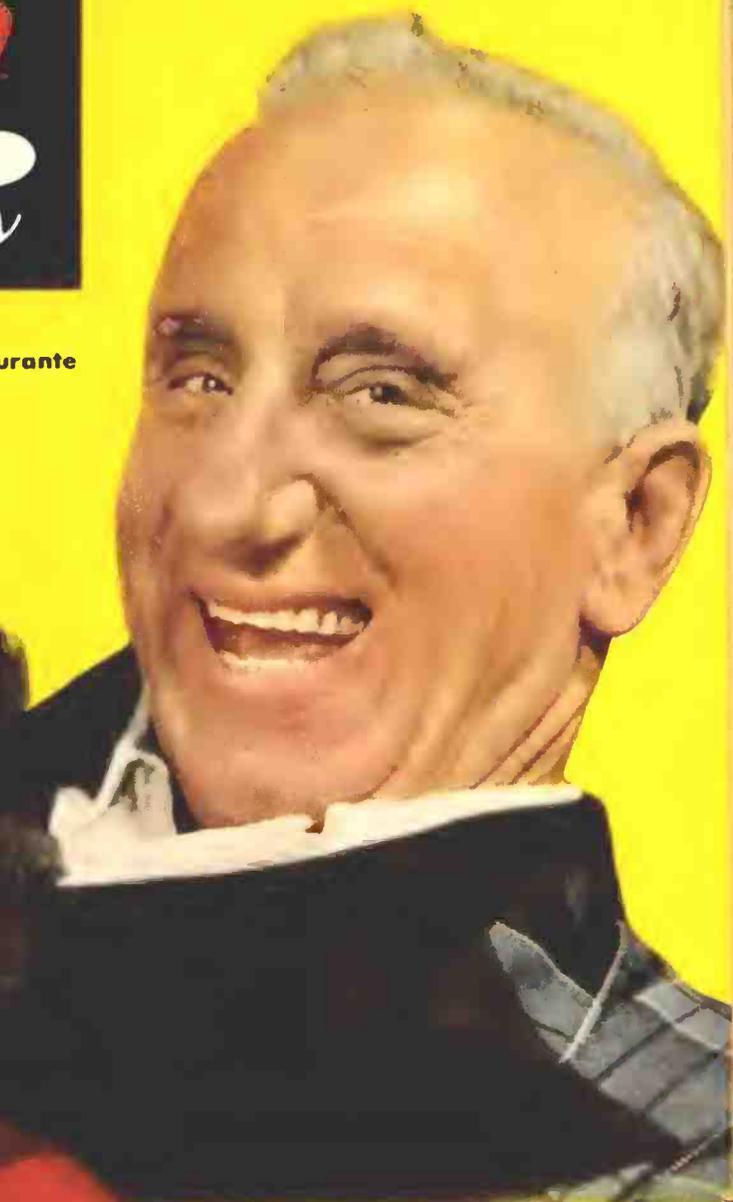


RADIO **Television** **MIRROR**

Two Magazines in One
April 25¢

Jan Allison

Jimmy Durante



Special Section!

BERT PARKS—STOP THE MUSIC:
at-home pictures, stories
of all the radio, TV show casts!

20 RADIO STORIES—21 TV STORIES

Tallulah Bankhead

Jackie Gleason

We Love and Learn

Portia

Brighter Day

Ronald Colman

Burr Tillstrom

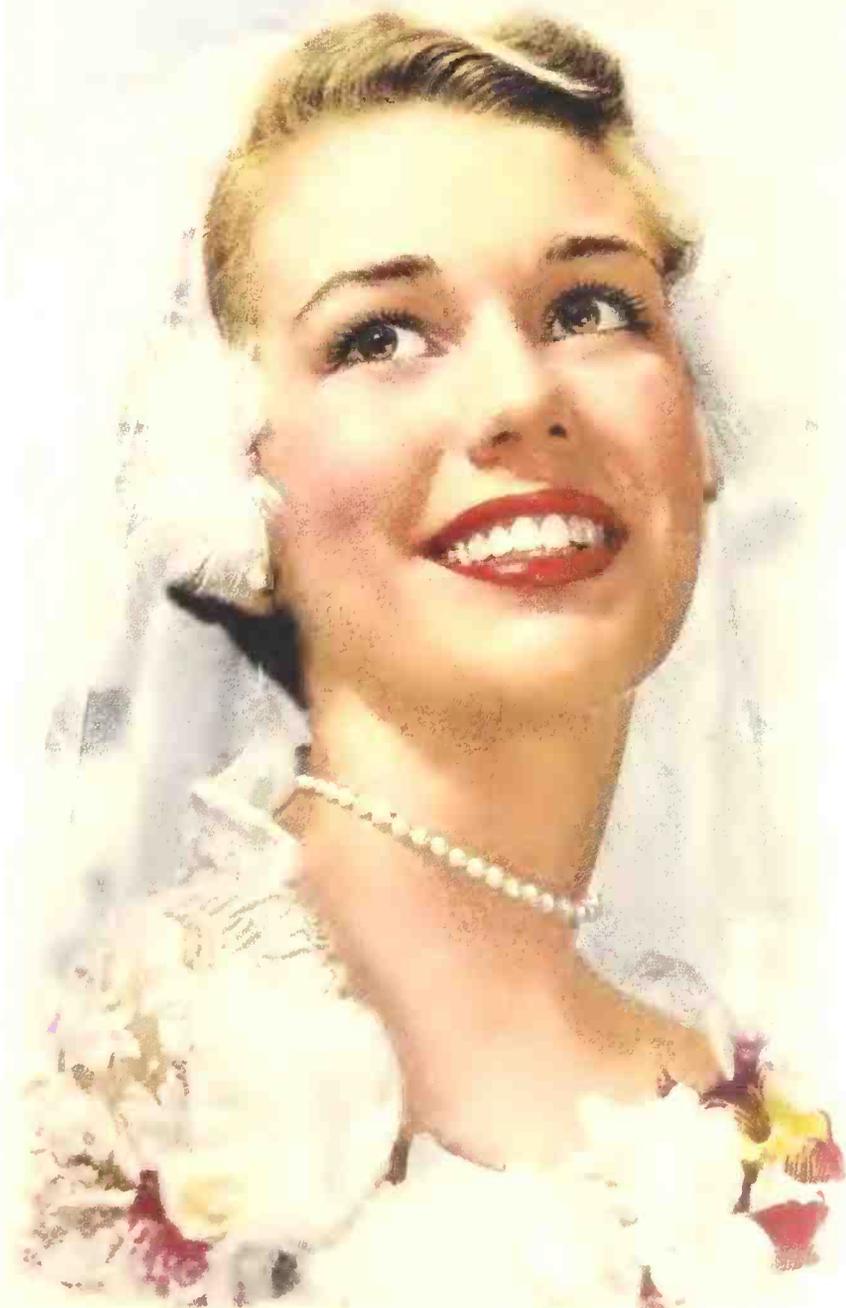
Walter O'Keefe

Maggi McNellis

*That June Bride
Complexion!*

Win a softer, smoother skin with your First Cake of Camay!

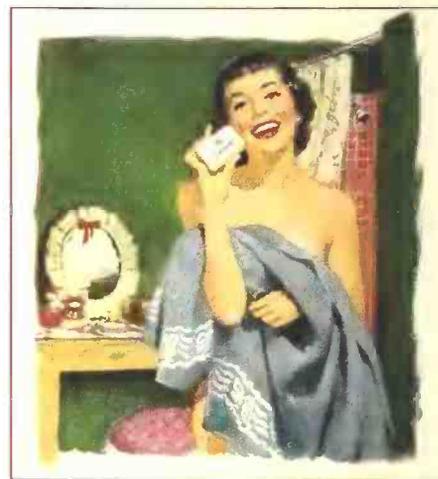
*This lovely, lovely Camay Bride is MRS. CHARLES A. MORROW, Jr.,
the former Barbara Sommers of Califon, N. J.*



"Divinely tall and most divinely fair" is Barbara Morrow—with hazel eyes and a complexion any girl might envy. She won that softer, lovelier look with Camay. Yes, with her very *first cake!*

"My sister was a Camay Bride," says the beautiful Barbara. "And everyone raves about her complexion. So I tried regular Camay care myself. My skin was softer—clearer—with my *first cake* of Camay!"

You can wake the sleeping beauty of your skin, too, with your *first cake* of Camay. Change to regular care...use mild, gentle, rich-lathering Camay alone. Never let a lesser soap touch your skin—and expect quick, new loveliness!



Display a lovelier skin!

Use Camay in your bath, too—give all your skin a luxurious beauty treatment! The daily Camay Beauty Bath brings to your arms and legs and shoulders that "beautifully cared-for" look. It touches you with Camay's flattering fragrance. Bathe your way to new beauty with Camay!

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

Camay

Camay's so mild and gentle! It gives such a rich, fragrant lather—and the "Beauty-Bath" size is Camay at its best. Big, handy, economical—that's the size of it! More creamy lather—that's the beauty of this larger cake!

the Soap of Beautiful Women





When a **COLD** threatens to run through a family

...it's Listerine Antiseptic for Everybody!

A safe, direct way to fight infection

IF SOMEONE in your home has a cold don't let it become a "family epidemic".

Prompt and repeated use of Listerine Antiseptic as a gargle may keep the infection from spreading . . . protect the person who hasn't a cold from the one who has. It's a safe, direct way to help avoid infection.

Kills Secondary Invaders

You see, Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of germs called Secondary Invaders.

They are the very germs that many authorities say cause much of the misery of colds when they invade the tissue.

Listerine Antiseptic often halts such an invasion, attacks the germs before they can attack you.

Tests showed germ reduction up to 96.7% even 15 minutes after a Listerine Antiseptic gargle; up to 80% even one hour after.

Whatever else you do

So, whatever else you do, start gargling with Listerine Antiseptic at the first sign of a sneeze, cough or snuffle. It's a safe, direct way to attack the invasion—no dangerous side-effects.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.



A single gargle has reduced germs 96.7% in tests

Among the **SECONDARY INVADERS** are the following:
(1) Pneumococcus Type IV, (2) Streptococcus viridans, (3) Micrococcus catarrhalis, (4) Staphylococcus aureus, (5) Streptococcus hemolyticus, (6) Friedlander's bacillus, (7) Bacillus influenzae, (8) Pneumococcus Type III.





New finer
MUM
more effective longer!

NOW CONTAINS AMAZING NEW
INGREDIENT M-3 TO PROTECT UNDERARMS
AGAINST ODOR-CAUSING BACTERIA

When you're close to the favorite man in your life, be sure you *stay* nice to be near. Guard against underarm odor this new, *better* way!

Better, longer protection. Yes, new Mum with M-3 safely protects against bacteria that *cause* underarm odor. Doesn't give odor a chance to start.

Softer, creamier new Mum smooths on easily, doesn't cake. Contains no harsh ingredients to irritate skin. Will not rot or discolor finest fabrics.

Thrifter new Mum gives you more applications, ounce for ounce, than other leading deodorants. Contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. No shrinkage, no waste. Exclusive new fragrance. Get a jar of new Mum today!



New MUM cream deodorant
A Product of Bristol-Myers



APRIL, 1951

RADIO
Television
MIRROR

VOL. 35, NO. 5

PEOPLE ON THE AIR

KEYSTONE

Bobby Benson Finds A Brother.....	6
Walter O'Keefe	9
Haven For Pets.....	11
What Easter Means To Me.....by Barbara Welles	13
Felix and Billy Knight.....	18
Lady Hamilton.....	21
What Easter Means To Me.....by Margaret Arlen	25
Easter—A Good Friday Message.....by Dr. Paul Keeler	29
"They're All Darlings!".....by Tallulah Bankhead	32
Portia Faces Life—a picture story.....	34
Come And Visit The Ronald Colmans.....by Viola Moore	42
Does Motherhood Change A Woman's Life?—A Brighter Day Problem....	46
Special Section On Stop The Music—Radio and TV	
At Home, A Different Man!.....by Martin Cohen	54
Betty Ann Grove, Jimmy Blaine.....	58
Marion Morgan, Harry Salter.....	59
Kay Armen, Dick Brown.....	60
The Story Of Dr. Kildare.....	64
Background to Danger.....	74
Can A Woman Forsake Her Husband?.....	80

INSIDE RADIO

Information Booth	12
-------------------------	----

FOR BETTER LIVING

Easy On The Eyes.....by Dorry Ellis	4
Teen Troubles.....by Terry Burton	16
Nonsense And Some-Sense.....	26
Daytime Fashions For You—featuring Nora Drake.....	44
Junior Mirror.....	50
Good Beginnings.....by Nancy Craig	52
This Is My Life.....by Betty Wragge	62
Fun Of The Month.....	74
Poetry	79

TELEVISION

History Is Made On TV.....	14
Are Women Smarter Than Men?.....by Maggi McNellis	30
Burr's My Neighbor!.....by Fran Allison	36
There's Only One Jimmy.....	38
Cavalcade Of Gleason.....	40
The First Hundred Years.....	48
Who's Who In Television	
Betty Brewer, Guy Lehow.....	66
Mimi Benzell, Connie Sawyer.....	67
Butch Cavell, Snooky Lanson.....	68
TV Program Listings.....	75

YOUR LOCAL STATION

WCBS: Sterling Character.....	8
WCOP: Tales by Terry.....	10
WBEN: Re: Jim Tranter.....	22
KDKA: The Goose Hangs High.....	24

RADIO MIRROR READER BONUS

Daytime Diary.....	86
One Foolish Gesture.....	90

P. 52—Dinnerware—Conversation Piece by Walter Darwin Teague

ON THE COVER: Fran Allison Photo by Camera Associates
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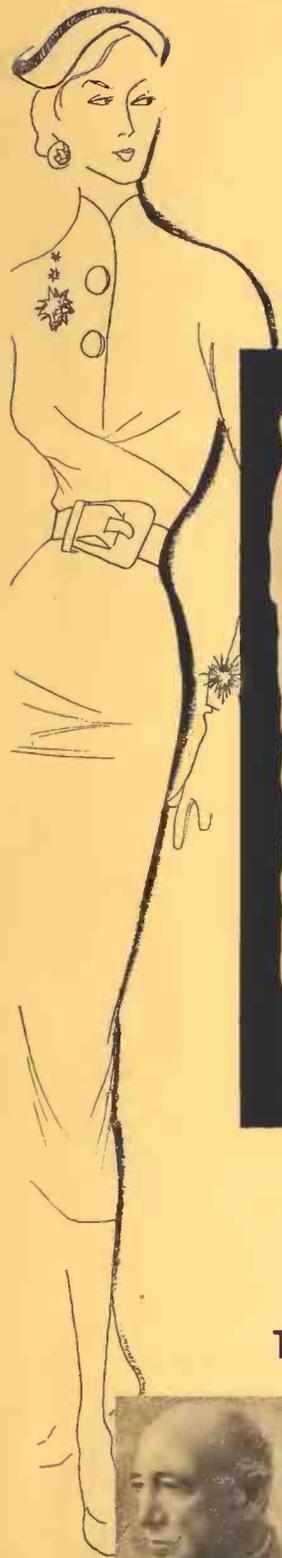
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New "Poured-In" Silhouette Gives Designers 5 New Reasons to Recommend

INVISIBLE PLAYTEX® PINK-ICE

Top designers say that you can have the new "Poured-in" Silhouette with a Playtex Girdle. It's one smooth line from waist to hips to thighs in newest fashions. Waistlines are slenderer. Hips are narrower. Skirts are straight—and really figure-moulding.

Made of smooth latex, without a seam, stitch or bone, PLAYTEX PINK-ICE gives your clothes that *poured-in* look, gives you new slimness and freedom. And it's invisible under your slenderest sheath! At department stores and better specialty shopseverywhere.



MADE BY A REVOLUTIONARY new latex process, PLAYTEX PINK-ICE is light as a snowflake, fresh as a daisy, actually "breathes" with you—dispels body heat. This sensational girdle fits and feels like a second skin, takes just ten seconds to suds, ten seconds to pat dry with a towel.

Take a Fashion Tip from Top Designers



ANTHONY BLOTTA, great New York suit designer: "Playtex works such wonders with the figure! It slims and trims away inches—gives you a lithe, supple silhouette."



TONI OWEN, famous for her sports clothes separates: "It takes a wonderful girdle to give you this kind of a silhouette in complete comfort, but Playtex does it!"



CAPTAIN MOLYNEUX, designer to royalty: "The woman who wants to wear the newest clothes successfully must have this lithe Playtex figure."



ON TELEVISION
PLAYTEX
Presents



Starring **ILKA CHASE**
Top afternoon entertainment on CBS-TV Network
(see local paper for time and channel)

- In SLIM, shimmering pink tubes, PLAYTEX PINK-ICE GIRDLES \$4.95 to \$5.95
- In SLIM, silvery tubes, PLAYTEX LIVING® GIRDLES \$3.95 to \$4.95
- In SLIM, golden tubes, PLAYTEX FAB-LINED GIRDLES \$5.95 to \$6.95
—Fabric next to your skin—

All prices slightly higher in Canada and Foreign Countries

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

INTERNATIONAL LATEX CORPORATION
Playtex Park ©1951 Dover Del.
PLAYTEX LTD. Montreal, Canada

R
M

It's Time to Give Up!

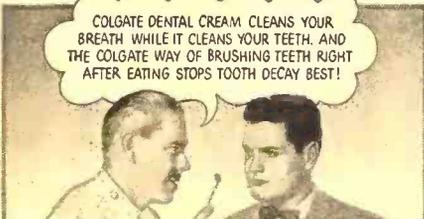


EVEN THAT SILLY CUCKOO KNOWS YOU'RE GIVING ME A BAD TIME, SALLY! WHAT'S HAPPENED?

NOTHING AN EXPERT ON... ON BAD BREATH CAN'T FIX, TOM! SO ASK YOUR DENTIST, WON'T YOU, PLEASE?



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



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

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST

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

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

LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream

COLGATE CARE CAN TAKE A BOW FOR THINGS RUN SMOOTH AS CLOCKWORK NOW!



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



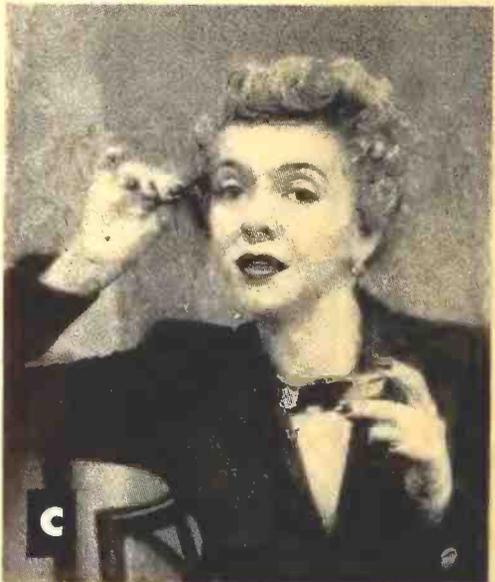
*YOU SHOULD KNOW! While not mentioned by name, Colgate's was the only toothpaste used in the research on tooth decay recently reported in Reader's Digest.

Easy on the
eyes

a Betty Furness, hostess of ABC-TV's *Penthouse Party*, enhances her appearance by dramatizing her eyes. One method is by using eyebrow pencil.

b "Eye shadow, too, is becoming if you learn to wear it subtly—and it's not difficult to apply. I particularly like the blue and violet shades."

c Betty feels every woman should wear mascara. "I never feel well-groomed without it and you'd be amazed what it does for your entire appearance."



"Hollywood won't show my favorite scenes!"

BETTY FURNESS is a party girl. Every Friday evening she invites you to join her at Penthouse Party, on ABC-TV.

"I'm interested in people," says personable Betty. "I love to entertain. I usually invite stage, screen, or radio stars to my penthouse parties on Friday. The viewers at home are my guests, too! And we have fun, in a relaxed way, telling stories, performing informally, or singing."

While she is talking so vivaciously, one of the first things you notice about Betty are her eyes. They're big, blue, and bewitching. And Betty, a smart girl, takes special care of them.

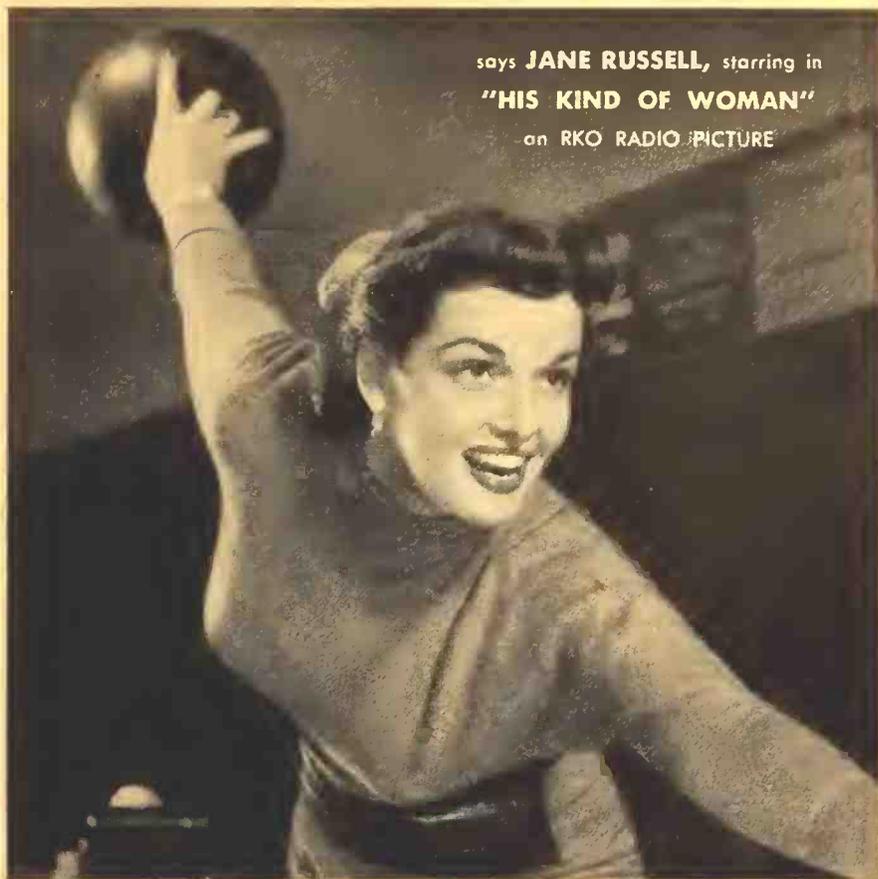
"The bright lights in the television studios are often trying. I usually bathe my eyes in a soothing solution. Then, I apply pads of cotton that have been soaked in cool water. You'd be surprised how ten minutes of relaxation in this way, can renew the sparkle in your eyes.

"I really learned how to use eye make-up effectively when I was playing on Broadway in 'The Doughgirls.' Of course, for street wear, I always wear eye make-up, too.

"And I really believe every woman should wear mascara. You really aren't properly groomed without it. I use brown mascara most of the time. But if I am wearing a blue dress, then wear a dark blue mascara. It really does things for blue eyes!

"Eye shadow is becoming if you learn to wear it subtly. It can create a dreamy background effect. For a touch of drama, I like to accent the shape of my eyes by extending the corners of the eyelid, with my eyebrow pencil. Then, I pencil my brows and extend them slightly, also. That's the simple story of how I use make-up to enhance my eyes. Of course, I don't have to add that every smart woman can add to her attractiveness by calling attention to her eyes."

BY DORRY ELLIS



says **JANE RUSSELL**, starring in
"HIS KIND OF WOMAN"
 an RKO RADIO PICTURE

"I'm always cast in exotic roles, so no one sees me in settings I like best... at the bowling alley and golf course. These sports are harsh on my hands.



And hours of badminton leave my skin parched...



But Jergens Lotion softens my hands and face...



So they're lovely for close-ups at the studio."



Being a liquid, Jergens is absorbed by thirsty skin.



Prove it with this simple test described above...



You'll see why Jergens Lotion is my beauty secret.

More women use Jergens Lotion than any other hand care in the world
 STILL 10c TO \$1.00 (PLUS TAX)

FOR BETTER LIVING

Bobby Benson



Little George Georgias, eleven-year-old legless Greek boy, a Foster Plan War Orphan, welcomes Bobby at the London airport. George has been an avid cowboy fan ever since he returned from New York where he'd been taken from Corinth, Greece, for artificial legs.



The toys which Bobby distributed were collected in a nation-wide appeal to American youngsters which garnered over 100,000 items. Bobby was received by the Lord Mayor of London and was asked to speak over the BBC network on behalf of Europe's orphans.



In Paris Bobby placed a wreath on the tomb of the Unknown Soldier at the Arc de Triomphe. He and his foster brother, Andre, standing at Bobby's left, attended a tea at the Grand Palace and appeared on the French radio together. Bobby also appeared on TV.



Bobby visited The Lea—the country home in Denham, England, which is maintained by Foster Parents Plan—on horseback, much to the delight of the young orphans who live there. The children later joined Bobby in a half-hour Radio Luxembourg program.

Finds A Brother



In Brussels, Bobby was made an honorary member of the Souvenir, an organization made up of members of the Belgian underground who are helping war orphans. The pretty little Belgian girl seated on Bobby's right confided to him she'd like to be an actress.



Ice Cream and cake tastes fine no matter what language you eat in, as Bobby and Andre discover. Bobby also traveled to Frankfurt, Germany, where he entertained children in the American school. In Amsterdam he distributed over 500 packages to children.

• Recently Bobby Benson of the B-Bar-B Riders made a special trip abroad to aid in the distribution of toys and clothing to the war orphans of Europe. Sponsored by the Foster Parents Plan, Bobby's two-week trip covered four countries including France where Bobby found his brother—eleven-year-old Andre Marchat. Under the Foster Parents Plan, Andre will continue to live in Paris but Bobby, by virtue of "adoption" will help contribute to his rehabilitation. Foster relatives who never see each other establish a personal relationship via letters.

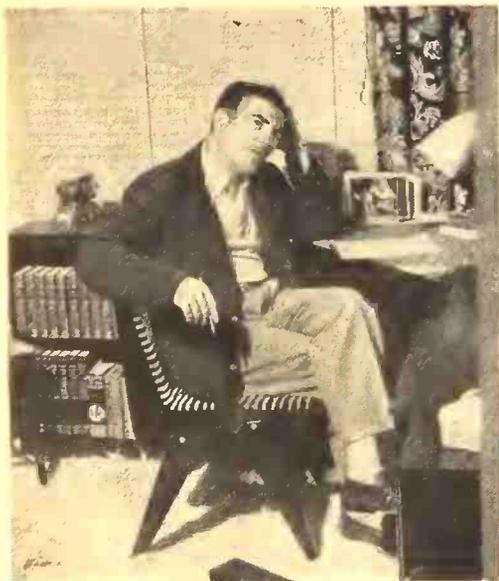


Bobby Benson Show: Sat., 5 P.M. EST, WOR in New York, 3:30 P.M. EST, Sun., WOR and Tues. & Thur., 5:55 P.M. to 6 P.M. EST, WOR. Latter show is sponsored by Kraft Foods. Consult your local newspaper for other MBS stations.

STERLING CHARACTER



Thanks to his tiny Hillman-Minx, the parking problems of CBS personality Jack Sterling are few in New York City.



Jack's East Side apartment affords plenty of opportunity for cooking and studying scripts for his CBS radio stint and TV Big Top role.



Jack Sterling, who took on one of radio's toughest assignments when he succeeded Arthur Godfrey in the morning hours (WCBS, Mon. through Saturday, 6-7:45 A.M., EST), began his third year in the same spot on Wednesday, Nov. 1, 1950—the time previously occupied by Godfrey for more than seven years.

Sterling, a veteran of more than ten years in Midwestern radio, was selected for the job in a nationwide combing of personalities. His easy-going style, in the opinion of WCBS executives, was just what the doctor ordered for the early morning audience.

At the age of sixteen, Jack secretly wrote a letter to a well-known Chicago agent, Jack Winninger, brother of the famous actor, Charles Winninger. Sent him his picture and asked for a job. He was hired on the strength of his letter plus a picture and shortly was playing leading roles in a Wisconsin Repertory Company. This strangely enough, met with parental favor. "He's going to be a ham anyway," said Mr. Sterling, "and he might as well get going."

When Jack was born—thirty-five years ago—his mother and father called on their two best friends, Mr. and Mrs. George Sohm, to act as godparents for the tiny baby. The Sohms had stood up with the Sterlings when they were married; the four young people had much in common and the childless Sohms were delighted to be godfather and godmother to the wee new Sterling.

And maybe, during the christening services, when the minister asked their pledges to watch out for the infant, the Sohms gave him an extra wish—that someday he'd be top man in a circus! For the Sohms were important performers with the Hagenback and Wallace circus in those days.

Today, in addition to his early-morning radio stint, Jack is top man with a circus—a highly exciting one—The Big Top, which is televised over CBS-TV every Saturday at noon, EST. Jack is the ringmaster who introduces the wonderful, thrilling acts that make The Big Top one of televisions most interesting spectacles.

"I guess it was just meant to be. I've been crazy over the circus since I was a kid," Jack says. "I remember once, when I was just a tiny boy, the Sohms let me ride in the 'specs' and I was so excited I almost died of joy. I visited them many, many times and each visit brought me something new and thrilling. Meeting and getting to know the great animal trainer, Clyde Beatty, was the best thing that ever happened to me."

When he was in Chicago working for CBS, he was ringmaster at the Coliseum for two performances of the Chicago Milk Fund and that was a great thrill. Later, in New York, he had the world-famous clown, Felix Adler, as his program guest. Adler reciprocated in a wonderful way—he asked Jack to be a guest clown at a performance of the Ringling Brothers-Barnum and Bailey circus in Madison Square Garden.

"A fool about the circus? You bet I am!" Jack declares, "and don't you think it is fate? Who else ever had a godmother and godfather who were circus people?"

Double Or Nothing's Walter O'Keefe and his teen-age sons, Michael and Tony.



WALTER O'KEEFE

When an actor turns writer it's almost as newsworthy as man bites dog. Writer turning actor, unlike dog bites man, might be classified as extraordinary, too. But what all this adds up to is: given the choice between a professional writer's doing a story on Walter O'Keefe and Walter O'Keefe's doing a story on Walter O'Keefe, naturally your editors chose Walter. They knew you'd prefer to read his very own story—even if you had to wait another month for it. Walter was advertised as appearing in this issue. He's even mentioned on the cover of this magazine, which went to press long before the story change was decided. A glimpse at this story, which will definitely appear in the May issue of RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR, assures the editors that it was well-worth waiting for. Walter describes his background—his parents, the days at Notre Dame when he formed a fast friendship with Knute Rockne, the famous gridiron coach, his bout with polio, his beginnings on the stage—all the milestones that led to the Walter O'Keefe of radio's Double or Nothing. Look for this story—it's in the May issue which goes on sale at the newstands, Wednesday, April 11.

May also means Awards. Next month's issue will carry the RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR Awards for 1950—the final tabulation on the stars and programs for which you voted last November and December. You'll surely want to find out how many of your candidates won—even if you didn't vote, you'll enjoy the special Awards pages. There'll be pictures—mostly in color—and stories on the entertainers you singled out in the fourth annual RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR Awards.

Also in May RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR: Sid Caesar, the Aldrich family (TV), Johnny and Penny Olsen, Our Gal Sunday, Harriet Hilliard Nelson, Hilltop House, Road of Life and Alan Young.



She thought her face was clean...



***Until* she took the "tissue test"!**

The "Tissue Test" convinced Dorothy Lamour that *there is a difference* in cleansing creams. She's co-star of the Cecil B. DeMille Production "The Great Show on Earth", Color by Technicolor.

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

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

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

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

Buy a jar today—25¢ to 97¢, plus tax.



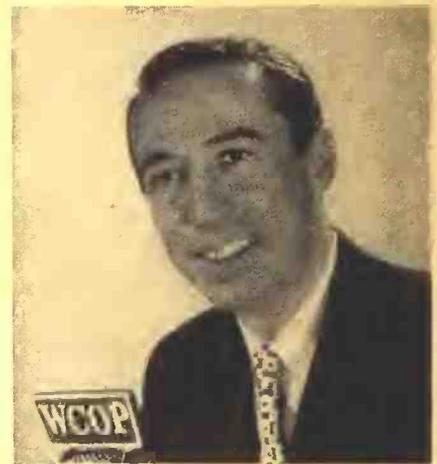
Woodbury Cold Cream

floats out hidden dirt...

penetrates deeper because it contains Penaten



Round-Up time in Boston means it's 4 P.M. and time for Terry Cowling. WCOP also presents Terry in a program of rare recordings on Sunday.



Round-Up Ranch's head man has been with the Boston station for ten years:

TALES by TERRY

With the words "Welcome to Round-Up Ranch," Terry Cowling invites one and all to a real hillbilly-Western-hoedown session each afternoon at 4 P.M. over WCOP and WCOP-FM. And Terry is quite proud of his unusual program because in the past four years Round-Up Ranch has grown from fifteen minutes to forty-five minutes with an increasing and loyal audience.

The music for Round-Up Ranch breaks down into three groups: hillbilly; Western; and hoedown and square dances. Although many of the square dances are native to New England and familiar to WCOP listeners, Round-Up Ranch is fast building followers for the other types of native American music. Terry often tells stories of the origin of the music along with many amazing tales of the tunes which are completely new to Boston and local listeners.

One of the things that Terry likes to point out is the fact that many of the hillbilly songs today were never actually written on paper but were handed down from one singer to another, and it is only recently that they have been recorded. Many of these songs are Elizabethan in character and by listening to them it is possible to trace the early days of our country. Terry's favorite recording artists of these tunes include Cousin Emmy, Burl Ives, Ernest Tubbs and Grandpa Jones.

Interspersed with these numbers are songs indige-

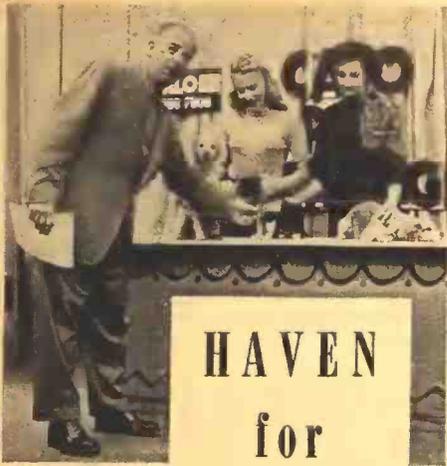
nous to the West and Terry Cowling is one announcer who firmly believes that if more folks would only give themselves a chance to listen to this music, they would become rabid fans.

Of course, most New Englanders are accustomed to the Saturday night square dances in Grange Halls, and the husking bees where all the neighbors help a farmer shuck his corn. Though many people regard folks from these parts as being on the conservative side, the farmer who finds a red ear of corn at the husking bee wins a kiss from the prettiest girl—a custom that antedates radio by a good many years.

These are just a few of the unusual program notes that Terry injects into Round-Up Ranch. To add flavor and authenticity, Terry usually includes the weather reports for North Dakota, South Dakota, Kentucky, Tennessee and Montana—so that the many local residents who have moved from these states will still know what the weather is like down where Aunt Susie lives.

Terry will celebrate his tenth anniversary with WCOP this month and, in addition to the fun he has doing research on Round-Up Ranch, he has a hobby of collecting and playing the cylinder records of years back on an old Edison gramophone. This hobby he also shares with his radio listeners each Sunday at 1:45 P.M. on his Wax Museum.

Frank Wright places homeless pets via Hollywood's KTTV Friday, 7 P.M. PST.



HAVEN for PETS

Jim Watson was one of those American lads who stormed up the black volcanic sands of Iwo Jima with the Second Marine Division, and those bleak, danger-fraught beaches were the last sight seen by Jim's own eyes.

Before the war Jim had worked as an outside investigator for a finance firm. His blindness, however, made it impossible for him to return to his job.

Friends often had suggested that perhaps a guide dog would be the solution, but the cost had held him back. Then Jim's wishes were answered almost miraculously when he received a call from a representative of Guide Dogs for the Blind.

The story behind Jim's gift of the guide dog is the story of an idea. One day in 1938, Frank Wright was rambling through a newscast over a San Francisco radio station when an announcer slipped a sheet of paper under his nose with the plea: "Wanted, a home for an abandoned puppy, breed undetermined. The people who owned this dog left town today. We don't want him killed."

The results were amazing. Wright was convinced that a medium for placing homeless pets was needed.

At the end of a week he had secured a probational sponsor who agreed to try such a program—once.

"It can't work," the businessman insisted, "but I'm willing to spend the money just to prove that people will tune you off."

