

***RADIO AND TELEVISION** **MIRROR TV**

JULY • 25¢

Special Issue

**ARTHUR GODFREY
and his friends**



Pictures, Story: Big Town
Special Feature: Ethel and Albert
Bonus Novel: Big Sister
Contest: Nora Drake

192
L.E.

HE 8690
R 16

Claim new beauty for your own with your *first cake* of Camay!



Mrs. Michael Piel, the former
Alice Jackson Bailey of Glen Head, L. I.
Bridal portrait by *S. W. ...*

HOW ROMANCE CAME TO THIS CAMAY BRIDE!

A Ring for Christmas!

Mike played Santa at the Stork Club — with an engagement ring for lovely Alice. A Camay complexion has such winning ways! Alice says: "Camay is the only beauty soap for me. That creamy Camay lather is so-o-o gentle!"



Wedding Bells in the Fall!

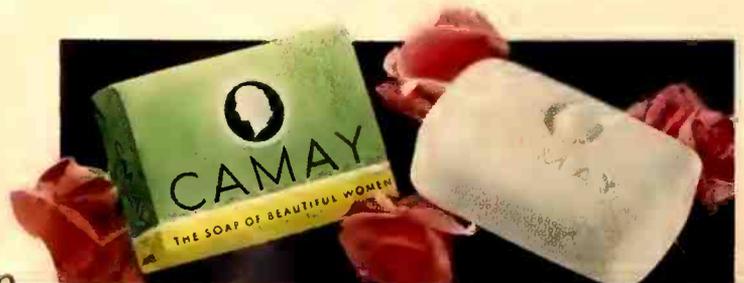
Golfing at White Sulphur Springs on their honeymoon, Mike caddied and Alice scored — with her glorious Camay complexion! She says: "I won a softer, smoother skin with my very *first cake* of Camay. And you can, too!"



When your skin is soft and smooth, romance is at your beck and call! And you can win lovelier skin — with your very *first cake* of Camay! Just change to regular care — and use Camay and Camay alone. Let no lesser soap touch your skin. Your complexion will be fresher and clearer — actually younger-looking — with your *first cake* of Camay!

Where in the world will you find a finer beauty soap than Camay? Camay is so *mild*. It caresses your cheek with its gentle, creamy lather. And no other soap has ever quite captured Camay's flattering fragrance. No wonder Camay is called "The Soap of Beautiful Women" — it can bring you new beauty with your very *first cake*!

Camay, the soap
of beautiful women



WAKE UP, BEAUTIFUL... YOU CAN WIN HIM BACK



Snubbed . . . definitely and deliberately . . . by the very man who, last night, simply begged to be introduced. Daisy wasn't accustomed to such treatment; once she met a man, she usually managed to hold him because she was not only a pretty girl, but a witty and wise one as well. What had she said or done to antagonize him as they danced the night before? In vain she sought an explanation.

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

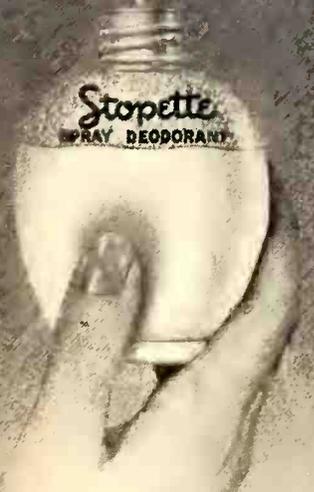
Listerine Antiseptic is the *extra-careful* precaution because it freshens and sweetens the breath . . . not for mere seconds or minutes . . . but for hours usually. So, don't trust make-shifts . . . trust Listerine Antiseptic before every date.

*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!



POOF!
there goes
perspiration



Now try Stopette—the deodorant that changed a nation's habits!

Millions now spray perspiration worries away with amazing Stopette Deodorant in the famous flexi-plastic bottle.

A quick squeeze checks annoying perspiration, stops odor. You never touch Stopette . . . hardly know it touches you. Wonderfully economical, harmless to normal skin or clothes.



Wonderful for men, too!
2 sizes: 2 1/4 oz. \$1.25; 1 oz. 60c.
At cosmetic counters everywhere.

JULES MONTENIER, INC., Chicago

Stopette
THE ORIGINAL
SPRAY DEODORANT



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MADE BY A REVOLUTIONARY NEW LATEX PROCESS, PLAYTEX PINK-ICE DISPELS BODY HEAT, SLIMS YOU IN COOL COMFORT.

NOW! The newest Playtex Girdle is the most talked about in the U. S. A.!

INVISIBLE PLAYTEX® PINK-ICE

This is the amazing figure-slimming girdle that is causing such a stir all over America . . . the girdle acclaimed by designers as perfect for slender summer styles . . . the girdle that's cheered by women from coast to coast.

Made by a revolutionary new latex process, PLAYTEX Pink-Ice dispels body heat . . . slims you in cool comfort. It's the *only* girdle you can wear under your swim suit, *pat dry*, wear immediately under your street clothes.

Without a single seam, stitch or bone, PLAYTEX Pink-Ice melts away inches at waist, hips and thighs with a natural, all-way action stretch. It gives complete freedom of action—fits with second-skin smoothness. And it's absolutely invisible—even under the scantiest bathing suit.

Today, discover the wonderful things Pink-Ice can do for *your* summer figure—see how you can wear it all day, under all your clothes, and forget you have it on.



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

In SLIM, shimmering pink tubes,
PLAYTEX PINK-ICE GIRDLES . . . \$3.95 to \$4.95

In SLIM, silvery tubes,
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Sizes: extra-small, small, medium, large
Extra-large size slightly higher

At all department stores and better specialty shops everywhere

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LONG WAY FROM HOME



This shot was taken in 1945 when Eva Le Gallienne (l.) and the late Dame May Whitty visited the 10:15 A.M. Mon-Fri. program.

Marian Young, WOR's women's commentator Martha Deane, was born a long way from the metropolitan radio microphone that has become her trademark and a newspaper career that took her into Germany's Reichstag and a speaker's dais shared with Mrs. Roosevelt.

Star Lake, New York, is Marian's home town. After working her way through St. Lawrence University, she taught eight grades of a country school for a year to save enough money to come to New York City.

In 1930, jobs were almost as scarce as the hens' teeth you always hear about but never see, but Marian was lucky. She joined the NEA service of the Scripps Howard Syndicate—as a telephone operator. Just when she was beginning to despair of ever getting closer to editors than their extension numbers, one recognized her ambition and made her her assistant. In 1934 Marian was named Woman's Editor and her globe trotting began.

For the seven years before she came to WOR in 1941, New York, Hollywood and Europe were her beat. In 1935 she was assigned to report on German labor camps for women and she got the first and only interview Magda Goebbels ever granted to a reporter. She was the only woman present in the German parliament when Hitler announced his troops had invaded the Rhineland.

Back in America, she continued her syndicated column on subjects of interest to women and the New York Newspaper Women's Club awarded her first prize for this in their 1938 competition.

More and more, however, Marian was becoming convinced that American women wanted to hear from generals and statesmen as well as beauticians and designers. When she became WOR's Martha Deane, Marian brought these world leaders and world beaters to her microphone.

When a home life is added to Marian's daily routine, it's a wonder the cook doesn't find herself in the soup. Up at 6:15 in her Plandome, Long Island, home, she breakfasts with her nine-year-old twins, William Boling Taylor, Jr., and Marian Nicole. With her husband, an advertising executive, she catches the 7:40 train and starts her office day at 8:30. A staff of four assistants help her, but the job of keeping up to date on politics, art, foreign affairs, entertainment and the rest is her own.

Coming Next Month



In August: Crosby and his boys rough it on their Nevada ranch.

Recipe for relaxation on a sultry day: one hammock strung in the shade of leafy trees, one pitcher of cooling drinks nearby and one copy of RADIO MIRROR. Lacking the hammock and the trees, you can still find pleasure with RADIO MIRROR, whether you improvise with a fan and easy chair, or a blanket on the beach. One thing you can be certain of, however, is that the August RADIO MIRROR will take your mind off any heat wave. Its contents have been designed for delightful reading and there's a lineup of big name features well worth waiting for: a Come and Visit to the home of Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald, who still live as romantically as they did in the early days of their marriage. You won't want to miss seeing the color pictures of Gene, who is radio's Amazing Mr. Malone, and his amazing, redheaded wife. While in a visiting mood, you can also drop in on the Elko, Nevada ranch of Bing Crosby. Here Bing and his boys live life as casually as any of the hands who help them run it—in fact, the boys pitch in and do as much duty as any hired man. It's a refreshing, down-to-earth story, with pictures, of a refreshing and down-to-earth family. Equally down-to-earth is the story of Walter Kiernan and his slightly unorthodox but nevertheless sound ideas on women. It's a one man view but you'll probably agree that the world would be a lot better if more men shared it.

As a steady reader of RADIO MIRROR you've certainly been aware of the exciting new features that have been incorporated into the magazine's format. Next month's issue will bring another one, the Home Page, featuring your favorite daytime serial characters giving tips on how they keep house. Watch for this new feature in next month's RADIO MIRROR, on sale Wednesday, July 12.

Awake or asleep—FILM is gluing acid to your teeth!



Pepsodent removes FILM—helps stop tooth decay!

Tooth decay is formed by acid that film holds against your teeth—acid formed by the action of mouth bacteria on many foods you eat. When you use Pepsodent Tooth Paste right after eating, it helps keep acid from forming. What's more, Pepsodent removes dulling stains and "bad breath" germs that collect in film.

FILM NEVER LETS UP! It's forming night and day on everyone's teeth. Don't neglect it. Always brush with film-removing Pepsodent right after eating and before retiring. No other tooth paste can duplicate Pepsodent's film-removing formula. No other tooth paste contains Irium* or Pepsodent's gentle polishing agent.

Don't let decay start in your mouth! Use Pepsodent every day—see your dentist twice a year.

YOU'LL HAVE BRIGHTER TEETH AND CLEANER BREATH when you fight tooth decay with film-removing Pepsodent!



ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS COMPANY

*Irium is Pepsodent's Registered Trade-Mark for Purified Alkyl Sulfate.

have a

"party hair-dos"
all day long



with

Gayla*
HOLD-BOB*
bobby pins

With every hair in place you are glamorous no matter what you do. Gayla HOLD-BOB bobby pins set curls beautifully; are easy to sleep on. Easy to open. Keep hair-dos lovely because they hold better. There is no finer bobby pin.

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



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TRAVELER OF THE

By
**TOMMY
BARTLETT**

Tommy Bartlett emcees
Welcome Travelers M-F,
10 A.M. EDT, NBC. Sponsor
is Procter and Gamble.



Mrs. Stephen Loomis—recommended
for the Carnegie medal for her rescue
of three drowning boys—visited Wel-

Bear Creek was opening up! The late winter thaw had started the Minnesota stream swirling its way two miles past Rochester. Five little overall-clad farm boys all under twelve rushed to view the spectacle. There it was . . . sure enough. An old metal boat lay abandoned on the shore; the little explorers pushed it into the flooded creek and climbed in.

The shaky craft hit a whirlpool and capsized near a barbed wire fence jutting out of the bitter cold water—just a stone's throw from a rushing gorge that threatened sudden death for the five. Thrown into the water, one of the boys dog-paddled his way ashore, then hand-over-hand crawled along the rickety fencing to save another of his companions.

Neck-deep in the icy creek the other three struggled wildly for survival.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Stephen Loomis, mother of one of the youngsters, was quietly working outdoors shoveling snow from her walk, blissfully unaware of the tragic

scene taking place in the valley behind her home.

Then she heard screams from somewhere near the highway—faint screams, but her mother's intuition told her they were serious distress calls made by little boys. Instantly she rushed from the yard listening intently for the direction of the cries.

Mrs. Loomis rushed to the water side where she found the three survivors hysterical, their chins barely above the flow. Unhesitatingly she waded in, calling constantly to the youngsters . . . reassuring them, attempting by her consoling manner to quiet them so they might save their energy. Unable to carry the boys back to shore against the heavy current, she grabbed a fence post and reached for the first boy in line.

Neck deep now, herself, she clung desperately to the post while supporting the boy's unconscious form—holding her head above the biting waves. For more than an hour, numbed from the cold, she shouted instructions and encour-

MONTH



come Travelers during the Chicago trip, which was awarded to her by station KROC, Rochester, Minnesota.

agement to the other two, who, at her command, had managed to grip the barbed wire and keep afloat. And she prayed.

Finally help came. Two Rochester policemen and firemen waded into the heavy current to bring out the three half-frozen children and the heroic Mrs. Loomis.

When I interviewed Mrs. Loomis on Welcome Travelers in the College Inn of the Hotel Sherman she told her story modestly, concluding that "God answered my prayers. . . ."

Station KROC of Rochester awarded Mrs. Loomis the Chicago trip, where we happily introduced her to the nation. Our heroine has been recommended for the Carnegie medal for her act of heroism.

Take another bow, Mrs. Stephen Loomis, Box 292, Rochester, Minnesota, whom Welcome Travelers proudly acclaims as its Traveler of The Month. You are the kind of heroic woman who has made America great—courageous women who, unmindful of danger, risked their lives to save others.



JUNE ALLYSON and DICK POWELL
Co-Starring in "THE REFORMER AND THE REDHEAD"
a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Production

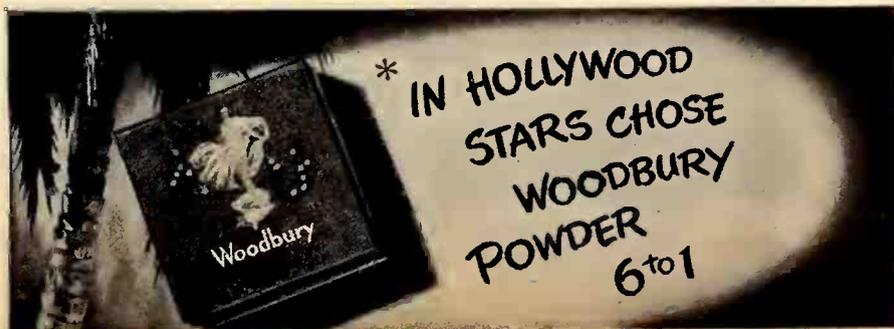
Don't look now...

So this is the Coconut Grove where Hollywood stars gather every night! Wonderful to be here, isn't it? *And there's June Allyson!* As we pass her table let's sneak a look. She won't care. She knows that admiring glances measure a star's success. And she knows that the Woodbury Powder she wears (in flattering Natural) plays a big part in her loveliness!



there's
June Allyson ...

June is one of the Hollywood stars who chose Woodbury Powder 6 to 1 in response to a recent survey*. A unique ingredient in Woodbury Powder gives the smoothest, satiny finish you've ever known! Magically warm, infinitely fine in texture, enchantingly fragrant, it clings for hours! 7 heavenly shades glorify every skin type. 15¢, 30¢, \$1.00, plus tax.



RADIO'S OWN LIFE

By LLEWELLYN



The Pickens Sisters—Patti, Jane and Helene—displayed their bright charms vocally as a trio.



If you remember Show Boat, you'll remember that it was Charles Winninger who piloted its talented cargo.

Part VII: Vaudeville was dying, but radio

1932: It was a black year for everything except radio. The country foundered deeper and deeper into depression. There were 12,000,000 unemployed. "Hoover-villes," the pathetic shelters built of flattened oil drums, tar paper and kindling wood, were a reminder to those with jobs that it would be wise to take a salary cut without argument. The Bonus Army marched on Washington to plead for immediate payment of money Congress had voted to pay veterans in 1945. These desperate people went about getting relief in the wrong way, but the fact that U.S. troops drove them from Capitol grounds is something few of us like to remember.

The slacks fad started for two reasons. Women as well as men were now migrant workers, and the newly arrived Marlene Dietrich was wearing her trousers outside of the studio as a publicity stunt following her appearance in them in "The Blue Angel." Remember her throaty singing of "Falling in Love Again" to Emil Jannings? Other big song hits of the year were the appropriate "Brother Can You Spare a Dime?" and the haunting "Night and Day," which was endlessly on the radio.

Research into the mystery of the air went on. Pro-



Fred Waring brought his Pennsylvanians to the air in '33. Here with Rosemary and Priscilla of the singing Lane sisters.

STORY

MILLER



Calendar above indicates the wonderful Ed Wynn's first anniversary on the air.



inherited its biggest and best stars

fessor Auguste Piccard rose in a balloon ten miles over Switzerland to explore the stratosphere, and described the trip by short wave to America on his return. William Beebe broadcast as he was lowered 2,200 feet into the ocean off Bermuda.

Radio had to battle three new bids for the public interest this year. Theater managers, alarmed at the way free entertainment on the air was cutting into attendance, invented a new bait: the double bill. Then came Bank Night and Screeno. Soon people were shopping around for shows that offered free dishes, groceries, a chance at a new car, two shows for the price of one—as well as a place to keep warm.

Gambling took a heavy toll of listeners. Speakeasies, hard pressed by the part-time bootlegger, put roulette wheels in the back room. Slot machines popped up all over the place. Everybody knew they were heavily rigged in favor of the house, but still, it was more alluring to take a chance on winning a jackpot than just sit home.

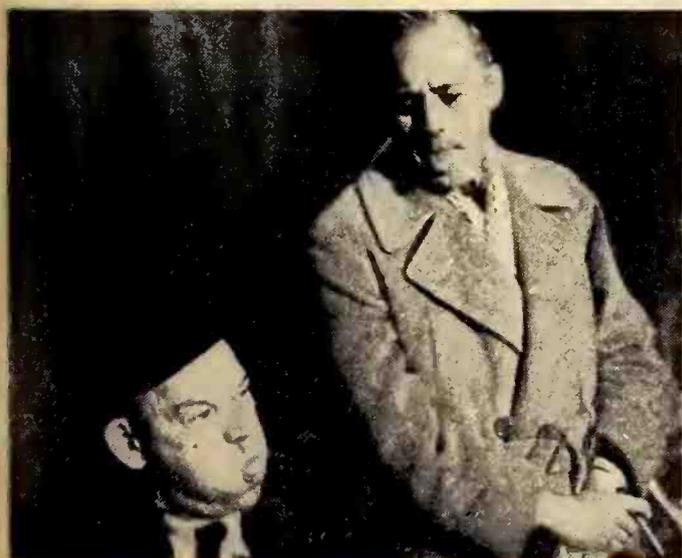
The third challenge, and it was enormous, was a boom in sports. Reduced orders put many factories on a five-day week, and thousands of people used the long week-

end for skiing, a sport practically unknown in this country before 1930. Indoor baseball suddenly became soft ball. Thousands more idle young people found free diversion through amateur teams, and night ball games became a rage.

The election brought the listeners back, and the words "the forgotten man" came into the language. Franklin Delano Roosevelt's campaign song was "Happy Days Are Here Again" (published in 1929 of all inappropriate years). He flew to the convention to accept his nomination in person—the first time a candidate had done so—and promised "A New Deal" on the radio—the first use of the slogan.

Big business shuddered toward a standstill. Banks began to close. Only on radio were things hopeful. It was offering so much magnificent new talent that it is hard to know where to start the list. Let's begin with a worried man, Jack Benny. He was a vaudeville headliner, but the two-a-day was folding so fast it wasn't funny even to a top star. One evening the columnist, Ed Sullivan, who had just started a radio show, asked him to be a guest star.

"I don't know anything about (*Continued on page 18*)



Those feudists, ex-vaudevillians Fred Allen and Jack Benny, often exhibit more vocal irreverence for each other than this.



Boake Carter's highly opinionated comments pleased some, distressed others, but no one denied his great reporting ability.

TONI TWINS Discover New Shampoo Magic



Soft Water Shampooing Even in Hardest Water



"We made a real discovery the very first time we used Toni Creme Shampoo," say lovely All-American twins Eleanor and Jeanne Fulstone of Smith Valley, Nevada.

"Our hair was so luxuriously soft...as if we washed it in rain water. And that delightful softness made it so much easier to manage."

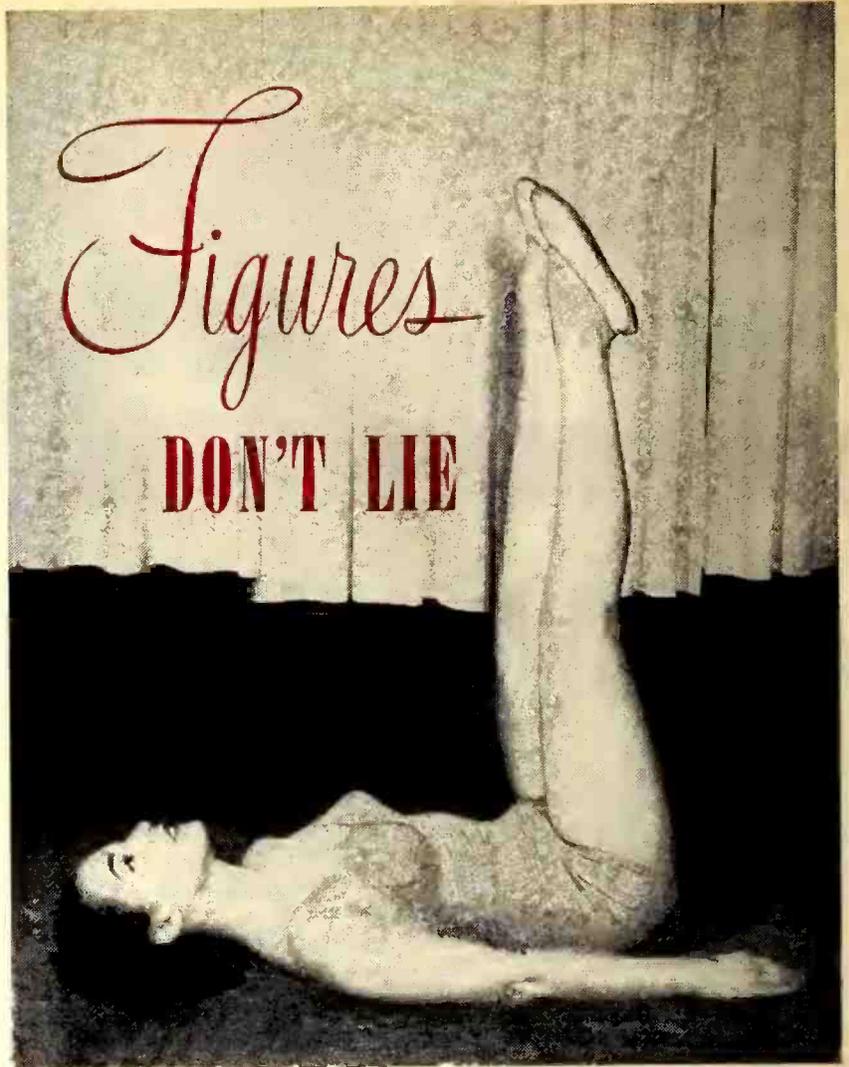
You, too, will discover *Soft Water Shampooing* . . . the magic of Toni Creme Shampoo! Even in hardest water you get oceans of creamy lather that rinses away dirt and dandruff instantly. Never leaves a dull, soapy film. That's why your hair sparkles with all its natural highlights. And it's so easy to set and style.



TONI CREME SHAMPOO

- Leaves your hair gloriously soft, easy to manage
- Helps permanents "take" better, look lovelier longer
- Rinses away dirt and dandruff instantly
- Oceans of creamy-thick lather makes hair sparkle with natural highlights.

Enriched
with Lanolin



Singer and TV star Marguerite Piazza owes her lovely figure to a daily routine. Says she, "If you don't like what your mirror tells you, now is the time to do something about it."

Don't hide your figure faults under a beach umbrella. If you're displeased with what your mirror tells you is true, do something about it right now.

Take a tip from TV's talented Marguerite Piazza. She watches her waistline just as carefully as she does her voice. You'd probably never guess that the singing star of WNBC's Saturday Night Revue, ever spends a minute bending and rolling. Her slim, pretty figure looks naturally perfect. But, as Marguerite will tell you, she owes it all to a daily routine.

For "waistline whittling," Marguerite suggests a simple but effective exercise. Stand with your feet apart. Keep your knees straight and your head and shoulders high. Then, bend forward, swinging your arms between your legs.

Marguerite feels exercise takes concentration and serious thought. Whether you set aside a special amount of time each day, or include exercises in your housework, be sure that you are doing those that are beneficial for your particular figure.

With bathing suits getting briefer and briefer, you'll want to pay added attention to your thighs and legs. Here's an exercise to help. First, lie down on the floor, arms by your sides, and legs stretched out in front of you. Then, raise your legs, being careful not to bend your knees. Try this at least a half dozen times. Another you might like to do is the old dependable bicycle exercise. Bend your knees and move your legs up and down, as if you were actually riding a bicycle. Keep the small of your back and your shoulders on the floor, so that they get the

RADIO MIRROR for BETTER LIVING

With all eyes on you,
you'll want to be sure your
figure is beachworthy

Marguerite, who watches her waistline as carefully as her voice, says "Exercise requires concentration."



entire bulk of your weight. Since almost everybody is thinking about the beach these days, and singer Marguerite is no exception, she thought she'd like to share some of her tanning and make-up habits. Marguerite firmly believes that sun tan lotion doesn't have to be poured on the body in great quantity to be effective. After all, it's the lotion next to the skin that does the work. She applies the lotion carefully and smoothly, so that it not only protects, but it adds a fresh, clean glow to the skin as well. The star's make-up includes lipstick, eyebrow pencil and waterproof mascara. She also uses an eyelash curler after she comes out of the water. Summertime offers you the opportunity to get out into the open and enjoy yourself. You will, too, if you look your loveliest!

BY DORRY ELLIS

Millions OF WOMEN Prove



Arlene Dahl
Featured in
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's
Technicolor Production
"THREE LITTLE WORDS"

**YOU can create the
flawless complexion you've
always dreamed of with THIS make-up**

The Original Cake Make-Up...the One and Only
PAN-CAKE* by Max Factor

USED BY MORE WOMEN THAN ANY OTHER MAKE-UP IN THE WORLD
The moment you apply Pan-Cake Make-Up, you look different...more beautiful. Pan-Cake actually creates a new complexion for you...instantly blends perfect color flawlessly, smoothly, evenly...magically hides tiny blemishes, freckles, off-colored spots...takes just seconds to apply for hours of new, thrilling loveliness.

SCREEN STARS PROVE Pan-Cake Protects Your Skin

Pan-Cake has been used for years on delicate Screen Stars' skins, both on and off the Sets, because non-drying Pan-Cake is a perfect veil of protection from sun, wind and dust...it guards your beauty for extra years of levelness.

Here's how YOU can create FASHION'S MATTE FINISH with PAN-CAKE

1. Apply Pan-Cake sparingly with moist sponge or cotton.
2. Use upward and outward motion.
3. Blot with Kleenex to absorb excess moisture.
4. That's all there is to it. In just seconds, Pan-Cake creates the original Matte Finish.

9 COLOR HARMONY SHADES \$1.50
AND 3 SUN-TAN SHADES

PROVE IT YOURSELF! Plus Tax

Send for your trial-size Pan-Cake in your correct Color Harmony Shade, and discover how you can create a new, flawless complexion...plus your very own Complexion Analysis and Color Harmony Make-Up Chart...plus the 32-page, color-illustrated "New Art of Make-Up"—all by Max Factor.



Remember...there is only one PAN-CAKE,
the original creation of MAX FACTOR Hollywood

PLEASE RUSH ME YOUR EXCITING PAN-CAKE OFFER!

FILL IN AND CHECK CAREFULLY THE INFORMATION CHART BELOW AND MAIL

Max Factor Make-Up Studio, Dept. 10, Box 941, Hollywood 28, Calif.
I enclose 10¢ in coin to help cover cost of postage and handling.

COMPLEXION	EYES	HAIR
Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE <input type="checkbox"/>
Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Gray <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>
Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>		REDHEAD <input type="checkbox"/>
Deep Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES (Color)	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
SKIN: Normal <input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/>	GRAY HAIR <input type="checkbox"/>
Dry <input type="checkbox"/> Oily <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Medium <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Check here <input type="checkbox"/> also check former hair coloring above

Name _____ PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS
Address _____ Age _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

*Pan-Cake (trademark) is the registered brand name for Max Factor Hollywood Cake Make-Up

NOW! Dental Science Shows That Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST



Better Than Any Other Way of Preventing Tooth Decay According to Reports in Authoritative Dental Literature!

2 years' research at 5 great universities—case histories of hundreds of people who used Colgate Dental Cream right after eating—shows the Colgate way stops tooth decay best! Better than any other home method of oral hygiene known today! Yes, both clinical and X-ray examinations showed the Colgate way stopped more decay for more people than ever before reported in all dentifrice history!

No Other Toothpaste or Powder Ammoniated or Not Offers Proof of Such Results!

Even more important, there were no new cavities whatever for more than 1 out of 3 who used Colgate Dental Cream correctly! Think of it! Not even *one* new cavity in two full years! No other dentifrice has proof of such results! No dentifrice can stop *all* tooth decay, or help cavities already started. But the Colgate way is the most effective way yet known to help your dentist prevent decay.

ALWAYS USE COLGATE'S TO CLEAN YOUR BREATH WHILE YOU CLEAN YOUR TEETH—AND HELP STOP TOOTH DECAY!



COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
BIG ECONOMY SIZE 59¢

WHEN A GIRL



Additional marriage contest prizes: Evans handbag, Evans lighter.

Here are the additional prizes which will be awarded in the Happy Marriage contest as announced in the June RADIO MIRROR: below are the names of the beauty products in the treasure chest to be awarded to the girl not yet married; above is the Evans pocket lighter to be awarded to the five next-best set of rules from unmarried women; also above is the Evans handbag, to be awarded to the woman married one to five years.

April Showers Dusting Powder
April Showers Eau de Toilet
April Showers Perfume
April Showers Talcum Powder
Blue Cross Cuticle Shaper
Blue Waltz Perfume
Breck Perfume
Breck Shampoo
Camay Soap
Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder
Cashmere Bouquet Lipstick
Conti Castile Shampoo
Cutex Nail Polish
Cuticura Soap & Ointment
Djer-Kiss Cologne
Djer-Kiss Sachet
Djer-Kiss Talcum
Dial Deodorant Soap
Drene Shampoo
Early American Old Spice Treasure Chest
Evening In Paris Perfume
Eye Gene Drops
Max Factor "New Worlds of Beauty" Kit
Five-Day Deodorant Pads
Flame-Glo Lipstick
Freezone Corn Remover
Fresh Deodorant
Fresh Deodorant Soap
Halo Shampoo
Heed Spray Deodorant
Helene Curtis Creme Shampoo
Helene Curtis Shampoo Plus Egg
Hinds Honey & Almond Fragrance Cream
Edna Wallace Hopper Homogenized Face Cream
Edna Wallace Hopper White Clay Pack
Richard Hudnut Enriched Creme Shampoo
Richard Hudnut Home Permanent
Irresistible Flaconette
Irresistible Lipstick
Irresistible Perfume
Ivory Bar Soap
Jergens Lotion
Kleenex

Listerine Antiseptic
Listerine Toothpaste
Martha Lorraine Lipstick Brush
Lustre Creme Shampoo
Lux Soap
Marchands Golden Hair Wash
Mavis Talcum
Maybelline Eye Make-up
Nair Depilatory
Neet Cream Hair Remover
Nestle Colorinse
Noxzema Medicated Cream
Nu-Nails Artificial Fingernails
Pilcher Compacts
Pond's Angel Face
Prel Shampoo
Princess Pat Liquid Liptone Kit
Pro-phy-lac-tic Jewelite Hair Brush
Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush
Rimmel French Mascara
Anatole Robbins Prismatic Make-up Kit
Dr. Scholl's Foot Lotion
Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder
Dr. Scholl's Pedicreme
Dr. Scholl's Super Soft Zino-Pads
Shasta Beauty Cream Shampoo
Shulton Shampoo
Sitroux Tissues
Sofskin Creme
Softol Manicurette Set
Stillman Preparations
Suave
Tangee Shoulder Bag Set
Tip Top Curlers
Trushay Hand Lotion
House of Westmore Cosmetics
Woodbury De Luxe Cold Cream
Woodbury "Dream Stuff"
Woodbury Dry Skin Cream
Woodbury De Luxe Liquefying Cleansing Cream
Woodbury Powder
Yodora Deodorant
Z.B.T. Powder

MARRIES



By JOAN DAVIS

The problem of R.M., fifteen years old, which appeared in March RADIO MIRROR, was that her mother, a woman with not-to-good a reputation, wanted her to quit school. R.M. wants to finish her education, be a teacher. Myrtle E. Hall, Madera, California, sent in, in the opinion of the editors, the most helpful answer. To her has gone our check for \$25.00.

RADIO MIRROR will pay twenty-five dollars for the best answer to this month's problem letter which follows:

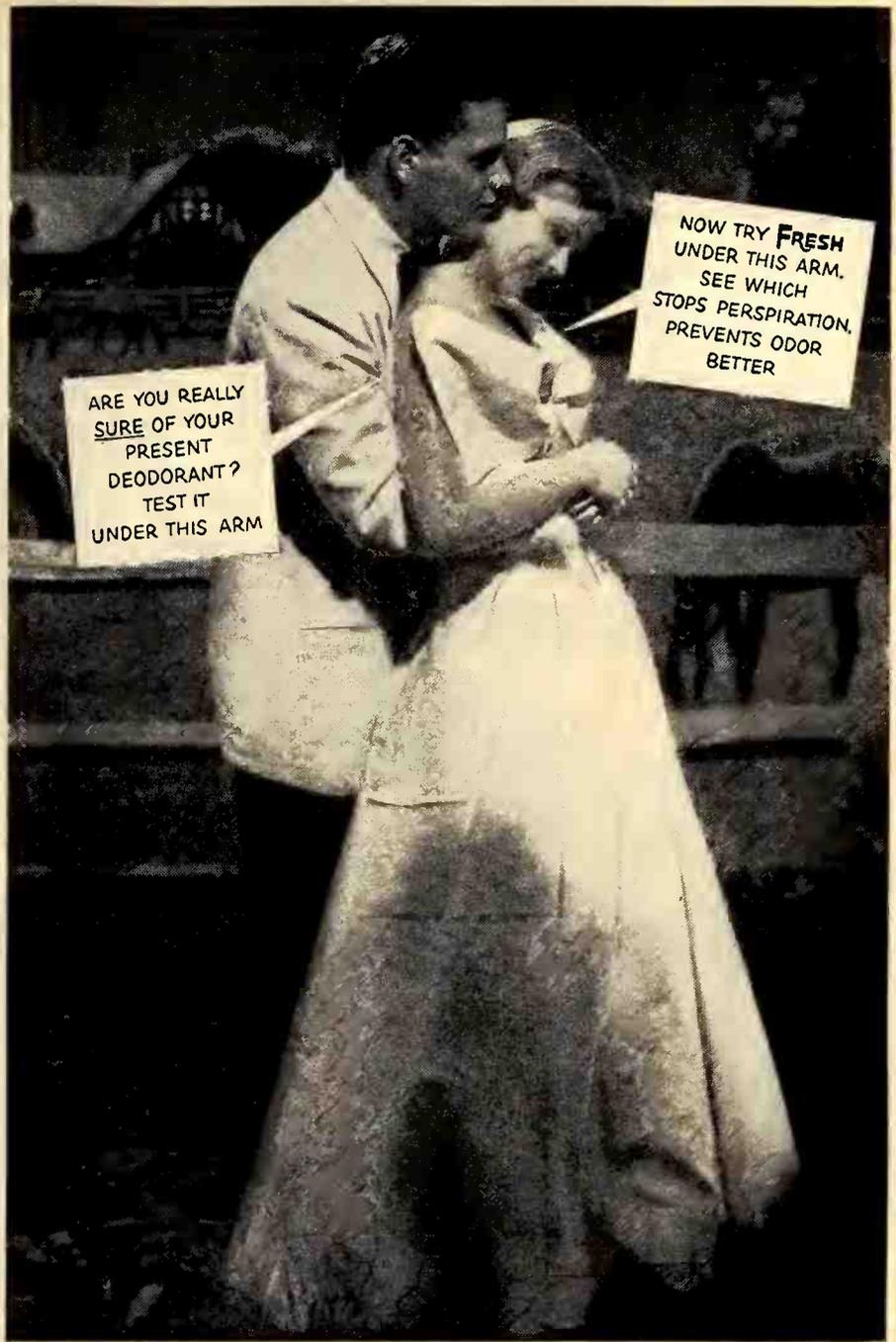
Dear Joan:

I am a mother of four children, of whom three girls married early because of (Continued on page 25)

Each month Joan Davis will answer your questions on any problem concerning marriage, except problems of health or law. No letters can be answered personally. Joan will choose from these letters each month a problem which she will ask you, the readers, to answer.

RADIO MIRROR will pay \$25

to the person whose problem letter is chosen and another \$25.00 will be paid to the person submitting the best answer to that problem in the opinion of the editors, whose decision will be final. Letters must be postmarked not later than July 28. No letters will be returned. Address Joan Davis, Radio Mirror Magazine, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Prize answers, with the name of the winner, will be printed each month. Winner of the prize for the month's best problem will be notified by mail, as those who submit problems usually prefer not to have their names used in the magazine.



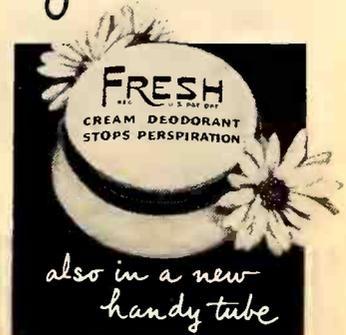
ARE YOU REALLY
SURE OF YOUR
PRESENT
DEODORANT?
TEST IT
UNDER THIS ARM

NOW TRY FRESH
UNDER THIS ARM.
SEE WHICH
STOPS PERSPIRATION.
PREVENTS ODOR
BETTER

Are you always Lovely to Love?

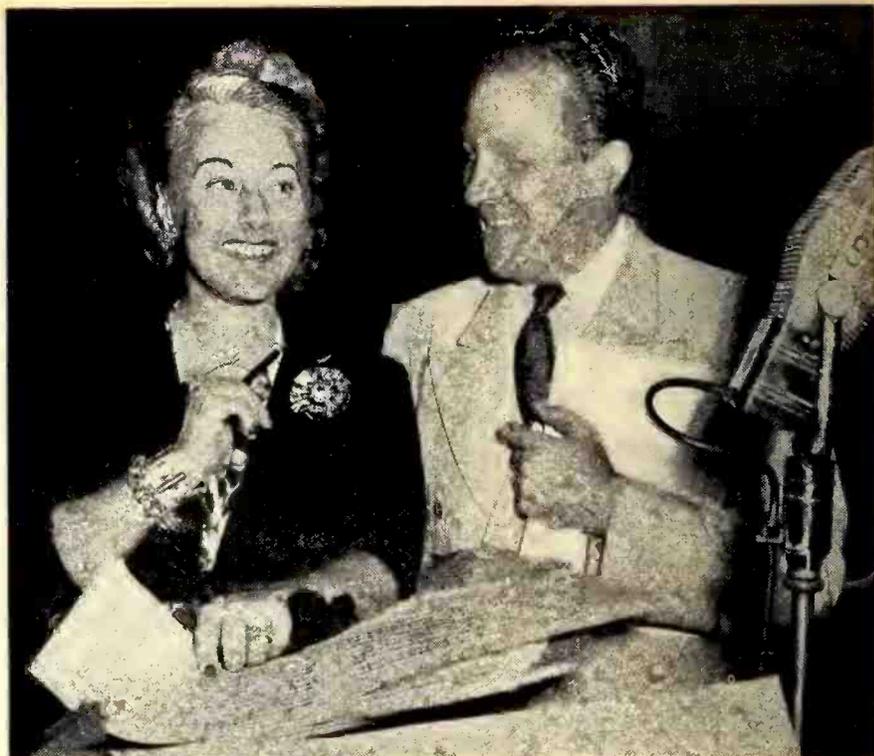
Suddenly, breathtakingly, you'll be embraced . . . held . . . kissed. Perhaps tonight.

