

HZ 8670
Rile



Modess ... *because*

"Dentists say the IPANA way works!"

Junior model Lorna Lynn shows how it can work for you, too



"Wh-e-e-e!" Cute-as-a-button Lorna Lynn, 16-year-old New York fashion model, finds the roller-coaster at Palisades Amusement Park as thrilling as her own lightning climb to success. And her dates find Lorna's Ipana smile plenty thrilling, too!

Like so many successful junior models, Lorna knows how much a dazzling smile depends on firm, healthy gums. "I follow the *Ipana* way to healthier gums and brighter teeth," she says, "because dentists say it works!" Here's how this professionally approved Ipana dental care can work for you, too . . .

Lorna shows the *Ipana* way is easy as 1, 2:

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

Try this for healthier gums, brighter teeth, an *Ipana* smile. *Ipana*'s extra-refreshing flavor leaves your breath cleaner, your mouth fresher, too. Remember, a good dentifrice, like a good dentist, is *never* a luxury!

YES, 8 OUT OF 10 DENTISTS SAY:

Ipana dental care promotes

Healthier gums, brighter teeth*



Products of Bristol-Myers

*In thousands of recent reports from dentists all over the country.

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 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. More men and women use Arrid than any other deodorant. Antiseptic, used by 117,000 nurses.

Intimate protection is needed—so protect yourself with this snowy, stainless cream. Awarded American Laundering Institute Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. Safe for skin—can be used right after shaving. Arrid, with the amazing new ingredient Creamogen, will not dry out.

Your satisfaction guaranteed, or your money back! If you are not completely convinced that Arrid is *in every way* the finest cream deodorant you've ever used, return the jar with unused portion to Carter Products, Inc., 53 Park Pl., N.Y.C., for refund of full purchase price.

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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ON THE COVER: The Art Linkletter Family; color portraits by Hymie Fink, Sterling Smith.

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Coming Next Month



King of the Cowboys: visit Roy Rogers and family—in August's RADIO MIRROR.

THERE are so many fascinating features lined up for next month, we hardly know which one to tell you about first. But being vacation-minded—and who isn't these days—we think you'll be interested in knowing where Kate Smith spends hers. Kate hies herself to Lake Placid, 'way up in New York's Adirondack Mountains. It's cool and colorful there, and we have pictures to prove it. But see for yourself in the August issue, which will also bring you tales about the stars who have made Louella Parsons' radio program one of your favorites all these years. Louella herself has written this sparkling behind-the-scenes story.

We've often wondered—and maybe you have, too—what it's like to have a mother who's world-famous. And we don't think we could have asked a more qualified person than Eleanor Roosevelt's daughter. That's why we are proud to present Anna Roosevelt's story on life with mother, both on and off the air. Speaking of Eleanor Roosevelt, we think you'll enjoy reading about a woman who follows her husband at the proverbial drop of a hat. She's Mrs. Bob Trout, wife of CBS's news announcer. Her story—and travels—will probably leave you a little breathless.

RADIO MIRROR wouldn't be complete without its Reader Bonus, and August features Pepper Young's Family. There's a Through the Years story, too, with Young Dr. Malone. And your favorite regular features will be on hand, of course, plus the second installment of Kay Kyser's Nonsensical Knowledge. All this—and more—is in August's RADIO MIRROR, on sale July 8.

TONI TWINS prove magic of SOFT-WATER Shampooing



Lather . . .
was Alva's problem!

"Imagine trying to shampoo your hair without enough lather," complains Alva Anderson. "And that's just about what happens every time I use a soap shampoo!" Of course, Alva won't ever get the lather she wants with a soap shampoo—especially in hard water! And she can't rinse away that dulling soap film, either. That's what leaves hair looking drab and lifeless. Makes it hard to manage, too!

But Alice
got heaps of it!

"Toni Creme Shampoo is wonderful! Even in hard water, I get all the rich, creamy lather I need—and then some!" says twin Alice. And Toni does more than that! After Soft-Water Shampooing, your hair is exquisitely clean . . . shinier . . . more glamorous than you ever dreamed possible! Each strand shimmers with all, yes all its natural beauty! Curls are fresh, vibrant-looking . . . soft as a moonbeam!



Now it's Toni Creme Shampoo for Two!

The Anderson twins know there's nothing like Toni Creme Shampoo! Nothing like Soft-Water Shampooing in hard water! For Toni bursts into oceans of thick, billowy lather . . . rinses away dirt and dandruff instantly. Toni leaves your hair wonderfully fresh and radiant . . . sparkling with precious new highlights. Helps your permanent "take" better . . . look lovelier longer. Get the jar or tube of Toni Creme Shampoo today. Try Soft-Water Shampooing. It's for you!



Enriched with Lanolin

SUCCESSOR TO

Stardom

DON'T ever try to tell Jack Sterling that the people of New York are unfriendly. A short time back, Sterling was selected to take over from 6-7:45 A.M. on WCBS for none other than Arthur Godfrey and phone calls from listeners and people in radio and advertising circles made the newcomer from Chicago feel right at home.

Sterling was born June 24, 1915, in Baltimore, Maryland. Brought up in a theatrical atmosphere, Sterling learned to be at ease on the stage. During the summer, he and his sister joined their parents wherever they were playing.

When Sterling was fifteen, he went out on his own with stock companies. Then came the depression and he did odd jobs, ending up in vaudeville on the West Coast.

After that he was a night club emcee when an announcer friend at WMBD asked him to be a guest on his show. Sterling was called back for more, then went to WTAD, Quincy, Illinois, as assistant manager and program director.

From there he landed at KMOX, St. Louis, as producer, director and emcee for such shows as Quiz Of Two Cities, Open House, The Land We Live In, Saturday at the Chase and Quiz Club.

"In November, 1947," Jack relates, "I was called to WBBM, Chicago, as production director. When WCBS was searching for a man to take Godfrey's place, I cut a record and now I'm here. It's not easy to follow in the footsteps of a man of Godfrey's stature, but I'm happy to be in New York."

What makes him even happier is his new television show, heard Monday through Friday from 1-1:30 P.M. over WCBS-TV, on which he gives news flashes, baseball team standings and interviews with celebrities and the man on the street. Another program, The 54 St. Little Show (WCBS-TV, Thurs. 8-9 P.M.), features Jack as host.



A handshake from Arthur Godfrey launches Sterling in the 6-7:45 A.M. spot formerly held by Godfrey.



The Jack Sterling television show features Mac Showalter, pianist, and Dick Boone, r., vocalist (WCBS-TV, 1-1:30).



Thirty-three-year-old Jack Sterling is a veteran of ten years' broadcasting experience on Columbia's Midwest outlets.



One course they didn't teach her

EVEN though it was Graduation Day Dora felt a little pang of loneliness. What was the diploma compared to those precious sparkling rings that Babs and Beth were wearing? Dora was killing her chances of ever wearing one, too, unless she changed her ways. There was one course* that college didn't teach her.

What do other charms amount to if you have halitosis (bad breath)*? Whether occasional or chronic, it can finish you with a man that quick. Smart

girls, popular girls, realize this and are *extra careful* not to offend.

For them it is Listerine Antiseptic night and morning, and especially before any date when they want to be at their best.

Listerine Antiseptic is no momentary makeshift. It instantly freshens and sweetens the breath and helps keep it that way. Not for seconds . . . not for minutes . . . but for hours, usually. Never, never, omit this delightful *extra-*

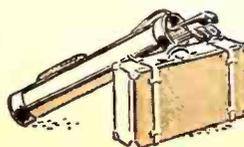
careful precaution against offending.

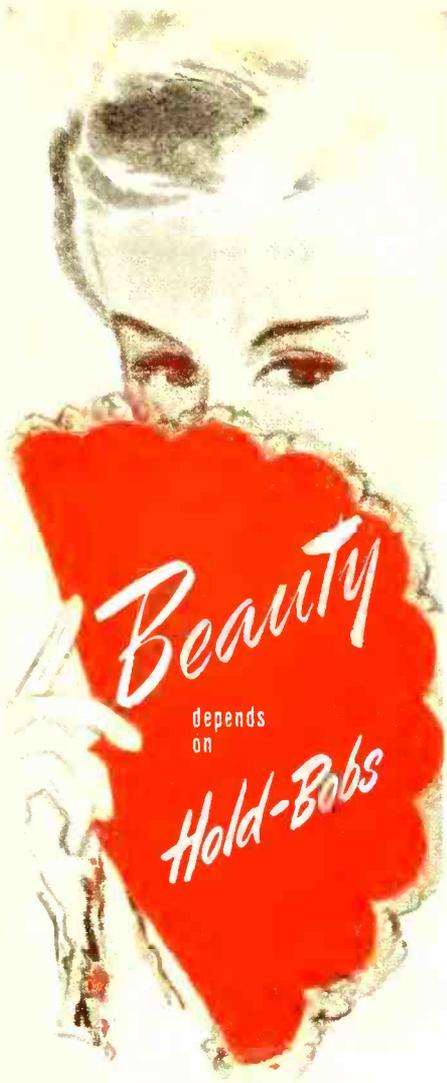
While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes. LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC
the extra-careful precaution
against bad breath

Vacationing?

It's mighty comforting to have a good antiseptic handy in case of minor cuts, scratches and abrasions requiring germicidal first-aid.





...because HOLD-BOBS really hold. The perfection of this beauty is assured because those perfect curls are formed and held in place gently, yet so very securely, by this truly superior bobby pin. There is nothing finer.

**More women use
HOLD-BOBS
than all other
bobby pins combined**



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*T.M. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. CHICAGO, ILL.

Information Booth

Step up and ask your questions—we'll try to find the answers.

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

FIRST BIG SISTER

Dear Editor:

Who was the original Big Sister and when did this program start?

Miss H. M. S.
Philadelphia 17, Pa.



ALICE FROST

Alice Frost was the first Ruth Wayne, and the program had its premiere on September 14, 1936.

SCRIPT WRITERS

Dear Editor:

I would like to know the names of the writers for Road of Life, Ma Perkins and The Right to Happiness.

Mrs. H. C. T.
Tullahoma, Tenn.

Howard Teichman is the script writer for Road of Life, Orin Tovrov for Ma Perkins, and John M. Young for The Right to Happiness.

BOY TENOR

Dear Editor:

Who was the boy who sang Irish songs on Fred Allen's show a few weeks ago? Can you tell me his age?

Mrs. H. K. N.
Downingtown, Pa.

Eleven-year-old Bobby White, son of famed Joe White, was the singer. Bobby is featured regularly on Lanny Ross's show, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 12:30 P.M. EDT over most Mutual Broadcasting System stations.

PAYING TELLER

Dear Editor:

Could you let me see what the Paying Teller for Break the Bank looks like?

Mr. A. F. S.
Alameda, Calif.



JANICE GILBERT

Here she is—Janice Gilbert.

ROBERT Q.

Dear Editor.

There's a young fellow on the air who has been on my mind (and my radio) for the past few months. His name is Robert Q. Lewis. What does the "Q" stand for? I would like to suggest that you do a feature story on Mr. Lewis. It is my opinion that he is giving radio a boost it has so rightly deserved. His humor is new and fresh and I think the public would like to know more about him.



ROBERT Q. LEWIS

Miss J. S.
New York, N. Y.

Please let us point with pride to our February issue in which we published an article called "The Girl That I Marry," written by Mr. Lewis. As for the "Q" it doesn't stand for anything at all.

NAMES, PLEASE

Dear Editor:

Will you please tell me the names of the Modernaires that sing on Bob Crosby's Club 15?

Mr. S. N.
Mooresville, N. C.
They are Fran Scott, Paula Kelly, Hal Dickinson, Johnny Drake, and Allan Copeland.

DUNNINGER

Dear Editor:

Could you tell me if Dunninger is still on the air? If so, do you know where I might get him?

Mr. D. M.
Shenandoah, Iowa



DUNNINGER

Dunninger is now in television. He shares the spotlight with Paul Winchell and Jerry Mahoney every Thursday night at 9:30 P.M. EDT on WNBT.

ACTOR-DIRECTOR STONE

Dear Editor:

Is Ezra Stone (Henry Aldrich) the same Ezra Stone who directed and acts in the Broadway play "At War With The Army"? And who plays Julius on Phil Harris's show?

Miss W. D.
Arlington, Mass.

Yes is the answer to the first question. Julius is played by Walter Tetley who is also Leroy on The Great Gildersleeve Show.

What makes YOU tick?



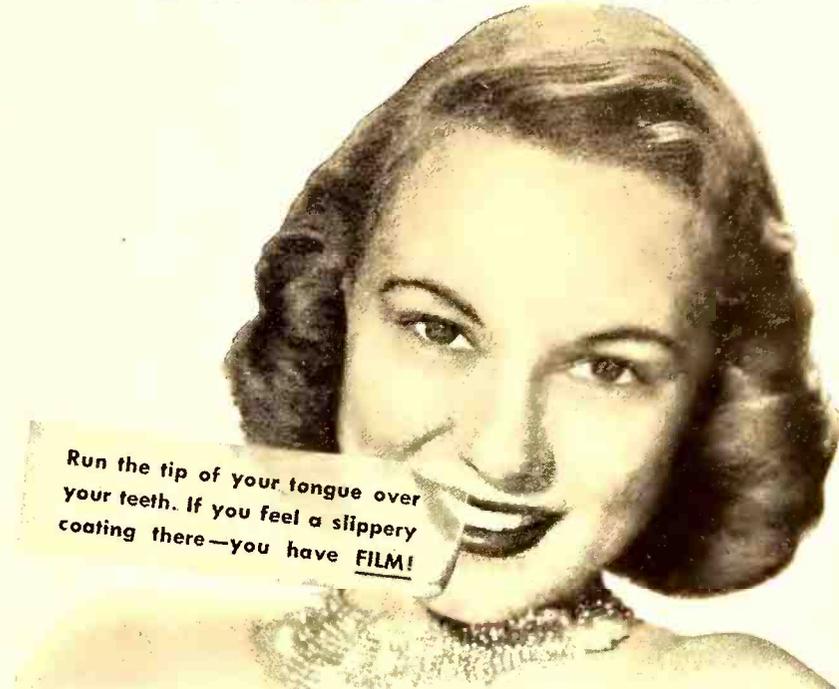
John McCaffery, who asks the questions on What Makes You Tick? (CBS, 2:45 P.M., EDT, Monday through Friday) has come up with another set of questions to help RADIO MIRROR readers examine their inner selves. The questions are below and when you've added up the score, you'll know the answer to: Have You a Chip On Your Shoulder?

HAVE YOU A CHIP ON YOUR SHOULDER?

- | | Yes | No |
|---|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. Do you ever cross the street manfully <i>daring</i> someone to hit you? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 2. When a discourteous bus driver or taxi driver snarls at you, do you snarl right back at him? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 3. Do you ever feel sometimes that people are just no darn good? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 4. Do you get into more arguments than you should with waiters, bell-hops, etc.? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 5. Do you ever pick on your wife, husband or sweetheart for no good reason? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 6. Do you frequently get into an argument with your creditors over bills? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 7. Do you sometimes feel that your business associates are unpleasant to you without cause? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 8. Do you ever lose your temper with those with whom you know you just can't win, because of their authority, such as your boss, a policeman, etc.? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 9. Would you say you're more subject to "moods" than you should be? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 10. Do you sometimes take a firm action with the attitude "the devil take the hindmost?" | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |

Give yourself 10 points for every YES answer. If your score is 80 or above, it might not be a bad idea for you to be very honest with yourself sometime and see what makes you so incorrigible. The world isn't going to bend to your desires, so the only alternative is for you to bend to its desires. 30 through 70 would seem to indicate that you have enough independence to stand on your own two feet, but not so much that you will buck your head against a stone wall any more than is necessary. Figuratively speaking, you probably have your share of bumps on the top of your head which you got the hard way. 20 points or less probably suggests a certain defeatism on your part or an acceptance of the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" which descend upon all of us.

New Pepsodent Guarantees Brighter Teeth and Cleaner Breath!



Wonderfully Improved Formula SWEEPS FILM AWAY!

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. FILM collects stains that make teeth look dull | 3. FILM glues acid to your teeth |
| 2. FILM harbors germs that breed bad breath | 4. FILM never lets up—it forms continually on everyone's teeth |

Now faster foaming!

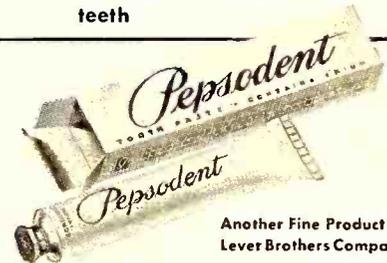
Make this 7-day Pepsodent Test!

Use new improved Pepsodent Tooth Paste for just one week. If your teeth aren't far brighter, your breath fresher—we'll return twice what you paid!

New Pepsodent foams wonderfully—goes to work faster, fighting film and its harmful effects: (1) Pepsodent makes short work of the discoloring stains that collect on film. (2) It routs film's "bad breath" germs that cause food particles to decay. (3) Pepsodent's film-removing action helps protect you from acid produced by germs in film. This acid, many dentists agree, *causes* tooth decay. (4) Film forms continually. Remove it regularly and quickly with Pepsodent.

Try New Pepsodent now on our double-your-money-back guarantee. No other tooth paste can duplicate Pepsodent's film-removing formula! No other tooth paste contains Irium*—or Pepsodent's gentle polishing agent. For the safety of your smile use Pepsodent twice a day—see your dentist twice a year.

*Irium is Pepsodent's registered trade mark for purified alkyl sulfate.

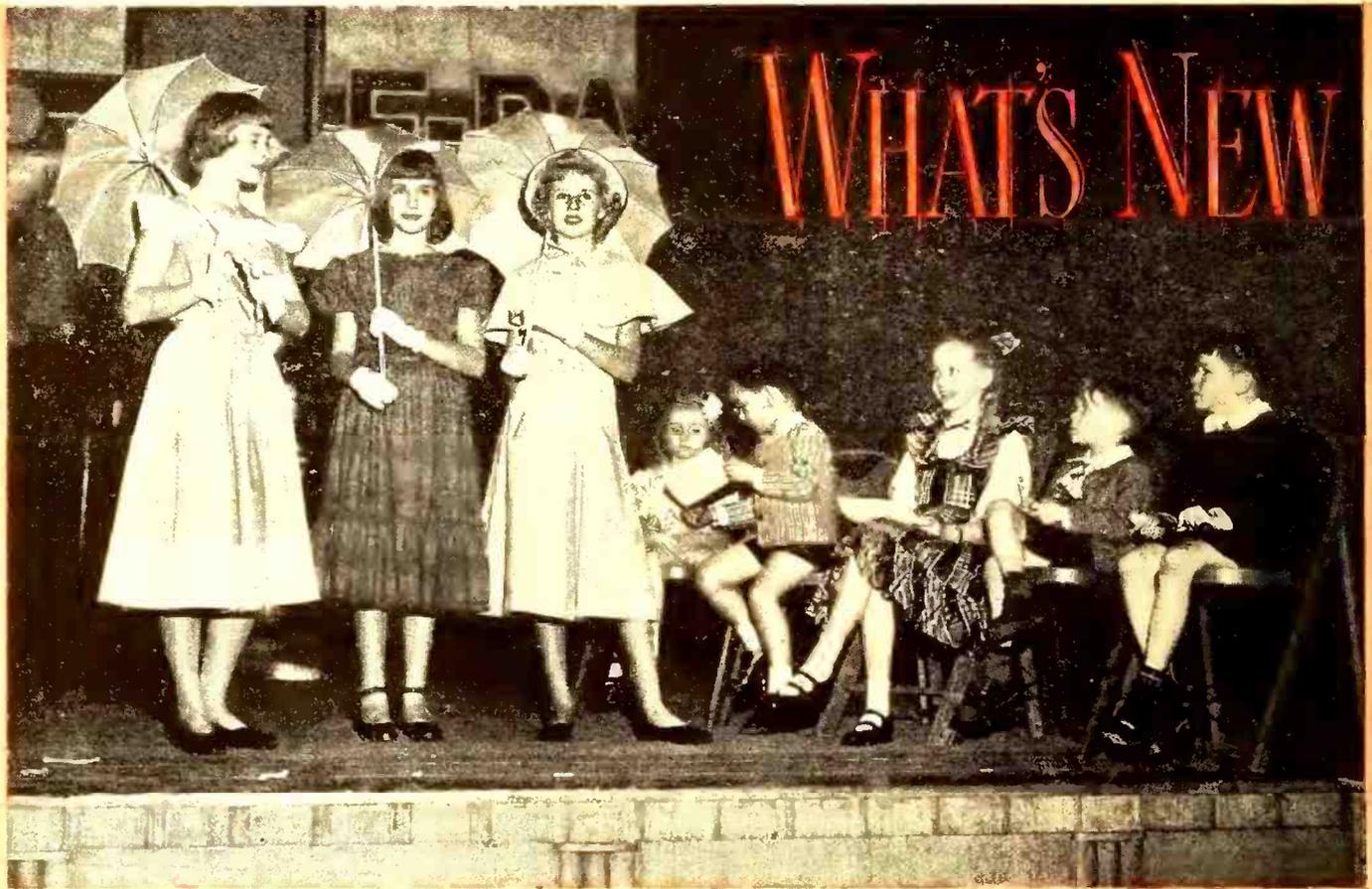


Another Fine Product of
Lever Brothers Company

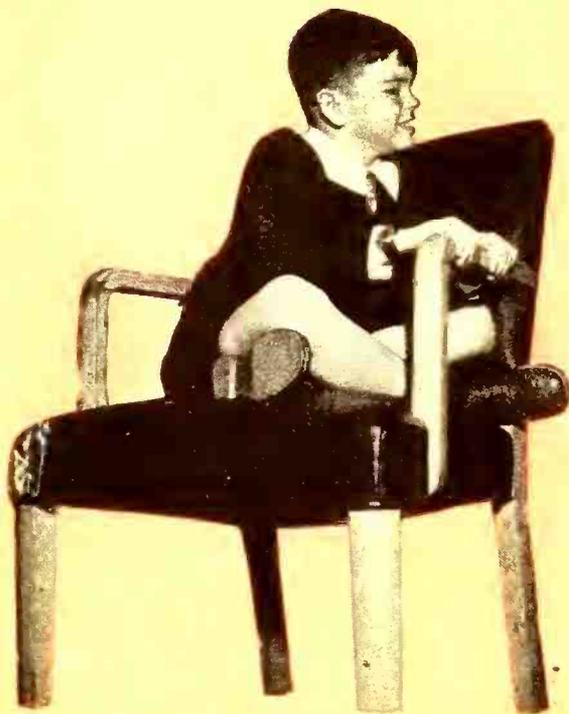
Start your Pepsodent 7-day test today. If you're not completely convinced Pepsodent gives you cleaner breath and brighter teeth, mail unused portion of tube to Pepsodent Division, Lever Bros. Co., Dept. G, Chicago, Ill. Besides postage you'll receive—

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK!

Offer expires August 31, 1949



Mutual's Juvenile Jury youngsters have ideas on just about everything—including fashions. Here they're judging a Girl Scout style show. The program is on Sundays at 3:30 P. M. EDT.



OUT Chicago way on Sundays at 3:30, over station WMAQ, listeners are being treated to a half-hour of programming that we think deserves national network status. The show's called *It's Your Life* and is a tape recorded series of authentic case histories of citizens and their health problems.

Maybe you don't think it would be interesting to listen to a real life case of cancer treatment, or the history of a polio victim, or the broadcast of a blue baby operation. But it is not only interesting, but more dramatic and moving and informative than many a program over which top writers beat out their brains in smoke-filled rooms for hours on end. The show is designed to dispel fear in those faced with the common health problems we all meet and, in dramatic, easy to take form, presents the latest methods of treatment and cure and the newest discoveries related to medical science.

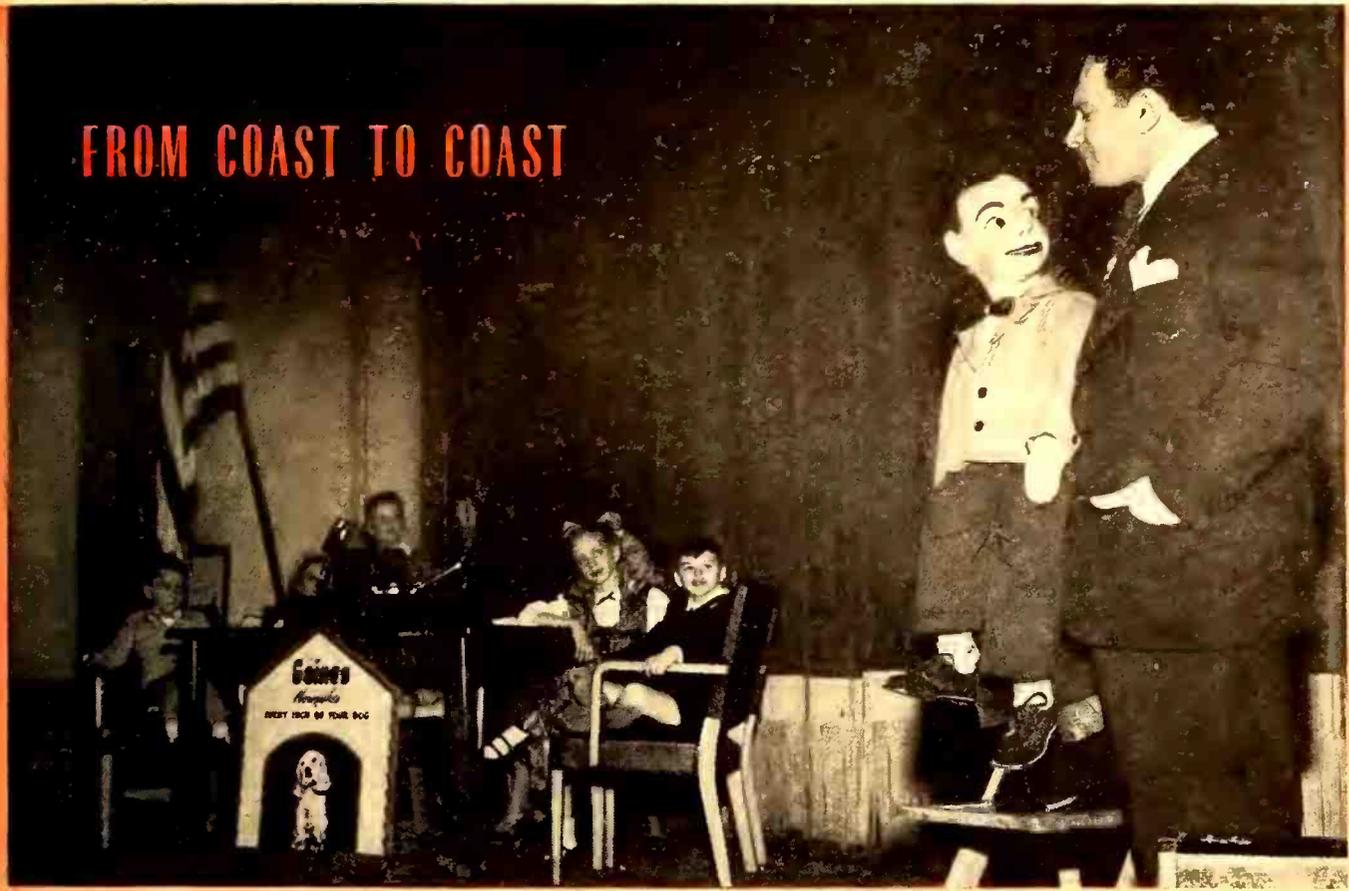
And for once, we're going to give a sponsor a generous pat on the back. The show is sponsored by a medical supply house, and they're to be congratulated not only for having the vision to present a public service feature of this kind, but also for the fact that they are radio crusaders in terms of letting producer Ben Park and the Chicago Industrial Health Association have complete control of the production. The sponsors do not hear or see the show until they receive a recording made from the broadcast. They're also unique in having ordered the producers to cut out the middle commercial, because it interfered with the mood of the show.

It's Your Life is a show that would benefit people in all communities. You can do something about getting it on your local network outlets. Do a little letter writing—write to Ben Park, or Don Herbert at WMAQ in Chicago, or just write to the station itself about it.

Here's a recent switcheroo. Not long ago, giveaway shows were trying their best to wangle chances to broadcast their shows from local theaters to build interest. At that time, the movie houses were cold shouldering the idea. But times have changed, what with television and a slight pinching in the pocket, and audiences are beginning to dwindle at the local (Continued on page 11)

Charlie Hankinson thought the clothes—and girls—wonderful.

FROM COAST TO COAST



By
DALE
BANKS

Fun with Stanley Burns and Oscar. Jury panel: Johnny McBride, Linda Glennon, Jerry Weissbard, Peggy Bruder, Charlie Hankinson.



Linda Glennon wishes she were old enough for this purple broadcloth with pique trim.

Jerry and Johnny give a sage masculine opinion of a pique off-the-shoulder party style.

A YOUTHFUL VIEW



The British portion of KDKA's exchange show, Youth Looks at the News, features Diana Colman, Alfred Harris and moderator Brent Wood for the BBC.

IF YOU were to ask any of the Pittsburgh youngsters about their counterparts in London, or for that matter if you asked the English kids about the young people in the steel capital of the world, you would probably find them well-informed.

Not that these two teenage groups have made special studies of the two cities; they haven't. But they do have a radio program on which they exchange ideas and comments.

The program Youth Looks at the News is a feature of KDKA, the Pittsburgh Westinghouse station, which was started in April, 1943. Jack Swift, KDKA's chief news editor, acts as moderator for the Pittsburgh show, while Lee Corey, Pennsylvania College for Women student, and Nelson Runger of Mt. Lebanon High School represent the U.S.

The BBC broadcast has Brent Wood as moderator and Diana Colman and Alfred Harris as participants. Diana is nineteen. She has won a scholarship to St. Hugh's College, Oxford, and is working at the French Tourist office in London before she goes to the University. She is interested in journalism, broadcasting, books, current affairs, amateur dramatics, people and films. Alfred is also nineteen. He works in the research laboratory of a scientific instrument firm and is studying for a science degree. Photography is his hobby and, aside from his work, his main interest is Youth Clubs.

The moderator, Mr. Wood, was a BBC commentator during the war. He also conducted the Listening Post, which was BBC's answer to Lord Haw Haw. The name Brent Wood conceals the identity of the well-known author, Edgar Lustgarten.

Exchange programs are transcribed in Pittsburgh and London for use the third Saturday of every month. On the other programs Swift and his teenagers devote their time to activities which interest youth. Teenagers cited for unusual achievement are often guests on the show.

Earlier exchange programs originated in England, when Janet Baxter and Peter Henry presented a broadcast under W. I. Hughes of BBC's Midland Regional staff, and Sally Adamson and Raymond Hodgkinson were heard with announcer W. H. Mason.

From this side of the Atlantic: Nelson Runger, News Editor Swift, Westinghouse Science Talent Search finalist Charles Arthur Plantz and Lee Corey.



Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 9)

filmieries. Now it's the other way around, with the movie houses angling to get the giveaway shows to use their theaters and the shows finding themselves embarrassed by riches in the form of too many movie palaces for their operations.

* * *
Okay, Burns and Allen are all set. They'd no sooner been released by their old sponsor, when CBS signed them—they will be heard next season, sponsor or no. At the rate it's going, pretty soon CBS will have cornered all the best talent there is and then sponsors might find themselves over a barrel. It sometimes causes us to wonder as we watch the peculiar types of economies the people with the very large cabbage exercise.

* * *
K. T. Stevens, heard as the older sister on Junior Miss, has consistently refused to trade on the prominence of her father, Academy Award winning film director Sam Wood. She has always insisted on making the grade entirely on her own. Now that she has succeeded, her father, who has a yen to try his hand again at stage direction, is looking for a play in which he can star his now-famous daughter.

* * *
Ah, romance! Jack Barry's *Life Begins At Eighty* is responsible for a new romance. The duo involved is eighty-one-year-old Fred Stein and Georgianna Carhart, eighty-four. They go out on dates together these fine summer evenings. Mrs. Carhart objects to the difference in their ages, but says she is tired of living alone and looking it.

* * *
Believe it or not, Eve Arden has received a letter from the principal of the La Jolla (California) Junior-Senior High School, which reads, "We will have an opening in our English Department next year. If interested, may I send you an application blank?"

* * *
Jack Smith has completed work on his first motion picture, "Make Believe Ballroom," which is due for release this summer. It's the story of a disc jockey and features Frankie Laine, Jimmy Dorsey, Ray McKinley and the King Cole Trio.

* * *
When CBS moved the *First Nighter* stanza to Hollywood, Barbara Luddy was handed a problem. She managed to find a place to live, but she couldn't get a telephone. At last, the long wait is over and she won't have to run to the home of the doctor next door, who's been letting her use his phone for business and emergency calls.

* * *
Jack Bailey's *Queen For A Day* show has signed up for two broadcasts from the stage of the Golden Gate Theater in San Francisco for June 20 and 21st.

* * *
One of the reminiscences that delights us is the one about Jimmy Durante's early night club days. He used to be billed then as a song expert who could play any tune the audience requested. If a song was requested which Jimmy didn't know—as was often the case—Durante would play an old stock tune. Of course, some of the customers would object and Jimmy would then stare at them in amazement and exclaim, "You mean there's two of 'em?"
(Continued on page 96)

...dream girl, dream girl... beautiful Lustre-Creme Girl
...hair that gleams and glistens... from a Lustre-Creme shampoo



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

Lustre-Creme Shampoo

NOT A SOAP!
NOT A LIQUID!
BUT KAY DAUMIT'S
RICH LATHERING
CREAM SHAMPOO
WITH LANOLIN

for Soft, Shimmering
Glamorous Hair



4-oz. jar \$1; 10-oz. economy size \$2.
Smaller jars and tubes 49¢ and 25¢.

No other shampoo gives you the same
magical secret-blend lather plus kindly
LANOLIN... for true hair beauty.

Tonight he can SEE new sheen in your hair, FEEL its caressable softness, THRILL to its glorious natural beauty. Yes, tonight, if you use Lustre-Creme Shampoo today!

Only Lustre-Creme has Kay Daumit's magic blend of secret ingredients plus gentle lanolin. This glamorizing shampoo lathers in hardest water. Leaves hair fragrantly clean, shining, free of loose dandruff and so soft, so manageable!

Famous hairdressers use and recommend it for shimmering beauty in all "hair-dos" and permanents. Beauty-wise women made it America's favorite cream shampoo. Try Lustre-Creme! The man in your life—and you—will love the loveliness results in your hair.

Facing the



The King of Swing himself. Benny Goodman and his clarinet have been making musical history ever since the early days of jazz.

BENNY GOODMAN, America's "King Of Swing," wasted no time in starting his musical career. He was making music almost as soon as he learned to talk and a clarinet is one of his earliest memories.

Benjamin David Goodman was born in Chicago on May 30th, 1909. His father was an over-worked tailor, and the baby could hardly be called a novelty in the tenement home of the Goodmans. He was one of twelve children and was born without even a tin-plate spoon in his mouth.

But Benny was a child prodigy. In kindergarten he was already a whiz on the harmonica. At six, he met his first clarinet, but Papa Goodman could not scrape up enough money each week for Benny to take his first lessons until four years later.

The following year, Benny was playing the clarinet in the children's orchestra at Hull House, Chicago's famous institution for aiding slum kids. Even as a youngster he could improvise the classics in a breath-taking manner.

While still a student at Lewis Institute, Benny was the child wonder of the Windy City's night clubs playing with Arnold Johnson's famous old jazz combo. Among the little girls in the floor show were Ruth Etting and the late Helen Morgan. Ted Lewis' records were Benny's main dish, though at thirteen his pet recording unit was the Cotton Pickers Band.

At sixteen, Benny was good enough to make the grade with Ben Pollack's famous jazz orchestra. Benny made his first recording with Pollack in a coupling of "Deed I Do" and "He's The Last Word." He stayed with Pollack for four years, and left in 1929. Feeling that New York was the jazz capital of the world, he stayed in the big city. In 1934 he formed his own band which made its debut at Billy Rose's Music Hall on Broadway, and shortly afterwards, he was signed for his first sponsored radio show over NBC. The rest of the Goodman story is much too familiar to need any elaboration now.

Six feet tall and weighing 170 pounds, Benny plays an excellent game of tennis and golf. But his life and dreams are all tied up in music. His greatest hobby is playing chamber music, which he frequently does with the Budapest String Quartet. He has also won resounding success as soloist with the New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Rochester, and Buffalo Symphony Orchestras.

In his autobiography *King Of Swing* Benny defines swing as "free speech in music for the musician . . . where a man can express his own musical ideas without restriction."

* * *

Margaret Whiting has just completed a two-

Music

reel musical for Paramount Pictures which was filmed in New York.

* * *

Pert Peggy Lee, who seems to pop up on the Bing Crosby show almost as often as the Groaner himself, appears to be all set for a regular spot on the Crosby ainer next season. However, the move will also enable her to do additional radio work on her own and would not restrict her to the one program.

* * *

When Milt Buckner, ex-Lionel Hampton pianist and arranger, made his first MGM records with his new band, MGM officials raved that the Buckner discs were the "gonest" sides they had ever recorded. As a matter of fact, they turned out to be so gone that they disappeared and weren't found until several weeks later, which is the reason that the release of the first Buckner platter for MGM, coupling "Buck's Bop" and "Milt's Boogie," was postponed for six weeks.

* * *

I hear tell that Alfred Drake is having a tough time keeping his youngest daughter from sitting in the lap of his new French poodle! Daughter, age three, seems to prefer the pup's charms to those of her own crib.

* * *

Vaughn Monroe's entry in the U. S. Army's contest to find an official Army song, has landed among the five that will be played by Army bands for a year, during which it will be decided which song will be the official choice. Monroe's "Men of the Army" won him a \$1,000 Savings Bond.

* * *

The Railroad Hour will have a long time off-the-air hiatus this summer, but singer Gordon MacRae is set to remain on the fill-in series with the Sportsmen Quartet and John Berig's music.

* * *

Johnny Long, who played dozens of college dates last year, is set for many more this annum. And the collegians are so determined that they'll be able to get Johnny, that some of them have already reserved dates in October and November. Ah, to be that popular!

* * *

It Pays to Be Ignorant is by way of being a family show in more ways than one. The Howards, Tom, Ruth and Tom, Jr., pool their talents to make the show the laugh-provoking satire on all quiz shows that it is. Tom Howard, of course, is the irascible duncemaster of the show. Ruth Howard, Tom's daughter, is the script writer and her brother, Tom, Jr., does the musical arrangements for the Townsmen Quartet and Harry Salter's orchestra.

By
MARTIN BLOCK

Martin Block conducts Make Believe Ballroom daily on New York's WNEW. He's also heard on NBC's Supper Club, Mon., Wed. and Fri., at 7 P.M. EDT.



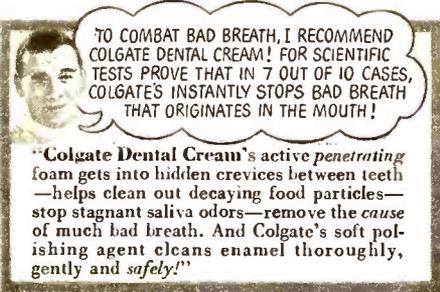
To The Readers of Radio Mirror: Just a note to thank all you wonderful people for naming me America's Favorite Disc Jockey. I've always tried to play your favorite records on my Make Believe Ballroom and feature your favorite artists, and now I hope to bring you news of both in Facing The Music. My deepest thanks again.

Sincerely,
MARTIN BLOCK

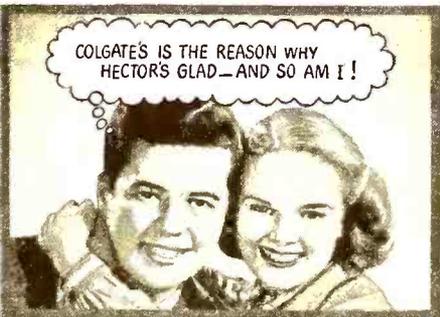


Everyone knows who these gentlemen are, but just for the record: Morton Downey, Bill Gaxton and Fred Waring at a Lambs Gambol.

