

# **\*RADIO** **Television** **MIRROR**

*Two Magazines in One*  
*June 25¢*



MILTON BERLE

KATE SMITH

Complete Listings—  
Times • Channels • Programs

**NEW YORK AREA  
TV SHOWS**

**Your skin looks  
smoother, softer  
WITH YOUR  
First Cake of Camay!**

*A Honeymoon Complexion!*

*She was Eileen Clarence  
of New York. Now she's MRS. JACK LAWRENCE  
—a beautiful Camay Bride!*

Lively, lovely, lovable — that's Eileen Lawrence! Wonder at the sparkle in her bright brown eyes! Marvel at the softness of her exquisitely fair complexion! Eileen's very *first cake* of Camay brought her a smoother, softer skin.

Yes, and her lovely face lights up whenever she talks about Camay. "It didn't take long for my skin to look fresher and clearer," she tells admiring, inquiring friends. "When I changed to regular care, my *first cake* of Camay brought new beauty. Camay's wonderful!"

Follow this bride's way to new beauty! Wake the sleeping beauty of *your* skin with your *first cake* of Camay. Change to regular care — use mild, gentle, rich-lathering Camay alone. Never let a lesser soap touch your skin — and look for exciting new loveliness.



**A lovelier skin — head to toes!**



Give all your skin Camay's fine complexion care — use it in your bath, too. The daily Camay Beauty Bath brings that "beautifully cared-for" look to arms, legs and shoulders. You're lovelier head to toes — touched with Camay's flattering fragrance!



**There's no finer beauty soap  
in all the world!**

You'll treasure Camay for its gentle mildness. And the lather it gives is so rich and creamy. Camay in the "Beauty-Bath" size is Camay at its best. Big and thrifty — that's the beauty of this larger cake.

*Camay*

**the Soap of Beautiful Women**



## ***D*iamonds aren't a Girl's Best Friend . . .**

Here she was, bejeweled and exquisite, putting in a completely miserable evening. The man she secretly admired was giving her the brush-off . . . polite but definite. And she didn't know why. It can happen that way sometimes: the very night you want to be at your best you appear at your worst. Halitosis (unpleasant breath) has a way of cropping up when you least expect it. At such a time, diamonds *aren't* a girl's best friend . . . *Listerine Antiseptic is!*

**Play It Safe**

Why risk offending when Listerine

Antiseptic is such a delightful *extra-careful* precaution against halitosis\*?

Simply rinse the mouth with it and lo! your breath becomes wonderfully fresher, wonderfully sweeter. It stays that way, too . . . *not for mere seconds or minutes but for hours, usually.* Don't trust to makeshifts that do less. Remember, Listerine's germ-killing power is the secret of its success against odor-producing bacteria.

Get in the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic night and morning. It makes your mouth feel delightfully fresh and

clean, and gives you greater assurance that you are on the agreeable side.

And, of course, before any date—never, never omit this *extra-careful* precaution. It pays off in popularity.

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

BEFORE EVERY DATE

**LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC**

IT'S BREATH-TAKING

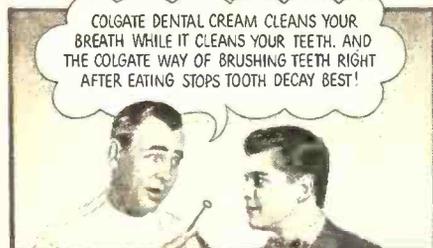


*Sis Won't Tell Him—  
But I Will!*



JIM, YOU KNOW WHAT? SIS LIKES YOU A LOT—BUT SHE DOESN'T LIKE BAD BREATH! SO-O...

WOW! THANKS A MILLION, KID! BE SEEING YOU—AFTER I'VE SEEN MY DENTIST!



COLGATE DENTAL CREAM CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH. AND THE COLGATE WAY OF BRUSHING TEETH RIGHT AFTER EATING STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST!

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

**COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST**

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

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

LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream

MY GIRL'S KID SISTER DID HER BEST AND COLGATE CARE DID ALL THE REST!



Use Colgate Dental Cream To Clean Your Breath While You Clean Your Teeth—And Help Stop Tooth Decay!

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

# Contents

Keystone Edition

FRED R. SAMMIS, *Editorial Director*; DORIS McFERRAN, *Editor*; JACK ZASORIN, *Art Director*; MATT BASILE, *Art Editor*; JOSEPHINE PEARSON, *Associate Editor*; Maryanne Crofton, Marie Haller, Dorothy Brand, *Editorial Assistants*; Nina Sittler, *Ass't to the Editorial Director*; Frances Kish, *Television*; Esther Foley, *Home Service Department*; Helen Cambria Bolstad, *Editor, Chicago Office*; Lyle Rooks, *Editor*; Frances Morrin, *Managing Editor*; Betty Mills, *Assistant*; Hymie Fink, Sterling Smith, *Staff Photographers*, Betty Jo Rice, *Assistant, Hollywood Office*.

- 10 CBS Kaffee Klatch
- 18 Mary Lee Taylor
- 19 Best Answers to Joan Davis Problem
- 23 Leslie Neilson
- 29 Your Help Is Wanted . . . by Horace Scherwin
- 30 She's My Wife . . . by Robert Burton
- 32 Arthur And Your Friends
- 34 Millionaire McCoy . . . by Don Ross
- 36 Familiar Music
- 38 Everybody's Uncle Miltie . . . by Gladys Hall
- 41 Ford Theatre
- 46 Nora Drake Asks: Should You Marry Against Your Child's Wishes?
- 48 In The Monroe Manner
- 50 Studs of Studs' Place . . . by Helen Bolstad Special Section on Ken Murray:
- 56 My Husband, Ken Murray . . . by Bette Lou Murray
- 58 Why Worry, See Murray . . . by Harvey Bullock
- 60 Delectable Darla
- 61 Can You Write a Joke For Ken Murray?
- 62 King's Row
- 66 Who's Who In TV
- 68 Party Time
- 72 Big Audience For The Bard

**People on the Air**

- 8 Accent On Scent
- 9, 25, Poetry
- 12 Traveler of the Month . . . by Tommy Bartlett
- 16 Starting All Over . . . by Terry Burton
- 21 Fun Of The Month
- 26 Art Linkletter's Nonsense and Some-Sense
- 40 All About Brides . . . by Betty Furness
- 42 Happy Bride Contest
- 52 Daytime Serial Fashions For You
- 54 This Is My Life . . . by Kate Smith
- 64 Junior Mirror

**For Better Living**

- 4 WORL: How To Win Fans
- 6 WBENT-TV: Model Femcee
- 22 WNEW: *Anything Goes!*
- 24 WPTZ: Meet The Macmullans

**Your Local Station**

- 14 Information Booth
- 73 Program Highlights in Television Viewing
- 84 Daytime Diary

**Inside Radio**

Page 40: Chinaware by Franciscan Fine China  
On the Cover: Color portrait of Kate Smith by Maxwell Coplan  
Milton Berle by Charles Farr

PUBLISHED MONTHLY by Macfadden Publications, Inc., New York, N. Y., average net paid circulation 470,024 for 6 months ending June 30, 1950.  
EXECUTIVE, ADVERTISING AND EDITORIAL OFFICES at 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. Editorial Branch Offices: 321 South Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif., and 221 North LaSalle Street, Chicago, Ill. James L. Mitchell, Vice President; Meyer Dworkin, Secretary and Treasurer. Advertising offices also in Boston, Chicago, San Francisco, and Los Angeles.  
SUBSCRIPTION RATES: \$3.00 one year, U. S. and Possessions, and Canada. \$5.00 per year for all other countries.  
CHANGE OF ADDRESS: 6 weeks' notice essential. When possible, please furnish stencil impression address from a recent issue. Address changes can be made only if you send us your

old as well as your new address. Write to Radio and Television Mirror, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. MANUSCRIPTS, DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS should be accompanied by addressed envelope and return postage and will be carefully considered, but publisher cannot be responsible for loss or injury.  
Re-entered as Second Class Matter Feb. 13, 1951, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879, Authorized as Second Class mail, P. O. Dept., Ottawa, Ont., Canada. Copyright 1951 by Macfadden Publications, Inc. All rights reserved under International Copyright Convention. All rights reserved under Pan-American Copyright Convention. Todos derechos reservados segun La Convencion Pan-Americana de Propiedad Literaria y Artistica. Title trademark registered in U. S. Patent Office. Printed in U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Co.

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First NEW KIND of Girdle in 11 Years!



ENJOY NEW SLIMNESS, new comfort, new freedom! New Playtex Fab-Lined Girdle has a cloud-soft fabric lining fused to smooth latex sheath without a single seam, stitch or bone. It caresses you to new slenderness, fits invisibly under sleekest clothes.

# New Playtex® FAB-LINED Girdle

FABRIC NEXT TO YOUR SKIN

"No other girdle slims so wonderfully, so comfortably!"  
say top fashion designers like famous CEIL CHAPMAN



CEIL CHAPMAN'S figure-moulding fashions are instantly recognizable. "A Playtex silhouette does so much for my clothes," she says. "No other girdle gives such a lithe, supple figure. My showroom models love its comfort and freedom."



IT'S FASHION MAGIC, the way the Playtex Fab-Lined Girdle slims you for newest clothes. You enjoy the coolness and comfort of fabric next to your skin, plus all the famous Playtex figure-slimming power and freedom of action. And it washes in seconds, dries in a flash! At department stores and specialty shops everywhere.

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Nationwide Network  
PLAYTEX  
PRESENTS



Top afternoon entertainment  
(See local papers  
for time and channel)

INTERNATIONAL LATEX CORP'N., Playtex Park, Dover, Del. PLAYTEX LTD., Montreal, Canada

Choose from the 3 most popular  
Girdles in the world



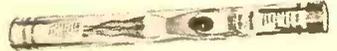
PLAYTEX **FAB-LINED** GIRDLE

With fabric next to your skin. You'll look slim and feel wonderfully comfortable. In SLIM golden tube . . . \$5.95 and \$6.95



PLAYTEX **PINK-ICE** GIRDLE

A new latex process. Light as a snowflake, fresh as a daisy, dispels body heat. SLIM, shimmering pink tube \$4.95 and \$5.95



PLAYTEX **LIVING** GIRDLE

More figure-control, greater freedom than girdles costing over three times as much. SLIM silvery tube . . . \$3.95 and \$4.95

Sizes: extra-small, small, medium, large.  
Extra-large size slightly higher.

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Prices slightly higher in Canada and Foreign Countries

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M

3

Want a record spun, a baby minded? Alan Dary, WORL's unique disc jockey is definitely your man.



# HOW TO WIN FANS—

**S**OME MEN collect snapshots of their best girls, some proud fathers display pictures of the "most be-yoo-ti-ful baby in the world"—but Alan Dary of WORL collects pictures of his fans.

When Alan first started his Musical Dary Go Round show less than a year ago, he didn't know many people in Boston, and what was more important, not many people knew him. Being an extrovert by nature and a disc jockey by trade, he had to make friends in a hurry.

Alan sincerely wanted to know and meet his listeners so he asked them to send pictures to be pasted in the "Dary Family Album." In return he sent a picture of himself and answered each letter personally. When he last counted, he had more than one thousand friends smiling out at him from the album pages.

The friendships he's formed through pictures and letters have grown in several ways. Housewives send in packages of homemade cookies and candies nearly every day, and the whole staff is kept busy eating. One listener, apparently a professional artist, sent him a colored drawing sketched from the picture Alan sent him, and a girls' fan club awarded him with a plaque.

In a few short months his popularity had increased so much that he was given another show, Date With Dary. Now he's on the air three-and-a-half hours a day, six days a week.

But Alan still wasn't satisfied; he wanted to meet as many of his listeners in person as possible. One day he invited a housewife to sit in on the morning show as a guest disc jockey, and the idea went over with a bang. Now Alan has guest disc jockeys three times a week. He also holds open house at the studio for any listeners who want to come in to visit and chat.

He then decided that if people were nice enough to visit him, he'd like to return the compliment. Being a family man with two daughters and a son, he knew how difficult it was to get baby sitters. That gave him an idea. For guessing the correct title of a tune that he plays backwards on his morning show, the winner receives what Alan calls "the dubious honor" of having the services of Mr. Dary as baby sitter any night he chooses.

*Which girl has the natural curl . . . and  
which girl has the Toni?*



Putting their heads together, charming Marilyn West and Eva Gernay agree that the Toni wave feels as silky soft, looks every bit as attractive as naturally curly hair. Can you tell the naturally curly hair from the Toni Home Permanent? Look below for the answer.

Now—Toni with Permafrix guarantees a wave you can't tell from naturally curly hair

Look closely! Compare the silky-softness—the deep, rippling waves and the natural-looking curls. Which is which? You just can't tell! No—you can't tell a Toni wave from naturally curly hair. That's because Toni has the gentlest waving lotion known . . . plus a new wonder neutralizer, Permafrix, that actually conditions your hair . . . leaves your wave soft and natural from the *very first day*. And month after month your Toni Home Permanent with Permafrix takes no more care than naturally curly hair.

Remember, Toni is used by more women than all other home permanents combined. Only Toni has the new wonder neutralizer, Permafrix. And Toni guarantees a wave you can't tell from naturally curly hair—or your money back.

Have a gentle Toni with Permafrix today and *tonight* discover how thrilling it is to have a wave so naturally lovely, people *ask* you if you have naturally curly hair! Beautiful Eva Gernay, the girl on the right, has the Toni.



*Hair styles by Shirlee Collins*

**Which Twin Has The Toni?** Compare Ann Shumaker's Toni (on the right) with her sister Roxie's beauty shop permanent, and you'll agree that even the most expensive wave can't surpass the natural beauty of a Toni Home Permanent.

TONI REFILL ONLY \$1



**Toni** the wave you can't tell  
from naturally curly hair!



Guest hairstylist Gilbert Bass demonstrates the latest style coiffure to hostess Marian Ferrel and Charm Studio audience.

## MODEL FEMCEE

“**C**HARM is not only found in outward appearance, it also is a state of mind, an outgoing interest in other people . . . There’s no such thing as a ‘homely woman,’ she is only lazy . . . Bring out the best of your natural attributes, and above all, keep the corners of your mind and mouth up.”

Many feminine video viewers in western New York State have had both their personality and spirit brightened by such advice from Mrs. Marian K. Ferrel, hostess of the Charm Studio on WBEN-TV every Thursday afternoon. She’s a vivacious brunette, with sparkling dark eyes, a captivating smile and the knack of carrying on two successful careers simultaneously.

To be specific, Mrs. Ferrel is both a model mother of two youngsters and an expert on personality improvement. Her advice has helped many a backward, bashful girl to transform herself into an attractive young lady, with plenty of poise to captivate the boys.

In the Charm Studio spotlight, Mrs. Ferrel discusses proper care of skin, makeup, correct speech, hints on human relations, appearance, proper diets, figure-trimming exercises, hair styles—anything that may help a woman to acquire charm.

When Mrs. Ferrel speaks on the art of charm she talks from personal experience. A graduate and star performer in the famous New York Powers School of celebrated American models, she eventually settled down as a housewife in Buffalo, where she now directs the John Robert Powers School of Charm. She’s also in constant demand as a lecturer on the art of charm throughout western New York State.

Mrs. Ferrel philosophizes that while not every woman is born with charm, anyone who will only take the time can acquire it. And personable Mrs. Ferrel practices what she preaches.



Hints from ex-model Marian Ferrel have helped WBEN-TV viewers.

## Coming Next Month



Godfrey newcomer: Marion Marlowe

**F**IRECRACKERS of enthusiasm are exploding all over the RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR offices and for good reasons, too! You'll want to set off a few of your own when you see the July issue. First of all, there's a personal, at-home story of Sid Caesar and his family complete with a color portrait which was taken exclusively for the readers of RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR. Also exclusive is the full page color portrait of Marion Marlowe, beautiful songstress and newest addition to that ever-increasing circle of "Little Godfreys." Marion's story will interest you, too—find out why she calls herself "lucky Marion Marlowe."

\* \* \*

Calling all boys and girls! It's round-up time, sure enough, with a twenty-three prize Gene Autry contest which no sidewalk cow-puncher will want to miss. You'll find all the exciting details plus a color portrait of Gene himself in the July issue, which goes on sale Friday, June 8. Ask mother to remember that date!

\* \* \*

More July specials: the true life, true love story of young and happy Sandy Becker who plays the sometimes unhappy Young Dr Malone five times a week in the daytime serial; a page of Groucho-isms—when the Marx brother who conducts You Bet Your Life says something, it stays said!—July's issue will carry a collection of his best; a picture story on The Woman In My House—you'll meet all the characters in this new Carleton Morse drama; and a story by Margaret Whiting on her latest venture—motherhood. Remember the date, it's Friday, June 8 for the July issue of RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR.

NOW... TO HELP GUARD YOUR BABY'S HEALTH AND COMFORT



# Playtex® DRYPER®

...sanitary snowy-white diaper pads

...use only once; then

*flush away* like tissue

Clean, snowy-white, SANITARY Drypers are the modern diapers you use only once... then flush away.

Made of super-absorbent Cellulon,\* they soak up 8 times their weight in moisture. Use Dryper pads only once... then flush away like tissue; you never wash, dry, or even touch a soiled Dryper pad.

### Help prevent diaper rash

Drypers are cleaner, simpler, more convenient than any diapering meth-

od you ever used. So easy you can change baby more often, and reduce the risk of harmful uric-acid burn and diaper rash.

Worn with specially-designed waterproof Dryper panty. No chafing, no binding. Baby is comfy all the time in any position.

Playtex Drypers are available at department stores and wherever baby needs are sold. Change from wet to Dryper, the diaper you use only once... then flush away.

**No fuss... No muss... from WET to DRYPER!**



Shake out used Dryper pads and flush away. Then rinse panty. Now slip fresh Dryper pads under bunny-soft nylon web of another clean Dryper panty. You never even touch used Dryper pads.



U. S. & FOREIGN PATENTS PENDING

**Worn Inside Bunny-Soft, Playtex Dryper Panty. Nylon-Lined and Waterproof!**

100 PLAYTEX DRYPER PADS, regular size, \$1.29, . . . large size, \$1.49  
PLAYTEX DRYPER PANTY, each, \$1.49

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PLAYTEX LTD., Montreal, Canada

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"I can't afford  
to split hairs"

says model Ann Klem...

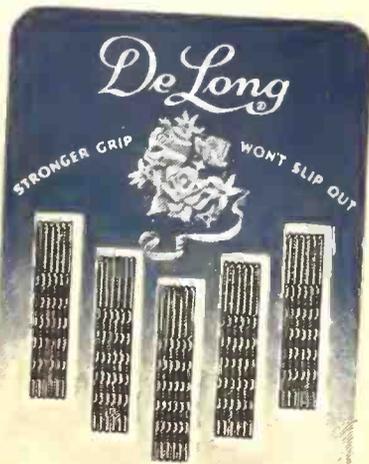
her camera curls stay free  
of broken ends with

**De Long**

the bob pin  
with the stronger,  
smoother grip



Stop envying the hair-do's of beautiful models! Your hair, too, can be always well-groomed. But be sure to use De Long bob pins. The stronger, smoother grip means longer lasting curls... greater freedom from fuzzy, split ends. No wonder De Long is the "smart set" favorite!



You're always "set" with De Long Hair Pins • Curl Setting Pins • Safety Pins • Hooks and Eyes • Pins • Hook and Eye Tapes • Sanitary Belts



## Accent on scent

**P**ERFUME is a girl's best friend! That's the opinion of the six girls who joined us this month to discuss fragrances.

Take Dagmar (a) the lovely television star of Broadway Open House, who claims she doesn't feel "dressed" if she omits perfume. Tall and luscious Dagmar likes an exotic fragrance that adds to her own glamour. "When I choose a new dress or an evening gown, I always spend just as much time picking the right perfume to compliment it, as I do on picking the right accessories."

Pretty Olive Stacey (b) seen on The First One Hundred Years, adds her views: "What's all this talk about how smart it is to wear an 'illusiv' perfume? I think it's silly to go to all the trouble of selecting a perfume with a lovely aroma—and then dab so little on you that no one knows you are wearing it. A good perfume is meant to be smelled. Don't keep it on your dressing table as an ornament."

Marian Morgan (c) of Stop The Music has some good suggestions for teen-agers:

"If you are just beginning to develop your taste for perfume, I think you should buy small vials of several different fragrances. Then wear a new scent every day. You'll soon find out which scents you prefer. Usually, the perfume that makes you feel happiest is slated to remain one of your favorites."

Mary K. Wells (d) a Big Town star, adds a protest: "Who ever started the rumor that perfume is correct only for special occasions? That is nonsense! Perfume is a beauty accessory that you should never be without. It makes an *occasion* out of an otherwise drab day."

Betty Wragge (e) a member of Pepper Young's Family, sums up our fragrance forum when she says: "If you want to dramatize your femininity, wear perfume in any of its forms (cologne, toilet water or solid) and wear it with the assurance that you are well groomed!"

DORRY ELLIS

RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR **F**OR BETTER LIVING

# POETRY

## REMEMBRANCE

Let me not remember little things—  
Pussywillows, stars and poplar trees;  
The extra heartbreak that your nearness brings,  
The swiftness of a kiss, and summer seas.  
And let me not remember dreams we knew,  
And secrets shared, and hazy autumn skies;  
Hollyhocks, and early morning dew,  
And laughter hidden deep within your eyes.  
But let that stay that has been ours alone—  
A dearness out of understanding wrought;  
For this togetherness that we have known  
Is joy complete and much too large for thought.  
In this will be my joy when we're apart;  
It will take little things to break my heart.

—Eunice Robinson

## FOR A NEW DAUGHTER-IN-LAW

Linens and laces are, it is true  
Usually given by me to you.  
I looked at these and a silver tray,  
Seeking to find the certain way  
To find your favor, to weave a strand  
Of love to place in your soft young hand.  
But linens and laces are starched and  
proud  
And a silver tray is cold as a cloud,  
So from the kitchen's handy shelf  
I give you something of myself,  
I give them without sage advice,  
Hesitating once or twice,  
Nipping stitches, folding seams,  
That will securely hold your dreams,  
Once you have learned that these can feel  
Light as thistle or strong as steel,  
These slender, these enchanted things  
That love has labelled . . . apron strings.

—Gladys McKee

## BORN TO DIE

I saw the Eastern sky light up  
In a sort of rainbow hue.  
The dark clouds of the night were cleft  
And the sun came peeping through,  
A something way down deep within  
My sad heart seemed to say—  
You have seen the hand of God  
Bring forth a new-born day.  
Standing alone at evening tide  
I watched the sun sink low,  
Behind the distant mountain tops—  
The clouds reflect the glow,  
A sadness deep within my breast  
Brought the tears to my eyes  
For I had seen this day born  
And now stood to see it die.

—E. F. Kaczmarezyk

## RADIO MIRROR WILL PAY FIVE DOLLARS

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



## The "tissue test" proved to Joan . . .



## that Woodbury floats out hidden dirt!

Do you feel that all cleansing creams are alike? So did lovely Joan Bennett until she convinced herself with the "Tissue Test" that *there really is a difference in cleansing creams!*

We asked her to cleanse her face with her regular cleansing cream. Then to try Woodbury Cold Cream on her "immaculately clean" face and handed her a tissue.

The tissue told a startling story! Woodbury Cold Cream floated out hidden dirt!

Why is Woodbury so different? Because it has Penaten, a new miracle ingredient that actually penetrates deeper into your pores . . . lets Woodbury's wonderful cleansing oils loosen every trace of grime and make-up.

It's wonder-working Penaten, too, that helps Woodbury to smooth your skin more effectively. Tiny dry-skin lines, little rough flakes just melt away.

Buy a jar today—25¢ to 97¢, plus tax.



## Woodbury Cold Cream

*floats out hidden dirt . . .*

*penetrates deeper because it contains Penaten*



## CBS Kaffee Klatch

*Mama is, of course, obvious choice for hostess when the "family night" crowd has a party*

• When someone pointed out to Peggy Wood, star of the Mama show, that Friday night CBS-TV offered programs to appeal to all members of the family, Peggy promptly decided that she ought to have a "family" gathering. She invited guests Ralph Bellamy of Man Against Crime; Frank Schaffner, director of Ford Theater; Jack McCoy, at that time TV emcee of Live Like A Millionaire; Morton Downey, of Star Of The Family. Earliest of the family night shows is Mama, beginning at eight, EDT, last of the line-up is Star Of The Family at ten. Ford Theater and Live Like A Millionaire are heard on alternate Fridays at nine o'clock, following Man Against Crime, all on CBS-TV.

*After determining a day when none of the shows would be rehearsing, Peggy invited her guests for talk-and-music session. Focal point of the refreshments was, naturally, coffee.*



No party—especially one at which Morton Downey is present—is complete without music. Friday-nighters McCoy, Schaffner, Bellamy and Peggy Wood (she was once a musical comedy star) harmonize while Morton accompanies.



First arrival was Ralph Bellamy who becomes, on "family night," hard-talking, hard-hitting private investigator Mike Barnett of *Man Against Crime*, at present engaged in helping to maintain law and order while on a trip abroad.



Coffee—which tastes even better than usual when poured from Peggy's handsome silver pot, draws the guests together to discuss their assorted chores on the Friday night CBS *Mama*, *Man Against Crime*, *Ford Theater*, *Live Like A Millionaire*, and *Star Of The Family* programs.

for a

*Gayla*  
hair-do



every day  
all day

wear the  
new modern

*Gayla*  
HAIR NETS



**"PERMANIZED" • RUN RESISTANT**  
(a Gayla exclusive!)  
Grooms Hair-dos—Saves Waves  
Invisible—Tru-Color Hair Shades

more women use

*Gayla*  
**HOLD-BOB**

bobby pins than  
all other brands  
combined.

set curls easier  
hold hair-dos better



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Winifred Kuhn, left, and her Girl Scout troop are not yet travelers, but Tommy Bartlett wanted his Welcome Travelers friends to meet them.



# TRAVELER OF THE

WHEN Miss Winifred Kuhn brought her Girl Scout troop to Welcome Travelers, we broke an old rule to hold down the size of the groups we interview. Eight girls are the minimum requirement for a Girl Scout troop, and there were exactly eight in Miss Kuhn's unit. The girls came from all over Chicago—and we were breaking another unwritten Welcome Travelers law by interviewing Chicago residents.

However, when this organization marched into the College Inn Porterhouse, we decided instantly that, rules or no rules, this was one interview that was going out over the network.

You see, all eight of the girls in Troop 591 are blind. Some of them were blind at birth, and the others lost their sight before they were five years old. The oldest is a sophomore in high school and the youngest is in the fourth grade. Since the girls are unable to see, the one Negro girl in the unit faces none of the problems which might confront her in a situation where her friends enjoyed perfect eyesight. I guess that when you're blind, the color of a friend's skin doesn't make any difference to you.

Troop 591 was a happy, well-adjusted group. They talked about their Girl Scout "projects," explaining how they learned to use a needle-threader in their sewing merit badge tests, and how

they learned to feel their way around the field house where they hold their meetings, instead of making a map, a requirement of another merit badge test.

They were highly enthusiastic about outdoor activities, grinning and chuckling as they told me of their field trips. One of the girls said she enjoyed their square-dancing sessions more than any other group activity.

Miss Kuhn, a pretty, titian-haired dynamo, was extremely helpful. She saw to it that the right girl was in front of the microphone at the right time, and her girls' affection for her was evident throughout the entire interview. She told me that she'd started the troop a year ago. Her job, aside from the big job of being troop leader, is teaching in the Hadley Correspondence School for the Blind.

"You're doing a wonderful thing," I told her. "How in the world did you ever happen to start this work?"

"Well," she said simply, "when I was a little girl, there weren't any Girl Scout troops for the blind, and I always felt cheated when the boys told me about the wonderful times they had at their Scout meetings. I decided that when I grew up, I was going to do my best to help other blind girls to have the fun I'd missed."

I'd been talking to her for nearly ten

Tommy has heard many unusual tales but few have touched him as deeply as the story told by this group of Girl Scouts

BY  
TOMMY BARTLETT

Welcome Travelers is heard Monday through Friday at 10 A.M. EDT on NBC, sponsored by Procter and Gamble.

# MONTH

minutes, and it was the first intimation I'd had that Miss Kuhn, herself, was unable to see. Perhaps that term, "unable to see" is a bad one. Miss Kuhn has seen a lot of things better than the rest of us do. She's seen that a physical handicap doesn't have to warp a person's life, and that being of service to others is just as important to a handicapped person as it is to one with all the accepted and little-appreciated faculties. For a perfect example of a person who's been able to adjust herself to a situation most of us would find almost intolerable, I give you charming Winifred Kuhn.

I had the privilege of sharing some of the fun she gets from her girls. We gave them new Girl Scout uniforms, canteens and an official First Aid kit they'd been saving their money to buy. We gave them some sportswear, too, and the way they discussed the colors they wanted for their sweaters and slacks and skirts was wonderful.

The biggest thrill of the day came when I told them about the arrangements we had made for their summer camping trip. As soon as school is out, a plane will take them to Fish Creek, Wisconsin, where they'll have their own cottages. Even if they haven't traveled far this month, they'll be the travelers of the month when they take that summer vacation.

*amazing deodorant bargain!... save \$1.00*  
(Federal Tax Only 2c)

**FREE!**

Exact copy of boudoir pin boxes in gold and silver finish that cost \$2 and more. Handsomely decorated.



*Handsome Boudoir Pin Box (\$7.00 Value)*

**Plus 59c Jar of 5-day Deodorant Pads—both only 59c!**



It's the way you apply dainty 5-day Deodorant Pads that makes them keep under-arms dry and odorless so much longer than any other deodorant tested.

Each delightfully fragrant pad is saturated with mild yet very effective deodorant. You wipe it under arms—and throw it away. The cool, refreshing, close-up wiping action assures complete penetration. Gives far more reserve protection. Dries in seconds.

Nothing to smear on clothes or fingers! No drizzle to spray hit or miss! No drippy liquid! No clammy sticky feeling!

Far cleaner, faster, more effective, more economical. The greatest improvement in deodorants in years!

**DAB A PAD!** 8 times more effective in destroying odor-forming bacteria than average of all leading brands tested.



**THEN THROW IT AWAY!**

With it throw away hundreds of thousands of odor-forming bacteria. The only deodorant tested that does not leave them under your arms.



*harmless to skin and clothes*

**5-day DEODORANT PADS**  
25c • 59c • \$1

# CORN SUFFERERS happy over WONDERFUL NEWS!



Tests Showed Exclusive PHENYLUM,  
Wonder Drug of New BLUE-JAY  
Corn Plasters, Went to Work  
33% Faster, Worked 35% More Surely!

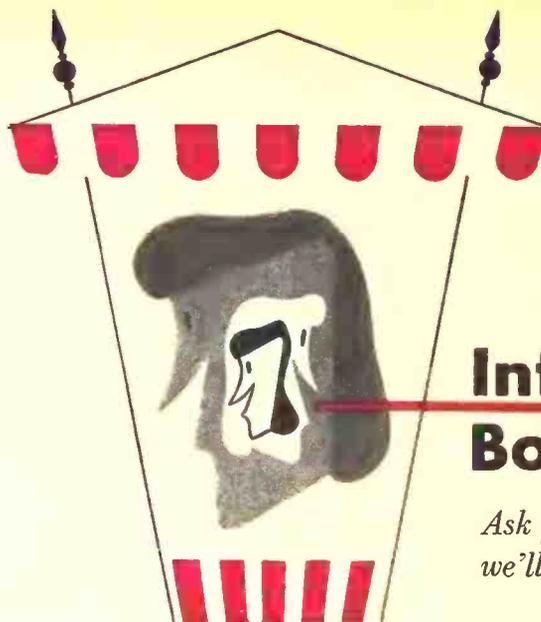
When corn sufferers tested new Blue-Jay Corn Plasters with exclusive medication *Phenylum*, three out of four said, "Best corn treatment I ever used, by far!"

Yes, *Phenylum* is the newest, fastest-acting, most effective medication for corns and calluses ever developed . . . the result of years of work by Blue-Jay scientists.

Why not get this blessed relief yourself, now! Ask today at your favorite drug counter for New-Formula Blue-Jay Corn or Callus Plasters containing *Phenylum*!



ONLY NEW BLUE-JAY  
CORN OR CALLUS PLASTERS  
HAVE PHENYLUM!



## Information Booth

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

### DAMON AND DR. DICK

Dear Editor:

Would you please print a picture of the actor who plays Dr. Dick Campbell in *Right to Happiness*? He has a wonderful voice. M. K., Halifax, Nova Scotia

He's Les Damon, also heard as the Falcon and on *This Is Nora Drake*.

### THE BRIGHTER DAY

Dear Editor:

I would like to know what has become of the original actress who played Liz and Althea Dennis on *Brighter Day*. Please print a picture of the one who played Liz. Mrs. C. E. B., Muskegon Heights, Mich.

Here's Margaret Draper, who is heard as Liz. She has had the part since the show began and has no intention of leaving. Jay Meredith, on the other hand, has given up her role as Althea to devote more time to television. However, she still can be heard on *Young Doctor Malone* and as Anna on *Our Gal Sunday*.

### GEORGIA BOY

Dear Editor:

I wonder if you could give me some information about Bert Parks. Was he a radio singer before he became emcee of *Stop The Music*? How did he get his start? P. E. H., Proctorville, O.

Bert Parks entered radio by winning an amateur singing contest in his hometown of Atlanta, Georgia, but he was hired as

an announcer. His first job in New York radio, however, was a singer. In addition to a spot as guest vocalist, he did singing commercials for daytime serials.

### MARITAL MATTERS

Dear Editor:

Please tell me if Wayne Howell and Dagmar (of *Broadway Open House*) are married and to whom. Is Milton DeLugg's wife the "Ann" he so often mentions? Are Jerry Lester and Buddy Lester brothers? J. W. D., Boston, Mass.

Milton DeLugg is married to Ann: Wayne Howell is the father of a six-year-old son; Dagmar is still fancy-free. Buddy is Jerry Lester's brother.

### ALL ABOUT MACK

Dear Editor:

A group of us are having a discussion about Ted Mack and we thought you might be able to supply us with the answers. Are he and Danny Seymour brothers? I think they look alike and I know they were both associated with Major Bowes. How old is Ted Mack and is he married? Miss M. R., Troy, N. Y.

For the past twenty-three years, Ted Mack has been married to Marguerite Overholt. They have no children and Dan Seymour is not his brother.

### COWBOY CROONER

Dear Editor:

Is the actor who played Calhoun Dun-



Les Damon



Margaret Draper



Bert Parks



Jerry Lester



Ted Mack

can on Life Can Be Beautiful a professional singer? He has a thrilling voice and I love his song, "There's Only One of Me." Who wrote it and where can I get the music or a recording of it?