Be sure that you are always lovely to love; charming and alluring. Your deodorant may make the difference. That's why so many lovely girls depend on FRESH Cream Deodorant. Test FRESH against any other deodorant—see which stops perspiration . . . prevents odor better! FRESH is different from any deodorant you have ever tried—creamier, more luxurious, and really effective!



For head-to-toe protection, use new FRESH Deodorant Bath Soap. Used regularly, it is 20 times as effective as other type soap in preventing body perspiration odor.

MILO at the MIKE



When Milo Boulton (Bargin' Around with Boulton, WPAT) emceed We the People, he interviewed celebrities like the late soprano Grace Moore.



During the war, Boulton made many special broadcasts. This one, in 1944 from Washington, D. C., was with Britain's Lord Halifax.

It took Milo Boulton—he's the man who greets the people on WPAT's Bargin' Around with Boulton (M-F, 11 A.M. EDT) eight years to travel from Denver to Broadway. Determined to be an actor, Boulton boarded a New York bound train, but, while waiting between trains in Chicago, he met a former friend-turned-actor's agent, and ended up with a contract to play in stock for forty weeks. During the next seven years, he played leads in various stock companies, which always led him farther away from his original destination.

The emcee of Bargin' Around with Boulton was born in Covington, Ohio. When he was five, his parents moved to Denver, where Boulton was graduated from the University of Colorado. Then came a succession of diverse jobs; but his most exciting job was as a dirt-track racer. After three or four near crackups, however, Boulton decided to go to New York to become an actor. His first Broadway break was in "Petrified Forest," and when that show took to the road, Boulton went along with it.

When he returned to New York in 1936, Boulton deserted the stage to make radio his permanent career and soon he was appearing in many of the airwaves' biggest shows. He got his first emcee job on Adventures in Photography, and, since his initial interview with Guy Lombardo, who was then more interested in camera rolls than ocean rolls, Boulton has introduced some 3,000 guests to radio audiences.

Following his "Photography" assignment, Boulton toured the country as emcee of Defense for America. During the thirty-six weeks the show was heard, Boulton broadcast from every major war plant in the U. S., interviewing industrial leaders, scientists, inventors and skilled workmen in every field of endeavor. This provided a good background for his five-and-a-half years as emcee of We the People and his present Bargin' Around with Boulton stint from Paterson's WPAT.

Collector's Corner



By **JOHNNY DESMOND**

(Starting in his home town, Detroit, on a children's hour program, Johnny Desmond has built his career on such steps as forming a vocal quartet for Bob Crosby, playing straight dramatic roles on radio shows, singing with the Glenn Miller Army band and making a series of terrific phonograph records. In addition to his regular chores on the Breakfast Club, Johnny is still turning out hit discs for MGM.)

Even though it may be an admission of some sort of instability, I'm afraid I'll have to confess that my favorite records are an ever-changing group of discs. I'm the kind of person who buys a record and plays it over and over again until it is literally worn out. It's also true, however, that several of my pet platters have maintained their position on my list for a long, long time.

At present, my favorites include Helen Forrest's "It Was So Good While It Lasted" and Peggy Lee's "It's A Good Day." One is new and the other not so new—see? Both girls, though, are great!

I don't think I'll ever stop liking that fabulous Crosby-Mercer disc, "Mr. Meadowlark." Nor can I see what could possibly top the George Shearing Quintet recording, "Nothing But D. Best." Again, it's an old one and a new one.

Kathryn Grayson's singing on "Jealousy" was, for me, absolutely wonderful—and who could dislike a record so unusual as Frankie Laine's "Mule Train"?

One of the finest girl vocalists I've ever heard is Fran Warren, and a perfect example of her ability is the recording of "Homework," the lovely Irving Berlin song. And believe it or not, I'm a Hank Williams fan too. His "Lovesick Blues" holds a permanent place in my record collection.

Also on my favorite list are Blue Barron's big hit, "Cruising Down The River." An all-time favorite is Keenan Wynn's kid album, "The Bear That Wasn't." Listen to that set of discs and I'm sure you'll fall in love with it and Keenan.



Don't
"just wash"
your
hair

Condition it
With **NEW DRENE SHAMPOO**



The sure way to natural sheen—natural softness

It's starting a whole new trend in hair-beauty care . . . this wonderful New Drene Shampoo with Conditioning Action! For New Drene does more than "just wash" your hair! It actually *conditions* as it cleanses . . . conditions your hair to all its loveliest natural sheen, natural softness!

Your hair is so beautifully clean and soft . . . so responsive to your hands. See how curls fall softly into place . . . how they last and last. You'll see all this the very first time you try New Drene—the *only* shampoo with this Conditioning Action!



RETRACTIBLE OR A SIGN OF MOLD?
Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
NOT AS ADVERTISED HEREIN

NEW DRENE
NOW WITH
CONDITIONING ACTION!

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

At home in Drexel Hill, WFIL announcer Joe Novenson is official taster when his wife Louise tries out a new recipe.

PHILADELPHIA PRESTIDIGITATOR



WFIL's Joe Novenson is an announcer in the best radio tradition. Possessed of a mellow baritone voice, he is equally at home with a newscast, a commercial, or a celebrity interview.

Joe's radio career began at the most famous starting gate in the business. He was an NBC studio guide in Radio City. Among his co-workers there were Efram Zimbalist, Jr., the current Broadway producer; Murdock Pemberton, current radio producer and son of Brock Pemberton; and Dave Garroway, the easy-going gentleman who has relaxed himself into television fame.

While a studio guide, Joe studied voice with Solon Albert in New York City and eventually he joined Ben Yost's Varsity Eight singers and toured the country. Later he served as singing emcee on the S. S. Argentina and went on a South American concert tour.

Joe returned to New York just long enough to hold a few short conversations and then headed for North Carolina to join the announcing staff of WAIR. A native Philadelphian, Joe came back home and joined WFIL in 1940. Shortly after Pearl Harbor he enlisted in the Air Corps and as a first lieutenant navigator he spent four years in the ETO.

After the war Joe returned to announcing on WFIL. From time to time he has been starred in his own show, singing under the name Barry Robert.

Joe is married to the former Louise Dudley and, with three-year-old daughter Joyce, they live in suburban Drexel Hill. He's an amateur magician in his spare time and, in addition to pulling rabbits out of hats, he keeps goldfish in the living room.

Radio has complicated the social life of the Novensons—Joe works the night shift—but it has taken away one of the most vexing problems of many a host. When Joe says goodnight to the people there are no lingering guests in the doorway—he's signing the station off the air.



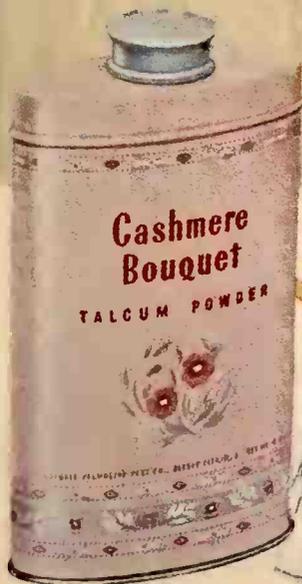
Three-year-old Joyce Novenson loves to hear her daddy on the air, but as yet she has shown no inclination towards becoming a radio actress.

Cool, Fragrant Freshness



Cashmere Bouquet Talcum Powder

Keeps you dainty all over with a "fragrance men love"!



Spring-morning freshness, and fragrance, too—no matter how hot the day! A wonderful dream come true, thanks to satin-soft Cashmere Bouquet Talc! It thirstily absorbs any excess moisture left on your body after the bath, provides a silky-smooth sheath of protection for those many little "chafeable" spots. Yes, for day long daintiness . . . every day, twice a day . . . sprinkle yourself liberally with Cashmere Bouquet Talc!



All-Purpose Cream:
Lipstick; Hand Lotion
or Face Powder
—make sure it's
Cashmere Bouquet!

Only 25¢ and 39¢

Look your loveliest with Cashmere Bouquet

Salon Luxury in a Home Shampoo



It's the real egg* that makes the magic in this luxury shampoo . . . the very same smooth liquid creme used in the famous Richard Hudnut Fifth Avenue Salon to make hair more manageable, tangle-free, easier to do, and permanents "take" better. Whisks in and out like a dream, removes loose dandruff, leaves hair extra lustrous because it's clean, clean, clean! Try this gentler, kinder, luxury shampoo today. Wonderfully good for children's hair, good for the whole family!

\$1.00; economy size \$1.75

From the Fifth Avenue Salon

Richard Hudnut

ENRICHED CREME

Shampoo

with egg



It's the real egg in Hudnut Shampoo that makes hair more manageable. Home permanents "take" better.

*powdered, 1%

RADIO'S OWN LIFE STORY

radio," Benny protested.

"That's all right—nobody does," said Sullivan.

Reassured, Benny consented and introduced himself with the immortal line, "This is Jack Benny talking. Now there will be a brief pause for everybody to say 'Who cares?'" Practically everyone in the country did. He was an immediate hit, and was sponsored by Canada Dry. By 1934, the big event of Sunday night was his bland greeting, "Jell-O again," and his kidding of the six delicious flavors. Before this, the sponsors and their products had been treated with the reverence accorded royalty, and listeners put up with deadly serious sales talks as a necessary bore. Benny changed all that. Jell-O turned up in gags all through his show, instead of just fore and aft of the program. Far from resenting this, people roared with laughter when Mary Livingston worked strawberry, raspberry, cherry, orange, lemon and lime into one of her deadpan poems, or Eddie Anderson (the grainy-voiced Rochester) mentioned them.

Benny also started the vogue for the blisteringly personal crack when his cast got laughs with remarks about his toupee, his stinginess and his violin playing which is better than most people know. At thirteen, he was playing his fiddle in Waukegan's leading dance orchestra. In 1911, when he was seventeen years old, he changed his name from Benjamin Kubelsky to Benny K. Benny and went into vaudeville teamed with a pianist. His famous feud with Fred Allen started when a mere babe whipped off "The Bee" on Allen's show and earned the compliment, "Only eight and you can do that piece? Benny ought to be ashamed of himself." The enjoyable battle was on.

Benny employs a big staff of brilliant gag writers, and also works hard himself on his routines, but he makes a joke of that, too. Once when Allen, who writes most of his material himself, launched a scintillating attack on Benny at a party, Benny at last flung back, "You couldn't talk to me like that and get away with it—if my writers were here."

The fascinating traffic through Allen's Alley started this year and everybody began to say, "Well, as I live and breathe!" and "Hello-oh!" after Portland joined the show in 1934.

Fred Allen was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1894. As a small boy he worked in the Boston Public Library, and his fate was determined when he opened a book on juggling instead of putting it away on the shelves. He began to enter amateur contests, though he was dreadful. One night a disgusted master of ceremonies scornfully inquired, "Where are you learning to juggle?" "I'm taking a correspondence course in baggage smashing," young Allen cracked back, and found that he had arrived as a comedian. His real name is John Florence Sullivan, a name he changed early and most wisely since the great heavyweight of the same name was in his heyday.

Speaking of names, those in his wife's family deserve a moment of silent awe. Portland was named after the Oregon town in which she was born. One of her sisters was christened Dr. Frederica Hoffa—yes, complete with Dr. on her birth certificate. Then there are Lebanon, Period and Lastone—the last

Listen to Walter Winchell, ABC Network Sunday Nights

one, get it?

The glorious Mrs. Nussbaum (Minerva Pious) was discovered by Allen, and joined the show in 1933. She, in turn, discovered Kenny Delmar, who, though born in Boston, reached fame as the bombastic southerner, Senator Claghorn.

"Oh, there you go again, George," and "Now, Gracie!" were new cries in 1932, also a gift from vaudeville. Grace Ethel Cecile Rosalie Allen was born in show business. Her father was a song and dance man on tour in San Francisco when the great event happened in 1906. "When I was born in San Francisco I was so surprised I didn't speak for a year and a half," is the way Gracie puts it. Burns, born Nathan Birnbaum in 1896 in New York, had to break in under his own power. He didn't make the grade until he was ten, when he joined Gus Edwards's show.

At the beginning of their act, George was the one who got all the laughs, but they soon switched. On the air, Gracie's search for her brother was a national runaround in 1933. They bounced in and out of dozens of other NBC programs during the hunt, and life was made miserable for Gracie's real brother, a San Francisco accountant.

Though they were married in 1926, Burns and Allen were not cast as a married couple on the air until 1942 when Gracie's confused goodwill became even funnier.

Sample: "I'm glad you're not a singer, George. Look what happened to poor Caruso—thirty years on a desert island!"

"You've got the wrong man, Gracie..."

"Oh, no, George! You're the one for me!"

A lovely year that brought them—and also Ed Wynn as The Fire Chief. His lisping screams of "Sooooo-o-o-o-o" and of "Tonight it's going to be different," his zany gags and memorable inventions, such as the bell-less alarm clock for the people who don't want to be awakened, mesmerized listeners. When he offered little red fire hats free, three million people stormed Texaco stations to get them.

Al Jolson, who had been all over the air as a guest whenever he wasn't making movies, went on for Chevrolet and added another bright chapter to the success story of Asa Yoelson, born in 1886 in what was then St. Petersburg, Russia. His father was a cantor who came to this country when Al was a boy, and Al was trained to follow in his father's footsteps. Had he done so, he would have been the seventh cantor in direct line in his family. Show business called him early, however. He ran away with a circus, and when the manager sent him home on account of his youth, he found a job as a singing waiter. That led to vaudeville, musical comedy, and eventually to Larry Parks playing "The Jolson Story" on the screen which opened the door for Al's comeback in 1947.

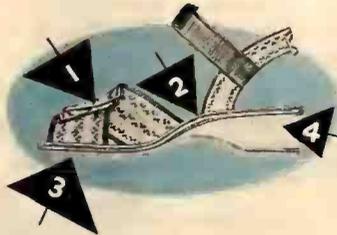
In 1932 Jack Pearl, the incomparable Baron Munchausen, began asking "Vos you dere, Sharlie?" and spinning his inspired lies. Bert Lahr was saying "Thome fun, eh kid?" and the sound of Olsen and Johnson slapping each other was loud in the land. Mildred Bailey left the Old Gold Hour to become The Rockin' Chair Lady. Here was another case of a beautiful voice coming from a very big girl. She weighed one hundred and ninety pounds and was singing with a Fanchon and Marco stage unit in Los Angeles when her brother, Al

"I like Stroller Ensembles because..."

... they're so good looking and practical. In style and color, they make this season's *smartest* combination. Stroller Playshoes are washable and colorfast, cool and fun to wear. The matching sport bags are waterproof inside, roomy enough for all my needs. Ask for Stroller Ensembles at your favorite store. They've got *everything!*"



Smart, practical Stroller Playshoes come in 16 popular styles and 33 color combinations.



1. Colarfast, washable cotton and rayon fabric.
2. Sponge rubber innersole for added comfort.
3. Coal cork and crepe outersole insulates against hot sands and pavements.
4. Light wood heel

This ensemble comes in 5 colors: Poprika, Chortreuse, White, Sunshine Yellow and Peacock Blue—each with matching bag.

U.S.
Strollers

PRODUCTS OF UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY



Only one soap
gives your skin this
exciting Bouquet

And—

New tests by
leading skin specialists
PROVE the amazing mildness
of Cashmere Bouquet
on all types of skin!

Yes, in laboratory tests conducted under severest conditions on normal, dry and oily skin types . . . Cashmere Bouquet Soap was *proved* amazingly mild! So use Cashmere Bouquet regularly in your daily bath and for your complexion, too. It will leave your skin softer, smoother . . . flower-fresh and younger looking! The lingering, romantic *fragrance* of Cashmere Bouquet comes only from a secret wedding of rare perfumes, far costlier than you would expect to find in any soap. Fastidious women cherish Cashmere Bouquet for this "fragrance men love".

**Cashmere
Bouquet**

—In a New Bath Size
Cake, Too!



Now — At the Lowest Price In History!

Rinker, one of Paul Whiteman's Rhythm Boys, introduced her to his boss who promptly signed her.

Ethel Shutta, who was to marry the band leader, George Olsen, was a big hit on the Canada Dry program. Irene Beasley, whose lovely voice had been heard since 1929, was nominated for the title of radio's "It" girl. Lawrence Tibbett started with The Voice of Firestone and was a busy man, singing at the Metropolitan and making "The Rogue Song" backed up by the better known film stars, Laurel and Hardy. John Charles Thomas was on CBS' Five Star Theatre. The air was bursting with exciting new talent.

Charles Winninger was starting as skipper of Show Boat. A whole chapter could be written about the music and the personalities of this great show, one of the best that ever sailed the air waves. Remember Muriel Wilson as Mary Lou, Annette Henshaw as Annette, Molasses and January (Malone and Padgett who were also known as Pic and Pat) not to mention Lanny Ross? Launcelot Patrick Ross, mercifully nicknamed Lanny by his track coach at Yale, came by his musical talent properly. His mother was accompanist for the ballerina, Anna Pavlova, on one of her tours. She started her son's piano lessons when he was a baby, though he was not intended for a musical career. It is little known that Lanny holds law degrees from Yale and Columbia. He worked his way through two years at the latter university by singing on the air. Then he decided that there was more profit in broadcasting than in briefs, and never practised as an attorney.

The True Story series was developing an extremely effective technique new to the air. A narrator set the stage in the first person with a few words such as "My name is such-and-such, and I will never forget the day when, etc." Then his voice faded out and actors took over—a form that Orson Welles was to use very extensively in his Mercury Theatre shows later. The series, sponsored by TRUE STORY Magazine, was heard over both NBC and CBS, and was extremely popular. Through the years, it featured many important names. In 1935, A. L. Alexander's True Story Court of Human Relations introduced another telling new form to the air. A jury of prominent legal and medical men listened to the problems of real people and gave advice on the air, the first of the big "let us straighten out your life" shows.

Of similar appeal to worried people, though of different format, was The Voice of Experience. Marion Taylor wanted to be a doctor, and earned his way through medical school as an organist. His chosen profession and his hobby were taken from him when a motor accident seriously injured both hands, and he became a social worker. His own personal disaster and what he saw of the seamy side of life in his job gave him a warm personal sympathy for those in trouble. He started broadcasting in Spokane in 1922, and introduced The Voice of Experience in 1928 on one station, WOR, in New York. He got ten thousand letters asking for advice in the first week! After his show went nationwide in 1932, he sold eight million little booklets as well as publishing eight full-length books relating to courage and self-help in the following five years.

Smilin' Ed McConnell, who began on WSB in Atlanta in 1922, went on the CBS network this year as The Singing Philosopher. (Continued on page 78)

POETRY

MY LODGERS

I have a home for lonely things,
 Like—wistful songs that no one sings.
 For shy, sweet smiles rebuffed by frowns,
 And silent sighs from laughing clowns.
 For all the tears that little boys
 Shed over lost, beloved toys.
 For broken dreams that went astray,
 And broken loves that lost their way.
 Where is this home, you ask of me?
 My heart is—lonely, too, you see!
 —Kit C. Morris

DESPAIR

You are the
 dream
 I dreamed
 too late,
 the love for
 which
 I could
 not wait
 How can I
 reconcile
 my fate?
 —Sue Boyd

THE ARBOREAL FEMINE

I think that I shall never see
 A girl who isn't like a tree:
 She leaves her childhood with a zest
 To fill the hopeful cedar chest!
 She spruces up and pats a curl
 And pines to be a poplar girl.
 Then comes the day the knot is tied
 And she's at last a budding bride.
 But like the rest sometime or other,
 She'll pack a trunk and go to mother,
 Complaining he won't buy her things
 Like firs and sparkling diamond rings.
 But daughter's bark is worse than bite,
 She hurries home meek and contrite
 A girl is like a tree it's true,
 I won't deny the fact, wood you?
 —Gwen C. Meza

VOICE IN THE WILDERNESS

Let us have no more—no more!
 Bravery, it has been said,
 Is a trait they're noted for
 In the kingdom of the dead.
 —Faye Chilcote Walker

RADIO 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
 MIRROR Magazine, 205 E. 42 Street,
 New York 17, N.Y. Each poem should
 be accompanied by this notice. This
 is not a contest, but an effort to pur-
 chase poetry for use in RADIO MIRROR.

ONLY ODO-RO-NO CREAM GIVES YOU ALL THESE ADVANTAGES!

- 1 Stops perspiration quickly and safely.
- 2 Banishes odor instantly.
- 3 The only cream deodorant that guarantees full protection for 24 hours.
- 4 Never irritates normal skin—use it daily. Can be used immediately after shaving.
- 5 Absolutely harmless to all fabrics.
- 6 New, exclusive formula. Never dries up, never gets gritty or hardens in the jar as ordinary deodorants often do.
- 7 Double your money back if you aren't satisfied that this wonderful new Odo-Ro-No Cream is the safest, most effective, most delightful deodorant you've ever used. Just return unused portion to Northam Warren, New York.



Don't trust your charm to outdated, ineffective deodorants.
 Rely on the new Odo-Ro-No Cream, made by the leader in
 the deodorant field for more than 30 years.

New **ODO·RO·NO**
 CREAM

The deodorant
 without a doubt

GUARANTEED FULL 24-HOUR PROTECTION!

More cream for your money. New 25¢ and 50¢ sizes, plus tax.

Facing the Music

Moderator Hank Weaver interviews singer Lena Horne, who appeared on ABC's Hollywood Byline to answer questions tossed at her by Hollywood reporters.



Another Crosby heard from: Ten-year-old Cathy sang on Uncle Bing's CBS show. Bob has his own program on Sunday at 10:30 P.M. EDT, over NBC.



Intermission at a Tex Beneke recording session. By the time you read this the bandleader may have added a newspaper column to his many other activities.



In the control room of NBC's New York studios in Radio City, conductor Donald Voorhees, L., assistant producer Barbara Curham and announcer Floyd Mack check music cues for the Monday (9 P.M. EDT) Telephone Hour, which already has celebrated its 500th broadcast.



A little over five years ago, Eddy Arnold was just another country boy who liked to fool around with a guitar and sing. Now, while living a typical suburban life in Madison, Tennessee, Eddy is one of the highest paid performers in the country. He has a network radio show, records for RCA Victor, makes movies for Monogram, does a series of personal appearances each year and operates a farm stocked with some fine "Tennessee walking horses."

Reared on a farm near Henderson, Tennessee, Eddy had only nine years of formal schooling—seven of them in the one-room, one-teacher variety of schoolhouse. His dad was an old-time fiddler who encouraged the younger Arnold to practice on his battered old guitar. From local country dances, Eddy headed for the town of Jackson and his first job on a radio station when he was only eighteen. That led to his recording contract just about four years ago.

In 1941, he married Sally Gayheart. They have a little daughter and live in a modern, eight-room house. The farm is a few miles outside of Madison.

Although Eddy had recorded a number of songs before RCA Victor issued record number 20-1948, that was Eddy's lucky number. One side of that disc was "That's How Much I Love You," the song that is said to mark the turning point in the Arnold career. Since then, Eddy has remained the pace-setter in his field of music. And the biggest money-earner, too.

* * *

Every one knows that rhumba rhythms came to us from South and Latin America, but few realize that it's the American rhumba bands that are so popular down in South America. Noro Morales, for example, was contracted to appear in Caracas, Venezuela, for \$3,000 a night. But, this time the public didn't want Noro to play the usual rhumba numbers—they demanded be bop! It seems that that's the "thing" down there.

* * *

Lots of news coming from the Hollywood front these days concerns music and recording artists. Sarah Vaughan has completed two musical shorts for Universal to be released in the Fall. Tony Martin and Mrs. (Cyd Charisse) Martin are said to be expecting a youngster—the Roy Rogerses, too. Dennis Day is working on his first film in six years. It's tentatively titled "I'll Get By" and also stars June Haver, Gloria DeHaven and Harry James. Ezio Pinza is slated to play the role of the king in the MGM flicker, "Mr. Imperium." Lana Turner will co-star. Jack Smith is taking boxing lessons in preparation for his role in the "Marcel Cerdan Story."

* * *

In response to many inquiries, it's Monica Lewis who's the voice in the "Chiquita Banana" singing commercials. Monica now records for the MGM label—and under her rightful moniker.

By BOB POOLE

Bob Poole is heard M-F, 3 P.M. and
11:15 A.M., EDT on MBS stations
—including WOR in New York.

"If the shoe fits..."



Kenneth Gill, right, who still holds a union card as a plasterer, directs the Angelus Singers in Sunday afternoon concerts over Buffalo's WBEN. The YMCA's Walter Spaeth, left, narrates with the assistance of announcer Ward Fenton.

Back in 1939 Kenneth Gill, a young plastering firm executive, with singing as a hobby, taught voice to several young men in Buffalo's Downtown YMCA. Gradually other visitors at the "Y" joined the group and after a year of rehearsals the YMCA Male Chorus was formed. Today the Angelus Singers are the best known non-professional chorus between New York and Chicago.

The first name change came when the chorus began broadcasting on the Angelus Hour. Shortly thereafter, when the draft went into effect. Director Gill turned to the ladies. The results were so successful that now the twenty-eight-voice chorus includes twelve girls.

The Angelus Singers currently are featured on the Angelus Hour over WBEN, Buffalo, every Sunday at 1 P.M. One of the original members of the chorus—Alvin Kraatz—is president of Karts Dairy, sponsors of the series.

This unique chorus shuns the name "choir" because it sings everything from "corn" to opera and includes occasional hymns. The twenty-eight-voice chorus is backed by the Angelus Chorale of eighty people. From this Chorale comes the material from which replacements are made. All the singers are non-professional and their expenses are paid through money received from the broadcast series and concerts. The Singers and the Chorale rehearse at the YMCA which underwrites part of the expenses for music and wardrobes. The

Singers give one big concert yearly to cover other expenses.

Mr. Gill, who has long since given up plastering to devote his full time to music, is still a member of the firm of C. H. Gill and Sons, founded by his grandfather. He also is head of the music department of Nichols School, chorus director at the New York State Institute of Applied Arts and Sciences and a music critic for Buffalo newspapers. He also directs other singing groups.

New members of the group are selected on the basis of voice, personality and size. Because of the extensive changes of costume in the wardrobe (the men have four interchangeable outfits and the girls have eight changes) one understudy may step into a "regular's" place if the costume fits!

During the past year, the Angelus Singers have appeared with the Buffalo Philharmonic Orchestra more times than any other individual or group. They have sung at professional football games in Buffalo Civic Stadium; have given concerts in practically all suburbs of Buffalo and Niagara Falls and have sung at the Chautauqua Institution. Their summer tours have taken them from Ohio to New York State as far east as the Hudson River. Their extensive library covers twelve hundred arrangements—sacred music, opera, concert favorites and the very latest popular music.

When a Girl Marries

(Continued from page 13)

all the confusion in the home. Their father is an habitual drunkard; we had to depend on his mother for our living.

I am divorced from him and am now married to a fine man—an extra good man! But my twelve-year-old son is a problem. He is large for his age, wants to quit school with only an eighth-grade education. I have tried to explain about this future but make no headway—he's inclined to follow in his father's footsteps. He and some boys his age and older had been smoking for some time before I caught up with them.

However, he is good to his stepfather and me; he helps around the house and stays by me if I'm sick or feeling bad, will wait on me hand and foot. He never misses kissing his stepdad and me goodnight and giving us a warm hug. So a child with this disposition should not be let down, do you think? What can I do to set him right?

Mrs. F. T.

Dear Joan:

I have a problem I would like very much to have your readers' opinion on. About three years ago we adopted a little girl just one year old. Needless to say, we love her dearly. In the past year her own sister has been adopted by some people we know. We can't keep from seeing them quite often.

Our little Marie has asked often for a sister to play with. This hurts so bad when I know her sister is so near. Neither child remembers the other.

Kay has asked her new mama if some time she might see her baby sister which is Marie. Kay's parents are also in doubt as to what we should do.

Should we tell them now and let them play together while they are little, or should we keep the knowledge from them just let them be friends. Will they hold it against us when they are older, for in a city of about twenty thousand, they are almost certain to find out. Please help me.

Mrs. G. E.

Dear Mrs. G. E.:

As far as I can see, you have no problem. As perhaps you know, the best authorities on the adoption of children strongly urge adoptive parents to tell the child that it is adopted. Letting your child know that she is adopted, that you took her into your home because you wanted her, that, among all the children you might have chosen, you chose her, will save you and the child many heartaches through the years and will keep the child from serious conflicts as she grows older.

Once you face that fact—that you must for her good and yours tell her—your problem is not a problem at all, but a blessing—how splendid that the two sisters need not be separated, that they will not later learn, as some adopted children have, that their brothers or sisters are somewhere in the world, but they do not know where!



The deeper you cleanse...
The prettier you look!

Your skin actually looks younger after cleansing with Woodbury Cold Cream! You'll discover your complexion is prettier than you knew.

For Woodbury Cold Cream cleanses deeper! It contains Penaten—the amazing new penetrating agent that actually goes deeper into the pore openings. That means Woodbury's wonderful cleansing oils go deeper to loosen every trace of grime and make-up.

And because of Penaten, Woodbury Cold Cream smooths more effectively, too. Brings rich softening oils to soothe your skin when it's dry and rough. Recapture that little-girl freshness again with Woodbury Cold Cream! 20¢ to \$1.39 plus tax.



Woodbury Cold Cream

penetrates deeper
because it contains
PENATEN

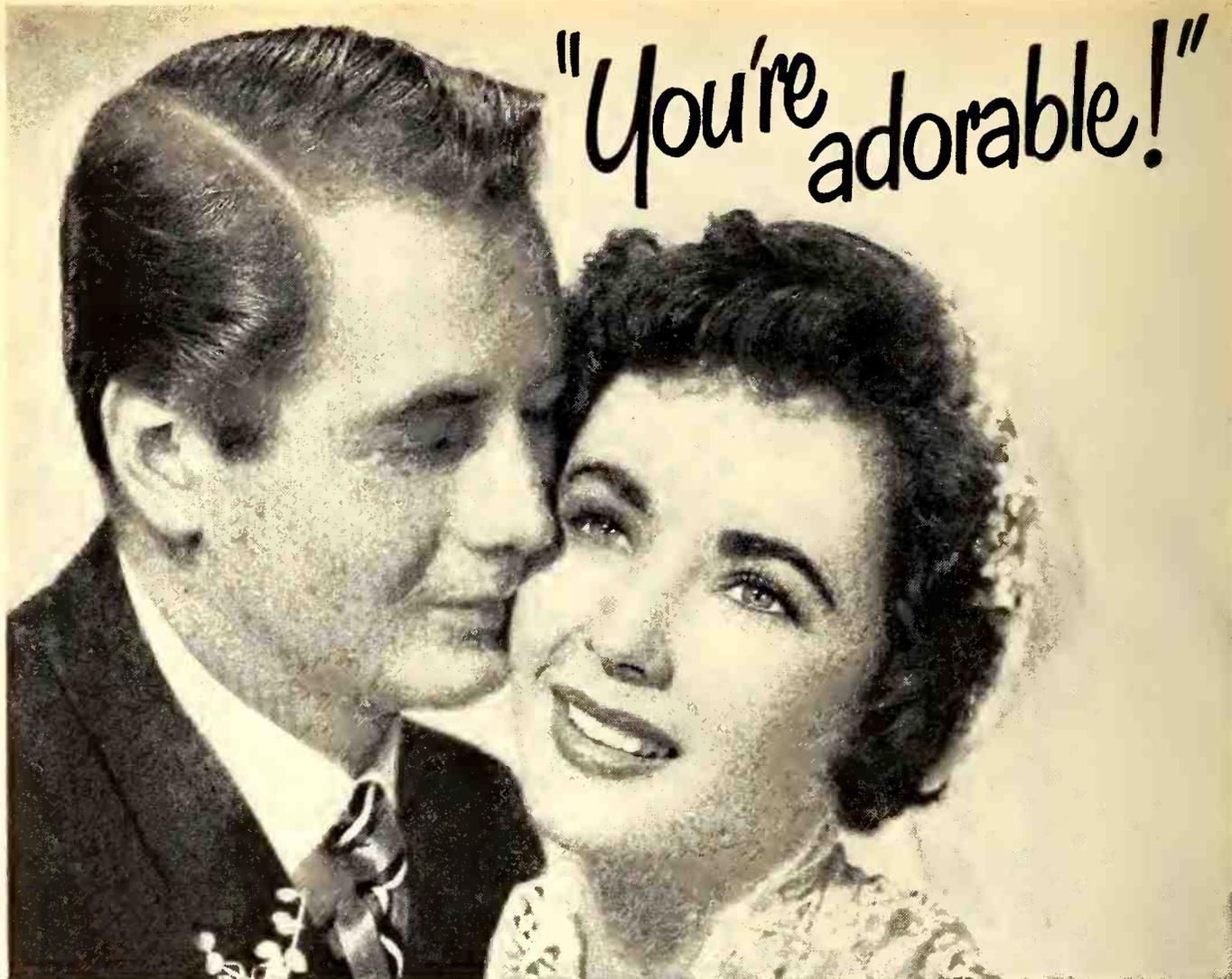
DID YOU

EVER GET A LAST MINUTE

TURN DOWN?

(SEE PAGE 79)

Paid Notice



"You're adorable!"

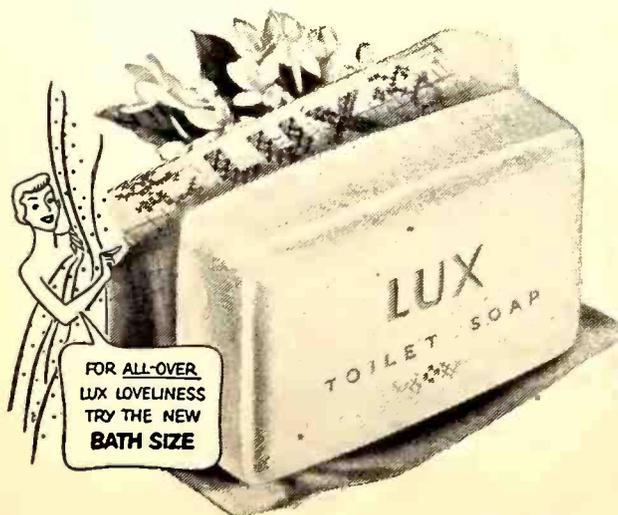
ELIZABETH TAYLOR as she plays opposite DON TAYLOR in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "FATHER OF THE BRIDE"

"I'm a Lux Girl"

says ELIZABETH TAYLOR

A bride of dreamlike loveliness—that's Elizabeth Taylor in her latest picture. Notice the radiant beauty of her complexion—it's a *Lux* Complexion, given the gentlest, most cherishing care with Hollywood's own beauty soap.

"My Lux Soap facials with ACTIVE lather give my skin new loveliness—so quickly!" says Elizabeth. In recent tests by skin specialists, actually 3 out of 4 complexions improved in a short time. Try this beautifying care! You'll love the generous *bath size* Lux Toilet Soap, too—so fragrant—so luxurious!



HOLLYWOOD'S ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL:



1. Here's the Active-lather beauty facial screen stars never neglect: Smooth the creamy Lux Soap lather in well—



2. It's such rich, abundant lather, even in the hardest water. Just rinse with warm water, then splash on cold—

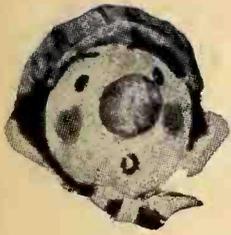


3. Pat gently with a soft towel to dry. Marvelous—how soft and smooth your skin feels now—how fresh it looks!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

Another fine product of
Lever Brothers Company

A HAPPY MESSAGE FROM:



Kukla



Fran-



and Ollie

Each year the Kuklapolitans get into quite a tizzy over vacation plans. This time, Kukla appointed Fran chairman of the committee and she called a meeting at which, after a little refined wrangling, everything was worked out. First, Buelah  Witch extended an invitation to everyone to attend the convention of her alma mater, Witch Normal. Touring Europe was *the* thing Madame  Ooglepuss assured them. Colonel  Cracky pointed out that their public clamored for them on the summer opera circuit. Ollie reminded them that Ezio Pinza was to leave "South Pacific" and that he was Mr. Pinza's logical successor. Cecil  Bill didn't care where he went—as long as it was fishing. Kuke thought it would be wonderful if they'd visit the television stations—all fifty-eight!—on which Kukla, Fran and Ollie are heard. Mercedes  insisted on going to Hollywood, getting in the movies. Fletcher  Rabbit suggested they join him in an educational tour behind scenes at the Post Office Department. Then Ollie remembered that his mother expected them all at Dragon Retreat. That, Fran proposed, would be a fine way to spend the first two weeks, relaxing and watching TV—because, you know, the big antenna, the only one in the world that will bring in all television stations at once, is located there.

Everyone agreed, so there remained just two things to do: Kukla was chosen to invite Burr  Tillstrom to join them; Ollie was appointed to write a letter from Dragon Retreat, telling all about their vacation, for the August RADIO  MIRROR Magazine.

Kukla, Fran and Ollie is telecast Monday thru Friday, 7 P.M. EDT, NBC-TV. Sponsored Mondays and Fridays by R. C. A.; Tuesdays and Thursdays by Sealtest; Wednesdays by Ford Motor Co.



It's Always Fine On THE FOURTH OF JULY

BY JANEY BROWN
DAUGHTER OF YOUNG WIDDER BROWN

It's always fine on the fourth of July,
Whether it's wet, or whether it's dry.
Whether it's raining, or whether the sun
Is shining on everything that's being done.

It's always fine on the fourth of July,
For this is the day in years gone by
When we declared, after lots of strife,
That we would live our own way of life.

It's always fine on the fourth of July,
A day when nobody can deny
We're proud to be the people we are,
True to our faith, and true to each star

That shines on the red and the white and the blue
Of the flag, which we do special honor to...
The Stars And Stripes! And that is why,
It's always fine on the fourth of July.

*Ellen Brown and her children, Janey and Mark, help
Anthony Loring put up the flag. The poem on this page was
written for Radio Mirror by Ellen's daughter Janey.*



By
PEG LYNCH

When you've had a particularly hard afternoon with Junior, trouble with the refrigerator, a cake that won't rise and/or any one of the other million things that can go wrong in a home, there are seven little words a husband—yours or mine—can say that guarantees a whale of an argument.

It starts when the wife announces, "Dinner will be a little late."