Sorry, Pal! You're Dispossessed!



LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream



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

COLGATE
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

ECONOMY SIZE 59¢
ALSO 43¢ AND 25¢ SIZES

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

Look at the RECORDS

BY JOE MARTIN



Cartoonists sometimes see things that cameras don't. But there's no doubt that this is Tex Beneke—or is there?

TEX BENEKE (RCA Victor)—Tex and the band pair a novelty vocal with an instrumental and come up with a winner in "Pin-Striped Pants" and "Midnight Serenade."

BARKLEYS OF BROADWAY (MGM)—The Hollywood record company has taken four songs directly from the sound track of the new musical and issued them in an album that, naturally, features Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. The records are non-breakable, too.

SARAH VAUGHN (Columbia)—Now firmly ensconced on a new record label, Sarah sings "Black Coffee" and "As You Desire Me". This gal has a wonderful way with her.

LES BROWN (Columbia)—There's no reason why "A Fine Romance" can't be as big a hit as "I've Got My Love To Keep Me Warm". The coupling is called "1400 Dream Street".

ALICE HALL TRIO (Capitol)—"Pennies From Heaven" and "Caravan" are infectiously and musically played by the trio of drums, bass and accordion.

TROPICAL ISLE—Alvino Rey (Capitol)—Here's an album of Alvino's singing guitar and orchestra. The fine songs included are the "Pagan Love Song," "Sweet Leilani" and "Moon Of Manikooora."

JUDY VALENTINE (MGM)—This new and unusual voice actually belongs to the wife of Boston disc jockey Sherman Feller. Judy sings in a baby-voice "Kiss Me Sweet" and "Kitchy Kitchy Koo."

FRAN WARREN (RCA Victor)—Fran sings "A Wonderful Guy" and "I'm Gonna Wash That Man Right Out Of My Hair." Both are from "South Pacific" and both are excellent.

CHARLIE VENTURA (RCA Victor)—The titles are "Whatta Ya Say We Go" and "Body and Soul". The latter, of course, is a baritone sax solo by Charlie while the first-named is a bebop vocal by Jackie Cain and Roy Kral.

DICK JURGENS (Columbia)—Al Galante sings on both sides of the disc. You'll get a big kick out of "You Red Head" and "Women! Women! Women!"

DAVID ROSE (MGM)—The talented composer-conductor offers "Swedish Rhapsody" and "Song Of The Vagabonds". They are truly beautiful compositions and well worth having.

VAUGHN MONROE (RCA Victor)—Now that Vaughn is signed to make Western motion pictures, his versions of "Riders In The Sky" and "Single Saddle" are well-timed. Well done, too.

FACING THE MUSIC

Collector's Corner



By LISA KIRK

(From schoolgirl in Roscoe, Pennsylvania, to show-stopper on Broadway was a short trip for Lisa Kirk. It may not have been an easy voyage, but Lisa, at 23, proves that the time element was not too important. After a series of successful engagements as a singer in New York night clubs, Lisa's first break came in Broadway's "Allegro." Now, of course, everyone knows about her smashing success in Cole Porter's "Kiss Me Kate," in which she sings "Always True To You In My Fashion" and "Why Can't You Behave".)

* * *

EVER since my high school days in Pennsylvania, I've been an avid record collector. Of course, as my musical training progressed and as I got to hear more of the different styles of music and singing, my likes and dislikes went through various and sundry changes.

At the moment, I would most definitely say that I don't like any one style of music better than any other, nor do I restrict my collection to either classical or popular music. I've got my record shelves filled with everything from Brahms to bebop.

Among my favorites, I think Billy Eckstine's version of "What's My Name" is the one disc I listen to most often.

Another record that I keep where I can get at it quickly is Fran Warren's recent recording of "A Wonderful Guy." I'm in love with Fran's phrasing and voice.

In a more serious vein, I enjoy listening to anybody's recording of Claude Debussy's "La Mer." There are few compositions I've ever heard that are as beautiful and melodic as that one is.

A very good friend of mine is Vic Damone, a very favorite record of mine is Vic's Mercury disc of "Again." Just listen to it and you know why.

I could actually go on, but the longer I think about it, the more discs come to my mind . . . some of the old Benny Goodman, Tommy Dorsey and Artie Shaw platters, dixieland jazz, operatic records . . . Let me leave you with the ones I've listed above because the next time we meet, I'll probably give you a new list—and that will be because I'm still listening to good things on records.

"I dress for a bride's shower... at 8 o'clock in the morning!"



1. "For daytime duties I wear a versatile costume. A short, chic, cardigan jacket. A jaunty white hat with a feather to match my dress. A gay roomy basket bag. It's really a traffic stopper! And, of course, I rely on gentler, even more effective Odorono Cream . . . because I know it protects me from perspiration and odor a full 24 hours!"

New Odorono Cream brings you an improved new formula in a bright new package. Stays creamy smooth, too . . . even if you leave the cap off for weeks!



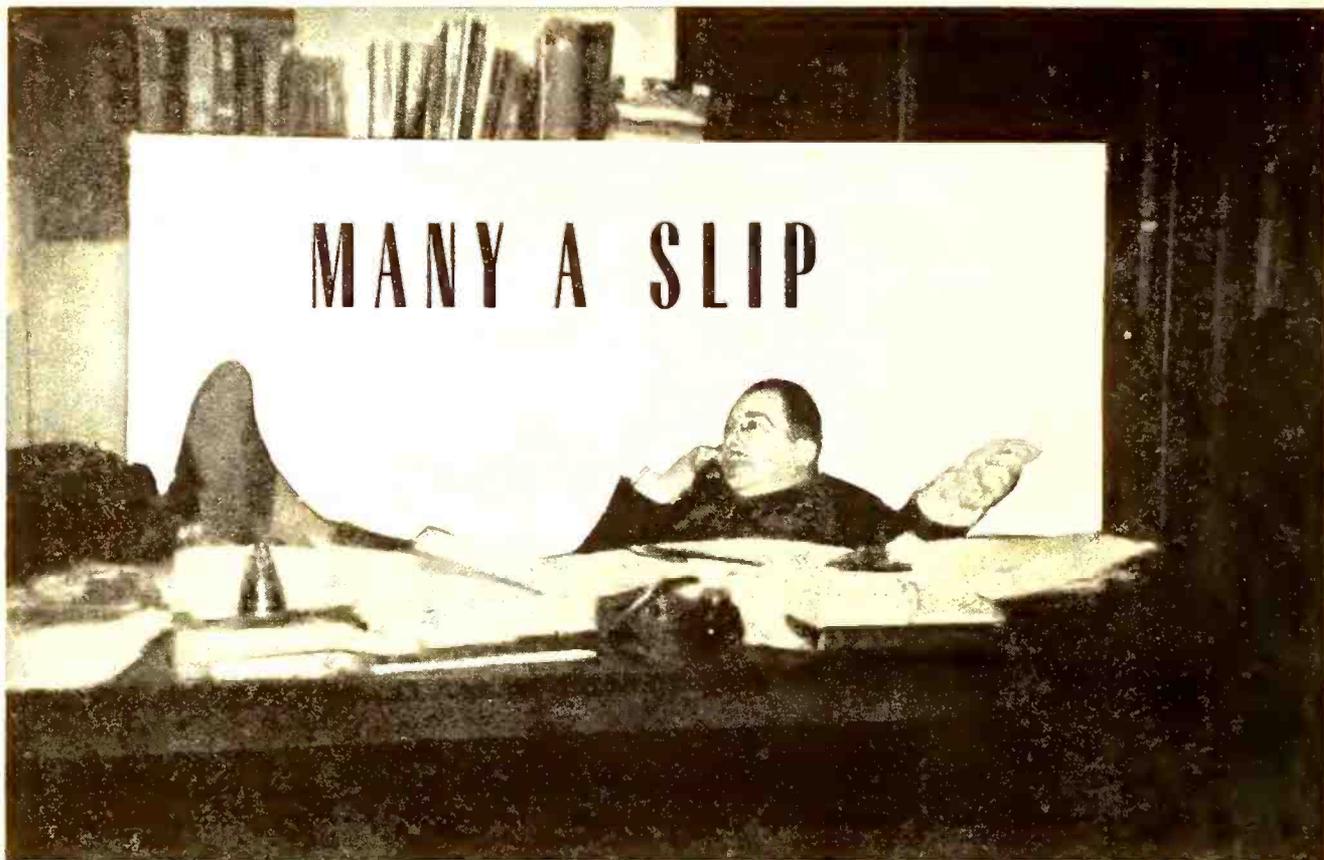
2. "For the evening surprise party, from under my jacket appears a picture-pretty party dress. Around its soft blue tie silk I put a white organdie sash which matches the dainty gathered V-neck insert, and I'm set! I'm confident of my charm all evening, too, thanks to new Odorono Cream . . . because I find it gives me the most effective protection I've ever known!"

It never harms fine fabrics, and is so gentle you can use it right after shaving! You'll find it the perfect deodorant!



New Odorono Cream safely stops perspiration and odor a full 24 hours!

(Now in new 25¢ and 50¢ sizes, plus tax)



This is Rupe Werling, production manager of WIBG, Phila., from whose scrapbook these fluffs were collected.

PRESENTING a program for your every nude!" If those words issued from the loudspeaker of your radio, as you contentedly sat back puffing your pipe, would you immediately start hunting for your favorite burlesque artiste, or would you just let it ride as a fluff? Because that's actually what it was.

Announcer Roy Neal's tongue slipped on a "program for your every mood" while broadcasting from a Philadelphia station, to bring that city one of its better fluffs of the year.

A fluff, you realize by now, is a tongue slip made by a radio announcer, and quite a few choice variations manage to work their way over the air waves from time to time. For instance, Tom Moore was fully aware that the store he claimed was "easily available by truss, bolley and el" really could be reached by bus, trolley and el.

See what you can do with brass ash trays. An announcer did the same thing. Another drew quite a bit of unfavorable comment for his mineral water sponsor, when he failed to stress the last two letters of the slogan "Drink yourself to health."

Tongue slips can be quite embarrassing, but an omitted word can cause even more trouble. A finance company cancelled its program because an announcer dropped the word "not" from the sentence "They are not loan sharks."

The omission of the word "with" made an introduction cause for humble apologies when listeners to a baseball preview were surprised to hear "—and now here he is—the dope from the training camps, Douglas Arthur." That same Douglas Arthur had no cause to squawk, because he recalled the day he informed his listeners that they'd just heard "a fifteen-minute program featuring a half-hour of the records of Tommy Dorsey."

The baseball broadcaster who had Joe DiMaggio "backing—backing to the fence—his head hit it—it drops to the ground—he picks it up and throws it to third" left listeners speculating as to whether the

great DiMag owned a removable top piece.

Probably the commonest of all fluffs occurs when an announcer moves from one station to another, and from force of habit continues to advise listeners they're being entertained by the station he used to work for, instead of the one now paying his salary.

An occasion worth celebrating was that which occurred when an announcer new to Philadelphia told his microphone that it belonged to a station in Rochester. The cause for cheers was a new engineer. He threw the wrong switch and the announcement never left the studio, proving that two wrongs can make a right.

But tongue slips aren't the only troubles of radio spellbinders. Memory lapses do their share towards driving program directors crazy. Dr. J. Arthur Meyers, a doctor of philosophy, who broadcasts as Your Unseen Adviser, needed some advice himself the morning he turned his program back to an announcer with whom he had worked for twenty-six weeks, thusly: "and now, here is our good friend . . . hmmm . . . I've forgotten his name—with a message from our sponsor."

Then there was the announcer who forgot the lyrics to Ozzie Nelson's recording of "The Little Guppy" with which he was concluding a program. He had the engineer fade the music under his voice as he told the listeners, "We'll be back with another in this series of programs tomorrow at the same time" and then had the music brought back loudly just in time to have a female voice yodel, "It stinks!"

Rupe Werling, production manager of WIBG, Philadelphia, from whose collection this article was compiled, has his own pet fluff, which dates back to the days he was an announcer and called skunk-dyed opossum, "sky-dunked opossum," not once, but twice in the same day. The third time he was scheduled to read that same furrier's commercial, he rehearsed and rehearsed. Again it came out as "sky-dunked opossum." Thereafter, as far as Werling was concerned that fur was one that was never sold.

New! Woodbury De Luxe Cold Cream

with Penaten penetrates deeper
into pore openings

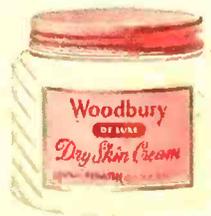
cleanses skin cleaner



Newly, truly a miracle! A wonder cream that cleanses your skin cleaner, brighter, clearer! For PENATEN in Woodbury De Luxe Cold Cream *penetrates deeper into pore openings*. Frees hard to remove make-up, clinging soil. Smooths more effectively . . . PENATEN carries Woodbury's rich skin softeners deeper. Never, ever, till Woodbury put PENATEN in this new De Luxe Cold Cream, has your skin looked so luminous. So alive. So luscious-soft.

For extra-dry skin—extra-rich
Woodbury De Luxe Dry Skin Cream

If you're "over-thirty" . . . if your own skin oils are decreasing, supplement with lanolin's benefits . . . four special skin softeners . . . in Woodbury De Luxe Dry Skin Cream. PENATEN speeds this richness deeper into pore openings. Softens instantly. Smooths tiny dry lines that lead to wrinkles. Soon . . . YOU look younger!



Jars dressed in pink-and-gold. Trial size, 20¢ to largest luxury size, \$1.39. Plus tax.

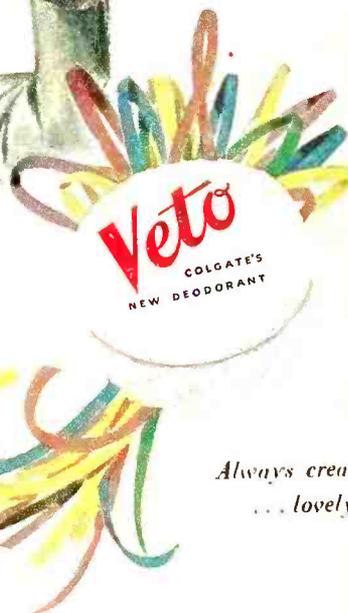
your cleansing tissue proves it!



**Your loveliness
is Doubly Safe**

Because

**Veto gives you
Double
Protection!**



*Always creamy and smooth
... lovely to use!*

So effective ... Veto guards your loveliness night and day—safely protects your clothes and you. For Veto not only neutralizes perspiration odor, it checks perspiration, too! Yes, Veto gives you Double Protection! And Veto disappears instantly to protect you from the moment you apply it!

So gentle ... Always creamy and smooth, Veto is lovely to use and keeps you lovely. And Veto is gentle, safe for normal skin, safe for clothes. Doubly Safe! Veto alone contains *Duratex*, Colgate's exclusive ingredient to make Veto safer. Let Veto give your loveliness double protection!

Veto lasts and lasts from bath to bath!

Nelson Selby, WBEN organist, entertains from the balcony of Laube's Old Spain. Beginning in 1925, Nelson played in almost every Buffalo movie house and for nine years provided music for roller skating.



LOVE of his LIFE

ONE rarely thinks of an organist as being a much-traveled man or one whose activities would run from virtually dawn to midnight. But WBEN organist Nelson Selby is currently providing the musical backbone of Breakfast at Laube's Old Spain five mornings a week, playing at the Hotel Lenox six evenings a week, and airing a Sunday afternoon organ program on WBEN. He also is heard frequently on Sundays at Buffalo's leading churches.

Nelson can hardly remember the time when he wasn't in love with organ music. It started when he filled in as church organist on Sundays. After high school graduation he studied at the Eastman School of Music in Rochester and later attended the University of Buffalo. But it was long before that—at the age of seven—that he began his musical studies.

Curiously, Nelson attracted early attention for his accordion playing as much as his artistry on the organ. Two decades ago he teamed with Mickey Sullivan, the leader of television's famous Mad Hatters band on WBEN-TV. As the Boys from Melody Lane, he and Mickey broadcast from WGY, Schenectady and for two summers sang at famed Saratoga.

For his morning Breakfast programs Nelson utilizes the Hammond organ at Laube's but on Sunday afternoon he plays the huge WBEN organ at the station's studios. At the Lenox Hotel he has his own equipment—Hammond, celeste and chimes. He also is a consultant and salesman of Hammond organs at a local music house.

Mr. and Mrs. Selby have three children—Dick, seventeen; Judith, eight and Diane, four. Dick is preparing for M. I. T.



In 1937 and '38 Nelson broadcast over the NBC network, later toured the small-town circuit.

De Long

Bob Pins
set the smartest
hair-do's

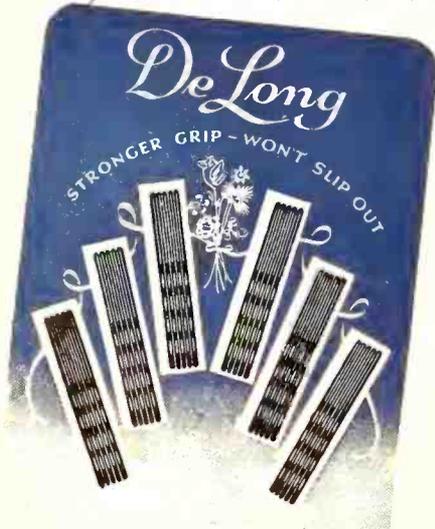
stronger grip—
won't slip out



Short in front—short in back... like this new "Directoire Style" that's so flattering to your face... that's the way your hair goes this season. And the smartest hair-do's are going up with De Long Bob Pins! Smoothly rounded at the ends, De Long Bob Pins slide in easily, stay in indefinitely. For easier setting—for lovelier hair—reach for De Long Bob Pins on the famous blue cards.

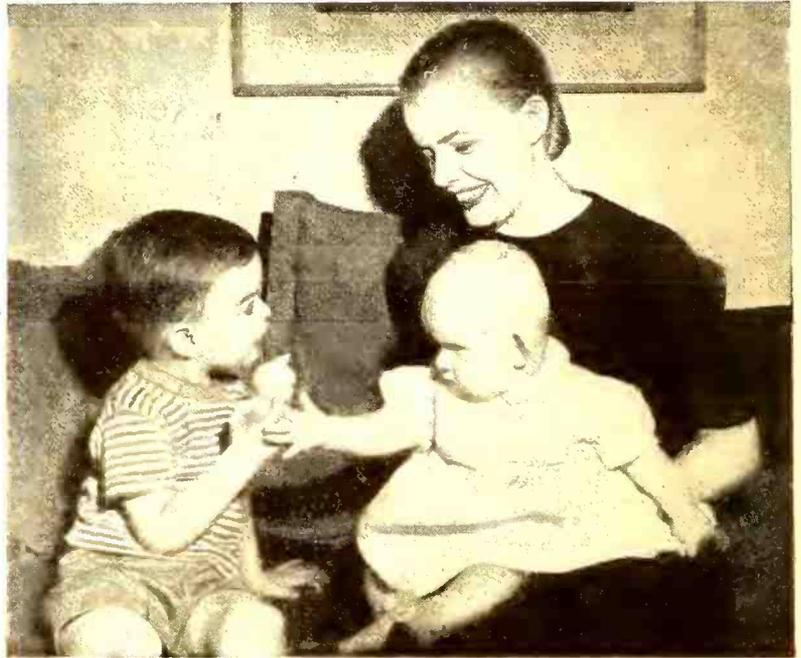


how to set this
"directoire style"
created by Robert King, famous
New York and Hollywood hair
stylist and make-up artist. Make 6
large pin curls for the bang.
Wave a ridge over each ear and
make two rows of curls from high
on both sides all the way around
back. Always turn curls toward
face. Brush out hair away from
face and let fall softly.



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

While Waiting



Keeping pretty while pregnant was no problem for radio actress Eileen Palmer. Her rules can work for you, too.

JUNE—the traditional month for brides! Many of you are altar bound. Some of you are already happy wives and mothers. But many of you are "expecting," for the first time. And, because approaching motherhood is always a wonderful and mysterious experience, we thought you might like knowing how another woman managed to get through those long nine months with the minimum of discomfort and loss to her good looks.

So we called upon Eileen Palmer in her Peter Cooper Village apartment, along New York's East River. When we explained to her that any advice she could give might be of interest and help to other women, she was more than willing to tell her story.

Eileen plays Francie Brent on NBC's Road of Life program. She also appears on Mr. District Attorney, Gang Busters and Counter Spy. Her husband is Gregory MacGregor, reporter for The New York Times. Eileen has become a mother twice. The children are a boy, Fletcher, now three, and a baby girl, Jean, born last September, who loves strangers, and shows her delight in

meeting them by her adorable smile. Eileen's first word of advice is that if you have a job, keep working as long as you can. It helps to take your mind off how you feel. Or if at home, keep busy.

She moved just before her second child arrived. She helped her husband build bookcases, paint, and she made draperies. As this was during the summer months, she dressed their two-year-old son in as few clothes as possible to save laundry, sat down as often as she could to keep from being on her feet too much, and planned her meals simply, to cut down extra dish washing.

Of course, her husband was most understanding, and helped all he could. But, as Eileen pointed out, at times it's difficult to keep from being nervous and irritable. However, it's worth the try. It's a good time too, to develop your sense of humor.

Eileen also advises you not to keep looking at your figure in a full-length mirror all the time. If you do, you might feel depressed. For your husband's morale, as well as for your own, try not to become sloppy in your appearance.

RADIO MIRROR

SALON-SAFE FOR "PROBLEM" HAIR

SALON-SMART FOR EVERY HEAD

By
MARY
JANE
FULTON

Keep your hair clean and becomingly coiffed, your nails always well manicured, and your make-up on right. Every so often, wear your hair differently. It will help detract attention away from your figure. As Eileen has hazel eyes (they're lovely), and wears glasses a lot, she thought maybe using eye make-up would help, so her eyes wouldn't have such a blank, washed-out look. So she used green eyeshadow to bring out the intensity of their coloring. As her lashes and brows are black, she applied black mascara on her lashes, and used what was left on the brush to brush lightly over her brows. You might find a brow pencil more satisfactory. Her brows are shaped nicely, so she didn't have to do more than keep them neat by plucking out straggly hairs.

Eileen invested in three pretty maternity dresses, and wore plain black picture hats with them to help balance her figure. Don't, she advises, clutter yourself up with a lot of jewelry. Either an attractive necklace, bright pin, or earrings is enough to wear, so that people will notice them first, and not be immediately conscious of your size.

When it becomes more difficult for you to sit in a chair gracefully, she suggests avoiding overstuffed ones, which are difficult to get up from. Sit, instead, in straight-back chairs.

She had a "pregnant chair" in every room of her apartment. As soon as she entered a friend's living room, she immediately spotted, and made for, a straight-backed one. Watch the position of your feet. Don't sit with your knees spread apart, she says, for this is the way you might feel like sitting. But it's not a graceful or ladylike posture.

As her final word of advice to mothers-to-be, she says to be sure to follow your doctor's instructions. She didn't, the first time, and consequently gained too much weight. The second time, she had learned her lesson, and adhered strictly to the diet he gave her. Then, after baby Jean arrived, she didn't have to lose weight the hard way—by the unhappy process of reducing.

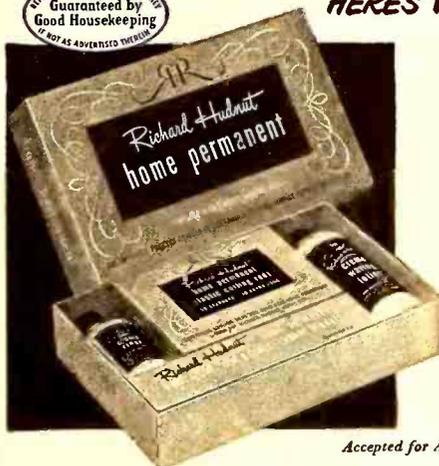
When your hair is that soft, fine kind, you want a home permanent that really *pampers* your hair!

With the new, improved Richard Hudnut Home Permanent you can be sure of lovely, safe, gentle "salon-type" results. That's because you use the same sort of preparations...even the same improved cold wave process found best for waving thousands of heads in the Richard Hudnut Fifth Avenue Salon!

No fear of harsh, frizzed ends, thanks to the gentler, *cream* waving lotion. No worry about being able to do a good job.

If you can roll your hair on curlers, you'll manage beautifully!

There isn't a more luxurious, softer, more natural-looking home wave for *any* head! Price, \$2.75; refill without rods, \$1.50. (Prices plus Tax.)



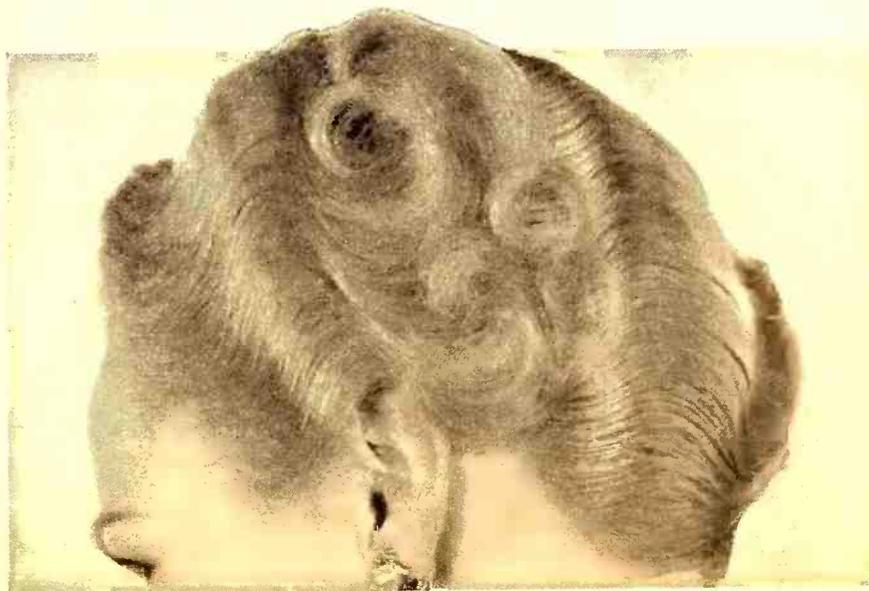
HERE'S WHY USERS PREFER HUDNUT!*

1. Gives you the wave you wish you were born with—soft, luxurious, natural-looking.
2. Quicker by far—saves ½ hour or more per permanent.
3. Easier, too! Special Hudnut pre-softening makes winding easier; ends less difficult!
4. Exactly the type curl you desire—tight or loose—but never a frizz on the ends!
5. Lasts longer—gives weeks more pleasure and prettiness!
6. Doesn't dry hair or split ends; includes Richard Hudnut Creme Rinse, wonderful for making hair lustrous, soft, more "easy to do."
7. More manageable—greater coiffure variety.

*As expressed by a cross-section of Hudnut Home Permanent users recently surveyed by an independent research organization.

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association.

New!
Improved! **Richard Hudnut**
Home Permanent



for BETTER LIVING

ASHAMED OF YOUR FACE?

Famous Doctor Advises Anyone Suffering the Humiliation and Misery of Bad Skin—Externally Caused—TO TRY VIDERM PLAN

Clinical Tests Prove VIDERM Does Wonders for Pimpley, Itchy-Blotchy Skin.



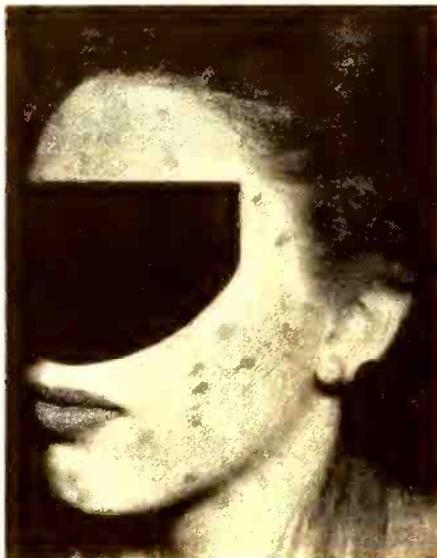
A famous New York doctor and an eminent chemist (names sent on request) definitely prove by actual clinical tests that the Viderm Plan is of distinct benefit to men and women, boys and girls suffering the humiliation and misery of bad skin caused by pimples (Acne Simplex).

These two scientists took a group of boys, girls, men and women ranging in ages from 16

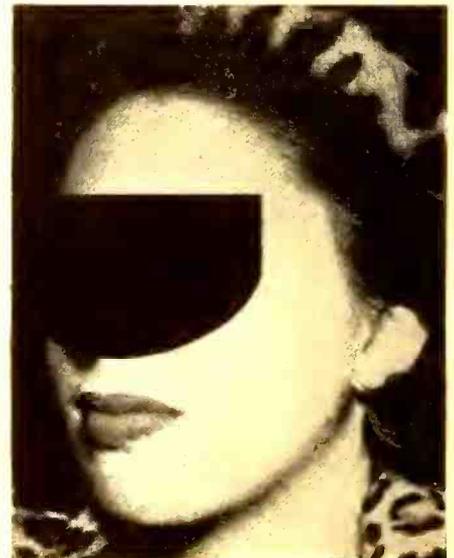
to 36 with bad, blotchy, itching skins and treated them with nothing else but the regular 2-jar Viderm Plan containing VIDERM SKIN CLEANSER and VIDERM FORTIFIED MEDICATED CREAM.

The improvement in the skin and complexion of these patients was so gratifying that the doctor arrived at this conclusion: The VIDERM PLAN should be tried by anyone suffering from bad skin—externally caused.

The marked photos shown here are living proof that VIDERM can actually make your skin clearer and better looking almost daily—that your skin will show a dramatic improvement every blessed day!



BEFORE TREATMENT WITH VIDERM



AFTER VIDERM TREATMENT BY DOCTOR

Case 79: These untouched photos taken from real life by the doctor making this clinical Viderm test, show how Viderm has amazingly cleared skin of patient. This girl had pimples for more than 2 years before successful treatment with Viderm. Don't give up hope until you have tried Viderm for your skin! Here is dramatic proof that Viderm can do the some wonders for your skin in the same short time!

So if you are discouraged, blue, ashamed of your face, feel like a social outcast, this physician's findings should bring you great hope. For there is every reason to believe that the VIDERM PLAN will help give you a clearer skin in a comparatively short time, just as it has done for the patients treated by the doctor in the clinic.

In fact, the New York Skin Laboratory is so sure of it that they will refund the full purchase price if the VIDERM PLAN doesn't give you a clearer, love-

lier skin and complexion. SEND NO MONEY NOW. Just your name and address to New York Skin Laboratory, 206 Division St., Dept. 2-L, N. Y. 2, N. Y. You will receive by return mail the complete 2-jar VIDERM PLAN in plain sealed wrapper with doctor's advice how to use for best results. (If you wish to save postage and C.O.D. charges, send \$2 with order.) Same money back guarantee applies. Here's the address again—New York Skin Laboratory, 206 Division Street, Dept. 2-L, New York 2, N. Y. Write today.

TO PHYSICIANS: Complete clinical data on the effects of VIDERM on Acne Simplex, together with professional sample, sent if requested on your letterhead.

Joe Rodriguez got his wish when emcee Tommy Bartlett whisked his wife and son to Chicago for a grand reunion.



TRAVELER OF THE MONTH

By

TOMMY BARTLETT

IT isn't often in a man's life he can make a wish and have it come true. But our Traveler of the Month, Joe Rodriguez, did.

More than anything else he wished to see his son for the first time, and his wife *again*. And he got his wish! But let me tell you his story, from the day he was blinded by a mining accident six months ago until the day he appeared on the Welcome Travelers broadcast.

Joe had a job with the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company. He and wife Lucy had a three-room cottage on company grounds. All in all, they were very happy.

That is they were, until six months ago, when one day Joe was crushed in a treacherous slide of rock. His many injuries included a critical skull fracture. He was alive, but doctors said he would be blind for life.

Those were horrible, anxious days for Joe and Lucy. Instead of waiting in happy anticipation for an addition to their family, sorrow had come into their lives. Lucy hovered over Joe's bedside, helpless.

But that is where Joe's bosses stepped into the picture. They moved him from hospital to hospital—nothing was left undone. Finally they took him to New York.

In New York the famous specialist Dr. Castroviejo made an examination. He said one eye was hopeless, but there was a chance to save the other. It would mean an immediate operation.

Fortunately for Joe, an unknown donor had given an eye to the eye bank just an hour before. After the delicate operation, the longest wait in Joe's whole life began. He had a lot of time to think—too much time. How would he be able to earn a living? How could he care for Lucy? The expected baby? Could he ever be the mechanic he wanted to be?

The nuns in the hospital were very kind to him. But all he could think of was, *Will I ever see again?*

Then he got the message he had been waiting for. He was a father. He had a six-pound son and Lucy was fine. Then followed more days of suspense. Bandaged; he

waited—it seemed like a lifetime. Then the big day came. The bandages were removed.

And he saw—his own fingers, locked tightly on his lap, slowly, carefully, he raised his eyes. There was the room in which he had waited for this big moment.

Then he realized he would see Lucy, he would see his son Joe, Jr. His vision wouldn't ever be perfect, but partial sight is better than none.

He stood at the window and looked out at New York. The noises he had listened to, blended with the scene of the metropolitan city, amazed him. But the West held his heart.

So Joe started home with representatives of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company—his boss. Between trains in Chicago they suggested he attend a radio broadcast.

Which brings me into the story. At the ABC broadcast, I said, "Joe, what do you want more than anything else in the world?"

He replied, "To see my wife and baby." "Well here they are, look down the aisle." He didn't know that we had whisked his Lucy and Joe, Jr., by plane from Colorado for the happy reunion!

It was tearful. It was happy. They ran into each other's arms. Spanish and English endearments filled the air.

Never in my life has a moment so affected me. It was wonderful to think that I had a part in making his wish come true. I asked Joe, "Do you think the baby looks like you?" But Joe, in his new happiness, was speechless.

He held the baby for the first time. He was frightened; he was thrilled; it was what he had been hoping and waiting for.

"Joe, what big lesson have you learned through your experience of the last six months?" I asked him. Joe thought a moment, and then he said. "My prayers have been answered. I can see again. I got my eyes from someone. When I die, I want to will my eyes, to help someone, to bring them the happiness I now have!"

From the files of Welcome Traveler (Mon.-Fri. 12 N. EDT, ABC) Tommy Bartlett chose this story.

HOW LONG WILL YOUR

TV

A television set is an investment

not to be entered into lightly,

and rumors are flying that present

day sets might soon be useless.

“Is there truth to these rumors?”

Radio Mirror asked the Federal

Communications Commission. Here is

what FCC Chairman Wayne Coy says

TO BUY or not to buy—that seems to be the question these days. It is being asked by prospective purchasers of television sets all over the country, and many of the readers of RADIO AND TELEVISION MIRROR have written to the editors, asking their opinion. There seems to be a persistent rumor to the effect that TV sets on the market at the moment will go out of date shortly—that is, that they will not be able to receive television programs because of changes which will be made in TV transmission. Of course, that same uneasiness is felt by those who already have made an investment in a TV set and who worry that their new receiver may not be worth the cost, if it is soon to be out of date.

This whole matter of possible TV set obsolescence has been the subject of considerable comment by Mr. Wayne Coy, Chairman of the Federal Communications Commission, recently, and what he has to say about it is worth repeating, for it answers the questions that have been asked, explains and dispels the rumors that have been flying.

In a recent speech before the Advertising Club of Baltimore he said, “I am sure that all of you fully understand that there is no proposal to eliminate or discard the use of the present twelve television channels. The Commission would not be taking the time to revise the standards for the presently available service if it had in mind eliminating, in the near future, the use of these channels for television service. . . . Obviously, therefore, present television sets available on the market will get service from these channels continuously.”

The television channels now on the air, to which the Commissioner refers, operate on what is called Very High Frequency—called VHF for short. However, there is no room for expansion in the VHF, so experimentation is being carried on to make room for new television channels in the Ultra High Frequency, or UHF. And, Mr. Coy said, “The FCC and the industry are now working together to determine what can be done to bring about these improvements.”

From this work, these experiments, the rumors about present sets going out of date have sprung. But if, as, and when UHF is developed, present TV channels *will remain on the air*, present TV receivers will continue to get the programs which they send out.

“I would have no hesitancy today,” Mr. Coy went on to say, “in buying a television receiver. I would not wait until the FCC had decided what they were going to do about the UHF because that may be some time off, and more than that, the time to develop trans- (Continued on page 97)

SET BE GOOD



Helen E. Hopkins

KIM, CARROLL, KAY and Co.

BY GEORGIA CARROLL KYSER

HE took my hand anxiously into his and felt my pulse. "Fine," he said.

It was while we were expecting Kim, our first child. I was being watched over those days like a gold shipment bound for Fort Knox. My welfare was the matter of chief concern in the Kyser household.

"Remember," he said, "you're to get lots of sleep during the day. I want you to take your midday naps without fail."

I couldn't understand what all the fuss was about. I felt fine. But I didn't say anything. I simply nodded. You just don't quarrel with health advice.

He looked at me firmly.

"And be sure to take your vitamin pills."

With that he did *not* snap shut his little black case and leave a prescription for me to have filled. Because that was no doctor. That was Kay Kyser, husband, who, with all his faults (like any other man, he has his quota of them), is a pretty tolerable fellow to have around whether you're having a baby or not.

I'm often asked what kind of person Kay *really* is. Is he clowning all the time, as on the air? Is life with the old professah just one big practical joke after another? Does he ever stop gabbing? Does he keep up the same amazing pace at home that he achieves when he's performing?

No, life with Kay is not a perpetual three-ring circus. It has too much dignity for anything like that. But it also has fun—calm, quiet family fun. And excitement. And, yes, romance. Maybe the best way to judge what kind of husband Kay is would be to examine my feelings as his wife. That's easy. The five years we've been married have been crammed with happiness!

Don't misunderstand. That doesn't mean everything is always smooth with the Kysers. Know any couple whose life together is? We have our ups and downs, but the important thing is that our downs never get us down. That's because we've got a (Continued on page 77)

*Georgia is one wife who
doesn't mind being told that
woman's place is in the
home. It's fun, especially
with two daughters . . .
and Kay Kyser for a husband*

Kay Kyser's College of Fun and Knowledge is heard M.-F., 4 P.M. EDT, ABC.



Kim (on Georgia's lap) was an adored first child, but moved over gracefully when baby sister Carroll (with Kay) came along.

KAY KYSER'S

NONSENSICAL



Games to play, sense and nonsense, it's fun—and knowledge—for every member of the family!

OVERHEARD IN CLASS—

"It cost only twenty-five cents to get into the Ford Theater in Washington the night President Lincoln was shot," a Kyser College diploma-holder told us one day. He's Julius Oscar Regnier, of Lowell, Ohio, and he ought to know—he was there with his parents and saw the shooting. Julius is ninety-nine now.

* * *

HALF-MINUTE QUIZ #1

"Everything happens for the best in this best of all possible worlds." Who said it? Check one:
Pollyanna
Voltaire
Jahn L. Lewis
(You'll find quiz answers upside down at the battam of the apposite page.)

* * *

"HERE LIES" DEPARTMENT—

Here lies John Knott:
His father was Knott before him,
He lived Knott, died Knott,
Yet underneath this stone doth lie
Knott christened, Knott begot,
And here he lies, and still is Knott.
—From an old Perthshire churchyard

* * *

YOU CANT—

Sell pickles unless they bounce, in Connecticut—there's a law against it.
Shoot fish in Hazelhurst, Missouri—there's a law against it.
Sleep nude on park benches in Kansas—there's a law against it.