Miss P. P., Tallahassee, Fla.

Larry Blyden, who was heard as Cal, is a professional singer and the song you mention was written by Carl Bixby, who co-authors the show. It will soon be available in your local music store.

**NOT SO PRIVATE**

Dear Editor:

Would you please tell me what happened to the show, The Private Life of Ethel and Albert? Who was in the cast? I enjoyed them very much.

C. D. W., Hot Springs, N. C.

Peg Lynch and Alan Bunce now present their delightful skits for the benefit of televiewers all over the nation. They can be seen on the Kate Smith Show, Fridays at 4 P.M. EDT on NBC-TV.

**OUT OF RETIREMENT**

Dear Editor:

Would you please give me some information about Frank Parker, the singer on the Arthur Godfrey TV show? Is he married and how old is he?

Miss A. M., Oakdale, Iowa

Frank Parker is forty-seven and unmarried. Several years ago he gave up radio to go into semi-retirement, but television intrigued him so much that he decided to try it. Arthur Godfrey, whom he had befriended years ago, opened the door for him, and told him he was welcome as long as he wished to stay.

**TELEVISION ONLY**

Dear Editor:

I enjoyed Robert Q. Lewis very much when he took over Arthur Godfrey's program for two weeks. Does he have his own radio program? W. P., Taft, Calif.

Robert Q. Lewis is no longer on radio. He does have his own television show, however—The Show Goes On, over CBS-TV.

**HE'S A SHE**

Dear Editor:

Can you tell me who takes the part of Skippy on Right to Happiness? How old is he and is he on any other shows?

Miss E. C., Boston, Mass.

"He" is actually a she—Sarah Fussell, an adult who specializes in impersonating children. She is also heard as a five-year-old girl on Road of Life and she does her juvenile research by baby-sitting.

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

# Now! Easier, surer protection for your marriage hygiene problem



**1. ANTISEPTIC (Protection from germs)**

Norforms are now *safer and surer than ever!* A highly perfected new formula actually combats germs *right in the vaginal tract.* The exclusive new base melts at body temperature, forming a powerful, protective film that permits effective and long-lasting action. Will not harm delicate tissues.

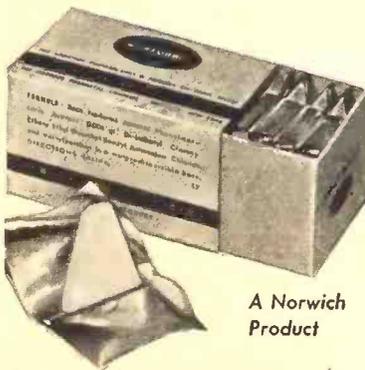
**2. DEODORANT (Protection from odor)**

Norforms were tested in a hospital clinic and found to be more effective than anything it had ever used. Norforms are powerfully deodorant—they *eliminate* (rather than *cover up*) unpleasant or embarrassing odors, and yet they have no "medicine" or "disinfectant" odor themselves.

**3. CONVENIENT (So easy to use)**

Norforms are small vaginal suppositories that are so easy and convenient to use. Just insert—no apparatus, no mixing or measuring. They're greaseless and they keep in any climate. Your druggist has them in boxes of 12 and 24.

ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA



A Norwich Product

✓ TESTED by Doctors

✓ TRUSTED by Women

**NEW IMPROVED NORFORMS**

VAGINAL SUPPOSITORIES FOR MARRIAGE HYGIENE

FREE informative Norforms booklet

Just mail this coupon to: Dept. RT-6  
Norwich Pharmaceutical Company,  
Norwich, N. Y.

Please send me the new Norforms booklet, in a plain envelope.

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City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



*Don't leave*



*a lipstick*



*trail!*

**NO FEAR OF SMEAR...** Gone is that untidy lipstick trail on glasses . . . cigarettes . . . silverware and people. Lenthéric's creamy lipstick has color cling and color beauty. Alluring new shades. In sleek golden cases.

**STA-PUT**  
LIPSTICK

\$1.00  
plus tax

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Widowhood does not mean the end of your life, says Mrs. Roulston.



# Starting over again

By TERRY BURTON

**T**HE heart is a resilient thing. It has bounce. And if you give it a chance, it will bounce back." That's what Mrs. Marjorie Hillis Roulston, author of the new book, *You Can Start All Over*, told us when she visited the Burton family as the Family Counselor.

Mrs. Roulston, who was widowed recently, spoke from her own experiences. "I'm not saying that grim determination after losing someone dear to you can make everything all right over night. But there are ways to face a major crisis like death.

"Contrary to what most people think, the initial shock isn't the worst. In fact, women often bear up beautifully under the strain for perhaps as long as a month and then all of a sudden have a complete emotional collapse."

I asked Mrs. Roulston what she felt was the first thing a woman should do after a death in her family. "Avoid off-hand advice. Seek help from someone like a doctor or a minister and take his advice to heart."

"What's the hardest thing a widow has to face?" I asked. "It's the future. But if she doesn't face it, she'll wind up living a life of misery. The sympathy period can last just so long and no longer. A woman has to stop dwelling on the past and think of the present and future. For instance, a house is a gloomy place for many after death. Often it is advisable for a woman to rent or sell the place she's in and move to new surroundings."

Mrs. Roulston said that she felt a woman should keep herself as occupied as possible—whether it be a regular job, doing social work, or taking an interest in a hobby.

"For those women who have to support themselves," she said, "the best bet is to think up her own job if she can. She might discover she has a flair for making over hats, or for needlework or knitting and turn that to profit. A lot of candy businesses started in the kitchen of some woman who made better fudge than her neighbors and needed a little extra money.

"The big thing to remember," Mrs. Roulston concluded, "is to give life a chance. Get busy, and you'll find out that life is worth living."

Wednesday is Family Counselor Day on the Second Mrs. Burton, heard M-F at 2 P.M. EDT over CBS stations. Sponsor: General Foods.

RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR for BETTER LIVING

They wear the cleanest clothes  
in town

...his bride swears by TIDE!

They wear the cleanest clothes in town—  
At home or at a party.

His bride has learned to wash with TIDE  
She's young . . . but she's a "smarty"!

# Tide GETS CLOTHES CLEANER THAN ANY SOAP!

**NO SOAP—NO OTHER PRODUCT  
SOLD THROUGHOUT AMERICA—  
WILL WASH AS CLEAN AS TIDE!**

**JUST TRY TIDE** in your washing machine. Wring out your clothes, rinse them, and, lady, you'll hang up a *cleaner* wash than you'll get with *any* soap—or any other washing product sold from coast to coast!

**NOT ONLY CLEANER—WHITER, TOO!** In hardest water, Tide will wash your shirts, sheets, curtains *whiter* than any soap you can name! They'll be *shining white* . . . radiantly clean!

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



**P.S.**

**PREFER TO SKIP RINSING?**

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

Tonight! Be his dream girl...



Tonight! Show him how much lovelier  
your hair can look...after a

## Lustre-Creme Shampoo

BETTER THAN  
SOAPS

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

BETTER THAN  
OILS

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

BETTER THAN  
LIQUIDS

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



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

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

## MARY LEE TAYLOR

For 17 years now Mary Lee Taylor has offered her recipes for happiness



Listen to the Mary Lee Taylor Show each Saturday morning at 10:30 over the NBC network.

IT'S SELDOM that an amateur who turns to the professional ranks succeeds on the first attempt—unless the amateur is as gifted as Mary Lee Taylor.

In 1933 a young St. Louis housewife named Mrs. Susan Cost, noted for her original recipes, started broadcasting her own tempting table treats. Other housewives who followed her recipes acclaimed her an instant success and the Mary Lee Taylor Show has been on the air ever since.

But Mary Lee Taylor's work does not stop with her recipes for better meals. Equally important is her "recipe for happiness," designed to aid young couples in understanding the problems of married life. Based on her own experiences of a happy marriage, which, nevertheless, had its problems, she tries to aid young married people to face the trials which arise in every marriage.

A dramatization each week of the lives of a young, typical American married couple, Jim and Sally Carter, helps to illustrate her philosophy and make her advice more real to the young people who need it.

Off the air, as Mrs. Susan Cost, she is a patron of the St. Louis Symphony and of the Little Theater in that city—a group which offers help to aspiring actors. Her main hobby, aside from her recipes, is collecting tea cups. She already has several hundred beautiful cups, many of them museum pieces.

# IS SEPARATION EVER THE ANSWER?

Joan Davis is the heroine of *When A Girl Marries*, heard Monday-Friday at 5 P.M., EDT, on NBC. Sponsor: General Foods.



Here are the names of those who wrote the best letters of advice to Joan Davis in the March daytime drama problem

**I**N MARCH RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR reader-listeners were told Joan Davis' problem and were asked if separation was the answer to it. RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR editors have chosen the best letters and checks have been sent to the following:

TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS to Mrs. Mabel Lewis, of Combes Texas, for the following letter:

*No! Running away is never the answer. Stay and work out your problems and thereby earn the respect of your inlaws, children, friends and of yourselves. Joan, show Harry you trust him to take care of his family and this will be the best tonic he needs for a speedy recovery of his health and business. Sell your expensive things. Move to cheaper quarters. Do your own housework and laundry until Harry gets on his feet again. Don't accept gifts or money from your mother. Don't give people a chance to talk about your children's parents.*

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

Mrs. Glenn Campbell  
Norton, Kansas

Mrs. Gladys Smith  
San Francisco, California

Nina D. Shiffer  
Howard, Pennsylvania

Josephine Corliss Preston  
Burton, Washington

Mrs. J. E. Fitzgerald  
Dallas, Texas



Only one soap  
gives your skin this

## Exciting Bouquet

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

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

Complexion and  
big Bath Sizes



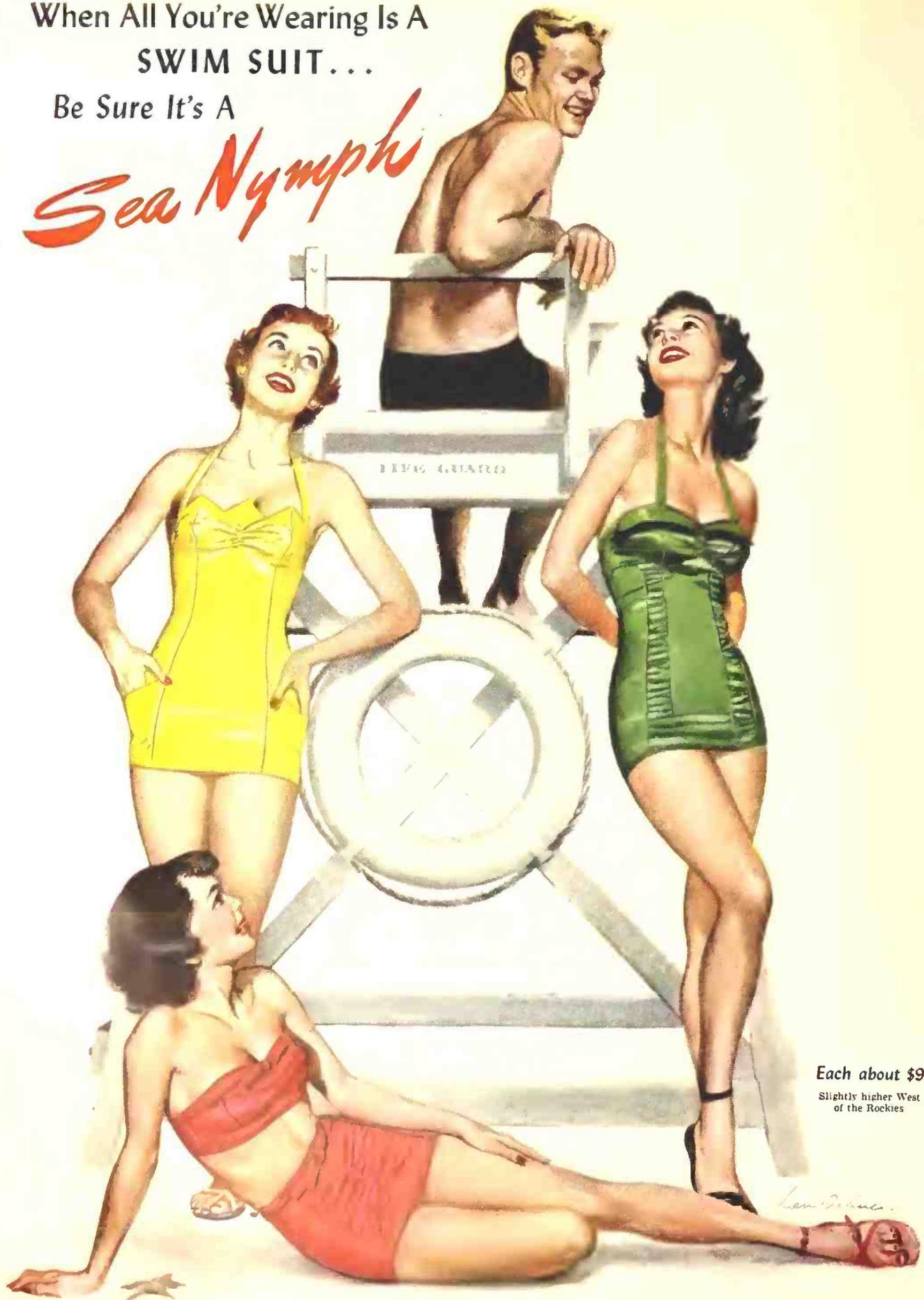
## Cashmere Bouquet Soap

—Adorns your skin with the  
fragrance men love!

When All You're Wearing Is A  
SWIM SUIT...

Be Sure It's A

*Sea Nymph*



Each about \$9  
Slightly higher West  
of the Rockies

One and Two Pieces in LASTEX FAILLE; Blush, Lemon, Mint, Berry, Aquamarine, Navy, Black. Sizes 32-38.  
At your favorite store or write PAT POMEROY • JORDAN MANUFACTURING CORP., 1410 BROADWAY, N.Y. 18, N.Y.

### You Bet Your Life

Groucho Marx asked a female barber who was a recent guest on his comedy quiz whether she kept a scrapbook of all her clippings.

You Bet Your Life: Wed., 9:00 P.M., EDT, NBC.

### The Big Show

Tallulah: "Fred, I loved you on radio. You had a faithful audience. They never missed your show."

Fred Allen: "My audience is still faithful. I've been off radio for three years and they still don't miss my show."

The Big Show: Sun., 6 P.M., EDT, NBC.

### The Halls of Ivy

Ivy College has a winter tradition where students build snowmen in front of faculty members' dwellings—the greater the affection, the larger the snowman. One professor, however, has a personality which suggests excavation.

The Halls of Ivy: Wed., 8:00 P.M., EDT, NBC.

### Bing Crosby Show

Bing Crosby: "I tell you, women have really taken over in the entertainment field. Let's face it, men are on the way out."

Judy Garland: "Well, that raises a very important question for us women."

Bing Crosby: "What's that?"

Judy Garland: "Which way did they go?"

Bing Crosby Show: Wed., 9:30 P.M., EDT, CBS.

### Steve Allen Show

Steve offered a guest a box of cactus candy with the comment, "You can eat the candy and pick your teeth at the same time."

Steve Allen Show: M-F, 11:30 A.M., EDT, CBS-TV.

### Gene Autry Show

Raindrop: "This perfume is a little number I dreamed up myself. It's made of roses and chloroform."

Johnny Bond: "What kind of a combination do you call that?"

Raindrop: "Well, the roses make them come in real close, and the chloroform makes sure they don't get away."

Gene Autry Show: Sat., 8:00 P.M., EDT, CBS.

### Burns and Allen Show

George is still moaning about the time a famous interior decorator came to dinner and admired their furniture. He asked Gracie, "Where did you get that priceless old relic with the curved legs and hand-decorated drawers?" "Oh, I met him in vaudeville," was the reply.

Burns and Allen Show: Alternate Thurs., 8:00 P.M., EDT, CBS-TV.

### Paul Whiteman Revue

"Didn't you discover Mildred Baily?" Paul was asked. "I wouldn't call Mildred a discovery," he replied. "Why, with a voice like that, who could miss her?"

Paul Whiteman Revue: Sun., 7:00 P.M., EDT, ABC-TV.

# YODORA

the gentler cream deodorant that works

## 2 WAYS



stops  
perspiration odor

instantly, efficiently.  
Does not merely mask it  
with a fragrance of its  
own. Trust Yodora for  
clock-round protection.

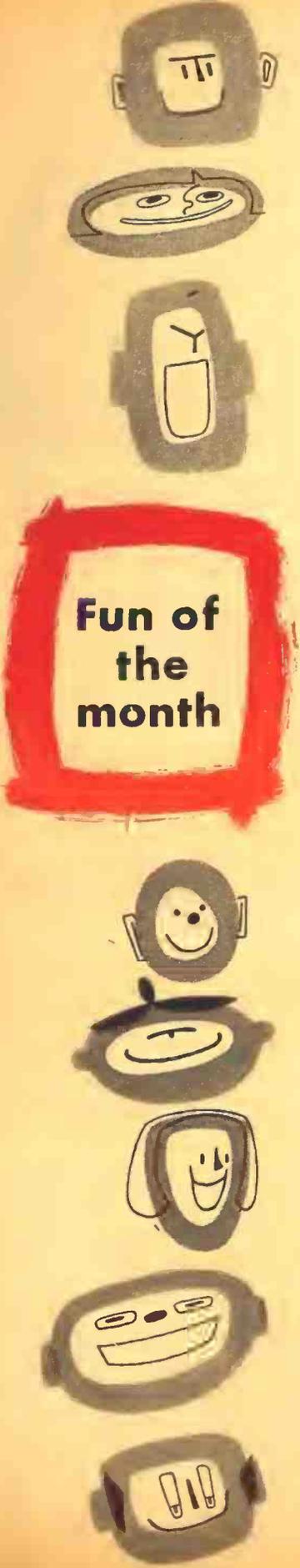
softens

and beautifies underarm skin

because of its face cream base.  
Keeps underarm fresh and lovely-looking for new sleeveless fashions. Safe for fabrics, too.  
Tubes or jars, 10¢, 30¢, 60¢.



McKESSON & ROBBINS BRIDGEPORT, CONN.



R M

The MacMullans interview many famous people on their WPTZ show. Maj. General Littleton Waller speaks of the need for blood donors.



## Meet the MacMullans

By HELEN BUTLER

**W**ANT TO know how to act when your best beau brings you home to meet the family—and what clothes to wear for that extra special occasion? The MacMullans will give you the answer to your etiquette problems on their TV show over WPTZ.

Comparatively new to television but long familiar to the Philadelphia scene are the MacMullans. Mrs. Edward J. MacMullan and her daughter, Ellie MacMullan Richards, offer a program that is interestingly different.

Ellie specializes in the good grooming department. In this she is ably qualified through her five-year association with John Robert Powers as model and lecturer. Now, in addition to her TV work, her lectures in various schools and colleges have helped and are helping many an undeveloped personality to make the most of herself.

Ellie often steps in and supervises a wedding, a tea, a gala party, should Mrs. Mac be snowed under, but first loves are lecture work and television. With a heart that admittedly often rules her head she confesses to a great interest in people and their problems.

Much has been written of Mrs. Mac and her activities as Philadelphia's top social consultant for over twenty-five years.

Quite aside from her great enthusiasm for TV, she loves to do fashion commentary. In a lifetime of unusual experiences Mrs. MacMullan thinks perhaps the most personally thrilling was a fashion commentary job she did a few years ago in Cincinnati. Informed that the affair was to be a fashion show

and symphony concert featuring the wonderful Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, Mrs. Mac assumed the fashion show would be first, the concert after. Appalled when she discovered she was expected to ad lib her commentary to a fifty-six piece orchestra and a full symphonic score, said she, "I think I'll go home."

Of course she didn't, and taking up the challenge, did such a good job, that the brilliant young symphony conductor Dr. Thor Johnson complimented her. Mrs. Mac beamed, blossomed, and admitted that there were times when she felt quite like Mary Garden. It was Dr. Johnson's turn to be appalled. "Then I thank God," said he, "you didn't decide to sing!"

Another memorable event took place recently when she was "lend-leased" to Washington to do commentary for a gala fashion show and benefit opening the Heart Fund Campaign. This cause, in which Mrs. MacMullan has a deep interest, was supported and attended by many luminaries including the first lady of the land, Mrs. Harry S. Truman.

It has been said of Mrs. Mac that her thoroughness and charm tend to create an irresistible force that seldom meets an immovable object but, while not admitting defeat, she does retreat slightly (even as you and I) in the face of her grandchildren's absolute passion for and devotion to—you guessed it—Hopalong Cassidy.

If you haven't already, we think you'd like to Meet the MacMullans.



**LESLIE NIELSEN**

**A**T THE age of three, when most aspiring actors are being applauded for their poetry recitations, Leslie Nielsen was about as far from Broadway and its influence as you can get and still stay on this continent.

Way up in the northwest corner of Canada lies the little settlement of Fort Norman, populated chiefly by Indians and Eskimos. It was to this post that Leslie's father, a Royal Canadian mounted policeman was assigned for the first few years of Leslie's life. The big day in Fort Norman was the coming of the boat which brought fresh food and mail once every six months.

Even after the family moved back to civilization in Edmonton, Alberta, acting was far from young Leslie's mind. It was n't until his discharge from the Royal Canadian Air Force in 1947, when he was already twenty-one, that Leslie became interested in radio.

Following this interest up, he took a job as a disc jockey and shortly afterwards started studying at a radio school in Toronto. Although he continued his studies, it was only when he won a scholarship to the Neighborhood Playhouse in New York that he decided to make acting his career. After graduating from the Playhouse he went into summer stock and made his way into television from there.

The big event for Leslie, his first TV show, was a CBS production, Battleship Bismarck, and he waited anxiously for more calls. After about two months he received a call from David Pressman, under whom he had studied at the Playhouse to do a show for the Actors' Studio. While rehearsing for that show he was asked to do another one, so that he found himself rehearsing for two shows at once.

It took the second show to impress the CBS casting office, but they liked it so much that soon Leslie was starring regularly on shows like Studio One, Kraft Theater and Suspense.

Recently married, this blonde, six-footer from Canada has finally settled down in New York for a long run on television.

# Timely Tips by Little Lulu

HOW DO YOU SCORE ON THESE HELPFUL WAYS TO SAVE?



**What mends broken lipstick?**

- Glue
- A heat treatment

Put pucker-paint back in the pink—by softening broken ends over low flame. Press together. When slightly cooled, smooth seam with fingernail. And to smooth off makeup, use Kleenex—absorbent, heavenly soft—so different from ordinary tissues. Saves complexions!



**Clean piano keys with—**

- Water
- Milk
- A baogie beat

Piano keys shrink from water. So whiten "ivories" with milk—and Kleenex tissues. Kitten-soft Kleenex protects the keys; it's sturdy... doesn't crumble. And with that Serv-a-Tissue box there's always a Kleenex tissue handy to polish furniture, ash trays, mirrors. Saves trouble.



**No groping in the dark, if you—**

- Eat carrats
- Sparkle your "specs"
- Use luminous paint

Save stumbling, fumbling! Outline door edges, switch plates with luminous paint. Likewise, why not sparkle your "specs" with new Kleenex eyeglass tissues? Big enough, strong enough, lint-free—and they serve one at a time.



**To "save" salad bowls, avoid—**

- Termites
- Soaking

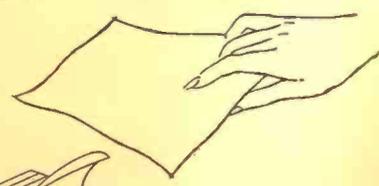
Wooden salad bowls "wooden" warp, if you'd avoid soaking them. Scrape, dunk quickly in cool water; dry with Kleenex and stash away in a dark place. You can't beat Kleenex for K. P. duty. Let this soft, strong tissue soak up moisture, grease; save time, trouble.

## Kleenex\* ends waste - saves money...

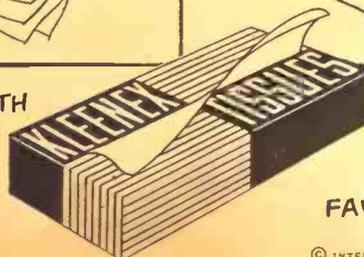
**1. INSTEAD OF MANY...**



**2. YOU GET JUST ONE...**



**3. AND SAVE WITH KLEENEX**



**AMERICA'S FAVORITE TISSUE**

\* T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

© INTERNATIONAL CELLUCOTTON PRODUCTS CO.



Dignity goes down the drain when madcaps Rayburn and Finch get together. Finch demonstrates his way of winning at canasta—looking at Rayburn's cards.

# Anything GOES!



**A** DELICATE ear on a New York morning can hear a sound of falling chips that is almost deafening. The chips are falling from the shoulders of grumpy early-risers who defy *anyone* to be funny in the morning. They are tuned in to WNEW's Anything Goes and they are laughing in spite of themselves.

Grudgingly, listeners admit that Gene Rayburn and Dee Finch brighten the pre-coffee wasteland of early morning—anywhere from 6 to 9:30 A.M., six days a week. Their humor is sometimes sophisticated, sometimes corny, sometimes college magazine. Perhaps the key to it all is simply the unexpected.

The ingredients of Anything Goes are a solid mixture of phonograph records plus the imaginations of Gene and Dee. Cutting in on lines from records, the boys come up with fantastic combinations. Picture a silken-voiced commercial announcer interrupted by: "Trow dat bum outta here," or "Aw, shut up and drink your beer," or the latest, "It's possible—."

Imagine a throbbing romantic ballad interrupted by "Now, see what you've done. You woke my baby," or "Don't sell Daddy any more whiskey." Typical Rayburn and Finch.

Gimmick records—the ones with the funny lines—are locked in a special file, carefully indexed and marked in pencil on each disc. They come from strange places: regular novelty recordings, foreign language waxings, kiddie records, old com-

mercials. Radio people, severest critics of any show, have sent many to Rayburn and Finch. Robert Q. Lewis, Abe Burrows and Andy Russell are three such "scouts" for Anything Goes.

The boys also delight in poking sly fun at their fellow WNEW disc jockeys, Art Ford and Martin Block. Ford and Block share the feeling of most sponsors—they love it.

Gene Rayburn is the aggressor in most attacks on commercials, popular records or various personalities. Dee Finch is the quieter straight man. Both are tall, dark and—well—handsome. Married, they often make up a social foursome with their wives. Either can do an excellent job on straight announcing if he chooses; both prefer the zany freedom of Anything Goes. Their record choices are good and the chatter—funny as it is—never replaces records.

The show is a consistently high-rated one in the New York area, easily the most competitive radio market in the world. In the program's three years it has gained listeners constantly—the only New York program to do so during the same morning time period.

Rayburn is a self-confessed ham who lets out his acting talents in mimicry on Anything Goes. He has an eight-year-old daughter, Lynn, and his wife is a former model.

Finch is married to his childhood sweetheart, Betty, whom he says he "rescued from the teaching profession."

# POETRY

## SWIMMING AT COLOMA California gold discovery site

The beaches at Coloma  
Gleam golden in the  
sun  
With tiny flecks of  
metal.  
Though almost anyone  
Will tell you these are  
fool's gold—  
The real no longer  
here—  
Still, they with eyes for  
seeing  
Can glimpse beside the  
clear  
Cool rush of mountain  
water,  
The men who searched  
for gold;  
And when the beaches  
empty  
Against the night, then  
old  
Ghosts, long done with  
violence,  
Stir in the golden air  
And small tired boys  
dream homeward  
With gold dust in their  
hair.

—Ruth F. Rockefeller

## FATE

Fate is a wanton jade:  
she binds her bright hair  
with ribboned rue  
and beckons with promises  
gone stale  
as old wine in a dingy  
glass . . .  
she juggles time  
and laughs her Rabelaisian  
laughter,  
she tells the heart to dare  
then turns away  
leaving heartbreak  
forever after.

—Alma Rohison Higbee

## PRISONERS OF THE MIND

Behind every smiling face,  
In the dim sub-cellars of  
the mind  
Lie fettered, skeleton-like  
figures  
Of unrequited loves and  
hidden desires.  
What a dolorous-looking  
company they are!  
Pitiful reminders of what  
might have been.  
There they lie; shackled  
by inhibitions;  
Fed on husks of affection  
Stolen in unguarded mo-  
ments.  
Still dormant they lie!  
Half living, half dead.  
At nights when the guards  
grow drowsy  
They knock on the door of  
dreams  
Begging to be released.

—Gladys Allen Cummings

# NOW



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

# SAVE \$3<sup>00</sup> A YEAR!

...treat yourself to a home  
permanent with what you save!



**EVERY TIME** you buy a Thrift-Pak, you get enough Listerine Tooth Paste to last the average family for a whole month. You get *two* regular 45¢ tubes for 59¢, a saving of over 30¢. Within a year the average family's *bound* to save as much as \$3 or more!

You're *sure* of Listerine Tooth Paste quality! As makers of Listerine Antiseptic, we would never put our name on a product that isn't top quality. There is no dentifrice you can buy that beats Listerine Tooth Paste for:

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

Only modern machinery, mass production, and more than sixty years of "know-how" make this low price Thrift-Pak possible.

Change to Listerine Tooth Paste in the new Thrift-Pak today, and that \$3 saving is yours to do what you want with. Lambert Pharmacal Co.

## ... UP TO 60% LESS TOOTH DECAY!

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

# NONSENSE AND

## LITTLE LEXICON—

If someone ups to you and says, "You're a *pusillanimous* person," either bust him one or burst into tears, according to your lights—pusillanimous means cowardly . . . If you have a *fractious* child, make sure he's not coming down with something—fractious means peevish, cross . . . To wives, husbands sometimes seem *ego-centric*—self-centered.

## O. HENRY SAID IT:

"A man asleep is certainly a sight to make angels weep. Now, a woman asleep you regard as different. No matter how she looks, you know it's better for all hands for her to be that way."

## Readers' Own Verse GENERALIZATION

Women with their intelligence,  
Their charm and social graces  
Are far superior to their husbands—  
Except in most cases!  
—May Richstone

## IT HAPPENED ON HOUSE PARTY—

*Small boy:* Do you know what a buccaneer is, Mr. Linkletter?

*Linkletter:* Well, I think I do, but I'm suspicious of the twinkle in your eye. Suppose you tell me—what is a buccaneer?

*Small boy:* Too much to poy for corn!

## GOT A WEDDING IN MIND?

If you have, you've probably got a few dozen questions in mind as well—like where do all those flowers come from, and who pays the freight. Mulling this over, I looked up that flower book of Lois's I've quoted before. Here are a few tips from One Who (now) Knows. . . . Flowers at church or home are furnished by the bride's parents. On the other hand, the groom buys the bride's bouquet—if he's got any sense he'll ask her what kind. Either the bride's family or the groom pays for the bridesmaids' bouquets.

## A FEUD WITH FOOD

(With apologies to Longfellow)

In days gone by, I'd break my fast  
At early hour, when night had passed,  
With ham and eggs. Now, breakfast dist  
Not ham nor bacon, fowl nor fish—  
Excelsior?

I little dreamed I'd learn to eat  
Dry shreds of oats or corn or wheat,  
Which, strangely, to my mem'ry brings  
Thoughts not of food, but other things—  
Excelsior!

—Robert Nelson

# SOME SENSE



By  
**ART LINKLETTER**

Art Linkletter emceeds  
House Party, M-F, 3:30  
P.M. EDT, CBS. Sponsor—  
Pillsbury Mills, Life With Linkletter is  
seen Fridays at 7:30  
P.M. EDT. ABC-TV.

**JUNE**—Umm! Smell those roses? Feel those breezes? There's absolutely nothing so rare as a day in June, unless possibly it's a day in July or August. What I'm getting at, I like summer. Summer is a lazy time. If, in winter, you lounge on the end of your spine, people give you dirty looks and go extra-busily about their business, or ask you if you don't feel well. But in the warmth of summer, if they find you supine, they simply murmur, "Getting some sun, eh?" in a bless-you-brother tone, flop down beside you. According to our guide, friend and philosopher, *The Old Farmer's Almanac*, "The skies will drool on many a fool," during the first ten days. (So what—you won't have to water the garden.) After that, some really lovely weather.

## ETERNAL FEMININE

You do not need to speak a word  
To tell me that your heart is stirred.  
When in the garden I would nap  
I find you nestling in my lap.  
You have the tantalizing flair  
Far getting me to stroke your hair.  
When other women I would greet  
You wrap yourself about my feet.  
Your eyes, like stars at dusk of day  
Haunt me, as we go our way.  
Seductive lass—I'll admit that  
But after all, you're just a cat!

—E. Fowler

## HOW ABOUT RE-READING THE AMERICAN'S CREED?

"I believe in the United States of America as a Government of the people, by the people, for the people; whose just powers are derived from the consent of the governed; a democracy in a republic; a sovereign Nation of many sovereign States; a perfect union, one and inseparable; established upon those principles of freedom, equality, justice and humanity for which American patriots sacrificed their lives and fortunes. I therefore believe it is my duty to my country to love it; to support its Constitution; to obey its laws; to respect its flag, and to defend it against all enemies.

## IF YOU VISIT PORTLAND, OREGON,

and chance to take a stroll through the park, it will be well for you to bear in mind that park-bench-sitting is strictly a co-ed pursuit in that city. There's a law which says that no man shall occupy a park bench unless accompanied by a lady!

# Are you in the know?



## Which flatters a chubby chassis?

- Slinky black
- Canary yellow
- Soft, cool colors

'Smagic—how a color can fool the eye. The right hue can pare down plumpness, help deflate a "spare tire." But don't think slinky black's the answer—('taint for teens). Also, avoid dazzling shades. Wear soft, cool colors like blue, green, violet, preferably in darker tones. And never let calendar-time discomfort deflate your poise. Choose *Kotex* for softness that *holds its shape*—because *Kotex* is made to stay soft while you wear it.



## To cure a "videot" should you try—

- The shack technique
- The absent treatment
- Humaning the guy

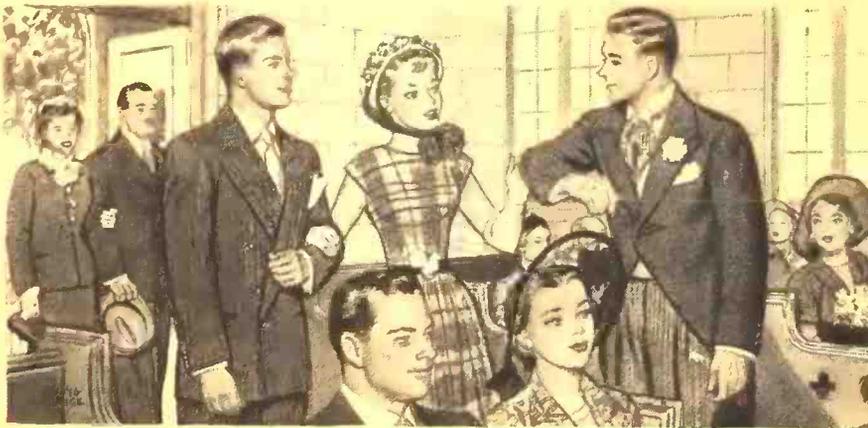
The lady's not for burning the midnight oil—with a fella who's in love with the family's T.V. set! So? Consider the shock technique. Black out the video; then meet Dreamboy at the door with a firm "shall we go?" It's worth a try! But it takes no effort at all, at certain times, to discover the 3 *absorbencies* of *Kotex* are well worth trying. With Regular, Junior, Super to choose from—you'll find one so-o-o right for you!