Husband frowns. Everything is neat and orderly in his home—but for the moment he doesn't remember that this order was accomplished by his wife. Junior is scrubbed and clean, but he doesn't remember that this is due to Mother's efforts. Dinner is on the stove, but he doesn't remember that the housewife-mother-cook put it there. The salad vegetables are in the crisper, but he doesn't remember the housewife-mother-cook-purchasing agent bought these. No, husband looks very unhappy.

It is then that he utters those seven fatal words, "What have you been doing all day?"

This is the straw that breaks his wife's back, the spark that lights the fuse. And after the bomb explodes and the dust settles, he may be either a far wiser and better husband or hopelessly angry.

In the normal living of a normal couple there are daily incidents that rock the domestic ship. No matter who is at fault, one of two things result: the couple quarrels or they bicker.

Quarrels are bad. They are to marriage what wars are to nations. Quarrels, like wars, end up in violence and destruction, wrecking domestic happiness with recriminations and emotional outbursts. No matter how slight and silly the outward reason for the quarrel—whether caused by leaving the cap off the toothpaste tube or showing up late for a date—you can be sure there is a more serious underlying cause, a basic problem in the marriage.

Bickering, on the other hand, is an airing of difference of opinion that clears the air and leaves no permanent scars. As Ethel would say, "Bickering is a brisk exchange of ideas. When something upsets Albert and me, we don't raise our voices but only bicker about it, sticking to the subject and getting at the whys and wherefores. When we've exhausted the problem, we understand ourselves a lot better."

In the six years that Ethel and Albert have been on ABC, Ethel has had a lot of mail—and so have I. (It doesn't matter whether the envelope is addressed to the woman who plays Ethel, or to the writer of the show—we're both me!) All the mail is gratifying, and apparently most married couples have the same trivial household problems to solve (Continued on page 96)

It's a healthy way to settle
differences says the girl whose
marital experience—both on
and off the air—qualifies her
as an expert on the subject



In real life, Peg is married to Odd Knut Ronning. They agree on *almost* everything.

Bickering

In character: as Ethel Arbuckle, Peggy plays
opposite Alan Bunce, the ever-loving Albert.



WON'T HURT YOUR MARRIAGE

Ethel and Albert is heard on Monday evenings at 8:00 EDT on American Broadcasting Company stations.

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Bickering

WON'T HURT YOUR MARRIAGE

NORA DRAKE ASKS:

Should you help others—

This month's daytime serial problem-question is one which arises in varying degrees—and with varying degrees of argument to accompany it—in almost every home. There's something in nearly all of us that makes us want to offer our advice and assistance to others. Sometimes those who try to help are spoken of as Good Samaritans—and sometimes as meddlers, or as "do-gooders."

But it's true that in a great many cases a person who can view the problem at hand in a calm and cool manner, look at it from all sides unhampered by prejudice or emotional involvement, can offer a way out which the person under stress can't—or won't—see for himself.

If the motive of the one who offers advice and help is selfless—as Nora Drake's is—the advice is usually sound, and the person advised can profit by it. Under those circumstances it's the Good Samaritan who sometimes gets in trouble, and finds herself at odds with those who do not understand the reason behind her helpfulness.

Each month, RADIO MIRROR puts before its reader-listeners a problem which confronts a daytime serial favorite of theirs. This month's problem is the one which is causing difficulties between Nora Drake and Charles Dobbs, the man she loves—the man who loves her and yet feels that she is prone to meddle into affairs which are not strictly her business. Nora's efforts to help Tom Morley are widening a rift between Nora and Charles. And for the same reason, although from a different point of view, her championship of Tom has weakened the warm bond of friendship between Nora and her roommate, Suzanne Turrie, who is in love with Tom.

Now Nora must decide—should she continue to give aid to Tom, although this puts her own happiness in jeopardy? Perhaps you, or someone in your family or among your friends, have faced a similar problem. Can you, from your experience, advise Nora? Listen to *This Is Nora Drake* on CBS each day; refresh your memory with the brief recounting of Nora's story which you will find on the following pages. Then answer this question: Should You Help Others—Even If You Hurt Yourself?

**RADIO MIRROR WILL PAY \$50.00 FOR
THE MOST INTERESTING LETTERS**

This is Nora Drake is heard each Monday through Friday at 2:30 P.M. EDT, on CBS stations, sponsored by the Toni Company

TURN THE PAGE FOR DETAILS OF NORA DRAKE'S PROBLEM

even if you hurt yourself?



What price noble sacrifice?

Nora Drake faces this universal
problem. Can you, from your
own experience, offer her counsel?

Charles Dobbs, in love with
Nora Drake, resents the time
she spends helping others.
Here, as Charles looks on,
are Nora and Suzanne Turrie.

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Nora Drake's deep-rooted altruism stems from her childhood—spent in surroundings of need and want. Where those around her, when she was very young, competed keenly, with self-preservation the uppermost thing in their minds, Nora found contentment, an answer to the many lacks in her life, helping others.

Now, happy in her nursing career at Page Memorial Hospital, Nora has carried over into her adult life that deep sympathetic insight into the problems of others—an insight that can be both a blessing and a curse. Her unswerving belief in people is a steady factor that has saved many a trying situation. But it has also made her vulnerable to exploitation by schemers. And her good efforts have sometimes been misconstrued as an intrusion.

There's nothing of the sanctimonious Pollyanna about Nora—her sense of humor is as warm as her heart. But her rare understanding of people and of their troubles sometimes brings her into a controversy in the uncomfortable role of mediator.

Most important in Nora's life at the present are three people. First, Charles Dobbs, whom she loves and who loves her. Second, Suzanne Turrie, Nora's friend and roommate—a French pianist, grateful for Nora's assistance to her when she first came, a war-bewildered refugee, to this country. Third is Tom Morley, whom Nora feels obligated to aid.

Charles Dobbs, an attorney, is defending his brother, who has been accused of forgery by Tom Morley. Nora is deeply concerned over the effect that the trial may have on impressionable young Tom, who is somewhat unstable. When Tom's father, a racketeer, was killed, Nora promised the dying man she would look after his son, and during the trial she feels more keenly than ever her responsibility toward

Tom. She feels that Charles' grueling cross-examination might have serious, permanent effects on him.

Charles is incensed at Nora's suggestion that he treat Tom gently, and insists, logically, on defending his brother to the limit of his abilities. He is at a loss to understand how Nora can champion Tom, whom Charles believes to be exactly like his racketeer father, and he's inclined to interpret Nora's sympathy toward Tom as an indication that her love for him, Charles, has weakened.

Suzanne, too, is involved in this, for she is in love with Tom Morley. At first, Tom sneered at Nora's efforts in his behalf, but her sincerity so impressed him that he found himself first admiring her, and at last falling in love with her. Suzanne, seeing Tom's infatuation for Nora, misconstrues Nora's desire to help, so Suzanne, too, has become alienated.

Although Nora doesn't suspect the intensity of Tom's feelings towards her, she does know that her efforts for him have caused friction with Suzanne, and, most important of all, she knows that Tom is becoming a major obstacle to the smooth course of Charles Dobbs' love for her.

There is another side to the problem, too—a side which affects Nora's career. Dr. Jenson is about to start a new clinic for mental cases and has asked Nora's assistance. But her free time is so involved in helping Tom, and others, that she cannot do the necessary studying to fit herself for contributions to this new clinic.

But can she abandon Tom Morley, confused, bitter, friendless? Or should she continue to help him, knowing that her professional life is in jeopardy and—much more important to a woman—that her happiness is at stake? Should she continue to help him, although she hurts herself?



Tom Morley—first he sneered at Nora, then admired her. Then he fell in love!



Suzanne Turrie—in love with Tom Morley, she deeply resents Nora's "intrusion."



Charles Dobbs—fears Nora's championing of Morley means her love is weakening.

some call them meddlers! What do you think?

Here Are the Names of Those Who Wrote the Best Letters of Advice to Chichi of Life Can Be Beautiful, Answering the Problem Which Appeared in March.

In March RADIO MIRROR, reader-listeners were told in brief the story of Chichi and of the three men in her life—Doug Norman, Toby Nelson and Barry Markham—and asked which of these Chichi really loves. RADIO MIRROR Editors have chosen the best answers; checks have been sent as follows:

TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS to Mrs. Edward Sëigel, Wheat Ridge, Colorado, for the following letter:

Eliminate Barry because Chichi will always feel alien to his wealthy background. True love cannot exist where the heart constantly withdraws itself. . . . Eliminate Doug, too; pity, disguised as love, resulted in their engagement, and Doug's gradual retreat strengthened the illusion—a typical feminine reaction, this grasping for the unattainable. . . . Chichi's love for Toby is root-deep because of their past—that insecure past which will always be a factor in her love because it is indelibly imprinted on her soul. Unrealizing, Chichi tries to disguise her love because of its association with pain—but it's there, deep in her heart!

FIVE DOLLARS each for the five next-best letters, sent to: June Harris, New Albany, Indiana; Mrs. Harold Lawrence, Port Clinton, Ohio; Mrs. Walter Sambor, Industry, Illinois; June Gregg, Bainbridge, Ohio; Mrs. V. L. Burns, Oakland, Calif.



Nora Drake—her deep, sympathetic understanding sometimes gets her in trouble.

Radio Mirror will purchase readers' best answers to the question: "Should you help others—even if you hurt yourself?" To writer of the best answer, \$25.00; to writers of the five next-best answers, \$5.00 each.

On these pages you will learn more about Nora Drake, her friends and the important problems that she faces.

Ever since she can remember, Nora has felt she must do whatever she can to help those who are in trouble. Sometimes, in doing so, she makes trouble for herself—as, at the present time, her efforts to aid Tom Morley have resulted in misunderstanding between Nora and Charles, and also between Nora and Suzanne. Sometimes, too, demands on her time made by her efforts to assist others result in Nora's devoting less time to her own career.

Should you help others—even if you hurt yourself? What do you think? State your reasons in a letter of no more than 100 words; address Nora Drake, Radio Mirror, 205 E. 42 St., N. Y. 17, N. Y. The editors will choose the best letter—basing their choice on originality and understanding of the problem—and will purchase it for \$25.00 for publication in the October issue. They will choose five next-best letters, purchase them for \$5.00 each. Opinions of the editors will be final; no letters will be returned. Letters must be postmarked no later than midnight, July 1, 1950. The coupon below should accompany your letter:

NAME _____

STREET OR BOX _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

ARTHUR

Arthur Godfrey and his ukulele
are seen on Tues. and Fri.
at 7:45 P.M. EDT on CBS-TV.



GODFREY Starts Something!

Combining a ukulele with video and his varied gifts, Arthur sets out to instruct his public in the art of coaxing a tune from four strings. Here's how he learned—and here's how *you* can learn

One fine spring night in 1924, a red-headed young fellow, with a banjo comprising the bulk of his luggage, turned up in Hasbrouck Heights, New Jersey. Soon word got around town, "That Godfrey boy's back!"

He'd been gone quite a while, Arthur had—ever since that time he'd told his high school teacher, Miss Twigg, "I'd like to go out and see the world, even if it's only through a porthole!"

Hasbrouck Heights hadn't changed much. It was still the sleepy town where Arthur had come, with his parents, when he was two years old, back in 1905. Still the same town where, as a child, he'd played in the big Teterboro swamps nearby. Where, at eleven, he'd delivered for Ehler's Grocery during the summer, to help out at home. Where he'd had other jobs, too: driving Schaeffer's bakery wagon—and "exercising" the Schaeffer horse by riding it hell-for-leather down the main street, bareback, past the house of whichever local girl he wanted to impress at the moment—and delivering for John Ferrari's Sweet Shoppe. (Today, Ferrari remembers: "Arthur was a fine lad. If he earned a two-bit tip, I happen to know that he turned it straight over to his mother. And when she could let him keep a nickel of it for ice cream, he'd come into my place the happiest youngster alive!")

No, Hasbrouck Heights hadn't changed—it still didn't offer much in the way of an opportunity for a young fellow who wanted to get somewhere in the world—even if he wasn't quite sure, just yet, where "somewhere" was. But quite a bit happened to Arthur since he'd left. He'd begun by getting a job as an office boy. When that didn't turn out the way he'd expected, he washed dishes for a while. There'd been a brief stint of coal-mining which ended up with a cough and doctor's orders to get a job above ground; an even briefer stint as a lumber-jack—he was so young and thin that he couldn't

lift the axe! Then tries at being a farm hand, a typist, a tire-finisher at a rubber plant, among other things.

At last Arthur had taken a deep breath and looked at the situation squarely. He was drifting. At fourteen, he was drifting toward being a lifetime drifter, perhaps. Something had to be done. He needed, he realized, more education than the two years of high school behind him, if he were going to get anywhere.

At that time there were Navy recruiting posters all over, telling the advantages—some others besides seeing the world—of joining up. Arthur had gone to a recruiting office in Cleveland in May of 1920 and signed up for a two-year hitch, and at the end of the first, he'd resigned for a second two.

Now he was back home to see the family—but not for long. He'd learned a lot in the Navy, and he was anxious to get out in the world once more, put some of what he'd learned into practice.

What he didn't know was this: one of the important things he'd learned while in the Navy had not a thing to do with seamanship, but was going to stand him in good stead later on. Arthur had learned to play the banjo. And, at Great Lakes Naval Training Station, he'd learned to play the ukulele, too—from a real Hawaiian boy who was also stationed there.

Right then, though, the banjo and the ukulele seemed more for pleasure than profit. A fellow has to work—for more things than the money to buy food and shelter. A fellow has to work for self-respect, the respect of others, that necessary feeling of pride in accomplishment. In search of all those things, Arthur left Hasbrouck Heights again and headed for Detroit and the miracles of mass production, the amazing feats of the assembly line. Five dollars a day, they were paying, he'd (Continued on page 85)

TURN THE PAGE TO READ HOW YOU CAN WIN A UKULELE

SPECIAL SECTION on ARTHUR GODFREY and his FRIENDS →



Here's how to begin to PLAY the Ukulele as ARTHUR GODFREY does

HOW TO HOLD THE UKULELE

D Chord

3 third finger
← here, and
strike all four
strings.

G Chord

1st finger
here → 1
second
finger here → 2

Strike all four strings

A 7th Chord

1st finger
2nd finger
3rd finger

First, pronounce the name of the instrument the way the Hawaiians do—call it *ookelele*, not *youkelele*! On this page are some charts which show you how to hold the ukulele, what the various parts of the instrument are called, and diagrams of the three basic chords which will make it possible for you to accompany any simple song. You can strum with your fingers, but a felt pick may be easier for you, at least at first—hold it between thumb and fingers, as below, and play lightly with up and down strokes across the strings. The strokes are made with index finger, held limp. Use your fingernail for the down stroke and the cushion of the finger for the upstroke.

If you're just starting out, Arthur advises, you might find it best not to invest in a too-expensive ukulele at the start. Later, if you're sure you like to play, you can buy a more costly one if you want to. Always be sure your instrument is tuned before you begin. And don't try to learn too much at once—take it easy! Of course, you'll want a book of instructions. Arthur Godfrey is planning one for you—listen to his twice weekly hi-V TV program for more information.

THE UKULELE AND ITS PARTS

Tuning Keys

Frets

Nuts

Position Marks

Neck and Fingerboard

Pick or Strum

Sound Hole

Bridge

A 4th String
D 3rd String
F# 2nd String
B 1st String

Here's how YOU can win a UKULELE like Arthur Godfrey's

RADIO MIRROR offers its reader-listeners a chance to win a genuine Islander Ukulele, made by Paramount Distributors—the same ukulele Arthur Godfrey uses on his ukulele-lesson TV show. Here's how:

1. Finish the sentence on the coupon below, "I'd like to learn to play the ukulele like Arthur Godfrey because—" in twenty-five words or less. Use the coupon below. Be sure to fill in your name and address.

2. Mail to Ukulele, RADIO MIRROR, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, New York. Entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, July 10, 1950. Winners will be announced in a fall issue of RADIO MIRROR, after Arthur Godfrey has returned to the air.

3. The editors of RADIO MIRROR will be the judges, and their decision will be final. Entries will be judged on basis of originality, sincerity and interest.

4. Writers of each of the twenty-five most interesting letters will be awarded a genuine Islander Ukulele, manufactured by Paramount Distributors, plus a case of hi-V Concentrated Orange Juice, made by the sponsors of Arthur Godfrey's twice weekly hi-V TV ukulele-lesson program, heard on CBS-TV at 7:45 P.M., EDT.



Arthur Godfrey (above, with the Mariners) can be heard M-F, 10:15 A.M., EDT (radio); Mondays, 8:30 P.M., EDT (radio and TV); Wednesdays, 8 P.M., EDT (TV); Tuesdays and Fridays 7:45 P.M., EDT, (TV), all on CBS network radio and TV stations.

I'D LIKE TO LEARN TO PLAY THE UKULELE LIKE ARTHUR GODFREY BECAUSE

NAME _____

STREET OR BOX _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

On top, hitting bottom,
 good times and bad, hard times
 —but never the easy
 way, because Arthur
 Godfrey's not the kind
 who takes easily
 to taking life easy!

A PICTURE-LIFE OF



1. Introducing Arthur Morton Godfrey. Age: about one year. Born August 31, 1903, son of Kathryn and Arthur Hansbury Godfrey of N. Y. C.



2. Arthur's the big brother in the sailor suit. Smaller Godfreys are Charles at left, and Robert. By now family had moved to Hasbrouck Hts.



6. Here's Arthur—complete with white shoes and "ice cream pants"—when he took a brief fling at baton-wielding, back in 1934. The place was the Club Michel in Washington, D. C., and the pretty featured vocalist with the band was named Ernestine Gardner.

Today's Godfrey can be heard on these CBS shows: M-F, 10:15 A.M. EDT, sponsored by Chesterfield, Glass Wax, Wildroot, Pillsbury Mills, Nabisco (radio); Mon., 8:30 P.M. EDT, sponsored by Lipton's tea and soups (radio, TV); Wed., 8 P.M. EDT, sponsor—Chesterfield (TV); T-Fri., 7:45 P.M. EDT, sponsored by hi-V Orange Concentrate (TV).

Arthur Godfrey



3. Arthur Godfrey, boot recruit. After school he'd held jobs to help family, decided he was a burden, went off to see world—"if only through a porthole!"



4. Hitches in Navy and Coast Guard taught the boy a lot—and he picked up useful knowledge, like playing the ukulele. Above, aboard the Ammen, 1927.



5. At time this was taken, Mutual had just "discovered" Godfrey for some ad lib talking, al fresco singing programs. Wonder how these would sound today!



7. Another version of the younger-day Godfrey, taken after he'd escaped winning announcers' diction medal, and before he relaxed into present style.



8. Seventeen-hours-a-week-Arthur, he was known as in these days, and he managed to broadcast at least a few of the seventeen each week from his farm in Fairfax County, Virginia—by way of WTOP, Washington, and with the help, able then as now, of invaluable Mug Richardson, who's been his "right hand man" since 1934.

To tell of Arthur Godfrey's life—a complicated, heart-warming, many-adventured story—it's necessary, as Alice in Wonderland was told was the proper story-telling method, to begin at the beginning and go straight through to the end. Otherwise you're sure to leave out some important incident, some major clue to the various elements that have gone into the making of a man who is known and loved and respected—and

watched and listened to!—by some forty million people through the length and breadth of the land.

Several times before, RADIO MIRROR has told that story in words—the whole of it and some of the highlights of it. Here the story of Arthur Godfrey is brought to reader-listeners in pictures—not in its entirety by any means, but some of the important sides of a delightful man's fascinating life and times.



9. A confirmed believer in commuting by air, Arthur is his own pilot, manages between-broadcast junkets with leisure that any other form of travel wouldn't allow.



10. Arthur met and married Mary Bourke when she was a secretary in a Washington radio station. After a while along came Mike—two months old when this was taken.

A PICTURE-LIFE OF

Arthur Godfrey



11. Television watching is a favorite indoor sport at the Godfrey farm, as in any other home. Mike is nine, Pat's seven. There's also another Godfrey son, Dick.



...which included Eddie McElmabacker (fourth from left) ...

AN AMERICAN'S PLEDGE

Godfrey says: "I don't care if a man's skin is white, black, yellow; his faith Protestant, Jewish, Mohammendan—all I want is for him to be a man!" Will you join his fight against prejudice?

Arthur Godfrey once told an interviewer who'd asked him how it felt to be famous, "I don't believe I'll ever feel a really deep satisfaction until, along with fame or whatever you want to call it, I have power, too!" Then, seeing the surprise and shock on the other's face, he went on, "If I've been successful, it's because somehow I have a talent for making each listener feel as though I'm talking to him personally. I'm able to persuade them to buy some article or gadget to make life a little more enjoyable. But I'll agree that I have achieved something worthwhile only when I have leisure enough, power enough, to influence people on something more important—persuade people to take a stand against all this bigotry, this intolerance and race hatred in our way of life. Why can't they realize it's tearing our country apart?"

If he could, Arthur Godfrey would visit

each of you in your own home to talk it over with you—to hear you voice your willingness to join him in this great fight. The editors of this magazine agree with him, and they know that many of you who listen agree too, would like to do your part. Here is a way for you to tell Arthur that you'd like to—that you *will*—fight with him against intolerance and prejudice. Read the pledge below. Search your heart. Then if you can honestly sign your name to it, do so. Get others to sign it, too. Send it to the address given so that you can be counted among those who are fighting for a free world for all mankind.

But remember this: signing your name, getting others to sign—those things are not enough. You have to *believe* what you have promised. You have to *do* what you have promised. That's the only way to make your voice for freedom heard.

I WILL judge my fellow man not by his race, religion or color, but by his heart—his goodness or badness as a human being. I will not be afraid to speak my mind to those I hear using hate-words, prejudice-words, in condemning another. I will do my best to fight against intolerance and injustice: by seeing that my children are brought up in the knowledge that all men are brothers; by defending, in word and deed, those who are unjustly treated; by refusing to vote into public office or office in any club or organization to which I belong, any person who is intolerant or prejudiced; by working, as is every citizen's right and duty, to make this country of ours a place where all may live as equals.

SIGNED _____ ADDRESS _____

Mail signed pledge to Freedom, Radio Mirror Magazine, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Tony Marvin,

ANNOUNCER PLUS

Godfrey's man at the mike finds that there's a lot more to the job than meets the ear

When Tony Marvin says that the Godfrey show is ad lib in the strictest sense of the phrase, he's thinking about the times when he finds himself right in the middle of whatever impromptu moment Arthur dreams up. Once when Tony was called on to sing, as he is from time to time, Arthur stopped him at the microphone and said:

"Wait a minute, Tony. Listen to this first."

Arthur then read aloud from Josephine Lowman's beauty column about how good it is for one's circulation and how it will help people to stay young and attractive if they stand on their heads every morning for a few minutes, singing the chorus of a song.

"Now you do that!" said Arthur to Tony.

Tony did. With his head on the floor, his shoulders resting against the top of the huge display box on the stage, Tony somehow got through one chorus of "Old Man River" in that position.

"I finally got rightside up with the reddest face you ever saw," said Tony. "And then Arthur told me how beautiful and healthy I'd be, and what terrific circulation I'd have."

That's typical of the sort of thing that can and often does happen on the Godfrey show without preparation or warning. But occasionally Tony manages to throw something at Arthur without any warning, too.

Once on their TV show, Forrest Tucker, the Western movie star, was the guest and they rehearsed a skit in which Tony was to be Chief Yellow Belly, an Indian rebel. As Yellow Belly, Tony was supposed to come in about half way through the skit in his Indian (*Continued on page 104*)



Tony and his family—wife Dorothea and daughter Lynda—demonstrate one good reason why fireplaces were invented.



Archie and his wife Kitty live in a Manhattan apartment with an Irish setter mother and daughter team—Terry and Penny.

Archie Bleyer,

M. D.

Musical director, that is, and according to all who know, one of the best there is

Of all the traits and virtues credited to people in the entertainment business, the one furthest down on the list is modesty. But no one seems to mind. In fact, modesty is rather incompatible with the exhibitionist qualities and highly developed egos that most show people possess.

There's always an exception, of course, and a shining one is Archie Bleyer, musical director of the Godfrey shows. Unlike some modest people, Archie has absolutely nothing to be modest about. Everyone concedes that he is one of the finest musical directors in the business. And everyone who knows him will tell you that he happens to be one of the finest persons, too. But don't expect Archie to tell you so—he'd rather talk about anything but himself. He'll talk about Arthur or Janette or the Mariners or any one of the other little Godfreys—but not about Bleyer. If you prod long enough though, you can find highly interesting data on Archie Bleyer, M.D.

Archie's story begins in Corona, New York, where he was born in 1909. His father was a symphonic trumpet player but, paradoxically, wasn't anxious for Archie to make a career in music. Instead, Archie took an engineering course at Columbia University where by junior year, his interest in electrons had been replaced by a more decided interest in making arrangements. That interest was strong enough to make him decide to spend all his time on arranging. Archie soon organized his own orchestra and between that time—1934—and the year he joined the Godfrey forces—1946—he had directed his orchestra (Continued on page 103)

The Mariners

SEMPER MELODIC

With quiet dignity, Godfrey's male quartet demonstrates a lesson in human relationships that can benefit everyone, everywhere



Martin
Karl



James
Lewis



Tom
Lockard



Nat
Dickerson

MARTIN KARL is not at all nonplussed when Godfrey, without warning, calls on him to sing alone. Like his fellow Mariners, Martin's vocal background extends back to his salad days. By the time Martin, who was born twenty-nine years ago in Stanberry, Missouri, had graduated from high school in Chicago, he had four scholarships to choose from. Martin's family had moved there from Stanberry and he had attended the Lindblom High School, which stressed art and music. While (Continued on page 75)

JAMES LEWIS: The Mariners have found that Tony Marvin isn't the only one on the Godfrey show who is asked to do things on the spur of the moment. Oftentimes Arthur will make members of his quartet sing individually. The last time this happened, when Bill Lawrence was ill, Godfrey said: "Well, we've had the Mariners on this program for ages. I think this would be a good time to audition them. O.K. boys, let's hear you one at a time."

But for someone like James (Continued on page 75)

THOMAS LOCKARD: When Thomas Lockard met the other members of what eventually became the Mariners Quartet, he was a cook at the Manhattan Beach Coast Guard Station. At recreation time, Tom used to take part in the musical activities at the base. But the happy combination of cook-musician was never allowed to develop, for once morale officers heard the Lockard voice, Tom was snapped up to sing in the quartet at musical programs put on by the Coast Guard. Thus a singer was (Continued on page 76)

NATHANIEL DICKERSON: It's just by sheer lack of coincidence that Nathaniel Dickerson didn't meet up with his fellow Mariners sooner. Although not a member of the original Coast Guard group, Nathaniel did a stint as a U.S.O. entertainer, and he very likely could have met the Mariners in one city or another at bond rallies, or at Navy bases.

Nathaniel didn't actually meet them though until Mariner James Lewis came to see him about auditioning for the quartet. (Continued on page 76)

The Mariners are heard M.-F., 10:15 A.M., EDT, CBS and Wednesdays at 8 P.M., EDT, CBS-TV.

The Chordettes

mention their names in SHEBOYGAN

And you *can* tell them where they're at, for the girls who are known as the Chordettes are a credit to anybody's home town

DOTTIE SCHWARTZ: It's difficult to imagine blonde, blue-eyed Dottie Schwartz as a hard-slugging third baseman on a semi-pro softball team. It's even more difficult to imagine her making melodies in a minstrel show. But it was in her brother's Sambo Dixieland Minstrels that Dottie, at the age of twelve, made her professional singing debut. For seven years after that, she donned greasepaint and bandana, something she might still be doing if it hadn't been for a telephone call from her friend (*Continued on page 83*)

JINNY OSBORN: Pretty Jinny is the girl who can take most of the credit for organizing the Chordettes. It was her restlessness on a Sunday afternoon in Sheboygan that led to a telephone call, an invitation and, eventually, the quartet. Sunday afternoons in a small city like Sheboygan, Wisconsin, where everybody likes to relax after the week's work, the morning's sermon and the heavy midday meal, can be just a trifle tedious to anyone so lively as Jinny. The call she made was to Dottie Schwartz. (*Cont'd on page 84*)

JANET ERLET: A woman who can sing bass is a rare woman indeed, a fact which probably accounts for the dearth of women barbershop quartets. Fortunately, one existed in Sheboygan, Wisconsin: Janet Erlet. Janet was not among those present on that drowsy Sunday afternoon at Virginia Osborn's when the idea for the Chordettes was conceived. But her sister was and it was she who supplied the answer to Jinny's exasperated, "If only we had a bass!" Tall, poised Janet (*Continued on page 83*)

CAROL HAGEDORN: Singing in a barbershop quartet is nothing new to Carol. Way back in junior high school, she supplied the "baritone" harmony just as she does today on two of the most widely seen and heard programs on radio and TV. Like the other Chordettes, Carol's first interest in singing started at home and just naturally developed from there. Completing a course in music at the Columbia Radio School in Chicago, Carol returned to Sheboygan not quite certain what she (*Continued on page 84*)



Dottie
Schwartz



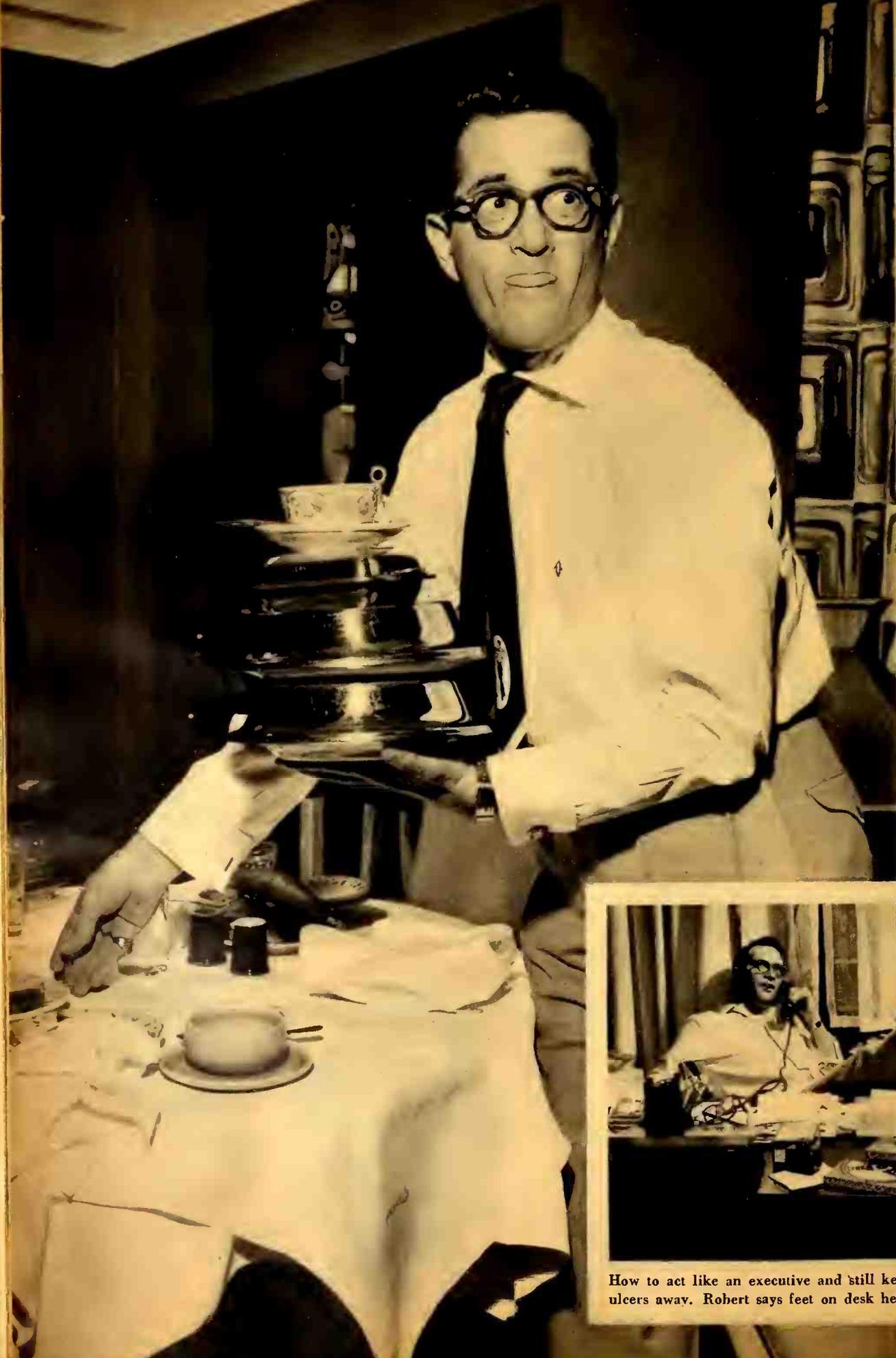
Jinny
Osborn



Janet
Erlet



Carol
Hagedorn



How to act like an executive and still keep ulcers away. Robert says feet on desk help.

Q is for CURIOSITY

Arthur Godfrey's alter ego

(Robert Q. Lewis by any other name)

says that his middle initial

stands for exactly nothing. But there's

where the gentleman is wrong!

by Frances Kish

For the record, Robert Q. Lewis has no middle name. He decided, one day six years ago, to stick in that Q and see if people would be curious about it. They were. Now he's stuck with it.

Somewhere in every conversation with strangers the question comes up, "Why the Q?" The answer varies from time to time, his favorite being "Quackpot." It's as good a reason as any you'll get from him.

He isn't, of course. A quackpot, that is. He's a smart young fellow (twenty-nine last April 5) with a hairline receding ever so slightly as if trying to make good the saying that grass doesn't grow on a busy street. He knows exactly where he's going and he has all his wits about him.

His wit, too. The easy, relaxed sort, not the lay-'em-in-the-aisles socko humor, as you already know if you've heard him on the big Thursday night television program, *The Show Goes On*, repeated on radio Friday night. Or replacing Godfrey on any of that redhead's radio and television shows (he's taking some of them again this summer).

He doesn't try to imitate Godfrey's special kind of hijinks, either. Never did, even when in 1947 he was lured over to CBS from another network to be the Old Master's summer replacement. (Continued on page 99)



Being a bachelor has its compensations, but breakfast time's not one.



Robert Q. sings duets with Ezio Pinza—but only one voice is on records!



See two TV shows at once? Simple, says Lewis, who adds a pair of glasses.



Inhabitants of the land
of Oz: Harriet, Ozzie;
sons David and Ricky.

They're just like their Dad, David and Ricky are. And Harriet's caught that special something, too, from long association. As for Ozzie, anything the rest of us can do, Ozzie can do better—and with less fuss and fanfare. A family of whizzes, the Nelsons, headed by Ozzie. The wizards of Oz!

Take Ozzie himself, that collegiate-looking star of *The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet*. Watch him as a family man, as a celebrity. Watch him on the air, at home, eating in a drive-in restaurant, cheering at football games, moving like greased lightning on a tennis court. Watch him guzzling soda with great delight, at an ice cream parlor. See him at the dinner table. On the band stand.

See him—and admire. Admire his way with his lovely wife, Harriet Hilliard, with his two strictly chip-off-the-old-block sons, with the actors who perform in his radio series. Watch and admire, because everyone else does. The wizardry of Oz is a matter of

WIZARDS OF

Doing things well just comes naturally

to the younger Nelsons. And no wonder,

for with parents like Ozzie and Harriet,

how could they possibly do anything else?

By WILLIAM TUSHER

record, not simply of opinion.

Hollywood agent Maurice Morton once heard a man scoff at a project contemplated by Ozzie.

"Listen," Morton advised the doubting Thomas in a fatherly tone, "if Ozzie Nelson made up his mind to run for president of the United States, I wouldn't vote against him. Because it wouldn't do any good."

Ozzie's is a wizardry that has made the Nelson family an enduring part of modern American entertainment—the most believable of all radio's average families. And the Nelsons romp through a real life startlingly parallel to their on-the-air one.

And there lies the essence of his talent. For the Nelsons are not the average American family in fact. They are, instead, what the average American family would like to be. There aren't enough Ozzie Nelsons to go around to make his home life either typical or commonplace, because his unusual personality pervades the Nelson home with exciting effect at all times.

Ozzie Nelson is that movieland paradox—a sane man in a town famous for breeding mad genius. He's never ruffled, never fatigued, never wanting, never bored. And, most significantly, he never indulges in the eccentricities to which genius is universally conceded license.

He dresses quietly, in good taste—affects neither bow ties, temperament nor untucked shirts that look as if they were fashioned from gaudy upholstery yardage. His family life reflects his infectious zest for living, his highly developed intellect, his equally well-developed sense of humor, his well-rounded interests, an uncommonly logical thinking apparatus and an unquestionable gift for organizing.

Inevitably, much of Ozzie's wit, wizardry and versatility have rubbed off on the two Nelson kids, David Ozzie, thirteen, and Eric Hilliard, nine. They are shining tributes to their famous parents—totally unaffected, unimpressed, irrepressible youngsters.

It was not for nothing that (*Continued on page 101*)

Come and visit

It's the *only* kind, according to the Casey Allens—known better, perhaps, as Big Town's Lorelei and Dusty

By CATHERINE CLELLAND

When you pay your first visit to Big Town's famous girl reporter, Lorelei, and to Dusty, the photographer's assistant on the same program—who turn out to be, in private life, Mr. and Mrs. Casey Allen—your first impression is that you've never met so delightful a pair of baby sitters!

As you ring the bell of their apartment, you wonder if their home will be done in sophisticated modern style, or in sophisticated traditional—it certainly will be one or the other to match the urbane careers of these outstandingly successful young actors. What you do find immediately drives any such ideas out of your mind, never to return.

The door is opened by a very tall, strikingly handsome man with his white shirt sleeves rolled casually to the elbows. That's Casey. He is nonchalantly carrying a little blonde girl of three on his shoulder. There are modern paintings on the walls of the big foyer, but the articles that catch (Continued on page 94)

Big Town is heard Tues., 10:00 P.M.
EDT, NBC. Sponsored by Lifebuoy.



The gay, comfortable, easy-to-keep Allen living room is always ready for entertaining, is never off-bounds for the children.



Caroline, the maid, takes care of the endless detail department. She gets breakfast for the children, Fran takes them to school.



The floor's the best place for a chess game—ask anyone who knows. The green cotton rugs go to the laundry once a month.



The floor's also a good place for listening to records. Fran and Casey have over two thousand.

a HOME made for CHILDREN



The children's hour finds Casey obliging Kim and Kerry with a reading from one of their favorite story-books. Fran stays around to hear, too.

ART LINKLETTER'S



Art Linkletter emcees House Party, which is heard at 3:30 P.M. EDT, Monday through Friday, on CBS stations. Sponsored by Pillsbury Mills.



Comes now July, bringing the glorious Fourth—and picnics, to tarnish the glory somewhat. Not that I object to picnics, mind you—I'm an old nature lover, myself. But there are objections, most of them of the insect group. I'm a strong advocate of the new school of thought on picnics, the eat-'em-in-your-own-back-yard school. In the first place, you know where your own

back yard is. You don't drive halfway across the county trying to find it, only to discover that your better half hasn't read the road map right, or that Aunt Bessie was terribly misled in recommending the spot as one of nature's gardens. In your backyard, too, you cope only with your own flora and fauna. Somehow, I've never felt as resentful toward my own ants as I do toward other people's. So come on, Mom—whip up a few sandwiches and let's eat out!