* * *

HALF-MINUTE QUIZ #2

Fram which of the following three did the early radio, known as the crystal set, receive its name? Check one:
An inventor's sweetheart named Crystal.....
A city named Crystal.....
Flint, glass ar minerals known as crystal.....

* * *

PINDAR (born 518 B.C.) SAID IT—
"The best of healers is good cheer."

* * *

OVERHEARD IN CLASS—



Support for skunks came from Joel D. Lidden, of Rosémead, California, who is so fond of them that he calls them "perfume kittens" and keeps them as pets. "A skunk," Mr. Lidden told the student body heatedly, "is not as dirty as an ordinary house cat, and you will not have any rats around when you have a skunk."

KNOWLEDGE

A LITTLE LEARNING—

In case you care, here's how to say "July" in four languages:
 Spanish—julio
 Portuguese—julho
 French—juillet
 German—Juli



And speaking of July, the fifteenth of this month is St. Swithin's Day—the day which determines, by old superstition, the weather for more than a month afterwards. If it rains on St. Swithin's day, it'll rain every day for forty days thereafter—they say.

* * *

FUN AND GAMES—

Here's a game that any number of people can play. One person is sent out of the room. Each player is provided with pencil and paper, and one person is appointed timekeeper, and the timekeeper chooses a subject to be drawn, and announces it aloud to the group. (Any subject, the sillier the better, will do—such as "a pig and a pup on a picnic.") At the word "go" each player closes his eyes, and keeping them closed until the timekeeper calls "time" makes the best possible drawing illustrating the subject. Time limit should be two minutes. The person sent out of the room (remember him?) comes back, collects the papers, and tries to decide, from the drawings, what the subject was. The picture from which he guesses, or comes closest to guessing, the subject wins the "artist" a prize.

* * *

WHAT'S THE WORLD COMING TO DEPT—

My granddad, viewing earth's worn cogs,
 Said things were going to the dogs;
 His granddad, in his house of logs,
 Said things were going to the dogs;
 His granddad, in the Flemish bogs,
 Said things were going to the dogs;
 His granddad, in his old skin togs,
 Said things were going to the dogs;
 There's one thing that I have to state—
 The dogs have had a good long wait!

—Author Unknown

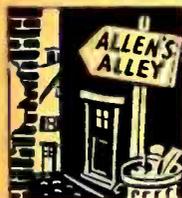
* * *

HALF-MINUTE QUIZ #3

Allen's Alley is an American institution as well-known as Main Street. Where can it be found? Check one:

- In a comic strip featuring Skeezi
- In the slums of New York City
- On a radio program

* * *



FILE AND FORGET—

Diameter of the earth at the equator—7,926 mi.; through the poles—7,899 mi. Area of earth: sq. mi. of water, 139,440,000; of land, 57,510,000.

DIONYSIUS THE ELDER (born 430 B.C.) SAID IT—
 "Let thy speech be better than silence—or be silent."

* * *

"HERE LIES" DEPARTMENT—

This is the grave of Mike O'Day
 Who died maintaining his right of way.
 His right was clear, his will was strong—
 But he's just as dead as if he'd been wrong!

* * *

OVERHEARD IN CLASS—

Mrs. Clifford MacMillan, a gadget-minded grandmother, from Saskatchewan, created a stir in the classroom when she challenged inventive genius to devise a bed jack in order to help her out with her sweeping chores. "Why not?" she wanted to know. "They jack up autos to change tires!"

* * *



HALF-MINUTE QUIZ #4

"The course of true love never runs smoothly." What's the source of this quotation? Check one:

- A road map
- Henry Wadsworth Longfellow
- William Shakespeare



We LOVE Children

BY MRS. ART LINKLETTER

WHETHER my husband has learned more about his own children from the children on the G. E. House Party, than vice versa, is an open question. But there is one thing of which I am sure. He'd never have tried a children's program if he hadn't been exposed to a good-sized gathering of youngsters at home.

We have five. Jack, our eldest, is eleven, Dawn is nine, Robert four and a half, Sharon

two and a half and baby Diane four months.

As a result of this type of double exposure, at home and at work, Art has become a pretty competent child psychologist, although he contends that life for father is still a series of surprises.

"At least" he says, "I've learned to predict that children are unpredictable."

From the viewpoint of our own youngsters, their father's work (Continued on page 98)

Art and Lois have mastered the art of getting pleasure, rather than problems, from their brood: Jack, 11; Robert, 4½; Dawn, 9; on Art's lap. Sharon, 2½; on Lois's, baby Diane.



**“The only thing you can predict
about children,” say the
Linkletters, “is that they are
unpredictable!” And who
can speak with more authority?**

**House Party is heard Mon.-
Fri., 3:30 P.M., EDT, ABC.**



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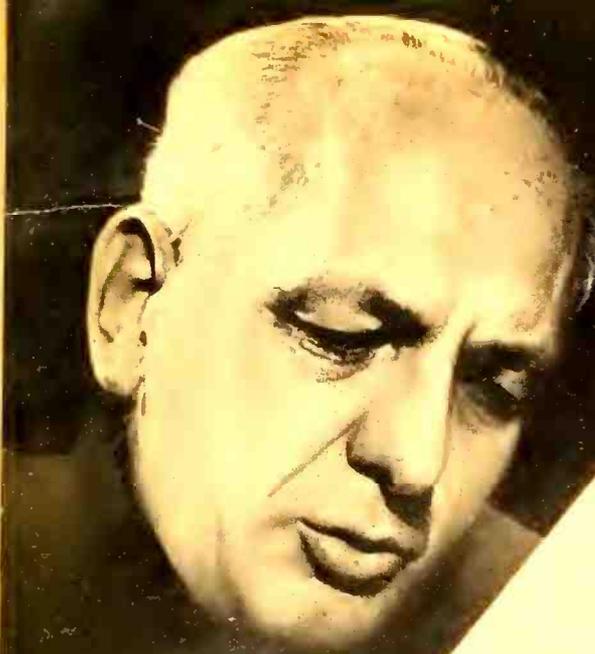
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House Party is heard Mon. and Fri., 3:30 P.M. EDT, All





Something

By
GABRIEL HEATTER

A warm, kindly man, interested in the whole world, loving people and caring deeply about their fortunes and misfortunes—only a man who has all of these qualities, a man like Gabriel Heatter, could tell this . . .

Gabriel Heatter's Mailbag: Mon.-Fri., 12:45 P.M. EDT, Mutual stations. Mr. Heatter's news commentary: Mon.-Fri., 7:30 P.M., EDT, also on Mutual.

FOR years desperate, shocking letters had come to me from men and women in every part of the country. Some wrote of personal problems they thought insurmountable; others had lost faith in their husbands or their country and sometimes in life itself. Unfortunately, most of these people had no one to turn to.

To the best of my ability I tried to answer their letters. Urging them to have faith. To fight failure. But during the war and following years so many important world events crowded my head that I had little time on my news program to discuss these letters. It didn't occur to me that the people of America lacked a program of their own where they could voice their opinions and problems.

Then one night, about a year ago, the phone rang after I'd finished a news broadcast. It was an old man with something on his mind.

"Mr. Heatter, I listened to your broadcast tonight," he said. "You sure did a heap of talking about Europe."

"Well, I guess you're right," I answered.

"Mind if I make a suggestion, young man?"

"No, not at all."

He took a deep breath and then let go, "The way I figure it, Europe is important but there's lots of other important things, too. Take me—I'm an old man, won't ever see seventy again and I'm trying to live on a thirty dollar a month pension. Ever try it? Not much fun. Well, goodbye, hope I gave you something to think about."

And he rang off.

Indeed, he *had* given me something to think about. I hadn't seen the trees for the forest. There was a desperate need for the discussion of not only the major problems of nations but also of the major problems of individuals. Add the individuals together. You get a city, a county, a state and the sum of them makes nations and the world. If there is not mental and physical health among individuals, how can the total be any better?

It was that night I realized the people of America wanted a microphone of their own. And it was that night the Mailbag program crystallized.

Since then thousands of letters have streamed across my desk each week. And it's evident to me that the only difference between many of the problems is the names of the people. Hundreds of us share the same economic and emotional difficulties.

A great part of the mail comes from married couples—jealous husbands, dissatisfied wives, some with real crises and others imaginary. Many letters are filled with electric charges that make me sit up with a start, like this one—

to think about—

"Mr. Heatter, during the war my husband was gone four and a half years. While he was away, I may as well be frank, I was unfaithful to him. I told him about it when he came back and he was so overcome by my honesty, he confessed he had been unfaithful to me, too. Now I lie awake nights wondering if people like us really love each other and can go on together."

What could you say to that? They have uprooted their marriage vows, their very trust in each other and yet, you have to admit, that when two people can be as honest as this couple, they have gone a long way to make up for whatever happened. That doesn't justify their mistakes or make them right, and it doesn't mean they are not going to be unhappy but honesty does go a long way to make a difference.

Besides we must remember that war leaves all kinds of casualties. People die, others are injured, homes are wrecked and great moral principles weakened, even destroyed. This young couple had their casualty. But if they love each other enough to rebuild their faith, they've got a good chance to be happy. A much better chance than this man who has just about lost his perspective—

"I heard you talk," he writes, "about a woman who left her husband and two children. I think you said forget and forgive. Well, my wife left me. I had three children. She left me for a no-good bum. A year later she begged for forgiveness and I took her back and then she left me again. How could I forgive anything like that?"

This wife is certainly a most unusual wench. She's either out of her mind or plain no-good, to walk out on her husband and children a second time. And I wouldn't blame her children if they held her in contempt and that doesn't come easy for me to say about any mother.

Yes, I agree with this man. It would be a mistake to take his wife back a third time. But she isn't the real danger he must fear. Unconsciously, he is about to make the worst mistake of his life in becoming bitter against all women. And he can only overcome that by forgetting his wife, washing her from his mind, and beginning all over again. If he accepts her as the symbol of womanhood, she will wreck his life. And she isn't worth that. She isn't worth a wooden nickel. After all, Mister, you don't throw away a peck of apples if one is rotten. And you can't lose faith in women because some of them are bad.

These are real marital upheavals but there are others just as disturbing and fatal that have no basis. Doubts founded on senseless suspicion can wreck a

marriage. Here's one line out of such a letter: "Last night, Mr. Heatter, my wife talked in her sleep and mentioned a strange man's name. Can you tell me what it means?"

Now can't you just see the glowing, green-eyed monster ogling this husband in the middle of the night? There is no telling how far he thinks his wife has gone but he suspects the worst.

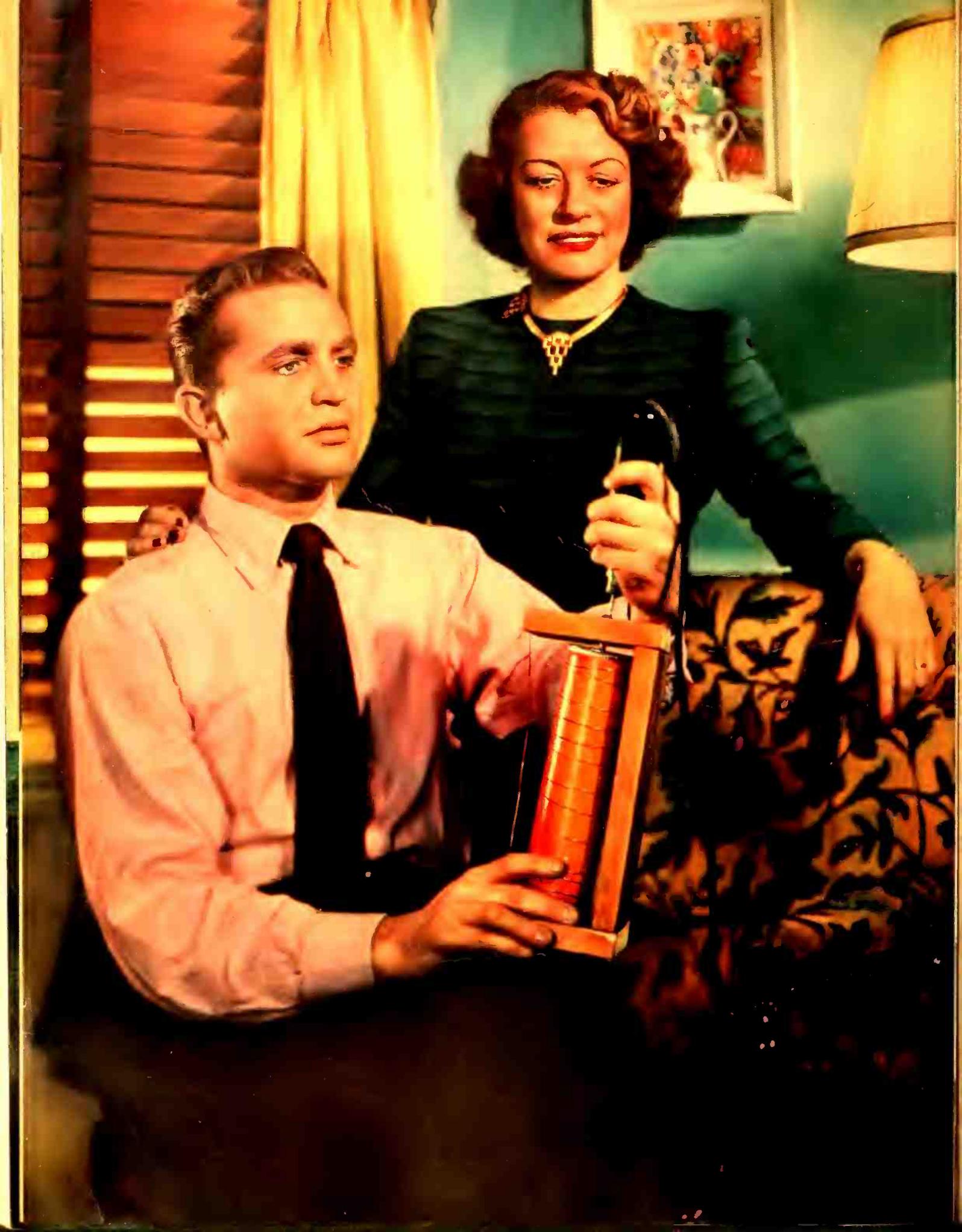
Well, if I were in that man's place I wouldn't be too worried. Sleep-talking usually means a person ate the wrong food too near bedtime. If a husband thinks mentioning another man's name means his wife is hiding a secret, passionate love affair, he's really making a mountain out of a molehill.

Once Mrs. Heatter talked in her sleep. And oddly enough she mentioned the names of other men too. It bothered me. More than I showed: Then one day she had all her unpaid bills out on the table and my eye caught the names of the creditors. Then everything cleared up. Just like that. (Continued on page 74)

HOW WOULD YOU ANSWER THIS QUESTION?

"I'm married to a kind, generous man. We have two young children and I'm very happy. My sister has begged me to take her into my home for a while. But to tell the truth, she's not a good woman. She left high school to run away with a married man and she's been getting worse ever since. A week ago she wrote to say that she has no money, no one to help her but me, and asked me to let her stay with us. I have my home to think of, my husband, my children. I don't want to turn away my own sister, and yet is it fair to my family to let her live with us?"

Radio Mirror will purchase for publication the most interesting, helpful answer to this letter sent in by a reader, and will print at the same time Mr. Heatter's own reply. Send your answers to Mailbag, Radio Mirror, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. The purchase price will be \$50.00 for the best answer. No letters will be returned; the editors will be the sole judges.



Through the Years with LORENZO JONES

You all know people like the Joneses. Their story is anybody's story —with more smiles, fewer tears

A MECHANIC by trade and an inventor by preference, Lorenzo lives in a dream world. It's fortunate that practical Belle is on hand to come between her husband and trouble. Here Radio Mirror looks back through the years at the Joneses' struggle for 'security. In these pictures, playing the parts in which you hear them on the air, are:

Lorenzo Jones.....Karl Swenson
 Belle Jones.....Lucille Wall
 Jim Barker.....Frank Behrens
 Irma Barker.....Grace Keddy
 Sandy Matson.....Joseph Julian

Lorenzo Jones, conceived and produced by Frank and Anne Hummert, is heard Monday through Friday at 4:30 P.M., EDT, over NBC stations.



1. On those nights when Lorenzo doesn't go out to his workshop, he frequently brings in whatever gadget he's working on at the moment and does a little tinkering on it right in the living room. When the dishes are done Belle joins him and, patient and loving wife that she is, tries to help with the problem.

2. Lorenzo has a job at Jim Barker's garage. When he's working on a car Lorenzo knows what he's doing—he's an unbeatable mechanic. But when he snatches a minute or two to dream about his newest invention—the one that'll make his fortune, of course—Jim has to keep a sharp eye open to see that he gets a fair share of Lorenzo's time.

Through the Years with LORENZO JONES



3. One of Lorenzo's inventions was a three-spouted teapot—one spout for strong, one for medium and one for weak tea! Like many another of his ideas, Lorenzo was convinced that this one would make his fortune. Belle, as always, listened good-naturedly to details about Lorenzo's latest brain-child.



4. Following the teapot—which, like others of his inventions, didn't work out for one reason or another—Lorenzo confided to Sandy Matson that he had a world-beating new idea—a perpetual footwarmer! Sandy was duly impressed.



7. Lorenzo insisted on having a party to celebrate his sale of the footwarmer and his start along the road to success. He greeted Irina and Jim Barker and Sandy, who were among the first of his friends to arrive. After the guests had left, Lorenzo discovered—to his horror—that the \$2500 in cash was missing. He and Belle frantically hunted high and low for it.



8. A surprised Lorenzo breathed a sigh of relief when Belle found the lost money which Lorenzo had absent-mindedly stuck in a flower vase on the evening of his party. Belle ruled that the money was not to be used for a new invention, but to buy the house they rented.



5. On his way home one day, Lorenzo stopped to weigh himself and got his fortune for a penny as well. Gleefully he showed the little card to Sandy later: "This Is Your Year," it read. "Everything You Touch Will Turn to Gold."



6. Luck—temporarily, anyway—seemed to be with Lorenzo, for he sold the perpetual footwarmer! The profits from the sale, \$2500 in cash, looked like a million, and Lorenzo delightedly showed the impressive roll of bills to all their friends, among them Irma and Jim Barker who dropped in that evening.



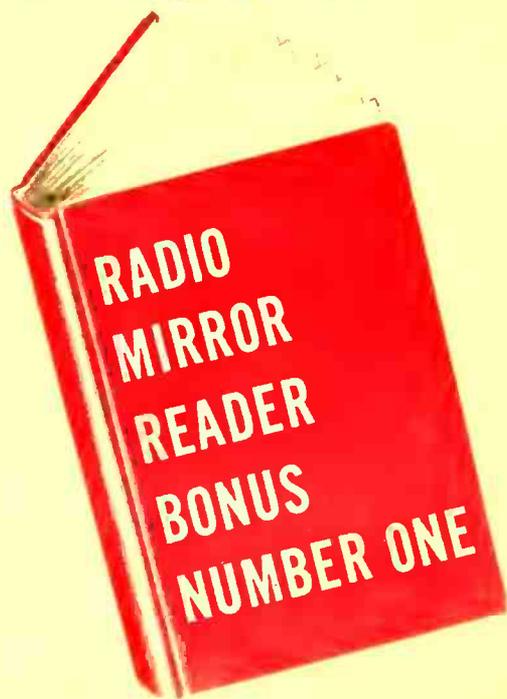
9. With one of his dreams finally come true, Lorenzo leaned happily on the fence of his newly-bought home. He made a down payment of \$2500 to his former landlord and got a fat mortgage in return. This—as the weighing machine card had said—was Lorenzo's big year.



10. There's nothing like owning your own home, the Joneses agreed—until the night it rained. Lorenzo discovered that the roof had begun to leak badly. Next day they got the bad news: the house needs a whole new roof. Lorenzo will have to borrow money to pay for it. "Please don't," he begged. "ever remind me that at least we have a roof over our heads!"

A SUSPENSE THRILLER

The Cuffs



Adapted from an original radio play written especially for Suspense by Herb Meadows.

Suspense—most exciting, best liked of the “chiller” radio shows. Here’s Suspense in story form, to give you the same heart-in-your-mouth feeling the program does!

YOU can do a lot with a quarter of a million dollars. Two hundred and fifty thousand, stashed away, gives you power. You don’t have to be afraid of judges or policemen—or even jails. You don’t even mind doing a few years, not with money like that waiting outside.

Three years I’d spent planning it, figuring how to get my hands on that money, where to hide it so I’d be sure it stayed there. Earl French, erstwhile banker—and embezzler. But a lot smarter than the cops who picked him up.

And the judge—he was as big a fool as the others. Chatted with me—like it was a tea party. “Seven years is a long time, Mr. French. The insurance people might agree to a lighter sentence. If, of course, you’ll tell where that money is.”

Me—tell them? They couldn’t guess how I was laughing inside.

To me it was all a big joke. The game was fixed so I was a sure winner in the end. *Two hundred and fifty thousand.* The words kept going over and over in my mind as they handcuffed my right wrist to the left wrist of the detective, as we boarded the train heading for prison.

You never know what’s going to happen, of course. You never know when a break is going to come along that’ll get you the things you want a lot quicker and easier than you’d figured on.

That detective was a nice enough guy. Not too tough. I think he’d been ordered to soften me up. “You all right, Mr. French?” he kept asking. “Anything you need—you just let me know.”

I kidded him a little about being too attached to me. I asked did I have to be cuffed to him all the time we were on that train. He thought about that a little. Then he said:

“Tell you, Mr. French, maybe we can work something out. You sit next to the window. I’ll kind of box you in, see. Then you can wear the cuffs all alone, and nobody loses.”

I grinned at him. It sounded like an improvement. He got out a key and unlocked the cuff that was on his wrist and snapped it onto me, so my hands were linked together. But I was free of him. That was the important part. More important than either he or I dreamed.

I looked down at the gleaming metal cuffs on my wrist. I could feel the squinting eyes of that detective watching me. “You’ll get the hang of them,” he was saying. “Ain’t hard. Biggest trouble is trying to read a paper. Five inches don’t give you much room to turn a page.”

I laughed. “I’ve got seven years,” I said, “to do my reading in.”

His eyes glinted. “Seven years—and a quarter of a million. Say—how smart does a guy have to be—to get his hooks into that kind of dough?”

I said easily, “Want some of it, fellow?”

“You kiddin’?”

“All you got to do,” I said, “is accidentally drop the key to these things on the floor. Then go get yourself

He didn't move or growl.
He just lay there, never
taking his eyes off me.



some lunch in that diner over there."

I made it half-joking. The detective grunted. "Sure. I run all the risk letting you scam out, on a thin prayer that maybe you'll show up some day with my cut. That it?"

I leaned back in the seat. "Matter of fact—I wouldn't try to—scam out. Why should I escape and be on the run all my life. I've got this one planned. A man has to think about the future."

Stupid words, I guess. I was just making conversation, watching the houses and fields rush past outside the train window. It was working out my way. Seven years—less, with time off for good behavior—and I'd be free. And I'd have my quarter million. A pretty good salary. All according to plan.

Only the plan was about to go bust.

I didn't know it quite then. I didn't even realize it when I heard the cry down the aisle of the car, "There's another train on the track. We're going to—"

And then the crash. The terrible instant of careening uncertainty, the screams of terror, the ripping crescendo of smashup. And silence—silence, broken by whimpers and groans.

I tried to stand up. The car was on its side, and there were flames and smoke closing in. Other passengers had scrambled through broken windows. No one had paid attention to me—or to that detective.

I heard him now, calling out to me. His legs were pinned down in the wreckage. "French," he was calling. "French—help me!"

"Sure," I said. "Sure—I'll help. Only first you got to get me out of these cuffs. Where's that key? I can't help you without it!"

"Key—you don't need a key. Just pull me out by an arm. Just—"

Anger was mounting. "You thick-headed fool," I cried out. "Where is that key? Where is it?"

He seemed to be trying to pull free. "I can't find it, French. Look on the floor, maybe. It must of fallen out of my pocket. It must—"

"You're a liar," I shouted. "You're—"

I could see the flames coming closer. I had to get that key, and he was holding out on me. It was him or me. I grabbed a suitcase, a big heavy one. I brought it down on him, bashed it down. He half-twisted, with a little cry. Then he was still.

But he hadn't lied. He didn't have that key. I emptied his pockets. I fumbled frantically in the wreckage around him, where the key might have spilled out. But I couldn't find it. And the flames were getting closer.

I could hear people outside, voices shouting directions. A man's voice crying, "Conductor—I saw someone in that car."

I knew I had to move fast. The plan I'd shaped in my mind in these brief, nightmarish seconds was simple, almost foolproof. The accident was the great break I hadn't foreseen. The break of a lifetime. I couldn't turn it down.

I reached his pistol and tossed it to one side. I wouldn't need that—I'd get by on brains. I squeezed my college ring onto his finger. I switched wallets.

The flames were so close now that the heat burned into me. I edged down the car about ten

I couldn't know, as she cut a branch, that she was going to prove she really had the whip hand!

Suspense is heard Thursdays at
9 P. M., EDT, CBS network stations.



feet, away from where I heard those voices of people trying to get in. I found a smashed window, and crawled out into the night.

Earl French, embezzler, on his way to prison, was dead. Burned to death in a train wreck. That was what the world would say. Nothing left but a charred body and a ring and some fragments in a wallet.

I'd have my quarter million—without any seven years of penance in prison.

The first job was to get rid of those handcuffs, of course. I sat out in a wheatfield, holding up my arms so the blood would run from my hands and wrists and leave them slim. But it didn't

work. I tried until my shoulders ached, but I couldn't slip my hands free.

It was all right. I wasn't frightened. Getting a five-inch strip of chain and those glittering bracelets off your wrists—well, that wasn't impossible. I'd find a way, all right.

I couldn't break the chain. I tried that too, straining at it, twisting it, pulling at it, rubbing it against stones until my hands were cut and bleeding. I even found a match in my pocket and managed to light a fire and tried to melt the metal by holding my hands over the fire until I screamed in pain. But it was no go.

I had to get help— (Continued on page 84)



BETWEEN THE



Be sure to listen to Ted Malone's program Monday through Friday at 11:30 A.M. EDT over ABC.

Hello There:

I suppose a skyrocket or a Roman candle would be a good way to light up the page this month . . . or maybe a few sparklers.

And here they are . . . some verses about people all over America these sizzling summer evenings.

The kind of folks you know . . . who watch baseball games on the corner lot . . . go on picnics in the park . . . drink gallons of lemonade and love the vast beauty of this old land.

Yes . . . and some verses about people you don't know but maybe you'd like to meet . . . the folks who make America what it is—a sparkler and a skyrocket of living.

—Ted Malone

GRAMP, THE NOVICE

Bring your thread, Mom, and your big needle, please,

For I have a date with a honey;

They tell me she's blonde and the right size to squeeze,

With a smile that is dimpled and sunny.

Our Johnny just called—says the blonde looks like me—

Imagine it, Mom! Like the Suttons!

Hospital visiting hour is at three,

And the old man just busted his buttons!

—Dorothy B. Elfstrom

THE TIMID CHILD

HOPE is a timid child that needs

Encouragement . . . a hand
To guide her through the crowded streets
And through the lonely land.

Keep HOPE, don't let her slip away

Frightened into the dark;
Teach her that she may play
With others in the park.

—Helena K. Beacham

AND I FORGET . . .

I wander down the time-worn steps
of past and memory

And the whispering voices of forgotten loves
rush back to me.

There is one I thought I could not lose . . . and live

But time is kind and life is strong . . . and I forgive.

Tomorrow is my wedding day and I become a bride;

But tonight I must make sure my soul and question of my pride.

Here is one . . . and there is one . . . yet another over here

And how have I forgotten him, the one I held so dear?

But I hear the voice of my future . . . calling high and clear

And I turn and leave the haunted past . . . hello, my dear . . .

—Charlotte Scott

FURROWS TOWARD THE SKY

It had been hard to leave brown prairie ground

Far mountain peaks that circled them around,

Away from all horizon, yet she knew
That he loved slaps where mountain laurels grew

In pink profusion through the gray spilled racks,

And hillside cabins, strange to balts and lacks,

And, most of all, his shaggy gray mule span

And the queer slanting way that furrows ran

Up toward the sky. Here was his home and heart

And though the prairies always would be part

Of her remembering, these hills in deep green wonder

And his deep love turned her brief sorrow under.

—Anabel Armour

BOOKENDS

WHO KNOWS WHERE BEAUTY MAY BE BORN?

Who knows where beauty may be born? A rainbow
Curves through the sky so unexpectedly.
A gull spreads feathered wings, gliding and dipping
In silent flight above a misty sea.
A brown dog patters down a shadowed pathway.
A gentle fawn, soft-flecked with white and gold,
Meekly explores a sunlight-dappled woodland.
Mild, woolly sheep came to the waiting fold.

Who knows where beauty may be born? A whisper
Hovers across the lyre strings of a heart,
Awakening a deep and haunting music,
Whose magic source no human mind can chart.
These symbols of a shining truth are scattered
Along our way, yet only those who cling
To gentle understanding will discover
That beauty is a shy and humble thing.

—Justine Huntley Ulp

QUIET EVENING

What is there in the evening,
When children are in bed,
That waits to be spoken,
That wants to be said,
Above the turned down radio
In the circled gold
Of lamplight and starlight,
What cries to be told?
The knowing heart can answer,
Keeping as it goes
Love's daily record
Of the thorn and rose.
But the lips that would say it
Are silent and wise
And the words are spoken
Only by the eyes,
And your hand touching lightly
On cheek and hair,
And the silken sound of quiet
On the evening air.

—Gladys McKee Iker

Radio Mirror's Prize Poem

FATE GOES TO MARKET

Yesterday was market day—and she came
strollin' by.
I saw her glancin' at me with her keen blue
eye;
I felt the blood a-risin' in my face like
flame—
She asked the price of apples, an' I couldn't
speak for shame.

*What has she to do with markets? Why did
she come back
And have me put her carrots in a clean new
sack?*

There my father squatted on an old truck
tire,
Eatin' sweet potatoes roasted in the char-
coal fire;
There stood Em, my sister, with her hands
all wet and red,
Shawl pinned cat-a-cornered on her square
blonde head.
She will marry Emil—he is strong and slow
and good;
They'll raise little market gardeners in an
endless brood.
Oh, what would my mother say, a-cookin'
for us all,
And Saturdays a-standin' in the city market
stall . . .
What if I should take her home, this girl
with painted lips,
Silly little high-heeled shoes, and bright red
fingertips!

*What has she to do with markets? Why did
she come by
And leave me longin' for her till the day I
die!*

—B. Y. Williams

SIDEWALK LARK

I met her every night along Broadway,
Tall, neatly garbed in lavender and lace.
Her hair well groomed, her slender hands well kept.
A veil of resignation on her face.
She sang in a melodious, gentle voice,
Advancing slowly, in one hand a cane;
The other holding a small silver cup
In which there fell small coins and drops of rain.

It was the newsstand man who told me this,
(I bought a paper from him every night):
"She was the toast of swallow-tailed young men,
In the old days before she lost her sight . . .
This keeps her daughter in a boarding school
In Frisco . . . and I'm told her classmates say,
With envy, as they little guess the truth:
'Her mother is a singer on Broadway!'"

Rosa Zagnoni Marinoni

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 *Between the Bookends* pages in *Radio Mirror*. Limit poems to 30 lines, address to Ted Malone, *Radio Mirror*, 205 E. 42, N. Y. 17, N. Y. When postage is enclosed, every effort will be made to return unused manuscripts. This is not a contest, but an offer to purchase poetry for our *Bookends* pages.

Sing It Again's \$20,000



1. Sing It Again emcee Dan Seymour made the all-important phone call.

The Lockes are trying to be sensible about it—but how can you be sensible about a miracle?

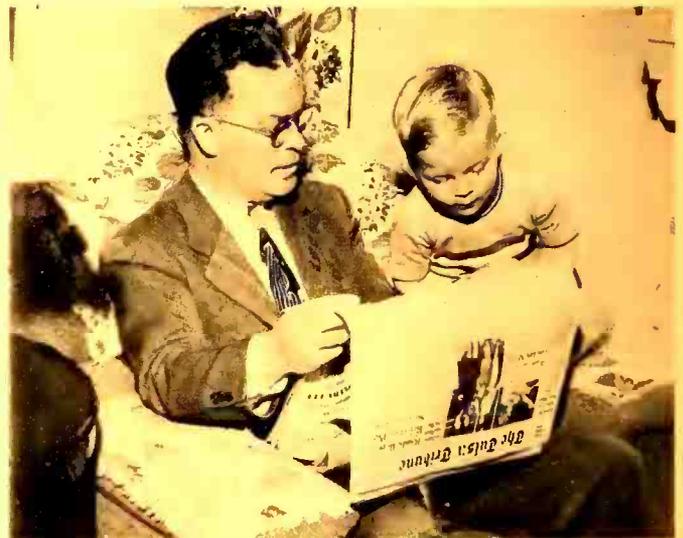
WHEN Dame Fortune smiled on James Locke, Tulsa, Oklahoma, wholesale grocery salesman, she had her tongue in her cheek. For Locke won \$20,000 worth of merchandise prizes on CBS's Sing It Again—and among the prizes were 7,500 cans of choice canned goods!

But there were so many other prizes in this deluge that the Lockes feel it hardly matters. They are busy recovering from the shock of sudden good fortune, from the telephoning and handshaking that's been going on since Locke cracked the riddle of the "phantom voice" on Sing It Again.

One thing the Lockes are certain of—they're going to try to be sensible about the whole thing. Mr. Locke is going right on selling groceries, just as if nothing had happened. Taxes on the \$20,000 worth of merchandise present a problem, too. The Lockes have decided to keep everything that's practical, sell the rest.

Jim Locke likes to read off the very impressive-sounding list of prizes, including: four-door sedan, living and bedroom suites, two diamond rings, complete electrical kitchen, an air conditioning system, radio and record player, television receiver, home freezer, full silver service and chinaware, and lots more.

The Lockes—Jim and Gayle and Sandra and little Jimmy Alan—regard the whole thing as a particularly lovely miracle. "Like many other people in our circumstances," Jim says, "we've had a hard time making ends meet and have had to dip into our savings little by little. It may sound strange, but every night I've said my prayers, asking the good Lord to show us the way out of our difficulties. It just looks as if the Lord has answered our prayers!"



2. Just 24 hours before winning, James Locke learned the answer from the afternoon paper.

3. Neighbors came swarming in before he'd hung up; close on their heels. KTUL's Jack Alexander.



Sing It Again: Saturdays at 10 P.M., EDT, on CBS stations.

QUESTION



3. Sing It Again calling! Mrs. Locke, Sandra, Jimmy Alan—and even the pup—listen as dad answers questions. Since lucky night, the Locke phone has been swamped with congratulatory calls—some from strangers.

5. Anxious to see what their prizes look like, the Lockes set out in family car to window shop in downtown Tulsa.



6. But it's back on the job, even for a jackpot winner. Jim called on customers next day.



A Woman's



When Pam and Jerry North start out on one of their crime-hunting trips on the Mr. and Mrs. North programs, they soon find themselves embroiled in all sorts of difficulties. Often, it's Pam's intuition—her hunches—which gets them free of those difficulties and brings the Norths safely home again. There's a real-life parallel to that, for when Alice Frost, who plays the role of Pam North in the radio series, and her own husband start on one of their less hair-raising adventures, more often than not it's Alice's intuition which keeps them out of trouble—or, she confesses in her story, gets them into it!

Intuition —

Pamela North and Alice Frost (who is Pam on the air) have much in common—particularly a belief that it never pays to underestimate the power of a “hunch”, especially the female variety



By ALICE FROST

MY HUSBAND—not Jerry North, my husband on our Mr. and Mrs. North radio program, but my *real* husband—and I were impatiently waiting for an elevator on the fourteenth floor of a New York office building. We were expecting early dinner guests at our apartment so we were in a hurry. But when the green light flashed for the elevator and the door slid open, I had a strange sensation and my muscles froze.

“Let’s wait for the next one, Bill,” I said nervously. “I’ve got a funny feeling.”

He grimaced, took my arm and urged me into the elevator while the other passengers stared.

“We don’t have time for hunches now,” he muttered as the door closed.

Before I could answer, the car began to drop and an elderly woman pushed in front of me, her high-pitched voice reaching out to the elevator boy.

“Young man,” she scolded. “You passed my floor.”

Then everything happened as quickly as if we were living out a nightmare. The elevator gathered speed. The operator’s face suddenly became red and glossy with sweat. He strained against the handle trying to stop the car. The floor numbers sped by in a white blur. The old woman screamed and my knees weakened, began to buckle. My stomach seemed to be oozing out of my ears.

“The emergency button,” Bill yelled and made a lunge for the control panel.

There was a jolt and the old lady fell against me. I was knocked to my knees, waiting for the crash, the end. Then just as suddenly everything was still and gradually I realized we were safe. The elevator had stopped in the cellar after a fall of fourteen floors.

Thirty minutes later we were lifted through the

emergency door. My hands were still trembling. Although we had almost been killed, no one was hurt.

“I knew something would go wrong,” I reminded Bill later. “I felt it in my bones before we got in the car.”

He dismissed me with a shrug and said, “Alice, can’t you stop being Pamela North when you’re away from the studio?”

I didn’t argue the point. A long time ago I learned that there isn’t a man alive who will openly recognize the power of a woman’s intuition. It’s got something to do with their male ego or maybe it’s because they can’t understand or explain it. But I believe in hunches and that’s why I’ve always felt natural in the role of Pamela North. Pamela’s an intuitive woman who makes the most of it. I understand that. If it hadn’t been for intuition, mine and my mother’s, I would probably still be a frustrated actress living in Minneapolis.

Mother was a wonderfully intuitive woman and the brightest part of my early life. She had to be, for father was a very strict Lutheran minister who believed his daughters should be taught to be good housekeepers and to ignore the outside world.

My childhood wasn’t much different from thousands of other little girls who play with their dolls and dream of being heroic nurses or singers decked in jewels and sequins. My special dream was of being an actress. But if father was to have his way, my public appearances would have ended at the age of four when I sang, “Jesus Wants Me for a Sunbeam” in the church auditorium.

He couldn’t very well object to my participation in grade school plays such as “Hansel and Gretel” which added substance to my dreams, (*Continued on page 80*)

Not impersonally "expert" advice, this, but wisdom from

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES

In the May issue of Radio Mirror I asked for your suggestions on what a housewife, untrained in business and with small children to care for, could do to help augment the family funds. So many of you, it appears, have bravely and competently solved this problem in your own lives, that it was difficult to choose among the letters that poured in. But I think Alice Fullmer, of Baraboo, Wisconsin, put the simplest, most direct suggestion in the best possible words. So to Mrs. Fullmer, for the letter that follows, goes a \$25 award.

"My dear housewife: You're a trained person at a definite business. Why not elaborate on the job you're now engaged in—the job of child care? Advertise that you will take care of children while their mothers work or are taking a few hours off. Mothers will be knocking at your door before you know it."

And here are the other problems I thought you'd be most interested in reading about this month.

ONLY LOVE?

Dear Joan Davis:

My daughter is engaged to a very nice,

honest and thoughtful young man. But he makes a very low salary. I am sure he will not be able to provide for her. There are quite a few other young men interested in my daughter who could provide her with the things any mother would want her daughter to have. I just can't make her understand she must think of the future. Like all young girls, she is only interested in "love" and the present.

—MRS. R. S.