## If you're collarbone-conscious, what helps?

- Mermaid maneuvers
- Mare upholstery
- A library card

Got a lean-and-hollow-look around the collar? Adding "upholstery" helps—so eat hearty. Swim like crazy. And do this: Sit very straight, tummy pulled in. Hold a book in each hand, shoulder-height. Keeping elbows well back, slowly boost books toward ceiling, then slowly lower them—20 times daily. Even on "those" days, you can boost your *confidence*—with *Kotex*. For that special *safety center* gives you extra protection.



## When you and your squire attend a wedding, should you—

- Breeze up the aisle together
- Take the usher's arm
- Make it a threesome

Bewitched—and bewildered—by weddings? All that formality needn't panic you. For instance, when you arrive at the church and the usher offers his arm—take it, even if you've an escort. Your beau boy will follow you up the aisle. And if calendar

"trials" menace your poise, you can dismiss them if you let *Kotex* help. You'll learn there's just no need to quail at every casual glance, for as surely as those *flat pressed ends* prevent revealing outlines—*Kotex* can keep you blush-proof.

## Have you tried Delsey?

Delsey\* is the new bathroom tissue that's safer because it's softer. A product as superior as *Kotex* . . . a tissue as soft and absorbent as Kleenex.\* (We think that's the nicest compliment there is.)



## How to prepare for "certain" days?

- Circle your calendar
- Perk up your wardrobe
- Buy a new belt

Before "that" time, be ready! All 3 answers above can help. But to assure *extra comfort*, buy a new *Kotex* sanitary belt. Made with soft-stretch elastic—this strong, lightweight *Kotex* belt's non-twisting . . . non-curling. Stays flat even after many washings. *Dries* pronto! So don't wait till the last minute: buy a new *Kotex* belt *now*. (Why not buy two—for a *change*?)

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

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER



\*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

# Your help is wanted!

*The best possible programs, the  
best possible commercials—here's what you  
can do to help achieve this goal*

BY HORACE SCHWERIN  
*President, Schwerin Research Corp.*

*Schwerin review audiences see special screenings of commercials and programs.*



**T**HIS CAN happen any day to anyone. You're watching television or sitting by the radio. The program is boring and the commercial grates on your nerves. You change stations or turn the set off. You want to kick the sponsor in the seat of the pants and send all network executives off to a school for second-grade morons.

And perhaps your anger is justified. Perhaps enough work and thought didn't go into the preparation of the show. But the *(Continued on page 104)*

No matter what viewers think—Imogene Coca is not married to Sid Caesar! Here's what her own husband says about life with TV's funniest female

LET'S GET this minor mix-up straightened out once and for all, and get on to more important business: Imogene Coca is my wife. Not Sid Caesar's. Sid has a wife of his own, a very attractive one. We're perfectly satisfied—all four of us—with things just the way they are, thank you.

Not only is Imogene my wife, she's also—and who has a better right to speak as the voice of authority on this score than I?—one of the greatest comediennes of our time. And she is, in case you're one of those few people who hasn't yet come under the spell of NBC-TV's Saturday night *Your Show of Shows*, the small, mobile-faced, mobile-voiced lady who, sometimes in company of Sid Caesar, sometimes alone, makes you wonder why you've never before laughed quite so hard at the antics of anyone.

In private life, my wife is no clown. She's a gentle, soft-spoken, shy person, who wears neither funny hats nor funny faces. In fact, she's a most attractive woman when she lets her face assume its natural contours. Serious and considerate she is, too—but seldom without a sharp eye for ludicrous detail. Such as, "Our home is in the period of 'Great Expectations.'" says Imogene, tongue in cheek.

We've been married sixteen years, Imogene and I, and—outside working hours—we're a quiet, ordinary sort of home-loving couple. Usually, in the evening, we go home and stay home. Either or both of us prepare dinner, which can consist of almost anything—neither of us is hard to please—as long as it's flavored and highly-seasoned. After dinner we relax, read, watch television, play with the animals.

Contrary to a lot of rumors, we don't have (Continued on page 72)

*What's cooking?  
Imogene and Bob take turns at preparing dinner—it's first home, first into an apron.*

## She's my

BY  
ROBERT HURTON



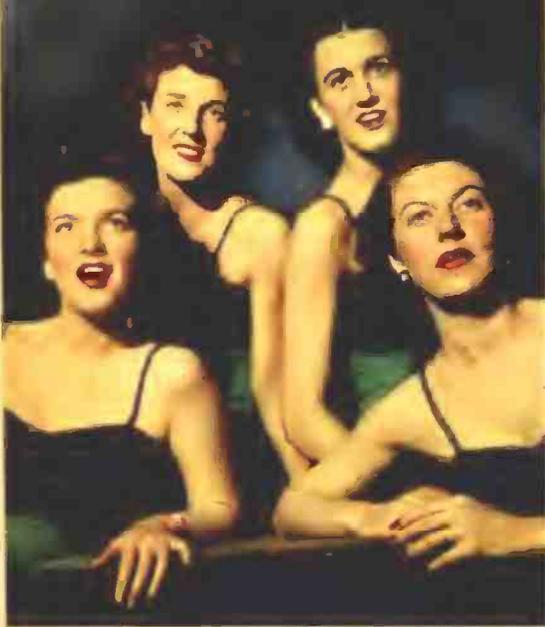


*"When we go home, we stay home," says Bob. Imogene's schedule makes other plans impossible. They read or play with the animals, and they even watch television—sometimes!*

*wife!*



*The wide-eyed, pixie expression was Imogene's even as a child, and this dancing school pose suggests some of the hilarious parodies she now does on the ballet. Special friends Ganser, the cat and Apri, the poodle (short for apricot!) occupy the magnificent two-room apartment with the Burtons. "Our home is in the period of 'Great Expectations,'" says Imogene.*



# Arthur and your friends

THERE'S a good-looking, spectacled young photographer whose tripods, flash bulbs and Rollie cameras are the only ones allowed within focusing distance of radio and TV's most photogenic red-head, Arthur Godfrey. The young man's name is Ozzie Sweet, and like most people to whom Arthur takes a shine, Ozzie is hard-working, modest and sincere. He has almost exclusive opportunity to record all the goings-on of Godfrey and his gang. "Everytime Arthur sees me with a camera, he'll say, 'Here comes trouble!' He says it in fun, of course, but he really doesn't like to pose. I just follow him around and shoot him as he is." Ozzie claims that Arthur is a photographer's dream. "His expressions are ever-changing and he has more of them than most people." From other than a professional viewpoint, Ozzie has an even higher opinion of Godfrey. "Arthur has good inner thoughts," says he. "I think he'll go down in history like Will Rogers—he'll be that much remembered as a personality. And that's not eyewash—I mean it sincerely!"

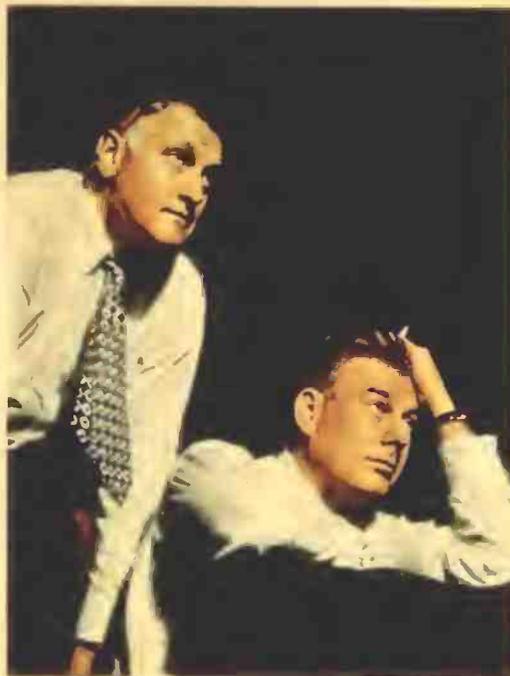
*The Chordettes (Jenny Osborn, Dottie Schwartz, Carol Hagedorn, Janet Erlet) were unaware of Ozzie's presence, thought they were only practicing for TV camera.*

*The Mariners (James Lewis, Tom Lockhard, Nat Dickerson, Martin Karl) also concentrated on the TV camera, giving Ozzie this magnetic and natural shot.*

*"The Godfrey gang is always glad to see you," says Ozzie, who made sure he wasn't seen when he snapped Jenny Osborn and Tony Marvin poring over the script.*

Arthur Godfrey And His Friends: on Wed., 8 P.M. EST, CBS-TV, sponsored by Toni, Pillsbury Mills, Chesterfields; on radio M-F, 10 A.M. EST, CBS, sponsored by Toni, Monarch, Lever Bros., Pillsbury, National Biscuit Co., Chesterfields. Talent Scouts is simulcast Mon., 8:30 P.M. EST, CBS, sponsored by Lipton's Tea.

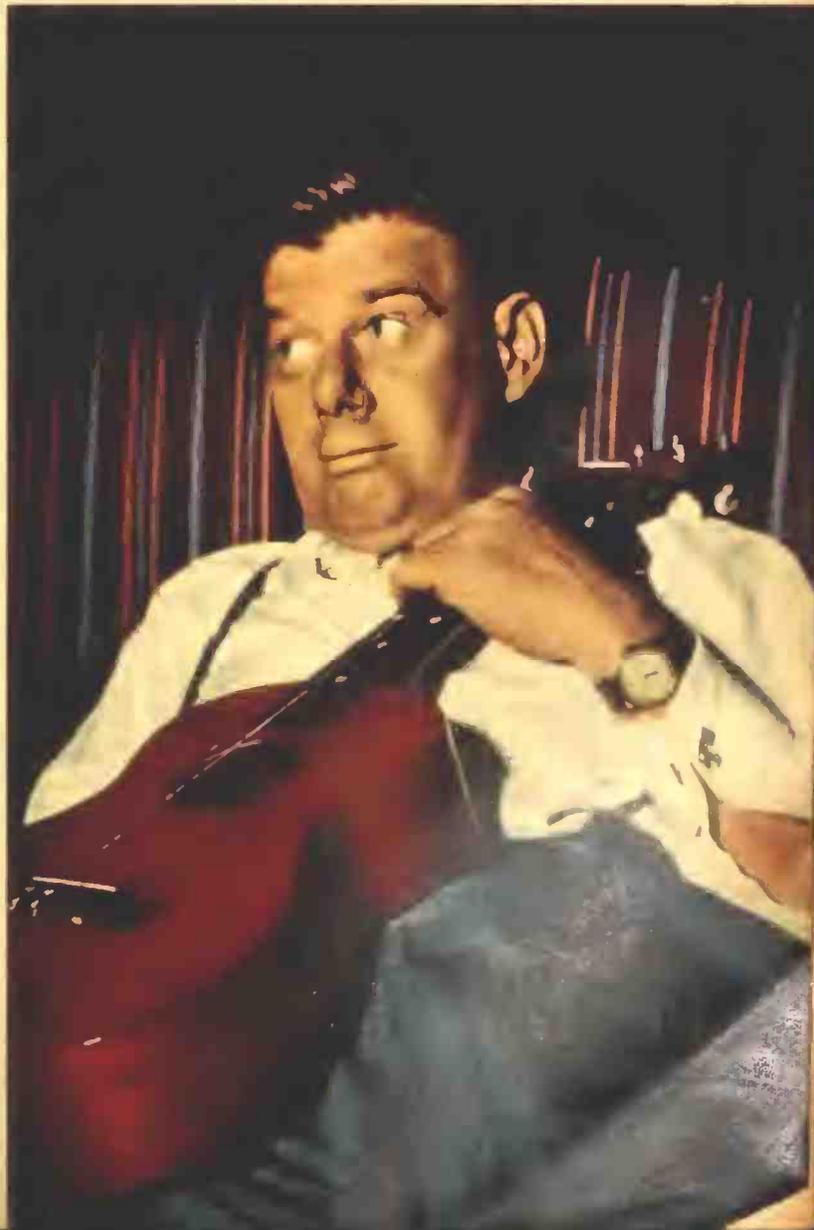
*In a candid mood, Arthur Godfrey's favorite*



*A glum Godfrey is a rare Godfrey, but the mood didn't last. He and producer Jack Carney ironed out the show's troublesome spot.*



*"Arthur's quite a shutterbug himself," says Ozzie. "Sometimes we sit down and have bull sessions on photography, or he'll say, 'Here's an idea, let's shoot it.'" At Friends' rehearsal, Ozzie caught Arthur joking with Janette Davis, checking with Archie Bleyer and, with uke in hand, watching show take shape.*



*photographer catches the gang*

# Millionaire McCoy *He wants*

BY DON ROSS

**I**T'S A good thing that Jack McCoy didn't live a hundred years ago . . .

Back in the mountains of Kentucky, along about that time, the McCoy's were feudin' with the Hatfields and the various members of the two clans were banging away at each other with their shootin' irons. To carry on such a feud properly requires, obviously, a certain amount of dislike toward the people one is shooting at. Jack McCoy doesn't dislike anybody. Nobody dislikes him, either.

Today's prominent McCoy, who's master of ceremonies on *Live Like a Millionaire*, heard daily on NBC, doesn't even know what caused the feud between his forebears and the neighboring Hatfields. And in more respects than his inability to dislike anyone, Jack is far different from those earlier McCoy's. Most of them were the traditional still-tendin', corn-cob-pipe-smokin' mountain gentry. Jack's one vice is ice cream, of which he consumes at least a quart a day. (He doesn't care what flavor it is, either, although he leans toward the exotic kinds, like almond-pistachio-anise blends.)

"Nobody who ever met Jack McCoy failed to like him," says John Nelson, his producer-announcer co-worker on *Live Like a Millionaire*. "That includes men, women and particularly children. The reason, I believe, is that he likes everybody and they all feel it—particularly the youngsters."

Perhaps nobody in the entertainment field has ever enjoyed his work more than Jack does. Although he's a bachelor, he's remarkably (Continued on page 82)

*Live Like A Millionaire*, with Jack McCoy, is heard Mondays-Fridays, 2:30 P.M. EDT, NBC. Sponsored by General Mills.

*It's the real McCoy—Jack's charm, that is. And no one's immune to it, not even his own mother. She visited show, sang a commercial.*



*everyone to live like an Astor—and if you have a lot of talent and a little child, you may very well find yourself doing that! This is about the man who makes it possible*



*Dressed in her best and bursting with excitement, little Sandy Laine told Jack all about her daddy, ventriloquist Rick Laine, who won on the day she brought him to Live Like A Millionaire.*



*Coloratura soprano  
Jean Dickenson is one of many  
reasons **The American  
Album of Familiar Music**  
has so long been  
a delight to listeners.*

# FAMILIAR MUSIC

*From the three B's to the high C's, from  
Stephen Foster to Richard Rodgers, you'll find a melody  
for every mood on radio's American Album*

**T**HE American Album of Familiar Music, radio's beloved Sunday evening feature, will this year begin its third decade on the air as one of the all-time musical favorites of millions of listeners. No other program so aptly lives up to its name. The American Album is the brain child of famous producer Frank Hummert, who feels that people like to listen to music that has become widely popular down through the years. Consequently a typical program will often include an aria from opera, a Strauss waltz and the latest popular hit. Featured artists are Thomas L. Thomas, Evelyn MacGregor, Margaret Daum, Jean Dickenson, Bertrand Hirsch, Arden and Arden and Gustave Haenschen. Requests from listeners often determine the program's repertoire and, chances are, you can't listen two Sundays in succession without hearing one of your own favorite pieces of music. First broadcast in October 1931, the program has combined topnotch singing talent and orchestral versatility ever since.

---

The American Album of Familiar Music, produced by Frank Hummert, is heard Sundays, 9:30 P.M. EDT, ABC. Sponsored by Bayer Aspirin and Phillips' Milk Of Magnesia.



*The American Album originates from New York's Elysee Theatre. Program's artists are contralto Evelyn MacGregor, soprano Margaret Daum, baritone Thomas L. Thomas and Jean Dickenson. Gustave Haenschen, conductor, is at the piano.*

*His nieces and his nephews,*

*his cousins*



by the dozens agree on one thing—*Miltie is king!* BY GLADYS HALL

## Everybody's uncle Miltie

**W**HY IS Miltie King? For what reason does television's Comedian Berle, crowded by cream-of-the-crop competition wear the ermine and the crown? Reason? *Reasons*—of which I may say, borrowing from Milton's favorite comedian, Schnozzle Durante, "I have a *million* of 'em!"

So many that where to begin is the problem which this troubled typewriter can solve only by jumping off in the middle and going on from there.

He is a dozen or more men, is Berle, Rex, rolled into one inexhaustible package marked "Explosive." He has, in his employ, a director and producer but sit through a Milton Berle rehearsal and you'll know that your Uncle Miltie directs and produces his own Texaco Show. He collaborates on the writing. He edits the script. He plans the guest stars, who they will be and when. He supervises the props. He makes many of the musical arrangements, especially the more unusual ones. He knows music. He'll say, during rehearsal, "It's a wood fill-in here, a brass fill-in there." He'll say "I think—may I make a suggestion?—the rhythm is a little slow." He'll kid his announcer "When you announce me on the show, 'Milton Berle, the People's Choice'—keep it down to a yell!"

To watch a Texaco Star Theater rehearsal is to need a rest cure when you leave the studio which hums like a bee-hive gone berserk, roars like a zoo at feeding time.

He's everywhere at once, is Miltie, on stage, standing on a chair in the orchestra, in the control room, crouched in front of

the monitor (he watches that monitor like a cat a mouse) and into everything—from being carried off-stage, piggy-back, by Martha Raye to delivering an appeal, with a throb in it, for the Heart Fund to singing the Texaco commercial with, or for the boys.

In one breath he'll be shouting, "I got to see some action, too static, standing still!" In the next he'll be telling current guest star Ethel Smith at the organ or Tony Martin at the mike, "You were great, darling." In common with Tallulah Bankhead he calls everybody, male or female, young or old, hot or cold "darling," and seems, unlike Taloo, to mean it. Or he'll be thoughtfully handing his musical conductor a paper cup of water. And in rehearsal, as on the show, he whistles, fingers in mouth, for attention to anything he has to say.

Over the luncheon table at Lindy's, his favorite eatery, Milton confided, "Vitality, I guess, and love of work, love of career, love of the business is what keeps the Texaco Show on top. And perfection, which is what I try for, strive for, sweat for. I'm easy to work for, *until*," Milton grinned, "*it is not done right*. Then I am not easy. Nor would I say of myself that I am a patient man. I was born—July 12, 1908—under the sign of cancer. Cancers are always on the go, are so-called perfectionists, itchy, inexhaustible and doubtless (*Continued on page 80*)

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The Texaco Star Theatre, with Milton Berle, is telecast on Tuesdays at 8:00 P.M., EDT, on NBC-TV. Sponsored by the Texas Company.





BY BETTY FURNESS

WHEN one of my best friends told me she was going to be married in June, I decided right away to give her a shower. I hadn't gone to one in ages, and Jean's engagement was an opportunity to combine the fine old custom of promoting a little "loot" for the bride-to-be and at the same time celebrating with a party. Actually, I knew the girls would all be wondering what to give her, and a shower would provide a clearing house for presents and avoid duplication.

I asked a couple of our mutual friends to help me decide on the kind, and we chose linens and lingerie. Some girls prefer kitchen showers, for instance, but I happened to know that Jean would have to start from scratch to stock a linen closet. And what girl doesn't welcome a little extra fancy lingerie for her trousseau?

I planned a one o'clock luncheon. Usually I like to limit lunch to not more than six, but this time I made it twelve, because let's face it, twelve presents are just twice as many as six. (The bride made the twelfth at table, but an absent friend sent the twelfth gift.) For an afternoon party, or a buffet lunch, I would have made the list even longer.

Someone suggested a surprise party, but I said a firm "no" to that. Personally, I don't like them. The guest of honor has to be snared for a specific time on a specific day and induced to dress her prettiest, and usually one of two things happens: Someone forgets and talks too freely, making her suspicious; or she is so wise about such things that she would be even more surprised if a party and presents weren't waiting when she arrived.

Another advantage this gave me was that I could consult her about the guest list. Did her fiance's sister live in town and would she like her included? Were there any other female relatives who should be asked? In this way I started the list with several names she suggested, the rest being our mutual friends. When (Continued on page 90)

**Chicken salad with  
sliced toasted almonds  
on pineapple rings**

**Black olive garnish**

**Melba toast**

**Currant jelly**

**Rainbow ice cream bowl**

**Fudge sauce**

**Petits fours**

**Coffee**

**Hot clam broth**

**Shrimp salad with capers**

**Lemon garnish**

**Toasted crackers butter**

**Rainbow ice cream bowl**

**Fudge sauce**

**Petits fours**

**Coffee**



*Pre-nuptial parties  
are in order—here's  
help from a famous  
hostess on how to  
plan a shower*

## All about brides

*Special Happy  
Bride Contest*

*anyone can enter—  
turn the page  
for details*



Betty Furness gives a Penthouse Party every Friday, 8:30 P.M. EDT, ABC-TV, sponsored by Best Foods, Inc. Betty is also seen on Success Story, Tuesday and Thursday, 2:15 P.M. EDT, ABC-TV. Sponsored by International Silverware Co.



## Happy Bride Contest

**H**ERE'S a complete description of the big top prizes in RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR's Happy Bride Contest!

**First Prize:** A full year's supply of all the products manufactured by Best Foods, Inc., as pictured on this page. This prize includes at least twelve of each of the fourteen Best Foods Products, many more of some of them. You'll get, for example, 24 quarts of Hellman's Real Mayonnaise; 96 pounds Nucoo; 36 boxes Presto Cake Flour; 12 each of Quick Oats and Old-Fashioned Oats, as well as jars of pickles, mustard with horseradish, Sandwich Spread, Tartar Sauce, regular and Old Homestead French dressing, two assortments of shoe polish, 20 Rit dyes. Approximate value, \$150.00.

**Second Prize:** Beautiful, complete 103-piece Anniversary Set of Rogers Bros. Silverplate in the lovely "Daffodil" Pattern. This is a full service for eight, comes in a wonderful wooden case. Approximate value, \$130.00.

**Third Prize:** Exquisite "Tyrolean" handbag, made of velvet, embroidered with pure gold and silver threads, handworked in India, put together in this country over a metal base. Approximate value, \$100.00.

**Fourth Prize:** A party dress by famous designer Ceil Chapman. The picture on this page shows one of her gowns, to give you an idea—but the dress which goes to the winner will be specially chosen for her, sent to her in her own size. Approximate value, \$75.00.

**Fifth Prize:** Like an extra servant in your kitchen—a Westinghouse Roaster-Oven. Approximate value, \$40.00.

**Sixth Prize:** A two-ounce bottle of exciting Number 9 French perfume by Leonid de Lescinskis. Approximate value, \$15.00.



## 6 Top Prizes

1. Year's Supply All Best Foods Products
2. 1847 Rogers Bros. Silverplate, 103 pieces
3. "Tyrolean" Embroidered Velvet Handbag
4. Ceil Chapman Party Gown, your size
5. Westinghouse Roaster Oven
6. Leonid de Lescinskis French Perfume



**More big prizes—in cash, this time!**

**Seventh Prize:** Our check for \$10.00 will go to the seventh-place entry.

**Eighth Prize:** Another check for \$10.00 to eighth-place winner.

**Ninth Prize:** A third \$10.00 check will go to ninth-place winner.

**Ten Runner-Up Prizes:** Checks for \$5.00 will go to each of the contestants submitting the ten next-best entries!

This is a simple, easy contest, one that any of you can enter, regardless of whether you're man or woman, married or unmarried, no matter what your age. All you have to do is follow directions printed below, read and carefully follow all contest rules listed at the right. Be sure to send along your name and address with your entry.

+ **13** cash prizes!

Here's all you have to do in order to enter the big RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR Happy Bride Contest:

Perhaps you know a girl who's going to be married in June. Or, even if you don't, you probably have some ideas about advice you'd give to a June bride that, if she followed it, would help to insure her a happy marriage. Can you put that advice of yours into one short rule? And can you fill in that rule in place of the blank line in this "advice to brides" verse?

If you would be a happy bride,  
Here's what you have to do:

.....  
That's my advice to you!

Easy, isn't it—because that third line you fill in doesn't even have to rhyme with any of the other lines! Now, think about your advice to a bride, then read and follow the contest rules at the right. You may win one of the exciting prizes!

**Happy Bride Contest Rules**

1. On a sheet of paper write your one-line advice to brides which makes the third line of the Happy Bride contest verse:

If you would be a happy bride,  
Here's what you have to do:

.....  
That's my advice to you!

You may copy the whole verse, filling in your line of advice, or you may simply put down your line of advice, whichever you prefer.

2. On the same piece of paper, tell us in fifty words or less about something you have done which made a party you gave a success. It doesn't have to be about a bridal shower—any kind of party will do. And it can concern anything to which you attribute the success of the party—a game you played, the menu you served, the decorations, prizes, some device you used to "break the ice," or anything else you think of, provided it happened, or was used, at a party you gave.

3. Fill out the coupon below and attach to your entry. Or, if you wish, you need not send the coupon, but be sure to give us *all* the information asked for on it.

4. Entries will be judged on interest, originality, and understanding of the contest.

5. All entries become the property of RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR Magazine, and none will be returned; the editors cannot undertake to enter into correspondence concerning this contest.

6. Editors of RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR Magazine and Betty Furness will be the sole judges of the contest; their decision will be final.

7. Mail your entry, plus the coupon below (or all the information requested on the coupon) attached to your entry, to Happy Bride Contest, P.O. Box 1513, Grand Central, New York 17, N. Y.

8. Entries must be postmarked no later than midnight, June 8, 1951. Winners will be notified by mail no later than Sept. 10, 1951; winners will also be announced in the October, 1951, issue of RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR Magazine.

YOUR NAME.....

STREET ADDRESS (or box).....

CITY..... STATE.....

(We need the following information in case you should win the fifth prize, the Ceil Chapman gown. Be sure to fill in these blanks.)

Dress size..... Age.....

Check one:

My coloring is blonde.....brunette.....redhead.....

*Our breathless cameraman barely keeps up with director Schaffner as he does a show on*

# Ford Theater

from  
start to  
finish

**G**LAMOROUS job, you think, being director of an important dramatic program on television? Well, yes, if glamour includes gruelling work, a rigid schedule, few meals at home, getting up at the crack of dawn and going to bed only when the last detail of planning and production has been settled to your satisfaction. This series of twelve photographs cover only the high spots of Franklin Schaffner's routine for putting on an hour-long drama every other week. He works with about a hundred people, puts in far more than the usual forty-hour week himself. Frank once yearned to be a lawyer but got started in summer stock and radio during college vacations, then joined the Navy. He came back in 1946 and became a director of documentary films. Television got him in 1948. He's thirty-one now, and one of TV's veteran directors.

Ford Theater is on the CBS-TV network every other Friday from 9 to 10 P.M. EDT. Sponsored by the Ford Motor Co.

*THE START: The script has been decided upon and the production meetings begin, with script editor Lois Jacoby, producer Werner Michel, the director, Franklin Schaffner, production manager Bob Peyson. Major problems are settled at this first meeting.*



*SETS: Director Schaffner and the set designer Al Ostrander have discussed the sets, and working models are now ready. With the associate director Dick Saunders (back to camera) they work out details for the large-scale sets to be used on show.*



*CASTING: The casting director, Marion Roberts, has sent out a call for actors to fit the roles, is ready to submit data on them to the director. To date, Ford Theater has used more than 550 players, ranging from unknown walk-ons to world-famous stars.*



*WAITING: In answer to calls, actors come in to read for roles. Receptionist Doris Chalmers signs them in, hands out scripts during waits. Although readings are held in the director's office in an informal atmosphere, it's the big chance for many.*



**READING:** Young actress reads for a part, while Saunders reads second part, and Frank listens. An actor may audition for one role, be found better for another one, sometimes is booked for a later date. Generally a star is cast without a reading in advance.



**BLOCKING:** Gray dawn finds Schaffner at work at home on floor plans. He gets up at five, brews coffee so as not to disturb wife Jean, blocks out the basic positions for actors, cameras and mike booms. All this paper work saves rehearsal time later.



**DRY RUN,** this rehearsal is called. It's done to test all facilities and find out whether the plans on paper actually work in the rehearsal studio. Walter Hampden and Dorothy Gish rehearse, while cameramen, directors wrestle technical problems.



**COMMERCIALS:** Ford Theater was the first sponsored dramatic show on TV. It began in October 1948 once a month, changed to every other week, has continued as a fortnightly program. Here the commercial writer Neil O'Brien confers with Frank.



**MUSIC CUES** are set by the director with orchestra conductor and arranger Ben Ludlow. Frank and Ben have conferred earlier and now Frank goes over the entire script with the full orchestra, marking script for entrance and exit cues, special themes.



**COSTUMES** may be period or modern, but every detail is supervised by the director and Grace Houston, in charge of the program's costuming. Here both are giving a final check to Mr. Hampden's jacket, after the make-up man has done his job.



**DINNER BREAK:** The dress rehearsal is over at 6:30, and the show airs at 9:00. Meantime, the cast dines and rests. Miss Gish takes her siesta on a prop sofa, and even the director takes time out from last-minute details for a few laughs to help clear the air.



**ON THE AIR:** Inside the control room all eyes are on three monitors, watching pictures fed by three different cameras, one of which is transmitted to your screen. Technicians, script girl, producer follow closely. Here is the finale of a fortnight's work.



*Nora is in love with Dr. Robert Sargent, and he with her. But between them and the happiness of marriage stands Dr. Sargent's troubled daughter*

**Nora  
Drake  
asks**

## **Should you marry against your child's wishes?**

**D**R. ROBERT SARGENT is a comparatively new member of the staff of Page Memorial Hospital. Because of her interest in his field—psychiatry—Nora Drake was assigned to assist him. Not long afterward they fell in love, and felt that they could make as successful a marriage partnership as they do a working team at the hospital.

However, Dr. Sargent has a daughter Grace, fourteen, high-strung and impressionable. Her mother, Dr. Sargent's divorced wife, is vindictive, resents the fact that Dr. Sargent's affections have been turned elsewhere. She has conducted an effective campaign to poison Grace's mind against her father and against Nora on the grounds that Nora has robbed the young girl of the love of her father.

Because he is a psychiatrist, the doctor recognizes the extreme emotional danger to his daughter were he to marry Nora. On the other hand, he is very much in love, wants to marry.

What do you think—in this case and in any case where a child objects to

the remarriage of one of its parents—is the right course of action? Is it unwise, unkind to remarry? Or do you think that the adult should take his or her happiness while that happiness is there for the taking, trusting that time will heal the breach with the child? What is your solution to this unfortunate situation?

---

RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR will purchase readers' answers to the question, "Should You Remarry Against Your Child's Wishes?" Writer of the best answer will be paid \$25.00; writers of the five next-best letters in answer to the question will each be sent checks for \$5.00.

What is your answer to this problem? State your reasons in a letter of no more than one hundred words and address it to Nora Drake, c/o RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. The editors will choose the best letter, basing choice on originality and understanding of the problem, and will purchase it for \$25.00. They will purchase five next-best answers at \$5.00 each. No letters will be returned; editors cannot enter into correspondence concerning them. Opinion of the editors will be final. Letters should be postmarked no later than June 1, 1951, and have this notice attached.

---

*Nora Drake and Robert Sargent of This Is Nora Drake, heard M-F at 2:30 P.M. EDT over CBS network stations; sponsor: The Toni Co.*

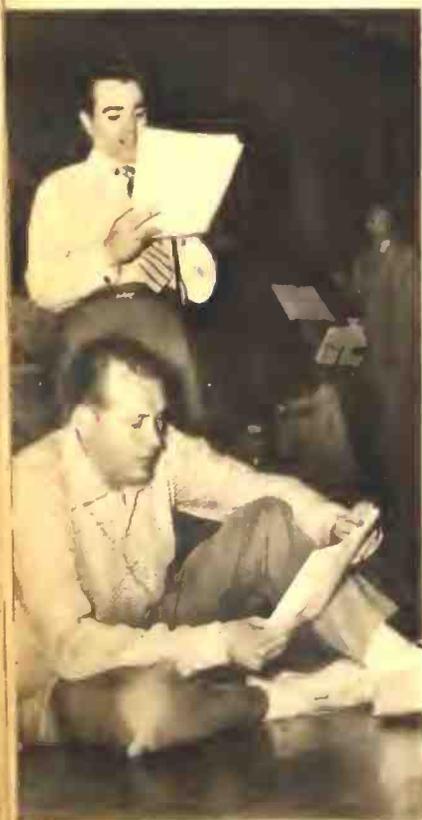


*A musical career that began at eleven with a beat-up trumpet has turned into one of television's smoothest half hours. Here's how it's all tied together melodically*

## *In the Monroe manner*

**T**O BEGIN with, a Vaughn Monroe TV program is all-request. Polls are taken at three different service bases every week, the songs getting the most votes being given the big-production treatment. Some favorites are repeated often, proving the Monroe crowd is resourceful at providing new musical arrangements, backgrounds and choreography. Right from the outset, when it started last October, the show has flowed smooth as honey. Maybe it was the experience from all those years of one-night stands with bands, going back to Vaughn's high school days. Maybe it was all the radio programs, and the personal appearances and the showmanship he learned along the way. Or perhaps it's the easy, rich Monroe baritone, the harmonizing of the Moon Maids and Moon Men, the way Shaye Cogan puts across her numbers, the dancing of Olga Suarez and the boys, and the over-all production job of Bill Stuart and Don Appell. The sum of all this makes a fast-moving mid-week musical interlude. Vaughn still does his radio show from a different service camp every Saturday night.

The Vaughn Monroe Show: Televised Tuesday 9 P.M. On radio Saturday 7:30 P.M. EDT. Both CBS shows sponsored by Camel Cigarettes.



