

RADIO AND TELEVISION **MIRROR**

DECEMBER

25¢

Mortimer Snerd



Charlie McCarthy

Edgar Bergen

ARTIA FACES LIFE —
A complete novelette
pictures — The story of
DAVID HARUM





The gift that says "You're lovely." Face Powder, Rouge and Lipstick, in a sparkling holiday box . . . \$2.75



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Compliment her with a gift of charm! Evening in Paris Eau de Cologne and Talcum . . . \$2.25



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Gifts with the Fragrance of Romance

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BOURJOIS.



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All prices plus tax.

"Dentists say the IPANA way works!"

Junior Model Babs March shows how it can work for you, too



Just 17 and stepping out to success, cover girl Babs March of Roselle, N. J. has a smile that gets her modelling dates—and dance dates!

"I follow the *Ipana* way to healthier gums and brighter teeth," explains Babs, "because dentists say it works!" Her professionally approved *Ipana* dental care can work for you, too—like this . . .



Here's the *Ipana* way that dentists say *works!* "And it's a pleasure!" adds Babs. Easy as 1, 2:

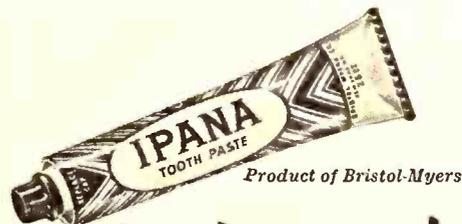
1. Between regular visits to your dentist, brush all teeth surfaces with *Ipana* at least twice a day.
2. Then massage gums gently as your dentist advises—to stimulate gum circulation. (*Ipana's* unique formula helps stimulate your gums—you can feel the tingle!)

Just do this regularly for healthier gums, brighter teeth—an *Ipana* smile. *Ipana's* extra-refreshing flavor leaves your mouth fresher, your breath cleaner, too. Ask your dentist about *Ipana* and massage. See what it can do for you!

YES, 8 OUT OF 10 DENTISTS* SAY...

Ipana dental care promotes

Healthier gums, brighter teeth



*Latest national poll

P.S. For correct brushing, use the DOUBLE DUTY Tooth Brush with the *twist* in the handle. 1000 dentists helped design it!

Don't be Half-safe!



by
VALDA SHERMAN

At the first blush of womanhood many mysterious changes take place in your body. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

There is nothing "wrong" with you. It's just another sign you are now a woman, not a girl... so now you *must* keep yourself safe with a truly effective underarm deodorant.

Two dangers—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this romantic age, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills this odor on contact in 2 seconds, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for 48 hours and keeps you shower-bath fresh. It also stops perspiration and so protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. Since physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion can now cause your apocrine glands to fairly gush perspiration, a dance, a date, an embarrassing remark may easily make you perspire and offend, or ruin a dress.

All deodorants are not alike—so remember—no other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so completely yet so safely as new Arrid. Its safety has been proved by doctors. That's why girls your age buy more Arrid than any other age group. In fact, more men and women everywhere use Arrid than any other deodorant. It's antiseptic, used by 117,000 nurses.

Intimate protection is needed—so protect yourself with this snowy, stainless cream that smooths on and disappears. This new Arrid, with the amazing new ingredient Creamogen, will not crystallize or dry out in the jar. The American Laundering Institute has awarded Arrid its Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. Arrid is safe for the skin—non-irritating—can be used right after shaving.

Don't be half-safe. During this "age of romance" don't let perspiration problems spoil your fun. Don't be half-safe—be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be sure. Get Arrid now at your favorite drug counter—only 39¢ plus tax.

(Advertisement)

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Coming Next Month



Jimmy Durante gets talked about by his old friend Eddie Jackson, in January

Farley Granger's idea of a "Charming Woman"



FARLEY GRANGER, ONE OF THE STARS IN SAMUEL GOLDWYN'S "ENCHANTMENT", AND CATHY O'DONNELL

in Farley Granger's own words:

"When I first saw Cathy O'Donnell, I said, 'She's charming—in every way!' And I noticed her hands particularly—they're so soft, so feminine. Now Cathy tells me she uses Jergens Lotion always." Hollywood Stars use Jergens 7 to 1 over any other hand care!

The Stars know. Their favorite hand care—Jergens Lotion—is more effective today in two ways: It makes your hands feel softer than ever, deliciously smoother. It protects even longer against roughness. Today's Jergens Lotion contains two ingredients many doctors use for skin care. Still only 10¢ to \$1.00 (plus tax). No oiliness; no sticky feeling. *If you care for your hands—use Jergens Lotion!*



Used by More Women than Any Other Hand Care in the World



His Idea?

For the Softest, Adorable Hands, use Jergens Lotion

NEVER before told—because Jimmy wouldn't tell them—are the stories about Jimmy that Eddie Jackson writes for January RADIO MIRROR. What, for instance, is "Duranteville"? And why was Jimmy the man of the hour when he toured Italy? Maybe you can't answer those questions now, but wait till you've read "A Heart as Big as his Nose."

One of the most appealing family portraits—full color, of course—that we've ever seen comes with Harriet Hilliard Nelson's story about herself, Ozzie and their two sons. "Bringing Up the Boys," Harriet calls it . . . but Ozzie thinks there ought to be a question mark after that title.

You know Connie Wakefield as Carolyn Kramer's best friend, in the daily drama Right to Happiness. What you may not have known about Connie is that she has lived a life brim-full of drama, of heartbreak, of courageous self-sufficiency . . . a life so exciting that we've made it into a four-page picture-story for January. Connie's experiences have never been dramatized on the air, so her story will be completely new to you—and completely inspiring!

RADIO MIRROR takes you, in January, to the Fred Waring Show—two pages of color as brilliant as though you were really watching it from a studio seat. It's one of radio's hardest-to-get-tickets-to programs, but you'll be there.

They grow some cute kids out in Hollywood. Well, for that matter, they grow cute ones all over the world, but there's one we specially want you to meet, and he is from Hollywood. He's Ridge Howard; the fact that he's movie-and-radio star Dorothy Lamour's son gave us a good excuse to get all the pictures of Ridge we had space for. Of course, Dot is beautiful . . . but wait till you see Ridge!

Besides the other features, there's a special surprise: a story in which Ralph Edwards tells the truth—or so he says—about Truth or Consequences. But you know how fast that man talks. And when you've read all these, you'll still have the Wendy Warren Reader Bonus, the story about M. C. Todd Russell, and all the rest to look forward to—in January RADIO MIRROR, on sale December 10th.

Birth OF A STATION



This picture gives you an idea of WMGM's glamorous new studios with their walls and ceilings of polycylindrical, flat and diamond-shaped forms of transite, wood and plaster. At the mike are Morey Amsterdam (l) and Al Kelly.



Following a documentary cavalcade of WHN's history by Ted Husing (left), Mayor O'Dwyer (right), officially changed the station's call letters.

FOR comedian Morey Amsterdam, there is no more going to work in slacks and a sweater. Since September 15, high hat, white tie and sneakers have been *de rigueur*. On that date, you see, Morey's boss changed his location—Broadway to Fifth Avenue, and his name—WHN to WMGM.

WMGM, which started out as a 250-watt-50-hour-weekly, today has a 50,000-watt transmitter and a 139-hour broadcasting week. It is expected that even though the MGM Hollywood studios will play a more vigorous role in the station's programming, it will continue its spectacular coverage of the major sports events in metropolitan New York.



The record industry's salute featured the "WMGM Jump" played by Benny Goodman and Count Basie; songs by Vic Damone, (pictured above).



In Glamour Lobby (the 15th floor reception room) Bob Hawk (r) and Eileen O'Connell interviewed V.I.P. like Lanny Ross, center.

Your Hair is magic to a Man...



Look out for

Infectious Dandruff

LISTERINE Antiseptic and massage . . . it's a "must" with countless fastidious women who dread infectious dandruff with its ugly flakes and scales.

Wisely, they make Listerine Antiseptic and massage a part of regular hair-washing. It's a delightful way of guarding against this all-too-common condition.

You see, if the germs associated with infectious dandruff are present on hair and scalp, Listerine Antiseptic attacks them at once . . . kills them by millions. That in-

cludes the stubborn "Bottle Bacillus" (*P. ovale*) which many dermatologists say is a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

Get in the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic every time you wash your hair. It's a habit that can pay off in health and good looks. Try it and you'll see what we mean.

Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 60 years in the field of Oral Hygiene.
LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Missouri

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC every time you wash your hair

**You can
say "yes"
to Romance**



Because

**Veto says "no"
to Offending!**

Veto says "no"—to perspiration worry and odor! Soft as a caress . . . exciting, new, Veto is Colgate's wonderful cosmetic deodorant. Always creamy and smooth, Veto is lovely to use, keeps you lovely all day! Veto stops underarm odor instantly, checks perspiration effectively.

Veto says "no"—to harming skin and clothes! So effective . . . yet so gentle—Colgate's Veto is harmless to normal skin. Harmless, too, even to filmy, most fragile fabrics. For Veto alone contains Duratex, Colgate's exclusive ingredient to make Veto safer. No other deodorant can be like Veto!

**TRUST ALWAYS TO VETO
IF YOU VALUE YOUR CHARM!**

THE

Best

VIEW



Television actress Pat Murray, "before" (above), was not making the most of her very good natural looks. "After", (at right) her hairdo and careful, clever make-up combine to give WPIX tele-viewers the best view of Pat when they see her in the program *Glamor on a Budget*.



By Mary Jane Fulton

THERE being no retakes on television, a woman who wants to look her prettiest before its camera must know her make-up technique. Pat Murray, fashion stylist and director of WPIX's *Glamor on a Budget*, is well aware of this fact. What she learned about corrective make-up may well apply to any woman who wants to improve her looks. Here she passes along the tricks she was shown by Mr. Farrar, of New York's McAlpin Hotel Beauty Salon, whose pet project is a complete re-do from the neck up at a low budget price.

Pat's hair is strawberry blonde, her eyes a bright, sparkling blue, her skin fair. Her face is a combination type—square and oblong.

Because Pat's skin is inclined to be oily, Mr. Farrar advised careful washing, morning and night, with mild soap, warm water, and a complexion brush. She follows this with a warm, then a cold, rinsing, astringent, and cake make-up base.

To minimize her wide brow, Mr. Farrar shortened her eyebrows by plucking hairs from the lower outer half, and removing them on the inner corner above her brow, creating an arch. To give a flattering frame to her eyes, he touched brown mascara, sparingly, to her lashes.

He showed her how to blend rouge at the side of her cheekbones. Coloring applied to cheek hollows, this expert pointed out, only emphasizes their hollowness. This trick also gave balance to her broad brow and pointed chin.

In the "before" picture Pat's own lipsticking of her lower lip has made her pointed chin even more so. In the "after" picture you can see how Mr. Farrar has corrected this by squaring off her lower lip to balance her pointed chin, and by making up both lips more generously.

He styled her naturally curly hair in a short, fluffy bob. The fullness on the neck tapered her square jaw and softened her chin. He also gave her a center part to detract from her broad brow, and fluffed her hair a bit on top to give height. Soft curls brought slightly inward over the temples also helped to minimize the broadness of her forehead.

Although your face may be shaped differently, some of these make-up tricks may apply to you. Experiment—or seek an expert's advice. Then you'll have a prettier face for Christmas—and all through the coming year.

RADIO MIRROR for BETTER LIVING

says **ELIZABETH TAYLOR:** "I Love the Super-Smooth Finish
New Woodbury Powder gives my Skin!"



ELIZABETH TAYLOR,

beautiful co-star of
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's
"LITTLE WOMEN", wears
satin-smooth
Woodbury Powder.

In Nation-Wide Test
WOODBURY
WINS 4 TO 1
over all leading
brands of powder

From Coast to Coast women voted
New Woodbury Powder the best...
they said Woodbury was
*better than their own favorite face
powders!* In this most dramatic
beauty test of all time, Woodbury
won on an average of 4 to 1 over all
other leading brands of powder.

6 exciting shades
in New Woodbury Powder. Medium
and "Purse" sizes 30¢ and 15¢ plus tax.

**You'll find a new kind of beauty
in the Woodbury box—**

it's the world's finest face powder! You'll see
the difference* the instant you wear divinely
fragrant New Woodbury Powder:

*There's no "powdery" look!

*Shades are warmer, richer, yet the color
seems your own natural coloring.

*New Woodbury Powder gives a satin-smooth
finish powder alone could never give before.



Large "dressing table" size \$1.00
plus tax. Get New Woodbury
Powder—in the new "Venus" box at
any cosmetic counter!



TWICE NEW!

New Secret Ingredient
gives a satin-smooth finish to
your skin!

New Revolutionary Process
—plus Woodbury's
"Super-Blender" give
warmest, liveliest shades,
finest texture!



Sportscaster Moorehead (r) interviews "Mr. Baseball" himself, veteran Philadelphia manager Connie Mack.

Despite glasses, Tom Moorehead was three-letter man at school.

Shorts on Sports



A MAJORITY of the radio and television stars of today will tell you that their airline debuts came about by accident. Tom Moorehead, WFIL's outstanding sportscaster in Philadelphia, is among the few who admittedly left nothing to chance. For years he carefully groomed himself for a radio sports job and when Tom made his move his success was instantaneous.

With but five years on the air, Moorehead has done play-by-play commentary on an even dozen different sports for radio and on five for television. His commentaries are heard twice daily; he conducts two sports variety shows; and he has taken his turn as a disc-jockey and a quiz-master.

Nearly 40,000 pieces of mail in a six-month period this year bear evidence of Tom's tremendous popularity among Philadelphia sports fans.

Although handicapped by poor eyesight, Moorehead was a three-letter man at Philadelphia's Germantown Academy—playing football, basketball, and tennis. During these school years Tom was a keen student of every sport and he started to compile a sports library that would be useful to him in years to come.

Tom's first chance in radio came in 1939 when he joined WFIL to make a listener survey. Later, he worked in the station's promotion and special events departments but that did not interrupt his intensive study of sports. His vast store of knowledge became known throughout the city and in 1943 he was named Director of Red Cross Sports.

He started his first WFIL sportscasts that same year and he was appointed station director of sports within a year. At the same time, he began the Jacob Read Schoolboy Sports Show, which is now in its fifth year on the air.

Moorehead's days and nights are long. He may do a play-by-play account of a tennis match in the afternoon, his regular commentary at 6:45 P.M., a television sports event in the evening, and his final sports round-up at Midnight. In addition to this routine schedule, on Saturdays he moderates the half-hour Sports Clinic in the morning and the Schoolboy Sports Show at 7 P.M. He has a half-hour television quiz, Batter-Up, on WFIL-TV on Mondays. And he is frequently called upon to handle an ABC network sports origination from Philadelphia.

For a year, Tom was a quiz-master on the station's Campus Quiz show. This was a result of his great popularity with the younger set. He has made women's sports a part of his program, too, and at one point 40 per cent of his mail came from women listeners.

When the town's top disc-jockey was ill for six weeks, Tom was the popular choice to become LeRoy Miller's stand-in.

Tom's interest in sports never will wane, he says. But he feels that someday he might dabble in politics and world affairs.

"There's a game," says he, "where I could really preach sportsmanship."

Keep your hands evening-soft all day long!



This fabulous lotion is double-beauty magic

here...  as well as here... 

HARD-AT-WORK and "on display," your hands lead a double life. So—pamper them with the *double-beauty* magic of Trushay.

Trushay, you see, is first of all a velvet-soft lotion—with a wondrous touch you've never known before. A luxury lotion for

all your lotion needs—a joy to use *any* time. Every fragrant, peach-colored drop is so rich, your hands feel softer and smoother *instantly!*

Yet... Trushay's magic doesn't stop *there*. It also brings to you a fabulous "beforehand" extra!

Smoothed on your hands *before* doing dishes or light laundry, Trushay protects them even in hot, soapy water. Guards them from drying damage. So your hands stay evening-soft all day long!

Adopt Trushay's double-beauty help—begin today to use Trushay!

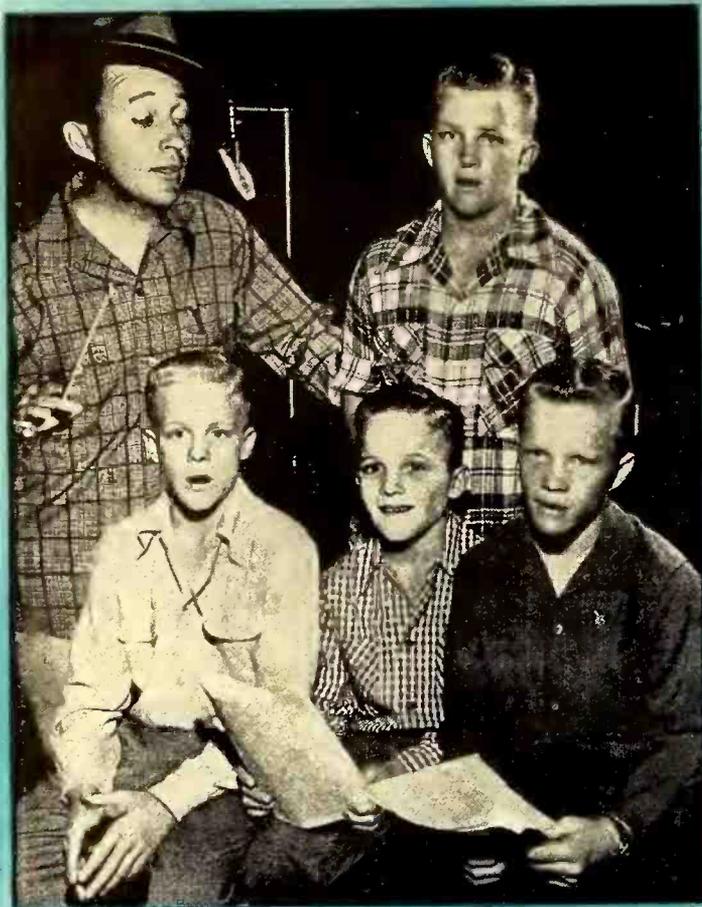
★ TRUSHAY

A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS



★
the lotion with the "beforehand" extra





Bing Crosby's first guests of the season on his ABC Wednesday night show were his four singing sons: Gary beside his father, Phillip, Lindsay, Dennis in front.

Facing



By **DUKE ELLINGTON**

whose disc-show is on WLOW-Norfolk, WFIL-Phila., KALL-Salt Lake City, and other stations.



Old friends and co-workers on the Supper Club, conductor Paul Weston and singer Jo Stafford share a pre-program laugh.

PROBABLY "20th-Century Gabriel" Erskine Hawkins' youngest press agent is his small nephew, son of the "Hawk's" sister, who lives in Springfield, Ohio. Playing a one-nighter in that town recently, the trumpeter was mystified by the cross-examination his small-fry nephew put him through. Having hit town only the day before, he was a little surprised when the kid asked: "When are you leaving, Unk Erskine?" "Hawk" replied that he was moving on that same afternoon and was a little taken aback by the obvious relief on the youngster's face. "Why do you want to know?" he asked. "Because I told the kid next door *my* uncle could beat up *his* uncle any time," the boy answered. The "Hawk" did a double-take when it turned out that the uncle of the kid next door is none other than the Brown Bomber from Detroit—Joe Louis!

* * *

Lena Horne has a terrific protege, non-musical but definitely artistic. He's Edmund Kara, a young fellow barely out of his teens who taught her to paint so well that her finished portrait was sold at a charity auction for three thousand dollars. He also did such a fine job of decorating her Hollywood home that it's become a showplace. And, as if to prove that nothing creative is beyond him, Kara also

the Music



The Treasury Dept. knows its stuff: it's keeping Lionel Hampton on the MBS Treasury show.



Shoulder to shoulder: bandleader Dick Jurgens (l.), and manager-brother Will add Will's wife Bettie to the family. All three did wartime service with the Marines.

designed all of the breathtaking gowns which Lena wears during her current sensational engagement at Monte Proser's Copacabana in New York.

* * *

Talk about salesmanship! Following his engagement at the Peabody Hotel in Memphis, during which he shattered every record for that great old hostelry, Elliot Lawrence became the rage of the South. The Roosevelt Hotel in New Orleans, determined to have the young maestro for the Christmas-New Year period, finally cinched the deal with an offer which is definitely unique in one respect. A clause in the contract guarantees the entire band seats on the 50-yard line for the famed Sugar Bowl football game!

* * *

Lots of folks are always laying claim to "discovering" or "launching" this or that star, but few can prove that claim as readily as Eddie Cantor. The lovable, pop-eyed comedian gave Dinah Shore her big chance on his radio show years ago, and today Dinah shares starring honors with Eddie on their Friday night NBC show—and nobody seems to get a bigger kick out of the song star's climb to the top than the fellow who actually "launched" her.



Margo Whiteman, teenage daughter of Paul Whiteman, gets a "Be good, now" kiss from Pops as she goes off to keep a date.

She Won't Letcha / Betcha!



A FINE TIME TO HORN IN! WHAT DO YOU KNOW THAT I DONT, JUNIOR?

I KNOW HOW SIS FEELS ABOUT BAD BREATH! HONEST, JOE, YOU WANT TO SEE YOUR DENTIST BEFORE YOU TRY THAT KISS ROUTINE ON JANE!

TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!

"Colgate Dental Cream's active penetrating foam gets into hidden crevices between teeth—helps clean out decaying food particles—stop stagnant saliva odors—remove the cause of much bad breath. And Colgate's soft polishing agent cleans enamel thoroughly, gently and safely!"

LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream



NOW THAT I AM IN THE KNOW THERE'S NO NEED FOR MISTLETOE!

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
Cleans Your Breath While It Cleans Your Teeth!

NEW!
ECONOMY SIZE
EXTRA BIG!
EXTRA VALUE! 59¢

Always use COLGATE DENTAL CREAM after you eat and before every date

As usual, Frances Langford's new releases are perfect.



Look at the RECORDS By Joe Martin

DANCING OR LISTENING

BILLY BUTTERFIELD (Capitol)—Although Billy is busily engaged these days in commuting between Nick's in Greenwich Village and the New York radio studios, it's good to be reminded that he had a fine big band in pre-ban days. His trumpet is featured on both "Wild Oats" and "What's New."

EVELYN MACGREGOR (Seva)—Accompanied by Whitey Bernard's Three Kings, Miss MacGregor sings "The Silver Shenandoah" and "Someone As Sweet As You." You should like these clean interpretations of fair tunes.

HELEN FORREST (MGM)—"What Did I Do" from the motion picture "When My Baby Smiles At Me" is one of the finest words and music combinations to have emerged in oh-so-long. "I Love You Much Too Much" is a melody that will be very familiar to you.

FRANK SINATRA (Columbia)—Two oldies make a fine pairing for Frank this month. Victor Herbert's "Kiss Me Again" isn't as good as "My Melancholy Baby"—or is it the other way around?

LEONARD WARREN (RCA Victor)—The robust baritone voice of Mr. Warren paired with two good old sea chanties is the perfect mating, mate. "Blow The Man Down" and "The Drunken Sailor" are wonderfully done.

RED INGLE (Capitol)—The full and complete title of Red's most recent bit of uproarious hokum is "Seratun Yob" (A Song For Backward Boys and Girls Under 40)! The label also says "based on Nature Boy." It should have said debased Nature Boy. It's absolutely terrific. No comment on "Oh! Nick-O-Deemo," the reverse side.

ORRIN TUCKER (Mercury)—This is Orrin without Bonnie Baker. Orrin himself handles the vocal duties on "Little Girl" and "The Moon Is Always Bigger On A Saturday Night." Both quite danceable sides.

FRANCES LANGFORD (Mercury)—Mrs. Jon Hall does right well by a couple of ballads called "You Belong To My Heart" and "May I Still Hold You." Earle Hagen's orchestra accompanies her on "May I." The reverse is "You Belong."

PERRY COMO (RCA Victor)—It's a slow, bouncy tempo for Perry on "When You're Smiling" and the ballad tempo for "My Melancholy Baby." This Como fellow is certainly a fine song salesman. This is one of the best of the recent record releases.

ALBUM ARTISTRY

HORTON HATCHES THE EGG (MGM)—Obviously, this was meant to be a children's album, but the combination of a Dr. Seuss story, Marvin Miller narration and Del Castillo music, makes this two-record album on unbreakable Metrolite an adult's album too.

DORSEY'S CLAMBAKE SEVEN (RCA Victor)—Tommy Dorsey's Dixieland group is brought back to life with the issue of this album of the old favorites dating back to the days when T.D.'s band boasted of such stars as Edythe Wright, Bud Freeman, Dave Tough and Johnny Mince. Remember a craze called "The Music Goes Round and Round?" It's in this package.

CHOPIN—RAY TURNER (Capitol)—In addition to its value as a collection of excellent piano solos of some of the great master's finest works this album can serve the important purpose of proving to little Sister or Junior that practicing will eventually result in this kind of sound. This is the kind of Chopin that will impress even the "heppiest" jazz fan.



Collector's Corner

By Denny Dennis

(At the time when Americans were swooning over Sinatra and Como, the English were reacting in much the same way to Denny Dennis. When his first London Record was issued in the United States, Tommy Dorsey realized that here was a great new voice. Tommy cabled Denny immediately and now Denny's platters are selling faster each day, while he travels the country with Tommy Dorsey's great new band.)

Realizing that this may sound completely out of character, I must confess that a good part of my record collection consists of march records. It may be that my five-year hitch in the services left a permanent mark on my musical likes—or it may be that I've always wanted to be a drummer. Whatever the cause, the result has been a collection of discs in four-four time.

So then, I've taken the liberty of listing ten of my favorite march albums or records. If they don't seem to agree with your favorites, just bear in mind that collecting records in England is just a little more difficult than collecting them here in the United States.

1. The March from "The Love of Three Oranges" by Prokofieff played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Serge Koussevitzky (RCA Victor).

2. "Colonel Bogey" played by The Band Of H. M. Irish Guards (London).

3. "March Of The Toys" from Victor Herbert's "Babes In Toyland" played by Andre Kostelanetz and his Orchestra (Columbia).

4. John Philip Sousa's "King Cotton March" played by the Edwin Franko Goldman Band (RCA Victor).

5. Tchaikovsky's "Marche Slav" as played by the Cleveland Symphony Orchestra under the leadership of Arthur Rodzinski (Columbia).

6. The Vienna Philharmonic recording on Telefunken Records (German) of Johann Strauss' "Egyptian March Op. 235." Clemens Krauss conducts the orchestra.

7. The "Notre Dame Victory March" as played by the Notre Dame University Band (RCA Victor).

8. "Pomp and Circumstance March No. 1" by Sir Edward Elgar, played by the London Symphony Orchestra under Warwick Braithwaite (London).

9. "American Patrol" by the Glenn Miller Orchestra (RCA Victor).

10. "Stars And Stripes Forever" by the Goldman Band (Columbia).



Dinner Belle ringing for more!

Little—but with big ideas about the foods she likes! She proves it by the way she goes for those good-tasting Gerber's! From the flavorful Cereals through delicious Vegetables, Fruits, Meat-combinations and Desserts, Gerber's seem to *taste better* to tots!

Even spinach rates a call for "seconds." Mothers call for more Gerber's, too. They know what scrupulous care goes into the selection and preparation of Gerber's. They know that baby benefits by Gerber's special processing and cooking in order to retain the *highest nutritional values*.

Count on less leftovers with those good-tasting Gerber's that *doctors approve*. When baby graduates from Strained to Junior Foods, tempting, easy-to-chew Gerber's make the going easier. Same size container—same low price.

Now... **ARMOUR** Beef! Veal! Liver!

Gerber's Strained and Junior Meats come in 3½ ounce containers—at *one* price. Naturally, this is higher than Gerber's other Strained and Junior Foods. These also come in one size container at one low price.



Gerber's
BABY FOODS
FRANCIS, WISCONSIN OAKLAND, CALIF.

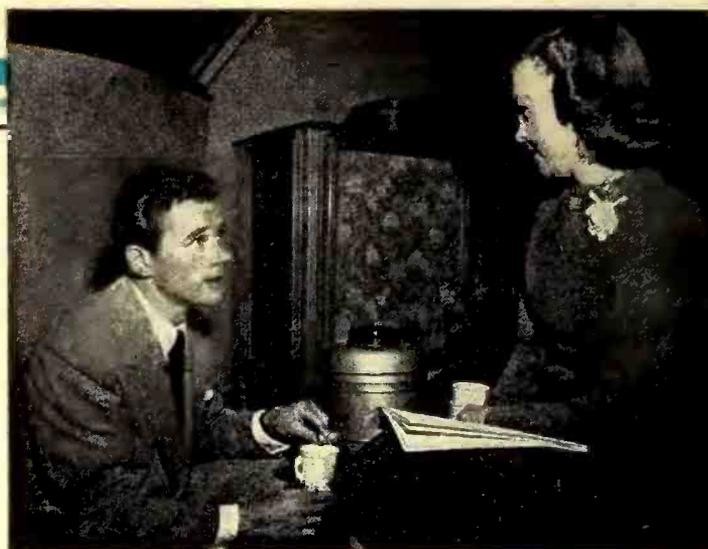
3 Cereals • 20 Strained Foods • 15 Junior Foods • 3 Strained Meats • 3 Junior Meats

R
M

Time out for coffee, during Sam Spade rehearsals, for star Howard Duff and Lurene Tuttle, his Effie.



Bob Hope sneaks in a few practice swings before joining the rest of his foursome.



What's New



Situation out of hand: Uncle Louie (Frank Dane) on NBC's Meet The Meeks.

NOT sure why, but advertising agency control of radio shows is at the lowest ebb in fifteen years. With CBS way out in the lead, the networks are taking program creation right out of the hands of the "hucksters" and building more and more of their own shows. Maybe this will give listeners a chance to register their preferences directly, through letters to the stations, instead of indirectly via increased sales of a product which may or may not be due to approval of a program.

Money isn't everything department . . . Take It or Leave It, which made the \$64 question a household word, has topped Stop the Music in the Hooper rating, although Stop the Music gives its jackpot winner everything including the kitchen sink.

Signs of the times . . . A number of radio stars are doubling between their own shows and featured appearances on other programs. Could be because salaries ain't what they used to be.

Seems to us that producers of radio programs angled at kids could take a tip from television's Small Fry Club. There's been a lot of back and forth chatter about whether hair-raising adventure strips are fit for young ears, but very few people in radio have done much about finding some other form of entertainment for the kids. On the Small Fry Club they have a gimmick that could be useful to really interested programmers. Small Fry has a puppet named Pirro, which represents child curiosity. He investigates alarm clocks, vacuum cleaners,

Kenny Delmar (on Fred Allen's right) is the first to answer the question on current issues during one of Fred's Sunday night trips through Allen's Alley. Awaiting their turns are Minerva Pious, Peter Donald, and Parker Fennelly.



FROM COAST TO COAST

mirrors, telephones, electric lights and any other gadgets that mystify and intrigue youngsters. In fact, the kids write in and suggest things for Pirro to explore. And, while Pirro takes these things apart and finds out what makes them tick, the kids are getting basic lessons in elementary science—the easy and most stick-in-the-head way.

Some time ago we reported that we'd heard that there were plans being made to install radio receiving sets in Detroit buses. Okay. They did it and pulled in an avalanche of protesting letters. Most of the complaints objected to the use of transportation money for such purposes rather than for improvements in services and vehicles. And who can say they were wrong?

Everett Sloane, who plays the role of Arthur Drake in *This Is Nora Drake*, has been temporarily replaced in the part by Ralph Bell. Sloane is in Rome working in the movie "Prince of Foxes," which is being produced there by Darryl Zanuck.

Amos 'n' Andy have started a new kind of deal in radio. Their contract sells their services outright to the CBS network for a cool two million dollars and the network makes back its dough by lend-leasing the comics to a sponsor.

We were recently told that Frances Dexter, assistant director of the Superman series, has not missed a broadcast in five years. Since Superman is a five-times-a-weeker, this is the (Continued on page 24)



Senator Ford, Harry Hershfield and Joe Laurie Jr. about to become a jungle dinner in their movie, which is called—like their NBC show—"Can You Top This?"

By Dale Banks

Mrs. Victoria Corey, KDKA's Educational Director, goes over a script with actors from The School Of The Air.



Radio and the three Rs

TO THE three "Rs" of the Little Red School House days another has been added—one for Radio which is typified in KDKA's School of the Air.

Originally designed for Pittsburgh schools when it began September 17, 1945, the KDKA public service feature has grown until it is today being used by public grade and high schools, parochial and independent school systems in Western Pennsylvania, Ohio and West Virginia, as well as colleges and other radio stations.

An academic innovation in the school systems, the educational series establishes a concrete link between radio and the classroom. Specifically designed to supplement classroom instruction, the KDKA School of the Air is required listening each Monday through Friday at 9:45 o'clock. Where it is impossible for the students to listen at that time, programs are transcribed for later use.

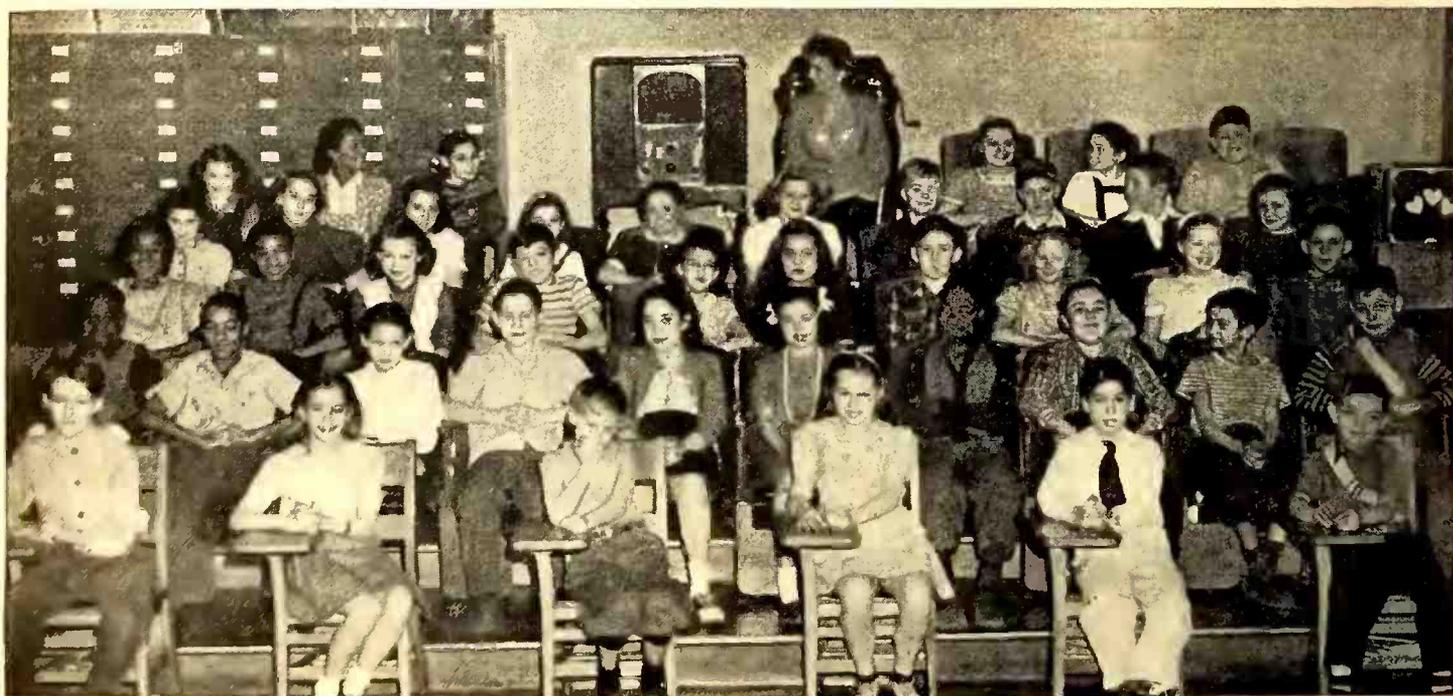
Mrs. Victoria Corey, the station's educational director, heads the planning committee which is composed of leading educators of the area. Special teachers' handbooks are prepared by the station for the use of the teachers, and teachers themselves prepare script outlines. Scripts are written by Arlene Jack of KDKA's continuity department, with Lionel Poulton in charge of production.

The same day each week is devoted to a particular classroom course and the immediate program is based on the current textbook lessons. The schedule for the week is as follows: Mondays, geography; Tuesdays, consumer education; Wednesdays, music and literature; Thursdays, nature study and Fridays, social studies in other lands.

New to KDKA's School of the Air this year are the Tuesday and Friday broadcasts. On Tuesdays, the program is devoted to a home economics series for the Junior-Senior high school students and homemakers which teaches them how to run their own homes. The course covers the field completely from preparing budgets to making slip covers.

The new Friday broadcasts have an international flavor. With Understanding One World as the specific title, the series consists of transcribed portions from various foreign countries, followed by a discussion in which four boys and girls, each representing a local high school, participate. Whenever possible, an exchange student from the country under discussion is asked to take part in the broadcast.

In addition to the School of the Air, Mrs. Corey conducts a Teachers' Workshop in the studios where teachers are trained in the fundamentals of radio writing and production so that they can assist in preparing School of the Air programs. Talent used both on the broadcasts and on the workshop productions is secured from the schools the teachers represent.



The School Of The Air is required listening Mon.-Fri. at 9:45 A.M. The broadcast is followed by a period of classroom discussion.

No wonder

women adore it!

So many luxuries—

So low-priced!



DIAMONDS BY JOHN RUBEL

Fabulous

NAIL BRILLIANCE

BY CUTEX *only 25¢*



Luxury-loving women are finding so many glamour-extras in new Nail Brilliance! You will, too, and all for a low 25¢!*

Perfume-type bottle, steady based, with beautifully balanced artist-type brush. *Dream-come-true wear*. Defies peeling or chipping. *Wonderful purity*. Free from all irritating substances. Even women whose sensitive skins are allergic to other polishes can use Nail Brilliance with perfect safety. *Ten fashion-show shades* that stay dazzling, never turn dull.

Try **Color-keyed Cutex Lipsticks**, too—created to blend perfectly with each Nail Brilliance shade. So creamy! So clinging! Large size, 49¢.*

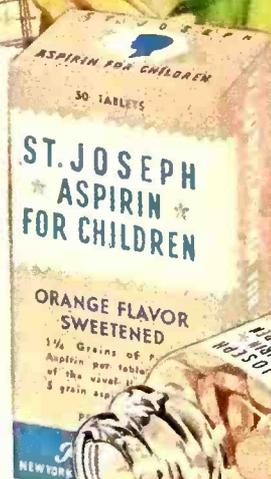
*P.L.C. T.A.V.

THE ASPIRIN TABLET THAT SOLVED CHILD DOSAGE PROBLEMS



- ✓ Eliminates Tablet Cutting
- ✓ Assures Correct Dosage
- ✓ Easy to Give
- ✓ Easy to Take

ST. JOSEPH ASPIRIN FOR CHILDREN is enjoying the confidence of mothers everywhere. It's the answer to their long expressed wish for an aspirin made just for children! Yes, **ST. JOSEPH ASPIRIN FOR CHILDREN**, the first nationally advertised aspirin made especially for children, eliminates child dosage problems. Mother, you no longer have to cut or break regular aspirin tablets. **ST. JOSEPH ASPIRIN FOR CHILDREN** contains $1\frac{1}{4}$ grains of aspirin— $\frac{1}{4}$ of the usual 5-grain adult tablet—which assures accurate dosage. Your child will like the orange flavor. 50 tablets, 35¢. Buy a package today, mother.



You can always be sure of the quality guaranteed by the name—"St. Joseph"



**ST. JOSEPH
ASPIRIN
FOR CHILDREN**



Made by the makers of
St. Joseph Aspirin
World's Largest Seller at 10¢

—RALPH BELL—



On NBC at 11 A.M., CBS at 2:30 P.M., in This Is Nora Drake.