Dear Mrs. R. S.:

Presumably you've brought your daughter up to the best of your ability. Years of love and anxiety and possibly even sacrifice have gone into making her the young person she is today. Now you must face the fact that perhaps the hardest moment of your motherhood lies before you . . . the moment when you must force yourself to leave your daughter alone. This would be a general rule for any mother whose daughter was mature enough to be considering marriage, but for you in particular I feel it should be stressed, for it seems to me that in this case your daughter's instincts are much more sound than are your own. To my knowledge, there is no way a girl can make a better marriage than to choose a "very nice, honest and thoughtful young man"—with whom she's very much in love! You're far more fortu-



WHEN A GIRL

Joan's own experience, her warm-hearted love of life...

nate, you know, than many mothers who must watch their daughters falling madly in love with young men who are neither nice, honest nor thoughtful, and who must at best keep silent, at worst risk estrangement from their children by opposing the match. Furthermore, you make an entirely unwarranted assumption, when you doubt the young man's ability to provide for your daughter. How can you be certain that, in time, his salary will not increase to an amount which even you will find satisfactory? Since they love each other, since they are evidently both young people of character, they are far better judges of how much they are willing to go through together, how hard they are willing to work for each other, than you or any other outsider can possibly be. Leave them alone!

TIME FOR ACTION

Dear Joan Davis:

I am married to a man who insists on keeping full control of all the money. I am not a terribly extravagant woman, but I resent very much having to ask him for every cent I need and explain every purchase down to the last detail. He will not give me an allowance. I have told him how bitterly I resent the situation but he just replies that it is his money because he (Continued on page 94)

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

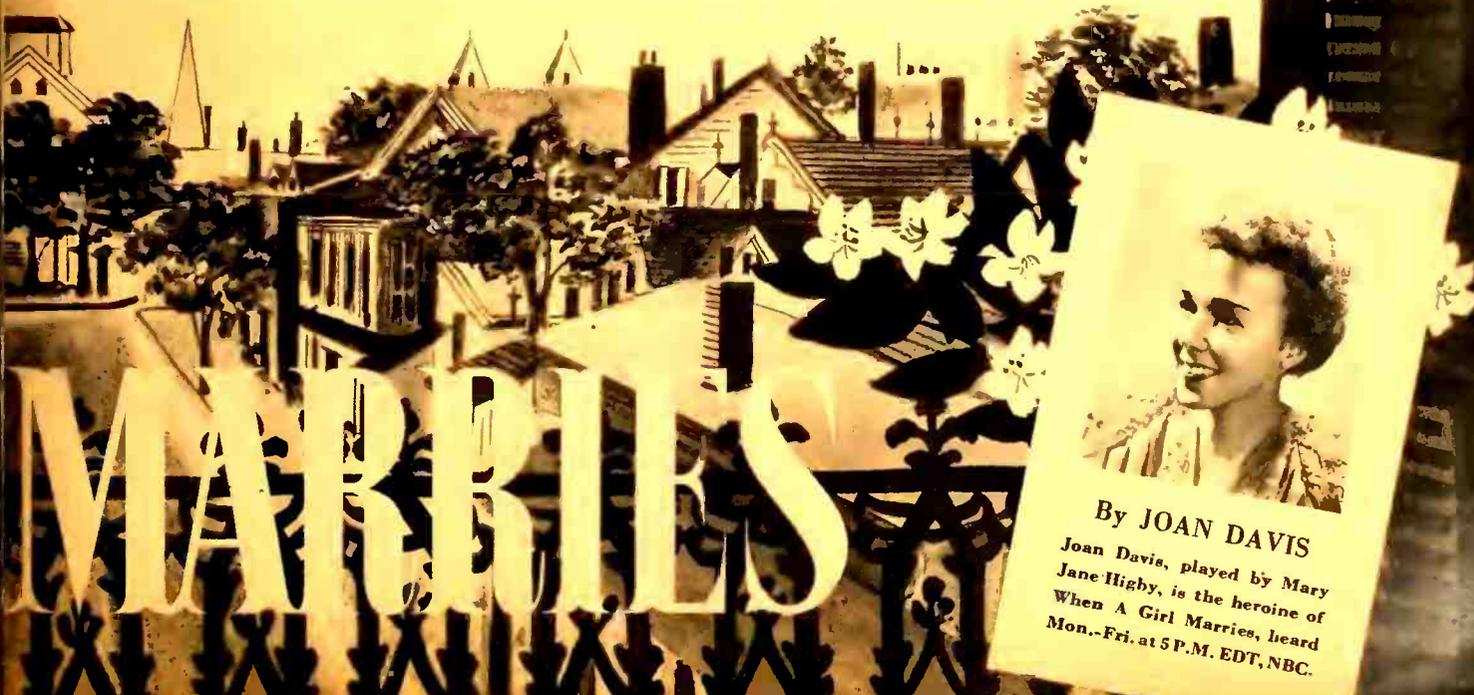
RADIO MIRROR WILL PAY \$25.00

to the person whose problem
letter is chosen and

ANOTHER \$25.00 WILL BE PAID

to the person submitting the best answer to that problem in the opinion of the editors, whose decision will be final. Letters must be postmarked not later than June 24th. No letters will be returned. Address Joan Davis, Radio Mirror Magazine, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Prize answers, with the name of the winner, will be printed each month. Winner of the prize for the month's best problem will be notified by mail, as those who submit problems usually prefer not to have their names used in the magazine.

The problem for this month will be found
at the end of this article.



RADIO MIRROR

TELEVISION

SECTION

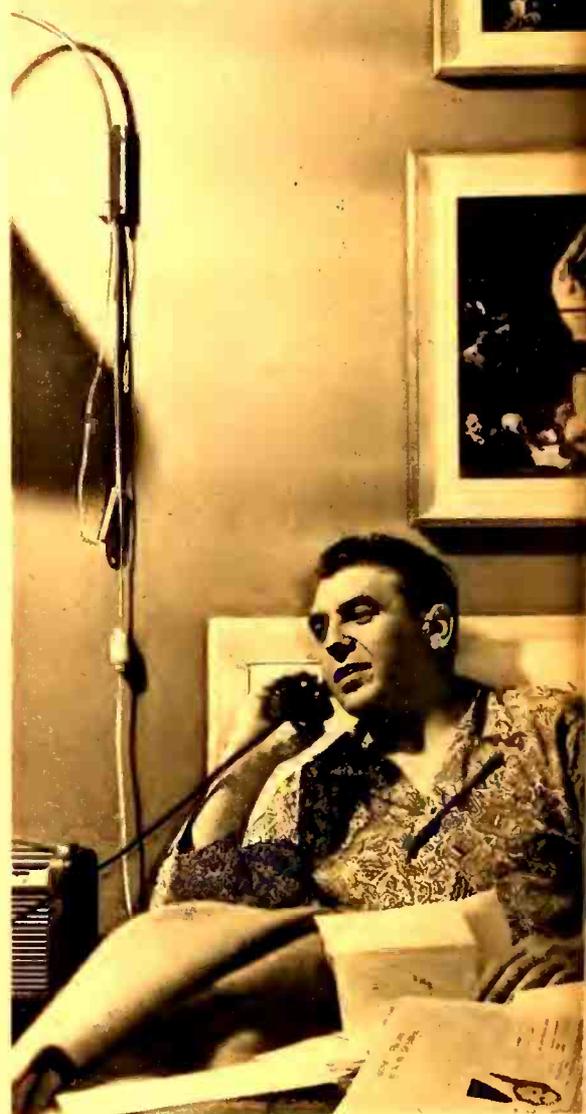
EVERY weekday is Mothers' Day on the DuMont network when Dennis James telecasts his Okay, Mother program. The show draws mothers to the studio from miles around, stars them for families and neighbors to see on television, discusses their special problems, hands out such gifts as compacts, lighters, handbags, photographic portraits and bunches of roses. It features a Mother of the Day and Mother of the Week, and also offers membership in Mothers, Incorporated, a club nine thousand strong of which the ebullient Mr. James is honorary president.

Before he began his program dedicated to mothers, James announced wrestling matches on video and invented a mythical mother to whom he could explain complicated techniques and rules for the benefit of novice home viewers, without offending hep sports fans.

His own mother lives in Jersey City (where he started in radio as sports announcer), frequently visits his three-room New York bachelor apartment. That is, she does when her boy isn't at the studio, or announcing boxing bouts, or doing newsreels, or commercials for the Original Amateur Hour. No wonder it takes ninety minutes and a retinue of people to wake him every morning!

Dennis James' Okay, Mother show is telecast on the DuMont Network, Mon.-Fri., 1:00 P.M. EDT.

1. Awake at last, but it took an alarm clock, telephones, and vigorous battering on the door.



"OKAY,
MOM"

Dennis James is a man of many mothers
and they're all his—but only on television

2. When Dennis' own mother visits him she brews the coffee that's his sole meal until noon.



3. Writer Elizabeth Pierce, brother Lou Sposa, join morning Problem Playhouse workout.



4. Dennis enjoys his own rehearsals. Lou directs show, preceded Dennis on radio, TV. Coffee table that looks like leather volumes is Dennis' design.



5. Show is largely spontaneous, but some material is tested ahead on playback recorder.



6. Corner to relax. Boxing gloves are college memento, when James was 155 lb. champ.



RADIO MIRROR
TELEVISION
SECTION

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Molly

“Yoo-Hoo, Mrs. Bloo-oo-m!”

An old familiar cry echoes over video—the Goldbergs are back!



Eli Mintz played Uncle David when “Me and Molly” brought the Goldbergs to Broadway last year. He remained in the cast for inevitable next step—TV.

Molly and Jake share a serene moment—a rarity for the Goldbergs. Gertrude Berg is Molly, of course, and Philip Loeb, a recruit from Broadway, is Jake.

AND HER FAMILY

"TAKE five," a voice called out. Molly Goldberg drew a deep breath and pulled her dress down more firmly at the hips with a couple of short quick tugs. She caught hold of Rosalie and Sammy as they started to rush off the set to make the most of the five-minute respite. It was Monday, which meant an all-day camera rehearsal session for *The Goldbergs*.

"I don't think you kids should come in through the back," Molly warned, "because the camera might catch you. You run in the other way, please."

She turned to Uncle David. "You maybe come in a little faster than you need to?" she asked him ten-

tatively. "I have a feeling it's just a little too quick."

"Yeh, yeh. I think maybe you're right," Uncle David agreed. "I'll take it slower."

The Goldbergs' program, of course, has one of the best producers in the business—Worthington Miner. It has a fine director—Walter Hart. But Gertrude Berg was her own director when *The Goldbergs* flourished on radio for seventeen years, and her sense of timing developed during that period. Now, her quick grasp of special television techniques makes everybody's work go more smoothly.

Her sense of responsibility for (Continued on page 88)

The Goldbergs of The Bronx: Molly affectionately oversees her family—Jake, Rosalie and Sammy. Arlene McQuade, TV's Rosalie, was a radio Goldberg and Larry Robinson, who plays Sammy, was once in another famous family, the Days of "Life With Father."



JUDY SPLINTERS—and

THEY dress alike. They think alike. They're pals, in spite of the difference in their ages. Shirley Dinsdale is, of course, a real live girl who is going to be twenty-one in October. Judy Splinters is the wonderful long-legged doll that Shirley's dad made for her about ten years ago, when she was still at an age when dolls were important. Only Judy never ceased to be important to her young mistress, because very soon she learned to act and to talk like a human. You see, Shirley had taken lessons from a ventriloquist, and so Judy had the distinction of being the only talking doll in the whole neighborhood.

When Shirley went to Los Angeles City College and to UCLA, Judy went along whenever there was entertaining to be done. They were specially partial to hospitalized children, these two. Shirley had been severely burned when she was too little to realize that a kettle of boiling water can be dangerous, and the scars left by the experience made her deeply conscious of the hurts of others. Similarly, when the USO asked Shirley and Judy to help during the war, they set off on a ten-month tour, giving more than 500 shows.

Now they're busy doing a five-a-week show, Sunday through Thursday, from NBC's station KNBH at 7:00 P.M. PST, with kinescope recordings for the Midwest and the East. Not to mention their Bedside Circuit project, a plan to provide a television set for every bedridden child in Southern California. In fact, Judy Splinters reaches her greatest heights of eloquence when Shirley tells her to talk up for the kids.

Video and ventriloquism,

Judy and Shirley—add them

up and what do you have?

Fun, of course, and with two

of TV's favorite girls

When the Bill Goodwins visited Family Night, Judy showed more than just a little interest in Bill's young son.



SHIRLEY



Shirley Dinsdale and her Judy Splinters spend most of their spare time on a "bedside circuit" of visits to bedridden children. But Judy's always ready to chat when Howdy Doody (r.) leaves his own show to come a-calling.

Among things we would like to see more of is Arturo Toscanini conducting the NBC Symphony Orchestra, here shown in a performance of Verdi's "Aida," presented on two successive telecasts.



In Milwaukee, Wisconsin, tomorrow's talent gets its training today on WTMJ-TV's Junior Amateurs.

Coast to Coast in

THERE'S a typical suburban home situated in the heart of Manhattan—a complete four-room house, located on an upper floor of the big NBC studios between Park and Lexington Avenues at 106th Street. It's the permanent set for The Hartmans, telecast every Sunday night at 7:30 P.M. EDT.

Callers enter through a gate in a white picket fence. The front door opens into a center hall, complete with a staircase. To the right, through an archway, is a spacious living room with built-in bookshelves and comfortable furniture. Separated from the living room by double doors is Paul Hartman's study. Beyond the study is Grace's kitchen, full-size, with complete electrical equipment. There's a bedroom with twin beds and a pretty dressing table for Grace.

And all of it used only on Sunday nights, for the TV show and the Hartman visitors. When all the place really needs is a roof—and a mortgage—to help ease the housing shortage for someone!

* * *

Screen and stage actress Rita LaRoy's West Coast TV show changed its time over KTLA to 7:30 P.M. PT Sun-



All set for their 8 P.M. CT Quiz Kids telecast over Chicago's WNBO: Pat Conlon and Naomi Cooks.



Another first for Philco: the special TV dramatization of Frances Parkinson Keyes' best-seller *Dinner at Antoine's*, with Bill Eythe, Janet Blair.



Radio favorites Lum 'n' Abner made their video debut in Hollywood on KTTV's dedicatory program.

TELEVISION

days, and its title from *Who's That Girl?* to *You're the Star!*

Literally, you are. If you're one of the studio contestants chosen to appear with the professional actors who are putting on the show that evening, you get a chance to win a "ham actor's diploma." That is, you do, if you do your stuff well enough.

The professional cast that makes up the show has grown into what amounts to a small video repertory company. Special guests have included Eve Arden, Martha Scott, Patricia Morison (before she came east to make such a hit in "*Kiss Me, Kate*"), Peggy Ann Garner, Ellen Drew and Jane Wyatt.

Rita co-produces and directs—and she writes what script there is. But most of the show is ad lib, with Rita the mistress of ceremonies. In fact, the only thing she doesn't do is act in the special skits—yet it was her acting experience that took her into video.

Ah, this topsy-turvy world of TV!

* * *

It was bound to happen. Television has done such a good job of condensing full-length plays into shortened TV scripts that now the legitimate (Continued on page 76)



The Lambs Gambol, Sundays, 8-8:30 P.M., WNBT, was the cause of this unusual shot of Jim Moran.

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Your Ticket to **COU**



*Come one, come all...
get your tickets
here for County Fair!*

HERE'S your chance to go to a county fair—right in the middle of Manhattan. There won't be a Ferris wheel to ride or any pink lemonade to buy, but you'll have just as much fun trying to win the cash prizes emcee Win Elliot hands out to participants who can do the stunts set up. County Fair pioneered in the running stunt—a situation where the jackpot builds up until some-

COUNTY FAIR



one is finally able to, say, punch through a paper bag. Or lift a steer. Or row a boat across dry floors. Or drive a mule up Broadway.

The stage at the CBS Playhouse on Broadway where County Fair is broadcast from 9-9:30 EDT on Wednesday evenings, actually does look like a county fair. And when the show starts, you'll see the above line-up, left to right: production

assistant Tom Deane, at sound table; announcer Tom Reddy, at microphone; associate producer Bill Becher; musical director Bill Gale and the "Mighty Borden Band"; blonde Pat McCann, production assistant; emcee Elliot, in straw hat; the Bordenaires quartet; and, seated in the bleachers, front row right, Ken Williams, on-and-off the air utility man. It all adds up to fun, so hurry, hurry, hurry.

Your Ticket to COUNTY FAIR

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My Mad

WHAT MINNIE PEARL WOULD LIKE TO COLLECT IS MEN. WHAT SHE DOES

By
MINNIE
PEARL

Making up backstage, Minnie gets help from Grand Ole Opry's singer, Red Foley. Minnie has hats dating back to almost every period in American history.

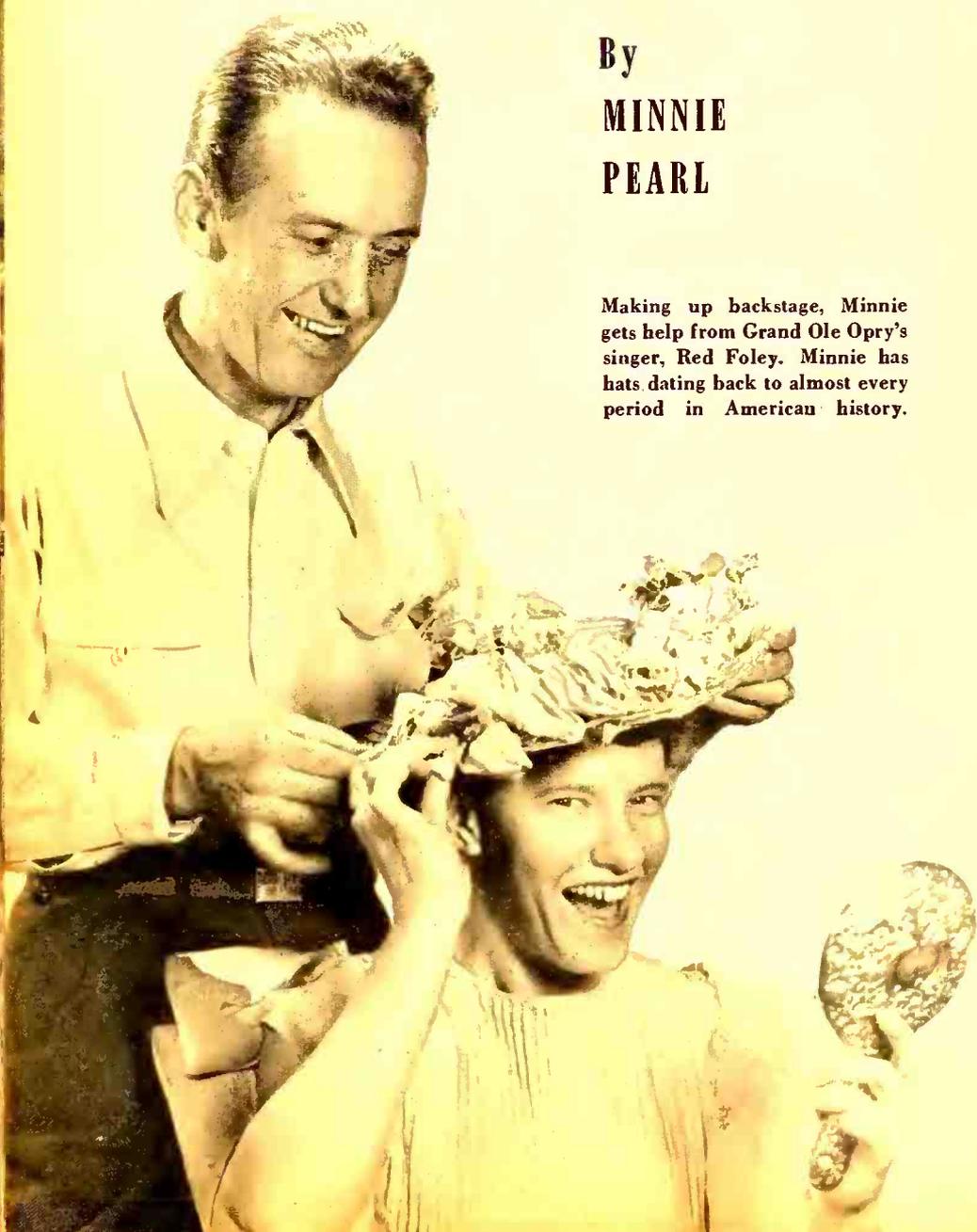


Vintage of 1870: Minnie wears a straw hat and lace wedding dress given to her by a 90-year-old Alabama woman whose husband enjoyed Minnie's comedy.

FOLKS who listen to me on Grand Ole Opry probably think that the only thing I try to collect is men. And I won't say I don't have a hankering after good-lookin' fellows.

But there's something about a hat covered with lace and flowers, something about its faded glory that sends goose pimples all up and down me. If you're a woman you probably know just exactly what I mean.

In the beginning I had no idea of starting a collection of odd and antique hats. The thing "just grew" out of a little yellow straw which belonged to my grandmother when she was a girl. I wore it for my first appearance on Grand Ole Opry and it's still



Hattery

COLLECT IS HATS—THEY'RE EASIER TO GET!



Red Foley told Minnie that she looks just like Mae West in this number. Minnie's sorry the Gay Nineties styles are out-moded—she likes their dash.



This handmade muslin model is not exactly antique, but the old Mississippi lady who sent it to Minnie made it of material from a hat she had in her teens.



Minnie concocted this one herself from old hat ornaments she's received from all over the world. She calls it her "combination antique model."

part of my costume.

Folks who listen to Grand Ole Opry send me hats and sometimes I get funny letters with them. One little girl wrote me that she was enclosing one of her great-aunt's hats that was covered with roses. "Maybe," she wrote, "it'll help you catch a man—'cause my mother says men like fancy colors."

How long this hat collecting passion of mine will continue I don't know. Today I have a closet full of antique chapeaux. And soon, my friends tell me, I won't be able to find a new hat among the old ones. But who cares? Confidentially, last Easter I wore one of the antiques and received loads of compliments on my "new" spring bonnet!

The French touch in Minnie's collection was supplied by a Louisiana family who owned this hat for three generations. Minnie believes it's her oldest.



One of Minnie's favorites is this 80-year-old bonnet sent in by an elderly friend. Now that listeners know all about Minnie's collection, they've taken a lively interest in building it up.





With a little management, you can have your picnic frankfurters and coffee steaming hot. There's nothing better under the sun!

MORE FUN than a PICNIC



By
KATE SMITH

RADIO MIRROR FOOD COUNSELOR

Listen each Monday through Friday at 12 Noon
when Kate Smith Speaks on the Mutual network.

BOX parties" were quite the thing when I grew up. The girls each packed a very special lunch-in-a-box for two. Then the boxes were auctioned off to the highest bidder. Ah, the romances that started that way!

Swimming and hiking parties were always more fun when there was food, picnic style.

I remember the "big picnics." Two or three families, with all the children would meet early and go together to a grassy clearing. Aunt Sue brought a baked ham, Aunt Rachel brought her own cabbage salad, and so on, right down to Mom's special apple pie. Nobody worked too hard and everybody had a wonderful time.

What I bring on a picnic these days depends on where I'm going and who I'm with. If we can make a fire, then picnic meats are our mainstay, broiled over the coals. If there's a barbecue, I plan on taking hot sauce for the meat, hot coffee and sometimes, baked beans. (Have you tried the newest kind in the self-heating can?) For picnics in the woods or fields, we depend on vacuum jugs for hot food.

Sometimes I like to take off at a minute's notice. The nicest picnics are the spur-of-the-moment ones. A trip to the pantry shelf and then to the delicatessen can take care of the food I need. Frankfurters, canned shoestring potatoes, cold beverages—all are ready to be carted off to a pleasant spot. And days when the family comes home, hot and tired, serve the dinner on plates and let

them eat it on the porch. Here are some of my favorite picnic menus and foods.

Open Fire Picnic

Mustard Grilled Frankfurters
 Relish Hot Buttered Rolls
Picnic Cole Slaw Dill Pickles
 Layer Cake
 Hot Coffee

Barbecue Picnic

Savory Hamburgers
Barbecue Sauce Catsup
Hot Rolls Potato Salad
Carrot Sticks Celery Tomatoes Pepper Rings
 Assorted Fruits
Oatmeal Cookies Iced Tea

Cool-Off Picnic

Cold Fried Chicken
Tossed Green Salad Rolls
 Apple Pie
Coffee Cheese

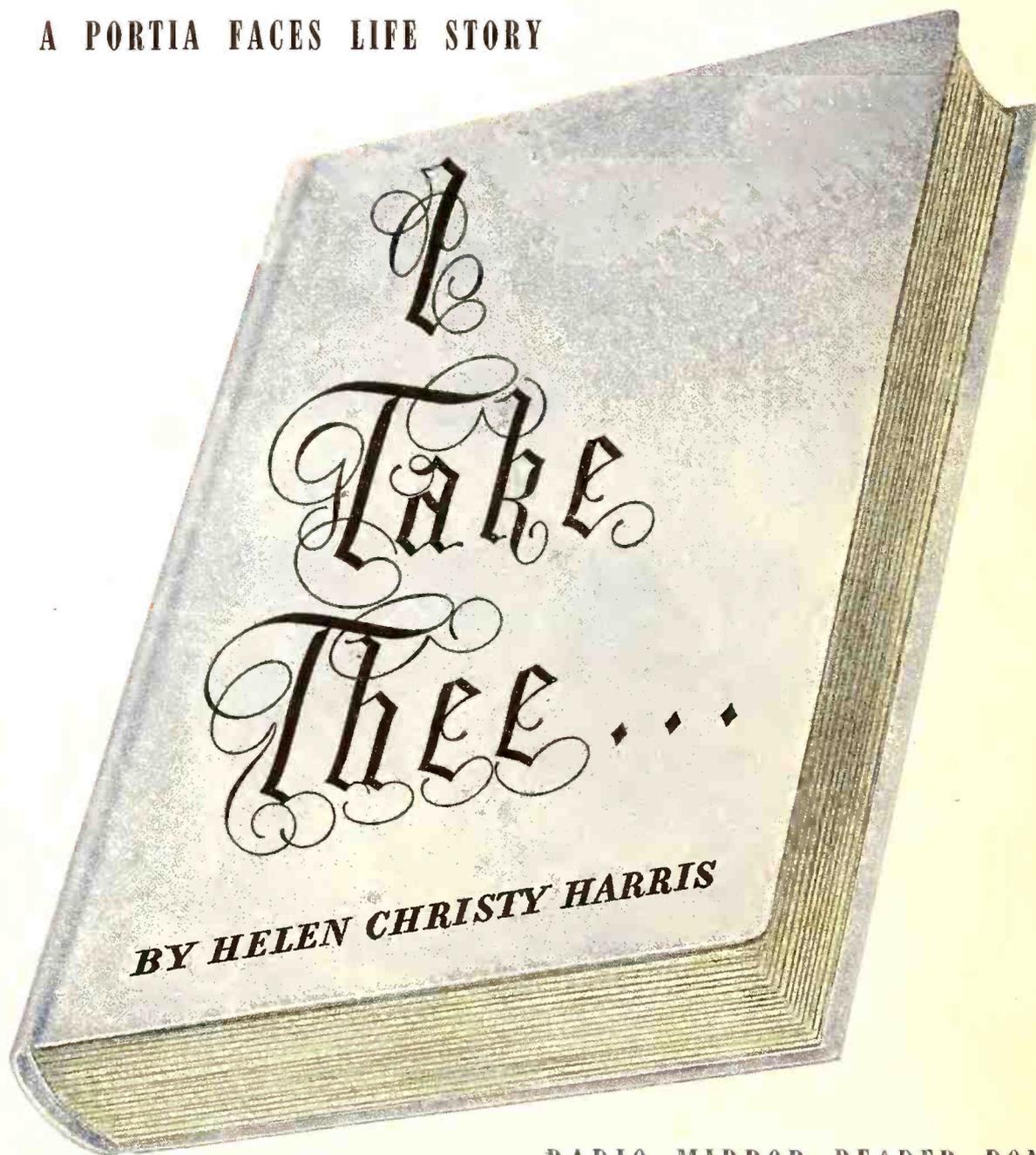
Stuffed Frankfurters

With a sharp knife, split each frankfurter lengthwise almost through. Spread the inside with prepared mustard. Now stuff the frankfurter with a strip of cheese, cut the length of the frankfurter (*Continued on page 102*)

Some women change their hearts as easily as their minds.

But for others—women like Portia—the world holds but one man, and faith locks his love in their hearts forever

A PORTIA FACES LIFE STORY



**RADIO MIRROR READER BONUS
NUMBER TWO**

This episode from the lives of Portia and Walter Manning is told here for the first time in story form. Portia Faces Life can be heard every Monday through Friday, 5:15 P.M., EDT, on NBC stations.

HATE is the most powerful of the emotions, and the deadliest. Love is strong, but hate is stronger. Stronger for a little while.

Love, born in gentleness, nurtured in kindness, tempers to that gentleness and kindness all the things that are done in the name of love. But the things that are done in the name of hate—those are bitter, twisted, ugly. In a woman's hands, hate is a more powerful weapon for evil than love is for good. But on love's side is love itself, and it roots deeper, lasts longer, for it feeds on faith and hope and trust and belief.

True love—love like Portia Manning's—lasts forever. Even in the face of a hatred like Joan Ward's, such love endures, for hatred must in time die of its own violence. But while it rages, a hatred such as Joan's for Portia can cause great hurt, can do great wrongs.

There was a time when Portia found herself alone. Her love for her husband, Walter, was as strong as ever. But Walter was gone . . . Walter was far away, in Ankhara. In his last letter, he had said he wouldn't come back to her. But Portia's faith was unshaken. Alone among all the people in Parkerstown, Portia believed firmly that Walter would return.

And it was a defenseless Portia who found herself menaced by a force of mysterious evil. A dark fear hung over her and she seemed to be caught in a net, so that the more she struggled, the deeper she became entangled in the web that seemed woven by fate alone.

But it was not fate that menaced Portia's life. It was a young woman, Joan Ward—a strange, bitter girl, whose own misfortunes had made her suspicious, and envious of Portia's happiness. The very serenity that was Portia's greatest asset only served to make Joan's unhappiness seem the greater by contrast.

The embers of resentment had been burning in Joan's heart for a long time. But it was the night of the Randal's housewarming that they burst into flame.

Portia had no hint of Joan's feelings as she stood listening to Lilli and Mark Randall brag about their new house. Joan and Clint Morley were there, and other friends and neighbors admiring the game room, with its ping-pong table and built-in grill.

As the others started to move on from the game room, Portia felt her dress catch in the fire screen. She started to free herself, but suddenly Clint was there, helping her, and she turned to him gratefully. To Portia, Clint was just a good friend, whose only fault was that he seemed determined that she should love him. Perhaps Portia might have been even cooler toward Clint had she seen the expression on Joan Ward's face as Clint left Joan to help her, had she known that her every word and smile acted like a knife in the jealous heart of the girl who watched them darkly from across the room.

The others were gone, now, and Joan followed them. Portia turned her attention to Clint, who was talking rapidly at her side, but she protested when he casually moved to close the door.

"You shouldn't have closed the door, Clint," Portia said. "The others will—"

"The others don't matter," Clint said intensely. "I've got to talk to you, Portia, and since you flatly refuse to see me or to let me come to the house—"

"You know why!" Portia interrupted. "The election—whether or not you become State's Attorney depends upon killing that wretched story that started up about us. If we're seen together—"

"Why can't you understand, Portia, that you're more important to me than anything else—and that includes being elected State's Attorney!"

Outside the room, a hand hesitated as if to knock, but with the sound of voices from within it halted. Joan Ward stood, frozen, hearing rather than feeling the heavy beat of her heart.

Then Portia said quietly, "You say you don't care about the election, Clint. Well, I care about my reputa-



Walter Manning is played by Bartlett Robinson, Portia Blake Manning played by Lucille Wall.

tion. I have a twelve-year-old son to protect—"

There was a touch of the prosecuting attorney in the way Clint cut in, "And do you really think you're protecting him by letting him believe that lie about Walter Manning?"

"You mean the story I had Bill run in the paper to the effect that Walter is expected back soon from Ankhara? The story served its purpose in silencing the gossip about us, but what you won't understand, Clint, is that I believe it, too. I believe that Walter is coming back. I've never told Dickie any lies about his father."

Clint shook his head impatiently. "The boy knows what happened in New York?"

"He knows as much as I know," Portia returned. "He knows that I went to New York for the opening of Walter's picture, expecting him to come back with me. He knows that Walter wanted to come back—that he'd already turned down the Ankhara assignment, that he was tired of wandering, and only wanted to settle down here with us in Parkerstown. He knows that Walter left the next morning for Ankhara, without explanation, and that I came back alone. Or—" there was a note of rueful laughter in her voice—"at least I was alone as far as Chicago, where I ran into you and made the mistake of letting you take me to breakfast at the hotel."

"And does Dickie know what was in that letter you got from Ankhara?" Clint asked. "I know, Portia, as well as if I'd seen it. Manning told you he was through for good—don't try to deny it. I know, because for days after you read it, you had that same look in your eyes that I'd seen in Chicago—as though you'd been hit square in the heart!"

"Clint—" Portia's voice wasn't quite steady. "You must listen! I like and admire you a great deal. You're a fine man and a wonderful friend. But I'm not in love with you, and I won't ever be. You must understand—"

As Portia's voice filtered through the door, Joan's fists clenched so tightly that the nails bit into the palms of her hands. Clint was pleading with Portia.

"I don't ask you to love me, Portia, the way you've loved him. I know something like that only happens

once. But I can't stand aside now and see you wasting your life—worse than wasting it. If he comes back, it'll be only to go away and hurt you again. If he doesn't—"

"Don't say that!" Portia's voice was so low that Joan barely caught the words. "The belief that he will come back is all I have to hang onto. If I lose that—it's the end of me."

"It needn't be the end; it can be a beginning, if you'll only think of it that way," said Clint huskily. "I'm willing to wait forever, just so I know that you're not shutting me out of your life completely."

"Please, Clint." Portia sounded close to tears. "Let's go upstairs. The others will be looking for us if we stay here any longer—and Joan Ward will be hurt."

"Joan?" said Clint with simple incredulity. "Why should she be hurt?"

"Are you that blind?" Portia asked. "Don't you realize that she's falling in love with you?"

"But that's nonsense!" he exploded. "I've never given her any reason to— All I've done is try to find Steve Ward so that she can divorce him, and I've gone to your house a few times to talk to her about the divorce."

"I never gave you any reason to think that I might care about you," said Portia wearily. "All I did was ride down with you from Chicago on my way back from New York, and see you at the house when you came to talk to Joan. Apparently, love doesn't need reasons. The fact remains that Joan is falling in love with you—or thinks she is—and after all she's been through with Steve, she mustn't be hurt again. Now, please, Clint, we must go. The others will be looking for us."

They were moving across the floor. Joan fled ahead of them, clear up to Lilli's pretty new bedroom. There she shut the door on the noise of the party below and sat on the bed, trying to swallow the poison that rose within her. To Joan's twisted, jealous mind, Portia seemed to be only leading Clint on. Oh, how she hated them—both of them! Oh, no—Portia wouldn't marry Clint . . . it was much more fun to keep him dangling! And Clint, the fool, let himself be taken in! If she could only force their hands, show them up to each other, show them up to everyone for what they were.

Portia might have worried a great deal more about that conversation had she been able to listen in a little later as Clint drove Joan home. He was edgy and uncomfortable, obviously, after Portia's warning, feeling it necessary to set matters straight between them and at a loss as to how to begin.

Joan let him squirm. She was even, in a bitter fashion, enjoying herself. Strange, she thought, how hating instead of loving could give one the upper hand. Always before, those few times she'd ridden with Clint, it had been she who'd suggested a longer drive home, he who—and how blind she'd been not to see it before!—had always been all too anxious to deliver her to her door.

"You missed the turn, Clint," she said sweetly, once he'd passed Peach Street and was headed toward the river road.

"I know. I think we ought to have a talk, Joan—" Joan yawned daintily. They'd have their talk all right, but it was she who would control it, not Clint. "It was a lovely party, wasn't it?" she began chattily. "I thought it was awfully sweet of Mark to give Portia a key to their house, along with the little speech about how it was she who'd made it possible for him and Lilli to have a home together. And it's true. Portia's a wonderful person—"

Clint's silence was eloquent agreement. "Look at the way she stopped the awful gossip about the two of you, running that story about Walter's coming back in the paper! I think it was wonderful of her to do it for you—"

"I wish she hadn't." Clint's jaw set. "The way to stop talk is to face the thing out. Scandal is like blackmail, and the very worst thing to do is to pay a blackmailer. That's what Portia's doing, especially when she takes the attitude that it's wrong for us to see each other."

Joan decided that it was time to drop her little bomb. "You've been in love with her for a long time, haven't you?" she asked softly.

He stiffened. "I—I didn't know that you—" he floundered. Then he gave up. "I want to take care of her," he admitted. "I want to be sure she isn't hurt any more. But I guess all I've done is make trouble for her. I'm a bull in a china shop when it comes to women. I—I've sort of messed things up where you're concerned, too, haven't I?"

She turned wide, wondering eyes upon him. "In what way?"

"Well—Portia said this evening—that is, she gave me reason to understand that you—that you liked me quite a lot—"

"Oh, Clint!" She gave a little trill of laughter. "I really believe you're blushing! I don't blame you—I can't imagine where on earth Portia got that fantastic idea. I've told you often that you've changed my outlook on things—and you have. But as far as being in love with you—it never entered my mind."

For a moment she almost lost control of herself. His relief was so plain that she wanted to hit him. But she made herself sound sweet. "I'd have been a fool not to know it was Portia, Clint. If in some way I could help you to find your happiness, I'd feel that I'd cancelled a little of my indebtedness to you both."

Scornfully she saw him take the bait, look at her with dawning respect and admiration—and momentary hope. Then he shook his head. "Thank you, Joan. But I don't know what you or anyone else can do."

"Right now," said Joan, "you can take me home. Kathie and Bill want me to move in with them, but I'm going to go on staying at Portia's because I think she needs me. Just wait, Clint, and don't lose hope. And in the meantime, please think of me as someone you can trust implicitly."

"Hope!" He laughed shortly. "If I thought there was any—"

She said nothing at the moment. She waited until the car had stopped before she dropped her remaining bomb.

"I don't know why you shouldn't have more than hope," she said, getting out of the car. "Why should Portia care so much about your winning the election? Why should she have run that notice in the paper, have done everything she knew to help you, even to the point of foregoing your friendship now, when she's alone and needs it so badly? Why all that, Clint—if she weren't in love with you and only trying to save you from yourself?"



Clint Morley
played by Santos Ortega.



Dickie
played by Edwin Bruce.



Lilli
played by Cora B. Smith.



Mark Randall
played by Lyle Sudrow.



Joan Ward

played by Ginger Jones.

With that she left him and ran into the house. Clint Morley would be easy, she thought triumphantly. She could make him believe anything—anything he wanted to believe.

This was Portia's friend, this was the girl she had taken into her own home, feeling sorry for her, trying to help her regain her confidence in life.

Neither Portia nor Miss Daisy could understand Joan's change in attitude. They were both plainly skeptical when Joan let it be known that she had never been in love with Clint, not really, only grate-

ful for his help and interest at a time when her life had fallen to pieces.

She refused to let herself be waited upon as she had before, accepting it as the due of a woman who had suffered the brutality of Steve Ward and the stillbirth of her child. Instead, she took such an interest in cooking and cleaning that Miss Daisy was quite overwhelmed. She touched and amused Portia by pampering her as Portia had pampered Joan herself; she worried over Portia until Portia finally gave up and agreed to pay a visit to Dr. Ramsey.

"A check-up won't hurt the girl, heaven knows," said Miss Daisy the afternoon Portia had set off for Dr. Ramsey's. "But I don't know what real good it'll be doin' her. We both know, Joan, that there's nothing wrong but that she's eating her heart out for Walter."

"And she's upset about Clint," Joan said softly. "He loves her, Miss Daisy, and if you ask me, I think that Portia more than likes him."

"Why, just the other day Portia said she couldn't get it out of her mind that maybe Walter was sick, and that was why he'd acted like this."