*It isn't only in the movies that Monroe has a stand-in. He's a busy man and sometimes Stuart Foster, above, takes his place at rehearsal while Vaughn worries over scripts.*



*Vaughn and Shaye Cogan rehearse a number, left. Quick conference, above, director Appell; music men Adams, Hammett; Kay Spafford.*



*There's more to staging a musical TV show than waving a baton. Besides Vaughn's songs you'll be seeing some of the new Monroe dance routines.*

*Vocalist Shaye Cogan does a wedding number, appropriately costumed. Scene below is on stage of CBS-TV Town Theatre, during Mardi Gras finale.*

*Roxanne, Vaughn and Shaye, with the Moon Maids, Moon Men and chorus. You'll recognize dancers Suarez and De-Paolo, and Kenny Davis.*



BY HELEN BOLSTAD

JUST TO get the record straight and keep it that way, there is *not* a real-life Studs' Place, as in ABC-TV's show of that name. But there *is* a real-life Studs, and that's his name—Studs Terkel.

Besides using his own name on the show, Studs Terkel is different in many another way from the average star, just as Studs' Place is an out-of-the-ordinary kind of television program. Studs, for instance, reverses the usual audience-performer relationship. Instead of accepting as his due the plaudits of his viewers, he's a one-man fan club for humankind in general. As he puts it, he has "a strong case of hero worship for the average man."

As for the show, its variation from the ordinary run lies in the fact that it's unrehearsed in the usual sense of the word. The people of the Studs' Place cast simply decide in advance what they're going to talk about, what the central theme of the show—usually an average-person's problem and a workable solution for it—and then, when the program goes on the air, they just go ahead and talk! The idea is there beforehand, but the actual speeches the characters make are the (Continued on page 92)

Studs' Place is televised on Fridays, 10:30 P.M., EDT, on ABC-TV.

# Studs

of Studs' place



*Viewers feel that Studs' Place with its friendly informality could be any restaurant anywhere.*

*“What’s wrong with people liking each other?” asks the man who’s had no difficulty in becoming one of the best liked of all*



*Studs’ life at home is no more pretentious than at the Place. He helps Ida with the dishes, minds five year-old Danny . . .*



*. . . and Danny helps Daddy, or rather he pecks out his idea of what a story should be very seriously, too!*



*Studs’ Place: wall phone, checked cloths.*



*“It’s Ida’s willingness to sacrifice which has given us a good life together,” says Studs.*

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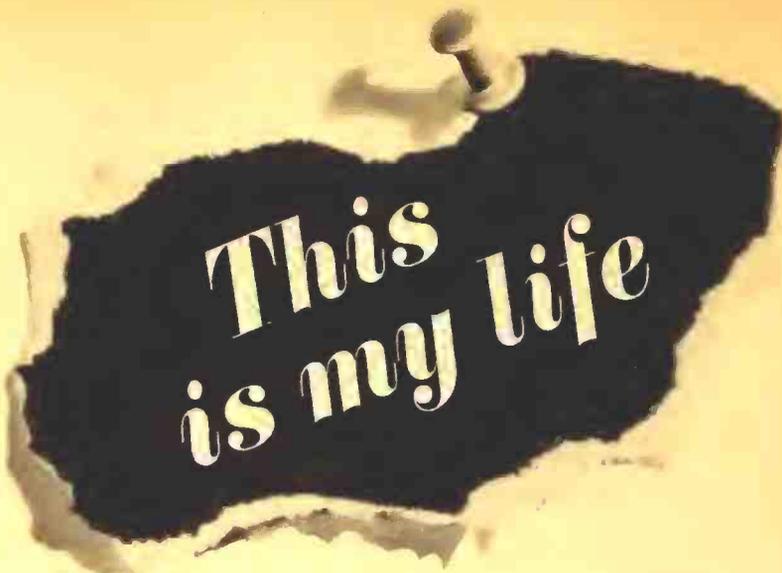
RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR

## *daytime fashions for you*

**H**ERE she comes, ready or not—summer, that is. If you haven't invested in cool, wonderful cottons—like those worn here by Anne Burr, who's Laurel in *Stella Dallas*—you're definitely not ready, for cottons are best bets for warm weather wearing. Cottons with good lines and detail are all-day everyday joys to you, to your budget. What's your guess about the price tag of the sundress shown in color? Expensive-looking, isn't it, with its schiffli-embroidered bodice set off with white lining, its self belt, its soft skirt with hip-interest pockets! An added attraction—matching jacket, not shown, has brief sleeves, buttoned front with low U-neckline to show off the embroidery even when the jacket is worn. In aqua, pink, lilac and navy in sizes 12-20, by Ann Taylor—and the price is under \$9.00! Summery-cool jewelry in blending tones is by Coro. On this page, a this-year's must for a young housewife—the Riviera Coat. As many-lived as a kitten, it can serve in turn as housecoat, brunch coat, beach wrap, and as a duster over simple sunback dresses. If you want, belt it—and presto, it's a daytime dress! It has a full, swinging back, two king-size patch pockets. Big and shiny buttons all down the front make it easy to get in and out of, a cinch to iron. Wonderful multi-colored stripes in sanforized chambray, by Tailortown. Sized small, medium, large; under \$9.00. Both dresses at stores on page 79.



*Stella Dallas* is heard M-F at 4:15 P.M., EDT, NBC; sponsored by Phillips' Toothpaste and Bayer Aspirin.



This  
is my life

*Kate shares with you her  
home, her friends, her beloved  
possessions—including her great  
grandmother's cherished recipes*

*I was not born* to the masonry canyons of a big city . . . I migrated. As far back as seventeen years ago I knew I would need to escape to the peace and quiet of the "open spaces." So, without further ado I set out to rectify the situation and managed to find a very comfortable, rustic farm house situated on a good-sized island at Lake Placid, New York.

*Even though "Camp Sunshine,"* as I call my Lake Placid home, cannot be classified as really Early American (it is just now celebrating its seventy-fifth year), it provides an excellent setting for my mania . . . antiques! I am the type of antique enthusiast who visits all the antique shows in New York and surrounding territory, and during the summer when I have a leisure day, my guests and I spend the time driving through the mountains in search of old treasures. I have furnished my home completely with authentic Early American antiques. But the collection I am most proud of is my Early Amer-

ican glassware—particularly my assortment of fine old pitchers.

*While I'm speaking* of antiques, I'd like to pass along my favorite cake recipe. Now don't misunderstand me, there's nothing stale about this cake—it's an antique merely because it was handed down through the family from my great-grandmother. It's a butter cake with chocolate icing, and it's simple to make!

*Cream together* one quarter pound of butter and cup and a half of sugar until very light in color. To this mixture add two whole eggs and the yolks of three additional eggs, saving the three whites for the icing. When thoroughly blended, alternately add two cups sifted flour, one cup of milk—saving a little flour and a little milk for later use—and mix well. To the flour you've saved, add two teaspoons of baking powder, plus a quarter teaspoon of salt. To the milk you've saved, add two teaspoons of your favorite flavoring. Now add the milk and flavoring to the cake mixture, and lastly fold in the flour-baking powder mixture. Grease and flour three eight-inch tins and pour mixture evenly in same. Bake in a 375° oven for twenty to thirty minutes. After twenty minutes (if the cake seems to be browning too quickly) reduce heat to 325. *Chocolate Icing:* Non-cook! Beat stiffly three egg whites (those you saved from the cake mixture) to which has been added a pinch of salt. To this, add one teaspoon of flavoring and fold in. Add three level tablespoons of cocoa, followed by the addition of enough sifted confectioners'

RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR **F** OR BETTER LIVING

sugar to achieve the proper consistency for spreading—about three cups.

**I love animals** . . . to the extent that my home is my dog's home! Which means that nothing is too good for my Freckles—chairs, couches, beds! But I do draw the line on chipmunks nibbling at my table linens, bedding, blankets, etc., when the house is closed for the winter. I met this problem by converting a small bedroom into what I call the "tin room. The floor, ceiling and walls are all lined in tin, even the most industrious chipmunk is stymied. When the house is in use, the "tin room" is converted into a combination dressing room-linen, closet.

**I had a problem** dining room. At one end of the room is a rather narrow jut-off with a beautiful stone fireplace, the effect of which was quite lost from the main part of the room. This we turned into a breakfast nook by adding chintz-covered benches on either side of the wall. The fireplace mantel makes a perfect display piece for my pitchers which I have been collecting for years. The room is now so cosy we spend many pleasant hours there.

**Camp Sunshine** faces the lake, and although there were many windows, folks could never utilize them. So I had a twenty-foot window seat installed. It runs the full length of the room. During our leisure moments, my guests and I stitched up gay chintz-covered pads to add to the beauty and comfort of the window seats. We also made drapes and great big soft pillows of the same fabric, creating a wonderful cheery atmosphere. And now everyone (from the smallest guests to the assorted animals) can look out and enjoy the lake view.

---

The Kate Smith Hour: every Monday through Friday, 4 P.M. EDT, over NBC-TV stations; participating sponsors. Kate Smith Speaks: M-F, 12 Noon EDT. MBS.

BY KATE  
SMITH



*Kate's homemaking talents find their greatest outlet in her Adirondack Mountain summer home. Here Kate has all the time she wants for the cooking she loves so well and here, too, she can keep an eye on her 2,000 piece American antique collection.*





Five years ago, when Bette Lou and Ken were married, she was only seventeen. They've been happy years, with Bette Lou primarily interested in being a wife and only secondarily in acting—although she sometimes appears on the Ken Murray Show. More often, she's behind-the-scenes help, working with Ken on scripts, listening to him “talk out” gags, answering fan mail. The rest of the time she keeps house—and loves it!



# My husband, Ken Murray

*He lives his work, he loves his work. But there are times in every man's life—  
even a TV star's—when home and hearth are most important of all*

BY BETTE LOU MURRAY

**K**EN and I were married on December 1, 1948, at the old and beautiful Riverside Mission Inn in Riverside, California. I wore a blue suit and the traditional happy-bride smile. Ken also wore a blue suit—and cried like a baby . . .

It was a small and quiet wedding. Our only guests were members of the family and intimate friends. (Van Heflin, for instance, who drove all the way down from Hollywood to be with us. We hadn't expected him but, "I wouldn't have missed this," Van said, "for anything.") When, at the end of the service, the minister whispered to Ken, "Kiss the bride," my bridegroom obeyed, with the tears just streaming down his face!

Ken always cries at weddings. And when he sees the flag go by. When he hears old songs. Or when he sings them himself. At sad scenes in the movies. At anything and everything designed to tug at the heartstrings. And sentimental? Why, he saves everything—all my cards, all my letters. Even telegrams.

In Ken's softer moments, I (Continued on page 78)



*Ken likes boiled beef and horseradish sauce, old records, disc jockeys, soap operas, Westerns—and people in general. "He's got to know everything about everybody," confesses Bette Lou. "Yet he's a little bashful, too!"*

Special  
section on the  
**KEN**  
**MURRAY**  
television  
show

*The Murray show, all miraculously balanced on Ken's cigar,*



# Why worry- see Murray!

BY HARVEY BULLOCK



Murray re Rosie: "You gotta give that bear a hand."

*Unique feature of the mostly comic Ken Murray Show is the serious dramatic sketch. Here Ken checks island scene where Frances Langford and Jon Hall enact a touching story of death among the people of Bikini.*



has never been upset—except by the elephant who sat on Ken!



Glamourlovelies take the mystery from history; Darla sings to the entranced cops.

**N**EW YORK'S 39th street has two powerhouses. In the brick building at number 124 a mammoth generator surges electricity into the city's power lines, and fifty feet due east at number 119, a crew-cut, cigar-chewing dynamo makes that generator seem like a dead nickel battery. Ken Murray, comedian, writer, producer of the CBS Saturday night Ken Murray Show is a one-man mass of energy, in a class with Oak Ridge, Niagara Falls, young love, and Wheaties.

To confirm this impression, try dogging his footsteps on a typical day. One rehearsal day with Ken Murray, figured roughly at the current rate of exchange, is like spending the day handcuffed to Superman. Consider Saturday. A gross misnomer (although no one on the Murray show ever sat, sits, or sets the violent livelong day).

After a full week of rehearsals at CBS and planning, auditioning, and booking sessions in his fortieth floor office at the D'Arcy agency, Ken slams jauntily into the television theatre promptly at noon Saturday. Since the show is now in its second year, the *(Continued on page 87)*

Special  
section on the  
**KEN  
MURRAY**  
television  
show

The Ken Murray Show is telecast on Saturday evenings at 8 EDT, on CBS television stations. It is sponsored by the Anheuser-Busch Brewing Company.

# Delectable Darla

• Applause . . . an orchestra chord . . . and dynaglow spotlights sweep upstage to re-introduce winsome Darla Hood to millions of Saturday night TV viewers. Microphone booms arch into position, the director throws a cue, and her lilting voice swells into darkened

parlors and penthouses throughout the nation. On fluorescent screens from Maine to Malibu the pixie-like charm of her chestnut hair, large brown eyes, and pert little nose stir vague nostalgic recollections. Where did we fall under her spell before?

Keen eyes and ears will discover the secret. For Darla Hood, Ken Murray's versatile leading lady on the CBS-TV Ken Murray Show still is the appealing miss who stole America's affections all through the 1930's as the cuddly curly-haired sweetheart of Spanky, Alfalfa and Buckwheat in "Our Gang" comedies.

Now, at twenty, Darla is once again everybody's darling. But in the interim have been three careers which brought her first fame, then fear and loneliness, desperate loneliness, and finally story-book romance, love, and true happiness.

Her story could be written as a melody with major and minor chords, for music has been her mainstay. She started singing when just a tiny citizen of two. Her father, the local banker, was delighted and taught her all the words to "Looky, Looky, Looky, Here Comes Cooky" which she delivered with the great enthusiasm a two-year-old deems proper for cookies. Her mother, an accomplished amateur pianist, noticed a tone

rueness and clarity and foresaw a possible artistic (Continued on page 102)

Inveterate huddler, Ken welcomes ideas from all on the Murray-go-round staff. Over a snack at right, conductor Broekman proffers Grade "A" tips on tunes to Darla and Ken while below, director Herb Sussan backed by aides Rugue and Lubell tends to the script.



Dark glasses cut down potent radiation from both lights and lassies. Ken relaxes completely between the decorative Jean Marshall and Laurie Anders. "In this sandwich," he grins, "who watches the ham?"

Hollywood's Ambassador to New York, affable Ken has made his show the favorite of such visiting film folk as lovely songstress, Frances Langford.



Announcer Nelson Case talks freely at left, while below Ken explains to Rosie the bear that the muzzle is just to keep her from ad libbing. That night both their comedy sketch and her muzzle came off nicely.



## Can you write a joke for **Ken Murray?**

• The "cross-over joke" is a Murray institution. He uses several to start festivities each Saturday night. They're brief and simple, involving an exchange of remarks between Ken and characters crossing the stage.

Study the samples below, watch the program, and send your joke in. The winning cross-over joke submitted will be used by Ken on his program, and Ken will send the winner a big box of his personal cigars, one of his canes, a personally addressed recording of the joke being used, an honorary membership in the Gagwriters' Institute, and a \$25 U.S. Savings Bond. Writers of the five next-best jokes will receive \$5.00 each.

It's not difficult; check these samples:

**1: FIREMAN WALKS ACROSS STAGE  
VERY SLOWLY**

**KEN:** Don't tell me you're going to a fire?

**FIREMAN:** Yep, my favorite butcher shop is burning down right now.

**KEN:** Why don't you hurry?

**FIREMAN:** What for, I like my meat well done.

**2: GIRL CROSSES WEARING BATHING SUIT AND CARRYING FISHING ROD**

**KEN:** Isn't that kind of silly, going fishing in an outfit like that—what do you expect to catch?

**GIRL:** I don't know, but this is the way my mother caught my father.

Address your joke to:  
**KEN MURRAY JOKE CONTEST**

P. O. Box 1483  
Grand Central Station,  
New York 17, N. Y.

Typewrite or print plainly. All entries become the property of RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR and none can be returned. Editors cannot undertake to enter correspondence concerning this contest. Winner's name will be announced on the Ken Murray Show when it returns to the channels in September, and in a fall issue of RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR. Entries must be postmarked no later than June 15, 1951. Ken Murray and the editors of RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR will be the sole judges and Ken Murray reserves the right to edit the joke as he sees fit.

# Junior MIRROR



## Outdoor Quiz

By Bobby Benson

Here are some questions I put together that are kind of fun. Believe me, I'm not trying to prove how smart I am for frankly some of them stumped me first time I heard them, too.



I'll bet a lot of them would even make your teacher think twice. Let's see how well you can do.

1. Do snakes have ears? 2. Is there really a fish which utters cooing sounds like a pigeon? 3. What makes a rhinoceros so ill-tempered? 4. What animal uses its whiskers to find food? 5. What animal can move an object thirty-two times its own weight? 6. Which animal is the soundest sleeper? 7. Jim, one of our ranch hands, killed a puma, brown tiger, cougar, catamount, silver lion, purple panther, mountain screamer, mountain lion and American lion all with a single bullet. How did he do it?

## Answers

1. Snakes do have ears but the ears have no outside openings. Like fish, they hear mostly through vibrations. 2. It's a fact that the toadfish, found off our Atlantic coastline, really makes a noise like a pigeon. 3. Maybe this is just one of the reasons why the rhino is so unhappy but it's enough. Seems the animal is infested with parasites which consume about a gallon of its blood every twenty-four hours. 4. The seal uses its sensitive whiskers to poke around underwater cracks in ice to find fish. 5. It's a fact that the mole, a small underground animal, can move an object thirty-two times its own weight. 6. The weasel is the soundest sleeper. Frequently, a sleeping weasel can be grabbed by the head, feet or tail and swung around for quite a while before he wakes up. 7. Jim didn't have a magic bullet. All those different names are used for the same animal.

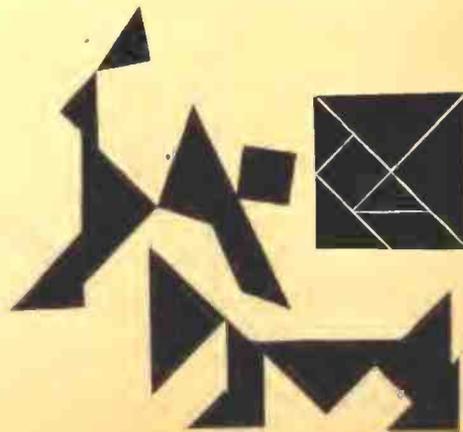
Bobby Benson is heard over Mutual at 3:30 P.M. on Sun., at 5:55 P.M. Tues. and Thurs. and at 5 P.M. on Sat.

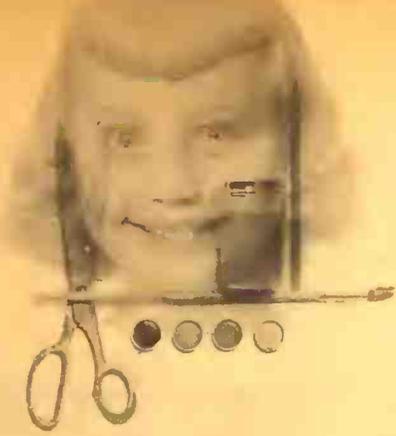
## Fun with cardboard

By Big Jon

You children who have enjoyed our songs and stories over the air will get a lot of pleasure out of this game. For thousands of years, oriental children have made figures of people and animals out of seven pieces of cardboard or wood. It's a great challenge to your imagination and a lot of fun to boot. The figures show how you and mother can scissor the shapes from a square piece of cardboard or your father might cut them from a piece of wood. Here we have made one dog and one little boy kicking a ball.

Big Jon is on No School Today, Sat., 9:00 A.M., EDT, and Big Jon and Sparky, M-F, 5:00 P.M., EDT, ABC.





## Adventure in Space

With Tom Corbett

1. In the Space Academy where Tom Corbett and his pals are training to become Solar Guards, Commander Arkwright, standing, briefs Captain Strong and the Cadets for a rocket flight. In their rocket ship, *Polaris*, Captain Strong and Tom Corbett intercept a strange call for help from weather station #5 on Mars but the call is broken off.

2. Strong and the Cadets make an emergency landing on Mars, dressed in their space suits. They discover the mysterious cosmic disturbances have shattered the airtight hut of Captain Bex, weather station operator.

3. They find Captain Bex nearly overcome by the deadly methane gas escaping from fissures in the ground. After difficulty they get Captain Bex into the cabin of the rocket ship.

4. The Cadets rush back to the control room for a hasty take-off realizing planetary convulsions may destroy their ship. A sudden upheaval throws the instruments off, in particular the all-important gravitational control. The cadets find themselves helplessly floating in mid-air.

5. In desperation, they decide to form a human chain and with Captain Strong as the pivot, they snakewhip Tom Corbett down to where he can reach the gravitational control switch. Then working quickly against further explosions, they get the *Polaris* back to Earth.

6. Now safely back from their mission the Cadets resume their studies, finding them dull labor after their thrilling adventures in space.

Tom Corbett, Space Cadet, is seen at 6:30 P.M., Monday, Wednesday and Friday over ABC-TV.

# Who's who

---

## **Eileen Barton**

At the advanced age of four, Eileen Barton first stepped before the footlights as one of the moppets with Ted Healey and His Gang. Today, as a recognized singing star, she now steps in front of the television camera, recently appearing as a guest on the Morton Downey show, Star of the Family.

Eileen toured for a year with the Healey troupe, but at her parents' request (themselves a vaudeville team) she returned to school. The urge to sing was strong, however, and she soon became a featured performer on radio kiddie shows, playing with such stars as Uncle Miltie Berle. Her real break as an adult singer came when Frank Sinatra picked her to sing on his radio show. That show, plus recordings like "If I Knew You Were Coming I'd Have Baked a Cake," have set her on the road to nation-wide popularity.



## **Carl King**

Way back in the early days of TV, Carl King arrived in New York with twelve dollars in his pocket and a portable typewriter in his hand. Today, as host on Captain Video, King's Crossroads and Mayfair House, Carl considers himself in a much sounder financial state.

Carl was launched into radio at the age of nine singing on the Kiddie Club in his home town of Atlanta. While studying law at college he again took radio jobs ranging from a Santa Claus with a southern accent to a disc jockey.

After working in Washington as emcee for nightclub radio shows he came to New York to sub for Alan Courtney on the 1280 Club. The job was supposed to last only six weeks, but Carl remained ten months. About that time he began doing TV short subjects. Narrations by King are still heard on TV films.



# in TV

## **Mary Sinclair**

Critics agree that one of the most notable shows on television today is CBS' Studio One, and an actress whose talents have won her many repeat performances on that show is Mary Sinclair.

Mary, a California girl, appeared in various little theater productions in that state. Coming to New York in 1944 to make her fortune in the "big city" she finally landed a job as a Conover model.

After some summer stock work, her acting ability was recognized by television scouts and she jumped into a starring role on the Studio One production of "The Dybbuk." Since then she has appeared in "The Scarlet Letter," "Jane Eyre," and "Little Women." Mary was recently signed to an exclusive contract with CBS-TV.

Married to theatrical producer George Abbott, she still finds time for her painting and sculpture hobbies.



## **David Street**

Take any angle of musical performance and David Street, now singing on Broadway Open House, has probably had a try at it.

While still in high school in Los Angeles, Dave started his own three-man vocal group which was booked at a local theater and later featured on radio.

A six-footer with dark brown hair, Dave looks so good on TV that he has been starred on Melody, Inc., Make Me Sing It, and Manhattan Penthouse.

Dave received good training for his present bout with Jerry Lester during the two years that he was a straightman-vocalist with Joan Davis. Besides radio appearances, he has made a score of records and played theaters all over the country. Then, just to round out his education, Dave directed the Bob Mitchell choir, played piano, bass, and drums with various dance bands.





*Are movie stars people?*

*Emcee Jay Stewart's lovely guest found only one answer to that question when she attended the gala Hollywood party she tells about here*

## *Party time*

• It's not everyone who visits Hollywood for the first time who has as royal a time as Mrs. Judy Coxen of Wichita Falls, Texas. A radio fan and a movie fan, Mrs. Coxen was able to indulge both tastes at first hand in the California entertainment capital. As a



guest at Carnation Family Party

(formerly heard Sat., 10 A.M. EDT, CBS), Mrs. Coxen was

picked by its emcee, Jay Stewart, for one of his "prove it"

questions: Are movie stars people? Proving grounds was the Crystal Room of the Beverly Hills Hotel; the occasion was *Photoplay Magazine's* seventh annual awards dinner. There Mrs. Coxen met (1) Esther Williams—"She's

so, well, pretty!" (2) Farley Granger and Shelley Winters—"Mr. Stewart and

I had our picture taken with them. Hymie Fink (RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR

photographer) was so nice. He said he'd hold my hand if I was nervous." (3)

Bette Davis—"Do you know what she said to me!—

I was standing up and she was sitting down—"You can sit on my lap,' she said. I didn't want to because she's so tiny.

She must have known (Continued on page 77)



# She's Engaged!

A gala party on Christmas Eve announced the engagement of Martha Ann ("Teka") Osborne to Bronson C. Rumsey, Jr. Both are from prominent Savannah families. Their wedding this summer will be held at historic old St. John's Church—with a bevy of eight charming bridesmaids, and Teka looking a serenely radiant bride!

# She's Lovely!

Martha's darling face lets you see at once the charm of her Inner Self. A winning sweetness looks out from her soft blue eyes. Her cloud of dark brown hair sets off dramatically her exquisitely clear, soft complexion. No wonder you feel so attracted to Teka the instant you meet her.

# She uses Pond's!

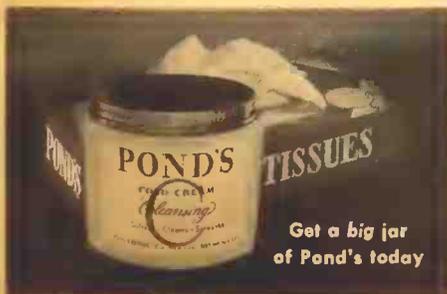


MARTHA ANN OSBORNE

Her complexion has the velvet-soft look and smooth texture of a magnolia blossom

“Knowing you look your best gives you poise”

MARTHA SAYS



Start now to help your face show a lovelier You!

Isn't it a wonderful feeling—the confidence that comes when you look your prettiest?

Martha feels the first rule of loveliness for every girl's face is *fastidiously clean* skin. Her own complexion is beautiful. "I cream it with Pond's Cold Cream," she says. "Pond's leaves my face feeling *grand* and soft. And since it's *cream cleansing*, it's never drying."

Every night (for day face cleansings, too) cream your face with Pond's Cold Cream as Martha does. *This is the way:*

- Hot Stimulation**—a quick hot water splash.
- Cream Cleanse**—swirl Pond's Cold Cream over face and throat to soften dirt and make-up, sweep them from pore openings. Tissue off.
- Cream Rinse**—more Pond's, to rinse off last traces of dirt, leave skin *immaculate*. Tissue off.
- Cold Stimulation**—a tonic cold water splash.

Doesn't your skin look *alive*, refreshed, and feel soft and *beautifully clean*?

It's not vanity to help your face look lovely. Look your best and a sparkling confidence floods out from the You within —attracts others to you on sight!

R  
M

# Big audience for the Bard

FOR THREE and a half centuries, the loves, hates and intrigues of William Shakespeare's "Hamlet" have reached audiences of varying sizes and types. But it's certain that no one audience, from Elizabethan Englishmen at the Globe Theatre opening night to twentieth century teen-agers sitting in American movie houses on instructions from their English teachers, has been as huge or as diverse as the one which tuned in on Theatre Guild On The Air's recent presentation. The size of the audience (fifteen million) was not the only record-breaker—its length (an hour-and-a-half) marked it as the longest single presentation of Hamlet on the air in America. John Gielgud, who has sent the Dane's familiar soliloquies across many a stage, adapted the play from the five-and-a-half-hour script Shakespeare wrote to the ninety minutes (with commercials) in, reportedly, thirty minutes.

Playing Ophelia to Mr. Gielgud's Hamlet was the piquantly pretty Dorothy McGuire. The Queen was lovely, long-haired Pamela Brown from England. Berry Kroeger, a magnificently villainous Claudius, reversed the role he plays on Young Dr. Malone—Sam Williams, the easy-going, middle-aged, unrequited lover of Anne Malone.

Theatre Guild On The Air is heard Sun., 8:30 P.M. EDT, NBC. Sponsored by U. S. Steel.



*Soundman Wes Conant sought a dual duel, shuffled his own feet during the Hamlet-Laertes encounter. John Gielgud and Pamela Brown, here with Norman Brokenshire, juggled the centuries to play Shakespeare. They'd been appearing in a Broadway play with a medieval setting.*



*Undisturbed by reports of her death, Ophelia (Dorothy McGuire) listens to musical director Hal Levey's dirge.*



*TV or not TV, the exciting events at Elsinore reach a record crowd*



*"Be Lux Lovely  
all over!"*

says RUTH ROMAN

"My Lux beauty bath leaves my skin so smooth, so fragrant!"

"I love my daily Lux beauty bath," says Ruth Roman. "It's so luxurious—leaves my skin exquisitely fresh and smooth."

There's wonderful new luxury in the Lux bath-size cake! See for yourself how abundant the rich *active* lather is, even in hardest water.

A daily Lux Soap beauty bath makes you *sure* of skin that's fresh and sweet. You'll love the delicate perfume that *clings*.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars  
use Lux Toilet Soap

LUX  
TOILET SOAP  
Bath Size

Ruth  
Roman

CO-STARRING IN

"STRANGERS ON A TRAIN"

A WARNER BROS. PRODUCTION

LUX  
TOILET SOAP  
Bath Size

for your Beauty Bath

## SHE'S MY WIFE

(Continued from page 31) a country house, a city house, a villa on the Riviera, a cabin in the Maine woods, or any of the like. We do have a two-room apartment in Manhattan's east eighties.

The building is one of William Randolph Hearst's former mansions. As you probably know, Mr. Hearst always did things in a big way, often dismantling whole castles for piece-meal shipment to the states. And so, our apartment is elaborate—although we didn't have anything nearly so imposing in mind when we went house-hunting.

"We want a two-room apartment," Imogene had told the renting agent. "Something comfortable but compact. Sort of peasant style." Imogene's voice must have trailed off to a whisper—it does, sometimes, for she's more than ordinarily shy. At least, if the agent heard her he paid no attention, and we found ourselves ushered into a lavish one-room apartment.

THE FOYER is floored in white marble with ornate, carved wood spiraling up the walls, and furnished in spidery iron furniture. And the room of rooms once Mr. Hearst's music salon, has all the compactness of a basketball court. It's about thirty-three feet square, with a ceiling much too high to estimate. On a clear day Imogene claims the Pan American Clipper passes across the ceiling on its approach to LaGuardia Field. A huge chandelier of real Waterford glass hangs over the center of the room and if you stand on a chair and nudge the chandelier you get a series of musical tinkles that belong in fairy tales. There is a fireplace large enough to stage the Saturday night show.

"There is another one-room apartment that connects to this," we were informed by the renting agent. "You could have it for a bedroom."

We said no. There was quite enough space in the big room. However, after we moved in, we discovered the walls were not as soundproof as you might expect. We could hear prospective tenants whispering in the next room when the agent showed them around. So we decided that in order to allow ourselves the freedom of playing the radio or sounding off whenever we wished without disturbing neighbors, we had better take the adjoining apartment.

Actually, we don't spend as much time at home as you might think. For the big Saturday night Show, we work six days a week. An average day for Imogene starts at eight. After dressing and a breakfast of coffee only, she gets to rehearsal at ten sharp. From Monday morning until Saturday night's performance, she and Sid Caesar—along with producers, musicians, the cast, writers and arrangers, which includes me—work over the script and ideas for sketches. Seldom does Imogene knock off until seven-thirty in the evening. If we get through at six-thirty, we consider ourselves lucky.

The theater is our main interest but there isn't time to make an eight-thirty curtain when you have only an hour to eat and dress, especially when you are beat right down to the ground by fatigue. And as Imogene knows, people expect her to be "dressed" when she goes out. Not in the sense of being extremely fashionable but at

least a fresh change after a day's work. As a result, we usually go straight home and stay there.

Imogene likes to read magazines and mysteries because they require so little concentration. She relaxes at the huge concert piano and, of course, there are the pets. At the moment, we have a French Apricot Poodle, a Red Persian Cat, a turtle and a Budgie bird.

"Apri, the poodle, has delusions of being a real woman," Imogene will tell you. "And she has to be treated like a sensitive one."

When guests come into the house, Apri looks them over with the fine scrutiny of a hotel clerk. She walks up to a person's chair and stares until she has quite made up her mind about what's going on. If she doesn't get enough attention, Apri climbs into a chair and sulks.

The little Budgie bird, a kind of parakeet, we picked up on our vacation in Florida. You may remember two Saturday nights in February when Imogene and Sid Caesar were absent from the show. They had earned a well-needed vacation. The last vacation Imogene had was a mere five days last summer, sandwiched in between summer stock. We were at Fire Island but it didn't do Imogene much good.

"I could hear the clock ticking away all the time, telling me that having nothing to do was just an illusion," Imogene recalls. "We just didn't relax at all."

But we did make our trip to Florida count. We caught a train for Miami after our Saturday night show and arranged to have a rented car waiting for us so we could drive up the coast and find a nice, isolated place on the beach.

We arrived in Miami, the four of us, and found the car waiting. We then drove north along the shore looking for a quiet, secluded spot. Just about evening we hit Boca Raton. There we saw just what we wanted, a small cottage on a private beach with nothing moving but the surf and the only other company, a fat moon.

"And now I'm going to do nothing but sleep, swim and sit on the sundeck," Imogene promised.

ONE OTHER thing we did, too, was to catch up on the daytime serials. Both of us are steady fans of Wendy Warren, Rosemary and Ma Perkins. In our apartment we have four radios, one each for the bedroom, bathroom, living room and kitchen. Sometimes when I have to run back to the apartment for a couple of hours during the day, I'm sure of one question from Imogene when we meet again. The question is usually, "How's Ma Perkins doing?"

We have a television set, of course, which we get to use in the evening. You can guess which show is my favorite. Imogene's are Kukla, Fran and Ollie, Open House and Jimmy Durante. Far too often we miss seeing them—but we're always missing something.

Living with your work so much may sound horrible but both of us have been accustomed to it since birth. Our parents, in both cases, were show people. Her father, of Spanish extraction which accounts for Imogene's surname, was an orchestra leader and her mother was Sadie Brady who ran away from home to join

the troupe of Thurston, the well-known magician.

Imogene began taking piano, singing and dancing lessons when her head barely topped a piano stool. At fourteen she was a full-time trouser herself. A few years later, she headed for Broadway. She went through the starvation-frustration routine of most stage struck girls. When her break came it was in a revue called "Shoot the Works" produced by the late beloved Heywood Brown.