BACK in September, Ralph Bell replaced Everett Sloane in the role of Arthur Drake on This Is Nora Drake, a show distinguished by being heard on both NBC and CBS networks daily—NBC at 11 A.M. and CBS at 2:30 P.M., EST. Adding this stint to his others makes Bell's air schedule read almost like the daily newspaper listing of radio shows. For besides his Nora Drake assignment Mr. Bell has leading roles on some nine or ten programs, among them such well known standbys as Right to Happiness, Gangbusters, Counterspy, Evelyn Winters, Lorenzo Jones and Mr. District Attorney. In most of these shows, Ralph Bell specializes in tough guy roles. The Nora Drake stanza calls for the portrayal of a mild-mannered, elderly gentleman and it's to Bell's credit that he can get this quality into his voice, since his personal characteristics are youthfulness, exuberance, friendliness.

Ralph Bell is a young man who has been dedicated to acting and the theater for as long as he can remember. He was born in 1916 in New Jersey and grew up in Hackensack. He remembers his childhood as having been very happy, in itself a rather unusual thing. Ralph went to the University of Michigan, where he majored in English. Of course, a great part of his time was spent in the Drama School there. He acquitted himself so well that on his graduation in 1937, he was offered a job teaching drama and play production at his alma mater. Well, it was a job, what's more a job in his chosen field, and he took it for a year.

After a year, he felt he'd gathered enough experience to put it to practical use. He moved to New York and very soon found jobs in Broadway shows. His success was rapid. He starred in George Abbott's "What a Life," the play that later grew into the radio Aldrich Family program, in which Bell later worked often, too. He also starred in "Native Son" and has worked with such famous theater names as Dorothy Gish, Louis Calhern, Ezra Stone and Milton Berle.

In private life, he's a suburbanite, with a house in Flushing, Long Island. He is married to Pert Kelton, who is familiar to radio listeners in her own right. They have two sons, one three and a half, the other a year and a half.



This Christmas thrill her with the Real Love-Gift

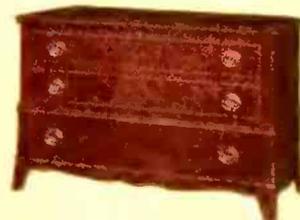
Whisper, "I love you truly" with this most intimate gift of all—her very own Lane Cedar Hope Chest. An ever-present reminder of your love. Symbol of the Dream Days of Now, sanctuary for her precious possessions—she will cherish her Lane Hope Chest forever.

But be sure you choose a genuine Lane, the only pressure-tested AROMA-TIGHT Cedar Chest in the world, with many other exclusive Lane patented features.

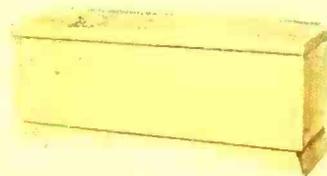
WRITE US. If you don't know the name of the Lane dealer in your town, write us. Or, if you wish to have a chest delivered, send us your money order, and we will arrange for delivery through our nearest Lane dealer.

The Lane Company, Inc., Dept. K, Altavista, Va. In Canada, Knechtels, Ltd., Hanover, Ont.

All Lane Chests are made of 3/4 inch Aromatic Red Cedar in designs to harmonize with any other furniture. All can be bought on easy payments.



No. 2221. Ever-desirable 18th Century design in lustrous Honduras Mahogany. Full-length drawer in base, two simulated drawers above.



No. 2247. Ever popular modern design in Lined Oak. Equipped with Lane's patented round-cornered automatic tray.

No. 2210. Dream-come-true chest! Richly and dramatically combines strikingly matched New Guinea Wood, exotic Zebra wood from Africa, and matched American Walnut. Has Lane's patented automatic tray. Hand-rubbed and polished to a glowing finish!

\$49⁹⁵
*Slightly Higher
in the West
and Canada*

FREE Math Insurance Policy, written by one of the world's largest insurance companies, goes with every Lane Cedar Chest.



The Gift that



Starts the Home

LANE CEDAR *Hope Chest*

MILLIONS OF MAIDENS TEARM FOR THIS ROMANTIC LOVE GIFT

CAMAY

the soap of beautiful women

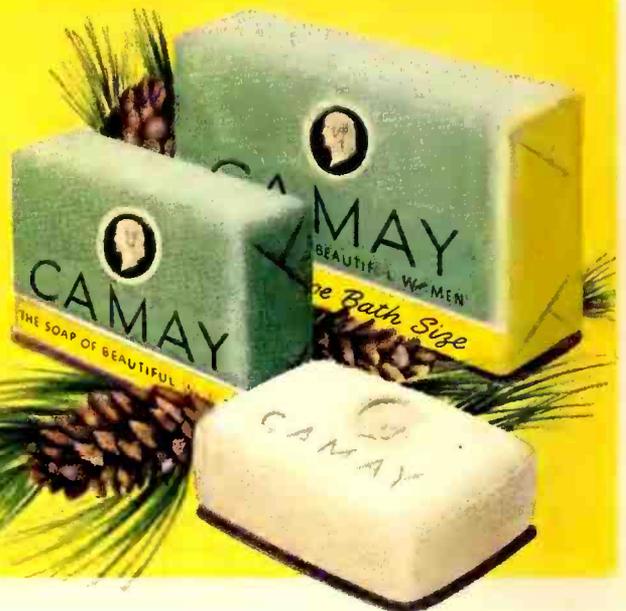
PLAYS "SANTA CLAUS" WITH THIS AMAZING OFFER!

12 EXQUISITE

Christmas Cards

[A \$1.20 VALUE]

FOR **25¢** AND 3 CAMAY WRAPPERS



NOW YOU CAN GET 12 of the most exquisite Christmas cards you've ever seen—complete with envelopes—for only 25 cents and 3 Camay wrappers! These lovely cards are all different—in full color—printed on fine quality paper with the fashionable double fold. So beautiful—you'll want to order several sets!

SO DON'T WAIT!

Get Camay today! Your complexion can be softer, smoother with your *first cake* of Camay—if you give up careless cleansing—go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. The wrapper tells how. And to be lovelier all over, take a daily Camay Beauty Bath with Bath-Size Camay.

HERE'S HOW TO GET YOUR CARDS.

For each set you order, mail 25¢ and 3 Camay wrappers—either regular Complexion-Size or Bath-Size, to:

Camay, Box 837,
Cincinnati 1, Ohio

Offer good in continental United States (except Montana). Offer expires December 1, 1948

Order your cards today!



Your First Cake of Camay brings a softer, smoother skin!

MRS. RUSSELL FLAGG GREER, this beautiful Camay bride, says: "Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet for a really lovelier skin! My very *first cake* helped make my skin clearer and smoother."



Sally Work talks directly to her audience; knows whereof she speaks. Below: with WBEN-TV's Joseph Jenkins at an experimentally-televised sportsmen's show.

FOR

Women
ONLY

SUCCESS on a woman's radio program means two things to WBEN's Sally Work—First: Talking directly to her audience, never over their heads. Second: Knowing whereof she speaks, by living it herself. Sally's success is measured by a history on the air dating back to 1926, by a current group of 15 sponsors, by a long waiting list of would-be sponsors and by a faithful following of women fans in the Buffalo station's listening-area. Her half-hour (1:30-2:00 P.M.) Monday-Friday program, beamed directly toward women, deals, in Sally's words, "with everything we think they'll be interested in from politics to the care of babies. It is not so much entertaining as informative . . . we tell about advertised products as painlessly as possible." Sally was one of half-a-dozen women broadcasters who antedated the networks with a network-type show. She started radio work at WGR in 1926 on what she believes to have been the first woman's advertising program of the participating type. That was a sideline for her newspaper work as women's editor for the now-defunct *Buffalo Times*.

In 1928, Frank McCormick, an advertising man on the *Times*, was talking with E. C. Rainor of Chicago. Rainor wanted an identical radio show aired at the same hour daily by women in different cities—that's where antedating the networks came in. Each woman was to broadcast under the name of "Work." Of the women who started this program, Sally is the only one who has stuck to the original name.

Sally Work made her aerial bow as such from WMAK. When this contract expired, after a year or so, WMAK asked Sally to continue and, as a sideline, she did so, writing her own copy. When the *Times* was sold to Scripps-Howard, Sally went to *The Buffalo Evening News* as its first woman's editor. As soon as a woman's program was established on the new WBEN, she went there in September, 1932, as Sally Work, writing and producing her own material, "with the great privilege of accepting only the things she believes in."

On her 1:30 P.M. daily offering, Sally works in each



sponsor two to three times weekly—some of them daily. E. W. Edward's & Son has been backing her for almost ten years, since it opened its new department store; Ellsworth Shoe Store has had a daily place on her half-hour for seven years.

She and her husband, Mr. W. Nelson Wilkinson, a retired newspaperman, are building a home on the Canadian side of the Niagara Frontier.

During the war, when Sally reminded her listeners to write to servicemen, she was speaking as the mother of Warren Wilkinson. A second son, Murray, has two children, Mark, 5 years, and Ann, 14 months. Maybe that's where Sally gets some of the audience "feel" which leads her to believe most of her appeal is to mothers and homemakers.

Born in Toronto, she got her formal schooling there, from kindergarten to the University of Toronto. Her favorite hobbies are swimming and horseback riding but Sally also has wheeled many a full barrow to help her husband in the making of his beautiful garden. On the Board of Directors of the Association of Women Broadcasters, she voluntarily teaches beginners' classes in the Buffalo League of Advertising Women and speaks at Women's Club meetings.



something
new in
eye make-up!



Vaseline
TRADE MARK
Eyebrow-Eyelash
Cream

NEW BEAUTY FOR EYELASHES!

*'Vaseline' Eyebrow-Eyelash
Cream sweeps your lashes
with silken gloss . . . makes
them seem longer . . . without
a smudgy, artificial look!*

NEW NEATNESS FOR EYEBROWS!

*Shape your brows to a
cleaner, crisper, neater line
with Eyebrow-Eyelash
Cream—and add an
appealing satiny gloss.*

NEW ALLURE FOR EYELIDS!

*Just a touch of this fragrant,
non-coloring cream on your
eyelids does so much . . .
makes eyes look deeper,
dreamier, softer.*

Life can be Beautiful

WOULD YOU MOW THE LAWN?

Radio Mirror's Best Letter of the Month

Dear Papa David:

Although we grew up in an unusually close-knit and affectionate family, my two brothers and I indulged in childhood's normal share of silly quarrels and selfish actions. We were all especially determined not to be imposed upon and although we performed our allotted household tasks willingly enough, no one of us would have dreamed of doing the other fellow's job for him.

One night, in a particularly affectionate—and boastful—mood, my older brother, then fourteen, declared expansively that if he were ever given the opportunity, he would gladly give up one of his eyes to save either my brother or me from blindness, cut off his arm if it would save ours, or perform a number of other heroic deeds. My father listened gravely; then in his quiet, right-to-the-point manner asked, "But, Steve, would you also mow the lawn for your brother or sister?"

At the time we thought this a huge joke, but now, after fifteen years, Dad's remark stays with me and I see its real significance. I would gladly give my life for my little daughter or wonderful husband, but "would I mow the lawn for them?"

When I think I'm too tired to say "yes" to some childish request or to make that special cake my husband is perpetually yearning for, I remind myself it is the little daily favors done in a loving spirit that mean more to a happy home life than all the heroic intentions in the world. A mutual willingness to "mow the lawn" has, indeed, made our married life more beautiful.

Mrs. B. R. G.

The ten-dollar letters follow:

PRETTIEST SCHOOLGIRL

Dear Papa David:

Twelve years ago I married a farmer and left the city where I had been teaching. Since Jim had a hired couple to help on the farm, I accepted a position at the small, rural school near-by.

On my first day at school, my heart was torn by the sight of a tiny girl in the second grade, exquisite in every way but marred by a hideous scar

which completely covered her left cheek.

As she grew older, consciousness of her deformity made her withdrawn and unhappy. She tried every kind of cream, but none helped. Her parents took her to a doctor, but found that plastic surgery was beyond their small income.

One day I noticed a contest for "New England's Prettiest Schoolgirl." Amanda was beautiful in profile. Her hair was a mass of blond curls and every feature was perfect.

We took dozens of pictures of her—swinging her school books, sitting at her desk—but always in profile. Amanda won. With her prize money and with the money her parents had saved, Amanda had her operation.

If you could see her now, doing her best to make others happy; if you could look into her face—her lovely face—as she goes about her duties as a student nurse, you would know that for Amanda life is truly beautiful.

Mrs. S. O.

LIVING CREATIVELY

Dear Papa David:

Many times during the course of my life, I have wondered how there could have been any happiness possible for me, a helpless cripple. Like so many invalids,—at seventeen I was stricken with a deadly rheumatic disease—I became sullen and morose. Hatefully, I availed myself of every opportunity to create conflict in our family.

I thought the very worst had befallen me. Then, in a terrible accident, my beloved parents and little sister were killed and my face became horribly scarred. For awhile, as I hung in that awful abyss between life and death, my only thought was of suicide.

At length I took stock of myself and in an effort to find myself again, began to study. I read during all my waking hours and when the pain of knowing myself as a useless human being would come, I would again find solace in books.

After living nearly five years as a recluse, I learned of a position as companion at a small sanatorium for blind invalids. After making inquiries, I learned that a general knowledge of psychology was required. Again I turned to books for help, and was able to secure the position. For the first time I became necessary to others.

It was in the sanatorium I became acquainted with the dearest person in the world. He is an ex-physician who became blind and partly paralyzed as the result of an accident. With his gentle patience I have learned that life is indeed beautiful to all who make it so.

Miss G. S. L.

THE LIGHTHOUSE

Dear Papa David:

One Friday night last February I left the office depressed as usual by the prospect of another lonely weekend. In my eight years away from home I never felt homesick, except on weekends. During the week I devoted myself eagerly to my job, which I love, but on weekends I wanted to be with my family.

That night on the subway I was interestedly thumbing through my newspaper when pictures of the Lighthouse Association for the Blind caught my attention. The accompanying article told how this association was helping the blind and ended with a plea for volunteers—readers, teachers, guides.

I had always thought of the blind as a sad and depressing group so, because I wanted company for my own misery, I called the Lighthouse to offer my services. I was assigned as Sunday afternoon substitute reader to a blind Hindu professor from Calcutta, India, who was earning his second Ph. D. at a New York university.

When I went up to the Dormitory for the Blind that first Sunday, I went as a martyr. But the short, dark, wavy-haired little man who met me so astounded me with his Americanization—not so much in his dress but in his appreciation of our jokes and way of living—that I soon forgot to be sorry for myself. Before many Sundays had passed, his regular left and I took over as his permanent reader.

Then, one night, the professor invited me to dine with him at an Indian restaurant. After that we often mixed business and pleasure—dinners and walks in the park following our reading sessions. Now, for the first time in eight years, I look forward to weekends—to a stimulating Sunday with a lively companion. Even though I am ashamed of my original motive I believe that had I not taken the initial step I would have lost a wonderful opportunity.

Miss E. N.

RADIO MIRROR OFFERS \$50 EACH MONTH FOR YOUR LETTERS

Somewhere in everyone's life is hidden a key to happiness. It may be a half-forgotten friend, a period of suffering, an unimportant incident, which suddenly illuminated the whole meaning of life. If you are treasuring such a memory, won't you write to Papa David about it? For the letter he considers best each month, Radio Mirror will pay fifty dollars; for each of the others that we have room enough to print, ten dollars. No letters can be returned. Address your Life Can Be Beautiful letter to Papa David, Radio Mirror Magazine, 205 East 42 Street, N. Y. 17, N. Y.

Noon, PST; 1 P.M. MST; 2 P.M. CST; 3 P.M. EST.

Are you in the know?



When giving a party, which is important?

- Fancy refreshments Banishing the family Keeping the guests busy

Good hosting doesn't take caterer's chow . . . or shooing Mom to the movies. Plan the doings. Have records handy. Provide the "props" for games. At Christmas, let your guests trim the tree; anything to keep them busy. And should your calendar sud-

denly betray you, turn to Kotex, for comfort. For softness that holds its shape. Be carefree with the new Kotex—made to stay soft while you wear it. And the bend-as-you-please freedom that's yours with the new Kotex Sanitary Belt. Adjustable; all-elastic!



If your back's blemished, what's best?

- A white hanky
 A rain check
 A stole

Stoles are high fashion . . . not meant for hiding hickeys! And you can't "un-date" at zero hour. To cover back break-outs, start days ahead with antiseptic—plus white hanky, pinned to shoulderstraps. Worn beneath school dresses, the medicated "goo" works while you grind! Never fret about how to conceal "certain" outlines. Kotex and those flat pressed ends prevent outlines; protect you from the slightest whisper! Choose Regular, Junior or Super Kotex.



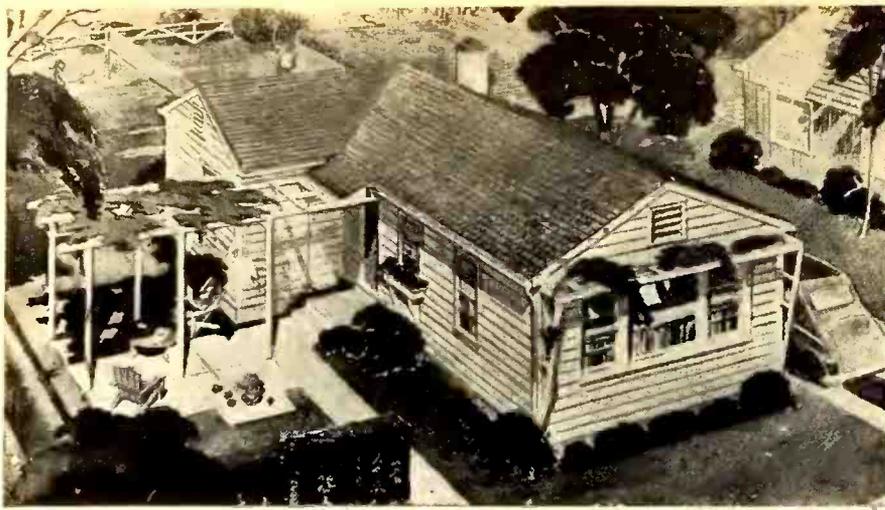
What's the jinx in this jalopy?

- The cuddle couple
 The boogie blast
 Four's a crowd

Joy ride? Uh-uh. For here, say safety experts, are the makings of a crash landing! (See all three answers above.) First, the car's crowded: bad for careful driving. The raucous music adds more distraction. Anyway, how can a highway romeo keep his mind on the road? Sharp gals take no risks. Even of problem-day accidents. And that's why they choose Kotex . . . because the exclusive safety center of Kotex means extra protection. Extra confidence!

More women choose KOTEX[★] than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER



equivalent of perfect attendance at a weekly show for twenty-five years!

The really big "Gee Whiz of 1948" is disc jockey Jim Hawthorne in Hollywood. This lucky fellow went from a job at \$85 a week at a Pasadena radio station, to the ABC network a short time ago, his contract calling for \$40,000 a year for five years. That ought to take care of him very nicely.

That speedboat routine of Guy Lombardo's isn't the only thing that gets him around. Now comes news that his transcribed program, featuring thirty minutes of "the sweetest music this side of heaven," has been sold on Lourenco Marques Radio, commercial Portuguese East African station beaming into South Africa. South African citizens are now listening to the Guy Lombardo music Sunday mornings.

Look for Jimmy Scribner in the new Abbott and Costello pic, "Africa Screams." Jimmy is the radio actor who does the many voices on The Johnson Family stanzas for Mutual. In the movie, he plays the part of an insurance agent with a one million dollar policy on the life of Mr. Costello. He follows the short, chunky comedian on a safari through the African jungles—to see that nothing happens to make the policy pay off.

Here's a bit of interesting news you may have missed if you didn't catch the particular Newsreel broadcast on which it was presented. In a couple of years, it was announced by Dr. James M. Wood, president of the Women's Foundation, there will be a college for middle-aged women who are looking for special training that will fit them for useful, skilled work. Dr. Wood said that the Foundation figures there are about 15 million women in the country whose "children are grown and who have few things to occupy their time." The requirements for entrance to the new college will be a real interest in education and normal intelligence. No high school diplomas will be necessary. You can probably get more information through the Women's Foundation.

We found out that no matter how much he earns, Andy Roberts, vocalist for Skitch Henderson's orchestra, gets the same old allowance. Morton Downey, who discovered Roberts, socks away all the rest in a trust fund for his protege.

GOSSIP AND STUFF . . . Harold Peary, The Great Gildersleeve, is now in his 26th radio year . . . Alan Young will replace Date With Judy when the contract expires this January . . . Rumor has it that a major radio-tele firm is working on a device which will convert a radio into a tele set when attached . . . CBS announcer Frank Goss doing narration jobs on preview films for Screen Plays, Inc. . . . Jack Carson and Dennis Morgan busy on another one of their "Two Guys" flickers at Warners . . . For the ninth consecutive year, Mutual will air the Cotton Bowl Gridiron classic on New Year's Day . . . The new video package that Professor Quiz is selling features him as a magician rather than quizmaster . . . Thanks to the efforts of

WIN your dream house absolutely FREE . . .

Now you can win the home of your dreams, built wherever you want it, absolutely free. For full details and four-color photos of the exciting new "dream house" contest—see December **PHOTOPLAY**.

Your dream house will be an Industry-Engineered home provided by the National Retail Lumber Dealers Ass'n., complete with modern Ingersoll kitchen-bath-heating utility unit, Bruce hardwood floors; Mineral Wool insulation; colorful Asphalt Roofing; gleaming Ponderosa Pine woodwork; beautifying Gypsum wall interiors; Weyerhaeuser lumber.

PLUS furnishings by Alexander Smith Carpet Co., Mengel Furniture Co., Kroehler Mfg. Co., Crosley Radio, Lane Cedar Chest Co., E-Z-Do and Princess House closet accessories; Simmons Co., Thor Corp., Clopay Corp., Dan River Mills, Dundee Mills, I. B. Kleinert Rubber Co., United Wallpaper, Apex Electrical Mfg. Co., Certified Lamp Makers, Nutone Door Chimes, Ozite under-rug rushions, Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co., Dirilyte Flatware, Ruzak Co., Royledge Co., Donnelly-Kelley Glass Co., Proctor Electric Co., Pro-Phy-Lac-Tic Brush Co., Anchor Hocking Glass Co.

• Today—get your December issue of

PHOTOPLAY

for full information and contest entry blank.



Dear Editor:

THEY tell me that home is what you make it.

Well, I can't call my home mine any more. And I guess I made it that way the day I got the bright idea to buy a television set.

Now, don't get me wrong. I wouldn't part with my television receiver for *anything*—unless it were for a bigger and better model. But . . .

First of all, my home is not a house in the country or the suburbs. It's a four-and-a-half room city apartment. I rented it in the summer of 1944 just a week before our third baby arrived, when it was important to get a roof over our head—and a floor under our feet. But that little image, in some respects, had less of an effect on our lives than the images that arrived via our television set when we bought one six months ago.

The thing that sold me on buying a set at once was the Saturday afternoon I visited my friend Ned's place to see a football game on his set. His place was mobbed. About thirty friends were there. I had to be content with craning my neck from a bridge chair over the burly shoulders of those who got there first. The game was a good one and, as I went home through a heavy downpour, I marveled at the convenience of having a set of one's own. No motoring through bad Fall weather to games. No buying tickets from speculators. No craning my neck over people taller than I am. I'll buy a set of my own, I decided. So I placed an order.

It seemed like a long wait for delivery, but then came the fateful day. I had an awful row with the landlord who said he didn't want his rooftop cluttered with television antennas. I had to think fast. I had already contracted for the set, although I knew that the dealer would allow me to cancel. I promised the landlord that I would sign a release assuming all responsibility for damage that his building might sustain from my aerial. Furthermore, I said that he and his young son could drop in any time to see television programs. I lived to regret the last part. The landlord's family practically boarded with us during the remainder of the football season.

What made matters worse is that the landlord—what with his insistence on rent increases and his drastic cuts in building service since the war—was a decidedly unpopular fellow with my neighbors. When he began visiting me socially on television sports days, I felt that my own popularity was waning. So I took the bull by the horns and invited a few neighbors, too. On top of this, there were always some fellows from the office whom I had to invite (or who invited themselves) for special television events.

The result: I'm still looking at television over other people's shoulders!

And as a television host (there's nothing in Emily Post's book on this category) I had to blaze a trail in hospitality. I had to serve refreshments, empty ashtrays, open the door, hang up coats and attend to all the other rituals of home entertaining. My wife is a great scout about my bringing friends home, but she drew the line (*Continued on page 81*)

Ordinarily, letters to the editor find their way to Radio Mirror's Information Booth, there to be answered to the best of the editors' ability. But this, we feel, is different—first, because we have no answer for it. And second, because Anonymous has a problem that's likely, any day now, to be yours as well.

The RADIO MIRROR

If yours is an average family, there's probably a pretty definite radio listening schedule at your house.

Most families have one. In many cases it's not carefully written out and hung on the wall above the radio (although sometimes it is) but certainly it's firmly fixed in everyone's mind. Mother has her favorite programs; some Dad wouldn't miss for the world; the children have their likes and dislikes as well. When the time for a family favorite rolls around, everyone gathers about the radio, anticipating an evening of real enjoyment. (Happy the family with two radios, so that the minority opinion, if there is one, can be satisfied, too!)

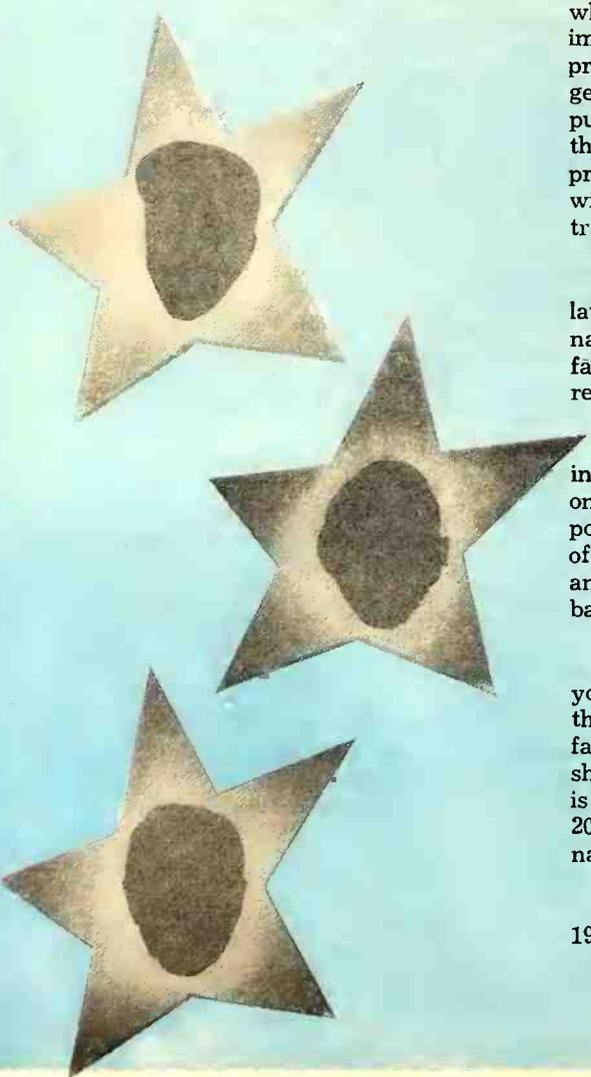
Those listening schedules are a pattern of each family's "likes." Of course, there's no such definite schedule of "dislikes." If a program comes on which no one wants to hear, the dial is turned to another station.

Radio—meaning the vast army of people which is responsible for what is heard on the air—would like to know, from the even more important radio people, *the listeners themselves*, what their favorite programs and who their favorite performers are. Is a certain star getting a lukewarm reception or is he a prime favorite with the public? Has a new program so captured the listeners' fancy that they would like more shows patterned after it? What comedian provokes the heartiest laughter? What musical program has the widest appeal? Which daytime serial is most inspirational, most true to life?

To obtain the answers to these questions, RADIO MIRROR last year launched the RADIO MIRROR AWARDS, the only opportunity on a nation-wide scale for listeners to express their opinion of listening fare. True, there are other polls—but most of them are either regional in character, sample opinion on only one specific type of program or performer, or are polls of editors or critics, not of listeners. True, there are people in the business of getting such information from listeners for radio rating services, but they reach only selected listeners in selected cities. The RADIO MIRROR AWARDS poll is voluntary, unrestricted—its aim is to discover preferences of listeners who are interested enough in what is now on the air, and what will be offered as listening fare in the future, to fill in ballots stating those preferences.

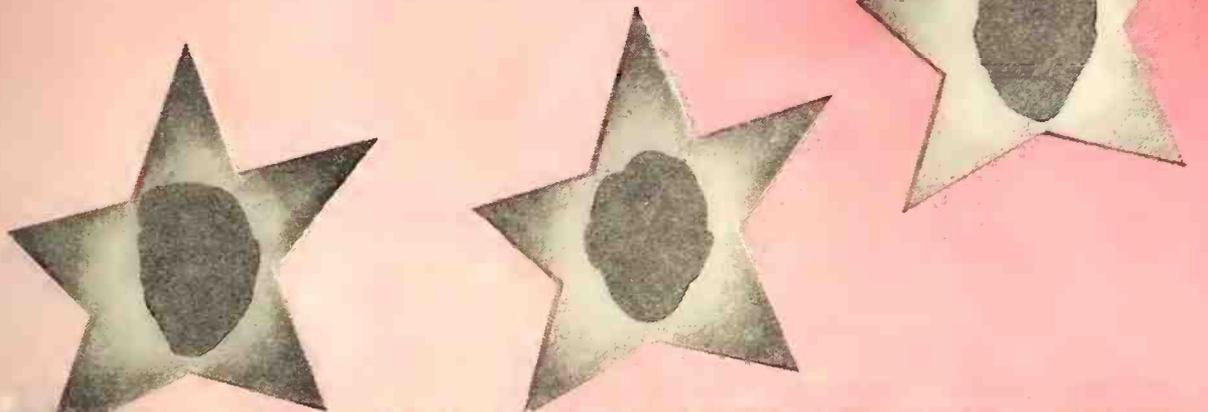
Last month, as the first part of the RADIO MIRROR AWARDS for 1948, you were asked to vote for your favorite radio performers. Below is the second and final ballot for this year. Use it to vote for your favorite radio programs. On this ballot, next to each type of radio show listed, fill in the name of the program which, in your opinion, is the best in that field. Send your ballot to RADIO MIRROR AWARDS, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. You need not sign your name unless you wish to.

Results of voting on both ballots will be announced in the April, 1949, issue of RADIO MIRROR Magazine.



AWARDS *for 1948*

Have you a right to speak your mind about programs
you hear on the air? Indeed you have—as a
listener you're the most important person in radio!



VOTE FOR YOUR FAVORITE PROGRAMS

My Favorite DAYTIME SERIAL is	My Favorite (non-quiz) AUDIENCE PARTICIPATION PROGRAM is
My Favorite COMEDY SHOW is	My Favorite VARIETY PROGRAM is
My Favorite COMEDY STORY PROGRAM is	My Favorite AMATEUR PROGRAM is
My Favorite DRAMATIC PROGRAM is	My Favorite MUSICAL PROGRAM is
My Favorite MYSTERY PROGRAM is	My Favorite EDUCATIONAL PROGRAM is
My Favorite QUIZ SHOW is	My Favorite RELIGIOUS PROGRAM is
My Favorite PROGRAM FOR CHILDREN is	
I Think THIS YEAR'S BEST NEW PROGRAM is	
I Think the BEST PROGRAM ON THE AIR is	
I Think the WORST PROGRAM ON THE AIR is	
My Favorite TELEVISION PROGRAM is	heard on (station)

Cut out this ballot and mail to Radio Mirror Awards, 205 E. 42 St., New York 17, N. Y.

Commentator, columnist, author, Pearson finds enough time to keep one practiced hand on the pulse of current events and the other on affairs at his farm outside Washington, D. C.



A ringside view of
controlled energy at work
in a man of many
talents, many ambitions

MY BOSS,

Drew Pearson

By DAVID KARR

MY boss Drew Pearson is so many men rolled into one that I feel stifled about starting. He's the columnist who writes "Washington Merry-Go-Round" for 600 newspapers; he's the radio broadcaster who is listened to by twelve million people every Sunday night over ABC at 7:00 P.M. (EST); he's the co-author of such famous books as *Washington Merry-Go-Round*, *More Merry-Go-Round*, *Nine Old Men*, and *The American Diplomatic Game*. He's a "Quaker relief worker," if you should ask me, and he's also a farmer—with a sense of humor. Being his assistant—what you might call his "leg man"—I'm in a position to know about that last item!

Just take a look at his farm, which lies outside Washington, D. C., if you want to see all these things combined. There my boss has flocks of animals—with appropriate names. For instance, every one of the bulls on the place is named for some one who has publicly called Drew a liar.

"The first bull I named after a person who called me a liar was named Roosevelt," grins my boss, "and after that I named bulls Cordell Hull, Stalin, Senator McKellar, Truman, Senator Tydings, and so on. You have no idea how odd it is when we butcher a bull. Stalin, I recall, was the toughest and most sinewy bull we ever ate!"

The prize boar is named Stettinius—"Because he's a bore, and because he's so beautiful," explains my boss. When the Japanese cook first started out of the house to feed "Stettinius" some garbage, she tried to say his name and failed. Instead she announced, "I go feed State Department now."

That gives you a faint idea of (Continued on page 79)

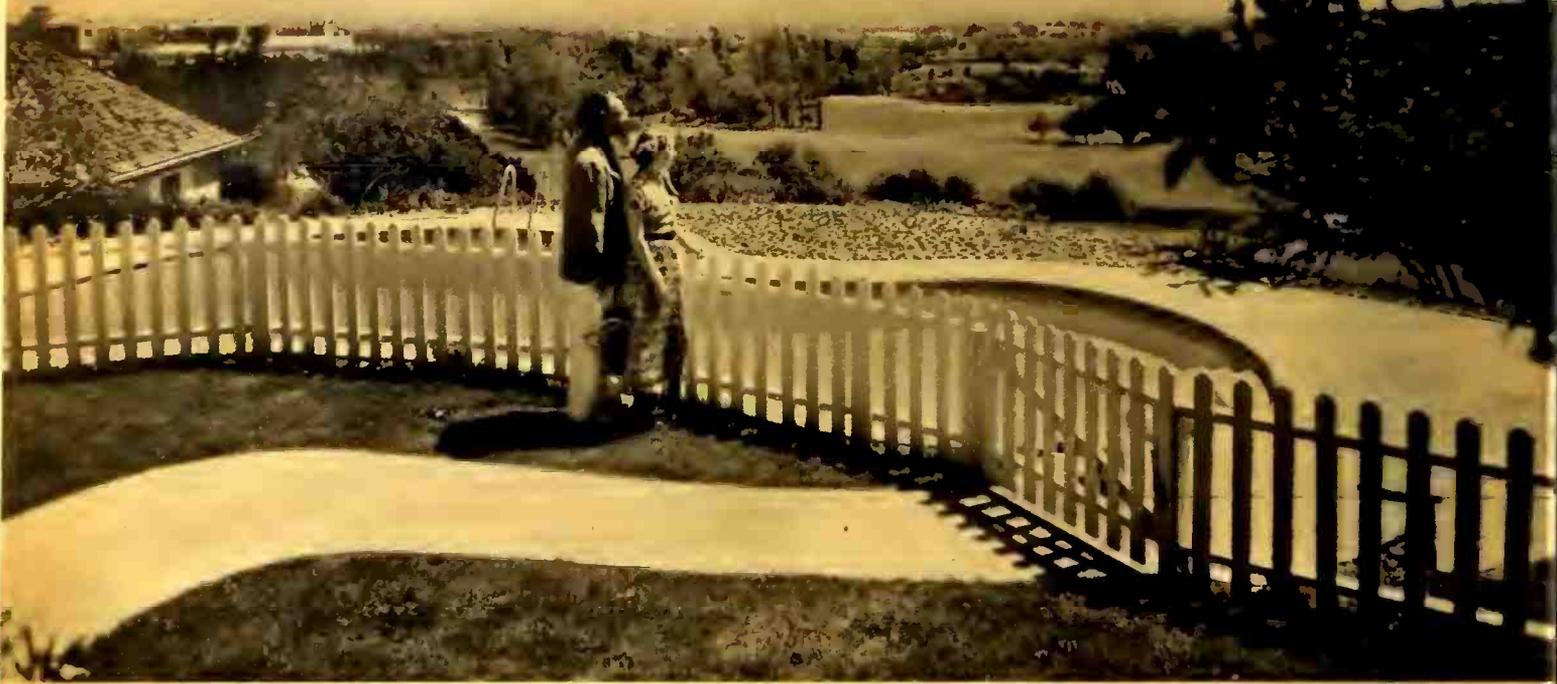


By rising at 6 A.M. and planning every moment of the day, Pearson can be much more than merely a "gentleman farmer."

Drew Pearson's radio column is heard Sunday nights at 7 P.M. EST. on ABC stations.



Come and Visit ED



The Ed Gardner house began life as a Swiss chalet, but it became pure Gardner—meaning pure comfort—as soon as the family took possession. One of the specialties of the house is the magnificent view of Bel Air that lies before it.

EDDIE GARDNER, aged four, has a new baby brother, and his father, Ed—better known as Archie—Gardner, couldn't be happier.

"Two boys?" he boasts, "not a bit more trouble than one. It's a cinch!"

At which Simone, Ed's delightful French wife, echoing mothers of brand new, Number Two babies the world over, groans.

"'A cinch,' he says. Plut a Dieu!"

And she describes Black Thursday—which was just the day before; first day off for five-weeks old Stevie's nurse, first day on—with *two* children—for mama.

It wasn't so bad, at the start. Mrs. Ellis gave Stevie his six a.m. feeding, made the formula for the day before she left. And Eddie was off at nursery school, where he stays every day until after lunch.

"And I was at the office," put in Ed, "jumping up and down on my writers. Duffy's never closes, new babies or not."

Simone, with her first chance alone with little Stephen, exulted. It was fun! The sunbath—just three minutes on each side to toast him properly—he's still too new for long exposures. The bath—and the first smile at mama—what a lovely thing a new

baby is. How satisfying to see him responding to you!

With the ten a.m. bottle, things began to get a little grim. Simone was tired. (Both of her babies were born by Caesarian section.) Stevie didn't want the whole eight ounces. And he cried when Simone urged him. He was sleepy, he howled.

"Too sleepy even to—what is it you say—burp," his mama recalls. "So as soon as he is in the bassinet, up comes the milk." And up comes Stevie for another bath, clean clothes, clean bed, another bottle—with burp this time!—and at last, sleep.

At this Simone had her first cry.

Ed is indignant.

"You didn't tell me," he protests. "I thought it was only that Eddie' . . ."

"I had forgotten the morning before you came home," Simone says, managing a laugh, "it got so much worse . . ."