* * *

LITTLE LEXICON—

Some additions to a learn-o-new-word department: Do you suffer from *acrophobia*? (You do if you have a fear of high places.) Do you *bruit* about stories that you hear? (You do, if you're inclined to pass the stories along to others, especially in the rumor or gossip categories.) Do you *eschew* potatoes? (You do if you say, "No, thanks," when they're passed to you—whether you refuse them for purposes of taste or waistline!)

NONSENSE



July brings with it a couple of holidays other than the day of American Independence. St. Swithin's day, for instance, falls on the fifteenth. If it rains on the good saint's day, so they say, it will also rain some part of every single day for forty, count 'em, thereafter. And what do you know—the old Farmer's Almanac predicts wet weather on the fifteenth. Well, one

man's meat, you know—forty days of showers ought to make the water-shortage areas heave a sigh of relief, so we can't complain too much . . . Here's something else to think about: now that July's here, and now that we've finally managed to remember to date things 1950—the year's half gone!

* * *

IT HAPPENED ON HOUSE PARTY—

Linkletter (to Jim, a 12-year-old guest): Who tied your necktie?

Jim: My Dad.

Linkletter: When?

Jim: Two weeks ago—I don't untie it 'cause it's easier to slip it over my head. Can I tell a joke?

Linkletter: You've already told one—but tell another.

Jim: Okay—what's the difference between a teen-age girl and the pastor of a church?

Linkletter: I'll go along with you—what is the difference?

Jim: The pastor says Amen; the girl says Ah, Men!

* * *

IT HAPPENED IN—

753, B.C.—Legendary date for the founding of Rome by Romulus, on the seven hills that had been occupied for centuries by Sabines, shepherders . . . 612, B.C.—Nineveh, capital of Assyria, destroyed by the Babylonians . . . 44, B.C.—Julius Caesar was assassinated in the Senate, in Rome; his will made his nephew, Gaius Octavian, his successor . . . 449, A.D.—Anglo-Saxons began to migrate from the European continent to Britain, entering at Dover . . . 1000—Leif Erickson's Norsemen reached Vinland, "land of the grapevines"—variously identified, since, as Labrador, the coast of New England, and Martha's Vineyard . . . 1513—Juan Ponce De Leon, who'd been with Columbus on one of his voyages, discovered and named Florida; same year, Balboa looked down on the Pacific Ocean from the vantage point of his "peak in Darien" . . . 1692—The delusion of witchcraft was running riot in Salem, Massachusetts; nineteen women were hanged . . . 1835—Fire in New York City (December 16, 17) destroyed 674 buildings. . . .

AND SOME-SENSE

READERS OWN VERSE—OR BETTER DEPARTMENT

MODERN MIRACLES

In our refrigerator cold,
If we should find a little mold,
The food is spoiled—a total waste—
We throw it out with greatest haste.
While research workers guard like gold
Their specimens of cultured mold,
From which evolve the "wonder drugs"
That kill infinitesimal bugs!

—Margaret Lutz Smith
Waynesville, Ohio

* * *

Francois Fenelon, born 1651, said it (and it's as true now as then!): "The more you say, the less people remember!"

* * *



IF YOU'RE A SUNDAY SLEEPY-HEAD—

Don't go to church in Deodville, Alabama.
You might drop off, and you can't sleep
through services there—there's a law against
it!

READERS' OWN VERSE—OR BETTER DEPARTMENT

PEEK OBJECTIVE

When I receive a greeting card,
No other course suffices
Except to peek upon the back
To find out what the price is.

—Philip Lazarus
Brooklyn, N. Y.

* * *

QUICK QUIZ, STATE OF THE UNION DIVISION—

(1) The capital of Missouri is (a) Independence (b) Jefferson City (c) Kansas City . . . (2) In what state did Custer's Last Stand take place: (a) Idaho (b) North Dakota (c) Montana . . . The 48th state to be admitted to the union was: (a) Arkansas (b) New Mexico (c) Arizona.



GOING TO THE DOGS DEPARTMENT

"Dog Days" begin in July—the time when, according to an old—and entirely untrue—superstition, dogs run mad in the streets. To offset that calumny, let's pay tribute to our four-footed friends by passing the word around about a club with a very exclusive membership—no humans allowed. The club has branches in all the forty-eight states, and for its "dues" of \$15.50 a year offers canine members a great deal of attention, including twenty-four-hour medical service the year around, and a foolproof lost and found system based on hidden tattoos. The club was founded by Captain H. Graham Conmar, of Brentwood, California, who reports that the organization "is going to the dogs—we've lost money steadily the past three years, but it's been a lot of fun." Oh, yes—the name of the organization? Strangely enough, "The Dog Club!"

* * *

IT HAPPENED ON HOUSE PARTY—

Linkletter (to guest, six years old, who's very pudgy): "What do you like to do best?"

Boy: "I like to get skinny instead of fat."

Linkletter: "What does your Daddy do?"

Boy: (with a long, deep sign of frustration and resignation): "Daddy works at a bakery!"

* * *

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, BORN 1564, SAID IT:

That what we have we prize not to the worth
Whiles we enjoy it, but being lack'd and lost,
Why, then we rack the value; then we find
The virtue that possession would not show us
Whiles it was ours.

Much Ado About Nothing
Act IV, Scene 1

3. (b) New Mexico

2. (c) Montana

1. (b) Jefferson City

ANSWERS TO QUICKIE QUIZ





Let's Eat OUTDOORS

My family is one that heeds the call of outdoors at every opportunity. Sometimes we pack our gear, hop into the car and drive off into the country. But more often we set up a grill in our own backyard and rough it in style. Then eating becomes an adventure! My "best beau" dons his chef's cap and takes full charge. And I must say he does very well.

Many times as the delicious odors drift by neighbors' noses, we end up with a bring-your-own barbecue party. They come over one by one, offering meat or salad or dessert. We all enjoy these informal get-togethers so much. And, of course, it makes cleaning up easier and more fun. I don't hesitate about placing a pan directly over a fire anymore. Steel wool soap pads do a fast job of removing the black film that collects on the outside.

The backyard barbecue has one great advantage. So much of the preparation can be done in the kitchen. The actual cooking can be done in the cool outside. The house then is kept cool and fresh for the night.

SAVORY THICK HAMBURGERS

Makes 4 servings

Combine very lightly:

1 lb. ground beef
salt and pepper to taste
garlic powder

Divide meat into portions. Shape into patties, handling as little as possible. Place on grill. Cook until done, turning occasionally. Serve on hot buttered buns with a thick slice of Bermuda onion and a slice of tomato on top or serve with Hamburger Sauce.

HAMBURGER SAUCE

Makes 1 cup sauce

Cook in a skillet over low heat until soft:

4 tablespoons fat
2 medium onions, sliced thin
1 small green pepper, chopped

Add:

½ cup chopped celery
2 (8 oz.) cans tomato sauce
salt and pepper to taste

Continue cooking, stirring occasionally, until thickened. Use 1 tablespoon on each hamburger bun.

SOUR CREAM POTATO SALAD

Makes 4-6 servings

Combine:

¼ cup sour cream
¼ cup mayonnaise
1 teaspoon chopped chives
2 slices bacon, diced and fried

Add to:

3 cups cold cooked potatoes, diced

Mix only enough to moisten.

BARBECUED FRANKFURTERS

Makes 4 servings

Cook over low heat until soft:

6 tablespoons fat
2 onions, chopped
1 green pepper, chopped

Add:

2 (8 oz.) cans tomato sauce
8 frankfurters

Continue cooking 10 minutes longer stirring occasionally. This can be cooked in your kitchen or in a pan right on your grill.

SHISH KEBAB

Makes 6 servings

Trim fat and bone from:

2 lbs. lamb leg or shoulder

Cut into 1" cubes:

meat
onion
tomato

Combine:

2 tablespoons lemon juice

(Continued on page 77)

Appetites, somehow, seem to enlarge when food is served outdoors. Setting at left would tempt even most finicky.

RADIO MIRROR TELE



The old minister, Mr. Carfrae, welcomes the new one, Gavin Disbart, tells of bad times in Thrums.



Joe Cruickshanks and Rob Dow hide in the woods to sound a warning horn when soldiers are near.



Babbie meets the little minister by chance and tricks him into blowing the mighty warning blast.

The Little Minister

Translated to TV, Mr. Barrie's beloved novel loses none of its original charm

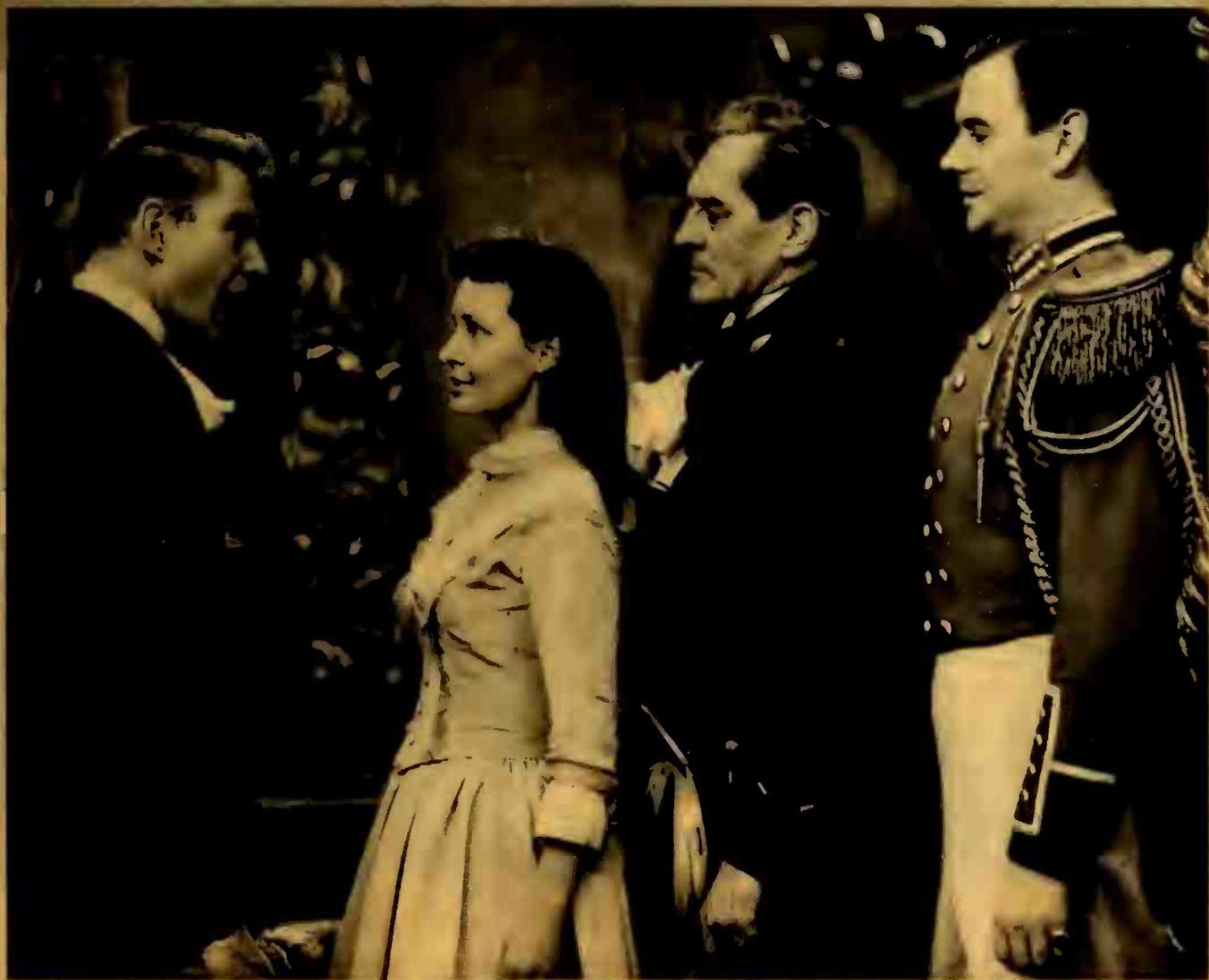
If ever you sat curled up with a copy of James M. Barrie's *The Little Minister*, sighing over his romance with Babbie, the bewitching gypsy, you had a chance to watch it brought to life recently when Ford Theatre did a one-hour adaptation over CBS-TV. Here was the serious young divine, played beautifully by Tom Drake of the movies, struggling with a love his congregation frowned upon, only to learn at last that the girl he wouldn't give up was in reality a titled lady. As Babbie, the gypsy girl, who is eventually revealed as Lady Barbara Rintoul, Frances Reid gave a delightfully vibrant performance. Aably acted, and directed with a fresh, deft touch by Marc Daniels, the TV adaptation of the Barrie love story was a tender delight to the eye and heart.

Ford Theatre is telecast on alternate Fridays at 9:00 P.M. EDT on CBS-TV. Sponsored by the Ford Motor Company.



The minister pays an unusual visit to Nanny's cottage because he knows he'll find Babbie there.

VISION SECTION



Babbie's secret is out. The minister faces Lady Barbara, her father Lord Rintoul, and her fiance Captain Halliwell, discovers he has fallen in love with a great lady instead of a gypsy. "I won't marry anyone but him," she insists.



The elders find the poetry the minister has written to Babbie. "Her boy am I," they snort!



The key to the manse is withheld from Gavin and Babbie, restored when they discover she is titled.

PUTTING IT

Together



Rehearsals continue on-stage, but here in the orchestra attention centers on Ken Murray, giving last briefing to guest-star Johnny Weissmuller. Recognize Jack Mulhall of the movies down front.



Miriam Hopkins tests banter with Ken, who gets thru rehearsal with a minimum of aspirin.

What goes into a four star video production?
Hard work and headaches—and plenty of fun

It may be your dinnertime, but on the Ken Murray Show it's just late Saturday afternoon and time for dress rehearsal for the evening show. Somebody yells "Quiet," somebody else echoes it, and off in the rear of the orchestra a third "Quiet" shatters the silence. You smile indulgently at the vagaries of television, but you realize this is serious business and concentration is essential. The big boss and emcee of the show, Ken Murray, seems to be everywhere at once, excited but good-humored. Oswald, whose real name is Tony Labriola, goes through his dialogue with Ken. Darla Hood does a number with The Enchanters, former choir group. One of the quartette is Bob Decker, her husband. Guest stars do their skits, commercials get fitted in, the music rises and falls, comes to a close. Another big musical-variety is ready for the network.



Watch those camera angles and lights, and check that sound. It's dress rehearsal, and last chance to polish.



The fellows who work backstage are as important as any you see. Scene and prop shifts are timed to seconds.



Choreographer Virginia Johnson helps a dance team put those final touches on the big finale of their act.



The fellow on whose shoulders the whole show rests, Ken Murray, talks it over with conductor David Broekman



Darla Hood, graduate of "Our Gang" comedies, and Tony Labriola, known as Oswald, grin approval of a scene.



A gag to amuse fellow actors. The lady, of course, is wax. The man, that much-alive singing comic Joe Wong.

Sleuth every night and
twice on Fridays! That's the
present career of Ralph Bellamy of
CBS-TV's Man Against Crime

Man

Maybe you think you're busy. Well, then, consider Ralph Bellamy, an actor you've seen in many movies, on the stage and on TV. Six nights and two matinees a week he dominates the stage of the Hudson Theater in New York as the star of "Detective Story," playing Detective McLeod with a realism made possible only by long, intensive study of police methods, in preparation for the role. Every Friday night the theater curtain is held twenty minutes while Bellamy races across town from CBS television studios after completing a half-hour broadcast of Man Against Crime, in which he stars as Detective Mike Barnett. Program is heard Fridays, 8:30 P.M., EDT, CBS-TV network, and is sponsored by Camel Cigarettes.



1. Friday night, when most people sit back, relax, Ralph Bellamy's week is just beginning. Backstage at "Detective Story," Kitty Spafford delivers next Friday's script for his TV show, Man Against Crime.



4. Preliminary rehearsal, with chairs for scenery. Maurice Burke plays "corpse."

against Time



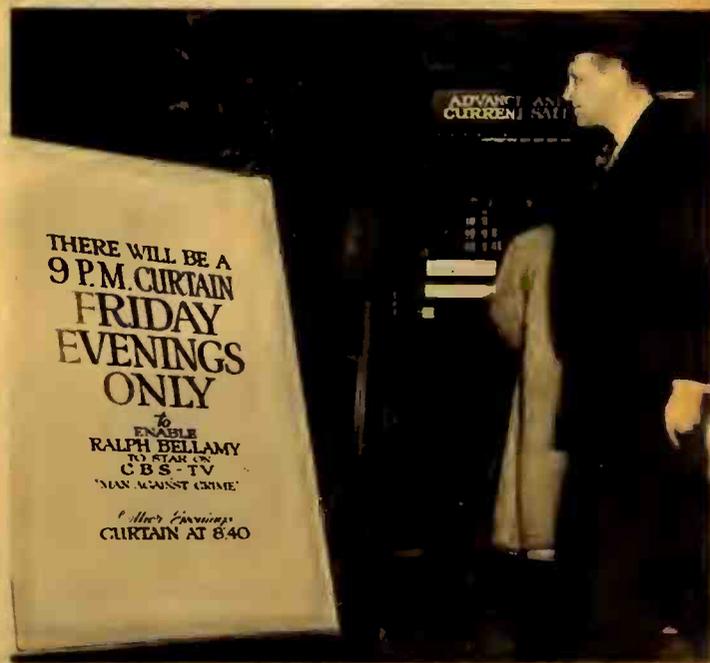
2. TV rehearsals start two hours before his Saturday matinee. First readings are without props. With director Paul Nickell, Bellamy discusses dialogue, scenes, helps tighten lines and situations.



3. Day of rest? Just Sunday at the Bellamys'. Mrs. B cues Ralph while he concentrates on memorizing lines and blocks out action for detective Mike Barnett's next adventure in crime solution.



5. Barnett on the air! By this time the cast on the opposite page (Dulcy Jordan, Bellamy, Betty Furness, Maurice Burke, cued by assistant producer Spafford) have rehearsed total of twenty-four hours.



6. Completing the circuit. No longer Mike Barnett, not yet made up as Detective McLeod, Bellamy himself strides past the delayed curtain sign at the theater. But it's Friday, time for another TV script.

But Not



Big Sister, with Grace Matthews as Ruth Wayne, is heard at 1:00 P.M. EDT, Mon.-Fri. over CBS. Sponsored by Ivory Soap.

For Love —

Dr. Kenneth Morgan came, a while ago, to Glen Falls. A sensitive, nervous, heartbroken man, he was seeking refuge from a life which had hurt him deeply, seeking an occupation which would keep him from thinking about himself. He found that refuge with Dr. Reed Bannister and Dr. John Wayne, at Health Centre in Glen Falls. And, more important, he found himself again—became once more the doctor and the man he was meant to be—through the kindness, understanding and wisdom of Ruth Wayne, Big Sister. Here, for the first time in fiction form, RADIO MIRROR presents Dr. Morgan's own story of his search for peace of mind, peace of heart.

Every now and then, when I get a minute, I pull up and say to myself—Well, Morgan, how goes it? Think you'll ever grow up and quit being the guy with the broken torch, the only fellow in the world who ever made a mistake about a woman?

And the answer to that is—Sure! I'm not worried any more. I know how to avoid making that mistake again. Just avoid women.

The funny thing is, I'm not really as adolescent as all that. I'm known in some places as a pretty bright guy—even a pretty good doctor. Reed Bannister seems to think so, and maybe even John Wayne, who didn't like me much at first, is changing his mind. And not only that—I'm even conscious that there are plenty of women in the world it might be worthwhile to be on speaking terms with. Ruth Wayne, John's wife, for instance—that's an understatement for what I've learned about her strength and honesty give her a general Class A rating for character. And there are others. My common sense tells me so. There must be; the world goes on and nobody yet has murdered all the women in it. So maybe, in time, I'll get more normal about the whole thing . . . I may get so some day I don't even remember that there's such a woman as Carol Dana in the world.

Wait a minute—what have I said! There isn't any such woman already! There's a slim, long-legged, white-skinned, black-haired creature called Mrs. Luther Blaine. But that's no woman. Not if, by woman, you mean a decent, honorable human being with a soul and a heart and a capacity for loving. Mrs. Luther hasn't been blessed with a thimble-full of any of those. She's just an effigy of a woman—a puppet who moves around when certain strings are pulled. I never did find out just how to work those strings. I knew there was one that was very important—one you pulled by saying over and over, "Carol, you're so lovely, so lovely, so lovely." You got a dandy response to that—a slight, compassionate smile that looked like all the tenderness in the world, and one of those looks from the corners of her eyes.

But more important even than that string was the one I never did get to at all—the one that reacts to the words, "Carol, dear, here's a necklace of matched pearls—a mink stole—a check for twenty thousand." How could I say that? It would have been a bad joke, coming from me, a young doctor just starting out. But coming from Luther Blaine, with his little fat body and his big fat advertising-agency salary, it was no joke. You never saw a puppet move as fast as Carol did when Luther twitched that string.

I can't hold it against myself that I didn't see the light right from the beginning. Who was thinking about money, back in New York in the days when I first met Carol? The men who'd been in the war were concentrating on making up for lost time, building the good life, having fun. Oh, granted, that takes some money, but most of us had managed to save that much out of our service salaries. And the girls I knew gave me the impression that they all felt the same way—they wanted to enjoy life a while before the post-war world maybe turned out to be kind of a dull place after all.

Anyway, inasmuch as (Continued on page 86)

The end of a love affair, no matter how devastating, is not necessarily the end of life. Ken found this out, but it took two different women to help him do it



DAYTIME DIARY

AUNT JENNY



Aunt Jenny
heard on
CBS 12:15 P.M. EDT

Aunt Jenny's most recent story is about twenty-five-year-old Jean Barker, whose romantic dreams about life prevent her from facing it as it really is. Jean cannot find the right young man. The ones who want her, like Gus, are never quite good enough—and the others are usually married. Jean misunderstands the friendly interest of her attractive boss, Larry Emory, and is brought rudely to earth when he tells her sharply that he is a happily married man, and that she is making a fool of herself. It's a hard blow, and Jean suffers over it. But fortunately, it changes her viewpoint on Gus, and saves her from making a tragic mistake.

BRIGHTER DAY



Althea
heard on
CBS 2:45 P.M. EDT

Of all places for Liz Dennis, quiet, shy young minister's daughter, to find herself . . . Hollywood! It happens when Grayling Dennis submits pictures of all his sisters to a Hollywood contest—and Althea wins. Fortunately the oldest Dennis daughter, Marcia, lives in Hollywood with her husband, Ben Batterbury, accountant at the great Acme Pictures studios. So it's safe for Althea to go out to the Coast to try for a movie career. And Liz, more fluttered than she'll admit, goes along. Liz may well be excited . . . for there's a very interesting relationship waiting for her when she meets Nathan Eldridge, the dynamic young producing genius of Acme.

BACKSTAGE WIFE



Mary Noble
heard on
NBC 4 P.M. EDT

Rupert Barlow's plan to go to Bermuda at the same time as Mary Noble is upset when the illness of Larry Jr. keeps Mary at home. Julia Dixon, Barlow's secretary, goes instead—glad of the chance to have Barlow to herself. During Barlow's absence, mysterious Claudia Vincent settles herself at his estate, and when he returns makes the violent accusation that he swindled and caused the death of her mother, and owes her, Claudia, some reparation for this. But Claudia is attracted by Larry Noble. Barlow, realizing this, senses that it may prove useful to him in the subtle campaign which he is still waging to break up the happy marriage of Mary and Larry?

DAVID HARUM



David Harum
heard on
NBC 11:45 A.M. EDT

David Harum has become worried lately over the affairs of Lorraine Simmons, a major depositor with the Homeville Bank of which David is president. Lorraine's niece, Kate, in love with Bud Carson, is being pursued by charming Richard Langdon, a distant relative of the Simmons family. Richard has elements in his personality about which Kate knows nothing. Though Kate does not realize that Richard's aim is her money, she is troubled by something about him. She has a recurring dream of death. Her dream comes horribly true when Richard himself is murdered. David starts an investigation—and succeeds in exposing the killer.

BIG SISTER



Dr. John Wayne
heard on
CBS 1 P.M. EDT

The crafty millionaire, Parker, obsessed with the desire to revenge himself on Ruth Wayne, whose distrust of him he fully appreciates, has now arranged the perfect plan to cause suffering and even tragedy in Ruth's family. Ruth's brother Neddie, on the verge of financial ruin, and Hope, Neddie's wife, who wants only to help her husband, accept help from Parker because he makes what appears to be an advantageous proposition. Though Ruth warns them against involvement with Parker, Neddie and Hope cannot understand why she is so suspicious—nor will they until the sadistic Parker, having coaxed them into his power, springs the waiting trap.

FRONT PAGE FARRELL



David Farrell
heard on
CBS 1:45 P.M. EDT

David Farrell, star reporter on the *New York Daily Eagle*, is assigned to cover the murder of a circus acrobat who is found dead near Madison Square Garden, where the circus performs when it is in New York City. David's investigations break the case, leading police to the fantastic, but true solution . . . and they have another very important result. During his examination of the body he had a chance to make certain that the man had been shot with a "zip-gun," and the publicity which he and his paper gave to this circumstance helped arouse both the authorities and the citizens of the city to the hidden danger of these home-made weapons.

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL



Toby Nelson
heard on
NBC 3 P.M. EDT

Chichi Conrad, Papa David's protégée, has no lack of courage, but this time even she wonders if she was wise to become companion to rich Victoria Vandembush. Not only are Miss Victoria's nephew Paul and his wife Christine impatient to get their hands on her money—now the situation is complicated by ingratiating Jim Swanson. The very fact that Jim is alive has already caused plenty of trouble, for he was missing long enough to be declared legally dead, and for his "widow," Alice Swanson, to marry Chichi's friend Douglas Norman. Then suddenly, Jim returned. It's obvious he wants money. Can he get it from Victoria Vandembush?

Here's your Radio Mirror guide
to daytime drama—information on
plot, characters, time and station

GUIDING LIGHT



Ray Brandon
heard on
CBS 1:45 P.M. EDT

Charlotte Brandon, recovering from a mental and physical breakdown, faces a new problem as her husband Ray, believing he has failed her in a crucial time, tells her it will be best for her if he goes away. Meanwhile Meta Bauer White, mother of little Chuckie, who was once the adopted child of the Brandons, wonders if she has not made a fatal error in marrying millionaire Ted White, Chuckie's father. Her family, already upset by the intriguing of Bertha, young Bill Bauer's wife, is further upset by a cable from Meta, saying she is returning with Chuckie, but without Ted! The return of Chuckie to Selby Flats has a strange, unexpected effect.

LORENZO JONES



Sandy Matson
heard on
NBC 4:30 P.M. EDT

Lorenzo, the mechanic who would rather be an inventor, is well on his way with plans for his "escalator oven" when real tragedy strikes. The plans are stolen, and his prized workshop burns down. This really plunges Lorenzo into a hole, for when he tries to get a loan from the local bank he is turned down. Bloody but unbowed, Lorenzo decides to turn his experiences to advantage, and write a mystery story involving a bank robbery. He has fun working out the details of the robbery. But what in the world will happen to Lorenzo now—now that the bank has really been robbed by the exact method which he created in his story? Who took advantage of Lorenzo's plan?

HILLTOP HOUSE



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

Julie Paterno and her husband, Michael once had splendid plans for their marriage. Julie still doesn't fully understand how those plans can have failed so completely . . . but the fact does remain that she knows now that for happiness she will have to look elsewhere. Fortunately, Julie has a job which she loves—supervisor of the Glendale orphanage, Hilltop House. As guide, friend and proxy-mother to the lovable group of children which Hilltop shelters, Julie can still find stimulation and satisfaction. But she is a young, attractive woman . . . a fact of which Hilltop's visiting doctor, Dr. Jeff Browning, is very much aware.

MA PERKINS



Evey Fitz
heard on
CBS 1:15 P.M. EDT

Shuffle Shober, Ma's dearest, oldest companion, is in terrible danger. Ma's conniving cousin, Ed Hammacher, is determined to oust Shuffle from his confidential job at Ma's lumber yard and take it over himself. In spite of Ma's loyal defense of Shuffle, the war of nerves conducted by Ed and his son Sylvester begins to take effect, particularly when the Hammachers learn that once, long ago, Shuffle was in some kind of serious trouble. Eventually, after a scene, Shuffle daes quit. He goes to Middleboro to run Mr. Boswell's lumber yard there, leaving town together with Marietta, the girl Sylvester deserted. Has Ed really succeeded in ruining Shuffle's life?

JUST PLAIN BILL



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

Never before has Bill Davidson, barber of Hartville, been in such personal danger as his friendship for Ruth Tate and Philip Conway has created. The murder of Edgar White, a Chicago gangster, began the trouble when circumstances made it look as though Philip Conway had killed him. When Philip is taken into custody by Chicago police, Bill and his daughter Nancy, with her lawyer husband, Kerry Donovan, go to Chicago with Ruth, who says that a man named Carl Bennett was the real murderer. But before action can be taken Bill himself is lured into a trap by Bennett, and is forced to risk his life for the safety of his daughter and Ruth.

NONA FROM NOWHERE



Vernon Dutell
heard on
CBS 3 P.M. EDT

Just as beautiful Nana Brady was embarking on a movie career, her beloved foster father, Pat Brady, was jailed on a charge of having murdered producer Emery Monaco. To help Daddy Pat prove his innocence, Nona temporarily puts aside all thought of her career and tries to help Pat's lawyer, the eminent Ward Trevor, build a case in Pat's defense. The weight of circumstantial evidence against Pat is overwhelming until Nona discovers a record of a conversation which has an important bearing on the case. But before she can get this evidence to Ward Trevor, the records are switched and the one that can save Pat disappears. Can Ward prove Pat's innocence?

OUR GAL SUNDAY



Lord Henry
heard on
CBS 2:45 P.M. EDT

Tragedy struck at Sunday and her husband, Lord Henry Brinthrope, when their son Dicky was hit by a car which immediately drove off. Now that it seems certain Dicky will live, Lord Henry has turned his attention to finding out who drove the hit-run car. Sunday tricks a man named Tippy Rogers into admitting that the car was being driven by him. With him at the time was platinum-haired Gale Kenyon, sister of Norma Kenyon, the fiancée of Sir Malcolm Spencer. When Norma learns about Gale, she insists on an immediate wedding, hoping that as Sir Malcolm's wife she can help Gale avoid the scandal sure to follow Rogers' confession.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY



Peggy Trent
heard on
NBC 3:30 P.M. EDT

It's very unusual for Ivy Trent, Carter's wealthy, domineering mother, to find herself balked, but her secretary, Ginny Taylor, is doing it now. About to consent to becoming Mrs. Trent's heir by signing adoption papers, Ginny learns that the recent coldness toward her of young pilot Jerry Feldman is due not to his falling out of love but to his reluctance to deprive her of Mrs. Trent's fortune. Instantly Ginny halts the adoption proceedings. But meanwhile Edie Hoyt's pathetic faith that somewhere in South America she will find her missing husband, Andy, has taken her and Jerry down there on a trip that he is sure can only end in disappointment.

PERRY MASON



Della Street
heard on
CBS 2:15 P.M. EDT

As Allyn Whitlock goes on trial for the murder of blackmailer Wilfred Palmer, her powerful boy friend, Walter Badt, marshals his underworld kingdom to help her. But Walter's attention is divided by trouble within his ranks—trouble created by his lieutenant, Mac, and the trade in marijuana cigarettes which Mac cannot bring himself to give up though Walter has ordered it curtailed because it has become too dangerous. Is this the "business" in which Audrey Beekman's husband, Ed, is suddenly making more money than ever before? And if Audrey can prove her suspicions, will she take the information to Perry Mason?

PORTIA FACES LIFE



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

Just as Walter Manning seemed at last to be getting back on his professional feet, as managing editor of Ralph Staley's newspaper, all of Parkerstown becomes an armed camp over the accusation of workmen in Staley's lumber mill that, because insufficient health precautions were taken, several of them have contracted serious lead poisoning. Since no lawyer in town will take the workmen's case, it looks as though Portia, a brilliant lawyer, may give up her retirement temporarily to conduct their fight. What will this do to her marriage to Walter—already threatened by the fact that Walter's brother, Christopher, is secretly in love with Portia?

RIGHT TO HAPPINESS



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

When the courts awarded custody of her son, Skippy, to her divorced husband, Dwight Kramer, Carolyn Kramer would have lost hope if she and her fiancé, Miles Nelson, were not certain that Dwight won the suit with evidence faked by his lawyer, Arnold Kirk. Miles, who is running for governor, promises to go after this evidence, which consists of some dictophone records, as soon as his campaign ends. But while he is away on a tour, Carolyn learns of Dwight's plan to move to Chicago with Skippy, and makes a desperate attempt to get the records herself. She is caught by Kirk, who cleverly uses the incident to block her character still further.

ROAD OF LIFE



Beth Lambert
heard on
NBC 3:15 P.M. EDT

Dr. Jim Brent, anxious to put behind him the disturbing events of the recent past, throws himself into his experimental work at Wheelock Hospital in Merrimac, Pa., into the care of his motherless daughter Janey, and into a new interest in a lovely young girl named Jocelyn McLeod, who has recently come to Merrimac to stay with the Overtons. Jim's interest, at first professional, for Jocelyn is suffering from a peculiar disease, turns rapidly personal—and then he realizes there is little hope of her recovery. Beginning a fight to save Jocelyn's life, Jim is puzzled by the hostility of Reid Overton toward this defenseless girl.

ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT



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

Almost on the eve of her marriage to Gil Whitney, Helen is horrified when a woman named Betty Mallory suddenly appears in Hollywood and names Gil as her missing husband, father of her little daughter. When Gil is strangely unable to deny to her face the woman's accusation, Helen miserably drops all marriage plans and tries to concentrate on her exciting job as top gown designer at the new Jeff Brady Motion Picture Studio. Betty Mallory's claim appears well-supported, but Helen is wise not to lose hope—for Cynthia Swanson is mixed up somewhere in the situation. And wherever Cynthia is, trouble is sure to appear for Helen.

ROSEMARY



Rosemary
heard on
CBS 11:45 A.M. EDT

Will the day come when Rosemary, wife of Bill Roberts, will actually regret the wonderful job that seemed such an opportunity for Bill—the job that brought them to New York? When Rosemary goes back to Springdale to visit her family, Bill becomes friendly with exciting Blanche Weatherby, his boss's divorced daughter. Blanche, Bill tells himself, is lonesome, poor girl—but he realizes in his heart that her pursuit of him is not due entirely to loneliness, and what is worse, he knows he likes it. How will Rosemary feel when she learns that Bill and Blanche are being seen here and there around town?

SECOND MRS. BURTON



Stan Burton
heard on
CBS 2 P.M. EDT

In Europe with her husband Stan and their daughter Wendy on what pretends to be a business trip, Terry Burton does not know that the true purpose of their trip is a secret mission Stan has undertaken for the government. Stan, in hourly agony because he knows now that foreign agents are on his trail who will spare neither him nor his family, is suspicious even of the breezy Miss Davis, a writer of textbooks whom Terry meets while waiting in a post-office line. Learning that Miss Davis is broke, Terry hires her to act as baby-sitter for Wendy. Is the talkative American merely what she seems to be—or is there basis for Stan's watchfulness?

WENDY WARREN



Don Smith
heard on
CBS 12 Noon EDT

The death of Dorothy Chaffee, officially listed as suicide, might have passed as such forever except for one thing—to newspaperwoman Wendy Warren, her friend, Dorothy, shortly before her death, confided an incident which threw a peculiar light on the activities of Peter Wotton, Dorothy's boss, with whom she was hopelessly in love. Wendy and her managing editor, Don Smith, with the help of Rusty Doyle, begin a campaign which gives them proof that Wotton is engaged in illegal drug traffic—and that Dorothy, learning this, died. After Wotton's confession, Wendy and Don dedicate themselves to eradicate the menace of drugs.

STELLA DALLAS



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

The girl who called herself Iris Devin, and passed herself off as Minnie Grady's niece, has been unmasked—much to Stella's relief, for she never liked or trusted her. Jenny, the young girl befriended by Stella and her daughter Laurel, is the true Iris Devin. Now an unusual drama of hate and a strange loyalty come into Stella's life, when she meets Mrs. Lenox, sister-in-law of Laurel's mother-in-law, aristocratic Mrs. Grosvenor. Stella, sensing at once that there has been a tragedy in Mrs. Lenox's past, is astonished when she learns the truth. And when Mrs. Lenox's daughter Marla falls in love, the situation is further complicated.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES



Joan Davis
heard on
NBC 5 P.M. EDT

Joan Davis, still in the hospital with a bullet wound in her spine, is supposed to be on the way to recovery. Her husband Harry is elated, not knowing what Joan and her doctors know—that she may never walk again. A dangerous operation is her only hope. Harry is not told the nature of the operation, which is fortunate—because it is not a success. Tragically, the child Joan is expecting is stillborn as a result of the shock of the operation. Joan and Harry have been through many trying times together. Always before, their great mutual love has brought them triumphantly through. Will it give them the strength they need now?

THIS IS NORA DRAKE



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

Young Tom Morley, his whole mind shaken by the proof which Charles Dobbs and Nora have given him of his dead father's dishonest character, is finally accepted as a patient by the psychiatrist, Dr. Seargeant, whose legal affairs Charles' firm is handling. But apparently the doctor himself is in trouble, for to mysterious, lovely Vivian Jarrett, he turns over all the money he can lay hands on. Meanwhile, Charles presses Nora to marry him at once—and Nora unexpectedly hesitates. Is Charles becoming too money-hungry? And who is writing Nora the strange, compelling love letters which she has begun to receive . . . unsigned?

YOUNG DOCTOR MALONE



Dr. Jerry Malone
heard on
CBS 1:30 P.M. EDT

Ever since Dr. Jerry Malone went to New York to work, and came under the influence of Lucia Standish, his life has been confused. Not only does his marriage to Anne seem definitely to have broken up, but he has lost the love of their daughter, Jill. He finds this out when he makes a quick trip to Three Oaks to bring Jill back to New York for an exciting visit—and Jill refuses to go, or even to see him. Returning with Lucia, Jerry's eyes begin to open to Lucia's fanatic drive to dominate his life when she tells him she took it upon herself to tell Anne that he wanted a divorce! Is Jerry at last beginning to see that wealthy Lucia intends to own him?

WE LOVE AND LEARN



Madame Sophie
heard on
NBC 11 A.M. EDT

Madame Sophie, the French peasant woman who has made herself one of New York's most renowned and exclusive designers, is used to facing down angry people—for she has a passion for trying to set right the lives of others and this, strangely, very often makes them angry. But seldom has she faced such fury as John Bancroft's when he learns that his headstrong daughter Wendy has eloped with the man he forbade her to see, Stephen Brent. Despite Madame Sophie's horrified efforts to prevent him, Bancroft notifies the police to pick up the couple for car-stealing. Wendy is wounded when they attempt to outrace the police.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN



Ellen Brown
heard on
NBC 4:45 P.M. EDT

Louise Hancock, an old friend of Ellen's, now the wife of Alex Simpson, is made the pawn in a dangerous game which her brother-in-law's fiancée, Madeleine Harper, is playing to win Alex. Madeleine convinces Alex that Louise has always been in love with Dr. Anthony Loring, the man to whom Ellen is engaged and whom she plans to marry as soon as circumstances permit. Anthony, says Madeleine, arranged the marriage between Louise and Alex to rid himself of Louise. Alex, exercising his power over both Louise and Anthony, insists that Louise divorce him and marry Anthony or else he, Alex, will see that Anthony loses his appointment at the hospital.