Today, twelve years later, Wright has the same sponsor and more and more people every week listen to the Pet Exchange. Its recent invasion of television was the means by which Jim Watson got his guide dog. A viewer of the television Pet Exchange responded to the plea for young shepherd dogs to be trained as guide dogs for the blind. The dog went to Jim as a gift from the viewer who loved pets and appreciated the conscientious work of the Exchange.

Now! Easier, surer protection for your marriage hygiene problem



1. DEODORANT (Protection from odor)

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

2. ANTISEPTIC (Protection from germs)

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

3. CONVENIENT (So easy to use)

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



A Norwich
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✓ TRUSTED by Women

NEW IMPROVED NORFORMS

VAGINAL SUPPOSITORIES
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FREE informative Norforms booklet

Just mail this coupon to: Dept. RT-4
Norwich Pharmaceutical Company,
Norwich, N. Y.

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

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City _____ Zone _____ State _____

These are
strong words



positively

there is no outside bulk whatever to worry you if you wear Tampax for monthly protection. Designed by a doctor for this special use, Tampax discards belts, pins, external pads.

absolutely

no odor can form with Tampax — and no chafing is possible. Because Tampax is worn internally—invisible and *unfelt* when in place. No need to remove for tub or shower. . . . Made of highly absorbent surgical cotton compressed into dainty applicators, Tampax is easy to insert and quick to change. Disposal easy. So compact that average month's supply fits into purse.

emphatically

it can be said that Tampax causes no edge-lines or hampering bulk to bring fears that others will "know" Wear Tampax and increase your sense of well-being on those "difficult days." Buy it at drug store or notion counter. Three absorbencies (Regular, Super, Junior.) Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising
by the Journal of the American Medical Association

INFORMATION BOOTH

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

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

BASHFUL BROADCASTER

Dear Editor:

Would you please tell me something about Galen Drake? I have listened to him for many years but I have never seen a picture of him or heard anything about his background. How old is he and is he married?

Ridgefield Park, N. J.

Mrs. K. M.

Galen Drake is a bachelor of forty-three. Until recently, he felt his age and youthful appearance would handicap his program, so he never allowed himself to be photographed. About a year ago, however, he broke his silence for RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR. For a picture of Mr. Drake and further details about his life, see RADIO TV MIRROR for September 1949.

PAPA PHILIP



PHILIP LOEB

Dear Editor:

My friend and I have been having a discussion about Philip Loeb, who is Jake on The Goldbergs. Didn't he recently make a picture?

Clovis, N. M.

Miss R. F.

You're right. He had an important part in "A Double Life," with Ronald Colman, and he also was seen in "Room Service" with the Marx Brothers.

MEMO ON MUG



MUG
RICHARDSON

Dear Editor:

Can you tell me what has happened to Mug Richardson? I never hear her with Arthur Godfrey any more. Philadelphia, Pa.

Mrs. C.P.

Mug resigned her position and is no longer associated with Godfrey. At this writing her future plans are not settled.

BEST-DRESSED



DENNIS JAMES

Dear Editor:

I have heard that Robert Q. Lewis was voted one of the ten best-dressed men of the year. Who are the others? Are any of them on TV? Baltimore, Md.

Miss M. H.

Television seems to have the lion's share of best-dressed men. Also on the list were Dennis James, Ted Collins, Sid Caesar and producer Chuck Trnum, in addition to actors Lee Bowman and Basil Rathbone, senator Warren Austin, bandleader Sammy Kaye and businessman Paul Parnes. The Fashion Authority of the American Male annually selects the country's ten best dressed men and, this year, the TV camera seems to have brought into the nation's focus many hitherto unsung Beau Brummels.

WHAT EASTER MEANS TO ME



By BARBARA WELLES

The Barbara Welles show is heard M-F, 4 P.M. EST on WOR and seen weekdays on WOR-TV, 10 A.M. EST.

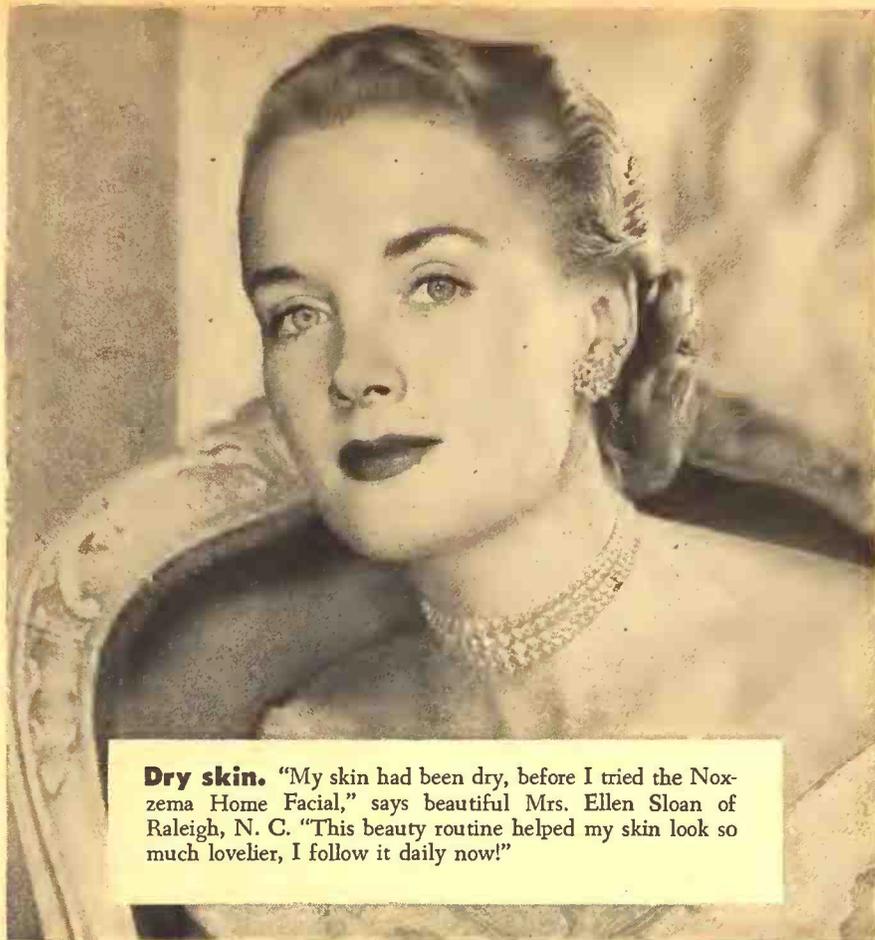
I suppose if you played one of those word association games and asked people to name the word that first popped into their minds at the mention of Easter—the majority would say “bonnet.”

And if you ask a woman to analyze her thoughts when she buys that Easter outfit, you'll find them more complex than the men who joke about the hats would believe.

The Easter Parade starts many months before. In the country, even those usually afflicted with acute landscape and beauty blindness suddenly search for each new sprig of green. In the city, it may be only the pushcarts and the shop windows that burst into bloom but the effect is the same. And Easter is the climax. For one day at least, we put on new eyes as well as new clothes.

At Easter, more than any other time, it seems like the beginning of another year. Even the most practical woman wants to be a part of this new, suddenly young world. It's a fresh start. The suit is feminine, for once, not chosen to withstand cold weather and frequent cleanings. The bonnet flaunts courage as well as color, and the corsage—well—that shows that man in her life thought she chose wisely—and more important, that he did too.

Actually, then, the new suit and that all-important hat are not really so flippant—so foolish. The high-heeled shoes that lead the Easter Parade lead a better parade than any display of military might . . . For this is a holiday and a Holy Day—perhaps more important than ever now in a world that seems to need more time and thought for both of them.



Dry skin. “My skin had been dry, before I tried the Noxzema Home Facial,” says beautiful Mrs. Ellen Sloan of Raleigh, N. C. “This beauty routine helped my skin look so much lovelier, I follow it daily now!”

LOOK LOVELIER in 10 DAYS with Doctor's Home Facial ... or your money back!

New Beauty Routine Quickly Helps Skin Look Softer, Smoother, Lovelier!

No need for a lot of elaborate preparations . . . no complicated rituals! With just one dainty, snow-white cream—*greaseless, medicated* Noxzema—you can help your skin look softer, smoother and lovelier!

The way to use it is as easy as washing your face. It's the Noxzema Home Facial, described at the right. Developed by a doctor, in clinical tests it helped 4 out of 5 women, with problem skin, to look lovelier!

See how it can help you!

With this doctor's Home Facial, you “creamwash” skin to glowing cleanliness—without any dry, drawn feeling afterwards. You give skin the all-day protection of a greaseless powder base . . . the all-night aid of a medicated cream that helps heal, soften and smooth—and leaves no greasy film.

Money-Back Offer! Try the Noxzema Home Facial for 10 days. If skin doesn't show real improvement, return jar to Noxzema, Baltimore, Md.—your money back.

Save these directions for the Noxzema Home Facial . . . follow them daily to look lovelier!



Morning—Apply Noxzema over face and neck. With a damp cloth, “creamwash” as you would with soap and water. No dry, drawn feeling afterwards! Now, smooth on a light film of Noxzema for your powder base. It not only holds make-up beautifully, but also helps protect your skin all day!



Evening—At bedtime, “creamwash” again. How clean your skin looks! How fresh it feels! See how you've washed away make-up, dirt—without rubbing! Now, lightly massage Noxzema into skin to help soften and smooth. Pat a bit extra over any blemishes* to help heal them. Noxzema's greaseless—no “smeary” face!

Special Trial Offer! Try Noxzema! Get your jar today at any drug or cosmetic counter. For a *limited time* you can get the reg. 40¢ jar of Noxzema Skin Cream for only 29¢, plus tax!

NOXZEMA

*externally-caused

for a
Gayla
 hair-do
 every day
 all day



more women use

Gayla
HOLD·BOB

bobby pins than all other
 brands combined

SET CURLS EASIER
HOLD HAIR-DOS BETTER



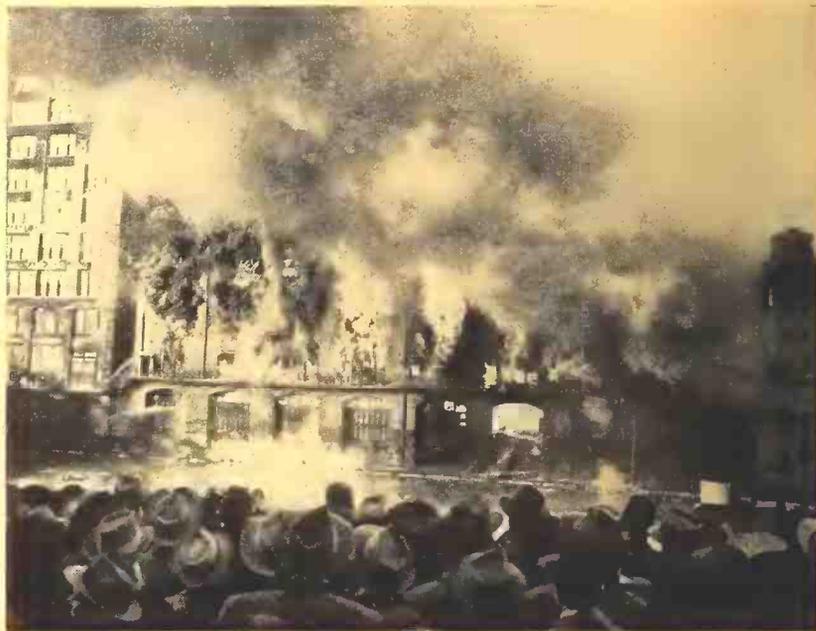
for NEW hair-do glamour
 wear the NEW, modern
 Permanized
 Run-Resistant

Gayla
 HAIR NETS



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HISTORY IS MADE



Separated from the flames by the Chicago River, a crowd watches the blaze in which four firemen were killed. Opposite, a fireboat on the river pours water into the flaming warehouse. Quick-acting Chicago telecasters caught these scenes for millions of American viewers.

It's taken for granted now, this miracle of television. We who live within reach of the towering bat wings antennas complacently expect we can flick a switch and have delivered into our living rooms a choice of plays, comedy, news and education. It's like telephones, electric refrigerators, gas stoves and all the other everyday marvels of the Twentieth Century.

Yet television, the nearest to human of all mechanical means of communication, still retains its ability to jolt us back into a new comprehension of its original miracle. There are times we can't escape the comprehension that television, to most intents and purposes, enables us to be two places simultaneously.

Such comprehension came again on January 12, 1951, when for the first time, networks cut into their regular scheduled programs to show a man-killing fire raging in Chicago. An estimated five million viewers again were conscious of the drama of television itself as well as of the sight they were witnessing.

There was nothing to herald the approach of an historic occasion. January 12 started out as just an ordinary day in which producers hassled about props, writers about scripts, actors about publicity and management about contracts.

And then it happened. At 4:10 P.M., EST, NBC interrupted the Kate Smith Show with an announcement that they were cutting to Chicago, and in an instant, on TV screens, Kate's smiling face was replaced by the leaping flames and billowing

smoke of a huge and raging fire.

NBC held its scoop for only a few minutes. At 4:20, ABC had it, at 5:15, CBS was showing it, and at 8:30 DuMont with a complete film story which began even before the first 5-11 alarms had been turned in.

In seconds, viewers knew more about the fire than if they had read a million words, listened to the most eloquent of narrators, or even elbowed their way to the guard rail across the river from the blaze.

There was just one thing the television coverage missed. No one said a word about the secondary drama which virtually every viewer wondered about—the drama which went on at the stations as the staff dropped its ordinary duties and rallied to put the fire on living room screens.

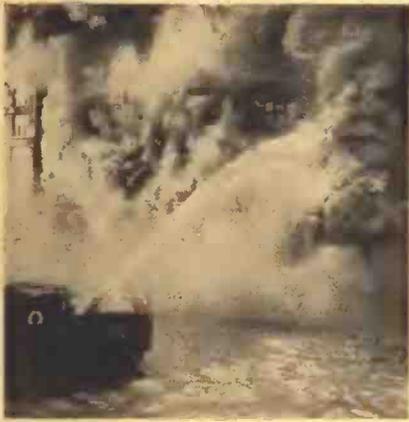
No one was ready for it. Television stations everywhere have found it safer, surer, cheaper; to cover news with motion picture film rather than try to move remote units out for direct telecasts to where it was happening. New York, Los Angeles and Chicago had one spectacular break apiece in 1946 and 1947, but after that, such on-the-spot coverage was primarily the pipe dream of salesmen talking hard to sell seven-inch screen sets. Television settled down to ordinary, dependable day-to-day reporting.

Yet even though no Chicago station was ready for it, everyone was prepared, for TV crews had dreamed of such a break. The fire occurred at LaSalle Street and the Chicago River, a spot in direct line of sight for three stations, and reachable by the fourth.

ON TV

Five million saw the Chicago fire no one was ready for but which everyone was prepared to cover

By
HELEN C. BOLSTAD,
Chicago Editor,
RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR



Flames, leaping high as a fifteen story building, roared a challenge that everyone accepted.

WNBQ was closest. Just one office building separated them from the blaze, and employees, returning from lunch, had pitched in to help pull fatally injured firemen from the debris of the first explosion, then rushed up to the nineteenth floor of the Merchandise Mart to help get the telecast on the air.

For no one questioned there would be a telecast. As soon as they saw the size of the conflagration, Howard Luttgens, the chief engineer and Paul Moore, TV engineering supervisor, snatched a camera and operator out of a Quiz Kids' rehearsal, and within half an hour were ready to go on the air from the nineteenth floor roof.

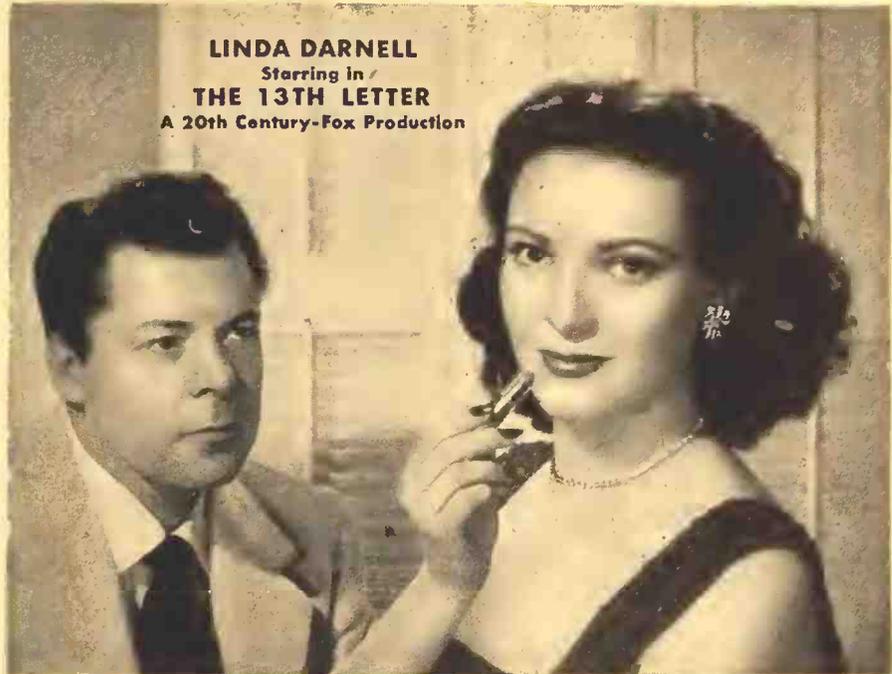
Their location, almost directly above the blaze, gave them an ideal perspective. Too ideal, in fact, everyone conceded when, during their second break into the network, an explosion occurred, showering burning embers all around them. Harried newsmen trying to assemble information had to jump from typewriters and telephones, grab fire extinguishers, and put out blazes. For once even Clifton Utley, one of the most suave of newsmen, was ruffled.

At ABC, there was a different problem. Engineering was easy. All they had to do was dolly cameras up to windows of their studios in both the Civic Opera and the Daily News buildings. Their trouble was to supply a commentary, for the station was (Continued on page 23)

LIPSTICK MAGIC FROM THE

Westmores OF Hollywood

THE MEN WHO MAKE THE STARS MORE BEAUTIFUL



FOR YOU—THE SAME COSMETICS MOVIE STARS USE ON SCREEN AND STREET

See how the star-tested Westmore lipstick glamorizes the lovely lips of Linda Darnell—shown here with Perc Westmore, Dean of Hollywood Make-Up Artists! Instantly it can make your lips so enticing too!

Movie stars depend on Westmore cosmetics ...a glamorous appearance on screen and street is essential to their popularity! These identical cosmetics are now available to you ... at variety, chain and drug stores everywhere.



FRANK WESTMORE Famous Make-Up Stylist
WALLY WESTMORE Make-Up Director Paramount Studios
BUD WESTMORE Make-Up Director Universal Studios

Certified Cosmetics of the Stars. We certify that the cosmetics sold under our name are exactly the same cosmetics we use to make Hollywood's famous stars more beautiful on and off the screen.

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Frank Westmore

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so Easy
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Bored with hooking a bra in back?
Then it's time to change to Avant
... Flexees beautiful Bra that hooks
in front, cuts down dressing time,
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white, pink, black—from \$1.95. Just
ask your favorite Bra Counter now!

Avant[®]
FRONT-HOOK BRA
by **FLEXEES**



"Avant," you
know, is
French for
"Forward"

Alice Thompson, editor of *Seventeen* and a top authority on teen-agers, was a recent Family Counselor at the Burtons'.



Teen TROUBLES

By TERRY BURTON

A recent Family Counselor at the Burton family was a woman who is recognized as one of the top authorities in the country on the problems parents face with teen-agers and vice versa. She's Mrs. Alice Thompson, publisher and editor-in-chief of *Seventeen* magazine.

I'd been having trouble with my stepson Brad, so I asked Alice to give me some advice. "The thing that causes most upsets between parents and children," she said, "is that young people feel they can't take their problems to their elders.

"The reason I know this," Alice went on to say, "is that each month at *Seventeen* we receive over two thousand 'problem' letters, many of them prefaced with, 'I'm asking you because I can't ask my parents.'"

After hearing this, I was curious to know the cause of such a lack of understanding between parents and their offspring.

Alice said that she feels that it's brought about because Mother and Dad often refuse to believe that "Johnnie" and "Suzy" are growing up.

Says Alice, "If your youngster claims privileges because 'everyone else in the neighborhood can do it,' then you should get together with other parents and agree on standards. It's silly to refuse the child with a flat 'no,' for very often a worthwhile compromise can be worked out. In the case of a girl, if all the other girls in her neighborhood wear lipstick at the age of sixteen, then don't refuse her that innocent privilege for it'll create hard feelings."

Before Alice left she gave me some advice that I know all of you will want to take to heart—just as I did. It was this: "If you want to be close to your children and have them come to you with any and all problems, then you have to develop a real friendship with them. Spend as much time with them as you can. Do things with them—simple things that require more thought than money. You can let them stand on their own feet, but the important thing to remember is that you've got to be there in case they teeter."

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

RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR for BETTER LIVING



If you don't...some other woman will!

...play the temptress with

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Don't pretend you aren't making a play for him, little Coquette! You chose that flirtatious parasol. You made your complexion that tantalizing, tempting thing! For "Coquette" is the delicious, delightful, golden rachel powder shade for your skin . . . that the men like best!

It's Woodbury, of course . . . the powder with the unique ingredient that gives your skin the fabulous satin touch! Plus the clingability and crushed-flower fragrance that lingers for many romantic hours. Try Woodbury today! See the wonderful difference! 15c, 30c, \$1.00 plus tax.

Tonight! Be his dream girl...



Tonight! Show him how much lovelier
your hair can look... after a
Lustre-Creme Shampoo

BETTER THAN
SOAPS

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

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

BETTER THAN
LIQUIDS

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



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

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

It isn't too unusual for an opera star to achieve fame at the Met, but Felix Knight is probably the only one who has done so and, in addition, become a regular star of a top radio show, *The American Album of Familiar Music* and a popular guest on many others, only to be suddenly overshadowed by a four-and-a-half-year-old son. For William Felix Knight, Jr., more commonly known as Billy, who makes up in personality and wit what he lacks in age, has been taken into the heart of the nation, which hears him regularly on *Mutual's Juvenile Jury* (Sun. 7:30 P.M. EST).

Now, when Felix is introduced, the part about the Met and radio and TV shows is secondary. The phrase that impresses is "Billy Knight's father."

Billy comes by his talent not only from the paternal side, but maternally as well. His mother is the former Ethel Blume, who was the original Kathleen on the *Aldrich Family* show, the original Rosie on the *Goldbergs* and Betty on *Easy Aces*.

The Knights live cosily in a beautiful apartment on Central Park West, unusual in that it has never been visited by radio repairmen, dressmakers, carpenters and upholsterers. For Felix, being a great one for hobbies, hesitates at not just one or two, but has enough to take care of a whole opera troupe. Felix, besides building his own radio, phonograph and TV sets—and extra ones for little Billy—refinishes his own tables and cabinets, builds bookshelves, makes draperies and slipcovers and alters his own and his wife's suits. To the unknowing eye, it would look like the Knights save hundreds of dollars a year. Mrs. Knight knows better. The expenses involved in getting the complicated and costly equipment to accomplish those things will still take a couple of more years to "pay off."

Felix, who's been with the Met for the past five seasons, is rapidly getting the nickname of the "juvenile Ezio Pinza." For, besides possessing a magnificent voice, he has all the attributes usually dis-associated with hefty Met singers. Besides being good-looking enough to be a movie star (which he's been), he's the thinnest tenor at the Met, weighing in at 160 pounds.

Most people have a *cause celebre* and Felix is no exception. His is that operas should be translated into English. "In other countries, operas are always presented in the language of the people there. Here, only

BILLY KNIGHT



After all these years, Felix is in danger of being overshadowed by son Billy who appears on Juvenile Jury.

a scattering of people fully understand what's being sung, because only those brought up in a foreign tongue can catch all the beauty and nuances of the lyrics." To learn his roles, Felix has had to learn French, Italian, Spanish, German and Russian.

The opera roles in which he specializes are "Barber of Seville," "Lakme" and "Seraglio." But he sings everything from Jerome Kern to, well, almost—boogie woogie.

Felix was brought up on a plantation in Macon, Georgia, lived in Pensacola, Florida in his youth and, after two movie executives heard him sing pop tunes on a local station while in his middle teens, he was sent to Hollywood where he was signed by Universal. While in Hollywood, he was recommended to voice teacher Mebane Beasley, who started training him for opera. When he later got a contract with MGM, he was given a starring role, with Laurel and Hardy, in the Victor Herbert classic, "Babes in Toyland," which will shortly be revived under the title "Revenge Is Sweet." After that and a number of musical shorts, his manager had a personal disagreement with the company, was blackballed, and took all of his clients off the MGM lot.

Felix' musical education was a costly one. He received a Harkness scholarship which helped him considerably, but once, when he auditioned for a Guggenheim fellowship, the elderly ladies who heard and saw him came to the conclusion that he was too "sexy" for opera!

Felix estimates that his musical education took seven years and cost about thirty thousand dollars, and Felix still makes occasional trips to the Coast to study with Beasley.



Only one soap
gives your skin this

Exciting Bouquet

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

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

Complexion and
big Bath Sizes



**Cashmere
Bouquet
Soap**

—Adorns your skin with the
fragrance men love!



Modess *because*

Lady Hamilton



By the time I was twenty-one," says May Belle Callaway who began singing publicly at the age of fifteen, "I had so many different names I answered to almost anything."

May Belle was a popular girl, both audience and sponsor-wise and she did several radio programs, each for another sponsor. "I broadcast under a different name for each one and I guess they must have listened only to their own shows because none of the sponsors knew I was singing for anyone else," laughs May Belle.

Today, as Lady Hamilton, May Belle is heard on over 400 stations throughout the U. S. and in Mexico, Canada, Alaska and Honolulu.

"You'd be surprised," says May Belle, "but of all my names, Lady Hamilton is the hardest one to live up to. On my show I sing old favorites and the more melodic popular tunes—you know, very dignified and sophisticated. Off the air, I try real hard to live up to my name, but May Belle Callaway keeps popping up and getting in the way."

May Belle has been singing ever since she can remember, but her first public appearance was on a local station in her hometown of Memphis, Tennessee. The managing director of New York's Hotel Astor, in town for a convention, heard her and brought her to New York. She was an immediate hit and an offer came from Montreal's renowned Mount Royal Hotel.

Most fifteen-year-olds would have swooned at the chance, but May Belle turned it down and went back to Memphis. She blushes as she re-

calls, "It was December and I just couldn't bear the thought of spending Christmas away from home.

"What I like best about my present job is that after I've recorded the show, I can stay right here in Memphis with my friends and family."

Her "family" consists of her mother, dad and a married brother and sister. "She lives near-by," explains May Belle, "and her children and their friends, all about sixteen, are my best fans. They treat me as an equal, discuss their problems and tell me all about their dates. It's really very flattering.

"They make good subjects for pictures, too," she says. "Photography is my hobby—color only—but I also like to sew. I make most of my own clothes and I made that outfit I'm wearing in the picture."

As for other hobbies, May Belle states, "Needless to say, I love music—especially blues. You can't be born in the South and not like blues. I like jazz, too," she adds, "but not over the air. I like to be in the same room with the musicians so I can 'feel' it."

Watching May Belle as she animatedly flits around the room, one would never know that she once had osteomyelitis—a crippling bone disease, which resulted in the removal of her hip joint and made one leg shorter than the other. "I'm not the least bit sensitive about my leg, though. My mother made it seem very unimportant when I was young and, as I grew older, I saw so many other people really deserving of pity that I couldn't feel sorry for myself at all. Now I just think I'm lucky—really lucky to be alive."



 Don't leave



 a lipstick



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

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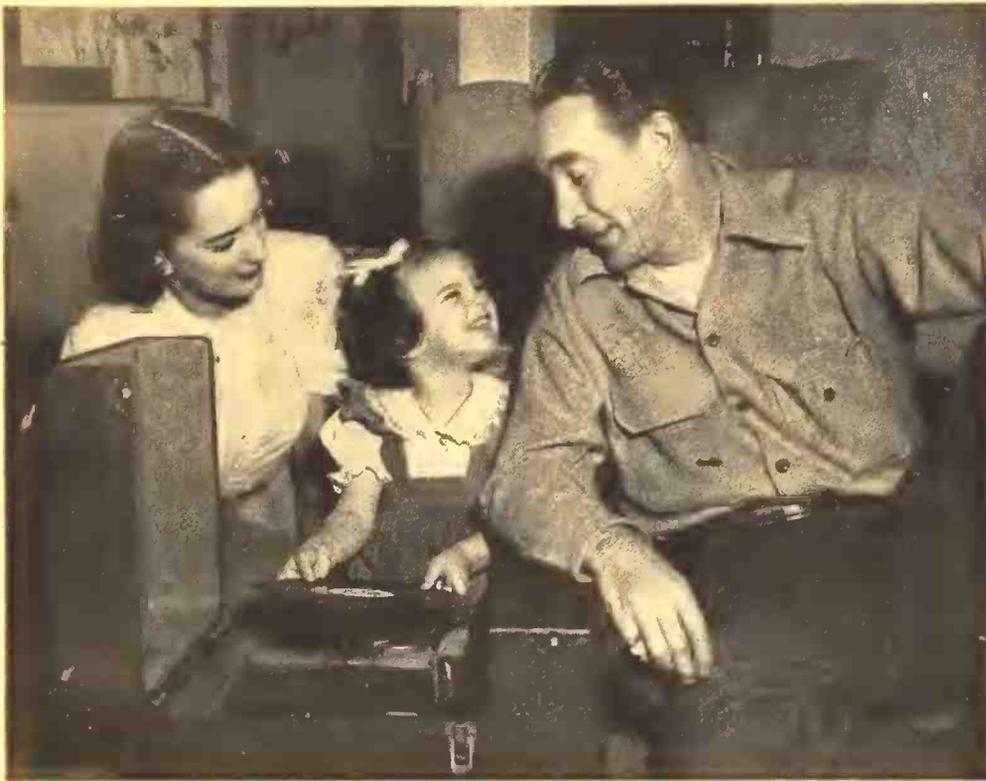
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Lenthéric

PARIS LONDON NEW YORK

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With his wife Patricia and two-and-a-half-year-old daughter Penny, Jim Tranter, WBEN-TV producer and star of *The Clue*, lives in his home town of Buffalo.



re: JIM TRANTER

Actor, musician, writer, producer . . . those are a few of the assignments which Jim Tranter has fulfilled in more than three decades in radio and, now, television.

At the moment, he is a producer of programs for WBEN-TV in Buffalo. And his pet program is *The Clue*, a weekly fifteen-minute detective drama in which he has played the role of sleuth Steve Malice in almost 100 plays up to now.

In radio's infancy, Jim, teaming with his brother Don (now radio editor of Buffalo's *Courier Express*), formed a piano duet that was one of Buffalo's early-radio attractions. Later they had their own NBC series from New York and also appeared in vaudeville theaters and supper clubs across the country.

Jim later spent a decade in New York, participating in daytime and night-time radio and he also was a member of the original stage company of "Dead End."

Eventually Jim settled down in Buffalo, New York, where he spent five years as radio editor of *The Buffalo Evening News* before resigning to accept a position as a television producer for WBEN-TV.

Perhaps his most embarrassing moment in video happened during one of *The Clue* dramas, when Steve Malice, in the final solution and explanation of a crime, turned to the other actors and said, "Have you ever noticed the lapse of time between the click of a switch on a radio and the sound coming from the speaker? Let me show you how it's done." With that Steve turned to a table on which should have been a radio. Imagine the consternation of said sleuth when he arrived at the table and found only a few odd books and an ash tray but no radio. He saved the day, however, by describing verbally what should have been demonstrated.



The Clue cast in action. This detective drama is heard fifteen minutes weekly.

History Is Made on TV

(Continued from page 15)

supposed to be off the air. Phil Patton, executive producer, solved the problem by taking the microphone himself. Douglas Gabrielle, a former cameraman turned floor manager, also pitched in.

WBKB, the CBS outlet, had the best view, but an ulcer-producing situation. It was contract renewal day for Goldblatt's Home Maker's Exchange, and Manager John Mitchell and Program Director Sterling Quinlan were both at the department store. The show was on the air when the fire broke out. Newsman Ulmer Turner had no difficulty in getting a camera onto the roof of the State Lake Building; his worry was about the fire itself. With no information yet in, he gambled on the fire and called "Cut." Reuben Richman, Goldblatt's advertising manager, in the midst of contract discussion, suddenly saw their show vanish from the screen while it still had ten minutes to go. Startled, he protested, but later the protest changed to congratulations as he learned that WBKB had been the first to bring the fire to Chicago viewers.

It was the employees of WGN-TV who turned out to be the hard luck kids. Their news film crew got a remarkable break when veteran cameraman Charlie Geckler spotted smoke coming from the warehouse and began shooting film even before the first alarm was turned in, but the rest of the staff made up for it. As one disgusted engineer summed it up, "We looked out the window, and there, right in between us and the fire was the Wrigley Building housing CBS radio, and across the river, in the best spot of all, WBKB.

WGN-TV might have been justified in falling back on just film coverage, but its executives took the challenge. Mobilizing the crew, they moved the remote unit to a spot directly opposite the burning building, and began telecasting.

Just to make it superlative, they then put a camera onto a fireboat.

Seldom have crews worked under greater difficulties. Using the ground level camera, announcers Bob Sigris, and Harry Creighton, cold, drenched and weary, interviewed fire officials and eye witnesses. When super hard luck caught up with them, an extremely expensive Image Orthicon crashed to the ground, they moved onto the bridge and in the glare of a borrowed 800 million candlepower arc light continued.

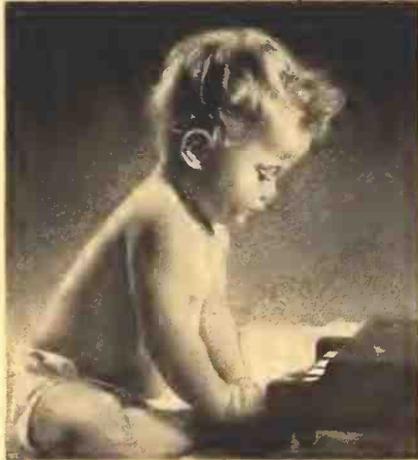
Jack Jacobsen, the cameraman on the fireboat, also was having adventures. When the maneuvering boat forced him to cast his cable loose, he helped the crew man the fire hoses.

It was a tough day for the crews but they had their reward in the telephone calls, telegrams and letters.

Out of all the turmoil had come a final notable effect. Four firemen were killed. Viewers, who saw their heroic battle to bring under control a blaze which threatened to destroy an entire city block, have done what they could to compensate. Donations have been generous, and trust funds are being set up to care for the widows and children. Having watched, the audience knows the cause to which it is giving.



WHICH TYPE IS YOUR BABY?



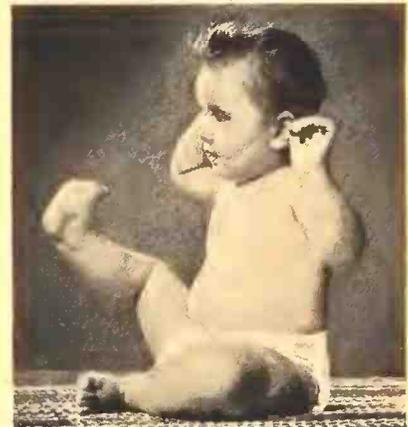
BEETHOVEN . . . brings down the house with that pretty pink satin skin! Gets Mennen Baby Oil smooth-downs after baths, at diaper time too. It's your best buy, Mother!



THE FLIRT . . . charm by the armful! No diaper rash for this dumpling. Mennen Baby Oil with soft, soft Lanolin protects every last crease and dimple . . . keeps skin dewy-fresh.



BOSS MAN . . . doesn't talk, doesn't need to. Mom knows that "bring my Mennen Baby Oil" expression. Soothing, cleansing . . . more economical, too.



HIGH-KICKER . . . look who's on top of the world; look who's had Mennen Baby Powder! Wonderfully soft, fragrant, refreshing—the finest made. And fun! There's a Built-in Rattle . . . entertaining Mother Goose pictures on can!



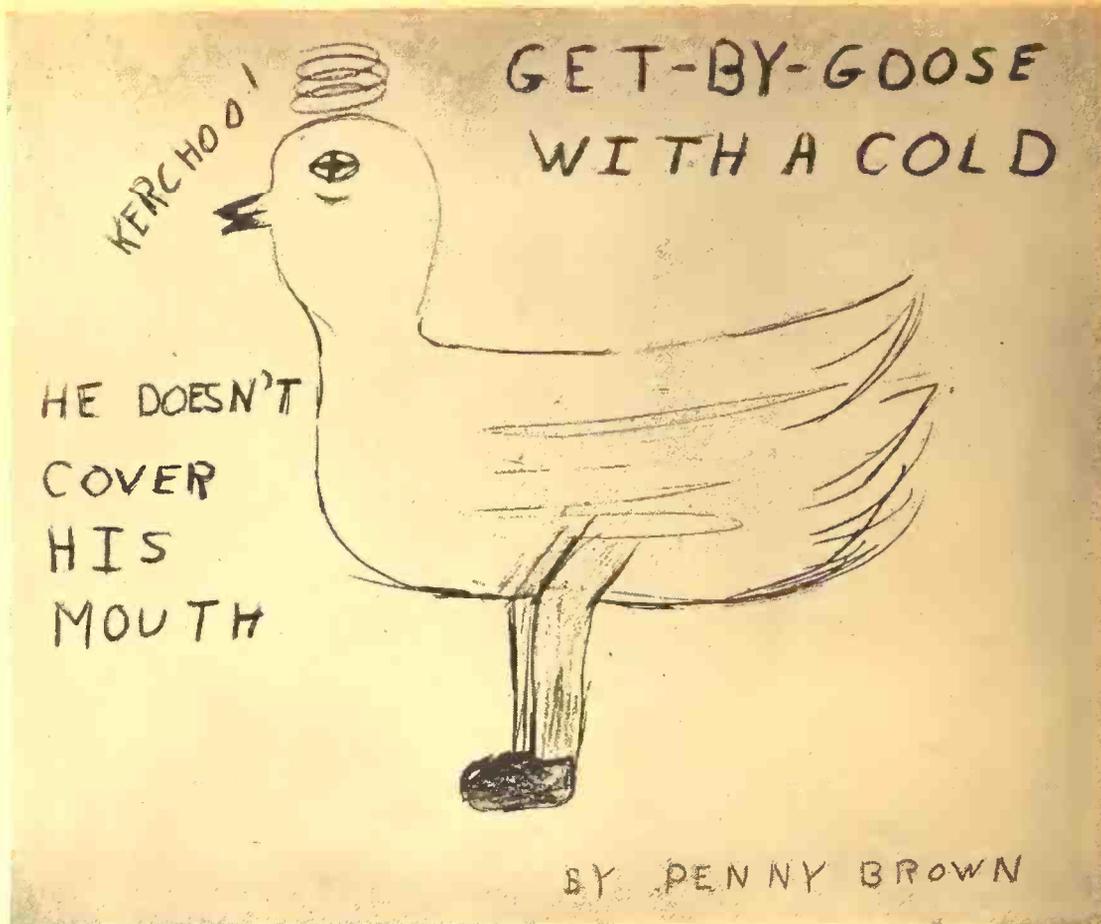
Buy your baby both...today!



Every baby is the right type for

MENNEN
BABY PRODUCTS





the GOOSE HANGS HIGH

Get By Goose as drawn by a youthful KDKA listener. The Goose is a popular figure among Philadelphia youngsters.

One of the most popular personalities of KDKA's weekday School of the Air series which provides in-school listening for boys and girls in more than 2,700 classrooms in the Pennsylvania-Ohio-West Virginia area, isn't a person, nor is it "The Thing"—it's Get By Goose, a figment of the imagination of Vickie Corey, educational director of the World's Pioneer Radio Station.

For this year's educational series Mrs. Corey wanted a character to tell children what not to do. After much study and research she decided that something ought to be done about the youngsters—and adults too, for that matter—who are satisfied just to "get by." Folk lore has always pictured the goose as a silly thing, and by combining the two ideas, she came up with Get By Goose.

And it has paid off! School children throughout KDKA's vast area have taken to the idea with such enthusiasm that they now write hundreds of letters to Get By Goose telling him what not to do, and what he should do.

"Get By Goose" is a feature of the Monday morning broadcast for intermediate grades. Tuesday, Adventures in Research is broadcast for junior and senior high students; Wednesday, a music series is presented for upper elementary grades and junior high students; Thursday, a nature study program is aimed for intermediate grades and Friday is devoted to current events for upper elementary grades, junior and senior high schools.

The KDKA School of the Air programs are produced by the station as a public service for the advancement of education and the promotion of good citizenship under the direction of Mrs. Corey and Andrew J. Miller, assistant director of research of the Pittsburgh Public Schools.

Its advisory committee is made up of heads of public, private and parochial schools, leaders of parent-teacher groups and officials of the Pennsylvania Education Association.



Education director Victoria Corey is responsible for The Goose—he illustrates the day's story as sung by Slim Bryant.

WHAT EASTER MEANS TO ME



BY MARGARET ARLEN

WCBS' Margaret Arlen broadcasts daily except Sunday at 8:30 A.M. and is seen M-F at 11:15 A.M. EST, CBS-TV.

As a woman, it would be futile to deny that Easter does bring to mind a new bonnet, or perhaps that important new Spring suit.

But Easter, to me, is not primarily a time for donning new costumes. More important is the urge to re-clothe the spirit. Easter comes at a time of the year perfectly suited to new beginnings. After a long and dreary winter in New York, for example, it's genuinely inspiring to walk through Central Park, to watch all the signs of the new season. Even a big city seems to come alive at this time—and I guess I do, too.

My childhood days back in North Carolina are undoubtedly responsible for my feelings about Easter. Dad is a Baptist minister there, and has been preaching for more than forty-five years. Naturally, this was one of the most important Sundays of the year for him. I remember the early dawn services, with their promise of new life. The rising sun bringing out of the earth its eternal newness seemed to call forth from our spiritual reserves the breathlessness of another Spring.

For these reasons, Easter seems an appropriate time for resolutions.

Last year, I attended eight o'clock Mass at St. Patrick's Cathedral on Easter morning, and three hours later attended Protestant services at Riverside Church. I also visited a midtown synagogue.

The mode of the services varied, but the bond of religion seemed stronger than ever to me on that Easter Sunday. It was a day of peace, and harmony, of hope and rejoicing.

To help preserve that spirit of Easter throughout the entire year, is my personal "Easter Resolution" for 1951.

Before your daughter marries make sure you instruct her about THESE INTIMATE PHYSICAL FACTS!

MOM! PLEASE TELL ME SOME MORE ABOUT THESE INTIMATE PROBLEMS.

I INTEND TO, DEAR, ESPECIALLY ABOUT MARRIAGE HYGIENE--ABOUT A WOMANLY OFFENSE GRAVER THAN BAD BREATH OR BODY ODOR.



No other type liquid antiseptic-germicide tested for the douche is SO POWERFUL yet SAFE to tissues as ZONITE!

Every modern mother will instruct her daughter on the importance of putting ZONITE in her fountain syringe for hygiene (internal cleanliness), for her health, womanly charm—for married happiness.

And every grown-up young lady must be made to realize there's an offensive odor graver than bad breath or body odor which she herself may not detect but is so apparent to people around her.

What a comfort it must be for a mother to be able to assure her daughter that: *no other type liquid antiseptic-germicide tested for the douche is so powerful yet safe to tissues as ZONITE.*

Developed by a Famous Surgeon and Scientist

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

© 1951 Z.P.C.

ous damage. Nor will they want to rely on weak, homemade solutions—none of which have ZONITE's great deodorizing and germicidal action.

The ZONITE principle was the first in the world that was *powerful* enough yet positively *non-irritating, non-poisonous*. You can use ZONITE as directed as often as you wish without the slightest risk of injury.

ZONITE'S Miracle-Action

ZONITE actually dissolves and removes odor-causing waste substances. It gives external protection from odor, too! ZONITE helps guard against infection and kills every germ it touches. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract but you CAN BE SURE ZONITE *immediately* kills every reachable germ and keeps germs from multiplying. Buy ZONITE *today!*

FREE! NEW!

For amazing enlightening NEW Booklet containing frank discussion of intimate physical facts, recently published—mail this coupon to Zonite Products Corp., Dept. RM-41, 100 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.*

Zonite
FOR NEWER
feminine hygiene

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

*Offer good only in the U.S. and Canada

Nonsense and

APRIL . . . a nice month, this, in spite of its showers. Tender green shoots poke up out of the ground, leading you to desperate consultation with your wife as to what it was that came up there last year, or which of the assortment of bulbs sent you by Uncle Hector you planted (apparently proper side up) in that spot last fall. Little creatures come out of hibernation and start packing in nourishment to make up for lost time. Rabbits hippety-hop in all directions when you take a walk in the fields, and optimistically set up residence under the garage in hope that this year you'll plant more lettuce in the garden than ever before. Birds come back from winter quarters, including the Capistrano swallows. Yes, a nice month . . . Our friends of the *Old Farmers Almanac* divide April roughly into four quarters and make for each a prediction. Thus, from first to last, according to the *OFA*, April will offer: "Temperature drop might kill the apple crop" . . . "High winds may expose ladies' shins" . . . "It will be warm, and there will be a storm" . . . "Now it clears, let's give three cheers" . . . This month's flower: sweet pea—it's sentiment, innocence. This month's birthstone: the diamond.

IF YOU'RE A CAT, and happen to reside in International Falls, Minnesota, watch your step! There, it's forbidden by law for cats to chase dogs up telephone poles.

IT HAPPENED IN—

1627—Richelieu organized the "Company of the Hundred Associates" to colonize New France. The company was given all lands between Florida and the Arctic Circle . . . 1641—The "Body of Liberties," a code of one hundred laws, was established by the General Court of the Massachusetts Bay Colony . . . 1692—The College of William and Mary was chartered in Virginia . . . 1775—April: the 18th, Paul Revere's ride; the 19th, first "shots heard 'round the world" fired in the American Revolution, at Lexington and Concord.

SHAKESPEARE SAID IT—"The April's in her eyes; it is love's spring."

READERS' OWN VERSE—

SPRIG SOG

(With proper—kerchoo!—apologies)

It isn't raiding raid to be
It's raiding quidide pills!
Id every dimpled drop I see
A flock of doctor bills!
So close the door ad turn the key,
Ad light the fire logs.
It isn't raiding raid to be—
It's raiding cats ad dogs!

—Ernestine Cobern Beyer

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN SAID IT—"Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other."

FUN AND GAMES DEPT—

Here's a little number called "Lifeboat" which turns out to be a more vigorous version of the old-time Musical Chairs. It's played in couples instead of singly, which makes it more chummy. Pair off your guests, male and female. Then distribute about the floor pieces of newspaper—one less than the number of couples. Couples must link arms, keep them linked. Then start the music, piano, phonograph, radio—or perhaps you have a little piccolo player in your home?—and the couples "take a stroll on the deck" in time to the tune. When the music is abruptly stopped, each couple—still arm-linked—seeks out a piece of newspaper, stakes a claim by planting all four feet on it. Only one couple per piece of paper, which leaves one couple "boatless," of course. That couple drops out, one "lifeboat" is removed, and the game continues in the same way until all couples but one have been eliminated. They, of course, are the winners, take the prize.



Some-sense



A LITTLE LEARNING—

Know anything about the Statue of Liberty? You will in a minute! The dear old girl—her formal name is “Liberty Enlightening The World”—weighs a mere 225 tons, stands 152 feet five inches tall. She faces the ocean from Bedloe’s Island in New York Harbor. In her right hand she holds aloft a torch, and in her left is a tablet in which is inscribed, “July 4, 1776.” She was a present from France to the United States—a gift to commemorate the hundredth birthday of American independence. She cost \$450,000, which was raised by popular subscription in France. The pedestal on which she stands is only a foot shorter than the statue, cost a hundred thousand dollars less, and was erected by the U.S., paid for by money raised here the same way money for Liberty was raised in France. She was unveiled on October 28, 1886. The head of the statue has room for forty people inside it. The torch can accommodate twelve, but is no longer open to the public. The U.S. Lighthouse Service keeps the light in the torch burning. On a tablet inside the main entrance of the pedestal is engraved a sonnet, written by Emma Lazarus, and called “The New Colossus”—

Not like the brazen giant of Greek fame,
With conquering limbs astride from land to land,
Here at our sea-washed, sunset gates shall stand
A mighty woman with a torch, whose flame
Is the imprisoned lightning, and her name
Mother of Exiles. From her beacon hand
Glows world-wide welcome; her mild eyes command
The air-bridged harbour that twin cities frame.
“Keep, ancient lands, your storied pomp!” cries she
With silent lips. “Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
The wretched refuse from your teeming shore.
Send these, the homeless, tempest-toss to me,
I lift my lamp beside the golden door.”

WILL DURANT SAID IT—The finger that turns the dial rules the air.

IT HAPPENED ON HOUSE PARTY—

Linkletter (to eleven-year-old boy): What do you like to do best?

Boy: Explore caves. I like the big roomy kind.

Linkletter: Why?

Boy: If I find the right one, it may be my future home.

Linkletter: For goodness sakes, what are you going to be when you grow up?

Boy: A hermit.

Linkletter: Any reason behind that choice?

Boy: Sure—to get away from women!

RAIN—This being the month of showers, Research-man Linkletter did a little library-browsing on the subject. Hove a handful of proverbs: For a morning rain, leave not on your journey . . . Rain before seven—fine before eleven . . . Small rain loys great dust . . . When it rains, it rains on all alike . . . One already wet does not feel the rain . . . It never rains but it pours. And, because we’re speaking of showers and not cloudbursts, have a few on the subject of what follows the rain: When the sun is highest he casts the least shadow . . . The sun shines on rich and poor alike . . . For the happy, the sun seems always to have just set . . . The sun can be seen by nothing but its own light.



Incredible new idea in fragrance...

TOILET ESSENCE Lenthéric



Incredible Toilet Essence lasts far longer than toilet water. Costs far less than perfume extract. Never anything like it.



Throughout your day, fragrant companion and constant evidence of your vital presence... long lasting Toilet Essence.



Wherever you go, Toilet Essence leaves a fragrance trail, a reminder that you were there and may come back again.



So admired. Friends ask, "What is that wonderful fragrance you have on?" Toilet Essence has true perfume character.



So unusual. Only Lenthéric makes Toilet Essence. Enjoy it in cherished Tweed or witty Repartee. Costs only \$2.50 (plus tax).



Never be without it. Toilet Essence pays you such nice compliments. Use it in your bath... smooth on afterwards.

a reminder that you were there
... and may come back again

TOILET ESSENCE
IN *Tweed* OR *Repartee*



2.50
PLUS TAX
2 FULL OUNCES

Lenthéric

PARIS LONDON NEW YORK

Easter

*A Good Friday message which has never been
more timely: from it we can take
heart and prepare ourselves for the Easter
rebirth which must follow*

Editor's Note: Every year on Good Friday, Dr. Paul Keeler, minister of The Guiding Light, delivers this message to the congregation of his church in Selby Flats. Radio Television Mirror is proud to present it here.

Friends and neighbors . . . Today is Good Friday and you have been kind enough to ask me to repeat the message which I was privileged to bring to you last year. The year has gone quickly and yet it has brought with it many changes. The fearful spectre of bigotry and persecution has again made its appearance, and the reports of cruelty and inhumanity bring a chill of dread to those who ponder over what is yet to come. Can it be that those who are responsible for the misery and the heartbreak can have forgotten that many years ago the supreme sacrifice was made by One who hoped that by His death He could teach the eternal truth of the brotherhood of Man? If there are those who have hardened their hearts against the truths they would like to forget, let those who are made to suffer through grave injustice find consolation in the remembrance that they do not follow the rocky road of persecution in solitude. That road was hallowed by One who went before—the meek lonely figure of a man who was made to stand trial before a Roman by the name of Pontius Pilate. To placate the angry citizens who, for political reasons, wished Him out of the way, this Roman governor acceded to the will of the many (*continued on page 85*)



BY DR. PAUL KEELER
*Minister of
The Guiding Light,
which is heard
M-F., 1:45 P. M. EST
on CBS. Sponsored
by P & C's Duz.*

Are women smarter

IF I BECOME conspicuous by my absence immediately after this issue of RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR goes on sale, you'll know that my female companions on Leave It To The Girls have consigned me to the fate of a traitor. Because—in answer to the question that's the title of this article—"No, I don't think women are smarter than men!" We've got it all over them for beauty, but when it comes to brains, I have to concede the men a slight edge.

Now, before you give up in disgust and turn the page, give me a chance to explain, won't you? In the first place, I most emphatically *don't* believe that any man, any run-of-the-mill specimen, is smarter than the smartest woman. I'm just speaking in general terms. I've known a lot of gals in my day who are very, very bright indeed. And a lot of men who were what the psychologists call "dull average." (These latter not for long, though—why waste time on such as they, when there are so many witty, brilliant members of the species on all sides?)

I recall having had this same keenly appreciative interest in boys—who grow up to be

men, bless 'em—all my life. From the time, in fact, when I was involuntarily separated from them in parochial school right up to now—when, if I'm separated from them for any length of time it is still strictly involuntary.

Maybe if I'd had assorted male friends and relatives who beat their wives and robbed poor boxes I'd have a different attitude, but all the men I've known have been nice on their own account, and particularly nice to me. And nice people, I think, are smart. It's a whole lot harder to be pleasant the bulk of the time than it is to be unpleasant. For instance, I wouldn't have met my handsome—and brainy—husband if it hadn't been for a man. Certainly no woman would have been nice enough to introduce him to me; she'd have kept him for herself.

The way I did meet him is a longish story, starting back in Chicago, my home town. I'd never thought much about a career. I had a vague, comfortable idea that I'd settle down in Chicago and get married someday. I used to sing once in a while, and one day when I was at the Pump Room in the Ambassador East,

than men?

*A question few men
would dare answer is
better left to the girls,
and few girls are better
qualified than the one
who answers it here!*

BY MAGGI McNELLIS



Ernie Byfield, who was an official of the hotel and host to all the famous people who made the Pump Room their Chicago headquarters, asked me why I didn't take up singing as a paying proposition. It sounded like a fine idea, so I did. Just that easily I had a career, all because a man suggested what I hadn't the wit to think of for myself. I was re-christened Maggi (from Marge) by Gertrude Lawrence, and there I was, singing my head off and having a wonderful time.

After the Pump Room I sang at the Drake and the Blackstone in Chicago, and then I gave it all up to come to New York. I hadn't thought about continuing as a singer until one day I happened to be talking to an agent who asked if I hadn't been a singer in Chicago, and why didn't I sing in New York. I told him I hadn't come to New York for that reason but that it was an idea. Shortly after that, thanks to my friend the agent (male), I was singing at Armando's on 55th Street. And the next thing I knew Armando had introduced Clyde and me. (Clyde always reminds Armando that he'll

never forgive him for it either—to keep me on my toes, I presume.)

At the risk of being obvious, I'd like to remind you that men make wonderful husbands and, in fact, are completely indispensable as such. From that indisputable point let's go on to some others on which you can, if you want, argue with me.

No one has to agree, but I do think men use their heads in conjunction with their hearts when they decide on a prospective wife—much more so than women do in picking the men with whom they presumably are going to spend the rest of their lives. Perhaps they aren't as concerned about position and background in New York, where most everyone loses his or her identity, but in the smaller towns a man who wants to get ahead does consider whether the little woman of his choice is going to be acceptable to his family (*Continued on page 80*)

Leave It To The Girls, with Maggi McNellis, is telecast Sun., 7 P.M. EST, NBC-TV. Sponsored by Regents.

Maggi referees the Sunday battle-of-the-sexes panel.



Are women smarter than men?

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BY MAGGI McNELLIS



Maggi referees the Sunday battle-of-the-sexes panel.





"They're all darlings — every one of them"

*Glamorous, earthy,
exciting, full of fun—
that's the Big
Show's Tallulah. There's
no one like her!*



BY TALLULAH BANKHEAD

PEOPLE tell me that ever since NBC's The Big Show went on the air—last November fifth—everyone in America has been calling each other “dahling” in my honor. “Dahling” is the word I use steadily in my job as mistress of ceremonies of the program. By this time I've called Bob Hope, Fred Merman, Margaret Truman, Ed Wynn, Fred Allen, Gloria Swanson, Charlie Boyer, Jimmy Durante and dozens of others “darling”—and I mean it every time I've said it on the air. They've all been wonderfully cooperative, fun to work with, and I particularly love Jimmy Durante. He's an angel and like a child actually.

I'll never forget Jimmy on our opening show. He sang his song—and then absent-mindedly began rushing out of the studio. I yelled, “Come back, come back—you're not finished yet,” because, of course, his part ran through the whole show. After that, he kept losing his place in the script, so I'd say, “Here you are, darling,” and we'd begin again. Later, one of my highest compliments came from Jimmy. During the first show, you see, I'd been scared to death—I've been in the theater thirty-one years now, but I'd never had a regular weekly radio show before. And being mistress of ceremonies for a variety show lasting an hour and a half could be quite a strain—particularly because I was dealing with so many big talents. But while rehearsals were going on for the second show, Jimmy told a friend of mine, “Get that Tallu—she was petrified for the first show, but now she's the hostess with the mostest on the ball!”

Except for that divine Fred Allen, I'd never even worked before with any of the people on The Big Show—and I'd hardly met most of them. But they're all stars, and they've acted like stars, with perfect behavior on everyone's part. You know who was one of the best of them all? Margaret Truman. She was easy and quick, and how I admired the way she held her own with those long-time actors!

I might add (Continued on page 84)



The White House called when Margaret Truman sang on Big Show, but the President wanted to speak to Tallu!

“She's the hostess with the mostest on the ball!” said Jimmy Durante about Tallu's femcee talents.

“That divine Fred!”—Tallu's accolade to the witty Mr. Allen. They'd teamed up before on his radio show.

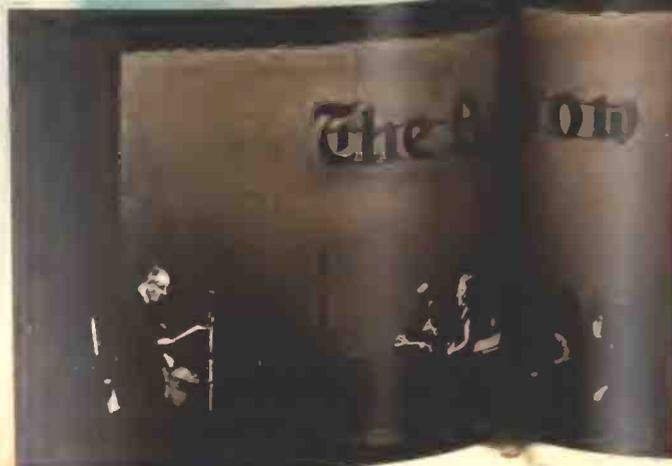
The Big Show, with Tallulah Bankhead: heard Sun., 6 P.M. EST, NBC; participating sponsors.

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BY TALLULAH BANKHEAD

PEOPLE tell me that ever since NBC's The Big Show went on the air—last November fifth—everyone in America has been calling each other "dahling" in my honor. "Dahling" is the word I use steadily in my job as mistress of ceremonies of the program. By this time I've called Bob Hope, Fred Merman, Margaret Truman, Ed Wynn, Fred Allen, Gloria Swanson, Charles Boyer, Jimmy Durante and dozens of others "darling"—and I mean it every time I've said it on the air. They've all been wonderfully cooperative, saints to work with, and I particularly love Jimmy Durante. He's an angel and like a child actually.

I'll never forget Jimmy on our opening show. He sang his song—and then absent-mindedly began rushing out of the studio. I yelled, "Come back, come back—you're not finished yet," because, of course, his part ran through the whole show. After that, he kept losing his place in the script, so I'd say, "Here you are, darling," and we'd begin again. Later, one of my highest compliments came from Jimmy. During the first show, you see, I'd been scared to death—I've been in the theater thirty-one years now, but I'd never had a regular weekly radio show before. And being mistress of ceremonies for a variety show lasting an hour and a half could be quite a strain—particularly because I was dealing with so many big shots. But while rehearsals were going on for the second show, Jimmy told a friend of mine, "Get that Tallu—she was petrified for the first show, but now she's the hostess with the mostest on the ball!"

Except for that divine Fred Allen, I'd never even worked before with any of the people on The Big Show—and I'd hardly met most of them. But they're all stars, and they've acted like stars, with perfect behavior on everyone's part. You know who was one of the best of them all? Margaret Truman. She was easy and quick, and how I admired the way she held her own with those long-time actors!

I might add (Continued on page 84)

The Big Show, with Tallulah Bankhead: heard Sun., 6 P.M. EST, NBC; participating sponsors.



The White House called when Margaret Truman sang on Big Show, but the President wanted to speak to Tallu!

"She's the hostess with the mostest on the ball!" said Jimmy Durante about Tallu's femcee talents.

"That divine Fred!"—Tallu's accolade to the witty Mr. Allen. They'd teamed up before on his radio show.

A Brighter Day Problem: Is the maternal spirit dependent on birth or do other factors determine how much love a woman will give her child?

Does motherhood change a woman's life?

ALTHEA Bigby is a reluctant mother. Separated from her husband, Bruce, and not in love with him, she resents the prospects of motherhood because it has interfered with her budding movie career. When the producer in whose movie she had obtained her first bit part fired her because she was going to have a baby, Althea returned to her family. But by no means has she given up the idea of a shining career as an actress. She plans to give the baby to her sister, Liz Dennis. Althea also plans to divorce Bruce, whom she had married because she thought his wealthy father could help her to crash the movies. When Bruce finds out about the baby, he refuses to give Althea the divorce. Nevertheless, Althea sets her sights on Broadway and, to the distress of her family, continues to regard the baby as an annoying interruption to her ambitions. Does this lack of maternal spirit stem from Althea's natural temperament or is it a result of the un-

happy circumstances surrounding her marriage? Can Althea, or any woman, no matter how ambitious, remain untouched by the experience of motherhood? Is fulfillment elsewhere possible for the woman who disavows her child? Or does motherhood really change a woman's life? What is your answer to this problem?

RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR will purchase readers' answers to the question, "Does Motherhood Change A Woman's Life?" Writer of the best answer will be paid \$25.00; writers of the five next-best answers will be paid \$5.00 each.

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

The Brighter Day is heard Monday through Friday at 2:45 P.M. EST on CBS stations. It is sponsored by P & G's Ivory Flakes.



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Fran finds it's open house at the Kuklapolitan's

Burr's my neighbor!

BY FRAN ALLISON

IT'S JUST two blocks away from my own home, but I paid my first visit to Burr Tillstrom's new quarters after every last cup, saucer and spoon was in place. I had no intention of being un-neighborly, but there's a limit to the amount of construction commotion any woman can stand, and for the past year, I've been caught squarely between two Mr. Blandings, each building his dream house.

When men begin taking houses apart and putting them together again in their own pattern, they certainly go all out. At home, my husband, Archie, glancing up from his newspaper, would stare fixedly at the wall and remark, "Now do you think we should have paint, paper, or knotty pine?"

Studio conversation was parallel. In the midst of a story conference, Burr (*Continued on page 72*)

Kukla, Fran and Ollie, with Burr Tillstrom, is telecast Monday thru Friday, 7 P.M. EST, NBC-TV. Sponsored Mon. by RCA, Tues. & Fri. by P & G, Wednesdays by the Ford Motor Company and Thurs. by Life Magazine.

First floor residents in the Tillstrom coach house are Kukla and Ollie.



Beulah Zachery sits on the "kibitzer's couch," placed there for those who must watch the cook. But Burr ignores everyone, even helper Fran, when he prepares pilaff.



Fran says she's between two Mr. Blandings—every time she and Archie visit Burr, Archie comes away with a new idea for redoing the Levington coach house. Burr's kitchen, where there's always coffee brewing, is completely modern.



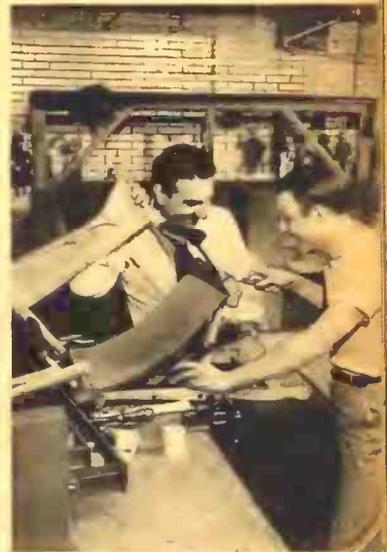
on any day at any time



Center of eventual gravitation is the piano. This time it's Archie Levington who's kibitzing. Burr doesn't worry about disturbing the neighbors—there aren't any.

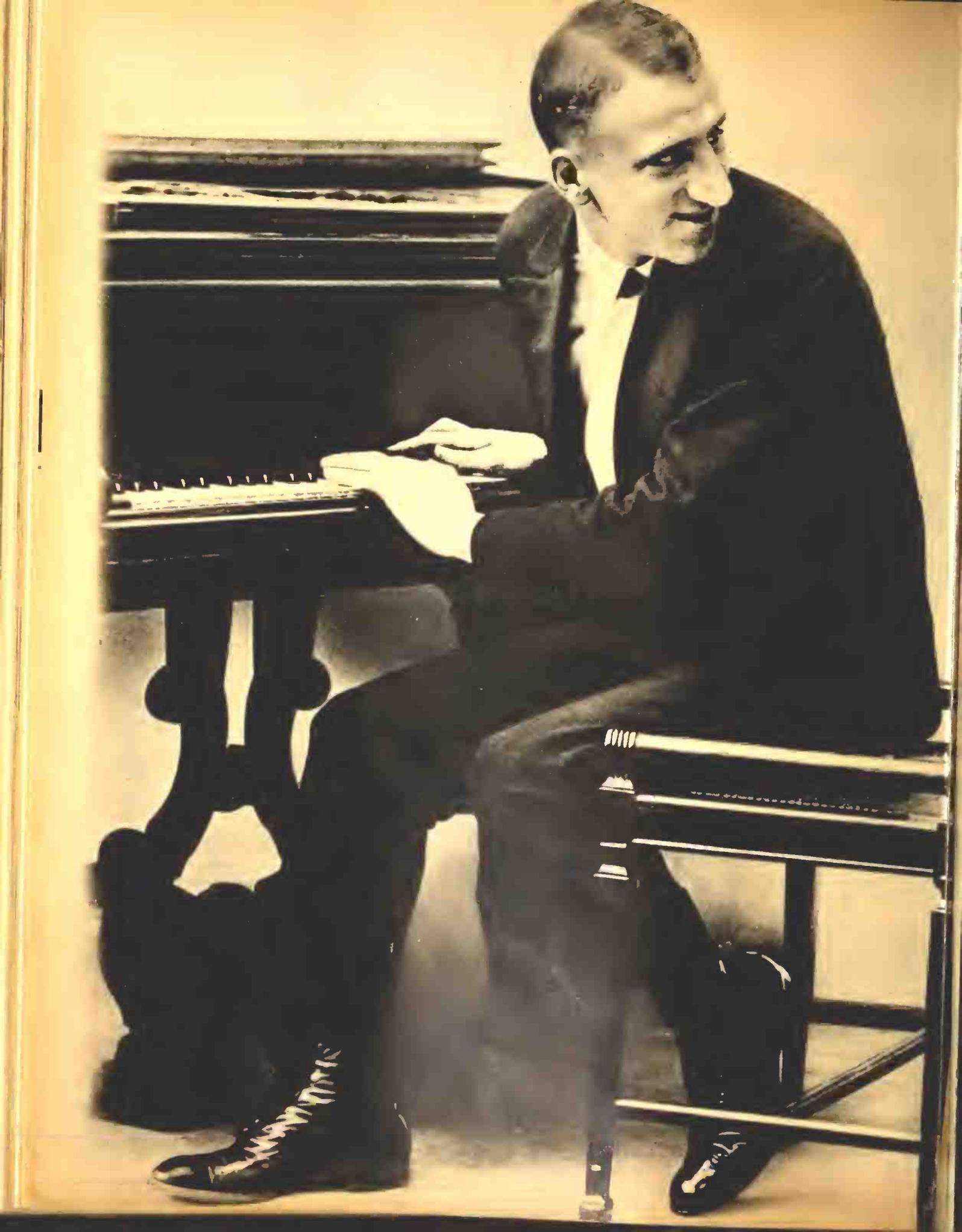


The pilaff's ready and so are the hungry guests, who find the floor and Burr's huge coffee table a wonderful way to dine: Beulah, Burr, Fran and Archie, and Jack Fascinato.



A narrow passage from the street leads through a tiny garden to Burr's castle-like coach house. Kuklapolitan quarters and Burr's workshop are on the first floor. Fran and husband, Archie, have a coach house of their own not far from Burr's on the near northside.





It's been said he "works the whole show every time he does the rehearsal."

That's not just Durante's way of doing a TV program—it's his way of life, as well!



There's only one Jimmy

THE DOOR to the rehearsal hall is open . . . As you go in, a piano gives out rapturously with "Won't You Come Home, Bill Bailey?" . . . "That's music with a heartbeat, the kind Jimmy loves," a production assistant whispers. Durante is doing the playing, while Helen Traubel, his guest star for the next week's television show, sits beside him and runs through the lyrics. She interrupts herself constantly to chuckle at Jimmy's asides—a few of them in the script, but mostly ad libbed that moment . . . The King of the Comics is wearing brown trousers and a black sleeveless sweater over a tailored tan sport shirt. When he takes off his battered brown hat you see a fringe of graying hair, and the shiny bald spot on top. The blue eyes dart around behind glasses that keep slipping down on the highly-publicized, out-sized (*Continued on page 81*)

Lather boy in a barber shop until he showed musical talent, Jimmy then studied piano, got himself a job at Diamond Tony's out on Coney Island.

Jimmy Durante is heard every fourth week on Four Star Revue, Wednesdays at 8 P.M., EST, over NBC-TV, sponsored by Motorola, Pet Milk and Norge.

*Jackie packs an hour full
of his own hilarious hi-jinks, adds
a sprinkling of stars
and automatically alerts all television antennae his way*



Cavalcade of **Gleason**



• Jackie rehearses a "Bachelor" skit, while director Frank Bunetta and producer Milton Douglas confer. Fun with the props, below.



RIGHT now there's nine-year-old competition in the Gleason family, and her name is Linda. She's been imitating her father since she was seven. "I want to take after him and make people laugh," she says. Luckily, Linda likes reading and arithmetic, too, since she still has her fourth-grade studies to consider. (She gets good marks.) Linda has done one little walk-on in her dad's show and is impatient to get on again.

On the opposite page, you can get an idea of how Linda looks when she teams up with her daddy. She posed for these pictures especially for the readers of **RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR**.

As for Jackie, you can hardly believe he lost seventy pounds before he went on *Cavalcade of Stars*—you wonder how he ever stood still long enough to put them on in the first place! At rehearsals, he bounces all over the stage, clowns with everyone during breaks, works fast and furiously. It's a quick-moving variety show, notable for Jackie's "Bachelor" skit that started as a one-time idea and stayed on by audience demand and for the musical guests which regularly include Metropolitan opera stars. (Popular singer Fran Warren, pictured above with Jackie, was a recent *Cavalcade* guest.)

Another voice sometimes heard on the show is its producer, Milton Douglas, who used to be a concert singer himself. The permanent cast includes the June Taylor dancers, who put in twenty hours of rehearsal on each show, and Don Russell, the announcer. Parts of the show are rehearsed separately—all are tied neatly together early on broadcast day.

Cavalcade of Stars is televised Friday 10 P.M. EST on the DuMont Network. It is sponsored by The Whelan Drug Co. Inc.



Who needs a mirror to practice a TV act? Linda simply says,

"Anything you can do *—I can do better,"* lets

her talents reflect—on—Daddy's.

A time step? No trouble!



A pop-eyed funny face? It's a cinch!

Comedy's just follow-the-leader. "Anything

you can do, I can do *better."* Why,

being funny is simply bred

in the Gleason bones. What next, Pop?



Unfair, unfair! Up to now there've been no props. A cigarette? Linda mourns,

"I can do—better?" *and admits defeat.*

Champ and still winner—breadwinner that is—Jackie Gleason!

A happy home, the Colmans'—it's

the kind of



Portrait of harmony: Ronald and Benita, who've made the same kind of success of their Halls of Ivy program as they have of their happy marriage.

Ronnie's reason for buying the house: the soft sheen of the library panelling with which he fell in love.

The Colman family smiles a welcome, below. (Juliet's grin is all the merrier for being gap-toothed right now!)



place for which the description "gracious living" was coined

Come and visit the Ronald Colmans

BY VIOLA MOORE

THE CHOCOLATE brown and white Tudor house is just as you have always imagined it. The very first time you see it, you are likely to exclaim: "Why of course! Professor Todhunter of Ivy College *would* live in a place like this." You note approvingly the rolling green lawns, the fine landscaping, the stately flower beds—and then you do a swift double-take as you catch your first glimpse of the master of the house.

It's Ronald Colman all right. He's wearing a comfortable old sports jacket and slacks, and he's just thrown a beat-up tennis ball in the direction of a particularly fat and waddly brown poodle. The poodle lumbers clumsily after the ball, taking a short-cut through the snapdragon bed, breaking off several dozen blooms and bringing imprecations upon his head from the master of the house.

Above them a sudden gust of laughter rings out, and you catch your first sight of the lady of the manor. Benita Colman, in dark blue slacks and sweater, is leaning backwards from an upstairs window instructing a group of workmen on how she wants a bay window "thrown out." She's very interested in bay windows. To date she's "thrown out," as she put it, eight of them—and is looking around for a spot for her ninth.

Here then, you have the Ronald Colmans in real life. Though they are surrounded by the trappings of fine tradition (*Continued on page 100*)

Halls of Ivy, with Ronald Colman as the professor and Benita as his wife, is heard Wednesdays at 8 P.M. EST, on NBC stations; sponsored by the Schlitz Brewing Co.



Benita runs her household—which includes, at present, besides Ronnie and Juliet and the staff of servants, two dogs, four rabbits (at press time), one tortoise—from her own workmanlike desk.

Although a good deal of entertaining is done in the big and beautiful house—it once belonged to Corinne Griffith—simple pleasure together, as a family, is the kind of entertainment they enjoy.



The formal drawing room with its color scheme of soft grays and greens makes a lovely setting for the gift from his wife that Ronnie prizes most—kneeling figure of a woman, sculptured by Benita.



RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR'S

daytime fashions for you

THE EXCITING thing about elegance is that it can—sometimes—be price-wise.

On these pages, Nora Drake wears an ensemble that marks one of those important “sometimes”—a dress to be worn with or without its coat, a coat that can change its personality! Extra plus is the butcher-linen coat's fabric—linen-like materials are fashion leaders for now, also for summer. Another plus, versatility: the print collar and cuffs come off, go on again in no time flat. Opposite, see the full, sweeping lines of the coat's pyramid silhouette, with swinging back, slit hip pockets, three-quarter length sleeves and little rounded collar. Below, left, the dress by itself—is keynoted by simple lines, monotone pattern, 100 denier print fabric, softly-draped bodice with little self buttons, slim skirt with tiny hip gathers. Brown-and-white dress with beige coat;

black- or navy-and-white print with solid black or navy coat.

Sizes 10-20; price, \$25.00. By Suzy Perette. Avail-

able at stores on page 99. Blending accessories: matching tricorné pillbox by Dani, \$5.00; long gloves by Dawn-

elle, \$4.00. Blonde kid shoes by Mademoi-

selle. At right, smart perk-up for suit

or dress: A—large and important

pin for sparkle, a cluster of round-cut rhine-

stones in rhodium setting, by Coro,

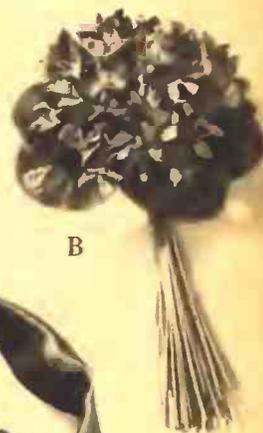
almost-real violets by Biltmore, \$1.00. C—triple threat

trio of pure silk ties in varied colors

to wear one, two, or three at a time; by Glentex, \$1.00.



A



B



C



This is Nora Drake, heard M-F, 2:30 P. M. EST, CBS. Sponsored by the Toni Co.

A DAYTIME SERIAL PICTURE STORY

Portia faces life

Walter
Returns
Home

Confronted by a new crisis, Portia fears it is even more of a threat to her marriage than the one which once nearly separated the Mannings forever

THE MAJOR difficulty with which Portia has always had to contend is her career as a wife versus her career as a lawyer. She had planned to give up her practice when the Staley case, whose terrifying aftermath is portrayed on these pages, was over. But when Walter returned in ill health, Portia realized that he couldn't get back his old job as managing editor of the *Chronicle* and that she'd have to pitch in if their home, which had been destroyed by fire, were to be rebuilt. When Walter recovered, he was able to get a reporter's job on the *Herald*. Shortly after, and much to Walter's objection, Portia took on the Mollyer case. Mollyer, who had just come out of prison, found that his former wife, Lois, was married to the manager of the Club Riviera—a club which he, Mollyer, used to own. He'd been cut out completely. Deciding to take court action, he got Portia to defend him. The same day he hired Portia, Lois was found murdered. Walter, who covered the crime for the *Herald*, will be a witness for the prosecution. But Portia decided to keep the case even though it means putting her own husband through a cross-examination on the witness stand. Since Walter is against her practicing law, Portia wonders how this turn of events will affect her marriage.

Portia Faces Life, with Lucille Wall as Portia and Bart Robinson as Walter, is heard Monday through Friday at 5:15 P.M. EST on NBC stations. Sponsored by Jell-O.



Refusing an out-of-court settlement, Portia insists on a conviction from Staley, who had confessed his guilt in the judge's chambers.

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Realizing that her wicked intention must be carried out on a stranger, she has Walter placed in an institution. He escapes, hops a freight train.



Walter had believed in Staley's innocence, then discovered evidence of his guilt. To prevent him from testifying, Staley had Walter blackjacked.



Thrown into a refrigerator truck which was later hit by a car, Walter is thrown clear of the crash, misidentified as wealthy Stewart Prescott.



Hospitalized and suffering from amnesia, Walter is visited by Beauty, Prescott's girl friend. She had planned to murder Prescott for his money.



Slowly regaining his memory, Walter gets off the train in Parkerstown. He and Portia are reunited on the burned-out site of their Peach Street home.



New difficulties arise when Walter, who objects to Portia's late practice, covers a murder case which Portia has decided to take on.



Portia, whose decision was based on necessity, cross-examines her first witness—Walter! Can she win the case and still keep her husband's love?

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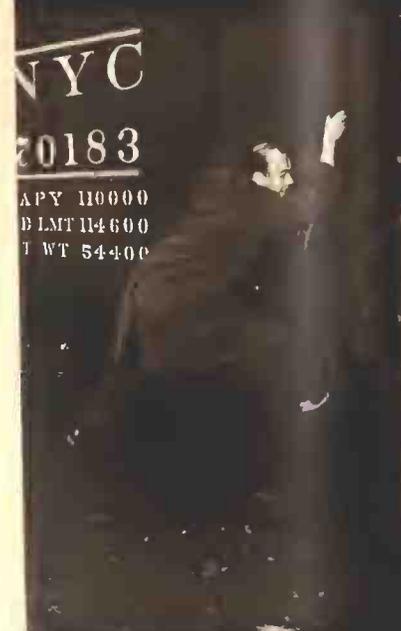
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Chris Thayer: tho' deeply in love with Connie, he was very doubtful on his wedding day. (Played by Jimmy Lydon.)



Connie Thayer: she, too, was doubtful and even wanted to call off the ceremony. But love was stronger and conquered its proverbial all. (Played by Olive Stacey.)



Serene moments for the young couple are rare and . . .

The first hundred years

For TV: its first "live"
daytime serial,
based on the wonders and
woes of matrimony



usually come after a big crisis . . .

SOMETHING new in television programs has hit homes all over the country. For fifteen minutes, five days a week, doorbells and telephones get tardy answers, dishes stay unwashed and stockings undarned, while Connie and Chris Thayer demonstrate why *The First Hundred Years* (of married life, that is) are the hardest. This is the first full network daytime serial on TV, and doubtless the forerunner of many others.

The opening script introduced the young couple and their families on the wedding morning and, several scripts later, viewers attended the ceremony on their screens. They watched the newlyweds come back from the honeymoon to the Victorian mansion that Connie's father mistakenly decided would make a fine wedding present. That's how things went during the opening weeks of *The First Hundred Years* and there hasn't been a dull moment since—for the audience or for the hard-working cast, which puts in a seven or eight-hour day preparing for every program.

What seems like a comparatively simple quarter-hour episode uses some thirty people, besides the seven permanent cast members. And you might like to know that the architectural anachronism which houses Connie and Chris was actually copied from a house of the 1890's, down to the last cupola and curlicue.

The First Hundred Years: Mon.-Fri., 2:30 P.M. EST, on CBS-TV, Channel 2. Sponsored by P&G's Tide.

Mrs. Thayer: she's flutery and feminine and constantly concerned with the welfare of her son Chris. (Played by Valerie Cossart, Theatre Guild actress.)

Mr. Thayer: he's blustery and protective towards all, especially Mrs. Thayer. Insurance is his business. (Played by Dan Tobin of Broadway and the movies.)

Mrs. Martin: she's a woman of great tolerance and humor. Her chief activity is restraining her impetuous husband. (Played by Nana Bryant.)

Mr. Martin: Generous but undependable—he gave Chris and Connie the Victorian mansion for a wedding present. (Played by Robert Armstrong.)



... in which members of both families are thoroughly involved.



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Junior MIRROR

Handbook of Adventure

By Mr. I. Magination

Hi! A lot of you boys and girls keep telling me how you wish you could go on our adventures to Imagination Town more often. Well, I've done a bit of thinking about it and seeing as how I can't keep popping into your house every day, I thought I'd give you a list of some of my friends who could take you adventuring. They'll take you on the biggest treasure hunts you've ever imagined.

First, there is Robert Louis Stevenson. You'll find his book, *Treasure Island*, in the library. He's got everything in it, the treasure map, the ship and the crew. If you like, you can turn yourself into Jim Hawkins and really fill your pockets with pieces of eight and doubloons. But watch out for a guy named Long John Silver. He used to be a pirate!

Would you like some diamonds big as ostrich eggs? Just you look into Sir Rider Haggard's *King Solomon's Mines*, and take a trip to Africa with Alan Quartermain, big game hunter. But watch out for Gagoola, the witch. She's older than Methuselah and she's the only one who knows where the diamonds are hidden.

Hey, with all that fighting and adventure, I think you and I are ready to do a bit of relaxing and laughing, so why don't we look up Mr. Mark Twain? He'll take us fishin' with *Tom Sawyer*, huntin' with *Huckleberry Finn*, but if you still want more adventure just look at Mr. Twain's *The Connecticut Yankee in King*

A Tall Story

By Gabby Hayes

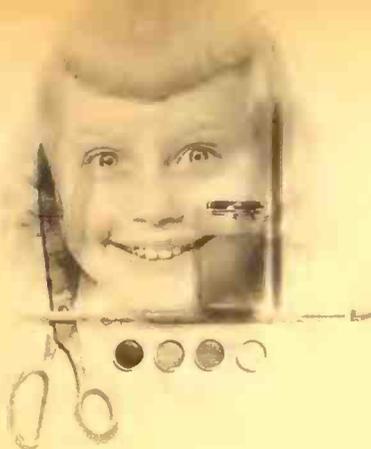
You jest couldn't imagine a feller like my Uncle Pick-Ax Hayes. One time he was the richest man in America, but he died poor. Made it and lost it. Why, he was so rich he had 365 cars. You wouldn't expect a man like him to ride in the same car twice. He had the biggest gold mine in the world. Found that in Alaska, dug the whole thing himself. That's where he got the name of Pick-Ax. Couldn't have no horses in Alaska, so he caught himself a polar bear, rode it all over. Bareback! But he had his come-uppance when he left Alaska for Arizonie. Went there to dig fer more gold. Well, he dug thirty years. No gold! Wore out 300 picks, 200 shovels. Broke his heart and died, but Pick-Ax Hayes will go down in history—cause the hole left by his diggin' they named the Grand Canyon! Gabby Hayes tells more stories on NBC-TV, Sun. 5 P. M. EST; M, W, F. 5:15 P. M. EST.



JOHNNY AND MR. DO-RIGHT: "Let's play paratroopers," Stubby suggested, and Johnny said, "Sure." Mr. Do-Right, Johnny's dog, was snoozing, woke up when he heard Stubby say, "You go first!"



Arthur's Court. Like I said before, these are old friends of mine and I've read their books at least a dozen times each. That's why I'm telling you about these books and that's why Mr. I. Magination and Co. like to tell you these stories and lots more on our television show on CBS-TV stations every Sunday evening at 6:30 EST.



How To Make An Indian Belt

By Straight Arrow

First you get some old leather or canvas. Cut it 12" wide and as long as you are around the waist. With a pencil, divide width of belt in 3 even sections of 4" each. With diagram #1 to guide you, on lower section cut a fringe with scissors. In middle section, paint an Indian design with oil paint. In top 4" section, cut out rectangles 1" larger in width than the regular belt loops on your denims to allow your regular belt to pass through inside of Indian belt and through loops of denims. Space rectangles as your denim belt loops are spaced. See diagram #2, fold back top section and sew it to bottom of middle section with strong cord. In diagram #3, see how your regular belt comes out through the rectangles to pass through the belt loops of your trousers. Tell your friends Straight Arrow (Tues. and Thurs., 5 P.M. EST, MBS) showed you how to make your Indian belt.



Johnny was about to jump when Mr. Do-Right yelled, "Hey, stop that—it's dangerous. You might get hurt!" Johnny put down the umbrella. Stubby grabbed it. "That's not stopping me!" he said.

Stubby landed—much too hard! He couldn't play the whole rest of the day. So take a tip from Mr. Do-Right—don't play dangerous games! (Johnny and Mr. Do-Right: M-F at 5 P.M., EST, over NBC-TV)

Junior MIRROR



A Tall Story By Gabby Hayes

You jest couldn't imagine a feller like my Uncle Pick-Ax Hayes. One time he was the richest man in America, but he died poor. Made it and lost it. Why, he was so rich he had 365 cars. You wouldn't expect a man like him to ride in the same car twice. He had the biggest gold mine in the world. Found that in Alaska, dug the whole thing himself. That's where he got the name of Pick-Ax. Couldn't have no horses in Alaska, so he caught himself a polar bear, rode it all over. Bareback! But he had his come-uppance when he left Alaska for Arizonie. Went there to dig for more gold. Well, he dug thirty years. No gold! Wore out 300 picks, 200 shovels. Broke his heart and died, but Pick-Ax Hayes will go down in history—cause the hole left by his diggin' they named the Grand Canyon! Gabby Hayes tells more stories on NBC-TV, Sun. 5 P. M. EST; M, W, F, 5:15 P. M. EST.



Handbook of Adventure By Mr. I. Magination

Hi! A lot of you boys and girls keep telling me how you wish you could go on our adventures to Imagination Town more often. Well, I've done a bit of thinking about it and seeing as how I can't keep popping into your house every day, I thought I'd give you a list of some of my friends who could take you adventuring. They'll take you on the biggest treasure hunts you've ever imagined.

First, there is Robert Louis Stevenson. You'll find his book, *Treasure Island*, in the library. He's got everything in it, the treasure map, the ship and the crew. If you like, you can turn yourself into Jim Hawkins and really fill your pockets with pieces of eight and doubloons. But watch out for a guy named Long John Silver. He used to be a pirate!

Would you like some diamonds big as ostrich eggs? Just you look into Sir Rider Haggard's *King Solomon's Mines*, and take a trip to Africa with Alan Quartermain, big game hunter. But watch out for Gagoola, the witch. She's older than Methuselah and she's the only one who knows where the diamonds are hidden.

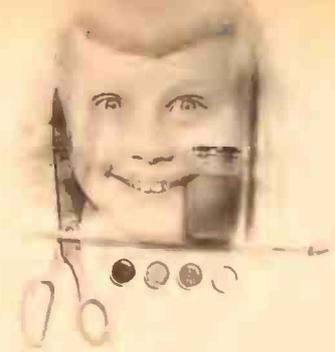
Hey, with all that fighting and adventure, I think you and I are ready to do a bit of relaxing and laughing, so why don't we look up Mr. Mark Twain? He'll take us fishin' with *Tom Sawyer*, huntin' with *Huckleberry Finn*, but if you still want more adventure just look at Mr. Twain's *The Connecticut Yankee in King*



Arthur's Court. Like I said before, these are old friends of mine and I've read their books at least a dozen times each. That's why I'm telling you about these books and that's why Mr. I. Magination and Co. like to tell you these stories and lots more on our television show on CBS-TV stations every Sunday evening at 6:30 EST.

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JOHNNY AND MR. DO-RIGHT: "Let's play parachuters," Stubby suggested, and Johnny said, "Sure." Mr. Do-Right, Johnny's dog, was snoozing; woke up when he heard Stubby say, "You go first!"

Johnny was about to jump when Mr. Do-Right yelled, "Hey, stop that—it's dangerous. You might get hurt!" Johnny put down the umbrella. Stubby grabbed it. "That's not stopping me!" he said.

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BY NANCY CRAIG
Radio Television Mirror
Food Counselor.

Heard 4 P.M., EST,
Mon.-Fri. on ABC stations.



Good beginnings

BEFORE the children came along, my breakfasts consisted of orange juice and coffee. But it wasn't long before I realized that I needed more than that to keep me going all morning.

A basic breakfast should include cereal with milk and sugar; fruit or fruit juice; milk, coffee, or cocoa; bread and butter. Since breakfast is so simple, I perk it up with such accessories as eggs, muffins or breakfast meats. To make our breakfasts interesting, I plan for them as I plan for dinners—keeping in mind variety, attractiveness, economy and good nutrition. It's easy when I follow the basic breakfast plan and remember that breakfast is a very important part of "three square meals a day."

(Recipes tested by the Macfadden Kitchen)

FILLED COFFEE RING

¼ cup + 1 tbs. sugar	2 eggs, beaten
½ teaspoon salt	3 cups (about) sifted flour
3 tbs. shortening	2 tablespoons melted butter or margarine
1/3 cup milk, scalded	½ cup brown sugar
1/3 cup lukewarm water	½ teaspoon cinnamon
1 package dry yeast or 1 cake compressed	½ cup currants
	1 tablespoon milk

Combine sugar, salt, shortening and scalded milk in a small bowl. Cool to lukewarm. Place lukewarm water and remaining tablespoon sugar in a larger bowl. Sprinkle or crumble yeast into water. Let stand until dissolved (about 10 minutes); then stir well. Add lukewarm milk mixture. Reserve 2 tablespoons beaten egg. Add remainder to yeast mixture. Add one-half the sifted flour. Beat until smooth. Add remaining flour and stir until dough forms a ball.

Turn dough out on a lightly floured board and knead 8-10 minutes until dough is smooth and

satiny. Place dough in a greased bowl; grease top. Cover with a clean towel. Let rise in a warm place, free from draft, until doubled in bulk (about 1½ hours). Then punch down and turn out on a lightly floured board. Roll out to a rectangle 14x12x¼". Brush with melted butter. Combine brown sugar, cinnamon and currants. Sprinkle over dough. Roll up lengthwise as for jelly roll. Place on greased baking sheet. Bring the two ends together to form a circle. Moisten the edges with milk and seal firmly. Slash outer edge at 1-inch intervals almost to the inner edge, making slices about 1-inch wide. Turn each slice partly on its side, all pointing in one direction. Cover with a clean towel. Let rise in a warm place until doubled in bulk (about 1 hour). Combine remaining 2 tablespoons beaten egg with 1 tablespoon milk. Brush ring with this mixture. Bake in a moderate oven (350°F.) about 40 minutes. Ice top of ring with confectioners' sugar icing while it is still warm. (Continued on page 89)



Pre-baking process for the filled coffee ring, right: slash outer edge at one inch intervals, making slices one inch wide. Turn each slice partly on its side.

RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR **F**OR BETTER LIVING



At home, a different man!

BY MARTIN COHEN

YOU DRIVE west from Radio City to the Hudson River and join the stream of cars moving out of Manhattan. Speeding along the highway, the towers of steel and brick gradually fall behind and the gray concrete is replaced by glimpses of trees and lawns and small towns. You cross the Connecticut state line and shortly turn off the main stem into a winding, country road. The rolling hills of New England are dotted by farmhouses, neat homes, small country stores. And just sixty minutes after you have left the turbulent city, you stop before a clean-lined colonial house with white brick walls and a shingle roof. You're at home with Bert Parks, one of the top personalities of radio and television.

Bert, so impeccable at broadcasts, is now dressed for comfort in slacks and a sport shirt. At his heels is Willie, his black dachshund.

"This is it," he confides. "This is my acre of peace and happiness."

Bert is an admitted stay-at-home. After a strenuous schedule of rehearsing and presenting seven TV and radio shows a week, nothing will entice him away. He is a complete stranger to



Bert's Connecticut colonial, a short sixty minutes from Manhattan, is his hearth and haven—and a mighty welcome one for a man who does seven shows a week! "We love it here," says Bert, "we" meaning wife Annette, the twins. Jeff and Joel, five, and little Annette, two.

Manhattan parties and nightclubs. For within this one acre is his lovely, brunette wife, Annette, the twins, and their baby daughter, and they're all he needs—or wants—for happiness.

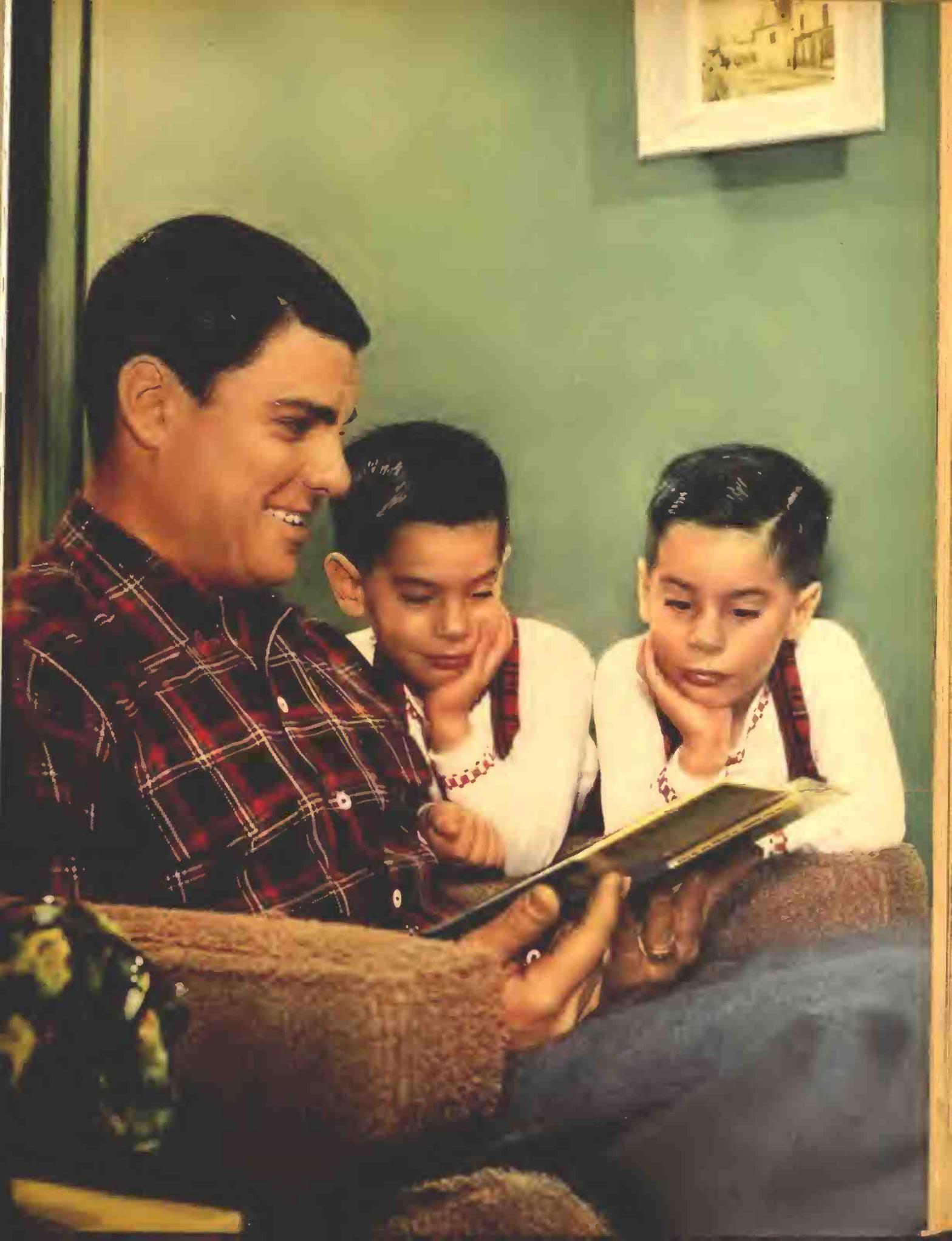
"We love it here," Bert tells you. "Moving into the country has had a great, quieting effect on us."

Like most fathers, Bert spends his time at home playing with the children. Jeff and Joel, the twins, are almost five. Two more imaginative, energetic boys would be hard to find. The twins are in the cowboy stage, totin' six-shooters and ridin' the range, but their real, constant (Continued on page 82)

Special
section on
**STOP THE
MUSIC**
Radio and
Television

SEE
NEXT
PAGE

*Stop The Music's dynamic emcee really does know how to relax—
but he has to go all the way to the country to do it!*



Special
section on

STOP THE MUSIC

Radio and
Television



Stop the music

"THIS is the Stop The Music operator in New York calling . . ." Anyone who ever hopes to hear these words knows that there are big prizes in line for the person who can identify the mystery tune. Those who watch Stop The Music on TV also know that emcee Bert Parks and his talented cohorts put on a tuneful hour's show between phone calls. The telephone operators, who busily work the switchboard on the stage, put in calls to names selected at random from the directories by a guest celebrity. STM has a large reserve of names just in case some of the people aren't home. When the operators do get an answer, they flash Bert, who then Stops The Music. The person is asked to identify the song which was stopped and, if correct, is then given a chance to identify the mystery melody. These are the moments of suspense on Stop The Music!

Stop The Music: On TV Thurs., 8 P.M. EST, ABC-TV, sponsored by Admiral Television and Old Golds; on Sun., 8 P.M. EST, ABC, sponsored by Old Golds and Mars Candy Bars. Bert Parks emcees Break The Bank, Wed., 10 P.M. EST, NBC-TV, sponsored by Bristol-Myers. The Bert Parks Show is on M, W & F, 3:30 P.M. EST, NBC-TV, sponsored by General Foods.



↑ The cameramen cast their focus on the dancers. The young man at the left is about to execute a graceful (he hopes) leap with some aid from his prone partner.



← Toasting make-believe marshmallows and, via song, each other, Marion Morgan and Jimmy Blaine see a number through costumeless rehearsal to show time.

→ Very much in costume at rehearsal are the commercial's chorus in their navy blue and gold. Bert, seated at the far right, has peeled his coat for action.



➔ Busy operators make the calls from names selected by a famous guest celebrity—then they flash the word to Bert's assistant on the stage.



↑ Bert teams up with pretty Betty Ann Grove, *Stop The Music's* comic song stylist, for a "Put On Those Old Records" duet. Casual clothes are the keynote for rehearsal, but by the time Thursday evening comes, casualness is strictly an acquired air.



↑ Morgan, TV's favorite canine, shows admirable patience while the props are being put into place. For the actual show, Bert wore a furry parka to match igloo and sled in this Arctic skit.

↓ Marion Morgan rehearses another tete-a-tete, this time with STM's choreographer, Jimmy Nigren, who sometimes appears on the show himself.



↑ The Variety Dancers practice their fast footwork captured in close-up by the cameras. See the following pages for stories and pictures of people who stop the music on TV and radio—Marion Morgan, Jimmy Blaine, Harry Salter, Betty Ann Grove, Kay Armen and Dick Brown.



The people who stop the music



↑ Red-haired **Betty Ann Grove** owes her first break in show business to a certain red-coated gentleman from the North Pole whom she was taken to see at a Boston department store. Instead of presenting him with a long list of requests, Betty Ann told the startled Santa that she could sing. Santa made a request of his own and Betty Ann made her first public singing appearance. She was two at the time. Throughout high school, Betty Ann sang at department store fashion shows and appeared with Ruby Newman's orchestra on the Boston hotel circuit. Her one appearance on Ed Sullivan's *Toast of the Town* TV show resulted in an exclusive contract with *Stop The Music*. Five-foot four-inch, 102-pound Betty lives alone in her Manhattan apartment.



↑ Blond and handsome **Jimmy Blaine** is another in the long list of young performers who have been helped to success by Paul Whiteman. Fresh out of Kansas City, Jimmy applied for auditions at WJZ in New York as both announcer and singer. The two tests were scheduled for the same day, but if there were butterflies in Jimmy's stomach, no one knew. He clicked immediately. At that time, "Pops" Whiteman was looking for a young singer to co-emcee a summer musical program, *Tomorrow's Tops*. Jimmy was chosen on the basis of the tests. The war caused a four-year hiatus in his career—he served as a B-17 pilot with the Eighth Air Force, completing twenty-five missions. Married, he has one child, lives in Ridgewood, New Jersey.



← Not every young singer is lucky enough to be sponsored by a famous movie star, but STM's **Marion Morgan** can claim that good fortune. In 1949, Marion had finished a stint with the Harry James orchestra and was eager to try out as a single act. There were no takers until the manager of *Ciro's* in Hollywood offered her a chance to fill in for an act that had been cancelled. Marion's first night audience included many big names. One was Joan Crawford, who sent for Marion and said, "I like your voice, but everything else you do is wrong. Do you mind if I help you?" Help included a re-vamping of both Marion's appearance and her singing style. After that—and before coming to STM—the twenty-four-year-old native Detroiter had no trouble getting engagements.

Special
section on
**STOP THE
MUSIC**
Radio and
Television



← **Harry Salter**, who is musical director of both the television and radio versions of *Stop The Music*—and the man who picks the mystery tune—has been playing the violin since he was seven. His parents, unlike most who give their children a musical education, did not envisage their son's making a living from his playing. So, as a college student, Harry studied chemical engineering at New York University. He soon found that the reverse was true and after college, he took to studying music seriously. His earliest radio show was *Real Folks* on which he imitated music as it would be played by a small town band. Before STM, he'd been musical director for Lanny Ross and had conducted for *Hobby Lobby*, *Mr. District Attorney*, *What's My Name* and the *Phil Baker Show*. Someone once told him that the only thing he didn't like about STM was that there was too much stopping and too little music. Harry answered by saying, "My friend, when I didn't 'Stop' very few people looked or listened."

The people who stop the music

Continued

» Walking along the corridors of ABC one afternoon, songstress **Kay Armen**, unemployed, met musical director Harry Salter. He was talking about a forthcoming new program. "It's sustaining, but I've got a hunch about this show," he said. "It's going to be terrific. Why don't you join it?" Kay agreed and it proved to be the turning point in her career, for in addition to her role as featured songstress on STM, she is heard on four other network programs. Kay was born Armen Manoogian in Chicago where her father, Robert Manoogian, was the world's champion wrestler. Although Kay was more interested in sports and art during her school days, her first job was as a singer on a Chicago station. She also appeared on a Nashville station before heading for New York and the Stop the Music show.

» Since **Dick Brown** started as the male singing star on the radio version of Stop the Music, he has flown over 200,000 miles, doing night club and theatre work throughout the country. Each week when he finishes his show, he hops a plane and is off for a week's engagement in California or Florida or Texas. At the end of the week he has to race back to Manhattan in time for the Sunday night show. Dick, who comes from Youngstown, Ohio, claims he "sort of" attended the University of Minnesota. He wasn't exactly a student because he didn't have the money to register. But given the choice of paying to register or quit eating, or eating and not paying to register, he settled for food and eavesdropped his way through college. Dick sang in minor shows before being tapped for Stop The Music. He married radio and TV actress, Charlotte Manson, which makes STM something of a family affair at the Browns'—Charlotte does some of the commercial announcing on the show.



Radio stop the music



↑ Finding mystery melodies for STM has become a full time job. Harry Salter, musical director, right, used to pick them by riffling through his files. Now he needs a staff of musicologists.

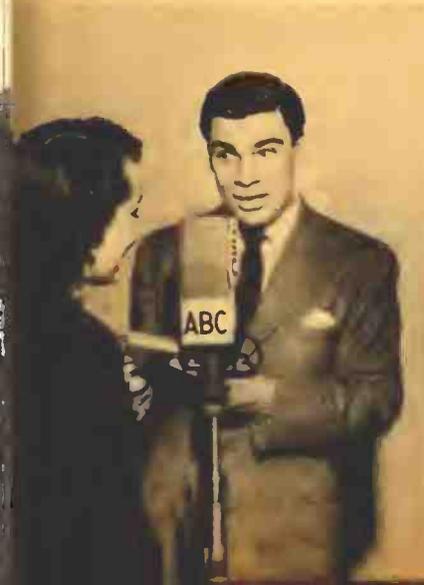
STM started in 1948 and has developed into one of radio's top quiz shows. Both studio participants and listeners at home have a chance to win—but even losing has its consolations.



↑ On the STM air show, there are no operators on the stage. Dorothy O'Connor receives the flash from upstairs, tells Bert.



↑ Kay Armen, Bert Parks Harry Salter gather 'round for what may be a winner. Twelve to fourteen calls are usually completed on each STM show; names are picked at random from directories by guest celebrity.





*On the air she plays Peg, of
Pepper Young's Family; in real
life she's Betty Wragge—in both roles
she's a busy housewife!*

Marriage—and Moving

By the time you read this, I'll be married—to Walter Brook, who's also a radio actor and lately a television actor, too. (He's a steady on *One Man's Family*, for instance.) We're going to pool our furniture, Walter and I, and move into an eight-room apartment—which is going to be a big, and happy, change from the two-and-a-half room one I've been living in. We don't plan to buy anything new in the way of furniture, but we do have a lot of re-upholstering (both of us) and sewing (me) and general handy-man work (Walter) ahead of us, before we can have all our friends over to our apartment for a huge housewarming.

Roll Out a Barrel

Packing dishes in a barrel for moving is an art in itself—take it from one who's been practicing the art the last few days. For equipment you need, obviously, a barrel—the movers will supply one

for a small fee—newspapers, and excelsior or shredded newspaper. Start by putting four or five inches of shredded paper or excelsior in the bottom of the barrel. Wrap each piece individually in newspaper. First, stand dinner plates on end around inside wall of the barrel, overlapping the plates slightly. Take next-sized plates, put them in the same way, in front of the dinner plates, and repeat until you've run out of plates. This ought to leave you a good spot in the center for a vegetable dish. Cover this whole layer with three inches of excelsior or shredded paper. To start the next layer stand your platters—all sizes—around the wall of the barrel. Working in toward center, fill with covered vegetable dishes, relish dishes, gravy boat and other chinaware of this type. And now is the time to put on more shredded paper and to start on your third layer by standing your saucers—wrapped carefully, of course—around the wall of the barrel. Then cups, working toward the center. Pack sugar and creamer in center, and put in more of the excelsior or paper. A full dinner service for twelve can be packed safely and compactly in just a single barrel.

For the Inner Walter

Fortunately for both of us, I really like to cook. One of my favorites—especially because it can be prepared hours in advance—is a Veal Aspic Salad. As far as Walter and I are concerned it's a year-around preferred dish, but extra nice in the summer time. The recipe which I am going to give you is enough for four generous servings.

MY OWN VEAL ASPIC SALAD

1 (No. 2) can tomatoes	1 tbsp. lemon juice
$\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon salt	1 tbsp. chopped onion
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped celery	1 cup diced cooked veal
2 bay leaves	
$1\frac{1}{2}$ tbsps. gelatine	2 cups cottage cheese
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water	Salad greens

Combine tomatoes, salt, chopped celery, bay leaves in saucepan. Bring to a boil; cover, simmer ten minutes. Remove from heat; put through strainer. Sprinkle gelatine over cold water; let stand for five minutes. Add gelatine, lemon juice, chopped onion and diced veal to the hot tomato mixture. Pour into $1\frac{1}{2}$ pint mold. Chill in refrigerator. Unmold on salad greens. Serve with cottage cheese.

Keeping Copper

I'm hemming my own table linens and transfer-stamping and embroidering my own dishtowels for our new home. But I can't very well make my own pots and pans, so I'm quite shamelessly telling my close friends and relatives, when they ask what I want for a wedding present, "Copper cooking ware—all shapes and sizes!" Meanwhile, I've been boning up on how to care for copper-bottom pots and pans, if, as and when I get some. It seems that copper is easily discolored by a gas flame set too high or one which burns yellow. If heat is kept low these utensils work most efficiently. That way you save gas, and it's possible to cook with less water—a vitamin-saver. If you clean copper-bottom pans after each use it's easy to keep them bright. Use soap-filled pads for the insides, special copper cleaner for the bottoms. For bad discoloration, rub the copper with a cut lemon, or vinegar on a cloth. Then sprinkle with salt and rub—hard. Wish me luck! Now that I'm up on their care, maybe I'll get a kitchenful of bright beauties!

Pepper Young's Family is heard Monday through Friday, 3:30 P.M. EST, NBC stations, sponsored by P&G's Camay.

BY
BETTY WRAGGE



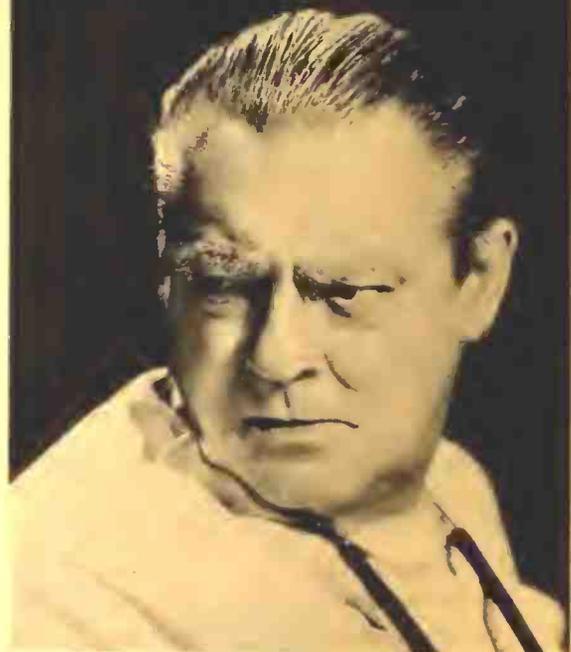
Betty is making her own curtains and draperies for her new home. She plans to upholster the seats of two chairs in the flowered fabric of the drapes, using latex foam—for comfort, durability and ease of handling—as padding in the cushions.



The story of Dr. Kildare

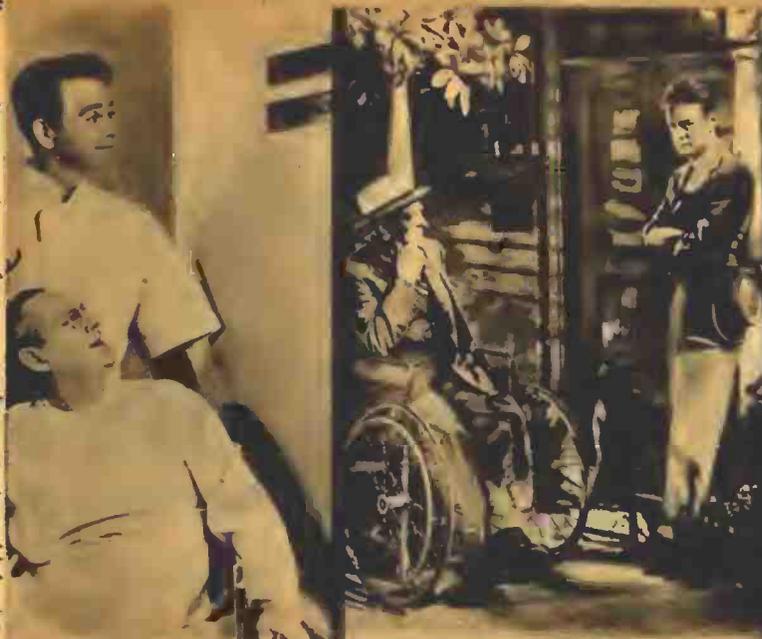
• The happiest moment in young Dr. James Kildare's career was the day he placed his M.D. sign alongside the one bearing the name of his friend, confidant and idol, Dr. Leonard Gillespie. Since becoming a member of the medical profession, Dr. Kildare has had as many tense moments as he has had happy ones. But he has always had the tremendous satisfaction that every good doctor knows—the one of helping his fellow man out of pain and distress. Lew Ayres, who was a medical corpsman during World War II, plays Dr. Kildare, a role he originally created on the screen. Sharp-tongued, kind-hearted Dr. Gillespie is played by Lionel Barrymore. On these pages you'll find some highlights in the careers of the two doctors.

The Story of Dr. Kildare, an MGM Radio Attraction, is sponsored by Imdrin. It is heard in N.Y. 7:30 P.M. EST, Mon. on WMGM. Consult local paper for other times and stations.



Dr. Kildare (Lew Ayres) is Blair Hospital's young resident physician. Dr. Gillespie (Lionel Barrymore) is its chief diagnostician. Above, Dr. Gillespie addresses a group of young doctors who have just finished their internments. Dr. Kildare, who became closer to him than the others is second from left.

On the air: the medical adventures of everybody's favorite M.D.



A low moment in Dr. Kildare's career—his realization that neither he nor Dr. Gillespie can help little Donnie O'Brien, who seems determined not to get well. Then Buck Houston, a cowboy actor, is admitted to the hospital. His tests disclose no illness. Buck finally admits he is tired of pretending to children. But when Dr. Kildare persuades Buck to visit Donnie in cowboy regalia and Donnie shows an interest in getting well, Buck regains faith in himself.

When Dr. Kildare treats young John Breverton with anti-serum injections for anthrax, he is angrily dismissed from the case by John's father, famed surgeon Dr. Breverton. Dr. Kildare, knowing John had skinned a bear on a recent hunting trip, had discovered anthrax in the bear's carcass. Subsequent tests by Dr. Breverton and Dr. Gillespie disclosed no anthrax. But when animals in the hunting country are found to be suffering from anthrax, Dr. Breverton is convinced of his error and allows Dr. Kildare to treat his son. All three doctors pitch in to vaccinate the people in the hunting village.



When nineteen-year-old Cathy Morton comes to Dr. Kildare and asks him to place her month-old baby out for adoption, she says her husband doesn't even know about the baby. Dr. Gillespie persuades Blair Hospital's superintendent and one of the nurses to pretend to be potential foster parents for the baby. Meanwhile, Dr. Kildare investigates and locates Cathy's husband, who is with the Marines and stationed at Fort Bixby. Sgt. Walter Morton has been looking for his wife for months—she had walked out on him after a quarrel. Cathy thinks she is not capable of taking care of the child, but she refuses to let the nurse and the superintendent adopt him. Finally she decides she won't let anyone take him. She walks back to claim her baby and finds him with her husband. Drs. Gillespie and Kildare leave the family together.

Who's who

**Betty
Brewer**

Last year thousands of Joes and millions not named Joe, heard a petite songstress plead "Don't Cry, Joe." The recording of this plaintive plea proved to be a smash hit—and it was the big break for Betty Brewer who, as a result, can now be heard with Edward Everett Horton on ABC-TV's Holiday Hotel.

Though happy about her singing success, Betty still yearns for recognition as an actress. At Centenary College in Shreveport, Louisiana, she majored in drama, but upon graduation, took a job with Ray Heatherton's band. She also was a featured soloist with Tommy Dorsey's band. During the war Betty appeared with Katharine Cornell's overseas troupe in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." "The Barretts" proved such a hit that it played Broadway upon its return. That was just enough stage experience to whet Betty's ambition for more.

**Guy
Lebow**

Guy Lebow, nationally known sports authority, has the distinction of having covered every major sport in radio and TV. As a developer of new ideas and rules in boxing, hockey and other games, Guy is frequently called upon by officials to aid them in a guide for action in sports. His new book, *The Wrestling Scene*, has already sold 152,000 copies.

Guy is currently doing sports on New York station WPIX and is heard on the Bea Kalmus WJZ-TV show, WOR-TV Starlit Matinee Theatre and the WOR-TV Sports Whirl.

Guy was active in sports himself some years ago—he was a semi-pro pitcher, played football and basketball and is still a good marksman. Having covered sports since 1931, Guy's thorough knowledge of the games plus his friendship with the players help make him one of TV's most versatile sportscasters.



in TV

Recently a group of artists and illustrators voted Mimi Benzell as "the most beautiful woman in opera today." Although Mimi is now on leave of absence from the Metropolitan Opera, her lyric coloratura can be heard regularly on the Paul Whiteman Revue, telecast Sunday evenings. Mimi, who was born in Bridgeport, Conn., first caught the attention of the New York music world as Adele in the Broadway operetta, "Rosalinda." She next sang in Mexico City with Sir Thomas Beecham's orchestra. On the strength of a great success there, she was auditioned by the Met and given a contract. She has made concert tours with radio star, Felix Knight and composer-arranger Morton Gould. Mimi, now married to Morton's brother, concert manager Walter Gould, believes TV is proving the mass appeal of good music expertly sung.

Mimi Benzell



Connie Sawyer

"You're too pretty to be a clown," an agent once said to blonde Connie Sawyer, the energetic young comedienne who has invaded the TV scene via such shows as The Colgate Comedy Hour and Ed Sullivan's Toast of the Town. Instead of feeling flattered at being told how lovely she is, Connie decided to deglamorize herself. She felt that her clever song satires, based on such subjects as statistics, cowboys, folk singers, models and society chanteuses, would be far more effective if she herself looked less lovely. Connie is a native of San Francisco. She came East via a used car on which she'd spent almost her entire bankroll. To pay for the gas for her transcontinental trip, she took jobs along the way. Connie's pre-TV audiences were mostly in small supper clubs. Recently she's appeared twice with Jack Carter on NBC's Four Star Revue.



Who's who in TV

Butch Cavell

Eleven-year-old Butch Cavell, who's one of the most in-demand child actors, claims that he'd rather be a shortstop than a thespian any day. But these days Butch sees more cameras—both TV and movie—than baseball diamonds. He has the distinction of being the first child actor to be tapped for the movies from television. Butch was born in New York in 1939 and his real name is Maurice, which he hates. He entered the Children's Professional School when he was four-and-a-half and his first pro performance was a year later as the little prince in the Theatre Guild's road production of Shakespeare's "Winter's Tale." Video drama fans have seen Butch on Philco Playhouse, Studio I, Ford Theatre and Mr. I. Magination. He has black hair, brown eyes and thinks New York Yankee shortstop Phil Rizzuto is one of the greatest men alive.



Snooky Lanson

When Roy S. Lanson, at the age of two—which was before he could talk—picked up the then current Irving Berlin hit, "Snookey-Ookims," it was nothing less than inevitable that part of the title rub off and remain with him. Almost as inevitable was a singing career. Snooky went from boy soprano to the smooth baritone Your Hit Parade fans know with only a slight pause for the usual voice-breaking period in adolescence. Snooky, who also does the Lucky Strike singing commercials, was a vocalist in his home state of Tennessee on Nashville's station WSM (he was born in Memphis), a fact which has caused him to be known as the Crosby of the South. Now a Yankee, at least by residence, Snooky lives in a three-story Colonial in Stamford, Conn. with his wife and two children, Ernie and Beth, and commutes to NBC studios in New York.





Patricia's Ring—
a large solitaire and
six smaller diamonds

She's Engaged!

Winsome, young PATRICIA STEVENS is up in the clouds these days! Her engagement to Frederick Abbot Gage of Montclair has been announced. They've made their plans for a Spring wedding to be held in the lovely, old Christ Episcopal Church in Glen Ridge, New Jersey. There'll be five bridesmaids—an adorable bride—a gala reception afterwards.

She's Lovely!

Gay, lively and darling are words that rush to describe Patricia the minute you see her. You can't help being captured by her disarming smile, her laughing blue eyes, her creamy, magnolia-blossom complexion. Her face shows you all the merry charm of her Inner Self—bubbling out to make you *love her* at first sight.

She uses Pond's!

Patricia Stevens has a complexion that's soft and smooth as petals. "I *always* use Pond's," she says.



**"You have more fun
when you know you look your prettiest"** —

Patricia says —

It certainly gives a girl a happy lift of confidence to know she looks her best.

And Patricia feels a pretty complexion boosts any girl's glamour-rating. "I like Pond's Cold Cream for cleansing my face better than anything," she says. "It makes my skin feel fabulously clean and soft. And *cream* cleansing can't be drying."

You, too, will like Pond's Cold Cream care for your face. Do this Pond's treatment every night (for your day face cleansings, too)—*this is the way*:

Hot Stimulation—a quick hot water splash.

Cream Cleanse—swirl fluffy Pond's Cold Cream over face and throat, to soften dirt and make-up, sweep them from pore openings. Tissue off.

Cream Rinse—more Pond's now, to rinse off last traces of dirt, leave skin immaculate. Tissue off.

Cold Stimulation—a tonic cold water splash.

Isn't it *easy*? And how fresh-as-spring-rain your skin looks—and feels! You'll just *love* this Pond's beauty care!

It's not vanity to help your face look lovely. When you know you look your best, it gives you an added confidence that makes the real You within *sparkle out*—draws other people to you on sight!



Start your Pond's beauty care now.
Help your face show a lovelier You!



Tony Mottola is the one-man orchestra who supplies music for *Danger*—Tues., 10 P.M. EST CBS-TV. Sponsor: Amm-i-dent Toothpaste

Background for **DANGER**

It's a crucial moment in a *Danger* drama, and you're staring at your television screen. Suddenly the tension becomes almost more than you can bear, heightened by the sound of an eerie musical note that hangs in the air and then dies out mournfully, like the last echoes of a scream. That's your reminder that somewhere, out of camera range, Tony Mottola and his guitar are doing their unusual job in their usual exciting way.

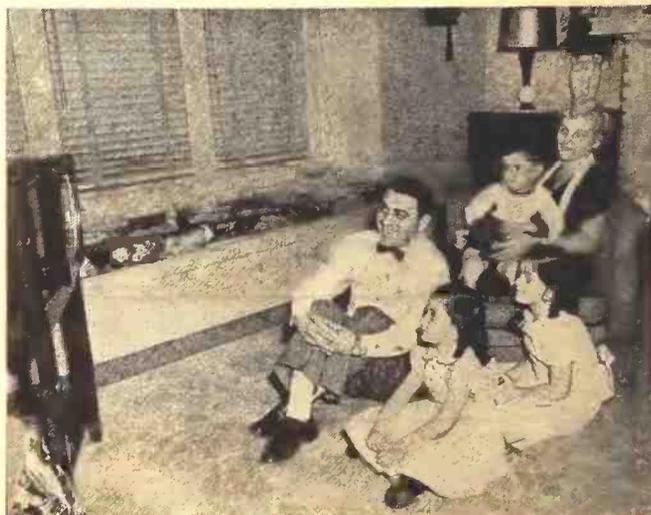
Tony is the one-man orchestra for the *Danger* series, the first of the dramatic programs to depend upon a single instrument for its theme and mood music. For Tony there are no horns or woodwinds to help sustain a mood, no cymbals or tympany crashes to accent the climax. Everything must be told melodically on the strings of his guitar.

"One of the most interesting things I have ever done," he says. "I get more of a thrill out of this job than any other."

This music is his responsibility from start to end. And it's something completely new in television. On the Friday preceding the Tuesday telecast he meets with the producer, Charles Russell, to discuss the script's musical requirements. Over the weekend, Tony does his composing and scoring. By Tuesday, music and story must fit together as though planned by one mind.

For a story of Chicago gangsters, he may decide on a raucous boogie-woogie medley. For a drama revolving around a monstrous, plotting child, he has satirized nursery songs. Whenever you listen carefully to his music you'll notice that he uses a different theme or phrase for each player, so that whether you're aware of it or not, his guitar is subtly assisting each characterization. It's a really fascinating procedure, when you actually begin to pry into it. Notice the music the next time you hear *Danger*.

When the music makes your hair bristle and your spine tingle, you can hold Tony Mottola responsible



What does Tony do in his spare time? Watch television with Mitzi (who was his childhood sweetheart) and three offspring: Joanne, seven; Bernice, five; Tony Jr., three.



*"Be
Lux Lovely
all over!"*

says Donna Reed

**"My beauty bath leaves my skin
so smooth, so fragrant"**

"This big bath size Lux Toilet Soap is really *luxurious*," says charming Donna Reed. "It gives such a refreshing beauty bath—leaves my skin feeling so smooth, perfumed with a delicate flower-like fragrance!"

Ask for Hollywood's beauty soap in the big new bath size. You'll love this satin-smooth white cake. It will make your daily beauty bath a joy! Such rich abundant lather, such exquisite perfume!

**9 out of 10 Screen Stars
use Lux Toilet Soap**

*Donna
Reed*

IN "SATURDAY'S HERO"

A Sidney Buchman Production
A COLUMBIA PICTURE

LUX
TOILET SOAP
Bath Size

for your Beauty Bath

Burr's My Neighbor

(Continued from page 36)

would suddenly get the same far-away look in his eyes and ask, "Fran, should my furniture be last-word modern, or should I stick to antiques?"

Burr got the remodeling fever largely because Kukla and Ollie outgrew both an apartment and an office. To those of you who are off the coax or kine, I should explain that although Kukla and Ollie officially are puppets, they and the rest of the Kuklapolitans have such lively, fully developed personalities we, who work with them or watch them, are very sure they are real. In the studio, we always refer to them as "the kids."

Being real, they have wants just as demanding as any human's. If Kukla needs a new train, or Ollie requires a prop for a pageant, some one has to make the things and that requires workshop space.

They also have sponsors, sponsors have advertising agents, and all of them like to sit down and talk things over with Burr in a spot where phones don't ring every five seconds. The staff, too, needs dream-up time. The staff consists of Beulah Zachary, producer; Lewis Gomavitz, director; Jack Fascinato, musical director; Joseph Lockwood, costume designer, and Mary Dornheim and Cathy Morgan, our secretaries. We're a tightly-knit group, we like each other, and we spend much more time together than the cast and staff of most shows.

His own home would not serve. The apartment near the Evanston boundary, comfortable and just the right size for Burr and his parents, Dr. and Mrs. B. F. Tillstrom, has, on occasion, stretched to accommodate the whole crew, but its chief handicap has been distance.

The Tillstroms, to add an extra hour to Burr's day, decided to buy into a cooperative apartment now under construction close to the studio, but that still left Kuke and Ollie homeless. It would, Burr concluded, be a nice idea to find them a coach house of their own.

Archie and I have a coach house, too, and that's how I happened to spend the last year as chief listener to two Mr. Blandings.

We moved into ours at the end of the war when my husband stowed away his uniform and returned to being Archie Levington, publisher's representative for Leeds Music Company. His work requires that he spend most of his evenings calling on orchestra leaders and vocalists. At the same time, my eight a.m. date as Aunt Fanny on the Breakfast Club, meant I must be up early.

We solved our problem by buying this coach house on Chicago's near north side, close to the loop and the studios. Our predecessor had remodeled and furnished it, so all my mother Nan, and Archie and I had to do was hang up our clothes, buy some groceries and set up housekeeping. A year later, when Kukla, Ollie and company became a part of our lives, it turned into a convenient gathering place.

Burr wasn't so lucky, for after the time we bought, coach houses became fashionable. Others, too, were discovering how convenient they were, and the few existing ones were snapped up fast. For more than a year, Burr searched, but none of those that were

available met any of his requirements.

I thought he had just about given up when, one day, he rushed into our place sounding very much like Ollie in the throes of a major enthusiasm.

Breathlessly, he told us, an agent who was a fan of the show heard Burr was house hunting and got in touch with him. (Kukla and Ollie win the hearts of the nicest people). Located down State Parkway a little ways, it was almost equidistant from our place, Beulah's and Joe Lockwood's. Other members of the staff and many of Burr's friends also lived nearby.

It even looked romantic, Burr reported. To enter, you went down some steps, walked through a narrow passage, and there it was, like a miniature one-turret castle facing a tiny garden. Of slightly later vintage than ours, its first floor where the high-wheeled limousines once had stood would make an ideal place for both workshop and puppet theater. The basement below gave additional storage space.

Since Burr sounded like Ollie, I began to suspect an Ollie gimmick was involved somewhere. A little impatiently, I asked, "What about living space? How many rooms do you have on the second floor?"

"One," said Burr blandly, "but it's huge. It used to be the recreation room. There's a terrific fireplace, high enough to stand inside, and the floor is wide oak planking fastened together with wedges."

It sounded great, but Burr wasn't through yet. "Of course," he confessed, "I'll have to do a little remodeling, such as building a bathroom, a kitchen, and a stairway from the first floor."

Altogether, it sounded like an appalling amount of remodeling to me, but Archie's reaction was just the opposite. That's when his speculative look appeared for the first time as he said, "Now I think that's just fine. You're always better off when you start at the beginning and rebuild it to suit yourself. I wish we had done that here."

I was remembering how grateful I'd been to get a roof over our heads during the worst of the housing shortage, but Archie was glancing around our living room as though he were taking inventory. "Yes," said Archie, "we could make a lot of improvements. There's space wasted by that big dining room when what we need is a guest room. The kitchen is too small, too. When Nan and Fran both are in there, I haven't got enough room left to get to the stove to see what's cooking."

"Burr's given me an idea. I think this would be a good time to start remodeling this place, too."

Archie and Burr had a magnificent time advising each other about contractors, recommending decorators, choosing household equipment, and the accomplished results are wonderful, but it certainly kept us all upset.

It's been worth the wait. Burr's decorating scheme is both effective and livable. You enter through the garden door, climb a tiny narrow staircase, and arrive first in the workshop and puppet theater. That's the utilitarian section, the place where Burr, the genius at creating new characters, turns into B. Tilstrom, skilled technician. There's a well-equipped work bench along one side, and across the back are miniature

stages. At present he is interested in developing a new show which will have marionettes, the string operated puppets, rather than hand puppets like the Kuklapolitans. It's one of those things which will see the light of day only when Burr, who lives with his characters, has dreamed up the final facet of personality of the least important marionette, and until then, they'll dangle from their stands behind the stage sets.

Kukla, at present, has only one evidence of his residence. To get to the stairs you have to walk around his miniature railroad system which stands on trestles in the middle of the floor. Burr, of course, is just as much of a railroading enthusiast as Kukla, but when he gets extravagant about equipment, he always justifies the expenditure by saying he bought it for Kuke.

Yes, Burr built the stairs. The treads are covered with hemp matting, and presiding over the first landing is a huge spread-winged golden eagle, carved of wood. No story accompanied it when he purchased the creature in a New England antique shop but Burr is certain it must once have graced the prow of a clipper ship.

In the living section Burr has achieved a skillful blend of modern and ancient. Two Lawson sofas, upholstered in brown, face one of the biggest coffee tables I've ever seen in my life, and the white wool shag rug beneath them is strictly 1951 American. The side tables however, are at least a hundred years old, and on them are lamps made from Cathay-trade tea canisters.

The floor is stained dark, the walls are white, and the draw curtains at the casement windows are plain yellow. Along one side of the room, an antique mirror hangs over a long side table. Flanking it are a pair of old high-backed carved chairs. Across from them, there's an antique chest which holds table linens. The piano fits into a nook at the head of the stairway.

As Burr still really lives with his family, he didn't build a bedroom. Instead, at the far corner of the floor, he placed two studio couches at right angles with a square storage cabinet built between them. Nights when he chooses to stay at the coach house, or use it as quarters for out-of-town guests, deep innerspring mattresses assure comfortable sleep, and by day, banked with big square bolsters and attired in slip covers, the beds turn into grandstands for those who kibitz those who are cooking.

The kitchen unit is directly opposite. It's strictly a bachelor's kitchen. Archie built almost the identical one for me, and I've found it saves steps and work, so I'm all in favor of design by those who have no intention of making a career of housekeeping. They have a trick of reducing it to the simplest common denominator.

Stove, sink and automatic dishwasher line the wall. Above them are white enameled cabinets for dishes. At the side, there's a set of low shelves. A small work table rolls on casters to the spot where it is needed.

Burr used the small hallway built between the kitchen and bathroom to construct an additional closet. Flat and shallow against the wall, it holds cleaning equipment and a folding table which is labeled "for canasta" but which

actually doubles in a multitude of uses.

That bathroom is something. Serving as dressing room also, its floor is covered with a cotton shag rug of mixed brown and white, the double dresser is gray-beige enamel, and above it is a huge mirror. Although the mirror appears extravagant it actually is utilitarian, for there's where Burr rehearses Kukla and Ollie. He tells me that his best ideas always come while shaving. When a brainstorm strikes, he'll drop his razor and turn puppeteer. Manipulating his hands before that mirror, he'll work out things which he wants Kuke and Ollie to do on the show.

Burr frequently invites Archie and me to come over and just visit, but enjoyable as that is, the times I like best are those when the staff gathers around. Archie joins us and we all relax, do as we choose, and have fun.

Festivities usually start with Mary filling the percolator for we're all terrific coffee drinkers. Gommy and Archie set up the motion picture projector. The white, uncluttered wall serves as a screen, and soon we all sit back, coffee cup in hand, to watch the kinescope recordings of past shows.

Just about then some one decides to cook. When Burr officiates, it's usually chicken and rice pilaff because he knows I love it. Again, keeping things as simple as possible, he always buys the cut-up chicken so that all he has to do is open the package, roll the pieces in flour, and brown them in a frying pan holding a half-and-half mixture of butter and shortening. As soon as they reach that golden brown crusted stage, he adds about a half cup of water, covers the pan and turns down the flame to let the chicken simmer slowly.

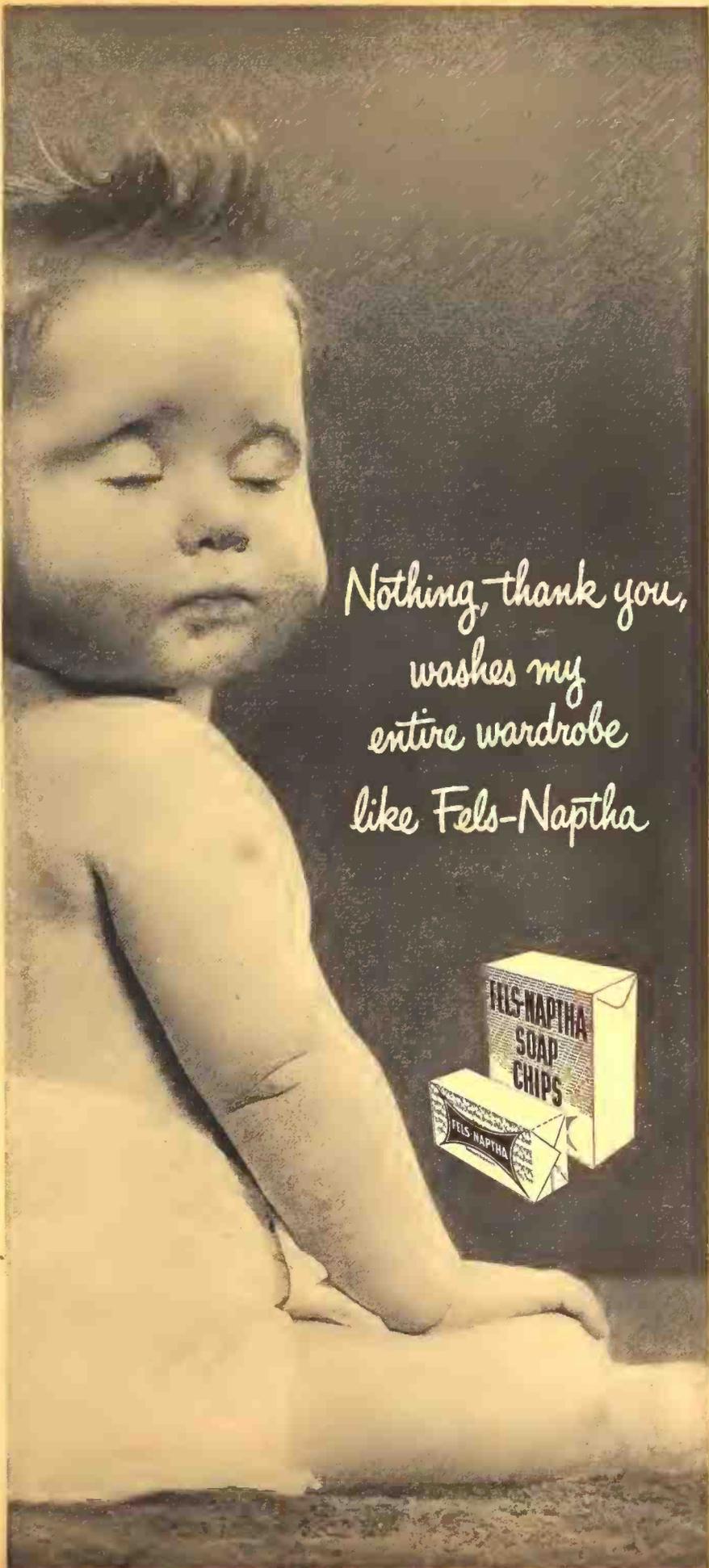
The pilaff is an Armenian dish which one of Burr's former girl friends taught him to make. You start it by browning a package of cooked fine noodles in four tablespoons of butter. Wash one cup of uncooked white rice and put it in a pan with two cups of water. When it is hot, mix in the noodles, add salt and pepper, set on a medium flame, put the lid on the pan, and don't touch it for thirty or forty minutes.

Nothing could be more informal than the way the meal is served. Because he's the tallest, Joe Lockwood takes down the dark pottery plates and places them on the low shelves, ready for dishing up. Whichever one of us is most ambitious gathers up the magazines from the coffee table and puts on straw place mats and silver. Then we plunk down and sit on the floor, backs against the sofas. Conversation stops while we eat, for all of us like good food.

It flares up again as the plates are cleared and the ice cream and the coffee comes on. Little Cathy Morgan curls up with a magazine. Gommy fetches the corn popper, Mary gets a bowl and butter, and with such fare, the party goes for hours.

Inevitably, we all gravitate toward the piano. Perhaps Archie has a tune which is just being introduced, or Jack Fascinato has a new composition, or perhaps we all have an urge to sing "Sweet Adeline." Secure in the isolation of the coach house, we raise our voices and laugh as loudly as we please, knowing we're not disturbing neighbors in the next apartment.

Burr calls the place his hideaway, but from the way everyone who visits there has fun, I wouldn't be surprised if it turns out to be the secret place which has a well-beaten path to its door.



*Nothing, thank you,
washes my
entire wardrobe
like Fels-Naptha*



YODORA

the gentler cream deodorant that works

2 WAYS



stops

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

softens

and beautifies underarm skin

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



McKesson & Robbins, Bridgeport, Conn.

FUN of the MONTH

GRAND OLE OPRY

Minnie Pearl, man-chasing comedienne on NBC's Grand Ole Opry, told the program's Rod Brasfield that she would like to meet a fellow who doesn't flirt, gossip, kiss, wink or dissipate in any way.

Returned Brasfield: "Why?"

Grand Ole Opry: Sat. 10:30 P.M., EST, NBC.

MAN AGAINST CRIME

Rolph Bellomy, the CBS-TV Man Against Crime star, suggests to Washington politicians that the best way to save face is to keep the lower part of it closed.

Man Against Crime: Fri. 8:30 P.M., EST, CBS-TV.

VAUGHN MONROE SHOW

Definition of the month comes from Vaughn Monroe, the CBS-TV and radio star, who says a tongue twister is a series of words that get your tang all tongued up.

Vaughn Monroe Show: Tues. 9:00 P.M., EST, CBS-TV.

MEET CORLISS ARCHER

Dexter Franklin: I can just see us coming back from our honeymoon and going into our house for the first time and hearing the patter of little feet.

Corliss Archer: What?

Dexter Franklin: Sure. You don't think we took the dog with us on our honeymoon, do you?

Meet Corliss Archer: Sun. 9 P.M., EST, CBS.

BERGEN-McCARTHY SHOW

Bergen: So that's it! Withholding funds that aren't yours! From this you will go to stealing, embezzling, counterfeiting, swindling!

McCarthy: Well, that's a load off my mind. My future's all planned!

Bergen-McCarthy Show: Sun. 8:00 P.M., EST, CBS.

BURNS AND ALLEN SHOW

Gracie Allen: I'm hungry from all this shopping. Where can I get a ham sandwich?

Salesgirl: Why don't you try our mezzanine?

Gracie Allen: Oh, no! It's too early in the day for Italian food.

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

SONGS FOR SALE

Contestant: The feature of this dress is if you remove the bodice, you have a playsuit, if you remove the skirt, you have a sun-suit. . .

Jan Murray: And if you remove any more, you have a law-suit.

Songs For Sale: Fri. 8:00 P.M., EST, CBS.

BING CROSBY SHOW

Hope: Say, did you hear about the big new deal I made at Paramount?

Crosby: Yes, I read all about it in the papers.

Hope: You know, if I can do you any good over there, don't ever hesitate to get down on your knees.

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

VICTOR BORGE SHOW

Victor Borge, star of his own NBC television show, roises tomatoes on his farm in the Son Fernando Volley. He could eat them by the bushel, except for one thing: he hates tomatoes.

Victor Borge Show: Sat. 7:00 P.M., EST, NBC-TV.

HALLS OF IVY

When a man tells you he's a self-made man, it's decent of him to take the blame for it—so thinks Prof. Todhunter.

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

ABE BURROWS' POEM OF THE MONTH

ODE TO A CONVICT

or

That Silver-Haired Mother Who Sprung You



Before you go back to your gay life, my boy,
Just take a moment and think
Of that little old darling who's waiting for you
To come home to her from the clink.

Remember that she is your mother, my boy,
Go home and do not forsake
That silver-haired little old lady who put
The saw and the file in the cake.

Abe Burrows appears on This Is Show Business, Sun., 7:30 P.M. EST, CBS-TV; We Take Your Word, on radio, Fri., 10 P.M. EST, CBS, on TV Tues., 10:30 P.M. EST, CBS; Hear It Now, Fri. 9 P.M. EST, CBS.

Program Highlights in Television Viewing

MARCH 11th — APRIL 10th • NEW YORK CITY and SUBURBS

Sunday

- | Time | Channel | PROGRAM |
|-----------|---------|---|
| 5:00 P.M. | 7 | Super Circus
So authentic is this circus-variety show you can almost smell the sawdust. Principals: Claude Kirchner, ringmaster; Mary Hartline, bandleader; Cliff Soubier, chief clown. |
| 6:00 P.M. | 4 | Hopalong Cassidy
Bill Boyd, who has had white hair since he was twenty, plays the square-shooting cow-poke, Hoppy, in a western adventure film. |
| 7:00 P.M. | 2 | Gene Autry
Action-packed films of the range starring the famous singing cowboy. Actually, Gene's own Melody Ranch boasts one of the largest herd of Texas long-horn steers in the world. |
| 7:00 P.M. | 4 | Leave It to the Girls
Maggi McNellis directs the lively verbal warfare between the sexes. Experts: Robin Chandler, Eloise McElhone, Harriet Von Horne. (For more about Maggi, see p. 30) |
| 7:00 P.M. | 7 | Paul Whiteman Revue
"Pops" appears as impresario in a spectacular musical featuring baritone Earl Wrightson and big guest stars with the Roy Porter Chorus; choreography by Frank Westbrook. |
| 7:30 P.M. | 2 | This is Show Business
Whimsical Clifton Fadimon oversees the panel's snappy talk of show business. Guest experts obetted by George S. Kaufman and Abe Burrows. (See Abe Burrows' poem, p. 74) |
| 7:30 P.M. | 4 | The Aldrich Family
Delightful comedy of typical American family in mythical Centerville. Jackie Kelk, a brunette, dyed his hair red to play Homer. |



JACK HASKELL—puts his training as a music major to good use on Dave Garroway's radio and TV shows. At Northwestern U., he took part in almost every college show, glee club and choir performance and his first air job was singing commercials. He's saving his pennies to buy a cattle ranch for his wife and son.

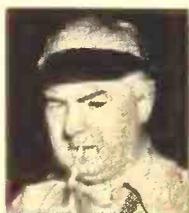


FRANK SINATRA—from Hasbrouck Heights, N. J., became the talk of the entertainment industry within six months after joining Tommy Dorsey in 1940. As a Hit Parade regular he caused near-riots and extra police were detailed wherever he appeared. Today he has his own TV show on Sat., is heard Sun., 5 P.M. EST.

- | | | |
|------------|---|---|
| 7:30 P.M. | 7 | Showtime, U. S. A.
The show world's biggest names in variety and scenes from famous plays. Host is suave Vinton Freedley, successful Broadway producer. |
| 8:00 P.M. | 2 | Toast of the Town
Broadway columnist Ed Sullivan presents a sparkling revue. Many young performers have springboarded to success from this show. |
| 8:00 P.M. | 4 | Comedy Hour
A different great merrymaker each week in this extravaganza of laughs and variety. Mar. 11, Abbot and Costello; Mar. 25, Eddie Conner; Mar. 18, Apr. 1 & 8, to be announced. |
| 9:00 P.M. | 2 | Fred Waring Show
Novelties for eye and ear by the sixty-five versatile Pennsylvanians. Ranging from frog-voiced comic, Poly McClintock, to lyric soprano, Jane Wilson, and dancer, Nadine Goe. |
| 9:00 P.M. | 4 | Philco Playhouse
Celebrated actors in high-calibre drama adapted from best-selling books and hit shows. Under the deft direction of Gordon Duff. |
| 10:00 P.M. | 2 | Celebrity Time
Canrad Nagel, actor-director, is quick-witted host when prominent guests team up with Kyle MacDonnell or Herman Hickman in a rollicking, novel bottle of the sexes. |
| 10:00 P.M. | 4 | Garroway at Large
Goliath-sized Dave, whose imagination has brought TV its most distinctive humor, teams up with Cliff Norton, Connie Russell, Betty Chapel, Jock Haskell, and Aura and Russell. |
| 10:30 P.M. | 2 | What's My Line?
A titillating guess-your-occupation show with John Doly, once Presidential announcer for F.D.R., as host. Rotating experts: poet Louis Untermeyer; columnist Dorothy Kilgallen; comedy writer Hal Block; TV's Arlene Francis. |

Monday

Time	Channel	PROGRAM
1:30 P.M.	2	Garry Moore Show Garry, who once held a contest to change his name from Thomas Garrison Morfit, gets the laughs assisted by Durward Kirby.
2:30 P.M.	2	The First Hundred Years Serial emphasizing the ludicrous side of young married life. (See story on p. 48.)
2:45 P.M.	2	Johnny Johnston Show Midday pick-up with Johnny Johnston, featured singer on the Ken Murray Show.
3:30 P.M.	4	Bert Parks Show The dynamic star, sans jackpot questions, sings and clowns. (See the Bert Parks story on p. 54.)
4:00 P.M.	4	Kate Smith Hour The inimitable Kate, with an hour of fashion, news, music, comedy. Assisted by Ted Collins.
5:30 P.M.	4	Howdy Doody Show The charming puppet world created by 33-year-old Bob Smith, Howdy's alter ego.
7:00 P.M.	4	Kukla, Fran and Ollie If you believe in leprechauns or like to laugh, you'll love Burr Tillstrom's puppets. (See Fran's story of Burr on p. 36.)



WALTER GREAZA—seen as The Chief on ABC-TV's Treasury Men in Action recently took over as editor Steve Wilson on NBC's Big Town. Minnesota-born Greaza is an ex-newspaperman himself. One day, hearing that a stock company needed an actor, he raced over for an audition and never reported back to the paper.

7:15 P.M.	7	Faye Emerson Show The vibrant first lady of TV takes you behind the scenes with celebrities.
7:30 P.M.	2	Perry Como Personable Perry with the cute Fontane sisters.
7:30 P.M.	4	Mohawk Showroom Lovely Roberta Quinlan is the charming singing hostess aided by top musical guests.
8:00 P.M.	2	Lux TV Theatre Unusual stories of adventure featuring actors from Hollywood and Broadway.
8:30 P.M.	2	Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts Polished performers compete for stardom.
9:00 P.M.	2	Horace Heidt Horace helps a new generation of ambitious youngsters display their talents.
9:00 P.M.	4	Lights Out Chillers narrated by spine-tingler Frank Gallup.
9:30 P.M.	2	The Goldbergs The joys and sorrows of the true-to-life Bronx family. Originator Gertrude Berg is Molly.
9:30 P.M.	4	Robert Montgomery Presents Host and producer Montgomery with top TV drama. Biweekly: Mar. 12 & 26, Apr. 9. —alternating with— Musical Comedy Time Hit Broadway productions with musical-comedy stars. Biweekly: Mar. 19 & Apr. 2.
10:00 P.M.	2	Studio One Widely acclaimed for exciting quality plays.

Tuesday



BUD COLLYER — co-emcee of NBC's Break the Bank was born Clayton Collyer in New York City. Torn between law and acting, he used the first money he earned as a radio singer to pay his tuition at Fordham University's Law School. Listeners hear him as announcer on Guiding Light and emcee on TV's Beat the Clock.

Time	Channel	PROGRAM
1:30 P.M.	2	Garry Moore Show
2:30 P.M.	2	The First Hundred Years
2:45 P.M.	2	Johnny Johnston Show
4:00 P.M.	4	Kate Smith Hour
5:30 P.M.	4	Howdy Doody Show
7:00 P.M.	4	Kukla, Fran and Ollie
8:00 P.M.	2	Family Playhouse Plays of lasting fame, adapted to TV, with celebrated actors. Co-director, Dorothy Matthews, acted in "The Man Who Came to Dinner." Biweekly: Mar. 13 & 27, Apr. 10.
8:00 P.M.	4	Texaco Star Theater A great variety show with Milton Berle, a great show in himself. Berle explains this noting 37 hours go into rehearsal each week.
9:00 P.M.	2	Vaughn Monroe Show The handsome baritone bandleader with a sparkling musical revue headed by beautiful vocalist Shoye Cogan, who will star in two Abbot and Costello movies now being filmed.
9:00 P.M.	4	Fireside Theater Stories that stress originality in characterization and plot—whimsical and bizarre. Filmed in Hollywood especially for TV.
9:00 P.M.	5	Cavalcade of Bands Host Ted Steele presenting each week a different big name band with all their specialties plus five top-bracket variety acts.
9:00 P.M.	7	Billy Rose Show Simple, heartwarming tales with amusing dialogue and, usually, a Billy Rose-style surprise ending. Cast and directed by Jed Harris, famous Broadway and Hollywood producer.
9:30 P.M.	2	Suspense You'll hold your breath as the tension mounts and disaster seems inevitable in dramas skillfully directed by Robert Stevens.
9:30 P.M.	4	Circle Theatre Screen and stage favorites play the leads in stories that revolve about everyday romance and comedy. Your host is Nelson Case.
10:00 P.M.	4	Original Amateur Hour The font of show business talent that boasts such alumni as Frank Sinatra, Paul Winchell, Robert Merrill and, among the fairer sex, Mimi Benzell and Vera-Ellen. Ted Mack is emcee.



WIN ELLIOT—emcee and sports announcer learned about athletics the hard way—as a member of the U. of Michigan's hockey squad. His air career began in 1937 at WMEX in his hometown of Boston. He co-emcees radio's Break the Bank mornings at 11 and is seen on It's in the Bag, DuMont, Thursdays, 1:30 P.M. EST.

Wednesday



GEORGE FENNEMAN—won an audition for the Groucho Marx show (Wed. on NBC and Thurs. on NBC-TV) in 1947 and stayed put. Born in China in 1919, he was raised in San Francisco and presented amateur theatricals in his folks' basement. With his wife and family, he enjoys painting, gardening and photography.

Time	Channel	PROGRAM
1:30 P.M.	2	Garry Moore Show
2:45 P.M.	2	Johnny Johnston Show
3:30 P.M.	4	Bert Parks Show
4:00 P.M.	4	Kate Smith Hour
5:30 P.M.	4	Howdy Doody Show
7:00 P.M.	4	Kukla, Fran and Ollie
7:15 P.M.	7	Faye Emerson
7:30 P.M.	2	Perry Como
7:30 P.M.	4	Mohawk Showroom
8:00 P.M.	2	Arthur Godfrey and His Friends First and last in the hearts of his radio fans, Arthur cuts up with vocalists Bill Lawrence, Jonette Davis and many others.
8:00 P.M.	4	Four Star Revue The four comedians are among the very best in America. In turn, wise-cracking Jack Carson, Mar. 14; the incomparable Jimmy Durante, Mar. 21; tragi-comic Danny Thomas, Mar. 28; fluttery funster Ed Wynn, Apr. 4. (See the Durante story on p. 38.)
9:00 P.M.	2	Maugham Theatre Romantic love stories from the pen of W. Somerset Maugham, author of more than a score of novels and 100 short stories.
9:00 P.M.	4	Kraft Theatre From Shakespeare to Oscar Wilde to George S. Kaufman, the world's most distinguished plays and novels of all times are dramatized weekly with excellent casts and direction.
9:00 P.M.	7	Don McNeill TV Club Don and his company, recently returned from a two-week trek to Hollywood, resume "live" and lively variety featuring Aunt Fanny, Johnny Desmond, Patsy Lee and many others.
10:00 P.M.	2	International Boxing Club Ted Husing, who has covered all sports from the soapbox derby to the Kentucky Derby, reports boxing from Chicago Stadium, Detroit Olympia, St. Louis Arena, N.Y. St. Nicholas.
10:00 P.M.	4	Break the Bank Bert Parks, who confesses flunking his one appearance as a contestant, asks ten questions worth ten to five hundred dollars, with an extra chance to break the huge cash bank.



TONY MARVIN—was the perfect example of a perfect announcer until Arthur Godfrey once interrupted him with a question. Now Godfrey's queries and Tony's purposefully long-winded answers are a regular part of the Godfrey format. A New Yorker, Tony lives on Long Island with his wife and nine-year-old daughter.

Thursday

Time	Channel	PROGRAM
1:30 P.M.	2	Garry Moore Show
2:30 P.M.	2	The First Hundred Years
2:45 P.M.	2	Johnny Johnston Show
4:00 P.M.	4	Kate Smith Hour
5:30 P.M.	4	Howdy Doody Show
6:45 P.M.	2	Lilli Palmer Show Lovely, literate Lilli in a quarter-hour of conversation worth lending the ears and eyes to.
7:00 P.M.	4	Kukla, Fran and Ollie
7:30 P.M.	7	The Lone Ranger Western odventure for young and old with the Masked Rider, mounted on Silver, preventing and punishing crime. Filmed for TV.
8:00 P.M.	4	Groucho Marx-You Bet Your Life Groucho, of the demonic grin, grew a real mustache for TV but makes no other concessions. Contestants can win over four-hundred dollars with a chance at the big jockpot.
8:00 P.M.	7	Stop the Music King of Quiz, Bert Parks, with the "Mystery Melody." Solve it for a galaxy of prizes worth thousands of dollars. (See the Special Stop the Music section starting on p. 54.)



RALPH EDWARDS—was born on a farm near Merina, Col., on a Friday the Thirteenth in 1913. He always wanted to act but it wasn't until 1948 that he hit the big time with Truth or Consequences—Tues. 9:30 P.M. EST, CBS and Thurs. 10 P.M. EST, CBS-TV. Married, he lives in Hollywood with his wife and two children.

8:30 P.M.	2	Burns and Allen Gracie, who admits never overcoming fear of looking at an audience, looks and laughs at Georgie. Biweekly: Mar. 22 & Apr. 5. —alternating with— The Show Goes On Sit in with Robert Q. Lewis as entertainment buyers audition talent. Biweekly: Mar. 15, 29.
9:00 P.M.	2	Alan Young Show Alan gained fame with his distinctive humor and daffy characterizations.
9:00 P.M.	4	Ford Star Revue Host Jack Haley sings, dances and acts. Sweet-singing Mindy Carson is a regular.
9:00 P.M.	5	Ellery Queen The modest super-criminologist, with an eye for the fair sex, involved in thrillers.
9:30 P.M.	2	Big Town Pat McVey, veteran Broadway actor, plays Steve Wilson, earthy, crime-busting editor.
10:00 P.M.	2	Truth or Consequences Unpredictable, boisterous antics with Ralph Edwards, born June 13, 1913 and claiming 13 as his lucky number. Filmed in Hollywood.
10:00 P.M.	4	Martin Kane, Private Eye A detective who neither wisecracks nor blows hard. Bill Gargon plays Kane.
10:30 P.M.	2	Nash Theatre Genial William Goxton is host of alternating comedy, mystery and musical productions.

Friday

Time	Channel	PROGRAM
1:30 P.M.	2	Garry Moore Show
2:30 P.M.	2	The First Hundred Years
2:45 P.M.	2	Johnny Johnston Show
3:30 P.M.	4	Bert Parks Show
4:00 P.M.	4	Kate Smith Hour
5:30 P.M.	4	Howdy Doody Show
7:00 P.M.	4	Kukla, Fran and Ollie
7:15 P.M.	7	Faye Emerson
7:30 P.M.	4	Mohawk Showroom
7:45 P.M.	2	Perry Como
8:00 P.M.	2	Mama Peggy Wood in title role of the endearing series suggested by Kathryn Forbes' book, <i>Mama's Bank Account</i> . Judson Laire as Papo and Iris Mann, Dagmar.
8:30 P.M.	2	Man Against Crime A hard-hitting operative, Mike Barnett, played by Ralph Bellomy, who has played over five hundred roles in his stage career.
8:30 P.M.	4	We, The People Dan Seymour, described as the man with the friendliest voice on the air, interviews famous and unknown people for dramatic vignettes.



ALLAN JACKSON—crack CBS newscaster from Hot Springs, Ark., has added video (M-F 11 P.M. EST) to his already heavy radio schedule (M-F 6 P.M. EST). Physically, his most arduous assignment was covering post-war London—he lost twenty pounds in two years. In N. Y., the Jacksons live in a converted barn upstate.

9:00 P.M.	2	Ford Theater Distinguished artists of Broadway and Hollywood fame head the casts of superbly directed dramas. Biweekly: Mar. 23 & Apr. 6. —alternating with— Charlie Wild, Private Detective Kevin O'Morrison, cost as two-fisted Charlie. Biweekly: Mar. 16 & 20.
9:00 P.M.	4	Henry Morgan Show Here's Morgon (Henry) introducing guests who have unusual talents.
9:00 P.M.	5	Hands of Mystery Suspenseful melodrama with a new story each week and cast with Broadway actors.
9:00 P.M.	7	Pulitzer Prize Playhouse Rotated with the very best of TV drama. Cost and supervised by Edgar Peterson.
9:30 P.M.	4	The Big Story Professional actors in roles of real newspapermen. Biweekly: Mar. 16 & 30. —alternating with— The Clock Sardonic tales of romance and intrigue. Lorry Semon. Biweekly: Mar. 23 & Apr. 6.
10:00 P.M.	4	Cavalcade of Sports Jimmy Powers announces the country's best boxing bouts from Madison Square Garden.
10:00 P.M.	5	Cavalcade of Stars Jocke Gleason, star of the fast-moving variety show, is loved for his bachelor pantomimes. (See the Gleason story on p. 40.)

Saturday



MORTON DOWNEY—seen as Star of the Family (Sun., CBS-TV) and heard on CBS' Refreshment Time (Sat.) fell asleep when he first appeared on the stage in Wallingford, Conn. He received five dollars nevertheless and the pay impressed him so much (he was seven) that he stayed awake for all engagements thereafter.

Time	Channel	PROGRAM
12 Noon	2	Big Top Ringmaster Jock Sterling intruding many breath-taking circus acts. Oldtimer Joe Basile leads the band. Ed Nacell is the clown.
7:00 P.M.	2	Sam Levenson Levenson, good-humored ex-school teacher whose high grades in comedy on CBS's <i>Shaw Business</i> won him accolades as the best new comic of the year and a show of his own.
8:00 P.M.	2	Ken Murray Show A dazzling revue with Ken Murray and his leading lady, Darla Hood, many years ago the girl sweetheart in "Our Gang" comedies.
8:00 P.M.	4	Jack Carter Show Jack is nimble and Jack is quick with impersonations and comedy. Add regulars Dan Richards and orchestra leader Harry Sosnick, dancers and guests for the best in variety.
8:00 P.M.	7	Paul Whiteman's Teen Club "Pops" contends and praves that youngsters today are as talented as those of a generation ago. Nancy Lewis is co-emcee.
8:30 P.M.	5	At Madison Square Garden College basketball holds the spotlight in the last events of this series with Curt Gowdy, an ex-cage star himself reporting: Mar. 17, N.I.T. Game; Mar. 24 N.C.A.A. Eastern Regional Games; Mar. 31, East-West Game.
9:00 P.M.	2	Frank Sinatra Show The heart-thrasher, making New York his permanent home, with a smashing show. Big name guests and regulars: Moan Mists and Alex Stordahl's band.
9:00 P.M.	4	Your Show of Shows The top quality humor of Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca, well-matched by the superb singing of Marguerite Piazza and Robert Merrill. Dramatic dance productions.
10:00 P.M.	2	Sing It Again None the Phantom Voice for a fifteen-thousand-dollar jockpot and enjoy Judy Lynn, 21-year-old songstress, and record-breaking baritone, Alon Dale. Dan Seymour is emcee.
10:30 P.M.	4	Your Hit Parade Eileen Wilson, who almost passed up show business to become a school teacher, sings the top tunes of the week with Snooky Lanson, Hit Paraders and Raymond Scott's band.



WAYNE HOWELL—doubles as emcee of his own NBC show (Sat. 4:30 P.M. EST) and as announcer on Broadway Open House. In high school, he belonged to the debating team and later, at the U. of Kentucky, worked for the college station. He became an NBC announcer after two years in the production department.

COUNSEL

Live gaily, though the years may be
 Sharp-pointed by Fate's cruelty;
 Move carelessly along your path,
 Impervious to thunder's wrath.

Then, rearing back, send forth one bolt
 To give the startled world a jolt,
 And when the audience commences chaffing,
 Lift one eyebrow and exit, laughing!

—Mary Ellen Stelling

TEMPERAMENTAL SPRING

March on tiptoe is a fidgety man
 Who mixes his hours with a temper-span
 And pets or cuddles a breath of spring
 As he smiles or weeps for a June-set ring.

—Helen Marger Waters

THOUGH FROM YOUR SIDE

The bone, the flesh, the blood, all that is me
 Is gone; gone halfway round the earth.
 But what I am and all I am will be
 Found here by you, and anything of worth

Will stay and wrap itself around your heart
 Like vines entwined around the summer home.
 Though I be gone, in time, in space apart;
 Near you will I be found. And I will come
 At any moment of the day or night,
 Awake, asleep, or even into death.

I will return; the passage of my flight
 Will touch upon your thoughts as did my breath
 Upon your cheek when we were still, with love.
 Though from your side I walk, I will not move

—Dan Kelly

EPILOGUE

What psychic glimmer in the soul
 Responds to words unsaid,
 Making the art of self-control
 A curse to know and dread?
 I told my love
 Yet knowing
 'Twould make him turn aside;
 I told my love with laughter
 And when alone, I cried,
 For wanting
 And for having,
 But most for loss of pride:
 To tell my love was weaker
 For he cannot reply;
 My love, he is a seeker
 And soon will say good-bye.

—Joyce Shane

5:00 P.M.

below me in the street cors pork ond wives
 meet their spouses one by one os they
 come out when doy is done ond with neither
 look nor grin the men will clomber in
 beneoth the wheel os if to soy they're
 the better drivers onywoy!

two out of ten the rotio will turn their
 heeds to soy hello, two out of ten will
 move to kiss the wife who's waitied for
 simply this ond two don't feor to ride
 like possengers on the other side. two out
 of ten seem to be living life ond shoring it
 with o lucky wife.

—Mortho Boncroft

We asked nurses to compare...

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

82% OF THEM SAID...

* Enjoy the wonderful, natural flavor of king-size Cavalier—the cooler, lighter, milder cigarette. Priced no higher than other leading brands.

CAVALIERS are MILDER
 than the brand I had been smoking!



Scores and scores of off-duty, New York hospital nurses were asked to compare CAVALIER CIGARETTES with the brand they had been smoking... compare them for mildness.

*82%—just think of it!—82% of the smokers interviewed said CAVALIERS are milder than the brand they had been smoking! And that included all leading brands!



King of the King-Size



EXTREMELY MILD

Cavalier

CIGARETTES

YOUNG WIVES! READ HOW TO get these *extra* advantages in INTIMATE FEMININE HYGIENE



Greaseless Suppository Assures Hours of Continuous Medication!

Zonitors are one of the most important steps forward in intimate feminine cleanliness. They provide a modern scientific method of *continuous* medication—so much easier, less embarrassing to use yet one of the most effective methods. So *powerfully germicidal* yet so *absolutely safe* to delicate tissues.

How Zonitors Work . . .

Zonitors are greaseless, stainless, snow-white vaginal suppositories—each sealed in a separate glass vial—so easy to slip in your purse and carry if away from home. When inserted, Zonitors release powerful germicidal and deodorizing properties for hours. Positively non-poisonous, non-irritating. All you need is this dainty suppository. *No extra equipment.*

Destroy Offensive Odor

Zonitors actually destroy offensive odor. Help guard against infection. They kill every germ they touch. While it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract, you can depend on Zonitors to *immediately* kill every reachable germ and stop them from multiplying. Any drugstore.



(Each sealed in separate glass vial)

FREE: Mail this coupon today for free booklet sent in plain wrapper. Reveals frank, intimate facts. Zonitors, Dept. ZRM-41, 100 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

*Offer good only in U. S. and Canada.

Are Women Smarter Than Men?

(Continued from page 31)

and friends. (And the cobbler's son marries the oil millionaire's daughter, the millionaire having done the same thing when he was a young man!) Women are more apt to admire the way a man dances, his darling cowlick, the angle of his hat, how he knots his tie. That "men are just overgrown boys" trap snares a considerable number of us too. Never mind whether he has the disposition of a fiend—isn't he *cute*?

The boys have it all over us at home. Say we're secretaries, salesgirls, nurses, or whatever. We come home from that eight-hour grind and what do we have lined up for us? Shopping, cooking, cleaning, washing dishes, sending out the laundry and washing out our nylons, while the alleged breadwinner looks at the fights, the basketball game, or curls up with a good book. All we get is a quick, over-the-shoulder glance at the television screen when we race through the living room to our next chore. Or if we're just housewives and take care of the kids, chances are the money we'd earmarked for a new dress goes for junior's Hopalong Cassidy outfit or for Pop's new suit.

Speaking of clothes—why just clothes alone show how really bright men are! They struggle into no girdles, ruining their freshly-applied nailpolish in the process. They change no purses with every different costume. No feathers fan the breeze from hats perched precariously on hair they've just paid a fortune to have done. No charm bracelets dangle in their vichyssoise. No four-inch heels endanger their lives on uneven pavements, nor do their arches ache from teetering along trying to keep up with manly strides and the growled reminder, "Hurry up. D'you want to miss the subway?"

What I'd like to know is, did we trap ourselves into dressing the way we do or did *they*? From the amount of propaganda they put out to discourage us from wearing what they like to consider strictly male clothes like slacks, no matter how trim our figures may be, I would say it's a plot to keep all that comfort to themselves. The only advantage we have over our comfortable males in the clothing department is on a hot summer day or in an overheated room, when we can leer triumphantly at our boy friends who are yanking at their wilting collars.

I wish we had man's early objectivity about what we want to be when we grow up and that spirit of competition that sends a man up the ladder, raise by raise. The hard-boiled attitude of every man for himself and let the lunks fall by the wayside, is a predominantly masculine viewpoint. You don't hear a man say "Poor Joe, he's no good but he has a wife and ten kids to support so give him this big fat order and I'll go hustle business somewhere else." Emotions and business don't mix in a man's world. If the file clerk gets the letters in the wrong folders or the truck driver goes to sleep at the wheel then that's just too bad, as far as men are concerned. But women—we go soft and sentimental and think up alibis for the sad sacks! Maybe we're right from a standpoint of humanity, but we'll never make a million dollars peddling the milk of human kindness.

One man, the director, is all we have

on our television show. Is he outnumbered? No. It only takes one efficient guy to handle six girls.

And aren't they smart, the way they keep all the big-time, important jobs for themselves? No woman has ever been president of the United States, few hold down big jobs in politics, most of the great scientists and inventors are men. Not very many women are famous surgeons and doctors. We don't become generals or ships' captains. We seldom conduct symphony orchestras. We don't write the world's greatest books, paint the immortal masterpieces. We aren't even the greatest chefs.

Men tell us how to decorate our houses. They design our kitchen equipment, dictate our fashions, whip up those silly hats we wear—probably with their tongues in their cheeks. Why? Let's face it. They're just smarter. And, to prevent our starting an argument, they let enough of us into their domains so we can't claim they're discriminating against us because we're women.

It's small wonder women are always demanding more and more "rights." Personally, I don't want any more rights than I have now, but I can see the point. The girl in the airplane factory who does her work as well or perhaps better than the guy next to her can't be promoted to executive because she doesn't have a day's growth of beard on her face. She doesn't get paid as much as that fellow over there who does exactly the same job as she, and doesn't have to spend Saturday morning at the hairdresser's, besides. A lot of it doesn't make sense to us. But it does to the men—they made the rules!

At the moment there's only one thing I can think of that men can't do. That's have babies who eventually turn out to be—men. Even this shows a certain amount of brilliance on their parts—they get born men, don't they?

I'm sure most men will heartily agree with me when I say they're smarter than we are. But listen, fellows—I'm still glad I'm a woman. That's the only way you get to know how nice it is to have a man around the house!

CAN A WIFE FORSAKE HER HUSBAND?

TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS has been sent to Mrs. Luise Allen of Kansas City, Missouri, for the best letter of advice on January's daytime serial question (Pepper Young's Family): "Can A Wife Forsake Her Husband?"

FIVE DOLLARS each for the five next-best letters has been sent to: Mrs. Emil A. Schumann, Harlingen, Texas; Mrs. Elnora Wendell, Farm-land, Ind.; Mrs. David Yearout, Avenal, Cal.; Mrs. Harold Polenske, LeSueur, Minn.; Mrs. C. F. Davison, Easton, Penn.

There's Only One Jimmy

(Continued from page 39)

nose. He chews at a cigar when he isn't singing . . . His necktie is black. He hasn't worn a colored tie since the death of his wife in 1943.

You quickly discover that this five-foot seven-inch H-bomb is a perfectionist, even in rehearsal . . . "He works a full show every time he does the rehearsal," his old friend and associate, Lou Cohen, tells you proudly. You nod assent as you watch from the sidelines. When Jimmy goes through his songs he uses his voice full strength, sings every word with the special Durante inflection. No *umpty-umpty-um* stuff for him, as some other performers do to save their energy. "Whatta note, whatta pear-shaped tone," he'll exclaim.

When he first started his TV show, someone asked how he thought he'd do in the new medium. "All I can say is when I get in front of dat monster I'll do what I always done, give 'em all I got," was his answer. It still stands, but now he always ends up with, "Dat box is moider," and shakes his head, wondering where this TV is leading . . .

No one knows how many sensitive young people have written him because they, too, have oversize noses. Because Jimmy never thought of his as a liability and it never made him unhappy, he is able to tell them how little classic features have to do with leading a happy life. They usually wind up convinced it's a mark of distinction to have a nose of noble proportions . . .

Jimmy's wife was a beautiful, intelligent and charming woman who gave up

her own career when she married him. They met when he was in his early twenties, and was playing the piano in a small nightclub. Jeanne was applying for a job as singer. He fell for her right away, and from the first she was sure he would be one of the greatest comedians of his time.

He was born in New York on February 10, 1893, of a non-professional family . . . His dad was a barber on the Lower East Side and as a youngster he worked as a lather boy in the shop, soaping such famous faces as the late Al Smith's . . . When Jimmy showed a talent for music, his parents sent him to a neighborhood "professor" to study piano. The first club he worked was an obscure Bowery spot. Then there was Diamond Tony's, where he began to work in a black turtleneck sweater, his trade-mark for years.

His own Club Durant, started in 1924, was the turning point in his success. As usual, Jimmy banged the piano, his old friend Eddie Jackson sang and danced, and finally Lou Clayton bought in and joined the show. That was the beginning of the famous Clayton, Jackson and Durante trio . . . When Clayton died in California last September 12, Jimmy could hardly tear himself away from his old partner's side during the week he was ill. Eddie Jackson, of course, is still performing brilliantly with Jimmy on TV.

Jimmy has never forgotten any of the people he knew on his way up . . . Everybody knows he's a pushover for a touch, but no one knows, least of all

Jimmy, how much money he has "lent" to friends and strangers.

His house in Beverly Hills and his suite at the Hotel Astor in New York are always filled with people. He keeps irregular hours, goes to bed when other people are bracing themselves against the morning alarm, works prodigiously, is seldom alone . . . His hotel rooms are the meeting place for all his friends and associates. Gag writers, agents, managers, old pals, showfolk of all kinds wander in and out. The little fellow himself paces the rooms restlessly, usually swathed in a blue dressing gown . . . "Gimme lotsa noise," he grins. "I thrive on da stuff." The television set is on, tuned to a fight if there is one . . . Telephones ring constantly, the neon lights from the huge electric sign across the street blink on and off. He reads detective stories . . . He gives both time and money to benefits, more freely than almost any other actor, and this in a business known for its open hearts and hands . . . Eddie Jackson tells about the time eight of them went to a little Italian restaurant for Jimmy's favorite *pizza* (he always asks everyone along to meals) . . . As Jimmy passed a table where an Italian workman was seated, Eddie heard him say, "There goes Durante, a king with the heart of a peasant."

Known and loved as a simple fellow, completely aboveboard, there is one secret he keeps . . . When he says "Goodnight, Mrs. Calabash, wherever you are," everybody wonders who she is . . . Even those who know won't tell.

Fight tooth decay, guard your gums—

to keep your Whole Mouth Healthier!



You can keep your whole mouth healthier, more wholesome—even your breath sweeter, cleaner—by guarding against tooth decay and gum troubles *both*. So don't risk halfway dental care. Always use two-way Ipana cleansing* for healthier teeth and healthier gums—for better all-around mouth protection.

Two-way Ipana cleansing* helps protect your teeth and gums both!

Are you doing all you should to keep your whole mouth healthier? Not unless you follow the advice of dentists—fight tooth decay and guard your gums, too.

***You help guard your teeth and gums BOTH—by brushing and massaging the way your dentist directs—and by using famous Ipana Tooth Paste.**

No other tooth paste—ammoniated or otherwise—has been proved more effective than Ipana to fight tooth decay. And proper massaging with Ipana does more than that—its cleansing action actually helps keep your gums healthy, too.

Start using Ipana today—to keep your *whole* mouth *healthier*. You'll like Ipana's flavor, too—so refreshing. Get Ipana, it's another dependable Bristol-Myers product.

IPANA

FOR HEALTHIER TEETH, HEALTHIER GUMS

No other laxative gives you ALL these advantages—



**DELICIOUS
CHOCOLATE
TASTE**



GENTLE ACTION



EASY TO TAKE



**SPECIAL
SCIENTIFIC
TESTING**

And no other laxative even comes close to Ex-Lax in popularity. It's the best-liked and biggest-selling laxative in all America... the favorite of young and old. Ex-Lax is 12¢, economy size 30¢.

When Nature 'forgets'... remember

EX-LAX
THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE



How BLONDES Get Their Men

For the blonde who's "in the know" it's easy to capture her big moment for life. What man could resist her glorious blonde hair? . . . Like thousands of popular blondes, she makes her hair alluring with BLONDEX, the shampoo created especially for blondes. Its creamy, bubbling foam washes hair shades lighter and gives it a lovely lustrous SHINE—leaves hair gloriously clean. It contains ANDIUM to keep blonde hair from darkening. Instantly removes dingy film that makes hair dull and old looking. Use it at home—takes only 11 minutes. Safe for children. Get BLONDEX today at 10¢, drug and department stores.

R
M

At Home, A Different Man

(Continued from page 54)

hero is neither Hoppy nor Autry. They idolize Bert. Annette will tell you that when they go shopping for clothes, the boys ask for coats and hats like Daddy's. Luckily, they're still too young to be borrowing his neckties.

The baby of the family, two-year-old Annette, is called Petty, partly to eliminate confusion with Mother. Petty is well loved by her brothers who watch out for her and teach her new words. Petty, at her tender age, is not quite tender with the boys. At times she administers a telling blow with her little fist or foot, but the twins never strike back. They consider her just a baby. After all Petty wasn't on television and the twins were!

"Did you see us?" the twins ask.

Bert had them on his matinee show. Besides opening the program, they sang "Jingle Bells." The five-year-olds made all the arrangements for their appearance in their nightly conference with Bert.

The male side of the Parks family has a meeting each evening in the long, spacious living room. Like the rest of the nine-room house, the living room is decorated along modern lines. The walls are painted forest green with a white ceiling. (It took seven coats of paint to get the color they wanted and Bert figures the room is one foot smaller as a result of all the painting.) In one corner of the living room, against the French windows, is Bert's favorite piece of furniture, a circular red sofa. It's here that the three Mr. Parks have their nightly conference.

"What happened today, men?" Bert will ask.

"I've got a new gold mine in Texas," one of the twins answers. "I might make you a partner."

"Let's discuss the details then," Bert replies and they go into a very serious huddle.

The boys are growing up and their questions are turning more and more to real issues. "What does God look like?" and "Where does rain come from?" are the kinds of questions that most frequently provoke their curiosity—and stump their parents for a quick answer. But the twins can be confusing without saying a word. Few people can tell them apart. They wear the same clothes, have the same toys and the same interests. Bert and Annette admit the only certain way they have

of distinguishing the boys is by the mole on Joel's arm. Joel is very much aware of this—and makes the most of it. One night he shared a bedroom with a couple of other boys. When they asked him which twin he was, Joel answered, "I don't know. It's too dark to see the mole on my arm."

The twins join Bert for a second breakfast on his days off. Bert usually gets up late, around nine, and then the three men go outside to putter around the house. Bert does his own caretaking. During the warm months you'll find him mowing the lawn, digging crab grass out of the flagstone terrace and trimming the hedges. His favorite flowers are petunias and zinnias. Where there are any small carpentry or painting jobs to be done, Bert does them himself, too. In the afternoons, they may all drive over to the beach to relax in the sun or Bert may go down to the cellar.

"This is where I keep my only hobby," Bert explains, indicating his massive and intricate display of miniature trains.

Over a year ago, a friend sent the twins an electric train. They were too young for it. Bert was neither too young nor too old. A desire that had been forgotten many years came to the fore. Bert took over a room in the cellar and built a base twice the size of a ping-pong table. Now he has three trains and an elaborate webbing of tracks. There is a baggage platform that automatically loads and unloads boxes; a station with a voice calling out train arrivals, and a cattle pen with toy animals in constant motion. The engines puff around with real smoke.

"The smoke pellets are edible," Bert jokes. "Every night it's one for the engine and one for me."

The trains have proved to be a great relaxation and he's always experimenting, doing things like wiring new switches in and expanding his rolling stock. Many evenings he drops down to the cellar for just a few minutes but gets so absorbed he doesn't come up till long after midnight. Other nights he may be found in his pine-paneled den, answering letters or watching TV.

"Some of our neighbors are curious about Bert," Annette will tell you. "They wonder whether he's the same ball of fire at home that he is on television."

"Why, that's my problem.."



exclaimed one amazed listener when she heard the refreshingly different radio program, "My True Story". She's not the only listener who says this, either, for "My True Story" presents real-life dramas of real-life people, direct from the files of True Story Magazine. They're stories that could be your own, your neighbors', or your friends' . . . everyday loves, hopes, fears and problems of real people.

TUNE IN

"MY TRUE STORY"

AMERICAN BROADCASTING STATIONS

It's a good point, for any Bert Parks show is sparked with what seems his indefatigable zest. Actually, around home, Bert just lounges in old clothes and is as calm as most husbands, or perhaps more than most.

It's the demands of his programs that make Bert such a cheerful but quiet stay-at-home. He has many friends in the neighborhood most of whom have no connection with show business. They drop over for chats and get-togethers that may wind up in a songfest but nothing noisier. Alec Templeton lives two houses down the road and Bud Collyer is another near neighbor.

Of course, Bert is first to admit that credit for the smooth-running household goes to Annette. She has managed superbly since the day they were married in 1943.

"Annette has everything," Bert says. "Looks, intelligence, common sense and charm."

When Annette describes Bert, it sounds like the same record being played back. They couldn't be more contented with their marriage.

Bert and Annette got away together and alone for the first time this past summer. They had a month's vacation in Europe which turned out to be a lot of fun although it didn't start out too well. Annette didn't feel too happy about leaving the children for the first time, although her mother eased that a bit by arranging to stay at their home. Then Annette, who admits her Pennsylvania Dutch background has made her slightly superstitious, felt the several cancellations of their flight was a bad omen. Bert's wise-crack as they boarded the plane didn't comfort her much: "I think they put this together with scotch tape," he remarked.

"However, all of my anxiety was soon forgotten," Annette recalls. "We had a wonderful time."

They didn't do much shopping, although Bert purchased in the Montmartre a painting that now hangs in their living room, and increased his record collection with several French pressings. They returned home by ship and the twins were at the dock to meet them.

"It was the best part of the trip," Bert remembers.

In the short time it took to drive home, Bert was reestablished in his routine. There were games to be played and new books to be read aloud. And the next morning the boys were in his room to fetch him a belt and tie. That's the way it is with the twins.

But the adulation doesn't stop with the children and Annette. Their cook, Bertha, is always planning special meals for Bert. His favorite menu—a natural since he was born and bred in Atlanta—is chicken with hot biscuits and a floating island for dessert. But when it comes to midnight snacks, a regular meal in the household, Bert insists no one can prepare the scrambled eggs but himself. And both Annette and Bertha agree he does an excellent job.

"It's a good life we live," Bert says. "And sometimes quiet."

He lifts his eyes to the ceiling in the general direction of the children's bedroom. There may be a sudden crash that sounds as if the roof is falling in. It's only five or ten pounds of wood blocks getting the old heave-ho from the boys. Or perhaps a scream of "Geronimo!" as they play paratrooper and bail out of their beds. Yes, it's the twins who make the excitement. At home, Bert Parks is a quiet and satisfied man.

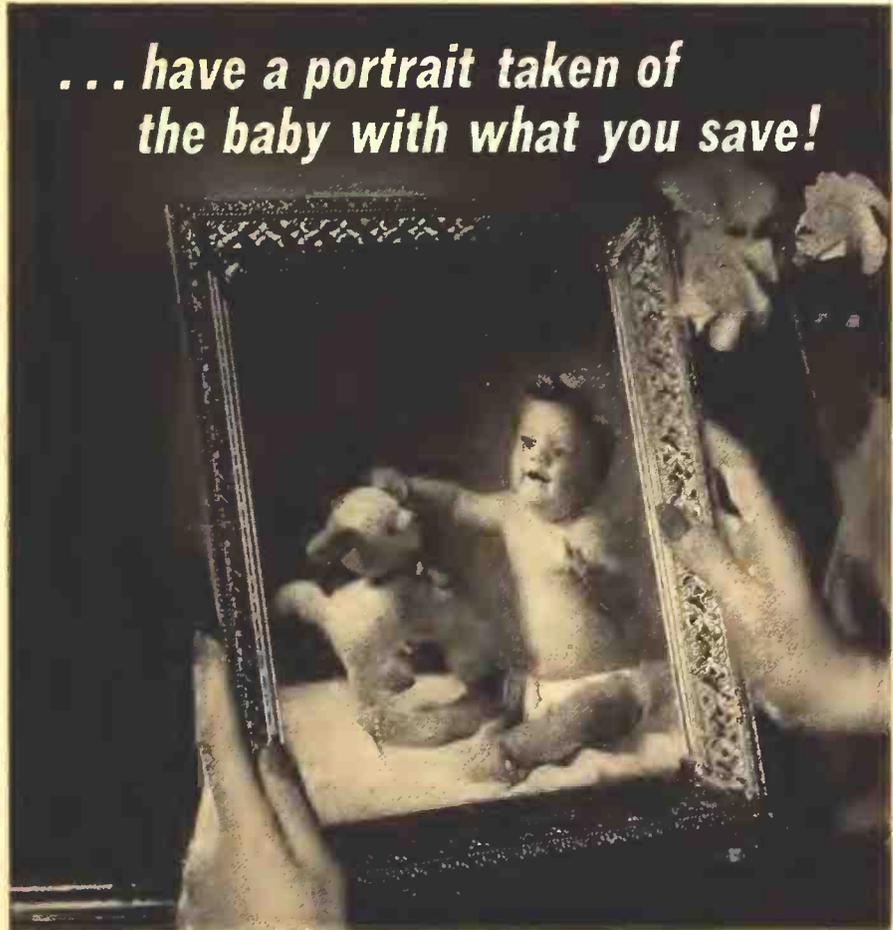
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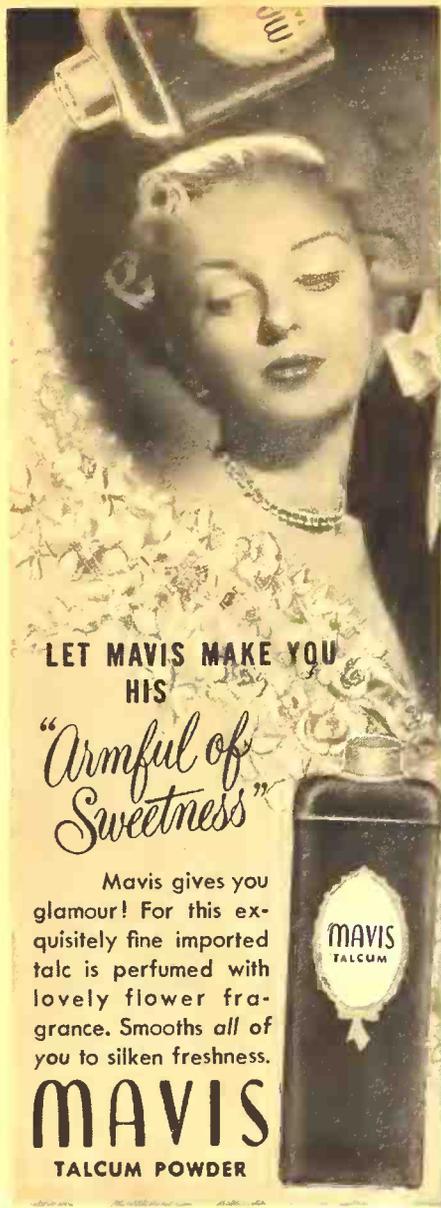
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Don't be HALF-SAFE

by VALDA SHERMAN



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

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

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

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

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

"They're All Darlings"

(Continued from page 33)

that I got my biggest surprise of the show because of Margaret. Right after we finished that program, someone rushed up and told me, "The President wants you on the telephone."

I thought he meant the president of NBC, so I said, "Tell him to call me tomorrow."

"No, no—you can't tell the President that," said the messenger. "He's calling from Washington!"

I still couldn't believe it was President Truman, so I dragged Margaret with me to the phone to make sure it wasn't a gag. But it was actually her father, and he told me, "Thank you for being so sweet to my baby." Which hadn't been any kind of a problem, as I told him. (Since then, I've had the sweetest letter from Margaret, written on her own note-paper initialed "M.M.T.," and thanking me herself. I wired back that I was jealous of all the praise she'd got—I'd like Tallu to get some of those bouquets!)

I'm always being asked how I like being on radio every week, after years in the theater. Well, I can't tell you how often I thank God that I'm no longer stuck with those eight performances a week. Now I work two days a week—rehearsing all day. I have to get up at the crack of dawn to be at NBC's Center Theater at ten a. m., but I always dress comfortably for rehearsing: in slacks, flat shoes, and no make-up. At four o'clock Sunday afternoons we get a forty-five minutes break so we can dress for the show two hours later—we have a studio audience of 3,000 people watching us.

In those forty-five minutes I dash home to my hotel, take a hot shower, change into those damned high heels and a dress, and put on semi-stage makeup. And get back to the theater. I've never been late to a performance in my life . . . even though, one week I forgot to put on my shower cap before I got into the shower—and had to go on with my hair soaking wet!

Last summer, when my wonderful William Morris agents called me to do this show, I never knew how it would completely upset my life. (My agents are like family doctors or lawyers, instead of leeches and flesh-peddlers like the others; I hope this stays in print.) One upset: I never normally go outside my home for any reason at all. Stores send me dresses they think I'd like to buy, and I try them on at home. I have my hair done at home.

But when I got ready to do The Big Show, I went to the shops to see what clothes they had. I bought two lovely evening gowns at Hattie Carnegie's—decided not to be so dressy after the first two shows, though, so now I wear one of the six cocktail dresses I also bought. Soon I'm going to wear my slacks on the show . . . why not? Off-stage, I've always slopped around in slacks, raincoat, no hat and dark glasses.

I'm settled in the Hotel Elysee in New York where I've stayed, off and on, since 1931. I love this hotel because the staff are all saints, and besides they let me have my dogs with me . . . and I wouldn't think of living without my little parakeet Gaylord. I have a special little traveling cage for him, with a leather zippered case to cover it in all kinds of weather.

But Gaylord's only one of my menagerie at my country house in Bedford Village. I always have about seven dogs there, as well as my mynah bird. And this summer I'm getting a baby seal for my swimming pool—pool-broken, of course, ahead of time. When I'm there I get up around two p. m. I spend the rest of the day listening to ball games, playing bridge or ping pong.

Here in New York, though, I spend my days sleeping and reading—I've read four murder mysteries in the past two days—and smoking, talking on the phone, and taking baths. I take baths for hours. And I'm in bed a lot—let me die in bed; never let it be said that I was so gallant as to die on stage, although I've played with pneumonia, beri-beri and anything else you can think of—also watch my favorite TV show: Kukla, Fran and Ollie.

Now let me confound an idea I'm sure all those millions of radio listeners have formed about me. Because our show is based on fierce insults, instead of sugary compliments, everyone is always kidding about my age—and I'm positive all those listeners think I'm a hundred years old and weigh five hundred pounds. The truth is I'm forty-seven, and I weigh 118 pounds. Of course, I've spent my whole life either stuffing or starving. Summers, up in my country place, I've always stuffed steadily—until a month before I was due to start in a play; then I starved to get in shape, I started dieting six weeks before The Big Show opened . . . My diet? Well, I drink water and lemon in the morning, give up salt entirely (because it's the most fattening thing you can eat—it stores up water in your body or something), and live on tired old lamb chops and spinach. No sugar. And no drinking. The pounds just fall off—and so do my friends; I haven't a friend left three days after I start a diet.

Let me say here that I think radio is wonderful, after years of being a legitimate actress (I always blush when I say that word "legitimate," what that word means I've never known)—and that I think half the success of The Big Show is due to that angel producer-director Dee Engelbach. He organizes everything, and quietly manages us all. And the rest of our success is due to our bandleader Meredith Willson. These two—and the wonderful comedy writers—work all week long—the rest of us just slave over the weekend.

One thing more: I want all of you to rush right out and buy a phonograph record I've made. With Joe Bushkin's orchestra, I've sung two songs on a Columbia record: "You Go to My Head," and "I'll Be Seeing You." I'm amazed to hear people say the record puts everyone in the mood for love. Go buy it and see!

Now for a final explanation of the way I call people "darling"—everyone is always asking me about it. It's mainly because I can't remember anyone's name. I pronounce it "dahling," with no R, because I'm Southern and Southerners can't pronounce R's. If "dahling" really is sweeping the country, I'm not surprised. After all, when I was sixteen (way back before the blizzard of 1888) I started another expression: "too, too divine." Now that's quite all. Goodbye, darlings.

Easter

(Continued from page 29)

and allowed the sentence of death by crucifixion to be passed.

What had this Man done? He had dared to speak the truth! Because He was not afraid to expose the lies and hypocrisy of the world, He was hated and feared. The world turned against Him and thought to silence Him forever by sentencing Him to die on the cross. But the truths which He revealed did not perish on the cross, but have lived.

Let us look back to the three long hours of agony He endured.

The executioners lead Jesus to the spot where the cross is lying on the ground. They violently stretch His hands and feet to the places marked for them, and fasten them with nails to the wood. Mary hears the strokes of the hammer and every blow wounds her heart. Mary Magdalene's grief is intensified by her incapability to help the tortured Jesus, who is heard to speak, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

It is the sixth hour. The sun withdraws its light, and darkness covers the face of the earth. The stars appear in the heavens. The thief whose cross is at the right of Jesus feels himself touched with repentance and hope. Turning to his companion, he upbraids him for having blasphemed Jesus, and then turning his head toward the cross, he said to Him: "Remember me when Thou shalt come into Thy kingdom," and Jesus said in his second word on the cross: "Amen, I say to thee this day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise."

Mary draws near to the cross. The darkness has dispersed the crowd. Jesus looks with tenderest affection upon Mary, His mother. The sight of her sorrow is a new grief in His heart. He is dying and she cannot console Him. Mary Magdalene is there, distracted with grief, and John, overwhelmed with sorrow. Jesus speaks to His mother, and to the beloved disciple: "Woman, behold thy son." After that He said to His disciple, "Behold thy mother."

It is close upon the ninth hour, the third hour after mid-day. The agony of the Man of Sorrows has become so great that it forces from His lips the plaintive sigh, "My God, My God! Why hast Thou forsaken Me?"

There was but one detail of prophecy which was as yet unfulfilled; years before the royal psalmist had said, "And they gave me gall for my food; and in my thirst they gave me vinegar to drink." Well He knew that in answer to His words one of the soldiers would present to His dying lips a spongeful of vinegar. But He came to fulfill all and do a perfect work, and He breaks that awful silence by that word so expressive of suffering—"I thirst."

And now His eyes begin to close and His lips become cold and livid. Jesus lifts up His head, and fixing His eyes on heaven, speaks thus; it is His sixth word: "It is consummated."

This Man, worn out by suffering, whose few words were scarcely audible now utters a loud cry. It is His seventh and last word: "Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit."

And so, on this day, we have only to remember the crucifixion to know that in spite of the sufferings of life, the faith of one Man still is the hope of mankind. The truths He gave to the world can be a Guiding Light to all people.

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DAYTIME DIARY

AUNT JENNY

Heard on CBS 12:15 P.M. EST

What happens to the girl who refuses to settle for anything less than her "dream man?" Pretty Linda, working on the newspaper, is one of the first to meet the dynamic young businessman whose coming to town is such an event in the lives of all the young, unmarried girls. Watching with kindly interest the progress of Linda's infatuation with "her dream come true" Aunt Jenny draws from this incident one of her most dramatic and thought-provoking stories of young love.

BACKSTAGE WIFE

Heard on NBC 4 P.M. EST

With her husband Larry still in jail charged with the murder of Oliver Wilson, Mary acts on an idea of hers in searching the apartment of actress Claudia Vincent, Oliver's widow. From some gloves Mary finds, she and the police establish Claudia's guilt in the crime. However, when Mary accompanies the police on their mission to arrest Claudia, the actress, in an insane rage, throws acid in Mary's face. Larry's release is marred by tension as Mary lies in the hospital, perhaps permanently disfigured.

BIG SISTER

Heard on CBS 1 P.M. EST

Ruth Wayne's hope that she will be able to discredit Millard Parker weakens when her sister-in-law Hope accepts work as Parker's private secretary. Ruth's young brother Neddie, embittered by what he considers a suspicious tie between Hope and Parker, and also by his own failure in business, creates dangerous complications as he tries to control Hope. Meanwhile, Ruth's relations with her husband John are increasingly strained through Parker's interference.

BRIGHTER DAY

Heard on CBS 2:45 P.M. EST

Did the Dennis family make a wise move when they decided to leave Three Rivers for the larger town of Plymouth, Ohio? Papa Dennis and Liz think so, and so do the others—but Althea knows that no matter where she goes her problem will remain the same. And it's a serious problem, for Althea cannot reconcile herself to the undeniable fact that just as she had decided to divorce Bruce Bigby she found she was going to have his child, and as a result her promising screen career may be over.

FRONT PAGE FARRELL

Heard on NBC 5:45 P.M. EST

In the "Famous Actress Murder Case," reporter David Farrell and his wife Sally unravel a tangle that has the police and the city's theatrical world completely confused. An understudy, substituting for a sick star, is poisoned onstage—and the star, terrified, seeks protection as she claims the poison was intended for her, and that other attempts will be made to kill her. The evidence which David eventually uncovers solves the case and make a sensational story for his paper, the *Eagle*.

GUIDING LIGHT

Heard on CBS 1:45 P.M. EST

When a woman has been emotionally tormented, how far is she responsible for her actions? Meta Bauer White, on trial for the murder of her husband Ted White, is not sure of the answer herself as she awaits the jury's verdict. Is it true that she "blacked out" when her hand pulled the trigger? How much weight does the jury give to the claim of Meta's lawyer, Ray Brandon, that the untimely death of her son Chuckie made her temporarily not responsible for any of her actions?

HILLTOP HOUSE

Heard on CBS 3:15 P.M. EST

When six-weeks-old Laddie is left in Julie Paterno's charge at the orphanage, Hilltop House, Julie finds that her work as supervisor has snowballed to the point that she needs trained assistance. Her young cousin Nina appears to fit into the picture as made to order for the job, and for a time the new arrangement goes well. But how does Nina react to Dr. Jeff Browning and Allen Richards who are both in love with Julie? And what are Nina's real intentions toward Hilltop House itself?

JUST PLAIN BILL

Heard on NBC 5:30 P.M. EST

Out of their own experiences, Bill Davidson and his daughter Nancy try to prevent Mona Kane, daughter of wealthy Basil Kane, from marrying undesirable Paul Hewitt. Mona, bent on defying her father, will not allow anything to stop her from marrying Paul. A long time ago Nancy was almost kept from her father through the influence of an elderly, autocratic aunt, and she and Bill understand how unfortunate it will be if Mona permits her spite to overrule her judgment.

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL

Heard on NBC 3 P.M. EST

What will happen to Chichi and Coleman Reynolds? Though she has known Coleman for a long time, it is only recently that Chichi acknowledged to herself just what kind of interest she had in him. But Coley is much older than Chichi—not only a man of the world, but a man who has known some very queer worlds of gambling and crime and other things very foreign to Chichi. She believes implicitly that Coley's involvement with the underworld is over. But can he ever get clear of old associations?

LORENZO JONES

Heard on NBC 4:30 P.M. EST

The fake investment scheme in which Lorenzo was used, in a sense, as bait, almost netted Lord Egerton and Charles Castle \$100,000. But Audrey Jones, who came to town with the two Canadians, falls in love with wealthy Peter Peabody and refuses to leave. Lorenzo and Peter's former fiancée Sally Foster, are captured by Egerton when they discover the plot, but rescued in time to prove Egerton and Castle guilty. Meanwhile, what of the stranger who is asking so many questions about Audrey Jones?

MA PERKINS

Heard on CBS 1:15 P.M. EST

After what in some ways was a whirlwind courtship of Fay—though nothing was really said—Spencer Grayson leaves Rushville Center with an almost casual good-bye. But Fay, who knows beyond a doubt that Spencer is in love with her—and who knows how strongly she responds to his interest—wonders if this can really be all. Once before Spencer went away, and came back. Will it be the same this time? And when he returns from his glamorous life in New York, will he ask Fay a very important question?

OUR GAL SUNDAY

Heard on CBS 12:45 P.M. EST

Philip Chandler, new superintendent of the Fairbrooke Orphanage, brings many new complications in the life of Sunday Brin-thrape. What is the strangeness that Sunday senses in the personality of Philip's young fiancée, Judith? Sunday thinks she is being oversuspicious, but her suspicions prove well founded when she discovers Judith and Rodney are conspiring to gain Philip's fortune. Since he has signed this away to his daughter Lois, Rodney plans to marry the girl. Will Sunday prevent this?

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY

Heard on NBC 3:30 P.M. EST

Will Sadie Mercer, Gil's girl friend, be the weak link in the chain that led to the Elm-dale bank robbery? It is Sadie who reveals the fact that two men named Ivy Willie and Mousie know more about the robbery than anyone else, and starts Sam Young on the trail of the two thugs. How will this eventually affect Carter Trent's mother, Mrs. Ivy Trent? Meanwhile the Youngs rejoice in the newest member of their family, the tiny daughter just born to Peggy and Carter Trent.

PERRY MASON

Heard on CBS 2:15 P.M. EST

The long, painful attempt to capture Walter Bodt comes to a successful conclusion as Perry Mason at last faces the arch-criminal across a courtroom, and accuses him of numberless crimes. But Bodt, ingenious and powerful, has laid his own plans, and Perry may find it difficult to prove the case which rests on Bodt's identification by Helen Hunt. For Bodt's organizations has kidnapped Helen and supplied an identical, well-trained imposter in her place. Will Perry discover the scheme in time?

PORTIA FACES LIFE

Heard on NBC 5:15 P.M. EST

Obtaining evidence by illegal means—no lawyer would willingly leave himself or herself open to such an accusation. But that is the very position in which lawyer Portia Manning finds herself in the first case she takes on after resuming her career. Walter, whose new job as a reporter doesn't bring in enough to help the Mannings rebuild their home, feels an almost twisted vindication for his reluctance to have Portia go back to work when she falls into such grave trouble.

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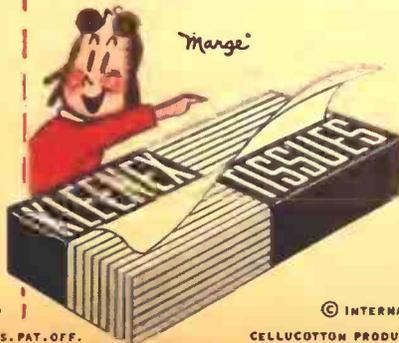
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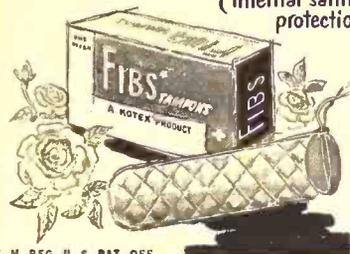


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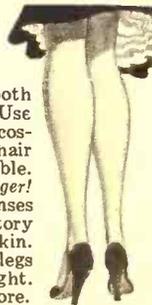
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RIGHT TO HAPPINESS

Heard on NBC 3:45 P.M. EST

Dramatic, violent, perhaps tragic—such have been the consequences of Constance Wakefield Kramer's evidence in the re-opened custody suit in which her husband, Dwight, is fighting his divorced wife Carolyn for their son Skippy. Constance's story has proven the guilt of Dwight's lawyer, Arnold Kirk, and the frame-up by which Skippy was taken away from Carolyn. What will Constance's change of heart mean to Carolyn and her fiancée, Miles Nelson?

ROAD OF LIFE

Heard on NBC 3:15 P.M. EST

Dr. Jim Brent finds himself in the curious position of a man whose social life is being run by his son—or more specifically, by his foster-son Butch and Butch's wife Francie. After the death of Jim's wife Carol at least two women came and went in Jim's life, and Francie looks forward to the day when Jim can have the wife and family he was meant for. Will Francie succeed in promoting the attraction that already exists between Jim and young Jocelyn McLeod?

ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT

Heard on CBS 12:30 P.M. EST

The little town of Marble Hill, Georgia, becomes the scene of a behind-the-scenes drama when Jeff Brady's film studio comes down there to make a picture. In the company is Molly Lou, whose mother, Betty Mallory, has claimed Gil Whitney married her eight years before in Marble Hill. Why is Betty so upset about returning there? When Gil comes to Marble Hill, will he and Helen Trent find it impossible to avoid one another?

ROSEMARY

Heard on CBS 11:45 A.M. EST

The New York adventure is over; Rosemary and her husband Bill try to become part of Springdale once again and to forget the episode that almost wrecked their marriage. Meanwhile, little Jessie, the daughter of Bill's first wife, comes once again under the influence of her father, Lefty, and the peaceful, quiet life she has built up as a member of Rosemary's family may suffer from the association. Can Lefty do Jessie anything but harm?

SECOND MRS. BURTON

Heard on CBS 2 P.M. EST

Stan Burton's mother has never been conspicuous for common sense, but when she accepts the attentions of adventurer Rupert Gorham she gets the whole family into a grave predicament—a predicament involving the murder of her son-in-law, Ralph Kirkland, and the arrest of Elizabeth Miller for the crime. When Mrs. Burton realizes the true character of her "friend" Gorham, will she also admit how wrong she is in trying to break up Stan and Terry's marriage?

STELLA DALLAS

Heard on NBC 4:15 P.M. EST

What is the connection between Rosalie Ransome and wealthy Myron Grosvenor, fiancée of Rosalie's sister Leona? Stella is also puzzled by Oliver Faxon, Myron's secretary, who has some understanding with Leona—and by Edith Roper, the mysterious housekeeper hired by Leona and Myron for their home which is being re-done. Stella is worried about her daughter Laurel, who lives at the Grosvenor mansion where Myron and the Ransome sisters are house guests.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE

Heard on CBS 2:30 P.M. EST

Peg Martinson's desire to ruin Nora approaches complete insanity as she plots with Fred Spencer, her chauffeur, to trap Nora—not knowing that Fred has a plot of his own involving Peg herself. Meanwhile, Vivian Jarrett, ex-wife of Dr. Robert Seargent, finds a resourceful ally in Peg, and together the two emotionally unstable women lay the plans that may shatter Nora's happiness and her career. Will Nora see their aims in time?

WE LOVE AND LEARN

Heard on NBC 1:45 P.M. EST

After the death of her husband, Thelma Carlton leaves her young child with her mother-in-law and returns to her job at the salon of designer Madame Sophie. Madame Sophie's efforts to help Thelma build a happier life are continually overshadowed by Mrs. Carlton's domination of her widowed daughter-in-law. But a new element comes into Thelma's life in the person of reporter Mike Green, who likes nothing better than a fight against any kind of persecution.

WENDY WARREN

Heard on CBS 12 Noon EST

The marriage of Don Smith and Kay Clements, perhaps ill-fated from the start, is further strained when Don's paper exposes a story which Kay insisted be kept quiet. On the edge of bitterly acknowledging that Wendy is the girl he should have married, Don finds his hands tied by Wendy's careful maintenance of the relationship between them. Wendy feels they should just remain friends and co-workers. Will she succeed in walking this emotional tightrope?

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES

Heard on NBC 5 P.M. EST

When the Davises, in severe financial straits, finally are forced to accept help from Joan's wealthy mother, both she and Harry vow that there will be no difference in their marriage although Joan and the children go to live with Mrs. Field and Harry makes a temporary home with his own mother. But Joan's mother has always had the desire to separate Joan from Harry, whom she considers unworthy. What pressure can she bring to bear on Joan and the children?

YOUNG DR. MALONF

Heard on CBS 1:30 P.M. EST

Anne Malone refuses to leave New York until Jerry puts himself under the care of a psychiatrist. After he promises, she returns to Three Oaks, and reassures Sam Williams that her plans to divorce Jerry and marry him are only temporarily held up. But when Jerry goes back on his promise Sam suspects that Anne still cares for the husband who left her. Meanwhile, Sam persuades young Crystal Gates that her love for his son, Gene, will bring her unhappiness.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN

Heard on NBC 4:45 P.M. EST

Ellen Brown can hardly believe that her fiancé, Dr. Anthony Loring, has actually been indicted for the murder of wealthy Horace Steele. The accusation, made by Lita Haddon, is so well supported that Anthony's innocence cannot stand up against it, and police chief Barney Harris and district attorney Ralph Jordan have to believe her. But Ellen will not rest until Anthony is cleared. Will she find a flaw in Lita Haddon's story in time to save the man she loves?

Good Beginnings

(Continued from page 52)

SCRAPPLE

- ¾ cup corn meal 1½ tablespoons
- 3 cups meat stock minced onions
- 1 teaspoon salt ¼ teaspoon sage
- 1½ cups ground cooked pork

Bring stock to a full boil in a large saucepan. Gradually sprinkle corn meal into boiling stock, stirring constantly until mixture comes to a boil. Reduce heat. Cook 5 minutes, stirring occasionally. Add remaining ingredients. Place over boiling water and cover tightly. Continue cooking about 45 minutes or until all the water has been absorbed. When done pack into a well-greased loaf pan. Cool; then chill until firm. Remove from pan and cut into ½" slices. Dip in flour and fry on both sides in meat drippings or bacon fat. Makes 6 servings.

SALLY LUNN

- 2 cups sifted flour
- 3 teaspoons baking powder
- ¾ teaspoon salt
- 1/3 cup shortening
- 1/3 cup sugar
- 1 egg
- 2/3 cup milk
- ½ cup brown sugar
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1 tablespoon melted butter

Mix and sift together flour, baking powder and salt. Place shortening in a bowl. Work with a spoon until soft. Add sugar gradually. Work together until light and fluffy. Add egg and beat well. Stir in milk. Add sifted flour mixture. Stir only enough to moisten dry ingredients. Turn into a greased 8" square pan. Combine brown sugar, cinnamon and melted butter. Sprinkle over top of batter. Bake in a hot oven (400°F.) about 20 minutes. Cut into squares and serve hot. Makes one 8" square cake.

BAKED EGGS IN BACON RINGS

Partially cook 1 strip of bacon for each serving. Remove from pan while still soft. Fit into muffin pans, lining the sides. Carefully break an egg into each muffin pan. Pour 1 tablespoon cream over each egg. Season with salt and pepper and dot with butter. Sprinkle with fine, dry bread crumbs and a dash of paprika. Bake in a moderate oven (350°F.) for about 15 minutes or until the whites of the eggs are set. Serve immediately.

SURPRISE MUFFINS

- 2 cups sifted flour
- ¾ cup sugar
- 3 teaspoons baking powder
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 2 eggs, slightly beaten
- ¾ cup milk
- ¼ cup shortening, melted
- ¼ cup currant jelly

Sift flour, baking powder, sugar and salt together into a bowl. In a smaller bowl combine eggs, milk and shortening. Pour egg mixture into flour mixture. Stir quickly, only enough to moisten dry ingredients. The batter should be lumpy. Fill greased muffin tins ½ full. Place 1 teaspoon jelly in each section. Add remaining batter to fill muffin pans 2/3 full. Bake in a hot oven (400°F.) 20-25 minutes. Makes 12 medium-sized muffins.



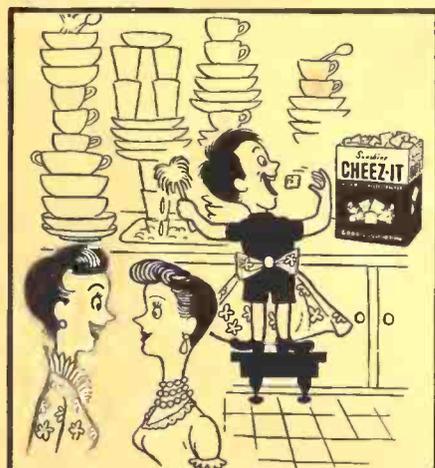
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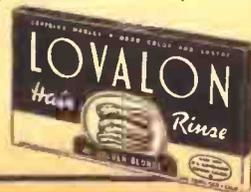
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It was her anniversary . . . and it was a lovely dress. But only Madame Sophie could have saved her from its results

As everyone who knows Madame Sophie is well aware, she's not the most modest of women. Of course, the magnificent gowns she designs call attention to themselves on their own merits—they do not need to be advertised by Madame or anybody else. To see them is to want them—if you can afford them. But sometimes Madame Sophie regrets a little that of her other major interest so little is known. That is, her interest in human beings—especially her own customers. From time to time she is able to reach out her strong little hands and give to somebody's life a turn—just a touch, a mere word, a single phone call—which sets in motion all the machinery necessary to put that life on a different track. A better track, of course, to Madame Sophie's way of thinking, or else she would not make the gesture. Sometimes, watching the results that follow on her little "arrangements," she is very sad indeed that the (Continued on page 92)

We Love And Learn is heard Mon.-Fri., 1:45 P.M. EST on NBC network stations. Sponsored by Sweetheart Soap.



RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR READER BONUS



By EVELYN FIORE

Miriam saw with a faint shock that the girl was indeed rather like herself in outline. *But she's so young*, she thought sadly.

R
M



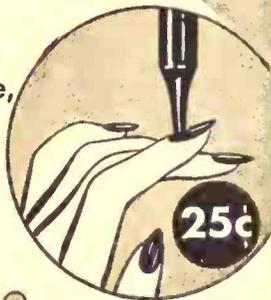
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(Continued from page 90)

whole story will not ever be told. It would be nice, she feels, to get a little credit for making it come out right.

But sometimes, to tell the truth, not even Madame herself knows the whole story. That was the case with the Ashleys. Nobody really knows the whole story of that episode, because so much of it happened in the minds and hearts of three people, and those are the most secret places known to man. Perhaps, however, Miriam Ashley comes closest to knowing. It was she who gave it the most thought. If it comes to that, it was she who started it moving.

Miriam has always felt that some day, a long time from now, she will tell Madame Sophie about everything that went on. Since it was Madame Sophie's hand that reached out to help her, she feels she owes her that much. But would she know where to begin, if she were going to tell everything?

She might begin with that early-Spring day when, feeling restless, wanting to do something frivolous and exciting, she persuaded her husband George to go with her to Madame Sophie's salon to help her decide on a new gown. Or she might begin before that, when she first started worrying about her marriage.

After nineteen years of marriage, it was asking too much that life should remain exciting. Besides, with a big house and two teen-age children to worry about, Miriam really had enough to do. But lately she'd been conscious of a vague sense of loss—a feeling that something was missing. Her days were full, and George's days were full . . . but perhaps that was it. They were too full of other things, leaving no room for one another.

She began to look at George and listen to him more intently than in many years. With some astonishment, she saw that George, who had been a rather ordinary-looking young man, had acquired distinction with middle age. Big-shouldered, not heavy, with burnished brown-gray hair and an alert expression, he probably caught more feminine eyes now than he had in his twenties. But that was no reason to be depressed. On the contrary! She was proud of him. And yet . . . she remained with an empty, questioning feeling, and when she weighed their pleasant relationship against it the feeling grew even heavier. They were friends, she and George. But they had once been so much more! They never quarreled, except lightly and pleasantly. But they never, somehow, really looked at one another either.

"It's the Spring," Miriam thought, trying to reason herself out of it. Then, ruefully, she wondered if it weren't her age instead. Fortyish, they called it. Give or take a year. Wasn't this when women were supposed to throw their hats over windmills, looking for a last fling?

"But I'll never fall for a young man or any man," Miriam realized in surprise, one day. "I'm still in love with my own husband! In love almost like a girl!" On the heels of this thought came the sobering understanding of all that was bothering her. She still loved George, but *did George still love her?*

They were so far from the days when they could ask one another such questions, she felt foolish even thinking of it in private. And yet suddenly it had to be answered. Or not answered—for suppose she were to press for an answer and it should turn out hor-

ribly to be no? No, what she must do was recreate an atmosphere, the atmosphere of affectionate gaiety that had surrounded young George and Miriam Ashley in the old days. Remind George of the fun they'd had, the fights and the sudden moments of being completely in tune with one another.

What could she do? She spent an unusual amount of time each day before her mirror, wondering. At least she wasn't a candidate for one of those quick-make-you-over courses. What could be done with her face and figure had been done. Her grey eyes were clear and bright, her oval, high-cheeked face still kept its attractive outline. Her hair was frankly fading, of course, but silky and soft and really prettier now than it had been in its pale-brown tint. Her clothes, thanks to Madame Sophie, couldn't be better.

Madame Sophie! Involuntarily Miriam smiled at herself in the mirror. There was a woman who knew the secret of getting joy out of living! She must be three, four, five years older than Miriam, but who thought of age in the presence of that robust, sweeping personality? Always so much doing around her—a great stir of glittering fabrics and shining young mannequins and eccentric designs that, once they were on you, turned out to be just the thing . . . Miriam had once told George that Madame Sophie was so full of life that she gave your spirits a lift even while she was depressing your bank account. All her stories about Madame Sophie's salon amused him.

Maybe that would be the way to start off—to take George with her to Madame Sophie's to pick out a dress. And afterwards they would go over to one of the small, smart restaurants on the East Side and have lunch in the semi-darkness like a pair of illicit lovers.

It was such a foolish idea that Miriam knew it must be done at once, spur-of-the-moment, or not done at all. George, a serious, sober stockbroker, to spend a morning lounging in Madame Sophie's velvet-draped salon, giving his careful consideration to the difference between green crepe and blue taffeta! When she put it to him the next morning, he reacted just as she expected—with a raised eyebrow and a mild "Are you serious, Miriam?"

"Yes," she said, and even as she said it she realized that she was very serious. "And besides," she reminded him, "you can make this my anniversary present if you like. To my wife Miriam—one foolish gesture."

"Nineteen years," George said thoughtfully. "So it is." Their eyes met, and then his crinkled suddenly at the corners in a way Miriam had always loved. "All right," he said. "Let it not be said that George Ashley has become inflexible. If you can think of such a hare-brained idea, I can carry it out!"

That much of it, then, was Miriam's fault. A couple of hours later, when Madame Sophie came through the doorway that separated the business offices from her showroom, she began to play her own very important part in their story. For Miriam, in her eagerness to get George downtown before he changed his mind, had neglected to phone ahead, and as a result the particular gowns Madame Sophie had set aside for her were not yet ready to be seen. Also, Madame herself had a pressing appointment with an impatient young man from Paris, who had prom-

ised to show her something special in the way of new fabrics. She was quite distraught when she saw the Ashleys waiting. To be rude to Mrs. Ashley—a favorite customer!

Madame Sophie swept into the salon and took Miriam's hand. "I am delighted to see you," she said with her famous, irresistible smile. "I am always delighted. You are looking marvelously." Turning to George, she said gaily, "Some day, Monsieur, I borrow your wife to model my suits. Nobody wears them with such true chic."

"Why, thank you," George said, trying not to look uneasy. Miriam concealed a tendency to giggle nervously. The whole atmosphere was so foreign to George. Maybe it wouldn't be fun after all. Maybe it would just be an awkward nuisance so far as he was concerned. And Madame Sophie had a hat on! "You're not going out?" she said anxiously.

Madame Sophie made a grimace of regret. "As you see, I must. It is vital. I am dejected to be so inconvenient. But also, Mrs. Ashley, the models I wish you to see—they are not quite as I would have them. A touch here and there—but I must return later to give the touch." She clasped her small hands as though she were about to wring them in sorrow. "I am so sorry."

Miriam's spirits fell. She began to collect purse and furs and gloves, conscious of the involuntary tightening of George's lips. "I'm sorry—my fault entirely. I should have called first."

Madame brightened. "But wait! I make everything much better! Tell me—are you at home tomorrow at, say—two-thirty? Yes? Wait then a moment." Going to the doorway, she called to some invisible person, and a few seconds later one of the mannequins came out. "Come this way, Nancy," Madame Sophie commanded. "I want to see—stand close here, please. Mrs. Ashley, Mr. Ashley, this is Nancy Campbell, one of my best mannequins. I have the impression in my mind that she and Mrs. Ashley are approximately the same height and weight and so on..." Her eye turned professionally upon both of them, and she nodded. Miriam saw with a faint shock that the girl was indeed rather like herself in outline. *But she's so young, Miriam thought sadly. Her face is so firm and all the lines go up instead of down.*

The girl was very still and seemed rather shy. Beneath the professional attempt at complete poise, her face looked delicate and soft. Young Miriam thought with sudden, shocking bitterness, "How can Madame Sophie do this? It's the first time she's ever been so tactless—to make me stand here next to this flower-faced girl, with George to see us both... and all the worse because there is a slight resemblance. As though she were the ideal and I were the distortion."

She waited impatiently for the girl to go, and heard with only half an ear Madame Sophie's crisp arrangements for the following day. The bubble had gone completely out of the whole morning; she wanted only to get away. All at once, as she smiled politely and nodded, she saw that Madame Sophie had perceived something was wrong. In her uncanny way, she must have sensed it in spite of the pleasant mask Miriam was wearing. Her vivid dark eyes, lively as a girl's, moved from Miriam's face to George and back again, and her lips primmed as if she had seen something she didn't like.

"You will like the gowns I send tomorrow," she assured Miriam. "They will be just what you need." There was an odd emphasis in the words that seemed to imply a deeper meaning. "Especially the black lace I want you to see," she said. "It is just what you need. Au 'voir!" She swept out. More slowly, the Ashleys followed.

When they stood on the street in front of Madame Sophie's, Miriam was conscious of a complete reversal of feeling. Now, instead of wanting George with her, she was anxious to be left alone. To lick her wounds—but it was all so very silly! Nothing had happened, really; just a combination of meaningless circumstances that had added up to a spoiled morning. But stubbornly there persisted the vague thought that it was more than that. She had been very silly, cajoling George into tagging along as though he had nothing more important to do. Silliest of all to be giving it so much thought. If only George had laughed. If only he'd said something affectionately sarcastic, as he used to when she forgot or overlooked some household detail. But the look she had surprised on his face when they left was more like pity. As though he had been humoring her and felt sorry that things had turned out badly.

She could see he was relieved when she thanked him for coming and said he probably was anxious to get downtown. But gallantly he said, "It's not too far to lunchtime, my dear, if you'd like—"

Miriam shook her head. "I'm going to buy a hat," she said, forcing gaiety into her voice. "I can't allow myself to be so frustrated. You go ahead, darling." Then quickly she turned so that she wouldn't have to see the persistent expression of pity that George wasn't quick enough to blot from his eyes.

She did buy a hat, and then she called up the most frivolous of her friends and met her for lunch. The hat and the lunch were both satisfactory. So was the rest of the day, and so was dinner; their guests were just back from South America and Miriam and George were simply the audience at a travel-talk. Once or twice their eyes met, and George smiled understandingly. Miriam tried to put the same friendliness into her answering smile, but she wasn't too successful. She kept looking for something else in George's smile. The intimacy that used to be there. The conspiracy, two-against-the-world... but it wasn't there at all. At the end of the evening she was so depressed that she became frightened. She really was working herself up into a state over nothing—better stop! This way lies a nervous breakdown, she told herself severely. She went to bed determined to awaken in a different mood.

Over the breakfast table the next morning George looked at her searchingly. "Feeling better?" he asked.

Miriam returned the look blandly. "Did I seem to be feeling badly? I'm all right."

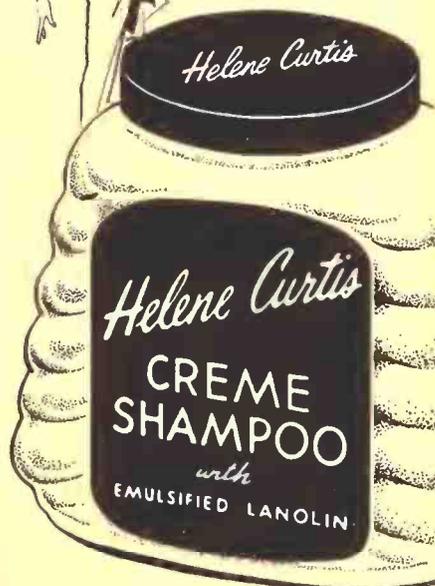
"Well, good," he said. "I thought you seemed nervous and edgy yesterday." He ran his hand over his hair in an unaccustomed gesture. "I feel a bit nervous or something myself. Maybe we could both use a vacation. With the kids away at school there isn't much life around here any more..."

Miriam bit her lip to keep back the reply she wanted to make. But because she didn't say it it stayed with her through the rest of the morning,

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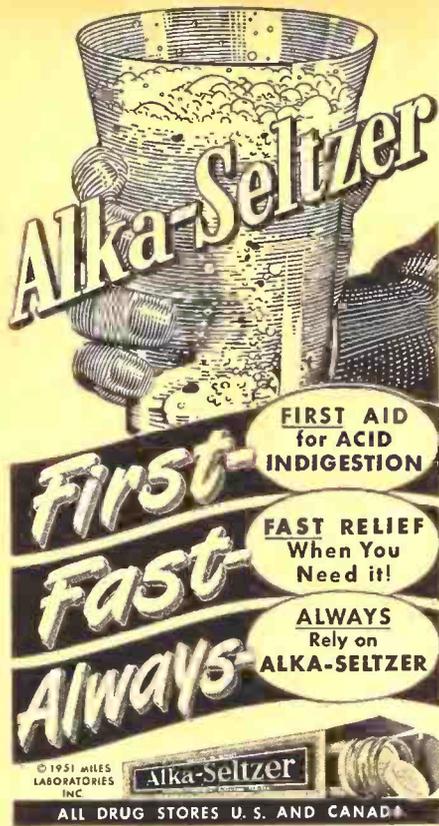
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through the chores and household shopping she went out to do. "What about me? Can't we turn to one another instead of running away for a vacation? Can't we find some real pleasure in one another any more?"

When she let herself into the house at almost two-thirty she was happy that she hadn't spoken that way to George. For there he was in the living room, waiting for her. Apprehension came first, because it was so strange to see him there in the middle of the day. "George—what's the matter?" Quickly she went over and kissed him. "You're not ill?"

"No." He reddened. "I thought I'd surprise you, come back to see those dresses we didn't get to see yesterday. It's the least I can do for a nineteenth anniversary."

"Oh, darling—did you really? George, you're sweet—" She started to kiss him again, but his hands on her shoulders held her off. He glanced meaningly at the doorway of the powder room across the hall. "She's in there," he muttered.

"Who's in there?"

"That girl. The one from Madame Sophie. She thought it was supposed to be one-thirty, they must have made a mistake when they told her. So she arrived just about when I did. She's been showing me the dresses."

"For heaven's sake!" Miriam pulled off her hat and dropped down on the sofa. "This is getting to be a real comedy of errors! I'm sorry you had to be bored by all this."

George laughed. "Don't be silly—I told you that's why I came home. It makes a fine excuse for an afternoon off. Of course I didn't expect to be viewing a fashion show all by myself." He lowered his voice. "Listen, don't bother with the two she's already shown me. They're absolute dogs. But she says the one she's putting on now—Oh, there she is."

Miriam saw the young model letting herself out of the powder room, and got up smilingly to greet her. "She really is a darling," she thought, watching the color come up under the girl's fair skin as she explained about the mistake in the time.

She said reassuringly, "Don't give it another thought. I'm so pleased that my husband was here so that your trip wasn't wasted. Now—let me see." She went back to her seat on the sofa, and Nancy Campbell walked slowly around the room, turning to display the lovely sweep of black lace skirt and the daring cut of the back.

George said warmly, "That's one,

for my money. It's really terrific."

"It's a little low in the back," Miriam said cautiously. "I'm not sure my back warrants that kind of display."

Nancy Campbell said eagerly, "Oh, but Madame Sophie said you were the only—the only—" she faltered, and got very red.

Miriam laughed. "The only woman of my age who could wear it? She says that to me so often I'm beginning to believe it."

"And why not?" George asked energetically. "Before you came in Miss Campbell herself was telling me how attractive she thought you were."

Miriam gave him a warning look and a slight shake of the head. Nancy Campbell, she saw, was embarrassed almost to the point of tears. She was very young and very shy. George really shouldn't tease her. He caught the reproof and raised an eyebrow.

"All right," he said. "To make up for it I'll drive you back to Madame Sophie's, Miss Campbell—or anywhere else you're scheduled to go. As soon as my wife has made up her mind."

Miriam studied the black lace. It was daring. Probably too young, with that revealing back and shoulder line, and the short pert skirt, but—"I'll take that one!" she decided aloud. "I don't even want to see the others. They might be so much more suitable that they'd mix me all up again."

"Fine," George said. "You can wear it to the theater Friday night—didn't I tell you?" He grinned at her. "Special anniversary present. Real party."

Miriam suddenly felt warm and happy. What had been the matter with her anyway? Here was George, as sweet and thoughtful and painstaking about her happiness as any husband could be... what had come over her that she'd been mourning over their lost marriage? It had all been right in her own befuddled mind, and it was a lucky thing George merely thought she hadn't been feeling well. She couldn't kiss him with Nancy Campbell standing there, but she tried to put into her eyes the message that she wanted to.

The girl was ready to go in a matter of minutes, and Miriam saw them into George's car still with that revived warmth in her heart. She was too happy to remember that up until yesterday George hadn't looked, hadn't spoken, as he did now. Hadn't given her so much thought that he came back unexpectedly on a weekday afternoon because she didn't seem well. Hadn't surprised her with theater tickets. In short, it hadn't been in her own mind at all. But it was too easy and pleasant

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to tell herself she had imagined the whole thing. It didn't even occur to her that Nancy Campbell could have taken herself back downtown quite easily by taxi.

Now that she was back in her normally pleasant, unquestioning adjustment to the world she couldn't seem to get upset about anything. Even when the theater party fell through she wasn't unhappy. George had to work that night, unexpectedly. "This night of all nights," he said apologetically, when he phoned to tell her he'd have to stay downtown. "Do you mind too much, dear? Mr. Humbert, that man I told you about from Norfolk, came in unexpectedly. One of us had to take him to dinner and so on—customer relations, you know—"

"I don't mind at all," Miriam assured him. She was speaking from the bedroom extension, and on the bed beside her lay the seductive folds of the black lace dress, waiting to be put on for the occasion that now must be postponed. But she really didn't mind. "Good customer hunting," she said to George.

"Thanks, dear. We'll make it next week," he promised, and hung up.

There seemed to be a sudden pilgrimage of out-of-town customers to New York during the next week. They did manage to get to the theater, Miriam resplendent in the black dress; and afterwards they went on to a supper club they hadn't been to in several years. But that was the high spot for a couple of months. George plunged into activity. Business, he told her, was booming. And their business was the kind that depended so much on the personal angles—friendship and social buttering-up, as he called it. Most of the time he managed to get away with taking people to lunch, but once in a while—at least once a week—he had to take a specially important contact to dinner. "It's not fair to leave it all to Bill," he explained, and Miriam agreed that it was only fair for both partners equally to shoulder the extra hours.

But there were so many extra hours! George began to look tired and showed a tendency to jump whenever the phone rang. Once again Miriam's mood darkened. She was worried, a different kind of worry from her early-Spring depression but still a nagging one. Was George pushing himself too hard? For the past couple of years he hadn't spoken much about his work, and she had taken it for granted that with his considerable success had come a certain amount of easing of tension. But lately he'd shown a tendency to talk more about it, tell her at greater length about his various deals . . . almost as if he were explaining why he suddenly had so much extra work to do.

With the warmer weather, Miriam found it hard to sleep. That was how she learned that George wasn't sleeping, either. Whenever she awakened during the night, he seemed to be up, sitting with a book beneath his shaded bed-lamp, or staring into the dark street outside the house. But he never seemed sleepy. He seemed to have too much on his mind.

It was obvious that he needed a vacation—the vacation he'd spoken of himself just before all this overwork had started. But when she broached it to him he almost turned on her. "Vacation! What a thought!" he said. "With everything that's going on now I don't know when I'll get a chance to get away. Why don't you go away for a couple of weeks? Before the kids

get home from school and things start popping. Get a good rest."

Miriam rejected the idea. "What fun would it be going alone? If you could join me later—"

He shook his head with a kind of hopeless finality. "I can't see my way clear to that. The way things are I can't see my way clear to anything. . . ."

Suddenly, listening, Miriam was afraid. He seemed to be speaking of something else, something more pressing than a couple of weeks' vacation. It was almost as though the nervous tension building up in him had slipped its careful control, and he were breaking down and telling her something. . . .

"George—there's nothing wrong, is there? I mean—you and Bill aren't having trouble or anything?"

"Bill? What gave you—oh, you mean financial trouble?" George laughed, but to Miriam's suddenly acute ears the laughter rang hollow. "Lord, no, we're doing better than we have any right to expect. Why else do you suppose I've been putting in so many hours?"

"I just wondered," Miriam said.

"Don't wonder," he said emphatically. "Just don't think about it. Let me straighten things out."

Then abruptly he changed the subject, as though to keep himself from saying anything more.

There was little peace of mind for Miriam after that. Eyes and ears fully open to the peculiar atmosphere George carried with him, she realized that he gave every evidence of a man suffering under a great strain. Just a few weeks before it had been she who felt edgy and moody, and who feared a nervous collapse. Now it was George. . . .

She had almost made up her mind that George must see a doctor when she was startled one afternoon by a phone call from Madame Sophie.

"Mrs. Ashley? Madame Sophie here." The courtiere's accent, intensified by the phone connection, rolled robustly into her ear. "How have you been? We do not see you in many weeks."

"Why—why, no—I mean I'm quite well, thank you," Miriam said, taken unawares. "I wasn't quite ready for summer things, that's why I haven't been down. You see, we haven't made up our minds yet about what we're doing for a vacation this year."

There was a short silence. Then Madame Sophie said, "Mrs. Ashley—you do think of a vacation, however? You are planning to go away somewhere, you and Mr. Ashley?"

"Well—I don't know, Mr. Ashley is so very busy this season I hardly—"

Madame Sophie interrupted explosively. "I say you *must!* Forgive me, Mrs. Ashley, I do not discuss this from idle curiosity. I have another motive you may be sure. I say to you please make your plans for a vacation. Say I am psychic. Say I have seen your husband lately by accident, and to me he looks pale and unhealthy. Think what you like of me—only take Mr. Ashley away for a while."

Miriam said quietly, "Madame Sophie, where have you seen my husband? How? What are you trying to tell me?" Trembling, she waited, but from the other end there was only a short sound, like an exclamation quickly cut off. Then Madame Sophie said resignedly, "I have told myself this will not work. It is a clumsy mistake. One cannot take a bull by one horn only, one must grasp both. Very well." Her lowered voice was as forceful as she knew how to make it. "Because I like you very

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much, I take a great risk. Please remain at home this afternoon. You will have a visitor." And with no further explanation, she rang off.

To Miriam, everything became unreal from that point on. You will have a visitor. Madame Sophie was dramatic, she was theatrical—but even for Madame Sophie this was going pretty far. It couldn't have any real meaning. Perhaps it was a new kind of advertising stunt—but Madame Sophie didn't need to advertise! I don't believe any of it, Miriam told herself, not quite knowing what it was she didn't believe. Then, still not knowing, she asked herself: But if I don't believe it, why am I trembling like this?

When the doorbell rang a short time later, she waited upstairs until she heard Alma, the maid, go to the door and admit someone. She was almost frozen at the head of the stairs, knowing quite positively that she was on the brink of one of the most terrible moments of her life... she had known it when Madame Sophie first spoke to her. But she didn't want to know whatever it was she was going to learn. She would have given anything to be able to turn back into her room and send down word that she was not at home.

Instead, she went slowly down the stairs and into the living room. There, standing rigidly in the center of the room, she found young Nancy Campbell, the mannequin from Madame Sophie's.

For a blank moment she didn't recognize the girl. Then she placed her, and came forward uncertainly. "Miss Campbell, isn't it? How—"

"Don't ask me how I am! Don't be polite to me!" the girl said in a rush of words. "Let's get it over with quickly!"

Miriam sat down and stared at the girl. "Was it you Madame Sophie was telling me about? Did she know you were coming here?"

Nancy Campbell moved backward a few steps and found a chair. She dropped into it and put her head in her hands. "Madame Sophie made me come. She found out. I guess she's known all along. I didn't want to come—but I'm glad now!" Throwing back her head, she met Miriam's astonished eyes defiantly. "I can't go on like this any longer. If George can't get you to say what you're going to do somebody else must do it!"

A wave of horror swept over Miriam; she felt as though she were drowning in it. George! This girl called him George! Again she had that desperate desire to run away, turn her back on what was coming. If she didn't face it there would never be any need to know... But pride kept her lips firm and her voice steady. She asked coolly, "Are you speaking of Mr. Ashley, Miss Campbell?"

"You know I am." The girl was trying to match her own control. "I don't want to be—to make a scene. But is there any use in our fencing? I know George has told you everything. It only hurts all three of us for things to go on this way."

"I see." Miriam looked down at her hands, lying calmly folded in her lap. They weren't trembling; neither was the rest of her, any longer. She felt almost relieved, as though she had been working over a jig-saw puzzle and had just managed to fit the last section into place. Still, it was odd to find herself in this situation. She had seen it so often in movies, read it so often in books. She could even carry on

the scene in a kind of shorthand, for she was so well acquainted now with what lay behind it that nobody—not Nancy Campbell, not Madame Sophie, not George himself—was required to fill in the details. George and this girl... when had it started? Of course—that day with the black lace dress. Their nineteenth anniversary. George, she remembered, had been so attentive that day, his eyes bright, his manner gayer and more interested than in such a long time. And afterwards he had driven the girl downtown...

And after that? Still looking at her hands, Miriam could almost see it all. Those late nights when George had been working—where had they gone? Out-of-the-way restaurants, so as not to be seen? They couldn't have gone out dancing, it was so conspicuous. Maybe they'd gone to the movies and held hands. Maybe on Saturday mornings they'd driven out into the country for picnics; this girl would have enjoyed that. She had, at that age.

"How strange," she said aloud. "I always scoffed at what people say, that the wife is the last to know. And now, it seems, I must admit that it's true."

The girl said through stiff lips, "You can't mean that. Don't lie to me. I know George asked you for a divorce and that you refused it. I came to plead with you."

"A divorce!" Agitation at last brought Miriam to her feet. She began to pace back and forth before the fireplace, back and forth, more quickly as anger mounted within her. How far had this thing gone? What had George been saying—or doing? Had George conceivably told this girl he would divorce his wife to marry her? She looked down at Nancy Campbell's blonde head, and then sat down again, forcing the girl to meet her eyes.

"Listen to me. I'm going to tell you the truth," Miriam said. She knew that the honesty in her words would get through somehow. It had to. "My husband never once mentioned you in this house. He never gave any indication that he was—interested in you. Miss Campbell... Nancy... please believe me. The word divorce has never been mentioned between us—except perhaps about some of our friends from time to time."

Silently, they stared at one another. Then tears began to slip down Nancy Campbell's cheeks. "Madame Sophie told me that," she half whispered. "She told me not to think it. She said I was playing with fire, that I was a fool... but I thought she didn't know. I thought if I came and had it out with you—Oh, what shall I do now?"

The girl's hands came up again to cover her face, and as she checked an involuntary movement toward her, Miriam heard the slam of the front door. She got to her feet as George flung into the room.

"Oh, Lord," he said when he saw Nancy. "I see she made it. Miriam—"

"If you're going to say that you don't know what to say, you're in exactly the same position as the rest of us," Miriam said sharply. "The only difference is that since this is your party, you just have to find something to say."

"I know it," he said miserably. He threw his topcoat over a chair and started to walk around the room. "I've never felt more like a fool."

"I can't think of any reason why you shouldn't," Miriam said. Nancy had taken her hands from her face, and

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was staring at George with a strangely blank look. It was as though she were trying to fix him in a new perspective, here in his own home, talking to—quarreling with—his own wife. Miriam was suddenly very sorry for the girl, very certain that in the hours she had spent with George she had somehow conveniently managed to forget that George had a home and a wife and a whole life apart from her. To have so cruelly received the knowledge that she had never in the smallest way come into that other life must be a terrible blow . . . when no doubt she had thought herself so important. But George—how was he going to explain all this? Miriam turned to him, waiting.

He said suddenly, "Nancy—I'm afraid you're the one who's going to suffer through this."

The girl's voice was stony. "Your wife says you never asked for a divorce. You never meant to marry me, then."

"I never spoke of it at all," George said gently. The girl shook her head unbelievably. George went on, "There's no way in the world I can excuse myself. I was a fool, an irresponsible, cruel idiot. But Nancy—please remember that at least I tried to tell you you'd meet someone else, someone your own age. I tried to tell you not to take it all quite so seriously. . ."

"I thought you were only trying to cheer me up," the girl said in a low voice blurred with tears. "I thought you meant it would have to wait till the future. After the divorce—"

A slight edge came into George's voice. "Nancy—please try to think what I actually said about divorce. Not what you think I said. What I did say."

The girl shook her head again, as if to clear it. "You said there couldn't be . . . couldn't be anything between us without—without a divorce. . . Oh! Her hand went to her mouth in shock. "You meant that there would never be anything between us at all! I thought you meant after the divorce . . . but you wanted to tell me it was all impossible!"

"If you weren't so very lovely," George said humbly, "I would have been able to tell you straight out that I loved my wife, that I never had any intention of divorcing her—that I had gotten into this thing with you because I just liked to look at you. You're so young, Nancy." Miriam, listening, realized that George was desperately trying to rebuild the girl's ego after the awful blow he had given it. Oh, he deserved to suffer, but still—she put her hand over her lips to conceal their flutter—still it was almost funny.

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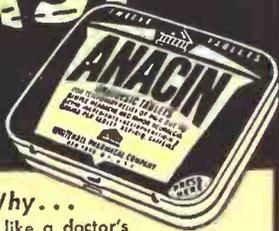
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Except for Nancy, of course. But as George said—she was so young. His voice went on, urgent and low. "I let the Spring go to my head a little. It was such fun talking to someone as young as you, remembering how I used to think and act when I was your age . . . and you are so good to look at."

There was a silence. Nancy Campbell broke it. "And that's all?"

George straightened. "That's all," he said. "I wish to heaven there hadn't even been that much."

Nancy stood up and smoothed her skirt. Miriam saw almost with admiration that the traces of tears were almost gone. The girl's blue eyes looked steadily into hers, ignoring George.

"I owe you something that's so much more than an apology that I don't know how to make it," she said quietly. "I've been a fool and I've caused you a few moments of unhappiness. It was all in my mind, you know—nothing for you to worry about. Nothing important happened. Only—" she glanced at George then and her voice broke. "I'm sorry for you," she said to Miriam, and walked out of the room and out of the house.

The living room was very still. After a while George said, "Tell me what to do. Shall I go away? Shall I leave you alone for a few days? Or—is it worse than that? Do you want me to explain? Tell me how you want it to be."

"Oh, George, shut up," Miriam said rudely. Her shoulders began to shake. George came closer and looked down at her in unbelief.

"Good heavens. You're laughing," he said. "I don't believe it."

"If you could have seen your face . . ." Miriam put her hands over her own face, and felt a sudden dampness in her palms. She lifted her head and said in surprise, "I'm not laughing. I'm hysterical. I'm crying and laughing."

"Oh, darling, don't." George sat down and pulled her head to his shoulder. "If you want me to go away I will, only don't make yourself sick over this. I've been miserable enough, knowing you were worrying about me, unable to tell you what a mess I was in. Lying to you. Miriam . . ." He hesitated, but it had to be said. "It never was anything, you know. Just a few dinner dates, a few rides in the car. It never was worth the mental anguish," he finished ruefully.

"You don't have to explain," Miriam said. She wasn't being generous; she simply wasn't very angry. The jig-saw puzzle made a picture she was able—somewhat to her own surprise—to understand very well. She sat up, dried her tears on George's pocket handkerchief, and took a cigarette from the coffee table. George lit it for her, and even in the stress of the moment she noticed the little attention. As a matter of fact one way or another ever since the thing began George had been more conscious of her. It's an ill wind, she thought drily.

"No, you don't have to explain," she repeated. "I know more or less how it was. It could have happened to me, I guess. Don't you remember, George—the day we went to Madame Sophie's in the first place? I was so queer, you said; you thought I was sick. It wasn't that. I guess . . ." she shrugged. "I was restless, nervous, beginning suddenly to feel not quite so young any more. Wondering what life was like when you got to be middle-aged. Frightened. . . Who's to say what might have

happened if a bright-eyed young man had suddenly crossed my path? I dare say I'd have been flattered at being able to attract his attention—just as you were flattered that little Nancy found you not such an old man after all."

All right, she told herself; so it's not the whole truth. I've got to save some pride for myself! Does George have to know that I would never in the world have looked at another man, no matter how attractive or how flattering? It's enough that I can go more than half way to meet his explanation. . . And besides, she thought suddenly, who's to say it isn't the whole truth?

"There's never been anyone like you," George said reverently. "I ought to have known I could tell you right at the beginning. I should have come to you right away."

Miriam couldn't resist a touch of malice. "You wouldn't have come at all if it hadn't been for Madame Sophie. How in the world did she find out?"

"She must have seen me pick Nancy up one night, I guess." George looked as if he wanted to swear. "The old witch. She got the kid so upset she came running to you. Then she had her secretary phone me with a mysterious message about Nancy coming here—I couldn't believe it. I ought to go down there and—"

"Don't be silly. If it hadn't been for Madame Sophie you'd still be lying to both of us," Miriam reminded him. She laughed suddenly. "I must go down and order everything in the place. I owe her a great deal. So do you. So does Nancy Campbell." Miriam sobered, thinking of the girl's pitiful attempt at bravery as she marched out of the house. "I suppose she really has been punished," she said thoughtfully. "Punished?"

"Nancy, I mean. It wasn't altogether you, you know. No girl is quite that innocent. She knew from the beginning that you were married. She's a nice girl, basically; she must have known she was doing wrong, going out with a married man who wasn't even separated from his wife. But she'll pay in a more important way than she realizes."

It was difficult to put it into words, the way in which Nancy Campbell had already paid for her transgression. It was tied up with her saying she was sorry for Miriam. That wasn't right; it was the other way around. Miriam was sorry for her. She didn't try to explain it to George at that moment; it would have seemed too much like piling up blame upon him, and what was the use of that? The thing was over. . . But Miriam knew that Nancy had lost something she would never regain. She could no longer be an idealist where love was concerned. She had seen with her own eyes that people weren't perfect; men weren't perfect. The most attractive, the most desirable of them wasn't perfect at all. He could make a fool of himself, or tell a lie, or break a promise . . . people did it every day to one another. And the worst of it was that after they had done these things, the people who loved them forgave them and took them back. Miriam was doing it; Nancy had seen that and pitied her for it. But Miriam pitied Nancy, really, for Nancy had yet to learn that she might be doing the same thing herself, one day.

Smiling, Miriam turned to George. "That was quite a nineteenth anniversary, all in all," she said. "I wonder what our twentieth is going to be like?"

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Come and Visit the Ronald Colmans

(Continued from page 43)

and perhaps the most gracious living to be found in Hollywood, yet they live with laughter and originality, with assorted householders that number one child, two dogs, four rabbits (at present) and one unevictable tortoise.

When they are not rehearsing or performing their radio show on the two days a week which Halls of Ivy requires, the Colmans glory in their home-life—in entertaining their friends, in romping with their tiny daughter, in remodeling the house which once belonged to Corinne Griffith.

Ronnie bought the house in the first place because he fell in love with the beautiful oak-paneled library. He loved the mullioned windows with their window seats, the giant fireplace copied from an old English castle, the bookshelves that reach from floor to ceiling. When he married Benita she added her feminine touches to the room in the form of a Paisley-print armchair, and a sculptured bust of Ronnie that she had always loved. This room then, represents that formal and romantic side of the Colmans, that their friends recognize at first glance.

The room that has been added on is a second sitting-room, as gay and informal as the library is traditional. Benita's love of rich colors is seen in the Chinese mural wallpaper with its startling tints of orange-red on gray. The same orange-red is picked up by lacquer chairs, and before the picture windows that look over the cool expanse of green lawn she has placed a single vase of bird-of-paradise blooms that echo the color.

There is a grand piano in this room. A piano whose keys have thrilled to the rippling fingers of many famous guests in impromptu performances. Jose Iturbi, Artur Rubinstein and Myra Hess have played here. Jascha Heifitz, too, has brought his violin to this room of the singing colors.

For entertaining on a large scale, the Colmans have still another room. A great spacious formal drawing-room in tones of soft grays and greens. There is a long sofa against one wall, upholstered in a gay floral pattern of lilac and primrose flowers. Benita's portrait hangs here, a modern impression by artist Richard Kitchen. In another corner is the curving figure of a kneeling woman, sculptured by Benita for her husband. Behind pale green draperies is a projection booth where the Colmans can entertain with home movies, much to the delight of small gap-toothed daughter Juliet.

Juliet's nursery is a rollicking rhapsody of blue-checked wallpaper, child-size white furniture and prancing nursery-rhyme characters. The seven-year-old mistress of this domain has, besides a lack of front teeth, cornflower blue eyes and a shock of silken blonde hair.

She's had her chance to be an actress—at least an actress of the kindergarten-Westlake-School-for-Girls variety. Proud parents Ronnie and Benita attended a school production the other day in which Juliet, along with her classmates, was dressed up as a candy cane and sang a song with twenty other misses, not one of whom had a whole set of teeth.

"It was quite a sight," reports Benita. "All those babies with their bright little

faces—and then I looked around the audience and spotted their relatives. I saw Betty Grable, the Fred Astaires, the Edgar Bergens, and the George Murphys. They were all as intent on the performance as if they were watching a performance of "La Traviata" at the Met.

"All this—Sunday clothes, rapt attention, at eleven o'clock in the morning! But I guess all mothers of tiny school children will know the thrill of pride that ran through us as we nudged each other and said, 'Look! There's Juliet—or Sally—or Vicki.' I honestly feel that we enjoy those school performances as much as the opera or ballet."

The word "ballet," however, has painful associations for the Colmans at the moment. Benita says that taking Juliet to the matinee of "Sleeping Beauty" was about the most embarrassing moment she can remember. It happened like this.

Benita impulsively undertook to escort her daughter and a seven-year-old girl friend to a matinee of the Sadler's Wells Ballet. Before the performance Benita tried to brief her charges on what would take place. She finished her lecture just as they climbed the stairs to their balcony seats. She was telling them about the overture, and how the conductor would perform.

"You'll see him come out and walk into the orchestra pit," explained Benita as she removed Juliet's small white coat. "You'll see him get up on the podium and raise his arms. Everyone will be perfectly still. Then, when he's sure the orchestra is quite ready, he'll move his arms, and they'll all begin to play."

Juliet blinked her eyes fast with excitement. Everything happened the way her mother said it would. There was the conductor mounting the podium with stately step. He was raising his arms. Juliet felt she would burst with excitement. She hurled herself against the balcony rail and let out a roar of encouragement. "Ready!" she yelled. "Set? Go!" A thousand heads swiveled up towards the balcony, as Benita hid her face in her furs and prayed for the end of the world. There was only one lucky break—Ronnie wasn't with them. He'd have died.

But of course Juliet isn't always a rowdy. She's just unpredictable. Why, some evenings she feeds her rabbits with all the tenderness of a real rabbit-mother. She can't bear the baby bunnies to be given away, with the result that, as fast as they multiply, the Colmans stow them in their car and send them down to their ranch near Santa Barbara. If just one little twitching nose was missing—Juliet would know, and grieve. So the rabbits continue their gay spree on the ranch, in company with some ancient chickens that Benita can't bear to kill.

"Those birds must be all of fifteen years old," chuckles Ronnie. "They wander about, wobbly-legged and practically featherless, but they live out their spans of senility because Juliet and Benita won't let them be touched. It's idiotic—but there it is!"

Summers spent in levis and bright shirts on their ranch are fun times for the Colmans. Spring, fall and winter they spend in town. But their love of entertaining goes right on.

Ronnie's pet form of diversion is to try out new magic tricks. According to his manager, Nat Wolf, he's terrific at various forms of sleight-of-hand. He loves to mystify his cronies with rope tricks, and they all say he's pretty good. Whenever Benita thinks he's getting a little too proud of his fast-moving fingers, she calls upon fellow magicians director Peter Godfrey and Warner Baxter to do their stuff. When they start through their repertoire of disappearing rabbits and goldfish bowls, Ronnie droops in dejection—in moments like these he threatens to learn how to saw Benita in half! But so far he hasn't caught on to that calamitous conjuring.

Outside entertaining is another "must" at the Colmans. They have a magnificent brick patio overlooking the back lawn. There's a swimming pool on the left, over where the old Jack Benny home is located. There's an ancient summerhouse on the right, over toward the Charles Chaplin house. It's a convenient spot for the Chaplin children to reach by crawling through the hedge, and young Juliet uses it for an outdoor playhouse as she shares it with Oona and Charlie's brood next door.

There is an ancient gardener, too clips each hedge and shrub with a loving hand, and there is a not-so-ancient butler who takes care of the indoors angle of the Colman home.

"His name is Harry," says Benita, her hazel eyes dancing once more. "In every article that has been written about us, we find references to our 'venerable old butler.' This drives Harry almost out of his mind. He isn't old at all. In fact he's a lot younger than we are. But apparently when anyone writes about Ronnie they feel he ought to have a venerable old butler so Harry is elected!"

This is our big chance to put in a plug for Harry: he isn't a bit venerable folks. He's youngish, and nice-looking and you ought to know the true facts about the Colman household!

Whenever Harry has a night off Benita slips into the kitchen and whips up Ronnie's favorite dish for a tray-supper before the fire. Believe it or not, this tea-and-crumpets character snorts at the idea of his native fodder, and relishes a steaming plate of Italian spaghetti as only English-born Benita can cook it.

Young Juliet Colman is growing with the speed of her pet bunnies, only taller. She's one of the happiest kids around town—and one of the luckiest. The Ronald Colmans let her run about barefoot in the rain.

"It never hurt me to paddle in the mud," says Benita. "I have a theory that a child knows instinctively when she's cold, and should come inside. She knows when to put a coat on, too. We don't coddle our little girl, and she's turned out pretty healthy. The neighbors may be shocked, but Juliet is happy."

Juliet beams her gap-toothed smile and drags her father off to set up the movie screen. Tonight they will see a Western movie, and after Juliet is in bed Ronnie and Benita will sit in their tiny private sittingroom upstairs and Benita will likely say: "Darling, I've just thought of another wall that really should have a window—how about throwing out another bay?"

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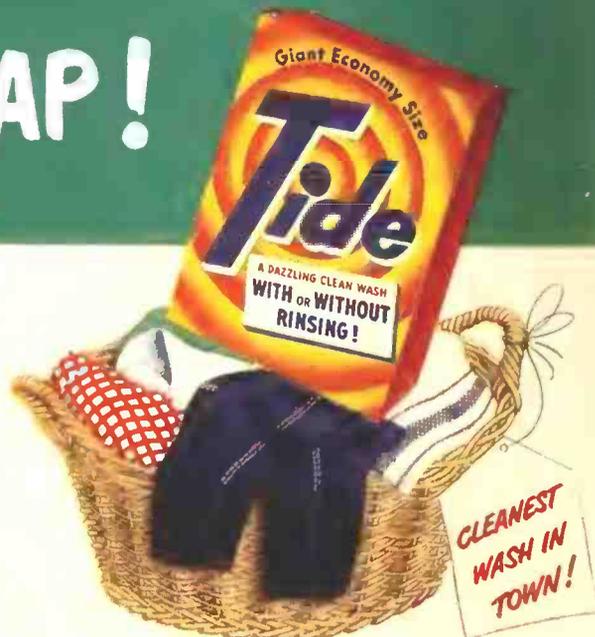
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