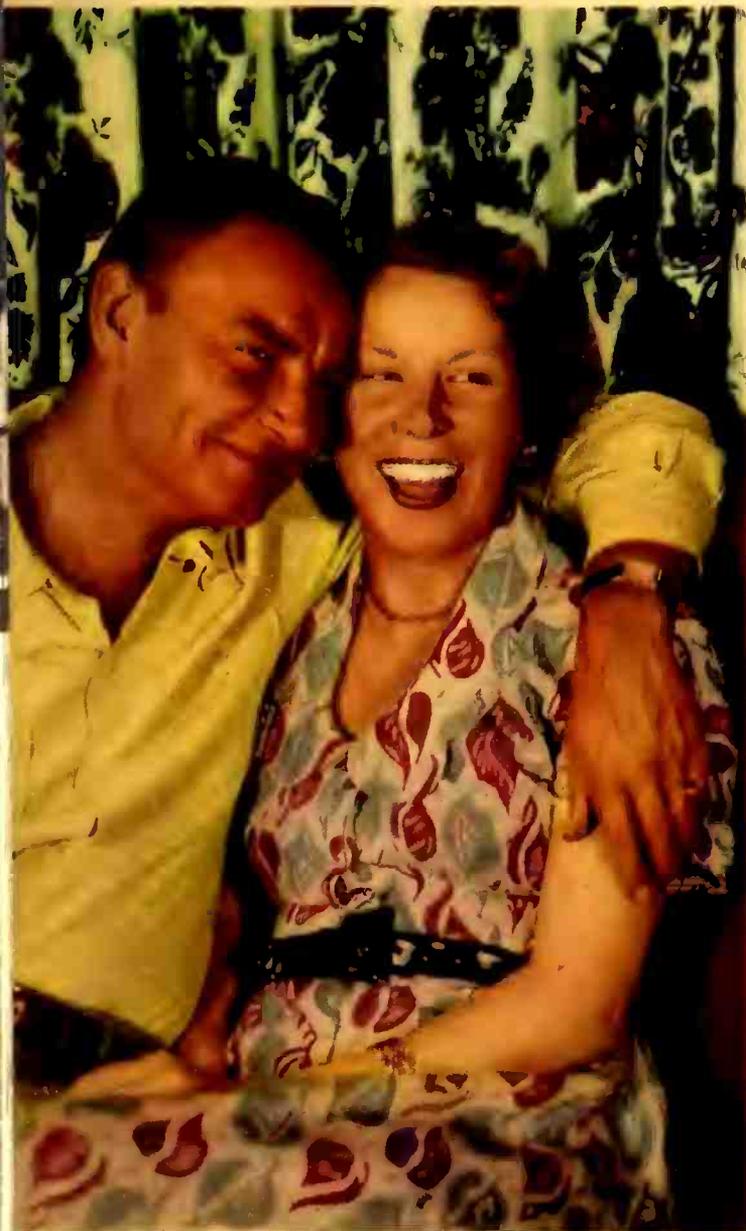
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Now Eddie had been scientifically conditioned for his new brother's arrival. Ed and Simone had read up on all the modern psychology, knew all about "sibling rivalry," "regression," and all the other long names for trouble with "old" baby when the new baby comes.

On his days off from the Tavern, Duffy's man has a life of his own.

GARDNER

By PAULINE SWANSON



Because Ed plays a brilliant game of tennis, Simone now plays a pretty good one. Because Ed loves sailing, she spends days on the Malabar VII. But her favorite sport, Ed says ruefully, is "going to Magnin's."

If plenty of dogs didn't live there, Ed wouldn't either. Red-haired "Duffy" is one of his closest friends.

Ed Gardner is heard on Duffy's Tavern, Wed. at 9 P.M. EST on NBC



Simone and Ed needn't have worried about young Eddie's reception of the new baby. "Stevie," Eddie says, "is mine."



Quite a life... with quite a family

Come and Visit

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Come and Visit ED GARDNER



Lauritz Melchior says that nobody else would have a dog like "Anything." And Ed wouldn't give him up for anything.

"Two children," Ed and Simone told each other, "will be as easy to care for as one." That was before there were two to care for.



"Anything" may be unorthodox, but the Gardners

It was going to be *his* baby, they had told him. His to love, his to take care of, his to set an example for. Eddie was such a big man now; he could teach the new, ignorant creature a great deal about what goes on in this big, wide world.

"You are *our* baby, and you know how much we love you," they told him, over and over again. "You will love your baby too."

When Simone was at the hospital to have Stevie—and away from Eddie for the first time—Ed looking it up in the back of Dr. Spock's book, compensated his son for the momentary loss, took great pains to be with Eddie more.

"I got saddle sores from the pony track," he laments, "tone deaf from the Merry-Go-Round."

But Eddie was just fine.

When Simone came home with Stephen, Eddie was at the door to welcome "his" baby, although he did forget his earlier plans to show the baby where its room was. He was too busy at the moment hugging *his* mama, clinging to her as he used to when he, too, was small, and utterly dependent.

But a little later, when Stevie was comfortably ensconced in the ruffled bassinet, Eddie made up for the momentary neglect. He gave his new brother his most precious possession, a battered shred of his own baby comforter now rolled up as a crib-bumper which had been in his own bed



Have a patio and barbecue that's typical Bel Air.



Eddie, already an all-round athlete, will take his Dad on at anything from boxing to a handstand contest, and no cheating.

very night as long as he could remember. The Gardners, glowing with Successful Parenthood, were really touched.

Everything was dreamy for awhile after that. Eddie would have been glad to take care of his baby, except that the nurse did all that. And he could spend the time sitting on mommie's bed, telling her all about the day's excitement at Mrs. Buckley's school.

And since the little baby was too little to "play rough"—Ed loves children, Simone says, but he hasn't the faintest idea what you do with them before they're old enough to roll on the floor—Eddie had his father all to himself a good part of the time too.

There were tiny hints of unquiet in Eddie's deportment. If he watched mama give Stevie a bottle, he thought it would be "a good game" if he could be fed his supper too. He all but abandoned the out-of-doors, finding a perch two feet from his mother the pleasantest place to be. But there was no real trouble—until Black Thursday.

He came home at noon and went straight to his mother's bedroom. She wasn't there; Stevie had awakened from his nap with a touch of colic and Simone was in the nursery, holding the unhappy little fellow on her lap.

"Play with me," Eddie demanded grimly after watching this tableau for (Continued on page 82)

So sold was Eddie on the institution of brotherhood that he presented Stevie with his own ragged but cherished baby comforter.



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PLEASE LAFF!
DON HAS A WIFE
AND 3 KIDS
TO SUPPORT

Your hosts at breakfast, when you have it with The Breakfast Club: left to right, producer Cliff Peterson; Sam (Clowning) Cowling; singer Patsy Lee; Don McNeill (seated, in white suit); standing behind Don, orchestra leader Eddie Ballantine; "cruising crooner" Jack Owens; Fran Allison ("Aunt Fanny"). Standing, far right, a battery of announcers: Bob Murphy, Franklin Ferguson, Don Dowd. Take your seat, the show's about to start, and your day couldn't have a cheerier send-off.

Your
TABLE

Ticket to

BREAKFAST CLUB



Guest Joe Francis (r.) has a surprise for Don: an ancient business card dating from the days when "D. McNeill" was manager of the "Five Master Harmony Kings."



Patsy Lee's songs and her looks share an early-morning freshness.

Don McNeill and The Breakfast Club are a Monday through Friday feature, at 8 A.M. CST, 9 A.M. EST on ABC network stations.

IT'S as well to remember, every now and again, that all the big shows do not come from New York or Hollywood. There's Chicago, too! So, this month, we take you to Studio A in Chicago's Merchandise Mart from which the Breakfast Clubbers send their hour of fun each morning. It seems like dawn, when you get there. Maybe you had to skip breakfast (which is not really served with the show!). You may begin to ask yourself why you did it. And then Sam Cowling wanders in, yawning, rubbing his eyes, acting exactly the way you feel. While announcer Bob Murphy is instructing the audience, Sam idly picks up a sign. "We're Hungry, Too" it says—and you know why you came. It's the Breakfast Club brand of fun which nobody, no matter how breakfastless, can resist.



A moment's truce interrupts the feuding of Jack Owens (l.) and Sam Cowling.



Jack Owens sometimes "troubadours" through audience, sometimes just sings.



They've all gotten up at dawn, but to a Breakfast Club audience it's no sacrifice.

Your ticket to THE BREAKFAST CLUB

Your hosts at breakfast, when you have it with The Breakfast Club: left to right, producer Gus Peterson; Sam (Gloving) Cowling, singer Patsy Lee; Don McNeill, the show's emcee; and behind him, Dan, orchestra leader, Eddie Balabanov; announcer, Ed S. Murphy; Franklin Ferguson, "Aunt Fannie"; Shari, your next-door neighbor; and, at the bottom, the show's mascot, a dog named Don. Don't take your seat, the show's about to start, and your city couldn't have a happier one!



Guest Joe Francis (r.) has a surprise for Don: an ancient business card dating from 1877 days when "D" McNeill was manager of the "Fire Master Harmony Kings."



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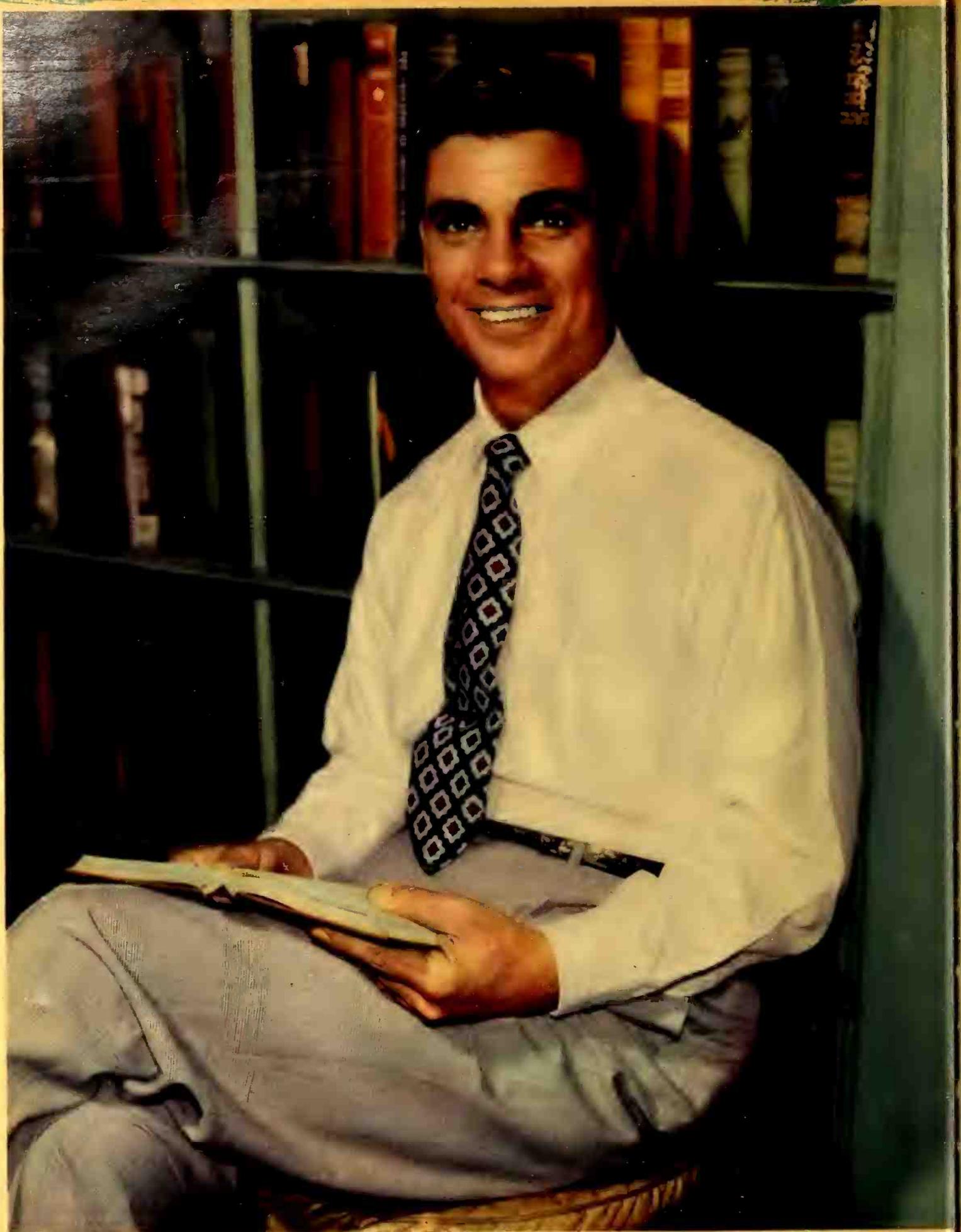


Jack Owens sometimes "brochadours" through audience, sometimes just sings.



They've all gathered up at dawn, but to a Breakfast Club audience it's no sunrise.

PLEASE LISTEN!
DON'T MISS A MEET-
ING! 3:40 P.M.
TO 5:00 P.M.



Showmen like Bert Parks don't just "decide" to go into show business.

It's not the MONEY that counts

Bert Parks' record-setting career began when, at 17, he became a network staff announcer. He's now M.C. of ABC's *Stop the Music* (Sun., 8 P.M. EST) and *Break the Bank*, also ABC.

IT'S undoubtedly true that a man who gives away money can't avoid making friends. The more money—the more friends. And Bert Parks, while emceeing ABC's *Stop the Music* and *Break the Bank*, has given away a staggering amount of money to alert contestants. Naturally, the enriched contestants love him. But there's more to it than that. Being Bert Parks, they would have loved him even if he were not the giver of gifts, for he knows a show-business secret worth more than its weight in gold. Bert knows how to make the audience one with him, and vice versa. Even radio sophisticates realize it's the human side that has endeared Bert Parks to millions of radio listeners. Like the real spirit of St. Nicholas, Bert Parks has a heart full of sympathy and warmth for people.

"Bert never gets a laugh at the expense of a contestant," one of his associates says. . . . and a Pittsburgh radio man's face lights up with recognition, "Even out in the sticks we've heard that Parks is a grand person" . . . and a young girl from California says, "He's real sweet."

It adds up to the outstanding characteristic of Bert Parks that distinguishes all real showmen: he loves people. If a radio program doesn't go exactly right, he is heartbroken and figuratively kicks himself all the way home. For Bert didn't wander haphazardly into a radio studio selling insurance and stay to be an announcer. He's had his wagon hitched to show business since the age when he was paying half-fare on Atlanta trolleys.

"I didn't make very good grades in school," Bert will tell you guiltily. "No wonder. Instead of doing homework, I'd prop a mirror in front of my arithmetic book, pencil a mustache on my lip and just mug."

As a kid, Bert idolized Charlie Chaplin and sat through his pictures three and four times, studying every trick of the great comedian. At the age of nine, when Bert made his professional debut with the first Atlantic showing of "The Gold Rush," he did an impersonation of Chaplin.

"They gave me twenty dollars in silver to impress me," Bert remembers. "But it wasn't the silver that jingled in my ears, it was the echo of the audience applause."

From then on, Bert had the show bug. He didn't think twice about breaking into his parents' parties to draw some laughs. He would coax his patient brother, Allen, to play straight man in the bedroom rehearsals. He found a ready audience in his schoolmates for the stories and monologues he invented. At the age of sixteen, he graduated from Marest College, an Atlanta military school, and headed for an audition at WGST, the Georgia Tech radio station. He was hired as a singer and staff announcer.

"They paid me seven dollars a week," Bert says, grinning. "Until the depression when I took a twenty per cent cut with the rest of the staff."

Bert worked at WGST for a year and a half and he might still be there, for in these 48 states there are well over a thousand radio stations and many many thousands of announcers who dream of big network jobs just as (Cont'd on page 71)

By
MARTIN
COHEN

Something inside won't let them rest until they are in . . . running the show

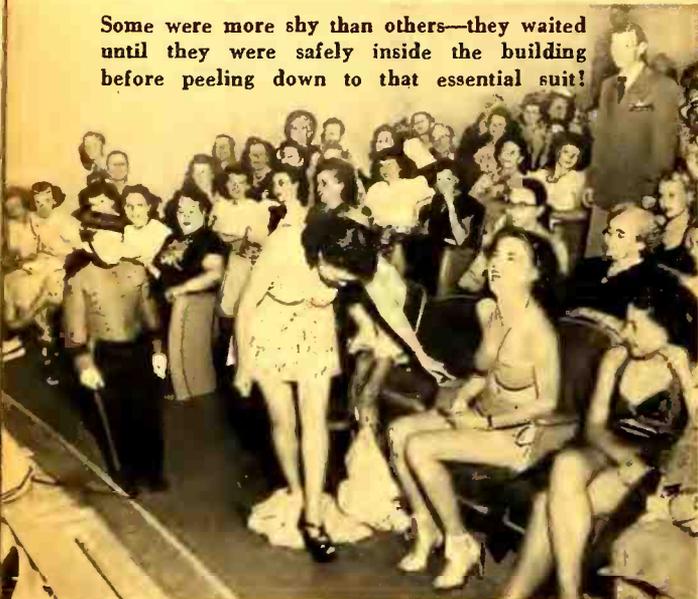


Eager contestants for the Bathing Suit Queen title line up, appropriately clad, outside Mutual studios long before time for the show.

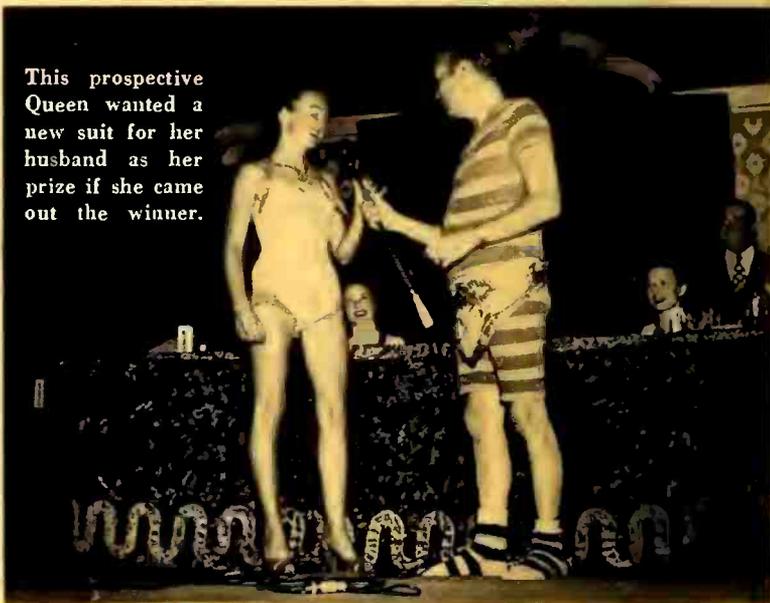


QUEEN FOR

Dozens and dozens of pretty girls, all of them in bathing suits! No wonder the entire male population envies Jack Bailey



Some were more shy than others—they waited until they were safely inside the building before peeling down to that essential suit!



This prospective Queen wanted a new suit for her husband as her prize if she came out the winner.

EVERY day, on Queen For A Day, a special class of queen is chosen—cowgirl Queen, perhaps, or kitchen Queen, or great-grandmother Queen—and she is presented with gifts galore, feted throughout her day-long reign, granted the wish dearest her heart, has the time of her life! These pictures were taken on Bathing Suit Queen day. When the judging was over, M. C. Jack Bailey, tastefully dressed in a striped pink-and-purple confection of doubtful vintage, crowned Virginia Hunt as Queen and declared the runner-up contestants her court.

Virginia, whose wish was for a job teaching swimming, was presented with a wardrobe of bathing suits, and, among other things, got a week's vacation in Bermuda for herself and her mother.



A Queen is crowned—she is pretty Virginia Hunt, and the just-as-pretty ladies of her court are the defeated contenders.

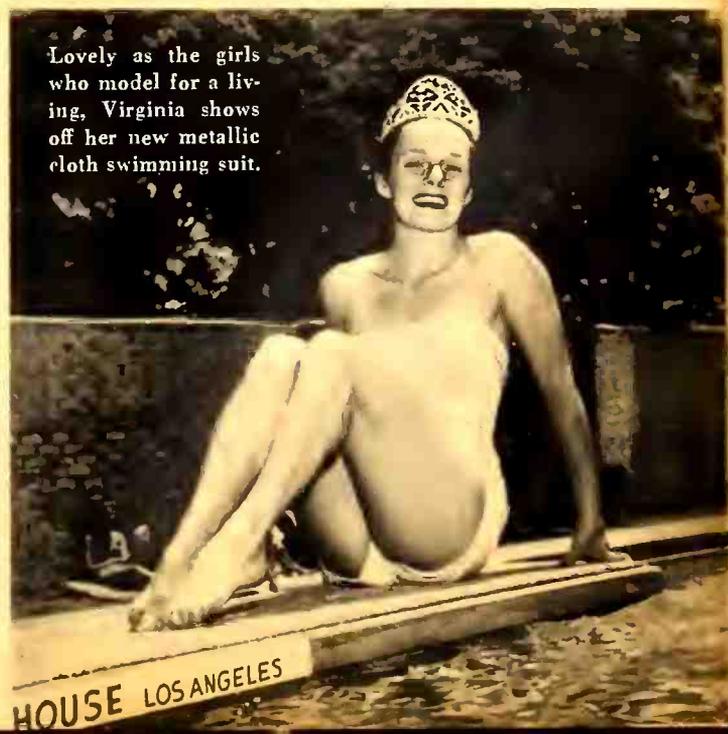
Queen For A Day, with Jack Bailey as M.C., is heard each Monday through Friday, 2 to 2:30 P.M. EST, Mutual.

A DAY

With Jack on one hand and Johnny on the other, Queen Virginia holds court in the midst of models wearing their bathing suit prizes.



Queen Virginia and her court have a luncheon party—and what better place for an aquatic repast than on a raft in the middle of a pool?



Lovely as the girls who model for a living, Virginia shows off her new metallic cloth swimming suit.



Eager contestants for the Bathing Suit Queen title line up, appropriately clad, outside Mutual studios long before time for the show.



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With Jack on one hand and Johnny on the other, Queen Virginia looks cozier in the midst of models wearing their bathing suit prizes.



Queen Virginia and her court have a luncheon party—and what better place for an aquatic repast than on a raft in the middle of a pool?



Lovely as the girl-who-model for a living, Virginia shows off her new metallic cloth swimming suit.

HOUSE LOS ANGELES

R.F.D. AMERICA



There are things going on, down on the farm, that

By
**MAC
McKERROW**

Mac McKerrow is one of the successful farmer-contestants on RFD America, heard on NBC, with Ed Botcher as the questioning M. C.

Post mortem on the program, with quizmaster



ME AND Bing Crosby—I chuckle when I think of it—but it's actually true—we will both be competing for "Oscars" at the same time.

In December, when Bing, strolling up to sock a golf ball, wonders what the Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences will do about "Emperor Waltz," I'll be milking cows on our farm at Pewaukee, Wisconsin, hoping I'll be quick-witted enough to cope with Ed Bottcher's questions and smart enough to beat Robert Sawyer and two other opponents to win R.F.D. America's title of Farm Champion of the Year.

Whatever the outcome, I'm sure of one thing. I'll be more jittery than Bing is.

Come to think about it, a farmers' "Oscar" has been a long time arriving. Since the Middle Ages, farmers have entered stock, grains and handiwork in fairs and exhibitions, but the competition has been between the products of one grower and those of another.

In contrast, competition on R.F.D. America is per-

sonal. It's man against man, with the nation listening. If you miss, a couple of million people hear it; if you win, you go home and start studying, trying to stay on top.

In less than a year, R.F.D. America has become an important factor in my life. In that time, studying to prepare for the smart guys from other states, I've learned more about our nation's agriculture than I ever soaked up in school; I've learned how to put that knowledge into words, and, just as importantly, I've made new friends and had fun. I hope the audience, too, has enjoyed it.

That first show, however, started out as a sort of combined second honeymoon, football game and old fashioned country school spelldown.

Interviewed by Tom Lewellen, the man who travels the country to select the contestants, I met the qualifications. I'm an actual farmer, managing my family's 473-acre dairy and sheep farm. I satisfied him I had enough farm knowledge and (Continued on page 74)

City folks ought to know about. R. F. D. America tells them!



Mac McKerrow—typical of the new alert generation of U. S. farmers.

Bottcher at left, and contestants Miles Sutera, Ia.; Doris Handy, Mich.; Mac; Elizabeth Stevermer, Minn.



City kids play with toy autos, but when they were young Mac and his sister Isabel, left, had "Thunderhead."



R.F.D. AMERICA

There are things going on, down on the farm, that city folks ought to know about. R.F.D. America tells them!

By
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Post mortem on the program, with quizmaster

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Mac McKerrow—typical of the new alert generation of U. S. farmers.



"It was like a dream—even when we got off the train that had brought us from Iowa to Hollywood and found Bud Abbott (left) and Lou Costello (right) waiting to lead papa and me to our new riches."

I PRAYED—and it happened to me.

It still does not seem possible that it happened. It's like a dream that my husband and I were suddenly whisked from our little town in Iowa into a breathtaking whirl of sightseeing in Hollywood. It's like a fairy tale that we are now rich where before we were anxious and poor. It's incredible, but it's true, that my letter on juvenile delinquency won the \$30,000 in prizes offered by the Abbott and Costello radio program!

And I have complete faith that it all came in answer to prayer, to prayer offered humbly out of need.

I cannot say that my husband and I were desperately poor. In the larger sense, even before this radio manna from heaven fell upon us, we were rich. We have five children

and eight grandchildren. I am fifty-four and Daddy—my husband—is fifty-eight. We have been married for thirty-five years, and we have worked hard. Through good times and bad we provided for our children until they could take care of themselves. The realization of all this is riches of a kind that cannot be measured in mere money.

And yet, this being a practical world, we had our very real worries. Rearing five children on a workman's wages did not leave much for savings. All the children—from Charles, the oldest, who is thirty-four now, to Helen, the youngest, who is twenty-five—were married and starting their own families. We were determined never to be a burden to them, no matter how much they loved us and we loved them.

Daddy and I lived in a two-room apartment over a restaurant in the little town of Shenandoah, Iowa. It was comfortable, even though small, and we liked it there, especially when it was crowded with visiting grandchildren. One reporter has described our home as "small and cluttered." Being a woman, I rather resented that as a reflection on my housekeeping. If he meant "cluttered" with memories of our full lives, with the sweet little gifts made for me by the grandchildren, with the happy echoes of their little voices asking for the cookie jar, then I'll let it pass.

But one day Daddy came home and I sensed immediately that something was wrong. He looked unusually tired, discouraged, almost beaten. He hated to tell me, but finally it came out:

Prayer had something to do

with it. So did a mother's

thoughts on juvenile delinquency.

Together, they added up to \$30,000

By

Mrs. BESSIE M. LAWRENCE



"Tables were waiting for Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Lawrence in the most exciting places; Costello and Abbott made every occasion a party. And such food. . .!"

never hurts to try!

"I'm laid off, Mamma."

His job in a local seed company had folded under him. To make it worse, he had only recently recovered from a bad sick spell. The doctor had prescribed a long rest, and now it seemed likely that he would be forced to take a longer one. His physical condition, his age, both would hinder his search for new work.

"Well, Daddy," I said as cheerfully as I could, "now you can really get that rest. And we'll manage somehow." But I knew that our small savings account would dwindle further, and I'll confess to a sinking feeling about the heart.

I wondered how I could help. And here, although I didn't dream of it then, my radio came to the rescue. I had listened faithfully to the Abbott and (Continued on page 85)



"This fabulous trailer was mine—and new friends, too: here I am with Lou, Earl Davis (a trailer company official) Papa, Bud, and Adolph Wenlund who supplies a lot of the prizes people win."



"It was like a dream—even when we got off the train that had brought us from Iowa to Hollywood and found Bud Abbott (left) and Lon Costello (right) waiting to lead papa and me to our new riches."

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BETWEEN THE

HELLO THERE:

If we could be Santa Claus in your town
this Christmas Eve . . .
here are some packages we'd like to leave
by the fireplace.
First . . . remembering the days of
skates . . . and snow . . .
and sleds . . . and a bright wagon-red
bundle of laughter.
A sky-blue one of love
with all the moonlight nights and lover's
quarrels
gone by . . .
and last, tied with gold and sealed with
a wish
for days of good living, warm hearts and
understanding . . .
a silver package of happiness.

Ted Malone

Be sure to
listen to Ted
Malone's pro-
gram Monday
through Fri-
day mornings
at 11:45 EST
over ABC



DEAR BILL:

Radio Mirror's Prize Poem

Your letter came a little late,
But, reminiscing, I recall
That once we had a dinner date,
And that was all—or nearly all.

Perhaps there was some other thing,
Or was that still another lad?
I think it happened in the spring—
My memory is very bad.

I'm sure I had a lovely time;
I think we danced a little bit,
And I composed a silly rhyme;
That was about the end of it.

But thank you for the flowers you sent—
How lovely—your remembering!
I know the words were kindly meant;
I am obliged for everything.

My note may reach you rather late;
Perhaps this is the better way
(The date was such a little date).
My son—and Jim's—came yesterday.

—Faye Chilcote Walker

FROM A REBEL HEART

That you have never asked a song
Of praise for praises due you
Has kept my heart one melody
With every song sung to you.

That you have never set a course
Commanding me to follow
Has kept me shadow-closer than
The hounds to hare they follow.

You, wiser than all textbooks are,
Long since have learned the art
Of mastering by non-demand
This once rebellious heart.

—Virginia Scott Miner

RADIO MIRROR will pay fifty dollars

for the best original poem sent
in each month by a reader. Five
dollars will be paid for each
other original poem used on the
Radio Mirror. Bookends pages in
30 lines, and address to Ted Ma-
lone, Radio Mirror, 205 E. 42,
N. Y. 17, N. Y. When postage is
enclosed, every effort will be
made to return unused manu-
scripts. This is not a contest, but
an offer to purchase poetry for
Radio Mirror's Bookends pages.

CHILD'S GIFT

Nat wrapped in crisp tissue and topped
with a bow

Was the small gift he sets on the table;
Nat tied with red ribbon, nor splendid
with stars;

But here was the truth of the fable—
Though pieces of paper confettied the
place

From his efforts in wrapping it up,
I visioned the light on his small, earn-
est face,

And I knew that his heart was a cup
Brimming over with love as he wrapped
up my gift

On that night at a distant December;
And of all the grand parcels I opened
next day—

His is the one I remember!

—Pauline Havard

THE PHASE IS FAMILIAR

I find
I don't mind
Taking chances
With romances
Because, while parting is SUCH
sweet sorrow
With those who are here today and
gone tomorrow,
And one is left feeling vaguely re-
gretful—

After all, I AM very forgetful.

—Rad Maclean

BOOKENDS

PLEDGE

Lest I forget your loveliness,
I'll bind your name across my heart
That, like an eloquent caress
It lingers, though the days depart.

Lest I forget the crystal sound
Of your cool laughter in the night,
I'll walk, as if on holy ground
The paths that taught us love's delight.

I'll pluck a crimson rose to press
Between worn pages, memory-blown,
Lest I forget your loveliness
And so forsaken walk alone.

—Sydney King Russell

TWO LOVES

What is father to a little boy?
A voice rolling off the Siege of Troy,
A Santa Claus bringing a coveted toy;
Escort when the circus comes,
Oracle in arithmetic sums,
Purveyor of candy, best of chums.

What is mother to a little boy?
A grim command, a homeward convoy,
Hands that withhold an undeserved toy,
An ear that seems deaf to repentance
and rue;

It's hard to believe, and yet it's true
That a little boy loves his mother, too!

—May Richstone

ICE VICE

He who cuts a figure eight
About me as I concentrate
On being graceful when I skate
I hate!

—Addison H. Hollock

BRIGHT YARN

Their son's son's sitting, his young
eyes aglow
With the same lighting their own
used to know,
Sitting beside their Grandparents in
awe;
Seeing the sights that old people
saw,
Hearing harsh thunder, and feeling
raw rain;
Handling the herd through the long
hurricane,
Back in the long-ago days (that were
good,
When, what a man said, a man
understood!)

Part of his wonder, at those who had
spent
Color so lavishly, calm now; con-
tent—
One with her crocheting, starting to
nod;
One with a face like his picture of
God.

Oh, what yarn's brighter than that
which now slips
Through Grandmama's fingers, and
Grandfather's lips!

—Mayhoward Austin McEachern

GIFT LINES

Since you would like to know what
special yen

Is circulating through my head,
It's this: don't ask me what I want and
then

Secure me something else instead!

—S. H. Dewhurst

I COUNT HIM BLESSED

I count him blessed who never felt the
urge
To roam the distant places of the earth,
Was never prodded by the wanderlust,
But sank his roots in soil that gave him
birth,

Who lives and dreams upon a quiet
street
Where weeping-willows finger grassy
ground,
Where lark and blue-jay trill through-
out the days
That pass unscarred by alien voice or
sound;

Who, in the evening, often climbs the
hill
To where his grandsire and his father
lie,
Each lived contented in this quiet town
And were with friends when they were
called to die;

Who turns toward home as evening
trims her lamp,
Unversed in the boundaries men call
wide,
Yet wise in the knowledge of earth and
stars,
At peace with man and God . . . and
satisfied.

—Christie Lund Coles

BETWEEN THE BOOKENDS

HELLO THERE:
If we could see Santa Claus in your town
here are some packages we'd like to leave
by the fireplace.

First . . . remembering the days of
skates . . . and sleds . . .
and bright wagon red bundle of laughter.
A skidder one of love
with all the moonlight nights and lover's
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Of praise for prodes duo you
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That you have never set a course
Commanding me to follow
Hos kept me shadow-close than
The bounds to bore they follow.

You, wiser than all textbooks are,
Long since have learned the art
Of moaning by non-demand
This once rebellious heart.

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ground,
Where lark and blue-jay trill through-
out the days
That pass unscarred by alien voice or
sound;

Who in the evening, often climbs the
hill
To where his grandire and his father
live,
Each lived contented in this quiet town
And were with friends when they were
called to die;

Who turns toward home as evening
sinks her lamp,
Unverset in the boundaries men call
wide,
Yet wise in the knowledge of earth and
stars,
At peace with man and God . . . and
satisfied.

—Christine Lund Colver

BRIGHT YARN

Their son's son's sisting, his young
eyes aglow
With the same lighting their own
used to know,
Sitting beside their Grandparents in
saw,
Hearing harsh thunder, and feeling
raw rain;
Handling the herd through the long
hurricane,
Back in the long-age days (that were
good,
When, what a man said, a man
understood!)

'Part of his wonder, at those who had
spent
Color so lavishly, calm now; con-
tent—
One with her procherching, staring to
nod;
One with a face like his picture of
God.

Oh, what yarn's brighter than that
which now slips
Through Grandama's fingers, and
Grandfather's lips!
—Mayhew Awin McEachern

Traveler of

Bernard Estrin has come a long, long way . . . through a dark country for which there were no maps

BERNARD ESTRIN, our Traveler of the Month, really had come a long way when I met him—all the way from self-pity and despair to a brave, hopeful future. In miles, it wasn't far—just from St. Louis to Chicago. But he traveled those miles in a wheel chair, and brought to all of us at Welcome Travelers a rare story of courage and spirit.

It's the story of a young Navy veteran who, when stricken with polio at the age of 27, forgot his own pain and paralysis by becoming the "wheelchair disc jockey" for all the other wounded, sick men at the Veterans Hospital, Jefferson Barracks, in St. Louis. Happily, it's also the story of a person who found a new life for himself, a promising new career, while trying to bring a little diversion into the bed-ridden lives of his fellow patients.

You see, Bernard Estrin, the hospital disc jockey, now plans to go into radio. In a sense, his appearance on Welcome Travelers was his real radio debut. The few moments that he chatted with me before our ABC microphone had all of the drama and excitement of a first night on Broadway.

You have to hear the whole story, however, to appreciate the significance of those few moments. So let me recall that story for you now, and show you how far our Traveler of the Month has traveled.

Bernard, a clean-cut, well-built young man, grew up right in Chicago—the city from which Welcome Travelers is broadcast. He was graduated from high school and then, like millions of other boys, looked for his first job.

Because he loved airplanes, he hung around Chicago's airports—just another nice kid with sky fever, another boy who wanted wings.

He got the first feather in those wings washing dishes at an airport restaurant. A little later, he worked for TWA as a cargo handler. Then, only 19 years old, he got

a good job: he became a passenger agent for TWA.

The world was a wonderful place for that boy of 19. He was making lots of money, bringing Mom little presents on pay nights and taking out a flock of pretty girls. It was a world in which sickness was only a word, in which no one stood still. It was a world which came to an end with the war, a world which, for Bernard Estrin, at least, will never again exist.

At 19, he went into the Navy. He got to be a Specialist, First Class, a weight computer for an Air Transport Squadron. For three-and-one-half years, he was in the Pacific. Not the glory stuff, you understand, just heat and work, just sweating it out, and occasionally ducking for a fox hole when the Jap bombers came over. And all the time, of course, he was thinking about his job back with TWA.

At last, the day came: December 23, 1945. He was a civilian again. His family had moved to St. Louis, and Bernard became a TWA passenger agent in that city. He was young and doing well, and each new morning had a bright and special shine.

Then, in August, 1946, he came down with polio. Just like that. Fourteen days of pain, fog and fever in a hospital isolation ward, with time only to suffer, and no time to think. After that, the Veterans Hospital, with nothing but time. Time to think, time to suffer, time to think about suffering. As Bernard recalled to me:

"I'd just lie there and try to figure out why I was being punished; why this awful thing had happened to me. I couldn't move a muscle, then. I could only think."

In time, with the fine treatments provided by the Veterans Administration, Bernard began to reclaim a part of his body. One hand worked well, the other, pretty well. The arms were coming along. The legs would move when supported by braces.

"There were other boys with polio. A few died, and the rest were like me. We were of all faiths and creeds, and we all prayed. No one begrudged the other his special faith. We couldn't afford the luxury of prejudice. We just prayed."

Bernard tried to keep himself busy. With his stiff hands, he tried to knit a cap for his young nephew back in Chicago. He tried writing letters. He tried. Slowly, he was emerging from the worst despair of his illness. As he said:

"One day, a boy with an incurable disease came and sat by my bed. He was wonderfully cheerful, and told me to buck up. For the very first time, I realized that there were others who were even worse off than I was.

By
**TOMMY
BARTLETT**

M.C. of Welcome Travelers, heard Mon.-Fri. at 12 Noon, EST, over ABC.



the Month

those provided by his dauntless spirit

Bernard Estrin's appearance on Welcome Travelers was a sort of debut, for he hopes to embark on a career as a radio disc jockey.



"So I took a big step forward, at least for me. I started wondering if, after all, there still could be some sort of a useful life for me. I didn't know what it would be, but at least my ideas were beginning to go down a useful channel."

IN the hospital there was a one-lung "radio network."

A patient acted as a disc jockey, and his patter and music were beamed into all of the wards. There are bigger networks, of course, but it's hard to imagine one with a more faithful listening public. As Bernard joked:

"Our radio station has a Hooper of 700—that's how many beds there are. But there's one thing you can bet on—we don't miss out on a single potential listener. They have to listen. There's no place they can go."

One day, the boy who was acting as disc jockey became too sick to continue his work. The people in charge looked around for a replacement. Bernard Estrin was intelligent, a good talker and the possessor of an authori-

tative, pleasant voice. They offered him the job and he snapped it up.

"At least," he said, "it was going to be something different. I had no idea how a disc jockey operated, but it was wonderful to think that I would be doing something again."

Bernard was nervous that first day, but he was a definite hit. The patients liked his cheerful manner, enjoyed the way he kidded his own sickness and theirs by referring to them as "sackhounds." They laughed at his jokes and, overnight, Bernard was a celebrity in the hospital.

After that, a two-hour daily program was ushered in with these words:

"This is your old wheelchair disc jockey again, you gimped-up old goldbricks."

These words, his listeners came to know, were the signal for casual chatter about different patients, news of hospital doings and long (Continued on page 97)

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By
**TOMMY
BARTLETT**

M.C. of Welcome Travelers, based Miami, Fla. 12 News, FNT, owns ABC.



COAST to COAST



Pretty Kyle MacDonnell waits for her cue on *Girl About Town*, WNBT, Wed., 8 P.M.



Johnny Olsen, m.c., with *Doorway to Fame's* producers, Geo. Sheck (l), Lou Dahlman.



Back from France, WABD's Sylvie St. Clair, and Pat Ror.



Spotlighted by NBC Television Newsreel were screen star Joan Caulfield and fellow guests at the cartoon exhibit held recently at Town Hall, New York.

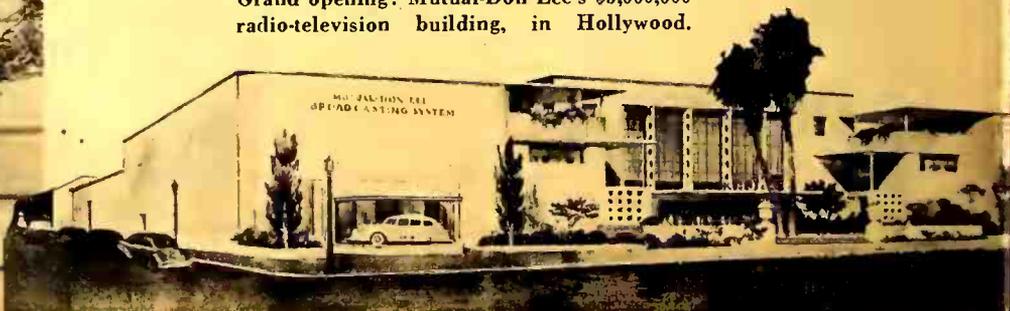
THE poor, long-suffering commercial, which has come in for so much abuse in radio, finds itself very popular with television fans. In every poll of viewers, a large percentage mention that they actually enjoy the visual sales talks. Credit goes to the ad agencies which are turning out so many really clever commercials.