INSIDE RADIO

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

SUNDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30	String Quartet	Local Programs	Old Fashioned Revival Hour	The Garden Gate
8:45				Memo From Lake Success
9:00	World News	Happiness Hour	Sunday Morning Concert Hall	News E. Power Bigge
9:15	Wormwood Forest	Dixie Quartet	Voice of Prophecy	Trinity Choir of St. Paul's Chapel
9:30	Bach Aria Group	Christian Science		
9:45	Male Quartet			
10:00	National Radio Pulpit	Radio Bible Class	Message of Israel	Church of the Air
10:15	Religion in the News	Voice of Prophecy	Negro College Choir	Church of the Air
10:30	Morning Serenade			
10:45				
11:00	Faultless Starch Time	Back to God	Foreign Reporter Frank and Ernest	News Makers News, Howard K. Smith
11:15	UN is My Beat	Reviewing Stand	Hour of Faith	Salt Lake Tabernacle
11:30	News Highlights			
11:45	Solitaire Time			

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00	American Forum of the Air	College Choirs	Fantasy in Melody	Invitation to Learning
12:15				
12:30	Eternal Light	Lutheran Hour	Piano Playhouse	People's Platform
12:45				
1:00	America United	William Hillman	Sammy Kaye	Charles Collingwood
1:15		Voice of Strings	National Vespers	Elmo Roper
1:30	Chicago Roundtable	Summer Show		LP Record Parade
1:45		Oberlin Choir		
2:00	NBC Theater	Mutual Chamber Music	This Week Around The World	Choraliere
2:15		Bill Cunningham	Mr. President Drama	Main St. Music Hall
2:30		Veteran's Information		
2:45				
3:00		Treasury Variety Show	Speaking of Songs	Your Invitation to Music
3:15		Summer Show	The Lutheran Hour	To be announced
3:30	The Quiz Kids			
3:45				
4:00	Cloak and Dagger	Hopalong Cassidy	Fine Art Quartet	
4:15				
4:30	High Adventure	Martin Kane	Milton Cross Opera Album	Symphonette
4:45		Private Eye		
5:00	Big Guy	The Shadow	Inspirational Hour	Music For You
5:15				
5:30	James Melton	True Detective Mysteries	Think Fast	To be announced
5:45				

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	The Catholic Hour	Roy Rogers	Draw Pearson	Summer Show
6:15			Don Gardner	Steve Allen Show
6:30	Henry Morgan	Nick Carter	Music With the Girls	
6:45				
7:00	The Falcon	Affairs of Peter Salem	Voices That Live	Guy Lombardo
7:15		The Saint	Amazing Mr. Malone	Hit the Jackpot
7:30	Summer Show			
7:45				
8:00	Adventures of Sam Spade	A. L. Alexander	Stop the Music	Percy Faith
8:15				
8:30	NBC Symphony with Guest Conductor	Enchanted Hour		Summer Show
8:45				
9:00		Opera Concert	Walter Winchell	Collins Archer
9:15			Louella Parsons	Chance of a Lifetime
9:30	American Album	Sheilah Graham	Chance of a Lifetime	Horace Heidt
9:45		Twin Views of News		
10:00	Take It or Leave It	This Is Europe	Jimmie Fidler	Contented Hour
10:15				
10:30	Bob Crosby Show	Phil Napoleon Orchestra	Jackie Robinson	We Take Your Word



J. ANTHONY SMYTHE—a bachelor, he has played Father Barbour in *One Man's Family* (M-F 7 P.M. EDT, NBC) for the past eighteen years.

Dear Reader-Listener:

A new research system has been set up in order to insure there being more up-to-the-minute information in *Inside Radio* than ever before. This new system will enable time, program and station changes to be made as late as the tenth of the month before *RADIO MIRROR* goes on the newsstands. Some changes, of course, will be received too late to include but on the whole you'll find the *Inside Radio* listing a precise guide to what's on the dial.
The Editors.

MONDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30	Do You Remember	Local Programs	Local Programs	Margaret Arlen
8:45			8:50 Pauline Frederick	
9:00	Red Foley	Robert Hurligh	Breakfast Club	This Is New York
9:15		Tell Your Neighbor		
9:30	Clevelandaire	Tennessee Jamboree		Missus Goes A Shopping
9:45				
10:00	Welcome Travelers	Cecil Brown	My True Story	This is Bing Crosby
10:15		Faith in Our Time		Arthur Godfrey
10:30	Double or Nothing	Say It With Music	Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air	
10:45			Victor Lindlahr	
11:00	We Love and Learn	Behind the Story	Modern Romances	
11:15	Dave Garroway	Bob Poole		
11:30	Jack Berch		Quick As a Flash	Grand Slam
11:45	David Harum	Doughboys		Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00	News	Kate Smith Speaks	Ladies Be Seated	Wendy Warren
12:15	Echoes From the Tropics	Lanny Ross		Aunt Jenny
12:30	Hometowners	Chuckie Wagon	12:25 Carol Douglas	Helen Trent
12:45		Heatter's Mailbag	Local Programs	Our Gal Sunday
1:00	Boston Symphony	Cedric Foster	Baukhage	Big Sister
1:15		Harvey Harding	Fancy Craig	Ma Perkins
1:30	George Hicks	Harold Turner	Art Baker's Notebook	Young Dr. Malone
1:45	Art Van Damme Quintet	Checkerboard Jamboree		The Guiding Light
2:00				
2:00	Double or Nothing	Game of the Day*	Welcome to Hollywood	Second Mrs. Burton
2:15		Ladies Fair	Hannibal Cobb	Perry Mason
2:30	Today's Children	Queen For A Day		This Is Nora Drake
2:45	Light of the World			The Brighter Day
3:00	Life Can Be Beautiful	Bob Poole	Bride and Groom	Nona From Nowhere
3:15	Road of Life		3:25 Walter Kiernan	Hilltop House
3:30	Pepper Young		Happy Landing	House Party
3:45	Right to Happiness			3:55 Cedric Adams
4:00	Backstage Wife	Local Programs	Surprise Package	Strike It Rich
4:15	Stella Dallas			
4:30	Lorenzo Jones	Hoedown Party	Conversation With Casey	4:55 Hite and the News
4:45	Young Widder Brown			
5:00	When A Girl Marries	Mark Trail	Fun House	Galen Drake
5:15	Portia Faces Life	Bobby Benson	Superman	Hite and Misses
5:30	Just Plain Bill			
5:45	Front Page Farrell			

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	Bob Warren	Local Programs	Local Programs	Jackson & the News
6:15	Clem McCarthy			"You and—"
6:30	Sketches in Melody			Curt Massey Time
6:45	Three Star Extra			Lowell Thomas
7:00	One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Edwin C. Hill	Bulah
7:15	News of the World	Dinner Date	Elmer Davis	Jack Smith Show
7:30	Irving Field's Trio	Gabriel Heatter	The Lone Ranger	Club 15
7:45	H. V. Kaltenborn	I Love A Mystery		Edward R. Murrow
8:00	The Railroad Hour	Bobby Benson	Ethel and Albert	Hollywood Star
8:15				Playhouse
8:30	Voice of Firestone	Crime Fighters	Henry Taylor	Talent Scouts
8:45		8:55 Bill Henry	Phil Bovero	
9:00	Telephone Hour	Murder By Experts	Melody Rendezvous	Lux Radio Theatre
9:15				
9:30	Band of America	Murder at Midnight	Rex Maupin	
9:45				
10:00	Night Beat	Frank Edwards	Ted Malone	My Friend Irma
10:15		Mutual Newsreel		
10:30	Christopher London	Dance Bands	Strictly From Dixie	The Bob Hawk Show
10:45				

* Heard in southern & western-central states



CLAIRE NIESEN—came East from her birthplace in Phoenix, Arizona, to realize a childhood ambition to become an actress. For the past five years she has been heard as Mary Noble in NBC's *Backstage Wife* (M-F, 4 P.M. EDT) and she also had several TV roles. As a result of one telecast, she received parts in two Broadway plays. Her favorite sports are golf, tennis, riding—she also enjoys gardening and knitting.

T U E S D A Y

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember	Local Programs	Local Programs 8:50 Pauline Frederick	Margaret Arlen
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Red Foley & Co. Clevelandaires	Robert Hurleigh Tell Your Neighbors Tennessee Jamboree	Breakfast Club	This Is New York Missus Goe A Shoppin'
10:00 10:15 10:30	Welcome Travelers Double or Nothing	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air Victor Lindlahr	Bing Crosby Arthur Godfrey
10:45				
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	We Love And Learn Dave Garroway Jack Berch David Harum	Behind the Story Bob Poole	Modern Romances Quick As a Flash	Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15	News Echoes From the Tropics	Kate Smith Speaks Lanny Ross	Ladies Be Seated	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny
12:30 12:45	Hometowners	Chuckie Wagon Heatter's Mailbag	12:25 Carol Douglas Local Programs	Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Vincent Lopez George Hicks Art Van Damme Quintet	Cedric Foster Harvey Harding Harold Turner Checkerboard Jamboree	Baukhage Nancy Craig Art Baker's Notebook	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Today's Children Light of the World	Game of the day* Ladies Fair Queen For a Day	Welcome to Hollywood Hannibal Cobb	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road of Life Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Bob Poole	Bride and Groom 3:25 Walter Kiernan Happy Landing	Nona From Nowhere Hilltop House House Party 3:55 Cedric Adams
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Local Programs Hoedown Party	Surprise Package Conversation With Casey	Strike It Rich 4:55 Hite and the News
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Mert Copeland Bobby Benson	Fun House Sky King	Galen Drake Hits and Misses

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bob Warren Clem McCarthy Sketches in Melody Three Star Extra	Local Programs	Local Programs	Jackson & the News "You and—" Curt Massey Time Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	One Man's Family News of the World Irving Field's Trio Richard Harkness	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter I Love A Mystery	Edwin C. Hill Elmer Davis Counter Spy	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Cavalcade of America Starlight Concert	Count of Monte Cristo Official Detective 8:55 Bill Henry	Carnegie Hall Gentlemen of the Press	Mystery Theatre Satan's Waitin'
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Bob Hope Show King's Men	John Steele Adventure Mysterious Traveler	America's Town Meeting of the Air Erwin D. Canham Rex Maupin	Life With Luigi This Is Your Life
10:00 10:15 10:30	Big Town People are Funny	Frank Edwards Mutual Newsreel Dance Bands	Time For Defense Labor & Management	Yours Truly, Johnny Dollar Philip Marlowe

* Heard in southern & western-central states

W E D N E S D A Y

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember	Local Programs	Local Programs 8:55 Pauline Frederick	Margaret Arlen
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Red Foley & Co. Clevelandaires Inside the Doctor's Office	Robert Hurleigh Tell Your Neighbor Tennessee Jamboree	Breakfast Club	This Is New York Missus Goe A Shoppin'
10:00 10:15 10:30	Welcome Travelers Double or Nothing	Cecil Brown Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air Victor Lindlahr	Bing Crosby Arthur Godfrey
10:45				
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	We Love and Learn Dave Garroway Jack Berch David Harum	Behind the Story Bob Poole Doughboys	Modern Romances Quick As a Flash	Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15	News Echoes From the Tropics	Kate Smith Speaks	Ladies Be Seated	Wendy Warren
12:30 12:45	Hometowners	Chuckie Wagon Heatter's Mailbag	12:25 Carol Douglas Local Programs	Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Vincent Lopez George Hicks Art Van Damme Quintet	Cedric Foster Harvey Harding Harold Turner Checkerboard Jamboree	Baukhage Nancy Craig Art Baker's Notebook	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Today's Children Light of the World	Game of the Day* Ladies Fair Queen For a Day	Welcome to Hollywood Hannibal Cobb	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road of Life Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Bob Poole	Bride and Groom 3:25 Walter Kiernan Happy Landing	Nona From Nowhere Hilltop House House Party 3:55 Cedric Adams
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Local Programs Hoedown Party	Surprise Package Conversation With Casey	Strike It Rich 4:55 Hite and the News
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Mark Trail Bobby Benson	Challenge of the Yukon Superman	Galen Drake Hits and Misses

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bob Warren Clem McCarthy Sketches in Melody Three Star Extra	Local Programs	Local Programs	Jackson & the News "You and—" Curt Massey Time Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	One Man's Family News of the World Irving Field's Trio H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter I Love A Mystery	Edwin C. Hill Elmer Davis Lone Ranger	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Halls of Ivy Summer Time	Can You Top This? International Airport 8:55 Bill Henry	Dr. I. Q. Cliche Quiz	Mr. Chameleon Dr. Christian
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Break the Bank Mr. District Attorney	2000 Plus Family Theater	Adventures of Sherlock Holmes Buzz Adian's Playroom	It Pays to be Ignorant ABC Club
10:00 10:15 10:30	The Big Story Dangerous Assignment	Frank Edwards Mutual Newsreel Dance Bands	Lawrence Welk On Trial	Summer Show Summer Show

* Heard in southern & west-central states



WILLARD WATERMAN—Mr. Merriweather in NBC's *Halls of Ivy* (Wed. 8 P.M. EDT) started out to be an engineer but throughout high school dabbled in dramatics. In his spare time he sang on the air with a church choir. At college, outside activities interfered with his studies. When it was suggested he quit school, he agreed. Since then he has been so busy in radio he has had only one ten-day vacation in nine years.

T H U R S D A Y

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember	Local Programs	Local Programs 8:50 Pauline Frederick	Margaret Arlen
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Red Foley & Co. Clevelandaires	Robert Hurleigh Tennessee Jamboree	Breakfast Club	This Is New York Missus Goes A Shoppin'
10:00 10:15 10:30	Welcome Travelers Double or Nothing	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air Victor Lindlahr	Bing Crosby Arthur Godfrey
10:45				
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	We Love and Learn Dave Garroway Jack Berch David Harum	Behind the Story Bob Poole	Modern Romances Quick as a Flash	Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15	News The Note Noodlers	Kate Smith Speaks Lanny Ross	Ladies Be Seated	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny
12:30 12:45	Hometowners	Chuckle Wagon Heatter's Mailbag	12:25 Carol Douglas Local Programs	Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Vincent Lopez George Hicks Art Van Damme Quintet	Cedric Foster Harvey Harding Harold Turner Checkerboard Jamboree	Baukhage Nancy Craig Art Baker's Note- book	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Today's Children Light of the World	Game of the Day* Ladies Fair Queen For a Day	Welcome to Hollywood Hannibal Cobb	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road of Life Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Bob Poole	Bride and Groom 3:25 Walter Kiernan Happy Landing	Nona From Nowhere Hilltop House House Party 3:55 Cedric Adams
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Local Programs Hoedown Party	Surprise Package Conversation With Casey	Strike It Rich 4:55 Hite and the News
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Mert Copeland Bobby Benson	Fun House Sky King	Galen Drake Hits and Misses

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Lionel Ricau Clem McCarthy Sketches in Melody Three Star Extra	Local Programs	Local Programs	Jackson & the News "You and—" Curt Massey Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30	One Man's Family News of the World Irving Field's Trio	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter	Edwin C. Hill Elmer Davis Counter Spy	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15
7:45	Richard Harkness	I Love a Mystery		Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Aldrich Family Father Knows Best	California Caravan Sports For All 8:55 Bill Henry	Gregory Hood Blondie	The F.B.I. in Peace and War Mr. Keen
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Screen Guild Duffy's Tavern	Limerick Show Mr. Feathers	Ted Mack's Original Amateur Hour News, Paul Harvey	Suspense Crime Photographer
10:00 10:15 10:30	Summer Show Dragnet	Frank Edwards Mutual Newsreel Dance Bands	Author Meets the Critics Murder and Music	Hallmark Playhouse Hollywood Theatre

* Heard in southern & west-central states



HAZEL SHERMET—the new Miss Duffy of Duffy's Tavern (NBC, Thurs. 9:30 P.M. EDT) will never need a press agent—she used to be one herself. Seeking an acting job through a New York advertising agency, she was assigned to copywriting instead and later, to publicity. She finally landed a job on the Henny Youngman show and from there went to other shows, where her duties included imitating babies and cats.

CURT MASSEY—the star of CBS's Curt Massey Time (M-F, 5:45 P.M. EDT) learned music from his father, an old-time fiddler well known in New Mexico. With his sister Louise, he organized The Westerners and, with them, was heard on many network shows. In 1943, he became a soloist, specializing in popular tunes. Married in 1932, he has two sons, and he has taught his wife to play accompaniments for his violin solos.



F R I D A Y

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember	Local Programs	Local Programs 8:50 Pauline Frederick	Margaret Arlen
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Red Foley & Co. Clevelandaires	Robert Hurleigh Tell Your Neighbor Tennessee Jamboree	Breakfast Club	This is New York Missus Goes A Shoppin'
10:00 10:15 10:30	Welcome Travelers Double or Nothing	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air Victor Lindlahr	Bing Crosby Arthur Godfrey
10:45				
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	We Love and Learn Dave Garroway Jack Berch David Harum	Behind the Story Bob Poole Doughboys	Modern Romances Quick as a Flash	Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15	News Echoes From the Tropics U. S. Marine Band	Kate Smith Speaks Lanny Ross	Ladies Be Seated	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny
12:30 12:45		Chuckle Wagon Heatter's Mailbag	12:25 Carol Douglas Local Programs	Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Vincent Lopez George Hicks Art Van Damme Quintet	Cedric Foster Harvey Harding Harold Turner Checkerboard Jamboree	Baukhage Nancy Craig Art Baker's Note- book	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Today's Children Light of the World	Game of the Day* Queen For a Day Ladies Fair	Welcome to Hollywood Hannibal Cobb	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road of Life Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Bob Poole	Bride and Groom 3:25 Walter Kiernan Happy Landing	Nona From Nowhere Hilltop House House Party 3:55 Cedric Adams
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Local Programs Hoedown Party	Surprise Package Conversation With Casey	Strike It Rich 4:55 Hite and the News
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Mark Trail Bobby Benson	Fun House Green Hornet	Galen Drake Hits and Misses

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Lionel Ricau Clem McCarthy Sketches in Melody Three Star Extra	Local Programs	Local Programs	Jackson & the News "You and—" Curt Massey Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	One Man's Family News of the World The Playboys H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter I Love a Mystery	Edwin C. Hill Elmer Davis Lone Ranger	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Stars and Starters We The People	Bandstand U. S. A. Eddy Duchin 8:55 Bill Henry	The Fat Men This Is Your FBI	Robert Q. Lewis
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Screen Directors' Playhouse Jimmy Durante	Army Air Force Show Meet the Press	Summer Show The Sheriff	Up For Parole Broadway's My Beat
10:00 10:15 10:30	Life of Riley Bill Stern	Frank Edwards Mutual Newsreel Dance Bands	Boxing Bout	Escape Capital Clockroom

* Heard in southern & west-central states

S A T U R D A Y

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
9:00	Mind Your Manners	Local Programs	No School Today	This Is New York
9:15	Coffee in Washington			Missus Goes A Shoppin'
9:30				
9:45				
10:00	Fred Waring Show	Local Programs		Galen Drake
10:15				Garden Gate
10:30	Mary Lee Taylor	Leslie Nichols Helen Hall		
10:45				
11:00	Lassie	Your Home Beautiful	Joe Franklin's	News, Phil Shadel
11:15	Stamp Club	Almanac	Recordshop	11:05 Let's Pretend
11:30	Archie Andrews	Man on the Farm	At Home With Music	Junior Miss

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00	News	Man on the Farm	101 Ranch Boys	Theatre of Today
12:15	Public Affair			
12:30	Luncheon With Lopez	Dance Music	American Farmer	Grand Central Station
12:45				
1:00	National Farm Home	Joseph McCaffrey	Navy Hour	Stars Over Hollywood
1:15		Jerry & Skye		Give and Take
1:30	Summer Show	Cumberland Valley	Roger Dann	
1:45		Barn Dance		
2:00	Recovery Story	Game of the Day*	Let's Go to the Opera	Get More Out of Life
2:15				
2:30	Singing Men	Bands For Bonds		To be announced
2:45				
3:00	Pioneers of Music	Dance Orchestra		Reports From Overseas
3:15				Adventures in Science
3:30		Caribbean Crossroads	Phil Bovero Orch.	Farm News
4:00	Living, 1950	Dunn on Discs	Recorded Music	To be announced
4:15			Racing News	
4:30	Matinee at the Meadowbrook	Sports Parade	Treasury Band	Musical Notebook At the Chase
5:00	Voices and Events	True or False	Tea and Crumpets	To be announced
5:30	Summer Show	Radio Harris	Club Time	Cross Section U. S. A.
5:45	Hollywood Closeups	Music		

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	Bob Warren	Music	Albert Warner News	News From Washington
6:15	Religion in the News		Roger Renner Trio	Memo From Lake Success
6:30	Summer Concert	Al Helfer	Harry Wismer	Sports Review
6:45		Preston Sellers	Vera Massey	Larry Lesueur
7:00		Hawaii Calls	Summer Show	Delles Operatta
7:15	Joe DiMaggio	Comedy of Error	Bert Andrews	Camel Caravan with Vaughn Monroe
7:30		7:55 John B. Kennedy	Chandu the Magician	
7:45				
8:00	Dimension X	Twenty Questions	Dixieland Jambake	Gene Autry Show
8:15				
8:30	Truth or Consequences	Take a Number	Hollywood Byline	The Goldbergs
8:45				
9:00	Your Hit Parade	True or False	Rayburn and Finch	Gangbusters
9:15				
9:30	A Day in the Life of Dennis Day	Lombardo Land		Arthur Godfrey Digest
9:45				
10:00	Judy Canova	Theatre of the Air	Sleepy Hollow Gang	Sing It Again
10:15				
10:30	Grand Ole Opry		Voices That Live	

* Heard in southern & west-central states

FRANK LUTHER — specialist in children's programs and records, whose NBC show is heard Sat. at 8:30 A.M. EDT, was born on a Kansas cattle ranch in 1907. A pianist since he was five, Frank worked the Chautauqua circuit as a singer and pianist when he was only thirteen. He later toured with Will Rogers in the principal cities of the U. S. In seven years he made 2000 records and aired more than 1800 network shows.



TELEVISION HIGHLIGHTS

Here, spotlighted for you, are some of the most popular and entertaining network shows on television. Eastern daylight saving time is given in all cases and you may merely have to make a time adjustment if you live in a different time zone. However, many city stations broadcast transcribed films of the original telecast—so play safe and check your local TV station for the correct time.

S U N D A Y

5:00 P.M. Super Circus	7:30 P.M. This is Show Business
5:30 P.M. Hopalong Cassidy	8:00 P.M. Toast of the Town
7:00 P.M. Whiteman's Revue	9:00 P.M. Philco Playhouse
7:30 P.M. Aldrich Family	10:00 P.M. Celebrity Time

M O N D A Y

5:30 P.M. Howdy Doody	8:30 P.M. Godfrey Talent Scouts
7:00 P.M. Captain Video	9:00 P.M. Lights Out
7:00 P.M. Kukla, Fran and Ollie	9:00 P.M. Candid Camera
8:00 P.M. Silver Theater	9:30 P.M. The Goldbergs
8:00 P.M. Television Theater	9:30 P.M. Robert Montgomery
	10:00 P.M. Studio One

T U E S D A Y

5:30 P.M. Howdy Doody	9:00 P.M. Fireside Theatre
7:00 P.M. Kukla, Fran and Ollie	9:30 P.M. Suspense
8:00 P.M. Milton Berle	10:00 P.M. Original Amateur Hour

W E D N E S D A Y

5:30 P.M. Howdy Doody	9:00 P.M. Kraft Theatre
7:00 P.M. Kukla, Fran and Ollie	10:00 P.M. Break the Bank
8:00 P.M. Arthur Godfrey	10:00 P.M. Boxing

T H U R S D A Y

5:30 P.M. Howdy Doody	9:00 P.M. Kay Kyser
7:00 P.M. Kukla, Fran and Ollie	9:00 P.M. Morey Amsterdam
7:30 P.M. The Lone Ranger	9:00 P.M. Alan Young Show
8:00 P.M. Stop the Music	9:30 P.M. Wayne King
8:30 P.M. Inside U.S.A.	10:00 P.M. Martin Kane
	10:00 P.M. Roller Derby

F R I D A Y

5:30 P.M. Howdy Doody	8:30 P.M. Man Against Crime
7:00 P.M. Kukla, Fran and Ollie	9:00 P.M. Bonny Maid Varieties
8:00 P.M. Mama	9:30 P.M. Big Sister
	10:00 P.M. Calvacade of Sports

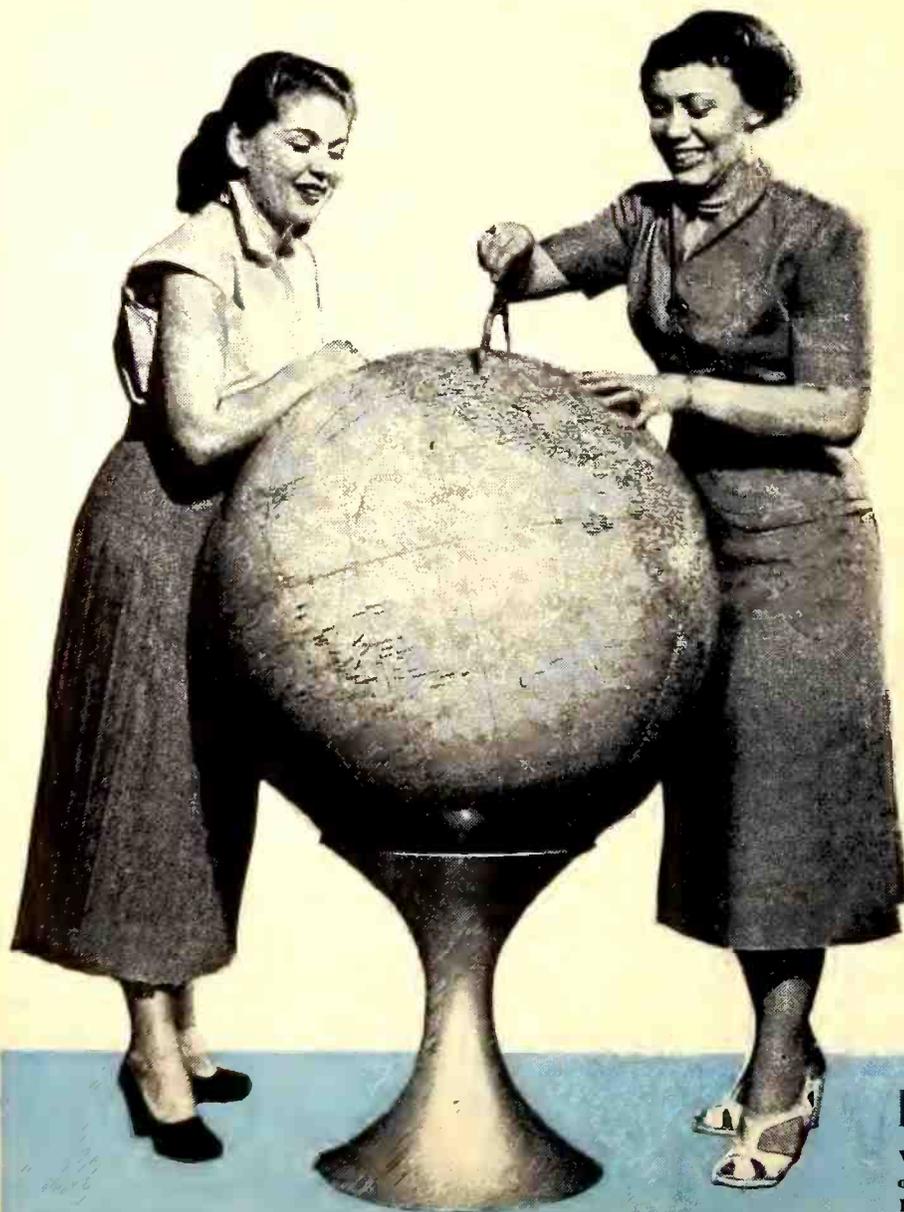
S A T U R D A Y

7:30 P.M. Hollywood Screen Test	9:00 P.M. Calvacade of Stars
8:00 P.M. Ken Murray Show	9:00 P.M. Ed Wynn Show

TWO WEEKS TO

Play

By TERRY BURTON



"A vacation is a must." That's what Carol Lane, travel director for the Shell Oil Company, told us when she visited my family and me as a Family Counselor.

Carol, who has recently completed an extensive tour of the United States perusing vacation spots, feels that any time is vacation time.

As an example, Carol pointed out that in New England, you can enjoy all four seasons. "Some people," she said, "like to be on hand to watch nature make its annual debut, and enjoy the spring air, while others want to take it easy and see the leaves turn in the fall. One important advantage in traveling off season," Carol added, "is that you miss the crowds, and oftentimes it's cheaper."

"When you think of Florida," Carol remarked, "the first thing that comes to mind is the winter season. But you can have a lot of fun in Florida in the summer, too, have the same things to do, and do them a whole lot cheaper."

"From my own experience," Carol said, "I've found that more and more Americans are becoming interested in the sensible rather than the fashionable thing to do."

I asked Carol what she thought a family should do if they find it impossible to get away for a one or two week vacation, and she told us that it's not only important, but possible for everyone to take a vacation—even if it's a short one. "Inasmuch as it's becoming a common practice for firms to shut down from Fridays to Monday, this gives us weekends all around the calendar for short automobile trips."

I was interested to know that the Shell Oil Company had developed an idea which they call the tourette. The tourette calls for taking a road map that shows all historical and unusual points of interest, and drawing a 200-mile circle on it, with your own home town in the center. Then proceed to make up a series of trips that will take in as many of these spots as possible within the circle.

As Carol emphasized, "Don't worry about seeing everything on one trip, because you know you can go back again. These trips can be taken at any time of the year, and what is so much fun about them is that you'll discover places you never knew existed right in your own back yard."

"Any time is vacation time," travel director Carol Lane told Terry and her CBS listeners.

FAMILY COUNSELOR

Wednesday is Family Counselor Day on the Second Mrs. Burton, heard Mon.-Fri. at 2 P.M. EDT on CBS, sponsored by General Foods.

MARTIN KARL

(Continued from page 46)

there he sang in musicals, the A Capella Choir, and studied with a voice teacher. This culminated in his winning the All Chicago Vocal Contest.

Martin chose a general school scholarship—to Morgan Park Junior College in Chicago, where he stayed for six months before he had to quit and go to work. While working during the day as a shipping clerk and demonstrator for a handicraft company, Martin sang with an opera company in Chicago at night.

By 1942, Martin had married Alma Bedrit, a mezzo soprano with the Opera Company. In September of that year, he enlisted in the Coast Guard and was sent to Manhattan Beach for boot training. He sang in some of the Coast Guard musical functions and in the Coast Guard chorus until the Mariners were formed.

Martin and his wife live in Beechurst, Queens, with their three children, Karl Martin, Robin and Alming Ann.

Karl, who likes tennis when he has time for sports (which isn't often), still studies regularly and has a repertoire of fifteen grand operas. His wife, who also studies music, plans to resume her career when the children are older.

The Karls' recreation is musical, too—they attend most of the serious musical functions and as a hobby collect old operatic scores and histories. Martin is building a library of books on opera.

Having achieved his ambition of making a living as a professional singer, Martin hopes some day to do concerts and, possibly, an operatic lead.

JAMES LEWIS

(Continued from page 46)

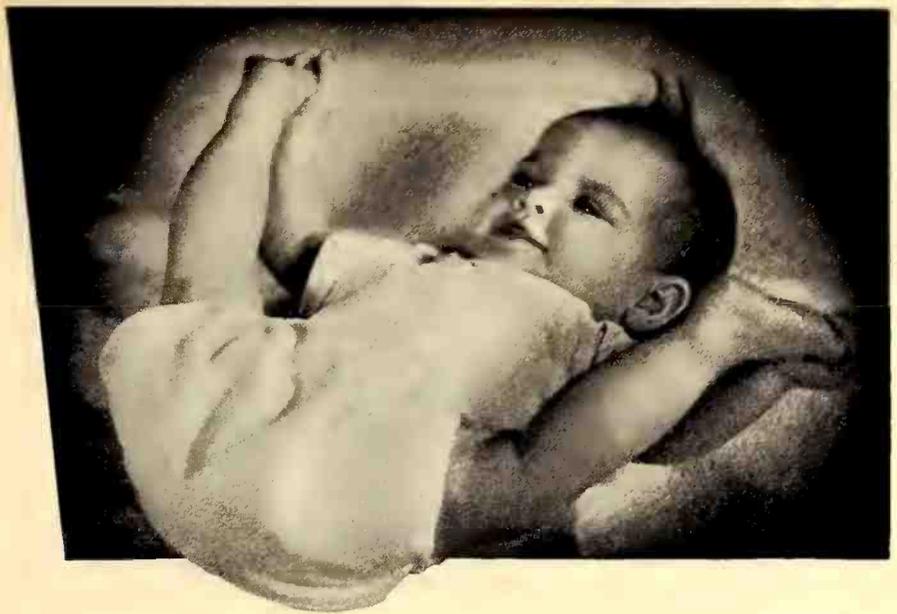
Lewis, who's been performing in public since the age of three, being called on to sing suddenly is no situation at which to bat an eyelash.

Born in Birmingham, Alabama, thirty-one years ago, James began singing in kiddie revues at the above-mentioned tender age. While in high school, he was leader of the orchestra as well as singer with it. James continued his musical interests at Talladega College and graduated from there in 1938 with a degree in sociology, a subject he took in preparation for a law career.

James came to New York in the summer of '38 to get a job before starting law school. Dishwashing jobs were the best he could do until he auditioned for and finally got a job in "The Hot Mikado" (chorus). Forgetting law, he continued studying voice and in 1940 organized a quintet, "The Sophisticords." When they broke up, James soloed for CBS and they signed him as a staff singer. In 1942, he enlisted in the Coast Guard, was stationed in Manhattan Beach, where he met the Mariners.

James and his wife, Janice Brooks, whom he married in November, 1948, live in a Manhattan apartment. James is a golfer when he has the time, and his more passive hobby is collecting records, especially very old classical recordings.

He hopes his future is with the Mariners—he likes them and he likes working with Godfrey. Maybe someday he'll go back to solo work, but right now he's too happy.



"How does she do it?"

"Doesn't matter how many times a day I need it,
Mother always has a 'change' ready. . .
I don't know how she does it!"



Your Mother's a smart woman, Baby. She washes your diapers with Improved Fels-Naptha Soap.

You can thank Fels-Naptha for getting *all* your things so clean and sweet it makes you feel good, just to put 'em on. And there's so much EXTRA washing help in Fels-Naptha, it's easy to have fresh clothes ready whenever you need them.

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TOM LOCKARD

(Continued from page 46)

developed at the expense of a cook. Singing, however, seems to be the career for which Tom was slated. Born in Baltimore, brought up in Brooklyn, Tom went to college in California at Pasadena J. C. and UCLA, where he majored in music. He had to leave school temporarily and take a job as shipping clerk for a mail order plant, and it was then that he started studying at night. Later on, when he went back to UCLA, Tom worked as an extra for MGM and sometimes did small parts with the Los Angeles Opera Company.

In 1941, Tom left college and enlisted in the Coast Guard. After boot training he was sent to Manhattan Beach in New York, where the Mariners met.

The Mariners, incidentally, got their first civilian job at NBC. They did a sustaining show on Saturday nights for ten weeks and then transferred to CBS for a summer show. CBS liked them well enough to sign them to a staff contract. Their first assignment was the Arthurd Godfrey show in 1947.

Tom is a good friend of Tony Marvin, announcer on the Godfrey show. They both live on Long Island—Tom in Merrick, Tony in Amityville. And both are married to girls named Dorothea. Tom's Dorothea is a girl he had gone to school with at Pasadena and their two children are Marlayna, five and Paula, one-and-a-half.

Tom goes in for gardening, but likes swimming more. And he's still studying voice, learning a complete opera and concert repertoire. Eventually, he hopes to become a solo artist.

NAT DICKERSON

(Continued from page 46)

The time was February, 1947, and Nathaniel was playing the geologist in "Finian's Rainbow." Nathaniel sang "Hand Me Down My Silver Trumpet, Gabriel" and because it got him the job, he considers it his lucky song.

Born twenty-nine years ago in Waycross, Georgia, Nathaniel's family moved to Philadelphia and he went to public schools there. After high school Nathaniel hit New York and tried for a scholarship at Juilliard—which he didn't get. Jobs at Macy's were easier to be had, and while working there he saved enough money to enter Juilliard as a student.

After Juilliard, Nathaniel, in 1940, went to Fisk University in Tennessee, and it was with the Fisk Jubilee singers that he toured the U.S.O. circuit. Back in Philadelphia, Nathaniel won a Marian Anderson Scholarship. 1946 was the year he auditioned for "Finian's Rainbow," and the following year he was tapped for the Mariners.

Nathaniel married Ellen Hobson of Philadelphia in June, 1946. They live in Englewood, New Jersey, with their two-year-old daughter, Natalie Ellen. Nathaniel is very proud of the garden around their new home—and that, of course, means he had a big part in bringing about its attractiveness. Other Dickerson interests are woodshop work and building furniture.

Like the rest of the Mariners, Nathaniel studies voice regularly. And even though he made his concert debut in Little Carnegie Hall, Nathaniel hopes he'll always be able to stay with the Mariners—and on the Godfrey show.

Let's Eat Outdoors

(Continued from page 57)

- ½ cup white wine
- 1 cup olive oil
- oregano, pepper
- 1 small onion, sliced

Let meat and vegetables stand in wine mixture several hours. Thread alternately on long skewers. Cook on grill turning frequently until done.

PICNIC BEAN CASSEROLE

Makes 6-8 servings.

- Combine in a greased casserole:
- 1 teaspoon dry mustard
 - 2 tablespoons brown sugar
 - 1 tablespoon ketchup
 - 1 (18 oz.) can baked beans

Pat down gently. Bake in a moderately hot oven (375°F) 30 minutes.

CUCUMBER SALAD

Makes 6 servings

Peel and slice thin:
6 cucumbers

Arrange in layers in a mixing bowl. Sprinkle salt between layers. Let stand in refrigerator several hours. Then drain and press out excess liquid. Rinse if too salty. Drain well.

- Combine:
- ½ cup finely chopped parsley
 - 1 onion, sliced thin
 - 1 clove garlic, mashed
 - ½ cup salad oil
 - ⅓ cup wine vinegar
 - salt and pepper to taste

Pour over cucumbers. Mix well. Chill.