"Oh, really, Miss Daisy! You've too much sense to believe that! Portia was with him in New York. If he'd been ill, she'd have known it."

"Maybe, maybe not," said Miss Daisy. "I know Walter Manning well enough to know it's just what he'd do if that was the trouble. You and I might say it was foolish, but Walter wouldn't think so if there was something wrong with him that would mean he'd have to be taken care of while Portia went back to taking legal cases to earn the living."

"I never in my life heard anything so—" She stopped, listening. "Wasn't that the door, Miss Daisy?"

The front door had opened and closed. Slow steps crossed the hall, went up the stairs. Joan and Miss Daisy looked at each other and then with one accord started up the stairs to Portia's room. Portia was sitting in the little chair by the window, still wearing her coat, her purse in her lap. Her face was deathly white, and there was a flat look around her eyes, as if she had been crying, or was about to cry.

Miss Daisy got to her first.

"Portia, girl, what is it? What did the doctor—" "Nothing, Miss Daisy." She made a fair attempt at a smile. "There's nothing wrong with me—"

"But what did he say?" Joan cut in. "Tell us—"

"There's nothing to tell," said Portia quickly—too quickly. "Agatha Tate and Miriam Staley were there in the waiting room. Agatha looked awfully smart. She was wearing one of those new little hats—"

"I'm not carin' a hoot about Agatha's hat," Miss Daisy broke in. "I want to know what the doctor said, and if you won't tell me, I'll ask him myself!"

"No!" Portia started up, then sank back, her face in her hands. "Oh, Miss Daisy, if only Walter— If he were here, it wouldn't be like this. I need him now, Miss Daisy, more than ever before. You see, I—I'm going to have a baby."

Very quietly, Joan let herself out of the room, leaving Portia in Miss Daisy's arms. A baby! Portia was— She pressed her hand hard over her beating heart. This was what she'd been waiting for. She couldn't quite see how, yet, but she knew that somehow this would prove to be the weapon that she wanted.

Now the terror, the unknown evil force was set in motion. Portia was vaguely aware that something was wrong, but she had no idea of the intensity of Joan Ward's determination, the hideous enormity of Joan's plan. Everything in the next few days played into Joan's hands. On Friday night Mark Randall was going to Riverton to deliver a speech at the Grange, urging the election of Clint as State's Attorney. Lilli was going with them and Bill Baker was going to drive them down. On Friday morning, at an hour when Miss Daisy and Portia thought she was shopping for the daily groceries, Joan appeared at Clint Morley's office.

"I came to ask if you've found Steve Ward," she told Clint. "I had the most terrible dream about him! He'd locked me in and he was threatening to kill me. Do you think it means anything, Clint? That it might be a premonition—a warning?"

Clint laughed. Joan was wearing a new fall hat and a bright russet suit. She looked very pert and fresh and young, and not at all as though she'd spent the night wrestling with a nightmare.

"We've had a couple of reports about a man answering his description," he said. "Nothing very definite. But if it is Steve Ward, he seems to be moving west. It's my guess that he'll never come back to Parkerstown. And as soon as elections are over, I'll really settle down to locating him. So just put your mind at rest. I don't believe in dreams or premonitions or things of that sort."

Joan sighed gratefully. "Oh, Clint, you don't know what a load that is off my mind! I know I was being silly, and yet—after what's happened to Portia—" She clapped her hand over her mouth.

Clint's smile faded. "What's happened to Portia?"

"Oh, I shouldn't have—I mean, it's a family secret—" She fluttered out of her chair, but Clint had come around the desk and was between her and the door. "You've got to tell me, Joan! What's happened to Portia?"

She backed a step, knowing a flicker of genuine fear. "I can't tell you, Clint! Portia would never forgive me if I betrayed her confidence. I wish I could tell you; I wish you could help. It's the worst that's happened so far—"

"Then tell me!"

"Clint, I can't!" Her voice rose above his frantically. "Ask her yourself!"

"How can I? I can't go to the house, or call her. If I could only manage to see her—"

"You could—" She broke off. "No—it's too fantastic. You wouldn't want to—"

"Want to what?" he insisted. "I want to do anything that might help Portia."

Joan laughed self-consciously. (Continued on page 89)



Miss Daisy

played by Doris Rich.



Kathie

played by Ann Seymour.



Bill Baker

played by Les Damon.

R
M

INSIDE RADIO

All Times Below Are Eastern Daylight Time
For Correct CENTRAL DAYLIGHT TIME, Subtract One Hour

SUNDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30			Earl Wild	Carolina Calling
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Story to Order Bach Aria Group	Tone Tapestries Chamber Music Society	Sunday Morning Concert Hall	News E. Power Biggs Trinity Choir of St. Paul's Chapel
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	National Radio Pulpit Children's Hour	Radio Bible Class Voice of Prophecy	Message of Israel Southernaires	Church of the Air Church of the Air
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	News Highlights Solitaire Time	Christian Reform Church Reviewing Stand	The Fitzgeralds Hour of Faith	Allan Jackson News The News Makers Salt Lake Tabernacle

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Living 1949 Eternal Light	Wings Over Jordan Lutheran Hour	Piano Playhouse	Invitation to Learning People's Platform
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	America United Chicago Roundtable	William L. Shirer John B. Kennedy American Radio Warblers Mutual Music Box	American Album Editor at Home National Vespers	Joseph C. Harsch Elmo Roper Tell It Again
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	U. S. in World Affairs NBC University Theater	Dr. Simon's Band Bill Dunningham Veteran's Information	This Week Around The World Mr. President Drama	Longine Sym- phonette You Are There
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	One Man's Family	Ernie Lee Show Juvenile Jury	Harrison Wood Betty Clark Sings Dance Music	N. Y. Philharmonic Symphony
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	The Quiz Kids News Jane Pickens Show	House of Mystery True Detective	Ted Malone Dick Todd Milton Cross Opera Album	Skyway to the Stars
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Robert Merrill James Melton	The Shadow Quick As A Flash	Curt Massey Show Quiet Please	Choraliers "Broadway's My Beat"

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	The Catholic Hour Martin and Lewis	Roy Rogers Nick Carter	Drew Pearson Don Gardner Greatest Story Ever Told	Family Hour of Stars Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alice Faye and Phil Harris	Adv. of the Falcon Mayor of the Town	Carnegie Hall Musical	The Jack Benny Show Amos 'n' Andy
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Fred Allen Henry Morgan	A. L. Alexander Smoke Rings	Stop the Music	Sam Spade Lum and Abner
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	NBC Theater American Album	Under Arrest Jimmie Fidler Twin Views of News	Walter Winchell Louella Parsons	Electric Theatre with Helen Hayes Our Miss Brooks
10:00 10:30	Take It or Leave It Horace Heidt	Secret Missions Don Wright Chorus	Jimmie Fidler	Life With Luigi It Pays to be Ignorant



JOAN WHEATLEY—pretty singer of ballads on the Fred Waring program Monday-Friday, NBC, 10:00 A.M. EDT.



HENRY MORGAN—the once sardonic comedian returned to radio this year a much-mellowed man. His show is on Sundays, 8:30 P.M. EDT, NBC. Henry, born the day before April Fools' Day, was a page boy in a radio station (he conducted visitors' tours), announcer, and a disc jockey before his talents as a comedian were recognized. He gets his ideas by looking at billboards, newspapers, car ads, etc.

MONDAY

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 New York 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 Mag- azine of the Air Jane Jordan	Music For You Arthur Godfrey
10:45	The Brighter Day			
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Dr. Paul We Love and Learn Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Passing Parade Victor Lindlahr Against the Storm	Modern Romances Ted Malone Galen Drake	Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Echoes From the Tropics Vincent Lopez	Kate Smith Speaks Kate Smith Sings Lanny Ross Heatter's Mailbag	Welcome Travelers	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Boston Symphony Robert McCormick Jack Kilty	Happy Gang Misc. Programs	Nancy Craig Dorothy Dix	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 Anniversary Club	Bkfst. in Hollywood Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake What Makes You Tick?
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Red Benson Movie Show Luncheon at Sardi's	Talk Your Way Out of It House Party	David Harum Hilltop House Robert Q. Lewis
4:00 4:15 4:30	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones	Misc. Programs Misc. Programs Johnson Family	Kay Kyser Mr. and Mrs. Allan Jones Eleanor and Anna Roosevelt	Hint Hunt Winner Take All Beat the Clock
4:45	Young Widder Brown	Two Ton Baker		
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Superman Capt. Midnight Tom Mix	Challenge of the Yukon Jack Armstrong	Treasury Bandstand The Chicagoans Herb Shriner Time

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bob Warren Clem McCarthy Sunoco News	Local Programs	Local Programs	Eric Sevareid "You and—" Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter Inside of Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis The Lone Ranger	Baulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Cavalcade of America Voice of Firestone	Straight Arrow Sherlock Holmes	The Railroad Hour Henry Taylor	Inner Sanctum Talent Scouts
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45 9:55	Telephone Hour Dr. I. Q.	News Radio Newsreel Fishing and Hunting Club Bill Henry	Child's World String Ensemble	Lux Radio Theatre
10:00 10:15 10:30	Contented Program Radio Playhouse	American Forum of the Air Dance Orch.	Arthur Gaeth Earl Godwin On Trial	My Friend Irma The Bob Hawk Show



MARY JANE CROFT—who plays the part of Alice Henderson on the Beulah show (CBS, 7:00 P.M. EDT, M-F) is one of the busiest actresses on the air—she appears often on top network shows—yet she finds enough time to take care of four-year-old son Ricky in Hollywood. During her years in radio she has had nuke fright only once; the time when she turned to page two of her script, found page twenty-nine.

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. 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 Faith in Our Time Road of Life	Cecil Brown Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air Jane Jordan	Music For You Arthur Godfrey
10:45	The Brighter Day			
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Dr. Paul We Love And Learn Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Passing Parade Victor H. Lindlahr Against the Storm	Modern Romances Ted Malone Galen Drake	Grand Slam Rosemary

T U E S D A Y

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember News			Local Programs
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in N. Y. Clevelandaires	Editor's Diary Tell Your Neighbors 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 Club Time	Music For You Arthur Godfrey
10:45	The Brighter Day			
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Dr. Paul We Love And Learn Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Passing Parade Victor H. Lindlahr Against the Storm	Modern Romances Ted Malone Galen Drake	Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Betty Harris Show Vincent Lopez	Kate Smith Speaks Kate Smith Sings Lanny Ross Heatter's Mailbag	Welcome Traveler	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Echoes From the Tropics Robert McCormick Jack Kilty	Happy Gang Misc. Programs	Nancy Craig Dorothy Dix	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 Anniversary Club	Bkfst. in Hollywood Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake What Makes You Tick?
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Red Benson Movie Show Luncheon At Sardi's	Ladies Be Seated House Party	David Harum Hilltop House Robert Q. Lewis
4:00 4:15 4:30	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones	Misc. Programs Misc. Programs Johnson Family	Kay Kyser Mr. and Mrs. Allan Jones Eleanor and Anna Roosevelt	Hint Hunt Winner Take All Beat the Clock
4:45	Young Widder Brown	Two Ton Baker		
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Straight Arrow Capt. Midnight Tom Mix	The Green Hornet Sky King	Treasury Bandstand The Chicagoans Herb Shriner Time

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bob Warren Clem McCarthy Sunoco News	Local Programs		Eric Sevareid "You and—" Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World The Smoothies Richard Harkness	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter Inside of Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis Counter Spy	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:55	This Is Your Life Ralph Edwards Alan Young Show	George O'Hanlian Show Official Detective Bill Henry	Art Mooney's Talent Tour America's Town Meeting of the Air	Mystery Theatre Mr. and Mrs. North
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45 9:55	Bob Hope Show Fibber McGee and Molly	News Radio Newsreel Mysterious Traveler Bill Henry	Erwin D. Canham	We, The People Strike It Rich
10:00 10:15 10:30	Big Town People Are Funny	Korn's-A-Krackin' Dance Orchestra	It's in the Family	Hit The Jackpot Mr. Ace and Jane

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	The Play Boys Vincent Lopez	Kate Smith Speaks Kate Smith Sings Lanny Ross Heatter's Mailbag	Welcome Travelers	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Echoes From the Tropics Robert McCormick Jack Kilty	Happy Gang Misc. Programs	Nancy Craig Dorothy Dix	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 Anniversary Club	Bkfst. in Hollywood Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake What Makes You Tick?
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Red Benson Movie Show Luncheon at Sardi's	Talk Your Way Out of It House Party	David Harum Hilltop House Robert Q. Lewis
4:00 4:15 4:30	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones	Misc. Programs Johnson Family	Kay Kyser Mr. and Mrs. Allan Jones Eleanor and Anna Roosevelt	Hint Hunt Winner Take All Beat the Clock
4:45	Young Widder Brown	Two Ton Baker		
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Superman Capt. Midnight Tom Mix	Challenge of the Yukon Jack Armstrong	Treasury Bandstand The Chicagoans Herb Shriner Time

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bob Warren Clem McCarthy Sunoco News	Local Programs		Eric Sevareid "You and—" Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World Dardanelle Trio H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter 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	Can You Top This? Scattergood Baines	Original Amateur Hour, Ted Mack, M.C.	Mr. Chameleon Dr. Christian
9:00 9:15 9:30	Duffy's Tavern Mr. District Attorney	News Radio Newsreel Family Theater	Milton Berle Show Lawrence Welk	County Fair
10:00 10:15 10:30	The Big Story Curtain Time	Comedy Play-house Dance Orchestra	Bing Crosby Jack Kirkwood	Beat The Clock Capitol Cloak Room

LAMONT JOHNSON—took a job as radio announcer one summer, liked it so well he quit his studies at UCLA (he was majoring in journalism, then) to make it a full-time job. It wasn't long before his pleasant "mike manners" were noticed by a radio director. His first big role was as Daniel Boone; this led to other parts—he now is Mark Douglas in the serial, Wendy Warren, M-F, 12 Noon EDT, CBS.



T H U R 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. Clevelandaires	Editor's Diary Tell Your Neighbor Bob Poole Show	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America Barnyard Follies
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Fred Waring Road of Life The Brighter Day	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker, Mag- azine of the Air Dorothy Kilgallen	Music For You Arthur Godfrey
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Dr. Paul We Love and Learn Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Passing Parade Victor H. Lindlahr Against the Storm	Modern Romances Ted Malone Galen Drake	Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Betty Harris Show Vincent Lopez	Kate Smith Speaks Kate Smith Sings Lanny Ross Heatter's Mailbag	Welcome Travelers	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Echoes From the Tropics Robert McCormick Jack Kilty	Happy Gang	Nancy Craig Dorothy Dix	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 Anniversary Club	Bkfst. in Hollywood Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake What Makes You Tick?
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Red Benson Movie Show Luncheon at Sardi's	Ladies Be Seated House Party	David Harum Hilltop House Robert Q. Lewis
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Misc. Programs Johnson Family Two Ton Baker	Kay Kyser Mr. and Mrs. Allan Jones Eleanor and Anna Roosevelt	Hint Hunt Winner Take All Beat the Clock
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Straight Arrow Capt. Midnight Tom Mix	The Green Hornet Sky King	Treasury Bandstand The Chicagoans Herb Shriner Time

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Lionel Ricau Clem McCarthy Sunoco News	Local Programs	Local Programs	Eric Sevareid "You and—" Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World Echoes From the Tropics Richard Harkness	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter	Headline Edition Elmer Davis Counter Spy	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Aldrich Family Burns and Allen	Plantation Jubilee Western Hit Revue	Abbott and Costello Theatre U.S.A.	The F.B.I. In Peace and War Mr. Keen
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Al Jolson Show Dorothy Lamour	News Radio Newsreel Air Force Hour	Go For the House Jo Stafford Show	Suspense Crime Photographer
10:00 10:15 10:30	Screen Guild Theatre Fred Waring Show	This is Paris The Windy City	Personal Autograph	Hallmark Playhouse First Nighter

KAY STARR—husky-voiced singer on ABC's Starring Kay Starr is of Irish-Cherokee descent. She sang with Joe Venuti and Bob Crosby one summer while still in high school, and with Charlie Barnet's band for two years before she became ill. After convalescence she struck out as a single, playing clubs and making records, eventually signing with ABC. Her favorite singer is Ella Fitzgerald.



ELMER DAVIS—whose news analyses are heard Monday-Friday, 7:15 P.M. EDT on ABC stations, is Indiana-born, an Oxford graduate, covered the first World War for the *New York Times*, was director of the OWI during the last war. He always wears a gray suit, black shoes, white shirt and black bow tie—college nickname was "the deacon." He has a dry sense of humor and always goes about his work calmly even when big news is breaking.



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 10:45	Fred Waring Road of Life The Brighter Day	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker Mag- azine of the Air Jane Jordan	Music For You Arthur Godfrey
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	We Love and Learn Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Passing Parade Victor H. Lindlahr Against the Storm	Modern Romances Ted Malone Galen Drake	Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	The Hometowns Vincent Lopez	Kate Smith Speaks Kate Smith Sings Lanny Ross Heatter's Mailbag	Welcome Travelers	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	U. S. Marine Band Robert McCormick Jack Kilty	Happy Gang	Nancy Craig Dorothy Dix	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 Anniversary Club	Bkfst. in Hollywood Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake What Makes You Tick?
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Red Benson Movie Show Luncheon at Sardi's	Talk Your Way Out of It House Party	David Harum Hilltop House Robert Q. Lewis
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Misc. Programs Johnson Family Two Ton Baker	Kay Kyser Mr. and Mrs. Allan Jones Eleanor and Anna Roosevelt	Hint Hunt Winner Take All Beat the Clock
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Superman Capt. Midnight Tom Mix	Challenge of the Yukon Jack Armstrong	Treasury Bandstand The Chicagoans Herb Shriner Time

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	News Clem McCarthy Sunoco News	Local Programs	Local Programs	Eric Sevareid "You and—" Herb Shriner Time Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World The UN is My Beat H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter 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	Cities Service Band Of America Jimmy Durante Show	Experience Speaks Yours For A Song	The Fat Man This Is Your FBI	Jack Carson Show My Favorite Husband
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Eddie Cantor Show Red Skelton Show	News Radio Newsreel Enchanted Hour	Break the Bank The Sheriff	Ford Theatre
10:00 10:15 10:30	Life of Riley Sports	Meet the Press Mutual Concert Hall	Boxing Bouts	Philip Morris Play- house Yours Truly, Johnny Dollar

SATURDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:00	Mind Your Manners		Shoppers Special	CBS News of America
9:15	Coffee in Washington	Paul Neilson, News Misc. Programs		Barnyard Follies
9:30				Garden Gate
9:45				
10:00	Archle Andrews	Magic Rhythm	Concert of American Jazz	Red Barber's Club House
10:15	Mary Lee Taylor	Your Name Beautiful		Escape
10:30		Albert Warner		
10:45				
11:00	Meet the Meeks	Coast Guard on Parade	Junior Junction	Let's Pretend
11:15	Smilin' Ed McConnell	Music	What's My Name?	Junior Miss
11:30				
11:45				

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00	Arthur Barriault Public Affair	Smoky Mt. Hayride	Girls' Corps	Theatre of Today
12:15	Luncheon With Lopez	News	American Farmer	Grand Central Station
12:30			U. S. Navy Hour	
12:45				
1:00	Nat'l Farm Home	Campus Salute		Stars Over Hollywood
1:15				Give and Take
1:30	R.F.D. America	Symphonies For Youth	American Farmer	
1:45				
2:00	Musicana		101 Ranch Boys	Handyman
2:15				Get More Out of Life
2:30	Edward Tomlinson Report From Europe	Music	Fascinating Rhythm	Columbia's Country Journal
2:45				
3:00	Pioneers of Music	Poole's Paradise	Treasury Band Show	Report From Overseas
3:15				Adventures in Science
3:30		Sports Parade		Cross Section U.S.A.
3:45				
4:00	Your Health Today	Bill Harrington	Tom Glazer's Ballad Box	
4:15	Horse Racing	Horse Racing	Horse Racing	Saturday at the Chase
4:30		Jerry and Skye	United Nations Show	
4:45	Frank Merriwell	First Church of Christ Science		
5:00	The Lassie Show	Russ Hodges Quiz	Dance Music	Philadelphia Orchestra
5:15	Wormwood Forest	True or False		
5:30				
5:45				

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	Bob Warren	Music	Honey Dreamers	News From Washington
6:15	Religion in the News		Bible Message	Memo From Lake Success
6:30	NBC Symphony	Bands For Bonds	Jack Beall	"The Catbird Seat" Larry Lesueur
6:45				
7:00		Hawaii Calls		Spike Jones
7:15			Bert Andrews	
7:30	Vic Damone, Kay Armen	Robert Hurliegh Mal Allen		Camel Caravan with Vaughn Monroe
7:45				
8:00	Hollywood Star Theatre	Twenty Questions	Take A Chorus	Gene Autry Show
8:15	Truth or Consequences	Take a Number	Famous Jury Trials	Adventures of Philip Marlowe
8:30				
8:45				
9:00	Your Hit Parade	Life Begins at 80	Little Herman Drama	Gang Busters
9:15	Judy Canova Show	Guy Lombardo	Pat Novak For Hire	Tales of Fatima
9:30				
9:45				
10:00	Day in the Life of Dennis Day	Theatre of the Air	Earl Godwin Irving Fields	Sing It Again
10:15	Grand Ole Opry		Hayloft Hoedown	
10:30				

QUIZ CATALOGUE

Notes to keep your Radio Mirror

Quiz Catalog up to date

THE MAN who broke the bank at Monte Carlo had nothing on the contestants who successfully compete on the Friday night ABC quizzer Break the Bank, heard at 9:00 p.m., EDT.

It was a little over three years ago that a young man walked into the office of producer Ed Wolff and said he had a swell show. Radio veteran Wolff immediately rejected the format of the show, but realized the tremendous possibilities of the title, and made a deal to use it. He revised the show and here's the way it now works.

Four assistants roam through the audience before show time with hand microphones interviewing couples at random. When an interesting couple is interviewed, they are called up on the stage and become contestants. As many as twenty-five couples may be called to the stage, but after a quick screening usually about six couples have time to compete.

Host for the show is genial Bud Collyer, who introduces the guests to fast talking emcee Bert Parks. As each contestant comes to the microphone, a sealed envelope containing the questions is handed to Parks. He immediately starts the ball rolling, building the winnings from twenty dollars to five hundred dollars in five questions. At five hundred you are at the gateway to the bank. You may win anything from one thousand dollars up—to date the highest has been nine thousand dollars.

All prizes are cash, and a tremendous scoreboard on stage keeps a record of your earnings.

Unlike any other quiz show, the contestant is given two chances on Break the Bank. If he gets up to five hundred and misses, he goes back one step to three and works his way up again.

Listeners get a chance to compete by sending in a postcard asking to be called on the telephone. The postcards are all in a huge glass bowl, the "Wishing Bowl," and one is picked out each week and telephoned. The winner comes to New York on an all-expenses paid trip, and becomes a contestant on the show. He in turn selects the following week's "Wishing Bowl" winner.

A Cinderella story come true happened last Christmas Eve, when a young visitor from National City, California, decided to go up on stage uninvited during the program. Handsome, three-year-old Michael Powers created a furore when he did, and was chased by his mother. Fast thinking Bert Parks immediately made the mother a contestant, and Mrs. Powers rose to the occasion by breaking the nine thousand dollar bank. Payoff to the story came when it developed a motion picture producer saw young Michael on his television set (Break the Bank is televised at the same time it is broadcast) and signed him to a contract.

Parks says the moral to the story is, "If you want to be a movie star, come to New York and get on Break the Bank."

* * *

QUIZ CHATTER—

All networks now on a campaign to keep out professional quiz goers. One network red faced when they tried to bar one gal. . . . It seems she had won a pass to all shows as a prize . . . Professor Quiz learned highway etiquette from a woman driver whose car stalled in front of his. The impatient Professor leaned on his horn and honked away. In a few moments, the woman left her car and approached the Professor's auto. "I'm sorry, sir," she said to Quiz. "My car won't start. But if you'll be good enough to get in my car and start it, I'll stay in yours and lean on the horn" . . . Take A Number just started a new system of selecting contestants. They now decide in what profession or field they want a contestant, and then go out and find him. . . . Incidentally, Take A Number emcee Red Benson, just bought a beautiful Adirondacks Country Club. . . . Several quiz show owners campaigning to do away with big money jackpots. They claim big money shows are no longer fun but a deadly serious business, something which doesn't lead to radio enjoyment. . . . On the other hand, rumor around town is that Sing It Again will add a twenty-five thousand dollar cash jackpot to its usual jackpot. . . . Heaviest quiz prize was won by Mrs. Frieda Perry of Pennsylvania on Stop the Music—an eight-thousand-pound elephant.

VICKI VOLA—was stage-struck at sixteen, but instead of going to New York, she stayed in hometown Denver building up a good reputation in local radio and stock; consequently she had no job difficulty when she later came to New York City. Vicki still plays stock during her vacations from her part as Miss Miller, Mr. District Attorney's secretary. She is married to John Wilkinson, radio director.



Family Counselor guest, Howard Nugent, shows Terry Burton how one family invited the burglar. Accumulated milk and paper deliveries are a sure sign that no-one's home here.

FAMILY COUNSELOR

By
TERRY
BURTON



WHEN THE FAMILY'S

Away—

IN the good old summertime, families all over America pack bathing suits, tennis rackets and junior's baseball cap into their suitcases and head for the seashore or the mountains. Vacations are fun, but how many spend their two weeks worrying about home—asking themselves: "Will everything be all right when we return?"

Of course, keeping your house safe from burglary is a year-round job, but it's the summertime when most of us unknowingly help the burglar. Maybe you, like the Burton Family, are ready to take advantage of your well-earned vacation. And I know you will want to put into practice the suggestions offered by our Family Counselor Guest, Howard W. Nugent, of a national detective agency. As executive manager of criminal investigation, Mr. Nugent warned: "If you're one of those 'never lock my door' people, you're going to help the thief fatten his purse." Reminding us that forced entry is generally accompanied by prying noises, our Family Counselor said: "Don't make things easy for him; lock those doors and windows." Several other things are likely to discourage the burglar . . . such as burning a light, playing the radio, or displaying any sort of evidence which gives the appearance of being at home. Burglars are not very fond of company.

When I asked Mr. Nugent about locking doors and hiding keys, he laughed and added, "Yes, and don't forget the notes that one sees tacked to the front door reading . . . 'Clarence, the key is under the broken

step.'" Mr. Nugent advised that information may be passed on until your name heads the burglars' "must list." His suggestion was: "If you have to hide a key outside the house in case of emergency, hide it well, and keep the secret to yourself. If you plan to be away, don't pass the information on to all the neighbors. Arrange things to look as natural and 'at home' as possible. And don't leave any chatty 'will be gone' notes in milk bottles, or in the mailbox.

"And here's a very important point: do cancel your milk and newspaper deliveries. The law-breaker who finds them lined up on the front porch has no trouble determining whether or not you're at home."

Mr. Nugent also warned against keeping any large sums of money in the proverbial sugar bowl.

"And," he added, "when hiring domestic help, don't rely on an honest face. Check references carefully."

Now suppose you return home and find that you've entertained a burglar . . . what should be done?

First, report the theft and let the authorities take over—give all the help you can. Should your stolen merchandise be recovered, the authorities will not be satisfied with a "That's mine" type of identification, so keep a list of your jewelry, radios, furniture and other valuables. Serial numbers or initials written in indelible ink where the thief can't find them, will help you recover lost property. So, lock your doors and windows—mark and list your valuables—and you'll be doing your share to keep the burglar away.

The Countess
Jean de Caraman

*Her lovely face gives out to you
the bright Magic of Herself*

She is beautiful—and more—you think when you look at the Countess de Caraman's face. For her face gives out to you her delightful *Inner Self*. It sends you messages of her individuality, her responsiveness, her charming femininity.

Your Face has something special to say about you. Are you helping it to speak for you with originality and beauty? Your face is the *You* that others see first. Make sure it is showing the real *You* happily—at your very best. You should. You can.



The Countess de Caraman's pearl-smooth skin tells you she gives it beautiful care. Her trusted beauty help is Pond's Cold Cream. "I'm devoted to it," she says.

*THAT HALF-REALIZED SELF WITHIN YOU
CAN MAKE YOU OVER*

Never think you are cut to just one pattern. You are *not*. You are changing every day. And you can direct this change.

Within you is a wonderful force that can help you. It grows out of the relation of your *Inner Self* to your *Outer Self* and the power of each to change the other.

You feel it in the confidence that glows out from you when you *know* you look lovely—you feel it, too, in the uneasiness that comes when you *miss* looking charming and right. It is the reason those daily niceties that make you look lovelier can work a magic change in *You*—your outlook, your appeal to others.

"Outside-Inside" Face Treatment

Your *face* is the first picture others see of you. To keep it a bright, appealing picture needs understanding help. Discover *now*

this "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment with your Pond's Cold Cream. It can bring your face a *special* cleanness, greater *softness*.

Always at bedtime (for day cleansings, too) *cream* your face *this* rewarding way:

Hot Stimulation—splash face with hot water.

Cream Cleanse—swirl Pond's Cold Cream

all over your face. This will soften and sweep dirt, make-up from pore-openings. Tissue off.

Cream Rinse—swirl on a second Pond's creaming. This *rinses* off last traces of dirt, leaves skin lubricated, *immaculate*. Tissue off.

Cold Stimulation—a tonic cold water splash.

This "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment literally works on *both sides* of your skin. *From the Outside*—Pond's Cold Cream softens and sweeps away surface dirt as you massage. *From the Inside*—every step of this treatment stimulates beauty-giving circulation. "It leaves your face *glowing*," the Countess says.

Remember always—it is *not vanity* to develop the beauty of your face. Everyone who cares about you *wants* to see you looking lovely. It helps you add to their happiness—it helps you feel happier *yourself*. And this greater happiness brings the real Inner You closer to others.



The Countess says: "I don't know any face cream of finer quality than Pond's." Get this favorite *big size* of Pond's Cold Cream today!

Something to Think About—

(Continued from page 33)

With all the difficulties married couples meet, it would be pleasant to believe that the period of courtship is like a crystal lake, untroubled by storm and thunder. But it's not. Young people in love have more than their share of frustrations. But I almost lose patience with sorrowful girls who have been jilted.

To my way of thinking it is stupid to pity or cry with a girl left waiting at the altar. But first, read this excerpt that is typical of many, many letters—

"I went with a boy for a long time and finally we were engaged to be married. Then, in a weak moment, I introduced him to an attractive girl friend of mine. She took him away from me. Wasn't I the fool?"

Well, maybe the thing to do when you've got a prize package is to keep him under cover. Let nobody see him. But even if he were Clark Gable and Gary Cooper rolled into one and if he could make love like a Barrymore and was as brilliant as Einstein, he still wouldn't be any good if another woman could take him away. So why should a woman be broken-hearted about that? She should be grateful it happened before they were married. Her man is a boarder-lover, looking for a new room and board all the time. This girl's lucky. She should write her girl friend a note and say, "Thanks, honey, for the favor. Some day I'll do the same for you."

Frankly, I wonder when women are going to understand that it's a rare blessing to have a man show that he isn't interested in marriage. Could anything be worse than to have him go through with the wedding and discover a few years later he didn't mean it?

No, don't let a boarder-lover undermine your confidence. It may rain today but when the sun shines tomorrow, you don't want to carry clouds in your heart. Consider yourself lucky to have been rid of the bad. Forget it.

Well, you may not agree with me on this next one but I think there is often too much interference in young women's lives. Sometimes it leads to disaster and in this case it's turning a mother's hair gray. She writes—

"I have forbidden my daughter ever to see a certain man. I have heard stories about him, ugly stories. My daughter is taking it very hard. She says if I don't let her see him again she is going to kill herself. I am only trying to do what is right for my daughter, and I don't know which way to turn. Please help me."

I believe the key to this mother's problem is one word, *forbid*. She should drop it from her vocabulary. It's always bad to forbid anything and every time a parent tries it, matters get worse. Nine times in ten where girls run off to marry the wrong man, they're cases where a parent said, "I forbid." And where girls do take their lives, it's generally because of all the panic, fear and confusion brought on by *I forbid*.

If I were this parent, I'd say nothing about it at all for a week or more, then try a quiet, friendly approach. Or even better, let the minister or doctor or a family friend invite the daughter over for a talk. Remember, people get nowhere by forbidding. But the same people can move mountains with patience and reason.

A mother's love for her child causes many strange situations. Here's a letter that will make you sit up and think. It's from a widow, only twenty-three years old.

"My husband passed away about half a year ago and my baby and I live with my parents now. Mr. Heatter, a rich family has offered me \$10,000 if I give up the child. They want to adopt her. My family tells me I ought to go ahead with it for the baby's sake. I've tossed night after night trying to think about it. I've prayed and tried to get the right answer. I just can't. I know what it would mean to my child to be brought up in a wealthy, comfortable home. I know I can't ever hope to give her anything like it. What shall I do?"

Truthfully, I really can't think of anything that would help this woman. I don't know the answer to everything and a letter like this just humbles me. Like the girl I'd pray and try to find a light and see what would be the right thing. But, in the end, I think I'd say no. And being offered money makes it worse, a lot worse. Actually, the mother would be selling her child.

Any woman who is only twenty-three and in good health can take care of a baby. She can face life as millions of others do, with hope and courage and confidence. After all, even the best home in all the world isn't a substitute for a real mother.

Now let's make a big jump, a very big jump from ten thousand to a million dollars and yet the core of the problem is the same, an immature attitude toward material things. This letter is from a young woman who by saying one word could have jewels, furs and guilt. Read this—

"I'm turning to you for advice, Mr. Heatter. I used to go with a very wealthy boy who loved me very much. He died a few weeks ago. He was an only child and now his parents want to adopt me. They want to give me everything they'd have given their own son. You see, Mr. Heatter, they think I was in love with him but that isn't so. I liked him a lot but I always knew I'd never marry him. Now more than a million dollars would come to me if I said yes to his parents and let them adopt me, but would it be right to take advantage of them?"

Well, the girl is young and perhaps the great temptation keeps her from seeing clearly. Little wonder when people place so much emphasis on things that money buys and so often forget the solid satisfactions to be found in honest relationship with fellow-beings.

For my part, I'd advise the young woman to tell the wealthy couple the truth. Tell them she didn't love their son. It's going to hurt, of course, coming on top of everything they've suffered. But, otherwise, hypocrisy will make her life a chain of miserable lies.

Somehow, I believe from the tone of her letter that she realizes the difference between right and wrong but there are others who never understand when they do commit a wrong. I doubt that such folks will ever lead decent lives. Some of the letters just shock, such as this one—

"We have some friends," a woman writes, "who actually think it's

smart to exchange wives for an evening. One man goes with another man's wife to a party. They go as far as kissing and hugging each other, sometimes farther. They call it fun but I call it disgusting. Just between you and me, Mr. Heatter, don't you think they're playing with fire?"

No, I don't think these people are playing with fire. When they get that far, they're beyond being burnt. What they're playing with is idiotic nonsense. They're like people who take dope for fun. And their kind should be quarantined and as carefully avoided as a plague.

Let's go on to what I feel is a more attractive subject—dogs. Everyone knows how I feel about dogs. After a woman, I think a dog is the best thing that can happen to a man. A man can learn a lot from a dog. He can learn lessons in loyalty and love and often common sense. And frequently dogs are more intelligent than some people. If you don't believe me, listen to this woman—

"I've just read that a dog cemetery in Washington, D.C., wouldn't permit the burial of a dog because the owner is a Negro. Isn't that silly?"

Yes, it's silly. Downright stupid-silly. Personally, I wonder what the dogs buried there would say about it. I wonder if a dog ever put up a sign reading, "Restricted." I never heard of one, did you?

But I did hear about a man who was walking a very expensive dog. The dog must have been worth all of a thousand dollars. Well, they were walking along a river when suddenly the little dog jumped, the leash broke and the dog ran down to a river bank where a big dog was roaming. The costly dog ran so fast he just couldn't stop, and he went over the bank into the river. The big dog jumped in, grabbed him by the collar, paddled back to dry land and saved his life. And you know what? It turned out that the larger dog, who saved his life, belonged to an old Negro. And they say the dog whose life was saved just never objected at all. Neither did the man who owned him.

Yes, a dog can teach a man a lot about living. They can teach us that the way we act and feel toward fellow beings is the important part of life. What you say and do to your husband or wife or neighbor is what counts on the day of reckoning.

That's my opinion. Of course, you may disagree. Some of these letters are terribly hard to answer and I've never claimed to have cure-alls.

One listener challenged me, demanding, "Where do you get off giving advice? Have you ever known what it is to be cold and hungry? Have you ever known what it is to have not a cent in the world with no one to turn to?"

The answer to that is yes. I've earned my living since I was a child. My friends and family were all working people. I was raised on the sidewalks of New York where they taught me to respect the fruits of sweat and toil. As a youngster in public school I worked after school-hours and I quit high school to take a newspaper job.

And I too have known days of dark despair.

I remember that as a young man I

started my own newspaper. It took every cent I had saved. I wanted to crusade, fight for better streets, safer transportation, decent fire protection. But lack of advertising doomed the paper. At the end of seven months I had a slip from the bank.

The message boiled down to two words. "You're broke."

That nearly crushed my spirit but I started over. Back to the tedious work at copy desks on the big newspapers. And there were few compensations. Money was not one of them. The pay was poor. The only bright spot in those years was my marriage.

And I remember how sickened I was at the state of things after the First World War. Again I drew out my savings and took off for Europe as a freelance correspondent. I wanted to awaken the people to the impending disaster. Later events proved me right but the newspapers didn't see it my way then. Again my crusade was a bust.

You can be sure those were low days for me. But by then I had more than my own ideals to fight for. I had a wife and children so I found editorial jobs on magazines not doing exactly what I wanted but life was sweeter, more secure until 1929 and—who doesn't remember the crash and the depression? Where was I then? Right out on the street, like millions of others, without a dime, without a job.

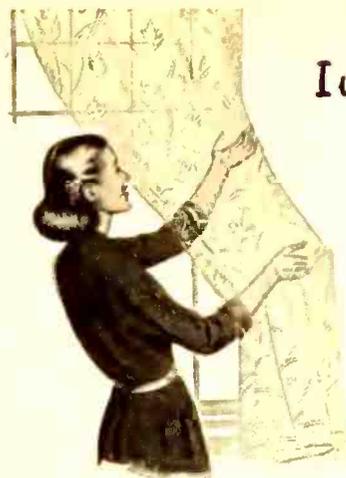
I WELL remember the futile job-hunting. But I never lost faith with myself or my family or my country. It seems to me now as it did then that Americans always have something to live for. This land of ours glows with hope. And, when I realized that, I began hunting for a radio job. I wanted to tell people of this through news and my own comments.

Well, it wasn't easy to find a job in radio. There were many disappointments till I got my own program and the first station that took me on only gave me time. For six months I worked for nothing. But it was worth it. The sacrifices my wife and I made for the opportunity were fulfilled.

But in the thirteen years that I've had the good fortune to have a friendly radio audience, I've learned there is nothing easy about success. For each day, every hour and minute must be a success. There is the responsibility of giving people honest news, wholesome opinions, and hope in the midst of despair.

Yes, I've known days of near-defeat and misery.

And this I know and remember, too: frustration and heartache come to all men and women. But always a man must keep alive that flickering ray of hope. That's what I try to tell the people who listen to the Mailbag. Have faith. Fight failure. Believe in yourself. Believe in your destiny.



I use Fels-Naptha Soap because it's gentle

I let my lovely lace curtains soak in mild Fels-Naptha suds—squeeze them through the suds and then rinse.

They stretch-dry so soft and fresh and spotless—they're just like new.

I use Fels-Naptha Soap because it's gentle

I wash all my underwear in lukewarm Fels-Naptha suds.