Texas will have a five-station television network in the not-too-distant future. The Texas Telenet System, Inc., has filed applications for Fort Worth, Waco, Austin, San Antonio, and Corpus Christi. One of the big stockholders in Telenet is Governor Beauford Jester himself!

Television clauses are being inserted into the contracts of all movie, radio, and stage personalities. Although video still does not pay anywhere near the large fees that talent has come to expect from the other media, producers and managers consider it all-important as a showcase and experience for their stars.

Chicago viewers, who have been seeing the home games of Notre Dame, Illinois, and Purdue this (Continued on page 87)

Grand opening: Mutual-Don Lee's \$3,000,000 radio-television building, in Hollywood.



in TELEVISION



Judy Parrish

who is Jennifer Allen in Barney Blake, Police Reporter, Thurs., 9:30 P.M. on WNBT, like her co-star, Gene O'Donnell, was born in Eagle Grove, Iowa.

Member of a family comprised mostly of lawyers and teachers, Judy showed a talent for the stage, and following her graduation from Prairie du Chien, Wis., she entered the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York.

She made her theatrical debut in "Stage Door." Later, while appearing in "Kiss and Tell" she eloped with another member of the cast, John Harvey. They went to Hollywood, where Judy retired to become a mother and raise daughter Jody. In her spare time she helped run an interior decorating firm. But the fascination of the stage was too strong and it wasn't long before she came out of retirement to appear in the Chicago production of "Dream Girl" and eventually, her present role as Jennifer Allen.



John Tillman

has been hiding his attractive features behind a microphone for some fourteen years, but now he is seen as well as heard as star master of ceremonies for New York Daily News' television station, WPIX.

John really isn't new to television; he's one of the very few people to have been televised in color. He has been the master of ceremonies for thirty CBS color demonstrations which were, of course, never shown to the public, since color will not be permitted on television for some time.

When John was sixteen years old, he decided that radio was for him. And so, enrolling as a student at Emory University at Atlanta, Georgia, he registered for all the courses related to the field of radio. After graduation, he got himself a job as announcer on WSB in that city. He was on their staff for four years. Then the program director of WHAS, Louisville, Kentucky, signed him as Director of Public Affairs (his college major, incidentally) and Special Events.

In 1939 he sent an audition record to CBS in New York and, shortly after, much to his amazement, was asked to follow the recording in person. His appearance must have been favorable; he was added to the CBS announcing staff nine years ago. You probably have heard him on the popular band show Matinee at Meadowbrook, and as announcer of Time to Remember, School of the Air, and the Stradivari Orchestra.

Now you can watch boyish-looking Tillman as he presents Gloria Swanson on her regular video show, as he masters the ceremonies for The Song Shop, and as newscaster on WPIX.

His only hobby is his twenty-months-old son, John Stephen Tillman III. John met his talented and charming wife, Patricia, when she was writing scripts at CBS.



Alan Dale

is seen and heard on WABD's The Alan Dale Show on Tuesdays from 7 to 7:15 P.M. This program has a musical format with songs provided by Alan and Janie Ford, and comedy interspersed with guests.

Alan, a product of Brooklyn where he was born on July 9, 1925, went to Lafayette High and has

lived in Brooklyn ever since. His father was a comedian and played the vaudeville circuits in various parts of the country. As far as vocal coaching is concerned, Alan has had very little. He comes by his singing as easily and naturally as he grins.

Alan's career started in an unusual manner. While strolling down the boardwalk at Coney Island with a friend they passed an open air cafe where they saw a young girl struggling to sing along with the band. His friend dared Alan to go up and apply for a job as the singer. Alan took the dare, got the job, and has been singing ever since. It didn't take long for his reputation to spread. He was soon signed up by Carmen Cavallaro, and later by George Paxton. In 1947 he started out on his own as a singer.

Vivian Ferraci

is the only regular member of the panel of experts on Americana, television quiz show on WNBT and the NBC video network, Mondays at 8:30 P.M.

Vivian, only 17, already a most accomplished young lady. She was born and lives in the Bronx, N. Y., and she is brainy as well as good to look at. She has actually turned down motion picture contracts in order to study for a law degree, at Fordham University, and someday be elected to Congress!

Last June, Vivian graduated from St. Barnabas High where she was the president of the Debating Society and where she received degrees in merit, honor and excellence. And to top this, she recently won the city-wide oratorical contest for high school students in New York, then placed second in the finals—which were open to every eligible high school student in the United States. Although she has been getting marks of 90 or better all her school days, Vivian is not a bookworm. She has appeared as a pianist in school concerts, served on the Year Book and the school paper. She enjoys dancing, swimming, and horseback riding. Add to all this the fact that she is also an excellent cook, and you must agree that Vivian should certainly be an inspiration to young viewers.



COAST to COAST

TELEVISION



Pretty Kyle MacDonald waits for her coffee at a Girl About Town, WNBT, Wed., 8 P.M.



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Johnny Olsen, m.c., with Doorway to Fame's producers, Geo. Sisek (1), Lon Duhman



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Glimpsed at left and below are Mary Kay and Johnny, or Mr. and Mrs. Stearns, enacting scenes of cozy domesticity on their WNBT television program, Sundays, 7 to 7:20 P.M. EST.

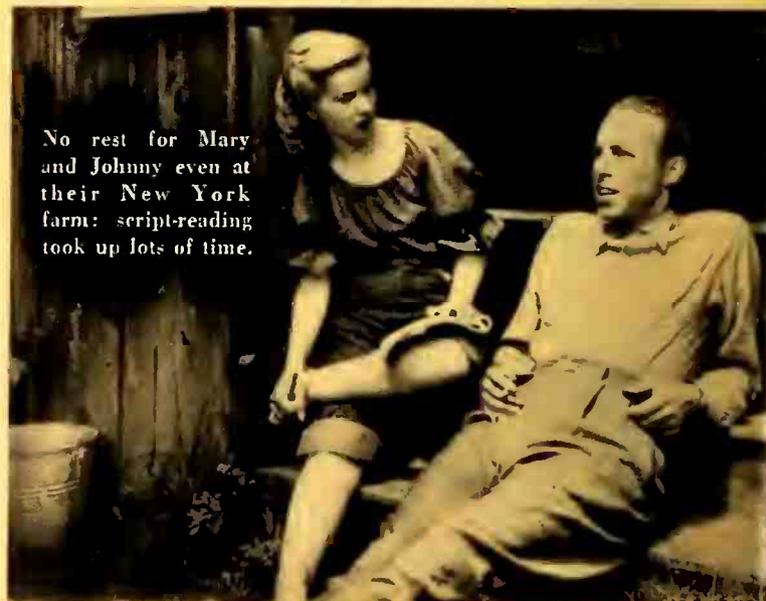


Mary Kay and Johnny

JOHAN A. STEARNS, of Boston, Massachusetts, and Mary Kay Jones, of Los Angeles, California, both grew up loving acting more than anything else in the world—until they met each other. Now acting comes second, but it's a very active and exciting second!

That they should ever meet, marry, and become Mary Kay and Johnny, television's first husband and wife serial, is a triumph of circumstances; because when Mary Kay, in Los Angeles, decided she was ready for serious acting, she rushed to New York. When Johnny, in the East, finished college, he rushed for Hollywood!

To start at the beginning, Johnny comes from a family that has always been interested in the theater. They at one time owned what is now the Shubert Theater in Boston. In fact it was the sale of that theater to the Shuberts that gave the family a life pass to all Shubert theaters, so while still in grammar school young Johnny went every Saturday afternoon to see a play or musical which he thoroughly enjoyed, (Continued on page 84)



No rest for Mary and Johnny even at their New York farm: script-reading took up lots of time.



Ed Sullivan, who makes both performers and audience "glad they came," is the master of ceremonies.

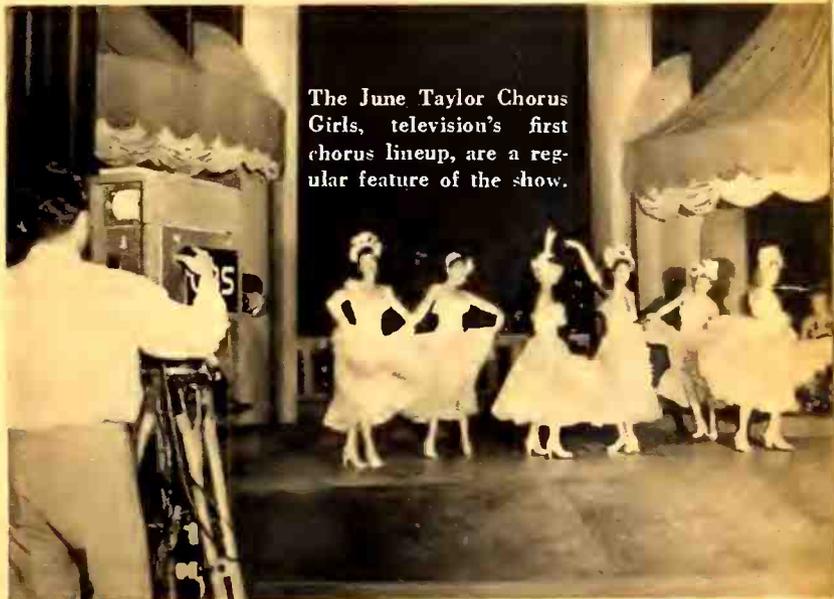


One of the reasons the show is a hit: its musical director is Ray Bloch (above, left, studying a score with Sullivan)

ONE of the most exciting things about television is that it can bring into your home those personalities and specialty acts which most of us would just hear and read about but never get to see. Ed Sullivan's *Toast of the Town* is an outstanding example of this. Each Sunday, at 9:30 P.M., Ed brings the fabulous entertainers to the video cameras to offer a show that probably could never be assembled on any stage.

Ed is a natural to be M.C.-producer for this show as he has been as active in show business as in the newspaper business. Not only is he famous for his column, "Little Old New York," but he is equally well-known for his "Dawn Patrol" revues.

Attending a rehearsal of the show is quite an experience . . . They rehearse on Fridays from 2:30 to 4:30 and again on Sunday from 2:30 right up to show time. Television demands perfection and that kind of rehearsal time bears out that fact, to the satisfaction of the viewers and the sponsors alike!



The June Taylor Chorus Girls, television's first chorus lineup, are a regular feature of the show.



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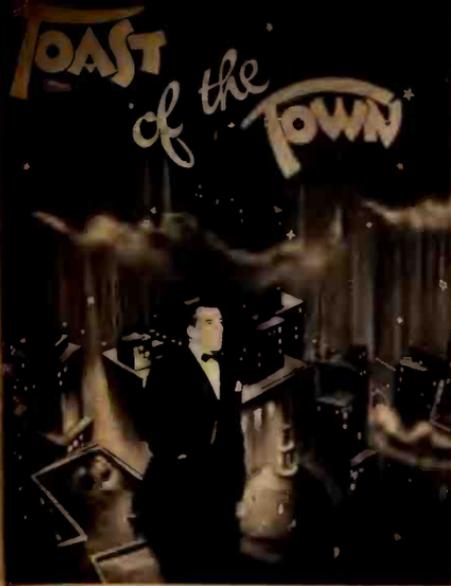
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LIFE WITH *Sister*

Unusual girls, the Whittings—being sisters doesn't prevent them from pointing with pride to each other

Margaret

By Barbara

ANYONE who is a regular listener to the Junior Miss program every Saturday morning at 11:30 A.M. EST over CBS, has the right to wonder if any of the mad situations in the serial have been suggested by my own life and that of the Whiting household.

The answer is no. Life in our family is too fantastic to serve as radio material because no audience would ever believe the things that actually occur. Thinking it over, I am not certain whether my sister Margaret or my mother, whom we usually call Eleanor, is the chief instigator of our family excitement. However, they are so much alike that to talk about one is to talk about both, so I might as well discuss Margaret.

Some of my girl friends are not sold on the institution of the Older Sister, but I personally am a booster. Probably that is because I happened to inherit such a nice example.

At the present time the thing I most admire about Margaret is her poise. Mother says poise comes from sincerity just as currency comes from a bank, but all I can say to that is that I'm broke in both respects. I certainly would like to have Margaret's *savoir faire* (French for know-how) in awkward situations, which brings me back to our crazy household.

Margaret, wearing yellow silk pajamas and white wool mules, was combing her hair one recent morning when a timid knock tickled the panel of her bedroom door.

"Come in," said Margaret, amazed at this formality.

In strolled a perfectly strange little boy of five or six. Pixies, yet! Imagine—in our house at ten-thirty in the morning.

"Hello," said Margaret. "How are you today?"

The little boy said he was fine, that it was a nice morning, and that he had found the front door open so had decided to get acquainted. "My mother says she is dying to know what Margaret Whiting looks like," he confided. "Do you know if she lives here?"

Margaret introduced herself. The little boy studied her for several moments, shook his head seriously, and strolled away.

Here is the tag: Margaret (*Continued on page 89*)

Barbara

By Margaret

WHEN I was in New York recently I received a birthday greeting which read, "*Happiest Birthday and hurry home to the monster.*"

This could have come from only one source: my younger sister, Barbara. I almost referred to her as my "teen-age" sister, Barbara, but recovered myself in time.

Barbara has an aversion to being referred to as a "teen-ager." She would prefer to be called Monster, Square, or Repulsive. Frankly, I think she has a point. The sensible way in which she explains her attitude is not only a revelation of her own personality, but illuminates the attitudes of a great many people who are . . . er . . . teen-agers.

First of all, Barbara wants to know how people out of their teens would like to be called "Twentiers" or "Thirtiers" or "Fortiers." The suggestion in constant use of the word "teen-agers" is that all of them can be categorized; that everyone between ten and twenty can be fitted into a pattern. This is obviously as absurd as saying that everyone between the ages of thirty and forty can be pigeon-holed.

Barbara and her friends want desperately to be regarded as human beings, single individuals, and not as members of an age category.

They are even more bitter about the label "bobby-soxers." They believe that the term is slighting and has reference to a certain hysteria which most fans have been careful to avoid. They point out that every girl or woman who wears slacks, pedal-pushers, clam-diggers, or even chintz morning housecoats, wears bobby sox. Bobby sox are garments, not the badge of a state of mind.

Occasionally when Barbara has given an evening get-together for her friends, I have had the fun of joining in. The conversation is enlightening and should be overheard by those who insist that today's youth is empty-headed, selfish, and ill-prepared for life. Personally I don't think anyone of any age is well-prepared for what the next ten years may bring, so I think it's absurd to single out one particular age group and accuse it of superficiality.

However, Barbara's friends (*Continued on page 88*)



Barbara (left), and Margaret—different personalities, different talents, but one big thing in common: they know how to get along with each other.

Barbara: "Poise, that's what my sister Margaret has so much of."

Margaret: "Not only is Barbara a comedienne, but can she sing!"



Through the years with

DAVID HARUM



1. Years ago, David Harum opened his home to his sister Polly, whose marriage to James Benson had broken up when she learned he was a swindler. With the police on his trail, Benson deserted Polly. David hastened to his sister and brought her back to Homeville—to a happier, less lonely life for both of them.

IN RADIO MIRROR'S review of the story of David Harum, you see the program's stars playing their parts just as they do on the air.

David Harum is played by
Cameron Prud'homme
Aunt Polly Benson.....Charme Allen
Brian Wells.....Kenneth Williams
Susan Wells.....Gertrude Warner
Zeke Swinney.....Arthur Maitland
Mark Carter.....Paul Ford

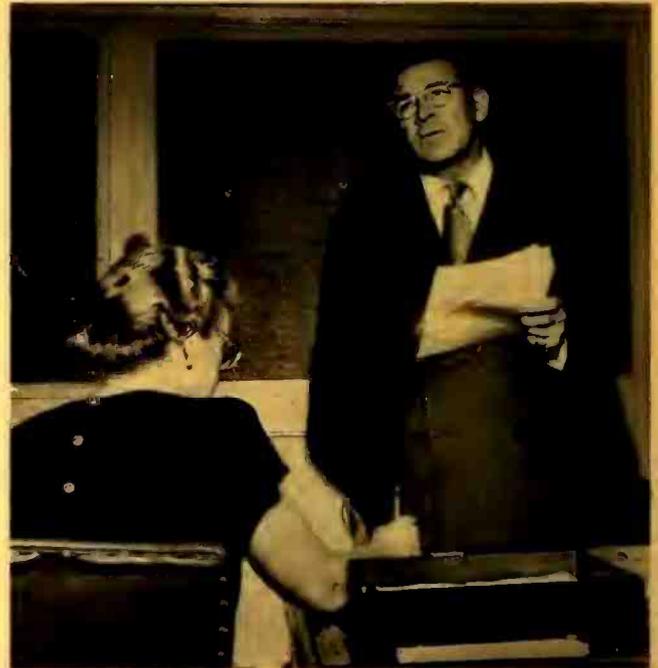
David Harum, a radio dramatization of the novel by Edward Noyes Westcott, is produced by Frank and Anne Hummert and is heard Mon.-Fri., 3 P.M. EST, CBS.

Radio Mirror retells

the story of Homeville's most

beloved citizen, who is also

one of radio's most beloved characters



2. As president of the Homeville Bank, David holds an important position in town affairs. It is not his prestige, however, but his generous, humanity-loving personality that makes his fellow-townsmen turn to him with affection. He is so ready to hear other folks' troubles that his secretary, Miss Wayne, must often intervene to prevent his wasting time which is valuable to the Bank.



With Aunt Polly in charge of domestic arrangements, David Harum always knows that the big white house on Catalpa Street will offer him peace and relaxation when he gets home in the evening. So, no matter how hard a day he has had in his presidential duties at the Homeville Bank, he keeps at the back of his mind the picture of how comfortable home will be when he gets there . . . with one of Aunt Polly's perfect dinners followed by a quiet cup of coffee before the friendly fire.



4. The best friends David and Aunt Polly have are Brian and Susan Wells, a young couple with "ink in their veins." They own, edit and love the *Homeville Bugle*, which fills a place in their lives second only to that occupied by their beloved five-year-old Davey. Davey is also a great favorite with his dotting, gift-bringing godfather, David Harum.



5. Mrs. Waters, superintendent of the Homeville orphanage, is another of David's friends. David serves, without pay, as Chairman of the home's board of Directors, and Mrs. Waters knows he can always be counted on to provide advice, financial help, or a day of fun for the children, all of whom he deeply loves.



8. Confident that he had duped David, Zeke enlisted his old enemy-in-crime, Mark Carter, in his plan to oust David from the Bank and obtain the Presidency for himself. Mark, a lawyer of shady reputation and weak character, was somewhat afraid of David, but finally let himself be persuaded to help Zeke. Together, they concocted their plan.



9. First, they started a whispering campaign to discredit David's methods of running the Bank as outmoded. Then, Zeke bribed his way into the Bank one night, disconnected the burglar alarm and set the stage for a holdup which he had persuaded a young criminal to stage. But, fortunately . . .



6. One day, trouble appeared at the Wells home in the form of Zeke Swinney, a scoundrelly old enemy of David's, long missing from Homeville. Zeke is actually Brian's father, but his crooked, shady dealings so humiliated Brian that the young man repudiated his father and changed his name and his family's to Wells.



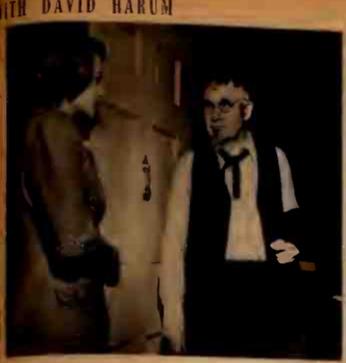
7. Crafty Zeke visited David, pretending to be friendly. David tried to forget that this man had caused so much misery in Homeville years before, but in spite of himself he could not altogether control his suspicions of Zeke. And these suspicions were more than justified, for Zeke was planning to enrich himself at David Harum's expense.



10. . . . David had discovered the scheme in time to prevent any actual damage being done. The next day, at a Board of Directors meeting, David exposed Zeke and won a vote of confidence. His position as president again secure, David and Aunt Polly enjoyed the congratulatory messages of their friends.



11. Aunt Polly never cooked a better dinner than the one she prepared to celebrate David's escape from Zeke. Susan and Brian shared it, and the party was gay in spite of Brian's disgust with his rascally father. The trouble appeared to be over; none of them suspected that the future might hold even greater threats to David Harum's happiness.



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EB

and the

Never was a girl asked to take on a stranger family. And never was
a family more fun than the ready-made one that came with Edgar Bergen



boys

By FRANCES BERGEN

IT might make a better story if I could say that when mutual friends introduced Edgar and me in 1942 it was love at first sight for both of us. But it wasn't that way at all. I thought he was "nice." He thought I was "a good kid." We made a date for the next day, and it turned out to be somewhat of a "blind date" for me—because I discovered we were going flying in his Fairchild. I rose to the occasion—but literally!—by pretending I had been up before and that I loved it. But as soon as we landed I lost my lunch. Since then I have learned to fly a plane myself and really love flying.

We knew each other three years before we were married, but were engaged only a couple of months. Then, one day, we avoided publicity by going down to Mexico and getting married secretly, with only two Mexicans as witnesses. We had a honeymoon at Lake Arrowhead. I'm just as sentimental about my wedding as if it had been more formal. I've kept the dress I was married in and have pressed the flowers from my bouquet.

When the news got out, interviewers asked if EB had given me a wedding present and if I had given him one.

"Yes," I told them. "Undying devotion."

People were curious to know if Charlie approved our marriage. I think they really believed he might be upset. Some insisted Charlie did the talking for Edgar when he proposed. Others worried about how I'd feel toward Charlie.

They needn't have. I couldn't be more pleased at playing "stepmama" to the little rascal. And that includes Charlie's country cousin, Mortimer Snerd—although Charlie holds a slight edge over Mort in my affections. I guess it's because I've been around him more. We even do a skit together, "The Operation," in which Charlie plays the patient, I'm the nurse, and EB is the doctor.

But Mort is so pathetic—you can't help but love him.

Our two-year-old Candice, adores them both, impartially. Candy runs to Charlie, grabs his hands and says, "How do, Larlie." Then she hugs Mortimer "Nerds." We are not quite sure whether she thinks they're humans or dolls, but we are sure we'll have some explaining to do when she gets older.

If Candy believes the boys are real she isn't very different from older and so-called wiser folks who are around them a great deal. I have heard people call out greetings to Charlie as he sat, limp and mute, waiting for Edgar to administer the adrenalin. Masters of ceremonies have introduced the act as "Charlie McCarthy, assisted by Edgar Bergen." A little girl once asked Edgar, "Is Charlie really your boy?" He answered, seriously, "He's my boy, by adoption," and she believed it. So does he, I'm sure.

In August we came back from a ten-week European trip, most of which was spent in Sweden, where Edgar's parents were born. Edgar, of course, is an American, born on February 16 of a Chicago winter. He hadn't been in Sweden since 1937, though he lived there a year as a boy. What started out as a combination Bergen Pleasure Trip and McCarthy Good-Will Junket, with time out for the movies Edgar makes on every trip, ended up as a Triumphant Technicolor Tour.

EB had decided, before we left, that he would do a (*Continued on page 95*)

Only Mortimer Snerd is missing from the family portrait at the left, with Candy on her mother's lap, and Charlie in his usual place on Bergen's.

EB and the boys

By FRANCES BERGEN

Never was a girl asked to take on a stranger, family. And never was a family more fun than the ready-made one that came with Edgar Bergen



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The turkey and turkey
the cranberry salad -
just as they should be!

LIKE A bowl of rubies, a shimmering bowl of cranberry sauce brightens the table on Thanksgiving Day. It's easy to make this scarlet sauce stand high, wide and handsome on a dish. After it's cooked, pour it into a small bowl or mold and put it in the refrigerator to chill thoroughly. Just before serving, dunk the bowl nearly to its edge in hot water for about 10 seconds—then upside down on a platter.

When I was a little girl I watched my mother prepare for dinner on this important day. She used to let me help her "pull" the bread for the stuffing. She didn't have a cake rack in those days to rub the bread over and get crumbs in a jiffy, like we do today, but she had a way of baking squash which I've never forgotten. She took halves of acorn squash or squares of hubbard squash and baked them with the seeds left in. When nearly done she'd take a spoon and scoop the seeds out. It left the squash juicy and tender on top. Sometimes she would sweeten it with a golden syrup of brown sugar and butter. Here are some of her favorite recipes. You'll enjoy them any day of the year:

10-MINUTE CRANBERRY SAUCE

2 cups sugar 2 cups water
4 cups fresh cranberries

Combine sugar and water in a saucepan. Stir until sugar is dissolved. Boil for 5 minutes. Add cranberries and boil without stirring until skins pop open (about 5 minutes). Makes 1 quart sauce.

RELISH PLATE

Celery Curls: Cut washed and drained

By

KATE SMITH

Listen to Kate Smith
Speaks on stations of
the Mutual network,
Mon.-Fri. at 12 Noon.



Radio Mirror Food Counselor

celery into 3 inch lengths. Thinly slice down celery to, but not through, the other end. Place in ice water. Ends will curl.

Radish Roses: Wash radishes well. Cut thin slices all the way 'round radish, starting at stem end. Petals will form if peeling is cut to ¼ inch of stem. Place in ice water for petals to spread.

Carrot Curls: Cut large carrots in half lengthwise. Slice cut side into paper thin slices with potato peeler. Roll up and place in ice water to curl.

ROAST TURKEY

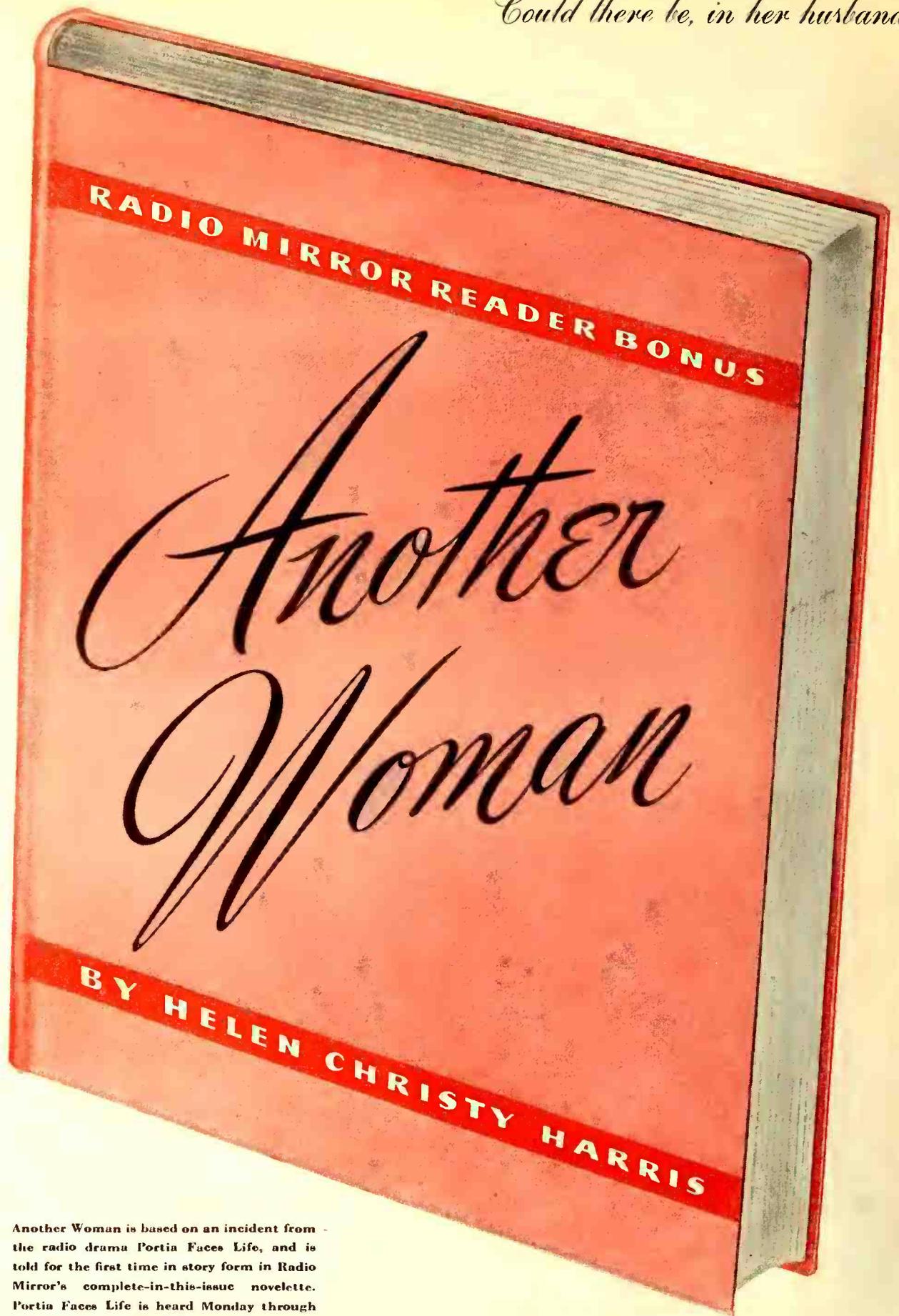
Rinse cleaned dressed turkey well in cold water inside and out. Rub inside with salt. Lightly fill with stuffing. Truss and rub entire surface of turkey with oil. Place on rack. Cover breast and drumstick with cheesecloth which has been dipped in melted butter, margarine or shortening. Roast in slow oven (300 to 325° F.). For a 10 to 16 pound bird allow (Continued on page 78)

*Come, Ye
Thankful*

RADIO MIRROR for BETTER LIVING



Could there be, in her husband's



Another Woman is based on an incident from the radio drama *Portia Faces Life*, and is told for the first time in story form in *Radio Mirror's* complete-in-this-issue novelette. *Portia Faces Life* is heard Monday through Friday at 5:15 P.M. EST, on NBC stations.

life, another woman? Portia's lips—and her heart—were afraid to ask

THE ENTIRE household—young Dickie, and Miss Daisy, and Kathie Campbell and Bill Baker, and Lilli and Mark Randall—rode to the station in Bill's car to see Portia off to New York. Only Dickie's dog, Jug, was missing, and that, as Miss Daisy observed tartly, was less for lack of room in the car than for the smell of him, Jug having gone bathless too long in these last crowded and climactic days.

They stood on the platform, waving and smiling as Portia entered the train. Only this morning it had seemed impossible that they would all be together again. Mark had faced conviction for the murder of Bert Mason; Kathie had been held captive by the real murderer's hired thugs. Now they were free, and she was free—to go to her husband, to Walter.

The wheels turned under her. The faces full of love and smiles that barely concealed deep fears for her, slid past the window, out of sight. Portia sighed and sank back upon the seat of her compartment. She was trembling. These last weeks had been a strain—they'd been agony, with half of her, the thinking and doing half, in Parkerstown, fighting to free Mark Randall, with the other half, the loving and living half, in New York with Walter, fighting—what? She blinked, and stared fixedly out the window.

It was just a year and a week since she had sat at a train window, but then Walter and Dickie had been with her, and they had been on their way home from Hollywood. She'd watched hungrily for the old familiar landmarks—the Windgate farm, Lebanon Falls, the bend in the river and the grove of Oak trees where she had told Walter she would marry him. Walter had cupped her face in his two hands and had laughed at her rapt expression.

"Just look at her!" he'd crowed. "Her eyes are shining like a kid's on Christmas morning. She's got what Dickie calls the sparkly look."

"I feel sparkly," she'd answered. "Oh, Walter, darling—I've waited a whole lifetime for this. I was so little when Mother died I don't even remember her. And with Dad busy in the store most of the time, it wasn't home—ever. And when I married Richard Blake—well, we both know what that was like. Then he died, and there was Dickie, and I had to be both father and mother. There just wasn't time to make a real home—and besides, a real home needs both a man and a woman. It needs laughter and love and tenderness—and all the things we have, Walter. And now we have it! Oh, my darling, we're so lucky—"

"I am, anyway."
"I am," she'd insisted. "Just look at my husband."

He'd sighed a little. "What I'd give if he were just half as much as you think he is!"

"He's a whole lot more than he gives himself credit for being," she'd retorted. "One of these days he's going to wake up and realize what a grand guy he is."

"Crazy!"
She'd nodded. "Crazy in love with you, you mean. Darling, I'm going to make you so happy in Parkers-town! I'm going to try to make the kind of home that's gay and secure and warm. I'm going to spoil you—see that you always have clean shirts and that your socks are mended and—"

"How about my wooden hangers?"
"Under oath," she'd promised, "there'll always be plenty of them in your closet. Oh, my dearest, we haven't done much living up until now. But today is the beginning. And it's something we can count on not only next year but for all the years after."

But somehow, it hadn't worked out that way. In a year—less than a year—Walter was gone, bitter and angry and unable to understand why she had to stay behind to help Mark Randall. Of course, there was more to it than the simple fact that she had felt compelled to return to the practice of law for this one last case. It wasn't surprising that Walter Manning, successful screen writer and one-time ace newspaper correspondent, should have been restless and impatient with the quiet, slow-moving life of Parkerstown.

Other things were less explicable to everyone but Portia: Walter's being unable to leave a dinner to come to the telephone when Bill Baker had called him long distance the night Portia had been run down by the very thugs who later kidnapped Kathie; a picture run by the Parkers-town *Chronicle*, rival paper to Bill Baker's *Herald*, which showed Walter and the beautiful Leslie Palmer, head of Advance Pictures' story department, "dancing and romancing" as the caption below put it.

Portia remembered Leslie Palmer and her infatuation with Walter. That Leslie had answered the phone the night Bill had called was enough to convince Portia that Walter was never told of the call; she was equally sure that Leslie had caused the damning picture to be run in the Parkers-town paper.

But Bill was bitter, perhaps all the more bitter and disillusioned because Walter had been his great friend and had even loaned Bill not many months before, some fifteen thousand dollars to save the *Herald* from being absorbed by Jess Ward, owner of the *Chronicle*. With the rest of Parkers-town, he believed that Walter had left Portia. He, and almost everyone else, had tried to persuade her not to go to New York. Only Lilli and Kathie had encouraged her.

But now at last she was on her way. She would be in New York in the morning. She would be there in time for the opening of his picture, "Challenge." That had been the sore point of their quarrel—that Portia,



Portia Manning . . .
played by Lucille Wall



Leslie Palmer . . .
played by Louise Barclay



Walter Manning . . . played
by Bartlett Robinson

ANOTHER WOMAN

after promising to give up law, had risked missing the opening of his picture in order to stay in Parkerstown to defend Mark Randall.

She forgot her weariness in the thought of what lay ahead. She ran a comb through her hair, adjusted her hat, made her way to the dining car.

"Three waiting ahead of you, Miss," the steward told her. "If you care to wait in the club car, I'll call you." She went on into the club car, where a porter gave her a copy of the evening paper. She glanced idly at the headlines, then let it fall in her lap as she sat dreamily watching the landscape slide by. Presently a pleasant masculine voice spoke at her elbow.

"I beg your pardon, but if you've finished with the paper, may I—"

"Of course." She handed him the paper and smiled—a mistake, because he chose to ignore the paper for conversation. Portia would have much preferred to be left alone with her thoughts of Walter; she was trying to think of an out when her companion suddenly shook out the paper and pointed to a headline. "This is what I mean," he said. "For example—" And then his eye fell upon an item farther down the page. "What's this about Walter Manning?"

Portia sat bolt upright. "What?"

"Walter Manning," he read, "former ace correspondent, leaves for the Near East on a special assignment for Advance Studios—"

Leaves, thought Portia. Not *is leaving*—does that mean he's going today? Without one word to me—Frantically, she tried to read the article over her companion's arm, but there was little more in it, only that Walter was going to Ankara, Turkey, by plane.

"He's certainly a crack correspondent," the man said admiringly. "I read every word he wrote during the war, and when he joined up with the guerillas—Why, what's the matter? Are you sick?"

Portia was standing, swaying, trying to make her way past him. "I'm all right," she said as he rose, "just—something I forgot I had to do—" Somehow, she got away. She blundered into the dining car steward and murmured something about not wanting dinner after all; blindly she found her way back to her compartment.

Leslie Palmer had done this—that was what she had to believe. Leslie had given this story to the papers for the same reason that she had released that picture of herself and Walter. It wasn't true. Walter wouldn't go—surely not without telling her. . . .

And yet . . . she kept remembering Walter's set, almost desperate face the last day she had seen him. He'd stood in the dining room doorway, saying, "You promised me that under no condition would you ever go back to the practise of law. There are other lawyers, and if Mark Randall is innocent, he won't be convicted. You're my wife, and I want you with me in New York. And if you leave this house this morning to go to Mark Randall, to tell him you'll stay in Parkerstown to defend him—well, you may be doing something we'll regret all the rest of our lives."

All the rest of our lives. She had thought at the time that he was only bitterly hurt that she would risk missing the opening of his picture, "Challenge." But had he had the possibility of something like this—this assignment to Turkey—in mind even then? And why had he been unable to explain why it was so desperately necessary that she be with him? On the surface, it had seemed that he was simply being selfish—and Walter had never been selfish. That he hadn't called or written her since he left was a matter of pride—she had thought. But was it something more? Had he known when he spoke those words that if he went to New York alone, he wouldn't be coming back?



Dickie . . . played by Edwin Bruce



Kathie . . . played by Rosaline Greene

She rang for the porter, wrote a telegram. "Mr. Walter Manning—" She didn't even know his address. But Advance Pictures Studios would do. "Arriving two-thirty p.m. tomorrow Grand Central Station. Please meet—" She crossed out the last two words. Walter would meet her if he knew she was coming. She added, "I love you. Portia."

She gave the porter the telegram, and was promised that it would be sent from the next stop. And then she went to bed and slept the sleep of exhaustion and of simple faith. She'd had little besides faith to carry her through the tight places of Mark Randall's trial; she needed the same faith now to believe that the story of Walter's going to the Near East was a lie, to believe that he would be at the station when her train pulled in the next day.

But he wasn't at the station. Her eyes searched the crowd as she came up the ramp, and some of the crowd stared back at the lovely, dark-eyed woman who was so unaccountably alone . . . but there was no Walter. She found a telephone, quickly, before fear and disappointment and the feeling of being deserted and alone turned the lump in her throat into tears.

Advance Pictures answered her dial promptly. "Mr. Manning?" the operator repeated.

"Well, ah—" "It's very important," Portia interrupted. "And if you'd be good enough to give me the name of his hotel, I'd appreciate it."

"Who is calling, please?" "This is his wife," she answered. "Mrs. Manning."

The operator's voice chilled suddenly. "I'm sorry," she said, "but Mr. Manning has left the city."

"Left," Portia repeated in a voice tight with panic. "For Ankara? When did he go?"

"I'm sorry, but we're not permitted to give out that information."

There was a click, and the phone went dead in her hand. Portia stared at it numbly; then anger and suspicion drove out fear and hurt. The operator's sudden freezing at being told

that Walter's wife was calling—it was a small thing, but as strange in its way as the idea of Walter's leaving for Turkey without a word to her. She dialed Advance Pictures a second time.

"This is the Fifth Avenue Shop," she said in a high, nasal voice. "May we speak with Miss Leslie Palmer?"

"I'm sorry," said the same operator, "but Miss Palmer isn't in."

"Then," continued Portia, "perhaps you can help us. She made some purchases here this morning but neglected to give us the name of her hotel. Where shall we send the package?"

"Miss Palmer," said the operator obligingly, "is staying at the New Vanderbilt."

Portia thanked her in the name of the Fifth Avenue Shop and hung up. Ten minutes later she was entering the lobby of the New Vanderbilt.