CHOCOLATE CRISPS

Makes about 4 dozen cookies

- Measure and sift together:
- 2 cups sifted flour
 - 2 teaspoons baking powder
 - ½ teaspoon soda
 - ¼ teaspoon salt
 - ½ teaspoon cinnamon

Melt over hot water:
3 squares (3 ounces) unsweetened chocolate

Work with a spoon until soft:
½ cup shortening
1¼ cups sugar

Beat together until light and fluffy. Add:
2 eggs, beaten
½ teaspoon vanilla

Stir in cooled chocolate and beat until well blended. Stir in sifted dry ingredients. Chill dough until firm enough to handle. Roll out a little at a time, ¼" thick, on lightly floured board. Cut with a scalloped 3" cookie cutter. Place on an ungreased cookie sheet. Bake in a moderate oven (350°F) 8-10 minutes.

NOTICE

Best Rosemary letters in answer to the problem, What Sacrifices Should A Woman Make For Her Husband's Career?, which appeared in the April issue, will be published in the August, 1950, RADIO MIRROR.

Are you in the know?



Should you talk to a house-party guest you haven't met?

- Check with your hostess Give him the deep freeze Defrost

He didn't happen to be around when introductions were going on. So now, when he speaks—you're a snub-deb. Defrost! According to Emily you-know-who, it's correct to talk with any guest. Even if you haven't met officially. You can talk back to your

calendar, too (when it taunts you with "outline" qualms.) For Kotex has flat pressed ends that prevent revealing outlines. And your new Kotex Wonderform* belt is non-curling, non-twisting. Made with DuPont nylon elastic; washes and dries fast!



What helps, if you've that "lobster" look?

- Antiseptic lotion
 Tinted makeup base
 A flame-colored formol

You got yourself barbecued just before the big dance! And with white marks left by your swim-suit straps and bracelet. Next time, take your sunning sensibly. Meantime, ease the broil with antiseptic lotion; plus a tinted makeup base, to cover up. (The first two answers above are right.) On "difficult" days, likewise, you'll be comfortable. You see, Kotex gives downy softness that holds its shape—because Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it!



Which neckline's best for your figure?

- Halter
 Comisole
 "Little Boy"

Could be you're the buxom type? Or maybe a build-up is what your figure lacks. No matter. Choose a "Little Boy" neckline and lament no more. It's the ideal camouflage for either figure fault. And for solving "certain" problems, why not let Kotex be your choice? Try all 3 absorbencies: you'll find Regular, Junior or Super just suited to you. And the extra protection you get with that special, safety center of Kotex helps belittle "accident" misgivings.



More women choose KOTEX*
than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

(Continued from page 20)

In 1944, he began inventing personalities—such characters as Froggy the Gremlin on The Buster Brown Gang and today wields such influence with the younger set that when he read a letter from a sick child who was afraid she wouldn't get a birthday card, three hundred thousand more poured in.

In March, 1932, radio was mobilized to aid in the search for Charles Lindbergh's baby son, and for appeals to the kidnapper to break his ominous silence. The air was full of every detail of the news, and the whole nation listened to the flash bulletins in shocked sympathy. Boake Carter was a news commentator in Philadelphia when the story broke. He reached quick national fame because of his caustic criticism of the way the case was handled.

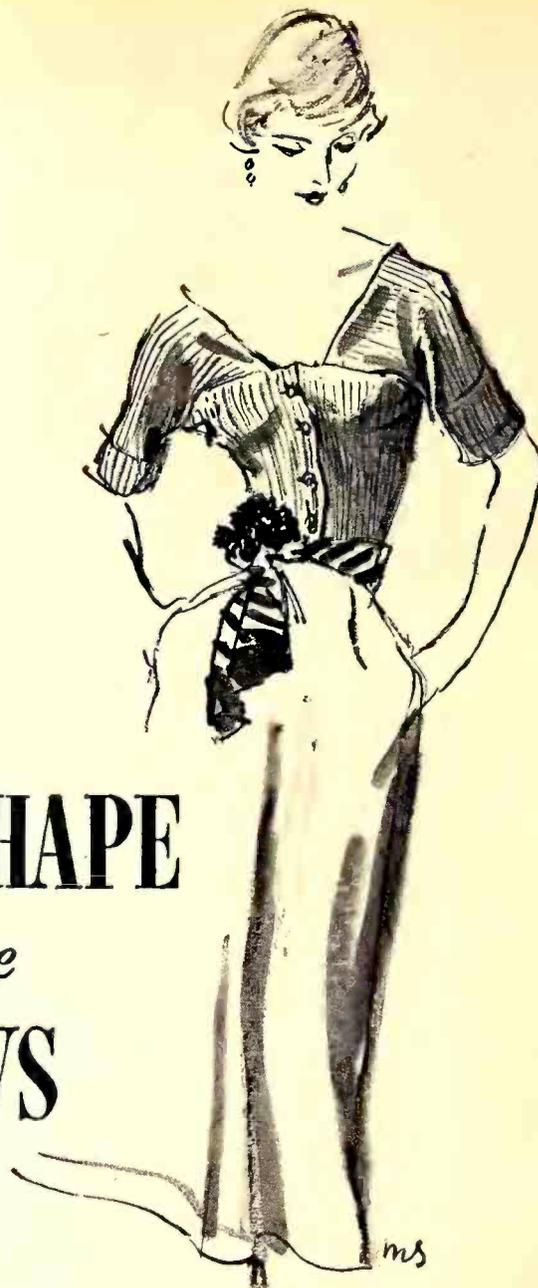
Boake Carter's severe comments took him to the big time, sponsored by Philco, and his clipped British accents were heard nationwide until his death in 1947. His frankness drew a large following, but he infuriated the Army and Navy by telling them how to run themselves though no one had asked him. He was relentlessly anti-New Deal. When war came to Europe, he was violently anti-British. He was so vehemently anti-Labor that for a while Philco was picketed by labor representatives because it sponsored him.

The important thing about all of this was not so much what Carter had to say but the fact that, though he enraged those who disagreed with him, and they were in high places, nobody stopped him. Air was free to all for opinion within the bounds of decency, and still is.

If you didn't like Boake Carter, you could turn on something else, like the series of enchanting lectures by Dr. Hendrick Willem Van Loon which developed into the WEVD University of the Air; or an unknown actor named Orson Welles in *The Shadow*; or Eleanor Roosevelt in her first sponsored series. All who remember her rather painfully slow delivery of those days honor her all the more for the dignity and authority of her broadcasts and United Nations speeches of today, as well as for the very large sums she has made for charity by her own efforts.

On the West Coast, One Man's Family was beginning its lengthy run. Carlton Morse, NBC writer and producer in San Francisco, was taking note of the increasingly desperate doings in daytime serials and mysteries, and thinking that maybe people would like a change from all that blood and thunder. His answer was the Barbour family, a set of nice people who never met any murderers. The only things that happened to them was a normal amount of graduations, picnics, marriages, births and deaths. What novelty! People loved it, still do.

In 1928 a newspaper man in Kansas City, Goodman Ace, started reading his column on a local station. In 1931 he went to Chicago, and in 1932, he and his wife, Jane, leaped off nationwide from New York as *The Easy Aces*. He became a firm friend of Jack Benny's after a brisk exchange by mail. Ace had sent some jokes to the comedian. Benny liked them and sent a note with the check, "Your little gags got a lot of laughs. If you have any more funny material, send it along." Ace replied



the
NEW SHAPE
is the
NEWS

The new-shape sweater-top dress is news because there's an element of surprise to it. The little knitted top, worn with a day-length skirt, is shaped as dramatically as an evening gown . . . both front and back cut very low. *That's* imaginative designing!

The new-shape Modess box is news because it, too, is a triumph of imaginative designing. Cleverly shaped to resemble many *other* kinds of boxes. Wrapped, it might be bath salts, note paper, candy . . . no one would guess Modess. Another tactful feature . . . the new box is pre-wrapped before it even reaches your store.



*Only Modess comes
in the new-shape,
secret-shape box . . . pre-wrapped!*

crisply, "Your little check got a lot of laughs. If you have any more funny material, airmail it."

In Detroit, the cry, "Hi Yo, Silver, away!" was sounding on the enchanted air. When George W. Trendle, president of the Michigan Radio Network of eight stations thought up a nice little program for children, he had no idea that he was thinking up practically an entire new industry. Today, Lone Ranger, Inc. produces not only radio and TV shows, but a comic strip (started in 1939) and gets a royalty on puzzles, guns, badges, masks, suits and other gadgets that sell in the millions. Not to mention movies.

The man who plays the Lone Ranger is one of radio's great stars, but, so far as publicity is concerned, that mask stays on firmly at all times and his personal life is shrouded in mystery. As a matter of fact, there have been four different gentlemen behind that mask. The original Ranger was played by a Mr. Deeds whose first name is lost to history. After six broadcasts, George Stenius took over. He was followed by Brace Beemar who became a production executive and was replaced by Earle Grazer, who rode the program to fame. When he was killed in an automobile accident in 1941, the news was kept as quiet as possible in fear that the shock would be too much for the children who loved the show, as indeed it would have been. Beemar quietly put on the mask again and has been playing the part ever since.

These shows were evidence of a brand new trend. There was such marked response to drama, human interest and comedy that *Radio Guide* (a weekly that started this year but is no longer printed) came out with the coverline "Are Crooners Doomed?"

Shades of Sinatra, fifteen years old in high school in Hoboken! Not to mention Perry Como or the Velvet Fog, all far, far in our future.

1933: Petting had become necking. The Century of Progress Fair opened in Chicago and Sally Rand and her fan dance became famous. *Anthony Adverse* was published, a record-setting 1224 pages that set the book business on its ear. The best selling non-fiction was *Life Begins at Forty*. Jigsaw puzzles became a craze. A new kind of publication, comic books, was invading the newsstands. On December 5 the Twenty-first Amendment repealed prohibition. In the movies, Mae West swiveled her hips, ogled a feature player, Cary Grant, and bit off the line that was to take the nation by storm. "Whyn't yuh cum-mup 'n' see me sometime, tall, dark 'n' handsome?" A chain letter fever broke out—a chance for those now really rocking under the depression to dream of money. Technocracy, another evidence of the same longing, filled the papers. There were 15,000,000 unemployed. More banks were closed.

The new president took over a terrified, collapsing country on the verge of panic. His inaugural speech went out over an international hook-up, and the nation steadied when it heard those words quoted so many times since, "All we have to fear is fear itself."

On March 12 there was something new in radio and in government. It was the first Fireside Chat. The president spoke clearly and simply about the bank "holiday" and told exactly how banks were going to be opened. The fourth Fireside Chat, on October 22,

He Broke the Date

*because
of that!*



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 City.....State.....

was a report of progress. There was a lot of it, the most important being emergency help for the farmer facing bankruptcy, and NRA with its clear permission to management and labor to bargain collectively.

All of this went out over the radio to the biggest listening audience in the history of broadcasting. (What is little realized is that President Roosevelt did not "take over" radio. President Hoover made ninety-five radio speeches during his term of office, only nine less than FDR made in his first term). However, radio took on new stature. Suddenly the government no longer seemed detached, walled away in distant Washington, unapproachable by the "forgotten man." With lightened hearts everybody spun the dial to new shows, and there were plenty of them.

There was the dazzling Kraft Music Hall, for instance, an hour long program featuring Paul Whiteman, Al Johnson, Helen Jepson and Lou Holtz. Through the years it was to present a stunning run of talent: The Pickens Sisters, Bing Crosby, Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra, Victor Borge, Oscar Levant among the many, not forgetting the ineffable Bob Burns who was one of its stars before he became its master of ceremonies in 1936.

Even more fantastic is the fact that Fred Waring had a hard time starting on the air, though by 1933 his Pennsylvanians were a wildly acclaimed dance band. They had been starred in "Syncopation," first musical film, with great success, but still nobody rushed to sign them for radio. Waring did thirty-two auditions trying to crash the air, and no takers. Finally, Old Gold decided to take a chance on his highly distinctive style ("Collegiate, collegiate, yes we are collegiate") and suddenly he was the rage of the year. People couldn't get enough of him on the air or in his many movie house dates. His boys jumped up and down, put on absurd hats, flashed signs, changed coats and in addition he had Rosemary, Lola and Priscilla Lane as vocalists. (Remember the girls who went on to Hollywood to do "Three Daughters?")

In Chicago, Don Ameche was working up fast. He had studied law at Marquette, Georgetown and Wisconsin universities, but college dramatics took him into stock, a vaudeville tour with Texas Guinan and then radio. In 1933, he was the matinee idol of Chicago, playing in four daytime serials. (Including the trail-blazing Betty and Bob, which talked of divorce and another woman, and in which a child died. This

changed the whole atmosphere of the daytime serial, and after that came office wives, mistaken identity, amnesia and many other plot devices which took these dramas out of the doldrums.)

Chicago was also enjoying the start of one of the oldest and most famous of the early morning shows, Don McNeill's Breakfast Club. There had been other programs designed to take the curse off waking up but this program became quickly irresistible because of its fascinating guests, from Blackstone the Magician to General Doolittle.

The National Barn Dance had been heard on Chicago's WLS since 1924 and this year it took to the NBC network with its happy jigs.

Late in the year a new voice was heard all over the nation. It was Walter Winchell, biting off at his inhuman speed, "Good-evening-Mr.-and-Mrs.-America-and-all-the-ships-at-sea-let's go-to-PRESS!" and signing off with a typical Winchellian pun, "—with lotions of love," for Woodbury-Jergens.

His rise to fame is quite a story. He was born in a poor sector of New York in 1897. When he was thirteen, he went to work as a singing usher. Fellow warblers were Eddie Cantor and George Jessel. What a trio! It was not long before all three were signed for vaudeville by Gus Edwards, who picked Winchell as the most promising stage material of the three in their first tryout! Winchell's first coined word was "Newsense." He used it as title on a couple of typewritten pages of gossip that he pinned on the bulletin board of each theater he played in when he returned to vaudeville after serving in the Navy in World War I. This led to his first column of Broadway gossip.

He made his first broadcast in 1930, but not until this year did he begin to intersperse opinions on national affairs with inconsequential exclusives about who was middle-aisling and who was expecting a bundle from Heaven. It is impossible to underestimate this man's impact on our current decade, though, like all forceful characters, his listeners are hotly divided for and against him. There are those who think he ought to be president. There is a much smaller group that disagrees with some emotion and makes an indoor sport of checking up on his "exclusives" that do not come off. What no one can fail to respect is his organization of the Damon Runyon Cancer Fund which has raised over three million dollars to date, every penny of which has gone to research, with not a dime spent for administration. A great achievement.



"Refreshing"

• No make-believe here! That's why "My True Story" Radio Program is so often called a "refreshingly different show." These real-life dramas, picked from the files of True Story Magazine, give you a further insight into life. You'll readily recognize situations which your closest friends, and even you, may have to face—and be interested in their solutions. A complete story every day, Monday through Friday.

TUNE IN

"My True Story"

AMERICAN BROADCASTING STATIONS

Jimmy Fidler, who rounds out the Sunday night trio of Winchell and Parsons in the immensely interesting gossip department, went on this year, too. He started as an actor after winning a screen test in a movie magazine contest. In 1920 he began writing for the *Hollywood News*, became a press agent and found his real vocation when pressed into service as a pinch-hitter on the old Hollywood on the Air series.

In the east, Jimmy Durante was grinding out "Inka Dinka Doo." George Givot, born in Russia and reared in Omaha, became the Greek Ambassador of Good Will and proprietor of the "Acropolis Number Seven." Ken Murray made his first air appearance, later went to Hollywood and staged "The Blackouts" which led to his own TV show in 1949. Lily Pons was heard in "Mignon" with the Metropolitan opera, and after that it seemed as if she were always singing the "Bell Song" from "Lakme" somewhere on the air. Warden Lewis E. Lawes started his absorbing *Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing* which he continued until 1939. Dr. Fu Manchu began his derring-do adventures. Dr. William Lyon Phelps, known as "America's most beloved professor" after his many years at Yale, began a series of air lectures. The University of Chicago Round Table, on the air since 1931, took to the NBC network.

Until this year—1933—radio had depended on the press almost entirely for the gathering of news. There were few exceptions, notably the reports of Frederick William Wile and other Washington airmen, and some eye-witness accounts of sports events. For the main body of news the networks had an arrangement with the great wire services, AP, UP and INS, for use of their material, with the firm understanding that it was not to be broadcast until after newspapers were out.

Independent stations didn't bother to buy these services, and newspapers were setting up cries of "piracy!" This was a pretty accurate description, as a matter of fact. In 1932, the thing came to an open fight when someone made a mistake. The news that FDR was elected was broadcast as soon as the flash came over the wire-service tickers. By the time the papers were on the street the news was cold. The press was furious. The wire services clamped down and for a while there was practically no timely news on the air.

Then Paul White, news director of CBS, formed the first radio news bureau. With only ten full-time reporters he undertook to cover the whole world. The press snickered up its sleeve. It stopped laughing, however, when White signed up several hundred part-time reporters all over the country and began to give newspapers a run for their money. At NBC, A. A. Schecter, news director, was spending a fortune on long distance calls, but his staff was managing to get good hot news for Lowell Thomas's broadcasts which were becoming very popular. The fight came to an end in 1935 when press and radio worked out an agreement for interchange of facilities.

The public, however, was much more concerned with the lighter side—such as the happy comedy of Phil Baker, who had bought a second-hand accordion when he was ten, and began his career when he was fourteen. He ran away from home in New York and won first prize in an amateur contest in Boston. Fifty cents! He was on his way, to for-

MODERN MOTHERS NOW OPENLY TELL THEIR DAUGHTERS THESE Intimate Physical Facts



No other type liquid antiseptic-germicide tested for the douche is so powerful yet safe to tissues

Isn't it much easier and safer for a daughter to learn about hygiene (*internal cleanliness*) from her mother than to rely on 'half-truths' and misinformation whispered among girl friends?

For this reason, a modern mother must keep up to date and be able to tell her daughter to always put ZONITE in her fountain syringe for health, charm, after her periods, and especially to follow this hygienic practice when she's married. She must make her daughter realize there's an offensive odor which she herself may not detect but is so apparent to people around her.

And isn't it reassuring for a daughter to know: *no other type liquid antiseptic-germicide tested for the douche is so powerful yet safe to tissues as ZONITE!*

A Modern Miracle!

Modern women no longer have to use dangerous products, overstrong solutions of which may gradually cause

serious damage. Nor will they want to rely on weak homemade solutions—none of which have ZONITE's remarkable deodorizing, germ-killing action.

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*. You can use ZONITE as directed as often as you wish without injury.

Gives BOTH Internal and External

Hygienic Protection

ZONITE deodorizes not by just 'masking' as many products do. Instead, ZONITE actually dissolves and removes odor-causing waste substances. Use ZONITE and be sure you won't offend. ZONITE has such a soothing, refreshing effect and promptly relieves any itching and irritation if present. ZONITE gives daily external protection, too. Available at any drug counter.

FREE! NEW!

For amazing enlightening NEW Booklet containing frank discussion of intimate physical facts, recently published—mail this coupon to Zonite Products Corp., Dept. RM-70, 100 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.*

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*Offer good only in the U.S.

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FOR NEWER
feminine hygiene

SAD SUE!



PERIODIC PAIN

Midol brings faster relief from menstrual suffering—because it acts three ways. It relieves cramps, eases headache and chases “blues”. Sue now takes Midol at the first twinge of menstrual pain or distress.

FREE 24-page book, “What Women Want to Know”, explains menstruation. (Plain wrapper). Write Dept. B-70, Box 280, New York 18, N. Y.

GLAD SUE

FOUND OUT ABOUT

MIDOL



All Drugstores have Midol

tune! In 1917 he teamed in vaudeville with Ben Bernie, and went on to make the word “stooge” famous. Beetle (the man in the box) was Sid Silvers. Bottle was Henry P. McNaughton, now on the panel of It Pays to be Ignorant. In 1941, Baker thought up something that was to start a craze that is still roaring. It was Take It or Leave It, featuring the sixty-four dollar question.

In 1933, Jack Armstrong, “the all-American boy,” began to have his adventures in such number that no one is surprised that he still has not graduated from Hudson High. The giveaway on this show was a fine thing called the Hikometer, and the commercial was the deathless:

Won't you TRY Wheaties,
The best breakfast food in the land?
Once you TRY Wheaties
You'll never use another brand.
They're crispy and crunchy the whole
year through,
The kiddies never tire of them and
neither will you—
So won't you TRY Wheaties, the best
breakfast food in the land!

“Call for Phillip Mor-ris” rang out for the first time this year. What few people know is that Johnny is a real little guy, not a recording. His name is Johnny Roventini. He lives in Brook-

GEORGE: “I've never seen your hair sa curly.”

GRACIE: “It should be. I had two permanents.”

GEORGE: “Why two?”

GRACIE: “When they finished the first, I was only halfway through the magazine I was reading.”

—CBS' Burns and Allen Shaw

lyn with his mother and father, who are average size as are his sister and two brothers. Johnny is three feet, eleven, and weighs fifty-nine pounds. He was working as a real bell-hop in the Hotel New Yorker when Milton Biow, head of the agency that handles Phillip Morris advertising, noticed him and gave him an audition by asking him to page a “friend.” For the next five minutes little Johnny roved the hotel shouting “Call for Mr. Morris,” and hitting that true B-Flat now so well known. That was the end of working for fifteen dollars a week and tips. He now has a lifetime contract that brings him twenty thousand dollars a year.

In November, seventeen years ago, a handsome new monthly took the stands, RADIO MIRROR. Its editor was Belle Landesman. Mary Margaret McBride, a newspaper woman who was to make a great success on the air in 1934, was a regular contributor. So was Jerry Wald, now a prominent Hollywood producer, Herbert Cruikshank, and Bill Vallee, Rudy's younger brother. RADIO MIRROR's biggest feature story of that year was a series by Thomas Cowan, great announcer since the start of WJZ, who was writing his memories of the quaint old days of radio! Ah, there, Thomas!

NEXT MONTH

The start of Mutual. The case of Father Coughlin. Major Bowes invents the Amateur Hour. Bob Hope and Fibber McGee and Molly arrive.

“I Love a Catholic”

One of the outstanding stories of the year, revealing a Protestant girl's problems with religion and love.

What would you do?

Read it in July TRUE STORY

at your newsstand now!

and a dozen other heart-stirring stories, including

Poison Pen—a dramatic story of intrigue

I Wanted to be an Actress

—how a teenager learns what a stage career really means.

You Are Always With Me

—the tender story of a love that was stronger than death.

I Chose the Hard Way—

the dramatic story of a girl who went home after a prison term.

PLUS

a complete Home Service Section featuring stories and photos on fashions, beauty, decorating, home-making and a special article on saving money around the home, with 64 ideas to help you do it.



Get True Story today
at your newsstand

DOTTIE SCHWARTZ

(Continued from page 47)

Virginia Osborn. The outcome of that telephone call was the formation of the Chordettes. And the outcome of the Chordettes, three years later, was a chance to audition for Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts. Once past that hurdle, they took top honors on the September 26, 1949 program and won a permanent spot as members of the Godfrey cast.

That any of this could happen must still be something of a surprise to this quiet young girl who hasn't "gone New York," who still wears sweaters and skirts as often as she'd wear them in Sheboygan and who has secret hopes of getting back to Wisconsin some day. Though this desire to return home is still a vague one with Dottie—she's having much too much fun in the meantime—you feel that she really means it. You feel that for her the tempestuous life of the big city can only be a temporary arrangement. New York has its compensations for Dottie though. After those long stints on the road, she thinks it's wonderful to be settled in one place.

But even though the strain of shunting back and forth between engagements has been eliminated, the Chordettes' schedule is no less strenuous. When they are not rehearsing for the morning show or for the Wednesday evening TV show, there are fittings, dancing lessons and song conferences.

Sometimes, like the proverbial busman, Dottie spends her holidays in Jersey City juke joints, listening to other barbershop quartets and seeing old friends from the road days. Those old friends, you can be sure, are always happy to see this member of the most famous women's barbershop quartet in the land.

JANET ERLET

(Continued from page 47)

is more mature than the rest of the Chordettes, but she takes no undermy-wing attitude. Instead, there's a kind of pleasant bantering among the girls, plus the true camaraderie which is so necessary to any team.

Janet, Sheboygan born and bred, began singing as a child. She had appeared with local bands before the Chordettes were formed and always was interested in music and drama, but her ambitions weren't fired until the Chordettes were formed. Janet, who seems to have taken the quartet's success in stride, likes to tell tales about their pre-Godfrey days. Her favorite is the mixed-up wardrobe incident. The girls were scheduled for an appearance at a Chicago night club. Their new suits and formals had been packed in Sheboygan and, presumably, shipped on the same train they were taking.

"You can imagine our faces when we opened the suitcases and found four suit jackets, NO suit skirts, four evening skirts, NO evening jackets!

"Of course, it all worked out—we quickly telegraphed home for our other bags. But, you know, we never did find out who was responsible—I guess each one of us suspected herself!"

Janet's another girl who takes busmen's holidays—listening to other barbershop quartets and swapping stories with friends from the old days. She golfs, bowls and would rather eat steak than anything else. And she has to eat plenty of it to keep that indispensable "bass" in condition!

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Sold For Many \$\$\$ More!**

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2-PIECE JACKET DRESS

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only...
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- Eye-catching 2 color combinations.
- Pinafore dress with separate contrasting bolero jacket.
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SIZES: 12, 14, 16, 18, 20; 40,
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**WEAR IT
2 WAYS**

... bare shouldered in the sun
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**IMAGINE —
So Much
Glamour
at So Tiny
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STYLE
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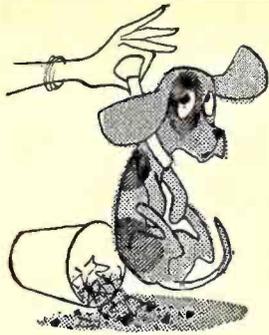
Please send me these dresses an approval at the price listed plus postage and C.O.D. charges. If not delighted I may return purchases within ten days for refund. (You may enclose purchase price plus 20 cents postage, saving C.O.D. fees. Same refund privilege.)

Quan.	Style	Size	Color	Price	Total
	266				
	278				
	284				

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____



Peg's pup upsets trash...

and to Peg it's a dog's life! She has just finished vacuuming that rug, and now she must lug out the cleaner again. "Drat that dog!" says Peg.



So does Meg's...

but Meg is smart. She has a handy Bissell® for quick clean-ups, and saves her vacuum for heavy periodic cleaning. "It's easier with *both!*" says Meg. "Easy on me, too!" says the pup.

Only BISSELL has "BISCO-MATIC"™ brush action

You don't need to bear down on the handle at all! This miracle-action brush *adjusts itself* instantly to any thickness of rug. Picks up dirt with an easy glide, even under beds and chairs.



New Bissell Sweepers with "Bisco-matic" Brush Action as low as \$6.45. Illustrated: The "Vanity" at \$8.45. Prices a little more in the West.



BISSELL SWEEPERS

Bissell Carpet Sweeper Company
Grand Rapids 2, Michigan

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

JINNY OSBORN

(Continued from page 47)

"Come on over," she suggested, "and ask Carol to come along too."

As an afterthought, she added: "And bring your music."

The number of afterthoughts that have paid off are uncounted, but in the case of the Chordettes, Jinny's was one that lifted the girls from a parlor in Sheboygan to radio and TV spots with Godfrey. Between the two extremes lies the typical trek of singers: appearances, unpaid, at local functions; appearances, ill-paid, at local night clubs; and then the road, where the girls shifted back and forth across the nation in a series of one-night and one-week stands.

Jinny, like the others, has been singing almost as long as she can remember. She's the "tenor" of the quartet and owes her training in that part to her Dad. He was a traveling salesman who also liked to sing. Unlike most traveling salesmen, he took along the family while covering his territory. To while away time on the road, Mr. Osborn taught his wife and daughter how to harmonize. Jinny's interest in music developed from there and when she went to Frances Shimer College in Mt. Carroll, Ill., she chose it as her major subject. It's still her major interest, for singing in the quartet takes precedence over everything else in her life. Most of her activities are geared toward developing into a better singer; dancing and bowling account for any time she does find for recreation. But despite a certain single-mindedness of purpose, Jinny seems to enjoy every minute of what life is now offering her—and that seems a fair enough reward for the girl who started something.

CAROL HAGEDORN

(Continued from page 47)

would do with such training. Going along with Dottie Schwartz to Jinny's house one Sunday afternoon resolved that problem, and when the Chordettes made their first public appearance in a Sheboygan Barber Shop parade, Carol was convinced that there could be few more pleasant ways of earning a living.

Carol is a tall, self-contained girl whose enormous brown eyes have earned her the charmingly appropriate nickname "Eyes." She and the other girls have been taking a ribbing about their "Dutch accents" but now wiser, they can give as good as they get, having discovered that New Yorkese has as many foibles as Sheboyganese.

Realistic in her views, Carol accepts the fact that no one is perfect, but thinks that the ideal man is one who has a good sense of humor. What does one baritone think of another, especially one on the same program? "He's a nice kid and an awful lot of fun," Carol will tell you when discussing Bill Lawrence. And all the Chordettes have an especially high regard for Janette Davis and the Mariners, who temporarily gave up one of their spots so that the girls could go on the show while waiting for their contract.

Outwardly, the girls are less impressed with New York than one might expect, but the truth is that they have been too busy to explore and enjoy it. Carol, for one, is convinced that the stories about New York's being a cold town are mythical. But then, anyone as charming as she will find a warm reception, no matter where she goes.

Have You Heard?



JOAN LANSING

June nights are made for spooning and man-in-the-mooning, but morning hours mean dishes and dusting—and time out for the GREAT EIGHT! Yes, ma'am, that's what you hear on your local ABC station—EIGHT GREAT SHOWS full of exciting entertainment to make the housework fly. Fresh as a June bud is our favorite man-of-the-morning, DON McNEILL, the lad who makes "THE BREAKFAST CLUB" (sponsored by Swift, General Mills and Philco, 9-10 AM, EDT) a cheerful way to start every weekday. DON and the BREAKFAST CLUB GANG skip around the breakfast table with the greatest of ease... all of which pleases the gals who like a merry program pick-up in the morning.

For real life drama, Sterling Drug's "MY TRUE STORY" rates as a great treat with millions of listeners. Every Monday through Friday at 10 AM, EDT, "MY TRUE STORY" presents *complete* stories, absorbing tales that form the fabric of our lives and times. At 10:30 AM, EDT, America's favorite homemaker, BETTY CROCKER, gives food, fashion and decorating hints on her famous "MAGAZINE OF THE AIR." BETTY is always sure to have tips that make housekeeping lighter and brighter. General Mills sponsors the "BETTY CROCKER MAGAZINE OF THE AIR." Another high-light of the EIGHT GREAT ABC programming is Serutan's VICTOR LINDLAHR heard every day at 10:45 AM, EDT, giving expert advice and comment on nutrition and good living through good health.

The modern miss enjoys ABC's "MODERN ROMANCES" at 11 AM, EDT. This half hour of romance combines all the features of dramatic heart-throb, suspense and thrills. AUNT JEMINA'S boy, BILL CULLEN, comes around with "QUICK AS A FLASH" at 11:30 AM, EDT, with questions and prizes and cash... a breezy audience-participation show that's a real honey. At high noon, EDT, oh-JOHNNY OLSEN says "LADIES BE SEATED" for music, fun, and audience and listener frolic (for Philip Morris Cigarettes)... and at 12:25 PM, EDT, lovely CAROL DOUGLAS makes "BEAUTY AND FASHIONS" a daily five-minute twin delight for the Toni Company.

Yes, ma'am, any day in June (or July or *any* month) tune to your local American Broadcasting Company station and hear marvelous morning shows... the kind of wonderful entertainment and variety that rate as the GREAT EIGHT!

Joan Lansing

Advertisement

Arthur Godfrey Starts Something

(Continued from page 37)

heard. Maybe more. So he got a job in the roaring, dirty factory of the biggest auto body works at the time—and stuck it out as long as he could.

After that, he drifted again for a while—all the way from dishwasher right up to super salesman, with a suite of rooms at Detroit's Book Cadillac hotel—where, not long before, he'd been manicuring vegetables in the kitchen! Then Arthur bought himself that last word in cars, a Stutz Bearcat, and lived—for a while—off the fat of the land. He was selling cemetery lots, and all was well until he met an even better salesman, who asked if Arthur wouldn't like to buy a piece of an act—a vaudeville team of man and wife with a few gypsy musicians and a couple of tumblers. Arthur found, when he left the place, that he'd bought the whole kit and kaboodle, including an elegant rhinestone backdrop, for—by strange coincidence—every cent he had.

Arthur remembered his banjo. He'd found, on that visit to Hasbrouck Heights, that a good-looking guy plunking away, singing sentimental songs in a voice like a love-sick tenor bullfrog, cut a very romantic figure indeed. He got out the banjo, used it in the vaudeville act. Through bookings on a minor circuit, through bookings by theatre managers, until he found himself stranded somewhere in Wyoming, with a pawn ticket instead of a banjo!

He went on to Hollywood, but Hollywood wasn't having any. So he began to bum his way East again. It was in Chicago that Arthur met an old Navy buddy, and their reunion made Arthur long for the sea again. So he joined up—Coast Guard, this time.

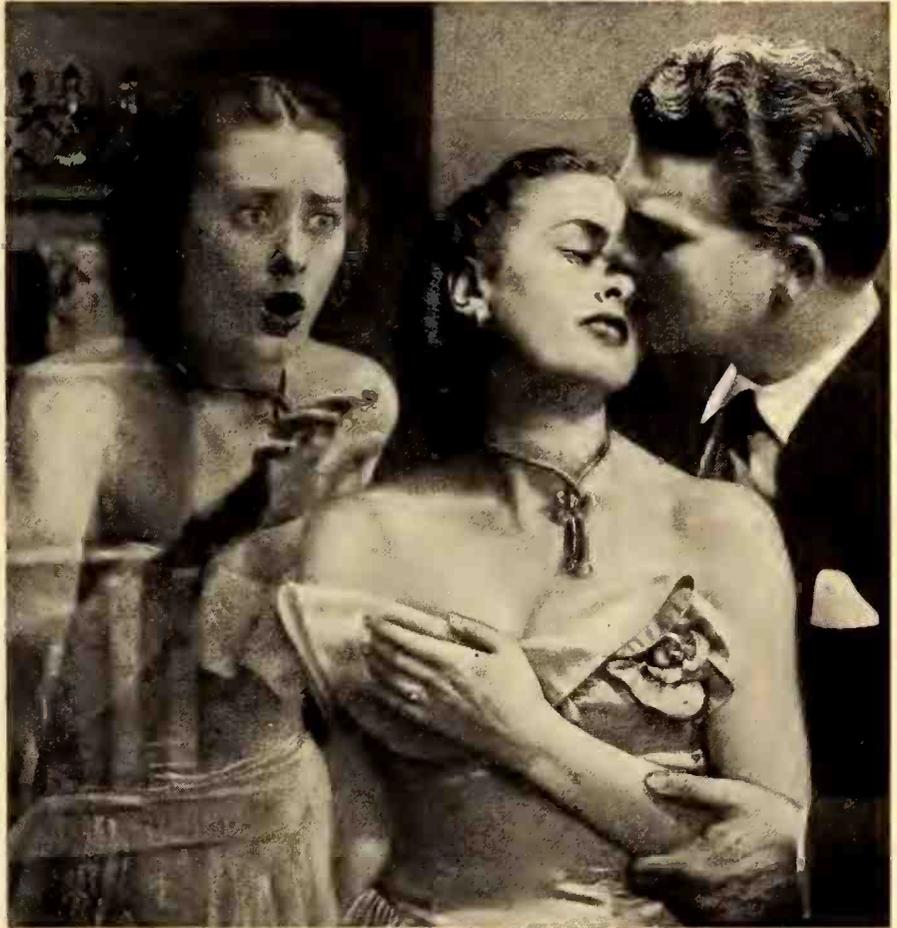
In 1927, Arthur graduated from the Coast Guard's Radio Material School. Graduation, as it always is, was something to celebrate, and Arthur did—by buying a new banjo, getting on an amateur show on WFBR, Baltimore. The manager of the radio station said three things to him, "Your singing isn't half bad," and "Your speaking voice is terrific," and "Would you like a job as staff announcer?"

It was a hard decision to make. The Coast Guard meant security. But on the other hand . . . well, he took the job. Red Godfrey, the Warbling Banjoist with a bird seed and pet shop sponsor.

Soon there were other shows: Red Godfrey's Melodians, Morning Air Mail. When a rival Baltimore station began carrying Amos and Andy, WFBR turned the time over to Arthur, told him to go ahead, build up an audience.

Arthur used the time to give ukulele lessons over the air. Apparently lots of people wanted to learn to play, because Arthur *did* build an audience. And the rest, as they say, is history—right up to the present moment, when Arthur is once more teaching listeners, and TV viewers, to play the ukulele!

That Other You Could Wreck Your Marriage!



Your married happiness depends on the real you . . . confident you, never doubting your intimate feminine hygiene. Don't risk becoming another you!

ALWAYS make sure of feminine daintiness . . . douche regularly with "Lysol"!

"Lysol" cleanses the vaginal canal even in the presence of mucous matter. No makeshift like soap, salt or soda can possibly act the same way!

"Lysol" is the famous disinfectant with amazing, proved power to kill germ-life quickly on contact!

Yet, gentle, non-caustic "Lysol" will not harm delicate tissue. Correct douching

solution in the simple directions on every bottle. Many doctors advise patients to douche regularly with "Lysol," just to insure daintiness alone, and to use it as often as needed. No greasy aftereffect.

Don't run this risk! Don't let neglect create a "dual personality" . . . another you, full of doubts, misgivings and inhibitions! Don't let that *other* you destroy your love!

Get "Lysol" brand disinfectant today, and use it regularly.



Have YOU ever been "Stood Up?"

(SEE PAGE 79)

Paid Notice

Preferred **3 to 1** over any other liquid preparation for Feminine Hygiene!

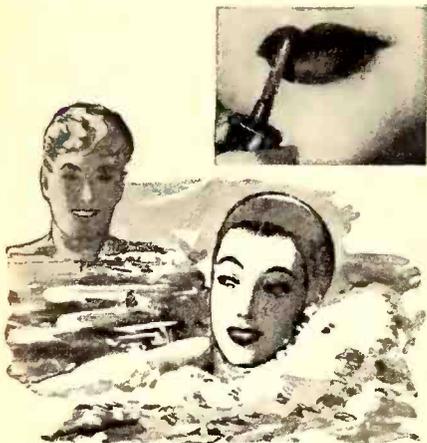
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Brand Disinfectant

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Product of Lehn & Fink

A Concentrated Germ-Killer

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 LIQUID LIPTONE AT MY INVITATION

Once you experience the greater beauty of liquid color and know that your lip make-up will stay on no matter what your lips touch—I'm sure you'll thank me for this offer. Let me send you costume-size Liquid Liptone—one or more shades. Each is at least a two weeks' supply. Enclose 25c for each shade to cover postage, etc. You will be thrilled by the startling new beauty that Liquid Liptone instantly brings to your lips.



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in publications of the
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liquid liptone

SEND COUPON for generous Trial Sizes

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2709 S. Wells St., Chicago 16, Ill.