It's the only soap I've tried that removes *all the dirt without soaking*. My undies never look gray or dingy.



I use Fels-Naptha Soap because it's gentle

I like my sweaters to fit. So I always wash them *inside out* in gentle Fels-Naptha suds. They dry soft and fresh and absolutely clean.



I use Fels-Naptha Soap because it's gentle

No diaper rash for my young man—and no diaper bleaching either. Just gentle Fels-Naptha Soap that removes every stain and every trace of odor.

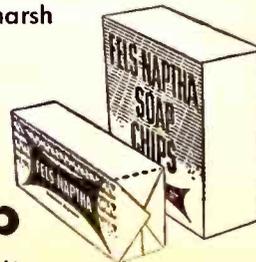


Fels-Naptha is so very, very gentle because it contains two great cleaners—mild, golden soap and active naphtha. This is why it removes dirt completely—without harsh cleaning action . . . and helps all your lovely things stay clean and fresh and new!

FOR EXTRA CLEANING ACTION USE

Fels-Naptha Soap

MILD, GOLDEN SOAP AND ACTIVE NAPHTHA



Did You Enter Radio Mirror's GRAND SLAM CONTEST?

Because of the wonderful response to this contest, and the resulting enormous volume of mail, we confess that we're snowed under! As a result, the winners will not be announced in the August issue, but in

SEPTEMBER RADIO MIRROR

On sale Wednesday, August 10th

Watch for Irene Beasley on the cover!

YOUNG WIVES SO GRATEFUL for this 'extra' advantage in INTIMATE FEMININE HYGIENE



Greaseless Suppository Assures Continuous Medication For Hours

Here's a modern, higher type of intimate feminine cleanliness which gives you extra advantages. Zonitors are easier, daintier, more convenient to use, yet they're one of the most EFFECTIVE methods ever discovered. Zonitors are POWERFULLY GERMICIDAL yet ABSOLUTELY SAFE to delicate tissues. They are positively non-poisonous, non-irritating, non-smarting.

Easy To Carry If Away From Home

Zonitors are greaseless, stainless, snow-white vaginal suppositories. They are not the type that quickly melt away. Instead, they instantly begin to release powerful germicidal properties and continue to do so for hours. They never leave any residue.

Leave No Tell-Tale Odor

Zonitors do not 'mask' offending odor. They actually destroy it. Help guard against infection. Zonitors kill every germ they touch. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract. But you can be sure Zonitors immediately kill every reachable germ and keep them from multiplying. Any drugstore.



FREE: Mail this coupon today for free booklet sent in plain wrapper. Reveals frank intimate facts. Zonitors, Dept. ZRM-79, 370 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

Coast to Coast in Television

(Continued from page 57)

stage is borrowing video scripts for special theater presentations. First raid was on the Kraft Television Theater version of John Van Druten's comedy, *There's Always Juliet*. The American Theater Wing selected the television version to use on its Army and Navy hospital tour. Their reason? The simplified set-up for TV, as they often are on TV, and the quality of intimacy TV makes necessary are ideally suited to hospital presentation.

Latest reports are that the capsule "*Juliet*" is a great success.

Condensing a full-length novel into a one-hour television play is a considerable feat—and the first to perform it was the Philco Television Playhouse, which recently closed down for the season. The book, a best-selling mystery, was *Dinner at Antoine's*, by Frances Parkinson Keyes. The story centers around the death of Odile, a beautiful young girl who is thought to be a suicide.

Bill Eythe, known to movie-goers as the handsome young hero of such pictures as "*The House on 92nd Street*" and "*Eve of St. Mark*," doubled from his current Broadway hit review, "*Lend an Ear*," to appear in *Dinner at Antoine's*. Bill, by the way, not only sings and dances in the Broadway show, but he's the co-producer.

Janet Blair, most recently seen with Red Skelton in Columbia's "*The Fuller Brush Man*," was Bill's co-star in the lively and successful experiment of cutting down a full-length book to video size.

Verdi's "*Aida*"—without scenery or costumes—seemed like a daring innovation when the NBC Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Arturo Toscanini, and top-flight singers presented it on TV. Especially daring was its division into two Saturday performances—two acts one Saturday, and two acts the next.

But everybody agreed it was a superb success and singers Herva Nelli (who played *Aida*), Richard Tucker, Giuseppe Valdengo, Eva Gustavson, Norman Scott, Teresa Randall and the others, including a fine chorus, could—and were forced by the applause—to take bows.

TV viewers got a wonderful chance to watch Mr. Toscanini's baton magic, something that the studio audiences missed, since he had to turn his back on them and face his musicians and singers.

One of the reasons the number of television sets in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, has climbed to around 25,000 in little more than a year is WTMJ-TV's heavy schedule of afternoon programs. Housewives like the shows because of their easy pace—they can do their ironing, for instance, in front of the set, and follow the programs without scorching the baby's bibs.

Dealers have another reason. They can tune to live shows to demonstrate their sets during the heavy daytime shopping hours.

Fans have a wide range of entertainment, even though WTMJ is the one TV station on the air. Gloria Brooks and Connie Daniels keep fashions, hobbies and interesting folks moving in front of the cameras. Breta Griem gives

cooking information. Paul Skinner and Al Buettner supply songs and music.

From NBC-TV the station has a long list of top shows including at this writing, Texaco Star Theater, Howdy Doody, the Lanny Ross show, Kyle McDonnell, Kukla, Fran and Ollie, the best of the news round-ups, and some of the sports events from New York's Madison Square Garden.

From ABC there's Super Circus, The Singing Lady, Identify with Bob Elson, Stump the Author and Mystery Quiz. From DuMont come such hit programs as the Original Amateur Hour, and CBS kinescopes the Arthur Godfrey show.

In addition, the city sees its own Junior Amateurs in a show bearing that name. The youngsters sing, dance, wax dramatic or just gab about their hobbies—and all the time they're learning how to perform in a television studio. Some of them are showing enough talent to remain there.

One of the most popular Milwaukee video shows is the 3:15 Sunday afternoon program called *Let's Look at Television*. Viewers' questions supply the script for that one. When a viewer wants to know how many cameras are used, an operator pans around for a full view of the studio to show just where and how the cameras are placed. Then he's apt to complete the information by opening the side of a camera while an engineer explains the construction, in not too technical language.

If the question is "What is a director?" the camera shows the director's location in the studio and lets the viewer watch a bit of the backstage drama of production.

The mail response indicates it's one of Milwaukee's most popular programs.

"Television Today," a 35-minute documentary film (movie, not TV) made by the Columbia Broadcasting System, points out three significant facts about this new medium. One, 78 per cent of sets are owned by middle-income families. Two, an estimated 19 million sets will be in use by 1953. And three, there has been a 20-fold increase in the number of advertisers lured to television during the past two years.

Studio sequences of the film were photographed between a number of midnights and dawns in CBS-TV studios in New York's Grand Central Building—the same building that houses the famous Grand Central Station where passengers flow in and out of the big city by the millions. After the captains and kings of the video controls had departed for the night, the documentary boys and girls moved in and did their work. Location shots were made wherever the cameras could roam, even up to the roofs of towering apartment houses, to show the long rows of hair-pin-like antennae.

TV mysteries such as cool light and rear projection lighting were made a little clearer by the film's explanation. You saw CBS special background slides that turn a studio setting from a summer to a winter background in a matter of moments.

If you haven't yet caught "Television Today" in your own city, maybe you'll find it programmed by your school or college or library. You may even find it appearing on your TV screen—and well worth watching when it does.

Kim, Carroll, Kay and Co.

(Continued from page 26)

safety rule that's never failed us. We never go to sleep mad. That's all there is to it!

This marital miracle is easy to manage. We don't turn out the lights until we get all the anger out of our systems, and we don't particularly care whether we do it by yelling or laughing at each other. It works wonders. Try it sometime.

Maybe what makes it work so well for us is that Kay's the dream man I didn't dream about. He's witty without being a buffoon, considerate without being a doormat, mature without being an old grandfather, intelligent without being a longhair—and sometimes he's plain ornery. But he adds up very much on the plus side.

That he'd be all these things never entered my mind when I first met him. I was under contract to Warner Brothers, and they sent me on a USO tour with Kay Aldrich, a very dear friend. We had no illusions about our importance. We were just window dressing. We drew numbers out of a bag at Army camps to choose the GIs to be questioned by Kay Kyser on his show.

I saw Kay every day as we toured up and down the coast, but I barely got to know him. This would have gone on indefinitely if someone hadn't told Kay on the bus one day that I could sing. Before I knew it, I was staring sheet music in the eye, and Professor Kyser had me up before an audience. *Opportunity*, I thought, *why don't you go away from my door?* I can't tell you how paralyzed with stage fright I was.

That was in 1941, when the feminine singing spot on Kay's band was open. He thought, to my astonishment—and dismay—that I sang well enough to go on the air. I was afraid I'd faint the night of my debut—and I'm sure I would have if it hadn't been for Kay's moral support.

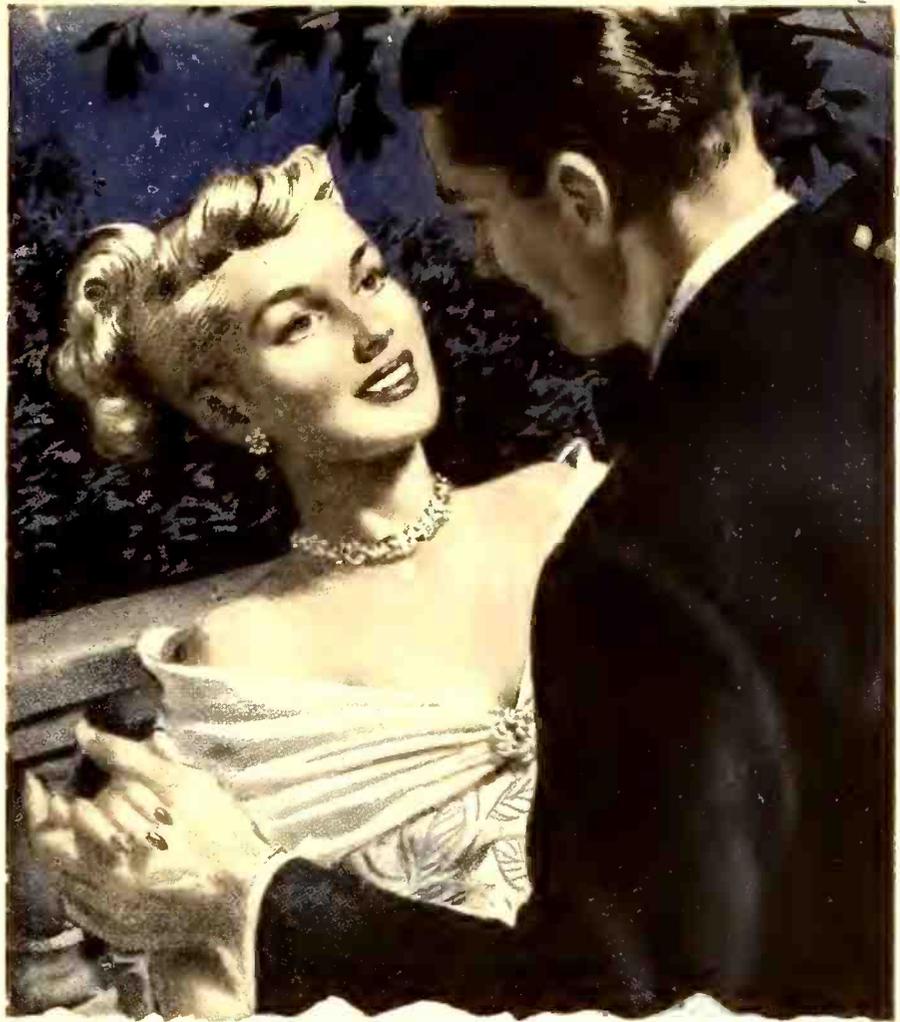
"I'm sorry," I trembled. "I don't think I'm cut out to be a radio singer."

Kay just smiled, and told me to be patient.

He was just a nice guy, and I was a scared vocalist—scared only of singing, not scared of the bandleader. He seemed so harmless. Once in a while we went out, but neither of us gave it serious thought. We just didn't strike—or try to—any romantic sparks. But after being around Kay a while, your ideas change, believe me. Beneath that disarming professorial exterior beats a vivid personality. You don't realize it while it's happening, perhaps, but suddenly it's happened, and you're a very gone girl.

Lots of girls think it's a sad thing to give up a career for marriage. Not I. I guess I never was a career girl at heart—to me, it was just a matter of making a living. It's true I always liked to sing, but I lacked confidence. If I did anything at all with my voice it was only because Kay took such pains to help me. I'm one wife with no objection to the notion that woman's place is in the home.

I think that we've been mighty lucky, because we've enjoyed what so many entertainment personalities strive for, but seldom attain—a normal home life, with the warmth and affection you



Make Evening in Paris a part of you...

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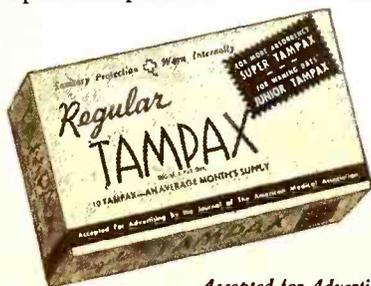


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want to find in such relationships. And the laughter. Never sell those lighter moments short. A number of them came when I appreciated them most—when I was expecting the children.

You see, Kay suffered far beyond the call of an expectant father's duty before our two daughters, Kim, now three, and little Carroll, one and a half, were born. Most men wait until their wives are in the hospital before they go into their floor pacing and nail chewing acts. Not Kay. As usual, he was ahead of his class, right in there worrying from the start.

He appointed himself a committee of one to see that I took my daily walks. We lived on a mountaintop home those days, and he drove me to Beverly Hills, where the terrain was flat, let me out of the car, and rode abreast of me while I strolled down the street at a rather fast gait.

Kay would have walked with me, but he was having foot trouble. So he cruised in his car, little realizing the approaching consequences of his husbandly consideration.

We got our first inkling of it when a car screeched to a halt, and backed up while the driver glared at Kay as if he were Jack the Ripper. It was not long before several more motorists stuck out their heads and warned Kay not to bother me if he didn't want to wind up in jail.

This was not an exclusively civilian attitude, it developed. Twice during my period of expectancy, policemen interrupted my walks, darkly suspicious of Kay as he drove alongside of me, talking to me from the car.

Neither the cops nor the motorists would take Kay's word for it that he wasn't trying to pick up a strange girl. It was I who had to convince them that he was no masher, that he was my husband!

If Kay is typical, I'm convinced that childbirth is harder on the father than the mother. He was at the hospital every day, comforting me and telling me what fine condition the doctor said I was in. He sent a steady stream of books, flowers, candy and cologne. He acted—well, he acted just as if I'd had a baby.

I doubt that it's possible for a man to enjoy his children more than Kay does. He plays with them at every opportunity, and it shows up in their development. Kim was talking in sentences at thirteen months, and although Kay insists he had nothing to do with it, everybody knows who the talkative parent is in our family.

No matter how busy he is, Kay finds time to take the children to the carnival at Beverly and La Cienega Boulevards and ride with them on the merry-go-round. He goes into their bedrooms every night to see if they are covered, plays with them in bed in the morning, and goes down to breakfast with them.

But somehow he manages not to spoil them. He encourages them to think for themselves and be self-reliant. He always seems to know when it's best to leave them to their own devices. And though he'd like to, he doesn't shower them with gifts. He thinks it's better for them to play with, and learn to appreciate, one thing at a time.

In other instances, too, Kay's sense of values sometimes gives a mistaken impression of thrift and seems to challenge his reputation for generosity. On the matter of putting out lights, this has taken on the proportions of an eccentricity.

Kay is the last person in the world to count pennies. Yet he's constantly going around the house turning off lights. He just can't stand to have a light on in a room if he thinks it's unnecessary. The electric company must hate him. Often when we have friends over for dinner, Kay extinguishes all the lights in the living room as we adjourn to the dining room. When we return to the living room, we have to grope in the dark. It's like a scene from an Abbott and Costello comedy.

Knowing Kay as I do, I realize this habit comes more under the heading of neatness than tightness. He's a bug on orderliness and doing things in an organized fashion. I guess it goes back to his long bachelorhood.

He was thirty-eight when we got married, and his habits were as fixed as the footprints at Grauman's Chinese Theatre. He was so set in his ways that I had to handle him gently at first. Even now Kay occasionally reverts to his bachelor habits—and some of them I've gotten to like—honestly!—but by and large, I think I have him housebroken.

Of course, Georgia had to give a little too. I never tamper with drawers or closets. Kay's an absolute stickler for having things in their proper places. I'm not suggesting that Kay lives like an automaton, but he is immaculate, and he does organize his time and effort so that he can get the most out of them. He even keeps a pad and pencil with him at all times, in order to jot down ideas and things he has to do and wants to remember.

This isn't to say that Kay lives by a timetable. He's too bubbling with ideas and energy to be chained to a schedule. Take his eating and sleeping habits.

It's true Kay eats food that's good for him but he eats when he feels like it—usually every three hours—and anytime you're looking for him, you can probably find him raiding the refrigerator.

In fact, Kay spends most of his time at home in the kitchen. It's his favorite room. He loves to read the paper there and watch the cook cook. When the cook's away, he likes to watch me cook. If we should build our own home—we bought the rambling, New Orleans French style house in which we live—the kitchen would be the main room. It's Kay's castle.

When Kay gets home, he wants to forget the radio program. He's like any other man who comes home from work. He doesn't mention his job unless there's something unusual to discuss.

Particularly if he gets home right after the broadcast, it's some time before he can relax. He wanders around, muttering "I'm still on," and I leave him strictly alone. But when he does succeed in relaxing, he does a better, faster job than anyone I've ever known. He shuts the blinds, stretches out on the floor and falls dead asleep.

Since he's been doing his present daytime show, Kyser's College of Fun and Knowledge, on ABC every afternoon, the relaxation problem has become simpler.

He's not caught up in the endless behind-scenes preparation involved in his old Kollege of Musical Knowledge. He doesn't have to worry about rehearsals. He doesn't have the strain of going over material with his writers, or of finding good writers. And he's not faced with the tension of doing a single night show weekly. Daytime

radio isn't judged on one performance. It's an unfolding, day-to-day thing, and it allows Kay to get his personality across in a more leisurely manner.

Professionally, I've never seen Kay happier. The show's a labor of love. He feels it gives him his first opportunity to express himself. He's enthusiastic about the program's sincerity, and thrilled by its creative opportunities. No longer does he have to tell a joke someone has written for him.

But still it takes time to "unwind" from the strain of any broadcast, and I'm sure that if Kay didn't get his eight hours of sleep and a stolen nap during the day—as he does—he'd never be able to keep up his pace. He even squeezes in plenty of reading—before going to bed, and at breakfast—and claims the enormous amount of cigar-smoking he does comes under the heading of a hobby, which every hard-working person needs. The only other hobbies he has are personally answering all his mail, and burning himself out in charitable and civic causes.

In the beginning, while Kay burned himself out, I just burned, period. I sort of resented being a charity widow, and I began to begrudge the time this work took from his home life.

But that attitude didn't last long. The more I realized how engrossed Kay was in his work, and how much he was putting into it, the more ashamed I felt. It finally dawned upon me that if he was willing practically to kill himself to put across a charity drive, the least I could do was to understand and to make things pleasant for him when he got home. I owed to him—and to the success of his work—enough understanding and moral support to give him peace of mind.

Now instead of begrudging his charity efforts, I try to lighten the burden, and feel—as any wife should in her husband's endeavors—like a partner.

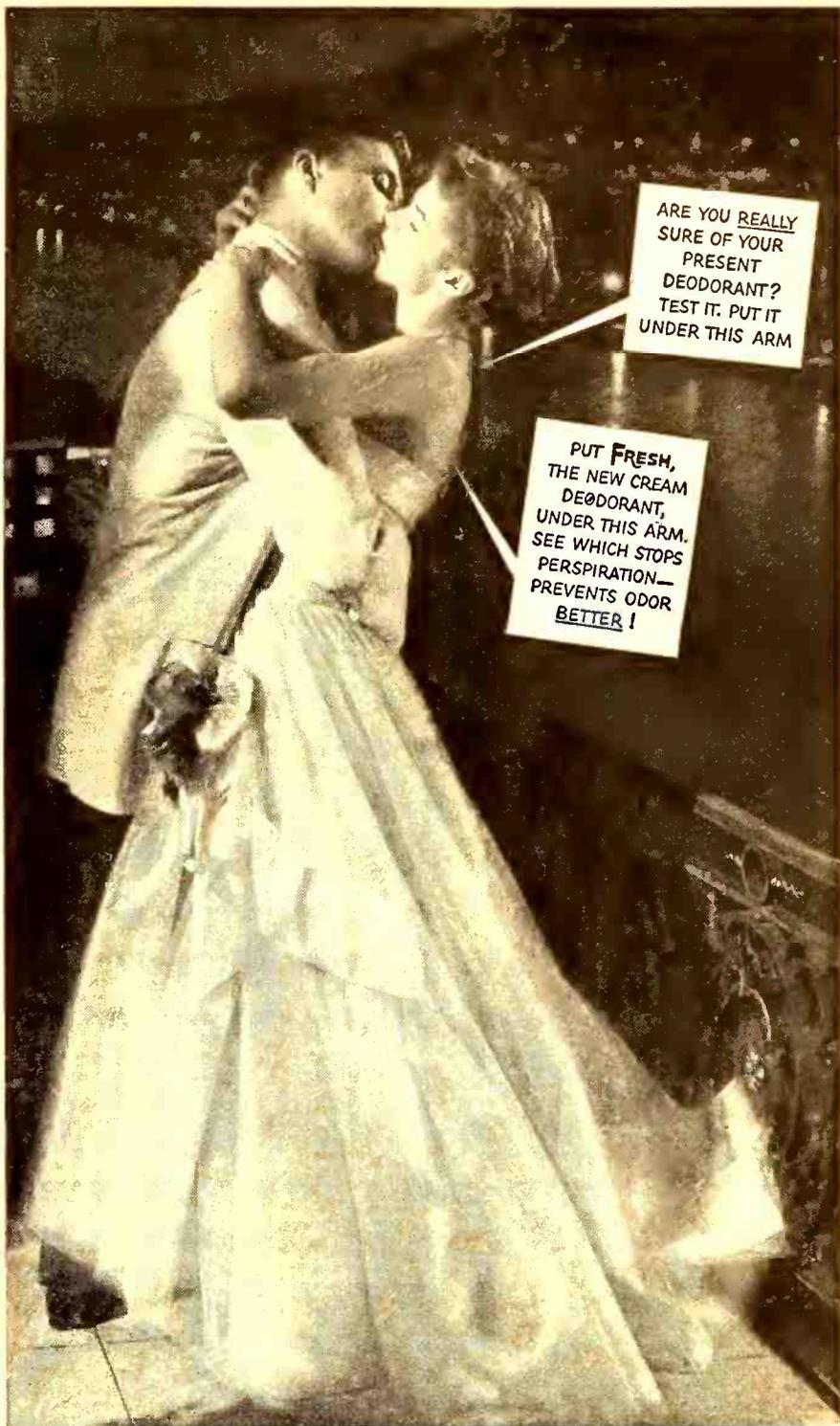
Whatever the pressures of outside activities, professional or philanthropic, Kay is always fundamentally a family man, and a girl likes that about her husband.

After Carroll was born and we moved to our present home, Kay just did everything so that I wouldn't be worried or burdened. He felt I had my hands more than full with the children, and he took every possible responsibility off my shoulders. As a matter of fact, Kay is so constantly afraid I'm going to do too much that he's almost spoiled me. (I don't think even this confession will make any difference.)

Fortunately, Kay is not entirely self-sufficient. He'd be lost if I didn't choose his clothes. I pick out all his ties, and he always consults me if he's going to have a suit made.

Before our marriage, the only thing Kay asked of clothes was that they be on his back. On the stage, he sported loud ties and bright suits because it was good showmanship. Now that he's become clothes-conscious, I don't mean to suggest that he's gone overboard. He certainly isn't a man with thirty-five suits. But those he wears look as though they belong to him.

Yes, my husband dresses well, still plays an enthusiastic, if losing game of gin rummy, works nobly with his equally novice wife at bridge, makes interesting conversation, is polite to the guests, never criticizes my cooking, still thinks I'm beautiful, is crazy about the children, and is in love with life and humanity. And I'm in love with him.



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(Continued from page 47)

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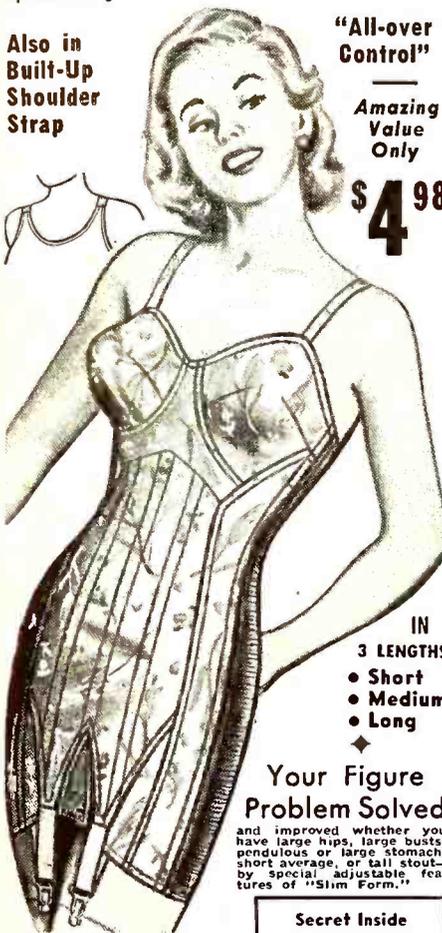
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but he did put his foot down when I got in high school. I remember proudly announcing at the dinner table that I'd won the leading role in a school play.

"You had better be content with singing," he said sternly. "Acting is not for ladies."

"You mean I can't take the part?"

"No. Absolutely no."

I pleaded with him and hopelessly turned to my brother and older sisters for support. Then mother spoke up.

"It's not really acting," she said. "It's recreation for the children, a kind of game period. After all, Alice isn't an actress. She's just a child."

BEFORE dinner was over mother had broken down his defense and father gave in. But she understood that for me the theater wasn't a game. Even then she had been following her intuition and as she told me years later, when I had my first role in a Broadway play, "I always had the feeling you would be a good actress."

By the time I'd graduated from high school, acting had become a sensitive subject in our home. I made it clear that a theatrical career was the only thing I wanted out of life and father was shocked. He stubbornly insisted that I enroll in a music seminary. And if it hadn't been for a woman's intuition that would have been the end. However, mother came to my rescue under rather strange circumstances.

Father was traveling to Chicago for a conference of ministers. Not often did he make a trip and although he didn't show it, he was excited. You can well imagine how he reacted when mother suggested he call the trip off.

"It's just that I have the feeling something will go wrong there," she said.

"That's foolish talk," he answered.

When I asked her what it was all about, she brushed aside any claim to second sight or foretelling the future by saying, "It's just woman's intuition. That's all."

The day we saw father board the train, mother was gloomy and father exasperated.

"Stop this silliness," he told her. "I'll be back safe and sound in four days."

But four hours later he walked into the living room, his face pale and drawn. Just outside of Minneapolis the train had jumped the tracks. Several people were badly injured and one man killed. As he told the story, I noticed a new respect in his eyes whenever he looked at mother.

A week later she took him aside and pleaded my case again. Probably she told him how desperately I wanted an acting career. Perhaps she told him that my life would be ruined if I were frustrated.

Afterwards he called me into his office. Looking as if he were about to hand me over to the devil he said, "Alice, I'm going to arrange for you to join the Chautauqua circuit for a month. Maybe that will get acting out of your system."

It didn't. The month with the Chautauqua only added fuel to my fire of ambition, although looking back at those four weeks now is slightly amusing. The midwestern Chautauqua circuit imposed very rigid standards on their productions. Most authors would never have recognized their work after

the censor had deleted and rewritten whole parts. All men became either honest, fearless heroes or black villains. Even mothers were portrayed as frail, sexless women who still believed the stork delivered babies. There were more chaperons than actresses with the company and even the stagehands were forbidden to smoke with the threat of instant dismissal. But I enjoyed it all and learned a little more about acting.

I stopped off in Chicago on the way home. Strictly on a hunch I made the round of actors' agents although it didn't make sense anyone would want me with my limited experience. When an agent said, "Miss Frost, I've got a place for you at Miami Beach in a stock company," I was only half-prepared.

"Well, I don't know," I said. "I have to go to Minneapolis on business for a couple of weeks."

"That's all right," he said. "It'll wait."

I was dizzy, dazzled and completely stage struck until I anticipated the scene I'd have with father. Then I came down to earth with a crash. But if my intuition had only told me what to expect, I should have been more miserable. What I discovered when I got home turned me numb with shock.

My father was seriously ill. Two days later he died.

It wasn't till after the funeral that Mother was able to talk to me. She asked about the tour, and hoping to cheer her up I told her that an agent in Chicago had thought enough of my acting to offer a job. I had already put out of my mind any idea of leaving home.

"I want you to go to Miami," she said.

"No, dear," I told her. "I want to stay with you now."

She had barely heard me.

YOUR brother and sisters will be here," she said. "Anyway I always disagreed with your father about your being an actress. Now I want you to take advantage of every opportunity."

A week later I was in Miami, and there I learned more about the theater—and something about being hungry. Shortly after I arrived, the backer of the show was killed in an accident and we ran into some hard days as we tried to carry on alone. If we had a popular play, the theater was packed and we ate well. Other times we didn't have enough money to buy scripts for a new play until twenty-four hours before it was scheduled to start.

At the end of a year we decided to disband, so I went to the telegraph office and wrote, "Mother, the prodigal girl is returning" and sent the wire collect.

However, I had no idea of giving up. During the year in Miami, I'd gone from bit parts to second leads. My hopes were high but there was only one move for an ambitious young actress: to Broadway!

"I'm all in favor of your going to New York," mother declared. "But there's one hitch."

I looked at her in surprise. It wasn't like her to add any reservations.

"What is it?"

"I want to go with you."

And that's how mother came to pull up her roots in Minneapolis after living there for forty years. She probably realized I would need her moral support in job hunting. She was a good

scout and an incentive for me, for I wanted to be successful for her sake so she could live comfortably. She well deserved it and I'm grateful for the measure of good fortune I had before she passed away.

When we arrived in Manhattan, the great hordes of people overwhelmed me. Not the thousands I had expected to see on the streets but the thousands of actors I found in casting offices competing for jobs. Actually many directors seemed to like the way I read parts but took exception to my appearance.

"You make a swell ingenue," a producer summed it up, "when you're sitting down."

There was nothing I could do. If it had been fat, I could have worked it off or if it had been my hair, I might have become a brunette but there's no way to cut half a foot off a woman who's five feet seven inches tall!

I can't truthfully say that I was about to give up, but I was seriously thinking of going back to the Midwest circuit where tall girls weren't considered freaks.

The break came when I overheard two girls mention in a drug store that they were going to try out for Fran-
chot Tone's new play, "Green Grow the Lilacs." I studied them enviously—neither one was over five feet four inches.

Gulping down my coffee, I walked quickly out of the store toward the theater where they were casting. At the corner I stopped and said to myself, "What's the use? You're just as tall as you were yesterday." I stood there, considering the situation carefully.

"Make a hunch," I told myself. So I did and felt a weak, undernourished kind of confidence creep into my legs and I walked on.

The moment I got into the theater, a man pushed his hat over the back of his head and asked, "Can you act?"

"Yes," I told him.

"I hope so," he said wearily. "We've been looking all over New York for tall actresses."

I got a part and that led to better roles on the stage in a series of revivals and then to playing Portia in Orson Welles' "Julius Caesar" and the lead opposite Joseph Cotten in "Shoemaker's Holiday."

I suppose you could say I backed into radio. It happened while I was at liberty, a theatrical expression meaning financially busted. I had gone through two pairs of shoes and dozens of offices looking for a part. I had given up lunches and was about to forego dinners. Then strictly on a hunch I phoned a friend of mine in radio. I hadn't seen him in over a year and there is only one explanation for his name popping into my head: intuition.

He sounded happy and prosperous.

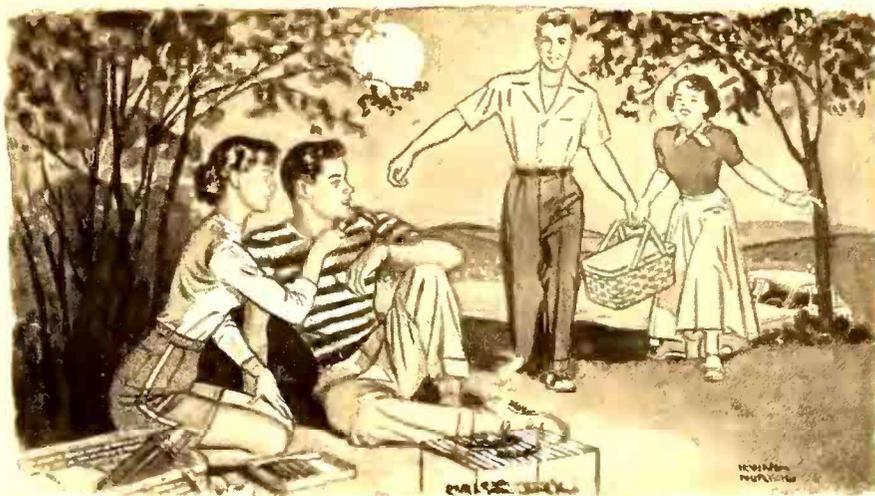
"I'm putting together a new show for Walter O'Keefe," he explained. Then as an afterthought he said, "You know, I'll bet you could handle the comedy."

He won his bet, and working on that program led to other comedy roles with Bob Hope, Stoopnagle and Budd, Fanny Brice and Robert Benchley.

And when I got tired of playing light roles, it was intuition again that got me out, for who in her right mind would turn down a part in an Orson Welles stage production? "You're a natural for the comedy lead," he told me.

But I had a hunch that this was the right time to make a break so I said, "Thanks but I'm looking for something

Are you in the know?

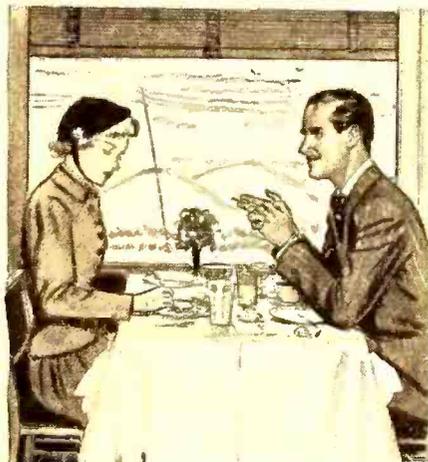


When you're a house-guest, should you—

- Follow your whims Fit into the plans Forget about clock-watching

Consider your hostess instead of your whims. If a picnic's planned—go, and have fun; even if you'd rather dress up for dancing. And during your visit, keep clock-conscious, so you won't delay meals or curfew. Whatever the plans, you can be com-

fortable regardless of your calendar—by choosing the new Kotex. It's the napkin made to stay soft while you wear it; gives softness that holds its shape. Furthermore, you're so at ease with your new Kotex Sanitary Belt. It's elastic; fits smoothly!



In dining cars, what's a good plan?

- Freeze strangers
 Make new friends
 Bring a book

Train etiquette doesn't say nay to exchanging impersonal small talk. Don't think you must clam up . . . or form a lifelong friendship. Use good judgment. If in doubt, read while waiting for your meal. Helps ward off unwelcome chatter! On certain days, good judgment tells you to keep on the cautious side with Kotex. For Kotex gives you extra protection; has an exclusive safety center that guards you, at home and "abroad." Which Kotex absorbency is "tailor-made" for you? Try all 3—and see!



If you didn't hear the name clearly—

- Say so
 Let it pass
 Repeat it anyway

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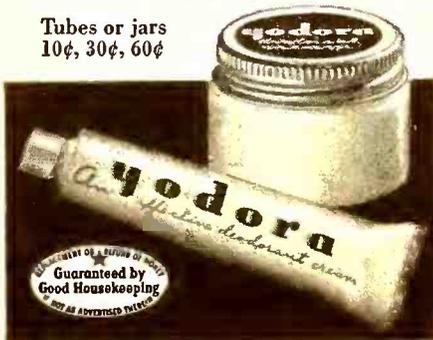


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serious. I really need a change in pace."

Instead of saying good luck and walking away, he suggested I try out for the part of Portia.

I got the role and it convinced even radio people that I could get tears as well as laughs. If ever a woman played a variety of characters from then on, it was I. I played a Japanese girl, a 112-year-old woman, Booker T. Washington's mother, a neurotic, an alcoholic, the title role in "Jane Eyre," a strip teaser in "Burlesque" and a multitude of others. It led to roles in daytime serials and best of all to my meeting Bill Tuttle, my husband.

Bill directed Big Sister when I was a regular member of the cast. We were together five days a week, and what impressed me most at the time *wasn't* his good looks—although Bill is as handsome as they come. It was his kindness to everyone. Regardless of age or circumstances or importance, he was patient and sweet with everyone.

Believe me, I didn't marry him on a hunch. That is one of the big exceptions in my life. For many months we had a casual "studio romance." During breaks in rehearsals we munched sandwiches together and told each other the stories of our lives.

I found him very imaginative, with a great deal of Irish charm attractively tempered by his New England background. What he thought of me, I discovered on our first date, when we went to the Twenty-one Club.

"This is to impress you," he said.

"I'm impressed," I told him.

Until midnight we filled up on impressions and then impetuously he suggested a stroll. We walked out of Twenty-one and turned into Fifth Avenue. Just as impetuously Bill flagged down a cab.

"How much do you want to drive us to Maryland?"

With the usual Broadway discretion, the driver asked, "Why do you wanna go there, bud?"

"I'd like to get married tonight," Bill explained.

The driver named a figure. Bill turned to me and asked, "Will you marry me?"

I hesitated. For six months I hesitated and then, I answered, "Yes!"

In June of 1941 we were married. It was all love, with no doubts and no necessity for calling on intuition to make a decision. But Bill, to his male chagrin, found that hunches were to play a big part in our marriage. The

indoctrination began immediately, during our honeymoon.

We were driving through Michigan and our destination was a resort hotel with an eighteen-hole golf course. In order to get there by evening we had to make a ferry that left Lansing at three o'clock in the afternoon. It was the last ferry of the day.

About one o'clock, with only a hundred miles to go, Bill stopped the car at a crossroads.

"We turn left here, don't we?" he asked.

"No, turn right," I told him.

"Let's check the road map."

We looked in the glove compartment, on the floor, on the seat and behind the seat. No map.

"I'm sure it's a right turn," I repeated.

"No," he said and turned left.

It was a lovely ride with the top down, rolling through wooded hills and lake land. But an hour and a half later Bill began to glance nervously at his wristwatch. Suddenly he stopped and pointed to a road sign. It read,

Lansing—150 mi.

"We'll never make it," Bill groaned.

"The ferry leaves in half an hour."

"Don't worry," I told him. "I'm sure we'll get there in time."

"It's impossible," he told me, exasperated. "It'll take us two hours to get there."

"I know we're going to make it," I said firmly. "I feel it in my bones."

I was sticking my intuition out that time and during the two hours it took us to reach Lansing, I didn't say another word. As we approached the ferry, I felt so tense I had to close my eyes. Then I heard Bill's voice, hoarse with amazement.

"I don't believe it!"

I looked up, and there was the ferry. Fifteen seconds after we were aboard, it chugged off. A worker explained the ferry had been two hours late on its run all day.

"You called that one too," Bill admitted.

"Just a woman's intuition." I told him, blandly.

Then a heavy-set, blond man got out of his car and walked over to us.

"See you're from New York," he said. "Where you headed for?"

