RADIO MIRROR

January

25¢

ANITA GORDON

IN BRILLIANT COLOR

When a Girl Marries * Red Skelton * Road of Life

Your Skin's Softer! You're Lovelier with just One Cake of Camay!

MRS. HUDSON C. MILLAR, JR.
the former Barbara Jean Carpenter
of East Orange, N. J.
bridal portrait by Maurice

MEET THE MILLARS!

The Millars honeymooned in Bermuda. Neighbors all their lives, they'd only met a few years ago. She's gorgeous! She says: "My *first cake* of Camay brought a softer, clearer look to my skin."

There's sorcery in a lovely skin—a soft, clear complexion holds hearts in its spell! That's true—and you can win a smoother, lovelier skin with just *one cake* of Camay. Just give up careless cleansing—go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Follow directions on the wrapper—and watch your beauty grow!

Bride and groom share a love of sailing. Both can set a spinnaker or tie a clove hitch. Expert, too, in complexion care—Barbara helps guard the loveliness of her skin with the Camay Mild-Soap Diet.

Now! Keep your <u>hands</u>
as kissable as your lips...

with new, really and
wonderfully different

Woodbury *Beauty-Blended* Lotion

ACTUALLY 2-LOTIONS-IN-1

1. A softening lotion! Quickly helps bring your hands adorable new softness. Woodbury Lotion is beauty-blended with luxury *lanolin* and other costlier-than-usual skin-smoothing ingredients.

2. A protective lotion, too. This same Woodbury *beauty*-blend contains *protective* ingredients to help "glove" your hands against roughening, reddening wind and cold, the drying effect of soap and water.

PROTECTS AS IT SOFTENS...
CONTAINS LUXURY LANOLIN

Let your own never-before-so-lovely hands tell you why more women are changing to Woodbury Lotion than to *any* other lotion. So rich. So creamy. (Never sticky or greasy.) So different—beauty-blended to protect as it softens. At drug and cosmetic counters, 10c, 25c & 50c, plus tax.

FREE! **MAIL COUPON FOR PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE**

Let your own hands tell you, in *one* week, that Woodbury Lotion is really new, wonderfully different.

Mail to Box 56, Cincinnati 14, Ohio
(Paste on penny postcard if you wish.) (5005)

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....
(Please print name, address plainly. Sorry, offer good in U.S.A. only.)

R M

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF FAMOUS WOODBURY FACIAL SOAP AND OTHER AIDS TO LOVELINESS

January 1948

RADIO MIRROR

VOL. 29, NO. 2

ON THE COVER: Anita Gordon; color portrait by Paul Hesse. Coat by Rand of California

Fred R. Sammis, Editorial Director
Doris McFerran, Editor
Jack Zasorin, Art Director
Evelyn L. Fiore, Managing Editor
Marjorie Wallace, Associate Editor
Frances Maly, Associate Art Director

HOLLYWOOD OFFICE

Ann Daggett, Editor
McCullah St. Johns, Managing Editor
Hymie Fink, Staff Photographer
Beverly Wilson, Assistant Photographer
Sterling Smith, Staff Photographer

RADIO MIRROR, published monthly by MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC., New York, N. Y. General Business, Editorial and Advertising Offices: 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. O. J. Elder, President; Harold Wise, Senior Vice President; S. O. Shapiro, Vice President; Herbert Drake, Vice President; Meyer Dworkin, Secretary and Treasurer; Edward F. Lethen, Advertising Director. Chicago Office: 221 North La Salle St., Leslie R. Gage, Mgr. Pacific Coast Offices: San Francisco, 420 Market Street; Hollywood, 321 So. Beverly Dr., Lee Andrews, Manager. Reentered as Second Class matter March 15, 1947, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription rates: U. S. and Possessions, Canada and Newfoundland, $2.50 per year. All other countries $5.00 per year. Price per copy: 25c in the United States and Canada. While Manuscripts, Photographs and Drawings are submitted at the owner's risk, every effort will be made to return those found unavailable if accompanied by sufficient first class postage and explicit name and address. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions; otherwise they are taking unnecessary risk. The contents of this magazine may not be reprinted either wholly or in part without permission.

(Member of Macfadden Women's Group)

Printed in U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Co., Dunellen, N. J.

ADVICE TO READERS 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 infected 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, *un*beautiful 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 to 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. 283, 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)*

Rendezvous WITH Ramona

WLW again brings its listeners the talented pianist whose first broadcast was from this Cincinnati station.

SHE WAS "out of this world" when she played "Home Sweet Home" on the piano at the age of three, and now, after more than a decade of the big time, Ramona has returned to Cincinnati and WLW—the station where she earned stardom in 1931 and 1932.

Back in Cincinnati, Ramona is star of her show, Rendezvous With Ramona, aired over WLW at 6:30 P.M., EST, five days weekly. The tuneful Ramona sings and plays the piano, bringing back fond memories with the nostalgic songs of yesteryear and creating new ones with her treatment of popular tunes.

From London, England, to Los Angeles, Ramona has called on her nimble piano fingers and voice to entertain thousands at smart clubs in every major city. Her name is synonymous with rhythm.

She broke into radio as an accompanist over WDAF, Kansas City. Before that time, she had occasionally taken a day or so off from school to play at a neighborhood movie house.

From Kansas City, Ramona jumped back across the continent to Pittsburgh, Pa. There she formed one-half of the program called Twenty Fingers of Sweetness, aired over KDKA.

WLW was next on the ladder to stardom. While at WLW, Paul Whiteman, a radio addict, was playing a stand in Cincinnati and heard Ramona. Six months later, Ramona entrained for New York City and the big time. From 1933 to 1937, she was featured vocalist and pianist with Whiteman. As solo attraction, Ramona starred when Whiteman presented his jazz version of how modern concertos should be conducted.

Then Ramona crossed the Atlantic to become the toast of English royalty. She appeared at Ciro's in London. She did a command performance before King George VI and the Duke of Kent at the Duke's residence.

Returning to the United States, she organized her own band, the first all-male unit to be led by a woman. She toured the country with success, but broke up the organization because it proved too strenuous.

She appeared on all four major networks when she was in New York. She, and her husband, Al Helfer, returned to Cincinnati last summer.

"Good-bye, Jim...
we could have had a wonderful life together."

SHE had made herself go to Jim's wedding! "What will people say . . . what will they think . . . if I don't go?" she had asked herself grimly. So . . . she had gone. She had struggled to keep the tears back. She had watched the man she loved slip the ring on another girl's finger. She had forced herself to say the conventional things that were expected of her . . . "What a lovely bride! What a lucky man! What a beautiful wedding!" At least no one could point her out as the disappointed, heartbroken girl who had expected to be Jim's bride, herself.

But now the ordeal was over. Now she was home again, alone, with nothing to do except to read . . . and destroy . . . Jim's letters. Ah, here was the first letter he'd ever written her . . . after that wonderful day in the country! And here was another . . . after the dance. And other letters from far away Rio . . . warm and tender, full of his plans and hopes for the future . . . full of hints that maybe someday . . . ? One by one, she went through them, trying vainly to find some reason that would explain his later change in attitude.

The day he stepped off the plane from Rio, he had been so *ardent*, so glad to see her. But only a few short hours later he seemed to have changed . . . unbelievably. There was a strange indifference about him . . . his tenderness became merely formal courtesy . . . and at each meeting after that, the gulf seemed to widen, finally becoming an abyss. What had happened to change his feeling for her? She didn't know . . . and she never would know.

Slowly she put the letters into the fire, sadly watching them turn to ashes.

"Good-bye, Jim," she whispered. "We could have had a wonderful life together!"

You can understand why a case of halitosis (bad breath) can cause a rift in a promising romance. And halitosis, unfortunately, can happen to anyone . . . even to you. So be extra careful about offending this way. And by being extra careful we mean rinsing the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic night and morning, *and before every date when you want to be at your best.*

Although sometimes systemic in origin, most cases of halitosis, according to some authorities, are caused by fermentation of food particles in the mouth. Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation, and overcomes the odor it causes. So many fastidious people never, never omit Listerine Antiseptic. Lambert Pharmacal Co., *St. Louis, Missouri.*

Before every date let LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC *look after your breath*

Tried the NEW Listerine Tooth Paste with 25% more Lusterfoam? TASTE that zippy, minty flavor!

NEW RECORDS

RECOMMENDED By KEN ALDEN

WOODY HERMAN:
Helped by his crack eight-man unit, sings a group of nostalgic blues songs in a new Columbia album. Best, "Under A Blanket of Blue."

KAY KYSER:
Rushes thru an album of familiar college grid songs for rah rah record results. Columbia.

HARRY HORLICK:
In a new MGM album conducts his orchestra in a lovely grouping of Strauss waltzes including the imperishable "Blue Danube." For ¾ time addicts.

BUDDY WEED TRIO:
Good stuff with "Sugar" and "Fun and Fancy Free." Don't pass it up. MGM.

FRANK SINATRA:
Does two new Richard Rodgers songs from the musical hit, "Allegro"—"So Far" and "When A Fellow Needs A Girl." Columbia.

LOUIS PRIMA:
Gives his version of the wild and wacky "Civilization" and it's a good one. Backed up with "Forsaking All Others." Victor.

DORIS DAY:
Columbia's new thrush does a polka, "Poppa, Won't You Dance With Me?" and "Say Something Nice About Me." Answering the last statement we say Doris Day is okay.

BUDDY CLARK:
Right now this gent is doing the best disc vocalizing. Try him on "Sincerely Yours" and "Freedom Train." Columbia. Another discing of the latter Berlin tune is made by Capitol with Johnny Mercer, Benny Goodman, Peggy Lee and Margaret Whiting all joining in.

GORDON MACRAE:
Another baritone biggie clicks with "I Still Get Jealous" and "I Understand." Capitol.

ARTHUR GODFREY:
Look who's on records, radio's puckish personality. He has fun with "For Me and My Gal" and "Too Fat Polka." Columbia. Radio's "Whistler" has his theme song recorded by Sam Donahue's band for Capitol.

DIZZY GILLESPIE SEXTET:
Good jazz turns up on both sides with "All The Things You Are" and "Dizzy Atmosphere." Musicraft.

GEORGE PAXTON:
Plays the nostalgic "Sweet and Lovely" and pairs it with, of all things, "Yale Blues." Musicraft.

TEX BENEKE:
Have their fling with the Italian hit, "I Have But One Heart" with the reverse devoted to "Too Late." Victor.

TONY MARTIN:
Has a new Victor version of the song you associate with him, "Begin the Beguine." He really sings it. On the back, "The Christmas Song."

FREDDY MARTIN:
Gives a dance tempo to the fiddler's delight, "Hora Staccato." The reverse, "Santa Claus Express," can be skipped. Victor.

Russ Anderson

"BIGGEST man in radio" is what friends call Russ Anderson because of his six feet five and a half inches. After listening to him list his activities for CBS, as "associate director"—we're inclined to name him the busiest biggest man in radio. For in addition to his work at CBS he teaches radio production and also writes scripts for a script syndicate.

When we caught Russ to talk to him, he was busy directing the CBS Look Your Best program (Monday through Friday at 2:30 P.M. EST). He told us that right now he's involved in the production of four shows a day, Look Your Best, Grand Slam on which he works with the agency director, Ma Perkins, also an agency show, and Tom Scott, American Troubadour.

Once this very large man was small. That was when he was born in Hildreth, Nebraska, a very small town. He didn't stay small long, however, because by the time he was in high school he was much in demand on the football and basketball teams, because of his size. He also played the trumpet and sang in the glee club.

While at college, he started being interested in radio and pretty soon was working almost all his spare time as the contact for the college with the Kearney radio station, KGFW.

In 1938, Russ moved along, this time to New York, where he continued his musical studies with Oscar Seagle. Now, he really began to *be* a singer, doing a great deal of group singing with outfits like those of Jeff Alexander, Myer Rappaport, Ken Christie, Ray Bloch and Fred Waring.

He's not quite sure exactly when he decided that singing as a career meant too much hard work for very little return, but maybe his six months as bass soloist at Radio City Music Hall had something to do with it. After that he turned to radio.

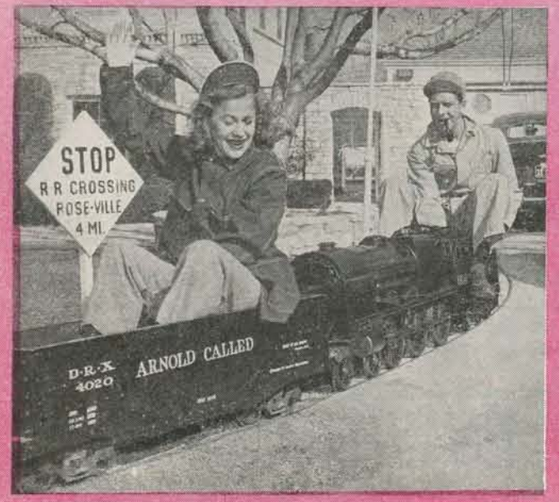
He got a job with CBS as a short wave announcer-producer, became night program director, and finally got on the CBS network staff as an associate director. In 1943, he was inducted into the Army and served his country for the next three years, 16 months of those years in Calcutta, India.

Some day he and his wife, who works for a very fancy personnel placement agency, hope to have a real home of their own, with room in it for the furniture now crowding their New York apartment. Russ likes to refinish good old pieces of American furniture. He likes to live well and graciously—and that's what he's keeping himself so busy for.

Facing the Music

Composer-conductor David Rose wrote his history-making "Holiday For Strings" as a joke!

Anita Ellis is another songbird who likes working with Rose. His music rates high.



Rose takes singer Georgia Gibbs for a ride on his hobby—a 1,000-mile miniature railroad.

COMPOSER-CONDUCTOR DAVID ROSE, like any other man who works very hard, always seeks a form of compensation for his toil. In the case of good-looking, London-born Rose, it amuses him to sometimes fool the same people that he entertains with his exciting music.

Here's how the Rose whimsy takes shape. Ask anybody the name of the most famous Rose tune and the inevitable reply would be "Holiday For Strings." Yet he wrote this famous composition, which has been played by everyone from symphonies to Spike Jones, strictly as a gag.

It seems that Dave became weary of being dragged over to the piano at parties.

"I decided," he says, "to take care of the whole boresome matter by preparing and arranging a piano exercise in every key. I figured people would get tired of Rose the piano player but instead they thought this music was wonderful. So I expanded the melody, arranged the orchestration and decided to unload it on an unwary publisher. It took about an hour and I labeled it 'Monotony For Strings.'"

But the not-so-dumb publisher dubbed it "Holiday For Strings" and on the strength of it and many of his other melodies, musical experts are now proclaiming Rose one of the most promising forces in new American music.

But Rose hadn't completely milked "Holiday" for the benefit of private enjoyment. There was still another joke up his musical sleeve. He wrote another opus, "Gay Spirits" which scored as still another Rose accomplishment. He doesn't brag about it but he finds it difficult to conceal a twinkle in his eye and a suggestion of a grin as he confides that "Gay Spirits" is nothing more than "Holiday" played backwards. Don't get the idea all music is a joke to Dave. All you have to do is look at the hefty record

John and Gloria Payne were there when Hollywood said au revoir to Jack Smith with a party.

Gus Haenschen, Vic Damone and producer Roland Martini of CBS Saturday Night Serenade.

The Mariners, Arthur Godfrey's quartet, are one of the better results of the late war.

By KEN ALDEN

of 200 originals ranging from waltzes to full blown symphonies.

Currently Rose is musical conductor of Red Skelton's NBC shows. The comic picked Rose because all his life Skelton hoped that some day he could work on the air with a lush musical background.

Rose loves to work under pressure, always wants to have more than one job.

"I love pressure. It stimulates me. Meeting radio deadlines is tough but exciting."

Dave came here from Britain when he was five years old. He evinced interest in music when he was seven. He gave his first piano recital when he was ten.

Rose was seventeen when Ted Fio Rito heard him play and signed him for his then famous Edgewater Beach Hotel band in The Windy City. He remained with the outfit until 1937, composed three études, and pushed on to Hollywood.

Already the film capital was also becoming a dominant radio and music center. Rose found plenty to do, clicked with his Mutual network sustainers and his original musical scoring for such films as Bob Hope's, "The Princess and the Pirate" and Danny Kaye's "Wonder Man," which helped get him Academy Award nominations.

When the war came, Rose was assigned to the now famous Army Air Corps spectacle, "Winged Victory," for which Dave conducted the orchestra and penned the thrilling score. After his discharge, Rose returned to the coast, repurchased, for twice the original price, the home that he had sold before he wore khaki, and went to work on the 20th Century-Fox lot.

* * *

For your last-minute gift in the junior department, watch your record store for "Who's Who at the Zoo," the first musical comedy written and recorded for children. Radio's juvenile Joan Lazer carries the narrative assignment, taking her moppet listeners on a tour of a large and thriving Zoo filled with erudite animals who give brief musical lessons in natural history. Roy Ross, composer; Dick Brown, who sings the Zoo-keeper; Ted Cott and Milton Robertson on story, direction and production are the other names associated with the venture.

* * *

The Mariners, male quartet on the Arthur Godfrey morning program, have a lot to say about strength in unity. Back in 1942, when they were all Coast Guardsmen, they were just four singers who used to perform, individually, for their service audience. It was at an officer's suggestion that they first joined forces, and achieved such a notable success that, when they were discharged, they changed their name to The Mariners and headed for radio. And by now Thomas Lockard, James O. Lewis, Martin Karl and Nathaniel Dickerson have guested around on some of the biggest musical shows, besides their regular Godfrey stint.

* * *

Despite loss of his cosmetic sponsor, Jean Sablon will continue his CBS Sunday airers on a sustaining basis.

* * *

Oscar Moore, veteran guitarist of the King Cole Trio and a cog in the success this group has had, has quit the unit and joins a rival threesome, Johnny Moore's Three Blazers. Oscar and Johnny are brothers, so the family connection had a lot to do with Oscar's decision to leave Nat Cole.

* * *

Here's tough luck: Ted Weems will lose more than $200.000 in royalties from his old records because when he made these platters in the '30's he waived royalty rights. Now these discs are being re-issued and bringing neat profits to the recording company.

* * *

Buddy Johnson, one of the abler young pianists, is busy writing a series of piano lessons for beginners which will be based on his own experiences in mastering the Steinway.

* * *

Billy Eckstine, the talented young baritone who's been tagged the sepia Sinatra, got an M-G-M movie contract and goes before the cameras this month opposite Lena Horne.

* * *

Newest record company is London Gramophone, featuring British performers and a new reproduction technique touted as super-sensational.

* * *

Columbia is going to issue the first

Alida Pennie, researcher for the Bob Hawk Show, Thurs. at 10, NBC, checks each day's "Inquisitiveness" with her boss.

CeCe Blake, 18, is Eddie Cantor's newest singing discovery.

record album ever devoted exclusively to a whistler. The whistler is talented, blind Fred Lowery, who used to pucker up for Horace Heidt and is now teamed in vaudeville with Dorothy Rae.

* * *

Now that Spike Jones has a radio sponsor it should be news to point out some interesting things about the not-so-zany orchestra buffoons. Their record sales in 1947 will reach a whopping 5,000,000. Their ballyhooed disc of "A Goose To The Ballet Russe" was scrapped because vocalist Doodles Weaver couldn't reach the high note without suffering severe nose bleeds. Their next platter will be really something to look forward to—an arrangement of "My Old Flame" with Peter Lorre as the narrator. This lovely piece of old lace will have the movie menace making a literal torch song of the number by pouring gasoline over his sweetheart and then applying the match.

* * *

Dinah Shore's new stint with Harry James and his band helping out, probably won't hit the CBS airwaves until Dinah has had her first baby, due around Christmas.

* * *

When Frank Sinatra came east recently he arrived in his own plane. He and Bob Lee, radio writer, own a single-motored ship and took turns piloting the craft.

* * *

Don't be surprised if Woody Herman goes back to leading a full strength dance band after several months working as a soloist. He was seen and heard in New York's Tin Pan Alley sounding out top flight instrumentalists.

* * *

Lanny Ross is forgetting about radio —his first love—for a fling at night club work.

* * *

Tex Beneke has finally dropped the Glenn Miller identification for his band now that the group is well established on its own.

* * *

New York's Paramount Theater is taking back one of its ushers who quit two years ago. He'll start Christmas Eve, at a salary somewhere in the four-figure bracket. When Vic Damone left the Paramount aisles two years ago, he was making $18 weekly. But it's been a packed two years for the young baritone; now he goes back to center spotlight as the star of the Paramount's lavish stage show.

What's New

Fans still confuse Sammy Kaye with Danny Kaye (r.). S. Kaye is no comic, D. Kaye no band-leader; but the mixup goes on.

By DALE BANKS

Busman's holiday: Jerry Colonna takes son Robert John to visit clowns at Uncle Bernie's Toy Menagerie.

A WHOLE lot of people have got together to make it possible for churches, school groups, hospitals and prisons and any other place where there are spiritual guidance programs, to lease recordings of ABC's now famous Greatest Story Ever Told. The problem of making the records available at a fee which wasn't out of the range of small groups was solved by the cooperation of the American Federation of Radio Artists, the American Federation of Musicians and all the participants on the program, who gave up their usual fees so that the records could be supplied at cost of materials and manufacture. At a fee of $3.75 per album, plus express charges. You can address your requests for albums, or further information, to "The Greatest Story Ever Told" Department, American Broadcasting Company, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, New York.

* * *

We've always liked Jim Backus for his wonderful ribbing of a stuffed shirt sophisticate—his well known Hubert Updyke III. Now we like him even more, having learned that he has very strict ideas about what is not funny. He will never do, or allow anyone else to do on his programs, any satires which poke fun at unfortunate or unavoidable physical characteristics. He says that maybe others use baldness, ignorance, stuttering and odd personal appearance as laugh bait, probably because they think that anything that borders on tragedy can be made comic. He just doesn't think this is so and, for that, we take off our hats to him.

* * *

Bea Wain is a pretty happy lady and it isn't always easy for her to get the right mood of low-down into her voice. But husband Andre Baruch solved that problem by putting a candid snapshot on her music rack. It got her in the right mood. It was a shot of Andre and Dinah Shore taken before he and Bea were married.

* * *

Olan Soule, after thirteen years on the Chicago radio scene, has moved into a new home in North Hollywood. He's co-starring with Barbara Luddy in the First Nighter show, which originates in Hollywood now.

* * *

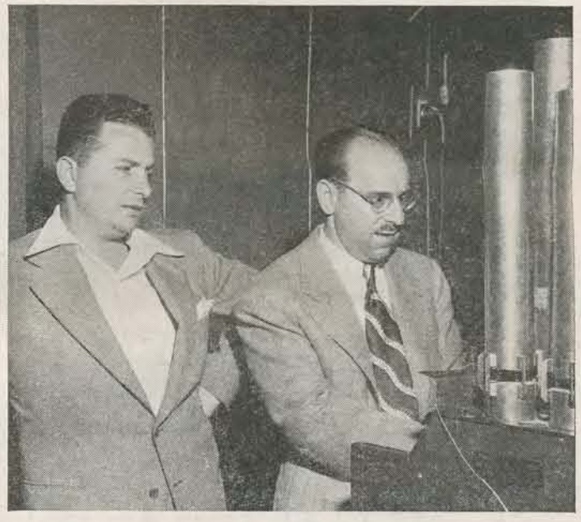
Willie Bryant, who m.c.'s the Harlem Hospitality Club show, has a new role. He's been called in by the New York Police to act as peacemaker between a couple of Harlem kid gangs. Willie, who organized the successful Willie Bryant Youth Club in Harlem, is highly respected in that overcrowded section of New York; but you can't do much to repair the products of poverty, overcrowding, lack of opportunity, with words and advice. What Willie needs, probably, is some active citizens to start for Harlem the kind of program operating on the Southside of Chicago—a community plan for cleaning up the whole neighborhood and giving the kids a break.

* * *

Ran into Artie Shaw, looking dapper and better than he's looked in years. This fellow's a pretty happy, going-somewhere guy, now. He and his wife, Kay Winsor, the Forever Amber author, are living in Norwalk, Conn., and very busy with their writing. Artie is working on a novel and trying his hand at some short stories.

FROM COAST to COAST

Ginny Simms's very young son David is an eager interviewee when Paul Whiteman comes around with his portable recorder, "Junior" to make one of his on-the-spot recorded programs. The dog's in the act, too.



With this calliope, orchestra leader Bernie Green creates the mighty non-musical arrangements that help comedian Henry Morgan (left) to disrupt the quiet of the night, Wednesdays at 10:30 on ABC.

Hobby-minded Cliff Arquette, of the Dick Haymes Show (he's "Mrs. Wilson"!), with one of his paintings.

Joan Caulfield is interviewed by Ron on WJR's Anything Goes program as Jimmy Clark, novachordist, forgets his keyboard.

Ron Gamble M.C. *of Anything Goes*

The DSC for former AAF Captain Gamble. Major Stanley is representing the Commanding General of the Fifth Army.

FROM the ridiculous to the sublime, or vice-versa, depending on your point of view, goes the radio career of WJR's Ron Gamble, ad-glibbing m.c. of the popular afternoon half-hour free-for-all Anything Goes. It's a zaney type show with orchestra, two vocalists and quips from the master of ceremonies and it's a complete about face for Gamble who for four years served as master of ceremonies on the symphonic Sunday Evening Hour on the Columbia Broadcasting System.

Ron got his start in radio back in 1934 at WKZO in Kalamazoo, Michigan, while attending Kalamazoo College in preparation for a career in dentistry. The forceps and drill suddenly lost all appeal when the Dramatic Club of which Gamble was President presented a series of dramas for the local radio station. From then on the entertainment field claimed all of his attention. He worked with the Kalamazoo Civic Players; followed an interest in music by playing a season with the Kalamazoo Symphony, and served as assistant conductor for a small concert orchestra.

Radio Station WHIO in Dayton, Ohio, provided the first stepping-stone. Programming, time selling, commercial writing, on-the-spot sports, and news coverage rounded out his radio experience. He soon felt he was ready for a crack at the big-time and went to the biggest station in the area, WJR.

He joined the staff of WJR in March of 1938, and in September of that year he was named Master of Ceremonies on the CBS Ford Sunday Evening Hour. He won this assignment after competing with more than 60 applicants from stations all over the country. When the Sunday Evening Hour series was discontinued in 1942, Gamble left radio and enlisted in the Army Air Forces. In 3½ years in the service he rose from Private to Captain, serving with his first-love "Radio."

In March of 1946, Ron Gamble rejoined the staff of WJR and took up radio work again. His fast wit and pleasant chatter landed him a number of ad-lib assignments on and off the air. While appearing as the husband on a Husband and Wife sketch for a CBS origination, Ron fell in love with the wife—and he married her, a year later.

People sometimes wonder what there was about Army Service that changed Gamble from the serious minded young man who did the Sunday Evening Hour to the light-hearted fellow they now hear on Anything Goes. But don't ask Gamble, he doesn't know either.

Shadow of Love

The story of a marriage that had no future, until its shadow fell across Dr. Jim Brent's Road of Life

IF YOU asked Dr. Jim Brent who the Hugheses—Fred and Fay—were, he'd probably have to stop and think. "Hughes," he might say, with the quizzical half-smile he gets when he's puzzled, "I don't think I— Wait a minute! That's Toby's name! Toby Hughes. He was one of our best patients, a sturdy little fellow, bright dark eyes, dark hair always rumpled—" He'd think of Toby, probably, playing in the snow with his own daughter Janie—for he'd stopped once or twice to lend the youngsters a hand with a snowman or a foundered sled.

He'd think of us only as Toby's parents. Not that he's blind to everyone not directly concerned with his own life, not that at all. It's just that the road a man like Brent travels is broad and long and has many turnings, and we—we were a kind of side trip for him, an incident. Even so, the things he did for us, and the trouble he took to help us, in the midst of plenty of troubles of his own—well, it just goes to show you the kind of man he is.

He's chief-of-staff at the Sanitarium here in Merrimac. Not quite a year ago, when we first moved here, the Sanitarium was being built, and although Fay turned her eyes away every time we chanced to pass it, I was interested. I even went out of my way sometimes, going home from work nights, to stop by and watch it grow.

It was enough for me that it was to be a memorial to a little boy—Teddy Wheelock, who might have lived if there'd been a hospital in Merrimac at the time he was injured in an accident. We'd lost our own boy, Toby's older brother, a few months before we came to Merrimac, and when the new, modern hospital finally opened its doors, it seemed to me that something had been done not only for the people of Merrimac and their children, but for our Bob, too. It seemed to me that somehow he had a part in it.

The town was full of talk about the new building, and a little about the people connected with it seeped through. I wondered about all of them, from Dr. Carson McVicker, the beautiful, brilliant, wealthy woman who was head of a big hospital in New York City, and whose money had financed the sanitarium, to Maggie Lowell, Brent's laboratory assistant, a lovely girl with a deep unhappiness hidden in her dark eyes.

But most of all, I wondered about Jim Brent himself. Since his wife's brother had been brought in as a patient, he'd taken to working later and later at the hospital. I knew, because I worked late myself, many times, simply because there wasn't much use in going home, and I'd see Brent leaving the hospital just about the time I closed up my hardware store. I heard that his wife, Carol, had a job with a cosmetic company in New York, and that she was away a lot, leaving their little six-year-old Janie in the care of Brent's foster son's young wife, Francie. I knew how he felt about Janie—I'd seen him playing with her sometimes, tossing her in a pile of fresh-raked autumn leaves, helping her and Toby on that snowman project. Sometimes I'd get the feeling that he was a lonely, troubled man, and then I'd feel kinship with him.

And then one day I met him face to face. It was late on a winter afternoon, when the sun was red on the snow-covered fields (*Continued on page 77*)

Don McLaughlin is shown as Dr. Jim Brent, the role he plays in Road of Life, heard daily at 10:30 A.M. EST on NBC.

Dr. Brent had given Toby and his own daughter Janie a hand with a snowman.

For poise and maturity, red-haired, green-eyed Anita can give points to many a woman twice her age. It comes of having faced her first audience at five.

It's a Young World

Covering the Cover Girl: Anita Gordon, at eighteen, knows precisely where she's going, for she's more than half-way there already

By Pauline Swanson

A LOT can happen to a girl by the time she is eighteen, if she's made proper use of the gifts she was born with and the good sense she's acquired along the way. She can, by that age, have several years of musical career behind her. She can earn her living by the very pleasant method of singing love songs to Charlie McCarthy every Sunday afternoon. She can—if she's Anita Gordon.

Just eighteen, Anita looks younger, acts older. For poise and maturity, many a woman years older could take a profitable leaf from the book of this red-haired, green-eyed youngster, for she's very much a person—an adult person—who knows where she's going, and why, and how.

Once you know Anita, you have no difficulty believing the things she tells you about her plans—for herself and for others. That she has "always taken care of my big sister," for instance. That she will "make a star of my best friend, Barbara Drake." And that when she is ready, she will leave ballad singing behind, and go on to the career as a dramatic actress that she has set as her mark.

These dreams aren't based on anything as baseless as mere wishful thinking. Anita knows from experience that when she wants a thing, she at least makes an awfully good try at getting it. Long ago she faced the fact that the career she wants means harder work, more sacrifices, more self-discipline than another kind of life—and that it would be worth it.