FUNNY thing at this time was that Imogene had never thought of being a comedienne. She wanted to sing and play straight dramatic parts. It was in the '30s that a cold draft changed the direction of her career. She was rehearsing for a revue called "New Faces" when she began to feel chilly backstage. She borrowed a polo coat from another "new face," Henry Fonda, and began clowning around the stage in one of her now famous dance parodies. The producer thought it was hilarious, put it in the show, and Imogene was a success.

We had never met up to this time, although we both worked for the same producer. I was acting in a showboat revue and came to a matinee of "New Faces." I was struck immediately by Imogene but didn't fully realize it until I saw her on the street one day. She was looking in a shop window and I was standing on the opposite corner.

I stared impolitely and said to myself, "That's the kind of girl I want to marry." But I waited for a formal introduction.

It came shortly afterwards in our producer's office, where we were auditioning new songs. By the time we got back to her Greenwich Village apartment, where Imogene lived with her mother, we were holding hands. That same fall we worked together in a new musical. It ran only two weeks but we kept going. The Monday we collected our final pay, the only money we had, I proposed. And we were married that night.

Of course, a lot of people believe that Sid is Imogene's actual husband. People who see him out with his beautiful wife frequently give him the dirty look usually reserved for philanderers. Poor Sid. He's a great friend but we don't see much of him socially. He keeps the same long hours as Imogene and his home is outside Manhattan. Many nights he gets home too late to see his little daughter.

Please don't misunderstand and think that Imogene or any of us gripe about the work that goes into a television show. Imogene thinks it's the best medium she has ever worked in.

It's true—Imogene may come home from work too tired to enjoy one of those highly spiced meals. She may not get much use out of the tailored but very feminine party dresses she so carefully selects. She may find Apri sulking for a lack of attention—me, too, occasionally. But she loves television and for a good reason.

"When I meet people who watch the show, they're such nice people," she explains. "They feel right at home with me as if I were a life-long friend. It gives me the most wonderful feeling of warmth. Actually their sincerity and friendship is many times worth the work and sacrifice of show business."

Sunday



## Program highlights in television viewing

MAY 11TH—JUNE 10TH, NEW YORK CITY AND SUBURBS

**4:00 P.M. Channel 4 Meet the Press**

An explosive press conference as top reporters fire questions at leading news personalities. Martha Rountree moderates.

**5:00 P.M. Channel 7 Super Circus**

Real, exciting circus acts with Claude Kirchner, buoyant ringmaster who was a barker for many years, and dimple-kneed Mary Hartline.

**5:00 P.M. Channel 4 Gabby Hayes Show**

True tales of adventure from American history with Gabby Hayes. Gabby's beard is real but he's a professional actor, born in New York in 1885.

**7:00 P.M. Channel 7 Paul Whiteman Revue**

A grand musical extravaganza with "Pops" as impresario. Pert Maureen Cannon and baritone Earl Wrightson are regulars along with the Ray Porter Chorus plus a great guest singing star.

**7:00 P.M. Channel 2 This is Show Business**

Pungent Clifton Fadiman oversees the panel: dramatist George S. Kaufman, comedian Abe Burrows and other erudite experts.

**7:30 P.M. Channel 4 The Aldrich Family**

Family comedy in Centerville with Henry played by red-headed Dick Tyler, model for the current Boy Scout calendar; Jack Kelk as Homer.

**8:00 P.M. Channel 2 Toast of the Town**

New York born Ed Sullivan, whose career began as a sportswriter, presents top-flight variety along with the "Toastettes" and Ray Bloch's orchestra.

**8:00 P.M. Channel 4 Comedy Hour**

Laugh-loaded, lavish productions with great comedians rotating each week: May 13th, TBA; May 20th, Eddie Cantor; May 27th, Martin and Lewis; June 3rd, TBA; June 10th, Bob Hope.

**9:00 P.M. Channel 2 Fred Waring Show**

A beautiful blending of dance, narration and the distinct musical styling of Fred and his aggregation of Pennsylvanians, including Jane Wilson, Joanne Wheatley, Daisy Bernier, Joe Marine, Nadine Gae, Stuart Churchill, fifty-eight others.

**9:00 P.M. Channel 4 Philco Playhouse**

Acclaimed TV drama, adapted from hit plays and best-selling novels, under the deft direction of Gordon Duff, a veteran of 15 years theater work.

**10:00 P.M. Channel 2 Celebrity Time**

Conrad Nagel, whose first acting job paid \$5 a week in a show starring Fay Bainter, referees a novel, interesting "battle of the sexes."

**10:00 P.M. Channel 4 Garroway at Large**

Mr. G's mirthful melange of camera magic with baritone Jack Haskell, vocal-lovelies Connie Russell and Betty Chapel, comic Cliff Norton.

**10:30 P.M. Channel 2 What's My Line?**

Urbane John Daly, born in Johannesburg, South Africa, 37 years ago, is moderator on this guess-your-occupation show. Rotating panelists: Louis Untermeyer, poet; Dorothy Kilgallen, columnist; Hal Block, comedy writer; TV's Arlene Francis.

**Monday**

- 1:30 P.M. Channel 2 Garry Moore Show**  
Mr. M. his crew haircut and elfin smile, featuring ranch-raised Ken Carson, delovely Denise Lor and straight-man announcer Durward Kirby. (M-F)
- 2:30 P.M. Channel 2 First Hundred Years**  
Newlyweds Jimmy Lydon and Olive Stacey experience growing pains of young love. (M-F)
- 3:00 P.M. Channel 4 Miss Susan**  
Susan Peters, confined to a wheelchair since a hunting accident several years ago, portrays a young paraplegic lawyer. (M-F)
- 3:30 P.M. Channel 2 Fashion Magic**  
Budget and high-style fashions are presented, plus interviews with their designers. (M-F)
- 3:30 P.M. Channel 4 Bert Parks Show**  
Romping, rollicking B.P., one-time protege of Eddie Cantor, sings and clowns in musical variety featuring Betty Ann Grove. (M, W & F)
- 4:00 P.M. Channel 4 Kate Smith Hour**  
America's first lady of the ballad, 20 years a beloved radio celebrity, with songs of today and yesteryear. Ted Collins interviews guests. (M-F)
- 5:30 P.M. Channel 4 Howdy Duddy**  
Friendly, sweet Howdy and his other puppet friends. Creator Bob Smith, who actually is not a ventriloquist, must stay out of camera's range when talking for his imaginary people. (M-F)
- 7:00 P.M. Channel 4 Kukla, Fran and Ollie**  
The young in heart and the young in years love this fanciful puppet world guided by puppeteer Burr Tillstrom, featuring Fran Allison. (M-F)
- 7:30 P.M. Channel 4 Mohawk Showroom**  
Roberta Quinlan, whose TV career began in England, is the singing hostess. (M, W & F)
- 7:45 P.M. Channel 4 News Caravan**  
Ace news reporter, John Cameron Swayze, whose earliest ambition was to be an actor, reports on the day's events with late newsreels. (M-F)
- 8:00 P.M. Channel 2 Lux TV Theatre**  
Unusual stories of romance and adventure cast with outstanding stars of Hollywood, Broadway.
- 8:30 P.M. Channel 2 Talent Scouts**  
Godfrey, who learned to play the uke from a Hawaiian shipmate at Naval School, gives accomplished newcomers a chance at TV stardom.
- 9:00 P.M. Channel 2 Horace Heidt**  
Horace, now on a two-month overseas tour of army outposts, presents his youth opportunity program.
- 9:30 P.M. Channel 2 The Goldbergs**  
The universally popular Bronx family with writer Gertrude Berg in the role of Molly.
- 9:30 P.M. Channel 4 Robert Montgomery Presents**  
The noted screen actor-director, who lives on upstate N. Y. farm, is host to star-cast plays. Bi-weekly: May 21 & June 4. Alternating with—  
**Somerset Maugham Theatre**  
The distinguished British writer introduces adaptations of his own best stories: May 14 & 28.
- 10:00 P.M. Channel 2 Studio One**  
Praiseworthy dramatic series directed by Worthington C. Miner, who has staged more than 27 successful plays and shows on Broadway.

**Tuesday**

- 7:30 P.M. Channel 4 The Little Show**  
An intimate musical program with John Conte of Broadway and Hollywood as host. Features John's baritone and comment, plus the Jessie Bradley Trio, John Conte has appeared in such hits as "Allegro" and "Carousel." (T-Th)
- 7:30 P.M. Channel 7 Beulah**  
Family comedy focused on housekeeper Beulah, played by 50-year-old Ethel Waters, one of America's great actresses, with Butterfly McQueen, William Post, Jr., Ginger Jones, Percy Harris and Clifford Sales as her friends and "family."
- 7:45 P.M. Channel 2 Perry Como**  
The handsome star, assisted by the Fontane Sisters, sings romantic ballads. Perry, father of two, met his wife at a picnic when fourteen. (M, W & F)
- 7:45 P.M. Channel 2 Stork Club**  
Sherman Billingsley, host of the famed Manhattan nitery, entertains guesting celebrities of stage, screen, sports and society—and radio and TV, of course—for television viewers. (T-Th)
- 8:00 P.M. Channel 4 Texaco Star Theater**  
Sparkling and zany variety with TV's favorite comedian, Milton Berle. His "mom" who detected his talent at the age of five was once a store detective, launched him on amateur shows.
- 9:00 P.M. Channel 2 Vaughn Monroe**  
A brilliant revue with the baritone bandleader, whose Boston home features Vaughn's own basement workshop. Headlining: vocalist Shaye Cogan, dancer Kenny Davis, comics Ziggy Talent, Ada Lynne, all of whom have a wonderful time.
- 9:00 P.M. Channel 4 Fireside Theater**  
Stories filmed in Hollywood, emphasizing the uncanny, unexpected tricks of fate that suddenly skyrocket people into whimsical situations.
- 9:00 P.M. Channel 5 Cavalcade of Bands**  
Famed screen actor, Buddy Rogers, host to top bands and vocalists, plus first-rate variety comparable to shows at Broadway theatres.
- 9:30 P.M. Channel 2 Suspense**  
Drama of pure emotion designed to keep you on the edge of your seat. Produced by Elliot Lewis who explains this is a "whydunit" rather than a "whodunit"—a mystery of motives, that is.
- 9:30 P.M. Channel 4 Circle Theatre**  
Nelson Case, who gives piano lessons to his children when time permits, is host to star-cast plays plotted around everyday comedy and romance.
- 9:30 P.M. Channel 7 Life Begins At 80**  
Jack Barry, first known to radio listeners by way of Juvenile Jury, panel show of youngsters, reverses procedure and brings TV audiences an interesting discussion—and—comment show featuring a panel of oldsters—who are every bit as lively and as entertaining as the Juveniles.
- 10:00 P.M. Channel 2 Danger**  
Chiller-thrillers of near homicide, artfully produced by Charles Russell who learned about danger as radio's ace investigator Johnny Dollar.
- 10:00 P.M. Channel 4 Original Amateur Hour**  
Talent and ambition are awarded due honors on this well-loved show emceed by Ted Mack who spent 14 years assisting the late Major Bowes.

**7:30 P.M. Channel 7 Chance of a Lifetime**  
Sparkling audience participation-quiz with prizes worth up to \$500 and the rhyming riddle worth up to \$5,000. John Reed King heads the show assisted by Cindy Cameron, song-dance team Russ Arms and Liza Palmer and comedian Dick Collier.

**8:00 P.M. Channel 2 Arthur Godfrey and His Friends**  
Freckled Arthur in a rousing production of music, dance and gags. His pals: Janette Davis, Hale-loke, Tony Marvin, Marion Marlowe, Archie Bleyer, plus out-of-the-ordinary guests.

**8:00 P.M. Channel 4 Four Star Revue**  
Gala, grand laugh riot. Comedians rotate: Jimmy "the Schnozz" Durante. May 16th; Danny "the wailer" Thomas. May 23rd; Ed "fire chief" Wynn, May 30th; Jack "wise-acre" Carson, June 6th.

**9:00 P.M. Channel 1 Krnit Theatre**  
Exciting, powerful dramas with excellent casts and top scripts. Some originals, some adapted from works of master playwrights of all times.

**9:00 P.M. Channel 5 Famous Jury Trials**  
Different from the usual mystery drama, and in many ways more exciting, because these are real cases from dockets of today and yesterday, translated into spellbinding plays for television. All the color of the courtroom, along with background scenes to add to the reality of the trials.

**9:00 P.M. Channel 7 Don McNeill TV Club**  
Variety deluxe and delightful. Don heads parade with Sam (Clowning) Cowling, Fran (Aunt Fanny) Allison, singers Patsy Lee and Johnny Desmond—all radio's Breakfast Club favorites.

**9:30 P.M. Channel 2 The Web**  
Bang-up tales of mystery, intrigue and people caught in the web of fate. Adapted from stories created by members of Mystery Writers of America, organization of top-rank "whodunit" writers.

**9:30 P.M. Channel 5 The Plainclothesman**  
This detective drama enables the viewer to enter right into the action via the use of the subjective camera. Thus the viewer himself can become the plainclothesman since the camera focuses as the eyes of the plainclothesman.

**10:00 P.M. Channel 2 International Boxing Club**  
Russ Hodges gives blow-by-blow coverage of IBC cards arranged by matchmaker, Al Weill. From Chicago, Detroit, St. Louis and New York City, depending on where biggest fight is tonight. These are the famous "Blue Ribbon Bouts."

**10:00 P.M. Channel 4 Break the Bank**  
Scintillating Bert Parks, Georgia's gift to TV, asks ten questions worth ten to 500 dollars with an extra chance to break the big cash bank. Bud Collyer is host with Peter Van Steeden's band.

**10:15 P.M. Channel 7 Chicago Wrestling**  
One of the more exciting of the grunt and groan stanzas, featuring "big name" mat villains and heroes doing some very tidy suffering for fans. Announcing is handled by Wayne Griffin.

**10:30 P.M. Channel 4 Stars Over Hollywood**  
Original, light dramas and comedies on film, produced in Hollywood and featuring young, promising screen personalities plus well-known actors.

**6:45 P.M. Channel 2 Lilli Palmer Show**  
The enchanting, dazzling actress, who stars in current Broadway hit, "Bell, Book and Candle," captivates audience with stories and interviews.

**7:30 P.M. Channel 7 The Lone Ranger**  
"Hi-ho, Silver," and away into action-packed western adventure. The mysterious Masked Rider and Tonto triumph over crime. Filmed in Hollywood.

**8:00 P.M. Channel 2 Burns and Allen**  
Coupled together in marriage and comedy, George and Gracie believe the secret of happy marriage is a minimum of planning and maximum of surprise. Bill Goodwin adds to surprises on the show. Biweekly: May 24th & June 7th. Alternating with **Sturlight Theater**  
Romantic dramas especially written and cast for name actors of Broadway and Hollywood.

**8:00 P.M. Channel 4 Groucho Marx—You Bet Your Life**  
A treat for you and treatment for contestants is the result of Groucho's devastating wise-cracks. Winners score up to \$400 with the lucky couple trying for a huge cash prize as high as \$5,000.

**8:00 P.M. Channel 7 Stop the Music**  
The spectacular national pastime headed by Bert "Mr. Energy" Parks. Winnings for all questions plus a \$15,000 aggregation of prizes for the Mystery Melody. Clues provided by Marion Morgan, Jimmy Blaine and Betty Ann Grove, vocalists.

**9:00 P.M. Channel 2 Alan Young Show**  
Alan, in World War II a sub-lieutenant in the Canadian Navy, now ranks with the top brass of the comic world with his hilarious sketches.

**9:00 P.M. Channel 4 Ford Star Revue**  
A full hour of dance, music and song with James Melton, beloved American tenor, whose hobby is collecting antiquated "horseless carriages."

**9:00 P.M. Channel 5 Ellery Queen**  
The dapper, genial super-criminologist in exciting manhunts. Ellery, played by Lee Bowman, screen actor, now lives in Hewlett Park, Long Island. Forenz Ames plays his father, Inspector Queen.

**9:00 P.M. Channel 7 Holiday Hotel**  
Don Ameche, alias Alexander Graham Bell, manages the gay, funnol show, aided by lyrical Betty Brewer, comic Florence Halop and Joshua Shelley, Don Craig Chorus, Bernie Green's music.

**9:00 P.M. Channel 2 Big Town**  
Pat McVey, born to the Irish on St. Patrick's Day in Fort Wayne, as a crime-busting reporter. Blonde, radiant Mary K. Wells as Lorelei Kilbourne.

**9:30 P.M. Channel 7 Blind Date**  
*Cherchez la femme* and how it is accomplished accounts for enjoyment of this show, emceed by glamorous Arlene Francis, wife of Martin Gabel.

**10:00 P.M. Channel 2 Truth or Consequences**  
The only program on TV with a town named for it. (Location, New Mexico; formerly, Hot Springs.) Ralph Edwards, honorary mayor, also directs the whacky, startling antics of TOC.

**10:00 P.M. Channel 4 Martin Kaue, Private Eye**  
Racing action as the genial investigator, played by popular William Gargan, maintains law and order, aided by Fred Hillebrand.

**8:00 P.M. Channel 2 *Mania***

Warmingly entertaining series of a Norwegian family in America. In the title role, Peggy Wood, who is studying the Norwegian language for a trip to Oslo this summer. Judson Laire plays Papa; Iris Mann is Dagmar and Dickie Van Pat-ten, is seen as Nels.

**8:00 P.M. Channel 4 *Quiz Kids***

Cordial Joe Kelly, quizmaster, asks clever questions of clever youngsters. Regular panel members: Joel Kupperman, age 14; Harvey Dytch, age 7. More stunts, less straight question-and-answer work than on the old radio version.

**8:30 P.M. Channel 2 *Man Against Crime***

Fancy fees, fanciful women and murder are served to private eye. Mike Barnett, played by actor Ralph Bellamy, who is an honorary member of New York City police force.

**8:30 P.M. Channel 4 *We, the People***

Heart throbs, chuckles and amazement are yours as Dan Seymour, one-time Major Bowes' announcer, interviews little and big people in the news.

**9:00 P.M. Channel 2 *Ford Theater***

Absorbing, artistic drama, superbly cast, culling scripts from the best in the theater. Biweekly: May 18th & June 1st. Alternating with—

***Charlie Wild, Private Detective***

Kevin O'Morrison, as keen-minded Charlie, says his Christian name is Gaelic, meaning "great sea warrior." Biweekly: May 11th & 25th, June 8th.

**9:00 P.M. Channel 7 *Pulitzer Prize Playhouse***

Masterly TV productions from the works of Pulitzer winners. Producer Edgar Peterson made such famous Hollywood films as "The Spiral Staircase," brings the same masterly technique to these expertly written dramas.

**9:30 P.M. Channel 4 *The Big Story***

Vivid experiences of real reporters, portrayed by actors, cracking their "big stories." May 11th, "Love Killing," Max Swartz, *Minneapolis Star & Tribune*; May 18th, "The Peculiar Paperhanger," Paul Hochuli, *Houston Press*; May 25th, "The Final Curtain," Aubrey Maddock, *Hartford Daily Courant*; June 1st, "The Hypnotic Witch," Cleve Bullette, *Tulsa Tribune*; June 8th, "In Line of Duty," Aaron Dudley, *Los Angeles Bulletin*.

**10:00 P.M. Channel 4 *Cavalcade of Sports***

Jimmy Powers, a golf champ and yachtsman in his own right, announces the country's best boxing bouts staged by the International Boxing Club from Madison Square Garden.

**10:00 P.M. *Cavalcade of Stars***

Howls provoked by laughman Jackie Gleason, one time exhibition water diver, with guests, Don Russell and beautiful June Taylor dancers.

**10:45 P.M. Channel 4 *Greatest Fights of the Century***

Filmed recordings of outstanding boxing events: May 11th, Henry Armstrong vs. Ceferino Garcia; May 18th, Joe Louis vs. Tommy Farr; May 25th, Max Baer vs. Lou Nova; June 1st, TBA; June 8th, Max Baer vs. Tony Galento.

**11:00 A.M. Channel 7 *Faith Baldwin's Theatre***

The famed authoress, whose facile pen has earned her a fortune, acts as narrator of romantic dramas, cast with well-known actors. May 12, 26 & June 9. Alternating with—

***Oh Kay!***

Kay Westfall, accomplished actress and emcee, is host in a Chicago-set apartment with entertainment featuring pianist David LeWinter, vocalist Jim Dimitri. Biweekly: May 19th & June 2nd.

**12:00 Noon Channel 2 *Big Top***

The greatest show in the world for circus lovers with dazzling big-ring acts. Jack Sterling, ringmaster; Joe Basile, bandleader; clowns, Ed McMahon and Chris Keegan; harmony, Paulette Sisters. Fun for kids and their parents.

**6:30 P.M. Channel 2 *Smilin' Ed McConnell***

Songs, humor and tales of adventure for children with jolly Ed McConnell, veteran of 29 years in radio, vaudeville and the theater.

**7:00 P.M. Channel 2 *Sam Levenson Show***

The subject, "bringing up children," is hilarious the way comedian Sam tells it. He knows, having been the youngest of nine children.

**7:00 P.M. Channel 4 *Victor Borge***

The droll Dane, Victor Borge, equally acclaimed as pianist and comedian, presents guest stars as well as his own wonderful gifts of entertainment.

**7:30 P.M. Channel 2 *One Man's Family***

Visit with the wonderful Barbour family. Bert Lytell, star of such films as "Margin for Error," plays Father Barbour; Marjorie Gateson, often cast in film and stage mother roles, as Mother.

**7:30 P.M. Channel 7 *Stu Erwin Show***

Mirthful series of a school principal's family. Stu's own family play the leads.

**8:00 P.M. Channel 2 *Ken Murray Show***

Beauties and belly-laughs in the big variety. Jibing Ken with the five "Glamourlovelies," Darla Hood—girl of the week, dancers Loman and Field.

**8:00 P.M. Channel 4 *Jack Carter Show***

A bright, fast-paced revue headlining Jack Carter, Brooklyn-born comedian. Guest stars team up with dancer Bill Callahan, baritone Don Richards.

**8:00 P.M. Channel 7 *TV Teen Club***

The "grand old man of jazz" is mentor to exuberant youngsters bubbling with talent. Nancy Lewis, co-emcee; June Keegan and Sonny Graham, singers; Bobby Gregg, drummer and dancer.

**9:00 P.M. Channel 2 *Frank Sinatra***

A grand, gay hour with the very personable "Voice." Guest stars contribute to the fun aided by June Hutton (Betty's sister).

**9:00 P.M. Channel 4 *Your Show of Shows***

Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca light up the sky (and TV screen) in this biggest variety show of all. Other favorites include Marguerite Piazza, Robert Merrill, Billy Williams' Quartet, Judy Johnson, Jack Russell and the Hamilton Trio.

**10:00 P.M. Channel 2 *Sing It Again***

Zestful clown, Jan Murray, heads the lively musical quiz with hints provided by Judy Lynn, Alan Dale and others. Name the mysterious Phantom Voice for up to \$15,000 in cash and prizes.

## PARTY TIME

(Continued from page 68) what I was thinking because she said, 'Well, you can sit on my half of the chair.' So I did and that's the picture you see. Bette's husband, Gary Merrill, was in the picture, too." (4) Jean Hersholt—"He's Dr. Christian, you know. Told me he had been in radio for fourteen years." (5) Van Johnson—"When he came in I said, 'There's my guy!' Everybody laughed but I really didn't mean it that way. I meant that I was real excited about seeing Van Johnson because I'd heard that he had big, green freckles. Now that may sound funny, but that's what I'd heard back in Wichita Falls. Of course, he doesn't have green freckles—his are red like anyone else who has freckles. But I was happy to see for myself."

A week after the dinner, Mrs. Coxen returned to Carnation Family Time to offer proof to the audience that "movie stars are people." And emcee Jay Stewart, who had escorted Mrs. Coxen to the dinner, had some tales of his own to tell about Mrs. Coxen's adventure in movieland.

**T**HE HOTEL was loaded with autograph hounds and when Judy arrived, they all said, 'Who's she? Who's she?' She was pretty enough to be a movie star."

Carnation Family Party had given Mrs. Coxen the full Cinderella treatment.

"We took her to Lucille's," explained Jay. "Lucille's exquisite taste never fails and she helped Judy choose a beautiful dress to wear."

"It really was beautiful!" said Judy. "Black nylon net and off the shoulder."

"Not all of it," quipped Jay.

"I mean it was strapless," said Judy to the laughing audience.

"And the Westmore people groomed her to look even prettier than a movie star," said Jay.

At the Beverly Hills Hotel, the first stars Judy met were Shelley Winters and Farley Granger.

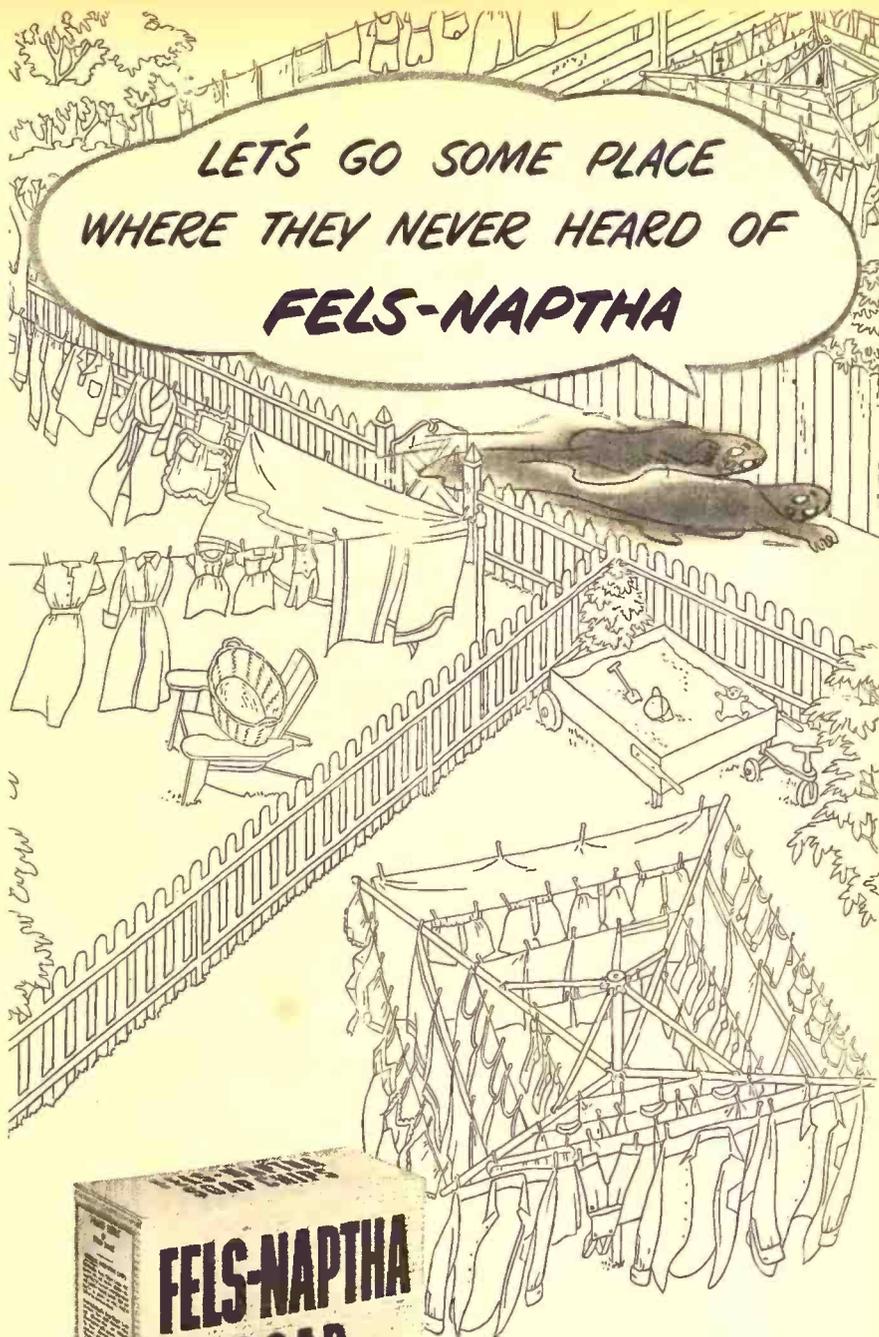
"Shelley's really very nice," said Judy. "Then I met Loretta Young. She's simply out of this world. She kept talking to me just as if she knew me for always. She was real nice. Then there was Elizabeth Taylor. I was quite interested in her. She's very beautiful, I had a little chat with her."

After the dinner—breast of chicken under glass and ice cream with strawberries were the items Judy remembered—she and Jay went up to the balcony to watch the awards ceremony.

"Ronald Reagan passed out all the awards," explained Judy. "MGM got one for 'Battleground.' And John Wayne for 'Sands of Iwo Jima.' When it was all over, we went out into the hallway to watch people. We saw Hedda Hopper, Louella Parsons, Mercedes McCambridge—just everybody!"

Mrs. Coxen expressed no doubt when Jay asked her if she thought she'd proved the question.

"I think movie stars are wonderful!" she said. "Honestly, they're just like people that could be next-door neighbors. They treat you just that nice. And I want to say, Mr. Stewart, that I enjoyed helping you prove this one immensely!"



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# MY HUSBAND, KEN MURRAY

(Continued from page 57) look at him and think, This is *not* the man who, when a problem presents itself, solves it with a crisp executive "This is it." I think, This can't be the good business man who writes all the things he wants—even things his manager and lawyer don't think of—into his contracts; the man who has the last word on his CBS-TV Ken Murray Show. The man of so many talents.

**K**EN WAS born in New York City on July 14, 1903. His father, Joseph Doncourt, was a comedian in vaudeville; his mother a non-professional. When Ken was born his father was only twenty and not quite up to the responsibility of a family, so after his parents were divorced Ken was raised by his paternal grandparents on their farm near Kingston, New York.

It was all work for the little boy and not much, if any, play. He had to get up with the chickens in order to get to school—"by shank's mare"—on time. After school there were the chores to be done. Feeding the chickens. Milking the cows. Ploughing. Planting. They had hardly any money at all and Ken, beyond the necessities ("Which happily for me," he often says, "included good wholesome food and the warmth and love which makes the poorest home rich"), had nothing at all.

When Ken was fourteen his grandparents moved to Brooklyn. In Brooklyn, Ken sold newspapers, shoveled snow, tended furnaces. Later he sold phonographs in a big Brooklyn department store.

What with one thing and another his earnings totalled about fifteen dollars a week, and at the end of each week he'd take his money and go to New York, where he'd see one Broadway show after another.

There was more method than madness in these Saturday sprees of Ken's, for he had known, since he was in knee pants, that he was going to be a comedian. Ken got his first theatre job (a five-night date) in a little theatre in Brooklyn. On the second night the manager told him, "You won't do." Ken wasn't discouraged. He knew this happens on the way up.

He was nineteen when he got his first firm foothold in the theatre. A vaudeville team named Morey, Senna and Dean was booked into a local theatre. At the eleventh hour Morey left the act. Young, on-the-lookout Doncourt got wind of this, audaciously applied for the vacated spot and got it with the provision that he change his name to Murray to keep the billing. The name stuck and Ken clicked.

After two years with his partners Ken decided he was ready to try a double act, so he teamed up with a girl named Charlotte whom he married. Billed as "Ken Murray and Charlotte," they played the Keith-Albee circuit for a year. Soon after this, Ken and Charlotte were divorced and Ken went on by himself. By 1927 he had his own Ken Murray unit which was booked on the Orpheum circuit.

Ken is not a scrapbook boy. Lets the clippings fall where they may. Probably the only record he'll have of his colorful and crowded career is the commentary film he's making for his two young sons. Cort, aged seven, and Ken-

neth Junior, eight, the children of Ken's second marriage, to Cletus Caldwell. Ken loves movies, especially old movies. So he's making a history of them. Ken will beg, borrow or steal to get these old films. He even buys them, too.

Ken likes nice things partly because, no doubt, he had so few of them in his childhood. He loves a Cadillac—has one of those great big seven-passenger Cadillacs (vintage '46). This he laughs off, saying, "It pays for itself—we rent it out for weddings and funerals!"

Knocking out walls, remodeling old houses is yet another of Ken's favorite pastimes. A year before we were married he bought an old house on Hollywood Boulevard which is now, thanks to Ken's vision and handiwork, all modern. At present we live nine months in an apartment on Central Park South in New York.

When I first met Ken in November of 1942 he was, of course, a Big Name. If I should attempt to put down all the things he'd done since he changed his name to Murray I'd have writer's and you'd have reader's cramp. So let's just give a colossal career the capsule treatment:

In 1928, just four years after he started in show business, Ken was playing the great Palace. In the space of the next three years he returned to the Palace as a headliner eleven times. He was the Palace's first emcee, too.

In 1929 he made his first picture, RKO's "Half Marriage," with the late Olive Borden and in 1929 he co-starred with Irene Dunne in Miss Dunne's first picture, "Leathernecking." He made his radio debut in 1933 on a Rudy Vallee show. He starred in two Earl Carroll revues, "Vanities" and "Sketchbook." While in "Sketchbook," he took a real flyer in radio as star of CBS' Laugh with Ken Murray. Meantime he continued to go out playing theatre dates, and it was at Loew's State on Broadway that he got his big idea: Why not whip several acts together in a revue format—one without book or story-line?

**K**EN WAS in luck. Back in Hollywood Sid Grauman agreed with his idea. And on June 24, 1942, Ken Murray's famous "Blackouts" was premiered in Grauman's famed and fabulous Chinese Theatre on Hollywood Boulevard. The fame of the "Blackouts," slow in starting, soon grew like a beanstalk. By the summer of 1949 only Ken and his leading lady, Marie Wilson, remained of the original cast.

I, Elizabeth Walters, was only a little name when I met Ken. I'd done radio work in Hollywood, playing ingenue and bobby-sox roles. Helen Mack, the producer of A Date With Judy, knew Ken was looking for a girl for a dramatic sketch, The Valiant, on "Blackouts" and suggested me.

I'd seen Ken quite often in the movies, on the stage, but never face to face. He fascinated me, I must admit, but as a showman. He'd disappear, stay away through a whole act, come back and finish the sentence just where he'd broken it off.

Eventually he sat still long enough for me to read for him. When I'd finished he said, "Say, Pardner," (Ken calls everyone Pardner) "I think that's all right."

Soon after we started working together Ken began to kid me, saying, "Every time you give a good performance I'll give you a kiss!" Then at the end of every performance he'd tell me, "You were just *swell!*" whereupon he'd give me my rewarding kiss!

One night just before he went on, he whispered to me as I stood in the wings watching, "We're all going to the Biltmore Bowl later on—can't you come along?" I said I'd phone my mother (I was only eighteen at the time) and ask permission. When he came off-stage the next time I told him I could go. The next thing you know he's on stage singing "I Have A Date With An Angel," which didn't belong in the sketch at all.