"Mr. Manning?" the clerk said in answer to her question. "He was registered here, Miss, but he's checked out."

"Checked out?" said Portia, trying hard to steady her voice. "Are you sure?"

The clerk looked offended. "It's hardly something about which I could be mistaken," he reminded her loftily.

She shook her head. "But—I mean—when?"

"He checked out at noon today," the clerk answered, "and left instructions for his bags to be sent to the airport."

Black waves of faintness washed over her. She stared at the clerk through a darkening haze, struggling to think. Here, too, was something odd—another piece that didn't fit. She was aware that the clerk was looking at her anxiously.

"What's wrong?" he asked. "Are you ill? I can call the house physician—"

"No." It was coming to her now. If Walter hadn't checked out until noon, he'd surely received her wire.



Lilli . . . played by Cora B. Smith



Bill Baker . . . played by Les Damon

"I wired Mr. Manning last night," she said. "He must have got it—"

"Oh, yes." The clerk nodded. "I remember very well—a wire did come for Mr. Manning last night, addressed in care of Advance Pictures and forwarded here. I gave it to Miss Palmer myself."

"Miss Palmer!" exclaimed Portia. "But it was addressed to Mr. Manning!"

"But Mr. Manning was outside taking care of the taxi," he explained.

"And Miss Palmer said that she would give Mr. Manning the wire."

"I see," said Portia, and wondered how she could for a moment have failed to see the whole unpleasant little plot. "Is Miss Palmer in her room? Never mind," she added hastily as the clerk reached for the telephone. "I'll call her myself, if you'll just tell me the number—"

Suite 14E. The maid answered, and the maid was evasive. Miss Palmer wasn't in; the maid didn't know when she would be back, didn't think that Miss Palmer could be reached at the studio. The maid had been coached, Portia decided, and refrained from leaving her own name. She took a cab to Advance Pictures, and found that she had missed Leslie by a matter of minutes. But she had one bit of luck. The receptionist believed that Miss Palmer was on her way to her hotel. Portia went back to the New Vanderbilt and called 14E a second time.

The maid answered the phone again. In tones as carefully accurate as a phonograph record she said, "I'm afraid Miss Palmer isn't in, but if you'd like to leave your name, I'll tell her you called when she comes back. Aren't you the party that called before?"

Portia ignored the question. "Is Miss Palmer expected back soon?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said the same careful tones. "She didn't say where she was going or what time she'd be back. But if you'll tell me who's calling—"

"Thank you," said Portia, and hung up.

The maid was lying; Portia was sure of it now. She'd been too long a lawyer not to have a sharp ear for truth. Leslie must have read her telegram; she must know that Portia had reached New York this afternoon—and for some reason Leslie was afraid to see her. And there could be only one good reason why the clever, self-assured Leslie would go to such lengths to avoid her—and the reason was that Walter must be still in town, and Leslie didn't want Portia to know.

She took the elevator to the fourteenth floor, went down the thickly carpeted corridor to the door marked E. And there she had another piece of luck. As she approached, a woman came out of the apartment, a plain woman in a plain cloth coat, with the hem of a black sateen uniform showing beneath the hem of the coat. The woman went down the hall in the opposite direction without glancing at Portia, and Portia guessed that Leslie was temporarily maidless.

She went forward, rapped sharply on Leslie's door. For a moment there was no sound then Leslie called out, "I'm coming—I'm coming! You certainly weren't in any hurry to get here. I just now sent my maid—"

She swung the door open impatiently in the midst of her speech, and at first her eyes didn't focus upon Portia. Then her face went queerly flat, as if a board had been slammed into it. She made a convulsive, instinctive movement to shut the door. Portia made an equally instinctive movement to step inside.

"Hello, Leslie," she said easily.

Leslie gasped. "You!"

Portia nodded. "Yes. May I come in?"

Leslie was exquisite as always, in a champagne-colored negligee that accented answering lights in her hair. But for once Portia was treated to the spectacle of her stuttering like a schoolgirl.

"Well—I— wasn't expecting—"

"I know you weren't expecting me," Portia agreed. "Or perhaps I should say—you were hoping I wouldn't come."

"Well, really! I—" Then she deliberately raised her voice. "I was expecting a package."

Portia stepped inside. "I want to talk to you, Leslie." "Keep your voice down!" Leslie hissed. "Here—we can talk in the bedroom." And again her voice rose. "I've waited all afternoon for that package. Thank heaven, it's finally come! I'll take it into the bedroom."

Portia, bewildered by the play-acting, by being almost forcibly thrust into Leslie's bedroom, was the more shocked at the livid face Leslie turned to her as she shut the bedroom door.

"How dare you come sneaking in like this?" she snapped. "You were told when you called that I wasn't in—"

"Which I knew wasn't true," Portia interrupted. "Your office told me that you were on your way here."

"Who told you? Tyler? I'll have her job for that—"

Portia blinked at the sight of Leslie livid with fury. "Why are you afraid of me?" she asked. "Why have you taken such precautions to avoid seeing me?"

"Afraid of you! Don't flatter yourself—" Then suddenly her manner changed completely, became almost friendly. "I'm sorry, Portia. I didn't mean to blaze out at you this way. It's just that—well—I'm hardly dressed to receive company. And—I'm not alone."

"Not alone? But I saw your maid leave as I came in—"

And then she understood, and blushed deeply. "Oh, I didn't realize—I didn't know—I'm sorry—"

"I'm sorry, too," Leslie's eyes narrowed with derisive amusement. "Sorry that I shocked you, Portia. And you are shocked, aren't you?"

She was, less at the situation than at Leslie's deliberately flaunting it. "I'm sure your private life is entirely your own affair, Leslie."

Leslie laughed. "Well, now you can go back to Parkerstown and tell your friends about that horrible Palmer woman. And since you're leaving I'll see you to the door."

"But I'm not leaving," said Portia steadily, "until you tell me where Walter is."

Leslie's jaw dropped. "Walter!" she exclaimed incredulously.

More play-acting, Portia thought. "Yes, Walter—my husband. If you'll tell me where he is, I'll leave immediately."

"Good heavens, don't you know? But surely he wrote you! He must have!"

Portia felt her face set and whiten, felt the tears gathering at the back of her eyes. *Oh, Walter, she thought, how could you do this to me—make me beg Leslie Palmer, of all people, for a crumb of information about you? Leslie, who's playing a cat-and-mouse game with me, and enjoying every moment of it. I've some pride, too, Walter. I can't admit to her that you haven't written, haven't sent me word of any kind.*

Leslie stepped toward her, hands outstretched, all sympathy, triumph cloaked in commiseration. "Oh my dear!" she murmured. "He didn't! He promised—he told me—I can't believe it of him. In all the time I've known him, Walter's never been deliberately cruel. I knew he'd changed since he left Hollywood to go back to Parkerstown; I sensed it the moment he got there. But for him to do a thing like this to you, Portia—"

Portia drew back, every nerve finching. "What has he done, Leslie? What are you trying to say?"

Leslie ignored the questions. "On the other hand," she said with a judicial air of trying to be fair, "you're partly to blame, Portia. You know—you must have known—how he hates the idea of your practising law. Whatever possessed you to take that case at the very last minute?"

"All that's beside the point. It's over now, and—"

"He was frightfully bitter about it," Leslie went on. "The promises you'd made, the time you'd said you were through (Cont'd on page 91)



Mark Randall . . . played by Lyle Sudrow



Miss Daisy . . . played by Doris Rich

Inside Radio

All Times Below Are EASTERN TIME
For Correct CENTRAL STANDARD TIME, Subtract One Hour

SUNDAY

A.M.	NBC	M&S	ABC	C&S
8:30			Earl Wild	Carolina Calling
9:00		Tone Tapestries	White Rabbit Line	News
9:15	Story to Order	Chamber Music Society		E. Power Biggs
9:30	Words and Music			Trinity Choir of St. Paul's Chapel
9:45				
10:00	National Radio	Radio Bible Class	Message of Israel	Church of the Air
10:15	Pulpit	Voice of Prophecy	Southernaires	Church of the Air
10:30	Voices Down The Wind			
10:45				
11:00		Christian Reform Church	Fine Arts Quartette	Howard K. Smith
11:15		Reviewing Stand		The News Makers
11:30	News Highlights		Hour of Faith	Salt Lake Tabernacle
11:45	Solitaire Time			

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00		Alan Lomax	Texas Jim Robertson	Invitation to Learning
12:15		Lutheran Hour		People's Platform
12:30	Eternal Light		Piano Playhouse	
12:45				
1:00	America United	William L. Shirer	Sam Pettengill	Joseph C. Harsch
1:15		John B. Kennedy	Edward "Ted" Weeks	Elmo Roper
1:30	Chicago Round Table	American Radio Warblers	National Vespers	Tell It Again
1:45				
2:00	First Piano Quartet	Army Air Force Show	This Week Around The World	Festival of Song
2:15		Bill Cunningham	Mr. President	You Are There
2:30	NBC University Theater	Veteran's Information	Drama	
2:45				
3:00		Ernie Lee Show	Harrison Wood	N. Y. Philharmonic Symphony
3:15		Juvenile Jury	The Almanac	
3:30	One Man's Family		Dance Music	
3:45				
4:00	The Quiz Kids	House of Mystery	Thinking Allowed	Skyway to the Stars
4:15		True Detective	Metropolitan Opera Auditions	
4:30	News Living—1948			
4:45				
5:00	Jane Pickens Show	The Shadow	Milton Cross Opera Album	Robert Q. Lewis
5:15		Quick As A Flash	David Harding	Philip Marlowe
5:30	Robert Merrill		Counterspy	
5:45				

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	The Catholic Hour	Roy Rogers	Drew Pearson	Family Hour of Stars
6:15			Don Gardner	
6:30	Ozzie Nelson, Harriet Hilliard	Nick Carter	Greatest Story Ever Told	The Pause That Refreshes on the Air
6:45				
7:00		Sherlock Holmes	Johnny Thompson	Gene Autry
7:15		Behind the Front Page	Carnegie Hall Musicale	Amos 'n' Andy
7:30	Alice Faye and Phil Harris			
7:45				
8:00	Charlie McCarthy Show	A. L. Alexander	Stop the Music	Sam Spade
8:15	Fred Allen	It's a Living		Cabin B-13
8:30				
9:00	Manhattan Merry-Go-Round	Secret Mission	Walter Winchell	Electric Theatre with Helen Hayes
9:15	American Album	Jimmie Fidler	Louella Parsons	Our Miss Brooks
9:30		Twin Views of News	Theatre Guild on the Air	
9:45				
10:00	Take It or Leave It	Voice of Strings	Jimmie Fidler	Lum 'n' Abner
10:30	Horace Heidt	Clary's Gazette		Strike It Rich



DOROTHY LAMOUR—headlines the Seal-Test Variety Show Thursday nights at 9:30 P.M., EST, on NBC.



DAVID RANDOLPH—who writes the program notes for all the serious music heard on CBS is also commentator on Music for the Connoisseur (Tues. WNYC) on which he presents music off the beaten path. Busy as he is, Randolph, who admits he owns a conductor's voice ("ghastly," he says) still finds time to conduct his group of six talented madrigal singers.

MONDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30	Do You Remember			Local Programs
8:45				
9:00	Honeymoon in New York	Editor's Diary	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America
9:15	Clevelandaires	Tell Your Neighbor		Barnyard Follies
9:30		Bob Poole Show		
9:45				
10:00	Fred Waring	Cecil Brown	My True Story	Music For You
10:15		Faith In Our Time		
10:30	Road of Life	Say It With Music	Betty Crocker, Magazine of the Air	Arthur Godfrey
10:45	The Brighter Day		Listening Post	
11:00	This Is Nora Drake	Passing Parade	Kay Kyser	
11:15	We Love and Learn	Victor Lindlahr	Ted Malone	Grand Slam
11:30	Jack Berch	Gabriel Heatter's Mailbag		
11:45	Lora Lawton	Minute Quiz	Kiernan's Corner	Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00		Kate Smith Speaks	Welcome Travelers	Wendy Warren
12:15	Harkness of Washington	Kate Smith Sings		Aunt Jenny
12:30	Words and Music	Luncheon at Sardi's	Maggi McNellis	Helen Trent
12:45				Our Gal Sunday
1:00	U. S. Navy Band	Cedric Foster	Bill Baukhage	Big Sister
1:15		Happy Gang	Nancy Craig	Ma Perkins
1:30	Robert McCormick	Checkerboard		Young Dr. Malone
1:45	Jack Kilby	Jamboree		The Guiding Light
2:00	Double or Nothing	Queen For A Day	Bkfst. in Hollywood	Second Mrs. Burton
2:15				Perry Mason
2:30	Today's Children	Golden Hope Chest	Bride and Groom	This Is Nora Drake
2:45	Light of the World			Evelyn Winters
3:00	Life Can Be Beautiful	Red Benson Movie Show	Ladies Be Seated	David Harum
3:15	Ma Perkins	Pepper Young	Galen Drake	Hilltop House
3:30	Right to Happiness	Heart's Desire		House Party
3:45				
4:00	Backstage Wife	Misc. Programs	Second Honeymoon	Hint Hunt
4:15	Stella Dallas	Johnson Family		
4:30	Lorenzo Jones	Misc. Programs	Treasury Band Show	Winner Take All
4:45	Young Wilder Brown	Two Ton Baker		
5:00	When A Girl Marries	Adventure Parade	Challenge of the Yukon	Treasury Bandstand
5:15	Portia Faces Life	Capt. Midnight	Jack Armstrong	The Chicagoans
5:30	Just Plain Bill	Superman		Alka Seltzer Time
5:45	Front Page Farrell	Tom Mix		

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	John MacVane	Local Programs	Local Programs	Eric Sevareid
6:15	Sketches in Melody			In My Opinion
6:30				
6:45	Sunoco News			Lowell Thomas
7:00	Chewsterfield Club	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Headline Edition	Beulah
7:15	News of the World	Dinner Date	Elmer Davis	Jack Smith Show
7:30		Henry J. Taylor	The Lone Ranger	Club 15
7:45	H. V. Kaltenborn	Inside of Sports		Edward R. Murrow
8:00	Cavalcade of America	The Falcon	The Railroad Hour	Inner Sanctum
8:15	Voice of Firestone	Casebook of Gregory Hood	Stars in the Night	Talent Scouts
8:30			Earl Godwin	
8:45				
9:00	Telephone Hour	Gabriel Heatter Radio Newsreel	Jimmy Blaine	Lux Radio Theatre
9:15			Get Rich Quick	
9:30	Dr. I. Q.	Bill Henry		
9:45				
10:00	Contented Program	Fishing and Hunting Club	Arthur Gaeth	My Friend Irma
10:15		Dance Orch.	Earl Godwin	The Bob Hawk Show
10:30			Curt Massey Show	



BARBARA EILER—didn't have to travel to gain experience. She made good in her own home town, Los Angeles, where at sixteen she made her radio debut on a local station and decided that this was the career for her. Before long she was appearing on the Frank Morgan show. Now, she's the naive Mildred Anderson on NBC's Dennis Day Show, on Saturday.

T U E S D A Y

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:00 8:45	Do You Remember News			Local Programs
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in N. Y. Clevelandaire	Editor's Diary Tell Your Neighbor Bob Poole Show	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America Barney Folliess
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fred Waring Road of Life	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker, Mag- azine of the Air Club Time	Music For You Arthur Godfrey
10:45	The Brighter Day			
11:00 11:15 11:30	This is Nora Drake We Love And Learn Jack Berch	Passing Parade Victor H. Lindlahr Gabriel Heatter's Mailbag	Kay Kyser Ted Malone	Grand Slam
11:45	Lora Lawton	Minute Quiz	Kiernan's Corner	Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15	Harkness of Wash- ington Words and Music	Kate Smith Speaks Kate Smith Sings Luncheon At Sardi's	Welcome Travelers Maggi McNellis	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Art Van Damme Quartet Robert McCormick Jack Kilty	Cedric Foster Happy Gang Checkerboard Jamboree	Bill Baukhage Nancy Craig	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Today's Children Light of the World	Queen For A Day Golden Hope Chest	Bkfst. in Hollywood Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake Evelyn Winters
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Red Benson Movie Show Heart's Desire	Ladies Be Seated Galen Drake	David Harum Hilltop House House Party
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Misc. Programs Johnson Family Misc. Programs Two Ton Baker	Second Honeymoon Treasury Band Show	Hint Hunt Winner Take All
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Adventure Parade Capt. Midnight Superman Tom Mix	The Green Hornet Sky King	Treasury Bandstand The Chicagoans Alka Seltzer Time

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	John MacVane Sketches in Melody Sunoco News	Local Programs		Eric Sevareid Frontiers of Science Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World The Smoothies H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date News Inside of Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis Meredith Willson Musical	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30	Mel Torme Show Date With Judy	Mysterious Traveler Official Detective	Youth Asks the Government Earl Godwin America's Town Meeting of the Air	Mystery Theatre Mr. and Mrs. North
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:55	Bob Hope Show Fibber McGee & Molly	Gabriel Heatter Radio Newsreel Under Arrest Bill Henry	Edwin D. Canham	We, The People Life With Luigi'
10:00 10:15 10:30	Big Town People Are Funny	Public Defender Dance Orchestra	NAM Series Labor U. S. A.	Hit The Jackpot Morey Amsterdam Show

W E D N E S D A Y

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember			Local Programs
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in N. Y. Clevelandaire	Editor's Diary Tell Your Neighbor Bob Poole Show	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America Barney Folliess
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fred Waring Road of Life	Cecil Brown Faith In Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker Mag- azine of the Air Listening Post	Music For You Arthur Godfrey
10:45	The Brighter Day			
11:00 11:15 11:30	This is Nora Drake We Love And Learn Jack Berch	Passing Parade Victor H. Lindlahr Gabriel Heatter's Mailbag Minute Quiz	Kay Kyser Ted Malone	Grand Slam
11:45	Lora Lawton		Kiernan's Corner	Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15	Harkness of Wash- ington Words and Music	Kate Smith Speaks Kate Smith Sings Luncheon At Sardi's	Welcome Travelers Maggi McNellis	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	NBC Concert Orch. Robert McCormick Jack Kilty	Cedric Foster Happy Gang Checkerboard Jamboree	Bill Baukhage Nancy Craig	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Today's Children Light of the World	Queen For A Day Golden Hope Chest	Bkfst. in Hollywood Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake Evelyn Winters
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Red Benson Movie Show Heart's Desire	Ladies Be Seated Galen Drake	David Harum Hilltop House House Party
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Misc. Programs The Johnson Family Two Ton Baker	Second Honeymoon Treasury Band Show	Hint Hunt Winner Take All
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Adventure Parade Capt. Midnight Superman Tom Mix	Challenge of the Yukon Jack Armstrong	Treasury Bandstand The Chicagoans Alka Seltzer Time

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	John MacVane Sketches in Melody Sunoco News	Local Programs		Eric Sevareid Talks Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World The Smoothies H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date News Inside of Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis Lone Ranger	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Blondie Great Gildersleeve	Special Agent High Adventure	Original Amateur Hour, Ted Macks, M.C.	Mr. Chameleon] Dr. Christian
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:55	Duffy's Tavern Mr. District Attorney	Gabriel Heatter Radio Newsreel Hollywood Story Bill Henry	Milton Berle Show Groucho Marx Show	Your Song and Mine Harvest of Stars with James Melton
10:00 10:15 10:30	The Big Story Curtain Time	Opinion-Aire Dance Orch.	Bing Crosby Meredith Wilson	Time's A-Wastin' Capitol Cloak Room



CASEY ALLEN—who plays Dr. Andrew White on Ma Perkins, started out to be an M.D. himself until participation in over 30 plays during his U. of Minn. days caused him to switch to dramatics. Subsequently, he acted in more than 100 plays at the Pasadena Playhouse, served as merchant seaman during the war, and tried advertising. He's married to Fran Carlon (Lorelei, in Big Town). They have a child, 2.

T H U R S D A Y

A.M.	NBC	M&S	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember			Local Programs
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in N. Y. Clevelandaires	Editor's Diary Tell Your Neighbor Bob Poole Show	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America Barnyard Follies
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fred Waring Road of Life	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker, Magazine of the Air Dorothy Kilgallen	Music For You Arthur Godfrey
10:45	The Brighter Day			
11:00 11:15 11:30	This Is Nora Drake We Love And Learn Jack Berch	Passing Parade Victor H. Lindlahr Gabriel Heatter's Mailbag	Kay Kysar Ted Malone	Grand Slam
11:45	Lora Lawton	Minute Quiz	Kiernan's Corner	Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15	Harkness of Washington Words and Music	Kate Smitn Speaks Kate Smith Sings	Welcome Travelers	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny
12:30 12:45		Luncheon at Sardi's	Maggi McNellis	Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Art Van Damme Quartet Robert McCormick Jack Kilty	Cedric Foster Happy Gang Checkerboard Jamboree	Bill Baukhage Nancy Craig	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Today's Children Light of the World	Queen For a Day Golden Hope Chest	Bkfst. in Hillywd. Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake Evelyn Winters
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Red Benson Movie Show Heart's Desire	Ladies Be Seated Galen Drake	David Harum Hilltop House House Party
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Misc. Programs Johnson Family Misc. Programs Two Ton Baker	Second Honeymoon Treasury Band Show	Hint Hunt Winner Take All
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Adventure Parade Capt. Midnight Superman Tom Mix	The Green Hornet Sky King	Treasury Bandstand The Chicagoans Alka Seltzer Time

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Sketches in Melody Sunoco News	Local Programs	Local Programs	Eric Sevareid Of Men and Books Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World Art Van Damme Quintet	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date News Inside Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis Final Edition	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30	Aldrich Family Burns and Allen	Talent Jackpot Better Half Quiz	Abbott and Costello To Be Announced	The F.B.I. In Peace and War Mr. Keen
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:55	Al Jolson Show Dorothy Lamour	Gabriel Heatter Radio Newsreel Revere Revue Bill Henry	Child's World	Suspense Crime Photographer
10:00 10:15 10:30	Screen Guild Theatre Fred Waring Show	Family Theatre Dance Orch.	Local Programs	Hallmark Playhouse First Nighter



UNA MERKEL—familiar to moviegoers as a scatter-brained blonde, "allows" it's a relief to play the calculating Adeline Fairchild (who isn't all frill and froth) in *Great Gildersleeve*. Before entering radio, Una spent many years on the stage and screen, acting in plays with Lillian Gish, Helen Hayes and Walter Huston before going into motion pictures.



ROGER FORSTER—who has been automobile salesman, office boy, delivery truck driver, and professional model is finally devoting all his time to radio and video work; he's narrator on *Linda's First Love* and also heard on *Wendy Warren*. Married to a pretty Southern girl, they have a 4-year-old girl and live in Englewood, N. J.

F R I D A Y

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember			Local Programs
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in N. Y. Clevelandaires	Editor's Diary Tell Your Neighbor Bob Poole Show	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America Barnyard Follies
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fred Waring Road of Life	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air The Listening Post	Music For You Arthur Godfrey
10:45	The Brighter Day			
11:00 11:15 11:30	This Is Nora Drake We Love And Learn Jack Berch	Passing Parade Victor H. Lindlahr Gabriel Heatter's Mailbag	Kay Kysar Ted Malone	Grand Slam
11:45	Lora Lawton	Minute Quiz	Kiernan's Corner	Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15	The Betty Harris Show Words and Music	Kate Smith Speaks Kate Smith Sings Luncheon At Sardi's	Welcome Travelers Maggi McNellis	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
12:30 12:45				
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Milton Katim's Show Robert McCormick Jack Kilty	Cedric Foster Happy Gang Checkerboard Jamboree	Bill Baukhage Nancy Craig	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Today's Children Light of the World	Queen For a Day Golden Hope Chest	Bkfst. in Hillywd. Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake Evelyn Winters
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Red Benson Movie Show Heart's Desire	Ladies Be Seated Galen Drake	David Harum Hilltop House House Party
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Misc. Programs Johnson Family Misc. Programs Two Ton Baker	Second Honeymoon Treasury Band Show	Hint Hunt Winner Take All
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Adventure Parade Capt. Midnight Superman Tom Mix	Challenge of the Yukon Jack Armstrong	Treasury Bandstand The Chicagoans Alka Seltzer Time

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	News Sketches in Melody Sunoco News	Local Programs	Local Programs	Eric Sevareid Report from the United Nations Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Henry J. Taylor Inside of Sports	Headline Editor Elmer Davis Lone Ranger	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30	Cities Service Band Of America Jimmy Durante Show	Great Scenes From Great Plays Leave It to the Girls	The Fat Man This Is Your FBI	Jack Carson Show Mr. Ace and Jane
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Eddie Cantor Show Red Skelton Show	Gabriel Heatter Radio Newsreel Lionel Hampton Show	Break the Bank The Sheriff	Ford Theatre
10:00 10:15 10:30	Life of Riley Sports	Meet the Press Dance Orch.	Boxing Bouts	Everybody Wins. Phil Baker Spotlight Revue

S A T U R D A Y

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
9:00	Story Shop		Shoppers Special	CBS News of America
9:15				Barnyard Follies
9:30	Mind Your Manners	Robert Hurlough Ozark Valley Folks		Garden Gate
9:45				
10:00	Mary Lee Taylor		This Is For You	Red Barber's Club- House
10:15				Mary Lee Taylor
10:30	Archie Andrews	Bill Harrington Misc. Programs	Johnny Thompson Saturday Strings	
10:45				
11:00	Meet the Meeks	Movie Matinee	Abbott and Costello	Let's Pretend
11:15				
11:30	Smilin' Ed McConnell	Teen Timer's Club	Don Gardiner Buddy Weed	Junior Miss
11:45				

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00	Arthur Barriault Public Affairs	Magic Rhythm	Junior Junction	Theatre of Today
12:15			American Farmer	Grand Central Station
12:30	Coffee in Congress	This Week in Wash- ington		
12:45				
1:00	Nat'l Farm Home	Smoky Mt. Hayride	Maggi McNellis, Herb Sheldon Piano Playhouse	County Fair
1:15				Give and Take
1:30	Edmond Tomlinson Report From Europe			
1:45				
2:00	Music For The Moment	Time For Melody Music, Opera	Football	Stars Over Holly- wood Football
2:15				
2:30				
2:45				
3:00		Dell Trio		Football
3:15				
3:30	Local Programs	Music		
3:45				
4:00		Music		Football
4:15				
4:30	Local Programs	Charlie Slocum First Church of Christ Science	Local Programs	
4:45				
5:00		Take A Number	Tea and Crumpets	Chuck Foster's Orch.
5:15		True or False	Melodies to Remem- ber	Make Way For Youth
5:30				
5:45	Lassie Show		Dorothy Guldheim	

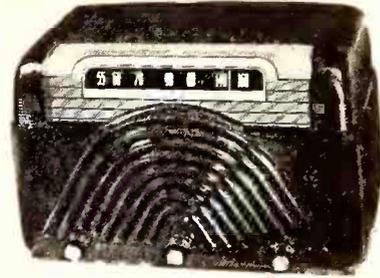
EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	Peter Roberts	Dance Orchestra		News from Wash- ington
6:15	Art of Living			Memo From Lake Success
6:30	NBC Symphony			Saturday Sports Review
6:45			Jack Beall	Larry Lesueur
7:00		Hawaii Calls	Treasury Bond Show	
7:15				
7:30	Vic Damone, Hollace Shaw	Robert Hurlough Mel Allen	Famous Jury Trials	Camel Caravan with Vaughn Monroe
7:45				
8:00	Hollywood Star Theatre	Twenty Questions	Johnny Fletcher	Sing It Again
8:15				
8:30	Truth or Conse- quences	Stop Me If You've Heard This One	The Amazing Mr. Malone	
8:45				
9:00	Your Hit Parade	Life Begins at 80	Gang Busters	Winner Take All
9:15				
9:30	Judy Canova Show		What's My Name?	It Pays To Be Ignorant
9:45				
10:00	Day in the Life of Dennis Day	Theatre of the Air	Whiz Quiz With Johnny Olsen, M.C.	Hometown Reunion
10:15			Hayloft Hoedown	
10:30	Grande Ole Opry			National Guard mili- tary Ball

CLAUDIA MORGAN—with more than 30 Broadway roles to her credit, never studied dramatics; she didn't have to—her father is Ralph Morgan and her uncle is Tall Story Hank. Claudia, who inherits much of her beauty from her Norwegian actress mother, is heard regularly as Carolyn Kramer in *Right to Happiness*, NBC.



It's Here!



Handy for desk use, Crosley's sleek table model, 9-102.

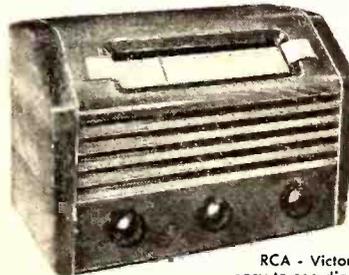
The Modern design walnut plastic cabinet of the Crosley table model (9-102) boasts curved grille louvers, decorative control knobs and general appearance of smartness. It's just the right size for desk use in *that* man's den. Being a superheterodyne set, it will provide plenty of sensitivity and selectivity.



For FM reception: Stromberg-Carlson's Courier.

If it's FM reception you want, Stromberg-Carlson has recently announced a table model called the Courier, which combines both AM and FM reception in an attractive walnut veneer cabinet. The eight inch speaker is suspended in live rubber and the set includes built-in antennas. It sells for less than \$200.

Bendix Radio has announced a combination console in a fine 18th Century cabinet in mahogany veneers. The set measures 38" high, 39" wide and 21" deep. Features in which you may be particularly interested are the 10" direct view television screen, an AM and FM radio receiver, a record changer, a 12" speaker and built-in antennas.



RCA - Victor's easy-to-see dial.

A streamlined table model radio (Model 66x13) is RCA Victor's contribution to the market. You may be interested in the lighted station numerals and the dial face that is slanted so that it is equally visible from a sitting or standing position. It sells for less than \$40 and comes in walnut or mahogany finish.

Elsie Brandt gives Terry
Burton useful hints on
buying intelligently.

A Plan in Time



By TERRY BURTON

Every Wednesday, The Second Mrs. Burton is visited by a Family Counselor. Through this department Terry Burton shares some of these visits with Radio Mirror readers. The program is heard daily, 2 P.M. EST, CBS.

ALTHOUGH my favorite hobby is planning clothes for myself and my friends, I sometimes have a little trouble managing the time. With a new baby on my hands and a home and husband to look after, creative designing sometimes seems like a piece of self-indulgence. After little Wendy was born, I looked forward eagerly to my long-planned trip to New York, where I was going to haunt the shops and see the new designs at the wholesale dress houses, and have a luxurious time altogether—and then it turned out that all I could spare was two days away from Wendy and Stan, and our life in Dickston.

However, I made a special point of getting to see Elsie Brandt, promotionist at Capri Original, one of the famous wholesale establishments. Miss Brandt had been one of our most exciting Family Counselors, and had given my listener friends and me some pointed, genuinely helpful ideas about wardrobe-planning when she dropped by at our house during her visit to Dickston. She had said, for example, that women would do better to give more time to *planning*, and less to shopping around. A plan, written down in black and white, is the best way to avoid being side-tracked by a glamorous hat or pair of shoes that have no real place in your closet. And she emphasized, again and again, her ideas about economy. "Yes," she said, "a wardrobe, for the average woman, *must* be planned with economy. But economy, in my view, means just this: buying the *best* you can afford. Fine workmanship, good fabric, wise and intelligent design are long-term investments."

I told her then—and I'd like to tell all of you—how much I agree! You see, I think what Miss Brandt said is just part of a wider philosophy. Getting and giving

the best that is possible can be applied to every circumstance of your life. Friendship, truth—happiness itself—these items are not bought at a bargain basement or a fire sale. If you yourself are not generous with these things you will receive only superficial loyalties and half-truths in return.

For women, whose lives are made up so often of small, everyday things, this philosophy must be translated into small, everyday uses. I feel strongly that a woman's clothes can be a valid expression of this attitude toward life. A determination never to be satisfied with anything shoddy can surely be extended to cover a refusal to have a closet full of cheap, flimsy garments when one may have two or three well-made, well-designed outfits instead.

When I saw Miss Brandt's designs, in her workroom at Capri in New York, I knew that here was the concrete expression of my ideas about clothes. Any one of her gowns, from the most tailored to the most lush, would be an investment that would take you happily through many seasons. She cautioned me again—as she had cautioned our listeners when she was our Family Counselor—to avoid the pitfall of buying for a single occasion. Not only should your major garment, be it dress or suit or ensemble, be bought with an eye to its fitness for your particular way of life, but all your accessories are best acquired in conformance with a long-range plan. That way, you don't suffer the tragedy of paying far too much for a purse or a pair of gloves that must hide at the back of the bureau drawer when it is not being worn with *the* dress for which it was bought. Flexibility, said Miss Brandt—and I agree—is definitely one of the requirements that accessories must fill in the efficiently-planned wardrobe.

It's Not the Money that Counts

(Continued from page 37)

young actresses hope some day to star on Broadway. Some of these announcers have the courage to break into the big time and others have the talent but few have both. Bert Parks had the winning combination to rate a job as staff announcer with CBS at the age of seventeen, a feat that's never been repeated at any of the major networks.

"I didn't let on how young I was," Bert explains but it's doubtful that CBS was fooled, for now, at the age of thirty-three, Bert easily passes for twenty-five.

Bert's next break came when he was given his own singing program, *Dear Columbia*, over the network. Then, as everyone knows, he was straight man and singer for Eddie Cantor in 1939 and 1940. He announced and sang for Benny Goodman and Xavier Cugat on the *Caravan*.

"But the biggest break of my life came when I let a friend talk me into a blind date," Bert said. "I never realized how much living I was missing till I married Annette. She's wonderful, sensible and very beautiful but you've got to see her for yourself."

And he's quite right!

For New Yorkers, jammed into concrete caves that are called apartment buildings, the only way of getting their children into an unreasonable facsimile of nature is to take a bus to one of the rivers where the city has set up a few benches, trees, and maybe a heap of sand or a small pool for wading. At one of these clearings off the East River, you are likely to find Annette Parks and the twins.

SHE is little and nimble as only a mother of two-year-old twins must be and at any moment she may be dashing through a group of children to retrieve a small, energetic boy who is about to make a scooter airborne.

"That stuff about being as busy as a one-armed paper hanger doesn't even begin to tell the story," she says.

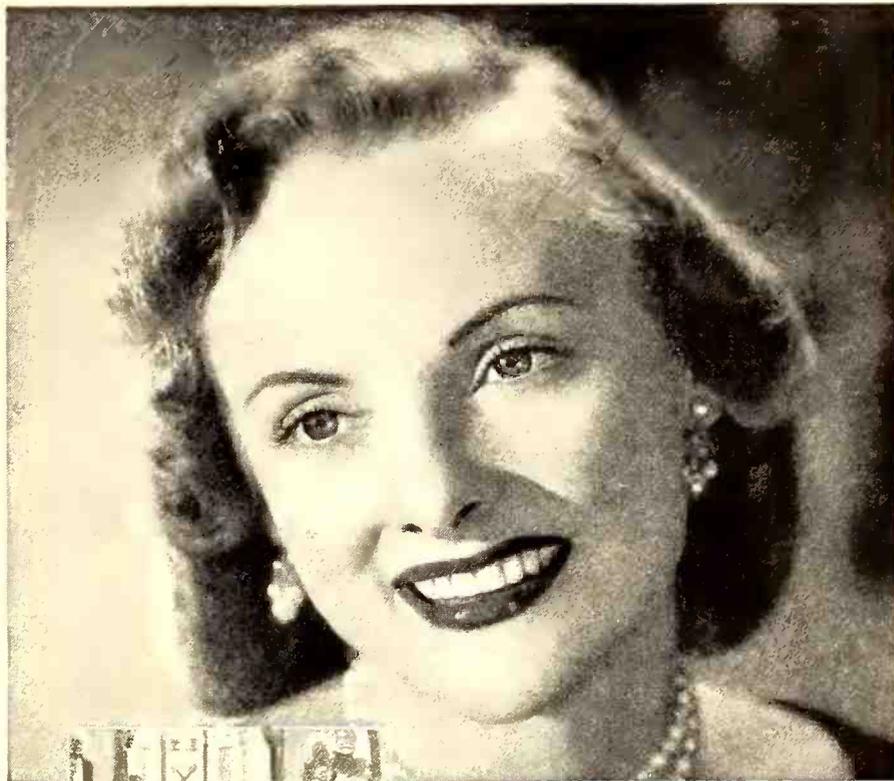
Her face is slightly flushed from chasing the children. Her eyes are deep green, her hair light brown. As she talks, her head shifts constantly, following the twins, ready to lend a guiding hand to one of the boys before he gets into trouble.

Annette vividly remembers her first date with Bert. Both were skeptical about a blind date and when Bert's friend suggested he make a date for both Saturday and Sunday with a girl he'd never seen, Bert balked. However, they had so much fun together the first evening that Bert was annoyed when Annette couldn't see him the following night because, naturally, she had made other arrangements.

She was Annette Liebman then, just graduated from Columbia University and working as a dental assistant. But she well remembers the happiness and companionship of their pre-marital days. Both loved good food and together would hunt up out-of-the-way restaurants in New York, then go to Number One Fifth Avenue to hear a favorite singer. In between, they took long drives into the country with Bert playing the singing troubadour.

"When you see the male lead in a movie singing to his sweetheart, most people know real life isn't like that,"

Peggy Diggins' smile wins her a story-book career!



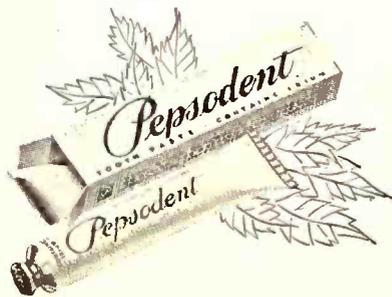
Peggy Diggins, Beauty Director at famed John Robert Powers School, attracts glamorous assignments wherever she goes. Peggy's charming smile was first spotted by a famous columnist, who launched her on a promising movie career.

When war began, Peggy left Hollywood to join the WAC. Overseas, another exciting task awaited her—as a war correspondent, she interviewed world-famous people. Now marriage and motherhood keep Peggy in New York. Her winning smile serves as a shining example to her Powers students. It's a Pepsodent Smile! Peggy says, "Using Pepsodent is part of my beauty routine."

The smile that wins is the Pepsodent Smile!

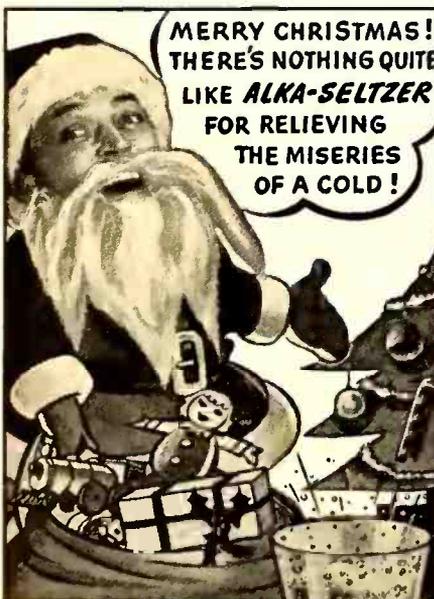
Peggy Diggins knows it. And people all over America agree—the smile that wins is the Pepsodent Smile! They've seen how Pepsodent removes the film that makes teeth look dull—uncovers new brightness in their smiles!

Wins 3 to 1 over any other tooth paste—families from coast to coast recently compared New Pepsodent with the tooth paste they were using at home. By an average of 3 to 1, they said Pepsodent tastes better, makes breath cleaner and teeth brighter than any other tooth paste they tried. *For the safety of your smile use Pepsodent twice a day—see your dentist twice a year!*



ANOTHER FINE LEVER BROTHERS PRODUCT

How Santa Claus found out...



Annette says. "But our days of courtship were like something out of a musical. Bert has a beautiful voice."

Their favorite songs were "The White Cliffs of Dover" and "I Don't Want to Walk Without You, Baby." Together Bert and Annette had so much fun that they felt none of the desperation that often makes young couples worry about marriage. Then came the war and with it a more serious attitude.

Bert enlisted in the infantry as a private. With an enforced separation they both realized their love for each other. And when Bert graduated from Infantry OCS in June 1943, Annette swooped down to Atlanta in a plane and they were married. While Bert was at Camp Wheeler, they lived the typical life of an army couple. It was impossible to find a home or apartment so they lived in one flea-ridden hotel room after another. Finally, after three months Annette found a furnished room in a private house.

"I WAS very excited because even a single room can be fixed up enough to call home," Annette recalls. "Bert's mother and I chased all over Atlanta trying to buy hard-to-get sheets and pillow cases but we could have saved ourselves the trouble."

What happened was that they moved into their new "home" on a Monday morning. All that day Annette fussed about the room making it livable but when Bert got back from camp that evening his face was long and sad.

"I knew what was wrong without being told," she said. "He had his orders to ship overseas."

While Bert spent two years with "Vinegar Joe" Stilwell in the CBI Theater, Annette moved in with her parents in Connecticut and worked in the New Haven Hospital as a nurse's aide. Yet she was probably one of the few army wives who had a regular Saturday night date with her husband's voice although he was half-way around the world. Bert and Finis Farr were making wire recordings of combat activities that were played weekly over CBS on the program Yank in the Orient.

But Bert wasn't that lucky. Once for a period of six months he didn't receive a letter from Annette. Only a soldier who has been in the jungles can realize his anguish. When her mail finally caught up with him, he had 85 letters. He arranged them in chronological order and read each one through to the end. In the meantime, he earned the Bronze Star and a cluster of Battle Stars the hard way. The wire recorder missions were a little more than dangerous and once took him behind the Jap lines for three weeks when several of his buddies were killed.

Almost two years to the month that Bert went overseas, he returned to the states a Captain. Then he and Annette began to make their plans for a home and children, but Bert was to meet the same difficulties as every other young veteran.

For months they searched for an apartment in New York, moving from one hotel to another every five days. Bert had by then become regular quizmaster on Break the Bank and announcer on Sunday Evening Party and the Guy Lombardo Show.

Finally, they moved into a dingy, dank one-room apartment. The place was so dark they had to keep their lights on all day in order to see. It was rough and expensive. It wasn't the kind of home that Bert and other veterans

had hoped for but nevertheless he and Annette were together and he was back in radio. And then Bert was due for another surprise one evening when he got home.

"I've been to the doctor's," Annette said calmly.

"Are you sick?" Bert asked, half-alarmed.

Annette smiled.

"Just a check-up," she said. "I'm pregnant."

He sat breathless for a moment then said, "So we're going to have a baby."

She grinned and corrected him.

"We might even have babies plural," she said.

Then with a do-or-die intensity Bert began to look for a new home. With twins they absolutely had to have a larger and better apartment.

"I sniffed around buildings like a dog. I kept my ear to the ground like an Indian and even carried a rabbit's foot," Bert said. Finally, he found a friend of a friend of a friend who was moving and offered Bert his two-room apartment. Not a large home but a distinct improvement over what they had.

A month before the babies were expected, they moved in. The same afternoon Annette went to the hospital for a check-up.

"The babies weren't due for a month," Bert explained. "At the hospital they told me they were keeping Annette for a few days because she needed a rest."

The next morning Bert was awakened by a call from his doctor and notified he had twins, both boys.

"It was a twilight birth for the father," Bert said. "No pacing. No pains."

Because of the premature birth, the twins required more care than usual when Annette finally got home.

"You should've seen our two little rooms then," Bert laughed. "There was Annette, the nurse, a cook, me and the twins. Fifteen milk bottles in the refrigerator, a double-sized baby carriage, and two of everything from cribs to toys. What a madhouse. It really required a director and producer to cross a room."

THEY call the twins their double blessing. Jeff and Joel have what they had hoped for in their children: a good sense of humor. They're beginning to talk a little in kind of a mumble that would cause Bert trouble if they were to appear on a quiz program. But they definitely have a sense of humor. When either one is asked his name, he gives the name of his brother. And they have private jokes. They mumble to each other and suddenly start laughing but no one else knows why.

The twins are mad about their father and love to hear him sing. When he isn't at the studios, Bert frequently takes them to the park. Neither one of the Parkses cares for night clubbing. Ten minutes after a broadcast or rehearsal Bert is home. They still enjoy a good dinner out and a play but most of their social life is spent quietly with their friends Jack and Terry Rayel, George and Helen Zachary, and Mr. & Mrs. Music (Andre Baruch and his wife Bea Wain). On winter evenings they get together with the Baruchs and while Andre chords on the piano, Bea and Bert ad lib to a Calypso tune.

"Bert and I have always had wonderful times together," Annette says. "And it seems the longer we're married, the happier we are."

When Bert is free, they work together around the apartment, take care of the children and still find themselves late at night in deep conversation even as they did during the early days.

OUTSIDE of the very cramped apartment, Bert Parks is in an enviable position with his husky boys and lovely wife and radio success. Stop the Music, started over ABC last spring, is climbing steadily toward the very peak of audience popularity. It has already usurped the places of several favorites. Break the Bank during the past years has become standard entertainment for millions of listeners. Excitement on both these shows runs high.

"They're both swell shows," Bert said. "The contestants are grand even though we have some embarrassing as well as amusing incidents." And the M.C., naturally, must be adept at handling whatever comes.

On the amusing side of the ledger was the contestant, a woman from the middle west, who was pregnant. After she had earned her prizes on Break the Bank, Bert held her at the mike for a moment.

"There's one other thing I hope for you," he said. "May you be as lucky as my wife and I were and have twins."

Four months later he had a letter from her. She had twins. Fortunately for Bert, she too considered herself lucky. Some people, prepared for one child and confronted with two, might have been a trifle upset!

On the embarrassing side are the phone calls he gets in the middle of the night from people who want to participate in quiz programs; the strangers who come up to the stage and pretend they've known him for years, expecting easier questions; and the people who offer him seats on buses, hoping it may lead to tickets for his shows.

"That really bothers me," Bert explained. "In New York, no one offers another person a seat unless he is carrying a medical certificate that he has been dead for an hour."

But Bert has only respect for humanity and gratitude for the people who have helped him. He's thankful for his father's rich sense of humor, the sense of responsibility his mother gave him, the patient help of his brother and the assists from his radio pal, Bud Collyer.

"There's still the future and a lot of it, I hope," Bert said. "On the personal side I'd like to have a decent house and continued happiness and good health for my family. Professionally, I'm itching to get into television. I still like to move around and mug."

Bert will be a sensation in television, his associates predict. They point to the swell job he did on his first television show, Party Line, and the laughs he gets from the studio audience.

There's one question about quizmasters that everyone wants to know the answer to. What happens to them when—somehow or other—they get to be contestants on other people's quiz programs?

It might be the easiest thing in the world. It might be that with the technique he's learned from handling a show of his own, a quizmaster could go before anybody's mike, keep his head, answer brilliantly, and walk off with the whole studio. It might be—but according to Bert, it's not.

Once—just once—he was a contestant, on Bob Hawk's program. He was ready; after all, he knew the ropes . . . He fluffed every question.

Love-quiz . . . For Married Women Only



WHY DOES HE TURN HIS BACK ON HIS WIFE'S TEARS?

- A.** Because she has neglected one precaution, often of major importance to intimate marital happiness.
- Q.** What is that important precaution that can so greatly help to safeguard marital happiness?
- A.** The practice of sound feminine hygiene with a scientifically correct preparation for vaginal douching, such as "Lysol" in proper solution.
- Q.** Why are wives wrong to trust to soap instead?
- A.** Because soap, like soda or salt, is an old-fashioned makeshift that cannot compare with "Lysol" in germ killing power. Though gentle to delicate membranes, "Lysol" is powerful in the presence of mucus and other organic matter. Destroys the source of objectionable odors . . . kills germs on contact.
- Q.** Do many women use "Lysol" for feminine hygiene?
- A.** Three times more women use "Lysol" than all other liquid products combined! Many doctors advise patients to douche regularly with "Lysol" brand disinfectant just to insure daintiness alone. No greasy aftereffect. Use it as often as you want.

KEEP DESIRABLE, by douching regularly with "Lysol." Remember—no other product for feminine hygiene is more reliable than "Lysol" . . . no other product is more effective!

For Feminine Hygiene
rely on safe, effective

"Lysol"
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Easy to use . . . economical

A Concentrated Germ-Killer



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INSIST ON
Manley's HiPop
IN THE CANDY STRIPED PACKAGE

R. F. D. America

(Continued from page 41)

general information to have something to say. Finally, I had the advantage of a little radio experience, gained through interviewing on WAUX, Waukesha, the boys and girls who are outstanding in dairy club work.

With the other winners of our local elimination—Bill Wright and Helen Swartz—I made the trip to Chicago a family affair. My Mary Jean, Bill's wife, and Helen's husband joined the party.

The Louis G. Cowan office, producers of the show, gave us full-scale visiting firemen treatment.

By the time we faced the microphones, we had lunched at the Sheraton, toured the Museum of Science and Industry, dined at Matt Schulien's, visited Don McNeill's Breakfast Club, seen the Board of Trade, and laughed through the stage performance of "Annie Get Your Gun." Night clubbing at the Panther Room, a tour of the stock yards, Natural History Museum and the Aquarium added to our feeling that Chicago was a gigantic show, staged just for us.

Sometime, in the midst of this, we had rehearsals, where they peppered us with questions similar to the ones which would be used in the broadcast. Bill, Helen and I were to be pitted against Michigan's Doris Handy, Farm Champion of the previous week.

The rehearsals gave us the idea. By the time we faced the studio audience, we knew this was no walk-away.

Today, replaying the transcription I received of the show, I remember the way I felt when Joe Kelly, then M.C., began hurling questions.

He started out easy. Are men more forgetful than women? Prove it. What's your wife's birthday? How do you identify apples by their shape and size? If you milked a cow three times a day instead of twice, would you get more milk?

I had an answer for that. "Yes, about 20 per cent more." I knew. Two years before, I had milked General's Myrtle three times a day for a record and she had hit it. In ten months, she produced 17,743 pounds of milk with 770 pounds of butter fat.

Joe Kelly whistled—whistled songs which should suggest kinds of cheese. "God Bless America" brought Bill's answer of American cheese; "My Blue

Heaven" prompted a reply of Bleu cheese.

Claiming he was tired, Joe handed me a flute. "I hear you played in your high school band. Will you help me out?"

He called the notes. I responded with solitary toots. My playing was rusty. It was a long time since a football coach had turned me into a musician to improve my wind.

"A; D; C. Now go back to E."

I caught on. I dropped my flute and raised my hand. The cheese questions had been bait. The number was "Three Blind Mice."

"Play it," commanded Joe. The audience survived, but I think the mice ran back into their holes.

I was into the semi-finals. I used my stock-judging experience to enumerate characteristics of a good milk cow, then drew on college chemistry to explain that "trace elements" were minute quantities of such elements as boron and cobalt. Lacking them, seemingly rich land produces crops which fail to provide adequate nourishment for either livestock or humans.

As finalists, Doris Handy, who already had won three times, and I tussled over a couple. The showdown question was announced.

This was it. I shot a glance at Mary Jean in the audience. I would have given anything to be able to change places with her. This was worse than a University of Wisconsin exam. I got set, expecting a tough one.

It was tough all right, but not the way I anticipated.

Said Kelly, "Thomas Quincy, Washington, D. C. wants us to imagine a fireman quits chasing fires and settles down to a quiet, peaceful life on a farm. He wants to surround himself with his favorite color—red. Take turns. Name the items. You have five seconds each."

Mentally, I took a color inventory of our farm. The only trouble was, Doris thought of the same things I did.

She got barn, tractor, Devon cows, handles on farm tools, spaniel dog. I named Duroc hogs, Guernsey cattle, short horn cattle, red poled cattle.

What else was red? This showdown was getting rugged.

Doris was reaching too. "Red suspenders." The audience howled.

"It fascinates me 5 mornings a week"

Every morning, Monday through Friday, you "meet new people" on "My True Story" Radio Program. Every morning you follow a complete, true-life drama prepared in cooperation with the editors of True Story Magazine. On "My True Story" no long drawn-out episodes . . . no rehash of yesterday's story. That's why so many thousands of women listen every day, vote it their favorite morning program. "Here's real life" many of them write in appreciation.

Tune in

"MY TRUE STORY"

AMERICAN BROADCASTING STATIONS



"Hereford hog." That just about exhausted the livestock.

Doris was more versatile. "Red bandana handkerchief."

"Red barn." That had been said. I was getting rattled. Joe ruled it out, and I substituted "red truck."

Doris gasped, "Red strawberries." I took her suggestion. "Red raspberries." It was positively my last gasp. I was color blind and color dumb. I couldn't have thought of even such obvious things as Mary Jean's lipstick or a red sunset.

But that did it. Doris groped for five seconds. The horn ended the contest. I mopped my brow, looking through the audience until my eyes found Mary Jean. I hoped I'd done well enough to make her proud of the old man.

SHE was all but jumping up and down. I, however, wasn't so sure I had won.

The judges huddled. I tried to compute the score.

At last the M. C. announced, "The Farm Champion is . . ."

For me, his pause lasted hours. ". . . is Mac McKerrow, of Pewaukee, Wisconsin."

You should have seen the loot. Fifteen one-gallon cans of paint, a complete set of aluminum cooking utensils, a vacuum cleaner and attachments, and a home freezer.

It was quite a collection. Prizes added on later shows have put me years ahead in my farming, for I have received such things as a ten years' supply of overalls, more paint, nylons for Mary Jean, 23,343 live Florida bees, two electric water heaters, a front end loader to attach to my tractor, and an automatic ironer for the house.

A contestant works for it; he has to know more than his own name to win, but when he earns the title of Farm Champion of the Week, he has something to show.

I feel like a good provider every time I see Mary Jean running the family laundry through that ironer instead of spending hours to do the same job by hand, and when she gets all dressed up, ready to go out, I take a look at her nicely-filled nylons and think, "Mac, my lad, you talked for those socks."

The material things, and their dollar value, however, don't begin to measure the benefits I have gained. Most important, it keeps me from getting root-bound on my own land.

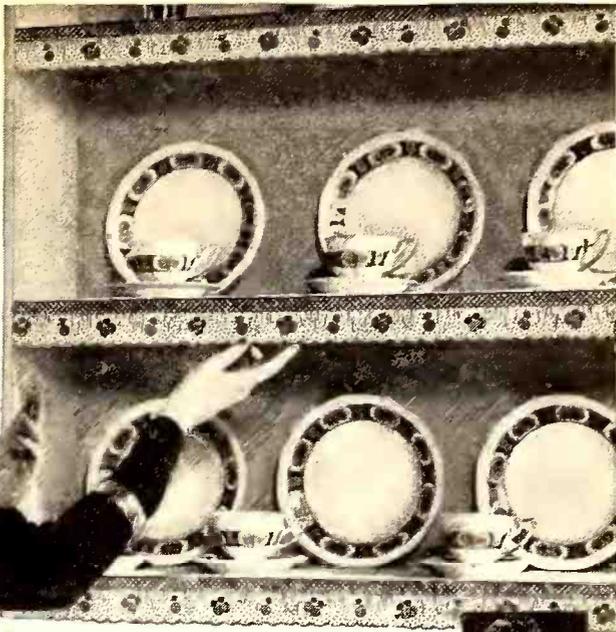
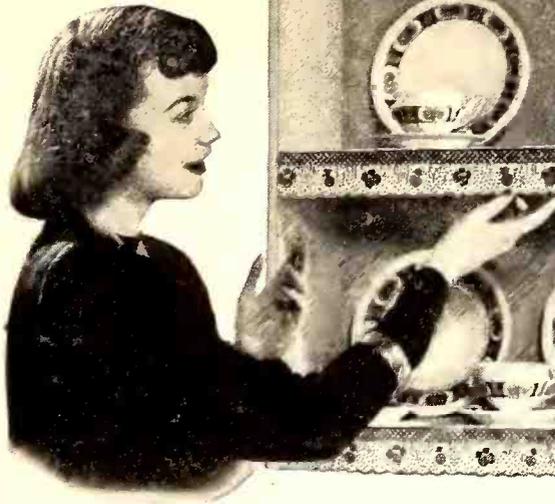
That is easy to do when you're a farmer, for although there's drama in farming, it's the slow-paced drama of the seasons. Spring planting, summer labor, fall harvest and winter enjoyment of accomplishment—youthful learning, mature endeavor and then the pleasure of seeing the cycle repeated again with your children.

You need to concentrate a cross section of this into a brief radio program to have the drama emerge sharply defined. Then city people as well as farmers feel it. Evidence of this is the mail. Thousands of letters, bearing city addresses, reach the Cowan office each week suggesting questions for R.F.D. America.

My grandfather, who settled our land in 1874, and my father, who has achieved an international reputation for breeding Shropshire sheep, also realized the importance of show competition in a farmer's life. For more than half a century, they have exhibited our sheep and cattle.

They got me started early. Competing for the title of Farm Champion of the Year will climax a lifetime—24

New "CHERRY ROYALE" pattern on shelves.



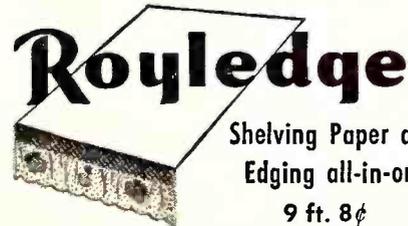
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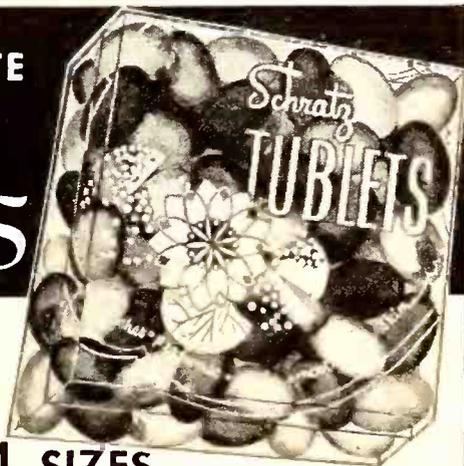
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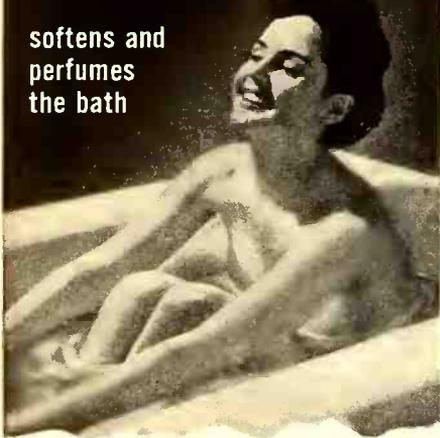
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The White Package with
the Orange Band



years, but it's still a lifetime—which has been punctuated by shows.

I went into my first one at the age of fifteen. My father had promised "if I was a good boy," I would be permitted, when fall came, to take our show flock to the Ohio and Michigan state fairs.

He sent me out alone. The lambs and I traveled in the same freight car. At night, I huddled up among them to sleep, and in the morning I woke up when my pets started nuzzling me with their noses.

I WAS a frightened, homesick kid when I unloaded them at strange fair grounds and drove them into an exhibit barn. In the excitement of the show that feeling evaporated, but when I came home with blue ribbons, I owned the world.

I've won many such prizes since. As a high school freshman, I had the grand champion Southdown wether lamb at the Wisconsin Junior Livestock show, took a similar prize at the University of Wisconsin's "Little International," won stock judging contests which sent me into national competitions. Through them all, winning has brought me that same lift of spirit.

I might even stretch a point and say I won my wife in a contest. We met at a state convention of the Young People's Christian Union. She was on the committee which nominated me for president. I won the election—and the girl, Mary Jean Beigel of West Allis. We were married April 22, 1945, and now have a boy, Bruce David, three.

Aside from the personal sense of achievement gained from winning on R.F.D. America, there's the added satisfaction of contributing toward better understanding between farm and city.

Radio, as much as good roads, ended the day of the "hick." The isolation of farming, which in Europe grew so intense that the language of one valley could not be understood in the settlement on the other side of a mountain ridge, has broken down. Farmers today know what goes on in cities.

The opposite, however, is not always true. To many city dwellers, farming is still a remote occupation. They still see it in terms of ox carts and asafedita.

R.F.D. America lowers this barrier. Radio listeners, rural and urban, meet those who produce the food the world needs, they discover scientific farming is in practical, everyday use, and that the men and women who work at it are interesting individuals who can spice their exhibition of knowledge with quick wit and pleasant humor.

There's Ed Bottcher who took over as Country Question Editor when the show moved to NBC and Joe Kelly found he could not quiz Quiz Kids and farmers at the same time.

Ed, although he does today a professional radio performer's job on a big network show, is as much of a dirt farmer as his great grandfather who settled the land in Cullman County, Alabama.

Entering Alabama Polytechnic Institute at fifteen, he took his Bachelor of Science degree in Agriculture. Working for the Bureau of Entomology, he helped farmers fight boll worms, later became a county agent, and was county supervisor for the Farm Security Administration.

Like me, Ed loves a challenge. He first came to R.F.D. America as one of three contestants from Alabama, and emerged from his first contest as runner up to the title of Champion Farmer of the Week.

He got his second chance when the winner, a woman from Georgia, announced she couldn't return. She was "expecting" and her doctor would not allow her to travel.

The defeat had sharpened his wits. During the intervening week, he crammed like a freshman studying for his first exam. He was not going to get licked again.

He wasn't, either. He set an all-time record by winning eight times in succession. His prizes added \$600 to his income tax, and he retired undefeated when he topped professional radio performers in the audition for Country Question Editor.

As a five-day farmer, he now has less time to grab a fly rod and fish for the blue gills and large-mouth bass in his one-acre pond, for he has one of the longest commutation trips on record. Each week he travels 1,342 miles to spend his Saturdays and Sundays in Chicago. By this time he knows every pilot, stewardess and Pullman conductor en route, and he also has a large number of farmer friends from every state in the union.

In contrast to Ed, there's Wayne Hardison of Carters Creek, Tennessee. Wayne is a Farm Bureau leader, and vitally interested in PTA and church work. Until R.F.D. America summoned him to Chicago, he had never been outside his state.

He was so excited when the telegram arrived that he climbed on a horse, raced to tell a neighbor, then forgot the horse and walked home. His wife put a fruit cake in the oven to warm and let it burn to a crisp. Later, he asked when dinner would be served and had to be told he had already eaten it.

Hardison told the R.F.D. America staff, "I've worked hard all my life. This is the first thing I didn't have to earn by the sweat of my brow and the toil of my hands. It's the most wonderful event that ever occurred to me."

Mrs. Gertie Moody gave listeners a new insight into a woman's work. She has the man-sized job of managing an 80,000 acre property belonging to Delta Securities Company. In charge of grazing lands, farm tenants, trapping, hunting, camp site leases, oil leases, she is equally at home on a horse, driving a truck, rounding up cattle, behind her desk in the office, or solving school problems with her local PTA.

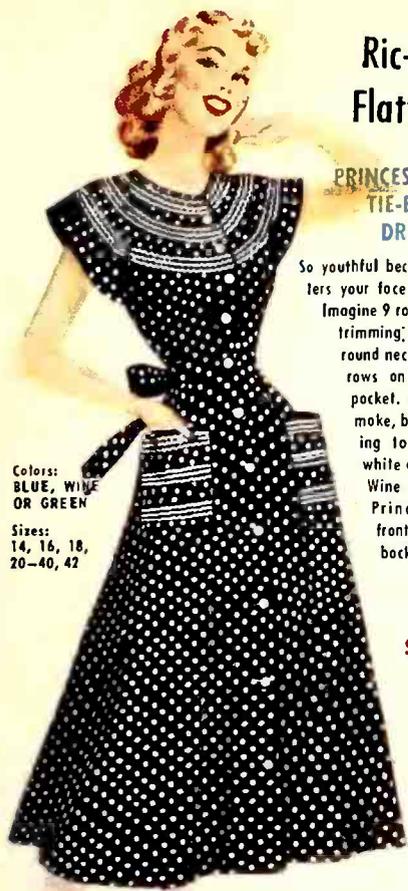
DICK Heckendorf of Littleton, Colorado, is another one whom R.F.D. America sent back to his books. He won his title and held it through five shows until Clyde Rowe of Chandler, Arizona, took it away from him.

Heckendorf compensated by staging his own version of R.F.D. America for the 4-H Clubs in his own community. If the show could stimulate farmers on a national scale, he reasoned, it could be equally exciting for the kids in his neighborhood.

Robert Sawyer of Leland, Illinois, one of my coming opponents for the "Oscar," is going to be a tough man.

He had years of coping with questions when he taught vocational agriculture, and he now does a good job of putting those theories into practice on his own farm.

We'll have two other competitors, who, through run-off contests, earn their right to compete for the title of Farm Champion of the Year. We don't yet know their names (as this is written) but we already are certain of one thing—to go into that final contest, they will have to be good farmers, good citizens and good talkers.



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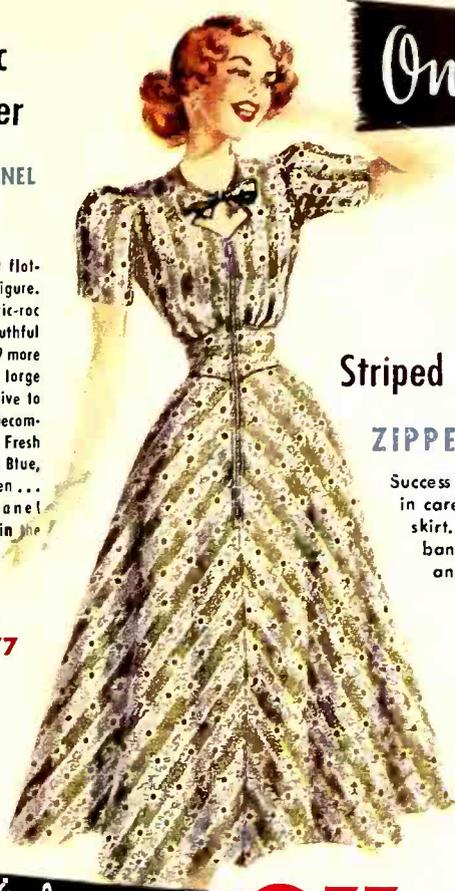
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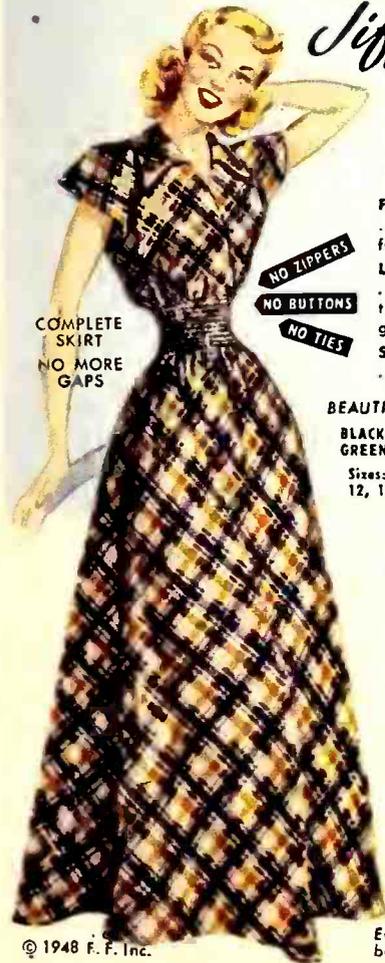
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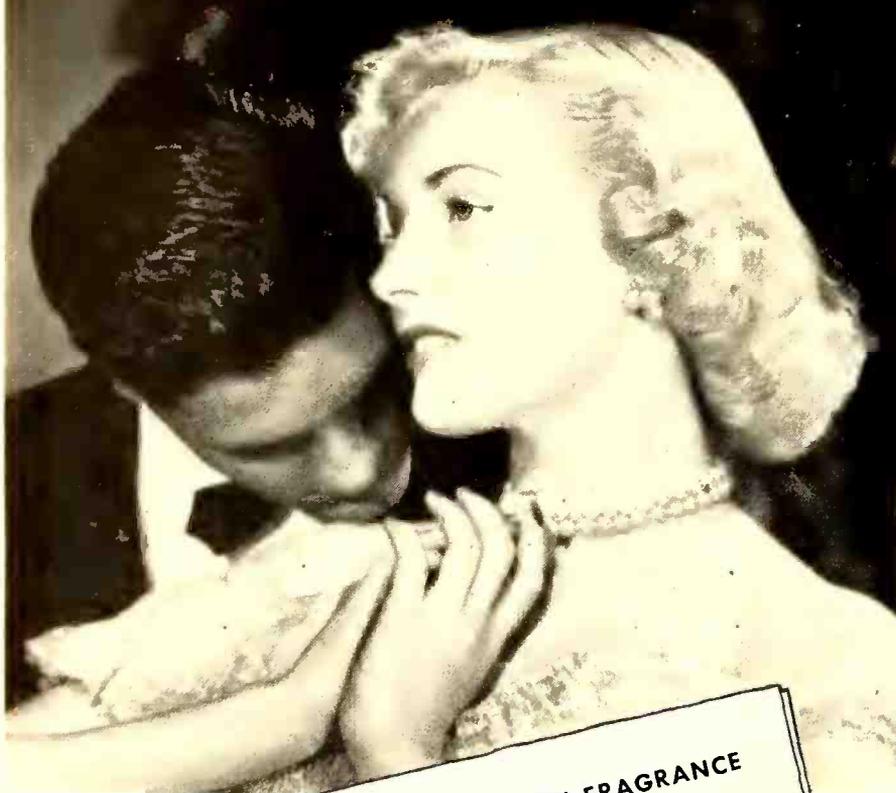
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A creation of Old South Perfumers, Fifth Avenue, New York

Come, Ye Thankful

(Continued from page 61)

20-22 minutes a pound. For an 18 to 24 pound bird, allow 18-20 minutes a pound.

SAVORY BREAD STUFFING

10 cups soft bread crumbs, pocked	1 teaspoon thyme
2 cups finely chopped celery	2 medium onions, minced
2 teaspoons salt	1 1/3 cups oil or melted margarine or shortening
1/2 teaspoon pepper	
1 tablespoon poultry seasoning	

Combine all ingredients except oil. Add oil slowly. Toss together lightly with a fork until thoroughly blended. Makes 10 cups stuffing. (Allow approximately 1 cup stuffing per pound.) Try one of these changes (but remember there are 16 tablespoons in a cup): For each cup of bread used, add 1 1/2 tablespoons chopped dill pickle; or 1/4 cup mashed sweet potato plus 1 tablespoon fried sausage meat; or 2 tablespoons chopped seeded raisins.

RICH MINCE PIE

1/2 lemon	1/4 cup sugar
1/2 cup suet (1/4 pound)	1/4 cup whole raisins
1/4 cups raisins	1/2 cup molasses
1 beef bouillon cube	1/2 teaspoon salt
1/3 cup boiling water	1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
2 apples, unpeeled cored and chopped	1/4 teaspoon allspice
	1/4 teaspoon ground cloves
	1 recipe pastry (2 cups flour)

Put lemon, suet and 1/4 cups raisins through food grinder. Dissolve bouillon cube in boiling water. Combine all ingredients except pastry, in a saucepan. Heat to boiling and simmer for 30 minutes, stir occasionally. Roll out half the pastry to fit an 8-inch pie pan. Cool filling and pour into unbaked pastry shell. Roll out remaining pastry. Make a lattice or plain top. Seal edges well. Bake in a very hot oven (450° F.) for 10 minutes. Reduce heat to 350° F. and continue baking for 30 to 40 minutes. Makes an 8-inch pie.

PUMPKIN CHIFFON PIE

1/2 recipe pastry (1 cup flour)	2 teaspoons cinnamon
1 envelope plain gelatin	1/2 teaspoon ginger
1/4 cup cold water	1/4 teaspoon allspice
1/2 cups mashed pumpkin (canned or fresh)	1/2 teaspoon salt
1 cup brown sugar	2 tablespoons sugar
3 eggs, separated	2 tablespoons grated orange rind
	1/2 cup heavy cream

Roll out pastry to fit 9-inch pie pan. Shape to fit. Bake in a hot oven (450° F.) for 12 to 15 minutes. Cool. Add gelatin to cold water and allow to stand a few minutes. Place in top of double boiler with pumpkin, brown sugar, egg yolks, cinnamon, ginger, allspice and salt. Cook, stirring constantly, over hot water until slightly thickened and mixture coats a spoon. Stir constantly. Chill until mixture begins to thicken. Beat egg white until it stands in soft peaks. Gradually beat in remaining sugar. Gently fold into cooled pumpkin mixture and orange rind. Whip cream and fold into pumpkin and egg white mixture. Pour into baked shell and chill. Garnish with whipped cream or sprinkle with coconut, if desired. Makes one 9-inch pie.

My Boss, Drew Pearson

(Continued from page 29)

how my boss's twenty-four-hours-a-day job creeps even into his barnyard. It's the work-day of his that alone unnerves me about my job as his assistant. Many's the morning I've rolled over about 6:30 A.M. for another two hours of sleep—when my telephone rings. "Hello, Dave," says Drew's cheerful voice. "Hurry over here—we've got work to do!"

This unearthly hour for starting the day's work means nothing to Drew Pearson because he keeps farmer's hours—although he lives during the week in a dignified house in Washington, D. C. This house is really three red brick houses locked together; and one wing (or house) is his office. This makes it easy for Drew to roll out of bed and right to the job. It makes it tough for me and his five secretaries. Let me give you an idea of his day:

He's up at six o'clock, sipping orange juice and writing the first draft of his column, "Washington Merry-Go-Round." At 7:45 precisely, he shaves while he listens to the news broadcast on the portable radio in his bathroom. At 8:00 precisely he eats breakfast—two soft boiled eggs, bacon, milk, and one cup of coffee—while he bends his ear to the radio again, this time listening to his brother Leon who broadcasts from Paris for NBC. At 8:45 he's in what I call his Spartan chair—it's a wooden job with an agonizing back to it—and he's hard at work answering his avalanche of mail with the aid of all his secretaries. This goes on until 12:30 P.M. Meanwhile, three telephones are ringing steadily on his desk. He answers all of them personally.

"I live in deadly terror that some day I'll miss a hot news story by not answering some phone call," he's told me on more than one occasion—which is one reason that his telephone number is in the Washington phone book. Anyone with a nickel can call him. And sometimes I think that everyone with a nickel does just that. But I'll admit that often it's those calls—from strangers—that have tipped him off to some of his biggest news scoops.

TAKE the war profits scandal that Congressman Andrew J. May and the infamous Garsson brothers were in—Drew got the tipoff from a strange telephone call. But let him tell it:

"I'd been broadcasting one night about Congressman May's stand against termination pay for veterans," says he, "when the telephone rang right there in the radio station at the end of my broadcast. It was a veteran who'd been listening to me. He told me that his wife had had a secretarial position where she'd learned about the scandalous operations of the Garssons and May, and he advised me to look into it. I did—and prosecution for the crooks was the result." He got his tip about Senator Thomas of Oklahoma's speculation in the cotton market the same way—and long before Stassen pointed a finger at the Washington speculators. An anonymous phone call from a woman came in about Thomas. My boss investigated, and a series of columns resulted.

For that matter, as this goes to press my boss is doing a Dick Tracy on a phone call that came in from Michigan the other day. The guy on the other end was an ex-convict, and he gave Drew some hot tips on the murder of

Senator Hooper—which Drew is working on right now.

But back to Drew's work-day. At 12:30 he rushes off to lunch. It is always lunch at the Mayflower Hotel, and always at his own table in the corner. I am proud to announce that my boss is not a table-hopping columnist. No, everyone comes to him.

HE usually lunches with one of his close friends, Senator Sam Rayburn, Senator Ives, Attorney-General Clark, Harold Ickes, or Senator Barkley. But most of his friends don't give him news stories—these come from other people dining in the Mayflower, who come up to tip him off on something interesting. To him the best thing about lunch is dessert—it's the one time in the day when he stops being a Spartan and really lets himself go. He always has something horrifying for dessert, like Baked Alaska, or Crêpes Suzette.

By 2:30 in the afternoon he hurries back to his office, shuts off the telephones, opens up his thirty-year-old Smith portable typewriter and goes to work polishing his column and adding news to it. The column goes on the teletype at 4 P.M. sharp. After that, my boss merely works another hour on his mail, and then tours various government offices to pick up more news. When dinner is over, he is often back at his desk to answer still more mail.

Dinner for Drew means that he sits down with his attractive blonde wife Luvie, and with her son by a former marriage, who is a 16-year-old named Tyler Abell. Drew's daughter Ellen, also by a former marriage, moved out recently when she married George Arnold—the son, if you recall, of the famous trust-busting Thurman Arnold. Once a week regularly the Pearsons entertain at a dinner party.

It's true that Drew is a Quaker, not only in his religion but in his heart. In fact, he often thinks like a Quaker relief worker—which, indeed, he once was. But let me give you a quick montage of his life—and then I'll prove to you that Quaker blood is truly boiling in his veins.

My boss was born fifty-one years ago in Evanston, Illinois. He graduated from Swarthmore College, where his dad was a professor, in 1919—Phi Beta Kappa, by the way. Right out of college he went overseas as a Quaker relief worker, to Yugoslavia. There he stayed for two years, rebuilding a destroyed Yugoslavian village with the help of its citizens—which village has since been named Pearsonovits in his honor.

He came docilely home to teach economic geography at the University of Pennsylvania. But a year later he discovered he had \$700 in the bank, and he decided to travel once more. He went all through China, Japan, Australia, New Zealand—and then sailed for Europe. While he was on this trip he had a thousand adventures, including running out of money in Australia and shipping as a seaman. But he also interviewed the twelve leading men of the world for a news syndicate—two of whom were Mussolini and Mahatma Gandhi—and he talked many of the newspapers of Australia, New Zealand, India and South Africa into hiring him as their American correspondent for the next ten years! He came triumphantly home with \$734—exactly \$34 more than he'd started out with!

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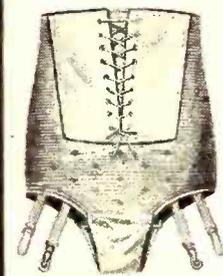


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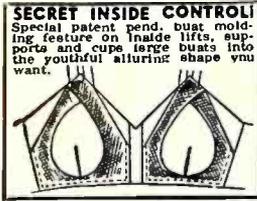
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That trip set the pace for the next ten years of his life. Reporting for various newspapers, he was all over the world wherever something was happening until 1932. Then his friends were afraid he'd committed literary suicide.

What he did was this: stepping out of his role as foreign correspondent, he wrote a book (anonymously) called *Washington Merry-Go-Round* with Robert S. Allen. It truly reported the inside doings of Washington big shots; and while writing it, Pearson worked for the Washington bureau of the Baltimore Sun and Allen worked for the Christian Science Monitor. Two months after publication of the book, when it was revealed that they had authored it, both men were promptly fired. They spent a hungry year. Then they collaborated on a political column called "Washington Merry-Go-Round." At first, only six newspapers signed up for it. Now, and with Pearson writing it alone, over six hundred newspapers print it. On top of that, Drew has an audience of twelve million people for his radio show on Sunday nights—and he makes around \$400,000 a year. Somewhere here, I'm sure there's a moral!

And that word moral brings me back to what I was about to point out a while back: that my boss is still a Quaker relief worker at heart. I will never forget one hot Spring day last year. Drew and I were in New York, riding in a taxi toward a United Nations meeting at Lake Success. I remember the date too well, because it was the last day of the World Series, with the Yanks and Dodgers tied at three all. I complained, "Drew, why do we have to do all these light pastimes when we could be doing something serious—like going to the ball game?"

He was looking through some papers in his briefcase as the taxi moved toward the U.N., and I saw that they were reports on hunger in Europe. He said "Forget the ball game. Dave—when I see these reports, I get furious at the slow way Congress is making up its mind to feed these people." He thought a minute. I saw the beginning of what I call a Quaker Relief Worker gleam in his eye. "Why couldn't the American people get together and help feed Europe themselves?" he said.

