

radio stars

and TELEVISION

• A DELL MAGAZINE •
DELL
• A DELL MAGAZINE •



THE SECRET OF THE
EDGAR BERGEN CASE

ARE RADIO CONTESTS HONEST?

Watch your Skin Grow Lovelier with your First Cake of Camay!

Charm and good looks, dates and romance, can begin with a lovely skin! And your skin can be softer, lovelier, with your very *first cake* of Camay.

Give up careless cleansing—go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested mild Camay care on scores of women—found most complexions grew softer and smoother with just *one cake* of Camay! Follow directions on the wrapper for a lovelier skin!

MRS. BENJAMIN MOATS, Jr.
the former Marjorie Lehmann of Haverhill, N.H.
bridal portrait painted by *Wm. Rose*

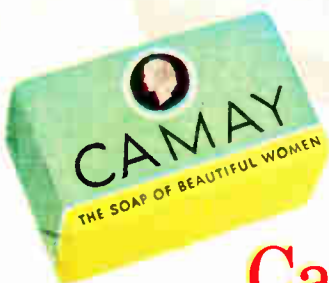


READ ABOUT A ROMANCE!

Marjorie met Ben when she was at Skidmore—he called with Dartmouth friends. It was love from the start! She thanks Camay: "My *first cake* brought a lovelier look!"



Honeymooning at Sea Island, bride and groom rode the ocean without a tumble. But Ben's "overboard" for Marjorie's complexion. She'll stay on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!



Camay THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

"Dentists say the IPANA way works!"

Junior Model Joan Murray shows how it can work for you, too



Sitting pretty is dateable Joan Murray, radiant 17-year-old model of Harrison, N. Y. This popular lass has a smile that wins her top honors—modeling or dating!

Of course, Joan follows the *Ipana* way to healthier gums and brighter teeth . . . because dentists say it works! Her professionally approved *Ipana* dental care can work for you, too—like this . . .



"The *Ipana* way is easy—and fun," Joan tells friend Peggy. Dentists say it works . . . and it's simple as 1, 2:

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Try this for healthier gums, brighter teeth, an *Ipana* smile. *Ipana* refreshes your mouth and breath, too. Ask your dentist about *Ipana* and massage. See what it can do for you!

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Ipana dental care promotes

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*In thousands of reports from all over the country.

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World Radio History

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**Veto lasts and lasts
from bath to bath!**

radio stars

and TELEVISION

March 1949

stories

ME AND MY SHADOWS	by Harriet Hilliard	30
BENNY SENT ME (Dennis Day)	by Alice Tildesley	32
THE SECRET OF THE EDGAR BERGEN CASE.	by Carl Schroeder	36
THE BIG SWITCH		38
THE WALLFLOWER THAT BLOOMED (Jo Stafford) ..	by Christine Stafford	40
ARE RADIO CONTESTS HONEST?	by Martin Abramson	42
SOMETHING FOR MOTHER (Dennis James)	by Cameron Day	44
THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH SOAP OPERAS.	by Mona Kent	46
TOSCANINI	by Leonard Meyers	50
HOME IN INDIANA	by Herb Shriner	54
RETURN ENGAGEMENT	by Gloria Swanson	56
NOTHING SACRED (Morey Amsterdam)	by Jean Meegan	58
I'LL NEVER BE AFRAID AGAIN	by Ted Malone	60

features

GODFREY'S GAL ("Mug" Richardson)		12
MAN WITH A TEMPO (Guy Lombardo)		16
ANNE WHITFIELD		17
MAMA'S GOT PROBLEMS		18
EDITOR'S NOTES		28
MEET HAWTHORNE		29
THIS IS YOUR LIFE		34
TAKE A NUMBER (Quiz)		68
IT'S A CRIME ("This Is Your F.B.I.")		69

departments

INSIDE TRACK (News of radio and television)	by Jean Meegan	4
DEAR EDITOR (Letters from readers)		14
THIS MONTH ON THE AIR (Program listings)		20
AT HOME ("Man-About-Main Street")	by Jane Tiffany Wagner	63
TAKE YOUR TROUBLES TO THE JUVENILE JURY	by Jack Barry	24
BEAUTY ("Every Little Thing Shows")	by Candy Jones	82
MUSICAL MERRY-GO-ROUND (Record reviews and news) ..	by Jill Warren	76

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Based on the novel by Craig Rice
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It's a rollicking mystery comedy based on the popular Craig Rice character (and we do mean "character") Mr. Malone



When Al Jolson says "thanks," he does it right. A little while ago, singer Peggy Lee appeared as Al's guest on the NBC *Kraft Music Hall*, and he made sure that pretty Peg realized how grateful he felt.



Danny Kaye ran into Dotty at the Hollywood NBC studios recently, where the Lamour girl puts on her weekly radio program. Danny, not long back from a tour in England, had a lot to say about London fogs.



The young man looks happy not only because he's sitting right next to Ingrid Bergman, but because she's appearing as the star of *Camille* on the CBS *Ford Theatre*, which he directs. He's dynamic Fletcher Markle.



Three little Crosby's visit Pop at work, and have a great time playing the drums. While Bobbie Jr., Chris and Cathleen find their look-in at *Club 15* great fun, Bob is just a little harassed by the whole thing.

Inside track

BY JEAN MEEGAN



Film actor George Montgomery takes the missus out in style to the Coconut Grove. They both wanted to hear orchestra leader Freddy Martin, who was entertaining at the time. The two who have stopped for a chat are Martin and singer Buddy Clark.



The rehearsal's over and singer Doris Day is in a mad hurry to get home, so like a good floss Bob Hope gives her a quick bite from his sandwich. Bob, himself, is going to stick around awhile to study the script some more and make a few corrections.

You-know-what is paved with good intentions—and I was loaded with them when I went to see Fred Allen after his announcement that he was quitting radio come July. I thought *The Inside Track* should have the inside story. Mr. Allen was in his studio at NBC finishing an audition for some child actors to select one to appear on the show.

Someone from NBC told the great Allen I was there, according to plan. Allen snapped, "Why doesn't somebody tell me these things? I don't expect anyone from the press. If this appointment had been cleared with me I could collect my thoughts on this subject but I can't come out of an audition like this and say anything about why I'm leaving radio. One reason I'm leaving is so I can spend my own time. For 17 years other people have been spending it for me."

Mr. Allen is obviously sore. His enemies—and the root of his soreness—are ABC's *Stop The Music*, which stole his audience away with fabulous prizes; CBS which hired away such top NBC stars as Jack Benny and Amos & Andy for the most imposing Sunday night comedy line-up—and last but not least NBC itself. "I would love to give my opinion of NBC," said Allen, who has been nurtured by the network all these years. I didn't stay around to get that opinion, but it didn't take much guessing to figure out what it was.

• • •

Anna Roosevelt and I have spent a lot of time together this year during her New York visits. She knows she has a ready-made audience for her stories and she entertains me by the hour with the funny things that happen in connection with her big ABC show.

This is the first time Anna and her mother ever have worked together. The first day that they were to meet face to face in the

Don't be Half-safe!



by
VALDA SHERMAN

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

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

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

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

Intimate protection is needed—so protect yourself with this snowy, stainless cream that smooths on and disappears. Arrid, with the amazing new ingredient Creamogen, is **guaranteed** not to crystallize or dry out in the jar, or new jar free on return to Carter Products, Inc., 53 Park Pl., N. Y. C. The American Laundering Institute has awarded Arrid its Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. Arrid is safe for the skin—non-irritating—can be used right after shaving.

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

Inside track



At a benefit party, brand-new papa, Dennis Day, gets some pointers on the care of infants from bespectacled Garry Moore and Penny Singleton, both veteran parents.

studio (ordinarily they broadcast from opposite ends of the earth) Anna described thusly: "I was scared out of a year's growth. I had a couple of questions ready to ask Mother and that was going to be the show but I felt strangely shy about the whole thing."

Anna's nerves were not in vain. Mrs. Roosevelt, the world traveler who knows every capital in Europe as you and I know our bureau drawers, got lost in Radio City. She never got into the studio until one and a half minutes before the show went off the air.

"I've only been late for a radio show twice in my life," Eleanor Roosevelt told me later at home, "once with Mary Margaret McBride and then today. I hadn't made the trip from the apartment here to Radio City in so long I'd forgotten about the traffic and how long it took. That part might have been all right if the driver hadn't dropped me at an entrance I'd never used before and I wandered around all those minutes looking for the studio."

Anna ad libbed for 10 minutes—an eternity on the air—with family stories

Another Roosevelt episode concerns Anna's 9-year-old son Johnny Boettiger. His mother had to lug him to the studio one day for rehearsal because it was the maid's day out and she couldn't leave Johnny alone. She told him she would tell a story about him on the air if he would be quiet.

Anna was interviewing a school teacher and thought this would be a wonderful opportunity to mention Johnny's attitude about school. "Johnny," says his mother, "asks me why teachers get paid for their work when the kids work twice as hard for nothing." Johnny loved it.

Virginia Field, a Hollywood feature player for the last several years, and currently

World Radio History

appearing on Broadway in *Light Up The Sky* put her finger on the Hollywood problem in a story she told me at lunch recently.

"I was called for a television show but turned it down because the price wasn't any good," said Virginia. "The man who called me said icily that I wasn't being very cooperative because the two people who were to appear with me were trying to get to Hollywood and this program was to be in the nature of an audition."

Virginia listened patiently to his complaint and then replied: "Will you please give me one reason why I should try to send two new people to Hollywood when my friends out there are out of work?"

Hollywood is importing low-priced players from the other entertainment mediums to fill the ranks forcibly vacated by the high salaried movie crowd. Anne Seymour, who has been one of radio's leading ladies since *Grand Hotel* in the low 1930's, and is an acknowledged queen in air-ial dramatics, is one of the new Hollywood recruits.

She is playing the wife in *All The King's Men* opposite Brod Crawford. Through the years she has been tested once or twice for pictures but Hollywood was never in the market until they started to run low on cash. Mercedes MacCambridge, who was leading lady on CBS's *Studio One* all last season and at one time played the lead on *Big Sister*, is also having her first fling in movies, as the secretary in the same picture.

I would like to have been in the studio of the Ford Theater the Sunday night Fletcher Markle, the director of the show, ate a page of the script.

Markle had told Manny Kramer, one of his actors on the show, if he read a line a certain

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INSIDE TRACK

Cod and moved his family in. They tell me he and his wife, Midge, have kept the numbers on the doors, the register on the front desk, the keys in the mail boxes. I've been invited for a weekend and I wouldn't miss it for the world. It must be fun to walk out Monday morning—and no bill.

and said, "Mother, I had a wonderful dream last night—that you are going to get sick later today and I will have to rush in at the last minute and play your part with Mr. Lancaster."

• • •

I heard a story about Joan Bennett's teenage daughter, Melinda Markey, which tickled me. Joan took her to a rehearsal of the *Ford Theater*, when she and Burt Lancaster were to play in *Double Indemnity*. Melinda has a terrific crush on Burt. She followed the script carefully and took it home with her when rehearsal was over. That night she memorized it. In the morning she went into Joan's room

Jean Hersholt has been in Palm Springs on a short holiday between his *Dr. Christian* programs.

"I was trying to find Jack Warner's house down there," the beloved Dane said, "but nobody knew where it was. Finally I started down a dusty desert road in my car and I saw a woman ahead. I stopped to ask her and she told me right off. It was Hedda Hopper. Good heavens—that woman knows everything."

Free Offer!

Your editor would like to know which stories you enjoyed the most in this issue of **RADIO STARS AND TELEVISION**. We want to know this so we can publish articles on the people and programs YOU want to read about. If you fill out and mail us the following questionnaire, we will be happy to return the favor by sending you an issue of the **RADIO ALBUM Quarterly**.

PLEASE NUMBER FROM 1 TO 5 (in boxes to left of titles) the articles and features you like the most:

- | | |
|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Me and My Shadows (Ozzie & Harriet) | <input type="checkbox"/> Take A Card (Jack Carson-Dave Willock) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Benny Sent Me (Dennis Day) | <input type="checkbox"/> Home In Indiana (Herb Shriver) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> This Is Your Life | <input type="checkbox"/> Return Engagement (Gloria Swanson) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> The Secret of the Edgar Bergen Case | <input type="checkbox"/> Nothing Sacred (Morey Amsterdam) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> The Big Switch | <input type="checkbox"/> I'll Never Be Afraid Again (Ted Malone) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> The Wallflower That Bloomed (Jo Stafford) | <input type="checkbox"/> At Home (Man-About-Main Street) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Are Radio Contests Honest? | <input type="checkbox"/> Inside Track |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Something For Mother (Dennis James) | <input type="checkbox"/> Man With A Tempo (Guy Lombardo) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> There's Nothing Wrong With Soap Operas | <input type="checkbox"/> This Month On The Air |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Toscanini | <input type="checkbox"/> Golden Fingers (Dick Contino) |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Meet Hawthorne |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Juvenile Jury |

Which of the above stories did you like the LEAST?

Which three stars, programs, or subjects are your choices for future articles.....

Do you own, or intend to buy soon, a television set?

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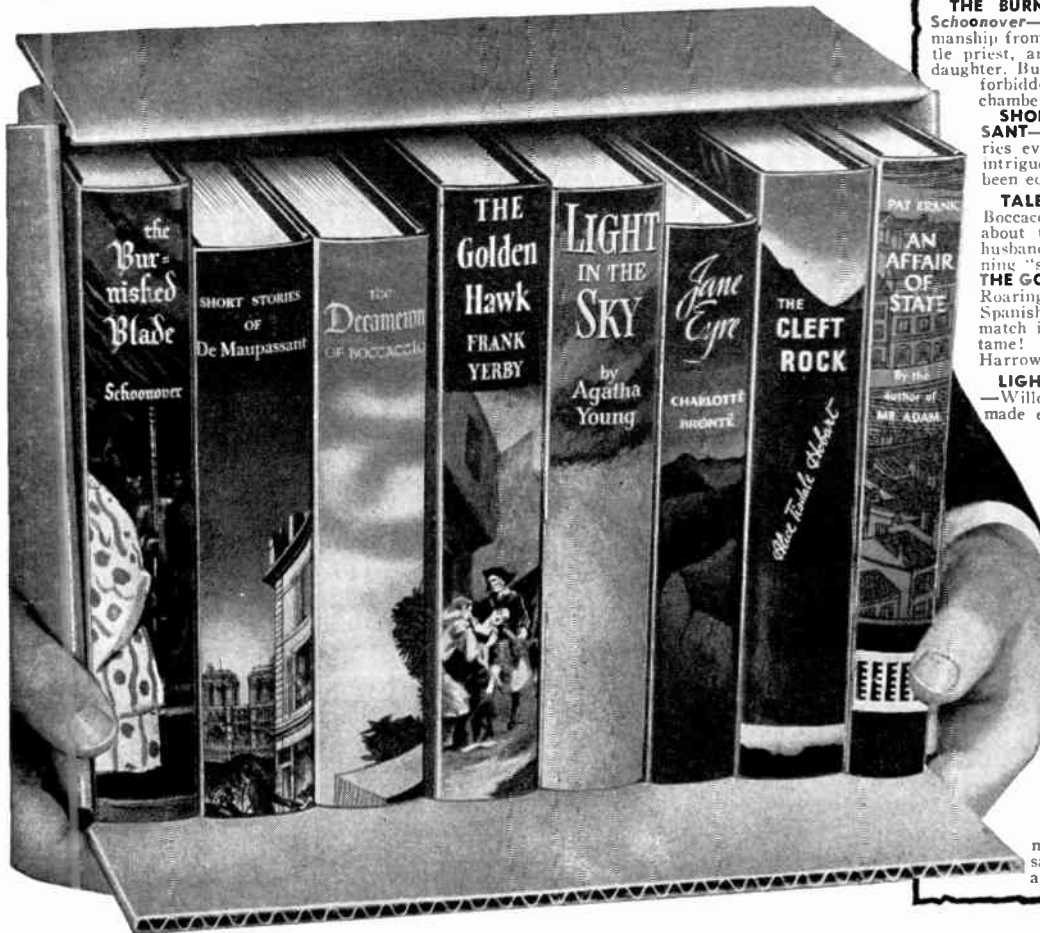
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godfrey's gal

YOU NEVER HEAR MUG, BUT SHE'S ALWAYS BESIDE GODFREY—AND HE'D BE SPEECHLESS WITHOUT HER.

■ Arthur Godfrey calls her Mug, but it's not an insult. When she was six, her pals in Wendell, North Carolina, started handing out nicknames. They convinced her that Mug was superb. Even after she'd won the state beauty contest, the name stuck. Now she won't even answer to another. At CBS, they refer to her as Chief of Production, but that can't half describe what she does for the *Arthur Godfrey Show*. Godfrey doesn't use a script. He just sits at the mike and lets his personality drift into your radio set. Every once in a while he realizes there's no paper in his hand and he turns pale. That's where Mug (Margaret Richardson) comes in. She sits next to Godfrey all the time. When she feels dead air approaching she tosses over a gag, an anecdote, a poem—all neatly typed up, and he reads it. Without her he'd have to use his guitar. And without her he'd daily be taken for rides by all the phonies who keep coming up with salestalk. In short, she's a wonder—even though she can't spell. Godfrey met her in Atlantic City in 1934 where she was competing for the Miss America title. She'd left her bathing suit at home that day, but she still looked terrific. He was interviewing her on his morning radio show, and through his mind the thought kept racing—

if only she could type. Turned out she was an expert, but didn't want to. She wanted to be a model and maybe a movie star. Modeling in New York was fun for a week. Then it got boring. You put on a dress, someone clicked a camera—and what happened to your mind? Nothing. So she quit. On the way home to North Carolina, Mug stopped off at Washington, D. C., and there was Godfrey—holding out a typewriter in both his arms. She sighed, and took it. A little while later she passed it on to one of her eight assistants. Now Mug prepares all of Godfrey's material which takes up twenty-two hours a week of air-time. He calls her his Girl Friday—but she's his Monday, Wednesday and Thursday, too. She has an affection for her job which she thinks is terrific, and an affection for her boss which she can't quite put into words. "Red?" she'll say, "why—why, he's just about the most human guy I've ever met." Probably, if you have a radio, you know what she means. If you have a television set, you're certain about it. Not only is Godfrey's voice an established part of the household scene these days, but now his beaming face is around too, with *Talent Scouts* on Mondays, and the new hour-long TV show on Wednesday nights.

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Now, from Woodbury scientists comes PENATEN—newly developed penetrating ingredient. Here in Woodbury De Luxe Face Creams are just-discovered formulas—for deeper, cleaner cleansing!—for superb richer softening!—for sheerest make-up flattery! Your happy promise of flawless new skin beauty!

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penetrates deeper
into
pore openings

Woodbury De Luxe Cold Cream
...incomparable cleaner cleansing!
PENATEN makes this De Luxe Cold Cream deeper-cleansing. Helps cleansing oils *actually* penetrate deeper into pore openings. Seeks out clogging soil and make-up more effectively. With your first jar of Woodbury De Luxe Cold Cream, your skin will be fresh and beauty-clean...as never before!

Woodbury De Luxe Dry Skin Cream
...superb richer softening!
Magically, PENATEN aids the skin absorb rich emollients in this De Luxe Dry Skin Cream. Lanolin's softening benefits... four more skin softeners... penetrate deeper into pore openings. Tiny lines soften. Flaky roughness smooths. Your skin looks gloriously younger!

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



Woodbury De Luxe Liquefying Cleansing Cream—contains Penaten! Particularly effective for cleansing oily or normal skin. Melts instantly. Loosens clinging grime, make-up, surface oil. Night and morning use helps

Woodbury De Luxe Vanishing Facial Cream—For Glamorous Make-Up. Greaseless, disappearing. A thin veil makes even oily skin look dewy. For a Beauty Pick-up: Apply lavishly to soften skin particles. Skin looks fresher, younger

Woodbury De Luxe Powder Base Foundation Cream—Petal-Tinted: Adds glow to any powder shade. Veils dry or normal skin in satin-textured base that holds make-up. Helps hide blemishes. Apply sparingly—smooth over face, throat.

Woodbury De Luxe Complete Beauty All-Purpose Cream—Pink-Tinted: Penaten makes this De Luxe All-Purpose Cream more effective—for complete skin care, day and night. Cleanses deeper. Softens superbly. Provides a clinging make-up base.

In 36 Minutes—
wing your way to



Raymno Cahoon, charming Pan American World Airways stewardess, uses Glover's 3-Way Medicinal Treatment for lovely highlights!

New Hair Loveliness

Yes, in 36 minutes your hair can look lovelier! Appear always at your best on time, for business or social engagements—and Glover's Mange Medicine helps you do just that! Fresh lustre and radiance, natural color tone, hair softness and glamour—these are yours with Glover's famous 3-Way Medicinal Treatment—quickly, conveniently, in your own home! Ask for the regular sizes of Glover's Mange Medicine, GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo and Glover's Hair Dress at Drug or Cosmetic counters—or mail! Coupon today for free trial application of all three!

The Famous 3-Way Medicinal Treatment



Free Trial Application

Be Glover-wise...glamorize with Glover's Mange Medicine, GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo, Glover's Hair Dress! One complete application of each in hermetically-sealed bottles—all three in free Sampler Package *was* sold in stores. Mail Coupon today.

Glover's, Dept. 853
101 W. 31st St., New York 1, N. Y.

Send free Sampler Package in plain wrapper by return mail—Glover's Mange Medicine, GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo, Glover's Imperial Hair Dress in 3 hermetically-sealed bottles—with free booklet. I enclose 10¢ to cover cost of packaging and postage.

Name.....
(PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY)
Address.....
City.....Zone.....State.....



dear editor

wants the truth

Dear Editor:

Please give your readers the real facts and don't stretch the truth. Maybe the stars are happily married, but can they all be such marvelous cooks and devoted diaper-changers? For goodness sakes, even plain people like me, who have less on our minds than the stars, get a little fed up at times with being kitchen slaves. Show us the stars as real people and remember no one is perfect!

MRS. FLORENCE GENTRY
Portland, Oregon

unfair to men

How come those dames on *Leave It To The Girls* get away with those unfair cracks about us poor men? My pet peeve is that big chatterbox, Eloise McElhone. I bet she looks like a magpie.

JOHN CRISS
St. Louis, Mo.

■ Here's a picture of Eloise, John. How wrong can you get? ED.



paging john brown

Dear Editor:

In every fan magazine I pick up, the first thing that hits me is the big names. That's okay, but why not give the little names a break? How about pictures and articles about some of the actors and actresses who aren't stars? For example, I'd like to see what the actor who plays Al on *My Friend Irma* looks like.

MRS. FRANCES PODIS
Ft. Worth, Texas

■ Here he is. His name's John Brown and he also plays Digby O'Dell on *Life of Riley* and Will Thornberry on *Ozzie and Harriet*.



more pictures please!

Dear Editor:

Your magazine is the first one I ever read about radio and television people. I liked everything I read, but I hope you will use more pictures in your next issue.

HELEN MICHALOWSKI
Scranton, Pa.

he's curious

Dear Editor:

There is one thing I noticed a definite lack of in your last issue, and that is—television stuff. My family doesn't have a set as yet, but we are all sure curious about what's going on. Also, please tell us what sets are best and how much they cost?

JAMES DOHERTY
Albany, N. Y.

■ In a future issue we will have pointers on buying a television set. ED.

godfrey find

Dear Editor:

I'm a Vic Damone fan. He's the young singer who got his break on *Godfrey's Talent Scouts*. Please introduce Vic to your readers. I know they'll like him.

JACKIE WHITE
Charlotte, N. C.

■ Note the winning smile. Not bad, huh? ED.



advice for neighbors

Dear Editor:

What's all this talk about quiz-shows and their effect on listeners? There is something that is far more disgusting. I mean disc-jockeys. How any one other than a moron can listen to the chatter of these goons is beyond me. Every morning I am awakened by my dear neighbors who insist on tuning in to get the gossip, time and (ha!) jokes. Well I do things the smart way. I read the newspapers and I have a clock to tell time. I wish the jokers next door would do the same!

F. LEWIS
New York City



Mrs. Eugenia Roberts of Atlanta had a dry skin problem. "Now," says this lovely young mother. "I use Noxzema as my all-purpose cream, my night cream and powder base. It certainly helps keep my complexion looking soft and smooth."



"I apply Noxzema before putting on make-up and use it before retiring after a day outdoors," states this charming Baltimore sports enthusiast, Jean Patchett of Preston. "I also use Noxzema to help protect my hands against chapping."

Which of these 6 American Women is the **MOST LIKE YOU?**

**If you have some little thing wrong with your skin—
and who doesn't—be sure to read these exclusive interviews.**



"Ten years ago I was annoyed by externally-caused blemishes on my face," says Mrs. Eileen Meyer, Detroit. "Noxzema helped heal them so quickly I've used it ever since. It's a *real* all-purpose cream!"

• Recently we called on women across the country, asking about their beauty problems. Here are the views of six typical women who are using a new idea in beauty—*Medicated Skin Care*.

New Beauty Routine

It's a simple home treatment developed by a doctor. It has been clinically tested. In fact, 181 women from all walks of life took part in this skin improvement test under the super-

vision of 3 noted doctors—skin specialists. Each woman had some little skin problem.

Based on Scientific Tests

Each woman followed faithfully Noxzema's new 4-Step Medicated Beauty Routine. At 7-day intervals, their skin was examined through a magnifying lens. Here are the astonishing results: Of all these women, 4 out of 5 showed softer, smoother, lovelier-looking skin in two weeks!

Yes, 4 out of 5 were thrilled at the improvement in their skin!

For Externally-Caused Skin Troubles

If you want an aid to a softer, smoother looking skin, if you suffer the embarrassment of externally-caused blemishes, rough, dry skin or other similar skin troubles—try Noxzema.

4-Step Beauty Routine!

1. Morning—bathe face with warm water, with a wet cloth apply Noxzema and "cream-wash" your face.
2. Apply Noxzema as a powder base.
3. Before retiring, repeat morning cleansing.
4. Massage Noxzema lightly into your face. Pat on extra Noxzema over blemishes.

Follow this new routine faithfully morning and night. See if you aren't amazed at the astonishing way it can help your skin. At all drug and cosmetic counters, **40¢, 60¢, \$1.00 plus tax—Trial Size also**



"My hands were dreadfully chapped. A friend recommended Noxzema and today I use it for everything," says Shirley O'Hara of Los Angeles. "It's my complex-



Cute blonde Mrs. Sonia Dorsey of Cambridge, Mass. uses Noxzema as her all-purpose cream. She says, "I have unusually dry skin. I've found Noxzema helps keep my



"I put a wonderful-feeling 'mask' of Noxzema on my face before retiring. It's done so much for my skin, I've been recommending it to my friends," says glamor-

His music is soft
and sweet and his speed-
boating is fast
and furious. But his
tempo is always a steady—
and a winning—one.

Guy has travelled 114 miles
per hour in his speedboat.
It's fittingly named *Tempo*.



man with a tempo



Guy's wife, Lilliebell, is as proud of his speedboating trophies as her husband is. But the bandleader doesn't limit his sport interests. He is also a flying enthusiast, and owns an airline.



Guy and his Royal Canadians have been voted number one band of the U. S. for some 20 years. Guy's first outfit was a four-piece grammar-school band. He still thinks it was good.

■ "The old order changeth," the saying goes, "yielding place to the new." But with Guy Lombardo, there's been no changing or yielding. For twenty years his Royal Canadians have maintained the same musical style—refusing to give way a measure to new fads or tempos. Proof that the appeal of simple melodic music is timeless is in the fact that Guy Lombardo is still tops—just as he has been every year since 1928.

Though Dixieland and be-bop artists sneer at the very idea, Guy insists that the public has a deep desire to know what melody is being played. That desire the Royal Canadians satisfy with music that's singable, danceable and easy on the ear. As a result, a Lombardo "date" always means a full dance hall, a Lombardo record means peak sales, and a Lombardo broadcast means millions of listeners and the rugs pulled back for dancing.

One of the uncanny things about Lombardo is his sure-fire ear for a hit tune. The Royal Canadians have introduced more songs (about 275) that have become national favorites than any other band. Hardly a year goes by, in fact, without half of our top songs being introduced by Guy Lombardo. It is easy to understand—knowing this—why Lombardo is musicdom's number one target for song pluggers.

But the guy whose music is unhurried can travel fast when he wants to. In a boat, for instance, Lombardo is a speed demon. In 1946 he was acclaimed by the sporting world for winning every important speedboat race in the United States—including the Gold Cup, which is to speedboating what the Kentucky Derby is to horseracing. He's a musician to most people—but sportsmen claim him as one of their own.

Appropriately enough, Guy's boat is named *Tempo*.



ANNE WHITFIELD

SHE'S A LITTLE GIRL
WITH A TALENT THAT MAKES
OLD-TIMERS BLINK.

■ The closest most kids get to dramatic experience is playing Christopher Columbus in the annual school play. Most kids hate it. But Anne Whitfield is not like most kids. At seven, she was a veteran actress and loving every minute of it. They thought she was born in a trunk because all good actresses are born in trunks. Anne was born in Mississippi 10 years ago and was discovered by her mother who recognized her small daughter's talents, almost immediately. While Capt. Whitfield was serving in the Philippines, mother Frances Whitfield took Anne to Hollywood and started pounding on producers' front doors. One of the first to open was Carleton Morse, and he signed her for *One Man's Family*. After that he signed her for *Claudia* when the part called for a little German girl. So Anne did the part in German. Anybody can learn to read German overnight—can't they? Carleton became very attached to Anne. Got so he couldn't do a show without her, and Anne went into *His Honor The Barber*. The fall of 1946 found her doing evening shows in the real big time—*Lux Radio Theater*, *Cavalcade of America* and *Screen Guild*—and it gave her a wonderful opportunity to watch the styles of well-known actors. Now, Anne is starred as Phil Harris' daughter Phyllis on the Faye-Harris show (she's responsible for "Ain't Daddy lu-oo-oo-lu!") and is a positive whiz at playing little boys. Move over, Orson, you've got company.

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SEE FOR YOURSELF WHICH STOPS PERSPIRATION—PREVENTS ODOR BETTER!