Send Costume Sizes. I enclose 25c, which includes Fed. tax, for each shade checked below:

- Medium—Natural true red—very flattering.
- Gypsy—Vibrant deep red—ravishing.
- Regal—Glamorous rich burgundy.
- Orchid—Exotic pink—romantic for evening.
- English Tint—Inviting coral-pink.
- Clear (colorless)—Use over lipstick, smeorproofs.
- CHEEKSTONE—"Mogic" natural color for cheeks.
 - 1 English Tint 2 Coral 3 Deep Cherry

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City _____ State _____

But Not for Love

(Continued from page 65)

New York has some of the most beautiful girls in the world cluttering up its streets, I managed to have quite a bit of this fun I've been talking about. Then one night, at a party, I found Carol.

Sitting on a studio couch, with her wonderful legs sort of folded under her, she was the most—oh, I'm no poet. I can't say it. She shone, that's all. Her hair, which was short and dark, was like silk, and her skin glimmered and her eyes sparkled.

I kept looking over at her, and yet I didn't move. I was either reluctant . . . or scared. Instinct? No, not instinct. Believe me, I heard no little bells ringing for "Danger—keep off." I was just scared because I couldn't remember ever feeling like this before.

Finally I stood up, and wove my way over to where she was sitting. If there were others around I didn't notice. I was too busy concentrating on this major effort I planned to make—the effort of speaking to her. I said politely, "You look awfully healthy."

She looked up at me for a second without speaking, and then her mouth twitched. "Do I understand by this that you would like to hold my hand so that you can check my pulse rate?"

"Madame! You insult—you underestimate me!" I swayed a little, and decided it would be better to sit down and try to explain myself clearly. "Can't you tell by looking at me," I said reproachfully, "that I am a man with much bigger ideas than that? Besides I go around all day holding hands and feeling pulses. I'm a doctor."

"Oh," said Carol. "Then naturally . . ."

"Naturally," I agreed. For this seemed at the time like a very momentous conversation.

It was momentous, in a sense. It was the last time I had to bother drinking to have fun at a party or anywhere else. From then on, I only had to be with her to get that all's-right-with-the-world sensation.

Ah, but, you may say, that's all very well. You were in love. That's fine—but what about her? Did she get that feeling too when she was with you?

Yes, you may well ask, and I'm prepared to answer. She did.

When you get to that stage, you begin to make plans. You can't help yourself,—the urge to spend the rest of your lives together is too strong. Now that I think about it, it was Carol who was the cautious one. "Let's not rush ourselves, Ken," she'd say, looking worried. We haven't known each other long enough . . . we don't want to start all this talk about getting married, not yet—"

"Don't we?" I'd say, and then she would glance up and the frown would disappear, and she'd come into my arms as naturally as if being out of them was just a temporary accident.

Plans. Whether I'd go into practice and make a million bucks or go into research and become the eminent Dr. Morgan. Sometimes, even whether it might not be wiser to leave New York, start out in some smaller town. I told her a lot about Reed—that's Dr. Reed Bannister—whom I'd met in the Army and liked so much.

"He makes out pretty well in this town of his, Glen Falls," I told Carol. "Maybe in a small town you do get a

chance to do bigger things. You have to be more of an all-around guy than you can be in New York, where it's all compartmentalized, everybody just turning his own particular wheel. Bannister's a pretty vital guy. I bet he accomplishes a lot more on Main Street than I ever do on Park Avenue—"

Carol propped her round little chin on her palm, and raised an eyebrow. "Ah," she said sweetly, "I see you've already arrived on Park Avenue. Wonderful what talking can accomplish, isn't it? Let's talk some more."

"Yes, let's, but not right now," I said, reaching for her hand. "Let's talk some other time . . ."

And then, with a crashing suddenness I can't describe, everything was different—overnight. Different—colored with the menace of Luther Blaine.

That Blaine should have been a menace at all was simply ludicrous. He was just a man, rather pudgy, with a heavy-chined face and bothered little eyes, and I'd say he could have done with a blood pressure check. He was around forty-three, give or take a year. The only important thing about Luther was the paycheck he got from one of the biggest ad agencies in New York.

Oh—sorry. There was one other important thing. He wanted Carol.

That didn't mean a thing in my life. At a rough guess, I'd estimate that two-thirds of the men Carol passed walking down Madison Avenue at lunchtime turned around to get a second look. So it didn't bother me a bit when Blaine began to call Carol up and hound her for dates. Not as long as she told me all about it, and wondered how to get rid of him without hurting the guy's feelings.

Don't ask me how it happened. One day she was Carol, my Carol, I thought. The next day she was Mrs. Luther Blaine, and I was trying to pick myself up and look around for what hit me.

It didn't take long to find out. An annual salary that runs in five figures makes a pretty effective bludgeon against a guy who doesn't even know if he's going to have a salary next year.

I had a professor once who got a big kick out of telling us that doctors never had nervous breakdowns from anything but overwork. "Brother," I used to think in those days after Carol went up in smoke and square-cut emeralds, "what you don't know about doctors!" But all the same I didn't have a nervous breakdown, exactly. I guess what saved me is that I moved so fast.

What's more, I had a destination. I hadn't figured it out, but desperation had pulled it out of the hat for me. I was going to Glen Falls, Reed Bannister's town.

Reed's talk about the town had stuck in my mind. And I liked Reed. We used to talk casually about how it might be to work together. Reed liked me. He thought I was a good research man, a good doctor—and he liked me besides. And just then it was kind of important for me to be around somebody who really liked me.

Glen Falls was just about what I expected. I checked in at the hotel and went for a walk; the more I saw, the more I liked it.

I went down and looked at the Health Centre, and felt pleased and proud that Reed had pulled it off—Reed and his friend Dr. Wayne, about whom he'd

told me quite a bit. I began to hope that they'd find something there for me to do.

It's been said before that people in trouble are the most selfish people in the world. I can see now how tied up I was in myself, to really take in what a surprise it would be to Reed to open the door and find me on the step. All I can say, when I think back to it, is, "What a nerve I had!"

Reed, thank God, didn't seem to think so. He was swell. So was Valerie, his wife, whom I hadn't met before. They welcomed me, rushed me into the house, fed and winned me, insisted I check out of the hotel and become their guest. And Reed had said there was certainly work for me at the Centre!

I discovered something about myself during the next few weeks. I was honestly glad to have been accepted in Glen Falls by Reed, and for his encouragement and Valerie's that made me hope I might make this my settling-down place. And yet there was something wrong with me—I'd become cautious, exactly like a mongrel who'd been kicked. I'd been mistreated, and now, where there were people involved, I circled warily around, sniffing, to be sure I wasn't going to get kicked again. That's how I happened to antagonize John Wayne so much at the beginning. I rather liked him, too—but I acted like

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—CBS' Meet Corliss Archer

a high school kid with a chip on my shoulder, couldn't seem to stop myself, and kept baiting John till it was a wonder he didn't tell Reed to throw me out on my ear.

Maybe John never would have come to understand me, nor I him, if it hadn't been for his wife. Now that I know her better I've got an idea that everybody who knows Ruth Wayne is just a little different from the way they'd be if they didn't happen to know her.

I ought to write it with a capital P—Person. I knew she was one the first time I saw her, when she came to the Centre one day to pick John up for lunch.

She gave me her hand with a warm smile. "Dr. Morgan. I'm so glad you're going to be with us. I've heard so much about you from Dr. Bannister."

"And from Dr. Wayne, no doubt?"

"He has spoken of you."

I laughed. "I can imagine," I said nastily. That's how it was with me then—even when I wanted to be pleasant and human with somebody the words came out all twisted and I ended up by being nasty. It was as though some inner devil kept prompting me: *Remember, scratch first or you'll get scratched; look out for yourself!*

Mrs. Wayne said casually, "Now that I've met you, I can understand some of the things John has said."

It was a real struggle, but for once I said what I wanted to say. "I'm sorry, Mrs. Wayne. Sometimes when I open my mouth even I don't know what's coming out. I deserve what you said. Can we start all over again from the shaking-hands part?"

She put her hand in mine and laughed slightly as I squeezed it a bit

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too hard. "No, you misunderstand me, Dr. Morgan. It's just that John said you seemed to be under some kind of strain. I thought when I saw you that he was right."

For an instant I went stiff with resentment; then I relaxed. Not even to Reed had I made any mention of what had driven me to Glen Falls. I'd let him think it was just a decision to leave the big city. I'd known that my best chance for peace of mind was to forget the details of what had happened.

But facing Ruth Wayne, I realized that if I weren't careful another impulse was going to fight its way to the top. The impulse to break down and talk, tell somebody all about it. And if ever I did that, I'd surely be lost. Once I fell apart I'd never in the world be able to get myself together again. And so I stared at Ruth in silence, thinking, "If I ever did tell anybody, it would be you." And on the heels of that, wondering why I had thought it. I had only just met the woman, and maybe she wasn't even going to like me!

I guess she liked me all right. Gradually I sensed that it was getting harder to pick those childish little run-ins with John, and it wasn't so much because I had better control as because he was getting smoother, harder to stir up. It must be, I told myself, because Ruth had told him to let me run my course. There had been a kind of promise that day, when she said goodbye and went off for her lunch with John, a promise of friendship and interest on which I knew I could rely.

How did I make all this out from just the brief contact I had with her? It's not so hard to say. When anyone looked at me for a half-second too long I made a quick mental estimate of how he was looking at me, what he was probably thinking about me. No doubt about it, Dr. Ken Morgan was the dead center of a private little world in those days. Considering what had happened to me, I needed some time to pull myself together, granted; but those private little worlds can become private little hells if you don't catch yourself in time and kick yourself back out into the real world.

I might not have managed to do it if circumstances hadn't ganged up on me. I'm glad it all happened; the shock probably cleared up a lot of things that were going wrong with my personality.

It was Ruth Wayne who rang the first warning. She called up one day and when I said, "Just a minute; I'll

get you transferred to John," she interrupted with "No—no, it's you I want to speak with. I'm a bit puzzled about something."

"Hope I can help."

"Well . . . look here. Do you know somebody named Caroline?"

"Why, no," I said. Then suddenly my heart flumped. *Caroline?* What's happened? Why are you asking me?"

"Maybe not Caroline," Ruth said worriedly. "Carol—something. Twice now it's happened. We've had these long-distance calls from New York and when I've answered, this girl's voice comes on asking to speak to somebody. I know it sounds funny, but the first time she was either crying or had a bad cold and I just could not make out whom she was asking for. She muttered something, and then suddenly said, 'Oh, never mind, never mind'—just like that—and rang off! But the second time the same thing happened. The call came through, and the same girl said 'Hello'. Then she said could she speak to the Doctor, and when I said Dr. Wayne was out she said—I think she said—'No, no, Dr. Morgan.' I explained that you didn't live there, and she asked for Dr. Bannister, so I had to tell her he didn't live there either. She seemed excited and upset; I kept wishing I could help her . . ."

I wet my dry lips. "What then?"

"Well, I asked if it was an emergency, and she said no, it was just—this is where she began to sound peculiar again. I believe she said Caroline, but it could have been any name that begins like that."

"Or Carol," I said.

"Yes, or Carol." There was a pause. "Then you do know who it was."

"Yes, I know." I put my free hand to my forehead and took it away wet with sweat. "Or rather, I did know, once." There was a line from a poem running through my mind all of a sudden, and without thinking, I began to murmur it aloud. ". . . 'But that was long ago, and in another country . . .'"

Ruth's voice came to me over the wire, finishing the quotation, ". . . 'And besides, the wench is dead.' I see. I see quite a bit more than I did, now."

"Then you see why you must tell her I've died or gone away or something, if she should call again?" It was now terribly urgent to make Ruth see this. I had no emotional reserve to spend; I knew I was scraping the bottom already. *Carol mustn't find me.* "Do me the world's biggest favor—tell her to go chase herself if she calls again? I

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won't talk to her, I won't!" "I'll do what I can," Ruth promised. "You know, its exciting finding someone who remembers the same poems you do. When you get a chance come along and we'll talk about it . . . and about anything else you want to talk about. Will you do that?"

"Oh, yes," I said gratefully. "I will. Oh, and thanks so much for taking this nuisance so well. I don't know why you should be bothered. It's a shame."

Ruth laughed. "That kind of thing is for strangers, Dr. Morgan. I thought we were already friends."

So we are, I thought as I hung up. And I would go and see her and talk to her. Maybe about poetry—that would be pleasant after all these years when there'd been too much to do to leave any time for poetry. And maybe, as she'd said, about other things . . .

I slept late the next morning, had lunch with Valerie Bannister, and then after she went out to do her marketing I found I couldn't settle down to some reports I'd planned to make out. Wandering around, looking for something to do, I started turning over some magazines when the doorbell rang. I was glad of the interruption; I sort of hoped it might be Ruth, come to see Valerie as she often did if she happened to be passing. So I flung the door open with a smile . . . a smile that turned to stone.

Carol was standing there. Carol, in a wrinkled blue coat and no hat and her hair all mussed by the wind. When she saw me she began to cry. "Oh, Ken," she said. "Ken, dearest."

I just stood there looking at her. She pulled out a handkerchief and mopped at her eyes. "Are you going to let me in? I've come a long way."

I found my voice—very dry, very expressionless, but it served to talk with. "Not so far," I said. "It's not such a bad trip. And if you rush you can just make the five-fifteen express that goes straight back to New York."

"Ken!" "Sorry, lady," I said. "We're not buying anything today."

But I couldn't quite close the door in her face. We stood a moment, staring at each other, and then somehow she was in, and the door was shut. I went into the living room, and waited.

"Ken," she said, "you're like stone!" I really believed she'd been going to say, *What's happened to you?*

With a discouraged gesture, she turned from me and went to one of the windows, and stood looking out while she talked. "I see you won't ask me anything. I have to do it all myself. I know I must be punished . . ." She took a deep, sobbing breath. "I can't stand it, Ken. From the first day, I knew . . . I won't be Luther's wife. It's you, Ken, you—I love you."

I asked conversationally, "How much did that coat of yours set Luther back?"

"Plenty." She turned and faced me, grimly. "It's cashmere, very expensive. And I've got a mink coat and a sable cape and a couple of little emeralds and things to go with them. Go ahead, rub my nose in it! I tell you I know I was wrong! I was scared, Ken, can't you understand? You knew how scared I was!"

"Did I?" For the first time she caught me off guard. "I knew? Knew what? You never told me much—except how madly you loved me." I tried to remember. She had sketched in her background for me growing up in a small

Southern town, coming to the city, hoping to get on the stage . . . I shook my head.

"Oh, I told you. Maybe not so much in words." Her head lowered, and she plucked absently at the windowframe. "But that terrible fear of going back to poverty—why, it was in my bones, in everything I did and said. I thought you knew me so well, it didn't need words."

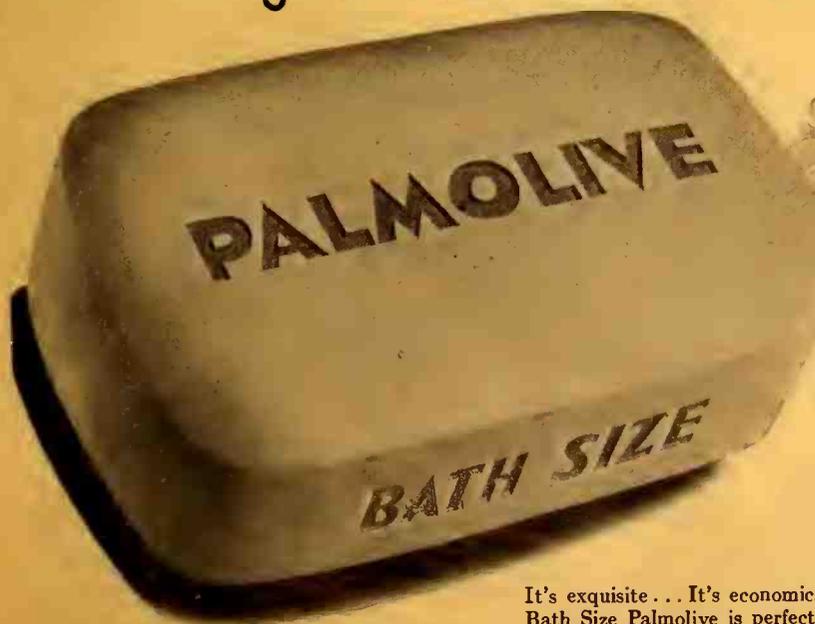
"Ah, there it is." I shook my head reprovingly. "Would you believe it, my dear, I made that same mistake? I too thought I knew you so well . . ." I picked up the coat which she had slipped from her shoulders, and held it out to her. "Remember, as you go out into the diamond-paved streets of New York, how wrong you can be about things like that. And tell Luther I hope he hasn't been too worried. I never did trust that blood pressure of his."

"Okay," Carol said. She shrugged into the coat without any offer of help from me, and went to the door. There she paused, and said without turning, "But please get this. I'm not going back to Luther. I made a terrible mistake and I've stopped making it. I won't be his wife. If you don't love me any more, I guess I'll have to take it. But I don't believe you." Intensity crept into her voice. "You do love me still. I know it. You're just afraid, or punishing me. Oh, please, Ken, please, think what you're doing to both of us!" She flashed me one beseeching look, and went out.

My knees, which had held me up pretty well till then, suddenly gave. I sank into a chair and stayed there, thinking chaotically, until the room lost itself around me in the early winter darkness. All I was conscious of was her name, and a terrible, mad desire to

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rush out after her into the night. Where had she gone? Where was she staying? Carol . . . Almost, not quite, I said it aloud. I put my hand over my mouth. What would happen now?

One thing I knew. She wouldn't give up. In that last look she'd seen, she'd known the truth. That I still loved her, still trembled to be in the same room with her. The hours of that night were a blur to me, with the realization of that truth sinking deeper and deeper as they went slowly by. I knew the following day would bring some further move. She wouldn't let it go . . . and I, what did I want? What would I do if she came again, and pleaded . . . ?

I got home from the Centre at about four. There was no message. It was almost like being reprieved. Then, as I started up the stairs, the phone shrilled frantically. I cleared three steps in one jump, and picked it up in stiff fingers. It was Carol, all right.

"Glad I caught you," she said. "I just wanted to tell you goodbye. I'm going tonight."

"Oh. Where to?"

"Let's not make talk. You don't care, so why pretend? I just want to tell you goodbye and good luck and God bless you. I guess I don't blame you. I'd come and beg some more, but what's the use . . ."

"Wait!" I commanded. I struggled to get my thoughts in order. I was shocked because I'd been wrong, rocked back on my heels. I'd been so sure she wouldn't give up, and yet here she was, and I didn't know what to do or say. I could reach out with my voice and stop her . . . or I could let her go. My heart's pounding could almost be heard in the stillness of the hall. I said, to give myself time, "Where are you now?"

"In the hotel lobby. Paying my bill. Well—"

"Wait!" For one last second I hung on. Then I said, "Carol—don't go. Wait. I'll be right down. Don't go!"

That was it, as we used to say during the war. I developed wings on my feet, and flew down Green Acre Lane and around corners, not stopping for the bus. Breathless, I catapulted into the lobby, and before I had time to look around she was in my arms. What was the use of kidding myself, to figure things out, to see where we'd gone so wrong? Carol was back in my arms. She was going to stay.

Somehow, during the star-spangled hours that followed, we did find time to talk. I don't mean the talk that was made up of special, disconnected words, though there was plenty of that. I mean calm talk, plan-making talk. We had

dinner in the hotel dining-room, together with three other couples, all elderly. I remember there was a potted palm beside our table. I remember many things—how her hand felt in mine, how she looked at me, as though I were some kind of miracle like Halley's comet, and how her eyes shone . . . I remember all that.

But the practical things, I remember them too. We decided that everything must be done quickly, cleanly. She had left Blaine a note, but had said nothing specific in it except that she was coming to look for me. Her trail had been of the most nebulous kind—just a memory of Glen Falls and the man I'd spoken of in connection with it, Reed Bannister. For the first time I learned that when she had found the Bannister number and called, that first time, she'd been told to try the Wayne house for him. It must have been the cleaning woman Valerie sometimes had in for special jobs. Anyway, that was how the Waynes got into the picture. "You'll love Ruth when you know her," I told Carol. "Not that I really know her yet myself, but she's the kind whose worth-whileness you can't mistake.

"Would you say that about me?" Carol asked wistfully.

I covered her hand with mine. "Let's get back to Blaine," I said. "Do you think it'll be too much for you, going back and telling him, tomorrow? You'll be knocked out after two long trips so close together. Maybe you'd better rest here before you take it on—or do you want me to go for you? I will—"

Carol turned her hand in mine. I felt how cold it suddenly became. "No—better get it over with. I don't want the poor guy to suffer. He's—he's been good to me, Ken."

I gave her a sober look. "I know what it means to lose you."

"Oh, Ken," she said. "Ken . . ."

The next morning I put her on the early train and then, not knowing what to do with the wild elation that was running through all my veins, I thought of Ruth Wayne. John, I knew, had early duty at the hospital, and if Ruth should be alone, I could talk to her. I'd have a different story to tell now, with a different ending, but still I wanted to tell her about it, get her reaction. I walked from the station and went up the path to the white clapboard house with the shingle in the window, and rang.

Ruth herself answered. "Ken—Dr. Morgan! How nice. Please come in."

I dropped my hat and coat on the chair she indicated, and went after her into the sunny, many-windowed living room.

I said exuberantly, "I've come to have

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that talk with you. You know, the talk that's not about poetry."

She regarded me with penetration behind her smile. "You look as if something nice had happened."

"Everything's happened. Nice, you call it? Wonderful!" And then I told her the story of Carol and me.

When I had finished, she gave a little sigh and looked down at her hands. "I'm so glad," she murmured. "I've worried about you. So have we all—Reed and John and Valerie. We knew the Ken Morgan we'd been seeing wasn't the real Ken. We hoped you'd come out of it . . . You know," she went on, "you're lucky, in a way. Later on you'll know that there really are no happy endings in living. And no happy beginnings. There are just happy times, mixed in with the other times. I don't mean the time to come won't be wonderful. I hope it will, with all my heart—but you'll see one day that it didn't really begin now, as you think. It's a natural development of everything that's gone before. But it is fun to sort of close one book, and turn to the first clean page of another, in your own mind . . ." She glanced up and smiled. "Sermon over. Now tell me—what happens when Carol gets back?"

Well—I hadn't thought." I hesitated, wondering. She ought not go back to the hotel; it was so depressing. But she had to live somewhere, while things were getting arranged—the divorce, and everything. I said thoughtfully, "I ought to look around for a room for her, I guess. Some place she can be comfortable and at home." I looked questioningly at Ruth, already firmly convinced that she was the person to turn to with practical problems as well as the other kind. She nodded.

"Yes, that's what I meant. Let me call my friend Mary Winters. She has a place just outside town. She lets a room every now and then. I think it's empty just now—wait, I'll call." She went out and I heard the click of the phone, and then a few moments of murmured talk to which I didn't listen. I wasn't worried. I walked around the room, whistling. I knew it would work out; everything would.

"It's all right," Ruth said, coming back. "I'll drive you out there now if you like, and you can see if you like it. Mary's a natural-born homemaker."

She was right. I thought Mary Winters' house and the room she showed me were perfect.

I liked Mary Winters too, a thin-faced, graceful woman—not much more than a girl, really, but with an air of resignation, of patient acceptance of sorrow, that made her seem much older than I'm sure she was. Ruth had told me that she'd lost her husband in the war, and later on, another man whom she had come to love had tragically died. From the mountain-top of my own happiness I smiled at her, wishing I could raise her—raise the whole world—to the same kind of joy. But I couldn't. I just arranged for the room for Carol, and then Ruth and I drove off.

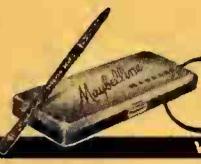
Ruth drove in silence for a while, then, as if having made up her mind, she spoke again. "Ken—if I'm talking out of turn, forgive me. I'm speaking as a friend, and they're not always tactful. It's just—I just want to say—to warn . . ." She shook her head impatiently. "Counting chickens, that's all. Be careful about counting them before they're hatched, will you?" Don't rush on even in your own mind, mak-



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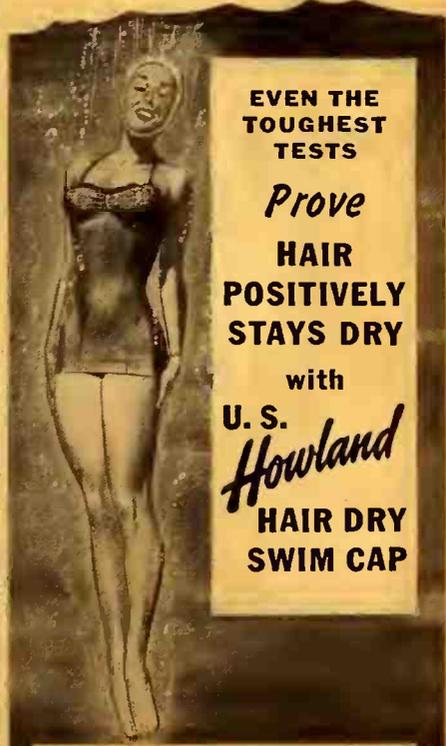
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ing plans . . . Take things one at a time. You and Carol have a lot to go through, a lot of past to dispose of and . . . well, you know what I mean."

I nodded. "I do know what you mean. You know—even now, when I'm sitting on top of the world, I feel as if I might fall off any minute? As if I were walking on the eggs that those chickens are going to hatch from? I know just what you mean. And yet—" I waved my hand in the air, and grinned. "I'm happy." I said. We laughed together, and before she let me out at the Bannister's door she made me promise to bring Carol for dinner the very day she got back from New York. Wednesday, that would be.

Wednesday. At the Centre, the faces of doctors and nurses and patients seemed running together; I was too fluttery in the stomach and too busy listening for my name to be called for the phone to be sure all the time which was which. I know I said impatiently to Mrs. Malloy, "Bandage, please!" when it was poor Mrs. Malloy who was the patient, with her swollen ankle right in my hand, and the young probationer standing beside me had the bandage all ready. But these were small matters, for I was a man with a phone call to wait for. And then, suddenly, there it was. They were paging me through the P.A. system. Carol, back as she'd promised.

She was phoning from the station, so I told her about the room I'd taken and how to get out to the Winters place, and apologized for not being able to meet her. "My hours are up at four today, though, and I'll change and come straight out," I told her. "We can have dinner together."

She hesitated. "Oh—well, as long as it can't be till four, maybe it would be better if I got some rest?" She laughed nervously. "I'm bone-tired, I feel as if I could sleep for weeks. I'll go out there and try to sleep this afternoon and then I'll be—" she broke off, and I said, "What? What did you say, Carol?"

"Fresh for tonight, I was going to say. I feel like a dishrag right now."

"Poor kid. Go ahead. Mrs. Winters will let you be. She's not a gabby type. I'll see you, sweetheart."

"I'll see you," she echoed. There was a little drum inside me all the rest of the day, beating out a sprightly, happy tattoo—*Carol's back, Carol's back, Carol's back, back, back*. It was only then that I let myself admit how frightened I'd been that she'd never be back at all.

I gave her all the time I could. When I got home from the Centre I brushed and polished myself up as if I were still in the Army. I preened around in front of the mirror, carefully examining my hairline to see if it had receded any, for at least fifteen minutes. I didn't look bad at all. Almost good enough for Carol. Then I couldn't stand it any longer. I ran for the bus, took it to the last stop, and ran all the way down the lane to the Winters place. I was out of breath when Mary Winters opened the door and let me in.

"Mrs. Blaine's in there," she told me, nodding toward the parlor. A grave, almost compassionate look went with this, and made me wonder if she ever, by any chance, forgot herself and looked happy. Maybe she wasn't happy, but she could look a little happy for us, couldn't she? I knew that Ruth must have told her a little about us.

Then Carol came to the door and said

faintly, "Oh, Ken—it's you" I was going to put my arms around her, but she held out both hands so I took them instead, remembering Mrs. Winters. Then a closing door indicated that Mrs. Winters had gone into her dining room. I pulled Carol to me and kissed her quickly.

I was a little hurt when she put both hands on my chest and pushed me away. Then suddenly I felt it. I sensed it. Something was wrong.

I didn't have the courage to ask any questions. I just stared down at her, waiting, seeing the fear and strain that were written all over her. Then she said, scarcely moving her lips, "Luther's here."

"Here? You mean in Glen Falls?"

"Here," she said impatiently. "Here, here—in that room over there." She waved toward a door. "Waiting. He followed me, Ken. He wouldn't listen, wouldn't let me—then I said I had to come back to talk to you, and I got away. And this afternoon, after I got here—he took the next train. And found me, I don't know how." She was distraught with nervousness, afraid to look at my face to see how I was taking it.

"Well, it couldn't be better," I said grimly. Without giving myself a minute's time for hesitation, I strode to the door and flung it open. "Come on in, Blaine. Let's get this over with."

Slowly, but with a firm and dignified tread, Luther Blaine came in. He was as I remembered him—heavy-set and dark-ringed beneath the eyes, and sober-looking. But there was a certain pathetic dignity about the man, and all at once I realized I didn't want to hurt him either, any more than Carol did. I stopped looking and feeling belligerent, and asked him how he was.

"I'm well enough," he said gravely. "Has Carol told you yet?"

"Well—we've all got a lot to talk about, I guess. I've hardly had—" Abruptly then I realized what he had asked me. I looked from him to Carol and back. "Has Carol told me what?"

Hystrically, Carol's voice stabbed the room. "I told you, Luther, I made you swear you'd let me! Go away, let me tell him—go away, go away!" She began to sob. Instinctively I moved toward her. As if she'd been a stranger, I shook her violently, and the sobbing subsided. She waited, trembling.

"Now you can tell me," I said. "Go ahead. I'm waiting. What goes here anyway? Have you told Luther you're going to divorce him and marry me?"

"It's no use, Ken. I'm going back to Luther. I . . . when I left you I really . . . well, I went back. I told him I loved you. I tried to convince him. But he convinced me. He can't get on without me, Ken. You can. You're—self-sufficient. You'll blot me out and go on. But Luther . . ."

"I'm not that much of a milksop, Morgan." Blaine's voice was quiet, but it held a cutting edge that shut Carol up. "I love Carol, yes, as she knows. Deeply. The truth is I understand her better than she does herself. She couldn't be happy with you. You're too alike in temperament. She needs someone like me, someone to balance her . . . she'll always have the steadiness she needs with me. Why, even when I myself was in desperate trouble, when I lost my job, Carol could still bring her troubles to me and be helped—"

"Just a minute," I cut in. "You lost your job? That big fat juicy deal?"

"Didn't Carol tell you?" For a brief

moment Blaine's eyes met mine, and there was a strange sort of pity in them. "There was a big shake-up, you know how agencies are, and for a couple of weeks in there I didn't know whether I was coming or going. Then—while Carol was away visiting you—something else turned up. Something juicier, as you term it, than ever. So we shall be quite all right."

Carol didn't say anything. What could she say? There it was, and I was reading it because there wasn't any place else to look. I moved my lips painfully, like a deaf mute learning to talk. "Luther lost his job, and all of a sudden you couldn't be Luther's wife. You loved me, Ken Morgan. You went to tell Luther so, and Luther had another job. All of a sudden you *could* be Luther's wife again. You *didn't* love me."

Carol began to cry. "It's not that simple, that brutal. Luther needs me, he always has . . ." She came toward me, but I put up my hand.

"For pity's sake, don't touch me," I said. As if I had struck her, her head jerked back. For a savage instant I wished that I had struck her . . . then all feeling faded away. I looked at her, and there was nothing. Nothing at all.

As I went toward the door, I said to Blaine, "I owe you an apology. I'm the biggest fool in the world not to have known that what you said is true. You do know her. Boy, how you know her."

Blaine looked at me cynically. "That's life," he said. "Or love, if you prefer. I can cope with it, you see."

"You can have it," I told him, and gently, closed the door behind me.

As I took my coat and hat from the chair in the hallway, I saw that Mary Winters had come to the door of the dining room and was watching me. She didn't say anything, and neither did I. Then I found there was something I wanted to say. I must have looked, to Mary Winters, a little mad, as I stood there in her hallway, quoting poetry.

" . . . 'and besides', " I said quietly, " 'the wench is dead.' And she won't rest in peace. Pity, isn't it?"

Then, feeling her sorrowful eyes on me, I opened the door and went out.

HUSBAND AND WIFE STATEMENTS (Janette Davis—Bill Lawrence)

A check for twenty-five dollars has been sent to each of the two persons who, in the opinion of the editors, wrote the best statements for the Janette Davis and Bill Lawrence husband-wife feature, which appeared in the March issue. Their statements are published below:

I think I would make Janette Davis a good husband because I, too, have worked since I was fourteen. I'm a lazy, stubborn, dominating cuss who'd be mighty proud of a beautiful, talented, successful career wife! Frankness, cooperation, interdependence are my idea of ideal marriage, too. We would be companions not competitors—I'm not in show business!
Jack Waller—Chicago, Ill.

I think I would make Bill Lawrence a good wife because he has the same high ideals about love and marriage that I have—a fellow who wants a wife, not a career girl, to spend the rest of her life trying to make him happy, to understand and share his interests and who offers friendship as well as love.
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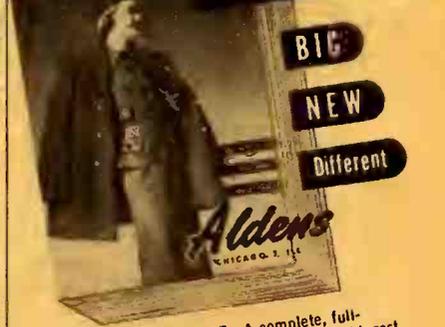
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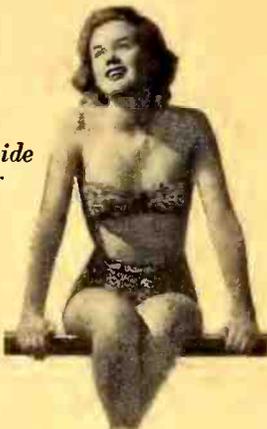
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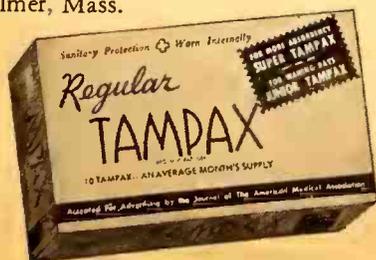


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Come and Visit a Home Made for Children

(Continued from page 53)

your eye first are a baby buggy and a tricycle. As you enter the living room, a slender young woman is settling a sturdy little boy of a year and a half in a swing. That's Fran, who waves you to a seat on a big couch between a pink cloth rabbit and a toy train.

"I hope you don't mind children," she says. "When we took this place, we turned the dining room into a playroom, and took off the doors between the two rooms so we could keep an eye on the youngsters. By this time every afternoon, the playroom has overflowed in here. It makes baby-sitting much easier for us."

Those who know only the professional side of the Allens don't suspect it but they are two of the most experienced baby-tenders in town. Not because they can't find proper help—because they like it. Unless they really enjoyed the two full-time enterprises of acting and bringing up the children, Fran and Casey couldn't keep up the pace.

Their day starts at seven-thirty. Caroline, the maid, gives the children breakfast, and then Fran takes Kerry to her Work and Play School at nine. By this time Casey is getting his own morning meal and is ready to start for his first rehearsal or show.

After Fran leaves Kerry at school, she usually goes directly to rehearsal or to cut a record, finishing in time to keep her daily lunch date with Casey. They meet every noon to talk over new parts, plans and ideas in much the same mood that other couples meet for dinner, since there frequently are different demands on their afternoon and evening hours. Caroline sleeps in two nights a week, but the rest of the time either Casey or Fran stays in, depending on which is doing a radio or television show, or, in Casey's case, a stage part.

"So we arrange to keep every noon for each other," explains Fran. "When we are both home, we don't want the children locked away, so we just settle down and enjoy them."

After lunch, Casey and Fran separate for their respective broadcasts. Fran shops or goes home. Casey works out in a gym for an hour or so, getting home around seven, frequently just in time to take over from Fran as she leaves for a studio. On other days, she gets home just in time to wave him off. It all works out very neatly, once Fran solved the mystery of why Kerry had such trouble getting to sleep on the nights her father was in charge.

"What do you do to get her so wide awake when I'm not here?" she asked when she found Kerry bouncing around hours after her bedtime.

"Nothing," said Casey. "Just read a bedtime story as usual. But she doesn't seem to drop off."

One night when both were home, Fran listened to Daddy's idea of a soothing bedtime story and all was made clear. He had chosen *The Three Bears*. Being a really fine actor, he was giving it his all. Papa Bear, Mama Bear and Baby Bear emerged as highly individual characters, and the suspense was terrific as Goldilocks heard the tramp, tramp, tramp of their returning feet and the angry demand, "Who has been eating with my spoon?"

The tension was so gripping that Fran found herself sitting on the edge of her chair. No wonder Kerry's eyes were

popping out of her head with excitement by the time the story was finished. "This is going to be hard for you," said Fran later. "But let's face it. You've got to hold yourself in and read real dull from now on—real, real dull."

When the Allens were first married, they had a comfortable three-room apartment in Greenwich Village. When Kerry began to walk and when young Kim was expected it was obvious that more room was essential. Full of happy confidence, they started the search for larger quarters. They were prosperous, busy, and it was their innocent idea that landlords would welcome two children as a guarantee that the parents would be quiet, sober tenants.

They quickly abandoned this unrealistic dream. "Are landlords crazy?" demands Fran at the memory of the discouraging months of hearing *No children!* "Don't they realize that a little girl and a tiny baby make much less noise than adults?"

After months of search, Casey had developed a habit of murmuring, "Vacant apartment?" every five minutes to friends and strangers alike. Eventually this paid off. A fellow member at his club heard him. In a matter of seconds, Casey had Fran on the telephone. In a matter of minutes they were on their way to see the place. Its location was wonderful—only a block from lovely Riverside Drive Park where the children could play on the grass. It was in a handsome building and the space was right—six rooms.

The apartment itself was a dreary sight, however. The former tenants had lived there for twenty years and had left behind them great branching arms of old-fashioned electric light fixtures. The paint was a depressing brown of decayed chocolate tone. There were large, formal French doors between dining room, living room and foyer. Two of the three bedrooms were quite small—too small to serve as playrooms. The other rooms were so big that the Allens' furniture would not half fill them. Just the same, Fran and Casey stood in the middle of this gloomy grandeur, heard the landlord say that he had no objection to children, and thought the place was heaven. Without a second look they signed the lease. Ten days later, the place was transformed.

Off came all of the wall lights. Off came all of the French doors—no use to complicate life for toddlers. Living room and dining room were painted the same shade of soft greyed green, cheerful and restful at the same time. The big downy couch was slip-covered in flowered cretonne, a stout washable fabric that little shoes cannot possibly hurt. Green cotton rugs that can go to the laundry once a month went on the floors. The dining room, as such, disappeared completely. It is now the playroom, though the children are apt to drag the swing, an enormous-rubber Schmoor or other toys through the wide archway into the living room. That is the way the Allens want it.

