer Wayne Griffin loves the action, color and comedy even though a grapper once landed on his head.

10:00 P.M. International Playhouse • 5
Dramatic imports from over the sea starring British actors and films noteworthy for their excellence.

10:00 P.M. International Boxing Club • 2
During the summer, films of the best boxing bouts of the past year. Dennis James comments, aided by boxers and professional sportsmen.

10:00 P.M. Break the Bank • 4
Contestants get ten questions worth ten to 500 dollars with a chance at the big cash bank that sometimes has been as high as $9,000. Emcee Bert Parks on the eve of one of his first broadcasts broke the bank himself with a set of boy twins. Bud Callyer is host with music by Peter Van Steeden's orchestra.

10:30 P.M. Stars Over Hollywood • 4
From the golden coast, screen actors in stories of comedy and light romance. On film.

10:45 P.M. The Sports Spot • 2
Jim McKay, star of "The Real McKay," is emcee of this show devoted to all sports. McKay has done considerable play-by-play coverage in radio.
7:30 P.M. The Lone Ranger • 7
Silver bullets and a silver horse carry the Masked Rider through exciting Western adventure.

8:00 P.M. Burns and Allen • 2
Because the dollar is worth only fifty cents, Gracie believes we can lower the cost of living by raising the cost of money. Husband George Burns understands, maybe. But such are the problems on this show with Bill Goodwin, and John Brown and Bea Benadaret. Biweekly: Aug. 16 & 30. Alternating with—
Starlight Theatre

8:00 P.M. It Pays to be Ignorant • 4
The eight-year-old parody of panel-quiz shows with Tom Howard as the patient, frustrated quizmaster, baffled by George Shelton, Harry McNaughton and gravel-voiced Lulu McConnell.

8:00 P.M. The Morgan Show • 5
Not Henry but Al, popular Chicago pianist, and his boys, whipping up lots of pleasant music.

8:00 P.M. Stop the Music • 7
Bert Parks takes a summer breather while versatile funnyman Phil Silvers emcees the money-musical game. In the show: piquant Betty Ann Grove, lovely Marion Morgan, Jimmy Blaine.

8:30 P.M. Autos 'n Andy • 2
The 25-year-old radio classic now filmed in Hollywood for TV. Amos played by Alvin Childress; Andy by Spencer Williams, University of Minn. graduate, screen writer and veteran actor.

8:30 P.M. Treasury Men in Action • 4
Forceful, tense dramas culled from the files of the U. S. Treasury Department. Walter Greaza, highly-praised actor, scores as T-Men's Chief.

9:00 P.M. Your Essex Reporter • 2
Balanced news pictorial coverage with top CBS reporters. Winston Burdett from New York; Howard K. Smith, London; David Schoenbrun, Paris; Ned Calmer, Rome; Robert Pierpoint, Tokyo and others.

9:30 P.M. Big Town • 2
Action-paced series of a newspaper man who always gets his story. Pat McVey, as Steve Wilson.

10:00 P.M. Racket Squad • 2
Film series drawn from real life stories of racketeers, emphasizing that the public's pocketbook is in greater danger from swindlers than theft. Reed Hadley stars as Captain Braddock.

10:00 P.M. Freddy Martin Show • 4
Musical variety for the whole family with the singing saxophone man" himself as emcee and spotlighting pianist Murray Arnold and singer Merv Griffin.

10:30 P.M. Quick on the Draw • 4
Exuberant, quick-witted Eloise McElhine is mistress of ceremonies in this cartoon-charade series. A guest panel puzzles over questions.

11:00 P.M. Broadway Open House • 4
See Tuesday, 11:00 P.M., for review.

7:30 P.M. Say It with Acting • 7
The very amusing variation of charades featuring Bud Collyer and winsome Maggi McNeill as emcees. Guest teams from B'way plays compete.

8:00 P.M. Quiz Kids • 4
Joe Kelly, chief quizzer, has the time of his life and you will, too, as the youngsters are confronted with ingenious visual questions. Panelists: Joel Kupperman, 14, Melvin Miles, 7, Naomi Cook, 12, Harvey Dytc, 7, Ann Wilhelm, 12.

8:00 P.M. Twenty Questions • 5
TV version of the long-time favorite radio game. Bill Slater as emcee and starring Fred Van Deventer, Florence Rinard, Herb Polesie, John McFee.

8:00 P.M. Jerry Colonna Show • 7
The side and ear-splitting comedian wiggles his mustache and pops his eyes in hysterical skits. In the glamour department, Barbara Ruick; the clamar department, Paul Sells.

8:30 P.M. Man Against Crime • 2
While Mike Barnett (Ralph Bellamy) takes a vacation from this crime series, brother 'P' Barnett fills in. Pat is played by Robert Preston.

8:30 P.M. The Clock • 4
We, the People takes a hiatus and tempus fugit. This show is concerned more with serious drama than "chillers" but the clock continues as narrator controlling the action.

9:00 P.M. Film Firsts • 2

9:00 P.M. Door with No Name • 4
Movie actor Grant Richards plays Doug Carter, hand-picked operative for the nation's most hazardous assignments.

9:00 P.M. Hands of Destiny • 5
Original stories of violence, cast with Broadway actors and directed by Dick Sandwich.

9:00 P.M. Pulitzer Prize Playhouse • 7
Excellent casts, memorable stories and fine production make this one of the top TV shows.

9:30 P.M. Front Page Detective • 5
Stage and screen star Edmund Lowe as flippant columnist-detective in hard-hitting stories.

10:00 P.M. Cavalcade of Sports • 4
For the summer only, a filmed sports newsreel of the week's highlights.

10:00 P.M. Cavalcade of Stars • 5
It's gleeful time with Gleason, comedian-emcee, in a lively variety show featuring the June Taylor Dancers, Sammy Spear's orchestra and guests.

10:30 P.M. Emotion • 2
English made film series with thirty-minute plots depicting the basic human emotions of love, fear and hate against unusual, weird backgrounds.

10:45 P.M. Great Fights of the Century • 4
Famous fights of the ring, recorded on film: Aug. 17, John Son vs. Stanley Ketchell; Aug. 24, Joe Louis vs. Natie Mann; Aug. 31 & Sept. 7, TBA.
11:30 A.M. Date with Judy  •  7
A light, pleasant family comedy with attractive Pat Crowley as boy-crazy Judy. Anna Lees plays her mother; Judson Rees as her father.

12:00 Noon Big Top  •  2
Spectacular circus acts with unicyclists, big cats, bands, acrobats and aerialists.

12:30 P.M. Faith Baldwin Theater  •  7
I Cover Times Square
Broadway newshound Johnny Warren, played by Harold Huber, ferrets out yarns of what he calls "the biggest aquarium in the world on land."

1:00 P.M. Laraine Day Show  •  7
Laraine is elegant hostess to a variety of entertainment and interviews. Musical background provided by the Bill Harrington Trio.

4:00 P.M. Mr. Wizard  •  4
The "magic" of general science makes for excitement as well as education for youngsters. Don Herbert as "Mr. Wizard" and Bruce Lindgren.

5:00 P.M. Italian Feature Film  •  9
Some of the best films come from Italy and all of these have English titles: Aug. 11, "Four Steps in the Clouds"; Aug. 18, "Queen of the Opera"; Aug. 25, "Hey Day for Marriage"; Sept. 1, "The Merry Chase"; Sept. 8, "Captain Tempest."

6:00 P.M. Space Patrol  •  7
The thrills of chase, in space, replete with rocket ships, space-o-phones and beautiful heroines.

7:00 P.M. So You Want to Lead a Band  •  2
The swing and sway maestro, Sammy Kaye, constructs a bright musical show with studio contestants competing as amateur bandleaders.

7:30 P.M. Beat the Clock  •  2
Prizes worth $100 and up for contestants who can perform tricky parlor stunts. Bud Collyer, emcee, aided by Roxanne, Conover model.

7:30 P.M. Stu Erwin Show  •  7
The laugh-provoking problems of a high school principal (Stu) and his wife (June Collyer) and daughters (Sheila James and Ann Todd).

8:00 P.M. Summer Film Theatre  •  2
Full-length motion pictures filmed in England, many J. Arthur Rank productions.

8:00 P.M. Saturday Round Up  •  4
An action-packed, stirring series of typical Western film sagas starring Kermit Maynard.

8:00 P.M. TV Teen Club  •  7
For the young in heart of all ages, Paul White man's full-hour talent hunt among the younger generation. Young Nancy Lewis as his co-emcee.

9:00 P.M. Wonderful Town  •  2
Glamour-guide Faye Emerson in a superb show. A different city is saluted each week.

9:00 P.M. Midwest Hayride  •  4
The long successful hillbilly and variety show from Cincinnati.

9:00 P.M. They Stood Accused  •  5
Courtroom drama from Chicago. Fictional cases of broad human interest with professional actors.

9:30 P.M. The Show Goes On  •  2
Q. Lewis, whose Christian name is Robert, collects topics poles and ancient whoops, but herein presents fresh entertainers for talent buyers.

10:00 P.M. Songs for Sale  •  2
Comic Steve Allen, an established songwriter himself, introduces embryonic songwriters and their unpublished work. Music by Ray Bloch's band.

10:00 P.M. Doodles Weaver Show  •  4
Zany comedy show with Marion Colby and starring Sheffield Winstead Weaver.

10:30 P.M. Assignment: Manhunt  •  4
Andre Baruch is host to adventure-mystery series.

4:00 P.M. Meet the Press  •  4
A newsmaking press conference as reporters fire questions for thirty unrehearsed, uncensored minutes at people in the news. Martha Rountree and American Mercury's Lawrence Spivak moderate.

5:00 P.M. Gabby Hayes Show  •  4
That ole bearded polecat, Gabby, with dramatizations of heroic stories from American history as well as some tall stories about his fabulous family.

5:00 P.M. Super Circus  •  7
Super entertainment for everyone thrilled by the gaping jaws of lions and leopards, trapeze artists and other sensations of the big ring. Claude Kirchner, ringmaster; Mary Hartline, bandleader; Slifty, Scampy and Nicky, clowns.

6:00 P.M. Hopalong Cassidy  •  4
Tried and true Westerns with rustlers, guns and heroines starring Bill Boyd, who has so many awards, one whole office room is reserved for them.

6:00 P.M. Ted Mack Family Hour  •  7
A compact vaudeville show of versatile talent with authoritative Ted as your genial host.

7:00 P.M. Gene Autry  •  2
Adventure on the range with the cowboy star, whose first recording, "Silver-Haired Daddy," made in 1930, has now sold 5,000,000 copies.

7:00 P.M. Leave It to the Girls  •  4
Something new has been added. Now charming Maggi McNellis allows men to enter complaints about the girls and so mayhem continues. Panelists: guest and regulars, with one hardy male.

7:00 P.M. Summertime Reviews  •  7
Pops Whitteman relaxes from the heat as baritone Earl Wrightson takes over as emcee; guest stars and songstress Maureen Cannon.

7:30 P.M. Go Lucky!  •  2
If you enjoyed playing "Coffee Pot," you'll like this brand-new quiz as celebrities go through antics for the benefit of studio contestants.

8:00 P.M. Toast of the Town  •  2
As TOT celebrates its fourth year on TV with outstanding variety, Emcee Ed Sullivan credits the show with breaking his stoneface into a smile.

8:00 P.M. American Inventory  •  4
$87,500 has been donated by the Sloan Foundation to create this network program employing experimental techniques in adult education. Social and economic problems are discussed.

8:30 P.M. Recital Hall  •  4
Outstanding musical artists presented just as they would be seen and heard by a concert audience.

9:00 P.M. G. E. Guest House  •  2
Pianist-humorist Oscar Levant opens the door to theatrical celebrities with a variety of entertainment plus Oscar's fine piano interpretations.

9:00 P.M. Philco Playhouse  •  4
Excellent drama adapted from best-sellers under the exciting direction of Gordon Duff.

9:00 P.M. Rocky King, Detective  •  5
Scientific police detection solves heinous murders on this show, starring well-known movie comic Roscoe Karns as the genial Inspector.

8:30 P.M. The Plainclothesman  •  5
Using camera technique that makes you the detective, crime puzzlers are unscrambled with Ken Lynch in title role; Jack Orrison as Sgt. Brady.

10:00 P.M. Celebrity Time  •  2
Conrad Nagel is your host to the game and fun session as celebrities team up with football coach Herman Hickman and Mary McCarthy.

10:00 P.M. American Forum of the Air  •  4
Theodore Granik with provocative current topics.

10:30 P.M. What's My Line?  •  2
The guess-your-occupation show stays on for the hot months as panelists stagger their vacations. Moderator, John Daly; experts: Arlene Francis, Dorothy Kilgallen, Louis Untermyer, Hal Block.
Summer Fun Answers

SIXTY-FOUR DOLLAR QUESTIONS

FAMOUS ANIMALS: FACT AND FICTION
1. The Old Gray Mare
2. Pluto
3. Because Androcles had removed a thorn from its foot many years before.
4. He had wings (Mythological: the steed of the Muses)
5. Elizabeth Barrett Browning
6. The Elephant's Child
7. Lion

EATING AND DRINKING
I'll tell you what I'm eating and drinking—you tell me where I am.

1. Russia
2. France
3. England
4. China
5. Hungary
6. Germany
7. Boston

STRIKE IT RICH ANSWERS
1. Earthquake
2. Piccolo
3. The Gold Coast
4. Ted Lewis
5. Easter Island
6. The words
7. A police regulation stating that fires or lights are to be out and people to be off the streets at a set time.

TWENTY QUESTIONS ANSWER
Edison's first phonograph

BREAK THE BANK ANSWERS
1. Tallulah Bankhead
2. Ed Sullivan
3. Dagmar
4. Ronald and Bonita Colman
5. Fred Allen
6. Treasury Men in Action
7. Frances Langford and Lew Parker
8. Dizzy Dean
9. Eates Kefauver
10. Lilli Palmer
11. Faye Emerson
12. Win Elliot
13. Len Doyle
14. Perry Como
15. Groucho Marx
16. Florence Rinard
17. Serge Koussevitsky
18. Lowell Thomas

Let Your Beauty be Seen...

Palmolive Brings Out Beauty

WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR SKIN!

36 Leading Skin Specialists in 1285 Scientific Tests Proved That Palmolive's Beauty Plan Brings Most Women Lovelier Complexions in 14 Days

Start Palmolive's Beauty Plan today! Discover for yourself—as women everywhere have discovered—that Palmolive's Beauty Plan brings exciting new complexion loveliness.

Here's all you do: Gently massage Palmolive's extra-mild, pure lather onto your skin for just a minute, three times a day. Then rinse and pat dry. You'll see Palmolive bring out your beauty while it cleans your skin.

Doctors Prove Palmolive's Beauty Results!
Jane Morgan has the hilarious role of the landlady in Our Miss Brooks. As for the New Haven stock company—you may possibly be right, since the English-born actress has toured throughout the United States in road companies with such well-known stars as Charlotte Greenwood and Barbara Stanwyck.

Space Man

Dear Editor:

Would you please give me some information about Frankie Thomas who plays Tom Corbett on one of my favorite television shows, Space Cadet? Is he married and how old is he?

Miss A.W., Dayton, Ohio

Frankie Thomas is in his mid-twenties and he is as yet unmarried. He lives on a farm in New Jersey with his parents, Frank and Mona Thomas, both of whom are still quite active in radio work. Frankie is a famous child star in movies and radio and on the legitimate stage, can also be seen in the television film revival of "Tim Tyler's Luck."

Count Carleton

Dear Editor:

I would like to see a picture of the actor who plays the role of The Count of Monte Cristo. Where was he born, and is he married?

Mrs. K. B., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Here's Carleton Young—every bit as dashing as his radio role of Monte Cristo would lead you to believe. Carleton was born in Westfield, New York. He had little intention of becoming an actor, but when the principal of his high school—who was also a minister with great love for the theatre—saw him act in the senior class play, he urged the boy to take up acting. After graduating from Carnegie Tech's Dramatic Institute, Carleton was in several Broadway plays and had the Ellery Queen role on radio. He and his wife, Barbara, have two boys and a girl, age fourteen, ten and nine.

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 attach this box to your letter along with a stamped, self-addressed envelope, and specify whether your questions concern radio or TV.
(Continued from page 46) show on which you play the newest platters as well as rare old ones? I'm referring to your "Steve Got Even" and "If I Give Up the Saxophone."

Jack C., Atlanta, Ga.

Dear Jack:
I play them whenever I can sneak them away from the stamp collectors. Why stamp collectors? They buy my records, then stamp on them.

Dear Mr. Lewis:
What do you do with all that money you make on The Show Goes On and on Robert Q.'s Waxworks and as a Godfrey replacement on his morning show? You must be getting rich.

Donald B., Cleveland, O.

Dear Don:
After sending in my taxes, I was able last week to make a down payment on two steaks.

Dear Bob:
I'm a young girl eighteen and a half years old and have just won a beauty contest in my home town. I have blonde hair, big blue eyes, am 5'6" tall, and I am told that I strongly resemble Lana Turner. How can I break into television in New York?

M. O., New York City

Dear Miss Oh!
Please call my office immediately.

Dear Mr. Lewis:
I'm a young girl eighteen and a half years old, very serious and studious but not at all good-looking. How can I break into television?

Jennie M., New York City

Dear Miss M.
Get yourself an agent.

Dear Mr. Lewis:
What is the favorite show that you have ever helped to create on either radio or television?

Elmer J. Jr., Louisville, Ky.

Dear Elmer:
The Show Goes On—and I mean this seriously, because of the wonderful opportunities it affords young professionals. This gives all of us connected with the show a great personal satisfaction, and is a subject too close to my heart ever to joke about.

Dear Bob:
Outside of appearing on the Arthur Godfrey shows, what was your favorite replacement stint?

Harold Q. H. (mine's for Quentin)

Dear Harold:
The time that I replaced Faye Emerson on her show and wore the lowest cut suit I could find.

Dear Mr. Lewis:
I understand that you are a bachelor. Doesn't any woman want you?

J. L. S., Fargo, N. D.

Dear J. L. S.
Yes, there's a lady sheriff in Montana and I think she's the only woman who is looking for me at the present time.

Dear Mr. Lewis:
Are you handy around the house? For instance, are you able to make your own bed?

Jennie L. S., Peoria, Ill.

Dear Jennie:
Not having the right kind of lumber handy I haven't attempted this yet.

Dear Mr. Lewis:
Perhaps you can answer this question:
Wasn't Herbert Hoover our last Republican President?

R. T., Newark, N. J.

Dear R. T.:
It certainly begins to look that way.

Dear Robert Q.:
It's a pleasure to have you in my living-room each week.

M. A. G., Chicago, Ill.

Dear M. A. G.:
I don't recall being there and had better see my doctor. I may have amnesia.

Now let's let this whole subject rest right there!

87% of College Women who were interviewed said:

"CAVALIERS are Milder than the brand I had been smoking!"

College women learned what real cigarette mildness is when they compared Cavaliers with the cigarettes they had been smoking. Hundreds of smokers were interviewed in four leading women's colleges. Their report speaks for itself!

87%—imagine it!—87% of these college women who smoke said Cavaliers are milder than their previous cigarettes! And they'd been smoking all the well-known brands!

In group after group—servicemen, airline hostesses, nurses—80% or more of the smokers interviewed said Cavaliers are milder!

Enjoy king-size Cavaliers—for mildness and natural flavor. They cost no more than other popular cigarettes! Get a pack—or a carton—today!
(Continued from page 42) Bobby Joe fifteen, Theresa Marie thirteen, and our baby, Danny, is nine. Our little five-foot mother, an ex-schoolteacher, was acting in a Christmas play with the children Spic and Span. She is amused that her children think she is the cutest possible name for her. Our six-foot-two dad, Ray, is an engineer.

When Sis tells people she is just being herself on television, it's true in a way, because she always had such spontaneous wit and gaiety, always came out with unexpected comments that forever kept us laughing. One Christmas when she invited us home we could hardly stand it, because when she was there she made our holidays so jolly. Playing little jokes on us. Fixing things up pretty. Spending her last cent for wonderful presents, like the Christmas when she bought three bicycles at one time for the younger children.

S is definitely the sentimental type anyhow, the kind who cries regularly at important occasions like christenings, graduations and weddings. It's typical of her that tears ran down her cheeks when Judge Frank McGinnan was making her Mrs. Danny Dayton last May 21. Danny says that when he turned to put the ring on her finger and saw her face he wanted to tell the judge to stop making Sis cry, he felt so bad. Nobody had a chance to warn Danny that Sis might weep, because when Sis flew out west to marry him at Las Vegas, in the Chapel of the Flamingo Hotel, no one knew their plans. I knew they'd been dating since they were in a play together two years before, and I could see there was something each other, so I wasn't really so surprised.

Sis was married in a high-necked gray lace dress, and they say she made a beautiful bride. She and Danny did try to keep the wedding a secret for a while but it got out. In fact, when they went into the supper room at the hotel for their dinner, Mike Rose, who was on the stage that day and he recognized my sister, yelled "Dagmar!" and promptly stood on his head in greeting, which certainly tickled Sis.

How she got to be Dagmar dates back to June 14, 1950, when the telephone rang one night at 9:30 and she was asked if she could come on Broadway Open House at 11:00. That night Sis began creating the girl called Dagmar—and the male and mail response was so terrific that she's been Dagmar ever since. All of Dagmar's cutest mannerisms are really natural to Sis. She holds her head straight and high, and she tosses her hair when she is amused or annoyed, just as Dagmar does. And she gets that same little note of surprise in her voice if she comes out with something funny without intending it, and we start to laugh at her.

Sis herself laughs a lot at Dagmar. There was a picture of her in a Dagmar costume on a magazine that took one glance at the typical Dagmar expression she'd put on for the photographer, she laughed out loud and said, "Look at that face. She looks like she never had a brain and never will have one!"

When Sis first came to New York six years ago to visit our Aunt Teresa she got a job as a model. Then she heard about an audition for the Olsen and Johnson stage show, "Laughing Room Only." She had never been in a show before. "I just thought I should do it," she says. Chic Johnson asked what experience she had, and "I didn't think there was any use starting out just dancing and such stuff when I knew I could act, so I just told Mr. Johnson I didn't want to go into all that talk and foolishness about what I had done before and he let me read for him and then he liked my line and he could tell for himself that I had plenty of experience for the part." She got the job and individual billing right from the start. The night before the show opened she confessed that she had no previous experience and Mr. Johnson thought it was the funniest thing he had ever heard. It's unusual for Sis to lie, I must say, because she is known for her frankness and directness—but it sure worked out fine that time.

It has never been hard for Sis to tackle anything new, even when we were kids. One of our funniest stories about Sis was the time a big company had a bicycle riding contest in our town. The other girls talked her into competing, although she had never even ridden a bicycle and had never tried any trick riding. She just got on and watched the others and when they stood up and took their hands off the handlebars and did stunts she did them too and somehow or other she managed to keep her balance and win a bicycle!

Sis was always winning cops for dancing, although she never went to classes. Sometimes when we were still in our teens I would wake up late at night and find her tap dancing until I thought the house would come down. Dad got so proud of her talent that he made her perform for everyone who came to the house. She has leads in school plays, too, and was always popular with boys because Sis was never what you'd call "boy crazy."

When she was in Junior High, Sis shot up, but actually she is only five foot eight now, and high heels add the extra three inches. Her natural hair is more red-gold than blonde, but this color is better for television. She has lovely blue eyes and looks very much like Dad and brother Jackie. My mother is dark.

Sis has a very small waist—only twenty-four inches—and a thirty-nine bust. I don't know her weight because she never gets on a scale, "so I can truthfully say that I don't know what I weigh," she says, and

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

When changing your address please promptly advise your postmaster and MacFadden Publications, Inc., six weeks in advance, furnishing both your old address (printed label) and your new address, in order that copies of Radio Television Mirror may reach you without delay. Your subscription may be renewed by letter or on post office card Form 22 and 22-S, respectively, which your postmaster will supply on request.

MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC.
205 E. 42nd Street New York 17, N. Y.
means it. She was never self-conscious about her figure or her height and she never cared if a man was shorter than she. When someone asked her if Danny was as tall as she is she answered that he was slightly taller but it wouldn't have mattered either way, and in her best Dagmarish manner she added, "I just like someone who is sweet and very intelligent and likes the higher things of life." She was acting Dagmarish but she really feels that way.

We didn't expect Sis to be a performer. After high school she went to business school to learn shorthand and typing. Her first job was as cashier in a loan company office, and she felt so sorry for the people who borrowed money and couldn't pay it back that she had to quit.

Sis has always been the busiest somebody in the world, never sitting still except when she has something interesting to read or is looking at television. She hates to write letters, so she telephones or telegraphs instead—and her bills are enormous. She's a grand cook, the kind who makes the plainest foods look and taste like a dream. One Saturday night not long ago she baked a meat loaf and to surprise me she put my name on it with strips of cheese, and it was so pretty I didn't want to eat it.

She likes to shop but doesn't have much time for it any more. I can buy her most everything, even shoes, but she has her own ideas about dresses, especially evening gowns. She always looks for the torso line and not much trimming. On her programs she has had to wear some she didn't like, because in the beginning her salary was small and gowns were lent to her by famous designers—beautiful things, but not always her type. Now she is designing some of them herself and getting the kind she knows are becoming to her. Jewelry doesn't interest her too much, except for the choker pearls she wears so much, this winter. Danny gave her last Valentine's Day, and her wedding ring made up of a row of baguettes with a row of smaller diamonds on either side.

Her one big extravagance is a clean powder puff every day. Not the inexpensive kind that is made to be used once and thrown away, but the real good soft ones. I keep one hidden away for emergencies and the last time we ran out of them I said, "Don't worry, I've got a puff for you." "No, you haven't," Sis told me. "I found it the other day and used it." Now I hide them in all sorts of odd places.

Danny says that her outstanding characteristic is her love for people, and I guess he's right. She's just naturally sociable and she loves to talk. I can't get anything done when she's around because if no one else is there she keeps running in to tell me things she has just thought of and wants me to know about, like people she has never met, or plans she wants to make, observations about everything. She is very careful of people's feelings and will go miles out of her way to keep from offending someone.

I know about the fan mail because last November I left my job as receptionist and stenographer with the real good business company in Huntington to help Sis with her mail and act as her assistant when she needs one. The mail was getting enormous and there were so many demands on her time for benefits and special things, like being crowned Queen of Armed Forces Day, and Miss Welder of 1951, and performances for fund-raising drives for sick children and wounded veterans. I guess her biggest kick was having a tank christened Dagmar.

Sis has moved to a penthouse opposite Central Park, with a forty by twenty-four foot living room where she and Danny can entertain their friends when he isn't in Hollywood making pictures.

Sis is still decorating the new apartment. The living room is in pale gray and white, with a fireplace flanked by tall, carved walnut built-in bookcases and antique mirrors. Two gold covered sofas face in front of the fireplace and lamps and chairs provide pleasant spots of color. There will be lovely drapes as soon as Sis has time to select them, and as she says, "With those tall bookcases we'll have to have a book party when we get all furnished, because to fill that many shelves we'll need plenty of Dagmar's En-cy-clo-pee-dee-lays and Shakes-pee-ree sets." Sis's bedroom is going to be feminine and frilly, the way she likes it.

A reporter asked her recently if, now that she's married, she intends to stay in TV. "You may say," Sis answered in her best Dagmarish manner, "that I am still interested in my literary work and in educating the people."

I don't know about the educating, but I do know she loves to make them laugh and forget their troubles—just as she often made us forget ours in the house in Huntington where the nine Egnors never dreamed that one of them would turn out to be Dagmar!

---

**Which of these Hair Shades is yours?**

See how you can glorify your hair with SPARKLING, GLAMOROUS COLORS

Whether you're blonde, brunette, redhead or gray ... you can give your hair exciting, new color-effects with ... NESTLE COLORINE—gives your hair glamorous color, silken sheen and glorious highlights ... removes dulling soap film.

NESTLE COLORINT—gives richer, longer-lasting color—blends in streaked, bleached and dyed hair—covers graying hair.

Available in 10 beautiful colors that *rinse in...shampoo out!* At all cosmetic counters ... ask for them by the numbers shown below.

**RED**—use No. 23 for henna tones; No. 29 for auburn tones; No. 28 for less of that "carrotly look".

**BLONDE**—use No. 25 for rich, gold tones; No. 26 for honey-gold color; No. 29 for auburn; No. 23 for deeper henna tones.

**BRUNETTE**—use No. 29 for copper highlights; No. 23 for henna; No. 27 for chestnut-brown lustre; No. 22 to add blue-black color; No. 24 to enrich dark brown and black color; No. 28 for red-brown tones.

**GRAY or MIXED GRAY**—use No. 30 for blue-grey tones; No. 22 for a more even, steel-grey color; No. 21 for platinum, silvery tones.

**COLORINSE** NESTLE COLORINT

Exciting color, sheen and highlights

Triple-Strength color, hides gray

---

**FOR A FINAL FINISHING TOUCH—Bring out the full beauty of your hair shade with Nestle Sheen**—the amazing new hairdressing ... custom-made in Color to accent and intensify your hair shade. Adds exciting lustre and color-highlights ... helps waves stay in longer ... makes hair easier to manage. In 4 shades ... for Blonde, Red, Brunette or Gray Hair. $2.50, 50¢
I'M A HICKORY WIDOW

(Continued from page 57) with my own experiences in show business, I can appreciate the strain of Al's work. For years I traveled with Paul Whiteman as solo pianist and then on my own, playing the hotels and night clubs. But I don't believe I ever went through a period of "one-nighters" for seven months at a time as Al does. You know, Mutual doesn't cover just one ball club, but all the teams in both leagues. Al may have breakfast at home, hop a plane for Boston to do the play-by-play, and be in Chicago for a late dinner.

"We'll settle down and live like real people," I told Al when we got married. And we honestly tried for a while. We first met before the war, when we were both working at Mutual. I had my own musical program. Al and Red Barber were doing baseball. We couldn't help noticing Al. He's gay. I knew he had with the kind of face that a young artist told me she would like to chisel on the side of a mountain.

In 1943 Al and I began seeing each other with the sudden realization that we were in love. We talked about getting married. Al was in the Naval Reserve, on active duty at Miami. I went to the Olympia Theatre in Miami for a two-week engagement, found that Al could get away occasionally to see me, and stayed—playing the Bali Club—for two months.

We were talking about the wedding then, only postponing it until he got a leave. I bought a complete wedding ensemble, safely stored in my mother's home and began to furnish the new house. I was in Boston when Al phoned.

"I'm calling from Solomon's Island." I nearly fainted away. Although it would have been impossible to phone from the Solomon Islands in the Pacific, naturally it was what I thought of. "It's in Maryland," he added quickly and went on to describe the wedding the next day in Baltimore. Our wedding.

I was nearly in tears when I got to Baltimore the next morning, for I didn't have time to pick up all of those special clothes. In fact, I remember changing dresses in the railroad station for the ceremony. But married we were on June 14, Flag Day. Al was a Commander in the Navy and so handsome in his white uniform he took my breath away. Neither of us, however, looked groomed for long. As usual on parade days, it rained, and we were caught in the storm. When we got to a train, to begin our honeymoon and continue my theatre tour, the train was jammed. I don't know what travel was like during the war—anyone was lucky to find room to stand in the aisle. And that's exactly what we did.

"This is no way to begin a honeymoon," Al said. "I'll be back in a few minutes."

He was gone ten and when he came back, we had a drawing room all to ourselves. And so Al spent his two-week leave with me.

Al gets cross when anyone mentions his war experiences in print. He doesn't believe in trading on such things in his business. But as his wife, I have some prerogatives and one of them is rightful pride in my husband. You could well call him a hero, although not to his face, for he saw quite a bit of action commanding PC's, destroyer-escorts, etc. He took part in many engagements and was commanding lessons for a U.S. anti-submarine squadron that spearheaded the first shot of the Allied invasion of Sicily. It was in the invasion at Palermo that his back was injured when German dive-bombers nearly blew up his ship. As a matter of fact, the whole incident was dramatized on Cavalcade of America, Alfred Drake starring as Al Holfer.

But to return. Al's life as an announcer is safe but nonetheless hectic. We tried to settle down for a while, but Mutual wanted Al to come back, went about it rather cleverly. In November of 1947, he began a network news commentary. Usually, Al is lively and gentle and great fun. But sometimes he just locks himself up and I know he has a problem. Finally, he told me about it. "Mutual wants me to cover baseball and that means a lot of traveling."

Well, the poor dear loves baseball. Perhaps not so much as he loves his wife and child, but sports run a close second. So, knowing all these things, I encouraged Al to broadcast baseball again.

Our home in Hinsdale is quite beautiful. It's on a hill, topping a natural rock formation. The style of the house is English, made of brown wood and stucco. We have six giant oak trees, enormous rhododendrons and a beautiful lawn. As a matter of fact, our neighbors, a lawyer on one side and a chemist on the other, have until the garden during the summer. Al pays them back in the fall and winter, for he's quite handy with carpenter's tools and loves to putter.

Our only child, six-year-old Ramona—we call her "Mona"—so the two of us won't get confused—agrees with her mother that the sun sets and rises on Al. Every morning, when he asks, "Will Daddy be home today?" Of course, from March through September, she usually gets a negative answer. But when Al does have one of those rare evenings at home Mona refuses to wear her blue jeans or play dresses. She prims up and dons only the best for Daddy.

AL IS CRAZY about her and makes those infrequent hours at home count. He plays Old Maid with her or teaches her acrobatics. Mona likes to play piano for Daddy. She couldn't help learning around me, although I don't believe in forcing the issue. In the fourth grade he and his willowy blonde, Jean were particularly good friends. Once Johnny talked Al into his uniform before a regular game and it was rather amusing.

"You used to play ball," Johnny coached. "Why don't you get out there?"

That was in 1949, and in the pre-game...
A L IS NOW on the air seven days a week and this season has taken off only one day. That happened when Mona had her tonsils out.

We had telephone calls all day long from all over the country. One woman from the mid-west, said she was seventy-eight, and asked to be called "Grandma," I don’t get jealous of “Al’s gals,” as the men on production call them. I don’t blame them for getting excited. Of course, they treat Al as one of the family and write, “We wait for you so we can just sit back to talk baseball.”

And then they are always sending gifts, usually the most luscious foods. When we got a twenty-two-pound-smoked ham from Kentucky, it was just too much for the family. Al invited all of the men who work the broadcast to come up to the house after a New York ball game. He announced this over the air. Before the game was over he had a telegram from Utah, “Crate of strawberries now enroute by air for your ham dinner.”

Al’s a good friend, a man who likes people. When he has evenings free, neighbors come over for conversation and music.

But I am solely housewife and mother. I keep away from network studios and agents who might inveigle me into a “few” engagements. It’s full running the house. raising our daughter and keeping Al’s accounts. My next-door neighbor, Ruth Muller, mother of a six-month-old baby, is a concert violinist who has appeared many times on TV. We get together for frequent musical evenings. I do a lot of reading, too, and enjoy television. But my life really begins again the moment Al returns home, no matter how tired he is, which reminds me of the most difficult job I have. That is getting Al awake in the morning. When he gets home after midnight and must be up at six in the morning to get off again, you can readily understand how exhausted he is. I coax and finally get him walking, I make sure he has enough shirts and underwear in his bag, for a man his size can’t always find clothes that fit.

I drive him to LaGuardia Field and we talk about Mona, baseball, something to fix in the house, or just about us. And when he turns at the cabin door of the plane to wave goodbye, I get goose bumps all over. The plane takes off... And I’m a baseball widow again.

STOP PAIN INSTANTLY
COMBAT INFECTI0N
PROMOTE HEALING
WITH ANTISEPTIC
Campho-Phenique
(PRONOUNCED CAM-FO-FIN-EAK)

USE IT FOR
MINOR BURNS, CUTS, SCRATCHES, ABRASIONS

Quick! Apply Campho-Phenique at once to minor burns from hot cooking utensils, hot water or steam... stops pain instantly, promotes rapid healing. The same thing happens when you use it on minor cuts, scratches and abrasions. And, because it’s highly antiseptic, Campho-Phenique helps heal pimples*, fever blisters, cold sores, insect bites without leaving ugly scars. Doesn’t stain skin. Get Campho-Phenique today and see how fast this pain-relieving antiseptic goes to work.

*Externally caused
"Learning to play is fun...this way!"

Thousands Now Play Who Never Thought They Could.
Send For Free Book Telling How Easily You Can Do It Too.

Playing piano, guitar, accordion, or ANY OTHER instrument is one of the most satisfying, friendliest projects hobbies anyone can have. Now it's actually fun to learn in your own home, without a teacher — for only a few cents a lesson. 650,000 people have chosen this "easy as A-B-C" way! No special talent required.

Instead of doing tedious exercises, you LEARN-BY-PLAYING. You play charming pieces right from the very first lesson. Soon you'll be playing your favorite music. Our words-and-pictures instruction method makes it so easy you just can't go wrong. You learn to play real music properly, BY NOTE. You spend just a few minutes a day, and YOU pick your own time!

FREE Book and Instruction-Sample
Find out why our method can teach you. Must be irresistible. Write for FREE Book and Free Instruction-Sample. No obligation; no salesman will call. U. S. School of Music, Studio A209, Fort Washington, N. Y.

NOSES RESHAPED
FACE LIFTING
Loose skin, wrinkles, outstanding ears, lips, baggy eyelids, brown spots corrected by plastic surgery. FREE CONSULTATION and Booklet. LINCOLN HOUSE PUBLISHERS 542 Fifth Ave., Suite 83, N. Y. C. L. E. 2-1596

GET IT QUICK—EASY! Special Newest Greeting Cards for Christmas and All Occasions printed to 80 cents each. Over 100 designs: Nativity Scenes, Comic, 3-Dimensional hangings. Gift Envelopes quick and free. Write today for FREE samples. ELMIRA GREETING CARD CO., Dept. C-1244, ELMIRA, NEW YORK

I imagine!

FREE EXTRA CASH!
FOR PROMPT DELIVERY
100 CENTS ON ALL ORDERS
5 CENTS ON SMALL ORDERS

BOUND UP EXTRA CASH!
SELL WESTERN ART CHRISTMAS CARDS
No experience needed. Offer 60 Christmas Cards for $1. Profit is 60 cents a box. You make $5.00 on 100 boxes! Three amazing value Name-Imprinted Christmas Cards from SELL ON DEMAND.

IT'S EASY TO EARN! 3-Card Gift Assortment, 6-Card Assortment, 12-Card Assortment. Terms: Layaway, 12-Month Sales. Make $15 a month. FREE samples. Same-day delivery. Western Art Studios, Dept. B, 257 S. Spring St., Los Angeles 12, Calif.

AMAZING CREAM REMOVES UNSIGHTLY HAIR QUICKLY, SAFELY
Acts Below "Razor Line" Without Cutting or Scrapping Legs
The modern way to remove hair from your legs is with Neet Cream Hair Remover. It works deeper than a razor, below the surface of the skin. No sores to make razor cuts and scratches. Neet leaves tender skin soft and smooth, free from shaving cream. Just apply Neet like any cream, then rinse off and hair disappears like magic.

AUNT JENNY How far can a wife go in trying to help her husband? In Aunt Jenny's story about the Bakers, Laura is faced with the problem of knowing she can help Jim get the job he needs if she will go to her ex-boyfriend, Phil Porter, and ask for it. Pocketing her pride, she finally does talk to Phil, and Jim gets the job. But Phil can't keep from rubbing it in, and the Baker marriage is almost wrecked until Phil's sister steps in.
M-F, 12:15 P.M. EDT, CBS.

BACKSTAGE WIFE Despite the efforts of Rupert Barlow to undermine their marriage, Mary and Larry Noble are happier than ever as Larry begins work in the revival of the play in which he first starred last year on Broadway. Still determined to part the Nobles, Rupert brings to New York charming Dora Dean, the young movie actress, who had fallen in love with Larry while he was working in Hollywood.
M-F, 4 P.M. EDT, NBC.

BIG SISTER Ruth and Dr. John Wayne have been through many emotional ups and downs in the course of their married life, but never one more shattering than that caused by the interference of Millard Parker. Has Parker actually managed to convince John that he has valid reason to be jealous of Reed Bannister? Reed made no secret of once having loved Ruth Wayne . . . has he changed, or is Parker right?
M-F, 1 P.M. EDT, CBS.

BRIGHTER DAY Because she and her father cannot agree on her responsibility to her baby, Althea Dennis is drifting farther away from family attachments. Reverend Dennis is pleased by this, but refuses to allow Elizabeth to go on sacrificing herself for her selfish sister. Is he justified in hoping that some good will come to Liz from her California trip? Will she renew her contact with Manny Scott—and Nathan Eldredge?
M-F, 2:45 P.M. EDT, CBS.

FRONT PAGE FARRELL "The Full Moon Murder Case" involves reporter David Farrell and his wife Sally in the slaying of a famous song-writer, who is stabbed to death near a wooded section of his country estate. The case becomes complicated when it is learned that a lunatic, escaped from a nearby asylum, was at large at the time of the crime. What leads does David uncover to help the police capture the murderer?
M-F, 5:15 P.M. EDT, NBC.

GUIDING LIGHT Too late, Bertha Bauer awakens to the realization that she herself may have driven Bill into the arms of another woman. Has he left Bertha for good, or will she get him back, as she vows to do? Meta also is having emotional problems with the hostile children of reporter Joe Roberts. And Trudy, planning a Mexican trip, does not know that it will be all the more exciting because of a man named Clyde Palmer.
M-F, 1:45 P.M. EDT, CBS.

HILLTOP HOUSE Julie Paterno finds a very kind of humor in reflecting on the astonishingly bad taste of Dr. Jeff Brighting as far as choosing wives is concerned. His first brief marriage was a disastrous experience, and now, when he was on the verge of marrying Julie, her scheming cousin Nina swept him into a whirlwind elopement. How long will it be before Nina shows him at last what her true colors are?
M-F, 3 P.M. EDT, CBS.

JUST PLAIN BILL Bill Davidson and his daughter Nancy are trying to help Bill's old friend, Stanley Warner, through a crisis in his life. In a tragic accident, Stanley ran over and killed his son. Nancy is especially sympathetic because her first child was killed in similar circumstances. But Stanley's wife, Bessie, hysterically, refuses to believe it was an accident, and has accused her husband of murder.
M-F, 5 P.M. EDT, NBC.
**KINGS ROW**  
Red-headed, beautiful Randy McHugh finds herself helpless in the emotional tangle of an impossible love when she and Dr. Parris Mitchell acknowledge their feeling for one another. For Parris has an invalid wife from whom his conscience will never permit him to free himself. What happiness can there be for these two? Will they have to reconcile one another—or is there another way?  
M-F, 3:15 P.M. EDT, CBS.

**LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL**  
Learning that Colonel Bell has plotted against him, Barry has a furious quarrel with the Colonel which is made doubly significant when shortly afterwards the Colonel is poisoned. He might have killed himself, but the police think Barry did it, and when ChiChi learns of Barry’s trouble she astounds Papa David and herself by leaving her wheel chair to walk to the phone to talk to him.  
M-F, 3 P.M. EDT, NBC.

**MA PERKINS**  
Though Fay manages to conceal the extent of her disappointment, the Perkins family and their friends have no doubt that she is much upset when a business commitment forces Spencer Grayson to postpone their wedding. However, Ma insists that young Tom Wells come to her house to convalesce after his accident, so Fay and Ma have plenty to do. Is Fay almost too interested in Tom’s successful recovery?  
M-F, 1:15 P.M. EDT, CBS.

**OUR GAL SUNDAY**  
Lawyer Alison Gray obtains a confession in which Lord Henry Brinthrope confesses to the murder of Keith Carlyle. Sunday, knowing her husband is innocent, works desperately to vindicate him before Alison has a chance to proceed with her plan to present the confession to the authorities. But in her efforts to save Henry, Sunday naturally comes close to the real murderer, thus exposing herself to terrible danger.  
M-F, 12:45 P.M. EDT, CBS.

**PEPPER YOUNG’S FAMILY**  
Because Sadie Mercer was so kind to Mr. Young while he was imprisoned by the two hoodlums recently, the whole Young family tries to help when Sadie marries Eddie Barker. Mr. Young gets Eddie a watchman’s job at the bank and the young couple seem set for a happy life in Elm-  
dale when suddenly Gil, Sadie’s old boy friend, appears and begins to threaten her. Will her past trap Sadie?  
M-F, 3:30 P.M. EDT, NBC.

**PERRY MASON**  
Lawyer Perry Mason tangles with one of the most dangerous adversaries of his career when Anna B. Hurley fights him over the strange affair of May Grant and her daughter. Nobody except those intimately involved was ever supposed to learn the truth about the little girl. But when Perry discovers the link between May Grant and glamorous star, Kitty Di Carlo, he knows he holds the key to Anna’s downfall.  
M-F, 2:15 P.M. EDT, CBS.

**NEW...**  
**Cream Deodorant**  
Keeps Underarms Dry and Odorless

Here’s why more men and women use Arrid than any other deodorant. Used daily as directed, Arrid gives best results of any deodorant tested.  
1. Effective, prevents even the appearance of perspiration—keeps underarms dry.  
2. Safe, saves clothes from stains. Does not rot dresses or men’s shirts.  
3. Removes odor from perspiration on contact. Keeps underarms odorless.  
5. Today’s Arrid with Creamogen stays smooth, creamy. Never dries out in jar! Don’t be half-safe. Use Arrid to be sure. Bay Arrid today.

**ARRID**  
America’s largest-selling Deodorant

**WALLACE BROWN**

**EXCLUSIVE CHRISTMAS CARDS**  
See These Famous Box Assortments and Personal Christmas Cards. You’ll be happy to discover the easy way to make extra money! You don’t send any money for actual complete sample of the gorgeous 21-Card “Feature” Christmas Assortment—you just mail the coupon! Then show these cards to your friends, neighbors, and folks you know, and see how quickly they order! Yes, Wallace Brown Christmas and Everyday Greeting Card Assortments and Personal Cards are so beautiful and such big values they sell themselves. You don’t need experience—and it’s actually fun! You make money easily and quickly with the wonderful 21-Card “Feature” Christmas Assortment to sell at only $1.00 with up to 50c profit for you—and with many other Christmas Assortments, a host of easy-to-sell Gift Items—AND a complete selection of Everyday Greeting Cards.

**SEND NO MONEY!** Mail Coupon for Samples! Just wait until you see the many surprises that can bring you dollars or extra cash every day! Don’t send a penny! Just mail the coupon! Actual sample of the exciting, easy-to-sell “Feature” 21-Card Christmas Assortment, and FREE sample of easy-selling personalized name imprinted Christmas Cards, will be rushed to you at once, postpaid with money-making plans. Mail coupon NOW!

**WALLACE BROWN, MIN.**  
Dept. C-186, 225 Fifth Ave.  
New York 10, N.Y.

Please rush at once sample of the “Feature” 21-Card Christmas Assortment on approval and FREE samples of personal Christmas Cards, with details of your complete line and money-making plans.  

**MAIL-COUPON FOR SAMPLES OF**

**Wallace Brown**

**THEY CAN BE FREE!**

**WALLACE BROWN, INC.**  
Dept. C-186, 225 Fifth Ave., New York 10, N.Y.

Please rush at once sample of the “Feature” 21-Card Christmas Assortment on approval and FREE samples of personal Christmas Cards, with details of your complete line and money-making plans.

**WALLACE BROWN, INC.**  
Dept. C-186, 225 Fifth Ave.  
New York 10, N.Y.
Daytime


diary

RIGHT TO HAPPINESS When Carolyn became the wife of Governor Miles Nelson, she was too mature to believe that only happiness lay ahead, but she was not entirely prepared for the sinister forces that were already conspiring to affect not only their marriage, but Miles’ career. Annette Thorpe, powerful and wealthy, has not resigned herself to losing Miles to Carolyn. In what subtle way will she try to get what she wants?

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

ROAD OF LIFE Dr. Jim Brent, his friend Frank Dana, and others in Merri- ma who are concerned stand aghast as the truth about the Overton family begins to emerge from concealment. Jim, as a doctor, and Frank as an editor, are instrumental in exposing the activities of the Overtons, but how will this affect Jim’s relationship with Jocelyn McLeod, the lovely niece of the Overtons, who interests Jim so much?

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

ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT Believing that Gil is finally lost to her after his marriage to Cynthia Swanson, Helen Trent continues with her career as an important Hollywood gown designer. Uncertain what place wealthy Barclay Bailey may come to have in her life. Columnist Daisy Parker, Helen’s enemy, convinces Barclay’s mother that Helen is indeed the fortune hunter Mrs. Bailey believes her to be. Will Barclay listen to his mother?

M-F, 12:30 P.M. EDT, CBS.

ROSEMARY Bill Roberts, on the point of straightening out his marriage to Rosemary, is stunned when Blanche Weatherby dies of a bullet wound after accusing him of shooting her. In spite of the story told by Rosemary’s friend Blondie, which refutes Blanche’s story, the police take Bill into custody. Rosemary immediately leaves Springfield to be with Bill. Will Barclay listen to his mother?

M-F, 12:30 P.M. EDT, CBS.

STELLA DALLAS Stella’s distrust of Ben Jasper is well founded, for he is part of the gang of jewel thieves headed by Keith and Virginia Manton. Keith plans to “retire” after the gang’s current job is concluded, but Ben Jasper has become more ambitious. He is determined to marry Lauret’s friend Hollis Page, who will inherit a fortune when her grandmother dies. Though she doesn’t know Ben’s plans, Stella suspects the worst.

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

THIS IS NORA DRAKE Peg Martin- son has very nearly achieved her goal of ruining Nora’s life. Armed with proofs which she herself does not know to be faked, Peg has used her influence as a trustee of Page Memorial Hospital to force Dr. Jensen to ask Nora and Dr. Robert Sergeant to resign. Nora and Dr. Sergeant are unable to protect themselves against the charge of financial jugglery. Will this trouble ruin their romance?

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

WENDY WARREN Though Mark Douglas’ adventure in Europe is now behind him, his continuing nightmares and incomplete flashes of remembrance indicate to his friends that he has not recovered from the rigors of his captivity. Anton, on behalf of the Intelligence Department, asks Wendy to try to help Mark remember, for he may be suppressing vital information. Will this hold up Wendy’s marriage to Mark?

M-F, 12 Noon EDT, CBS.

WOMAN IN MY HOUSE James Carter finds renewed faith in the solidarity and loyalty of his family life when he learns that the mysterious business which occupied his son, Jeff, was far from discreditable. When Jeff finally takes his father and mother into his confidence, James is so relieved and happy that his relations with his other children, strained by his fear that they were drifting away, become happy once more.

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

YOUNG DR. MALONE Anne Malone, uncertain of the feelings or desires of her estranged husband, Jerry, postpones solution of her own problem with regard to Sam Williams, whom she planned to marry after divorcing Jerry. Does this mean that Sam’s son, Gene, will renew his courtship of the lovely young woman, Anna, that she is in love with him, a boy ten years her junior? What will happen to Gene’s ill-starred marriage to Crystal?

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

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN Victoria Loring, sister of Dr. Anthony Loring, has been Elmer’s close friend ever since Anthony and Ellen first fell in love. When Ellen now learns that Victoria herself is in difficulties which may end in the disruption of her own marriage plans with fortune-hunting Cornelius Drake, she tries to help the completely unhappy Victoria. But her efforts only manage to increase Victoria’s dilemma.

M-F, 4:30 P.M. EDT, NBC.
PEPPER YOUNG

(Continued from page 39)

Meanwhile Mrs. Trent's plans to break up Carter's marriage gathered momentum. She hired a thug, Gil, to uncover a "past" in either Pepper's or Mr. and Mrs. Young's lives. When this failed, she instructed Gil to frame a scandal in whatever way he thought most effective. This turned out only too well—Sam was charged with robbing the bank and killing the night watchman. Since the night watchman, on his deathbed, had said Sam was the last person he had seen, the case seemed airtight. However, Sam obtained permission from the sheriff to pick up a lead in Chicago and try to clear his name. In Chicago he located Sadie Mercer, Gil's girl friend. Sadie finally broke down and gave him the names of the thugs—which he, in turn, relayed to the police. But before the police could find Gil and his gang, the gangsters kidnapped Sam and, it was assumed, killed him. This latest violence was more than Mrs. Trent could stand. She confessed her role to Carter. But before she could tell the sheriff, the police located Sam unharmmed and he returned to Elmwood a free man.
WHEN HAZEL stopped off at the Barbour's on her way home, she found everybody there busily talking about Margaret. She had been calling, it seemed, all afternoon, trying to locate her mother.

"It sounded like something dreadfully important, Hazel dear," Fanny Barbour said, handing her daughter a fragrantly steaming cup of tea with an affectionate smile. "Margaret isn't in any kind of trouble, I hope. Is she, Hazel?"

"Margaret doesn't even get into trouble," Hazel said gloomily. "She doesn't get into anything. She's in an awful stage—I don't know what to do with her. Why, just last night at dinner, after Dan had kidded her about asking for two helpings of chocolate cake, she looked at him and wailed, 'What difference does it make how fat I get? I never get a date anyway.' And then she pushed

Margaret's

"Barbour Book"

A first love,
a first big dance,
escorted by
the boy of her
dreams . . . she's
growing up, thought
Hazel—or is she?
her plate away, muttered about being the only girl who hasn’t had a date this term, and dashed out.”

Cliff, who was spending one of his rare afternoons at home, grinned. “I think she’s going to be a good-looking gal when she gets started. She was crying on my shoulder all afternoon, before she went home, about how none of the kids at school ever date her. I don’t (Continued on page 92)
MARGARET’S “BARBOUR BOOK”

(Continued from page 91) think she's that much worse-looking than most of the girls her age, from what I've seen.”

“Well, thank you,” Hazel said sarcastically. “There's nothing wrong with Margaret's looks. She just isn't as forward as some of the others. That Geraldine friend of hers—purple lipstick an inch thick. I don't know what the child's mother can be thinking of to let her go around like that. And the clothes...” Hazel shuddered.

Fanny said comfortably, “Margaret always looks neat and tidy to me. And she has a very pretty complexion. But she does look as though she isn't having too good a time, dear. Couldn't you do something about it?”

“What?” Hazel challenged. And Fanny had to admit she didn't really know. “Anyway,” Hazel went on, “it's just this boy-crazy phase she's going through. You know how Margaret has always been—she gets these periodic enthusiasms and throws herself into them with such feverish abandon that nobody can live under the same roof with her. Then it runs its course, and there's a dull period, and no, of a sudden bang—as Hank and Pinkie used to say—she's off to the races again. I think this business about dates is pretty much the same thing. It will follow the same course, I tell myself. But in the meantime, well—you've seen her. The great Queen of Tragedy. Nobody has ever, ever suffered as Margaret Murray is suffering now.”

Cliff reached for another piece of marble cake. “I don't think you've got it right, sis. After all, Margaret's fourteen. It'd be inclined to say that as far as she's concerned, this business about boys and dates is here to stay.”

“Maybe,” Hazel said. “But somehow I don't think so.” She frowned, remembering the complete childishness of Margaret's bout. She had looked about ten... “I know it will come sooner or later. But I don't think this is it. She's not ready, it seems to me. If only she'd get over this Rodney Dwyer business—”

“That's it!” Fanny said happily. “That's what I couldn't remember. She said to tell you, Hazel, if we saw you or spoke to you, that it was about Rodney Dwyer and would you please hurry home at once.”

Please, please, hurry, as I remember it,” Cliff grinned.

Hazel pulled a hand to her forehead with a groan. “Oh, no. Not Rodney Dwyer. I can't stand it. Probably she went into the Soda Bar and he was there, and she's been having hot-and-cold fits ever since. Mother, she pleaded, couldn't I just stay here for dinner and not go home at all? I can't face any more of Rodney Dwyer—and as for Dandy, now...”

But of course she went, almost at once. Prepared for some trivial incident involving the worshiped Rodney, and prepared, too, to give it the quiet, enduring attention she felt a mother should offer. Hazel was surprised to find a Margaret she hardly recognized waiting impatiently on the porch. She laid easier hands on Hazel and drew her inside. “Where have you been? I'm on pins and needles. Wait till I tell you—” Blazing with radiance, she danced around impatiently while Hazel went upstairs to change. “Listen, will you? I've got a date with him. For the big dance!”

Hazel stopped stock still on the stairs. Her only need was to say, “I don't believe it.” But it must be true if Margaret said it. And the child was transformed. In fact she was so radiant she looked positively feverish. She ran upstairs and into Hazel's room, pulled a housecoat out of the closet and tossed it on the bed. Then she got down and began pulling off Hazel's shoes. She had so much energy, all of a sudden, that she apparently didn't know what to do with it.

“Just listen, will you, sit there and I'll tell you all about it,” she chattered. “Don't do a thing but listen and tell me what you think...” I was just sitting there on the porch, see, and the phone rang! And it was Jerry—Geraldine Connor, you know.”

Margaret sat back on her heels, savoring again the glory of that moment. “She said—Mother, she said that Rodney Dwyer had agreed to take me to the dance next week.”

Hazel was immediately annoyed. “What do you mean, he had agreed?”

“Well, he had asked Jerry—everybody asks her, you know how simply desirable she is—but she already told Frank Perkins she'd go with him. Only Rodney’s...”

“Thaaat’s The Answer to My Problem!”

is what more and more listeners to radio’s “My True Story” are saying. For here are presented in dramatic form, true-life experiences direct from the files of True Story Magazine. Here are your problems, as well as those of your friends and neighbors—people you see all the time. “My True Story” presents the answers to these problems—love, hope, fear, jealousy and many, many others.

TUNE IN

“MY TRUE STORY”

AMERICAN BROADCASTING STATIONS
made gestures around her hosom. "Oh, I'm so ecstatic I could scream," she cried, and flew up the stairs again.

Hazel frowned, not quite knowing why she was suddenly nervous. "She oughtn't to be too happy. She ought to take it easier. Anything might happen...." She didn't say aloud what she was thinking, that with a girl like Geraldine Connor involved, something was bound to happen.

It happened on Monday, and it turned out to be about Clifford's new car. Cliff Barbee was nearly the only noticeable car in town, but his new one, a Bernadotte, was really stopping traffic. Everyone had noticed its gleaming cream-colored length and had commented on its extravagant red-leather upholstery. According to Margaret, it had created a sensation at school, and had earned her the only notice she'd had all term from the basketball team when Cliff had obligingly driven her down to the stadium to watch practice. Of course it wasn't Margaret they swarmed over to see, but the car... but still they had to at least say hello to her when she was sitting right there.

"Rodney saw it last week," Margaret said, standing in the kitchen doorway and worrying at her fingernails. She looked apprehensively at her mother. "Mother. Do you think I could dare ask Uncle Cliff if—if we could borrow it?"

"Borrow his new car?"

"For the dance." Margaret shifted and twined her feet intricately around one another. Even her ankles looked worried, Hazel thought irrelevantly. When Margaret was happy she stood with her feet slightly apart, poised almost on tiptoe. "You see, Rodney asked Jerry to ask me to ask Cliff. . . ." Her voice trailed away and she gazed at her mother in despair. She didn't need to finish the sentence. Hazel blazed into anger again, but silently, *Nerve!* Had Rodney also said, "I won't take her unless she can get her uncle's car?" Hazel would have bet on it. That was the way it must have been, only crafty Geraldine was breaking it gradually, so it wouldn't look too much like a plot. She opened her lips to tell Margaret flatly that she wouldn't permit her to go at all, and then something in her daughter's wary, piteous expression kept her quiet. "Remember," she told herself. "Don't start taking it seriously. If it's good enough for Margaret, going like this, why destroy her pleasure? It's not as if she were seventeen and this represented a first-class social crisis. It's just a kids' dance. Don't make it important."

A LOUD, she said. "We'll see. Dear. If Rodney's a good driver—"

"Oh, he is! He's driven every other kind of car in this town. That's why he's so anxious—"

"We'll see," Hazel repeated. Privately she determined that Cliff should lend the car. He'd been very nice to Margaret, driving her around quite as though he were a devoted swain. He would do it if she asked him to.

A phone call later to Cliff got the desired results. Margaret, radiant again, relayed the news to Geraldine, and there was an animated review of the schedule for picking up the members of the party.
Thrilling New Massage Cream
Contains PC-11. Acts Instantly to

DRY UP SKIN
BLEMISHES
From Both Oily Skin and
External Causes!

Have you tried in vain to get rid of oily, muddy look, pimples, "hickies," other externally caused skin blemishes? Well, you never had PC-11 before! That's POMPEIAN'S name for Hexachlorophene. Wonderful discovery of science helping up such skin blemishes. PC-11 is now contained in new POMPEIAN Massage Creams! Try this exclusive new detergent to help you remove blackheads like magic! See how it goes on face pink—rolls off muddy gray!

—5 CENTS! Send name, address and 5 cents for 5 massages to POMPEIAN CO., Inc., Department M1, Baltimore 24, Md. Or get Pumpeian Milk Massage Cream at your favorite drug store.

ONE MINUTE CURES, BURNS
of Simple Care
in Minor Injuries

Great risk lies in neglected small cuts, burns, scratches, scalds as germs may multiply by millions. Apply tested Oil-O-Sol once. This curing, imparting antiseptic helps control infection, ease pain, speed healing. A favorite in first aid for 50 years. Mosco's Oil-O-Sol — today at your drug store.

DESTROY UNWANTED HAIR
FOREVER
Temporary relief is NOT enough

Only by KILLING THE HAIR ROOT can one be sure UNWANTED HAIR IS GONE FOREVER. Best results and social happiness. Do not use our marked articles before you have read our instruction booklet carefully and learned to use the MABURS METHOD safely and correctly. Use successfully at least fifty years.

MAHLER'S, INC. Dept. 341, Providence 15, R. I.

Hollywood's Glamour Secret
Fresh, radiant eyes!
Start using Kurlene today on lashes, lids and brows. Rich, finely-blended ingredients help improve the curling, imparting soft dewy sheen. 10¢, 50¢, $1, at cosmetic counters.

THE CERALUX CO., INC.- KURLASH PRODUCT

Hazel was briefly annoyed again. But Margaret was so happy—for the first time she was in the forefront of big things! Having reached equanimity again, Hazel vowed not to allow herself to become disturbed by anything else pertaining to the big occasion. She was braced for a long Rodney. But Rodney talked this through, Rodney told him that she had stopped by looker this afternoon, and so on. It was madding—

"Remember the Morkin boy?" Fanny asked gently, not looking up from her knitting. Then you had such a crush on? You talked about him until your father made you put a nickel in the piggy-bank for every time you mentioned his name. You bought your first angora sweater with the proceeds, and by that time you wanted it to catch the eye of another little boy.

"But I was older," Hazel wailed.

GIRLS are older these younger days," her mother said inexorably. And Hazel had to admit it was part of a mother's lot to bear her daughter's crushes.

She withstood Rodney; but for the business about the dress she was not prepared. Mr. Barkly had seemed to her the ideal of white organdie that the dress had taken almost concrete form in Hazel's mind before they stopped for it. White and fragile, as a young girl's first dance dress should be; perhaps caught up here and there with a sprig of pink roses—charming and delicate. She and Margaret talked about it Tuesday night, and Hazel, caught up in her planning, didn't notice that Margaret kept saying, "But Mother . . ." and then not finishing the sentence. After dinner, Margaret asked permission to go to her grandmother's. It was after that the calls began. The first one was from Fanny herself, late Tuesday night after Margaret had come home and gone to bed. "Hazel?"

Fanny asked, "Is Margaret asleep? I don't think it's good for her to know people talk about her. . .it's about her frock, dear. Margaret mentioned you were thinking of white."

Hazel uttered a non-committal sound. An unexpected invasion had invaded her.

"Well," Fanny said, "it's up to you of course, but don't you think Margaret's a bit pale for white? A pretty lilac, now— or pink. I wouldn't go so far as to say an out-and-out red—"

"Who would?" Hazel interrupted quickly.

Fanny coughed. "Please don't think Margaret's been trying to influence me, dear. It's just that I think she's right, you know—I think she's been talking it over with her little friends, dear, and they don't agree about white."

Hazel gripped the phone. Her little friend . . .? That's it. She wished—

Claudia phoned the next morning, after Margaret had gone to school. After a few preliminaries, she got around to the subject of the dance, and Hazel was in the middle of a sentence about how Margaret's excitement had reminded Fanny of her own girls, when suspicion seized her again. "Claudia," she interrupted herself to say. "Has that daughter of mine been at you too? She hasn't been talking about her gown, I suppose?"

"Well," Claudia said. "Now that you mention it, Margaret did drop in for a few minutes. Just to chat. Look, Hazel, she may be right. Had you thought about something more—well, more vivid?"

"As, for instance, red?" her sister asked grimly.

Claudia was shocked. "Red! Darling, nobody wears red. No, I was thinking of a turquoise, say, or one of those in-between greens..."

"We'll see, we'll see," Hazel said, and hung up abruptly. If I could get my hands round that little neck of Geraldine's, she thought, I'd—well . . .

By the time Cliff called, she was no longer surprised. Margaret had been a very busy little girl indeed, it seemed. But that was her way. Once get her teeth into a project, and she held on until shaken! and ready, Hazel thought with a certain relunctance. She admired, she had planned her campaign like a general. Cliff's suggestion, made laughingly but apparently in accordance with a solemn promise extracted by Margaret, was that a nice bright blue would go very well with the red upholstery of her car. "You want the boys to see her," he pointed out.

"That's been our trouble up to now—she's tall and she'll have a figure one day, just as she'll be a green-eyed blonde, but right now she isn't—well, she hasn't realized her potentialities."

By twenty-three, when she could begin expecting Margaret, Hazel had recovered enough from Margaret's campaign to remember her sense of humor. She had even given the matter of the dress more thought, and was on the verge of deciding that they would try some brighter colors when Margaret, rather wary, came in. Nervously she examined her mother's expression, and relaxed slightly when Hazel kissed her with: "Milk and cookies on the kitchen table," Hazel told her. "Wash up and I'll get my hat. We'll have to scoot if we're going to get your dress."

MOTHER, I—" Margaret said, shifting her weight. Hazel knew that gesture. She waited. "Jerry's here, Margaret. You need to get your hat. She gestured. "Outside. On the porch. I wanted to let you know first."

"How wise you were," Hazel said ominously. She had never made a secret of her dislike of Geraldine, though she had never interfered with the friendship. But if Margaret's next note were from Geraldine Connor, if Geraldine was going to add her mite to the anti-white-dress movement, there would indeed be some fireworks. Her eyes must have shown her mounting anger, for Margaret said hastily. "Please don't be angry. I thought—I only thought maybe Jerry could explain about how the dress was simply the outside. I mean, nobody wears them...I—"

"You were pleased enough with white the other night," Hazel pointed out.

"I didn't know any better! I've never
HOLLYWOOD LOVE STORY

A complete romantic drama presented on each program. Cal York, famed PHOTOCIP Magazine reporter, digs into Hollywood's love life for these heart-palpitating stories. Also latest Hollywood news.

Listen to

HOLLYWOOD LOVE STORY

Every Saturday morning, 11 A.M. EDT, NBC
Hazel was quite sure, as she closed the front door on Margaret, that the pitch of expectation could go no higher. Margaret simply couldn’t get more excited. The human frame was built to withstand only so much... there must be a tapering off.

She hoped and almost prayed for it all day long, and in fact she was probably right. Hazel had begun to feel a little a little... just a little, enough for Margaret to get a good night’s sleep... except that that night, after dinner, Rodney Dwyer came to call.

Rodney Dwyer himself. He was just a thin, gangling boy to Hazel, but catching some of Margaret’s absolutely dumbfounded astonishment, she found herself not quite a little fluttering. She had invited him in. Margaret simply couldn’t speak. Deathly pale, she stood like an agitated shadow in the hallway while Rodney awkwardly came in and shook hands with Dan. Then she murmured something indistinct and ran upstairs. It looked to Hazel as though she might be going to be sick to her stomach. She excused herself and followed, but Margaret was simply throwing cold water on her face and brushing her hair with feverish concentration. “Look like a scarecrow,” she was muttering through clenched teeth. “Mother? Mother! Can you bear it? He’s here! He came all by himself. Like a real date!”

“You weren’t expecting him, were you?” Hazel asked.


“It certainly would,” said Hazel, giving her a light spank on the bottom. “You look fine. Go on down and talk to him, that’s all. And relax!” she hissed after Margaret down the stairs, but Margaret’s rigid back continued to look as though it were on its way to an execution.

Shortly afterward, Hazel herself went down again. Dan had dragged the redoubtable Rodney into basketball talk, but it was hard going. Taking a hand, Hazel talked for a while about school in general, and then—a simple instinct coming to her aid—managed to work in the suggestion that there was no reason for Rodney and Margaret to confine themselves to the living-room. She had a peculiar, unshakable conviction that there was a reason for Rodney’s call, that he hadn’t been drawn there by an irresistible desire to see Margaret. She was certain of it when he fell upon her suggestion with all but a shout of relief, and immediately dragged Margaret off for a walk.

“Are they only been gone ten minutes, Hazel?” he objected. “My word, if you’re going to fidget every time Margaret goes out on a date, you’ll never relax.”

“It’s not a date,” she said sharply. “Dan, I can’t help it. I just don’t feel right about the whole thing. That Geraldine...”


Hazel said, “Oh, well, it’s all too silly.” She made herself sit down then, and hold a book before her. But really, she knew, she wasn’t reading. She was waiting, listening, holding her breath...

And then it came. The patter of feet on the porch stairs, the slam of the front door, the quick ascent as Margaret by-passed the living room and fled up the stairs. And the final, full-stop of her bedroom door being closed violently shut.

Hazel and Dan stared at one another. There was no mistaking the climactic quality of Margaret’s disappearance. Even Dan’s suddenly watchful expression announced that he knew something must have happened.

After a long, long time, Hazel dared to go upstairs. Outside Margaret’s room she paused, but there was no sound. When she knocked, a perfectly even voice told her to come in. Margaret was lying flat on her back on the bed, staring up at the ceiling.

“Darling,” Hazel said timidly. “What—”

“Don’t ask me what happened. Don’t ask me—anything but that,” Margaret said dangerously. “I’ll tell you, but don’t ask me. I can’t bear it.”

Hazel waited. After a minute Margaret sat up and looked at her. Hazel felt a slight shock as she saw that after all the child’s tears had been crying at all. She looked puzzled, yes, and maybe even as though she’d had an awful shock—but there were no tears. “You know what?” Margaret said. She gave her head a shake, as if to clear it. “I don’t get it. You know what Rodney came over for? Well—it just happens that Frank Perkins has the measles, that’s all.”

Hazel frowned, puzzled. “Who’s Frank Perkins?”

“Frank Perkins was taking Jerry. Moor, don’t you remember? That’s how it all started anyway—because she said she’d go with him. Well anyway, he came down with measles so what Rodney came over for was to tell me that naturally he couldn’t take me to the dance now. He’ll have to take Jerry.”

“WELL,” said Hazel. She found that her hands were clenched, and made herself relax with an effort. It wouldn’t do for her to get upset too; that wasn’t the way to help Margaret. Everybody take it easy, she thought; that was the way: “That’s pretty cool,” she said, “That’s one of the rottenest, meanest things I ever heard of.”

“How?” Margaret said, nodding.

“That’s what I thought. I mean, to say the least, it’s awful bad manners. If you make an appointment you keep it—unless you get sick or something, or unless you remember you made another one first. But he didn’t say that—he just said of course he’d have to take Jerry now that she digested the news.”

Geraldine, thought Hazel. If that wasn’t a mother’s instinct, I’ll never have one. I knew that snip would find some way to work it all out the way she wanted it...
Reduce! It's Fun

This Common Sense Way

"I've really got to reduce!" -how many times have you promised yourself that and then kept putting it off. Delay no longer—let Sylvia of Hollywood tell you how to reduce with the Common Sense Way. Let Sylvia explain what you can do for yourself to improve your figure. There is no magic about the Common Sense Way to a beautiful figure. But if you follow the suggestions Sylvia of Hollywood has given in her book No More Alibis you may, perhaps, challenge the beauty of the loveliest movie star!

Sylvia of Hollywood Names Names

Sylvia of Hollywood has reduced scores of famous stage and screen stars—successfully. In her book she tells how she helped many of Hollywood's brightest stars with their figure problems. She names-tells you how she developed this star's legs—how she reduced that star's waistline—how she helped another star to achieve a beautiful youthful figure. Perhaps your own figure problems are identical to those of your favorite screen star.

ONLY $1.00

A brand new edition of Sylvia's famous book, No More Alibis is now ready for you. This edition contains all the text matter of the original book, plus the greatest part of her splendid book on personality development entitled Pull Yourself Together, Baby. Now get Sylvia's secrets of charm as well as beauty! The price of this beautiful new illustrated edition is only $1.00 postpaid.

Bartholomew House, Inc., Dept. R.M.-951 265 E. 42nd Street New York, N. Y.

Send me postpaid a copy of Sylvia of Hollywood's No More Alibis! COMBINED WITH PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER, BABY! I enclose $1.00.

Name

Address

City... State...

she just used Margaret all along. Just used her.

"Naturally," Margaret said stonily, "I'm through with Jerry. After all if she has no better manners than that, well! But—" she sat up again. "Rodney, Think of it, mother. So—so—I mean, it was so belittling for him to come running over here just because Jerry sent him. Like a little dog after fish. You know something? I was so humiliated for him I couldn't even get angry! I just felt sort of pitying."

"Good for you," Hazel said. "I was afraid you'd—well, I thought you might be crying or something."

Margaret jerked upright and turned rather wild eyes on her mother. "Cry—me? I wouldn't give them that satisfaction. Besides..." Her tone suddenly changed. She sounded oddly the way a cat might, looking at a saucer of cream. Her lips began to curl at a little corners. "Besides, There's Uncle Cliff's car. Rodney really cared about that, you know. He and another fellow are fight for the record of who has driven the most foreign cars, and the other boy is two up on Rodney now. There's one thing."

There was no mistaking the satisfaction in her voice. "Rodney Dwyer will have to grow six arms and three heads before he ever so much as gets to touch the fender of Uncle Cliff's car. That's something, Mother, isn't it?"

YES, DEAR, IT CERTAINLY IS," Hazel said. She got up, feeling suddenly very inadequate. To go—to stay—which would be better? Studying Margaret's face, she got her cue. The smile had faded, and she thought she detected, at the neck of Margaret's sweater, a heightening pulse-beat and a certain amount of gulping. The tears were on their way, all right, in spite of Margaret's hardy words. Best to get out and let her cry them in peace...

If Margaret did cry—and certainly she must have—she didn't do it for long. Looking in on her a little time later—at about ten-thirty—Hazel and Dan found her sound asleep, curled round her pillow, fully dressed. Her shoes had slipped off, and they put a light coverlet over her and turned out the light and left her that way. It had been an amazing performance, a heartening display of fortitude, Dan said. "We'll never let her know how much we pitied her," he vowed. "Honestly, Hazel, I know it's all kid stuff. But I'd almost be willing to go out and give that kid the beating of his stuck-up life. The unmitigated gall of it!"

For a moment Hazel too looked rather grim. Then she smiled and laid her hand lightly on Dan's. "No matter, It's Margaret who counts. And if she can take it, we can too!"

She came down the next morning with some trepidation. Would reaction have set in? Maybe Margaret had merely been numbed by shock and her real despair would only begin to show gradually? There was no problem of the dress, too; it had been expensive, and couldn't be allowed to simply sit unused at the back of the closet. Not when Margaret could use a new suit and a few new sweaters to much better advantage.

But Margaret seemed quite composed.
Pale, but steady, she ate an enormous breakfast, and then asked if she could go over to her grandmother's. She wanted to tell Cliff he needn't bother about the car. Cliff, Hazel thought, will have something to say about that Rodney Dwyer. Cliff, the sophisticated bachelor, was Margaret's idea of a man in town. Her contempt of Rodney's crass behaviour would certainly be a valuable support for Margaret.

But Cliff, apparently, was even more upset than Hazel had expected. He called up and announced, full of righteous wrath, that they would soon see about people treating any niece of Clifford Barbour's in that fashion. "I'll—" said Hazel, "still take that girl of yours to the dance. She'll have the best time of any of them."

"Darling, that's wonderful!" Hazel said happily.

"Well, it's the least I can do. Poor kid. And what's more she'll be the prettiest girl there. I'll see to that!"

Rescued, thought Hazel elatedly. How wonderful! The dress would be worn after all, and the car—Margaret would have the satisfaction of parading in the Bernadotte before all of them! Granted, going with your uncle was just a cut or two above going with your brother—but on the other hand everybody knew how popular Cliff was. If he was willing to forego his own engagements to spend a Saturday night with his niece, didn't it stand to reason—wouldn't the boys reason—that Margaret must have quite a lot to offer?

A little later, when Margaret came home, Hazel ran lightly downstairs to greet her, prepared for an overflow of effusion. But Margaret didn't seem excited. Yes, she agreed, Uncle Cliff had said he would take her to the dance if she could wear her dress; it wouldn't be wasted.

"But aren't you pleased? You'll have a wonderful time with Cliff. Even better—" she stopped herself in the nick of time.

"Oh, I know, Uncle Cliff's a super dancer. It's swell." Margaret, seeing that her mother wasn't satisfied, added earnestly, "It really is swell, Mother. Don't think I don't appreciate it. Only that's all."

She frowned, and her eyes took on that vague, puzzled look that always disturbed Hazel. Only this time Margaret wasn't vague, really. She was thinking. "Mother, do you remember Aunt Isabel?"

"Isobel." Hazel thought hard for a moment. "Isobel. Dimly she recalled a thin, rather homely woman, tall, spinsterish . . . she couldn't decide whether she really remembered her or whether she had simply seen pictures of her. In any case—" "Vaguely," she said. "Why?"

Margaret sighed. "She had a blighted romance, too. She never married. Grandmother told me."

"Oh, dear! Hazel thought. Oh, no—not that! Anything would be better than to have Margaret drooping around the house, dramatizing her plight as a rejected woman, identifying herself with all the unhappy love affairs of all time . . . Spare us, she thought fervently. "She was just a super-tongued man, that's all," she said rather harshly. "Nothing romantic about Isobel. I don't know what Grandfather told you, but he was probably just pulling your leg. Why don't you go upstairs and rest a while, since you're going out tonight after all."

"All right. Margaret trailed upstairs obediently, but she still looked vague. A short time later she called down from the head of the stairs. "Mother? What about Aunt Claudia—didn't she have another love affair before Uncle Nick, even? And Uncle Cliff had two wives, didn't he?"

"What about it?" Hazel called back.

What now—what strange task was this the child was taking? She didn't like it. It would be better if she were carrying on about her disappointment, or swearing vengeance on Rodney and Geraldine, or even refusing to eat and locking herself in her room. . . . But not this!

There was no further sound from upstairs, and Hazel went back to her lemon pie. But she was still disturbed, and slowly a vague suspicion at the back of her mind became more definite. Knowing Margaret . . . yes, knowing Margaret, it was possible. She could forget about the dance—at least forget about how important it had been to her. She'd suddenly developed another enthusiasm to take its place!

But could she be as much of a child as that, still? Curiosity drove Hazel upstairs. She had to find out, somehow...

Margaret wasn't resting at all. Contorted over her desk, she was busily scribbling away, with a fat yellow pile of paper and several newly-sharpened pencils before her. She glanced up as the door opened, and grinned. "Mother, it's going to be swell—terrific! I've got to phone Grandfather and thank him."

Thank him for what? Hazel asked cautiously. She peered over Margaret's shoulder at what looked like a list of names. "What goes on?"

"Thank him for the idea, of course," Margaret added a name, underlined it; and and threw down her pencil. "Oh, I forgot, I didn't tell you. Listen, we got to talk, Uncle Cliff and Grandfather and I—Grandmother was out in the garden, so she couldn't interrupt the way she does, though of course I always like to talk to her—"

Hazel was conscious of a too familiar sensation. Margaret's on her horse again! Full speed ahead, all the details jumbled together so that you had to pick and poke to get the story—"Tell me simply," she said in desperation. "What did you talk about?"

"I'm going to write a book, that's what! The Barbour Book, maybe I'll call it—or we'll think of something else. But anyway it got started with Aunt Isobel, and how she was blighted—I mean her love life, and that started because of me and Rodney, of course, though it's not important considering what a cheap character Rodney turned out to be—and then I got thinking about all the other romances that have happened in the family—Uncle Cliff and Aunt Claudia and Uncle Paul, even, though I don't know how I'm going to get him to talk, but we'll see . . . And I can have pictures to illustrate it and everything. Isn't it stupendous?" Margaret finished on a squeal of excitement. "Grandfather says he'll tell me lots of stuff about San Francisco. Uncle Paul was quite a character. Uncle Cliff even said one of his school friends was a publisher and maybe he'd look at it when it was finished. I've started already, see?"

She waved her list under Hazel's nose. It was, indeed, quite long already. Hazel felt the grip of apprehension. If Margaret went around sticking her nose into all the old family love stories . . . Then all her apprehension faded as she met Margaret's clear bright, absorbed blue eyes. And the child had such color—why, it was like last week when she'd first heard about the dance, only better, much better! Bending, she kissed Margaret's forehead.

"I think it's a tremendous idea. Remind me tomorrow and I'll give you some pictures myself. But darling, look—it's getting rather late. Don't you want me to set your hair before you shower?"

"I guess so," Margaret said. "Just a sec." She licked her pencil and made a note, and then got up. "I couldn't work on it tonight anyway. Besides, I guess even real authors go out on Saturday night. They say no matter how devoted you are to your art you have to take some time off or you get sort of stale or something?"

Hazel got the yellow dress from the closet and shook it out, hanging it on the giraffe-shaped clothes tree that had been in Margaret's room from the time she was an infant. Margaret sat up beside her, looking at the dress from half-closed eyes.

"Beauty, huh?" she said. "I guess I won't disgrace Uncle Cliff. Gee—wait till I tell him, Mother."

"Tell him—you mean that you won't disgrace him?"

"Oh, Mother!" Margaret gave a guffaw. "Tell all about the book! Wait till I tell him I've made an outline!"

Well, thought Hazel, I guess I have something to tell him too. That I was definitely right, about Margaret's not being ready yet to become a real adolescent. I'm glad I didn't get myself all worked up about that Geraldine. She knew what she was doing, yes, but as long as Margaret didn't know. Some day she'd soften up and mature so much later than others. With sudden fierce emotion, she offered up a little prayer of gratitude that she was to be allowed after all to have Margaret as a child for just a little longer. It might be only months . . . but it was something.

Margaret, looking for a hairnet, said thoughtfully. "Well, Mother, maybe it's—" she said rather self-consciously.

"Give me a hand, Mother."

"The United Way for ALL Red Feather Services"
WOMEN! MOST LIBERAL OFFER EVER MADE FOR
YOUR SPARE TIME!

We'll put our cards on the table and
tell you we need help at once! Thousands
of customers want to buy our new Fall styles
now. So we need women to take their orders
. . . by mail, by phone, or in any way they
desire. Therefore, we've decided to make the
best offer ever made for spare time effort!
If you're like some exceptional FASHION
FROCKS representatives, you'll have the

Collect Your Cash on the spot — we'll
send you bonus dresses once a month!

With this plan, you need not call on strangers
to house to house. There is nothing else exactly
like this marvelous way of rewarding you
with generous cash payments up to $100 in
a month . . . plus 4 breath-taking new dresses
as a bonus for earning this amount. Think
of how wonderful it would be to have

You need nothing except a few hours of free time! But you must hurry!

Please don't put off answering this — even
for one day. Our need for representatives
is urgent now, but applications are com-
ing in so fast we may have to withdraw
this opportunity before too long. SO
HURRY! Send in your name and
dress size when you fill out the cou-
pon below. Then mail it at once;
pasting on a 1c post card will do.

Experience is absolutely not necessary. YOU DO
NOT PAY OUT A PENNY OF YOUR OWN
MONEY because there is nothing to buy. You may
be single or married, housewife or employed. As
long as you can spare a few hours a week and then,
at your convenience, you can begin making lots
of cash and your own beautiful dresses too! Don't
waste a minute! Mail the coupon . . . NOW!

FREE!
EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO
QUALIFY FOR $100 CASH AND
4 STUNNING DRESSES
EVERY MONTH!

4 LOVELY STYLES
TO CHOOSE FROM!

PASTE THIS COUPON ON POSTCARD MAIL TODAY!

FASHION FROCKS, INC.
Desk H-3053 Cincinnati 25 Ohio

YES — I am interested in your opportunity to make money
in spare time and get my own dresses without a penny of
cost. Send me everything I need to start right away, with-
out obligation.

Name..........................
Address..........................
City.........................Zone......State..............
Age..........................Dress Size...................
THE BIGGEST "PLUS" IN CIGARETTE HISTORY

added to the world's most famous ABCs

Always Milder
Better Tasting
Cooler Smoking

"Chesterfield's Big Plus sold me" says

"CHESTERFIELD IS THE ONLY CIGARETTE of all brands tested in which members of our taste panel found no unpleasant after-taste."

From the report of a well-known research organization

Always Buy CHESTERFIELD

See JAN STERLING
Co-Starring in "RHUBARB"
A Paramount Picture
EDNA'S case was really a pathetic one. Like every woman, her primary ambition was to marry. Most of the girls of her set were married—or about to be. Yet not one possessed more grace or charm or loveliness than she.

And as her birthdays crept gradually toward that tragic thirty-mark, marriage seemed farther from her life than ever.

She was often a bridesmaid, but never a bride.

You Never Know
The insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath) is that you, yourself, may not know that you have it . . . and even your best friends won't tell you. It may be absent one day and present the next. And when it is, you offend needlessly.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some systemic disorder. But usually—and fortunately—it is only a local condition due to the bacterial fermentation of food particles in the mouth that yields to the regular use of Listerine Antiseptic as a mouth wash and gargle.

Be Extra Careful
Why risk offending when Listerine Antiseptic is such a simple, wholly delightful and extra-careful precaution against halitosis? Never, never omit it, night or morning, or before any date when you want to be at your best.

Sweetens for Hours
Listerine Antiseptic is the extra-careful precaution because it freshens and sweetens the breath . . . not for mere seconds or minutes . . . but for hours, usually. Your whole mouth feels cool and clean. When you want that extra assurance, don't trust make-shifts. Trust Listerine Antiseptic. Make it a part of your passport to popularity. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.
**Contents**

Keystone Edition

Doris McFerran, Editor; Jack Zasorin, Art Director; Matt Basile, Art Editor; Marie Haller, Assistant Editor; Frances Kish, Television Assistant; Dorothy Brand, Editorial Assistant; Esther Foley, Home Service Director; Helen Cambria Beldad, Chicago Editor; Lyle Brookes, Hollywood Editor; Frances Morrin, Hollywood Assistant Editor; Hymie Fink, Staff Photographer; Betty Jo Rice, Assistant Photographer

Fred R. Sammis, Editor-in-Chief

- **Perils of Peary**
- **Stars on Parade**
- **Claudia Pinza**
- **Q & A on Color TV**
- **It All Adds Up to Happiness**
- **Gini Puts Up With Me... by Alan Young**
- **They Filled My Heart With Hope... by Ann Kane**
- **This Is Nora Drake**
- **I've Got My Fingers Crossed!... by Mary Hartline**
- **Five Little Linkletters**
- **Did You Say Glamour?... by Martin Cohen**
- **Anne Malone Asks: Where Does My Happiness Lie?**
- **Lux Video Theatre**
- **At Home With Herman**
- **Tom Corbett, Space Cadet**
- **Steve Allen, Himself**
- **My Brother, Sam... by Albert Levenson**

**Special Section: Cops 'n' Robbers**

- **This Is Your FBI**
- **Mr. Detective**
- **Casey, Crime Photographer**
- **Junior Mirror**
- **RTVM Reader Bonus: Pixie Finds a Home**
- **Poetry**
- **Dressing For A Date**
- **Family Counselor: A Pet In Your Home**
- **Daytime Fashions For You**
- **Tasty Tidbits... by Nancy Craig**
- **Fun of the Month**
- **WHDH: Three-Letter Man**
- **WTAR: Chipmunk Club**
- **WINS: Starr Reviewer**
- **WLAW: "Love My Dog"**
- **Information Booth**
- **Help Wanted!**
- **Who's Who In TV**
- **Daytime Diary**
- **Program Highlights in Television Viewing**

On the Cover: Art Linkletter portrait by Frisch & Smith
Mary Hartline portrait by Charles L. McShane

**Readers' 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 dentrifice history! No other dentrifices, ammammated or not, offers such conclusive proof!

**Colgate Dental Cream Cleans Your Breath While It Cleans Your Teeth. And the Colgate Way of Brushing Teeth Right After Eating Stops Tooth Decay Best!**

**Later**—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream —BELIEVE ME USING COLGATES PAYS FOR A LUCKY DOG THESE DAYS!

**Use Colgate Dental Cream**
- To Clean Your Breath
- While You Clean Your Teeth—And Help Stop Tooth Decay!

**Colgate Ribbon 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.
Never such an idea as White Magic—never such a girdle as Playtex Fab-Lined! Just see the inches vanish, feel the freedom only Playtex gives you! It's like wearing a cloud—to enjoy the comfort of fabric next to your skin. And, without a seam, stitch or bone, it's invisible under sleekest clothes. All this—and the beauty of White Magic, too! In 24k golden tubes, White Magic or Blossom Pink—$5.95 and $6.95. (Other Playtex girdles, from $3.95.) At department stores, and better specialty shops.

Prices slightly higher in Canada and foreign countries

ON TV...

Playtex presents ARLENE FRANCIS in "Fashion Magic." Top entertainment, CBS-TV Nationwide Network. See local papers for time and channel.
Says model Dolores Parker:
"My hair must always look 'pretty please'"
her camera curls stay free of broken ends with
De Long
the bob pin with the stronger, smoother grip

You too, can always have lovelier, longer-lasting hair-do's. But be sure to use De Long bob pins. The stronger, smoother grip means longer lasting curls...greater freedom from fuzzy, split ends. No wonder De Long is the "smart set" favorite!