Be Lovelier to Love with new perfect FRESH

FRESH CREAM DEODORANT STOPS PERSPIRATION

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P.S. Test FRESH yourself at our expense. See if FRESH isn't more effective, creamier, smoother than any deodorant you've ever tried. Only FRESH can use the patented combination of amazing ingredients which gives you this safe, smooth cream that doesn't dry out . . . that really stops perspiration better. Write to FRESH, Chrysler Building, New York, for a free jar.

Your face is your fortune...but your figure's fortuna.



Nylon power net panty girdle with exclusive contour-fitted crotch...

Fortunette

by FORTUNA

Super-strong, extra-flexible with rayon satin lastex panel. Contour-fitted crotch of exclusive Elasta-q cloth won't ride up, cut, or bind. Detachable garters. Or regular girdle. Nude, white, blue, black. Small, medium, large. \$5.95 at leading stores everywhere.



WOLFE & LANG, Inc., 35 West 32 Street, New York 1, N. Y.



Boby Jeon eyes Mama Eileen Palmer, who portrays on episode mother on *Road of Life*.

mama's got problems

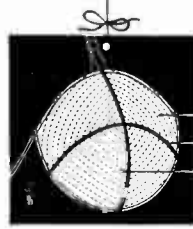
After what she goes through on soap operas every day, there's baby to worry about at home.

■ You could see the proud gleam in Grace Matthews' eyes. "Andrea," she explained, "is on a self-demand diet." Then a thoughtful look crossed her face. "Of course, one of the books says to feed her promptly at 5." She was cut off by an "on-the-air" signal and slipped into the role of *Big Sister*. But the gleam, along with the conversation, returned after the broadcast. "Half an hour shouldn't make much difference. When Andrea's ready to be fed, she'll let the whole world know!"

Grace is in a very appropriate business. As a daytime serial queen, she specializes in every-day problems at the studio. Then she goes home and does the same thing in real life. Eileen Palmer and Arlene Joyce can make that claim, too. In addition to careers, the three have something very special in common—brand-new baby daughters.

And there's so much to think about. What

the secret's in the circle!



Only Merry-Go-Round bra gives you all these exclusive features:

- Patented Circular Stitching creates alluring, feminine curves.
- Faggoted seams give you heavenly comfort and freedom.
- 4-section bias cup accentuates small bust — minimizes full bust.
- Pre-tested "Shrinkage Control"—FIT and LIFT won't wash out.

only PETER PAN makes Merry-Go-Round bra

Want lovelier curves? Write for FREE booklet, "Your New Guide to Bustline Beauty" PETER PAN, 312 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 1, N. Y. Dept D1 MERRY-GO-ROUND OF CANADA, 3645 ST. LAWRENCE BLVD., MONTREAL

The Double Life of Teresa Wright!



On *Young Dr. Malone*, Arlene Joyce plays Renee. In real life she's Vicki's proud mother.



The radio fans for and wife Grace Marthews is *Big Sister*. Baby Andrea was born Labor Day.

kind of a home to have, for instance. Eileen takes the stand that the country is the place for a child to grow up. "Children should be raised away from city streets, if possible," she maintains. She likes to picture her small fry with pets—specifically a dog and pony. Grace hopes to move to the suburbs when Andrea is older. "The added room of a house has advantages for both children and parents," she says. And Arlene grins. "A yard for Vicki! What a break for both of us!"

Each girl feels that parental supervision should be the combined and equal efforts of mother and father. "A child derives security from close association with her parents," Eileen sums it up. "I'll do everything possible to help Vicki," Arlene vows. "But I do hope she prefers to be a good wife, rather than a career girl." There you get three rods of approval. And Mama knows best!



On the Screen

Teresa plays a love scene enchantingly . . . thrills millions with the magic of her graceful, smoothly perfect hands.

TERESA WRIGHT, lovely young star of Samuel Goldwyn's "ENCHANTMENT"



In Private Life

Teresa is a popular hostess and an excellent cook. Her specialty? Chef's Salad à la Teresa! And her hand care specialty? Jergens Lotion! Teresa says: "Jergens keeps my hands wonderfully soft in spite of kitchen work."

Hollywood Stars use Jergens Lotion 7 to 1 over any other hand care

For the Stars—for you—today's richer Jergens Lotion gives finer than ever care. Now Jergens:

Protects longer against roughness.

Smooths hands to even softer, finer loveliness.

Because it's a liquid, Jergens quickly furnishes the softening moisture thirsty skin needs.

Never sticky or greasy. Only 10¢ to \$1.00 plus tax.

Keep your hands lovely to look at with Jergens Lotion



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

World Radio History

program notes

■ To make RADIO STARS the greatest possible service to listeners everywhere, we are starting a monthly department combining coast-to-coast network schedules and the latest news of time changes, program switches and air premieres. This will help keep you keep pace with your fast-changing dial. *All times listed are Eastern Standard*—easily adaptable to your own time zone by subtracting one hour if you live in the Central Zone, two hours if you live in the Rocky Mountain Zone and three hours if you live in the Pacific Zone. Pacific schedules are impossible to list accurately because they play leapfrog from city to city; but you can check these listings daily to correct for local variations.



Alan Young

NEWCOMERS: *The Alan Young Show* (NBC, Tues., 8:30 p.m.) stars the rapid-fire Canadian gagster in a situation-comedy. Young is backed up by George Wyle's orchestra and the singing Alan Youngsters . . . *Little Herman*, ABC's heart-warming comedy-mystery (Sat., 9 p.m.) stars Bill Quinn as a paroled convict now on the side of law and order . . . *Georgia Gibbs*, a top soloist with Bob Hope, Tony Martin, and Jimmy Durante, joined a new headliner when she signed as featured singer and actress on the laugh-filled *Morey Amsterdam Show* (CBS, Tues., 9:30 p.m.) . . . *Wormwood Forest* (NBC, Sat., 5:15 p.m.) is a dramatic new series for youngsters dealing with life in the animal kingdom . . . *Tales of Fatima* (CBS, Sat., 9:30 p.m.) stars Basil Rathbone as narrator of a suspenseful half hour based on exciting experiences in his career. Fatima, legendary Arabian princess, threads mysteriously through the adventures . . . *Betty Clark Sings* (ABC, Sun., 3:15 p.m.) stars radio's greatest new trouper, a blind youngster of twelve. The script is in poetry and musical background is by novachord, harp, and electric guitar . . . Jo Stafford's own new show on ABC (Thurs., 8:30 p.m.) is keeping Jo right on top of the musical world.



Basil Rathbone



Jo Stafford



Art Linkletter

CHANGES: *Mayor Of The Town*, starring Lionel Barrymore, has shifted to Mutual (Sun., 7:30 p.m.) . . . Art Linkletter's *House Party* on ABC (Mon.-Fri., 3:30 p.m.) is broadcast from Tom Breneman's Restaurant . . . *Stars Over Hollywood* is now heard at 1 p.m. on Saturday over CBS . . . Bill Cullen led the way as CBS' *Winner Take All* went all the way from Saturday to Wednesday at 10 p.m. . . . *Gangbusters* is a new arrival on CBS but keeps its old time, 9 p.m. on Saturday . . . *Counter-Spy*, formerly heard once a week, now traps his man every Tuesday and Thursday (ABC, 7:30 p.m.) . . . There's talk of dropping Milton Berle's ABC show (Wed., 9 p.m.) but his NBC television program continues to stay on top as video's funniest and most popular offering.



Milton Berle

Sunday morning

A.M.	CBS	ABC	NBC	MUTUAL
9:00	News	Sunday Morning	World News	Tone Tapestries
9:15	E. Power Biggs,	Music Hall	Story to Order	Chamber Music
9:30	Organ		Bach Aria Group	
9:45	Trinity Choir	9:55 News	D & H Miners	
10:00	Church of the Air	Message of Israel	National Radio Pulpit	Radio Bible Class
10:15		Southernaires	Voices Down the	Voice of Prophecy
10:30			Wind	
10:45				
11:00	News, Warren	Fine Arts Quartet	Words and Music	Back to God
	Sweeney			
11:05	News, Bill Costello			
11:15	The Newsmakers	Hour of Faith	News	Northwestern Univ.
11:30	Salt Lake City		Solitaire Time	Reviewing Stand
11:45	Tabernacle			

afternoon

Noon	Invitation to Learning	George Carson	To be announced	Alan Lomax
12:15		Putnam		
		United Nations		
12:30	People's Platform	Reporter	The Eternal Light	Lutheran Hour
12:45		Piano Playhouse		
1:00	Joseph C. Harsch	American Almanac	America United	Wm. L. Shirer
1:15	Elmo Roper	Editor at Home	Univ. of Chicago	To be announced
1:30	Tell It Again	National Vespers	Round Table	American Radio
				Warblers
1:45				Music Box
2:00	Symphonette	This Week Around	First Piano Quartet	Air Force Hour
2:15		the World	University Theatre	News, Bill Cunningham
2:30	You Are There	Mr. President		Veteran Wants to Know
2:45				
3:00	N. Y. Philharmonic	This Changing World	University Theatre	Omega Show (or)
3:15	Symphony	Future of America	One Man's Family	Michael O'Duffy
3:30		Treasury Band Show		Juvenile Jury
3:45				
4:00	N. Y. Philharmonic	Ted Malone	Quiz Kids	House of Mystery
4:15	Symphony	Johnny Thompson		
		Sings		
4:30	Skyway to the Stars	Metropolitan	Robert Trout	True Detective
4:45		Auditions	4:35 Living—1949	Mysteries
5:00	Festival of Song	To be announced	Jane Pickens Show	The Shadow
5:15				
5:30	Strike it Rich	Quiet Please	RCA Victor Show	Quick as a Flash
5:45				

evening

6:00	Family Hour of Stars	Drew Pearson	Catholic Hour	Roy Rogers Show
6:15		Monday Morning		
		Headlines		
6:30	Spike Jones Show	Greatest Story Ever	Ozzie and Harriet	Nick Carter
6:45		Told		
7:00	Jack Benny Show	Go for the House	Horace Heidt	The Falcon
7:15				
7:30	Amos 'n' Andy	Carnegie Hall	Phil Harris Show	Mayor of the Town
7:45				7:55 Johnny Desmond
8:00	Adventures of Sam	Stop the Music	Fred Allen	A. L. Alexander
8:15	Spade		NBC Theater	Memos for Music
8:30	Life With Luigi			
8:45				
9:00	Helen Hayes, Elec-	Walter Winchell	Manhattan Merry-	Under Arrest
9:15	tric Theatre	Louella Parsons!	Go-Round	Jimmie Fidler
9:30	Our Miss Brooks	Theatre Guild on	Album of Familiar	Twin Views of the
9:45		the Air	Music	News
10:00	Lum 'n' Abner	Theatre Guild on	Take It or Leave It	Secret Missions
10:15		the Air	Who Said That?	Starlight Moods
10:30	Cabin B-13	Jimmie Fidler		
10:45		George E. Sokolaky		

this month on the air

Monday

morning

A.M.	CBS	ABC	NBC	MUTUAL
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	News Barnyard Follies	Breakfast Club	Honeymoon in New York Clevelandaires	The Editor's Diary Tell Your Neighbor Bob Poole
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Music For You Arthur Godfrey Show	My True Story Betty Crocker Eleanor Roosevelt	Fred Waring Show Road of Life The Brighter Day	Cecil Brown, News Faith in Our Time Say It With Music
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Arthur Godfrey Show Grand Slam Rosemary	Second Honeymoon Ted Malone Galen Drake	This is Nora Drake We Love and Learn Jack Berch Show Lora Lawton	Passing Parade Victor H. Lindlahr Gabriel Heatter Lanny Ross

afternoon

Noon	Wendy Warren, News Aunt Jenny	Welcome Travelers	Local Program	Kate Smith Speaks
12:15			Echoes From the Tropics Words and Music	Kate Smith Sings
12:30	Romance of Helen Trent	Local Program		Luncheon at Sardi's
12:45	Our Gal Sunday			
1:00 1:15 1:30	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone	Baukhage Talking Nancy Craig	Boston Symphony Rehearsal Rob't McCormick, News	Cedric Foster, News The Happy Gang
1:45	The Guiding Light	Dorothy Dix	Here's Jack Kilty	Checkerboard Jam-boree
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	The 2nd Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This is Nora Drake What Makes You Tick	Breakfast in Hollywood Bride and Groom	Double or Nothing Today's Children Light of the World	Queen for a Day Golden Hope Chest
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	David Harum Hilltop House Your Lucky Strike with Don Ameche	Ladies Be Seated House Party	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young's Family Right to Happiness	Red Benson Ozark Valley Folks
4:00	Hint Hunt, Chuck Achree	Kay Kyser	Backstage Wife	Local Program
4:15 4:30 4:45	4:25 News Robert Q. Lewis	Listen to This Ethel and Albert Nelson Olmsted	Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	The Johnson Family Local Program Two Ton Baker
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Treasury Bandstand The Chicagoans Herb Shriner Time	Challenge of the Yukon Sky King (or) Jack Armstrong	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Adventure Parade Superman Capt. Midnight Tom Mix

evening

6:00 6:15	Eric Sevareid, News You and —	Local Program	Bob Warren, News Clem McCarthy 6:20 Sketches in Melody 3 Star Extra	Local Program
6:30 6:45	Local Program Lowell Thomas			
7:00	Jeulah	Human Side of the News 7:05 Headline Edition	Supper Club	Fulton Lewis, Jr.
7:15 7:30	Jack Smith Show Club 15	Elmer Davis, News Lone Ranger	News of the World Art Van Damme Quintet H. V. Kaltenborn	Dinner Date News Inside of Sports
7:45	Edward R. Murrow, News			
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Inner Sanctum Arthur Godfrey, Talent Scouts	Railroad Hour H. J. Taylor	Cavalcade of America Hood Sherlock Holmes 8:55 Hy Gardner	Casebook of Gregory Hood Sherlock Holmes 8:55 Hy Gardner
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Radio Theatre	Let's Go to the Met Stars in the Night	Telephone Hour Dr. I. Q.	Gabriel Heatter Newsreel Fishing-Hunting Club 9:55 Bill Henry, News
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	My Friend Irma Bob Hawk Show	Arthur Gaeth Earl Godwin On Trial	Contented Hour Radio City Playhouse	American Forum Dance Orchestra

Tuesday

morning

A.M.	CBS	ABC	NBC	MUTUAL
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5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Treasury Bandstand The Chicagoans Herb Shriner Time	Green Hornet Sky King (or) Jack Armstrong	When a Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Adventure Parade Superman Capt. Midnight Tom Mix

evening

6:00 6:15	Eric Sevareid, News You and —	Local Program	Bob Warren, News Clem McCarthy 6:20 Sketches in Melody 3 Star Extra	Local Program
6:30 6:45	Local Program Lowell Thomas			
7:00	Beulah	Human Side of the News 7:05 Headline Edition	Supper Club	Fulton Lewis, Jr.
7:15 7:30 7:45	Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow, News	Elmer Davis, News David Harding	News of the World The Smoothies Trio Richard Harkness, News	Dinner Date News Inside of Sports
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Mystery Theatre Mr. and Mrs. North	Youth Asks the Govt. Earl Godwin America's Town Meeting	This is Your Life Alan Young Show	George O'Hanlon Show Official Detective 8:55 Hy Gardner
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	We the People Morey Amsterdam Show	America's Town Meeting Edwin D. Canham, News Detroit Symphony	Bob Hope Show Fibber McGee and Molly	Gabriel Heatter Newsreel The Lone Wolf 9:55 Bill Henry News
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Hit the Jackpot Mr. Ace and Jane	Detroit Symphony It's in the Family— CIO It's Your Business— NAM	Big Town People Are Funny	Korn's A Krackin' Dance Music

this month on the air

Wednesday

morning

A.M.	CBS	ABC	NBC	MUTUAL
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	News Barnyard Follies	Breakfast Club	Honeymoon in New York Clevelandaires	The Editor's Diary Tell Your Neighbor Bob Poole
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Music For You Arthur Godfrey Show	My True Story Betty Crocker Eleanor Roosevelt	Fred Waring Show Road of Life The Brighter Day	Cecil Brown, News Faith in Our Time Say It With Music
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Arthur Godfrey Show Grand Slam Rosemary	Second Honeymoon Ted Malone Galen Drake	This is Nora Drake We Love and Learn Jack Berch Show Lora Lawton	Passing Parade Victor H. Lindlahr Gabriel Heatter Lanny Ross

afternoon

Noon 12:15	Wendy Warren, News Aunt Jenny	Welcome Travelers	Local Program Echoes From the Tropics	Kate Smith Speaks Kate Smith Sings
12:30 12:45	Romance of Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday	Local Program	Words and Music	Luachoon at Sardi's
1:00 1:15 1:30	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone	Baukhage Talking Nancy Craig	Vincent Lopez Rob't McCormick, News	Cedric Foster, News The Happy Gang
1:45	The Guiding Light	Dorothy Dix	Here's Jack Kilty	Checkerboard Jam- boree
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	The 2nd Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This is Nora Drake What Makes You Tick	Breakfast in Holly- wood Bride and Groom	Double or Nothing Today's Children Light of the World	Queen For A Day Golden Hope Chest
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	David Harum Hilltop House Your Lucky Strike with Don Ameche	Ladies Be Seated House Party	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young's Family Right to Happiness	Red Benson Ozark Valley Folks
4:00 4:15	Hint Hunt, Chuck Achree	Kay Kyser	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas	Local Program The Johnson Family
4:30 4:45	4:25 News Robert Q. Lewis	Ethel and Albert Nelson Olmsted	Lorenzo Jones Young Widdler Brown	Local Program Two Ton Baker
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Treasury Bandstand The Chicagoans Herb Shriner Time	Challenge of the Yukon Sky King (or) Jack Armstrong	When a Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Adventure Parade Superman Capt. Midnight Tom Mix

evening

6:00 6:15	Eric Sevaried, News You and —	Local Program	Bob Warren, News Clem McCarthy 3:20 Sketches in Melody 3 Star Extra	Local Program
6:30 6:45	Local Program Lowell Thomas			
7:00	Beulah	Human Side of the News 7:05 Headline Edition	Supper Club	Fulton Lewis, Jr.
7:15 7:30 7:45	Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow, News	Elmer Davis, News Lone Ranger	News of the World The Smoothies Trin H. V. Kaltenborn	Dinner Date News Inside of Sports
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Mr. Chameleon Dr. Christian	Amateur Hour	Blondie Great Gildersleeve	Can You Top This High Adventure 8:55 Hy Gardner
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	County Fair Harvest of Stars	Star Theatre Groucho Marx	Duffy's Tavern Mr. District Attorney	Gabriel Heatter Newsreel Family Theatre 9:55 Bill Henry, News
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Beat the Clock Capitol Cloak Room	Bing Crosby Meredith Wilson	The Big Story Curtain Time	Manhattan Play- House Dance Orchestra

Thursday

morning

A.M.	CBS	ABC	NBC	MUTUAL
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	News Barnyard Follies	Breakfast Club	Honeymoon in New York Clevelandaires	The Editor's Diary Tell Your Neighbor Bob Poole
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Music For You Arthur Godfrey Show	My True Story Betty Crocker Dorothy Kilgallen	Fred Waring Show Road of Life The Brighter Day	Cecil Brown, News Faith in Our Time Say it With Music
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Arthur Godfrey Show Grand Slam Rosemary	Second Honeymoon Ted Malone Galen Drake	This is Nora Drake We Love and Learn Jack Berch Show Lora Lawton	Passing Parade Victor H. Lindlahr Gabriel Heatter Lanny Ross

afternoon

Noon 12:15 12:30 12:45	Wendy Warren, News Aunt Jenny Romance of Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday	Welcome Travelers Local Program	Local Program Betty Harris Words and Music	Kate Smith Speaks Kate Smith Sings Luncheon at Sardi's
1:00 1:15 1:30	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone	Baukhage Talking Nancy Craig	Vincent Lopez Rob't McCormick, News	Cedric Foster, News The Happy Gang
1:45	The Guiding Light	Dorothy Dix	Here's Jack Kilty	Checkerboard Jam- boree
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	The 2nd Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This is Nora Drake What Makes You Tick	Breakfast in Holly- wood Bride and Groom	Double or Nothing Today's Children Light of the World	Queen for a Day Golden Hope Chest
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	David Harum Hilltop House Your Lucky Strike with Don Ameche	Ladies Be Seated House Party	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young's Family Right to Happiness	Red Benson Dixie Barn Dance
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Hint Hunt, Chuck Achree 4:25 News Robert Q. Lewis	Kay Kyser Listen to This Ethel and Albert Nelson Olmsted	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widdler Brown	Local Program The Johnson Family Local Program Two Ton Baker
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Treasury Bandstand The Chicagoans Herb Shriner Time	Green Hornet Sky King (or) Jack Armstrong	When a Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Adventure Parade Superman Capt. Midnight Tom Mix

evening

6:00 6:15	Eric Sevaried, News You and —	Local Program	Lionel Ricau, News Clem McCarthy 6:20 Sketches in Melody 3 Star Extra	Local Program
6:30 6:45	Local Program Lowell Thomas			
7:00	Beulah	Human Side of the News 7:05 Headline Edition	Supper Club	Fulton Lewis, Jr.
7:15 7:30 7:45	Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow, News	Elmer Davis, News David Harding	News of the World Art Van Damme Quintet Richard Harkness	Dinner Date News Inside of Sports
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	F.B.I. in Peace and War Mr. Keen	Abbott and Costello Show Theatre U. S. A.	Aldrich Family Burns and Allen	What's the Name of That Song Hollywood Story 8:55 Hy Gardner
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Suspense Crime Photographer	Our Job is Man- hattan Jo Stafford Show 9:55 By Hicks	Al Jolson Show Dorothy Lamour Show	Gabriel Heatter Newsreel Mysterious Traveler 9:55 Bill Henry, News
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Hallmark Playhouse First Nighter	Child's World We Care Harrison Wood	Screen Guild Players Fred Waring Show	Thin Man Dance Orchestra

this month on the air

Friday

morning

A.M.	CBS	ABC	NBC	MUTUAL
9:00	News	Breakfast Club	Honeymoon in New York	The Editor's Diary
9:15	Barnyard Follies		Clevelandaires	Tell Your Neighbor
9:30				Bob Poole
9:45				
10:00	Music For You	My True Story	Fred Waring Show	Cecil Brown, News
10:15				Faith in Our Time
10:30	Arthur Godfrey Show	Betty Crocker	Road of Life	Say it With Music
10:45		Eleanor Roosevelt	The Brighter Day	
11:00	Arthur Godfrey Show	Second Honeymoon	This is Nora Drake	Passing Parade
11:15			We Love and Learn	Victor H. Lindlahr
11:30	Grand Slam	Ted Malone	Jack Berch Show	Gabriel Heatter
11:45	Rosemary	Galen Drake	Lora Lawton	Lanny Ross

afternoon

Noon	Wendy Warren, News	Welcome Travelers	Local Program	Kate Smitn Speaks
12:15	Aunt Jenny		Echoes From the Tropics	Kate Smith Sings
12:30	Romance of Helen	Local Program	Words and Music	Luncheon at Sardi's
12:45	Our Gal Sunday			
1:10	Big Sister	Baukhage Talking	U. S. Marine Band	Cedric Foster, News
1:15	Ma Perkins	Nancy Craig		The Happy Gang
1:30	Young Dr. Malone		Rob't McCormick, News	
1:45	The Guiding Light	Dorothy Dix	Here's Jack Kilty	Checkerboard Jamboree
2:10	The 2nd Mrs. Burton Perry Mason	Breakfast in Hollywood	Double or Nothing	Queen for a Day
2:15		Bride and Groom	Today's Children	Golden Hope Chest
2:40	This is Nora Drake		Light of the World	
2:45	What Makes You Tick			
3:10	David Harum	Ladies Be Seated	Life Can Be Beautiful	Red Benson
3:15	Hilltop House		Ma Perkins	
3:30	Your Lucky Strike with Don Ameche	House Party	Pepper Young's Family	Ozark Valley Folks
3:45			Right to Happiness	
4:10	Hint Hunt, Chuck Achree	Kay Kyser	Backstage Wife	Local Program
4:15	4:25 News	Listen to This	Stella Dallas	The Johnson Family
4:40	Robert Q. Lewis	Ethel and Albert	Lorenzo Jones	Local Program
4:45		Nelson Olmsted	Young Widdler Brown	Two Ton Baker
5:00	Treasury Bandstand	Challenge of the Yukon	When a Girl Marries	Adventure Parade
5:15		Sky King (or)	Patricia Faces Life	Superman
5:10	The Chicagoans	Jack Armstrong	Just Plain Bill	Capt. Midnight
5:45	Herb Shriner Time		Front Page Farrell	Tom Mix

evening

6:10	Eric Sevareid, News	Local Program	Lionel Ricau, News	Local Program
6:15	You and		Clem McCarthy	
6:10	Local Program		8:20 Sketches in	
6:15	Lowell Thomas		Melody	
7:10	Beulah	Human Side of the News	3 Star Extra	
7:05		7:05 Headline Edition	Supper Club	Fulton Lewis, Jr.
7:15	Jack Smith Show	Elmer Davis, News	News of the World	Dinner Date
7:10	Club 15	Lone Ranger	The Smoothies Trio	News
7:45	Edward R. Murrow, News		H. V. Kaltenborn	Inside of Sports
8:10	Jack Carson Show	Fat Man	Cities Service Band	Great Scenes From
8:15				Great Plays
8:10	My Favorite Husband	This is Your FBI	Jimmy Durante Show	Leave it to the Girls
8:15				8:55 Hy Gardner
9:10	Ford Theatre	Break the Bank	Eddie Cantor Show	Gabriel Heatter
9:15		The Sheriff	Red Skelton Show	Newsreel
9:10		9:55 Champion Roll Call		Yours for a Song
9:45				9:55 Bill Henry, News
10:10	Philip Morris Playhouse	Gillette Fights	Life of Riley	Meet the Press
10:15	Spotlight Revue	American Sport Page	Bill Stern	Dance Orchestra
10:30			Pro and Con	
10:45				

Saturday

morning

A.M.	CBS	ABC	NBC	MUTUAL
9:00	News	Shopper's Special	Mind Your Manners	Local Program
9:15	Barnyard Follies		Coffee in Washington	Local Program
9:30				News, Paul Neilson
9:45	Garden Gate			Local Program
10:00	Red Barber's Clubhouse	Concert of American Jazz	Mary Lee Taylor Show	Ozark Valley Folks
10:15	Romance	This is for You	Archie Andrews	Albert L. Warner, News
10:30		Saturday Strings		Local Program
10:45				
11:00	News, Warren Swanson	Abbott-Costello Kid Show	Meet the Meeks	Movie Matinee
11:05	Let's Pretend			
11:15	Junior Miss	Tomorrow's Headlines	Smilin' Ed McConnell	Magic Rhythm
11:30		Rhythm Roundup		
11:45				

afternoon

Noon	Theatre of Today	Junior Junction	News, Arthur Barriault	Smoky Mt. Hayride
12:15			Public Affairs	
12:30	Grand Central Station	The American Farmer	Frank Merriwell	
12:45				
1:00	Stars Over Hollywood	Maggie McNellis and Herb Shelton	National Farm and Home Hour	Campus Salute
1:15	Give and Take	Remember the Year	R.F.D. America	Symphonies for Youth
1:30				
1:45				
2:00	To be announced	Metropolitan Opera	Luncheon with Lopez	Symphonies for Youth
2:15			Ed Tomlinson	Macalester College
2:30	Country Journal		Report From Europe	Choir
2:45				
3:00	Report From Overseas	Metropolitan Opera	Pioneers of Music	Poole's Paradise
3:15	Adventures in Science			
3:30	Cross-section U.S.A.			Sports Parade
3:45				
4:00	To be announced	Metropolitan Opera	Your Health Today	Wings Over Jordan
4:15			Edward Tomlinson	Racing From Hialeah
4:30			Frank Merriwell	Park Christian Science Program
4:45				
5:00	Saturday at the Chase	Metropolitan Opera	Lassie	Take a Number
5:15	Make Way for Youth		Wormwood Forest	True or False
5:30		Tea and Crumpets	Dr. I. Q. Jr.	
5:45				

evening

6:00	News, Griffing Bancroft	Speaking of Songs	News, Kenneth Banghart	
6:15	Memo From Lake Success		Religion in the News	
6:30	Sports Review	Harry Wismer, Sports	NBC Symphony	Bands for Bonds, (or) True or False
6:45	News, Larry Lesueur	Communism		
7:00	Winner Take All	Dance Band	NBC Symphony	Hawaii Calls
7:15		Bert Andrews		
7:30	Camel Caravan	Hawthorne's Adventures	Vic Damone Show	Robert Hurliegh
7:45				Mel Allen
8:00	Gene Autry Show	Starring Kay Starr	Hollywood Star Theatre	Twenty Questions
8:15			Truth or Consequences	Life Begins at 80
8:30	Adventures of Philip Marlowe	Famous Jury Trials		
8:45				
9:00	Gang Busters	Little Herman	Your Hit Parade	Song Roundup Time
9:15			Judy Canova Show	Lanny Ross Show
9:30	Tales of Fatima	Amazing Mr. Malone		Meet the Boss
9:45				
10:00	Sing it Again	Musical Etchings	Dennis Day Show	Chicago Theatre of the Air
10:15				
10:30	Nat'l Guard Military Ball	Hayloft Hoedown	Grand Ole Opry	
10:45				

*She Took a Cruise—
but Missed the Boat!*



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

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

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Cleans Your Breath While It Cleans Your Teeth!

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EXTRA VALUE! 59¢

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after you eat and before every date



JACK BARRY
originator-moderator
"Juvenile Jury"

take your troubles to the JUVENILE JURY

■ A child's wisdom is often greater than a sage's. If a problem is vexing your family, maybe the *Juvenile Jury* can suggest a solution. Each month, RADIO STARS AND TELEVISION will pay \$5.00 for the best question submitted to Jack Barry, originator-moderator of the *Juvenile Jury* program (MBS, Sundays, 3:30 p.m., EST). A group of the "jurors" will give their answers and moderator Barry will sum up. Readers of any age are invited to send their questions to Jack Barry, Dell Publishing Co., 261 Fifth Avenue, New York City 16. The winning question this month was submitted by Mrs. Charlotte B. Nathan, Miami Beach, Florida.

QUESTION:

I have an 8-year-old niece who comes to visit our house very often to play with my son. Our family is closely knit and I would hate to disturb that relationship. However my niece has recently developed a passion for onions. She eats them constantly and when she comes to visit us, the smell is overpowering. She's an affectionate child and loves to kiss us—but it's gotten to the point where we pretend we have colds. We love her, but those onions are just too much! What can we do?

ANSWERS:



DICKIE ORLAN
AGE 8

"What a thing to like—onions! Why couldn't she like ice cream, or fruit candy drops—they smell good, at least! Maybe the aunt could explain to the girl and then maybe each time before she ate an onion, she could dunk it in Air-wick."



ELIZABETH MAE WATSON
AGE 6

"The girl oughtn't to waste that onion smell. Maybe she could make extra allowance money from it. A lot of people like onions but can't eat them. Maybe she can get a job in a restaurant blowing on hamburgers."



PEGGY BRUDER
AGE 10

"That's the way it is—everything has its good points and its bad side. Onions are supposed to be good for keeping germs away. Only the trouble is they keep people away more."



JOHNNY McBRIDE
AGE 5

"I know what they could do. Let the woman and the whole family eat a whole bunch of salami just before the little girl comes to her house. And then they'll out-smell her!"



CHARLIE HANKINSON
AGE 7

"That's not such a hard problem. Why don't she make an arrangement like this. You watch carefully how she breathes. Then, when you need air, you breathe in when she stops breathing. When she needs air, you can stop breathing and she can let go. If you time it like that, you'll never smell the onions at all. But you have to watch your timing, like in football."

Summation by moderator **JACK BARRY**

"I think the aunt might explain tactfully to her niece how much she loves her and how the whole family enjoys and looks forward to her visits. I'm sure the niece would not consciously want to do anything to spoil these happy get-togethers and would be glad to give up eating onions when she's going visiting."



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Wash your face with Palmolive Soap 3 times a day. Massage Palmolive's wonderful "Beauty Lather" onto your skin for 60 seconds each time to get its full beautifying effect. Then rinse.

In 14 days or less, look for improvement in your own complexion . . . changes that help you to a skin men admire and women envy. Get Palmolive Soap and start today!



And for Loveliness All Over...



Get Palmolive Bath Size for tub or shower. It's big! Long-lasting! Economical! Gives you Palmolive's proved complexion care all over!



It took two men—
 an eager youngster
 named Contino
 and an old showman
 named Heidt—to raise
 the lowly accordion
 to high estate.



Dick Contino (left) is called the "Rudolph Valentino of the Accordion." His 1948 winnings from Horace Heidt's Youth Opportunity Program on NBC topped \$50,000.



Trombonist Stan Morse won \$1,000 second prize at Heidt finals.

golden fingers



"Touring the country is a tough task—I know whereof I speak!" said Vice-president Barkley to trouper Heidt, during the 1948 finals.

■ A little over a year ago a tall, winsome 18-year-old lad boarded a Los Angeles bound bus in Fresno, California. His name: Dick Contino. His profession (temporary): errand boy in his father's butcher shop. His mission: to change his career to professional accordionist. On that same bus there was a talent scout for Horace Heidt's new NBC show, the *Youth Opportunity Program*. Result of meeting: the appearance of young Contino on the Heidt program and his winning, a few months ago, of the 1948 \$5,000 Grand Finals prize. Dick has recorded an album of accordion melodies, and Horace Heidt has further rewarded him by putting him in charge of one of his road-show units. About the same time Dick won the Grand Finals, Heidt also hit the jackpot: his *Youth Opportunity Program* was awarded NBC's coveted Number One Spot just vacated by Jack Benny (7:00 P.M. EST, Sundays).

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If there's one thing every woman can always use, it's a NEW DRESS! Especially when it's beautifully made in the latest style and the newest colors and fabrics—such as those shown on this page. How would you like to receive one, two, three or even more lovely Spring dresses, *without paying a penny of cost?* That's right, without paying out a single cent in cash! Well, here's your chance. It's a remarkable opportunity offered by FASHION FROCKS, Inc., America's largest direct selling dress company. Our dresses are bought by women in every state, and nearly every county. *We need new representatives right away* to take orders in spare time and send them to us. Any woman, even without previous experience, can act as our representative. Whether you're married or single—housewife or employed woman—you can get the chance to obtain stunning dresses as a bonus—*dresses that will not cost you a penny.* In addition, you can make splendid weekly cash commissions—up to \$23 and \$25 a week, or more! You simply take orders when and where you please for FASHION FROCKS—gorgeous originals of exquisite fabrics, unbelievably low-priced down to \$3.98. For every order, you get paid in cash on the spot. It's really a cinch.



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YES—I am interested in your opportunity to make money in spare time and get my own dresses without a penny of cost. Send me everything I need to start right away, without obligation.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Age _____ Dress Size _____



Lois Butler, appealing star of Eagle Lion's film "Mickey", personally selected 8 styles from the exquisite Spring line of Junior FASHION FROCKS.

editor's notes

■ Our cover man for next month is Jack Benny—who recently signed one of the neatest contracts in show business. In addition to getting a few million dollars for switching to CBS, Jack is insured against loss of popularity. For every Hooper-point the comedian falls below his previous NBC average, CBS will pay him about two thousand dollars per week. Not counting his regular salary, that is. If ever we heard of a dream deal—this is it!

■ Talking of Hooper-points, it seems that everybody has heard of them but few people know what they actually are. One of the frequent queries we get is, "What's this Hooper stuff we hear so much about, anyway?" Briefly, it works this way . . . Mr. C. E. Hooper has a corps of girls (in 36 cities) who do nothing but telephone people and ask what program they're listening to. The resultant "Hoopering" shows what percentage of the people called are listening to what program. For example, if Benny's rating is 30 (it sometimes reaches that), it means that 30 out of every hundred people called are tuned to his show. For every Hooper-point there are about a million listeners. Highest radio Hoopering of all time was received by Franklin Roosevelt for his declaration of war on December 9, 1941. Milton Berle gets fantastic television Hooperings—often above 80, which means that almost everybody with a video set is watching him.

■ The article on page 48 by Mona Kent (she writes *Portia Faces Life*) calls to mind another phrase that puzzles people—"soap opera." This term is derived from the "horse opera," which people once called the cowboy movies. Because most of radio's daytime serials used to be sponsored by soap manufacturers, the switch was simple. Trouble is that today most serials are sponsored by food companies, which makes "soap opera" a misnomer. One husband who listened to serials for a whole day, while home with a cold, coined an unkind phrase for them. "Sob sagas," he pouted.

■ There's one story about the tempestuous Toscanini that does not appear in our story on page 50 . . . Seems that during a trying rehearsal the Maestro tore off his wrist watch and hurled it to the floor. The sad thing about it was that the watch was a gift from his musicians. Anyway, the watch was retrieved, repaired and returned to Toscanini the following week—along with a box-full of \$2.50 watches and the following note: "Please use these cheap watches for throwing—other one was a gift!" The note was signed by the members of the NBC Symphony Orchestra.

■ A *Stop The Music* fan in one of our large cities heard her name announced on the program recently, heard the phone ring, scampered over and shouted into the mouthpiece: *It's A Sunny Sunny Day!* There was a pause on the other end of the wire and then a dry "Indeed!" Jiggling got nobody but the operator so the lady sat down to write an indignant letter to Bert Parks. Just then a friend called to tell about "the woman in the same city with the same name who was just called!" Another address, though. The mystery melody turned out not to be *It's A Sunny Sunny Day*—but the lady is worried about the party who called her—and what he thinks of her sanity.

A. K.

Zanier than Henry Morgan, Hawthorne combines the wilder characteristics of Harpo Marx, Spike Jones, the Ritz Brothers and the Man From Mars.



meet hawthorne

■ Nothing like Hawthorne has happened anywhere for a long time. Jim Hawthorne is radio's prize lunatic, recently discovered in Hollywood by the ABC network. Though he's on the air regularly now, nobody dares to call his whatever-it-is a "program." So it is billed as *The Hawthorne Thing*. *The Thing* is a scriptless, unrehearsed one-man show. Hawthorne plays six major characters. Typical is "Skippy," the 93-year old Civil War veteran who blew his bugle for both sides because he didn't want to offend anyone. Almost everything, to Hawthorne, is a hogan something—or other. Like his honkahogan melodies. Hawthorne's ideas are unique—like sticking his head and a microphone into a wastebasket to interview a cigarette butt. That would be a hoganview. His musical selections are equally weird; he'll play one record a half-beat behind another (sometimes spinning a third backward) while he chatters away madly about nothing at all. He has revolutionary schemes for social improvement, too. Like the recent solution he broadcast for the housing shortage: to construct buildings as inverted pyramids, each building taking up only a foot of land space. When he started digging at Hollywood and Vine to demonstrate his hoganhouses, police pulled him in. Last year Hawthorne was making \$85.00 a week as a local disc jockey. Now his weekly income tops \$1,000, and his audience is growing by the millions. Lunacy is a paying affair nowadays. If your name happens to be Hawthorne, that is.



With three growing boys dogging your footsteps, life becomes a comedy of errors. It's a great way to keep young—if the pace doesn't kill you.

me and my shadows

BY HARRIET HILLIARD

Ozzie hired Harriet in 1933 to sing with his band. But he soon decided she'd make a better wife.



Color by Bob Beerman

■ I was out in the back yard hanging clothes on the line. Ricky came running up.

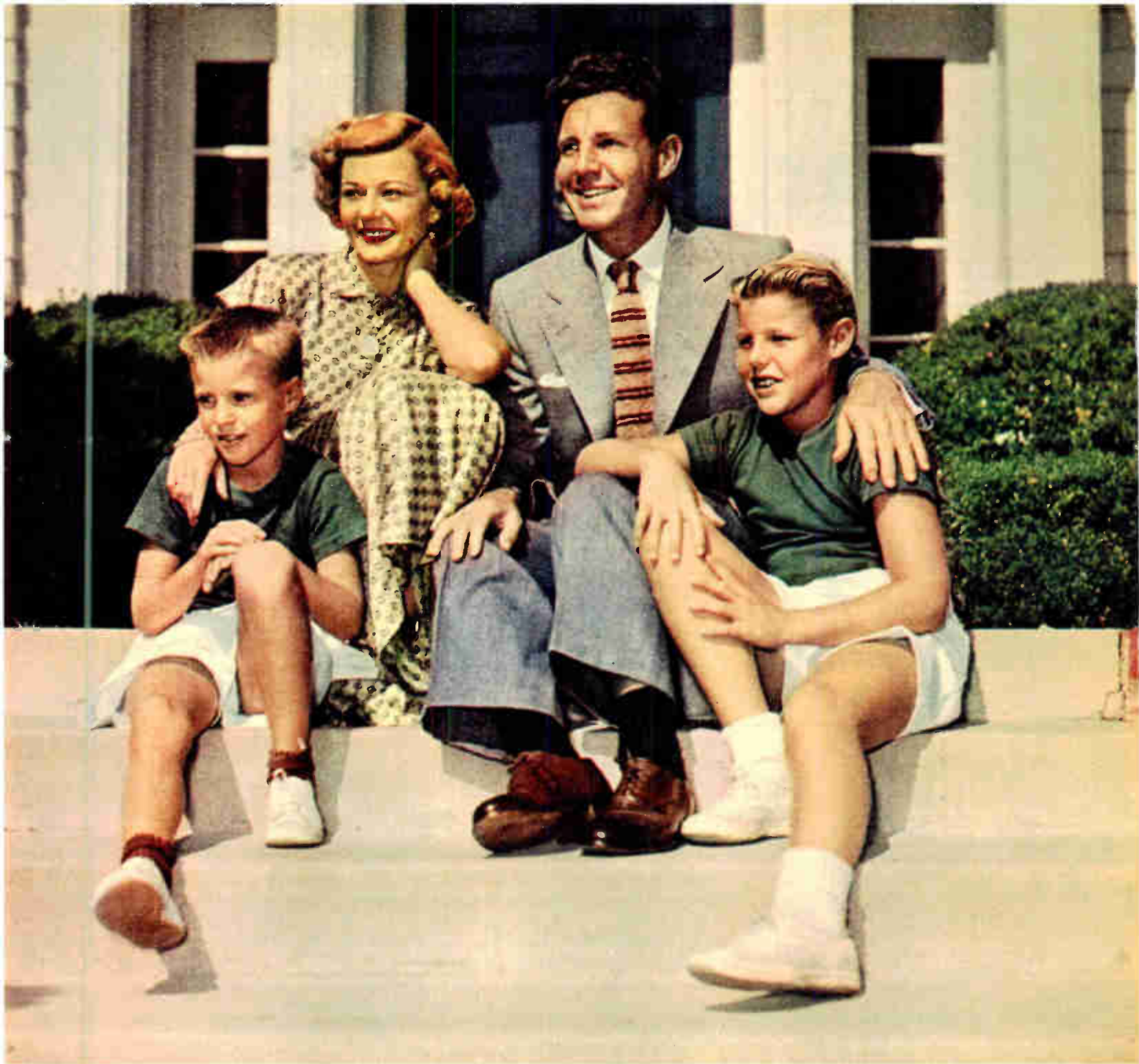
"Mom," he exclaimed breathlessly. "The lion got away!"

"He did?" I said calmly without taking the clothes pin out of my mouth. "And I suppose the jabberwocky got away too."

Ricky, who is half past eight and quite a realist, looked hurt. "There you go again, Mom, pretending."

I stopped hanging clothes.

"Look, Ricky," I said, "How can I help it. You coming around with stories like this. If a lion escaped I'd like to have you show him to me."



The Nelsons live in a simple, quiet neighborhood just off Hollywood Boulevard. Ricky is almost nine now, with David going on twelve.

"Sure," Ricky said. "There he is—right back of you." I wheeled around. There was a lion, all right, standing by the garden gate. I screamed. The lion looked amazed. He roared. I screamed again. The lion growled and fled for the hills.

"You sure scared him, Mom," Ricky said admiringly.

By the time Ozzie came home for dinner, I had the story and could tell it to him with a certain amount of calm. Ozzie didn't seem to think it so unusual that somebody in the neighborhood should have a pet lion and that it should escape, but he called a meeting.

When Ozzie calls a meeting with the boys, business is

settled in a hurry. Until that lion was captured they weren't to go up in the hills.

"Shucks," David said, "I guess we've got to stop work on the cave."

"The cave?" I asked David, who is going on twelve and has many things on his mind. "What's this about a cave?"

"Gee," he replied. "I guess I forgot to tell you. We have a cave up there, a bunch of us. It's a big one, but the roof keeps falling in."

"Oh," I said, "Oh."

I am not one of those mothers who knows everything. Matter of fact, I have to keep (Continued on page 74)

benny sent me



Hedda Hopper gets a first-hand demonstration of one man's opinion of unusual hats.



Dennis wants to act in cowboy movies—would like Stardust as his co-star. Peggy and Dennis are the proud parents of two-month-old Patrick James Day.

He was just one
more handsome lad with
a voice like honey—
and then Dennis Day met
Waukegan's wit and
found himself turned
into a national institution.

BY ALICE TILDESLEY

■ In the dead of winter in 1942, a bus carrying the Jack Benny USO troupe sped through the night toward Bangor, Maine. The highway had been cleared, but before they'd gone a mile it began to rain and the pavement became as smooth as glass. As the bus ground up a steep hill, a truck came skidding down. Frozen to their seats, the Benny troupe watched the helpless driver struggle with his wheel, as his truck shimmied on the ice . . . a collision was missed by inches and the bus load sighed like a hissing valve.

Jack, as he does on his show when things get too hot, pointed at Dennis Day and gasped: "Okeh, Dennis, *sing!*" Dennis sang.

The topper came when the company reached camp and learned that the truck had been loaded with dynamite.

"Heavens," Jack exclaimed. "We might have been blown to bits!"

Dennis at once fell into the dewey-eyed role he has made famous.

"Not only that, but we could have been killed too!" he quipped.

That's Dennis Day and that's why everybody loves him. Even at the most trying times his humor is in the forefront. As he looks back on it, life has been wonderful, a series of easy steps forward and up. But he supposes that's because you always remember the good times, not those that were difficult.

Dennis was born in New York City shortly after his family had arrived from County Mayo, Eire. He was christened Eugene Patrick McNulty, but there was a time when he took a dim view of the name. He dropped "Eugene" for "Dennis" at school (*Continued on page 71*)





Ada hears good wishes from Joan Crawford, an old friend, who called from her home.



There's a tearful moment with the unexpected arrival of Ada's son-in-law. Daughter Helen (in background) flew in from N.Y.



The open arms are for actor Don DeFore. He is one of many whom Ada once spurred on.



Another Hollywood success who remembers Ada's advice and help is John Lund. He's reminding Ada of the good old days.



"This is Your Life" hits emotional jackpot

■ No fiction-writer can match it—the drama, the heroism, the rich, warm humor which form the fabric of any person's life. Every Tuesday night—Ralph Edwards proves that truth can be more exciting than fiction. He gets a John or Jane Doe before the NBC mike, and right there before their eyes, and before the ears of listening millions he makes the high spots of their past happen all over again.

This Is Your Life busts all over with suspense and excitement. Edwards' staff spends several weeks before the broadcast going around the country with a fine-tooth comb to find the people who belong in each story and bring them to the studio. Many an eye has moistened when unexpected reunions took place and emotion-packed moments were uncovered on the program.

The new Edwards' show is actually one direct consequence of *Truth or Consequences*. In April 1946, Ralph brought a disabled ex-GI to the mike, and



Al Jolson turns up to take his place in Ada's life. In honor of her, he delivered "The Girl in the Gingham Dress," a tune he sang when they first met many years ago. Gladys Creighton, a Ziegfeld girl with Ada in 1907, also appeared and they both sang.

And now the climax—Ada is deeply moved as Edwards gives her a check to cover a big worry—the mortgage.

recreated the story of his life with the original cast. As relatives and boyhood friends spoke to Laurence Tranter across the country, Edwards whispered softly, "This is your life."

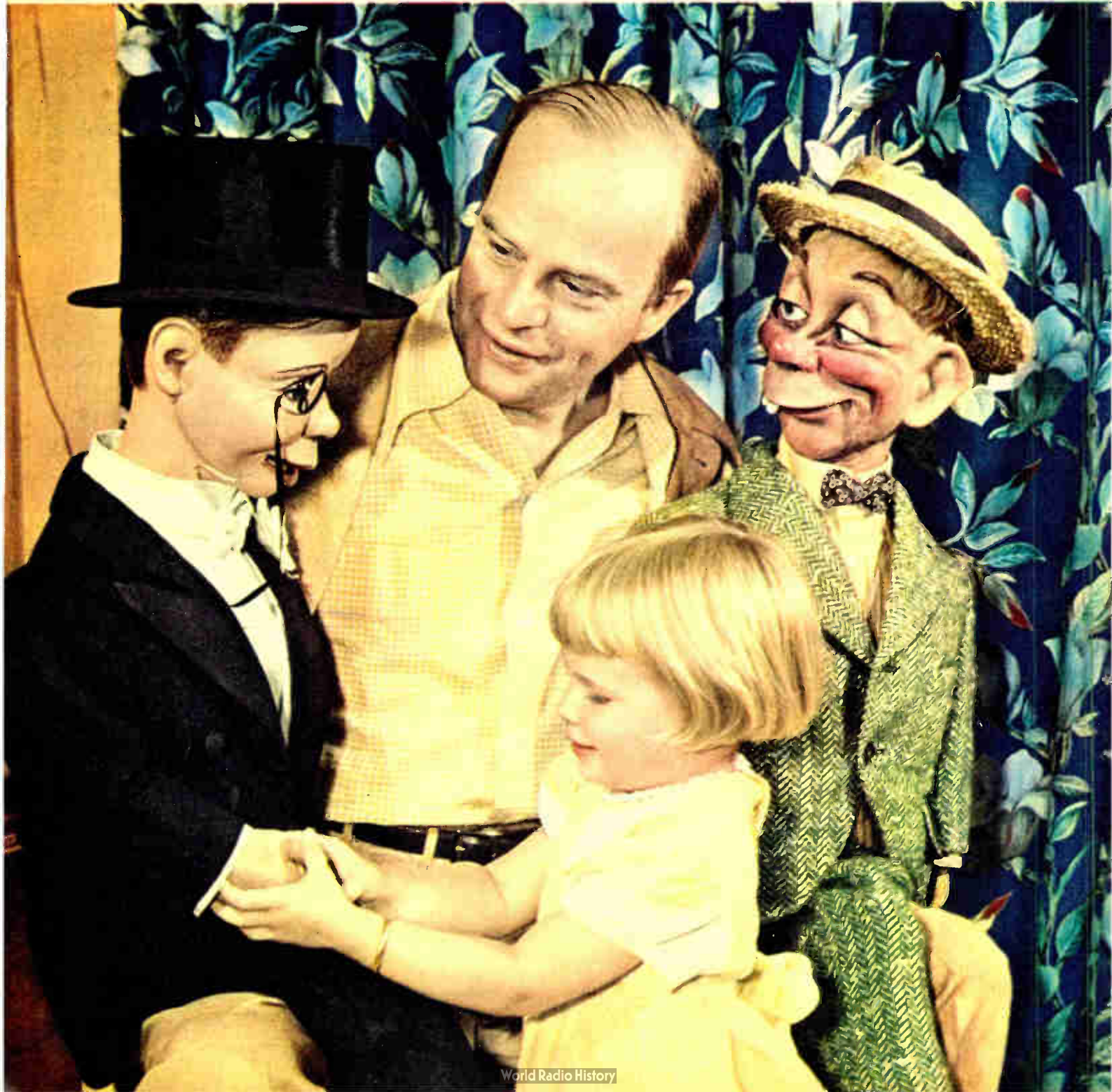
So terrific was the audience response, that it was plain a striking new radio idea had been born. Two and a half years later, Edwards unveiled it over the air as a regular weekly event.

To cap the program's climax when the whole history is up-to-date, Edwards gives each subject a gift for a happy future. Such a future was assured for Ada Nelligan, 60 years old and a movie wardrobe mistress as a result of her appearance. Once a Ziegfeld Follies girl, Ada spent forty years as a wardrobe mistress in New York City, gave lavishly of her time, money and advice to rising newcomers. Many of them, now big-time stars, appeared on the program to take their proper places in her past and wish her well.



the **secret** of the

Color by Bob Beerman



edgar bergen case

Some men talk their heads
off—and do nothing. Others,
like Bergen, keep silent—
and act. Once he's sure
of himself, nothing can shake him.

BY CARL SCHROEDER

The quiet ones are the stubborn ones.

Edgar Bergen is one of the quietest men in the entertainment business. He is also a perfectionist. He wrestles with his problems in privacy, masking the entire subject behind bland serenity. When he finally declares himself, problem and solution hit the headlines simultaneously. The double impact is staggering.

Bergen's recent decision to abandon his NBC radio show was a bombshell. "People just don't cast aside a program worth millions!" the know-it-alls declared—"He must be slipping—he must be sick—he must've been fired!"

What they didn't know was that Bergen had been working away on television projects for many years—not saying much of anything to anybody. They also didn't know that he was planning to return to radio as soon as his video plans were perfected. They forgot that the master ventriloquist was a stubborn perfectionist—that it had to be all or nothing with him . . . Like his getting married a few years ago. He insisted that he didn't want marriage; actually, what he wanted was perfection, something he didn't believe existed in a woman.

So he just went on being Hollywood's champion bachelor. And how the Hollywood columnists would coo every time Edgar took out Mary Brian and Patricia Morrison! But everybody Bergen went out with married somebody else. Edgar didn't mind, though; he wasn't "looking"—he thought.

Then one day along came Frances Westerman and Bergen started finding out a lot of things (Continued on page 83)



Bergen's new TV act gets set for yet another filming. He's been plugging away at it for two years.



Inside the house that Edgar built for television. That's Saran, the bashful hen, on Mortimer's lap.



Charlie and his side-kick as they appeared on NBC-TV recently. The pretty nurse is Mrs. Bergen.

Little Candice Bergen and the three men in her life.



This popular Mr. and Mrs. team have refused several video offers—but insiders say they won't hold out much longer.



When Ed Gardner, the rasp-voiced wit of *Duffy's Tavern*, appeared on TV recently, the audience screamed for more.



The Jordons of Peoria have been Hooper-high for years, but TV competition might force them to take to video themselves.



The 1916 Ziegfeld Follies gave banjo-eyed Cantor his first big break. He's called the youngest "old man" in show business.

■ Edgar Bergen's decision to take a vacation from radio in order to concentrate on that thriving infant, television, set Radio Row a-buzzing. Insiders realized it was no coincidence that CBS was buying away NBC's top comics at the same time. They knew that CBS—knee-deep in television plans—was spending millions for NBC talent knowing full well that these same comics will probably be tomorrow's video stars. All of the eleven people on this page are television naturals, and they could make the big switch from radio to TV without

changing their strides. Most of them are stage and vaudeville troupers, and they have all appeared in movies. Their faces are known in the largest cities and the smallest towns of America. One major situation is holding them up—the fact that right now there are only about a million television sets in the country—most of them in the great metropolitan areas. Therefore the TV broadcasters cannot afford to pay the Bob Hopes, Eddie Cantors and Ed Gardners the fabulous sums they command on radio. But television is rolling along even faster



Old-Timers Charlie Correll and Freeman Gosden are planning a stock company to bring *Amos 'n' Andy* to viewers.



When Burns & Allen started their act 25 years ago, he was the comic, she the straight man. Gracie soon changed that.

than radio did in its early days. Some 25 cities now have television stations, and three million sets will be in homes by the end of 1949. In another year video will be available to about 50,000,000 people. Experts say that sometime in the early 1950's radio will be running a poor second to TV. The decision of Edgar Bergen is, in all probability, only the first ripple of a great wave that might soon change the whole complexion of the entertainment business. Nobody knows right now—but everybody's asking—"Who's next?"

Scripts are taboo in TV—so great ad libbers like Bob are much in demand

—the big SWITCH



the WALLFLOWER that bloomed

Color by Bert Parry



Bandleader Paul Weston and Jo like working together. Friends predict they'll wed.



Homeloving Jo no longer acts like a shrinking violet. Christine helps out on clothes problems.

Jo was a shy
freckle-faced kid,
scared speechless
of the whole world. It took
a voice, three men
and a slap to pull her out of it.

by Christine Stafford

■ We worried about her. She was so shy, so self-conscious, so much bound up in the family—too much for a thirteen-year-old girl, we thought.

My sister Pauline and I used to say: "Jo, you can't go on being a mama's girl. Whatever will become of you when it's time to go out and meet the world?"

"I won't go," Jo would insist.

I remember what happened during the 1933 earthquake. We were living in Long Beach and like a lot of other Southern Californians suddenly felt the floor dancing under us. Jo, a good-sized school-girl, ran to her bed and hid her head under a pillow. It was typical. Jo cried easily, frightened easily.

She was too plump, and sensitive about it. Her face was covered with freckles and she used to go frantic trying to cover them up. She was sure that she'd always be a wallflower and there was nothing we could do to convince her that she didn't have to be. She never went to any of the school dances because nobody asked her. She preferred our (Continued on page 94)

Mother Stafford and
sister Christine like
to review Jo's scripts.



BY MARTIN ABRAMSON

The radio gold rush of '49 is on—with seven million dollars in the kitty. But will the best contestants win?

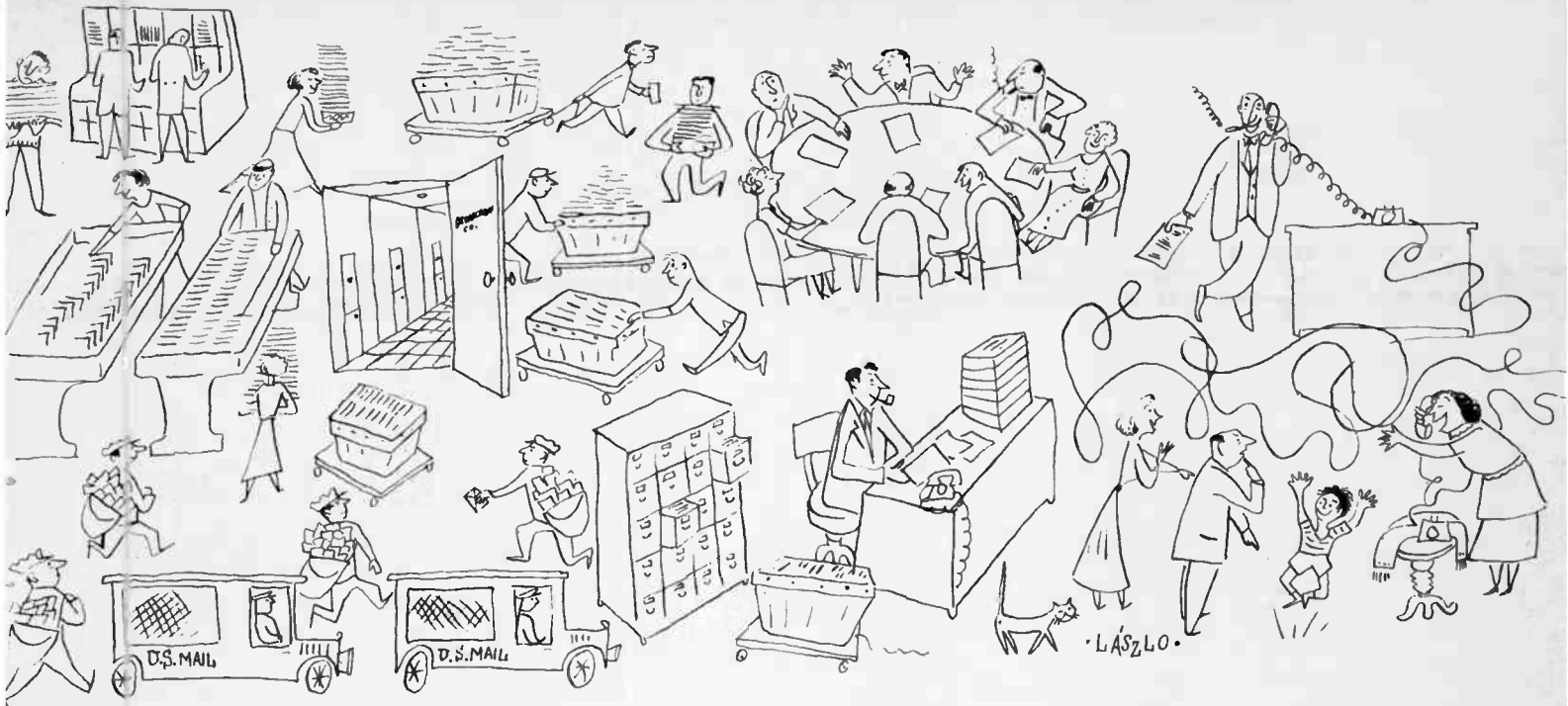


are radio

■ A scant hour after Mrs. Ruth Subbie, the Texas matron, had been announced as the gold rush heroine of 1947 because she was ingenious enough to identify the Miss Hush on Ralph Edwards' *Truth or Consequences* program, a nasty voice wafted over telephone wires into the living room of her Dallas home. "You oughtta be ashamed of yourself for taking that \$21,500," the voice snapped. "You know that contest was as crooked as sin. What a racket!"