"It's so tiresome for everybody to say 'No' and 'Don't' and 'Be careful' to children all the time," they say. "This is their home. So we just picked furniture that they can't hurt and let them have the run of the house."

In addition to the freedom of the house, the children have responsibilities, witho

work. Kerry loves to help care for her room, wash dishes and dust. She hasn't found out, yet, that this is work.

"Mothers make the mistake of saying, 'Do your chores and then you can go out to play,' giving youngsters an early conviction that work and play are two different things," says Fran. "We think work should be fun. We both work hard, but we like radio so it is rewarding and fun in itself."

Both Fran and Casey worked hard to get thorough training on the stage before they picked radio as their own. Fran was born in Indianapolis, trained in Chicago's famous Goodman Theatre, played in stock, had a year's contract in Hollywood before making a success in Broadway plays. She used radio, at first, as an answer to the slack summer season when few plays are running in New York, but soon found herself in such demand that now she concentrates on radio exclusively.

Fran had always been aimed at an acting career from childhood. Casey took a longer way around. His father is a distinguished Minneapolis doctor, and it was taken for granted that Casey would follow in his footsteps. While studying pre-Med at the University of Minnesota, his success in college dramatics led to an offer to do a series of plays with a semi-professional group. As he says, "With that, I was gone—all I wanted was the stage." Instead of going back to college, he enrolled at the Pasadena Community Theatre Drama School. By the time the war started, he was instructing in the school and acting, directing and producing in the main theatre as well.

Curiously enough, though their trails crossed for several years, Fran and Casey did not meet until Casey came out of service and decided to make radio in New York his career. And a fantastic fact is that, when they did meet, each took a rather vague view of the other. Fran claimed that Casey did not even see her on the morning they were introduced, and admits that she did not give him another thought until later that afternoon.

It was Dana Andrews who changed all that. Dana was the guest star of a broadcast that had brought the three together that morning for rehearsal, Fran playing the feminine lead and Casey being the assistant director. Dana and Casey had been friends in Hollywood, and Dana and Fran had mutual friends. When rehearsal was over all three went separate ways. Dana was snowed under with interviews about his new film, but he made a date with Casey for the late afternoon. It was a tentative date, and Casey almost didn't show up. He was detained at the office. He was trying to move to a new apartment, and he had a dinner engagement.

At the last minute, he decided to stop by the appointed restaurant for just five minutes. When he arrived he found Fran and several others from the studio there. Suddenly, moving to the new apartment on that particular afternoon seemed extremely unimportant. There was too much to talk about. He had studied music very extensively—Fran had a collection of two thousand records, He knew people on both coasts—so did Fran. He had a lot of ideas about radio—so did Fran. He never did keep his dinner date.

But there aren't many missed dates in the Allens' lives these days. "Not with two built-in alarm clocks in the house," says Casey.

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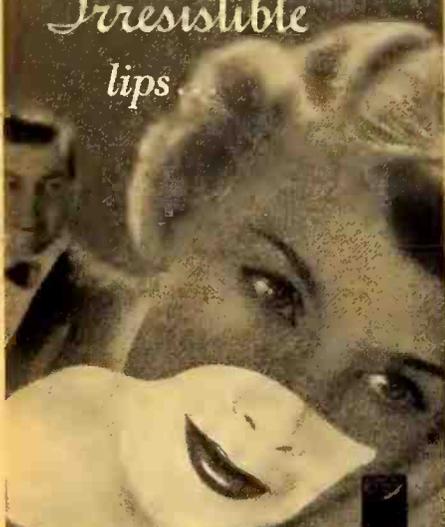
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Bickering Won't Hurt Marriage

(Continued from page 30)

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and the same minor disagreements, for the majority of letters say, in effect, "you have been eavesdropping at our house."

But occasionally someone writes that she's acquired a little something extra from listening to the daily life of Ethel and Albert Arbuckle. A young girl who works in a bank wrote, "Dear Peg Lynch—I once thought I'd never get married. My parents used to throw words back and forth so much that I thought, if this is marriage, I want no part of it. I know now that if Ethel and Albert can disagree so often and yet be in love, I must have the wrong slant on married life."

That letter was unexpected, for you know the program has never pretended to solve listeners' problems. But in getting a peek at the goings-on of a fairly average couple, this girl got closer to reality. She is learning that bickering can be healthy, not necessarily a sign of frustration and hatred. After all, if two mature adults agreed on everything, they would most likely be very stupid, very dull—and very bored!

And let's face it, sometimes differences can't be resolved. If a man wants to see the fights and his wife prefers a movie, neither one will be happy with the compromise. But their happiness in being together and being in love is bigger. If there are too many differences in taste, opinion and temperament, they may separate. But if there were so much differences between two persons, it's doubtful that they should have married in the first place. No, I believe that much discontent in marriage results from the way couples go about settling their peeves.

A quarrel solves nothing, because it is purely emotional with no discussion and statement of facts. Sometimes quarrels end with physical violence. Usually there is only the violence of spirit and the death of love. Hatred becomes a disease. The couple may share the same home, table and bed but at the best they are only strangers.

But bickering back and forth won't hurt your marriage. Done the right way you will learn more about each other and perhaps have a little fun at the same time. My good-natured husband—whose very Norwegian name is Odd Knut Ronning—and I bicker once in a while. Who doesn't?

One Sunday morning we decided to have Welsh rarebit for lunch. Odd went off to a delicatessen with specific instructions to buy yellow cheese. He came back with the Sunday papers and Cheddar.

"I told you to get yellow cheese,

dear," I reminded him.

He looked up from the papers. "The clerk told me Cheddar is better for rarebit."

"Who," I asked—and it seemed a reasonable question—"does the cooking around here, the delicatessen clerk or me?"

Odd gave me one of those women-can-be-so-difficult-over-nothing looks then went a step too far. "Don't worry," he told me, "I'm going to make the rarebit. You sit down and read the papers."

I retreated peacefully behind the comics—but not for long. After fifteen minutes of rattling and banging, Odd poked his head out of the kitchen and said plaintively, "You might help me with something."

I gave him a look of wounded surprise. "I thought I wasn't supposed to do anything. I thought I was just supposed to sit here and read the papers." But I got up and went out to the kitchen.

"Get the curry powder, please," he requested. "And a spoon. And I need some beer for the rarebit. Hand me that pan, will you?" Pause. Then, "Don't worry—remember, I'm doing all the actual work."

So he did the "actual work"—which consisted of standing by the stove and stirring—while I dashed madly back and forth trotting out supplies and handing him utensils.

"It's all right for you to want to help," he said, as I cut up cheese at his direction, "but remember, it's my cooking that will make this an outstanding dish!"

It was outstanding, all right. When you use Cheddar instead of yellow cheese, you get something that doesn't even look like rarebit, let alone taste like it. The cheese gathers itself together into crumbly lumps instead of blending smoothly into rich thickness.

But did I cry, raise my voice? Did Odd swear, sulk or beat me? Of course not. We laughed and it's now one of those family stories that couples who get along beautifully together love to tell on themselves.

Neither Odd nor I are native New Yorkers. Odd is a Norwegian, and I was raised in Kasson, a small town near Rochester, Minnesota. My father died when I was quite young; then mother and I lived with my grandfather. Until I married, I don't believe that I had ever drawn on my home life for the stories of the Arbuckles. But I do think the reading I was encouraged to do as a youngster led to my studying writing and dramatics at the University of Minnesota. That took me

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into radio, where Ethel and Albert were mothered into existence.

One of my first radio jobs was supposedly as a continuity writer at Station KATE in Albert Lea, Minnesota. I arrived there during a blizzard and was immediately told that beginning the next day I had to do a daily half-hour program for women.

After only two days of getting bored talking about fashions and vegetables, I began to write in skits for Ethel and Albert. No matter what station I worked for afterwards, the Arbuckles stayed with me. In 1944, I took them up to New York for auditions.

I was jobless for a couple of months, but very lucky. Lucky to get an apartment in Manhattan's Gramercy Park, and lucky to get a contract from ABC in such short time. I don't bank on luck though. There is a very strong practical streak in me that I've learned from mother. "Save a little, spend a little," is one of her axioms, fortified by a rule about never being in debt.

It was right after the war that I first heard of my future husband. Mother had renewed her correspondence with relatives in Norway. One of them wrote about a young man, Odd Knut Ronning, who was coming to the States to study.

I envisioned Odd as about nineteen years old, scholarly, and probably quite stiff and formal in a European way. My attempt at clairvoyance was almost a hundred per cent inaccurate.

The first time he called, Mother whispered to me, "He isn't at all what we expected."

I nodded agreement but added, to myself, "He's better."

Odd is blond and blue-eyed. Like all wives, I think my husband is handsome. I've known other men as well-mannered and pleasant—but some of them have shown a peculiar dislike for women who manage a career, and others have had a stubborn streak. Stubbornness leads more often to quarrels than bickering.

But Odd had a wonderful sense of humor, and with it, he was quiet and easy going. And he was not an adolescent, but a full-fledged man. I had forgotten that Norwegians, too, had their education interrupted by the war. Odd was after his Masters in chemistry which he applies as an engineer in the paper and pulp industry. During the war he had served in the Norwegian underground against the Nazis until he was sent to a concentration camp.

"You have a pair of walking shoes?" Odd asked on his first visit.

I nodded. "Let's go for a walk," he suggested, then explained, "Walking dates are a Norwegian custom."

After our first date, I saw Odd frequently. Although the School of Forestry is in Syracuse, he made many

week-end trips to New York City. We did a lot of talking and walking. I've always kept myself in good condition for talking, but I've had the taxi habit for many years. I suppose I looked forward to his proposal, for the day I expected it to come I put away my walking shoes—but not for long. My husband still likes his exercise. Walking isn't just a Norwegian courting custom.

After our wedding, August 12, 1948, we had a month's honeymoon in Europe. Our first big chance for an emotional quarrel occurred in Paris. Odd and I had gone to Cook's office where I was expecting a letter. The guard at Cook's wouldn't let us through the door, although I could see any number of tourists inside. Our conversation with the French guard was a bit awkward, inasmuch as Odd understands Frenchmen but doesn't speak French. I speak a little French but can't understand Frenchmen.

In French, I asked, "Why can't we go inside?"

He answered in French and in English, Odd told me, "He says hours are from noon to two and we're late."

I said to the guard, "But there are other people inside."

The guard spoke to Odd and Odd translated, "He says he cannot break the rules."

We continued this maddening exchange for about five minutes while the guard's head shifted from Odd to me and back again like a spectator at a tennis match.

My frustration was simmering and about to boil over. Neither my husband nor the guard made any sense. Suddenly, Odd grabbed my arm and propelled me rapidly down the street. We walked two blocks in silence, while I fought to keep from bawling with fury, and then at last I burst out with, "It is absolutely ridiculous making us come back later! When there were people inside getting their mail!"

Odd said, very quietly, "But the man was absolutely right, you know. Rules are rules."

I stopped dead and glared at him. I was so mad I was speechless. That my own husband should take sides with that idiotic guard against me!

But I no sooner opened my mouth to treat Odd to a lengthy discussion of my opinion of him—than I burst out laughing instead. And so another family joke was added to the list. To this day, whenever I start to flare up over something that doesn't really matter, after all, Odd says, "Remember the Cook's man in Paris!"

Back in the United States, Odd continued his studies. We saw each other only on weekends, when I went to Syracuse or he came to New York. My apartment, being limited in size, has been furnished with method rather



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than mad. It has to be both home and office for me, and we have only three-and-a-half rooms. The living room is large—about twenty-two by eighteen feet, with a fourteen-foot ceiling and long French windows opening on a narrow balcony. Visitors are sometimes disappointed to find that it isn't done up in sleek modern, but I like to think that the decorating motif is composed of equal parts of comfort and necessity.

The walls and ceiling are gray. The carpeting and two love seats which flank the fireplace are green. On the walls are French prints—bought in New York. Then there's a studio couch with a gay red cover, a dining table that seats four or, by raising some ingenious flaps, seats ten. And there is my spinet piano, where I relax for half an hour each day.

My bedroom is divided smack in half by sectional bookcases. On one side, a bed and chest of drawers and a closet—containing, by unanimous vote of my mother and my husband, simple, tailored suits. Beginning with the foot of the bed, the room suddenly becomes an office. Here are my file cabinets, reference books, a table and typewriter. A window, scientifically located by chance, throws light over my right shoulder. On the walls are pictures of friends and the five men who have played my radio husband. (Richard Widmark, now a Hollywood star was one of the first. Alan Bunce, the present Albert, I think is the best man we've ever had in the part. With a wife and three children of his own, he brings a wonderful understanding to the part.)

Odd, who has lived most of his life in Norway, likes Ethel and Albert, and so do his Norwegian friends. It proves, I think, that domestic life is about the same anywhere, with the same underlying humor and love. I found this was true when I spent last summer in Norway. Odd had to return last spring, for he had only a student's visa.

During the three months I was in Norway, the friends I made had the same family interests you see in Americans. Mothers and fathers are concerned with their children's education and progress. And although they are a bit more formal than Americans (they wouldn't think of calling each other by first names at the first meeting) they are every bit as friendly. In Skien, a town of fifteen thousand people south of Oslo, where Odd worked, the people were very familiar with American mu-

sic and humor and books. Every one of the six bookstores carried American magazines.

At the end of those three months, Odd had to wait in Norway for his immigration visa while I came back to the States. If we hadn't already decided to make our home in the United States, I would have thought twice about making my ship. But now that we are together again, for all time, we can at last begin to live the normal life of a husband and wife, with plans for a permanent home and family.

I'm sure we'll have our share of bickering. That won't matter—but quarrels do scare me. They are a kind of neurotic binge, as inhuman as a dog fight.

Not often in the life of Ethel and Albert do they ever come close to a quarrel. On one particular program, little Suzie had cut her finger, the grocer had failed to deliver some things for a special dinner, a Sunday school teacher and furnace repairman had called. Ethel had to iron a table cloth at the last minute, get the house tidied for guests. And when Albert walked in he asked, "Well, my gosh, honey, what have you been doing all day?"

Ethel felt her hair rising and said, "I just dare you to repeat that."

"Women should organize things just like a business," Albert advised innocently. "Why, if my secretary didn't have a sense of organization, she wouldn't last a minute at the office."

A husband comparing a secretary to his wife is as dangerous as a fireman putting out fire with gasoline. Naturally, Ethel exploded, crying, "Maybe you'd like your secretary to organize your house and plan your meals!"

She ran upstairs sobbing, "You probably would like it—they say a wife is always the last to know."

Now maybe, just maybe, this sounded funny coming over the air. I doubt it. For this was the beginning of a serious quarrel. For a moment, they had forgotten all that their marriage meant. Albert had made a stupid remark. Ethel, tired and irritable, reacted only emotionally. But when they realized how irrational they were, both sobered up and began to solve their immediate problems like adults.

But Ethel and Albert continue to bicker. And it's as good for them as it is for every married couple. That's why I say bickering won't hurt your marriage, not if you can laugh about it later. Only quarrels are dangerous—there is no laughter in them.

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Q Is for Curiosity

(Continued from page 49)

"I may be brash, but I'm not that brash," he explains his lack of attempt at imitation. He's just himself, sometimes gabby, sometimes subdued, sometimes completely zany, but always original. (That Q, for instance.)

Right here seems like a good place to quote one of Mr. Lewis' more serious observations, and he's full of these too. Says he: "The success of a guy in television is determined by how much he can be himself before the cameras, qualified of course by what kind of guy he is in the first place."

Which brings us to the kind of guy Bob Lewis is in the first place.

Studio vital statistics say he's five feet ten, weighs one-hundred and sixty pounds, has dark hair and eyes—but they give no hint of the enormous nervous energy under control or the dogged one-track mind and determined concentration he brings to every job. They give him bachelor status, but it's Bob himself who tells you that he wants to get "more background" for his work before he takes on family responsibility. (There was a photo on his dresser of a mighty pretty girl, said picture being carefully removed by Bob just before RADIO MIRROR's cameraman went into action.)

Bachelor quarters are set up in a quiet hotel in New York's mid-fifties, hardly half a channel away from the CBS studio where he toils. There are two big rooms, a tiny kitchenette (cheery with cherry red paint), and a terrace that scans the skyline to the west and north, allowing a glimpse eastward across the river to Long Island. Furnishings are half-Lewis and half-hotel and add up to a rather handsome whole.

Drapes are block-printed in squares combining lime, brown and dark red, very smart against chocolate brown walls. The same fabric covers the davenport. The carpet is tan, and there are big comfortable chairs in rough textured fabrics, a square light wood coffee table, and plenty of lamps. A Picasso print on one wall and a Gauguin on another hold their own against three bathing beauties of the early 1900's on a third wall. These last are framed postcards from Bob's collection of souvenir cards. He's a demon collector—of old playbills, harmonicas, totem poles of all sizes, cameras, records—you name it! The apartment closets overflow, the rest repose at the senior Lewis' manse.

The bedroom doubles as an office, so a small green settee becomes his bed at night. Walls are dark green, with lighter green carpet and sunny yellow drapes. A big flattop desk in the corner has two rows of bookshelves facing the room, and a businesslike swivel chair drawn up to the other side. There's an upholstered chair slip-covered in a green, black and yellow bamboo design, chests of drawers, French Revue posters on the wall, and a framed playbill for the Actors' Fund of America Annual Benefit at the Century Theatre, March 1, 1918, listing some of the greatest names of the day.

The desk overflows with correspondence, bits of memoranda, little souvenirs, two telephones. There's an extension phone in the other room—"too lazy to walk from one room to the other," Dynamo Lewis explains it! You'd never know now, peering past

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those horn-rimmed specs into serious brown eyes, that he spent a large part of his childhood sitting in back of the drummer in vaudeville house drinking in Dutch comedians, Pat and Mike jokes, tap routines and songs that always rhymed June with moon. Lewis Senior was a frustrated thespian whose career on the boards had begun and ended with college dramatics before law practice swallowed him up. Therefore, every Saturday afternoon he and little Bobbie sat in front-row seats in vaudeville houses, breathing down the drummer's neck, while Bobbie absorbed that peculiar vaudeville beat that he thinks is like no other in music. "It's something special," he tells you. "Jolson has it in his singing, and maybe that's why I'm so crazy about him."

The next influence in Bob's life were the kiddie radio programs. It seems he was sent to Sunday School, but he detoured to the Horn and Hardart program, where he shone as a boy soprano. Movie star Paul Douglas was then an emcee on the show and nine-year-old Bobbie was doing just fine until his mother met the Sunday School teacher one morning. Teacher reported that she hadn't seen Bobbie for weeks and weeks, and what about the postcards of inquiry she had been mailing to the house? That question was answered, regretfully, by little Bobbie himself who had been waylaying the postman and tearing them up.

By the time he appeared on a children's shoe program on which Paul Barron was the pianist, and Paul had told Bobbie's parents he would like to coach a youngster who showed such promise, mother and father Lewis gave up and in.

By the time he started college he had decided to be a radio announcer, and after his sophomore year at the University of Michigan he worked for a small local station, getting paid only in experience. During junior year, with military service just around the corner, he left school to get a backlog of commercial radio experience, just in case he survived the war and wanted a job later. He wrote to stations all over the country, got two offers, took the one at WTRY in Troy, N. Y., because it was nearest his home city of New York.

He was still in process of learning the rules when he enlisted in the Air Force, but a combination of illnesses, among them two bouts with pneumonia, interrupted his military career, and a medical discharge sent him out into the ranks of the civilian unemployed.

He finally landed an announcing job at WNEW, New York, took over their

early morning record program, complained bitterly on the air when he hadn't had time for his morning coffee (listeners always had it sent in after that) frequently told his audience to get back under the covers and get a good day's sleep, and who cares if the boss doesn't like it?

Maybe bosses didn't, but listeners did, especially some of the high brass at NBC, who offered him a later, shorter show with more money. One day over there he needed to see a Vice President, but couldn't get past the secretary. The thing went on for days and, finally, he did a satire on the air about seeing an NBC VP. Listeners applauded it, so on a particularly lazy morning a few weeks later he repeated the satire. That time the VP happened to be tuned in. Bob got fired the same day.

There he was, at twenty-four, jobless, a has-been on radio. At last he got a disc jockey show at WHN (now WMGM), went right on being irreverent towards VP's, commercials, and bosses who expected people to be at their desks on rainy mornings when it was hard to get up. The CBS high brass caught some of those shows and invited him over to do his complaining from their microphones.

At CBS he began to get all over the dial. He replaced the vacationing Godfrey, knew he was really accepted when letters began to come in saying he was almost as good as Godfrey. Sometimes he did a late stint into which he brought the scrubwoman who cleaned up after everyone had left. His first TV show was in 1948, when he subbed again for Godfrey.

His hour-long program, The Show Goes On, was the idea of Lester Gottlieb, who produces it, but Bob couldn't be prouder of the work they're doing if it was all his from start to finish. He tells the expert way the staff goes about matching talent to buyers' specifications, how few flat refusals of acts there have been on the show (only two at this writing). Some seventy-five per cent of the twenty-four hour options have been picked up, and many shows have sold out all the acts.

In addition to being paid for appearing on the show, and besides the immediate engagements offered, the talent receives many other offers from stage, movies and nightclubs. Bob feels sure many of the stars of a few years hence will owe their success to being seen on The Show Goes On. It fits right in with his ambition to give more and more of his time to discovering and developing young talent.

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The Wizards of Oz

(Continued from page 51)

Ozzie was welterweight champion of Rutgers, a member of the Rutgers swimming and lacrosse teams, and varsity quarterback. Out of these experiences, his children receive continuing dividends—philosophical as well as athletic.

Ozzie has done more than teach David and Ricky football, swimming and boxing—the latter so well that David had difficulty finding a boy his own age who will put on the gloves with him. Ozzie has taught them to relate the lessons of these sports—and good sportsmanship—to daily living. Further, he has used morals drawn from years of athletic participation as touchstones for a way of life.

The Nelsons are at all times very much aware of the thin line between their home life and their radio life. Ricky's pants got stuck on a nail one afternoon while he was climbing the back fence. When David noticed his brother's predicament, his only comment was:

"Uh, uh—I bet this gets in next week's script."

For the simple reason, no doubt, that that's just what they are, the kids behave like seasoned troupers.

Ricky has become such a confident little performer that when Ozzie took a laugh line from him and gave it to David because it seemed better suited to the older boy, Ricky shrugged:

"That's okay. I'll get a laugh anyway."

He happened to be right. Ricky has an unflinching magic with studio audiences. He has only to breathe to convulse the spectators.

Ricky complained once, "My part isn't big enough this week," but he was quickly pacified when Harriet—whose beauty is matched only by her good sense—gently explained, "It isn't how big the part is. It's how well you do it."

Neither David nor Ricky is inclined to whitewash everything Ozzie does, much as they worship their father. They are perhaps the show's sharpest critics, as Ozzie has discovered to his obvious delight.

When the kids aren't turning on their dad, they think nothing of turning on each other.

Ozzie didn't like the way David read a line in rehearsal, and told him, "Try it again, David, and take the gum out of your mouth."

David complied, but Ricky, who was an interested onlooker, shook his head. "You sounded better with the gum in your mouth, David," was his verdict.

Occasionally, Ozzie's love of athletics has strange repercussions in the Nelson household. Harriet, whose hobby is designing her own clothes, cuts patterns and style photos from fashion magazines, and tacks them on her closet door to catalogue her ideas.

Ricky, by the same token, has a bulletin board on which he posts pinups of sports stars. When he discovered the magazine clippings on his mother's closet door, he thought she was pursuing the same hobby as he, although not very well. He promptly took care of it for her—he disposed of all her designs, and in their place put up pictures of baseball players.

Not only in their criticism but in enterprises of their own initiative the boys constantly have at heart the best

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interests of the show. They got a bright idea one day while playing with Bing Crosby's boys. They asked Lindsay Crosby how he would like to appear on Ozzie's show. Lindsay asked his father's permission—and the result was radio history. Not only Lindsay, but Bing, too showed up on The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet. Ozzie decided that would be a good night to try out David and Ricky playing themselves. The kids have been at it ever since—to the mutual delight of themselves, their parents and the listening audiences.

Both of them receive a weekly allowance of one dollar. Ricky used to get only fifty cents, but Harriet just doubled his salary. When the boys borrow from any member of the household, they must repay out of their allowances. When they want extra money for something special, they must earn it. To get a three dollar and ninety-eight cent toy car. Ricky had to tidy the trash and clean the incinerator. When David got a yen for surplus green stuff last summer, he earned two dollars a week by dusting both family cars daily, and washing them on Saturday.

In more than one respect, those boys are not acting when they portray average kids. Ozzie and Harriet combine parental wizardry to make sure that their offspring get no notions apt to make them behave like pampered brats. Their ten-year contract with the American Broadcasting Company is bolstered with a clause permitting the youngsters to withdraw from the cast anytime they might be so inclined, although this happens to be as remote a likelihood as anybody could imagine.

David asked what he planned to do when he grows up, replied seriously, "I suppose Ricky and I will continue the show just like Mother and Dad, and then our children will take over."

Also guaranteed in the ABC pact is a substantial salary for David and Ricky—money stashed away in a trust fund which they will not be able to touch until they reach twenty-one.

One day Ozzie proudly showed David his bank balance.

"At least you can take a look at it," Ozzie laughed. "It's your return for working."

Although it represented a handsome figure, David was unimpressed.

"Fifty cents in cash means an awful lot more, doesn't it?" put in Harriet sympathetically.

"It sure does, Mom," David agreed.

David and Ricky are trained at every turn to give everything to and to get

the most out of life. This involves a certain amount of discipline, but most of the time any parental pressure is superfluous.

Family conferences and a barber shop quartet are underlying factors of the harmony in the Nelson home. Nobody's will is imposed arbitrarily upon another. When an issue is thrashed out, it is done in a discussion in which all four participate with equal rights.

Compromise rules all questions. No decision is reached—even on a vacation destination—without the full acquiescence of all concerned. This makes for a lot of talk, but also for an atmosphere of rare reasonableness.

The normalcy in a household inhabited by a wizard and his three disarming whizzes is a feat of domestic balance to be marveled at. But even a wizard has his Achilles heel, and Oz is no exception. Although he neither drinks nor smokes, he's an incurable addict—when it comes to ice cream. Ozzie's passion for ice cream is as strong as his habit of working while the rest of the world sleeps. Usually, he waits until the other members of the family have retired. At the stroke of twelve, he sends to Schwab's Drug Store for his midnight pickup—a quart of vanilla ice cream!

While Ozzie claims he is the world's worst business man, there are those who will argue the question—among them Bing Crosby.

When Ozzie gave Janet Waldo permission to appear on the Crosby show, he cautioned her about the squeal she has made so popular on The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet.

"I don't know if they want you to squeal," Ozzie said, "but if they do, just be sure that they call you Emmy Lou."

Sure enough, Janet did squeal on the Crosby show. And in the signoff, Bing acknowledged his debt to Ozzie.

"The squeal by Janet Waldo," the groaner announced, "was heard through the courtesy of Ozzie Nelson."

As Harriet Nelson curls up on a sofa and talks about her husband, it's difficult to realize—even with the idyllic Nelson family background—that she is his wife of fourteen years rather than the starry-eyed girl who became Ozzie's vocalist when he was a band leader fresh out of Rutgers.

Despite the fact that Ozzie's admirers are vocal and ubiquitous, the pretty woman who knows him best continues to cheer him loudest.

"I always expect miracles from Ozzie," says Harriet. "And they generally happen."

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A. Bleyer, M.D.

(Continued from page 45)

in such geographically divergent spots as Earl Carroll's Hollywood Restaurant and the Cleveland Aquacade and in such hit Broadway shows as "Best Foot Forward" and "Meet the People."

Coming to CBS in September, 1943, Archie arranged and conducted music for a variety of programs until the time when he took over for the red-head. It was through Janette Davis that Archie got his chance with Godfrey.

Janette is also responsible for dubbing Archie, Sy Schaeffer the trombonist and Johnny Mince the clarinet player, the Cherry Sisters. As sometimes happens on the Godfrey A.M. show, the little Godfreys are called on to perform outside of their respective bailiwicks. This particular morning, Arthur suggested that Archie, Sy and Johnny pool their vocal talents (if any). The result was what Janette called "The Cherry Sisters"—a comic, semi-corny style that is appealing enough to have gone on records in such hits as the "Too Fat Polka," "Heap Big Smoke" and "Slap Her Down Again."

Most of the moments on the Godfrey shows are on the lighter side, but Archie likes to remind people that there is a serious streak in Arthur which manifests itself now and then and always with tremendous sincerity.

As an example of this, Archie tells about the time shortly after Christmas when Janette was ill. Arthur looked out at the audience and asked if there were any girl present who would care to sing in her place. He was as much surprised as anyone when a plumpish matron of about fifty-five volunteered. He was even more surprised when she announced that she had her music with her. It was "Le Cantique du Noel."

"Well," said Arthur, "you get together with Archie on this and we'll hear from you later."

As Archie tells it, "It was the most awful thing. We were all cringing and when she finished singing, there was no applause. But Arthur was magnificent. He said, 'You know, that's America. Your next door neighbor comes in and sings for you. It's his right to do it and your privilege to hear it.' Then he turned to the woman and said: 'Madam, you sang that song with the utmost sincerity.'

"Of course, that made everybody feel like two cents. It certainly made me feel I had no right to criticize.

"And you know," said Archie, "in a sense, Arthur was saying that nobody has the right to criticize anybody for any deficiency. That has stuck with me ever since."

But Archie, you feel, has an innate sympathy for human beings and needs no lessons on the subject from anybody.

Archie and his wife Kitty live in a Manhattan apartment all year round with their Irish setters, Terry and Penny. Recently Archie decided that he needed some relaxation from his rigorous schedule and more exercise than walking Terry and Penny afforded. He joined the local athletic club for its chief attraction, a swimming pool. But he still hasn't been able to get that exercise. The current water shortage in the New York area has left all pools drier than any reservoir is ever likely to be. So Archie walks the dogs for exercise and listens to other people's music for relaxation.

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NERVINE

Tony Marvin, Announcer Plus

(Continued from page 44)

costume, a shirt decorated with beads, a feather head-dress, sandals and other such redskin paraphernalia. But when the show went on the air, Tony came on with no shirt at all—on his bare chest and middle he had painted "Yellow Belly." Arthur, of course, howled.

In his more serious moments, Tony's especially grateful to Godfrey for making him a definite personality on the show instead of just an announcer. And ever since he found out that Tony was once a medical student, Godfrey has made him somewhat of a comedian, too—with quiz kid shadings. Whenever a question comes up about something scientific or medical—or anything else—Arthur will say: "Well, we'll just ask Tony about this."

Then he gets Tony to go into a long-winded, detailed account about whatever it is, all the while interrupting with humorous side remarks.

"I wind up sounding like a poor man's Einstein," says Tony.

But Arthur loves it. And the public seems to, too, especially when Arthur asks Tony something like this:

"What is ST-37, Tony?"

Actually it's a simple gargle sold by drug stores, but Arthur will make Tony break it down to its formula.

This encyclopedic repartee has developed into one of those "You and Your Education" type running gags between Godfrey and Tony. Even though Godfrey says that Tony will always use one hundred words when ten or twelve will do, he's usually satisfied with the answers Tony gives him. Fortunately, Tony has one of those minds that has retained most of the stuff he ever studied and learned.

That learning began back in the public schools of New York City where Tony was born thirty-six years ago. After Tony graduated from Erasmus Hall High School in Brooklyn he went on to St. John's College. He graduated from there in 1932.

His first ambition was to be a doctor. While he was at St. John's he worked as an usher in the Paramount Theatre from six to midnight, and on weekends. This schedule easily could have played havoc with his studies, but Tony solved the problem before it could do him any harm. While the picture was on and all the customers presumably in their seats, Tony would go into the check-room and study. Luckily for Tony, the manager of the theatre never knew or cared, and after Tony had graduated from St. John's and was a medical student at the Long Island College of Medicine, he stayed on at the Paramount to help pay his tuition.

But in 1934, after two years at medical school, Tony had to quit and devote all his time to earning money.

Tony didn't quit his job at the Paramount though. He had always loved the theatre and anything to do with the show world. In high school and college, he had belonged to the Glee Club and had gone in for dramatics as an extra-curricular activity. He decided to stay on at the Paramount full time. But he didn't limit himself to mere ushering. He went to the Student Manager's School there, learning everything from the basic construction of a theatre right through to how to put on full productions. When the course was finished, Tony was made Chief of Ushers at the Paramount. Promotion followed promotion. Tony was with the

Paramount Publix Chain until 1935 when things went badly with Paramount. They closed a lot of theatres, fired a lot of people—Tony among them.

In 1935 jobs weren't easily come by. At that time, his steady girl was Dorothea Wiener whom he had met three years before when both were counselors at a children's summer camp in Pennsylvania. Dorothea attended Cornell University and played the piano excellently (she used to accompany fellow student Dorothy Sarnoff, the singer, at recitals). Tony wanted to marry Dorothea and Dorothea was willing, but she decided she should finish school first. Anyway, Tony didn't have enough money to become a husband. But Dorothea had an uncle who owned a chain of gas stations in New York and through him, Tony got a job.

One day a big, black Cadillac, driven by a distinguished looking man, came in. The man wanted his car washed. His name was Rudolph Bressler and he talked to Tony while the car was being washed. Impressed with Tony's exceptionally low, full speaking voice, he asked him what he, a young, good looking fellow, was doing in a gas station. Had he ever sung at all? Tony managed to answer yes, that in college he

AL: "I guess I got one of them trigger minds."

IRMA: "Don't be modest, Al. You're much smarter than Roy Rogers' horse."

—CBS' My Friend Irma

sang in the Glee Club and school shows.

Bressler, impressed with Tony, told him that he'd like him to meet his uncle, the Mr. Hahn who owned the Hahn Chocolate Co. Hahn was a patron of the arts and he liked to sponsor young people of talent. Bressler then asked Tony if he could get away from the station for a little while.

Tony could, of course, so in the now clean Cadillac and in his unclean overalls, Tony traveled with Bressler to Hahn's office. Hahn was impressed with Tony's speaking voice, too. He arranged for his cousin, Mme. Elizabeth Major, one of the most famous and best vocal teachers, to hear Tony sing. And Mme. Major, was also impressed. In fact, she was so enthusiastic about Tony's voice that Hahn and Bressler right then and there arranged for Tony to study with her for five days a week. And they would pay for the lessons.

Six months later the Opera Guild auditioned singers to play in their revival of De Koven's "Fencing Master." In particular, they were looking for someone to play the lead, which was a bass part. Tony got that part. From there he went into "White Horse Inn," a highly successful Broadway musical.

Tony could afford to be a husband by this time. After "White Horse Inn" closed, he and Dorothea were married—on June 6, 1937. The Marvins had just arrived in Saratoga on their honeymoon when Tony got a wire instructing him to rush right back. The reason: he was wanted for the lead in a new group which was just starting, the Jones Beach Opera Company. Tony thought it would be a good thing so after only one day at Saratoga, he did rush back. But then he found that the Jones Beach

Opera Company had fallen through before it had a chance to begin.

Tony seriously began making the rounds of the New York radio stations after he had been in a comedy which flopped out of town. He auditioned everywhere in an attempt to get a radio job and on his way to NBC one day for that purpose, he stopped in at WNYC to take a look at its new studios. When he asked to see the studio manager to get permission to go through the place, the receptionist insisted that he fill out a form.

"It's for the dramatic group auditions," she explained.

Tony, unable to convince her that he wasn't there for the dramatic group auditions, filled out the forms and ended up reading an excerpt from a play for Ted Cott, the head of the group. Cott, who is now one of the top men at WNBC, hired Tony on the spot as narrator for the group and also to do occasional dramatic parts. His work for WNYC was good enough to persuade John S. Young, who was chief announcer for the World's Fair, to offer Tony a job. Young's offer included more money and a contract, so Tony left WNYC and worked for Young at the Fair. While meeting many celebrities and handling many important broadcasts, Tony made up his mind that radio was for him—for good.

He made another important contact at the Fair—John Reed King. King introduced Tony to Jerry Maulsby, head of network operations for CBS. Tony auditioned for Maulsby and the head of the CBS news department. Sufficiently impressed, they offered Tony a job as a staff announcer.

As a staff man, Tony did everything from daytime serials to symphonies and in 1946, when the Arthur Godfrey morning show was sustaining, Tony was assigned to it. It was on only three times a week then and Tony did this show along with all the others assigned to him. When the Godfrey show went commercial, Tony stayed with it. He also does the Godfrey TV show, Wednesdays; Talent Scouts on Mondays.

Tony loves to work with Godfrey and hopes to stay with him as long as he's in radio. He thinks Arthur is one of the finest men he's ever met—one of the most tolerant and understanding, with the greatest sense of humor.

"Arthur has taught me so much," says Tony, "especially how to be at ease on the air. And most of all, how to be natural and myself while working. That's something I could never do as a straight announcer."

The Marvins live in Amityville, Long Island with their little girl, Lynda, now seven and a half. When time allows, Tony indulges in his hobbies—boating, swimming, and especially water skiing, which is very popular in Amityville. During the winter months he goes in for weight lifting to keep in shape. A less strenuous Marvin pastime is painting in oils.

"I'm still trying to get time to finish that masterpiece Dorothea is waiting for to hang over the fireplace mantel." Tony is very happy in his present setup. He likes radio and never wants to leave it. He's enthusiastic about television, too, but feels he has a lot to learn about it. Still a staff man for CBS, Tony does other shows besides Godfrey's, but the Godfrey activities are his first love.



Jean and Jo Ann Corbett of Burbank, Calif. The Toni Twin says, "Toni always gives me a wave that's soft and natural-looking." Can you tell which is the Toni Twin? See answer below.

Hair styles in this picture by Don Rito, famous Hollywood hair stylist

Which Twin has the Toni ?

Toni looks as lovely as a \$20 permanent
—feels as soft as naturally curly hair*



Now—*any day and any time*—for only one dollar you can get a wave that's caressably soft—like naturally curly hair. . . and guaranteed to look just as lovely, last just as long as a beauty shop permanent costing \$20. (*Including shampoo and set.)

What's Toni's Secret? It's the lotion. Toni waving lotion is an exclusive creme formula developed through years of research. This gentle-action formula was especially created to give you a wave that's free of harsh frizziness—a wave that *feels and behaves* like naturally curly hair. But remember, *only* Toni Home Permanent gives you this superb waving lotion.

Wonderful results—again and again! What better proof of Toni quality! Only Toni has given over 67 million lovely, long-lasting permanents. Some women have used Toni ten times or more and say their waves are always soft, *natural-looking*, easy to manage. Letters of praise come from women with every type of hair—even gray, bleached and baby-fine. So whether you are buying your first Toni Home Permanent or your tenth, you can be sure of getting a wave that looks as *lovely* as a \$20 permanent—feels as *soft* as naturally curly hair. Today, ask for Toni Home Permanent. Jean, the twin on the left, has the Toni.

P. S. For a lovelier you, get Toni Creme Shampoo and Toni Creme Rinse, too.

"I'm not a twin, but since I tried Toni, no other permanent will do for me," says Mrs. Myron Albertson of Los Angeles. "Toni works wonders for my baby-fine hair. Never frizzes it . . . always gives me a soft, natural-looking wave."



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