**K**EN NEVER did ask me, formally, to marry him. It was just kind of an understanding that we wanted to be together. I don't know that I can analyze exactly why I fell in love with Ken. We had a lot of fun together. I liked his sense of humor. And he's awfully sweet, a really *sweet* man. Too, I'm the kind that likes, not the fatherly type but the protective type, the guy who knows his own mind, which Ken does. Never a thing of "I don't know what to do" with Kenneth Abner.

After our quiet marriage, which I've described, we honeymooned at the Racquet Club in Palm Springs. Two days after we arrived there was an earthquake that all but swallowed the desert. It wasn't funny except for a telegram Ken got from his cast which said, "Gee, Ken, we know you love the girl—but take it easy!"

After we were married I did less work, radio and otherwise, than before. Not that Ken asked me to give up my career. He wouldn't. Every now and again I'm on his TV show and any radio or television work that's around, I do. And enjoy doing—but if you have a husband who's successful you enjoy watching his work and also you have quite a bit of homework to do.

His clothes, for instance. Ken is not too sharp about his clothes. But finicky. He loves soft fabrics. Likes silk shirts. Will not wear wool. Wears the clip bow ties (except on the show) and rubber-soled shoes. I buy them and dye them so they won't look quite so awful. He gets a run on one suit, too, wears it forever, then says "Honey, will you send this suit to the cleaner's today—but just when can I have it back?"

There are only two things about Ken that really drive me crazy—the way I told you that he acts about his clothes and the fact that he just won't go to bed at night. Never before three-thirty. Wakes up at six in the morning. Then he gets up, starts to talk the *next* day and night through. He gets a new idea, he tells anybody he happens to meet the whole thing. The thing he's doing at the moment, that's all he talks about. He'll talk to me. Or to our guest. Or he'll get on the telephone on Sundays and just talk and talk about what happened on the Saturday night show. When I kid him about his talkie marathons he says, "Look, honey, some husbands go out and gamble and drink. I just like to talk."

At this, I say no more. Just liking to talk is a very minor fault and Ken, great showman and sweetest husband any girl ever had or will ever have, hasn't any other.

Stores carrying the Cotton Club sundress and bolero: page 52.

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Stores carrying the Tailortown striped duster dress: page 53.

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The gags of Paramount star Bob Hope now appearing in "The Lemon Drop Kid" go over big with Patty Anne O'Connar, Sondra Ann Holmes, Ricardo Garpo and Helen Bracks, all of Los Angeles, who suffer from Cerebral Palsy. Bob, National Life Choirman of United Cerebral Palsy's \$5,000,000 fund-raising campaign, asks that you give generously during May to give these children a chance to overcome their handicap. He points out that every 53 minutes—10,000 times a year—a child is born in this country with Cerebral Palsy, and it strikes without regard for race, economic status or environment. So contribute locally or send your donation directly to United Cerebral Palsy, 50 West 57 Street, New York 19, New York.



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# EVERYBODY'S UNCLE MILTIE

(Continued from page 39) exhausting. Read a Cancer horoscope and you have the analysis of your Uncle Miltie."

Milton made himself an uncle. He says, "It just happens."

Strangers are forever cosying up to Milton on the street, asking questions, bestowing confidences, behaving quite as if they and he were lifelong friends, which they feel (Add reason why Milton is king) that they are.

One day in the thick of Times Square traffic a woman stepped up to Milton, asked him would he please, at the end of his TV show on Tuesday nights, tell the children in his audience that the fun was over and now they must go to sleep?

"So one Tuesday night, a few weeks later, we ran under time," said Milton, "that is, we had three minutes left to go on the show with nothing to go on with. Remembering this woman and her request that I ask the kids to go to sleep immediately after my show, I ad libbed, 'Look, kiddies, there isn't any TV after 9 o'clock so your uncle Miltie wants you to go right to sleep.' The next day, on the street, it was, 'Hulloa, Uncle Miltie! Hiya, Uncle Miltie!'—and I'm an uncle!"

He has written one hundred and twenty-five songs—among them, "I'm So Happy I Could Cry," "L'il Abner," "You Took Me Out of This World," "I'd Give a Million," "Save Me A Dream," "Give Her my Love," "Lucky Me."

When you ask Miltie "What is your favorite song?" he japes, "Mine, all mine—any song I write!"

There's a joke on the tip of his tongue, a crack (usually at his own expense) every time he opens his mouth.

Of his schooldays, at P.S. 20 and P.S. 184 in Harlem, New York he'll reminisce, "I was the teacher's pet—she couldn't afford a dog."

Of his early days in vaudeville, "I once did a two hour act. One hour to see it and one hour to regret it."

At the antic ad lib Milton is past, present and—we dare say, future past master.

His book, *Out of My Trunk*, written during World War II, is the hilarious story of Miltie's encounter with a talking elephant, "a former *Mastadon* of Ceremonies." The book is dedicated "To my Mother, Who Never Started the Applause—She Just Kept It From Dying Down."

But now Milton has written another

book. No, not a funny. A novel. A dramatic novel. It is titled *Sit Still, My Soul*. The dedication reads, "For my Mother, Who Knows How Much A Clown Can Weep."

His songs, most of them, are nostalgic and when asked "What is the most important thing in life to you," he said "My child. Especially *my* child to *me*." To which he added, quoting, "If the day is done, and the child smiles . . ."

Milton's leisure time is spent with his Vicki, aged six. He says "I take my baby riding in the car. We go through Central Park, visit the Zoo. Or I sit there on a bench while she plays. Feeling like Bernard Baruch."

For weeks after Vicki made her first appearance on any stage on her Daddy's Texaco Show, Daddy's first question to one and all, pal or passerby was "See Vicki on the show with me?" Then, without waiting for an answer, he'd say proudly, "No rehearsal, mind you. I just taught her a few lines and she went on, cold. While she was on I was so nervous, I must admit, that I just stood there praying 'Oh, God, don't let her forget her lines.' She didn't forget them, not one. After it was over I told her, 'You're a regular Berle—hamming it up.'"

There is some ham in him, Miltie admits. "There has to be some ham in me or the enthusiasm wouldn't be there. But there was said to be ham in the late great John Barrymore which means that ham is not the word for it, but *confidence*," said Miltie (coining a new definition for old) "confidence in yourself."

With what is left of Milton's leisure time (you could put it on the head of a pin) he goes to the fights. Plays billiards. "I don't play cards. I don't drink, never did. Don't like the taste of it. Occasionally I go to the races. Love sports. Play golf. Some tennis. My one big extravagance is my cigars—which cost me about eighty cents apiece—I like to give them away."

Miltie's "pet hate" is "lit cigarettes. People not putting out their cigarettes right." He's "queer for chocolate." Put a ten-tier chocolate pastry in front of Uncle Miltie and he doesn't need to be the magician he is (uh-huh, that, too) to make it "Now you see it, now you don't."

Milton still lives in the ten-room terrace apartment in mid-Manhattan which was his home before he and his wife, Joyce Matthews were divorced. Of Joyce, Milton said only, "Contrary to reports in the columns,

Joyce and I are not getting married again. I am not getting married again, period."

Now, a cook, housekeeper, maid and chauffeur-valet "do" for Miltie. He likes, so he says, to eat at home. "I eat alone a lot." He also eats out a lot. He goes to bed very late. "I don't want to go to bed and I don't want to get up." He mourns that he can't have a peaceful breakfast "due to the telephones always ringing." His housekeeper could take the calls for him. But doesn't. Uncle Miltie says "No." There is nothing more protective between Miltie and his public than a piece of tissue paper.

There is none of the "Oh, if only I had my life to live over again," lament in Milton. But he does say of himself "I am not, temperamentally, happy and gay. I think the sweat and tears through which I have passed have made me not as happy as I appear to be, theatrically."

For Milton Berle, born Milton Berlinger, who made his bow to the public when he was so high and has been taking the bows (and the inevitable bruises) ever since, there has been on the long climb up the sweat and the tears.

"I was only five," he reminisced, "when, in a neighborhood movie theater I did an imitation of Charlie Chaplin, so you can imagine," he made a clown's face, "how I looked with a mustache!"

Even as Milton tells you about the long climb up he dilutes the "sweat and tears" with the gags and the laughs. *Noblesse oblige*, perhaps, as befits a king?

"I was born in a Harlem tenement, one of five children—four boys of which I am the youngest and then, the baby of the family, my sister Rosalind who now, by the way, designs the costumes for my show. My father, not a well man, was unable to work steadily and as there had to be some means of revenue my mother, a store detective at, as I recall it, Gimbel's, Wanamakers, Saks, worked all the time. Between living in a tenement house in Harlem with five kids to care for and holding down a job that was nery as well as tough, she should have died of it. She didn't. Not *my* mother.

"Some forget when they grow up, what their mothers did for them and were to them. I don't forget. I remember pretty good when she was crying and not crying, all the sacrifices she made for me, all the things she went without so that *I* wouldn't. I don't think there is ever enough you *can* do for your mother. Ever."

In show business Milton Berle's devotion to his mother is as well known as, say, Whistler's Portrait of His Mother is known in the art world. And as respected. Both are, it may be said, Works of Heart.

Milton was still knee high when it became obvious that there had to be more revenue coming into the Berlinger till than the then two-dollars-a-day salary of a store detective provided.

From the time he could babble Milton's precocious sense of humor could make the sourest puss break up, laughing. His imitations, even as a moppet, were inimitable. The imitation he did of Chaplin, which was in an amateur contest for the best imitation of the No. 1 clown, won first prize. This demonstration of what Miltie could do, given a stage to do it on, led him to the old Vitagraph Studios, where he played the brat in comedies with Flora Finch.

By this time it became apparent to his mother that there was gold in that thar

## HAVE YOU SEEN

the fugitive criminal described on the "True Detective Mysteries" radio program Sunday afternoon?

## \$1000 REWARD

is offered for information leading to his arrest. For complete details, and for an exciting half-hour of action and suspense, tune in



"TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES"

Every Sunday afternoon

on 502 Mutual radio stations

Miltie and so to the Professional Children's School Miltie (not without sacrifices at home) was sent. Here his natural talents were fostered and flourished until he graduated with classmates Ruby Keeler, Gene Raymond, Kenny Delmar and others who, like himself, were starborne.

"When I graduated, I got a black sheep-skin," quips Miltie, "when I grabbed it, it went 'Bah!' I then went into vaudeville. I had to do something. I was too nervous to steal."

Of the vaudeville days, months, years that followed, Milton says, "Mother travelled in troupes with me and there was not one dump or rat-hole we didn't play. All the trials and tribulations of that time she shared with me, sacrificing herself for the furtherance of my career."

**B**UT by the time he was sixteen Milton's style, the like of which had never before been seen or heard, his rubber face, his trip-hammer delivery of gags laid down the red carpet for him at the Palace Theater in New York. "Opening night I was so nervous and bit my nails so much, my stomach needed a manicure."

Teen-ager Berle, however (with his mother fondly watching from the wings) took Broadway, to coin a phrase, by storm. The town's youngest emcee set a new Palace house record which has never, it is said, been surpassed.

"This has been challenged," sighs Miltie. "by several comedians who claim that I packed the house with my two-headed relatives."

An established entertainer now, Milton spent the next years barnstorming, playing the night-clubs and theaters—he entertained in every important night-club and theater in the USA—from coast to coast. He was a featured comedian with Earl Carroll's "Vanities." He headlined in such Broadway hits as "Ziegfeld Follies," "Life Begins at 8:40," "See My Lawyer." His nation-wide radio programs included "Ziegfeld Follies of the Air," "Let Yourself Go," and "Stop Me If You've Heard This One." Of his first picture, "Radio City Revels," Miltie gags, "Instead of releasing the picture, RKO should have held the picture and released the actors."

Brother Berle did, in short, what all the happy hunting ground headliners do only, being Miltie, he did more of it, did it with the verve and vitality, the "plus" which has made him—here we go again—the King.

One of the more endearing things about Milton, his humor, if you'll notice, is kindly, invariably kindly. Walter Winchell, he said, once advised him, "If you pick on anyone, let it be someone of your own calibre—only lightweights pick on heavyweights." Miltie takes advice. He isn't, which is attractive, a Know-It-All.

But from Hollywood and elsewhere your Uncle Miltie always returned, a homing pigeon, to his first loves—the stage and Broadway.

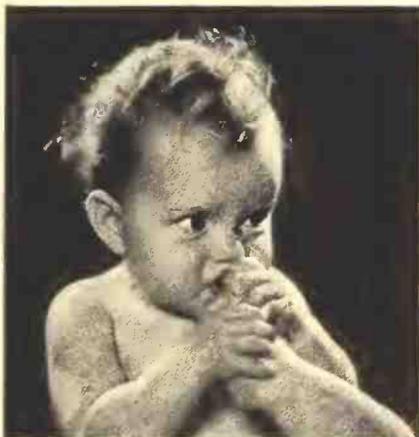
"I'm crazy about the theater," says he. "I've always had it in my veins—I sometimes wish I had b'ood."

And now his tops-in-television Texaco Show, now television which is for Berle, the natural bourne. And what a natural Uncle Miltie is in his bourne his sponsors-in-video and we, his nieces and nephews, know to our every-Tuesday-night, slightly delirious delight.

# FAMOUS NUDES



*Which type is your baby?*



**FOOT SPECIALIST**... everything's special about *this* character! Sweet-skinned, smooth-skinned... thanks to good Mennen Baby Oil. Helps prevent diaper rash, skin discomforts. Divinely soothing.



**PICKLEPUSS**... it's a nuisance, but there'll be a short wait for Mennen Baby Oil while mother opens a new bottle. It's your baby's ideal skin protection... your best buy in baby oils.



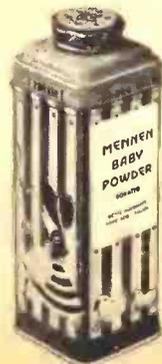
**GAY DOG**... most people's favorite nouse pet is a Mennen Baby Oil baby! Apply after baths, at diaper time... contains pure, gentle lanolin. *Extra* ounces give you *more* for your money—every time!



**"THE BABE" HIMSELF**... a perspiring player, but who cares? Just shake on refreshing, superfine Mennen Baby Powder—softest ever for baby's skin. Flower-scented... and fun! because there's a Built-in Rattle...entertaining Mother Goose pictures on container.



*Buy your baby both...today!*



*Every baby is the right type for*

**MENNEN**  
BABY PRODUCTS



(Continued from page 35) fond of children, and on Live Like a Millionaire he works with the small fry daily. On the program, youngsters introduce their talented parents, who then perform. The studio audience, by its applause, chooses a winning family each day on the radio show, and these winners return on Fridays to compete for the opportunity to Live Like a Millionaire. To the week's winners goes a trip to some swank resort, where they enjoy millionaires' vacations for a week. They also get an assortment of valuable prizes, ranging from a television set and a diamond ring to the cash interest for a week on one million dollars!

**E**VEN the losers do all right—all are paid and all get gifts. The youngsters, too, profit by their appearances. They receive such things as bicycles and talking dolls.

Jack's rise to fame as a radio personality fulfills a life-long dream of his mother. An avid radio fan, she used to listen to big-name radio announcers and performers when Jack was a child. "Some day," she told him many times, "you'll be a big star in radio—bigger than they are."

When Jack went to Kent State University, he made his radio debut as an undergraduate announcer for a college play on an Akron station. He did so well he was given a staff announcing job. A few months later, Jack felt he was ready for the big time, and quit his job to come to New York.

Strangely, the big city radio stations weren't waiting for his appearance. He got an announcing job, all right, but not on the radio—he became announcer for the musical colored fountain at the World's Fair. When the fair ended its 1939 season, Jack stayed in the entertainment industry—he worked as a doorman for several theaters, his towering height (six feet four inches) making him an impressive sight in his scarlet cape.

Manhattan's weather being what it is, Jack's ten-hour-a-day parade of duty eventually took its toll in the form of a de luxe case of double pneumonia. He went to Birmingham, where his folks were then living, to recuperate.

When World War II started, Jack enlisted in the Marines and saw combat duty at Guam and Okinawa. After being mustered out of the service, Jack found a job as a disc jockey on Station WOIA in San Antonio. One day, while a record was spinning on the turntable, he read a magazine article about John Masterson, discoverer of emcees.

"Well," said Jack to himself. "Mr. Masterson is about to make a new discovery."

Two days later, Jack was enroute to Hollywood in his battered old car. He arrived to find John Masterson was out of town. Besides, the firm of Masterson, Reddy & Nelson didn't need any masters of ceremony just then. So Jack began making the rounds. He found lots of friends in short order, but no jobs. Hollywood swarmed with ambitious radio announcers.

Standing one day on a street corner,

**YOU  
CAN BECOME  
A  
STAR!**



for complete details on a new—exciting—exclusive

# PHOTOPLAY PASADENA SCHOLARSHIP CONTEST

See *JUNE*

# PHOTOPLAY

at Newsstands *NOW!*

If you've always dreamed of a chance to prove you can act—dreamed of becoming a star—here's the biggest opportunity of your life! June PHOTOPLAY tells you how to get a completely free scholarship to attend the famed PASADENA PLAYHOUSE—COLLEGE OF THEATRE ARTS, the stepping stone to stardom for many of Hollywood's glamorous stars.

## THE GARDNER-SINATRA JIGSAW *by Elsa Maxwell*

What's the real story behind one of screenland's most talked-about romances? For the inside facts by a writer who gets her information "straight from the horse's mouth," you can't afford to miss this one—it's a beauty!

## HOLLYWOOD'S YOUNG UNMARRIEDS

An exclusive feature on filmland's eligibles—guys and gals—and how they feel about marriage, dating, proposing, and all the romance of courtship—even dutch treat.

*PLUS many other exciting stories and pictures of HOLLYWOOD*

**All this  
in  
JUNE PHOTOPLAY**

**On Sale at Your Newsstands TODAY!**

talking to a new-made friend, Jack got his big break when another man approached and spoke to his companion. The man was George Allen, in charge of announcers for CBS in Hollywood. As soon as he was introduced, Jack made a pitch for a job and was told to audition next day.

Radio listeners in the Hollywood area warmed at once to Jack, and sponsors began asking for him for their programs.

In 1947, Jack was asked to substitute for Art Linkletter during a week of the latter's vacation from House Party. Two days after he started the job he got a telephone call from John Reddy, asking him to fill in for one day on the Bride and Groom. Going to Reddy's office to set the deal, he found that Reddy and Nelson were partners of John Masterson—the man whose picture in a magazine had brought him to Hollywood!

Dreams do come true. Last June the "Three Johns" summoned Jack to their office in Hollywood and laid before him a contract calling for him to star as master of ceremonies on a new program, Live Like a Millionaire.

Much of the spontaneity which marks Jack's interviews with the boys and girls on the program is due to the fact that these talks are never rehearsed. Time before the program is spent playing with the children and just getting acquainted.

On a recent broadcast, Jack had a commercial which called for him to bring onstage a woman from the audience and tell her of the merits of his sponsor's products.

When the commercial was over, Jack turned to her and asked, "By the way, ma'am, where are you from?"

"Akron, Ohio."

"And what's your name?"

"My name," replied the woman, "is Gladys McCoy."

"That's strange," commented Jack. "I've got a mother in Akron named Gladys McCoy." Thus did Jack introduce his mother to several million radio listeners.

Jack's affection for his widowed mother is real and heart-warming. He'd much rather talk about her and her success in operating her Akron beauty shop than about his own achievements. He'd like to have her sell her business and "live like a millionaire" on his more-than-adequate earnings, but Mrs. McCoy won't do it.

"My goodness," she says, "I was never cut out to live like rich people and society folks. I'm just a plain Middlewestern woman, and being surrounded by maids and fancy furnishings would drive me crazy."

JACK feels the same way. Despite his success, he lives comfortably but modestly. His home in California is a three-room apartment in the Hollywood Hills, its only extraordinary feature a breath-taking panoramic view of the city. In New York, Jack lives in a midtown hotel.

Unfortunately, New York weather hardly lends itself to outdoor tennis much of the year, and Jack misses the sun-flooded courts in California. One other thing Jack does miss, though—the West Hollywood Baptist Church, where he sang in the choir. But that's all right; he's found a small Baptist church in New York that can use another baritone who doesn't have to sing good, just so his heart is in the hymns.



ACCENT YOUR EYES —  
YOUR MOST IMPORTANT FEATURE



WITH

Maybelline

PREFERRED BY SMART  
WOMEN THE WORLD OVER —

EYE SHADOW • EYEBROW PENCIL • MASCARA

Brilliant new fragrance idea!

- lasts longer than toilet water
- less costly than perfume extract

TOILET ESSENCE  
IN *Tweed* or *Repartee*

2.50  
PLUS TAX  
2 FULL OUNCES

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any  
Tampax user  
what  
SHE thinks



Woman to woman—that's the way to get the plain facts about monthly sanitary protection. . . . First she will tell you about the small size and daintiness of Tampax,

which is worn internally without belts, pins, external pads. Second, the absence of odor and chafing, the invisibility under clothing—no bulges or ridges under sheer gowns or snug swim suits.

She will undoubtedly mention the slim one-time-use applicator—no need to touch the Tampax with your hands. You cannot feel it when in place and you can even wear it in tub or shower. . . . Tampax is made of surgical absorbent cotton. Highly compressed. Easily disposable.

Tampax is sold at drug or notion counters in 3 absorbency-sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. Month's average supply goes into purse. Economy box lasts 4 months. Tampax was invented by a doctor for either married or single women. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

## Daytime diary



**AUNT JENNY** How much does a child owe its parents? Aunt Jenny dealt with this problem recently in telling the story of Ann Mellen, whose self-indulgent father, a drunkard, almost succeeds in ruining her life. Although Ann was always afraid to get seriously interested in any man, she falls in love with John Locke, and dares to look forward to a life of her own. But her father has other intentions, and brings the whole situation to a startling climax. M-F, 12:15 P.M. EDT, CBS.

**BACKSTAGE WIFE** By the time Mary Noble is released from the hospital, rejoicing in the knowledge that she will bear no scars from Claudia Vincent's attack, the situation between her and her husband Larry is strained. Larry, working in Hollywood, gets information which implies that Mary is planning a divorce. This letter is the work of millionaire Rupert Barlow, who, despite no encouragement from Mary, still believes he can part her from Larry. M-F, 4 P.M. EDT, NBC.

**BIG SISTER** Even after the emotions that Parker had stirred up finally exploded in violence when Neddie attacked him, Ruth realizes the sinister millionaire has still not relinquished his hold on their lives. Pretending to be immobilized, Parker has a better opportunity than ever to keep watch on those in Glen Falls in whom he has such an unwholesome interest. Will Ruth be able to save her own marriage from Parker's subtle malevolence? M-F, 1 P.M. EDT, CBS.

**BRIGHTER DAY** It was largely due to the unhappiness of his daughter Liz that Reverend Richard Dennis left Three Rivers to accept a larger parish in Plymouth. Has Liz been able to get over her ruined love affair with Hollywood producer Nathan Eldredge? Nobody knows the truth except Manny Scott, one of Nathan's best friends. It was when Manny told Liz he loved her that he realized how undying her feeling for Nathan is. M-F, 2:45 P.M. EDT, CBS.

**FRONT PAGE FARRELL** "The Society Bandit Murder Case" comes to the attention of newspaperman David Farrell when a Wall Street operator phones him to say he is afraid for his life. Farrell later discovers the man's body, and learns he had received a threatening letter from a society thief just released from prison. Naturally the thief becomes the chief suspect, but the story reaches a surprising climax when he visits David's home. M-F, 5:45 P.M. EDT, NBC.

**GUIDING LIGHT** Not many women have to suffer the grueling series of events that led Meta Bauer White from an illegitimate child to a loveless marriage and finally to the violent climax which ended when she stood trial for her husband's murder. Is there any real future for Meta? Will reporter Joe Roberts be able to help her build a normal life? How much is Meta to blame for what has happened to the marriage of her brother Bill? M-F, 1:45 P.M. EDT, CBS.

**HILLTOP HOUSE** Julie Paterno, supervisor of the orphanage Hilltop House, thought she had settled a major conflict in her life when she finally admitted she loved Dr. Jeff Browning. Since Jeff also loved her, Julie thought that the future presented a relatively uncomplicated picture. But that was before Julie's young cousin Nina came to Hilltop to help out after the new little baby was left there. Just what are Nina's real motives? M-F, 3 P.M. EDT, CBS.

**JUST PLAIN BILL** Bill Davidson, barber of Hartville, is in the middle of a frightening problem when Paul Hewitt is killed by poisoning. Hewitt's relationship to the Kanes makes them the chief suspects in the crime—for Mona Kane is known to have sworn to kill Paul if he did not go through with plans to marry her, and her father Basil had sworn to kill Paul if he did marry Mona. Bill becomes involved in solving Paul's murder. M-F, 5:30 P.M. EDT, NBC.

**LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL** Barry Markham finally turns on his mother-in-law when she intensifies her demands that, in order to get more money for her and her daughter, he dispose of the Book Shop property. Knowing that the Book Shop means security to Papa David and Chichi, Barry is willing to do almost anything else to build up his shattered fortune. Will Chichi's friendship with wealthy Victoria Vandembush help avert the crisis?

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

**LORENZO JONES** Irma, wife of Lorenzo's boss Jim Barker, goes home to her mother when Lorenzo and his camera indicate that Jim has been having talks with a beautiful girl named Teresa and also may be involved in a plot to rob the local bank. And Roy Wentworth, a teller at the bank, has shown great interest in Lorenzo's pictures too. Lorenzo's wife Belle can't help being nervous about her husband's detecting.

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

**MA PERKINS** Everybody knew Ma's daughter Fay was in love before she admitted it . . . but finally Fay did agree to marry Spencer Grayson. Wealthy, successful, brilliant, handsome—Spencer is everything a girl could want, and Fay knows it. Could there be a better father for her little Paulette, who has grown up without one since the death of Fay's first husband years ago? Then why is it that Tom Wells retains a place in Fay's mind?

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

**OUR GAL SUNDAY** In an effort to prevent the marriage of Lois Chandler to Dr. Norman Forrest, Rodney Warren uncovers Norman's previous marriage. Horrified, Sunday talks to the ex-Mrs. Forrest, and learns that for once Rodney has told the truth, though she knows his motive is to get hold of Lois Chandler's money. Sunday is confused when Norman comes to her with his dilemma. Should he go back to the mother of his child?

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

**PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY** While the Youngs try to adjust to the possibility that he may be dead, Sam Young is actually being held by Icy Willie and Mousie. He finds an unexpected ally in Sadie Mercer. Meanwhile Edie Hoyt, though overjoyed by Andy's regained health, faces a new problem as her little daughter rejects her, evidently feeling neglected as a result of Edie's preoccupation with her husband's illness.

M-F, 3:30 P.M. EDT, NBC.

**PERRY MASON** Walter Bodt's ingenious plot to defeat the case against him falls apart when Perry Mason, suspecting that Bodt has succeeded in replacing Helen Henderson with an impostor, succeeds in a last-minute effort to rescue the real Helen from murder at the hands of Bodt's henchmen. Even Perry is somewhat surprised when his case against Bodt reveals how powerful a hold the arch-criminal has on the life of the city.

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

**PORTIA FACES LIFE** Over Walter's objections, Portia resumed her career as a lawyer, promising to go on a vacation trip with him as soon as they both can arrange it. But on the very eve of their departure for a Caribbean cruise Portia was detained—by a development so startling that neither she nor anyone that knew her could credit it. Could Portia be proved guilty of an attempt to circumvent justice?

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

**RIGHT TO HAPPINESS** Though Skippy has been returned to Carolyn's custody, the sinister influence on her life of lawyer Arnold Kirk is not completely exhausted. One of Kirk's henchmen shoots and critically wounds Miles Nelson. Under the care of Dr. Dick Campbell, Carolyn's good friend, Miles does improve, and insists on resuming his duties as governor. Carolyn tries to help Miles by acting as his confidential assistant.

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

**ROAD OF LIFE** Though he is deeply involved in his work at the Institute, Dr. Jim Brent cannot avoid realizing that he is leading a lonely social life. His foster-son and daughter-in-law, Butch and Francie Brent, are aware of this and have wondered just what Jocelyn McLeod is going to mean in Jim's life. Worried about his growing interest in Joyce, Jim finds Sybil Overton useful in creating a diversion of interest.

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

The answer from telephone operators:

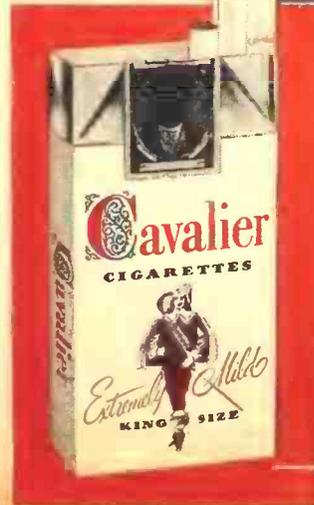
\* **83% OF THEM SAID...**

**"CAVALIERS are Milder**  
**THAN THE CIGARETTE I HAD BEEN SMOKING!"**

\*Over 150 New York telephone operators compared CAVALIER CIGARETTES with the brands they had been smoking—compared them for mildness.

83% of these operators — just think of it, 83% of the smokers interviewed — said CAVALIERS are Milder than their previous brand! They had been smoking a dozen different brands!

In groups of all kinds—college students, nurses, models, airline hostesses, pilots and so on—80% or more of smokers interviewed said Cavaliers are milder than the brand they had been smoking. Enjoy king-size CAVALIERS—for mildness and natural flavor. Priced no higher than other leading brands!



R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

**EXTREMELY MILD**

**KING SIZE Cavalier CIGARETTES**

# UNCERTAIN

what to use for

## INTIMATE FEMININE HYGIENE?



Don't Fail to Enjoy the EXTRA Advantages of This Greaseless Suppository. It Assures Continuous Germicidal and Deodorizing Action for Hours!

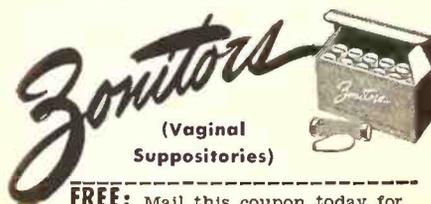
If you are doubtful what to use for intimate feminine cleanliness and have long desired a higher type method — you'll find Zonitors a real blessing. They offer such a daintier, easier and less embarrassing method — yet one of the most *effective!*

Zonitors are snow-white, greaseless, stainless vaginal suppositories which possess the same powerful germicidal and deodorizing type of action as world-famous ZONITE.

So convenient if you're away from home or traveling. No extra equipment is required. Each Zonitor comes in a separate glass vial — so easy to slip in your purse.

**What Zonitors Do**  
When inserted, a Zonitor releases the same powerful type of germ-killing and deodorizing properties as ZONITE and continues to do so for hours. So powerfully effective yet safe to delicate tissues! Zonitors are *positively non-poisonous, non-irritating, non-caustic.*

Zonitors actually destroy any offensive odor. They help guard against infection. Zonitors kill every germ they touch. While it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract, you can depend on Zonitors to *immediately* kill every reachable germ and stop them from multiplying. Any drugstore.



**FREE:** Mail this coupon today for free booklet sent in plain wrapper. Reveals frank, intimate facts. Zonitors, Dept. ZRM-61, 100 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

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\*Offer good only in U. S. and Canada.

## Daytime diary

Your guide to  
good listening on  
the daytime drama  
circuit—plot,  
character, time,  
station information

**ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT** Jeff Brady's motion picture company is almost finished with its on-location work in Marble Hill, Ga., and the mystery surrounding Gil Whitney's alleged marriage to Betty Mallory is still unsettled. Since Gil has returned to Hollywood with Cynthia Swanson and is rumored to be engaged to her, Helen Trent resolutely remains unimpressed when she is told that Gil's signature in the marriage records is a forgery.  
M-F, 12:30 P.M. EDT, CBS.

**ROSEMARY** Life in Springdale isn't proving as peaceful as Rosemary Roberts hoped when she returned there with Bill recently. Through his job on the paper Bill begins crusading against the powerful Mr. Duffy, only to discover that Duffy's interests are widespread enough to lose Bill his job. Restless, Bill speaks of going back to New York, which frightens Rosemary who had nothing but trouble there. Will she turn to Dr. Greer for advice?  
M-F, 11:45 A.M. EDT, CBS.

**SECOND MRS. BURTON** Largely through Terry's insistence, the proof of Rupert Gorham's villainy completely emerged in time to keep him from making the attempt he planned on Mother Burton's life. Despite this, Terry and her mother-in-law have still not reached a mutual understanding. Though Terry tries to spare Stan from this problem, she is glad when she's able to resume the work she gave up when she married him.  
M-F, 2 P.M. EDT, CBS.

**STELLA DALLAS** When Oliver Faxon, Myron Grosvenor's secretary, is murdered, suspicion falls on all those connected with him, including Laurel Grosvenor, Stella Dallas' daughter. Stella realizes that Leona, Myron's fiancée, is working to pin the blame for the murder on her sister, Rosalie, knowing Myron loves Rosalie though he feels honor-bound to continue his engagement. What can Stella do to protect her daughter and son-in-law?  
M-F, 4:15 P.M. EDT, NBC.

**THIS IS NORA DRAKE** Peg Martinson's hatred of Nora Drake is leading her into trouble for herself which she doesn't suspect. Using her chauffeur, Spencer, as an assistant in working out a plot against Nora, Peg places herself dangerously in Spencer's unscrupulous hands. Will she consider herself repaid for any amount of difficulty if she can succeed in ruining Nora and preventing the marriage between Nora and Dr. Robert Sargent?  
M-F, 2:30 P.M. EDT, CBS.

**WENDY WARREN** Wendy's friend, Mark Douglas, was imprisoned in a foreign country while working on a secret assignment from the U. S. government. Anton Kamp, who, as Wendy knows, has many contacts all over the world, discovers what has happened to Mark and manages to get a disguised message to Wendy. Wendy realizes that Mark is involved in something big. She herself flies to Europe in an effort to be of use to him.  
M-F, 12 Noon EDT, CBS.

**WHEN A GIRL MARRIES** When Harry becomes successful the relationship between him and Joan's mother undergoes a change. She now approves of her son-in-law and endeavors to persuade him that he ought to live more luxuriously. When Harry decides to buy the big Norris house, Joan feels it would be a mistake, but under Mrs. Field's influence Harry now suspects that it is Joan who has always held him back.  
M-F, 5 P.M. EDT, NBC.

**YOUNG DR. MALONE** Anne Malone goes back to New York to her sick husband. Though Jerry is at first grateful, he still fears it will ruin Anne's life. He disappears from the hospital, and Anne returns to Three Oaks uncertain what she will do about herself. Jerry and Sam Williams, who loves her. Meanwhile, Jerry takes refuge with the Brownes, thus giving Mary Browne new hope that one day he will understand that she loves him.  
M-F, 1:30 P.M. EDT, CBS.