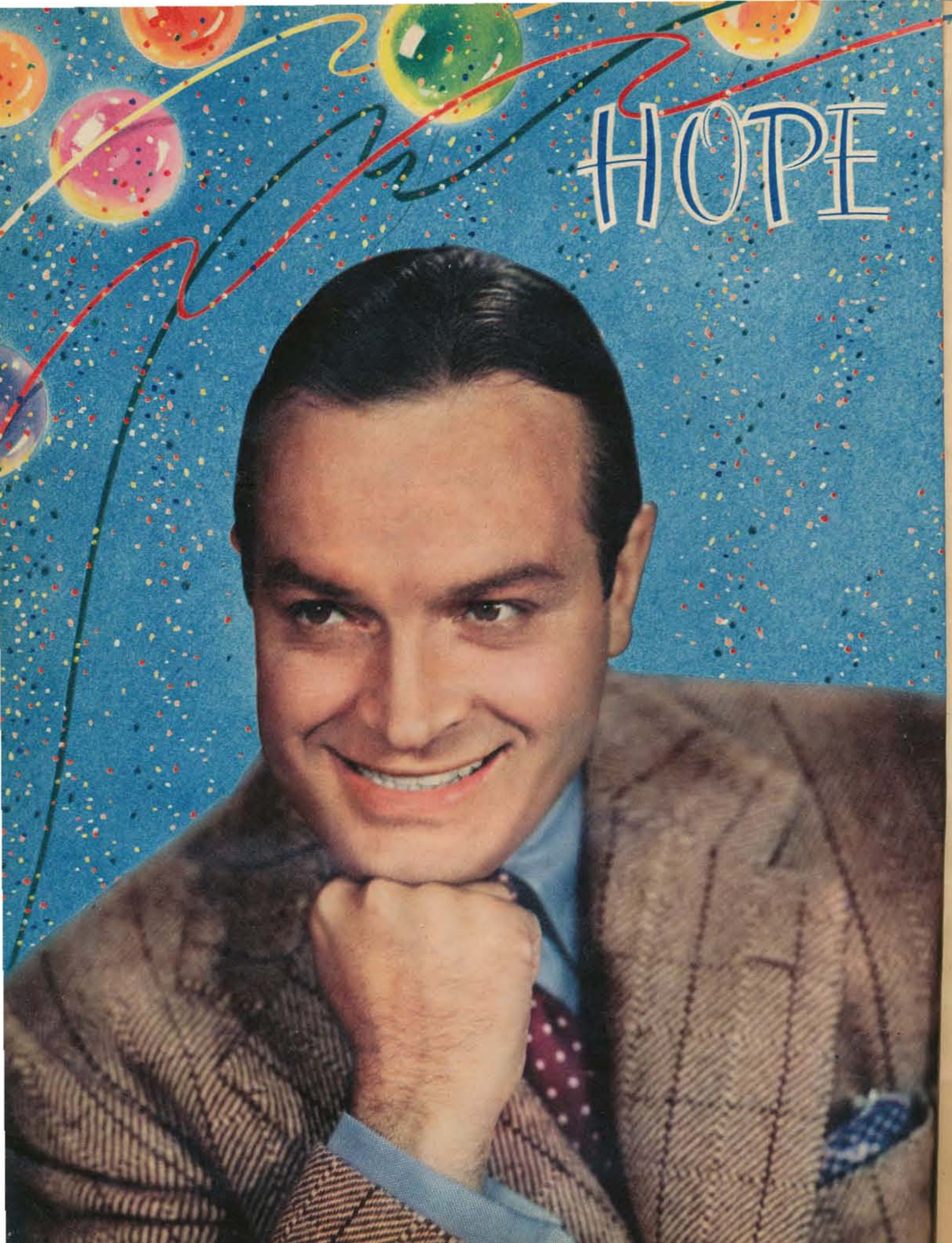
Ever since her first public appearance—at the age of five—Anita has responded to an audience like a flower to the sun. Although her father is a butcher and her mother a housewife, Anita insists that acting is in her blood and bones. There's an explanation.

"Daddy would have been a great actor," she assures you, "if he'd been born anywhere except Corsicana, Texas!" And who can deny it? (*Continued on page 92*)

Anita gets into the sun—usually with Jay Fishburn—sometime between classes and shows.

Mrs. Laskey's School for Professionals will give Anita (center couch) her degree shortly. Though all the students double in careers, the school omits no basic high school requirements.

Hear Anita Gordon as she sings love songs to Charlie McCarthy Sundays at 8 P.M. EST on the Edgar Bergen Show, on NBC.



for 1948

By BOB HOPE

WELL here it is Auld Lang Syne time again, ladies and gentlemen, time for us all to resolve to keep hope in our hearts (and on the screen and radio) for a bigger better New Year.

Should Auld Aquaintance Be Forgot? That's a pretty personal question when you come right down to it, and when you come right down to it I can think of two, my income tax man, and a certain auld chubby one I'd like to forget . . . but his fans won't let me. Father Time with a golf club in his hand. . . .

Wonderful place America, a land of golden opportunity. Where else could a guy just ask for the blue of the night and the gold of the day and have to back up to Paramount in a truck on Thursdays to haul all his money home?

Not that I have anything against singers . . . I used to sing myself before I started working for a living . . . in fact that's why I started working for a living. It all happened when I was employed in the parts department of a motor company in Cleveland, and sang into the boss's dictaphone one day when he wasn't looking and forgot to shave it off. The next time he turned it on to talk to his secretary he heard "You're Nobody's Sweetheart Now" . . . and I wasn't.

I'm glad he fired me, for I've been working at Paramount studios for nine years now and I've enjoyed every dollar of it. Yes, America is a land of golden opportunity. . . .

And while we're on this subject let's hope that 1948 will set more opportunities spread around among the half a million still unemployed guys and gals who wear a golden lapel pin for their letter of recommendation, those who quit their jobs to do a bigger one for us. How about hoping too for a break for the two million veterans who are in colleges and trade schools, by-passing football and fraternities and burning the midnight oil in their eagerness to make up for lost time. Let's remember . . . and hope we can hand them something besides a diploma when they get out. . . .

New Year's is always memory time, anyway, some we're thankful for, others that we're not . . . including the new fashions and the last year's resolutions we forgot to keep. Not that I really mind the new long skirts on the ladies, it just means you have to use your imagination, something we haven't had to use in a long time. . . .

As for resolutions, I'm not making many this year, but I do promise not to do any more California driver jokes on the radio. The mere fact that the Chamber of Commerce threatened to have my license taken away from me has nothing to do with it. And I also promise myself to get a little more rest, spend more time with my family, not work so hard, and let the guys in Washington get their money from somewhere else. It's getting embarrassing have Linda and Tony kiss me "Goodbye, Daddy" every time I come home. The poor kids haven't known whether I'm coming or going . . . but I'm going to see more of them this coming year. . . .

They're great little Joes, these kids of yours and mine, living in this age of robots and rebop; they're our hope for 1948, 1958 and all time to come. Our white hope, bright and shiny, for all their jalopies, pedal pushers, T-shirts, and bubble gum. There's more cooking there than the valves in those hot rods, as I've rediscovered when we get together down at the "Iceberg," a super-icecream parlor in North Hollywood, run by Van Diepen, an ex-Torpedo Man 3/c I first met on the P.T. Boat base on Mioswoendi Island in the Pacific.

I always believe in patronizing businesses run by ex-servicemen; the fact that he was giving the ice cream cones away that first day I dropped in made no difference, I only had twelve. I was sitting on the ledge out in front of the store eating one when one of my new twelve-year-old friends barged up. "Well . . . if it isn't the Funny Man . . . how'd you get that?" he said. "I went in on my knees," I explained. Then I got down and went in for two more, he was large for his age. But seriously I have a great time talking with these kids at our cone-bakes, and get into some very enlightening (*Continued on page* 63)

Coming up—a New Year. Here's a look at it through the wit-colored spectacles of a funny man who knows when it's time to be serious

My Husband, Don McNeill

"Even in a schedule as tight as Don's, there's always a loophole of spare time for a fisherman who's ardent enough."

"It's true, what they say about woman's work—particularly since now I'm going to be on Breakfast Club shows as well."

A glimpse into a house warmed by affection . . . for the people who live there love each other as a family, and like each other as friends

By
KAY McNEILL

as told to Don Terrio

WHEN I was younger, and before I had even met Don McNeill, I pictured the life-of-the-wife of a motion picture or radio star as more or less a constant stream of parties and "evenings out"—meeting people, dancing, and sleeping late in the morning. Perhaps some star-wives do live on such a merry-go-round. But it isn't for me . . . I *like* a simple life.

For with our early-rising schedule, night life just can't be for us. I can count on the fingers of one hand the number of times we've been night-clubbing. Perhaps four or five times a year we see a movie, and that's about all. You see, my life with your Breakfast Club toastmaster revolves completely around our home and family. I know that some wives feel differently about "going places and doing things." But I feel that the love and enjoyment I find in my family, and the values I know in Don, far outweigh any program of getting out and going "places."

There are two questions which people ask me about Don before any others. One is "How do you get him up in the morning?" The second is, "What kind of a man is he to live with?" The former is by far the easiest to answer, so I'll take that first.

Don arises at 5:45 every morning—and not by himself! It takes the combined efforts of two alarm clocks, our three boys—Donnie, Bobby and Tommy—and me. If Don is particularly reluctant, I threaten him with a pitcher of water. Then, while Don shaves, I get breakfast. Bobby talks to Don while his dad uses the razor, telling him how to run the program that day, and appears at the breakfast table well sprinkled with shaving lotion and with a bit of lather clinging to his ears.

Breakfast is on a seventeen-minute schedule, covering cereal, coffee and eggs—with whatever else might be convenient. Our job is to "prime" the B. C. toastmaster—Donnie pops up with a "new" story he's heard at school. For example, on a recent morning he said to Don, "She sure gave you a dirty look." Don said, "Who?" Donnie cracked, "Mother Nature." There were a few assorted groans before Don wiped the coffee off his chin and sprinted out the door—to the Breakfast Club and you.

The boys run outdoors for a short while, and our housekeeper and I clean up the breakfast dishes and set the kitchen in order. The boys are back in the house by 8 o'clock, and listen to as much of the Breakfast Club as they can stand before running for school. After the program, I have more time for thinking about Don—and why I love him—than when he is home.

Of course, there's an old saying that no man is a hero in the eyes of his wife. Perhaps Don is an exception, for he is my hero, indeed. Don first attracted me, back in his college days, because of his free, perfectly natural manner of speaking and his real interest in people. Later, I grew to love Don for the hidden things which don't come out when you first meet a person—his thoughtfulness, consideration and kindness to other people. Perhaps that's best expressed in Don's own closing line to the Breakfast Club programs—"Be good to yourself." He means, of course, that you should be good to *other* people, and that as time goes on other people will be good to *you* in return.

Naturally, I'm proud of the work Don does on the Breakfast Club—both because it amuses so many millions of people and because his Memory Time, Inspiration Time, Prayer Time and Sunshine Showers have brought happiness and a change in viewpoint to many thousands. And Don's feeling for people doesn't end when the Breakfast Club goes off the air.

About four years ago, a girl in Michigan wrote Don that she found a great deal of satisfaction in his inspirational messages, for she had tuberculosis, had spent all

The two professors, Don and Van Fleming - and their severest critics

That "at home" Christmas Broadcast, Bobby says his piece

Acrobatic Donnie and Tommy - 1944

With Don's Mother and Father, Sheboygan, 1945

Don McNeill, as M.C. of the Breakfast Club, is heard every weekday morning at 9 EST, on ABC network stations.

her money, and didn't expect to live. Don investigated her case, and found that what she said was true. He had her taken to a sanitarium in Waukegan, and paid all her expenses—including several operations—for three and a half years. But the girl's condition became worse in spite of all the doctors could do, and she passed away a year ago. I still have the bedspreads and tablecloths and other things she made for us while she was in the sanitarium.

Now, Don didn't have to help that girl—and she didn't ask him to. He did it because he *wanted* to help her. And when your husband does things for *other* people you simply can't help feeling good, and proud of him.

I think another quality about Don I like especially well is that when he feels depressed or blue, as all of us do at one time or another, he doesn't try to "take it out" on the rest of us. Don just goes into his den, or his workshop, and busies himself until he's chipper again. He regards personal worries and troubles as his own. For example, when Tommy went to the hospital with polio late last summer, few people knew about it—even those on the Breakfast Club staff. We all prayed by ourselves—and Tommy came through in good shape. On his first day home, we all had dinner in Tommy's room—a big day in a family's memory.

Of course, my husband's sweetness has now and then back-fired. For example, one day he came to me and said, "Honey, I've just bought a cabin cruiser. Now I don't want you to think I'm going to be like some husbands—inviting groups of men aboard, and leaving you at home. I want you on board every time I'm on the boat!" Naturally, I liked that.

But then came our first day to go aboard. I was cleaning a cabin wall (Don called it a "bulkhead") and the boat was rocking gently. Suddenly, I felt a little ill. Don said, "What's the matter? You've been cleaning the same spot for five minutes!" I admitted my unsteadiness, and Don said, "Well, if that's the case, we'd better get back on shore!" That was just about the limit of my boat experience, and soon afterwards Don sold the cruiser.

After his morning duties at the microphone, Don returns home to his wife and children around four o'clock in the afternoon. "Home" is in Winnetka —a suburb on Lake Michigan north of Chicago. Don usually rests for a while—although he sometimes hunts up the boys to try out a few Breakfast Club gags on them. He was hard-pressed for listeners when Tommy and Donnie were in summer camp last year, and (*Continued on page* 86)

Bobby and Fellow - 1944

A marriage must: carrying her over the threshold.

Bride AND Groom ON A BUDGET

Five million listeners' good wishes, five hundred couples married—this program's "happy ever after" record

By JOHN NELSON

THEY called themselves "Bachelors' Row"—the seven student-veterans who filled the back row of the geology class of the Pasadena City College in California.

"Brother, are they asking for it!" said a fellow-student. "Calling themselves bachelors while they're in Van's geology class! Hasn't anyone ever told them?"

He was referring to the legend that is beginning to surround the classes of Professor Van Amringe. It's even said that "Van" himself is a testimonial to the matrimonial magnetism of geology classes—having met on a field trip the lady who is now Mrs. Van Amringe.

"I'd heard the talk about Van's class being a sure-fire route to the altar," laughs James Devine now, "but I didn't think it applied in my case. I had other things on my mind."

One of those things on his mind was Jimmy's determination to be a writer. Like so many veterans, he was uncertain of his future when he stepped out of Uncle Sam's khaki and into civilian clothes again. Then came a chance for a trip through Mexico—and out of that trip came a new slant on life.

"I talked with all kinds of people on that trip," Jimmy explains, "all nationalities, and from almost every walk of life. And as I talked and listened I felt a sudden humility because of my ignorance. Ignorance of what the war had really been fought for . . . ignorance of what our country was headed for in the future. I knew then what I wanted to do. I wanted to write . . . about things I felt, the things I had seen and heard. That was why I came back to Pasadena and entered the City College for a course in journalism and creative writing."

Beforehand, a feminine flurry—but once the program was under way, and with Jimmy at her side, Dolores enjoyed every minute.

As part of the course, Jimmy was required to study one of the sciences. Because of his love of the outdoors, he chose Geology—which led him to Professor Van Amringe's class, and a seat in "Bachelors' Row."

A popular feature of the geology course was the field-study—including weekend and holiday trips. Jimmy went on several one-day trips, and then was included on the list of those to spend three days collecting mineral specimens in the Calico Mountains of California.

Jimmy arranged to ride out with a fellow student, and was on the appointed corner at five o'clock the next morning, equipped with rock-pick, canteen, and ruck-sack. Just what any man would like— (*Continued on page* 69)

Bride and Groom, with John Nelson as master of ceremonies, can be heard daily over ABC, 2:30 to 3:00 P.M., EST.

BETWEEN THE BOOKENDS

New Year's Wish-1948

Radio Mirror's Prize Poem

Mere happiness—I cannot wish you that—
A slap-dash, carefree and unbroken joy—
Not in such times as these. How trite, how flat,
The very words—how weak the souls they cloy!
A happy New Year—no; that not, these days—
You are too stalwart to want such a thing,
Knowing the world and its unhappy ways—
So let me wish that this New Year may bring
Faith—not for moving mountains but to bear
Dull, barren places where there are no hills.
Doubts, disillusionments that linger there.
Faith and the hope that lessens present ills—
These I would wish you, friend, in full increase—
And love that spends itself to search for peace.
—Violet Alleyn Storey

Never Go Back

Never go back to the hills you loved
When years were few,
Seeking to capture remembered hush
Of morning dew;
Thinking the berries will be as sweet
In hidden nook;
Waiting the leap and the flash of trout
In crystal brook.
Little will be as you saw it last
Long years ago.
Hills can be leveled and once-wide brooks
No longer flow.
Never go back where your young feet ran
Fleet-winged and free.
Sigh, and return to it only in
Your memory.
—Madeleine Burch Cole

Zero Hour

Momently I must decide
must I, should I—why admit
I'm thirty years old today?
I don't look it, not a bit,
I feel like seventeen inside,
you cannot find a thread of gray—
I plucked them all out yesterday.
This decade has a magic fit,
within its armor I defied
age and time and kept youth mine.
I think I'll just stay twenty-nine.
—Mary Poole

Grandmother

She never heard of vitamins
Or calories . . . or diet
Meal planning sounded fine
But there was never time to try it.
The books on child psychology
She hadn't time to read
What with a hungry husband
And ten boys and girls to feed!

Despite these disadvantages
Her life was rich and bright
She washed and cooked and ironed
Then sewed by candlelight!
Yet . . . to my great bewilderment
Time spreads its golden haze
And she reviews those hardships
Fondly, as the "good old days!"
—Zoa Morin Sherburne

The Wailing Wall

When mother's whistling switch had stung our legs
We took our mortal grief into the barn
Where we could splice our plight with "heck!" and "darn!"
And talk to Biddy on her warm brown eggs.
In dusty semi-darkness we could bawl
And sniffle our indignities and pain
Into the silkiness of Prince's mane,
Or kick our anger out against the stall.
Face down in hay I often wept with Brother
While baby swallows twittered in the loft;
Once Rusty brought us kittens, warm and soft,
And hinted, cat-wise, to forgive our mother—
With grievances forgotten, eyes would dry.
Just where do city kids go when they cry?
—Cosette Middleton

Impenetrable

You haven't said your heart's no longer mine,
Yet there's a hint in everything you do—
Your kiss that held the ecstasy of wine
Is flat—your conversation's different too,

As if you measure every phrase you say
With words intended for a stranger's ear.
You stare, and yet your thoughts are faraway
And ofttimes when I speak you do not hear.

Sometimes I almost wish you'd state the facts—
The sword is so much quicker than the ax.
—Dorothy B. Elfstrom

Foursome

Mrs. Hook is the one with the look;
Given a hand that's half-way countable,
She's unsurmountable.

Mrs. Shure is the one with the cure;
Mineral Springs, she feels, or Battle Creek,
Could fix you in a week.

Mrs. Weeds is the woman who reads;
During the game she thumbs the pages,
Quoting from the sages.

I'm the one who likes forced bidding,
Who'll try the latest cure, no kidding!
Who thinks the book is fine.
I have to be—the party's mine!
—Prudence K. Gearey

Child Play

By a small boy's reckoning,
Two and two are seldom four;
In his enchanted scheme of things,
They have a way of totaling more.

A puddle and a splintered chip
Plus a small boy's fantasy
Equals a bold pirate ship
Wind-blown upon a boundless sea!
—May Richstone

By TED MALONE

Be sure to listen to Ted Malone's morning program, Monday through Friday at 11:45 EST, over ABC.

Resolved:

Of New Year's resolutions it is clear to me
That there is certainly more truth than poetry
In that the only reason many have for making them
Is the enjoyment they look forward to in breaking them.
—S. H. Dewhurst

RADIO MIRROR *Will Pay $50*

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 pages 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.

Add only this: our wish for the happiest possible New Year

SUPERMAN *in the Suburbs*

On a Greenwich hilltop, right here in the ordinary world, lives Bud Collyer—bound, like any and all commuters, by his timetable

It's to this family of theirs that Bud and Marian race to get home each night: Michael's five, Cynthia Ann is seven, and Patricia is nine. Also, of course, there are Missy and Bouney.

AT 7:45 each weekday morning a yellow Bantam convertible scoots into the parking lot at the Greenwich, Connecticut railroad station. A tall young man and his attractive wife jump out and rush to board the 7:49 commuters' special to Grand Central Station. The young man, dressed in a conservative suit, and his wife, wearing a simple frock and probably hatless, look like most of the successful business people who live in the comfortable respectability of Greenwich and work in the banks or brokerages or bond houses of New York.

Once they reach New York, however, the similarity between this couple and their Greenwich neighbors disappears. She taxis to a National Broadcasting Company studio to experience another adventure as Carol Brent, the feminine lead in Road of Life. And he, a few hours later, stands before a Mutual Broadcasting System microphone, clears a well-trained throat, and, for the next half hour, becomes the strongest, most fearless creature on the face of the earth—Superman.

These and other daily radio chores dispatched, the couple joins the crush of commuters dashing home to dinner. Although they have spent a day transfixing millions of listeners with their dramatic creations on the air, they are happiest when the day is ended and they can resume their true roles as Mr. and Mrs. Clayton Collyer, residents of a fourteen-room French Norman farmhouse on a Greenwich hilltop.

For Clayton, who is called "Bud" oftener than by his given name, and his wife, who is known to a large and faithful radio audience as Marian Shockley, are home lovers. They would rather talk about home than about anything else. They speak of it as enthusiastically as honeymooners talking of their first cottage. And well they might, for although their house is more mansion than bungalow, it *is* their honeymoon home. They moved into it immediately after their marriage a year ago.

While driving up the curving lane that leads from the Boston Post Road to their house, Bud and Marian point excitedly, as though seeing it for the first time, to the massive structure that rises from the wooded hilltop.

"That's natural stone," Bud says, "cut right out of the hill it's built on."

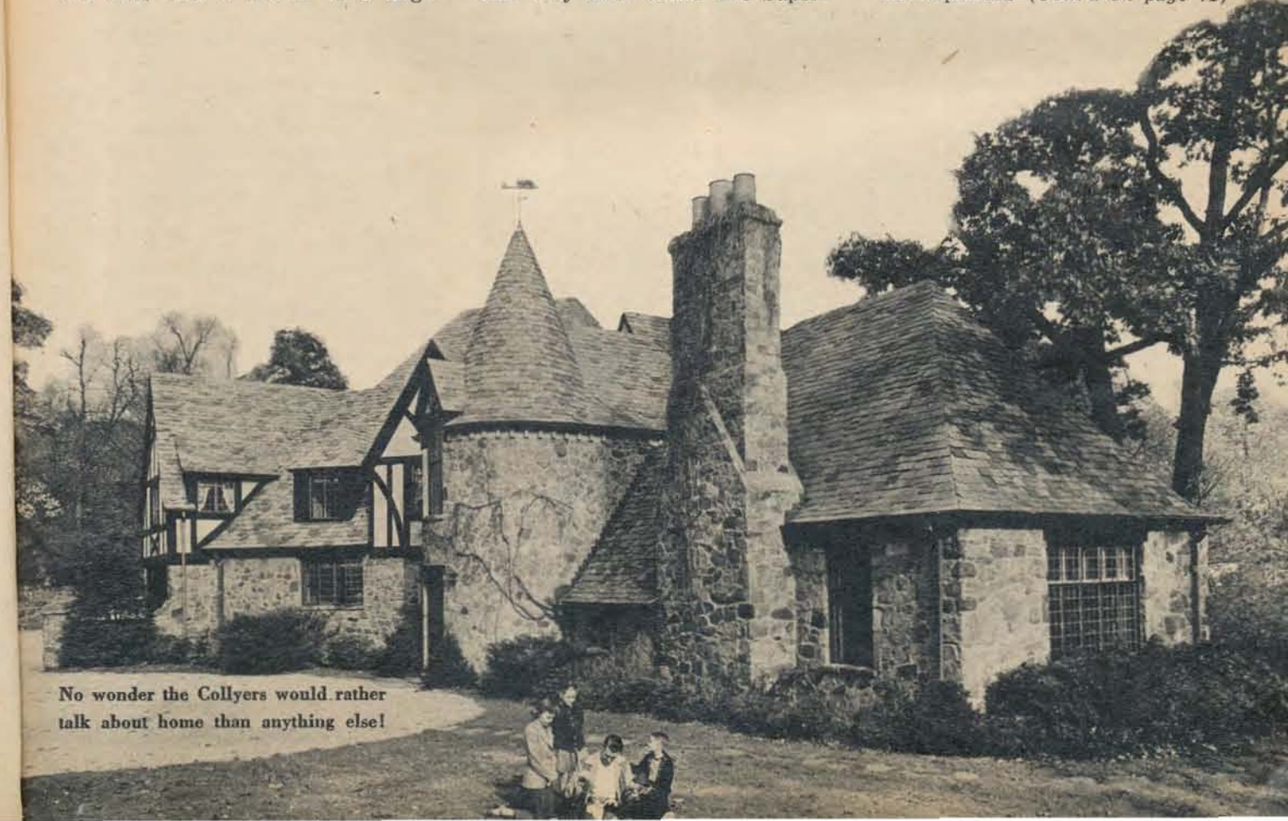
"It's just like a castle," Marian says, like a little girl enchanted by a dream.

And they don't sound like Superman and Carol Brent at all.

Once they enter the front door, the Collyers are set upon by three rollicking children—Bud's by a former marriage—Patricia, age nine, Cynthia Ann, seven, and Michael, five. By the time Missy, a French poodle, and Bouncy, a tomcat, reach the door, the happy household is complete.

Dinner is gracious but informal, and afterward the family often moves into the giant living room which has a nineteen-foot beamed ceiling, a great stone fireplace and a balcony. There Bud likes to show motion pictures with a special sound film projector that works as professionally as those in theaters. Bud and Marian are so attached to home that they cannot bear to leave it even for a movie.

That spacious (*Cont'd on page 71*)



No wonder the Collyers would rather talk about home than anything else!

Bud Collyer, as Superman, is heard daily at 5:15 EST on MBS. Marian Shockley is in Road of Life, daily at 10:30 A.M., NBC.

Right here at Home

By DOROTHY KILGALLEN

Dickie and Jill had just invented a brilliant new game, and were showing me how it went when the phone rang.

THIS is Joan Carter's story, and I would not tell it if I weren't certain that Joan has many sisters living in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, and Yazoo, Michigan, and Flagstaff, Arizona, and every other town and small city in the United States. It might as easily be the story of any one of them; it happens to be Joan's only because when she was twenty years old an uncle whom she hadn't ever seen died and left her a legacy of a thousand dollars.

How wonderful to have a thousand dollars drop into your outstretched hands, to spend as you please! That's what Joan thought, and she was right—but it wasn't wonderful in just the way she thought it would be.

She knew, fifteen minutes after the letter arrived telling her of the legacy, how she was going to spend it. She lived in a little Ohio town called Elmwood, and she had never traveled farther than Cincinnati. She had a father and mother and a brother, all of whom she loved, and there was an Elmwood boy named Curtis March who could make her go all warm and tingly simply by calling her up on the telephone and saying, "Doing anything tonight, Joannie? Then let's ride out to Monument Hill and look at the moon." Just the same, she knew how she intended to spend that money.

"This is my big chance, Curt," she said solemnly. They were in Curt's car, on top of Monument Hill, and the moon was watching them, for a change. "With a thousand dollars I can get to New York, and have enough to live on until I find a job. And it isn't even as if I didn't know anyone there. Ellen Lee's always writing and saying that if I ever come to New York I must be sure to stay with her and her husband—they've got a perfectly huge apartment on Central Park West, with tons of room. And they know all sorts of people, important people like radio stars and actors and novelists."

Curt listened, his big hands resting lightly on the steering wheel, his eyes somber under their level brows, and finally he said something he'd wanted to say for quite a while. He had been waiting for the right time, and this certainly was

A big, exciting city, isn't so much a place as it is a feeling. A feeling Joan couldn't give up, once she had discovered it

about as wrong a time as there could be, but he had to say it anyway.

"Don't go, Joannie. That is—don't go, planning to stay. For a little vacation, that's all right. But not to stay for good. You see—I've been thinking—well, I mean I've been hoping—we could be married pretty soon." He turned, taking his hands from the wheel and catching hers. "I love you, Joan, and—well, that's how it is."

Because she was honest, Joan didn't try to act surprised. She said, "I know, Curt darling. And I—I love you, too."

"Then—!" Curt said triumphantly, catching her to him and kissing her. Joan closed her eyes, and for as long as the kiss lasted she was happy to stay there, in his arms, with only the moon watching. But then she pushed him gently away.

"And I've thought about us being married, too," she said. "I'm still thinking about it. But we don't want to be stuck here in Elmwood all our lives. We don't want to be just ordinary small-town people, never knowing anything, never—never really *living*. We're both smart. I don't mean to boast about myself, or to flatter you, but we are, and it's silly to pretend we aren't. We could get somewhere in New York if we tried. You could be a magazine writer or a reporter on a big newspaper, and I could—well," Joan said vaguely, "I could be a model or a (*Continued on page* 73)

Dorothy Kilgallen, shown at home with her children, is heard Thurs., 10:45 A.M. EST on ABC, in Star Time with Dorothy Kilgallen

Touch My Heart

Some people think love at first sight is an old wives' tale. Some people—like Grace and Court—are much more fortunate

By GRACE MATTHEWS
(RADIO'S BIG SISTER)

THE FIRST TIME I saw Court was the last time I saw any other man—with interest, that is, with girl-meets-boy excitement.

Yet it was to be three years after I first saw Court before I met him. Thanks, not to be rude, to a stuffed shirt . . .

I first saw Court in 1937 when he was playing the lead in "Merrily We Roll Along" at the Hart House, in Toronto. I was there with the young man I was going with at the time. But stopped "going with" then and there, after that evening—for the young man made it obvious that he was merely suffering through the play. He was, in fact, so impatient to get out of the theater that I didn't get to meet Court which, from the moment I saw him walk on the stage, I must admit, I planned to do.

A very fine actor, I told myself. *That's why I want to meet him . . .*

He appeals to you, as a man, my embarrassingly honest heart told me. *You know he does.*

So he did.

But, thanks to the stuffy young man I didn't meet Court that evening. Not for three years of evenings to come.

Court tells the story of our first meeting better than I do:

"On New Year's Day, of 1940," he says, "I walked in the studio in the CBC—Canadian Broadcasting Company—building in Toronto, where auditions were being held for the title role in The Story of Dr. Susan, a daytime series, which I was announcing. The room was crowded with girls trying out for the part, but I saw one girl. Only one."

Well—maybe he doesn't tell it so much better at that. What I'd say is: "I saw only one man." After I'd seen him, the audition faded into the background, for me. Maybe that's why I got the part!

It was probably a very few days after I went on the air as Dr. Susan that Court first asked me for a date. But at the time, it seemed to me more like weeks, or months, or longer.

According to Court, when he did ask me for a date, he made the "wrong approach."