Mrs. Subbie tried vainly to pacify her caller, finally dismissed him as a lone crackpot, the kind that always harangues people temporarily in the public eye. He was a crackpot, all right, but as it turned out he wasn't alone. In the space of the next fourteen days, a total of 900 outraged citizens took to poison pen letters, nasty phone calls and other means of communication to vent charges of dirty-pool on the Miss Hush winner, giveaway-master Edwards, the NBC network and the stations which carried the broadcast. In similar fashion, almost every entrant who's stashed away prize loot from the gargantuan radio games this year has been assailed as an unvarnished swindler. Not all the complainants represent the lunatic fringe, either. Many of them are sober critics who speak out in all sincerity.

Are there kernels of truth mixed in with these accusations? That's probably the hottest question recently to come up in the kilocycle business. About \$7,000,000 in prizes will be given away via radio in 1949; will they be awarded on an honest basis?



contests honest?

The answer to that is a flat yes. But are they entirely devoid of *any* trace of inequality? Well, no, not entirely—but simply because no human being could rule on a contest involving millions of entries without allowing elements of inequality to seep in.

Few listeners know the exact methods used to arrive at the final decision to award those refrigerators and automobiles and bundles of cash to prize winners. So let's take a look at the operations of the Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation, a catch-all enterprise with offices in New York, Chicago, and Los Angeles. The vast Donnelley organization collects from 2½ to ten cents per entry from assorted sponsors—judging about three-quarters of the major radio contests staged annually in this country. Since 1935, Donnelley has handled almost every variety of contest, handing out prizes ranging from a bottle opener to \$100,000 in cash in the fabulous Old Gold quiz of 1937. Their biggest job to date was the *Truth and Consequences'* "Walking Man" affair which enticed over 2,000,000 written entries and about 40,000,000 listeners.

The notion that few entries are actually read is widespread. And untrue. One suspicious contestant hit a hilarious note in a recent contest, when turning to the law of probabilities, he printed his "I Love . . . because . . ." gem on 30,000 post cards. It was good for a \$5 prize, leaving him \$295 in the red. Actually, each entry in a Donnelley-judged contest is carefully studied by a staff of 600 men

and women. Mail-opening machines rip open letters at the fantastic rate of 250,000 per 8-hour day. The first operation has clerks checking for box tops or necessary facsimiles and sifting out illiterate entries and those which scorn contest rules—such as failing to name the product, exceeding the word limit, and not signing your name. Surprisingly enough, almost 20% of all entries are discarded for these elementary violations.

Remaining entries filter through three sets of judges—junior (who are college-trained in English), senior (who are experienced copywriters) and final (the department executives who are headed by Mrs. Henrietta G. Davis, the country's high priestess of contests). Each entry is scored against a rating sheet. In a typical slogan contest, for instance, about ten points are allowed each for soundness, clarity, conciseness, lilt, human interest, rhyme, pun, and alliteration, and twenty points each for originality and sales appeal. Trite formula types are booted out first. Sample: "Sam's Soup appeals to me because it hits a *new high* in quality and a *new low* in prices." Impractical entries are also kayoed by first round judges. A recent one answered the question of how to solve unemployment problems by advocating construction of a grand canal from Canada to Mexico, levying tolls on the boat traffic and diverting the water for irrigation purposes.

Entries threaded with florid phrases and dollar-words don't last much longer. Judges like. (Continued on page 79)

S omething for mother

Men like him, children
are nuts about him, women
go gaga. Even the
wrestlers think that
dashing Dennis is an o.k. guy

BY CAMERON DAY

■ One night a reporter walked into a Brooklyn bar, ordered a drink, and contentedly settled down to watch television. The wrestling matches were on and, as usual, Dennis James was delivering the commentary. Everyone was intent on the show when the reporter turned to the man next to him and remarked, offhandedly, "You know, Dennis James is a friend of mine."

That did it. First the bartender bought him a drink. Then the James fan nearest him. Next, the house came through again. Then a few men called up their wives to rush over and meet "the man who knows Dennis James." And so it went, till he left the bar muttering, "You'd have thought I rode Citation."

Dennis James has a way with his television audience which brings in thousands of letters a week, all kinds of gifts ranging from bowie knives to bubble gum, requests for his sock size, admonitions not to work too hard, and an abundance of maternal blessings. Dads dote on him, "mothers" adopt him by mail, and teen-agers form Dennis James Clubs.

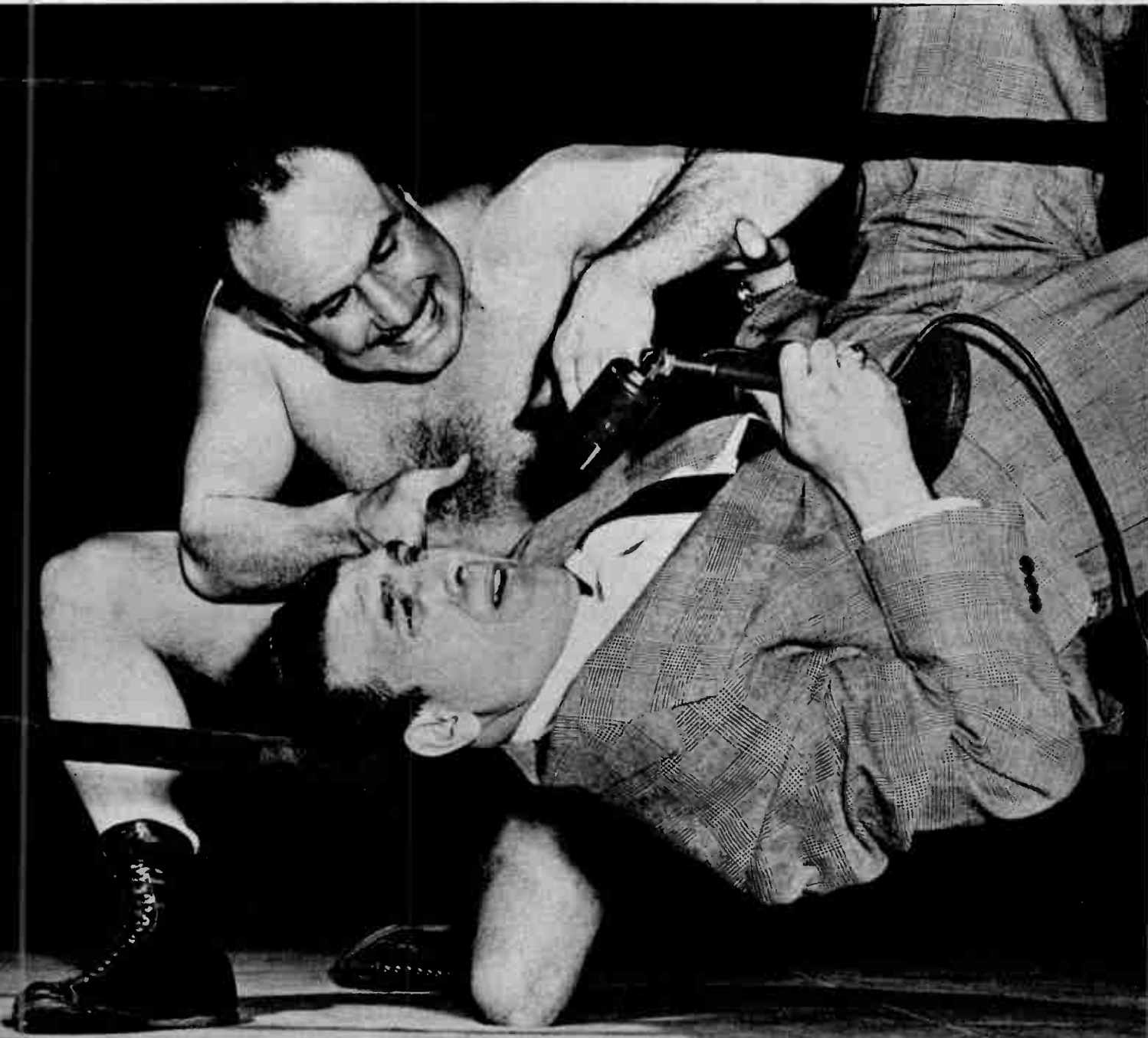
The first week of his *Okay Mother* program on Dumont, James got a letter which went, "We are great admirers of your video show with Ted Mack (*Original Amateur Hour*) and now on *Okay Mother*. We thought you would like to know a little boy was born to us and named in your honor." Dennis was happy, of course, but not surprised, because there are now an untold number of young Dennis's in households within reach of his TV shows.

These, at last count, included two nights of boxing and two of wrestling every week. Monday through Friday, over Dumont, he emcees the *Okay Mother* show and Sundays he handles the *Original Amateur Hour*. Furthermore, by tele-transcription (Dumont's term for tele-shows on film) he is seen and heard on stations in Chicago, Los Angeles, Boston, New Haven, Washington, Baltimore and Philadelphia. Before all this, James was heard (*Continued on page 91*)



When mama visits *Okay Mother*, Dennis' new tele-show, the children trail along.

Tough-looking Abe Stein is only fooling. Nowadays wrestlers are pals with the man who brought the customers back.



there's
nothing wrong
with

soap operas



BY MONA KENT

Day after day the women listen in. "A disgrace," the critics charge. "A blessing," says the author of *Portia Faces Life* and here are her reasons.

Bortlett Robinson and Lucille Woll act out the trying but engrossing lives of Walter and Portia in *Portia Faces Life*.





Carolyn Kramer, played by Claudia Morgan (left), worries about her approaching second marriage in *Right to Happiness*.



One minute before air-time—the cast of *Backstage Wife* winds up for the story of matinee idol Larry Noble, and his wife, Mary.

■ Lately, it has become fashionable to attack soap operas—in the same breath with comic books, the movies and marijuana. “Experts” pronounce them for morons only and “psychologists” (a loose and flimsy term, I’ve discovered) claim that they are stunting the mental growth of the twenty million women who listen to them. Yet, in a private poll of these critics, I learned that only one in ten could tell me the plot of even one daytime serial. The others simply didn’t listen, were criticizing something about which they knew nothing.

Here’s one example. Critics of soap opera constantly claim that avid listeners to the never-a-dull moment lives of *Our Gal Sunday*, *Big Sister* and my own baby *Portia Faces Life* become dissatisfied with their own humdrum existence. But my own mail tells me exactly the opposite. One woman wrote: “Here I’ve been feeling sorry for myself because I have to put up with a husband who insists on taking off his shoes in the living room at night. Lately, after listening to Portia who has Walter blind and hopping off to Ankara, Turkey, I realized that I just don’t know what trouble is.” (Walter Manning is Portia’s husband.)

Believe me, this is a typical attitude. The listeners love to weep over and thrill with the soap opera gals, as in another age the readers wept over and thrilled with the long-suffering, thwarted Pamela, heroine of the first novel ever written. But envy them? Golly, no! They wouldn’t trade places for all the minks on Park Avenue. If you

don’t believe me, I wish you could read my mail someday.

Then there’s that super block-buster of a charge—so the critics believe. Soap operas, they say with scorn, are “escape” entertainment. That one really kills me! Aren’t movies and novels and short stories and the theatre and gin rummy and bridge and checkers and other forms of entertainment fundamentally an “escape”? And if people are going to “escape”—no matter how much the psychologists wish they wouldn’t—isn’t it a blessing that they’ve chosen as wholesome a medium as daytime radio?

Do you know that this is one of the few fields of entertainment that glorifies virtue? Drs. W. Lloyd Warner and William E. Henry, of the Committee on Human Development of the University of Chicago, have compared soap operas to the old-time morality plays, and claim that they help hold the family together. Do you realize that the use of profanity is completely banned—which is a bit of a relief after wading through pages of current books that are almost unrelieved profanity. In times of great stress, the daytime air may be rent with a shout of “Good Lord!” but this is the absolute limit and it’s a rare occurrence!

Yes, daytime serials are doing one of the few real jobs of strengthening the family. While alarmed sociologists hold wordy conferences, we writers are quietly dignifying the housewife, in serial after serial, giving her the prestige which she merits. Listen in and you’ll discover that all the professional serial heroines—Helen Trent, a successful dress

there's
nothing wrong
with
soap operas

designer, Young Widow Brown, who runs a dress shop, and my own Portia, a brilliant trial lawyer—all these career women really just want to settle down in that vine-covered cottage.

The leading soap opera characters keep telling the harried housewife how limiting a profession is, whereas a homemaker's scope is infinite. She must be in the course of her day a doctor, psychologist, cook, mother, friend, counselor, teacher, and heaven knows what else. All of which is so true, and so rarely mentioned in today's fiction. A young wife and mother wrote me: "Portia has made me take pride in my job. I'm really quite an important person, aren't I?" Of course she is!

I'll admit that the taboo on sex in daytime radio is sometimes carried to extremes. I can remember, for instance, submitting a Portia script which bounced back to me marked, "Too lusty. Rewrite," because of a beach scene between Portia and Walter who had been married three years. But I, for one, am all for bending backwards, if it means insuring unharmed entertainment. As it is now, you needn't turn the dial nervously when the kiddies come into the room. Especially with daytime radio, that single fact is of supreme importance and a tribute, I think, to soap opera standards.

Not only are most soap opera critics a blank on the contents of what they're attacking, but you'll find most of them all off on who listens to soap operas, too. I'm a mild person, but this is one thing that makes me mad. Soap opera listeners *are not* morons. Statistics show that about half the listeners have high school educations and above, and that forty percent of all college-educated women are regular listeners.

Nor is there such a thing as the "typical soap opera listener." Practically everyone listens at some time or another, and some of the least likely people, once introduced, become staunch fans. I have letters in my files from the wife of a state governor (who wanted to help me brief one of Portia's cases, and who was a very valuable assistant, too). I have letters from half a dozen ministers, a brace of teachers, two famous movie stars (a guy and a gal), two well-known lawyers, and an Army colonel who started listening to Portia when he was in training in Cheyenne, Wyoming—of all places.

I'm quite proud of the fact that I get almost as many letters from men as from women. Soap opera is traditionally a woman's world, but that doesn't keep truck drivers, baseball players, short-order clerks and garage mechanics from invading the field.

As a daytime serial writer (and I've been doing it for the past eight years) I think I am aware of most of the faults of soap operas. After all, people like me put them there, and for very good reasons. It's true that soap operas are often unrealistic. *The (Continued on page 92)*



Life Can Be Beautiful—Papa David (Ralph Locke) has eased the burden of many unhappy people. Widowed Chichi leans on his wisdom.



Just Plain Bill—Kind-hearted Bill Davidson (Arthur Hughes) is a barber, looked-up-to by all. His daughter Nancy has her own home, now.



Lorenzo Jones—Lovable Lorenzo (Karl Swenson) never loses faith in his numerous inventions. His wife has to get him out of hot water all the time.



Pepper Young's Family—When the Young's all get together at the little house in Elmwood there are two more members now, since Pepper and sister Peggy married. Mason Adams is Pepper.



The Second Mrs. Burton—Terry Burton (Patsy Campbell) had a job on her hands convincing neglected Brad, son of Stan's first marriage, that he was wanted. Dwight Weist is Mr. Burton.



Ma Perkins—Ma's good works have won her many friends, but none is closer than Shuffle Shober—a bachelor and her business partner. Virginia Payne has played Ma since the program began.



When a Girl Marries—Nobody approved when Joan (Mary Jane Higby) married Harry Davis (John Raby). She was a rich man's daughter, he a poor lawyer. But love finally won out.




Rosemary—After Rosemary married Bill, another woman claimed to be his wife, but it turned out the marriage wasn't legal. Rosemary (Betty Winkler) supports both her mother and sister.



Wendy Warren—News reporter Wendy (Florence Freeman) had a hard decision to make when her sweetheart, given up for dead, came back. She took Dorrie's advice, married the other man.



Watching the *Maestro* conduct is an exciting, drama-packed experience, as TV viewers found out.



For a shy, sweet man
his temper is terrifying—
what you must realize
is that there's a
small matter of genius involved.

■ Arturo Toscanini kept on trying to get the special effect he wanted from the cello section. But the NBC Symphony Orchestra cellists couldn't quite make it. So the conductor stopped the rehearsal, and carefully explained that he wanted a far, far away effect. "But not *too* far," he emphasized, "just about Brooklyn!"

This month Toscanini will reach his 82nd birthday. But he hasn't let up for a second. He is still considered the world's greatest conductor—and under his baton the NBC Symphony Orchestra rates second to none.

People often wonder where this man—old only in years—gets his dynamic energy, his driving force. It comes from within. Toscanini's life *is* music; he cannot stop conducting.

At home a sweet, shy man, Toscanini at rehearsal can become a roaring tyrant. The man who fought bitterly against dictators often becomes the most ruthless dictator of them all. But it is all for music; he never shouts at a musician by name—it is always at the second clarinet, the third trumpet or a string section. His loud, hoarse shouting sometimes frightens a spectator but the musicians seem to realize that there's nothing personal in the upbraiding—that everything he says or does is all in the interests of perfection.

Sometimes the maestro surprises his men by dropping violence in favor of icy sarcasm. There was the time, for example, he gave a down beat for a chord during a rehearsal of the Tchaikovsky Sixth Symphony. It wasn't right. And it wasn't right the next six times. The musicians awaited the storm—but the unpredictable Toscanini said in (*Continued on page 73*)

TOSCANINI

by leonard meyers



1 Jack: "First of all, take a card."
Dave: "But I don't want a card."



2 Jack: "Take one! Then put it back!"
Dave: "An idiot could do that!"



3 Jack: "Now don't tell the card."
Dave: "Oh, I don't?"



4 Jack: "No—it's *me* who tells what it is!"
Dave: "Oh, I see, it's a *trick*."



5 Jack: "Yes—if I ever get to do it, that is."
Dave: "Okay, I've got a card. What is it?"



Seven years ago Jack Carson and Dave Willock teamed at vaudeville, featured a card-trick-artist-and-stooge act. Now they're readying the old routine—which wows CBS studio audiences weekly—for television.

take a card



8 Dave: "You're dead wrong, Jack. It was the ace of spades all the time.
Jack: "Boy oh boy! What a spot for a nice ripe tomato!"



6 Jack: "The hand's quicker than the eye . . ."
Dave: "That why we see so many black eyes?"



7 Jack: "Here you are . . . Here is your card!"
Dave: (To himself) "Boy! Is he going to hate me!"

BY HERB SHRINER



Home in Indiana

Long trails and tall
tales all lead
back to that Big Back-
yard—full of
home folks and ol'
time cronies.

Herb Shriner Time is heard on the
CBS network Monday through Friday
from 5:45 to 6:00 p.m., EST.

■ I come from a town where nothin' ever happens, and I believe if somethin' was gonna happen, it would go somewhere else. In fact, the whole state of Indiana is very peaceful. To tell you the truth, it's so peaceful that if you was to drop an atom bomb in Indiana, it would just lay there and grow. . . . In my town, Saturday night was the big night, and even then everything was closed. The only place to go was to the barber shop. I used to dress up and go to the barber shop, and sit around and watch haircuts. It was a dandy shop and the barber was generally in, and if he wasn't in, you could just sit down, somebody'd cut your hair. There was no waitin'. . . . The barber was a swell feller, and a born leader, too. I remember when the hot foot came out, he was the first one in town to send away for the directions. He was never much of a barber, tho, cause he was usually under the weather. You see, he drank to steady his nerves. After awhile he drank so much that his nerves got so steady he couldn't even move. . . . Of course he wasn't



always the barber. When he just come to town he was the doctor. Was kind of a surgeon too. Picked it up by himself. He was always handy like that. He did very good as a surgeon too. Operated on nearly 100 people before he cut himself. He was very popular while he was a surgeon. Heck, he operated on everyone in town. And a lot of 'em didn't have nothin' wrong, but they didn't want to say nothin' and be a poor sport. He was the only feller I ever heard of that took out his own tonsils. It's possible. . . . He's still around town. Name is Frobisher Diggs. He's runnin' a self-service funeral parlor . . .

But it ain't right to say nothin' ever happened in my town. I'll never forget the last storm we had, there was some wind blowin'. It was blowin' people all over. In a way it was a good thing, tho, cause that was the first time a lot of them had ever been around town. That storm was pretty bad. To give yu an idea, there was a chicken standin' on the corner with his back to the wind—and it laid the same egg six times. It's possible. . . . Then we had other things that



was pretty special: We got the biggest statue at home I ever saw. Why it takes three times as many pigeons as any of the others. And we had a lady at home that tried to poison her husband, but he'd been used to eatin' in restaurants and it wouldn't take. Course, I was a pretty quiet feller at home, even too quiet. If somebody came up to me on the street and said "hello" I couldn't seem to think of an answer. But finally I began to get so popular that I really think I'd been one of the 400 if we'd had that many in town . . .

I went to the railroad station to meet a friend of mine from home the other day. I spotted him right away. You can always tell a feller from my home town. I don't know what it is about us. Well, I know what it is. But I never wanted to believe it. It was nice meetin' this feller, tho. We're very good friends. Back home we belonged to the same finance company together. . . . Yu see, how I met him, we went to the same school. But I lost track of him, he stayed in the sixth grade so long. He just stayed there and got older and older and they finally made him janitor. It's possible . . .

Well, we got talkin' about the election and how politics always went well at home. One election we had almost 1,000 votes cast. That's not bad for a town of 300 people. We woulda got more votes, but they went and made 'em lock up the taverns. And they locked all the voters in. . . . There was some mix-up that year. They elected a feller that had been dead for ten years. Why, he hadn't even voted or five. . . . But we had a good system at home. Y'see, we'd get the candidates together, let 'em make all their speeches, hooperin' and hollerin'. Then when they were all



finished, we'd take 'em out behind the feed store and make 'em rattle for it. . . . I think it's wonderful that women is starting to figure more in politics. Maybe folks will show more interest in politics if there's a few nice figures in it. But I'm glad the election's over because it had all the Congressmen terribly worried. In fact, they was so worried that they couldn't sleep. Just rolled and tossed all afternoon . . . Don't know what Truman's gonna do to them fellers that let him down durin' the campaign, but I sure would like to be in Washington next Easter and watch them heads rollin' on the White House lawn. . . .

Course, I don't worry about politics, but this car situation has me troubled. The other day I was talkin' about it to a used car dealer. I wouldn't of gone in to see him, but he had a sign in the window he was goin' out of business, and he wanted to sell a few more cars before his trial came up . . . I was tryin' to figure out how they worked this new car deal. I don't see how they get used so fast. There was a 1950 car in the showroom. It had been used and here it is only 1949. With the prices the way they are, I thot I'd get me one of those cheap Bantam cars. But they're so small



I'd be afraid to drive in one. Just the other day, I saw a feller drivin' a Bantam down the street and he got in an accident with a hit-and-run pedestrian. It's possible . . . Personally, I don't think it'll be long before there'll be plenty of cars for everybody. Yep, the country will be back to normal, we'll all be back in debt. And I don't think there'll be any war and, anyhow, I don't think the Army would have any trouble findin' the same boys. If they wanted to draft 'em, the woods would be full of 'em. . . .

Well I been runnin' on quite a peck, I guess. Calls to mind a feller back home name o' Timpkins. Covered a lot of territory did Timpkins without strainin' his vocal cords. One day this feller with New York plates pulls up by Timpkins and wants to know, "Where does this road go?" Timpkins, he says, "Don't go nowhere. Stays right here." See what I mean . . .

Return engagement

by Gloria Swanson



Miss Swanson entertains—on a television set. Her program features distinguished guests and fine fashions.



Gloria Swanson and Lanny Ross are television veterans by now. They were televised together at a recent movie preview in New York by WPIX cameras.

■ "Gloria is going into her second childhood," a friend of mine said recently, when she discovered I was entering television this year with my own show on the New York station, WPIX.

She's right. I am. My "first" childhood was the movies. I entered both of these fields of entertainment through accidents. When I was 15 I went on a sight-seeing trip through the old Essanay Studios in Chicago. In those days it was as hard to get actors into pictures as it is to keep them out today. Some studio officials cornered me and offered me a job as an extra. I was delighted. For one day I was an extra, and then I was given a part.

My entrance into television was almost as casual. Jimmy Jemal, the Inquiring Reporter for the *New York News* called me one morning and said: "Would you stop down in front of the building today where I'm going to try out a *Man On The Street* television show?" I stopped by in a taxi and Jimmy maneuvered me in front of the cameras and asked: "Gloria, what was your most exciting moment?" I said: "Why Jimmy, you mean the—er—the most exciting moment?—I couldn't say in front of all these people!" It was all very gay and informal and then a little later I got a call from the *News* about organizing a show of my own on fashions and food and whatever I have learned about living from my life.

It promised to be a new experience and interested me, of course, as anything like that would. I had no idea how much it would seem like the early days in pictures.

Wednesday afternoons in my apartment on Fifth Avenue are exactly like the old days at my house in Beverly Hills. The director, other members of the cast, and someone from the press department settle in the den for the day. There we create the next night's show. For years Sam Wood, or Alan Dwan (a writer) and I used to huddle in exactly the same way, doping out the (Continued on page 66)



Dress designer Nettie Rosenstein displays a creation on *The Gloria Swanson Hour*.

She may not look like the pioneering type, but Gloria's blazing her way in a new frontier for the second time in thirty-five years.

nothing sacred



Five-year-old "Schnuckle," otherwise known as Gregory, has father Morey's talent and mother Kay's looks, they both say.

■ "The only thing I can turn on in my apartment without getting Amsterdam," said Fred Allen recently, "is the water faucet."

That was after one week when Allen encountered Morey ten times on a local New York City station, once over CBS, again on television, and then received an album of Morey Amsterdam recordings from a friend.

Next to Amsterdam the legendary one-armed paper hanger looks like a shiftless bum who ought to be locked up for vagrancy. For twenty years Morey has tripled in show business brass as a gag writer, cellist and comic. But his rise to any kind of renown didn't occur until this season when Arthur Godfrey brought him into network focus one morning on CBS. Suddenly, like a comet flashing across the sky, Morey was "discovered." He got a network show of his own and a television program tailored to his specifications.

Around show business, he's been a legend for a long time. All the comics were especially in love with Amsterdam's

gross disrespect of sponsors on Amsterdam's local WMGM shows. When the announcer finished reading the commercial for a reducing medicine one night, advising the listeners to take it and "get rid of ugly fat," Amsterdam chirped, "Sure, ladies and gentlemen, take our medicine—and get *pretty* fat." The sponsor cancelled immediately.

Amsterdam is a wide-waisted, pallid little man, 36 years old, with candid brown eyes, a mercurial mind, and the energy of a steam engine.

He was the first of the commercial heretics. Henry Morgan was his announcer for a year and a half. One night when Morgan, who had not yet developed his own lordly contempt of sponsors, finished reading the commercial for Adler Elevator shoes, Amsterdam cut in to advise the customers: "If you buy these shoes, you can not only be taller than she is—you can be taller than Trigger."

He ruffled the sensitivities of the Republican Party last fall by a lovely bit of malicious timing. He was ambling along in his formless program saying (*Continued on page 88*)



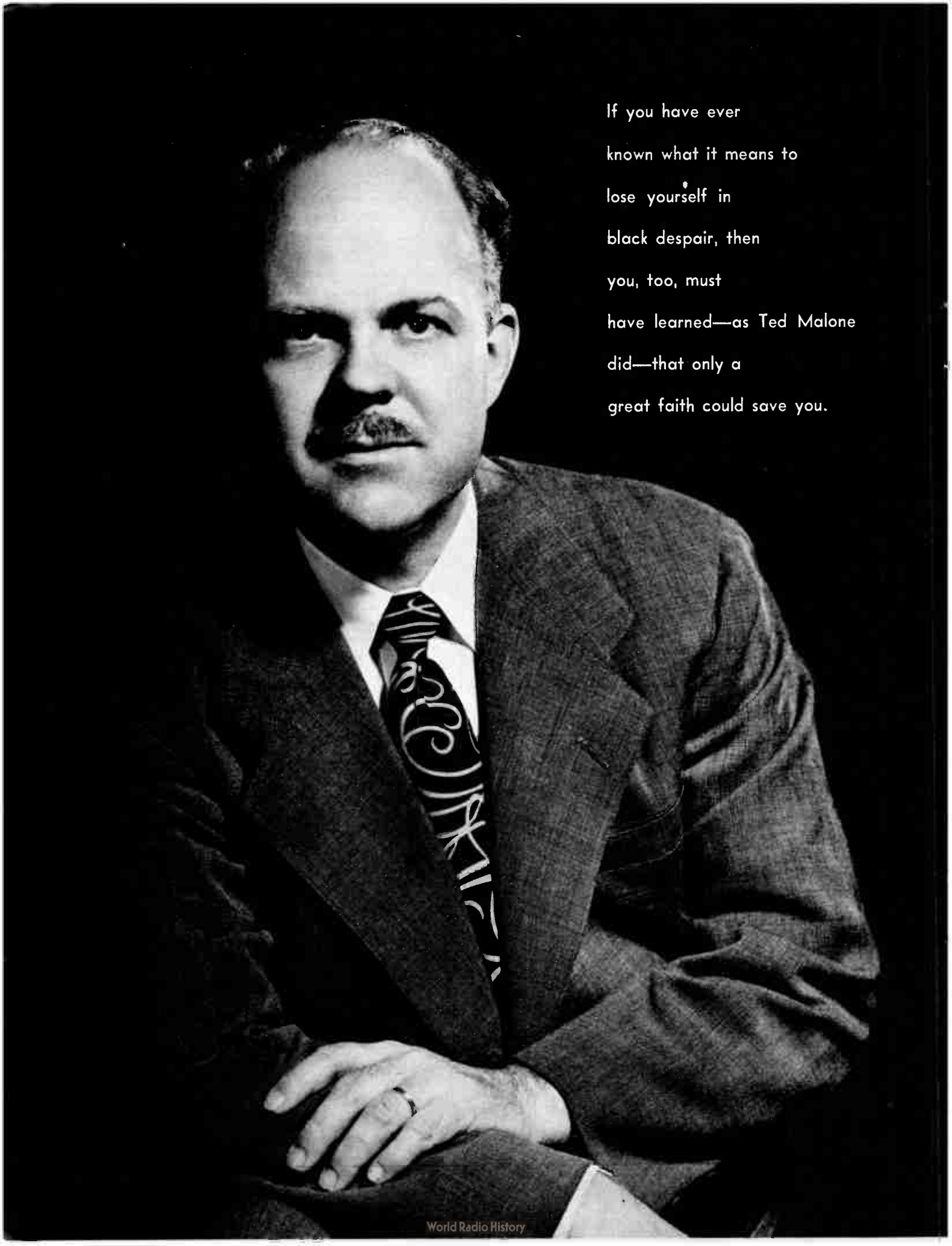
Morey's new CBS show's a big break for singing find Bill Lawrence, as well as the Great Tongue-in-Cheek man himself.



Something new for Morey is a pre-broadcast conference, like this. But now that he's on coast-to-coast, he has to watch the ad libs.

BY JEAN MEEGAN

He's got that kind of funny-bone—the most solemn things tickle it. The only trouble used to be that everybody else got the credit for Morey's wit.

A black and white portrait of Ted Malone, a man with a mustache, wearing a suit and tie. He is looking directly at the camera with a serious expression. The background is dark, and the lighting is dramatic, highlighting his face and suit.

If you have ever
known what it means to
lose yourself in
black despair, then
you, too, must
have learned—as Ted Malone
did—that only a
great faith could save you.

■ I had never known such despair. I looked out of my office window that raw, snowy day in March 1936—twenty stories, straight down. And for the first time I knew how a man can be tempted to take his own life. If it weren't for my family and my friends . . .

It was impossible to believe. Twenty-four hours before I had a good secure job, twenty-four hours before I was sure that I had safely "arrived" in my chosen profession of radio. But now I was finished. After twelve years of struggling forward to success, I had lost my job. Apparently I would not be able to find another. What was I going to do?

I'm almost embarrassed to tell how it happened. I had been duped by one of the most preposterous sales hoaxes I have ever heard of before or since that black day. And not I alone. Along with Sammy Kaye's band and several other well-known names in radio, including network and agency executives, I had signed what I thought was a bona fide contract for a new and lucrative program series.

First, the phony smooth-talkers insisted, I had to resign all of my current commitments. An unimportant technicality, they said. Another technicality was signing a paper that was supposedly a "tax purpose" form so that we could receive free radio-phonograph combinations from the alleged new sponsor, a radio manufacturer.

And finally—and none of us thought a thing of this at the time—there was a "token payment" for the gift sets, ten or twenty dollars. Twelve of us came across with it. After all, what's ten dollars for a new radio?

First thing the next morning—the day I stood by that dreary window—my phone rang.

"Are you standing up?" the man from the advertising agency asked.

And then he told me: "The whole deal is a complete phony!"

That slick-talking fraud had gone to the enormous trouble of setting up a bogus contract just to fleece us of a free dinner and about a hundred dollars in "token payments." Of course, he had skipped town.

With a pretty sick feeling I called up my previous sponsor, from whom I had secured a release in order to do the new show, and told him the sad state of affairs. Too late. They had already cancelled the program. I tried a few other leads and got nowhere.

A feeling of panic came . . . a feeling I had never experienced before. A thousand responsibilities crowded into my thoughts to weigh me down further. What would become of my family if I couldn't get a job? Would I have to go back home to Missouri beaten, broke?

Missouri! Suddenly, my thoughts flashed back to the time I was a sophomore at William Jewell College, in Liberty, Missouri.

I'll
never
be
afraid
again

by ted malone

as told to Marshall Rothen

I'll never be afraid again

There was a certain night when I was doing some research in the library. Now, recalling it vividly to mind, I remember that I was in a similar state of mental upset—nothing seemed to be right, nor did it seem to matter. I was floundering, trying to find myself.

Then, it happened. I stumbled across an essay written by Woodrow Wilson. It was titled, *When a Man Comes to Himself*. It made a tremendous impression on me, because I realized that I had found my philosophy of life.

Wilson's words went something like this: *A man comes to himself when he clears his eyes to see the world as it is, and can truthfully evaluate his own place and function in it. This is the time when a man is aware of his own capabilities and knows exactly what he wants from life, and decides that the price he must pay for it is worth it. When that is decided, then there is nothing that will stop him from achieving it.*

I had already made more than a moderate success in radio, both at the mike and as a salesman during my spare time in the summer between my freshman and sophomore years. As I read those words of Wilson's they seemed to have a special meaning, just for me.

My peculiar talents fit best in the world of radio broadcasting. I liked it, and decided then and there that I had "come unto myself." I set my goal—to have my own program—and have it on a national network. So I quit college

and went into radio with that aim constantly before me.

And, then, those several years later, as I stared sullenly from my skyscraper window, I knew what was wrong. I had temporarily forsaken my own philosophy when I most needed it!

At that instant I could sense a feeling of challenge rushing through my body. I left the office, went down to the street and went for a long walk. I don't know just how long I walked, trying to think the whole thing out . . . what I should do next . . . how I could feel that same determination again that I knew what I wanted and knew I would get it.

And then, as I was trudging past a score of second-hand bookshops, I saw in a dusty, dim-lit window a book that stopped me in my tracks. *It Shall Be Done Unto You* was the title. The author, Louis Humphreys.

I had never heard of the author, but I went in and thumbed through a few pages and bought the book. Its theme was the tonic I needed: "Ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you."

Yes, here was a reaffirmation of my nearly-lost credo—*You can do anything you want to, if you will make up your mind exactly what it is, and then bend every conscious effort toward doing it.*

Of course the skeptic will object: "It isn't that easy, Malone. Don't kid yourself!"

No, it isn't quite that easy. We have to decide first what it is we really want. And that's one of the hardest things in the world for most of us to do. It's a curious commentary on our civilization, but most of us—rich and poor, old and young, wise and simple—rarely bother to decide exactly what we want at all.

Today, looking back on that unhappy moment, in 1936, I recall that I first wanted a vacation—a real one—with my wife and baby girl. Then, I decided I would come back to New York and get that radio job I wanted.

That's exactly what happened. My wife, Verlia, and our daughter, Elaine (that was before Nancy was born) tossed a few suitcases in the car and drove to Florida where we spent several wonderful weeks.

When we returned to New York, with the bank account at rock bottom, I began the job-hunting campaign, followed it to the letter and landed exactly what I wanted. That faith in my philosophy was the only security I had. Do you wonder if I maintain that "we can have anything in the world we want if we will only decide what it is?"

Out in Denver I knew a policeman and his wife—Mr. and Mrs. Al Hargrave. They decided they wanted a house in the mountains more than anything else. First, they looked until they found just the piece of land they wanted—a beautiful but small site high in the hills.

They couldn't afford but ten dollars down, but they decided they wanted it, so they put up ten dollars, and then they began to dig with their own bare hands. They worked and sacrificed, and waited and worked. And now they have their house—the coziest, most beautiful mountain home you can imagine.

Take the case of Louis Zamperini. He wanted to be a runner. He wasn't too good, even broke his knee once. The doctors said he was through, but (Continued on page 86)

Ted Malone's credo—the faith he nearly lost—is expressed with simple power in the poem *Success* by Berton Braley. For that reason it is Mr. Malone's favorite.

SUCCESS

*If you want a thing bad enough
To go out and fight for it,
Work day and night for it,
Give up your time and your peace and
your sleep for it . . .
If life seems all empty and useless with-
out it
And all that you scheme and you dream
is about it,
If gladly you'll sweat for it,
Fret for it . . . Plan for it,
Lose all your terror of God and man for it,
If you'll simply go after the thing that you
want,
With all your capacity
Strength and sagacity,
Faith, hope and confidence, stern
pertinacity,
If neither cold poverty, famished and
gaunt,
Nor sickness nor pain
Of body or brain
Can turn you away from the thing that
you want,
If dogged and grim you besiege and
beset it,
You'll get it!*



Man-about-main street

"radio stars" visits kay kyser at his home in rocky mount, north carolina



Celebrating Kimberly Ann's first birthday in the backyard at Rocky Mount. Left—Georgia's mother, grandmother, Kay's mother.

favorite son

Three months in every year, there's no sign of a Kyser in Hollywood. If you want to find Kay, Georgia and the two beautiful little girls you have to go smack across the country to North Carolina and the small town of Rocky Mount, where Kay grew up, and where he's number one citizen.

Kay is a big man in the whole Tar Heel State. They call him North Carolina's "favorite son," in fact, and people say he could be Governor if he wanted to. Kay's energetic role in community affairs is the reason. He's behind many important community causes, heads state-wide committees and throws his high-voltage personality unsparingly into civic activities. Meanwhile, the guy himself remains an unaffected hometown, Main Street boy.

grandma's firm hand

You can't understand the whole story of Kay's devotion to his home ground without knowing about a woman who has played a leading role in his life. She's 81 years old now, Mother Kyser, but she's still acting head of the large Kyser clan—ruling the roost with a firm hand from the big old house where she reared her seven children. When there's an important decision to be made about Kyser affairs Grandma is still the one who makes it.

Years ago, she made one decision that the family points to with much pride. Her husband was studying pharmacy, and his eyes became too weak for the long hours of concentrated work. So Mrs. Kyser took the same course in order to help him. When he got his diploma she got one, too, and became the first woman pharmacist in North Carolina! When Kay comes back to Rocky Mount one of the first walks he takes is to the store on Main Street which still carries the name *Kyser Drugs*, even though Kay's father is no longer alive to run it.

secret of the pie

According to the family, Grandma Kyser is the best cook in North Carolina. Until the last few years when housework became too heavy for her, Mrs. Kyser did all the cooking when the clan gathered at her house every weekend. The Kyser family now numbers twenty people, and they still come back for Saturday night with Grandma which still means a wonderful meal made from Mrs. Kyser's recipes, as well as lots of music and horseplay.

Among Grandma Kyser's specialties, a longtime favorite is her Banana Cream Pie. She's given the recipe to lots of people—and now we are on her list, too. Here it is just as she wrote it down.

a monthly feature

BY JANE TIFFANY WAGNER

NBC Director of Education

Man-about-main street



Just like old times—Kay gets behind the soda fountain of the drug store which his father used to own to dish up a special for pal, Horace Gregory.



Any wife of Kay's will have a tough time living up to his mother's cooking—best in North Carolina, the family says.

BANANA CREAM PIE

Pie Crust—Use any good, reliable pie crust for a one-shell pie.

Cream Filling

3 egg yolks	1 tbs. butter
$\frac{1}{3}$ cup sugar	2 cups milk (scalded)
$\frac{1}{3}$ tsp. salt	2 bananas (ripe)
$2\frac{1}{2}$ tbs. cornstarch	

Beat the egg yolks and add gradually the sugar, salt, cornstarch and butter. Pour scalded milk over the other ingredients. Cook mixture and stir constantly over boiling water until it thickens. Allow it to cool. Peel and cut bananas into thin slices, adding them to the custard mixture just before removing it from the fire. Pour entire mixture into the baked pie shell. Cover with meringue. Mrs. Kyser makes her meringue this way:

MERINGUE

2 egg whites	4 tbs. sugar
$\frac{1}{3}$ tsp. cream of tartar	$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. vanilla

Whip the egg whites until they are light and frothy. Add the cream of tartar and whip until stiff. Beat in sugar gradually, then vanilla. After covering pie, bake in slow oven 300° F, 15 minutes. (Continued on page 87)



Two little Kysers take a bath in a Rocky Mount tub, aided and abetted by their mother. Kimberly's almost three now.

RETURN ENGAGEMENT—BY GLORIA SWANSON

(Continued from page 57)

scenario of a picture. We figured out each episode and then when we got so close to the forest that we couldn't see the trees, we would call in someone else to fill in the loopholes for us.

My Thursday night television show on WPIX is based on an evening in my home. I have some guests. A well-known restaurant chef prepares dinner. We look at the latest fashions or have a showing of china or silver. Because the show actually is done in a studio, I usually arrive at the WPIX studio with objects from my apartment to "dress" the set: the low red satin chair from the front of the fireplace, a nest of end tables, anything that will enhance the illusion of home. Thirty-five years ago we got our theatrical effects at the Essanay Studios exactly the same way!

The crew at the station kids me because I light the set with my eyes closed—literally. After years of doing it in Hollywood I can tell from the heat whether the lights are right or not. I don't believe the crowd in pictures now have as much experience with the actual making of pictures as we did. I grew up in a wonderful era of imagination, individualism and ingenuity.

Cecil B. DeMille insisted that I work out my own scenes in all the movies I made for him. A set was not something we were guided through to reach the front of a camera. We sat in them and inspected them until they were as familiar as the rooms in our own homes. Jewelry and furs were genuine. It was all authentic—and it developed a lot in us. Something creative, I believe.

When I starred in *The Trespasser*, I also worked on the script with Edmund Goulding and Laura Hope Crewes. We were expected to draw on our own knowledge of life for scenario situations. We were not to spend time powdering our noses and behaving like puppets between scenes. We were trained to believe one talent moves along with another. If you can act you must also know something about writing, directing, producing, painting and so forth.

This winter I flew to Paris for three days and I shot about 500 feet of film for the video program. When I disembarked in New York I hurried off to the studio to cut the pictures. As we got into the job one of the boys said I have a newsreel sense of values. I was flattered, of course. You see, I'd cut my own pictures for years when I was producing movies at United Artists, and I know when I've seen enough of a close-up or a long shot.

This trip to Paris filled me with memories of another trip long ago and far away, when I made *Madame Sans Gene* in Paris—the first American picture ever made on foreign location. It was an important moment in cinema history. We took over every historic building in Paris for authentic interior and exterior shots. *Madame Sans Gene* was the story of a washerwoman who rose with Napoleon to power in his court. It gave me great emotional scope—and it also gave me the French decoration of "Officer of the Academy of Beaux Arts." That was 25 years ago. As I strolled under the same chestnut trees and looked over the same old landmarks for good shots for my television film, I thought: "Gloria, you have spanned quite an epoch in entertainment." I believe I am the only pioneer from the movies of the 1915 vintage involved in the wizardry of 1949 television.

The advantage of being a pioneer is that you learn your business. I love to ask "Why?" It's the most important word in my life. A woman I know once said I am a mental vampire. Perhaps she is right. My curiosity is intense. I have a passion for information—a habit of mind that is not always considered becoming in an actress.

But I believe my "Why's" have been most rewarding. If I hadn't learned as much as I did about shooting pictures "by ear" as we did years ago, I would bring less to television, which also is shooting "by ear" these days.

So far I have only told you some of the comparisons between the pioneer days in

the two mediums. But there are some other striking contrasts. In my recent metamorphosis I am up to the old "clothes horse" tricks, of course.

Mrs. Lewis Dreyspool from Forest Hills has written me: "I was glad to see that you are the same old Gloria Swanson with beautiful clothes and the famous hanky in your hand." And so there you have your affirmation that this is a very elegant show, indeed!

My early pictures, alas, were less stylish. I was a very intense young girl, without humor and with one intense desire—to become a dramatic actress. According to legend I was a Mack Sennett bathing girl. This is not true. I made a lot of two reel pictures for Sennett playing opposite Bobby Vernon in pictures about school and puppy love. In only one of these pictures, a thing called *Pullman Bride*, did I ever appear in a bathing suit. In one shot I was perched on a rock in a suit, with a bow in my hair. I was scared to death of water. I wouldn't do comedy, and finally I quit Sennett because of this picture.

In my television show the worst thing that can happen to me is to have a camera move me out of focus, or have a light burn out. The incubating days in movies were more perilous. The first drama in which I was cast in Hollywood was Jack Conway's production of *Smoke* based on a *Saturday Evening Post* story. The first scene called for me to strip off my dress and, clad in a "teddy bear" (girls, if you don't know what a "teddy bear" is, ask mother. She wore one!), dive off a rock into 60 feet of cold, oily water to save the leading man. Remember, I was the girl who couldn't even take a dip in the YWCA pool. Through some separate set of reflexes, or perhaps we might call it camera hypnosis, I did dive and I did come up again. That is a demonstration of what, I believe, the psychologists call their Compensation Theory—a case where our will makes up for the frailties of our flesh. Believe me, there is plenty of that for any girl who wants to be an actress.

My private hell in television is the speech-making that one has to do as part of the promotion and good-will of the program. To give you a clue of how I feel about speech-making, I can safely say that I would rather jump into the Ganges River than rise from the luncheon table "to say a few words." Recently I was asked to address the Woman Pays Club in New York, a group of talented, hardworking women, who have made their mark in life. I was terrorized, felt a buzzing in my ears.

Actually, it was Beverly Bayne who saved the day for me. I spotted her in the crowd. Suddenly I felt very much at home and I thought about the curious coincidences in this business. Beverly Bayne was Francis X. Bushman's leading lady when I was a bit player at Essanay. As I stood there eyeing Beverly, I thought, "My heavens! The circle is closed, the transition from the beginning of one career to the beginning of another is completed. I am back where I started from."



66 One portion of the *Gloria Swanson Hour* is devoted to fine foods. Louis Diat, chef of the Ritz Carlton Hotel, appeared recently and created a special casserole recipe for the video audience.



Suddenly, on every hand—
This luxury polish! So low priced!

MADE BY ESTHER DOBOTHY

Wondrous **NAIL BRILLIANCE**
BY CUTEX *only 25¢**



If you love luxury—utter luxury—you're the Nail Brilliance type.

No other polish offers so much . . . not even the most expensive polishes! See how many extras! Steady-based beauty of a bottle. Long-handled "artist's" brush for smooth-and-easy application. Miracle wear! Ten devastating, fadeless colors!

So pure, too! Even women whose skins are allergic to other polishes can safely use glamorous Nail Brilliance.

Suddenly—on the prettiest lips—the new Cutex Lipstick!

Imagine! A lipstick as wickedly flattering to your lips as Nail Brilliance is to your hands! Silkier-than-silk texture! Clinging-vine *cling!* Vibrant color-intensity! Colors to complement Nail Brilliance . . . compliment you. Only 49¢*. PLUS TAX.

Dorothy Cox designed it...

Crisp cottons lead the fashion trend for 1949... top designers recommend starching with LINIT* to keep cottons crisp, fresh and charming... LINIT, the superior starch, makes a thin, fluid mixture that penetrates the fabric, restores its lovely finish... once you use LINIT for starching you will always prefer it — for perfect results, for ease of ironing.



THE NEW *Crisp* LOOK
This Lovely
RESORT-SUMMER FORMAL
designed by Dorothy Cox
for The McMullen Com-
pany will soon be fea-
tured (about \$50) in
smart shops everywhere.
For stores nearest you,
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...adds the "finishing touch"

to dresses, blouses, children's clothes, housecoats,
men's shirts, curtains, bed and table linens. Direc-
tions on every LINIT package. All grocers sell LINIT.

*LINIT is a registered trade-mark of Corn Products Refining Company, New York, N. Y. © C. P. R. Co. 1949

World Radio History

Would you crack
the jackpot on...

TAKE A NUMBER

Here they are—the big brainteasers that bring the big prizes on Mutual's bonanza quiz show, Take A Number. The right answers have given bright contestants breathtaking arrays of gifts, averaging a good \$1800 a jackpot in value. When the studio contestant flunks out, the listener who submitted the sticker gets the loot, instead. Take A Number goes on Saturdays, 5-5:30.

1. Which would you pick to finish first in a quarter mile race—a horse, greyhound or antelope?
2. Who is the one man in the United States not required to salute the flag?
3. The word "noisome" means "very offensive, particularly to one of our senses." Is that the sense of sight, smell or hearing?
4. If you were offered your choice of a mile of dimes, quarters, or one dollar bills laid end to end, which would you pick?
5. What famous building in Washington, D. C. sometimes has rain indoors when the sun is shining outdoors?
6. Which travels the fastest—a sneeze, a golf ball or a punch?
7. Name the eleven candidates who ran for President of the United States during the last election?
8. The Secretary of State is usually considered the most important member of the Cabinet. Does he receive more, less or the same salary as the other members?
9. Everyone knows what a cop is, but can you tell what the nickname actually means—is it Charge of People, County Order Patrol or Constable on Patrol?
10. In all recorded history, what was the longest period of time which went by without any wars?
11. If you were talking on the phone and you heard a high, almost musical sound every 15 minutes, what would be happening?
12. Our Constitution refers to letters of "mark and reprisal"—what are they?

ANSWERS

1. Antelope. 2. President's bodyguard. 3. In time of war. 4. Quarters, give you \$15,840. Dimes. \$9,200. Dollars, \$10,560. 5. Washington Monu- ment. A sudden worm spell offer a cold one condenses and precipitates moisture inside. 6. Punch. 7. Truman, Dewey, Wallace, Thur- mond, Thomas, Gerald L. K. Smith, E. A. Teich- ert, Forree Dobbs, John Scott, Cloud Watson, John Maxwell. 8. Some salary. 9. Constable on Patrol. 10. 300 years. 11. The conversation is being recorded. This wording is required. 12. Commissions given to persons authorizing them to seize the property of another nation.

inside radio



It's a Crime

■ It seems that this young fellow was due to be called in the current draft, and his father was dead set against it.

"They won't get you my boy," said Pop. "I'll find a way."

And so he did—he thought. A dandy dodge for avoiding military training which consisted of faking a heart condition by taking a stimulant. There was a phony doctor who gladly administered the drug at a fancy price and everything was all set for breaking the law—until the usual thing happened.

The FBI stepped in and the jig was up.

Radio listeners who tuned in on *This Is Your FBI* (ABC, Fridays, 8:30 EST) a few months ago heard the exciting true story of how our G-Men tracked down these would-be criminals.

How did a radio program get the inside story of a G-Man operation? Right from the horse's mouth, as it does every week.

The dramatizations you hear on *This Is Your FBI* are all based on authentic source material that comes straight out of the Federal Bureau of Investigation files in Washington. As J. Edgar Hoover said when the program first started in 1945: "The radio program *This Is Your FBI*, in effect, will constitute a report on the part of the FBI to the radio listeners."

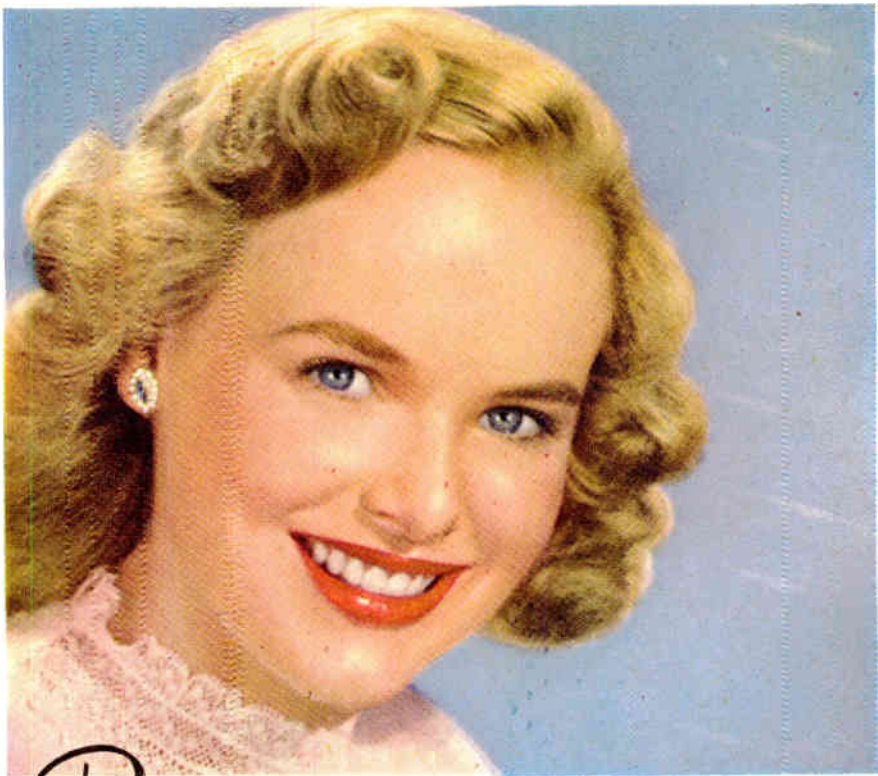
And that is just what it does.

The way this works is that an FBI researcher summarizes current cases and sends them to Hollywood where Jerry Devine directs and produces *This Is Your FBI*. Cases are chosen to point up the type of criminal activity which our G-Men are finding most prevalent.

Last fall, for instance, the FBI research boys discovered that a big increase in hi-jacking was taking place. It was in fact number one among federal crimes. So, in October, the radio program aired a typical hi-jacking case which the FBI had solved.

At the G-Men's suggestion and with FBI information, *This Is Your FBI* recently went into the need for reform of state parole systems, juvenile delinquency and draft evasion. One of the cardinal ideas the program tries to get across is that one crime produces another.

There's no such thing as a "little criminal activity," say Mr. Hoover's boys, and *This Is Your FBI* does its best to make that thought sink in.



Beauty is my business—

SAYS BEVERLY BURTON, FASCINATING COVER GIRL

and **SWEETHEART** Beauty Care Keeps My Skin Looking
Velvety Soft, Radiantly Young—and Helps Prevent Chapping!

● "I'd be through as a model if I had rough, chapped skin. That's why I changed from casual skin care to SweetHeart Care. For it helps prevent chapping," says Beverly. "And in just one week, my complexion looked far lovelier. Yes, so much softer, smoother, and younger!"

You can expect the same glorious results! Yes, *this time next week you can*

have a lovelier complexion. It's easy! Simply change to SweetHeart Beauty Care today.

Each night . . . each morning, massage your face with SweetHeart's rich, creamy lather. Rinse with warm . . . then cold water. One week from today you'll see an amazing difference! Your skin feels softer . . . smoother. It looks radiantly fresh—actually younger!

Beauty is my business, too!

● At 10 months, Nadine Koehne is already a model! And she has always been bathed with pure, mild, fragrant SweetHeart Soap.

For baby's bath—for your family's tubs and showers—you can now also get SweetHeart Soap in the new, large bath size.

IT'S A REMARKABLE ACTION!

That soft, billowing SweetHeart lather has a Floating Lift. Countless bubbles bathe the outer pore openings . . . *lit off—float away*—dirt and rough skin flakes. This heavenly gentle action is so kind to delicate skin.

SWEETHEART

The Soap that AGREES with Your Skin



"It's simply amazing!"

Pan-Stik*

Max Factor's New
Cream-Type Make-Up
in the smart swivel-stick



Ann Sothern

CO-STARRING IN METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
"WORDS AND MUSIC"

AS EASY TO USE
AS YOUR LIPSTICK



A few light strokes of Pan-Stik...smoothed with your fingertips...a new, lovelier complexion.



Quicker...easier...convenient for any unexpected make-up need.

Women are saying!

"My skin feels soft, smooth, natural, refreshed; never drawn, tight or dry."

"It covers blemishes, makes my skin look more youthful and stays fresh-looking from morning to night."

"It's so easy to apply, goes on smoothly and evenly, never becomes greasy, streaky or shiny."



IN FIVE COLOR HARMONY SHADES \$1.50
AND TWO EXCITING SUN TAN SHADES

Only Hollywood's Make-Up Genius could bring you a make-up like Pan-Stik. In an instant it creates a new, delicately soft complexion. Your skin looks flawless, fascinatingly beautiful... feels gloriously natural... even refreshed. Pan-Stik takes only seconds to apply... yet lasts for hours without retouching. The new revolutionary swivel-stick means quicker, easier application.

Pan-Stik is convenience itself... it's all you've dreamed of in a make-up... "It's simply amazing!"

*Pan-Stik (trademark) means Max Factor Hollywood Cream-Type Make-Up

Max Factor * Hollywood

Complete your make-up in Color Harmony for your type

"I believe that cosmetic color harmony is the most important single feature in accentuating beauty and charm."

MAX FACTOR * HOLLYWOOD



FACE POWDER...creates a satin smooth make-up... in Color Harmony shades for your type... the finishing touch.



ROUGE...to harmonize with your Lipstick... correct for your type... adds color, and accents your beauty.



LIPSTICK...3 flattering shades for your type: Clear Red, Blue Red, Rose Red. Correct for your coloring, correct for your costume.

BENNY SENT ME—BY ALICE TILDESLEY

(Continued from page 32)

and upon his debut on the Benny program he changed the rest to "Day."

When he joined the Navy in 1944, his birth certificate was in one name, his school diploma in another, and he was nationally known as a singer in a third.

"Tell you what you do," advised the government. "Legalize the *Dennis Day* in Navy court. We can do it easily, and you'll be of more value to us under your professional name." At the time, this seemed more than reasonable, and young Lieutenant Dennis Day traveled 100,000 miles through the South Pacific in charge of a Navy show.

Came 1946, discharge from the service, and return to civilian life. Dennis, welcomed back tumultuously by his family, longed to be a McNulty again. His mother wistfully reminded him of his special award, a medal from the Ancient Order of Hibernians, a Gaelic order, issued to Eugene Patrick McNulty, and he and his attorney took the matter to court.

The judge listened to the attorney for a space, looked down at the slim young man before him, and said: "Why doesn't Mr. Day speak? I've heard him on the air. I'm sure he can." Dennis blushed—he blushes easily and attractively—and explained the case. . . . So legally his name is now Eugene Patrick McNulty.

The easy manner in which Dennis approaches both song and comedy has been developed over the years. Singing was part of life with the McNultys and their house was always loud with jolly harmony. Even as a boy, Dennis had a clear full voice. He appeared in school plays, sang in the church choir and entertained at many a neighborhood party. But it never occurred to him that he could ever make his living by singing. He planned to be a lawyer and had completed two years of pre-law school when a serious operation interfered. During his long convalescence, he used to tune in on his radio, and suddenly decided that this was for him. He broke it to the McNulty clan that he was going to try for a job on the air.

His family backed him one hundred per cent and asked eagerly each evening: "How'd you make out today?" and Dennis replied, invariably: "They liked me, but—" . . . It seemed you must have experience before you could be hired, and how did you get experience? The McNultys remained undiscouraged, and so did Dennis.

At length, someone told him of an audition at a small radio station. Dennis sang *A Pretty Girl Is Just Like a Melody*, and landed his first job, singing twice a day, three times a week, for free. The McNultys listened, as proud as though he were making thousands.

When Kenny Baker left the Jack Benny show in 1939, every tenor in America, it seemed, tried for his vacant spot. Like the rest, Dennis sent a record to Benny's agent. Mary Livingstone liked it and sent it to Jack. One day, Dennis received a summons, to "meet somebody" at the agent's office. By that time, Dennis had all but forgotten the whole thing, and

couldn't believe it when he recognized Jack Benny, lounging behind the agent's desk.

"How's about an audition tomorrow?" suggested Jack, as if it mattered very little. Dennis, so scared he could scarcely swallow, agreed. Somehow, he got through his song, during which Jack sat, unsmiling, hardly seeming to hear. "Let you know," yawned the comedian, as he finished. No one else was enthusiastic, and Dennis departed, thinking it just one of those things.

Two weeks later he was asked for more records for Jack's writers in California; another two weeks, and he was handed a round-trip ticket to Hollywood for further auditions. There must be something magic about "two weeks," for that was the space of time he hung around town waiting for a decision.

"Don't speak to anyone," he was warned. "If you get the spot, we'll announce it." If anyone tried to pass the time of day, Dennis dodged and fled. He was taking no chances. He'd had to cash in on the other half of his railroad ticket in order to eat. As you know, he got the job, and except for two years in the Navy, has had it ever since.

Take those years in the Navy. Looking back, that was a good time, too. When Dennis received the well known: "Greetings," he felt a pang for his nice, new radio career. Jack promised to take him back when the war was over, but suppose he didn't come back, or suppose Jack wasn't

here any more? Dennis took singing lessons every day then, as he does now, and you can't do that in the Navy—you can't even vocalize, most of the time. It was going to be rugged, he thought. But, again looking back, it wasn't . . . because everything worked out fine. . . .

Six months after his return, Dennis had his own show, *A Day in the Life of Dennis Day*. Jack was among those who thought Dennis couldn't hold one of his own, and told him so frankly, adding that it might injure the character on the Benny show. But a former Benny producer mapped out a program, secured a sponsor and a writer, and persuaded Dennis to take a chance. When Jack and Mary heard the first record, the comedian said: "Don't back down, kid. You've got something!" He came on Dennis' first program, for luck, in a walk-on part.

"I was working in a drugstore," Dennis remembers. "Jack came in to weigh himself, the machine didn't give him a fortune, and he wanted his money back. He almost broke me up, he was so funny in his bit, but his doing that for me touched me a lot. It was like Jack. He and Mary are always doing nice things that nobody ever hears about."

Nobody, Dennis is sure, can imitate Jack Benny—and Dennis is a master of imitations and dialect. Ever since he could put words together, the young star has convulsed family and friends with imitations. His brother John recalls a school play in which Dennis based his



Dennis' mother played Cupid years ago when she and Peg's mother discovered that together they had one son and one daughter. In their opinion that spelled marriage. And they were right! 71

role on an Italian professor, and was so like him it brought down the house. Recently, he gave a benefit for the Jewish Home for the Aged, delighting the inmates by telling his stories in fluent Yiddish, a language he picked up in the Bronx. A boyhood visit to County Mayo and County Armagh in 1935 blessed him with distinctive brogues, and careful loitering and listening in Los Angeles' Olvera Street rewarded him with fragments of Mexican Spanish.

The Benny writers heard him amusing the company with imitations, and began to work them into the script. For his own show, Dennis developed many more, including life studies of stars such as Charles Boyer and Bob Hope. It's a hobby not confined to his career, and the source of many gags.

When Ronald Colman is a guest on the Benny program, mention is made of Jack's supposed habit of arriving at Colman's in time for dinner, though uninvited. Dennis mimics Colman to perfection, so one day Benita Hume, Ronald's wife, asked him to call Jack, invite him to dinner and keep it secret from her husband. That evening, she made a great fuss over some pheasant someone had sent, saying it was just enough for the four who were expected to dine. To Ronald's consternation, Jack and Mary arrived, beaming, just in time to eat. Benita pantomimed despair, and Dennis stepped forward, using his host's exact intonation, to say that there'd been a ghastly mistake, old boy, this was the wrong night. The gag was going well when Benita broke down, produced more pheasant—and confessed.

Gags off the program are as frequent as those on it. When Dennis returned from service, he stopped in Chicago on

his way to rejoin the Benny show. Pullman reservations were difficult to get, his baggage had gone straight through, and he decided to go to the Palmer House to see what could be done. Wearing a beat-up civilian suit in which he'd slept most of the way from the coast, he entered the hotel. A Chicago sergeant of police stopped him.

"What's your name? Are you registered here? Where's your bag? Show me your discharge papers! What are you doing in Chicago?" The questions were shot at the bewildered Dennis, a series of grave head-shakings greeting each reply. "Looks like you'll have to come to headquarters!" the sergeant said, at length, and marched him away there, where, just as Dennis was about to burst a blood vessel trying to explain himself, Rochester and Benny revealed that it was all their notion of a great big joke.

At the age of sixteen, Dennis was a life-guard at City Island, New York. The training stood him in good stead in Balboa last summer, when he saved a little girl from drowning. Beyond her depth, she had a cramp while swimming, and Dennis went to the rescue. Assured that she had recovered, Dennis left her on the sand. Three hours later, a policeman knocked at the Days' beach cottage door "Are you Dennis Day, the radio singer?"

Dennis admitted it. "Did you pull a little girl out of the water today?"

When Dennis said yes, he was ordered sternly: "Come with me!" escorted to the child's home, where, it seemed, she waited eagerly for his autograph!

The young singer's fans are many and ardent. They were sad at news of his wedding, almost two years ago, but bravely decided nothing could be done about it,

and gathered in even greater numbers at studio doors.

Threads leading to that wedding go back years, when Dennis' mother took two sons to Ireland one summer, and met a couple going over for the ordination of their son. The families corresponded, and when Mrs. McNulty came to California, she brought a letter of introduction to a Mrs. Almquist of Southgate. Mrs. Almquist had a lovely daughter, Peggy, and one day Dennis saw her in his mother's living room, looking up at him over her cup of tea. Of course he took her home, and of course he made a date with her. A year and a half later, in the chapel at San Juan Capistrano, they were married.

They live in a fourteen-room house in the Los Feliz district, decorated by Dennis, and containing his collection of records, guns, pewter mugs and old English silver. He built a barbecue in the patio with his friend, Pat Sullivan, Los Angeles Fire Chief. "He drew the plans and I worked the trowel," Dennis puts it. "We barbecue shish-ka-bob and steaks. I brought a recipe from Honolulu for marinating steaks before they're barbecued—you should taste one!"

He was cleaning one of his guns when it went off and put a bullet straight through an autographed picture of Jack Benny, who never lets him forget it. "My murderer," or "The man who shot me," has been his way of introducing Dennis ever since the "accident" occurred.

Just about two months ago—on Dec. 10, 1948, to be exact—the Days became three, when Patrick James was born. Walt Disney, for whom Dennis sang *Johnny Appleseed*, has drawn a special series of *Melody Time* paintings in oils for the nursery. Mrs. Day uses Dennis' record, *Sleep, My Child*, for the baby's lullabies. The song was brought over by a Polish army captain and is about a baby in a DP camp. It had old German lyrics, but English ones were written for Dennis, and it's the English version that is broadcast at bedtime by our State Department to children in European camps. Dennis hears that babies over there now chirp English words with him as he sings.

Wherever conversation starts with Dennis, it leads on to Jack Benny. Take the time Fred Allen, guest on the show, began to ad lib, as he loves to do, and Jack shouted: "You wouldn't dare do this to me if my writers were here!" And last year, when Jack and Dennis did a police benefit, the comedian's opening line almost broke Dennis up. "This is a hell of a way," complained Jack, "to work out a \$2 parking ticket!"

As to the future—Dennis is anxious to take his whole show on television. But right now he's more interested in two-month-old Patrick James Day—and a horse called Stardust, which he boards in Griffith Park near his home. Every morning, between six and seven, Dennis is on the bridle path, riding like a centaur, a fact he proudly mentions whenever he can bring it in.

"I'd like to play a cowboy in a Western," he tells anyone who will listen. "I think I'd be good at it. I can ride, you know. Probably," he adds, "if they ever let me in a Western, nobody will let me sing any more!"



72 The fourteen-room Day house in Los Feliz, Calif., is also inhabited by one cocker spaniel and one Day newcomer named Patrick James, who made his appearance about two months ago.

TOSCANINI

(Continued from page 51)

his quietest, most dangerous tones, "I am not very enthusiastic about your intonation, gentlemen . . ."

Years ago when Toscanini was conducting opera at the Metropolitan he spoke sharply to a singer. She reminded him she was a great star. Toscanini replied, "Madame, there are stars only in heaven."

The conductor's tremendous memory never ceases to amaze even those who have known him for years. Never does he use a score—no matter how prodigious the composition. At a recent rehearsal of an operatic selection—which he had not performed for thirty years—he was singing the words to himself. Halfway through it, he forgot a word—and remarked woefully, "See, I'm losing my memory . . ."

Not lacking in Toscanini's makeup is a sense of humor. A friend once asked him about a certain composer the conductor never liked—and Toscanini replied that he really liked his work a lot. The friend expressed surprise at this reversal of opinion until Toscanini added, "Yes, when I put his scores on the piano stool it becomes just the right height for me to sit on."

Toscanini was a bitter foe of Mussolini during the fascist terror in pre-war Italy. He refused fabulous offers to support the

■ *A sixteen-year-old youth in Delta, Colorado, recently shot four members of his family because they always were nagging him to do the dishes. Furthermore, said the youth to the judge in a plea for leniency, his family would never allow him to listen to mystery programs on the radio!*

dictator and his outspoken opposition often exposed him to grave danger. Once, in a large restaurant in Milan, a neighbor remarked that Mussolini really kept those trains running on schedule. That was too much for Toscanini; he jumped up and shouted before the hundreds of customers present, "Mussolini—that assassin—that murderer—" But so great was the love of the Italian people for Toscanini that not one of them reported the incident.

Toscanini has become an avid television fan in recent years, and his own NBC concerts have been successfully telecast several times. His own tastes run to prizefights and wrestling matches. At the close of his NBC season last year he conducted the great Beethoven Ninth Symphony—which he regards with religious awe. As he walked toward the podium, his hands clasped before him as though in prayer, he slowed down as he approached Samuel Chotzinoff, the NBC music director, and murmured, "Joe Louis is getting a little slow."

For all his worldwide reputation, Arturo Toscanini remains a supremely modest man. He will rarely allow his picture to be taken and nobody can remember when last he granted an interview. Recently he turned to his son, Walter, and remarked, "Why don't they all forget me and just let me conduct."

TONI TWINS prove magic of SOFT-WATER Shampooing



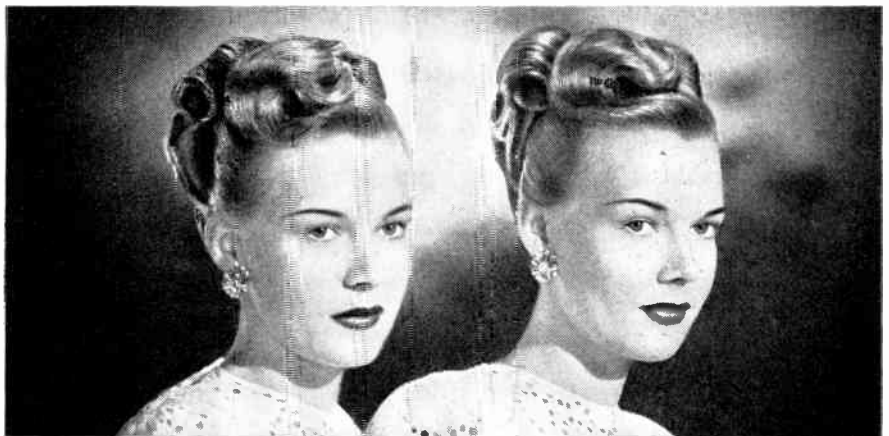
LATHER . . .

WAS LILA'S PROBLEM!

"This soap shampoo just won't give me enough lather," says Lila Wigren. "Our hard water sees to that!" And a lack of lather isn't the only problem, Lila. Even the finest soap shampoos leave hair with dulling film, that just won't rinse away. So the natural sparkle of your hair is concealed. Looks drab... lifeless. It's hard to manage, too.

BUT ELLA GOT HEAPS OF IT!

"Look at the lather I get," says twin Ella. "Imagine! Toni Creme Shampoo gives me Soft-Water Shampooing even in hard water!" And Ella—your hair shows a difference, too. Toni's thorough cleansing action leaves it glowing with lovely, morning-dew freshness. Its natural beauty is revealed . . . those wonderfully soft, smooth curls fairly sparkle.



NOW IT'S TONI CREME SHAMPOO FOR TWO!

They've seen the proof! And the lovely Wigren twins are convinced that no soap or soap shampoo can match the advantages of Toni Creme Shampoo. For it gives you Soft-Water Shampooing even in hardest water. Leaves your hair gloriously smooth and soft, easy-to-manage. Helps your permanent "take" better. Those oceans of creamy-thick lather rinse away dirt and dandruff instantly. Your hair sparkles with lovely natural highlights. Try Soft-Water Shampooing today. Get the jar or tube of Toni Creme Shampoo. It's new!



Enriched with Lanolin

ME AND MY SHADOWS—BY HARRIET HILLIARD

(Continued from page 31)

on my toes to know anything at all, but I'm improving. Take the matter of catching passes. Ozzie was a quarterback in high school and college. It seems to run in the family. David is a quarterback with the Panthers who up to date have "cleaned up" on the Junior Rams and probably will take the championship from the Little Eight Balls next year.

Ozzie and the boys were out in the back, throwing passes. I made the mistake of going out to call them in for luncheon. "Get this one!" Ricky shouted. Something big and round sizzled through the air. Helplessly I opened my hands. The football hit me in the midriff and I saw black.

"Aw, Mom," Ricky exclaimed, "anybody knows that's no way to catch a pass."

Well, I'm not so good at it yet, but I can take a lob pass on the run over my shoulder now four times out of five without winding up in the rose bushes. And that's pretty good for a young matron.

Now the trouble is that we're in the basketball season. Heaven knows what will happen to me when the boys start track in the spring.

All of which leads up to my little philosophy about life and females. Almost all girls are secretly afraid of growing old. They hate to think of the day when they leave their twenties. They look in the mirror and shudder at those tell-tale wrinkles. They try every way they can think of to improve their beauty. I have what I think is the best recipe of all—find the right man, marry him, have children. You won't grow old. You'll grow young!

Really, I can prove what I'm talking about. Not long ago Ricky and David came to me and pleaded, "Mom, let's go

skating." Reluctantly, I gave in. I'd never been on skates, and when I tried it I suddenly discovered that my muscles had begun to grow as wobbly as my ankles. We all started to take lessons, and it wasn't long before I discovered that I had a lot more vitality than I'd had before. People began to compliment me on my complexion, and while I'd never had to worry about getting fat I knew that my figure was more trim than it had been a few years before.

Of course, there came the night David came shooting across the ice yelling, "Look, Mom!" He went into a perfect stag jump. In a little while I went shooting across the ice yelling, "Look, David!" I went into a perfect stag jump and—of course fell flat on my face. I did get credit for a good try, though.

Frankly, I think too many girls are out looking for a glamorous marriage. Reading this, they can say, "Of course, she can talk like that—she lives in Hollywood."

Yes, we do live in Hollywood, but on a quiet street just above Hollywood Boulevard. Ozzie and I are proud of our little neighborhood, and happy to know that we're accepted just like any other family.

Of course, we're not like any other normal family. Not at all. Ozzie usually works almost all night on a script, so I never see him at breakfast.

And I have worries that some women haven't. For instance we have no little girls in the family. That used to bother me. Now I'm a little grateful because if there were another female around the house I'd find out what it means to be jealous. As it is now, I have the atten-

tion of all three of my men—and sometimes that can be a problem.

When the short hair style came in I was in a quandary.

"I'm not too sure you ought to have it cut," Ozzie said.

"Don't take too much off," David said.

"What you should have," Ricky declared, "is a real short haircut—that'd be cute."

I love hats. My men don't care too much for them. So I concentrate on cocktail and luncheon hats—mad little things I can wear when my family is not around. One day when I was on my way to a luncheon engagement, David came in, took one look and exclaimed, "That's the craziest hat I ever saw!" Then, observing the dismay on my face, he said, "But I like it, Mom. It just suits you." The compliment may have been dubious, but I tucked it away with my treasured memories.

I haven't found marriage the last whistle stop on the way to a life of boredom—as so many girls seem to think today. And I'm not entirely a "career girl," for Ozzie and I have in a large measure combined our private lives with our work. And in so doing we've found that most people all over the country have more appreciation for the simple, homely things of life than they do for the glamorous and spectacular.

It's nice to think about our family. When the annual calamity arrives, the whole tribe comes to the rescue. The calamity is Ozzie's yearly cold and it takes David and Ricky and me at least three days to turn Ozzie into a patient and then he's about as poor a one as you can find in a doctor's files. He keeps on standing up as though he's determined to become a sort of vertical plague. Then the cold lays him out cold and the whole family tiptoes around for several days.

Isn't that just like a wife? I guess all of us maintain a superior attitude toward our husband's foibles. Clothes, for instance. Ozzie has superlative taste, I think. Neat and conservative. But every now and then he has a genuine moment of madness. He's just bought a sport coat on which you could keep four games of checkers going at once. And if he ever took to hanging around the paddock at Santa Anita, somebody would be sure sooner or later to lead him to the starting gate.

Of course, it's hardly fair of me to say these things when he can't answer back. Ozzie is a wonderful financial manager. Me, I can just barely add up all of my fingers. There's something else he does—sliding down the bannister. I think we're one of the few families in Hollywood to own an old-fashioned bannister running the full length of the stairs leading to the second floor. Anyway, one morning I wakened to the sound of a fearful crash. I rushed to the head of the stairs to see Ozzie sitting on the floor, rubbing one knee, a pained look on his face.

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed. "What happened?"

"This house," he said grimly, "was built wrong."

"Built wrong? What do you mean?"



Henry Blair and Tommy Bernard impersonate the real Nelson boys (Ricky and David) on NBC's *Ozzie and Harriet* show. Harriet thinks her own children are a little strange. They love spinach!

"Well," he said, "I figured if I opened the front door and then slid down the bannister I could do a Dagwood clear out to my car, but that dang door is out of line."

I thought that was pretty ridiculous. So I tried the bannister myself after Ozzie had gone to the studio. He was right. And that accounts for the way the paint is chipped off inside our front door.

Of course, if Ozzie does strange things at times, he can hardly be blamed. Like all boys, David and Ricky look up to their dad. He is the family ping pong champ, and there is a constant battle between the boys for the runner-up position. I'm last, and if nobody else is around they'll ask me to play. My men don't think much of my athletic prowess, but there are occasions when I'm impressive.

For instance, last year we were on the train headed back to the coast. In Chicago, Bill "Hopalong Cassidy" Boyd got on the train. I've known Bill and his wife, Grace, for years, and it was only natural for them to greet me like a long-lost friend. After they'd gone on to their compartment, Ricky looked at me as though he'd just discovered me for the first time. "Gee, Mom," he gasped, "I never thought YOU knew Hopalong Cassidy!"

It's a funny thing, I hear some women speak about wanting to "have a vacation from the family." I wouldn't like that. I'd be scared to death. I might be somewhere and suddenly realize that Ozzie wasn't on hand to get up three times a night and go downstairs looking for a prowler. I'd be afraid he'd find the prowler and with that curious turn of mind of his they'd wind up raiding the ice box.

That reminds me, there's still another member of the family—Nick. Nick is a Lewellyn setter. Bandits Incorporated could move a van up to the house and take away the family furniture. They might be trapped by a secret alarm or the private police or the prowler cars which are constantly around the neighborhood, but never by Nick. Come ten o'clock at night when we're ready for bed, Nick who is only slightly smaller than a horse, gets up, yawns and leaves. The next morning we always get the inevitable call from some neighbor who says, "That — — — of yours is down here playing with our kids. Just let us know when you want us to send him home."

There's one little problem that does drive me a little crazy. Most wives worry about their children eating spinach. Mine love it, and David only becomes stubborn when we have sweet potatoes and squash. Of course, Ozzie loves sweet potatoes and squash and it takes all my diplomacy to keep an argument from breaking loose when appetites start clashing.

I've found a way to control this, though. Ozzie just can't stand onions. I love them. If he gets out of line I threaten to eat a whole bundle of them. So Ozzie surrenders in a hurry.

Frankly, I don't think there's any credit due to me for getting along with the three men in my life. I'm just lucky. After all, the three of them love white meat and nothing else. That's why, being a fiend for drumsticks, I'm always going to look well-fed and happy.

For the skin that doesn't like heavy foundation

Now—give your skin a fresher, more natural look with this *greaseless* foundation cream. It holds powder perfectly ... yet never lets your face feel "coated!"

A sheerer powder base! Greaseless!
No "made-up" look ... no "smothered" feeling!

New loveliness for the skin that doesn't like a *heavy* foundation! Smooth on a very thin, protective film of Pond's Vanishing Cream before powder. This lighter, greaseless powder base takes make-up beautifully—*naturally!* No "cakey" look, no oily shine. Powder goes on smoothly, evenly—and stays!



Glamour Mask—1 minute quick!
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To look your prettiest, give your complexion a delightful pick-up with Pond's Vanishing Cream, smoothed on for a 1-Minute Mask. Just cover your face, except eyes, with lavish fingerfuls of the Cream. After *just one minute*, tissue off. "Keratolytic" action of Pond's Vanishing Cream loosens dirt and tiny roughnesses. *Dissolves* them off! Your skin looks marvelously *alive*—clearer, softer, brighter—ready to take make-up *flawlessly!*

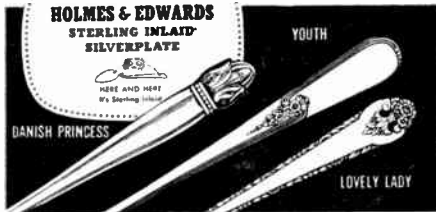


The Duchess of Sutherland says "To look my best, I always 're-style' my complexion with a 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream. My skin looks softer, *brighter* in one minute—perfect for make-up!"

The latest fashion — these



These are two blocks of sterling silver inlaid at back of bowls and handles of most used spoons and forks of Holmes and Edwards silverplate. They make it finer, different... keep it lovelier longer. Fifty-two piece service for eight \$68.50 with chest, also 76-piece service for twelve at \$99.95. (No Federal Tax.) All patterns made in the U. S. A.



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musical merry-go-round

BY JILL WARREN

A monthly review of the latest records, with news and views of the musical world. If you have any questions about records or music, write to Jill Warren, c/o Radio Stars and Television, 261 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C.

MOSTLY FOR DANCING



The old standard, LOVE (YOUR MAGIC SPELL IS EVERYWHERE), is done in a semi-jump arrangement by Harry James and his orchestra with the James trumpet in evidence, of course. The backing is something unexplainedly called, REDIGAL JUMP. Columbia.

Sammy Kaye and his Swing and Sway crew give their usual danceable interpretation to the new lullaby-styled ballad, FUNNY LITTLE MONEY MAN, with lyrics by the Sunday Serenade Sweetheart and The Kaydets. The coupling finds Charlie Wilson and the chorus singing the revived oldie, PRETTY BABY. Victor.

Les Brown and his orchestra play OH, HOW I MISS YOU TONIGHT, in duo fox-trot tempos. The first chorus is taken slow, with Ray Kellogg on the vocal, and the second chorus is much faster, with Ray and Eileen Wilson singing together. On the reverse, Les and the boys whip off a fast instrumental arrangement of JUST ONE OF THOSE THINGS. Columbia.

NOVELTY STUFF

Arthur "Guitar Boogie" Smith and his Crackerjacks, have a corny, but cute platter called FOOLISH QUESTIONS, with zany lyrics based on that old joke series you probably heard the first time way back in grammar school. "That's a foolish question, you hear them every day." On the back you'll

hear a sad lament, RAINDROPS AND TEARDROPS. MGM.

Jane Pickens' singing young man on her Sunday airshow, Jack Kilty, makes his platter debut, and favorably too, with a new novelty thing, SUNFLOWER, all about his lady love from Kansas, the Sunflower State. The musical accompaniment is strictly rickyticky. Jack also sings the now familiar BRUSH THOSE TEARS FROM YOUR EYES. MGM.

THE VOCAL'S THE THING



Perry Como has recorded THE PUSSY CAT SONG (N'YOW? N'YOT N'YOW!), the cute novelty tune he introduced on his Supper Club program. The Fontane Sisters help out with the musical "meows." On the other side Perry does a smooth job on the always popular, ROSES OF PICARDY with Russ Case's orchestra. Victor.

Here's THE PUSSY CAT SONG again, this time by Patty Andrews and Bob Crosby, and incidentally this is the first commercial record Patty has ever done alone. Flip it over and you'll find The Andrews Sisters, with Vic Schoen's orchestra, and a musical warning, DON'T WORRY 'BOUT STRANGERS, because it's really your best friend who's liable to steal your best beau. Decca.

Jo Stafford has recorded another romantic ballad called (THESE WILL BE) THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES, and it's one of her



best, with Paul Weston's arrangement and orchestra. It's coupled with **FUNNY LITTLE MONEY MAN**, also with Weston's orchestra. *Capitol.*

Tommy Roberts, a new baritone who sounds like a cross between Herb Jeffries and Billy Eckstine, makes a good showing on **SAD, SAD STORY BLUES**, with Sy Oliver and his orchestra getting equal billing. Sy wrote the tune, incidentally, and also the arrangement, which provides a terrific background for Tommy's singing. On the reverse, Sy and the band go to town with a jump instrumental, **FOUR TO GO**. *MGM.*

Another ex-band singer who's making good in the movies these days is Doris Day. And for her latest record she's chosen two songs from *Forever and Always*, her new Warner Bros. film. One is a rhythm tune, **SOMEONE LIKE YOU** and the other is a pretty ballad, **MY DREAM IS YOURS**. Doris croons both in her intimate style, and is supported musically by George Siravo and his orchestra. *Columbia.*

INSTRUMENTALIZING



Gene Krupa and his orchestra have a couple of solid items in **UP AN ATOM** and **CALLING DOCTOR GILLESPIE**, the latter title taken from the movie medical character. The whole band plays out on both sides, with Krupa's propelling drums ever present. *Columbia.*

The well-known **GYPSY LOVE SONG** from *The Fortune Teller* gets the jumpy bounce treatment from Sam Donahue and his orchestra, with Donahue's tenor saxophone in the spotlight. The flipover is a much quieter rendition of **OUT IN THE COLD AGAIN**. *Capitol.*

Ziggy Elman and his orchestra offer **HOW HIGH THE MOON**, played at an up tempo, and featuring the brass section, with Ziggy's trumpet riding right on top. On the backing the band does **THE NIGHT IS YOUNG**, with a pretty muted trumpet chorus by Ziggy, of course. *MGM.*

That torrid tenor sax man, Illinois Jacquet, gives his horn a heavy workout on **EMBRYO**, and the band doesn't exactly take it easy, either. But the Jacquet boys slow down a bit on one of Illinois' originals, **A JACQUET FOR JACK, THE BELLBOY**, with Jacquet's saxophone featured again. This tune, by the way, was written for the popular Detroit disc jockey, Jack, the Bellboy, who has been a fan of the Jumpin' Jacquet ever since Illinois was a sideman with Count Basie. *Victor.*

SLIGHTLY LONGHAIR



Jose Iturbi has chosen one of Debussy's best known and best loved compositions

"Soaping" dulls hair— Halo glorifies it!



- ✓ Not a soap, not a cream—cannot leave dulling film!
- ✓ Quickly, effectively removes dandruff from both hair and scalp!
- ✓ Gives fragrant, soft-water lather even in hardest water!
- ✓ Leaves hair lustrously soft, easy to manage—with colorful natural highlights!

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✓ Halo—not a soap, not a cream—contains no sticky oils, *nothing* to hide your hair's natural lustre with dulling film. Made with a new patented ingredient, Halo brings out glossy, shimmering highlights the very first time you use it! Its delightfully fragrant lather rinses away quickly, completely in any kind of water—needs no lemon or vinegar rinse. For hair that's naturally colorful, lustrously soft, easy to manage—use *Halo Shampoo!* At any drug or cosmetic counter.



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REVERIE, for his latest piano recording, coupled with Beethoven's FUR ELISE, which will immediately be recognized by anyone who ever took a piano lesson. Victor.

If you saw Words and Music, you'll remember the wonderful number Gene Kelly and Vera-Ellen did to SLAUGHTER ON TENTH AVENUE. The music has been recorded on both sides of a single record by Lennie Hayton and the M-G-M. Studio orchestra. M-G-M.

SMALL FRY NUMBERS



The delightful SO DEAR TO MY HEART score from the Walt Disney picture of the same name is being released in an album of eight sides, both in shellac and on Superflex (unbreakable). The music is arranged and conducted by Billy May, and John Beal does the narration, assisted by the members of the original cast of the movie. (Capitol).

THE CUCKOO WHO LIVED IN THE CLOCK is a whimsical little story about the poor little cuckoo who never gets to see the outside world except when he can pop out of the clock as the hour strikes. The orchestra is under the direction of Ray Carter, who also wrote the music, and the narrator is none other than the very versatile Gene Kelly. A single record, Parts I and II. Columbia.

One of the best kiddie albums in a long time is FLICK, THE LITTLE FIRE ENGINE, a musical story recorded on four sides. It tells the tale of little Flick, whose papa and mamma don't think he's old enough to chase fires with them, so he always has to stay home in the empty firehouse; that is, until the firehouse catches fire and Flick puts it out all by himself, becomes the family hero and earns the privilege of going out on fire calls with his parents. The kids will be able to identify themselves in this story, and should adore it. It's on unbreakable Metrolite, too. M-G-M.

JEALOUS, TWO SLEEPY PEOPLE, AUTUMN IN NEW YORK, SOFT LIGHTS AND SWEET MUSIC, and MOONGLOW. Capitol.

Most of the big star vocal numbers in Words and Music have been dubbed right off the sound track of the picture and put into an album called, obviously, WORDS AND MUSIC. It's well worth having if you like the great Rodgers and Hart tunes, as who doesn't. Mickey Rooney sings MANHATTAN, Mickey and Judy Garland together do I WISH I WERE IN LOVE AGAIN, and Judy alone sings JOHNNY ONE NOTE, June Allyson does THOU SWELL, Lena Horne has two numbers, WHERE OR WHEN and THE LADY IS A TRAMP, Betty Garrett sings SMALL HOTEL and Ann Sothern's tune is WHERE'S THAT RAINBOW. Lennie Hayton and the M-G-M. Studio orchestra supply all the musical backgrounds. Perry Como is the only big star from the picture who isn't on this album, but it was impossible because of his Victor record contract. M-G-M.

BEHIND THE SCENES



Hooray! Hooray! The record ban is all over and the musician's union and the recording companies are at peace again and everybody is waxing like mad, so get ready for lots of new platters this year. Good news just when it looked as if we'd have to accept those horrible all-vocal backgrounds again, like they made during the last ban. . . . Andy Russell and his wife, singer Della Norelle, who've been playing nightclubs together on the west coast, are planning to make a series of "Mr. and Mrs." Television films. . . . Stan Hasselgard, the brilliant Swedish clarinetist, was killed in an automobile crash a few weeks ago in Illinois. He was on his way to Mexico to renew his immigration papers. Hasselgard, often called the "Benny Goodman of Sweden" and sponsored by Goodman in this country, had recently signed a Capitol Records contract, and his first record was released just a week before his death. . . . Also in the sad news this month is the passing of Dave Tough, famed jazz drummer, who died of pneumonia in New Jersey. Tough began his career in Chicago with Goodman and Gene Krupa, and at one time or another worked with practically every top swing band. . . . The Andrews Sisters just signed a new five-year contract with Decca Records, the company they've been with for the past twelve years, and the only one they've ever recorded for. . . . Bill Lawrence, the promising baritone on Arthur Godfrey's daytime radio show, has been contracted by Victor Records. This lad has George Evans for a press agent, and a few years ago Evans did all right with a young baritone named Sinatra. But press agent or no press agent, the gossip along Tin Pan Alley is that Lawrence will be the next big male singer. . . .

ALBUMS



If you go for Stan Kenton's brand of music and rhythm, you'll probably want his new album, STAN KENTON ENCORES. The titles will be familiar to Kenton followers: PEG O' MY HEART, CHORALE FOR BRASS, ABSTRACTION, CAPITOL PUNISHMENT, SOMNAMBULISM, and HE'S FUNNY THAT WAY. The latter side is the only one with a vocal, and it's done by June Christy. Capitol.

PIANO SKETCHES is the title of an album of piano solos by Skitch Henderson, with just a rhythm accompanist. The tunes are all oldies and Skitch plays them in an intimate style: TWO CIGARETTES IN THE DARK,

ARE RADIO CONTESTS HONEST?

(Continued from page 43)

entries that are sharp but at the same time kept down to a clear understandable level. Judging organizations won't employ professors, by the way, because they're apt to rate entries by lofty academic standards.

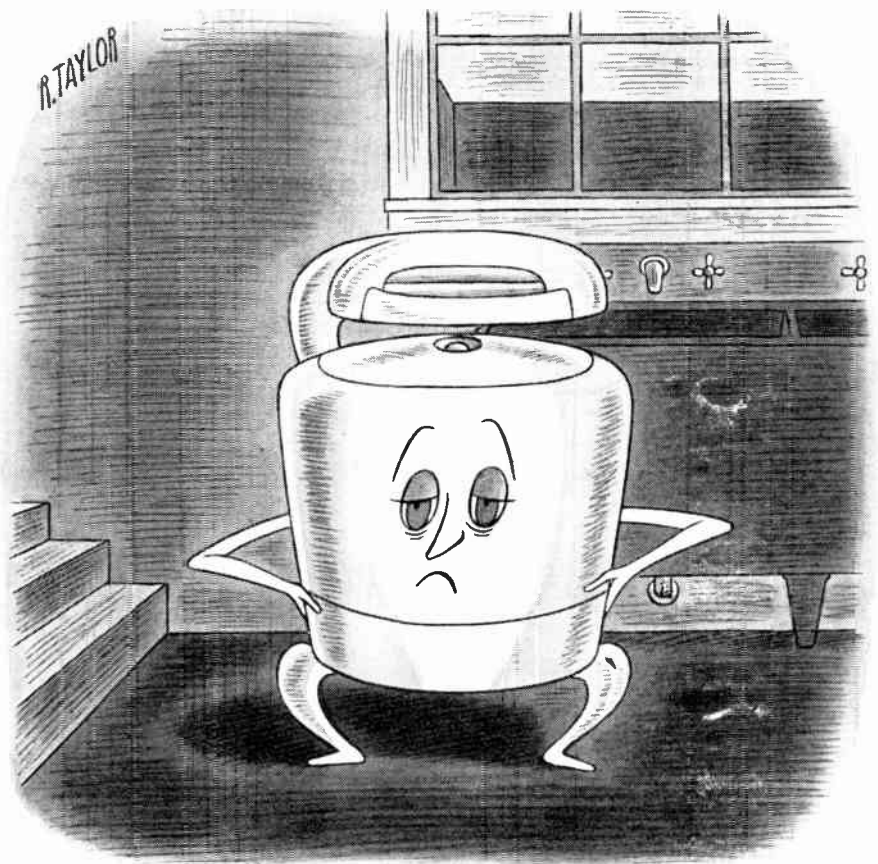
Each set of judges checks the work of subordinate judges—particularly the discards, which are tucked away for six months to a year in case of complaints. Surviving entries, before they go to the final judges, are typed onto plain cards with authors' names and addresses identified only by index numbers to avoid any possibility of favoritism charges. Sometimes, the arbiters can't agree on a top winner out of a dozen or so finalists. The problem is resolved by an order-of-merit system. Each judge lists the entries in his order of preference, awarding 12 points to his top favorite, 11 points to his second choice and so on. Then Mrs. Davis adds up the points each finalist has been granted and announces the top-point man as the winner.

■ *Don't ask us why, but Walter Winchell and Drew Pearson always wear their hats during broadcasts. They prefer soft hats. Edwin C. Hill is never without a derby before the mike. Bing Crosby varies his headgear—but there's always something on his head to hide his big bald spot.*

Before the winners are formally announced to the public, detectives set out to cross-examine them. They make sure, for example, that the entry is entirely self-written and original before they notify the judging organization to part with the sponsor's money. Nobody in radio wants to get burned as Eddie Cantor did some years back—he awarded a \$5,000 college scholarship for a peace-essay competition, then discovered his winner had lifted his prizewinning brainchild from the pages of a popular magazine. There's small chance of a fraud like that happening again.

Although broadcast announcements are usually made to the effect that decorations on entries count for zero, Donnelley regularly receives a sizeable proportion of its slogans and jingles entombed in eggshells or coconuts; embroidered on diapers and plaques and branded on bearskin; by phone, singing telegram and even Morse code. One box-topper built a cross section of a doll house with a man in the bathroom shaving with the sponsor's product. And each contest brings a quota of tear-jerking letters, legal threats (which are never followed through) mash-notes and five- and ten-dollar bills. When the money is openly described as a bribe, it earns the briber a heave-ho from further competition.

The bane of the housewife who struggles for hours to dream up her gems is the "professional" contester or contest "hobbyist." He's the bird who enters all the



All work and No Fels-Naptha...

"I'm not the complaining kind, goodness knows . . . but it does seem as though *some one* in this house would think about *me* once in awhile.

"Nobody works any harder than I do . . . week after week . . . washing the family's clothes . . . with never so much as a 'thank you' or a pat on the wringer.

"I'm not choosy, either . . . whatever they hand me . . . fine linens; the ladies' lingerie; Junior's grubby play suits; the Boss's work clothes . . .

I get the dirt out—somehow.

"Seems to me it's about time I had some capable help on this job. After all, I don't ask for *too* much . . . just some Fels-Naptha Soap."



Golden bar or Golden chips

Fels-Naptha

banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"



Relieve Constipation Pleasantly!

NO NEED to take a harsh, bad-tasting laxative. Get relief *pleasantly* with Ex-Lax — the *dependable* laxative many doctors use in their practice.

Ex-Lax tastes wonderful — like delicious chocolate. It works *gently* and *comfortably*. Ex-Lax is easy on the system and it brings *thorough relief*.

Ex-Lax is still only 10¢. There is *no better laxative at any price*.

Got a COLD?

If you need a laxative, don't add to your troubles by taking one that is harsh. Take *easy-acting* Ex-Lax. Ex-Lax gets thorough results *gently*.

When Nature 'forgets'...
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Lovely NAILS in a FLASH... with

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ARTIFICIAL FINGERNAILS and
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Cover short, broken, thin nails with NU-NAILS. Applied in a jiffy with our amazing new *pick-drying glue*. Can be worn any length... polished any shade. Help overcome nail-biting habit. Set of ten... only 25¢. At all dime stores.

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contests. gets his box-tops from dealers rather than from cans of the sponsor's product, and registers at a mail-order contesters' school which gives students tips on entry-writing for a fee. The "Shepherd School" in Philadelphia is the biggest of these institutions, boasts of an enrollment of 1,000 students—who are said to have captured \$2,000,000 in prize money in the school's 13-year existence. In the recent Tucker automobile contest, six of these professionals wound up on the winners' list. Other schools, clubs and special contest classes have mushroomed in all parts of the country. Many circularize prospective registrants with the come-on that 70% of all contest prizes are won by "professionals."

This figure is hotly disputed by Mrs. Davis, speaking as the dean of contest judges. Her figures show that 90% of grand-prize winners are amateurs—people who've never won a previous contest of importance. Contest schools, she says, exaggerate their prowess in order to attract customers and publicize their students as "national prize-winners" even when they win nothing but turkeys in bingo games. A case in point is our old friend Mrs. Subbie, who was described as a "professional" contestant in public print as well as private whispers. Actually, her previous winnings in 10 years of feverish contesting added up to these: A pair of theater tickets won in a raffle; a \$100 prize won in another raffle and an overnight bus trip to Hollywood awarded by a local Texas station.

Actually, there is nothing illegal or immoral about an entrant winning more than one prize as long as he's penned the winning lines himself. One of the best known of the "professional" contesters is a Minneapolis woman who has snatched prizes in 300 contests—one of them worth \$20,000. If you rule her off-side, she can howl that you're discriminating against her individual ingenuity. Legislate against the number of contests one person may enter and you'd automatically bar thousands of shut-ins from participating.

Professionals do have an advantage in that they can study winning entries in previous contests, get an inkling of what judges might be looking for. Procter and Gamble, for instance, often prefers slogans with certain word qualities; Lever Brothers might go for another type of verbal image. Announcement of winning entries over the air would equalize things for all but the judging organizations feel this practice only adds to the loser's bitterness and creates widespread grief and confusion. When Walter Winchell released the winning definition of a Communist in his last year's contest, he touched off a storm of abuse which almost blew the Donnelley judging organization out to sea. Losers poured into their offices howling, "Mine was better!" and threatened to break down the place.

When entries are ghost-written or bought that's crookedness, clear and simple. These entries rarely get far, however, because Post Office inspectors—who pop in at the judging of virtually every big contest—have their eyes peeled for these tricks. Judging organizations also buy these entries secretly for checking purposes and can spot ghosted gems when they're submitted.

Now about the people from New York who say they're being gypped because small-townners get most of the prizes. Their argument holds a good deal of water in non-radio contests. Many magazine contests do show westerners on top of the prize heap because these publications circulate principally in those areas and they prefer to spot their winners there. But in one of the biggest radio write-in tests last year, New Yorkers who submitted 14% of the total entries won roughly 14% of the prizes. This percentage holds in most cases.

Straight giveaways don't require the involved judging procedures of the write-in contests but also provide a fertile field for rumor-mongers. Few howls of "fake" are directed at audience-participation programs although there are always squawks from quiz-losers who muffed tough jack-



Guessing the right "mystery melody" on *Stop The Music* brought \$17,000 in prizes to Reginald Turner and his family. Program was accused of unfairness by phoning contestants in advance.

pot questions only to see others win the big money by answering simpler queries.

Another complaint has been entered on contests where entrants are called on the telephone. "How come these people are always ready to answer when the phone rings?" the boys in the back room want to know.

Fred Allen, who recently jousted with his hated rival, *Stop The Music*, went even further. He charged on the basis of a letter from a listener that Bert Parks was calling contestants nearly 12 hours in advance of the program to remind them to be home at program time. This would give them oodles of time to go out looking for the answer to the big-money question. But the producers of the show swear that no *Stop The Music* listener has ever been called 12 hours before time. When the program was first started, some listeners were called a few hours in advance but were merely asked whether or not they'd be home at such and such an hour. It's possible of course that an astute listener might put two and two together—but in any case the three-hour warning is no longer in effect. *Stop the Music* now starts putting in calls just as their program is beginning. *Hit The Jackpot*, *Break The Bank* and some of the others begin phoning after the program has already got under way.

Some quiz programs use geographical yardsticks to select their contestants. This is an attempt at equality or at selective discrimination depending on the way you look at it. Big city folk usually gripe about this practice; but their rural neighbors applaud it loudly.

No giveaway show has found a way to stop various people who've toiled over the quiz questions and then tip off the Broadway columnists whose favor they curry. A Brooklyn sailor who reaped a \$22,000 harvest from a recent contest admitted frankly that he'd read the winning answer in a New York paper. If there is one complaint about the fairness of radio contest which has unquestioned merit, this is it. Attempts have been made to appeal to the columnists' ethics but except for one case where the size of contributions to a charity depended on the duration of the contest, all pleas have been given the brush-off.

Best known of the tiptsters is Walter Winchell, who gives *Stop the Music* hints; but since his hints often confuse rather than help, they are much less objectionable than the straight-out answers his competitors sometimes provide.

All in all, though, radio contests are relatively unmarked by phony shenanigans. If you're one of the millions who will enter the kilocycle gold rush of '49, don't complain you couldn't win because the thing was crooked or "fixed." It's just that radio-contesting is a big business now and, because the competition is so keen, the odds are pretty much against your winning.

■ Fred Allen and his chief writer were recently discussing a gag. "But we've used that one before," protested the writer. "I know," admitted Allen, "but it's not like taking something from a stranger."

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And here's up-to-date information you and she can trust . . .

Every daughter has a right to know these intimate physical facts before she marries. You *must* inform her how important vaginal douching two or three times a week often is to feminine cleanliness, her health, marriage happiness—to combat odor and always after menstrual periods.

And you *should* make her realize no other type liquid antiseptic-germicide tested for the douche is so POWERFUL yet so SAFE to tissues as modern ZONITE!

Zonite Principle Developed By Famous Surgeon and Chemist

Be sure to caution your daughter about weak products for the douche. Pity the girl who, through ignorant advice of friends, uses such 'kitchen makeshifts' as vinegar, salt or soda. These *never* can assure the great germicidal and deodorizing action of ZONITE.

On the other hand you must warn

your daughter about dangerous products—overstrong solutions of which may burn, harden or scar delicate tissue lining, and in time even impair functional activity of the mucous glands.

Remember, while ZONITE is powerfully germicidal, it's non-poisonous, non-irritating and ABSOLUTELY SAFE to delicate tissue lining. You can use ZONITE as directed as often as needed without the slightest risk of injury.

Truly A Modern Miracle

ZONITE destroys and removes odor-causing waste substances. Leaves you feeling so sweet and clean. Helps guard against infection. ZONITE *kills* every germ it touches. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract. But you can be *sure* ZONITE DOES KILL every reachable germ and keeps them from multiplying. You can buy ZONITE at any drug counter.



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ACTUALLY SOOTHING

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**"every little
thing shows"**

One last check-up, and Dorothy Doan is on her way. Her TV program, *Vanity Fair*, is on 1-1:30 pm, EST.

by candy jones

Director, Conover
Career Girl School

■ Some of the most sensible grooming tips I've heard were passed on to me by charming Dorothy Doan, who puts on her own television show four days a week over CBS. As Dorothy said, she goes straight through her day with time for only minor repairs and really has a problem—especially since "every little thing shows" before the television camera. It seems to me that every little thing shows in daily contact, too.

Dorothy doesn't spend much time on her grooming except once a week on Sunday night, when she goes through what she calls her "ablutions"—an intensive, sprucing-up job, including hair-wash-and-set, facial, eyebrow-shaping, complete manicure and pedicure, under-arm hair removal, thorough removal of leg hair, and lightening of down over the upper lip.

With this work-out as a base, a few quick, simple touches every morning insure daisy-fresh looks through the day. Dorothy's morning routine goes like this: *hands*—an extra turn with a nail-brush over the knuckles; *hair*—a final smoothing-down with a brush slightly touched with brillian-tine; *legs*—a once-over with the hair-re-mover; *lips*—cologne (not perfume) under the lipstick to keep it on longer, and it scarcely needs to be said that Dorothy applies an anti-perspirant after her shower.

As final insurance, she checks her stocking seams and slip length, and it's off to *Vanity Fair*.



Dorothy found that her hair stayed neat longer if she gave it a final brush with a touch of brillian-tine.



To make sure that the camera won't reveal leg hair, Dorothy uses the hair-remover for a quick once-over.

THE EDGAR BERGEN CASE

(Continued from page 37)

about himself that he hadn't known before. Mainly that he really had been looking for a wife all along only she happened to be Frances, who happened to combine beauty, intelligence and common sense to a degree that Edgar B. just hadn't imagined possible.

She was a little different from the usual Hollywood type, this Frances of Bergen's. Tall, outrageously good-looking, she could have had picture contracts, but preferred to work for a living as a model rather than get into the mad whirlwind an actress must put up with. Edgar admired Frances' level head, but she lost it to him in short order and about seven months after their first meeting the two were very quietly married.

To make matters impossibly wonderful, a tow-headed little cherub was born about a year later—name of Candice—and she swiftly became the heart of Bergen's dream house, which tops a high hill not far from the famed Beverly Hills Hotel. Candy's going on three now and all observers are forced to admit that she's a beauty . . . Life couldn't be lovelier for a stubborn man.

All of which is one more proof, as is

■ *Eddie Cantor was trading stories with Jack Benny about some of the great testimonial banquets they had attended. Cantor recalled a Friars Club shindig for the great Caruso many years ago. The program was oppressively long. Finally, Caruso stood up and shouted. "Why nobody ask me to sing? I am a professional!" With that, he got up and sang for an hour. "Caruso," commented Cantor, "was just an Italian Al Jolson!"*

Edgar's whole history, that "it pays to be a perfectionist."

His consuming desire to do everything perfectly that he starts out to tackle was behind Bergen's recent decision to drop his radio program for awhile. And right now is a good time to squelch the wild rumors and speculation about his temporary retirement last December—and to tell the truth about his vacation from radio. The whole thing is really amazingly simple and unsensational.

A lot of people declared that Bergen's startling decision was simply a "hold-out" for more money. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Judged by average standards, Bergen is already a man of considerable wealth. His radio show was packaged at around \$25,000 weekly, which is tops for the field—especially seeing that Charlie McCarthy and Mortimer Snerd aren't in a position to demand too much of a cut.

Bad health? That point always seems to crop up when any major star decides to withdraw from the scene awhile, and sure enough the same old cry—"He's practically on his deathbed!"—started up when Bergen made his announcement. But Edgar



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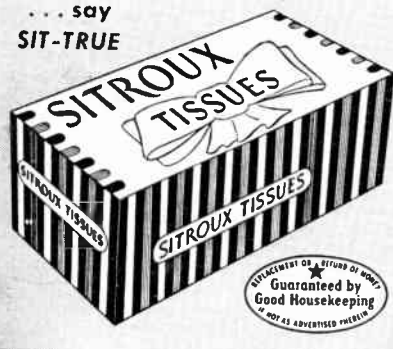


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won't even dignify this rumor with a comment, so ridiculous does he consider it. These "bad-health" rumors probably gained credence because Bergen does have a sinus condition that can become quite painful. But his health is thriving and he has many good productive years ahead of him.

"Well, then, it must be because his popularity has waned and he's getting out while the getting's good!" the rumor-mongers whispered. Again—not true! Bergen's audience might not have numbered quite as many as Benny's and Hope's (if Hooper-ratings are any judge) but his show never lost its vast army of loyal fans. Bergen never sacrificed quality (to compete with the giveaway shows, for example) because he never wanted to let down the millions of listeners who remained loyal to his inimitable brand of entertainment. As a matter of fact, two new sponsors were bidding for Bergen's services when he announced his vacation from radio.

The answer, then? Television. And his unquenchable thirst for perfection.

For years, Edgar Bergen has been knee-deep in television plans and production. He has appeared in video several times (and got rave reviews), has his own TV production company, and for two years has been President of the Television Academy. And to plan for television now on a large scale, with his usual perfection, it would be impossible for him to carry on a full-time radio show. It's not as though Bergen just wanted to "take a shot" at video; he wants to go into the field permanently, on a bigtime basis, and he's not the kind of a man to do it without the most thorough groundwork and experimentation.

He's never been any different. Even way back when his whole fabulous career began, and he was small Edgar Bergen—the family name was spelled so then—just out of knee pants. A precocious child who was apt to drive the folks wild with his practical jokes was Edgar, but a great

help around the family's dairy farm just the same, and crazy for photography.

Well, one day, Edgar saw this ad for a photographic manual, and he just had to have it. It cost 25 cents, too. He never received it though, because, as you may have heard, the firm made a mistake and Edgar received instead something called *Herman's Wizard's Manual of Secrets of Magic, Black Art, Mind Reading and Ventriloquism*.

Things were never to be the same.

Edgar read about ventriloquism. Edgar was fascinated by ventriloquism. Edgar decided to become a ventriloquist. So he did. There was nothing to it if you were just stubborn enough to practice and practice until you became perfect.

Edgar became so perfect that one afternoon he fooled his mother into thinking that somebody was calling from outside the house. While his mother wasn't at all pleased, Edgar was. From then on he threw himself whole hog into the art of voice manipulation.

Shortly afterwards, Bergen's perfectionism started paying off in dollars and cents. By the time he got to college age he was doing well enough to pay his way through school. There were ups and downs after the boy graduated and took his talents into the commercial theatrical world, but he was too good to miss in the long run. The master of ventriloquism, you could call him. That's what Bergen's stubborn insistence on perfection has led to.

It almost led him to pass by the big break of his career, though. That was when Rudy Vallee saw Bergen and Charlie McCarthy at New York's Rainbow Room and asked them to appear as a guest on the Rudy Vallee Hour.

"I'm sorry," said Edgar, "I don't think it's a good idea."

"Why not?" asked Mr. Vallee.

"People have to see me," explained Bergen. "It won't be right."

Eventually, the stubborn fellow was persuaded, and lived to bless the day of



Little Candice is one of perfectionist Bergen's most perfect achievements. Three years old now, Candy gets a great kick out of taking the spotlight on the small stage Edgar had built at home.

course, as did all the people who grew very fond indeed of Bergen and his wooden sprite of a friend McCarthy during their long stay on the air.

There are some people who say now that Edga, the perfectionist, is carrying a good thing too far. What they have in mind is Bergen's new television act. It involves three barnyard characters—two hens and a rooster. Sarah is the bashful little hen, given to worrying about everything, particularly the flightiness of Tillie, a fluffy little doll without a care in her pink plastic washbone. The rooster is a gay blade kind of a character who still has no name.

This is how the dialogue is likely to go when Tillie, an incurable little gossip, and prim Sarah sit side by side on their nests.

Sarah: Did you see that Rhode Island Red who just went past?

Tillie: Huh, they say she touches up her feathers.

Sarah: Shhh—Tillie. Let's change the subject. You know, I had a long talk with that cute little Leghorn girl this morning. Do you know, she was almost run over by a truck today.

Tillie: Zat so? She probably was looking at that conceited rooster.

Sarah: I really can't blame her—he's so plummy. But, dear oh dear, why do we chickens cross the road?

Bergen has been working on his television act for two years, giving it the best that's in him because he's sure as the monocle on McCarthy's face that his line of goods is heaven-sent for video. Important television executives have already viewed and enthusiastically acclaimed the results, but the film has been taken out of circulation, at least for the time being because it's not good enough for Edgar.

There is the matter of the rooster, for one thing. He's having his head done over and his tail feathers shuffled.

"He's a gay cavalier and a marvelous scoundrel," Bergen has explained, "but we don't like him, yet."

What are you going to do with a guy like that? Television wants the boy. To quote him: "We have been offered exactly as much as radio pays us."

But this quiet fellow Bergen is stubborn. What he does has to be right.

It may interest you to know that mean-spirited Charlie McCarthy is perfectly happy about the delay in Bergen's new threat to his comic supremacy. Despite the fact that McCarthy himself seems destined for bigger laurels than ever as a video performer, his petty nature can't tolerate competition.

In answer to accusations of ingratitude toward the world of radio, Bergen has said: "Charlie McCarthy was born for television, and it's not my fault that television was born after Charlie." But even that soft-soap didn't placate the hard-hearted rascal.

All over Hollywood, there are reports of a conversation between Bergen and McCarthy which goes something like this:

Charlie: It's sabotage, Bergen. It's a dirty trick, a foul deed, a sliver in my back and besides, it ain't cricket.

Bergen: Why Charlie, what are you talking about?

Charlie: Oh, ho, what am I talking about? This time I've caught you red-handed—you and those feather dusters.

Bergen: Feather dusters?



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Charlie: Yeah, those refugees from a pillow stuffing. Those barnyard busybodies, those cuckoo cacklers.

Bergen: You mean Sarah and Tillie. Why, Charlie, they're cutie pies!

Charlie: Wretches, egg caddies. Cutie pies, indeed. I'd like to see 'em in a couple of chicken pies.

Bergen: Now, now, Charlie. They're all part of the family.

Charlie: Family, you say. Madhouse, I call it. First you insult our intelligence with that malicious moron, Mortimer Snerd—and now what have we got? A bucolic barnyard!

According to Edgar the little wood-chuckler has gone even further in his general nasty attitude.

"Think of it, Bergen," he has remarked, "with those chickens of yours—that Sarah and Tillie—you may yet get a laugh when you lay an egg!"

But those who know stubborn old Bergen are willing to stake their last nickel that there'll be no eggs laid. Bergen doesn't work that way. If he undertakes something, he's got to be satisfied with the results—or else he doesn't go on. He may in fact even go off if that little old relentless perfectionist in him becomes displeased.

According to Frances it's wonderful living with a perfectionist, but the only trouble is that the disease seems to be catching. For a long time Bergen had been wanting Frances to learn flying. The

man's a bug on the subject. He owns three planes, has financed a flying school at Montebello, California, where instrument flying is taught young pilots without the funds to pay for instruction. To her husband Frances demurred, saying that she had enough difficulty learning to drive and that if she learned to fly she might get the two confused and find herself making a three point crash landing on Sunset Boulevard.

Mr. Bergen agreed with Mrs. Bergen on this point, but on a certain day recently they went for a cloud spin. After they'd been up for a time Frances said, "I don't know. I think I would like to learn to fly at that." Smilingly granting her feminine whim, Edgar turned the controls over to Frances. She promptly did a loop that left Bergen gasping, then went into a series of rolls.

When he could get his breath he gulped and exclaimed, "There is something you have been keeping from me, young lady."

"Uh-huh," Frances agreed. "Six months of flying lessons."

Recently Frances decided to give up the dress shop which she started so auspiciously. "It wasn't that business was bad," she explains, "I just discovered that having a job was not nearly as interesting as I thought it was going to be and I found that it took me away from home too much. When you've got the perfect husband, and baby—why you've just got to be the perfect wife."

I'LL NEVER BE AFRAID AGAIN — BY TED MALONE

(Continued from page 62)

Zamperini made up his mind that he would run. When the American Olympic team went to Germany, before the war, Zamperini was their runner.

"Decide what you want. Go out after it."

Right after the outbreak of World War II came the time when I put that philosophy to one of the biggest tests I'd ever made.

I decided that I wanted to be a war correspondent for the ABC network. At that time I had two programs: *Between the Bookends* and *Yankee Doodle Quiz*. I went to see the program director, and asked to be sent overseas as a correspondent.

Impressed, but skeptical, the program director went to see the news director who promptly hit the ceiling.

"You could do a good job of broadcasting human interest stories about the war, but, frankly, there just isn't a cent in the budget to spend on you," the news director explained.

This business of "going after what I wanted" looked pretty dismal. But I was determined to prove to myself that my philosophy would work. So the next thing I did was to call Herbert Mayes of *Good Housekeeping*, of which I was poetry editor, and asked him how he'd feel about my becoming a war correspondent.

Mayes said it was a fine idea, so long as I continued to edit my poetry from overseas. Then I admitted that I had budget trouble. And Mayes had the answer.

"Would a thousand dollars help?" he asked. "I'd really like to see you go."

Would it help? And how it helped!

Next, I phoned the publishers of my poetry anthologies and asked them if

they'd be willing to give me advances on a book on overseas broadcasts. The answer was "yes!"

My spirits soaring, I called on a newspaper syndicate and actually sold them on my doing a story of the invasion! Brother, by that time I was just about ready to swim the Atlantic!

Fortified by these publishers' promises, I went back to see the ABC news chief the same day. I explained that I'd raised the money, and now how about being a war correspondent?

"Malone," said the newsman, "you really do want to go, don't you?"

I nodded vigorously.

"You win, Ted," he said. "And forget about those advances. ABC is always willing to take a chance on a guy with the will you've shown. How soon can you leave?"

A month later, just fifteen years after I had read my first poem on the air, I said goodbye to my *Between the Bookends* listeners, and climbed up the gangplank, bound for Europe.

All it had required was a firm decision and a little extra effort.

Ted Malone's regular Monday through Friday Moving Reporter program is heard at 11:30 a. m., EST, over the ABC network. Recently, he started the first network show to broadcast both ends of telephone conversations to all parts of the world. It's called Ted Malone Calling, is aired over ABC at 4 p. m., EST, on Sundays.

MAN-ABOUT-MAIN STREET

(Continued from page 65)

model daughter-in-law

Of all Kay's achievements, his mother is probably most pleased with the stunning young wife he brought into the closely-knit Kyser family. Georgia's folks came from a Mississippi and she was born and brought up in Dallas, Texas, so she is a true Southerner and the perfect girl to fit into the Kyser household.

Up until the year that Kay was forty, he worked so hard and fast that he had no time to fall in love or think of marriage. It was on his first camp show tour that he met Georgia Carroll, famed as a leading model. Georgia had been assigned to sing with Kay's USO company, billed as the "Stop, Look and Listen To" gal. He liked her singing fine, and she joined up with his show as its permanent singing star.

It was three years before Kay and Georgia finally woke up to the fact that they were in love. They were driving home to Los Angeles from a personal appearance when they came to the division of the highway. One road went to L.A. and the other to Las Vegas.

"You know," said Kay, "if we turn off to Las Vegas we could be married right away."

"Do we have enough gas to get there?" Georgia wanted to know.

Kay's mother was notified of the wedding; immediately and she wired right back: "Congratulations. We will 'Stop and look' but from now on, you will 'listen' too."

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Even at their early age, it's clear that the Kyser offspring are in no danger of growing up into introverts. Both two-and-a-half-year-old Kimberly Ann and one-year-old Carol Amanda are pocket editions of their blonde, blue-eyed mother in looks and their exuberant father in personality. Kimberly Ann, in particular, is a comedian and can pace her father act for act. He gets a great kick out of making up songs and rhymes for her.

Not that they are allowed a free hand, though. Even when there is a nurse, Georgia supervises every activity of her youngsters, and she's strict with them in matters of discipline. She intends to make very sure that both her little girls grow up unspoiled. In Hollywood, the Kyser home is purposely in a neighborhood where there are a lot of other children around, because Georgia wants the girls to grow up good "mixers" with the "gang."

The only time Georgia worries about her daughters becoming spoiled is when they visit Grandma. Grandma and the children are pals, and she does not over-indulge them—after all she's raised enough of her own to know something about kids—but the Kyser clan is noted for their love of children and so many adoring relatives could easily turn two such pretty girls' heads.

But Georgia is very firm about keeping her two babies on a schedule, and she manages to do it whether at home in Hollywood or in Rocky Mount. Even though



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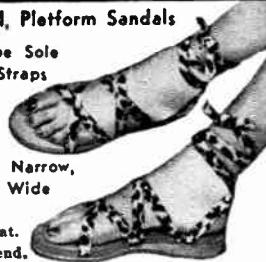
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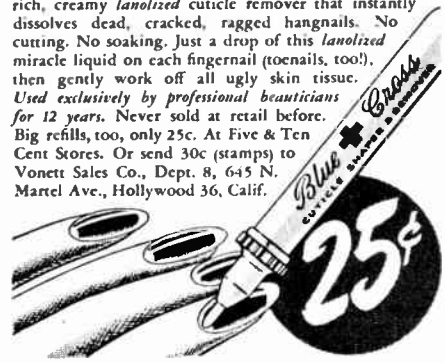
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Kay makes it hard by taking them off on jaunts around town, or wanting to play with them all the time, Georgia has certain unbreakable rules about mealtimes, hours of sleep at night, and afternoon naps. Kay has to abide by the regulations, too . . . and, believe me, he does!

key's slant

With his ABC program—*Kyser's College of Fun and Knowledge*—which goes on five days a week from 4-4:30 p. m., EST, and his band recordings, Kay's schedule keeps him hopping. But he always makes time for the youngsters who come to him for counsel and encouragement.

Kay's interest in young people is known far and wide, and his hard-hitting words of advice have set many of them on the right track. I asked him if he would tell me what kind of advice he gives these youngsters—especially the budding musicians among them. I think that the following words written by the "Professor" himself, reveals a great deal of his own

philosophy of life.

"If music is your dish and music is the line you want to follow, you're a lucky boy today. In grammar school and high school bands, they hand you an instrument and tell you how to blow it. So you blow and you begin to produce sounds. And the moment you produce you're expressing yourself. You have an incentive to try to produce a better sound.

"Don't go into music unless you're thoroughly convinced that's what you want to devote your whole life to. Otherwise you will be wasting the most valuable years of your life, especially the two or three years when you should be fitting yourself for some endeavor to which you're better suited.

"Think it all out and be sure you love music so much you keep saying to yourself: 'That's it. There's nothing I can do about it.' If that's the case, then go to it, and let nothing stop you. If you do, music will be good to you and you will experience the supreme joy that self-expression brings."

NOTHING SACRED—BY JEAN MEEGAN

(Continued from page 59)

something about the Rodeo, which was playing New York. "Go and see it, ladies and gentlemen, and watch them throw the bull," he suggested, and then slipped the lever on the recorded announcement urging people to vote for the Republican candidate for President. Amsterdam got no more Republican paid advertisements.

Will Rogers was his first fan and mentor. In 1930, Amsterdam was on the same bill with the late philosopher in a Los Angeles vaudeville house. Amsterdam, who was a kid 18 years old then, was doubling on a radio program called *The Optimistic Doughnuts* over KNX. "Don't offend anyone," Rogers used to tell him. "I get by because no matter what I say about anyone I always wind up saying something good about them also."

That was in the adolescence of radio, when there were few inhibitions. Performers could get away with murder. Rogers used to listen to Amsterdam and then send him post cards (because he had no phone) counseling him. "No matter what they let you do, don't," Rogers once wrote. "It's too easy to offend people with off-color material. Remember you are playing to people in their homes—church-going people."

Amsterdam has 100 cards with Rogers' admonitions. Rogers used to drive him home from the theater at night. "Come on kid," the old cowboy used to say to his protege, "get the dog house and I'll take you home." Amsterdam was a cellist at the time and it never occurred to him to leave the monstrous instrument in the theater. "And whoever heard of insurance in those days," he shrugs now.

Morey was born on December 14, 1912, in San Francisco. His father is Max Amsterdam, a cellist for Warner Brothers. At ten, he was a boy soprano and introduced "Three O'clock In The Morning" on the radio. Morey went to work in vaudeville when he was fourteen and a freshman at the University of California. His brother was in an act called "Amsterdam and

Clifford." While he was playing in San Francisco, Clifford took sick and Morey was tossed in to pinch hit. At fifteen, he did imitations on *Blue Moon Jamboree* over KFRC in San Francisco.

"I am the only comic who ever started at the top and worked my way down," he says. "During my first week I played on the same bill with Fannie Brice and George Jessel. My next booking was in a tenth-rate vaudeville house as part of an opening act. It's taken me twenty years to get back to where I started in this crazy racket."

Amsterdam grew up in that lively epoch called Prohibition. In 1929 he was playing Colissimo's in Chicago. One night Vice-President Charles E. Dawes came into the cafe while Al Capone was there. Morey cracked, "This is some parley: the vice-president together with the president of vice."

His roommates in the hotel where he lived were two boys who were working their way through Marquette University, bootlegging. One night the three were coming home from a party and Amsterdam in the back seat complained of a headache. "I think I'll lie down," announced the comic, just as a bullet came through the back window and careened through the hat of the driver. His roommates' rivals were on the war path. By the time they got home there were 25 bullet tears in the car. Amsterdam left Chicago immediately for home, where he went to work in the Sir Francis Drake Hotel as a cellist in his father's concert ensemble.

"That's right," his father cajoled him,

■ *The daytime serial—alias the soap opera—receives a shellacking in the new movie, "A Letter To Three Wives," in which Ann Sothern plays a \$100-a-week serial writer.*

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"stop being a comedian. Come and be a musician like I want you to be." That lasted six weeks and Amsterdam was in Los Angeles playing the cello and saxophone in Rube Wolf's orchestra and doubling into the Al Pearce's *Happy Go Lucky Hour*, where he worked for nothing. Pearce finally took him on a permanent basis and he played an egotistical character called "Here I Am You Lucky People" for four years.

He has the world's record for doing 78 shows in one week. It was during the years he operated two cafes in New York, the Playgoers and Morey's. He appeared three times nightly at the Playgoers, as well as his two-a-day stint on WMGM, and produced and appeared in a Broadway show called *Hilarities of 1949*, which saw all of seven September night performances in 1948.

One night in the Playgoers there was an ear-splitting crash of glass. Amsterdam stopped cold, looked at the audience and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, that was Johnny stepping out of thousands of store windows all over America."

Amsterdam has written 8,000 gags for everyone from Robert Benchley to Henny Youngman. While he was under contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer he collaborated on *Bedtime Story*. Probably his most famous gag in that picture was uttered by the late Benchley, who, playing a drunk,

■ "Once I figured out a new type of musical bridge for our 'Easy Aces' show," said Goodman Ace. "The dialogue would build up to the title of the song and the musicians would play that song. So the sponsor sent me a note: 'I don't like it.' So I wrote back: 'And I don't like the new package on your product.' It took the sponsor a year to think of an answer for that one. It was: 'You're fired!'"

called his wife and said, "Get the kids off the street, honey. I'm driving home." "Hollywood," he has said, "is the town where the skeletons in the closet are ashamed of the people who live in the house."

Another famous line of Morey's has been used by every comedian in the business. Some years ago when the papers announced Shirley Temple's retirement at the age of twelve with \$4,000,000, Amsterdam cracked. "At the rate I'm going, I'll be able to retire at the age of 4,000,000 with \$12."

Amsterdam wrote the Milton Berle show in 1942 while he was working on special comedy material for pictures starring Spencer Tracy, Clark Gable, Frank Morgan and Fannie Brice. He and Berle differ in many respects, not the least of which is that Berle has the greatest mental catalogue of gags in the world. Morey, on the other hand, would rather think up a new one than try to remember an old one. It's so much simpler, he thinks.

Last summer while Berle was on vacation, Amsterdam took his place as master of ceremonies on the *Texaco Star Theater*. Berle returned from vacation the day of Amsterdam's last show. Milton breezed in



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rested, tanned, and considerably thinner. All the yes men were flattering the comedian when Amsterdam looked up and said, "Yea, Milton, you look great. Ya look like ya lost about 50 jokes." His own choice among comedians is Jack Benny, whom he thinks has the greatest delivery in the world. Fred Allen he says is the greatest humorist.

Judging by most radio and elocutionary standards Amsterdam has no voice for an entertainer. In private conversation he has a distinct lisp. Fortunately it doesn't come over the air. When someone mentioned that to Morey he said, "You just don't notice it—there are so many other things wrong."

He has, by his own statement, "the happiest home life of any guy in the world." His wife of seven years is Kay Patrick, a Conover Cover girl. This winter Morey was offered \$25,000 for several night club appearances at the Carnival in New York. He refused, saying he wanted to spend more time with his wife. She, in turn, cracked, "Morey is a husband money couldn't buy."

They have a son, Gregory, who is six and the smartest kid in the first grade at Professional Children's School in New York, a place that is loaded with grammar school geniuses.

Neither Morey nor his wife drinks or smokes. "If I had any idea about drinking booze, working in night clubs took it out of me," he says. "I'm the fellow who eats up all the pretzels in a bar. I've just been given an honorary membership in Hors D'oeuvres Anonymous."

Until this season he lived in the comparative obscurity of New York comedy and cafes. His fans mostly were other show people, who listened to Morey and repeated his wisecracks at Lindy's and Toots Shor's. He'd say such things on the

show as "Florida is a sunny place for shady people" and it would be all over Broadway the next day.

Arthur Godfrey, an iconoclast in his own right, would listen to Amsterdam's affronts to sponsors at night and repeat them the next morning on his own show.

One of his favorites was a shellacking Amsterdam gave Smith Brothers Ice Cream one night. "Who ever heard of Smith Brothers Ice Cream?" Morey asked. "When I think of Smith Brothers I think of Trade and Mark. This ice cream comes in three delicious flavors: vanilla, chocolate and mustache. They say it's slow melt. It sure is. It's mixed with concrete." One morning Amsterdam showed up at Godfrey's studio in CBS and gabbed off-the-cuff for twenty minutes with the redhead. Irving Mansfield, producer of the Godfrey show, came out of the control room, shook Amsterdam by the hand, and said, "I've been a fan of yours for years. But I thought you were strictly a New York comic, no good for network. I was wrong."

To show the wisdom of Irving Mansfield's choice, CBS built a show for Morey with Mansfield as producer. Radio networks being what they are, the Morey Amsterdam show on CBS is not the free wheeling operation it is on the local New York station.

This show is written and rehearsed. He couldn't get away with his usual ad libs. On the local show last summer one of his sponsors was a resort hotel. Their boast was "A home away from home with food like mother used to cook." Morey gagged "What is home without a mother? A good place to take a dame."

His theory of comedy is clear and uncomplicated. "You can get tired of a character," he says of an audience, "but you don't get tired of a human being."



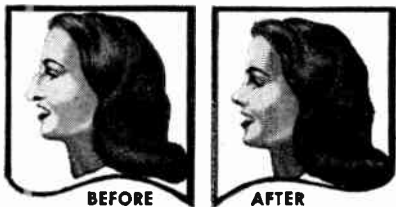
Betty Garde and Morey give all they have whenever they rehearse for the CBS show. Betty plays "Aunt Mamie." Amsterdam has written 8000 gags for others, is now delivering his goods himself.

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SOMETHING FOR MOTHER

(Continued from page 44)

on such radio stanzas as *Thin Man*, *Can You Top This*, and *Famous Jury Trials*. Now, knee-deep in video, he only finds time for an occasional radio stint.

It's not the frequency of James' appearances, however, that gets the tele fans. It's his folksy way of becoming one of the household. He's always telling mother to take it easy, has a serious word for Junior on the importance of fair play, and he commiserates with Dad on preparing his income tax. Arriving home one evening, after the traditional hard day at the office, one breadwinner no sooner got through the door than his wife put the bite on him for ten dollars. "For what?" he demanded.

"Dennis needs it," replied the ever-loving. "Or rather he says it would be nice to give something to this community drive."

"Dennis who?" snarled Pop. Tolerantly, as with a retarded child, wifey said, "Why, Dennis James, of course—don't you ever watch the television set?"

Though James is now an all-around entertainer, it was his sportscasting technique which splashed him on every television screen within range. Once James tackled wrestling shows, that rather weary sport suddenly caught on like the New Look. Attendance in the arenas has picked up all around, and never has wrestling had so many lady fans.

The whole course of wrestling history was changed one day when James wandered through the dog-accessories section of a department store and spotted a crackle-bone, one of those make-believe dog bones made of steel wires cloaked in rubber. After one tentative squeeze, James said, "This is it." When twisted, the crackle-bone sounds horribly like a tibia giving way, and, to the television audience, it gives the eerie effect of both seeing and hearing a man gradually being torn limb from limb.

This little ten-cent item, now sort of a James trademark, is a mainstay of the show, but of his many props, none of them cost more than a quarter. Ratchet-wheels, sandpaper and old squeak dolls are a few of his gruesome—but hilarious—gadgets.

These clinical touches—perhaps heightened because James was once a medical student—are only part of the overall entertainment. Camped at the ringside, James is only separated from the arena audience by about two feet, and they watch him more than the wrestlers. His commentary is mainly good-natured railing at the ham acting in the ring. When the punishment seems most savage he'll remark happily, "Fingers in the eyes by Dusak, Mother." And, then, as a toe-hold is clamped on, he'll get out the crackle-bone and twist it with relish. While all this is going on, James will wave to friends in the crowd, sign some autographs, sip away at a container of coke, and be as relaxed as the ring ropes. Actually, though, he has to be ready to grab his microphone and run at any second, since the playful pachyderms are apt to toss one another out of the ring. On numerous occasions, James has escaped from his seat just in time to keep from being smashed by falling bodies.

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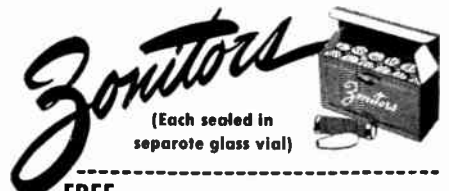
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At the outset of his wrestling coverage, some of the burly performers resented the James' riding—good-natured though it is. One night George Lenihan, a svelte 220-pound exponent of the art, reached down from the ring and grabbed the 165-pound James with a modified stranglehold. Shaking him like a wet raincoat, Lenihan growled, "One more crack, and I'll moida ya!" At this, the entire arena audience rose to James' defense and, for the next few minutes, the best part of the night's entertainment was on.

Nowadays, though, all the touting wrestlers regard James as a benefactor. So much so that, when tossing an opponent, they try to shy him in James' direction so the tele-cameras will have a better shot of the scene. After any show you'll see several chunky individuals, usually smoking cigars and looking like settled businessmen, elbow their way through the autograph hounds to shake hands with James. It will be the same beefy characters whom James was having fun with in the ring a while before.

The wrestling matches are a special favorite with the ladies. A housewife reports that, at a session of her bridge club, one player messed up a pat hand and remarked, disgustedly, "Why, I had that like an Indian death lock." None of the other ladies even looked up in surprise. Common talk in the best female circles—this wrestling patter.

Now, on his *Okay Mother* program, James devotes an entire program to American motherhood. Linked with Mothers, Inc. (of which Dennis is honorary president) the show has a panel of mothers every day which discusses some topic that frets the womenfolk. Usually there is a guest mother who is honored for some

singular accomplishment. Through it all James beams merrily, wisecracks and, as if it were the most natural thing in the world, manages to kiss about half the panel before the half hour is over.

This complete naturalness is probably James' greatest gift as a video performer. Whether on the set or off he is genial, witty and happy-go-lucky, and without a trace of "star" complex. His fondness for puns has him tossing them off at all times—sometimes to the dismay of less imaginative toilers in the television marts. One afternoon, between shows, he was in rare form and whipped out several prize remarks in a row. An earnest press agent, overhearing him, was genuinely worried "Save 'em for the show, Dennis," he admonished, shaking his head. "Save 'em for the show." If James were less original than he is, he might have retorted, honestly enough, "Don't worry. I've got a million of 'em."

Dark and good-looking, Dennis could pass for much less than his actual 31. He drives a dashing, blue Buick convertible, and lives in a smart New York apartment which he decorated himself—mainly by tacking up pictures of burly wrestlers all about the bar. He comes honestly by his affection for mothers, since he spends most weekends with his own in Jersey City. And he has a sailboat on Long Island Sound, which he skippers with considerable flourish. Once in a while he plays golf, but he'd pass up any tee engagement for one guaranteeing a meal of real Italian cooking.

Actually, though, Dennis has one hobby which he places above the rest. There's nothing he likes to do better than relax before a television set, and if a wrestling match is being shown, he is content.

THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH SOAP OPERAS

(Continued from page 48)

heroines are sometimes almost too virtuous and long-suffering and, unlike you and me, they never do grow old. Portia, for instance, will hover between thirty and forty for the rest of her airborne life. Helen Trent, who for years has been proving to her listeners that a woman past thirty-five can still be attractive to men, would be nudging fifty if she were a real life person.

Furthermore, the trials and tribulations of soap opera characters are of incredible magnitude, almost too much for a human to survive, and they persist without let-up. Brain tumors, amnesia, and paralysis are all in the day's work and nary a grumble out of *Our Gal Sunday*, *Rosemary* or *When a Girl Marries*' ever-cheerful Joan. Well, once I experimented and made Portia sort of an everyday gal. I gave her a little temper, a flash of impatience, even put a smidgin of pettiness in her make-up. I made entirely believable things happen to her instead of the colossal calamities of yore. And Portia's rating fell from third to twenty-fourth place! That's the best answer I can give to the critics who say: "Make soap opera more true to life." When we writers do just that, no one listens.

But don't forget one fact. Story-telling is never really true-to-life, in fiction, drama or poetry. Once you start investigating the world's literature, you realize

how true this is. It is in the very nature of story-telling to dwell on the highlights, to lead up to the important moments which hold drama. From the beginning of time, men and women have been captivated by stories and dramatic presentations which dwell on intense experiences in the life of an individual or a nation. I think it's because daytime serials continue going over such long periods that this very essential characteristic of all fiction may seem out of proportion.

Then there's the do-good argument which pops up every so often. As long as morality can so easily be projected via the daytime serial, a few high-minded souls have suggested that other lessons be put across in the same way. But in a country as varied in population as ours, it just can't be. The listener will go along with you on broad issues like marital fidelity, but the W.C.T.U., for example, is going to go into the vapors if poor kind Mrs. Young of *Pepper Young's Family* offers a neighbor a glass of cold beer on a steamy summer's day. (They flooded the studio with protests when this happened not too long ago.)

But just the same we writers all do what we can. During the war, I had Portia deliver in plain words a little speech against Fascism. One woman in a war

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plant in California wrote me saying: "I have four sons in the service, but until today I didn't really know why they were fighting." Another war plant distributed hand bills consisting of reprints of that speech.

Well, if you can't teach tolerance, say the diehard educators, maybe you can at least give listeners an appreciation of beautiful prose. Clear out the cliches and lift up the housewife with fine writing. But I'm afraid that the housewife is in no humor for culture while she's breaking her back over her ironing board. A few years ago, Sandra Michaels undertook to write an unusual, non-formula script called *Against the Storm*. It was exquisitely written, the only soap opera ever to receive the George Foster Peabody Award—the top annual award for radio excellence. After two years its rating dropped so low that it was discontinued.

"If you don't teach people via soap opera," someone said to me last week, "how can you truly justify its existence?" How? There are all kinds of teaching and I know firsthand of the good these shows do.

I've already mentioned the moral lesson that daytime serials send across the air waves, and the new dignity with which they clothe the housewife. Besides that, a whole new school of tolerant, warm-

■ Robert "Believe It Or Not" Ripley was guesting on a program when suddenly the announcer's voice broke into a high squeak. Quickly the announcer ad-libbed: "Here's one for Ripley—a soprano announcer!"

hearted mothers-in-law is cropping up, patterning themselves after sweet Mother Davis of *When a Girl Marries* . . . and then there's the great gift which soap operas bring to the lonely.

For lonely people everywhere—and doesn't that include most of us?—soap operas bring a much-needed word of comfort. Can you calculate the comfort daytime serials afford? An eighty-four-year-old lady in Stamford, Connecticut who hasn't been out in the world in seven years tells me that Portia is almost like her own daughter. She looks forward all day to that fifteen minute show every afternoon. And a young woman suffering from paralysis writes me: "Portia has given me another chance at life."

Corny, perhaps, to the sophisticated experts, but I'm just naive enough to be touched. I have a sheaf of letters from nurses all over the country that I treasure. Letters that say: "What would we do without Portia and *Big Sister*, *Our Gal Sunday* and *Just Plain Bill*? They are the best antidotes we know for pain and those no-visitors blues."

One psychiatrist whom I admire very much told me that in the lonely reaches of the Middle West and Northwest, daytime serials are a woman's link with sanity. Far from driving her into a dream world, they keep her from taking refuge in one. "They are, with all their faults and blind spots," said my frank friend, "like the touch of a friendly hand."

In this day of anxiety and unrest, I think that's all one need say in their defense.

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THE WALLFLOWER THAT BLOOMED—BY CHRISTINE STAFFORD

(Continued from page 40)

company, she said. She said she was perfectly happy. But we worried about her.

As it turned out, we didn't really have to. You know Jo today. She's poised, adjusted and beautiful.

You'd think that Jo and that introverted wallflowerly little girl were total strangers. I know differently. I know that Jo is still the same sensitive person, sweet, responsive, deeply interested in people, and very much concerned with how people react to her. But now, besides all that, she's sure of herself. She's learned that Jo Stafford has a talent and a personality that are wanted.

It makes me very happy, of course, and yet it's my private feeling that if Jo had not been a shy wallflower as a teenager she would not be so popular and liked today. There is an understanding and a sympathy in her that people go out to. It's the kind of understanding that only someone who has fought a battle against shyness and self-consciousness acquires.

Actually, though, it wasn't so much a battle that Jo fought as a quiet, serene, step-by-step progress toward self-confidence. Mostly the progress was her own doing. But there were those who helped.

My sister Pauline and I were first. We were in radio when Jo was ready to sing publicly and we took her with us. There were men who helped: Johnny Mercer who got her the contract with Capitol Records, Frank Sinatra, Paul Weston who knows best how to fit orchestration to Jo's voice, and Michael Nidorf, her personal manager, who has proved so astute in marketing her ability. I always like to think of one other man, too—although he was just a high school student when he knew Jo, as she was at the time.

This boy, whom there is no point in naming now, succeeded where we, her family, had failed in convincing her that she was a quite presentable young lady. He did it very easily too—by making her dance at a party, by taking her home, and by showing that he wanted to hang around. We all bless him, particularly Jo, and we all bless the fact that her plumpness was just a phase of girlhood that passed in time.

There was another boy in her late school life who might have done some good, even if he was a bit on the critical side. But he passed out of the picture when he chose to pick on Jo the first time she ever put on nail polish. It wasn't just a pink shade, or light red. It was a dark, brooding red—almost black. He took one look and cried out, "Hey, Jo! You look as if you just got through killing chickens."

For the first time in her life (there was to be another time) Jo got violent. She slapped him. But afterward she lightened the polish.

Yes, these men helped. But mostly it was Jo herself, and still is. She is really extremely fortunate—gifted with a beautiful voice and, even more important, with the ability to learn and to grow. It's wonderful to watch her develop and always maintain those same warm and sensitive qualities which make everyone love her and which are so characteristically Jo.

She gets a great kick, for instance, out of the informality of her gang at the NBC *Supper Club* or on her own show on the ABC network. If someone slips up on a cue or overthrows a note, there's apt to be a good bit of ragging going on at the guilty one. If that someone happens to be her (and it sometimes is) she would feel hurt if she too weren't made the victim of the good-natured ribbing. And, somehow, the cheerful spirit of a crowd that works like that makes for better fun for the audience as well, she believes.

To work under pleasant conditions is almost a religion with Jo. There isn't any doubt in my mind that she'd give up her career if she couldn't have them. She proved this when she sang in a well-known New York night club. Although she got a lot of money for appearing, Jo hated it from the first because the place was often noisy and the mood of the audience far from musical. She actually felt ill several times, so deep was her feeling against the place and only the fact that she wouldn't break a contract kept her going. But she did the next best thing. She vowed never to work again in a night club. And she never has.

She likes to do a thing right and to look right doing it. This is the principal reason why she has never been in the movies though she has had any number of offers. Neither she, nor her Mike Nidorf, have yet been able to find a script which calls for a girl like Jo and has a story that they can see her perform believably.

Jo actually has seen herself on film. She appeared in a short, experimental picture in order to appraise her potentialities for television. The picture was projected as if being televised and she had an opportunity to study herself as she would be seen on the face of an electronic tube. The test proved that she televises beautifully. Nevertheless, she is nervous about television—as she still is about radio, for that matter—and does not plan to rush into it by any means.



Jo is a hard worker at the mike, now has her own ABC show as well as NBC *Supper Club* spot.

But if she is nervous about television, she is nervous only when she thinks about it . . . and she doesn't to any great extent. She has other things to keep not only her mind occupied but, as has been pretty well reported, her heart as well. Jo has been married once—to John Huddleston, also a singer, and a member of a song team known as the *Crew Chiefs*. They were divorced and today the man in her life is her musical director, Paul Weston.

Jo doesn't say so, but she is with Paul a lot. When she is in the studio she trusts herself completely to his musical leadership. When she is in his car she doesn't trust herself so completely to his driving. She thinks he drives too fast and crabs at traffic too much. She doesn't like him to call her Josephine instead of Jo (and Jo is not a contraction of Josephine, in her case) and she argues with him about his clothes which are of acceptable style and cut with the exception of a silly-looking trench coat, which he insists upon wearing though it is much too short and pretty frayed. He, in turn, holds several briefs against her, the principal one being that she cut her hair short a few months ago, which he opposed strongly. But all these minor points seem to keep life interesting for both of them.

Paul like many musicians, is inclined to take life lightly and this, to some degree, falls in with Jo's attitude, even if it means that she has to take a lot of kidding from him. Right now they are in a "lamp shade" piece of business that is popping back and forth. It seems that a story appeared about Jo not long ago crediting her with a hobby of designing lamp shades. It was a mistake, since it is I who do this occasionally. But Paul persists in staying confused about the matter. If she is a little late for an appointment he wants to know if she was busy running up a few more shades. Or, if they have a few minutes before it is time to go somewhere he will suggest she use the time profitably by "knocking out a design or two."

My sister Jo is having fun these days, and she's getting a deep, sure enjoyment out of life that anyone could envy. She's a girl who's found herself and it shows—in the way she walks, and talks and sings. She still has freckles but she pays them no mind. She's easy-going, hard-working and very little bothered with the trivial irritations which consume some people. She saves her nervous energy for the big things. One of them is race prejudice.

Once she visited a New York doctor and they were seated, chatting when he said something quite slighting against a minority racial group. For the second time in her life Jo gave away to her temper completely. She started to chide him, found this not strong enough, and suddenly swung at him with her closed fist! From a sitting position, her aim was poor and she only landed on his knee. But she really landed. That doctor needed a doctor, before he could start limping around his own patients again!

And all because he tangled with my kid sister Jo, who was once so bashful.

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