**YOUNG WIDDER BROWN** Dr. Anthony Loring is being indicted for the murder of wealthy Horace Steele on the evidence that there was something between Ellen Brown and the dead man, but Jacqueline, Horace's daughter, who might contradict this evidence, hesitates to testify because she might appear disloyal to her father's memory. Hoping to sway public opinion, Ellen has Anthony interviewed by Tina Fitzgerald.  
M-F, 4:45 P.M. EDT, NBC.

## WHY WORRY, SEE MURRAY

(Continued from page 59) boys know his pace and are ready for him. Stagehands have had a nutritious breakfast, their sleeves are rolled; the twenty-four-piece orchestra is tuned, puffed, and puckered; the costume mistress has a mouthful of new pins; engineers are in a crouched start; four secretaries have their sharpest pencils poised. Everyone knows that during the next eight hours before air time every detail—every word, wiggle, prop and polka dot—will pass in review before one of the keenest perfectionists in the business. That's the way Ken does the show—there's just one boss. And that's the way the cast likes it. Watching Murray weave his twenty-five years of stage savvy into a television format brings back memories of the one-night stands, the five-a-day, the Palace, mecca of showdom where he was featured as a headliner eleven times as their first emcee.

One ingredient of the Murray formula is immediately apparent as he enters the theatre Saturday noon. All of his co-workers, or "podnuhs" as he calls them, are top-notch technicians, staff, talent.

Red-headed Herb Sussan who waves a greeting from the director's chair in the glassed control booth is a Hollywood-trained camera wizard, the director selected by the War Department for the all-important Atom Bomb films—which he recalls with a grin as "pretty fair training for one of the milder Murray shows."

Music is the heart of any variety show, and Murray has a winner in veteran com-

poser-conductor David Broekman. Ken checks by the podium to inquire facetiously about the "Noise Department" and the affable Dutchman assures him the boys are prepared to "play softly und laugh loudly." It's standard routine between these old friends, and Ken passes on muttering "Twenty-four musicians and just my luck, every one an Arthur Godfrey loser."

A variety show without pretty girls is, to quote the classics, like a hug without a kiss. But Murray would never miss in this department. He called in two hundred and fifty knockouts, and from them selected the five celebrated Glamorlovelies, a cause for much male rejoicing wherever the coaxial cable wanders. For the show we're watching rehearse, the girls are garbed as famous lovely ladies in history. Barbara Dobbins, Esquire Calendar Girl for 1951, is dressed as Cleopatra. Ruth Thomas, chosen by 20th Century-Fox as New York's Most Beautiful Blonde, plays Josephine. Jean Marshall, Hollywood's sultry redhead, portrays Catherine the Great, vivacious Rosemary Buas is Juliet, and Ciro showgirl Laurie Anders depicts Calamity Jane. History was never like this!

But Ken must have asbestos eyes. Unblinking, he surveys their costumes with the detached professional eye that guided "Blackouts" through its unprecedented seven-year run during an era when wise-acres had consigned vaudeville to the mausoleum. To look at these lovelies impersonally seems not only impossible, but almost blasphemous, yet somehow Murray

manages. "More eye-shadow, less lipstick for Cleopatra . . . Juliet, ditch the earrings and carry a rose . . . Josephine, entwine your arms . . . Catherine look great . . . and Calamity Jane, why don't you get yourself a second pistol, podnuh, this here's one of those high budget shows."

Without breaking stride, Ken glances at the northwoods scene with cloth trees fixed to a net backdrop and continues, "Harry, trim off the edge of that net to follow the tree outline, dig up a Canadian flag, the very best, reduce the reflection from the cabin window, the vines are perfect . . . and listen, be sure to save that net, when the show is over you may have to carry me home in it."

Ken's special province is the skit. The sketch rehearsal which follows next, mirror-slick to a casual observer, will be halted by his waving never-lit cigar. Quickly showgirls of varying height interchange, a cane moves to the other hand, a stool replaces a chair, a longer pause precedes a word, a cymbal crash is written into the last gag—and presto, a zany skit becomes a show stopper. This scrupulous attention to detail keeps his crew alert and zesty; all of the hundred people that are connected with the show are very proud of their job, they know it and are able to do it well.

Darla Hood, Ken's leading lady, rushes in for a big hug from Murray. Then he shouts "At last! I tried to call you all week but every time a man answered." Darla makes a face, and Ken inquires about her Enchanters quartette. That's their correct name, but if Ken is in a particularly good mood he refers to them very soberly as the

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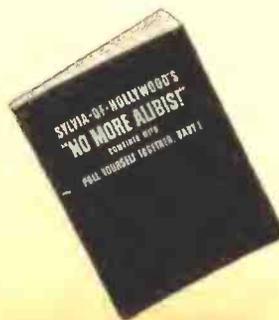
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Embalmers. Actually, if the Glamorlovelies are present, it's a cinch the boys' quartette is close by. Two of the Enchanters, Val Grund and Robert Walter, are married to Glamorlovelies, and another, Robert Decker, is Darla's husband. They swing into syncopation.

Now the stage looks like a nightmare in a talent office. Next to a supple couple gyrating weird tribal dances, trainer Frank Weed soothes a tame deer startled by the flying axes of the limbering Lobdell brothers, champion woodchoppers. Undisturbed among the flying chips, Darla explores a few bars of "Marie," stagehands screech huge cardboard boulders cross-stage. The male chorus madly swaps Mountie hats for fit, announcer Nelson Case reviews the merits of Budweiser Beer, while in the background, atop the huge cardboard log cabin, assistant director Jack Lubell is precariously planting a Canadian flag, the very best.

**S**IMULTANEOUSLY enter Rosie, the three-hundred-pound dancing bear, brushing up on her waltz, secretary Shirley Milner to report the correct spelling of Bikini Atoll, and a Railway Express man with a prepaid moose head. Add the din of hammering, a trombone solo, and lightning flashes from the RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR cameraman. The rehearsal has started.

Surveying this melange from his favorite position hunched atop a chairback in the second row, Ken is in his element. Calmly he directs all energies, keeps each of the groups working, and magically begins to weave them into the integration plotted on paper weeks ago. Viewers later applaud the result: Mounties cheering a woodchopping contest, Darla singing to a deer, Ken mistakenly whispering words of love to a bear, and a rousing outdoor finale.

Guest stars Frances Langford and Jon Hall arrive to a warm reception. Ken has been officially proclaimed as Hollywood's Ambassador to New York, and the Murray show has become a favorite of film folk. More stars have appeared on the Ken Murray Show than any other program in television. In fact, so great was the clamor for tickets for Ken's premiere in January 1950, that CBS-TV made a special half-hour program before his show just to televise the notables. In attendance were Faye Emerson, Conrad Nagel, Joan Blondell, Ilona Massey, Buddy Rogers, Lawrence Tibbett, Robert Garland, Deems Taylor, Jackie Robinson, and a red carpetful of others.

Today Miss Langford and Mr. Hall have been booked specifically for an unusual South Sea Island dramatic sketch, and while they greet cast members, a few crisp directions from Murray transform the stage from the Canadian Northwest to the South Pacific. Native drums beat a somber tattoo, and inside a thatched hut the dying village chieftain passes on the heritage of the people of Bikini to his American son.

This semi-documentary dramatic spot on the program is most unusual for a variety-comedy show, but once again a Murray hunch has paid off handsomely. Among memorable presentations have been "A Tribute to West Point," "Christmas Around the World," "Cavalcade of Champions," and a noteworthy sketch by Norman Corwin entitled "Between Americans." called

an outstanding achievement by the Freedoms Foundation when they awarded the program the Foundation's first honor medal ever accorded a television show.

With the finale of the dramatic sketch, all major show elements are set. While the cast has a five-minute break for coffee and deep breathing, Ken huddles with associate producer Ben Brady, Sussan, and his magic stopwatch. They search for places to pare seconds to get this full-grown variety show into the sixty short minutes of TV time.

Now a tighter repeat of changed spots, with Ken's waving cigar, still unlit, pointing out more compliments than criticisms.

A favorite Murray routine starts the show, little one-line "cross-over" gags he exchanges with street corner characters at Hollywood and Vine. Between each punch-line are blasts of Music in the Murray Manner, the brassy, raucous circus music he loves as show starters. Conductor Broekman grabs his earphones with a smile explaining they are "not to hear noise through, but to keep noise out." Secretly he agrees that the snappy musical flourishes are sure-fire curtain-raisers.

Even in this last run-through, the show can be molded tremendously, and actually suggestions from any member of the show or staff receives careful consideration.

The final rehearsal ends with a chord, and the harried hundred have an hour before reporting back for make-up. For Ken, who never eats a meal before a show, this hour means three glasses of warm milk while he relaxes in his dressing room. All the tension and pace of the afternoon have completely disappeared. The time for work and worry is past, the word now is for everyone to relax and enjoy the show they're doing. Ken leisurely reviews his own lines, tells the bear trainer he hopes Rosie has better manners than the elephant which once sat on him during a vaudeville act. (In the years following that accident, Murray couldn't force himself to work with animals, but he has gradually disciplined himself against that phobia. Animals appeal to him particularly as show material.)

"You gotta give that bear a hand," he muses. "And I would, except she'd probably rip off an arm too, then I wouldn't know what to give up, my cane or cigar."

**R**oyal Foster, Ken's inseparable writer-teammate for twenty-one years, adds a consoling thought, "One arm's plenty, Ken; just think, you could cut your manicure bills in half."

"Get that bear in here," orders Ken. "Let's see what claws there are in the contract." He ducks as a Kleenex box came sailing.

Ken's favorite rubber-soled shoes go on, he reaches into a handful of ties and comes out with a striped blue silk. Next a tweed suit, a comb through the crew cut with no apparent effect. A chuckle as the tame deer moves past the always-open door to its stage position. "You'll never believe it, but I found out the deer and trainer had to stay in town last night, so I registered her as Bambi at the Hotel Forrest!"

The preliminary orchestra chord sounds. Ken rises and starts out toward stage—then pauses in the doorway to turn back with a mock puzzled expression. Quizzically he draws to veteran sidekick Foster, "Say, friend, just *what* show is this?"

It ain't Mary Margaret McBride. podnuh.

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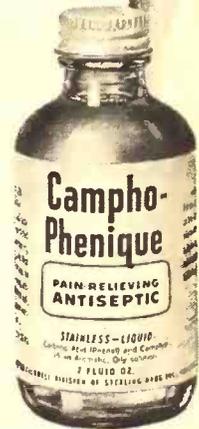
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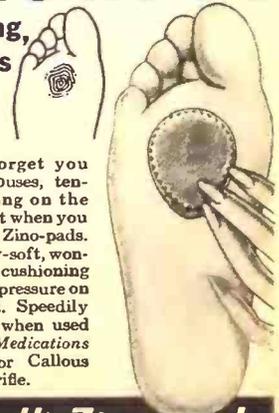
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## ALL ABOUT BRIDES

(Continued from page 41) faced with a choice between someone I preferred or someone closer to Jean, I chose the latter, because this was really her party, not mine.

I NEVER like menus that are so elaborate or so last-minute that the hostess gets trapped in the kitchen. I like to plan things that can be started the day before or prepared early the same day and put on the table with the least possible fuss. Here you'll find the recipes I used. The main thing is that the chicken can be cooked the day before. The petits fours were made and frosted in advance.

### CHICKEN FRUIT SALAD

Makes 6 servings

3 cups diced cooked chicken	1½ cups chopped celery
¾ cup mayonnaise	1 (No. 2) can sliced pineapple
1½ teaspoons salt	3 teaspoons vinegar
	1/3 cup slivered toasted almonds
	black olives

Place diced chicken and celery in bowl. Toss together. Combine mayonnaise, salt and vinegar. Add to chicken; mix well. Place pineapple slices around sides of serving platter. Pile chicken salad in center. Sprinkle toasted blanched almonds over salad. Place black olives on pineapple slices.

### PETITS FOURS

Makes about 2 dozen small cakes

2¼ cups sifted cake flour	1 cup sugar
2½ teaspoons baking powder	½ cup margarine
1 teaspoon salt	½ teaspoon vanilla
	2 eggs
	¾ cup milk

Sift dry ingredients together. Cream margarine until soft. Blend in vanilla. Add sifted dry ingredients, unbeaten eggs and ½ cup milk. Blend together. Beat 2 minutes on low speed of electric mixer. Add remaining ½ cup milk. Blend; beat ½ minute on low speed. Pour batter into greased jelly roll pan (15 x 10 x 1"). Spread evenly. Bake in moderate oven (375°F.) for 18-20 minutes. When cool, cut in diamond-shaped pieces, using a sharp knife or cookie cutter. Place cakes on wire rack. Frost with Fondant Frosting.

### FONDANT FROSTING

Frosts about 2 dozen small cakes

1½ cups sugar	¾ cup water
⅛ teaspoon cream of tartar	1½ cups sifted confectioners' sugar

Combine granulated sugar, cream of tartar and water in saucepan. Stir over low heat until sugar is dissolved; boil without stirring to a thick syrup or until candy thermometer registers 226°F. Remove from heat and cool without stirring to lukewarm (110°F.) Add the confectioners' sugar to make a good consistency for pouring. Add more sugar if necessary. Pour frosting over the rows of cakes, tipping the rack so that the side of each cake is uniformly coated. The fondant that drips off may be scraped up, reheated over hot water and used again. When frosting is thoroughly dry, remove cakes from rack with spatula. Trim off any ragged edges of frosting from the bottom



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using a sharp knife. Decorate with silver dragees and strips of angelica or citron.

I used a pale beige cloth, decorated with a centerpiece of pink variegated camellias mixed with flocked pink gypsophila, with bows and a long streamer of pale green satin ribbon. The favors were in little boxes wrapped in white or green and white and decorated with a tiny boutonniere of pink sweetheart roses set in a little white lace paper frill. Of course I used my 1847 Rogers Bros. silver plate in the Daffodil pattern that is my favorite, and my new Franciscan china.

I'm not the type of hostess who announces at regular intervals, "Now we're going to do this, or that." Neither am I happy when I notice my guests beginning to get that "What will we do now?" look in their eyes. As a compromise I planned one game, and one game only, for the moment when the last gift was unwrapped.

I had bought six cardboard folders, the kind used in an office letter file. I could have made them myself out of heavy paper or board, but this was easier. In each folder, using both inside surfaces, I pasted eight different pictures clipped from magazines and newspapers, all of which were to be identified by the players. I was lucky enough to find a few early pictures of actors, now getting bald and older, in the days when they had luxuriant crops of hair and consequently looked quite different. I found some early photographs of movie queens, childhood pictures of famous television stars in which the resemblance to their present-day appearance could be traced. I clipped photos of famous foreign scenes, odd-looking animals, not-too-ordinary flowers, famous authors, famous paintings (in which case the artist had to be identified or the name of the picture).

The pictures were numbered plainly from 1 to 48 (six folders, containing eight pictures each). Then I took twelve little pads, one for each guest, and wrote her name at the top, listing numbers from 1 to 48 with a space opposite each so the player could write in the identifying name or description of the picture. The folders were passed from one player to the other so everyone had a chance to see all six.

After twenty minutes, the pads were collected and the answers scored, and the top two got "fun" prizes. I had a third prize on hand because the first two tied.

Presently the groom-to-be stopped by to pick up his bride-to-be and the loot. The party was over, and from all standpoints it was conceded to be quite a success.

Now, maybe you would like to tell about your most successful party. Your letter may win one of the prizes. Read all about it on pages 42 and 43.

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## STUDS OF STUDS' PLACE

(Continued from page 51) speeches that come to them as the show progresses, that seem to fit, as ordinary conversation fits, the mood and conditions of the moment. And there, in its warm, easy going down-to-earthness, lies the program's success.

The comparable clue to Studs himself is his deep knowledge of the people who live ordinary lives in Chicago. He knows them because he's one of them, and although a modest bit of fame has now come his way, it has given him perspective rather than separated him from his neighbors.

Says Studs, "Chicago is everything to me—friendliness, warmth, sustenance." Then, bracing himself defiantly as a fighter about to lead with his left, he adds, "Maybe that's corn, but if it is, it's still for me."

STUDS fell in love with Chicago the moment he moved in from Manhattan. Shortly after World War I, the hectic pace of the garment center wrecked his father's health, so his parents, Polish immigrants, came west. To support the family, his mother took over management of a rooming house. Studs—christened Louis—was then eight. In a lively household combining characteristics of The Goldbergs and I Remember Mama, his mother was the pivot. Brother Meyer, now a teacher in New York public schools, got Studs his first library card and imparted much of his own love of learning. Ben, his other brother, balanced it with an exuberant joy in living.

Baseball lore, also learned from his brothers, proved another asset. Studs, enrolled in McKinley High School where the West Side gangster influence was strong, encountered the Forty-Twos, a sort of junior Syndicate. Although they had a vicious way of smacking the small kids around, Studs never worried, for he was their walking encyclopedia of sports, their final authority on such weighty matters as who pitched for the Cubs in 1921.

Later, Studs enrolled in the law school of the University of Chicago, but he found law a disappointment. He found himself entangled in real estate regulations. In protest, he and a classmate retired to the back row where they made up stories.

Inevitably, the payoff came. Studs flunked his first bar examination. He tried again and passed, but right there the law and Studs Terkel parted company. Rather than practice, he preferred his part-time job as desk clerk in the family hotel—by now, a step up from the rooming house. All the guests were men—bachelors, widowers, men whose family ties were broken and all of them were lonely. Evenings, sitting in the lobby, they would spin endless stories and Studs would listen.

But for a young man with a law degree, being a clerk in a men's hotel was not sufficient. He knew he had to do something. Chicago was then the daytime serial capital of the nation. Drawing on his recollection of the Forty-Twos, he auditioned as a menace and found a part in the cast of Ma Perkins.

For recreation, he belonged to the Chicago Repertory Theater where he acquired two things, his name and his wife. The name came first. In the group were

three young men named Louis, a fact which confused the director. Terkel, then in the throes of discovering James T. Farrell's Studs Lonigan stories, constantly carried the book with him and constantly talked about it. His enthusiasm, coupled with the director's frustration in summoning the right Louis, resulted one day in the man's explosive shout, "Hey, Studs. Studs Terkel," and the name stuck.

It was backstage, too, that he encountered a young social worker. Tiny, shy, Ida Goldberg had a way of saying more with her eloquent brown eyes than others could with a million words.

Studs had been wary of entangling romances, but he found Ida utterly delightful. Their friendship turned into courtship. They had fun, despite Studs' lamentable habit of always being broke. Says he with a grin, "You'll recall social workers were the elite of that period. Ida always had more money than I did."

Ida, too, laughs at the recollection. "I'd always suggest we go Dutch but Studs was too proud for that. He got around it by borrowing from me. He always paid back, except—"

Studs interrupts, "—except the last loan. When we got married, I owed her twenty dollars and I still owe it to her."

It's their favorite family joke, now that Studs' talent checks arrive in sufficient quantities to provide a pleasant apartment, well-chosen modern furniture, and nursery school for their five-year-old son.

Seriously, however, Studs acknowledges he owes Ida far more. "If she'd been the kind of woman who wants mink coats and diamonds, I'd probably have gone into law practice and earned them for her, but personally I'd have been sunk. It's Ida's willingness to sacrifice which has given us a good life together."

The good life built slowly but surely. One by one, Studs found the radio shows, the writing jobs where he could sell his unique talent for merging his own personality into that of his subject.

His first commercially successful project was a WGN series on the lives of great artists. Army service interrupted, and on his return, he developed a disc jockey show called Wax Museum where he played jazz, folksongs and operatic classics. His comment on Carmen is still quoted: "This is all about a tomato who loved not wisely but too often."

A YEAR ago, offered a role in "Detective Story," he went back on stage and Ida found herself running a sort of theater USO, for Studs was always bringing someone home with him. His fondness for entertaining and his eagerness to see that everyone has a good time is partly responsible for the advent of Studs' Place, for Charlie Andrews, now producer of the show, has long been among their guests.

They took as their challenge the spontaneity of Kukla, Fran and Ollie. Says Charlie, "We figured if Burr Tillstrom and Fran Allison could decide on a situation and talk it out, on camera, we could, too. It was just finding the right people."

They have found them now. Each Friday, the group works out the following week's story. No one ever plays villain, for

that sense of human dignity which Studs discovered long ago is the keynote of the piece. Conflict, to make the story interesting, arises out of every day human frailties. Each member of the cast pitches in on the plot.

Grace is actress Beverly Younger, in real life Mrs. Lester Podewell, mother of four children. Encountering her shortly after her twins were born, Studs announced, "There's our Grace—the gaunt blonde, just like half the waitresses in the little joints around town."

To Beverly, actually impressively glamorous, it wasn't a flattering description, but it was an opportunity to create a strong role. She plays Grace minus make up and with her hair on the droopy side.

Grace, to Beverly, is a real person. She knows that Grace came from Topeka where her father had a store. He wasn't much of a business man, but he was a good storyteller. An unhappy romance drove her to Chicago, but that was long ago, and Grace doesn't talk about it.

**WIN STRACKE**, a native Chicagoan, has done his share of hoboing, picking up songs as he went along. He has also studied voice and appeared in everything from concerts to musical comedy. At Studs' Place, he's officially the handy man, the one who fixes the things which intimidate Stud. Like the wandering men who stayed at the Terkel family hotel. Win has acquired stray bits of culture. He's sweet on Grace, but he's been footloose so long he shies at the idea of marriage.

Chet Roble fits in because he's that rare creature, a musician who can express his thoughts in words as well as at the keyboard. As one of Chicago's top jazz musicians, he has, for years, threaded his numbers with narrative to tell a story and paint a picture.

Says the real Mr. Terkel. "Studs, in the show, is the guy who's maybe lost a couple of jobs because of his daydreaming. He's always wanting to go into business for himself, so while he was in service, his wife, who's pretty gone on him, worked and saved his allotment checks and turned the whole works over to him when he got back. Otherwise, he'd never in his life have got the money together, and if it weren't for Grace taking care of him and the bills, he'd probably lose the joint."

But the Studs of Studs' Place had an even greater significance for the real Mr. Terkel. He says, "For a long while, I've been thinking about something I've got to say, now I've got a place to say it.

"I'm getting pretty tired of some of my friends, who cynically proclaim there's an angle to everything and that plain, ordinary people are stupid. I don't think people are stupid. I'd rather talk to my corner grocer than to some of the self-elected great brains."

He sits back, amazingly quiet for a moment, then concludes, "Too much defeatism has gone on for too long. In Studs' Place, whenever we plot out a problem, we also try to find a solution to that problem. It's never any world-shaking, permanent happy ending, for life itself doesn't offer permanent solutions. However, we are trying to point out that whatever his circumstances—so long as he has hope and self respect—a man can find satisfactions within the framework of his own life."



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# THE SHINING HOUSE

**J**UST a few blocks away from my house in Three Oaks one of the newer streets in town winds pleasantly along on its way toward the river. That's why they call it River Street. All the houses have a shining, sort of newlywed look; you know that they will be equipped with washing machines and tiled bathrooms and good new stoves. But so far as I know only one of them is also equipped with a young girl who at this moment may be crying her eyes out . . .

As Sam Williams has repeatedly told me, it's largely Crystal's own fault. And being Gene's father, he's ready to lay a generous portion of the blame at Gene's door. But how can I avoid blaming myself when if it hadn't been for me those two might never have met?

Sam says that's my own ego, clamoring for attention. "From what you've told me of Crystal, that first time, do you think she would have given up even if you had turned her down? Not her," Sam says. "She would have found some other way. You were just an accident, Anne. Don't blame yourself. And anyway—who's to say there's blame involved? For all we know it may be the right thing for both of them, the best thing . . ."

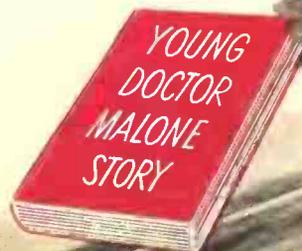
True enough; for all we know it may be. Certainly I thought I was doing the right thing to listen to Crystal the night, not so many months ago, when she suddenly appeared before me with her startling proposition.

To understand just how startling it was, I'll have to explain that we didn't know each other, Crystal and I. I had seen her once at the Clinic, when in my capacity as Supervisor I had interviewed a young girl whom Crystal had apparently bullied into coming to us for a check-up. When Dr. Munson came out and told us the girl was pregnant, Crystal's flare-up was something to remember. It wasn't against us, but against the world at large—for sending Helen's husband off to war just as she needed him most, for being a hard place, for general unfairness. After Crystal left, Dr. Munson told

*Illustrated by John J. Floherty*

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Gay, eager, intensely in love—  
that was Crystal. She was also very  
young—too young, in fact, to  
have to find that a dream fulfilled  
does not always spell happiness

By ANNE MALONE

me something about why Crystal had a right to be mad at the world. The only world she had known was inhabited by a dissolute father, a rickety house down by the factories way across town, then finally a job as counter-girl at the Three Oaks Diner. "She's so pretty," I said sadly. "Too much make-up, all the wrong clothes, all the worst kind of education . . . and still so pretty underneath it all. Do you think she's as tough as she sounds, Ralph?"

Dr. Munson had smiled without mirth. "They're all tough these days, Anne. They have to be. Especially a kid like Crystal who's been fighting her way since the day she was born."

I said, with a sigh, that I supposed he was right, and as I went back to my work I gave a fleeting thought to my own little girl, Jill. Jill was just seven, and God willing she would never have to fight as Crystal had for the right just to exist. Even though my husband and I were separated, I could still give her a good life . . . but what else could I do? You couldn't protect them forever. You couldn't make them do the things you thought were right. You could only love them, and stand around hoping to be called on if they needed a little help.

Oddly enough, that's precisely what Crystal Gates did. With no further contact than the one I've described, she came to see me one night shortly afterward. She was obviously nervous and ill at ease as she stood before me on the unlit porch where she had found me sitting—so nervous that I didn't suggest going inside because instinctively I knew she was glad of the dimness that veiled her face.

Crystal had something on her mind, and she said at once, "I'd better get it over with right away, because my nerve isn't going to last. You're going to think I've got enough for an Army, but me—I know it's going." She sat down suddenly. "Do you mind? My legs are kind of wobbly."

I hid my curiosity as well as I could and made a little general conversation till she settled down. Then she started to say something, made a helpless gesture and looked at me wide-eyed. "I just don't know where to begin, Mrs. Malone. Coming over I made up about a dozen speeches. I was going to say this and explain that, so you'd understand just how I got up the nerve to come—and why I came to you . . ." (Continued on page 96)

The moon was pale and promising. Everything was so right—except Gene. I knew how Crystal must be feeling . . .

R  
M

# Don't be HALF-SAFE



by VALDA SHERMAN

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

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(Continued from page 95) She hesitated. "Then I said to myself, what's all the excitement? Mrs. Malone, she's a woman, she'll understand. And besides . . . I figured you wouldn't be the kind to throw me out on my ear.

"The reason I'm here," she said simply, "is that you and Gene Williams are friends. I don't know anybody else who knows him. And I ain't gonna sit around any more wishing. I'm gonna get to know him. And you've got to help me, Mrs. Malone!"

I gazed at her in dumbfounded silence.

"I TOLD you I had my nerve," she said. "But it's about all I do have—except maybe I'm not so bad-looking. I can see he likes my looks. I don't really know him, Mrs. Malone, except to hand him his coffee-and-pie when he comes into the diner. Sometimes he talks to me. I know he don't really see me. But he acts sort of lonesome—and anyway I see him! I see how he looks, that kind of proud way he holds his head, and the way he's always carrying a book—a big book from the library. He ain't—he's not like the other guys, always with the wise-cracks. He's not like anyone in the whole world—in my world, anyway." She clasped her red-gloved hands passionately together.

With an effort I pulled the shreds of my poise around me. It was a shock, certainly, but it all depended on the point of view. From an ordinary girl it would have sounded unbalanced. But once you accepted Crystal as a girl very much out of the ordinary, it had its own understandable logic. I studied her carefully. Lovely, certainly, she was; it shone out even under the camouflage of bad make-up and too-tight clothes. And courageous she surely was—it had taken a lot of courage to come to me, a stranger, and talk this way. Definitely, Crystal was an unusual girl. Ralph Munson had been wrong when he said she had the same spirit of fight as all her generation. Wrong, because Crystal had more. She wasn't just fighting because she was mad. She was fighting because she wanted something and knew she couldn't have it unless she won it herself . . .

"Look—so you won't think I'm crazy. I'll put it right on the line," she was saying. "You might think Gene's just another good-looking guy, but you'd be wrong. It's not his looks. It's everything else—the way he talks, the kind of nice ways he has. You know he reads to me? He does! Poetry and stuff. I don't know from nothing about it, but believe me, from him it sounds—it sounds—" She made that gesture again, folding her hands tightly together in unconscious supplication. "You got to help me. I got a right to try to make a better life, don't I? Just because I was born into the lots don't mean I got to stay there?"

"What makes you think it's a good idea? If he'd wanted to ask you out, Crystal—I don't mean to be cruel, but wouldn't he have just asked you at the diner?"

She shook her head impatiently, and the shining dark hair flung backwards with a vehemence of its own. "That's the whole point. He doesn't really see me down there. He's just so lonesome he sees a face with a smile on it and he knows it's nobody he owes anything to or is scared of. I want to make him see me! I know there isn't any other girl." she said urgently. "I

know he never dates. I been asking around."

I suppose there were a few confused moments when, if I could have found the right words, I might have said 'no.' I knew how Gene resented what he called meddling; I was almost sure Crystal's little dream would shatter at the very moment it came true. But I couldn't turn her down. Never mind Gene. I told myself; do this for the girl. She's right; she's entitled to her chance.

Gene was coming over the next Friday night, and I told Crystal to be there too. She was transfused with joy when she said good-night, and I found the courage to say, "By the way, Crystal, would you mind if I made a suggestion. Could you wear something more—"

"Oh, I got that all planned!" she said eagerly. "I got a blue crepe dress—all men like blue, don't they?—and real plain, only with a touch of beading at the neck here. Real simple. Mrs. Malone. Don't worry about a thing. You've done the big part. I'll take it from here."

My mouth opened and closed again. No, I couldn't; I couldn't stand there in cold blood and tell her I was going to suggest a plain sweater and skirt, and low-heeled shoes, and a nice pink lipstick. Not being Crystal, I didn't have the nerve.

Before she left, however, I did try to tell her a little about Gene himself. I didn't want to say too much, because it wasn't fair not to let her build her own impression. But suppose he was rude to her, as he usually was to his father and to others? Or suppose—suppose he was simply gloomy and reproachful, and sat staring at me in the way that meant he had once again decided I was the only woman in the world?

The more than ten years difference in our ages had no meaning for Gene when he was in that mood. All at once I felt eager for Friday to come. Had Crystal given us—Sam and me—the answer to the problem of how to handle Gene?

Friday came, and with it a sudden downward sensation in my nerves. Fortunately, Crystal looked charming. Even her lipstick seemed paler, more becoming. The only trouble was that from the moment Gene entered the room it was plain that he didn't know what on earth she was doing there and cared less. And I couldn't get Crystal to stop talking!

From time to time I caught her eye and tried to flag her down, but I guess she couldn't stop. Eagerness had become nervousness. And as Gene kept moving restlessly around the room, scarcely troubling to answer, the apprehension became sheer panic.

"DON'T you think so, Gene?" she said with desperate cheerfulness. "Think what?" he said glumly. I hadn't heard the question either. After a while you lost track of individual words.

"The coffee down at the Diner—ain't it the world's worst?"

Gene winced. "Oh, I don't know. It's not so bad."

"Go on, you know it's not fit for pigs." Gene turned and gave me an outraged look, and all at once I was very angry with him. Who did he think he was? What right did he have to wince because Crystal said "ain't" and was a little hysterical because he was in the room! I wanted to shake him and say through my teeth,

"Gene Williams, one day you're going to need kindness and understanding and—yes, and love, real love, and if you go on like this, looking down on others because they haven't got your elevated soul or come from the wrong side of town, fighting with those who want to help you—where are you going to get help when you need it?"

Naturally I didn't say a word. Instead I escaped to the kitchen and made some tea. I don't know what happened while I was out. Once I did become suddenly aware that Crystal's voice had ceased, and that Gene was . . . yes, actually talking! Then he stopped, and when I came into the living room with the tea and cookies things were about as they'd been.

Crystal thanked me as I handed her a cup, and went on with what she'd been saying. "So like I said, it's all what you look for. If you got a kind of philosophy that's always waiting for the bad things to happen, they sure do. It ain't—" Abruptly she halted, and a blush crept up her cheeks. "There I go again. You'll be thinking I got no education at all. It's just that when I get excited I—I forget."

**T**HERE was a hotly embarrassed pause. I had just opened my lips to say something, anything, when oddly enough Gene came to the rescue.

"Don't we all?" he said, gulping his steaming tea.

"Don't we all what?" Crystal asked.

"Say things like 'ain't'. Go to fancy restaurants and drop our knives. Stumble going up the steps of the post office where the whole town can see us—" He was talking at random, but he had made Crystal smile. Why, when he could be sweet, did he go out of his way to be hateful? Why wouldn't he let himself go? It was almost painful to see the new hope flare in Crystal's eyes as he smiled back at her, the first kind look he'd given her all evening. But then I looked away again. She pushed, she tried too hard! And Gene at once recoiled. The moment died.

I was too discouraged to do anything about the silence that followed. We drank our tea and crumbled our cookies. Abruptly Gene stood up. "I guess I'll roll on," he said expressionlessly. "Just dropped in anyway. I had no idea you'd be busy—" his eyes met mine with reproach—"or I'd have picked another night."

"Please don't," Crystal said. There was an unaccustomed dignity about her speech and bearing as she too got up. "I'm the butter-inner, so I'll just go along. You'll want to talk to Mrs. Malone." It wasn't dignity exactly, I saw; it was the stiffening chill of bitter disappointment and the need to get away before the tears came. I recognized that—what woman wouldn't? All at once I wanted to put my arms around her and tell her Gene was no bargain anyway. I gave him the angriest glance I could muster. He wasn't insensitive; he knew quite well he'd been snubbing the girl unmercifully.

"No, I'm going," Gene insisted.

"Not on your life," Crystal said with a revival of her normal spirit. "I said I'm going and I'm going. What you do is your own business, but I'll say good-night now, Mrs. Malone, and thanks for a—thanks for everything." Head high, she made a sort of charge toward the door



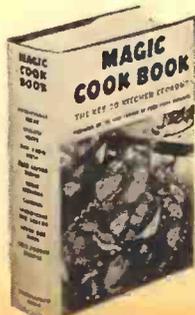
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so as to be able to reach it before Gene.