"I had what they call 'radio hands,'" he reminisces. "A lot of people in radio are similarly afflicted. Tension, nervousness, overwork, over-emotionalism, or whatever, causes little red bumps to appear on the hands, which are then diagnosed as 'radio hands.' I'd been doing twenty-two free lance radio programs a week, when I came down with the occupational ailment—which certainly could mean that overwork was responsible. But—coincidentally, or not— it was a few days after Grace came on the program that I broke out with the bumps. Which may very well mean that over-emotionalism was responsible! In any case, what do I do but take my unsightly hands to Grace, show them to her, ask her advice—a sort of male-trying-to-get-sympathy approach, I'd call it—and the wrong approach, I'd say, to nine out of ten girls. But sensing in Grace the warm sympathetic nature she has in such abundance, instinct told that to appeal to her sympathy was to touch her heart. And so it was. She took my hands, unsightly as they were, in hers——"

"—and never let them go again," I always interrupt Court at this point, to say. "I handcuffed you," I tell him, "Slipped on the manacles, that's what I did!"

What Court did, at this point, was to ask me, stammering like a high-school freshman (Court of the lipped-clear, certain diction!) "W-will you go out with me tonight?"—and I can still feel the actual nausea that I felt then when I realized that I had a radio rehearsal that night and a dinner date I couldn't decently break. I had to say "No." What I actually said was "No, but—", giving it, I hoped, the "Some other time?" inflection.

I suspect it was when I said "No," realizing how much I wanted to say "Yes," that I knew I was in love with Court. Or it may have been even earlier on, for from the day I went on the Dr. Susan program, I'd been getting up in the morning and asking myself, first thing, "What to wear? What will *he* like? The gray suit? The black? Tweeds, perhaps?"

Falling in love affected Court in a different way. A stranger (*Continued on page* 83)

In the city, Grace Matthews and Court Benson have a small apartment; in the country, a cottage. Wherever they are, it's acting that makes the house go round.

Grace Matthews is Big Sister, daily at 1 PM. EST, CBS. Court Benson is heard regularly on Big Town, CBS, and Music Hall, NBC.

Life can be Beautiful

Life Can Be Beautiful, written by Carl Bixby and Don Becker, is heard Monday through Friday at 12 PST; 1 P.M. MST; 2 P.M. CST; 3 P.M. EST, on NBC.

BEHIND THE BLANK WALL

Radio Mirror's Best Letter of the Month

Dear Papa David:

This story goes back to the days of depression. I was a registered nurse, and there was plenty work, but people were unable to pay. I worked in some homes for a very low wage, sometimes not only cooking for the patient but the husband as well. On some cases I would do the house work —and even the washing.

It had always been my desire since my training days to have a hospital of my own—and specialize in obstetrics. Due to the fact nursing was slow I decided to go to California and take a Post Graduate Course in obstetrics and prepare myself for this kind of nursing.

While I was taking this training I would tell others of my plans, and they said it was impossible. How could I ever expect to get money for hospital expenses when people could not really afford a doctor's bill—much less a hospital?

After I finished my Post Graduate Course I went back to the State of Washington. I arrived in this small town of about 20,000 with no money, but fixed with ambition to make my dreams come true. I talked it over with a nurse friend of mine.

One day I decided to call on an old patient of mine, so we did, and we were able to borrow the large sum of $100. Then we began to look for the house that would be suitable for our nursing home.

We finally found a large two-story house and it was just what we wanted. The building was so run down that we were given two months' free rent for cleaning it up—and it surely needed it.

We could not afford to hire anything. So we worked one month by ourselves getting it in shape, we payed one month's rent and we had to buy furniture, a stove, washing machine and many small items. We were fortunate to obtain some antique hospital furniture for the small sum of $10 down and $10 a month. Everything we bought was bought on the time payment plan. After we had the hospital furnished we had just $11 to buy medicine so we made a list of the important things such as cotton, ether, chloroform, alcohol, etc. Then we felt we were ready to announce our opening. We were surprised with a shower of gifts for the hospital, so many useful things.

At first the doctors were not too anxious to cooperate—as they were satisfied with the one large hospital in the town. But when we told them we were going to save money for the patients and they looked our small hospital over they decided to do what they could to help.

Now we were waiting for that first day and it wasn't long before an emergency came in. Everything worked out wonderfully, although our first little one weighed only three pounds. But we gave it the best of care and it gained every day, and from that time on we were kept plenty busy. We worked day and night and it was only a little while before we had to hire help. We were averaging around forty babies a month and finally had to move to a much larger place.

There are many things that happened and lots of stories could be told about the hospital but to me the biggest satisfaction was the realization of our dream after the difficulties we had to overcome.

Mrs. D. B. B.

Ten-dollar checks have gone to the writers of the letters that follow:

BEAUTY FOR ASHES

Dear Papa David:

I was not inclined to forego my constitutional rights of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. It was not necessary. My husband's sister had cared for her invalid mother for thirty years.

Suddenly the picture completely changed. My sister-in-law passed away. "Ma" was in her nineties. My blissful companionship with my husband was rudely broken. When either of us went out, the other stayed home.

I became positively resentful. One evening I took inventory; where was my courage? The authorities agreed that married folks were better off by themselves. Experience proved it. Why not challenge that overwhelming evidence to allow the exception to prove the rule?

An unflagging spirit of romance in the blind old woman was deeply touching. So together we traveled the high road of fiction, waiting in suspense for the prince to claim the bride. My mother-in-law was gifted with a remarkable memory and from her storehouse of poetry there came treasures new and old. I responded with exciting colorful tales of life in New York. When the family thought it wise to shade the truth, I was frank. The lonely hearted came to trust me as she did no one else.

When the tired spirit began its long journey through the shadow of death, the oldest daughter traveled thousands of miles to her mother's bedside. But the only coherent words the dying lips uttered were addressed to the one who had given her beauty for ashes: "Cannot you be my nurse?"

Truth is stranger than fiction. But the common clay which my Maker used to form me, is deeply satisfied when memory brings that beautiful light of gratitude into the eyes of my husband.

This is my rare jewel.

Mrs. T. McQ.

(*Continued on page* 80)

RADIO MIRROR OFFERS $50 EACH MONTH FOR YOUR LETTERS

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

Soon or late, there comes this knowledge to save the mind from hopelessness: no wall is utterly blank, no misery is boundless

Boston Blackie

AND THE PICTURE THAT TOLD A LIE

BOSTON BLACKIE has many times given the police invaluable assistance on difficult cases.

One day Blackie and Mary Wesley, his girl friend and companion in adventure, call on Inspector Faraday. They are surprised to find that the Inspector's number-one suspect in a recent murder has an alibi. His knowledge of photography—and of the underworld—help Blackie in solving the case.

In these pictures, as on the air, Boston Blackie is played by Richard Kollmar; Mary is Jan Miner; Maurice Kipler plays the Inspector. Check your newspaper for local radio station on which Boston Blackie is heard.

1. Calling to congratulate Inspector Faraday on arresting gangster Monty Ring, Mary and Blackie are amazed at seeing Ring walking freely out of Headquarters.

2. In his office, the Inspector explains. A picture of Ring, taken at a public function at the time of the crime, was brought in by the newspaper photographer who took it. It gives the gangster a perfect alibi.

3. "Look," says Faraday. "Ed Jason of the *Bulletin* took it at the rally at Soldiers' Monument. We know that was at ten a.m. It puts Ring miles away from the place of the murder at the time it was committed."

4. Boston Blackie has an overpowering urge to meet this Ed Jason. He and Mary go to his rooming house—only to find signs of a hasty departure. "Skipped an hour ago," the indignant landlady says.

5. Acting on a hunch, Blackie catches up with the photographer as he is about to board a bus bound for Chicago. Using effective persuasion, Blackie induces him to talk. His suspicions are confirmed.

6. Blackie, the Inspector, and a picked squad enter Ring's apartment. The racketeer's bravado vanishes as Blackie tells him Jason has confessed that he was made to take the picture—and not at ten a.m.!

7. At headquarters, Blackie explains. Ring's shadow in the picture showed it was taken in the afternoon! Jason double-exposed the picture of Ring over a picture taken the morning of the rally.

Love That Red-Head

Without doubt, she's the world's most put-upon Grandma.

But after all, she wanted the job—and she loves it!

IT'S hard to think of Red Skelton as my *boss*, despite the fact that for three years I've been his radio "Namah."

I play his grandmother. I'm old enough to be his mother. Actually, there is something very close to a mother-son relationship in the way we feel about one another.

I love that Red-head. I'd like to spank him sometimes . . . he's a problem child sometimes like all little boys . . . but I love him. And I would fight for him. So would everyone else who works for him—and in that fact lies his success secret. Understand that and you understand why Red is a star now, and why he must continue to grow—to do greater things yet.

Red and I were friends for a year before I even heard his radio show. We met backstage at NBC in 1940. I was playing the veddy, veddy ultra Mrs. Hipperton on the Joan Davis show—and we were on the air, then, directly opposite the Skelton show.

Sometimes Red and I would "hit the hall" at the same moment, bob out of our adjoining studios during rehearsal for a quick breather. We were never introduced, just got to talking the way actors will . . . all right, I'll admit it, talking about ourselves.

I was fascinated with Red's story, the Horatio Alger tale in which a gawky kid who began his theatrical career dancing in Walkathons in Vincennes, Indiana, climbed to the top in show business.

I loved his yarn about the day he met Edna Stillwell, the girl who was to be his wife for fifteen years, and who still writes most of his material, and figures prominently behind the scenes in all of his business and professional dealings.

Edna was an usher in a Kansas City, Mo. theater. She came backstage one day and, unlike most of his dressing-room visitors, told him his act was terrible.

"You have lousy material," she said.

Red, sensitive to criticism then as now, replied in a huff, "I suppose you could write better."

"I certainly could," she said, and she proceeded to prove it.

Red never fails to give Edna credit for her part in his metamorphosis from small time vaudevillian to star. Nothing that has happened in their personal relations—their divorce, and both their remarriages, Red's to Georgia Davis, Edna's to Frank Borzage—changes the fact that she still is and must continue to be a vital factor in his professional life.

"Mummie," as Red calls Edna, devised the little-boy character which made him famous.

"She said," he told me, looking sheepish, "that all men are little boys at heart."

"If an old lady is entitled to an opinion," I replied, "she was certainly right about this one."

"You're no old lady," Red shot back, ducking the issue.

"I was acting before you were born," I told him. And then he had to listen to *my* story.

I made my professional debut when I was eight, playing the title role in "Little Lord Fauntleroy." I am fifty-seven now, so that was a long time ago. Most child actors are "born in a trunk." I wasn't. My father was a doctor in San Jose, California—I am one of those rare flora, a (*Continued on page* 81)

BY VERNA FELTON

who is heard as Grandma in the Red Skelton show, Tuesday nights at 10:30 EST, on NBC.

Red Skelton: a clown in the new tradition, he paints other clowns, for fun

THROUGH THE YEARS WITH

When a Girl Marries

The well-loved story of Joan and Harry Davis, whose marriage grows slowly to maturity

WITH this review Radio Mirror recalls memorable moments in a favorite radio drama. Here, as on the air:

Joan Davis is played by.....Mary Jane Higby
Harry Davis.....John Raby
Sylvia Field.....Jone Allison
Phil Stanley.....Michael Fitzmaurice
Irma Cameron.....Jeanette Dowling
Mother Field.....Ethel Wilson
Mother Davis.....Marian Barney
Steve Skidmore.....Jack Arthur
Children's voices are by.....Dolores Gillen

Written by Elaine Carrington, directed by Tom McDermott, When a Girl Marries is heard each weekday at 5 P.M. EST, on NBC stations.

1. Young Harry Davis, just out of law school, blundered one night into the home of Sam Field, Stanwood's leading lawyer, to ask for a job—and found himself in the midst of a formal dinner party. More important, he met Field's daughter Joan—and found himself in love. Ironically, the party had been planned to announce Joan's engagement to wealthy Phil Stanley; but when Joan's eyes met Harry's, she knew she could never marry Phil; she felt, as Harry did, that life had been but a prelude to this moment. To Joan's parents, to her young sister Sylvia, and to Phil himself, the feeling between Joan and Harry was so apparent that the announcement Field planned was not made.

2. Instead, Harry Davis went to work in Sam Field's office, as he had hoped to do. And one day, in the lovely garden of her parents' home, Joan became Mrs. Harry Davis in a ceremony so moving that the town still remembers it.

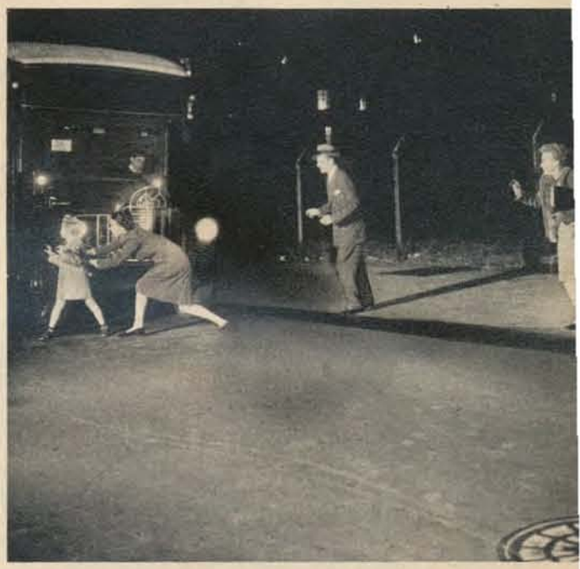
3. Harry, not in the same financial class with Joan's friends, feared that the social whirl of Stanwood threatened his marriage. He bought a farm in Beechwood; it was here that little Sammy was born to the happiest of parents.

4. But Harry's worries had made him dependent on the sympathy of his secretary, Betty MacDonald. And at a party one night, Joan saw for herself what neighbor Irma Cameron had warned her of: Betty MacDonald was in love with Harry.

7. Saving Sammy, Betty was killed—Betty, who had parted Joan and Harry, and who had later married Steve Skidmore, the man Irma Cameron loved. Joan and Sammy returned to Beechwood; soon Baby Hope enlarged the family.

8. But Betty had left a legacy of trouble. Her cousin, Betty Scoffield, was found murdered in the Davis barn. So damaging was the evidence pointing to Harry that all the efforts of Joan and his mother could not prevent his conviction.

5. Bewildered and hurt, Joan took Sammy back to her parents' home. She found a job to busy herself with, and lived in numbed unhappiness until the horrible day when she came home and found that her beloved Sammy was missing.



6. It seemed years later that, after hopeless search, Joan dragged herself toward home. Suddenly, before her on the sidewalk were Harry and Betty —and there was Sammy, in the path of a truck! Frozen, Joan watched Betty fling herself forward.

9. As Harry awaited sentence, the court was disrupted by Steve Skidmore's "confession". He had seen Betty at the barn; upset by her resemblance to his dead wife, he knew he started to choke her; then his sick mind blacked out.

10. But Joan, despite great danger, finally trapped the *real* murderer—an enemy of Betty's who came upon her in time to finish what Steve had begun. And, joyfully, Joan helped decorate the chapel for the wedding of Steve and Irma.

Festive and friendly, warm and satisfying—in the true spirit of the seas

FESTIVE *and* FRIENDLY

By
KATE SMITH
RADIO MIRROR FOOD COUNSELOR

Listen each Monday through Friday at 12 Noon, EST, to stations of the Mutual Broadcasting Company, when Kate Smith Speaks.

HOSPITALITY reaches its highest, most gracious point at New Year's. Certainly nothing quite equals the warm cordiality of "Drop in at our house any time New Year's afternoon—we're having open house," for it holds the promise of making new friendships and deepening old ones. It is such a stimulating and satisfying way of entertaining, that I often wonder why we don't hold open house on other holidays throughout the year. But since we seem to associate it mainly with New Year's and since this year you may wish to entertain in this way, here are recipes which will make it easy for you to enjoy the day as much as your guests do. As you read them, you can begin planning on the quantity of supplies you will need. Next step is to allow yourself a few free hours the preceding day to prepare the canape mixtures, which can then be chilled in the refrigerator until you are ready for them, and for getting dishes, silver and linens in readiness. Since these are the major tasks, getting them out of the way so far in advance will give you leisure for last-minute preparations on the day itself—and starting the New Year with leisure to spare is one of the best ways to start it that I can think of—all of which will add up to making it the most successful party you have ever known.

EGG NOG

6 eggs, separated
¾ cup sugar
1 pint light cream
1 pint milk
1 pint sherry (optional)
Nutmeg

Beat egg whites until stiff but not dry; gradually add sugar, beating continuously. Beat egg yolks until fluffy and lemon colored, then fold in egg white. Add cream, milk and sherry, stirring continuously. Turn mixture into punch bowl, sprinkle top with nutmeg. Makes about 20 servings.

HOT CHOCOLATE

4 squares (4 ounces) unsweetened chocolate
1 cup water
6 to 8 tablespoons sugar
⅛ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon cinnamon
3 cups milk, scalded

Combine chocolate and water and cook over low heat, stirring until chocolate is melted. Add sugar, salt and cinnamon and boil, stirring constantly, for 4 minutes. Add milk and blend well. Beat until frothy and serve immediately. Makes 6 servings.

HOT CRANBERRY PUNCH

2 cups (No. 1 can) jellied cranberry sauce
1½ cups water
¾ cup sugar
½ cup orange juice
¼ cup lemon juice
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
¼ teaspoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon allspice
2½ cups hot strong tea

Beat cranberry sauce with rotary beater until smooth. Combine with water, sugar, fruit juices and spices in a saucepan. Bring to boil and simmer about 5 minutes. Add hot tea and serve immediately. Makes 6 to 8 servings.

HAM BISCUITS

1 cup prepared biscuit mix
⅓-ounce can deviled ham
⅓ cup milk, (about)

Mix together thoroughly biscuit mix and ham. Stir in enough milk to make soft dough. Turn dough onto lightly floured board and roll out ¾ inch thick. Cut with 1-inch biscuit cutter. Place on greased baking sheet and bake in a very hot oven (450 degrees F.) until lightly browned, 8 to 10 minutes. Makes 15 biscuits.

PIGS IN BLANKETS

12 thin bread slices
12 cocktail sausages

Remove crusts from bread slices. Place a sausage diagonally in center of each slice. Roll opposite corners of bread over sausage and fasten with toothpicks. Broil, about 3 inches below heat, until bread is lightly toasted, about 3 minutes. Makes 12 servings.

(*Continued on page 67*)

COLOR WHEEL

Lurene Tuttle's house is proof of the professional results an amateur decorator gets with "color wheel."

The cooperation of furniture, paint, fabric and carpet companies can be enlisted to work in with "color wheel."

HOMEMAKER news this month comes from Hollywood where Lurene Tuttle, who plays Junior's harassed mother in NBC's Red Skelton show, is redecorating her house and doing such a magnificent job of it that it is fast becoming one of the loveliest and most livable houses in town.

"I'm strictly an amateur decorator," says Lurene, "but now anyone can use the best professional tricks."

It is a new method which Lurene has been using so successfully, and this is the way it operates. The first step is to take a sample of the drapery or slipcover material or carpeting you wish to use to a "paint bar," where it is checked against a "color wheel." This is a large plastic disc dotted with small discs of paint, ranging throughout the spectrum in color. Your sample is matched to a paint dot which will blend perfectly. Each color dot is marked with a formula which indicates the ingredients, and their proportion, needed to mix paint of that exact hue. Augmenting the wheel is a series of small color cards, one to match each color dot and bearing the same formula. When the customer selects a paint from the color wheel, she is given a matching color card.

Her next step is to take this card to a paint warehouse where a "color tender" mixes paint according to the formula on her card, very much as a druggist makes up a prescription. Since color is lighter after drying, a sample of each prescription-mixed paint is made on still another card and allowed to dry for 24 hours. At the end of this drying time the customer checks the sample against her own color card and when —and only when—she is satisfied that it matches to perfection, the paint is delivered to her home.

Sweet DIGNITY

Fanny Brice is Baby Snooks only once each week on the air. The rest of the time she's an enviably suave, gracious, mature personality.

By Mary Jane Fulton

VOCALLY, Fanny Brice is one of the youngest radio stars on the air—Baby Snooks. "Actually," asserts Fanny, who originated the character of "Daddy's" exasperating little girl some twenty-five years ago, when she was one of Ziegfeld's famed beauties, "Snooks helps me to feel younger."

Anyone who has seen her do one of her Baby Snooks radio shows can easily understand this. She literally changes from a middle-aged person to a four-and-a-half-year-old youngster. She *becomes* Baby Snooks, and as such, she explains, "I have to feel younger. I can't help it." Then she reminds you: "A woman is only as old as she feels!"

Fanny is not only growing older gracefully, but joyously. When she isn't busy rehearsing or broadcasting, she's busy with one of several interesting pastimes. She's redecorated many of her friends' homes for them. If she feels the urge, out come her paints and brushes. As she sits before the clean canvas, whatever comes to her mind to paint goes down on it. So her work reflects the same care-free, vital originality which she exhibits all the time, and which you cannot associate with age. She believes that every woman should have some hobby, aside from her work. For no matter how much she likes her job, and how busy she is with it, a hobby provides a complete change. It also acts as a tonic to her spirits, which is very important, Fanny feels, in keeping mentally and physically alert.

Fanny doesn't claim not to grow tired. Like every active person she, too, must call time out for recharging her energy. After a tiring day, she heads for a hot bath. Into the bath water go a few drops of sweet-scented bath oil—just enough to perfume and soften the water, and to scent and soften her skin, too. With a faint wink at modesty, she leaves the bathroom door open so that the fragrance of the bath oil will drift into her bedroom. When she's relaxed in her perfumed bath for a few minutes, she uses a stiff brush and lots of soap suds to give herself a good scrubbing. This stirs up her circulation, and makes her feel marvelously refreshed.

Her favorite exercise is walking—a helpful hint, beauty-wise. Because of it her complexion is clear and healthy-looking, although she's a grandmother; her figure and movements as lithesome and graceful as those of a much younger woman.

"When you begin thinking about yourself, then 'yourself' becomes your worst enemy," states Fanny.

INSIDE RADIO

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

SUNDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45			Earl Wild	Carolina Calling
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Story to Order Words and Music	People's Church Tone Tapestries	White Rabbit Line	News Renfro Valley Folks Johnson Family
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Bible Highlights Circle Arrow Show	Radio Bible Class Voice of Prophecy	Message of Israel Southernaires	Church of the Air Church of the Air
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Voices Down the Wind News Highlights Solitaire Time	News Dixie Four Quartet Reviewing Stand	Fine Arts Quartette Hour of Faith	Negro College Choir Salt Lake Tabernacle

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	World Front News Eternal Light	Pilgrim Hour Lutheran Hour	Guest Speaker World Security	Invitation to Learning As Others See Us
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	American United Chicago Round Table	Cecil Brown American Radio Warblers For Your Approval	Sam Pettengill Raymond Swing Sammy Kaye	People's Platform Doorway to Life
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Robert Merrill James Melton Frank Black	Family Doctor Bill Cunningham Veteran's Information	Lee Sweetland Sunday Vespers	Robert Q. Lewis, Little Show Bob Reid Sings "Here's To You"
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Eddy Howard One Man's Family	Ernie Lee's Omega Show Juvenile Jury	Lassie Drama Piano Interludes This Week Around The World	N. Y. Philharmonic
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	The Quiz Kids Musicana	House of Mystery True Detective	Are These Our Children Patti Page Presents	Hour of Charm
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Ford Show	The Shadow Quick As A Flash	Adventures of Bill Lance David Harding	The Family Hour Hoagy Carmichael Joseph C. Harsch

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	The Catholic Hour Hollywood Star Preview	Those Websters Nick Carter	Drew Pearson Don Gardiner Greatest Story Ever Told	Ozzie and Harriet Percy Faith
7:00 7:15 7 30 7:45	Jack Benny Band Wagon	Sherlock Holmes Gabriel Heatter Show	Child's World Exploring the Un-Known	Gene Autry Blondie
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Bergen-McCarthy Show Fred Allen	A. L. Alexander Jimmy Fidler Twin Views of News	Detroit Symphony Orchestra	Sam Spade Man Called X
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Manhattan Merry-Go-Round American Album	Meet Me at Parkys Jim Backus Show	Walter Winchell Louella Parsons Theatre Guild	Meet Corliss Archer Tony Martin Show
10:00 10:15 10:30	Take It or Leave It The Big Break, Eddie Dowling	Voice of Strings Latin American Serenade	Jimmie Fidler	Christopher Wells Strike It Rich

Trudy Ewan

—she's "Miriam, poor Miriam," on the Bob Hope Show, but off the air she's Orchestra Leader Dick Stabile's happy wife.

Edward R. Murrow

—whose wartime byline, "This Is London," became familiar to millions. He returned briefly to England in November, to broadcast the marriage of Princess Elizabeth to Lord Louis Mountbatten. Though he has never worked on a newspaper, Mr. Murrow is known as one of the greatest reporters in the world. This season his air spot for a daily news broadcast is 7:45 P.M., EST, over Columbia.

MONDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember			The Trumpeteers Three Steps to Rhythm
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in New York Clevelandaires Nelson Olmsted	Editor's Diary Shady Valley Folks	Breakfast Club	CBS Morning News Oklahoma Roundup
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Fred Waring Road of Life Joyce Jordan	Cecil Brown Faith In Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker, Magazine of the Air Listening Post	Music For You Evelyn Winters David Harum
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	This is Nora Drake Kate's Daughter Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Emily Post Quiz Tell Your Neighbor Heart's Desire	Tom Breneman Galen Drake Ted Malone	Arthur Godfrey Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Echoes From Tropics Words and Music	Kate Smith Speaks Victor H. Lindlahr U. S. Service Bands	Welcome Travelers	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	U. S. Navy Band Robert McCormick Robert Ripley	Cedric Foster Red Hook, 31 Quaker City Serenade Checkerboard Jamboree	Baukhage News Nancy Craig	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Today's Children Woman in White The Story of Holly Sloan Light of the World	Queen For A Day Martin Block Show	Maggi McNellis Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason Look Your Best Rose of My Dreams
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Song of the Stranger	Ladies Be Seated Paul Whiteman Club	Double or Nothing House Party
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Erskine Johnson Johnson Family Two Ton Baker Adventure Parade	Treasury Band Show	Hint Hunt Winner Take All

EVENING PROGRAMS

5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Hop Harrigan Superman Captain Midnight Tom Mix	Dick Tracy Terry and Pirates Jack Armstrong	Liberty Road Treasury Bandstand Lum 'n' Abner
6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	John MacVane Sketches in Melody Once Upon Our Time Sunoco News	Local Programs	Local Programs	Eric Sevareid In My Opinion Red Barber, Sports Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World Manor House Party H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dance Orchestra Henry J. Taylor Inside of Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis The Lone Ranger	Mystery of the Week Jack Smith Bob Crosby Show Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Cavalcade of America Voice of Firestone	Scotland Yard Charlie Chan	You Bet Your Life Opie Cates	Inner Sanctum Talent Scouts
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Telephone Hour Dr. I. Q.	Gabriel Heatter Real Stories Did Justice Triumph	On Stage America Sammy Kaye	Lux Radio Theater
10:00 10:15 10:30	Contented Program Fred Waring	Fishing and Hunting Club Dance Orch.	Buddy Weed Trio Earl Godwin	My Friend Irma Screen Guild Players

Agnes Moorehead

—whom you hear as Marilly, volatile housekeeper to The Mayor of the Town, on Wednesdays at 8:30 P.M., EST, over ABC. This Presbyterian minister's daughter was born in Massachusetts and now lives, with her husband, Jack G. Lee, in Cheviot Hills, Calif. But she still owns "Kitchen Middens," a 320-acre farm in Ohio which was a Western Reserve Land Grant to her great-grandparents.

TUESDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember News			The Trumpeteers Three Steps to Rhythm
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in N. Y. Clevelandaires Nelson Olmsted	Editor's Diary Shady Valley Folks	Breakfast Club	CBS Morning News Oklahoma Roundup
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Fred Waring Road of Life Joyce Jordan	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker, Magazine of the Air Club Time	Music For You Evelyn Winters David Harum
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	This is Nora Drake Kate's Daughter Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Emily Post Quiz Tell Your Neighbor Heart's Desire	Tom Breneman Galen Drake Ted Malone	Arthur Godfrey Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Echoes From Tropics Words and Music	Kate Smith Speaks Victor H. Lindlahr Service Bands	Welcome Travelers	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Art Van Damme Quartet Robert McCormick Robert Ripley	Cedric Foster Red Hook, 31 Quaker City Serenade Checkerboard Jamboree	Baukhage Nancy Craig	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Today's Children Woman in White Story of Holly Sloan Light of the World	Queen For A Day Martin Block Show	Maggi McNellis Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason Look Your Best Rose of My Dreams
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Song of the Stranger	Ladies Be Seated Paul Whiteman Club	Double or Nothing House Party
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Erskine Johnson Johnson Family Two Ton Baker Adventure Parade	Treasury Band Show	Hint Hunt Winner Take All
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Hop Harrigan Superman Capt. Midnight Tom Mix	Dick Tracy Terry and Pirates Jack Armstrong	Tales of Adventure Treasury Bandstand Lum 'n' Abner

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	John MacVane Sketches in Melody Once Upon Our Time Sunoco News	Local Programs		Eric Sevareid Frontiers of Science Red Barber Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World Manor House Party H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dance Orch. Newscope Inside of Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis Green Hornet Drama	Mystery of the Week Jack Smith Bob Crosby Show Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Milton Berle A Date With Judy	Mysterious Traveler Official Detective	Youth Asks the Government Erwin D. Canham America's Town	Big Town Mr. & Mrs. North
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Amos 'n' Andy Fibber McGee and Molly	Gabriel Heatter Real Stories Zane Grey Show	Boston Symphony	We, The People Studio One
10:00 10:15 10:30	Bob Hope Red Skelton	American Forum California Melodies	Labor U. S. A.	Open Hearing

WEDNESDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember			The Trumpeteers Three Steps To Rhythm
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in N. Y. Clevelandaires Nelson Olmsted	Editor's Diary Shady Valley Folks	Breakfast Club	CBS Morning News Oklahoma Roundup
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Fred Waring Road of Life Joyce Jordan	Cecil Brown Faith In Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker, Magazine Of The Air Listening Post	Music For You Evelyn Winters David Harum
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	This Is Nora Drake Katie's Daughter Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Emily Post Quiz Tell Your Neighbor Heart's Desire	Tom Breneman Galen Drake Ted Malone	Arthur Godfrey Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Echoes From Tropics Words and Music	Kate Smith Speaks Victor H. Lindlahr Alan Lomax, Ballads	Welcome Travelers	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	NBC Concert Orch. Robert McCormick Robert Ripley	Cedric Foster Red Hook, 31 Quaker City Serenade Checkerboard Jamboree	Baukhage Nancy Craig	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Today's Children Woman in White Story of Holly Sloan Light of the World	Queen For A Day The Martin Block Show	Maggi McNellis Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason Look Your Best Rose of My Dreams
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Song of the Stranger	Ladies Be Seated Paul Whiteman Club	Double Or Nothing House Party
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Erskine Johnson The Johnson Family Two Ton Baker Adventure Parade	Treasury Band Show	Hint Hunt Winner Take All
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Hop Harrigan Superman Captain Midnight Tom Mix	Dick Tracy Terry and Pirates Jack Armstrong	March of Science Treasury Bandstand Lum 'n' Abner

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	John MacVane Sketches in Melody Once Upon Our Time Sunoco News	Local Programs		Eric Sevareid Talks Red Barber Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World Manor House Party H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dance Orchestra Arthur Gaeth Inside of Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis Lone Ranger	Mystery of the Week Jack Smith Bob Crosby Show Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Dennis Day The Great Gildersleeve	Racket Smashers Quiet Please	Mayor of The Town Vox Pop	American Melody Hour Dr. Christian
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Duffy's Tavern Mr. District Attorney	Gabriel Heatter Real Stories RFD America	Abbott and Costello Jack Paar	Morgan, Ameche and Langford Show Sweeney and March
10:00 10:15 10:30	The Big Story Jimmy Durante	Indefinite Dance Orch.	Bing Crosby Henry Morgan	The Whistler Escape

Larry Douglas

—first found out that he had a voice when he joined the glee club at Brooklyn's Erasmus Hall High. He got "professional experience by appearing on amateur shows"; had a featured spot in Panama Hattie; was next signed for a year with Carmen Cavallaro as vocalist; has appeared at the Astor's Rainbow Room and the Waldorf's Wedgwood Room; on CBS's Evening in Paris. He's now with Wayne King.

THURSDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30	Do You Remember			The Trumpeteers
8:45				Three Steps to Rhythm
9:00	Honeymoon in N. Y.	Editor's Diary	Breakfast Club	CBS Morning News
9:15		Shady Valley Folks		Oklahoma Roundup
9:30	Clevelandaires			
9:45	Nelson Olmsted			
10:00	Fred Waring	Cecil Brown	My True Story	Music For You
10:15		Faith In Our Time		
10:30	Road of Life	Say It With Music	Betty Crocker, Magazine of the Air	Evelyn Winters
10:45	Joyce Jordan		Dorothy Kilgallen	David Harum
11:00	This is Nora Drake	Emily Post Quiz	Tom Breneman	Arthur Godfrey
11:15	Katie's Daughter	Tell Your Neighbor		
11:30	Jack Berch	Heart's Desire	Galen Drake	Grand Slam
11:45	Lora Lawton		Ted Malone	Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00		Kate Smith Speaks	Welcome Travelers	Wendy Warren
12:15	Echoes From Tropics	Victor H. Lindlahr		Aunt Jenny
12:30	Words and Music	U. S. Service Band		Helen Trent
12:45				Our Gal Sunday
1:00	Art Van Damme	Cedric Foster	Baukhage	Big Sister
1:15	Quartet	Red Hook, 31	Nancy Craig	Ma Perkins
1:30	Robert McCormick	Quaker City Serenade		Young Dr. Malone
1:45	Robert Ripley	Checkerboard Jamboree		The Guiding Light
2:00	Today's Children	Queen For A Day	Maggi McNellis	Second Mrs. Burton
2:15	Woman in White			Perry Mason
2:30	Story of Holly Sloan	Martin Block Show	Bride and Groom	Look Your Best
2:45	Light of the World			Rose of My Dreams
3:00	Life Can Be Beautiful		Ladies Be Seated	Double or Nothing
3:15	Ma Perkins			
3:30	Pepper Young	Song of the Stranger	Paul Whiteman Club	House Party
3:45	Right to Happiness			
4:00	Backstage Wife	Erskine Johnson		Hint Hunt
4:15	Stella Dallas	Johnson Family		
4:30	Lorenzo Jones		Treasury Band Show	Winner Take All
4:45	Young Widder Brown	Adventure Parade		
5:00	When A Girl Marries	Hop Harrigan	Dick Tracy	Gateways to Music
5:15	Portia Faces Life	Superman	Terry and Pirates	
5:30	Just Plain Bill	Captain Midnight	Jack Armstrong	Treasury Bandstand
5:45	Front Page Farrell	Tom Mix		Lum 'n' Abner

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00				Eric Sevareid
6:15	Sketches in Melody			In My Opinion
6:30	Once Upon Our Time	Local Programs	Local Programs	Red Barber, Sports
6:45	Sunoco News			Lowell Thomas
7:00	Chesterfield Club	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Headline Edition	Mystery of the Week
7:15	News of the World	Dance Orch.	Elmer Davis	Jack Smith
7:30	Grand Marquee	Newscope	Treasury Agent	Bob Crosby Show
7:45		Inside of Sports		Edward R. Murrow
8:00	Aldrich Family	High Adventure	Candid Microphone	Suspense
8:15				
8:30	Geo. Burns and Gracie Allen	Scarlet Queen	The Clock	Mr. Keen
8:45				
9:00	Al Jolson	Gabriel Heatter	Willie Piper	Dick Haymes
9:15		Real Stories		
9:30	Jack Carson and Eve Arden	Mutual Block Party	Darts for Dough	Crime Photographer
9:45				
10:00	Bob Hawk Show	Family Theatre	Mr. President	Reader's Digest Radio Edition
10:15				
10:30	Eddie Cantor		Lenny Herman Quintet	

Jan Miner

—plays Ann Williams on Columbia's Crime Photographer series, Thursdays at 9:30 P.M., EST. She started her drama career by studying stage design in her native Boston; worked next in stock; got her first chance in radio on WEEI; came to New York after two years on Boston stations; has been heard on various Columbia programs. Jan spends her spare time on her farm at Winnepesaukee, N. H.

FRIDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30	Do You Remember			The Trumpeteers
8:45				Three Steps To Rhythm
9:00	Honeymoon in N. Y.	Editor's Diary	Breakfast Club	CBS Morning News
9:15		Shady Valley Folks		Oklahoma Roundup
9:30	Clevelandaires			
9:45	Nelson Olmsted			
10:00	Fred Waring	Cecil Brown	My True Story	Music For You
10:15		Faith In Our Time		
10:30	Road of Life	Say It With Music	Betty Crocker, Magazine of the Air	Evelyn Winters
10:45	Joyce Jordan		The Listening Post	David Harum
11:00	This is Nora Drake	Emily Post Quiz	Tom Breneman	Arthur Godfrey
11:15	Katie's Daughter	Tell Your Neighbor		
11:30	Jack Berch	Heart's Desire	Galen Drake	Grand Slam
11:45	Lora Lawton		Ted Malone	Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00		Kate Smith Speaks	Welcome Travelers	Wendy Warren
12:15	Echoes From Tropics	Victor H. Lindlahr		Aunt Jenny
12:30	Words and Music	This Week in History		Helen Trent
12:45				Our Gal Sunday
1:00	U. S. Marine Band	Cedric Foster	Baukhage	Big Sister
1:15		Red Hook, 31	Nancy Craig	Ma Perkins
1:30	Robert McCormick	Quaker City Serenade		Young Dr. Malone
1:45	Robert Ripley	Checkerboard Jamboree		The Guiding Light
2:00	Today's Children	Queen For A Day	Maggi McNellis	Second Mrs. Burton
2:15	Woman in White			Perry Mason
2:30	Story of Holly Sloan	Martin Block Show	Bride and Groom	Look Your Best
2:45	Light of the World			Rose of My Dreams
3:00	Life Can Be Beautiful		Ladies Be Seated	Double or Nothing
3:15	Ma Perkins			
3:30	Pepper Young	Song of the Stranger	Paul Whiteman Club	House Party
3:45	Right to Happiness			
4:00	Backstage Wife	Erskine Johnson		Hint Hunt
4:15	Stella Dallas	Johnson Family		
4:30	Lorenzo Jones		Treasury Band Show	Winner Take All
4:45	Young Widder Brown	Adventure Parade		
5:00	When A Girl Marries	Hop Harrigan	Dick Tracy	Opinion Please
5:15	Portia Faces Life	Superman	Terry and Pirates	
5:30	Just Plain Bill	Captain Midnight	Jack Armstrong	Treasury Bandstand
5:45	Front Page Farrell	Tom Mix		Lum 'n' Abner

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	News			Eric Sevareid
6:15	Sketches in Melody	Local Programs		Report From The United Nations
6:30	Once Upon Our Time			Red Barber, Sports
6:45	Sunoco News			Lowell Thomas
7:00	Chesterfield Club	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Headline Edition	Mystery of the Week
7:15	News of the World	Dance Orchestra	Elmer Davis	Jack Smith
7:30	Manor House Party	Henry J. Taylor	Lone Ranger	Bob Crosby Show
7:45	H. V. Kaltenborn	Inside of Sports		Edward R. Murrow
8:00	Highways in Melody	Burl Ives	The Fat Man	Baby Snooks
8:15		Scout About Town		
8:30	Can You Top This	Leave It To The Girls	This Is Your FBI	Thin Man
8:45				
9:00	People Are Funny	Gabriel Heatter	Break the Bank	Mark Warnow Orch and Chorus
9:15		Real Stories		
9:30	Waltz Time	Information Please	The Sheriff	FBI In Peace and War
9:45				
10:00	Mystery Theater	Meet The Press	Boxing Bouts	It Pays to be Ignorant
10:15				
10:30	Sports	Date Night		Spotlight Revue

Alan Young

—was just another young comedian with Canadian Broadcasting Company, three years ago when actor's manager Frank Cooper accidentally tuned in on Canada. Cooper wired Alan and the result was a summer spot replacing Eddie Cantor. Next 20th Century-Fox cast him opposite Jeanne Crain in "Margie". This season he's been a bright Sunday evening star on the Tony Martin Show, over Columbia at 9:30.

SATURDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
9:00	Story Shop		Tommy Bartlett Time	CBS Morning News
9:15				Songs For You
9:30	Coffee With Congress	Robert Hurleigh		
9:45	Bill Herson	Helen Hall		Saturday's Rhythm
10:00	Frank Merriwell	Bill Harrington	U. S. Navy Band	The Garden Gate
10:15				Lee Adams
10:30	Archie Andrews	Shady Valley Folk	Piano Playhouse	Mary Lee Taylor
10:45				
11:00	Meet the Meeks	Pauline Alpert	Junior Junction	Let's Pretend
11:15				
11:30	Smilin' Ed McConnell	Say It With Music	Land of The Lost	Adventurer's Club
11:45				

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00	Arthur Barriault	Pan Americana	Johnny Thompson	Theatre of Today
12:15	Public Affairs	This Week in Washington	Nat'l Association of Evangelicals	
12:30	Home is what you	Flight into the Past	American Farmer	Stars Over Hollywood
12:45	Make It			
1:00	Nat'l Farm Home	Luncheon at Sardi's	U. N. General Assembly Highlights	Grand Central Sta.
1:15				
1:30	Veterans Aid	Bands For Bonds	Fascinating Rhythm	County Fair
1:45	Elmer Peterson	Football Game		
2:00		Dance Orchestra	Metropolitan Opera	Give and Take
2:15				
2:30				Country Journal
2:45	Camp Meetin' Choir			
3:00				Treasury Bandstand
3:15				
3:30	Your Hosts Buffalo			
3:45				
4:00		Horse Races	Football Game	Horse Racing
4:15		Dance Orchestra		Joey Kerns
4:30	Musicana	Dance Orchestra		Adventures in Science
4:45				Of Men and Books
5:00	Edward Tomlinson	Dance Orchestra	Dance Music	Cross Section U.S.A.
5:15	Three Suns Shine			
5:30		Dance Orchestra		Saturday at the Chase
5:45	King Cole Trio	Jan August and His Piano Magic		

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	Rhapsody of the	Sports Parade	Vagabonds' Quartet	Bill Shadell
6:15	Rockies		Betty Russell	Word From the Country
6:30	NBC Symphony	Cecil Brown	Harry Wismer	Saturday Sports Review
6:45			Jack Beall	Larry Lesueur
7:00		Hawaii Calls	Quisdom Class	Hawk Larabee
7:15				
7:30	Curtain Time	Newscope	Challenge of the Yukon	Romance
7:45		Twin Views of the News		
8:30	Life of Riley	Twenty Questions	Ross Dolan Detective	First Nighter
8:15				
8:30	Truth or Consequences	Harlem Hospitality Club	Famous Jury Trials	Leave It to Bill
8:45				
9:00	Your Hit Parade	Stop Me If You Have Heard This	Gangbusters	Joan Davis Show
9:15				
9:30	Judy Canova Show	Better Half	Murder and Mr. Malone	
9:45				Vaughn Monroe
10:00	Kay Kyser	Theater of the Air	Professor Quiz	Saturday Night Serenade
10:15				
10:30	Grand Ole Opry		Hayloft Hoedown	Abe Burrows

Don Cornell

—vocalist with Sammy Kaye's Orchestra, heard over ABC on Sunday Serenade and So You Want to Lead a Band. He was singing with an orchestra at Pelham Bay when Sammy Kaye heard him over a remote pickup and wired for him. He joined the swing and sway aggregation in Minneapolis in January, 1942. Don held the middleweight title at New York's Roosevelt High and his hobby is weight lifting!

TELEVISION

A certain red-haired (and proud of it) radio singer now looks the other way whenever she sees writer Joe Cates. Producing his first television program for Bob Fuchs, Look Upon A Star, Joe tele-tested the singer for a guest spot. Her voice was beautiful and everything would have been fine, if her hair hadn't looked white on the video screen. Joe and the singer were much puzzled—until one of the tele-specialists connected with the job revealed that over television certain red dyes photographed dead white.

* * *

For the past year and a half, Sammy Kaye's tongue has been hanging out—figuratively, of course—for a certain make and model of television set for his apartment. Delays were as interminable as delays are, these days. But finally, to a breathless Kaye, it arrived. And now Sammy's landlord, for reasons only a landlord would understand, won't permit him to install it. It's things like that that drive tenants to other apartments, when there are other apartments.

* * *

Gene Autry has his experienced eye on television, they say. He's reportedly interested in a new organization that will prepare comic strips and syndicated news features for use on television.

* * *

Down in Texas, the do-things-in-a-large-way state, an interesting new hotel is going up. FCC permission has been given to the two millionaires who are constructing it to install a new television studio at the top of its 47 stories. And every room in the hotel will feature a built-in video set.

* * *

Hollywood film producer Jerry Fairbanks has begun mass production of films written, directed, acted and photographed especially for television. It's an improvement all along the line, over live shows, says Fairbanks; saves time, saves money, and is the only way of insuring a really professional job of dramatic programming.

Three years of research have gone into the preparation of this technique. Ordinary movie film and methods, of course, are not scaled to television screen; New lighting techniques have been developed by Fairbank's studio, and all the Hollywood trade tricks—process shots, animation, optical sleight-of-hand, slowed or accelerated motion—impossible to use in transmitting a live show on a television screen, can be adapted when the show is being filmed for transmission. Fairbanks is looking toward the day when all of television's dramas, mysteries, westerns will be presented on film.

Before the Fairbanks cameras now is the initial series, a mystery drama with a group of well-known Hollywood actors starred—Anne Gwynne, John Howard, Mary Beth Hughes, Donald MacBride, Dewey Robinson and Lou Lubin.

* * *

Speaking of what will or won't transmit satisfactorily on the average television screen brings us to what most people *do* speak of: the too-small field of the lower-priced screen, bad for too many reasons to list. Remedying this, there has been put on the market a magnifying lens which can be used in conjunction with a table-model tele-set to enlarge its pictures. When used with a 10-inch screen, it appears, the picture can be magnified to a width of almost 20 inches. Most small set owners will call this an improvement.

* * *

National Broadcasting's great new Hollywood television outlet, originally planned to start operations at the end of 1947, probably will not be under way until the middle of 1948—July, they say at NBC.

The two singers have Russ Merritt at the piano and Johnny Mitchell at the organ for this program.

Johnny Kirby has Barbara Lee Owens as his singing partner, Monday evenings at 7:30 over KDKA.

John Kirby

SINGER OF SONGS YOU LOVE TO HEAR

NOT MANY youngsters know at the age of nine the career they intend to follow, but when just that age Johnny Kirby, tenor singing star at KDKA and the networks, was already becoming known as a singer.

His first appearance was as a boy soprano in a little neighborhood church in Lebanon, Pa. He didn't sing then because after he was given his first solo, stage fright took hold of him and he couldn't sing a note.

All during his high school days he sang every chance he got, and soon became as popular as the high school football flash. He was soloist with the Boys Glee Club and A Cappella Choir. His first taste of dramatics came when he was given the role of Baron von Schober in the school production of "Blossom Time."

After graduation from school, his family moved to Pittsburgh where Johnny promptly looked for a voice teacher to begin serious study of voice.

He sang in Harvey Gaul's choir at Calvary Episcopal Church and later became tenor soloist at the Church of the Ascension where the Savoyard organization was founded by Dr. Gaul. Johnny was given the leading role in "The Sorcerer." From this he graduated to the Pittsburgh Playhouse where Frederick Burleigh, director of the theater group, placed him in four productions in one season.

The Army called him and during his 14 months service he worked in the Special Service Branch directing shows for the men, and singing at every Army function there was. He sang with the camp band and of course, every morning at chapel service. He starred in an all GI musical.

After his discharge he came home and was ready to head for New York to try his luck, when he received a call to audition for a three-mornings-a-week commercial program on KDKA. He won it and began singing to the accompaniment of Russ Merritt at the piano and popular Pittsburgh organist, Johnny Mitchell.

This led to other sponsored shows and now he is featured on Songs You Love to Hear program heard every Monday evening at 7:30, and Bernie Armstrong's Wednesday night show, Singing Strings. He has won great popularity on both shows and can even boast of a fan club that promises to never swoon for any other singer. Johnny prides himself on the fact that he can satisfy all types of listeners. Those who like the old familiar songs that recall fond memories, and, of course. those who like the present-day popular ballads.

He likes to hunt, skeet-shoot, and ride horseback. He takes colored movies and likes to show them to his friends. He collects antique glassware and can boast of owning some very fine, rare pieces. He also has a collection of ties that count up to 500 or more!

Hope for 1948

(*Continued from page* 27)

conversations. They may give you a lot of ribbing, but they're really smart and sweet too, under that outer covering, if you use a blow-torch.

We've nothing to worry about from this generation of teen-agers today. I don't think the country is in any danger at all, if we can all bring up our share and leave it in solid order for them. They'll follow through okay. . . .

But I hope that parents will invest more time with them, more thought, and more financial assistance too in the maintenance of such important youth organizations as the Y.M.C.A., Y.W.C.A., the Boy and Girl Scouts, Camp Fire Girls, groups such as the "Teen-Agers' Clubs" in Long Beach, the Deputy Auxiliary Police in Los Angeles, and others that are guiding their youthful energy into constructive channels, fostering the preservation of ideals, teaching them responsibility and initiative and making them strong little junior citizens. They're our whole security, these kids, and they'll pay plenty of interest on the rich principles of their heritage, America . . . where the "three Rs" still stand for reading, writing and arithmetic . . . and not those others . . . rags, riots and relief.

I was never a teen-ager myself, having been born at the age of 21, but I did belong to the Y.M.C.A. when I was young back in Cleveland, and used to drop in there a lot, on my way to the pool hall. I'm on the Board of Managers of the North Hollywood Y.M.C.A. now and I know what they're doing for our youth.

I've visited the well-organized "Teen-Agers' Clubs" in Long Beach, with their "Canteens" which provide, among many other advantages, a "front room" for the less fortunate members living in short-of-housing communities, and a social meeting place for teen-agers to listen to the latest records, dance, bowl, and on some occasions to listen to lectures given by noted authorities on glamor, sports, and the like. "What do you enjoy most at the Canteen?" I asked one husky, clean-cut member. "Just congregating," he said. "It gives us a place we need—just our own."

LET'S hope for more widespread recognition of such adult-advised groups the coming year, and for active sports programs such as that offered to the "D.A.P.s" (Deputy Auxiliary Police), who are also instructed by the Los Angeles Police departments in traffic safety and the functions of city government. They have a sports program which includes four kid football teams, the "Junior Dons," which I sponsor, Mickey Rooney's "Fighting Irish," Jimmy Durante's "Schnozzolas," and Al Jolson's "Sonny Boys," who play at intermission half time between the L. A. Dons' professional games in the Coliseum. I sit on the bench with my team and have repeatedly offered to play, but the Captain always puts it this way, "Wait until the last of the third quarter, Coach, and if we're still ahead . . . come on in. . . ."

But I'm plenty proud of my "Junior Dons" let me tell you, those twelve and thirteen-year-olds like Louie, our goodnatured Swedish tackle, who works a paper route after school, and Vincent, who's of Mexican descent, and cuts lawns and does odd jobs to pick up his extra change. In fact, of all

eleven of them, who come from bitterly competitive schools, from different nationalities, and who'd tackle the first outsider who berated any one of their teammates.

Such sports programs are a great common denominator and really kick the goals against cold-shouldering minority groups in our communities. It's too bad we don't have a few international football teams.

A common understanding makes a lot of difference, as I found out on my trip through Latin America a few months ago, when my interpreter, Freddie Myron, got all the laughs . . . and I just stood there looking at him. . . .

The only Spanish word I knew was "si," but it was supposed to be a good will tour and that can carry you pretty far in diplomatic relations, depending on how far you want to go of course. I went a long ways on it . . . dancing at the "Night and Day" in Rio, taking in a soccer game in Santiago, an "asado" (which turns out to be roast beef out in the open) on a South American "estancia" (a big budget word meaning ranch) and to the premiere of my picture, "Monsieur Beaucaire" in Buenos Aires. I was enjoying the picture, it was only the fourth time I'd seen it, when lights flashed on all over the theater with spotlights turned on the balcony. Naturally I stood up, and so did Enrique Serrano, famous Argentine comedian. Fortunately there was enough applause for both of us. . . .

THIS trip was a great experience for Dolores, Linda, Tony and myself. The people were wonderful and so interested in America. They all asked questions, some of them a little embarrassing, such as about Bing's golf game. What could I say? The truth? That he plays a good game, for a man his age?

It was the second time I'd been on the "Road to Rio," having traveled it previously with Crosby and Lamour, and I got a terrific welcome in Rio de Janeiro. . . . I beat the picture there. Let me tell you we have a lot of good neighbors in that 3,275,000 square miles of Brazil, in Uruguay, Chile and other Latin American republics. I was encouraged to see how interested they are in our motion pictures, our customs, and our language, as indicated by the fact that while they will take pictures with Spanish titles they want all the dialogue in English, to better familiarize themselves with it.

In order that I might rise suitably to a few occasions, my interpreter taught me a comical poem, the gist of which was "more health, more wealth, and more women on bicycles," and it fairly laid them in the aisles. Speaking of interpretations, now who would think you'd get a yak out of health and more women on bicycles, but if they promote understanding and good will . . . let's peddle them. . . .

Since Hope springs eternal, or at least as long as there are a few good jumps left in me, I still hope that 1948 sees the beginning of a better international understanding, of a bill of rights for all freedom-loving-people in the world . . . without "drafting" it.

There can't be too much freedom in a two-way stretch, and it's hard for any people to think straight on a caved-in stomach. Let's all observe our government's food conservation program faithfully, and watch our waistlines so others can cinch something for theirs. Let's hope they may become strong and self-supporting with peaceful production, so that we can all ease up on the grim international watch parties going on this New Year's Eve. . . .

Nobody who caught the last one cares about sitting in on a repeat show.

The greatest pitch for peace I know is just going through any one of the 127 Veterans' Hospitals in our own country. Seeing those boys wheeled into the "Rec" hall on mobile beds, the paraplegics in wheel chairs, all those who made down payments on war over there, and are still paying it out in installments here now.

Let me tell you, the old heart really hits a low one going through some of those wards, hoping to help hustle in a little holiday cheer for that gallant gang you met on the road to war. . . .

You're supposed to make with the cracks . . . they expect it . . . and you try a fair facsimile . . . something like . . . "Did you catch my last show, or were you already sick. . . ?"

"Caught your show in Biak," one says grinning. "In the rain, remember?"

"You weren't the guy who copped my helmet, were you?" you say . . . but you think . . . *sure I remember*. . . .

Memories move like a movie montage going through those hospitals. . . .

Sure I remember . . . you were standing there in that New Guinea jungle downpour . . . you'd gotten a letter from your wife . . . and you had home in your eyes. . . .

And you over there . . . I remember you . . . you were sitting on the side of a hill with 19,000 others back from the front in Messina. Tired and battle-weary, wearing a torn and bloody uniform, staring silently into space. . . .

Hello, Sarge, the last time I saw you . . . you were standing by a tank in that 135 degree sand in Tunis . . . scribbling a note on a precious piece of paper for me to bring back. Nothing much, just, "Hello Mom, I'm okay, I'll be home. . . ."

Brought one back for you too, from Bougainville, "may be home by New Year's, they say now, Mom. . . ."

And you take me back to the Embassy Club in London, Captain, you were just back from dumping a pay load over Berlin. "Tell me, Hope, are the States still there?" you said.

That's what you wanted to know too, in that lonely outpost in the Aleutians, "Been to Brooklyn lately?"

YOU over there . . . you were in an Evacuation hospital in Bizerte . . . with German flares lighting the sky, tracer bullets hitting a comet streak, ack-ack going after Stukas . . . you gritted your teeth and told the doc to "shoot the works. . . ."

And you . . . finally getting back through the Golden Gate . . . coming home in that flag-draped honor bier . . . I remember you, "Mac," you were a white cross on a tiny strip of land called Tarawa. . . .

Sure, I remember all of you. Thanks, fellas, for giving us a crack at another new year.

While we're making with the auld lang synes this New Year's Eve, ladies and gentlemen, let's toast that great gang in our nation's hospitals.

Let's toast too, those others for whom all Time has stopped, those who lie in Belgium and in the shadow of Surabachi. Let's wear those white crosses over our hearts and resolve that auld acquaintance will never be forgot. . . .

And let's drink a cup of kindness . . . a toast to faith in our future for our children, our ideals, our country . . . to all our hopes for 1948.

Our Hearts' Desire

(*Continued from page* 21)

married, how we could have a home of our own. When it came to the expensive honeymoon the magic seemed to run out along with the money.

Mother told Mrs. Girard about our problem, and she began to fret about it too. She began writing letters to Heart's Desire.

She wrote thirteen letters, all asking for the same thing, a honeymoon on Catalina for Mary and me, *before* Heart's Desire took notice. Which isn't surprising, since the program gets some 15,000 letters a week and a lot of worthy people want important things.

The thirteenth letter did the trick. The second of our trio of friends, a lady whose name I'll never know, I suppose, got Mrs. Girard's letter when the mail was handed out to the audience at the program, and pleaded our case so well that Ben Alexander, master of ceremonies of the program, and our third friend, just had to let her read it. Our honeymoon was assured.

BEN ALEXANDER telephoned me the day after the letter was read on the air, and told me of our good fortune.

He explained that the program would defray not only the expense of our airplane trip to the island, our hotel bills and other expenses during the week we spent at Catalina but that —actually—the whole island would be ours to command for a week. The Catalina Island Company itself was in on the role of Good Fairy and had promised that the place would be ours for the duration of our stay.

Ben told me a few of the possibilities: skyline drives, speed boating, trips in the famous glass-bottomed boats. I was a little dazed listening to the program Ben outlined. But then, I'd been a little dazed ever since I met Mary Jean.

But I'll never plan a surprise party for the new Mrs. Allgood. I know that. Mary Jean is a girl who doesn't like being surprised. I'll remember that, because the way I feel about her, I never want to do anything in all our life together that she won't like.

You see, like everybody else coming out of the service, I was pretty scared of the future when I finally got off that LST. I hadn't finished my education, didn't have a "trade". I felt I was too old to start college; my mother soon talked me out of that. I didn't even know what I *wanted* to do. I had been too young for girl friends when I enlisted in the Navy, so there was no girl of my dreams to come back to, to plan a life around.

That such a girl turned up, and quickly, saved me. I wish all the guys could be so lucky.

I got home from the South Pacific—man, what a date to remember—on June 10, 1946. The family had a party none of us will ever forget. But after a few days the excitement wore off, and the anxiety—what is to become of me, what shall I do now?—set in.

At this point, mother put her foot down, and insisted that I take advantage of the GI education bill.

So I entered East Los Angeles Junior College in September. What was important was that Mary Jean Butts did too. After just a few days I knew what *I* wanted. Mary Jean. And she said yes!

The first problem was a job. This was a stickler. I didn't want just an ordinary job—Mary Jean and I want a lot out of life. I wanted to go into business for myself. Businesses come high, and all I had was a little cash from my terminal leave pay and a few bonds.

My father and my brothers helped at this point, and I bought a truck. I took the remainder of my cash, and bought a load of meat. Presto, I was "in business". I was a meat wholesaler.

The next stumbling block was a house. Here too, we were in trouble, for we didn't want just an ordinary rented apartment. We wanted a home of our own. Choosey, aren't we? But we figured this marriage business was the biggest step of our lives, and it was important to do it right.

I was nicely started in business, but there was certainly no piled-up capital with which to do any home-buying or home-building. Not with prices sky high, the way they were.

We were strictly operating on margin. Up come the friends to the rescue again. A Navy friend of mine owned a small lumber yard. He would give me the lumber wholesale, he said.

So we've built a house, and I mean built it ourselves—with our own hands, as Mrs. Girard put it. We've had a plumber's help for a day or two for the tough stuff, and an electrician once, but otherwise it's been like an old fashioned barn-raising, worked on by Mary Jean and me, our families, our friends, even the kids on the block. We put in the foundation, and the super-structure, the sheet-rock insulation, we've painted, papered, sawed and hammered, and we have a home.

The wedding date has had to be postponed three times. Building is a tough job, and materials—for the small purchaser—are scarce as hen's teeth. We had a devil of a time, for instance, finding a bath tub.

The fourth and final time we postponed the ceremony—from August 30 to October 12—Mary Jean cried. Her marquisette wedding dress, which she had thought would be perfect for August, would be all wrong, she said. Girls are funny. I told her that I didn't care if it was burlap.

BUT Mary Jean does care, and of course I do too, really. I've been as excited as she has about all the plans. We've invited a hundred and seventy-five people to the formal wedding and reception—that's so that all of the people who have helped us can share in the joy of seeing the Big Day!

I'd like to say a big "thank you" here and now to Heart's Desire, not only because of what the program did for us, but because of the wonderful things it's doing for others.

Heart's Desire is on the air for half an hour a day, five days a week and has evoked such an audience response that the 150 to 200 women who crowd into Tom Breneman's restaurant every day to volunteer as readers can't read all of the mail. Since the program makes a point of reading *every* communication, surplus mail goes every day to the Veterans' Administration and is turned over to invalid veterans who read and report on their findings. Then the program goes about fulfilling the Hearts' Desires that seem most worthy.

At every heart beat another dream is put into words and sent off wrapped in hope to Heart's Desire. And some dreams come true. Just as ours did.

Long STORY

Janette Davis rescues last year's dress by topping skirt with yoke, and using fabric from remodeled neckline to make skirt drapery.

Suit renovation is more involved. It becomes smart one-piece dress by attaching skirt to shortened jacket and seaming the front opening.

THE TOPMOST question in every woman's life these days is, "How can I make last year's clothes wearable for this year's styles?" and like everyone else, Janette Davis, the singer on the Arthur Godfrey show over CBS, has been trying to find the answer.

Bewildered by the necessity for transforming short straight-skirted garments into the lower-hemline, mid-riff fullness fashions now current, Janette sensibly took her problem to the Traphagen School of Fashion where a suit and dress were restyled for her. The suit, a soft blue tweed with padded shoulders and a too short skirt, emerged as a smart one-piece frock with flaring front pockets. The crepe dress is now apron-fronted.

To remodel a suit of your own in this same way, first remove lining and unnecessary trimming from the jacket. If shoulders are too heavily padded, take in shoulder seams and fit over newer, smaller pads. Seam the jacket up the front, then open left underarm seam for placket. Remove skirt belt and zipper, open up darts and let out the hem, steaming the creases. Attach the skirt to the top of the jacket as sketched to form two deep side front pockets, after either hemming the top or facing it with crepe. Cut a narrow belt and a high turnover collar from material cut away from the lower edge of the original jacket and wear a scarf of a contrasting color.

