

modern

january

25c

television & RADIO

Is Hollywood Doomed?

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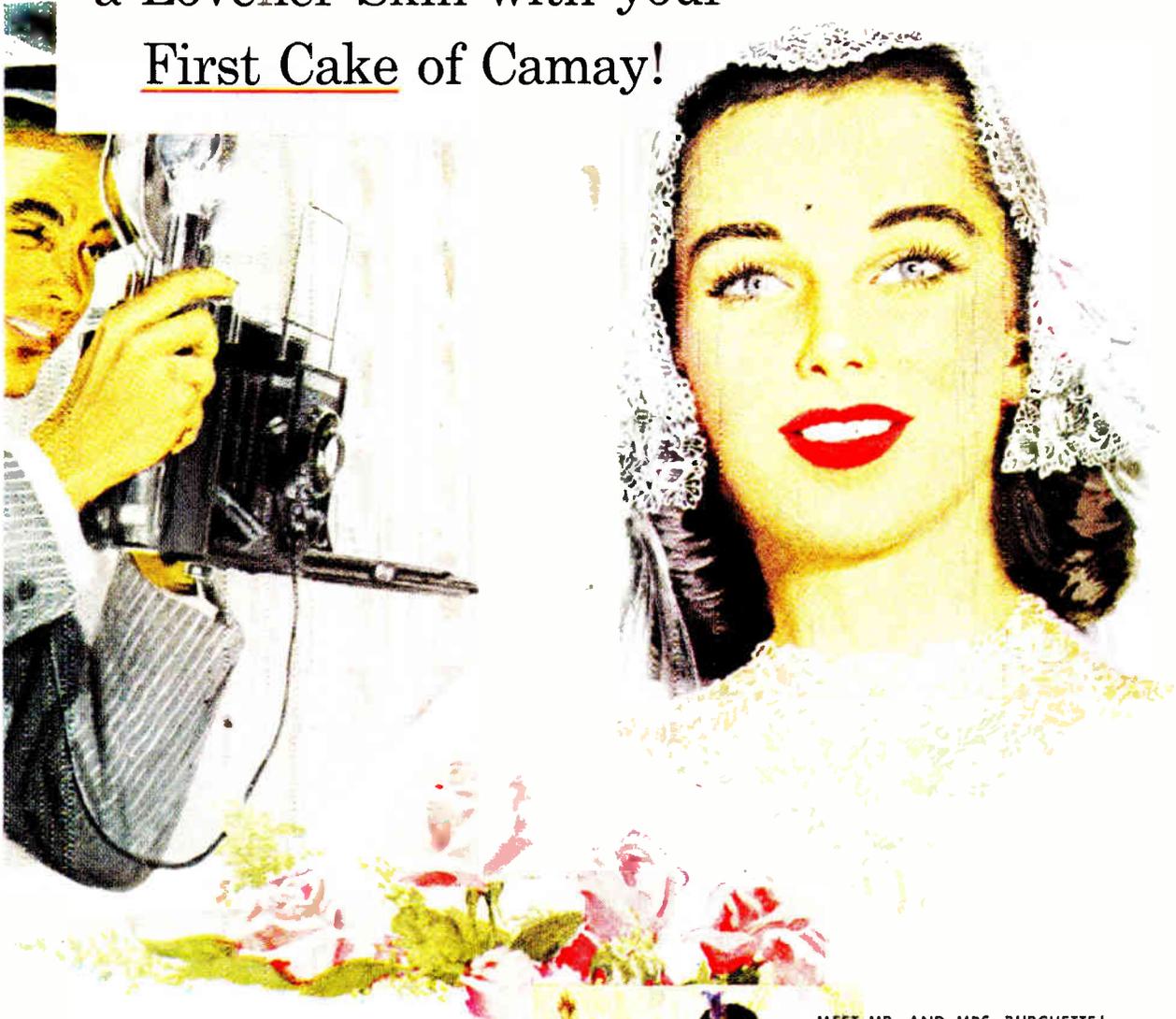
• HILL MAGAZINE •
DELL
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DORIS DAY

MRS. LAWRENCE H. BURCHETTE
the former Barbara Alexandra Gunn of Yonkers, N. Y.
bridal portrait painted by *schurim*

Picture yourself with a Lovelier Skin with your First Cake of Camay!



A lovely skin is the beginning of charm! And you can win a smoother, softer skin with your *first cake* of Camay! Do this! Give up careless cleansing... begin the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested Camay's beauty promise on scores of women. In nearly every case their complexions improved with just *one cake* of Camay! The directions on the wrapper tell you how to be lovelier!



MEET MR. AND MRS. BURCHETTE!

Barbara dances the highland fling to the music of Larry's harmonica! And Barbara thanks Camay for her fair (and indescribably lovely) skin. "My *first cake* made my skin clearer and smoother," says she.



Both tall and active, the Burchettes are a tough team to beat at mixed doubles, and Barbara's expert at beauty as well as tennis. Heed her advice. "Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet for a really lovelier skin!"



THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Heaven helps the gal



who helps herself!

an RKO RADIO picture



The hide-and-seek, tongue-in-cheek tale of a marriage-shy baby doctor... and a misbehavin', man-huntin' Babe!

a Dore Schary presentation

Cary Grant

in DON HARTMAN'S production

Every Girl Should

Be Married

CO-STARRING

FRANCHOT TONE • DIANA LYNN

and
Introducing **BETSY DRAKE**

with ALAN MOWBRAY • Produced, Directed and Co-written by DON HARTMAN

Screenplay Collaboration by Stephen Marchessault Arty

Your loveliness is Doubly Safe



Because

**Veto gives you
Double
Protection!**

So effective

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

So gentle

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



**Veto
Lasts and
Lasts
From Bath
to Bath**

modern

television & RADIO

January 1949

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ON THE COVER: Doris Day photo by Warner Brothers

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IT HAPPENS
UP IN THE WILD BLUE YONDER
IT GETS WILDER AS THEY GET FONDER!



They find love
 in a mile-high kiss

with a corpse and a crook
 to add to their bliss



a chump and a chimp

and a couple in a coma



and a half a ton of fish
 with a horrible aroma



the plane stacks up
 in a field of corn



and the funniest
 love affair
 ever filmed was born!



It's from that wonderfully
 wacky *SAT EVE POST*
 serial by Robert Carson



UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL presents

Joan Fontaine James Stewart

YOU GOTTA STAY HAPPY

with **EDDIE ALBERT**

ROLAND YOUNG · WILLARD PARKER · PERCY KILBRIDE

Produced and Written for the Screen by KARL TUNBERG · Directed by H. C. POTTER · A WILLIAM DOZIER PRESENTATION · A RAMPART PRODUCTION

THERE'S ANOTHER GREAT COMEDY ON ITS WAY, "FAMILY HONEYMOON"!

World Radio History



New Hollywood radio program recently premiered Gordon MacRae as its singing host. Show, heard over the ABC network Monday evenings, featured guest stars Jane Powell (above) and Dinah Shore for its opening.



Ol'timer Jimmy Durante, who really has a knack for beating up a piano, picks out a tune for pal Alan Young during a rehearsal of his show on NBC. Jimmy has been a "theatah" entertainer for the past thirty years.



Two guys and a gal with a single purpose: harmony. The guys: Jack Carson and Dave Willock. Their gal is songstress Marion Hutton, sister of Betty. They are emoting during rehearsal for Jack Carson CBS show.



Starduster Hoagy Carmichael is seldom seen without his piano, but now and then he leaves it for an evening and goes out on the town. This time he attended a testimonial dinner, chats with Celeste Halm.

Inside track

BY JEAN MEEGAN



Attending the premiere of Warner Bros. film, *Johnny Belinda*, are June Havoc (Mrs. Bill Spier), Spier (he is producer of CBS's detective-drama *Sam Spade*) and Dorothy Lamour, who now emcees and sings on her own NEC radio show.



Once a year the Press Photographers get together and throw a ball. This year they asked everyone to please come in costume. Kay Kyser was hardly recognizable as Gorgeous George, the wrestler. He's accompanied by wife Georgia.

Fred Allen isn't kidding this time, kiddies. He's worried, and his old Irish fighting spirit is up. For years Fred has been threatening to retire from radio and now the quiz shows are inadvertently calling his bluff. Season after season he has kept his sponsors and fans on tenterhooks because he said the show wasn't worth what it was doing to his delicate health. When he finally hit the stiffest competition of his life—*Stop The Music* on ABC, which is opposite him—he forgot all his headaches but one: keeping live interest in his radio program against the stronger attraction of giveaway shows. Until now the only insurance Allen ever had was on his health. Now he's insuring his laughs. But as Fred's old "Alley" friend used to say "It's no joke, son!"

• • •

Morton Downey is getting a little competition from television but for an entirely different reason. Morton's five children, one of his sisters and his mother and father live in his house in Wallingford, Conn. He bought the family a television set to keep them entertained, but he didn't know how entertained they were going to be. He's made a wrestling fan out of his mother, a race track fiend out of his sister, and his kids won't budge from the set while their favorite shows are on.

I was with Mort the other evening during a rehearsal. He looked at his watch and jumped up. "Excuse me a minute," he explained, "I've got to hurry and call home before Howdy Doody goes on or I can't talk to the kids."

• • •

If the public doesn't like the plays Helen Hayes appears in this season, on *Electric Theater* over CBS, they have only themselves

Inside track



Cobina Wright throws a party and it's the most talked of event of the season. Guest list reads like a motion picture premiere. Among those invited to a recent affair were Ann Miller, Hollywood columnist Hedda Hopper, Dinah Shore.



Louella Parsons often has guest stars on her popular ABC news show, but never to sing or perform. During a recent broadcast she relented, though, and vocalist Jo Stafford did a solo. Appearing with Jo at that time was Virginia Mayo.



Three chaps who have gone the way of all hep-cats. Al Jolson takes to the drums, Edward G. Robinson coddies a guitar, while the boy with the musical blood, Oscar Levant looks on.

to blame. Before the series went on the air the famous little lady consulted her agent and the advertising agency concerned and evolved a plan.

"We decided to ask radio editors around the country to please consult their readers about what plays they would like to have me do," she told me after a broadcast. "Then we asked the sponsor to query his employees. Stories were printed in the company publications and everybody was asked to send a list of plays."

"I was surprised when I saw the results. There were so many plays I'd never thought of doing. They named shows I've enjoyed watching other people do, but I'd certainly never thought of myself in the leading role."

Garry Moore is one of the youngest of our entertainers but he's a wise old showman. While we were at lunch one day Garry told me his ideas about television. "It's an intimate medium", Garry said. (He's been before the cameras a half dozen times.) "I think we have to be careful not to punch our acts at the audience as though we were in Madison Square Garden. We are performing for two or three people in their living room. That was the charm of radio in the early days. There were small, intimate acts like *Amos and Andy*. Radio is full of studio audiences and big blaring productions now and I think it has suffered from that. When I do television shows I look right into the camera and play to the people in their homes." I think Garry is right. When the performers play as though they were in a vast auditorium and never look at the camera, it's as unsatisfactory as having someone in the room talk right over your head.

Garry and Nell Moore rarely go around with other show people and their two young sons, Mason and Garrison, regard celebrities as interesting but remote. The Moores recently moved into a new house on Gunston Drive in Los Angeles, a neighborhood sparsely settled by Hollywood personalities.

The first night Garry arrived at the house the kids were sitting out on the curb with all the neighborhood youngsters they had just met. Garry got out of the car and asked, "What are you doing sitting out here?"

Young Mason looked up at him and piped, "Daddy, there's a famous radio comedian who just moved into this block and we want to see him."

I'm as much of an Arthur Godfrey fan as the millions of housewives who drop their dishes and dusting every weekday morning to tune into the red-headed hearthrob on CBS. I've sat around and listened to Arthur when he hasn't had a microphone in front of him, and I found him as likeable and entertaining as he is on the air. I've wondered, as have the listeners, what the Great Godfrey is like

**RAGING WITH THE VIOLENT PASSIONS
OF A WILD FRONTIER . . . A LAWLESS ERA!**



COLOR BY
TECHNICOLOR



COLUMBIA PICTURES presents

Glenn **FORD** • *William* **HOLDEN**
in
The Man from Colorado

with *Ellen* **DREW**

RAY COLLINS • EDGAR BUCHANAN • JEROME COURTLAND • JAMES MILLICAN

Screenplay by ROBERT D. ANDREWS and BEN MADDOW

Directed by HENRY LEVIN • Produced by JULES SCHERMER

Don't be Half-safe!



by
VALDA SHERMAN

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

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

Two dangers—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this romantic age, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills this odor on contact in 2 seconds, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for 48 hours and keeps you shower-bath fresh. It also stops perspiration and so protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. Since physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion can now cause your 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. This new Arrid, with the amazing new ingredient Creamogen, will not crystallize or dry out in the jar. 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

to work with. So one noonday, I cornered Jeanette Davis in Toots Shor's, the eating and meeting place for the radio literati. In my book, Jeanette is among the best girl vocalists in the country. She hails from Pine Bluff, Arkansas, and speaks with a bit of a Southern drawl, but her singing is all-American. She's been with Godfrey two-and-a-half years.

"Arthur isn't any different off the air than he is on," Jeanette said. "He's the same easy-goin', likeable guy who's fun to be with. Just the other day I was in a hall of the CBS studio. It was after the show. Arthur was in a hurry. He always is because he's usually late for appointments and that's because he has more appointments than any one man should have. A song-writer, who was quite elderly, stopped Arthur, and asked him how he could get his song played on the air. Now Arthur could have brushed him off, and told him he didn't have time to stop. Instead, he listened to the old man and explained the proper procedure



Fletcher Markle finds that being attentive to Marlene Dietrich isn't a bit unpleasant. Markle is director of CBS' *Ford Theatre* program.

Free Offer

Your editor would like to know which stories you enjoyed the most in this issue of MODERN TELEVISION AND RADIO. We want to know this so we can publish articles on the people and programs YOU want to read about. If you are among the first 500 readers to fill out and mail us the following questionnaire, we will be happy to return the favor by sending you one of the following (check in box):

101 MEAT RECIPES

CROSSWORD PUZZLE BOOK

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

- | | |
|---|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Is Hollywood Doomed? | <input type="checkbox"/> A Word To The Guys (Ed Gardner) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Dumb Blonde? (Marie Wilson) | <input type="checkbox"/> Sexy As A Picket Fence (Kyle MacDonnell) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Sourpuss (Fred Allen) | <input type="checkbox"/> I Was An Alcoholic (Norman Brokenshire) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> See Here Private Eye! (Howard Duff) | <input type="checkbox"/> At Home (Three's A Crowd) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> So She Can't Cook! (Tex and Jinx) | <input type="checkbox"/> People Are Problems |
| <input type="checkbox"/> She Shall Have Music (Doris Day) | <input type="checkbox"/> Inside Track |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Ten New Year's Resolutions (Kate Smith) | <input type="checkbox"/> Censored! |
| <input type="checkbox"/> I'm The District Attorney (Jay Jostyn) | <input type="checkbox"/> Musical Merry-Go-Round |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Glamour Is The Bunk! (Harry Conover) | <input type="checkbox"/> Juvenile Jury |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Don't Be A Sports Widow (Mrs. Bill Slater) | <input type="checkbox"/> Christmas Pay-Off (Howdy Doody) |

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?.....

Name and address:.....

City..... Zone..... State..... I am..... years old.

MAIL TO:
POLL DEPT., MODERN TELEVISION AND RADIO
Box 125, Murray Hill Station, New York 16, N. Y.

"Just remember...

**A WOMAN'S BULLETS KILL
AS QUICK AS A MAN'S!"**

Blood and thunder saga of
the West's most savage days!
... Sweeping this lone wolf
into the gun-sights—and the
arms of a blonde spitfire—and
right into the turbulent heart
of the bloodiest range war
ever to explode on the screen!



**ROBERT MITCHUM
BARBARA BEL GEDDES
ROBERT PRESTON** in

**BLOOD ON
THE MOON**

with
**WALTER BRENNAN · PHYLLIS THAXTER
FRANK FAYLEN · TOM TULLY**

Executive Producer SID ROGELL
Produced by THERON WARTH • Directed by ROBERT WISE
Screen Play by LILLIE HAYWARD



Stright
from the
rip-roaring
pages of
the famous
Saturday
Evening Post
serial story!



Inside track



King Cole's juggling of the keys put Peggy Lee and her nubby Dave Barbour in a gay mood. Peggy now stars on Bing Crosby's radio show.



Jinx Falkerburg and author Bennett Cerf, always ready to help, appear on a video charity auction.



When Raddy McDowall and Peggy Ann Garner starred an Mutual's *Family Theater*, director Young found they could sing as well as act.



Ted Husing, WPIX television camera and mike take in an opening night and interview Hope Hampton.

to place a song. That's typical of the Godfrey character."

Jeanette herself averages many hundreds of fan letters a week. Surprisingly, many of them are from children who ask their mothers to write their letters. "They like catchy tunes like *You Can't Make A Lady Out Of Me*," Jeanette said. "Then Grandmothers and older people write in too. I guess there's no age limit to the listeners on our morning show. Many girls write, wanting to know how they can become singers. Experience, I answer them all, only by experience."

Jeanette is the best example of her own advice. She's the oldest of eight children—10 but she's young, pretty and a redhead too.

like her boss. Jeanette started out singing in local Pine Bluff radio stations. She worked her way to Chicago where she had her own program over CBS. She decided to come to New York and try her own in the big city. CBS gave her a 15 minute slot at night. "When they first wanted me to go on with Arthur Godfrey," I said, "who's Arthur Godfrey?"

Jeanette found out. So did the listeners who have hiked his daily shows and Monday night *Talent Scout* into the "Who's Who" of the Hooperatings.

• • •

Spike Jones has trouble renting two concert

Grand pianos those Friday nights that he's on the road with *Spotlight Revue*. Piano renters are reluctant because they think Spike wrecks the musical instruments. Oh, no boys. He doesn't wreck the instruments. He just massacres the music.

All comics are supposed to be funny wherever they are, all are reported not to be, but in reality most of them do have a funny bone that is easily tickled, and usually by some other comic. Jack Benny is a pushover for George Burns. Bob Hope and Bing Crosby scream and slap their thighs every time they hear from Barney Dean, an old vaudevillian who calls them all over the country to tell them his latest "nifty." Ed ("Archie") Gardner

IT'S THAT BIG PARADE OF 'SEC'S'!..

she's inspected!



she's rejected!



she collected!



she objected!



P.S. She got the job!

...and what a job she does on her boss!



HARRY M. POPKIN presents

LARAINÉ DAY · KIRK DOUGLAS
KEENAN WYNN · HELEN WALKER

in

"My Dear Secretary"

The funniest
100 minutes on film!

with **RUDY VALLEE · FLORENCE BATES · ALAN MOWBRAY · GALE ROBBINS · IRENE RYAN · GRADY SUTTON** · Produced by **LEO C. POPKIN**

Written and Directed by **CHARLES MARTIN** · A Harry M. Popkin Production · Released thru United Artists

Inside track



A bunch of the boys whooped it up at a Rexall-NBC party in Hollywood. Alice Faye sells balls to Ed Bergen, Phil Harris and Jack Benny—to sock Fred Allen!

laughs at everybody, including me. I like him the most!

• • •

I'm willing to bet a few of last week's radio programs that the brightest new comedy show on the networks this winter will be Morey Amsterdam's. For years Morey has been a comedian's comedian on a local New York station—until Arthur Godfrey put the finger on him for a network show on CBS.

Godfrey used to listen to Morey at night and tell his morning audience what gags the brash young Amsterdam pulled on his sponsors. When one of his sponsors was pounding away night after night about B.O. the free wheeling comic snapped "Why are they plugging B.O.? Who wants it?"

Henry Morgan was his announcer in those days. After a used car commercial one night, when the audience had been urged to get some used car bargains while they were hot, Amsterdam cracked "Yes, ladies and gentle-

men get them while they're hot—and they probably are."

He's written for Milton Berle, Henny Youngman, Al Pearce, and Ken Murray. Actually he's been around for 20 years but only the insiders knew about him.

Now he's on radio, television, recordings, and the stage. Fed Allen says, "The only thing I can turn on is my faucet this winter without getting Amsterdam." My own modest prediction is that before long Morey will be right on top with Allen, Benny, Hope and the other Hooper-high comedians.

• • •

"Sweet sixteen and up at 6:00." That's Barbara Whiting's slogan when she gets up with the birds every Saturday for rehearsals for CBS's *Junior Miss* . . . Frank Sinatra has plans to move East—at least for a few months a year. He's looking for a house in Connecticut and would move Nancy and the three young 'uns to the Atlantic instead of Pacific for summer vacations . . . One of the reasons you aren't seeing photogenic Peggy Lee in pictures is because the singing songwriter won't sign a movie contract unless she retains television rights. To date, film companies haven't decided just how they'll handle privileges for their stars' interest in television shows . . . For a long time, studios weren't too receptive

Just about
the most
wonderful
Love Story
ever
filmed!



SAMUEL GOLDWYN PRESENTS

"Enchantment"

STARRING

DAVID NIVEN • TERESA WRIGHT
EVELYN KEYES • FARLEY GRANGER

Screen Play by John Patrick • From the Novel by Rumer Godden
Directed by IRVING REIS • Released by RKO Radio Pictures, Inc.

to their people doing radio, but now the movie bigwigs realize the advertising is worth all their qualms.

• • •

A friend of mine solved her baby sitter problem when she bought a television set. Now the neighborhood sitters are more than willing to take over for a night . . . Dorothy Shay offers this explanation of her "Park Avenue Hillbilly" singing style. "My mother teaches me the correct way to sing," says Dorothy, "then I mess it up a little to make it popular!" Dorothy's mother is Mrs. Frances Sims, a former concert and operatic contralto . . . Betty Hutton is proud as punch that her sister, Marion, is making good as Jack Carson's singing vis-a-vis on Jack's Friday night CBS program . . . There are all kinds of ways of getting into television I suppose, but I laughed one night when I was watching Kiernan's Corner. The young pantomime artist who works with Walter on the show is young Bob Thompson, whom I know as the file clerk in the press department of ABC . . . By blundering through a wrong door one night in the ABC studios I got a quick glimpse of Walter Winchell broadcasting his Sunday night show. I thought at the time that he looked the part: eyes flashing, collar wilted, sleeves rolled-up, producing the excitement in the audience he

feels in himself . . . Well, we're going to be able to see this Sunday spectacle as well as hear it after the first of the year. Winchell is all set to have the show televised and broadcast simultaneously. I understand Drew Pearson has made a similar deal with ABC.

• • •

Peter Lind Hayes thinks he has the makings of a play and he says he's going into temporary retirement in December on the coast and get it out of his system . . . Tommy Dorsey's recording of *Until*, which is doing so well, was written by Bob Crosby . . . Friends of mine in New Jersey have a problem that probably will be country-wide in another few months. Their 12-year-old son and heir was an honor student last year but he hasn't done a lick of homework since school started three months ago because he and his buddies are so enthralled by television. His highest mark this term is the same as his lowest mark last spring. The boys and girls who also have access to his set or one of their own are just as badly off, and their teachers are disturbed. I say if the kids are going to be such devoted fans then the big brains of television better cater to them with some educational features.

• • •

Speaking of youngsters—they are acclaim-



Eve Arden doesn't look much like school-marm "Miss Brooks" at CBS radio rehearsal.

ing the *Lionel Train* show on ABC and are yelling for electric trains for Christmas. Trouble is that the program was designed for adults, who have made the collection of model trains a hobby. It's all quite a switch on the old story of adults monopolizing the electric trains they've presented to their children . . . Which leads up to my last words for this month: A Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to all!



Another
"Best"
from the
Producer
of
"The Best
Years of
Our Lives"
Academy
Award
Winner!

**It's All History
-but No
Dates!**



IT'S SO LONG SINCE I'VE HAD A DATE, I FEEL POSITIVELY DATED. I'D RATHER MAKE HISTORY FOR A CHANGE!

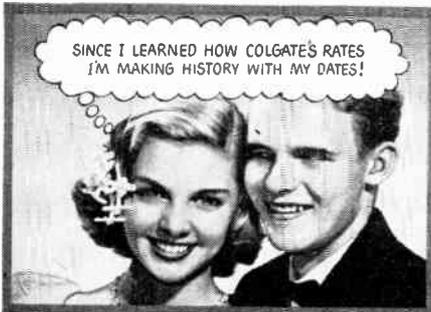
FINE! BUT FIRST, GET THE FACTS ON—ON BAD BREATH FROM YOUR DENTIST, HONEY!



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!"

LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream



SINCE I LEARNED HOW COLGATE'S RATES I'M MAKING HISTORY WITH MY DATES!



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



NEW! ECONOMY SIZE
EXTRA BIG!
EXTRA VALUE! 59¢

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

memo

*from the Editor
to the Reader*

Jim Harkins isn't kidding about Fred Allen's passion for privacy in the story called *Sourpuss*, which starts on page 32. I remember being in Fred's West 58th Street apartment about a year ago. Also present was a girl reporter from a national magazine. She seemed more anxious to get Fred's unlisted telephone number than a story. So she wandered into the bedroom where she'd seen a phone. But instead of a number on the dial there was a gold star. So she returned to the living room and looked at *that* phone. Another gold star. Finally she turned to Portland and asked, "Why do you have gold stars on your phones?" Portland looked blandly into the distance and replied, "To make curious people ask silly questions!"

We've heard a lot of fascinating predictions lately about the future of television—and some of them are in the story entitled *Is Hollywood Doomed?* And just yesterday we picked up a copy of *Architectural Forum* and read an article foretelling some of video's effects on the American home. Did you know that video sets will someday be installed in ceilings right above your bed? You'll have a dial at your bedside to get your favorite program. If you fancy the idea, that is. Also, I discovered, living room furniture will eventually be arranged theater-style for convenient tele-viewing. Luminous knives and forks and spoons will be on hand for those who watch television at mealtime. And because television sets today aren't too pretty, designers will soon be installing viewing screens in the bellies of kneeling Buddhas. Television *does* have quite a future, doesn't it?

Which reminds us—not long ago a television director went to his boss with the suggestion that the network present William Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*. The boss said, "Is it a good script?" Yes. The boss said, "Will it make a good show for the people at home?" Yes. Then the boss concluded, "Well, then go ahead—but don't pay this guy Shakespeare more than two hundred dollars for production rights!"

The courtship of Alice Faye by Phil Harris is one of the strangest and funniest in the annals of love. Phil Harris himself tells the story of *The Girl I Married Twice* in next month's M. T. & R. We have some wonderful color photos of the entire Harris family to go with the story. . . . There's also a revealing article about Walter Winchell, whom most of you have heard on the air but know little about . . . you will, though, after seeing February's M. T. & R. . . . And you'll also know what makes Milton Berle the funniest man in video (some people say in radio, too) when you see the story and pictures of this amazing comedian . . . That's only a fraction of the M. T. & R. stories for next month. Till then, a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

Alton Kastner

Are you in the know?



How much should she have tipped him?

- 10%
- 25%
- 15 to 20%

Don't wait 'til a waiter wears that "why don't you do right" look. Hone up on tipping! 'Taint what it used to be, thanks to inflation, so leave a little extra on that silver tray. A 15 to 20% tip pays off in smiles; good service. And for certain times there's a special service Kotex gives . . . your choice of 3 absorbencies, designed for different girls, different days. You'll find it pays to try all 3: Regular, Junior, Super Kotex. See which absorbency suits *your* needs.



If she tries on your hat, should you—

- Resent it
- Lend it
- Feel flattered

You break away from babushkas . . . wow your cellmates with a whammy chapeau. *But*, it needn't go to their heads. Why court ol' dabbil dandruff? Like borrowing combs or lipstick, trying each other's hats is scowled on in cactus (sharp, that is) circles. Discourage same, for your own protection. On "those" days, too, let caution guide you. Straight to the counter that sells Kotex. For it's Kotex that has an exclusive *safety center*: your *extra* protection against accidents.



What clan does her plaid represent?

- Frazer
- Macpherson
- Black Watch

If you give a hoot for the Highland touch in togs—and who doesn't?—bend a wee ear. Have a fling at "ancient tartans": top-rating plaids with authentic patterns, representing actual clans. A genuwyne *Macpherson*, for instance, as shown. And when your own clan meets, have fun—even at calendar time. No cause to be self-conscious what with Kotex preventing telltale outlines. Those *flat pressed ends* just don't turn traitor. They *don't show*. (As if you didn't know!).



Which gal would you ask to complete a foursome?

- A Suave Sally
- A numb number
- A character from the carnival

Your steady freddy asks you to produce a date for his pal? Here's advice! Choosing a gal less winsome than you, can doom the party. It flusters your guy; disappoints his friend. Best you invite Suave Sally. You can

stay confident—regardless of the day of the month—with Kotex to keep you comfortable, to give you *softness* that *holds its shape*. You risk no treachery with Kotex! It's the napkin made to *stay* soft while you wear it.



More women choose **KOTEX**★
than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

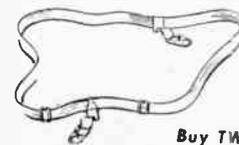


When buying sanitary needs, should you—

- Wait 'til next time
- Buy a new sanitary belt
- Buy 2 sanitary belts

After a bout with the daily grind, you welcome a shower . . . a change to fresh togs. Of course! But to make your daintiness complete, on "those" days you'll want a fresh sanitary belt. You'll need two Kotex Sanitary Belts, for a *change*.

Remember, the *Kotex Belt* is made to lie flat, without twisting or curling. You'll find your adjustable Kotex Belt fits smoothly; doesn't bind. (It's all-elastic.) So—for extra comfort, choose the new Kotex Sanitary Belt, and buy *two*—for a *change*!



Kotex Sanitary Belt

Buy TWO—by name!



it shouldn't happen to a QUIZMASTER

By WALTER O'KEEFE

You think you've got worries? How was I to know when this nice lady brought her nice little boy to the mike with her that he would kick me in the shins! It seems the fella was annoyed because Mom missed out on her last Double Or Nothing question.

After twenty years of emceeing audience participation shows, I still get the heebie-jeebies whenever a fresh contestant faces me. Gosh darn it, no matter how carefully I make selections during the warm-up period, there's always the awful chance that I've selected myself some trouble.

To show you what I mean . . .

Meet Weeping Wilma. She was fine until she got up at the mike. Then all of a sudden she froze and started to cry. What's she so scared about?



Blowhard Bill, on the other hand, sees no reason to stop talking just because this is supposed to be a quiz show. He thinks he's a very funny guy.



Thunderstruck Theodore was going strong until he won the red and white sweepstakes. I'm trying to get his reactions, but he's off in another world.



And then there's Friendly Fanny. She's having a big time yoo-hooing to her pos in the audience. Out of so many volunteers, why did I choose her?



"kill the gismo"

... or "woof blizzard head" aren't quotes from Alice in Wonderland, although they do hail from the real-life wonderland of television. TV, like the movies and radio, is developing a language all of its own. This list will let you in on some of the mysteries, including when to kill a gismo or say "woof" to a blizzard head.

Television Language

- BLIZZARD HEAD**—Refers to any blonde.
- BROADS**—Units or batteries of incandescent or fluorescent lamps.
- BUSY**—A setting that is too elaborate, hides the movement of actors or draws attention away from the center of interest.
- CANS**—Telephone receivers or headphones worn by personnel in the studio.
- CROWFOOT**—Three-legged device placed under tripod to keep cameras from slipping.
- DRESSING**—Set decorations, added to a background for interest.
- GETAWAY**—Offstage means of descent from raised flooring areas within a set.
- GHOST**—Unwanted secondary image of the transmitted picture appearing on the receiving screen.
- GISMO**—Synonymous for "whattsis." Anything for which technical designation is lacking, or has been forgotten by the speaker.
- HOT LIGHT**—Concentrated studio light for bringing out features and contours.
- IMAGE ORTH**—Supersensitive camera-tube able to pick up scenes in semi-darkness. (Abb. for Image-Orthicon)
- J. I. C.**—Just in case.
- KILL**—To order the elimination of anything in the studio, e.g., "kill the chair."
- NEMO**—Telecast originating in location other than studio.
- PIPE**—Telephone.
- ROLL IT**—Cue to start the film projector.
- SNAP**—Relating to contrast and sharpness in a television image.
- STRETCH**—Stall for time.
- TAKE IT AWAY**—"You're on the air!"
- WOMP**—A sudden flare-up of brightness on the television picture.
- WOOF**—Telephone slang used by television engineers to signify "okay and good-bye."

Woof, folks!



ANN BLYTH, STARRING IN UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL'S "RED CANYON". COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

ANN BLYTH got me my first date

I never had even a blind date.

THEN—these words in a magazine caught my eye...

Ann Blyth believes soft, feminine-looking hands have tremendous appeal for a man. Says Ann, "I smooth my hands with Jergens Lotion."

That very night I started using Jergens.



SOON—*it happened*—my roommate's brother asked me out! Now we've a date for every evening! And I've noticed, Paul loves to hold my Jergens-smoothed hands!

Your hands can be lovelier—softer, smoother than ever—with today's richer Jergens Lotion. Because it's a liquid, Jergens quickly furnishes the softening moisture thirsty skin needs. And Jergens Lotion is never oily or sticky. Still only 10¢ to \$1.00 plus tax.

Hollywood Stars Use Jergens Lotion 7 to 1 Over Any Other Hand Care



*Now Yours—
Jergens
Beauty Kit!*

Contains generous samples of Jergens Lotion, Powder, Face Cream and Dryad Deodorant. Send 10¢ to cover handling and postage to The Andrew Jergens Co., Box 6, Dept. 61-A, Cincinnati 14, Ohio. Sorry, offer good in U.S.A. only, expires Dec. 31, 1949.

Everybody screams at the radio censor, but he should be pitied more than scolded. And now with television here, his problems are tougher than ever.
By ARTHUR MORSE

CENSORED!

SCRIPT Pg. 7
THE ~~HUNKY~~ ~~LIXER~~ SHOW
LIX BROADCASTING CO.

SEAN: IT'S TRUE, DARLING, ALL MY LIFE I'VE NEVER BEEN HAPPIER...BUT I'M AFRAID...WITH YOUR WIFE RETURNING HOW LONG CAN IT LAST?

HUNKY: DON'T WORRY, HONEY...(LAUGHS)...WHAT WIVES DON'T KNOW CAN'T HURT THEM! *delete - condones immorality*

SEAN: ANYTHING YOU SAY...-THAT'S HOW MUCH I LOVE YOU!

HUNKY: NO MORE THAN I LOVE YOU, SEAN...

SEAN: (HESITANTLY) AREN'T YOU AFRAID OF ~~RICK~~, THOUGH?

HUNKY: (FIST POUNDING) I'LL FIX THAT DAMMED WEDDLER IF HE DON'T MIND HIS OWN BUSINESS! *delete - profanity*

SEAN: WHAT CAN YOU EXPECT FROM A HUNKY? *delete - race prejudice*

HUNKY: (ANGRILY) THEY'RE ALL ALIKE! *delete - race prejudice*

SEAN: BUT WHAT WOULD YOU DO TO HIM, DARLING?

HUNKY: I DON'T KNOW YET -- BUT WHEN I'M THROUGH WITH HIM HE'LL MAKE (LAUGHING) THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME LOOK LIKE A MATINEE IDOL! *delete - mocks physical deformity*

SEAN: (CLOSE TO MIKE AND LOW) LET'S FORGET THE FUTURE, HONEY, IT'S ONLY THE PRESENT THAT COUNTS.

HUNKY: YOU NEVER SAID A TRUER WORD, SWEETHEART...LET ME KISS YOU...(LOW MUSIC)...ONLY THE GOOD DIE YOUNG......AND I WANT TO LIVE FOR A LONG TIME.

SEAN: I'M SO HAPPY, DARLING! *delete - must punish wrong-doers*

■ There is a variety program on the air that stars one of America's most popular singers and ranks high among radio's cleanest, most wholesome half-hours. Matter of fact, this singer has played in several religious movies, thus adding to his stature as the beloved family-type fellow.

Well, one night the singer had as a guest-star another singer. A pretty famous fellow, name of Maurice Chevalier, who was going to sing a French ditty called *Valentine*. Fortunately for the reputation of our family-type fellow, *Valentine* was never sung on that program. It seems that a sharp-eyed radio censor knew a bit of French and also had a French dictionary on hand to help him with what he didn't know. He discovered that Chevalier was quite innocently planning to sing a number that described, in more than a little detail, the anatomical charms of a comely French lass . . . So when the script left the censor's desk, the page with *Valentine* was blue-pencilled thusly: "DELETE—SONG IMMORAL."

No one in the world of radio has been picked on, mocked at and maligned more than the poor radio censor—who works in the so-called "Continuity Acceptance Department" of each network. His wielding of the blue pencil has been often misrepresented to the public—although the purpose of the pencilling is only to make sure that the tastes and sensibilities and morals of listeners are not offended.

Every day radio's skilled censors lop off pages of scripts which they consider offen-

sive. Most of these cuts happen to involve sexually-suggestive material, which script writers are usually trying to sneak across. There are no absolutely consistent rules of what should be blue-pencilled; the extent to which suggestive material is permitted, in fact, varies from program to program. For example, here is a sequence recently deleted from one of radio's top shows about teen-agers:

Mother: Our guests will be here in a minute and you aren't even dressed yet, darling!

Daughter: Why, mother, can't you recognize a backless, strapless evening gown when you see one?

Mother: But when a girl dresses like that, do you know what men will think of her?

Daughter: No, but it's an awfully quick way of finding out!

To many people these lines might not seem over-suggestive. But radio reaches a family audience and these lines were considered improper both because of youthful listeners and the fact that a teen-ager was speaking.

While this cut may be questionable there was no doubt about the blue-pencilling of the following dialogue as spoken by an anxious lady on one of the leading crime-prevention programs:

"Dick, I'm thirty years old. I've never let a man touch me. Maybe not even one ever wanted to. I—don't know. You can't just leave. It's got to mean something. It's going to hurt me and it's got to mean something."

Those lines were never heard nor were the following, which were intended for another cops and robber episode:

"Now wait a minute. You're not going



A highly suggestive scene in the video play, *John Ferguson*, was not banned by censors.

Which Twin has the Toni?

(see answer below)



One Permanent Cost \$15...the TONI only \$2

Make your first New Year Resolution—a Toni Home Permanent! Yes, decide right now to give yourself a Toni and have lovelier, more natural-looking waves than ever before! But first you'll want to know:

Will TONI work on my hair?

Yes, Toni waves any kind of hair that will take a permanent, including gray, dyed, bleached or baby-fine hair.

Is it easy to do?

Amazingly easy. Instructions in each Toni Kit show you how with simple step by step pictures. It's easy as rolling your hair up on curlers. No wonder more than 2 million women a month use Toni.

Will TONI save me time?

Toni puts half-a-day back in your life. For you give yourself a Toni wave right at home. You are free to do whatever you want while the wave is "taking".

How long will my TONI wave last?

Your Toni wave is guaranteed to last just as long as any \$15 beauty shop permanent—or you get back every cent you paid.

How much will I save with TONI?

You save money not just once with Toni—but *every time* you give yourself a lovely Toni wave! For the Toni Kit with plastic curlers costs only \$2. You can use the plastic curlers again and again. So, for your second Toni wave, all you need is the Toni Refill Kit. It costs only \$1... *yet there's no finer permanent at any price!*

Which twin has the TONI?

Attractive Frances and Bernadette Hanson live in New York City. Frances, the twin on the right, says: "My Toni Wave was soft and natural-looking right from the start." Bernadette says, "We're Toni Twins from now on!"



NOW over ~~1~~² million women
a month use Toni

Avoid underarm irritation...



... use
YODORA
 the deodorant that is
ACTUALLY SOOTHING

Looks bad, feels bad, when underarm skin gets red and irritated. That's why more women every day turn to Yodora, the gentler cream deodorant. Yodora stops perspiration odor quickly, safely... it is actually soothing to normal skin, because it is made with a face cream base, with no harsh acid salts to cause irritation. Tubes or jars, 10¢, 30¢, 60¢. McKesson & Robbins, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.



a comb that CURLS!

Simple! Efficient! Fast!
 Makes "professional" curls
 in a jiffy!

\$1
 only



Tress Roll

Tress Roll Company
 1214 Fourth Street, Berkeley 2, California

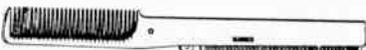
Send me _____ Tress Roll Combs at \$1 EACH postpaid

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____



CENSORED!

to get me all worked up then walk out on me."

"Fanny" and "prat" jokes are treated with considerable leniency since they are usually more slapstick than objectionable. Nevertheless the uses of the word "can" are carefully studied and when substitutions like "refuse pail" can be made, the censor suggests revision.

A number of songs, some of which are quite popular, have been banned from the air. Until recently NBC did not permit *Body and Soul* which was considered too graphic. The lyrics of *Love For Sale* have been conspicuously absent although the record is available. Songs like *Doin' What Comes Naturally*, *South America*, *Take It Away*, *Jenny*, and *Rum And Coca-Cola* required major changes in lyrics before they could be broadcast.

Undoubtedly the silliest word ever forbidden on NBC was "diaper." Recently, however, a red-faced NBC executive, who had just learned of the ban himself, restored the word to its rightful place on the air, to the probable relief of millions of mothers, to say nothing of their babies.

Censors are popularly considered as warped, gaunt, spinsterish hypocrites whose blue pencils conceal personal frustrations, neuroses, and general unhappiness. Actually the continuity acceptance folk have been permitting the expansion of radio into fields never before explored. The censors emphasize *intent*. For example, a documentary about venereal disease has a completely different purpose than a joke sequence

which relies on the same subject for a laugh. Nowadays frank discussions of V. D., sex education, or other subjects which are now part of our regular educational diet, are not censored if done in good taste. For example, many of the case histories used on CBS's *Doorway To Life* program deal with the importance of intelligent sex education of youngsters. These scripts are uniformly acceptable because subjects are handled maturely and without violating radio's canons of taste. Often the censor's job is complicated by listener complaints about material which had passed review. For example, when one of the characters on a recent dramatic program slumped in a chair and sighed, "I'm pooped," there was a howl of protest from New England, where the word has another meaning. One slip of this sort makes censors doubly sensitive to his duties.

Apparently radio fans include scholars of ancient languages, for the Schick commercial which uses "stroned" as a combination of stropped and honed has been roundly criticized because of an archaic Scotch meaning of the word has nothing to do with razor blades. In this case, however, the censors stood by their guns and refused to change the word.

An excellent documentary on juvenile delinquency created a mild furor from the audience because a censor had permitted the use of "bastard." The story concerned an illegitimate child who was driven to crime by the verbal abuse of other youngsters. The censor considered that the use of the



Television censors must keep their eyes peeled for chorus girls who are over-peeled. These *Toast of the Town* chorines (with comedian Joe Howard) were passed by video censors.

word was an integral part of the story and that its literal use carried an impact essential in portraying the development of the child's attitude toward society. But the reaction of listeners resulted in a flood of mail leading to the prohibition of the word on the network regardless of intent. In this case the censor was outcensored by the public.

The National Association of Broadcasters recently outlined a code of decency which has been followed and amplified by each of the networks. Particular stress was placed upon children's programs—and the number of changes it led to were astonishing.

For example, The Mutual Broadcasting System's *Adventure Parade*, a series of adaptations of children's classics, was forced to delete and rewrite whole sequences of *Kidnapped*, *Call Of The Wild*, *Ali Baba*, *Robin Hood*, *The Last Of The Mohicans*, *The Black Arrow* and many other books recommended by educators, clergymen, and librarians. It seems that portions of the dramatizations would have violated Mutual's program standards which list as taboos "torture or horror, by suggestion, dramatization or sound effect; overemphasis on gun-play or violence, and treatment of kidnapping or other crimes calculated to terrorize juvenile listeners."

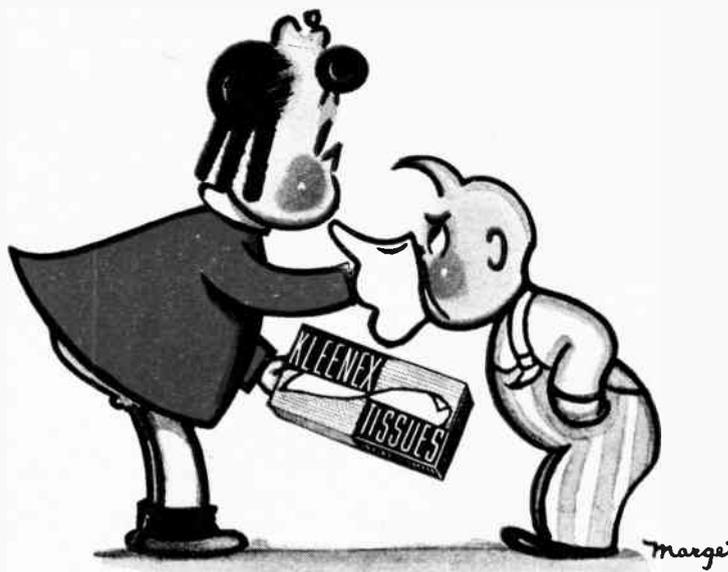
Fairy tales which feature wicked step-mothers, ogres and fiends, sliced-off heads and witch-burning present obstacles which are rarely surmounted. A notable exception is CBS' *Let's Pretend*.

Audience participation shows present



Frank discussions of sex, wholesomely presented, are encouraged on CBS' fine *Let's Pretend*.

LITTLE LULU



"Blow hard, Alvin—KLEENEX* can take it!"

Little Lulu says: From snuffle to gesundheit, your nose knows Kleenex is your best buy in tissues. Soft! Strong! You pull one double tissue (not a handful)—up pops another!

© International Cellucotton Products Co.

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

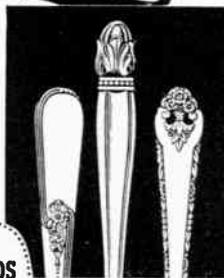
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3 DESIGNS!
BUY ON
BUDGET!
AT JEWELRY &
DEPT. STORES

**HOLMES & EDWARDS
STERLING INLAID*
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YOUTH
DANISH
PRINCESS
LOVELY LADY

All made in U. S. A.

Copyright 1949, The International Silver Co., Holmes & Edwards Div., Meriden, Conn. Sold in Canada by: The T. Eaton Co., Ltd. *Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Earn Extra Money! Full, Spare Time!

YOU can make many EXTRA DOLLARS with our new, sell-on-sight Plastic Line! Tablecloths, Aprons; also many other beautiful, fast-selling items, novelties. Postal brings free details. Write today, **Hurry!**

Royalty Sales Co., Box 748, Passaic 15, New Jersey

EVEN IF YOU DON'T KNOW A NOTE OF MUSIC NOW...

You Can Learn Your Favorite
Instrument This Easy A-B-C Way

No special talent, no previous training needed. This U. S. School home-study method is so successful because you learn to play by playing real tunes by note, right from the start. And just think, you can learn your favorite instrument for only a few cents a day. If interested, mail coupon for FREE Booklet and Print and Picture Sample. See for yourself how easy it is to learn any instrument right at home, in spare time, without a private teacher.

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC,
1441 Brunswick Bldg.,
New York 10, N. Y.
51st Yr.



FREE PRINT AND PICTURE SAMPLE

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC
1441 Brunswick Bldg., New York 10, N. Y.

Please send me Free Booklet and Print and Picture Sample. I would like to play (Name Instrument).

Instrument.....

Have you Instrument?.....

Name.....

(Please Print)

Address.....



Tape it easy!

Good-looking gift packages are easy with transparent "Scotch" Tape—even seals metal foil wrappings firmly.



REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
SCOTCH
BRAND
Cellulose TAPE

SEALS WITHOUT MOISTENING
TRANSPARENT AS GLASS

Buy It At Your Favorite Store

Lots of clever ideas on gift wrapping, party favors, holiday decorating, in the "Scotch" Tape booklet, *Tricks and Trim*. For your free copy write to Minnesota Mining & Mfg. Co., 933 Fauquier Ave., St. Paul 6, Minn.

©1948 3M CO.

CENSORED!

great problems to the censors since they are ad libbed. There have been numerous instances of vulgarity, the most extreme probably being the vulgar remarks of a nurse on *Double Or Nothing*. This sort of thing is usually avoided by careful pre-broadcast instructions to the studio audience. In this way, instances of racial or religious slurs, profanity, and bad taste have dwindled to the vanishing point.

But even the audience warm-up period preceding the broadcast has proved troublesome to the harried censors. Al Jolson uttered a mild oath one evening not realizing that he had already gone on the air and now the warm-ups are as meticulous as the broadcasts so that performers won't develop bad habits.

Fred Allen's well-publicized bout with network vice-presidents in 1947 was probably one of the factors leading to NBC's "fading procedure." Allen was asked on the program what the vice-presidents did with the time they saved by cutting him off the air. His reply that the time was added up until it totaled two weeks, which the vice-presidents then took as a vacation was cut off the air. The furor that followed this censorship led to the "resignation" of the NBC vice-president responsible for the "fading."

If radio has proved troublesome, television, which adds sight and motion to sound, really presents the censors with some knotty problems.

The featured singer who kept tugging at her shoulderstraps and the stripper at the Madison Square Garden benefit show who

unexpectedly went into her act are only two samples of video headaches. Television has attracted many night club entertainers and the remarks and gestures that titillate café audiences are often not appropriate for the family living-room. But the guardians of good broadcasting taste are accepting this challenge and the patrol dress rehearsals with a discerning eye. Milton Berle's telecast, for example, has slapstick routines with pulled-down pants and flying shirts—so the censors see to it that these performers are well supplied with under-clothing.

The television production of *Dinner At Eight* presented censors with the suicide question. Suicide is a delicate matter even for radio, but when visually dramatized, its suggestibility is dangerous. The script was revised and the suicide was implied by the turning out of a light. For similar reasons, unusual poisons and trick methods of self-destruction are never specified on the air or on video.

Since respect for marriage and the sanctity of the home are key themes in radio programs, adultery and other infractions of moral law are never presented as excusable and rarely rear their ugly heads. Sometimes the soap operas come close to outright suggestion, but they usually end up following the rules.

As one network puts it, "sacrilegious, blasphemous, profane, salacious, obscene, vulgar, or indecent material is not broadcast." But this is only one phase of the censor's operations. He also examines the claims of acceptable advertised products

PAIN

of headache, neuritis
and neuralgia

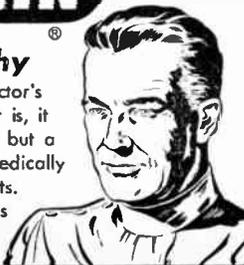
RELIEVED

incredibly fast
the way thousands of physicians
and dentists recommend—

ANACIN

Here's why

Anacin is like a doctor's prescription. That is, it contains not one but a combination of medically proved ingredients. Get Anacin Tablets today.



Radio censors no longer allow stars to use doubtful material even during their warm-up periods. Al Jolson recently burned airwaves with an oath—not knowing he was on the air!

and turns away unacceptable business. For example, NBC permits no advertising of personal hygiene products. None of the networks accept the advertising of matrimonial agencies, nor do they allow announcements that suggest that the purchase of a product will result in a happy ending or solve a situation or a character in a program.

Here are some of the other things that the eagle-eyed censor must constantly check in radio scripts:

Respect for the sanctity of marriage and the home must be maintained.

Adultery and other similar violations of moral law must not be presented as glamorous or excusable.

Divorce must not be casually treated nor advanced as the accepted solution for marital problems.

Narcotic addiction must never be presented as ever being anything but a vicious habit.

Statements which have an undermining effect on individuals, groups, institutions and industries should be avoided.

Law enforcement must be upheld and portrayed with respect. Murder should never be portrayed as justified. Suicide should never be presented as a satisfactory solution for any human problem. And information that tends to encourage gambling is to be avoided.

Broadcasting of professional advice (such as legal or medical) is permitted only in conformity with recognized ethical and professional standards.

The presentation of insanity or other mental diseases for plot development is allowed only when done within the limits of good taste.

Use of the word "Court" or the simulation of a court atmosphere must not be used in such a manner as to create the false impression that the proceedings broadcast are vested with official authority.

When a living character is impersonated, written authority for such impersonation must be obtained; the listener must also not be led to believe that he has heard a certain person not actually on the air.

So maybe it'll be a better idea to pity the poor censor—instead of lambasting him—next time you hear a story about his wielding of the blue pencil. He has a tough time of it—seeing that the material he checks contains nothing offensive to America's mass radio audience. He's always on the spot because tastes and standards of morality vary so much. As one censor recently commented with a wry grin—"This is one job where it's impossible to please everybody—especially Fred Allen!"



Discover this secret of Loveliness!

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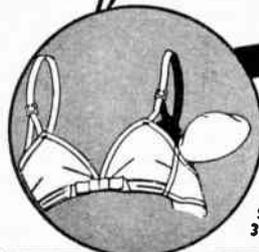
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Yes, you. An important picture.

Part of your Christmas Seal money buys X-ray units for chest "pictures" . . . to detect tuberculosis so that it can be checked.

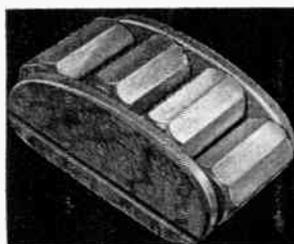
Since 1904, the whole program has helped cut the TB death rate by *eighty per cent.* Yet tuberculosis still kills more people between 15 and 44 than any other disease.

So please, send in your contribution today to your Tuberculosis Association.

Buy Christmas Seals



Because of the importance of the above message, this space has been contributed by Dell Publishing Co.



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for Slenderizing at Home

This new reducing aid is a roller designed to fit your hand. When used in conjunction with salon treatments or your regular reducing program, it helps you to work off not-so-slim hips, thighs, ankles and arms—right in your own home. Use as often as you wish on the very spots where you want to eliminate bulges and fat. This roller works on the same principle as the roller machinery used in many beauty salons. When rolled gently, it soothes tired, tense muscles, providing an effective body massage.

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THE SLENDAROL COMPANY

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It was a moment for being a woman
for only a woman's weapon
could keep her alive...now!



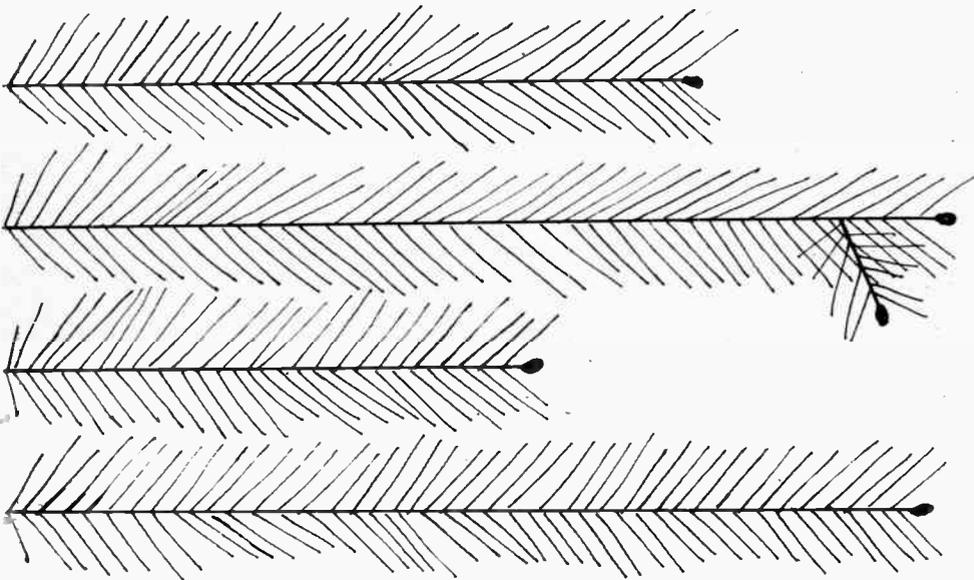
Gregory Peck
Anne Baxter
Richard Widmark

YELLOW SKY



20th
CENTURY-FOX

with ROBERT ARTHUR · JOHN RUSSELL
HENRY MORGAN · JAMES BARTON · CHARLES KEMPER
Directed by WILLIAM A. WELLMAN Produced by LAMAR TROTTI
SCREEN PLAY BY LAMAR TROTTI
BASED ON A STORY BY W. R. BURNETT



By BING CROSBY

It can be a **H**appy Christmas

■ Never before did the old words about Christmas mean so much—
“It’s the spirit of the holiday that counts, and not just the trees
and presents and festivities.”

We ought to be happier and more secure than we are nowadays.
After all, the war is a thing of the past, the country is more prosper-
ous than ever and the future could be very bright indeed.

Right there is the trouble. That “could be.” Inside of us all is
the haunting fear that maybe it “won’t be.”

Why? To my mind, simply because people all over the world are
afraid. They are afraid of war, afraid of depressions, afraid of each
other. They hardly seem to believe that there can be such a thing
as “Peace on earth to men of good will.”

We will be repeating those words this Christmas as we always
have. But unless we speak them *without* fear, they will be meaning-
less. It is the spirit and the will behind the words that give them
force.

Do you remember that line from *Hamlet*—spoken by the king
who was praying to God for his sins to be forgiven? The king
paused at the end of his prayer, and added sadly: “Words without
thoughts never to heaven go.”

So let us not use words without thoughts to express the Christmas
spirit this year. Let us put spirit and good will into them and
carry on this good will into our everyday lives. Then, and only
then, will there be real meaning to the greeting—

“Merry Christmas!”



Bing Crosby



Which of these movie stars will television doom? Probably Rita Hayworth! Rita's super-glamour will not click with a home audience that demands more than mere beauty. However, Eve Arden, who has been movie-typed as a warhorse, is a television natural, as she combines beauty with natural charm and wit.



BY ANONYMOUS

While television tolls the death-knell for high-riding movie stars, most of Hollywood shuts its ears and eyes and pretends that nothing is changing. Here, for the first time, M. T. & R. presents an exciting and authentic report of the television tidal wave that threatens to engulf movieland. The author is a prominent Hollywood figure who must remain anonymous to protect his standing in the film industry.

Is Hollywood Doomed?

■ In Hollywood it is not considered cricket to step on toes. The man or woman who dares report that the coming of television is the doomsday of our movie idols is likely to face extinction. At dawn he may be marched to the square in front of Romanoff's. There his press passes will be stripped from him, his name stricken forever from party lists, his book of unlisted phone numbers torn to bits and scattered to the winds. Thereafter he may well be designated "The Man Without a Friend."

I am considered a brave man in some ways, but I confess that I am not anxious to face immediate extinction. That is why I must remain anonymous. I feel that the time has come, however, to speak up and face the inevitable. Yes, I mean television. Instead of arguing just how inevitable TV is, I shall give you one statement from a report recently published by the Television Research Institute. It is this: *by 1955 there will be 24 million TV sets in American homes and movie theatres will be practically empty!*

Recently I attended a Hollywood party that was jammed with screen and radio stars and tycoons of the entertainment industry. I waited long for a lull in the conversation, finally found it, and leaped in with this question:

"What are you people going to do when television really arrives?"



Is Hollywood Doomed?

You could have heard a pin drop. After a long frightened silence, a bright little starlet finally spoke up. She said: "Television? Why, they haven't even finished the colloquial cable yet!"

This happy stupidity is a typical reaction to television in the fabulous land of the happy ending. I won't name the luminaries at this particular gathering—that would be a violation of good taste—but suffice to say my question was not answered that evening. Everyone laughed at the little blonde. Then they started to talk all at once. It sounded like this: "They've got to do it on film . . . ten years away . . . for football and hams . . . sets cost too much . . . no substitute for movies . . ."

A couple of times I tried to break in. I tried to tell these happy, wonderful people about new stations springing up, about spreading television networks, about the great performances of Gertrude Lawrence and Raymond Massey and Mary Boland in video, about mass production of TV sets, about huge cuts in movie attendance by families owning television sets. I tried to tell them about a glaring signpost in their own frontyard: ABC-TV's acquisition of the Warner Brothers old Vitagraph movie lot—the same lot that had made the talkies that killed silent pictures. And how television sets were already being installed in automobiles and railroad trains. So one of our great movie idols laughed. "Oh," he said, "you're just falling for that Broadway propaganda, but nobody can tell *me* television is here or get *me* in front of their cameras until I see the color of their money!"

Stupid? Certainly. But begging nobody's pardon—a large portion of Hollywood has grown incredibly moronic in recent years. Honest criticism meets with stubborn antagonism. Sincere suggestions are consistently ignored. The motion picture press alternates between honest reporting and bland evasion of the perilous eruptions facing the movie industry.

So I went to a veteran radio producer now working hard at television. "Maybe you can give me an honest answer," I said. "What are the chances for a girl like Lana Turner in television?"

(Continued on page 76)

Experts predict some hectic backstage hair-pulling in the competition for Leading Lady of Television. Hollywood's leading candidates for the title are Ingrid Bergman, Bette Davis and Greer Garson. Ingrid's versatility and relaxed beauty give her an edge in the race. Greer will have to return to *Mrs. Miniver* type of role to gain public favor. Bette's nervous attitude may retard her television progress.

Hollywood made Dorothy Lamour strictly a sarong-girl, but viewers will see in her a talented actress. Claudette Colbert is a bad TV prospect—only one of her profiles looks like Claudette!



Despite his easy glamour, Van Johnson will run a poor second to Van Heflin in video popularity. Heflin's stage experience plus pure acting ability make him one of movie's best television bets.

"Only dumb people get everything they want, and I've got everything!" says Marie Wilson. We won't argue about her having everything, but Marie's brain power is another matter.

BY DAVID CHANDLER

Dumb Blonde?



Rattle-brained Irma becomes an intent Marie Wilson during a rehearsal conference with producer Cy Howard and Cathy Lewis.

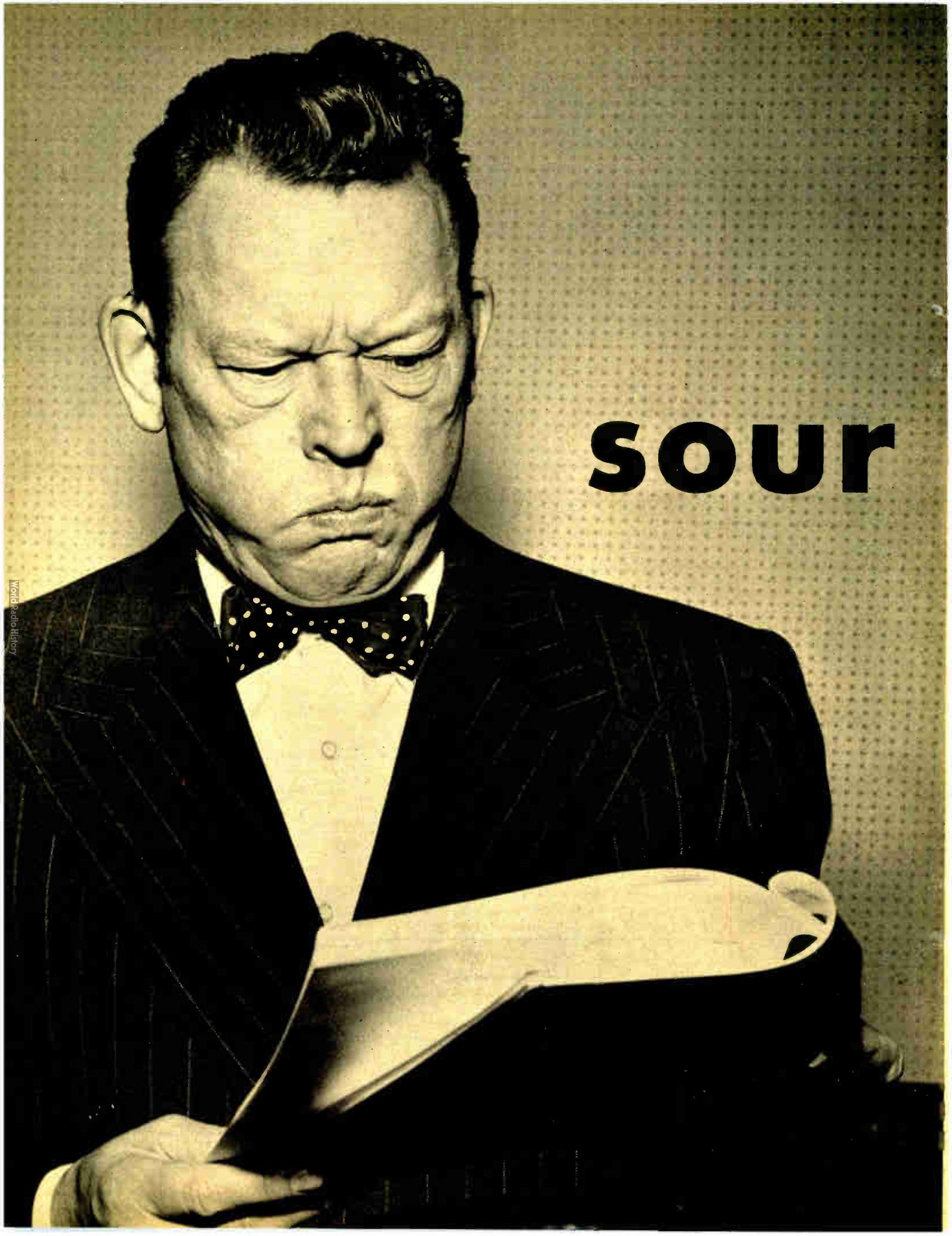
■ So you, too, Mr. Editor, have got around to thinking that Marie Wilson may *appear* to be a dizzy blonde, but that beneath her wide-eyed exterior she is something of a mental giant! Just a great big brain concealed within a gorgeous dumb-bell shell . . . "Please investigate and report!" you quaintly asked me via Western Union.

Well, I don't mind telling you that your idea isn't exactly original. For a couple of years people have been guessing the same thing. "That dumb business is just an act she puts on for *My Friend Irma*," they keep on saying. "But Marie isn't a bit like the radio Irma, really. She's *smart!*"

So when you said "Please investigate and report!" the lid flew off the proverbial pot. I hopped into my jalopy and went out to see the bombshell. But in back of my head I had a quaint idea all my own. *I was going to show up the real Marie Wilson and prove that she's just as dumb (though, of course, as charming) as Irma is on the radio.*

It all started off beautifully. Marie greeted me in a little strapless sunsuit that made it difficult for me to concentrate on my story, but I got used to it. Whatever else we may say about Marie Wilson, what she is like in a sunsuit, no one else in radio can beat. *(Continued on page 84)*





sour

Years ago Allen was smiling Freddie James, ventriloquist, but he's since found that an acid tongue and a bitter face get more laughs.



He hates Hollywood, radio censors and vice presidents. To look at him you'd think he hated the whole world. But his right-hand man says he's a nice sweet guy

PUSS

■ A big black limousine slithered up to a church entrance and stopped. One of Hollywood's famous movie stars got out and dashed up the church steps. He was wearing the usual dark glasses.

Fred turned to me and spoke in his quietly sardonic way: "He's probably wearing those glasses because he's afraid God may ask him for an autograph."

Yes, my boss Fred Allen, and I've known him now for almost 35 years, is one human being about of America's 150 million who has flatly rejected Hollywood. Because Fred is a fellow who can't stomach sham and pretense. "Hollywood, California?" he once exclaimed, his Irish blue eyes sparkling in his somewhat sour face. "It's a fine place to live—only if you happen to be an orange."

So you say, "Ha! If I made \$20,000 for a half-hour of broadcasting a week, I'd forsake Hollywood, too!"

But hold it. You've overlooked something that I know, having worked for Fred since 1934. There's only a half-hour on the air, all right, but there's also those sixteen other hours, six or seven days a week, at the typewriter, at rehearsals, with gag writers, with reference books, with newspapers, magazines, clippings, in conferences. At the breakfast table, in the washroom, and even on vacations. And people to pay who are on the show, and who help with the show. I've actually never seen a man in my long life who works so hard and diligently for his money as Fred Allen.

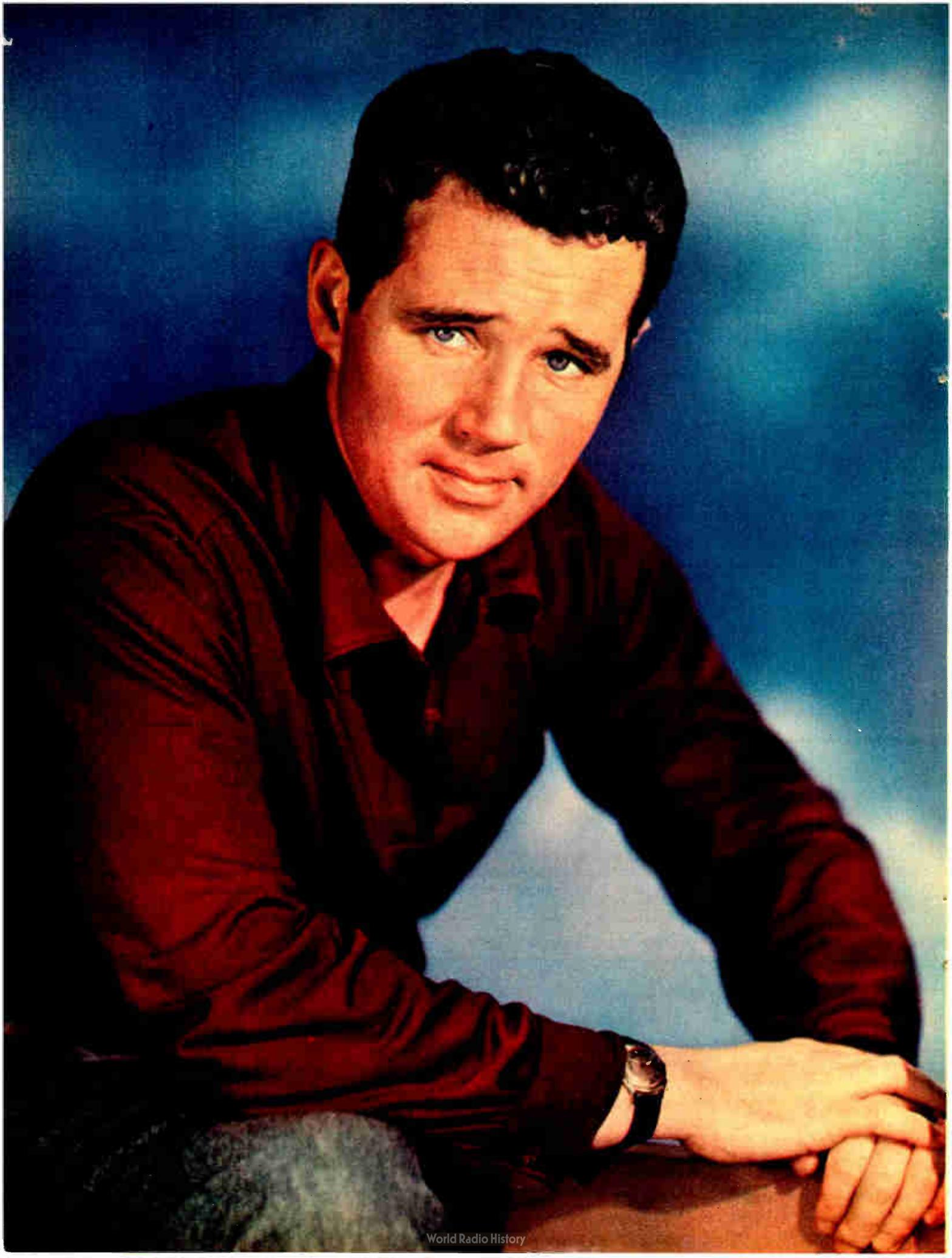
Fred says, "All this money and I never even had a complete education. I did go through Harvard once, though. Passed through on a visit to my grandmother. . . ." But Fred says that his lack of education isn't any reflection on his ancestry. "Why, I am descended from fine old laughing stock," he boasts.

May I now say quickly, and proudly, that I've known Fred since 1915. Place was Sydney, Australia. I was on a vaudeville tour myself, but all the talk was about one guy who was panicking them night after night. Name of Freddie James. So first chance I got I went to the theater that had a big poster outside: *The World's Worst Juggler, Starring Freddie James*. I went inside. A large sign in the corner of the stage read: "Mr. James is hard of hearing so please applaud loudly."

Nobody needed to be reminded, because Fred (Continued on page 74)



By JIM HARKINS



People who know you only as Sam Spade think you're quite a tough number, Mr. Duff. But really you're a sweet guy—and a bad detective!

BY CARL SCHROEDER



Dashiell Hammett's tough Sam Spade is actually a quiet lad with a shy sense of humor. Duff rehearses long hours for a convincing change of character.



At Malibu Beach, Duff has rented a house. "For solitude," he says.

Color by Universal-International

**see
here,
private
eye!**

■ No matter how nicely Howard Duff adjusts the Windsor knot in his tie or struggles with the Gablesque locks that fall on his forehead, he looks like a man who's just been in a fight. Or a guy who is about to have one.

There's a look of trouble in his eyes, and a hint of disaster in his voice. He looks like that hard lad he plays on the air—Sam Spade. In fact, a lot of people automatically call him Sam instead of Howard.

Recently, the radio Sam got involved in some brawls of a rather violent nature. So an anxious fan wired him: SAM SPADE, COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM, HOLLYWOOD, CALIF., PLEASE TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF AND STAY OUT OF THOSE AWFUL FIGHTS. I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'D DO IF ANYTHING HAPPENED TO YOU!

"The lady was really very sweet," Howard Duff says. "She wrote me a lot of letters and we had quite a romance. Sent me pictures, too. Know how old she was? Eighty-four, and cute as a button!"

You see, Howard Duff isn't really a very (Continued on page 82)

so she can't cook!

BY JEAN KINKEAD

But Jinx is a natural at a million other things, such as broadcasting, family-raising, and staying beautiful.

Photos by Arthur Selby, NBC



The McCrorys never used to see their boy, so they devised "The Schedule," whereby Paddy breakfasts with them at 9 A.M., supps with them at 9 P.M.



Every morning, seven days a week, the McCrarys put their heads and scripts together over a mike set up in their home. They've been in partnership since June 10, 1945—their marriage day.



Tex and Jinx love children, plan to have a large family. They already have Paddy, aged two, and a new baby named Kevin, or Jock for short. Which is proof that four adds up to a load of happiness.

■ One evening not so long ago, Jinx and Tex McCrary were driving out from Radio City in New York to their home in Manhasset, Long Island. It had been one of those days—the morning broadcast, a couple of interviews afterwards, a business luncheon, recordings all afternoon, digging into the day's mail. So now, at eight-fifteen, they were tired and hungry and jittery. They were almost home when the car began to sputter. Tex gave the grim verdict: "We're practically out of gas."

"Oh, great!" said Jinx, who isn't usually the sarcastic type at all. "Just simply great!" The local gas station closes at eight and doesn't open again until eight the next morning, and the early rising hardworking McCrary's would have to leave at seven to make their broadcast on WNBC the next morning (this was before they did the broadcast from their own house) and how in heaven's name were they going to manage? All this went through Jinx's weary head in the instant before she exploded: "If we lived like normal people—you with a nine-to-five job and me staying home reading books on child psychology—these hideous things wouldn't happen to us!"

They limped home on one pint of gas, found a blessed emergency gallon in the garage. Life looked considerably brighter. Just before they went into the house, Tex looked sideways at Jinx and grinned that nice small boy grin of his, "You don't really want to live like normal people, do you.

Pooh?" (That's his own pet name for Jinx.) And Jinx, her gay composure self again, said,

"Tex, you know I'd die."

These incredible McCrarys work hard seven days a week and love it. They have their morning radio show every day and in the summertime they are on one night a week as a replacement for *Duffy's Tavern*. On Sunday nights, Tex runs the CBS *Skyway to the Stars*. There's a brand new television show pending (they've just dropped one) and the two shorts a year that they do for Paramount. Not to mention magazine fashion spreads for Jinx whose figure, after two babies, is still something to whistle at, and the innumerable benefits and guest appearances. In addition to which, Tex writes every line of all their scripts himself, and Jinx runs the big lovely house that they rent from Jock Whitney as efficiently as if she hadn't another thing on her mind.

Jinx claims that she hasn't always been so smart. In the early days of her marriage she was a loser and a forgetter. She was also indecisive. She'd say, "Tex, shall we go home to dinner or have a bite out?" And, "Shall I order chicken or roast beef for Sunday dinner?" Recently she's grown to know her own mind, though. She's also discovered what a boon lists are—and she practically never forgets any more. Tex says she's become an adult, and is quite pleased with her.

A lot of the credit for the smooth running household goes to John and Josephine, the McCrarys' (Continued on page 70)

She shall have music

■ And what does a dancer do when she breaks both her legs? She lies in a hospital bed, and if she's fifteen, she thinks that the whole world is plotting against her . . .

Doris Day's mother would visit her with fruit and sad smiles and her brother Paul. Paul would eat the fruit and Doris would brood about her past. Only a few days back, before the automobile accident, she'd been dancing in a Franchon and Marco stage unit—touring the little clubs and lodges of Ohio, her home, earning her own way, planning a future . . . and now what?

She could've wept for the next fourteen months and no one would have blamed her. But when the pain wore off, Doris looked down at those plaster of paris stockings and had to laugh. "Kid Lucky," she said, "you really hit the jackpot!"

That's when the dream of becoming a famous singer began, and when Doris started singing. Alone, at first, in the hospital, later at school, and afterward she couldn't stop even when she'd thrown away the crutches.

What she wanted at first was opera. But on WCPO in Cincinnati you don't sing opera unless you own the station, or at least have the voice. So Doris switched to popular songs, which was hard going. Every time she stepped up to the mike she forgot to open her mouth. It took her a while to get over the fear. In desperation, she gave herself a short lecture. "No more mike-fright," she said sternly. And suddenly, there was no more.

Now she carries a Chinese Ming Goddess statuette around with her. She rubs it gently before she starts to sing, but she could leave it at home, and it wouldn't matter.

One day, a local dance band leader named Barney Rapp came up to WCPO and he said to Doris, "Honey, what's your name?"

Doris learned quickly how to out-quip boss Hope on the air with her bright, fresh humor.



She cried at her first big audition . . . because she knew that
life without music held no meaning for her . . . but she got the job.

BY BETTY LYOU

Color photo by Warner Brothers.





she shall have music

Doris Day's big opportunity for fame came when she was named Frank Sinatra's singing partner on *Your Hit Parade*. One year later she was tabbed for the lead in Warner Bros.' *Romance on the High Seas*.

"My name," she said, "is Doris Kappelhoff."
He laughed politely. "Okay," he said, "Okay, but I'm giving you another one."

"Is this a proposal?" asked Doris wittily.

"No," he said, "this is a job."

The job paid twenty-five dollars a week, which was twenty-five dollars more than she'd been getting. The name Barney gave her was Day, taken from a song he'd heard her do called *Day by Day*, and that was the real beginning . . .

It was eight years ago. She was sixteen, a singer in supper clubs. But even then, in Cincinnati, when the "spot" fell on her she was something to see. Tall and slender, with golden hair brushing her shoulders, a sprinkle of freckles across her nose, dimples a mile wide, blue eyes sparkling with excitement . . . Barney Rapp couldn't hold her long . . .

If it wasn't Bob Crosby, who was in Chicago with his band at the time, it would have been somebody else. Bob happened to be playing at the Blackhawk Inn and business was steady enough, but something was missing. The something was a female vocalist.

One day Bob looked into his mailbox and he found a package of records. The records were songs sent to him by a girl named Day. The records were fine—and something different. Bob wired her in Cincinnati, and Doris came to Chicago to the Blackhawk Inn, and her mother came with her.

Doris moved fast in the days that followed. In a couple of months the Crosby outfit was playing New York at the Strand Theatre, and they were packing them in. One day, Les Brown caught her act. He sat through the news-reel twice so he could hear her again, and then he offered

her a job as featured vocalist with his band. A job she took.

Soon afterward, Doris recorded the song that made her famous. Les Brown's band backed her as she sang *Sentimental Journey*. She sang it the way they wanted to hear it all over the country. And she sang *You Won't Be Satisfied*—but everybody was. Rudy Vallee invited her up to his radio show, and the Fitch Bandwagon asked her, too. Frank Sinatra shared the bill with her on the Hit Parade.

It was all a success, for that was when she fell in love with a trombone player named Al Jordan and retired to have a son named Terry who's now six. Doris was all set to be a housewife when she decided she was better as a singer, and better still without Al.

So she got a divorce in 1943, but she wasn't very happy. Her mother advised her to go back to Les Brown's band, which she did. She stayed with him till 1946. In 1946 they were playing at the Palladium in Hollywood and when their run was over Les said, "Well, Dot, back to New York."

And Doris said, "Well, Les, I hate to see you go."

"You mean . . ." said Les.

"I mean . . ." said Doris.

So Les went and Doris stayed in Hollywood where she lined up a place for herself on an NBC sustainer, and married a saxophone player named George Weidler. She likes musicians.

She missed her son Terry a lot. Phone calls weren't enough, and letters had no arms to hold him. And it was a funny thing about her second marriage—it wasn't working out. She came back to New York alone.

She became the vocal star of Monte Proser's Little Club, but now, when she sang, there were tears in her



Four months ago Doris joined Bob Hope and staff as singing star of their Tuesday night show. Doris and Bob are out for an early start of a busy weekly working day.

voice, and at the end of six weeks she went back to Hollywood, though she wouldn't say why . . .

The day after she reached Hollywood, Michael Curtiz, the director and producer, phoned her. He wanted to give her a screen test.

"Stop kidding," Doris said. "Me? Dramatics? The only part I ever played was a duck in a *Mother Goose* play."

Anyway, she went down to see him—maybe he was casting ducks that day. When she got there he asked her to sing.

"I don't feel like singing," she said. "I feel like crying."

He said, "Sing *Embraceable You*."

And she started to cry.

"Fine," Curtiz said. "I like you. I'll test you."

She got the lead in *Romance On The High Seas*; she got a fat contract with television rights; she got a call from the *Hit Parade* to please come sing on the *Hit Parade*. So she did.

After *Romance On The High Seas* was finished, Bob Hope invited Doris to be a guest on his show. It was like old home week, because Les Brown was Bob's bandleader, and during rehearsals, Hope, Brown and Day were convulsed by their own wit. Bob had more lines written into the show for Doris then, and in 1948 when he was looking for a leading lady and singer, he didn't look further than Day. So Doris is a popular young radio comedienne, now, as well as a singer . . .

Meanwhile, Doris' career was moving along in Hollywood. She was saving money, working hard. She completed her second picture for Curtiz and Warner Brothers, *My Dream Is Yours*, and one night she heard that her husband George, who was with Stan Kenton's band, was playing at the Hollywood Bowl. (Continued on page 78)



Songbird Day emotes for Boss Hope. After Tuesday night broadcast at the studio, Doris hurries home to husband George Weidler, also a musician, and six-year-old son Terry.



When Bob and Doris aren't rehearsing, Doris divides her time among a few other activities—like starring in movie, *Two Guys And A Girl*, taking care of her family, making records.

10 new year's resolutions

by Kate Smith



“Get selfish!” is Kate’s earnest advice for 1949. If you’re one of the millions who love Kate’s radio programs, you’ll know that she must have a special reason.

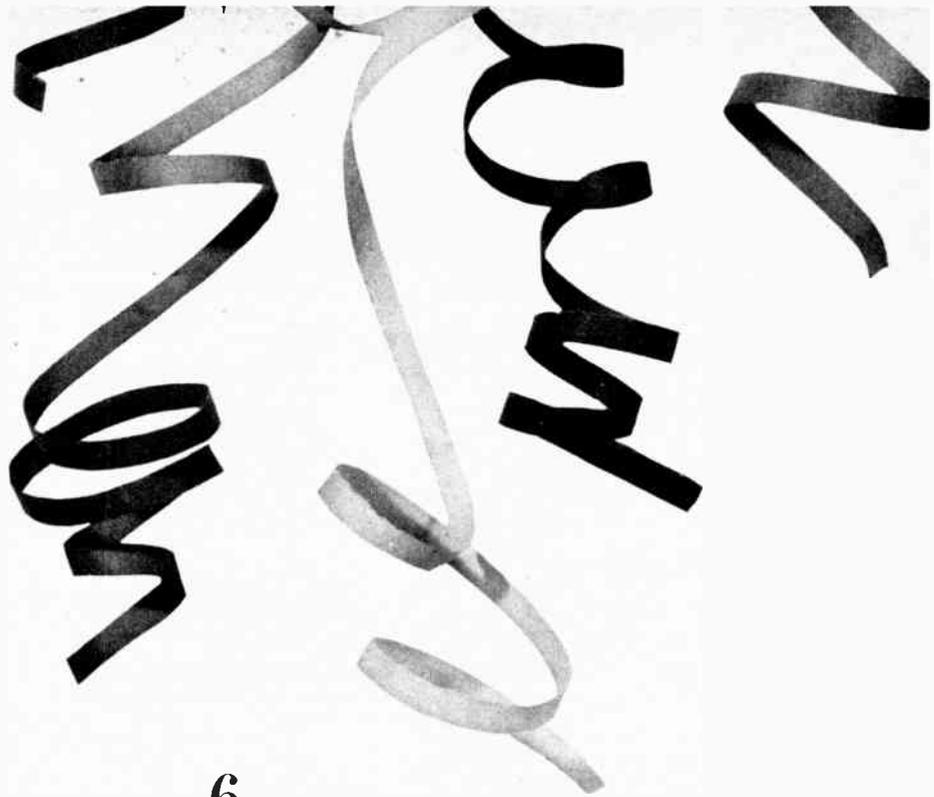
■ *Look, folks, I’d better warn you. I’m going to be serious, mighty serious. Matter of fact I even feel a little solemn about what I’m going to say. Because it’s terribly important. And I’m hoping and praying that a lot of you will think the same way and go along with me in my ten resolutions for 1949.*

I want a better world.

A pretty noble sentiment? I’m afraid not. It’s really a pretty selfish one, if you stop to think. What does a better world mean anyway if not better things for me, and the people I care about—better homes, better clothes, better entertainment, better friendships and marriages. . . .

What I say is let’s all get selfish. Let’s all do something about getting this better world we all want. Seems to me that these ten New Year’s resolutions which I’ve made get down to the bottom of the matter. If I and you, and our relatives and neighbors all lived up to them, and fought for them, there’d be a better world a-comin’ very soon.

What about it? Will you join me, friend?



1 I'M GOING TO BE A GOOD NEIGHBOR

Remember Grandpa? He really lived kindness and tolerance. He knew that it takes two to make a good neighbor—as well as a good fight. He thought it was better to learn how to be powerful persuasive, instead of powerful. Talking out a matter and making a law takes patience, but it's the only effective way of settling an argument.

2 I'M GOING TO RAISE MY VOICE

A woman's opinion carries a special kind of weight in the circles where big issues are decided. We women have known since Eve that we can sway the lawmakers. Let's make the most of our influence. The pen is our weapon, truly mightier than the sword in our democracy. Write, write—is what I'll do when a vital issue is in the fire.

3 I'M GOING TO WORK FOR PEACE

I'm tired of listening to people who worry and worry about another war, but do nothing about preserving peace. Speak with authority and you have an effect, I think. So, me, I intend to keep up on all the facts and out-talk any man or woman with the chip-on-the-shoulder attitude. I'll speak with authority, because I'll know.

4 I'M GOING TO FIGHT HIGH PRICES

It breaks my heart to see families waging a losing battle to keep up their standards in the face of inflation. Last-resort bonds, precious savings are going to buy shoes for the children and pay the rent. We've got to do something about high prices, and quick. In a country as rich as ours why should so many be having a tough time?

5 I'M GOING TO SHOUT FOR MORE HOUSING

Housing means *homes*, a fact which tends to get overlooked in all the dollar-and-cents talk which leads nowhere. By the end of 1949, certainly, everyone should have a decent place to live in. Maybe the Government will have to enter the real estate business. I don't know. But I'm going to find out, and make my feelings clear.

6 I'M GETTING BEHIND BETTER CHILD TRAINING

In these rugged times, we must do as our pioneer ancestors did—raise our children to be self-reliant. They're going to determine the direction in which mankind is headed in a few short years. They will need guts and an abiding faith. Let's stop over-protecting them, making them dependent. Let's train them to meet problems squarely.

7 I'M GETTING BEHIND IMPROVED SCHOOLS

When we skimp pennies on our youngsters' education, we are selling our future short. Making children self-reliant does not mean cheating them out of a decent beginning, or a basic understanding of the values that keep America strong. I want to see schools and recreation centers going up all over. That is the best investment a people can make.

8 I'M GETTING BEHIND CARE FOR THE AGED

People are living longer and our population contains many more old folks than it did years ago. Yet most of us know little about the problems of old age. It's appalling that we shouldn't have enough special rest-homes and hospitals for the aged. Besides physical aid, useful occupations and recreation are important, too.

9 I'M GETTING BEHIND ADULT ENTERTAINMENT

We all know that too many movies, radio programs and, now, television shows insult our intelligence. How much richer life would be if, instead, we were offered entertainment that dealt with down-to-earth problems and real people. In my opinion, we could get the kind of entertainment we want if we made our tastes clearer.

10 I'M GETTING BEHIND SOUNDER MARRIAGES

While this isn't my personal beat, it's probably the most important point of all. Our world can only be as stable as the individual homes in it. I notice that marriage is being taken seriously again and I'm glad. Today's youngsters are marrying with the idea of having a home and family. There should be more education for marriage.

"I'm the District and now I'm stuck with it!"

by nancy davids



Attorney



The D.A.'s assistants, Harrington and Miss Miller are scolded by their boss at *District Attorney* broadcast.

■ “Yes, I’m a D. A. for life, everywhere I go. The one and only person in the world who knows the difference between the role I play, and the real me is Mrs. Ruth Hill Jostyn. Even when I get confused myself, wondering who in blazes I really am, Ruth comes to my rescue and tells me. But she’s the *only* one who seems able to keep my split personalities straight.”

(If you’re a little puzzled, the speaker is Jay Jostyn, gangbuster and prosecutor extraordinary on the famous NBC program, “Mr. District Attorney.” His voice isn’t bored, as he speaks, or especially annoyed. It is just resigned.)

“Last summer I had a week off. Or so they say. Actually, it turned out that I just stayed D. A. for the week. District Attorney Galway, that is, in *The Trial of Mary Dugan*, down in the Poconos, where I was supposed to be getting away from it all. Still I thought to myself: ‘Jostyn, this is inevitable, so have a good time anyhow, and don’t let all this D. A. business get you down.’ It was swell there in the Poconos, good weather, good scenery, good family, good everything . . .

“The payoff? Sure—there was one. Twenty minutes after I arrived at the Playhouse, a girl in the cast wandered over to me. I could see by the expression in her eyes that I was due for a jolt. She said, ‘Well, Mr. D. A., I suppose Harrington and Miss Miller (my radio right hand man and girl Friday, of course) are running your prosecuting business while you’re taking it easy?’ She got a long look from me before I said wearily, ‘What vacation?’

“Yes, that’s the way the whole business has gone for years and years. I can give Hollywood a lesson in type-casting they never heard of. Look, let

me tell you how it all works, and then you’ll see exactly what I mean.”

(Another cigarette was lighted, wearily, but the D. A.’s expression was that of a pleased man—finally being able to get it all off his chest.)

“This blamed thing started about twenty years ago. Fate must have had my number, because I was type-cast from the moment I set my foot in the theatre. That’s where I started, you know. Want to know what my first part was? Well, after what I’ve already told you, it shouldn’t take too much imagination to figure that out. Sure. I was cast as a detective—ten lines to deliver at the end of the third act, to be exact. I was the law—the forces of right, order, and justice all rolled up in one detective. It was wonderful though. I also got my first real dough as an actor—thirty-five big dollars a week.

“And so I learned there was money to be had in the work I wanted.”

(The man who is reported to make over \$50,000 a year now just for playing one part, one night a week, really could still look gratified and sound excited over that first salary of \$35. Nice person!)

“Then, as I gained experience and poise (as they say) I went on to the part of D. A. Galway in *The Trial of Mary Dugan*. That was in stock, of course. Eighteen years ago, at least. Now that I remember it, I must have been pretty awful in the part. Maybe ghastly is the right word. I just can’t imagine what kind of a performance I gave.

“Well, I guess I’ve proved my point about theatre and its type-casting as far as I’m concerned. But then there’s movies. A Detroit outfit just completed a two-reel *(Continued on page 72)*

Out the window goes
the "glamour-girl" and in
her place steps tele-
vision's "candy-box
girl." The famous American
creator of models pre-
dicts the end of an era.

Glamour



A typical "candy-box" girl starts on her way to television success. Julia Meade first receives pointers on video make-up.

is the bunk!

BY HARRY CONOVER

■ Every day television scouts call me up asking for new faces. By this time, I have learned what kind of girl they all want, so whenever I send one of my models out on a video job, I remember a recent incident.

It happened at a performance of the Dumont television show, *Fashions on Parade*. The producer was impatiently watching the screen in the control room while one of the glamour-girls paraded up and down with her nostril-flaring, raised-eyebrows act.

"She's glamorous all right," the producer muttered disgustedly. "But that's a lot of bunk!"

Suddenly the blank-faced statue relaxed, clasped her hands together high over her head in the traditional sportsman's sign of congratulations and shined a smile of relief at the cameraman.

The producer sat up and yelled: "She's terrific!" And he's been using her on the show ever since.

What happened was a mistake—but one of the luckiest mistakes the girl ever made. She had thought, of course, that the

camera was off and that a second camera was televising another scene. So she relaxed, forgetting all about her glamour, and her natural personality came over the screen with that wonderful wholesome charm that is a "must" for tomorrow's Miss Television.

The comments of producers and cameramen are one of the important things I go by in keeping my list of regular TV models up to date. Those are the guys who are in the front lines of television and have the score down pat on what does and does not make the grade. For them, there's only one kind of Miss Television. She's a young lady I like to call the "candy-box girl." Julia Meade is a youngster of this sort.

She's sweet, she's fresh, she's saucy. She's got an infectious laugh, and a friendly smile. She likes people. She gets a great kick out of life, and makes you feel good just by her deep-down pleasure in what she's doing. She's a person you'd like to be with—like your kid sister, or maybe your best friend's kid sister, the one who's grown up to be such a honey.

Next, briefing on facial expressions by Dumont's veteran fashion commentator, Adelaide Hawley, who advises practicing before a mirror.



Julia gets special attention from the wardrobe mistress before making her television debut. She's going to appear in *Fashions on Parade*.



glamour
is the bunk!



Director Ray Nelson takes time out to go over the script and coach his new performer on her lines.

There's none of that stiff glamour about her—that made the producer yell "Bunk!"

Right now the "candy-box girl" is winning the television stakes hands down against the Death-Takes-a-Holiday type of beauty that haunts the pages of fashion magazines. I shall always remember the time when I sent a fresh young model—I'll call her Janie—out on a television job. It was a small spot, but the show, which was just starting, looked like a winner, and the girl who was chosen would be getting a real break.

Janie was a "candy-box girl" if I ever saw one. At least that's what I thought when I picked her. She'd been in the business only a short time, and had a wonderfully attractive spontaneity combined with a pleasing poise. A winner, I was sure. Until the show's producer phoned me with an extremely irritated voice and bawled me out for sending over just the type he didn't want.

"I can't understand it," I protested. "I guess I made a wrong guess about what goes over the sight waves after all."

Then I thought of the poor kid, to whom I'd given such high hopes. It was my fault, and I ought to at least explain my mistake.

"Is the girl still there?" I asked the complaining customer. "If she is, ask her to come right over to my office. I'd better talk to her."

Fifteen minutes later, Janie was announced, and when

the door opened I gasped. This wasn't my little girl at all. Janie had fixed herself up to look older, polished, just utterly-utterly chic. She had, in fact, fixed herself up right out of a job, I realized instantly. Her mannerisms were stilted and artificial as she started toward my desk. She'd adjusted her face in that unpleasant grimace which those who don't know for some reason associated with the lady of fashion. It would have been funny, if it weren't serious.

As she sat down and saw me looking at her with a definitely disapproving glance, her pose dropped away like snowflakes in July and she started to look like a little girl who knows she's done something wrong. Then she stuck out her chin defiantly.

"I don't want to be typed," she said. "And anyway those glamorous high-style girls have it all over me. I can do that just as well as anyone."

I counted ten before saying anything, and then spoke quietly and firmly.

"Janie, dear," I said "Take those false eyelashes off, and listen quietly while Uncle Harry tells you the facts of life as far as television modeling is concerned."

After the lecture was over, I took Janie by the hand, sent her to the dressing room for a complete change in costume, and make-up, and shipped her off to the self-same producer again. (P. S. She got the job, of course, or I



For newcomers, a chalk mark is made on the studio floor. Julia will watch this guide to keep from stepping out of camera range.



And now—the big moment. The lights go on and the Dumont camera picks up the sparkling image of a fresh personality.

wouldn't be telling the story.)

I must admit, though, that while the "candy-box girl" has won the first-round and will walk off with the title, if I'm any judge, I can foresee a tooth-and-nail battle coming up. As matters stand now, the majority of casting directors are male, and the warm sincere type is most popular with men. As women start casting some of television's programs the situation may change, because for some unfathomable reason women always seem to think that the kind of girl men pant over has a sneer on her face and a "don't touch me" air.

Before the war, women editors of the most popular fashion magazines introduced the European hollow-cheeked model and she has since been widely publicized as a perfect mannequin for women's fashions. That's probably why little Janie went off on a tangent. It will be fun to watch the pitched battle develop between the producers and cameramen who go for the fresh young things and the women casting directors and editors who like the more dramatic type.

Unfortunately for her, the hollow-cheek gal will be at a disadvantage in this battle because all television lighting these days is flat lighting. And flat lighting does not enhance the emaciated type of beauty dependent on clever black and white lighting effects.

Surprisingly, cameramen and (Continued on page 85)



Another "candy-box girl" flashes on the television screen. With her wholesome charm and sweet looks, she can't miss.



BY MRS. BILL SLATER

Advice-to-the-lovelorn
goes way back to the Garden of Eden . . .
and now the wife of famed
sportscaster Bill Slater speaks to our
millions of sports-lorn wives.

Don't be a sports widow!



*"Nuts to knitting—
I'm going to the ball game with John!"*

Once upon a time there was a wife who sat home patiently and lonesomely knitting socks. It was a lovely afternoon in late November. This wife was alone at home because hubby was at the football game with a neighbor.

About five o'clock the wife lost her saintly patience, put down her knitting, and announced to herself and the four walls, "From now on I'm going to make John take me to the ball games!"

But John never did take her to a ball game. Because when he came home at six o'clock, kissed her cheek and glowingly declared, "Boy, what a broken-field run that was—98 yards with a minute to go!" His wife replied brightly, "How wonderful, John, and how many runs did he drive across the plate?"

Well, multiply this case a couple of million times and you'll understand why there are so many sports widows in America. I was one myself, once, and I know the whole sad story from way back. But believe me, I'm not a sports widow any more.

Let's face it, ladies. Sporting events of one kind or another go on the year 'round, and too often they take the rightful place of a wife. You can be a baseball widow in the spring and summer, a football widow in the fall, a basketball and ice hockey widow right now in the winter. Not to mention the widow-making sports of horse racing, water meets, tennis matches, auto racing, soccer, track, and on ad infinitum. Of course, if you're one of the millions like John's wife, you probably muttered right then,



*"How many innings
can a ball game last, anyway?"*



*"Now I can discuss hubby's
favorite sports with a casual flair."*

"You mean ad nauseum . . ."

Naturally, your particular man won't be a devotee of all sports, but chances are 99 in a 100 that some of these events are going to play a major part in his leisure life.

Now that you've decided to be hubby's partner-in-sports instead of a lonely sports-widow, you face problem number one which is—put bluntly—how to get hep. It isn't going to help the cause at all to simply tag along, suffer in silence and groan with dismay when the game goes into the sixteenth inning.

Take it from me, if this is going to be your attitude you'll be anything but a welcome companion, and hubby will wish to high heaven that he had left you behind with other bothersome problems. So let's get down to a boning-up program that will move the good man to seek your company and buy two tickets instead of only one for Saturday afternoon!

First of all, while you may eventually enjoy watching any game, the simplest way to really arouse your own interest is to select one team (preferably the same one your man roots for, if you wish to stay happily married) and learn all you can about it. There is probably no better way to begin than by listening to the games over your radio. Or better yet, watch them on television—if you or your neighbor has a set. The sports announcers broadcasting these games have a mass of information and background at their fingertips which they disperse throughout the game—little tidbits concerning the standings of the teams,

scoring averages of the players, games won and lost, and sundry vital statistics.

You'll also pick up some folksy items such as which player was married three days ago and which leftfielder just became a father for the third time at 11 o'clock that morning. And soon you'll discover that sports are more than scores and standings of teams and who won and lost. You will begin to enjoy the human element of the game and realize that the personality angle is the thing that counts.

The first time you switch on your dial, you may be looking forward to the next hours with resignation more than joy. But you just persevere. And see if, a few afternoons later as you stand at your ironing board, you aren't silently or otherwise praying that DiMaggio belts one out into the right field bleachers when the count is three and two with the bases loaded! Or that Johnny Lujack makes that touchdown with one minute to go.

Just a minute now. Who-a-a! Take it easy! When the man of the house comes home for the evening, don't start bombarding him with the highlights of the game. If you're over-anxious, you may drive him away. Just as many an over-anxious spinster dampens the interest of a husband prospect.

Offhand remarks casually sandwiched into conversation—that's your preliminary technique for unveiling your budding knowledge. But before the words trip out, be sure of your facts or you'll (Continued on page 87)

e sincere



Maybe you think you know the intimate facts of life already. But don't be too sure about it until you read what Archie, the genius of "Duffy's Tavern," has on his mind.

a word to the guys

By ED ("ARCHIE") GARDNER

■ I know darn well you females will read this wisdom even if it is writ for the male sex. All you got to say to a dame is that a thing is secret for males and they rush over to see what it's all about. So read on if you got to apeese your curiosity and maybe it'll give you an insite on how the males should opirate. And maybe again, if your husband or boy friend don't read this gem of advice, you can tip him off on by advising so he can make good.

First and fourmost, on the subject of making a living and being successful, I can offer several peaces of advise for males most important of which is, don't pro-crastinait. Which is the kings way of saying in english, do right now today what you'd much rather never do. Or forever, as in many cases. A ferinstance is, would the Funeral March ever have been composed if Chopin waited until he was dead to compose it? Never! Men have got to do things ahead of time, or the devil, as the saying goes, will get the behindmost one.

Sychology is also important in the business of life. Like in Duffy's Tavern, when we cut down the size of the paper plates to make the hamburgers look bigger. This is sychology, not gypping, the latter of which I don't approve in.

Fred Allen, my chum, imloys (Continued on page 88)



"Be discriminating. Choose your mate like you choose your socks."



"Be well dressed. If you don't own a chapeau, a hat will do."



"It takes two to make a marriage, a single girl, an anxious mother. A guy ain't got a chance!"



"Be like Fred Allen. He uses smart sychology by making others work while he gets the credit!"



"Remember, if you play too hard to get, you won't be got at all. And then where will you be?"

Sexy as a picket fence



Kyle MacDonnell was called "number one television girl" so often that even a sponsor took notice and bought her NBC show *Girl About Town*.

For a television star who's quite cozy to look at, Kyle MacDonnell has a poor opinion of herself. "I'm sexy as a picket fence," she sighs . . . Hollywood turned thumbs down on Kyle but television discovered that there's more than one kind of sex appeal.

BY CHRISTOPHER KANE

■ It was one of those days when she wondered why she hadn't broken her leg. Everything else had happened. She was supposed to show up at Radio City that morning for a television rehearsal—"Thirty sharp, Kyle"—and at 10:30 A.M. sharp, there she was, but where was the rehearsal?

She was shaky on one of the songs, once things got started, and the show was to be televised at seven that evening, and it was only the second in the series since she'd got this new sponsor. There isn't much rehearsal for a television show. You run through your

material for a couple of hours, at the most.

Last week the criticisms had been pleasant. Tonight it would be nice to have 'em say "sensational."

But after it was all over, that night, she knew they weren't going to say anything of the kind. Feeling like the wet smack of the age, she dragged herself over to the Broadhurst Theatre where she's appearing in *Make Mine Manhattan*.

Kyle's known for her fresh, cool way with a song. That night, she was so tired her throat was absolutely gone, closed, shut off. Without the microphone, they wouldn't

have been able to hear her in second row.

At 11:30, she was taking the pancake make-up off her face, and staring at herself dismally in the mirror.

By then, she'd had reports on the reviews of *Girl About Town*—the video show she had done just before. *Billboard* had lambasted the ears off her, and she couldn't have been much lower. At that point, the orchid arrived. It was from Bill Wright, her leading man in *Make Mine Manhattan*. The card said, "*Billboard* may not like you, but I do—"

And she started to laugh. Suddenly, it



was all all right. *Billboard*, *Variety*—those trade sheets were the ones who'd picked her out of the nowhere months ago. Maybe they hadn't said she was the greatest since Galli-Curci, but they'd come close. *Life* magazine had then put her on their cover. So if she had a bum day, and if the boys wanted to light into her about it, let 'em. That much, they were entitled to. This one's on me, she was willing to say. There'd be plenty of good MacDonnell shows coming up. They knew it; she did too.

The next week, after a little more sleep, and a lot more rehearsal, Kyle, dancer

Johnny Downs, and their guest star, Gus Van (of the old Van and Schenk team) put together a Gay-Ninety-ish sort of *Girl About Town* that had nostalgia, gaiety—everything. Mr. Sponsor probably sat back in his armchair, smiling smugly. . . .

Sometimes it seems as though Kyle's whole life has been a series of set-backs, followed almost immediately by triumphs. According to her, the set-backs weren't tragedies, the triumphs have been minor, and she's nobody's hero. Which isn't quite the case. Because Kyle is considered by many today as television's number one girl.

Kyle was born in Austin, Texas. Kyle's her real name. (She was named for her grand-parents; there's a town in Texas called Kyle, also named for those same grand-parents.)

The family moved to Kansas when Kyle was tiny—Larned, Kansas, that is—and Larned feels a sense of proprietorship. Kyle used to tell reporters she came from Texas, figuring it was simple that way. She cut it out, when the letters started coming in from Larned. "What's the matter? they'd say. "You ashamed of Kansas?" Now she goes into minute (Continued on page 68)

"I was an Alcoholic"

Norman Brokenshire is brutally honest about his long siege of alcoholism. "Now I want to help others afflicted as I was," he declares.

Here is a stirring story of a man with iron courage.

By TED FIELD

■ For eight years there was only emptiness, darkness and the haunting fear of being forgotten . . . and a stubborn courage.

The sickness had hit without warning. At the height of fame he had been struck down, and he was through. Everybody said so. And there wasn't much sympathy for Norman Brokenshire—not then. Does an alcoholic ever get much sympathy or understanding?

"Yes, he's through, they all said. He's a drunk. He brought it upon himself. He'll never come back."

You mean *the* Norman Brokenshire? Sure, you heard him last Sunday night on ABC's *Theatre Guild of the Air*. The magnetic "Voice of Steel." That's "Broke." You may have heard him mornings, too, because "Broke" has two NBC shows now, five days a week in the morning, another five in the afternoon.

The prophets of doom, you see, were wrong. They had forgotten one all-important fact when they pronounced sentence on a sick man who had lost his grip. Broke is a guy with guts.

The strange story of Norman Brokenshire can be told with three dates:

1934: Called "King of Announcers" by Jimmy Walker.

1941: An alcoholic, working as a day laborer.

1947: On top again—a radio star with a bright future in television.

These days his phone rings constantly. His fan mail pours in. His star has never burned brighter. A recent

appearance as "head swapper" on the popular television show, *Swop Nite*, netted him rave notices and assured him a huge following among the growing mass of video fans.

It's a great temptation, Broke admits, to turn his back on the black years and pretend they never happened. But it's a temptation he's having no part of.

"I was an alcoholic and I want to help others afflicted as I was," he says. "That's why I'm being honest, brutally honest with my fans and myself.

"If a man comes down with malaria, everyone is sympathetic and understands the sickness is not of his own choosing. It's time people understood the same with alcoholism. Scientists today know it too is a sickness, a mental and physical disease, and it needs sympathy and care to effect a cure."

Back in 1937, when Broke fell victim to this sickness, he just didn't know what hit him. He was at the top, running several big-time radio shows, doing extensive lecturing. His voice was one of the most famous in America. But the pace was gruelling. When the pressure of work became overwhelming, a few drinks, he found, would revive his energy, give him the vitality to go on. And then, suddenly, liquor wasn't something he could take or leave any more. Having a drink—or six—was a compulsion. His need for alcohol had become an illness. He wouldn't show up for broadcasts—or worse still, he often had to be dragged forcefully away from the microphone when he arrived for a broadcast soaked up in whiskey.

It took a loyal wife, Alcoholics Anonymous and years of torment to cure him. It took will-power and grit. Hardest of all to bear was remembering the brilliant years of his fame. Broke tells now of those lonely hours before day-break, when he'd toss and turn, remembering . . . standing beside great entertainers like Bing Crosby, Eddie Cantor, Ruth Etting, Will Rogers . . . making the first broadcast from an airship on the Graf Zeppelin . . . reporting the Coolidge, Hoover and first Roosevelt inaugurations . . . announcing the Chesterfield, Good Gulf and Major Bowes Amateur programs . . . There had even been a time when people would ask for a "pack of Brokenshires" when they were buying cigarettes.

The success had not come easy. Broke is a naturalized citizen of the United States, born in Canada about fifty years ago. As the son of a Methodist minister, fate seemed to have cast him for the role of a sober industrious character leading a life of uneventful calm. But Broke had a hankering for adventure and fame—the same clamoring impulse that has led every young wanderer to leave the safe hearth of home to seek his place in the world.

For years he shifted restlessly from job to job. Forty-two times he changed the place and type of his work. As his knowledge of the world increased and clarified, he grew tired of drifting about like a rootless tumbleweed. He set out to find the kind of work which he could parlay into a career of lifelong interest.

With that in mind, he went to the studio of WJZ in Newark (this was 24 years ago) in answer to an ad that asked for "a young man with a good voice." That was the beginning of a career that stands as a landmark in the progress of radio and has made the Brokenshire voice a symbol for "Mr. Radio."

Broke is proud of this wealth of experience and keeps a record of all the dates, places and classifications of his varied employments. They include newsboy, choir singer, school janitor, foundry worker, print shop owner, bell hop, steel wire wrapper, night watchman, soda jerk, teacher, garage manager, truck driver, draftsman, salesman and lecturer.

When the breakdown happened and Broke bowed out of radio, this background of hard work and struggle came to his aid. Another man might have been lost, but he



I was an alcoholic



During Brokenshire's recuperation, he and his wife Eunice retired to a small farm near Lake Ronkonkoma.

rolled up his sleeves and went back to hard, poor-paying manual labor to make a living. All through this crucial and heartbreaking time, his wife Eunice stayed at his side and fought to put his feet back on the ladder. "She made me look forward and upward—she gave me hope when I needed it most," he has said.

There was no false pride in the Brokenshires. Just another American couple, plain people with the luck running against them, taking on a big job. No bitterness. No whimpering about lost opportunity, faded happiness. Just a man and his wife with an unquenchable flame of hope and determination to regain health and success.

The memories of that time remain to keep Broke humble and alert to help anyone else in trouble. There was the pain of mumbling goodbye to old friends at the radio station. Then working as an elevator operator, a painter, carpenter. Hiding away with Eunice on a small farm near Lake Ronkonkoma on Long Island, working the farm, running a restaurant near the lake. Later inspecting Thunderbolts at Republic Aviation. And all the time, the struggle to win back health continued . . . little by little, Broke gained in the struggle. He forced the toughest form of discipline on himself, ate the right food, kept away from strong drink like the plague, kept regular hours. It was a fight to the finish between a strong will and a violent hunger for alcohol.

The climb back into his profession was given a push by the need for war entertainment. Broke performed at Theatre Wing, then USO and Stage Door Canteen, and sold war bonds at the Statue of Liberty in Times Square. And at last he felt confident enough to stretch his wings again. There was a spot open in Washington doing a disc jockey show. It was a tough spot, because popular Arthur Godfrey was on at the same time in competition. But Broke took the job and gave Godfrey a run for his money. He was regaining his confidence, fluency and enthusiasm. And in 1945 he decided that he was ready for a real comeback.

"When I first tried to crash the gates of radio in 1924, they told me I had one chance in a thousand," says Broke with the mischievous smile that has always been able to set mike-frightened guests at ease. "But in 1945 when my agent, Doug Storer, started to knock on doors to get me another chance with the networks, they said it was ten thousand to one against me."

Here's how Storer himself tells it:

"I hadn't seen 'Broke' in years, when I met him one afternoon in 1945. He told me he was ready to go back to work and asked me to handle him. I looked him over and saw he was telling the truth. I decided that his talents should not go to waste and I would do what I could to get him another crack at the big time.

"But wherever I went they gave me that same old song, *he can't come back*. Finally I appealed to one of the officials at Mutual. I begged him to give Broke anything. Just to let him talk into the mike again. So he agreed to give Broke a tryout. You know what happened. Broke made a few announcements and the fans rallied to him as they had done in bygone years!"

It was a dream come true. Letters and phone calls began coming in—at first a trickle, then an excited flood—all adding up to "We're glad you're back and more power to you!"

It's achievement enough for most men to succeed once. Broke has done it twice. And twice the unseen audience to whom he speaks—youngsters with the thrill of making a discovery, their elders with the pleasure of renewing a likeable acquaintance—have given him a warm welcome.

Two letters from the mailbags he receives every day are treasured by Broke for what they represent. The first is a citation from the Disabled American Veterans of Connecticut for his work in obtaining employment for the disabled veterans. The second letter is from one of the younger generation of radio and television. It says simply, "This is the first time I've written you and I want to tell you that I never miss your program. I am 14 years old and a high school student. I don't have to leave for school until after your broadcast, which cheers me up when I'm sad and gives me a big lift."

This youngster never heard about the great Brokenshire of bygone days; she only knows of the 1948 announcer who is establishing new fame and making many new fans without capitalizing on past sentiment or memories. Which really makes Broke very happy.

"I simply don't think of myself as a reformed or re-made character," he says. "Rather I feel like a completely new man, none the worse now for my unhappy experiences, and more than ever ready to go on to bigger and better things."

People who listen to Broke on the radio nowadays are inclined to agree with him.

modern television & radio

at home

a monthly feature
BY JANE TIFFANY WAGNER
NBC Director of Education



ARLENE FRANCIS AND HER FAMILY

Arlene Francis (Gabel)
Martin Gabel
Peter Joseph Gabel, 22 mos.

3 three's a crowd

Just like millions of other young wives nowadays, Arlene Francis' big problem is how to manage in a small apartment when Baby takes over. Arlene's solution may well be your solution.



Once Peter gets into action, the living-dining-den-bedroom becomes transformed into a nursery, too.

Arlene's apartment shrinks

The young mother was excited.

"Martin, quick—see what he's doing now," she called into the other room where her husband was working over a script.

She pointed at the twenty-two-month-old toddler seated snugly in the highchair. Her husband beamed.

"Drinking out of the cup all by himself! That's some son we've got Arlene."

Then the proud papa turned back to the study-bed-living-dining-room to continue his work. While mama, radio-star Arlene Francis, went on with the business of feeding Peter his lunch in the nursery which happened to be the apartment's sole remaining living space.

Two rooms for three people? It doesn't really matter, Arlene says, when the other two people are the most wonderful little son and the only man in the world for you.—Not that Arlene isn't hoping and looking for a larger place. But, in the meanwhile, she's making her bachelor-girl quarters do.

Three years ago when Arlene Francis, mistress of ceremonies of the popular ABC program, *What's My Name*, married the well-known actor and director Martin Gabel, they were the envy of all their friends. Here was a couple who were not only deeply in love but had a place to live in too. Arlene's apartment overlooked Central Park and had been beautifully decorated by actress Glenda Farrell.

The furniture, fabrics and color scheme are lovely as ever, but they aren't organized at present quite as Glenda Farrell planned them. All apartment-dwellers know what happens to little apartments when BABY takes over. Suddenly there has to be a nursery, and where is it to come from . . . but why tell you? If you haven't faced the same situation yourself, you must have watched others struggle with it.

Actually Arlene did the job of turning her perfectly appointed rooms into a family dwelling without any fuss at all. What had to be—had to be. And young Peter Joseph Gabel is certainly worth a lot of furniture pushing and re-arranging. So the living room, which overlooks the Park, is now a bedroom with the bed pushed up in front of the fireplace. The old bedroom is all Peter's. Somehow, Arlene's genius for "making things fit," and her good taste have made all the changes seem charming and sort of whimsical. She and Martin have made the best of it all, and so do their friends.

"Someday," she says with a wistful sigh, "we'll find a new apartment, and all my beautiful furniture will show to good advantage again, and everything will be in its right place. And though I'm happy now, I hope that day will be soon. Big places are just more comfortable!"

Arlene's a mother first

Sometimes Arlene can hardly believe how much she is wrapped up in her home and child. When she was younger, she had felt that a career was all-important. Now, though, she realizes that a woman can successfully mix marriage and children with a career, because that's just what she's doing.

"When you get down to brass tacks," she says, "what it means is giving Peter as much time as he needs. Peter comes first."



It's Arlene's turn at the desk. Hashing over her radio show with Martin has become a habit.



Peter is one baby who loves to eat. Mama Arlene shares an afternoon snack with him.



Peter and his Dad spend lots of time together, both love baseball. Peter has the old bedroom.



Before Baby—Arlene was justly proud of this corner in her beautifully decorated home. Life was so simple then. *After Baby*—The same corner has a new look. Arlene stored the secretary to make space for storage boxes.

three's a crowd

Peter's day begins at 7 o'clock in the morning. And, like most parents, Arlene and Martin's day begins when he gets up. Peter's life is well-regulated, just like your boy's or mine, unless it could be said that he eats more—because Peter loves to eat, and manages somehow to wheedle that extra glass of milk and a cookie out of someone.

After he has finished breakfast, Peter usually plays with his toys for a while. Arlene makes a point of being home in the morning with him. She always gives him lunch, which usually consists of things like apple sauce, cottage cheese, vegetables and milk. Petey is one little boy who simply loves milk.

After lunch Arlene puts the youngster into his crib for a nap. When he awakes at about 2:30 she takes him out to Central Park for the afternoon, if she is free. Here he visits with his special friends, the elephants and camels in the zoo. When Arlene's afternoon is taken up with rehearsals or conferences, Peter goes to the park with his nurse. In either case, he is sure to leave behind on the living-dining-study-bedroom floor tin soldiers, blocks and trucks, and all the etceteras that children love.

Peter is an actor

Peter's Dad is with him a great deal, too, probably more than most other fathers because of the kind of work Martin Gabel does. Almost every day there is something in Daddy's pocket for Peter, anything from a little stuffed lamb to a baseball bat. Peter is already a great baseball fan and loves to strut about in his pitcher's cap and Yankee sweater.

Martin doesn't believe in "baby talk," so Peter is entertained by long talks on the theatre, baseball and Shakespeare. With Dad's experience in the theatre, there's a lot for Petey to hear about. He always listens to all his Dad has to say and never interrupts.

It's obvious that Peter is a born actor. He can put on quite a show already, although he is not conscious of the fact. He happily entertains Mother and Daddy's guests by singing rhymes along with them and showing off his toys to all and sundry.

Peter is a well-behaved, obedient child. But even more important than his intelligent training in habits and behavior, he's getting the most valuable training of all which comes with a happy home life and lots of love.

Arlene remembers her childhood

Arlene and Martin don't have much time or room to go in for big dinners. It's one of the penalties of show business and one of the most obstinate problems of crowded living quarters. Mostly they eat out, sandwiching meals in between rehearsals. But whenever Arlene has the time she makes a home-cooked meal which generally features her specialty, an Armenian style lamb and rice recipe called "Tuskebob."

Actually, although Arlene was born of an Armenian father, Aram Kazanjian, a well-known New York photographer and an English mother, her family background was thoroughly American. Tuskebob is one of the few Armenian dishes which she remembers from her childhood days, and which she loves. She told me how to make it. It sounds good to me, and I think it will to you.

ARMENIAN TUSKEBOB

- | | |
|--------------------|-------------------------|
| 1 forequarter lamb | (cut in strips) |
| 1/8 tsp. salt | 1 lb. green beans (cut) |
| 1/8 tsp. pepper | 2 green peppers (cubed) |
| 1/8 tsp. cinnamon | 1 cup rice (fried) |
| 1/2 cup flour | 2 tbs. tomato sauce |
| 2 medium tomatoes | (or 1/2 can) |

Method:

First step is to get a forequarter of lamb, cut into one-inch strips. Sprinkle strips with pepper, salt and cinnamon. Roll them in enough flour to cover the meat. Put meat strips on an oblong stick and brown in a hot pan on all sides. While browning keep adding a little water to pot, so you will have some gravy. When the stick is well-browned, put it on a low fire and simmer for an hour. Then add tomatoes, green beans and cubed peppers. Cook together for another hour on a low flame.

This meat should be served with "pilaf," which is rice cooked in a very special way. This is how: first, the rice is fried in butter. Then one cup of fried rice is put into three cups of water and simmered slowly without stirring, until all the water is absorbed into the rice. Add two tablespoons of tomato sauce and add a little salt to the rice. Make rice into a mound, with a hole scooped into the top. Into this hole, put the meat and gravy—and presto!—you have *Tuskebob*.

What Arlene believes in

"My philosophy of life is a simple and practical one, and it works, too. It's the Golden Rule, 'Do unto others as you would have them do unto you.'

"To begin with, I am thoroughly interested in other people. It is my belief that an interest in others is what makes you interesting yourself. Also I am a firm believer in the value of a sincere sense of humor. There are very few situations that cannot be treated with some humor. In the middle of an argument, I sometimes stop and realize how silly the tirade is, and that humor will save what might be the end of a friendship.

"A real respect for the dignity of another human being is one of the most important things to remember in the business of living. People should never be placed up to ridicule, and that, to me, is the reason why 'What's My Name?' has enjoyed such a long and successful life. We never play down to the audience, but treat them on an equal plane as fellow human beings.

"It is difficult to trace the beginning of my philosophy, but I think it first came into my consciousness when I had to overcome the fear of not being accepted. I attended a Catholic convent as a girl, though I was not a Catholic. Fearing that I might not be accepted, I made a great effort to be liked.

I felt this need so keenly that I realized how others on the outside must feel.

"Actually the most essential thing is finding a way to get along with people, instead of finding a way to get away from them. I agree with Voltaire wholeheartedly when he said, 'I may not agree with what you say, but I defend to the death your right to say it.'

"This is my philosophy, as simply as I can state it. I try to live up to all my beliefs—to a great extent it has worked for me. It might work for others."

When Peter grows up

To Martin and Arlene, nothing takes precedence over their child. Arlene is happy to have had her son while she is young enough to enjoy the experience of watching him grow up and while she can share his feelings about things. Both she and Martin want him to grow up big and strong, and he has already made a good start at that. They also want him to grow up into a fine human being.

Arlene has definite ideas as to Peter's education. "Personally, I feel that from the beginning, a child should be given an understanding of what he should and should not do. Prisons and reformatories are filled with people who were never given this

understanding. I hope to give it to Peter through example, but never through preaching."

Although it's a little early yet, Arlene and Martin can't help wondering what Peter will want to work at when he grows up. If he wants to be an actor, it's okay with them, but they realize the uncertainty of such an existence, the ups and downs that he would have to contend with. It will be up to him.

Peter will have to make his own decisions in the matter of how to live his life. His parents are giving him, from their own experience and the example they try to set him, a background of love, security and well-being from which he can build. They are trying to instill in him from the very start, a love of the things that they find worthwhile—music, art, sports, theatre, literature, family love—in the hopes that when he is old enough to choose, he will choose those things that will make himself and others happy.

Arlene shares her problems

Unlike many young couples busy with separate careers, Arlene and Martin are extremely close. They share everything—problems and interests (*Cont'd on page 67*)



All career girl now, Arlene bandies words with Perry Lafferty, director of her show.

people are problems

The nicest things in the world can be people. But they can also be the darndest and most ornery nuisances . . . especially for the man whose job it is to collect them for CBS's "We The People."

By JOE WHITLEY

Rodney Erickson is in charge of people and problems for *We The People* show.



One of problem people on *We The People* was eden ahbez, composer of *Nature Boy* (right), who was chased into studio by summons servers.

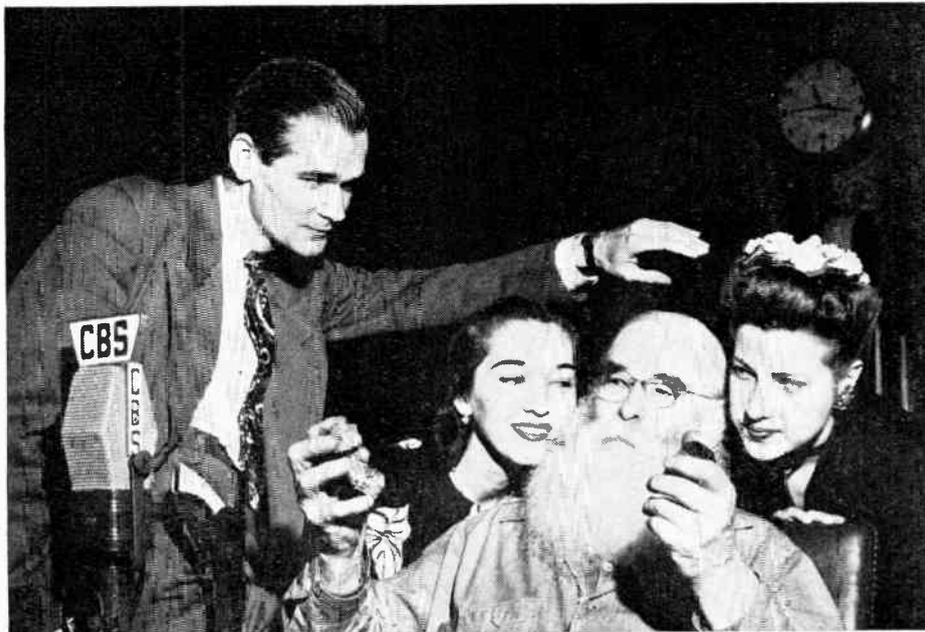
■ Rod Erickson is a small man with a perpetual grin and enough patience to make Job seem like a model for the cartoon character, "The Terrible Tempered Mr. Bangs." This eternal serenity, a mathematician's persistence for detail and timing, plus a frantic curiosity about the things that make people tick, make him a natural for one of the most difficult jobs in radio—putting together the weekly CBS show *We the People*.

It is the responsibility of Erickson, with the assistance of a staff that includes a production director and seven reporter-writers, to collect people from all over the world and lure them in front of a CBS microphone to give forth messages that are newsworthy, funny, tragic, or entertaining.

Each Tuesday night at 9 o'clock (EST) Erickson must have a program ready that



Experienced troupers like Marlene Dietrich are a relief from problem people to Erickson.



Red Erickson had to hire a private detective (left) to guard the valuable gold ore which 81-year-old scurdough, Frank Gimlett, of Colorado, lugged along to a *We The People* broadcast.

involves such problems as making the first broadcast pickup from an Army glider in flight, sweating out government red tape to get an alleged former Russian spy on the air, or handling such unrelated types as a prominent statesman, the father of a dead gangster, a temperamental movie actress and an alcoholic.

But while the radio audience is being amused, amazed or touched by the final result of the production staff's blood, sweat and tears, they miss the more dramatic and amusing events that don't get on the airwaves.

For instance, one broadcast *We the People* was using a well known woman blues singer. She showed up 15 minutes before the show, in a state of staggering intoxication. Then, just before air-time, she decided she didn't want to broadcast after all and headed for the nearest taxi. The entire production staff followed, pleading for her to return—but she kept right on walking. She was due on second and other acts were shifted around to fill in. Finally Len Sativ, a staff member who is an authority on ham, reminded her of "all the millions of her special fans who were listening" and would be prostrated if she didn't broadcast. Musing on the sad spectacle of the public struggling along without her songs started her weeping and she rushed back to the studio. Still in tears she sang her torch song and

listeners wrote that they had never before heard her sing with so much "true emotion."

Last spring Erickson booked "Sugar Chile" Robinson, the child boogie-woogie piano genius, and W. C. Handy, the "Father of the Blues." He knew that Handy once played a fine blues trumpet and, as a climax, planned to have the two play Handy's *St. Louis Blues*. Previous bookings made it impossible for the performers to get to New York until shortly before the broadcast and when they finally got the two together they discovered that Handy could no longer hold a sustained trumpet chorus. And what's more, the orthodox musicians, who were supposed to furnish a background, were soon driven to distraction by trying to follow "Sugar Chile's" strange rhythms in the key in which he plays. An hour before the show the production staff hustled to the jive-joints on New York's 52nd Street and in Greenwich Village and gathered an assorted group of Dixieland jazzsters who learned their music by ear in the New Orleans honky-tonks and could have followed a chorus of screaming sea gulls. When the act went on the air Handy hit a few notes, "Sugar Chile" picked up the beat and the Dixieland combination took over. No one knew that Handy, after the opening bars, didn't blow a note!

This is typical of the duties of the *We the People* production staff, yet since the

show went on the air in 1936 they haven't let a producer down. The closest shave was on a broadcast a few years ago in which the featured guest was a famous former all-American football player.

The athlete failed to show up at showtime and the harried staff went scurrying through the Times Square district paging him in bars and theaters. Meanwhile the program went on the air, shifting acts about and stretching each number. Finally the great athlete was discovered in the first row of a burlesque show. He was, he explained, getting ideas for broken field running technique by watching the strip girls do their weaves and bumps. He was hustled back to the broadcast but when they arrived there was only enough time remaining for him to say, "Hello, folks, this is"

Since 1936 more than 10,000 assorted guests have appeared before the *We the People* microphone. The guest list reads like an International Who's Who. Lord Halifax, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, Hon. Joseph C. Grew, Frank Sinatra, Henry B. Morgenthau, Bob Hope, Eddie Cantor, Fred Allen, union leaders, industrialists, movie stars and many other leading figures who have had a story to tell have appeared. But usually most of the best human interest dramas have been furnished by unknowns.

For instance during the war an Army corporal appealed to the producers to help

people are problems

him locate his twin brother, from whom he'd been separated since shortly after birth. Realizing that the brother might be in the Army, the staff went to work and found him in an Oklahoma camp. They brought the missing twin to New York and 20 million listeners were witness to their dramatic reunion.

The program has also been a fine sounding board for true love. Zeb Tilton, septuagenarian Maine sea captain who had been proposing to the same girl for 50 years, finally won her with a plea over *We the People*. Then there was the captain of the "Maid of the Mist," Niagara Falls honeymoon steamboat, and a confirmed bachelor, who fell in love with a fellow *We the People* guest and married her—presumably for a permanent honeymoon. But the most dramatic behind-the-scenes love saga was that of Heinz Temple, a young German refugee who had become an American citizen and was going into the Army. On the show to tell how he felt about fighting against his brothers in Germany, he turned up at the broadcast with his fiancée, another refugee.

Taking a *We the People* writer aside he wanted to know how they could get married. "I've got a license," he explained, "but the Army wants me tomorrow. I have no time."

An Army chaplain just back from Alaska was a fellow guest on the program and agreed to perform the ceremony after the broadcast. Yvette, the singer, who was on

the show to tell of her escape from death in the Clipper at Lisbon, was asked to sing for the nuptials. The announcer agreed to be best man and a brigadier general on the program asked to give the bride away. As the show went off the air Oscar Bradley's orchestra swung into *The Wedding March* and the principals in the unscheduled drama moved into their places before the chaplain. The ceremony was performed, Yvette sang and the studio audience applauded wildly. And Heinz went off to war happily married.

Reporter-writers on the staff read periodicals from all over the country and cover the press association tickers, recently installed in their office at the Young and Rubicam agency. All items adaptable to the show are clipped and routed to the desks of Erickson and James Sheldon, production director. A personality selected is assigned to a writer who contacts the subject, gets him to New York, interviews him, writes the spot for the show and shepherds the guest through the hazards of Manhattan life until he leaves after the broadcast. Or if it is more practical, *We the People* will go to the news source and cut in the broadcast from there.

But enthusiastic aspirants for spots on the program don't wait to be "discovered"—they write thousands of letters explaining why they should be allowed to tell their stories over the air.

As some of the best subjects have been secured from these letters, Erickson and

his staff make careful checks of all mail received. And here again the story behind the scene is the most interesting. One type of aspirant is known to *We the People* as the "repeater." Motivated by some sort of radio psychosis—or perhaps it is just the idea of a free trip to New York—such people write faithfully year after year, each week with a different and more fantastic experience to relate. One such man, who lives in Davenport, Iowa, will never make the grade but provides lighter moments for the harassed staff. In his latest letter, for example, he reported that his pet cow can pronounce his name quite audibly.

Before the war a man from Oklahoma City wrote for more than a year offering, for \$25 a head, to produce Hitler, Mussolini and Stalin. And when his letters were ignored he finally called, collect, to offer a cut-rate—provided *We the People* would use the trio on the same broadcast.

If some of this type of correspondents are to be believed, talking dogs, cats and horses are a dime a dozen. The champion in this category is a man from Ft. Smith, Arkansas, whose latest claim is that he has a mule who can recite verse! Another regular correspondent is a woman from Albuquerque, New Mexico, who claims that each Monday night ghosts of cliff-dwelling Indians, who have been dead 500 years, appear to give her tips on horse races. She would, for a fat fee, appear each Tuesday night to pass these sure-things on to *We the People* listeners. (Continued on page 87)



Sometimes animals perform on *We the People*, too. This South Pole penguin wouldn't go on the air until his appetite for fresh fish was satiated!



Frank Sinatra wasn't any problem himself—but his adoring fans created one. They made him late for *We the People* by demanding autographs.

THREE'S A CROWD

(Continued from page 63)

"Talking things over with Martin has helped me work out more nagging little worries," Arlene says. "What did I ever do without that man?"

Martin follows *What's My Name* with devoted enthusiasm, and Arlene is in on the most minute developments of Martin's career. Well-known as a top radio actor—he delivered Norman Corwin's famous V-E Day broadcast—he has developed a reputation as one of the important young play and movie directors.

Life is full and exciting when there is someone to share every aspect of it, Arlene says. Of course, Martin and Arlene are in the same profession and that's one reason why they have so much to talk about and enjoy together. And then they have known each other a long time—13 years by now—although most of those years were wasted, as Arlene puts it.

They first met when Arlene started in radio and Martin was acting the part of Dr. John Wayne in *Big Sister*. But they only got to know each other really when they were both appearing in the Mercury Theatre production of *Danton's Death* some years later.

"Before that," Arlene explains, "we'd had one of those 'long time no see' friendships."

Of course, one of their most immediate problems is their overcrowded apartment. And it's only because they work together, Arlene says, that they've been so successful in beating it. Organization is their secret weapon.

"We quickly found out that we had to have a system," Arlene says. "First of all, a system for keeping our belongings in order. We each are allotted a limited amount of drawer and closet space, and we each tend to our own belongings."

Since both Arlene and Martin are home a good deal, they also found that they needed a system for straightening up the one main room first thing in the morning. And with scripts to go over and correspondence to attend to, where to work was another problem. So they developed a system for that, too. Arlene has the desk at certain hours, and it's Martin's "den" at other times.

Until that happy day when the big apartment turns up, Arlene and her family may not be revelling in comfort but they're managing. With a husband to share her problems and pleasures, and with a little son to guide and plan for, Arlene is a typical wife and mother who combines her home life with a career and manages both with efficiency. Her talent and capabilities have made her a star both in her home and in the broadcasting studio.

A hurried postscript: Just as we were going to press, Arlene called with wonderful news. First, she's giving up *What's My Name* to take on a new and bigger show—five-days-a-week, probably—which will start sometime in December. But even more exciting, Arlene says, she and Martin have at long last found a larger apartment and will soon be moving in, lock, stock and baby. Here's hoping the rest of you have the same good luck.

Love-quiz... For Married Women Only



WHY IS HER HUSBAND SO CRUELLY INDIFFERENT?

- A.** Jim adored her when they married. But now—so soon—he almost ignores her. Unfortunately, this wife is not even aware of her one fault which has caused his love to cool.
- Q.** What is that one fault she is unaware of?
- A.** Failure to practice sound feminine hygiene with a scientifically correct preparation for vaginal douching, such as "Lysol" in proper solution.
- Q.** Aren't soap, soda, or salt just as effective?
- A.** Absolutely not. Because they cannot compare with "Lysol" in germ killing power. Though gentle to delicate membranes, "Lysol" is powerful in the presence of mucus. Destroys the source of objectionable odors . . . kills germs on contact.
- Q.** Do doctors recommend "Lysol"?
- A.** Many doctors advise patients to douche regularly with "Lysol" brand disinfectant just to insure daintiness alone . . . and to use it as often as they need it. No greasy aftereffect.

KEEP DESIRABLE, by douching regularly with "Lysol." Remember—no other product for feminine hygiene is more reliable than "Lysol". . . no other product is more effective! No wonder three times more women use "Lysol" than all other liquid products combined!

For Feminine Hygiene
rely on safe, effective

"Lysol"
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. Brand Disinfectant

Easy to use . . . economical

A Concentrated Germ-Killer



NEW . . . INTIMATE HYGIENE FACTS

FREE! New booklet of information by reputable gynecological authority. Mail coupon to Lehn & Fink, 192 Bloomfield Avenue, Bloomfield, N. J.

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SEXY AS A PICKET FENCE

(Continued from page 55)

details, so nobody's feelings get hurt. George and Donna MacDonnell, Kyle's parents, have a farm. You could call Mr. MacDonnell a farmer, except that he doesn't work the land himself. Once it came out in a California paper that he was an oil-man, and for a week, he refused to go around town. "I'm ashamed to face the neighbors," he kept saying. On Kyle's next trip home, he took her into a corner and sat her down. "Sissy," he said, "did you tell those people that?"

She swore she hadn't—"They just like to make all Westerners millionaires, Daddy"—but she's still not sure if he believes her.

Up until Kyle hit her teens, she led as normal a life as the Bobsey twins. Ate, slept, and had fights with her cousin Dan. Dan Lovett's father was dead, so he was very close to Kyle's father, and more a brother than a cousin to Kyle. Like most brothers and sisters, they saw eye to eye on absolutely nothing. She was a tomboy, he was a grind. She liked to climb trees, and wreck her clothes. He liked to sit in the cellar and make high explosives.

She remembers the time he invented a stamp-licking machine. "A beauty, huh?" he said.

She stared at him haughtily. "Whattsa matter, you run out of spit?"

Today, Kyle discusses cousin Dan with awe. "A real brain," she says. "Works out in the desert. He's a chemical engineer. Once I asked him to explain the atom bomb to me, and he did!"

Occasionally, cousin Dan makes the mistake of asking Kyle some faintly technical question. "I hear you've got new television lights," he says. "Not hot. What are they like, honey?"

"Oh, they're lovely," she says. "Not hot, like you said."

"But the construction—"

"Oh, the construction's lovely too," she says. "You know, they're up on high poles, out of the way—"

So cousin Dan goes back to his desert, muttering unkind words—about his cousin's technical knowledge.

When Kyle was fourteen, she entered a singing contest. It was a big one. The winner from each of the forty-eight states was sent to enter the national competition, with Deems Taylor as the judge.

Kyle won in Kansas, came in third in the national. She has Mr. Taylor's opinion etched in her memory "This girl has exceptional stage ability," he said, "and a God-given voice. With correct training, she should go far."

At that time, Kyle had never studied a note of music. She'd just learned the songs by listening to them, then gone in and sang. Looking back, she can hardly believe it. "Lord," she says, "when you're young and dumb, you've got so much courage!"

Anyhow, she came back to Kansas a celebrity, and her parents decided to take action. "Mr. Taylor mentioned correct training," her father said. "Sissy, you can't get that here—"

Her mother interrupted. "We've been thinking," she said, "of Ward Belmont—"

Ward Belmont was a girl's prep school in Nashville, Tennessee. It had a fine music conservatory (Mary Martin and Grace Moore had both started there) and Kyle was delighted with the plan.

She was a good girl in school, got chosen most likely to succeed, always had her lessons done, never got into trouble. (This was partly because she'd convinced herself she was so stupid she'd never be able to make up work if she missed out on any.)

Musically speaking, she was going great. Physically speaking, she was looking terrible. Between the ages of fourteen and sixteen she'd managed to lose more pounds than she could keep track of, and along with the pounds, she'd lost her appetite. Anybody who thought about it put it down to adolescence, and then forgot the matter.

But one day, Kyle fell down on the floor. She didn't trip, she crumpled. Her room-mates got a teacher, the teacher got a doctor, the doctor said, "She has tuberculosis."

Later, he told her the truth. "You'll have to spend the next two years flat on your back."

"Where?" she said.

"Where do you want to go?"

"I live in Kansas," she said. "My parents are there—"

He smiled, for the first time. "The Kansas climate is just as good as the climate anywhere else," he said. "You can go home."

The best thing Kyle can wish for you if you're in trouble is a mother and father like hers. Three years—two of them in

bed—doing absolutely nothing, but her mother and father managed to make the time pass bearably, even pleasantly. They never showed they were worried, they never acted anything but cheerful. They'd bring their dinners back to her room on trays every night, and the three of them would listen to *I Love a Mystery* on the radio, while they ate, and you'd have thought, watching them, that it was a party. That's the kind of people they are.

Days she wasn't listening to the radio, Kyle would read. She claims that when she went to bed, her vision was 20-20, and when she came out, it was something like 120 over 175. Whatever that means.

"I'm blind," she says cheerfully. "Absolutely blind."

When she speaks of her illness, she treats it casually. The way she sees it, she had good breaks. And she doesn't mention how she goes down to Bellevue Hospital's tubercular ward, and sings for the patients, because she remembers what it's like to stare at the walls and wait for another day, and all the breaks in the world can't ease that waiting.

I think we're entitled to call tuberculosis the set-back, but as we noted in the beginning, set-backs are just stepping-stones to this kid.

Once she was well, Kyle came to New York. In New York, she met Harry Conover, the model tycoon or magnate or whatever you call a man who's surrounded by models. "I'll guarantee you \$10,000 a year," he said.

"There isn't that much money," she said casually.

She came closer to being right than he did, but she still managed to pick up a bit of change by letting nice gentlemen take pictures of her pretty face while she inhaled beer, exhaled cigarette smoke and extolled the performance of nylon stockings.

In the middle of all this, she met the woman who is now her agent, Jane Deacey, and Jane got her a job on Broadway in a play called *Park Avenue*. She played one of six bridesmaids, and startled nobody but a Warner Brothers scout who signed her to a six months' contract.

You know the way they tell you that Hollywood story. A sable on each arm and two swimming pools near the veranda. Kyle lived in an apartment up over a garage—it was a cute apartment, nothing the matter with it, but just not lush. Warner Brothers proceeded to ignore her with all the ignorance in the world. Yes, she picked up her check every week, but she was restless. She's a girl who likes to earn her living.

So she took a seven weeks' leave, and did *Louisiana Purchase* for the Los Angeles Civic Opera Company, and that was wonderful. Only trouble being that she'd replaced Carol Bruce (whom she admired extremely) and everybody kept telling her how Carol had played the lead. "Sexy, SEXY!"

"Me," she'd explain sadly. "I'm a different type. Sexy as a picket fence." (Actually, she's quite easy to look at.)



Hollywood ignored Kyle McDonnell so she came to New York and soon was a leading lady of television. Nowadays Kyle is ignoring Hollywood.

One other major experience for Kyle on the west coast was going to a big Hollywood party. "Nobody spoke to me," she says, "and I was sitting in a corner eating a carrot, and being the homeliest girl in the room, when Cary Grant came over and started talking. After that, I was a big social success." She pauses, dreamily. "I've always been grateful to Cary Grant. . . ."

Not being equally grateful to Warner Brothers, she asked for—and got—her release at the end of six months, and flew back to New York.

Two days later, Jane had two auditions lined up. One was for a musical called *Bonzana Bound*, and the advance reports on that were terrific. It was going to be the success of the year. The other audition was for a review called *Make Mine Manhattan*.

She sang for the *Bonzana Bound* people in the morning, and she'd never sounded worse. Whether it was nervousness or excitement or a combination of both, plus extreme fatigue, she never knew. She only knew she'd flopped like a flounder.

"Say," Jane said. "Maybe we ought to skip this *Manhattan* thing today. Maybe you'll be feeling better tomorrow."

"We're going over right now," Kyle said furiously. "I'm so mad I could kick myself around the block."

Naturally, she sang beautifully at the second audition, and she got the job. *Bonzana Bound* lived briefly, and died horribly; *Make Mine Manhattan* is a Broadway hit. There's the set-back-and-triumph routine put to music.

Last January *Life* put Kyle on its cover, and back in Kansas, her mother and father were so proud she was afraid they were planning to open a newsstand on the corner just for that particular issue.

She picked up a few rave reviews in *Variety* and *Billboard*, and these led to a little television show. It was on sustaining (no sponsor then) but she loved it. For *Your Pleasure*, they called it, and Kyle was presented in a night club set, where she sang with a trio behind her.

She and television seem made for one another. She looks as well as she sounds, and she enjoys the work. Her one complaint is that there's never enough rehearsal time, and you're always a little unsure. But as for make-up—and you hear actors screaming about how difficult it is on television—she uses exactly what she uses for the stage. And as for acting, she says if you do things simply and naturally, you'll come over just that much better.

A month or so ago, Mr. MacDonnell, Kyle's father, developed pneumonia, and Kyle flew out to Kansas to see him. He was in the hospital, and all he did was complain. "The food is terrible. They're killing me. Get me out of here!"

Finally, he took a good look at his daughter, and gasped. "Hey," he said, "did you come home to see me, or to show off that mink?"

"That mink" is a new stole, Kyle's very dearest possession. "To show off the mink, of course, Daddy," Kyle said sweetly. "I paid \$500 down, and have until I'm eighty to pay off the rest."

To end the story happily on all counts, Mr. MacDonnell is now well and strong again, and Kyle expects to pay for the mink at almost any minute. Who said television was still around the corner?

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SO SHE CAN'T COOK!

(Continued from page 37)

wonderful couple. These two used to work for Jay Jostyn (Mr. District Attorney) and they are radio fans of longstanding. Nothing about the McCrarys' odd schedule baffles or bewilders them, and they are equally dauntless in the face of sudden guests for dinner or kiddies' birthday parties for thirty. Furthermore, they don't throw up their hands over Paddy's schedule which is definitely peculiar.

A long time ago when Paddy was very wee, it occurred to Jinx that she and Tex weren't seeing nearly enough of their baby. (Paddy, you-know, is John Regan McCrary, Jr., aged two.) "Soon he'll be getting teeth," Jinx fretted "and hair, and before you know it he'll be eighteen, and we won't even know what he looks like." So they devised "The Schedule." Now Paddy sleeps till his mom and pop are through broadcasting at 9 A.M., then he sits at the breakfast table with them, "Hi-Jinx"-ing and "Hi-Tex"-ing them one million times a morning. (Tex's mother thinks it would be nice if he said "Hi, mommy" and "Hi, daddy," but Jinx and Tex kind of like the breezy greeting.) Around ten, he waves them off from his small kingdom in the backyard—a fenced-in area in which there's a sandbox, a slide, a wagon, a three-wheeler and other assorted treasures. Paddy plays until his fashionably late lunch-time. Then he naps until four-ish, and by six-thirty or so, he's frolicking with Tex and Jinx again, good for at least three hours. Unorthodox—but it seems to work out famously.

Kevin, the new baby, born last August, is still plodding stuffily along on an orthodox baby's schedule, but after a while, when the nurse leaves, he'll go the exciting way of his night owl big brother.

One day last summer, Jinx was going through the mail, and she came upon a very cross letter from a woman, the gist of which was "What kind of a monster are you, out skylarking all day, never clapping eyes on your poor son?" It was a silly, uninformed letter, but it depressed Jinx terribly. She told Tex about it coming home in the car.

Tex didn't say too much about it right then, but later, when they were all sitting around the dinner table, Paddy with one chubby hand on his mother's arm, and one on his father's sleeve, he murmured, "That witch from Wichita or wherever she lives should see us now." The truth is that the McCrarys with their strange routine have more real fun with their youngsters in a day than most harassed parents do in a month. And somehow they haven't the great urge to escape from the children that so many parents have. Weekends, if Jinx and Tex go visiting, Paddy goes too.

"It's a package deal," Jinx will tell her hostess frankly. "If Paddy wouldn't fit in, we just can't come." Usually, Paddy fits in, and what's more is asked back for return engagements.

Jinx says that she was feeling quite smug and capable the first time she ever set forth with Paddy for a weekend, and she phoned her mother in New York to brag a bit about the expedition. "We're taking the baby all the way to New Rochelle," Jinx

crowded, "and I honestly don't think we'll have much trouble at all."

"New Rochelle!" echoed Jinx's mother, whose family calls her Mickey. "All of one hour's journey! Why, I took your brother (he's Bob Falkenburg, the famous tennis player) to Brazil in a basket when he was two weeks old." That Mickey is a character. She played tennis the whole time she was expecting Jinx—and not to be outdone, Jinx was on the courts the very day before her oldest was born.

But getting back to Paddy, about his favorite place to visit in Manhasset is the Eddy Duchins' house where twinkle-fingered Mr. Duchin plays every sort of wonderful piece on the piano for him. One of his favorite out-of-town places is Mary Martin and Dick Halliday's house in New Canaan, Conn. The Hallidays have a little girl, Heller, aged seven, who makes much of Paddy from the instant he arrives. She never lets him out of her sight and never stops showering him with lollipops, toys and hugs until the instant of his departure. "If he were only my real brother," she moans, as he disappears down the driveway.

Heller (with mommy and daddy) visited Paddy the other weekend, and wrought havoc with "The Schedule." Shortly before seven on Sunday morning, Jinx heard small sounds from Paddy's room. She tiptoed in, and there was Heller brushing Paddy's shock of hair into a flat, slick, unbecoming cap. "I finally got him dressed," she announced briskly. "I've had seventeen outfits on him." Paddy looked all in. He had blue circles under his eyes the size of silver dollars but wasn't protesting one bit, for in his eyes, Heller Halliday can do no wrong.

Tex and Jinx have kept their radio program free of chatter about their children, quite a feat considering that Paddy was practically born on the air. The McCrarys were broadcasting at eight-thirty that August second, and three hours later Paddy was in the world! The young man has yet to speak on his parents' program, but don't think for a minute that he's entirely without radio experience. He chattered for seventeen seconds on another program that was dedicated entirely to Jinx. Jinx was so nervous she hardly knew what Paddy was saying, but she thinks it was mostly "Hi, Jinx" and "Hi, Tex." Tex talked about her on the same program that day, and among other things he told the world her three most glaring faults. She doesn't take criticism well, (she broods and broods about an unkind word), she is too crazy about Paddy, and she excuses all faults in her own family. Jinx says it's all true, and adds that she's not a good cook either.

However, she's awfully beautiful (was voted the world's most beautiful brunette at the hairdressers' convention) and has been on two hundred magazine covers. And she's awfully famous. Did you know that Al Capp put her in his *Lil Abner* strip under the alias Jinx Rasputinberg? How famous can you be? Furthermore, she contrives to look terribly glamorous even while infanticipating. This story will give

you some idea of exactly what we mean.

Jinx was walking down Fifth Avenue this summer when she saw her old friend Elizabeth Arden coming toward her. They stood and chatted a while, and eventually Elizabeth said:

"Jinx, isn't it about time you were having another baby?"

"Just about time," Jinx said casually. "It's due in about two weeks." Jinx says she was hiding behind a big fat copy of *Life* magazine, but she's still a fabulous gal to have fooled anyone at all at that stage of the game.

The new baby was really supposed to be a girl. It never occurred to the McCrarys that it would be anything else. Her name was to be Capri—Cappy for short—after the beautiful Isle of Capri where Jinx and Tex had a reunion during the war. They first met back in 1941 when Tex was chief editorial writer of New York's *Daily Mirror* and assigned himself to do a feature story on Jinx Falkenburg. Jinx liked him enormously, she recalls, but Tex didn't pay any attention to her until they met in Cairo during the war. He was in the Army Airforce, and she was with the USO. They really fell in love then, and made a date to be married six months thence. They were too—six months to the day—on June 10, 1945 in New York City.

But we were talking about their mythical daughter, Cappy. The only person to put a damper on Jinx's certainty that this one would be a girl was Rosalind Russell. Roz guest-starred on their evening program one night, and in the course of the pre-broadcast chatter she predicted that Jinx would have another boy.

"I positively never fail," Roz boasted. "You'll see."

On the strength of this prediction, