

# RADIO MIRROR

November

25¢

MARGARET  
HAYES

*In Full Color! Pictures of Right to Happiness*



# **F**or "Big Game" Glamor

**No other shampoo  
leaves your hair  
so lustrous, yet so  
easy to manage.**

First tinge of fall . . . giddy crowds and gaudy colors . . . excitement in the air . . . the season's biggest game, and you, happy in the knowledge that your hair is sparkling and alive with all its natural highlights revealed. No other shampoo, only Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action will make your hair look so lovely. Here Magazine Cover Girl and Drene Girl, Madelon Mason, shows you two hair-dos created by Drene especially for your football week-end. "I always use Drene with Hair Conditioning action," says Madelon, "because no other shampoo leaves my hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage."



AT SATURDAY'S GAME you'll be the star in his eyes with your radiant Drene-lovely hair! "There's no need to worry about your hair being 'off side' when you shampoo with Drene," says famous Magazine Cover Girl and Drene Girl, Madelon Mason, "for Drene with Hair Conditioning action leaves your hair alive with natural highlights, satin-smooth and so-o-o-o easy to manage."

AFTER THE GAME, a quick change, a bite of dinner and then to his fraternity dance, Drene brings out all the beauty of Madelon's lovely hair . . . reveals up to 33 percent more lustre than any soap or soap shampoo . . . never leaves dulling film on hair as all soaps do. And Drene removes unsightly dandruff flakes the first time you use it.



# Drene

**Shampoo with  
Hair Conditioning Action**





"Can't even get a man  
to wish with, huh?"

**GIRL:** Don't be an idjit, midget! Who wants some boy hanging around all the time? Eating your food, keeping you out late, who wants—

**CUPID:** You do.

**GIRL:** I? Why I—

**CUPID:** And you'd *have* one if you'd just remember even plain girls go places if they go *gleaming!* Sparkling! Smiling!



**GIRL:** Sure. But my smile's a brownout. I brush my teeth but—

**CUPID:** No sparkle, huh? And "pink tooth brush" too, I bet!

**GIRL:** "Pink tooth brush" *means* something?

**CUPID:** That's for your dentist to decide . . . because that "pink" is an urgent warning to *see your dentist!*

He may say it's serious . . . and he may say it's just another case where today's soft foods have been robbing your gums of exercise. If so, he may likely suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

**GIRL:** Is *that* all?

**CUPID:** Dearie, that's plenty! Sparkling smiles call for sound teeth; and sound teeth for healthy gums. And Ipana's designed not only to clean teeth but, with gentle massage, to help gums. If your dentist suggests massage with Ipana when you brush your teeth, take his advice, Baby, and . . . you'll be started on a smile that'll set *men* wishing!



For the Smile of Beauty—  
**Ipana**  and Massage



Product of Bristol-Myers



# RADIO MIRROR

VOL. 26, NO. 6

Coming  
Next  
Month



December brings a Christmas story full of the warmth, the peace-on-earth feeling of that glorious holiday. It was written especially for Radio Mirror, especially for the Christmas season, by Joyce Jordan, NBC's lovely young woman doctor. There'll be a wonderful real-life, full-color picture to illustrate it, too.

\* \* \*

In answer to many, many requests, next month's Living Portraits will bring you Lorenzo Jones and his family and friends. You'll see these radio favorites at home, as they go about their daily affairs, in Lorenzo's home town.

\* \* \*

More December news: There's a brand new episode in the careers of Lum 'n' Abner . . . and you'll be invited to "come and visit" Penny Singleton and her family.

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## Character quiz

by **JOAN CRAWFORD**

Winner of 1945 Academy Award



Star of "Humoresque," A Warner Brothers Picture

(1) Do you make snide cracks about folks of other races, creeds or colors? (2) Do you get the facts before you form opinions? (3) Do you give others credit for having good intentions, too? (4) Do you do something to help correct the things you think are wrong with the world?—If your answers are No-Yes-Yes-Yes, you're a solid citizen, and America needs more like you.

Joan's little quiz is one of a series presented by Fleer's in the interest of better understanding among families, friends and nations.

Fleer's is a solid sender . . . leader in the trend to candy coated gum. With its gleaming white coating, its extra peppermint flavor, Fleer's is especially attractive and refreshing. Twelve tempting fleerlets in each handy package. Try Fleer's today.



Candy Coated — Chewing gum in its nicest form!

FRANK H. FLEER CORP., PHILADELPHIA, PA. ESTABLISHED 1885





## COVER GIRL

By ELEANOR HARRIS

**P**RETTY Miss Margaret Hayes, whose portrait is on this month's cover, leads a life that could be titled: "Busy girl in New York City." Busiest of all is her radio life. She's currently on the air in Light of the World, Mystery Theater, Ellery Queen, Aunt Jenny's Real Life Story—and she's been heard on Assignment Home, Lux Radio Theater, Silver Theater, Bob Hope. And, of course, My True Story (daily at 10 A.M. on ABC), on which she's heard very often. But that's only Chapter One in her career. She's been in five movies and many plays . . . of which more anon.

Her personal life could have another title: "Pretty girl in New York City." Her charming ground-floor apartment is a mecca for young actors and actresses, all around the age of twenty. They feel free to drop by at any hour and find Margaret delighted to see them—and delighted to feed them, too! She's a wonderful cook, and her fried chicken is famous in young acting and writing circles. When she opens the door to them, she usually looks the same, summer or winter: her amber eyes and dark auburn hair are highlighted by a tailored, long-sleeved sports dress. The dress is any color at all, from pale blue to bright red. And in it she welcomes them into a large living room studded with antique furniture and viewing Margaret's little garden in the rear.

There are four other characteristics of the apartment on which they can count: Mabel, the Negro maid who does everything for Margaret but cook; and three magnificent radio-victrolas—none of which works! Two of these Margaret bought herself. The third was the gift of her best girl friend, actress Laurie Douglas, who (Continued on page 99)

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But a honey color won't keep you winter-sweet!

**Y**OU'RE RIGHT on the sun beam, Pet. A radiant winter tan can help keep the beaux buzzing 'round.

That is, Sugar—it can help *if you stay nice to be near.*

True, your bath washes away *past perspiration*, but—winter or summer—you still

need a safe deodorant like Mum to guard against risk of *future* underarm odor. So why take chances with your charm, *ever*—when you can trust Mum!

better because it's Safe

- 1. Safe for skin.** No irritating crystals. Snow-white Mum is gentle, harmless to skin.
- 2. Safe for clothes.** No harsh ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics.
- 3. Safe for charm.** Mum gives sure protection against underarm odor all day or evening.

Mum is economical, too. Doesn't dry out in the jar—stays smooth and creamy. Quick, easy to use—even after you're dressed. Get Mum today!

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable . . . ideal for this use, too.

Mum



Product of Bristol-Myers





A Day In The Life of Dennis Day, on NBC at 7:30, Thursdays, gives young singer-comedian Day his first starring program.

#### DAWN OF A NEW DAY

**T**HE Dennis Day I talked to over a hurried dinner at Toots Shor's was a far different Day than the one we are so used to hearing getting his ears pinned back by Jack Benny and his assorted radio companions.

This was no meek, trusting, golden-voiced youngster pinch-penned by a comedy star and vicariously cuddled by distaff-side radio listeners.

The well-built, tanned, brown-eyed broadcaster was in New York on a flying trip before returning to Hollywood and his new radio show, *A Day In The Life Of Dennis Day*, which started on NBC October 3. Dennis was confident about the success of his first starring vehicle and eager to talk about that, his thirteen-month hitch in the U. S. Navy, his early days in show business—as long as the conversation didn't interfere with the man-sized mouthfuls of roast beef he was storing away.

The Bronx-born tenor entered the service as an ensign, came out a lieutenant, junior grade. He had the task of setting up Navy-staffed shows for bluejackets in the Pacific. During that time he weighed the countless offers that came in, picked the one that offered him complete stardom.

"And," he adds, "I wanted to work out the best arrangement that would enable me to remain on Jack's show."

These activities were certainly never anticipated by Eugene Dennis McNulty a few short years ago when the lad was taking a pre-law course at Manhattan College in New York. His father, a city engineer, didn't mind having a tenor among his five children—what Irish home would be complete without one?—but he hardly expected a career to be developed from the lad's larynx.

But when Dennis helped cop the Mayor's College Glee Club trophy, and with it a chance to sing on the city's own radio station, WNYC, that's just what happened.

By 1939 Dennis was doing moderately well on another radio station, WHN, and improving his style under voice coach Billy Brace. Dennis heard that

# Facing the Music

By KEN ALDEN



For a broadcast of the U.S. Army Recruiting Service's program *Sound Off*, script-writer Allan Sloane (left), director-producer Earle McGill check last-minute details with guest Nan Wynn.

Jack Benny was seeking a replacement for Kenny Baker but did nothing about it. But coach Brace did. He sent some Dennis Day recordings to Jack's agent.

"When Jack called me for an audition I thought it was a gag," Dennis recalled.

Dennis was scared stiff singing in the mighty presence of the great air comic and Jack's immobile expression didn't comfort him. But when he was asked to read some comedy lines Benny started to react excitedly. The comedian turned to Mary Livingston and said: "That's it."

Before you could say LSMFT Dennis had a train ticket to Hollywood and a contract for \$200 a week.

"I learned later that it was Mary who urged Jack to audition me."

Convinced of his singing ability, the aggressive youngster then tried to improve his ability as an actor and mimic. Possessing a true ear, he practised all kinds of voices and dialects. Irish was easy. "It started in 1935," Dennis

recalls, "when I went to Ireland to visit my relations in County Mayo. When I got back you could cut my brogue with a knife."

On the coast Dennis became friendly with Bill Thompson, the talented radio actor and creator of *Mr. Wimple* of Fibber McGee and Molly fame. Bill taught Dennis how to imitate such well known personalities as W. C. Fields, Jerry Colonna, *The Mad Russian* and *Wimple* himself.

"But try as he might Bill just couldn't imitate me."

Last season when Benny was preparing his hilarious burlesque of the Fred Allen show he was having trouble getting someone in his cast to do the take off on Fred's amusing bumpkin, Titus Moody, so well played on Fred's own show by Parker Fennelly.

"We were all in Palm Springs. Jack summoned me to his place. There he was in his birthday suit, getting a rub down," Dennis said. "Jack asked me if I could do Titus (*Continued on page 89*)





*Two strikes against her*

**P**RETTY CUTE TRICK, this Emma-Jean. Under ordinary conditions the boys would be tumbling over themselves paying her court.

But tonight she's got two strikes against her. She's getting no place fast. And she, herself, would be the last to guess the reason why.\* That's one course they didn't teach her at college.

#### **You Never Know**

Unfortunately you, yourself, may not be aware when you're guilty of halitosis (unpleasant breath).\* The very night you think you are at your best you may be at your worst. You've got two strikes against you from the start.

Isn't it foolish to take such chances when Listerine Antiseptic offers such an easy, delightful precaution against off-color breath? Isn't it just common sense to be ever on guard?

Before any date where you want to be at your best rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic. Almost at once your breath becomes fresher, sweeter, less likely to offend. So many fastidious people, popular people, never, never omit this first-aid to charm.

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

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.

BEFORE ANY DATE...

**LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC**

FOR ORAL HYGIENE



# Little - BUT OH MY!



Small-woman glamor has two large musts: careful proportion, and the every-hair-in-place grooming that Metropolitan soprano Annamary Dickey here displays.

wear brims as wide as your own shoulders. Frenchwomen your size like such a hat turned up on one side and down on the other. But on the whole, the smaller hats do more for you, especially if the crown tapers upward or there's a feather shooting skyward.

Tall or short, a good figure is half the battle. But the shorter you are, the harder you should try to keep off all excess poundage. Fifteen extra, unneeded pounds distributed over a large frame hardly show, but the same fifteen pounds on a small girl make the difference between a trim or dumpy figure. At the right weight, the small figure with good proportions looks young, almost child-like. It gives the illusion of youth which is never the case with the taller, larger girls. At 25 or 50, people invariably will take you for younger than you are if you keep your small self in good shape. And please, please, please stand tall and straight as you can, not just for the tall effect good posture gives but because you'll look more vital, more dynamic, more commanding of respect.

After being on earth for several years, you've learned that you can't wear just anything that happens to suit your dreams or fancy. Take long-hair furs, for instance. The coat with the large fur collar will shorten your neck like a turtle pulling into his shell. A silver fox scarf will make you look top-heavy, smothered or blown up like a pouter pigeon. Fur jackets aren't for you unless they're a brief bolero style in a short or flat fur. You might get by with a  $\frac{3}{4}$  length fur coat providing again the fur is short or flat like caracul, Persian lamb, muskrat and possibly mouton. In a full length coat, you can wear a slightly fluffier fur like Australian opossum made with straight hanging lines.

In your hunt for clothes, it's been a rare day, a cause for celebration when you've found a dress that seemed meant for you with no major alterations necessary. But more and more you'll find such perfect clothes because nationwide surveys have established the fact that America's Number 1 Gal is no Amazon for size. Designers and manufacturers have sat up and taken notice. But it will still pay dividends in smartness to remember the rules that apply to your pixy size. You'll choose flat wools rather than rough tweedy textures. You'll stick to solid colors from shoulder to hem because contrasting tops and skirts lop surprisingly (Continued on page 108)

**I**F you're what statistics say is the Average American Woman, you've probably wished you were tall, statuesque, glamorous—the fashion model type. You get tired of people asking if you're standing in a hole, calling you pint-size. You've felt because you're short, life has put a lot of stumbling blocks in your way to being noticed and admired. The tall girls have the edge on you. You think!

It ain't necessarily so! It's all a question of proportion, of being lovely in miniature. Lily Pons, Helen Hayes, Margaret Sullavan and the atom bomb are all small, aren't they? They do all right.

If you're in their class, you probably know a lot of do's and don'ts that go with being short. You can't wear your hair long and full at your shoulders because it shortens your neck too much, or makes you look top-heavy. Because you're small, the sleeker, shorter hair styles like the upsweep, a short page-boy with modified pomp, and the short feather cuts are just your dish. Flat tops shorten because they pull eyes downward instead of up.

You can't wear big hats either without looking overwhelmed. But if your figure and posture are good, you can

**RADIO MIRROR'S  
HOME and BEAUTY**



Of all leading brands we tested...

# NO OTHER deodorant STOPS PERSPIRATION and ODOR SO EFFECTIVELY yet so SAFELY!

## FUR FASHION NEWS

The smartest fur hats and coats can keep you really warm! Hats cover all your hair. Coats are full length, (first time in years) either enormously full, or fitted trimly. Warning: the extra warmth of fur coats encourages underarm perspiration, which ruins clothes and embarrasses you. Use new, improved Arrid. Stops perspiration better, yet safely... prevents odor. Safe for fabrics. Does not irritate skin!



Sheared Beaver Coat, very full, very young! Ascot collar is new, smart. When you wear furs your dresses are in more danger from underarm perspiration stains. Rely on new, improved Arrid. Remember—no other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so effectively yet so safely!

## Only safe, gentle **ARRID** gives you this thorough 5-WAY PROTECTION!

- 1 No other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so effectively, yet so safely! Arrid is more effective in stopping perspiration than any other leading deodorant cream, according to our tests.
- 2 Arrid is safe for fine fabrics. Awarded the Seal of Approval of the American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to clothes.
- 3 Safe, gentle Arrid does not irritate the skin. Antiseptic. (Is used by more nurses than any other deodorant.)
- 4 Greaseless and stainless.
- 5 Soft, smooth, creamy... easy to apply.

39¢ plus tax Also 10¢ and 59¢

All Postwar Arrid packages have a star\* above the price. Arrid is used by more men and women than any other deodorant. Buy a jar today.

To PROTECT your precious fall clothes against perspiration... to prevent embarrassing odor... use the new, improved Postwar Arrid! Our laboratory comparisons of Arrid against all other leading brands show Arrid is more effective in stopping perspiration and odor with safety to skin and clothes. Arrid gives you the utmost safe protection. Guards clothes against perspiration. Prevents embarrassing odor. Get the new, improved Postwar Arrid today.

### So Soft... so Smooth... so Creamy!

Brown Seal is Top Fashion News! So is the full-length, fitted fur coat and big mink hat. When wearing furs, guard against underarm odor, and perspiration stains which ruin clothes. Switch to new, improved Arrid for utmost, safe protection. Safe for clothes, safe for skin. Our laboratory tests of all leading brands show no other leading deodorant cream stops perspiration so thoroughly. Start now to get the protection of Arrid.



Some of the many stars who choose Arrid:

- ILKA CHASE • CONNEE BOSWELL
- JANE FROMAN • CAROL BRUCE
- GRACE MOORE • BEATRICE LILLIE
- DIANA BARRYMORE

# New Improved Postwar **ARRID**





**Opening Scene**—of a short, simple plot to lure out the natural beauty of your complexion! Smooth a film of Hopper White Clay Pack on clean face and neck. Relax. Feel it gently coax away the tautness . . . while it helps loosen blackheads, deflake dry top skin.

ONCE A WEEK  
WHITE CLAY  
PACK!



**The Plot Thickens** (while your mask sets!) When dry—in about 8 minutes—wash off with clear, cold water. Your skin feels so much softer . . . looks younger—fresh and glowing from White Clay Pack's gentle blushing action! Now tiny imperfections seem "screened out"!

## WHAT'S NEW from COAST to COAST



Toni Darnay stars in CBS's daytime show, *The Strange Romance of Evelyn Winters*, weekdays at 10:30 A.M. EST.

Cue to a  
**Happy Ending**  
for skin problems

**Edna Wallace Hopper Twin Treatment**  
acts to deflake dry top skin . . . loosen stubborn blackheads



**A Daily Feature** to help sustain that fresher complexion loveliness...Hopper Homogenized Facial Cream. Pat it on with upward, outward strokes (see diagram). This luxurious blush-pink cream helps keep your skin smooth and clean . . . radiant setting for make-up. You're ready for closeups . . . applause!

EVERY DAY  
HOMOGENIZED  
FACIAL CREAM

Now in One Bargain Package . . . \$1.20 value for only 89¢\*! For the first time you can get Hopper White Clay Pack and Homogenized Facial Cream packages together in a bargain beauty box. This special offer is good for a limited time only, so ask for your Twin Treatment Box today. \*Plus tax



**B**EERFS are coming in from many sources. Veterans aren't satisfied with these "veteran auditions." The claim of the ex-GI's is that too many of them are nothing but fronts put on by studios to give the impression that they're doing their bit to help the returning heroes. Auditions are given, but nothing much comes of them.

Could be there are two sides to this question, however. The vets may be right—about some stations and outfits. But the stations have this on their side. Frequently, there's a very long distance between a person's ambition and his performance. Lots of GI's got a crack at radio performances while in the service. They felt competent and able and decided they definitely had talent. But there's a big difference between spontaneous, on-the-spot shows, given for fellows who are in the same situation as yourself and can appreciate your efforts and even be amused by them, and the highly skilled and experienced performances that are needed to put over a professional show. The latter takes a lot of training, study and actual working experience.

We don't know, but this might account for the small number of veterans who are finding niches on the air, compared with the many thousands of ex-servicemen and women who apply for, and get, auditions. Let no one try to fool himself, or anybody else, that working in radio is any easy way to earn a living. It takes talent and then plenty of hard work to develop and train that talent, until you can use it with the precision and infallibility of the finest (Continued on page 10)

By **DALE BANKS**

At leading cosmetic counters



# BORDERLINE ANEMIA\*

can steal away a woman's beauty!



**How thousands who are pale and tired because of this blood deficiency may find renewed energy with Ironized Yeast Tablets**

**T**HOUSANDS of women have lost the fresh glow of youth while they're still young in years. Thousands look "washed out" and weary—frequently feel "ready to drop." And so often, a blood condition may be the reason they're listless and worn... a Borderline Anemia, resulting from a ferro-nutritional deficiency of the blood.

Results of medical studies show that up to 68% of the women examined—many men—have this common Borderline Anemia. Their red blood cells are too pale and puny to release all the energy that they ought to have. They

need to build up their red blood cells—supply line of healthy vigor.

### **Ironized Yeast Tablets To Help Build Blood, Energy**

So if you look and feel "old before your time" due to a Borderline Anemia, take Ironized Yeast Tablets. They are especially formulated to combat this Borderline Anemia, to help bring red blood cells back to normal size and color and in this way restore the energy and the appearance of health.

Continuing tiredness, listlessness and pallor may be caused

by other conditions, so consult your physician regularly. But when you have a Borderline Anemia, when you envy others their energy, take Ironized Yeast Tablets. Let them help you build up your red blood cells—win back your natural vitality and attractiveness!

IMPROVED CONCENTRATED FORMULA

# Ironized Yeast TABLETS



**\*BORDERLINE ANEMIA**  
resulting from a ferro-nutritional blood deficiency can cause  
**TIREDDNESS • LISTLESSNESS • PALLOR**



**Energy-Building Blood.** This is a microscopic view of blood rich in energy elements. Here are big, plentiful red cells that release energy to every muscle, limb, tissue.



**Borderline Anemia.** Many have blood like this; never know it. Cells are puny, faded. Blood like this can't release the energy you need to feel and look your best.





## A Net Loss

can be avoided if you're smart and anchor yours with DeLong Bob Pins



That tricky snood or fly-away net stays snugly in place when it's fastened with these extra-special Bob Pins that won't slip out willy-nilly . . . They grip your locks in a do-or-die way because they're made of fine high-carbon steel and subjected to rigid tests, to insure a longer-lasting

## Stronger Grip Won't Slip Out

Try DeLong Bob Pins and you'll know the full meaning of a net profit in hair-do security.

Quality Manufacturers for Over 50 Years  
BOB PINS HAIR PINS SAFETY PINS  
SNAPS PINS  
HOOKS & EYES HOOK & EYE TAPES  
SANITARY BELTS

(Continued from page 8) than just thinking you're good, or having your best friends pat you on the back and tell you you're out of this world.

We've decided that anything can happen. Walking along Madison Avenue, we saw a taxi draw up in front of CBS. There's nothing unusual in that. But when Patti Clayton stepped out of the driver's seat, that stopped us.

Chasing her into the lobby of the building, we got the story. Seems a couple of months ago, the Taxi Drivers Association voted Patti "Miss Fairest Fare of Them All" and presented her with a shiny new cab as a token of their esteem. So Patti's been driving it ever since and getting a big kick out of it. Her only problem is an occasional person who wants to hire the cab and puts up a big argument because she refuses to take him.

These days, Bob Trout's known as a dignified announcer, newscaster and commentator. He used to be the one—by F.D.R.'s personal choice—who always said, "Ladies and Gentlemen, the President of the United States."

But it wasn't always like that. The other day, Bob was recalling his early experiences in radio. His first job was on Station WJSV in Washington. "I used to play gramophone records all day long," he said. "I used to take part in a minstrel show. I was Nimrod, the hunter, and I was somebody, the poet-reader, with an organ in the background."

Then, one day, the regular newscaster of the station didn't turn up and Bob was handed a newspaper, shoved in front of a mike and told to read the news. He did it so well that this job was his, too, after that.

One of his most amusing memories has to do with the time he broadcast from a circus. He was assigned to ride around on a ferris wheel and interview one of the side show midgets. But the engineers forgot all about the



Comedian Alan Young may or may not turn up like this for one of his Friday night broadcasts, 8:30 on NBC.

**TWICE**  
as absorbent  
as ordinary  
dish towels



Starcross  
**WUNDATOWL**

- \* Dries in a jiffy
- \* Washes like a hanky
- \* Practically lintless

It's natural to be surprised or doubtful when you first see and feel WUNDATOWL. You'll wonder how a dish towel of such light weight can actually be twice as efficient. Frankly, there is only one answer . . . you have to try WUNDATOWL to be convinced. If you can't buy WUNDATOWL locally, write us stating the quantity you want . . . we'll see that a nearby store fills your order C. O. D.



STARCROSS, INC.  
1450 Broadway, New York, N. Y.  
Greenville, S. C.



FOR SALE IN GIFT SHOPS, DRUG AND DEPARTMENT STORES

Lovers of the unusual will thrill to Linnea . . . the perfume that captures the dawn-freshness of Scandinavian woodlands. It brings you the same delicate scent that so entranced Karl von Linné, world's greatest naturalist, who discovered and named the lovely Linnea flower.

So that you may learn its enchantment, we have prepared a special "get acquainted" package of Linnea Perfume—not sold in any store—this will be sent you prepaid for just 25c together with the coupon below. Order several for yourself and friends!



\$5.00 UP  
(plus tax)

Please send "Get Acquainted" Packages, prepaid.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Enclosed find \$ \_\_\_\_\_

LINNEA PERFUMES, INC.  
200 West Ohio Street Dept. 508, Chicago 10, Illinois





Hollywood wedding: Sharon Douglas of NBC's Dennis Day show, Edwin Nassour, movie executive.

axle in the center of the ferris wheel and, by the time the wheel had gone around a couple of times, the microphone cable was wrapped around the axle.

"The microphone shot out of my hand," Bob laughed, "and the midget who had been hanging on to it was pulled half way out of the car. I was hanging on to the midget and, after a couple of yells, our broadcast was over for the day."

\* \* \*

It used to be something of a mystery the way Johnny Coons, versatile actor on the Vic and Sade show and Bachelor's Children, was always turning up at the studio two or three hours early for rehearsals and broadcasts. It was even whispered by the not too friendly that Johnny was a little anxious to go to work. We got the lowdown from our snoops out Chicago way. No great anxiety complex about his job, at all. It's just that Johnny suffers from hay fever and has to sit around in the air conditioned studios for a couple of hours before broadcasts to clear his head.

\* \* \*

Rita La Roy, fashion expert on Lady Be Beautiful, is opening a New York branch of her famous studio for models. She plans to handle only the top Manhattan models, grooming them specifically for the screen. Which will be doing the lovelies a big service. Lots of them photograph like a million, but it takes a bit more than looks to click in the pix. And that's what Rita's going to help them do.

\* \* \*

Here's a little tidbit, proving that radio listeners have a sense of humor. Awhile back, when Harry Elders as Dr. Jack Landis in Women in White was meeting with rebuffs in his pursuit of Eileen Holmes and the script called for much chasing and excitement on Elders' part, his fan mail brought him a very fat envelope. In it was a package of Cool-Aides and these instructions from an Iowa listener: "Take one of these every hour on the hour until you cool off!"

\* \* \*

Some kind of a record has been set by Peggy Webber, the girl with the 150 different voices. Currently playing opposite Herbert Marshall in The Man Called X, Peggy portrays mothers and daughters, heroines and murderers,

"Tenderly she touched all things—  
with *Soft Hands*, pale  
as dove's white wings"



### Hands that rule the dishpan can still rule hearts as well!

Is daily dishwashing giving your hands a "scrub-woman" look? Get yourself a jar of Pacquins Hand Cream. This snow-white, fragrant cream helps keep hands happy... softer, whiter.

### First made for the special needs of Doctors and Nurses —

Doctors and nurses scrub their hands in hot, soapy water 30 to 40 times a day. So they need more than just an ordinary preparation to help combat dryness and roughness. Pacquins, first formulated for doctors and nurses, is *super-rich* in skin-softening ingredients.



*Pacquins*  
HAND CREAM

Creamy-smooth... not sticky, not greasy. More hands use Pacquins than any other hand cream in the world.



AT ANY DRUG, DEPARTMENT, OR TEN-CENT STORE



# 4 Beauty Treatments

THAT SPARE YOU AND  
SPARKLE UP YOUR HOME



**1. Furniture appreciates a facial** as much as you do—to keep it beautiful! A daily treatment with famous O-Cedar All-Purpose Polish gives grand results. And it's easy. Just pour a little on a dampened cloth and do your dusting with it. This *triple-acting* polish cleans, shines and *protects*—all at the same time!

**2. Give floors a "quickie"** by putting a few drops of O-Cedar All-Purpose Polish on your O-Cedar mop. Keeps dust down, cleans with a gleam—whether your floors are painted or varnished or waxed. Cleans, polishes and protects all at the same time, too, just as it does on furniture!



**3. Try this same All-Purpose gleamer** on water spots and minor scratches. It's grand for sticky smudges, too—leaves a dry, gleaming finish that's a beauty to behold! (For deeper rings and scratches, try O-Cedar Touch-up Polish.) O-Cedar All-Purpose Polish is used in more homes than any other brand.

**4. Hint for woodwork:** Try adding a little O-Cedar All-Purpose Polish to your cleaning water, together with your favorite soap or cleaner. Removes fingerprints and grease like a breeze—leaves a lovely luster which helps protect the paint. Remember, it's O-Cedar—"the greatest help in housekeeping."



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**O-CEDAR "THE GREATEST HELP IN HOUSEKEEPING"**



Howard K. Smith heads Columbia's delegation of correspondents covering the Paris Peace Conference.

and anything else the script might call for. In the past four years, she's appeared in over 2,000 shows. That must have added up to a nice, tidy living.

Olan Soule, Chicago radio actor, reports overhearing this at the theater the other night. After the intermission, Soule saw a couple hurrying down the aisle. They stopped at the row ahead of where he was sitting. The man leaned down and asked the woman sitting in the aisle seat, "Did I step on your foot a little while ago?"

"You surely did," the woman answered, with what Soule described as an expectant look.

Instead of the expected apology, however, Soule says, the man turned to his companion and said, "Okay, Alice, this is our row."

This is a little late, but we like it anyway. Back in the summer, an enterprising young producer with the Canadian Broadcasting Company satirized Orson Welles in a program called Life With Adam. A recording of the show was played for Orson. This is the part we like, because it proves what we've always felt about Orson—that he's a good guy. Instead of getting sore, Orson found the lampoon so funny that he hired the Canadian producer to repeat the broadcast on his Mercury Summer Theatre.

We like a guy like that.

Now that Superman has paved the way, showing that a program with some real meat in it and putting up a good fight for good things can still be good entertainment, the other shows are climbing on the crusade wagon. Have you noticed how Dick Tracy and Tennessee Jed have blossomed forth with new themes for their announcements? The feeling among studio bigwigs is that children are more inclined to listen to Dick Tracy on the subject of intolerance than they might be to lectures from their parents on the same subject.

Comes to our minds a whispered question—why not something of the same sort on the programs designed for adult consumption? Maybe mamma could do a little better with Junior's notions on democracy, if she were kept







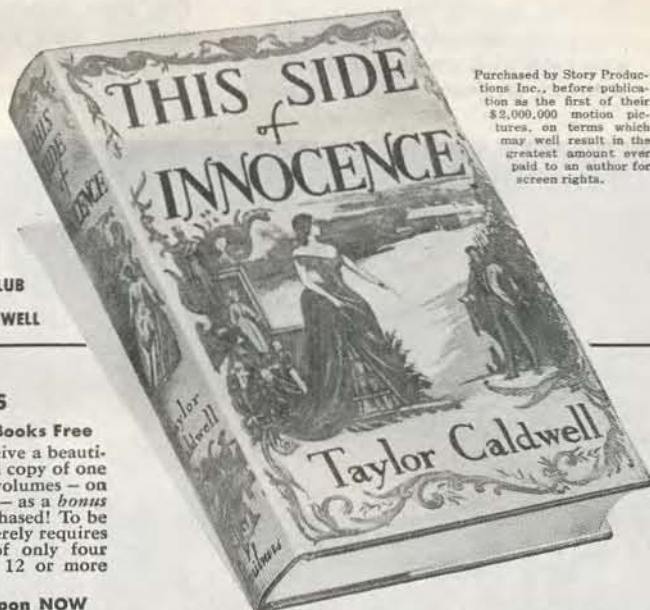
Which is Worse?  
**MARRIAGE WITHOUT LOVE**  
 OR  
**LOVE WITHOUT MARRIAGE?**

**A**MALIE was a nobody, the daughter of a drunken tenant farmer. Alfred was rich, respectable. But he loved this ravishing, fascinating, red-mouthed woman, and married her despite his bitter knowledge that she did not, and probably never would, love him.

His half-brother Jerome, the devil-may-care wastrel, the man no woman had ever yet resisted, tried vainly to prevent the wedding. Jerome and Amalie hated each other on sight. He threatened her, tried to compromise her, tried to buy her off—and she laughed at him. Then, suddenly, caught in a passion as ruthless as themselves, they found they were deeply, recklessly in love. Did Amalie choose her loveless marriage—and security, or a lawless love—and disgrace?

"This Side of Innocence," by Taylor Caldwell, is a brilliant, swiftly-moving, and intensely alive story that will stand with the great dramatic novels of the decade. Says the *Philadelphia Inquirer*: "A masterful piece of story-telling . . . 500 pages so solidly satisfying, so pulsing with life, that one resents their coming to an end." Here is a novel that reached the very top of Best-Seller lists within a month after publication! Price, in the publisher's edition, \$3.00, but now offered FREE to new members of the Literary Guild Book Club.

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 He knew, as only doctors can, everybody and every secret in the community—yet hid a burning secret of his own! Publisher's price, \$2.75.

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 Weary of life, on the verge of mental and physical calamity, beautiful Gloire Thurston was saved by a stranger. Publisher's price, \$2.75.

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## "Romance was flickering out..."

Cinders, ashes and dust—that was the cold, gray feeling in my heart as I saw my married happiness dying out. I didn't know it was *my* fault, with my frequent neglect of femi-

nine hygiene. But my doctor told me that mere *once-in-awhile* care had wrecked many a marriage. He said to get "Lysol" brand disinfectant and use it—always—in the douche.



## "I brought the flame to life"

Such warm, glowing happiness in our marriage, since I took my doctor's advice to heart. I never neglect feminine hygiene now... always use "Lysol" for douching. Salt, soda

and other homemade solutions can't compare with this proved *germ killer!* And "Lysol" is so thorough yet gentle. It *really works*—and it's both easy and economical to use!

Many doctors recommend "LYSOL" for Feminine Hygiene  
... for 6 reasons

**Reason No. 3: POWERFUL, EFFICIENT CLEANSER** . . . "Lysol's" great spreading power enables it to reach deeply into folds and crevices, to search out germs.

**Note:** Douche thoroughly with correct "Lysol" solution . . . always!



For Feminine Hygiene use "Lysol" always!

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aware of the many small and daily ways in which democracy is negated.

It says here that the latest Hooper rating shows that Mr. District Attorney is now the most popular radio show in the country. We do know that Jay Jostyn, who has played the role for almost seven years, is better known than any other peace officer in the country, with the exception, maybe, of J. Edgar Hoover.

Heard a wistful plaint from pretty Doris Kantor the other day. The charming wife of Hal Kantor, scriptor on the Don Ameche program, was complaining that when she needs her husband most, he's always somewhere else, through no fault of his own. When she was having her first baby, Hal was overseas in the Pacific, by order of Uncle Sam. Then, this year, when their second daughter was born, Doris was in New York and Hal was in Hollywood, working away on the script for the Ameche show. This was again not Hal's fault. He couldn't find living quarters to move his family into for months.

Here's a nice family touch. Dr. Frank Black is one of America's foremost musical conductors. Yet, Dr. Black always asks for, and heeds, the musical criticism of his wife, Eve, who incidentally never studied music. Dr. Black claims her taste is almost infallible.

The personal quirks department . . . Sammy Kaye hates mustaches and won't permit any member of his swing and sway orch to wear or grow one . . .

### CORRECTION

Front Page Farrell, the picture-story on page 44 of October Radio Mirror, appeared with incorrect information as to time and network. Correct time for Front Page Farrell is: Monday through Friday at 5:45 P.M., on NBC.

Wind-up of Akron's Soap Box Derby: young winner Kleran is interviewed on CBS's We, The People.





# ADVICE FOR BAD SKIN

Stop Worrying Now About Pimples, Blackheads  
And Other Externally Caused Skin Troubles  
JUST FOLLOW SKIN DOCTOR'S SIMPLE DIRECTIONS

By *Betty Memphis*

Have you ever stopped to realize that the leading screen stars whom you admire, as well as the beautiful models who have lovely, soft white skin, were all born just like you with a lovely smooth skin?

The truth is that many girls and women do not give their skin a chance to show off the natural beauty that lies hidden underneath those externally caused pimples, blackheads and irritations. For almost anyone can have the natural, normal complexion which is in itself beauty. All you have to do is follow a few amazingly simple rules.

Many women shut themselves out of the thrills of life — dates, romance, popularity, social and business success — only because sheer neglect has robbed them of the good looks, poise and feminine self-assurance which could so easily be theirs. Yes, everybody looks at your face. The beautiful complexion, which is yours for the asking, is like a permanent card of admission to all the good things of life that every woman craves. And it really can be yours — take my word for it! — no matter how discouraged you may be this very minute about those externally caused skin miseries.

Medical science gives us the truth about a lovely skin. There are small specks of dust and dirt in the air all the time. When these get into the open pores in your skin, they can in time cause the pores to become larger and more susceptible to dirt particles, dust and infection. These open pores begin to form blackheads which become in-



fectured and bring you the humiliation of pimples, blackheads or other blemishes. When you neglect your skin by not giving it the necessary care, you leave yourself wide open to externally caused skin miseries. Yet proper attention with the double Viderm treatment may mean the difference between enjoying the confidence a fine skin gives you or the embarrassment of an ugly, unbeautiful skin that makes you want to hide your face.



*A screen star's face is her fortune. That's why she makes it her business to protect her complexion against pimples, blackheads and blemishes. Your face is no different. Give it the double treatment it needs and watch those skin blemishes go away.*

The double Viderm treatment is a formula prescribed by a skin doctor with amazing success, and costs you only a few cents daily. This treatment consists of two jars. One contains Viderm Skin Cleanser, a jelly-like formula which penetrates and acts as an antiseptic upon your pores. After you use this special Viderm Skin Cleanser, you simply apply the Viderm Fortified Medicated Skin Cream. You rub this in, leaving an almost invisible protective covering for the surface of your skin.

This double treatment has worked wonders for so many cases of external skin troubles that it may help you, too — in fact, your money will be refunded



if it doesn't. Use it for only ten days. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. It is a guaranteed treatment. Enjoy it. Your dream of a clear, smooth complexion may come true in ten days or less.

Use your double Viderm treatment every day until your skin is smoother and clearer. Then use it only once a week to remove stale make-up and dirt specks that infect your pores, as well as to aid in healing external irritations. Remember that when you help prevent blackheads, you also help prevent externally caused skin miseries and pimples.

Incidentally, while your two jars and the doctor's directions are on their way to you, be sure to wash your face as often as necessary. First use warm water, then cleanse with water as cold as you can stand it, in order to freshen, stimulate and help close your pores. After you receive everything, read your directions carefully. Then go right to it and let these two fine formulas help your dreams of a beautiful skin come true.

Just mail your name and address to Betty Memphis, care of the New York Skin Laboratory, 206 Division Street, Dept. 77, New York 2, N. Y. By return mail you will receive the doctor's directions, and both jars, packed in a safety-sealed carton. On delivery, pay two dollars plus postage. If you wish, you can save the postage fee by mailing the two dollars with your letter. If you are in any way dissatisfied, your money will be cheerfully refunded. To give you an idea of how fully tested and proven the Viderm double treatment is, it may interest you to know that, up to this month, over two hundred and twelve thousand women have ordered it on my recommendation. If you could only see the thousands of happy, grateful letters that have come to me as a result, you would know the joy this simple treatment can bring. And, think of it! — the treatment must work for you, or it doesn't cost you a cent. (Advertisement)



## WHAT'S NEW from COAST to COAST

Les Damon sleuths as CBS's Nick Charles in Adventures of the Thin Man, Fridays at 8:30 P.M. EST.



County Fair's contribution to Greek War Relief flew overseas recently: three calves, chaperoned by young Gus Kaloss.



(Continued from page 14)  
Utter devotion . . . Two of the most devoted listeners to the Tom Mix show are undoubtedly a boy and girl in Warren, Ohio. The two kids don't have a radio in their home. For the past two years, rain or shine, they have turned up at the transmitter of the Warren station to listen to their favorite radio program on the monitor speaker.

Anybody got a radio to spare? Write Mutual Broadcasting in New York City.

If you live in the East, you'll be getting a chance to see Boston Blackie on the stage any one of these days. Special scripts of the popular radio mystery thriller have been prepared for presentation in vaudeville houses—but only in the East, because Richard Kollmar has to be able to get back to New York for his broadcasts.

Famous Maggie Teyte, who's been guesting several times on the Telephone Hour show the past year, and is slated for a return appearance on April 7, 1947, is quite a gal. She needs to be seen to be fully appreciated. She's a tiny slip of a thing, just five feet tall, but she's a ball of fire from her toes to the top of her bright red head. What's most remarkable about her, besides her singing, is that she's such an amazing personality—at the age of 56!

Our favorite story is about her last concert in New York, last Spring, before she went out on a tour of the country. One of the highest notes on her program was an A Flat in Henri Duparc's "Phidyle." Little Miss Teyte opened her mouth wide to sing the note good and loud. Only nothing came out of her mouth, not even the tiniest squeak. At the end of the piece, the audience applauded like mad, but Maggie felt that their applause was much more kindness than approval. She turned to her accompanist, snapped a command to him, and signaled for the piano to play the last ten measures of the piece over again. This time, like



Ex-screen star Herbert Rawlinson, working in another medium, stars in NBC's Masquerade, 2:45 EST, on weekdays.

a circus performer who never gives up a trick no matter how often he has to do it over, Maggie made that A Flat—and perfectly.

Gossip and stuff . . . Georgia Gibbs is now Majestic Record's number one femme singer . . . Alec Templeton working on a comic-opera which he hopes will be produced on Broadway . . . Sy Oliver is switching careers. He's writing a mystery novel, every spare minute he has from making arrangements for his air show . . . Dr. Craig Earl—Professor Quiz to you—is writing a question-and-answer column for magazine "Miss America" . . . Danny O'Neil and his wife, Gerrie, expecting a small stranger at their house any day now . . . "The Hucksters" is having everything done to it—except radio presentation. At this writing, the crack at agency radio is being prepared for Broadway showing with Ezra Stone

rumored to direct it. The movies are also playing with the idea . . . Mr. District Attorney being made into a movie, with Michael O'Shea playing Harrigan . . . If you've been missing Kay Kyser from the air these days—his health is the reason. He was told to take it easy, by the boys with the stethoscopes . . . Bets are on that the Hooper method of radio rating will soon be outmoded, with the development of mechanical gadgets that may be placed in radios and record automatically what programs are being heard. We wonder. Couldn't it be that listeners might get self-conscious about their listening habits, if they thought someone were always checking up on them? Of course, it would be less of a nuisance than being called to the phone right in the middle of your favorite show. Science is wonderful . . . with which thought we leave you until next time . . . Happy listening.



## Lady with a Lamp (1946 Version)

● The pages of medical history during the last century glow with the names of great women. Florence Nightingale, the "lady with the lamp"... Elizabeth Blackwell, first American woman to be given the proud degree M.D. ... Drs. Mary Putnam Jacobi ... Jane Viola Meyers ... Anna Broomall ... the list is long. And brilliant.

In America today, thanks to the spirit of these pioneers, 7,250 women doctors carry the lamps they lighted ever further along the path of human service.



According  
to a recent  
Nationwide  
survey:

# MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE

● Men and women in every branch of medicine — 113,597 in all — were queried in this nationwide study of cigarette preference. Three leading research organizations made the survey. The gist of the query was—What cigarette do you smoke, Doctor?

*The brand named most was Camel!*

The rich, full flavor and cool mildness of Camel's superb blend of costlier tobaccos seem to have won the same favor in medical circles as with millions of smokers the world around. Try Camels now.



### TRY CAMELS ON YOUR "T-ZONE"



That's T for Taste and T for Throat...the most critical "laboratory" for any cigarette. See how *your* taste responds to the rich, full flavor of Camel's costlier tobaccos. See how *your* throat reacts to Camel's cool mildness. On the basis of the experience of many millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your "T-Zone" to a "T."

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.  
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# CAMELS

*Costlier  
Tobaccos*



# CUTEX



**Red Flannel**

**WONDERFUL WINTER SPARKLE  
FOR YOUR NAILS**

*Young America* loves . . . skiing . . . casual clothes . . . and Cutex! Exciting as a downhill run—the new Cutex “Red Flannel.” Clear, brilliant color that brings a sun-on-snow sparkle to your pretty fingertips! And, in winter after dark—wear beautiful, new Cutex “Deep Velvet!” Try these two new fashion shades for easier application and better wear than you ever thought possible! No wonder Young America has a crush on Cutex.



# WHAT ABOUT

# Television?

## 3—ABC: The Case for Good Programs

THE American Broadcasting Company published a brochure some months ago titled, "The Show's the Thing." That just about epitomizes our attitude toward television during these exciting, experimental months when most broadcasters aren't yet sure what to offer the public in the way of video fare, and the public doesn't know what to expect. We accent the show, the production, the moving, living stuff that we'll soon have to jockey before the cameras—rather than the method we'll use to get the programs on the air.

We talk about programming to the exclusion of almost everything else because we believe that the American public, having paid quite substantial sums of money for television sets, will be far more interested in the quality of entertainment and public service features to be served up than whether the television image he'll receive will be in color or in black and white. Or whether, for that matter, programs will be spread around the country by link stations or by coaxial cable.

You and I remember the early days of radio when DX fans became bleary-eyed staying up all hours of the night to "pull in" Dallas or Havana. And the thousands of set builders who hounded radio supply stores for switches and coils and argued far into the night about whether the Reinartz hook-up was better than a straight regenerative. But that was twenty-five years ago. Radio has come a long way since then and it has conditioned the listener to expect programs that, if not entirely compatible with his own preferences, are at least professionally conceived and elaborately executed. Today, we're convinced, the jumping off place will be from that mature springboard. In other words, the demand will be for television programs comparable to the productions offered by radio in point of quality and timeliness. By this I do not mean that the video fan has a right to expect the smoothness of present-day radio at the very beginning, nor that any broadcaster is in a position to meet such a demand. But the "viewer" does have a right to ask program-builders to concentrate on that art intelligently and painstakingly, to the end that television in the very near future may have a clearly defined idea of what the public wants and be on the highroad to satisfying that demand.

At ABC we are, in the rather enviable position of the program specialist who has used the past two years profitably—from the standpoint of program-building—and is ready to buy the best kind of transmitting equipment available, regardless of cost, whether the image be color or black and white. Of course, when the time comes to make huge purchases of equipment, we will make every attempt to buy wisely, to buy only the best, and to keep in mind the best interests of the video viewers, who have also made comparatively large investments which must be protected.

We admit that when we entered the television field in 1944 we had only the faintest idea of the ingredients that go into a good television program. We cast aside all lingering prejudices, opened the doors wide to all suggestions and advice, and went to work in our laboratory. All of us—writers, producers, directors, scenic designers, actors, property men—took the attitude that we didn't know (*Continued on page 98*)

This is the third in Radio Mirror's series of articles on the outlook for television. Part 1, by Worthington C. Miner of CBS, and Part 2, by John F. Royal of NBC appeared in previous issues.

By PAUL MOWREY ABC TELEVISION DIRECTOR



# Cinderella Inc.

CBS's Cinderella, Inc. makes  
a wish come true for four lucky  
letter-writers every month

By

Mrs. E. K. Samson Jr.



Especially for Radio Mirror, a recent Cinderella tells some of the exciting things that happened during her month in New York, both on and off the CBS show (weekdays at 3:00 P.M. EST).

Wonderful moment—Florence Reichman puts one of her famous hats on Mrs. Samson; Cinderellas Marjorie Young, Jean McFee and Polly Phillips wait their turn.

IT'S a long time since I've believed that you can get what you want just by wishing for it. When you've a family of six to cook and clean and sew for, you come to depend upon your own ingenuity and hard work; you don't expect good fairies to appear to give you what you want.

But this summer it happened to me. I made a wish, and I sat down and wrote a letter, thinking at the

time that it was a little like my four-year-old Robert's writing a letter to Santa Claus—and my wish came true!

I'd often listened to the Cinderella, Incorporated program and imagined myself one of the four lucky housewives who, once every four weeks, won a month's stay in New York. I listened avidly as they told about their experiences, and with all the greater interest because I could re-

member some of the sights they talked about, could picture some of the streets.

You see, Bud and I were married in New York, nearly thirteen years ago. It was an unexpected ceremony, and one for which I was completely unprepared. We had driven up with friends for the weekend from our homes in Waterbury, Connecticut. One of them happened to remark that the Little Church

Around the Corner was in New York—and wasn't that where so many people got married?

"Why not us?" Bud asked.

"Oh, no!" I protested, thinking of the white wedding I'd been planning on, thinking of the lovely veil I'd already bought.

But Bud and our friends overruled me. That very day, wearing an old green dress of rabbit's hair wool, I became Mrs. Edward Kirk-

man Samson, Jr.—no veil, no fuss.

Bud still teases me about it sometimes. "Poor Freda!" he'll say. "Never got a chance to wear her wedding veil!"

I don't feel like poor Freda. I'm rich in the things that matter. We have two daughters, Marilyn, who is eleven-going-on-twelve, and Elizabeth, ten, and two sons, Edward, seven, and Robert, four. I think the nicest thing about our family is our unity, and the enjoyment we get out of doing things together. Last fall when we redecorated the house, Bud did the painting and made cabinets and put up shelves, and I made slipcovers and drapes. With the children, right down to Robert, helping, it wasn't work; it was a family project. For the Bunker Hill parade this Fourth of July, Bud rented a car that was new in 1908. I dressed the boys in sailor suits of the period, and with the girls and me in linen dusters and the big, be-veiled hats of the period, and with Bud masquerading in a handlebar moustache, we rolled gaily and victoriously through the streets of Waterbury to take first prize for the best float in the parade.

But even with the good times and the happiness we have in each other, it isn't always easy to keep faith in the future. The last few years have been particularly difficult for us. Bud has a good job—he's manager of a men's clothing store here in Waterbury—but with the war, and the cost of living rising, and with the children growing up, needing more new things every day, it seems sometimes just about all Bud and I can do to keep even, let alone to manage the extras that aren't really extras but (Continued on page 100)



# Come and Visit

**T**O GET to the Ozzie Nelsons' you turn off Hollywood Boulevard in the direction of the hills. Their house of white clapboard is at the end of a sloping street which comes to a dead end where the hills rise dramatically against the California sky. It's a charming street, with all of the big houses set far back behind smooth lawns.

You know the Nelsons' house will be warm and friendly, even as you walk up the brick path that leads to the center Georgian doorway. There are gay informal flowers in the window boxes. Several evening papers, delivered early, lie on the brick steps. There's the sound of boys at play. And the door partly open offers a glimpse of the hall with its soft blue carpet and Currier and Ives prints grouped over a mahogany table.

Harriet Hilliard Nelson, dressed with effective casualness in a gray sweater and skirt which complement her light brown hair, is likely to let you in. And her voice in greeting will sound exactly as she looks, gently straightforward.

The living room on the right of the hall has blue-green walls and is carpeted in blue with shaggy white rugs sitting before the fireplace and in the doorways, wherever family traffic is greatest. Two easy chairs with tables beside them flank the fireplace. Against the opposite wall, a sofa with a big coffee table before it faces the fireplace group. In an old commode which stands beside the sofa, ivy grows in the luxuriant way it will for those with green fingers. And hanging on the wall are lithographs, in carefully chosen frames, by Thomas Benton and Grant Wood.

"I love them," Ozzie says intensely. "They make me wish I had stuck to my first ambition to be an artist."

Reminded that his current success makes it possible for him to buy such beauty for his very own, he snorts, not at all politely but somehow endearingly, then reports that he is grateful, of course, for the income radio gives him. Still he wishes it were greater. If it were, he assures you vehemently, the rich vulgarian who now owns a painting he especially admires never would have gotten his greedy hands upon it.

"There should be a law," he says, "as to who could own what!"

Before the big front window, the square panes of which reach almost from floor to ceiling, stands a spinet piano. Music invariably is open on the rack. And always there are flowers from the garden in a pair of glazed pottery bowls.

At the windows, the English chintz Harriet selected so carefully hangs in softly-colored folds. Chintzes,

# OZZIE and HARRIET

—for a glimpse of affectionate family  
life based soundly on a four-way partnership







How to be friends even though you're a family? The Nelsons know the answer to that one. They were partners, back in the days when Harriet sang with Ozzie's orchestra. They became friends; they fell in love; and so they were married. And, because partnership and friendship are still such active factors in their relationship, they've made partners and friends of their children too. The Nelson home is run for comfortable, casual, happy living, with place and time for everyone in it to do the things he likes best to do. It's a gay atmosphere, and the Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet (Sundays at 6 P.M. EST, on CBS) reflect it.



**Come and Visit OZZIE and HARRIET**

lovely pieces of furniture, prints, wallpapers that make a room sing—these are Harriet's loves. And combining all of these she has made the Nelson house everything a house can be: at once beautiful, comfortable.

In every room there's a radio. "A research interviewer would have a horrible time trying to make a survey in this house," Harriet says. "David (nine) loves Mr. District Attorney! At table we have to be quiet so he does not miss one wonderful word. Rickey (six) favors Whoa Bill, who asks children if they've been as good as they should all day, sings songs, announces birthdays and gives hints as to where cooperative parents have hidden presents."

Rickey also loves The Music Station which plays symphonies. He comes in from play in time to hear it. "It's so peaceful," he says. "Very odd of him, I think," Harriet adds.

Behind the living room is the library with every kind of book, except those which come in impressive leather sets. Squashy chairs face a corner fireplace. There's a big bowl of fruit on a table. And at one end of the room is a writing table at which Harriet wrestles with her household accounts.

"We suspected we'd live in here," both Ozzie and Harriet admit, showing the library. "It was finished first. But when the living room was ready we moved in there too." They would, naturally. For the living room is comfortable and charming.



Every room has its radio. If a favorite program is on at mealtime, David's portable comes to table.

Easy enough to tell the room in any house that isn't all it should be by the way the family avoids it.

In the front of the house on the other side of the hall is the dining room. A quaint mural of Old New York papers the walls. The furniture is eighteenth-century mahogany. There's gleaming silver and bright simple china. And the floor is covered with inlaid linoleum as practical as it is chic these days, blue flecked with white and waxed to a soft lustre.

In the rear of the hall a door opens into the bar done in knotty pine and gingham, and stocked with the glasses and ingredients for every manner of toddy, cocktail or highball. All of which attests to the Nelson's ready hospitality, for Ozzie and Harriet, not from scruples but taste, drink only coke and ginger ale.

Their most intimate friends are Ginger Rogers and Jack Briggs and Claire Trevor and her husband, Si Dunsmoor. And their basis of friendship is strong, for they all love

to talk and to listen. Time after time they decide it would be fun to play some game, like "Who Am I?" or "Twenty Questions." But they start talking, about show business likely as not, and the next thing they know the night is turning into morning.

Harriet met Ginger three days after her marriage to Ozzie, when she reported at the RKO studios to play with Ginger and Fred Astaire in "Follow the Fleet." Ginger had dated Ozzie before Harriet had come upon the scene. So the stage was set for a grand enmity or friendship. The girls made it a friendship.

"You're going to be a success in pictures," Ginger announced one day as she and Harriet lunched in her dressing-room.

"I am not," Harriet protested, "I'm going home to Ozzie!"

She had met Ozzie in 1932 when, seeing her in a Paramount short opposite Rudy Vallee, Ozzie knew she was the girl for the girl-and-boy bandstand duet he long had wanted to (Continued on page 64)

Harriet figured this one out to make railroad games less work, more fun for the boys.



If Harriet wants the boys down, they'll be down. "They respond to reason," she says, and proves it.



Six-year-old Rickey is a man of the world. David, nine, a trader at heart, wrapped up in his button-swapping deals.







# A SONG

# TO SING



Ellen wanted Fred Waring to broadcast her song to the world. But there are some love songs that should be sung quietly, by two people, for each other



I thought at first it was the music that held the girl beside me. She listened as if the beat and melody were part of her.

SHE sat next to me at the broadcast of Fred Waring's morning program. I noticed her first because she was pretty—beautiful, with her pale, delicate face and her wide, dark eyes—and then because of the tense, almost breathless attention she was giving to the performance.

There's a lot to see, and more to hear, on that program. In one tightly-packed half hour you're likely to have a couple of numbers by the band, crisp, bouncy rhythm numbers, usually; and a novelty by a male trio; another novelty and a romantic song by a mixed quartet; and then the individual stars—Joan Wheatley singing something like "Who Cares?" and Jimmy Atkins doing a ballad, and Jane Wilson's fine lyric soprano. And all of this set against the background of glee club and band, and spiced with a running commentary played back and forth between Mr. Waring and the announcer, Bill Bivens.

I thought at first that it was the music that held the girl beside me. I liked the way she listened—not just sitting there soaking it up, but as if the rhythm and the melody were a part of her, as if she shared the thrill of making it with those who played and sang. Then it dawned upon me that she was listening with only a part of her; that response was instinctive. The real focal



Fred Waring comes to the microphone in *A Song to Sing*, written especially for *Radio Mirror Magazine*.





point of her attention was Fred Waring himself. Her eyes never left him for a minute; they seemed to be studying him with a curious mixture of awe and daring. Her hands—beautiful hands, slim and white and finely shaped—would tighten on the portfolio in her lap whenever he faced the audience, would finger it nervously when he turned back to the band.

I SPENT most of the half hour trying to figure out how to start a conversation with her, looking forward to the moment when we were off the air and I'd be free to talk. And then when the moment came, I didn't have a chance. She was on her feet and had vanished into the crowd the minute the theme song had ended. And I was sick with disappointment. It just goes to show how she hit me—a girl I'd never seen before in all my life, who didn't even know I existed.

I drifted out behind the crowd, looking for her, and I lingered at the doors. Then, when the room had cleared, I saw her down front by the stage, talking to—arguing with, it seemed—Miss Johnson. I told myself that I should have known, from the portfolio she carried. Sydney Johnson's job is to keep the public from cornering Mr. Waring. I went out to the lobby, feeling much better, pretty sure that the girl would be out in a minute or two. And I was right. In a moment she came through the double doors with the stiff, somewhat self-conscious look of one who has just been refused.

I tried to make my approach casual. I'd never been much at picking up girls, even when I was in the Army and girls sometimes seemed to expect it. "Did you enjoy the



Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians broadcast their musical half hour each weekday morning, Monday through Friday, at 11 EST. on NBC.

program?" I asked, tentatively.

She glanced at me, seemed about to hurry on, and stopped. I had a feeling that perhaps she thought I was one of the Waring staff—standing there hatless, and very much at home. And in a way I was. In a couple of weeks Mr. Waring would be working my head off, but in the meantime I was treating myself to a vacation in New York, and I'd gone to the broadcast purely for my own pleasure.

"Very much," she said. "Of course, I've heard it lots of times on the air, but it's exciting to be right here and see it, isn't it?"

I couldn't help grinning down at her. She was so pretty and tiny, and she had a kind of breathless way of talking. "You looked excited," I said. "I wanted to talk to you during the broadcast, but of course I

couldn't. Then I saw you talking to Miss Johnson, and I waited—"

She shifted the portfolio. "I wanted to see Mr. Waring. I have something to show him."

"A song?" I asked. "You write songs?"

She nodded, her eyes shining. "Yes. How did you guess?"

How did I guess! I'd been in New York and had been going up to the Waring office and the broadcasts for just one week, but I had seen several like her, each with the portfolio or the manila envelope under his arm, the hopeful, determined look in his eyes, all trying to see Mr. Waring and all being turned away politely. The Waring office doesn't invite unpublished songs. No bandleader dares to; he'd be swamped with all kinds of manuscripts.

"Intuition," I said. "What sort of



Fred Waring was silent for a moment, considering

the song and Ellen. Then he asked, "Why did you want me to see this?"

songs have you been writing?"

"Oh, I've just one, so far. A love song."

She didn't offer to show it to me, but she was obviously waiting to be asked, so I said that I'd be interested in seeing it.

WE took the elevator downstairs, and over a coke in a drugstore I told her that my name was Mac Mason, and that I was a singer, just arrived in New York to study for a few weeks. All of that was true, but it wasn't the whole truth. The fact was that I was one of thirty-odd college students who'd been picked for training by the Waring organization for the Theater Wing Program of the Veterans' Administration. I didn't tell her, either, that I'd known Mr. Waring for a long time, in a rather distant but friendly

way. Our acquaintanceship had begun years ago, when he'd spoken to the scout troop of which I was a member in my home town of Caldwell, and had continued when I was stationed at an Army post near New York, and used to attend the weekly parties he gave for servicemen. I couldn't do anything about her song, and I was afraid that she would think that I could if she knew that I had any connection at all with Mr. Waring.

Her name was Ellen Lewis, and she came from Mayville, a little town near Chicago. She'd written the song for the senior operetta at her high school the preceding spring, and now that she was through high school, she wanted to stay in New York and be a song writer.

She spread the manuscript out for me on the cool marble top of the

soda fountain. I thought that it had a nice title, "First Love," but I couldn't say much for the music or the lyrics. She'd used all the old cliches, rhymed June with moon, and the music was even triter. I told myself that maybe it would sound better than it looked, and that any song had to be played several times before you began to like it. But I was making excuses for her, and I knew it.

Ellen's wide dark eyes were upon me, waiting for approval. "Did you write both words and music?" I asked. "That's unusual."

She nodded, her face lighting. "They just sort of came to me. It was the hit song of the operetta. Everyone raved about it. I know it will sell, if I can just get someone to listen to it."

"Have you tried the publishers?"

She shrugged. "Oh, yes, but you know how they are. You can't get past their receptionists, or if you do get someone to listen, he's busy talking to someone else, or the telephone keeps interrupting. You don't get anywhere that way. The best thing is to get some big bandleader to sponsor you . . . and I know Mr. Waring will when he sees the song."

I didn't say anything to that. Instead, I asked if she'd go out with me the next night. She said that she would, and she gave me her address—or, rather, her aunt's address. She was staying with her aunt, she explained, until she found a job that would support her. When I looked at the address, a good hour's ride out on Long Island, I was glad that my training wouldn't begin for a couple of weeks. I wanted to see as much of Ellen as I could, and there wouldn't be much time after I got down to serious study.

We parted outside the drugstore, Ellen going west toward Broadway, with its gaudy signs and its little hole-in-the-wall record shops that all summer long kept songs pouring out of the loudspeakers above their doors. I went uptown to the hotel where I was staying, wishing that I'd asked her out for that evening instead of the next. It seemed an awfully long time to wait to see her again. (Continued on page 80)



*In Living Portraits*

# THE RIGHT TO HAPPINESS



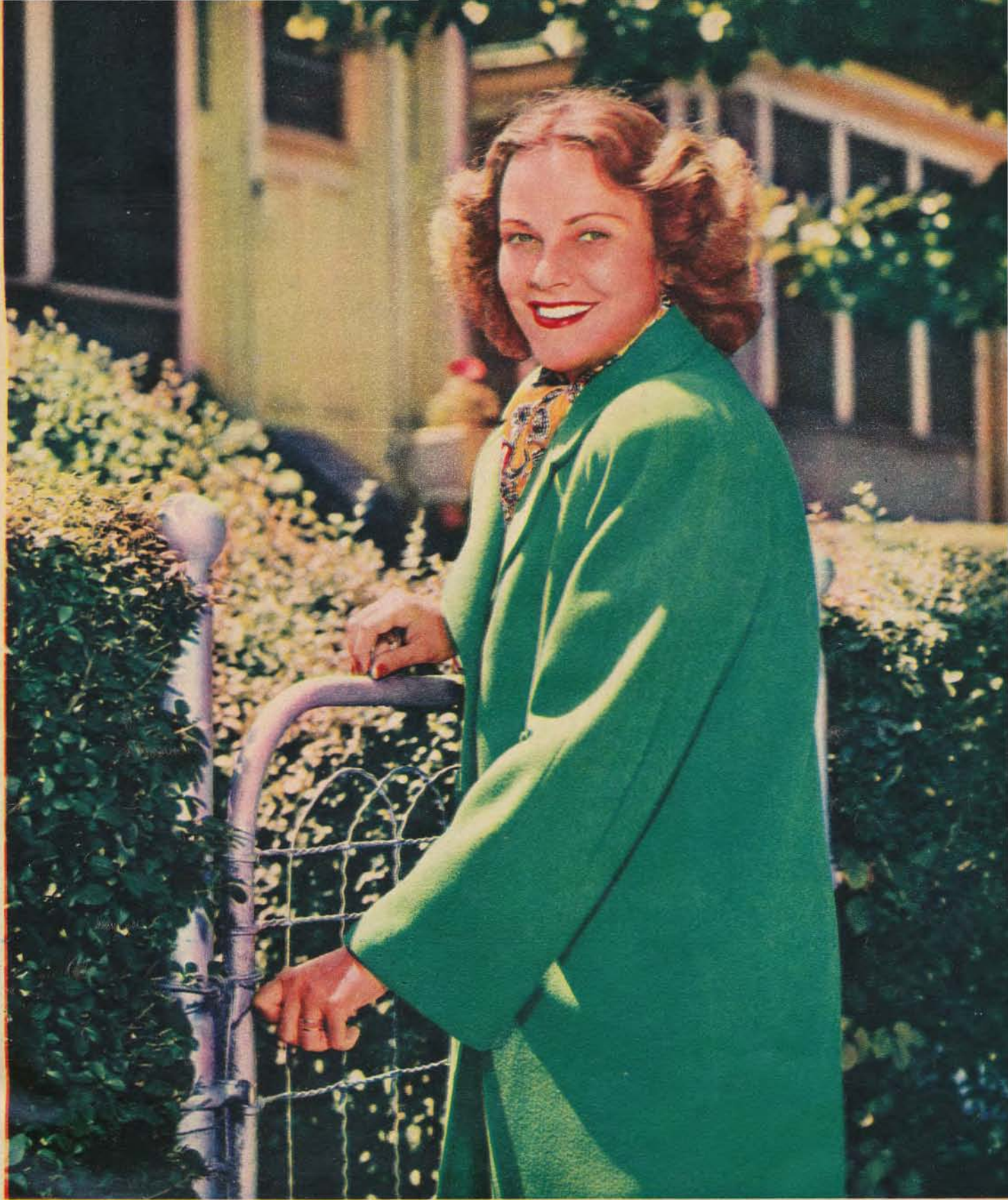
DWIGHT KRAMER, divorced some time ago by Carolyn, has resigned himself since Carolyn's trial to the fact that she is completely lost to him. He spends most of his time with Susan Wakefield, whose love for him precipitated the grim events that led to Carolyn's trial for the murder of Dr. Campbell's wife Ginny.  
(played by David Gothard)

MILES NELSON, prosecuting District Attorney in the case of the State against Carolyn Kramer, is a man strangely tricked by fate. He has unwillingly fallen in love with the woman against whom all his skill and experience were so recently employed in an effort to have her convicted of murder.  
(played by Gary Merrill)

*NBC's story of a lovely woman's struggle for that right against overwhelming odds*







CAROLYN KRAMER retreated to a small seaside town with her son and her mother in an effort to avert the nervous breakdown which threatened her after her involvement in the death of Ginny Campbell. Her only desire is for forgetfulness of the tragic past which centered around her former husband Dwight Kramer and her ex-fiance, Dr. Campbell. For Miles Nelson, who is in love with her, she feels only resentment and hatred.  
(played by Claudia Morgan)



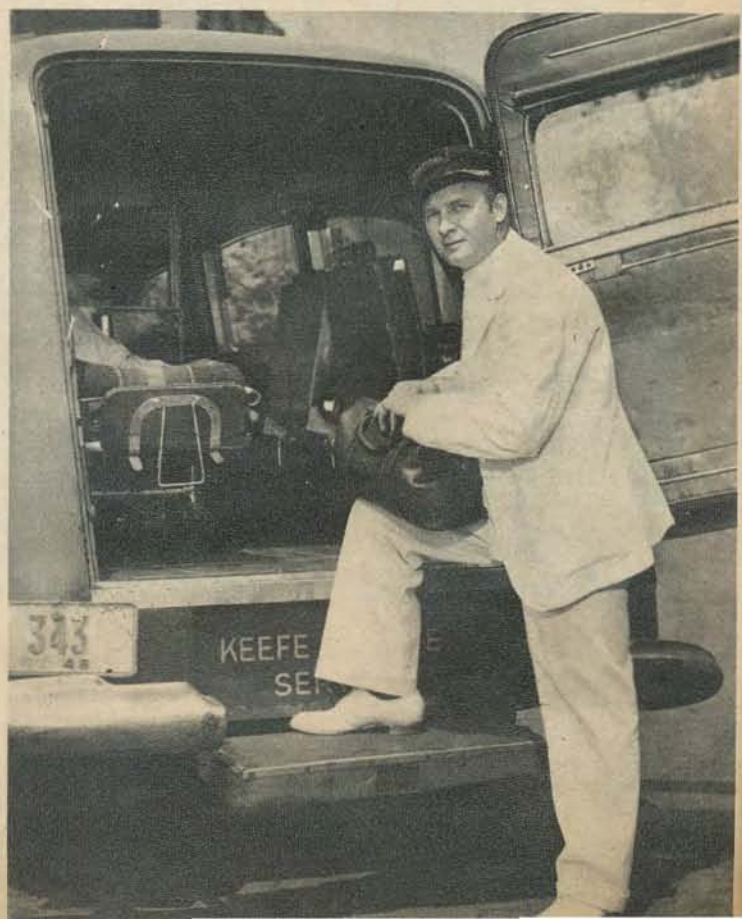


CONSTANCE WAKEFIELD suffered a severe shock during Carolyn's trial when she was made aware to what extent her daughter Susan was involved in the tragedy. Though a successful actress, Constance feels that she has been unsuccessful as a mother, and has determined to learn to guide Susan with more understanding toward a better chance at happiness  
(played by Louise Barclay)

Dr. RICHARD CAMPBELL, exonerated with Carolyn from the charge of complicity in the death of his wife Ginny, had trouble regaining his medical status. Now on the way to reestablishing his reputation, he is never free of a feeling of guilt in having failed Ginny; he knows that it was because she suspected he still loved Carolyn that she took her own life.  
(played by Les Damon)



DORIS MINTERN, author mother of Carolyn, was instrumental in proving her daughter's innocence. She is anxiously watching the despondency and lethargy which have overcome Carolyn, a reaction against her suffering.  
(played by Irene Hubbard)







SKIPPY, young son of Carolyn and Dwight, is the one positive factor that seems to offer happiness for Carolyn. Devoted to his mother, he senses her apathy, and tries in every way he can to make her share his joy at their being reunited, a family again.

SUSAN WAKEFIELD, wiser and more mature since the agonizing days of Carolyn's trial, has learned that no person can selfishly pursue his own desires without knowing personal suffering. Trying to make up for the pain she caused so many others, Susan has thrown herself into training as a student nurse.  
(played by Charita Bauer)



*Right to Happiness is heard weekdays at 3:45 P.M. on NBC*



# Home for Thanksgiving

In this original Radio Mirror story, CBS's Big Sister, Ruth Wayne (played by Mercedes McCambridge, below) and Mary Tyler (Aimee Shepherd) prepare for a wonderful Thanksgiving. Big Sister is heard every Monday through Friday at 1:00 P.M. EST, over the CBS network.



*Big Sister fights to give an unhappy family a real reason for giving thanks*

NOW that Thanksgiving is here again, I've been thinking about what it means to us. Oh, of course, usually it means turkey and cranberry sauce, pumpkin pie and hot coffee, heavily laden tables with families gathered around them. Or we think fleetingly of the Pilgrim Fathers, going to church with rifles slung over their shoulders, thanking a stern God for the blessings of a bounteous harvest and the freedom of a new land. Mostly, though, it's a time for family reunions—a time when grown children come back with their own families to celebrate a holiday with the old folks—the one other national anniversary besides Christmas that is associated with home and loved ones.

Too often we're apt to forget that other aspect of Thanksgiving—the feeling that gave it its name: thankfulness for the good things that have come to us and for the bad things that have been averted. We can't

By RUTH WAYNE—CBS's BIG SISTER





always have just the good things, and we can't always avert the bad ones. But we can always find *something* to be thankful for.

Maybe Thanksgiving this year won't be a particularly happy one for me. With my husband, John, in New York trying to find the answers to questions that have been bothering him this year, and with my brother, Neddie, and his wife not getting along as well as they might, I am sure there will be moments when I'll wonder why I should be thankful about anything.

**B**UT then I'll think of other things.

Of my son, Richard, of my good friends, of past and future happiness. And I'll think of Mary and Timothy and of that wonderful Thanksgiving two years ago. I think that was the best Thanksgiving of all for me—that one, two years ago.

It was during the early summer

that Mary Tyler first came into Dr. Carvell's office, and I remember thinking at the time that I'd never in my life seen a more frightened, timid-looking woman. Her once pretty face was drawn and haggard, and great dark hollows lay under her eyes. Her shoulders were bowed as though she had been carrying too heavy a weight on them for too long a time. I talked as soothingly to her as I could while I took down her case history, or as much as she would tell me about it, for Dr. Carvell's records. She answered my questions hesitantly in a voice not much above a whisper, but try as I might I couldn't get her to relax or to smile or even to look at me for more than a quick glance. She kept her eyes on the floor.

I did find out that she hadn't been in Glen Falls long, that she had two children, that she worked as a clerk in the Bon Ton book store, and that

she had been troubled with loss of weight, sleeplessness and lack of energy. Anemia, I thought automatically. I asked about her husband, and saw that her hands twisted convulsively in her lap at the question. Then, after a silence that lasted a fraction of a second too long, she said that she was a widow. Poor thing, I thought, it can't have been very long—the thought of her loss still shakes her.

She went into Dr. Carvell's office then, and when she came out fifteen

Little by little the tautness and strain left Timothy's face, and his eyes began to glisten. (Reed Bannister, at the wheel, is played by Berry Kroeger.)

minutes later, she just nodded vaguely in my direction and hurried out the door. I forgot about her the rest of that afternoon because it was one of our busy days, but that evening as I was sorting out patients' cards, I came across hers. Dr. Carvell had made a note that she was suffering from anemia (just as I'd thought) and added that it seemed to have been caused—or at least aggravated—by some psychological disturbance which the patient refused to discuss. He had prescribed

rest and a balanced diet, with emphasis on liver extract, and had made a note that she was to come back again in two weeks.

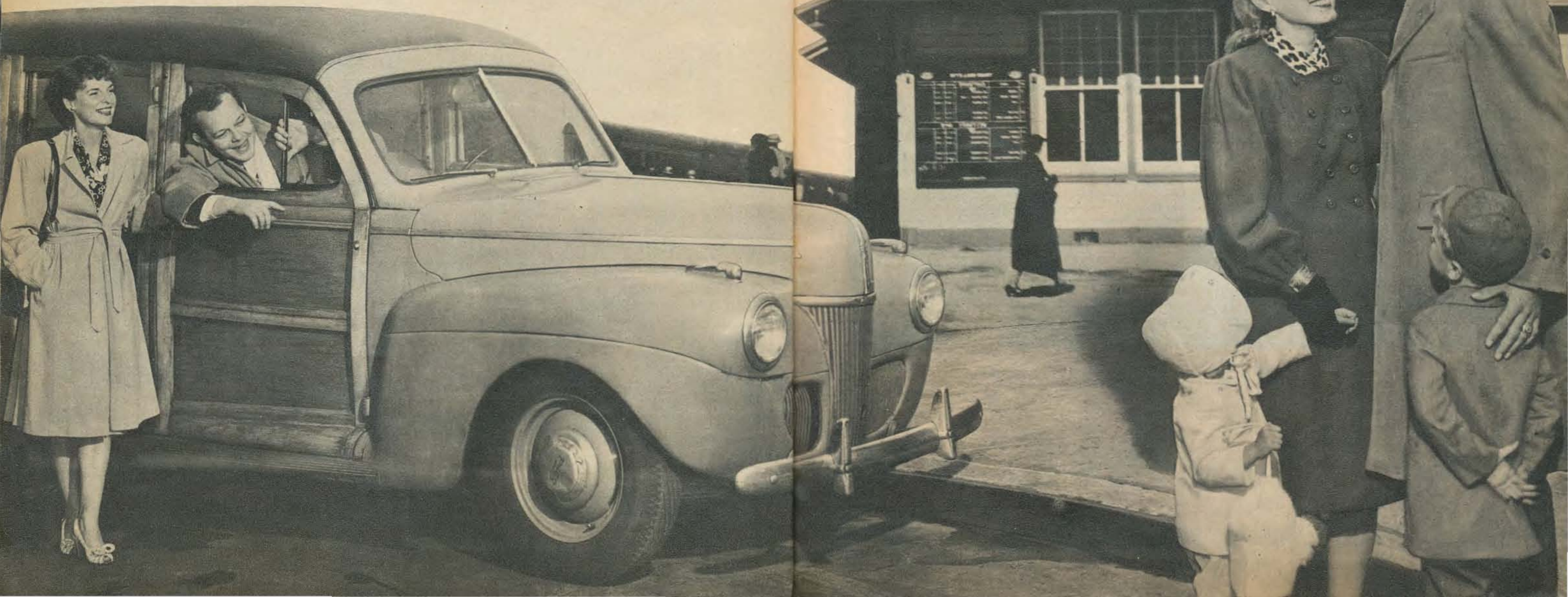
She came back in two weeks, but she didn't look much different than she had before. Worse, if anything—thinner. After she left that day, Dr. Carvell came out of his office shaking his head. There wasn't anyone in the waiting room, so he could speak freely.

"It's a hard thing for a medical man to say, Ruth," he sighed, "but I

don't know what's wrong with that woman."

"You mean she really isn't anemic?" I asked in surprise.

"Oh, she's anemic, all right. But I can't find out why. Nothing wrong with her heart—blood pressure—lungs. All her organs functioning naturally. And yet she's ill—really ill. I can't get at the cause, but I'd be willing to bet that the trouble isn't organic. It's up here." And he tapped his forehead. "She's worrying about (Continued on page 56)





Art Linkletter's at-home humor has the same effect on his wife as it has on audiences at CBS's House Party (weekdays, 4 P.M. EST) and NBC's People Are Funny (Fridays, 9:00 P.M. EST).



LOIS' mother had warned her about wolves. And this new fellow, Art Linkletter, whom she'd just met, seemed to have all the earmarks. *Watch your step*, Lois told herself.

There was no mistaking it—that was definitely a come-hither look he was giving her. And it was perfectly obvious that he was dancing his partner in circles around Lois and her partner, hopefully wig-wagging Lois' escort in search of an introduction. But Art's fraternity brother, who had brought Lois to the party, wasn't paying any attention. He was wise—through experience. This was one girl, he told himself confidently, that Art Linkletter wasn't going to steal from him. Living in a fool's paradise, poor fellow!

Of course Lois was pleased at being the center of attraction—what girl wouldn't be? Behind her thick-lashed green eyes, bright little devils of mischief danced. She'd heard all about this Art Linkletter from his fraternity brothers. College big-shot, campus Casanova, All-Southern California basketball center and captain of the team, president of the Men Students and of the Inter-Fraternity Council here at San Diego State Teachers' College, holder of the Pacific Coast backstroke swimming record, author of the college annual musical comedy—those were just some of the things Lois already knew about Art. And there he was, hanging around on the outskirts, begging for an introduction! What sweet revenge, Lois thought.

Because, you see, she and Art had met before—and she remembered it, even if he didn't. She had been a high school sophomore, that other time, and he a lordly college freshman. He had danced one dance with her at a party, and spent the entire time telling her loftily that she didn't know how to pivot. That previous meeting was something to remember and store away against the time of the Linkletter come-uppance—which, Lois knew in the way that women have of knowing, was going to happen, and not too long from now, at that.

And so the word went whispering 'round the dance floor—*don't introduce Art to Lois!*

But anyone who has heard Art Linkletter

cleverly ad-lib his way day after day through his two radio shows, *People Are Funny* and *House Party*, knows that he would have likely resources even back then, in 1933. And so he did. A little judicious asking-around to get the name, a consultation with the San Diego telephone directory. . . .

Lois was home the next evening, when the telephone rang.

"Lois?"

"Yes? Who is this?"

"Art Linkletter." A pause. Then, desperately, "I'm the guy who flirted with you last night. Or," gloomily, "at least, I'm *one* of the guys who flirted with you last night. Gosh, you looked pretty in that dress with the sequin jacket-thing." Oh, Art knew the way to a woman's heart, all right.

But Lois knew how to handle men, too. She simply said nothing.

Out of the silence came, "How about a date tonight?"

There was another pause. Lois tried to make it a cool, reflective, judicious one—but for some reason she was tingling with excitement from her head right down to her toes. But she managed to make her answer demure enough—

"I'll have to ask my mother!"

You'd think that that, in itself, would be enough to scare a fellow away, or at least to warn him off. Particularly the sophisticated, man-of-the-world fellow that Art had, at twenty, built himself up to be. It's been remarked that a man never again quite attains the lofty degree of blasé worldliness that he has as a collegian—and Art had that reputation to maintain. The girls he had looked upon with favor until that time were as fast-talking, as independent as he himself; girls whose family ties had loosened with their coming to college. Girls who, most definitely, would *not* have to ask their mothers.

You couldn't have blamed Art if his hand had moved to replace the receiver. But it didn't. He stood his ground. He held on until Mrs. Foerster came on the line, and he talked to her, persuading her against her strict, conventional objections

*Love* needs no

It's reason enough in itself—reason to work hard.

*Reasons*

as Art Linkletter does; to build a home, as Lois does; to be happy, as they both are





*For the young  
Linkletters, what  
Art never had  
—a warm, secure  
family life.*

—sight unseen—that he was a perfectly proper, respectable young man for Lois to go out with. Although he didn't know it at the time, Mrs. Foerster's capitulation was due only in part to his silver-tongued arguments. As a matter of fact, Lois' mother had conceived an intense dislike for her daughter's current boy-friend, and she felt that *anyone*—even this unknown Linkletter boy—would be better. Anyway, Art had earned himself a date with Lois. That was all he wanted—because one date has a way of leading to another, and another.

**B**UT what Art's friends couldn't understand was why he wanted even one date with Lois Foerster. Why had he gone out of his way to interest himself in a demure, black-haired little high school senior who had to have her mother's permission to go out on a date? Oh, she was pretty enough, they admitted. But such a *child!* And Art could have his pick among the most glamorous girls at college!

The answer was two-fold. First, Art had fallen in love with Lois, and love needs no reasons. The

second part of Art's attraction to Lois was something that only he and Lois herself suspected.

There was a great, deep yearning in Art's young heart for a home and a family. On his own since he was fifteen, Art had substituted ambition for security, a host of easily-acquired friends and acquaintances for the blood-ties that other boys his age took for granted. Instead of family position, he had his prominence in school—which he had won for himself. Footloose, he had already made great strides in the career he had mapped out for himself.

But ambition and achievement can be lonely things without someone to understand and share them. Friendships never quite fill that empty place in your heart, and the years have a way of shifting even the most stable of companions. A successful career could have its bitter moments without someone beside you all the way. Art wanted roots; he needed people he could call his own.

Lois certainly had those things. Her family, with its host of aunts and uncles and cousins and even a grandparent or two, was a long-

established, well-connected part of San Diego life. It was a close, happy clan, with heavy accent on birthday parties and Sunday dinners and holiday gatherings.

So you can see that the Spring of 1933 signalled for Art the beginning of a new, fuller, richer life. It was happily filled with "going steady" and parental restrictions, and "bring Lois home by twelve o'clock" and learning the happiness of being accepted as one of a tightly-knit group. It was finding out about little inter-family jokes and secrets, and the real, abiding security that meant rallying around a relative in trouble. It meant discovering that he liked children, even the pestering small-fry cousins to whom he shortly became an idol. Art loved every minute of it.

Even now, after many years of marriage, Lois finds nothing odd—nothing to smile about—in the way Art has claimed her family. It is "my" mother, "my" father, "my" aunts and uncles—and she understands and loves him for this.

It was lucky for so young a girl that understanding came so early. Because her friends were just as



puzzled over her going with Art as were his. The boys and girls she had grown up with had been the braces-on-their-teeth, Sunday-school, nurse-maid and sand-box set; looked after and cared for, and they had grown older into a circle which, while not snobbish, was complacently sure of itself. Art had no background which fitted into theirs. Oh, sure—the girls would have thrilled to have had a date with this good-looking campus leader, but to look ahead to marriage—? He was an outsider.

ALL he had, to balance their own inborn security, was his own faith in himself. That, and his quick, restless mind, a personality that charmed, a tongue that was fast and glib—and his dreams. These were enough for Lois. She could take enormous pride in what he had already accomplished for himself, and, what was more important, another kind of pride in knowing that he needed her.

When he told her, that spring of 1933, that he had secured his first job in radio . . . as an announcer for station KGB, San Diego . . . they both realized the importance of this step. They both knew, even then, that radio was the place for Art. And it is a tribute to Lois' courage as well as to Art's talents that from that time on, for thirteen years, he has never been far from a microphone. He has never had a job unconnected with one.

Romance traveled smoothly until Art's graduation. Before that, Lois was already on campus as a freshman and together they had entered into every phase of college life—the

fraternity dances, the sorority parties, the study hours in the library, the long, pleasant interludes over cokes in their favorite campus hang-outs, the minutes snatched to walk together between classes in the pleasant, rather exciting consciousness that the other undergraduates had bracketed their names together—Art and Lois. A twosome. Inseparable.

Of course, Lois had realized that next year she would be there alone. But, at least, Art and she would be in the same city and his work at KGB would give them plenty of time together.

It never entered her head it would be different. Until one evening.

They had been with a group of friends and she had listened, idly, as the others laid their plans for

the coming year. They were big plans and restless ones and Lois was barely interested until someone asked her pointblank—

"How about you, Lois? Going away to school next year?"

"Not I. I'm staying here." She smiled at them, comfortable with the sense of her own little niche in the campus life and in Art's life. That's why it was such a terrible, hurting shock to hear him so casually say:

"But why don't you, Lois? Why don't you pick another school and try it next year?"

Perhaps if Art had known that she took his words to mean he wanted her out of town—perhaps if she had known Art was only thinking of her own good; that he felt it would be (Continued on page 92)



*Arthur Jack. Dawn  
and Robert think both  
their parents wonderful,  
and fun to be with.*



# LIFE CAN BE

*A veteran cures himself of a strange affliction—*

**T**HAT is a peculiar-sounding thing, is it not . . . blindness of the heart? Well, consider the words for a moment. Think about them. Now it's not quite so obscure, is it? You are beginning to understand—remembering, perhaps, times in your own life, or in your observation of others, when such a diagnosis would have explained actions so selfish, so unheeding, that they seemed possible only because the heart of the do-er was blind and deaf to his fellows.

Our first letter tells the story of such an affliction. You'll find, however, that it is a triumphant story; after you have read it you will understand why the writer will receive this month's RADIO MIRROR check for one hundred dollars.

Dear Papa David:

I am a discharged veteran who served for over a year in the South Pacific. Fatigued from the torrid climate, nervous and irritated with Army life, I thought of home constantly and mentally planned all the interesting and exciting things I would do when I got back. There were going to be gay times, parties, shows, and royal feasting. I was going to have a car, a boat, and expensive clothes.

Upon my return, however, I found that there had been a drastic change in the family fortunes. My father, once owner of a large and prospering shoe store, had sold the store in order to invest his money in a small plastics corporation. The venture was unsuccessful and we lost all but a few hundred dollars. With the remaining money my father bought a soda stand near a beach, and here, by long tedious hours of work, he managed to eke out a modest living.

At first the news hardly affected me for I was busy going out, seeing old friends, and having a good time. But this wave of happiness subsided very quickly and I became moody, dejected, and unhappy. My father's income was insufficient to support my expensive tastes and gay times. I began to grumble and complain. I blamed my father for being a poor business man, for foolishly giving up a sound enterprise for a mere gamble.

Day after day I sat about the house and made life miserable for him and mother. My father now considered himself a fallen man and instead of reprimanding me as I justly deserved, he sat humbly listening to my complaints. After several months the situation became unbearable. Dad trudged away to the soda stand every morning, a lonely, beaten man. Mother shopped and cooked and put up with my constant discontented muttering. I continued to mope about the house.

One day, however, the foolishness of my actions became painfully clear to me. My attitude had been the cause of my own unhappiness and my parents' wretchedness and I decided to make amends for my senseless behavior.

The next morning I woke up before Dad and when he left the house I went with him. We didn't say much at first and I told him that I just wanted to have a look around the stand.

**Radio Mirror Offers  
One Hundred Dollars  
each month for your**

*Life Can Be Beautiful Letters*

Have you sent in your Life Can Be Beautiful letter yet? If, some time in your life, there was a moment when the meaning of happiness became clear to you, won't you write your story to Papa David? For the letter he considers best each month, RADIO MIRROR will pay one hundred dollars. For each of the other letters received which we have space enough to print, RADIO MIRROR Magazine will pay fifteen dollars. Address your letters to Papa David, care of RADIO MIRROR Magazine, 205 East 42, New York 17, New York.

# BEAUTIFUL

*blindness of the heart*

When we arrived however I immediately rolled up my sleeves and asked him what work there was to be done. We both worked all morning clearing away cases of empty bottles, loading and icing the boxes, and waiting on trade. When I saw the amount of work that Dad had been doing by himself, a wave of pity and a flush of shame passed through me. But now as I worked, for the first time in months I felt myself genuinely happy, contented, and useful. My father also wore a new expression. He smiled, slapped me on the back, and explained how he thought the stand could be expanded and improved. That night we rode home together like two old pals. Mom had a good, hot supper waiting for us and we all sat down to enjoy it.

From then on life held a new meaning for me. I have been working with my father for five months now and we have improved our business tremendously. Besides helping him I'm also attending night school as an engineering student. But most important of all, our home is always a happy and contented one now.

J. M.

Here are more letters which Papa David liked this month. The writers of all that we have had room to print will receive checks for fifteen dollars.

*"It Might Be Mine!"*

Dear Papa David:

During the blitz in England I was very concerned about the fate of families who lost everything between one minute and the next. I was more than glad to do my bit. My bit, incidentally wasn't very much from a financial standpoint. I could sew, however, so I collected discarded clothing from my more prosperous friends and made it over into garments for children. Among other things were several (Continued on page 72)



# Crime Doctor

CBS's Dr. Ordway points out the weakest link, shattering a chain of lies



1. Walter Dukeford, dining with his friend Frank, gives Jane his card. He is a commercial artist and wants her to pose for him. Jane doesn't believe him, thinking he is just the usual masher. But she keeps Dukeford's card out of curiosity.



4. Next morning, Norma shows Jane one of Dukeford's illustrations in a magazine. Jane decides to take the job he offered.



5. Jane asks Frieda, who is just going out, if she can borrow one of Frieda's dresses, without telling her she plans to see Dukeford. Frieda refuses. But after Frieda goes, Jane and Norma look in her closet and pick out a dress. Norma helps Jane put it on.



2. Later that evening, in the apartment which she shares with Norma and Frieda, Jane tells the other girls about Walter Dukeford's proposition, saying that of course she didn't believe a word he said. Frieda says it sounds like a soft job to her, and intimates that at least it would be better than waiting on table. Jane, of course, resents this.



3. Jane hotly tells Frieda that waiting on table is better than not working at all—especially when there is rent to pay. She suggests that if Frieda would either get a job or pawn some of her many clothes, maybe she could pay her share of the rent for a change. Frieda shrugs her shoulders and goes out, saying she'll find out about Dukeford for Jane.



6. When Jane arrives at Dukeford's studio, he is surprised to see her and tells her he is already hard at work on a picture of the friend she had sent in her place. Jane guesses who that "friend" might be and charges into the studio. It's Frieda. The girls confront each other hotly (above). Frieda accuses Jane of stealing her dress, and Jane accuses Frieda of stealing her job. As Dukeford looks on helplessly, the girls attack each other. Finally the police are called in to stop it.



7. Mr. Hilliard, a clothing store owner, and his partner read in the newspaper the story of the mix-up. The article shows a picture of Jane. They recognize her dress as being stolen from them, phone the police.





8. Frieda, furious with Jane, decides to move out of the apartment. With her boy-friend, George, helping her, she starts to pack, only to find that all her clothes are missing. Jane tells her the police have taken them. Frieda thinks Jane has stolen them. Says she'll go to the police.



9. Frieda discusses the situation with George in his car. She says she wants to go down to the police station immediately. George says they're already late for dinner, and why not eat first. But, insists Frieda, what about her clothes? George says that he explained when he first gave them to her, the clothes were only samples that he got for nothing. There are plenty more where they came from. But Frieda can't be so casual about them. Again, she insists that he turn around and go to the police. When he doesn't, she threatens to jump out of the car.



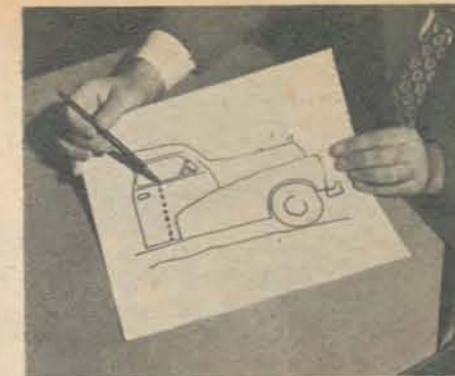
10. At a friend's house, Dr. Ordway, the Crime Doctor, is called to the telephone. It is his housekeeper, Martha, who tells him that Police Inspector Ross wants to see him immediately. It seems a murder has been committed on the highway and Dr. Ordway is needed. He objects that he's playing bridge, but Martha insists that he leave immediately. Dr. Ordway sighs, as he hangs up the receiver, that every time he tries to spend an evening with friends, somebody gets killed.



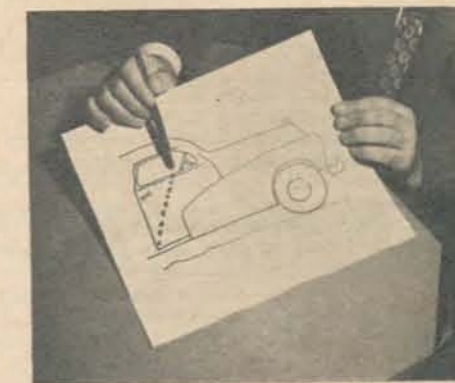
11. By the side of the road that night, Dr. Ordway, Inspector Ross and a police officer look at George's car. There are blood stains on the seat and on the outside of the car door. Ross explains that a woman was found dead in the car, shot through the right temple. Letters in her hand-bag identify her. The man who was with her has been taken to Police Headquarters.



12. At Headquarters later, Jane identifies George as Frieda's companion. George explains that Frieda had stolen the clothes and was terrified that she would be found out and arrested for robbery. She appealed to him, he says, but he refused to help her. Then, as he drove along at about sixty miles an hour, she suddenly whipped a gun out of her bag and shot herself before he could stop the car.



13. Dr. Ordway asks for everyone's attention. Hurriedly he draws two diagrams of an automobile. On the first he indicates a blood streak running down the side. On the second, the indicated blood streak is splattered along the side of the car from front to back. He begins to explain.



14. The first diagram is what George's car looked like tonight. The second diagram is what the car would have looked like if George had been telling the truth. In other words, at sixty miles an hour, blood would have splattered instead of running down the side of the car. Obviously the car was not running when Frieda was killed. Inspector Ross is satisfied. Turning to George, he arrests him on suspicion of murder. The Crime Doctor wins again!







# BETWEEN THE BOOKENDS

*Out of the mailbag, these poems—all new, all worth remembering.*

## "I CANNOT WRITE TONIGHT . . ." Radio Mirror's Poem of the Month

I cannot write tonight for the moon is full  
And large as a wagon-wheel above the  
timber:  
I must go out for the world is beautiful,  
Must leave the open fire and the dying ember.  
For what are words upon an ink-stained  
scroll  
When magic moonlight floods this stubborn  
world,  
When wary winds of ruthless winter roll  
Over the knolls, and leaves and sedge are  
hurled  
Into illimitable starry space . . .  
I must be out in beauty, hectic, rough,  
On mountains big enough for my embrace;  
I must be out where I can love enough . . .  
Remember hills stay young; their beauty  
keeps  
Eternally as seasons come and pass;  
They will be here when this admiral sleeps  
Who will not leave his shadow on their grass.  
—Jesse Stuart



By  
**TED  
MALONE**

Ted Malone's poetry program is heard on Mondays,  
Wednesdays and Fridays at 11:45 A.M. EST, on ABC.

## LETTER HOME

Remembering you is wonder, cool and still,  
Like secret water in a shadowed place:  
My fevered lips stoop down and take their fill,  
And find love's wild thirst quenched.  
Though all your face  
Move by in tears—and be no more than  
thought.  
Though all your form be less than emptiness,  
Remembering you brings something never  
brought  
By any former handclasp or caress.  
Remembering you is terrible with pain,  
And terrible with beauty. Like a bird  
That soars, though all its winging be in vain—  
So lifts the heart to seek you. And when  
word,  
Nor touch cannot avail for pain's surcease,  
Remembering you is all I need for peace.  
—Helen Frazee-Bower

## LATE LOVE

Oh, you were long in coming; you were long  
In beckoning my heart into your life;  
The autumn came, the lark had sung his song,  
And I was still alone—then like a knife  
You cut my grief away with shining blade;  
I scarce believed that you had come at last  
And then recalled the promise I had made  
To my own self—"The time has come and passed,"  
I told my heart, "It is too late, too late."  
When autumn comes the winter is not far;  
But you were there—you simply changed the date,  
And it was spring again, with the first star.  
I know not how these miracles you bring,  
But on that day my autumn turned to spring!  
Jane Morrison

## DIVISION AND AUDITION

You broke my heart; that should provide  
Your ego satisfaction.  
But now it seems you need beside  
An audience reaction.

Does guilty conscience prick your rest  
And make it necessary  
For you to feel the deed is blessed  
By Tom and Dick and Harry?

My heart is smashed and there's no call  
For you and me to doubt it.  
So darling, must you hire a hall  
And tell the world about it?  
Georgie Starbuck Galbraith



## RADIO RAPTURE

Two timid little spinsters,  
With a Cranford type of mind,  
Are conditioned for a kindly world,  
Both gentle and refined.  
Yet, though not anti-social,  
With vicarious delight,  
They listen—on the average—  
To three murders, every night!  
—Allene Gates

## TO A PRIVATE SECRETARY

You, who share my husband's working day,  
If you but knew, I envy you each one . . .  
The banter you exchange . . . the irking way  
He leans upon you, and when day is done  
Comes home and tells about your new hair style,  
Oh, so becoming! Or your chic black dress,  
And I must beam agreeably the while  
I'm tempted . . . how I'd like to . . . well . . . you guess!

But after dinner, when the lights are low,  
And I am in his arms, with love's swift fires,  
Your charms are soon forgotten, that I know,  
And once again I'm all that he requires.  
Then always I suspect he used your name  
To fan my love into a brighter flame.  
Dorothy B. Elfstrom



## WITHERING HEIGHTS

Little girls flout you, babies squall,  
But the cerebral stage is worst of all.  
Since Daughter has come of college age,  
The searching for truth and beauty stage,  
Hobnobbing with Plato's philosophy,  
Drinking in knowledge avidly,  
Daughter is intellectual—  
And parents, poor things, are awfully dull,  
Unenlightened and in a rut  
And so lethargic about what's what.  
The awkward age was bad enough,  
The temper tantrum stage was tough,  
Little girls pout and babies squall—  
But the cerebral stage is worst of all!  
—May Richstone

## LINES BEFORE BEING REASONABLE

The things we did, the things we said,  
Are buried deeper than any dead,  
Daily my mind, my will concur,  
They never happened, they never were.  
I specify the date, the time,  
They were not yours, they were not mine,  
Life promises no other bliss  
So sweet as not remembering this  
Or that in moonlight, or when snow  
Marked the way we did not go.  
In this unreasonable way I find  
Enough of peace to please the mind,  
And love, itself, serene, apart,  
Fingers crossed to please the heart.  
—Gladys McKee



## BUT IT IS AUTUMN NOW . . .

It seems that it was only yesterday  
We walked along these curly little lanes,  
Gathering as we went our lazy way,  
Blackberries from late-bearing crimson  
canes;  
The luscious clusters higher than your  
head—  
And "big as sheep dugs"—so the Farmer  
said.  
But now, beneath our feet, the bare vines  
shine,  
Although the fruit-taste lingers on the  
tongue:  
A sun-hot sweetness, heady as old wine  
When April's in the air and love is young.  
But it is autumn now . . . Turn back toward  
town:  
Upon the ominously silent air  
One leaf drifts slowly down. . . .  
—Marion Doyle

## DIET—OR TRY IT?

Dessert has been served me and tasted.  
The problem has got to be faced.  
If I leave it, it's gonna be wasted.  
If I eat it, it's gonna be waist.  
LaVerne Wilson Brown

**RADIO MIRROR will pay  
FIFTY DOLLARS each month**

for the original poem, sent in by a reader, selected by Ted Malone as the best of that month's poems submitted by readers. Five dollars will be paid for each other original poem submitted and printed on the Between the Bookends page in Radio Mirror. Address your poetry to Ted Malone, Radio Mirror, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Poetry submitted should be limited to thirty lines. When postage is enclosed every effort will be made to return unused manuscripts. This is not a contest, but an offer to purchase poetry for Radio Mirror's Between the Bookends feature.





If you want to enjoy your own Thanksgiving dinner, make the most of the menu given here, for it provides for made-in-advance dishes, and it also has an eye to appetizing use for those leftovers!

# Half the Fun!

By  
**KATE SMITH**

**RADIO MIRROR  
FOOD COUNSELOR**

Listen to Kate Smith's daily talks at noon and her Sunday night variety show, heard on CBS, 6:30 EST.



**H**ALF the fun of a Thanksgiving dinner is the carefree spirit in which it is eaten, and much more than half of this spirit depends on a hostess who is relaxed and serene when she greets and seats her guests. Perhaps you think that preparing a traditional holiday dinner and retaining a feeling of serenity just cannot go hand in hand. But there is one way to make sure that they do, and that is to get all the preliminary preparations out of the way the preceding day. You will be surprised at how much can be accomplished in advance and how little remains to be done on the feast day. For instance, a typical and an altogether satisfying menu might be

Celery, radishes and olives  
Cream of asparagus soup with croutons  
Roast Stuffed Turkey Cranberry Sauce  
Mashed potatoes Giblet gravy  
Creamed onions String beans (or peas)  
Escarolle with Roquefort cheese dressing  
Squash pie Coffee

This sounds like an extensive menu for one person to handle, but much of the heavy work—and in consequence much of the tedious washing up—can be done in advance. First, bake your pie.

#### Squash Pie

- 1 box quick-frozen cooked squash, thawed
- $\frac{3}{4}$  cup light brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- $\frac{3}{4}$  tsp. ginger
- $\frac{1}{2}$  tsp. nutmeg
- $\frac{3}{4}$  tsp. salt
- 2 eggs, slightly beaten
- $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups milk
- Pastry

Combine thawed squash with remaining ingredients. Line pie shell with uncooked pastry. Fill with squash mixture. Bake in 425-degree oven until done, that is when mixture has puffed completely across top (about 1 hour). While pie is baking cut and bake pastry turkeys to be used as garnish.

With your pie safely out of the way you can turn to other main preparations. Clean, stuff and truss the turkey and store in refrigerator ready to be popped into the oven. Cook giblets until tender, chop and store in the liquid in which they were cooked; keep cool until needed to make gravy. Cook small white onions until tender; make white sauce; store separately in refrigerator until half an hour before serving time when they can be combined and heated together in the top of a double boiler. Wash celery, radishes and escarolle and store in refrigerator. Make Roquefort cheese dressing. Make cranberry sauce. With this much done in advance the only items for complete preparation on Thanksgiving day are soup—easy if you use the canned soup and for croutons the packaged bite-size dry cereal; potatoes, string beans or peas—quick-frozen ones will save extra effort—and coffee.

Much as we enjoy our Thanksgiving dinner, most of us feel that there can be too much of a good thing. We rebel slightly at eating leftovers for the next few days. If you face a leftover rebellion, here are recipes to help you quell it. (Cont'd on page 109)



# INSIDE RADIO—Telling You About Programs and People You Want to Hear

## Sunday

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Standard Time
8:00	8:30	CBS: Carolina Calling
8:00	8:30	ABC: Earl Wilde, pianist
8:00	9:00	MBS: Young People's Church
8:00	9:00	ABC: White Rabbit Line
8:15	9:15	NBC: Reno Valley Folks
8:15	9:15	NBC: Story to Order
8:30	9:30	NBC: Words and Music
8:30	9:30	MBS: Voice of Prophecy
8:45	9:45	CBS: Choir Practice
9:00	10:00	CBS: Church of the Air
9:00	10:00	ABC: Message of Israel
9:00	10:00	NBC: National Radio Pulpit
9:00	10:00	MBS: Radio Bible Class
9:30	10:30	CBS: Church of the Air
9:30	10:30	ABC: Southernaires
9:30	10:30	NBC: Circle Arrow Show
9:30	10:30	MBS: Tone Tapestries
10:00	11:00	NBC: Eternal Light
10:00	11:00	MBS: Voice of Prophecy
10:05	11:05	CBS: Wings Over Jordan
10:15	11:15	MBS: Pauline Alport
10:30	11:30	ABC: Hour of Faith
10:30	11:30	CBS: Salt Lake City Tabernacle Choir
10:45	11:45	MBS: Reviewing Stand
10:45	11:45	NBC: Solitaire Time, Warde Donovan
11:00	12:00	MBS: Pilgrim Hour
11:00	12:00	CBS: Invitation to Learning
11:30	12:30	NBC: Today's Concert
11:30	12:30	MBS: Sherman Hour
11:30	12:30	ABC: String Orchestra
12:00	1:00	MBS: George Carson Putnam
12:00	1:00	ABC: Cliff Edwards
12:00	1:00	CBS: People's Platform
12:15	1:15	NBC: America United
12:15	1:15	ABC: Leo Durocher
12:15	1:15	MBS: Ilka Chase
12:30	1:30	CBS: Time for Reason
12:30	1:30	ABC: Sammy Kaye's Orchestra
12:30	1:30	NBC: Chicago Round Table
12:30	1:30	MBS: Singing Sweethearts
12:45	1:45	MBS: Jimmy Farrell
13:00	2:00	NBC: Frank Black, Robert Merrill
13:00	2:00	MBS: Private Showing
13:00	2:00	ABC: Warriors of Peace
13:00	2:00	CBS: Assignment Home
13:30	2:30	NBC: Harvest of Stars, James
13:15	2:30	ABC: National Vespers
13:15	2:45	MBS: What the Veteran Wants to Know
13:30	3:00	ABC: Danger, Dr. Danfield
13:30	3:00	MBS: Open House
13:30	3:00	CBS: New York Philharmonic
13:30	3:00	Symphony
13:30	3:00	NBC: Carmen Cavallaro
13:30	3:15	ABC: Cadets' Quartet
13:30	3:30	ABC: A Present From Hollywood
13:30	3:30	NBC: One Man's Family
13:30	3:30	MBS: Bob Kelly, songs
13:45	3:45	ABC: Samuel Pettingill
14:00	4:00	NBC: The National Hour
14:00	4:00	ABC: Stump the Authors
14:00	4:00	MBS: Mysterious Traveller
14:00	4:30	NBC: Lucky Stars
14:00	4:30	CBS: Hour of Charm
14:00	4:30	ABC: Right Down Your Alley
14:00	4:30	MBS: True Detective Mysteries
14:00	5:00	NBC: NBC Symphony
14:00	5:00	CBS: The Family Hour
14:00	5:00	ABC: Darts for Dough
14:00	5:00	MBS: News Arrest
14:30	5:30	MBS: The Abbott Mysteries
14:30	5:30	ABC: David Harding, Counterspy
14:45	5:45	CBS: William L. Shirer
15:00	6:00	CBS: Adventure of Ozzie & Harriet
15:00	6:00	ABC: Phil Harris
15:00	6:00	MBS: Those Websters
15:00	6:00	NBC: Catholic Hour
15:00	6:30	MBS: Nick Carter
15:00	6:30	ABC: Eugene Baird
15:00	6:30	NBC: Ned Carter
15:00	6:30	CBS: Kate Smith Sings
15:00	7:00	ABC: Drew Pearson
15:00	7:00	MBS: Let's Go to the Opera
15:00	7:00	NBC: Jack Benny
15:00	7:00	CBS: Gene Autry
15:00	7:30	MBS: Star Show
15:30	7:30	ABC: The Quiz Kids
15:30	7:30	NBC: Fitch Bandwagon
15:30	7:30	CBS: Blondie
15:30	7:30	ABC: Edgar Bergen, Charlie McCarthy
15:30	8:00	MBS: Ford Hour
15:30	8:00	ABC: Ford Hour
15:30	8:00	CBS: Adventures of Sam Spade
15:30	8:00	MBS: Special Investigator
15:30	8:30	CBS: Crime Doctor
15:30	8:30	NBC: Fred Allen
15:45	8:45	CBS: Mystery in My Hobby
16:00	9:00	CBS: Meet Corliss Archer
16:00	9:00	MBS: Exploring the Unknown
16:00	9:00	ABC: Walter Winchell
16:00	9:00	NBC: Manhattan Merry-Go-Round
16:00	9:15	ABC: Louella Parsons' Show
16:00	9:15	NBC: Texas Star Theater, James Melton
16:30	9:30	MBS: Double or Nothing
16:30	9:30	NBC: American Album of Familiar Music
16:30	9:30	ABC: Jennie Fidler
16:30	9:45	MBS: Dorothy Thompson
16:30	9:45	ABC: Policewoman, drama
16:30	10:00	CBS: Take It or Leave It
16:30	10:00	ABC: Mystery Hour
16:30	10:00	NBC: Don Ameche Variety Show
16:30	10:00	MBS: Mystery in My Hobby
16:30	10:30	NBC: Meet Me at Parky's
16:30	10:30	CBS: We the People
16:30	10:30	MBS: Serenade for Strings
16:30	11:00	CBS: Bill Costello
16:30	11:30	NBC: Pacific Story



MAN TO WATCH

In the radio world there may be special niches reserved for performers with an inferiority complex, but such a cubbyhole will certainly never be set aside for Todd Russell, M.C. of the long-run MBS quiz series, Double or Nothing (Sundays, 9:30 EST).

Russell, who takes undisguised delight in being a one-man conversation piece in front of any audience, appears incapable of entertaining even a fleeting thought of personal failure in any enterprise. Which must be an extremely happy way to go through life. It is not recorded that his wails as an infant were any more self-assured than those of the average baby, but he is known to have startled his teacher one day at the age of eleven with the information that he was going to be absent from school that afternoon, because he was going down to a music contest to win a medal for playing the piano. The teacher may have been surprised when he actually did win the medal—but not Todd. He's just that way.

Now that he's reached the highest peak in his radio career so far, the fifteen dollars a week he earned for his first announcing job has been multiplied many times. Todd is seriously thinking of becoming a concert singer, being possessed of a rich baritone voice which he trains with the aid of two singing lessons a week. He's six feet one, weighs 226, has a round, beaming face, is 32 years old and his short-clipped hair is streaked with gray.

He's been the possessor of several names, being christened Thomas Joyce Smith in Manchester, England, where he was born. From a high school play he adopted the name Todd and, as Todd Smith started his professional career by playing the piano in dance orchestras around Hamilton, Ontario, his family having moved to Canada a few years before.

Inexplicably, except perhaps to keep his piano playing self distinct from his announcer personality, he changed his name to Toby Clark for his first announcing job. But that didn't seem dignified enough when a Toronto station hired him as a staff announcer. That was when he picked Todd Russell as being just right. He's made that name legal now.

From Canada, Russell migrated to the United States, after he'd made a study of the American style of "selling soap" to radio audiences and was paged for the announcing job on three leading afternoon dramatic programs.

Todd married his schoolday sweetheart in 1938. The two of them are rabid collectors of recordings made by famous singers of other days. Still keeping a concert career in mind, Russell is learning French, Italian and German by means of a record machine.

## Monday

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Standard Time
8:00	8:00	9:00 ABC: Breakfast Club
8:00	9:00	NBC: Honeymoon in New York
8:15	9:15	CBS: This Is New York
8:15	9:15	MBS: Shady Valley Folks
8:15	9:00	10:00 CBS: Joe Powers of Oakville
8:15	9:00	10:00 ABC: My True Story
8:15	10:00	NBC: Lone Journey
8:15	10:00	MBS: Once Over Lightly
8:15	10:15	NBC: Lore Lawton
8:15	10:15	MBS: Faith in Our Time
1:30	9:10	10:30 CBS: Evelyn Winters
1:45	10:30	ABC: Hymns of All Churches
7:30	10:30	NBC: Road of Life
7:30	10:30	MBS: Bobby Norris
11:30	9:45	10:45 CBS: Bachelor Children
12:45	10:45	NBC: Joyce Jordan
7:45	10:45	MBS: Jackie Hill
9:30	10:10	11:00 ABC: Tom Breneman's Breakfast
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Fred Waring Show
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: Arthur Godfrey
8:00	10:00	11:15 MBS: Tell Your Neighbor
8:00	10:00	11:30 CBS: Time to Remember
8:00	10:00	11:30 ABC: Gilbert Martyn
8:00	10:00	11:30 NBC: Barry Cameron
8:00	10:00	11:30 MBS: Lorenzo Fuller
8:45	10:45	11:45 CBS: Rosemary
8:45	10:45	11:45 ABC: Ted Malone
8:45	10:45	11:45 MBS: Victor H. Lindlahr
8:45	10:45	11:45 NBC: David Harum
9:00	12:00	ABC: Glamour Manor
9:00	12:00	NBC: Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: Aunt Jenny
9:15	11:15	12:15 MBS: Morton Downey
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30 ABC: At Your Request
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC: This Is Your Country
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Can Sunday
9:45	11:45	12:45 NBC: Maggi's Private Wire
9:45	11:45	12:45 MBS: Naval Academy Band
10:00	12:00	1:00 MBS: News for Women
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Big Sister
10:15	11:15	1:15 MBS: Luncheon With Lopez
10:15	11:15	1:30 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
10:15	11:15	1:45 MBS: John J. Anthony
10:45	12:45	1:45 CBS: Road of Life
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: The Second Mrs. Burton
11:00	1:00	2:15 ABC: Ethel & Albert
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC: Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15 CBS: Perry Mason
11:15	1:15	2:15 MBS: Smile Time
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC: Woman in White
3:00	1:30	2:30 ABC: Bride and Groom
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: Time to Remember
11:45	2:45	NBC: Masquerade
3:30	2:00	3:00 ABC: Al Pearce Show
3:30	2:00	3:00 CBS: Cinderella, Inc.
12:00	2:00	3:00 MBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
12:00	2:00	3:00 CBS: True Confessions
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins
12:15	2:15	3:15 MBS: Judy Lang, Songs
12:30	2:30	3:30 ABC: Ladies Be Seated
12:30	2:30	3:30 CBS: Winner Take All
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: Peppermint Family
12:30	2:30	3:30 MBS: Lady Be Beautiful
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness
1:00	4:00	ABC: Jack Berch
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: House Party
1:00	3:00	4:00 MBS: Erskine Johnson's Hollywood
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15 ABC: Jean Colbert
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas
1:15	3:15	4:15 MBS: Johnson Family
1:15	3:15	4:15 ABC: Meet Me in Manhattan
1:15	3:15	4:15 CBS: Give and Take
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Lorey for a Day
1:30	3:30	4:30 MBS: Mutual's Melody Hour
1:45	3:45	4:45 ABC: Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC: Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: Feature Story
2:00	4:00	5:00 ABC: White and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00 MBS: When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC: Adventures of the Sea Hound
2:15	4:15	5:15 ABC: Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15 MBS: Sky King
2:15	4:15	5:15 CBS: Superman
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC: Women's Club
2:15	4:15	5:15 MBS: Captain Midnight
5:30	5:30	5:30 ABC: Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: Just Plain Bill
5:15	4:45	5:30 ABC: Front Page Farrell
5:15	4:45	5:45 NBC: Tennessee Jed
5:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: Sparrow and the Hawk
5:45	4:45	5:45 MBS: Tom Mix
3:15	5:15	6:15 NBC: Sketches in Melodies
3:30	5:15	6:15 CBS: In My Opinion
3:30	5:30	6:30 NBC: Skyline Roof, Gordon Macrae
3:30	5:30	6:30 ABC: Cal Tinney
3:30	5:30	6:30 CBS: Mystery of the Week
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Chesterfield Club
7:30	9:30	7:15 CBS: Jack Smith
7:30	9:30	7:30 CBS: Bob Hawk Show
7:30	9:30	7:30 ABC: The Lone Ranger
8:30	7:00	8:00 NBC: Cavalcade of America
8:30	7:00	8:00 CBS: Inners Sanctum
8:30	7:00	8:00 ABC: Lum & Abner
8:00	8:00	MBS: Bulldog Drummond
8:15	8:15	ABC: Ed Sullivan's Pipeline
8:30	8:30	ABC: Fat Man Detective Series
8:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: Fighting Senator
8:30	7:30	8:30 NBC: Voice of Firestone
8:30	7:30	8:30 MBS: Case Book of Gregory Hood
9:00	9:00	ABC: I Deal in Crime
9:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: The Telephone Hour
9:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: Lux Radio Theatre
9:15	8:15	MBS: Real Stories
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Benny Goodman
6:30	9:30	ABC: Spotlight Bands
6:30	9:30	MBS: Paul Whiteman's Orchestra
6:55	9:55	ABC: Harry Wimper, Sports
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Screen Guild Players
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Entertainment Program
7:00	9:00	10:00 MBS: Tommy Dorsey's Play Shop
7:00	9:00	10:00 ABC: Question for America
7:00	9:00	10:15 MBS: Jon Gart Trio
7:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: Tonight on Broadway
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC: Dr. I. Q.



# Tuesday

P. S. T.	C. S. T.	Eastern Standard Time
8:00	9:00	ABC: Breakfast Club
8:00	9:00	NBC: Honeymoon in New York
6:15	2:30	9:15 CBS: This Is New York
		9:15 MBS: Shady Valley Folks
6:45		9:30 NBC: Daytime Classics
9:15	9:00	10:00 CBS: Joe Powers of Oakville
10:30	9:00	10:00 ABC: My True Story
		10:00 MBS: Alan Scott
		10:00 NBC: Lone Journey
		10:15 NBC: Lora Lawton
		10:15 MBS: Faith in Our Time
2:00	9:30	10:30 CBS: Evelyn Winters
1:45		10:30 ABC: Hymns of All Churches
7:30		10:30 NBC: Road of Life
		10:30 MBS: Bobby Norris
11:30	9:45	10:45 ABC: The Listening Post
		10:45 NBC: Joyce Jordan
		10:45 MBS: Jackie Hill
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Fred Waring Show
9:30	10:00	11:00 ABC: Tom Breneman's Breakfast
		11:00 CBS: Arthur Godfrey
		11:15 MBS: Tell Your Neighbor
10:00	10:30	11:30 ABC: Gilbert Martyn
		11:30 CBS: Time to Remember
		11:30 NBC: Barry Cameron
		11:30 MBS: Bill Harrington
8:45	10:45	11:45 CBS: Rosemary
		11:45 ABC: Galen Drake
8:45	10:45	11:45 NBC: David Harum
		11:45 MBS: Victor H. Lindlahr
9:00		12:00 ABC: Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
		12:15 MBS: Morton Downey
		12:15 CBS: Aunt Jenny
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
		11:30 ABC: At Your Request
		12:30 MBS: Command Band
		12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
9:45	11:45	12:45 NBC: Magg's Private Wire
9:45	11:45	1:00 MBS: News For Women
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Big Sister
10:00	12:00	1:00 NBC: U. S. Navy Band
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins
		1:15 MBS: Luncheon With Lopez
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
		1:30 MBS: Smile Time
10:45	12:45	1:45 CBS: Road of Life
		1:45 MBS: John J. Anthony
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: The Guiding Light
2:30	1:00	2:00 ABC: John B. Kennedy, News
1:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: The Second Mrs. Burton
		2:15 ABC: Ethel & Albert
		2:15 MBS: Smile Time
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC: Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15 CBS: Perry Mason
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC: Woman in White
3:00	1:30	2:30 ABC: Bride and Groom
		2:30 MBS: Queen for a Day
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: Time to Remember
		2:45 NBC: Masquerade
		3:00 CBS: Cinderella, Inc.
3:30	2:00	3:00 ABC: Life Can Be Beautiful
12:00	2:00	3:00 MBS: Surprise Party
		3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Pepper Young's Family
12:30	2:30	3:30 MBS: Lady Be Beautiful
		3:30 CBS: Winner Take All
12:30		3:30 ABC: Ladies Be Seated
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness
1:00	2:45	4:00 ABC: Jack Berch
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: House Party
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife
1:00	3:00	4:00 MBS: Erskine Johnson's Hollywood
1:35	3:15	4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas
		4:15 MBS: The Johnson Family
		4:15 ABC: Jean Colbert
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones
		4:30 CBS: Meet Me in Manhattan
		4:45 MBS: Mutual Melody Hour
		4:45 ABC: Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC: Young Widder Brown
5:00	4:00	5:00 ABC: Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:00	5:00 MBS: Adventures of the Sea Hound
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life
5:45	4:15	5:15 ABC: Sky Kings
		5:15 MBS: Superman
5:30	5:30	6:30 ABC: Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: Wet Blanket
		5:30 MBS: Captain Midnight
5:15	5:45	6:45 ABC: Tennessee Jed
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell
		5:45 CBS: Sparrow and the Hawk
		5:45 MBS: Tom Mix
3:15	5:15	6:15 NBC: Jose Bethancourt, Marimba
		6:15 CBS: Frontiers of Science
		6:30 NBC: Skyline Roof, Gordon Macrae
3:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Chesterfield Supper Club
		7:00 CBS: Mystery of the Week
		7:15 MBS: Jack Smith
		7:15 MBS: Korn Kobblers
4:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: American Melody Hour
		7:30 NBC: Songs by Warde Donovan
9:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: Big Town
8:00	7:00	8:00 ABC: Lum 'n' Abner
8:30	7:00	8:00 NBC: Margaret Whiting, Jerry Gray, Tune Toppers
		8:00 MBS: Nick Carter
		8:15 MBS: Inside Sports
		8:30 ABC: Sammy Kaye
5:30	7:30	8:30 NBC: A Date With Judy
8:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: Wet Blanket
		8:30 MBS: Adventures of the Falcon
5:55	7:30	8:55 CBS: Bill Henry
9:00	8:00	9:00 ABC: Society of Amateur Chefs
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Amos 'n' Andy
		9:00 CBS: Fox Pop
		9:15 MBS: Real Stories
10:45	8:30	9:30 ABC: Doctor Talks It Over
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Fibber McGee & Molly
6:30	8:30	9:30 MBS: American Forum of the Air
		9:30 CBS: Hollywood Players
6:55		9:55 ABC: Harry Wismer
7:15		10:00 ABC: Concert Time
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Bob Hope
		10:00 CBS: Talent Scouts
10:30	10:30	10:30 CBS: Open Hearing
		10:30 MBS: Dance Orchestra
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC: Red Skelton
		11:15 CBS: Frontiers of Science



## DICTION EXPERT

When you hear the perfect diction and liquid smooth voice of Paul Barnes narrating The Esquire Sports Review (Wednesdays, 10:30 P.M., CST, ABC) it is no accident. Paul spent years studying to achieve that perfection of speech and is at the moment head of the radio speech department of the Radio Institute of Chicago, as well as one of the busiest actor-narrators in the Windy City.

Paul's start in radio is perhaps one of the strangest on record. While a sophomore in high school, Paul was making a tour of radio studios. When he walked into station WAAF, a director pushed a script at him. Before he knew what was happening, he found himself standing in front of a mike, reading the part of a 60-year-old German.

In 1939, after being graduated, Paul was ready for a serious radio career. But this time it wasn't so easy. In fact, he found directors inaccessible and auditions hard to get. Being an amateur poet, Paul hit on the novel idea of sending humorous poems to twenty prominent directors, asking for an audition. Not only did he get two replies—also in verse—but fifteen auditions, out of which came his first steady job, playing the part of Jack Felzer in NBC's The Guiding Light.

That part ran until 1941. Just at the time it was over, Paul's family moved to Pittsburgh. Paul had been angling around and wangled an offer of an announcing and newscasting job on Station KQV there, so Paul went along with his family. He was with KQV for two and a half years, until 1943, when he returned to Chicago as a staff announcer on Station WJJD.

Plain announcing proved too dull for Paul, however, and he went after acting jobs, too. Last year you heard him narrating the ABC Coronet Front Page, and playing innumerable characters on shows like NBC's Doctors At Home, WGN's Human Adventure and CBS's The Whistler.

Paul is 27 years old, an even six feet tall and weighs 175 pounds. He has brown hair and hazel eyes. In 1941, he married Emeline Lewis, and is the proud papa of year-old Richard Allen. Incidentally, Mrs. Barnes is a lady with a sense of humor. On Father's Day, she presented Paul, who has one of the smallest and neatest mustaches in town, with a huge pink and gold mustache cup.

One of Paul's many duties at the Radio Institute is teaching classes of ex-GI's voice, diction, foreign pronunciation and mike technique. His schedule is pretty full, but he wouldn't miss these classes for anything. He likes teaching the GI's because they're very anxious to learn. Besides, he thinks they should get all the help that can be given them to get a break in radio, if that's what they want.

Paul's pretty much a natural for his Esquire Sports Review assignment. He is a not-bad-hand at every outdoor sport, his favorite being sailing.

# Wednesday

P. S. T.	C. S. T.	Eastern Standard Time
8:00	9:00	ABC: Breakfast Club
8:00	9:00	NBC: Honeymoon in New York
6:15	2:30	9:15 CBS: This Is New York
		9:15 MBS: Shady Valley Folk
6:45		9:30 NBC: Daytime Classics
8:15	9:30	10:00 CBS: Joe Powers of Oakville
		10:00 NBC: Lone Journey
10:30	9:00	10:00 ABC: My True Story
		10:00 MBS: Once Over Lightly
		10:15 NBC: Lora Lawton
		10:15 MBS: Faith in Our Time
2:00	9:30	10:30 CBS: Evelyn Winters
1:45		10:30 NBC: Road of Life
7:30		10:30 MBS: Bobby Norris
10:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
		10:45 NBC: The Listening Post
7:45		10:45 MBS: Joyce Jordan
		10:45 MBS: Jackie Hill Show
9:30	10:00	11:00 ABC: Tom Breneman's Breakfast
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Fred Waring Show
		11:00 CBS: Arthur Godfrey
		11:15 MBS: Tell Your Neighbor
10:00	10:30	11:30 ABC: Gilbert Martyn
		11:30 NBC: Barry Cameron
		11:30 MBS: Lorenzo Fuller
		11:30 CBS: Time to Remember
		11:45 MBS: Victor H. Lindlahr
8:45	10:45	11:45 CBS: Rosemary
		11:45 ABC: Galen Drake
8:45	10:45	11:45 NBC: David Harum
		11:45 MBS: Victor H. Lindlahr
9:00		12:00 ABC: Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
		12:15 MBS: Morton Downey
		12:15 CBS: Aunt Jenny
9:15	11:15	12:15 MBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: At Your Request
		12:30 MBS: Command Band
		12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
9:45	11:45	12:45 NBC: Magg's Private Wire
9:45	11:45	1:00 MBS: News For Women
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Big Sister
10:00	12:00	1:00 NBC: U. S. Navy Band
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins
		1:15 MBS: Luncheon With Lopez
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
		1:30 MBS: Smile Time
10:45	12:45	1:45 CBS: Road of Life
		1:45 MBS: John J. Anthony
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: The Guiding Light
2:30	1:00	2:00 ABC: John B. Kennedy, News
1:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: The Second Mrs. Burton
		2:15 ABC: Ethel & Albert
		2:15 MBS: Smile Time
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC: Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15 CBS: Perry Mason
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC: Woman in White
3:00	1:30	2:30 ABC: Bride and Groom
		2:30 MBS: Queen for a Day
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: Time to Remember
		2:45 NBC: Masquerade
		3:00 ABC: Cinderella, Inc.
3:30	2:00	3:00 ABC: Life Can Be Beautiful
12:00	2:00	3:00 MBS: Surprise Party
		3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Pepper Young's Family
12:30	2:30	3:30 MBS: Lady Be Beautiful
		3:30 CBS: Winner Take All
12:30		3:30 ABC: Ladies Be Seated
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness
1:00	2:45	4:00 ABC: Jack Berch
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: House Party
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife
1:00	3:00	4:00 MBS: Erskine Johnson in Hollywood
1:35	3:15	4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas
		4:15 MBS: The Johnson Family
		4:15 ABC: Jean Colbert
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones
		4:30 CBS: Meet Me in Manhattan
		4:45 MBS: Mutual Melody Hour
		4:45 ABC: Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC: Young Widder Brown
5:00	4:00	5:00 ABC: Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:00	5:00 MBS: Adventures of the Sea Hound
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life
5:45	4:15	5:15 ABC: Sky Kings
		5:15 MBS: Superman
5:30	4:30	5:30 ABC: Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: Wet Blanket
		5:30 MBS: Captain Midnight
5:15	5:45	6:45 ABC: Tennessee Jed
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell
		5:45 CBS: Sparrow and the Hawk
		5:45 MBS: Tom Mix
3:30	5:15	6:15 CBS: Jose Bethancourt, Country
3:15	5:15	6:15 NBC: Jose Bethancourt
		6:30 CBS: Skyline Roof
4:00	7:00	8:00 ABC: Headline Edition
8:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: Mystery of the Week
8:00	7:00	8:00 NBC: Chesterfield Supper Club
		7:15 MBS: Jack Smith
		7:15 MBS: Korn Kobblers
9:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: Adventures of Ellery Queen
		7:30 ABC: The Lone Ranger
7:00	6:30	7:30 MBS: Battle of the Commentators
		7:30 NBC: Carolyn Gilbert
8:00	7:00	8:00 ABC: Lum 'n' Abner
		8:00 MBS: What's the Name of That Song?
9:00	7:00	8:00 NBC: Mr. and Mrs. North
		8:00 CBS: Jack Carson
		8:15 ABC: Listen to La Guardia
		8:30 MBS: It's Up to Youth
8:30	7:30	8:30 ABC: Fishing and Hunting
8:30	7:30	8:30 NBC: The Great Gildersleeve
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Bill Henry
		9:00 ABC: Court of Missing Heirs
		9:00 CBS: Frank Sinatra
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: It's Up to Youth
		9:15 MBS: Real Stories
6:30	8:30	9:30 ABC: Frankie Carle's Orchestra
		9:30 MBS: Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Mr. District Attorney
		9:30 CBS: Dinah Shore
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Academy Award
		9:00 NBC: Kay Kyser
		9:00 MBS: Bing Crosby
		10:00 MBS: Beatrice Kay
7:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: Information Please
		10:30 MBS: Author Meet Critics
		10:30 ABC: Fantasy in Melody



P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Standard Time
8:00	9:00	ABC: Breakfast Club
8:00	9:00	NBC: Moonbeam in New York
6:15	3:30	9:15 CBS: This Is New York
	9:15	MBS: Shady Valley Folk
6:45	9:30	NBC: Daytime Classics
8:15	10:00	CBS: Joe Powers of Oakville
10:30	9:00	10:00 ABC: My True Story
	10:00	NBC: Lone Journey
	10:00	MBS: Once Over Lightly
	10:15	NBC: Lora Lawton
	10:15	MBS: Faith in Our Time
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC: Road of Life
1:30	2:00	10:30 CBS: Evelyn Winters
	10:30	MBS: Bobby Norris
12:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
11:30	9:45	10:45 ABC: The Listening Post
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8:00	10:30	11:30 ABC: Gilbert Martyn
	11:30	NBC: Barry Cameron
	11:30	MBS: Bill Harrington
	11:30	CBS: Time to Remember
8:45	10:45	11:45 CBS: Rosemary
8:45	10:45	11:45 NBC: David Harum
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	12:00	ABC: Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: Aunt Jenny
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9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
	11:30	ABC: At Your Request
	12:30	MBS: U. S. Navy Band
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
9:45	11:45	12:45 NBC: Maggi's Private Wire
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10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Big Sister
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10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins
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	4:45	NBC: Young Widder Brown
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	8:00	9:00 MBS: Gabriel Heatter
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	9:30	CBS: Crime Photographer
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	9:30	MBS: By Popular Demand
	9:30	NBC: Play with Eve Arden
	10:00	MBS: California Melodies
	10:00	NBC: Abbott and Costello
	10:30	ABC: Ralph Norman's Orchestra
	10:30	NBC: Eddie Cantor
	10:30	MBS: Dance Orchestra
	10:30	CBS: Phone Again Finnegan



SHE'S A DIFFERENT GIRL, NOW

Wars always bring many changes in their wake. This one wrought one change that can be placed fairly low down on the important-to-the-world scale. But it was very important indeed to one young lady. It was the war that made Betty Barclay switch from her plans and studies to become a concert singer, to warbling popular tunes. Betty is the blonde lovely who's vocalizing with Sammy Kaye these days, aired on So You Want To Lead A Band, and on Sunday Serenade. Betty is also the young lady who zoomed to fame with her recording of "I'm A Big Girl Now."

Betty is a Georgia girl, born in Macon, March 12, 1924. Until the war came along, Betty lived a quiet life, going to school at A. L. Miller High School and, after classes, taking singing lessons from a local voice teacher. Then, into this peaceful existence burst Pearl Harbor and, like everyone else, Betty felt the need to do something for the war effort. There was a crying need for entertainment for the GI's training in Southern camps, but Betty was wise enough to know that they weren't likely to swoon in the aisles over any fancy, classical vocalizing. So she switched to popular songs.

Shortly after she began her Army stints, she was called to New Orleans for a fill-in date with Al Donohue and his orchestra. She stayed for three weeks, then headed for Cincinnati, where she checked in for a year as a singing student with Grace Paine, the well-known voice teacher. After her year's study, Betty moved on to Detroit, where she auditioned for Station WWJ and promptly got her first radio job.

But Detroit didn't keep her long. Nine months later, Betty headed for New York. She had been in Manhattan for exactly six weeks when she heard that Sammy Kaye was looking for a new vocalist. She got in touch with Kaye and sang for him—and got the job, at once. She didn't really attract a great deal of attention until she sang "I'm A Big Girl Now," however.

Once that number came along, she was all set. The record sales are phenomenal. Betty also set another kind of record with it. When the Kaye orch played the famous Palladium in Hollywood, she sang the song, of course, and, for the first time in Palladium history a number had to be repeated because of encores demands from the audience.

While the band was on the Coast, Betty got several bids from major studios to appear in musical films, offers that have been tabled for the time being because of radio and recording commitments. But there will probably come a time. . . Also, word came to us through the underground that rumor was rife concerning a heady romance with a popular juvenile movie star, who shall remain nameless, because Betty refuses to discuss it. Probably there will come a time for that, as well!

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8:00	9:00	9:00 ABC: Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Moonbeam in New York
	9:15	CBS: This is New York
	9:15	MBS: Shady Valley Folk
6:45	9:30	NBC: Daytime Classics
8:15	9:10	10:00 CBS: Joe Powers of Oakville
10:30	9:00	10:00 ABC: My True Story
	10:00	NBC: Lone Journey
	10:00	MBS: Once Over Lightly
	10:15	NBC: Lora Lawton
	10:15	MBS: Faith in Our Time
12:00	9:30	10:30 CBS: Evelyn Winters
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	6:00	7:00 NBC: Chesterfield Supper Club
	7:15	CBS: Korn Kobblers
	7:15	MBS: Mr. Keen
	7:30	CBS: Professor Quiz
	6:30	7:30 NBC: Dennis Day
	7:00	8:00 ABC: Lum & Abner
	8:00	CBS: Suspense



# Saturday

P. S. T. C. S. T. Eastern Standard Time

P. S. T.	C. S. T.	Eastern Standard Time
	8:15	CBS: Phil Cook
	8:15	NBC: Richard Leibert, Organist
	8:30	CBS: Missus Goes A-Shopping
	8:30	ABC: Musical Novelty Group
	8:45	CBS: Margaret Arlen
8:15	9:00	ABC: Wake Up and Smile
6:15	8:15	9:15 CBS: The Garden Gate
6:15	9:30	CBS: Carolina Calling
	9:30	NBC: NBC String Trio
	9:45	NBC: A Miss and a Male
9:00	10:00	ABC: Buddy Weed, Trio
11:30	11:30	CBS: Give and Take
	10:00	MBS: Albert Warner
	10:00	NBC: Perculator Party
11:00	10:30	MBS: Rainbow House
	10:30	CBS: Mary Lee Taylor
	10:30	NBC: Adventures of Archie Andrews
	10:30	ABC: Junior Junction
4:30	10:00	11:00 ABC: Harry Kagen's Orchestra
	11:00	NBC: Teentimers Club
8:05	11:05	CBS: Let's Pretend
	11:15	ABC: Tell Me, Doctor
	11:15	MBS: Vacation Symphonies
	11:30	ABC: Johnny Thompson
	11:30	CBS: Give and Take
	11:30	NBC: Home Is What You Make It
	11:45	ABC: Adele Clark, songs
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Theater of Today
	12:00	MBS: Vacation Symphonies
9:15	11:15	12:15 NBC: Consumer Time
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Stars Over Hollywood
10:00	11:30	12:30 ABC: American Farmer
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC: Smiling Ed McConnell
	12:30	MBS: Luncheon With Lopez
10:00	12:00	1:00 NBC: National Farm & Home Hour
	12:00	CBS: Grand Central Station
	12:00	ABC: To Live in Peace
	12:00	MBS: Checkerboard Jamboree
10:30	12:30	1:30 ABC: Hank D'Amico's Orchestra
	12:30	CBS: County Fair
	12:30	NBC: The Veteran's Aid
4:30	1:00	2:00 NBC: Your Host Is Buffalo
	2:00	MBS: Johnny Pineapple
	2:15	CBS: Adventures in Science
	2:30	CBS: Of Men and Books
	2:30	NBC: The Baxters
	2:30	MBS: Palmer House Concert Orchestra
	2:45	NBC: Stories by Olmstead
	3:00	MBS: George Sterney's Orchestra
	3:00	CBS: Assignment Home
	3:00	NBC: Saturday Showcase
	3:30	MBS: George Barry's Orchestra
	3:45	CBS: Cross Section AFL
	4:00	NBC: Doctors at Home
	4:00	MBS: Herb Field's Orchestra
	4:45	MBS: Opportunity U. S. A.
1:00	5:00	CBS: Matinee at Meadowbrook
	5:00	ABC: Saturday Concert
	5:00	MBS: Sports Parade
	5:30	MBS: George Towne's Orchestra
3:15	5:15	6:15 ABC: Jimmy Blair
	6:15	CBS: Columbia Workshop
	6:15	MBS: Lorenzo Fuller
4:15	5:30	6:30 ABC: Harry Wismer, sports
	6:30	MBS: Benny Stony's Orchestra
	6:30	CBS: American Portrait
2:45	5:45	6:45 ABC: Labor, U. S. A.
3:45	5:45	6:45 NBC: Religion in the News
4:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Our Foreign Policy
	7:00	MBS: Hawaii Calls
3:00	7:00	7:00 ABC: It's Your Business
	7:00	CBS: Sweeney and Marsh
	7:15	ABC: Correspondents Abroad
9:30	6:30	7:30 ABC: Green Hornet
	7:30	NBC: Curtain Time, drama
4:30	4:30	7:30 CBS: Tony Martin
	7:45	MBS: Crime Doesn't Pay
8:30	8:00	8:00 MBS: 20 Questions
	8:00	ABC: Dark Venture
	8:00	CBS: Hollywood Star Time
	8:00	NBC: Life of Riley
8:00	8:30	8:30 ABC: Famous Jury Trials
	8:30	MBS: Juvenile Jury
	8:30	NBC: Truth or Consequences
	8:30	CBS: Mayor of the Town
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Ned Calmer
9:00	8:00	9:00 MBS: Leave It to the Girls
	8:00	CBS: Your Hit Parade
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Roy Rogers
9:00	9:00	ABC: Gang Busters
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Can You Top This?
	9:30	MBS: Jonathan Trimble, Esq.
5:30	9:30	ABC: Detect and Collect
6:45	8:45	9:45 CBS: Saturday Night Serenade
7:00	9:00	10:00 MBS: Theater of the Air
	9:00	NBC: Judy Canova
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC: Grand Old Opry
	9:30	10:30 ABC: Hayloft Hoedown

Television's First Lady, Helen Parrish, holds her title by virtue of being the M.C. of television's first regular sponsored show.



## First Lady

**H**ELEN PARRISH, an attractive brunette with a friendly smile, is the First Lady of Television, but she can remember the day when she was always somebody's mean sister—in the films. Helen, who enjoys the unique honor of being the first M.C. on the first regularly scheduled, full-hour, sponsored television show, was once typed as the nasty sister of Deanna Durbin, Ann Sheridan and other screen beauties. Naturally she always lost the hero to her better-natured sisters.

As M.C., Helen is the only regular performer on the Hourglass television show heard Thursday evenings at 8:00 P.M. (EST) on NBC. Each week a different group of entertainers—actors, singers, dancers, comedians and others—present a variety of specialty acts on the program.

The winsome Helen had hardly begun to walk before she was a screen actress, and her experience as a child and teen-age performer gave her the acting background for a future career in television. Her family moved from Columbus, Georgia, to California when she was a baby and she appeared in her first motion picture, "When Babe Comes Home," with Babe Ruth when she was two years old. Three years later she signed a screen contract with Fox Follies. As a child motion picture actress she played in several films, including "Cimarron" and "A Dog of Flanders."

Later Helen played supporting roles in several musical comedies and plays about teen-agers. Under contract to Universal at the time, she was in the same studio with Deanna Durbin and played with her and Nan Grey in "Three Smart Girls Grow Up." Today she laughs about those days.

"I always played somebody's mean sister," she reminisces. "I was Deanna's sister in 'Mad About Music' and 'First Love.' I was Ann Sheridan's sister in 'Winter Carnival' and Joan Crawford's sister in 'They All Kissed the Bride.' But always I was a screen meanie."

A few pictures such as "In Old California," in which she played with John

Wayne, gave Helen a chance to get away from her bad girl roles. But eventually the long stream of musicals and youthful love stories palled, and she came to New York in 1943. Here began the series of events that helped her graduate from mean-sister parts to the distinction of being "The First Lady of Television." In New York appearances on radio and television shows, plus a personal appearance tour, kept her active.

The one-time child actress got another chance to be mistress of ceremonies when she went to Alaska on a USO tour for two months. There she directed an all-GI eight-piece orchestra and put on shows for U. S. servicemen. The next step in her career was the agreement to appear on the Hourglass Show.

Although she calls television "the closest thing to motion pictures," Helen believes that it is a more exacting medium than either radio or screen because, whereas radio actors have scripts to help them and screen stars are permitted retakes if a scene doesn't go perfectly the first time, television actors have no such aids. They must perform perfectly the first time, without scripts.

Helen also thinks that many people believe the makeup used by actors for television shows is thicker and more startling than makeup used by stage and screen personalities.

"Makeup for television is almost exactly the same as that used for the stage," she observes. "One difference is that television actresses cannot use rouge; it photographs black on the screen." From her own experiences, Helen adds that television actresses must wear either print or pastel frocks, as both black and white photograph badly. Prints are best, she says. Another forbidden item is shoulder pads as they photograph large and make the wearer look like a football player. This is because the television screen is convex and magnifies a girl's head and shoulders out of proportion to the rest of her body.



**HER RING**—Five star-bright diamonds set with distinctive beauty in white gold.



## Miss Marjorie Carolin

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**THE NEW "BLUSH-CLEANSING"** Marjorie Carolin uses for her smooth complexion will give your skin  
 —an instant clean-sweet look  
 —an instant softer, silkier feel  
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THIS IS HOW TO "BLUSH-CLEANSER" your face just as Marjorie does.

You rouse your skin by pressing a face cloth drenched in warm water against your face.

You "cream-cleanse" while your skin is receptively moist and warm. Spin your fingers full of snowy Pond's Cold Cream upward in circles, as if drawing engagement rings over your face and throat. Pond's demulcent action gently loosens dirt and make-up as your fingers swirl. Tissue off.

You "cream-rinse" with a second thick Pond's creaming. Spin 25 little Pond's Cold Cream engagement rings up over your face. Tissue off.

You tingle your clean, clean face with a good splash of cold water. Blot dry.

THAT'S ALL! . . . "And my face feels so soft, looks smoother, glowier, right away," Marjorie says.

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# Home for Thanksgiving

(Continued from page 37)



**Want extra comfort,  
Ease of use, too?  
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Made just for you!**

Internal protection in a new extra easy-to-use size, with regular absorbency—that's Meds-Slender! Cheering news, for they offer security, comfort and convenience of a kind you never dreamed possible. Free you from pins, belts and pads; from chafing and embarrassing bulges. Give you a new outlook on life!

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- COTTON for soft comfort
- APPLICATORS for daintiness

## Meds

IN INDIVIDUAL APPLICATORS



something, but she won't say what it is. Maybe I ought to go in for psychiatry!"

"I don't think she's been a widow very long," I suggested, "maybe she's still grieving for her husband."

He shook his head. "It's more than just grief. It's an active exhausting worry about something. And I don't think she's going to get any better until we find out what it is!" He smiled at me tiredly and went back to his office.

Well, we found out what it was, a lot more quickly than we expected to—at least I did. But by then I was sworn to secrecy and it was a long time before Dr. Carvell knew.

It happened about a month after her second visit to the office. She came in one day while Dr. Carvell was out on a call. I told her he'd be out for some time, but that she could wait if she liked. So she settled into a chair in the waiting room and just sat there, looking white and depleted. I glanced at her from time to time, and then noticed with alarm that she was beginning to lose consciousness.

**H**URRIEDLY I got up, went over to her and, grasping her shoulders, gently pushed her head forward and down so that it was on a level with her knees, allowing the blood to circulate more freely to the brain. After a minute or so of this, she recovered enough so that I could get her up and lead her to an ante-room where there was a cot. I had her lie down on the cot and brought her a glass of water with a little spirits of ammonia mixed in it. She drank it docilely and then lay back and let me cover her with a light blanket, watching every move I made. I sat down beside the cot, and told her to relax, and rest for a few minutes until Dr. Carvell came.

Her eyes were still fixed on my face, and her mouth worked as though she were trying to say something. Finally the words came out—jerkily at first, and then faster.

"Mrs. Wayne," she began, "I've got to talk to you."

"Certainly, if you like," I told her, "but it would be better if you'd just lie quietly until the doctor gets here."

"I know," she said, "but I can't wait any longer . . . I've got to tell someone . . . and you've been so kind and gentle. I'll feel better if you'll let me talk to you."

"Why, of course, Mrs. Tyler. What is it?"

She looked away from me for a moment. "In the first place," she said slowly, "my name isn't Mrs. Tyler—it's Mrs. Mallory."

I tried not to show my astonishment, and merely nodded my head as though there were nothing at all unusual about that.

"My husband—Timothy,—my husband . . . He's not dead. He's in the State Penitentiary." She covered her face with her hands, but soon took them away and went on as though it were a matter of life or death to say the words. "He's been there for two years. They sentenced him to ten."

She looked directly at me again. "Ten years, Mrs. Wayne—in the State Penitentiary."

I didn't know what to say. What words can you use? So I reached for

her hand and just held it tightly. And she went on, her hand clinging to mine. "They said he took money that didn't belong to him. They said he'd been doing it for years. They said they had proof. But he didn't do it. I know he didn't. Timothy could never do a dishonest thing. He was the best man who ever lived. But they had proof. And they sent him to the Penitentiary—for ten years."

She began to sob, then, and the big tortured tears rushed down her cheeks. Still holding my hand, her head straining from one side of the pillow to the other, she gave herself up to her grief and worry. And I let her cry, knowing that sometimes women's tears can be the greatest healer of all. Furthermore, this was probably the first time she had really allowed herself to break down. It would do her good, I thought, as I waited for the storm to pass.

It did pass, eventually, and I gently withdrew my hand from hers and got her another glass of water. She smiled exhaustedly and said in a low voice, "I'm sorry, Mrs. Wayne. But thank you so much."

"I'm glad you told me," I said, sitting down next to her again. "Probably it was not telling anybody that was making you so ill. I think you'll feel better from now on."

"I think so, too," she said eagerly, and a touch of color seemed to come back to her cheeks. "What I really needed was a friend, and I feel somehow that you're my friend. Oh, Mrs. Wayne, I hope I'm not being presumptuous! I know I should bear my own burdens and not trouble others with them, but it just didn't seem as though I could go on any longer!"

"You did the right thing," I told her gently, "and now, as a friend, why don't you tell me what your plans are? Maybe I can help you work them out."

"I DON'T have many," she said slowly. "I'll wait for Timothy—forever, if necessary. And I have a job, so I can support the children. The children . . . that's the hardest part, Mrs. Wayne. What can I tell them about Timothy? It's all right now. Nobody knows who we are here, and the children are too young to understand anyway. But some day, somehow, they're going to find out. And what will they think then? How will they be able to hold their heads up—with their father a convicted criminal in the Penitentiary?" Her hands went to her face again in a fumbling hopeless gesture.

I didn't quite know myself what would happen when they found out, but I had to say something—and quickly—before the dark despair that had momentarily lifted from her swept over the tired little woman again.

"Look, Mrs. Tyler," I said firmly, and I saw a quick gleam of thankfulness light up her eyes at my use of her assumed name, "you are quite sure your husband is innocent, aren't you?"

She nodded, watching me intently. "Well, if he's innocent, there's nothing to be ashamed of, is there? And even if his innocence is never proved to the rest of the world, at least you are sure of it—and the children will be, too, when it's time for them to know. I think you're worrying about something that is likely (Cont. on page 58)



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(Cont. from page 56) never to happen. I think your children will always be able to hold their heads as high as anyone else."

She bit her lip and then her face slowly relaxed and a faint peaceful smile turned up the corners of her mouth. "Do you really think it will be all right for them, then?" she asked.

"You'll have to believe it," I told her. "Otherwise you're not going to have a moment's peace for the rest of your life. And now, about the rest of your plans. You don't want anyone else to know about this, do you? At least not while the children are growing up?"

"That's right," she said, "I don't want people pitying me or looking down on me or gossiping about me. That's why I changed my name. For the children's sake—not mine. I don't care much about what happens to me any more."

"You've got to care," I said, "for everybody's sake. And because of that, you're going to have to change a little bit. You've been keeping to yourself too much. In a small town you can't do that if you don't want people to wonder about you. You're going to have to go out more—meet people—make friends—live a more normal life."

I WENT on in that same vein for a while longer and gradually she began to agree that I was right. By the time Dr. Carvell arrived, the color had come back to her face and there was a look of purposefulness about her eyes. I explained to him that she had felt a little faint, so I had had her lie down while she was waiting for him. He patted my shoulder and said I was a good girl. Dear Dr. Carvell! I don't think he'll ever get used to the idea that I'm really a grown woman!

But after I was back at my desk in the outer office and Mrs. Tyler had gone home, he came out and looked at me queerly. "She seems much better today," he said with a puzzled frown, "in spite of the fainting spell. What did you two talk about anyway?"

I smiled. "Just woman talk," I said lightly.

He shook his head slowly. "Women!" he said with some exasperation, and went back into his own office.

That night at dinner I asked Neddie if he remembered ever hearing anything about a Timothy Mallory case about two years ago in New York. He looked a little startled, and said yes. It had been in all the New York papers. Embezzlement, he said. One of those cases that had dragged on for weeks, with Mallory finally being convicted on the reluctant evidence of his partner. But why was I interested? I said, in as offhand a manner as I could manage, that somebody had spoken about it at the office and I'd been interested. Neddie said if I were still interested, I could probably find all the facts in the New York Times of two years ago in the library.

The next day at noon hour, I did go over to the library, and looked up the old files of the Times. And there it was—the whole case—edition after edition. I read as much as I could that day and then went back for the next three days until I'd gone through the whole thing—from beginning to end—from the first accusation to the final sentence. There were pictures of Timothy Mallory, Timothy's partner—Roy Darby, the Prosecuting Attorney, the Lawyer for the Defense, and even a rather blurred one of Mary Mallory—or Mary Tyler, (Cont. on page 60)



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★ There's beauty magic in the daily use of a Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush and Comb—magic that leaves your hair softer, more alluring. Jewelite Brushes by Pro-phy-lac-tic are the supreme creation of America's finest brush craftsmen, makers of the famous Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. Your Jewelite Brush has bristles of long, resilient Prolon to help stimulate your scalp and bring out every shining highlight of your hair. It's the *aristocrat* of plastics! And to give your hair that final "just right" touch, use a Pro-phy-lac-tic Plastic Comb, available in many graceful styles and sparkling colors, scientifically designed for perfect combing. For the sake of your hair, remember... Pro-phy-lac-tic. No other name means so much in a brush or a comb.



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CRAMPS • MENSTRUAL HEADACHE • "BLUES"

(Cont. from page 58) as I insisted on calling her, even in my own mind.

The whole thing seemed fairly cut and dried—the only odd thing being the way in which Roy Darby had given the final evidence. He had kept it for so long that even the Prosecuting Attorney questioned him closely when he finally gave it. Perhaps that was understandable—the two men had been partners for a long time and he'd naturally be reluctant to pin the final damning facts on Mallory. But he'd done it, and Mallory had created a tremendous scene in court, screaming that it was a lie and that Darby was scheming against him to get the firm for himself. They had had to take Mallory out of the room, and when he finally returned, it was to hear his own sentence being pronounced.

POOR Mary Tyler, I thought, there wasn't much in the facts to make her so sure of her husband's innocence. There they were for anyone to read—and they painted Timothy Mallory in the blackest colors. Still, he was her husband and she loved him and believed in him. You had to admire her faith and constancy. And I knew that I was on her side. Crime or no crime, penitentiary or no penitentiary, guilty husband or not, she was a brave woman fighting against the whole world for her husband and her children, and the least I could do was stand by her side in friendship.

I got a little angry as I thought about it. Why does it happen so often that the guiltless are dragged down with the guilty? Why must punishment be visited on the innocent? Why should Mary Tyler and her two babies suffer for what her husband did or did not do? I confess that as I left the library that day, my eyes were probably shooting sparks of righteous indignation and my shoulders were stiff with wrath as I vowed that I'd make Glen Falls accept Mary Tyler if I never did another thing. I'm sure that I stared angrily at several people on the street who were no more guilty of evil deeds or wicked thoughts than Mary Tyler herself!

But I needn't have gotten so upset about it. Mary had taken my advice to heart and had been busy making friends and getting into our small-town swing of things. I began to see her chatting with people on the street, going to church sedately on Sundays, taking the children to the playground on Saturday afternoons. Soon she was teaching a group of children in the Sunday School and attending Red Cross meetings and Parent-Teacher get-togethers. When we met, we never mentioned Timothy or the incident in the office that day, but her gratitude was there in her eyes for me to see. And often, on my way home from the office, I would stop in at her little cottage for a cup of tea before going on to my own rather empty house.

She soon stopped having to see Dr. Carvell. He often spoke of her remarkable recovery and looked at me keenly as though he were trying to discover if I might know anything about it, but I blandly minded my own business. Mary was getting along all right, and that was enough for me. Except for a few times when the old hopelessness seemed to come back. This usually happened after she had made the trip to the Penitentiary to visit Timothy.

"I'm afraid of what's happening to him," she told me once after such a

visit, "he's getting so bitter and cynical. He doesn't trust anyone any more. He thinks the whole world is against him. Sometimes I think he even suspects me!"

I comforted her as much as I could and tried to explain that it was inevitable that he should have such moments of bitterness and despair. And Mary would straighten her shoulders and stop talking about it. But it happened every time she saw him, and it seemed to me that it was getting worse rather than better.

I don't know how long she'd have been able to keep it up, if what finally happened hadn't happened. Maybe she could have gone on all through her life fighting her brave fight. Maybe not. I'm glad she didn't have to be put to that test. She'd been tested enough already.

Of course, the night I heard the news report on the radio, I wasn't thinking about any of those things. I was thinking about the war, and when it would be over and John could come home again. I was thinking about Hope Melton, with whom Neddie was spending most of his time these days, and wondering how serious it was. I was thinking that it would soon be Thanksgiving again, and that it wouldn't be much of a holiday this year. Neddie was listening to the radio with me, and it was at his excited comment that I put away my thoughts and really began to listen, too.

"Roy Darby!" he said. "He's mixed up in another criminal case. He's the partner of that Timothy Mallory you asked me about a couple of months ago." And he turned up the volume on the radio so we could hear more clearly.

The news announcer was saying that it was one of the most sensational cases of the year. Roy Darby, a well-to-do business man, was accused of six or seven different crimes—ranging from embezzlement and fraud to forgery and income tax evasion. He would be remembered, the announcer went on, as having had a large part in the Mallory case two years back. Evidently Darby's financial manipulations had been going on for years, and had all come to light at once. It was almost certain that he'd be convicted of most of them and the sentences, added together, said the announcer with almost macabre glee, would probably amount to well over ninety years. In the light of this new development, the Mallory case itself would no doubt be reviewed.

NEDDIE was excited. "What do you know about that?" he exclaimed. "I'll bet he had plenty to do with the Mallory case, too, more than ever came out. I remember thinking so at the time."

The announcer's last words had stirred me, too. "Do you suppose he might have been the one who took that money? Instead of Timothy Mallory?"

"I wouldn't doubt it a bit," said Neddie with all the assurance of youth. "And poor Mallory—rotting away in the Pen for the last two years! But Darby'll probably never admit it. Not that it'd make much difference one way or another. With the sentence he'll get, one more conviction wouldn't mean a thing to him! He'll never get out of prison, once he gets in."

Then, with a fine clarity of insight, I knew what I had to do. It might not work, but for Mary Tyler's sake I had to try.

"Neddie," I said abruptly, "can you drive me down to New York to-



morrow?" My voice was urgent.

His eyes blinked. "Well, for gosh sakes, Ruth, what for?"

"I can't tell you that right now," I said, "but it's about the Mallory case. I've got to talk to Roy Darby. Really, Neddie, I can't explain more than that right now," I hastened to go on, as I saw the growing incredulity and concern on his face, "I've promised not to. But I've got to see this Darby somehow. And right away."

"Ruth," he began, and there was almost a look of terror in his face, "you're not mixed up in this, are you? You can't be . . ."

"No, Neddie," I assured him, "it's just that I know someone who is. And maybe—just maybe, I can help right a pretty terrible wrong that's been done. Will you drive me to New York?"

"Why of course I will. But I still don't see. . ."

"Don't try to see, Neddie. Just be patient. I'll tell you as soon as I can."

SO THE next morning I phoned the office and told Dr. Carvell I had to be away for the day, and within an hour Neddie and I were on our way to New York. The miles ticked off steadily and smoothly, but it seemed as though we would never get there. And yet when I considered what I was about to do, I almost hoped we never *would* get there. Cold fear seemed to lie around my heart in layers, and I remember thinking that this is the way it used to be in grade school when I had to get up to recite a poem. I used to say to myself then, and I found myself repeating it now: "You've got to do it—you've got to do it—and then it'll be all over. But before it's over, you've got to do it—you've got to do it."

We chased all over New York before I finally obtained permission to see Roy Darby, but at last a policeman was showing me into a waiting room and, almost before I'd figured out what I'd say to him, Roy Darby was led in. The policeman said I could stay for fifteen minutes, and went out, closing the door.

I sat there for a moment and just looked at the man who was facing me. Darby was a middle-aged man, powerfully built, with a look of great intelligence about his eyes, which was almost nullified by a looseness at the corners of his mouth. I'm not good at sizing up people's characters just by the looks of their faces, but it seemed to me that here was a once good man who had been completely destroyed by his greedy desires and selfish life.

He stared right back at me, with a kind of irritated tiredness. "I don't believe I know you, Mrs. Wayne," he said finally.

"I know you don't," I told him, still trying to find a way to begin. "But Mary Mallory is a friend of mine."

"Oh, yes," he said, leaning back in his chair, his eyes taking on a far-away expression, "Mary Mallory."

"Mr. Darby," I began, a kind of desperate urgency forcing the words out, "Mary Mallory is living in my hometown, clerking in a book-store, bringing up the children as decently as she can, suffering under the knowledge that her husband is spending the best years of his life in the Penitentiary."

He didn't say anything, his eyes still fixed on that far-off point.

"Timothy Mallory," I went on, "is gradually losing his hold on reality. He is forgetting that he was ever a man with a man's responsibilities and a man's rights. The Penitentiary is doing something to him that neither Mary, his

'Anything worth doing...'



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children, nor society will ever be able to remedy. If he has to finish out his term there, he is doomed. And so are his wife and children."

Darby shrugged. "So?" he asked, and it was less a question than a statement of unalterable and accepted fact.

"Mr. Darby," I tried to keep my voice low and my mind on the simple facts, "you are on trial for a number of crimes—so many that if you are convicted of only half of them, your life in the outside world is finished. And, according to people who should know, there seems to be no question but that you will be convicted."

A shudder seemed to pass over his body. Slowly his eyes came back from nowhere and turned to me. "Just what are you getting at, Mrs. Wayne?"

"I think you also committed the crime for which Timothy Mallory was sent to the Penitentiary."

"You have an active mind, Mrs. Wayne. And—supposing I had committed that crime . . .?"

"YOU hold the fate of four people in your hands, Mr. Darby. A man who was once your partner and closest friend, his wife who has never harmed you in any way, and two little children who aren't even aware of the terrible thing that hovers over them."

He waited for me to go on.

"If you were to confess that first crime—the one for which Timothy Mallory has already served two years—you could save those four people. Mr. Darby."

"And just why should I do such a thing?"

"Because it wouldn't make any difference to you—at least as far as your case is concerned. You'll be convicted anyway. But it may make a difference later on, when you think back on your life and try to add up the good things and the bad things. I should think it would make a great difference. Besides, it's true, isn't it? You did do it, didn't you?"

His eyebrows twitched slightly. "You'd make quite a Prosecuting Attorney, Mrs. Wayne."

"I'm not interested in getting a confession from you," I told him slowly. "I'd like to see justice done, of course, but I'm really concerned about a tired haunted little woman and two innocent children. I don't care about your debt to society—you're going to have to pay that anyway. But I think that in your heart you know that you also have a debt to decency and kindness. I can't believe that you or anyone else is all bad, Mr. Darby. And I'm hoping that you, too, will realize that simple fact before it's too late."

I stopped talking then, and just waited. I'd said as much as I could. It was up to him now. He sat there for a moment without moving or speaking. Then the corners of his mouth seemed to grow firm, losing their customary slackness, and his fine eyes looked straight into mine.

"I'm no Galahad, Mrs. Wayne," he said. "and it's not difficult for me to shrug off appeals to my so-called finer sensibilities. But you seem to be an intelligent woman, and you've hit on the one fact that appeals to me in this whole situation—that is, the fact that they've really got the goods on me this time. I agree with you there's not much doubt that I'll be convicted, and I don't think you're far wrong about the extent of my sentence. I'd like to say yes to what you're asking of me without further discussion. But I find that I must make



one proviso. If, at the trial next week, I am really convicted of enough crimes to make it worth while, then—and not until then—I'll confess the Mallory thing. Will that suit you?"

I could feel relief sweeping over me in great floods. My hands shook, and I kept them in my lap to conceal their agitation. But I managed to keep my voice under control as I said, "Thank you, Mr. Darby. That will be perfect."

He smiled ruefully. "You don't seem to have much doubt of the outcome. Well, perhaps there isn't much. One more thing, Mrs. Wayne, maybe you don't care one way or the other—but I *did* do the job for which Mallory was convicted. As a matter of fact, I think I would have confessed it sooner or later anyway."

I stood up then, and was surprised that I could still stand. I offered him my hand and thanked him again. "I don't think you'll ever regret it, Mr. Darby," I said, and my voice sounded tight and strained to my own ears.

"I hope not," he replied with the same wry smile, "and if you could find time to wish me good luck, it would help."

"That's what I wish for everybody in the whole world," I said, and turned blindly and made for the door, hoping to reach it before my knees gave way. As I opened it and went out, I heard him say softly, "Goodbye, Mrs. Wayne," and my last glimpse of him revealed a rather blurred picture of a tall middle-aged man with a smile on his lips—a man who had sinned and been found out and who was now ready to take his punishment as casually as he had always before been ready to take other people's money. It was with a curious mixture of emotions that I left the building, found Neddie and the car, and started back to Glen Falls.

Neddie was full of questions, but I put him off as best I could and for the whole of that long trip home, I sat quietly turning over in my mind all the thoughts and emotions and hopes and fears that had occupied me that day. It had to work out now, I told myself, it simply had to!

ALL during the next week, my ear was glued to the New York news broadcasts. Finally the day came which was to answer all our questions. Just before the news broadcast that night, I slipped out of the house and went over to Mary's cottage. She had put the children to bed, and we sat talking over a cup of tea until I saw by my watch that it was time. I put down the cup and turned on her little radio.

"Mary," I said, and went over to the couch where she was sitting, and took her hand, "this may be a shock to you, but hang on tight and listen. I think your troubles are just about over."

She looked at me in wonder, but turned and listened obediently to the radio. All the other news came first—the war, the Washington news, national events. And then the announcer started to talk about the Darby trial. Mary's hand tightened on mine as she began to realize what it was all about. Darby had been convicted, the announcer said, on five counts. And then a small sensation had occurred in the courtroom when the accused had asked permission to confess to one more crime—the one for which Timothy Mallory had been convicted two years ago. It had been on his mind for a long time, Darby was quoted as saying, and he was glad to get it off his chest. The courtroom had burst into an uproar and the Judge had had to call for order, but it looked as



## *A Forget-Everything Kiss*

Sweet, heart-thumping . . . the touch of his lips when your skin is smooth and soft.

Don't let dry, rough skin turn him away . . .

New I-Cream Beauty Treatment . . . with good-and-luscious Jergens Face Cream . . . coaxes dry skin to feel dreamy-smooth!

### TRY Jergens I-Cream Beauty Treatment



Helps smooth away tiny dry-skin lines

Every day cleanse-smooth your skin with Jergens Face Cream. *All-purpose* . . . no other cream needed. Does the work of 4 creams in one. Use Jergens Face Cream regularly for—

1. **CLEANSING:** Floats out grime, make-up
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3. **POWDER BASE:** For smooth powder-cling
4. **NIGHT CREAM:** Discourages tiny dry-skin lines

Famous skin scientists make Jergens Face Cream—the same who make Jergens Lotion. A beauty-giving treat for dry, neglected skin. 10¢ to \$1.25 (plus tax). Give Jergens I-Cream Treatment a quick 10-day trial—see the kiss-thrilling difference in *your* skin!



## JERGENS FACE CREAM

All-Purpose . . . for All Skin Types





## Me—I was a jailbird at my own sink!



If I had the wings of an angel—but who could be an angel with pots and pans piled high after every blessed meal? Not me—not until S.O.S. came to the rescue! Really, there's no other just like it . . .



. . . in one easy operation: dip, rub, rinse—S.O.S. turns scorchers, grease and dullness into shines. It's sturdy for tough jobs, gentle to precious aluminum. And S.O.S. is *complete*—the only cleanser you need! Try it—you'll like it!

The S. O. S. Company,  
Chicago, Illinois, U. S. A.  
S. O. S. Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd.,  
Toronto, Ont.



though Timothy Mallory would be home for Thanksgiving!

Mary gasped and then moaned. I felt her hand slip out of mine and as I looked at her, she slumped down on the couch in a dead faint. Once again I had to perform my first aid routine, and when she finally came back to herself, we just sat and looked at each other for a long time, smiling wordlessly, happily, gratefully. It wasn't until later that the practical aspects of the situation began to occur to her.

"Ruth," she began, and little worry lines gathered in her forehead, "I've just been thinking—where would be the best place for us to go? Do you think out west? Where nobody would know about Timothy? He's going to have to start his life all over again—no job, no money, no prospects. We can't stay here."

"Why not?" I asked.

"WELL you know—everybody would know about—about Timothy. We're near New York. They're bound to find out. And even though the whole thing's been a mistake, people will ask questions and pry, and maybe they'll be unkind. I don't think he could stand it, after all he's been through. He's got to learn to forget about the last two years. I'm afraid they won't let him."

I knew then that my job wasn't finished. I'd taken on Mary's problems and I had to keep on with them until they were completely solved. When you've accepted a responsibility, you can't step out of it in the middle.

"Look, Mary," I said soothingly, "you've done enough thinking and feeling and worrying for tonight. Fix yourself a glass of warm milk and go to bed and get some sleep. Tomorrow you'll be in better shape to figure things out. I have to get back home now. We'll talk about all this in the morning."

"I guess you're right," she said, and walked to the door with me. "I'll never forget how good and kind you've been, Ruth. I don't know what I'd have done if it hadn't been for you."

I smiled and kissed her cheek and told her to sleep tight, and hurried home. Neddie was waiting for me. "Ruth!" he exclaimed. "did you hear the news report on Darby's trial—he confessed. . . ." then he broke off, only to begin again more slowly, "Ruth—was that what you talked to Darby about?"

I nodded, and grinned at him. "Mary Tyler is Mrs. Mallory. But it worked out all right, didn't it?"

He shook his head and stared at me, "You're amazing." And as I went up the stairs he called, "What I don't understand is how you managed to be so quiet about it. I thought women weren't supposed to be able to keep secrets!"

But I didn't answer. I was too busy getting undressed and climbing into bed. It had been a tiring week!

The next morning I went over to the newspaper office. I found our nice old editor sitting in his big swivel chair in front of the window that overlooked Main Street. Hardly waiting to say good morning, I told him the whole story about Mary Tyler-Mallory and that her husband would be coming home soon, and how could we best help them to get their new life started without public heart-aches and unnecessary worry? He was wonderful. He listened carefully, and then leaned back and told me to leave everything to him.

"Don't you worry about the people in this town, Ruth," he assured me, "once they know all the facts, they'll be the best friends the Mallorys ever



had—except maybe you. Just let me handle it in my own way.”

I agreed gratefully and left his office. And when the paper came out, I saw that he'd been as good as his word. I've never read a more touching story than the one that was headlined in our paper that day. For the first time, the people of Glen Falls found out who the quiet little Mrs. Tyler who had been working and living among them all summer really was. And they responded just as the editor had said they would. Mary told me later that she had never realized how nice people could be. She received more phone calls, telegrams, notes and personal calls than she knew how to handle. People from all over town—even those she'd never spoken to before—wanted to wish her luck and happiness. Maybe it was curiosity—maybe it was a feeling of being part of a spectacular news story that made them respond so whole-heartedly. But I like to think that it was mostly their own innate goodness—that goodness that sometimes needs a focal point before it can be expressed.

Anyway, the whole town rallied to the Mallorys, and Mary's crowning joy came when the biggest contractor in Glen Falls offered a job for Timothy whenever he felt like taking it.

Timothy arrived, as the news announcer had predicted, in time for Thanksgiving. The first glimpse I had of him was the taut frightened look on his face as he stepped off the train into the bedlam of the reception committee that was there to meet him. It must have seemed like a threatening mob to him at first. But he soon began to understand something of what was happening, and little by little the strain left his face and his eyes began to glisten. Later, as we all piled into the car to drive the Mallorys up to my house—my good friend Reed Bannister was driving for us—Timothy still couldn't say very much, but the look on his face as he clung to Mary and kept touching the children's cheeks with a tentative finger was eloquence enough.

It wasn't a very big or elaborate Thanksgiving dinner. Neddie was there, with Hope, and Dr. Carvell had come over to join us. Just the four of us and the Mallorys. But we had turkey and cranberry sauce, and candied sweet potatoes, and pumpkin pie and all the trimmings. Neddie and Hope helped me get things on the table, and when we sat down and beamed at each other across the gleaming cloth, I knew that this was one Thanksgiving I'd never forget as long as I lived.

I don't think the Mallorys will ever forget it, either!



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REALLY SURE  
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DEODORANT?  
TEST IT UNDER  
THIS ARM.

PUT FRESH  
THE NEW CREAM  
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SEE WHICH STOPS  
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Make the famous Fresh test. See why more women are switching to Fresh than to any other deodorant.

Fresh stops perspiration worries completely. Fresh contains the most effective perspiration-stopping ingredient known to science.

Fresh stays smooth...never sticky or gritty...doesn't dry out in the jar.



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See Motion Pictures'  
Newest Sensation

### THE CRIME NEWSREEL

With Lewis J. Valentine  
Formerly N. Y. Police Commissioner

Produced in cooperation with  
True Detective Magazine

A new edition at your  
local theatre every four weeks





## Thinning hair? ....BE CAREFUL!

REPEATED USE of your shampoo may be dangerous if it should contain a harsh cleansing ingredient. That's why dermatologists warn women to use only the purest shampoos in order to avoid serious scalp irritation.

When informed persons think of safe, dependable shampoos they think of Packer's. For the past 75 years, it has stood as a symbol of effective cleansing accomplished with gentle, safe ingredients.

So remember, using Packer's means safe hair care. Whether you use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo or Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo, you'll be rewarded with rich, creamy lather, lustrous hair, a healthily clean scalp.

Packer's products are on sale at all drug, department and ten-cent stores.



## Introducing ELSA MIRANDA



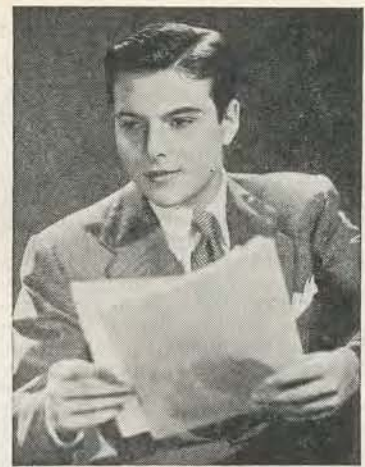
A FEW short years ago, Elsa Miranda, popular CBS Latin song stylist, was working as a Spanish-English stenographer in a New York advertising agency. There was one of those holiday parties given in the office and along with a lot of other amateurs, Elsa was asked to sing something, preferably some of her native (Puerto Rican) airs. The radio artists' manager, Louis Nurko, was at the party and he was so impressed by Elsa's charming, accented chanting that he spent the next two weeks, solid, trying to talk her into a career in show business.

Elsa got worn down, finally, and consented to try auditioning for radio. With her accent, her particular style, her flashing dark eyes, gleaming white teeth and creamy complexion, she was a natural to interpret South American melodies for short wave broadcasts. She clicked and soon she was appearing coast to coast on CBS's Viva America, on the Xavier Cugat show and on the daily Sing Along program.

Elsa Miranda was born in Ponce, Puerto Rico, twenty-four years ago. That fact, and the fact that she's made a couple of visits to her home, since she left it as a child to come to the United States, gives her some legitimate claim to being tagged Latin American. Actually, she grew up here and was educated mostly in New York City. Even her Spanish was acquired in a high school language course.

Contrary to her lush, Latin looks, popular American ballads are Elsa's favorite singing fare. Of course, most of the requests aimed her way are for special Spanish numbers.

She loves to dance and she plays tennis, which is her only active sport. She likes the movies for quiet relaxation. Expected to be temperamental and foreign, Elsa prefers to be—and is—rather typically an American girl. It so happens that she sings Latin numbers with a particular rhythm and color that only real Latins can give them, but that's a natural part of her background. For the rest, she is what she grew up to be here in the United States—a thoroughly American girl.



## Introducing DON BUKA

DONALD BUKA is one of the busiest young juveniles in radio, on an impressive array of major dramatic airers. Donald's voice is known to thousands of youngsters as that of Barney Mallory, the Sparrow—of The Sparrow and the Hawk (CBS, 5:45-6:00 P.M., Monday through Friday). And radio audiences have heard him playing romantic leads, tough guys, old men, young boys, and virtually every kind of character known to radio, on such top shows as Grand Central Station, The Theatre Guild of the Air, Cavalcade of America, Let's Pretend, Exploring The Unknown, Radio Readers' Digest and a host of others.

Young Donald got his first dramatic training eight years ago, when he was studying at the famous drama department of the Carnegie Institute of Technology. The Lunts were in Pittsburgh, while on tour with "Idiot's Delight," and when word got around about this promising young player, they sent for him. Donald was given an audition then and there, on the bare stage of the Nixon Theater with only a flickering work-light above. The Lunts were delighted with his audition and offered him a job with their company, which was then on a long tour. And Carnegie lost a student.

Carnegie's loss was the theater's gain—and radio's, too. Donald toured with the Lunts an entire season, appearing in productions of "Amphitryon 38," "The Sea Gull" and "The Taming of the Shrew." Soon after leaving the Lunts' company, he went on the road with Helen Hayes and Maurice Evans in "Twelfth Night."

And so it went. In rapid succession, Buka played the leading part of Morgan Evans in "The Corn is Green," opposite Ethel Barrymore; played the son of Bette Davis and Paul Lukas in the movie version of "Watch on the Rhine"; was featured in the Broadway drama, "Bright Boy"; sang himself to new glory as Orestes, in the New Opera Company's edition of "Helen Goes to Troy"; was featured in "Sophie," the Katina Paxinou starrer and was himself starred in the Dan Totheroh drama, "Live Life Again."





North Star "Regal" Pairs in Gold adorn each bed . . . \$45 a pair at fine stores everywhere.

*Setting and accessories  
by B. Altman & Co.*

**Good things come in pairs . . .** books, beds, companions—and North Star Pair Blankets. And make it a pair for each bed if you please! Because two of those soft lovelies (plus North Star's sheer, light Nocturne) make a Blanket Wardrobe from which you dress your bed to match the weather—something no *one* blanket can possibly do. All North Stars are live, resilient virgin wool to the last fluff . . . to give you warmth-without-weight, washability, years of wear-like-new.

**Free! "Decorate your Dream Room."** Decorating is fun when you follow the friendly advice in this practical little book—quick tricks to make any bedroom gayer, brighter, livable, lovable. Write to North Star Woolen Mill Company, 224E South Second Street, Minneapolis 1, Minn.



100% VIRGIN WOOL . . . \$14.95 TO \$145.



## Come and Visit Ozzie and Harriet

(Continued from page 25)

introduce with his band. Harriet said she couldn't sing too well. He told her she wouldn't have to. They tried out the duet idea and audiences liked it. So for a year and a half they worked together—and played together. "By the time we finished with the band it was so late neither of us could find anyone else to go out with," says Harriet. "Then came the time when we didn't want anyone else..."

They were afraid to marry. They had responsibilities, mothers and a younger brother who were dependent upon them. And they might seem less young and romantic if they were known to be Mr. and Mrs. In the end, however, their ardor plus a bank-account healthy enough to tide them all over any bad time that might come along, triumphed.

"You don't really think, do you," Ginger asked Harriet that day, "that you can escape Hollywood?"

"I have to," Harriet said desperately. "Ozzie and I risked everything to get married and I won't have us separated this way! As soon as this picture's finished I'm going back to him and—and I'm going to have a baby!"

"Good girl!" said Ginger admiringly.

**C**ONSTANTLY during the months that followed, movie scouts trailed Harriet. But one way or another she avoided them. She didn't want to be tempted. At last when a movie scout called her in Albany where she and Ozzie were appearing, she took the call. "I can't possibly make a picture," she told him happily. "You see, in three months I'm going to have a baby!"

The baby was David. For several years he trouped with them. "He became a little difficult after a while," Harriet says, "because of the fuss people in small towns made over him. However, Ozzie explained to him one day it was his parents who made him important and suggested he wait until his importance was self-produced before going fancy-pants. He caught on.

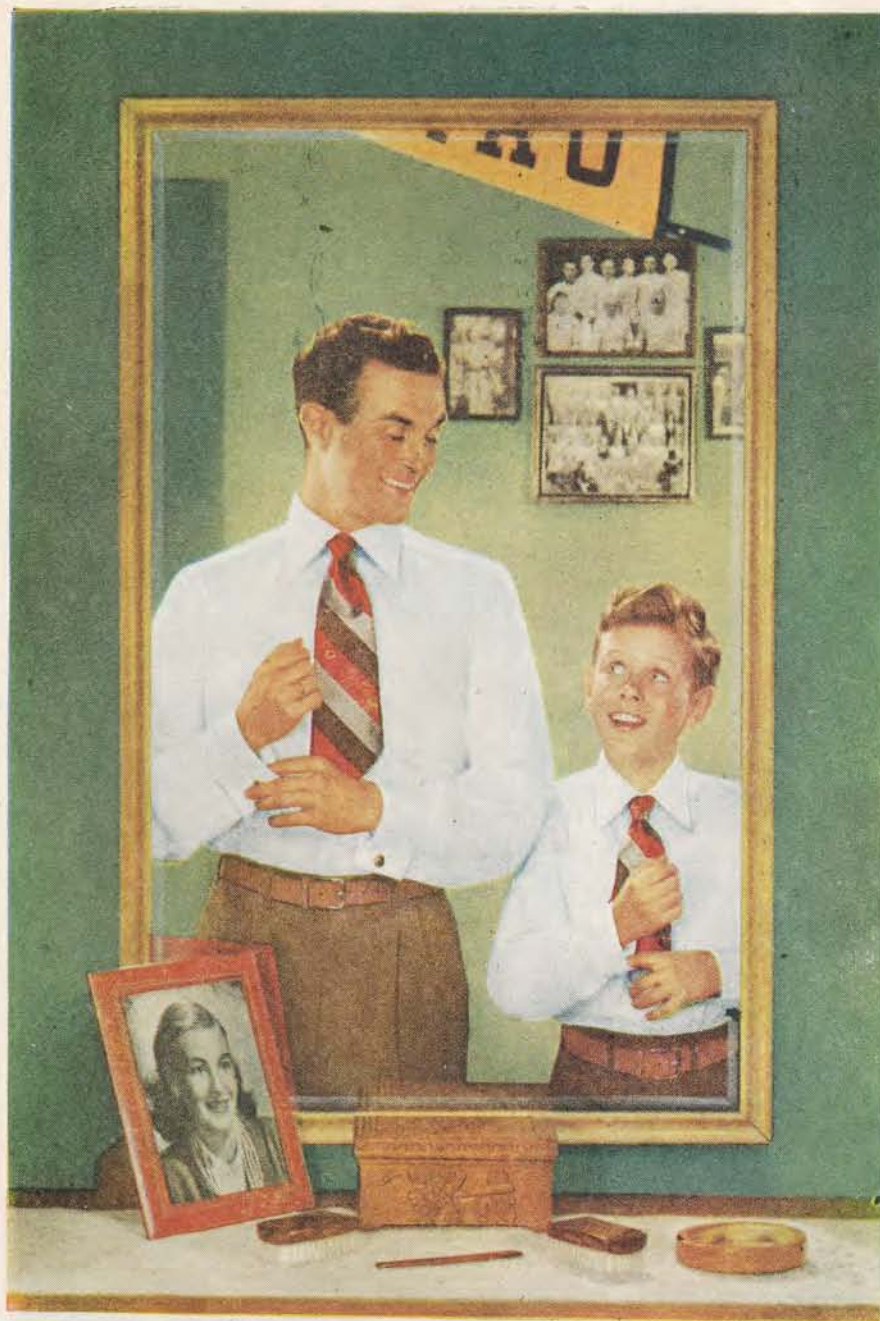
"It always surprises me," she added, "how quickly children respond to reason—if you're direct and honest with them. I began using reason with both David and Rickey at an early age—and I've never spanked either of them since."

The bar at the Nelson house has French doors which open on a back flagged terrace sheltered by the wings of the library on one side and the kitchen on the other. It's furnished with white iron furniture upholstered in bright sailcloth and overlooks the lawn and the swimming pool, recently installed.

"We used no critical materials," exclaim all the Nelsons in one breath, showing the pool.

David and Rickey were in a dither. They couldn't wait to have the pool finished so they could swim and learn to dive but they hated to see the masons cart the construction materials away. They'd had fun with the neighborhood gang, sons of Ozzie's and Harriet's friends mostly, building forts with the cement bricks and sliding down the sand piles.

David is a stocky youth with little concern for any detail of his appearance save his beanie, resplendent with



## Looking at it... *Man to Man*

**M**EN OF ALL AGES look their best in smart, freshly laundered shirts. Starched with Linit, all shirts take on the beautiful smooth luxury finish of fine linens.

Easy to use, Linit makes a thin *fluid* starch mixture which penetrates evenly. It helps preserve fabrics and keeps them clean longer.

Yes, once you try Linit for starching, you'll use it always—for shirts, dresses, aprons, curtains, tablecloths. Linit makes all cotton look and feel like linen. © Corn Products Sales Co., 1946

**Sunny Says:** All fabrics are easier to iron when you starch with Linit. Full directions are on every package for using Linit. It's so easy!



LINIT adds the "finishing touch"





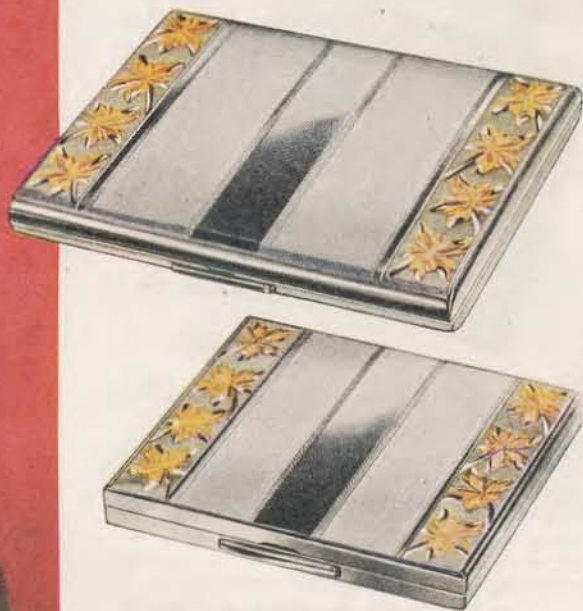


*The perfect gift!*

**TWIN COMPACT AND  
CIGARETTE CASE BY**

*Elgin American*

Thrill her with the gift of an Elgin American twin compact and cigarette case. These sterling silver twosomes have the exquisite designing, jewel-like finish and fine craftsmanship she'd select for herself.



Above, sterling silver Garden Path set, \$45.  
Sterling silver Criss-Cross set, left, \$50.

Other twin compacts and cigarette cases in jeweler's metal, sterling silver, and solid gold, \$10 to \$750 the set.

Single compacts and cigarette cases, \$5 to \$500 each.

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COMPACTS • CIGARETTE CASES • DRESSER SETS  
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# Powers Models

famous for their glossy-bright hair—  
use this amazing hard-water shampoo



*How to fix the attractive hair-do above*

*Natolie—beautiful Powers Model, whose soft silky hair sets men's hearts aflutter—"glamour-bathes" her hair twice weekly with Kreml Shampoo*

Especially developed to bring out *all* the hair's natural sparkling beauty and rich lustre

Many Powers Models make up to \$25,000 a year. BEAUTY is these girls' business. And Powers Models were among the first to discover the truly remarkably beautifying qualities of Kreml Shampoo.

**Marvelous for Shampooing Hair even in hardest water**

Kreml Shampoo has been especially developed not only to thoroughly cleanse hair and scalp of dirt, grease and dandruff flakes—but it actually brings out ALL the hair's natural shining highlights and leaves it sparkling with silken-sheen beauty that lasts for days.

**Never dries the hair**

Kreml Shampoo never leaves any excess soapy residue. It positively contains no harsh caustics or chemicals to dry the hair. Instead—it has a beneficial oil base which helps keep hair from becoming dry or brittle.

Notice how much softer, silkier your hair is even after the first shampoo—how it glows with glorious natural highlights you never dreamed your hair had. At all drug, department and 10¢ stores.



The largest-selling shampoo with a beneficial oil base

## KREML SHAMPOO

A product of R. B. Semler, Inc.

FOR SILKEN-SHEEN HAIR—EASIER TO ARRANGE  
MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS KREML HAIR TONIC

the buttons which are his stock in trade in his swapping activities.

"I was lucky," he says, "in three cereal boxes in succession I got Superman buttons. Boy! What a swap deal I made—two for one!"

Rickey, minus his front teeth at the moment, is potentially a man of the world. You know by his smile and the debonair way in which he rolls one leg of his blue jeans—like all the other fellows but different too, somehow. Also by the intensity with which he both adores David and tries to hide this adoration of his brother from the world.

David goes to a special tutoring school; Rickey to public kindergarten. Ordinarily both travel by the bus which passes their corner. During the strike, however, Ozzie had to drive them. Immediately he deposited them in their respective schoolyards, he went back home to bed and slept, as usual, until noon. For he and Harriet keep the same hours they did when they were out with his band. They tried to re-adjust their schedule when they came to Hollywood and radio. But finally Ozzie said, "It's no use. We might as well relax and be happy."

IT'S Grace, therefore, who sends the children off to school normally. She's been with the Nelsons all through the war and although the house is fairly large she and Harriet look after it without any extra help, except for a laundry service.

"I'm not bad behind the vacuum," Harriet admits. "And I love to cook even if my repertoire is somewhat limited. I have a few recipes the family loves—like my pork chop special. We live simply. For dinner we'll have the pork chops, a green vegetable, baked potatoes and dessert—fruit rather than anything sticky. When Grace is out everybody helps clean the table and rinse the dishes. Then, after I've gotten the boys out of the tub and into bed, heard their prayers and read them a story, Ozzie and I do the dishes and talk about our script."

There's no luncheon in the house when the children go to school. Harriet has fruit and coffee when she gets up around eleven. Ozzie eats nothing until dinner. Late at night, however, when Harriet and Ozzie have finished working on the script they have a glass of milk and a sandwich.

Afternoons, while Ozzie plays tennis, Harriet keeps busy collecting laundry, taking clothes to the cleaner, shoes to the shoemaker and Davy to the orthodontist. Or shopping for an old print, a tureen, or a chair.

"My mother, who lives two blocks away, is our sitter," she says, laughing. "The extra room in her little house is fixed with twin beds for the boys. Her dog they think of as theirs. And she's fixed her garage—she has no car—as a workshop for them. David's and Rickey's eyes never are brighter than when, for one household reason or another, they're shooed over to Grandma's. Except perhaps when they're going to The Hitching Post, the children's theater down on the Boulevard, decorated in Western style, where the kids who arrive in cowboy suits park their guns at the door. They show Westerns and serials. David is old enough to go alone. Rickey has to be taken in."

"It's quite a sight," Ozzie adds, "to see parents crouching their way down the aisles trying, in the half light, to



First wash hair with Kreml Shampoo to bring out all its natural glossy lustre. Set hair in pin curls as indicated.



Take down pin curls. Roll hair over finger in separate puffs. Notice how Kreml Shampoo leaves hair more pliable—so ready to fall in place.



Finish rolling hair in puffs at side. Secure with bobby pins or hair pins. Kreml Shampoo is unsurpassed for every type, color and texture of hair.



figure out which of the hundreds of kids sitting on the edge of their chairs is their offspring."

"The show goes on for hours," says Harriet. "You really can accomplish a great deal while they're there."

Harriet's and Ozzie's bedroom, done in soft blue and chintzes with blue corduroy covering the huge double bed, can be shut off from Harriet's dressing-room and the rest of the house by sliding doors. Harriet closes them softly when she leaves Ozzie asleep in the morning. Her dressing-room, in which new novels and biographies and such crowd the table beside her chaise, carries out the same soft decor.

On the other side of the bedroom two rooms have been thrown together to make Ozzie's study. Beside Ozzie's desk a childish drawing inscribed "to DADD"—with the Y hanging over on the next line—is thumb-tacked to a screen. Rickey feels he could do much better now, but Ozzie is loath to take it down. There's a corner fireplace where they burn logs when the wind blows down from the hills at night. Curtains draw over the many windows. Ozzie's recording machine, on which he plays the records of the preview they do on Fridays with an audience, is encased in an old pine chest. Harriet found this when she was antique hunting.

**T**HE first time Ozzie and Harriet play the records cut at the Friday preview, the boys listen. They're encouraged to protest any lines which aren't wholly clear to them or with which they disagree. For this program, invariably based upon incidents in which they've taken part, is definitely a family affair. Other children play their parts, because Harriet says she couldn't keep her mind on her lines if she had to worry about them missing theirs.

"After we've all listened to the record of the preview Harriet and I really go to work," Ozzie explains. "On Friday night, and from Saturday noon until late—sometimes it's 2 A.M. Sunday morning before we take the script to the mimeographer—we write and re-write to get the show into final shape."

Down the hall from Harriet's and Ozzie's suite are the boys' rooms, adjoining. Here, too, inlaid linoleum waxed to a smooth finish is used for floor covering. Candlewick spreads, easily laundered, cover both beds. And throughout there are light gay colors. The plaid paper of David's room, however, is almost hidden by pictures of airplanes; in flight, before hangars and on the field, while a large model plane is suspended from the ceiling. Beside David's bed there's a large shelf which can be raised or lowered like the upper berth of a Pullman. It holds an intricate maze of railroad tracks.

Harriet's ingenuity expresses itself again in Rickey's room. When Rickey wanted a blackboard to draw on and black slate was not available she painted a wide strip of black on a wall and bordered it with a cove molding, to hold the chalk and eraser.

All through the house there are signs of the good domestic as well as professional partnership begun back in 1932 when Ozzie decided he needed a girl with him on the bandstand, of the friendship they offer and receive, in turn, from their boys, of all the intangible things it takes to turn a house into a home—and it's very emphatically a home, this one in which Ozzie and Harriet and David and Rickey live so happily.

## Mrs. Anthony Drexel Duke

A member of the old Colonial family from whom Rutgers University takes its name, Alice Rutgers Duke is active in the education program for wounded veterans. Busy young Mrs. Duke is devoted to the 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream. "Results show right away," she says. "My skin feels softer... looks clearer and more alive!"

# 1-Minute Mask

*"My favorite beauty treatment!"*



Mrs. Duke has a Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream 3 or 4 times weekly

## Exciting results right away— a smoother, more radiant complexion!

Cover your whole face and throat with a satiny white cloak of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Leave only your eyes unmasked.

Your complexion is being "re-styled"! The Cream's "keratolytic" action loosens flecks of dead skin and clinging dirt particles. *Dissolves* them! After one minute, tissue off.

Brighter, clearer,  *fresher*—that's the way your skin looks after the 1-Minute Mask! And it feels so much *softer*. Your complexion is ready for beautifully smooth make-up!

### A heavenly powder base!

Smooth on a light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream, and leave the Cream on. It helps banish "shine" for hours!



Get a BIG jar of glamour-making Masks!





*"Ze Pepsi-Cola, she'sa hit ze spot."*

## Life Can Be Beautiful

(Continued from page 43)

pairs of white flannel trousers. These I ripped and dyed a bright red, and made them up into jumper outfits for four to six year olds.

In a report of a trip through England, our First Lady told how during a parade, a grateful English mother stepped down from the curb and impetuously grasped her arm. She said "I want you to thank some American mother for the lovely warm little dress she sent my Mary." Among the thousands of dresses sent over, I'll admit I had little reason to think that it might have been mine . . . but it *might!*

**A**NOTHER report from a charity worker cited the following: the blitz had been especially severe and in one first aid station lay a small girl whose family had all been killed, and who had been found practically buried in debris. The child, she said, lay in a stupor, refusing to let anyone touch her. The case worker, believing her asleep, remarked under her breath, "I wouldn't believe a child could be that dirty!"

Her eyes opened . . . no life shone from them . . . just the dullness of despair. "I guess you'd be dirty," she explained tonelessly, "if you had just been dug up!"

The aide knelt by her cot, offered to bathe the child, to feed her, but received the same treatment as had been accorded the others. "Go 'way. I want my mama."

"There was just one more approach," she told us. "So I went to the office and

picked out the prettiest little dress that had come in . . . a bright red one . . . and carried it to her. Her eyes brightened. She sat up. In an awed whisper she asked:

"You mean I can *have* that dress? To keep?"

Of course, you say, there were lots of dresses. Granted. But my point is this: if I hadn't made dresses, I could never have had even a hypothetical thrill from such reports. And further, the reaction of the two people mentioned would be typical. If one child responded under such tragic conditions to someone's loving gift, another child would; if one mother's heart beat high with gratitude, another mother's would.

Few people are so placed that they cannot do some little thing to make another, less fortunate, individual's life more beautiful and in so doing, the reflected beauty it brings into the life of the doer glows away out of proportion to the effort required in the doing!

L.M.S.

### The Whistle-Bush

Dear Papa David:

The following letter was sent by a serviceman to his wife—

"I have been having fun with some very small English children from London. This place is out in the farming district and the London kids are far from being country-wise, of course. You probably know how to make whistles out of a maple twig by slipping off the bark, notching the wood and putting the bark back on. Most

every Oregon kid knows how to do it.

"Well, instead of cutting the limbs off the bush, I made four or five dozen whistles on various limbs and left them right on the bush just outside camp on the way to the village. Now these children do not have toys, you know, and any kind of a whistle pleases them beyond telling. Imagine if you can what their reactions were when I told them I knew where a genuine Yankee "whistle-bush" was growing, and showed them this bush I'd worked on! I let them blow all the whistles till they found one they liked, then we "picked" it off the whistle-bush!

**Y**OU'D have laughed to see them running around the bush tweeting and whurping solemnly away, one eye on me all the time as though they were afraid I'd refuse to let them pick any whistles from my genuine Yankee whistle-bush. They haven't caught on yet as to how it was done and the fame of my native land groweth apace among the children here. Their eyes got big as dollars when they found the whistle-bush just as I said it was, and now they are waiting for more whistles to form! They won't be disappointed."

This is a true story—and I think a wonderful lesson in how beautiful life can be if you make it so.

Mrs. H. W.

### To Take His Place

Dear Papa David:

My husband was killed overseas in 1944. Our ten-year-old son was all I had



left of what had been a happy marriage. He meant so much to me, and yet there was an emptiness in our home that only those who have had a home and lost it can know.

Last year a man became interested in me and we had several dates. I could see my son resented him, for he felt no one could ever take his father's place. Finally the man proposed, but I rejected him because of my son's attitude.

And then my son's playmate was killed—run over by a truck while riding on his bicycle. For days my Billy was inconsolable. He would accept no other playmate in Harry's place.

SEVERAL months went by, and one afternoon Billy brought a new pal home with him. I was so happy I couldn't quite keep from crying.

That night after supper as we sat on the porch, Billy spoke from the darkness. "Gee, Mom," he said, "it isn't as though I don't love Harry any more—it's more like I have to have someone to take his place. I—well, I guess now I understand about you and Joe."

That ends the story, except that Joe and I are to be married soon. I feel there is a good chance for happiness for the three of us since Billy has come to understand the necessity for *keeping on* in life no matter how dark a tragedy may stalk us.

Mrs. H.C.M.

#### Of Man Toward Man

Dear Papa David:

Last year we were caught in the housing shortage and forced to buy a house. The only one reasonably priced was at the edge of a so-called undesirable part of town where the people were of a different nationality. Our

friends warned us that we would have trouble. The children, they said, ran wild and would steal everything not under lock and key.

Despite these warnings, we bought the house and moved in. We decided the only way to treat our new neighbors was as friends and equals. So the first day I borrowed my neighbor's hoe, and the next day he borrowed my hammer. After that we were quite friendly and often chatted twenty or thirty minutes over the backyard fence. When those people saw that we didn't put on airs nor look down upon them, they opened up their hearts and homes to us. Their language and customs were different from ours, but true friendship is not handicapped by a mere difference of speech.

Most of them were very poor, and often we had to take a sick child to the hospital or bring out a heavy sack of groceries to some family that didn't have a car. Yet those favors were always remembered and returned.

The pay-off in down-to-earth kindness and friendship came one night when we had gone uptown to a movie. As we came out of the show, we saw the fire truck whirl the corner and start for our section of town. As we came within view of our house, we saw smoke coming from it, and expected to see it burst into flames any moment.

As we drove into the yard, a sight met our eyes that I'll never forget. Practically every man, woman and child in the neighborhood was running in and out of the house carrying water in pots, pans and buckets. The fire, which had started from faulty wiring, was nearly out when the fire truck arrived.

The fire chief looked on in amaze-

ment. "It would have gone up in smoke, if it hadn't been for these people," he said.

Then another fireman added: "Boy, you've got some mighty fine neighbors. To see something like this makes a fellow believe in the milk of human kindness."

Later I was transferred to another city and had to sell my house. We will never forget those poor, down-trodden friends of ours. Our few kindnesses to them were repaid a hundredfold. Our few months there were such a revelation in the goodness of man toward man that ever since we have tried to make the Golden Rule our guide to everyday living.

D. B.

#### Bill's Story

Dear Papa David:

Do you mind if I tell Bill's story? You see, Bill is near Tokyo, now, with the occupation forces, but there was a time when it was doubtful that he would be living even a day.

BILL'S parents died when he was young—his father first, then a few years later his mother committed suicide after having been married a second time. Bill's step-father did not want him and his grandparents were not financially able to take him in. We used to let him sleep at our house when he roamed into town. For Bill had become a hobo at sixteen. Life was not happy for the lad and he brooded over his status.

One day, as he was climbing aboard a freight train, he decided to end his life. When the train started, he thought, he would "slip" under the wheels and have no more cares.

The engine gathered up steam and

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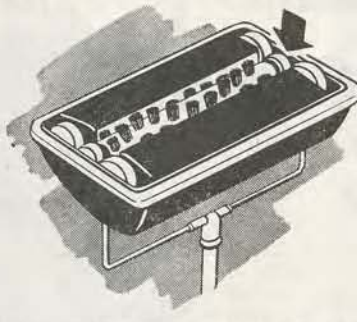
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And dumping the dirt is the *easiest ever* with FLIP-O Empty, for a flick of your thumb opens the pans; they stay open till you set your Bissell down.

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# NEW BISSELL SWEEPERS

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the signals were given to start the train rolling.

Suddenly Bill noticed a tiny kitten meander onto the rails, and proceed to make itself comfortable on the warm steel. Idly, he watched it, thinking that it, too, was probably an outcast, no home, and hungry—and that it, too, would soon be out of its misery.

The train whistled, steam sizzled, and the wheels began to turn slowly.

Then Bill saw a man running toward the tracks. In the very moment that the rolling wheels approached the kitten, the man reached down and snatched it off the rail.

**B**ILL said that the sun really came out for him, for the first time since his mother's death! If a man would risk injury to save a cat, surely there was someone on earth who cared for Bill! He climbed back down from the car, took another freight back toward home. Buckling down to a job, he found his place in the community and church, married a fine girl and has a lovely little family.  
Miss M.E.K.

### A New World

Dear Papa David:

I was born in the mountains and was never in a city or town until I was sixteen years old. My father was a harsh, strict man whose word was law and whose heavy hand was always ready to strike if that law was not obeyed.

I was not a strong girl, yet I had to do the work of a man in the field as well as the housework. When I was fourteen I was married to the man my father ordered me to marry; a man almost as old as my father and who was just as harsh and ready to strike me as my father was. There was no pleasure or beauty in my life; just work, and fear and hopelessness.

After the birth of my tiny son I could no longer work. When I thought of my frail son slaving as I had done I could only weep and wish that both of us might die.

I was sitting by the window one day in spring watching the rain pour down in torrents, swelling the already flooding creek. As I watched the muddy water swirl down carrying logs and broken lumber I was amazed to see a cat swim to shore with a kitten in her mouth. As I watched she made four more trips across the raging water carrying a kitten.

Watching her, my eyes were opened. I had been a weak, unprotesting coward. Unlike the mother cat, I had not dared fight for my baby's safety and happiness. I helped the mother cat take the kittens to the barn and when they were warm and dry I went back to the house. I picked up my baby son and walked down the mountain trail to the nearest town. I was ill, exhausted, and cold with fear and dread. Somehow I found the sheriff's office.

And I learned just how kind people are, and how good. A home was found for me, a doctor, and clothes and food. I learned about the law and that I had rights. I learned too that both my father and husband, in spite of the way they lived, were fairly well-to-do. Money was secured for me, and later freedom from my husband. When I was able I went to a distant city.

At sixteen I started to live. A new world had appeared before my eyes like magic; a world of beautiful things, of books to read and study; a world in which there is no heavy hand to strike me, but a world of normal people who mix work and play and rule by love



and respect instead of a whip. My son is now a healthy, beautiful baby and my greatest aim in life is to see he has a normal, happy childhood and grows up knowing kindness and tolerance and the goodness of God.

Mrs. T. F.

### A Piece of Paper

Dear Papa David:

Many years ago my life appeared so hopeless that it seemed almost useless to continue.

In 1927 I was stricken with a throat ailment; despite the discomfort I continued to work. But as the pain became more severe I had to quit my job and seek medical aid. I had a throat tumor that required immediate surgery and several weeks of hospital care.

I won't comment on the operation or my slow convalescence. Enough to relate, when I was discharged from the hospital, after paying all the bills, I was broke, weak, out of a job, and for some time to come would be unable to work. To prevent starvation, I collected and sold old newspapers.

I still owned the small cottage I lived in. However, it was not clear, and the next eight per cent interest payment on the \$1000 mortgage was due in six weeks. I asked myself "could anything favorable happen during that time?"

A few days later I received a letter from Chicago. As soon as I noticed the sender's name, I suspected trouble. Quickly tearing open the envelope, I knew the worst. The wealthy holders of the mortgage were moving to Canada, and intended to convert all their American interests into cash. Therefore, under the circumstances they would be unable to renew the mortgage.

I had about five weeks to raise \$1080, or find another mortgagee. After a month of fruitless effort I was a bitter and despairing man, and only a shadow of my former self. From 186 pounds I had fallen to 131½ pounds—six feet of skin and bones.

Then another letter arrived. "We will be in to see you after we have settled our affairs in Los Angeles." There certainly was no hope now. The little home, my last earthly possession, was going. It seemed to be the end. Before another week passed I opened the door to my expected visitors. It had been nearly five years since we saw each other. They stared at me, and looked beyond me as if they expected another person to appear. Then they must have realized, and an incredulous look spread over their faces. When I weakly replied to their solicitous questioning they both expressed deep sympathy and understanding. The man suggested that his wife and he take a walk to visit some old friends in the neighborhood. They would be back soon.

In about an hour they returned. It was a chilly December day, so we took our places around the log fire blazing in the open grate. Mr.—— opened the conversation, "Now before we tackle that coffee I noticed boiling on the stove, I want to dispose of some business." Reaching into a side pocket



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Now that Barley Cereal has joined Gerber's Cereal Food and Gerber's Strained Oatmeal, you can offer your baby more variety. For many mothers will tell you that serving these cereals turnabout has a good effect on baby's appetite. The new Gerber's Barley Cereal comes in the half-pound yellow package with "America's Best-Known Baby" on the label.



19 kinds of Strained Foods, 9 kinds of Chopped Foods, 3 special Baby Cereals.

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he produced a sheaf of papers, withdrew one, glanced at it a second time, and tossed it into the flames. Instantly I saw what it was, and instinctively I reached for it. He pulled back my arm, smiled and commented, "Well, I feel sure there are three people, not far from here, who will have a very happy Christmas."  
V. E.

#### Like Our Own

Dear Papa David:

I have always said that I wanted a large family when I was married. I did marry and had five children, but only the first one lived to grow up; the others passed on when very small. For a time I became bitter at being robbed of what I felt was my greatest happiness. My husband became ill of sleeping sickness, then the flu, but finally he was restored to health. But the worry, work and grief were too much for me, for it was while he was so ill that we lost two of our children, a little boy and a little girl who passed on just a month apart. I nearly lost my mind and would wander around not caring what happened to me.

**O**NE day our little girl came to me as I sat with the tears running down my face. She put her arms around me and said, "Please don't cry, Mother, you have me and I will do all I can to make you happy." And then I woke up to the fact that we did have her and that we did have a lot to be thankful for. From then on I took more interest in life and our darling little girl who kept her promise and did everything possible to make us happy. When she saw me looking sad she would tell me a funny story or say something to make me laugh; we became great pals.

I could see that our little girl was lonesome for other children in the house so we decided to take children to board. Sometimes we have had six children at one time, all children deprived of a mother's loving care because of broken homes, some from death and some from divorce. Two of them had no parents, so we adopted them and they have grown up to be a great comfort and joy to us. One boy we took at the age of thirteen months and raised him; he is now twenty-five years old. No children could seem more like our own or be dearer to us and I have been too busy to think about myself.

We have taken care of over one hundred children. Quite a number of them still come to see us and call us Mother and Dad; some of the younger ones call us Grandma and Grandpa. We have one grandchild and will have another one soon, which is a great joy to us.

Just knowing that we were able to help so many children and give them a chance, has taught us that Life Can Be Beautiful. I want to add that very few of the children's parents were able to pay us anything for their board and care, but we didn't mind. Just seeing them happy and having the love they gave us, was pay enough.

I am not very good at writing and putting my thoughts on paper, but I am sure you will understand all I mean from what I have written.

Mrs. M. E. E.



#### I know flavor

Been cooking all my life. And I go for this delicious, long-lasting Beech-Nut Gum the way the family goes for my apple pie.



#### What Nice Surprise?

Dear Papa David:

On August 9, 1934 a mine locomotive ran over me and crushed my one leg so badly that it was necessary to amputate it at my hip—no alternative.



I worried a lot, not having the assurance that I would be able to live and do things I had planned to do. I had been planning on marrying a swell girl, and when I was told that the company I worked for at the time of the accident would give me a job I would be able to do, we were married.

It would have been wonderful if our marriage had turned out as they do in story books. After ten years of married life and after God had blessed us with three lovely children whom I love dearly, my wife became dissatisfied with her life with me and, like many others, got a job in a defense plant and left, taking the children with her into an adjoining state. While there she became acquainted with a man whom she expects to marry soon.

When my wife wrote that she was divorcing me, I knew it must be God's will. Knowing that, I thanked God for the courage to go on through life without my family. I realize how useless my life would be without God to lead and guide me. I prayed that if it was God's will that I be separated from my children that God might give me some sort of an interest that would take my mind off my children. And the next day while working, my prayers were answered in a wonderful way. I met a boy, five years old, who has only one leg, and we have become great pals.

He has helped fill the place in my life and in my heart that was so empty because of the loss of my own children. I can try to do things that will give pleasure to my little friend, "Butchy," as everything is not so well in his life.

After all, my life now is very happy. Each morning when I awake I wonder what nice surprise God has in store for me today.

Mr. H. W. L.

### The Small People

Dear Papa David:

So much publicity was given the ones who took advantage of war conditions but there was little mention of the landladies who mothered the lonely soldiers' wives and helped them hold onto their home lives as long as possible.

WHEN my husband took me from the Army hospital where our first baby was born, the day was cold and we had a long drive home. We knew the apartment would be cold too because we couldn't risk leaving the heater on. I thought how different our homecoming would be if our families were near. But when we opened the door the lamps were lit, the heat was on and the little apartment was sparkling clean. There were fresh flowers on the table and supper on the back of the stove. As I stood there, all the cold and loneliness seemed to melt away. Later, the landlady ran in to see the new baby and to see if we found our supper. When we had to move on, we were very reluctant, because she had become such a good friend.

After many changes, we settled in the South for a while. We had a nice little house and it had a nice owner.

The day came when my husband was ordered to the last camp before going overseas. When we were loading the car, our landlord was there to help. He didn't think our tires looked very good so he wanted us to take his new tire, then ship it back when we reached our destination.

We declined but I thought to myself, "I guess I have never done a kind or a generous deed in my life, by these standards."

"I'm tellin ya, honey...  
**No Double Trouble**  
for us !!"



**JACK:** I'm givin' ya the real lowdown . . . every Mommy who wants her baby to have the smoothest, healthiest skin should be sure to give baby these *twin blessings* of Mennen Antiseptic Baby Oil . . .

**JILL:** Works *double!* One: bein' antiseptic, Mennen Baby Oil helps prevent diaper rash, urine irritation, lotsa other skin troubles . . .

**JACK:** Two: Good-bye roughness an' dryness; Mennen Baby Oil helps keep skin soft an' smooth. Follow the advice of most doctors and hospitals, *double-bless* your baby with Mennen!

**JILL:** Us Mennen babies *smell so sweet.* Get Mennen Baby Oil and Baby Powder *now* to have on hand for baby's first day home!

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ANTISEPTIC BABY OIL  
AS ANY OTHER.\*

MORE  
DOCTORS PREFER  
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*Twin blessings for Baby—*

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When we arrived at our destination the orders were changed to a camp in the Middle West. I went on ahead to find an apartment. My husband drove up with another soldier. They came sooner than I expected and I had scarcely any food in the house, and the stores were closed. I was fixing a meager meal when our new landlady came to the door with a beautiful chocolate layer cake. Believe me, with that cake and hot coffee our meal turned into a feast.

It was from there that my husband went overseas. If I had been with my own family I would not have had more kindness and sympathy to help me over the first bad days.

I left for the coast in order to get a home started while my husband was gone. I stayed with a family who took care of the children while I worked. I would have to write another letter to tell of the wonderful things they did for us.

My husband is safely home now and we are getting started on a little farm. We have two children and hope to have more. When people ask me why I want to raise children in these confusing days when the good they are taught is disproved on every side, I smile to myself. I can tell my children things that will not be disproved. I can tell them about the real America, the hard-working honest people all up and down the country who are its backbone, yet seldom reach the headlines. The people who live by the creed, "Every man is thy neighbor."  
Mrs. S. R.

#### No One Left Out

Dear Papa David:

I got married when I was twenty-three. My husband and I were very devoted. When we had been married two years we had a son. When our son was five years old his dad joined the Navy.

They were more alike than any other father and son I have ever known. John, my husband, had been across a year when he was reported missing. That like to have killed me. And I just couldn't stand the sight of my son.

He tried everything he could do to take his father's place but that made it worse. Johnnie, our son, knew that I just couldn't stand the sight of him and he just kept away from me. One morning when I went to make Johnnie's bed, I found a note. It said, "Mother, I know you hate me because I look so much

like Dad and he is missing. Mom, I have never thought Dad was dead. I have prayed every night to God to send him home, and I believe He will Please Mom you pray too, Johnnie."

When he didn't come home that night I just thought he had spent the night with some of his friends. He didn't come home the next day so I got worried.

Then I realized that I had been wrong, that I loved Johnnie and he was the only thing that I had left. That night I prayed and prayed hard for the return of my son and husband.

The next morning the door bell rang. I went to see who was there and it was a boy with a telegram. I opened it and it was from John. He was coming home for good.

I couldn't think of anything for the next hour or two but the day when he would come home. Then it struck me that our little Johnnie was not at home any more. I just sat down and cried.

I was crying and praying that he would come home and I loved him more than I ever had, when someone started patting my head. I looked up and it was Johnnie. He told me that he just couldn't stay away from me. That he loved me even if I didn't love him. I told him about his daddy coming home and I told him how much I loved him. So we both began to plan for Dad's homecoming.

Today we are just so happy, the three of us. We go everywhere together. No one is ever left out of the others' plans.

Mrs. J. L. A.

There you have the letters for this month, as many as we could fit into the magazine. We wish we could have printed more.

It's a constant amazement to us, the number of letters that say, in a hundred different ways, that the things we believe about life and happiness are true.

And the more letters we get, the more certain we become that, hidden away in almost every life, there is some small memory that proves our philosophy better than anything we could say. Perhaps you can remember something like that yourself, an incident you experienced, a person you knew, a time in your life when you were suddenly able to grasp, beyond surface confusion and unhappiness, a fundamental beauty and order. If this has happened to you we are waiting to read your story.

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more **NIACIN**  
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**FOR BETTER RESULTS THEY NOW  
TAKE VITAMINS THE NEWER OVALTINE WAY!**

Of course, the reason you're taking extra vitamins is for keener vitality, better all-round health!

So why not get your vitamins this *newer way* that can do you more good? Why not get them in fortified food—the delicious Ovaltine way?

The reason is simple—science knows vitamins don't work alone! They work best with other food elements—Vitamin A and Vitamin C with protein, Vitamin B<sub>1</sub> with energy food, Vitamin D with Calcium and Phosphorus, and so on—and *you get them all in each glass of Ovaltine made with milk!*

For Ovaltine is an all-round supplementary food that supplies—besides vitamins—nearly every food element needed for

robust health, including those elements needed for vitamin-effectiveness.

*And note*—when you drink Ovaltine you not only get vitamins a preferred way—you get *much more!* High-quality protein, vital food-minerals, quick-acting energy food—things many people need as much as vitamins for vigorous buoyant health.

So if you are eating normal meals, 2 glasses of Ovaltine daily give you all the extra vitamins and minerals a normal person needs for robust health.

Then why take chances with merely vitamins alone? Why not change to Ovaltine—get your vitamins the way they can do you more good, along with all the other essential food-values Ovaltine supplies!



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# A Song to Sing

(Continued from page 29)

And then, she was back at the broadcast the next morning. I came in a few minutes early, saw her standing in the long line of people waiting to be admitted to the studio. I edged my way toward her through the crowd, and she greeted me with a smile. "I've figured out how to see Mr. Waring," she said. "I watched where he went yesterday, and I think I can catch him in the corridor."

"Maybe it won't work," I suggested. "Maybe a lot of other people have tried it before."

Ellen tossed her head. "It'll work." She sounded almost fierce. "It's just got to. And something good is going to happen today; I just know it. I've got an appointment to see about a job at noon. Maybe I'll get that, too."

When the broadcast was over, Ellen was out of her seat and out the door before I could get to my feet. I went out with the crowd, and as it thinned

in the lobby, I caught sight of Ellen down at one end near the control room door. This time she was talking to Bob Lang, Mr. Waring's public relations man. I knew that he'd tell her just what Miss Johnson had told her, and I didn't wait around to witness her defeat. Somehow, I didn't think she'd like it, and besides, I wouldn't have any time with her if she was going right out to see about a job.

That night I took the subway and then a bus to the little suburban town where her aunt lived. It was nice to get out of the city for a change, nice to see grass and trees, and the bright blooming patches of flowers in the dusk. I turned up the walk toward a pleasant white-painted house with a hedge of bridal wreath around the front porch. It was very much like my own home in Caldwell, and just the sort of place I hoped to have some day. I'd like it to be just like this, I thought,

with Ellen opening the door for me, smiling up at me.

"Come in," she invited, "and meet Aunt Julia. Auntie, this is the boy I told you about—"

Ellen's aunt was a comfortably plump, middle-aged woman, not at all like Ellen except for her eyes and her smile. "I'm glad you came to see us," she said. "I think it's so nice of you to take an interest in Ellen's work."

That jarred a little. I couldn't tell her that it was Ellen, not her work, that interested me, but I did wonder what Ellen had told her, and what Ellen really thought about me. I still had the uncomfortable feeling that because she'd met me at the NBC studios and because I'd shown an interest in her song, she gave me credit for having a great deal more to do with the music business than I actually had.

She played her song for me on her aunt's little spinet piano, and then

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looked up at me as if her whole career hung upon my approval. "I like it," I said, and it really wasn't too much of a lie, because I think I'd have liked anything that Ellen did. Watery compliment though it was, Ellen seemed as pleased as if I'd pinned a medal on her.

I didn't have to ask her if she'd got to see Mr. Waring, and as soon as we'd left the house and were walking to the bus, she told me about the job. "It was open," she said, "and I could have had it, but it didn't pay enough for me to live on."

I whistled when she told me how much they'd offered her. "I should think not," I agreed. "Isn't that pretty low, as salaries go these days?"

"Well, it's part-time work . . . but that's what I need. I can't work full time and write and take my songs around."

**T**HERE were those songs again. "Do you think you'll find a part-time job that will pay any more?"

"I've got to, or I can't stay here, and I've got to stay, got to make good. I used the money that was my graduation present from Mother and Dad to come here, and I won't go back beaten. They made an awful fuss about my coming. You see, they wanted me to go to college this fall, and I've just got to show them—"

Of course. It was the old story—no one wants to go back to his home town defeated. And Ellen, especially—I was beginning to learn how fiercely, sensitively proud she was. And there's something about New York that stirs ambition, makes you feel keenly competitive. Maybe it's the feeling of constant bustle and change, of everyone hurrying to get somewhere; maybe it's because so many people are crammed together, elbowing each other in a small space; maybe it's the buildings, so close-crowded and tall, as if they, too, were trying to out-reach each other.

Ellen and I rode up to the observation floor of the Empire State that night, and peered over the parapet at the towering stone structures, at the street, so narrow and tiny and far below. "Oh, Mac," said Ellen, "isn't it just—just breathless? Doesn't it make you want to do something really big?"

I couldn't honestly say that it did. I'd been two years in Europe, and I'd seen other buildings—not as tall as these, but good-sized buildings—re-

duced to piles of broken stone. "I'm afraid not," I said. "I'm years behind on my education now, and all I want is peace and a chance to learn something, and then a job—"

She looked disappointed, and then she brightened. "But I forgot—you have a career. You're already started on it. And I know you'll make good, Mac. I just know you'll be marvelously successful."

She was completely sincere—but then, that was Ellen. Anything she believed in, she believed in wholeheartedly, unreasoningly, whether it was her own song, or a singer whose voice she'd never heard. She had stars in her eyes, and the glamor of bright lights and tall buildings, and if she was making me bigger than life-size in her imagination, I thought I'd better stop it right there. "I'm not so sure," I said. "I didn't start out with the idea of making a career of my voice. I like to sing, and I sing for the fun of it—and that's the way I think most music should be made. I began with the idea of teaching music, and I'd still like to teach. Especially in some small college in some pretty little town—"

She wrinkled up her nose and laughed at me. She thought I was joking. She was eighteen, and I twenty-three, but there were more than five years between us. "It sounds nice," she observed lightly, "for someone who's too old to do anything else."

We went inside and sat down at one of the little tables next to the windows. From there we could see out over the whole city, clear to the Jersey shore. Superimposed over the distant, glittering view were our own reflections, shadowy in the dark glass. And pretty good reflections, too, I thought—I mean, pretty good together, Ellen small and dark and quick-moving, and I big and mild and slow. I was trying to think of some way to suggest it to her, when she started talking about her song. Now, it seemed, having failed in her second attempt to see Mr. Waring, she was planning a campaign against his office. "I looked up the address in the telephone book," she explained, "and I'm going up there tomorrow and the day after and the day after that until he sees me."

I had no doubt that she'd do it. "But why Waring?" I asked cautiously. "There are other bandleaders—"

"Because I want the glee club to sing it over the air. Our glee club at school sang it in the operetta, and it sounded

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wonderful. And because I think he's sympathetic with young people and the things they want to do. He's made special broadcasts for schools . . . our school used to have them regularly."

She was right there. Almost everyone knows about Mr. Waring's interest in music education and all he's done to further it. But still I couldn't see him encouraging a teen-age girl to leave home for a song-writing career in New York. "Look," I said, "I know a fellow in the Waring office. I could show him your song, and ask him to pass it along—"

I said it just to keep her from conducting her own version of a sit-down strike in Mr. Waring's office. And for the first time she looked at me as I'd been wanting her to look at me—as if she thought I was the most wonderful guy in the world. "You will?" she breathed. "Oh, Mac! Will Mr. Waring be sure to see it? Do you suppose I can talk to him about it?"

That was exactly what I didn't want. I had a pretty good idea of what he'd say, and I didn't want to see her hurt, even for her own good. "Suppose we send it in first, and see what happens."

I HOPE I didn't sound glum, but I felt that way. It's no fun to be knocked breathless by a girl, and to feel that your chief value lies in being a listening post and a stepping stone in her career.

I gave the song to Bob Lang the next day, and afterwards I was glad that I had. Because Ellen didn't mention it again—seemed almost afraid to mention it, as if talking about it would be bad luck. We had a wonderful time together in the week that followed. Ellen's search for a part-time job didn't take up all of her days, and we set out to see the sights, from the Battery to Fort Tryon Park. We visited all the landmarks we'd heard about from the big ones like the Statue of Liberty and Grant's tomb, to the little, obscure ones, like the grave of the Amiable Child. We took the excursion steamer around the island, and followed a guide through the modernistic majesty of Rockefeller Center. Each night we ate at a different kind of restaurant—Chinatown one night, and then an Armenian place, and then a smorgasbord. . . .

At least, I told myself, if I never saw Ellen again, I'd have a lot to remember about her—her face at twilight across the table of a sidewalk cafe, her delighted laugh at our pictures ground out by a Broadway photomaton, her silent wonder on the ferry coming back from Staten Island one misty evening when the towers of Manhattan seemed to rise, not out of prosaic earth, but out of sunset-tinted clouds.

I proposed to her on the ferry. A dozen—a hundred—times in that week I'd wanted to tell her how I felt about her, and each time something had held me back. She was so young, just a kid really, and she'd forget about me the minute I left town, or when she went back to Mayville and to school. If she seemed to enjoy herself with me, to look forward to seeing me, I reminded myself that I mustn't build too much on it, that she'd have enjoyed being with anyone who would take her around that big, wonderful city. And I hadn't meant to ask her to marry me, that night on the ferry. I'd intended only to tell her how much I thought of her and to ask her to keep in touch with me. But the first thing I knew, I was saying that I loved her and wanted her

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with me for the rest of my life, and knowing that I meant every word of it.

It was the quietest evening we'd spent. All we did was to take the ferry to Staten Island, and then a bus ride through the countryside and the little towns of the island. At one of the towns we got off the bus and had sodas at a drug store, and watched a bunch of kids play ball under the arc light on a corner lot. Ellen was quiet on the way back; she didn't want to join the crowd at the bow as she usually did; we were part of the long row of people on the benches that lined the outer wall of the cabin. I was afraid that she hadn't had a good time. "Bored?" I asked anxiously.

She smiled up at me, lightly reached over and touched my hand. "Oh, no! I think this is the nicest evening we've had."

My heart swelled. I'd felt that way about it, too, but I hadn't dreamed that she did. And suddenly she wasn't a little girl any longer; her smile was a woman's smile, and her touch had been a woman's touch, calm and assured and reassuring, almost maternal. So there we were—rubbing shoulders with strangers to the right and left of us, and I was bending my head to Ellen's so that only she could hear. "Ellen, I love you—" I said it over and over again, and my voice almost broke on the words; still they were scant release for all the dammed-up feeling inside me.

HER hand touched mine again, closed firmly around my fingers. "I know. I love you."

I couldn't kiss her, not the way I wanted to, with all those people practically in our laps. We just sat there, looking at each other as if we'd found the answer to everything. And I think we had.

Outside, in the shadow of the big building that was the ferry station, I did kiss her. And with that, any remaining doubts I'd had were stilled. It was a woman's kiss she gave me, with all of a woman's warmth and promise and open-handed giving.

We sat for a long time that night on the steps of her aunt's house, planning our future. And then—that song came up again. "Just think—when my song sells," said Ellen in the midst of all my practical plans, "it'll simplify everything. I'll be able to help you in your career—"

I loved her for that, and I flinched at the idea of any woman's boosting me along, and I felt guilty because I hadn't told her what a good chance I'd already been given. "As a matter of fact," I said carefully, "I do have a sponsor. My training here is being paid for—"

I was relieved and a little set back by the way she took it, not asking any questions, but not paying much attention, either. "That's wonderful, darling," she said quite calmly, "but it may take years and years, you know. And if I can help—"

The best way she could help me was to go back to school for a year or two, so that I'd know where she was and wouldn't have to worry about her until I could take care of her. I tried to work up to it gently. "What course did your parents want you to take at college?" I asked.

Ellen dimpled. "Domestic science." I said, "What!" I'd expected almost anything else—music first of all, probably.

"Domestic science," she repeated. "Oh, it isn't as simple as it sounds. There's more to it than cooking and

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sewing, although they're a part of it. You're taught lots of things—textiles, and management and purchasing, and you have to take a lot of subjects like biology and physics and economics before you're through. They're all things I'm good at, though; I know, from the little bit of them I had in high school."

I sat dazzled by the vision of a wife who was not only the loveliest and dearest in the world, but who could cook and run a house, too. "Sounds pretty good," I said mildly. "Why don't you give it a try?"

She laughed and curled closer, rubbed her head against my chin. "I've got other things to do, and you know it. Besides, darling, imagine—well, Tibbett—being married to a domestic science major!"

"Maybe he is," I said stiffly. "I don't know his wife. Besides I'm not Tibbett."

"You will be," she predicted. "Just look how far you've got already."

I COULD have told her that I hadn't as much as started, and that my life wouldn't be blighted if I never got to be a star of the concert stage. But I couldn't argue with her, not with her hair like silk against my cheek, and the scent of it in my nostrils, and all the wondrous sweetness of her in my arms.

That was on a Friday. The following Monday—well, Monday was the day Bob Lang had told me he'd let me know about her song. Ellen knew about it, of course, and early Monday morning she called me to tell me that she wanted to go to the Waring office with me. I tried to put her off, but I had no valid excuse to offer, and when she insisted, I gave in. I'd let Lang tell her, I thought; he's a big blond fellow with a persuasive smile and an even more persuasive voice.

He met us in the reception room outside the offices, shook Ellen's hand and said that he was glad to meet her, with a smile that left no doubt of it. "I'm awfully sorry we can't do anything about your song," he said. "You know, we don't—"

Ellen's face froze. "Did Mr. Waring see it?"

"Well, no," said Bob, "I don't believe he did. But—"

"I wanted Mr. Waring, especially, to see it."

"But Mr. Waring does not consider songs by amateur writers," said Bob, his voice gaining in volume. "In the first place, we don't use any unpublished music. Although we do have a small publishing house, it handles only college songs and certain specialized material. Sometimes, when a song comes into our office, and we feel that it has exceptional possibilities, we turn it over to our arrangers, Roy Ringwold and Harry Simeone, and ask for their recommendations. I tried to save you time by taking it directly to them—"

I thought for a moment that everything was going to be all right. Bob was holding the thin little portfolio out to her as he spoke, and Ellen's hands closed over it, accepted it automatically. And she was looking, if not convinced, at least amenable to reason.

Then the door to the inner offices opened, and Mr. Waring came out. If there'd been a place to hide right then, I'd have jumped for it. Because Mr. Waring was coming straight toward me, hand outstretched, smiling cordially.

"Well, Mac!" he greeted me. "Ready to start work with us this week?"

I gave him a hand that was like so much wet putty. I could feel Ellen

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look at me; a stone would have felt it. "Ellen," I began, "Mr. Waring, this is—"

Ellen's voice was all ice, all determination.

"Mister Mason," she said, "sent a song of mine to you last week—"

He looked at her, and at Bob Lang, and at me.

"Well, suppose you come into my office, and we'll talk about it. Come on, Mac—"

I followed the two of them woodenly. At that moment I wasn't even thinking of what lay ahead for Ellen. All I could think of was the way she'd looked at me in disbelief and hurt and disillusionment, calling me a traitor with her eyes.

In the private office the three of us sat down. Waring spread the song on his desk, and for a few minutes there was silence, while he looked at the song and Ellen presented me with a view of her profile. Presently he folded the sheets, looked up at her.

"Why did you want me to see this?"

"I wanted the glee club to sing it. The glee club at school sang it in an operetta—"

"I see."

There was a silence. Then Ellen burst out, "You mean you don't think it's any good."

"DID you—until it was sung in this operetta, and the whole school told you how good it was?"

Ellen didn't answer.

"How many other songs have you written?"

"None."

"This is the first one?"

She nodded.

"In other words, you sat down and wrote it on the chance that it would turn out to be any kind of song at all. Weren't you a little surprised when it turned out to be a success?"

Ellen swallowed. "Well . . . yes."

"I'd have been surprised, too, in your place." Suddenly he asked, "What do you suppose makes a song?"

"Why," she faltered, "I—"

"Hard work and study," said Mr. Waring, answering for her. "Years of it. That's why we don't encourage amateurs to bring in their work. In the first place, we feel that we can expect better things from professionals who know their job and who come to us through the regular channels, the music publishers. In the second place—well, if you were in our position, wouldn't you give first consideration to the people who earn their living at their trade—the professional writers, and the publishers and the publishers' men who make a business of selling the songs, the song-pluggers?"

He sounded so right and so reasonable that Ellen nodded in spite of herself. Then she burst out, "But sometimes amateurs do write successes—"

"Maybe," he agreed. "Although I'd venture to guess that by the time someone turns out a really good tune, he isn't an amateur any more. What I mean by that is this: I've a feeling that most really excellent songs are written from an idea a writer has had for a long time, an idea he's worked over in his mind and which has had a chance to grow and develop before he ever sat down to write it. About this—" He flipped open the first page of Ellen's song, flipped it shut again—"no—I don't think it's especially good. But then, I'm no judge. That's another reason we don't invite amateur material: I don't consider myself, and I'm sure our ar-

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rangers don't consider themselves, competent to pass on whether a song is good or not. That's a specialized art, and we leave it up to the professional publisher, who has spent a good many years learning it. Do you see?"

Ellen nodded miserably, her face a tight little mask of disappointment. I sat there and suffered with her, and wished desperately that I'd fallen in love with an adult woman instead of with a dreamy-eyed youngster who had yet to go through growing pains.

Mr. Waring was silent for a moment, considering her. Then he asked, "How old are you?"

"Eighteen."

"Do you live in New York?"

"Yes." She added honestly, "I've just come. My home is in Mayville, near Chicago."

"If I were you, I'd go home and go to school, if possible . . . study music if you want to. And then in a few years, if you still want to write songs . . ."

That was about all there was to it. Ellen thanked him and shook hands, and we went out. Mr. Waring winked at me as I passed him, and I managed a kind of grimace that was supposed to be a smile. I couldn't thank him, although I knew he'd told her what she needed to be told, what I hadn't had the courage to tell her. But then—he wasn't in love with her, and I was.

IN silence we went out to the elevators, in silence rode down. In the lobby I found my tongue. "Honey, I'm sorry," I said humbly. "I should have told you. I mean that Waring is the man who's sponsoring me—and some thirty other fellows. I used to come to parties he gave for servicemen."

Of course, every word only made matters worse. Ellen marched on, a half-step ahead of me, her chin very high, her eyes wide and unblinking. As we came out on Broadway from the dim coolness of the building, the hot sunlight, the noise and colors of a crowded, traffic-jammed street struck us like a blow. Ellen stopped and turned on me, her face blazing. "I won't believe him!" she stormed. "Not a word of it! He was just talking, saying all the things that everybody says to try to discourage people—"

I felt sick, worse than at any other moment in that bad past hour. To have faith in yourself is one thing; to be unable to see and to face your own limitations is another. If Ellen was going to be one of those people who never face reality, who live always in dreams, there was no hope for her.

Then the anger went out of her suddenly, leaving her limp and spent-looking. "I'm kidding myself," she said, very low. "That song was an accident. It doesn't mean I can really write them. But, oh, Mac! I did so want you to be proud of me!" The last was a wail.

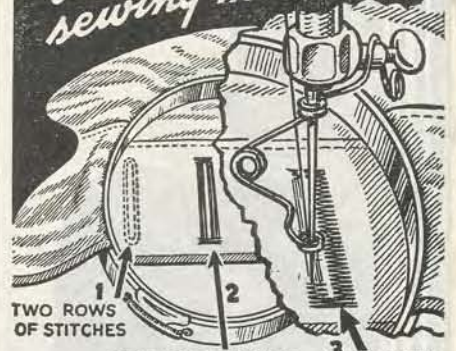
It hit me bang! She actually meant it. Knowing Ellen, I should have realized it before. She had started out with one kind of dream, and then she had fallen in love with me, and her dream of fame had merged with, had become a part of her dream of our life together.

"Listen," I said desperately. "Suppose I never get my name in lights. Suppose I go to teaching somewhere; suppose I can't even do that? Will you stop loving me, being proud of me?"

She stared, and then a light went up in her eyes; she switched like the wind. "Stupid!" she cried. "Why, I'd love you if you—if you dug ditches!"

They were the most beautiful words I'd ever heard.

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## Facing the Music

(Continued from page 4)

Moody. I started talking to him as Moody. Jack was so surprised he actually fell off the rubbing table."

Dennis, of course, did the character on the air and scored a personal hit.

The tenor has his own home in Los Feliz, near Hollywood and shares it with his proud mother and father. He is a bachelor and not too anxious to wed.

"I've got enough trouble with my new radio show. What do I want with a wife?"

One thing is certain though, Dennis insists, if and when he takes a bride she will not have any connection with show business.

"I want to be the only ham in the family."

Dinah Shore and Ginny Simms have always been good friends. As a matter of fact when Dinah had to leave her show to visit her ailing father, Ginny substituted for her. But that may all be changed now. Both girls are working out new program formats this season. Both had their alert eyes on the lookout for new talent, and both wanted the new night club personality, Peter Lind Hayes. The bidding became hot and heavy but Dinah finally won out. If Hayes clicks on Dinah's show, Ginny might not be too happy about it, particularly if she hasn't got a suitable replacement.

Talking about feuds, the Tommy Dorsey fireworks with his former agent, Tommy Rockwell, were ignited all over again when the latter visited a ballroom on the coast partly owned by T.D., and the fiery trombonist did everything but physically throw his ex-associate out.

You probably won't hear Nelson Eddy on the air this Fall. His former sponsor replaced him with Phil Spitalny's Hour of Charm and Nelson, being financially independent, won't take just any offer, insisting on a Sunday broad-



CBS's Holiday for Music has the voice—as pretty as she—of Kitty Kallen as a feature attraction.



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Tenor Richard Paige has his own NBC show, and lends his voice to no less than seven other programs.

cast time and an orchestra of not less than forty-four musicians.

Desi Arnaz, the excitable conga drum king, may team up with his luscious redhead wife Lucille Ball in a new radio series.

Reaching the audition stage is a new series co-starring Harry James and Betty Grable, result of the radio marital clicks of Ozzie Nelson and Harriet Hilliard and the new Phil Harris-Alice Faye NBC combination.

Capitol Records have scored an important scoop. They have signed Paramount movie star, talented Diana Lynn, to record a set of piano solos.

Perry Como may change his broadcasting set-up come January. He desires a half-hour weekly show rather than three shows a week which he is now doing. Perry tells friends the current schedule interferes with his golf.

By the time you read this Al Jolson may be back on the air under big sponsorship.

Horace Heidt again scotched rumors that he was going to make a dance band comeback. He is devoting his entire time to running business interests on the West Coast, which include, of all things, a stammer-correction school.

Bing Crosby's transcription deal with Philco has started a rush of other sought-after radio performers for deals of a similar nature. Their advantages from such a setup include more free time and corporate setups to relieve their tax costs.

The Margaret Whiting-Bill Eythe romance has been punctured.

The late Fats Waller's wife was awarded a life income from the musician's estate.

Jimmy Dorsey will open the fall season at New York's Hotel Commodore.

Kenny Delmar, Senator Claghorn to

you, will make phonograph records for Musicraft but will not be able to use his famous characterization on the discs.

Charlie Ryan, senior member of The Smoothies rhythm group, a proud papa. Mrs. Ryan was a former Powers model.

One of the funnier shows of the new season is Henry Morgan's on ABC. The irreverent humor that won a large audience for his old fifteen-minute programs is even better taken in half-hour doses. You'll like Morgan.

Here's an inside story few know about. In the Columbia biographical musical film "The Jolson Story" Larry Parks plays the part of the mammy singer but, of course, it is actually Jolson's singing voice that is used. But there is one scene where you actually see the real Jolson as well as hear him. That occurs in the scene where Jolson sings on the old runway in the Winter Garden theater. Parks could not master this routine and the real Al Jolson had to step in and do it himself.

**NEW RECORDS**

Ken Alden's favorites for  
the month:

**TOMMY DORSEY:** A distinctive arrangement of Kern's lovely "The Song Is You" paired with the familiar oldie, "Then I'll Be Happy." (Victor)

**PEGGY LEE:** Another contribution from a fine song stylist. Hear her sing "Linger In My Arms" and "Baby, You Can Count On Me." (Capitol)

**LOUIS PRIMA:** Plenty of bounce with "Vout Cowboy" and "Mary Lou." (Majestic)

**CLAUDE THORNHILL:** Welcome back after a Navy hitch is this fine pianist-arranger-bandleader, with a brace of tunes, "Night and Day" and "Smiles." (Columbia)

**GORDON MACRAE:** The fine young CBS baritone keeps up his fine record with "You Go To My Head" and "I Have But One Heart." (Musicraft)

**HARRY JAMES:** Dance music as it should be played with Harry's trumpet pacing "I Guess I Expected Too Much" and "And Then It's Heaven." Buddy DiVito is the vocalist. (Columbia)

**PERRY COMO:** Good grooving of "You Must Have Been A Beautiful Baby" and "Garden In The Rain." (Victor)

**STAN KENTON:** California bandsman tries to repeat his early hit with "Artistry In Boogie" and "Rika Jika Jack." Well done. (Capitol)

**HARRY COOL:** Dick Jurgens' ex-vocalist, now on his own, is well represented with this new disc, "It Had To Be You" and "Derry, Derry, Dum." (Signature)

**KING COLE TRIO:** The best rhythm group around now has turned out a whole album of hits. Recommended. (Capitol)

**NEW SECURITY PLAN**

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# Kitchen Successes

FROM

## Pineapple Land

Imagination rules in the kitchen where these recipes were created. They're easy to follow and inexpensive—real "Kitchen Successes"—by Patricia Collier, Dole Home Economist.



For refreshment, drink Dole Pineapple Juice.



### PINEAPPLE-CHEESE ICEBOX PIE

**Crumb Crust:** Crush 4 cups corn flakes fine (makes 1 cup); add 2 tbsps. sugar, 4 tbsps. melted butter or margarine; mix well; press into 9" pie pan, reserving 3 tbsps. crumbs for topping. Chill thoroughly or bake 8 minutes at 375°. **Filling:** Add 1 tbsp. plain gelatin to ¼ cup cold water; set aside. In cold double boiler beat 3 egg yolks slightly, add 1 cup Dole Crushed Pineapple (syrup and all), 1 tsp. grated lemon peel, 2 tbsps. lemon

juice, ¼ cup sugar; cook over hot water, stirring, until thick; add gelatine, stir until melted, remove from heat. Put 1 cup soft cottage cheese through wire strainer, add to hot mixture; cool until beginning to thicken. Beat 3 egg whites with ¼ tsp. salt; when stiff, gradually beat in ½ cup sugar, and fold into pineapple-cheese mixture. Heap in chilled crust, sprinkle with reserved crumbs, and chill 3 hours or longer. Serves 6.

DOLE RECIPE: 46-10.



### PINEAPPLE CABBAGE SALAD



Shred crisp cabbage, not too fine. Heap on lettuce, arrange golden half-slices of Dole Pineapple as illustrated, and top with a strip of pimiento for color. Pass separately, cooked dressing, or this Pineapple Cream Dressing: Whip ½ cup

sweet or freshly soured cream; stir in 4 tbsps. pineapple syrup (drained from the slices), 2 tbsps. vinegar or lemon juice, and ½ tsp. (or more) prepared mustard. Season to taste with salt and pepper, also a little sugar if desired. Serves 4 or 5.

## Love Needs No Reasons

(Continued from page 41)

wise for her to cut the apron-strings before he talked to her of marriage—well, things might have been different.

As it was, Lois defiantly and blindly picked University of Arizona. For the next year she threw herself into such a round of campus activities and dating that sometimes she felt like pinching herself and saying "Can this be really me?" Letters from Tucson to San Diego glowed with praise of Arizona's attractions and not the least of these were the sun-browned giants who posed with Lois in the snapshots she sent to her family—and to Art. Over and over he regretted his advice—yet, underneath, stubbornly felt that he had been right. Before he talked marriage he wanted Lois to be sure. He wanted to know that their love was something real and enduring. He wanted Lois to be on her own for a while.

It was fortunate that the torture only lasted a year, or radio might have lost one of its best entertainers. It's hard to be funny when you've got that all-gone feeling inside.

**PALE** and wan, Art met Lois coming home for the summer vacation. If that young lady had thought he needed a lesson, she had made her point. This time there was no casual talk of her going away from him, and he proposed as fast as he possibly could.

Lois had had enough, too. Arizona had been exciting, but she had never stopped loving that man. It had been a year of growing-up for her and, even though she dutifully asked her mother's permission to her marriage, it is quite possible that she would have married Art without it. She was a young lady now who knew her own mind.

Young as they were, there were none of the usual parental objections to their engagement. Her family had long since taken him in as one of them; Art had proved to their satisfaction, too, that radio could be a successful career. That summer he was Program Director of the San Diego Exposition's radio department and in the fall he was offered the job of Program Director of KGB—all at twenty-two! He was a young man going places.

He was also a man who knew his worth and, in spite of his young years, he asked \$175 a month as his salary at KGB. The station countered with \$150—and a raise to \$175 at Thanksgiving.

So, in the fall of 1935, on Thanksgiving Day, Art and Lois were married.

The day was marked by an experience that would have sent most brides into hysterics. But Lois took it in her stride and thus proved herself a true radio wife, a partner to a man whose private, personal life would never be safe from public intrusion.

There was a young friend of Art's to whom he had sent a wedding invitation . . . a young man by the name of Bill Goodwin. A struggling radio announcer, Bill had not yet achieved his later fame that came with such programs as the Burns and Allen show—but he had already developed his own brand of impish humor. He read the wedding announcement over the air one night on his program, and urged his listeners to attend, assuring them they would be only too welcome.

They showed up—in droves. They were waiting on the church steps when the wedding party arrived. They filled



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## The Teens are Keen!

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the chapel to overflowing. The ushers had their hands full and the lovely, blushing bride found herself being kissed after the ceremony by a bevy of cheerful, congratulatory people she'd never met in her life.

It was initiation for Lois and one she never forgot. While she has steadfastly kept herself always in the background of Art's public career, she, herself, is never thrown off balance by too-ardent fan letters to her husband, by persistent autograph-hunters, or by radio listeners who appear in person at the Linkletter home to meet their good friend, Art.

Art loves people, and Lois loves Art. And far from resenting his interest in others, the charm which he diffuses so freely day after day to his radio audiences, the long hours that take him away from her—Lois wouldn't have him any different. It is just this outpouring of his own good-nature and sense of fun that also makes him such a good father and wonderful husband.

In the first spring of their marriage Art was offered the exciting position of Program Director for the radio department of the Texas Centennial Exposition and there they went. They arrived in Dallas, Texas, in a broken-down old Dodge coupe with everything they owned in the rumble seat. When they had found an apartment and paid a month's rent, they didn't have enough left to pay for their dinner that night.

**A**CTUALLY, though, their married life has never been marred by the financial problems that so harass most people. Even in Dallas, as they sat supperless in their room that night, Art knew that in the morning there was his job waiting for him and an advance check when he wanted it. No, the Linkletter family has had its ups and downs and heartbreaks, but they have never been severe economic ones.

Back in San Diego in October, they found two offers of jobs for Art. One was a dazzling chance to jump right into a big Hollywood radio station as an announcer; the other was equally dazzling—as Program Director of the San Francisco World's Fair. Art consulted Lois and picked the latter.

It was a tough choice. World Fairs have a way of folding up after a few years and as a ladder to success San Francisco looked to have only one rung. But there were reasons for his choice, and Art has never regretted it. If he had taken the Hollywood post, he might today be a top-flight radio announcer—of other people's shows!

And that was just what he didn't want. Ever since he had been able to talk and hold a pencil, he had known the two things went together for him. He must be in a position to write his own stuff and say it, too. All through high school and college he had been training himself, consciously. At a time when most boys are thinking no farther ahead than the next Saturday-night movie, Art had set himself a goal and was working toward it.

He never let an opportunity go by for speaking or writing. He led assembly, he debated, he wrote a humor column for the college newspaper. He authored the college musical comedy "Pressure."

And, to him, the kind of responsibility thrust upon a radio Program Director of a big World's Fair would be the final, necessary polishing. No better training for an up-and-coming young ad-libber could be found than he experienced in handling the microphone at Treasure Island. He learned to handle any im-



prompt situation and handle it with aplomb. He got himself in and out of so many tight spots that he can never now be stumped for a word or phrase when needed.

Often, in the middle of a broadcast describing the glories of the Fair's exhibits, he would get a hurry-up phone call to bring the mike to the gates. A Governor was arriving—or a movie star, to be put on the air in five seconds flat without a rehearsal—or a foreign diplomat—and Art would have to invent the necessary protocol to cover the situation.

From this, and from his past experience at the San Diego and Texas Expositions, he learned to mingle with and know the American people. He uncovered their differences and their similarities and he found he spoke their universal language—be they an Iowa farmer's family or a President's daughter.

San Francisco was a wonderful place to the young Linkletters. The zippy climate matched their own zest for living and their own drive for going places. Here was opportunity. Here nothing could stop them.

JUST the same, there were mixed feelings of excitement and trepidation in Art when he came home one night. He had a plan. He was sure—but how would Lois like the idea?

"I know I can do it," he told her, after he had explained his dream-idea to her. "But it's a gamble."

Her eyes were shining. "If you know you can do it, and I know you can do it—where's the gamble?"

And so it was decided. Art was going "on his own." The World's Fair was well-launched by now, so Art, taking his own and Lois' courage in his hands, up and quit. He opened a free-lance production office—from their home—and originated, wrote, produced, was master of ceremonies, and sold his own radio shows.

From the start the venture was a complete success. He did as many as twenty shows a week, sometimes, some of them dramatic, most of them ad-libbing. And the name of Art Linkletter began to spread throughout the radio world.

Meanwhile, Lois was having some ventures of her own. Arthur Jack was born November 25th, 1937; and his little sister Dawn, December 1st, 1939. Much later, in 1944, came along Robert, and a couple of months ago there arrived still another little Linkletter—a girl, Sharon. Girl or boy, it doesn't matter to Art or Lois. They love children and Lois is convinced Art would welcome a dozen.

By 1940 Hollywood was calling, insistently. Art Linkletter had become the fair-haired boy of radio now, and offers flooded in from Southern California. So once again, light-hearted, the family set out on its travels and headed for Hollywood.

But here the upward-spiraling success story of Art and Lois took a downward spin. The next year in Hollywood was just one of those inexplicable disasters that do occasionally strike for no reason at all. Everything went wrong—*everything*. Sponsors became as coy as debutantes and seemed to use whimsy instead of discretion in their manner of buying or canceling shows. If Art did get on the air, the broadcast was sure to land on a day and a time when the President of the United States was speaking. His programs were shifted or canceled without reason or rhyme. His newest, which he had originated—called *People Are Funny*—developed temperament troubles with another cast member.

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And Hollywood, which had a while before held out its arms, now turned a cold shoulder. He had just as much to offer—he was just as popular with audiences—but he was “jinxed.”

Fortunately a sixth sense had made him hold onto his favorite San Francisco program *Who's Dancing Tonight?* and he had commuted there every week to do it. So when he finally shrugged off Hollywood, he could still go back to the Bay City and pick up the pieces.

He did more than that. He never worked so hard in his life. He was like a man driven to prove himself, to prove to Lois and the world that one year of hard luck didn't mean he was through. Day and night, on big stations and small ones, in audience shows, in dramatic performances, as master-of-ceremonies, for four years Art appeared in every conceivable show he could find or write himself.

Lois' courage matched his own. Daytime she was never far from the telephone and in spite of the care of three small children and a home, she was always where Art could reach her by telephone for a word of praise or criticism. She listened to all his programs. She was—and is—his best and severest critic. He tested his new idea on her and if she said no good, it went into the scrap-basket.

In the evenings she sat in the sound booths watching and encouraging. Their hours were irregular but Lois was equal to both midnight dinners or early-breakfast shows. The home was her job and she did it well—but she refused to allow it to separate her from Art.

HER recipe for marriage is a simple one. Make a home for your husband and make him all-important in it. If she has to make a choice between her children—whom she adores—and her husband, it is always Art who comes first. “They'll grow up someday and have lives of their own and marriages. This is the only one for Art and me,” she says, wisely.

And if their marriage has one distinguishing feature it could be called *light-hearted*. Asked often if Art is just as effervescent, just as gaily cocksure at home as he is on the air—Lois truthfully says yes. He has his serious moments, but never a blue one he can't talk his way out of. His humor is natural and unforced and is just as apt to break out over some incident with her or the children, as it is to send an audience into gusts of laughter.

Lois has never intruded herself into his radio existence. She prefers the obscurity of the sound engineer's booth to ever standing on the stage beside Art. And Art knows and respects her desire for privacy.

Only once did he break this rule. Lois was sitting in the front row of the House Party show, with some out-of-town guests. As usual, Art was wandering among the audience chatting with this one and that, when he spied her. He just couldn't resist—and suddenly he stopped short just in front of her, thrusting the microphone at her.

“Are you married, madam?” he asked.

Lois was panic-stricken. Nothing—nothing—was going to make her admit her identity—to force her into being the center of all eyes as Mrs. Art Linkletter! “N—no!” she stammered.

“You aren't? Oh, yes you are!”

“I am not!”

“You are, too. You're Mrs. Art Linkletter!” For the second, outraged, Art had forgotten the audience. His own wife refusing to acknowledge him—and then the howling audience recalled him

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to himself. But he never again turned the spotlight on Lois.

In 1945 Hollywood called again. And this time it came humbly with contract in hand and a sign-on-the-dotted-line. Art's own show, *People Are Funny*, which he writes and owns with his partner, John Guedel, had become nationally prominent on NBC and it needed Art's own personality to spark it. And a new sponsor, through CBS, offered him a five-a-week transcontinental coast-to-coast show—the House Party.

That last week in San Francisco, Art had the time of his life playing Santa Claus. All the shows he had so painstakingly, tirelessly built up, he now tossed away right and left, like a kid throwing confetti, to one radio friend after another. But he was set now and on his way to Hollywood.

Have the Linkletters settled down at last? They have a lovely home, a life that affords them more leisure time for themselves and for being with their children, for the few close friends they enjoy. Well—maybe. Art's writing a book now; he just finished making the motion picture "People Are Funny" for Paramount Studios and he's had his first try-out in television. Maybe they'll stay in Hollywood—but they won't settle down. There's too much to do—too much that's important, and fun, and can't be sacrificed.

ART would like to make an occasional movie; write more books; go more and more into television. But his first and real love is radio and his real ambition is just to get better at it.

Lois has discovered in herself a latent artistic talent. She has helped design the interior of their own and friends' homes and she makes beautiful and unusual jewelry.

At night, when they come home from a broadcast or an evening out, they always step into each child's room and wake him to say goodnight. The fact that they can do this—that the children expect it and love it and can go right off to sleep again—is proof of the healthy, unregimented life the Linkletters live. Arthur Jack and Dawn and Robert know a mother and a father who are wonderful people—who are fun, who are understanding and tolerant—and they have learned to make adjustments to a Daddy who doesn't go to work at nine and come home at five as other Daddies do.

And there is that wonderful game that Arthur Jack and his father play. It's called "radio." First, Art invents a character and a situation and his son interviews him just as he would if he were on a stage in front of a microphone, and when Art gets the character into an impossible situation—they reverse roles and little Arthur Jack must get the fiction hero out of it.

The Linkletters have a unique record of all the children. Not, as other families have, a photographic record—but a phonographic one. Long before any of them knew the meaning of it, they were talking into a microphone. Their first words, their first sentences, their first connected conversations—all are recorded on black shiny discs.

And for Lois and Art, their marriage—which began, so oddly, an attraction of contrasts—has become a union strongly forged. Art has his roots and his family now. Lois gave them to him.

And in return she has had a part in the exciting, enchanting world of make-believe that is radio, and—if that's not enough—a love that has surrounded her always with tenderness and gaiety, with laughter and dreams.

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**What About Television?**

(Continued from page 19)  
for sure what would make good video, but we were determined to find out.  
Now, late in 1946, we believe we have put some valuable experience under our belts. Not only the matter of producing good shows, but, just as important, producing good shows economically, because top-flight video is going to cost more than radio entertainment of comparable quality, and commercial interests are concerned with the problem of buying the best at the lowest cost.

To achieve this, we have attempted with considerable success to discover which of the important radio shows on the air now may be adaptable to television. We tried the afternoon audience-participation show, Ladies, Be Seated, and that program earned the highest audience rating of any show ever presented from WRGB, in Schenectady. We tried our great public service feature, Town Meeting, and we won again. Then we lifted from radio the daily ABC comedy show, Ethel and Albert, and the video viewers liked that one, too. Result: instead of starting from scratch, with all the attendant headaches and overpowering costs, we started with entertainment of proved merit, and thus served a dual purpose—programming efficiency and economy.

But television must also provide adequate coverage of spot news and news features. Such attractions as the United Nations meeting in New York, the Atlantic City Beauty Pageant, the National Aircraft Show, the Automotive Golden Jubilee in Detroit—all these were brought into the homes of our video audience to prove that ABC will not only build good programs but will cover the news-front as fast as the tele cameras can be wheeled about.

All this has been done here at ABC on the premise that, when fans ask us what we think of color against black-and-white or demand that we make similar predictions along the technical line, we may be a bit cautious with our answers, but when they want to know whether we are going to give them something worth looking at, we are prepared to return an emphatic reply. True, we are still learning, still experimenting. But we're leagues ahead of our 1944 starting post and our progress in programming during the remainder of 1946 and 1947 should become vastly accelerated. And the guiding word in our shop will continue to be—  
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**Quality above all!**



# Cover Girl

(Continued from page 3)

presented it to Margaret just before she headed for a Hollywood contract.

Maybe one reason for Margaret's continual open house is her childhood. She hails from Baltimore, Maryland. She is one of four bustling children born to two bustling parents—her mother a pianist, her father a jack-of-all-trades in the entertainment world. He was one of the first radio actors in radio history; he wrote songs; he authored the patter for Thurston the Magician. And under his gay and talented wing the four grew up.

Margaret was the actress of the four—from the age of six, when she acted in a grammar school play. One brother, "Ace," is just out of the Army and undecided about his career. The other brother, Lester, was the author of books on aviation until his death last year. The youngest girl, Janice, is—of all things!—a missionary, now working with an Indian tribe in the interior of Mexico.

As you can see, each child and each parent had different objectives in life. Margaret followed hers through Forest Park High School in Baltimore and Johns Hopkins University. While going to college, she worked at the May Company department store in Baltimore, as a window decorator and fashion coordinator—and very nearly wound up a buyer instead of an actress. But just before she went into the Life Average, she did a quick U-turn into the Vagabond Players in Baltimore. That led to Summer stock, then to Broadway—and finally to Hollywood, where she acted in the movies "Night of January 16th," "Sullivan's Travels," "The Glass Key," "They Got Me Covered," and "The Lady Has Plans."

But she is now back in New York, rotating between stage plays (her record: 4 flops this year) and radio—in which she is nothing but successful.

As far as radio is concerned, she most enjoys acting in My True Story programs. From an actress's point of view that's most understandable—where and how else could one get experience so varied as in a broadcast where she must alternate old characterizations with young, gentle, sympathetic characterizations with vixens?

You may know her by her dressing idiosyncracies: always a gold watch as her sole piece of jewelry; always flat shoes, in all colors; always tailored dresses—and never a hat. When she turned up at the studio to have her picture taken for Radio Mirror's cover, for instance, she wore a magnificent dress of cream-colored gabardine, accessoried with a wide brown belt and a huge shoulder-bag. And the flat shoes, of course.

And you may bank on her getting into the Milky Way of stardom. Want to know why? Well—she got her New York apartment, in the midst of the housing shortage, while she was on a trip to Chicago! Yes, she ran into her friend and fellow actress Virginia Gilmore. The two girls began moaning—Virginia wanted an apartment in Hollywood, Margaret one in New York. Then Margaret remembered that she had an idle 6-room apartment in Hollywood . . . and after that memory, to swap was easy.

That should give you the idea. Margaret may do things the hard way, but she does them. And if she found a New York apartment in Chicago, she'll find stardom anywhere at all!



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# Cinderella, Inc.

(Continued from page 21)

daily become more necessary. An art school for Marilyn, for one thing. Marilyn has had her fingers in ink or paint almost since she was able to toddle. This summer she's been going to an art class at the Waterbury Girls' Club, but she's nearly twelve, and she should, soon, have really serious instruction.

And a bigger house—that's our dearest dream, one that sometimes seems impossibly far from realization. Our six-room Dutch Colonial, with its green lawn and beautiful scalloped picket fence, seemed perfect to us when we bought it years ago. It still does, but since our family has grown, it's fairly bursting at the seams. We need a workshop for Bud, where he can keep his tools and his paint cans and where he can putter when he comes home from the store. We need more room for the children. They're crowded enough now—what will it be in a few years, when the boys are half grown and the girls are in high school? Each year Bud and I have told each other, "Perhaps next year we can manage; next year we'll really make the budget stick and get a start on saving for the new house." And then the next year the doctor or the dentist or unexpected bills would snow under the dream of the new house.

I've helped every way I could, without sacrificing good living for the family. I've watched expenses, done all my own work, and I've always been useful with a needle. I've made most of the clothes for the children, and last Christmas I made toys for babies—little bunnies and dolls out of babies' stockings—and sold them. In January, when the last check came in, we added up the total.

Even I gasped at the amount. I'd worked long hours, many nights until after twelve, over those toys, but still I hadn't dreamed that so many had been sold.

Bud glowed with pride. "It's starting the year right," he said, "thanks to you. Maybe this time things really will begin to come our way."

And indeed, it seems as if they are. Everything, big and small, has gone smoothly for us this year. There've been pleasant little triumphs, like Marilyn's posters for the Bunker Hill parade winning not just first prize, but first, second and third prizes. There was the big surprise of my winning a trip to New York for the letter I wrote to the Cinderella program.

I had to write that letter. Ever since I was married I've felt that my major task has been to keep my husband happy, my home in ship-shape order, and my children clean, healthy and happy. And a pretty good job I was doing, too, I thought, until suddenly Marilyn would make some remark like, "Mother, why aren't you helping out at the church supper?" Or Elizabeth would say, "Ellen's mother is president of the P.T.A. Why aren't you?" And even my husband, not long ago, said, "You should know more about what goes on outside the home."

At that I *did* feel a little like "poor Freda." Then I laughed, and told myself that it just went to prove that there was no chance to grow smug when you're surrounded by an alert and outspoken family. And they were right—I realized that when I stopped to think it out, I hadn't been out very much, hadn't done anything on my

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own since longer than I cared to remember. And how could I? I defended myself. My job isn't one you can quit when you feel like it. It doesn't allow for annual vacations.

It was then that the Cinderella program ceased being something to day-dream over and became a very real—if only barely possible—answer. I sat down and in about ten minutes wrote my letter, explaining why I wanted the trip to New York. Words spilled off my pen. I told them about my family, told them that my family expected me to be a person as well as a wife and mother. I told them how much it would mean to me to get away for awhile, to rest and relax and regain my former self, how much it would mean to see new people, new surroundings. Why, I'd be gaining a world of knowledge I could transmit to my youngsters! In bettering myself, I'd be doing something for my family, and—yes, for everyone in our community. I sealed the letter and posted it



I've got four sons and—like any parent—I want to see them lead a healthy, happy life in healthy, happy surroundings, whether they're at home or far away from home.

They're four good reasons, also, why I so strongly endorse the USO and the Community Chests of America. It's not hard to figure out that when everybody's kids get the chance to spend their energies wholesomely in youth centers and summer camps and when community health is guarded and improved,—well, that produces an atmosphere which makes you feel good about living. That's the kind of atmosphere the Community Chests are striving to create.

Remember, too, that for the serviceman who's a stranger in your town, the USO is a touch of home and the folks he left behind. What's more, the USO goes overseas, into far-off and inaccessible places, and into veteran Army and Navy hospitals to bring GI's there, too, some of the community atmosphere and friendly feeling we've come to associate with the American way of living.

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*Bing Crosby*

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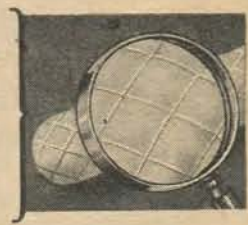


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quickly to WBRY, our local station. Then I forgot it, thinking that nothing would come of it.

The next week WBRY called me to tell me that I'd been chosen to be one of the Cinderellas. I listened in a daze while they gave me instructions, told me to come to the station the next day to have my voice tested. I hung up still not really believing that it was true. Bud laughed at me when I told him about it.

"Of course it's true," he said. "Why shouldn't they pick you? And besides—remember, this is our year."

I looked around at the familiar rooms—suddenly dearer than ever before; I thought of leaving Bud and the girls to cope with meals and housework and laundry for a whole month, and I knew a moment of cold panic.

"I don't want to go," I said miserably. "I just can't leave."

But of course I knew that I would, even as he reassured me.

THE next Thursday I was in New York. I was the first of the Cinderellas to arrive at the New Weston Hotel, where we were to meet. The others came later in the day—Marjorie Young of Poland, Ohio, a plump, pleasant looking woman with twinkling blue-grey eyes, Polly Phillips of San Antonio, Texas, tanned, fair-haired and forthright, and very young, very pretty little Jean McFee of Asheville, North Carolina. We all liked each other instantly, and we were soon chattering away like old friends. If there'd been the slightest hint of stiffness, volatile Mrs. McFee would have dissipated it. She kept interrupting her unpacking to run to the window and peer down into the street.

"Ah've been so excited all week," she declared in an accent thick enough to spread, "and you know—Ah still don't believe Ah'm really here!"

It was how we all felt. And it was strange how the feeling persisted—for me, at least—through the crowded days that followed. We had dinner in our rooms that first Thursday night, and the next morning—oh, luxury of luxuries!—we were served breakfast in bed. Then, in the afternoon we were taken to the Iceland Restaurant, from which the Cinderella program is broadcast, to meet the Cinderellas whose four weeks were up that day. We were all scared, and sure that we'd have a fatal case of mike fright when our turn came to speak, but excitement, and the assurance of the departing Cinderellas, pulled us through. Four weeks ago they had been just like us—facing a microphone for the first time.

On Saturday morning, silver-haired, beautifully groomed Hanna Connor of CBS, who was to be guide, chaperone and confidante to us throughout our stay, started us off on a tour of the city. From a sight-seeing bus we saw the colorful shops and the narrow, twisting streets of Chinatown, and the shabby, once-tough section known as the Bowery, and then we went on downtown through Greenwich Village to the harbor, where the Statue of Liberty guards the meeting of the two great rivers and the sea. Uptown, we saw the solid gray dignity of Grant's tomb and the breathtaking span of the Washington Bridge, and the timeless beauty of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine.

We were all goggle-eyed, but the trip meant something special and personal to two of us—Jean McFee and

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me. Like me, Jean had been in New York before—for a few hours, when she was traveling through with her husband, who was then in the Navy. "We got in at five in the afternoon," she told us, "and of course all the big stores were closed by then. We did get to go on a tour of Rockefeller Center, but they took us through so fast I couldn't remember much about it afterwards. And that night, when we took a bus ride, everybody was very kind and tried to point out Grant's tomb and the Washington Bridge—and all I could see was a blob of black for the tomb and a string of lights for the bridge. Now," she sighed contentedly, "when I go home I can tell my husband I've finally got to see all the things we missed."

As for me—well, the trip included a visit to the Little Church Around the Corner. I was disappointed to find that Dr. Randolph Ray, who had married Bud and me, was away on his vacation. I had wanted to talk with him a little to tell him about Marilyn and Elizabeth and Edward and Robert. But it was a satisfying and heart-stirring moment when I stopped at the altar, where I'd stood with Bud so many years before, and realized anew how good, how blessedly good, all those years had been.

ON Saturday, too, we moved to the Hotel Victoria, where we were to live for the rest of our visit, and then we had what remained of the weekend to ourselves, for rest and shopping and sight-seeing, to get us used to the city and to accustom us to finding our way around.

On Monday we stepped into a whirl of activity that was a little like stepping up on a merry-go-round that never stopped. There was the broadcast every afternoon except Saturday and Sunday. Bob Dixon, who conducted the program, was so genial and understanding and so adept at drawing us out, that we soon got over our first self-consciousness and were talking away, telling our experiences and taking part in the quizzes and the foolery, as if we'd been on radio programs all our lives. There were beauty treatments—our hair re-styled and permanented where permanents were called for, and facials and manicures—once a week at Charles of the Ritz. Polly and Marjorie and I emerged from the first one with our hair piled sleekly and curled high on our heads; Jean's long blonde bob had been cut short to a fluffy golden halo. She kept shaking her head, touching the shorn ends with her fingers.

"Don't feel like myself any more," she said. "George said he might not know me when I came home again—and I'm beginning to think he may be right."

I looked carefully at myself in the mirror. My new coiffure was essentially like my old one, and I'd always prided myself on taking good care of my skin and my hands, on keeping myself well groomed for my family. But I had to admit there was a difference. I had a smarter, more finished look.

There were exercises and massage and steam baths twice a week at Reilly's gymnasium in Radio City. We accepted doubtfully the information that exercises were better than just plain resting when one was tired out from housework, but after the first treatment we felt so much better that we promised ourselves we'd follow faithfully the program outlined by Reilly's every day of our lives.

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WELL LAST  
NIGHT?



There were speech lessons from Professor Williamson, and lectures in interior decorating, and a trip through the Good Housekeeping Institute that was like all the home economics courses of school days rolled into one. We were outfitted with new hats by Florence Reichman, and dresses by Molly, and shoes from La Valle. It didn't matter, we agreed, which of us would win the grand prize—to be awarded at the final broadcast—for having benefited most from her trip; each of us felt so much different from her former self.

And the gifts that were showered upon us!—especially upon the one day each week when, in turn, our home towns shared the broadcast with us. Gifts for our husbands and for ourselves and for our homes, everything from wristwatches to electric roasters to bath towels—far too many to begin to list. Polly Phillips said that it was like having a whole month of Christmases.

"Imagine," said Marjorie Young, "being dressed up and going places every minute you aren't just sitting back and taking things easy. I'd always wondered what it was like to live that way, and now I know." By that time we had seen several shows—*Carousel* and *Born Yesterday* and *Show Boat*—and every night we weren't at the theater we visited a night club or a restaurant—Tony's Trouville and the Bal Tabarin and the Golden Horn, and the supper room at the Hotel Roosevelt.

I DIDN'T say anything. I felt guilty for it, but I still had the inexplicable feeling of not being wholly a part of things, of missing something. I didn't understand myself at all. Here I was, having my longed-for vacation, and one so wonderful that just a day of it would have been a treat to remember for the rest of my life—and I still wasn't whole-heartedly enjoying myself. Perhaps, I told myself, it was just too much to savor all at once.

Not the least of the good things was getting to know the other Cinderellas, learning how much alike we were and yet how different in our problems and the things we wanted. Polly Phillips spoke for all of us when she had no ambitions for herself—only for her family, for her husband, Ernest, and her two girls, Evelyn Jo and Mary Katherine. Now that they'd just bought the home they'd wanted, she said, one big desire remained to be fulfilled: Ernest wanted his own business, a watch repair shop. Jean and I listened enviously when Polly talked about her house. Housing was as scarce in Asheville as it was everywhere else, and what Jean wanted most of all was a three-room apartment for herself and her husband, George, and their eleven-months-old Malcolm Roger.

"We've been living with my mother," she told us. "She's been wonderful, but it isn't the same as having a place of our own. Maybe by the time George gets through school..."

George McFee, like many young veterans, was going to school under the GI Bill of Rights. And Jean, like so many young veterans' wives, was trying to get her life settled into the pattern of peace-time living. She had been sixteen when she had married George. She had worked two years in a war plant, and then had followed George's Navy travels until, toward the end of the war, she had gone back home to care for her invalid father and to await the arrival of her son. She seemed such a youngster compared to the rest of us; it was hard to believe



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sometimes that she'd carried so much on her slim shoulders.

Marjorie and Bob Young and their two boys, Larry and Chester, live on a farm near Poland, Ohio. Bob Young is a millwright who divides his time between his farm and his night-shift job, and Marjorie's days must be scheduled so that she can be with her boys when they come home from school and with her husband when he is home from work.

"It doesn't give me much time for myself," she told us, half amused and half wistful, "—or for my novel."

Marjorie was the talented one of our quartette. Injured by a fall from a horse, she had been an invalid for many years—years she had spent writing poetry and short stories, some of which she had brought with her to New York. She had, she explained, long since recovered from her accident, but she was afraid that she'd never quite recover from the bite of the writing bug.

**YOU** can see that New York in some ways meant the same things to all of us—a vacation from household routine, an opportunity to devote our time and our attention to ourselves, to see new places, new people. And yet each of us had a different and personal reason for coming. Jean McFee had wanted to see more of the city she'd had only a glimpse of when she was there with her husband. Marjorie Young wanted the help and the advice in regard to her writing that she couldn't get on her Ohio farm. Polly Phillips had wanted to come because her husband, in the course of his work during the war, had been sent to New York for a month at a time when she had been unable to accompany him; he had returned to Texas to talk so much about New York that she felt that she must see it, too, to share it with him.

It was on the evening of our second Monday in New York that I talked to my family. I'd telephoned Bud several times since my arrival, but always, as it happened, late at night, after the children were in bed. We four Cinderellas had spent the weekend on the Jersey shore, at Asbury Park. With Mary Pontario of CBS, we had rooms at the Berkeley-Carteret overlooking the water, and the hotel had outdone itself to make our stay pleasant. We returned Monday morning feeling pampered and deliciously sun-soaked and wind-blown—and all I could think of after that wonderful weekend was that I was back at the Victoria early enough to telephone the children.

They were bubbling over with questions—and with emphatic demands for presents from New York. Marilyn wanted a set of oil paints and canvas. Domestic Elizabeth wanted a Diddy doll and a Taylor-Tot for it. My baby, Robert, wanted a scooter and a lawnmower—"one that really cuts, Mother," he urged. And Edward, in no uncertain terms, asked for a real machine gun. Blood-thirsty as he sounded, I knew what he meant. A real machine gun was no wooden facsimile, but a metal gun with a cylinder that turned and made a lethal-sounding chatter.

I hung up feeling choked, feeling foolishly close to tears. And then I knew what was wrong with me, knew why everything in New York was somehow not as vivid as it should have been. I was just plain homesick.

I didn't say anything about it to the other women. I guess I was ashamed to. We'd all talked endlessly about our homes and our husbands and our

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children—but none of them had owned up to anything as silly and childish as homesickness.

Monday, too, was Polly Phillips' day—that is, San Antonio day—at the broadcast, and an especially hilarious time it was. We were all made honorary Texas Rangers and presented with lapel pins that were keys, set with brilliants, to the city of San Antonio. Bob Dixon whooped and made all the appropriate noises upon being made a Galloping Cowboy, complete with Stetson hat and cowboy boots and belt. Among our other presents were the makings of a Texas dinner—and a live steer. The steer arrived at the Iceland accompanied by a cowboy, and we were relieved to be told that it wasn't going to be reduced to beef on the spot; it was to be returned to a port in Texas from which it would be shipped to Europe as a present from the Cinderellas to the U.N.R.R.A.

We had dinner that night at the Roosevelt Hotel's supper room, and afterward we went to the musical comedy, *Call Me Mister*. And none of it—not the live steer, nor Bob Dixon as a Galloping Cowboy, nor the excellent dinner nor the quick-paced, really funny show—served to raise my spirits. I kept thinking of my house in Waterbury, and my green lawn with the scalloped picket fence, and of Bud, and of the children.

BACK in our rooms at the Victoria, we gossiped as usual before going to bed. And then, out of a little silence and apropos of nothing at all, I heard myself saying suddenly, "You know—when the station at home called me to tell me I'd won this trip to New York, I didn't want to come."

"Neither did I," said Polly Phillips promptly.

Jean McFee shook her blonde head, and her accent broadened as it always did when she was especially in earnest.

"You know what Ah did when they called me?" she asked. "Ah was doin' the washin'—and Ah turned off the washin' machine and picked up mah baby, and Ah just bawled!"

Marjorie Young's lips twitched in a little shamefaced smile. "I didn't want to come, either," she said. "I woke my husband up in the middle of the night to tell him so."

There was another silence—longer and more thoughtful. Somehow, the other women hadn't sounded as if they felt they'd been awfully silly in that last-minute panic before coming to New York. They sounded—well, as if they might be feeling exactly the way I was feeling. I made an even bigger admission.

"I'd go home tomorrow, if I could," I said.

And the others chorused longingly, "So would I!"

We looked at each other, and then we began to laugh, realizing all at once how foolish we were being—and how human.

"It just goes to prove," Marjorie paraphrased, "that you can take a housewife out of her home, but you can't take the home out of a housewife."

"We're the wrong crowd for a trip like this," said Jean. "We're all too much in love with our husbands and our homes."

Polly Phillips chuckled. "This is when my husband would say 'just like a woman.' Here we are—we're all having everything we wanted and dreamed about, and more . . . and we're all complaining and refusing to enjoy our-

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selves because we can't be two places at once!"

But I knew then that I was going to enjoy myself from that moment on, that I—and the other women, too, I felt—would surely live every minute of the remaining two weeks to the fullest. The little laugh at ourselves had cleared the air, had given us perspective. The thing to do about homesickness, we'd discovered, was to look it squarely in the eye.

They passed all too quickly, those remaining wonderful days in New York. Then it was the last week, and we made our last trips to Charles of the Ritz and to Reilly's, and then it was the last day. Marjorie Young's husband came from Poland, Ohio, and my whole family drove up from Waterbury to take me home.

The only trouble with a family the size of mine is that you can't hug everyone at once.

"The Lions' Club," said Bud, over the babel, "wants you to speak at a luncheon next week. And the Bunker Hill Women's Society—

I JUST nodded. I was too excited at seeing my family to think of anything else just then. They came to the final broadcast at the Iceland that afternoon, and sat at a table facing me. It was the most wonderful family in the world, I thought proudly.

I'm afraid that because of them I didn't pay much attention to the broadcast, exciting as it was in itself. We were introduced to the four new Cinderellas who were to take our places, and the final votes were tallied as to which of us had benefited most from our trip. Polly Phillips won first place and received a breath-taking list of prizes. Marjorie Young was second, Jean McFee third. Jean and I looked at each other and nodded as the winners were announced. We'd expected Marjorie and Polly to win. And Asheville had changed the name of one of its avenues to "Cinderella Avenue" in Jean's honor!

But one person was disappointed. "Mother," Edward burst out when I sat down with the family after the broadcast, "didn't you win anything?" "Edward!" I gasped, and was about to remind him of the room full of presents at the hotel when Bud broke in.

"Did you really," he asked, grinning, "think that there was much room for improvement in your mother?"

I didn't need anything else to make my day perfect. Bud was teasing, of course, but he sounded as if he meant it.

Polly Phillips and Jean McFee and Mrs. Neumann of the Victoria and I stayed that afternoon to have dinner with Bud and the children at the Iceland. Marjorie, leaving with her husband, stopped to say goodbye and to repeat the promises we'd made to keep in touch with each other.

"I can't believe it's over," she said. "It—it's strange and sort of sad to think that it is."

I agreed with her, knowing exactly how she felt—and yet, somehow there seemed something more to say. I kept thinking about it all through dinner, and thinking, too, of the invitations to speak and all I'd have to do and everyone I'd have to see when I reached home—and all at once I understood. Our trip really wasn't over. Perhaps no experience that is genuinely important and valuable is ever really finished. Our Cinderella journey had already made changes for us; it would go on being an influence and an advantage all the rest of our lives.

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# Little, But, Oh My!

(Continued from page 6)

great inches from your height. Because you're small, small prints and checks are meant for you as are small narrow belts, up and down stripes, straight rather than fitted jackets unless the latter are quite short or bolero in style. Dolman and full sleeves, very padded shoulders and skirts that are too full are also on your list of Must-Not-Wear. And the laws of proportions apply to your accessories too. No big bags, no large barbaric jewelry, but nothing insignificant either. With a full length mirror to guide you, even in choosing a hat, and a never-failing awareness of proportion, you can be and look important.

Now let's go into this question of charm a bit more deeply. Psychologists have, you know—they've considered the special personality problems of the small man, in particular, and have found that what a man may consider a deficiency in his height can be at the bottom of very serious maladjustments.

It's easy to see how such a thing would affect a man, in our culture where the ideal man is a tall, stalwart football type. It's not so easy, however, to understand the operation of such a complex in a woman.

But the personality problem does exist. A small woman may feel, subconsciously, that she is insignificant, weak, ineffectual. She may begin to raise her voice, in an attempt to command the attention she fears her appearance does not gain for her. She may develop a strut, an ugly chip-on-her-shoulder kind of walk. She may find herself always on the defensive, expecting people to take advantage of her and determined not to let them get away with it—watch a small woman in a subway or bus, during a rush hour, if you don't believe that! Or—and deliver us from this type above all others—she may become kittenish. The kittenish woman is usually one who develops her technique as a girl. All right, at that age—eighteen or so—it's more becoming. She can be coy and a bit giggly and get away with it, though even during those years it's not the most attractive type of behavior. But the chief danger is that habits developed then will hang on, and on, and on, long past the time when you have even a remote chance of getting away with them, until you're trade-marked as a fatuous creature who "doesn't know her age." Dignity and grace and smooth charm are the things you should strive for, and kittenishness, no matter what your age, should be shunned like the plague.

You just aren't tall, so let it go at that. There's no reason to feel second-rate because you're short. In fact, we don't see any reason to try and look taller than you are. Isn't it enough to be a perfect little person? The average American man is no giant so you'll have all the dancing partners you need if you're little—but oh, my!

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## Half the Fun

(Continued from page 50)

### Stuffed Beef Flank

- 2 lbs. flank of beef
- 1 to 2 cups leftover dressing
- 1 tsp. salt
- ½ tsp. pepper
- Bacon drippings

Have a pocket slit in the beef flank; stuff loosely with dressing (the quantity of dressing depends on the thickness of the meat and the size of the pocket). Fasten with skewers or toothpicks. Place in well greased shallow pan or baking dish. Rub with bacon drippings, dust with salt and pepper and roast in 350-degree oven until done (1 to 1½ hours). To prevent drying, baste frequently during roasting with equal quantities melted drippings and hot water.

### Oyster and Dressing Casserole

- 1 quart oysters
- 2 cups leftover dressing
- Liquid from oysters
- 1 tbl. butter
- Salt and pepper to taste

Place half the dressing in a buttered casserole. Cover with half the oysters. Repeat layers with remaining ingredients. Pour on liquid. Dot with butter and dust with salt and pepper. Bake in 350-degree oven (about 45 minutes).

### Creamed Onion Soup

- 1 can consomme or bouillon
- 1 to 2 cups creamed onions

Chop onions, not too fine. Combine consomme and cold water as directed on can. Pour a little consomme over onions and blend with fork to prevent white sauce from forming lumps. Gradually add remaining consomme and continue blending. Heat to boiling point and serve. If desired, pour over hot buttered toast and garnish each serving with grated cheese.

### Turkey Baked Macaroni

For a really luxurious dish follow your favorite recipe for baked macaroni using these variations: Substitute diced turkey for half the usual quantity of cheese. Substitute gravy for half the usual quantity of milk. Add one small onion, minced and sauteed in butter. Bake as usual.

### Fluffy Potato-Muffins

- 2 cups leftover mashed potatoes
- 6 tbls. milk
- 1 egg white, beaten
- Butter

Break potatoes with a fork. Add milk and blend thoroughly to remove lumps. Fold in stiffly beaten egg white. Arrange in fluffy mounds in well buttered muffin tins. Dot with butter. Bake in 400-degree oven until well browned. Leftover mashed sweet potatoes may be served in the same way and are extra delicious if half a cup of nut meats are stirred in before baking.

### String Bean Sauté

- 2 tbls. butter, margarine or cooking oil
- 2 tbls. minced onion
- 2 cups cooked string beans, well drained
- Lemon slices

Melt butter in frying pan, add onion and cook until beans are heated through and starting to brown. Garnish with thin lemon slices dusted with paprika. Instead of minced onion, a garlic clove may be browned in the butter and removed before the beans are added.

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