To my astonishment Gene went after her. He didn't look at me except to mutter a quick good-night, but there was a grim set to his lips. He called after her. "Hold on. I'll walk you home."

Well! I thought. I *am* getting old. I don't follow these mercurial ups and downs. Or is he just sorry about being such a prig and deciding to be decent for a while? I went to the door in time to see him catch up with her at the gate, where there was a brief and apparently antagonistic exchange of remarks. Then they moved off together down the lamp-lit street, carefully apart and not in step. I stood there watching them out of sight. The moon was pale gold and promising. Everything was so right—except Gene! I knew how Crystal must be feeling . . .

**P**oor Crystal! It was all very well to be honest, to face the reality that a woman can't live without having someone to love—but what unfortunate imp was meddling in her fate to make her fix on Gene Williams?

My next report on what I came to think of as Crystal's campaign came, surprisingly, from Sam Williams, Gene's father. Since my separation from Jerry, Sam and I had become very good friends, and dinner or a drive twice a week had become a pleasant habit in both our lives.

Sam's voice on the phone was gay, "What've you been up to?" he asked. "Who's this Crystal Gates? What's going on that I don't know about?"

I told him I didn't know much about it. "Then I've got news for you," he said. "Gene's going out with her and I gather he met her over at your house. I'm not complaining! I'm tickled that he's interested enough to take any girl out. But Anne, what do you know about her? What's there about her to make Gene touchy? He as good as called me a snob the other night—listen, can you have lunch today? I want to talk to you. . ."

I was too busy to go out, really, but I was too curious to resist. I'd been so certain that Gene would walk Crystal home, and never think of her again! Evidently I had underestimated Crystal.

"She's pretty enough for anyone," Sam told me. "The only pity is that she's a little half-witted. Now wait—" he stopped me with an upraised hand. "Before you go calling me a snob, I'm not referring to her lack of college degree. I don't give a hoot which fork she uses for her salad. But if she likes Gene—she's not using plain horse sense. Wait'll you hear how I met her in the first place."

Gene wasn't in the habit of telling his father where he was going of an evening, but judging by the extra care in dressing and the careful combing of hair, Sam had hoped that at last there might be a girl in the picture. And one night, Crystal herself had turned up. Gene hadn't gotten home from the plant, and Sam was waiting for him before starting dinner, when she rang the bell. She'd been "just passing by," she said. She had just sat there, scarcely speaking, her eyes on the door through which Gene must come.

"I tried every nice way I could think of to ease her out," Sam said. "For her own sake—you know. But you'd have thought there was glue on that chair."

Finally, Gene had arrived. "And then," Sam said blankly, "all hell broke loose. I was going to ask her to stay for dinner—I mean, what else could I do? And anyway I was kind of pleased at the idea of having a friend of Gene's around. But she got up and said something about having bothered me long enough. I think she was hurt because Gene had looked less than delighted when he saw her there, but anyway she started to go—and then Gene, if you please, rounded on me!"

Gene had said a great many things, not all of which Sam remembered; but the gist of it was that he'd thank Sam to extend the hospitality of the house to his, Gene's, friends, inasmuch as it was Gene's house as well. . . "He made it sound as though I'd asked her to leave by the servant's entrance," Sam said. "And then he announced he was going out to dinner with her, and off they went! Anne," he said gravely, "I came near to punching that kid right in the nose. It's fine to be young, but how young can you get?"

It helped a little for both of us when I told Sam what I knew of Crystal's background. Gene must know much of it by now; he was just the man to go to bat for an underdog. If he thought Sam was looking down on Crystal—"That must be it," Sam said. "But I kind of liked the gal! She gave me a straight look in the eye and she was rather rather sweet about Gene. He doesn't deserve to be looked at like that! I hope she gives him the air."

"I hope she doesn't, at least not right away," I said thoughtfully. "Maybe a few dates with each other will do them both good. Crystal might get Gene out of her system, and Gene might decide that dating girls wasn't so bad after all, and look around for a few others to take out."

Once or twice during the next few weeks Sam reported that they were still having dates. "Lord knows why—he goes out glum and he comes back glummer," Sam said. "But he keeps on going. I think he's doing it to get my goat. I can't convince him I liked the girl!"

He agreed when I said the best thing we could do was leave it alone for a while—but even though I convinced him, my conscience wasn't easy. Crystal, I was sure, didn't "go out glum and come back glummer." She went out radiant to meet Gene; she hoped each time she would strike a spark to answer her own.

**T**HE next time I saw her I decided I had been overly pessimistic. She came around one night after dinner, and her radiant eyes told me before her words that life was pretty good these days.

"I can never thank you, Mrs. Malone," she burst out. "You'll never know what you've done for me. I don't know what's going to happen or if I'll land in the cellar or up on the moon—but I don't care. Just knowing him—"

I glanced at her over my knitting. Something had altered, and I couldn't immediately tell what. Then I saw. The make-up, so much lighter—the hair combed simply back.

"You've been seeing a lot of him, Crystal?" I asked.

"Not as much as—not as much as I feel as if I had. If you know what I mean. I mean we're not going steady or anything." She sobered. "It's just that I'm sort of

held together by the times I do see him."  
 "Isn't it silly?" she went on. "I'm spilling all over you like I—as though I expected you to wave a wand or something. It's your own fault. You helped me. I got to thinking sometimes that you can do anything." She perched on the arm of the sofa. "I'm up and I'm down, like it says in the books about love. I know I ought to watch myself, but—it's too good. I got to make myself believe it'll go on—"

Disquiet took hold of me again. "And you don't think it will?" I asked.

Her eyes met mine, and there was a little flicker of uneasiness behind them. "I don't know anything, and that's the truth. Sometimes he—well, sometimes I think if I had any pride I'd tell him to go chase himself, Mrs. Malone—"

"Won't you call me Anne? I've called you Crystal from the very first."

"I always do, to myself," she confessed. "Anne. Just like Gene does. But he—he's funny, you know what I mean? Moody . . . he stood me up a couple of times. I wouldn't take that from another guy. Then he told me he—he'd gone to the library and just forgot." She folded her hands again, and said simply. "And I believed him. I *wanted* to believe him. I said to myself—what's it matter what he says, as long as he keeps coming back, that matters, doesn't it?"

"Matters how, Crystal? What is it you want out of this?"

"I want everything," she said softly and evenly. almost as though she were uttering a threat. The radiance, the joy, were gone, and that steely, frightening determination had come back. "I want anything I can get. I'd marry him tomorrow or ten years from now. I love him, Anne, so much it doesn't even matter that he doesn't love me."

I did turn then and looked at her. She smiled down at me, a smile that would have been impossible to the Crystal of a few weeks ago. Wisdom and a wry but not bitter touch of self-ridicule were in her lips. "How do I know, you're wondering? I been facing facts all my life, remember. I didn't call a doughnut and a glass of milk a steak dinner, but I ate it anyway because it was better than nothing. Gene talks to me and it's getting so he feels at home with me. That's better than nothing. But I can't fool myself too much. The way he feels about me isn't going to set fire to the world. But I've got a hunch—whether he knows it or not—that one

day it'll be all so very different."  
 Silence kept her brave words alive in the room. *One day it'll be different . . .* Did she really believe that? Well—how did I know it wasn't true? Maybe her instinct about Gene was a good one, sounder than mine or his father's.

From the window, with her back to me again Crystal said, "One reason I know is that the fool kid thinks he loves you."

I was too amazed to reply. He had been deliberately cruel to tell her a thing like that, when she was so obviously in love with him. Even though I never came near believing it, Crystal might . . . But once again I had misjudged her reactions.

"That's how I know he's just a confused kid," she said softly. "That's what makes me think if I stick around long enough, try hard enough—" she turned with an abrupt movement and met my eyes. "Don't get me wrong. I can understand him having a real strong feeling for you. You've got so much—you're such a—well, such a real lady. How could he help it? But it's not love, the way I feel it for him. Not on your life it ain't. I got a lot to learn, sure—I can't look or talk like you do or I couldn't fix a house so it looked like this. I haven't read hardly anything. *But I can learn.* And I'm willing to learn. If he just lets me hang around long enough I'll make him care."

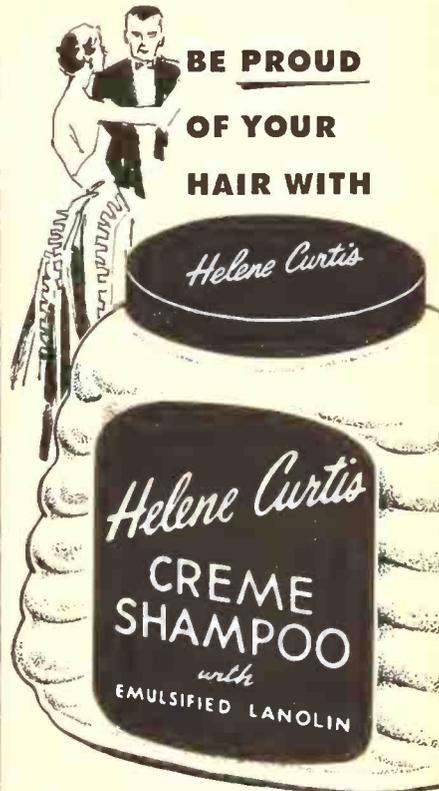
After she left, I sat quietly for a while, almost too exhausted to take myself up the stairs. That wild gamut of emotions! Only the very young could cover all that ground in such a short space of time. I had a furtive desire to call Sam and tell him about it. But it was after eleven.

In spite of my misgivings about Gene, Crystal had infected me with some of her own determined confidence. It astonished me to think back so short a time to Sam's description of his first meeting with Crystal, when we had told one another that a few dates with her would be good for Gene. Even then, of course, I'd had a fleeting feeling it wasn't going to be simple . . . but I hadn't expected the words *love and marriage* to come up so quickly.

Sam was busy down at the plant, and the Clinic was undergoing some building repairs that kept me frantically active from morning till night. We got no chance to compare notes. But often I found myself remembering Crystal's visit.

As a matter of fact, now that it's all over I may as well confess that I was surprised Gene himself hadn't come to see me

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during those weeks. Female vanity! Of course I knew he wasn't truly in love with me; of course the only thing I felt for him was the sort of exasperated affection one might feel for a young, headstrong nephew . . . and yet in spite of that I suppose I was a little hurt that I was getting all my news of him second-hand. I didn't think about it, but I recognized a certain smug satisfaction the night he finally did come over. It was a "Well—at last!" feeling.

It was a short visit. It was almost as though he had propelled himself from the Williams' home to mine with a question already formed on his lips. Once having asked it, having received his answer, he was ready to shoot off into the darkness.

LIKE Crystal, he was too restless to sit. There was a great deal about his whole bearing that reminded me of her. Tension, suppressed emotion, an underlying grim determination . . . but I had known what Crystal was determined about. With Gene, I had no idea. His broad shoulders were stiff under the tweed jacket, and his whole too-thin frame revealed a rigid inability to relax. I sat quite still, knowing that with Gene, as with an animal or a small child, it was fatal to make too sudden a move. He had to be left alone to take his time and make up his own mind . . .

"You know about me—about Crystal Gates, I mean? Dad must have mentioned it," he said finally, sharply, as though we had already begun an argument.

I nodded. "I know you've been seeing her. She's really a very unusual girl."

He laughed. "Spare me that. I know what you think of her really—you and Dad. Dad, anyway. I don't think you've got a mean bone in your body, but has he turned out to be a snob! His blue eyes brooded silently into the empty fireplace. "I didn't come here to talk about *him*, not this time. I—"

"Gene, wait a minute." Partly because I wanted to know, and partly I think from a nervous desire to stave off whatever he was coming to, I cut him off. "What do you mean, you know what we think about Crystal? What's all this about snobbery?"

"Merely that my respected parent doesn't think Crystal is good enough to be trampling up his important parlor." With a swiftness that took me unawares, Gene flung himself down beside me on the sofa. "Never mind all that," he said. "Anne, I've got to know one thing. Is it—is it hopeless?" He glanced at me and looked away again. "Is there honestly no chance you'll let yourself admit you—you care for me?"

I got up and stood staring down at him. "I don't know what to say to you, Gene. I'm fond of you. Fond enough to give you the direct answer you ask for—though I've given it to you before. This embarrassment shouldn't be necessary. The answer is no, Gene." Purposely I made my voice as cold and hard as I could. "You don't love me; I'm simply an older woman whom you've—you've come to look up to a little. It happens every day. You'll fall in love one day—really in love."

"Okay," Gene said. He got up and went to the door. "That's it then. But don't worry about me falling in love." I couldn't see it, but I knew his mouth had taken that bitter twist that was so disturbing to me. "I'll get along without that."

Suddenly frightened, I said, "Gene—don't hurt Crystal!"

His shoulders moved as though shrugging off the name. "I could tell you to mind your own business, couldn't I—if I were very rude," he said. Then he was gone.

Almost before the sound of the door had died away I was at the phone, calling Sam. I had the feeling that Gene's abrupt visit was a signal bell for some kind of action. "I've got news for you," he said. "Crystal came to see *me* tonight. Busy little lot, aren't they?"

I began to laugh, and found I couldn't stop. "Oh, Sam—like Cox and Box! You know, that play where they share a room but don't know it because one always comes in after the other's gone out—"

"Hey! Cut that out! We already know Gene's an idiot. Don't let him upset you *that* much."

"It's not Gene, Sam. It's Crystal. She's going to be hurt. I've been uneasy all along, feeling responsible, not knowing how much to interfere . . ."

Sam's voice was reflective. "I know what you mean. I laid it on the line to her tonight. I told her Gene didn't love her. I said he'd break her heart. I said she'd be better off getting him out of her mind." He did his best to make it sound reasonable but it wasn't that easy. "I did it for her own good, didn't I? Better for me to cut her up a little than have that selfish brat of mine do it far more seriously—"

"What happened? Did she—was she upset, Sam? What did she do?"

"Funny thing. She didn't react at all. I wasn't telling her anything she didn't already know, I'll swear to that." He hesitated. "You know the girl, Anne. Don't you think it matters to her that Gene doesn't really love her? She'd want more out of life than just trying herself to a man who merely tolerated her."

"I don't think she does. Not if the man is Gene," I said softly. "She's got it very bad, Sam. I think she knows more about Gene than you or I—but she wants him anyway."

I never had real proof that I was right about that—about how well Crystal knew Gene. But when I worked backward from the things that happened afterward I had what was, to me, as good as proof and as comforting. For I don't believe it all would have happened if Crystal's understanding of Gene hadn't been both shrewd and deep.

SAM and I had made a date for the following night to go driving. When he called for me at eight-thirty I was ready, and I started down the path toward the car. Before I could get there, a hurrying figure came hurtling toward us from the corner. It was Gene, out of breath and in a perfect frenzy of anger. He gripped the car door and glared at Sam.

"Listen here," he said roughly. "You leave Crystal alone, do you hear me? Keep out of it."

"Gene!"

"You too," he said, turning on me. Sam stared at him without attempting to speak. "Both of you. Crystal's plenty good enough for me. I'll tie my own shoelaces from here on out, understand?"

Sam's lips were white. "What are you talking about?"

"What am I talking about? What were you talking to Crystal about, trying to get

her to break off with me? Can't you stand to see me having any life of my own?"

"Just what you call a life of your own I wouldn't know, but for all of me you can have it. All I was trying to do was keep a decent, straightforward girl from making a mess of her own life. She may have had the misfortune to fall in love with you but she's young, she'll get over it. Give her a chance. You don't love her; let her find a decent guy who *will* love her."

"Don't I? Don't I!" he said. "But I'm going to marry her. What do you know about that?"

Before I could quite believe he had been there, Gene had gone.

It was a long time before I spoke. "What does it to him, Sam? What makes him fight you like that? It's unhealthy."

"How should I know?" Sam said violently. "Maybe a psychiatrist would say it was because his mother and I never got along. Maybe a psychiatrist should see him, I don't know."

"Sam," I said after a pause, "has it ever occurred to you that if he hated you as much as all that he could simply go off? There must be something, some feeling, some fondness that keeps him with you."

"Do you think I don't know that? Gosh, Anne, he can be the sweetest guy in the world when he forgets to keep fighting it—or fighting me. I don't know. Maybe it's not such a bad idea, this marrying Crystal. Except for her, I mean."

I WAS silent for so long that he prodded me. "Do you think he means it?" "I don't know," I said slowly. "Maybe Crystal will be getting just what she deserves, Sam. I've got an idea she understands pretty well what makes Gene tick . . . She's been seeing him—she must know that he's always worried about your interfering in his activities. It's almost automatic for him to do the opposite of what he knows you'd like him to do."

"You mean she told Gene about my talk with her last night, though she knows I only meant it for her good—told him with the implication that I was trying to break them up just for the heck of it?"

"Something like that. It needn't even have been deliberate on her part. Just a conviction that all she had to do was make Gene think you were trying to interfere again—and she'd be pretty sure he'd react by doing just what he said he'd do. Marry her."

"She'd have him on those terms?"

"She's a woman, Sam," I reminded him. "Awfully young, painfully in love, and female. She'd have him on any terms." Hadn't she said that, almost in those words? Shining hair tossed back, eyes bravely facing it, smile almost gay as she reminded herself that she was young and lovely and Gene was young too, and anything could happen if you worked hard enough for it, if only you got the chance at it . . .

I think Sam was surprised to realize that Gene hadn't been talking for effect. But I wasn't. When Gene and Crystal went down to the City Hall and got themselves married I had the curious sensation that the slim circlet on Crystal's finger didn't really matter. The things that had tied them to one another had begun happening the day they met . . .

Nobody went to the wedding. Nobody knew, in fact, until afterwards, though we

knew it was going to happen some time. Sam said that Gene came down to the plant in the afternoon and simply said he'd been married that morning, as though it were a thing one did two or three times a year. But it had been funny, Sam told me; Gene hadn't snapped or blustered or looked for a fight. He had been quiet and unemotional, except that he seemed—Sam said—almost wistful. "As if all of a sudden he wanted to be friends, were Sam's words. As if he were really trying, for once. I don't get it . . . but I like it. I hope it lasts."

They had gotten it straightened out about Crystal then, about Gene's misunderstanding of his father's attitude toward her. Somehow Sam finally convinced Gene that he really liked and respected Crystal. "Maybe he wanted to believe it," Sam said. "I'm going around there to dinner soon."

"So am I," I told him. "Crystal called a while ago and asked me. I'm so glad Gene seems—well, it's nice you can talk to him for a change!" I ended, a little lamely, because I was still disturbed over my conversation with Crystal.

She had been brilliantly gay when it began. She told me about the ceremony and who they had commandeered for witnesses . . . "And this house, Anne! It's the most beautiful thing I ever was in in my life!" She went on to describe the unbelievable delights of the little house—the new range, the big refrigerator, the tiny paved terrace in the back. The real fireplace. "It's just what I dreamed of, Anne. I can't wait till you see it. It shines, Anne, it really does."

"What about you, Crystal? Is it—is it just what you dreamed of? I don't mean the house."

There was a pause and my heart sank. "It—oh, Anne." Without warning she began to cry. There was nothing I could do but wait, and after a determined effort she got herself under control.

"It's typical," I said. "All brides are depressed on their wedding day—"

"Not like this, they're not," Crystal said flatly. "How many other brides get walked home from the ceremony and then have their husbands say 'So long, dear, I've got to get back to the plant'? Come to think of it," she added, "I don't think he even called me dear." She laughed a little.

"Oh, Crystal. He was probably nervous. It'll be fine, you'll see."

"You don't really think so, do you? But I'll tell you something funny, Anne. I do." She began to sound like herself again. "Let's face it, I knew what I was getting into. Remember that talk we had that night? It all still goes. Every bit of it. It's going to be all right with Gene and me. The only thing that's wrong right now is that you and Sam weren't with us at the wedding. But Gene wanted it that way, so—will you come soon, Anne?"

"Yes," I said. "I'll come soon."

It was the least I could do. For better or worse, I couldn't get over the feeling that in some way I was very responsible. Responsible for her chance to win what to her was the greatest prize life could offer. But responsible too, though I couldn't decide how, for the fact that in the midst of her new life, with her new wedding ring gleaming on her finger, Mrs. Eugene Williams was sitting in her shining little house, crying her heart out . . .

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**MILES NERVINE**

## DELECTABLE DARLA

(Continued from page 60) career for her daughter. After seeking in vain for a suitable teacher among their five hundred neighbors in tiny Leedey, Oklahoma, she began driving Darla one hundred and fifty miles to Oklahoma City every week to study with Miss Katherine Duffy.

After a year and a half of faithful work, Darla was invited to accompany Miss Duffy on her New York vacation. Learning that Hollywood producer Hal Roach was in town looking for a new "Our Gang" sweetheart, Miss Duffy quickly taught Darla a little song and speech for a screen test. The minute the cameras stopped whirring, Roach rushed up with a seven-year contract, bundled them in a car, and dispatched them to Hollywood in such a hurry they couldn't even stop in Oklahoma to see her mother and father.

**DARLA** was soon to learn that fame, to a youngster, is another word for loneliness. It's being in a foreign country where you can't speak the language, and no one can speak yours. It's peeking quietly from the window of a shiny car at a noisy crowded sandpile of little strangers with wonderful tattered rag dolls. It's having a day full of adult activities impossible to translate into a normal juvenile conversation. It's a feeling of not belonging anywhere.

As a by-product of prominence, inevitably child stars become precocious. In a film called "Born to Sing" with Virginia Weidler, Darla was a quiz kid and sang a song based on one of her chance remarks. "Here I am eight, and *what* have I done?" To Darla, who shudders at the recollection, precocious youngsters and child prodigies aren't funny. They are sad.

Darla's mother came west to be with her, and although skeptical about Hollywood, her father later transferred to the Bank of America in Los Angeles so they could all have a home together. Darla being a movie personality as well as an only child made them afraid she would become spoiled and temperamental; they forced themselves to be strict with her. Darla cites this as another liability of being a professional child—the need for continuous rugged discipline.

She yearned to attend a public school, to get away from "Our Gang" so she could have her gang. Her one experiment at Rosewood Grammar School was a dismal flop. If she didn't talk to the others, she was snooty; if she did, she was smarty-pants. She tried to buy popularity with parties; the kids devoured her ice cream, but forgot her the next day.

Disconsolate, she returned to the MGM studio school where she shared classes with Virginia Weidler, Susanne Foster, and Connie Russell. Elizabeth Taylor was there too, a tiny thing, although just two years younger than Darla. The school was tolerable, but the future seemed bleak.

Her first break came from an unexpected friend, the studio tape measure. Happily for eleven-year-old Darla, she suddenly began to sprout up. After being the sweetheart of "Our Gang" in over one hundred pictures during a record-breaking stretch of nine years, she was now outgrowing them. She was four feet tall and getting longer every breakfast. After her twelfth

birthday she was replaced by a four-year-old.

Mrs. Hood dreaded breaking the news to Darla about the replacement, but finally was forced to tell her. Darla was overjoyed. That very afternoon she planned a career as a trained nurse... no, a waitress handling lovely food... no, she would be a teacher in her own wonderful noisy school. A hundred lovely possibilities beckoned, best of all was the chance to be a nobody that could at last "belong."

But this didn't come immediately. Darla struggled through a dark apprenticeship to normalcy at Bancroft Junior High School re-learning the art of getting along with non-theatrical people. She had braces on her teeth, pigtails, subconscious stage mannerisms, and was generally ignored by the select clique of popular girls.

Then magically the dark spell dissolved, and Darla burst into a new and wonderful existence the moment she entered Fairfax High School. Everything picked up, she loved her studies, made the Promethians Honor Society in three semesters. Braces disappeared and boys appeared, in untold quantities. The girls liked her too, and she had more fun every sixty minutes than she had ever had in her whole life. Her parents were delighted. "No more show business for me," vowed Darla. "Next stop, graduation, then college."

Her best girl friend was Eleanor Decker, who had a beautiful soprano voice being trained by Dr. Wright, pastor of the Methodist Church. Darla sang in their choir, and helped plan the choir's annual barn dance. At the last minute, her date couldn't go, so Ellie introduced Darla to her older brother Bob, just back from the service.

It was a dance Darla will never forget. She wore a new yellow print pinafore with matching yellow hair ribbons—she still has the pinafore, with new lace on the skirt. She'll never part with it, because the dress reminds her of that dance, and it was at that dance that she met Bob.

Bob Decker was a beautiful dancer, and Darla's years of studio training made them outstanding among all the couples there. But to Darla, suddenly there were no other couples there, nobody but Bob.

When dating other fellows she had often thought "Gee, I want to go out with him, maybe I'll marry him." With Bob, this possibility was so deliriously out of reach she settled for just a whispered prayer "If he'll only ask me out again." After the seventh dance she was thinking "If he even as much as mentions that he likes me, I will explode—it would be the greatest thing that ever happened to me!"

**BOB** didn't say he liked her, but he did tell her she was a good dancer, and asked if she'd like to go to the Palladium some night. "Go to heaven some night" is how it sounded to Darla. On the way home he held her hand, and they had sodas with Bob's brother John and his girl.

He didn't call the next week, but Ellie tipped her off to the reason. Bob had been astounded to discover she was only fifteen. Furthermore his mother had suggested he stay away from her to avoid encouraging puppy love from an impressionable young girl. Bob tried to follow

his mother's advice, but when he ran into Darla at church (just as she had planned) his resolve melted. "I promised to take you to the Palladium," he sighed with mock resignation. "We'll just have to go and suffer through it."

Even before their Palladium date they visited Venice Pier Amusement Park where the thrill of holding hands made the zooming roller coaster seem tame as a wheelchair. They ate yards of hot dogs washed down with gallons of pop, and coming home they stopped in at, of all places, a drive-in diner for more food. Over a turkey sandwich, Bob started to sing "Estrelita." Darla joined in, then sang lead with his tenor. While amazed car hops kibitzed for two solid hours, they sang just about every song written. Their mutual interest in music thrilled Darla, and although she had never sung duets before, she loved it . . . or was it Bob she loved and the duets only because of him?

**B**OB was studying opera and financing his studies with night work as a waiter. Darla worked part-time in a candy store owned by family friends. The friends had a son whom Darla dated, and when Bob learned of this, he decided on a course of action. They had been going together nine months, and that night they were sitting in a Paulette Goddard picture. Suddenly Bob leaned over and whispered "Gee, I love you."

Darla didn't, couldn't, believe him, so she brushed it off with a casual "Yep." But it hurt.

Then he said it again. Darla snapped "Will you stop that—you don't have to say that you know."

"I mean it, Darla, I really do."

She wanted him to mean it, wanted so much for him to mean it, she couldn't talk, couldn't think. As though in a dream she heard him continue, "We're going together, aren't we darling—steady, I mean."

She found her voice with a fervent whispered "Yes."

Now their music came to mean even more to both of them. They sang duets in church and operas at Bob's school, the American Operatic Laboratory in Los Angeles. Bob had a quartet with his sister Ellie and two other boys, and when Ellie left to sing with Tommy Tucker's band, Darla took her place. The trend changed from quartets to quintets, so when Ellie left Tommy Tucker she re-joined them, singing lead with Darla second. Ellie later moved on to other assignments, and the choristers shifted about to form their present successful formula as "Darla Hood and the Enchanters."

They started singing with school bands, for fun, for experience—and for free. Once they hit big money singing for a UCLA fraternity, where they got five dollars, split it five ways. They sang at an informal studio show on a lot at 20th Century-Fox, and the studio's music supervisor, Charles Henderson, engaged them to do background music in such films as "A Letter to Three Wives," "Mother Is a Freshman," and "Apartment For Peggy." They made recordings with Benny Carter and Stan Brown, invaluable training which paid off on a later audition for Ken Murray's fabulous stage "Blackouts."

Meanwhile Darla was working feverishly for graduation, and her heart was set on

being an Ephebian honor student. Bob helped her with research and homework, and when she got too tense he relaxed her by kidding "You can do it easy, there are only five hundred in the class."

And she did it. Straight A's in her senior year placed her among the twelve graduates to qualify for the Ephebian. With her diploma came the best present of all, a sparkling engagement ring. Darla wanted to get married that very second, even before she left the platform, but Bob thought it best for them to wait until she was eighteen.

Waiting was the most difficult task either of them had ever done. Moreover, singing jobs around Hollywood grew tough to find, and after the group did background music for Ken Murray's "Bill and Coo" picture and auditioned for his "Blackouts" they disbanded temporarily. To get some silver lining for their hope chest, Bob worked at the Automobile Club and Darla became a typist at an insurance company. Time seemed to drag.

In November of 1948 Darla and her mother made a short visit back to Oklahoma. Just after they left, Bob got a call from Ken Murray saying he thought they could use the Enchanters. Bob streaked for the Western Union office. All the words on the telegram seemed like pure gibberish to Darla except the two words that jumped right out "be married." She was on a train back within the hour. "If there wasn't a train," she declared, "I would have walked back barefoot on a barbed wire fence."

The Bride and Groom program wanted to broadcast a pre-wedding interview, and at first Darla refused. However when she learned that the ceremony would be completely private with their own minister and guests, she consented. Listeners coast-to-coast tuned in, and the program showered the young couple with wonderful gifts including a dream honeymoon at the Santa Yuez Inn at Pacific Palisades. There was music under the stars, champagne in the room, soft lights and swimming pools. The most perfect honeymoon a boy and a girl ever lived—and loved.

During the run of "Blackouts" they lived in a small Hollywood apartment, and when the show came to New York they moved with it. After the show closed and Ken returned to the coast, the Enchanters were featured by Paul Whiteman on TV.

**K**EN came back to New York with the complete plans for his big TV show, and immediately called the Enchanters. It was like old times again; they're an enduring combination.

Darla and Bob are living in a small apartment hotel in New York where she's teaching a kitchen stove to sing sweet mealtime music. Eventually they hope to have three or four additional little consumers about the house. Meanwhile television is their life, they both love it and have great hopes for their future plans in front of the camera.

If you drop in for a friendly visit with Darla, chances are you'll find her talking about her favorite subject, however it's not TV. It's still Bob. And in the next minute, with no coaxing at all, she'll bring out her favorite dress to show you. It's a yellow pinafore skirt she wore to a certain barn dance two or three careers ago.

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# YOUR HELP IS WANTED

(Continued from page 29) sponsor and network want you to love their program. You know that. They've got the best actors and directors and writers their money can buy. But the fact is that neither expert nor genius decides whether a program is good. The only person who can flick that switch on and off is you. My job is to find out what you don't like, and why.

Our organization is called the Schwerin Research Corporation, but in no way resembles the research conducted by Hooper or Nielsen. Hooper's people phone homes through the country and ask, "Do you have your radio or television set on?" And if you do, they ask, "What program are you tuned to?" Nielsen goes after the same answers by installing a mechanism in your set that records the programs you tune in. Simply, their reports show how many people have their sets on and the percentage of people tuned in to each station. What my group of workers wants to know is not what programs you listen to or look at, but how you like them.

And only the public knows what is good or bad radio. That's why afternoons and evenings some three to four hundred people gather in Radio City studios and Manhattan theaters at our reviews. Since the war, over six-hundred-thousand people have attended these sessions. We have screened eighteen-hundred programs and thirty-six-hundred commercials. Our clients include NBC, Mutual, Colgate, Alka Seltzer, Toni, Campbell, Quaker Oats, Prudential, Admiral, Van Camp and others.

When you come to our reviews, you may see a TV or radio show. Through a planned, coordinated system, your reaction is checked every forty-five seconds without interrupting the program. Then we analyze

the program with five principles. The first letter of each point spells the word *famed*: F for familiarity, A for approach, M for mood, E for emphasis, D for direction.

*Familiarity* means what we, as listeners, expect from a star or story that we already know considerable about. For example, *One Man's Family* is a show that has been on radio for many years. But when the same popular program appeared on TV, there was a certain amount of audience resistance. Through our reviews, we discovered that regular listeners to *One Man's Family* had very definite mental images of the environment and characters on the radio program. The TV show conflicted with these images. So instead of running both programs concurrently, the TV show was pushed back a few years in time and setting, and turned out very successfully.

*Approach*, the second point, means finding the right beginning for a show. In musicals, you and I prefer to begin with one or two familiar numbers. That just happens to be the way we are. An example of wrong music occurred on the program of a well-known comedian. He got his audience relaxed, then destroyed the mood with brassy swing.

"Kill the victim earlier." was the way our report read to the producers of *Crime Photographer*—although I'm not a blood-thirsty man. We had an interesting reaction to Casey, ace news photographer and amateur detective. It seems that listeners like to play detective, too. With the crime and clues at the beginning of the show, whodunit fans were more attentive.

*Mood*, or the atmosphere created, into which all the elements and commercials must dovetail, is the third yardstick.

On a program where the setting change each week from one foreign city to another, the announcer said, "We are now in Cairo," but the audience replied, "I don't believe it." The program failed to supply foreign color in description and sound effects. When this was corrected, the audience responded enthusiastically.

*Emphasis* means finding the subject material you prefer to hear covered on a particular program. Sometimes this is a tricky thing to get at. When the makers of *Alka Seltzer* came to us, we pre-tested fifteen daytime serials before they decided on *Hilltop House*. But even then there was a mystery. For no obvious reason, interest in the show had fallen off. Research revealed the writers had tired of emphasizing orphans and switched to other characters. When the children were brought back, the audience came back.

You may not be surprised at this, but women prefer their heroines in daytime serials to be one hundred percent good. And when a program centers about one character or locality, the writers had better keep that particular situation in focus or listeners feel cheated.

*Direction*, the final test, has nothing to do with the director's job, but rather concerns the selection of audience. If there's an adventure program that turns out to have great appeal for children, it will do neither the children nor the sponsor much good to sell cigarettes. A program designed for women only shouldn't be scheduled at night when there is a mixed audience.

The most difficult commercials to put across are those that break into a dramatic program. The audience resents an interruption of the story. The commercial must not break the mood, yet to hold our attention (something the sponsor insists on), the intermission must come at a high dramatic point. If the hero is really hanging onto the cliff at this point, most of us stick with the commercial and the rest of the drama.

Advertisers think they know what the public wants, but actually only the public knows. I would particularly like to have readers of *RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR* come to our review sessions, because of your special interest. And you can "kill two birds with one stone." You'll have a good time and, also, know you're helping to build better programs. Bring your family and your friends—there is a free gift for everyone.

You can fill out the coupon or, if you don't live within commuting distance of Manhattan, jot down this number, Circle 7-8300, Ext. 8485, and call us next time you visit New York. You will receive tickets promptly. Programs can be made better. Together, you and I can do it.

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*Horace Schwerin, president of the Schwerin Research Corporation, is a man of many accomplishments that should endear him to everyone. He modestly omits in his article that the research he conducted as a private during World War II saved taxpayers \$110,000,000 each year. The system he set up is still in effect. As a radio consultant, he has been waging a merciless war on obnoxious commercials and dull programming.*



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