"UNRRA already thought of that. But it cost so much money to collect the food, they decided it was cheaper to buy it," I contributed.

Drew brushed that off as if it were a gnat. "We could start a train of our own—we could begin it on the West Coast and have it go East, picking up food all the way. A friendship train..." He broke off sharply, and then yelled, "By God, that's it—the Friendship Train!"

And that, my friends, was how the Friendship Train really got started—right in my boss's brain in a taxi outside of New York.

Drew flew to Europe to ride the train through France and Italy.

In Genoa, Italy, he started something else that swept America—over short-wave, he broadcast to the U.S. suggesting that Americans write letters to Italian friends and relatives urging them to back democracy in the coming elections. And what happened? The New York postmaster reported that letters were finally going over to Italy at the rate of one million a week!

Yes, I think you see now what I mean about my boss's Quaker relief worker streak... but also, he never loses his

sense of humor. Example: he drives a dark green Buick, vintage 1940. His wife, however, darts around Washington in a baby green 1948 Kaiser. How did she get this snappy car? Well, it seems her husband made a bet with Henry J. Kaiser while they were both aboard that Friendship Train heading for New York. Kaiser was the conductor of the New York Central section of the train, and Drew was conductor of the Pennsylvania section.

In Chicago, where the huge train was divided into sections, Drew made the bet. "Bet you my section comes into New York with more cars of food than yours," said he.

"Bet you mine has more carloads," said Kaiser. When they came into New York, Drew's train hauled 117 cars to Kaiser's 109. So Drew won a brand-new Kaiser automobile.

"If Kaiser had won, I was going to give him a Buick!" grins my boss.

His latest Quaker relief worker idea has been little aired in America. It was concerned with Italy. Right after their election last April, he began worrying, "Now I suppose Italy will think we Americans have lost interest in them, unless we can show them we haven't." With which remark he got a solution to the problem. On short-wave radio, he broadcast a contest to Italians in Italy. (This was, by the way, the only short-wave contest in history.) He asked Italians to write essays on "How to Make Democracy Live."

WELL, 15,000 essays poured in from Italy as a result of the contest—in Italian, of course; so Drew got his friend Generoso Pope, publisher of the largest Italian newspaper in the U.S., to translate the letters. Then he and a picked committee chose the winners. At a dinner this last July 7th at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York City the prizes were announced—again by short-wave—to the winners in Italy. If you ask me, I think the prizes were ones Italians (or Americans!) would love: one tractor; 250 wristwatches; 1,200 men's and women's hats; 100 men's suits; 100 pairs of shoes; 100 shirts.

Yes, my boss sure has a Quaker streak! But he's also got a farmer's streak... though sometimes I wonder why he has that farm, because he only gets out to it Saturdays. Sunday is like any weekday to him; he works all day long on his column and his broadcast. But Saturday he and Luvie bustle out to Gaithersburg, Maryland, to the 170-acre Pearson farm.

"Why do I have two pools, when most people have one?" says my boss. "Well, it's because I'm a bug on stopping soil erosion. When I was a young fellow in China I saw what devastation erosion had brought to China; and when I taught economic geography I did a lot of research on erosion... so once I saw signs of it on my farm, I had two pools dug to catch the drainage water before it could do any harm."

I think that gives you a pretty clear picture of all the Drew Pearsons that are combined in the one man. There's Drew the Quaker relief worker. Then there's Drew the bloodhound, who exposed Senator Bilbo's dream-house and war contract scandals, the Louisiana State Government scandals that wound up imprisoning Governor Richard K. Leche and his gang—and a hundred other big news stories. Then there's Drew the columnist, the broadcaster, the farmer, and the family man. And I work for them all!

Dear Editor

(Continued from page 25)

after the first two nights I played television host. She said "It's your stag party. I'm going out."

Domestic tranquillity won out, however, when she herself took an interest in sporting events. When she took to wrestling I knew that television had won a rare convert.

I must concede that all entertainment over my home receiver is not tops by any means. Dramatic technique has not shown any remarkable advances. I remember a performance of "Winter-set" I witnessed over a friend's set some years back as being superior—in my mind—to many of the plays I see today.

We like movies—even the old films and foreign productions. The reels are not top-drawer entertainment but I've always been a lover of Grade Bs.

I am certain the movie theaters will never be put out of business by television. My teen-age son still prefers seeing movies in a theater with his best date. And I think I understand it.

It's the things that go along with television that get my goat. Like the telephone call that comes in the midst of dramatic action.

Among my pet peeves, the one that irritates me most is the prolonged use of a title slide that fills the screen until a program actually begins. I think that every program should actually get under way at the precise scheduled moment. I'm also annoyed when a program is blacked out without any accompanying announcement as to why the cut was made. Another nuisance—not a fault of the broadcasters—is the constant mugging of persons seated in pick-up range of the television cameras at sports and news events.

Guests at my home exasperate me no end when they insist on toying with the dials during a program. Just turning knobs for the sake of seeing what will happen is a pesky pastime.

During afternoon sports events, I think television keeps my oldest boy indoors too much. I got so concerned about this that I blew him to two tickets to a football game because I wanted him to get some fresh air.

Comedy can stand improvement—particularly in the use of bigger names. Quizzes are usually more amusing than the radio variety.

The how-to-do-it features click with us in a big way. I've learned quite a bit about home handicraft and have even started amateur drawing as a result of peeking-in on instruction features. All of which augurs well for the future of television as a mass educational medium, I guess.

I've taken quite an interest in all television news. I feel that my \$435 investment entitles me to it.

Television has done a swell job in filming distant news events and rushing them to the transmitter for telecasting. But there's much more fun in seeing an event *while* it is happening. I'd rather take my news "instantaneous" than by delayed film.

We take tremendous interest in political talks. There's something to seeing and hearing a speaker that shows him in a true light. I'm sure that television was an important vote-getting device in this year's campaigning.

And, speaking of votes, mine is for bigger and better television! In every home—above all, the landlord's—Anonymous.

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Come and Visit Ed Gardner

(Continued from page 33)

a long, dark moment. "Play with me!" "In a moment, darling," his mother said. "Stevie doesn't feel well. He has a stomach ache."

At this Eddie bellowed. He had a stomach ache too. Such a stomach ache. His mother should rock him!

It went on like that all day. If the baby cried—and he cried a lot, "probably because I was tense and he knew it," Simone admits—Eddie stumbled over nothing and scratched his knee, and had to have Bandaid service immediately. If the baby required changing, Eddie suddenly developed buttoning trouble of his own.

"And I was all alone," Simone reminds Ed.

"All this hassle at home," Ed marvels at this, "and me away, having all that fun writing jokes."

"There was nothing funny here," Simone responds with some pique. "No laughs at all."

By the time Ed got home from the office—it had been a long, hard day with the script—he was exhausted. And so pleased to find the house quiet . . . Stevie had fallen asleep at last, exhausted from his crying, and Eddie, with mama all his own again, had gone to his own bed blissfully content.

"And do you remember what was the first thing you said to me?" Simone asks him accusingly.

Ed has completely forgotten.

"You said you were so tired, you thought you'd have a nap!"

Worn-out Daddy slept on the sofa in the study from 7:30 until 10:30.

"Right through dinner," Simone says, with some satisfaction.

Simone managed to stay upright through dinner, through the baby's waking and crying and feeding and sleeping again, through calls from Eddie for drinks of water, a toy to sleep with, another hug and kiss from mama.

"I tottered downstairs," she reports. "And there was that man stretched out, smiling in his sleep, completely dead to the world."

"I was so furious," she says, "that I . . . I woke him up!"

It was only the first of these two-are-not-as-easy-as-one days, so they could still laugh.

"So," Ed says, "I take it back. It isn't a cinch. But you have to admit that some days we have fun."

That they do.

They have fun, most days, with their children. The day after Black Thursday, Ed went shopping and bought Eddie a pair of professional boxing gloves.

"He can take his grudges out on me, from now on," he explained, "instead of his mother."

"Or his brother," says Simone, who really read that book.

While he was at the store, Ed thought he might as well really pacify Eddie—and he fought his way through the women shoppers in the boys' wear department.

He made a vague and frightened gesture over the counters of shirts, pants, overalls, cowboy suits when the clerk came up.

"Give me a hundred dollars' worth, I said," he reports, "making like the Big Spender."

What size? the clerk wanted to know. Oh, dear, did he have to know that? How old was the little boy?

Eddie was four, but big, his father indicated, marking Eddie's approximate height at somewhere around his middle.

The salesgirl, looking doubtful, said maybe he would take a six, and bundled up one hundred dollars' worth in that size.

"He couldn't get his toe into them," Ed reports proudly. "Had to take them all back and get eights. The kid's training to be a tackle. Already weighs sixty pounds!"

Eddie indeed is an all-round athlete. Challenges his father daily to handstands. Swims like a fish in the pretty pool the family has had built in the backyard. Is merciless with Ed—who plays brilliant tennis—when he reports an only adequate score at golf.

Simone has adapted herself to the rugged standards set by her men-folk, plays a very nice game of tennis herself.

Her really favorite sport, though, Ed says ruefully, is "going to Magnin's."

His weakness is equally expensive, Simone retorts with some justice. Ed recently acquired a 55-foot Alden yawl, the Malabar VII, and although he went on his first half-dozen cruises equipped with a pocket edition of *How to Sail a Boat*, he already is a seasoned sailor.

The Malabar VII won second place this season in the annual Ensenada race, but Ed gives all credit to his crew. He is the only Skipper on record, he will

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tell you, who ever won a race in a prone position. However, he keeps a high polish on the silver trophy which resulted from the victory.

The silver cup, and a huge picture of the boat, have places of honor in the Gardners' drawing room—which, like the rest of the white brick house the family moved into last November, is invitingly informal.

They really use their house, live—and hard—in every room, according to Simone who planned the colorful French provincial interiors to take wear and tear, as well as to look charming. "Could be the house is too small," Ed admits, now that the new baby has come. They moved from a 14-room mansion which was just too rich for Archie's blood, and found the pretty little chalet comfortable until the advent of Stevie and nurse crowded them out of their upstairs suite into a guest room, with only one bath, on the first floor.

ED, who is spoiled—"I like my own dressing room"—began at this point to talk about adding rooms, remodeling. "He even brought home a carpenter's kit," Simone recalls. "I was frightened. I was afraid he'd hurt himself."

But she needn't have worried. He didn't open it. He soothes his claustrophobic panics by gazing across their garden and pool to the lush greens of the California Country Club which adjoins their property in the back.

"Biggest back yard in California," Ed brags. "Sixty-two gardeners all working for me for free."

A cook and butler, driver,—and of course the nurse—work for Ed on another basis, and keep busy.

It is not just that the family is growing. Things keep jumping in the Gardner house. Ed and Simone have a vast circle of friends. Friends from the yachting world, the tennis world, Simone's old friends from France and, surprisingly, Ed's grand opera and high society pals, rub elbows around the bar or Ed's "saloon piano" at the Gardners' frequent, happily informal parties.

Lauritz Melchior and Helen Traubel, who can sing, and Ed, who can't, make a great trio.

The Melchiors love to tell people how they found the Gardners' house the first time they were invited to dinner after the moving.

They had no address, only Ed's fairly vague directions. He hadn't found out yet how to find the place himself, he told them.

It was moonlight, and Lauritz drove very slowly through the curved streets of Bel Air, rejecting house after house as impossible.

Suddenly in their path loomed a dog, and Lauritz slammed on the brakes. The dog was a friendly dog, and in no hurry; she was awkward and ugly but loving; her ancestry was extremely conglomerate.

"This is it," Melchior boomed to his wife, turning without hesitation into the driveway. "Nobody in Bel Air but Ed Gardner would have a dog like that."

Anything—that's the dog's name—ambled down the drive after them, arrived to welcome them just as Ed opened the front door.

"Come in," he shouted. "Simone is in the kitchen supervising the soup. The kids are asleep, at last, thank the Lord. Now we can make some noise. Come in... come in... take off your coats... take off your shoes if you want to."

And another evening at Archie's was under way.

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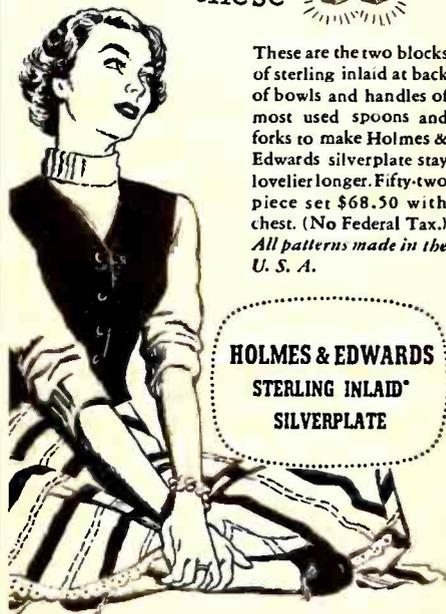
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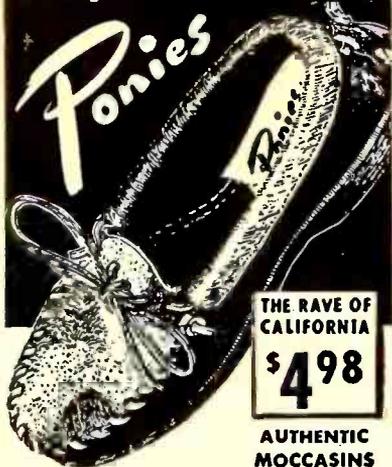
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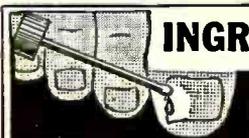
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Mary Kay and Johnny

(Continued from page 50)

although, as he says, "Because of the pass I always had to sit in a box, thus giving me an oblique theatrical view of things." While he was in school in Boston and Florida Johnny wrote for school papers and acted in little theater groups, school plays and summer stock.

Mary Kay got an even earlier introduction to the stage. She made her first professional appearance at the Pasadena Playhouse at the age of 2½—she did a bunny dance. By the time she was 14, she'd made up her mind that she wanted nothing in this world more than to be an actress. Unlike Johnny, she had no theatrical background in the family. Her father was a banker, and his father had been a banker, and he was very much opposed to Mary Kay's even thinking about a stage career. Undaunted, Mary Kay got a job in "Music City," a record store in Hollywood, to pay for acting lessons with Zeke Colvin, former stage manager for Ziegfeld. She then went on to two years in the Actor's Lab, famous experimental group in Hollywood. She was just 19 in August, 1945 when she followed her fluttering heart to New York.

Johnny can laugh now about his breathless dash from the campus to Hollywood, but it didn't seem so funny at the time. When he finally landed a screen test at Paramount, the test went on from 8 one morning until 8 that night. "I didn't know whether the trouble was with me or the camera," Johnny remembers, "until the next day when I went in, confident I was going to sign a seven-year contract, and I was offered the job of carpenter! I told them I was insulted—but I'd take it. So I made the water rough while Gary Cooper rescued the heroine in 'Souls at Sea,' cleaned up after the camels for Irene Dunne in 'High, Wide, and Handsome,' etc., etc." Frustration gave Johnny a case of ulcers, so he came back East to New Hampshire where his mother, Edith Bond Stearns, and he operate the Peterborough Players Summer Theater. He started getting parts in Broadway shows and appeared briefly in almost every movie made in New York in the past two years.

Mary Kay landed a job two months after she hit New York. She was an understudy in "Dear Ruth" and later got a part. When the show closed in July 1946, she did "Charlie's Aunt" in summer stock, first at Martha's Vine-

yard and then—and here comes fate—then at the Peterborough Players! It didn't take the pretty little ingenue and the young co-owner of the Peterborough Players long to discover each other. A few months later they were married.

Johnny was becoming very much interested in television at that time, and he got Mary Kay interested too. This was not particularly difficult since, if it involved acting, his young wife was half sold at the start. While thinking about a show idea, Johnny realized that their newly-married state was a constant source of material. Mary Kay's cute, naive approach to her new domestic duties supplied him with endless anecdotes, so why not build a show around their real-life experiences? In record time they had Mary Kay and Johnny sold to Dumont—with Johnny handling all the writing and producing chores and Mary Kay appearing in "Strange Bedfellows" at the same time. Before the show left Dumont to go on WNBT, where it is now seen and heard on Sundays from 7:00 to 7:20 P.M., the young Stearnses had received 26,000 letters, telegrams and postcards, as well as numerous presents. Their show has been mentioned in every "most popular" video poll to date too.

Last summer, between the end of their Dumont stint and the start of their NBT series, they had their first vacation in two years. They went up to the farm in Peterborough. To demonstrate why he contends that Mary Kay is a walking plot, Johnny tells about the trip up. "We took the midnight train, and I found that to save money Mary Kay had reserved only one berth. The trip proved rather hectic when I discovered that she had smuggled into the berth her cat (a pure white Angora named Patricia) as well as a high-strung Pomeranian which she was keeping for a friend. After flipping a coin I ended up in the smoker making faces at the Pom." That incident and things like the time they attended an antique auction while up in New Hampshire, got separated, and wound up bidding against one another for a pair of captain's chairs, will undoubtedly appear before the cameras on their show.

They are writing a third party into the script in December. They don't care if it's a boy or a girl, but they're awfully glad it's getting into their act!

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Don't Miss "Young Men of Boxing" by Lewis Burton in the December **SPORT** magazine.

"It Never Hurts to Try!"

(Continued from page 43)

Costello programs, both the Kid Show on Saturday and the Wednesday night one on ABC, ever since they started. And so I heard the prize contest announcement—\$30,000 in prizes for the most sincere letter beginning "I want to fight juvenile delinquency because . . ."

"Well," I said to myself, "that is a subject I know something about—children. It won't hurt to try, and who knows? Maybe I can win!"

After supper that evening I sat down and wrote. I'm not a writer, and I doubt that my letter had anything like "style" or "literary merit," but I know it was sincere. The judges—Eddie Cantor, Vincent Flaherty, and Arthur Stebbins—especially noted that quality of sincerity, I've been told.

I DON'T remember now exactly how I worded it, but I tried to put into that letter all the love and understanding Daddy and I had given our children. I tried to express my belief that the best way to fight juvenile delinquency is to give children that love and understanding—before they are delinquent. Daddy and I know, from experience, that there are no "bad" children. There are children who make mistakes and who get wrong ideas, but we believe that such children are the victims of poor home training or of poor parental example.

Children are great mimics. If you don't want them to do a thing, don't do it yourself or they will imitate you. And don't promise them anything you don't intend to do—because they will lose faith in you, and then in others, and first thing you know you have a "bad" child on your hands, maybe even a "delinquent" child. Kindness, patience, firmness but no nagging—those are the rules we followed and believe in. And we would put kindness first on the list.

I wrote these ideas as best I could, and I mailed my letter—with a silent prayer. I didn't expect to win, but I hoped and I kept on praying. That was on May 7—and on July 10 my prayers were answered. Since then, it's been a fantasy out of the Arabian Nights!

Jim Moore of Shenandoah's station KMA broke it to us gently, or I'm sure I'd have fainted dead away. He came around and said that I'd won \$100 for the best letter received from KMA's audience, and he wanted us to come to the station next day to have our pictures taken. That was wonderful enough, but when he broke the news that my letter had won the grand prize—well, I cried! I still can hardly believe it—the suddenness of it, the excitement, the speed with which wonders mounted upon wonders.

Imagine it—two simple, hardworking, God-fearing grandparents lifted from a little Shenandoah apartment and set down bodily in a beautiful suite at the Hollywood Plaza Hotel, in the very heart of the magic movie and radio city. It was all so quick, from the first news to the time we boarded the train for California, that Daddy in his excitement even forgot to bring his watch!

So that you'll understand why we two remained in a daze practically all through our visit, I'll have to tell you a little about our early lives. Both Daddy and I were farm children from Missouri. We married young, and Daddy has worked, long and hard,

LITTLE LULU

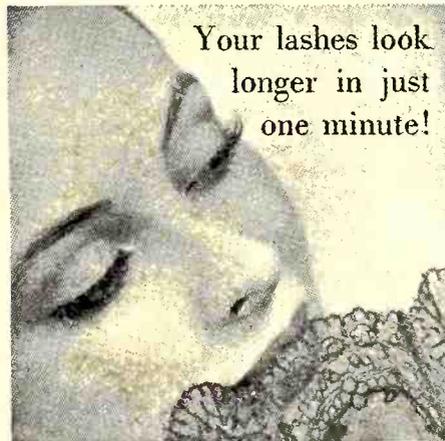


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since he was seventeen. Farm laborer, construction worker—all kinds of jobs he's had. I remember in the depression after World War I he walked six miles a day to catch a ride for some work sixty miles away. The children came, and we both had to work harder. I did all the washing, ironing, cooking, mending, and cleaning for the family, and we could never afford even so much as a hired girl to help. If I wearied of my endless work, I could always look at Daddy—bent and sweating out in the hot midwestern fields of a summer day, or plodding through bitter winter snows to get to some job, any job, that would keep us going.

ONCE, after much saving and skimping, we thought we had "arrived." We bought our own little farm. It was wonderful—and we lost it. We began our "travels" again around Missouri and Iowa. During the last war we moved to Tucson, Ariz., where Daddy worked in an airplane factory. But mostly, for the past fifteen years, we lived in Shenandoah. We had many bad times, but the children never went hungry. We always went to church, and read the Bible, and said grace before meals, and no matter what happened we found courage to carry on. We had to nurse the children, each in turn, through childhood's usual diseases—measles, scarlet fever, and the rest. When Carl, our youngest boy, was seven he had pneumonia, and for a time we feared we would lose him. We prayed, and he pulled through. We prayed all through the war when Carl, now a grown young man, was in the army and served in the Aleutians. During his training days, I visited him in California. Then I went by bus. This time...

We traveled in style. We were guests of Abbott and Costello, two grand gentlemen and most sincere in their work for the Lou Costello, Jr., Youth Foundation, their living memorial to Lou's tragically lost little boy. Guests of these great stars, we appeared on their radio programs. We visited movie studios where we met other stars. We dined at the Brown Derby. Mrs. Costello took us to Slapsy Maxie's night club, where we were "spotlighted" and Tony Martin dedicated a song to us. We were guests at a grand barbecue party at lovely Brenda Joyce's, where we met other celebrities. We joined the Costellos on their yacht for a trip to Catalina. We had sight-seeing tours through the beautiful streets of Beverly Hills and Bel-Air. We saw the majestic Pacific, and the exciting horse races at Hollywood Park—quite a contrast to the races we had seen at small county fairs! So many exciting things we did, so many celebrities we met—and people asking us for our autographs!

And the prizes! That \$5,000 mink coat and that \$3,000 trailer; the \$1,250 diamond ring, the \$1,200 jewel chest, the \$1,300 watches, the \$3,000 sedan—so many fabulous items I can scarcely call them off without a list. No wonder one of the ABC representatives, meeting our train, made that quip about Daddy.
"What line of work do you follow, Mr. Lawrence?" he asked.
"Right now," said Daddy, "I'm unemployed."
"You mean yesterday you were unemployed. Today you're retired!"
We are keeping the new car, and we're giving the "real, live baby elephant" to the Costello foundation. (It wouldn't be very happy in a small

apartment, and besides it will bring a lot of happiness to the kids—of all races, creeds and colors—at the playground.) We are selling most of the other things, not because we wouldn't enjoy some of them, but because we want cash to fulfill a dream. That \$4,795 airplane is no temptation to either of us, because Daddy and I have never been in the air and don't intend to start flying now. The mink coat I'd love, but not as much as I'd love the realization of our dream.

Our dream is of a little home of our own, with "just a little ground to raise a good garden," as Daddy says. Into that home perhaps, we can put the gas range we won, and the \$1,000 heating and cooling system, and the tile kitchen and bath, and a few of the more practical and useful prizes.

We have both fallen in love with California, and it may be that we'll find that dream here if prices come down. On the other hand, Iowa has a warm place in our hearts, and we'd think long before deciding to move so far away from our children's homes in Iowa, Minnesota and Missouri. Not long ago little granddaughter Patricia was pretty sick in Minnesota, and as soon as we heard we caught a bus and got to her bedside. As a grandma, I like to think that our visit made her get well faster. And I like to know that I can reach any of their homes on short notice if need be. So maybe we'll settle on Iowa after all, despite the entrancing flowers and climate of California.

Right now we're not rushing to make decisions. When our merry round of Hollywood life is finished, we'll rest up on our two weeks' free vacation (another prize) at El Rancho Hotel in Las Vegas. We hear there is gambling in Nevada, but don't worry about us on that score. We're looking forward mainly to the wonderful scenery we've heard about, to the cool, starlit desert nights, and to a real rest.

SOMEONE has asked me if I don't regret that this great good fortune of ours was delayed, if I don't wish it had happened in the days when we were struggling to raise our family. That's a hard question. It would have been a great help then, of course. The children might have had "advantages" we couldn't give them, like nicer clothes, and a few luxuries to brighten their growing days. As parents we might have had fewer worries about groceries, doctor bills, house rent and expenses generally.

But probably it's just as well that it happened now. Life is a struggle in any circumstances, and people grow strong—or soft—according to the way they meet it. Daddy and I, and later the children, had to meet it head-on, under our own power, and we figure we came out on top. The children are healthy and strong, and they're good American citizens, and they're rearing good families of their own, and that's the important thing. So our prize money came after we'd done our jobs as parents, and it's satisfying to know that—however grateful we are for winning—we did those jobs as most plain Americans do. Without help, I mean, other than God's.

And what if we hadn't won? Well, we'd have managed somehow, just as we always managed before. It might not have been easy, but we'd have done it. We're used to struggle, and misfortune doesn't get us down.

Neither, of course, does good fortune. We're happy that it happened to me—to us—just as I prayed it would. And it can happen to you!



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Coast to Coast in Television

(Continued from page 48)

fall, still have plenty of good football coming their way via WBKB. Nov. 6th Iowa at Illinois; Nov. 13th Northwestern at Notre Dame; Nov. 20th Indiana at Purdue; and Nov. 27th Washington at Notre Dame.

WMAL-TV, in Washington, D. C., has a very interesting show called *On Wings of Thought*. It features Robert L. Friend, a mentalist. He hypnotized three subjects on his regular Thursday night stint recently, and that was believed to be the first time anyone was hypnotized on a TV show. No reports of any viewers being hypnotized as a result of the show, although hypnotism is not permitted over the radio because listeners are often affected!

Many owners of television sets worry because with new improvements constantly being made, their sets will soon become obsolete. The British televisioner has no such problem. BBC passed a decree in the Fall that the present sets were adequate and all future sets will be turned out in exactly the same manner for several years to come.

Barry Wood, long one of radio's favorite crooners, not only produces and stars in his own CBS-TV show *Places Please* three times a week (Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, 7:15 to 7:30) but he is also the producer of a lively video show featuring the Korn Kobblers.

Operation Success, which we lauded as a one-shot over NBT a few months ago, is now a regularly-scheduled feature of the Dumont network. The show, which displays abilities of disabled war veterans, is done in cooperation with the Veterans Administration. Throughout the program employers are asked to phone in job offers. The program originates in New York and is also seen in Washington, D. C., Baltimore, Boston, and New Haven.

Cinderella Weekend, the prize-winning audience participation show is now being televised on Fridays for Detroit's 100,000 televisioners via WWJ-TV. The grand prize each week is a weekend trip to New York for two. The weekly selection is made on Fridays to coincide with the telecast.

Veterans in Cleveland with good war yarns to spin can tell them over WEWS on the television show called *Booty Bag*. Stories are always backed up with souvenirs and trophies and there are prizes for the best stories and most interesting souvenirs.



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Life With Sister

Margaret

(Continued from page 53) was so unconcerned about this episode that she didn't tell us about it for several days. We have never seen the little boy since. Maybe he was a mirage. On another occasion Margaret emerged from CBS after her Club 15 broadcast and was stopped by a nice-looking boy, who—instead of saying, "I'm Joe Doakes and you wrote my themes when we were in fifth grade together"—pulled that foggy line, "I'll bet you don't remember me!"

I'm the sort of person who would have said "No" thereby winning nothing except lasting enmity. Not Margaret. She hedged. "If you'll go on talking, I think I'll place your voice," she said. And there she stood, laughing and talking to the boy and tossing out key questions until she remembered where she had met him, and even what his Army rank had been. When you realize that we entertained about plenty-million service men during the war, you have to give the girl credit.

At yet another time she exhibited her customary poise and efficiency. For three days she helped me pack a trunk and several bags for a New York trip. She called the transfer company, dispatched my trunk, checked my airline reservations, checked hotel reservations, then sent me off to the beauty shop to get my hair done.

While I was gone my agent telephoned to say that I was to be tested for the Junior Miss show, so I would have to cut my New York trip short. Margaret telephoned the airline to move my reservations forward; telephoned the hotel and advanced the reservations; wired Betty Sullivan (columnist Ed Sullivan's daughter, who is one of my best friends); telephoned my aunt to make arrangements for us to meet in Detroit; then telephoned me to say—not that I was about to get the radio break of my life—but that she had bad news for me: my New York trip was being abbreviated.

I hung up and went back to the drier to let the news bake in.

Margaret hadn't been away from the telephone more than two seconds before our agent called again to say that I wouldn't be able to go to New York at all because rehearsals were to start at once.

Hang on to the handrail and follow this: Margaret telephoned the airlines, the hotel . . . well, she unwound everything she had just wound up. Then she called me, still as calm as a string quartet, and said soothingly, "You mustn't mind too much—there will be hundreds of future New York trips for you."

It was seven hours later that she and I and Eleanor, glooming over dinner, suddenly realized what a stupendous radio break the Junior Miss show represented for me. The local shingles are still warped from the shout that went up.

One more item of my sister's poise makes me a nail-biter in envy: her management of date problems is as smooth as an Astaire step. She gives the general impression, in a group, that she is showing everyone equal attention, but afterward she points out to me some of the things a girl can do to let a man know that he's special stuff.

Also, when our mother decided that the time was ripe, Margaret explained to me the things every girl must learn.

I personally think this was a better idea than being informed by Mother; you see, afterwards when I had a question, it was cosy and secret-sharing (and girls love to share secrets) for me to sneak into Margaret's room when she came home from a date, and whisper for hours.

Another endearing fact about my sister is that she is the most generous person you ever met. I don't have my own allowance and I really don't need one, because I'm allowed to charge the gasoline for my car, and my clothing is bought on my mother's charge account.

BUT when I do need an occasional dollar for stamps or stuff, I always know that Margaret will hand it over without ever asking a question. This might encourage some girls to take advantage, but I always tell Margaret what I'm going to do with the dough.

She is generous in another way, too. Few people realize that Margaret has been in show business since she was fourteen. She loves her work and she works hard.

During her years in show business Margaret has learned all the tricks of timing and has developed all the shadings of technique which add up to fine performance. During our long night sessions of yakity-yak, she has coached me in the methods that she had to learn without being tipped off in advance.

A lot of kids I know think that the routine in this world is (1) have talent, or pretend you have; (2) get a break; (3) buy an acre of automobile and a swimming pool entirely surrounded by house; (4) live happily ever after.

Margaret has pointed out to me that it would be super if this were the way the world operates, but that it plain isn't. She knows the value of a buck if anyone ever did, and she has let me in on the secret that dimes aren't found in daisy-centers.

She's practical. I may not be that yet, but at least I have the brains to understand that in this world you've got to do a good job, you've got to give your best, and you've got to go right on improving yourself.

She always has a goal just ahead. Margaret is now taking drama lessons, ballet lessons, and also a course in physical conditioning. She wants to progress from her radio and recording successes to leads in Broadway shows. After that, she would like to do musical comedy in motion pictures.

With that kind of upward-and-onward Brave New World example staring at me across the breakfast table every morning there is no chance of me turning into Miss Sloth of 1950.

Another smooth thing about my sister is that she has the knack of saying the right thing at the right time. When 20th Century-Fox dropped my option with a mighty thud, Margaret merely observed, "Metro passed up Astaire, but now see what they pay him for one picture! I don't feel sorry for you at all; you'll hit the top. I feel sorry for people who don't have talent in the first place and who, in the second, drown themselves in their own tears."

Margaret has a super clothes sense, which comes in handy for me as I can wear all of her things, but she can't wear many of mine (too short). About the only garment she snatches out of my closet is an antique pair of blue jeans which have reached that perfect

state hall: a between newness and total ventilation.

I can wear her evening gowns (when she isn't around), her sweaters, skirts, and date dresses. I look sensational in her fur coat, and even if her silver-brocaded evening slippers are a trifle too large, I've acted out the better parts of "Gone With The Wind" before the mirror, while wearing them. They make me feel utterly Southern Belle.

Southern Bawl was more the way she felt about it when she noticed that I had scuffed one of the heels.

Before Margaret was born I think Mother must have been frightened by an electrical transformer station which is one of the orderliest places on earth.

Margaret has a spot for everything, and brother, everything has to be in its spot. She says, and I hope you'll pardon the expression, that I keep my room "loused" up all the time and that when I get sick of the muddle in there, I move into her room.

Out of self-defense, she tidies up my room as well as hers. She makes a fuss while she's sorting, folding, hanging, and dresser-drawing, but things look elegant when she has finished.

Margaret is a junior Elsa Maxwell at planning parties. When I'm going to have a gang in or an evening of hot dogs, cokes, and divertissement (whatever that means), she is always able to suggest things to do. First she thinks we should play records (especially hers—plug) and dance. She sticks around to teach us various new steps which the girls usually know but the boys don't. She has a sixth sense about which guest is self-conscious and which is a spotlight hound; she puts the first at ease and the second at changing records.

Barbara

(Continued from page 53)

know more about the mechanical gadgets of our era than I did when I was their age. They know more about geography, politics, music and art, too.

Speaking of mechanical gadgets: Barbara—who is just past seventeen—has been driving her own car for almost a year now. Mother and I nearly disjointed ourselves keeping our fingers crossed for the first few months of Barbara's solo driving. She is the only known human being to turn our garage corner with one wheel touching the driveway. The squeal of that tire could be heard for miles. During the meat shortage, neighbors used to rush helpfully into the street looking for the pig that had just been slaughtered.

However, this was a brief phase. She and her friends have seen too many gory results of speed, scattered along the California highways, to persist in taking chances. Most of Barbara's group are careful, considerate, and slow drivers. Also they keep their cars in fine mechanical condition because they know from rebuilding motors that when the tarposis begins to wheeze it is time to have the naranthus adjusted.

Of course, this mastery of motors sometimes gives Barbara and her friends a sense of being in full over-seership of their environment. For instance, Barbara—emerging from her bedroom where she had been reading a magazine—descended the stairs announcing at the top of her lungs, "I do not like the way Betty Grable is doing her hair these days. It isn't as becoming as some of her earlier styles."

When she bounced into the living room to discover that Mother and I

I don't want to give the impression that she is too excruciatingly perfect, because she isn't. For instance, she got hold of my diary—the one written when I was an immature child of fifteen—and read a great deal of it. At that time I thought I was in love with Peter Lawford. Now that I am seventeen, I feel sure it wasn't true love, but only fascination. Nevertheless, this was part of my development and I think she should have allowed me to develop in private without quoting certain breathless passages.

Here's another sore spot: Margaret has a perfectly loathsome habit of showing guests my juvenile pictures, taken when I still had my baby fat. I tried to retaliate by showing some of her early pictures, but they happen to be cute, so I was baffled and stuff.

Just when I have reached the conclusion, after one of the ghastly Old Family Album evenings, that it would be better if Margaret and I went our separate ways and met only as acquaintances forever after, she has to go away on a personal appearance tour.

The second or third night of her absence I discover, foolish me, that I am so homesick and lonesome for her that I can't stand it. I moon around the house missing her noise, missing her grownup nonsense. I play her favorite song, "Someone To Watch Over Me" over and over. And I sneak into her room and sleep in her bed just to feel nearer to her. So far I have never sent her a telegram reading, "Come home at once, all is forgiven," but I may, yet.

I guess the final word on an older sister is that sometimes she is sure to go sour, but most of the time she's absolutely super.

were entertaining guests, she was the epitome of calm. She showed the magazine cover around the group, repeating her disapproval of Miss Grable's pictured coiffeur. Then she stalked out, happy at having asserted herself.

It seems to me that the current young crop is always on the hunt for news and facts. They are glued together with curiosity. Recently Mother and I came home from a shopping tour and found Barbara quizzing the Fuller Brush man.

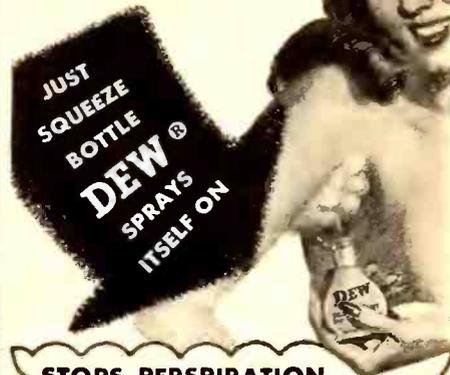
For the next two weeks we heard little except brush statistics and anecdotes from the life of a door-to-door salesman. We kept expecting these nuggets to run out but when the vein seemed—at the end of the second week—as rich as it was the day Barbara told the gentleman goodbye, we questioned her more closely about the length of his visit. He had talked with Barbara for almost four hours!

OUR entire family is naturally gregarious. We like people, but Barbara has inherited the Whiting inclination kingsize. Her idea of the perfect household is the three of us plus three to five house guests. Her idea of the perfect dinner table is that at which not less than eight persons are seated. I think she is a throwback to the great days of the south when flocks of cousins descended upon a commodious plantation house and stayed for six months.

Having surrounded herself with guests, Barbara then interprets them as members of the family in good standing. She does little to entertain them, leaving everyone to his own devices, which seems to please the guests very much; in no time, they're at ease.

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It seems to me that Barbara and her friends are more realistic in their social behavior than my gang was at seventeen. We tried too hard; we were too conscious of what the etiquette books said. Not this junior crop! I have strolled into a silent room, thinking it was empty, only to surprise four or five happy characters with their noses buried in reading matter covering an intellectual span from comic books to Shakespeare.

Another wonderful thing about Barbara is that she is professionally gallant. Her two best girl friends are Peggy Ann Garner and Peggy Knudsen, and she thinks each is "positively" tops in her field. At present it is a great thing among them to refer to one another as "Ingrid" in honor of their heroine Miss Bergman. To be called "Ingrid" is the compliment supreme.

Barbara's professional gallantry withstood one of the most difficult tests of all: that of being applied within her own family. Ever since we could remember there has been one particular song, written by my father, which was regarded as Barbara's property.

She sang it on special family occasions. She roared it in the shower. It was as intimate a belonging as her toothbrush. Or as mine—which is practically the only thing I own which she doesn't borrow.

The song was so catchy that it was inevitable that someone should hear it and ask me to sing it, merely because I have the reputation for being the singer in the family whereas Barbara has the reputation for being the comedienne. The time will come when Barbara will make me look like an also-ran, I'm afraid, because she has a lovely voice. I doubt if, when that day arrives, I will be able to equal her as a comic.

I talked over the making of this song recording with my mother and she agreed that it was going to be rough to take Barbara's pet into the nation's juke boxes with my label on it and my voice waxed in the grooves. But there didn't seem to be much else to do. We wanted Dad's music to live and this was one way of keeping it alive.

When we talked it over with Barbara, she was wonderful. She didn't ask why the recording couldn't be postponed a few years until she had undergone training enough to be the singer. She simply started to coach me.

SHE coached me right up to the door of the recording studio. This might have been a little hard to take under other circumstances, because I sort of think I know something about putting over a song, but I realized that this anxiety of Barbara's to have the number turned out exactly as she thought it should be styled was pretty sweet. She could have been bitter and heart-sick, but she was too completely the trouper to let such emotions enter her head. That's how "Pass that Peace Pipe" was made.

And she's such a good sport that she changed her favorite tune. It is now "Somewhere Over The Rainbow."

Most girls Barbara's age are telephone-hounds. Thank heaven, she isn't. Our telephone rings, rings, rings from dawn until dawn; if any single member of the family held up the line for more than ten minutes, that person would have to be gagged, bound, and hidden in a chest to keep the telephone company from launching an investigation.

Probably the shortest calls of all are those placed by or received by Barbara.

Her technique is clarion, but effective. "Hello," she yells, "what do you want? Anything special? Just to talk? What about?" That defeats the would-be conversationalist because practically no one who is going to talk more than three minutes has any idea *what* he or she is going to talk about.

My little sister is not perfect, of course. Who is? I find that some of her worst faults are her most refreshing attributes. For instance, she almost never allows anyone to finish a sentence. She interrupts in a clear and ringing voice. At times this habit has annoyed me to suds-in-her-mouth.

That this is not entirely a fault was revealed to me at a dinner party one night when I was on the verge of finishing a sentence that would have been the *faux pas* of the season. Barbara cut me off at the safe mark and the next day I bought her some perfume.

"Don't get it," said my kid sister. "One day I get a lecture on manners because I interrupt, and the next day I earn perfume for the same thing." But she understood perfectly. She was just having fun with me.

Another fault for which I haven't found a counterpart virtue is her determination to investigate everything in my room when I'm not at home. Several years ago she turned up a diary in which I had been spilling my girlish heart. She memorized long passages and for months afterward she would stare into the middle distance as she passed me like a sleepwalker, and recite some of the beautiful thoughts I had been fool enough to trust to a diary. I suppose I should have been cagier: after all, the closed covers of *any* book are an invitation, let alone the book in which your elder sister has been spilling the secrets of her grown-up, madly exciting (Barbara hopes) life.

Quite by accident I discovered the journal she was keeping at the time she worshiped Peter Lawford from afar. Mother and I tried the Barbara technique on Barbara with enormous lack of Barbara approval. My, my—the things she said.

Neither of us keeps a diary nowadays, but either of us could with entire safety.

Barbara thinks about the future with realism. She works hard at her singing, drama, dancing, and physical education because she wants to be not only a great comedienne, but a great dramatic actress. She'll succeed, I'm certain, because she has both the talent and the dynamic drive such a career demands.

HOWEVER, at the end of this dramatic rainbow, Barbara sees—not the traditional pot of Fort Knox huckleberries—but a hundred closets filled with clothes. She hopes to hit the list of ten best-dressed women by the time she is twenty-one, and she plans to keep up that Hooper until she wears the world's smartest shroud.

Meanwhile, she admits with a guileless smile, she will have to be contented with the things she finds in my closet, a paltry collection.

When I make a trip to New York I always plan to lock my room and hide the key, but I never go through with it. Reason one: by the time I reach New York I am so hungry for the sight of that junior miss—even wearing my newest and most prized evening gown—that I telephone her and suggest that she run through my possessions in search of something she really likes.

By that time she usually has complied in advance.

My sister is also efficient, you see.

Another Woman

(Continued from page 65)

for good, just made it that much worse." "But I am through!" Portia cried. "The Mason murder trial was my last case. And once Walter has all the facts, he'll see why I had to go back to the law just this once."

"Oh, you poor dear!" Leslie looked ready to cry. "And now it's too late! Oh, dear, this is so awkward and painful. When he first told me he wasn't going to let you know, I pleaded with him, told him he simply must send you some word. But you know how stubborn he can be—"

"Will you stop talking in circles?" Portia almost shouted. She was shaking; the cut-crystal bottles on Leslie's dressing table were dancing before her eyes. She felt that she couldn't endure another moment of Leslie's deliberate torture, that she had to escape or explode. "Just tell me where he is! Where is he?"

"He's gone, Portia. His plane left at two this afternoon."

Portia felt the floor move under her feet, saw the room tilt around her. Walter was gone—this was the truth. The rest of it—Leslie's chatter about begging Walter to write to Portia, the false sympathy—were so much poisoned froth and probably exactly the opposite of what had really taken place . . . but she could no longer doubt that Walter had gone. Leslie was too sure of herself, too triumphant, for it not to be true. Somehow she'd managed it; somehow she'd managed to send Walter thousands of miles from Parkerstown and Portia.

"He couldn't." The words were the merest whisper out of her swollen throat. "Not Walter. He couldn't—"

"Until you told me," Leslie agreed, her voice thick with sympathy, "I wouldn't have believed he could, either. Oh, I know he told me it was over between you, but I thought he was just angry, and—well, you know how men are. Don't let it hurt you too much, Portia. Any man who'd do such a thing isn't worth thinking about. You're still young and lovely. In your place, I'd forget Walter Manning ever existed."

Portia let the syrupy words slide over her, hardly hearing them, not caring. Nothing mattered any more. She was hardly aware of Leslie; all there was in the world was the fact that Walter had gone and her own unbearable pain.

"But why?" she asked brokenly. "Why did he do it?"

"I—oh there's no use saying I don't know. All I can tell you were his reasons. Are—are you sure you want to hear them?"

Portia nodded dumbly, fighting the pain within her, fighting faintness. "I've got to hear them."

"Well, he—" Then she started slightly, as if, after having been rapt in concern for Portia, she suddenly remembered herself. "But—my—ah—guest! Will you go down to the lobby and wait for me, Portia? It'll take me only a few minutes to send my—my friend—away and to slip into a dress. Can you wait ten minutes?"

Again Portia nodded; she even permitted Leslie to take her arm, lead her to the door to the foyer. Leslie opened the door an inch or two, glanced into the foyer, and whispered, "Don't say anything as you go through the foyer. I'll tell my friend you were my maid. And I'll see you downstairs in a few minutes."

"I understand." Leslie held the door open, and Portia passed through. The faintness was creeping up on her; she could hardly feel her legs move; the door to the hall wavered and blurred before her eyes. She had reached it; the knob turned under her nerveless hand. Behind her, as in a dream, she heard Leslie start toward the front of the apartment, heard a man's voice calling, "Leslie, was that—"

Portia stopped. The faintness filled her vision, roared in her ears. Then suddenly it was gone, and sights and sounds were vibrantly clear.

"—was that my package? I'd like to get a fresh shirt out of it," the man's voice went on. It was coming into the foyer. Walter's voice.

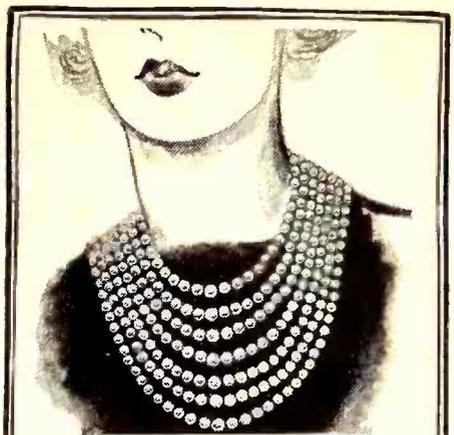
Portia turned. "Walter—"
"Portia!"

Leslie's words leaped into the silence that followed, like chips sucked into a vacuum. "Oh, Portia, I only wanted to spare you, to keep you from knowing—"

"How did you get here?" Walter demanded to know. "When—"

Leslie rustled forward to stand beside him, between Portia and Walter. Appealingly she turned to Portia. "Believe me, I did the only thing I could do—under the circumstances."

The circumstances were obvious—Leslie in the clinging, champagne



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negligee, Walter in shirt sleeves and his eyes heavy, his hair ruffled, as if he'd been napping.

"The circumstances," he repeated, and took his dazed eyes from Portia to look at Leslie. "Now just a second, Leslie," he began sharply. But she rushed on.

"It's too late to try to hide the truth from her, Walter. And perhaps it's better this way. She had to know some time. I did try to protect all of us, at first. I told her you'd already left for Ankara. I thought it was kinder than telling the truth. Or—would you rather I had told her?"

"No—I—Portia—Oh, dear God in heaven, I didn't mean that it should be like this. You see, I have to go, Portia. Everything's all set, my visas, my tickets . . . there's no way out—"

HIS eyes pleaded with her, mirroring the pain in hers. Leslie's exquisite head faced to a mere shadow between them; Portia was remembering another woman who had come between them, was remembering a summer afternoon on a Long Island beach two years ago. . . .

I'm partly to blame, Walter. I knew what Elaine was like; I should have known she was lying. As it was, oh Walter darling, I was so frightened, so terrified of losing you—

He'd held her hard by the shoulders, forcing her to meet his eyes. *Let me get this thing straight, Portia. Are you saying that even though you believed Elaine Arden's lies, you were still willing to forgive me, to go on living with me?*

That doesn't sound as if I had much pride, does it? But I love you so much that without you—without you, there's no point in living.

He'd taken her in his arms, and if heaven is knowing one thing surely, forever, she'd been in heaven then with the sureness of his love.

My darling—maybe you don't realize what kind of woman I've got as a wife. How many women could love their men enough to forgive them for the kind of thing you thought I'd done?

I was a fool not to trust you, Walter. And I'll never be stupid like that again. I promise.

And now, facing him with Leslie between them, she thought, "And I still do trust him. I don't believe any of this. It's like a masquerade. Only—is this really Walter?" He looks so tired and beaten and old. Something terrible has happened to him."

"I don't understand," she said aloud. "I won't believe it until I've heard you say it in so many words. Look at me and tell me you're through, Walter—really through with Parkerstown and with me."

"I—" He couldn't finish, and she knew that he was remembering, too . . . remembering four years of living and loving each other, remembering Elaine Arden, remembering the times they had been separated and had come together again.

"For heaven's sake, Walter," Leslie burst out, "what are you waiting for? Tell her, and then she'll go. The longer this drags on, the more embarrassing it is for all of us. For my sake and yours, Walter, tell her that it's over!"

He said the words, said them with agonizing slowness, as if they were pried out of him. "I'm leaving for Ankara, Portia, at midnight. I don't know when I'll be back. I'd planned to wire you from the airport just before the plane left."

"I see," said Portia, wondering that you could feel your heart split open and still go on breathing.

Leslie crossed to the door. "I'm terribly sorry you had to find it out like this, Portia . . . but won't you go now? This is all very distressing for all of us—" She opened the door.

"Walter still hasn't told me that he's through—with me," Portia said steadily. "I'm not going until he does."

"Good heavens!" Leslie whirled upon her. "Where's your pride? Isn't the situation all too obvious without having it put into words? Must you keep insisting—"

Walter crossed over and shut the door. "This is between Portia and me, Leslie. Please stay out of it."

"Stay out of it?" Leslie cried shrilly. "It just so happens that this concerns me as much as it does you, and—"

"No, it doesn't," said Walter grimly. "Not since Portia's come to New York. If she'd stayed away, it might have been different. But now she's here, I can't hurt her like this. I'd rather make a clean breast of the whole rotten mess."

"Well!" Leslie exploded. "I must say that's a very nice compliment you pay me, Walter!"

"Stop play-acting," he said wearily. "You know what I mean. Come into the sitting-room, Portia. Leslie, if you want to stay and hear what I have to say, you can. If not, you're perfectly free to go into the bedroom and close the door."

Leslie trailed them into the sitting-room. She seated herself in a corner of the divan—rather ostentatiously, since Walter's coat and tie were draped over the other end. She sat watching them narrowly—still playing her cat-and-mouse game, Portia thought, only now the cat found herself with two mice to watch. Portia looked at the chair Walter held for her, and refused to sit down, fearing that she would never summon the strength to get up again.

"Now tell me," she begged. "If you're in love with Leslie—if you don't want me any longer, the kindest thing is to come right out and say it."

"NOT want you! Oh, Lord God, I—" His voice caught. Then he recovered himself and went on almost briskly. "What I'm trying to tell you is that you deserve a better break than this. You're young and beautiful and warm and—and sweet. You have a right to the best, a right to try to find happiness with somebody else."

Portia nodded like a child hearing a lesson. She couldn't speak. This was her Walter cutting her heart out, and telling her that it was for her own good.

"I'm only thinking of you, Portia—" He groaned and sank into a chair. "Oh, Lord, I'm making a mess of this, too, like everything else. All I'm trying to say is that as men go I'm not much, but I'm still man enough to cut you loose from a failure—a failure in everything!"

She resisted the impulse to reach out and touch his bent head. "A failure? You—Walter?"

"I'm fifteen thousand dollars in debt," he said. "That's why I have to go to Ankara for Advance Pictures. It's the only way I can pay the money back."

"In debt fifteen thousand—" She stopped, realizing that she sounded shocked, and she wasn't shocked. Rather, she was beginning to know a great relief. If the root of the trouble was money, and not Leslie, not a change in Walter's feelings toward her,

Portia . . . just money, "Remember," he said, "the money I loaned Bill Baker to keep Jess Ward from getting the *Herald*—the money I told you I got for the sale of 'Survival?' Well, I lied about it. Advance Pictures didn't buy 'Survival!'"

"But you *did* get the money. I don't understand—"

"'Survival' wasn't good," he said flatly. "When Leslie read it, she turned it down. I lied because I was ashamed to tell you it was bad."

"Oh, Walter—" She was crying, and she didn't care—crying for relief, and for the abject misery in Walter's face. "What can I say to make you see that those things don't matter? No writer can do better than his best—every time. And for you to feel ashamed or to think you had to lie—"

I PROMISED you the world with a fence around it," he was saying. "It's either that or nothing. A woman like you doesn't have to settle for second best."

Portia hardly heard him. Her tears dried on her cheeks, and she was thinking. "I haven't settled for second best," she replied. "There's just one thing: if Advance Pictures turned down your story, how—where—did you get the money to help Bill?"

"Leslie advanced it to me on my promise that I'd rewrite 'Survival.' I tried. God knows, I tried. But it—well, it just didn't jell."

"And when you brought the script to New York," Portia went on for him, "Leslie turned it down a second time."

"Yes, she—" Walter began, but Leslie broke in quickly. "It was so bad, I was shocked, Portia. I couldn't believe that the man who wrote 'Late Blossoming' and 'Challenge' could have turned out such inferior work: Yet in a way, I expected it. I knew that Walter couldn't write in Parkerstown—"

"Did you, Leslie?" Portia asked, her voice dangerously quiet. "And was 'Survival' really so bad, or did you turn it down to prove your point?"

"To prove—" Leslie shrilled. "Of all the ridiculous—I won't even discuss it! I have a very important position with Advance Pictures, Portia Manning, and I've kept it because I know a bad story when I see one. And I tell you—"

"And," Portia went on relentlessly, "when Walter asked you for that fifteen thousand dollars, it was the opportunity you'd waited for. You saw your chance to force Walter to leave Parkerstown and go to Ankara."

Leslie rose, quivering with rage and disdain. "You're mad! I've had all the nonsense I can take for one afternoon—"

"Sit down." It was a tone Portia used very occasionally while trying a case, and it was effective. Leslie sat, although she looked a little surprised at herself for obeying. "There's a matter of a telegram," Portia went on. "The wire I sent Walter saying I was coming to New York, and which the desk clerk told me he'd given to you to give to him."

"You wired me?" said Walter. "Leslie, is that true?" At his look Leslie flinched.

"I was only trying to save you the embarrassment of just such a scene as this—" she began, but Portia cut in.

"And was it to save Walter embarrassment that you mailed the *Herald* and the *Chronicle* in Parkerstown a picture of you two dancing at a night club? Oh, the *Herald* didn't print it," she added quickly to Walter, "but the

Chronicle did, and then Bill told me his paper had got one, too. It set Parkerstown on its ear."

"I'll bet it did," said Walter grimly. "Good Lord, Leslie, were you crazy?"

She shrank back against the couch. "Whatever I've done, Walter, has been for your sake!" she cried desperately. "I knew what that hideous hick town was doing to you! You were miserable, and it showed in your work, and—and I was only trying to help."

"And *did* it help, Walter," Portia asked, "when she told Bill Baker that you weren't coming back to Parkerstown because you and she had reached an understanding?"

Walter looked blankly from Leslie to his wife. "How does Bill Baker come into this? When did you talk to him, Leslie?"

"While I was still on the Mark Randall case," Portia explained, "he called you long distance, and Leslie answered the phone. You were at a dinner—"

"You never told me," said Walter. He moved suddenly toward the couch, and Leslie uttered a terrified screech and started up. "I knew it would only disturb you—" she cried.

But Walter had reached past her only to pick up his coat and tie. "I've heard enough of your excuses!" he shouted. "What a fool I've been—what a complete and stupid idiot not to see it right from the start. Portia's right; you've been trying to wreck our lives from the day I left Hollywood—"

"It was for your own good!" Leslie cried frantically. "Everything I did was—"

"Was for the insane ego of Leslie Palmer," Walter finished savagely. "As far as you're concerned, I'm fed up, through. And if I ever trust you again, then may God help me for the fool I am! Come on, Portia, we're getting out of here!"

Leslie had the last word. She followed them into the foyer, raving. "You say you're finished! You don't know how right you are, Walter Manning! Before I'm through with you, you won't be able to get a job anywhere. Do you hear me? Nobody will let you in the door! Then you will really have to live off your wife, and see how you like that! Just see how—"

THEY were in the corridor. The door slammed shut behind them, cutting off the screaming, vitriolic voice. They walked a few steps toward the elevators, and then they stopped and looked at each other. Then, wordlessly, Walter opened his arms, and Portia went into them.

After a long while, he said, "My darling. My own darling, let's get out of here. Let's go—" He stopped, looking blank. "I haven't any place to take you," he said. "I haven't even a place to live—"

"No place—" "I had a suite here, until this morning. Then—" He flushed deeply.

Portia laughed. "Then Leslie, knowing I was coming, suggested that you check out before noon and use her rooms for the few more hours you'd be here—which gave her a chance to keep you practically under lock and key. Oh, dearest, you don't have to explain—"

And he didn't; she vowed that he would never have to explain anything again. She had never believed for a moment the incriminating picture of Leslie in negligee and Walter coatless and tieless, apparently very much at home in her rooms, but still . . . yes, she was glad to learn exactly how it had all

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come about.

"I've a lot to explain," he said roughly. "A lot to ask forgiveness for. I'm such a blind, stupid fool—to leave you as I did, storming out of the house without even a goodbye. And afterward, I wanted to write, and so many times I wanted to call, but I was too ashamed. And there was Leslie—she had me whipped down to nothing. If she'd been sharp and open, I could have fought her, but it was just a slow, steady drain of my self-confidence. I'd lost all faith in myself, in my ability to write, in everything. I even let her convince me that the decent thing to do was to go away without telling you—set you free to find someone who'd make you happier, more secure—"

"Oh, Walter," she whispered, and then she covered her eyes. "Hurry," she said in a choked voice. "Call the desk and see if your rooms have been turned over to someone else. If they haven't, tell them you're reregistering and ask them to send the boy up with the key. It's too much—almost losing you, and then finding you again. I've got to be some place where I can let go a little bit."

The suite was still vacant. And, once they were in possession, Portia found that she didn't need to "let go" after all. She was much too happy. They both were. Walter clung to her, marveling at being with her again, marveling at her.

"Have you ever been beaten?" he asked finally. "Why weren't you finished this afternoon? I'd dropped out of your life; you came to town and were told at every turn that I'd left for Ankara—why didn't you believe it? Where do you get that stamina or courage or faith, or whatever it is? No, don't laugh—if you can tell me, maybe I can learn to believe in myself again."

Portia closed her eyes, hating Leslie at that moment more than she'd ever hated her before, hated her for the fine, thorough job she'd done of destroying Walter's faith in himself.

"It's simple," she answered. "The old cliché, 'loving not wisely but too well' is silly. There isn't such a thing as loving wisely, and it's impossible to love too well. Love surpasses all thinking, all common sense; it can work miracles."

"I wish it could work a practical one," he said bitterly. "I wish it could cancel that trip to Ankara and put me back in Parkerstown for the rest of my life—"

"Do you mean that, Walter? About Parkerstown? You can't—"

He nodded soberly. "Oh, but I do. I was fed up with it when I left, but since I've been here I've realized that the trouble wasn't with Parkerstown but with me. And I've changed, at least in that respect. This Ankara trip—a couple of years ago, no matter how much I hated leaving you, I'd have still felt a little tingle of anticipation, a sense of adventure. But not now. I hate—I resent—having to go. I just want to go back to Parkerstown and write—if I can still write."

"You can still write," said Portia. "I know that as surely as I know that I love you. And maybe—maybe you can get out of that trip. Walter, exactly what is the procedure when a manuscript goes to a studio? Doesn't Leslie read it and submit a synopsis of it to her superiors?"

He nodded. "But they all read it and turned it down—"

"You mean they turned down her synopsis," said Portia excitedly. Walter, I'd stake my life that that's what happened! Perhaps 'Survival' isn't as good as 'Challenge'—but I'm sure it's better than 'Late Blossoming', and that was a hit. Aren't you free to offer it to another studio? And if we could postpone your plane reservation a day or two, and get a rival studio—say like Soundstage—to read 'Survival' in a hurry . . . and if they bought it, and I'm sure they'll buy it, you could pay your debt and you wouldn't have to go to Ankara—"

She stopped, breathless. Walter was laughing at her. But his eyes were alight; he was catching fire from her enthusiasm.

"You dreamer!" he laughed. "You wonderful, impossible dreamer! We'll try it, and there's a crazy, far-off chance it might work—"

It had to work, Portia thought. Not thought—prayed. And she knew that it would work. They would sell "Survival," pay Walter's debt; they would have each other again, and Walter would have back his faith in himself. They would do it somehow—because they were together. Together, they could do anything.

RADIO MIRROR QUIZ

1. You know him as Frank Morgan. What is his real name?
2. Jack Smart, "the fat man", weighs (a) 175, (b) 235, (c) 270.
3. What two famous comedians originally planned to be doctors?
4. What famous crooner was taught to sing by his mother?
5. Singers Dennis and Doris Day are brother and sister. (True or false.)
6. Madonna Josephine Davis is Joan Davis' real name. (True or false.)
7. Is deep water easier to swim in than shallow water?
8. Did any president ever win all the states in an election?

ANSWERS

1. Francis Phillip Wupperman
2. 270
3. Hal Peary, "The Great sleeve"; and Edgar Bergen
4. Vic Damone
5. False
6. True
7. No. The depth of the water makes no difference.
8. Yes. James Monroe, his second term.

EB and the Boys

(Continued from page 59)

"Charlie's view of Sweden" via 16mm. camera. Then he began to think that black and white wouldn't do justice to Sweden's beauties, so he took on Technicolor. Technicolor seemed sort of wasted on 16 mm., so he decided on 35 mm., the film used commercially in motion picture theaters.

The picture was originally planned solely for entertainment, and that's still its first function. But, the way Charlie handled things, there couldn't be a more natural "good relations" medium. Maybe he should be an ambassador. After all, he learned Swedish before we left and he certainly never missed a wink at the cute Svenska Flickas we met in our travels.

Edgar and he can hardly wait now to take on Mexico (you should hear Charlie's Spanish!), Hawaii, and Alaska. Even Mars wouldn't surprise me, in their present state of enthusiasm.

Besides the movie Edgar took, which begins in New York and includes such events as the King of Sweden's 90th Birthday Parade in Stockholm, EB and the boys entertained wherever we went. We traveled from Gothenburg to Stockholm by station wagon, stopping each night in a different town, with Edgar and Charlie doing their stuff in Swedish for the local kids. It was such fun watching, because so many of them thought Charlie was real. Edgar played the Rivoli in Stockholm, to ten thousand people the first night, then twelve thousand, then fourteen thousand. But Charlie got all the raves.

Our itinerary included London, with two sell-out weeks at the Palladium. I edged into that engagement with our three-way skit, "The Operation." We went into Germany, played Frankfurt, Mannheim, Weisbaden, Heidelberg and Berlin—were the first entertainers to fly the Russian Corridor after "Operation Vittles" started. Our soldiers there are still great audiences, and we came at a tense time when they were on alert status and entertainment was particularly welcome. They loved Edgar and the boys—and I might add that my tight-fitting white satin nurse's uniform made a hit too.

We were grateful we could go in, and I wish every American could see those ruins and take back the unforgettable picture of what total war can do. Paris, by contrast, was sheer beauty, with thrilling avenues, great statues

and fountains, and an air of gaiety and fun.

Travel with EB and the boys is always exciting, even on shorter trips. In this case, perhaps "hysterical" is the word. The boys travel in padded cases, and by the time those two, plus the forty-eight pieces of luggage, cameras and other motion picture equipment we had to take, were put on boat or train or plane there was hardly any room for us.

We safeguard the boys by never letting them out of sight of someone trustworthy. A press agent once had Charlie "kidnapped" and restored to the paternal knee in the nick of time for resumption of his fall schedule. When Charlie was really lost some time later, no newspaper would give a line to the story. He wasn't stolen—they merely forgot to take him off the plane when it landed at Burbank. He turned up, mad as Donald Duck, when the plane came down in San Francisco, but it was a bad scare for EB and the sponsor and the insurance company that has set a price of ten thousand dollars on Charlie's little wooden head (the same head he started with many years ago, grown older but, alas, no wiser).

Our little Candy stayed home in Beverly Hills this time, but she takes all the excitement in stride when she travels with us. Whether she begins to notice that people recognize Edgar, we can't say. Probably she is still too young. She loves the attention, makes friends quickly, and manages to get her share of the spotlight. We may have difficulty later in keeping her unspoiled, but with good schooling and sensible discipline we hope to give her a completely normal little girl's life.

Strangely enough, I've noticed on our trips that most people don't recognize Edgar by his voice, at least not at first. They look at him—even with a hat on!—and seem to know him at once.

Photography is only one of EB's interests, although one of his major ones. He collects cameras—and I do mean collects. You never saw such an array! But it's a case of pot calling kettle black—I've caught his collector's itch, only in my case it's matches. And a lovely fan I brought back from France has set me to collecting those too.

He has never been lazy, and he can't relax even now unless he's doing some-

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thing. When he says he is going to rest a while you'll usually find him re-treating from the world in some tome on science, aviation, magic or the theater. He reads biographies, but practically no fiction. His idea of pleasing music is "Make Believe," "Sweet Mystery of Life," "Moonbeams," and similar melodious musical comedy numbers.

He swims and rides, putters with engines and lathes and saws in his workshop, has flown his own plane for about nine years. He's crazy about old automobiles—has a 1905 White Steamer and a Stanley Steamer. He's a pretty good painter—does still life, portraits, most anything. And he's a bee-keeper. We have them right back of the swimming pool.

WE live in a ten-room Mediterranean-style house, high on a hilltop, next to the old John Barrymore estate. The house is white stucco, with terra cotta shutters and tile roof.

We have a big living room, predominantly green in color scheme.

Candy's room has pale pink walls, with furniture sprayed to match. Charlie still has his own room, somewhat "re-converted" since Candy came along and usurped some of the space for her toys and other possessions. There's a cedar closet where Charlie hangs his hat—and all the sartorial splendors of his extensive wardrobe, including his Honorary Marine Corps Sergeant's uniform and his West Point Cadet regalia. Poor Mort needs no wardrobe for his two homespun suits!

The playroom is Early American, with simple furniture and lots of copper and brass. It has a stage, where Edgar has been experimenting with new ideas and routines, which he tests for audience reaction. He and Charlie are talking television and they're ready to do their stuff on video any day. That dear old girl, Effie Klinker, who worked with Edgar and the boys a while on his Sunday night NBC broadcasts, misses her glamorous past and wants to be in on the television highjinks. Edgar feels she has only to be seen to be appreciated.

We have 16 and 35 mm. projectors in the playroom and Edgar likes to show pictures. His own movie favorites are Ingrid Bergman, Irene Dunne, Margaret Sullavan, Ronald Colman and Spencer Tracy. With so much talent to draw from among our friends, we have some wonderful extemporaneous entertainment at our parties—and of course the irrepressible Charlie always has his say. Most of our parties are small—a big one is usually for some special event.

Besides our "collections," Edgar and I can't resist fine glassware and paintings. Last February we got some divine Bohemian wine glasses in New Orleans and now we have some handsome Swedish glass from Stockholm. We brought Meissen ware from Germany and some lovely antique jewelry from Paris. And one of our greatest treasures is a Pierre Bonnard painting of "Montmartre" which we got in Paris this summer.

We have flower and vegetable gardens, a rose garden, and an unusual cactus garden next to the pool. Our house is built picturesquely around a patio, where we grow the biggest and most colorful geraniums I've ever seen.

An outdoor barbecue at the Bergens' is apt to bring out lots of good old friends: Dinah Shore and George Montgomery, Georgia Carroll and Kay Kyser, the George Murphys, the Fred

MacMurrays, the Freeman Goddens, among others. EB likes to be barbecue chef, but his own food favorites are seafood, cheeses and fruit.

Edgar's main interest, of course, is The Show. That comes before everything else. Writing days are Monday, Tuesday and Friday. Saturday is rehearsal, and again on Sunday, before showtime. Usually everything is pretty well lined up a few hours before he goes on the air, but sometimes there are last-minute changes. EB is extremely conscientious—therefore a perfectionist—therefore a worrier!

Occasionally I go to a rehearsal. They are tense affairs at times, especially when the inevitable temperament is present, but they're mostly hard-work sessions—reading lines, cutting, editing, typing the script together, working it out to the last smartcrack.

EB's ventriloquism, which is properly called "voice mimicry," provides some informal fun for us. For instance, we have one of those fanciful carved birds in a wooden cage, and Edgar confounds the dogs and our visitors by making the bird talk, sometimes in English and sometimes quite unexpectedly in Swedish.

It was when he was twelve that Edgar discovered he could throw his voice successfully. The family was having dinner when he tried his skill. His mother went to the door, was mystified to find no one there, and he knew then that he could really "deceive" people. It's true that he had bought a "wizard's manual" of ventriloquism and magic, but he soon learned that much depended upon his own practice. His new-found talent and his stock of magic tricks helped pay school and college expenses from that time on, and got him the vaudeville and nightclub bookings that decided his career.

Even after years of performances, it took Edgar a long time to realize how popular he and Charlie were. They had been on the radio for several months, on the Rudy Vallee program. They had won praise and awards for the novelty and originality of the act. Then Edgar was booked into the Wedgewood Room at the Waldorf, in New York. Before the deal was closed, Edgar told Ken Murray about it. Ken told him he was crazy to take the \$400 offered.

"Why, all those little dancers get at least \$750, and you're worth more than they are. If you don't demand \$750, and hold out for it," Ken threatened him, "you can stay away from me. I can't bother with small-timers," he taunted, trying to make Edgar realize his own importance.

IT worked. EB went right back to his telephone and called his agent.

"I want \$750," he told him. "And don't come back at me, either, with a \$700 offer. It's \$750." And he got it.

When I married Edgar I had been a model and a singer, and some of us girls in Hollywood used to get together and jest about the "big careers" we had given up for love. Then, a few years ago, I decided I wanted to do something on my own again. I opened a little dress shop in Beverly Hills and Edgar was enthusiastic about it, encouraging me every step of the way. But suddenly I realized it was beginning to run away with me, and with the time I should be giving to my home and family. So I gave up the shop.

Being Mrs. Edgar Bergen, mother to Candice Patricia, and stepmama to the boys—and Effie—had become a full-time job. My job—the very best one in the world for me.

Traveler of the Month

(Continued from page 47)

medleys of request numbers.

Somewhere along the line, Bernard began forgetting about his own sickness as he thought about the other patients and tried to plan programs which would appeal to all tastes and backgrounds. Several good friends in St. Louis took to driving him around town to ball games and operas on his "days off." His mother came to the ward every Wednesday with homemade cookies—enough for all of the boys. Bernard was moving along.

Still, however, he suffered from the uncertainty, the lack of self-confidence that marks most persons who have been sick for a long time. One night, there was to be a big show at the hospital auditorium, with Connee Boswell as the star. The program called for Bernard to go out on the stage and get the show rolling.

"I was worried sick," he recalled. "It was one thing to sit before a house microphone, all by myself, and talk. It was something else again to go out in front of that whole audience in my wheel chair. I just couldn't do it.

"Then Connee Boswell, waiting to go on, realized what was wrong. She talked to me, and reminded me that she, too, was a victim of polio. She calmed me down, and said there was nothing to be afraid of. Then, she made me wheel onstage with her—and I was all right after that."

I think that Connee Boswell did a wonderful thing that night for an unknown young man named Bernard Estrin. Everyone in our Welcome Travelers audience joined me in feeling pride in such a grand trouper as Connee.

A little later, Bernard acted what we call a "side character" into his disc jockey routine. It was Jose, a Mexican with a sad voice and a love for the rhumba, played by our Bernard Estrin.

One day, a WAC who also was a patient came to see Bernard and demanded an introduction to Jose.

Bernard introduced himself as Jose, and was flattered by the WAC's disbelief. If Jose was so real, then perhaps he wasn't such a complete amateur. Maybe he had a touch of talent for this radio business.

That was a thought—but what a daring thought! It was something to think about during the long hours in bed. A hope for a new career. After all, disc jockeys didn't have to use their feet.

What difference would it make if a disc jockey were in a wheel chair?

Things move at a slow pace in a hospital. After months of such thoughts, Bernard brought himself to approach some St. Louis radio personalities. They gave him a voice test and were encouraging. He should keep at it, they said. His voice was good, his mike technique showed promise.

For the first time now, the young man had a dream. Sure, the pain still came. Sure, the monotony was as bleak as ever. Sure, his old cocksure world was gone forever. But perhaps, out of the years of suffering, a new world was shaping.

That was Bernard's frame of mind when, with a leave from the hospital, he visited his old home town, Chicago. I was flattered that he took time out from his busy round of seeing old friends and dining with relatives to visit with us at the College Inn of the Hotel Sherman.

During the first moment of our interview, I was impressed by his dignity and sincerity. As he began telling of his work as the hospital disc jockey and admitted, under my questioning, that he hoped to go into radio, it struck me that our very conversation was Bernard Estrin's big-time radio debut.

Of course, I'm using that word "debut" loosely. Bernard isn't yet a professional, and he wasn't appearing on our program as a professional. He was just another guest, just one of the thousands of ordinary persons who have stopped to chat with us. But as this young man's dramatic story unfolded all of us, I'm sure, were hoping that some day Bernard would have a radio show of his own.

When Bernard is released from the hospital, I'm going to introduce him to lots and lots of radio people, and be as helpful as I can. It would be a real privilege to be of assistance to a fine young man like him. I think of that whenever I recall one particular statement of his. It went this way:

"If I should ever make good in radio, I'll never forget the shut-ins, the sick people to whom the radio is the whole outside world. I've been a shut-in so long myself that I'll do everything possible to make their lives happier and fuller."

I hope Bernard gets that chance. Don't you?

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IS THIS BETTER?

Dear Editor:

In my opinion, Kay Armen of Stop The Music is the best singer I've ever heard. That picture in a recent issue of Radio Mirror didn't do her justice—it was terrible. Haven't you got a better one?

Miss M. S.
Akron, Ohio



Kay Armen

Well, we have another one.

AFFILIATES

Dear Editor:

Would you please tell me the number of affiliates each network has?

Mr. J. K.

Ponca City, Okla.

According to the latest listings, the Mutual Broadcasting System has the most affiliates, with 515 which includes those operating in Hawaii and Alaska. The American Broadcasting Company is next with approximately 245. Columbia Broadcasting System has 178, and the National Broadcasting Company has 170.

ROGER OF DR. MALONE

Dear Editor:

Can you tell me who plays Roger Dineen in Young Dr. Malone? I think he is one of the finest actors on the air.

Also, what ever happened to Marion Mann, formerly of the Breakfast Club. She had a lovely voice, and I miss her.

Mrs. M. S. G.
Madison, Conn.



Barry Thompson

The actor who plays Roger Dineen is Barry Thompson, graduate of the London Academy of Arts. Marion Mann is no longer active in radio. She left the Breakfast Club in 1946 to devote more time to her husband and family.

OFF THE AIR

Dear Editor:

I have lost track of one of my favorite programs, Rosc of My Dreams. It was my favorite serial. Will you please tell me what station this program comes on now?

Miss V. L.

Nathalia, Va.

This serial went off the air several months ago and at present there seems to be very little likelihood that it will return. But for old time's sake, here's a picture of pretty Mary Rolfe who played the title role. Incidentally, she's also Henry's sister, Mary, in *The Aldrich Family*, heard Thursdays at 8:00 P.M. EST. over NBC.



Mary Rolfe

BLAINE'S HIS NAME

Dear Editor:

Will you please tell me the name of the actor who played Ned Brandon, on *Katie's Daughter*, now off the air? I believe I recognized his voice in *The FBI in Peace and War*. If so, who does he portray on this program?

Mrs. P. M.
Hollis, N. Y.



Martin Blaine

Before *Katie's Daughter* left the air, Martin Blaine played the role of Ned Brandon. And, as you've guessed, he does play a part in *The FBI in Peace and War*—field agent. Mr. Sheppard.

SHE ISN'T NANCY

Dear Editor:

I would like to know if the actress who plays Sunday in *Our Gal Sunday* is the same actress who plays Laurel in *Stella Dallas* and *Nancy Donovan* in *Just Plain Bill*.

Miss G. C.
Oleme, California



Vivian Smolen

Vivian Smolen, the actress you have in mind, does play the role of Sunday and Laurel, but she doesn't play Nancy in *Just Plain Bill*. That part is played by Ruth Russell whose voice sounds very much like Vivian's.

WE'D LIKE TO KNOW, TOO

Dear Editor:

I've heard Jimmy Durante for a long time; not only when he teamed up with Garry Moore but way before that. While he was with Garry, he started something that puzzled me greatly more and more as time went on with no explanation in sight. Every week he closes his program with these words, "Goodnight, Mrs. Calabash." My question is, who is this Mrs. Calabash?

Miss P. S.

Greenwich, Conn.

We certainly wish we knew, as it's got our curiosity aroused, too. We're convinced that there are probably only two people who know who "Mrs. Calabash" is—Jimmy, and—er, Mrs. Calabash, herself.



Jimmy Durante

CATHY CAMERON

Dear Editor:

Please tell me if the actress who plays Cathy Cameron in *When a Girl Marries* is the same one who plays Betty in *Adventures of Archie Andrews*.

Mr. J. S.
Madill, Okla.



Rosemary Rice

Yes, she does; Rosemary Rice is her name.

A TRIPLE YES

Dear Editor:

Would you please give me some information about my favorite radio actor, Frank Lovejoy? Does he play Christopher Barnes in *Today's Children*? Is he married—and, if so, to whom? And, wasn't he in a movie called "Black Bart"?

Miss L. M. P.
Jacksonville, Fla.



Frank Lovejoy

Yes is the answer to all three questions. Frank does play Christopher Barnes, and, what's more, his wife, Joan Banks, plays the part of Carlotta Lagorro in the same serial, which incidentally, started its 14th year on the air this year. In "Black Bart," Frank played the part of Lorimer.

BLOCK AND WHITEMAN

Dear Editor:

What happened to the two programs, Martin Block at 1:30 CST, and The Paul Whiteman Show at 2:30 CST?

Mr. B. P.
Luhbock, Texas



Martin Block

Martin Block is still on the air, but is no longer on Mutual. He is announcer on NBC's *Chesterfield Supper Club*, and disc-jockey on *Make Believe Ballroom* on WNEW. As for Paul Whiteman he doesn't have a regular show, but is busy with ABC-Television.

"may I ask just one question please?"

What do YOU want most when you travel?"

"Just about every one I've talked with has a different answer to that question!

"If *your* reply is like any of the ones below, there's a way in which you can save quite a lot of money, and have a better time—on almost any out-of-town trip. And, if you have some other pet preference, when traveling, my guess is that Greyhound will come nearest meeting it, too—in SuperCoaches built for travel satisfaction!

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"I want to get home from school on week-ends."

Then go Greyhound. Serves hundreds of schools and colleges—in many cases stops right at campus gates.



"I like to see things, meet people, have a good time..."

It's truly more fun traveling Greyhound—you meet such congenial people, see America's beauty spots close-up, by highway.



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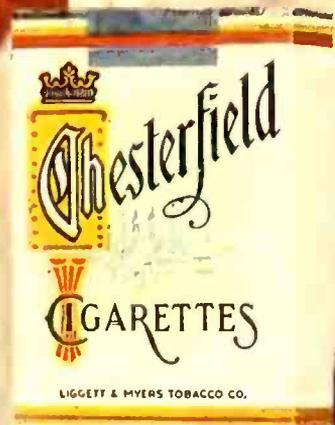
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Arthur Godfrey

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