We told him the name of the hotel, although I could tell from Bill's manner he had instantly disliked the man.

"What do you want to go there for?" the fat man asked. "Worst place you

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MY TRUE STORY

American Broadcasting Stations

could pick in the state of Michigan."

When the man left, Bill turned to me and said, "He's just an old blowhard."

But the situation reminded me of the escapades of Mr. and Mrs. North when Jerry sizes up a man as a murderer and Pamela's intuition tells her the chap is innocent.

"He might be a blowhard," I told Bill, "but I'm afraid he'll be right."

"Silly woman," Bill said just as father had told my mother, as Jerry has told Pamela and as legions of other men have told their wives.

We got to the hotel before sunset. As soon as we checked in, Bill went out to look at the golf course. When he came back his face was woebegone.

"The course is worse than an army training ground," he moaned. "I guess the man on the ferry was right."

I turned my back quickly so that he wouldn't see that I-told-you-so look in my eyes, but I was too late. He was beginning to feel a bit crushed with the accuracy of my predictions.

The next day we left there fast. I wanted to wear black to match the mood of the day but the best I could manage was a dyed-blue linen dress.

It was one of those summer days when a bit of the sky is sunny and the other nine-tenths flushed with rain clouds. So Bill suggested we put up the canvas top before we got wet.

I studied the disgruntled look on his face. He had lost his chance to play golf. Worse than that he'd discovered his wife had hunches that were practically one hundred percent right, which is disconcerting to the male ego. So even though I was sure it would rain, I made the sacrifice.

"I've got a hunch, Bill," I said through tight lips. "I've got a feeling the clouds will pass right over."

He looked up at the sky again then glanced at me as if I were crazy.

So I repeated the lie again, "I know it isn't going to rain."

He shrugged his shoulders and said, "Well, your hunches are always right."

And it happened. Just the way I knew it would. Raindrops as large as a grapefruit poured down. By the time we stopped the car and lifted the top, both of us were thoroughly soaked.

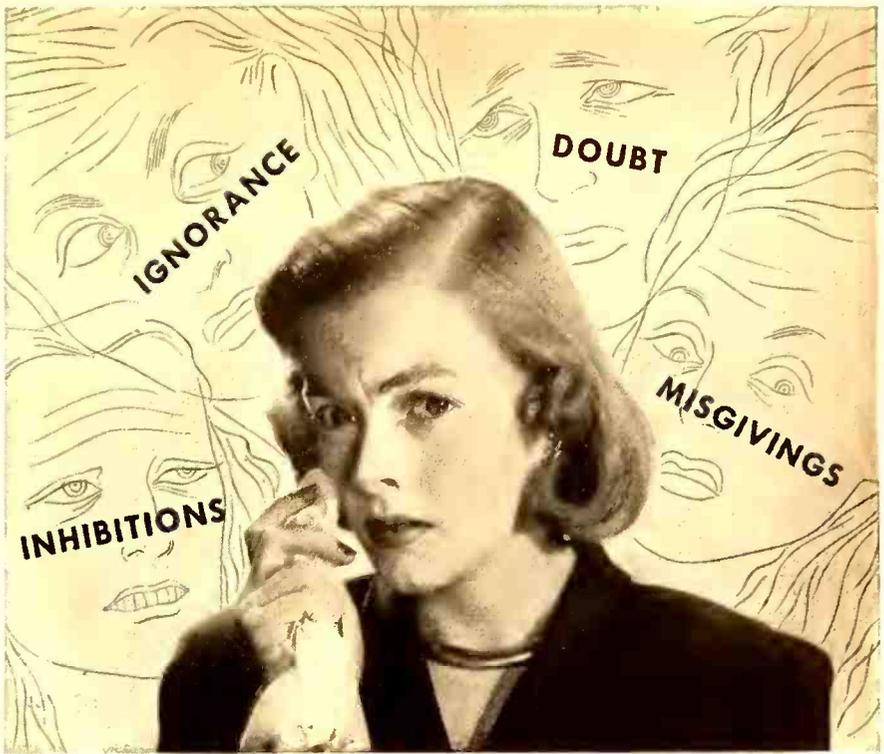
Then Bill took a look at me and burst out laughing.

My chest, my arms, my stockings and even the seat of the car were a watery blue. The dye had washed out of my dress!

But best of all, my hunch was wrong.

Well, it's all right for Pamela North. She can get away with it for half an hour every Tuesday evening but when you're living with a man day in and day out, the accuracy of a woman's intuition can become a touchy subject. The male ego is a delicate thing. That's why I've learned to pull my hunches.

Have you ever "played a hunch"? Radio Mirror will purchase for publication in a future issue of the magazine, the five stories sent in by readers which the editors consider best illustrate the power of a woman's intuition. Decision of the editors will be final, and no letters will be returned. Payment of \$20.00 will be made for each story chosen. Limit your stories to 300 words, and send them to "Hunches," Radio Mirror, 205 East 42nd St., N. Y. 17, N. Y., postmarked not later than July 10.



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R.T.M.-497

The Cuffs

(Continued from page 41)

somebody who'd give me a hand. Somebody who'd fall for a story.

It was getting light, on toward dawn. I was wandering over fields and through woody sections. Ahead of me now I could see a clump of buildings.

As I got near I saw a woman standing with a pan of chicken-feed in her hand. She was watching me as I came toward her and I knew she'd seen those cuffs. There wasn't any way of hiding them.

"What do you want?" she asked, frightened. "What do you want?"

I saw her staring at the cuffs. I said, "I'm innocent. Understand—innocent."

It sounded crazy. But I had to say something, anything. I spilled out some of the story, admitting I'd been on my way to prison, and then escaped after that wreck.

"I was going up for blackmail. It was a frame-up all the way. A frame-up because I'd threatened a man who'd been carrying on with my wife."

She was still staring, still terrified. "What do you want from me?"

"Lady—I got to get a file. I need a file to get out of these things that are holding me. Could you get me one—lend me one? I'll pay you. I'll pay you plenty."

"I don't want any money—mister." She seemed calmer suddenly. To the dog pawing the ground behind her she said, "Jack—watch him."

She went into the house. The dog lay on the ground, head between his paws, his eyes watching me. I could hear that fool woman inside, clanking the phone. Then her voice, "Gertie, get me the sheriff. There's a convict on my farm. A criminal—"

I didn't wait for any more. I turned and started running—back across those fields. I could hear the howl that dog was setting up, baying at the dawn.

It hadn't occurred to me there'd be any problem getting those cuffs off, you see. That was the trouble. It hadn't seemed that important. I was sure I could do it easily. Only I couldn't. The bracelets were still there.

I couldn't get anything to eat. I couldn't show myself. Eat corn—or fruit—or roots? But you see—I'd been seen now. They were trying to close in. I got to know the look of every dog in the area. And the sound of rifles and shotguns of people trying to close in

on me. The hunt had really begun.

All that day, in the marshes, I kept trying to dodge them. Hearing their voices in the offing. "That was him, Harry. Down in the brush. Get around to the other side. . ."

Late that night I sneaked into town. I smashed my way into the hardware store. A file—you could get a file in a hardware store. Only the one thing I couldn't find in that place was a file.

Glassware. Seeds. Garden tools. Kitchen gadgets. There had to be a file somewhere. I started fooling around behind the counter, in the stock on the shelves, and accidentally I touched a wire in the dark.

That sounded the burglar alarm I'd been able to duck by smashing in through the window. The thing set up a clanging like all the bells in hell.

Once more I was running—with my hands still shackled before me, and those silvery bracelets glinting in the night.

It was on the evening of the fourth day of this handcuffed freedom of mine that I ran into the kid. I was crawling up to a garbage can behind a roadside diner when I heard a noise and whirled. It was a boy about ten. He had a curious look on his face. He said, "What are you doing with them on, mister? Them cuffs?"

I told him it was a joke. "Some pal of mine put 'em on for a gag. Say, kid—if you get me a file or an axe to chop 'em off, we'd have the laugh on my pal, wouldn't we?"

The kid just stood there, shaking his head and saying, "Nope." I tried to argue him into going into that lunch wagon and getting me a hamburger but that was no go either. I offered him dough. The kid said, "Let's see your money."

I squirmed and managed to get a ten dollar bill out of my pocket. The kid grabbed it from me. He walked toward the diner. Only about ten feet off he started running and shouting at the top of his voice, "Pop! Pop! There's a guy with handcuffs on. A crook with handcuffs. Back of the diner. Pop—"

Once again—I was running. Once again—the sound of the rest of them behind me, trying to track me down, to corner me in the darkness.

Funny. You have a quarter of a mil-



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lion hidden away, waiting for you. And all you need is a ten-cent file. And you can't buy it for your life's blood.

I spent the night sleeping beside some castoff railway ties in a siding. When I woke up—there was one of those hobo dames sitting about ten feet from me.

She was counting money. My money. She'd taken what cash I had with me out of my pockets. She sat there with a little smile on her lips.

She had dyed blonde hair and a face that was lined and thin and hard as a man's. She looked up from the money. "Good morning, chum." Her tone was easy and insolent. "Nice sleep?"

I didn't answer. She asked, "What's the matter? Waiting for orange juice?"

"I'm in trouble," I said slowly, studying her, trying to figure her out. "I need help."

"Sure," she said, and she was staring now at my wrists. "Want to get them bracelets off, huh?"

"That's it." She laughed. "Don't be a sill," she said, holding up the money. "Think I want to lose all this hard-earned dough I took off you?"

"There's more where that came from," I said. "Lots more. A quarter of a million dollars—"

The grin on her lips mocked me. "Sure, chum. I know. I get feeling that way myself sometimes. But I got to get going."

She was on her feet, heading out of there. I ran after her. "Listen," I said. "I'm not crazy. I'm Earl French. You must have read about me. I stole a quarter of a million. It's all been in the papers—"

She was still grinning. "Sure, chum. I get it."

I made another try. "I was supposed to be killed, see—in the train wreck. They think I was killed. But I wasn't. I'm here. Look it up in the papers—last week's papers—if you don't believe it. Go into town and look it up. It's all there."

Her expression changed a little, as if she were half-convinced. "Just take it easy," she was saying. "Maybe you and I can do business. Maybe. I don't read the papers much. I gotta find out . . ."

I waited the whole day. A hot, sweltering day. I knew she'd be back. I knew she couldn't resist that dough, once she read about it. And I was right. She showed up in the twilight. Still with that grin.

"Say, I been reading about you," she told me. "You're an important guy. Only you're right about them thinking you're dead. They think you burned to a crisp."

I couldn't help smiling. "And they spotted that ring of mine on his finger—"

"You're written off the books," she said slowly, "You and that quarter million—"

I said, "Okay. Okay. Now where's that file? Let's get to work getting these cuffs off."

But she just stood there, not moving. "Don't like taking orders," she told me. "I'm not taking 'em from anybody."

Still in that insolent way. I walked toward her. I said, "Give me the file."

She shook her head. "It's in my pocket," she smiled. "Right here in my jeans. And that's where it stays—till you lead me to my share of the dough."

I wanted to kill her. But it isn't so simple—when your hands are held together by steel bracelets. And she was offering a deal, after all I'd wind up with half the money—and freedom.

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It was four hundred miles to where I had that money hidden. I pointed out we couldn't ride on buses or trains while I had those things on my wrist.

"We'll walk," she said. "We'll walk nights. Daytimes you sleep out in the woods. I'll stay in town. I'll bring your grub out to you."

She was going to play it careful all the way. She'd take no chance on my getting that file from her while she slept. Nothing to do but play it out—her way.

So we started walking. Walking for hundreds of miles, with those cuffs still on my hands, digging into my flesh so that I started believing they were part of me.

The girl was always careful. She always walked behind me, for instance. And always stayed far enough off that I couldn't reach her, as she put it.

Sometimes, I'd think about turning and running after her. But you don't run easy with your hands in cuffs, as I'd found out. And I'd be helpless against her. She could pick up a rock or club—

The odd part was, she took good care of me. I might have been a pet animal. She found places for me to sleep, in the woods, in barns, in empty houses.

She'd bring me food, too, after she'd spent the day in town, sleeping at some tourist rooming house. But she'd never come close enough to hand me the food. And every time I reached for anything, it was torture. My hands and wrists were cut and bleeding now, from the cuffs digging into the flesh.

Most of the time we walked along in silence. She never talked much, never even would tell me her first name. But one night she started asking questions. What was my name—before it got to be Earl French?

I told her the straight story. Explained how that was my real name. "I spent all these years," I told her, "figuring out one job. That's going to do me for life."

She seemed friendly that night. I figured the time had come for a play. After a little while, I said, "You know, you're pretty. If you just wore a dress instead of those blue jeans—"

"Shut up!" she said. "Just—shut off that stuff."

I began thinking about getting out. Clearing out for good—after she went on into town. I was beginning to like that idea, when I heard her behind me. "Hey—Frenchy—turn around."

I turned—just in time to see her swinging at me with some kind of club she'd picked up. I felt the thud and then blacked out.

When I came to, I could feel the throbbing in my head. Talk about feminine intuition! Somehow, she'd known what was in my mind.

I pushed myself up. I had to get that money. But I had to get back at her—had to pay her off. She'd be out here in a while—with something to eat. I could count on that. She was just teaching me a lesson.

Only one thing I was sure about. Sooner or later—she had to make a mistake. I'd wait for that.

The pain in my wrists got worse. By the third night of walking, it was like a hundred knives stabbing into me. I thought I couldn't stand any more. I stopped in the middle of the road. I told her I wasn't going on. I told her she had to take the cuffs off. "You got to take 'em off. Take 'em off! Because I'm not moving. Take 'em off—"

She still had that insolent little smile. She said, "Frenchy—keep moving!"

I told her no. I was staying there. Right where I was—until she took off those cuffs. "That money's mine," I reminded her. "And you'll never get any of it unless I want you to. So we'll go for it—my way."

She reached into the pockets of those overalls. She was taking out a knife. It gave me a chill. I said, "Listen—you don't frighten me with that. I don't get scared of knives—"

But she wasn't planning to use it on me. She was cutting off part of a branch of a tree, her eyes on me all the time. I was sitting there by the road.

I watched her break off the branch, clean it of leaves. Then she was walking toward me. A few feet off she said, "You better get up."

"Some day," I told her, "I'll kill you. I swear I'll kill you—"

She brought the branch down like a switch. I tried to stand up, but her foot pushed me back. The branch came down over and over. I raised the cuffed hands, trying to ward off the blows.

She stopped, finally. She told me to get up and begin walking again. God, how I hated her! How I was waiting for the one mistake she had to make!

A warning voice was telling me to play it careful, not to lose my head. But I could taunt her about when we'd get there. She was getting nervous and tired as time dragged on and we kept walking and walking.

"How much farther, Frenchy?" she'd ask. "How much more now?"

"Just a little way." I'd make it sound casual. "Maybe another day or so—"

It had to end finally—our pilgrimage. Early in the morning, just after dawn, we reached the spot. I'll always know that spot, of course. Always know the loneliness of it, the high trees on both sides of the road.

I stopped walking. Inside, I was trembling but I couldn't let her know. I said, quietly, "Well—we're here."

She stopped. She seemed startled. "What do you mean? Is this—"

"The money."

She looked around. "Where? Where—?"

I enjoyed the moment. "We're standing over it."

"Here?" Disbelief was welling up in those eyes. "Chum—you didn't do any digging here—in the middle of the highway."

"There's a culvert running under the road," I said. "A big twenty-four inch pipe. Come here—I'll show you."

We walked over to the side of the road—down into the ditch, so she could get a look at that big pipe which served as a spillway for water when it rains.

"You didn't put it in there," she said, excited. "Why, you idiot, it would wash away—"

I laughed. "Not in the pipe. It's in a deep crevice, between the pipe and the concrete." I pointed to a pile of stones packed in near the opening of the pipe. "Pull out some of those stones."

She drew back. "You pull them out." "Me? With these hands? They're so raw now I can't touch anything without screaming. You pull them—"

She stood there a second, undecided. "If this is a gag, Frenchy," she said finally, "I'll—I'll—"

She believed me. She had to believe me. Because the money was there, just like I said, the whole quarter million. She must have read the truth in my eyes. So she stepped forward, stepped forward and began tugging at those stones, pushing against them heavily.

Her back was toward me. For the first time—her back was toward me. She'd made the one mistake I knew she had to make.

And I knew I couldn't wait. I had to take this instant she'd given me. I stepped forward quickly. I lifted my hands and I brought them down. Brought down those steel cuffs that bound my hands together—brought the steel smashing down against her skull. Smashing down, over and over . . .

It was only a matter of seconds. The pain in my wrists was almost unbearable. But she lay motionless, that creature in overalls. Lay there dead—in the mud of the ditch. I reached into her pocket for the file.

It had to be there. It had to be in this pocket. Or—no, the next one. Or—it had to be in one of them, of course. But then I realized as I went through all the pockets—that it wasn't there. *The file wasn't there.* She'd never had a file. The little cheat. She'd never . . .

I stopped thinking about that. I still had my money. My quarter of a million dollars. I bent down on both knees and began trying to take out the stones. "Come out, little children," I whispered. "Come out, babies. Come on—" I couldn't get hold of them, those rocks. I couldn't do it—not with the cuffs. I couldn't get hold of the stones, you see. I couldn't reach the money that was mine. My money waiting there—and I couldn't get to it. Just that little bit—

I sat there. Sat there with my hands over my face. I'd get rid of the cuffs—if I had to rip off my own hands.

But I'd get my money. It was mine, you see. Mine and I wanted it. My quarter of a million dollars, waiting there. My money. *My money. Waiting for me.* The words kept going over and over in my mind, like a crazy song.

The towering state trooper who showed up didn't believe me. You see, that was the trouble. None of them believed me. None of them ever will. They won't check up on what I say.

The doctors are very kind. They let me have paper and pencil. They say it does me good to write it all out . . .

I know what they think. I know, all right. I remember that trooper talking to the fellow at the station house. "That's the way I found him, Chief. Sitting with them cuffs on. Sitting in the ditch beside a dead girl, and babbling on and on, like an idiot . . ."

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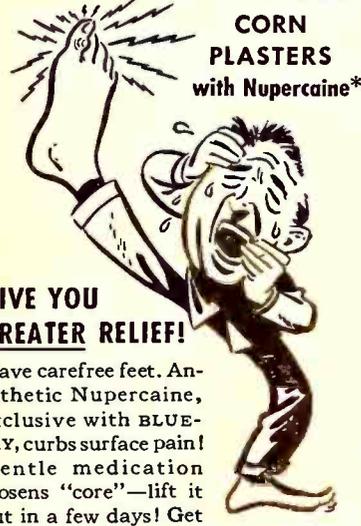
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Molly and Her Family

(Continued from page 53)

this show, which she writes and in which she stars, remains equally strong. During rehearsal she had to answer the doorbell, a motion she goes through at least once during every episode in the life of this gregarious family.

"Just a minute, whoever," she called out in Molly Goldberg's idiom, as she struggled to open the door. "It sticks," she reported, departing from the script.

"We'll check it," an assistant called. "You'd better tend to that door now while we think of it," she insisted.

Ten seconds after "take five" had sounded, a man was busy fixing the door. You know that both Gertrude and Molly would worry until he did.

THE break in rehearsal gives you a chance to admire the set, which looks much as you pictured during all the radio years when you saw it only in your mind's eye. There's the narrow apartment house court, where that ringing opening line, "Yoo-Hoo, Mrs. Bloo-oo-m!" was born. There's the living room with the rose wallpaper, the framed oval George Washington—symbol of liberty to adopted citizens. The cherished grand piano, complete with what Molly calls the metro-nomee for Rosalie's reluctant practice. And Sammy's violin case. You have only to look at them to hear Molly's familiar admonition, "Start already with the practicing, please."

There are Jake's favorite overstuffed chair and the desk where Molly does her telephoning and puzzles over written English as it appears in the advertisements and her infrequent personal mail. There's the opening to the foyer with the little plants hung from the old-fashioned grillwork. And beyond is the front door—one of the busiest doors on any television set. No wonder it gets stuck once in a while!

Next to the living room is the green-papered dining room, furnished in golden oak. The tan and brown art glass chandelier hangs low over the round table, putting an added luster on Molly's *gemütlich* cooking, as if the aromas from the kitchen weren't enough!

The bedrooms are small and unimportant, and it's plain that the life of this house centers around the living and dining rooms where the whole family can gather and where the Duttons and Mrs. Herman and Mendel and the assorted neighbors and relatives can come bounding in and out.

Gertrude Berg has played Molly ever since the day someone suggested that the little monologues she had been writing and reciting might be good on radio. She read some of them to Ben Bernie, who liked them well enough to send her to someone else. That someone liked them well enough to suggest she translate some material he had into Yiddish, for which he paid her six dollars—but still left her with the monologues of Molly Goldberg and no takers. Then Mrs. Berg heard an actor on the radio whose voice she decided would be just right for Jake.

"So I went right up to see him," she says. "I made a date to show him a script—about 500 words. He said, 'Let me have this. Don't call me and I won't call you for two weeks. I'll see what can be done with it in that time.'"

So she waited—"what else?" as Molly would say.

One day she came home as the nurse

was feeding her younger child, Harriet (she has a son too). They were admiring the baby when suddenly the nurse remembered something. "Oh, Mrs. Berg," she said. "Someone was here and he left an envelope for you. It's in the cereal bowl." Important Goldberg messages are even now tucked away in cereal and fruit bowls.

The envelope was battered but an epochal message was scribbled on it. It said that the radio station wanted to see another script. There was a date and hour named for an appointment. When the day came they wanted her to leave the second script but she insisted on reading it. "I always felt things sounded better when I read them aloud," she explains. "I went out of their office with a date set, November 20, 1929, to begin a fifteen-minute program, once a week. It was shifted around to various time slots, but nothing could kill it."

Mrs. Berg decided to synthesize her stories into a stage play, paving the way for their television debut. "Me and Molly" opened on Broadway in the fall of 1947 and had a satisfactory run. It brought The Goldbergs to life in the round and it discovered a new Jake in Philip Loeb—the Jake you now see on television.

LOEB was already a veteran of Broadway by the time he played the kind-hearted but caustic-tongued papa of Sammy and Rosalie. He had made his debut with E. H. Sothern in 1916, in "If I Were King." He was actor, stage manager and casting director for the Theatre Guild.

Larry Robinson, who plays Sammy, was one of "Life With Father's" red-heads on Broadway. Arlene "Fuzzy" McQuade, the television Rosalie, was a radio Rosalie when she was too young to read and had to be taught her lines. She's a Broadway veteran too, having last tread the boards in Tennessee Williams' "Summer and Smoke."

Eli Mintz, who plays Uncle David, is another happy discovery from the cast of "Me and Molly," and a veteran of New York's Yiddish Art Theatre.

The five-minute break is over. Jake goes back on the set—to play the ambitious businessman who wants the best for his family.

How about Molly Goldberg? Is she really as satisfied as she seems?

"Why not?" she'll tell you. "I have six rooms. Just think of it, six rooms. And broadloom!"

Gertrude Berg sighs. "It's more than Molly Goldberg ever bargained for," she finishes.

Did You Enter Radio Mirror's GRAND SLAM CONTEST?

Because of the wonderful response to this contest, and the resulting enormous volume of mail, we confess that we're snowed under! As a result, the winners will not be announced in the August issue but in

SEPTEMBER RADIO MIRROR
On sale Wednesday, August 10th
Watch for Irene Beasley
on the cover!

I Take Thee . . .

(Continued from page 67)

"I was just thinking that Mark and Lilli are going away this evening—and if I could get Portia over to their house—but it's a silly idea. It would never work, and if it did work, and turn out badly, I don't want to be blamed. . . ."

Half an hour later she left Clint's office. Their little plot—only a part of her larger one, if Clint had only known it—was all worked out.

At the grocery on her way home, she met Bella Beasley, Edith Randall and Ida Jacobs. It was easy enough to hint, without imparting any information at all, that Portia and Clint were meeting secretly at Mark Randall's house. And then that evening Mark, Lilli and Bill Baker further smoothed the way for her. They were considerate enough to pay a visit to Portia just before starting their drive to Riverton.

A few minutes after they left, Joan, too, left, having told Portia she was going to spend the evening with Kathie. Kathie was glad to see her sister. She took Joan's coat, settled her in a deep chair, and picked up her mending. Joan swung her foot impatiently and made conversation. Presently, after a plausible interval, she sniffed.

"Kathie, do you smell smoke?"

"Smoke? No. But don't talk about fires, Joan. It would be horrible to have one now, with Bill away in Riverton."

"I smell something," Joan insisted. "It couldn't be down-cellar, could it?"

Kathie started for the basement steps. Joan waited until she heard her sister moving about downstairs. Then she hurried quietly to the telephone, dialed rapidly. Portia answered, and Joan spoke with a good imitation of Lilli's delicate French accent.

"Portia, come quickly!" she cried. "It is Lilli! Oh, please come—"

"Lilli, Good heavens! What—"

"Do not ask questions! Just come—"

She slammed down the receiver, just in time. Kathie was coming up the steps, her voice preceding her.

"There's nothing down there, Joan. Joan—why are you at the telephone?"

Joan was frantically jiggling the hook. "Operator! Operator, get me the fire department! This is 18 Peach Street, and I want to report a fire at the William Baker residence. And hurry, please—"

Kathie was beside her, demanding to know where the fire was. "I don't know," Joan said. "But the smell of smoke is strong—it's stinging my nostrils. Look upstairs, Kathie, and I'll check the garage—"

"But, Joan, I don't smell anything. You shouldn't have called the fire department until you were sure! Joan—"

The slam of the back door cut off her voice. Joan raced for the garage. Feeling around in its dark interior, she found a pair of greasy overalls hanging on the wall. She pulled them down, struck one of the kitchen matches she'd snatched up on her flight from the house. A bit of the cloth caught and glowed; Joan blew on it, and when flames leaped up, she tossed the overalls into a corner.

"Joan!" Kathie's voice, hysterically high, reached her. "Get out of the garage! Get out—That's cleaning fluid next to the fire—"

Cleaning fluid! Joan stood rooted; then she leaped for the corner. Then the explosion came—flame in her face, the whole world a sheet of flame. . . .

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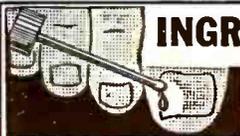


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In the Randall living room, Portia stood face to face with Clint Morley. After the strange telephone call, she had left the house with Miss Daisy, only to see the fire at the Baker house down the street. She had sent Miss Daisy to investigate the fire and had come on to the Randall house as Clint and Joan had intended her to come—alone.

She understood now that she had been tricked into coming, that there was nothing wrong with Lilli, and that Clint would not tell her who had made the telephone call for him. But what she could not understand was how keen, clever Clint had so far taken leave of his senses as to trick her into seeing him. Her first anger at him was gone, dissolved into helpless bewilderment.

She had no idea that the seeds of false hope that Joan had sown had taken root in his own desperate need for hoping. All she knew was that he had his own interpretation for everything she said, and the more she protested, the less he believed.

"Stop clinging to that lie about Walter's coming back," he said angrily. "With that between us, we can never reach a basis for understanding. I know why you're doing it, Portia, and it's all right to pretend to others—but not with me."

"Pretend—" She spread her hands helplessly. "Oh, what's the use, Clint? It's as if we were talking different languages!"

"No, darling." He reached for her; one arm went around her in a grip that refused to let her go. With his other hand he tilted her chin, forcing her to meet his eyes. "Our main trouble is that we're both so much in love with each other, both so busy trying to help and protect each other, that we don't make sense."

"In love with each other!" she gasped, but he overrode her.

"Just stop pretending," he went on. "You're in some kind of trouble. I don't know what it is; I only know that it's bad. But let me try to help—"

"Clint, you've got to believe me. I've told you the utter truth about my feelings for Walter, and my quite different feeling for you. I don't know what you mean when you talk about my being in trouble. All I know is that you must believe me—and I've something else to tell you that will make you believe me. It's this, Clint—I'm going to have a baby."

"A—" His arm dropped away from her. "You're going to—what?"

"I'm going to have a baby," she repeated. "It's not something I'd lie about. Now do you see—"

"A baby. I didn't realize it was anything like this—" For a moment Portia was reminded of the courtroom, Clint Morley making a lightning rearrangement of his attack after a shattering upset. "Good Lord, Portia, do you know what this means?"

"Of course I know what it means. But don't act as if it were a tragedy. I've wanted a baby for a long time, Clint. I'm glad I'm going to have it."

"Glad! Portia, you've got to look at this realistically. People will find out, and when Manning doesn't come back—Well, you were afraid of scandal before; this will be ten times more vicious."

"But he is coming back—"

Clint shook his head positively. "They won't swallow that story any longer. No, the only thing you can do is divorce Manning as soon as possible. Then go away—leave Parkerstown before anyone finds out about the baby—and have the baby. And as soon as your divorce is final, we'll be married. If I win the election, we'll spend very little time here, anyway. Most of the time we'll live at the state capital. No one here need ever know—"

Portia stared blankly at him. He was talking gibberish—divorce Walter, leave Parkerstown— And then, in the depths of the silent house, there was a sound. A soft sound, as if a door had been closed stealthily.

The argument she was prepared to give Clint died on her lips. It didn't matter now, what Clint thought. She knew it now, in a moment of clairvoyance, knew that they were both beyond help. Why or how she couldn't explain; it was all a part of the strange and senseless events of the evening—the telephone call and the fire, and now the closing of the unseen door. The closing of the door could mean only one thing—someone had been listening.

"I think you're right, Clint," she said quietly, "about one thing, if about nothing else. About the scandal. It's already begun. And now, I think you'd better take me home."

It was as if a bottle of poison had been upset, and there was nothing to do but stand by and watch the lethal liquid spread. In the morning, after she'd seen Dickie start to school, Portia stood at the front window, watching Ida Jacobs drive up to the Beasley house next door. Miss Daisy came into the room just then, and Portia sent her

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a wry smile over her shoulder. "I'm turning the tables on Bella Beasley," she said. "I'm watching her, for a change. Ida Jacobs has just arrived. And you know what that means." "You're thinkin' it was Al Jacobs who was at the Randalls' last night?" "I know it was," Portia answered. "You know what happened. After Clint brought me back here, I went over to Kathie's to see about the fire. Joan was pretty badly upset—and no wonder, after she'd burned her hands so badly, trying to reach that can of cleaning fluid before it exploded!—so I stayed there after you left and until Bill came back from Riverton with Mark and Lilli. It was then that Mark told me Al Jacobs had come to him before they started out for Riverton and offered to look into the house during the evening and make sure that everything was all right. Oh, yes, it was Al Jacobs, all right—a male Bella Beasley when it comes to gossip—"

"Faith, girl," said Miss Daisy gently, "aren't you lettin' it prey on your mind?" "And why shouldn't I?" Portia retorted. "Think what was said when the gossips had no more to go on than that Al and Ida Jacobs had seen me having breakfast with Clint at the hotel, that morning I ran into him in Chicago—and that he came to the house a few times after that. The fact that he came on business— There! Ida's left, and Bella is on her way to Edith Randall's!" She shivered. "It's started, Miss Daisy—and there's no stopping it! Soon everyone will know."

When the citizens of Parkerstown sent a petition to campaign headquarters asking that Clint's name be withdrawn from the ballot and another substituted, Judge McCarthy, Clint's old friend and the most powerful and respected political figure in the state, paid a visit to Parkerstown and Portia.

But it remained for an eleven-year-old girl to make clear the full horror of the story to Portia, and to drive home the full hurt of it.

Claire Taylor, Dickie's particular friend and tormentor, came to call one afternoon. "It is a matter of grave importance, Mrs. Manning," she told Portia in her grown-up little voice. "Buzz Gordon is giving a party for all the children in our grade at school. Except for Tim Lafferty, because his father d-r-i-n-k-s. I have just learned that Richard will not be invited, either. And so I've come to ask you to help me, Mrs. Manning."

Sick with fear, Portia repeated, "Help you, Claire? How?"

"I thought perhaps Richard and I could have our own party, either here or at my house. My house would be better because then Richard would not see all the others going to Buzz Gordon's. What are your feelings on the subject, Mrs. Manning?"

"Have you been invited to Buzz's party?"

"Oh, yes," said Claire, "but I shall turn down the invitation if you agree with me."

Tears stung Portia's eyelids. "You're really a rather wonderful little person, Claire."

"I am quite unusual," Claire admitted. "And may I say before I go that I find your company quite pleasant, Mrs. Manning? My father says that the stories about you are not true. He says that you are a splendid woman, and I agree with my father."

"Why," Portia stumbled, "thank you—"



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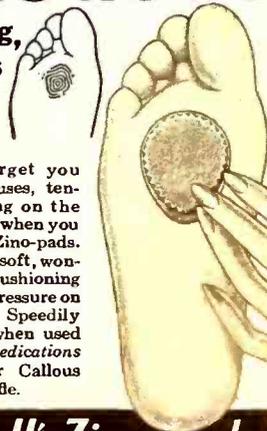
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"Of course," Claire went on, "I do not always agree with him, but in this matter, he is absolutely right. And my mother feels just as I do. And the next time I hear anyone say that you are going to have a b-a-b-y and that you and the father are not m-a-r-r-i-e-d I shall tell that person that he or she is a liar. Good afternoon, Mrs. Manning."

Portia watched Claire's straight little back go down the steps and out the gate. Is that what they were saying—on top of everything else? That the baby was Clint's child? Is this what Dickie would have to face—

Joan was before her—Joan, with the strange, feverish look that she wore so often of late. "Portia! What's happened? Where are you going?"

"Upstairs," said Portia. "To write a letter—two letters. One to Walter, telling him what's happened, telling him how much I need him. The other to Clint Morley—a note saying that when he speaks at Fayette Hall Friday night, I intend to be there with him. I intend to tell Parkerstown what it needs to know—the truth."

"Portia! You can't! Don't you realize—" But Portia had gone.

To see Portia slink quietly away in disgrace was one thing; to see her face a yelling mob at Fayette Hall—Joan flinched as though she herself stood before the mob, as though the insults were being flung at her own person. She had to stop Portia. She'd started this, and she had to stop it.

But there was nothing she could do. Portia convinced Clint, Bill Baker, and Miss Daisy and the rest that to face the town publicly was the only course left. Judge McCarthy even promised to appear on the platform with her and Clint. Joan's frantic protests had no more effect upon the solid wall of Portia's determination than the mewings of a kitten.

Friday night Miss Daisy was with Portia, waiting for Clint and Judge McCarthy to call for them. Bill Baker and Kathie had gone ahead. Joan paced the living room like one possessed. When the phone rang, she leaped for it.

"Joan?" Bill's voice came over the wire. "Kathie and I just got here—and we don't like the looks of things at all. Portia won't be facing a jury this time. It's a mob of women—all convinced that they're fighting for the safety of their homes and the respectability of their community. Tell her not to come—"

"I've been trying to tell her," said Joan. "She won't listen. You wouldn't listen—"

"I didn't realize what she was letting

herself in for. If she doesn't show up, there won't be any violence—and that's something."

"Who was it, Joan?" Portia appeared on the stairs as Joan hung up.

"Bill." Through stiff lips, she repeated Bill's message. Then she burst out, "Don't go, please, Portia! When Clint and Judge McCarthy get here, tell them you've changed your mind. Those women won't stop until they've forced you out of town!"

"But, my dear Joan—"

"If you don't care what happens to you," Joan rushed on, "think about Dickie! What will it do to him to see his own mother branded as an immoral woman? Do you think for a minute you'll ever be able to live it down?"

"We've been through things as bad as this before," said Portia. "And we've always made out. We will this time."

Joan saw the lights of Clint's car, heard Clint's step on the porch. Portia moved toward the door, Miss Daisy behind her.

"All right!" Joan screamed after them. "Do it your way! Smash your life to pieces, but don't blame me!"

The car moved off down the street. Joan sank to the floor, still sobbing, screaming, "It isn't my fault! Dear God, You saw me try in every way to stop her! You can't blame me for it; You can't punish me—"

How long she sat there she didn't know. She was aware of the click of the gate latch, the steps on the porch, but she went on rocking hysterically, imploring God to forgive her, to help Portia—until she felt rather than saw the presence in the room.

Then she scrambled to her feet, staring at the strange man with the strange blank eyes. "Are you—Walter?"

"Joan Ward," said the man. "Yes, you're Joan Ward. Where's Portia, Joan? Is she—"

He took a step, made as if to sit down, and stumbled against a chair. "Sorry," he said. "It's my chair, but it used to be—" She watched him shift carefully, feeling his way with his hands.

Blind! She didn't know that she spoke the word aloud. "Walter— Oh, dear God, you're not blind?"

"Stop repeating it!" he said impatiently. "Just tell me where Portia—"

Joan was still staring at him as if she expected him to vanish as he'd come. "That's why you left her," she whispered. "She said it must be something like that. She said—"

"No, it's not the only reason I left. There's also a matter of my—general health. But I got here. I made it. She wrote that she needed me—"

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But Joan didn't hear him. She was at the telephone, dialing frantically. "Acme Taxi Service? How soon can you send someone to 17 Peach Street? It's an emergency—"

At Fayette Hall Judge McCarthy had just finished his introductory speech. In a dead silence Portia walked out on the auditorium stage—to face her friends and neighbors of years' standing. All fear had left her; she knew only sorrow that those she had lived in harmony with for years should be out there, waiting to pass judgment.

"Thank you, Judge McCarthy. Ladies and gentlemen," she began, "all I want is five minutes—"

But they had already judged her. An angry murmur rose, swelled to a roar. *We don't want to hear your excuses! We know what you are! There's no place here for your kind of woman—*

Portia raised her voice, knowing she was already beaten. "You can't condemn like this without hearing—"

Treat her like what she is—one of the women down on River Street. Run her out of town—If Mayor Winslow won't do it, we will!

Portia closed her eyes. She recognized the individual voices—Bella, Ida Jacobs, Ralph Staley—her friends, her neighbors. And then another voice, carrying over the rest—

"Stop! Stop it, you fools! How dare you accuse my wife—"

He was really there. Thin, pale, almost unrecognizably thin and pale—but Walter. As in a dream she moved toward him, her heart alive as it had not been for these many months. He reached toward her, felt for her hand, but still faced the crowd.

"Stop!" he shouted. "Hold your rotten tongues until you know what you're talking about—"

"It's time you came back!" a woman screamed. "Time you learned what was going on—"

Then the figure of Joan Ward suddenly strong, stood before Walter and Portia as if to shut away from them the babble of angry voices, her arms outflung as if she would protect them from physical violence. The remorse that so often turned Joan Ward in an instant from cruel selfishness to an overwhelming desire to atone, had come to her.

"Let him talk!" she cried. "Please listen! You don't know what you're doing! Can't you see that he's blind?"

Portia stiffened, sick with fear. *Blind? Walter blind—* Then Walter's hand found Portia's and with it came strength and peace unassailable. "My darling, my dear love," she whispered. "Let me tell them. They'll listen now."

They stood there, side by side, on the platform. Soon this would be over, and they could go home—home to Dickie and Miss Daisy, and to life as it had been before Walter went away. There would be barriers to be crossed, still, and troubles to be met, but with Walter beside her they would seem like nothing.

Together, they could do anything, conquer anything. Even this dreadful thing that had happened to Walter, his blindness, was not so terrible to him now that he was home. Portia knew that, could tell it from the smile that touched the corners of his mouth.

Walter was home. His love for her had sent him back, just as her love had cried out to him over the distance. They belonged together, and together all would be well with them.

Portia drew a deep breath, looked out over the crowd, and began to speak...

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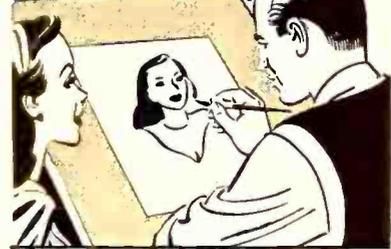
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When a Girl Marries

(Continued from page 49)

has worked for it. I have two pre-
school age children and I don't want to
let them be brought up by strangers
while I work but I can't stand this fool-
ishness much longer.

Mrs. D. M.

Dear Mrs. D. M.:

You have every right to resent the
situation, my friend. If you had not
already spoken to your husband with-
out any success, I should have advised
urging your case upon him in the strong-
est terms, telling him that no grown
woman would feel anything but abused
and humiliated by such undeserved
treatment. As things are, however, I
think you are justified in considering
the drastic step of going to work. Pos-
sibly the confusion that must result in
your household routine as you try to
arrange for someone to care for your
children may be enough to bring your
husband's point of view into better
focus; possibly you may have to go fur-
ther and actually take a job. But I
feel certain that if you do so you will
not have to keep it for very long. The
realization that you are desperate
enough to take such an extreme mea-
sure must certainly force your husband
to reconsider his unfair stand. And your
children will not suffer as much from
the temporary presence of a stranger
as they probably now suffer from the
condition of permanent resentment in
which you are living, and which you
must be transmitting to them.

TELL THE TRUTH

Dear Joan Davis:

When I was seventeen, I had an acci-
dent that caused me to undergo sterili-
zation. Now recently I met a man and
we fell deeply in love. But he told me
he would never marry a woman who
couldn't have children, and Joan, I'm
nearly out of my mind with worry as he
keeps asking why I keep postponing
our wedding! I'm so afraid that if I
tell him, I will lose him.

A. L.

Dear A. L.:

There is no way, of course, that you
can prevent your young man from dis-
covering that you are unable to bear
children. Your choice, then, is not
"Shall I?" but "When shall I?" You
might go ahead with your wedding
plans, leaving your explanation for the
future, and hope that by then your
marriage will be so successfully estab-
lished that your husband will be able
to resign himself to childlessness or to
the alternative of adopting children,
which as you must know has brought
happiness to many unblessed homes.
However, you can appreciate the risk
you'd be taking—the risk of losing his
trust and perhaps even his affection.
(In some states, too, such concealment
is grounds for annulment or divorce.)

Thinking it over, I'm sure you'll agree
that the best thing to do is to tell him
now. This does not mean, you know,
that you must reveal why you under-
went this operation. Your letter to me
does not give the reason, and I think
you must convince yourself that the
reason is no longer of any importance.

Whatever bitterness or tragedy the
past may hold for you, it is the past;
only the fact of your sterilization now
matters. There are many reasons of

health which call for such an opera-
tion. It would be perfectly fair, I think,
to allow your young man to assume
there was such a reason in your case,
whether or not it happens to be the
truth, for there is no point in compli-
cating the situation by details which
can only make his decision more diffi-
cult. If you are really important to
him as yourself, rather than as the key
to a family, I guarantee he will decide
to go on with the marriage. If he de-
cides against it... well, how about you?
Do you believe your happiness
would be safe in his hands?

WHAT DO YOU WANT?

Dear Joan Davis:

I am nineteen years old and my baby
is fourteen months old. I have been
married for two and a half years. My
husband is overseas. He seems to have
lost interest in me, and the same goes
for me. He has lied to me many times,
and asked for a divorce, but before I
answered he apologized and begged me
to forgive him for the baby's sake.
Three months went by without hearing
from him, then he wrote and called me
down for not writing to him. All the
time he had not written he was just
running around. Should I ask for a
divorce and go through with it no mat-
ter what he says?

Mrs. M. P.

Dear Mrs. M. P.:

You married, evidently, when you
were just past sixteen—a fabulously
young age at which to make any serious
decision, especially one so thoroughly
involving your future. Furthermore,
you undertook almost at once to have
a baby... another decision which de-
served more mature consideration than
you and your husband were equipped
to give it. May I advise you, strongly,
urgently, to make no more such deci-
sions for a while? In other words, for-
get about the divorce. Forgive me for
sounding harsh, but it is apparent from
your letter that you are no better qual-
ified at this moment to take any im-
portant step than you were when you
were sixteen. Both you and your hus-
band have been buffeted about by cir-
cumstances, long enough; the time has
come to take a firm stand against any
move which is not the result of calm,
careful thought. And before you can
give your marital problem such thought,
you'll have to get to know more not
only about your husband, but about
yourself—what kind of person you are
and want to be, what you want out of
life, what you want for your baby.
Don't you agree that you're in no men-
tal shape to answer these questions
right now? Why not, then, put your
husband out of your mind for a while?
Oh, write to him, of course—try to meet
him half-way, if he seems disposed to
do the same for you.

But use this time while you and your
husband are separated to learn to know
yourself, to try to develop more self-
assurance and greater self-knowledge.
Take care of your child; learn to know
people, as many different kinds of peo-
ple as your circle can offer. You might
try teaching yourself a household skill
in which perhaps you're not expert—
cooking, or sewing. Learn, in short,
to grow up. Then when your husband
returns you'll be able to evaluate him

with new eyes and new standards. You may find that, after all, the two of you can be happy together. Or you may know when you see him, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that your marriage was certainly a mistake which had better be cut out of your life as soon as possible, and you can then go ahead and get your divorce knowing that at least your decision is not the result of chance or impulse, but the product of a grown-up kind of thinking.

BREAKING DOWN THE BARRIERS

Dear Joan Davis:

I'm twenty-seven and in love with an Oriental girl. My parents object to our marriage because of the extreme difference in racial backgrounds. Can you help me?

R. L. R.

Dear R. L. R.:

Yours, unfortunately, is the kind of problem that no third person can adequately solve. It involves emotions so extremely personal and intimate that you yourself are probably unable to evaluate them completely, and for me to try to do so would be meaningless. I cannot tell, when you say you are "in love," what you and your loved one mean by the phrase, what intensity of feeling you are trying to describe. Therefore I must assume that every foreseeable personal matter—religion, children, general social attitude—has been thoroughly settled between you.

What I can do is point out one or two less personal features of the situation which are worth thinking over. If you lived in a large metropolitan city, I think your chances for a successful intermarriage would be excellent. In such a city these marriages take place every day, and the large, impersonal population finds them small cause for remark. But I note that you write from a small town, which—if you are planning to live there after marriage—materially alters your case. In love or out, a really small community makes inroads on the lives of all its members. You would have to be prepared for constant comment, and though you may feel your love makes you impervious to other people, believe me when I say that no two people can remain in isolation in such a community.

Of course, if the young lady is already known to and accepted by your friends, half the difficulty is eliminated—your marriage should merely improve a relationship already healthy and pleasant. If your marriage would bring her into your circle a complete stranger, may I suggest that you first invite her for an extended visit? Perhaps your parents could be persuaded to cooperate to that extent. Then, by degrees, as the mutual strangeness wears off, both they and your friends may come to accept the girl so completely that no problem remains.

Let's remember, shall we, that one of the happiest trends of the world today is toward the breaking-down of racial barriers. I believe that you and the girl you love, who are instinctively reaching across such a barrier, are the kind of people who will eventually succeed in breaking it down completely.

LIVING IN THE PAST

Dear Joan Davis:

My only son was lost at sea during the war. He had been married a very short time (there are no children) and I learned to love my daughter-in-law

dearly. Now, after five years, she has remarried. Her husband resents our close friendship. He has demanded that she doesn't continue to call me Mother G. or even visit me. I wouldn't interfere with their marriage, as I want them to be very happy, and although it hurts I'll walk out of the picture, but my daughter-in-law wants to continue as before. What is the solution?

G.G.

Dear G.G.:

There is one phrase in your letter which disturbs me, and suggests that perhaps the husband has a legitimate complaint. That is your reference to this girl as your daughter-in-law. Remember, my dear, she is no longer that except in both your memories. She is the wife of a man who is a complete stranger to you; as such she is not even a member of your family. Your mutual clinging to each other, and her calling you "Mother G.," indicates that both of you are living in the past to some degree . . . and even if it is the slightest, most tenuous degree, you can understand, I'm sure, that her husband is being made to feel he is an outsider, and is naturally resentful.

There is no reason to sever your relationship with the girl, however. Just try to set it up on a less emotional, less tender basis than the memory of your son. Try to slip from the "mother-daughter" closeness into something resembling the relationship between an affectionate aunt and niece. As the elder, it is up to you to take the lead in re-forming the picture, and I believe that if you try you can succeed in removing all those elements from the situation which makes it worrisome to the girl's husband.

But I would like to add this: if you find that the girl clings to you regardless of your attempts to withdraw yourself gently, then withdraw completely. For there will be no happiness for her or for her husband if she uses your presence in her life to remind her of the happiness of her first love.

Here is this month's problem. Can you suggest a solution that will help this young woman? Your letter may win you \$25.

Dear Joan Davis:

Seven years ago my mother passed away, leaving my father, who was in ill health, and four other children. I, being the eldest, quit school (at fifteen) and went to work to help support the family. Two years ago I married. I knew I shouldn't because it meant breaking up my home and separating the children, but I was terribly in love. I wanted badly to take one of the children but my husband refused, saying we could not afford it. Eight months ago, my father died, hoping to the last I would take one of the children. My husband and I quarreled bitterly over it; meanwhile my sister went to live with an aunt and my brother was placed in a boy's school. He writes heartbroken letters, saying that he is lonesome and wants very much to come to me. He is only fourteen. My husband is a good father to our three-month-old son and a good husband to me, in every other respect. I love him very much, but I can't help loving my little brother as well. Shall I persist in trying to make him see the way I feel? I can't forget about my brother.

Mrs. J. R.

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What's New from Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 11)



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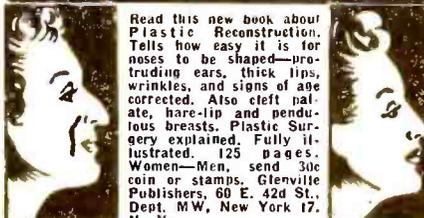
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Rumors are flying down from the Monterey peninsula that Bing Crosby will soon have a radio station built for him within a stone's throw of his new home there at Carmel-by-the-Sea. His plan, it is said, is to do most of his weekly broadcasts from there, importing guests, instead of commuting 150 miles between Carmel and San Francisco, where he did a number of shows this season in order to be closer to his home and the Pebble Beach golf course.

While Eddie Anderson has been piling up success as Jack Benny's "Rochester," his son, twenty-year-old Billy, has been collecting some laurels of his own. An all-round track star at Compton Junior College, Billy Anderson is being hailed by Southern California sports writers and fans as "a new Jesse Owens."

If you're one of the fans of Arthur Godfrey's "All Right, Louie, Drop the Gun," go make yourself happy and pick up a recording of the number at your local record dealer's. Godfrey has disced the number for Columbia.

Howard Duff is now doubling his Sam Spade chores with work before the cameras at Universal-International on his seventh motion picture, "Partners in Crime." What we want to know is when are the movie big-wigs going to give this guy a break and cast him in something besides a thriller-killer flicker? From where we sit, Duff's romantic leading man possibilities are tremendous and the old standbys aren't getting any younger. After all, it gets a little hard to keep romantic illusions about favorite male stars when you know they've been wearing toupees or girdles for years.

A collection of old-time spirituals has been published by Wally Fowler, who is heard with his famous Oak Ridge Quartet on Grand Ole Opry. The song book, which includes words and music to many of the quartet's records, contains forty-six songs, most of which were written by 300-pound Fowler. The book, result of his many years of careful study of spirituals, was brought out in answer to the thousands of requests for the music to his songs.

Secrets of the trade. Baritone Robert Merrill never coughs to clear his throat. Like many singers, he has a phrase that snaps his vocal chords into singing position much more effectively. It's "mia bella," an Italian phrase meaning, "my beautiful one." Merrill has been clearing his throat with it for years—he is apt to break out with it at any time—but he can't remember its origin or exactly when he started saying it. However, maybe there's an idea here for lots of people, especially when they're being radio audiences.

Guy Lombardo and his orchestra are set to be the summer replacement show for the Phil Harris-Alice Faye stanza. Guy takes over for thirteen weeks starting July 3rd, which is well past the season for his speedboat tests.

When director Bill Spier and his actress wife, June Havoc were in New York recently, the lady was besieged with stage and screen offers, among them the lead in a Los Angeles production of "The Respectful Prostitute" and

a ditto stint in a Theater Guild musical, "Round Trip to Cuba." The offers will have to wait, however. The Spiers are planning to spend the summer in Europe.

Instead of literary teas for his book, Jack Bailey had more colorful autograph parties for *What's Cookin'*. His opening event recently was at the May Company store, and was held in the store's auditorium, with the stage rigged as a kitchen, where Bailey not only autographed copies of his book, but also demonstrated the making of some of his recipes.

Look for Vera Vague in an evening half-hour spot this summer in her own show. The stanza is called *The Merry Go Round* and is an audience participation show, with, so they inform us, a couple of new angles.

Norris Goff, Abner to you, is hoping that he'll be able to arrange his affairs in such a way that he can take his family for a two weeks vacation in Honolulu this summer.

Announcer George Hicks checks out of ABC along with Theater Guild of the Air when the program switches to NBC. With all this scrambling for talent and high Hooper-rating shows that the networks are carrying on, it's going to get so performers will have to stop and think where to go and who they're working for, now.

Professor Quiz says he saw it—a law firm by the name of Robb and Steele, down in Jacksonville, Florida.

Charme Allen, veteran character actress, has taken over the Mother Burton role in *The Second Mrs. Burton*, replacing Evelyn Varden, who had to go to Hollywood for motion picture work under the direction of John Ford.

GOSSIP AND STUFF FROM ALL OVER . . . Columbia Pictures has been negotiating to make a series of movies based on the radio mystery stanza Pat Novak For Hire . . . Ginny Sims and Harry Babbitt will probably air for CBS in a musical show this summer . . . *A Tree Grows In Brooklyn* will be the basis for a projected half-hour dramatic series starring James Dunn . . . Allan Jones and frau Irene Hervey will bow on a new Mr. and Mrs. show over ABC soon . . . Radio's Les Tremayne wowing them in a leading role in the new Sidney Kingsley Broadway hit "Detective Story" . . . Writer-producer Norman Corwin has joined the United Nations staff as radio consultant . . . Nancy Craig has signed to do fashion commentary for Universal-International newsreels . . . ABC is planning a huge daytime giveaway show to compete with the Arthur Godfrey daytime stanza . . . Groucho Marx is being sought for the lead in a Broadway mystery musical now in the writing stage . . . Vaughn Monroe is working in a western flicker, of all things . . . Rosemary De Camp, Dr. Christian's secretary-nurse, to appear in the Warner Brothers picture, "Always Sweethearts" . . . Andy Devine, now a regular on the Lum 'n' Abner show, may have a half-hour show of his own soon . . . and that would seem to be enough of the stuff for now. Have good listening . . .

Have YOU Heard?

Speaking of husbands, let's consider the matrimonial venture of the telephone pole climber who first glimpsed his wife-to-be as she leaned, lorelei-like, out of a skyscraper. If this doesn't prove that boy can meet girl under the most incredible circumstances I'll eat Emily Post . . . and that's just one story from the fabulous archives of radio's wedding whiz—"Bride and Groom."

This is one of the most delightful boisterous and girlysterous shows I have heard. For sheer talent and ingenuity emcee Johnny Nelson gets my vote for his aptitude at deflustering brides-to-be. And the impromptu tales he evokes from the engaged couples on how they met, provide an endless variation on the boy meets girl theme. You're likely to hear anything from love among the Lily Cups to tales of unbelievable enterprise.

But spontaneity (which I have almost come to regard as a lost art in radio) is really the keynote of this matrimonial matinee. From the moment the engaged couple wafts before the mike, there's a happy, unrehearsed quality about "Bride and Groom" that makes you feel as though you were part of the wedding party (staged by Sterling Drug Inc.). Johnny Nelson has a merry theory that a wedding a day keeps the blues away. "Bride and Groom" not only banishes blues but rings in a half hour of utterly unique entertainment.

★ ★ ★

If the quickest way to a man's heart is through his stomach, the shortest way to "the quickest way" is to hear "The Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air." For this quarter hour is literally the answer to any dining dilemma. Betty Crocker (I'm constantly amazed at the way in which "Betty Crocker" portrays the company personality of General Mills) has a way of inspiring you to turn a cooking chore into a charm . . . gives recipes and hints that I haven't been able to find elsewhere. To counteract the old adage that all work and no play makes Jill a dull girl, Betty Crocker also features outstanding guest stars who add spice and sparkle to the proceedings.

Wedding bells ring on *Bride and Groom* at 2:30 PM EDT Monday through Friday. *The Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air* goes to press at 10:30 AM EDT Monday through Friday.

Other Tips on Daytime Dialing
 "Breakfast Club" 9:00 AM edt
 "House Party" 3:30 PM edt
 "Kay Kyser's College" 4:00 PM edt

Joan Lansing
 Advertisement

How Long Will Your TV Set Be Good?

(Continued from page 25)

mitters and new receivers after such a decision is made means that a considerable length of time will have elapsed before I could get any service from a UHF station. I would buy a television receiver today because of the many worthwhile programs now available on television."

"I like the variety shows, the dramatic shows, Meet the Press, Author Meets Critic, the wrestling matches, the prize fights, and most of all, I am an inveterate baseball fan and I can hardly wait to see the Washington Nationals' games—by television. You can see that I am a tired man and don't want to leave home for my entertainment."

To make his point perfectly clear, the Commissioner also said, "I think this question of obsolescence of television receivers is something of a tempest in a teapot. I do not think that anyone buying a television set today has had a fraud perpetrated upon them. I can assure them that wherever a television signal is available from a VHF transmitter, their set will render them fine service for many years to come, and can be converted to render fine service for them if ultra high frequencies are utilized for the present system."

That last sentence answers a second question that has been in the minds of many TV set owners or prospective buyers. It goes something like this: *If and when UHF stations come into being, won't I be missing something, even though my TV set still does get the programs sent out by the VHF stations?*

No, you won't be missing a thing, unless you want to. In the first place, the UHF is being developed to take care of areas in which there are at present less than four present-day TV channels. The purpose of this is so that people in those areas can get reception from all the networks, plus local stations, when all are in operation. Of the more than a million TV sets now in operation, only a very small number—something like seven percent of them are in such areas of less than four channels.

And, even in those areas, owners of present-day TV sets won't lose out. A converter will be developed and manufactured, which can be purchased and installed on present-day sets in order that UHF stations may be received in addition to the VHF ones that are now in operation.

There is still another field of experimentation going on in the TV world at the present time, concerning stratovision. Under stratovision, transport planes carrying transmitters and circling five miles above the earth could, if properly spaced, broadcast television to the entire nation. However, the present TV channels are insufficient in number to carry stratovision.

With these explanations, it is not hard to understand that the scientists and the broadcasters, under the FCC's watchful eye, are carrying on their experiments so that, as far as television is concerned, the greatest good may be had by the greatest number. But the end-products of these experiments are a long way off. If and when UHF and stratovision come, the choice will be up to you. So relax and enjoy your favorite programs—and let the future take care of itself!

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Style No. 101

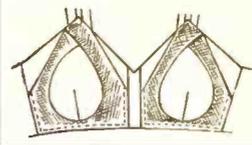
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We Love Children

(Continued from page 31)

is sometimes an asset and sometimes considered in the nature of an unfair practice.

Take the matter of punishment. Art is, like most fathers, the final court of appeal and authority. But he has had an advantage most fathers don't have. He has conducted a one-parent poll of punishment preferences. Having asked dozens of youngsters, he has learned that with children from four to six, spanking is effective. From six on, the taking-away of privileges is more telling. This program is in effect at the Linkletters'.

Too, he has learned that the matter of bedtime is the major cause of arguments between parents and children. None of this is tolerated at our house. At 7:30 the word is passed and there are no tears, no excuses.

"If we had to argue with each one of them," Art points out, when I try to stave off the evil hour for one or another who has made a private appeal to me, "none of us would ever get to bed before midnight."

This seems logical and so the subject is dropped.

However, not all his contact with other youngsters is considered on the liability side by our own children. There was, for example, the day Art learned that one of the children on the show had never ridden a street car. A bus, yes, a trolley, no. Art was stricken with an awful realization. Our children had never ridden one either. That afternoon he came home, assembled our four oldest, collected coats and sweaters, marched them down to the streetcar line, put them aboard a car, rode a dozen blocks, took them off, and caught a car back. Everyone had a wonderful time. But I've been afraid to mention since that they've never ridden a train or a boat either. Art is a man to see that his youngsters have well-rounded lives.

He has long since become used to the flights of fancy taken by children about their families. Questioned before the House Party goes on the air it's ordinary for the smaller guests to say their fathers are big game hunters, or pilots, or cowboys. Once in front of an audience though, the truth comes out, Daddy is a bookkeeper or a salesman or a mechanic. Art, however, was a bit surprised one day when one of our children was overheard telling a friend that his father was a world's champion swimmer.

"It's not good enough," Art said, "that I held the Southern California 50-yard backstroke title in college—and I was sort of proud of that, too."

At least it wasn't quite as surprising as the day he asked a five-year-old girl, before the show, what her father did, and she said he owned a grocery store, then added the information "Today he's in jail." Art pursued the subject. Patience and the ability to interpret the conversation of the very young have often stood him in great stead. He learned that the father had actually gone to court to pay a traffic fine. If the youngster had told this on the air, it would have taken Art the half-hour show to prove that Daddy's transgression was a common one and not a permanent blot on the family escutcheon.

We got a distinct surprise ourselves as a result of our son Jack's appearance on the show something over a year ago. It was the first time either Art or I realized that Jack had actually, seriously settled on a career. On that day, Jack was visiting his father at work, and as is usual when any of the children make an appearance, was given the same introduction as the other young guests. Art started through the group asking what each wished to be when grown up. He came to Jack, asked the question, then leaned back waiting for his son to say a baseball player—which at the last family poll had been his choice.

"A master of ceremonies on the radio," said Jack.

Later Art and Jack had a long discussion. It developed that Jack, for sometime, had been conducting a "show" of his own, using the other Linkletters as guests or audience. He is determined to follow in his father's footsteps. Since Art was not much older than Jack is now when he too decided on a career, we are inclined to believe he'll do it. Jack practices with old scripts his father brings home from the studio, and the drive he has reminds me of the days when Art and I were in high school in San Diego. Then Art used to go onto the deserted stage in the empty auditorium there and give speeches for an audience that was limited to me. He didn't know that radio was to be the answer—but he knew it was the stage, one way or another.

Art was naturally very pleased by Jack's choice of careers. But he did

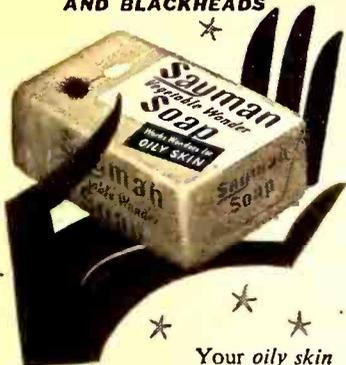


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some rapid calculation. When Jack is twenty and old enough to really go into radio, Art will only be forty-five, and he figures he can keep on working at that age. Jack's first name is Arthur, too. Art feels that one Art Linkletter is enough on the air—two might prove confusing. So Jack will probably never use his own first name—but will always go by Jack. Both Art and Jack are called "Link" by their friends, however, and I don't know how they plan to iron that out.

Our children are a long way from being a series of perfect examples in spite of their father's experiences with the children of other people. No amount of extra-curricular observations seem to solve some of our problems. For one thing, there's the matter of alibis.

Our children are very prone to use them. A single question such as "Who left the door open?" is apt to lead to a lengthy discussion on a series of loosely connected facts which are supposed to prove that the person who did leave the door open was merely a tool of Fate.

This greatly irritates the head of the Linkletters. Sometimes I wonder why, because (though I wouldn't have it get back to him) I can remember that when we were very young he was given to much the same sort of thing.

Art has become more than ordinarily aware of the frequent lack of companionship between parents and children. He finds on the House Party that this is sometimes due to broken homes, or to the working hours of parents, or in some cases apparently to a lack of interest.

Perhaps because he is conscious of the longing of children for the company and interest of their parents, he gives a great deal of time to his own children. On weekends he takes Jack and Dawn horseback riding when the weather is good, and takes Robert and Sharon to ride the ponies at the children's park near us. When we take trips we very often take either the two older children, or all of the family except the baby. We do this not because we feel it is an obligation; we just like our children. We find our own fun is doubled by theirs. On the other hand, we don't subscribe to the theory that we are inseparable. We leave our five with easy minds, so long as we know they are in good hands. We don't want them to become too dependent on us. I go on tour with Art; last year we spent several weeks in South America, sans children. They don't cry when we leave them—they are happy when we take them. We will leave them this summer when we take our long-planned trip to Europe. While we are gone we will see our sixth child—a French boy, just Jack's age, whom we adopted. Our youngsters are intensely interested in him and his letters are worn to shreds from innumerable readings by his fascinated foster brothers and sisters.

Although he wasn't a "world's champion," Art is an expert swimmer and our children are taught to swim almost as soon as they can walk. He has built a badminton court and a basketball court in our yard and is waiting impatiently for the day the boys will be old enough to give him some real competition. In the meantime, the badminton court is used mostly for roller-skating.

Outdoors or in, Art and the children are together most of the time.

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When it's rainy, or when too much activity has calmed down even their spirits, they fall back on a series of quieter "sit down and think" games. The favorite of these we call "Cliff Hangers," and it goes something like this:

Art or one of the children will begin a story—a hair-raising, breath-taking tale which involves the hero or heroine in all sorts of seemingly inescapable difficulties. At the most exciting point, the one who is telling the story will stop, and it's up to the next one to go on with it, clearing up those difficulties and creating others, which in turn are taken on by a third storyteller. You'd be surprised what a pleasant—and comparatively quiet—time-passer this can be.

Art has one very handy advantage in that the children on the House Party are from five to eleven years old. This approximates the ages of his own family, so he can do the research he needs for interview material in his own living room by the simple expedient of keeping his ears open. He doesn't rehearse the children on the show. He doesn't need to. He can hold a full-scale dress rehearsal in his own house any time he feels in the mood. From our children he has learned what youngsters of various age groups are interested in, what they are doing in school, and most important, that no amount of advance preparation can rule out the element of surprise—a natural hazard in dealing with youngsters. Ask any parent.

He talks to the small fry ten or fifteen minutes before the program begins, mainly to test their responsiveness and to reduce the unexpected as much as possible.

However, every now and again, something happens on the show that gives the audience a big laugh and leaves Art limp for several minutes. There was a little girl who, when asked on the air what she wanted to be when she grew up, answered, "A saloon dancer." Naturally Art couldn't leave it at that. Further questioning revealed that she'd seen a movie about one day before. "The name of the picture," she said, "was 'Saloon Dancer' and it was all in color." Art thought fast, and luckily, came up with the right solution. The film which made such an impression on the six-year-old was a Technicolor production titled, "Salome, Where She Danced." The studio that made the picture sent a note of thanks for the free mention of its product.

No one can come into daily contact

with youngsters without becoming keenly aware of the many large and small tragedies made by broken homes. Art is always careful to avoid any inadvertent admission from the youngsters about their homes.

Often though, some family incident is told by one of the children to the delight of the listeners.

This winter, as everyone knows, Southern California had a spell of weather best described as extremely unusual. One day on the House Party, Art asked a seven-year-old boy if he'd always lived in Los Angeles. The reply was no, the boy's father had brought the family to California from Cleveland only a few months before, to see if they liked it here.

"And does your daddy like California?" Art asked.

"We're going back to Cleveland next week," the youngster told several million radio listeners.

Art was still laughing over this when he got home. "Did you hear that kid?" he asked us. "He threw that line away like Jack Benny."

When they aren't in school, our children listen to their father on the air and get a big thrill out of hearing him and his young interviewees. They want to know all about the children on the show when he gets home and he gives a rundown on the day.

Art has developed a healthy dislike for precocious children and even more, for precocious parents. Children who are to appear on the House Party are notified through their school teachers the day before and this sometimes gives extrovert parents an opportunity for a little coaching. Art seldom lets such an incident pass unnoticed. So when he asked a six-year-old boy what he liked best about school and got for an answer, "The pretty teachers," he said in his best "see-here-young-man" voice, "Who told you to say that?"

"My daddy," the boy admitted. At our house the children aren't allowed to show off. We want them to know our friends and we always see that they meet them—but we want no party tricks.

Art and I generally see eye to eye on the subject of raising our family. There are points, though, where we differ. For one thing, there is the matter of coats, overshoes and other precautionary measures against colds. Art, like most men, lives in mortal terror that I'm going to baby the children. On the other hand, I point out that exposure to the elements has never led to anything less than a sniffle, and on



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occasion has been reliably reported to bring on pneumonia.

Another point is the matter of time. Probably because of his years on the air, Art is a stickler for punctuality. I agree with this. It's only that I can't seem to plan everything so that all seven Linkletters are ready at the same time. It mostly happens that everyone is on time except me.

If Jack is bent on following his father in a career on the air, there are a couple of spots I'd just as soon he left out. For example, there was the time Art was hoisted in a bos'n's chair up and down the front of a skyscraper, interviewing people on each floor. (Art's own contention is that dealing with children on the House Party is just as dangerous.)

I've gathered from the remarks I hear or overhear that Art's radio audiences are divided into two general schools of thought concerning him.

One is that Art has some sort of extra-sensory perception about children. Followers of this school describe him as having a way with children. This apparently classes him with people who have a green thumb or play the piano by ear.

Opposing this, there's a theory I've become aware of through hesitant questions asked about our family life, that since he is too much at ease with children on the House Party, and so genial and friendly there, he must show his true nature by beating us all regularly an hour after he is off the air.

Neither of these theories has a basis in fact.

In the first place, Art doesn't consider it takes any special talent to get along with children. He happens to be interested in them—he likes them.

And, in the second place, he doesn't put on a false face for the program; we like each other.

There's another set of stock remarks we listen to almost invariably when we meet people for the first time or when we see friends we knew when we were first married but haven't seen in the past years.

First comes: "So you have five children!" This is uttered in a tone of complete incredulity. It's followed by: "How in the world do you manage?" or, "But you're so young to have so many!"

Either of these begets the following: "And then Art sees more children on his show. Don't you ever get tired?"

Well, here are the answers to those. We manage pretty well, thank you. We are still fairly young, and no, we don't get tired of children. We think, on the contrary, that it's amazing other people don't have five.

We think children are more fun than anybody.

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NOT SOLD IN STORES

More Fun Than a Picnic

(Continued from page 63)

$\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ of a dill pickle cut lengthwise. Wrap a strip of bacon loosely around the frankfurter. Fasten each end of the bacon with a toothpick. Grill until bacon is crisp. Serve on a hot buttered roll.

Relish stuffed franks: Split frankfurter as directed above. Stuff with 2 tablespoons pickle relish. Grill until frankfurter is heated through (about 5 minutes). Serve on rolls.

Boston stuffed franks: Stuff split franks with 2 tablespoons of home-made or canned baked beans. Grill 5 minutes. Top with barbecue sauce or catsup. Serve on rolls.

PICNIC COLE SLAW

1 small head cabbage
salted water
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup mayonnaise
2 tbsps. top milk or cream
1 tbsps. vinegar
1 tsp. sugar
1 tsp. salt
1 apple
1 tbsps. celery seed
2 tomatoes
1 green pepper

Cut cabbage into quarters and remove core. Soak in salted water ten minutes. Drain dry and shred. Mix mayonnaise, top milk, vinegar, sugar and salt. Peel apple and dice. Add to cabbage with celery seed. Stir well. Add dressing and toss. Chill. Peel tomato and cut into sections. Clean pepper of core and seeds. Slice into rings. Garnish cole slaw with tomato wedges and pepper rings. Makes 6 to 8 servings.

OATMEAL COOKIES

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sifted flour
 $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. baking soda
1 tsp. cinnamon
1 cup sugar
1 egg
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped raisins
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped nuts
2 cups uncooked rolled oats

Mix and sift flour, salt, soda, cinnamon and sugar into a mixing bowl. Add egg and shortening. Beat until smooth (about 2 minutes). Add raisins and nuts. Blend well. Fold in rolled oats. Drop by teaspoonfuls onto a greased baking sheet. Bake in a moderately hot oven (375° F.) 12-15 minutes. Makes about 4 dozen cookies.

ICED TEA

8 tps. bulk tea (or 8 tea bags)
2 cups boiling water
4 cups cool tap water
ice

Place tea in tea pot. Pour on boiling water. Let stand five minutes. Stir. Strain into a pitcher. Add cold water. Let stand at room temperature. (Tea may be carried to picnic in ordinary mason jar.) Fill glasses with ice. Pour tea over ice. Makes 8 servings.

HOW TO CARRY FRUITS & VEGETABLES

Greens and other raw vegetables will stay fresh and un wilted for several hours if properly packed. Never put lettuce into sandwiches until you are at the picnic spot. Instead, wrap it separately, first in a damp cloth, then in waxed paper. Carrot sticks, celery

and radishes will stay crisp with the same treatment. Carry tomatoes whole. Peel and slice them at the picnic site. (Peeling is easier if you toast the tomato first over the coals to loosen the skin.) Apples, pears and other fruits travel best in their natural state with lots of crumpled paper between them to prevent bruising.

DEVEILED EGGS

8 eggs, hard cooked
2 tbsps. relish
1 tsp. prepared mustard
 $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. Worcestershire sauce
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. pepper
4 tbsps. mayonnaise
1 tsp. salt

Cool and shell hard-cooked eggs. Cut off rounded end about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch from top. Remove yolk from center. Place in a bowl and mash. Add all ingredients. Blend thoroughly. Fill whites. Replace tops. Wrap each egg in waxed paper. Makes 8 servings.

PICNIC LOAF

2 12-ounce cans luncheon meat
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup drained shredded pineapple
2 tbsps. pineapple juice
1 tbsps. prepared mustard
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar

Make diagonal slices one inch deep in loaves of luncheon meat. Place in baking dish. Spread with a paste made of pineapple juice, mustard and brown sugar. Cover with shredded pineapple. Bake in a moderately hot oven (400° F.) 40 minutes, basting occasionally. Chill, and serve cold. Makes 8 servings.

BARBECUE SAUCE

2 tbsps. salad oil
1 onion, minced
1 clove garlic
2 tps. chili powder
1 tsp. dry mustard
1 bay leaf
2 tbsps. vinegar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. celery salt
 $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. Worcestershire sauce
1 can tomato sauce (8-ounce)

Cook garlic and onion in oil over medium heat, until soft. Add all other ingredients. Blend well. Simmer, stirring frequently, until thick (about 20 minutes). Serve over grilled ham-

burgers, spareribs or frankfurters. Makes about $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sauce.

BARBECUED SPARERIBS

3 pounds spareribs
1 cup water
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup vinegar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt
barbecue sauce

Have butcher crack rib bones across middle. Cut into fingers of two ribs. Wipe with damp cloth and place in skillet with water, vinegar, and salt. Simmer, covered, one hour, or until meat is tender. Let cool. Dip in barbecue sauce and broil until brown and crisp. Top with more barbecue sauce and serve. Makes 6 servings.

SAVORY HAMBURGERS

$1\frac{1}{2}$ pounds ground beef
1 tsp. salt
 $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. pepper
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped onion
prepared mustard

Mix beef with salt, pepper, and chopped onion. Shape into large patties. Spread both sides with prepared mustard. Broil. Makes 8 patties.

COOL CHICKEN SALAD

2 cups diced chicken
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped celery
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup diced cucumber
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup mayonnaise
salt and pepper

Combine ingredients, seasoning to taste. Pack in vacuum jar. Serve on crisp greens. Makes 4 to 6 servings.

FRIED CHICKEN, PICNIC STYLE

2 frying chickens
flour
salt and pepper
fat for frying

Have chickens cut in serving pieces. Wash and dry well. Roll in seasoned flour. Fry over medium heat until well browned. Cover and cook slowly until tender, turning occasionally. (45 minutes is about enough for small fryers.) If chicken weighs more than 3 pounds, add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water to browned chicken. Cover and cook until tender. Drain on absorbent paper. Cool and wrap in waxed paper. Serves 6 to 8.

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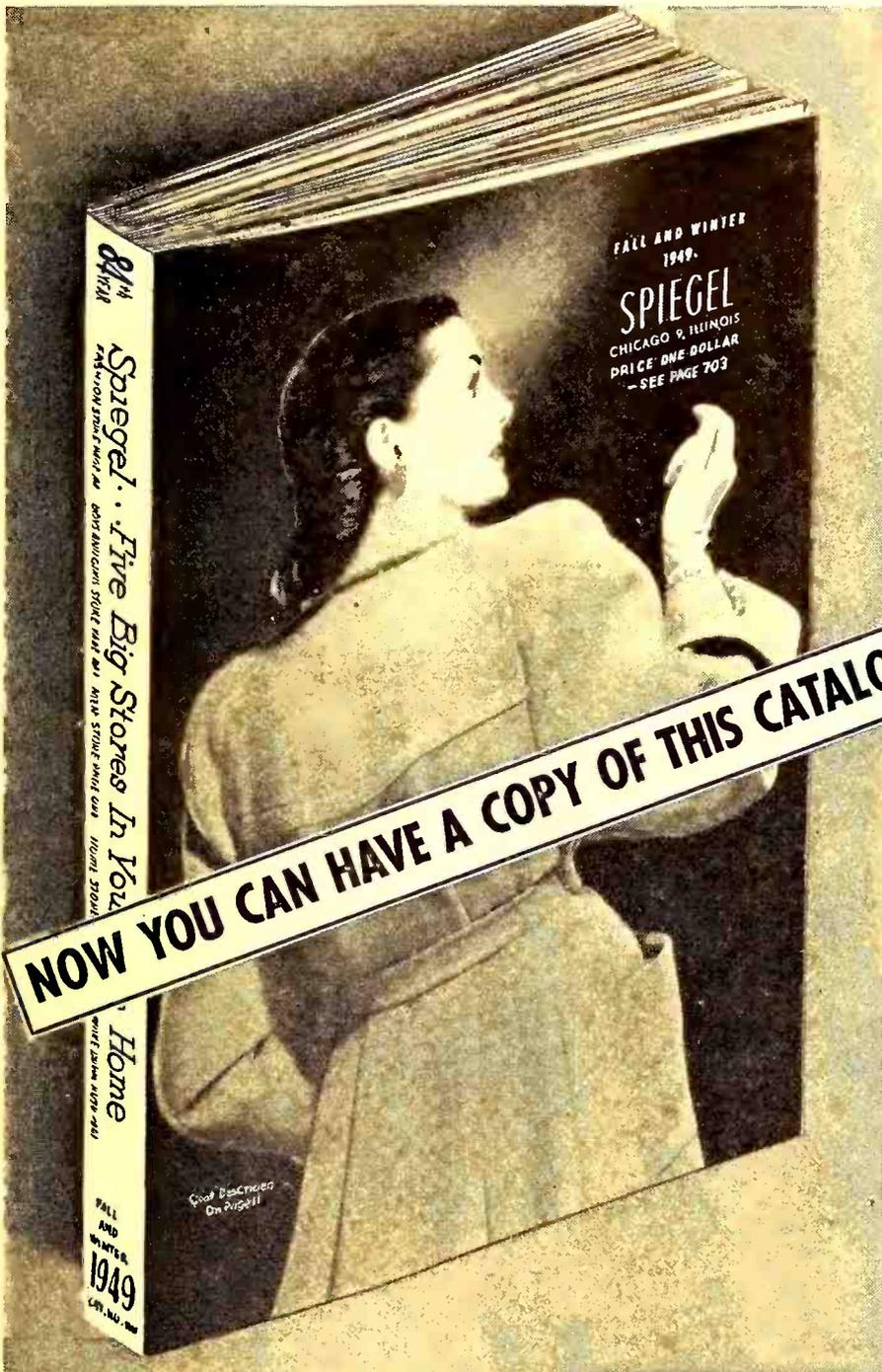
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