To remodel a two-piece dress with neckline drapery, remove and split the fold from the bodice and line it with satin, either black or of a contrasting color, to form the bows and ends at the back. Drop the skirt on a false yoke to make it longer. Tuck up the front of the blouse to make an apron drape and add a double fold of satin to meet the bow at the back.

Festive and Friendly

(*Continued from page 55*)

OLIVE AND BACON CANAPES

Select large green stuffed olives. Wrap each one with half a slice of bacon and fasten with a toothpick. Broil about 3 inches below heat, until bacon is crisp, about 5 minutes, turning once so bacon will broil on both sides. Serve immediately.

LIVERWURST AND BRAZIL NUT CANAPES

¼ pound liverwurst
2 tablespoons mayonnaise
½ cup ground Brazil nuts
2 teaspoons pickle relish
1 teaspoon oregano (optional)
7 slices toast
Pimiento

Remove skin from liverwurst. Mash liverwurst thoroughly, add remaining ingredients, except toast and pimiento, and mix well. Cut each toast slice into 3 strips. Spread 2 teaspoons of mixture over each strip. Garnish with small triangles of pimiento in opposite corners. Broil, about 3 inches below heat, for about 3 minutes. Serve immediately. Makes 21 servings.

SARDINE CANAPES

⅓-ounce can sardines
1 teaspoon lemon juice
2 tablespoons chopped green pepper
3 slices toast
Pimiento

Mash sardines, add lemon juice and green pepper and mix well. Cut each toast slice in half diagonally and spread with sardine mixture. Broil, about 3 inches below heat, for about 3 minutes. Garnish with pimiento cut into small stars. Serve immediately—6 servings.

NUT-CHEESE CANAPES

½ cup grated American cheese
½ cup ground Brazil nuts
2 tablespoons milk
16 toast rounds
Brazil nut slices

Combine cheese, ground nuts and milk and mix well. Spread 1 tablespoon of mixture on each toast round, top each with Brazil nut slice. Broil, about 3 inches below heat, until nicely browned, about 3 minutes. Serve immediately. Makes 16 canapes.

EGG CANAPES

5 hard-cooked eggs
20 toast rounds
3 tablespoons mayonnaise
¼ teaspoon mustard
1 teaspoon vinegar
¼ teaspoon salt
Dash pepper

Slice eggs in 6 even slices crosswise. Remove yolk and place 1 egg slice on each toast round, using only 4 center slices of each egg. Mash egg yolks, add remaining ingredients and mix well. Arrange mixture in egg white rings on toast rounds. Garnish each with a star cut from end slices of egg white. Chill for 1 hour before serving. Makes 20.

EGG CHUTNEY CANAPES

4 hard-cooked eggs
Dash salt
Dash pepper
½ cup chopped celery
¼ cup chopped chutney
1 tablespoon mayonnaise
1 teaspoon liquid from chutney
1 teaspoon lemon juice
6 slices toast, with crusts removed
1 tablespoon chopped parsley

Chop eggs fairly fine. Add remaining ingredients, except toast and chopped parsley, and mix well. Spread toast slices with egg mixture. Cut each into 4 squares. Makes 24 small canapes.

Information Booth

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

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

Family Affair

Dear Editor:

Will you please give me a little information about Evelyn MacGregor, and print a picture of her? I have enjoyed her singing for so long, I should like to know something about her. Have subscribed to Radio Mirror for several years and it grows better all the time.

Mrs. C. W. M.

Barnwell, S. C.

Evelyn MacGregor

Featured contralto on two NBC musical programs, Evelyn MacGregor has always been grateful to her two brothers. They started her on a career when they starred her as a dancer, at the age of seven, in their vaudeville troupe. After that, she performed often at public functions in her native Pittsfield, Mass. At fourteen, her interests changed, and she dropped dancing for singing in church choirs, school affairs and civic events. When she was seventeen, her mother took her to Los Angeles where she sang on the air for the first time. Encouraged by the approval of critics, she went to New York to study voice. Her first operatic role, in "Cavalleria Rusticana," at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, was followed by appearances with the New York and San Carlo Grand Opera Companies and concerts in important cities throughout the United States and Canada. From there she went into radio and has been a radio favorite ever since.

Lovely To Listen To

Laura Leslie

Dear Editor:

I'm very much interested in Laura Leslie on Sammy Kaye's Sunday Serenade program. Is she as lovely as she sounds? Where'd she come from? How long has she been on the radio? The reason I'm so inquisitive is that I'm positive I used to hear her in Baltimore.

Miss J. W. W.

Baltimore, Md.

You're right! You did hear Miss Leslie in Baltimore, and here's how it came about: Born in Finksburg, Md., a town of 300 citizens, Laura attended high school in Baltimore. Aside from getting plenty of encouragement from her parents, Laura had no formal voice training. However, her keen sense of rhythm and a delightful style of vocalizing had local radio station managers clamoring for her services. Before getting her diploma in June, 1945, Laura signed with a sponsor on station WFBR, Baltimore, an ABC affiliate. She remained on that three-a-week program for a year, until an offer from a Hollywood night club came her way. But she soon tired of night club life and decided to go home and settle down as a stenographer. In March, 1947, Sammy Kaye and his orchestra were appearing at a Baltimore theater. The band just lost a girl vocalist and when Laura found that out, she lost no time getting over for an audition. Kaye was greatly impressed and immediately signed her. One thing Laura is quite sure about —there are 299 persons in a small Maryland town who are rooting for her success.

Murder!

Dear Editor:

We have listened to Murder and Mr. Malone ever since it came on the air. We think Frank Lovejoy plays the part beautifully and we would like to know something about him in your magazine. Couldn't you print one little picture, please?

Mrs. G. K.

St. Louis, Mo.

Frank Lovejoy

Frank Lovejoy made his radio debut in 1934 over WLW, Cincinnati, where he was stranded for a fortnight while he waited for the other members of a stock company to assemble. To fill time (and the inner man) he applied for a job with WLW's dramatic company, and his work was so satisfactory that he became a regular member and remained for nearly a year. Lovejoy still had a hankering for the stage despite his success on the air; when opportunity came for a featured role in a New York production, he left Cincinnati. While en route to New York, his native town, the backers of the project changed their minds, so on arrival Lovejoy promptly sought another radio engagement. He's been at it ever since, although in addition to broadcasting he has appeared in several Broadway productions. But his secret ambition, he admits, is to become a saxophone player!

Welcome Back

Mercedes McCambridge

Dear Editor:

Could you please tell me what has happened to Mercedes McCambridge who played Ruth Wayne on Big Sister?

Miss R. V. A.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Mercedes McCambridge has just recently returned from a year's stay in Europe. You'll probably be hearing her on the air again in favorite programs by the time this issue of Radio Mirror reaches the newsstands.

More About Kilty

Dear Editor:

Your magazine has been a favorite of mine for several years and I can hardly wait for each appearance on the newsstands. I would like to know more about and see a picture of Jack Kilty, the star of Once Upon Our Time. That is one of the best 15-minute programs on the air. Also, he has a nice voice. Thanks, and here's to continued good reading.

Mrs. W. E. B.

El Paso, Texas

Jack Kilty

For as long as he can remember, Jack Kilty has wanted to be a singer, and with that goal in mind, met success from the start. He began his career in his home town, Boston, at the age of eighteen. He has been on the air regularly ever since, except for several years in Uncle Sam's Navy. In 1937 he came to New York to study at the Juilliard School of Music, where he met Lucile Hamilton, who became his wife, Kilty has sung in almost every entertainment medium. He was featured in the Radio City ice review for three years, toured with a road company, had a part opposite Mary Martin in "Dancing in the Streets," was singing m.c. at New York's Versailles night club and had the leading role, Curly, in the history-making musical "Oklahoma." The Kiltys have a three-year-old daughter who inherits both her parents' good looks and musical talent.

Bride and Groom

(*Continued from page* 33)

roughing it on an outdoors trip, in a strictly-masculine setting.

"That's what I thought," says Jimmy. "But when the car drove up, there were three other students in it besides my friend—and all of them were girls!"

Disgruntled as he was, Jimmy felt his heart quicken at the sight of the girl who was to share the front seat with him and the driver. Jimmy still sighs at the remembrance of that first meeting with Dolores. "Blonde and with soft brown eyes . . . I'd always said that's what She would be like when it came time for me to think about sweethearts and fiancées."

He shut the thought away as his friend drove to the place where they were to meet Professor Van Amringe and the rest of the class. What chance did he have, even if he wanted a chance—not only did she already have a fellow, but that fellow had a car.

BUT hearts are funny things, and when the right two people meet each other . . . "When I remember that first day with Jimmy," Dolores says, "it seems that every time I moved he was at my elbow. Of course he had a good excuse—I hadn't brought a bag for my mineral specimens, and he made a wonderful carrier." Then she adds honestly, "I was at least partly responsible . . . I guess a boy has a way of knowing when a girl sort of . . . shall we say 'approves' of him?"

When gathering twilight forced an end to the specimen collecting, Professor "Van" arranged a traditional part of his class field-trips—an evening of singing and story-telling around a huge campfire. Jimmy was part of a male quartet that gathered on one side of the fire to harmonize on the familiar school song, and the old ballads that have been sung since time immemorial at a campfire beneath an open sky.

As the quartet finished singing "In The Evening By The Moonlight," James noticed that Dolores was no longer seated by the fire. Finally he saw her, silhouetted against the sky at the top of a low hill nearby. He glanced quickly around—no, the friend who had driven the car had not noticed her absence. He tried to be casual as he strolled away from the group; but, once outside the campfire light, his steps quickened until he stood by Dolores' side.

"It's such a wonderful night," she said softly. "And you get a different feeling about it when you're up here, away from the crowd."

Jimmy nodded agreement. Above them were thin black clouds hurrying across the moon, whose beams were lighting the vividly-colored soil that had given Calico Mountains their name. It seemed so natural for both of them to sit there on a huge boulder that crowned the hill, their voices low in the evening hush as they talked of the field-trip, of the school, and of each other.

Dolores, who was living with her parents in Pasadena, explained that in her spare time she had been studying with a school for models—work which she planned to follow after her graduation. Under her prompting, Jim told her of his experiences with the U. S. Army Mountain Troops, of his post-war trip through Mexico, and of his plans to be a writer.

"We talked of a thousand and one things that night" Jim remembers,

"and when we rejoined the others at the fire, it was as though we were old friends."

It was almost midnight, and Dolores and the other girl students retired with their sleeping bags. Not until then did Jimmy realize that John—the student who had driven him and Dolores on the trip—was regarding him quizzically across the glowing coals of the fire. *Stealer of a pal's girl,* his gaze seemed to say.

Jimmy squirmed uncomfortably for a moment, then said: "I don't blame you for being sore—it should have been you up there talking with Dolores all this time."

For a moment John didn't answer, then he spoke with quiet amusement. "I'm not worrying about it—another week and I'll be married."

"Married?" Jimmy almost shouted the word. Then he recovered himself and said, "Congratulations to both of you; you're two lucky people."

Somehow he stumbled off to where his sleeping bag was then lay there for hours, staring wide-eyed into the sky. Something inside him had told him from the first that Dolores was The Girl—and now she was to be married in a week.

Dolores seemed puzzled when Jimmy deliberately avoided her the next morning, but he was through torturing himself. A car-load of students was leaving early that afternoon, and he obtained permission to return to town with them. "I figured it would be a lot easier to take if I didn't see them together," Jimmy explains. "Every time I think of it, I kick myself for taking too much for granted."

It was a week later, and Jimmy was going about his studies, trying to ignore the mental pictures of a blonde girl with soft brown eyes that kept appearing before his eyes. "What good would it have been if she hadn't been engaged?" he'd ask himself. "All I have is the GI allotment for my school—fine chance I'd have of asking a girl to wait for me."

It was in this mood that he hurried down the college hall, his head down so that he did not see the girl turning the corner until he had bumped into her, knocking her armload of books to the floor. He looked up to apologize. It was Dolores!

"But . . . but your wedding!" he gasped. "John said it was today."

"*My* wedding?" she echoed. "John isn't marrying me—he's marrying the girl he's been engaged to for a year. He just happened to give me a ride out to that field-trip!"

Jimmy just stood there staring at her, his mouth open. "I guess Dolores began to think I wasn't quite bright, for she had started to edge past me before I recovered my voice. And the first thing I said was 'What's the soonest I can call on you'?"

The "soonest" turned out to be that night. For a split second, Jimmy hesitated. It was the night of the school concert, a major event on the social calendar. Only yesterday he had invited another girl, one with whom he had shared occasional casual dates. The girl had given an indefinite answer, "I'm not sure if I'll be able to go—why not give me a ring after classes tomorrow."

But now Jimmy took a chance. "We'll go to the concert," he said eagerly to Dolores. She nodded her smiling acceptance, and Jimmy hurried down the hall to a telephone. As he waited for the other girl to answer, he framed a dozen excuses, then decided to tell her the truth—he wanted to take his *real* girl.

He sighed with relief when she answered—for her first words were, "Oh, about that concert, Jimmy—will you be awfully mad if I keep an earlier date for that?"

There seemed to be magic vibrant in the air as Jimmy and Dolores met for that first date. "We should have known there was something special about our liking each other," says Dolores, "because that night we were stiff and formal in our talk, as though we were at the most exclusive of all social functions—there's something about being in love that keeps you from being natural at first. Then, just as we were overcoming that, and really relaxing with each other, it happened."

"It" was their meeting with the girl whom Jimmy had telephoned earlier. "I don't know what made her do it," Jimmy says now puzzledly. "We'd been just casual friends, and she'd been the first to beg off from the date. But when we met her in the lobby, and I introduced the girls, she looked coolly at Dolores and said: 'Thanks for acting as my stand-in tonight—you know Jimmy asked me to come here with him, but I couldn't make it.' "

The girl sauntered off, leaving Jimmy staring beseechingly at Dolores. "For a minute, I was pretty angry," Dolores admits, "because no girl likes being second choice. But there was something about the way she had said it, and about the way Jimmy looked at me, that told me the truth."

"And in that minute I knew Dolores was even more special than I had thought," adds Jimmy. "For all she did was take my arm and say 'Being a stand-in is nice work, if the right person is involved.' "

In the weeks that followed, Jimmy and Dolores saw more and more of each other. Even the question of a car was answered for them—often Dolores' parents could not accompany her on her night lessons at the school for models, and on these occasions Jimmy chauffeured their family car.

On one such evening, when the modeling lesson was over, Jimmy turned the car away from the usual route, finally bringing it to a stop on a hill overlooking the winking lights of the town. Dolores looked at him questioningly. "Jimmy, we shouldn't be late—the folks don't like my being out at night during school."

Jimmy grinned slowly, "Don't you think they'll approve when they see this on your finger?"

It was a diamond engagement ring. A small diamond, Jimmy admits now, for the down payment had come from what he could save of his not-too-generous monthly allotments.

"It has to be a four-year engagement," Jimmy cautioned, still holding her close after the precious moment of sealing their engagement. "I'll be done with school by then, and I know that I'm going to make good with my writing."

Both of them laugh now when they remember the solemn agreement they made that night to wait four years before adding a wedding ring to the engagement ring. "It was only a month later," Dolores explains, "that we did a bit of bookkeeping and figuring, and decided we could cut the waiting period in half."

Now it was down to two years. "That lasted for another month," says Jimmy. "Then I decided there must be ways for an ambitious guy to make enough money to keep a wife, in addition to the GI allotment."

So once again, the waiting time was cut in half. Then came a part-time job for Jimmy, working in a patent attorney's office. The two were so accustomed to carefully budgeting their entertainment expenses—"A date on a beach costs nothing, and we both love to swim"—that the increased income was soon reflected in Jimmy's savings-account balance.

That did it. "If we could save money that easily, why should we wait a year? So we took a deep breath, and cut the waiting time down to a single month."

And then came the break that made their early marriage completely possible in every way—their selection by the Bride and Groom committee to appear on our program. "New clothes . . . refrigerator . . . gas stove . . . luggage . . . silverware . . . a honeymoon with all expenses paid—sometimes I wonder if people who listen to the Bride and Groom programs realize that they're really hearing a real-life story of a dream come true?" is Dolores' shining-eyed comment.

Back at the City College in Pasadena, the legend is stronger than ever: enrolment in Professor Van Amringe's geology class is an open challenge to Cupid. But other things are changed about that geology class-room: there's an empty seat in "Bachelors' Row."

Superman In the Suburbs

(*Continued from page 37*)

living room is Bud's pride. "It's great for the kids," he explains. "Why, last Christmas we got a tree in it that was seventeen feet tall." The way he says it betrays that Bud was as thrilled by this enormous tree as were the children.

Bud and Marian would like to spend every evening at home, but unfortunately the inexorable demands of their profession won't permit it. In addition to playing Superman, a role he created on the air seven years ago, Bud appears regularly on Life Can Be Beautiful, Break the Bank, Silver Theatre, Listening Post and Road of Life. He's the announcer on Road of Life, in which Marian has played "Carol Brent." But he often takes other roles as well. Too often for his liking this rigorous schedule keeps him in town beyond the children's bedtime.

THE only program on which Marian appears regularly is Road of Life, and although she accepts occasional parts on other shows, she prefers to keep her working hours to a minimum. "Running a house the size of ours takes lots of time, even though we do have a man and his wife to help," she says, "but if I didn't do some radio work, I'd seldom see Bud. He'd be in New York and I'd be in Greenwich."

They are together each morning on the trip to New York and during the rehearsals and broadcasts of Road of Life. Often they manage to meet for lunch, and then Marian usually returns alone to Greenwich if it is one of those days when Bud must stay in town for an evening show.

Such days are not rare. Bud is one of the busiest announcers and actors in radio—a strange success for one who only twelve years ago was heading for an entirely different career.

Bud started out to be a lawyer. After graduating from Williams College and Fordham University law school, he joined a New York law firm as a clerk—the accepted beginning for a fledgling attorney. "I was working for a fast fifteen dollars a week and desk space," he recalls. "After a while I found that dull."

He worked hard in this humble calling for two years before he decided that radio promised larger returns. While at Fordham he had earned spending money by singing on WABC (now WCBS) and he remembered that actors and announcers he had met at that time made as much money in a month as he could expect to collect in a year at the bar. He appeared at an NBC audition and landed a part on a show. That was in 1935, and although he no longer recalls the name of that program, it marked the turning point of his life. "I was in radio for good after that," he says.

The construction of a career in radio acting and announcing comes slowly at the start, and for some time Bud languished in semi-obscurity. In those years he found his own lack of fame a particularly bitter pill because of a family connection. Bud's sister, June Collyer, was then a well-known movie star. "People were always introducing us as June Collyer and, oh, yes, this is her brother," Bud says.

After a while, however, Bud began to be recognized as a coming radio star. Recently when he and June were at-

tending a play in which her husband, Stuart Erwin, was appearing, Bud experienced his long-awaited triumph. A friend, introducing them to some strangers, said, "This is Bud Collyer, and, oh, yes, his sister, June."

Of all the roles he has played, Bud has probably come to be most closely associated with the character of Superman. This association has occasionally led to minor embarrassment. Sometimes listeners, meeting Bud in person, have asked him to demonstrate the remarkable powers of the very fictional Superman.

"Yah, yah, go on lift that car," one young skeptic challenged. Bud, who is fit but hardly that brawny, explained that he was Superman only half an hour each day.

An elevator operator who was about to shut the door and ascend as Bud was hurrying to the studio one recent day grudgingly consented to Bud's shouted request that he hold it until Bud could board. "What you want me to wait for?" the operator asked when the panting Collyer reached the elevator. "Can't you jump only twenty stories?"

One young fan was singularly unimpressed in the presence of the off-mike Superman. Bud and Marian, returning from a one-week vacation last summer at Lake Mahopac in the Adirondacks, stopped to eat at a cafe operated by a friend. The cafe owner's nine-year-old son was eager to meet Superman, Bud was told, and soon the boy was brought in and introduced. Bud chatted with him but failed either to move the earth or rescue any maidens in distress. At parting, Bud said, "I'm happy to have met you." The boy waved a tolerant hand. "That's all right," he said condescendingly.

Bud's own children take a detached view of their father's daily impersonation of the Man of Tomorrow. Superman, Bud confesses, is not their favorite entertainment. Mike leans to Captain Midnight, Pat likes mystery shows, and Cynthia, an active child, is not amused by sitting and listening to the radio.

When Pat was four, a little boy approached her in awe and said, "Gee, your dad's Superman, isn't he?" Pat was calm. "Who—Bud?" she wondered. "Oh, he's just an actor."

The years Bud spent in law school and as a legal clerk have not been wasted, despite his having forsaken the law for radio. He is president of the New York chapter of the American Federation of Radio Artists, and he finds that his early training comes in handy when enforcing parliamentary order when actors, who are apt to be more emotional than lucid, begin straying from the point at issue during AFRA meetings.

Marian's career did not start with radio either. A Kansas City girl, she went to New York a dozen years ago to go on the stage. She played opposite the late George M. Cohan in "Dear Old Darling," an auspicious start on Broadway, but then fell into harder times. After appearing in several shows which came off bruised by bouts with dramatic critics and the public, she grew disenchanted. "I decided," she says, "that no one but children of wealthy parents could afford to work in the theater. I went into radio."

She was an immediate success. Within hours after her first audition, at CBS, she was cast opposite Chester Morris in a dramatic skit on a Kate Smith show. Parts came thick and fast for her afterward. She was the original Nikki on Ellery Queen, a regular leading player on Mystery Theatre and has taken star roles in so many other shows that she says she gets a mental block when she tries now to remember them.

Bud and Marian had known each other—from meeting in radio circles—for some time before both were assigned to Road of Life. It was during their association on that program that friendship grew up into love.

A year ago they eloped to Maryland and were married. "We had a twenty-four-hour honeymoon in Atlantic City," Bud says. "Eighteen hours, darling," Marian corrects him. "We both had to get back to New York for radio dates."

They settled down at once in the big stone house in Connecticut and since then have been stealing every possible moment from radio in order to spend it in their favorite place—home. They live for Saturdays which both have free from broadcasting engagements. On Summer Saturdays the whole family goes to the Stamford Yacht Club for swimming. "No, we don't own a yacht," says Bud; "too expensive."

Despite the lavishness of their home, the Collyers are not extravagant. They own two cars, the Bantam which they use for driving to the station, and an Oldsmobile sedan in which Mr. Clark, their gardener-chauffeur-handyman, drives the children to and from school. "They're both pre-war," Marian explains. "Bud and I think new car prices are exorbitant." This is modest transportation indeed for residents of Greenwich where shiny station wagons seem to grow on trees.

Not all Saturdays, however, can be spent at the beach. There are often children's parties which the Collyer youngsters like to attend. "Greenwich children seem to have lots of birthdays," Marian says, "and for every birthday there's a party. It seems that almost every week Pat and Cynthia and Mike are invited to one."

The three Collyer children, Bud and Marian admit, have more friends in Greenwich than their busy parents have. There is great social activity at the Greenwich Academy, which Pat, Cynthia and Mike attend. The pressures of their youngsters' engagements do not, however, disturb Bud and Marian. Both are fond of children—all children—and consequently like to tailor their own schedules as much as possible to fit those of Pat and Cynthia and Mike.

Bud insists, however, on faithful observance of one ritual—Sunday School. He has been superintendent of the High Ridge, Connecticut, Methodist Church Sunday School for four years, and each week he conducts religious training classes which his own children attend.

"Bud is very devout about church," Marian says proudly. "He never misses Sunday School. And, do you know, he was invited to deliver the sermon at the Greenwich Methodist Church not long ago." In telling of this invitation, Marian spoke more enthusiastically than she would of a new radio contract.

"I looked out at them," Bud interrupted, "and, my gosh, all I saw were middle-aged people. I said, 'Where are the young people? Why don't they come to church?' I believe it started them thinking."

It was perfectly natural for Bud to be concerned at the absence of youngsters from the congregation. Children, and young people he thinks, deserve more attention than many of them get from their distracted parents. As for his own, they find Bud a devoted father.

"They're wonderful—all three of them," he says. And he's right.

Pat, for years, has been playing the piano. Self-taught, she has actually composed tunes. It was only a year ago that Bud and Marian decided she ought to have formal instruction. "I don't believe in pushing children too fast," Bud says. He and Marian are certain that Pat has real talent, but they are determined not to let the rigidities of musical training interfere with her normal girlhood.

Cynthia seems to have a gift for acting. "She's the clown of the bunch," Bud says. Marian calls her a "wonderful little actress."

Mike, at five, has not yet demonstrated a particular bent. A warm, friendly child, he is content so far to bask in the reflected brilliance of his sisters, whom he idolizes.

There is plenty of room at the Collyer place for play. In fine weather, there are a broad terrace, with a huge, double-trunked oak growing in it, and two acres of woods that are the Collyer's very own. When rain or snow confine the family to the house, the children are hardly restricted. Each has his own room, and all can romp in the enormous living room or in a playroom downstairs.

Bud and Marian have a plan for decorating the playroom. Jerry Siegel and Joe Schuster, the creators of the comic strip Superman, have offered to paint murals of Bud's alter ego on the playroom walls. "They'll be very bright and colorful," Marian says. "And very handsome." When she says this, she looks at Bud—in such a way that you know she is thinking that Superman is only second best to the man who plays him on the air.

Right Here At Home

(*Continued from page 39*)

clothes designer or—"

"Maybe we could," Curt said slowly, breaking in on her. "If we wanted to enough."

"If we *wanted* to! But I *do* want to, Curt. Don't you?"

"No," Curt said. "I don't. I want to stay here in Elmwood, working with Dad on the *Gazette*, making it into the best small-town daily paper in the state. I want to go into politics and run for the legislature and clean out the old dodoes that're running the Elmwood school board and help get a new courthouse built and live with you in a nice house and raise some healthy children. That's what I want to do."

"Oh," Joan said, in a tone that held some disappointment and more disdain. "I'm glad you remembered to put in the part about living with me in a nice house."

"Don't be like that, Joan. You know that's just as important to me as the rest of it."

WELL, yes, Joan had to be fair and admit that she did know, and what might have developed into a quarrel turned into an argument instead. It was an argument that went on until the moon had passed its highest point in the sky and was dropping down toward the west. Elmwood and Elmwood people, Joan said, were dull, and she didn't intend to live among them all her life. Curt said they weren't dull, and that Joan had seen too many movies and read too many magazine stories and listened too much to the radio.

Like most arguments, it ended no place.

"If I go to New York and decide to stay," Joan demanded, "will you do one thing for me? Will you leave the *Gazette* for a couple of months and come to New York and at least try it?"

Curt let a minute go by, trying to find an answer. "I don't know," he said at last. "I just don't know. It would depend on how much I missed you. But go ahead," he added quickly. "I want you to go, Joannie. I want you to go, and see if you really like New York as much as you think you will. And I'll hope that I never have to decide whether to follow you there or not. I'll hope that you come back here—to me—of your own accord."

Joan kissed him, crying a little. At that moment she almost wanted to say that she wouldn't go to New York at all. She found herself thinking how much she loved him, and remembering besides that there wasn't a girl in Elmwood who wouldn't envy her if she were Mrs. Curtis March. Because besides being handsome, Curt was rich, by Elmwood standards. His father owned the *Gazette*, and some day he would pass it on to Curt. She was a very lucky girl—by Elmwood standards. . . .

But that was the trouble, she told herself firmly. Elmwood standards weren't her standards, and she would never forgive herself if she gave up this chance to get away, into that larger, more exciting, richer world she'd read about, dreamed about. And the impulse to tell Curt she would stay passed and was gone.

I met Joan after she had been in New York two or three days. Ellen Lee had called, inviting Dick and me to dinner.

"Please come," Ellen said. "I want you to meet a girl from my old home town, who thinks that simply because I live in New York I know every celebrity in the place. I'm counting on you and Dick to prove to her that I *do* know at least two famous people."

I was amused. It always amuses me to have people say that Dick and I are celebrities, because we certainly don't feel that way. I said, "She'll be awfully disappointed when she sees us. We aren't a bit glamorous."

"You will be, to Joan. And I have to do something or she'll be disappointed in *me*. Yesterday on Fifth Avenue we saw Hildegarde—or rather, Joan saw her and knew who she was. She was pretty shocked when I had to admit I didn't know her personally and wouldn't even have recognized her by myself."

So Dick and I went, the next day, to the Lees' apartment for dinner. I didn't know anything about Joan except what Ellen had told me—not about the legacy or Curtis March or Joan's ambition to live in New York and become one of its fascinating, sophisticated people. I looked at her, and all I saw was an unusually pretty girl with blue eyes that sparkled and hair as glossy brown as oak leaves in autumn.

"Oh, it's so wonderful to meet you, Miss Kilgallen!" was the first thing she said. "You know, the *Gazette*—that's the paper back in Elmwood where I come from—runs your column, and I read it every night. And I always listen to your radio program, too. Tell me, how *do* you get to know all those people you write about?"

We talked about radio and newspapers, and later she and Dick had quite a discussion about the stage. I could see Dick was impressed, because she knew the name of every musical show he has ever produced, and while it isn't too surprising to find a girl who knows Broadway stars and what they've done, it's unusual to meet one who is familiar with producers.

Joan wasn't just a little girl from a small town who wanted to live in New York. She was more than that. She was clever, and even though she was a bit awed by "celebrities" she could talk amusingly to them. She had wonderful clothes sense—the dress she wore was inexpensive and simple but it seemed to be exactly the right dress for her, and the costume pin which was its only ornament was exactly the right one for the dress. All in all, if she wanted to stay in New York both Dick and I agreed that she'd probably be successful and popular.

"Galenti's doing the costumes for the new show," Dick remarked when we had left the Lees' and were on our way home. "He's looking for a smart girl to help him. How would it be if I spoke to him about Joan, and sent her over to talk to him?"

"I think it would be wonderful," I said. And that was how it happened that within two weeks of her arrival in New York Joan Carter was working for Galenti, Broadway costume designer.

I never saw a girl quite so thrilled about anything. Every day was a new adventure to her. Galenti, with his theatrical mannerisms, amazed her. "He's like something out of a book," she told me. "One minute he's raging around the studio like a wild man, and the next he's as sweet as pie. I just love him!"

And she loved the introduction to New York which her job supplied. Galenti is the kind of costumer who will spend weeks of effort in tracking down one particular kind of bracelet for a chorus-girl to wear in one three-minute scene on stage, and he sent her on pilgrimages to Canal Street second-hand stores, Seventh Avenue lofts, Greenwich Village basements, Hester Street push-carts. She traveled miles by subway and bus and on foot—and often enough, when she brought Galenti what she thought he wanted, she had to turn around and take it back again, his outraged screams of protest ringing in her ears. But she forgot these disappointments whenever, on the next trip, she returned with an ornament or a piece of cloth which Galenti approved—because his approval was as noisy and tempestuous as his rejection had been.

Dick and I saw quite a bit of her. She was still living with the Lees, having been unable to find an apartment of her own, but she and Ellen had decided on a monthly rental for her room and she came and went as she pleased—all very independent and business-like. Every now and then we invited her to dinner, always being careful to invite some good-looking young actor or newspaper man at the same time, or she would meet me for lunch.

It was during one of our luncheons that she told me about Curtis March. "I was afraid I'd forget him," she confessed, her blue eyes pensive. "You know—being so busy here, and meeting so many new people. But I haven't. I almost wish I could."

"I don't see why," I said.

"In every other way, I'm so happy here in New York," Joan said. "That's why. I love my job, and everything's so exciting, and everybody's been so wonderful to me—you and Dick and Ellen and Galenti and all the people you've introduced me to. But I miss Curt. Somebody takes me to a first-night, and right in the middle of it I find myself thinking. 'Oh, if only Curt were here with me, then it would be perfect!' But he isn't there, and it isn't perfect."

"It sounds to me as if you were in love with him," I said.

"I know I am," said Joan, sounding as if being in love were the most tragic condition in the world. "I'm in love with him, and the only way I can marry him is to go back to Elmwood and stay there the rest of my life!"

"Would that be so terrible?" I asked her.

"Yes! Oh, *yes!*" Joan said vehemently. "I just can't give up New York." Tears came into her eyes and threatened to spill over. "I telephoned him last night, Dorothy. I just wanted to hear his voice. We talked for ten minutes, and I tried to get him to say he'd come here. But he wouldn't. He's so *stubborn!*" she wailed. "He thinks there's no place in the world like Elmwood!"

I suppose I could have pointed out that Curt wasn't the only stubborn one, but I didn't. She was having a bad enough time as it was. Besides, I'm a city girl myself. I know the fascination of Times Square during the hour before the theaters open. I know how the sight of the crowds on Fifth Avenue can catch at your heart and make you think, "This is my town. It's where I belong. I love it!" But I've been fortunate enough to marry a man who belongs in the city too. I never had to make the choice that was staring Joan in the face.

"Maybe," I said lamely, "he'll change his mind. Or maybe you will. Maybe you'll find you don't like the city as much as you think you do."

Joan only shook her head, dolefully.

I did what I could. I kept on asking Joan to dinners and parties, and I saw to it that she met plenty of young men who could help her to forget Curt if she would let them. Most of them would have been only too happy to oblige, because as I've said, Joan was pretty and clever enough to attract any man. But although she seemed to have a good time with all of them, and soon had more dates than she could keep, somehow she never picked out one particular young man to go around with more than the others.

It was her own fault, I realized when I talked to Andy Moore, who had taken her out two or three times and then stopped.

"She's a wonderful kid, Dorothy," he said, "but—well, I always have the feeling she isn't exactly *with* me, if you know what I mean. As if part of her were miles away." He laughed. "Back in her home town, maybe."

Andy didn't know it, but he hit the nail on the head with that remark.

I wondered if I should talk to her again, urge her to leave New York and return to Curt. But I didn't know what to say. How could I make her see that happiness, for her, lay in Elmwood? As long as the dazzle-dust of New York was in her eyes, blinding her, no words of mine would help.

In the excitement of the last week before Dick's show opened on Broadway, I forgot Joan. She was busy too—so busy, in fact, that she worked night and day and didn't have time for any evening dates. But within a week after the show had opened and become a hit, Joan had plenty of time. Too much time, because she was out of a job. Galenti, with his usual impulsiveness, had accepted an offer to do the costumes for a musical in London, and he was closing his New York studio.

"Just like that," Joan told me, still a little dazed by the suddenness of it all. "The rest of us can start looking for a job, because Galenti thinks he'd like to see London again." She was trying not to blame him, but I could see that she was shocked by Galenti's ruthless selfishness. "It doesn't matter about me," she said, "because I have some money to live on while I look for work, but poor Miss Karnmetz cried her eyes out when she heard the news. She's pretty old, and she has a sick mother to support . . ."

It wouldn't have been so bad if Joan hadn't admired Galenti so wholeheartedly—hadn't thought of him as a genius and a superb artist. Now, abruptly, she was brought up short by

the realization that he was only a man, and a selfish and inconsiderate one at that. She was hurt and confused, and she couldn't help wondering if this was what city life did to people—made them hard and indifferent to others. "Galenti never even said he was sorry," she complained. "He just announced he was closing the studio and going to London. You'd have thought all of us were nothing but—nothing but pieces of furniture!"

I said, after a while, "Don't you think, Joan, this might be a good time for you to go back to Elmwood? Before you get yourself busy on another job?"

She raised her head, and her eyes flashed. "No, I don't! Why, it'd be like running away when I was licked. I'd never forgive myself!"

So she stayed, determined to show that she could live in New York and be a New Yorker. She found another job, too, without the help of anyone—as a clerk in a Madison Avenue dress shop. It wasn't what she wanted, but it was a job. It kept her in New York.

ALL that winter and spring, Joan stayed grimly on. Yes, there was something grim about it all, because she wasn't happy. She felt that she shouldn't still be living with Ellen and Tom Lee, for one thing, but she couldn't find an apartment that she could afford and every time she spoke of moving they urged her to remain. They had taken a larger apartment than they needed, and were glad to have the extra room occupied. All the same, Joan thought she should be completely independent. Her desire for independence was turning into an obsession. Nights when she didn't have a date, she would eat dinner alone in a restaurant, although Ellen would have been glad to have her share her meal and Tom's. And oftener than she ever let anyone realize, she thought of Curt while she swallowed those solitary dinners.

Curt kept saying, in his letters and over the telephone, "No, honey, I won't come to New York. I'll wait—because some day you'll be tired of it there, and you'll come back to me."

It wasn't very wise of him, probably. No girl likes to be told that the way she had ordered her life is wrong, and that one day she will realize it. No girl—and least of all Joan.

Then she met Bruce Keenan.

Bruce was a radio actor, and a good one. He was about twenty-eight years old, and he had a speaking voice that was like virile music. He was good looking, too, and now and then did a part in a Broadway stage play.

I don't suppose he really loved Joan, but he wanted her, as he might have wanted a fine painting or something expensive to wear. He didn't mind feeling that the real Joan wasn't sitting there beside him in the theater or a night club; that quality of remoteness in her, if anything, made her more desirable to him.

For a month he took up every minute of her time that she would give him. He sent flowers and perfume and jewelry to her, and then he asked her to marry him.

And Joan said she would.

We had lunch together, Joan and I, a few days after Bruce gave her the ring. She showed it to me, turning her hand from side to side so that the light was flung back in sharp splinters of color from the heart of the diamond. "Isn't it beautiful, Dorothy?" she asked, and before I could answer she added,

"Oh, I'm so happy!"

She wasn't happy at all. Anyone who knew her could see that. While her lips were busy smiling and forming a torrent of words, her eyes were tragic. They were the eyes of someone who hates herself. And they never changed, not once all through the lunch which we ate in my apartment, not once while she babbled about the plans for the wedding, the honeymoon, the apartment where she and Bruce would live.

I had to ask, finally, "Does the boy back home—Curt—does he know yet that you're being married?"

She threw me a quick, frightened glance and said, "No—I have to write him, but I've been putting it off. It's—oh, I don't suppose he'll really be surprised, he must have known—" She broke off and sat looking down at her plate. "I mustn't be a coward," she said then, softly. "I'll write to him tonight."

It was too much for me. I couldn't see her throw away her happiness like this. I said:

"Joan—write to him, yes, but tell him you're coming back to Elmwood. Break it off with Bruce. You don't love him, and it isn't fair to either of you to go ahead and get married."

JOAN said irritably, "Of course I love him! It's just that—well, naturally it's hard to write to Curt and say I'm definitely not ever coming back to Elmwood. You see, he always thought I would—"

"Because he knew you should!" I said. "Joan, be honest with yourself. You love Curt. You won't be happy anywhere without him. You haven't been happy—not really—here in New York. Even when you were working for Galenti you missed him. You admitted you did, at the time."

For a moment she didn't answer. Then she let her breath out in a little sigh.

"I know," she said. "It's true. I'll always love him. But—love isn't enough, Dorothy. There's something in me that makes me want to be part of something big—to know important, interesting people, to be *doing* something. After I'm married to Bruce I'll—I'll be like you, Dorothy. I'll have some kind of interesting job, and Bruce and I will entertain a lot. Don't you see? That's as necessary to me as love. And I don't want to ruin Curt's life by going to him when he isn't able to give me the kind of life I need."

"Bruce can't give you that kind of a life either," I said.

Joan looked at me in surprise. "But of course he can. He knows everyone, he's a successful radio actor—"

"That doesn't mean anything. He still can't give you that kind of a life—for the simple reason that nobody can give it to you except you, yourself. You have to make your life, all alone, without help. And you can make it better in Elmwood, with Curt whom you love, than you could here in New York, with Bruce whom you don't."

"I don't see how."

"You say you want to be part of something big and important. Well, what could be bigger and more important than being the wife of a man like Curt? You told me yourself that he intends to make his paper the best in the state—and there are some awfully good newspapers in Ohio," I said. "And he wants to go into politics. He wants to get things done in his town. Well, there's your chance. You can help him. You can work beside him until everybody in town says, 'Mr. and Mrs. March? Oh yes, they're wonderful people,' . . ."

"I don't think I care what everybody in Elmwood says." But Joan sounded less certain now.

"Don't you?" I asked. "But I thought you wanted to be a celebrity—like me."

"I did! I do!" Joan exclaimed.

"Then be one! Be one in Elmwood, where you can be happy at the same time."

"It's not the same."

"Of course it is," I said. "It's exactly the same. I'll tell you something, Joan. I like being well known. I like it when Dick and I walk into a supper club and are immediately taken to the best table because we're 'celebrities.' But if we left New York and moved to London or Paris, do you suppose anyone in either of those cities would think we were important? Of course they wouldn't. Yet I don't let myself be miserable because being a celebrity in New York isn't the same as being one in London. I don't lie awake nights wishing I lived in London. And if Dick happened to run a movie theater in Elmwood or some other small town, by golly I wouldn't spoil our life together by wishing he were a New York producer. I'd simply get myself a job on the local paper, and I'd be proud because I was the best reporter they'd ever had, and because Dick's movie theater was the best-run one in town. And we'd be celebrities, both of us!"

Joan was looking at me, wide-eyed.

"I see," she breathed. "Oh, I *do* see! But I never thought of it that way before—I never realized. Why, it would be—it would be exciting, wouldn't it?"

"It would be very exciting, Joan. With the best kind of excitement, the kind that comes from inside."

She was twining her fingers together, and suddenly, with a gasp, she looked down at her hands. Bruce's engagement ring had slipped off, and now it lay glittering in her palm. She never put it back on again.

I think it was just the next day that Dickie and Jill were showing me a brilliant new game they'd invented, when the phone rang. It was Joan, saying goodbye.

THAT'S Joan's story. Joan March is her name now, and in the letter I had from her the other day she wrote about an editorial Curt had run in the paper demanding a new court-house building. I'm not up on Elmwood politics, so I can't explain just where the opposition to Curt's idea comes from, but I gathered from her letter that there is opposition, and she and Curt expect a long battle before the court-house is built. She mentioned the school board, too—and naturally Joan would take a particular interest in Elmwood schools just now because in a few more months she expects to produce a prospective student for them.

"And when that happens," Joan's letter ended, "I *will* be a celebrity, Dorothy—at least in my own eyes, and that's the only thing that counts!"

Shadow of Love

(*Continued from page* 23)

around Merrimac, when the streets of town were beginning to thicken with home-bound traffic. The telephone rang in the store; a woman's voice, hurried, excited, came over the wire.

"Mr. Hughes?" she inquired. "This is Mrs. Lee. I live next to the hill where the children coast, and from my window, I just saw one of them hit a tree. I think it's your son Toby—"

I didn't wait to hear any more. I left the shop with a high school boy who was fiddling with the radios up front, and sprinted for my car. "Let it be just a spill," I prayed. "Kids are always taking them and not getting hurt. Don't let it be anything serious—"

But somehow I knew that it would be. I'd lived in fear of it; it was bound to happen, after Bob, and the way things were with Fay.

THE road ended a little distance from the hill. I left the car, plunged up the slope to where a knot of kids were gathered around a tree. A man was with them, holding a little girl's hand—Jim Brent and Janie.

"You're Toby's father?" he greeted me. "He's already been driven home—"

"Mickey Lawler's brother took him," piped up one of the boys. "Toby couldn't walk, and he looked awfully funny—"

Toby couldn't walk. I went cold. "You didn't see him, Dr. Brent?" I asked. "You don't know—"

He shook his head. "Janie came and got me. She was here with an older girl, and they caught me on my way home to tell me about it."

I was thinking fast, my thoughts propelled by fear. "I wonder," I said, "if you'd ride out with me and have a look at him. If it should be serious—"

"I'll be glad to," he said. "You're out near the turnpike, aren't you? Suppose we drop Janie at the house on the way . . ."

I felt almost light with relief and gratitude. He didn't know how much it meant that he'd agreed to come with me. Fay might never in the world let me call a doctor, even if Toby were really hurt. But if I should walk into the house with a doctor—almost casually, almost as if I were bringing a friend home—it would be just about impossible for her to refuse to let him look at Toby.

On the way out I tried to explain a little about Fay, to warn him of what might lay ahead. "You see," I said, "we had another boy, Bob. He died just last year. Rheumatic fever. Fay—my wife—felt it was the doctor's fault, and she's been—well—sort of set against doctors ever since."

Set against me, too, I thought. I didn't, couldn't tell him half the story. I couldn't tell him about the night Bob had died, and Fay had picked Toby out of his bed, had sat clutching him in her arms, rocking in a hysteria of grief, staring at me like a wild thing over his tousled head.

"Bob didn't have to die," she'd repeated over and over. "He should never have gone to the hospital. They didn't care about him there. That's what he needed, care and love—"

It was a little after that that I got the chance to buy the hardware store in Merrimac, and took it. I wanted to get Fay away from the memory of our tragedy.

Because Fay didn't get over the shock of Bob's death. All her love turned to Toby; she lived for him. As for me—she kept my house and cooked my meals and sent my clothes out to be cleaned, but otherwise there was nothing left of our marriage. We talked like strangers sharing the same roof.

It hurt, but I tried not to let it hurt too much. I loved her too much for that, and I could understand something of her feelings. It wasn't only that she felt alone in her grief because I couldn't give way to it as she did; it was also a primitive, instinctive reaction—as if I, who had given her Bob, were also responsible when he was taken away.

The story was nothing new to Jim Brent. "It's common enough to lose faith in doctors," he said, and added wryly, "And unfortunately, doctors themselves aren't right as often as they would like to be."

And do you know, I felt better after that? He could do that for you—make you feel that you weren't alone in your troubles, and that therefore there was perhaps a chance of solving them. Even Fay came a little under his spell. She met us at the door, white-faced and taut with fear, and although she drew back a little when I introduced Dr. Brent, she led the way to Toby's room without a word.

Toby wasn't in pain—we had that much to be thankful for, and not much else. "I can't move my legs," he announced cheerfully when he saw us. "And, gee, Dad, look at the bump on my head!

"It's a big one, isn't it?" I said hoarsely. Brent admired it, too, while his hands moved expertly, gentler than any woman's, over the small body.

"Biggest bump I've ever seen," he agreed.

TOBY beamed proudly, and Fay began to melt a little. Some of the suspicion went out of her eyes; she smiled a wavery smile. I couldn't smile; I was too scared. It turned out that I had good reason to be. Except for one other, the next hour was the worst I'd known in all my life.

In simple terms, Brent explained what had happened to Toby. I listened, dazed, my mind divided, one part hearing every fateful word, the other part thinking of the boy's two good, straight legs, seeing them move in a crazy montage of memory, taking their first, determined, unsteady baby steps, pumping like pistons at the pedals of a tricycle, splashing sun-browned and glistening in the waters of the lake . . . And they weren't any use to him now. He might never use them again.

The nerves of the spine were injured. Even Brent couldn't tell how badly. Only time would tell, and constant observation. "He should be in the hospital," he said. "But now that he's here, I think it would be better not to move him again so soon."

"Oh, no!" said Fay. "I can do it." And then she asked tensely, "You'll take care of him, Dr. Brent?"

I didn't breathe in the second or two before he answered. Again, he'd have had good reason to refuse. Taking the case would mean constant visits to the house, taking time that rightfully belonged to his own work. And when he nodded and said yes, gratitude was too small a word for the way I felt.

Our house would have been a tomb those next weeks, if it hadn't been for Jim Brent.

Except for Jim Brent. He came once a day at least, sometimes twice, usually on his way to the Sanitarium in the morning, or on his way home at night. I came to look forward to his visits as much on Fay's account, and my own, as on Toby's. Brent seemed to realize that Fay and I needed help, too, and it was a rare morning when he was too rushed to chat with us for a few minutes, about Toby, of course, first of all, and then about the store, about happenings in the town. Because of Toby, he seemed closer to us, almost like one of us.

Even Fay was most like herself—her old self—when he was at the house. She would seem almost animated; she took time out from nursing Toby to prepare little treats—a batch of hot doughnuts, sandwiches and coffee.

Her faith in him seemed to be showing her the way back to normal living, once she had made up her mind to trust him. I began to have hopes that I dared not voice even to myself. When Toby got well—it *had* to be when; I never thought of it as *if*—perhaps Fay would be well again, too. Perhaps the hurt and the bitterness that closed her off from the world—and from me—would be washed away.

STRANGE, how blind you can be about those who are closest to you! The day came that I'd hoped for—the day that Brent said Toby was ready to be moved to the hospital.

"There's nothing more to do for him here," he explained. "We've gone as far as we can with the injections. I think that now, with closer supervision and treatment—"

I was listening to him, and watching Fay. Her face had clouded over.

"He'll have the best of care at Wheelock," he went on, as if it were all settled that Toby was going. "Children are our first consideration there. Wheelock was named for a child, you know—And our first patient to be admitted was a child—"

She began to look almost persuaded, until he began to talk about the other doctors and the nurses on the staff. Then she retreated again.

"You mean," she said flatly, "that if he goes—to the Sanitarium, he won't be your patient any more."

"Certainly, he'll be my patient," said Brent. "He would be even if I hadn't been seeing him here. I specialized in neuro-psychology. The difference is that I'll have equipment to work with, and the benefit of other opinions—"

"Then it's all right," said Fay, and her eyes had a shining, peaceful look, like those of a child blissfully reassured. "He can go." And she touched the doctor's hand, as if a pact had been made between them.

It was then that I knew. Such little things—the look in her eyes, the brief touching of hands—but they told everything.

Heaven knows, I didn't mean to confront Fay with what I knew. We'd been so far apart for so long that if I'd planned to speak, I wouldn't have been able to find words. It just happened. I found myself standing in the kitchen doorway, watching her slim, straight back as she moved from table to stove. I found myself saying in a flat, ordinary voice, "Fay—are you in love with Jim Brent?"

She stopped. For a second the world stopped. For a wildly hopeful moment I thought, from her stillness, that I'd been wrong, that she was angry, amused—anything but that I'd hit upon the truth. Then she turned, and I saw her eyes, bewildered, troubled—but with joy and freedom in them, too, as if just having it put into words had released something in her.

"I—I suppose I am," she said. "I must be. I—"

Her voice faltered as I stared at her, mute, sick, already wishing desperately that I hadn't asked. Then she said quickly, "It doesn't mean anything, Fred. It can't. He doesn't know. If he did, he'd only be embarrassed—"

That was the end. Oh, no—it didn't mean anything—to anyone except me. But it was so long since she had thought of me at all, that she'd forgotten that I had feelings. I was the fellow who turned up at the table at mealtime, who slept in the room down the hall, a kind of superior boarder who took a special interest in Toby.

I turned away, and her quick steps followed me. She put her hand on my arm; her voice was breathless, frightened. "I'm sorry, Fred. I can't explain it. It's just that he's— He's made me feel—"

I couldn't bear to listen to how she felt about Brent. My momentary anger was gone, and in its place there was only a kind of bleak despair. Not once, in all the time since Bob's death, had I given up hope that Fay and I would be together again, some day. It hadn't been easy, loving her, wanting her—so much, sometimes, that a familiar little gesture, lifting her hands to her hair, or curling up on the couch with her feet tucked under her, little-girl fashion—would leave me choked and speechless. I'd learned to take heart from small things—a quick, involuntary smile that was almost like her old smile, her instinctive drawing toward me when she was startled or frightened. Even in these last weeks, when she'd seemed more distant than ever, I'd simply believed that it was because she was preoccupied with Toby. And now—there just didn't seem to be anything left.

TOBY went to the hospital the next day, lifted onto a stretcher and into an ambulance as carefully as if he were more fragile than the most delicate glass, with Brent and another doctor supervising the moving. After that, by unspoken agreement, Fay and I kept out of each other's way. She visited Toby in the mornings; I'd take an hour or two from the store to see him in the afternoons. The hospital didn't encourage evening visits to young children. Fay and I had dinner together, and that was all—a formality, an empty pretense that our home was still a home.

And it didn't matter very much, those first few days. Nothing mattered but Toby. Brent had told us that we'd know soon whether Toby could be expected to have the use of his legs again, or—I couldn't force myself to think of the "or." I couldn't think of Toby facing years of bed and wheelchair. I ate and slept and went through the working hours with my mind pinned to just one hope—word from Brent that Toby had passed the turning point and would be on his way home. Beyond that, I didn't let myself think, because Toby would come home to a house divided. If Brent pulled him through, there'd be no hope that Fay and I would ever find each other again. Knowing Fay, knowing her fierce single-heartedness, I knew that if Brent made Toby well, he would have a place in her heart that no other man could ever hope to take.

And then one day it came. I went to the hospital early that afternoon—

But I wasn't told to wait. "Mr. Hughes—" the nurse at the desk beamed at me—"you're early, but you can go right up. You'll find Miss Bronson on the floor—"

Miss Bronson greeted me with an even broader smile. "You know about it?" she asked. "Toby moved his foot today."

Toby had moved—I couldn't speak.

"Of course," said Miss Bronson. "It's only the beginning, and it's much too early to be sure, but—"

They all said that—Miss Bronson, the young doctor who stopped by to offer his congratulations, Toby himself. Toby hadn't known how slim his chances had been, but he couldn't help knowing now that he'd accomplished something important and wonderful.

"It's just *one* foot, Dad," he said deprecatingly. "But I feel like moving the other one. It's got a kind of tingle—"

It seemed a miracle after all the waiting. Toby himself hardly dared believe it. After so little hope, no one dared hope too much. As I sought Brent out in his office for the final word, I tried to salt my own high spirits down with reasoning—and he promptly sent them soaring again.

"TOBY'S still got a long way to go," he told me, "but he's got a better than even chance of getting there. That's better than I'd hoped for, this soon. It means we won't have to operate; we won't have to blunder along in the dark, trying anything and everything. So—" Smiling, he impulsively thrust out his hand. I took it and wrung it hard, incapable of saying anything of what I felt. It was as if I'd been brought back to life again, myself. Then I reached for my hat. Now that I had Brent's confirmation, there was nothing to do but to tell Fay—

Fay. A coldness came over me.

"Does Fay—does Mrs. Hughes know about it?" I asked.

"Oh, yes." He nodded. "She was here all morning. It was nearly noon when she left."

"I see." I didn't see, not right away. It didn't fully hit me until I realized that Fay had known the good news hours before—and hadn't bothered to tell me. I left Brent's office with a bitterness rising within me, so sharp I could taste it. I stood in the hall uncertainly for a while, and then, because visiting hours weren't nearly over, I went back to see Toby. I needed him that afternoon more than he needed me. He laughed and chatted and beat me three time at parchesi, and all the while I was thinking grimly that he wouldn't be coming back to much of a home.

Because that was the way it would be. I was bitter now, and angry, and resentful, as I hadn't been before. I could understand how she'd felt after we'd lost Bob; I could even understand her feeling for Jim Brent. There was hero-worship in it—and besides, his was the warm and generous nature that you couldn't help responding to.

But this was different. I was used to the idea that Fay had forgotten that I was her husband—but I was still Toby's father. She could at least have called me. . . .

I didn't go straight home from the hospital. I drove around aimlessly for a while, dreading going home.

Finally, when the sun was low, I turned home. I put the car in the garage, and then on an impulse went around to the front door. Fay would be in the kitchen at this hour, and I didn't want to see her any sooner than I had to. The first thing that struck me when I stepped inside was that the house was different. Lamps were lighted invitingly in this room which had been so often left dark of late; the polished tables had an extra shine; there were bowls of fresh flowers. In the dining corner the table was set with lace mats, and more fresh flowers—and candles. Candles. And Fay wasn't in the kitchen, but she'd been spending time there. Like the other rooms, it was spotless, gleaming—and full of party smells, a roast in the oven, a cake recently baked.

It could all mean only one thing. Sick, I turned to the stairs and met Fay coming down—a different Fay. She was wearing a dress-up dress I'd always liked and had never again expected to see, her fly-away hair was carefully, becomingly arranged, and she was wearing make-up, as if she too were going to a party. And there was a look on her face . . .

"Fred," she demanded, "where have you been? I've been calling the store all afternoon. We've got to celebrate. Toby—"

I was so sick and angry I shook. Celebrate. Fay and Jim Brent and I. "I know about Toby," I said.

"You do?" She laughed shakily; then tears spilled down her cheeks, and she wiped them away and laughed again. "Isn't it wonderful? I've been so happy and excited . . . I didn't know what to do. I went out and bought things, and cleaned house, and cooked, and then I called and called the store, and you weren't there. Then the store closed, and I thought you'd never come home. I couldn't have borne it if you hadn't. We've got to celebrate, Fred, you and I—" She laid a hand timidly, almost pleadingly, on my arm.

I looked around at the dining table. It was set for two. Gradually the incredible truth dawned upon me—and I couldn't move a muscle. I could only stare at her and say blankly, "I don't understand."

"I don't understand it, either." She lifted her eyes, wet with tears again, but clear and steady. "Only I feel like myself again, Fred. Jim Brent—I'm grateful to him for what he's done for Toby, grateful forever and with my whole heart—but that's all. It was you I wanted, today when I was so marvelously happy. And no one else. No one else could share it with me; no one else could know how I felt—"

I PUT my arms around her. It was a strange feeling, after so long, and I was as clumsy and diffident as I'd been the very first time I kissed her. I didn't try to kiss her now. I just held her, hardly daring to breathe, hardly daring to release all the dammed-up love and longing . . . and slowly beginning to understand.

I was grateful to Jim Brent, too—and for more than what he'd done for Toby. Because of him, this miracle had happened—I had Fay in my arms again, all the soft, sweet intensity of her. You see, he'd been a force in our lives as powerful and no more personal than the sun of spring. He'd done that much for us—the lonely, troubled man, ridden with his own problems, who'd gone out of his way to help a pair of strangers. He'd made Fay trust him, had brought faith and hope back into her life—small wonder that she'd reached out to him as naturally as a plant reaches toward the sun! And now that her need of him was past, she'd come back to me, restored and whole, and wholly mine.

I hope that sometime, in some way, some one could do as much for him.

Life Can Be Beautiful

(*Continued from page* 43)

TOGETHER

Dear Papa David:

Six years ago my father died, leaving my mother with the responsibility of four children to be supported by the city welfare and social security. Three years after my father's death she remarried to a soldier during the war, and had a baby. Bert was killed, and again my mother was left alone with not four children but five. A year ago my mother died and I the eldest, was left to care for a brother eleven, and three sisters, ages ten, eight and two. I left school and stayed home to support us. I found a chambermaid job for $15 a week with small tips. I found a day nursery for the baby and I brought her home at six in the evening. I was allowed an hour for lunch where I worked during which I rushed home and prepared dinner for three hungry youngsters and then I shipped them back to school and I returned to work, which kept until school let out in the afternoon. My brother earned money at odd jobs and in my spare time I made pot holders, dish towels, pillow cases, baby clothes and bureau scarfs and together we made extra money to help us out.

Together we all managed expenses, homework and housework and shouldered all responsibilities and tasks and indeed, in spite of hardships we fare moderately, and we all think when you're busy and happy, life can be beautiful.

C. N.

CUP OF WATER

Dear Papa David:

When I was quite small my family moved out west to dry-land farming on the benchlands of Montana.

Life was very different than in our Missouri home, but what I remember most vividly was the water. It was pumped by a windmill that banged and complained day and night. The water itself was flat and had a soda flavor that neighbors told us was alkali. Yet we soon learned that even this poor tasting water was precious and must never be wasted, for one terrible summer the well went dry and all our water had to be hauled three and a half miles from the river. Every other day father or my brothers would hitch the team to the lumber wagon filled with barrels and make this tiresome trip. The barrels could only be filled about half-full as so much water slopped out as the wagon bounced and rattled along. The water was muddy and unpleasant tasting even after boiling. Every drop was hoarded, often serving several purposes before it finally finished up on mama's pansy bed. My memories of that summer are of crackling, powder-dry grass and the rasping bawl of thirsty cows.

After that year we moved to a ranch in the mountains where a wonderful spring flowed continuously summer and winter. Its sweet, icy-cold water bubbled musically like the flowing melody of a song and around the edges of the pool were beautiful dark-green, velvety mosses and spicy watercress.

I've never forgotten the blessing of a cool, satisfying cup of water. God's greatest gifts to us, I think, are the simple things that make life beautiful—good, sweet, pure water, fresh, invigorating air, life-giving sunshine.

Mrs. R. A. F.

BANQUET ON A RUSTY STOOP

Dear Papa David:

Immediately after our marriage, we pooled our savings and bought a little home. My husband had a steady job and though his salary was a moderate one, supplemented by my earnings we were sure we would have it all paid off in no time, and our heads were filled with dreams of the wonderful days ahead. Alas for our dreaming! Before the second year was out, my husband became ill. He lost days from work, and finally became so ill that he lost his job altogether.

He was quite ill for a while, bedridden a good part of the time. I followed the doctor's orders faithfully and after a while he began to improve. I was so overjoyed that I couldn't take notice of the fact that our savings were almost gone and with no money whatever coming in since my earnings had to be sacrificed in order for me to care for him. The depression was upon us, and when he finally was well, there was no job to be had.

We lost our home and even some of our furniture. We moved to two rooms and stretched our pennies as far as we could, always searching for work. Soon there were no more pennies for car fare, and we walked until we could go no farther. At last I found a job in a factory, but there had then been no food for two whole days. However, with my stomach empty and my heart full I began work, and by noon of that third day I was so hungry I scarcely knew what to do. And then at noon at that third day when I met my husband he had his hands behind his back and his face was beaming.

We dined that day on the rusty stoop of an old deserted house. And I think there was never a sandwich so tasty, or a bottle of pop so sweet and refreshing, as those we shared that noon. He explained as we ate, that he had been able to pawn the almost-new black suit that he had purchased for his father's funeral. And as we chatted and ate, the food was so good and the sun so warm that we couldn't help crying a little. From then on, as the days crept slowly by, things got better. He got work, and I got a better job, and I'm so happy to say that we have once more started payments on a home of our own, and when we get it finished we are going to find a rusty stoop and celebrate, with a sandwich and a bottle of soda.

Mrs. V. O. S.

ON OUR KNEES

Dear Papa David:

I'm a small town girl, sixteen years old. Here we have only one theater, a drug store and a few grocery stores, and a dime store.

I live in a small four-room house; ten of us live here. We cook on an old wood stove that my grandmother used. We have no rugs on our floors, our house isn't even painted, and a few of the window glasses have been broken out.

I'm the oldest one of the children. Since Mom is sick, and Papa must work away in the city, all the cooking, chopping wood, washing, ironing and everything is left up for me to do.

I had to quit school at the age of ten to do the things around the house. All my other sisters and brothers are going to school but two of them. It's

so hard to keep them in school. I want them to have pretty clothes like the others in school.

Still, Papa David, we are so happy, I only wish you could come to our little home. You would hear birds singing, see flowers growing, hear the children laughing, see the corn grow and Papa David you would see a woman with the softest blue eyes; her hair is turning a little grey before it should for she is only 38 years old. When she'd smile you would know that you are welcome. Mom couldn't get up to cook dinner for you for after my baby sister was born she never walked again. When Papa comes home, you would be greeted with a hearty handshake, and a welcoming smile. Then he would go over and kiss Mom and say "How is my little Kay?" He always plays with the kids. He puts Sue on his back and carries her around the house. Then he plays ball with Bruce and Charles. He teases Anne and Joyce about the boys, tells Dot, Joddy and me that we are just wonderful to have such a nice dinner for him.

After supper is over we all go to Mom's bedside. I take the family Bible and read to the most wonderful people in the world. Then we get down on our knees and thank our God for being so good to us.

J. L.

THE BEAUTIFUL LOOK

Dear Papa David:

My husband and I had openly scoffed at the philosophy expressed in your Life Can Be Beautiful department. We didn't believe there *were* people who could really turn their misfortunes into personal triumphs over circumstance.

So when our business failed, and we faced possible bankruptcy, we had no faith to fall back on. I don't know how long we would have gone on sinking in our self-pity, if it had not been for one memorable incident.

It was the morning our conference was scheduled at the bank. We were waiting in the lobby when a young man in new civilian clothes entered. He took his place in line before one of the tellers' windows, swinging a money bag. We paid no attention to him, until I noticed with a shock that the "hand" which held the bag was not a hand at all, but a hook. As I watched, he reached the window and deftly untied the bag with a second mechanical device where his right hand should have been. He deposited the money, and as he turned to leave, an older man standing near-by called to him: "Say, Frank, have you got a minute? I'd like you to meet a friend."

By this time my husband, too, was unashamedly watching. From the look of concern on his face, I could tell that his thoughts were running parallel to mine: How did a man shake hands when he didn't *have* any hands?

Our question was soon answered, for the young veteran walked over to the two men and unhesitatingly extended the hook. For a moment I held my breath. With the greatest nonchalance he took the proferred device, and pumped it heartily.

And I can honestly say that we met our appointment and our obligations with a lighter heart and firmer purpose, remembering that look.

Mrs. G. K. B.

Love That Red-Head

(*Continued from page 47*)

native Californian. My mother was a rich man's daughter who had never had to work a day in her life.

My father died very suddenly when I was seven, and mother had to face the fact that we were practically penniless. Daddy had had an enormous practice, but there was no cash—and the books were an indecipherable mass of notations, "Pete, the blacksmith, grippe," "Old Mrs. Mason, arthritis." No dates, no amounts. We put them away with Daddy's medical library.

A few months before I had sung and danced in an amateur show, a benefit performance for the Galveston Flood sufferers. My act attracted the attention of the manager of a road show company which was playing San Jose at the time. He sought out my mother and offered me a job.

Mother got out his card now, and wrote to the man. Two weeks later, I was a permanent member of the company. I literally grew up in the theater, gradually giving up child star roles for soubrettes, ingenues, second leads, leads. At this point, I had my own company, managed by my mother and her new husband, the man who had offered me my first job.

Time is time, and an actress can be a glamor girl just so long. I had the usual seven-year span as a leading lady—and married, and had a baby son, and saw the whole big, beautiful country—and then, gradually again, the leads gave way to maturer women's parts, then mothers. It was inevitable that I should end up playing *somebody's* Grandmother. I'm glad it turned out that I joined Red Skelton's family.

Red and I got to know one another very well, trading life stories, and we became fast friends.

One day, while we gossiped in the hall, Red said, "I'm going to have you on my show some day."

"I can't wait," I said, meaning it.

But I was going to wait, and longer than either of us thought. Red was soon to be out of radio for two years, seeing Italy and the South of France as a buck private.

I had a long list of pompous ladies to play—for Joan Davis, Burns and Allen, Point Sublime, and other shows—before "Namah" was born.

Red came back from the war with the Big Grandmother Idea. He had been looking, cooking, I think, for the right part for me. He said a lot of the boys wrote all the time to their grandmothers . . . there weren't any other radio grandmothers. Edna thought he had something there, and set up auditions for the part. I was one of a dozen character women who tried out for the character. I came into the studio late, but very eagerly. I hadn't seen my "little-boy" pal since before he put on his khaki pants.

I looked about for Red.

His voice sang out over the mike from the control room.

"That's my Grandma!"

And that's all there was to *that* audition.

I've been "Namah" ever since.

It's been a dream job. For any actor, Red Skelton is a dream boss.

From the beginning, we worked to-

gether as though we had been doing routines for years.

We were in instant rapport—sympatico—whatever language you like, there's a word for it. On my side, at least, it was love. I really feel the deepest love for the boy. Nothing mystic, either—I have good solid reasons.

If there is ever any disagreement about a line on the show, Red asks the cast's opinion. If we out-vote him, he backs down without an argument.

"You may be right, Namah," he'll say, "let's try it your way." Not so big, you see, but that he can be bigger, not so smart but that he is willing to learn.

He fights with Edna, of course, but like a spoiled child fights with his mother.

You know how the child psychologists explain it: the child isn't really "bad," he just wants attention, he'd rather provoke a fight and risk punishment than get no attention at all.

LIKE "Namah," I've never had much use for the modern school of child rearing, the "make a game of it and they'll like it" technique. I'll stick with my own generation's maxim: "spare the rod and spoil the child." But I must admit that Edna uses the new theories very successfully in coping with Red when he gets in one of those moods.

I remember when she broke the news to him that he was to conduct a concert in the Hollywood bowl.

"Watch David (David Rose, our orchestra leader) carefully tonight, Red," she said casually one day in rehearsal, "you'll need some pointers when you conduct in the Bowl."

It was the first Red had heard of it.

"Conduct! Where?" The roof blew off.

"I won't do it!"

"Sure you will," Edna said, smiling.

The mercury was about to break the glass in Red's temper thermometer.

"In a pig's eye I will," he shouted, fairly stamping his foot.

Edna's voice didn't raise a notch when she replied.

"I wouldn't know where to begin to look for one," she said, "but if you really think you need a pig's eye I'll do my best to find one for you."

He had to laugh, so he lost.

He usually loses, in those arguments with Edna. He'll fight for a line she dislikes, swear by heaven he'll read it on the show—and then comes evening, and the broadcast, and the line is out.

Edna *knows* what's right for Red, and he knows she knows. He'd be lost, professionally, without her. And he knows that too.

One night, Edna left the control room during a broadcast. Some of the veterans from a Birmingham hospital, were having trouble getting into the studio, and Edna rushed out to fix it up with the ushers.

Red looked up to the booth during a routine with me, saw she was gone, and for a moment something very close to panic came into his face.

At the next musical break, seeing her in the wings, he crossed to her and demanded to know where she'd been. She explained.

"Don't *ever* do that again," he said, in dead seriousness. "I'm used to you up there. I want you there. When I look up I want you there."

He wants us *all* around. Used to us, too, I guess. It is traditional that the whole company barge over to the Brown Derby for supper after the broadcasts, and we linger over countless cups of coffee rehashing all of the slips and flukes of the show. He clings to us. We're a sort of hand-picked second family.

I was grateful for all my years of barnstorming those first few weeks on the Skelton show, when I was just finding out about Red—how he will stop after the first line of a six-line speech if he feels like it (or cut out a joke completely if he sees someone in the audience he thinks the joke line might offend)—and he'll expect the other people in the routine to go merrily on, cue or no cue. I had worked like that for years, so it was no problem for me—but not every actor's nervous system can take it.

Red expects more than routine efficiency from the people who work with him, and he should—for he certainly puts into his side of the bargain more than most people expect from a boss-employee relationship.

Having a person like Red to work for has been a life-saver for me and I mean that, literally.

My husband, Lee Millar, with whom I had twenty-two years of a wonderful marriage, died five years ago, with shocking suddenness. It was on Christmas Eve—we had just decorated our tree together—and only a few months after my mother's death. I wasn't prepared for the blow. He had been so well. On Monday night we worked together on Radio Theater. On Tuesday night he was gone.

Our son, Lee, Jr., was away from home, in the Navy. Now that the war is over, and he is free to make a life for himself, he is in New York starting from scratch—as his parents did—trying to be an actor.

I kept sane those first few months by working harder than I had ever worked in my life. Work continued to be the way out, and the job with Red Skelton—in which I could invest heart as well as brains—helped me tremendously in fitting together a new life.

RED gave me one of those wonderful clown pictures he paints. I have it over the fireplace in my home in North Hollywood, which I share with my stepfather, my mother's old housekeeper, my own housekeeper, my cocker, Mike, my English sheep-dog, Skipper, and my Persian cat, Veronica.

The clown grinning imperturbably down at me reminds me that people must go on working, go on laughing—no matter what blow falls.

And it reaffirms my old conviction that the best laughs are awfully close to drama, close to the hearts of the people.

The laughs Red and I have had together, as well as the laughs we hope we get from you when we work together on the air, are that kind of laughter, for Red is the classic clown whose lips make jokes while his insides seeth with drama. Red is one funny man who really *could* play Hamlet. I am not joking. I think he is really great—a great actor, a great human being.

I love him, the good, bad little boy—the complex, appealing adult.

"Of course you love me, Namah," he'd say, pooh-poohing. "And I love you, cross my heart." Childlike, he would remember: "It's because our birthdays are so close together . . . yours the eighteenth of July; mine the twentieth. That's why we love one another." Oh, think I. Is that why?

In a pig's eye, Red.

That's what I'd say to that.

Touch My Heart

(*Continued from page* 41)

way. And ever so much funnier. As Court tells it:

"My first suspicion that something was up was when I found myself *sneaking into the movies.* I'd never been much of a movie-goer. I've never been much of a movie-goer since. But for two solid weeks after I first asked Grace for a date, and got turned down, I went to the movies every day. Sometimes twice a day.

"Having been theater-born (my Dad was an actor and, later, a theater-manager) and radio-bred, I'd decided, rather whimsically, to be a lawyer. At the time I met Grace, I was studying law at the University of Toronto. I was also President of the Student Organization at Osgood Hall and was running the school paper. In addition I was doing the twenty-two free lance radio shows a week I've mentioned. Obviously, I was a man with commitments. But suddenly I took the notion that I couldn't study, couldn't concentrate, couldn't do anything, didn't want to do anything, except—go to the movies. So there I went. I can never tell you what I saw. I was alone with my own little thoughts. Finally, I realized the nature of the malady, the aberration that had seized me: I was in love."

SO there we were, the pair of us, in love. Each knowing it but neither saying it, to the other. Not yet.

When, a very few days after he first asked me for a date, Court tried again, I said *"Yes!"* in italics and with an exclamation point. But alas, we didn't get off to a very good start. Our first date, in fact, was very close to being tragic—and, later, a second crisis in our courtship came very close to being fatal.

For our first date, feeling that he would not and could not suggest doing anything mundane, Court invited me to drive to Niagara Falls with him, have lunch there in the States, and drive back. It was a pretty ridiculous thing to do in mid-winter but it seemed to me, as to him, a pretty exciting thing to do, an adventure uniquely our own. Anyway, off we went and had a perfectly, unforgettably beautiful time. The long drive, wrapped in furs, over snow that shone like the sun above us. Lunch in the Indian Room of the Niagara Falls hotel. For music, the mighty orchestra of the Falls playing the songs of lovers, the quick and the dead, who have honeymooned there. . . .

But on the way home, we ran out of gas. It was getting dark. It was growing late. The nearest gasoline station was some twenty miles away. We finally hailed a car and persuaded the driver to push us to that gas station. By the time we got home, it was 4:30 in the morning and poor Court, who wanted so much to make a good first impression on my family, was feeling the weight of the world upon his shoulders. However, the weight lifted when next he met my parents . . . they loved him at first sight, as had I.

What I call the "second crisis" in our courtship was my going away. It was precipitated by Court proposing to me. Which he did, quite suddenly, six months after our trip to the Falls—*in*, of all places, a third-rate, broken-down restaurant where we'd stopped, after the broadcast, for a quick coffee—and *at*, of all unbecoming-to-a-lady times, high noon!

"I couldn't get down on my knees," Court laughed about it, later on. "The floor was too dirty. And I must have been completely disorganized—I know I put ketchup in my coffee and cream and sugar over the steak sandwich I didn't eat!"

I was in love with Court. And well I knew it. I was also in love with my career. I had worked very hard at, and for, my career. I'd studied at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, in London, England—under such teachers as Charles Laughton, Sara Allgood, Sir Kenneth Barnes . . . In addition to my work at the Hart House and with the John Holden Players in Winnipeg, I'd had some theater experience in New York. In 1938 I was in the Theatre Guild production of "Dame Nature." I'd also understudied Jessie Royce Landis and had been a permanent member of the North Shore Players at Marblehead, Mass. The Story of Dr. Susan was my first radio contract. I liked radio, loved it, but I also wanted the theater, wanted New York where theater *and* radio are most advantageously to be had.

When Court proposed to me I didn't, torn as I was, say "No" but neither did I say "Yes." I said, in effect, "Maybe." I decided to go to New York and there make up my mind between Toronto and New York—which meant, actually, between Court and my career. For Court, I knew, could not leave Toronto. He was not yet graduated from Law School. He had as many radio commitments as—well, as Gregory Peck has film commitments. Furthermore, the war was on. . . .

I went to New York. I was offered the chance to go back to Marblehead again, or to Nantucket. I was asked, by Gladys George and the late Phillip Merivale, to play summer stock with them, in Saratoga. I thought, Any one of these opportunities will help to re-establish me in the theater, in the Fall. I also thought, This will mean giving up Dr. Susan. And—*This means choosing between my career and Court.*

EACH morning, as I rang for tea, talked on the telephone concerning some bright prospects that might be for me, I thought, *I'll stay in New York. This is where the stars of theater and radio are made. I'll stay. . . .*

Each evening, as I was going to sleep, I thought, *I'll go back to Dr. Susan. Back to Court. Back to Toronto where my home is, and my heart. . . .*

I went to sleep saying *I'll go back* because Court called me every evening from Toronto. Oh, he was very fair about it, never playing on my emotions, never taking advantage of the advantage he must have known he had. Never a word of love, always the friendly-interested approach. "That sounds very promising, Grace," he'd say, when I told him of an offer made me. Or, "Do you think that is quite wise, Grace," of another offer. Still, it was his voice I was hearing. It was the fear in his voice, and the hurt, try as he did to cover it, coming through in his voice. . . .

But in the morning it would begin all over again, the teeter-totter, the backing and forthing of the problem.

Yes, that was the crisis, that summer of 1940. But at the end of the week, the one week I spent in New York, I went home. . . .

Court often says there is one bit of advice he would very much like to give to all young men in love. It is, in one line, this: "Never meet your girl at the train when she comes back from a trip."

Court met me at the train and that meeting was, he often says, "Pretty nearly disastrous."

As he tells it: "My heart sank when I saw the doubt in your eyes and sensed your uncertainty—which I took to be of me. I thought of the glamorous big city you had just left, with Broadway, the cream of radio to offer—and asked myself, *'What have I got to compete with that?'* I knew you had turned down New York offers, had come home, yes, but with, I wondered, what misgivings? I thought that in your heart you had voted against me. I thought, *I can see the handwriting on the wall.*"

But Court didn't see the handwriting on the wall. Or, rather, he misread it. I hadn't voted against him, but for him. With all my heart.

And there were no misgivings. There never have been.

In late August, which was the month of my return, Court gave me my ring. In October, October 19 of 1940, we were married, in the chapel of the Bishop Strachan School in Toronto.

Ours was a war wedding. Which means that it was very small, with only my parents there, some of the teachers I had had in the grades, and a few old friends. I wore gray velvet, a sort of pale moonstone gray ("Gray is the color," Court says, "for you"), a tiny gray velvet thing, with a veil, on my head . . .

. . . and we honeymooned in a beautiful, an unearthly beautiful, place, Domaine d'Estrelle, in the Laurentian Mountains, always referred to by Canadians as "The Baron's Place," because a fabulously wealthy Belgian baron built it. We occupied the Baron's own rooms, if you please—and what rooms! Pink broadloom on the floor. Indirect lighting. Very indirect. Everything leather, *pink* leather. Moderne to the last module, elegant to the point of being effete, it is something out of this world—all the way out of this world, which is where a honeymoon should be spent!

Court and I, and another young couple, also honeymooning, were the only guests at the Baron's Place, it being out of season. Since Court and I were both doing Dr. Susan when we were married, another announcer substituted for Court while he was away, but I had to be written out of the script, which was achieved by announcing to the radio audience that Dr. Susan had "mysteriously disappeared." The first night we met the other young honeymooning couple, the bride, who took her radio serials seriously, proceeded to tell me all about my "mysterious disappearance." Not until our last night there did Court—relishing the black-out, the rascal—ask whether she would really like to know the whereabouts of Dr. Susan. Then, waiting—never a point-killer—for her earnest, eager, "Oh yes! Oh, I *would!*" he said, pointing to me, *"Right here.* Right here, at the Baron's Place. You have spent your entire honeymoon with the lady!"

But if the Baron's Place was fabulously beautiful, and it was, and is, *we* were not!

"Mostly, we were thrown by horses," Court always begins his reminiscence about our honeymoon. "Horses which, immediately we mounted them, took a fancy for rolling in mud-puddles. Furthermore, Grace came down with a strep throat so that we returned from our honeymoon—me with ice-packs on my knee, Grace with bath-towels around her throat, looking like a Ubangi."

Upon our return from our honeymoon, Court and I took a small apartment in Toronto and had a year and a half of married life before he went into the Service. Joining a Highland unit, the 48th Highlanders, which fought with General Montgomery's Eighth Army, he was in kilts from his first day in the Service to his last. And he looked uncommonly handsome in kilts! And he was a lieutenant when he joined the 28th Highlanders and a Captain when he came home.

During the year and a half of married life we had before Court went overseas, we were very active, very busy. Court, long known on the radio—best known, perhaps, as master of ceremonies of Canada's famous Hockey Hot Stove League, which he was for ten years—was rapidly becoming one of the Dominion's very best known radio actors. He was leading man in Theater of the Air, Family Man, John and Judy, Our Family, White Oaks of Jalna, to name a few of the programs that come to my mind. On Theater of Freedom, he was heard with such stars as Merle Oberon, Walter Huston, Anna Neagle, Herbert Marshall, Sir Cedric Hardwicke. In addition to these many acting and m.c. jobs, Court announced the Radio Theater for Canadian audiences and, of course, Dr. Susan.

I was busy, too—was, pretty continuously, I am happy to say, on the Canadian network. I had my daily

serial, Dr. Susan. Later, I played the lead in Soldier's Wife, another daily serial which I did, through the war years, for the Canadian Government. I also appeared regularly as lead, and supporting actress, too, on such CBS feature programs as Theater of Freedom, John and Judy, and a great many Victory Loan programs, playing opposite—just fancy!—stars Charles Boyer, Spencer Tracy, Ralph Bellamy and a number of others.

But when we were not working, Court and I lived that year and a half of what we knew was "borrowed time" very much by ourselves, keeping to ourselves, growing closer together, delighting in our day-by-day discovery of our many shared opinions and dreams.

Going to the theater, for instance—we both *love* it! Reading. We read everything our work gives us time, and our eyes strength, to read. Playing Gin Rummy—crazy about it. Winston Churchill is the public personality we most admired in those war years. And still do. We both love to watch hockey games and horse races. We both love to ski. We share a pet aversion for pompous people and indifferently-cooked food. My greatest extravagance is clothes and Court's greatest extravagance is encouraging my extravagance! Spare ribs is our favorite dish. Long-winded story-tellers, point-killers, blouses and shirts that won't stay tucked in, tea made with a teaball and brewed in a cup instead of a pot are "pet" annoyances.

WE both suffer from chronic stage-fright. We both like suits on me better than dresses. We both like slacks on me. We both dislike prints on me and the color blue. We both like red on me, and black and, most of all, gray. We both love earrings on me, and necklaces. And fur hats.

We are both introverts and rather proud of it. We both love to dance and like night-clubs, in small doses. Court says the funniest thing I do is the way I invariably shut my left eye when I look into a mirror. "As though you are aiming a gun." We're superstitious about some things, the same things: We never put a hat on a bed. Never put shoes on a shelf higher than our heads. Believe it bad luck to pass on the stairs and wish birds would stay out-of-doors, where they belong.

We love to hunt antiques. We hope to have a farm, one of these days ("I'm beginning to get very country-squirish, these days," Court says. "I can now picture myself on my own acres!")—probably when we retire! We both want children. We talk shop an awful lot, at home. Read plays out loud together, playing all the parts. We go shopping together. I think the funniest thing about Court is his absent-mindedness—even forgets his own phone number, has to look it up!

We both love flying and have flown a great deal. Our favorite midnight snack is breakfast cereal and buttered toast! We agree that the best thing in radio is the variety of parts you get, and the element of the unexpected; that the most trying thing in radio is the limitation of being able to use only your voice to portray a character.

Since I was sixteen, my major ambition has been to be a great actress. Save for his one detour into the law, Court's major ambition has been to be a great actor. Eventually—soon, if possible—we both want to be in the theater as well as in radio.

These are a few of the things we learned, one about the other, in that year and a half we had together after we were married. Some of them were the basic, very important things. Others were the little links that forge the whole chain of love and of marriage deeper and stronger so that even in that too-brief time we became, it seemed, not two entities, but one . . .

Then Court went overseas. Then I spent my time, all of it, trying to get overseas.

Nice things happened to me, during the years Court was away—such as when, in 1944, I won three national awards as—fancy!—Canada's leading radio actress. Once, this would have sent me dizzy with delight. It did delight me, of course it did. It did make me feel very proud and enormously grateful. But nothing was *really* important to me except getting to Court or having Court return to me.

Among my other radio commitments I tried, soon after Court left, to get the BBC to sponsor my radio appearances in London. But, no. But guess what? The day after Court got back, came a wire from London. "Ship the woman immediately," it read. But, of course, too late. Happily, happily too late!

"New York!" we said. "New York—and together!"—almost immediately after the first things, the tenderer things of reunion had been said.

And New York it was. And is.

Actually, when we came to New York, we had no job, no place to live, no real legal right to be in the country in which, without a job, we could not stay for more than thirty days at a time.

But oh, how we were, how we *are*, fortunate!

The first audition Court made was for the narrator (a very good part) on Tennessee Jed—which made it possible for us to stay in the States. Within two weeks of our arrival in New York, we were playing the leading roles in The American Portrait, a network broadcast over CBS.

Now, little more than a year after we first stepped off the train in Grand Central, I am heard, daily, as Big Sister, over CBS; as Margot Kane in The Shadow over MBS—and I had a running part, besides, in Tennessee Jed.

YOU hear Court, regularly, on Big Town and on the Music Hall show. And, between us, we've shared the good fortune of roles in almost every major network dramatic program in the past crowded year.

Last September, we had another bit of luck—a rare bit, a collector's item, really—when we found an apartment in the East 60's, in New York. And, in Darien, Connecticut, a cottage, which is best described as "dreamy," for our summers.

In the country, and in town, we do our own housework. I'm the cook but hate washing dishes. Court likes to wash dishes but hates cooking. Being free lances in radio means odd hours and, often, unexpected hours so that our social life is something there is very little *of*—which means that when we are not working, when we are able to be at home, together, our life is as it was in that first year and a half of our new seven-year-old (but seeming seven-days-short) marriage. Living very much by ourselves, I mean, and to ourselves—and loving it.

My heart told me, the moment I set eyes on Court those years ago. It tells me the same thing, today.

My Husband, Don McNeill

(*Continued from page* 31)

I got more than my usual number of "practice" tries by Don.

Each of the three boys has his own bedroom—and a "secret compartment" in each, for their most prized belongings, was the biggest thrill they found in our new home. Tommy, the oldest (thirteen) and biggest (140 lbs.) of our boys, loves football and baseball and wants to be an artist. He has a drawing board fixed up in his room—where he draws cartoons and works happily—and rather well—with oil paints. Or crossword puzzles. Tommy is in eighth grade—and is already eyeing the high school football team.

Donnie, eleven, is in sixth grade—and active! His taste runs to music; he's taking piano lessons to give proper workouts to the small upright in his room. Bobby, who's six, is mighty proud of his first grade status—and of the double-deck bunk in his room. The whole room is decorated with a nautical touch—rope ladder, anchor and ship's wheel—and how eagerly he rushes his playmates up to see it!

OUR evenings at home are rather uneventful—peaceful, as family evenings should be, I think. We seldom go to parties during the week, and we seldom have people over to our home. After dinner, Don usually heads for a newspaper or a book in the library. The boys are in bed by 8:00, and I pull out an assortment of socks, overalls and shorts—somehow, they always need mending. Don usually goes up to bed about 9:30 or 10:00. I also retire then or keep on with my sewing for perhaps an hour, depending on how I feel.

Some of my biggest adventures have been the trips with Don and the rest of the Breakfast Club gang when the show goes "on the road." Those trips have really been the most exciting part of being wife to the Toastmaster—and just by themselves they more than make up for all the plays, movies and parties I've missed because of going to bed early!

Each spring the Club goes to New York for two weeks, which gives Don a chance to heckle a new group of studio engineers, and which gives me a chance to get away from what-will-I-get-him-for-dinner-tomorrow worries. I had one of the biggest surprises of my life when the Breakfast Club played before 18,000 people in Madison Square Garden. I've heard stories of wives who have to stay up all night waiting for their husbands to come in—but this day wives arrived early to stay up all night waiting for *my* husband to come in!

Don didn't tell me what kind of tricks he had up his microphone—one of his favorite stunts. Clowns, trapeze artists and midgets put the audience in a holiday mood. Before the program began, Don said to me, "You're going to be surprised, Kay!" In the center of the arena was a large steam shovel. And in the middle of the program Don stepped into the scoop of the steam shovel with his hand microphone. As I watched with my mouth open, the scoop swung up, and carried Don up in the air—so he could interview people in the balcony!

Last spring, our trip East enabled the boys to see New York for the first time—and how they loved it! The Breakfast Club was aired from the 58th Street Theater the week of April 14—and on Wednesday, April 16, from Atlantic City. The boys and I went to Philadelphia on Thursday, where we toured a radio-phonograph plant.

Don and the Breakfast Club have on occasion caused much confusion in our home . . . but a confusion which I somehow love, and which also served as recompense for plays and parties missed. For many years, Don had an ambition to conduct the Breakfast Club, pajama-clad, from bed at home. In 1938, the program was arranged. We were living in a six-room apartment on Chicago's north side at the time; Tommy was only two years old and we were expecting Donnie in a few months. Telephone men and radio engineers and technicians were running in and out of the apartment for days—packing it with both people and equipment. It was fortunate that the entire cast didn't move in—Jack Baker, Annette King and the orchestra, led by the late Walter Blaufauss, carried on from the studio.

Tommy could only say "Mommy and Daddy" over the air, but the listeners loved it. (Or do you perhaps remember it yourself?) Don's mail after this "Breakfast in Bed" broadcast set a new record for the program. I was a nervous wreck for a week afterwards, and it took me several days to get used to the novelty of not bumping into someone stringing wires when I walked through the apartment. But it was a lot of fun. Don enjoyed himself immensely, and I certainly enjoyed myself watching him enjoy himself.

Another "nightmare" was the Christmas broadcast from our home in 1945. But everybody admitted it was worth all the extra trouble. Don believes that these home broadcasts are important, and I agree with him, because they make listening friends feel that they've really visited us in our home. It's impossible for us to personally invite all Breakfast Clubbers into our house, of course, but through these broadcasts we can give millions of people an insight into our home life.

I SPENT most of the week before the Christmas broadcast baking cookies and coffee-cakes to serve our guests. We all went to midnight church services on Christmas Eve, and Don and the boys finally got to bed about two a.m. I was just going to retire when the radio engineers and telephone men arrived. They wanted me to get some sleep. But that was hard to do—for they were moving furniture and stringing wires inside and outside the house. One microphone was hidden in the fireplace—and that meant running wires into the basement and up through the grates.

I couldn't sleep—but you can leave it to Don to snore through almost anything! He and the boys slept right up to the time the other Breakfast Club families began arriving at 7:30 A.M. There were Jack and Helen Owens with their three youngsters, Johnny, Mary Anne and Noel; Sam and Dell Cowling with Sammy and Billy and Sam's mother-in-law; Mary Canny, Don's attractive and efficient secretary; the producer, and a few others. Eddie Ballantine and his orchestra and Marion Mann, the singer, were in the studio.

Tommy and Don did the show in their pajamas and dressing gown, but all the rest of us were Sunday-clad. Each time one of the children opened a gift, we would all "Oh" and "Ah!" It

was a birthday party for Noel Owens, too, and she received a beautiful mama doll which she hugged and wouldn't let go. Bobby was tickled with his policeman's suit complete with gun, holster and billy club, and proceeded to put it right on. After they had said their pieces, Bobby took Noel on an inspection tour of the house.

While the other children were admiring their gifts, Don went searching with a hand microphone for Bobby and Noel. He found Bobby alone in the reception hall. Then came one of "those" remarks which occasionally sneak out on radio—and which Don has never forgotten!

"Bobby," he said, "what've you been doing?"

"I showed Noel the house," Bobby replied over the air. "I showed her the living room, and the dining room . . ." he hesitated, looking worried.

"Yes," prompted Don, "and then what?"

"And then she had to go!" blurted Bobby.

Quickly, Don found one of the other children to interview.

WE had a lot of unscheduled and unexpected things happen on the broadcast—just the sort of things that *make* Breakfast Club such a down-to-earth program. The front doorbell rang twice during the broadcast. First, it was one of our neighbors inviting Don and me over to share a cup of Christmas punch. The next time, Tommy answered the bell. And the network audience heard another neighbor inquire, "Tommy, when is your dad going to get out and shovel the snow off his sidewalk?"

Then, our milkman appeared at the back door, to the accompaniment of jingling bottles. I invited him into the living room, where he roared, "Merry Christmas, everybody! How much milk do you want?" That went all over the country, too.

Breakfast Clubbers do seem to like the little "inside" stories of Don's home life which somehow come out when I get in front of a microphone, and those "personal appearances" have resulted in a new addition to the Breakfast Club, too. For under the terms of a new contract which Don signed with the American Broadcasting Company, I must appear a certain number of times on the program myself.

When this was first suggested as part of the new contract recognizing Don McNeill Enterprises, Inc., it caught me a little by surprise. True, I had appeared on the program several times—at Christmas, and on other occasions. But I had certainly never thought of myself as part of the show. Getter-upper and breakfast-getter for Don, yes—but hardly a performer! I got used to the idea, though, and I'm looking forward to my program appearance.

But despite our bantering, the warm feeling that exists between Don and myself goes far back to the lean years—before there was anything like our present home in Winnetka, and when we were living on five dollars a week. I'm sometimes glad that success didn't come to Don too quickly. For in that common struggle through the difficult times we grew to know and understand each other. We found that a firm foundation for marriage is simply to be happy together—taking any reverses in stride, and not worrying over them. Next, we made it a rule that each of us would be willing to give a little, and take a little.

I met Don when he was a journalism student at Marquette University in Milwaukee, and I was secretary to the dean of the journalism school. Although I had seen Don about the buildings (And I must admit I *had* noticed him, for his six-foot-two, athletic build and blue eyes were hard to miss), we first spoke at a fraternity dance.

I invited Don to a Sunday dinner with my folks—the first of many. We weren't exactly "sophisticated" people, and we stayed home more than we went out—probably a good thing, for that's certainly the schedule today, too! After dinner we would play the piano and sing—now and then trying out an Irish jig. Later on, I met Don's parents in Sheboygan, Wisconsin. By this time, Don was beginning to get the idea that we were in love.

A friend mentioned to Don that a local radio station was looking for an announcer, and Don asked me if I thought it might be worth looking into. "Certainly," I said, "it might even mean a job!" So Don went over to talk to the station manager.

The manager was in need of a date that evening, it seemed. So rather than have Don read a sample announcement, he merely said, "If you think you're a persuasive talker, I'll give you a chance to prove it. You get me a date with a co-ed for the evening, and the job is yours." Don *is* a persuasive talker—he got the job.

For six months Don was a combination announcer, sports commentator, engineer, radio column editor and office clean-up man, at $15 a week—then he was fired. "Better quit radio," the manager told him. "You'll never make good." But Don wouldn't quit, and he found a job doing the same work at another Milwaukee station, WTMJ, which paid him $30 a week.

DON was made radio editor of the *Milwaukee Journal*, while at the same time he was editor of the Marquette yearbook. (Incidentally, Fred Montiegel, who was editor the year before Don, is now handling Don's public relations!) Don wrote under the initials B. C. L.—which are still used on the Journal—announced, and conducted the "Around the Dinner Table" hour from 6 until 7 P.M. One day the Marquette paper ran a cartoon showing Don striding forth with a typewriter, an artist's pen, and a microphone. For Don was really a triple-threat man—he'd announce his program, write it up among others in the radio column, and then illustrate the column with his own cartoons! Don graduated as valedictorian of the 1929 class, and stayed on at WTMJ through graduation and almost a year afterward.

In April, 1931, Don received an offer to become radio editor of the *Courier-Journal* and Louisville *Times* at Louisville, Ky., and to be an announcer on their station, WHAS. It was a fine opportunity—and Don took it. Of course, I hated to see him leave Milwaukee.

In Louisville, Don found a friend in Van Fleming, who was vocalist and guitarist with the Kentuckians, a dance orchestra. Don worked on his liking for comedy and impromptu gags with Van, and they turned up with an act named The Two Professors. Don and Van burlesqued "lectures" in the classroom, and Don began to receive fan mail in volume for the first time.

We had a heavy correspondence all through the summer and fall. Then, over the Christmas holidays, my mother let me spend my two weeks' vacation in Louisville. The question (I knew it was coming), actually came then. Don and I were driving through beautiful Cherokee Park. Don stopped the car under a tree, and turned to me. "Will you mar-

ry me?" he asked. And I replied—equally simply—"Yes."

I returned to Milwaukee, and the Two Professors began to gain a larger and larger audience. After half a year on the air, Don and Van traveled to Chicago for an NBC audition. NBC said "We'll let you know."

The rest of the story is one of Don's favorite tales. When the boys got back on the job Monday morning, they received a wire notifying them of their acceptance for a west coast hook-up. And then—the boss came in and fired them both for taking the week-end off. It was the perfect "You can't fire me—I quit!" story when Don merely handed the boss that telegram!

Don came home before going to San Francisco, where the program was to originate. At the railroad station, just before the train pulled out for California, Don pulled the engagement ring from his pocket and slipped it on my finger. It should have been a great moment—but I was blue over Don's leaving. However, it was his opportunity and I kissed him twice—once for good bye and once for good luck.

Almost before Don arrived in California, his grandfather began to warn me of "those Hollywood actresses"—and partly to maintain my morale and partly because I wanted to travel myself, I talked Don's parents and my parents into going to San Francisco with me.

Don was tickled to see us all—and he and I both decided that a Western wedding would be the thing. It was a small, lovely ceremony—with our families and a few friends—in a little Spanish church on San Francisco's Twin Peaks. Real happiness started for me that day.

Things went well in California, the Two Professors and their Cuckoo College were popular on the West Coast network. We felt like riding high, for Don was on the way up—we thought. We had a beautiful apartment, and bought a big car and more clothes than we should have. Life was good.

Then the show ended—and the gas in our high-life balloon suddenly escaped. We went to New York, hoping to find a new spot for the Two Professors. Dan had many interviews. The "no's" were generally polite—but firm. We learned the meaning of saving for a rainy day, for without anything in reserve we faced a no-job cloudburst.

Our New York budget called for five dollars a week—a roast on Monday had to carry us through the following Sunday. We couldn't afford to run the car, and our money was rapidly going out. It was a fortunate day when Don decided to take what little money we had out of the bank and head home to Milwaukee—fortunate because he withdrew our money just a few days before the Bank Holiday.

Don's luck was better in Milwaukee. He got a job announcing on WTMJ again, and his popularity increased. He played "Homer Benchbottom" in his Rise of a Rookie program during the baseball season, and was master of ceremonies for the WTMJ Jamboree production—staged both in Milwaukee Auditorium and the Wisconsin Theater. I'll always remember the first Jamboree—the program was originally scheduled for Plankinton Hall, on the second floor of the Auditorium building. But half an hour before the program was scheduled to start all 1,125 seats were filled, and hundreds outside were clamoring for admission.

"Let's move the show into the main arena," someone said. And the staff began to do just that—less than half an hour before air time! Technicians, musicians, singers and staff people all pitched in. A stage was built—instruments were taken down to the arena—wires were laid—the people formed aisles for the rushing radio crews as they moved into the arena—and all was ready with a half-minute to spare!

However, Don was released by the station soon afterwards—why I'll never know. But it turned out to be our biggest break in disguise. On a limb again, we drove to Chicago. While I handled the wheel, Don scribbled down his ad-lib ideas for an audition as master of ceremonies for a morning program called The Pepper Pot—the pot needed some pepper, and Don got the job. (Perhaps I should say that five judges disapproved and one approved—Don went to work because that one was the program director!) The program became the Breakfast Club, with Don's calls to breakfast, March Time, Memory Time, etc., and his starting salary was $50 per week. Aside from the arrivals of our boys, I think one of the biggest events in our life was the arrival of Don's first Breakfast Club sponsor!

Now and then, Don does have the desire to "get away from it all," and heads off for a hunting or a fishing trip. He's a great lover of the outdoors, and often goes with his father—also quite a sportsman.

He's quite an eater, too. His favorite foods are beef, lamb, chicken and turkey, and wax or green beans and carrots. He loves desserts of all kinds—and milk.

Every so often, someone will ask Don what his favorite recipe is. With a smile toward me, he'll reply, "Steak. Take one cow. Raise gently from calf. Wave tail permanently with a Home-Permanent Wave Kit. Pasture thoroughly for two years. Slice gently, with meat cleaver. Turn gently over to a meat packing company. Select choice tenderloin steak therefrom. Age said steak properly. Keep in freezer. Insert in broiler and eat."

Seriously, Don seems to have a failing for my *Schaum Torte*, a German dessert. The name means "Kiss Cake." Perhaps you'd like to try this specialty yourself, sometime.

Schaum Torte

Beat six egg whites as stiff as possible, adding a teaspoonful of vinegar and a teaspoonful of vanilla. Fold in two cups of granulated sugar, half a dozen tablespoonfuls at a time. Place half the mixture in the bottom of a spring form pan, and use the remaining half to form "peaks" by dripping spoonfuls. Bake for one hour in a slow oven. Remove from pan and allow to cool. Cut the torte in half, crosswise. (The bottom will be the consistency of melted marshmallow.) Over the bottom half place a layer of ice cream and a layer of fresh berries—strawberries or raspberries—or peaches, etc., with juice. Replace the top half, and then cover the top with more berries and ice cream.

You can't describe the results, Don says. You can only go mmmmm!

Friends have often asked me just what Don takes into the studio for the Breakfast Club program. There is no script, of course. The only prepared material Don takes with him is the selected prose and poetry he intends to read during Memory Time and Inspiration Time. Aside from that, Don has only a notebook with gags, letters from listeners, etc., in front of him. He refers to it occasionally during the broadcast. Otherwise, the Breakfast Club is "up for grabs."

All Breakfast Club fan mail goes first to the audience mail department of ABC, which replies to all letters it's possible for them to acknowledge (as requests for tickets or for copies of poems used on Memory Time)—and the mail then goes to the Breakfast Club office. Requests for personal appearances are handled by Jim Bennett, Don's personal manager. Mary Canny, Don's secretary, cares for all contributions, poems, clippings and special correspondence. The mail keeps Don busy after each program. Jean McNeely, Jim's secretary, tabulates the requests for poems—she can tell you which have been most popular in any given year. Her carefully-compiled figures are used as a basis for contents of the Breakfast Club yearbook.

I mention this mail, because I'd like to point out just one thing about Don and the Breakfast Club. Your letters are his inspiration, and they are the only means Don has of knowing what you think of him and the Breakfast Club—and of your ideas for improving the program. All letters are carefully read, and all "quotable quotes" end up in Don's big black notebook. Your contributions to Memory Time, Inspiration Time and Prayer Time help set the pace—keep them coming.

Come and Visit At Red Hook-31

(*Continued from page* 49)

Taylor, Nicky and Kevin have taken to country life with less effort than ducks take to water. Even little Christopher, who is just entering the walky-talky phase, seems to be having a high old time. All four are blue-eyed, ruddy-cheeked, tawny-haired specimens of excellent health—glowing proof of Woody's and Ginny's correct thinking. For the three older lads, it's farm life in the fullest sense; regular chores starting with early morning care of the livestock. They feed and water the chickens; the pigs, the pair of lambs; Rusty the pony and Snafu the donkey, these last two being the Damon and Pythias of the Klose barnyard. Just let Rusty become separated from Snafu and the latter will sit down on his haunches and bawl his fool head off.

Taylor and Nicky take on the more vigorous chores while Kevin pitches in to the best of his seven-year-old ability. "The Boy Sharecroppers," Woody calls 'em and, keeping a poker-face expression, he explains, "They get paid for their labors—ten cents a day. However, their wages have been drawn far in advance. Nicky bought a new bike, Taylor had his repaired and Kevin has got a down payment on one against the day when he learns to ride."

WOODY and Virginia Klose are the kind of parents who respect their children's intelligence. They believe that the small-fry point of view is worth listening to, and so frequently Taylor, Nicky and Kevin join with Mom and Dad in a round table discussion during a Red Hook-31 broadcast. It seems, though, that the boys have such smooth microphone technique (inherited from their radio-wise parents, of course) that listeners have been known to question the program's authenticity, evidently believing that the broadcast, complete with child actors, has been coming not from Echo Valley Farm but from some air-conditioned studio.

Woody's and Ginny's hearts began to sing in Klose harmony circa 1936, in St. Louis. At that time, Woody was co-owner of WTMV, a 250-watt radio station with studios in a downtown hotel. "Co-owner" in a small station like that meant that Woody was also program director, production head, writer and announcer. Previous experience with St. Louis stations had made him excel in all those activities, but at that particular moment in history most of St. Louis' million-and-a-half population were reading the results of a certain contest, to wit: Woody Klose had just been voted the most popular radio announcer in that area. Matter of fact, the handsome, blond Woody Klose physiognomy occupied a two-column space in the St. Louis Star-Times, surrounded by columns of newsmatter concerning the award.

Virginia, somehow, was blissfully unaware of all this fuss, even though her own dad, Frank Taylor, was editor of the Star-Times!

Young Miss Taylor had other things on her mind. A graduate of Maryville College of St. Louis University, she was just back from a study-session at the Sorbonne in Paris. She was attractive, intelligent, Social Register—and job-hunting!

"I waited around WTMV for hours before his lordship showed up," Ginny relates. "He was anything but friendly when I began asking for work. It didn't dawn on me, then, that I should have been congratulating him for winning the popularity contest."

But despite Woody's surly manner (consciously assumed, he explains, because at that period he was determined to remain a bachelor) the attractive young applicant persuaded him to let her try out as a staff writer. Soon Ginny was doing a three-times-a-week broadcast called A Woman Views The News.

The inevitable courtship took place, although the would-be bachelor hesitated for three weeks before asking his new writer for a date. Their dates provided Ginny with an opportunity to gather some biographical data on her slim, lean-faced young boss. Ginny learned how Woody crashed into radio in the late 1920s. He was only 18, then. He'd left Washington University in St. Louis hoping to get recognition as a singer. Auditioned by a young woman at one of the local stations, she told him that his velvet-smooth baritone would serve better if he tried announcing. Which he did—successfully.

Six weeks after A Woman Views The News went on the air Ginny and Woody were engaged. The Taylor-Klose betrothal was announced on April Fool's Day, 1936. On the same day, Virginia and WTMV parted company—because Woody fired her! Next month, the merry one known as May, they were married.

"Our first separation came two and a half years later," Ginny reminisces, "when Woody traipsed to New York for his first network show. There I was, alone in St. Louis, waiting for the arrival of our second child. Taylor had been born in 1937 and Nicky was on his way."

Eventually she and the two young 'uns caught up with Dad in New York. In December, 1939, the program was bought in a half-hour weekly dramatic format for Canadian broadcast. Once against the Kloses packed up and began traveling, this time north to Toronto.

"And that's where we got our first touch of farm fever," Woody says.

Lake Simcoe and Toronto was their orbit for roughly two years, but oddly enough it wasn't until they'd bade farewell to Canada's wide open spaces and were once more in New York (Woody became director of daytime radio at Young & Rubicam Advertising Agency) that their dormant yen for the farmer's life began to waken. Once awake, the yen began to demand as much attention as a spoiled brat. Of course, the Kloses were giving considerable attention to other things as well during those years. There was that little matter of the third junior Klose, Kevin by name, arriving on the scene. And, too, Woody (with Ginny as collaborator) was writing that well known weekly program, My Best Girl, which was aired over the Blue Network during 1943. Their next major collaboration was a situation comedy (faintly autobiographical, they admit) called Mommie And The Men, broadcast over a large chain of CBS stations.

It was in dead of winter that word came from a Poughkeepsie real estate agent: there was a farm available up in Dutchess County, h informed them. The place was on Sawhill Road, less than two miles outside the village of Red Hook, with reasonably easy commuting to the city via New York Central R. R. Would they care to inspect it?

Inspect it they did, on a bleak, chilly day in February just about the least favorable time to find glamor on any farm. But the potentialities of this one were apparent to Woody and Ginny, despite the snow and mud and slush. For one thing, a picket fence fringed the old but stately house. There was something majestic about the towering trees that stood like sentinels near it. There was an eye-pleasing cluster of outbuildings nearby: the tall silo, the sturdy red barns and stables. Only a whoop-and-a-holler away was a babbling brook (inhabited by trout, they were to learn) and all around them the brown land—theirs if they wanted it—lay waiting for the plough.

They wanted it, and shortly they acquired ownership. Their little domain was dubbed Echo Valley Farm and forthwith the Kloses plunged into a completely new way of life, replete with all the alarums and crises that go with such a revolutionary change.

In due time the Klose clan moved in—technically speaking, that is. For seemingly endless weeks the downstairs rooms, cluttered with crates, cartons and a confusion of furniture, resembled the working habitat of stevedores. Dimly and forlornly, Ginny recalled her Greek mythology, especially that one about Hercules and the Augean stables.

Even muscle-man Hercules depended upon water to help him tidy up. Water was one commodity that gave the Kloses trouble right at the start. Theirs was merely a case of having to dig a brand new well. While waiting for this project to reach completion poor Ginny found herself face to face with another problem—laundry. Trustingly, she confided this problem to a laundry company in Kingston. She was assured that the small mountain of soiled linen would be promptly called for and returned. When, after four weeks, the mountain became a veritable Himalaya and was still uncalled for she changed from polite wheedling to grimly threatening tactics. Grudgingly, the laundryman called for the bundle, admitted that his firm had got the original message, but added, "After all, we been doin' business around here for years. We never heard of nobody named Klose."

If the laundry incident and the water crisis were disturbing, then the affair of the bats was nervewracking.

It was their first summer at the farm. Woody and Ginny were sitting out on the front lawn enjoying the cool of evening. Suddenly Ginny ducked her head and began babbling quiet but hysterical variations of "Scat!" and "G'way!" Woody had seen the cause of her agitation but he merely murmured, "It's nothing. Probably just a large moth."

Ten minutes later, when Ginny's teeth had stopped chattering, Woody ducked *his* head, at the same time letting out a restrained "Yikes!"

In saccharine tones Ginny asked, "Darling, do you think the moths around here are on a diet of filet—or is it just that this poor light makes them look so big?"

Okay, so it was a bat, Woody admitted; but after all, this was the country—they'd have to get used to seeing a bat once in a while. Well, they got very used to the sight and, what's more, became quite expert at ducking the flying rodents. It was Ginny, however, who observed that the nasty creatures would fly out of sight somewhere near the peak of their own roof, the last shingle of which had been nailed into place a few years prior to Custer's Last Stand.

Not long after they discovered their little unfeathered friends, the Kloses employed some electricians to install new wiring in the upstairs rooms. One workman, perched on a ladder with

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933, of RADIO MIRROR published Monthly at Dunellen, N. J., for October 1, 1947.

State of New York }
County of New York } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Meyer Dworkin, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Secretary of RADIO MIRROR and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, Macfadden Publications, Inc., 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.; Editor Fred R. Sammis, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Doris McFerran, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.; Secretary, Meyer Dworkin, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Macfadden Publications, Inc., 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17 N. Y. Stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock in Macfadden Publications, Inc.: Orr J. Elder, 276 Harrison Street, East Orange, N. J.; King & Co., c/o City Bank Farmers Trust Co., 22 William Street, New York 15, N. Y.; Henry Lieferant, 54 Riverside Drive, New York, N. Y.; Carl M. Loeb, Rhodes & Co., 61 Broadway, New York, N. Y.; (Mrs.) Elizabeth Machlin, 299 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; (Mrs.) Margaret Machlin, Beaver Dam Road, Stratford, Conn.; O'Neil & Co., P. O. Box 28—Wall Street Station, New York, N. Y.; Joseph Schultz, 328 S. Harrison Street, East Orange, N. J.; Arnold A. Schwartz, c/o A. A. Whitford, Inc., 705 Park Avenue, Plainfield, N. J.; Charles H. Shattuck, 221 N. La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill.; Harold Wise, 11 Mamaroneck Road, Scarsdale, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are (If there are none so state.): Orr J. Elder, 276 Harrison Street, East Orange, N. J.; Mrs. Mary Macfadden, 406 E. Linden Avenue, Englewood, N. J.; Charles Mendel, 720 West End Avenue, New York 25, N. Y.; Charles H. Shattuck, 221 N. La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill.; City Bank Farmers Trust Company, et al, 22 William Street, New York 15, N. Y., as Trustees for: Beulah Macfadden, Beverly Macfadden, Braunda Macfadden, Byrnece Macfadden, Helen Macfadden, Berwyn Macfadden, Brewster Macfadden, Mary Macfadden.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is (This information is required from daily publications only.)

(Signed) MEYER DWORKIN.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of September, 1947.
(SEAL)

TULLIO MUCELLI,
Notary Public, State of New York.
County of Residence, Bronx, Bronx Co.
No. 137, Reg. No. 90-M-8. Cert. filed in N. Y. Co. No. 284, Reg. No. 317-M-8.
Commission expires March 30, 1948.

his upper half squeezed through a ceiling trapdoor, was heard to emit a "Yikes!" considerably louder than Woody's. Half tumbling from the ladder, the electrician looked at Ginny and gasped, "Lady! Your attic's full of 'em!"

Woody climbed up and his flashlight both clarified and confirmed the man's statement. The Kloses had a bad case of bats in their belfry, or attic, anyway. How bad a case they didn't realize until, after frantic calls to the County Farm Agent and other dead ends, they obtained the services of a professional exterminator who used poison gas. The Klose family was forced to take hotel rooms in New York for several days until the lethal fumes of cyanide aired out. When they returned, the efficient exterminator reported on bat casualties; he'd hauled away one truckload, or over four hundred carcasses!

DESPITE a start studded with such wacky incidents, the scheme of things at Echo Valley Farm gradually became less hectic and soon the Kloses were taking the new life in their stride. In jig-time Woody became as adept with a tractor as he had been with an airplane. Radio-producer Klose doesn't belong to the gentleman-farmer school—he really wears an old shirt and denim jeans and works his land. Witness their twenty acres of red and yellow Delicious apples which, every ten days or so, must be sprayed with insecticide. Witness, too, the wide variety of vegetables grown in trim rows only a stone's throw from their back porch. And take note of the twenty acres of alfalfa that, twice in the summertime, must be mowed, cured, raked, baled and then stored in the barn against the day when Woody and Ginny will own cows.

"By this time next year we hope to operate our place full scale as a dairy and fruit farm," Woody declares. "The problem is to make as much milk as you can as cheaply as you can. That means stocking up on winter feed and, toward that objective, next year we're planning to put in fifteen acres of field corn plus enough to fill the silo. And we're slowly getting hep to the advantage of planting alfalfa. Animals like corn and they like hay. Now, a field of alfalfa, for instance, will yield from two to three times as much tonnage per acre as a field of timothy. What's more, alfalfa contains a much larger calcium and protein content than timothy . . ."

Yes, that's Willard "Woody" Klose, the radio-producer, waxing eloquent on his newest enthusiasm. You wonder how he finds time and energy to pick up and practice all that farm lore and, virtually in the same breath, do his daily chatter show, Red Hook 31, with wife Ginny—plus carry on his activities as a partner in Frank Cooper Associates, the New York radio package-show producers whose air-fare triumphs include programs like the Alan Young Show, The Al Pearce Show, Jim Backus' comedy stint on Mutual and Strike It Rich heard over CBS. Mr. Klose does a juggling act, you conclude.

As for the distaff side of the family—pin a few medals on Ginny, too. Virginia Klose has an equal share of responsibility for Red Hook 31 and she maintains a mighty beautiful home and she's the favorite Mom of four delightful boys. Plus the newcomer who'll have arrived by the time this is in print.

It's a Young World

(*Continued from page 25*)

As it turned out, her father had to be content with directing the choir of Zion's Rest Church in his home town as an outlet for his talents. And he found a bride there, too—the church organist. She had been baptized in that church, and her mother, her grandmother and her great-grandmother before her, so when the two young Gordons were born, they were named Anita and Charlie at the baptismal fount of Zion's Rest.

The two girls might have had to be content with choir practice and services as outlets for their talent, like their father, if the Gordons had stayed in Corsicana. But when Charlie was eight and Anita five, the family moved to Los Angeles, where there were other audiences to be found. Anita promptly found one—the biggest audience in the country—in the Hollywood Bowl, the following Easter, and her singing career was under way.

WITH her father's encouragement, and her Uncle Leonard's singing instructions, she continued to find audiences until, at fifteen, she tried out for, and won hands-down, the vocalist's assignment on the Bergen program.

At this point, the story takes a reverse twist. Her father might indeed have been an actor if he had been able to choose his place of birth, but Anita says she never would have been a professional singer at fifteen if her father had not been a butcher!

A top talent agent, Harry Narwood, was a customer of her father's. It was in the middle of the bleak war years, and meat was hard to get. Harry Narwood wanted a roast of prime beef. Gordon wanted an audition for his talented daughter. Fair enough. They made the deal—Narwood served choice beef at his next dinner party; Anita auditioned for Edgar Bergen. Her own ingenuity and talent did the rest.

Anita gets goose bumps even yet remembering that audition.

She had never been afraid in her life, but this was different. There was no audience in Studio A at NBC—only Edgar Bergen, Ray Noble, and Earl Ebi, producer of the program, sitting in the control booth. They had never heard Anita Gordon, and obviously didn't expect much. They were unsmiling, the empty studio was cold, the big stage with its battery of microphones terrifying.

Anita looked up, she says, at the three stone faces, waiting for a cue.

"Sing something," Edgar Bergen said.

So she sang something.

No comment. But Bergen was smiling, at the edges.

She waited.

"Say something," was the next instruction.

"Read something?" she wondered aloud. "Recite?"

"No, just say something."

"I like to sing," Anita said, thinking fast. "What do you like to do?" Edgar's smile was broader now.

"Go on," he said.

She was clutching at straws. They were trying to get a line on her diction, she figured. Suddenly a rhyme she had learned at school flashed into her mind. It was supposed to help you pronounce your words clearly.

"Betty Bottle Bought a Bit of Bitter Butter," she said.

All three ogres in the control room laughed.

"You're okay, kid," Bergen beamed. And she had the job.

In three seasons on the program, Anita has become a Bergen show fixture. And she loves the job. Her work schedule—singing rehearsals on Monday and Wednesday afternoons, dialogue rehearsals on Saturday and the Sunday show—leave her plenty of time to apply herself to the studies she considers vital in terms of the future she is mapping out for herself.

She attends Mrs. Elsa Laskey's school for professionals and in a few more months will have qualified for her high school diploma. Currently her program includes Geometry 1-2, and Spanish 3-4, but she has had a complete elementary and high school course, except for gym and study halls.

Professional children don't get let off anything when it comes to school work, Anita will have you believe. As a matter of fact, she agrees with Mrs. Laskey that career-minded youngsters usually apply themselves more, are more serious and responsible students than other boys and girls their age.

Anita's scholastic record is excellent—her sister is so "brainy," she explains, that she has "knocked herself out trying to get As" and keep up the family reputation. She would have finished high school a year ago and gone on to U.C. L.A., the next goal, except that she has interrupted her studies so often to tour the country with the Bergen company.

THOSE tours, which most high school girls would envy as glamorous and exciting, are an ordeal to level-headed Anita. She says she gets so homesick for the sight of someone her own age that she is miserable. Once last winter when the company was at dinner in Kansas City, Anita saw that the young waitresses were teen-agers and left the party to go out in the kitchen to help them prepare the food. After dinner, she went on with the young people to a dance.

She sticks to her generation at home too. Although she lives in the heart of Hollywood, near some of the most celebrated glamor-spots in the world, she ignores night-clubbing.

"I don't drink," she says, "and there is nothing duller than sitting around watching other people drink."

She and her friends have their parties in one another's homes, dancing to phonograph records, or making silly records of their own. They eat enormous late suppers of spaghetti or beans or something else equally substantial—all of which has no effect on the figure, Anita claims, when unaccompanied by alcohol.

Her "fairly steady" boy friend, Jay Fishburn, she has known for years in school and out, and with Barbara Drake and her boy friend, Mal Aulsbury, they make a convivial foursome. Jay, who is a professional jockey, owns two beautiful horses, so they ride a lot, and Anita is as serious about becoming a good horsewoman as she is about mastering geometry.

"Jay calls me his little Chestnut," she says, "and Mal calls Barbara, who is a blonde, his little Palomino. We kid around and have so much fun."

It is typical of Anita that she is as as friendly with Jay's parents as with Jay. Often when he is out of town for a racing meet, she has dinner with his mother and father.

"I always know I'm welcome there," she says. "If they're not home when I drop by, I just go in and wait. I know where the key is."

Anita's unembarrassed socializing with her elders is rooted not so much in her years of association with older people in her work, as in the kind of home life she has always known. The Gordon family is a team—"everybody helps everybody," Anita says.

Mrs. Gordon is a very quiet—and "very pretty," Anita adds—person, who has always let her husband make the big decisions. Anita says that it was always "Daddy, may I . . ." as she and Charlie were growing up.

Lately, recognizing his daughters' intrinsic good taste and good sense, Mr. Gordon has answered with "Figure it out for yourself," but the girls still ask his permission for everything.

Charlie—it's not a nickname; the Gordons wanted a boy—is the family's *real* pride and joy, Anita says.

"SO BRIGHT. So beautiful. So talented."

It's a rave, and Anita means it.

Charlie is in Sweden now, training her fine coloratura voice for opera at the Royal Opera School in Stockholm. The family misses her dreadfully, and Anita worries that Charlie will be helpless without her.

"I've always bought all her clothes, fixed her hair, and looked after her generally," the younger sister will tell you in dead seriousness.

It's not that she considers her older sister incompetent. On the contrary, she "feels dumb" in the presence of Charlie and her intellectual friends—the aspiring dancers, musicians, poets, who are always around when Charlie is at home.

But Charlie would be too submerged in her musical studies, Anita thinks, to do anything with her blonde, naturally curly hair. And at home, she "just never bothered" to buy clothes. Luckily both sisters are size 9, and Anita could do it for her.

Anita, who has been an established professional for three years, believes that her own talent is pale beside that of her big sister. "I'm doing what I'm doing because I was not good enough for opera," she says.

Despite her years and years—already—of training, Charlie has refused so far even to sing for her family. "She thinks she's not ready," Anita explains, but she worries about Charlie's nerves when she finally must face the public. Unlike her sister, Charlie avoids audiences, but then, Anita says, "she has always been an introvert."

Anita has heard Charlie sing only once, when she played "Ave Maria" on the piano, and Charlie began to sing softly to the accompaniment. Her sister's voice was, Anita says, "magnificent."

Such terms Anita reserves for the people she loves most, and admires most. Charlie is wonderful. Her parents are wonderful. Her teacher is wonderful. Barbara, her "closest friend since the Year One," is "going to be a star."

Such generous, giving attitudes are rare anywhere in a striving competitive society. In Hollywood, where the difference between oblivion and success seems so often to depend upon a concentrated devotion to the "Big I," Anita Gordon's story is somehow reassuring and full of hope.

The Most Revolutionary Undie Designed in a Decade!

You DON'T need a Girdle?

You DON'T like a Garter Belt?

THEN YOU'LL BE MAD ABOUT...

Suspants

by Blue Swan

The undie that can be worn with garters ... and never slips off the waist.

All you fashion-wise lassies can pass the good word along...SUSPANTS is the thrilling new star of the "undie" world. It's goodby to girdles and garter belts! Just attach garters and you have an undie—with GARTER TABS—that suspends stockings wrinkle-free, and mysteriously hugs your waist whether you bend, twist or stand on your head. The secret is the new "pivot-point" bias pattern — which neutralizes, thus eliminating, all pull. Moreover, SUSPANTS exerts just enough figure control to make it the perfect accessory for evening and daytime wear—with or without garters. Featured at all leading stores... individually cellophane wrapped . . . in all colors, $1.50 and up.

JUNIOR MISS SIZES: 9 TO 17

Blue Swan

MILLS

Division of McKay Products Corp.
Empire State Bldg., New York, N.Y.

A McKAY PRODUCT
Pat. App. for

INTERNATIONAL SKI STAR

Blanche Christian agrees...

"Experience is the best teacher!

in skiing and in choosing a cigarette"

Experience—and perfect coaching—have taught Blanche Christian the finer points of skiing

CAMELS ARE THE CHOICE OF EXPERIENCE WITH ME!

More people are smoking CAMELS than ever before!

Your "T-Zone" Will Tell You Why!

T for Taste... T for Throat...

that's *your* proving ground for any cigarette. See if Camels don't suit *your* "T-Zone" to a "T."

AS A SKIER, Blanche Christian is "one in a million"—an expert with wide experience... ski instructor in leading resorts. As a smoker, she is one of millions who had a most revealing experience during the wartime cigarette shortage.

"When cigarettes were so hard to get," says Miss Christian, "I smoked many different brands. Naturally, I compared them for quality. I learned by experience that Camels suit me best!" Like Miss Christian, thousands of smokers compared . . . found Camels the "choice of experience."

Try Camels. Let your own experience... your "T-Zone"... tell you why more people are smoking Camels than ever before.

According to a Nationwide survey:

MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE

When 113,597 doctors were asked by three independent research organizations to name the cigarette they smoked, more doctors named Camel than any other brand!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, North Carolina