Sudrow Statistics
Would you please print a picture of Lyle Sudrow who plays Bill Bauer on the daytime serial, Guiding Light. How old is he and how long has he been acting?
M. D., Pittsburgh, Pa.
This handsome thirty-two-year-old actor has been haunting the theatre since the age of eight when he made his debut, tap dancing in a minstrel show. Before he was inducted in the Coast Guard, he sang in theatres, and night clubs. Upon return to civilian life, having married singer-actress, Diana Cheswick, he turned to radio as a more stable life for a family man. He has one daughter, Nicole, seven.

Our Mistake
Dear Editor:
In your July issue you stated Clyde Beatty was married. I thought when I read it that you were mistaken since his wife, Harriett, died some time ago. In last night's paper I see proof of it so I am enclosing the clipping.
The clipping stated that on June 28, 1951, Clyde Beatty and Mrs. Lorraine Abel, obtained a license to wed. Clyde's former wife, Harriett, died last fall.

Family Affairs
Dear Editor:
I would like to know something about Buster Crabbe. Is he married and how many children does he have, if any? I would appreciate it if you could send me a picture of him.
J. S., West Grove, Pa.
Sorry that we don't have any picture to send you, but hope the shot below will do as a substitute. Buster Crabbe lives with his family, daughters Sande, fourteen. Susan, twelve, and son Cuffy, six, on a beautiful little ranch near Covina, California.

A Twosome?
Dear Editor:
I have been told that Kate Smith and Ted Collins are married. Is this true? If so, have they ever had any children?
Mrs. C. E., Leechburg, Pa.
Rumor is wrong—Kate Smith is not married. Ted Collins is, however, and will boast of his two grandchildren at the drop of a cue.

Raby Rooters
Dear Editor:
Would you please tell me what has happened to John Raby who played Don Smith on Wendy Warren and the Nuns, and Harry Davis on When a Girl Marries. We all thought he had such an outstanding voice and so enjoyed his portrayal of Don Smith.
Mrs. R. E. J., St. Paul, Minn.
Much to the regret of his many fans, John, who was a member of the active reserve, was recently called back into service.

Lyle Sudrow
Buster Crabbe
John Raby
Kate Smith

Information Booth
Ask your questions—we'll try to find the answers
Singing Couple
Dear Editor:
Would you please tell me if Curt Massey and Martha Tilton are related? We listen to them every evening and love to hear them sing.

Mrs. H. A. R., Mansfield, Ohio

The singing stars of Curt Massey Time are not related to each other. Curt Massey, however, is married, while Martha Tilton is not. The Massey family, wife Edyth and son Stephen, live in Beverly Hills.

Quiz Couple
Dear Editor:
Some time ago I read that the cast on Bill Siler's Twenty Questions consisted of the VanDeventers, Herb Polesie and Johnny McPhee. Will you please tell me if Van, Florence and Johnny are related and how?

Mrs. H. D. B., Washington, D. C.

Florence Rinard and Fred VanDeventer are known as the VanDeventers in their home town. Johnny is not related to either of them, nor is Herb Polesie, the fourth member of the panel.

Detective Work
Dear Editor:
Could you please give me some information on John McQuade who starred on Charlie Wild, Private Detective? On what other television shows has he appeared?

L. E. G., Guthrie, Okla.

John McQuade who has starred in such TV productions as Sure as Fate and Starlight Theatre, took over as Charlie Wild on March 25, 1951. This thirty-four-year-old native of Pittsburgh began his career as a boy soprano. After studying music and voice at Columbia University, he landed his first job as a professional actor in "I'd Rather Be Right." Since then he has played everything from Shakespeare on Broadway to soap opera. He also had a major role in the film, "The Naked City.

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 attach this box to your letter along with a stamped, self-addressed envelope and specify whether your question concerns radio or TV.

Now! Easier, surer protection for your marriage hygiene problem

1. Antiseptic (Protection from germs)
Norforms are now safer and surer than ever! A highly perfected new formula actually combats germs right in the vaginal tract. The exclusive new base melts at body temperature, forming a powerful, protective film that permits effective, long-lasting action. Will not harm delicate tissues.

2. Deodorant (Protection from odor)
Norforms were tested in a hospital clinic and found to be more effective than anything it had ever used. Norforms are powerfully deodorant—they eliminate (rather than cover up) unpleasant or embarrassing odors, and yet have no "medicine" or "disinfectant" odor themselves.

3. Convenient (So easy to use)
Norforms are small vaginal suppositories that are so easy and convenient to use. Just insert—no apparatus, no mixing or measuring. They're greaseless and they keep in any climate. Your druggist has them in boxes of 12 and 24.

FREE informative Norforms booklet
Just mail this coupon to: Dept. RT-119
Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, N. Y.
Please send me the new Norforms booklet, in a plain envelope.

Name_________________________________________
Street________________________________________
City______________________Zone____State____

NORFORMS
VAGINAL SUPPOSITORIES
FOR MARRIAGE HYGIENE

The VanDeventers

1. ANTI-SEPTIC (Protection from germs)
Norforms are now safer and surer than ever! A highly perfected new formula actually combats germs right in the vaginal tract. The exclusive new base melts at body temperature, forming a powerful, protective film that permits effective, long-lasting action. Will not harm delicate tissues.

2. DEODORANT (Protection from odor)
Norforms were tested in a hospital clinic and found to be more effective than anything it had ever used. Norforms are powerfully deodorant—they eliminate (rather than cover up) unpleasant or embarrassing odors, and yet have no "medicine" or "disinfectant" odor themselves.

3. CONVENIENT (So easy to use)
Norforms are small vaginal suppositories that are so easy and convenient to use. Just insert—no apparatus, no mixing or measuring. They're greaseless and they keep in any climate. Your druggist has them in boxes of 12 and 24.

FREE informative Norforms booklet!
Just mail this coupon to: Dept. RT-119
Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, N. Y.
Please send me the new Norforms booklet, in a plain envelope.

Name_________________________________________
Street________________________________________
City______________________Zone____State____

A Norwich Product

NEW IMPROVED NORFORMS

VAGINAL SUPPOSITORIES
FOR MARRIAGE HYGIENE
Three-letter man

Curt Gowdy, WHDH sports-caster for all Red Sox games, is known in Boston as a three-letter man—one who takes top honors whether he broadcasts baseball, football or basketball. Curt joined WHDH after a two year stint with Mel Allen on the broadcasts and telecasts of the New York Yankee games.

Selected by the New York Times as the top sports announcer of 1950, in their Honor Roll of Radio and TV performers, Curt is in the same top-flight bracket as Jimmy Durante for comedy and Fred Waring for music. Curt's citation read: "To Curt Gowdy, the announcer, who, be it baseball, football or basketball, sticks to straight reporting and abjures synthetic excitement, expertising or catch-phrases."

Born thirty-one years ago in Cheyenne, Wyoming, Curt started winning sports laurels long before he ever thought of broadcasting. A graduate of Wyoming University, Curt Gowdy was a six-letter athlete in basketball, baseball and tennis. He played on Wyoming's nationally famous basketball teams from 1940-1942. On receiving a B.S. degree, Curt entered the Army Air Corps. He incurred a spinal injury in flight training and was medically discharged as a Second Lieutenant.

In 1943, Curt started his radio career in his home town of Cheyenne, Wyoming. After broadcasting sports for two years for station KFBC, Curt went to Oklahoma City where for four years he broadcast the Oklahoma University football games, and the baseball games of the Oklahoma City Club—members of the Texas League. In the spring of 1948, Curt joined Mel Allen to broadcast the Yankee games and this year moved to WHDH, Boston, to do the Red Sox home and road games for the 1951 season. In addition to broadcasting the play-by-play broadcasts of the Red Sox games, Curt also does a daily ten-minute program, Curt Gowdy's Report on Sports, over WHDH.

When Curt has some time off from work he hies himself to a nearby stream and tackles "the ones that don't get away." This year, however, he's going to tangle with the big ones out on the ocean. Curt is married to the former Jerre Dawkins of Edmond, Oklahoma, and they have one child, Cheryl Ann.
The following stores carry the Junior Deb suit on page 58:

Altoona, Pa.,
THE WILLIAM F. GABLE CO.

Bakersfield, Calif.,
WEILL'S, INC.

Charlotte, N. C.,
EFIRD'S DEPARTMENT STORE

Covington, Kentucky,
JOHN R. COPPIN

Erie, Pa.,
TRASK'S

Great Falls, Montana,
BUTTREY'S DEPARTMENT STORE

Lafayette, Indiana,
LOEB'S

Lansing, Michigan,
F. N. ARBAUGH CO.

New Haven, Conn.,
SHARTENBERG'S, INC.

Olean, New York,
BRADNER'S

Providence, Rhode Island,
The Shepard Store

The accessories featured with the suit and on page 59 are available at most of these stores.

For further information write direct to:

Arkwright
128 West 31st Street
New York 1, N. Y.

The following stores carry the Junior Deb suit on page 58:

Altoona, Pa.,
THE WILLIAM F. GABLE CO.

Bakersfield, Calif.,
WEILL'S, INC.

Charlotte, N. C.,
EFIRD'S DEPARTMENT STORE

Covington, Kentucky,
JOHN R. COPPIN

Erie, Pa.,
TRASK'S

Great Falls, Montana,
BUTTREY'S DEPARTMENT STORE

Lafayette, Indiana,
LOEB'S

Lansing, Michigan,
F. N. ARBAUGH CO.

New Haven, Conn.,
SHARTENBERG'S, INC.

Olean, New York,
BRADNER'S

Providence, Rhode Island,
The Shepard Store

The accessories featured with the suit and on page 59 are available at most of these stores.

For further information write direct to:

Arkwright
128 West 31st Street
New York 1, N. Y.

LISTEN TO
Hollywood Love Story

A complete romantic drama presented on each program. Cal York, famed PHOTO-PLAY Magazine reporter, digs into Hollywood's love life for these heart-palpitating stories. Also latest Hollywood news.

***

Every Saturday morning, 11 A. M.
EST, NBC

AMERICA'S FINEST SMOOTH, MOST SOOTHING MATTRESS!

"Serta" Perfect Sleeper

Try it! You will instantly discover that particular "Perfect Sleeper" feeling...a smooth, soothing, more relaxing comfort...found in no other mattresses.

Guaranteed against any defects caused by faulty materials, workmanship or construction...Fine Serta Mattresses and Box Springs, $49.90 to $99.90...also wide selection of Serta foam-topped...in better stores from coast to coast.

SERTA ASSOCIATES, INC., Chicago, Illinois
A beautiful Sunday morning, and Hal Peary intends to show son, Page, how much fun he can have in Kiddieland. Page is off on the miniature train.

"Now, look-a-here, son—you've got to grip that horse with your knees." Hal, the expert horseman, gives Page a briefing before he sends him out on the pony ride.

"Okay, Pop. Now hold tight to his neck and don't take any brass rings." Son Page pulls a turnabout and launches Dad on his first merry-go-round ride in ??? years.
Hal Peary takes his son to the local carnival, but discovers—alas—that Kiddieland is strictly for little kids.
An odd assortment of characters are heard, but never seen, on Brother Trafton Robertson's WTAR Sunrise Serenade. There are three tiny chipmunks, Bertha, Suzie and Charlie, who occasionally render startling vocal renditions; there is old Grandpap who is never without his beloved jug of "swamp water," guaranteed to relieve all aches and pains. These creatures materialize periodically to help Brother Robertson maintain a large and faithful audience for his "Chipmunk Club." Good "Chipmunkers" follow the rules and regulations of the "Club." They include such solid admonitions as: Mind your Mama and Daddy; Eat all your food; brush your teeth daily; wash behind your ears, too; be polite to everybody—especially Grandmas and Grandpas.

Trafton Robertson (pronounced Tee-Raf-ton) has been the morning personality on WTAR since 1946. It was also with WTAR that he started in radio back in 1932. After four years as an announcer he left the station for ten years, working in various capacities at radio stations from New York to Tulsa. While in Washington he handled presidential broadcasts and sometimes subbed for Fulton Lewis, Jr. After Norman Brokenshire left WMAL, Trafton took over his early morning Town Clock show.

Trafton is one of those people who is never completely happy unless he is helping someone. He has just finished collecting over $500—more than he requested—as the result of only two pleas to his listeners to finance an unusual operation for a twenty-one months' old child. On two other occasions recently, when large families were burned out of their houses, he instituted campaigns which pulled in furniture, groceries and money to more than meet the emergencies.

Trafton has two standard promotions on which he assists. One is the Community Toy Shop, which last Christmas provided toys and necessities to 3,500 underprivileged children; the other is the Easter Basket campaign which provides Easter baskets for otherwise "forgotten" children and adults in city homes, hospitals and orphanages.

In addition to his early morning radio show, Trafton appears on WTAR-TV each Saturday evening, announcing stock car and midget auto races. He also manages, somehow to put in regular office hours as district manager in his area for the International Accountants Society of Chicago. Besides this, Trafton is a soloist at church and in his "spare" time steps out for some deep sea fishing.

Much to the delight of all good Chipmunk Club listeners, Bertha, Charlie and Susie prepare to sound off under the direction of maestro Trafton Robertson.
HELP WANTED!

RADIO-TV MIRROR is your magazine. We've tried to make it a magazine you want to read each month and, in order to keep it that kind of magazine, we're asking you, its readers, to help us. Please give your answers by filling out the blanks in the following questions. Cut out and mail to: RADIO-TV MIRROR Reader Survey, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. You don't have to give us your name.

First, about you: Age .... Sex .... Married? .... Occupation .... How many children? Do you own, or have regular access to, a radio set? .... a television set? .... At a rough estimate, how many hours a day do you listen to radio? .... watch television? .... What other magazines do you read and enjoy regularly? ....

Now, about your magazine: Would you like RADIO-TV MIRROR to have more stories about radio programs and stars than at present? .... or about TV programs and stars? ....

Would you like to have more stories about radio programs themselves .... how they're run, how they look when being put on the air, etc.? .... or about TV programs themselves? ....

Would you like more stories about radio stars, their families and homes? .... or about TV stars? ....

Would you like most of the emphasis in the magazine to be on daytime radio? .... Night-time radio? .... Daytime TV .... Or night-time TV? ....


Would you prefer to see RADIO-TV MIRROR's color pages devoted to: Portraits of radio stars? .... of TV stars? .... Home-life pictures of radio stars? .... of TV stars? .... On-stage pictures of TV shows? .... Radio show casts in action? ....

Do you listen to daytime serials? .... How many each day, on the average? .... To quiz and audience participation shows on radio? .... on TV? ....

Which radio programs and stars, that have not been already included in RADIO-TV MIRROR stories, would you like to read about? ....

Which TV programs and stars? ....

If you have other opinions about our magazine which have not been covered by the questions, please put them in this space ....

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 more effectively than any deodorant you have ever used.

- Odo-Ro-No is the only cream deodorant guaranteed to stop perspiration, odor for 24 hours or double your money back.*

- Odo-Ro-No is the deodorant that stays creamy longer—never gets gritty, even in open jar.

- No other cream deodorant is so harmless to fabrics.

- No other deodorant is safer for skin.

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

ODO-RO-NO CREAM

GUARANTEED
Full 24 Hour Protection
Stars on parade

Your favorites from every corner of the entertainment field recruit for Uncle Sam

NAME almost any top star you can think of—and chances are that he has appeared on Stars on Parade, the official weekly radio show of the U. S. Army and U. S. Air Force Recruiting Service. For its first program, back in 1940, the show carried the voice of the biggest star of the day—President Franklin D. Roosevelt—with an excerpt from his famous pre-World War II defense speech to Congress.

When the series began it was known as Voice of the Army and featured martial music by military bands with recruiting messages from high-ranking officers. Later programs, to meet changing needs of the day, started to carry dramatized incidents of training experiences and war-time episodes of the battlefronts.

After the war, the need arose to dramatize the advantages of a peacetime Army and Air Force; the show began to present top talent in musical, dramatic, comic and documentary programs.

Perry Como joins the Stars on Parade roster for the show called “Guess Who.” Perry is just one of the hundreds of stars who has been heard on this fifteen-minute transcribed program.

“George!” says Jerry Lester as he lends his talent to Uncle Sam in the Stars on Parade show called “Supersonic Swizzlestick.”
A pre-show conference centers around the charming British actress, Gracie Fields, star of "International Sweetheart." Giving suggestions are director Charles Wilkes, announcer Joe Ripley and Lt. Robert B. Schall.

Below: A tense moment in "The Little Guy," another production of Stars on Parade. This one stars the famous comedian, Edward Everett Horton, in an unusual radio drama.

Barbara Britton makes a few script changes while co-star Glenn Langan chats with music director Johnny Guarnieri and script writer Sgt. Downs.

"Tales from Caesar" starred the television comic, Sid Caesar. Announcer Joe Ripley is at the left; band leader Milton DeLugg supplies the accordion music.

Right: Film star Gene Tierney makes a tempting recruiter as she and Gladys Klark enact "Midnight Sailing."
Starr reviewer

The letter came from one of the top actresses of the day. It expressed her thanks for a favorable review given her recent stage effort. This was only one piece of mail in the daily bundle that Martin Starr, Broadway and Hollywood Reporter for Radio Station WINS, receives. The letter was a singularly odd one since Martin Starr does not write for the newspapers, which are often considered the barometer registering either hit or flop. It is a definite sign that the people of and in the theatre regard Mr. Starr's radio reviews as important as those read in the dailies.

When he was fresh out of Columbia School of Journalism, Starr made the usual rounds of newspapers seeking to put his new-found knowledge to use. Having received his share of "We'll get in touch if anything turns up," he finally landed a job at the Graphic, incubator for many of today's newspaper greats. Working side by side with Winchell, Sobol and Sullivan, Starr began developing his now famous reportorial technique.

In 1931 after six years at the Graphic he began writing for various magazines including True Story. This job was followed by a two-year stint with the Great Ziegfeld. Hired as a talent scout, Martin Starr uncovered more than his share of talent and bestowed the accolade "Ziegfeld Girl" on the then unknowns like Dorothy Dell, Dorothy Lamour and Boots Mallory, to name just a few. Shortly thereafter he organized the first "Miss Universe" contest, a beauty pageant that mushroomed into an international affair.

In 1934 he joined a local radio station to begin his Movie Starr Dust broadcasts, the first Hollywood gossip column of the air and the beginning of the most important phase of his career.

It has often been asked, "How can a man some three thousand miles away from his beat, Hollywood, come up with so many 'exclusives'?" The answer is simple; Starr knows personally 95% of the people about whom he talks. A gregarious fellow who makes friends easily, his trips to the coast on various assignments found him making new friends on each visit.

In 1946 when the Crosley Broadcasting Corporation took over the operation of WINS, Starr was hired to handle the Hollywood gossip broadcasts. Doing his own leg work and research often proved invaluable to this reporter of the ether waves, especially in view of the incongruous statements sent out by the local publicity offices.

In recent months Starr has been asked to cover the Broadway scene for WINS under the heading of Broadway Starr Dust. Opening of this new facet proved a boon to Starr listeners. He presents a review that tells in a minimum of detail whether the play is good or bad, and most important, why.

With all this attention from his listeners, the man who began some seventeen years ago as the first Hollywood gossip columnist of the air confesses his greatest thrill came one night last month when he entered a theatre and took his place among the other first night reviewers. He found that seated on his left was Ed Sullivan and on his right was Louis Sobol, his old co-workers on the Graphic. "It was only then that I felt that I had arrived."
HAPPY BRIDE CONTEST WINNERS

Here are the names of those who submitted the best jingles and party suggestions to our Happy Bride Contest

First Prize: A year’s supply of Best Food Products to Mrs. Sidney McIlveen, Houston, Texas.
Second Prize: A complete set of 1847 Rogers Bros. Silverplate to Mrs. P. W. Schumacher, Youngstown, Ohio.
Third Prize: A “Tyrolean” Embroidered Velvet Handbag to Mrs. Barbara Constant, El Paso, Texas.
Fourth Prize: A Ciel Chapman party gown to Mrs. Mack Halliburton, Los Angeles, Calif.
Fifth Prize: A Westinghouse Roaster Oven to J. G. Boren, Houston, Texas.
Sixth Prize: Leonid de Lescinskas French perfume to Mrs. Anita Pillow, Hyattsville, Maryland.
Seventh Prize: Our check for $10.00 to Mrs. Marjorie Smith, Everett, Wash.
Eighth Prize: Another check for $10.00 to Mrs. Elva Jones, Ogden, Utah.
Ninth Prize: A third $10.00 check to Mrs. Rae Cross, Colorado Springs, Colo.

Ten Runner-up Prizes of $5.00 each to:
Dorothy Marble, Kenmore, N. Y.
Mrs. Walter C. Miller, Anacortes, Wash.
Mrs. Caroline E. Wilson, Louisville, Ky.
Mrs. Grace Smith, Austin, Texas.
Mrs. Frederick B. Gump, Long Beach, Calif.
Mrs. J. B. Banks, Albany, Georgia.
Mrs. Audrey H. Wright, Memphis, Tenn.
Mrs. Harry R. Stuart, Piedmont, Calif.
Mrs. Sara Sandt, Madison, N. J.
Helen L. Altimus, Indiana, Penna.

GENE AUTRY PRIZE ROUND-UP WINNERS

Here are the names of the boys and girls whose illustrations for Gene Autry’s Code of the West rules were considered best by our judges

First Prize: A real Gene Autry Monark Bicycle to Mary Anne Trenchard, Akron, Ohio.
Second and Third Prizes: The Gene Autry Six-Shooter Watch to Barbara McNally, Concord, Calif., and Shirley Kraemer, Stewartville, Minn.
Fourth and Fifth Prizes: The official Gene Autry Gun and Holster set to Janice Nye, Ogden, Utah, and Colleen Hess, Spokane, Wash.
Eighteen Runner-up Prizes: The Gene Autry Electric Pencil goes to the following:
Patsy Thomas, Carlyle, Saskatchewan, Canada.
Lorraine Golda, Fraser, Mich.
Dorothy Christy, Massapequa, New York.
Joan Buzzard, Winlock, Wash.
Lyle Whitacre, Brighton, Iowa.
Sylvia Pfimlin, LaMesa, Calif.
William Burkett, Augusta, Ga.
Sandra Baker, Burnsville, West Va.
Jerry Reis, Battleground, Wash.
Judy Kolb, Liberty, Indiana.
James McMillan, Laurel, Md.
G. Hansalik, Lancaster, Penna.
Gerald Eddington, Ardmore, Okla.
Steven W. Craig, Columbus, Ohio.
Pamela Nicholson, Kansas City, Mo.
Jackie Gene Howard, Corsicana, Texas.
Patty Sommers, Youngwood, Penna.

Do You Know About This Newer Effective Technique FOR FEMININE HYGIENE?

Greaseless Suppository Assures Hours of Continuous Action.
Send for FREE Book!

Young wives everywhere are turning to Zonitors. This daintier yet ever-so-effective technique for intimate feminine cleanliness is so important for married happiness. health, after periods and always as a protection against an odor — far graver than bad breath or body odor. Zonitors come ready for immediate use! No embarrassing mixing or clumsy apparatus needed. These greaseless, stainless vaginal suppositories release the same powerful type of germ-killing and deodorizing properties as world-famous Zonita and continue to do so for hours. Positively non-irritating. Absolutely safe to tissues.

What Zonitors Do
Zonitors eliminate odor. They help guard against infection and kill every germ they touch. While it’s not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract, you can depend on Zonitors to immediately kill every reachable germ. A perfect answer to women who have long desired daintier yet effective hygiene.

NEW! FREE!

Send coupon for new book revealing all about these intimate physical facts. Zonitors, Dept. ZRM-101, 100 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.*

Name______________________________
Address_____________________________________
City________________________State__________
*Offer good only in U. S. and Canada.
"Love my dog"

Two New England favorites—Georgia Mae and her equally enchanting pal, Baby, give out with a top song over their WLAW program. The two of them make early rising a lot easier for everyone from the Boston Red Sox to the Harvard senior class. Incidentally, the costume, except for hat and guitar, is a Georgia Mae original.

New England radio listeners have been pouring affections for the past few years upon the glistening, burnished gold hair of Georgia Mae, who with her music and song helps welcome the dawn for WLAW audiences on Monday, Tuesday and Thursday mornings at six-fifteen.

But now, the twenty-two-year-old beauty with the sparkling blue eyes has to share the mike—and the listeners' affection—with her eighteen-month-old white Spitz dog, "Baby." The dog's debut a few months ago brought a flood of congratulatory cards and letters from all corners of the area.

Remember the old caution pretty girls used to deliver to their swains: "Love Me, Love My Dog!" Well, Georgia Mae doesn't have to be so dictatorial. They're both easy to love; Georgia Mae with blue eyes, burnished gold hair, chic and cute, and "Baby," curly white, with pleading eyes, and affectionate.

New England radio listeners have taken both to their hearts, which is the reason why so many find it easier to get up in the morning when they know Georgia Mae is waiting at their radio dials.

Since WLAW took over on June 15th of this year as the Greater Boston Station for the American Broadcasting Company, Georgia Mae's audience has grown rapidly. She is at home with Boston folks because her home is in Dedham which is on the outskirts of the Hub of the Universe. A native of Colorado, Georgia Mae is a Bostonian and New Englander by choice. If the Coloradoans want to make something of it, Georgia Mae will have the Boston Red Sox in her corner, not to mention the entire Harvard senior class.
Let Your Beauty be Seen...

Palmolive Brings Out Beauty

WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR SKIN!

36 LEADING SKIN SPECIALISTS IN 1285 SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVED THAT PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY PLAN BRINGS MOST WOMEN LOVELIER COMPLEXIONS IN 14 DAYS

Start Palmolive's Beauty Plan today! Discover for yourself—as women everywhere have discovered—that Palmolive's Beauty Plan brings exciting complexion loveliness.

Here's all you do: Gently massage Palmolive's extra-mild, pure lather onto your skin for just a minute, three times a day. Then rinse and pat dry. You'll see Palmolive bring out your beauty while it cleans your skin.

Doctors Prove Palmolive's Beauty Results!
The "tissue test" proved to Lucille...

that Woodbury floats out hidden dirt!

Do you feel that all cleansing creams are alike? So did vivacious Lucille Ball until she convinced herself with the "Tissue Test" that there really is a difference in cleansing creams!

We asked her to cleanse her face with her regular cleansing cream. Then to try Woodbury Cold Cream on her "immaculately clean" face and handed her a tissue.

The tissue told a startling story! Woodbury Cold Cream floated out hidden dirt!

Why is Woodbury so different? Because it has Penaten, a new miracle ingredient that actually penetrates deeper into your pore openings... lets Woodbury's wonderful cleansing oils loosen every trace of grime and make-up.

It's wonder-working Penaten, too, that helps Woodbury to smooth your skin more effectively. Tiny dry-skin lines, little rough flakes just melt away.

Buy a jar today—25¢ to 97¢, plus tax.

Woodbury
Cold Cream

floats out hidden dirt...

penetrates deeper because it contains Penaten

CLAUDIA PINZA

It was no great surprise to anyone when, following the years of hardship she had spent in Italy during the war—studying singing between bombings—Claudia Pinza, daughter of Ezio Pinza, appeared on the American scene, bent on a singing career. What did surprise people was that she made no effort to trade on his name, and though she has appeared with him a few times, she has made her own way.

Claudia first determined to come to America after acting as nurse-interpreter for wounded G.I.'s in Army hospitals. Her contacts with our American lads made her decide that she would marry only an American. She used to give concerts for the patients in these hospitals whenever the opportunity offered, and on one of these occasions an American promoter, visiting in Italy, heard her and made arrangements for her to come to the U.S.

Claudia had made her debut in opera in Milan at the age of seventeen; now it became necessary to let American audiences hear her. After a successful American debut in Washington she was engaged for both the San Francisco and Metropolitan Opera companies, and later launched herself on three consecutive, successful country-wide concert tours.

Then she decided she wanted to "sing for everybody," not just the audience that enjoys opera and concerts. She took a bold step for a serious musical artist—perhaps a leaf from her father's book—and accepted an offer to appear at New York's famous citadel of vaudeville, the Palace Theatre. The hardened vaudeville patrons loved her; the Broadway critics and trade papers gave her rave notices and supper club operators began to make inquiries about her.

Radio and television have seen and heard her on such programs as the Telephone Hour, the Toast of the Town, the Faye Emerson show, and the Steve Allen show. Unless we miss our bet, she will be seen and heard with growing frequency over the air and on the nation's TV screens.

In private life Claudia has realized her wish to marry an American. She is the wife of John Boller, who acts as her personal representative. They have a two-year-old son.
ROUX COLOR SHAMPOO

THE EASY 'SHAMPOO-WAY' IN QUICK 'SHAMPOO-TIME'!

PREFERRED BY PROFESSIONAL COLORISTS
ROUX COLORS GRAY OR FADED HAIR—FASTER,
EASIER THAN EVER...TAKES JUST MINUTES!

Lovelier haircolor for your audience! Rich,
lasting color to hold admiring eyes. It's yours
—so easily, so swiftly, yet still costs less!
Enjoy the comfort of lovely new color
“shampeed” into every visible strand in just-
minutes.

Years of tested experience have gone into this
exquisite hair cosmetic. It's sure, it's natural-
looking, it's lovelier. And its name—ROUX—is
your guarantee of tested
dependability.

SEE HOW EASY IT IS FOR YOU TO HAVE
LOVELIER HAIRCOLOR IN "SHAMPOO-TIME"

1 Coloring mixture is poured from
bottle on to hair. Fingers work it
through.

2 Then after a few
minutes, the same
with the ends.

3 It's shampeed—
that's all!

SEE WHY ROUX COLOR SHAMPOO IS
THE PROFESSIONAL COLOR CHOICE!

• It’s brushless—no fear of flat, painted look.
• It’s resistant to sun, salt water and perspiration
acids.*
• It’s lasting—won’t wash out, fade or develop
off-shade casts.
• It lightens or darkens haircolor several shades
without prebleaching.

12 HEAVENLY COLORS
No. 1 Black
No. 2 Dark Brown
No. 3 Brown
No. 4 Light Warm Brown
No. 5 Light Ash Brown
No. 6 Dark Auburn
No. 7 Light Auburn
No. 8 Golden Brown
No. 9 Ash Blonde
No. 10 Reddish Blonde
No. 11 Golden Blonde
No. 12 Light Blonde

Use according to directions.

PROFESSIONAL COLORISTS USE MORE ROUX THAN ALL OTHER COLORINGS COMBINED
Visit your beauty salon—ask your hairdresser about ROUX COLOR SHAMPOO

Roux Distributing Co., Inc.
RHONDA FLEMING, beautiful Lustre-Creme Girl, one of the “Top-Twelve,” selected by “Modern Screen” and a jury of famed hair stylists as having the world’s loveliest hair. Rhonda Fleming uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo to care for her glamorous hair.

The Most Beautiful Hair in the World
is kept at its loveliest... with Lustre-Creme Shampoo

When Rhonda Fleming says... "I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo"... you’re listening to a girl whose beautiful hair plays a vital part in a fabulous glamour-career.

In a recent issue of "Modern Screen," a committee of famed hair stylists named Rhonda Fleming, lovely Lustre-Creme Girl, as one of 12 women having the most beautiful hair in the world.

You, too, will notice a glorious difference in your hair from Lustre-Creme Shampoo. Under the spell of its rich lanolin-blessed lather, your hair shines, behaves, is eager to curl. Hair dulled by soap abuse, dusty with dandruff, now is fragrantly clean. Rebel hair is tamed to respond to the lightest brush touch. Hair robbed of natural sheen now glows with renewed sun-bright highlights. All this, even in the hardest water, with no need for a special after-rinse.

No other cream shampoo in the world is as popular as Lustre-Creme. Is the best too good for your hair? For hair that behaves like the angels, and shines like the stars... ask for Lustre-Creme, the world’s finest shampoo, chosen for “the most beautiful hair in the world”!

Famous Hollywood Stars use Lustre-Creme Shampoo for Glamorous Hair
FISHERMEN
Two ragged urchins,  
Pants’ legs flapping,  
Shirt fronts gapping,  
Tousled hair like sun-bleached thatch.  
Trudged proudly homeward,  
Two boys giggling,  
Two fishes wriggling,  
The catchers and the catch.

OLIVE A. DIVERS

THE DANCER
The night is a dark, Spanish dancer  
She is flitting across the dunes,  
With the moon like a copper rose  
Atilt in her hair.

The wind has rent the sequinned folds  
Of her mantilla  
And flung it athwart the sky.

From the black haunches of the sea  
Pours forth the creaming fantasy  
Of her dancing skirts.

ANN RUTH SCHABACKER

AUTUMN
I like the breath of autumn, bitter-sweet  
With mingled bonfire-smoke and piquancy  
Of spicy blooms that flourish hardily  
In country by-way and suburban street;  
I like its rust-brown, brittle grass, which has  
A crisp-voiced sound; its drifting leaves, that hold  
The colors of its sunsets—tawny gold,  
Vermilion, cool sea-green and clear topaz.  

There is beneath its mellow suavity  
A frost-keen edge, unblunted by the sun—  
Prophetic of the days and nights to be,  
When earth will sleep, its faithful labors done . . .  
It tells of coming winter, of release  
From restlessness, of white, enfolding peace.  

AMELIA LEE KELLEY

RADIO-TV MIRROR WILL PAY $5.00 FOR JANUARY POETRY
A maximum of ten original poems will be purchased. Limit your poems to sixteen lines. No poetry will be returned, nor will the editors enter into correspondence concerning it. Poetry for the January issue must be submitted between September 10 and October 10, 1951, and accompanied by this notice. If you have not been notified of purchase by November 10, you may feel free to submit it to other publications. Poetry for this issue should be addressed to: January Poetry, Radio-TV Mirror, 205 E. 42nd Street, N. Y. 17, N. Y.
Wouldn't you be elated to find yourself, on certain days of the month, completely free from a lot of the worries that are usual at that time? Well, you must try the Tampax method of sanitary protection. This remarkable, doctor-invented Tampax discards the irksome harness of belts, pins and external pads. It is worn internally. It cannot be seen or felt when in use.

How Tampax does help a woman maintain her poise and self-confidence at such times! It has no outside bulk to twist, bulge or show "edges" under clothing. No chafing is possible. No odor can form. May be worn in tub or shower. (No need to change bathing habits when you use Tampax.)

Tampax is made of highly absorbent surgical cotton compressed into dainty applicators. The hands need never touch the Tampax. Easy to use. Quick to change. Disposal no trouble.... Sold at drug and notion counters in 3 absorbencies—Regular, Super, Junior. An average month's supply slips into purse. Or get the economy box holding 4 times this quantity. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

Young Nancy Lewis, co-emcee of the Paul Whiteman TV Teen Club, tells of her pre-date preparations. First, a thorough cold cream cleansing of the face.

Lipstick is applied with a brush to make sure that there are no rough edges. Nancy uses a pink shade, but you should choose one for your coloring.

There's nothing like a good brushing to keep hair its shining best and to make sure it will have enough body to stand up for an evening of dancing.
BY NANCY LEWIS

A date is a lot more than a phone call from that special man—it takes a little something extra to bring out that gleam in his eye.

Before I go out, to make sure that I am well rested for the date, I usually lie down for a half-hour. After my nap I take a leisurely bath in lukewarm water. While in the bath I have a cleansing cream on my face. I use a long-handled stiff brush for back and shoulders and a complexion brush for my face. Then I rinse my face with cold water, followed by hot water and freshen my skin with witch-hazel.

Nails are always important on a hand-holding affair. I make sure that they are well-manicured and put on one of the new icy-pink shades of polish.

Now, for my hair. I wash it at least once a week—sometimes as much as every four days, depending on how dirty it gets. I usually use a cream shampoo and always a lemon rinse to keep it bright and shining. After my bath I take my hair down, brush it vigorously and then comb it.

On special dates, when I know I won't have too much time to repair my make-up, I use a light pancake. This seems to hold up longer. After applying the pancake—very lightly—I brush my eyebrows with a small brush. I never use an eyebrow pencil as my eyebrows are dark enough. However, I do use just a touch of light green eye shadow and a tiny bit of mascara.

To give my lips that neat line, I use a lip-brush. My lipstick is a pinkish shade with the slightest touch of purple in it—but, of course, lipsticks vary, as do eye shadows, according to your own coloring. I don't use any rouge; instead I go over my cheeks with a clean sponge. This removes what little make-up is on my cheeks and allows that natural color to come through.

For a casual movie date I choose a simple sports dress and a little cap to keep my hair neat, in spite of the autumn wind. For that big date, however, I wear my prettiest dress and high heel shoes.

I've always found it's worth while to put a little extra effort into dressing for a date. It pays off when the man in your life gets that special "That's my girl" look of pride in his eyes.

---

**Timely Tips by Little Lulu**

**How do you score on these helpful ways to save?**

**What's best to limber meat grinders?**
- Chicken bones
- Salad oil
- Bacon fat

Balky meat grinders get back to work—when you dose 'em with salad oil. Keeps the food taste-worthy. Speaking of grinders, there's no ground wood in Kleenex! It's a pure tissue; perfectly uniform. Free from weak spots, hard particles!

**How to foil a dripping faucet?**
- Try a cork
- Attach a string

Can't sleep for that "bloop-bleep"? Tie a string on the faucet . . . water slides down, silently. And see how Kleenex tissues save your nerves—for Kleenex serves one at a time (not a handful). No fumbling! No waste. Saves money.

**Chair marks on carpets call for—**
- Cleaning fluid
- Steam

Cover furniture-battened spots with damp cloth, then steam with hot iron. Lifts nap, saves carpet. Let Kleenex tissues give you a lift in your household tasks. Extra soft! So absorbent; sturdy! And no other tissue has that handy Kleenex box!

**To peel peaches quickly, try—**
- A teakettle
- Steel wool
- A scout knife

Peaches will shed their skins pronto; just pour boiling water over them. Likewise, save beauty-care time, trouble—use gentle Kleenex to peel off clinging makeup. Because this tissue has the perfect balance of softness and strength.

**Kleenex ends waste—saves money...**

1. **INSTEAD OF MANY...**

2. **YOU GET JUST ONE...**

3. **AND SAVE WITH KLEENEY**

Get several boxes when you buy—You'll always have a good supply

This Kleenex "window" shows you when It's time to order it again
Studying for a career as a speech and
dramatics teacher began to seem too
tame for Bob Mauer, so he left hisMid-
west home for a fling at the legitimate
theatre. Once in New York he settled
for a temporary job
as page boy for
NBC in Radio City.
For recreation he
took an NBC-Co-
jumbia University
announcer's course,
the outcome of which was a job offer
on a Florida station. "It all happened
so fast," says Bob, "I just couldn't think
of a good reason for not accepting the
job." The switch from theatre to radio
was a permanent one. After a few years
he joined Johnny Olsen, assisting him
in radio and TV production. Soon,
Johnny selected Bob as announcer for
Ladies Be Seated, and Bob was back in
the same studio where he had been a
page boy five years before. Now, on
Johnny Olsen's Rumpus Room and his
Luncheon Club, Bob, a bachelor of
thirty, is looking for an adventurous gal,
the type who might talk him into looking
for gold in Alaska!

Airy and blonde Cloris Leachman has
portrayed a variety of roles from that of
a Chinese girl in Suspense to a neurotic
in Lights Out. The daughter of a Des
Moines, Iowa, lumber dealer, Cloris de-
cided at the age of
fifteen that if she
was going to be an
actress, she had bet-
ter enter radio be-
cause it wouldn't in-
terfere with her
marriage. By the time she was eighteen,
she had her own show at a Des Moines
radio station. But in the long run, it
was Broadway that brought her not only
fame, but love. She met her future hus-
band, actor George Englund, while
playing in "As You Like It."
Cloris is not only an actress, but an
inventor. She is working on a formula
for attaching electric outlets at windy
bus stops so that waiting passengers can
plug themselves in to get warm.
Cloris is still just as determined, as
she was at fifteen, to prevent a conflict
between her career and marriage. Her
career would go, before there was any
chance of its jeopardizing her marriage.
Jack Stanton, the male half of the Songs for Sale dance team of Stanton and Luster, started dancing on doctor's orders and hasn't stopped since. As a child Jack developed pneumonia and the doctor advised his parents to send him to dancing school to build up his frail body. Jack spent most of his childhood in Maplewood, New Jersey, a few doors from the home of his future partner, Betty Luster. Although they even worked on the same show in school, Jack was unaware of her existence.

Jack made his way to Broadway from the chorus line after having done a great deal of choreography. It was while playing in "DuBarry was a Lady" that Jack started dating the pretty girl who was playing at the next-door theatre. The girl was Betty Luster; but it was not for many years after that that their partnership really started. They are TV partners only, however, for Jack is married to Marion Richards, a lovely, former model.

Two years after she started taking dancing lessons, Betty Luster, the girl in the Songs for Sale dance team, was a solo ballet dancer in London. Her success in Europe was quick and continued. She worked with Henry Sherek and the great dancer, Leonidoff, and appeared in theatres in France and Italy. Eventually she became the prima ballerina of the La Scala Opera Company of Milan, and later appeared as prima ballerina in the Metropolitan Opera production of "Faust." Betty recalls a wonderful time in Europe despite her "engagement" to an Austrian prince and the fact that she was "stood up" one night by the Crown Prince of Italy.

Back in New York, Betty was appearing in "Louisiana Purchase" when she met Jack Stanton. She is married to V. Nelson Barrington, a Wall Street broker, and is the mother of a two-year-old son. In her spare time, she does color motion picture photography which the team uses to study their work.

**Original Spillpruf**

**Bottle Prevents Accidents!**

Bothered with Broken Nails?

Get Nail-flex.

New, scientific conditioner develops healthier, stronger, lovelier nails.
A pet in your home

BY TERRY BURTON

- A recent Family Counselor guest, Jack Filgate, owner of the Petville Pet Shop in Stamford, Connecticut, gave our listeners some very interesting ideas on owning pets. Although many parents are inclined to refuse their boys-and-girls pets because of the work required to care for them, Mr. Filgate believes that it's very important for children to have pets. Having an animal in the house, he explained, can give a youngster a sense of responsibility as well as a respect for life itself. “When a child is given his first pet,” Mr. Filgate stated, “he should also be instructed in the care of the animal and given the responsibilities of a real owner. It should be the child's duty as well as his delight to walk the dog, feed him and even teach him some simple tricks. In this way the child will learn much about his pet and will lose any fear he might have of other types of animals.”

When I asked Mr. Filgate for suggestions on suitable pets, he said, “Buy a pet that will fit into your way of life and especially the size of your home or...
After each shampoo or home permanent

LOVALON

your hair

added fresh color makes the lustrous difference!
- Leaves hair soft, easy to manage
- Blends in yellow, grey streaks
- 12 flattering shades
- Removes shampoo film
- Gives sparkling highlights

Only $104 or 25¢ the modern hair beauty rinse

EVEREST & JENNINGS WHEEL CHAIRS for Smoothest Performance

Special 8" Caster UNIVERSAL

Outdoors or in, Everest & Jennings Wheel Chairs handle with ease! They fold for travel, work or play. Attractive, light and strong. All welded joints. Folds to 10 inches.

See your dealer or write for catalog
EVEREST & JENNINGS
761 N. Highland Ave., Los Angeles 38, Calif.

MATERNITY

LANE BRYANT

Maternity clothes are one Fifth Avenue styles that keep you smart throughout pregnancy. Adjust easily to your changing figure.

- Misses' Sizes 6 to 20
- Junior Sizes 9 to 17
- Women's Sizes 36 to 44

Dresses from $2.95 up also supported, included. Everything for Baby, too. LOVE Phone Mail coupon for your FREE Style Book in plain wrapper.

Lane Bryant
INDIANAPOLIS 17, INDIANA DEPT. 912

Mail FREE Maternity Style Book in plain wrapper (517)

Pat
Address
Post Office
State

A pet

in your home

continued

apartment. There is nothing more cruel than a large dog shut up all day long in a small city apartment. For a small apartment in the city, a cat or a small dog can be a wonderful friend for your child. If you live in the country, a larger dog or perhaps even two dogs can be company for your children.

"Another important thing," related Mr. Filgate: "If your pet gets sick, he should be taken to a veterinarian just as you would take a child to a doctor. Remember to watch your pet for signs of sickness, as he can't tell you about it himself. So, if your pet acts strangely, take him to the vet immediately for a check-up. This will save you a great deal of care and worry in the long-run."

It is also well to know, revealed Mr. Filgate, that puppies and dogs should be given shots against distemper. Before you buy a dog, make sure you find out if he has been inoculated. If not, see to it immediately.

"When a child owns a pet, whether it's a French poodle, an alley cat, canary or goldfish," Mr. Filgate told us, "he should make a detailed study of the animal. Learn your pet's particular characteristics, and above all how to keep him healthy. There are plenty of books available on the care and treatment of almost every animal."

I questioned Mr. Filgate about teaching animals tricks and he told me that people are mistaken when they think that a dog is the only house pet that can be taught to perform tricks. "A cat can be trained to retrieve as well as a dog, if the owner will give the time and love required when the animal is still young. If children are willing to devote unlimited hours to their pets, they should be able to train almost any type of animal they wish to have."

When buying a pet for someone else, we learned from Mr. Filgate, we can keep in mind that a canary or tropical fish make wonderful pets for older folks or invalids, since they require very little care and are cheerful to have around the house. And, when buying a pet as a gift for a child, we should always consult the parents first, in order to learn the most suitable type of animal for the temperament of the child.

"Everyone from six to sixty should have some kind of pet," concluded Mr. Filgate, and I agreed heartily.
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 problem skin look softer, smoother, fresher!

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.

It works—or your money back!
Try the Noxzema Home Facial, yourself. Follow the directions given at right. If this easy Home Facial doesn't help your skin look lovelier—in 10 days—return your jar to Noxzema, Baltimore, Md.—and get your money back.

Money-Saving Offer! Get your jar of greaseless, medicated Noxzema today—at any drug or cosmetic counter—while you can get the big 85¢ jar for only 59¢, plus tax—43% more for your money compared to the small size!
Questions you've asked are answered by CBS, developers of FCC-approved color television

Editor's Note: Ever since the premiere of commercially sponsored color television programs last June 25, from the huge converted New York building that now houses the CBS-TV color studios, readers have been asking us these straight-to-the-point questions. To give you the clearest, most definite answers possible at this stage of color television's development, we went to the Laboratories Division of the Columbia Broadcasting System, where the CBS color system was developed.

- If we convert to color, or buy a new color television set, how soon may we look forward to seeing some of the really big shows, like Toast of the Town, in color?
  A—The CBS program department is now planning special color versions of Toast of the Town and other shows now seen in black and white and expects to have them on the air this fall. The complete transition to color will depend on the circulation of color sets and converted black and white sets. Color television at this time is in addition to black and white broadcasting, not a replacement for it.

Q—How soon will color television sets be available?
A—Color television sets which will also receive black and white programs are expected to be on the market by the end of the summer; CBS-Columbia, Inc., has announced they'll be ready by September.

Q—Will converting our present sets to color prevent our getting black and white programs? (Continued on page 88)
It all adds up to happiness

To Frank Parker, happiness is a little thing called show business . . . specifically, Arthur Godfrey and His Friends

Behind Frank Parker's television debut last year on Arthur Godfrey's Wednesday night program is a story of rare friendship. Of radio successes three times abandoned and three times regained. Of happiness that comes to a man from being back in the work that he loves.

Frank and Arthur have had this friendship since the night, some sixteen years ago, when Frank made an operatic debut in the city of Washington, singing Alfredo in "La Traviata." Godfrey, already a popular local disc jockey with an early morning show, gave Frank's performance such glowing notices over his microphone that the theatre was sold out for the company's entire stay.

When Parker appeared on the program at 7 A.M. to thank him, Godfrey introduced him to the listening audience and promptly left him alone at the open mike.

"Who but a genius like Godfrey could ad lib at that hour?" Frank asks even now. "There was Arthur standing in the doorway and grinning at his joke on me, and there was all that empty waiting air. I signaled to the studio organist to accompany me and I did four or five songs and tried weakly to say a few amusing things. Arthur rescued me before the situation got too serious."

The friendship begun that day was strengthened after Frank was (Continued on page 98)
DESPITE COMFORTS OF A BACHELOR APARTMENT, FRANK ADMITS TO AN "OPEN MIND."
Gini puts up with me

Alan's was the sneeze heard round the world. From then on it was kill

In this world it is possible to fly upside down over the North Pole, to wrestle a bear while catching a New York subway train, or to wear a parka in July on Hollywood Boulevard without attracting more than casual attention from one's fellow citizens, but let a man come down with a common cold and he becomes as conspicuous as an atom bomb.

Several months ago I did a television broadcast in which I played a luckless character who had just caught the sniffles. In reality, I felt fine on the day of the broadcast. All during the hours of rehearsal when I was wrapped in blankets, steamed by a teakettle, drowned by fruit juices, and chilled under an ice pack, I felt fine.

After the broadcast I still felt fine, and my health was perfect when letters began to pour in from every section of the country in which television is viewed. Most of the letters coupled sympathy with the writer's secret, sure-fire, old heirloom recipe for banishing colds. Medical (Continued on page 90)

The Alan Young Show may be seen Thursdays at 9 P.M. EDT, CBS-TV stations. Sponsored in the East by Esso, in the West by Ford, in the Mid-West by Kroger Grocery.

Gini thought a mustard foot bath would be just the thing. Alan's feet hit the water and he hit the ceiling at the same time. "Send for the fire department," he yelled. "There's a stream of hot lava flowing down Ventura Boulevard!"
or cure—or maybe both!

Grapefruit juice, Gini insisted, was what Alan needed—over his protest that it gave him indigestion. Grapefruit juice was what he got, by the glass, by the bucket and by the barrel!

A man in Atlanta wrote that a really sure cure consisted of stealing a lady’s handkerchief from her purse and burying it. Got the remedy, he said, from the acrobat son of a gypsy.

It was Marjorie, the mysterious lady embalmer, who suggested this one: seems you heat a lot of table salt and fill a woolen sock with it. Then you wrap the sock around your neck, drink hot milk, take aspirin—and off to bed.

Gentleman from Pittsburgh explained that cold germs lodge in the nose. Snub them, he said, with a clothespin!
BABY ROEMARIE'S LIFE WILL NOW BE VERY DIFFERENT FROM THE WAY JOHN AND ANN PLANNED IT

Strike It Rich, the program with a heart, gave me the chance
They filled my heart with hope

BY ANN KANE

John and I sat before the television set. It was around ten o'clock in the morning and I'd cleaned up the apartment and was relaxing before it would be time to get John's lunch. Every once in awhile he'd reach over and stroke my hair. It was as if he were thinking about me while he sat there and wanted the reassurance that I was near him. When you've been married to a man twenty years you can sense things and I knew it was a troubled kind of thinking he was doing.

I got up and walked around the room. There had to be a stop to this worrying of his. Somehow I had to find an answer to our problem. I had to find a way of easing John's mind . . . of making him at peace with himself. This worry was driving him—and me with him—to distraction.

My thoughts went back to those days more than twenty years ago when John and I first met. It was a dance at the Caledonian society—both of us Scotch, both of us young. (Continued on page 84)


to solve my problem and put my husband's soul at peace
This is Nora Drake

The story of her attempts to locate an unknown benefactor

Passing Fred Molina's club one day, Nora is unaware of Fred and Lulu huddled in the doorway. She does not hear him tell Lulu that it would be disastrous if Nora were to see him.

In these pictures, as on the air, Nora Drake is played by Joan Tompkins; Fred Molina by Larry Haines; Dr. Jensen by Horace Braham; Peg Martinson by Lesley Woods; Ken Martinson by Leon Janney; and Lulu is posed for by TV starlet Cindy Cameron.

Nora, discharged from the hospital under a cloud of suspicion, finds her bills are being paid by an unknown person. Is this friendly help, or a scheme against her?

Thinking it may be kindly Dr. Jensen, Nora steels herself to return to the hospital to question him. The good doctor is glad to see her, but disclaims payment.

Suspecting wealthy Peg Martinson of trying to humiliate her, Nora confronts her. Peg suggests it might be her husband, Ken.

Nora finds Ken at Molina's club. He admits he can't pay his own bills. Molina is staking him. Lulu overhears him suggest that Molina might be staking Nora, too.

Lulu, suspicious and jealous of Nora, assumes that Ken's chance remark is true, and flies at Nora. Molina arrives in time to stop her from attacking Nora.

Molina confesses to paying her bills. He plans to use underworld friends to uncover plot that cost her job. Will this hinder Nora?
I've got my fingers crossed!

All she asks of the future: “A chance to do more of the same—better!”

Early morning sun cast some intricate leaf patterns on the pale green walls of my bedroom and through the open window came an insistent call, “Hoohoo, Mary! Oh, Maryeee!” Shutting my eyelids tight, I hoped Mother would send my girl friend Sally back home for a second glass of milk. I didn’t want to go out to play just yet. I wanted a few more minutes to enjoy my dream. In it, I saw myself brilliantly costumed and radiantly happy, leading a wonderful orchestra while a huge audience cheered and applauded.

I was resentful, I’ll confess, when the continuing hoohoos were followed by a zing of the doorbell and a request, “Please, Mrs. Hartline, tell Mary to come out. We want to see her.”

With a start, I rubbed my eyes. That wasn’t Sally’s voice! Sally was grown up and so was I. Only the dream was unchanged—but by now it had, almost miraculously, come true.

I heard Mother urging the children to be quiet. Mary was tired, she explained. I was—bone tired. For seven years I’d had no vacation and since my daily program, the Mary (Continued on page 92)

Super Circus—Sun. 5 P.M. EST; sponsors: Canada Dry, Bauer & Black. Mary Hartline Show—M-F 5 P.M. EST. Both are on ABC-TV.

Mary on Super Circus: she referees an exhibition of feline fisticuffs, comes through without a scratch despite the fact that the cats put their whole hearts into the bout. Mary at home: her living-room is lined with plants, her big-city substitute for the wide lawns, spacious gardens that she had for playgrounds as a child in Hillsboro. Mary lives alone in a three-room apartment now.
Mary relaxing: still an outdoor girl, Mary takes advantage of Chicago's long Lake Michigan shore where there are open spaces to be found very close to home. Back at the apartment: she curls up in pretty, comfortable lounging clothes to work on a new script.

Mary on a postman's holiday: the kids had as much fun as she when Mary spent a day at the Lincoln Park Zoo.
“Robert, age seven, alibied his way out of chores by developing stomach-aches. We put him to bed immediately. A few boring days in bed, while the rest of the gang played very soon cured Alibi Ike.”

“Five-year-old Sharon picked at her meals. Gobbled her meat first, then pushed the vegetables aside with an ‘all full!’ We put her meat on a separate plate...to be eaten only after vegetables were gone. Worked like a charm.”

“Art, Jr., age thirteen, was fascinated by the telephone. Talked at great length—and expense. We installed a phone for him on the basis that he would pay over-charges from his allowance. Phone company lost considerable income.”

“Shoeing our youngest colt, two-and-a-half-year-old Diane, was a real undertaking. She rebelled at the prospect and fought the action until we showed her how to put them on herself. Now it’s her most exciting ritual.”

“The blending of homework and TV was eleven-year-old Dawn’s problem. We solved this by restricting video to before-dinner activity...after dinner it’s homework. Weekends are bonus times, when she can watch to her heart’s content.”
For every childhood problem there's a solution, Lois and Art maintain—but each solution must be tailor-made to fit!

Child psychologists point out that children emulate their parents. That being the case, Lois and Art Linkletter's youngsters are bound to be regular fellows and quick thinkers.

Taking them in chronological order, Jack, the senior of the juniors, has just arrived at the age of being critical of his father's profession and acting ability. Recently, after carefully watching a TV session of Life With Linkletter, he greeted Art at the door with, "Hey Pop, how come you kept your right side to the camera? You know your left side is better."

In looks, Dawn is a carbon copy of her father. Her many freckles bother her. During an appearance with her dad on his TV program, her main concern was those freckles. "Please," she asked, "can I have lots of make-up?"

Bob is the "ham" of the family. Recently, when a photographer came to the house, Bob greeted him by wanting to know if the pictures were to be in color. When informed they would be black and white, he said sadly, "That's too bad. I look best in color." Sharon, next to the baby, is the cuddly and affectionate type, and already knows how to defeat her father...lets her big brown eyes well full of tears when she senses that a scolding is on its way. Diane, a round-faced cherub, is a young one with an outstanding digestive tract. Recently, she happily chewed up a book, People Are Funny, that Art had written. Her father's comment was, "At least it agreed with her!"

Art Linkletter's House Party M-F, 3:30 P.M. EST, sponsored by Pillsbury Mills, People Are Funny, Mon. 8:00 P.M. EST, sponsored by Mars Candy. Both are heard on CBS stations. Life With Linkletter, seen Fri. 7:30 P.M. EST, on ABC-TV, sponsored by Green Giant.
Did you

Glamour, indeed! Why, Robin says, the thing upon which her reputation really stands or falls is—laundry!

BY MARTIN COHEN

Robin Chandler stars on two glamorous TV shows, Vanity Fair and Cover Girl. She shines brilliantly, too, as a panelist on That’s News to Me and frequently on Leave It to the Girls. At home she co-stars as wife to handsome actor Jeffrey Lynn, who would place any woman in the coveted glamorous class.

But the very word, glamour, makes Robin bristle. “Me glamorous?” she repeats angrily. “Look at these!”

And she spreads out her hands. Nice, slender hands they are—but at the moment slightly the worse for hard work. With those hands Robin held an exclusive five-hundred-dollar dress before the TV camera. But earlier in the day, the same hands were submerged in suds when she washed her children’s clothes.

“Anyway, I’m good at it,” Robin reports concerning the fact that she does much of her own laundry, particularly the best clothes of Jeffrey Jr. and Tish. “But I ask you,” she demands, “is that glamorous?”

Well, maybe not . . . but she looks glamorous! She is a striking, tall, slim blonde and, to boot, has an abundance of alluring charm which is the dictionary’s definition of glamour. Furthermore, she has moved in high society all of her life and career-wise has been connected with fashion and modeling. Just the same, the amazing Robin manages to work successfully at being housewife, mother and career girl as well as maintaining an active interest in sports and current events.
“I’ve got my low points,” she admits. “Take vegetables—but not mine. No matter what I do with them, they taste awful.” She can turn out a good roast, baked potatoes, apple pie and salad, the favorite dinner when the Lynns are at home—and they are at home most evenings.

Jeffrey and Robin recently moved into a house in Bronxville after a lengthy time in a cramped Manhattan apartment. One reporter recalls an interview with Robin. At the time, both of her cotton-topped youngsters were having the kind of noisy, exuberant fun that comes naturally. A sculptor was on hand making a bust of Robin. A maid was running a vacuum. The telephone rang continually. “Funny thing, we had a good chat,” the reporter remembers. “And Robin was cool, calm and collected through it all.”

During sunny spring and summer days, Robin earned the name of the “young, female Bernard Baruch.” Reason for this was that she would pile children and tricycles into her old station wagon and drive up to a bench in Central Park. She met producers, interviewees, etc., at a designated bench and carried on business in the best traditions of the “elder statesman.”

The new Lynn home is something altogether different. They have an acre of land with a flower garden that sports snap dragons, rose bushes and a magnificent elm tree. It’s a white house in Colonial style, with four bedrooms, the usual first-floor rooms, plus a sewing-room and den.

The average day for Robin begins at 6:45 A.M. when she has “got to get up and get things going.” This entails breakfast for the children and Jeffrey—who is an early riser too—and getting the children washed and dressed. The full-time maid, recently acquired with the new house, comes in about (Continued on page 89)

Maybe, as she says, she’s not glamorous, but Robin manages to look that way even when washing the best clothes of Jeffrey Jr., who’s four, and Letitia—called Tish—who’s two. With Robin (Jeffrey, too) the children come first, other things have to fit in. Below, Robin introduces Jeffrey to Dorothy Doan on Vanity Fair.
Anne Malone asks:

Where does my happiness lie?

Anne and Jerry Malone lived happily for many years in Three Oaks where Jerry was the town's favorite doctor. There came a time when he felt the lure of the big city and its greater opportunities. Anne was skeptical . . . he could well serve humanity right here in Three Oaks, she felt, far from the pitfalls of New York. However, she would be the last person to stand in his way. They left for New York, where Anne's worst suspicions were soon realized in the person of Lucia Standish.

Follow the story through pictures beginning on the opposite page. Then—can you help Anne? From your own experience or your friends and family, what is your opinion? Where does her happiness lie? Write what is, in your opinion, the proper ending to the story by telling Anne whether she should choose Jerry or Sam—and why.

In the pictures, as on the air, Anne Malone is played by Barbara Weeks; Jerry Malone, Sandy Becker; Lucia Standish, Elspeth Eric; Sam Williams, Berry Kroeger; the Porter, Danny Ocko.

Anne Malone struggles to find the answer—as important to her daughter as to herself!

3. Lucia gets into full swing with her campaign when Anne comes to New York by offering the Malones a house near her country estate—at a very low price. Unknown to Anne and Jerry, the house belongs to Lucia and she wants them to take it so she can be near Jerry.
1. Their last evening together before Jerry leaves for New York is not a happy one for Anne who cannot dismiss her distrust of Dr. Thomas—the man through whom Jerry got his new job. Anne and Jill plan to join Jerry as soon as he finds a suitable house.

2. Jerry, impressed by the high whirl of New York life shown him by Dr. Thomas, is further impressed when he meets beautiful, wealthy Lucia Standish, financial controller of the Institute he is joining. Lucia is a completely ruthless woman who goes after what she wants—in this case, Jerry.

3. Confirming her suspicions, the real estate agent tells Anne that the house is Lucia's. Jerry cannot believe it, and phones Lucia who denies it, and bribes the agent to refute his story. This leaves Anne helpless and strengthens Jerry's belief that Anne is unreasonable.

4. Anne goes back to Three Oaks alone, completely confused over Jerry's attitude, but hoping to straighten matters out. Meanwhile she is kept busy as Superintendent of the Dineen Clinic. Here she meets Sam Williams, aggressive Three Oaks businessman who is interested in her.
Anne Malone asks:

Where does my happiness lie?

Radio Television Mirror will purchase readers' answers to the Anne Malone's question, "Where Does My Happiness Lie?" Writer of the best answer, in the opinion of the editors, will be paid $25.00; to the writers of the five next-best answers will go $5.00 each.

What is your answer to this problem? State your views in a letter of no more than one hundred words. Address it to Anne Malone, c/o Radio Television Mirror, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. The editors will choose the best letter, basing choice on originality and understanding of the problem, and will purchase it for $25.00. They will purchase five next-best letters at $5.00 each. No letters will be returned; editors cannot enter into correspondence about them. Opinion of the editors will be final. Letters should be postmarked no later than October 1, 1951, and should have this notice attached.

Young Dr. Malone can be heard Monday through Friday at 1:30 P.M. EST, over CBS. The sponsor is P&G's Crisco.

6. Meanwhile, in New York Lucia monopolizes as much of Jerry's time as she can—and as subtly as she can. Since she is Controller of the Institute, and as such carries weight with the Board of Directors, she wangles a Directorship for Jerry. Jerry is completely unaware of this.

9. Though malicious maneuvering, Lucia has Jerry's co-worker, Dr. Browne, discharged—fearing he might expose her past to Jerry. Later, a hospital porter confesses to Jerry that Lucia had him plant false evidence against Browne. For the first time Jerry sees the real Lucia.
Anne and Jill, at home in Three Oaks, are very lonely without Jerry. This presents Sam Williams, who has become interested in Anne, with the psychological moment to become part of the family group. Jill soon takes to Sam, and Anne cannot help but enjoy his attentions.

8. Anne realizes Jill needs her father, so she returns to New York in the hopes of effecting a reconciliation. However, Lucia has so colored Jerry's thinking that he believes his wife to be completely selfish. Once again Anne goes home alone —this time the rift is definitely greater than ever.

Jerry, realizing how Lucia has duped him and how he has mistreated his family, collapses. Anne flies to New York at once in order to help him. He finally agrees to see a psychiatrist, but before any headway can be made, disappears—believing this to be best for Anne.

11. Back in Three Oaks again, Anne now feels her love for Jerry is in vain. She must think of Jill who needs a father, and Sam whom she has kept on tenterhooks so unfairly. She promises Sam that in six months' time she will decide whether she will stay with Jerry or will marry Sam.
Lux Video Theatre

A flashbulb Grand Tour—a day in the life of a TV drama

Now celebrating its first birthday, Lux Video Theatre has already been fulfilling its promise to bring to television the same fabulous parade of Hollywood and Broadway stars that Lux Radio Theatre provided for its listeners over a seventeen-year period. Drama and comedy have mingled in this TV series but particular emphasis has been laid upon stories that have strong emotional impact. Not long ago a Lux play starred Margaret O'Brien as a sensitive young girl who found growing up harder than some of her elders imagined. Margaret, once famous as the Hollywood screen's most brilliant and versatile child actress, has now grown into a knowing and mature portrayer of teen-age roles. Let's follow her around on the important last day of camera rehearsals, to show you what happens in the final busy hours before a TV drama is airborne.

"Taxi please!" Margaret O'Brien and her mother leave their hotel for the CBS-TV studio where the screen starlet gets ready to star in a dramatic half-hour play—in which she will be wearing her very first, grown-up evening dress.

Since the Lux Video Theatre began on October 2, 1950, many well-known stars have occupied this dressing room now marked with little Miss O'Brien's name. Joan Caulfield was the first, in Maxwell Anderson's "Saturday's Children."

Although brought up on motion picture sets, Margaret has never grown blasé about the mechanics of movies or of TV. Her inquiring mind still wants to know the why of everything in the studio, so cameraman John Lincoln demonstrates.

The boy who plays opposite her is Skip Homeier, who in his early teens made theatre history as the young Nazi in "Tomorrow the World." Now grown-up, Skip has to his credit such movies as the "Halls of Montezuma" and the "Gunfighter."

Lux Video Theatre is on the CBS-TV network every Monday from 8 to 8:30 P.M. EST. Sponsored by Lever Brothers.
REHEARSAL starts with Margaret being prompted by script girl Audrey Peters. Anna Lee, in apron, plays Margaret's mother, and in the background is Nancy Franklin, stand-in for Pat Gaye, who is playing one of Margaret's schoolmates.

THE GIRLS go through their dialogue during a brief break. Pat, at left, had an abscessed tooth extracted the night before and is just beginning to feel like helping the show go on. Nancy, middle, has learned the role just in case.

RECORDING some of the narration is common practice on dramatic programs to save the star from running breathlessly to a microphone on the sidelines, then back into the next scene. Margaret reads some lines at the recording mike.

FITTINGS for her role of a schoolgirl invited to her first Junior Prom have gone on for days. Wardrobe mistress Tauh-ma Seid adjusts the belt for the jeans and shirt outfit worn in the opening scenes. Even casual clothes must look just right.

DESCENDING stairs may seem to you like a simple scene when you watch it on your screen, but director Fielder Cook coaches Margaret on just the right timing and the right moment to look into the mirror behind her and to turn to watching cameras.

WHILE some of the others take time out for make-up our teenager takes forty winks. Margaret does not use make-up on television or in real life. Her dark hair, eyes and brows don't require additional emphasis and she never wears lipstick.

THE BIG event for any young girl is her first formal. For Margaret that goes double, because it's the first formal for the girl she plays and the first she, too, ever owned. It's net over taffeta with tightly crushed satin sash tied into a bustle at the back.

SHOW'S over at 8:30, and after the goodbyes to the rest there's a short stop for sandwiches and milk. Then, the precious new dress carefully folded in a box and all the accessories gathered together, Margaret arrives back at her hotel.
Genial Quiz panelist puts out the welcome mat, invites you to visit the house that Herman built

At home with Herman

Football and television have been good to Herman Hickman, Yale football coach and permanent panel member of Celebrity Time. The advent of a ten-year contract as head coach of Yale's football team, plus his liking for his role in television, convinced Herman that he should stay "up nawth" for a while.

So saying, he promptly built a twelve-room ranch style home of field stone and clapboard, which boasts two master bedrooms, guest rooms, a forty-foot living-room with a large picture window, an all electric kitchen for the convenience of Mrs. Hickman, breakfast-room, dining-room, generous supply of closets, and a huge office-study-den large enough to accommodate Herman and a host of friends. The outsized basement playroom is not really part of the Yale Bowl, but it will be used for showing motion pictures of football plays, as well as occasional skull sessions with the grid squads—scrubs to varsity.

Herman Hickman is seen each Sun. on Celebrity Time, CBS-TV, 10:00 P.M. EST. Sponsor is the B. F. Goodrich Co.

Herman bones up for a TV session of Celebrity Time. His library contains several thousand volumes ranging from sports to poetry. Proof of the pudding is in the making... the secret of a steak is in its size!
Kinsfolks' Rest II, Herman's dream house, sits on a pleasant knoll overlooking his three acres of Connecticut suburbia where he envisions Yale gridiron skirmishes. Despite his hearty appetite, or perhaps because of his multiple activities, Herman is losing weight. In a recent gag on Celebrity Time this panel member weighed in at a mere 265 pounds. His comment: "You can't say I'm a man who doesn't carry any weight—but you should have seen me fifty pounds ago!"

Helen in the kitchen and Herman in the breakfast nook, consult over the important business of menus and ordering. The result of this conference is pictured at the left. A happy man sits before a typical dinner—steak, two vegetables, potatoes, salad, milk and dessert. "The fruit," says Herman, "keeps me from getting too hungry between meals."
I solemnly swear to uphold the Constitution of the Solar Alliance, to defend the liberties of the planets, to safeguard the freedom of space, and uphold the cause of peace throughout the universe. To this end, I dedicate my life.” This is the oath Tom Corbett took upon entering the Space Academy, the interplanetary West Point of the year 2351 A.D.

Politically, 2351 A.D. is an age of diplomacy where wars and the use of destructive weapons are outlawed; an age of conquest of space and solar exploration; an age of rocket ships that bridge the void of outer space. In 2351 A.D. medicine, psychology and physics have made giant strides . . . gadgets in this advanced age have relieved the tedium of everyday living. A ray razor, for instance, gives a quick, clean shave. Special telephone transmitters permit visual interplanetary communication. Light sticks—flashlights—need no batteries and never wear out.

2351 A.D., of course, carries its own vernacular. Space station means airport; blast off, scram; blow our jets, blow our tops; by the rings of Saturn, gee whiz; jet bus, space ship; cut your jets, lay off; and to all Tom Corbett’s friends, spaceman’s luck!

Tom Corbett, Space Cadet is seen every M, W & F on ABC-TV from 6:30-6:45 P.M., EST. Sponsor is The Kellogg Co.
Space Cadets Manning and Astro (Al Markim) and Captain Strong (Ed Bryce) don space suits and take to the air, while Tom Corbett in Academy full dress regalia looks on.

with the greatest of ease, these adventurers of 2351 A.D.
Steve Allen, himself

"I'm the happy victim of a series of lucky circumstances." That's Steve Allen talking, explaining how he happened to get where he is. "Nothing I ever did was the result of any special planning ahead, but each thing led to something better. Even the jobs I was fired from, the shows I wanted but didn't get, the zany stunts I took a chance on doing. I've seemed to stumble onto my successes, and luck has had a lot to do with it."

It started when Steve quit Arizona State Teachers' College to take a job as a radio announcer for KOY in Phoenix. He hadn't any idea that he was picking up so much all-round knowledge of show business, including those little trick things that keep an audience interested. Practically everything he does now he began to learn then.

When, some years ago, he got a six-night-a-week midnight show over radio station KNX in Hollywood, that was another piece of luck. Steve's was the only comedy show on late at night and he explains it didn't have to be any better than anyone else's. All the insomniacs in the Los Angeles area became his rooters. So did the night owls who stood in line waiting to get into the studio to see if the show was really as uninhibited as it sounded. It wasn't Steve Allen they came to see, but a friend they had created in their own minds, who turned the midnight hour into a crazy quilt of laughter, impromptu music, pertinent and impertinent interviews and casual commentary on anything and practically nothing. They couldn't sleep, so it was easy to listen. (Continued on page 96)

"I became a comedian— if I ever did—by accident," he explains.

"I was a shy brat, given to writing poetry. When my folks found out, they figured that I was going to be a bum!"
My brother, Sam

If you had told Mama and Papa that someday their youngest child would be a professional humorist, and on a thing called television, they would never have believed it. Of the seven boys and one girl that made up our family, Sam was the most serious. Con-vince Papa that Sam would get up on a stage and tell funny stories, and get paid for it? Impossible! Not even I would have believed it. Not that shy kid whose battles I was always fighting.

That the funny stories would be about Mama and Papa themselves, and all us children and our family life when we were growing up, would have completely flabbergasted our parents. Mama was busy from morning until night cleaning, washing, keeping us reasonably filled with food and reasonably respectable embryo citizens. Papa was a hard-working tailor whose kids never had quite enough to wear. What did they have to laugh about? What could they find so amusing?

Sam must have seen them both through the eyes of affectionate understanding long before the rest of us realized how wonderful such parents are. Even while he was rebelling against their dictums and discipline, as all children must at times, he was seeing the unconscious humor in our daily life and the universality of this conflict between parents and children, the parents doing their best within their limits to give the kids every material and spiritual benefit, and the kids seeming to thwart the parents’ hopes and plans at every turn.

Take, for instance, the matter of Sam’s violin lessons. My parents practically pawned themselves to get Sam his first violin and give him lessons. It was a great thrill for Sam, except for the practicing. As his protector, I was now elected to watch for the music teacher’s approach and tip Sam off. When teacher arrived, Sam was nowhere to be found. I had to take the lesson, just as I was the one to come home with the black eyes when Sam got into street corner fights. Eventually, Sam did let Mama and Papa bully him into practicing, and one day when Papa got mad at Sam’s progress and put a sign in our window, “Violin for Sale,” one of the neighbors hung a post-script in hers, “Hurrah. Thank God!”

Sam’s playing was more popular the day he gave his first pupil’s recital. Mama called all the relatives and said if the concert was successful she would ask everybody to the house and make a big party. Of course they all went to the recital, but Sam, who had been dodging practicing, played so badly that Mama could hardly hold her head up. When we came back to the house all the relatives were there, the table was set, and already everybody was beginning to nibble. Mama said, “I told you I would make a party only if Sam played well.” “We liked him,” they told her, and went right on eating.

Sam was born in New York on December 28, 1911. I was hardly more than a baby myself when Sam came, so we grew up very close together, but he got
things no one else could, like a cookie that Mama would hide away for him, or something else special. I never minded, because right from the beginning I began to take on my responsibilities as his older brother and protector.

The children started with my oldest brother, Joe, now a doctor; Jack, who is a dental mechanic; my sister Doris; Michael, who is an artist; Bill, Dave and I, who are businessmen, and Sam, a schoolteacher turned actor and comedian. As in most large families where money is hard to come by, there was nothing wrong with our appetites. We all ate like crazy, even Sam, who always looked a little undernourished and didn't really begin to put on weight until he got to college.

Our dinner table was the family gathering place and many is the time we kids got the giggles over something our parents were discussing and were sent in one swoop from the table. Sam and I, in particular, only had to look at each other to start giggling about some secret joke we shared. Mama tried putting our big, old-fashioned heavy ironing board down the center of the table, like a fence with Sam at one end and me at the other, so we couldn't exchange looks and start laughing. It didn't work, because all we had to do was peek around the edge, in itself enough to send us into hysterical shrieks.

We had labels for people, not names. Papa would tell Mama he had met "the short Meyer," or "the long Meyer," and we all knew just which of our neighbors he meant. Or Mama would say something about "the fourth floor back on the other street," and it was the only identification we needed.

Until Sam was about twelve we lived in an apartment in New York. By that time my sister had married and moved to Brooklyn, and when my mother had a spell of sickness it was decided we too should move to a Brooklyn apartment that was near my sister's.

As children we never played "show" very much, except on rainy days. Then all the kids herded together on the damp stairs of the cellar. One boy would do imitations of Charlie Chaplin. A bunch of us would re-enact the serial we had seen at the movies the preceding Saturday. Sam was never anything special, usually just one of the dead Indians. He always started to get up too soon and some kid would yell, "Lie down, you. The shootin' ain't over yet."

We used to sit around and worry over those serials. Sam would ask, in a scared voice, "Do you think Tom Mix could get killed?" There was always a philosopher in the group, who had everything doped out.

"Naw," he'd say. "He can't. They're leven more chapters to go in that serial."

We were allowed to go to the movies only on Saturday afternoon. Admission was five cents for two kids, but the trouble was that every mother gave her kid just two cents and expected some other child to have three. We'd go around chanting, "Who's got three cents? Who's got three cents?" Sometimes we went home, heartbroken. Mama would meet our tears with, "Go play better in the fresh air"—and take back the two cents. Or she would console us by saying, "Aunt Lena is coming—from New Jersey." We were only interested in the visits of certain uncles who gave us nickels or dimes when they came. Mama would tell them, "Don't give the children any money. You are spoiling them." After we had amassed a couple of dollars, Papa would "borrow" from us. "You're only going to waste it anyhow," he would say.

Sam and I did odd jobs to make extra money, as did all of our brothers. We ran errands for the butcher, called people to the telephone in the candy store at the corner, acted as watchmen for crap games. Sometimes we got some easy money when we found "deposit" bottles for soft drinks and milk, but most of the time we were just workhorses who had to toil for every cent we got. We were never any good at selling things.

I remember when Sam cleaned out the butcher shop one day and I caught him on top of the icebox gathering up feathers like crazy. He came home looking like a turkey and even Mama laughed and said, "I didn't order any." He got three cents for the job. Mama said, "For others you will do, but not for me." So Sam did some cleaning for Mama, but when it came time to pay him the three cents he settled happily for a piece of bread and jelly.

This question of money plagued our parents and us through all our growing years. When Sam wanted roller skates Papa's heart might be torn, but all he could say was, "What do you need them for? To ride under a truck or something?" When any of us wanted a fountain pen the standard answer was, "You'll only lose it." For a new hat, "Your fancy friends will recognize you in the old one." Sam would say, "Papa, it's hot. Let me buy an ice cream cone." And Papa would reply, "Take a bath. It will cool you off just as well."

By the time Sam got to (Continued on page 94)
If there's a woman anywhere who doesn't believe a good suit is the world's best fashion buy, let her step forward and be educated! On any list of suit fabrics, flannel rates high for fashion, durability; on any list of colors, gray's right at the top. Here you have a good suit, a flannel suit, a gray suit—all done up in one picture—pretty package. (It's modeled by Peggy Lobbin, who's Patti Dawson on Rosemary, M-F, 11:45 A.M. EST, CBS; sponsor: Ivory Snow, Prell.) Opp., "dressed down" for town; this page, smart accessories.

Fashion news in every line, every feature: the flannel fabric, the oxford shade—smartest gray for fall—the fitted jacket with its padded (yes, padded!) hips, the so-new, slightly flared skirt. Also light gray, brown—by Junior Deb, 10-18, about $50.00. Matching-fabric slouch hat by Dani, about $7.95. Mustard-gold scarf for an exclamation point of color, fastened with a crown pin by Accessocraft, about $3, plus tax. Same color: polished leather gloves by Debutante, about $5.

Above: to top skirt, man-tailored cotton blouse, Dan River tattersal check, by Alice Stuart; 32-38, about $5.95. Tailored cape belt, elongated buckle, by Debutante, about $5.00.

Shelf above: suit dress-ups. Side-drape black velvet hat by Dani, about $5.95. Black-white-stripe taffeta "neck piece" by Carol Stanley, about $1.95. Chunky rhinestone cluster pin by Coro, about $5.00 plus tax. Black velvet envelope purse by Garay, about $5.00 plus tax. Hand-stitched white cotton shorties, about $3.00—by Dawnelle. The tailored look again: walking-comfort calf spectator with built-up leather heel, by DeLiso Deb, about $16.95. Leather bag which is shown in color, too, a French copy by Park Lane, is about $12.95, plus tax. Check-pattern scarf about $1.00. Larger version of the crown pin, about $4.00 plus tax.

ALL FASHIONS SHOWN: AT STORES ON PAGE 59.
Tasty tidbits

WE ALWAYS start our fall entertaining with a gay and colorful buffet. My cold hors d’oeuvres tray is garnished with crisp cucumber slices and radishes. The hot appetizers are kept hot on an electrically heated tray. Both are the talk of our town! There are tricks I have found valuable in making sandwiches canape style. Trim crusts from bread slices. Cut in varied shapes with cookie cutters; toast lightly. Spread with prepared spreads, cheese, meat, etc. Give them a festive appearance by garnishing with chopped chives, pimiento strips, parsley and sliced olives. To keep sandwiches fresh cover with wax paper, then with a damp cloth.

PATTY CASES

Cut sliced white bread into 3 rounds with a cookie cutter. Cut holes in 2 of the rounds. Place on the first slice. Mix 1 egg white and 1/4 cup milk. Brush mixture onto surface of bread cases. Place on cookie sheet. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) about 10 minutes or until brown. Fill with Chicken a la King.

CHICKEN A LA KING

(Fills about 15 patty-cases)

2 tablespoons butter 3 tablespoons milk
1/4 cup diced green pepper 1 cup diced cooked chicken
1 can condensed cream of chicken soup 1 egg yolk, slightly beaten

Melt butter in saucepan. Add diced green pepper and cook over low heat until tender. Stir in condensed soup and milk. Bring mixture to a boil. Mix chicken, diced pimiento and egg. Add sauce; stir well. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly, 5 minutes. Serve hot in patty cases.

LITTLE MEAT BALLS

(Makes about 21/2 dozen small balls)

1 pound ground beef 1 teaspoon horse-radish sauce
2 tablespoons chili 2 teaspoons grated onion mustard
1 teaspoon prepared 1 teaspoon salt mustard
2 tablespoons dry bread crumbs

Combine all ingredients in bowl. Stir well with fork. Shape meat mixture into small balls the size of a walnut. Place on greased broiler pan. Broil 3 minutes on each side or until done. Serve hot.

DEVILED EGGS

(Makes 24 halves)

12 eggs, hard cooked 3/4 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons cream 1/8 teaspoon pepper
1 tablespoon vinegar 2 teaspoons grated onion
1 1/2 teaspoons prepared mustard 1 tablespoon mayonnaise

Halve eggs lengthwise. Remove yolks; put through sieve. Add remaining ingredients. Mix well. Fill egg whites with yolk mixture using pastry tube with rosette tip. Sprinkle with paprika.

SALMON SALAD SPREAD

(Makes about 1 1/2 cups filling)

1 (7 oz.) can salmon 1/8 cup French dressing
1 tbs. grated onion 1/8 teaspoon garlic salt
1/2 teaspoon mayonnaise

Drain salmon; remove skin and bones. Flake with fork. Add onion, garlic salt, dressing and mayonnaise. Mix. Trim crusts from bread. Spread with butter; then with salad. Fold 2 opposite corners to center. Garnish with parsley.

RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR FOR BETTER LIVING
1. The carefully documented This Is Your FBI illustrates how research on actual case histories adds realism. Jerry Devine, producer-director, confers with FBI head, J. Edgar Hoover on “The Tin Can Killing” where agents used trash heap to trap killer.

2. The case began when Indian Agent Porter took custody of a jewel box from a plane crash. That night Porter’s watchdog was poisoned, Porter was slugged, and his safe cracked for the gems. An FBI agent indicates to Devine certain markings on the safe which tipped them off that the job was done by amateurs.

5. Agents recalled the cans of meat near Porter’s dead watchdog. Devine observes how the toxology lab found arsenic. This was helpful, but also inconclusive, for although the Whitleys had a barrel of arsenic in their barn, so did most other farmers in the area.

6. On a hunch, the agents then took cans from the Whitley trash heap and rushed them, together with the meat cans, to the X-Ray laboratories. Highly dramatic micro-photographs proved all had been opened with the same can opener. Upon being faced with this startling evidence, one of the Whitleys pulled a gun.
3. Porter rode to the farm of the Whitley brothers, who had seen the jewels removed from the crash. They denied knowledge of the robbery. Later, Porter was critically wounded by an ambush shot from a wooded ledge. Above, Devine is shown the markings on the actual bullet that was fired.

4. An FBI agent shows Devine fingerprints of the Whitleys. File comparisons revealed no criminal record. However, agents were sure of their guilt when mud samples from their horses' hoofs matched the peculiar clay found only near the ambush ledge. But more direct proof was needed.

7. A fast-moving agent wrested the weapon from him, and it checked as the exact .38 which fired the ambush bullet, the bullet that killed Porter, the final link of evidence in "The Tin Can Killing." The case ended with the Whitley brothers each being sentenced to a twenty-five-year jail term.

8. Back at studio, Devine and actor Stacy Harris prepare the authenticated script for broadcast.

For more COPS 'N' ROBBERS turn page
Mr. Detective

When not stewing up mystery scripts with wife, Alice, at home, Ralph is whipping up mysterious stews with the chef at Henri's.

Twenty-nine years ago, Ralph Bellamy was gently but firmly tossed out of the Wilmette, Illinois high school for smoking a cigarette. At the moment he hit the sidewalk, a faculty poll doubtlessly voted him the non-graduate most likely to wear handcuffs. Today he's evened both counts. A cigarette company pays Ralph the highest salary of any regular actor on TV, and his role as Mike Barnett has established him convincingly as a Man Against Crime.

His dramatic success, however, did not come to him the easy way. Ralph has been a hard-working actor since he was eighteen, playing over four hundred different roles in fifteen stock and repertory companies. Next, Hollywood where he made eighty-seven movies in sixteen years. Three Broadway hits followed. Detective Story catapulted him into the public eye as a favorite “private eye.” His career also won him his wife, Alice, whom he met when she was his agent's beautiful and capable assistant.

The Bellamys are now New Yorkers by adoption, and it’s an ideal spot for Ralph’s two hobbies. A cook of distinction, he is given free run of the kitchen at Henri’s Fifty-Second Street restaurant. He also paints New York scenes, and sold his first water color at an Urban League competition. An early riser, Ralph has a gadget which turns on the lights, plays music, and rings a buzzer—although he’s usually up before the buzzer. Alice helps him with his huge mail. Then there are endless meetings and rehearsals, leaving little time for his favorite relaxations of music, preferably Sibelius, wrestling on TV, or the play he still intends to write.

But Mr. and Mrs. Detective get even with the hectic schedule. Once a year they hide away on a tramp steamer for five weeks... just cruise about, leaving no clues on their whereabouts.

TV men against crime, fiction and non-fiction—Senator Kefauver and Bellamy.
Qualifications For
A Successful
MAN AGAINST CRIME

The hard-hitting role of Mike Barnett “spell it with two ‘t’s’” is a natural for Ralph Bellamy. As a detective who never carries a gun but relies on ready fists and a flair for flippancies, Bellamy brings into play all the tricks learned as the movies’ first Ellery Queen, and as the memorable tough cop, Jim McCleod, in Broadway’s “Detective Story.” In addition he plays the role with a rare appreciation of police work gained from many nights spent at the Fifty-third Street squad room.

As a result, TV’s Mike Barnett is authentic and interesting. With the true detective’s paradox in personality, he is both tough and gentle. He uses his head and has a sense of humor. But his big weapon is action—hard, fast, and plentiful. TV producers have gone a step further and made Mike interesting to the ladies. Bellamy’s pals on the force grin and pardon him for this, lamenting, “It should happen to us!”

Man Against Crime is seen Fri., CBS-TV, 8:30 P.M. EST. Sponsor is Camel Cigarettes.
Casey, crime photographer

CASE OF THE SCOWLING BOY

Calling all sofa-bound sleuths! Casey, CBS-TV's adventurous Crime Photographer, invites you to try your luck and logic in solving the perplexing "Case of the Scowling Boy."

After studying first seven pictures of Casey's Camera Quiz, see if you can spot the clue that offers the simple key to the mystery and traps the guilty one. Then check with the upside-down final picture for the solution.

In these pictures, as on the air, the cast of Casey, Crime Photographer:

Casey ................. Darin McGavin
Captain Logan .......... Donald McCulland
Mr. Baldwin ............ Bert Bertram
Nat Foley ............... John Baragrey
Mrs. Adams ............. Frances Farmer
Jackie Adams ........... Bobby Nick
Ethelbert ............... Cliff Hall

1. When the $30,000 payroll of Baldwin Construction was stolen and the paymaster killed by a police .38, Casey first shot a picture, then a question, "Where was Foley, the cop assigned as payroll guard?"

2. That also was the question demanded by irate Mr. Baldwin, angry at the crime although the company is insured. Logan heatedly backs police integrity but reluctantly admits Foley hadn't shown up.

3. As Casey takes his last picture, a frightened boy peers over a pile of sandbags. Casey calls to him, but he runs away. Just then Officer Foley appears claiming he had overslept. His rooms are searched.
4. Logan jails Foley after finding packed suitcases hidden in his apartment. At headquarters, Casey hears Foley’s brother, Nat, protesting that the arrest is a frame-up, even though lab tests have proved that Foley’s gun fired the murder bullet.

5. Casey agrees with Nat on Foley’s innocence and uses picture to locate the scared boy, Jackie Adams. Elated when Jackie finally admits seeing the shooting, Casey then is stunned as the boy sobs that his idol, Officer Foley, had done it.

6. Casey shows the boy’s photograph to bartender Ethelbert who sadly agrees the case is now airtight against their friend Foley. “Everything’s sour,” he mourns, “even the scowl on the poor kid.” Casey gets an idea, returns to the Adams’ home.

7. Unnoticed he places Foley’s picture over a similar shot of the boy’s dad, a dead police hero. Casey asks Jackie who the cop is in the photo. Jackie’s startling reply is, “That’s my father.” STOP. What is the clue, who is the murderer?
Teaching a dog tricks is one of the best ways for boys and girls to get close to pets. Just the way you enjoy games with your parents, so your dog gets a kick out of practicing stunts with you. Besides, you'll find these tricks very useful.

In the first picture you see me teaching Tippy, who's a beagle-terrier, to speak. That's not hard, for barking comes naturally to a dog—every time you start to play with him he gets noisy! If he learned how to speak up when he wanted a drink or to come into the house you'd both be saved lots of trouble. Train him just before mealtime. Hold his food up. Get him excited and barking and then say, "Speak!" as he begins to bark. Do this often when he's hungry, not giving him food till he speaks for it, and pretty soon you will find that he'll come to you and speak whenever he's hungry or wants something.

In the middle picture I'm teaching Princess Della, a cocker spaniel, to jump up at command—that's very convenient at times, like when you want to take your dog riding in the car with you. Start by putting his leash on. Set out an old box and lead him up to the side of it, lifting him part way and saying, "Jump up!" Do it over and over until he does it by himself without a leash. Then take him to the car, open the door and say, "Jump up!" He'll be in before you know it.

In the bottom picture, I'm teaching Liebchen, a dachshund, to carry a small package. Start with a dummy package or rolled up cardboard. You may have to force it in your dog's mouth at first. Be gentle but firm—hold his jaws shut on the package, and each time say, "Carry!" Pretty soon he'll pick up and carry any package you want him to, on command.

Remember, it's important to be kind and patient and firm in teaching your dog any stunt. And be sure to pat and praise him when he does it right—that's the only way he has of knowing he's doing what you want him to.

And remember, too, to watch our show, Your Pet Parade, each Sunday from 4:30 to 5 P.M. EST, over ABC-TV stations.
A Surprise Party
with the Merry Mailman

Hello there, boys and girls! I'm the Merry Mailman. I'd like you to come to a little party with Mr. Chimp and me. Would you like to come along with us? All right—here we go!

After you, Mr. Chimp. You know, children, Mr. Chimp has such wonderful manners he sometimes even makes me ashamed of myself. He always says "please" and "thank you" and he never, never rushes through doors ahead of grownups. Everybody loves him because he's so polite, and that's why he always has such a great big smile on his face. He's happy because people love him and he smiles because he's happy! Now, let's go through this door and see what we can find. Why, it's—

Naughty Nicky, the pelican! Nicky, how many times must I tell you not to interrupt when someone's speaking? Excuse me, children, while I have a talk with this young man. Nicky, you do lots of thoughtless things like playing tricks on people and pulling the tails of all the dogs and cats you see. I just don't know what I'm going to do with you! You know people don't like a trickster at parties, so you'd better straighten up and fly right!

Now everybody line up for inspection so we can see if you've all washed your hands and faces. Oh, oh—Dirty Joe seems to have forgotten all about toothbrushes again! Now look here, Dirty Joe, this is a toothbrush—you must clean your teeth with it at least three times every single day and always remember to use it first thing after each meal. Understand? Will you remember that now?

Whoops! What's this? The Nevereaters have barricaded the dining-room door and we can't get in to the ice cream and cake! To arms, comrades! We must banish these silly, skinny Nevereaters forever! It's really not hard to conquer them, for they're weak from not eating nourishing meals. We give them a sniff of food, like this—pouf! They're gone!

Here's our guest of honor—Good Gussie, I have a Merry Mailman diploma for you. You always do your lessons, sturdy hard, and set the table and dry the dishes for mother. Children, if you're like Good Gussie, you deserve a diploma, too. The Merry Mailman's proud of you! Did you like our party? Then join us on WOR-TV every Monday through Friday at 6 P.M. EST, for more fun with the Merry Mailman!
I suppose I knew we would have trouble with fourteen-year-old Pixie from the moment the Chapmans changed their minds about adopting her. It would have been a bad blow for any child after the affectionate way they’d practically taken her into the family before any legal adoption arrangements had been made. But Pixie had always been happy at Hilltop, and a girl as old as she was doesn’t actually hope too hard for adoption.

So, if it hadn’t been for the special circumstances, I wouldn’t have expected Pixie to take the disappointment quite so hard. What bothered me, a few days after the Chapmans faded out, was the suspicion that Pix had somehow discovered why. What else would explain the overnight transformation of a lively, bright, affectionate girl into the sulky, defiant, rude character who left Hannah and me speechless as we tried to cope with her? If it had been only the Chapmans, I would have expected tears, moodiness, an overflow of resentful hurt feelings. She was entitled to that much, I felt. But this was different. This was a bone-deep bitterness that must have been caused by a really profound shock... just such a shock as it would have been for Pix to learn that her real father had died in prison. Discovering that, she would know at once that that was why the Chapmans had withdrawn.

The longer I watched the transformation in Pixie, the more certain I was. For one thing, she had completely switched her group of friends. Glendale High School harbored the usual crowd of so-called

Pixie wasn’t a “bad” girl—Julie knew it—but she had to
Chuck Hunter (Ronnie Liss) was not the kind of a boy that Julie liked to see Pixie going with, but there seemed to be some kind of bond which drew them together.

Pixie (played by Jeanie Elkins) had always been happy and secure in her friendship with Dr. Jeff (Robert Haag) and Julie (Jan Miner) until the shocking day when she discovered her true identity.

"fast" kids—the ones who drove "hot rods" and stayed out too late on Saturday nights and generally got themselves frowned on by their elders. I wasn't certain, but I suspected that Pix was spending her date time with that crowd. She had never lied, and in order to avoid forcing her into a lie I didn't ask direct questions, but I was pretty sure she had also disobeyed my express rule and gone out to Playland, the amusement park that, for good and sufficient reason, I had told my Hilltoppers was out of bounds for them. (Continued on page 72)

Playland, operated by Reed Nixon (Phil Sterling) was not a healthy atmosphere for young people. If Pixie was involved in the trouble there, Mrs. Dolben (Vera Allen) would see to it that she left Hilltop House.

Mrs. Barnes (Helen Choat) was the mother of Pixie's best friend, Mildred, but when Pixie came to visit her there was only hatred in her face for the young girl.

Bonnie novel
Pixie Finds a Home

(Continued)

It was up to Ralph Martin now (played by Hal Studer) to tell the truth.
Pixie’s whole future depended on it, but some fear was holding him back.
Mildred Barnes (Rosemary Rice) had been his girl before the accident

Still, I was fond of Pixie, and I dreaded having the orphanage board find out I was having trouble with her. The times she said she was going to the library and then didn’t get home until after ten, when I knew the library closed at nine. The school days when classes were over at three-thirty, but Pix didn’t arrive home until one minute before the supper-gong rang. Other things... the lipstick she wore on weekends, for instance. And a boy named Chuck Hunter who called up much too often.

Unless I had to, I wasn’t ready to restrict Pixie’s activities. But from Judge Lennox I learned that Chuck had been up before Juvenile Court two or three times for minor infractions, and also that his father was serving time in the state penitentiary. That clicked too neatly to be ignored. What was more natural than that Pixie, in her bitter, over-dramatized reaction to the revelation about her father, was deliberately throwing herself into company that was—as I suspected she’d put it—no better than herself? Chuck would understand, he would help her to brazen it out, because his dad, too, was in prison.

Apprehensively, but quietly, I waited for the adolescent rebellion to wear itself out. Sooner or later, I hoped, she would talk to me about the whole thing, as she always had before. But in the meantime—I dreaded having the orphanage board find out I was having trouble with her. Mrs. Dolben, the county charities supervisor, believed that Hilltop should devote itself to children under twelve. She had all along wanted me to send Pix to the Girls’ School in nearby Cary. To uproot Pixie at a time when her security was already so shaken—I vowed that Dolbie wouldn’t get the chance. I knew she meant it for the best, but that wouldn’t be the best for Pixie.

But the episode of the green shoulder bag took me almost to the end of my rope. Pix baby-sat for her spending money, and for weeks she had saved every penny of her earnings to buy a particular green plaid purse she had fallen in love with. It cost over twelve dollars, however. One day she said to me with a sigh that she had changed her mind. She wasn’t going to fling all her cash away on one grand gesture even when she had that much saved up. But two days later she came home from school wearing the bag. I was surprised, but not suspicious. Only because she was positively furtive about trying to conceal it did the thought dawn on me that she was ashamed of the way she had gotten it. She was; I hardly opened my lips to comment when she blurted out that Chuck Hunter had given her the bag, and I could say what I liked but she wasn’t going to give it back.

I could almost hear Dolbie...

“Twelve dollars, eh? And just why did young Hunter make such a generous gift, eh?” Having talked briefly, a couple of times, to Chuck, I was pretty sure Dolbie’s suspicions would be well founded, but I was also sure of Pixie’s fundamental innocence despite the new aura of hard-boiled knowledgeability she wore like an ill-fitting dress.

She had to give that bag back, I told her, and that was final.

I won my victory. She kept the bag a few days, and then one evening, after she’d asked for and been allowed permission to “do some work at the library”—she turned back at the last minute and said she had decided to give the bag back.

“Only because it might make trouble for you, and I don’t want to do that,” she underlined. Her voice was cool, but her eyes looked like the old Pixie’s—sweet and straightforward—and I started to put my arm around her shoulders, but she slipped away. The chip was still on her shoulder. I had won my victory about the bag, perhaps, but that was
all. The big battle, the one to wean Pix away from the Hunter crowd, was still going on.

Or so I thought, then, as I went into the living-room to wait for Dr. Jeff, who was coming over later on for some coffee and conversation. If I had known what a tragically expensive victory I had won with that bag—if I had suspected how close, but at what a cost, it was going to bring the end of the main battle . . .

I suppose the half-hour or so I spent with Jeff was my last tranquil one for many weeks. About ninety-three the phone rang. Jeff grimaced. "I might as well take it, it's sure to be my phone service. I guess Mrs. Finley managed to start that baby coming at last."

"Oh, dear. Here—take it at my desk," I said. "I'll peek out and see that nobody's been into tomorrow night's chocolate cake."

Jeff already had the phone in his hand. He grinned ruefully as I passed him; I remember all the details in the way one does, later on, when shock throws a scene into sharp focus. The dark hallway and the kitchen were empty, so I took the opportunity of knocking on Pixie's door just for luck. I waited, and knocked again, but there was no answer. I was a little perturbed about it when I went back downstairs, but the sight of Jeff's face as he replaced the receiver wiped all personal concerns out of my thoughts.

He started past me into the hall to get his hat. "Sorry—got to go. Emergency." He mumbled so I could hardly hear.

"Jeff! You look terrible! What on earth has happened?"

"I'm not sure—they're calling all the doctors in town. So I guess it's bad. A car accident. Some high school kids in a race."

My heart thudded. "Oh, Jeff—who? Tell me!" I ran out on the porch after him, convinced suddenly that he was trying to evade me as much as he was rushing to help.

"You've got to tell me! Who was hurt?"

Jeff had already started his car, but he paused long enough to lean out the window. "Don't fuss, Julie, please! No reason to borrow trouble. If I can I'll call you from Playland and let you know. Go drink that coffee. You'll hear from me."

With a subdued roar his little coupe sped away, and I was left staring up the dark street.

I'm not much of a hand at "borrowing trouble." I'm not given to sudden intuitions of danger or to vague images of impending disaster. But I couldn't shake the absolute certainty that something had happened to Pixie. Trembling, I sat by the phone for a nightmare half-hour. When Jeff finally called, his tone was so carefully unemotional that I knew instantly I'd been right.

Can you alert Hannah to hold the fort?" he asked. "Pix is here, Julie—please keep calm, now. She's not badly hurt. She's unconscious, and her face was cut, but——"

"Her face! Oh, no, Jeff!"

"She's better off than the others," said Jeff soberly. "Ten kids, smashed up—this'll be a fine night for their families. Can you get over to the hospital, Julie? They've all been taken there."

I don't remember anything about the drive. Hands, feet, eyes operated mechanically to get me to the Glendale Hospital and up to the room where they had put Pixie. Before I went in, the nurse who had brought me up hesitated. "I know I can trust you not to get excited, Mrs. Paterno. But will you remember to act very casual if she should come to and start asking questions? Dr. Browning said she'd be in shock, most likely."

I bit my lip and nodded, and went in. At first sight Pixie didn't look too bad. Against the chalk-white hospital sheets her little face looked gray, but the bandages, thank heaven, made only a nun-like coil around her head, leaving the features free. The nurse put a hand against the side of Pixie's face, picked up the limp wrist for a moment, and shrugged. "As she was," she murmured. "Not much use your staying."

Outside in the corridor, Nurse Mason told me to keep in touch with the board for any developments. Jeff had left word that I could see Pix as soon as she was conscious. "I guess he knows it's not as if you were her mother or anything," Nurse Mason said. "He knows you won't pull hysteric.

"Do you think because Pixie is not my own child that I feel any less about this?" I fairly snapped.

Miss Mason gasped. "I'm sorry, really. I only meant—" Her eyes slid to some point behind me, and then met mine with real grief. "That poor woman, that Mrs. Barnes. What can we do or say for her? That's what I mean."

I recalled briefly noticing on my way past the floor desk, a well-dressed woman sitting. Just sitting. The nurse must have seen the dawning horror in my eyes, for she lowered her own immediately and became very businesslike, fusing with papers at the desk.

"Say about what?" I demanded in a half-whisper.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Paterno, I thought since Dr. Browning was the orphanage doctor you might already know." She snapped a rubber band off a notebook. "One of the girls . . . Mildred Barnes . . . was killed."

I turned and walked toward the elevator, past the waiting, unmoving woman who still sat there. She was dressed elaborately, as if she had been called away from a party by the news. Her eyes stared vacantly down the corridor; if it weren't for their curious blankness she might have been sitting composedly in a restaurant lobby waiting for a friend who was late for a luncheon appointment . . . I was filled with an aching, bottomless pity—and a violent, unexpected thrust of anger. Why had it happened? What had made it happen? Whose fault was it?

By the next morning everyone in Glendale was asking those questions. According to Jeff it looked as if a man named Reed Nixon was going to have to give the answers. Jeff picked me up on his way to the hospital because he had had word that Pix was conscious, and during the short drive he brought me up to date on the few grim facts that were known. The ten kids, Pixie among them, had (Continued on page 74)
Kid named Ralph Martin. He just got hung up in the hospital and opened the door for me. "I understand Pix was in Chuck Hunter's car when it happened. Julie . . . I don't want to alarm you, but there's going to be trouble over this."

I waited, knowing Jeff was trying to convey a message without putting it in black and white. He frowned worriedly. "I've got a feeling there's going to be trouble of some kind. Just—well, try to get as much information out of Pix as you can, will you—without upsetting her."

Pix was propped against her pillow this time. She didn't say impatiently, "They won't talk. They're afraid but I don't remember and they won't tell me a thing! Oh, can we get Dr. Jeff here so they'll quit treating me like a mental case?"

"Take it easy, Pixie, you've got to rest," I said mechanically. My eyes sought the nurse's again, and she said in a low voice, "She'll be all right. "She was propped in her face-frame turbans of bandages, but her eyes were open and she looked altogether alive, though anxious. When she saw me she started up. "Miss Julie! Oh, thank heaven! What's going on?"

I glanced at the nurse, who shook her head slightly. "They said impatiently. 'They won't talk. They're afraid but I don't remember and they won't tell me a thing! Oh, can we get Dr. Jeff here so they'll quit treating me like a mental case?"

"Take it easy, Pixie, you've got to rest," I said mechanically. My eyes sought the nurse's again, and she said in a low voice, "She'll be all right."

I hadn't counted on anything like this. Full of anxious affection, I'd been hiding my time impatiently through the whole worry. Later, when I went into the car. Shock'd do that. Nothing to worry about—temporary." With an impersonal smile, she went out.

I hadn't counted on anything like this. Full of anxious affection, I'd been hiding my time impatiently through the whole worry. Later, when I went into the car. Shock'd do that.

I hadn't counted on anything like this. Full of anxious affection, I'd been hiding my time impatiently through the whole worry. Later, when I went into the car. Shock'd do that.

I hadn't counted on anything like this. Full of anxious affection, I'd been hiding my time impatiently through the whole worry. Later, when I went into the car. Shock'd do that.

I hadn't counted on anything like this. Full of anxious affection, I'd been hiding my time impatiently through the whole worry. Later, when I went into the car. Shock'd do that.

I hadn't counted on anything like this. Full of anxious affection, I'd been hiding my time impatiently through the whole worry. Later, when I went into the car. Shock'd do that.

I hadn't counted on anything like this. Full of anxious affection, I'd been hiding my time impatiently through the whole worry. Later, when I went into the car. Shock'd do that.

I hadn't counted on anything like this. Full of anxious affection, I'd been hiding my time impatiently through the whole worry. Later, when I went into the car. Shock'd do that.

I hadn't counted on anything like this. Full of anxious affection, I'd been hiding my time impatiently through the whole worry. Later, when I went into the car. Shock'd do that.

I hadn't counted on anything like this. Full of anxious affection, I'd been hiding my time impatiently through the whole worry. Later, when I went into the car. Shock'd do that.

I hadn't counted on anything like this. Full of anxious affection, I'd been hiding my time impatiently through the whole worry. Later, when I went into the car. Shock'd do that.

I hadn't counted on anything like this. Full of anxious affection, I'd been hiding my time impatiently through the whole worry. Later, when I went into the car. Shock'd do that.

I hadn't counted on anything like this. Full of anxious affection, I'd been hiding my time impatiently through the whole worry. Later, when I went into the car. Shock'd do that.

I hadn't counted on anything like this. Full of anxious affection, I'd been hiding my time impatiently through the whole worry. Later, when I went into the car. Shock'd do that.

I hadn't counted on anything like this. Full of anxious affection, I'd been hiding my time impatiently through the whole worry. Later, when I went into the car. Shock'd do that.

I hadn't counted on anything like this. Full of anxious affection, I'd been hiding my time impatiently through the whole worry. Later, when I went into the car. Shock'd do that.

I hadn't counted on anything like this. Full of anxious affection, I'd been hiding my time impatiently through the whole worry. Later, when I went into the car. Shock'd do that.

I hadn't counted on anything like this. Full of anxious affection, I'd been hiding my time impatiently through the whole worry. Later, when I went into the car. Shock'd do that.

I hadn't counted on anything like this. Full of anxious affection, I'd been hiding my time impatiently through the whole worry. Later, when I went into the car. Shock'd do that.

I hadn't counted on anything like this. Full of anxious affection, I'd been hiding my time impatiently through the whole worry. Later, when I went into the car. Shock'd do that.

I hadn't counted on anything like this. Full of anxious affection, I'd been hiding my time impatiently through the whole worry. Later, when I went into the car. Shock'd do that.

I hadn't counted on anything like this. Full of anxious affection, I'd been hiding my time impatiently through the whole worry. Later, when I went into the car. Shock'd do that.

I hadn't counted on anything like this. Full of anxious affection, I'd been hiding my time impatiently through the whole worry. Later, when I went into the car. Shock'd do that.

I hadn't counted on anything like this. Full of anxious affection, I'd been hiding my time impatiently through the whole worry. Later, when I went into the car. Shock'd do that.

I hadn't counted on anything like this. Full of anxious affection, I'd been hiding my time impatiently through the whole worry. Later, when I went into the car. Shock'd do that.

I hadn't counted on anything like this. Full of anxious affection, I'd been hiding my time impatiently through the whole worry. Later, when I went into the car. Shock'd do that.

I hadn't counted on anything like this. Full of anxious affection, I'd been hiding my time impatiently through the whole worry. Later, when I went into the car. Shock'd do that.

I hadn't counted on anything like this. Full of anxious affection, I'd been hiding my time impatiently through the whole worry. Later, when I went into the car. Shock'd do that.
AUNT JENNY has just told the story of Ann Bennett, a divorcee, who almost allows the unsuccessful experience of her first marriage to block her future happiness. Ann builds up a happy, secure life for herself and her daughter, Suzy, and does not admit—or does not even realize—that basically it is a lonely life. Then her employer, Hal Waring, proposes marriage. What is Suzy's reaction? And what is Ann's? M-F, 12:15 P.M. EST, CBS.

BACKSTAGE WIFE Mary Noble is disturbed by the presence of starlet Dora Dean at Rupert Barlow's Long Island home, for she knows that Dora is strongly attracted to Larry, Mary's actor husband. Mary does not realize that Dora has become Barlow's guest as the result of Barlow's newest plan to break up the Nobles' marriage. Will the pretty young actress succeed in capturing Larry's serious attention? M-F, 4 P.M. EST, NBC.

BIG SISTER The long struggle between Dr. John Wayne and Dr. Reed Banner comes to a climax when a stranger, Dr. Roger Marlowe, becomes director of the Health Center, and Reed and his wife Valerie leave Glen Falls. This could be the beginning of a better relationship between Ruth Wayne and her husband, but instead things become worse when John resents the fact the new head is a younger man than he. M-F, 1 P.M. EST, CBS.

BRIGHTER DAY At last the lingering memory of Nathan Eldredge is gone from Liz Dennis' thoughts. She knows now she does not love him, and also that she is becoming increasingly interested in organist Mark Ellis. Can she help him with the problem of his oncoming blindness? And what will happen to Althea Dennis as a stardom seems within her reach? Does this mean the end of relations with her family? M-F, 2:45 P.M. EST, CBS.

FRONT PAGE FARRELL David Farrell, star reporter on the New York Daily Eagle, faces one of the most curious problems of his career when he gets involved in the murder of a famous cartoonist, who is killed in a room with a time lock on the door. Did one of the peculiar people living in his home gain entrance to the locked workroom? David and wife Sally help solve the "Case of the Invisible Killer." M-F, 5:15 P.M. EST, NBC.

GUIDING LIGHT The emotional problem between Meta and Joe Roberts seems no closer to solution as his children continue to block their marriage. But an automobile accident brings the situation to a near-tragic climax. Bill Bauer, though he has almost left Bertha for Gloria, begins to wonder if Gloria's real interest isn't in her career. And will Trudy come back from Jamaica with a real romantic interest at last? M-F, 1:45 P.M. EST, CBS.

HILLTOP HOUSE Julie Paterno wonders about the motives behind millionaire Earl Kennifer's fight to get control of the musical prodigy, Tony Roullian, despite the strenuous efforts of Tony's grandparents to keep custody of the child. Tony's mother was the weak spot, unable to resist Kennifer's promises that he would make Tony a great musical genius and give him a wealthy life—if she would sign away her rights. M-F, 3 P.M. EST, CBS.

JUST PLAIN BILL In spite of all his efforts to help, Bill Davidson sees the tragic rift between his friend Stanley Warner and Stanley's wife Bessie grow wider each day. Nancy, Bill's daughter, has also tried to bring the Warners together again, but the quarrel seems too deep for reconciliation. How is Trudy Welman involved with the Warners? When Bill finds out, he'll be able to help more effectively. M-F, 5 P.M. EST, NBC.

KING'S ROW In a small town, can an extra-marital love escape exposure? Even though Randy McHugh and Dr. Parris Mitchell have admitted their love, they know that Parris' invalid wife will stand between them as long as she lives, and neither would willingly cause Elyse anguish. But there are eyes in Kings Row sharp enough to detect emotional undercurrents and malicious enough to delight in scandal. M-F, 3:15 P.M. EST, CBS.

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL Chichi, who has been confined to a wheel chair for many months, finally walks again as the result of the shock of Barry's arrest for the murder of Colonel Bell. She and Papa David scarcely have leisure to rejoice over the miracle as they put their heads together to find a way out for Barry. Was the Colonel's death an accident, or did someone desire to get him out of the way? M-F, 3 P.M. EST, NBC.

LONE JOURNEY Wolfe Bennett, now firmly established on the Spear-T Ranch, and Sydney MacKenzie, still struggling with her music school, have openly acknowledged their love, but the shadow of Sydney's missing husband, Lance, still hangs over them. Is Lance really alive, despite the reports of his death during the war? And does mysterious Tao Smith, who knows so much about Lance, know where he is now? M-F, 11:45 A.M. EST, ABC.

LORENZO JONES Lorenzo, in partnership with Dr. Oliver Caldwell, is now working on the biggest invention of his career—a rocket to the moon. As usual, his wife Belle is not at all convinced that this is a good idea, particularly since Lorenzo has again been fired from his only income-producing work, as mechanic at Jim Barker's garage. Lorenzo is upset because Neil Scott, Dr. Caldwell's friend is attentive to Belle. M-F, 5:30 P.M. EST, NBC.
MA PERKINS What would have happened between Fay and Spencer Grayson if Tom Wells hadn’t appeared upon the scene so explosively? In spite of Fay’s wedding plans, she cannot avoid knowing that Tom is in love with her—and she cannot help feeling about him in a way that makes her wonder if she really ought to be Spencer’s wife. And what will happen when Tom’s story is finally published? M-F, 1:15 P.M. EST, CBS.

OUR GAL SUNDAY Lord Henry, arranging for Bob Merrick to come to Fairbrook to build the new hospital, is unaware that he has invited new complications into his own life and that of his wife Sunday. Sunday immediately senses trouble in the Merrick family, which consists of Bob’s invalid wife, their daughter Lynn, and Lynn’s friend, Sheila. Is Sunday right in suspecting Sheila is the troublemaker? M-F, 12:45 P.M. EST, CBS.

Perry Mason Perry Mason’s efforts to save May Grant and her daughter have taken him enough outside the law to enable Anna B. Hurley to have him arrested—when and if the police can catch him. Meanwhile, however, Anna herself knows that Perry is drawing closer and closer to the truth about her baby-farming activities, and she is beset by enemies from within as sinister Marcel decides to play his own game. M-F, 2:15 P.M. EST, CBS.

Pepper Young’s Family Something that Pepper thought impossible seems to be creeping into his life—a rift between himself and Linda as their continued childlessness begins to prey on Linda’s mind. She became so attached to baby Edie that after the child was returned to its own parents she refused to consider adopting a child. Pepper cannot seem to help Linda in her emotional turmoil. M-F, 3:30 P.M. EST, NBC.

Right to Happiness As Carolyn endeavors to ease the burden of Miles’ duties as governor, she runs more and more counter to the plans of powerful Annette Thorpe, who has never become reconciled to the marriage of Carolyn and Miles. Annette is now working on a new scheme to discredit Carolyn not only personally but politically as well. How is she planning to use Neil Prescott for this purpose? M-F, 3:45 P.M. EST, NBC.

Road of Life In spite of the lack of proof, Dr. Jim Brent’s suspicions of Conrad Overton and Gordon Fuller will not be denied. The fire that endanger’s Jim’s daughter, Janie, confirms Jim in his belief that Overton is after something to use against him. What it is, or how he plans to use it, Jim does not know; but he does know that Overton’s pretty niece, Jocelyn McLeod, is also in danger from her uncle. M-F, 3:15 P.M. EST, NBC.

Romance of Helen Trent Cynthia Swanson, who worked hard to make Gil Whitney marry her, is now working just as hard to evade his insistence that they have the marriage annulled. But in spite of Cynthia’s clever scheming, and the help given her by columnist Daisy Parker, Gil becomes determined to end the meaningless marriage. Will she find an ally in Barkeley Bailey, who loves Helen? M-F, 12:30 P.M. EST, CBS.

Rosemary Just as Bill Roberts thought he was cutting Blanche Weatherby out of his life, she succeeds in involving him more than ever by getting herself shot, accusing him of her murder before she dies. Immediately Rosemary leaves Springdale and goes to New York to stand by Bill’s side. The case against him looks very strong, but she never stops hoping that somehow his friends will discover the truth. M-F, 11:45 A.M. EST, CBS.

Second Mrs. Burton Stan Burton’s foolish mother finally realizes her folly when her murderous husband tries to kill her for her money. With this attempt foiled, Rupert Gorham’s whole plot crumbles and he is convicted of the murder of Ralph Kirkland. Even Mother Burton now admits Terry’s suspicions justified. As for Terry, she wonders how Stan feels about the designing job offered her. M-F, 2 P.M. EST, CBS.

Stella Dallas On the eve of Hollis Page’s wedding to Bob James, she disappears. Ben Jasper, the decorator who is redoing a room in the Grosvenor mansion, had threatened to upset the wedding plans, and Stella strongly suspects that he found some way to make good his threats. In the meantime Stella begins to fear for her daughter Laurel, who as the wife of Dick Grosvenor is in daily contact with Jasper. M-F, 4:15 P.M. EST, NBC.

Strange Romance of Evelyn Winters Gary Benet, returning to New York with actress Cecily Lockwood to produce a new play, still refuses to recognize that his young ward, Evelyn Winters, is grown up enough to resent Cecily’s attempts to monopolize Gary. Gary, in turn, is disturbed by the attentions Evelyn is receiving from wealthy Bruce Holliday. Is Bruce a playboy or something else? M-F, 11 A.M. EST, ABC.

This is Nora Drake Nurse Nora Drake and Dr. Robert Sergeant seem destined to bring one another unhappiness in spite of their love. Though Robert is divorced from the beautiful Vivian, she refuses a hold on him through their adolescent daughter Grace, and has threatened to use this hold in such a way that to protect Grace, Robert may be forced to return to her. Will Nora have to give Robert up? M-F, 2:30 P.M. EST, CBS.

Wendy Warren Even though Wendy and Mark had finally decided to get married, Wendy wasn’t entirely happy because she knew that part of Mark’s mind was in a partial amnesia. But the coming of Roseanna solves the mystery, when the lovely German girl reveals that she and Mark were secretly married during his European trip. What will the shock of this revelation do to Mark’s already unstable nerves? M-F, 12 Noon EST, CBS.

When a Girl Marries The love of Joan and Harry Davis has stood staunch through many trials—danger and poverty and the efforts of enemies to make them distrustful of one another. Now, however, it has a more difficult test to weather—the test of prosperity. Will Harry’s success really change his personality in such a way that his ideas and Joan’s for the first time, will go along different tracks to different goals? M-F, 11:30 A.M. EST, ABC.

The Woman in My House The Carter family had always been a close, affectionate group until the children started growing up. Then Jim Carter began to fear that he was losing his children, for their own multiplying interests drew them away from the family circle. However, lately, through his oldest son Jeff. Jim has had reason to understand that family ties grow, as they are tested. M-F, 4:45 P.M. EST, NBC.

Young Dr. Malone In some ways Crystal Williams knows she is getting only what she deserves, for she was pretty sure when he married her that Gene wasn’t whole-heartedly in love with her, and she went ahead anyway. Now, however, his prolonged neglect has finally shaken her hope that they can achieve happiness together. In her resentment, Crystal may do something foolish. Will Joe Burns be involved? M-F, 1:30 P.M. EST, CBS.

Young Widder Brown Almost since the beginning of Ellen Brown’s engagement to Dr. Anthony Loring, everyone in Simpsonville has known that Anthony’s sister, Victoria, means to prevent their marriage. Though she knows from experience to what lengths Victoria’s hatred of her will go, Ellen tries to help when Victoria grows so out of control. How will Victoria repay Ellen’s kindness? M-F, 4:30 P.M. EST, NBC.
Poetry

(Continued)

The Black Oilcloth Cat

The black oilcloth cat
In a gutter sat
And his heart was as heavy as lead,
For he'd been sadly neglected
And left unprotected
And he heartily wished he were dead.

His body was soaked,
He felt quite provoked,
His pride had suffered a blow.
His oilcloth grew streaky,
His yarn eyes got weepy,
O, great indeed was his woe!

Tho' his heart was sore tried
And he fain would have cried
He greeted the world with a grin,
And when morning came round
Not a thing could be found
In the place where the black cat had been.

But his smile seemed to stay
To brighten the way
And make up for any small lack.
Can you stick to your grin
When trouble rolls in
Like the little, old, black oilcloth cat?

Lucile Branda

Timberline

What anguish can ever compare to these
Bruised and beaten, pain-twisted trees
Dwelling on this high, wind-tortured crest
Where despair has no place to hide or rest?
Beauty speaks with a violent tongue,
And Fury is the shouting song that's sung,
Up here where the starving earth crawls and dies
Tasting granite so near to the skies.
I raise my eyes and search beyond this place
And hurl the question into timeless space!

Dorothy Lowell Jackson

Only one soap
gives your skin this
Exciting Bouquet

And Cashmere Bouquet is proved extra mild... leaves your skin softer, fresher, younger looking!

Now Cashmere Bouquet Soap—with the lingering, irresistible "fragrance men love"—is proved by test to be extra mild too! Yes, so amazingly mild that its gentle lather is ideal for all types of skin—dry, oily, or normal! And daily cleansing with Cashmere Bouquet helps bring out the flower-fresh softness, the delicate smoothness, the exciting loveliness you long for! Use Cashmere Bouquet Soap regularly... for the finest complexion care... for a fragrant invitation to romance!

Complexion and big Bath Sizes

Cashmere Bouquet Soap

—Adorns your skin with the fragrance men love!
“My husband is tearing our place apart!”

“There isn’t a more considerate husband in the world than Dick Powell,” June Allyson boasted. “But I’m afraid he’ll leave me ‘homeless’! When he isn’t breaking through walls of the house, he’s out chopping trees. I like to help, but days like this are murder for my hands.

Sometimes he takes the furniture apart to refinish it. I help and afterwards my hands beg for soothing Jergens Lotion.

Try Jergens Lotion. See why Hollywood stars prefer Jergens. Jergens is still only 10¢ to $1, plus tax.

“I learned at the studio Jergens doesn’t just cool skin, it softens because it penetrates and furnishes moisture.

“So no matter how I abuse my hands, Jergens Lotion keeps them lovely for studio closeups — and for Dick.”

Fun of the month

Talent Scouts

Says Arthur: “I ran into some trouble flying up to New York for my program—at 8,000 feet above Washington I almost bumped into some meat prices.”

Talent Scouts: Monday, 8:30 P.M. EST, CBS and CBS-TV.

Halls of Ivy

Ronald Colman’s recipe for his program’s success: “Don Quinn writes the big words, Director Nat Wolff throws some of them out. And what stays in Benita mispronounces!”

Halls of Ivy: Wednesday, 8:00 P.M. EST, NBC.

Pulitzer Prize Playhouse

Announcer Jimmy Blaine, the last words of his commercial still echoing through ABC-TV’s Studio #1, snatched up his suitcase, climbed in beside his wife at the wheel of his car, and was off for a New England vacation. In a minute his car was back, screeching to a halt. Blaine still had a final commercial to do!

Pulitzer Prize Playhouse: Friday, 9:00 P.M. EST, ABC.

You Bet Your Life

When the young soldier told Groucho that he was just a buck private, Groucho asked . . . “and what would you like to be?”

“A civilian!” said the soldier.

“Sorry, we’re full up,” replied Groucho, “but leave your name at the front office, and if anything turns up, we’ll let you know.”

You Bet Your Life: Wednesday, 9:00 P.M. EST, NBC.

Meet Corliss Archer

Corliss: Dexter, why don’t you settle down and try to get something out of school? Turn over a new leaf.

Dexter: There’s not much sense turning over a new leaf in my algebra book. All you find on the next page is another algebra problem.

Meet Corliss Archer: Sunday, 9:00 P.M. EST, CBS.

Red Skelton Show

O’Connor: Why didn’t you get a job before this?

Skelton: I was unable to work because of my ailment.

O’Connor: What ailment?

Skelton: I’m lazy.

Red Skelton Show: Sunday, 8:30 P.M. EST, CBS.

Senator Ford’s Can You Top This

Senator Ford tells this one: The owner of a hole-in-the-wall “greasy spoon” restaurant was complaining to his waiter that the customers were constantly complaining about the soup. “It’s fine soup,” the owner cried, “the best!” The waiter answered, “That’s the trouble, boss. That’s just what makes the customers so grizzly. If the chef would admit it’s soup, everything would be okay. But he claims it’s coffee!”

Senator Ford’s Can You Top This is heard Tuesday, 8:00 P.M. EST, ABC.
New York City and Suburbs and New Haven Channel 6
September 11 to October 10

Baseball Schedule for Television Viewing

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>DATE</th>
<th>TIME</th>
<th>GAME</th>
<th>CHANNEL</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Tuesday, Sept. 11</td>
<td>8:30 P.M.</td>
<td>St. Louis vs. Yank. 11</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Th.-Fri., Sept. 13-14</td>
<td>2:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Detroit vs. Yank. 5 &amp; 11</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Saturday, Sept. 15</td>
<td>2:00 P.M.</td>
<td>Detroit vs. Yank. 5 &amp; 11</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sunday, Sept. 16</td>
<td>2:00 P.M.</td>
<td>Cleve. vs. Yankees 5 &amp; 11</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Monday, Sept. 17</td>
<td>2:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Cleve. vs. Yankees 5 &amp; 11</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tuesday, Sept. 18</td>
<td>8:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Chicago vs. Yank. 11</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thursday, Sept. 20</td>
<td>2:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Chicago vs. Yank. 5 &amp; 11</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Saturday, Sept. 22</td>
<td>1:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Boston vs. Giants 11</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sunday, Sept. 23</td>
<td>2:00 P.M.</td>
<td>Phila. vs. Dodgers 11</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Monday, Sept. 24</td>
<td>1:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Boston vs. Giants 11</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tuesday, Sept. 25</td>
<td>2:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Phila. vs. Yankees 5 &amp; 11</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Friday, Sept. 28</td>
<td>2:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Boston vs. Yankees 5 &amp; 11</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sat.-Sun., Sept. 29-30</td>
<td>2:00 P.M.</td>
<td>Boston vs. Yankees 5 &amp; 11</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Announcers and sportscasters for the Giant games include Russ Hodges and Ernie Harwell; for the Yankee games, Mel Allen, Dizzy Dean and Art Gleeson; for the Dodger games, Red Barber, Connie Desmond and Vince Scully.

Monday through Friday

11:00 A.M. Rudy Vallee Show • 4
The vagabond crooner, one of the pioneers in radio, premieres his brand-new, full-hour variety.

11:30 A.M. Strike It Rich • 2 & 6
Warren Hull emcees quiz for worthy contestants.

12:00 Noon Ruth Lyons’ 50 Club • 4
The popular Cincinnati audience-participation program premieres on the network Oct. 1, starring Ruth Lyons with her folksy chatter.

12:00 Noon Frances Langford & Don Ameche • 7
The two stars promise a well-rounded hour of comedy, interviews, song and audience quiz.

1:30 P.M. Garry Moore Show • 2
Garry, who spent his month vacation aboard a 40-foot boat, back with first mate Durward Kirby.

2:30 P.M. First Hundred Years • 2
Jimmy Lydon and Olive Stacey, the young married couple, learn about wedded bliss the hard way.

3:00 P.M. Miss Susan • 4
The daily problems of a brave and busy woman attorney with Susan Peters in the title role.

3:30 P.M. Fashion Magic • 2 (Tuesday)
Clever, easy, economical suggestions for getting the most out of your clothes from one of the world's best dressed women, Arlene Francis.

4:00 P.M. Kate Smith Show • 4
Kate and Ted Collins return from her Lake Placid home, "Camp Sunshine," with their full-hour of music, fashion, entertainment and interviews.

5:00 P.M. Sheriff Bob Dixon • 2
Wonderful for everyone interested in woodcraft, outdoor life, handicrafts and Indian lore.

5:00 P.M. Hawkins Falls, Pop. 6200 • 4
Still waters run deep and dramatic, proven in this serial of life in a small, quiet town.

5:30 P.M. Howdy Doody • 4 & 6
Mr. Television, Jr., with creator Bob Smith.

7:00 P.M. Kukla, Fran and Ollie • 4 & 6
Business as usual with the winsome Kuklopillians, creator Burr Tillstrom and Fran Allison.

7:00 P.M. Captain Video • 5
Out of this world drama of the future, starring Al Hodges, a Long Island commuter, in title role.

7:45 P.M. Perry Como (M, W, F) • 2
Como's back with top tunes and the Fontanes.

7:45 P.M. News Caravan • 4 & 6
John Cameron Swayze with newscasts of the day.

Monday P.M.

7:30 P.M. Hollywood Screen Test • 7
Neil Hamilton, "screen test director," puts actor candidates through auditions in their bid for Hollywood fame with guest stars on hand.

8:00 P.M. Lux Video Theatre • 2 & 6
Stories of romance and adventure with the light touch, featuring star actors of screen and stage.

8:00 P.M. Paul Winchell Show • 4
On September 17, Jerry Mahoney returns (Paul, too) with their comedy and musical variety quiz.

8:00 P.M. March of Time Through the Years • 7
Time Magazine's documentary with John Daly as commentator and moderator of group discussions.

8:30 P.M. Godfrey's Talent Scouts • 2
Arthur introduces new faces and voices to TV.

8:30 P.M. Voice of Firestone • 4 & 6
Concert time with outstanding musicians and singers. Howard Barlow conducting.

9:00 P.M. Wreathing with Dennis James • 5
Dennis with his unpredictable mike-handling of bone-crushing from Columbia Park, N. J.

9:30 P.M. It's News to Me • 2 & 6
John Daly scrambles to another show. This time a quiz on news events. Panelists: lecturer Henry Faulk, actress Anna Lee, professor Quincy Howe and TV's own Robin Chandler.

9:30 P.M. Maugham Theatre • 4
Full-hour dramatic productions adapted from the writings of celebrated W. Somerset Maugham. Biweekly: Sept. 17 & Oct. 1. Alternating with—

Robert Montgomery Presents
The talented actor-director is host to elaborately produced plays, Sept. 24 & Oct. 8.

10:00 P.M. Studio One • 2 & 6
The pace-setting dramatic show returns for the fall. Alternating director, Lela Swift, got her start as secretary to a CBS executive.

10:30 P.M. Who Said That? • 4
Newsmen Robert Trout, who dreams of the day when he can sail around the world, emcees this panel quiz-identification of topical quotations.
7:30 P.M. Beulah • 7
Academy Award winner Hattie McDaniel, who protested playing the TV counterpart of her radio show plus moviemaking was too much work, has at last agreed to take over the role of the wise-cracking housekeeper for the Henderson family. Filmed in Hollywood.

8:00 P.M. Texaco Star Theatre • 4 & 6
Music, fun and dance reach the Berling point on September 18, the day Milton gets back to his laughing-gas station after a vacation abroad. Until then, Meet the Press in this time.

8:30 P.M. Johns Hopkins Science Review • 5
This Peabody Award winner begins its second winter series this week and here is proof positive that a science program, produced and cast with college professors, can be as exciting and entertaining as most other shows on TV.

9:00 P.M. Fireside Theatre • 4
The ironical, the whimsical, the unexpected tricks of fate that suddenly change a person’s course of life make for drama in these stories filmed in Hollywood and cast with movie people.

9:00 P.M. Casablanca of Bands • 5
Buddy Rogers, who served five years during the war as a test pilot for the Navy, is your host to the top bands of the nation with the kind of variety you’d find on Broadway’s stages.

9:00 P.M. Q. E. D. • 7
Q.E.D., meaning “that which is proven” with popular radio announcer, Fred Uttal as moderator. Experts unraveling audience-submitted problems: are producer Hi Brown, musician-magician Richard Himber and actress Nina Foch, daughter of Dirk Foch, once conductor of the London Symphony.

9:00 P.M. Boxing from Westchester County Center • 9
Beginning October 2, bouts scheduled by matchmaker Joe McKenna. At the mike with blow-by-blow commentary, Stan Loman and Dick Nesbitt.

9:30 P.M. Suspense • 2 & 6
In addition to the usual exciting mystery dramas, producer-director Robert Stevens now presents every few weeks documentary stories in the same suspense-plotted framework.

9:30 P.M. Circle Theatre • 4
Back on its fall schedule with Nelson Case as host to star-cast plays that feature stories of light romance and comedy of everyday life.

9:30 P.M. Life Begins at Eighty • 7
Jack Barry, son of a handwriting manufacturer, poses questions of sense and nonsense to the only panel show that can claim over 400 years’ experience. Experts: Georgiana Carhart, 85, John Drury, 90, Fred Stein, 82, and guests.

10:00 P.M. Danger • 2
High tension dramas of people living under a threat. Charles W. Russell, producer, learned about danger in the radio role of Johnny Dollar.

10:00 P.M. Original Amateur Hour • 4 & 6
Amateurs, young and old, make a bid for your votes and a chance at show business. Host Ted Mack enjoys the program so much that once he broke into an exuberant, unrehearsed tap-dance that brought in a good number of unexpected votes.

7:30 P.M. Change of a Lifetime • 7
The ever-popular, audience-participation quiz with prizes worth up to $500 plus the riddle “Mystery Voice” that grows and grows into prizes worth thousands. John Reed King, a sailboat enthusiast, heads the show with lovely assistant Cindy Cameron, comedian Dick Collier, and dancers Russel Arms and Liza Palmer.

8:00 P.M. Godfrey and His Friends • 2 & 6
If you don’t buy Arthur’s commercials, you’ve got a fight with the National Sales Executives who two years in a row voted him the “nation’s top salesman.” In this variety show, his friends are Marion Marlowe, Janette Davis, Frank Parker, Haleloke, backed up by the Chordettes, Mariners and Archie Bleyer’s orchestra.

9:00 P.M. Strike It Rich • 2 & 6
Handsome announcer, Warren Hull, is host on this audience quiz that gives worthy contestants a chance to earn up to $500. A recent winner of $195 to pay a doctor bill was a real Indian princess, Molly Spotted Elk.

9:00 P.M. Kraft Theatre • 4
One of the first and still one of the best 60-minute dramatic shows on TV. While in the beginning most works were adapted from the classics of the theatre, present policy calls for more original scripts. All capably produced.

9:00 P.M. New Kate Smith Show • 4
In addition to her daytime shows, Kate premieres on September 19, a night-time extravaganza featuring star comics, Hollywood personalities in dramatic skits, variety and her own lovely voice.

9:00 P.M. Don McNeill’s TV Club • 7
Back again this week, Toastmaster Don and the large sparkling cast including Sam “Clowning” Cowling, Fran Allison as Aunt Fanny, vocalist Peggy Lee and Johnny Desmond. From Chicago.

9:30 P.M. The Web • 2
Powerful spine-tinglers, adapted from the pens of the Mystery Writers of America. Franklin Heller, producer, has played more than 100 Shakespearean roles in his acting career.

9:30 P.M. Wrestling • 7 & 6
In the “foxhole,” Wayne Griffen, who has gone far afield from his chosen career as an electrical engineer, gives you side comment on the action, color and comedy as the matmen gnash their teeth and perform their peculiar mayhem.

10:00 P.M. Break the Bank • 4
Bert Parks, who got his start in radio at 16 as a $7-a-week announcer, offers generous prizes, of $10 to $500, for ten questions plus a cash bank of many thousands for the big question. Bud Collyer, host. Peter Van Steeden’s music.

10:00 P.M. International Boxing Club • 2 & 6
Prime bouts by IBC’s matchmaker Al Weill. Russ Hodges handles the mike assignment from Chicago, Detroit, St. Louis and New York.

10:00 P.M. International Playhouse • 5
Full-length English films, originally produced for theatres. Many fine films.

10:00 P.M. Playwrights’ Theatre • 7
A premiere not to be missed on October 3 when this new hour-long dramatic program begins a biweekly schedule. $35,000 will go into each show and many plays will be chosen from works of The Playwrights’ Company that includes foremost dramatists such as Robert E. Sherwood, Sidney Kingsley, S. N. Behrman, Maxwell Anderson and Elmer Rice.

10:30 P.M. Dave Garaway • 4
Super showman Dave Garaway back from Europe where he wire-recorded his impressions. Now in a new time slot with the same great cast: comic Cliff Norton, singers Betsy Chaple, baritone Jack Haskell, and Connie Russell.
7:30 P.M. The Lone Ranger • 7
The intrepid Masked Rider and his scout, Tonto, ride dangerously to carry out Western justice.

8:00 P.M. Burns and Allen • 2
Gracie and乔治 continue their hilarious escapades, explaining they sandwiched their “vacations” in at Lake Arrowhead between work. Other hardy cast members: Bill Goodwin, John Brown and Bea Benaderet. B.iweekly: Sept. 13 and 27. Alternating with —

Starlight Theatre

8:00 P.M. It Pays to be Ignorant • 4
The crazy satire on quiz programs with baffled Tom Howard as quizmaster. Nonsensical panel panners: querulous George Shelton, obtuse Harry McNaughton and rasper Lulu McConnell. Groucho Marx returns to this spot on Oct. 4.

8:00 P.M. Stop the Music • 7 & 6
Bert Parks, home from his European jaunt, offers the Mystery Melody, worth as much as $15,000 in prizes. On hand with vocal-visual clues, Jimmy Blaine, Betty Ann Grove, golden-haired Marion Morgan.

8:30 P.M. Amos ’n’ Andy • 2
Laugh-laden situation comedies with characterizations highly satisfying for fans of this famous duo. Wonderful Tim Moore, as the Kingfish, was once a jockey as well as a boxer.

8:30 P.M. Treasury Men in Action • 4
From the closed files of the U. S. Treasury Department, hard-hitting dramas of T-Men investigations. Walter Greaza, a professional actor since 1919, plays the “Chief of the Bureau.”

9:00 P.M. Alan Young Show • 2
A highpoint in TV pleasure for Alan’s comedy skits continue to be as fresh and funny as ever. Alan, born of Scottish parents in England, came to the U.S. in 1944, by the way of Canada where he stopped over for 19 years with his parents.

9:00 P.M. Ford Festival • 4
Well-known baritone, James Melton, who makes his home on Long Island, with an hour of music and dance. Regulars in the cast: Dorothy Waren-skjold, John Reed King and David Broekman directing the chorus and 32-piece orchestra.

9:00 P.M. Ellery Queen • 6
Hollywood actor Lee Bowman, once a law student at the University of Cincinnati, in the title role of the suave, ingenious super-criminalist.

9:30 P.M. Big Town • 2
Steve Wilson as Pat McVey, the rugged, dynamic newspaperman who frequently faces death to get his story. Wilson may look familiar to war veterans for he made 15 training films while in the Army. Mary K. Wells as Lorelei.

9:30 P.M. The Guild Theatre • 7
Starting September 27, a weekly half-hour dramatic show with top-ranking stage and screen stars in leading roles, filmed in Hollywood. Until then, Blind Date with Arlene Francis.

10:00 P.M. Martin Kane, Private Eye • 4 & 6
The quiet, pipe-smoking detective returns to crime-chasing but with a new look. San Francisco-born Lloyd Nolan, well-known for his many screen roles, is the new Martin Kane.

10:30 P.M. Crime Photographer • 2
The strong, astute lensman, Casey, played by Richard Carlyle, who for a time played the leading male role in “A Streetcar Named Desire,” John Gibson as Ethelbert, the patient bartender.

10:30 P.M. Quick on the Draw • 4
A panel of show people are challenged with cartoon-charades, drawn by Bob Durin. Hostess Eloise McElhone teases, jibes and moderates.

7:30 P.M. Say It with Acting • 7
Emcees Maggi McNellis and Bud Collyer with the funful game of charades as guest teams from Broadway plays compete. Sept. 14 & 28. Alternating with —

Life With Linkletter
Art Linkletter, after a summer breather, returns with his popular ad-lib interviews, filmed in Hollywood. Sept. 21 & Oct. 5.

8:00 P.M. Mama • 2 & 6
Note the copper coffee kettle used in this heart-warming show. It’s over 150 years old. Lovely Peggy Wood stars as Mama; Judson Laire as Papa; Robin Morgan, Dagmar; Dickie Van Patton, Nels; Rosemary Rice, Katrin.

8:00 P.M. Quiz Kids • 4
The nation’s youngest brain trust proved their hearts are as warm as their IQs are high by recently adopting a French war orphan. Joel Kupperman, Melvin Miles, Naomi Cook, Harvey Dytc and Ann William catch visual questions and problems thrown by Joe Kelly, chief quizmaster.

8:00 P.M. Twenty Questions • 5
The video version of “animal, vegetable or mineral” with Bill Slater, ex-schoolteacher, as emcee. The show stars Fred Van Deventer, Florence R teenagers highly satisfying for fans of this famous duo. Wonderful Tim Moore, as the Kingfish, was once a jockey as well as a boxer.

8:00 P.M. Jerry Colonna Show • 7
The hysterical, mustachioed Colonna, once a longshoreman in Boston, with comedy and music assisted by blue-eyed Barbara Ruick, comic-singer Gordon Polk, laug ham Paul Sells and Del Sharbut.

8:30 P.M. Man Against Crime • 2
Actor Ralph Bellamy, with a new summer tan, stars again as Mike Barnett, tough, tall private eye who always gets his man and woman, too.

8:30 P.M. We, The People • 4 & 6
On September 26, genial host Dan Seymour returns with his unusual, provocative anecdotes of people from all walks of life, replacing the current production of The Clock.

8:30 P.M. The Ruggles • 7
Family comedy, filmed in Hollywood, starring Charles Ruggles, who, as a rabid dog fancier turned his San Fernando Valley Ranch into one of the country’s largest dog kennels.

9:00 P.M. Playhouse of Stars • 2
Premiere performance October 5 of a superb, weekly dramatic hour. Last year’s sponsor of Pulitzer Playhouse will present shows of the same quality with leading actors, among whom will be Walter Hampden and Helen Hayes, exclusively contracted for this ambitious series. Until October, Film Firsts continues with movies in this slot.

9:00 P.M. Big Story • 4 & 6
Dramatizations of actual reporters cracking a big story with the accent this month on murders. Sept. 14, Story of Alan Kohan of the Omaha World Herald; Sept. 21, Ruth Mugglebee of the Boston Record American; Sept. 28, Nolan Bullock of the Tulsa Tribune.

9:30 P.M. The Aldrich Family • 4
The perennial Centerville family shifts to this Friday night slot after breaking the Sunday peace with the laugh-getting confusion. Dick Tyler as Henry; Jackie Kelk as Homer.

10:00 P.M. Cavalcade of Sports • 4 & 6
IBC bouts scheduled in New York’s famous Madison Square Garden. Sport announcers to be rotated from week to week.

10:00 P.M. Cavalcade of Stars • 5
Brooklyn-born emcee, Jackie Gleason, heads the stellar cast with the June Taylor Dancers.
12:00 Noon Big Top • 2
Big black bears, tumblers, aerialists and other exciting acts that thrill young and old. Ringmaster Jack Sterling, strong man Dan Lurie, clowns Ed McMahon and Chris Keegan and Joe Basile with his 65-piece Brass Kings Band.

2:30 P.M. College Football
About September 29, you'll be able to dial in gridiron play but, due to restrictions by the N.C.A.A., TV schedules will be made up on short notice to test TV's affect on game attendance.

5:00 P.M. Italian Feature Films • 9

7:00 P.M. Sammy Kaye Show • 2
Maestro Kaye with the novelty music and acts that have made his band a long-time favorite, including his "So You Want to Lead a Band Contest." Barbara Benson is featured vocalist.

7:00 P.M. Victor Borge • 4
The Droll Dane returns from his California home and tomato garden with his superb piano interpretations and wonderful, provocative humor.

7:30 P.M. Beat the Clock
Prizes worth $100 and more for studio contestants who perform zany parlor stunts with emcee Bud Collyer, whose sister June, Stu Erwin's wife, can be seen same time, different channel.

7:30 P.M. One Man's Family • 4
Gracious Marjorie Gateson, who got into show business via a chorus line, plays Mother Barbour in this beloved, homey series. Bert Lytell, father.

7:30 P.M. Stu Erwin Show • 7
June Collyer (see Beat the Clock) co-stars in this family comedy centered around the problems of a high school principal. Filmed in Hollywood but the Erwins make their home in New York.

8:00 P.M. Ken Murray Show • 2 & 6
Ken mixed business with vacation and turned up some new beauties for his fall glamour-looking line. Darla Hood returns as the show continues to mix guest stars, dance, music and laughs.

8:00 P.M. All Star Revue • 5
Top-name comedians, including Jimmy Durante, Ed Wynn, Danny Thomas and Jack Carson, for an hour of great entertainment, each seen on a rotating basis every Saturday night.

8:00 P.M. TV Teen Club • 7
Paul Whiteman's talent factory, co-emceed by sweet-sixteen Nancy Lewis, a fashion model at five, who sings, dances, plays piano.

9:00 P.M. Wonderful Town • 2 & 6
Fabulous Faye Emerson takes you on a tour of one of America's most exciting cities.

9:00 P.M. Your Show of Shows • 4
The biggest revue (90 minutes) on TV with wonderful song and dance interpretations, a galaxy of star performers and headlining in capital red letters, SID CAESAR and IMOGENE COCA.

9:30 P.M. The Show Goes On • 2 & 6
Genial comic, Robert Q. Lewis, brings before the camera entertainment buyers and talent.

10:00 P.M. Songs for Sale • 2
Steve Allen, himself the composer of "Let's Go to Church Sunday," emcees. New song writers vie for prizes with unpublished works, sung by guest stars and judged by a panel of experts.

10:30 P.M. Your Hit Parade • 4 & 6
Back in the fall, as they promised, with the nation's choices in popular tunes. Eileen Wilson, Dorothy Collins and Snoopy Lanson lead the vocalizing, backed up by the Hit Paraders and Raymond Scott's orchestra.

4:00 P.M. Meet the Press • 4
No holds are barred as news correspondents try to pin down congressmen and government officials making controversial news. Martha Rountree and Lawrence Spivak are moderators.

4:30 P.M. Zoo Parade • 4
Colorful, peculiar birds and animals from Chicago's Lincoln Park Zoo make a fascinating program with narrator R. Marlin Perkins, zoo director and announcer Jim Hurlbut.

5:00 P.M. Gabby Hayes • 4
Genial, grizzled Gabby, who confides he sleeps with his beard outside the covers, with some rootin'-tootin' whoopers and dramatizations of heroes in the early days of American history.

5:00 P.M. Super Circus • 7
Thrills from "the greatest show on earth" with cheerful bandleader Mary Hartline, who smiled her way through polio five years ago, ringmaster Claude Kirchner, clowns Clifty and Nicky.

6:00 P.M. Hopalong Cassidy • 4
Gun-blastin', hoof-beatin' Westerns starring Bill Boyd whose prized possession is a first edition of C. E. Mulford's first "Hopalong" novel.

6:00 P.M. Ted Mack Family Hour • 7
A pleasant, enjoyable hour interlude "fathered" by genial Ted Mack. Regular favorites: Mack Triplets, Jean Steel, Dick Byrd, Mildred Lang.

7:00 P.M. Gene Autry • 2
Thrills where the buffaloes roam featuring the Singing Cowboy, an ex-railroad telegrapher, once dispatched his own rodeo train.

7:00 P.M. Bob Hope • 4

7:00 P.M. Paul Whiteman Revue • 7 & 6
Many years ago a cab driver, Pop leads his current bandwagon of musical and dancing stars featuring Earl Wrightson and Maureen Cannon.

7:30 P.M. This is Show Business • 2 & 6
High-scoring wit and entertainment distinguish this show returning for the season. Ex-book reviewer Clifton Fadiman is host to top talent and the erudite panel of guests and regulars, playwright George S. Kaufman and Abe Burrows.

8:00 P.M. Philco Playhouse • 2 & 6
The multiple-award winning variety show directed and emceed by Ed Sullivan with the Toastettes, Ray Bloch's music and outstanding entertainment.

8:00 P.M. The Comedy Hour • 7
This Sunday (Sept. 16) Spike Jones and his city Slickers raise their mad havoc. The show continues last year's policy of rotating the nation's favorite comics with Lewis and Martin, Eddie Cantor and Donald O'Connor definitely lined up.

9:00 P.M. Fred Waring Show • 2
The big Waring aggregation, after a summer of work and play in Shawnee-on-Delaware, Pa., returns. Star performers and headlining in capital red letters, SID CAESAR and IMOGENE COCA.

9:30 P.M. The Philco Playhouse • 4 & 6
Among the very best of TV's hour dramatic shows. Scripts adapted from contemporary novels.

10:00 P.M. The Red Skelton Show • 4
The famous "mean widdle boy," comic favorite of radio and movies, premieres in his "broad- new" show on September 30. Filmed in Hollywood. Until then, American Forum of the Air.
Faith’s ring

SHE’S ENGAGED

Charming Faith Robbins of Short Hills, New Jersey, and James T. Phillips of New York announced their engagement on Easter Eve. Their exciting plans included an afternoon wedding with four bridesmaids and a maid of honor in the wedding procession, escorting Faith.

SHE USES POND’S

"Look your best and you can’t help having fun,"
FAITH SAYS

When you know you look your nicest, it gives you a wonderful confidence.

Faith feels that every girl’s key to her own best looks is a soft, smooth complexion. The secret of Faith’s lovely skin is Pond’s. “Cream-cleansing with Pond’s Cold Cream is just fabulous—leaves my skin so clean, so soft. I wouldn’t skip it for a single night,” she says.

Your skin, too, will love Pond’s cream cleansing. It can’t be drying. Every night (for day cleanings, too) use your Pond’s Cold Cream as Faith does. This is the way:

Hot Stimulation—a good hot water splashing.
Cream Cleanse—swirl light, fluffy Pond’s Cold Cream all over your 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—a tonic cold water splash.

Now—don’t you like the soft, sparkling complexion your mirror shows you?

It’s not vanity to help your face look lovely. When you look your best, a world of happiness sparkles in your face, attracting others to you on sight!

SHE’S LOVELY

Faith’s sunny, blue eyes have a sweetly serious look that belies her fascinating dimples. Her dark brown hair frames a complexion velvet-soft and perfect as pink hawthorn blossoms. Hers is a face that shows you at once the enchanting warmth of her Inner Self.

Faith Robbins—She’s gay, a perfect darling, and her lovely Pond’s complexion is something to envy.

POND’S—Get a big jar of Pond’s today!

Start your Pond’s beauty care now.
Help your face show a lovelier You!

FAITH ROBBINS—She’s gay, a perfect darling, and her lovely Pond’s complexion is something to envy.

When you know you look your nicest, it gives you a wonderful confidence.

Faith feels that every girl’s key to her own best looks is a soft, smooth complexion. The secret of Faith’s lovely skin is Pond’s. “Cream-cleansing with Pond’s Cold Cream is just fabulous—leaves my skin so clean, so soft. I wouldn’t skip it for a single night,” she says.

Your skin, too, will love Pond’s cream cleansing. It can’t be drying. Every night (for day cleanings, too) use your Pond’s Cold Cream as Faith does. This is the way:

Hot Stimulation—a good hot water splashing.
Cream Cleanse—swirl light, fluffy Pond’s Cold Cream all over your 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—a tonic cold water splash.

Now—don’t you like the soft, sparkling complexion your mirror shows you?

It’s not vanity to help your face look lovely. When you look your best, a world of happiness sparkles in your face, attracting others to you on sight!

POND’S—Get a big jar of Pond’s today!

Start your Pond’s beauty care now.
Help your face show a lovelier You!
THERE HAD COME THE NIGHT OF ROSEMARIE'S FIRST BIRTHDAY. I'D DRESSED HER IN HER LITTLE BLUE DRESS TRIMMED WITH WHITE RUFFLING. JOHNNY HAD RUSHED HOME FROM SCHOOL TO HELP ME MAKE OUR FOUR-ROOM APARTMENT SPICK-AND-SPAN FOR THE CELEBRATION. EAGERLY WE WAITED FOR JOHN TO COME HOME. FINALLY WE HEARD HIS STEP ON THE WORN MARBLE STAIRS THAT WINDED UP THE FOUR FLOORS TO OUR BRONX APARTMENT.

THE THOUGHT WENT THROUGH MY MIND THAT HE MUST BE VERY TIRED TONIGHT, FOR USUALLY HE STARTED SLOWLY BUT FAIRLY BOUNCED UP THE LAST FLIGHT. I WENT TO THE DOOR AND OPENED IT. THERE HE STOOD WITH ROSEMARIE'S BIRTHDAY CAKE—A GREAT BIG CAKE FOR A LITTLE GIRL. HE WAS CARRYING IT IN FRONT OF HIM, AND I THOUGHT HOW HEAVY IT MUST HAVE BEEN TO CARRY IT THE LONG FLIGHTS OF STAIRS.

I TOOK THE CAKE AND WENT TO PUT IT IN THE KITCHEN. WHEN I RETURNED TO THE HALL JOHN WAS STILL STANDING THERE, ONE HAND CLUTCHING THE DOOR FRAME. BEFORE I COULD REACH HIM, HE FAINTED.

I DON'T LIKE TO REMEMBER THE MONTHS THAT FOLLOWED, THOUGH I KNOW I'LL REMEMBER THEM TO THE END OF MY DAYS. THE WORRY, THE FEAR, THE ANXIETY—THEY ARE THINGS YOU LIVE WITH, AND IN LIVING LEARN TO HIDE.

MY JOHN HAD CANCER. CANCER BEYOND THE STAGE OF Hope, Something That Would End Him Life ... BUT ONLY FOR A LITTLE WHILE.

CAN YOU KNOW WHAT IT MEANS TO HAVE YOUR GRASP OF LIFE TORN FROM YOU? THERE ARE MOMENTS WHEN YOU THINK YOU CAN NEVER GO ON. BUT, SOMEHOW YOU DO. YOU LOOK AT YOUR YOUNG SON AND WATCH THE INEVITABLE HAPPEN. NOT WANTING IT, BUT SOMEHOW NOT BEING ABLE TO DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT. IT WAS JOHNNY'S OWN DECISION THAT HE SHOULD QUIT SCHOOL, GET A JOB, SOMEHOW OR OTHER HELP GET FOOD ON THE TABLE. YOU WATCH YOUR SON HARDLY OUT OF HIS SEVENTEEN YEAR ASSUME THE BURDEN OF CARING FOR AN ENTIRE FAMILY.

AND YOUR HUSBAND—it makes your heart ache to see him worrying and working and worrying. THE PHYSICAL PAIN, AND EVEN MORE PAINFUL, HIS THOUGHTS THAT YOU CAN READ AS Plainly AS IF THEY WERE WRITTEN IN A LARGE CLEAR HAND ON A SLATE—WORRY LIVES LIKE A BLACK CLOUD BEHIND THE SUN OF HIS SMILE.

WATCHING ONE DAY, I TOLD MYSELF SOMETHING JUST HAD TO BE DONE TO RELIEVE HIS MENTAL TORMENT. WASN'T IT ENOUGH, I ASKED MYSELF, THAT HIS POOR BODY, WHICH HAD BEEN SO STRONG, SHOULD NOW BE RACKED WITH PAIN? IDLY, I LISTENED TO THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE NEXT TELEVISION SHOW AS IT CAME ON THE SCREEN.

"COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM PRESENTS THE SHOW WITH A HEART! STRIKE IT RICH!"

I WENT OVER AND TOOK JOHN'S HAND AGAIN AS I SAT DOWN BesIDE HIM.

"JOHN," I SAID, THINKING OUT LOUD. "PERHAPS I SHOULD WRITE TO THAT PROGRAM AND SEE IF THEY COULD HELP US . . . I'VE HAD AN IDEA FOR A LONG TIME, BUT I DON'T QUITE KNOW HOW TO GO ABOUT IT. IF I COULD WIN ENOUGH MONEY TO GET ME TO A TYPING SCHOOL, I COULD LEARN TO TYPE AND DO WORK AT HOME. THAT WAY IT WOULDN'T BE, LIKE A REGULAR JOB—I COULD BE HERE WITH YOU AND ROSEMARIE AND STILL BE HELPING OUT."

JOHN GREW SERIOUS. GENTLY HE STRAIGHT-ENED OUT MY HAIR WHERE IT HAD FALLEN LOOSE FROM THE COMBS. "WE COULD TRY ANYWAY," HE SAID SOFTLY.

THAT DAY I WROTE A LETTER TO THE PRODUCER OF STRIKE IT RICH, MR. WALT FRAMER. I TOLD HIM AS HONESTLY AND STRAIGHTFORWARD AS I COULD WHAT I NEEDED THE MONEY FOR. A FEW DAYS LATER I HEARD FROM HIM—I COULD COME DOWN TO THE PROGRAM AND SEE IF I COULD ANSWER ENOUGH QUESTIONS CORRECTLY TO PAY FOR A COURSE AT BUSINESS SCHOOL. WHEN I APPEARED ON THE SHOW, JUST AS I FINISHED TELLING THE TELEVISION AUDIENCE ABOUT MY HUSBAND AND MY FAMILY, IT WAS TIME FOR THE PROGRAM TO GO OFF THE AIR AND I WAS ASKED IF I COULD RETURN THE NEXT DAY. DISAPPOINTED, I TOOK THE SUBWAY FROM THE CBS BUILDING IN MANHATTAN TO OUR APARTMENT IN THE BRONX. ALL THE WAY HOME I KEPT THINKING OF THE HOPES MY FAMILY HAD FOR MY SUCCESS. SURE I'D HAVE ANOTHER CHANCE THE NEXT DAY, BUT SUSPENSE CARRIED WITH IT AN ELEMENT OF HEARTBREAK. BUT, WHEN I WALKED IN THE DOOR OF OUR APARTMENT, JOHN TOLD ME I WAS TO CALL MR. FRAMER'S OFFICE IMMEDIATELY. OVER THE TELEPHONE MR. FRAMER TOLD ME THE EXCITING NEWS THAT I'D BEEN GIVEN A BRAND-NEW TYPEWRITER. A MEMBER OF THE AUDIENCE HAD DONATED IT.

THE NEXT DAY WAS A NIGHTMARE THAT TURNED INTO A BEAUTIFUL DREAM—A DREAM THAT SOMEHOW WAS REAL. I RETURNED TO THE STUDIO AND GOT UP AS FAR AS $110 ON THE QUESTIONS. THEN I MISSED THE LAST QUESTION, AND I REALIZED I HAD FAILED—$110 WAS NOT ENOUGH TO PAY FOR THE BUSINESS COURSE. IT MEANT THE END OF A HOPE AND A PRAYER. BUT GLORY BE, JUST THEN MR. HULL TOLD ME THAT THE BUSINESS HAD GIVEN THE PROGRAM A COMPLETE TYPING COURSE FOR ME. I COULD ATTEND THE SCHOOL FOR FREE! AND besides THAT I HAD THE $110!

I HAVE STARTED SCHOOL. AND MARY PAGANO, A WOMAN THE CANCER SOCIETY HAS SENT TO ME, TAKES CARE OF MY HUSBAND AND ROSEMARIE. THIS YEAR I'VE LEARNED A LOT. EACH WEEK I GET A LITTLE BETTER AND ALREADY I'M ABLE TO EARN EIGHTEEN DOLLARS A WEEK AT ODD JOBS THE SCHOOL HAS GOTTEN FOR ME.

MY HUSBAND'S FACE STILL REFLECTS THE PHYSICAL PAIN HE FEELS, BUT THAT OTHER MORE SUBTLE PAIN THAT WAS EATING AT HIS SOUL IS GONE. HE SHARES WITH ME THE SURE KNOWLEDGE THAT PEOPLE ARE KIND AND GOOD, THAT JOHNNY AND ROSEMARIE ARE SAFE. AND HIS SOUL IS AT PEACE.
"Be Lux Lovely"
says Virginia Mayo

Co-star of
"PAINTING THE CLOUDS WITH SUNSHINE"
A Warner Bros.' Production
Color by Technicolor

"Lux Soap facials do wonders for my skin...

"Lux Soap facials leave skin softer, smoother," says lovely Virginia Mayo. "Here's all I do: I cream the rich lather well into my skin—it's active lather—so good for the complexion."

"Then I rinse my face thoroughly with warm water, follow with a few splashes of cold. I pat gently with a soft towel to dry." Such a quick, easy care—but it really does the trick!

"It's amazing the way these Lux Soap facials give skin fresh new beauty!" Virginia says. You, too, can be Lux-lovely! Try the fragrant white soap 9 out of 10 screen stars use.
PIXIE FINDS A HOME

(Continued from page 74) and—well, that was it. They smashed into the other car, and they both folded up like cheeseboxes.” He grimaced. “Not a pleasant sight.”

I'd heard everything, every word, but only one word had significance. Breathlessly I told Jeff about Chuck and Ralph, the discrepancy in their stories, the eerie importance of the word chicken. I was relieved when he took me quite seriously.

“Chicken—I wonder,” he said thoughtfully. “I've seen grown-ups talk that mean, cowardly, of course.”

“When do you think Pixie's memory might return, Jeff? I know I'm not supposed to press her but—”

“Any time now. She has a very transient form of shock amnesia. She may be fine by this afternoon. Unless that police sergeant shocks her back into a relapse.”

I was almost grateful to Sergeant Gillian for doing exactly what Jeff predicted. I was there when he questioned her, that time, he insisted on the word “killed,” and then he started her out on her answers, almost calm, curious, anxious to help. And I saw what happened when the sergeant told her, in a voice calculatedly casual, that Millie Barnes had been killed. By that time Pix had remembered that she and the others had been in a crash. She knew they all had been killed. But killed.

She stared at the sergeant with unbelieving eyes, too overcome to speak. “Sure, now, you must have figured it out, Pixie,” he said. “A crash like you were in, somebody's bound to get really hurt. Now I understand from one of the other girls that you were coming through the last minute? Grabbed the wheel from young Hunter, didn't you? And that was when it happened? Turned chicken, he said. Well, that’s not the way I look at it. I think it was good sense, trying to stop if you were going faster than you liked. Sure, didn’t I?”

She pointed her finger at the bed excitedly. “Don’t you get it? Chop was holding both of my hands so I wouldn’t grab the wheel. Who says I grabbed the wheel?”

“Chop was holding your hands and driving too, eh?” The sergeant eyed her skeptically. “Four hands, huh, he said.”

“He wasn’t driving! That’s it—I remember, that’s it!” Pixie shrieked. “It was a chicken race! Oh, Miss Julie, it was terrible, terrible, don’t let me see it—” Sobbing wildly, she threw herself across my lap. The nurse motioned the sergeant out. I cornered the sergeant and in a few quick words outlined everything.

Chicken races, it turned out, consisted of a pair of hot rods, filled with boys and girls, racing not side by side, but toward each other. And nobody held the wheel. That was the whole point. The first person to reach for his wheel, to swerve away, was the one who had won. And I couldn't credit the description at first, but Sergeant Gillian assured me that some kids were old hands at it. Fortunately, there were legal measures that could be taken when chicken racing was proven. But in this case, he explained, Pixie was the only one who had mentioned it.

That night Jeff and I held a council of war, pooling our information and trying to decide how to proceed. It was clear enough to me that Pix was telling the truth, and that the others were lying. That is, except for the one who had explained Reed Nixon’s worry. A chicken race could close down his place.

“Chuck Hunter is an old crony of his,” Jeff said grimly. “He works for Nixon out there. He’d have to lie for him to protect his job. And Martin and the others—”

Jeff shrugged. “Nixon probably scared them with threats that they’d be曝光ed for cheating. They’re lying to protect themselves. Pix was a made-to-order goat. They all agree she was scared to death.”

Mrs. and Mr. Barnes, the dead girl's parents, had moved for an investigation of the accident. The more they questioned her, the more all the kids stuck to their story that it was an ordinary race; and the more hysterically Pixie maintained that it was not. I tried to see Ralph Martin after he went home, but his father remained with us and prevented any attempt I made to get Ralph to admit he was lying. I felt, somehow, that he was a decent, honest boy, and if anyone broke down it might be he. After Pixie was released from the hospital he phoned a couple of times to ask how she was, but apart from that I made no progress in exposing the truth. The whole town believed that Pixie had caused the death of Mildred Barnes.

Mercifully unconscious of all this, Pix insisted on going to see Mrs. Barnes as soon as she was able. I had heard, from Jeff, that the poor woman was far from having recovered from the shock. In fact she was in a state of mental collapse. I really tried to explain to Pixie, without frightening her, that Mrs. Barnes had always considered her Mildred’s best friend and would be soothed to talk to somebody who had been with her at the time of her accident. Most reluctantly, I drove her over that afternoon, and sat in the station wagon while she went in. She wasn't there very long. When she came out, she was white-faced and shaking, and she never did tell me all that had happened. All she said, over and over, was, “She thinks it was my fault. I wanted to help her, but she said it was my fault. Miss Julie, she looked—she looked real crazy. And she talked in this kind of dead voice, like a zombie.” Tears streaked Pixie’s face. That was all she ever said about her visit.

I was, all things considered, a minor blessing, but that accident did serve to bring Pix and me into communication again. Of her own free will she confessed having found out about her father, and the reason for his disappearance. And she was right about Chuck Hunter. They seemed natural cronies, in Pix’s distorted view, for wasn’t his father in prison too? It all came out, everything she feared. Her guilt over disobeying her. Her knowledge that she wasn’t really enjoying herself with her. Now the very thought of Chuck Hunter turned her pale and sick. Especially after I told her, as gently as I could, that because of his lie about the accident—and the backing the others gave him, of course—there was going to be a Grand Jury investigation of the whole thing, Pix, naturally, was to be practically the star.

What bothered me most was that there was now no keeping the whole story from Mrs. Dolbie. Naturally the whole orphanage board knew that Pix was in bad trouble, and I suffered a good deal of unoffical rebuke and Dolbie claimed I should have brought my troubles with Pixie before the board long ago.

Defending Pix and myself as well as I could, I said I had no more power to hold back the board. Dolbie determined that Pix would have to leave Hilltop, and the board agreed, and that was that.

When the investigation finally came, I was heartsick, because for all my prying and struggling I hadn’t managed to shake one of those youngsters in their false stories. I had never had any hope of making Chuck tell the truth, but I couldn’t understand Ralph Martin. He was obviously suffering from fierce guilt; he had lost his health as quickly as he should have.

I went down to the courthouse with Pixie and waited in the lobby until she was called. I couldn’t go in with her, not being a contributing witness.

After a while, Jeff came in, looked around the lobby, and came toward me. “How’s going?” he asked.

I shook my head. “They’ve only been in about fifteen minutes. Oh, Jeff, that poor girl. Why should she have any faith in the world after this?”

“Don’t worry too much. It may not be as bad as you think,” Jeff said gently. “I was up at the orphanage this morning, and I think I got somewhere with the boy at last.”

“Jeff, really! Did he admit—”

“No, not quite. But I came out the reason why he was neglecting on him. He told him his father was so sick that he wouldn’t be able to stand the shock of knowing his son had been in a chicken race.” Jeff’s eyebrow quirked upward.

“Mr. Martin’s not that sick. I think when I explained things to Ralph he began to feel quite differently. I didn’t neglect to point out also that today they’d all be under oath. I managed to scare him.”

I felt hope for the first time since that awful night. I’d forgotten that all the witnesses would be under oath. I reached over and took Jeff’s hand in mine. It had been a long time since I’ve held anything. Poor Pixie, inside, had no one.

As it turned out, Pixie didn’t need help. At least, not any more than Jeff had already given her. Ralph, throwing aside the false story he’d been telling, sat before the investigators and backed up Pixie on every point. It was a complete revelation. After he’d left, he still felt so happy, while I was hugging Pixie, he came over to me with his hand outstretched. I took it warmly.

“I hated the whole business,” he said seriously. “I guess I’m the real coward, not big enough to stand up for what I knew was right. If Dr. Browning hadn’t been at me last night, I well, I had to...
tell the truth today." Impulsively I pressed his hand, and then he took Pixie aside for a minute and, I suppose, apologized for the way he'd held out. I had the satisfied feeling that between them they were writing 'the end' to a chapter neither of them was proud of.

The news report on the Grand Jury findings made Pixie a town celebrity. Nobody forgot that a girl had been killed, and that there was nothing to celebrate; nobody could, with Mr. Barnes suddenly a gray, worn middle-aged man and with the stories that Mrs. Barnes had lost her mind. But the one little girl who'd maintained the truth in spite of all the force lined up against her captured the town's imagination. Unfortunately, Dolbie and Mr. Klabber, the two most influential members of the orphanage board, felt that the publicity made things much worse. Vindicated or not, Dolbie insisted Pixi had to go.

I didn't really formulate an idea about Mr. and Mrs. Barnes. It wasn't so definite as that. But their loss, and my strong wish to help in some way, and the way Pixie kept trying to conceal her growing distress as the day of her leaving came closer ... it all seethed around in my mind until finally Pix and the Barneses settled into a recognizable relation to one another. I told myself it was hopeless to try to make an impression on Mrs. Barnes, the way things were; but later on, maybe—she was lonely, and Pix needed a home and someone to love. And Mrs. Barnes had always liked Pixie, indeed had encouraged Millie to spend time with her because in the pre-Chuck Hunter days Pix was such a happy, well-ordered girl. It was an audacious idea. But perhaps having it, and hoping, worked some kind of magic. I can't tell. I only know that one day, taking my courage in both hands, I called on Mrs. Barnes with a baby who had just been left temporarily at Hilltop. She was utterly unmoved at first, and scarcely greeted me. But before I left she had roused from her lethargy enough to hold the baby for a second.

In a few days I called again, and Mrs. Barnes talked to me about impersonal things. She asked about the baby, too, and was affected when I explained that baby was not up for adoption. I don't think she had gone as far as considering such a thing, not consciously. I decided, the next time I went, to take Pixie along. I had some qualms, but to my surprise Mrs. Barnes was very kind to her. And when we left, she hugged her, with helpless tears streaming down her cheeks.

After that, I somehow knew it would all come out right. Everyone was surprised—even Jeff was surprised, when it happened, but I wasn't. Pixie and the Barneses, right then, were made for each other. It was perfectly natural that after some months had gone by they should adopt her. The Barneses really loved her, partly because she seemed to bring some of their own child back to them, but mostly for herself. Mr. Barnes in particular kept insisting, almost with tears, that Pixie was all that had saved his wife from complete despair, and there was nothing in the world he wouldn't do for Pixie's happiness.

We have an excellent placement record here at Hilltop. But I've never been happier over any of our placements than I was over Pixie's.
New Home Shampoo with Andium Prevents Hair Trouble, SHINY, LUSTROUS

Mode specially for blondes, this new shampoo helps keep light hair from darkening and brightens faded blond. It contains ingredients for extra lightness and shine. Called Blondex, it quickly makes a rich lather. Blondex removes the delicate dust-laden film that makes blonde hair dull, odd-looking. Takes only 11 minutes to do at home-leaves hair shades lighter. Gives hair attractive lustre and highlights—keeps that just-shampooed look for a whole week. Safe for children’s hair. Blondex is sold at 10c, drug, dept. stores.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ON COLOR TV

(Continued from page 29) A—No. You will be able to receive black and white programs exactly as you did before.
Q—Will the cost of adapters and converters be as high as for new sets?
A—No. They will be appreciably less.
Q—Will gentlemen prefer blondes on TV, will brunettes and redheads televise just as well?
A—Blondes, brunettes and redheads televise equally well so gentlemen may continue to take their choice.
Q—Do textures as well as color televise true enough so merchandise can be bought with confidence after seeing it on TV?
A—Color will reproduce textures in a way that black and white can never do. A piece of chiffon or of satin might be almost anything in black and white, but in color it becomes just what you would see if you held it in your hands and felt it. At some of the color demonstrations the audience marveled at the fidelity of textural reproduction when they saw the actual materials and the corresponding counterparts.
Q—Does color TV give the true colors of the object, person or scene?
A—Yes. This has been proven not only in fabrics and other merchandise, but also in the fields of medicine and surgery where color is most important for diagnosis. Thousands of doctors and surgeons have been impressed with the accuracy of the colors. Color is a natural medium. It gives the true richness to outdoor scenes, special events, parades, and sports like football will have heightened interest.
Q—Will the cost of producing shows in color be greater than in black and white?
A—No. Our program department experienced in producing color television shows indicates no increased costs over black and white. Producers have felt it was a source of disappointment that the spectacular color effects of costumes and scenery have been seen only in black and white. Also, color cameras are not appreciably more expensive than others.
Q—Why are red, blue and green used as primary colors for TV, instead of the usual red, blue and yellow?
A—Red, green and blue are the primaries of an additive color system. They allow for the greatest gamut in color.
Q—Does color have to be viewed in a darkened room?
A—No. Color TV pictures are viewed under the same lighting conditions as black and white.
Q—Can color motion pictures be televised in their original color?
A—Yes, they can. And the present-day interest in color is caused by the fact that more than half of Hollywood’s motion pictures next year will be made in color.
Q—Will color be limited to the 12½-inch screen?
A—No. There is no inherent limitation on the size of the picture. Large size projection pictures have been demonstrated—also on 17-inch direct drum type receivers. When a tri-color tube is perfected, there would be no greater limitation than there is in black and white.
DID YOU SAY GLAMOUR?

(Continued from page 43) nine and begins to help with the cleaning. From then on it’s a mad race.

Jeffrey and Robin treat their children with great patience, ignoring the old rule of spare the rod and spoil the child. According to the youngsters, Robin is the world’s greatest falsetto and Jeffrey has no master when it comes to rendering “Buffalo Roam,” otherwise known as “Home on the Range.”

“Some people think that because Jeffrey is an actor we see very little of each other,” Robin says. “Actually, I think we get more time together than most couples.”

When they go out, it is usually to the theatre or a good movie for enjoyment as well as to satisfy Jeffrey's professional interest. They prefer winter vacations in Northern resorts, for both are ardent skiers. At home, they have a huge library and devote their free evenings to reading and television. Robin, a woman of strong convictions, insists upon keeping up with the world. Politics, international and domestic affairs are their prime interest.

When Sanka replaced the Goldbergs with That’s News to Me, and chose Robin as one of the panelists, she was the happiest girl in town. “I’m a newshound,” she explains. “In fact, when I was a fashion editor, I used to steal away to political press conferences where I had no business being.”

Robin and Jeffrey watch their share of TV, and if you ask which programs they favor, there is no fumbling.

“Nothing can top What’s My Line?” Robin exclaims. “I could watch it by the hour. And my favorite TV personality is Faye Emerson. She’s superb.”

But Robin estimates she still pays more attention to the radio. Her private ambition is to team up with Jeffrey for a regular Mr. and Mrs. show.

Radio would have one big advantage for Robin. “People raise the roof if I wear the same dress on a show twice in one month,” she tells you. “I can’t possibly afford to buy a different outfit for every performance.”

Sophie Gimbel, the famous Saks designer, comes to Robin’s aid frequently. Robin and Sophie are great friends. Robin used to be one of her best customers and, in fact, it was Sophie who designed her wedding gown. Now, on occasion, Sophie lends Robin clothes for television.

Of course, no matter how hard you try, you can’t get around it: the average woman just isn’t in the position to borrow clothes from Sophie. The average woman’s personal scrapbook doesn’t hold pictures of the Vanderbilts, Lucius Beebe and other celebrities. The average woman isn’t married to a handsome movie actor. No matter how you slice it, thick or thin, Robin Chandler leads a glamorous life and yet—well, a CBS associate called her at home the other day. Husband Jeffrey answered.

“Would you mind calling back in about forty minutes?” he asked. “Robin took some clothes down to the Lauンドラマット.”

Ladies, it’s really too bad that the men don’t have the babies

Diaper rash, scald, cradle cap, all such skin irritations can make baby’s life miserable, as every Mother knows.

Now you may ask, what does a mere man know about caring for the precious, tender, rose-petal skin of that Bundle from Heaven?

He knows plenty! From experience. He’d know that Mennen Baby Oil is the oil to use because he knows that Mennen is a synonym for the finest in human skin care. He found out the moment he lathered his downy, ‘teen-age fuzz for his first shave. Found it out through the years with all Mennen skin preparations!

He knows how fine, pure, safe, how unfailingly reliable Mennen skin products are! Naturally, Mennen Baby Oil is his choice.

P.S. Why not send him out to buy a bottle for your baby right now?

MENNEN

BABY OIL * More for your money, too! Up to 33% more oil in the bottle than other leading brands
GINI PUTS UP WITH ME

(Continued from page 32) science admits to being baffled by the common cold, but this sense of defeat is not shared by Dr. Public.

I was still spending spare moments reading anti-cold letters when I discovered that if a squall of homeless wasps had not set up housekeeping under my eaves, I was buzzing into pneumonia.

"Just a touch of some allergy. You aren’t going to die," said my wife Gini in the tone of one who is the beneficiary under her husband’s life insurance policies.

I announced calmly, “I also hab a fever.

“We’ll treat the cold first, then the fever," chirped my helpmeet. “All right, off with your slippers, then slide your feet into this mustard bath. Not with your sox on, sily. Just your bare feet.”

My feet hit the water and I hit the ceiling at the same time. "Send for the fire department," I yelled. “There is a strand of lava flowing down Ventura Boulevard.”

My wife said with great coolness, “I’ve had enough of this. You won’t let me take care of you. I can cure one of my own little colds in half a day, so I think I am safe in saying I know something about getting rid of the sniffles, but you’re too stultic. Very well, I have a number of errands to do.”

It was lonesome in the house without her. I decided to study television letters in search of the one-in-a-million, instantaneous method for curing myself.

A televiewer from Chicago advised, “Saturate a teaspoonful of sugar with kerosene, and eat. Repeat every three hours.” I rejected this suggestion because of the danger of arson.

A gentleman from Pittsburgh explained that cold germs lodged in the nose and could be snubbed into departing only by pinching the lower portion of the nose shut. Beat me for achieving this, he amplified, was by using the common or washline variety of spring-snap clothespin. “Breathe only through the mouth until all sensation in the nose has ceased,” was the final admonition. “Numbness will indicate that the germs have suffocated.”

...police find the fugitive criminal named and described on the “True Detective Mysteries” radio program every Sunday afternoon.

$1000.00 REWARD

...is offered for information leading to the arrest of any one of these criminals. There’s nothing to buy; no box-tops to send in. Hear the details about his $1000.00 reward on "True Detective Mysteries.”

"TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES"

Every Sunday Afternoon on 523 Mutual Stations

ENDS GRAY HAIR

WORRIES IN 5 SECONDS

PARTING - WASHING $1.00 Quick, easy Tinte Touch-up Pencil colors gray, faded hair at roots, parts, temples. Like lipstick in metal pencil case. Won’t rub off, but washes out. SEND NO MONEY. Deposit with postman on delivery only $1 plus tax and C. O. D., postage on guarantee of satisfaction or Money Back. State shade. Please use name on order. Tinte Co., Dept. S. E., 250 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill.

SND BUNGLES, BILK, SLIP

CAT'S PAW

RUBBER HEELS

aSoles

SLIP

NON

NEW SILK FINISH

ENLARGEMENT GOLD TOOLED FRAME

Hollywood Film Studios

7021 Santa Monica Blvd., Dept. 661, Hollywood 38, Calif.
From Cleveland a woman who described herself as "mother of seven and grandmother of nine" wrote: "My mother was Cubab. She confided to me a secret method that will cure a cold in a few hours. You merely make a cummerbund out of red flannel and wear it under or on top of your clothes."

I rumpled through my drawer in our twelve-drawer Mr. & Mrs. chest of drawers and found no red flannel at all. Naturally, I began to search through Gini's eleven drawers. Found bundle of letters tied with blue ribbon, and decided Gini had a secret love. Didn't blame her. Opened the packet and began to read in order to find out what kind of a guy he was. Very dull. Little silly. Signature at end was "Alan."

Returned to my letters, feeling better. A man in Atlanta wrote, "You sound as if you were in the midst of a virus attack. Well, I've got the craziest remedy ever tried by a sane man, but it works. Don't ask me why. I just listen to comedians, I don't write their lines. I got this one from an acrobat, the son of a gypsy. All you do is steal a handkerchief from a lady's purse—any lady's purse as long as you don't get caught—and bury it. Maybe it's the excitement that brings about the cure. I can't figure it out, but it works."

This appealed to me. I went back to the chest and examined ten or fifteen of Gini's purses until I found one in which the handkerchief had been forgotten. It was a beauty. Took it. Buried it.

Returned to the house somewhat exhilarated and recalling something in the purse I had ransacked. There was a note written by Gini to herself saying, "Be sure to call Marjorie on Tuesday. Hollywood 1-1191." I had no idea who Marjorie was, but felt that I should explain that Gini had left the house to do some errands. A sweet voice answered, "This is Alad Yug." I said in my best personality tones, "Who?" she murmured in mystified accents. "I think you must have the wrong number."

We conferred on that at length and I established the fact that I had dialed Hollywood 1-1191, and that she had answered Hollywood 1-1191. "Do you know Vitgidia Yug?" I persisted. "She was supposed to gall you on Tuesday."

"What about?"

"The date doesn't say. Whad is your provession?"

"I am a licensed embalmer."

"There must be some mistake. I'm sorry I bothered you."

"I'm not sure there is a mistake, to judge from your voice. You have the worst cold I've ever heard. I can tell you exactly what to do: heat a pint of milk and drink it, taking two aspirin tablets in the process. Then heat enough common table salt to fill a woolen sock to a point about two inches from the top. Close the top by winding string firmly around it. Fasten the salt-filled sock around your neck securely and go to bed. Your cold will be gone tomorrow."

I thanked her and assured her that I would have Gini call later. I heated the milk and took the aspirin. I had to try seven or eight different pans before I found one large enough to hold sufficient salt to fill a woolen sock. I lay down on the living-room couch and had an interesting dream. I fancied that I was a bull fighter in such deep disgrace that I had been ordered to fight a huge white cow. My only weapon was a flashlight, batteries burned out, and every time I—a brave as all get out—approached the cow, she would lick me with a tongue that was ten feet long.

Then, noting that an avalanche of aspirin tablets was about to descend into the bull fighters' ring, I speedily turned to run.

How I reached the police station is not quite clear. At first I thought it was part of my dream, too, but nobody could dream up the expression on that desk sergeant's face. I told Gini, when she came down to bail me out, that it was all Marjorie's fault. She wanted to know who Marjorie was. I discovered that somewhere, during my sleepwalking act, I had lost the slip of paper bearing Marjorie's telephone number in Gini's handwriting. That mystery has not been solved, and it may never be because Hollywood 1-1191 is a wrong number. Who Marjorie is, I'm afraid we shall never know.

The authorities were most understanding. They dismissed all charges against me, agreeing that it was not criminal, merely unusual, for a citizen clad in robe, pajamas, cummerbund and white paste, and wearing his nose in a clothespin, to be sleepwalking on a quiet residential street at three o'clock on a dazzlingly sunny afternoon.

Funny thing, though. My cold was gone the next morning.

Puzzle: Which treatment turned the trick?

---

**91% of Sailors and Marines**

**Interviewed at San Diego, California, said:**

"**CAVALIERS are Milder than the brand I had been smoking!**"

In San Diego, California, over 200 sailors and marines were asked to compare Cavalier Cigarettes with the brands they had been smoking. Their answers should be of interest to every smoker!

91% of these sailors and marines—yes, 91% of the smokers—said Cavaliers are milder than their former cigarettes! And they'd been smoking all the leading brands!

Cavalier mildness has been proved in hundreds and hundreds of tests from coast to coast—among college students, phone operators, nurses and many other groups. 80% or more of smokers interviewed said Cavaliers are milder than the cigarettes they had been smoking!

Start enjoying Cavaliers. Priced no higher than other popular cigarettes!

---

B. J. Bereaide Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.
(Continued from page 39) Hartline Show had gone on in addition to Super Circus. I'd been working twelve hours a day, seven days a week. Last night after the two-hundred-forty-mile drive from Chicago to Hillsboro, I'd told Mother and Dad I wanted to sleep for the full three days I'd finally managed to get free.

But the youngsters' arrival changed my plot in a hurry. To Mother, I shouted. "Tell them to wait. I'll be down in a minute." Regardless of how many autographs I previously had signed, it didn't compare with having the children of my friends flock around. On the front porch of the very house where my dream began, the kids were adding a new chapter to it.

As a small place does for so many kids, Hillsboro offered me training, encouragement and resolution-strengthening competition. My town, I recognize, has many counterparts throughout the United States, but to me Hillsboro, Pop. 5,000, will always seem an extra-special sort of place. Our house is neither awfully new nor awfully old, but I think it is beautiful, for to me it represents the family—and my family is a challenging crew. I've always had to be my brother to hold even with them. Mother, black-haired and beautiful, has a dignity and charm which can put anyone at ease. Sandy-haired Dad, jovial and hearty, is fond of hunting, fishing and politics, and he is postmaster of Hillsboro. Grandmother and Grandfather Hartline live next door and of course provided an extra quota of cookies, consolation and love, but they also gave us a sense of belonging—of having our roots planted deeply in the life of our town.

And finally, Jane, my older sister who is now Mrs. Anthony John Coderkow. As dark in complexion as I am fair, Jane was exactly opposite in family respects and identical in others. In childhood, she was both my companion and rival.

I was in first grade, I recall, when first I announced that when I grew up I wanted to lead an orchestra. That's when my dream began, detailed and vivid, waking and sleeping. The folks, a bit amused, indulged me by arranging music lessons. Closing their ears to the sour notes I blew during my hours of trumpet practise, they concluded that knowing a little music was a nice accomplishment for a girl. It was nice, too, that I should win the local and regional music contests and the state finals.

It was one of these school events which actually led to my first big break. There is, in our town, a nice custom by which the townspeople join the students in electing a Queen of Love and Beauty. I was something of a senior, I won—but the honor didn't become really significant, until, as a special prize, the folks gave me a trip to Chicago.

There, as a guest of Mother's cousin whom I called Aunty Logan, I had my flash of inspiration. On graduation, I decided, I would come to Chicago.

A year after graduation—a year in which I wore out a dozen pairs of shoes —
I'll never forget the opening day of Super Circus, when I peeked out at the big audience and the staring cameras. My knees shook, and to Cliff Soubier, I confided, "I'm scared.

That great veteran clown flapped his big shoes an extra flap and said, 'That's nothing. I've been at this at least one hundred ninety-seven years and I still get scared too. But we'll all pitch in.'

If anyone asks me, the secret of our success is summed up in that one phrase of Clifty's. If you miss a line everyone from young Scampy right up to his father, Phil Patton, the executive producer, is quick to cover for you and make you look good. Tall ringmaster Claude Kirchner can think quicker on his feet than anyone I've seen; Bruce Chase probably has forgotten more music than I'll ever know; Nick Francis, our tramp clown, is as funny off camera as he is on, and Scampy, who played his first show as a fill-in for a midget who failed to appear, has a genuine gift for comedy—as well as mischief.

On our very informal Monday-through-Friday program, the Mary Hartline Show, crises of a different variety arise. Entertaining children at a studio party, we never can guess what a youngster is going to say. On the daily show the man I depend on is that great piano player, Chet Roble.

It's actually a little startling for me, sometimes, to realize that at twenty-three years of age, I already have seven years of radio and four years of television behind me. With such a record, I recognize that whatever my chronological age may be, I'm going to see awfully ancient by the time some one picks up a faded Super Circus photograph and wonders, "Well, look when Mother wore tighties!"

When that happens—and I certainly hope it does—drawing myself up in my most superior manner, I shall say, "Okay, sprout. What kind of dream do you have in the back of your head? One good enough to come true?"

For the only accomplishment I claim all to myself is dreaming the dream. At present, all I can ask of the future is a chance to do more of the same things—better. And I've got my fingers crossed!
MY BROTHER, SAM

(Continued from page 57) high school my parents' hopes and sacrifices were beginning to pay off. He played the violin well enough to get into the school orchestra and later they made him concert master. When he went to Brooklyn College he majored in Spanish, and gradually gave less and less to music. In 1934 he got his B.A. and went to Wayne University to take an M.A. in Spanish folklore.

Sam started as a high school substitute teacher but was soon appointed to a steady teaching job. Right after that, on Christmas Day, 1936, he married a second cousin, Esther. They had gone to the same college where Sam had been preparing to teach. Esther gave Sam a wrist watch for an engagement present. I don't think he had enough money for a gift for her.

A long about this time Sam began to entertain at parties and school affairs, and the friends in the people we seeing themselves in the stories he told. Once in a while he would write something humorous, like the satire on his first term of teaching, which had amused the faculty so much that the principal handed out copies with each diploma.

In the summer of 1940, a couple of school teachers decided to be musical entertainers at a resort in the Catskills and they asked Sam to go along as master of ceremonies for the act. What was there to lose? he argued, and said yes. He and Esther got their room and, and it meant a summer in the country. They were asked back the following year and that time Sam was paid fifty dollars for the season in addition to board.

After that, the club dates began to come his way. One day he appeared before hundreds of women at a club luncheon, scared to death to face so many serious female faces. When he found he could make them laugh out loud just recounting the things that went on in their family, he knew he was on the right track.

It was about 1946 when Sam's ability to entertain began to get in the way of his leisure time with his wife and their son Conrad, who had been born on January 4, 1943. Saturdays, when Sam wanted to be home with his family, were his best days for club dates, and he wasn't even having many Sundays with the family.

Knowing that the New York school system allows a five-year period of grace during which a teacher can be reinstated, Esther encouraged him to take a chance on show business, but because Sam felt that teaching was a privilege, it was a big decision for him to make.

Sam's first appearance on television was on Ed Sullivan's Toast of the Town. He was then quite well known as an entertainer and Marlo Lewis, who produces the Sullivan show, heard him perform at some club and arranged for his appearance. Next he went on This Is Show Business and was such a success that he was asked back six more times that season. The Kitty Davis Club in Miami Beach booked him twice and he played the Capitol Theatre on Broadway in New York. By this time no one worried about his jeopardizing the pension he would one day get as a teacher.

No more dismal days for me...I use

New Formula CHI-CHES-TERS

You'll find it's great to feel so good every day when you use "New Formula" CHI-CHES-TERS. When the symptoms of menstrual distress threaten to make you a stay-at-home, take these fast-acting pills for prompt, effective relief.

Clinical Tests Give Proof

8 out of 10 women tested in clinical surveys got that wonderful relief after taking "New Formula" CHI-CHES-TERS. Get your tape-sealed package at your drug store today so you'll have it on hand when you need it.

FREE — Mailled in plain wrapper. Write to Chichester Chemical Co., Dept. 344, Phila. 40, Pa.
Having a child of school age would be enough to keep up Sam's interest in teaching methods, even if he didn't still love teaching for its own sake. He has different ideas about it now, however. "As long as you're in the school system," he says, "you accept the curriculum. When you get out of teaching you begin to see all the things the child needs to know and realize how much time is wasted on subjects unrelated to the child's life. Educators are apt to fight certain things instead of helping children to evaluate them properly—things like the movies, comic books, and television. If I were teaching now, I would work television into the curriculum. I might ask the children to write criticisms of some of the shows, like the Bette show or a dramatic sketch, instead of forcing them to read and report on a book they don't care about. That wouldn't mean dropping books, by any means. I would lead them from the comic books they read in such quantities to the great mystery and adventure stories that fill the libraries, and let them judge themselves."

The kids who appear on Sam's program are not actors or actresses, but ordinary children with bona fide problems which Sam can talk about in relation to his own childhood. When a letter comes in with a problem that seems universal enough to interest an audience, a problem that hasn't before been discussed on the show, Sam asks the parent to bring the child for an interview. If children aren't afraid to talk up in Sam's offices they are usually not afraid on the show it's the parents who get self-conscious before the cameras.

By the time you read this, something new may be added to the show. Sam has had so many letters from grown-ups who tell about their problems and irritations that he may ask some of these adults to come on the show and recite their minor woes. If he does, I know he will always have some apt parallel from the lives of Papa and Mama, to whom everything happened, including eight children—seven of them boys!
STEVE ALLEN, HIMSELF

(Continued from page 54) To go on with this pattern of luck, Steve says, “I had been in New York only a couple of weeks last winter when, on January 8, I got a real break. I can’t remember when Arthur Godfrey has a program, maybe never, but this one day his plane was delayed after leaving Miami. I was asked to take over his ‘Talent Scouts’ show that night, half an hour after my own show would be off the air.

“I thought I ought to try the Godfrey program with an informal explanation of my presence, which I must admit got pretty involved, and I further distinguished myself by turning the commercials into an even greater shambles of tea and noodle soup than I had intended, but the audience and the critics were kind and it added up to another lucky circumstance for Stephen Valentine Allen.”

IN CASE you missed the “informal explanation” Steve refers to above, it was typically Allenesque and went like this: “This is Arthur Godfrey,” he announced. “Well, not really Godfrey. I just said that to scare my wife. Actually, I’m not replacing Godfrey at all. I’m replacing Robert Q. Lewis who usually replaces Arthur Godfrey.” His soup commercial started mildly enough with “It has that home-cooked flavor, because well—you cook it at home,” but when he began to pour the noodle soup into Godfrey’s teapot and the whole mixture into Godfrey’s unkempt and uncombed completely and the laughs exploded all along the CBS-TV net.

Now that you’ve heard Steve’s own explanation of his success, that business about luck, you may be ready to admit there’s something to it. But there’s more. It starts with a six-foot-three-inch, one hundred-ninety-pound fellow with a deadpan expression heightened by owlish eye-glasses, who makes unexpected and ridiculously funny comments and aside, delivered with perfect timing. He has a generally amiable and casual air that makes the watcher think nothing much is going to happen and that much more delighted when it does!

On paper it may not sound very funny to know that he opened a recent program with “Welcome to a new show called What Else Is On?” but to his audience that’s a perfect Allen opener and they love the way he throws the line away. “We’ve got the ladies of the Wandering Stitch Club of New Jersey here in the studio today,” he announces solemnly, and the Sewing Circle girls who have come en masse from across the Hudson are thrown into stitches by the introduction.

In spite of the fact that he’s a serious young man of thirty and shy and quiet except when he’s working, Steve’s showmanship seems a natural expression for a fellow who spent the first few years of his life on the vaudeville circuits. His parents, Billy Allen and Belle Montrose, did an act in which father was the singer and straight man and mother the comedienne. He still talks about his mother’s “great off-the-
"It was kind of by accident," he tells you, "that I became a comedian—if I ever did. I had written a humor column for the college paper, which didn't mean too much, I suppose, but when I was working as an announcer with Wendell Noble I began to listen to a lot of shows and you know you get to thinking, 'I could do better than that myself.' Well, I got to feeling that way and one day Mutual asked Wendell and me to put together a fifteen-minute show. A cosmetic company bought it and dropped us after six months."

Steve's ad libbing started on a CBS disc jockey show. Whenever he ran short of material he would fill in with impromptu talk, adding more and more on the spur of the moment until after a while he wasn't preparing a thing ahead. It was during this period that he developed his gift for audience interviews. "I tried to probe people's minds and bring out something ridiculous in our conversation. They were wonderful at figuring out what I was getting at. Even the smart-alecks can be a big help, and women are usually more fun than men to interview."

Steve's first television program, on the West Coast, was called Country Store "because it had absolutely nothing to do with a country store except that I wore a white apron and the sponsor sold food products." It was an audience-participation show and all Steve had to do was get the guests on and say something like, "Let's put blindfolds on the Rileys and see how many cherry pies they can eat in a minute and a half."

He did a radio show for a while, called Earn Your Vacation, in which the participants were school teachers, and last summer he was the weather replacement for Eve Arden's Our Miss Brooks. But his midnight show on the Pacific network of CBS probably gave him his greatest scope. That's the one that had the crowds lined up waiting to get in. He'd read his mail, improvise on the piano, clown with unknowns and "name" guests who dropped in to see him work, treating both kinds with the same lack of deference and quickness of quip. Because he had originally been billed as a disc jockey he played just one record every night, to make good on the billing.

When he left Hollywood last December after six years on radio, he was touched by the crowds who showed up to wish him well on his final broadcast. "It was like being present at my own funeral, they said such nice things about me."
IT ALL ADDS UP TO HAPINESS

(Continued from page 31) established in New York radio and Godfrey came to conquer the biggest city of them all. "Arthur tells everyone I introduced him around to the people in New York who weren't aware of his success in Washington, but actually he always did far more to help me than I could do for him. All I did was tell a few indifferent headwaiters that they would be jumping through hoops before long to wait on Arthur. Little things like that which didn't add up to much, but that he never forgot. He never forgets anything, except the ones he does.

"The best thing of all Arthur did for me was a little more than a year ago, in June, 1950, after I gave up a business career for the third time and for the third time decided to come back to show business. I had been in radio since 1926, which was the year I became the first soloist on the Ever-Ready Hour, and I had wound up my last radio program, The Frank Parker Show, in 1942.

"In May, 1950, I had come up from Florida, where I had lost my shirt in my latest business venture, a night-club partnership. I needed a job. Friends in radio and TV were interested and kind, but cautious. 'We don't know just how high or low you would get across on television,' several said. 'We don't know how you will sound on radio any more,' some of the others worried.

"'I walked into Arthur's office one afternoon. 'I need a job,' I told him. 'I still have the natural singing voice that God blessed me with from the beginning.'

"'You're on television next Wednesday,' Arthur answered.

"'That's how I made my television debut, on Arthur Godfrey and His Friends. Each week Arthur told me to report for the next rehearsal. I'm still reporting. Last July he let me take over the Wednesday night show during his eight-week vacation, the kind of break only a guy like Godfrey would hand me.

"'I find that there are still people who are trying to analyze Arthur and his success, but what they all seem to overlook is the hugginess of the man.'

Frank, in his late forties, is a slim five foot eight inches with dark hair and gray-brown eyes. Few people guess he is of Italian descent, many think of him as an Irish tenor. He plays golf now rather than the polo he used to love, lives in a typical bachelor's apartment, attractively furnished and liveable, in a garden court in the heart of midtown Manhattan.

At fifteen he joined the 104th Field Artillery with another boy of his age by the device of getting a man in their neighborhood to pose as their father and sign papers falsifying their ages and giving them permission to enlist. Their worried parents traced them to Fort Bragg, where Frank was for once getting enough chance to ride the horses he always wanted to have, and when the Army got the facts they sent the kids home fast. Frank left high school a second time to join a show as a dancer, although his knowledge of the subject was sketchy in the extreme.

For six months he was a Broadway hoofer. "Not a good one, either. I had two left feet," he says. One night when he was in the Greenwich Village Follies one of the singing juveniles didn't come in. Frank got the chance to sing one of his songs. After that the producer promised him a song in the next Follies. He realized he had better be ready, so he started lessons with Miss Lazzeri, a contralto who had sung with Caruso at the Metropolitan. Later, when Frank visited a sister who was then living in Genoa, Italy, he decided to study in Milan for a while. He stuck to opera only to please his teacher, but it was an operatic role that led to his meeting with Godfrey.

No one in his family had sung professionally. "My father knew two tunes," he explains. "One was 'Yankee Doodle' and the other wasn't." The family loved music, however, and they had the first pianola and the first Victrola in their neighborhood and people came from up and down the street to marvel. "I was the only ham of our family," he says. "Every time I left show business to go into some other work I used to watch other performers and want to be right up there with them."

Three times Frank left radio because he thought it was time to give up singing and go into some business. First he tried a transcription business, then he bought race horses, once owning as many as twelve at one time. He was part owner of a night club at Hollywood, Florida. But he didn't know enough about business and began to realize he belonged in the work he understood and loved. "I'd play a night club or theatre date occasionally to make a few extra bucks but it was just as much to keep me from being too homesick for the world I knew."

"I began to realize too that a voice relaxes if it's not used. Each time I went back to singing I had to tighten up my voice. I still feel that a singer can find out more about his own voice by using it than any other teacher can tell him, because his 'third ear' listens and reports to him. The teacher's most important function is to watch for physical faults and to keep the pupil from covering up one fault by developing another."

In between his own radio successes and these business adventures, Frank found time to give several youngsters their musical coaching, and to make a couple of movie pictures. He served as a Chief Petty Officer in the Merchant Marine, having volunteered for patrol duty because he owned a forty-eight-foot boat he felt might be useful, but when they heard he was a singer he ended up in entertainment. His first job when he got out of service was to play a naval officer in the stage show 'Follow the Girls.'

"All the same it was a night-club experience that didn't seem very important while I was getting it is paying off on TV today," Frank says. "I had worked so long with seasoned actors that I learned how to move about a stage easily and how to make entrances and exits. That made me at home in television."

"Being on television is wonderful in many ways for me. In six months I was right back in the picture. Total strangers came up to me and said they remembered me on radio. I had to settle bets that I was the same Frank Parker who had played the fresh guy on the Benny show. That I was the Parker who had worked with Hope and Jessiaca Dragonette. It has been really great. Of course, the payoff came when a little old man walked up to me one night and said, 'Tell me, son, is your father still singing?' At least I was glad he remembered!"

Orchestra leader Archie Bleyer assures everyone that this is the original Frank Parker, and who does the singing. "Frank is one of our best natural performers," Archie always says, "and what makes him even more outstanding is his poise. His comeback through Arthur is a wonderful human-interest story."

Marion Marlowe, the beautiful and velvety-voiced young singer who joined the Little Godfreys last winter says that "Seldom does one find a person as talented as Frank who is as helpful and kind to others—except Arthur himself, of course. Frank and I may be Parker and Marlowe to you, but to each other we'll always be just 'Sam and Max'—our nicknames, who love to sing together. And I hope we'll be Little Godfreys until we're ninety."

In addition to their Wednesday night show with Arthur, these two Little Godfreys are going to be on the televised every-morning program when it makes its debut on the home screens. All of which adds up to happiness for a fellow who has found that there's no business like show business and no friend like Arthur Godfrey.

"Her Problem Was Mine"

is what so many people say when they hear the true-to-life problems of real people on radio's "My True Story." Not fiction. "My True Story" is taken right from the files of True Story Magazine. It presents in dramatic form the problems of people who could be your neighbors, or that family down the block. You'll find the answers to many of your own problems here, too... problems of love, hope, fear, jealousy and many others.

TUNE IN
"MY TRUE STORY"
AMERICAN BROADCASTING STATIONS
Which girl has the natural curl... and
which girl has the Toni?

Gentle Toni with Permafix guarantees a wave you
can't tell from naturally curly hair

Look closely! Compare the deep, soft, rippling waves and the
natural-looking curls. Which is which? You just can't tell!
No—you can't tell a Toni from naturally curly hair. That's
because Toni has the gentlest waving lotion known... plus
a new wonder neutralizer, Permafix, that actually conditions
your wave to the silky, natural softness you've always wanted.

More women use Toni
than all other home permanents combined
Discover why millions of women prefer gentle Toni to
any other permanent. Have a Toni with Permafix today, and
tonight have a wave so naturally lovely, people ask you if
you have naturally curly hair! And month after month your
Toni will take no more care than naturally curly hair.
Remember Toni alone, of all home permanents, guar-
antees a wave you can't tell from naturally curly hair—or
your money back. Skye Patrick, on the right, has the Toni.
Fabulous Solitair
gives you faultless beauty close up!

Every complexion can look fresh and lovely from afar—but viewed close up, too often all charm is gone. For in close-ups, skin faults become prominent—imperfections that make-up has failed to hide, or properly soften, are suddenly obvious . . . Thousands of women know Solitair as the one make-up that stands the test of closest inspection. Solitair conceals so cleverly that every little complexion blemish becomes your secret! Your skin seems to come alive with youthful freshness—uniformly flawless, yet completely natural—even in close-ups. Try Solitair once—your mirror will instantly show you the wonderful difference!

Contains Lanolin

Skin-safe Solitair protects against dryness. Solitair is the only clinically tested make-up which leading skin specialists confirm will not clog pores.

Solitair cake make-up

Lipstick, too!—Goes on smoother, stays on lips longer with a glistening brilliance that resists smearing and transfer. Six inspired shades of red—1.00
Beautiful Hair

BRECK

THERE ARE THREE BRECK SHAMPOOS FOR THREE DIFFERENT HAIR CONDITIONS

Each of the three Breck Shampoos is made for a different hair condition. One Breck Shampoo is for dry hair. Another Breck Shampoo is for oily hair. A third Breck Shampoo is for normal hair. When you buy a shampoo, ask for the correct Breck Shampoo for your hair. A Breck Shampoo will leave your hair clean, fragrant and lustrous.

The Three Breck Shampoos are available at Beauty Shops and wherever cosmetics are sold.
You naturally want her to grow up to be attractive and sought-after, you hope she will meet nice boys and marry one of them. Of course you do.

When she's a little older you will encourage her to guard her charm and daintiness . . . you will, of course, see to it that, above all, her breath is sweet and wholesome. For, without such appealing freshness, her other good points may count for little.

Her best friend in this matter is Listerine Antiseptic. It has been a family standby for more than sixty years. Literally millions rely on it as the extra-careful precaution against halitosis (unpleasant breath). A night-and-morning "must" against offending and especially before any date.

You see, Listerine Antiseptic instantly freshens and sweetens the breath . . . and keeps it that way . . . not for mere minutes . . . but for hours, usually.

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

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.

Gargle
LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC
TO KEEP THAT BREATHLESS CHARM

See and Hear THE SAMMY KAYE SHOW  ★  "So You Want to Lead a Band"  ★  CBS TELEVISION NETWORK
Contents

Doris McFerran, Editor; Jack Zasorin, Art Director; Matt Basile, Art Editor; Marie Haller, Assistant Editor; Frances Kish, Television Assistant; Dorothy Brand, Editorial Assistant; Esther Foley, Home Service Director; Helen Cambria Bolsard, Chicago Editor; Lyle Rooks, Hollywood Editor; Frances Morrill, Hollywood Assistant Editor; Hyemie Fink, Staff Photographer; Betty Jo Rice, Assistant Photographer

Fred R. Summis, Editor-in-Chief

People on the Air

SPECIAL SECTION

56 You'll Miss A Lot If You Miss...

64 Hard-Working Dreamer

66 How To Help Your Husband Get Ahead... by Theodore Granik

68 Treasury Men In Action

90 RTVM Reader Bonus: Signpost To A Dream

4 For Better Living

14 Busy But Beautiful... by Harriet Segman

26 Poetry

62 Daytime Fashions For You

2 Information Booth

18 Who's Who In TV

20 Who's Who In TV

73 Program Highlights in Television Viewing

86 Daytime Diary

On the Cover: Red Skelton (pp. 58), Maggie McNellis (pp. 57), Bob Hope (pp. 46), Julie Stevens (pp. 58), Bud Collyer (pp. 57), Alice Faye (pp. 38)


MANUSCRIPTS, DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage and should not exceed four pages of typewritten material, but publisher cannot be responsible for loss or injury. FQUEUE copies handled through Meredith Publications International Corp., 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Printed on acid-free paper. Copyright, 1951, by Meredith Publications, Inc., New York, N. Y. Copyright, 1951, by Meredith Publications, Inc., New York, N. Y. All rights reserved under Pan-American Copyright Convention. Postage directly reimbursed against Pan-American Copyright registration paid by Meredith Publications, Inc., New York, N. Y. Member of The TRUE STORY Women's Group.
"Baby Blue Eyes"
MIRACLE SKIN DOLL

with Unbreakable Plastic Head

SHE SLEEPS!
SHE CRIES!
SHE SITS UP!

Included!
VANITY SET, CURLERS and Hair Style Booklet

Brush, comb, mirror and curlers that will give hours of fascinating, creative and instructive play to any lucky little girl.

Look at These Features:
"Baby Blue Eyes" is 19 inches tall, the size of a real baby. She has rosy cheeks, cute Cupid's bow mouth and real eyelashes over big beautiful blue eyes. Arms, legs and head are movable so she can sit up and assume life-like poses...and even call her mommy.

SARAN MAGIC HAIR. Her soft shimmering hair is miracle Saran—made to shampoo, curl, braid and comb into any style. Lifelike color doesn't wash out.

SHE SLEEPS. Her lovely eyes close when she lies down. Her plump angelic face and "real-life" looking Saran hair will thrill any little girl.

SHE CRIES. Bend her and she cries just like a real baby who wants her mommy.

SOFT SKIN FEELS REAL! Miracle Skin latex is soft to touch and easy to clean—just wipe with a damp cloth.

UNBREAKABLE PLASTIC HEAD. "Baby Blue Eyes" head is plastic so it won't break. Same type of head used on dolls costing $25.00 and more.

CUSTOM WARDROBE. "Baby Blue Eyes" is all dressed up in a lace-trimmed flared ninon or organdy dress, rubber panties, white socks and booties.

AMAZINGLY LIFE-LIKE! So perfectly molded that her hands and feet are life-like. Arms and legs are enchantingly dimpled.

She's like a REAL baby—She's a REAL bargain!

© 1951 NIRESK • 1474 W. HUBBARD STREET, CHICAGO 22, ILLINOIS
The Missing Mugs

Dear Editor:

Could you please tell me if Mugs is still with Arthur Godfrey? She has been with him so long that I couldn't imagine his firing her or her quitting.

G. K., Eureka, Kansas

Mugs Richardson did such an excellent job on the Godfrey show that she was offered a chance to do her own show. The offer, however, came from station WTOP in Washington, D. C., and since the Arthur Godfrey Show comes from New York, Mugs can no longer be with them.

Buddy Clark

Dear Editor:

This October marked two years since Buddy Clark passed away and I have watched for his photo for over a year. I hope one hasn't been printed to date. Please let me know when you can print one and I will be deeply grateful.

Miss J. O'L., Prichard, Ala.

We are most happy to print a picture of a great singer—Buddy Clark. The shocking news of his death in a plane crash came in early October, 1949.

The Voice

Dear Editor:

Would you please print a picture of the actor, Ralph Bell, who plays Spencer on Nora Drake, and give us a little information about him. My husband and I both enjoy his voice immensely. . . . It just does something to us!

Mr. and Mrs. G. R. N., Cedar Rapids, Iowa

Here's a picture of the man with the Voice. Ralph Bell was a drama instructor at the University of Michigan when he decided to try his luck at acting. After four months in New York, he landed a job in "What A Life," later appearing in several other Broadway shows, among them, "Native Son." His radio career began in 1939, and he is now doing TV work as well. Ralph and his actress-wife, Pert Kelton, who is well-known to both movie and radio fans, have two sons.

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 attach this box to your letter along with a stamped, self-addressed envelope, and specify whether your question concerns radio or TV.
"True wizardry!" exclaims Fath about White Magic. "It works magic for your figure and my fashions—just see!"

"Slim curves ahead!" predicts Fath. "That's why you need the Playtex Fab-Lined Girdle—to give you a graceful, slender line!"

Jacques Fath admires a new dress from the collection he designed for Joseph Halpert. "The apron gives it drama, the lines are figure-revealing. No wonder I recommend only Playtex!"

"More Fabulous than ever in White Magic" says JACQUES FATH, brilliant Paris designer, about the Newest Playtex FAB-LINED Girdle

The first new kind of girdle in 11 years is newer than ever in White Magic. With all the Playtex figure-slimming power and freedom, it has cloud-soft fabric next to your skin. Without a seam, stitch or bone, it's invisible under slenderest clothes. In Slim shiny tubes, at department stores and specialty shops, White Magic, $5.95 and $6.95. (Other Playtex Girdles in Pink, Blue and White from $3.95.) Slightly higher in Canada and foreign countries.

ON TV...

Playtex presents ARLENE FRANCIS in "Fashion Magic." Top entertainment. CBS-TV Nationwide Network. See local papers for time and channel.
Air-Minded All-American

Dick Rifenburg, who was All-American when he played football for Michigan, now passes his words over the air as he broadcasts WBEN sports.

Dick Rifenburg, whose passing-catching talents while playing end for Michigan used to thrill thousands of football fans, is still as air-minded as ever. All of which is another way of saying that Rifenburg, Michigan All-American, is a member of the sports announcers' staff at WBEN in Buffalo, where he conducts two daily sportscasts and also makes an occasional appearance on wrestling and other sports telecasts on WBEN-TV.

Rifenburg recently came to WBEN from WJR in Detroit where he handled general announcing assignments and also assisted their two nationally-noted sportscasters, Harry Wismer and Van Patrick.

Dick was a four-letter gridder at Michigan, starring on the Wolverines' unbeaten Western Conference title teams in 1947 and 1948 and also playing a big role in his team's rousing Rose Bowl victory in his All-American year. The next two seasons found him playing pro football with the Detroit Lions.

Towering well over six feet, the twenty-six-year-old sportscaster weighs two hundred pounds and may well be called the "most athletic-looking sportscaster in the business."

During World War II, Rifenburg served several months with the Navy in Guam. He is married to the former Ruth Arlene Martini of Dearborn, Michigan.
Only Lilt's Superior Ingredients give such a Superior Wave! You can use the Lilt Refill with any plastic curlers and, for only $1.25*, get a wave far more like Naturally Curly Hair! Guaranteed by Procter & Gamble!

A Lilt wave looks lovelier, feels softer, is easier to manage than any other home wave! Only Lilt's superior ingredients give such a superior wave!

No Other Home Permanent Wave looks...feels...behaves so much like the loveliest Naturally Curly Hair!

Never before such a gentle, yet effective Waving Lotion!
Never before a wave so easy to manage!
Never before such a natural-looking wave that would last and last!
Never before such assurance of no kinky, frizzy look!

Home Permanent
Procter & Gamble's Cream-Oil Cold Wave

Money-back Guarantee: Both the Lilt Refill and Complete Kit are guaranteed by Procter & Gamble to give you the loveliest, softest, easiest-to-manage Home Permanent wave you've ever had—or your money back!
No big names, no elaborate productions—just

Brewster Morgan, Fireside Theater program director, explains his plans for the filming of "A Close Shave" to some of the members of the cast.

The cast gets its script ten days ahead of shooting. After a first, informal reading, when the script takes on life, the rewriting sessions begin.

After a bare minimum of rehearsals, the production starts. Here, Ginni Jackson, heroine of "A Close Shave," has her hair combed, country style.

An off-stage meeting of sponsor and star. Fireside picks its stars for their ability to work rapidly and under pressure rather than for names.

Between "takes," Ginni gathers some technical information from the sound engineer. The cast works straight through three days of film shooting.

Producer-director Frank Wisbar gives some expert advice. Wisbar started his career in movies, switched to TV. Last year he joined Fireside.

Fireside theater
good entertainment makes Fireside a family favorite

During the shooting, hero James Anderson prepares to meet his fate with "A Close Shave" at the hands of that feuding hillbilly, Tom Powers.

Tom and Ginni pause for coffee between scenes and to discuss the show. Everybody, from sponsor to script girl, helped contribute ideas.

Because the film is produced in so short a time, all repairs must be done right on the set. Ginni’s skirt is ironed as she studies her script.

It’s a fight to the finish in real mountain style. Fireside varies its scripts each week so that its shows will appeal to the entire family.

After the big fight, a quick combing job so that our heroine will not look too disheveled when the time comes for the final clinch with the hero.

Over-all shot of the Fireside set. Because of budget requirements, sets are planned so that they can be used again with as few changes as possible.

"If a play is good, we’ll use it," could very well be the motto of Fireside Theater—a motto which has given the show one of the top TV ratings. Their stories range anywhere from light comedy to suspense and they are not afraid of a play with a sad ending. But an equally important reason for the show’s success is the attitude of its director, Frank Wisbar. Wisbar looks on the organization as a workshop and everybody, from the highest executive to the lowliest secretary actually contributes ideas and suggestions which are often incorporated into production.

Fireside Theater is seen Tuesday, 9:00 P.M. EST, NBC-TV, sponsored by P&G for Crisco, Ivory, Duz.

25 th anniversary
Special NBC Silver Jubilee Feature

This fall NBC celebrates its Silver Jubilee. See how you rate on these popular NBC shows. Score 1 for each right answer. 13 or higher is excellent; 10 is good; 7 is average; 5 means you've missed a lot of fun!

For 25 years NBC has been the leader in broadcasting. It introduced the first transcontinental pick-up. It introduced to radio its first big fight — the Dempsey-Tunney classic... It brought the magnificence of great music, the inspiring lift of fine drama, the tonic of laughter, into the American living-room... It brought America approximately a billion dollars worth of entertainment, free...

ANSWERS:

1 (d) Millionaire
2 (d) dahling
3 (d) opera & concert
4 (d) Gildersleeve
5 (c) interviews
6 (d) college president
7 (b) The Big Story
8 (d) an announcer
9 (c) full closets
10 (d) The Railroad Hour
11 (a) original dramas
12 (a) Thursday
13 (b) his cigar
14 (a) Theatre Guild on the Air
15 (b) Cities Service
16 (d) Alice Faye
17 (c) fight crime
18 (b) Jack Zaller
19 (a) Private Eye
20 (a) Cleveland

TUNE IN
It made the news rumbling out of Europe and the Pacific not something in another country but something in the next room ... And it helped bring our government closer to its people than ever been possible before in all history.

NBC invented network radio. NBC has contributed more to the development of entertainment in the home than any other organization in the world. It's only natural that NBC has the finest shows and the greatest stars.

A quarter century ago, we pledged to give America the best broadcasting in the United States. And that pledge still holds for the quarter century ahead.

FOR THE GREATEST SHOWS IN A QUARTER CENTURY

It's the Silver Jubilee on NBC

BROADCASTING COMPANY • A SERVICE OF THE RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA
A Story by Panhandle Pete
Whenever Miss Jennifer wants to hear a story, I am always willing to oblige. Before I begin though, take a look at the picture up above, so’s you’ll know who I’m talking about. Over

Zoo Parade Quiz
By R. Marlin Perkins
Hello, there! Here’s a little quiz game that should be fun—if you can tell Jim Hurlbut and me from the apes we’re holding over there on the other page. Let’s start with them: both live largely on fruit, wandering through the
on the left there’s Miss Jennifer and me. Then comes Li’l Wigwam, the Indian boy, and his dog, Sitting Pup, who always look for adventure and usually find trouble. Then Rapid Jack Rabbit, the drummer who can sell anything to anyone. Samson and Hercules, the mice. Pancho Chihuahua, the Mexican hairless dog. The two-gunned varmint behind the six-shooters is the Coyote Kid, and to his rear is ’Taint Right, a magician and a swindler.

(Continued on page 25)

jungle in the daytime and sleeping high in the trees—where they sometimes build tree-nests—at night. Both species in this picture are very intelligent. The one Jim is holding, on the left, has a Malayan name meaning “man of the woods,” for he’s a big, man-like ape, four to five feet high, found in Sumatra and Borneo. The ape hugging me is usually smaller, has large ears, a flatter head, and is just as playful as the other, has been tamed for exhibit in circuses and zoos for years. Can you tell me the name of (1) Jim’s ape? (2) My ape? Now look at picture (A):

This one’s easy, for he’s the horse in striped pajamas or the one behind prison bars. He’s found wild in Africa, and though he’s horse-like, he’s hard to tame. He’s smaller than our horse—only four feet or so to the shoulder. What’s his name? Now, picture (B): In the Philippines, a species of this fellow’s family pulls plows and carts. Other domesticated members of his family are found in Asia. He’s distinguished by his black color and his horns, which are short and come together over his forehead. What’s his name? Now, picture (C): These two are as pretty and cunning as any animals in the zoo. They’re the smallest of the monkey family, about the size of a small kitten—make good pets in South America, but the climate here is too rugged for them except in zoos. What’s their name? Now, picture (D): This cute animal sometimes grows no larger than a Springer spaniel, but his tail’s very long. He’s a member of the kangaroo family, lives in Australia. What’s his name? Now, picture (E): Maybe this snooty-looking fellow is staring at us down his nose because he already (Continued on page 25)
Beautiful, Heavenly Lips For You
WITHOUT LIPSTICK

And These Newly Luscious Colors Can't Come Off On Anything

Bid "good-bye" to lipstick and see your lips more beautiful than ever before. See them decked in a clear, rich color of your choice—a color more alive than lipstick colors, because—no grease. Yes, this new Liquid Liptone contains no grease—no wax—no paste. Just pure, vibrant color. Truly, Liquid Liptone will bring to your lips color-beauty that's almost too attractive!

Makes the Sweetest Kiss
Because It Leaves No Mark on Him

Think of it! Not even a tiny bit of your Liquid Liptone leaves your lips for his—or for a napkin or tea-cup. It stays true to your lips alone and one make-up usually suffices for an entire day or evening.

Feels Marvelous on Your Lips...
... they stay delightfully soft and smooth.
PLEASE TRY SEVERAL SHADES AT MY INVITATION

You cannot possibly know how beautiful your lips will be, until you see them in Liquid Liptone. These exciting colors that contain no grease or paste give your lips a tempting charm they have never had before. Choose from the list of shades below. Check coupon. Mail it at once and I'll send you costume sizes of all shades you order. Each is at least a two weeks' supply. Expect to be thrilled. You WILL be!

Accepted for advertising in publications of the American Medical Association

Liquid Liptone

SEND COUPON for generous Trial Sizes

| PRINCESS PAT | Dept. 114-B | 2709 S. Wells St., Chicago 16, Ill. |

Send Costume Sizes of the shades I checked below. I enclose 25c for each one.

☐ Medium—Natural true red—very flattering.
☐ Gypsy—Vibrant deep red—relishing.
☐ Regal—Glamorous rich burgundy.
☐ Orchid—Exotic pink—romantic for evening.
☐ English Tint—Inviting coral-pink.
☐ Clear (colorless)—Use over lipstick, smearsproof.
☐ CHEEKTONE—"Magic" natural color for cheeks.
☐ 1 English Tint ☐ 2 Coral ☐ 3 Deep Cherry

R M
Miss Mrs.
Address
City State

Jinx Falkenberg—star of Tex and Jinx and New York Closeup—would rate high on anyone's list of beauty and charm, yet it's harder to find a gal with a tighter time schedule.
From football games to parties and theatre-going, fun and festivities are decidedly in the air for fall. Perhaps more than at any other time of year, you want to look your prettiest and most well-groomed—often on very short notice. We’re not suggesting that you be the gal with nothing on her mind but her glamour rating. But a little know-how can go farther, we think, than a lot of time.

As exhibit A, we point to Jinx Falkenberg. Her secret is a streamlined routine highlighted by her own special, cover girl brand of beauty tricks.

Before going out, she relaxes in a leisurely bath—a good half-hour soak. But no time-waster—she does her make-up right in the tub! Here’s how:

On a mirrored tray, stretched across the tub, she places everything she’ll need—face cream, eye-brow tweezers and make-up. First she tweezes her eyebrows, removing any stray hairs. Then she applies cream to her face, arms, back and chest leaving it on for about five minutes. After a brisk scrub, she’s ready to make up.

“I take plenty of time with my make-up, so that it will look as though I have none on at all,” she laughs. Under her eyes she applies a little foundation to hide any shadows. Next comes powder, which she pats on in four places: under her eyes and the shiny spots on either side of her nose.

With brown eyebrow pencil (the effect is softer than black) she extends her eyebrows and draws the finest possible line over her eyes, close to the lashes. To prevent blurring, she dips the pencil in cold water first. Her mascara is black, applied with a very dry brush. She goes over her upper lashes three times, the last time including the lower lashes very lightly.

Lipstick goes on with a brush, following the natural line of her mouth. To be sure that her teeth are gleaming white, she always brushes them before going out.

When wearing a sleeveless or low-necked gown, a favorite trick is to apply hand lotion all over her shoulders, arms and chest. She also puts a light dab on forehead and cheeks for that famous Falkenberg glow.

She keeps hair combing until completely dressed to save time. “For untidy hairs around the forehead, I rub a tiny bit of soap and water over the stragglers, pushing them back,” she says.

1. ANTI-SEPTIC (Protection from germs)
Norforms are now safer and surer than ever! A highly perfected new formula actually combats germs right in the vaginal tract. The exclusive new base melts at body temperature, forming a powerful, protective film that permits effective, long-lasting action. Will not harm delicate tissues.

2. DEODORANT (Protection from odor)
Norforms were tested in a hospital clinic and found to be more effective than anything it had ever used. Norforms are powerfully deodorant—they eliminate (rather than cover up) unpleasant or embarrassing odors, and yet have no “medicine” or “disinfectant” odor themselves.

3. CONVENIENT (So easy to use)
Norforms are small vaginal suppositories that are so easy and convenient to use. Just insert—no apparatus, no mixing or measuring. They’re greaseless and they keep in any climate. Your druggist has them in boxes of 12 and 24.

FREE informative Norforms booklet
Just mail this coupon to: Dept. RT-111
Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, N. Y.

Please send me the new Norforms booklet, in a plain envelope.

Name ________________________________
Street ________________________________
City __________________ Zone __ State __________

Now! Easier, surer protection for your marriage hygiene problem
This KDKA studio—
a makeshift shack on
a building roof—
housed radio's first
scheduled broadcast.

Several years later
broadcasting moved
indoors—and now the
studio was heavily
lined with drapes.

Three happy people
spend a sunny Sunday
afternoon during the
crystal set period
listening to KDKA.

KDKA is history

The National Broadcasting Compa-
ny's Silver Jubilee celebration on No-
ember 15 brings to mind another,
even earlier, November day when the
world's first scheduled broadcast was heard
over KDKA, Pittsburgh, pioneer radio sta-
tion. Presentation of this inaugural broad-
cast on November 2, 1920, came about as
the result of several strange and seemingly
unrelated circumstances.

It all began in 1915 with a Westinghouse
engineer, Dr. Frank Conrad. Westinghouse
had been experimenting with the vacuum
tube while working on government con-
tracts. To settle a five-dollar bet on the ac-
curacy of his twelve-dollar watch, Dr. Con-
ard built a small receiver to hear time
signals from the Naval Observatory at Ar-
lington, Virginia. Fascinated by his new
hobby, Dr. Conrad turned next to construc-
tion of a transmitter, licensed as 8XK.

By 1919, messages from 8XK were heard
in widely separated locations—messages
discussing the kind of equipment being
used and results obtained. Bored by this
routine, Dr. Conrad, on October 17, 1919,
placed his microphone before a phono-
graph and substituted music for the voice.
The music saved Dr. Conrad's voice, but
more—it delighted and amazed "ham"s
all over the country.

Dr. Conrad continued to broadcast music
on a two-a-week schedule and by late
summer of 1920, interest had become so
general that the Joseph Horne Co., a
Pittsburgh department store, ran an ad
in the Pittsburgh Sun offering "Amateur
Wireless Sets . . . for sale . . . $10.00 up."

To H. P. Davis, Westinghouse Vice Presi-
dent, who had been an ardent follower of
the Conrad ventures, the ad was an inspi-
ration. If this was a fair example of popular
reaction to Dr. Conrad's broadcasts, the
real radio industry lay in the manufacture
of home receivers, he reasoned, and in
supplying radio programs which would
make people want to own such receivers.
Mr. Davis set about winning other West-
inghouse officials to the same view, and
so persuasive were his arguments that a
station was authorized and election night
selected for the grand opening.

The broadcast originated in a tiny, make-
shift shack atop one of the Westinghouse
buildings in East Pittsburgh. There was
no studio. A single room accommodated
transmitting equipment, turntable for rec-
ords; and the first broadcast staff handled
telephone lines to the Pittsburgh Post
where arrangements had been made to
secure election returns by telephone.

Broadcasting began at 8 o'clock election
night and continued until noon of the fol-
lowing day, even though Cox, hours earlier,
had conceded the election to Senator
Harding. Throughout the night, while the
usual crowds stood in a driving rain before
outdoor bulletin boards to see returns, a
fortunate few, early-morning fans, equipped
with crystal sets and earphones, were
hearing the same returns in the comfort
of their homes. In addition, between re-
turns and occasional music, they heard this
request over and over again: "Will anyone
hear this broadcast communicate with
us, as we are anxious to know how far the
broadcast is reaching and how it is being
received." So KDKA was born.

Much of the early history of KDKA is
actually the early history of radio. Many
of its notable "firsts" are "firsts" of the
industry as well. And these KDKA "firsts"
have put the station in history books.
Loveliness with a Natural Look!

Cashmere Bouquet
Face Powder

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

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”!

Look your loveliest with Cashmere Bouquet

Only 29¢

Hand Lotion
Talcum Powder
All-Purpose Cream
Lipstick
Are you in the know?

Who's who in TV

It was a parental lark that sent Dorothy Collins on her way to becoming vocalist on Your Hit Parade. Born in Windsor, Ontario, her original ambition was to become a secretary. As a lark, her parents entered her name in a local amateur singing contest... where she won first prize. In 1942 she first met Raymond Scott, who featured her on his air show. In April, 1950, the sponsor of Your Hit Parade was looking for a new type of commercial. Scott recorded some of the present singing jingles, using Dorothy's voice anonymously. The sponsor liked both, and Dorothy first hit the Hit Parade as the "voice of the singing commercial." Later, she became a featured singer on the program.

Dorothy, who now makes her home in New York City, is a mere five feet two inches tall. Her hair is natural blonde, and she has hazel eyes. When there is time for sports, which is seldom, she likes to ride horseback.

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCY'S: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

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.)

When two boys ask you to dance, should you choose—

☐ The better looker  ☐ The lad who asked first  ☐ Via the coin-flipping method

Both stags ask to be your leading man—so what should a doe do? Choose the one who spoke up first. You can't lose by playing fair—and ten to one Dreamboy will re-pop the question. Next time your calendar says "Don't go," on date night—speak up; ask for Kotex. Because those flat pressed ends prevent revealing outlines, confidence is sure to follow. And you get extra protection with the special safety center and soft, special edges that resist moisture. (Kotex can be worn on either side, safely!)

When dining out, would a smart doll—

☐ Disregard prices  ☐ Wipe the silver  ☐ Swipe the silver

All wrong? You're right! When ordering, a smart doll considers her guy's wallet doesn't filch tableware "souvenirs." And she won't wipe off the silver; there's no need, and it's bad manners. As for "certain" needs, it's smart to have the right answer... so try the 3 absorbencies of Kotex (different sizes, for different days). See how right you'll be with Regular, Junior or Super!

What type is the best dating material?

☐ Fun-to-talk to  ☐ Big time spender  ☐ Lover boy

Just being a Good Time Charlie doesn't mean he's the best date mate. Snag a squire who's fun to talk to: has the same interests. Chatter you both enjoy keeps you at ease. You'll always find "those" days easy to get along with—once you let Kotex help you stay really comfortable. For Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it; gives downy softness that holds its shape.
You're the prettiest girl at the party!

Fiesta

new ultra-feminine look in make-up by woodbury

The newest, most appealing look yet... fresh, sweet... and deliberately pretty! All yours with Fiesta, a luscious cream-of-pink delight... the Woodbury Powder shade that gives your skin the delicate prettiness of a Romantic Beauty! And how men love it!

—and how you'll love that heavenly Woodbury Powder with the special foundation-cream ingredient! Fabulous satin smoothness with no "powdery look!" Plus longer cling... lingering fragrance. Woodbury holds its magic for hours and hours!

new woodbury liquid make-up natural looking color that smooths, tints and glorifies your skin. Makes any fashion color you choose becoming! Completely wonderful in itself! Or twice as lovely with perfectly matched Woodbury Powders. In “Fiesta” and 3 other glamorizing shades. 50¢ plus tax.
How I Changed 'My Personality With Mennen Baby Magic

Diaper rash had me howling,
Wailing and yowling,
My skin was so sore 'twas tragic!
Mummy said: don't you cry,
I know what we'll try,
That wonderful thing that's called Magic!
Now my skin feels divine,
So soft, smooth and fine,
I'm gay as a bird in a tree.
I'm fresh as the dawn.
Diaper problems? All gone!
Baby Magic worked magic for me!

the only skin care that checks diaper odor and diaper rash... in nursery-safe, unbreakable Squeeze Bottle

Reminder for mother: Don't forget, when you buy Baby Magic, to get a superfine powder, too. None is purer, softer, smoother than Mennen Baby Powder! Delectably scented. Helps soothe chafing, prickles, itchy, irritated skin. Amusing Built-in Rattle... Mother Goose pictures on sides—at no extra cost!

Who's who in TV

The right decisions at the right time, a sprinkling of luck, and plenty of hard work, have combined to make thirty-two-year-old Rex Marshall one of the most highly sought after personalities in TV today. His television histrionics have scaled him to the stratosphere of Tom Corbett, Space Cadet and back down to the “earth” of the Somerset Maugham Theatre... hitting many of your favorite programs midway.

Born in Jamestown, New York, Rex cut his professional eye teeth in the local radio station, eventually graduating to Boston and, finally, New York. The switch to TV came in 1948, when he covered the national political conventions for a local TV station. Producers agreed Marshall had stolen the show. Since then he has gone on to important assignments as narrator, newscaster and emcee. The possessor of a keen script memory, Rex has trouble with names. His hobbies are handball and skeet shooting.

Rex Marshall
For thirty years, WBZ people have seen history unroll before them. Their role was to interpret it to New England as they saw it made. WBZ’s coverage of the rescue of the men in the submarine U.S.S. Squalus was a milestone—the first time a successful submarine rescue was effected and covered by radio. Those who participated will never forget the sight of the diving bell breaking water, and the country will never forget the description of the Squalus men falling on their knees on the deck of the Falcon in prayer.

But from the beginning the WBZ saga has been punctuated with drama. One was the program for tornado victims in 1925; another, in 1929, was the broadcast to Commander Richard E. Byrd and his Antarctic Expeditions in Little America. Others were receptions for Charles A. Lindbergh, Amelia Earhart, and General Douglas MacArthur. Most recent was Chick Morris’ exciting coverage of the Maine forest fires.

“In the early days,” says Charles Vassal, WBZ audio supervisor, “Radio meant romance. Every broadcast completed successfully was a triumph; every program which went off as scheduled was a victory. Radio was catch-as-catch-can in its youth. The engineer was producer and director. Often he auditioned talent, too, a split second before the announcer presented the new personality.”

“The most dramatic event of my career?” muses a WBZ engineer. “I’d say the Ware, Massachusetts, disaster. We raced the mobile transmitter to Ware just before the town was cut off from communication by flood. By means of our short wave, the town was guided in the distribution and administration of medical supplies. WBZ played a big part in preventing wholesale epidemic that year.”

Malcolm McCormack, one of WBZ’s first announcers, now Farm Director of WBZ and WBZ-TV, states that public taste in programming does not change. “It goes in definite cycles. Oldtimers remember The A & P Gypsies, The Cliquot Club Eskimos, Ipana Troubadors—they aren’t so different from programs today.” McCormack believes that world conditions influence our radio and television fare. “When the world is troubled, notice how many programs have a soothing effect—how many fine music shows are presented. Or programs which are such a radical departure from our environment that they offer momentary escape. That’s the reason for the current trend toward science fiction.”

Fans of Malcolm McCormack remember that he originated the idea of a “Breakfast Club,” and fellow workers recall polishing off the spreads set up in the studio after guests chatted with the star and announcer. “The difference between today’s Home Forum and that of years ago? Lots!” says Mildred Carlson, Mrs. New England’s assistant housekeeper. “I’d say our approach to homemaking is entirely different. Our standards of perfection are the same but we’re all for shortcuts in achieving it. Ladies used to put soap through a meat grinder for soap flakes. No automatic washing machines either!”

WBZ has changed, just as the times have changed, but its guiding principle—accurate and honest coverage of world affairs—remains the same.
It's downright foolish to suffer in silence every month. Let Midol's 3-way action bring you complete relief from functional menstrual distress. Just take a Midol tablet with a glass of water...that's all. Midol relieves cramps, eases headache and chases the "blues". A free 24-page book, "What Women Want to Know", explains menstruation, (plain wrapper). Write Dept. B-111, Box 280, New York 18, N.Y.

At last TV fans have found someone they can blame for that rainy weekend.

"There goes the most unpopular man in television," said the man in the elevator, but he grinned when he said it. "Tell me, Tex, where's that warm front you promised yesterday?" a girl called out. "How come you didn't predict that storm last week?" the elevator man challenged.

The reason for the complaints was clear if you recognized the man at whom they were aimed, a sort of quiet, impish-looking young fellow with reddish hair, blue eyes, a small reddish mustache and a few freckles left over from spending the summer on a boat. He's Tex Antoine, better known across the TV channels as the creator of Uncle Wethbee. Five nights a week Tex dons a bright blue smock (a purely practical procedure to keep charcoal off his suit), and by maps, cartoons and conversation sums up the state of the weather, present and near future.

Tex wouldn't dare give out weather predictions himself, even with the backing of the U.S. Weather Bureau which he constantly checks to within a few minutes of air time. He makes Uncle Wethbee the fall guy. Uncle "W" being a nice little man carved out of plywood, with two big protruding ears, one outstretched to listen to weather complaints and the other con-
I made the big play at the Army game!

"Jim and I'd been dating since his Cadet days. So when he invited me back for a football weekend, I thought, 'Nancy, this is your chance'... We watched the game in a freezing rain. Even without gloves I didn't mind. I had my Jergens Lotion to soften my hands for the dance that night.

"When we went walking, the wind was icy. But I knew Jergens Lotion would smooth my chapped skin in a jiffy.

Jergens Lotion doesn’t just coat skin with a film of oil. It penetrates the upper layers with softening moisture...

"At the dance Jim kissed me and whispered, 'you’re such a softie—could you stand the life of an army wife?" Try Jergens Lotion—and see why more women use it than any other hand care. It’s still only 10¢ to $1, plus tax.
The boys from Boston

For the three or four hermits in the New York area who haven’t heard of the team, Bob Elliott and Ray Goulding are the disc jockeys whose unconventional sense of humor is gathering for them a rabid group of fans who like their morning chatter liberally spiced with satire. The stuffy, the overly pretentious, the self satisfied—all are prime targets for the humorous barbs aimed by Bob and Ray on WNBC, any weekday morning between 6:00 and 8:30 A.M.

Bob was born twenty-eight years ago in Boston and grew up in the nearby suburb of Winchester. After his graduation from high school, Bob went to New York to study at the Feagin School of Dramatic Art and at the same time work as an NBC page escorting guests to their seats. In July of 1941, Bob moved back to Boston to join the staff of station WHDH as an announcer.

His first assignment was to announce a women’s program presided over by a young lady called Jane Underwood. Jane became Mrs. Elliott in 1943. At this point Bob took a three-year leave of absence from the station to serve in the European Theatre of Operations with the Army’s 26th Infantry Division.

Ray Goulding came into the world twenty-nine years ago and was reared in Lowell, Massachusetts. Following his high school graduation, Ray became a radio announcer for the Lowell station. His next move took him to Boston and station WEEI, where he remained until joining the Army in November of 1942. Ray served as an instructor at the Officers Candidate School in Fort Knox, Kentucky, until his discharge in April of ’46, when he joined the staff of WHDH. Very much a family man, Ray is married to the former Elizabeth Leader and is the father of two children, Raymond, Jr., five; and Thomas, two. Another addition to the Goulding household is expected in October—and both Elizabeth and Ray are rooting for a girl.

The team of Bob and Ray was formed by accident and the grace of favorable audience reaction. Early in 1946, Ray was assigned to read the newscasts on Bob’s morning disc jockey show. They became friends and Ray would remain at the studio after the newscasts to indulge in some on-the-air pleasanties and gags with Bob. They proved to be a natural team and were given a daily two-and-a-half-hour morning program which they called Break Fast With Bob and Ray. It was on this show that they perfected their comedy routines, which brought them to New York and the NBC network.

Quiet and unassuming in private life, they delight in poking fun at themselves and each other. Bob has developed a talent for painting in water colors and oils and proudly admits to selling a few—but only to his relatives,” comments Ray. Bob takes exception to this remark and reminds his cohort that he once bought an ad in Esquire, offering the paintings for sale. “I almost made enough to pay for the ad,” boasts Bob, “I would have made more if I hadn’t included that double-your-money-back-if-not-satisfied guarantee.”

Ray takes a postman’s holiday for relaxation. He and his brother own a one kilowatt radio station in Lowell, which they opened in June of this year and run “in absentia.”

After a busy summer of commuting between their families in Boston and their programs in New York, both boys are hunting for homes nearer the WNBC studios.

In the way of sports, both Bob and Ray like to ski and ice skate. Although skiing weekends will be well-nigh impossible with their new schedule, they plan to spend some of their off-the-air hours at the Rockefeller Center skating rink.

Both enjoy golf and are extremely modest about their abilities. When asked which was the best golfer, both answered without hesitation, “I am.” Looks as though WNBC might have another Crosby-Hope feud with Bob and Ray.
Zoo Parade
(Continued from page 13)

sees himself in a fashion show! His hair is very valuable, and in Peru and Bolivia, the Indians weave his fleece into cloth. He belongs to the camel family although he has no hump on his back and he's smaller. If cornered, he protects himself by spitting saliva from his mouth. What's his name? Now, picture (F): this big fellow looks like an ox with a skirt. He's a wild ox from Tibet. In spite of the fact that he's seldom tamed, his disposition seems gentle, although if you force him to fight he knows how to use those powerful horns. He prefers high, cold country. What's his name? (Answers below. Zoo Parade may be seen on NBC-TV, Sun., 4:30 P.M. EST.)

Zoo Parade Quiz Answers:

1. (A) Noah (B) the Ark (C) the Flood (D) the Great White Horse (E) Noah's Ark. The order and paragraph are: (A) The Ark, (B) the Flood, (C) Noah's Ark, (D) the Great White Horse. (E) Noah. My age is one-teen. (2) Where is Moscow? (F) In Russia. (3) What is a sombrero? (G) A Mexican hat. (4) What do you call a baby Giraffe? (H) T. (5) What's up with Miss Chihuahua? (I) She is this way. (6) Would you rather have a sombrero or a hat? (J) A sombrero.
Maturity is not measured in years alone. It varies by countries and by climates and it varies still more among individuals... But one thing is certain - it's an important milestone in any girl's life. It deserves serious thought, especially with regard to the method adopted for sanitary protection at the monthly intervals.

For this purpose, dear Young Lady, consider the claims of Tampax. It represents the modern, youthful way of doing things as opposed to the traditional. It's very popular in leading women's colleges. It's scientific, too - doctor-invented, a favorite among nurses. Made of pure surgical cotton, Tampax absorbs internally, and it's so tiny it can be inserted quickly by dainty disposable applicator. Wearer cannot feel it.


P O E T R Y

AND OF HIS BEING

A child's delight
Is a wondrous thing...
Elusive as
A wind-stroked wing,
As singing as
The silver words
That tell of flowers,
And trees, and birds;
As fragile as
A daffodil;
As sturdy as
The tallest hill—
And of his being
As much a part
As eyes, and mind,
And hands, and heart.
—Addie M. Hedrick

SWANS IN FLIGHT

Straight from the moon
four swans came a-winging;
the singing
of pinions in sibilant flight
stringing
the night
with a shuddering skein
of shrill desolation;
of pain
interlaced
with elation.

Straight from the waste
of the moon
they came questing,
stretched necks strained to the stars,
pale pinions unresting.

Over the chasms of earth
where sadness lies sleeping
hiding its morrow,
the music of wing-tips
suddenly weeping,
burst from the night
in a cresendo of sorrow.
—Betty Toles

THE WISHES

When once I saved a fairy queen from death
She gave three wishes. My heart thrilled with joy.
"A lovely face," I said and caught my breath,
"And pale gold hair. You see, there is a boy . . ."
And such a voice as only you possess.
I wondered that I did not see her smile
To make me happy. But I wonder less
Now I have had the gifts a little while.

There is no lack of suitors, it is true.
But I am like Penelope, and wait
The one who does not come. He never know
That when he walked with someone past my gate
I hummed a little tune and turned my back
In order not to see her hair was black.
—Corolyn Garner

RADIO-TV MIRROR WILL PAY $5.00 FOR JANUARY POETRY

A maximum of ten original poems will be purchased. Limit your poems to sixteen lines. No poetry will be returned, nor will the editors enter into correspondence concerning it. Poetry for the January issue must be submitted between September 10 and October 10, 1951, and accompanied by this notice. If you have not been notified of purchase by November 10, you may feel free to submit it to other publications. Poetry for this issue should be addressed to: January Poetry, Radio-TV Mirror, 205 E. 42 Street, N. Y. 17, N. Y.
How much faith should a woman have in her husband?

Rosemary is on CBS, Monday-Friday at 11:45 A.M. EST. Spon- sor is P&G for Ivory Snow, Prell.

In August Radio-TV Mirror read-listeners were told Rosemary’s story, and asked for their opinions on her problem. The editors of Radio-TV Mirror have chosen the best letters and checks have been sent to the following:

TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS to:
Mrs. Ann P. Dickinson
Buena Vista, Georgia

FIVE DOLLARS each has been sent to:
Lucile Bernard
Skokie, Illinois
Mrs. Albert Shipko
Detroit, Mich.
Mrs. Lena M. Johnson
Baltimore, Md.
Mrs. V. L. Burns
Oakland, Calif.
Mrs. James William Torriere
Lockport, N. Y.

MOVING?

For prompt change of address, please notify us six weeks beforehand; otherwise, some issues may miss you. Also, some back copies may not be available.

Write to MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC., 205 E. 42ND ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

Send both old and new address, and if possible, enclose mailing label from a recent copy of your Radio-TV Mirror magazine.

It’s possible to have your mailing address corrected by filing your new address with the Post Office; they will notify us. However, if delayed and we dispatch the current magazine before that notice reaches us, it means added expense to you because the Post Office will not forward copies unless you pay extra postage.

How to prove Penaten in Woodbury Cold Cream

How to prove Penaten in Woodbury Cold Cream

Virginia Mayo proves Woodbury’s exclusive new miracle ingredient, Penaten, actually penetrates much deeper into pore openings, lets Woodbury’s wonderful cleansing oils loosen every trace of grime and make-up.

The editors of Radio-TV Mirror have chosen the best letters and checks have been sent to the following:

TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS to:
Mrs. Ann P. Dickinson
Buena Vista, Georgia

FIVE DOLLARS each has been sent to:
Lucile Bernard
Skokie, Illinois
Mrs. Albert Shipko
Detroit, Mich.
Mrs. Lena M. Johnson
Baltimore, Md.
Mrs. V. L. Burns
Oakland, Calif.
Mrs. James William Torriere
Lockport, N. Y.

You’ll want to read this ad again!

A touch tells how Penaten smooths! Prove to yourself how radiant the extra-deep cleansing of Woodbury Cold Cream leaves your skin—how adorably soft it makes it feel! Only 25¢ to 97¢, plus tax.
A message to Radio-TV Mirror readers

NILES TRAMMELL
Chairman of the Board
National Broadcasting Company

Dear Readers:

On behalf of RCA and NBC, a grateful thanks to the editors of Radio-TV Mirror for setting aside this Special Anniversary Issue to commemorate our twenty-fifth year of broadcasting—and an especial thanks to you readers. For in a sense it is your “anniversary” too. Without your overwhelming interest and enthusiasm in radio and television entertainment, we would have little reason for a celebration.

This issue of Radio-TV Mirror presents the old and new personalities of radio and the exciting new world of television. I particularly enjoyed reliving some of the high spots of broadcasting during the past quarter of a century when I read “The Story of NBC’s Quarter Century” on the facing page. I am sure you will enjoy this particular story as well as the entire Silver Jubilee on NBC Anniversary Issue.

Sincerely,

Niles Trammell
BY JOHN CAMERON SWAYZE

THE STORY
OF NBC'S
QUARTER CENTURY

At 8 P.M., exactly twenty-five years ago on the fifteenth of this month, America's first network show went out over the newly-born National Broadcasting Company. It was a big show, lasting four hours and twenty-four minutes, with celebrated artists and entertainers of the day: Mary Garden, Will Rogers, Walter Damrosch, Titta Ruffo and many other stars. But I don't think anyone present fully realized the significance of the event. Since then, NBC has grown into a communication medium unparalleled in the history of mankind. As Franklin D. Roosevelt said. *(Please turn to page 71)*

1951: Jubilee Year on NBC
—here's the up-to-now story of network pioneering
DO YOU KNOW
THESE STARS OF TODAY

1 Man on the right, Will Rogers. The one on the left was, 1929-39, one of radio's top stars. He starts on TV this fall.

2 His first NBC show was in 1933 when he wore a fire battalion chief's helmet. Now he has forsaken radio for video.

3 At the time of this picture she was "Queen of the Blues," and her theme song was "Shine On Harvest Moon."

4 One of radio's favorite programs featured this genial actor and comedian. Called Capt. Henry—know his name?

NBC Jubilee Contest—
you can enter! And
if you win, your prize will be a gala free weekend in N.Y. City!

There's real excitement in the air! In celebration of NBC's Twenty-fifth Anniversary, NBC and Radio-TV Mirror Magazine have combined forces to offer their reader-listener-viewers an opportunity to compete for an exciting, fun-filled, weekend in New York. And you can bring along a friend or relative—it's all "on the house!" Join the fun. You may be the lucky winner! And if you are, here's a brief rundown of what you may expect. You'll be brought to New York on Friday, Jan. 4, by plane or train (your choice), met at the terminal and registered at the luxurious Park Sheraton Hotel, where you and your companion will be the week-end guests of General Manager Neal Land, who has made the popular 1600-room midtown hostelry the New York mecca for Broadway and Hollywood celebrities. By way of entertainment, you will dine at the Stork Club, Hotel Plaza, Danny's Hideaway, the English Grill (as the guest of an NBC star) and, of course, the luxury of breakfast in bed at the Park Sheraton. You will visit the Radio City Music Hall, attend the dress rehearsal of the All Star Revue TV show, and see the actual broadcast of Your Show of Shows; and wind up Saturday evening at the world-famous Copacabana. There will be a guided tour of Radio City and NBC, as well as a tour of New York, a hansom ride through Central Park, a Sunday visit to the Church of your choice, and be-
This man and wife had hilarious housekeeping difficulties when they went on the air—years later, still have them!

She was first a vocalist on the Fleishman Hour, then went into movies. Shares radio show with her husband.

This man, though dead several years, is well remembered. The shows he created and m.c.-ed are still on radio-TV.

He has less hair now—but still the same smile. No picture can do justice to this marathon talker and gag-master.

Silver Jubilee Contest
P. O. Box 1513
Grand Central Station
New York 17, N. Y.

I identify the NBC stars of today and yesterday as:

1. 5.
2. 6.
3. 7.
4. 8.

Attached is my completion of the statement: “I remember (NBC Program) best because...”

NAME

STREET ADDRESS (OR BOX)

CITY... ZONE... STATE

NAME OF COMPANION ON TRIP

RELATIONSHIP

(If the winner is a minor, he or she must be accompanied to New York by parent or guardian.)
Betty Wragge Brooke exchanged a wifely glance with her husband, Walter, and idly pushed her wedding ring around her finger. Walter smiled back a comfortable, husbandly smile. The two of them looked so much like the happy, much-in-love man and wife couple they are, it was hard to imagine there'd ever been a time when they hadn't met, hadn't been in love, hadn't been married. Even harder to imagine, seeing the two of them together, that they had faced and overcome problems met since time immemorial by couples the world over.

Imprinted in Betty’s mind was the time four years before when she was a bachelor girl waiting...

Shutterbugs from the word go, Betty and Walter manage to squeeze time from their hectic schedules to enjoy this mutual hobby. Even turned an extra closet into a dark room.

Betty admits that even though her husband doesn't need her sartorial advice, she enjoys the wifely prerogative of assisting in the daily selection. Walter indulges her whims.

Two young people so much in love, with so much in...
A handyman of no mean proportions, Walter's talents in the line of design and construction were a godsend. Between the two, they built cabinets, scraped the floors and turned out a real home.

"Imagine our surprise," says Betty, "when a bit of elbow grease and quantities of paint remover on the living-room fireplace uncovered some really beautiful brass and lovely inlaid tiles!"

In the "studio" they combine their professional talents, and with the assistance of a recorder improve techniques, timing and the vocal qualities that have made them outstanding actors.

for her Prince Charming to come and sweep her off her feet. Even if she hadn't met Walter, the evening (Continued on page 70)

Pepper Young's Family: M-F., 3:30 P.M. EST, NBC. Sponsor is Camay.

common, just can't miss
Tommy Bartlett welcomes seven tired but happy travelers and gives them a day that they'll never forget!

One: Raring to go in spite of a night spent sitting up in a coach, the McDermotts are met by Welcome Travelers' official greeter Milt Parlow.

Three: Tommy Bartlett hands out new bathing suits all around. Left to right are James, Carol, Mrs. McD., Michael, Tommy, Ellen, Dick, Johnny.

Two: With tickets to Welcome Travelers in their pockets, the family checks in at Chicago's Sherman Hotel. A big suite's what will be needed for this crew, says Milt.

Four: A bath feels mighty good to a fellow—or three fellows—after a long trip. Johnny, Jimmy and Mike settle for a triple short-cut.

The kids, all six of them, were cute as bugs' ears. Their mother was slender, pretty, young and vivacious. And every one, despite traveling all night by coach, was clean faced, sweet tempered and remarkably fresh. Watching them come up the ramp at Chicago's Union Station, Milt Parlow, Welcome Travelers' greeter, fell in love at first sight.

A letter from the mother, Mrs. Glenn McDermott,
And wonderful is the word
for my sons who piloted me to Live
Like A Millionaire!

BY VERLYE MILLS BRILHART

ONE of the biggest laughs Mae West
ever got resulted from her now-
classic order to a maid: “Beulah, peel
me a grape.” Maybe such an extreme
of service is exaggerated enough to be
funny, but, believe me, it’s wonderful
to have servants at your beck and call
twenty-four hours a day, to loll in the
lap of luxury, as only millionaires can
afford!

Maybe all millionaires don’t treat
themselves to a constant round of fun
and the attentions of numerous hired
helpers, but they’re foolish if they
don’t. I should know. For a week, I
was able to “live like a millionaire”
... my reward for winning on the tele-
vision program of that name. With my
three sons, I was flown in style to
Miami Beach, Florida, housed in a
luxurious suite at the smart Macfadden
Deauville Hotel, fed with the superb
food featured at that famous resort,
and showered with service and attention
that every woman dreams about
but few ever get to enjoy.

What a thrill to have breakfast in bed
at whatever hour I chose to awaken!
Very different (Continued on page 83)

Back home from their
wonderful week “on
the program,” the
Brilharts give Dad a
hand in his shop where
he produces mouth-
pieces for musical
instruments—harp
strings are imported.

During her week as a
“millionaire,” Mrs.
Brilhart had servants
to wait on her. Back
home the whole family
pitches in and
dishwashing takes on all
aspects of an active
production line.

Live Like A Millionaire is heard on NBC
M-F, 2:30 P.M. EST. Sponsor is General Mills.
On the air or off, Alice is a housewife. Here she tells about the no-schedule-but-lots-of-fun household of the Harrises

This is my life

I'd better start by explaining that I'm not one to be bound by routine. Nowhere in my household is there a bulletin board listing the hours of the day and telling me what we must make of each of them—and there never will be. Not that such a schedule would do me any good, even if I wanted one. I never know when I'm going to get a call telling me to pack up because we're leaving for Memphis tonight. Or I may have just started polishing the silver when Phil turns up with six dinner guests in tow. But I'm not complaining—I love it, wouldn't have it any other way!

We're a fairly large household, when you come to count noses. Besides the four of us—Phil and I, Alice Jr., who's nine, and Phyllis, who's seven—we have a wonderful Japanese couple who cook and clean, a nurse for the children, and a gardener with a magical green thumb. And, of course, Myrtle, miniature poodle, Karen, big and friendly police dog, and a cockatoo. The house was Phil's bachelor quarters before we were married, and we've since added a wing to accommodate the girls and their nurse on the top floor, a much-needed workroom on the lower. That workroom has turned into the most popular gathering place in the whole house, for guests and family alike. There is a big—really big—fireplace on one wall, and two other walls are filled with built-in cabinets which house bound scripts, programs and a lot of other business paraphernalia. There's plenty of room for Phil's gun collection, fishing rods, tennis trophies and—well, just things. A big, round table does equally well for business conferences or game-playing. Dusting's a problem throughout the whole house. Phil and I don't collect things—not on purpose—but knickknacks seem to have accumulated in every room. My day begins by whisking a finger over every object in my path as I come downstairs to breakfast.

The upper floor of the added wing has proved a huge success. Having quarters all to themselves gives the girls more responsibility, which is, I think, all to the good. Besides, it makes them feel wonderfully grown up. That's easy to understand—I'd have thought I was in heaven if I'd had a private apartment when I was a little girl, wouldn't you? Their bedroom boasts twin beds and a fireplace. Off (Continued on page 89)
The workroom, on the ground floor of the added wing of the house, serves a multitude of purposes, work or play. Business papers are housed in big, wall-deep cabinets. Round table serves equally well for conferences or games. All over the house there is evidence of Alice's skill as an expert "needlepointer."
Can a clever woman win a man from the one he really loves?

Carolyn finds herself in contest with an unknown, utterly unscrupulous enemy—fighting to hold her husband’s love!

Shortly before being elected Governor of a typical, thriving American state, Miles Nelson married Carolyn Kramer. Assisting him during his political campaign was Annette Thorpe, a lovely, calculating and ambitious woman... a woman who would gladly do anything to be the Governor’s right hand, if not his First Lady.

Not too long after his election, it became obvious that Miles would continue to need Annette’s assistance, and she became a permanent member of his staff... with very definite ideas on how to break up Miles’s home and ingratiating herself. Very subtly, she started a campaign to bring Carolyn and Neil Prescott, head of the Welfare Department, together in both a business and personal way. Having accomplished this, she invented a whispering campaign against them, making sure that Miles would occasionally hear of it. At first Miles ignored the rumors, but as the time went on he found it more and more difficult. For a long while, Carolyn has sensed that something is wrong, but Miles will give her no satisfaction. She is, therefore, in the unbearable position of fighting with an unseen, unknown enemy. She suspects Annette is behind the trouble... but Annette is too clever and subtle to let Miles suspect anything. What can Carolyn do to bring this trickery into the open where she can fight it? Is it possible that Annette is too clever for Carolyn, will win Miles for herself? From your own experience, from that of your friends or family, what is your opinion? Can a clever woman win a man from the one he really loves?

The Right To Happiness is heard Monday through Friday at 3:45 P.M., EST, on the NBC network. Sponsor is P&G’s Ivory Bar and Duz.
In repose, it's really a very good face, with gray eyes, a fine-cut nose and a thin, humorous mouth. The sort of face any woman would—or should—find most attractive. Nor does that graveyard pallor show... well, not much.

A natty dresser and proud of it, the closet of Gallop's Park Avenue bachelor quarters reveals suits and coats by the tens and ties by the hundreds. His domestic activities include making coffee—strong and hot and black—which none of his friends will drink!

Pre-ghoul days, Gallop was a customers' man with a conservative Boston investment house. He rose to ghoul-ing by way of straight announcing.
Frank Gallop's role as the shadowy narrator on NBC's supernatural Lights Out television series has created a Frankenstein in his personal life.

"And why not?" asked Mr. Gallop in an eerie whisper. (He had laryngitis.) "Full-bodied, well-set-up ghosts in the movies, on radio, on TV, in whodunits, in old country houses are a dime a dozen. But the bodiless ghost you see—or think you see—each Monday night on television is one of a kind. And he's hexed me something horrible. So fearfully has the close-up of that face in the guttering candlelight fixed itself in the minds of televievers that they see me, not as a man (a rather thin, somewhat pale man, but a man for a' that) but as a refugee from a graveyard."

But in spite of the fact that Mr. Gallop is blessed with a body as well as a head, strangers stop him in the street, point an accusing finger at him, say "You scare the wits out of my kids."

His postman on Park Avenue told him: "I won't let my little boy see your show. The kid needs his sleep." The corner delicatessen man said: "My little girl leaves the room when you come on. She's no sissy, neither. Brought up, she was, on Boris Karloff." In the apartment house on Park Avenue, where Mr. Gallop has his earthly habitat, he times his use of the elevators so as not to coincide with the nursemaids and children bound on their daily outings. "Let them set eyes on me," he sighs, "and the roses leave their cheeks as by a blight."

"Recently, I was dining in an uptown restaurant in New York when I was approached, less timidly than is customary, by a pig-tailed youngster. She carried a menu and wanted my autograph. Said the gallant girl, 'You look the same as you do on (Continued on page 84)

Frank Gallop can be seen on Lights Out, Mon. 9:00 P.M. EST, NBC-TV. Sponsor, Admiral.

Very nice or not, Gallop can, if he feels so inclined, work up a sinister leer over as simple a task as shining up his silver.

Efficient Kay comes in each day to "do for" Gallop. Not usually talkative, Kay has lately taken to active matchmaking.
Come and visit

James Melton

BY FRANCES KISH

The home, to which he will someday retire, happily combines his two greatest interests

A lazy road winds its way up a hill in the town of Westport, Connecticut. Follow its curving ascent and you'll come to a post holding an old automobile lamp that once shone from Diamond Jim Brady's limousine. Underneath the lamp is a painted-wood sign, a wild goose flying over a staff of music on which is a single note, a B Natural, that's the keynote of the house you are about to enter.

You wheel about quickly as the autumn languor is broken by a loud, chugging sound and the echo of a horn that blows "a-Who, a-Who, a-Who." As it comes closer you see that the approaching vehicle is a surrey, fringe on top and all, harnessed to a motor. The big brass horn is being blown by squeezing an old-fashioned rubber bulb. This equipment is one of the fabulous cars in Jim Melton's collection of some one hundred and twenty-five ancient automobiles. It's a De Dion Bouton, a French beauty dating back to before the year 1900.

Seated up on the high, narrow driver's seat is Jim, and next to him is a small vivacious redhead of five, his daughter Margo. Coming out of the house to greet them is Marjorie Melton, who has been Mrs. Jim for twenty-two years. (They met twenty-three years ago at a big party in Jim's honor in Marjorie's home town of Akron, Ohio, and half an hour after the introductions Jim told his brother, "That's the girl I'm going to marry." Three days later they were engaged.)

His family, the house in the country, the musical signpost and the rare old cars sum up James Melton's main interests:

There's his singing, for which he deserted a prospective law career during his college days. "I got started in college glee clubs and after that I couldn't think of any other career but music. But when the president of the University of Florida, where I was a student, told me that someday I would be well known as a singer I took it to mean I wasn't doing so well with my law studies. Actually, he was more (Continued on page 81)
In 1951, as in 1907, the Stanley Steamer is the Gentleman’s Roadster... even to the license plate which is lettered GENT. Its color, size and shape have caused many a strong man to pull over to the side of the road to adjust his specs.

The Melton home is built around a collection of souvenirs of the many places Jim has visited on his concert tours. When space ran out, rooms and additions were added.

The pride of Margo and the joy of the neighboring children and adults is the M.M. & J.R.R. which regularly tours the orchard.
• Talking of the trip on which these pictures were taken, Bob Hope says, "It was a honey. Left New York April 14 and were gone till the first of June. Nine stops in England and Scotland—and Paris, Wiesbaden and Berlin. Rushed, hectic—but gratifying. Everybody was a doll!" He stops. You realize he's not going to say a word about the shows for G.I.'s he played at every stop, the London benefit for Clubland, organization for underprivileged boys, at which $58,000 was raised. To hear him tell it, it might have been just a vacation jaunt!

Bob Hope Show: Tuesday at 9 P.M. EST, NBC sponsored by Chesterfields. Bob's also seen once monthly on Sunday at 7 P.M. EST, NBC-TV.

"At Burtonwood, as General of the Day, I took off my shoes to walk on the red carpet. Below, if you can find me, I'm signing autographs. The hat? Well—it keeps the laughs warm!"

Bob chooses favorites from his personal overseas-junket picture
"This is Roland Culver, fine British actor, who brought his two sons backstage where I was appearing at the Prince of Wales Theatre. Their names? Well—are they dolls?"

"These—excepting Marilyn Maxwell and Julie Wilson—are my London relatives. Cousins who'd never seen me perform shook my hand very warmly and told me, 'You're good!'

"Meet—grrr—C.C. Fox, who beat me in a golf tournament in Scotland. I had too much Paris in my backswing, I guess. Get a load of my tam!"

"Marilyn Maxwell, Hy Averbach and I doing our show at Burtonwood. We think it's pretty funny, but guess those G.I.'s had different opinions."

"Get a load of me showing my power at the British Festival Industries show in London. The show compares to home or hobby shows that we have here at home."

"General Oliver talking with Marilyn. I'm telling this gent on my left I've looked over the command and don't feel qualified, so I'm turning it back. The soldiers laughed—in relief, I think."

album, gives you his own—inimitable—comment on each!
This year the group gathered in Chichi's home to celebrate Thanksgiving have much to be thankful for. And they are acutely aware of their blessings. Barry has been cleared of a murder charge and reunited with his family, Dr. Markham and Eunice, who fought so valiantly on his behalf. To this has been added the joy of knowing that Eunice and Barry are to have a child of their own. Chichi has regained her health and Papa David has won his fight to save his bookshop. Once again these friends have met and conquered their trials, and once again they find that Life Can Be Beautiful.

Pictured here, as on the air, are:

Eunice Markham        Julie Bennett
Dr. Markham            Charles Webster
Barry Markham          Vinton Hayworth
Chichi                  Teri Keane
Papa David             Ralph Locke

Life Can Be Beautiful can be heard Monday through Friday over the NBC network at 3:00 P.M. EST. Sponsored by P&G's Tide.
Your friends of Life Can Be Beautiful spend Thanksgiving with Chichi.

Thanksgiving, 1951, is particularly happy for Chichi, Papa David and the Markhams, who know the true meaning of the feast.
your friends of Life Can Be Beautiful spend

Thanksgiving
with Chichi

This year the group gathered in Chichi's house to celebrate Thanksgiving here much to be thankful for. And they are acutely aware of their blessings. Barry has been cleared of a murder charge and reunited with his family, Dr. Markham and Eunice, who fought so valiantly on his behalf. To this has been added the joy of knowing that Eunice and Barry are to have a child of their own. Chichi has regained her health and Papa David has won his fight to save his bookshop. Once again these friends have met and conquered their trials, and once again they find that Life Can Be Beautiful.

Pictured here, as on the air, are:

Eunice Markham
Julie Bennett
Dr. Markham
Charles Webber
Bryan Markham
Vinton Hayworth
Chichi
Papa David
Eunice
Ralph Locke

Life Can Be Beautiful can be heard Monday through Friday over the NBC network at 3:00 P.M. EST. Sponsored by P&G's The

Thanksgiving, 1951, is particularly happy for Chichi, Papa David and the Markhams, who know the true meaning of the feast.
Neither rain nor sleet nor snow can stop this Mid-west dynamo!

Fair, fortyish—and fabulous!

She admits to being fortyish, double chinned and a few pounds heavier than she wants to be. When justly provoked, she’s capable of scolding a public official, her boss or her audience with a sharp-tongued fervor unheard since the days of the old-maid schoolmarm. She refuses to read ready-made commercials. She has been known to toss sponsors out of the studio, sass directors, talk back to cameramen.

Respecting only those bans which fall into the good taste classification, she has happily broken every other rule of broadcasting. ... Yet despite such uninhibited action, the technical crew adores her. Sponsors wait in line to buy time on her shows, tickets for her Fifty Club luncheons are sold out farther ahead than "South Pacific," and whenever she has made a personal appearance outside the station it has taken a small army of studio staff plus a police (Continued on page 77)

Paradoxically, Ruth’s home is decorated in a period when life was slower and more closely centered around the home... kitchen combines modern appliances with heirloom furnishings.

Ruth Lyons is seen on The Fifty Club, Mon.-Fri., 12 Noon, EST. NBC-TV. Also heard on her local WLW radio program.

25th anniversary

Ruth’s love of humanity extends to the animal kingdom. The Lyons-Newman four-footers consist of three dogs, a cat and a chubby hamster. In her eyes, lack of pedigree is no handicap.
The Newman family—Candy, Ruth and Herman. Her listeners all know them, for Ruth always talks about those she loves. Candy has appeared with Mother on the WLW program.

Candy's doll collection has an honored place in the front parlor. "Those wonderful girls," secretaries Elsa and Suzi, help "boss lady" with her deluge of mail and listener-viewer gifts.

It takes split-second timing and the combined efforts of the whole family to get Ruth partly breakfasted and on her way to the Cincinnati studio in time for her early morning broadcast.
A man alone and locked in a room is killed.

David solves The Case of The Invisible Man

Ace reporter, David Farrell, and his wife, Sally, study the address and information on his next assignment—the murder of the eccentric cartoonist, Willard Owens. Owens was found poisoned in his study, although the door to the study was fitted with a time clock preventing anyone from entering or leaving for a two-hour period. Equally baffling is the fact that there is no trace of how the poison was administered.

Pictured here, as on the air, are: David Farrell  Staats Cotsworth Sally Farrell  Florence Williams Lt. Carpenter  Bob Donnelly Oriana Owens  Flora Campbell Ned Corbett  Tom Collins Nina Jameson  Peggy Stanley

Front Page Farrell is heard Mon.-Fri. 5:15-5:30 P.M. EST on NBC. Sponsored by Aerowax, Autobrite and Melcalose.

David casually listens to Nina, unemployed actress living on Owens' generosity, and Oriana, his sister, accuse each other. David discovers that Oriana is sole heir.

Returning to Owens' home, David and Lt. Carpenter find the study door locked and the time lock set. Once reopened, they find the mysterious gunman inside dead—poisoned!

David, held up by a mysterious gunman, is knocked out. Sally tends to his bruises as they try to connect the gunman with the murder.

David finds the method—gas spread by the air conditioner. Gathering the suspects, he goes to turn it on. Nina stops him... reveals her crime.
Maxie, the taxi

Maxie is Cantor’s own creation and now he’s starting to steal boss Eddie’s television show

On September 10, 1950, Eddie Cantor rolled those famous banjo eyes for the first time on the TV Colgate Comedy Hour program, a debut that was the logical follow-up to his bigtime career in practically every other phase of show business. Soon after, he brought another fellow into the act, a scene-snitcher named Maxie, the Taxi.

It seems that Maxie had got his start in one of Eddie’s old skits in the Ziegfeld Follies, and was brought to life on TV as the perfect outlet for Eddie’s own rich philosophy. To his cab-fare (Al Hodges, upper left), Maxie philosophized about mothers-in-law.

“Every mother-in-law is somebody’s mother—and what’s wrong with mothers?”
Maxie has some definite ideas about politics and militarists ("Bismarck turns out to be herring and Napoleon is now just a piece of pastry"). He makes worried passengers laugh, gently but firmly trims braggarts down to size. When Eddie stopped doing Maxie for a few weeks, the mail demanding his return was a huge and genuine tribute to Maxie's humor and humanity.

Maxie discusses wives and hospitality. To a soldier who hails his cab (Dick Van Patten, above), Maxie extends an invitation to "the finest eating place in town."

"I'm crazy about the cook. She just happens to be the mother of my children." "Oh, we're eating at your house?" "What else is good enough for a soldier?" says Maxie.

Cab drivers, of course, recognize Eddie wherever he goes, give him lowdown on real life experiences that he and his writers work into the scripts. He's an honorary member of the Emergency Taxi Corps of New York, official defense organization. "Fares" like pretty singer Gregg Sherwood (left) help keep Maxie's rating way up there.

Eddie Cantor is on Colgate Comedy Hour, fourth Sundays, 8:00 P.M. EST, NBC-TV. Sponsor: Colgate-Palmolive-Peet.

55
...Fibber McGee and Molly

When that closet door on Wistful Vista swings open, the erstwhile alliterative Fibber goes down under a flood of candle snuffers, egg timers, borrowed umbrellas and samurai swords while appreciative audiences settle down for another visit with NBC's perennially popular pair. The McGee's home-life humor has the charm of believability—compound interest from twenty years as radio regulars plus thirty-three years as man and wife.

...Bob and Ray

Fresh humor which for the past five years has kept staid Bostonites chuckling over their morning codfish cakes now becomes a national nerve tonic as the bounding new comedy team of Bob Elliott and Ray Goulding are turned loose on a network leash. Masters of Satire, ingenious mimics, deflaters of pomposity in any form, they begin: "Bob and Ray take great pleasure in presenting the National Broadcasting Company." And it is a pleasure.
...Bud Collyer

Safe-cracker Willie Sutton is just a minor league coin collector compared to radio's Robin Hood, Bud Collyer, who daily aids and abets studio contestants to Break the Bank for fabulous sums. This personable dollar diplomat was the first emcee of the original Break the Bank in 1945, and now also doubles with Bert Parks in dishing out the pesos on the TV version. The show has fun, pace, wit, plus that lovely pipeline from the mint.

...Leave It To The Girls

And when they leave it to the girls, no greater champion of feminine charm can be found than radiant Maggi McNellis. Four times listed among the world's ten best-dressed women, holder of the Linguaphone diction award, cited among America's best figures, voted radio's most perfect housewife, this versatile video femcee has made the show both top-rated with viewers, and prime favorite of visiting appreciative male guest stars.

...Paul Winchell

Jerry Mahoney

The irrepressible Paul Winchell and his splinter sidekick, Jerry Mahoney, are a pair of cards that make for a full house whenever they appear. Paul learned ventriloquism during a polio attack, got his start in show business at thirteen as a Major Bowes winner. Four years later, Jerry was "born" (officially in Redwood Forest, Arbor Day, 1938). Impish humor and Jerry's eye for the girls keep the chuckles rolling along the coaxial cable.

MORE SHOWS; NEXT PAGE
Talented actress, Julie Stevens, represents the many fine performers who bring to life the personalities on NBC's roster of dramatic programs. Like her contemporaries, Miss Stevens is called upon for portrayals that run the gamut from wide-eyed ingenues to hard-bitten gun molls. She plays many daytime roles—heard on such programs as Front Page Farrell, Just Plain Bill and Rosemary. Julie's early NBC days were as Abie's Irish Rose.

Richard Skelton, champion muggle, a bad widdle boy, a knockout as McPugg, a brat as Junior, a rube as Clem, a delight as Willie Lump Lump, is overall a pretty funny guy, too, as just Red Skelton. As you might guess, the zany NBComic got his training as a circus clown following in the floppy footsteps of his father, Joe Skelton, noted circus clown of the '90's. With or without cap and bells, Red is a rare fellow—catch his TV program.

A soot-smear moustache, a yard-long fat cheroot and one of the most delightfully waggish minds in show business gives to Groucho's You Bet Your Life all of the hallmarx of hilarity unabridged. Prizes seem almost secondary when this unpredictable clown prince of horsefeathers and his free-rolling eyes tangle with an eager, excited contestant. After some forty-five years in show business, Groucho is now at his best, you bet your life.
Theatre Guild On The Air

A consistent favorite with drama-minded dialers has been the series of Theatre Guild presentations bringing top performers of the stage and screen to the NBC microphone. Utilizing the talents of radio’s best producers, directors, and technicians, artists such as Basil Rathbone and Madeline Carroll impart fresh life and depth to classics of the stage and bookshelf as well as original dramas penned particularly for the Guild. The presentations are an hour in length.

You Can’t Take It With You

Playgoers who chuckled over the varied antics of this improbable menage on the stage will be amply rewarded with the fun-filled understanding given to the characters by Academy Award winner Walter Brennan and company on NBC’s new serialized version of You Can’t Take It With You. Nothing can startle this wonderful household except propriety and stuffiness, and there are no ground rules barring bombs, bugle lessons or boxing bears from the script.

The Big Show

They’d have to design a marquee sixty stories high to list the guest stars that each week greet Tallulah the Great on her Sunday night extravaganza. For a female quartette, it’s the Misses Davis, Carson, Truman and Bankhead. For comedy, Hope, Cantor, Durante, Allen. For music, Pinza... they probably have Mr. America, Gene Stanley, just to tear the tickets. Nothing has been spared in this lavish assemblage so aptly called The Big Show.

MORE SHOWS, NEXT PAGE
...Your Hit Parade

Your Hit Parade means music, and stars Snooky Lanson, Eileen Wilson and Dorothy Collins make it mean a lot, but the big extra in this rollicking show is staging. The production staff takes full advantage of the largest television playhouse in the world, and in addition set their singers and dancers frolicking about in the lobby, the balcony or out the stage door into the streets of New York. It's big, tuneful, and gay as a parade should be.

...Your Show of Shows

Saturday is a Roman holiday on TV when viewers gladly give unto Caesar that which is undoubtedly his, great mimicry, subtle satire, and slapstick buffoonery. Co-conspirator in the double-whammy team is the wide-eyed potato-faced nonpareil, Imogene Coca, whose sheer artistry of pantomime is the perfect foil for the rampaging Sid. Their presentations of Americana, fables and foibles, is fabulous. They lampoon everything and everyone—all fun, no malice.

...The All Star Review

"Out in front by a nose" is the prediction for the All Star Review, and that's quite a winner when the proboscis in question is the frontispiece of his majesty, Jimmy Durante. Durante, Umbriago and a cast "numbering in da numbas" highlight the show in turn with other headline emcees, Danny Thomas, Ed Wynn and Jack Carson... four ample reasons why the All Star Revue promises a scriptful of laughs to the nation's TV viewers.
... **The Railroad Hour**

Monday means music on NBC, starting on the dot at eight, railroad time, when the roar of the wheels signals the arrival of the Railroad Hour, a streamlined carnival of original musiques featuring the best remembered tunes of the past and present. Co-stars Gordon MacRae and Miss Dorothy Warenksjold are your singing hosts, Carmen Dragon has the very apt title of Conductor for the Railroad Orchestra, Norman Luboff leads the chorus.

... **The Telephone Hour**

Continuing in the Monday Music Mood, a roster of distinguished concert stars selected by conductor Donald Voorhees makes a cross-country call each week on the Telephone Hour, singing the music for which they are noted in the same mood and style which has made them famous. Stars such as Helen Traubel return to the platform each week accompanied by Mr. Voorhees and the fifty-seven-piece Bell Symphonic Orchestra in a welcomed traditional series.

... **Voice of Firestone**

Radio’s longest running network program, the distinguished Voice of Firestone, has been a welcome musical treat since its first broadcast December 3, 1928. Since 1928, there have been only four regular conductors of the orchestra, the eminent Howard Barlow took over the current assignment from Alfred Wallenstein in 1943. This program was first of its kind to be a TV series and now is enjoyed simultaneously on radio and TV every Monday evening.

... **Band of America**

The Band of America has a universal appeal, but has become the particular favorite of the three million Americans who themselves play in a band of one sort or another. Under the direction of Paul LaValle, the forty-eight-piece band is renowned as specialists in stirring march techniques. LaValle selects the music to show off the virtuoso qualities of brass and woodwind, featuring many players who are alumni of John Philip Sousa’s famous band.
Some dream of diamonds, or convertibles a mile long—but show us the woman anywhere who doesn't dream of beautiful furs! Time was when they were just that—dreams with no chance of coming true. But now you can have dreamy furs at purse-practical prices! For example, these—coat, jacket, stole, as you prefer—modeled by Charlotte Manson (who plays Randy McHugh on King's Row, M-F, 3:15 P.M., EST, over CBS stations, sponsored by Colgate-Palmolive-Peet). Now, dream away!

Nowadays, furriers do a terrific job making furs look like other—and more expensive—ones, like this fool-you-completely jacket, which started life as rabbit but now, dyed black, honestly looks like seal! The lines are tailored, with straight cut sleeves and body; length-wise it's perfect for, twenty-seven inches long, it's just long enough to cover your suit coat. Nice touches: the little collar, slit pockets. Also in navy, brown, belge, nutria, gray. Sizes 9-17 and 10-20, about $60 plus tax. Close-fitting Little Lady hat by Laddie Northridge. For contrast, pale and pretty gloves by Superb.

ALL THESE FURS AVAILABLE AT STORES LISTED ON PAGE 92.
The soft look, the luxury look: flawless example of beautiful fur beautifully priced! Sheered racoon, which in its natural color looks like nutria, featured here in the new honey beige, striking over a dark dress or suit. Plain front can be worn tuxedo-style; deep cuffs are adjustable, look smartest three-quarter length; supple lines of the back flow free. In sizes 9-17, 10-20. Thirty-six inches long. Priced about $400 plus tax in the natural shade, $500 plus tax in lovely honey-beige.

If you long to be elegant—is there anyone in the house who doesn't?—this stole is for you. It's ranch mink dyed marmot, made up to look for all the world like the real thing. Important to consider: the skins are let out—worked like mink, that is. Even the shape is high-style, not a straight scarf effect, but cunningly fashioned cape-wise. The tails—crowning touch—are natural ranch mink! And the price, only about $150.00 plus tax. Top off the stole's rich brown beauty with added elegance; long, crushed-down gloves of pure white, Harry Sperling's face-flattering, little beaded hat.
Hard-working dreamer

Jack Webb, super-talented creator, director and star of NBC's Dragnet and Pete Kelly's Blues, is not exactly a dreamer—certainly not a lazy-boned character who falls asleep over his fishing pole. What his friends mean when describing him as a "dreamer" is merely that he's so wrapped up in his work and ideals that he seems to be living in another world.

As a matter of fact, he is. And it's a very good world for his productions have been rightfully acclaimed among the best on radio. But about that business of being hard-working... "I don't burn the midnight oil," Jack protests. "It's senseless to drive yourself."

So he doesn't work hard: only fourteen hours a day, seven days a week. His lovely wife, Julie London, knows that if she doesn't tip-toe into the den with something tempting, hot and nourishing, Jack will forget to eat. Most of the time anyway, she mourns, he ignores the food and reaches only for the coffee. Jack refuses to relax until

If you really work at your dreams, they are bound to come to life. Dragnet's Jack Webb is the man who knows—from long experience.
work is finished—which is lucky for his millions of listeners who have come to expect top quality performances each week.

"But get this," Jack admits, "I once thought Dragnet lacked listener appeal. I was about ready to sell it down the river."

The impressive facts are that in its two years of air life, Dragnet has won seven citations, including RADIO-TV MIRROR Magazine's own Award; twice it has been runner-up for the coveted Peabody award, and its Hooper ratings just continue to soar, bettering its strongest competitors in the field.

"I almost undersold the public," Jack confesses. "I'd been schooled by people who said the radio public was comprised of twelve-year-old mentalities—the kind who prefer tripe to truth." Then Jack adds, "It's about time that radio heads woke up."

Dragnet, good drama but definitely not documentary, is based on authentic cases, real environment with detectives who talk, live and act like real city police. Sgt. Joe Friday, lead (Continued on page 80)

Dragnet, Thurs. 9 P.M. EST. Sponsor Liggett & Myers for Fatima Cigarettes. NBC stations.
How to help your

BY THEODORE GRANIK
American Forum of the Air:
2:30 P.M. EST, NBC-TV, sponsor, Bohn Aluminum & Brass;
2:30 P.M. EST, NBC, sponsor, American Trucking Associations. Both programs Sunday.

Occasionally a friend will ask how I get so many things done without too much strain on temper, health and efficiency. "Have a Hannah in your home!" I answer.

My friends, of course, as well as most of my business associates, know who Hannah is. She's the girl I married twenty years ago, the year I started my law practice. Even before our marriage, when we were still in school, she began to help me with my work, and now I think she is an outstanding example of the way a woman can help the man she loves to get ahead in his chosen field. Although Hannah has continued to work side by side with me all through our married life, I feel sure that even a strictly home-keeping wife can help her husband in many of the ways in which my wife has helped me.

Managing the children, for instance—in our case, Bill who is fourteen, and Marion, ten. Running the house smoothly. Remaining calm when I get upset and excited. Adjusting meal hours and social dates to my frantic schedule of business appointments, telephone calls at all hours, frequent trips away from home. Keeping me from acting on impulse when I am angry or under pressure. Never neglecting the small details and rising to every big emergency.

I met Hannah when we were sixteen and fourteen, respectively, at a local tennis tournament in Brooklyn, where we both lived. That very first day, I rode her home on my bicycle. I guess you might say it was the beginning of our romance. While I was still going to City College, in 1926, I had a job as secretary to a vice president of Gimbel's department store, and later I began to work for their radio station, WGBS, still going to school at night. Hannah helped even then, by typing up my lecture notes for me. (Incidentally, we wrote the same short-
hand system so could exchange little messages that my young sister couldn’t read!

While I was studying law at St. John’s University, I originated and became moderator of a weekly radio program called Law for the Layman, over WGBS, on which various authorities discussed common legal problems in simple, down-to-earth terms. Hannah would go to the radio station with me, take shorthand notes of the speeches, type them at once and divide the list of papers in which we wanted publicity for the program. One of us would take the uptown list, the other the downtown, and after the releases were all distributed we would meet at some little restaurant to eat and talk. When WGBS was sold two years later I went over to WOR and started a discussion program we called the WOR Forum Hour, the forerunner of the American Forum of the Air on radio, and now on television too.

All through the years when I was beginning my law practice, when I was Assistant District Attorney of New York County during 1934 to 1937, and from 1937 to 1941 when I acted as counsel to the United States Housing Authority, Hannah helped keep the program going. The war increased my duties and in 1941 I became civilian aide to Major General Lewis Hershey, head of the draft, later serving as a special adviser to Donald Nelson on the War Production Board. Without Hannah, I could not have taken on these added responsibilities.

I could name dozens of ways, large and small, in which she made it possible for me to concentrate on my work. That matter of handling the kids, for instance. When we are working on the script Sunday morning, Bill and Marion have been taught they are not to interrupt. They sometimes come quietly into the room and listen as I dictate (Please turn to page 79)

EXCHANGING notes with wives of business associates —notes, not gossip!—can help a great deal

A GOOD wife is a good hostess. And a good mother—keeps children busy when Daddy works at home
1. Ellen and Edward Dawson (Ethel Remey and Horace Braham) have asked Martha Newton (Grace Kelly) to take to their daughter in England a diamond necklace she wanted to wear at a ball.

2. Martha agrees. The Dawsons declare the necklace at the pier and bring it to her cabin for her. Their daughter is to wear it one evening and return it. Customs takes a strange interest.

3. On the boat Martha meets Peter Courtney (Martin Brook) who seems to be charmed by her. He persuades her to wear the necklace one night, seems just a little too curious about it.

4. On the return trip, Peter is again on the boat. Martha finds him in her cabin, accuses him of being a jewel thief. She will not let him explain, but insists his intentions were false.

5. Peter sends a cable in her name to the Dawsons saying she is worried about the necklace. They come to the pier, offer to pay duty. Peter identifies himself as a T-Man, arrests them.

6. Customs chief (Walter Greaza) explains that the Dawsons substituted a fake necklace when they went to Martha’s cabin. Their daughter kept that one and gave Martha a real necklace to return—making her a smuggler. Martha forgives Peter and the two walk away together.

Treasury Men in Action is seen Thursday at 8:30 P.M. EST over NBC television stations; sponsored by Borden.
she's Engaged...

Next spring wedding bells will ring for Betty Jeanne Dixon of South Hadley, and Lt. Stanley Marshall Prouty, Jr. They announced their engagement at his West Point graduation. They’ll have a military wedding in May—Betty Jeanne will be a darling bride.

she's Lovely

Betty is charming as a Dresden figurine, with blue eyes and an exquisite complexion. Her lovely face gives you a provocative glimpse of her delightful Inner Self. Betty Jeanne goes to your heart at first glance.

A gay and happy confidence bolsters you when you know you look your very nicest.

Betty feels that every girl’s first step towards looking her best is clean, soft skin.

“I couldn’t skip my nightly cleansing with Pond’s Cold Cream,” Betty says. “It’s a beauty routine that really pays off—makes my skin feel superbly smooth and clean.”

Your skin, too, will love the soft smoothness that comes from using Pond’s faithfully. Do it as Betty does, every night (day face cleansings, too). This is the way:

Hot Stimulation—give face a good hot water splashing.

Cream Cleanse—swirl light, fluffy Pond’s Cold Cream all over your 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—a wonderful reward! That glowing complexion that smiles from your mirror!

It's not vanity to help your face look lovely. When you know you look your prettiest self, a captivating confidence sparkles in your face—attracts others to you on sight!

Betty uses Pond's

“Look your prettiest and you feel more poised”

...says Betty Jeanne

Betty Jeanne Dixon has the loveliest complexion. “I always use Pond’s Cold Cream,” she says.

Pond’s Cold Cream Tissues

Get a big jar of Pond's today

Start now to help your face show a lovelier You!
I wasn’t really angry at all,” Betty now says, with typical femininity, the kind that belies just how irked she was at the moment. “The truth was that Chet had invited me to the big, once-a-year celebration put on by the American Federation of Radio Artists—their big, wonderful ball. Everybody, just everybody in radio, would be there and I was getting dressed up in a special dress, when Chet called me.

“He was pretty apologetic about the whole thing. The truth finally came out—a month before he’d asked another girl to go to the ball with him and had forgotten all about it. Forgotten all about it, that is, until she called her up to find out what he was picking her up for their date! I could understand—what person doesn’t do some such silly thing at one time in his life?

“But by the time Chet telephoned him he had the ideal solution, however . . . at least ideal from his point of view—and, as it turned out, from my ideal point of view too! He’d invited a group of people to form a sort of party—no one would go with anyone special. I was to be a blind date for one of four bachelors who were joining the group.

“Not at all the type to be drowned for long. Betty put on quite a spectacular occasion for the-occasion dress. She made a mental note as she went out of the door to get in Chet’s already crowded car to let nothing, just nothing, spoil her evening. Her deep-set blue eyes matched the sparkle of her smile as she was introduced to the other men and women in Chet’s group. The hour was a rather later one and arriving at the ball, she found all four bachelors paying attention to her. And one in particular noticing little else? He was a quiet fellow who enjoyed just sitting beside her. He was slender, with penetrating blue eyes and wavy hair that fell just past his forehead in a way that you couldn’t help brushing his fingers back through it.

“The music was beautiful, the show magnificent and the conversation stimulating. But long after the music of the evening had faded and the point of the

amusing stories forgotten, Betty was remembering—yes, even dreaming—about quiet choirs and sweet friends. Chet’s group were forgotten until they were at the repeat, and then it was as if they had never existed.

“It didn’t happen in that I took one look at you! fashion that makes the love scenes so delightful in a play or a movie,” Betty says. “With Walter and me, everything was sort of gradual—but wonderful!”

“During the months that sped swiftly into a year, then two, then three, Walter was getting his start in radio. He’d been away in Europe for five years in the armed services. Walter was having the same struggle many servicemen had during that period, trying to pick up the threads of living he’d dropped when duty called. Betty was busy with the part that had grown up with her in radio since high school days, when she was snatched from the Madge Tucker children’s shows to play Peggy Young in Pepper Young’s Family.

“Like all young lovers, they explored the romantic restaurants so plentiful in Manhattan. Together, on free Sundays, they would take to the roads leading up through Connecticut or up over New York state or into New England, in search of antique treasures, gathering them for their apartments in New York. Each piece . . . a vase, a tiny bit of crockery, a footstool or a chair . . . was a reminder of a day spent together, a day of fun and conversation, a day that Wanda loved. And she’d remember, how much they were spending in making their rooms warm and livable. Despite the fact that Walter does at least one television show a week (with a forty-hour rehearsal period on almost every one), and in spite of Betty’s working at her daily radio show plus a few extras, the young couple has ample time to dream and to finally execute—one of their own plans for delightful living.

“Just in eight months, they’ve removed paint to uncover beautiful brass and tile around one fireplace, they’ve removed huge wooden shutters in their eighteen-foot-high living-room and replaced them with Venetian blinds. Walter has built shelves going up the side of the window, where the shutters used to be, and there Betty has placed the antique treasures they found in their courting days. Walter has sanded down giant closets of their own design while Betty stood by with the vacuum cleaner to collect the sanding dust. Together they’ve painted and waxed and put it all back.

“Together, too, they are pushing ahead toward their goal in show business. Right now, they are working with a friend of theirs on a musical comedy which he has written, and which will have Betty as the singing lead and Walter as leading man.

“‘I guess we’re luckier than most,’ Betty says seriously. ‘Our interests are the same, our work is the same. We can do everything together.’ Betty even manages to share Walter’s feeling for helping veterans who were not as lucky as he. Together they work with the Veterans Hospitals and Betty has gone to Castle Point and Kingsbridge Hospitals to help the patients develop their talent. The patients put on their own shows and Betty and Walter teach them radio techniques. Walter, who is an excellent photographer, also works with patients in this field.

“If doing things together is any test of the goodness of a marriage, the strength of a union, then Betty and Walter have one of the best marriages in history. A marriage that will truly last forever.
THE STORY OF NBC'S QUARTER CENTURY

(Continued from page 29) in a 1944 letter to Brigadier General David Sarnoff, the leader of RCA and NBC, “Your organization throughout the years has created new wonders and brought into being services in all phases of radio activity for the benefit of the American people and for people everywhere.”

But let's go back to the beginning, to 1926—and what a curious year it was. Little boys were still dressed up in Lord Fauntleroy suits and women, dressed in the hipless and bosomless vogue, were so shapeless that the highest compliment paid a fashionable lady was, “My dear, you've got practically nothing.” That year, a teen-aged girl, Gertrude Ederle, swam the English Channel and Gene Tunney upset the fighting odds by beating the Manassa Mauler. Hollywood lost its greatest romantic hero, Rudolph Valentino, and in the same year released an earlier version of its current colossus, “Ben Hur.” And radio—well, it was a lusty, overgrown child, feeling its growing pains.

Six years earlier, in 1920, Dr. Frank Conrad, a pioneer radio engineer in Pittsburgh, had broadcast the returns of the Harding-Cox election. That little spark did it. A national craze for broadcasting developed instantly. In the next few years, it seemed that everyone who owned a phonograph and a few records opened a station. By 1922 there were six hundred stations and in 1926, about seven hundred. No one really cared too much about quality or programming.

Four mighty titans of American industry got together that year to make order out of chaos: General Guy E. Tripp, Chairman of the Board of Westinghouse; General James G. Harbord, President of RCA; Owen D. Young, Chairman of the Board of General Electric and, also, of the Radio Corporation of America; David Sarnoff, then Vice President and General Manager of RCA. Their meeting resulted in the formation of radio's first network, the National Broadcasting Company, so named because the men intended the service to be national in scope—although initially there were only twenty-five stations that carried north to Portland, Maine, west to Minneapolis and south as far as St. Louis.

“From the Grand Ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York,” the announcer began. “We bring you the inaugural broadcast of the National Broadcasting Company.” So he addressed the microphone—and the first network studio audience of one thousand men and women in sparkling evening attire. Among the announcers that evening were these who would become famous in radio: Ted Husing, Milton Cross and Graham McNamee. The best music of the land was represented by the New York Symphony, the band of Edwin Franko Goldman and the popular orchestras of George Olsen, B. A. Rolfe, Vincent Lopez and Ben Bernie. But history was made with the performances of Mary Garden and Will Rogers.

The announcer noted, “Mr. Rogers will speak before a microphone installed in
the dressing room of the theatre in which he is appearing in Independence, Kansas."

The beloved humorist came on and the audience sat up, for this was radio's newest miracle—transmitting a voice half the breadth of the country. As one newspaper reported the next day, "The event proved that there were no physical confines to the broadcasting studio. Mary Garden's voice was picked up from Chicago, Will Rogers spoke from Kansas and the entire program was rendered as though hundreds of miles did not separate these performers from the broadcasting studio."

It was the beginning of a network that today embraces one hundred and eighty-eight radio and sixty-three television stations, reaching sixty-four million families in every part of the country.

But the picture in 1926 was quite different. Radio was just coming out of the primitive stage. Only five million homes were equipped with receivers—many of them crystal or battery types, for in that year the electric plug-in set first reached the market. NBC then owned two stations in New York, WEAF and WJZ, flashed by the Red and Blue Network. In those days, both operations functioned with about one hundred and sixty engineers, while today NBC alone requires one thousand and eighty-five.

The eight studios NBC owned in 1926 were adequate, for few programs were rehearsed. Today, NBC has some thirty studios, most of them in use but frequently there are as many as four or five programs being simultaneously produced, for the network may be split and NBC will be feeding different shows to different groups of stations.

And what was programming like in the early years? Classical, semi-classical and dance music dominated the network. The country's favorite orchestras were the A & P Gypsies, Nathaniel Shilkret's, Harry Reser's Cliquet Club Eskimos and B. A. Rolfe's first Lucky Strike Dance Band. Another institution in early radio was the early morning physical instructor with his mouthful of quackery.

The first big personality in the network operations was Rudy Vallee, not only because he reigned for ten years (1929-1939) as the national favorite, but during that time discovered and introduced show people who were to become radio stars in their own right. Among many of his "finds" were Bob Hope, Judy Canova, Alice Faye, Olsen and Johnson and Joan Davis.

Vallee, perhaps more than any other entertainer at that time, owed his phenomenal success to the magic of radio. One day he was just another young bandleader prepared to spend years getting public recognition. His music was picked up by NBC from a night club, and next day his name was on the lips of thousands. Never before in history had an entertainer—or any man—been able to reach so many people.

The stars NBC introduced to Americans in ensuing years reads like the Who's Who of show business: just a few of them were Amos 'n' Andy, Eddie Cantor, Ed Wynn, Joe Penner, Lanny Ross, Fred Allen, Bing Crosby, Edgar Bergen, Jack Benny, Red Skelton, Fibber McGee and Molly and Fanny Brice. Today the search for stars goes on, for NBC has 72 never restricted auditioning to the few who "know the right person."

The new year of 1927 was celebrated by NBC with the first coast-to-coast hookup in the history of commercial radio. From Pasadena, California, Graham McNamee reported the Rose Bowl Game as Alabama beat Stanford, seven to six. Two years later, NBC was the first network to broadcast the Kentucky Derby, with Clem McCarthy at the mike.

NBC "firsts" are legion but in every great organization that pioneers there is usually one man who is greatly responsible for its achievements. NBC has such a great figure in David Sarnoff, the American most responsible for the development of radio and television.

The story of David Sarnoff is an inspiring drama, typical of so many men of his stature. Born in Uzljan, Russia, in 1891, he was brought by his parents to the United States at the age of nine. He was the oldest of five youngsters and with the death of his father, he became the main support of the family.

In turn, he was a newsboy, delivery boy and messenger. It was on the last job, working for the Commercial Cable Company, that he got his initial start in communications. Earning but five dollars a week, he managed to save enough money for the purchase of a telegraph instrument and learned the Morse Code.

At the age of fifteen, he applied for a job as a junior operator with Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company, the industry built up by Guglielmo Marconi, "the father of the wireless." Young Sarnoff got his interview—and was offered work as an office boy at five dollars and fifty cents a week. He took the job, and there began his years of study in technical books. A year later, he went to a lonely wireless station on Nantucket Island at sixty dollars a month—not because of the increase in pay but because, again, there was a good technical library at the outpost. Two years later he transferred back to New York, taking a pay cut, so he could study electrical engineering at Pratt Institute.

Still not old enough to vote, Sarnoff tried his hand as a marine telegraph operator aboard the S. S. Beothic on a seal-hunting expedition. On this job he attempted the first medical treatment by radio when he learned that a wireless operator at Labrador was ill. But the experience that first brought him to public attention occurred as a result of the disastrous wreck of the S. S. Titanic.

Sarnoff was then employed as a wireless operator by John Wanamaker who had decided to equip his New York and Philadelphia stores with the most powerful radio stations that could be designed. Sarnoff, sitting at his instrument in New York on the night of April 14, 1912, was startled to pick up the message: "S. S. Titanic ran into iceberg. Sinking fast."

For the next seventy-two hours, Sarnoff sat at his post straining to catch every signal. By order of the President of the United States, every other wireless station in the country was closed to stop interference. One thousand, five hundred and seventeen of the passengers drowned, but seven hundred and seven floated with the wreckage. Not until three days and three nights after the first message came in, did Sarnoff call his job done.

This, of course, was dot-dash communication, although the first experiment in broadcasting had occurred in 1906. Only scientists were much interested in projecting the voice through ether when Sarnoff, back with the Marconi Company as Assistant Traffic Manager in 1906, sent his now famous memorandum to the General Manager: "I have in mind a plan of development," he wrote, "which would make radio a medium of entertainment in the same sense as a piano or phonograph. The idea is to bring music into the home by wireless."

His memorandum received little attention, for the company was too involved in establishing trans-oceanic radio telegraphic communications. It wasn't until 1922 that Sarnoff, as an executive of RCA, saw receivers manufactured and sold. Sarnoff, along with Marconi, was the great pioneer in radio. His enthusiasm, has never flagged in both scientific and cultural achievement in radio and television.

Today Brigadier General Sarnoff is Chairman of the Board and Chief Executive Officer of RCA, exercising general supervision over the operations of the company. He also serves as Chairman of the Board of RCA Communications and as Director of the National Broadcasting Company. He must look back with great pride on the achievements of the past twenty-five years, but he would be the first to agree that it is the American people who have made NBC a living, powerful medium. For broadcasting is like no other business—what you see or hear over the network is nothing more than a reflection of your interests.
11:30 A.M. Strike It Rich • 2 & 6
The quiz show with a heart. Warren Hull, emcee.

11:30 A.M. Dennis James Show • 7
Denny's new show built around rhyming contests and satires on household problems.

12:00 Noon Ruth Lyons' 50 Club • 4
Ruth, blonde, blue eyed, fortyish, conducts a folksy-chatter program with music, interviews.

1:30 P.M. Garry Moore Show • 2 & 6
More Moore is the way audiences react to antics of Garry and Durward Kirby, who began his career with student-announcing at Purdue.

2:30 P.M. First Hundred Years • 2
The problems of a young couple—Olive Stacey and Jimmy Lydon—and their families. (Ten hours rehearsal time goes into each daily segment.)

3:00 P.M. Miss Susan • 4
Daytime serial of the life of a woman attorney, starring Susan Peters, who thinks she has set the world record by catching measles six times.

3:30 P.M. Fashion Magic • 2
Tuesdays only, but a show not to be missed as hostess Arlene Francis reveals the tricky art of making the most of milady's wardrobe.

3:30 P.M. Bert Parks Show • 4 & 6 (M, W, F)
The human dynamo's variety-audience participation show with singing comedienne Betty Ann Grove, plus Bobby Sherwood's quintet and the lovely Heatherstones.

4:00 P.M. Kate Smith Show • 1 & 6 at 4:30
Full-hour variety managed by Ted Collins. Leading lady Kate, during World War II, sold 500 million dollars' worth of war bonds.

5:00 P.M. Bob Dixon • 2
You couldn't do better than dial this on for your child and yourself, too. Adventure, stories and wood-lore by Sheriff Bob, who once worked as a guide in the White Mountains.

5:00 P.M. Hawkins Falls, Pop. 6,200 • 4

5:30 P.M. Howdy Doody • 4 & 6
Fun and frolic for youngsters.

7:00 P.M. Kukla, Fran and Ollie • 4 & 6
Gentle, patient Fran Allison, earnest Kukla and roguish Ollie with their wonderful humor.

7:00 P.M. Captain Video • 5
Electrifying adventures of the electronic age with Al Hodges and Don Hasting in lead roles.

7:15 P.M. Candid Camera • 7 (M, W, F)
Slices of life, originated and produced by Allen Funt, the kind young man whose dead-pan conversations started with Candid Microphone.

7:30 P.M. Mohawk Showroom • 4 & 6 (M, W, F)
A musical pick-up with singer-pianist star Roberta Quinlan.

7:30 P.M. The Little Show • 4 (T, Th)
Intimate musical-variety series starring John Conte, guests and Three Beaus and the Peep.

8:00 P.M. Perry Como Show • 2 (M, W, F)
Mr. Calm-and-collected Como backed up by the Fontane Sisters and Mitchell Ayres.

8:15 P.M. News Caravan • 4 & 6
John Cameron Swayze, born and raised in Kansas, with the day's events in voice and picture.

7:30 P.M. Hollywood Screen Test • 7
The "proving grounds" for neophyte actors as Neil Hamilton offers screen tests.

8:00 P.M. Lux Video Theatre • 2 & 6
Outstanding stars of stage and screen in stories with a strong dramatic impact.

9:00 P.M. Paul Winchell Show • 4
Paul Winchell, who won first prize on the Major Bowes show at thirteen, with his precocious puppet, Jerry Mahoney, in a musical-variety quiz.

9:30 P.M. Godfrey's Talent Scouts • 2
About half a million people have applied for auditions on Arthur's show. The very best content for audience ratings on the applause meter.

9:30 P.M. Voice of Firestone • 4 & 6
Distinguished American conductor Howard Barlow and stellar vocalists of opera and concert hall.

9:00 P.M. Lights Out • 4
Specializing in tales of the supernatural as spirits appear out of nowhere and men walk through walls. Frank Capra is weird narrator.

9:00 P.M. Wrestling with Dennis James • 5
From matside at Columbia Park, N. J., Dennis grapples with the mike as stage-struck bone-crushers grind their teeth and try for a fall.

9:30 P.M. Maugham Theatre • 1

Robert Montgomery Presents
Full-hour drama adapted from noted Broadway plays, produced and narrated by star of stage and screen, Robert Montgomery. Oct. 22 & Nov. 5.

10:00 P.M. Studio One • 2 & 6
Producer Worthington C. Minor works on the principle that video viewers always deserve better than they are getting which may account for awards this dramatic show constantly wins.

Monday through Friday

New York City and Suburbs and New Haven Channel 6
October 11—November 10
Tuesday

7:30 P.M. Beulah • 7
Family comedy featuring droll housekeeper, Beulah, played by Hattie McDaniel, whose acting career was inspired by winning a Denver School medal for a recitation. Others in cast: Butterfly McQueen, William Post, Jr., Ginger Jones.

8:00 P.M. Frank Sinatra Show • 2
Frankie’s new hour show premieres this month. Many songs by your host plus lively, entertainment-packed variety with star guests.

8:00 P.M. Texaco Star Theatre • 4 & 6
Science’s answer to perpetual motion, Milton Berle, in a fast and furious 60 minutes of gags, gals, music, dance and top-notch variety.

8:00 P.M. Charlie Wild, Private Detective • 7
Crime melodrama opening in the office of Wild, a tough-guy detective who has a way with the women. 34-year-old John McQuade in title role.

8:30 P.M. Johns Hopkins Science Review • 5
So successful and popular is this series in adult education, created by Johns Hopkins University, that telecasters in France and England plan to use the show. Lynn Poole is host.

8:30 P.M. Juvenile Jury • 9
A panel of youngsters who solve problems of their contemporaries. Jack Barry moderates.

9:00 P.M. Crime Syndicated • 2
Rudolph Halley, former chief counsel for the Senate Crime Investigating Committee, narrates factual dramatizations of organized crime.

9:00 P.M. Fireside Theatre • 4
If you like your video drama with whimsical personalities or a surprise twist on an amusing level, then this is for you. Filmed in Hollywood and cast with screen actors.

9:00 P.M. Cavalcade of Bands • 5
Popular announcer Don Russell is your host to top name bands and their unique song interpretations along with Broadway variety acts.

9:00 P.M. O.E.D. • 7
Colorful emcee Fred Utal builds mystery stories from material contributed by televiwers, inciting panelists to the solution. Guests plus regulars: Hi Brown and Richard Himber.

9:00 P.M. Boxing • 9
From Westchester County Center, Stan Lomax and Dick Nesbitt handle the mike for professional fights scheduled by matchmaker Joe McKenna.

9:30 P.M. Suspense • 2 & 6
Tight, taut mystery drama on this award-winning show. Robert Stevens, producer-director, varies stories of pure fiction with documentary material.

9:30 P.M. Circle Theatre • 4
Nelson Case, a graduate of William and Mary College, is host to dramas about experiences of real people in real situations, star-cast.

9:30 P.M. Life Begins at Eighty • 7
The oldsters, with wit and wisdom, tackle problems both sensible and senseless. Panelists: 86-year-old pixie Georgiana Carhart, her wry cohort, 84-year-old Fred Stein, and other young-in-heart guests. Jack Barry, very young, moderates.

10:00 P.M. Danger • 2
Week in, week out, one of the best mystery dramatic series on TV with excellent scripts, originals and adaptations from classic whodunits. Produced by Charles W. Russell, veteran actor.

Wednesday

8:00 P.M. Godfrey and Friends • 2 & 6
Arthur, who made his debut at $5 a performance billed as the Warbling Banjoist, chartles his way through a lively, happy variety show with companions Frank Parker, Haleloke, Marion Marlowe, Janette Davis, the Chordettes, Mariners and Archie Bleyer’s fine orchestra.

8:00 P.M. Kate Smith Show • 4
Kate, who has skyrocketed to fame once again via video, and producer-manager Ted Collins present TV’s star comedians, Hollywood actors in dramatic spots and other variety acts.

9:00 P.M. Strike It Rich • 2 & 6
Contestants are chosen by written application on the basis of their need for cash. Winners earn up to $500 from emcee Warren Hull, an expert baker, who specializes in apple pies.

9:00 P.M. Kraft Theatre • 4
A four-year reputation for excellent video fare is maintained by alternating directors Maury Holland and Stan Quinn. Good, honest drama cast with Broadway actors rather than big names.

9:00 P.M. Don McNeill’s TV Club • 7
From Chicago, the country’s most popular club, presided over by Don himself, and his roster of friends, including Sam Cowling, Fran Allison, vocalists Peggy Lee and Johnny Desmond, and Ed Ballantine and his orchestra.

9:30 P.M. The Web • 2
Recommended without reservation to mystery lovers. Excellent whodunits and suspense tales adapted from stories by Mystery Writers of America. Produced by actor-director Franklin Heller.

9:30 P.M. Shadow of the Cloak • 5
Drama of international racketeers and intrigue starring Helmut Dantine as Peter House, agent for International Security Intelligence.

9:30 P.M. Wrestling • 7 & 6 at 11:00 P.M.
From the Rainbo Arena in Chicago, Wayne Griffin calls the holds as the “Daring Dans” of the wrestling world make with both kinds of gags.

10:00 P.M. International Boxing Club • 2 & 6
Many of the best bouts of the day featured on this show. Russ Hodges handles mike coverage.

10:00 P.M. Break the Bank • 4
Bert Parks, who once announced a marble contest but still doesn’t know from muggles, quizzes studio contestants with category questions which pay from ten to 500 dollars with the huge cash bank building up its reserve for the big winner. Bud Collyer, host. Music by Pete Van Steeden.

10:00 P.M. Playwrights’ Theatre • 7
A new, ambitious, full-hour dramatic show, bidding for top honores on TV. The works of such authors as Philip Barry, Eugene O’Neill, Maxwell Anderson and others will be presented exclusively with no expense spared in casting and production. Biweekly: Oct. 17, “Susan and God” by Rachel Crothers, Oct. 31, “No Time For Comedy” by S. N. Behrman.

10:30 P.M. Dave Garroway Show • 4
Bespectacled, bewitched Garroway, once told to forget radio when he finished next to last at NBC’s school for announcers. Others in the musical show: Cliff Norton, Betty Chapel, Jack Haskell and beautiful Connie Russell.
7:30 P.M. The Lone Ranger • 7
Exciting episodes of the cowboy adventurer.

8:00 P.M. Burns and Allen • 2
George and his delightfully daffy spouse, Gracie, who seriously prefers canasta to bridge. Thirty minutes of domestic hijinks feature Fred Clark and Bea Benadaret as Harry and Blanche Morton. Biweekly: Oct. 11, 25, Nov. 8.

8:00 P.M. Groucho Marx • 4
The side-splitting Groucho is back, you bet your life, with questions that earn winners up to $320 and a jackpot of $1000 or more to the lucky couple with the highest score.

8:00 P.M. Stop the Music • 7 & 6
Bert Parks, as ever, and attractive prizes for the lesser questions with the fabulous jackpot worth up to $15,000 for the famous “mystery melody.” Clues and song by Jimmy Blaine. Betty Ann Grove and Jane Morgan, the New England girl who became famous in Paris. Harry Salter’s orchestra.

8:30 P.M. Amos ’n’ Andy • 2
Absorbing, rib-tickling comedy concerning the “mess” or predicament of Kingfish or Andy, played by Tim Moore and Spencer Williams, Jr. Alvin Childress as Amos; Johnny Lee, Lawyer Calhoun; Ernestine Wade, Betty Ann Grove and Jane Morgan, the New England girl who became famous in Paris. Harry Salter’s orchestra.

8:30 P.M. Treasury Men in Action • 4
Integrated film and live dramatizations of stories from the closed files of the United States Treasury Department, starring Walter Greaza, veteran of 15 years of radio acting.

9:00 P.M. Alan Young Show • 2
The harried Mr. Young, who can be seen almost any Saturday afternoon at a gridiron enjoying his favorite spectator sport, scores many, mighty laughs with his wonderful skits.

9:00 P.M. Ford Festival • 4
Handsome baritone James Melton, star and host in an hour of musical variety, with soprano Dorothy Wareskjold, announcer John Reed King, and musical conductor Frank Black, plus guest stars.

9:00 P.M. Ellery Queen • 5
Suave Hollywood actor Lee Bowman brings the famous fiction hero to life via video as crimes are solved with a minimum of arm muscle and a maximum of brain muscle. Florenz Ames, Ellery’s father.

9:30 P.M. Big Town • 2
Danger-loaded adventures of newsman Steve Wilson, played by Pat McVey. Julie Stevens, as Lorelai, also stars in Romance of Helen Trent.

9:30 P.M. Guild Theatre • 7
Top film stars in TV plays with the accent on romance and wholesome family entertainment.

10:00 P.M. Martin Kane, Private Eye • 4 & 6
Lloyd Nolan, well known for his movie characterization of Detective Michael Shayne, plays the title role in this TV crime series.

10:00 P.M. Jerry Colonna Show • 7
The mad antics of Colonna aided and abetted by beautiful Barbara Ruick, announcer Del Shurbett, comics Paul Sells and Gordon Polk. On film.

10:30 P.M. Crime Photographer • 2
Clever, adventurous sherlocking, featuring Broadway graduate Danny Mcgavin as Casey, Dour, put-upon Ethelbert, played by Cliff Hall, a veteran of many of George M. Cohan’s loved shows.

11:00 P.M. Quick on the Draw • 4
And quick on the trigger with wit is hostess Eloise McElligane, moderator of the cartoon charade game with cartoonist Bob Durin and a quartet of competing celebrities.

7:30 P.M. Say It with Acting • 7

Friday

7:30 P.M. Mama • 2 & 6
Peggy Woods as the perfect mother in this popular series set in the early part of the century. Judson Laire, Papa; Dick Van Patten, Nels; Robin Morgan, a talented ballerina, as Dagmar.

8:00 P.M. Twenty Questions • 5
With Bill Slater as emcee, the panel stars Fred VanDeventer, Florence Rinard, Herb Polesie and Johnny McFee who test their proficiency at guessing the identity of animal, vegetable or mineral.

8:00 P.M. Mystery Theatre • 7
The very popular radio show newly come to TV. High in tension and suspense. Filmed in Hollywood.

8:30 P.M. Man Against Crime • 2
Ralph Bellamy in his third season as Mike Barnett, fearless sleuth. Each story is a self-contained, fast-moving tale of death detecting.

8:30 P.M. We, the People • 4 & 6
Dan Seymour is host to the high-rated human interest show that presents colorful, newsy stories told by the people directly concerned.

9:00 P.M. Playhouse of Stars • 2
Full-hour live dramatic programs starring many of the greatest actors of our day. Producer is Felix Jackson, former Hollywood producer and writer of such hits as “Destry Rides Again.”

9:00 P.M. Hands of Destiny • 5
Exciting, hair-raising drama of danger with a new, original TV play each week, cast with Broadway actors and directed by Pat Fay.

9:30 P.M. Aldrich Family • 4 & 6
The family comedy that made its radio debut back in 1939. Dick Tyler as scatter-brained Henry.

9:30 P.M. Tales of Tomorrow • 7
Exciting adult science-drama, excellently cast and produced, and adapted from the cream of science-fiction classics by famed authors.

10:00 P.M. Caracalade of Sports • 4 & 6
Veteran sports reporter Jimmy Powers is at the ringside mike as the camera focuses on big-name boxing bouts from Madison Square Garden and other New York City arenas.

10:00 P.M. Caracalade of Stars • 5
A parade of guest stars, the June Taylor dancers and your comedian-host Jackie Gleason, who broke into TV playing the title role of the Life of Riley series in 1949.

10:45 P.M. Greatest Fights of the Century • 4 & 6
12:00 Noon Big Top • 2
All of the excitement and entertainment of a real circus. Ringmaster Jack Sterling, Joe Basile's Band. Clowns Ed McMahon and Chris Keegan.

1:15-2:15 P.M. College Football • 4 & 6
2:45 Oct. 13, S.M.U. at Notre Dame
1:45 Oct. 20, Cornell at Yale
2:15 Nov. 3, Michigan at Illinois
1:15 Nov. 10, Notre Dame at Michigan State

5:00 P.M. Italian Feature Films • 9

7:00 P.M. Sammy Kaye Show • 2
Sammy, who once studied to be a civil engineer, delivers his popular music and his "So You Want to Lead a Band" contest. Barbara Benso is the eye-ear-catch vocalising guitarist.

7:30 P.M. Beat the Clock • 8
Steady nerves and agility help contestants on this show who try for prizes worth $100 and up by performing parlor stunts. Bud Collyer, emcee, left a law career for broadcasting.

7:30 P.M. One Man's Family • 4
Bert Lytell, 65-year-old matinee idol, as Father Barbour in this ageless family series. Marjorie Gateson as Mother Barbour.

7:30 P.M. Stu Erwin Show • 8
It's a laughing commando for everyone but Stu in the family comedy co-starring June Collyer (Erwin) with Ann Todd and Sheila James as his bright-eyed but trouble-making daughters.

8:00 P.M. Ken Murray Show • 2 & 6
Beautiful showgirls, quick-turned jokes and a big cigar signify one, Ken Murray, and a full hour of music, dance and comic spots.

8:00 P.M. All Star Revue • 4

8:00 P.M. TV Teen Club • 7
Paul Whiteman, who discovered and trained such show people as the Dorseys, Crosby, Morton Downey, and Mindy Carson, presents more stars-to-be. Nancy Lewis, co-emcee.

9:00 P.M. Wonderful Town • 2
Beautiful Faye Emerson, whose favorite hobby is still photography, takes you on a tour of America's famous cities with native sons and daughters contributing to the entertainment.

9:00 P.M. Your Show of Shows • 4 & 6
Sid Caesar, who once wanted to be a symphonic musician, shares comedy honors with rubber-faced Imogene Coca. Inspired dance and song interpretations performed by top talent with a guest star as host of the big 90 minutes.

9:30 P.M. The Show Goes on • 2 & 6
Robert Q-stands-for-nothing Lewis provides a showcase for gifted young talent and an audition office for buyers representing theatres, shows, night clubs and booking agents.

10:00 P.M. Songs for Sales • 2
Steve Allen, whose birthday falls on Xmas eve—30th coming up, interviews amateur songwriter. Guest stars perform the amateur's work and a panel of experts choose a winner for publication.

10:30 P.M. Your Hit Parade • 4 & 6
The nation's choice in top tunes, each in a different visual setting and sung by dimpled Dorothy Collins, honey-blonde Eileen Wilson and Snooky Lanson, whose real name is Roy.

11:00 P.M. Take Another Look • 2
Film playback of Saturday's big football games with live commentary by Red Barber and analysis by Dr. Mal Stevens. Games telecast will be those played on preceding day: Oct. 14, Columbia vs. Yale; Army vs. Dartmouth; Oct. 21, Maryland vs. North Carolina; Oct. 28, Army vs. Columbia: Nov. 4, Navy vs. Notre Dame, and Army vs. So. Calif.

2:30 P.M. Professional Football • 5
DuMont cameras turn to games in the National Professional Football League, following schedule of last year's champion, the Cleveland Browns, and the Chicago Bears and Cardinals.

4:30 P.M. Zoo Parade • 4
Your Sunday at the zoo with R. Marlin Perkins as host. Mr. Perkins got started in his career as a laborer in St. Louis' Zoo.

5:00 P.M. Super Circus • 7 (4 & 6 at 5:30)
Your ringside seat with Ringmaster Claude Kirchner presenting authentic circus performers. Danny Hartline leads the brass band.

6:00 P.M. Hopalong Cassidy • 4
Up-to-date echoes of the Wild West with cowboy hero Bill Boyd, who once was a surveyor and tool specialist in California's oil fields.

6:00 P.M. Ted Mack Family Hour • 7
Soft-spoken, genial Ted Mack with an hour of cheerful entertainment.

6:30 P.M. Star of the Family • 2
Peter Lind Hayes co-stars with actress-wife Mary Healy in song and comedy.

7:00 P.M. Gene Autry • 2
Gene, riding his famous horse Champion, hits the sagebrush trail in action-packed films.

7:00 P.M. Bob Hope Show • 4
The get-talk delivery comedian appears once a month in video comedy, Nov. 4. Other Sundays filled in with Jerry Lester and other NBC comics.

7:00 P.M. Paul Whiteman Revue • 7 & 6
Pops Whiteman, a Navy handsman in World War I, now skips a spectacular crew of dancers and musicians, guest stars and singing favorites.

7:30 P.M. This is Show Business • 2 & 6
The guaranteed to entertain variety-panel show with host Clifton Fadiman. Two guest panelists along with two regulars.

8:00 P.M. Toast of the Town • 2 & 6
"This is to be a program of variety entertainment for everybody in the family to enjoy," so announced host Ed Sullivan three years ago and he has fulfilled this promise every Sunday.

8:00 P.M. Comedy Hour • 4
The funf hour of laughs and pretty girls starring top laughmakers on a rotating basis: Oct. 14, Abbott & Costello; Oct. 21 & 28, TBA; Nov. 4, Eddie Cantor.

9:00 P.M. Fred Waring Show • 2
Fred's huge, musical aggregation in an hour-long show of dance and song.

9:00 P.M. Philco TV Playhouse • 4 & 6
Finest adult drama with original stories as well as documentaries from contemporary books.

10:00 P.M. Celebrity Time • 2 & 6
Guest celebrities pair with singer Jane Wilson, football coach Herman Hickman in quiz game.

10:00 P.M. Red Skelton Show • 4
Richard, that's his real name, in his inimitable skits and comedy, filmed in Hollywood.

10:30 P.M. What's My Line? • 2
Fascinating guess-your-occupation show with moderator John Daly and panelists.

10:30 P.M. Leave It to the Girls • 4
Maggi McNeills arbitrates female complaints against the stronger sex? as one male celebrity guest attempts to defend his brothers in and out of arms.
FAIR, FORTYISH AND FABULOUS

(Continued from page 50) escort to get her through the clamoring crowds who want to see, touch or speak to their Ruth.

Unique and potent, it’s a charm compounded of equal parts of quick wit, dry humor, surging enthusiasm, absolute honesty and great heart. Fanatically devoted viewers and listeners find her fresh as a Midwest morning, frank as a best girl friend and swiftly, effectively sympathetic as a good neighbor next door. One summed it up by saying, “When Ruth talks to me, it’s just like she was right in my own kitchen.” To this Ruth’s brisk comment was, “Why shouldn’t she feel that way? That’s exactly where I want to be.”

She proves it frequently. Once, when having maid trouble, she carried her basket of freshly washed clothes into the studio and challenged her guests to demonstrate how fast they could iron Herman’s shirts and Candy’s ruffled pinafores.

“A great stunt,” exclaimed studio executives. Ruth didn’t see it that way. “Nonsense,” she retorted, “that was no stunt, I was stuck. I had to do my own and I had to keep my family in clean clothes. I knew my friends would help me out.”

In such reciprocity lies the secret of Ruth’s appeal. Besides offering something to her audience, she also recognizes that each visitor has something worthwhile to give back to her and other viewers so she provides an opportunity for such giving. It starts with an opinion—a guest’s opinion. Ruth abhors the person who merely mumbles into the microphone that she’s Sophie Snodgrass from Sidehill, Kentucky, that she’s a housewife and has eleven children.

Says Ruth explosively, “If that happens, we’re through. There’s nothing left for me to do but remark it’s wonderful and go on to the next person. That’s no good. It’s not even honest. Maybe Sophie’s having eleven children is awful rather than wonderful. Maybe they’re all in jail. Or, in the other hand, maybe every one of them has done something fine and outstanding, like the Trapp family singers. See what I mean? I have to find out more than a name and address.”

For such finding out, Ruth has a method. Says she with a twinkle in her eye.

“What’s the quickest way to discover what some one thinks, feels or believes? Why, start an argument, of course. So I needle them.”

The point of such needling usually is hidden in scatteredrambling, such as when before going on her vacation, Ruth was talking about clothes. She asked her “audience” what she should wear in New York and also how to explain to Herman when the bills for her new dresses began coming in. Innocently she murmured, “Wouldn’t it be nice not to worry about such things? Wouldn’t it be nice to be married to Aly Khan?”

In the audience, an elderly gentleman bridled visibly. Ruth challenged, “Well, Pops, what do you know about it?” Before bustling, the man spoke up. “Rita’s not one bit better than he is.”

Ruth’s head tilted. Her next question was loaded. “Pops,” said Ruth, “did you ever buy your wife a ruby? A great big beautiful ruby?”

Taken aback, the man groped for words. “No,” he admitted, “but she’s never complained. We’ve had fifty years together . . .” Encouraged by Ruth’s interest, he gathered assurance and went on to tell of a half century of love and devotion and tell it so poignantly that everyone was deeply moved.

Proving such responsive systems equally from Ruth’s quick mind and the fact that she’s as much at home in a studio as she is in her own kitchen. In announcing her network television premiere in trade publications, the National Broadcasting Company called her “A Lady With A Past.” The designation was apt, for to millions of people Ruth Lyons’ past is radio’s and television’s past as well.

Cincinnati born, Ruth is the granddaughter of a river boat captain and the daughter of a travel agent who also taught music in evening classes at the University of Cincinnati. Her mother, too, was a musician and Ruth, at an early age, began to study piano and organ. She never wanted to be a concert performer, but preferred instead to be the one who wrote and produced shows.

For kicks, however, Ruth and the rest of her crowd formed the habit of spending their Saturday evenings at the edge-of-town studio of WLW. In those infant days of radio, the Saturday night jamboree was anybody’s ball and if you could play, sing or tell a joke, the microphone was yours until some one better took it away.

Intrigued by this wonderful new medium, Ruth, on graduation from the University, found a job on WKRC. Specifically, she was supposed to catalog the sheet music which was stacked shoulder-high on the floor of a small office, but in those untrammeled days when everyone did everything, it was inevitable that she should also play piano whenever time needed to be filled.

Ruth got a liberal education. Recalling it, she says, “The staff’s favorite indoor sport was breaking each other up. I’d be at the piano when four announcers would enter the studio, each holding a huge slab of apple pie and chewing in time to the music. Another favorite trick was to sneak under the piano and grab my ankle just as I reached some soft and soulful musical passage.”

The Lyons sense of humor was not so well seasoned then as it is now, Ruth admits, and every Saturday the high jinks would get too much for her. She says, “I’d put on my white polo coat, pull the belt so tight I could scarcely breathe, pick up the candy box which held my cosmetics and step into my boss’s office to announce I was through. He’d calm me down, I’d go back, but the thing would happen again the next Saturday. I quit that job every single Saturday for thirteen years.”

Somewhere, during the course of them, someone handed Ruth a microphone without a piano attached. The homemaker specialized, and one day, so to fill her spot, the manager gave Ruth a script and said, “You’re on.” Ruth hated reading. The next day she forgot her glasses—deliberately—and had to ad lib. She’s been ad libbing ever since, but it took the 1937 Ohio river floods to make it spectacularly effective. Neither Ruth nor other Cincinnati people had forgotten what happened. She says, “I was then at WSAI and as soon as we realized how the river was rampaging, we started putting our phone lines into the city hall and other key points. Knowing full well they’d be marooned and probably in great personal danger, the male members of our staff went out to man them. When they could get through, we picked up their reports as remote. When their lines went out, I talked.”

“Talking” is too mild a designation for what occurred. Cincinnati people say. Throughout four days Ruth stayed at the microphone. Except for a few hours of sleep snatched when she reached the point of utter exhaustion, she was constantly on the air, coordinating reports, warning people to flee, pleading with more distant listeners to send money for the flood victims who were injured, ill or stripped of all possessions.

When, after the crisis had passed and Ruth had slept around the clock, she returned to the station to find that she was the city’s heroine. She had raised fifty-six thousand dollars for flood relief.

Now at WLW, she continues to give evidence of her great heart and good works. Each year she raises a Christmas...
Scoop!
the whole story of
Why Nancy Sinatra Gave
Frankie His Freedom
by
Hedda Hopper

Hollywood was dumbfounded! Nancy's lawyer was stunned! The public remained aghast! But Hedda, close to the heartbreaking facts and a gal that has the "inside track" on just about everything that happens or will happen in Hollywood, knows the COMPLETE STORY. What are the REAL facts that led to Nancy's change of heart? Read Hedda's exclusive for some startling and never-before-revealed truths.

PLUS many, many more stories of your favorite Hollywood stars all in NOVEMBER . . .

fund which, because of its size, is divided among several children's hospitals in Ohio, Indiana and New York. In 1949, it amounted to $28,943.29 and in 1950 it swelled to $56,664.21. In addition, there's a running fund to buy television sets for sick youngsters and shut-ins. By July, this year's expenditure had reached $12,000 and when Ruth announced that the treasury was empty, more money promptly rolled in.

Proud as her listeners and viewers are of her achievements, they are most deeply touched by her references to Herman, her husband, and Candy, her daughter.

SOME FRIENDS, knowing Ruth, maintain that if, when she finally fell in love and married, the man hadn't been called Herman, she would have invented that name or one of equally homespun quality. It happens, however, that his straight name actually is Herman A. Newman. He's a Unitarian minister who exchanged his pulpit for a classroom podium at the University of Cincinnati where he teaches speech and language hygiene. (You don't call it English any more, he advises.) In wit, wisdom, and intelligence he's more than a match for his famed wife, and altogether, Herman is quite a guy.

The courtesies, too, were something. Ruth will tell you. She had always been a little wary of for-real romance, she explains. Although she'd never been burningly ambitious for a career, she was adverse to getting tied down. She says, "Perhaps it was because I always worked in such a turmoil at the station. By the time I reached home, I just wanted to forget it all. Living with my parents, and later in my own apartment, I liked to putter around—cook or read or write a little music. I've always had to have thinking time all to myself."

And then, too, I suppose the kids at the station spoiled me. When I did want to get out, there was usually some nice lad available to take me places. I somehow got the idea that so long as I went with someone I liked but was not world-shakingly attracted to, I was safe from entanglements."

It was just such a nice someone—a musician—who took her to a Lilly Pons concert at historic Cincinnati Music Hall. Since he was in the orchestra, Ruth sat alone and at intermission the young man seated ahead of her turned around and asked politely, "Would you like to walk out to the lobby with my mother and me?"

At Ruth's startled look, he reminded her that they had attended the University of Cincinnati together, that he was Herman Newman, and he had just recently returned from doing graduate work at the University of Chicago.

Herman, in speaking of that evening, adds that although Ruth had forgotten him, his own memory was fresh. Nearly ten years earlier, while standing at a street intersection with his father, he had seen Ruth drive by and had remarked there was the girl he would like to marry. He'd never quite got her out of his mind.

Herman asked to see Ruth again, and she agreed to the date. But by the next morning she was skittish. Herman, realizing she had not filled her requirement that a man be nice but not world-shaking, Herman definitely was disturbing. She telephoned him that night to call the whole thing off.

Herman objected. "If you break this date," he warned, "I'll not have the nerve to call you again."

Ruth says, "I guess I sort of melted. I remember thinking, 'Oh heavens, this is it,' and not knowing whether to be glad or frightened."

When they chose October 3, 1942, as their wedding day, Ruth told her audience, "I'm going to get married. Now much as I love all of you, this day belongs to me. So please, please, everybody leave me alone."

Understanding, her friends respected her wishes. They respect, too, her need for a private life and undisturbed time with her family. Seldom does even the most fanatic fan attempt to search out the Newman's white brick farmhouse. They recognize that here is the source of the strength which enables her both to work her daily schedule of two-hour-long simulcasts and campaign for good causes besides. They sense, too, that Ruth's and Herman's sincere devotion is the sort which makes them prefer the company of each other to that of even their very best friends.

Herman and Ruth find their greatest joy in their daughter Candy, a fragile blonde girl. Ruth has stepped out of the illustrations of one of the better children's books, and who behaves with the gravely gracious manner of a fairy princess. After Candy's arrival, Ruth stayed home seven weeks, stating flatly that her public life was over—that she never again would set foot outside her own home. But she grew restless. As an executive at WLW persuaded her that she'd worked for so long she couldn't just quite cold, she'd have to taper off. Back she went.

Ruth's success has also been responsible for network acceptance of one of her cherished projects. She contends that New York radio should not have a monopoly in producing television shows. Ruth, being Ruth, she elected to do something about it, so for the past three years every memo she sent to NBC headquarters has carried the postscript, "We could feed this show to the net."

Repitition, for a few other factors, paid off. During the past summer, WLW-TV's Strawhat Matinee was network replacement for Kate Smith; Midwest Hayride went into the coveted Saturday night spot, and finally Ruth's own Fifty Club was put on the regular fall network schedule.

Opposite it, another network is booking a show which carries a $40,000 a week budget. Ruth said, "That scared me at first. I wondered if anyone would bother to tune us in. If we ever had much over five dollars to spend we wouldn't know what to do with it. But I suppose we'll hold our own. Some people will like us. They always do."

It's a safe prediction, for Ruth Lyons has always possessed something much more important than just money. Ruth Lyons has the greatest asset of all—a deep interest in the welfare of others. As she herself says, "There's no substitute for people."
(Continued from page 67) the final outline to Hannah and we go over some point that needs clearing up. Bill has recently become so fascinated by the timing that I bought him a stop-watch to clock my speeches. But Hannah began early to make the children understand that work is important and they always wait until we have finished before they make any comments or demands.

I have always felt that it is a great asset for a wife to be a good hostess. In our case, Hannah has made entertaining an important part of her job, because in my business it is essential to get people together on an informal footing. She arranges the dinner party for the speakers and their staffs that precedes each broadcast and a second party after the broadcast in which some of the guests in the audience and many of our personal friends join. It makes little difference to her whether the party is on a big scale or for a few friends at home. In every case everything has been arranged for in an orderly way and everyone is made to feel welcome.

Because my wife is a friendly person she keeps in touch with the wives and families of Senators and Congressmen and through those friendships often learns of some new piece of legislation that will be introduced or some new plan that will make an interesting topic for one of our programs. I should imagine that many wives could similarly promote their husbands' interests by making friends with the wives of the men they deal with. In

Hannah's case there are the all-important factors that she does not gossip with one person about another and that she is careful of what she repeats, respecting confidences scrupulously. She never involves either of us in petty quarrels or feuds. I should say these are important factors in any case, but especially in a city like Washington, where we live.

Hannah's intuition about strangers is uncanny. As a practicing lawyer, people often come to me with schemes, inventions and plans of all sort. Sometimes Hannah will meet such a person and talk to him for a few minutes. Later she will mention, "I wouldn't represent him if I were you, Ted. There is something phony about that fellow."

Sometimes when I am inclined to take a chance to please a friend, Hannah will remind me that "It's a good thing you're not a girl, because you hate to say no." When I have said "yes" on occasion in spite of her cautioning and the situation has turned out badly, she has never assumed an I-told-you-so air. Her theory is to forget mistakes and get on to something else.

Not long ago I made an investment in an FM station near Washington. The call letters were WHMB, for Hannah, Marion and Bill, and it was to be a great thing for all of us. You know what has been happening to FM—and consequently to my investment—but my wife only said, "Don't burn up your energy in regretting. Some day it will work out." Recently a corporation offered to buy the land at a price seven times what I paid for it.

One of her greatest concerns is my health. That is, the ways to keep me healthy. She watches my diet, and makes me rest enough. Because getting out on the water relaxes me, she urged me to buy a boat a couple of years ago on which we cruise on the Potomac. With my son, she conspired to make me join a golf club to get me away from telephones and the routine of work.

Many times her fine common sense has kept me from writing a letter in anger on the impulse of the moment. Something goes wrong, and I reach for the telephone or start to dictate a telegram or letter. If Hannah is there, she urges me to give her the message and let her hold it until the next day. "That way it's off your mind, and you can read it again in the morning." Next day I have usually changed my mind and will send a more moderate message.

We both like a lively, controversial program on the Forum, and Hannah is my barometer of how things are going out front. She signals me her reactions, and when the arguments get unusually stormy I watch her for warning signs. After every show I go straight to her for the lowdown. She may tell me "it wasn't one of your best" but she always has something good to say about it.

Come to think of it, having something good to say about almost every situation is one of the finest ways Hannah helps me.

84% of Service Men

interviewed at Times Square, N. Y. said:

"CAVALIERS are Milder
than the brand I had been smoking!"

Over 200 Service Men, interviewed at Times Square, N.Y., were asked to try king-size Cavallers— to compare them for milderness with their own brand. Here are the amazing results:

84%—that's right—
84% of these Service Men who smoke said Cavallers are milder than the cigarettes they had been smoking! And they'd been smoking all the popular brands!

Service Men are just
one of many groups who
have agreed on Cavaller's milderness. Models, housewives, pilots—80% or more of every group of smokers interviewed said Cavaller's are milder!

Try Cavallers. Priced no higher than other leading brands!
(Continued from page 65) character played by Jack is the kind of policeman who could be found anywhere in the world. He's not married, although many of his fellow-workers are. He's got a mother, however, who wants to know what time he'll be home for dinner. He gets perplexed once in a while just like any other human being. He has pie for lunch instead of a highball. And when he's in a risky situation, he gets a little scared. He's quite human, and quite different from the average radio detective.

Actually, police throughout the country have been stung so many times by people who contend they are going to write the truth about police work that the L.A. Department merely reserved opinion on Jack Webb's show, although he got plenty of cooperation from two of their detectives, Sgts. Marty Wynn and Vince Browsen.

Jack met them when he was working on a movie. The two detectives were technical advisers on the film and Jack got chummy with them. The three of them kicked around an idea for a factual police show. NBC liked it, decided to give Dragnet a trial as a summer replacement in 1949. Its sensational reception made radio history.

Once a week Jack and his writer, Jim Moser, meet with the Los Angeles police—who now number themselves among his most enthusiastic listeners—to discuss cases from their files. Then Jack goes on to interview officers who actually worked on the cases. Conferences are held before, during and after the scripts are written. Occasionally, Jack writes a script himself. He also pitches in on research, editing, assembling, casting—even collaborates with the sponsor on commercial presentations. And when the show is finally aired, Jack is director as well as star.

Jack Webb has never strayed far from radio or his birthplace, Santa Monica, California, where his mother and grandmother still live. He went to Belmont High in Los Angeles, then one of the toughest schools in the city. Although some of his school friends are now on the police force, a few turned out to be "bad actors," not "at liberty," but in jail.

Outside of a three-year interlude in World War II as a B-26 pilot, Jack stuck with West Coast radio, never completely divorcing himself from the microphone, although he made twelve pictures in Hollywood. Through it all, he continues to exhibit a trait that sets him off from nearly everyone else in the business: Jack never thinks of himself as a star.

Perhaps Jack Webb got that way—and stays that way—because he's so well adjusted, domestically as well as professionally. His wife, Julie, seems to complement him perfectly. While Jack is dark and rugged, Julie is blonde and very feminine. Jack is intense and quick to express himself. On the other hand, Julie is quiet and restrained. Yet she, too, is a successful actress who takes time off to make one or two movies a year.

Jack and their fifteen-month-old daughter, Stacey, are reasons enough for Julie's sticking close to home which is, at present, a rambling cottage about thirty years old. It's furnished so comfortably and tastefully that you're enchanted from the moment you enter. At one end of the living room is a big fireplace. Above it, a beautiful oil painting of Julie. Both Julie and Jack are avid readers and from floor to ceiling there are shelves lined with books. If you look closely at the titles, you'll find some bound volumes of Dragnet and two of Jack's earlier shows. Jeff Regan and Pat Novak. About the room there are pieces of old china, glass and silver that the Webs collect as a hobby. But the room is Jack really lives in is his den.

The den is a large room equipped with a desk, typewriter, telephone and reference books. But, in addition, there are a few oddities: an old player-piano, an almost extinct crank-type telephone. One table holds an authentic ancient record player, and a library of jazz records.

Jack is an addict of the two-beat, and it was this interest in jazz that brought his newest program, Pete Kelly's Blues, into being. In the series Jack plays Pete, a fast-talking cornet player of the roaring twenties, who has a penchant for becoming involved in exciting mystery-drama.

With his usual modesty, Jack says, "I don't know whether this show will go as well as Dragnet. I'll just have to wait until the listeners make up their minds.

But the odds are that it will be a big success. Jack has traits characteristic of many great men, Take Thomas Edison and Alexander Graham Bell—they were hard-working dreamers, too!

HARD-WORKING DREAMER

Listen to

HOLLYWOOD LOVE STORY

A complete romantic drama presented on each program. Cal York, famed PHOTOPLAY Magazine reporter, digs into Hollywood's love life for these heart-palpitating stories. Also latest Hollywood news.

Every Saturday morning, 11 A.M.
EST, NBC
COME AND VISIT JAMES MELTON

(Continued from page 44) far-seeing than I was. He must have guessed where my interest was leading me.

There's his home, set in forty acres of gardens and orchards and wide green lawns, the place he bought to retire to some day, before he dreamed of new careers that would go on and on—opera and concert, radio, and now his own Ford Festival on television. There are his collections, from rare glass to antique automobiles, several garages full on the property and a museum full in Norwalk, Connecticut, eight miles down the Parkway.

The rambling white house with black trim is set on the highest hill in Fairfield County. Originally, in 1739, there was just one room, to which a summer kitchen was later added. Other rooms were tucked on from time to time to meet the needs of the families that grew up under this roof, and by the time the Meltons bought it in 1937 it had grown into a fair-size house. Since then they have lavished loving work on it, have added a handsome music room, converted an old workshop into an inviting guest house, and have built a small connecting house for Mrs. McClure, Marjorie's mother, a writer with a shelf of novels to her credit.

A tour of the main house is like retracing all the places where Jim has sung. The fine breakfront in the music room was bought when Jim toured Ireland. A satiny chest of drawers must have come from some old Southern mansion, but Jim saw it in the window of an antique shop in Greensboro, North Carolina, one night on his way home from a concert. "I woke up the proprietor, who thought I had a crazy man on his hands, but I persuaded him to open the shop and let me take the chest along with me on the Pullman. Marjorie was a little surprised, but she gets used to these things."

Marjorie was more than a little surprised when he called up one night from Louisville and said that he wanted to buy a seven-foot spinet. "But where will we put it?" she moaned. "We haven't room for any more big pieces." He said all right, it wasn't any good anymore as a piano anyhow but it was such a beautiful piece he had a hard time resisting it. He did, indeed, for when he got home he had to confess the piano was on its way up north and would soon arrive. Now, converted to a combination table and desk, it's the first thing you see as you enter the living room.

The Meltons' collection of glass has been gathered piece by piece from all over the world. The miniature silver automobiles from such scattered places as India, Vancouver and England have come to rest in a cabinet that Jim brought home one day from a Cape Cod jaunt. An Early American prize is the lamp post on the front lawn, which stood on a street in Augusta, Georgia, until five years ago, when it was presented to Jim after a concert he gave, by the City of Augusta. The iron column was cast in 1778, to celebrate victory in the Revolutionary War. On the sides are red, white and blue United States shields and the stars of the first colonies, and an American Eagle spreads its wings at the top.

The living room, which is the original room of the house, has a comfortable chair and ottoman covered with a fabric Jim picked up in his travels. The pattern is formed by a "Rigoletto" libretto, the opening notes of the "Quartette," the opera glasses and the fans that signify an operatic performance. On a table nearby is a music box from France, another from Germany. All over the house you find ornaments from many countries, figurines from the Orient, China from France and England. Unusual things like the pair of porcelain boots from Italy, "I saw these in a New York shop window one Christmas Eve." Jim explains them. "They were there for decoration and the owner wanted to keep them, but I persuaded him to let me have the boots as a Christmas present for myself."

The rough, hand-hewn beams in the living room are still used as gun racks. The same hand-hewn wood surrounds the huge old fireplace which once served for both heating and cooking. Walls in this room are pale lemon, the rug gray-green. There are bright chairs and couches, little handy tables and lamps, and a bookcase filled with some of Margot's collection of storybooks propped up by dolls from her extensive assortment.

In the television room, the walls are covered with blue-grass-cloth and the rug is blue. There are prints of early model automobiles—even the lamp base is deco...
Young Wives! Enjoy the 'extra advantages' of THIS HIGHER TYPE FEMININE HYGIENE

Greasless Suppository Assures Hours of Continuous Action. Daintier ... More Convenient

Modern, intelligent women realize how important it is to practice internal feminine cleanliness for married happiness, health, charm, after their periods and as a protection against an odor, even more offensive than bad breath and body odor.

SO POWERFUL yet SAFE to Tissues
And Zonitors provide such a powerfully effective yet absolutely harmless higher type of hygiene. A far dafter, more convenient technique, too! Zonitors are greaseless, stainless vaginal suppositories which release the same powerful type of germ-killing and deodorizing properties as world-famous zonites. And they continue to do so for hours. Zonitors are positively non-irritating, absolutely safe to tissues!

Easy to Carry if away from Home
Zonitors actually eliminate odor. They help guard against infection and kill every germ they touch. While it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract, you can depend on Zonitors to immediately kill every reachable germ and keep them from multiplying. So easy to carry while away from home. So easy to use at home!

TOMMY WELCOMES THE McDERMOTTS

(Continued from page 55) months' courtship, they spoke their vows at St. Anne's Rectory in Hornell, in 1935, and moved into a furnished room. Both continued to work until Dick, their first baby, came. With the arrival of Ellen, a year later, they admitted they'd mixed up, a family didn't mix, so Glenn took a job at a gas station.

Early in 1951, Glenn and Georgie went into a serious conference. Carefully evaluating all factors, they concluded that although they loved Hornell they could never, no matter how hard they worked, build a home for their children—six, by now—the advantages they wished. In March, Glenn went to Los Angeles and found a job in an aircraft plant. His first raise came quickly. Musician friends also found him occasional dates to play with bands. But they were always the same. It was only a hobby, he wrote, "I've found a place for us to live." And added, "This is just like waiting for the day we got married, only better—six kids better!"

Knowing full well the coach trip was difficult and exhausting, Georgie set out. To Tommy Bartlett she said, "The older children are wonderful. During the night we all took turns watching the baby, but even so when we pulled into Chicago this morning I felt as though I had been traveling a week."

Welcome Travelers had an answer for that. Les Lear, who heads business arrangements for the Bartlett gang, scheduled them to continue their journey by plane. He also ordered a suite at Hotel Sherman and—best of all—a baby sitter. While the rest of the eager gang sight-saw Chicago with zest, two-year-old Michael had the sleep he needed.

These pictures tell the story of the fun the McDermotts had under the inspired guidance of Milt Parlow, but they can't begin to show the way Georgie and her youngsters charmed everyone they met.

Dick, fifteen, who stands almost a head taller than his mother, has a quiet drool wit and is a who-what-and-why questions committee. Sometimes he's entering the dreamy romantic age. Carol, ten, surprised Gibby's piano player, Sammy Williams, with a sunburst smile and query whether a certain piece of music was a stock number or his own arrangement.

James, eight, whose all-seeing eyes hadn't missed a trick all day, let it be known that Yankee Doodle was his favorite tune. What's more, he sang it—with typical jazz phrasing. Johnny, seven, a happy extrovert, adopted Milt Parlow instantaneously and despite a four-foot, six-inch difference in their height, contrived several man-to-man conversations which left Milt searching for answers.

Georgie, speaking for them all, said they'd never forget the day. Milt Parlow let her know it was mutual. "I'm going to tell my wife," he announced, "that I have now decided. We are going to have six children. After seeing your great gang anything less would be a disappointment."

Send coupon for new book revealing all about these intimate physical facts. Zonitors, Dept. 2RM-111, 100 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Name ____________________________
Address ____________________________________________
City __________________________________ State ____________
*Offer good only in U. S. and Canada.

[Image of a coupon and a label: Zonitors, Vaginal Suppositories, NEW! FREE!]

R M
WONDERFUL IS THE WORD FOR IT

(Continued from page 37) from my usual routine of arising at seven A.M. to prepare breakfast for my husband, my three husky, hungry boys and my mother. And how nice to loll beside a sparkling pool, swim in the ocean or visit a gay cafe, instead of washing dishes!

Ordinarily, I do all those things and the usual million and one other household chores that fill the days of most women. As, besides, I work outside my home, I'm a harpist, and spend a great deal of time in New York City.

Not too long ago, Bob, my oldest son, tuned in Live Like a Millionaire. He called my attention to the program and both of us got a tremendous kick out of it. "Why don't you go on that program, Mom?" asked Bob. "Buddy and I could be your talent sprouts and introduce you." Several days passed, during which I more or less forgot about the whole thing, but my sons didn't. They put their heads together and wrote a letter, asking for an audition for me, and the next thing I knew about it Bob informed me I was scheduled to bring my harp for an audition. I've played the harp long enough and before enough people that you'd think it wouldn't bother me at all, but the night of the program I was as nervous as a cat in a thunderstorm. Maybe it was because my two older sons were making their first public appearance on the show.

The audience was extremely receptive and showed their enthusiasm by applauding so hard that I won. When Mr. Nelson presented me with all the wonderful gifts that winners on Live Like a Millionaire are awarded, I almost fainted.

Particularly exciting was the idea of a Florida vacation at the Macfadden Deauville, which held precious memories for me. Eighteen years ago, when my husband and I were first married, we spent a brief honeymoon there. What new husband doesn't try to impress his bride by splurging on a lavish honeymoon? Now, however, we were to have a full week there.

Unfortunately, however, Arnold couldn't get away. He is extremely busy manufacturing mouthpieces for reed instruments, and after several times postponing our chance to "live like millionaires," we reluctantly agreed that I'd go without him. Bob and Buddy were to take the trip with me anyway, and Billy, our youngest son, jumped at the chance.

And so, for a full week, we played and loafed in the Florida sun. Golf and swimming and sailing and shopping and almost everything else we wanted to do!

Our suite overlooked beautiful Indian Creek, Biscayne Bay and the blue Atlantic. One day the steward narrated Billy when he first saw the aquatic view. "I wish we had our boats here." Billy, Buddy and Bob all have their own boats, which they bought themselves. Three years ago, after the hurricane which swept Long Island, the boys found an unclaimed skiff washed ashore near our home. It was pretty badly shattered, but they worked over it for many weeks, rebuilding and repairing it, and finally got it in seaworthy shape. Then they built a refrigerating unit on it, bought a couple of cases of soda pop and started a waterborne soft-drink route. They'd pull in to a beach, peddle their wares, and then they'd move on to new prospects at the next beach.

Next they expanded operations and started a sea-going newspaper route, delivering papers to various yachts anchored in the harbors nearby. Their profits augmented by payment and tips from yachtmen for various sundry errands, went into a bank account until they had enough to buy three boats, one for each.

For that one wonderful week, though, neither the boys nor I did a bit of work. We just had fun, living like millionaires. Now we're back to our ordinary routine. Every day there's an eight-room house to clean and dust, three meals to be planned and prepared, shopping to be done.

The boys, too, are back at their accustomed chores. They do their homework, help with household tasks and work on their boats. Additionally, they find time to rehearse their own orchestra and play for school and organization dances in our area. The band, known as the "Huntington Harmoniors," is a six-piece group, in which Buddy plays the trumpet and Bob the saxophone. Bill, who's studying piano, hopes to join the orchestra some day.

Yes, it's quite different from our week of living like millionaires. But do you know something? I believe I prefer our usual way of life. We've got a wonderful family and we're happy.

Which of these Hair Shades is yours?

See how you can glorify your hair with SPARKLING, GLAMOROUS COLORS

Whether you're blonde, brunette, redhead or gray... you can give your hair exciting, new color-effects with...

NESTLE COLORINSE—gives your hair glamorous color, silken sheen and glorious highlights... removes dulling soap film.

NESTLE COLORINT—gives deeper, richer, longer-lasting color—blends in streaked, bleached and dyed hair—covers graying hair.

Available in 10 beautiful colors that rinse in... shampoo out! At all cosmetic counters... ask for them by the numbers shown below.

RED—use No. 23 for henna tones; No. 29 for auburn tones; No. 28 for less of that "carrotty look".

BLONDE—use No. 25 for rich, gold tones; No. 26 for honey-gold color; No. 29 for auburn; No. 23 for deeper henna tones.

BRUNETTE—use No. 29 for copper highlights; No. 23 for henna; No. 27 for chestnut-brown lustre; No. 22 to add blue-black color; No. 24 to enrich dark brown and black color; No. 28 for red-brown tones.

GRAY or MIXED GRAY—use No. 30 for blue-gray tones; No. 22 for a more even, steel-gray color; No. 21 for platinum, silvery tones.

COLORINSE NESTLE COLORINT

Exciting color, sheen and highlights

Triple-Strength color, hides gray

FOR A FINAL FINISHING TOUCH—Bring out the full beauty of your hair shade with NESTLE SHEEN—amazing new hairdressing... custom-made in colors to accent and intensify your hair shade. Adds exciting lustre and color-highlights... helps waves stay in longer... makes hair easier to manage. In 4 shades... for Blonde, Red, Brunette or Gray Hair. 29¢, 50¢.
Television Screams For New Faces and Talent! Television Needs You, Now!

We are the contact agents between talent and TV casting. Let us "discover" you for a successful career in television. Send only a photograph, and brief resume of what you like to do on television, along with two dollars to help defray office expense, and we will endeavor to place you in this exciting new, fascinating, wonderful entertainment field of the century!

TV ASSOCIATES
Post Office Box 1132, Paterson 11, New Jersey

"Like My Work...

EARN $200 a Month"

Writes A. M. L., San Francisco

Ambitious and energetic, Mrs. A. M. L., learned how to be a practising nurse through the physicians-endorsed homoeopathic methods of Chicago School of Nursing. Now she has steady income, doing work she loves.

High School Not Required. Whether you’re 18 or 9—you can learn, to have thousands of men and women, by studying practical nursing at home in your spare time. Nurses are always needed! Mrs. A. M. L., Phila., writes that she earned $548 in her first course. Lessons easily understood. Earn as you learn. Trial plan, easy payments. Certificate upon completing course and experience. Equipment included. 52nd year. Write today!

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING
Dept. 211, 14 East Pearson St., Chicago 11, Ill.

Please send free booklet and 18 sample lesson pages:

Name:

City:

Age:

State:

HE'S REALLY VERY NICE

(Continued from page 43) television. But my daddy said that he didn’t believe you’d hurt me.

"That statement, You look the same as you do on television, haunts me (and I prefer to do the haunting), for the measure of truth there is in it. My friends advise me to see a doctor, wags send me bottles of patent medicine and not long ago, a fan gifted me with a box of book-matches inscribed, in livid green on a black background, ‘Funereal Frank.’ Seldom a day that I do not run into some burly boy of my acquaintance who advises me to recuperate in the sun.”

The advice being well-meant, Frank took it last summer. He drove to Cape Cod where he forced himself to lie in the sun, swim, dance, even practised a sparkler in his lackluster eye—the latter induced by a very attractive girl about whom he was, as the saying goes, completely flipp’d.

Upon his return—he’d been away just one week—Herb Swope, producer of Lights Out asked Frank, looking stricken, what on earth he’d done to himself. Using one simple declarative sentence, Mr. Gallop said to Mr. Swope: “I tanned and now I am peeling.” Said Mr. Swope to Mr. Gallop, also in one simple sentence: “You look as though you have African rot.” He then added, hopefully, “But maybe you'll fade.”

Frank faded, fast—but not fast enough—with the result that Dick Smith, make-up man, was obliged to bleach his face with chalk. A fine-cut, he could again face, with appropriate graveyard pallor, the unearthly lights of Lights Out.

Frank Gallop is, to all outward seeming, as normal as you and I. Six foot in height, with light tan, slightly thinning hair, gray eyes, less proterbant than those of his ghost, fine-cut nose, a thin humorous mouth—what a wistful, unreal face!...any woman would call him—Mr. Gallop does not look “exactly the way he does on television.” He merely resembles, as any man does, his disembodied spirit.

He has not always been a bodiless head—not had he the slightest reason, by virtue of background, breeding, temperament and occupation, to suppose that he would ever scare the panties off little children and weak-hearted women. A Bostoner by birth (he still has the Boston accent), Mr. Gallop entered a conservative Boston investment house shortly after his graduation from Dorchester High School. Quickly progressing from clerk to bond salesman to customer—a man on the Stock Exchange, he had every intention of spending his lifetime in the brokerage business. His pastimes in those days were, he recalls, playing golf, reading whodunits and listening to Lights Out, on the radio. "It was a very popular program," Mr. Gallop says, "and the scripts were great.

Never dreaming that he would deviate from the placid and profitable pattern of his life, coming events cast their shadow before in the person of a customer of Mr. Gallop’s who remarked one day that a friend of his, a local sponsor, was dis
satisfied with his current radio announcer.
"You've got a voice with a depth-charge in it, Frank," said this tool-of-destiny customer, "why don't you go over and try for just one show?"

Says Mr. Gallop: "Strictly as a gag and for laughs, I did.
"It was fun. I did it again. And again. I was not getting paid, of course, except in the amusement it afforded me. After a few weeks of it, however, the sponsor decided he'd had enough of me—at no money, too."

"This most certainly would have been the end of me on the air except that the market went bad. I continued to work at the Exchange, but the day on the Exchange ends at three o'clock and so, with lots of courage and no talent, I would spend the rest of the afternoon taking auditions. Primarily for the fun of it, but also for the extra shekels involved which, for a steak-eating man, were important. Eventually, I wound up as one of WEEI's chief announcers. After ten presumably successful months, with WEEI, I came to New York—"

It is Mr. Gallop's contention that there is nothing more boring to read than an itemized account of a man's jobs, contracts, successes, set-backs as he rises, rung by rung in his chosen career. Acting upon this contention, Mr. Gallop clamped up, which obliges us to take over and tell you, as briefly as possible, that ever since he came to New York—now some fifteen years ago—Mr. Gallop has been one of Radio Row's busiest announcers. Known to millions for his friendly and resonant voice, his amiable disposition, adults who now hold him suspect, remember the shadowed narrator of Lights Out as he was in the friendly flesh of earlier days.

Three of those fifteen years in New York Mr. Gallop spent as straight man to Milton Berle on Milton's NBC radio show. And it is said, in the inner circle, that Mr. Gallop's supreme and unshakable dignity, Boston diction and manner, bedevilled your uncle Miltie as your uncle Miltie has never been bedevilled before nor since.

It was Mr. Gallop's own idea, he rather lugubriously admits, that he play the part of the ghoul on Lights Out.

"I had watched the show," he says, "and felt it was something I'd like to do. Then Jack LaRue, who was the original narrator, fell ill. In the event that he did not recover in time to make the next telecast, the agency was holding auditions, I learned. Remembering me, no doubt, as the conventional and quite comfortable announcer of many of radio's most selective musical programs, they just laughed when I appeared. But I didn't. I demanded that they examine the bone structure of my face. 'Skeletal,' I said suggestively, 'strictly skeletal.' I plugged my eyes for them. I don't know whether this is an unusual talent, or not, but I plugged them to the whiteness and dimension of billiard balls whereupon, humming me, I was given an audition—but without result. When Jack remained ill, however, and the night of the telecast neared, I found that I had implanted the idea more deeply than I knew, for late that Monday afternoon the script arrived. And I was on! That first show was, I often think, my best show. And I believe it was the best because my own inward fright came through. Now I am a little more relaxed, which is bad.'"

Only a bodiless head, which presumably feels no pain, could be relaxed on Lights Out, however, for the young comics who play these ghouls are such as to scare the most rugged ghoul.

"One of the problems involved in the show is the lighting problem," said Mr. Gallop very definitely. "One week the lighting reveals me—as recently—with what appears to be a big black cigar in my mouth. The next week, we try an entirely different kind of lighting and I appear to have a hole in my head. It is also true—and definitely not publicity—that I cannot see when the lights are on or for an hour or so after they go off. Which means that I cannot see the floor manager in order to receive a cue nor, if something goes amiss with me, do I dare give a cue, lest I spoil the illusion.

"One night, for instance, I smelled something burning. The lamp was burning me. What, in such circumstances, do you do? Let your arm stay there until the smell of burning flesh overcomes you, or move your arm—which is not allowable, because it would dispel the illusion? What I did I don't know, but very slowly, so as to keep the illusion as intact as possible, withdraw my arm. When, later, I removed the black turtleneck sweater the narrator wears on his non-existent body, several layers of skin were removed with it!

When he's not being a bodiless head, Frank Gallop has a very good life, indeed. His Park Avenue bachelor apartment is comfortable and charming. The large living room, with a bank of windows which overlooks the uptown stretch of Park Avenue, the one large bedroom, the small square hall are done in a rich, soft blue. (Mr. Gallop was his own decorator.) In the living room a huge and handsome davenport, silky and siny, is flanked by a long coffee table with legs of ebony and sunfish. The ceiling is painted a Japanese print motif. In the bedroom, a "Hollywood" bed, three acres by three acres in dimension, predominates. The draperies, bedspreads, upholstery are in large-patterned blue and purple chintz.

A competent Negro woman, Kay, "takes care" of Mr. Gallop: does everything for him; his coffee is made here, the dishes are done here, which he does himself, and glad to. Says Mr. Gallop, "I like it the way I make it. Between us, I make a wonderful pot of coffee, very strong—which none of my friends will drink. To my suggestion, the invariable answer is, 'Well, er, I'll have tea.'"

In addition to taking care of Mr. Gallop's material needs, Kay is moving, or trying to move into another "aspect," as the astrologers say.

"We don't have much chatter around the house, Kay and I," said Mr. Gallop, "neither of us is garrulous. But recently she has been telling me that lady friends of hers have had so many works for uptown. 'She has a lot of money, Mr. Gallop,' says Kay, bugging her eyes at me. 'She dresses very nicely—appears younger than she really is. She has heard you on the radio, Mr. Gallop, and seen you on television ...' At which point, "Why, you little matchmaker, you!" laughed the attractive lady who is trying to sign her to the time for her to sign off. "Mr. Gallop, she has a lot of money,' is the way, time after time, Kay signs off. I must admit," Mr. Gallop adds, "to a certain curiosity."

About the women in his life, Mr. Gallop says: "I don't know that I'd want a close friend of mine to discuss the romantic aspect of Frank Gallop's life because there have been—many phases. But who I am interested in at the moment, or where I go with the lady, is of no concern to anyone save the lady and me."

Well, then, a safer subject—he's superstitious. "I hate to be superstitious—but I am. In Boston last week, a friend handed me a silver dollar saying, 'Frank, here's a lucky piece.' I hate him. For I would blame the next piece of bad luck on that damned dollar—if I should lose it."

"And when I leave NBC, on my way home, I always stop at a certain newsstand and buy a pack of cigarettes, simply because I did this the first night I appeared on Lights Out."

Such quirks and compulsions apart, Mr. Gallop is, by his own say-so, a happy man. He gets together with the boys at Toots Shor's; with the girls at?? ?? He spends weekends (under a rock, if the sun is shining) in Connecticut. His favorite sport is billiard; he is a base ball fan, especially of night games. "Everything I do, I do at night." He sometimes has a qualm about having quit the brokerage business for less conventional radio and TV. "Not quite so solid; you know. But yes, a very happy man—unless I take too much time out looking into the future... "

"And seeing there?" we query.

But Mr. Gallop merely bugs his eyes, looks knowing—and doesn't answer.

THE GREATEST TRUE STORIES IN AMERICA!

Winners of the $25,000 Prize Contest

You'll never forget
"Tennessee Woman"
the story of Ruby Dell, who learned about life... the hard way!

also
"Gutter Girl"
"I Changed My Man"
and many more unforgettable stories in December

TRUE STORY magazine
on sale at newsstands November 6
At Last—an etiquette book that treats this subject from a modern-day viewpoint. In this book the famous hostess to world celebrities writes helpfully about the correct thing. The bride-to-be, as well as the father of the bride will find the exact information they want in this authoritative etiquette book.

Elsa Maxwell's Etiquette Book

This is not a dry, stuffy book. It bristles with a gaiety and excitement and it is punctuated with amusing incidents drawn from the celebrated author's active life.

Wedding Fears

Your wedding should be an exciting and reverent-making occasion. Yet many brides are completely swallowed up by nervousness for fear that some part of their wedding arrangements might not follow the correct rules. You need have no such fears if you know exactly how to plan every detail of your wedding.

Proper Introductions

One of the most important phases of good manners is knowing exactly how to introduce people and how to respond to introductions. Yet the uninformed always fail on this point of etiquette. Don't embarrass your friends—let Elsa Maxwell tell you all the proper methods of introductions. Good manners open doors to successful achievements—and the most encouraging thing about good manners is that anyone can possess them. You owe it to yourself to get this great book—now.

Just Published

Cloth-bound . . . . $2.50
Paper-bound . . . . $1.00

At all bookstores or direct from publisher

EARTHOLOMEO HOUSE, INC., Dept., RM-1151
105 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.
Send me postpaid a copy of ELSA MAXWELL'S ETIQUETTE BOOK in the edition checked below. Enclose .
☐ Cloth-bound Edition $2.50
☐ Paper-bound Edition $1.00

NAME ............................................ Please Print
STREET ...........................................
CITY ............................................. STATE ..................................

AUNT JENNY In Aunt Jenny's latest story, she tells of a familiar mistake parents make when they try to force a particular way of life on their children. Bill Clarke's father is almost glad when Bill, instead of taking over the family lumber business, starts a photography venture which almost fails. Mr. Clarke's sudden illness solves the family problem in an unexpected manner. M-F, 12:15 P.M. EST, CBS.

BACKSTAGE WIFE Dora Dean, the young Hollywood starlet, who has fallen in love with Larry Noble, learns that Rupert Barlow tricked her with Larry's name into coming to New York. It is Barlow's aim to use Dora to break up the marriage of the Nobles, but Dora is now in a position to reveal his machinations. Will Barlow try to prevent Dora from telling what she knows? M-F, 4 P.M. EST, NBC.

BIG SISTER Dr. Roger Marlowe, new director of the Health Center, follows the example of his predecessor, Dr. Reed Bannister, in refusing to accept Millard Parker's financial assistance. But Ruth's husband, Dr. John Wayne, continues to champion Parker's cause despite opposition. Parker suggests to John Ruth must have influenced Dr. Marlowe's decision. M-F, 1 P.M. EST, CBS.

BRIGHTER DAY As the dynamic personality of Anthony Race comes increasingly into the forefront of Plymouth's affairs, his relationship with many of the town's citizens alters. Is Anthony really in love with Vicki Reynolds? What is he after? Meanwhile, Liz Dennis brings her unlimited talent for helping others into play as she befriends Mark Ellis in a tragic moment. M-F, 2:45 P.M. EST, CBS.

FRONT PAGE FARRELL A phone call from a girl who believes her life is in danger leads reporter David Farrell into "The Bronze Lamp Murder Case." In his search for the girl's apartment, David comes across a murderer and body of the woman next door, and learns the importance of an antique lamp. What curious connection between the two women does David discover? M-F, 5:15 P.M. EST, NBC.

GUIDING LIGHT Is Meta Bauer White entering on one of the most precarious emotional experiences of her life when she promises to marry Joe Roberts in a secret ceremony? She does not discount the hatred she has aroused in Joe's two children, but she does feel that the love between herself and Joe is strong enough to help her cope with the problem. M-F, 1:45 P.M. EST, NBC.

HILLTOP HOUSE Reed Nixon, the promoter who once was involved in a tragedy which almost ruined the life of one of Julie's orphans at Hilltop House, is back in Glendale. But he appears to have turned over a new leaf, and intends to do something constructive for the youngsters of Glendale. Julie, as head matron of Hilltop, cannot help approving Nixon's project. M-F, 3 P.M. EST, CBS.

JUST PLAIN BILL Bill Davidson, working hard to save the marriage of his friend, Stanley Warner, has to fight the maneuvers of Elise Richards, who has tried to win Stanley from his wife, Bessie. Bill's daughter, Nancy, and her husband, Kerry Donovan, are astonished when Bill suddenly befriends Elise. They do not know the terrible secret of this unfortunate woman. M-F, 5 P.M. EST, NBC.
KINGS ROW
Randy's attempt to pretend an engagement to Rex Belden doesn't achieve the end she hoped for, but Rex persuades her not to call the scheme off. In spite of her distrust of him, she continues to see him, not knowing that Rex's plans are even more daring and complex than she suspects. What will this involvement mean in the lives of Randy and Parris? M-F, 3:15 P.M. EST, CBS.

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL
As Barry Markham stands trial for the murder of the Colonel, the whole story of his marriage emerges to increase his misery. He finally becomes almost violent when it is suggested that his wife, Eunice, might have been too friendly with Paul Vanden- bush. Chiichi and Papa David hope Barry's outburst has not prejudiced opinion against him. M-F, 3 P.M. EST, NBC.

LORENZO JONES
Belle's premonition about Dr. Oliver Caldwell is justified when Caldwell is killed in a plane crash. This ends the venture in which both Lorenzo and Caldwell were partners—their effort to build a rocket to go to the moon. Lorenzo goes back to the garage—but, being Lorenzo, he can't down his imagination. The result? Another invention—and adventure. M-F, 5:30 P.M. EST, NBC.

MA PERKINS
Spencer Grayson, pleased when he learns he is the hero of the story by Tom Wells which has just been published, makes a mistake when he advertises the fact. For Tom's story of a Polish girl and an American airman puts the American in so bad a light that Fay and her friends just can't believe it was Spencer. What will happen to Fay's engagement? M-F, 1:15 P.M. EST, CBS.

OUR GAL SUNDAY
Sunday, correct in her suspicion that Sheila Grant is interfering to prevent Ronald Carson from marrying Lynn Merrick, wonders how she can keep Sheila from meddling without making the situation worse. She gets into serious trouble when she tries to help the girl, and is really shocked to discover Sheila is the sister of Lord Henry's farm hand. M-F, 12:45 P.M. EST, CBS.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY
Sadie Mercer, after a somewhat chequered past as Gil's girl friend, is a reformed character now, and has settled down as the wife of a fine young man, and they have been assisted by the Youngs to settle happily in Elmdale. Suddenly Sadie's past menaces her. Can she protect her new happiness? M-F, 3:30 P.M. EST, NBC.

PERRY MASON
The sinister Marcel comes to the forefront in the attempt to get Dorrie away from May Grant when he succeeds in kidnapping both of them and evading all Perry's efforts at rescue. However, a clue given to Perry by Lillian Mor- rison sends him on his way toward solving the mystery of May Grant's importance. Will this mean May's death at Marcel's hands? M-F, 2:15 P.M. EST, CBS.

Here's how to take the worry out of child care

It's not a simple job to raise a healthy, happy baby. When baby is cranky and irritable you fret and worry—and then you can't do a good job. But if you can have expert advice, available at all times, you know what to do and you eliminate worry.

Your baby may have his own doctor, but there are many ways in which you can help him by knowing how to handle the many everyday problems that constantly confront you.

Here is your opportunity to get expert advice from someone who really knows about babies and small children. In his book, How to Raise Your Baby, Dr. Allan Dafoe, the famous "quintuplet" doctor, gives you valuable information you need to know about your child.

Problems Answered
You'll be interested to know how Dr. Dafoe answers the breast-fed versus bottle-fed baby problems. Or how Dr. Dafoe gets the fussy child who won't eat vegetables or drink milk to take these necessary foods—and relish them! Then there is the question of the afternoon nap... and the child who won't take it.

Only 50c
The price of this fine splendid book should be in dollars rather than pennies. Yet while they last, you can get your copy of How to Raise Your Baby for only 50c and we pay the postage! Send for your copy—TODAY.

MAIL THIS COUPON—TODAY

BARTHOLOMEW HOUSE, Inc., Dept. RM-1151
205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Send me postpaid, Dr. Dafoe's book How to Raise Your Baby. I enclose 50c.

Name
P.O. Box __________________________

Address

City __________________ Stato

PSORIASIS

PSORIASIS SUFFERERS: Has everything failed to bring even temporary relief from scales, lesions and itching? Then write today for FREE important information. You needn't invest one cent. PINEDEL CO., Dept. Y, Box 1811, Cleveland, Ohio

"I never lose an hour of fun...thanks to 'New Formula' CHI-CHES-TERS"

You, too, should get prompt relief from menopausal distress with "New Formula" CHI-CHES-TERS. These tablets go to work quickly to relieve backache, headache, cramps and other symptoms and to calm upset nerves.

Effective Relief of Periodic Pain
**Daytime diary**

**RIGHT TO HAPPINESS** Governor Miles Nelson does not realize that he is jeopardizing his political career and his personal happiness when he creates a situation in which powerful Annette Thorpe is to work hand in hand with his wife, Carolyn, as her confidential aide while he is conserving his strength for an operation. However, Annette has plans of her own. M-F, 3:45 P.M. EST, NBC.

**ROAD OF LIFE** As Jocelyn and Dr. Jim Brent approach closer to the truth, Conrad Overton’s efforts to avoid exposure become increasingly desperate. He is being forced into one criminal act after another in order to cover up his original crime of appropriating money that was not his own. What will happen when Augusta Greel manages to make contact with Jim and Jocelyn? M-F, 3:15 P.M. EST, NBC.

**ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT** Hadley Molly Lou’s uncle, plans to sue for custody of the child move star so he can capitalize on her success. But Gil Whitney forces Butler to admit he engineered the fake marriage between Gil and Molly Lou’s mother. With Butler’s signed confession, Gil hopes he and Helen can forget the past. But the paper is stolen. M-F, 12:30 P.M. EST, CBS.

**ROSEMARY** As the State continues to build its case against Bill Roberts for the murder of Blanche Weatherby, Rosemary wracks her brain for ways to help her husband. But nobody knows the secret of those few crucial moments before the fatal shot was fired, and circumstantial evidence makes Bill’s case look hopeless. Rosemary is not surprised when Bill’s nerves crack. M-F, 11:45 A.M. EST, CBS.

**SECOND MRS. BURTON** Terry Burton has been content with her life as housewife and mother in Dickston, and for the past few years has not seen herself in the role of a career girl. But the designing talent which she ceased to exercise when she married Stan is suddenly called upon by a Broadway producer. What problems will this raise in her marriage? M-F, 2 P.M. EST, CBS.

**STELLA DALLAS** Mrs. Grosvenor’s dislike for Stella flares up once again, and in the resultant quarrel she forbids Stella to come to her house. However, Stella’s life is enlivened by the establishment of a new night club. She becomes interested in the club’s singer, a young girl in love with a detective. As for Mrs. Grosvenor, a titled Englishman comes into her life. M-F, 4:15 P.M. EST, NBC.

**STRANGE ROMANCE OF EVELYN WINTERS** Over the objections of her guardian, Gary Bennet, Evelyn Winters continues to be friendly with Bruce Holliday. At Bruce’s instigation, Evelyn is attempting to befriend Julie Evans, a young girl he claims he wants to help. Flying back from the opening of Gary’s play in Boston, Bruce’s plane crashes. All are safe—except Julie. M-F, 11 A.M. EST, ABC.

**THIS IS NORA DRAKE** Nora Drake enters a crucial period in her life as she tries to overcome the stigma of having been forced to resign from Page Memorial, and at the same time to resolve her relationship with Dr. Robert Sergeant. It is no longer Robert’s divorced wife who stands between them, but his daughter, Grace. Will they be forced to part? M-F, 2:30 P.M. EST, CBS.

**WENDY WARREN** For a time, Wendy sets aside her personal disappointment to befriend the unhappy Roseanna, the girl whose secret marriage to Mark Douglas has just been revealed in time to keep Wendy and Mark from marrying. Mark’s memory clouded, is not certain what part Roseanna played during his recent mission overseas. Is the sad-eyed girl really friendless? M-F, 12 Noon EST, CBS.

**WHEN A GIRL MARRIES** Fortunately, few women are in the position of Joan Davis, who finds herself, a mature wife and mother, forced to fight her own mother to keep her family happiness intact. The interfering Mrs. Field, after many years of looking down on Joan’s husband Harry, has suddenly decided to take over the management of his life. M-F, 11:15 A.M. EST, ABC.

**WOMAN IN MY HOUSE** When Dave Elliot finally accepts the house that his wife’s parents offer as a wedding gift, is his marriage to Sandy Carter getting off to a poor start? The Carters think Dave has made too much fuss about having the house given to them, but Sandy, on the other hand, may be making too little of Dave’s tremendous need for independence. M-F, 4:45 P.M. EST, NBC.

**YOUNG DR. MALONE** Like many another mature man who has unwittingly engaged the affections of a young girl, Dr. Jerry Malone does not take Mary Browne’s confession of love too seriously. He tries to encourage Ernest Horton to continue paying his attentions to Mary. But Jerry is a very lonely man. Has he underestimated the danger of Mary’s feelings? M-F, 1:30 P.M. EST, CBS.

**YOUNG WIDDER BROWN** Trying to prove to her fiancé, Dr. Anthony Loring, that his sister Victoria is about to throw herself away on the unworthy Cornelius Drake, Ellen almost loses Anthony’s love, for her efforts to help Victoria only intensifies Victoria’s enmity toward her. However, the older woman, instead of fighting their marriage, is now trying to speed it. M-F, 4:30 P.M. EST, NBC.
(Continued from page 38) It is the bathroom, with two washbowls and a double dressing room. There’s a snack kitchen, too, where they—with the help of their nurse—get their own breakfast. Alice and Phyllis are responsible for washing dishes and for keeping their room tidy.

**Phil is that natural** phenomenon, a born cook. A great deal of our entertaining is spur-of-the-moment which calls for good food that can be cooked and served in short order. That’s where Phil shines. Take his favorite “Spaghetti Burro” for instance. It’s always a favorite whether we’re alone or have company. To make it, start with a package of Italian spaghettini—that’s the long, very thin kind, and no other spaghetti is half so good for this particular dish. Phil cooks the spaghettini in lots of boiling, salted water till tender—better on the undercooked, rather than the overcooked side. Meanwhile, melt a quarter-pound of butter and add tabasco sauce and minced parsley—be guided by your own taste. Drain spaghettini in a colander, rinse briefly in cold water and put it in your serving dish. Now pour the tabasco-butter-parsley mixture over it and top with a sprinkling of Italian grated cheese—again, to taste. Toss it all together and call the people to come and get it!

**correction**

**The August issue of Radio-TV Mirror** carried a feature on the CBS-TV program, Kid Gloves. Inadvertently, a mistake was made in the name of the program’s referee and instructor who is Frank Goodman, pictured above. Mr. Goodman is the former National Amateur Lightweight Champion. Kid Gloves, a program designed to teach youngsters self-reliance as well as self-defense, is seen at 6:30 P.M. EST, every Saturday afternoon, CBS-TV stations.

The occasion calls for the only translucent finish that gives you that flawless sheer look. SHEER BEAUTY make-up products by Lentheric. Face Powder—Powder Pac—Foundation

**NEW TINY TONE RADIO!**

Really works. NEW PRESET CRYSTALINES Under-WATER-TUBE PROGRAMS IN GREAT RIC "PLUG-INS" FOREVER! Guaranteed by Presets. Merely connect, put in battery, and listen. Send $1.00 to get catalog and 5 OZ. F.P. Special. COMPARE WITH EXTRA LONG DISTANCE SERIAL R I Y A N TUBES.

**HiGH SCHOOL Course at Home Many Finish in 2 Years**

Now it’s EASY to LEARN HOW TO WRITE MUSIC! New, easy instructions take the mystery out of music-writing! Learn how to put your melodies on paper! Make money—sell your own and others’ songs to music, prepare lead sheets! to send to publishers, etc. No previous musical training needed! GET THE FACTS FREE—WRITE TODAY TO:

MEADOWLARK MUSIC SCHOOL
11-21B Sumner Road Colorado Springs, Colorado

**High School Course at Home Many Finish in 2 Years**

Now it’s EASY to LEARN HOW TO WRITE MUSIC! New, easy instructions take the mystery out of music-writing! Learn how to put your melodies on paper! Make money—sell your own and others’ songs to music, prepare “lead sheets” to send to publishers, etc. No previous musical training needed! GET THE FACTS FREE—WRITE TODAY TO:

MEADOWLARK MUSIC SCHOOL
11-21B Sumner Road Colorado Springs, Colorado

**No other laxative gives you ALL these advantages—**

- DELICIOUS CHOCOLATE TASTE
- GENTLE, EFFECTIVE ACTION
- EASY TO TAKE
- SPECIAL SCIENTIFIC TESTING
- ECONOMICAL—12¢ & 30¢

America’s Biggest Selling Laxative!
Dr. Jim Brent (Don MacLaughlin) is troubled because he feels he is too old for Jocelyn, yet despite his resolutions to stop seeing her, he is unable to do so.

Jocelyn McLeod (Anne Sargent) young and beautiful, was critically ill when she came to Merrimac. Jim helped her regain her health.

Radio Television Mirror

Road of Life is heard M-F at 3:15 P.M. EST over NBC stations. The sponsor is Crisco.

Dr. Jim Brent, bending to tie his shoelaces, paused and listened alertly. Then he sighed and resumed dressing. He'd imagined the sound; Janie was already asleep, and Mrs. Anderson was sitting downstairs like a dragon waiting to catch him in any attempt to wake the child up to say good night. She'd been packed off early tonight with a sniffle . . . and it was lonely, this way.

Besides, it gave him too much leisure for thinking. Thinking was bad; once a decision was made you should never review it—not the next day, anyway. What did Francie call it—"chewing your cud." Apt, like so many of her rather startling approaches to the English language. Chewing and chewing over facts that had already been chewed to threads. Couldn't you conduct your personal life in the same clean-cut way as your professional career? In the hospital, a decision was sharp, final. Very well, his decision about Jocelyn must be that way too—sharp and final.

But—what did he want to happen? If there were a wish to be granted him, what would he wish
Jim Brent was determined to be sensible—to walk out of Jocelyn’s life—and Sybil was the woman to help him do it.
Elsa Maxwell's Etiquette Book

AT LAST—an etiquette book that treats this subject from a modern-day viewpoint. In this book the famous hostess to world celebrities writes helpfully about the correct thing. The bride-to-be, as well as the father of the bride, will find the exact information they want in the fresh approach of this splendid book. Here in clear, straightforward language are the answers to all your everyday etiquette problems. Get your copy of this truly helpful book at once. Cloth-bound edition $2.50; paper-bound edition $1.00 at all booksellers or direct from publisher.

BARTHOLOMEW HOUSE, INC., Dept. RM-1151 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.
Send me postpaid a copy of ELSA MAXWELL'S ETIQUETTE BOOK in the edition checked below. I enclose $...

☐ Cloth-bound Edition $2.50
☐ Paper-bound Edition $1.00

NAME ____________________________

STREET ____________________________

CITY ____________________________ STATE ____________________________

NOSES RESHAPED
FACE LIFTING


LINCOLN HOUSE PUBLISHERS 452 Fifth Ave., Suite 63, N. Y. C. LE 2-1596

Furs seen on pages 62 and 63 are available at the following stores:

Akron, O.

Bostons, Mass.
Polsky's

Cincinnati, O.

Easton, Pa.

Laubach's

Grand Rapids, Mich.

Herpolsheimer's

Harrisburg, Pa.

Lynchburg, Va.
Pomeroy's

New Castle, Pa.

New York, N. Y.
Pomeroy's

New York, N. Y.

Pottsville, Pa.
Pomeroy's

Readystock, Pa.
The Golden Rule

St. Paul, Minn.

St. Petersburg, Fla.

Tampa, Fla.

Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Pomeroy's

Maas Brothers

Maas Brothers

Rollman's

Laubach's

Jordan & Marsh

Herpolsheimer's

Pomeroy's

The New Castle Store

Gertz, Jamaica

Stern Brothers

Herpolsheimer's

Pomeroy's

Guggenheim's

The Golden Rule

Pomeroy's

Pomeroy's

Pomeroy's

Overton's

Boston, Mass.

Overton's

Pomeroy's

Pomeroy's

He'd been to the diggings, and the mouth tightened. Her cousin Hugh would owe him a vote of thanks for leaving the field clear. He might give it to him, too—just to make himself more disagreeable than he was by nature, the by—

While the springtime kind of excitement rose within Jim as he turned into Jocelyn's street and saw the moth-like figure waiting on the Overton veranda.

BEFORE he could get out, Jocelyn ran down the steps and let herself into the car. The house door opened briefly and shut as they started off, and Jim caught a glimpse of Hugh Overton and someone else, a woman's figure . . . just a fragmentary glimpse, for his eyes were too full of the vision of Jocelyn, hair and dress flying backward, running toward him.

"Sorry I'm late," he said, proud that he could make his voice so casual-sounding. That was one benefit conferred by age and experience—you needn't wear your heart on your sleeve, unless you wished to! "Janie was a bit under the weather, so I hung around a while." She seemed anxious, so he added reassuringly, "Not serious. Just a sniffle."

"Oh, that." She relaxed, and the warm half-smile came back to her lips. He wondered if she knew that she wore this smile whenever they were together. "I know. I picked her up at school and walked home with her." He felt her glance on him briefly. "I was—I was lonesome. And I'm not supposed to break in on you during hospital hours, except when I'm being a patient. You made me promise . . ." She hesitated. "It was an anniversary today, you know. Two months in town. Two months since—" He was grateful to the rickety jalopy that cut suddenly across their path and ended her sentence in a gasp. Two months since their meeting . . . she might as well have said it aloud.

Jim's heart thudded in panic. Was she going to force an issue—bring it all out into the open? Or was Jocelyn, he thought, can you believe I look forward to not seeing you? The words were almost on his lips, but he fought them back, said lightly, "Lots of my patients still talk to me after I've cured them. You may find you like being... being friends."

To her relief, she showed a flicker of mischief. "I realize I'm terribly young and you're terribly old, so I must take your word for lots of things. Anyway, Janie and I will still be friends. That's something I can count on."

Jim didn't answer. He was busy controlling the tension that was just being drawn back from the edge of a precipice. Another moment, and he would have been over, the damage done. Presently Jocelyn began to ask questions about the Danas, to whose homecoming party they were going. "Oh, and I forgot—another piece of news for the social column," she added. "Sybil's back. She got in this afternoon Cousin Sybil. How I used to wonder about her, when I was still in Samoa—what she'd look like, her clothes, her romantic flings..." She sighed. "She really is beautiful. Unhappy, though. Imagine anyone not being delicious over having spent all that time in Europe! London, Paris, the Riviera... all that magic."

"But not magic for Sybil, apparently?"

"No. What a waste, Jim. She might as well have stayed right here. She said she didn't like Merrimac either. People seem to carry their own blinders around with them, like horses, don't they? In stead of seeing what's true, they only see what they want to see."

He glanced at her reflection in the windshield. She looked innocently at ease, the faint smile lingering, but surely there had been something in her words that had no bearing on cousin Sybil? Jocelyn was strange, sometimes. In the times she made him feel like a thick-witted boy.

I T was a good party. You could tell that from the sound, the unmistakable pitch of music and laughter and talk as the door opened. The only disturbing note was struck by Frank, when he turned Jocelyn by saying, "Well—rumor hasn't lied; she is beautiful!" Jim thought grimly, Why doesn't he use a bludgeon? He couldn't make it plainer that he's heard talk about us. But it seemed to give Jocelyn pleasure, and after a few minutes his own stiffness began to yield. It made him happy to be in a room where she was. Where whenever he chose he could reach out a hand and draw her to his side, or meet her eyes across the smoke and chatter, and smile.

Moving from group to group, he worked his way toward the corner where she and Frank were talking away. He had just managed to edge into the space she made beside her when the commotion occurred at the door. Just a faint break in the warm hum, but enough to make heads turn and eyebrows go up. Frank excused himself and hurried through the room to Maggie, who seemed momentarily frozen at the door. Then they moved aside, and two people came in. He heard Jocelyn's gasp. She turned a startled face to him.
Feltly, Frank and Maggie took charge, smoothing over the entrance of the Overtons so that only a few shrud souls realized they hadn’t been expected. They weren’t entitled to courtesy, Jim thought angrily; but one’s instinct would always be to offer courtesy to any guest—he knew he would have done the same. It didn’t prevent him from glaring at Hugh when the young man spotted him and Jocelyn and bore down on them.

“How grateful you must to have things stirred up a bit,” Hugh said without apology. “Evening, Brent. You look angry, Jocelyn. Surely you don’t mean it?” He made a slight gesture with his head toward the rest of the room. “Aren’t you delighted to see a little young blood? What’ve you folks been doing, playing whist?”

Jocelyn’s lips parted, but before she could speak Jim stood up abruptly. Every time he came face to face with young Overton his blood pressure rose, but this time he might find an outlet in violent action if he didn’t get away. Better leave Jocelyn to Hugh for now than to embarrass her further by punching him in the nose as he richly deserved. With a muttered excuse, he made his way out to the cool, starlit porch and leaned against the rail. His fingers, moving mechanically, found and filled his pipe. Young blood... that sneering whippersnapper! And yet, wasn’t it true... wasn’t it just he’d been trying to tell himself for weeks now? Jocelyn ought to be with her contemporaries. Probably she and Hugh had much in common that he wouldn’t even understand. I’m glad they came, he thought. I was slipping again. Another minute and I’d have been holding her hand and forgetting to watch my eyes.

There was a low chuckle behind him. He knew somehow that the voice was Sybil Overton’s even before he turned. It was cool and a little bit tired; it matched her. “I’ve been looking for you,” she said. “My curiosity is shameless. Ever since I got back to town I’ve heard about nothing but the great Dr. Brent. May we just introduce ourselves, since nobody seems anxious to do it for us?”

Jim studied her in silence for a moment, and she bore the scrutiny coolly, with a smile of complete self-confidence. She would probably be disappointed if she knew he was registering, and recognizing, her type. Seeing her from a distance, inside, he had been fairly sure of it...
spoiled by indulgence as a child, spoiled by admiration as a woman, as certain of her charm as she was of the size of her shoe or the color of her eyes.

He said finally, "Perhaps we've already been introduced by long-distance. I've had a shorthand sketch of you—"

"And I of you! How but dear little Jocelyn, has it happened?" Her soft laughter took any suspicion of malice from the words. "Shall I tell you what I know? You're frighteningly eminent in your work; you're a widower; you've got an inexplicably grown-up step-son and a luscious, red-headed daughter-in-law, by which the way I don't understand—"

"But he's not a He. Butch when I was only about fifteen years older than he. He'd been abandoned, you see." Jim grinned in the half-light, grinned at himself. Show a man a pretty woman, and he went to work in spite of himself to capture her attention. He could have sidestepped all those Butch.

"I see. That is, I don't see at all, as you must surely realize . . . " They laughed together, and Jim thought, "This girl can't have known what she was doing, coming here uninvited." Hugh, yes; Hugh was both crude and arrogant. But his sister wasn't. Selfish, possibly, and what used to be called a man-hunter, but never crude.

He didn't know how closely Sybil was watching him from beneath her silvery-gilt lashes, how accurately gauging his progress from coldness to a surprised impulse toward friendliness. At just the right time, she had said. Perhaps I ought to wait for a more promising occasion to get acquainted. I gather Hugh and I aren't exactly the belles of this ball. I should have known better than to, believe anything he tells me.

Jim's last suspicion fell away. "I'm terribly sorry," he said. "You didn't mind if I say goodbye. Sybil, let her be, as devil-boiled in oil, do you? I don't intend to do it, I just like to think about it now and then."

Sybil smiled up at him. "Perhaps we can do it together one day. I always did find him exasperating . . . Of course now I've been away so long I can't afford to cut him a note. A note of real concern threaded her voice. "This town seems so alien . . . I can't say why."

"Have you been away long?"

"Oh, ages." She fingered Maggie's thick wisteria, flipped it impatiently. A breeze stirred the vine and Sybil's hair, and Jim realized what a long time they'd been then hadn't left Jocelyn so long. And yet at once the bitterness that had driven him from her side swept over him again. Young blood . . . She was all right with Hugh in there, dancing her clownish attendance! Jocelyn found him bearable. Maybe he's a relief. Jim thought, after my elderly dignity.

Sybil said softly, "I wonder—would it be too much trouble for you to take me home? The Danas have been beautifully polite, but it's a bit awkward. . . ."

"Jim was taken by surprise. Invulnerably glancing through the window, and Sybil, regarding him, said, 'Oh, Hugh can take Jocelyn when they're ready. That's what he came for, really—in fact I thought he said she was expecting him."

Jim was almost grateful to Sybil for coupling Hugh and Jocelyn in that way. It made it easier to refuel his bitterness, easier to tell himself, Why not? That's what I've planned, isn't it—treating her so casually that nobody will dare suggest anything but friends? This was casual, and I sent him out on the girl you'd brought to a party and taking another one home. But he'd go in and ask, first make sure Hugh would be on tap . . ."

He thought Jocelyn appeared a little stunned. She said quickly, "But I'm ready to go, Jim, if you—"

No, please stay. It's barely eleven. The picture isn't beginning. There are still lots of people you haven't met. I'll just take my old bones home to bed if you're sure Hugh—"

"Don't give it a thought. I can see myself home in a pinch, you know." Her dark eyes moved to Sybil, who was saying goodbye to Maggie as graciously as though she coming hadn't almost been the end of the party. "Just one thing, Jim, to keep me from losing my temper—stop talking about yourself that way, will you? It's—irritating. You're not an old man—and I'm not a child." She looked at him broodingly for a moment. "It's so mad- dening for you to keep trying to fool yourself, let alone me."

Feeling completely foolish, Jim got his goodbyes said and managed to leave without any further mishap, but while he was driving toward the Overton house it might have been Jocelyn beside him instead of Sybil, for he couldn't get that outburst out of his mind. It takes a child to be so direct, he told himself ruefully. Like Janie. Well, not a child, granted that Jocelyn was mature for her young years; but someone close to the honesty of childhood. He felt a sudden distaste for the girl beside him, chatting brightly in her best social manner, in an effort to attract his interest and admiration. Charm- ing Sybil might be, but she was as devil- oiled as unbidden, as quick vision of his dead wife came to mind. Carol, beautiful and selfish, with the kind of charm that adapted itself swiftly to whomever she was with, but without any real feeling for anyone in the world, even her child.

When he said good night to Sybil and drove away, he felt as though he had rid himself of a burden. He went straight home, looked on in Janie, said good night to Mrs. Anderson, and with the discipline born of long practice he fell directly asleep. But not before the thought crossed his mind, what in spite of his not really liking Sybil Overton she was going to see her again. Reasons . . . there were certainly reasons . . .

One of the reasons, though Jim didn't phrase it consciously, was that Sybil had made up her mind to see more of him. In a small place like Merrimac, where all the public property, it was somewhat difficult to evade a lady whose pursuit, though not crudely obvious, was nevertheless generally persistent. Besides, Jim didn't want to evade her, because she fitted in so well with his plans for Jocelyn. If he took Sybil . . . how could there be anything serious between them? Sybil made it easy. She called a few
It was pleasant, going out that way with Sybil, conscious of her head-turning glamour and her unmistakable air of belonging in this sort of elegance. But it gave him a twinge for Carol had had it, too—the secret of making an entrance into a room.

Memory darkened the evening, and made him so absent-minded that he almost called Sybil by Carol's name. Then remorse followed and made him over-anxious to be nice to her. It was quite unfair to identify her with Carol. Carol had been deceitful and hard and unloving and actually not very intelligent. And she was dead. Sybil was very much alive, and he had no reason in the world to hurt her.

"Besides," he told himself wryly, "If I didn't enjoy being with her I wouldn't be here, no matter what I tell myself about using her to take my mind off Jocelyn . . ."

He was ashamed suddenly, and wondered how he had avoided the feeling up to now. A fine one he, to question Sybil's sincerity! How about his own? Was it honest, to take Sybil out only because he wanted too much, to take Jocelyn out instead?

It was the shame, and the resulting desire to make up to her for the wrong she didn't know about, that made him agree to her proposal for the next Saturday. She wanted to go to an amusement park with Janie. Over his uneasy evasions, she insisted she would enjoy it more than anything, and after a while he gave in.

Janie was dazzled when he told her, but there was a forced quality in her delight that didn't escape her father. Humming around him like a busy hornet while he shaved, she buzzed with questions. "Does she really want me to go, Miss Overton? She looks so old, Daddy. Won't I bore her?"

"What do you mean, old? She's—well, I don't know exactly, but she's what one would call a very young woman."

"She's older than Jocelyn, though."

Inwardly Jim groaned. You too, he thought. You too, darling. It's Jocelyn you really want, and we can't have her. Coming home from the hospital that afternoon, he had quite a turn when a slim, feminine figure rose from the steps beside Janie and waved. Sunlight, glinting on silver-gilt hair, told him immediately that it was Sybil. For barely a second he'd started forward, thinking it must be Jocelyn . . . He hurried forward anyway. Sybil seemed to be getting a sort of backhand benefit from his feeling for Jocelyn—the
more he feared his impulse toward Jocelyn, the more cordial he always was to Sybil. "You’ve interrupted a very fast game," Sybil said gaily as he bent to kiss Janie. "Janie’s been showing me all over again how to play jacks. If you’ll give us a minute, I’m overs—I think—"

"Yes, you are," Janie said. Jim glanced at her quickly, to ward off a slight uncertainty behind her friendliness. She came close and twined her hand in his. "Miss Overton came over specially—"

"Darling—remember? You’re to call me Sybil."

"Sybil," Janie said obediently, but Jim felt his fingers flutter. "She came to see me, didn’t you?"

Sybil, sweeping the jackstones together, didn’t look up. "I did indeed. I’ve been telling your father for the longest time how anxious I was to get to know you. Especially if we’re going to spend such an exciting day together on Saturday. Aren’t you just thrilled about it?"

Jim restrained a movement of annoyance. Sybil really didn’t know how to talk to a child. Children retreated from that sort of thing just as a sensible grown-up would; they didn’t trust it. Well—if she really did like Janie, she’d learn to be casual and matter-of-fact with her. But did she?

Sybil rose, settling her pleated skirt over her slim hips. "I’ve got an errand for Daddy in the neighborhood, and I’m late now. If the Brels would be kind enough to walk me to the gate—?"

"The others will be delighted," Jim said. His house, on the hospital grounds, was a fair distance from the main gate, and he was disturbed that Janie was silent during the walk. Sybil chatted gaily, but made no effort to bring Janie into the conversation. In fact, Jim couldn’t help noting, she seemed to have forgotten Janie was there.

As they were saying goodbye, Francis Brent turned in at the gate, and Janie ran to her and gave her an exaggerated hug.

"Well, thank you, Janie," Francis said, rather breathless. "I don’t know what I’ve done to deserve it, but I like it. How are you, Miss Overton? Jim ... I’ve brought you something special to take the place of Mrs. Anderson’s pie for dessert tonight."

"Great—what is it?" Jim asked, and Janie squealed, "Oh—let me look, Aunt Francie!"


Francie looked after her before turning to link arms with Jim. "It’s a funny thing," she said musingly. "If anyone else had said that I’d have taken it as a joke—kind of a crummy joke, but—you know—well-meant. But from that one ..." she shook her head.

Jim rested a band on Janie’s smooth hair. He said absently, "Yes, I know what you mean. It wasn’t at all what he had meant to say. Francie at once burst out, "Well, for heaven’s sake, Jim, if you feel that way about her what’s this great passion between you? Golly, the whole town’s talking."

They reached the house and Francie halted, looked at him searchingly. Jim grinned. "You’re the one who wanted me to have some fun, remember? Have some social life; take out some nice girl; don’t get old before your time. Sound familiar? So I’m bringing Francie.

"But it’s the wrong girl!" Francie moaned. "Oh, Jim, how can you be so thick? Can’t you see Jocelyn’s eating her heart out over you?"

Jim stiffened. "Jocelyn’s heart is only twenty-odd years old. It’ll grow back, and she’ll be better.

"So that’s it," Francie breathed. "So that’s it. Well, may I be caught in a revolving door if I’m not almost as dumb as you, not to have realized. Jim, I love you tremendously, but you are one of the world’s most impossible, stubborn, blind—"

Jim bent and kissed her cheek. "Good night, dear. See you tomorrow." He turned her around and gave her a gentle spank to start her on her way.

But it was not quite so easy to dismiss his own thoughts. It was strange, this curious attitude he had toward Sybil; he wanted to like her, sometimes he did like her. But at bottom ... he didn’t. Like Janie, he didn’t feel safe with her.

He was ashamed of himself, but he was almost glad on Saturday when their plans were disrupted. With great excitement, at least on Sybil’s part, with much flurry and laughter, they had gotten themselves over to the amusement park, and they were just buying Janie’s first ride on the roller coaster, when a tremendous braying voice over the public-address system paging Dr. Jim Brent, Jim, who had been doing his best to stimulate enjoyment, felt his heart rise disgracefully. "That probably means a hospital emergency," he said. "I’ve got to go to the pavilion. Wait here—"

Jim turned, and collared Janie as though she were a difficult puppy. Under her clutch, Janie stood stiff, turning her eyes up to her father without expression. She wanted to writhe away, but she was too polite. Politer than Sybil, Jim thought fleetingly as he hurried away.
"No," Janie said in a subdued voice. "If she'll just let go of my neck, Daddy—"

Sybil's hand dropped. "I'm sorry, Jim, you go ahead. Phone your house if you can, and let me know what's up? Don't work too hard," she called after him. And Jim, rushing for a taxi, thought again that in spite of her sophistication, Sybil had a genius for saying the wrong thing in the wrong way—wrong for him, anyway. People in pain and grim danger were waiting for his help, and she told him not to work too hard!

That was the last leisure he had for the problem of Sybil and himself ... for all problems personally in that sense. For it was then, when he shot from his taxi through the doors of Emergency, that the horror began.

The staff worked in shifts as they brought the victims in. Jim worked longer than most. As he tired he pushed his energy up another notch. You couldn't let go. You were the only ones who could help —you and Dutch beside you, and the others, the nurses, the aides ... But finally, at about six-thirty, he found that instead of walking down the corridor he was weaving toward the wall. He leaned there, pushing back his cap, drawing deep breaths until the vertigo passed. Too long on his feet! If he went past the fatigue point he'd be a handicap, not an asset. Then, as his brain relaxed, he suddenly remembered Janie. After six—should call! He made his way to his office and asked the operator to get his home.

Sybil might have found a book for Janie, if she had any sense. That would mean they'd be in the living room, three steps from the phone in the hall. It rang ... rang ... rang ... Then unexpectedly, Janie answered. "Daddy! Are you all right? Oh, Daddy, we heard on the radio—isn't it terrible? Is it awful for you, Daddy? Will—"

"Never mind me, darling. Are you all right?"

"Oh... pretty much. I'm out of breath from running down the stairs. I was almost in my bath!"

"At this hour?" Jim checked his watch again. "How come? You that tired, baby?"

"Oh, no! I was going to wait up for you like always, when you have to go back to the hospital—you know, so you can talk to me—but she said I'd better take myself off to bed, so—"

"Let me speak to Sybil, darling, and then you come back."

There was a silence. "She's not here," Janie said, very small-voiced. "She—she said she was going out for cigarettes."

Jim's hand tightened on the phone. He waited a few seconds for calmness. "She left you alone to go out for cigarettes?"

"Yes, she—she said she'd be back right away, and it was all right to leave a big girl my age for just a second or two." Janie's voice suddenly scaled upward into panic fright. "But, Daddy, I'm scared! It'll be dark soon, and she's been gone twenty minutes already. I looked at my clock. Oh, Daddy, I didn't mean to upset you, but I'm scared! The stairs look so dark now—"

Dampness, born of sheer fury than of Janie's fright, stood out on Jim's fore-
head. With an effort he said quietly, "Sit tight, baby. I'll get Aunt Francie over there in less than a minute. You stay right by the phone, or go out on the porch if you want to, and wait for her."

There was no answer. "Janie, may I ring off now so I can call Aunt Francie?" he asked anxiously.

"He's on the line she drew. 'I'm looking up the stairs,' she said. "They're not so dark. Listen, you know, Daddy, I didn't go on the roller coaster today, and that makes me lose my bet with Stanley. Remember I told you he bet me a nickel I wouldn't have the go—the nerve to go on the roller coaster? Well, I didn't because she wouldn't let me, so if I went up the stairs now and took my bath don't you think it would count for the bet? It's twice as scary," she finished with a quaver.

**IMPA TIENCE** made Jim's voice shaky.

Just be very careful in your bath, sweetheart, and I think it would be extremely brave of you to do it. Just leave the door open so Aunt Francie can get in. All right to say goodbye now?"

"Goodbye, Daddy," she said, her voice thin as though she were already heading for the stairs before she lost her courage. His throat was tight with pity as he swiftly dialed Butch's number. Thank heaven—Francie was there! In a few words he told her the situation, and was endlessly grateful that she didn't waste time on her opinion of Sybil. She said grimly, "I'll fly. And I'll have a word with you later!" she couldn't resist adding as she hung up.

From then on, time telescoped. Anger had pumped new energy through Jim; he went back to Emergency and worked again for—he never knew how long. Ten minutes, maybe fifteen—not very long, because it was barely dark when he suddenly saw Butch before him, very white-faced, with hand outstretched to keep him from hurrying by. Dad—

The wall of a siren, muffled by the hospital walls but still frightening, drowned Butch's voice.

"Oh, Lord, not another!" Jim said hopelessly.

"Dad, listen—thât—it's a fire. Listen, are you braced? There's no time to take it slowly. It's your house, Dad—come on!" but it's impossible, "he talked to Dad, turning to Janie. Janie, Janie! Butch—did they get her out? She was there just before I talked to Francie. Oh, God, Butch—she was going upstairs!"

Butch's hand clenched over his. "Run, Dad—don't talk! She'll be all right!"

They ran, panting, the breath bursting in their throats. Quicker, faster, run than to wait for the ambulance behind them. It was only a short distance, after all—so short a distance between safety and danger...

In a moment they saw they, smoke, flare of flame, crowd, the nightmare shadow and light of dark, Janie!" Jim cried, propelling himself forward, turned to the silent onlookers. He heard the dreadful crackle of wood under the fire's lashing tongue, his own cry—"Did you get my girl out?"

A hand grasped his, and he knew without looking that it was Jocelyn's. "Jim, you'll have to help her," she said urgently. "They'll get her out, darling, but you'll have to help her."

He gripped the hand, and slowly his head cleared. They hadn't gotten Janie out. His eyes raked the apparatus, already playing on the first floor. Janie—he peered upward. He heard the thin wail as she saw him—"Daddy, come get me! Come get me! I'm here in my room. The stairs are on fire!"

"Join me, my darling," he called. Then he saw her, tiny against the window-screen, pressing her whole body against it as though she were about—to the words tore from him, "Janie, get back! Don't! We'll come get you in a minute, darling. Just keep calm!"

"I'm going to jump," she screamed. "Call me, Daddy!" She was wringing at the screen, beginning to raise. A horrified "No, wait!" went up from the crowd.

"They can't get me—nobody can get me. She couldn't get me! The stairs are on fire!" Jim started for the front stairs, but authoritative hands pulled him back. The fire chief muttered, "Listen, Dr. Brent, we're okay if nobody loses his head. You can't get up those stairs, they're gone but that means the fire won't spread up too fast. The boys'll have the net for the kid in a minute. Just don't let her panic, that's your job. Get back to the window, sing, talk, anything—don't let her jump!" Jocelyn ran, Jocelyn beside him, to stand beneath the window again. Every instinct impelled him to fight the restraining hands, run in and get her. She was his child—what did they know? Who could counsel away that drumming, breath-stopping fear—the fear of one minute's delay, one false step? Jocelyn's hand tightened, and again her grasp drew it and hung on until the panic subsided. She was talking to Janie, calmly, even casually, and after a moment he was able to talk himself. But the child was terrified, beyond influencing... Even an adult would have been, he realized.

"Jim, she's going to jump," Jocelyn whispered. "Oh, what can we—Janie! Darling, sit tight! They're coming now with the net! Listen—sing with me." Her voice, trembling but steady as she went on, rose in the nonsensical song she and Janie had practiced. "A capital ship for an ocean trip was the wallowing Window Bird!"

Blessedly, Janie's voice took up the tune. Thank heaven for Jocelyn! Who else would have had the courage, right then, the self-control, to sing? But it was no good. Horrified, he saw out of the tail of his eye the men running toward the window, and at the same instant Janie got the screen in her mouth, and the screen in her teeth, and the screen—plunged forward, and it was as if a giant hand flung him to the ground. Blackness then...

Jocelyn's voice against his ear roused him. "You caught her. You broke the fall!" He felt warmth on his forehead, on his lips. She was kissing him with extreme care. She's all right. Oh, dearest, wake up, she's all right!"

None of it straightened out till afterward, after he knew Janie was all right. Except for a broken ankle, and the shock that couldn't as yet, be measured... Then he noticed some pattern in the glare and hiss of the memory of that night. It was there, simple and shock-
STOP cooking the same HUMDRUM MEALS

Now there is no need to serve your family the same old tiresome dishes day after day. For, with the aid of the new Magic Cook Book, you can put sparkle and variety into every meal. And you needn't strain your budget either.

New Mouth-Watering Recipes

This wonderful new book contains over 1500 exciting recipes—and they are all simple to prepare. Each recipe in this unusual cook book is described in the easy step-by-step style. Now you just can't go wrong. Even beginners can prepare scrumptious meals at the very first attempt.

This is the cook book you have dreamed about. It is more than just a book of exciting recipes. It brings you everything you need to know—buying, preparing and cooking good things to eat. It also contains scores of money-saving suggestions that you can put to immediate use.

Get this beautiful book containing 32 pages of illustrations at once and thrill your family and your friends with your new-found culinary skill.

Only $2.98

The price of the Magic Cook Book is only $2.98, postpaid—or if mailed C.O.D. you pay the postage. Order today.

BARTHOLOMEW HOUSE, Inc.
Dept. RM-1151, 205 E. 42 St., New York 17, N. Y.

Learn PROFITABLE Profession in 90 days at Home

WOMEN AND MEN, 15 to 60 years.
The College of Swedish Massage
Dept. 160P, 41 E. Pearson, Chicago 1

CORN'S
REMOVED
BY
MOSCO

Your money refunded if not satisfied. The Most Company, Rochester, N.Y.

LOW-DOWN NAILS in a FLASH...with NU-NAILS

LOW-DOWN ARTIFICIAL FINGERNAILS and QUICK-DRYING GLUE

Cover short, broken, thin nails with NU-NAILS. Applied in a jiffy with our amazing quick-drying glue. Can be worn any length...painted any shade. Help overcome nail-biting habit. Set of ten...only 25c. At dime, drug, department stores.

The Moss Company, Dept. 16-P
5251 W. Harrison, Chicago 44

BUTCH came out of Janie's room and closed the door softly. "Sleeping now; she'll do fine," he said. His lips tightened. "I heard what you were saying. Cigarettes! If that were all! It's the rest I can't forgive—the lies, the cheap, rotten cowardice that would leave a child there—"

Slumped in his chair, Jim stared at the white walls through half-closed eyes. Odd...if Sybil had kept quiet, it wouldn't have been so bad for her. But some fissure in her character, some flaw, had cracked wide open under shock and strain. She had forced people to listen, had buttoned them, interfering with the fire-fighting until someone had come and taken her away...She had insisted on repeating her hysterical tale of stepping into the front hall into a mass of flames. And the stairway had been gone already, she insisted shrilly. She had tried, she had tried desperately, but she couldn't get up to Janie...Whereas the truth was that the staircase, through some freak, was still standing. Now that the live flames were out, though the rest of the place was a shambles, they told Jim the staircase could still be seen. So it couldn't have down. Sybil had been so frightened, she had simply turned and run, leaving Janie crying terrified after her. "Come help me, please come get me!"

Jim's eyes closed, and once again he felt Jocelyn's hand over his. With a tremendous feeling of peace, of haven, he returned the clasp. His conscience couldn't fight now, he was too exhausted. And besides...hadn't it? It had to be faced. Earlier now, or later. It wasn't just a girl in her twenties who looked at him with love in her eyes, who had kissed him with warm salty lips as he lay on the ground. It was Jocelyn, and time and years and experience and all the cautious little inches he had tried to put between them had fallen away. She was Jocelyn, and she had been his strength...And she would be his love. Almost asleep, he smiled and brought their clasped hands up to his face. She had known it all along. But he would tell her, as soon as he woke up.

A NEW FACE—A NEW FUTURE

How Plastic Surgery easily takes years off the prematurely aged face, quickly rectifies an ugly nose and corrects other facial blemishes is told and illustrated with 48 before-and-after pictures in fascinating book. YOUR NEW FACE, IS YOUR FUTURE, written by famous Plastic surgeon. Yours, postpaid in plain wrapper—only $2.00
FRANKLIN HOUSE, Publishers
P. O. Box 605, New York 17, N. Y. Dept. MJ-5

Last Chance! Copper Is Scarce!

This Beautiful THREE-CHAIN HANGING COPPER PLANTER is sold out. Order now and get yours. For a limited time only, we offer this special offer. This is a rare find and will be discontinued soon. Don't wait. Order now and get the best deal. This offer is available for a limited time only. Hurry and order now. ILLINOIS MERCHANT BANK, Dept. 1214, 12550 CENTURY AVENUE, CHICAGO 26, ILLINOIS

99

R M
WHAT A BARGAIN! Choose any 3
of these new full-size, handsomely-
bound fiction hits (total value up to
$9.50)—for ONLY $3 with Dollar Book
Club membership! Send no money—mail
coupon below for this big sample of the book values
offered by the Club.

THE IRON MISTRESS
Pauline Brunton
B"oston's aristocracy turned out for
beautiful Emily's society marriage. But,
at her own wedding reception, Emily met
a stranger—not even a "blue-blood"—and
fell in love for the first time in her life!

JOY STREET
Frances Parkinson Keyes
The ISlanders whisper about Dr. Aline's frequent
visits to pretty Mol- li MacNeill. Was the
doctor seeking a love that his beautiful
wife could not give? Did he court Mollie
—or the affections of her fatherless eight-
year-old son?

EACH MAN'S SON
Aligh MacLellan
The islanders whispered about Dr. Aline's frequent
visits to pretty Molli MacNeill. Was the
doctor seeking a love that his beautiful
wife could not give? Did he court Mollie
—or the affections of her fatherless eight-
year-old son?

THE INFINITE WOMAN
Eileen Marquiss
The story of Lola
Montegro, captiv-
ying dancing girl
from India, whose
grown beauty and
untamed ways en-
slaved first a young
poet ... then a
famed musician ...
and then a king! A
colorful new novel
by the author of
Yankee Pasha.

THE STRANGER BESIDE ME
Mabel Seeley
Christina's husband 
left her to a promis-
ing job in the big de-
partment store. But
he earned more glory
than money—and
Christine's little tea-
room was the family's
real breadwinner.
Could their love
stand this rivalry?

SUNRISE TO SUNSET
Samuel R. Adams
No one asked ques-
tions about the girl
in Gordon Stock-
well's downtown
cotton mill. But when
a lovely young girl
was arrested for
smuggling, the story
raved across the land.

THE NYMPH AND COMPANY
Thomas H. Raddatz
In quest of adventure, lovely secre-
tary Isabel Jardin
fled to her farm-
city job to the wild,
wind-swept is-
land of Marina. Alone
on this outpost of
lonely men, she was
wooed and fought
over with desperate
passion!

The Only Club that Brings You New $3 Best-Sellers for Just $1

MAIL THIS COUPON
Doubleday One Dollar Book Club
Dept. 11MFW, Garden City, New York

Choose any 3 of these 3 books selected for you
for ONLY $3! They can be combined with any
package on file. Order in any quantity up to
9 books, please. You may change your selection
at any time.

I enclose $3 for the 3 books above. 
I enclose $1 for the 3 books above. 
I enclose $9.50 for the 3 books above.

Start Enjoying Membership Now

Upon receipt of the coupon at the left, you will be sent your introductory TRIPLE
package of books—any 3 books you choose
from this page—and you will be billed a
total of only $1, plus a few cents shipping
cost, for ALL THREE. Thereafter, you will
receive regularly the Club's Bulletin, which
contains the forthcoming Club selections.
It also features reviews of other popular books
published by the Club, plus a special offer:
$1 at any time for any item in the Club's
own line of books, including new titles.

Yes, the very same titles sold in the
publishers' retail editions at up to
$3.50 come to the Dollar Book Club
members for only $1 each—an incredibly
big saving of at least two-thirds
on each selection! These savings are
possible because of the huge printings
made for a membership of nearly
4,000,000 families.

Take as Few as Six Books a Year!

Membership in the Dollar Book Club
requires no dues of any kind.
You do not even have to take a book
every month; the purchase of as few
as six books a year fulfills your mem-
bership requirement.

Doubleday One Dollar Book Club, Garden City, New York
Modess .... because
Vivian Blaine says:

"I've tried the different mildness tests. My throat made my choice——

Camels!"

VIVIAN BLAINE, glamorous singing star of Broadway hit, "Guys and Dolls", made different cigarette mildness tests—the sniff test, the puff test . . . and her own 30-Day Camel Test, the one thorough test. It was the 30-day test that gave her the answer. She found Camels exactly to her liking! They have rich flavor and the mildness her throat demands.

Smokers all over America have made these tests. And after all the tests, published figures show Camel is by far America's most popular cigarette!

Test Camels in your "T-Zone" (T for Throat, T for Taste)

Try them for 30 days and you'll know why Camel is America's most popular cigarette!

Not one single case of throat irritation due to smoking CAMELS

THAT'S WHAT NOTED THROAT SPECIALISTS REPORTED IN A COAST-TO-COAST TEST OF HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE WHO SMOKED CAMELS FOR 30 DAYS!
N. Y. area
TV program listings

Arthur Godfrey
and
His Friends

Janette Davis
Tony Marvin
Marion Marlow
Frank Parker

BOYS IN GODFREY'S BAND • MY HUSBAND, BUD COLYER • VISIT THE JOLLY OLSENS

BROCK • KUKLKA, FRAN & OLLIE • MA PERKINS • DOUBLE OR NOTHING • REHEND VALLEY
What an exciting sight Christmas morning... when the man you love sends his love... via Samsonite! For Samsonite is the endless gift. Year after year it will figure in all your jaunts!

That man in your life would love receiving luxurious luggage, too. Why don't you play Santa... with Samsonite?

It looks so costly, yet two Samsonite pieces cost less than what you'd expect to pay for one of equal quality. Look at the streamlined locks and fittings... the better-than-leather finish that's dirt-proof.

Whether you start with one piece—or a matched set—giving or getting Samsonite is pure joy.

To have and to hold, personally... a smart set of Samsonite Luggage in Natural Rawhide finish

1. Vanity O'Nite ... $17.50
2. O'Nite (regular) ... 19.50
3. Ladies' Wardrobe ... 25.00

CHOOSE THE COLORS YOU WANT... THE SIZES YOU NEED! Samsonite makes luggage for men in Colorado Brown, Saddle Tan, Admiral Blue and Natural Rawhide finish. For women, in these same shades, plus Bermuda Green and Sapphire Blue.

Samsonite Luggage

Shwayder Bros., Inc., Luggage Division, Denver 9, Colorado
Also makers of Samson Folding Tables and Chairs, Folding Furniture Division, Detroit 30, Michigan
THE IRON MISTRESS by Paul I. Wellman
Frontierman, duelist, pirate—Jim Bowie carved his way from gay New Orleans to the devil's own city of Natchez. They spoke his name in whispers, yet he became a fabulous hero! By the author of The Walls of Jericho.

THE PRESIDENT'S LADY by Irving Stone
"That woman in the White House? Never! She whispered about Rachel Jackson—a scandal of her runaway marriage to Andrew Jackson when he was a two-gun lawyer from Tennessee. Dramatic new hit by the author of Immortal Wife!

A WOMAN CALLED FANCY by Frank Yerby
Down from the hills she came, penniless but beautiful. She bewitched every man from mountaineer to blue-blood... and didn't stop until she became Georgia society's most scandalous bride! Yerby's newest best-seller!

THE STRANGER BESIDE ME by Mabel Seeley
Handsome, ambitious Carl Reiss was considered a catch for shy, sensitive Christine. But, on their amazing honeymoon, Christine was to discover that her chances for married happiness were the greatest odds a wife ever faced!

JOY STREET by Frances Parkinson Keyes
All of Boston's aristocracy turned out for beautiful Emily Thayer's marriage to wealthy Roger Wilmot. But, at her own wedding reception, Emily met a total stranger—not even a "blue-blood"—and fell in love for the first time in her life!

THE NYMPH and the LAMP by Thomas Roddall
Lovely secretary Isabel Jardine fled from her humdrum job in the city to the wild, wind-swept island of Martha. On this island of lonely men, she was like the last woman in the world—wooed and fought over with desperate passion!

MAIL THIS COUPON
Doubleday One Dollar Book Club
Dept. 12-TSW, Garden City, New York
Please enroll me as a Dollar Book Club member. Send me at once the 3 books checked below and bill me only $1 FOR ALL 3, plus a few cents shipping cost.
☐ The Iron Mistress ☐ The President's Lady ☐ A Woman Called Fancy
☐ Wandering Beside Me ☐ Joy Street ☐ The Nymph and the Lamp
With these books will come my first issue of the free descriptive folder called The Bulletin, telling me about the best forthcoming one-dollar bargain book selections and other bargains offered at $1 each to members only.

I have the privilege of notifying you in advance if I do not wish either of the following month's' selections. The purchase of books is entirely voluntary; should I not wish to accept a book every month—only six a year. I pay nothing except $1 for each selection received, plus a few cents shipping cost.

Mr. Please Mrs. Print Miss
Address...
City & State...

*slightly higher in Canada: address 105 Bond St., Toronto 2.
But Nobody Sits With The Sitter!

You Want To Know Why? Because You Ought To See Your Dentist About Bad Breath! My Mommy Says So!

Oh, No, Patty! You Can't Be Right! But I'll Find Out!

Colgate Dental Cream Cleans Your Breath While It Cleans Your Teeth, And The Colgate Way Of Brushing Teeth Right After Eating Stops Tooth Decay Best!

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, ammniated or not, offers such conclusive proof!

Later—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream
Yes, I have a Sitter, too, Which Shows What Colgate Care Can Do!

Use Colgate Dental Cream
✓ To Clean Your Breath
✓ While You Clean Your Teeth—And Help Stop Tooth Decay!

*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.

Contents

December, 1951 Radio-TV Mirror Vol. 37, No. 1

Keystone Edition

Doris McFerran, Editor; Jack Zasorin, Art Director;
Marie Haller, Assistant Editor; Frances Maly, Assistant Art Director;
Dolly Brand, Editorial Assistant; Frances Kish, Television Assistant;
Helen Cambria Bolstad, Chicago Editor; Lyle Rooks, Hollywood Editor;
Frances Mornin, Hollywood Assistant Editor; Hymie Fink, Staff Photographer;
Betty Jo Rice, Assistant Photographer

Fred R. Sammis, Editor-in-Chief

10 Junior Mirror
13 Mary Jane Higby
15 Henry Russell
23 Is It Wrong To Help Those Who Will Not Help Themselves?
23 Songs For Sale Contest Winner
24 Who's Who In TV
26 Coast-To-Coast
29 What Christmas Means To Me...by Jack Berch
32 My Husband, Bud...by Marian Shockley Collyer
34 This Is No Lost Generation...by Wayne King
36 Godfrey's Tin Pan Alley...by Tony Martin
40 "They Loved Me In Hollywood!"
42 Renfro Valley Folks
44 Our Kukulapalian Christmas...by Kukla
46 Come and Visit Johnny and Penny Olsen...by Frances Kish
48 "I Certainly Had It Good!"...by Johnny Desmond
50 Ma Perkins: Should A Mother Ever Interfere In Her Daughter's Romance?
52 The Strange Romance of Evelyn Winters
56 These Girls Know Father Best
58 Mama's Family
60 No Trouble With Father!
64 Radio-TV Mirror Awards for 1951-52
66 Around the House With Broke
68 Christmas Record Buying...by Bob Poole
90 RTVM Reader Bonus: The Season of Sharing...by Terry Burton

For

6 Versatile Comb-Outs...by Harriet Segman
8 Art Linkletter's Nonsense and Some-Sense

Better

12 How To Give A Football Party
18 Poetry

Living

20 Fun of the Month
60 This Is My Life...by Jan Miner

Your

14 With: Bedlam in Baltimore
16 WPIT: Design for Fashion

Local

21 WIF: Mary on the Spot

Station

22 WEEI: Beantown's Own

Inside

4 Information Booth
73 Program Highlights in Television Viewing

Radio

62 Daytime Diary

TV

On the Cover: Godfrey and cast portraits by Ozzie Snee
Invisible

White Magic

Now! The newest Playtex Fab-Lined Girdle—White Magic with all the Playtex figure-slimming power and freedom of action, plus fabric next to your skin.

Recommended by internationally famous fashion designers for the way it slims you in cloud-soft comfort

It's sparkling white, slims so beautifully, controls your curves, leaves you so free! Cloud-soft fabric is fused to smooth latex sheath without a seam, stitch or bone—invisible under all fashions. Washes in seconds, dries in a flash!

In sum shiny tubes, at department stores and better specialty shops everywhere. White Magic, $5.95 and $6.95. (Other Playtex Girdles in pink, blue and white from $3.95.) All prices slightly higher in Canada and foreign countries.

French Designer, JEAN DESSÉS: "If you wear a Playtex, you will have the ideal figure for which my fashions are designed!"

Italian Designer, FONTANA: "It works fashion magic! I insist that my mannequins wear Playtex under every dress!"

American Designer, TINA LESER: "My advice is to wear Playtex. It slims where you need slimming, holds you in comfort!"

International Latex Corp’n... PLAYTEX PARK... Dover Del. ©1951 Playtex Ltd., Montreal, Can.
Information Booth

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

Ambitious Cadet
Dear Editor:
Would you please give me some information about the boy who plays Roger Manning on Space Cadet? I would like to see a picture of him.

B. H., Centerville Station, Ill.

Jan Merlin, better known to his fans as Roger Manning, is a native New Yorker. He served as torpedo-man on the Navy for four years. Before joining his present TV show, he played in “Mr. Roberts” for two years. He has also made films for TV and Twentieth Century-Fox and played in summer stock. Although he enjoys oil painting and writing plays and poetry, his life-long ambition is to head his own African safari.

Young Ranger
Dear Editor:
Would you please print a picture of Don Hastings who plays the Video Ranger on Captain Video? Could you tell me his age and some other facts about him?

Miss B. S., New York, N. Y.

Born in Brooklyn on April 1, 1934, Don started in show business at the age of six when he sang and acted on a children’s show called, Coast to Coast on a Bus. Having appeared on Broadway in several plays and taken part in such radio shows as Studio One and Hilltop House, Don is probably one of the busiest young performers in New York.

Face Behind the Voice
Dear Editor:
There is a voice in radio that never fails to make me sit up and listen—Berry Kroeger’s. I’ve heard him on Grand Central Station and, if I’m not mistaken, he is Conrad Overton on Road of Life. I would like to know what he looks like. Would you please print a picture of him?

Mrs. V. P., Rochester, N. Y.

Berry does play the part of Conrad Overton and he can also be heard as Sam Williams in Young Dr. Malone. Berry started out to be a concert pianist, but was so terrified at performing in public that his teacher suggested he take dramatic lessons to improve his stage presence. What Berry intended as a means to an end turned out to be the end in itself, for he found that he preferred acting to playing the piano.

Another Voice
Dear Editor:
Would you please print a picture of the man called Peters on Counter-Spy. I think he has the most wonderful voice I’ve heard so far on radio. His name is Mandell Kramer, isn’t that right?

Miss P. S., Conshohocken, Pa.

Right! And below you will find a picture of the man who is heard on such shows as Counter-Spy, Brighter Day (in which he plays Anthony Race), Gang Busters, Big Town and True Detective. Mandell is married and has recently become the father of a baby girl.

Lost and Found
Dear Editor:
Can you give me any information about the two afternoon programs, When a Girl Marries and Portia Faces Life. They have been discontinued after so many years on the air. Will they be resumed later?

Miss A. E. T., Lansdowne, Pa.

Portia Faces Life has been taken off the air, but When a Girl Marries can still be heard Monday through Friday at 11:15 A.M. EST, over ABC.

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 attach this box to your letter along with a stamped, self-addressed envelope, and specify whether your question concerns radio or TV.

Jan Merlin
Don Hastings
Berry Kroeger
Mandell Kramer
Only Lilt’s Superior Ingredients give such a Superior Wave! You can use the Lilt Refill with any plastic curlers and, for only $1.25*, get a wave far more like Naturally Curly Hair! Guaranteed by Procter & Gamble!

A Lilt wave looks lovelier, feels softer, is easier to manage than any other home wave! Only Lilt’s superior ingredients give such a superior wave!

No Other Home Permanent Wave looks...feels...behaves so much like the loveliest Naturally Curly Hair!

Never before such a gentle, yet effective Waving Lotion!
Never before a wave so easy to manage!
Never before such a natural-looking wave that would last and last!
Never before such assurance of no kinky, frizzy look!

Money-back Guarantee: Both the Lilt Refill and Complete Kit are guaranteed by Procter & Gamble to give you the loveliest, softest, easiest-to-manage Home Permanent wave you’ve ever had—or your money back!

Refill $1.25*
Complete Kit $2.25*  
*plus tax

Home Permanent
Procter & Gamble’s Cream-Oil Cold Wave
Versatile comb-outs

Olive Stacey's problem—how to make a basic style look different

By HARRIET SEGMAN

For the gals who played the parts of various leading ladies of daytime serials in the days of radio only, there wasn't much concern with pretending to be the same person day after day and year after year. All you had to do was keep your voice in good shape. But, woe, the difference in television.

Blonde and pert Olive Stacey, star of CBS' First Hundred Years, was in a quandary for the first few months of her role as Connie Thayer. The problem was not so much how to look the same day after day in front of the cameras, but rather how to look different off camera and in between shows. Every woman, TV star or not, gets a little tired of looking the same day in and day out. That's how we explain that new hat or new dress—or what's even less expensive yet sometimes more effective, a new hairdo.

How many of us have stood for hours in front of the mirror trying a new hair style, or simply gotten fed up with the same "old-hat" style and dashed off to the beauty shop clamoring for "something different." Well, we can try drastic changes and get away with it, but not so the star of a TV soap opera. The only time she can change the way she looks or change her coiffure is when the script writer of the show gives her the okay.

So Olive took herself and her problem to a man she was sure could solve it, noted hairstylist, John Fonda. As a doctor with a patient, John examined Olive carefully—her hair texture, her facial contours, her coloring. Then he designed a style that would serve two purposes: one, it could be managed easily; and two, it would be a "versatile" style. In other words, it would be a style that would have Olive looking the same every day for her TV role and yet it would be a style that would also lend itself to several different comb-outs. This "comb-out theory of versatility" is one of Mr. Fonda's favorites.

"Very often, we give many different types of women the same basic set", he explained. "Yet after we have combed out their hair you would not realize at all it was the same basic set. That's where we get versatility!"

Actually it is simple. The hair can be combed to make it curl closely about the head, or it can be brushed out to achieve the effect of long, loose curls. Hair pieces can be added to make curls or braids on top, or can be matched to fit under the hair to give it extra length.

Olive has solved her problem and by studying your own hair carefully, by experimenting a little, you can make your own "versatile comb-outs."

1) The basic style—the way Olive must appear every day.
2) Versatility takes over for formal wear with hair pulled back from face and hair piece worn as a braid.
3) The latest version—back to softer, feminine lines with longer, looser curls.
"This 30-second cloudburst lasted all day!"

says LIZABETH SCOTT, co-starring in
"RED MOUNTAIN"
A Hal Wallis Production for Paramount
Color by Technicolor

"YOU KNOW HOW RAW WEATHER CHAPS SKIN. I SPENT A WHOLE DAY, IN THE Icy RAIN, MAKING THIS SCENE FOR 'RED MOUNTAIN'...

LATER, I had to fire blanks 'til my hands were fiery red...

AND CLAWING this sandy floor was rough on my hands again...

BUT I USED Jergens Lotion to soothe my hands and face...

SO THEY were wonderfully smooth for romantic close-ups.

AT HOME, Jergens Lotion is my head-to-toe beauty secret.

BEING LIQUID, Jergens is absorbed by thirsty skin...

YOU CAN PROVE it with this simple test described above...

CAN YOUR LOTION OR HAND CREAM PASS THIS "FILM TEST"?
To soften, a lotion or hand cream should be absorbed by the upper layers of the skin. Jergens Lotion contains quickly-absorbed ingredients that doctors recommend—no heavy oils that merely coat the skin. Proof? Water won't "bead" on a hand smoothed with Jergens Lotion as with a lotion or hand cream that leaves a heavy, oily film.

SEE WHY Hollywood stars prefer Jergens Lotion 7-to-1!
DECEMBER

... and of course, when you speak that word, you immediately think of Christmas—of which, more later. In spite of what the children think, December does have dates other than the 25th. The 2nd, for instance, on which John Brown was hanged, in 1859... The 10th, on which, in 1936, King Edward VIII abdicated to marry "the woman I love"... The 16th, on which the Boston Tea Party took place in 1773... The 26th, on which a gentleman by the name of Nason patented, in 1865, the coffee percolator... The 28th, on which another gentleman (and I use the term advisedly) took out a patent, in 1869, on a revolutionary product known as chewing gum. But enough of this reminiscing—let's get down to the month of December in the year at hand. Regarding the weather, our tried and trusty friend the Old Farmer's Almanac has one firm, overall, month-long prediction to make. To wit, snow, snow and more snow. Get out your shovel, Pop! Although winter officially begins December 22 at, to be precise, 11:01 A.M., looks as if you'll need your boots and earmuffs before then.

QUICK QUIZ—

Here's one, called Ladies' Day, to sharpen your own wits. Or, if you want to be elaborate about it, prepare lists in advance and use the quiz as a pencil-and-paper game at your next party. The object: following is a list of animals—all males. Can you name the female counterpart? For instance, the female counterpart of the male bull is cow. Now try your hand at naming the "wives" of these fellows: (a) buck, (b) drake, (c) fox, (d) gander, (e) lion, (f) ram, (g) stallion, (h) stag.

IT HAPPENED ON HOUSE PARTY—

Link (to 11-year-old-girl): Have you any sisters or brothers?
Girl: No, I'm single.
Link: You're a pretty colleen. Tell me, did your mother meet your father in Ireland?
Girl: No, in the YMCA!

ANSWERS

put (a)
one (f)
soon (p)
duck (q)
REFLECTIONS ON ICE

I love to watch the slant of snow,
To feel it pelt my face. I know
The angry wind that whirs it round,
Will press it fiercely to the ground,
Plating the avenues and streets,
With continents of icy sheets.
I know the consequence of snow!
Regretfully, I watch it go;
For, I don’t fear the glacial mass,
The endless stretch of frosted glass.

No youngster’s feet could be more
deft;
Iced walks I rarely slip on .
It’s the last, unnoticed patch that’s left
That I skid and wrench my hip on!
Leonard K. Schiff

DEADLY SPECIES

On the first of the month,
(Please note: Without fail)
No female is deadlier
Than the mail!
—Pauline Saltzman

O, TANNENBAUM—

I’m told that the Christmas tree has
been used in America for only about
a hundred years. Legend has it that
on the night of Christ’s birth, all the
trees in the forest blossomed and
bore fruit . . . It is said that all the
trees of the forest went to the manger
to pay homage to the King. The tiny
evergreen was crowded into the back-
ground by the larger trees and, to
make up for that, stars from the sky
settled on the little evergreen, so that
it would be plainly seen . . . The first
decorated Christmas tree in England
was introduced by Prince Albert, Ger-
man-born husband of Queen Victoria
. . . Christmas trees are used nowa-
days in every part of America and,
although evergreens are most popular
other kinds—sometimes even palms
and cactus—are used when fir trees
aren’t available. While we’re on this
cheery subject, let’s look at another
important factor in the Christmas
celebration, Santa Claus. The jolly
old fellow isn’t by any means ours
alone—although we do have a town
named Santa Claus, out in Indiana,
which gives us a sort of claim. Our
jolly Christmas friend is presumed to
be a descendent of the European St.
Nicholas. In some countries it’s the
Christ Kindler—the Christ Child—
who brings the presents. Some places
the gift bringer is known as Kris
Kringe. In Sweden, Jul Tomten or
Tomta Jubba, a tiny old man, is re-
sponsible for Yuletide largesse.
(Bread-and-milk is always left out
for him, and in the morning it’s gone
although skeptics have been known
to point to the family cat, placidly
cleaning her whiskers in the corner!) In
some sections of China the Christ-
mas Old Father brings presents, while
in Russia it’s Grandfather Frost. Pere
Noel does the Yule honors in France;
in Denmark, Jule Nissen. In Greece
St. Basil, making his rounds by ship
instead of sleigh, delivers the gifts.

Life With Linkletter, alt. Fri., 7:30 P.M.
EST, ABC-TV; sponsor, Green Giant. House
Party, M-F, 3:30 P.M. EST, CBS; sponsor,
Pillsbury Mills. People Are Funny, Tues.,
8 P.M. EST, CBS; sponsored by Mars Candy.
MORE WIZARDRY

by

MR. WIZARD

1. Do you think you could pick up two cups with one balloon? Sounds impossible, doesn’t it? Well, you can and here’s how.

2. Hold both cups on the side, as I’m doing in this picture. Then blow up the balloon so that it inflates between the cups.

3. Squeeze the neck of the balloon together and PRESTO! The secret is pressure inside the balloon holds cups up.

4. You wouldn’t wear a raincoat of cheesecloth, but a bottle of water stays full upside down with cheesecloth on top.

5. Secure two layers of cheesecloth to the top with a rubber band. Pour water through until bottle is three-quarters full.

6. Now turn the bottle upside down—and more Wizardry! The pressure of air pushing at opening holds water in.

Don Herbert, as Mr. Wizard, can be seen Saturday at 12 Noon EST, NBC-TV.
HIGH adventure with the Space Patrolers is seen every Sunday at 4:30 P.M. EST on ABC-TV stations and heard, as well, at 10:30 A.M. EST every Saturday on the ABC radio network. Buzz Corry, Commander-in-Chief of the Space Patrol, carries out missions of daring in the name of interplanetary justice. But in these pictures, as you may have seen them on TV, Buzz and his crew thought they were about to relax and enjoy a pleasure cruise in a new luxury space yacht of the latest design. Navigating the test-flight to Pluto, the outermost planet, is Tonga and at the controls is Major Robertson, Security Chief. So comfortable and easy is the ship to handle, in comparison with their battle cruiser, that when Buzz offers to relieve Major Robertson, the Major says, "Are you kidding, Commander? I'm having too much fun." So Buzz and Cadet Happy remain in the luxurious lounge eating a dinner that Carol has prepared. In the meantime, Major Robertson goes back to the controls, marvelling at the ease with which the ship handles. Instead of a pilot wheel, all he does is push a button. Tonga sits at the navigator's panel checking their position in space. Suddenly, she becomes alarmed and calls Major Robertson.

Now, through the pictures, follow the rest of this exciting adventure:

1. Tonga reports that the ship is off course and they will miss Pluto. They are getting more power from the rockets on one side and radioactivity is increasing.

2. A sudden explosion rocks the ship. Buzz, Carol and Happy are knocked down. Major Robertson reports that their communications are wrecked and they can't even signal for help.

3. Buzz puts Carol and Tonga to work assembling a bomb with atomic fuel. He intends to explode half the ship, hoping the debris will act as a signal flare to Pluto.

4. The three men, with jet packs strapped to their backs, start to cut the ship in half with a heat torch. They work furiously for their oxygen is timed to go off in thirty minutes.

5. The huge cloud given off by the explosion is seen at Pluto and a patrol investigates. The group is saved with only a minor injury suffered by the Major.
How to give a football party

An invitation is the ticket of admission to your living-room stadium. Just borrow Junior’s water colors, buy some white cardboard and paint away!

Give your guests a chance to pick the winner of the big game—and other games as well—by setting up your own football pool.

After the game is over, it’s time for the payoff. And when Papa wins he has to watch out for Mama’s dainty but alert hand as he collects the prize—or thinks that he does.

This year, thanks to television, your old easy chair is right on the fifty yard line. Smart hostesses, aware of this happy circumstance, are becoming increasingly popular among their friends by giving Saturday afternoon football parties right in their own living rooms.

It’s a fun afternoon—and an inexpensive one—once the football spirit catches on in your TV stadium. You get right into the swing of this new type of party with the invitations themselves. Send an informal note to each guest, and accompany it with a homemade ticket reserving a seat on the fifty yard line for the best game of the day. You can draw the tickets yourself and you don’t have to be a Rembrandt to do it.

The afternoon can be made even more interesting, if your guests are so minded, by setting up a pool and having one of the guests run it for you. You can make the pool as simple or as complicated as you want. A simple pool can be formed by selecting an appropriate number of teams from your newspaper and making a chart for your guests to pick from. Then, after everyone has made their selections, have the choices recorded. The one who picks the most winners gets 50% of the total sum, second 35%, third 15%. The grand winner has the privilege of investing in dinner for the group that evening.

For refreshments at half-time, the choice is as wide as the world is round. However, many hostesses find that the most desirable edibles are those that closely emulate the fare of the stadium—hot dogs and Cokes. The ordinary torrid puppies can be glorified by the addition of bacon, American cheese and prepared mustard. Served with a green salad tossed in a bowl, you’ll have a half-time snack that scores a touchdown with any real pigskin fan.

All told, a Saturday TV party offers a lot of fun for very little. The pay-off comes when bets are collected—and when your guests say, “Best game I ever saw!”
For as long as Mary Jane Higby can remember, she's been living somebody else's life. Born in St. Louis, Missouri, where her father, Wilbur Higby, owned a stock company, Mary Jane spent the first five years of her life backstage, "I couldn't help being an actress," she says, "Father was a director-actor, and mother a singer. I did my first walk-on before I was a year old."

When Mary Jane was five, her father went to Hollywood to work for D. W. Griffith. One day she was waiting at the studio gate when a director saw her, took her inside, and the next morning she was making a picture—"Where the Trail Divides." Later she played in "The Master Key" and "Jack and the Beanstalk."

By the time she was eighteen Mary Jane was a seasoned actress, in pictures, on the stage and in vaudeville. It was only natural that she should turn to radio. "I went through the routine of auditions," says Mary Jane. "Nothing happened until one night the director of the Shell Show called. His leading lady was ill. He wanted to know if I could go on the air in twenty-eight minutes. He was so confident that I played Mary Tudor without even a rehearsal!"

From then on radio was her forte. She played regularly on Camel Caravan, Lux Radio Theatre, the Marx Brothers' show—and for two years wrote and produced a weekly children's program. In 1938 she came to New York. "I was very lucky," Mary Jane says. "The third day in New York I went to see Lanny Ross and he gave me one of the leading roles in Show Boat."

Since then Mary Jane has been heard on numerous broadcasts and has played Joan Davis in When A Girl Marries for almost eleven years.

Dial’s AT-7 (hexachlorophene) removes blemish-spreading bacteria that other soaps leave on skin.

The cleaner your skin, the better your complexion. And mild, fragrant Dial with AT-7 gets your skin cleaner and clearer than any other kind of soap. It’s as simple as that. Dial’s bland beauty-cream lather gives you scrupulous cleanliness to overcome clogged pores and blackheads.

You do far more than remove dirt and make-up when you wash thoroughly every day with Dial. Dial with AT-7 effectively clears skin of bacteria that often aggravate and spread pimples and surface blemishes. Skin doctors know this, and recommend Dial for both adults and adolescents.

Protect your complexion with fine, fragrant Dial Soap.

DIAL DAVE GARROWAY—NBC, Weekdays

© ARMOUR AND COMPANY
Buddy Deane of Baltimore's WITH readily admits that his program has been called by other names, but he likes to have it known as the "Waking 'Uppest' Show on the Radio." And wake up the people of Baltimore, he does, every morning from 6:30 to 9:30.

Buddy has done almost everything that any "gimmick" happy disc jockey could do. He gave himself away as the first prize in an original letter contest and insisted that he was the biggest prize in the history of radio. He agreed that the winner would have his services for three hours. If a housewife won, he was to do her chores; if a teenager won, all homework and class assignments were to be done; and if a man were the winner, he was to take in a ball game, while Buddy kept office. Buddy ended up with dishpan hands and a young housewife as a lifelong friend.

One of Buddy's features is "The Hate Parade" which is presented in the public disinterest. He promises not to play whatever record the listeners might have more fun not listening to than all others. The program is sponsored, appropriately enough by an imaginary product known as "Deanies." Deanies come in the well known, pale, seasick green carton and are available at all disreputable grocery stores. With all of this nonsense, Buddy claims he maintains the highest "Hoofer" rating of anyone on the air. More women turn on their vacuum cleaners when he goes on the radio, than during any other program!

Oh yes, just every now and then Buddy gets in a record. He leans heavily on the most popular tunes of the day, but he also adds a few all-time favorites, a little good jazz, and even some wild and woolly hillbilly numbers. Usually while the Western numbers are playing, one can hear sound effects of bar-room brawls, canyon gun fights and the friendly voice of old "Trudge-along" Deane, as he chimes in over the records singing completely out of tune and off key. Buddy also has a little gremlin named WUBS, for "Wake Up Baltimore Show," who sits on top of the microphone and talks to the disc jockey while he is on the air. WUBS has a real voice, and can carry on an actual conversation, give the time, weather, and make comments. How Deane gets the unusual voice is a closely guarded trade secret of the engineering department and Buddy himself.

Born and reared in Arkansas, Buddy got his first radio job in Little Rock. Later he moved to WHHM in Memphis, Tennessee. With this background, Bud naturally has a Southern accent, which he hasn't tried to improve at all. He just draws on. While it has irritated some, it has made many of the listeners even more enthusiastic.

Buddy just recently started a new afternoon program from two until four. On top of this already heavy schedule, he m.c.'s Swing Class each evening from 7:30 to 8:00. As the title suggests, this program is dedicated to jazz and swing. With all these programs on his schedule, Buddy manages to slip in m.c. jobs at the various theatres and is always anxious to participate in worthwhile activities for civic organizations. Of the radio programs, Buddy has this to say, "You know, it's a funny thing, but mother likes them all."
Double Beauty Offer

2 wonderful creams to make you doubly lovely!

Woodbury Cold Cream— to give deeper cleansing than ever before!

Woodbury's new wonder-working ingredient, Penaten, makes the cleansing, softening oils in Woodbury Cold Cream penetrate deeper than ever. It gently floats away dust and grime—leaves skin immaculate and exquisitely smooth.

Woodbury Dry Skin Cream— to give youthful softness even to extra-dry skin!

The magic of Penaten in Woodbury Dry Skin Cream carries lanolin and 4 other softeners deep into the corneum layers of the skin. It soothes away dry lines—makes skin smoother, younger-looking with the first application!

Try Woodbury Dry Skin Cream with Fabulous new Penaten FREE when you buy Woodbury Cold Cream . . .

94¢ value only 69¢ plus tax

Look for this display at your favorite cosmetic counter! Get your gift of Woodbury Dry Skin Cream while the offer lasts!

Henry Russell

Henry Russell, music director for The Halls of Ivy, points to himself as a "horrible example" of what happens to people who dabble in amateur dramatics.

While attending pre-med school at North Dakota State College, he was invited to participate in a school show. He wound up writing the show, book, music and orchestration—and switching careers, with the result that he now knows hardly anything about vitamins and such.

It wasn't until The Halls of Ivy came along that Henry became a doctor. He has a cigarette case—a gift from the show's creator, Don Quinn—inscribed "To Dr. Henry Russell, Head of the Music Department, Ivy College."

After forsaking medicine for music, he got a job as pianist and arranger with Ted Weems, and later with George Olsen. He moved into the spotlight when he organized his own orchestra and made his debut at the old Coast Room of Chicago's Drake Hotel. Then Victor Borge heard of him and signed him for his first commercial radio venture.

Eventually Hollywood beckoned. Russell went to the Coast to be heard on the pitch Bandwagon with Cass Daley. At the conclusion of the Bandwagon run, he stayed at NBC to act as music director for the Western Network.

He has conducted classes in music and radio at the University of California in Los Angeles.

The theme song, "The Halls of Ivy," which is heard weekly on the Colman show, was composed by Russell especially for this program.

Henry was born on September 4, 1913, in Moorhead, Minnesota. He was educated at North Dakota State College and the North Dakota Conservatory of Music. He and his wife Cuquita have two children, Edmund, 18, and Jensina, 4.

The Russells live in Sherman Oaks in the San Fernando Valley.
Design for fashion

Blanche Ravisse has a pet peeve. "Men just love to poke fun at women's fashions," she grumbles, "but they don't realize that the male sex has a definite stake in a girl's appearance."

Miss Ravisse, who runs the very popular fashion segment on the Ted Steele Show (WPIX, daily, 2:30-3:00 P.M.) points out that when a man goes out with a woman who is dressed in the height of fashion, her good taste compliments her companion as well as herself.

Does this mean that in order to look well dressed at all times, the average woman must negotiate a rapid flow of that which is dearest to all our hearts—namely—money?

"Decidedly not!" Miss Ravisse explains with distinct finality. "High fashion is not the exclusive province of the very rich and extravagant. It's not what you own—it's what you do with the clothes on hand that counts."

On the Steele program, Blanche shows precisely how a woman can take the fullest advantage of the most common clothing items—from economical cotton dresses on up. A particularly talented artist and designer, our attractive fashion expert takes chalk in hand to illustrate her points. These "chalk talks" deal not only with women's fashions but with the needs of men and children too.

In the course of conducting her fashion programs, Blanche has discovered that the world—or at least that part of it which watches television—is full of frustrated designers. One day she invited her listeners to send in their own fashion ideas. Since then, she's been flooded with thousands of letters. Every week, she makes a glamorous sketch of the best idea and puts it on the show.

Blanche is one of those rare New Yorkers who was born in New York. Unlike so many professional specialists who, as little girls, think they want to become kindergarten teachers, or the wives of Bavarian counts, Blanche knew immediately that she would become a fashion designer. This was her first ambition, and today it has become a reality.

While studying, the energetic Blanche spent her spare time as a traveling sketcher for an advertising agency and as a showroom sample sketcher. Soon, Billy Gordon, one of the better designers, hired Blanche as his assistant. Subsequently, she did extensive work in designing women's and children's dresses for the New York market, originals for the wholesale market, and planned and presented various fashion shows in the United States, Mexico, and Cuba.

In addition, Blanche did a considerable amount of private designing for a theatrical clientele at home and for prominent women in Mexico and Cuba. "I like that best," she confides. "You can really create clothes to fit personalities."

Where is there the greatest originality in fashions?

"Central and South America!" Blanche cries with enthusiasm. "I'll never forget the extended trip I took in that region. What ideas! I borrowed liberally from what I saw there for my own creations."

Beside Blanche Ravisse, the fashion commentator (in addition to her WPIX program, she manages at least a dozen trade and hotel shows a month) is Blanche Ravisse, the housewife. Her husband is the president of a group of pharmaceutical houses and the managing director of a research laboratory.

"I like being a career woman," Blanche admits, "but first and foremost, I'm a wife. Running your own household gives you a feeling of purpose and belonging which you can't get if someone else does it for you. I never let anything interfere with my home—not even a Schiaparelli original!"
for him...
White Star's Modernaire Leather Luggage.
Shown left to right: Jumbo 4-Suiter,
Executive 2-Suiter and Combination Case.
Prices start at about $32.50.*

for her...
White Star's De Luxe Two-Toned "Feather-Weight" Luggage.
Shown left to right: Grey Feather Hat
& Shoe Case, Cosmetic Case,
26" Pullman Case and 18" O'niter.

WHITE STAR LUGGAGE
the gift for holidays of pleasure...

Stylish for smart travel... fashioned for Christmas and "special occasion"
gifts such as anniversaries, birthdays, graduations... WHITE STAR'S DE LUXE
TWO-TONED "FEATHER-WEIGHT" Luggage! Sturdy water-repellent coverings,
dual rawhide-cowhide leather bindings, lovely Celanese Clairanese linings
and comfortable-to-carry White Star handles. Choose White Star Luggage
today... the investment in travel smartness... the gift that guarantees miles
of pleasure! Prices start at about $17* for the 15" O'niter. At fine luggage
shops and better department stores throughout the country. For store nearest
you write: White Star Luggage Corp., Dept. 6, Philadelphia 32, Penna.

your smartest travel accessory

White Star

LUGGAGE
How I Changed
My Personality With
Mennen Baby Magic

Diaper rash had me howling,
Wailing and yowling,
My skin was so sore 'twas tragic!
Mummy said: don't you cry,
I know what we'll try,
That wonderful thing that's called Magic!
Now my skin feels divine,
So soft, smooth and fine,
I'm gay as a bird in a tree.
I'm fresh as the dawn,
Diaper problems? All gone!
Baby Magic worked magic for me!

the only skin care in the nursery-safe, unbreakable Squeeze Bottle...that checks diaper odor and diaper rash

Reminder for mother: Don't forget, when you buy Baby Magic, to get a superfine powder, too.
None is purer, softer, smoother than Mennen Baby Powder! Delectably scented. Helps soothe chafing, prickles, itchy, irritated skin. Amusing Built-in Rattle...Mother Goose pictures on sides—at no extra cost!

Mary At Bethlehem

Warm
The straw upon earth
Warmer
The Babe by her side.

Sweet
The peace after childbirth
Sweeter
Her Joseph's pride.

Bright
The star in the sky
Brighter
The glow of lamp on wood.

Rich
The gifts of the Magi
Richer
Her motherhood.

Marie Eisenbrandt

Winter Morning

Mother's cooking oatmeal
(Stir it with a spoon)
David's at the window
Looking at the moon.

Moon is in the tree top
Very high and far:
Hanging close beside her
David sees a star...

Like the glow of candle
Yellow in the night,
Like the tree of Christmas
Shimmering with light...

Mother's cooking oatmeal
(Turn the fire low)
Moon bright and star bright
Shining on the snow.

Alice Carver Cramer

The Gift

'Twas such a silly little gift
I almost laughed—until I
saw his eyes,
Then swift I knew he gave me
more than they
Who piled the satins high and
smiled and went their way.

I held the little turtle
in my hand
And rubbed the roughened shell
where moss had dried,
I watched him twist his brown toe
in the sand
And somehow tears—I wondered later
why I cried.

George W. Martin
THE WINTERY HILLS

The owl comes down from the wintery hills,
Comes down to the town where he never should be.
With quivers and quakes and shivers and chills.
He sits to roost in the sycamore tree;
And the crisp leaves crackle and whisper so
Into the wind and the hominy snow!

Now the winter-dark in the hills comes soon
And there’s many an hour before the break,
For the sun goes down in the afternoon
With time to sleep, to sleep, and wake...
When the man goes by in his deep dark boots,
The owl looks over his specs and hoots!

And the haughty old house with arms atilt
 Pretends to be lonely and ruminant
 When the woman quickens beneath her quilt
 And cries: “What roosts in the white tree’s slant?
 Remembrance, roost now,” she whispers,
 “go
 Into the wind and the hominy snow!”

FRANCES ELEONORE SCHLUNEGER

RADIO-TV MIRROR WILL PAY $5.00 FOR MARCH POETRY

A maximum of ten original poems will be purchased. Limit your poem to sixteen lines. No poetry will be returned, nor will the editors enter into correspondence concerning it. Poetry for the March issue must be submitted between November 10 and December 10, 1951, and accompanied by this notice. If you have not been notified of purchase by January 10, 1952, you may feel free to submit it to other publications. Poetry for this issue should be addressed to: March Poetry, RADIO-TV MIRROR, 205 E. 42nd Street, N. Y. 17, N. Y.

DEBORAH KERR, co-starring in M.G.M.’S “QUO VADIS,” Color by Technicolor

DEBORAH KERR . . . Lustre-Creme presents one of the 12 women voted as having the world’s loveliest hair. Deborah Kerr uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo to care for her glamorous hair.

The Most Beautiful Hair in the World is kept at its loveliest ... with Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Yes, Deborah Kerr uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo—high praise for this unique shampoo, because beautiful hair is vital to the glamour-careers of Hollywood stars.

Deborah Kerr is one of 12 women named by “Modern Screen” and famed hair stylists as having the most beautiful hair in the world.

You, too, will notice a glorious difference in your hair after a Lustre-Creme shampoo. Under the spell of its rich, lanolin-blessed lather, your hair shines, behaves, is eager to curl.

Hair dulled by soap abuse, dusty with dandruff, now is fragrantly clean.

Hair robbed of its sheen now glows with new highlights. Lathers lavishly in hardest water, needs no special after-rinse.

NO OTHER cream shampoo in all the world is as popular as Lustre-Creme. For hair that behaves like the angels and shines like the stars ... ask for Lustre-Creme Shampoo.

The beauty-blend cream shampoo with LANOLIN. Jars or tubes, 27¢ to $2.

Famous Hollywood Stars use Lustre-Creme Shampoo for Glamorous Hair
Fun of the month

Breakfast Club

Don McNeill was talking to an apartment-hunting friend of his who came forth with this sage comment: "Today it's tough to find good quarters than a better half." Breakfast Club: Monday through Friday, 9:00 A.M. EST, NBC.

Dragnet

Barton Yarborough, who plays Detective Sgt. Ben Romero in the series, walked out of a Hollywood store recently to discover he had parked overtime. Coincidentally, he saw a policeman writing out a ticket for the car.

Yarborough approached the officer and prepared his oration. "I'll tell you," he drawled in his soft Texas accent, "this is exactly the opposite of what we teach them to do over the air. I play Sgt. Ben Romero in Dragnet, and believe me, Officer, I'm glad to see you doing your duty. As Sgt. Ben Romero, I sure deserve this ticket, don't I, Officer?" "You sure do, pal," replied the guardian of the law. (P. S. Yarborough paid the overtime parking fine.)

Dragnet: Thursday, 9:00 P.M. EST, NBC.

Counter-Spy

Mandel Kramer, who plays "Petera," saw his local (Harrison, N.Y.) hardware dealer standing on line at Radio City to buy guided-tour tickets, so he stepped up to give him a big hello. All he received for the friendly gesture, however, was a blank stare. After a little embarrassed explaining, it developed that the hardware man had always thought Kramer, who invariably saunters into his shop dressed in blue dungarees and workshirt, was a neighborhood handyman.

Counter-Spy: Thursday, 9:30 P.M. EST, NBC.

The Bickersons

Frances Langford: Well, answer me! Do you love me still?

Lew Parker: That's the only way I love you.

The Bickersons: Tuesday, 9:30 P.M. EST, CBS.

Second Mrs. Burton

Patsy Campbell, star of the daytime serial, was visiting friends in Washington, D.C. recently and had to dash back to New York for the broadcast. With only ten minutes to make the train, the nervous actress hailed the first available taxi, got in and told the driver where she wanted to go. The driver turned around, grinned and said, "That will be $75, Miss." The flustered Patsy suddenly realized that she'd told him to go to Grand Central Station—the New York terminal.

Second Mrs. Burton: Monday through Friday, 2 P.M. EST, CBS.
Mary on the spot

Mary, probably a very wealthy young woman's hobby, a rugged taxi driver, has been in Philadelphia for several days. She was seen going in and out of the hotel. Result was an interview with Mrs. America who conducts her unusual program for the girls in Philadelphia daily from 1:15 to 1:45 and presents what is probably one of the most refreshing switches for women's programs.

Was radio a life-long ambition? Contrary to the popular story-book themes, radio never entered Mary's mind throughout her school days at Shipley, much less during her studies at University of Florence in Italy. Mary's introduction to radio was an accident. At the outset of World War II, the Navy League in Philadelphia wanted to start a radio program to promote their activities and Mary being the youngest executive member was handed the assignment. Her qualifications? She owned a radio set, knew how to use it and had a rugged constitution.

It took only a few months for Mary's abilities to be recognized and she was selected by the women's director of a local radio station to conduct her show as a summer replacement.

Mary, now in her late twenties, has revolutionized the women's program. Mary, who deals in famous personalities, news and events, rather than the usual format of recipes, poetry and gossip, attracts among the thousands of her listeners the Junior Mrs. and the home builders who are the broad cross-section of Mrs. America. With a background of advertising, modeling and fashion, Mary brings to her daily listener a wealth of valuable information that is backed by her own experience.

More than ten hours go into Mary's daily schedule of preparation for each of her programs and more time is consumed by telephone calls than by any other single item on her schedule. Number one, of course, each day is the writing and planning of the program—which incidentally is done single-handed. But this comes only after many hours of previous research, leg work, meetings and time with "Mini."

Who is "Mini"? "Mini" is Mary's long and faithful friend—a small portable tape recorder that Mary carries with her everywhere she goes for on the scene coverage of important civic events, backstage interviews with theatrical greats or taxi interviews. These are edited and rebroadcast for her listeners.

Mary's theory is "you never know when something's going to happen," and just like that, it usually does. For instance, returning from a business trip to New York, she spotted Ken Murray and his troupe in the club car, and as a result what "Mini" recorded, with train background, made for the basis of a fascinating program. She caught Lanny Ross for an interview in a taxi and during her vacation tour just this summer, Mary and "Mini" sneaked up on jockeys Eddie Arcaro and Ted Atkinson at Saratoga. At Cape Cod Mary caught Eve Arden, Betty Field and Roddy McDowall while they were relaxing between Summer Playhouse rehearsals. Mary finds spare time, too, some of which she spends working as Philadelphia Chairman for the newly created American Women in Radio and Television Association. As, for hobbies, she collects Staffordshire and has more than 400 pieces ranging from pill boxes to lamps. Mary also is an ardent admirer of English antique furniture, but she admits frankly that "it's too expensive." In addition to some free-lance writing, Mary likes to do needlepoint and to design her own clothes.

Mercedes McCambridge was just going through town when Mary Biddle, that sharp-eyed gal from WIP, caught her in the lobby of a downtown Philadelphia hotel. Result was an interview in which Mrs. America could also share.
Bostonians from the word "bean," Gloria Carroll and Carl Moore sound off in a typical Beantown Varieties duet, to the delight of WEEI audiences.

Three happy cowboys from Boston, the Azaleas—Snufty Polo, Al Rawley and Shorty Cyr—take turns accompanying each other's outbursts.

Beantown's own

- Since 1630, people have been drawing quick conclusions about Boston, all of them involving the idea that "Boston is different." Boston is conservative, or slow, or crowded, or superior, or taxed to death, or narrow-minded, or liberal, or highly educated.

Most of these things are either not true, or are equally true of other cities. But there is one way in which Boston is unique and that is in its choice of favorite radio programs and personalities. As WEEI learned a quarter of a century ago, Boston loves to hear familiar voices on the air. Some of the voices come from transplanted Bostonians, but after a few years, they are accepted as the real thing.

The dean of Boston radio entertainers, Carl Moore, is a true Bostonian, born and bred, and his big morning variety show on WEEI, Beantown Varieties, is the most popular local show in town. Even in the face of tough network competition, Beantown Varieties always gets top rating during its full hour of music and banter.

Boston loves Carl Moore, because he typifies exactly what Boston likes best in radio; a familiar personality, a local product with an intimate knowledge of the city and its foibles, and a wide acquaintance with all sorts and conditions of people in town; a sardonic and sometimes slightly corny humor; a rasping baritone, nimble fingers on the keyboard, quick with a comeback, never at a loss for local reference.

Carl Moore has been entertaining Boston for twenty-five years, as songpluggers, vaudeville, star, night-club performer, toastmaster, master of ceremonies, raconteur, and a radio stand-out. It's probably safe to say that he was a great entertainer in the days before he took up entertaining professionally, when he was a salesman for cash registers. Carl is always entertaining, and for more than twenty years, he has been putting it on the air.

Frankly, he doesn't do it alone on Beantown Varieties. He has with him as featured soloist, the glamorous Gloria Carroll, another native Bostonian, and the Azaleas Trio, a vocal and instrumental group of cowboys from Waban, Waltham and West Newton. Backing up these performers is Frank Bell's orchestra which has a penchant for tricky arrangements and for heckling the other members of the cast. Because heckling is allowed, the whole show is extremely informal and even the comparative dignity of veteran announcer Carl Dickerman (only twenty-five years at WEEI) cannot prevent a daily clambake. The studio audience, if it feels like it, gets into the act occasionally.

The show is fast-paced, with plenty of music and, living up to its name, plenty of variety. Gloria Carroll sings duets with Carl and also has her own solos. The Azaleas switch from instruments to voice and back as the impulse strikes them, often acting as accompaniment to another member of the cast. The orchestra is always there with music and barbed (generally unhearscd) wisecracks. And through it all, Carl Moore wends his way, singing the old-time songs and ballads which are his specialty, making with puns and jokes, talking back to the orchestra, the announcer, the audience, the singers.

And it's this quality of informality and friendliness which makes thousands of Bos- tonians feel that it's their program, too, six mornings a week. And the proof of that statement? In the thirty-six-quarter hour reports by the Pulse of Boston, covering the Beantown Varieties show on WEEI between January 1950 and June 1951, Carl Moore and his gang had the highest rating thirty-three times.

Yes, Boston loves Bostonians on the radio.
Is it wrong to help those who will not help themselves?

Tune in: Big Sister: M-F, 1 P.M. EST, CBS; sponsor, Crisco, Spic and Span, Dreft, Ivory.

In September Radio-TV Mirror reader-listeners were told Big Sister’s story and asked for their opinions on her problems. The editors of Radio-TV Mirror have chosen the best letters and checks have been sent to the following:

TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS to Greta V. Ramsay, Atlantic City, New Jersey, for the following letter:

It is a mistake to help those who will not help themselves. If help is forced upon them, one of two things will happen; they will become more dependent on the helper or they will resent the help and dislike the helper. The better plan would be to present opportunities for them in such a way that they will feel the desire to use them and so become independent. Encourage them in any effort they make, even if it seems a poor one to you. The more help they get, the more self-reliant they will become.

FIVE DOLLARS each has been sent to: Edella Ruby Melville, Elmwood, Illinois; Mrs. J. P. L. Pearseall, Ithaca, New York; Mrs. W. S. Conlon, Columbus, Georgia; Mary E. Peters, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania; Mrs. Dorothy L. Cooper, Akron, Ohio.

WINNER OF SONGS FOR SALE CONTEST

In July, Radio-TV Mirror invited readers to enter a Songs For Sale lyric-writing contest. The winner, Mrs. Antonia Weissbuch of Campgaw, New Jersey, spent the weekend of September 15th in New York “on the house,” and appeared on the Songs For Sale program of that date. Her winning lyrics, “In My Old Walking Shoes,” were sung by Alan Dale and the program presented Mrs. Weissbuch with a beautiful wrist watch.

Keep Kissable with Flame-Glo

now with FASTENOL for longer-lasting, smoother color brilliance!

Flame-Glo puts the lure in lips, for it instantly gives you magnetic beauty afoot with the spark of romance! FASTENOL, a secret ingredient, banishes smears, smudges or blurry edges...seals the vibrant color to your lips for hours longer. In 9 thrilling shades for the newest fashion tones for every beauty type: Sunlit, Glamour, Medium, Copper, Raspberry, Fashion Pink, Pink Fire, Ruby and Royal Wine.

Flame-Glo LIPSTICK

THERE IS ONLY ONE GENUINE FLAME-GLO AT ALL POPULAR PRICE COSMETIC COUNTERS
New finer Mum

more effective longer!

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

Never let your dream man down by risking underarm perspiration odor. Stay nice to be near—guard the daintiness he adores this new finer Mum way!

Better, longer protection. New Mum with M-3 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. Gentle—contains no harsh ingredients. Will not rot or discolor finest fabrics.

Even Mum’s delicate fragrance is new. And Mum is the only leading deodorant that contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. No waste, no shrinkage. Get new Mum today!

Ruth Mata and Eugene Hari, those two remarkable dance-satirists on Show of Shows, were born in the same suburb just outside of Zurich in Switzerland. They both studied under the same dancing teacher, but were completely unaware of each other’s existence until years later when they became members of the same professional ballet company. After further dance training in Paris and London, they came to America in 1937 with this company. It was sometime that year, somewhere between New York and San Francisco, that Eugene proposed, Ruth accepted and they were married.

When the company disbanded in 1939, Mata and Hari alone remained in the United States. They put together a recital program of their own, presented on a bill which included numbers by Agnes de Mille, Jack Cole and Jerome Robbins. Since then Mata and Hari have become familiar figures in all the smart after-dark spots from coast to coast. They’ve also enjoyed long runs on Broadway where they made their bow in “Straw Hat Review,” appearing with such other unknowns as Jerome Robbins, Danny Kaye and Imogene Coca. Their biggest stage hit was in Olsen and Johnson’s musical “Laffing Room Only.”

Wherever Mata and Hari have appeared, they have left behind them a delighted and eager following. The reason? Well, aside from technical excellence, their dances reflect their humane and keen observations of life. The burlesque of the ballet they perform as “Pas de Deux” represents many an evening of study of the Russian ballet and its American descendents. In their justly famous “Carnegie Hall,” they manage to burlesque the audience, the members of the orchestra and the frenzied activity of a long-haired conductor. To be famed, as they are, as both “dancers’ dancers” and successful “commercial dancers” is a rare achievement.

Mata and Hari
Diminutive, bespectacled Ray Bloch, conductor of shows like Toast of the Town and Songs for Sale, backs his musical know-how with nineteen continuous years as a conductor, arranger, vocal coach and choral leader with CBS. Before that he sang in choirs, played piano on radio stations and with New York hallroom orchestras and organized his own vaudeville jazz band.

Born in Alsace-Lorraine in 1902, Ray was brought to America when he was still quite young. At eight, the Bloch childish soprano could be heard in neighborhood choirs. Singing in choirs didn’t appeal to him, but directing them did, so when he was twelve he conducted his first chorus at a Christmas festival.

His first orchestra conducting job, with CBS’ Johnny Presents, led to further coaching, orchestrating and choral directing. Ray relaxes on his farm at Brewster, New York.

Strangely enough, the first ambition of this Louisiana cowboy, whose TV film series, Tales of Famous Outlaws, is rapidly gaining in popularity, was to be a lawyer. But in his college days, a visit to a friend at Universal-International Studios soon changed this. When Lash was watching the scene-shooting, the stunt man, who was to have done a tricky horseback scene, failed to show up. Lash volunteered for the scene, emerged unscathed and was offered a contract as the studio’s official stunt man.

At its conclusion, Lash moved to Eagle-Lion where he introduced the bullwhip as an aid to his six-shooter. It became so much of a trademark that he changed his name from Alfred to Lash. It may be heresy, but although Lash has had several songs published and enjoys singing ballads, he doesn’t play a guitar and doesn’t want to! Right now he is purchasing a ranch to house his three horses.

—at Universal-International Studios
Why Tampax is so different

Many women are surprised to find how different Tampax really is when contrasted with the type of sanitary protection they have known since childhood. Tampax is not just another brand, but actually a different kind of sanitary protection.

No belts, pins or pads
Once you understand that Tampax is worn "internally" you begin to see how belts, pins and external pads can all be discarded. No longer need this harness produce bulges or ridges under one's dress.

Only a fraction of the bulk
Neat and tiny as it is, Tampax is very absorbent. And after insertion (with dainty applicator) you cannot even feel its presence. Disposal is extremely easy as Tampax is naturally very much less in bulk than the older types.

Can be worn in shower
Yes, ma'am! You can leave the Tampax in place during your tub or shower—also while swimming! College girls particularly are crazy about it. Actresses, nurses, office workers—millions of women. Enlist in the Tampax ranks now.

Invented by a doctor
Made of pure surgical cotton, Tampax causes no odor or chafing. Buy at drug or notion counters in 3 absorbencies—Regular, Super, Junior. Whole month's supply slips into your purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.
Horace Schwerin, president of the well-known research corporation, with his wife, Lorraine, daughter, Barbara Lorraine and son, Bruce.

Chief Fallen Trees of the Mohawk Tribe inducts Jackie Kelk, hereinafter known as Ken Ni To Ion Ha Bobbin, or Young Man Bobbin, into his tribe.

Uranium is discovered in Canada! And Jack Parker of WSAM, Saginaw, Michigan, trekked fifty miles to stake out his claim—Lake NBC.

Don't let your daughter risk married happiness... even her health and womanly charm!

Be sure your daughter knows how important the practice of complete hygiene (including intimate internal cleanliness) is to married happiness, her health, after her periods and to combat an odor even graver than bad breath or body odor. And be sure she uses Zonite in her douche because no other type liquid antiseptic-germicide tested for the douche is so powerful yet so safe to tissues.

Developed by a Famous Surgeon and a Scientist

A famous surgeon and scientist developed this Zonite principle. Zonite is positively non-poisonous, non-irritating yet so powerfully effective. It has brought confidence to women by the tens of thousands.

ZONITE'S Miracle-Action

Zonite removes odor-causing waste substances. It helps guard against infection and kills every germ it touches. 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 them from multiplying. Buy Zonite today!

Don't let your daughter risk married happiness... even her health and womanly charm!

Be sure your daughter knows how important the practice of complete hygiene (including intimate internal cleanliness) is to married happiness, her health, after her periods and to combat an odor even graver than bad breath or body odor. And be sure she uses Zonite in her douche because no other type liquid antiseptic-germicide tested for the douche is so powerful yet so safe to tissues.

Developed by a Famous Surgeon and a Scientist

A famous surgeon and scientist developed this Zonite principle. Zonite is positively non-poisonous, non-irritating yet so powerfully effective. It has brought confidence to women by the tens of thousands.

ZONITE'S Miracle-Action

Zonite removes odor-causing waste substances. It helps guard against infection and kills every germ it touches. 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 them from multiplying. Buy Zonite today!

Zonite

FOR NEWER

Feminine Hygiene

*Offer good only in the U.S. and Canada

Mail coupon for FREE book giving full intimate physical facts. Write Zonite Products Corp., Dept. RM-121, 100 Park Ave., New York 17, N.Y.

Name

Address

City State
Are you in the know?

How can you "k. o." Christmas jitters?
- Wrap as you shop
- Stock up on cologne
- Take a night off

Why make the night before Christmas a nightmare? Here's how to beat that last-minute deadline. (1) Wrap your gifts in advance, as you buy them. (2) Take an evening off, to address your cards. (3) Prepare for gal friends' unexpected presents—with extra bottles of cologne. And lest your calendar catch you unprepared—stock up on Kotex. You can jet at problem day jitters, for that special safety center gives extra protection; k. o.'s accident worries.

What makes pound-paring easier?
- Pound cake
- A special dress
- Dance dots

You swore you'd give up a month of sundays—to get trim-figgered for the holidaing season. But, you're still getting your desserts! You can avoid being pound foolish—by saving your pennies for a special dream dress in a smaller size you'd love to wear. Good reminder to keep your reducing resolutions! And at certain times, remind yourself to try the 3 sizes of Kotex (different absorbencies, for different days). You'll discover the ideal one for you.

If your guy can't afford much gallivanting—
- Slip him the wherewithal
- Snare a spender
- Try porter magic

He's no miser—just allowance-bound. If your steady can't take you out on the town every night, how 'bout a few home dates? A little parlor magic (disc music and popcorn) can ease wallet-strain; help him save for your really plush occasions. On trying days, there's magic too in the way Kotex puts the skids on discomfort. See how at ease you'll stay, because Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it; gives wonderful softness that holds its shape!

What assures daintiness on problem days?
- Both soaps
- Powder
- Occasional showers

Takes more than daily tubbings to stay dainty at "that" time. So, smart gals sprinkle a powder deodorant on their sanitary napkins. Choose Quest powder! You'll find Quest best for napkin use, because, unlike most creams or liquids, this deodorant powder has no moisture-resistant base; doesn't slow up absorption. It's safe. Soothing. Unscented. Positively destroys odors. Buy a can of Quest deodorant powder today!

Have you tried Delsey?
Delsey is 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.)

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

KOTEX, KLEENEX, DELSEY AND QUEST ARE REGISTERED TRADE MARKS OF THE INTERNATIONAL CELLUCOTTON PRODUCTS CO
What Christmas means to me

By JACK BERCH

In these last weeks before Christmas, everyone is in a whirl: rushing madly from store to store, house cleaning from cellar to attic, baking endlessly in the kitchen, arranging for visiting relatives, going to and from parties. Everything seems to be happening at once and, at the same time, the newspaper harangues us daily with reminders: only twenty days to Christmas—only nineteen days—eighteen days. It's a merry-go-round that has gone berserk. And this might be a good time to step off and take stock.

Let each of us ask, "What does Christmas mean to me?"

Does it mean, for example, near-bankruptcy each year as you find more people exchanging more expensive gifts with you? Or that the children will be on their good behavior for only a few days to please Santa Claus? Or an endless round of parties that leaves you utterly exhausted? Does it mean that when you wake up the day after Christmas and a disc jockey jokes, "Only 364 shopping days to Christmas," you mutter, "Well, thank goodness for that much anyway."

There are many people who do feel that way—and they know better. Get them aside. Get them reminiscing about their childhood. "I remember Christmas on the farm," one says. "Nothing like this," he begins but seldom gets further, for he is suddenly

What does Christmas mean to you?
Tell Jack Berch, win a prize! See Next Page
What Christmas means to me

bewildered and perhaps embarrassed at how far he's drifted away from a real Christmas.

I remember our Christmas as a child in the town of Sigel, Illinois, population about two hundred. The children went to bed early and I would lie there, full of expectation as a child should be, listening to the winter wind whistling through the trees, catching each creak in the old house and maybe stealing to the window to stare out into the snow-banked hills. I always felt overwhelmed with the warmth and wonder of the spirit. It was love, my mother explained, an all-embracing love for our fellow men.

And there are some memories you carry in your heart... one of mine is the image of a little old widow in our town. Each Christmas my father, who ran a general store, filled a basket for this needy woman. I'll never forget the look on her face the first time I carried in the basket. (Continued on page 78)

The happy assignment of gift distribution works up a spirit of peace and good will, to say nothing of a hearty appetite... which the girls hasten to take care of.
Molly, John, Carol, Shirley, Margo and Jack all enjoy the thrill of discovering the prizes left by St. Nick.

What Does Christmas Mean To You?

Jack Berch would like to hear about an experience of your own which showed you the true meaning of Christmas—something which happened in your childhood, a family tradition in your household, an incident which occurred in your family at the yuletide season, etc.

Prizes Will Be Awarded As Follows:
To the writer of the best letter, in the opinion of the judges, RADIO-TV MIRROR’s check for $100.00. To the writers of the ten next-best letters, checks for $5.00 each. Winning letter will be read by Jack Berch on the air during the Christmas season.

CONTEST RULES
1. Write a letter of no more than 100 words, telling what Christmas means to you, as explained above.
2. Address to Jack Berch, Box 1722, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y.

Prizes For Your Letters!

3. Letters must be postmarked no later than Dec. 1, 1951. The coupon below, or the information requested on it, must accompany your letter.
4. Letters will be judged on basis of interest, aptness and appeal. Judges will be Jack Berch and the editors of RADIO-TV MIRROR. Decisions of the judges will be final. No letters will be returned, nor can correspondence be entered into concerning them. In case of tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

Jack Berch  
Box 1722, Grand Central Station  
New York 17, N. Y.  

My letter, telling what Christmas means to me is attached.

Name..................................................................................  
Address...............................................................................  
City.............................................. Zone............ State......
My husband,

Between Bud and his children there is a really solid foundation of love and understanding. Many of his at-home hours are spent with Pat and her piano and Cynthia and her brush.

Never one to shirk his chores or what he considers his duties, Bud is a conscientious mail answerer... at least until nine-year-old Mike calls an emergency practice period.

An announcer, an emcee, a Sunday school teacher, a father... a really wonderful guy!
I love to talk about my husband. He's my favorite topic. Yet I hesitate, feel sort of embarrassed. Know why? Because here is a guy who is so really good that as you read you may well feel like saying, "Oh, come off it!" But that's the way he is. This is somebody who's too good to be true. It's almost frightening at times—and pretty wonderful.

You could do a whole article on Bud and religion. As a mere kid, he was the youngest deacon in the Broadway Presbyterian Church. Teaching religion to young church-goers has been one of Bud's chief off-mike activities since 1938, when he supervised classes at the Jackson Heights Community Church in New York City. He's still teaching Sunday school—and is superintendent at the Presbyterian Church here in Greenwich, Connecticut, where we live. Bud's religion goes beyond the sectarian and beyond getting down on his knees at bedtime and saying his prayers. Religion to Bud is an every-hour-of-every-day thing—not to be saved for Sunday. And he doesn't just talk like a Christian—he lives like one. When anyone comes to Bud for help, he'll stop whatever he's doing. I can't begin to tell you (and Bud may send me to bed without any supper for telling you at all!) how many people he helps get jobs. The telephone calls and the appointments that he has with people he knows just slightly, if at all! And if he can't get, or give, you a job, he'll always suggest: "Why don't you try so-and-so, he's a good man?" or "I'd take (Continued on page 87)
A reassuring reply to the oft-asked question, "What's this generation coming to?" from a man who works closely with this seemingly disturbing younger generation.

By WAYNE KING
Wayne's own two teenagers, Penny and Wayne, Jr., are as enthusiastic over house blueprints as they are over dancing.

is no lost generation

My quick glance at the morning newspaper yielded unhappy headlines. The West Point scandal blackened the top of the page. Another story told of teenagers arrested in a dope raid. The sports section still held references to the Bradley University bribes. The depressing total could well provoke again that oft-asked question, “What’s this generation coming to?”

I wish that all who felt that way could have, that day, followed me into the NBC Chicago studios. They would have had an answer which I guarantee would have put a song in their hearts and given them a surge of clear, uplifting happiness.

For we were holding auditions to make up the company you see on our telecasts, and there waiting for me to listen to them were some of the most inspiring young people I’d ever seen. You could sense at once that each had set a goal and was confident of his or her ability to reach it. Voices unheard, I wanted to hire the whole bunch right on the spot.

These were the cream of the crop. They’d already met our preliminary requirement that they be a certain height, weight and age and have some college training. In this audition each one was facing the crucial test—in being able to put magic and emotion into a song. They were all so good, that it was even more difficult than usual for me to say to one, “Fine, you’re hired,” and to another, “Sorry, but you’re not for us.”

When at last we finished making our selections, I looked at the people who were (Continued on page 89)

The Wayne King Show is seen weekly on NBC-TV, at 9:30 P.M., CST on Thursdays. Is sponsored by the Standard Oil Company.
Gagging Godfrey's Navy Combo, the band poses as "Admiral Bristol's Bobo Six."
Below. Shaffer, Mince and Bleyer foul up a favorite as "The Cherry Sisters."

GODFREY'S

When seven young musicians all list the same redhead as their favorite, it sounds like a fight. But when the players are Archie Bleyer's bandsmen and the favorite carrot-top in question is Arthur Godfrey, it's not a fight, it's a hilarious clambake. Everything's a laugh with one exception—the fellows in our band won't kid about their appreciation and gratitude toward Arthur for giving them their big break.

If you listen to our morning radio show, you probably have come to know the bandsmen almost as well as we do. Arthur, of course, likes music and musicians, and as a result of his kidding around with the bands on the air, listeners know the players as distinct personalities. "Moneybags"
King Arthur's tireless troubadors—after seven years still the darndest, daffiest, talented tooters ever arranged together!

By TONY MARVIN

Announcer Tony Marvin, interviewing Sy Shafer on the television stage, grins over Sy's comic instructions on how to play the trombone without really swallowing the long sliding tube.

Erwin, the world's only organist with an underground vault . . . bass player Gene Traxler and his home-made blast furnace barbecue sauce . . . pianist Ludwig Flato, who won't touch a key unless he's wearing the tie clip from his mother-in-law . . . trombonist Sy Shafer, the round-the-clock rosebush planter of Roslyn Harbor . . . guitarist Remo Palmieri, who rues the day they found he likes to sleep with his socks on . . . clarinetist Johnny Mince, who once played the goodlings on a telephone pad as a saxophone solo . . . and, of course, genial maestro Bleyer, who somberly passes out earmuffs to the band when Godfrey picks up the ukulele.

Actually, Godfrey got his merry bandsmen
In music appreciation class, Arthur explains to Mince, Shaffer, Traxler and Parker that even after the serenade the guitar is useful—to paddle home. At right, director Will Roland, Janette Davis, Ludwig Flato and Archie Bleyer in a thoughtful mood reviewing a new tune for possibilities.

almost by accident. When he was forming his network show back in 1944, musicians of the CBS staff orchestra were assigned to drop over and fill in a few tunes as a temporary thing. Today, seven years later, they’re still across the street in the studio working at this “temporary thing,” sixty hours a week. In addition to playing for Arthur Godfrey Time each weekday morning, they form the nucleus of the orchestra for Arthur Godfrey and his Friends, Wednesday night on CBS television—a rehearsal and performance schedule which keeps them in the studio from 7:30 A.M. until 2:30 P.M. except three days a week, when they work until after nine at night. It’s an arduous schedule, but illustrates a unique quality of the band, they can work long hours together year after year without flareups or dissension. What’s more, they approach every broadcast as a fresh and important performance. Perhaps the reason they’re so pleasing collectively is that they’re such pleasant people individually. And each has an interesting story.

Polish-born Ludwig Flato came from such a long line of ancestral violin players that he decided to break the string of Fiddlin’ Flatos, and at age seven hoisted himself onto the piano stool. He came to this country in 1927 to study concert technique at Juilliard, swung to popular music during the depression, toured with Little Jack Little, Mitchell Ayres, and the Andrews Sisters. He likes piano either hot or heavy, can enjoy Rubinstein or Art Tatum, has published a folio suggesting easy approaches to difficult piano classics. At home he revels in taking movies, seeking Polish cabbage with just the right deterioration, working with orphanage agencies, or indulging in his favorite postman’s holiday, listening to his eighteen-year-old daughter Sandra perform at the piano in their Brooklyn apartment.

Paralleling Ludwig’s shift from the family fiddle to piano, Johnny Mince was born into a piano family and shifted to clarinet. His father worked at the Hamilton Piano factory in Chicago Heights for twenty-five years.
With the unpredictable Arthur calling the do-si-does, the band has to be ready at the drop of a chord to swing to tangos, hulas, Virginia reels or Sousa marches. At right, during TV rehearsal, director Archie Bleyer displays their classical prowess in the difficult passages that set the mood for gifted Marion Marlowe.

but even as a youngster Johnny wanted “something that would whistle.” He caddied to earn the fifteen dollars for his first clarinet, rushed home and played “Silent Night” within an hour. Johnny had no instruction and learned fingering by experiment. As a result he had to “unlearn” some of his original techniques which snarled up his fingers on later, more difficult, passages. But his music was sound, as proved by his tours with Joe Haymes, Buddy Rogers and Ray Noble, all topped by his appointment to substitute for Jimmy Dorsey in the Dorsey Brothers’ band. Johnny then played with Tommy Dorsey for five years. Johnny, his wife Arline, seven-year-old son Jay, and three-year-old (Continued on page 88)
Jerry Mahoney's favorite spot: Disney Studios—where the stars aren't human!

A while back, Paul Winchell took his blockhead pal, Jerry Mahoney, to Hollywood. Best part of the trip, says Jerry, was a visit to Walt Disney studios, with Donald Duck (and Donald's movie voice, Clarence "Ducky" Nash) as host. "It was wonderful," Jerry sighs. "I was in my element!" Here are snapshots from Jerry's album, plus his own comments on same.
Paul Winchell and Jerry Mahoney are seen Mondays at 8 P.M. EST, over NBC-TV stations. Sponsor: The Speidel Company.
An 1819 wheel still spins a yarn for Sunbonnet Girl, Mary Randolph, while Granny Harper dances a Renfro jig.

Standing at the door of the original Redbud Schoolhouse is John Lair, Renfro Valley's son and benefactor.

Forty years ago a barefooted boy roamed the wooded hills near his Kentucky home and dreamed of the preservation of the pioneer and early Americana of Renfro Valley. Young John Lair rebelled at the prospect of the disappearance of the pioneer landmarks of the territory... the Great Saltpetre Cave with its huge vats and other apparatus used in the making of gunpowder, the old Polly Hiatt log cabin built prior to 1798, and the Redbud Schoolhouse. The restoring took years of planning and hard work, but Lair accomplished this and a second important ambition—the preservation of the Valley's Folk music. At the age of ten, he formed a string band, which was the start of a lifetime study of Folk music. Later, in Chicago, where he first entered radio, he brought his music-minded neighbors to the Windy City to sing real mountain music. Many of this same group are with him now broadcasting from their home towns on the Renfro Valley Country Store, Saturday Night Barn Dance, or Sunday Morning Gathering.

Renfro Valley Country Store is heard M-F, 8:30 A.M., Saturday Night Barn Dance, 8:30 P.M., Sunday Morning Gathering, 8:30 A.M., EST on CBS. Sponsor, Gen. Foods.
man's love of Folk music and early Americana—particularly that of his valley

Granny Harper and Slim Miller's band entertain weekly at the Saturday Night Barn Dance. The Museum's manuscript room highlights McGuffey's Reader, ancient texts, and original Folk music, while in another room the Coon Creek Girls, Black-Eyed Susan, Lily May and Rosie, natives of Pinch 'Em Tight Hollow near Renfro Valley, give their forefather's churn the time of its life.
Really, it was Buelah Witch who started it. On her new Cavalier Red broom—the Paris influence, you know—she sailed into the studio, circled so fast she almost shook the klieg lights loose from their moorings.

Her hullabaloo was so terrific that just as we were, we all came running from our dressing rooms. Madame Ooglepuss' hair was slightly askew, Colonel Cracky's eyeglasses flopped loose on their ribbon, and I didn't even stop to pull a sweater on over my T-shirt. Ollie, deciding the building must be on fire, clutched his portable typewriter firmly with his tooth. Whatever happened, he was determined to save that.

Buelah dived, buzzed the whole group, and shrieked, "Whopee, I'm so excited!"

Fran brought her under control. "Buelah, stop right this minute. What on earth has happened?"

Buelah landed. "Oh, it's such an honor," she exclaimed. "I don't (Continued on page 85)"

Kukla, Fran & Ollie is seen M-F, 7 P.M. EST, NBC-TV.

While the little Kuklapolitanites dream of sugar plums (for Fletcher a carrot, please), Fran and Burr trim the tree and hang the socks.

Despite the weatherman's predictions, your little friend Kukla, finds Christmas
Not always such a gentleman, Ollie holds the mistletoe to give Kukla and Burr first chance.
Really, it was Buelah Witch who started it.

On her new Cavalier Red broom—the Paris influence, you know—she sailed into the studio, circled so fast she almost shook the klieg lights loose from their moorings.

Her hullabaloo was so terrific that just as we were, we all came running from our dressing rooms. Madame Ooglepuss' hair was slightly askew, Colonel Cracky's eyeglasses flopped loose on their ribbon, and I didn't even stop to pull a sweater on over my T-shirt. Ollie, deciding the building must be on fire, clutched his portable typewriter firmly with his tooth. Whatever happened, he was determined to save that.

Buelah dived, buzzed the whole group, and shrieked. "Whooppeee. I'm so excited!"

Fran brought her under control. "Buelah, stop right this minute. What on earth has happened?"

Buelah landed. "Oh, it's such an honor," she exclaimed. "I don't (Continued on page 15)"

Kukla, Fran & Ollie is seen M.F., 7:30 P.M. EST, NBC TV.

Despite the weatherman's predictions, your little friend Kukla finds Christmas to be the warmest season of the year.
The huge two-story cathedral living room with its big fieldstone fireplace is Penny's delight—it's so easy to keep clean, she says!

Squaw Penny, Johnny and Missy, of unknown origin, enjoy the peace of their new home. The greenhouse insures Penny of flowers summer or winter.

Sunny Ridge Farm is a seventh heaven for gadget-happy Johnny, heirloom-collector Penny, and that goldfish-chasing little poodle, Lena!

By FRANCES KISH

Come and visit Johnny

PENNY OLSEN glanced at Johnny, then grinned at me and at Johnny's sister, Laura Davis, who is staying with them at Sunny Ridge Farm. "You can tell our friends that Johnny is now completely gadget-happy," she said. "This new house of ours has dozens of devices to make his homework easier. Everything has a motor attached, even the knife sharpener. We have air conditioning, sliding doors, closet lights that go on and off automatically. The lawn mower has a motor, and so has the hedge cutter. We have everything except a self-starter to make Johnny get to work on his television shows and tear him away from his work-bench!"

Johnny listened and laughed. "You know, Penny's got something there," he admitted, "but I thought she was going to tell you about Lena. The first day we fitted (Continued on page 79)
Never in their wildest dreams did the Olsens think they would be lucky enough to find such a beautiful home for themselves . . . an elegant Norman-style house atop a gently sloping knoll overlooking their fourteen acres. Johnny swears there's nothing like an apple, pear, peach or plum from your own trees—unless, perhaps, it's a barbecue dinner right from your own back yard.
IF is a big word in Johnny's life. With it, he climbed the scale to musical success. Without it, he would never have met Ruth, never have made the Breakfast Club, and never have had it so "good!"
I certainly had it good!

If I hadn’t been overheard by a customer in my father’s butcher shop—and if I hadn’t been sent right down to the Children’s Hour on Detroit’s WMBC—and if I hadn’t organized the “Downbeats”—and if Bob Crosby hadn’t heard us when he was in Detroit—and if the girl member of the quartet hadn’t become homesick—and if Ruth Keddington hadn’t come for an audition . . . well, I might still be cutting meat in the Motor City and battling with the prices as they are today.

As I told you, my father, Peter DeSimone, owned a combination grocery and meat market in the Italian section of Detroit. He and Mom had six children and I was one of the middle ones. Along in November, 1920, I showed up. Mom says I didn’t start to sing right away—but soon enough. Pop liked to hear me sing, too, but he counted most on my help in the butcher shop. In fact, I thought that I’d eventually be a butcher and have my own shop. Singing was wonderful, it was marvelous—but I had no idea you could earn your living at it.

I used to sing all day long, around the house and at the shop. One day a customer, after hearing me sing, told Pop, “For Pete’s sake, take him down to Uncle Nick and get him an audition. That kid’s got a wonderful voice.” (Continued on page 80)
Should a mother
ever interfere in her
daughter’s romance?

In the little town of Rushville Center, U.S.A., Ma Perkins has raised her family to the best of her ability. She has tried to teach her children to face the truth of all situations—regardless of the personal cost. Now, she feels, this philosophy applies to her daughter, Faye’s relationship to Tom Wells, a writer who still suffers the mental and physical effects of wounds received during the war. In addition, he was hurt in an automobile accident. During his convalescence, Tom and Faye fell in love, and Faye broke her engagement to wealthy Spencer Grayson. Tom’s love for Faye is the only thing that makes his life tolerable—but he realizes that physically and mentally he cannot undertake the responsibility of being a good husband to Faye and stepfather to her seven-year-old daughter, Paulette. He is also afraid that after marriage Faye’s love might eventually turn to pity—which he could not bear. Thinking of what’s best for Faye, he tries to persuade her to turn for love to someone who can give her the things she deserves. Someone on whom she can lean... depend upon.

Ma cannot help agreeing with Tom and siding against Faye. She feels some unhappiness now will lead to greater happiness in Faye’s future. From your own experience, and your friends’, do you think Ma has a right to take sides against Faye? Do you think a mother should ever interfere in her daughter’s romance—even to save her from being hurt?

Radio-TV Mirror will purchase readers’ answers to the question, “Should a mother ever interfere in her daughter’s romance—even to save her from being hurt?” Writer of the best letter will be paid $25.00, of five next-best letters, $5.00 each.

What is your answer to this problem? State your reasons in a letter of no more than one hundred words and send it to Ma Perkins, c/o RADIO-TV MIRROR, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, New York. The editors will choose the best letter, basing their choice on originality and understanding of the problem, and will purchase it for $25.00. Five next-best letters will be purchased at $5.00 each. No letters will be returned; editors cannot enter into correspondence concerning them. The opinion of the editors will be final. Letters should be postmarked no later than December 1, 1951, should have this notice attached.
The Strange Romance of Evelyn Winters

Where do a guardian’s duties end, and at which point can he admit to his true feelings?

This is the story of a lovely girl in her twenties who is the ward of famous Broadway playwright, Gary Bennet. Although in love with Evelyn, Gary won't ask her to marry him because of his guardianship and the great difference in their ages. Gary is in Boston where his new play is being tried out. The star of the play, Cecily Lockwood, has become romantically interested in Gary. Meanwhile, Evelyn is staying in New York and, to Gary’s great displeasure, is seeing a great deal of playboy Bruce Holliday. Bruce’s apparently limitless income is the source of great worry to Gary who would like to discover its origin. Gary’s worries are further increased when Bruce's private plane, carrying Evelyn, among others, crashes on its return to New York after the group had attended the play’s opening. No injuries resulted, but Julie Evans, another friend of Bruce’s, is missing.

1. Evelyn Winters smiles in anticipation of the gay evening with Bruce, whose corsage she has just received. Evelyn has been seeing much of Bruce while her playwright guardian, Gary Bennet, has been in Boston for the tryout of his new play.

2. Among other things, Bruce Holliday owns New York’s fabulous Flamingo Club where he and Evelyn spend many enjoyable hours under the watchful eye of Andre, the major domo who takes great delight in preparing special dishes for them.

story continued

next page
3. There is some strange past connection between Bruce and Cecily Lockwood, star of Gary’s play. A mysterious visit by Bruce to Cecily’s dressing room reveals his powerful hold over her.

4. Another of Evelyn’s visitors is likable Bob Mathews, pilot of Bruce’s plane. Bob became interested in Evelyn after their plane crashed on the return trip from Boston.

The Strange Romance of Evelyn Winters

Playing their parts as you hear 'them on the air are:

Evelyn Winters ............... Toni Darnay
Bruce Holliday ............... Ivor Francis
Cecily Lockwood ............. Sarah Burton
Bob Mathews ................. Cliff Carpenter
Kirk Slater ................... Bill Quinn
Joe Edwards ................. E. G. Marshall

The Strange Romance of Evelyn Winters is heard M-F, 3:45 P.M. EST, ABC. Sponsor: Philip Morris & Co., Ltd., Inc.

6. Evelyn, herself, has become interested in Kirk Slater, a young, struggling pianist. She occasionally visits Slater at the small Greenwich Village night spot where he entertains nightly.
5. Evelyn is greatly surprised to run into Cecily Lockwood on a New York street. Cecily, equally taken aback, claims she came to New York only for shopping and must rush back to Boston that night for her performance.

7. An even more mysterious and sinister meeting takes place on a point of land overlooking Narragansett Bay where Holliday's plane sank after the crash on their return from the opening of Bruce's play in Boston. Bruce discusses a plan with his henchman, Joe Edwards, a nefarious plan which may affect Evelyn and, to an extent, Gary Bennet.
Bob has two broods to worry about—and love; real-life Youngs and make-believe Andersons—who seem pretty real, too!

In Hollywood there's a man named Jim Anderson. He has a daughter, Kathy, who thinks he's the most wonderful father in the world. Also in Hollywood lives Robert Young. He has a daughter, Barbara, who thinks he's the most wonderful father in the world. And obviously, both girls are right, because Jim Anderson and Robert Young are one and the same. On the other hand, Kathy and Barbara aren't even remotely related. Confused? Here's the explanation:

Kathy is the daughter of Robert Young only when he's playing the role of Jim Anderson, the "father" of NBC's Father Knows Best. Barbara is his real-life, all-the-time daughter. One thing's for sure—on the air or off, both girls do think he's wonderful!

Norma Jean Nilsson, who plays Kathy, Bob's radio daughter, would rather talk about Father Knows Best rehearsals than anything else, because they're more fun than just about anything else. And Bob Young is always on hand for the fun. "Maybe he'll spin me around in a quick waltz," she'll tell you, "or some days he'll tease us all day long! Other times he'll join us at the piano for impromptu singing. He takes part in all our doings, and that makes us enjoy them more."

There are other get-togethers, too, away from the studio. Like the Christmas parties the Youngs give each year for the "Anderson Family." Then Bob's make-believe daughter and his real daughters have a wonderful time comparing notes. And one of Norma Jean's nicest memories, she says, is the Christmas present she got from Bob last year—a watch, inscribed "To Kathy from Daddy." With a sigh of pure satisfaction she exclaims, "I wouldn't part with it for anything in the world!"

Ask Norma Jean what she thinks of Bob as a movie star and she'll tell you, "How can you think of a wonderful man like (Continued on page 70)"
In appearance, the Young family . . . the real family, that is . . . is equally divided. Misses number one and two, Barbara and Carol respectively, closely resemble their mother, while the small fry, Betty Lou and Kathy, are chips off the old block—and take great delight in keeping the “old block” guessing as to what their next escapades will bring forth.
Peggy Wood
(Mama)

"All I want to do," said Peggy Wood, "is get to my house in the country—and I never seem to be able to spend enough time there." Peggy finds there is so much work connected with her role as Mama that she has to organize her life "like a railroad timetable."

The week, from Monday through Friday, is taken up with everything from board meetings to getting her hair done. "But Friday," says Peggy, "really begins the week. After the show I take the train home and have a whole weekend free to be just a housewife—" and incidentally, spend some time with her husband, William H. Walling.

Peggy says that she played on the stage for "thousands of years" and hardly anyone ever recognized her. Now she can't walk on the street without being stopped by passersby.

Of her "family," Peggy says: "In all my years in the theatre, only two plays have had such congenial companies—'Candida,' which had only six people in the cast, and 'Bittersweet,' with ninety-eight people."

Judson Laire
(Papa)

Judson Laire was pushed into the theatre by the depression. The mortgage business was at its worst in 1934 and Judson, who had also worked with a little theatre group, soon found himself playing opposite Jane Cowl in "Rain from Heaven." But, despite many years of theatre work, Judson claims he was "just waiting for TV. You can do so much more, repeating a part in television, than you can in the theatre."

Judson, a bachelor, lives in Pleasantville, New York, where his chief delight is gardening. Having learned the hard way, that "you can't just put something in the ground and let it grow," Judson has become a "green thumb" gardener.

As much as Judson enjoys his role as Papa, he believes "it is important to play other roles once in a while—a singer can't go on singing the same aria all the time—an actor needs a change to keep from going stale."

Robin Morgan
(Dagmar)

Robin Morgan has seen several miracles achieved by prayer in her nine years of life, but her "special miracle" was winning the part of Dagmar. "I had just seen 'I Remember Mama,' and I said, 'I wish some day that they would make it into a TV show and I would be Dagmar.' Then I prayed every night, for two years, and they called me in for the audition—just like that."

Robin, who is studying piano and ballet, manages to head her school in grades, but the one thing in which she is not "proficient"—a word she picked up from a script—is telling time.

Peggy Wood was so delighted with one of her performances that she gave the girl a small charm—a jug of plenty—that she had worn, herself, for many years in the theatre.

"The show is wonderful," says Robin dreamily. "It would hurt awful much to ever have to leave."

Mama's family
Meet the six people who make up the

Mama is seen Friday at 8:00 P.M. EST, CBS-TV. Sponsor: Maxwell House Coffee.
Hansen family—strangers once—now even closer than a real family

Young Dick Van Patten is a veteran of eighteen years on the stage—undoubtedly a long record for a twenty-three-year-old, but at the age of five, Dick was already babbling into the ears of an enchanted audience. From that first role, as the son of Elissa Landi and Melvyn Douglas in “Tapestry in Gray,” until his most recent role in “Mr. Roberts,” Dick has been on the stage side of the footlights in fifteen major productions.

Dick has a great capacity for doing two things at once. For a long time he found himself going to school during the day and acting at night—with late rehearsals and early risings. Later, he was acting in both “Mr. Roberts” and Mama. But now he again finds time for the athletic activities he loves.

As for girls, Dick, who lives with his parents in New York, has “no special girl right now,” but he adds, with that Van Patten gleam in his eyes, “I do like them little.”

“It was really just luck that helped me get started in the theatre,” says Rosemary Rice. “Back in 1942, I was one of a group of kids who put on plays, just for fun. One night, George Kaufman came to see us and gave me a small part in a play he was doing. The second day of rehearsal there was an opening for a larger part—and there I was.” After that, “lucky” Rosemary went on to play in shows like “Junior Miss” and “Dear Ruth” as well as radio work.

Rosemary’s biggest problem, however, was getting her parents’ permission to act in the Kaufman play. They wanted her to finish school first; so they compromised on Professional Children’s School. Now, at twenty, Rosemary’s studies are confined to the accordion, piano and cooking. “I’ve had some marvelous cooking parties with the cast,” she enthuses. “They’re wonderful—almost closer than my own family.”

As the only member of the original Broadway cast to appear in the TV show, Ruth Gates didn’t know how she was going to work out with the new cast until she realized that this cast had the same feeling the original one had. “It’s just like playing with a different Hansen family,” she says.

The Texas-born actress started out to be a concert pianist, but after an accident disabled one of her fingers, she turned to the stage. Ruth has been in TV since the early days when “they would aim the camera at your feet when you were talking.” But she says she never realized the popularity Mama has achieved until last summer when she was playing in theatre-in-the-round. To get to her dressing room she had to pass through the audience, and ignoring the rest of the cast, hundreds of children caught on to her skirt, asking for her autograph—not for the part she was playing, but as Aunt Jenny.
She's a short-cut cook, Jan admits, but when it comes to refinishing, refurbishing—that's where she shines!

My four-room Manhattan apartment has been furnished with two ideas in mind—to make the place as attractive as possible for now, and to buy things that will also be useful later, when I move permanently to my New Hampshire place, which I call “Hilltop House.” I've found that wrought-iron garden furniture is most adaptable to this two-for-one scheme of mine. My dining table, for instance, is white wrought iron, with four chairs to match—as you can see in the picture. (I use gay place mats instead of tablecloths, to show off the pretty glass top.) In my bedroom I have a small glass-topped garden table which, skirted in the same fabric as my draperies, makes a wonderful dressing table. My television set rests on another such table. Actually, whether you plan on another, later use for the furniture or not, I think wrought iron in white or colors is perfect, especially for small rooms. It's so pretty, easy to care for, and it's inexpensive when you compare prices with really good quality wooden pieces. And it's built to last!

If you have some odd pieces of garden furniture you're no longer using outdoors, why not paint them and bring them inside for a new lease on life? Here's how to go about it: first, take a stiff wire brush or sandpaper to remove the rust. Touch up the bare metal with metal primer, which you can get at any hardware store, and let it dry thoroughly. Use enamel paint—an
color you like—applying one or two coats as necessary to cover the previous color. And there you are!

As far as housekeeping is concerned, I prefer practically any other household task to cooking. That doesn't mean, however, that I take all my meals out, or that I never have guests for dinner. I've simply worked out short-cuts. Mixes, for instance, are life-savers for people like me—I keep a full line on hand. Corn muffin mix, for example—did you know that you can also use it for delicious waffles and pancakes, and that when you make it as thin cornbread, rather than muffins, it's wonderful for sandwiches? Another way I short-cut kitchen time is with casserole meals, especially for company. A good casserole dish, rolls, a whopping big mixed salad, with perhaps fruit and cheese for dessert—that's what you'll get if you're invited to my house for dinner. One of my favorite all-in-one dishes is Hungarian Goulash. Goes like this:

1/2 lb. lean beef 1/4 tsp. salt
1/2 lb. lean veal 1/8 tsp. pepper
2 tsp. fat 1/4 tsp. marjoram
1/2 cup chopped onion 1/2 cup canned
tomatoes
1 tbsp. chopped green pepper
1 cup diced potatoes
1/2 tsp. paprika 1 cup diced carrots
Cut meat into 1-inch cubes. Melt fat in a heavy skillet; add meat and brown well on all sides. Add onion and green pepper; cook until lightly browned. Add seasonings and tomatoes. Cover tightly and simmer over low heat 45 minutes or till meat is tender. Add potatoes and carrots; cook 20 minutes longer or until vegetables are tender. You'll need to add 1/2 cup tomato juice or water during the cooking period—the goulash is right when it's juicy but not runny. Serves four.

The floors of my apartment are carpeted. Naturally there are spots—doorways, in front of the most-used pieces of furniture and so on—which get more wear than the others. These places I like to protect with small cotton shag rugs. Because
my iron furniture is white, I've matched it with white shag rugs which, of course, require frequent cleaning. It's not as big a problem as it sounds, though, for the rugs can be washed in the washing machine. First I go over them, both sides, with the vacuum cleaner. Next, I brush spots and stains with soap solution. Then into lukewarm suds they go, to soak for ten or fifteen minutes. I wash the rugs in my automatic washing machine, one rug at a time, in fresh warm suds. If they're badly soiled—which means I've let them go too long!—they get a second washing in fresh suds. Usually one rinse is enough, but if the first rinse water isn't clear, I put them through a second rinsing. If you don't have an automatic machine which whirls out most of the water, squeeze out as much as you can by hand—but never put the rugs through the wringer! To dry them, hang—outdoors if possible—across two lines to allow for air circulation.

**Besides my beloved** wrought-iron garden pieces, a good deal of the remainder of my furniture is either mirror-finished or consists of unpainted pieces which I finished myself. These latter offer color contrast for the white of the iron furniture and the cotton shag rugs. Two chests, a desk and two tables I painted black. For a note of wonderful brightness I finished the unpainted coffee table a glorious red—I'm crazy about it! When I bought the mirrored pieces—screen, chest and two credenzas—I vowed I'd learn how to care for them, for nothing is so unattractive as cloudy, streaked mirrors. I've found the old-fashioned way of keeping them sparkling works best—that is, warm soapsuds with a few drops of household ammonia in the water. I dip a clean cloth in the solution, wring it out well, and wipe the mirrored surfaces with it, using long, crosswise strokes. Then I rinse with another cloth, wrung out of clear water. At once, I dry the surface with a soft cloth or chamois.

---

Jan Miner is *Julie* on Hilltop House, M-F 3 P.M. EST, on CBS stations. Sponsor: Alka Seltzer and Bactine.

Jan Miner's two-for-one decorating scheme includes the use of wrought-iron furniture in her Manhattan apartment—chairs and tables which can be re-used after she moves permanently to her country home.
The Stu Erwins, as stars of stage, screen, radio and now ABC-TV’s Stu Erwin Show, are celebrities. But for celebrities, they behave in a most unusual way. You can search the Stork Club, the Copacabana, or any of those terribly fashionable little clubs, and never lay eyes on them. You can hunt through theatre lobbies and exquisite dance rooms in vain. Stu Erwin and June Collyer, his lovely, blonde wife, will be sitting at home, chatting with their children or watching television.

“We’re homebodies,” Stu says with his famous frown. “It was the same in Hollywood. You don’t have to go chasing after something you already have.”

The Erwins really have pulled a switch. Many Hollywood stars come east for a TV show and hop a plane back west the next morning. Some
In this family there is a real exchange of ideas and knowledge. Judy teaches Father jive, and Father instructs daughter in the more graceful steps of his youth. Mother is always the final fashion consultant on date nights.

Just like everyday folks, the Erwins enjoy family life...the little things that unite a family, like the album. In more serious moments, Stu and Bill work over school problems—sometimes to Father’s consternation.

To his family, Stu Erwin is a great guy, tops, the best there is! And why not?

of them even split the year between Hollywood and New York. But the Erwins, after nearly a lifetime in the film capital, moved bag and baggage to the big city, to return only for six weeks at a time to make films for their TV show. “Confusing,” Stu admits in their Park Avenue apartment. “But the reasons are simple. We have many good friends here, our kids are going to school in the East—and besides New York is just as good a town to live in as Hollywood.”

A big, beautiful white cat, Gretchen by name, glides across the room and rubs against June’s ankle, contributing to the pretty picture June makes in the hand. (Continued on page 72)

Stu and June Erwin can be seen on The Stu Erwin Show, Fri., 8:30 P.M. EST, ABC-TV. Sponsor is General Mills.
The annual Radio-TV Mirror Awards poll offers you your only opportunity, in a recognized, nation-wide voting, to express your preferences concerning radio and television programs and performers. So cast your vote—make your voice heard! Fill out the ballots and mail them in, postmarked no later than December 1, 1951. You need not sign your name. This season's winners will be announced in the May, 1952, issue.

---

**Vote for Your Favorite STARS on Radio and Television**

(Write in the name of one favorite star opposite each classification)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>STARS</th>
<th>RADIO</th>
<th>TELEVISION</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Singer (man)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Singer (woman)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Comedian</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Comedienne</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Daytime Serial Actor</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Daytime Serial Actress</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dramatic Actor</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dramatic Actress</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Quizmaster</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Master of Ceremonies</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>News Commentator</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sports Announcer</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Husband-Wife Team</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

(Cut out this ballot and mail to RADIO-TV MIRROR AWARDS, Box 1721, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N.Y. If you do not have TV, it is not necessary to fill in television section of ballot.)
awards for 1951-52

Vote for your Favorite PROGRAMS on Radio and Television
(Write in the name of one favorite program opposite each classification)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>PROGRAMS</th>
<th>RADIO</th>
<th>TELEVISION</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Dramatic</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Comedy</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Musical</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Daytime Serial</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Daytime (non-serial)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Audience Participation</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Quiz</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mystery</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Variety</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Amateur</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Women's</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Children's</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Best Program on Air</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

(Cut out this ballot and mail to RADIO-TV MIRROR AWARDS, Box 1721, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N.Y. If you do not have TV, it is not necessary to fill in television section of ballot.)
SOMETHING IN YOUR HOME NEED FIXING? FOLLOW US—

around

the house

with Broke

AFTER twenty-seven years of being nattily dressed, spick-and-span groomed radio announcer (presently announcing Theatre Guild on the Air), Norman Brokenshire got into TV because he’s a first-rate mechanic, builder and handyman. “When I realized this Better Home Show was so much a part of me I didn’t even need rehearsing, I jumped at it,” he says. “I dress just like I do when I’m working on my house—shirtsleeves, no tie, an old hat. And just like I demonstrate stuff to my own neighbors, on the program I show neighbors Dick and Doreen Wilson how they can do small repair jobs and make some of the things every household needs.” Broke explains his gift for ad libbing: “My father was a preacher and my mother was a woman,” but his gift for using tools and materials is based on a lifelong curiosity about how things work plus the determination to find out. Other Brokenshire hints: Kids scuff toes of shoes? Toughen with shellac. Candles messy? Refrigerate them the night before a party—no drips!

The Better Home Show, starring Norman Brokenshire, every Saturday 6:30-7 P.M. EST over WJZ-TV. Sponsored by Anthracite Institute.
2. First, he shows how to "wash" stiffened bristles in kerosene and watches all the old paint dissolve.

3. Cotton cloth for wiping should finally show no paint stains, and the brush should be dry as possible.

4. It's next dipped in turpentine, wrapped—moist—in paper to keep dust-free and ready for the next job.

2. Broke knows all the answers to this. He melts paraffin and black crayon—vase bottom is black.

3. The hot, blackened paraffin is carefully poured to cover the entire bottom and seal up the crack.

4. When thoroughly dry, he scrapes away the excess wax at the sides, returns Doreen's vase water-tight.

2. She lays a wet cloth over dent, puts an ordinary bottle cap on the cloth right over the injured surface.

3. Then she rests hot iron on top of the bottle cap, allowing the resulting steam to do its restoring.

4. When she removes iron, cap and cloth, the wood surface is smooth again, as Broke predicted.
Well, goodness gracious, here it is close to Christmas again. And, being a disc jockey, I don't have to wonder what I can give folks. Everybody likes records. I've made a Christmas gift list, and maybe this can help all you folks out, too.

The first thing that I wrote to myself was to find out exactly what kind of record player all my kinfolks and friends own. Some have those 45 rpm doo-jiggers that play the small-sized records. Others still latch onto the 78 rpm's—those are the regular records we were brought up on. And some fans have gone high-falutin' with those new LP's, or 33 rpm's. Of course, some record fans are fancy as all git-out—their music players have all three speeds, so you can give them just anything at all.

Gotta be careful about the way you wrap records if they're breakable—some corrugated paper for protection and "fragile" marked on the outside if it's going through the mails. With those plastic records, now, you don't have to worry so much about their breaking.

Tops on my Christmas list—and it's a long one—naturally, are my young 'uns. And what they'll find in their stockings I hope would do fine for any children you know. For instance, RCA Victor have two new albums (Continued on page 77).
Dayle's Ring

she's Engaged!

Dayle Fort's shining eyes, the diamond on her left hand—tell you there's happiness ahead! Dayle is engaged to Donald F. Nesbitt, Jr. They'll be married next summer in the charming First Presbyterian Church of South Orange, New Jersey—the groom tall and handsome and Dayle a most beautiful bride.

she's Lovely!

Tall, slender and graceful—Dayle Fort has a special charm. Her face shows you right away her enchanting Inner Self. Her mirthful eyes, soft brown hair set off her cool, silk-and-satin complexion. She looks a delightful person, someone you can't help liking immediately.

she uses Pond's!

"I just adore Pond's Cold Cream," Dayle Fort says.

Looking your best builds up your confidence," Dayle says.

You always feel gayer, more confident when you know you look your prettiest.

Dayle thinks every girl's prettiest face depends on fastidiously clean, soft skin. Dayle's own complexion is appealing as spring lilacs. "For a blissfully quick and effective beauty cleansing, you can't equal Pond's Cold Cream," she says. "It makes my skin feel so refreshed—simply wonderful."

You can make Dayle's "beauty formula" work a lovely magic for your complexion, too. Use Pond's Cold Cream religiously every night as Dayle does (and for day face cleansings). This is the way you do it:

Hot Stimulation—a good hot water splashing.

Cream Cleanse—swirl light, fluffy Pond's Cold Cream over your 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—a tonic cold water splash.

Now—perfect results! Your complexion feels smooth and soft as a baby's skin!

It's not vanity to develop the beauty of your face. Show your most attractive self and a new confidence glows from your face, brings friends to you on sight.

Start your Pond's beauty care now. Help your face show a lovelier You!
Robert never asked to play, didn’t close. She’s and. movie sort on.

"Anyway," says Norma Jean, "I go to Bancroft Junior High School, where I’ve made special arrangements to get Wednesdays off for Father Knows Best rehearsals. After the kids found out I was in the show, know what they asked me to do? Bring them back scripts. So now I try to salvage all I can to give to my schoolmates.

And Barbara: ‘Daddy’s always been very interested in our welfare at school, and he’s been active, with Mother, in PTA and similar organizations—just like any other, adult, or not. Carol and I go to Bishop’s School in La Jolla now. Daddy has served several terms as chairman of the Fathers’ Committee, and he’s devoted to his duties. All our friends are crazy about him, and he’s always been wonderful to them—encourages us to entertain at home or up at the ranch. He’s Mr. Young, Barbara’s and Carol’s Dad to them. And if they do see him in the movies, I suspect that he’s still Mr. Young.’

What do they think about each other, these two girls—and about Kathy, the always-another—Norma Jean and Barbara? Well, Norma Jean’s most impressed with Barbara’s canasta-playing ability, and whenever Barbara visits the show, the girls take up their card game where they left it last time. Another thing they have in common is an interest in music—although, to hear their duo rendition of chopsticks on the studio piano, you’d never guess they were both serious students!

As far as Kathy is concerned, Norma Jean enjoys playing the part—because, she points out, Kathy’s a lovable brat. ‘Of course,’ she’ll remind you, ‘I’m thirteen and Kathy’s only nine—but I sort of understand her.’

‘Kathy is a tomoxy, and so was I. She’s the mischief-maker of the Anderson family, and maybe I was at home, too! Kathy has a brother and sister, while I have only a brother. But we have so much in common, we understand one another. I used to wonder if Kathy were modeled after one of Mr. Young’s real daughters. But I found out the role is made up of the happenings of our writer’s daughter, too. So Kathy is a little bit of everybody, I guess you’d say—even me.’

Of Kathy, Barbara agrees that she’s, ‘What do you call a combination of several people? A composite. Kathy’s a composite.’

And that’s true. The experiences and comments of writer Ed James’s daughter Kathy helped to shape the character of Mrs. Young. Of course, the writers of the show (I used to watch Norman and Barbara’s) got Kathy’s reactions to her father’s ‘Best’ stories. And, Barbara tells you, the same thing holds true at the Young house. ‘Whenever something amusing happens to me or to one of us, Daddy tells Mr. James about it—and the first thing you know, it has happened to the Andersons!’

As far as Norma Jean is concerned, Barbara thinks she’s wonderful, and a very talented actress. When they’re home from school, the Young girls often go to the broadcast with their mother, and they all enjoy watching Norman and Barbara. Jean go through her phases, ‘I know Daddy admires her ability, too,’ Barbara points out, ‘because he often speaks of it. And many times he doubles up with laughter during a rehearsal at the way Norma Jean reads a comedy line.

Daddy—does he know best?

Norma Jean: ‘Let me say it again, because I really mean it—what a wonderful person Mr. Young is! I think I’m lucky because I play his radio daughter and I think his real daughters are mighty lucky, too. He seems like a perfect father!’

And Barbara: ‘About lots of things, Daddy knows just about the best of anybody in the world. You see, he’s the lone man among five women in our home—not counting my grandmother, who is with us much of the time. Now that Carol and I are both old enough to have boy friends, we rely on Daddy’s interpretations of boys’ ideas and a whole family way girls dress, the way they behave, the way they react to different situations.

‘Lately, Daddy has talked with us older girls about our ideas for the future, the kind of jobs we’d like to train for and all that. He never makes fun of us, no matter how impractical our notions must seem to him. He just sits down and reasons it all out with us, quietly and seriously—and, nine times out of ten, we end up agreeing with him.

‘I like to mimic people and clown around quite a lot, Daddy and Mother have wondered. I think, if I would hang to reality, I’d sit down and never care. One way or another, just so I was happy. But I think I’m a little too lazy.

‘One of the most important things about the Youngs, we do things together. So while Father knows best about many things, he does only after weighing the ideas of each member of the family, and then—of course, in close harmony with Mother, who knows the best about a lot of things, too!’
"Lux Soap Facials make my skin softer, smoother," Jane Wyman says. "Here's my daily complexion care: First I cream Lux Soap's rich active lather well into my skin. Active lather cleanses so gently, but thoroughly, too. I rinse with warm water, then cold."

"It's wonderful the fresh new beauty these Lux Soap Facials give my skin. As I pat with a towel to dry, I know my complexion is softer, smoother—really lovelier." Why don't you take Jane Wyman's tip—try this famous beauty care. It's easy to be Lux-lovely!
(Continued from page 63) some room. The furnishings, brought from their California house, are bright and comfortable. The touch of the modern decorator and his new gimmicks are missing, and in its place are pieces and pictures that have a strong sentimental value. On the window ledge there is a fan, cased in glass, which once belonged to Jimmy Gleason’s deceased wife, a close friend of the Erwins. Over the fireplace is a striking oil portrait of Stu.

“A Chicago artist painted that as a publicity stunt,” June says, “but when I saw it, I insisted Stu buy it for me.”

They celebrated their twentieth anniversary July of this year. Friends call them an ideal couple. When you come on them unexpectedly at home or in a studio, they’ll most likely be holding hands.

“Twenty years,” Stu repeats, “We’re getting old. But lifelong marriages are the tradition in my family.” Stu almost takes offense if you comment on what a great thing it is to find a solid marriage. Of course, he’s right: most people marry but once in a lifetime, despite the newspapers stories of the many divorces and secondary marriages in Hollywood. “People don’t remember the ones that hold up out there, like ours and the Pat O’Briens and Charley Farrells and a lot of others.”

There was nothing hasty about Stu’s marriage to June. They were both working for the same film studio when they met, and it wasn’t until they got to know each other well—three years later—that they married.

“And I was twenty-eight at the time,” he says, nodding his head emphatically. “Trouble with these unsuccessful marriages is that the man and wife are really still kids, not mature enough to know what they want, and not patient enough to wait and find out. You know, there are girls out there not much older than our Judy who have been married twice!”

Their sixteen-year-old Judy, a bright-eyed brunette, is not going to rush things. She and brother Bill, nineteen last September, are two sensible, modest youngsters. Judy loves the theatre and her dearest ambition is to go on the stage. But she agrees with her parents there is no hurry. “And she’s good,” June tells you proudly. “Judy reads parts like a trooper, and did very well in a student production this year.”

Young Bill, on the other hand, shares his parents’ love for show business but has no interest in acting, although he already has the profile of a handsome juvenile. Last fall he entered Brown University, enrolled in the Naval R.O.T.C. and is taking a liberal arts course.

“His name isn’t really Bill,” June puts in.

Stu gets that sheepish grin on his face as he explains that Bill’s real name is Stuart. “It happened this way,” Stu says, “My brother named his boy Kenneth. I didn’t like it and said, ‘Why don’t you give him a good, short boy’s name like Bill?’ So he said to me, ‘Why did you name your son Stuart?’”

Since that time, young Mr. Erwin, christened Stuart, has gone by the name of Bill, although it gets a little confusing for him at times. Kenneth, several years older than Bill, recently made Phi Beta Kappa, which led Judy to needle her father with, “Maybe you should have named Bill Kenneth, too.”

The Erwins are a close-knit family, and most evenings of the week you’ll find the four of them together. You might find June coaching Judy in a dramatic role, or catch Stu going over a lesson with Bill. Both parents take a keen interest in the children’s schooling. Since Stu portrays a high school principal on his weekly show, it’s natural that his interest is even greater than the average parent’s. Stu’s dramatizations of a teacher’s job has been so sympathetic and understanding that the California Teachers’ Association presented him with an award for his work.

Stu and June spend a lot of time watching television. Occasionally they even find themselves in some of the old movies that flicker on the screen. “Makes me wince,” Stu says.

A lot of their close friends have TV shows and June’s brother, Bud Collyer, is, of course, familiar to viewers. “There’s a great deal of satisfaction in TV for show people,” June tells you, “People who watch us feel so friendly. And another gratifying thing about our show is that it attracts a lot of children.”

Although Stu became an actor by choice, June got to Hollywood by sheer accident. Box office was visiting her father, a New York corporation attorney, when he saw June’s picture on the wall. He asked if June would care to make a screen test for a film they were making in New York. Of forty-nine girls tested for the part of a society girl, June won.

A contract took her to Hollywood and many supporting roles but a couple of years after she married Stu, June practically stopped acting. That came about shortly after Bill was born. June was co-starring with Ralph Bellamy at the time. One morning before going to the studio, she asked the nurse to keep an eye on Bill. June went to work, but she couldn’t keep from thinking that there had been a strange look in Bill’s eyes. When her first rest period came, she rushed home. By that time, Bill looked really ill. June called the doctor; he told her that it was nothing but a common infant’s illness. June begged off work that afternoon.

“I don’t know what it was,” she recalls, “but I was scared and kept away from Bill. Now I know he had whooping cough. But I’m glad I rested.”

June didn’t bring her career to quite such a crashing halt, but for a long time she took on very few acting commitments. Actually, the TV series is the first project June and Stu have worked in together for many years. And they really work. When they get to Hollywood, they’re at the studio six full days a week and turn out a complete show every two days.

“Then we come back to New York,” June comments, “sit in front of the set and watch ourselves.”

Actually, they are kept busy enough in New York as well, with business meetings and guest appearances on other shows. But when it comes to recreation, there is nothing exotic or eccentric about the Erwins’ taste. They may go to a ball game, take a long walk, or just go looking.

“Spent a whole day with the children in the Museum of Natural History last week,” June tells. “And June and I really had ourselves a time in the Washington Market.” With great savor they recall their expedition to the Market, one of the largest food centers in the world. Anything eaten anywhere in the world can be found there. The Erwins watched one dealer fresh fish from the country-wide shipment, saw a lobster that weighed eighteen pounds and feasted on oysters and Cherrystone clams and thick, luscious sandwiches.

“Came out of there stuffed to the gills,” Stu says, “And for both of us it cost only two dollars and ten cents.”

“Can you imagine what it would have cost at ‘21’?” June asks. Stu shrugs and remarks that they just don’t get around to the hot spots. It was the same way in Hollywood—just ordinary, real living.

So if you happen to walk up Park Avenue some evening and hear a family singing, and a ukulele (Bill’s) being strummed, you’re probably right beneath the Erwins’ windows. Fact is they’re very friendly, very nice people—the kind you’d most enjoy as your next-door neighbors!

“I was never so happy before!”

said one amazed listener when she heard the answer to her own problem on radio’s “My True Story.” “My True Story” is helping thousands of people find the way to happiness because it presents real-life dramas of real people and their problems—direct from the files of True Story Magazine. Here you’ll find vividly portrayed stories dealing with love, hope, fear, jealousy and many others.

JUNE IN MY TRUE STORY

AMERICAN BROADCASTING STATIONS.
New York City and Suburbs and New Haven Channel 6 November 11—December 10

**Monday through Friday**

11:30 A.M. **Strike It Rich** • 2 & 6
Warren Hull emcees a quiz show for the needy.

11:30 A.M. **Television Shopper** • 5
Texas-born Maggi Johnson, one-time model, discusses home furnishings, costume jewelry.

11:30 A.M. **Dennis James Show** • 7
A meeting place for mothers where they can exchange ideas, advice and counsel.

12:00 Noon **The Egg and I** • 2
Life on a chicken farm set humorous problems for this period with Pat Kirkland.

12:00 Noon **Ruth Lyons’ 50 Club** • 4
Luncheon proves to be fun time as Ruth invites 50 lucky guests to partake.

12:00 Noon **Langford & Ameche** • 7
Frances and Don sing and emcee their way through a bubbling, fast-paced variety.

12:15 P.M. **Love of Life** • 2
Daily dramatic series with Betty McCay in leading role of Vanessa Dale.

12:30 P.M. **Search for Tomorrow** • 2 & 6
Daytime serial of trials of an American family torn between past and present.

1:30 P.M. **Garry Moore Show** • 2 & 6
Anything can happen and Garry sees that it does in this hour of comedy.

2:30 P.M. **First Hundred Years** • 2
Young marital problems with a light touch.

3:00 P.M. **Miss Susan** • 4
Story of a woman attorney’s career and emotional problems, starring Susan Peters.

3:00 P.M. **Fashion Magic** • 2
Arlene Francis demonstrates how every woman can be fashionable. (Tuesday only.)

3:30 P.M. **Bert Parks Show** • 4 & 6 (M, W, F)
Music, skits and comedy starring Bert as emcee with Bobby Sherwood, Betty Ann Grove.

3:30 P.M. **Bill Goodwin Show** • 1 & 6 (T, Th)
Whimsical nonsense starring Bill assisted by vocalists Eileen Barton and Roger Dann.

4:00 P.M. **Kate Smith Show** • 4 & 6
Kate Smith brightens your afternoon with a full hour of music, variety.

5:00 P.M. **Hawkins Falls, Pop. 6,290** • 4
Life in a typical American town with a host of true-to-life characters.

5:15 P.M. **Gabby Hayes Show** • 1
The genial, grizzled old cowhand adds comic, off-screen narration for films.

5:30 P.M. **Howdy Doody Show** • 4 & 6
Bob Smith with Howdy, Clarabell, the other puppets plus the excited peanut gallery.

7:00 P.M. **Kukla, Fran and Ollie** • 4 & 6
An excursion into make-believe.

7:00 P.M. **Captain Video** • 5
Al Hodges, many years a Sunday school teacher, as Captain Video, interplanetary hero.

7:30 P.M. **Mohawk Showroom** • 4 & 6 (M, W, F)
Roberta Quinlan warbles, assisted by guest stars and Musical Craftsmen Trio.

7:30 P.M. **The Little Show** • 4 (T, Th)
Musical vignettes starring John Conte.

7:45 P.M. **Perry Como Show** • 2
Solos by the master baritone. Guests and the Fontane Sisters.

7:45 P.M. **News Caravan** • 4 & 6
Evening summary with John Cameron Swayze.

---

**Monday P.M.**

7:30 P.M. **Hollywood Screen Test** • 7

7:30 P.M. **Mr. & Mrs. Mystery** • 9
John and Barbara Gay's TV's only married crime team, go into their third year of video.

8:00 P.M. **Lux Video Theatre** • 2 & 6
Star-cast, powerful drama of ordinary people suddenly caught in crucial circumstances.

8:00 P.M. **Paul Winchell Show** • 4
Paul and Jerry Mahoney's tomfoolery plus popular parlor game “What’s My Name?”

8:00 P.M. **Mr. District Attorney** • 7
Exciting stories of society's war on crime, Nov. 12 & 26, Dec. 10. Alternating with—

The Amazing Mr. Malone

Stage and screen star Lee Tracy in the role of a criminal lawyer, Nov. 19 & Dec. 3.

8:30 P.M. **Godfrey's Talent Scouts** • 2
The "redhead" gives encouragement to newcomers to show business.

8:30 P.M. **Concert Hour** • 4 & 6
Guest soloists of opera and concert hall in recital. Howard Barlow musical conductor.

8:30 P.M. **Life Begins at 30** • 7
With Jack Barry at the helm, octogenarians prove "all the sugar is in the bottom of the cup."

9:00 P.M. **I Love Lucy** • 2
Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz, husband and wife, team up for hilarious domestic comedy.

9:00 P.M. **Wrestling with Dennis James** • 5
From Columbia Park, N. J., the groan and grunt fortissimi with sportscasting by Dennis.

9:30 P.M. **Circle Theatre** • 4
Humor and light romance but always about everyday people in lifelike situations.

9:30 P.M. **Maughm Theatre** • 4
Drama adapted from Maugham's works. Bi-weekly: Nov. 12 & 26. Alternating with—

Robert Montgomery Presents

Top quality video plays produced and narrated by Montgomery.

10:00 P.M. **Studio One** • 2 & 6
Superlative drama always aimed for top-level performance and production.
**Tuesday**

7:30 P.M. *Beulah* • 7
Hattie McDaniel, who once worked as cook and maid when the going was tough, in the title role of the frolicsome housekeeper. Others in family comedy: Butterfly McQueen, Ginger Jones, William Post, Jr.

8:00 P.M. *Frank Sinatra Show* • 2
Frankie, self-styled “not a sweater boy,” although fans have sent him over a hundred knitted items, in a full-hour revue with song and dance and big name stars.

8:00 P.M. *Texaco Star Theatre* • 4
Milton Berle unleashes a bag of fun in his hour of comedy and variety with an imposing assortment of star entertainers.

8:00 P.M. *Charlie Wild, Private Detective* • 7
The hard-hitting investigator, played by Pitt graduate John McQuade, gets his man in spite of lethal weapons and women.

9:00 P.M. *Crime Syndicated* • 2 & 6
Rudolph Halley, famous for his interrogation as counsel for the Kefauver Committee, narrates dramatic stories emphasizing the problems faced by honest law enforcement agencies in their efforts to snuff out crime.

9:00 P.M. *Fireside Theatre* • 4
Stories filmed in Hollywood with romantic themes and unusual situations.

9:00 P.M. *Boxing* • 9
From Westchester County Center, Stan Lomax and Dick Nesbitt handle the mike for pro fights scheduled by matchmaker Joe McKenna.

9:30 P.M. *Suspense* • 2 & 6
Gripping mystery drama in this series famous for years as a radio and TV favorite.

9:30 P.M. *Circle Theatre* • 4
Humor and light romance but always about everyday people in lifelike situations.

10:00 P.M. *Danger* • 2
Spine-tingling action is guaranteed in this series boasting original mysteries and psychological drama.

10:00 P.M. *Original Amateur Hour* • 4 & 6
Ted Mack, recently “appointed” ambassador extraordinary of the Duchy of Duluth, gives young hopefuls a chance at their “big break” in show business.

**Wednesday**

7:30 P.M. *Chance of a Lifetime* • 7
Fast-paced audience participation show with prizes worth up to $500 plus big jackpot worth thousands for the “Mystery Voice.” John Reed King heads the show assisted by Cindy Cameron, comedians Dick Collier and dancers Russell Arms and Lila Palmer.

8:00 P.M. *Godfrey and Friends* • 2 & 6
Arthur, who says he’s not really so much relaxed as tired, with his big family; Janette Davis, Hale-loke, Maureen Marlowe, Frank Parker, the Chordettes and Mariners, Archie Bleyer and announcer Tony Marvin.

8:00 P.M. *Kate Smith Evening Hour* • 4
The moon is well over the horizon as Kate presents a magnificent extravaganza with comedy and dramatic stars participating in sketches. Kate, of course, sings against a background of intriguing dance arrangements.

8:00 P.M. *Frosty Frolics* • 7
A lavish one-hour musical variety show on ice featuring outstanding numbers from the Ice Follies, Ice Capades. On Film.

9:00 P.M. *Strike It Rich* • 2 & 6
Warren Hull, who frequently sees his old Hollywood films on TV these days, emcees the “show with a heart,” giving needy contestants a chance to win up to $500.

9:00 P.M. *Kraft Theatre* • 4
The policy on this show, TV’s first regular dramatic program, continues with adult plays, many originals, cast with actors fit to the part, rather than big names.

9:00 P.M. *Don McNeill TV Club* • 7
Charming, good-natured Don combining audience participation and variety with his famous gang. Nov. 14 & 28. Alternating with—

Arthur Murray Party
Kathryn Murray, wife of the celebrated dance master, heading a big dance party with Emil Coleman’s orchestra. Nov. 21 & Dec. 5.

9:05 P.M. *College Basketball* • 9

9:30 P.M. *The Web* • 2
Suspenseful mysteries, adapted from the best works of the Mystery Writers of America, and almost sure to please viewers who enjoy a bit of blood-curdling.

9:30 P.M. *Wrestling* • 7 (& 6 at 11:00 P.M.)
Grappling activity from Chicago’s Rainbow Arena. Wayne Griffin at matside.

10:00 P.M. *International Boxing Club* • 2 & 6
Live telecasts of the nation’s top boxing bouts from New York, Chicago, Detroit and St. Louis. Russ Hodges at the mike.

10:00 P.M. *Break the Bank* • 4
“Mr. Energy” Parks, as his co-workers call him, offers prizes worth from ten to $500 to studio contestants with a huge cash hank for the big winner. Music by Peter Van Steeden, Bud Colyer, host.

10:00 P.M. *Playwrights’ Theatre* • 7
7:30 P.M. The Lone Ranger • 7
Heigh-ho, Silver, and away to rugged Westerns.

8:00 P.M. Burns and Allen Show • 2
A comedy of errors (and most of them committed by Gracie) inspires Georgie's chagrin and wisecracks. Biweekly: Nov. 15 & 29. Alternating with—

Garvey Moore Evening Show
The irrepressible comedian featuring headline entertainers and regular vocalists Ken Carson and Denise Lor. Nov. 22 & Dec. 6.

8:00 P.M. Groucho Marx • 4
The hilarious, unconventional man with the wagging eyebrows interviews three pairs of contestants. Cash prizes include $100 for secret word, $20 for answering a series of four questions plus a chance at jackpot never less than $1,000.

8:00 P.M. Stop the Music • 7 & 6
That personable Southern gentleman, Bert Parks, with a variety of prizes worth as much as $15,000. Entertainers include: Betty Ann Grove, Jimmy Blaine and Kay Armen.

8:30 P.M. Amos 'n Andy • 2
Roguish, twinkling Kingfish (Tim Moore), portly, romantic Andy (Spencer Williams) and the other lovable characters of this comedy classic in their weekly story.

8:30 P.M. Treasury Men in Action • 4
Crime adventure based on actual cases from the private files of the United States Treasury Department. Walter Greaza stars.

9:00 P.M. Alan Young Show • 2
The brightest, funniest comedian to come forward in the past five years, with laugh-loaded sketches and characterizations.

9:00 P.M. Ford Festival • 4
Tenor James Melton is host to dramatic, comedy and variety stars. Regulars include lovely Dorothy Waren skjold, Dr. Roy K. Marshall and Frank Black's orchestra.

9:00 P.M. Ellery Queen • 5 & 6
Murders solved by the debonair Ellery, played by Lee Bowman, handsome motion picture star, who was a crack college athlete in ice hockey, baseball and track.

9:00 P.M. Herb Shriners Show • 7
Herb, the Hoosier humorist most often compared to the late Will Rogers, in comedy skits—typical of life in the U.S.A.

9:30 P.M. Big Town • 2
Steve Wilson, of the Illustrated Press, played by Pat McVey, ferrets out ruthless killers. Julie Stevens as Lorelei.

9:30 P.M. Gruen Theatre • 7
Top-flight dramatic entertainment, filmed in Hollywood, with stage and screen stars noted for their fine performances.

10:00 P.M. Racket Squad • 2
Film series with Reed Hadley starring as Captain Braddock, presenting real life stories of racket and confidence squads.

10:00 P.M. Martin Kane, Private Eye • 4 & 6
The pipe-smoking sleuth in pursuit of murderers. Played by screen star Lloyd Nolan, Hollywood's most enthusiastic square-dancer.

10:30 P.M. Crime Photographer • 2
Amateur detecting by news photographer Casey, played by crew-cut Darren McGavin, whose first job in show business was designing sets for Dietrich's "Kismet."

Friday

7:30 P.M. Life with Linkletter • 7
Humor, pathos, comedy and zany stunts make up versatile Art's well-rounded assortment of interviews. Biweekly: Nov. 16 & 30. Alternating with—

Say It With Acting
Elegant Maggi McNellis teams up with Bud Collyer as competing teams from Broadway shows play charades. Nov. 23 & Dec. 7.

7:30 P.M. Juvenile Jury • 9
Jack Barry's panel of uninhibited small fry attempts to solve problems of both their parents and contemporaries.

8:00 P.M. Mama • 2 & 6
The inspired series of a wonderful family and their life. Peggy Wood stars as Mama.

8:00 P.M. The Goldbergs • 4
The fabulous Bronx family starring writer-creator Gertrude Berg as Molly in 30 minutes that draw laughs and tears.

8:00 P.M. Mystery Theatre • 7
Tom Conway, star of the Falcon radio series, plays Inspector Saber of the Homicide Squad. assisted by Sergeant Maloney, played by James Burke, of film fame.

8:30 P.M. Man Against Crime • 2
Tough, rough and brainy, private eye Mike Barnet, played by stage and screen star Ralph Bellamy, in stories of sleuthing.

8:30 P.M. We, the People • 4 & 6
People who make the news appear on this clearing house for events in America. Dan Seymour emcees with Oscar Bradley's band.

9:00 P.M. Playhouse of Stars • 2
Helen Hayes and Walter Hampden are two of the distinguished actors contracted to appear at intervals on this dramatic hour.

9:00 P.M. Big Story • 4 & 6
Dramatizations of true experiences of news reporters narrated by Bob Slane.

9:00 P.M. Down You Go • 5
TV version of "Hang the Butcher," with Dr. Bergen Evans, Professor at Northwestern U., moderating. Panelists are Francis Coughlin, lovely Carmelita Pope and Toni Gilman.

9:00 P.M. Crime with Father • 7
Hair-trigger action stories with a father-daughter detective combination. Rusty Lane plays Captain Jim Riland; Peggy Lobbin as his impetuous but keen-sighted daughter.

9:30 P.M. Aldrich Family • 4 & 6
Comedy in family mishaps personally manufactured by bewildered Henry, played by Henry Garrard, who came up to New York from Greenville, Miss. two years ago.

9:30 P.M. Tales of Tomorrow • 7
Here is an unusual and provocative dramatic series, well-cast, with stories based on the best of adult science fiction.

10:00 P.M. Cavalcade of Sports • 4 & 6
Jimmy Powers provides running commentary for bouts scheduled by the International Boxing Club at Madison Square Garden.

10:00 P.M. Cavalcade of Stars • 5
Gleeful Gleason with his mirth-provoking impersonations and poignant sketches. With Jackie and the June Taylor Dancers.

10:30 P.M. Hollywood Opening Night • 2
Complete stories, ranging from romance to melo drama, and featuring Hollywood actors.

10:45 P.M. Great Fights of the Century • 4 & 6
12:00 Noon Big Top • 2
Daredevils in death-defying stunts, jugglers and pretty trapeze artists, with ringmaster Jack Sterling.

1:45 P.M. College Football • 4 & 6
The last college game of the season to be telecast live in New York Area. Nov. 17, Columbia University vs. U. S. Naval Academy.

5:00 P.M. Italian Feature Films • 9
Excellent comedy and romance with English titles: Nov. 24, "Lost Happiness" with Leonardo Cortesi; Dec. 1, "The Sin of Patricida" with the glamorous Valli; Dec. 8, "Two on a Vacation" with Vittorio di Sica.

6:30 P.M. Mr. Wizard • 4
Don Herbert explains and demonstrates the basic principles that rule machines, from the door knob to industrial giants.

7:00 P.M. Sammy Kaye Show • 2
The swing and sway band, featuring vocalist Barbara Benson. Sammy has given away $5,000 worth of batons as souvenirs.

7:30 P.M. Beat the Clock • 2
Assisted by gorgeous Roxanne, Bud Collyer, once narrator on radio’s Cavalcade of America, emcees the parlor stunts.

7:30 P.M. One Man's Family • 4
Family situation comedy series casting Bert Lytell as father, Marjorie Gateson as mother, with Russell Thorson, Lillian Scharf, others.

8:00 P.M. Ken Murray Show • 2 & 6
Droll Ken Murray with jests and guests of the entertainment world in dramatic segments, song and dance.

8:00 P.M. All Star Revue • 4
Comedy extravaganza headlining the nation’s top comics on rotating basis: Nov. 17, Danny Thomas; Nov. 24, Jack Carson; Dec. 1, Jimmy Durante; Dec. 8, Ed Wynn.

8:00 P.M. TV Teen Club • 7
From Town Hall in Philadelphia, Paul White- man and co-emcee Nancy Lewis present talented teen-agers featuring crooner Stanley Klet and 3½-year-old prodigy Andrea McLaughlin.

9:00 P.M. Wonderful Town • 2
The dazzling actress and TV queen, Faye Emerson, is your glamour-guide to U. S. cities, spotlighting outstanding celebrities.

9:00 P.M. Your Show of Shows • 4 & 6
A memorable 90 minutes with Imogene Coca and Sid Caesar in a revue of music, satire and comedy, featuring Marguerite Piazza, Mata and Hari, Judy Johnson, Jack Russell, Bill Hayes, Carl Reiner, the Hamilton Trio and the Billy Williams Quartet.

9:30 P.M. The Show Goes On • 2
The national booking office of the air starring salesman Robert Q. Lewis auditioning talented artists for potential buyers.

10:00 P.M. Songs for Sale • 2
Steve Allen, who plays piano, bass tuba and slide trombone, is well-qualified to extend hospitality to amateur songwriters who compete for the panel's approval and a cash prize as well as song publication.

10:30 P.M. Your Hit Parade • 4 & 6
The select, select songs of the week sung and acted by cheerful Snooky Lanson, Eileen Wilson, Dorothy Collins and the Hit Paraders with Raymond Scott's orchestra.

1:00 P.M. Take Another Look • 2
Full-hour playback of preceding day's biggest college football games with analysis.

4:00 P.M. Meet the Press • 4
Martha Rountree, ex-news reporter, moderates as Lawrence Spivak and newsmen interview prominent men on controversial subjects.

4:30 P.M. Zoo Parade • 4
R. Marlin Perkins, director of Chicago's Lincoln Park Zoo, parades his animals before the camera with commentary both intriguing and amusing for the whole family.

5:00 P.M. Super Circus • 7 & 6
The magic of the circus and all of its thrills with Claude Kirchner whistling in center ring performers. Featured: handmaster Mary Hartline, clowns Cliffy, Scampy, Nicky.

6:00 P.M. Hopalong Cassidy • 4
Rootin' tootin', rough ridin' adventure starring Bill Boyd, who also edits The Trooper, published for the small fry.

6:30 P.M. Star of the Family • 2
Husband and wife team, Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy, interview relatives of stars of the entertainment world and the stars themselves perform for you.

7:00 P.M. Gene Antry • 2
The cowboy troubador and his horse Champion in Western shoot-em-ups. (Champion alone gets about a thousand fan letters a month.)

7:00 P.M. Paul Whiteman Revue • 7 & 6
The grand old maestro with sparkling entertainment that includes baritone Earl Wrightson, songstress Maureen Cannon and Frank Westbrook's spectacular dance group.

7:30 P.M. This is Show Business • 2 & 6
Superb variety, hosted by Clifton Fadiman, with witticisms by panelists: Sam Levenson and playwright George S. Kaufman.

8:00 P.M. Comedy Hour • 4
Jesters to the nation, great comedy stars of the country take a weekly turn at this big hour, including Eddie Cantor, Martin and Lewis, Abbott and Costello and others.

9:00 P.M. Fred Waring Show • 2
Fred Waring, who as a boy conducted Sunday night musicals in his own home, presents a magnificent hour of music and dance.

9:00 P.M. Philco TV Playhouse • 4 & 6
Brilliantly produced dramas with adaptations of non-fiction as well as contemporary novels.

9:30 P.M. The Plainclothesman • 5
One of TV's top mysteries with Ken Lynch, the camera’s eye, acting, speaking and thinking as a viewer. Assisted by Jack Orrison as Sergeant Brady.

10:00 P.M. Celebrity Time • 2 & 6
Under the saucy direction of Conrad Nagel, guest celebrities team up with lyric soprano Jane Willson and Yale football coach Herman Hickman for a tabloid quiz.

10:00 P.M. Red Shelton Show • 4
Red, once a circus clown, rollicks through 30 minutes of gags. Filmed in Hollywood.

10:30 P.M. What's My Line? • 2
John Daly moderates as panelists Dorothy Kilgallen, Hal Block and Arlene Francis try to guess contestants' occupations.

10:30 P.M. Leave It to the Girls • 4
Fashionable Maggi McNells tries to preclude mayhem as regulars Eloise McElhone and Florence Pritchett massacre one male guest, defending the masculine viewpoint.
CHRISTMAS-RECORD BUYING

(Continued from page 68) out—one with Jimmy Stewart doing “Winnie, the Pooh,” and another with Charles Laughton reading “A Christmas Carol.” Myself, I think about the cutest Christmas novelty I ever did hear was Spike Jones doing “All I Want For Christmas Are My Two Front Teeth”—it seems to go on year after year.

Now for the women in my life—my wife and my mother and let me not forget my mother-in-law. A couple of traditional songs like the one Bing Crosby did for Decca of “White Christmas.” And I might throw in a few choirs singing carols, such as the Capitol release by the Boys’ Town Choir. Ken Carson did some new versions, too, of all-time favorites—“Silent Night,” “Away In A Manger,” “It Came Upon A Midnight Clear.” I also recommend Bible-tone’s LP of “The Messiah” by Handel, as sung by the Augustana College Chorus. And Perry Como does a mighty fine rendition of “Ave Maria.”

For any young folks who might be running parties, good dance music with vocals is always welcome with open arms. Jan Garber put out a new album of “Sweet and Lovely.” Or, they might like “Dance to the Music of Jerry Gray.” Of course, for music with a mood, there’s Rexford’s LP, “Colors of Greene,” featuring “Blue Moon,” “Black Magic.”

You know, I’m getting a little confused with this list. I think I’ll just head down to a nearby record shop where I can find a lot of favorites that almost anybody wants to own. And you could do the same. Maybe you’d want to get a new LP “Jazz Concert” by Eddie Condon, that plays for about a half hour. Or the new “Rodgers and Hart Songbook.” And for good courtin’ music, you just can’t beat Hoagy Carmichael’s “Stardust”—ah, memories of my prom days. Something real pretty is “Ella Sings Gershwin”—that’s Ella Fitzgerald. Of course, if you’ve got high-tone friends, get them some classical stuff.

With Christmas such a holiday for the kids, here’s an idea—the Children’s Record Guild has separate record plans for children of various age groups. It’s said to be approved by many Boards of Education. The idea is to stimulate the children and encourage them to join in the action of songs—and give them music and stories that they can use in playing with other kids. There’s the classic “Cinderella”—presented as a musical play in four acts—music by Prokofieff—and the story enacted with a sprinkling of songs. “The Carrot Seed” is both teaching and fun, all about nature—entertainingly it tells how to plant a carrot seed and watch it grow. At the same time, the record highlights different musical instruments so that the youngsters begin to recognize them.

Ah me, thoughts of Christmas and all the fun of giving just make me perk up all over. But I can’t help worrying about those folks who think Christmas comes but once a year. The way my mother brought me up, it comes 365 days a year. Why, every day is Christmas—love and the spirit of giving make it so.
WHAT CHRISTMAS MEANS TO ME

(Continued from page 30) That was my first lesson in the meaning of Christmas—but only the first. A month later, my father called me behind the counter and pointed to a basket full of groceries.

"Jack, I want you to run an errand," he said. "Take this over to Mrs. Howerth.

"Shoving off my awareness of business methods, I asked, "Credit or cash?"

"Neither," he said. "Just give it to her."

"Christmas has passed," I said.

"No, Jack," he taught me, "charity is a year-round proposition."

Christmas, itself, he explained later, is not the one day of the year when we are kind and helpful. The day itself is but the reaffirmation in our belief of goodwill toward men. And he went on to talk about those three other words we hear so much this time of year, "peace on earth."

TODAY, as at no other period in my lifetime, I think people throughout the world desire peace. And this is the way my father explained it to me. "Peace is achieved through goodwill. One comes before the other. We cannot teach peace, but we can teach and practice goodwill. And when goodwill is universal, there can be no war."

I have tried to carry this spirit over in my own home, with my children and my wife, Margo. We live well outside New York City, an hour's ride, in an old converted farmhouse at Yorktown Heights. Our oldest daughter range from the age of Molly—three years old. In between are eight-year-old John and sweet sixteen Shirley.

It's the opinion of Margo and me that you just don't tell children what to do, you show them. You set an example. Our oldest daughter, Carol, during the past year, has been as much social work as school permitted. She was active in child guidance with the Henry Street Foundation, and also gave of her time to help youngsters at the New York Herald Tribune Fresh Air Camp. Now, I think Margo was a great inspiration to Carol. Margo has a good heart, a full heart, as do most other people. And Margo puts her goodwill into actual deeds. Throughout the year she is full of Yuletide spirit, working hard in the Twigs, an organization setup to aid local hospitals, not merely with fund raising but the making of bandages, repairing of sheets and various hospital supplies.

"It just isn't enough to be good," I've heard Margo tell the children. "You must do good. You must work at it, and when you do, others follow suit."

The great majority of people have an untapped greatness—and when I say greatness, I mean the ability to do the betterment of their fellow men. On my radio show we have many times given hundreds of thousands of Americans the opportunity to perform acts of goodwill, and each time they have responded. They sent two tons of Christmas cards to a leper home; they helped to build of a hospital for unwed mothers, supervised by the Salvation Army of Pittsburgh. They filled a warehouse fifty feet high, seventy-five feet wide and the length of a football field with clothing for the World Church Service. I tell my children of these things because I want them to know that the inhumanity in this world is overbalanced by humanity.

Year 'round my children contribute to the gift of a needy family we have adopted in Europe. They do this with money saved from their allowances and their earnings at chores. Money for gifts comes from the same source. I tell them, "If you yearn for it, you must earn for it."

"I've got nothing to give," little Molly cried.

"Sure you have," Johnny told her.

"But it's not as good as what you're giving."

"Everyone has something to give," Johnny said. "Get Dad to read you the poem."

It's a poem that has a lot to say, written and sent to me by a listener, Florence C. Phillips. I like it for my family for I don't want them ever to confuse giving with money and gifts. And this is the poem, titled, "Nothing to Give."

I have nothing to give,
The little old lady bowed her head,
But that night she sat
By a bright electric light.
She bathed a hot brow
And smoothed the cover.
She gave hours of rest
To a poor tired mother.

I have nothing to give,
Said a mother whose son
Had given his life.
That peace might be won.
But she visited his buddies
Still on hospital beds.
There were letters to write
And books to be read.
They laughed and joked
As games they played.
Life seemed a little brighter
With each visit she made.

I have nothing to give,
He was old and feeble, nor could he see,
But he loved the children
And they climbed on his knee.
With his eyes upturned and eyes all aglow,
He told them a story long, long ago,
When the hopes of the world were centered that day,
Round a bade in a manger, cradled in hay,
Who gave to the world neither silver nor gold.
But faith, hope and joy to those men of old.
The need is as great today as 'twas then,
For love and compassion in the hearts of men.

That's the poem I read to Molly, for I want Molly to look forward to the excitement of Christmas. It is a day that we try to make important and full of happiness, a celebration for all of the good things that have happened in the past year and that will come in the new.

In our home the holidays start on Christmas Eve, for the children get so much fun out of trimming the tree that we make it a family affair. Of course, no one would think of spoiling the excitement by opening a gift before morning.

So when the tree is decked out with bulbs and tinsel and ornaments, the children go upstairs to sleep.

The morning begins early—always a little too early for adults. I'm the first up at 5:00 A.M., for I have a small family custom to observe, that concerns a gilded bird that's been in the family for years. It's a small, inexpensive ornament, but when I was a youngster my parents always hid it somewhere on the tree. Before any gifts were opened, we always looked for the bird. Finding it signified that it would bring us a happy Christmas and, of course, we always found it.

After I have hung the bird for my children, I wake up Carol and she sneaks down the stairs with me in her pajamas. The others are still sleeping, their heads full of wonderful dreams.

Carol goes to the old Mason & Hamlin organ which we bought secondhand many years ago and had repaired. Christmas officially begins as she wakes the family to the strains of "God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen" and other Yuletide songs.

The children come running down the stairs then, and right behind them are my wife and mother. The youngster who first spots the bird gets the privilege of opening his gift first.

After the gifts are opened, I think the rest of our day is spent much as yours. In the morning we go off to a community church. This is a non-denominational gathering of all religious groups, and fittingly so for in our neighborhood people of all faiths live in peace and harmony the year 'round.

At dinner time we unfold the huge table that, too, once graced my father's home. Around this gathers the family and as many of our relatives and friends who can join us. In the afternoon we take the children to our neighborhood, where games are played and carols sung.

At the end of the day, the family is alone again. We sit around the tree, already reminiscing about what happened in the morning and afternoon. The children arrange their gifts in orderly piles under the tree, the tree itself shines brighter than ever. And we are all together, happy and contented. Then Carol goes to the organ and again softly plays the songs and carols of Christmas. It is almost as if she didn't want the day to pass.

But I see that the children are beginning to nod and I know that in another thirty minutes or so we'll all be going to bed. I then follow through on another family tradition, our Christmas toast. It is a little like a New Year's salute, to the future ahead but quite different in content. For us it is a solemn affair, a beautiful and sacred moment.

"The good must do more good," I say. "It is not enough to have intentions. Our duty is to exert ourselves to help others, to spread goodwill and thereby bring us to man's ultimate achievement, peace on earth. Let us pledge ourselves to accomplish this and work at it every day as we have in past years. For this is Christmas and this is what it means to me—the reaffirmation of our faith in man."
COME AND VISIT
JOHNNY AND PENNY
OLSEN

(Continued from page 46) the key in the front door, Lena raced past us as if she had always owned the place. She practically made herself a Welcoming Committee of One. We may still get a trifle homesick for Keepsake Kove, the little house in Stamford that a Radio-TV Mirror reader named for us in the contest last year. But not Lena. She discovered right away that Sunny Ridge has acres of woodland, all of it filled with fascinating new things. We never know what she will bring back or how she’ll come out in her encounters with deer and chipmunks, and possibly snakes. One of our very first informal callers was a skunk. Lena was all ready to give him a big welcome, but we noticed in time.”

LENA, a frisky, white, French hargis poodle, underscored Johnny’s remarks at that point by emerging from the nearby woods and tearing across the lawn, through the grape arbor and out under the fruit trees—apple, pear, peach, plum—and around the vegetable gardens. Her little pouf of upstanding tail was coated with burrs, and a long strand of weed was rakishly from one ear as she settled herself for a moment at Penny’s feet on the wide flagstone terrace at the western end of the house. Then she was off again, to investigate the goldfish pool beyond the terrace, which will soon be enlarged to make a swimming pool big enough for Olsens and company to float around in.

The shrubbery behind it will be cut down so that the lovely valley beyond can be better seen from the house, with the hills rising up across the other side.

Penny and Johnny found their new home quite by chance. Keepsake Kove had been mostly an experiment in country living and in commuting in and out of New York for the daily shows. The plan had been to start out in a small house in the country and retain their New York apartment for the days when commuting might be too difficult, but they found themselves going out more frequently to the house for rest and quiet. Finally they decided to make their permanent home away from the city’s noisy demands. This decision made a bigger house a necessity. There were all the heirlooms from Penny’s and Johnny’s respective families, and each needed a proper setting. Johnny had to have an office with room for files and typewriter and desk. There must be a place to put up guests, and extra baths for their comfort. The Olsens themselves wanted space to spread out comfortably and to get their roots down. They wanted some farm animals. They wanted to eat some things they had planted themselves, to pick fruit from their own trees, berries from their own vines.

Most houses they saw weren’t large enough to make moving worthwhile, or were too large for Penny to handle and still have time to work with Johnny on radio and television. Then one day a real estate man told them about this house in...
Greenwich, in the beautiful Yale Farms section, only thirty miles from the city. It was eight o'clock on the market, but he knew that the owners had been finding it too large for their needs and had said they would be willing to give it up to some other couple who would love it as they did. The Olsens looked at the house in January and by June they'd moved in. It was love at first sight.

The approach to the house is up a tree-shaded road they have privately re-named "Olsen's Lane." As you branch off to the driveway that leads to the fourteen acres of Sunny Ridge, your eye sweeps to the top where the house waits to welcome you. You pass a big garage built right into a rock outcropping and there the fine farm workshop it will be when Johnny gets through converting it and adding the rooms above. Past the old Wishing Well you follow a circular driveway to the front door, noticing the symmetrical pine tree that stands alone in the center of the grassy circle. As you drive up you get a glimpse of the big greenhouse out in back where Penny is raising carnations and other flowers and has plans for starting on orchids. (Johnny intends to turn part of it into a solarium for winter sun-bathing!)

Now you see the fine Norman house, made of fieldstone taken from the land on which it stands. The trim is white and brown, the roof is red-hand-made Italian tile. At one side is the awning-covered terrace, at the other the dining room and kitchen wing, and an extra bedroom, bath and sitting room suite, in addition to the master bedroom and its two baths.

The massive front door admits you through two stone arches, under antique lanterns. The huge two-story cathedral living room has the same fieldstone walls that make the outside of the house, giving the room great distinction. All woodwork, including the vaulted ceiling, is a satiny, pinky pine. "An easy house to keep clean," Penny says happily, "with so much stone and natural finish wood. We just turn the vacuum on it."

Everything about this house is big and beautiful, and the fireplace fits into that pattern. The fine wrought iron grate was a house present to Penny and Johnny from the former owners. Keepsakes and heirlooms, like the old wood spinning wheel that came over from Norway with Johnny's mother and had belonged to her great-grandmother, are in places in the Olsens' new home. The spinning wheel has a place of honor in the living room. The grandfather clock that belonged to the Penningtons of Minneapolis, the family into which Penny's sister married, stands in a corner of the hall that leads to the dining room. The love seat carved by the skilled hands of Penny's great-grandfather is on the balcony at the top of the stairs.

The master bedroom is on this floor too, newly furnished because the people who bought Keepsake Kove asked the Olsens to leave the early American furniture that suited the little house so perfectly. It's a lovely bedroom, done in gray, but when you see the grandeur of Penny's Hollywood dressing room and bath, you're too overwhelmed to notice much else. There's her sunken tub, almost big enough to swim in, entered by descending a curved tile stairway. The sun filters in through a curving glass brick wall. The tile walls in the rest of the room are gray with green trim.

By contrast, Johnny's red and white tile bath-dressing room seems quite ordinary, although it boasts an enclosed glass shower and a fine arrangement of wardrobe space. They both hasten to tell you that the baths are strictly pre-Olsen and such sumptuousness was never dreamed up by them.

On the second floor are guest room and bath and Johnny's big square office. Here the walls are all the same natural wood that is used throughout the house. On Johnny's television set stands the trophy presented by the Illinois State Fair to mark five years of successive personal appearances.

The house abounds with closets, delight of every housekeeper. There are two walk-in closets in the master bedroom, and there throughout the place there are secret panels in the woodwork that open to reveal extra storage space. The Olsens aren't sure they have discovered them all, and any day they expect to come upon some new place to cache their belongings.

At the back of the house, near the grape arbor, is the barbecue built right into a solid ridge of rock. Ridges like these are scattered around the grounds, making fine settings for Penny's rock gardening.

When the Olsens first moved in, the new neighbors had a welcoming party for them, and they have made some wonderful new friends there. But they're not the kind of friends, to forget the old ones. Folks like Mrs. Syska, for instance, from the old neighborhood, are still close to their hearts, and they still think she bakes the best apple pies ever. Only now Mrs. Syska's apples can be picked right from the trees of Sunny Ridge Farm, in such abundance that there aren't pies enough to hold them!

(Continued from page 47) Uncle Nick was the man who ran the Children's Hour on WMBC. I certainly had it good. I auditioned one Saturday morning and went right on the air for Uncle Nick a half-hour later! Then I began to get very serious about music. I was eleven, and for four years I had a weekly radio appearance. I still helped Pop in the store and went to school.

But when I was almost fifteen I thought my career was over. It was one of those adolescent tragedies which are funny to an adult but agonizing to a kid. The Saturday radio program was going on as usual. I was singing as usual. The song, which I will never forget, was "I'm Laughing." Well, I didn't laugh. My voice changed, and I was stuck in the middle of the song. I'd always wanted to be a tenor when I grew up, but after my voice adjusted itself I settled for the life of a baritone. As I got my voice back, my seriousness about music increased. When I was sixteen I added a paper route to my other duties, to finance my lessons in tap dancing, piano and voice at the Detroit Conservatory.

Mind you, from the time I was eleven until I was nineteen I never got paid for singing, except with experience. Finally I got two breaks. WXYZ, another Detroit station, started to give me three dollars a week carfare. Then they gave me, as a
All this time Ruth and I had been corresponding frantically. We usually wrote twice a day to each other. Of course there were long distance calls galore. Eventually our hopes got to the crystallization point. Gene started for the coast to make a picture and to fill an engagement at the Palladium in Hollywood. We played one-night stands all the way out and, miraculously enough, Salt Lake City was one.

Ruth and I had a few hours together in Salt Lake City, but five minutes would have been enough. We knew then that our interest in each other was permanent and that our love was real.

When I got back to New York with Krupa and the band three months later I made the big decision and sent for Ruth. It was Christmas week and I was singing at the Paramount with Krupa. We were doing seven shows a day—hardly time enough left for one to even think of getting married. But on the first of January, 1942—in between shows—we got a cab and a license. I just signed the license and dashed back for my next show.

Ruth and I were married in Yonkers, January 3rd, after the last show at the Paramount. We had planned on being married January 2nd, and told the reluctant Justice of the Peace that we would surely be in his study before midnight. The J. P. was cold about a midnight wedding, but he was even colder when we got there at 1:30 A.M. None of us knew where Yonkers was and we got lost several times. We rang the bell and the Justice came down. Ruth almost burst into tears. She told me later that she had never seen anyone so angry in her life. A very inauspicious beginning for a marriage, she thought. After that, for a good many months, we lived the typical orchestra man's life. And that was followed by a typical Army enlisted man's life.

Then, of course, for fifteen months Ruth and I were separated completely. That was during the time when I was in Europe with Glen Miller's band.

When the band got back to the States I felt I'd better look around. Ruth and I wanted to have a baby, and for that we needed money. I was discharged on November 23, 1945, and on November 24, I started on my first job. The Teen-Timers Saturday morning show on NBC, heard from coast to coast. On December 7th, I started a three weeks' run at the Strand Theatre in New York, and at the same time I got my first contract with a major record company. On the last day of my stay at the Strand, I was signed for the Philip Morris Frolics show which went on the air January 22, 1946. This was followed by scores of successful theatre, club and radio appearances.

Currently I have a very happy schedule with Don McNeill's Breakfast Club on ABC every morning five days a week and on Don McNeill's TV Club weekly as well. My "C'est Si Bon," "Picnic Song," "Just Say I Love Her" and other MGM Records have helped my career tremendously.

Ruth now finds herself quite busy at home with Diane and Patti, ages four and two, at our Chicago apartment. But her hand still plays an important part in my career, for Ruth and I still learn constantly from each other.

BE FASHION-WISE—
ACCENT YOUR EYES
WITH

Maybelline

EYE SHADOW • EYEBROW PENCIL • MASCARA

This is the fragrance of incomparable freshness...that makes you seem younger, lovelier to be near, every day.

Tweed Bouquet, Splash it on lavishly from head to toe. 3½ oz. $1.25
Tweed Toilet Essence, New idea in fragrance...longer lasting than toilet water, less costly than perfume. 2 oz., $2.50
Tweed Perfume, Your favorite fragrance in its most lasting form. ½ oz., $5.50
(all plus tax)
AUNT JENNY Once again Aunt Jenny has a story to tell about the Davies, when George, retiring at fifty-one, decides to enter politics, not realizing that he is merely being used by the corrupt incumbent party to keep a young, capable newcomer from becoming Mayor of Littleton. It is almost too late when George finally sees how to remedy his error. M-F, 12:15 P.M. EST, CBS.

BACKSTAGE WIFE Once again the schemes of wealthy Rupert Barlow escape exposure. Young Dora Dean, Hollywood starlet lying ill at the Noble home, tries to convince Mary and Larry that Rupert is bent on breaking up their marriage. Dora even offers proof, but because of her illness Mary and Larry conclude that she is merely delirious. Will Rupert's plan succeed? M-F, 4 P.M. EST, NBC.

BIG SISTER Understandably enough, Dr. John Wayne is resentful when young Dr. Philip Marlowe is named director of the Health Centre over his head. Unfortunately Marlowe is not the most tactful of men. But even John's wife, Ruth, is surprised and delighted when Marlowe pays sincere tribute to John's work. Will their professional respect lead to a friendly relationship? M-F, 1 P.M. EST, CBS.

HILLTOP HOUSE Is Julie Paterno, supervisor of Hilltop House, tackling too complex a job when she tries to straighten out the seething emotional battle over a talented child musician? Will the child be better off in the care of the millionaire patron of the arts who is prepared to finance his career, or should Julie use her influence to help the child's grandparents to retain his custody? M-F, 3 P.M. EST, CBS.

FRONT PAGE FARRELL A manicurist inherits a fortune—and almost at once reporter David Farrell is involved in "The Little Blue Hat Murder Case." A battle which begins when a hat-shop owner accuses the manicurist of being the wronged heir, ends when the hat-shop owner is killed. David and wife Sally become entangled in a dope racket before they solve the murder. M-F, 5:15 P.M. EST, NBC.

GUIDING LIGHT Bill Bauer decides that, in spite of his difficulties with Bertha, he does not want to divorce her for Gloria. And then Gloria, dramatically and without intending to, forces the issue. Meanwhile Meta also is in the position of having her hand forced by the insistent opposition of her new husband's teen-age daughter. Will Cathy ever become reconciled to Meta? M-F, 1:45 P.M. EST, CBS.

JUST PLAIN BILL The familiar mistake of a woman who devotes herself to her child to the exclusion of her husband—that is the situation Bill Davidson tries to straighten out when he gets his daughter Nancy to help him advise Elise Richards. Elise's husband Guy, lonely because of Elise's concentration on their daughter Marjorie, falls a prey to scheming Joy Allen. M-F, 5 P.M. EST, NBC.
**KING'S ROW** Rex Belsen is the sort of man who, having found a chance of making a little easy money, is not likely to let it go without a fight. Randy and Dr. Parris Mitchell will not find it easy to get Belsen out of their lives. However, Belsen, himself, is vulnerable because of the marriage to Rena which both of them tried to conceal. Will Rex allow himself to be blackmailed? M-F, 11:30 A.M. EST, NBC.

**LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL** The death of Colonel Bell, which brought Chichi’s friend Barry Markham into dreadful danger, is finally cleared up when Barry’s mother-in-law confesses her part in it. Acquitted of intent to murder, Mrs. Perry Potter Jones is touched by Barry’s forgiveness. Meanwhile, Dr. Markham is trying to sell his estate to be used as a clinic. M-F, 3 P.M. EST, NBC.

**LONE JOURNEY** Sydney MacKenzie finds herself frightened and alone, facing a problem that may have no decision—the problem of which of two men she really loves. Lansing’s reappearance, long after he was given up for dead, naturally reestablishes her as his wife. But what of Wolfe Bennet, who loves her? Is Lansing right when he insists that he always loved Wolfe? M-F, 11 A.M. EST, ABC.

**LORENZO JONES** It’s not the first time Lorenzo has promised to give up inventing and concentrate on his job at Jim Barker’s garage. Jim and Lorenzo’s wife, Belle, are more or less resigned when this promise, too, goes by the board as Lorenzo, after saving the life of a young girl, finds himself embroiled in a new project, developing luminous wax. Will this make his fortune? M-F, 5:30 P.M. EST, NBC.

**MA PERKINS** Is Spencer going to go willingly out of Fay’s life? It’s no longer hard for Fay to contemplate giving him up, for there are too many important matters on which they do not see eye to eye. Besides that, there is Tom Wells, and more and more Fay realizes that Tom is very important to her. But Spencer Grayson is a persuasive man. And he isn’t used to losing a fight. M-F, 1:15 P.M. EST, CBS.

**OUR GAL SUNDAY** Many years before Lord Henry Brinbrooke married her, Sunday knew and liked young Craig Norwood. But Craig’s presence now in Fairbrooke, where the Brinbrookes have their estate, has become embarrassing to Sunday, for Craig does not seem to realize that Sunday is in love with her husband. Will Craig leave before he causes real tragedy? M-F, 12:45 P.M. EST, CBS.

**PEPPER YOUNG’S FAMILY** Worried about Linda, Pepper wonders how he can convince her that her devotion to little Edie, the daughter of Edith and Andy, is reaching a point of danger to her own emotional stability. Then when Edith and Andy disappear during a storm, Linda is frightened when she realizes she has been hoping for some way to keep Edie with her. M-F, 3:30 P.M. EST, NBC.

---

**Amazing Lasting Lipstick Stays On—and On—and On!**

**STAYS ON YOU... NOT ON HIM!**

Now, Hazel Bishop No-Smear Lipstick lets you kiss... and keep your secret!

**Hazel Bishop**

**AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR**

**No-Smear Lipstick**

---

**Sensational No-Smear Lipstick Won’t Eat Out!**

**Won’t Bite Off! Won’t Kiss Off!**

This very day, start beautifying your lips with the fabulous new-kind-of lipstick everybody’s raving about! Hazel Bishop No-Smear Lipstick does not smudge off on cups, cigarettes, chin, teeth! Yet creams or washes off easily, when you want it to.

---

**Save Money, Too!**

Imagine, you put on Hazel Bishop No-Smear Lipstick only once or twice a day; for its luscious, long-lasting colors stay vividly beautiful all day or evening.

**GUARANTEE!** Do not accept imitations claiming to be “just like Hazel Bishop.” There aren’t any! Hazel Bishop No-Smear Lipstick won’t eat off—won’t bite off—won’t kiss off when properly applied; or your money back! At all cosmetic counters!
**Daytime diary**

**PERRY MASON** Marcel Blanc's plan for getting control of Dorry and her fortune is so good that by the time he has managed to imprison Dorry and her mother, May Grant, in a hotel room he can practically count his ill-gotten gains. But day by day Perry Mason approaches closer to a solution of the whole complex tangle through which Dorry's custody became so important. M-F, 2:15 P.M. EST, CBS.

**RIGHT TO HAPPINESS** Carolyn knows that she ought to be very happy, for Skippy is with her and she and Miles are married, and Miles' position as governor has brought him all the honor he worked for. But she does not realize that her vague uneasiness is well-founded because powerful Annette Thorpe has every intention of disrupting her relationship with Miles. M-F, 3:45 P.M. EST, NBC.

**ROAD OF LIFE** Because she is young, Jocelyn McLeod does not suffer the emotional doubts that afflict Dr. Jim Brent when he realizes that he is fighting his love for her. Jocelyn has no fear for the future. But Jim married once, and he doesn't have the faith and optimism that Jocelyn's youth provides her with. Would Jocelyn make an ideal stepmother for little Janey? M-F, 3:15 P.M. EST, NBC.

**ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT** Now that Molly Lou Mallory has become a child picture star, the plotting of her relations becomes clearer to Helen Trent and lawyer Gil Whitney. In possession of proof of Dorry's wrongdoing, Gil prevents Hadley from filing suit for Molly Lou's custody. The proof is stolen. Can Gil and Helen raise money to buy it back? M-F, 12:30 P.M. EST, CBS.

**ROSEMARY** Blanche Wheatherby's death may have ruffled for a while the lives of Rosemary and Bill Roberts, as Bill is held for Blanche's murder. In her efforts to help Bill, Rosemary's friend, Blondie, has made certain statements to the police which they can easily disprove with the help of some new evidence. But Blanche's father is not likely to stand by, while Blondie is in trouble. M-F, 11:45 A.M. EST, CBS.

**SECOND MRS. BURTON** Stan, after suffering a stroke, learns he must lead an invalid's life for some time. To preserve the family's independence Terry enters on a new career, designing for a Page Sandtry theatrical production. Terry doesn't know Bill is coming from the frying pan into the fire when she hires mysterious Mala Sinclair as Stan's nurse-companion. M-F, 2 P.M. EST, CBS.

**STELLA DALLAS** Stella and her daughter Laurel, after a harrowing period, are rescued by police from imprisonment in a mysterious house in the country. Stella knows that her friend Minnie Grady is still in deadly danger from the smooth-talking decorator, Ben Jasper. Now that she knows the extent of his ruthlessness she is fearful that he may not warn Minnie in time. M-F, 4:15 P.M. EST, NBC.

**STRANGE ROMANCE OF EVELYN WINTERS** As Evelyn's guardian, Gary Bennet feels justified in warning her against the friendship of Bruce Holliday. But Evelyn, in turn, is quite as concerned over Gary's hopeless affections for actress Cecily Lockwood. Even after he discovers that Cecily deceived him as to her marital status—Gary cannot cut himself off from her. M-F, 3:45 P.M. EST, ABC.

**THIS IS NORA DRAKE** Nora Drake never expected that her love for Dr. Robert Sargent would add to his troubles. But Robert's fourteen-year-old daughter Grace, afraid that Nora will prevent the reconciliation for between her divorced parents, becomes the deciding factor, when they learn she may not recover from injuries received in an auto accident. M-F, 2:30 P.M. EST, CBS.

**WENDY WARREN** What kind of future lies ahead for Wendy and Mark Douglas, with the knowledge of Mark's European marriage to Roseanna keeping them apart? Is Roseanna really the lonely young refugee she appears to be? Or is there a reason apart from her marriage that brings her to America? Mark finds relief from his emotional dilemma in his playwriting. M-F, 12 Noon EST, CBS.

**WHEN A GIRL MARRIES** All of Joan Davis's married life has been marred by the interference of her mother, who at first disapproved of Joan's marriage. Lately, however, Harry's success leads Mrs. Field to the decision that he is worth expert guidance—hers. Will Joan suffer a lifetime of self-reproach for the last quarrel she and her mother ever have? M-F, 11:15 AM EST, ABC.

**WOMAN IN MY HOUSE** Day by day Mr. and Mrs. James Carter learn the lessons of raising their children's lives. Jeff, the oldest, has won his right to an individual life, and even Virginia now makes important decisions without consulting him. But what of Sandy, whose young husband has only grudgingly accepted the Carters' wedding gift of a house? M-F, 4:45 P.M. EST, NBC.

**YOUNG DR. MALONE** Mary Browne is probably making the biggest mistake of her young life when she attacks Lucia Standish. Now that she knows how to hurt both Mary and Jerry, Lucia is not likely to change. Jerry hire an assistant for his law practice to assist in the trial of Oakes, Anne Malone and Sam Williams try to cushion the blow for Crystal when her marriage to Sam's son Gene falls apart. M-F, 1:30 P.M. EST, CBS.

**YOUNG WIDDER BROWN** Who is Dr. Jonathan Luther—and why is Myra Bishop so eager to have him established in Dr. Anthony Loring's place at the hospital? Is Luther entitled to the "Dr."

---

**FOR FIRST AID for COOL MISERY Your BEST FRIEND is a glass of Sparkling, Refreshing**

**Alka-Seltzer**

**BRAND**

**Dependable Relief for**

ACHES + PAIN
FEVERISH MISERY
EFFECTIVE GARGLE

**AT ALL DRUG STORES in U. S. and CANADA**

**High School Course at Home**

Many Finish in 2 Years

Get as much as you can and as fast as you can. Experience to real school work improves not only grades but efficiency, finish your work promptly. All work must be correct. No credit allowed for work not finished and corrected. Enroll today so you may attend classes. Request for Free booklet.

American School, Dept. 1050, Brooklyn 9, N.Y.

**EVEREST & JENNINGS WHEEL CHAIRS for Smoothest Performance**

Special 8" Castor Universal

Outdoors or in, Everest & Jennings Wheel Chairs handle with ease! They fold for travel, work or play. Attractive, light and strong. All welded joints, Folds to 10 inches.

**See your dealer or write for catalog**

**EVEREST & JENNINGS**

761 N. Highland Ave., Los Angeles 38, Calif.
KUKLAPOLITAN

(Continued from page 44) know what I ever did to deserve it?" She started primping like mad. "My goodness, I hope I didn't look like this when I met with the committee."

My patience was getting short. "What committee?" I asked.

Buelah smirked. "That nice State Street Council committee. The one on Christmas decorations. They've asked me to assist."

This was Buelah's moment and she made the most of it. Well, it seems last year they had a little trouble hanging the evergreen garlands across the street. Stretching wires and dodging cars was quite a nuisance. I just offered to enlist the girls from Witch Normal. We'll just fly back and forth across the street, two girls to a gardan, using our regular freight brooms. Easy. Easy as pie."

Going over to the piano where he'd set his typewriter, Ollie stared out into space. Then he began writing fast, his tooth flashing over the keys. Finishing, he asked for a stamp and an envelope, addressed it and hurried to the mail chute. It was just two weeks later when who should arrive in the studio but our boss's brother, Dick Tillstrom, his wife, Miriam, and their family. They owned all the way from Grand Rapids, Michigan.

A visit from them is always an occasion, for there's a close bond of affection between all members of the Tillstrom family, and we Kuklapolitans are just wild about the kids. We all clustered around remarking that Susan, now thirteen, is turning into quite a young lady, and that Richie, nine, is wiry, quick, and into everything. The big thrill, however, came when Miriam set fifteen-month-old Bevan down on the floor and Bevan stood up all by herself. Dick shook hands all around, but he kept his coat on. Turning to Burr, he said, "Well, I got it. It's out on the car."

Frankly puzzled, Burr looked at him blankly. "You've got what?"

It was Dick's turn to stare. "Why, the Christmas tree. You asked for it."

Ollie interrupted. Thrusting his head between the two brothers, he winked.

Dick caught on first. "Oh, so it was you, Ollie. I might have known that wasn't Burr's typing. Bad as he is, he at least doesn't shift back and forth between the red and black ribbon."

Burr was horrified. "Ollie, you didn't! Well, obviously you did. Let's have it."

Mr. Dragon obliged. "I've heard your father tell how, when he was a little boy and Michigan was big timber country, he used to go out into the woods around Benton Harbor, cut his own Christmas tree and bring it home through the snow. My folks did the same thing in Dragon Retreat, Vermont. So I thought it would be nice if this year . . . well, it's here."

From the look on the faces of the two brothers, I knew Ollie was forgiven. I also had the feeling that everyone was thinking things which were difficult to put into words. Things about the love members of a family hold for each other, love which increases with separation, and how Christ-

Timely Tips by Little Lulu

HOW DO YOU SCORE ON THESE HELPFUL WAYS TO SAVE?

To remove grease from soup, try—

☐ Lettuce  ☐ A fan

Skim grease off soup by dousing lettuce leaf with cold water, then pass leaf over soup surface. To skim through kitchen chores, use Kleenex. It's a grease getter! Grand for "mop-ups." Only Kleenex has that handy Serv-a-Tissue box!

Which makes hemming easier?

☐ Needlework  ☐ Bobby pins

Why bother bastin'? Fold hem to right length and fasten with bobby pins, every few inches. Saves work; time. Like Kleenex—the handy tissue with a "zillion" uses. Gentle, pure, you won't find any weak spots or hard particles in Kleenex.

Kleenex ends waste—saves money...

1. INSTEAD OF MANY

2. YOU GET JUST ONE...

3. AND, SAVE WITH KLEENEX

Get several boxes when you buy—You'll always have a good supply

OLD LEG TROUBLE

Easily to use Viscose application. Heals many old leg sores caused by leg congestion, varicose veins, swollen legs and injuries or no cost for trial as it fails to show results in 10 days. Describe your trouble and get a FREE BOOK.

R. G. VISCOS COMPANY
140 North Dearborn Street, Chicago 2, Illinois

SILK FINISH ENLARGEMENTS

$2.99

$5.99

GOLD TOOLEO FRAMES

Check size and color of frame.

Box 1012  Ivory and Gold

Box 1013  Cream and Gold

Box 1014  Cream and Silver

Box 1015  Ivory and Silver

FREE BROCHURE with complete information. FREE samples. Free shipping. Guaranteed. Made in U.S.A. ORIG. PLUS 30%.

HOLLYWOOD FILM STUDIOS

PSORIASIS

Sporobias SLEPAREDS has everyone talked to bring even temporary relief from scales, lesions and itching? Turn today for FREE important information. You needn't invest a cent.

PITASCOL, Dept. 1, Box 1097, Cleveland, Ohio

Wanta a Government Job?

START AS HIGH AS $3,450.00 YEAR

THOUSANDS APPOINTMENTS BEING MADE. 32-PAGE "GOVERNMENT OPPORTUNITIES" BROCHURE FREE. 32-PAGE "TROUBLE SHOOTER'S" BROCHURE FREE. MAIL COUPON TODAY.

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE
15 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.

EARN UP TO $75 A WEEK

Learn at Home to Be a Trained PRACTICAL NURSE

Be happy—make friends—be a Practical Nurse! Over 400,000 jobs in clinics, hospitals, sanitariums, doctors' offices, private duty. Pay up to $75 a week in many areas. C.G.S. trains you at home in spare time. Earn while training. Valuable nurse's outfit included. Terms. Men, women, 17 to 60: Mail coupon for free details!

GLENWOOD CAREER SCHOOLS
7050 Glenwood Ave., Chicago 26 
Name... Address...
City... Age...

DEPT. 9

$1

NO PRESCRIPTION NEEDED

YOU'LL SLEEP BETTER TONIGHT—OR YOUR MONEY BACK!

CONTAINS NO NARCOTICS FOR CONVIVIAL SLEEP

DEPT. 9, HARRISON PRODUCTS INC., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.
We all exclaimed over it, but Ollie was positively goggled eyed. I was afraid an attack of his old trouble would leave all of us without a taste.

"Held it on her lap all the way," her father told her drily. "You'd have thought it was the crown jewels."

"Crown jewels," said Beulah, suddenly alert. "That reminds me, where are the Christmas tree lights?"

We all swarmed around, one saying, "Give me some tinsel," and another, "Give me the bells." I thought for a minute we'd have more people than ornaments, but it turned out there was something for each of us to put on the tree. Archie, in a flash of inspiration, had even remembered to bring a box of candy canes for the littlest girls to hang on the lowest branches. Colonel Cracky completed the theme by rummaging deep into a box and finding a spray of mistletoe.

At last all was finished, and as Beulah flew up to fix the Christmas star in place on the topmost branch, Burr suggested, "Let's turn off all the lamps."

We rushed for places on sofas and on the floor. One by one the lamps were snapped off, until only the glow of the Yule log remained, burning steadily and strong.

Then Burr, in the hand of Fran's mother and led her to the tree. "Will you turn on our Christmas lights, Nan? And make our Christmas wish?"

Nan's voice came gentle and quiet. "It's a Christmas prayer. From the First Christmas. A prayer for peace on earth, goodwill toward men."

She touched the switch. Our lights blazed on. Dazzling bright against the dark pine. At the top shone our white star of peace and hope.

Ollie broke the silence with a loud clearing of his throat. "Dr," he said, addressing Burr's father, "since you and I started this, so to speak, how about telling us the story of how you used to go out to the forest to chop down your own tree?"

I certainly will," said Dr. Tillstrom, "and here's what I'll do. I'll start with the story if the children will all speak their Christmas pieces."

You never heard such a program. Richie had a poem, tiny Toni danced to the "March of the Toys," and her father Jack recited Robert Louis Stevenson's "The Soda Water.""Cran," said Susan in a saxophone and clarinet duet. Some one called for carols.

Jack bowed toward Burr's mother. "That's where another pianist takes precedence."

A little flustered, Alice protested, "Oh my, no. Tonight I'll just listen."

Dr. Tillstrom settled into his rising and bowing in his courtly manner and offering his arm. He conducted her to the piano. It seemed right, somehow, that Jack should play for the program, but that Alice should lead in the carols when we were together, just a big family.

We sang them all, from "Joy to the World," to "Over the Hills and Far Away," to "Oh, Holy Night," and as the little girls, nodding sleepy eyes on the sofas, reminded us even such an evening as this must end, Fran said what we all had in our hearts, "We're not having two Christmases this year, we're having Christmas, for it's more than just a holiday or presents. Christmas is our love for God and for one another."
MY HUSBAND, BUD

(Continued from page 33) your idea over to this or that station, if I were you, they use spots like that." One way or another, he'll do something about it, something practical. You would buy Collyer for bread and get a stone, and that's for sure.

When Bud and I first met we were working together on the Road of Life serial, on which he was the announcer and I played the lead. We'd worked together for some years, as a matter of fact, before we had anything more than a professional relationship. I thought of Bud merely as an awfully nice man, but no more.

Time passed. One morning I came into the studio with a problem that was, visibly, upsetting me. Shortly before noon, Bud came over to me and asked if I would have lunch with him. This was the first invitation from him and I accepted, but not without making a mental reservation. Everyone in the place took their troubles to Bud—he used to be a lawyer—and for some silly reason, I didn't want to be one of them. As I was putting on my hat and my lipstick (with more than customary care—I wonder why?) I was telling myself: If Bud Collyer thinks I'm going to cry on his shoulder, tell him my troubles, he'll think I'm a crybaby.

It was one of the funniest first dates a girl ever had. Bud is as gay a guy as ever lived, but this day he just sat there, pushing his food around his plate, saying very little, looking so grave that I thought, What's the matter with that boy? True to my resolve I hadn't told him my troubles, hadn't cried on his shoulder, not a whisper. What aided him? Then, on the way back to the studio, Mr. Sobersides Collyer said soberly: "Well, that was fun—let's do it again next Monday."

"Well, all right," I said, a little dubiously, trying not to laugh in his face. I was thinking: "Fun? What was fun about it?"

Perhaps we were beginning to fall in love that day, on that first date . . . who knows? Who ever knows the hour, the moment? We did it again next Monday. And the Monday after that. And then one night we were having dinner at the Richelieu and right in the middle of taking a bite, Bud leaned across the table and said to me, "I love you!"

I said "I know that." And so we were married and have lived happily ever after.

There are three children, Patricia, thirteen, Cynthia, eleven, Michael, nine, all three little Collyers (Bud's by a former marriage). And Michael such a spitting image of Bud.

The children are the love of Bud's life. Some men have hobbies—golf, tennis, breeding dogs, or horses. The children are Bud's hobby—his own children and everyone else's. My mother says she has never known a father like him. "A man that's that much of a father."

His love of his children is best proved by his interest in everything that concerns them. As the children develop interests and talents (Pat takes to the piano like a duck to water; Cynthia has a free hand with drawing, and Michael with his magic shows!) Bud is right in there with them, stimulating, encouraging.

On Sundays, Bud gets up at about 8:30 and after an enormous breakfast (his biggest meal is breakfast, and I do mean big!) he goes to Sunday school with the children and stays for church. Then they come home and we have a big Sunday dinner. After dinner, Bud takes a nap. Sometimes the kids and I do likewise. Then we get up and Bud plays soft-ball with the kids. Or croquet. Or ping-pong. Our front hall looks like one of the better-stocked sporting goods stores.

The things with which Bud crowds his life, without seeming to crowd at all—the way he manages to "beat the clock"—is, to me, a minor miracle, a kind of one-man victory over time and space. As NBC audiences know, he emcees the Monday-through-Friday half-hour radio show. Break the Bank. And is host, with Bert Parks, on the television version each Wednesday night at ten. Five times a week he does the Guiding Light show on radio. Likewise five times a week, he announces on Right To Happiness. Every other Friday night he's on Say It With Acting, with Maggie McNellis. And on Saturday night, he does the CBS-TV Beat The Clock show.

I've worked in radio for a long time, and I love to work, Bud likes for me to work, too. because when I do my disposition is, he says, "Divine." It probably is. Work just makes me alive . . . I do shows like True Story, Rogues' Gallery, and Living 1951, and, an Oliver Twist in skirts, I want more!

But much as I love work, and intend to work whenever possible, I couldn't take Bud's schedule. But Bud takes it. He takes it in stride, with good humor and with zest.

Bud has a never-failing thoughtfulness—always that phone call so you're never left to wonder, to doubt . . . This, to me, is one of the most romantic things. Because it shows me that I am in his thoughts, all the time. And the trip to Europe we took last summer, to Paris, to London. Bud needed a rest desperately, should have chosen a place just to sleep, but because he didn't feel it would be fair to me, we went to Europe. Just the two of us. Our realist honeymoon . . .

And the flower-sending—so much flower-sending (which I've had to put a stop to it. As I recently said of our fairy-tale castle (that is for sale). "This is for people who cut coupons, not for people living on earned income. Let's sell and buy another, and smaller place, here in Greenwich." And Bud agreed.

If I could find one fault with Bud, one flaw, it would add realism, wouldn't it, to this hagiography? Well, I got a gosh, picture me trying, chewing the pencil, scratching my head . . . The top of his dresser irritates me, why? Because it's a real litter.

And there is the shower—this could be a sore point. When Bud gets home, he takes his shower first thing. I swear it takes him two hours!"

Also, when Bud is at home, he doesn't want to be bored by time; none of this dinner-at-eight, be here, be there routine. It makes it difficult to run a household, but this is no fault—dear Lord, the guy is entitled to it, because this is somebody who's too good to be true.

Dangers of Colon Troubles

FREE BOOK—Explains Related Chronic Ailments

Learn about Colon troubles, Stomach conditions, Piles and other rectal conditions. Causes, effects and treatment, 16-page booklet sent FREE. McCleary Clinic and Hospital, 1223 Elms Blvd., Excelsior Springs, Mo.
GODFREY'S TIN PAN ALLEY

(Continued from page 39) twins Robert and Laura, live on Long Island, but when the music sheets are folded up, he'll talk aboard Coral Beach Courts near Tampa, Florida, where he and his brother-in-law rent fourteen beach cottages, and where a tired whistler player can retire some day.

Chubby trombonist Sy Shaffer was torn between two loves, music and travel. He could drive his father's truck about the country or could stay put in a local dance band in Newark. He decided on music and hit both jackpots, Bob Chester picked him up when he was sixteen, and his subsequent junkets with Carmen Cavallero, Benny Goodman, Vincent Lopez, and Raymond Scott covered all forty-eight states, provinces of Canada, and chunks of Mexico. After joining the CBS band, Sy discovered the only land he wanted to see was the patch he landscaped around his door. Away from his rock garden, Sy and his wife collect records of Dorsey and Dixieland, cheer for the Dodgers, talk to and about ten-month-old daughter Lynne Iris, and help fund drives for the North Shore Hospital.

Bass massager Gene Traxler is a neighbor of Johnny Mince, and they meet every morning at the Star Diner to flip a coin which decides whose car they'll use to plunge into city traffic. Gene, a motorboat fan, would much rather zoom down the Sound in his twenty-six-foot "Ad Lib," but there's no dock convenient to the studio. Gene's father is music teacher in Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, and music was always Gene's ambition although he filled in working for the meat market and on the railroad. He studied diligently and within two years of graduation from high school was playing with Tommy Dorsey. He was with Dorsey five years, and also played with the Benny Goodman band, before coming to CBS. He collects Duke Ellington records, plays church music, organizes home barbecues and has his own family combo, with sixteen-year-old Ronald, eight-year-old Judy and wife Thelma—all musicians, and all good enough so the neighbors don't complain.

Organist Lee Erwin's early musical ambition was aimed toward gong ringing as a streetcar motorman in Huntsville, Alabama. But at age seven he discovered the keyboard, and lost all Desire named Streetcar. His versatile organ-stylings stem from study at the Cincinnati Conservatory, two years of instruction abroad, and many Sabbath hours at practically every church console in Cincinnati. For eleven years he phrased the mood settings on the poetic "Moon River" broadcasts. He wrote "The Mariner's Song" and "Hello, Sunshine," and recently, when Arthur made a chance remark that Navy fliers needed a song, Lee wrote "Mighty Navy Wings," arranged it and had it all set for the band to play the next day. Off the bench, bachelor Erwin has logged five hundred flying hours, and sails his twenty-six-foot sloop to and from his house on Water Island.

Guitarist Remo Palmieri was all set to be a commercial artist until he picked up the guitar as a hobby when eleven. He continued without any lessons, but with such an aptitude that he picked up a job in Kelly's Stables, and after two years was playing with famed Coleman Hawkins. He played with Red Norvo and the Mildred Bailey Show, and actually his lack of formal training made him an ideal choice for the Godfrey show, when they needed a man who didn't depend on music but could follow Godfrey's whims. Not using printed music was practically a specialty of Remo's and he proved to be a natural. His wife Margery was a band vocalist and they have twin girls five years old. Remo paints for a hobby, but most of his time is devoted to studying music for the formal training and background he has grown to appreciate as a true, ad lib artist.

Archie Bleyer calls the group the most compatible musicians he's ever known, and they in turn seem to enjoy working with Jan Davis, Frank Parker, Marion Marlowe, the Mariners and the Chordettes. Personally I find working with these musicians quite a treat. It was through music that I got my start, as a bass with the New York Operatic Guild and with singing roles in "White Horse Inn" and "Virginia." And since I've been talking about other men's children, I've got to get a word in about my nine-year-old Lynda. The fact is, she's now playing the flute and getting to be pretty good. In another year I think I'll get her into the band. Then I could retire on her pay, and she'd have a wonderful time with just about the greatest band of the land in Godfrey's Tin Pan Alley!

Listen to

Hollywood Love Story

* * * *

Every Saturday morning, 11 A.M. EST, NBC
OUT of such observation comes my firm conviction that when I compare today's crop with their predecessors whom I have watched during more than a quarter of a century as an entertainer, I'm ready to say that this present generation is the sharpest, quickest, smartest, greatest, loveliest race of people who have ever been on this earth.

Notice please, that I referred to them as a “race of people.” I meant just what I said. These kids bear little resemblance to their parents or teachers. This generation is different in every way.

They make me wonder if we haven’t reached a new stage in our evolution as better human beings. Again the time has come for the world to turn. The Power which decrees the fate of the universe has dictated there should be a change.

That may sound a bit mystic, but although the cause may be difficult to perceive, the effect is obvious. I saw the raucous days of the “Twenties” when they were followed by the despair and sentimentalism of the “Thirties” when music got so sweet you couldn’t stand it and a lot of people got equally sticky in the head and emboiled themselves in asserted and subsequently embarrassing world-saving theories. The “Forties” grew noisy again with minds as well as music to the fast-paced, monotonous repetition of hop. These kids of the “Fifties” have a new attitude, and it shows in their living as well as in their music.

The thing which impresses me the most is their absolute clear-headedness. They’re more honest than any preceding generation. They have no time for that system of manners and morals which revolves around the practice of saying yes when you mean perhaps and perhaps when you mean no. To these kids, a thing is great, or it stinks, and they say so from the very beginning.

Throughly logical, I expect these kids, as they grow up, to strip away a lot of the sham which has fuzzed up the world, for I’ve noticed they have a way of looking right through a person and finding out what he stands for. Race, color and creed don’t mean a thing to them. They know we’ve been wrong in our stupid discriminations. They by-pass all that junk and base their judgment on the worth of the individual. Their motto is “Prove it.”

In music, they have as a part of their very being, knowledge such as no other generation has ever possessed. These are the kids who were lullabied by radio and they’ve heard every brand of music in the world. Their wide scope already is having a considerable effect on the entertainment business. You’ve noticed, I’m sure, the great many revivals of old tunes, and I want to tell you that it’s the kids, rather than the publishers who have brought these back. These kids don’t care where, how or when a piece originally was introduced, but they do know if they like it, and most musicians will agree that they’re choosing songs which are fundamentally good.

In performance, too, we’re seeing remarkable evidence of this wide knowledge. Let me illustrate: Not too many years ago, if a symphony conductor got the idea he wanted a French horn in the orchestra, he found it difficult to discover an American musician with sufficient skill to play it acceptably. French horn players came from France. Today, in virtually any major high school, you’re likely to find at least one kid who can play French horn.

Gifted as these kids are, one criticism often leveled against them has some validity. All of us who work with them have to admit that in acquiring this omnibus of knowledge sometimes they skip lightly over the more boring fundamentals. A girl may give you a considered opinion of the work of Plato, but she can’t spell, a boy who can comprehend the atomic theory may make errors when called on to add or subtract.

Enthusiastic as I may be about this young generation, I’ll have to admit I’ve sometimes found that complaint to be true. But I’ve noticed another thing about them which counters it. Let a kid once discover the need of such things, and he’ll get back and start digging. Having surveyed the many fields, he will study zealously to acquire the tools which he’ll need in the particular occupation in which he intends to specialize.

A T THIS point, I believe I should make it clear that I’m talking here about other people’s kids, not my own. Where young Wayne and Penny are concerned, I’ll confess I’m in the same spot as any other parent. I think they’re wonderful, it is true, but I can’t analyze them because I love them too much. Emotion gets in the way of intellect. And it’s as well, for I don’t think any parent has a right to try to analyze his own youngsters. We’re too close to have any perspective.

Amazing, confusing and inspiring as our own kids can be, I think the best any of us parents can do is love them, guide them. Through all this trying to try to analyze them honest, even when that honesty jolts us.

Let those who mouth the old doomsday words, “What are the kids coming to?” take a second look. I don’t know what we’ve ever done to deserve them, but I am sure that today’s youngsters are the quickest, smartest, loveliest race of people we’ve ever had on this earth.
I waited at the window, my hand half raised, ready to wave to Stan when he turned at the corner to look back. It was ritual, and I stood there only half conscious of what I was doing, my mind busy with other things—the sharpness of the December wind and the slow, un-youthful movements with which Stan had put on his coat, moved off down the path. His shoulders didn’t even look like his, from the back; their sagging breadth might have belonged to a much older man.

I blinked awake. He was gone—had turned the corner and disappeared, too preoccupied even to remember the ritual farewell. "Poor Stan!" I thought for the hundredth time, as I moved away from the window with a sigh. "And what’s the good of my thinking ‘poor Stan’? If only I could help!" Then, as always, I smiled ruefully to myself. How many housewives, at how many different times in their lives, said those same futile words over to themselves, knowing the answer? There was no way I could help, in the sense of helping to pay the bills. Staying
Terry was armed for battle at the dinner table that night, but to her surprise, Mother Burton put herself out to be as delightful as she knew how and they had their first really happy family dinner in days.

WORK OUT," SAID TERRY, BUT SHE DIDN'T REALLY BELIEVE IT

cheerful, managing to feed Brad and Wendy and the two of us so that the slow, downward slide of our income wasn't too depressing apparently on the family table... wasn't that just about all I was fit to do? And if Stan continued to work himself up about the store, forcing himself and out at practically the crack of dawn, maybe I wouldn't even be able to manage cheerfulness. At least... I looked longingly at the still primly-set breakfast table, where Stan had disturbed his place only to the extent of swallowing a cup of black coffee... at least not till I had some toast and a second cup of coffee.

I was about to pour it out when a clatter preceded Brad into the kitchen. "Just milk, Mom," he said loudly, and then hushed himself to add, "Oh, sorry, Wendy still asleep?"

"She woke early, so I put her back in her crib with a bottle of orange juice. I have to take my holidays when I can," I said, smiling. There. That was cheerful, surely?

But Brad only looked suddenly sober. "Gee, Mom, you and Dad sure look tired these days. I wish you could have a holiday. Why don't we all go—" He flushed and gulped his milk. "I guess I know the answer to that one. Some dope."

"Oh, it's not all that bad, Brad, really. I don't want you worrying about it. Dad's a little over-anxious about things this season, that's all. After all, the Burton store has been here in Dickston for—how many years? I forget." Busy fixing Brad's eggs, I kept my face turned away. But I knew from his tone that he wasn't much reassured.

"Oh, a thousand, I guess." He came up and put his arm around me. "Gee, Mom, I wish—"

"Just wish these down and get to school on time, dear. That's your business at the moment." Sitting down at last to my own toast, the sight of a forkful of scrambled

Second Mrs. Burton is heard Monday through Friday at 2 P.M. EST over CBS. The program is sponsored by General Foods.
eggs on their way to Brad's mouth suddenly made me burst into honest laughter. Brad looked at me, startled.

"It's the eggs," I explained, still giggling. "The first thing you said was that you wanted just milk this morning, and I calmly proceeded to cook you some eggs—and you're just as calmly eating them!"

Brad was laughing with me now. "Real sharp, this family! Right on the ball. Say—" he sobered again. "Where's Dad? Not gone already?"

I nodded.

"Too bad," Brad said. "He hasn't cracked a smile since New Year's, seems like." He drank another glass of milk. demolished four paper napkins, and stood up. "See you out—three, if they don't call our way basketball practice. Take care!" I followed him out to the hall and helped him on with his corduroy jacket; it was just an excuse to give him an extra hug, and he knew it, for he hugged me back and rubbed his warm young cheek against mine. It was then that I noticed no protruberance in his jacket pocket.

"Brad—where's your pen?"

He looked downward guiltily. "Oh—it's gone."

"You mean you lost it? Oh, Brad—"

"No, it broke, Mom. Couple of weeks ago. The guy near school wanted four bucks to fix it, so I—I just got myself one from the five and dime. It'll last me through the term, I guess, but it's not much to look at. I keep it in the other pocket, but gave me another quick hug and ran out, before I could ask any more questions.

I was glad to see him go. There was no point in dramatizing the thing; it wasn't so dreadful for a teen-age boy to be using a pen from the "five-and-dime." That wasn't what made me march into the living room, glare at it furiously. What mattered was that Brad should be so upset about Stan's money worries that—though he was generally the most forlorn, outspoken youngster in town—he had deliberately concealed the fact that he needed a new pen.

It was a shame that Brad should be so bothered; he ought to be able to keep his mind on nothing but school and games and exams. Time enough, later on, for adult worries...

I told myself wryly, "Remember—all you can do is be cheerful. Well, be cheerful, darn it!" But to my own disgust I was close to tears of self-pity. If Wendy hadn't begun babbling, upstairs, I might have sat there in the hateful chair and cried all over it. I sighed and started upstairs to Wendy. "Terry, cut it out!"

I told myself sharply. "You have Stan and Wendy and Brad and you're still eating and by golly you're all going to get through this pinch with flying colors! This is no way to help Stan! And what his mother would expect of me," I finished, aloud. My spirits rose again.

I thought later that it was nice I'd had that spurt of optimism in the middle of the morning. When Stan called me in the afternoon, I really was able to project something our courage as I said hello. That was something—particularly since, when I heard his news, all the fight went out of me. I was temporarily not only deflated, but speechless. Stan said impatiently, "Terry, did you hear me?"

"I heard, but I was hoping we had a bad connection."

"No such luck. I've got the telegram right here. If something didn't hold them up, Mother and Louise are on their way East right now."

"Nothing will hold them up, Stan. What—what do we do now, dear?"

Stan said drearily, "Oh—meet the train, I guess. Get them a couple of rooms at the Dickson Apartments. Put up with their whinings and foibles. It'll be nice to see Mother again all at this time."

"Of course," I put in hastily. "But Stan—"

"And I suppose even my dear sister Louise will have a bargain soon now she's going to be back. There was some confused murmuring in the background, and Stan said, "Got to go now. Terry. Jane's all tied up with Mrs. Thrope and that Paris-copy evening dress."

"Good luck," I said automatically. "But Stan—it's your family. I braced myself. "They've got to stay with us."

"Goodbye, I've got to go," Stan said. Then his voice came back strongly. "Oh, that's swell, Terry—I was hoping you'd say that. Not if it's too much trouble."

"Heavens, it's not too much trouble," I said grimly. After I'd hung up I leaned against the wall for a while, staring down at the phone. Trouble. If it didn't take a man on the take for trouble like that. Trouble indeed. Mother Burton had been nothing but trouble for me since the beginning of my marriage to Stan. She had never actually caused any between us, but sometimes I felt I couldn't forgive her for what she had, unconsciously of course, done to Stan. Why, the very trouble he was in now at the store—everyone went through lean periods between the fat ones, but Stan felt as though the debts that were towering up were about to fall on the
head. He was frightened, and often I wondered if that wasn't because he was, indirectly, frightened of his mother's cen-
sure if she should ever find out. She never had thought much of his business sense. 
She said, often and outright, that he hadn't any; she considered that a com-
pliment, not an insult, for to her it was obvious that Stan had been meant for other,
better things than storekeeping and domesticity in Dickson.

And now, with Stan already nervous and uncertain, and with our finances in such a state that extra people would be a real burden, she and Louise were practically with us. Well—to work, I told myself with a sigh. Clean the downstairs guest room—the only one we boasted. Put the best spreads on the—forunately—very comfortable beds. Check the desk, be sure the lamps work, bring down the bold chair from my own bedroom and take away the old ladderback that wouldn't be Mother Burton's idea of a hospitable place to sit—and all the time try to ignore the faded wallpaper about which nothing could be done. Try to forget that the beds were off-center because one of them was strategically placed over a big ink stain that had never cleaned out of the carpet.

Only two trains a day stop in Dickson. It's the measure of Stan's relationship with his mother that two days later he was down there with me, blowing and stamping in the stove-heated station, wait-
ing for the afternoon train.

But they weren't on the train.

"Confound it!" Stan said irritably, "This was the only one they could possibly have been on! Here's a whole afternoon wasted. Why couldn't they wire if they were delayed?"

Since I privately felt the same way about their indefiniteness, we drove most of the way home in silence. As he pulled into the garage Stan said, "Terry, I didn't mention this before, but Mother—you know how she is about the store, and me. She'd worry a lot if she thought we weren't getting along so well . . ."

"Stan! You don't think I'd discuss anything like this with your mother? This is our business, dear." I put my hand on Stan's. "Don't worry, darling. It'll all clear itself up.

To my dismay, Stan bent and rested his dark head on his hands on the wheel. "Oh, Terry, I wish I believed that. I feel like such a failure about all this—"

"No," I pulled his head back against my shoulder and kissed his warm fore-

"My dear, we flew, naturally," Mother Burton said. "That train trip—so tedious! Louise couldn't face it and no more could I! Flying is the only possible way to travel nowadays!"

"Oh," Stan's face went cold, and I had an instant conviction that he was making swift calculation as to how much more it had cost them to fly. But he rallied at once. "Luggage, luggage—anybody got any luggage they wanted me to—lug?"

He glanced around the hall, but it was empty.

Louise waved a hand. "All done. darling. Brad helped us before he ran out. Oh—yes, didn't he say, Mother, that we were to tell Stan something?"

Mother Burton frowned. "I didn't think the boy should have fled from the place just as we came in, but then—I know how casually you're bringing him up, dear—"

This hurt me, "And I must say he seems well enough. He said he was going down to see a fellow about an assignment. I believe those were his exact words." She smiled brightly from one to the other of us. "He helped us upstairs most use-

fully, since there was no other man around."

"But—" said Stan, at the same instant that I exclaimed, "Upstairs?"

"My dear, of course. Brad did say you expected us to use the little down-
stairs room—"

"That's our guest room, Mother," Stan interjected rather stiffly.

"Yes, dear, of course, but really now— with Brad running in and out with those heavy boots, and Wendy—delight-
ful as she is, Terry dear, babies are noisy! I couldn't possibly have slept down there. We knew you wouldn't mind."

The smile became pasted to my face. I didn't have to be told. I knew already that Louise's traveling coat was draped over my bed upstairs, and that Mother

STUNNING HATS
for as little as 60c

You make them yourself! Even if you've never tried making a hat before you can now with the help of Yes Powell's book "How to Make and Trim Your Own Hats." Shows you just how to go about it, practically stitch by stitch—how to cut, block—and you make your own blocks for-

how to fit, how to trim and how to top it all off with that intricate professional-looking veil! This book will delight you, because by following its easy, simple, fully illus-

trated directions, you just can't fail. This book also tells you how to make over odd hats which is a great money

saver. Price only $1.00 postpaid.

BARTHOLOMEW HOUSE, Inc., Dept. RM-1251
205 East 42nd Street New York 17, New York

Housework
Easy Without
Nagging Backache

Nagging backache, loss of pep and energy, headaches and irritability may be due to slowdown of kidney function. Doctors say good kidney function is very important to good health. When some everyday con-
dition, such as stress and strain, causes this im-
portant function to slow down, many folks suffer nagging backache—feel miserable. Minor bladder irritations due to cold or wrong diet may cause getting up nights or frequent passages. Don't neglect your kidneys if these conditions bother you. Try Doan's Pills—a mild diuretic. Used successfully by millions for over 80 years. It amaz-

ing how many times Doan's give happy relief from these discomforts—but the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters burn out waste. Get Doan's Pills today!
Burton's silver-backed dress set gleamed aristocratically from the center of his dressing table. Stan was looking blankly at his mother. "What have you done, turned out the attic?" he asked. I felt my temper ominously stirring because he hadn't already understood.

"Stan dear, they're in our room, and we should have thought of that before. They'll be much more comfortable there."

Louise had the sense to look faintly relieved. "I was afraid you'd think rather high-handed, but really, Terry, that tiny closet thing down here."

"How can you, Louise?" Terry would never be put over a little thing like this. It's her home—she'll be quite comfortable anywhere in it. I'm sure we need say no more."

Mother Burton's lordly assurance of morbidness of the whole thing. Just in time, I thought, for Stan's face was rapidly darkening with anger. What a shame if I held on to my own temper only to have him lose his! I said briskly, "Well, if you three will get on with the reunion, I'll go out and organize dinner. No—thank you, I don't need a thing except you to make yourselves comfortable."

And to be alone for a few saving moments, I added silently, as I practically fled from the room. Some beginning ...

There's nothing like an exutered-teen-age boy to bring an ungenial dinner table into a state of friendliness. Brad was an unmitigated blessing that night. His conviction that the basketball team at school was what we most wanted to hear about made dinner at least tolerable. Burton sounded frightfully looked as if children should be seen and not heard, and if Louise once or twice put a long, perfectly-groomed hand to her lips to conceal a yawn... let them, I thought rebelliously. Stan was enjoying himself, relaxing with Brad for the first time all week. And they ought to have the wit to see that! Brad was given them in social demeanor by searching out a topic of conversation he at least thought would interest them. All they wanted to talk about, it appeared, was themselves.

We went to bed so late that even Stan couldn't keep his eyes open long enough to start talking about the store. But he did mention that he felt the mother atmosphere to suspect all was not well. She had asked him some pointed questions about how things were going.

"But, Stan," I said reasonably, "that's just courtesy. Anyone asks the same thing.

"Not that way," he said. "And besides, I saw her looking around the living room. Same old worn-out draperies, same old vase with the crack down the middle."

That's a beautiful piece of Dresden china, I said defensively. "Everybody is so lucky that it was the thing that makes it if it breaks, and thinking nothing about showing it. Darling, you're getting over-sensitive. We've got nothing to be ashamed of! We've got a nice home...

"Not nice enough for mother," Stan flung himself into his bed and hunched the covers up, as if to shut out the world. "Oh, well, I'm fortunately too sleepy to worry tonight. Tomorrow I'll worry some extra, to make up." In a couple of minutes he was so sound asleep he didn't even feel it when I kissed him before turning out the lamp.

I must admit that Louise wasn't much trouble to me. I would have been glad to get excited about her wedding, but it was quite apparent that she didn't intend to consult anyone but herself. She was in and out of the house, shopping—using the phone so lavishly that I dreaded the advent of the bill—and eventually going all the way down to New York for a more exciting selection of china and silver from which to choose her patterns. Mother Burton amused herself in her own way, renewing old acquaintanceships. I hesitate to call them friendships, for there were few families in town rated highly enough by us to admit them into anything so intimate as friendship. But it gave her a pleasantly feudal feeling. I suppose, to go about to tea and luncheon in the really impressive hats and frocks she had bought in California.

The second day, Mother Burton had rearranged the furniture in my bedroom, with a "Briton" to mark me. I didn't dream of telling Mother Burton her sympathy was not what I needed, and her criticism of Stan, I would not be able to put up with. But it was like worrying a painful tooth to hear her planning elaborately small teas for her friends, to be given by me, of course, in return for their hospital "The Busyness between Christmas and New Year's," she said happily, making out lists. "Nothing elaborate, dear. I wouldn't want you to fuss. But—well, you know. Nice."

I considered the back of her beautifully-dressed grey head in silence. I didn't know how to meet this crisis.

"Do you think we're too many? Oh—I suppose, with the big party to plan for and all that, maybe just two. Two afternoons during the holiday week, about five ladies each time... what do you say, Terry?"

I braced myself. "Mother Burton, Stan and I didn't plan to have the big party this year. Here.

It was worse than I had expected. She turned around and stared as though I had expressed myself in Hottentot, and she had to figure out what I meant. She said deliberately, "The Burtons have had a big New Year's Day party ever since I can recall. After all, Terry, you married into a family with a certain background of tradition to uphold..."

I ignored her implication that I had been nothing but a stray mongrel when Stan picked me up. I said smoothly, "But not this year, dear. We feel there are good reasons for just—giving it a miss, this year. We'll have a family Christmas—"

"Yes, I've meant to ask you. What are you getting Stan?" There was most of the mother's hair coat down at the store when I was there the other day. With Stan's coloring, it would be just the thing. If you haven't already made your choice—"

"Oh, I have!" I said hastily. Actually the only thing I could afford to give Stan was the pair of gloves he so badly needed. And Stan had already worried to me that he couldn't get Brad the ex-
With the tree dwarfing the living room and the heady scent of pine swelling through the whole house, everything looked much brighter. If only, I prayed, if only the holiday feelings take hold and carries Stan all the way through had the peculiar feeling that we’d been going through a tunnel of which the festive season would be the end. Once through that, we must come out and up into a better time . . . I knew we would.

The main trouble was that the end of the year also meant the due date of Stan’s big debt, that line to a New York bank. It wasn’t the sort of thing you can put at the back of your mind. I saw him wrestling with it—on the one hand the urge to relax, to enjoy the season, to luxuriate in family love and comfort . . . And on the other, the grim calendar hanging over his undefended head.

Feeling as he did about his mother, the possibility of exposing himself as a failure before her was the last straw. I wouldn’t let her get under his skin. I’d take the brunt of it myself, placating and evading and somehow managing that damned tea party of hers so that neither she nor her sharp-witted, overbearing guests would suspect what an effort it had cost me. And pretty soon, if we had any luck at all, she and Louise would go away.

We had some luck. Louise wired that she was spending Christmas in New York with her young man’s family. Mother Burton was a trifle tight-lipped over this, but eventually decided that it would be delightful for dear Louise to have a really elegant holiday in the big city, with dear Spike’s wonderful (and wealthy) family. She hadn’t brought up the subject of the big New Year’s Day open house before Stan, but I knew, when she remarked on the general meagerness of our preparation, that she was thinking about it.

The Saturday before Christmas, the day we were going to trim the tree, Brad came wandering into the kitchen before dinner looking for something to eat. He found some odds and ends in the cake-tin and stood munching them, washing them down with a quart of milk from a bottle, in a thoughtful way that meant there was something on his mind. Finally it came out.

"Say, Mom—about Grandma."

I paused with the basting-spoon in my hand. "What about Grandma?"

"I don’t know. She’s been buzzing around asking the funniest questions."

"Asking whom?" I said sharply.

"Oh, just me. I mean—really peculiar. Like, had she all of the clothes lately, and had we been going places much, movies and stuff. Oh, and was Dad worried about anything . . ." He held up the nearly-empty bottle and said, "Gee whiz, did I put away all that? Well—might as well finish it." He did so, and added, "Of course I knew what she was getting at. Mom and I had talked it out a deep. I think of had an idea Dad wouldn’t like to know the store wasn’t doing so hot this year—"

I put the basting-spoon down and turned away. "That was very—mature and considerate of you, darling. Dad doesn’t feel it necessary to burden everyone with his private troubles. People all have . . ."
"Yeah. Specially Grandma. Gosh, can't you just hear her, Mom—sounding off about what he did wrong and what you did wrong—now don't get me wrong," he said with a grin. "I love Grandma, but...

We both laughed. But after he went out the laughter died on my lips. Trust Mother Burton. She'd ferret it out. And then—oh, poor Stan.

I was armed for battle when we gathered around the dinner table. It was another one of those on-tree-trimming night we had baked ham; tonight, we were making do with chicken. Mother Burton took this in, gave me one sharp glance that told me she had noticed—and said nothing. Instead, to my bewildering, she put herself out to be as delightful as she knew how. Poised, but grateful, she followed me lead and had a really happy family meal. She didn't even criticize the fact that we were eating early so that Wendy could be with us. In fact, she came upstairs with me later and helped put Wendy to bed—as pleasant as it was unprecedented.

It was definite that something was on her mind. She was amiable, but now and then I caught her looking at me almost—well almost as though she were on the verge of tears. And as we were going downstairs together, I was certain she began to say something and stopped herself. It was so unlike her to show uncertainty, no matter what the reason, that I really began to worry. This, I thought, has nothing to do with us. Maybe she's sick. Maybe it's Mother Burton who has been keeping something from us, instead of telling us.

But I was wrong.

In the living room, Stan and Brad had the tree untied and set up, though it was so enormous they had to use guide wires to steady it. I picked up a basket of ornaments from the hall closet, gave Mother Burton the other one, and was about to go in to Stan when she finally cleared her throat and said, "No—wait, Terry, please. Would you—ask Stan to come out here to me, please? I want to talk to him. I want to talk to you, too—but I'd like to see him first. Please."

There was none of the grand-opeera type of thing, however, about the family tradition that on something important was afoot. It was simple and unadorned, but unmistakably important. Mystified, I went in and sent Stan out. Brad and I began to spread out the brilliant balls and pick over last year's useless tinsel. My ears, I ashamed to say, were not entirely devoted to Brad's eager talk, but all the same I didn't hear a thing from the hall. But they were only out there a short time. Then Stan put his head round the doorway and said, "Terry. Come out here please, dear."

As I went out I saw that Mother Burton was crying, I began to tighten up inside.

Nobody said anything for a while. Then Stan glanced at his mother enquiringly. She shook her head. "No, dear, I don't want to make a great thing about it. You tell Terry—or rather, you ask her,"

"Yes," said Stan. He cleared his throat. "Look, Terry—Mother spent the afternoon down at the store. I was so busy I didn't pay much attention to her—"

"So I talked to Jane Winters," Mother Burton put in significantly.

"And Jane... Jane told Mother..."

"Jane told me everything." Mother Burton got up and with automatically meticulous fingers straightened a picture. "Jane told me everything, Terry. All about the trouble Stan is in—the money he owes. Oh—I know she shouldn't have talked, and I perhaps, shouldn't have listened. But she meant well; she only meant to be helpful. Don't he cross with Jane."

I was afraid to look at Stan, afraid to see stark despair in his eyes. But he didn't sound despairing. "And so Mother came to me tonight and offered me all her savings," he said, as though he still couldn't credit what he'd heard.

I looked from one to the other. Mother Burton gave a nervous little laugh. "Oh, come, Stan, you're making it far too dramatic. Where else should a son turn if not to his mother, at a time like this?"

Her lips quivered slightly. "I'm so delighted I can help—if you two will let me."

"But I don't understand! I almost wailed. Stan shot me a look of warning and comprehension. What I couldn't understand, as he no doubt realized, was that Mother Burton, instead of taking the opportunity to find fault, was making one to help. It was quite beyond belief. Recovering, I added, "You mustn't sacrifice your comfort or security, Mother Burton, not in any way. We are in—some difficulty. The store—well, things have been rather tightly lately. But we'll make out—"

"Of course you will!" She was indignant that I even mentioned this. "Of course everything will be all right. That's why I have no hesitation in let Stan have whatever I own to pull himself through just now. It—it isn't much, you know. I'm not a wealthy woman. Far from it. But whatever I have—" she spread her hands and smiled a really lovely smile at Stan. "It's yours, dear. Please let me do more about it. And part of it is for Christmas, don't forget. We want to be festive for the sake of the children."

Impulsively, I went over and kissed her cheek—the first time, I think, that I ever did it out of genuine emotion. "I suppose Stan has thanked you, but we can never thank you enough. We hadn't even thought of help—we just thought of trying to push through by ourselves. And then to have you come along like this—"

"It's—we, it's Christmas, I guess!" I fumbled in my sleeve for a handkerchief.

"It's not just Christmas," Mother Burton's voice was shaky too. "I'm a lonely old woman, Terry. You two—you have all the life and fun and gaiety here in your home that I will never have again—unless I get through you. I wanted to do something to show you that I wanted to have a share in the family, too."

I blushed, and I myself that I couldn't bear to meet Stan's eyes. There should be shame in them, too. I thought—shame for our selfishness. We had been the self-centered ones, after all, not Mother Burton. Oh, she was hard to get along with; she was picky and set in her ways, critical, and she saw things from a viewpoint so entirely different. But she was Stan's mother. We ought to have given her a chance to show that she could sympathize with our problems.

A tear escaped my handkerchief. Stan's voice, shaky with emotion, said, "Mother—if you knew what a difference this makes. It's you. But having you—having you—He couldn't go on. Yes, I thought, having you come to him like this—that's what makes the difference! Knowing that you are ready to help, that's what matters. I drew a deep breath and straightened, putting my handkerchief away. There were some things you couldn't help, but you could help them and live them, and only then could you make people understand. From now on, no matter how many times she tried my patience—and I knew those times would still come—and no matter how often I fell short of her conception of a proper daughter-in-law, things would be different. She was a stranger and an antagonist; we would be relations. It's all right for relations to squabble.

There was a suppressed shuffle outside the door. Brad's voice said, "Mom! For the love of Pete, isn't it over yet? I can't hold this much longer."

Mother Burton and Stan and I exchanged a startled glance, and burst into laughter in which there was more than a little relief. "Come in, Brad," I called.

"Well, thanks for small mercies." He staggered in, carrying my biggest mixing bowl. "Where? It's not that it's heavy—it's just that I was frightened of spilling it.

The three of us looked at him blankly. He grinned. "I was all alone, so I went out to the kitchen, and there was nothing to do but look in the refrigerator, and I just had to have something nice was happy enough for me, so I—well, it's Christmas, isn't it? I made the eggnog recipe out of your cookbook, Mom, that's all." He lifted it again, headed for the living room. "Say, this should be a real good tree-trimming party."

"The best ever, Brad," Mother Burton said as she entered. "Now, what about glasses? Napkins? Yes. Right here. And a spoon. We make a good team, Brad. You do the work and I do the trimming."

Under cover of Brad's laughter, Stan took my hand. His head was higher, his shoulders straighter than they'd been in weeks. My heart echoed Mother Burton's words. Yes, this would be the best tree-trimming party ever, and after that, the best Christmas..."
WOMEN! MOST LIBERAL OFFER EVER MADE FOR YOUR SPARE TIME!

We'll put our cards on the table and tell you we need help at once! Thousands of customers want to buy our new Fall styles now. So we need women to take their orders...by mail, by phone, or in any way they desire. Therefore, we've decided to make the best offer ever made for spare time effort! If you're like some exceptional FASHION FROCKS representatives, you'll have the chance to make up to $100 IN A MONTH, plus 4 gorgeous new FASHION FROCKS worth $6.98 each! Have you ever heard of such wonderful return for writing up orders? No experience is needed, no money to invest, everything you need is furnished FREE!

Collect Your Cash on the spot—we'll send you bonus dresses once a month!

With this plan, you need not call on strangers house to house. There is nothing else exactly like this marvelous way of rewarding you with generous cash payments up to $100 in a month...plus 4 breath-taking new dresses as a bonus for earning this amount. Think of how wonderful it would be to have all this extra cash to spend as you please, and in addition, to choose 4 or more fashionable new dresses for you and other members of your family every month! YOU YOURSELF MAKE THE CHOICE from over 150 colorful styles.

You need nothing except a few hours of free time! But you must hurry!

Please don't put off answering this—even for one day. Our need for representatives is urgent now, but applications are coming in so fast we may have to withdraw this opportunity before too long. SO HURRY! Send in your name and dress size when you fill out the coupon below; then mail it at once; pasting on a 1c post card will do.

FREE!
EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO QUALIFY FOR $100 CASH AND
4 STUNNING DRESSES EVERY MONTH!

Over 150 lovely styles to choose from!

H-6039 Cincinnati 25 Ohio

PASTE THIS COUPON ON POSTCARD MAIL TODAY.

FASHION FROCKS, INC.
Desk H-6039, Cincinnati 25, Ohio

YES—I am interested in your opportunity to make money in spare time and get my own dresses without a penny of cost. Send me everything I need to start right away, without obligation.

Name...........................................
Address.....................................
City .........................................Zone .... State...
Age.................. Dress Size...........
The Merriest Christmas any smoker can have—

**CHESTERFIELD** mildness

plus no unpleasant after-taste

---

*Buy the beautiful "Christmas-card" carton*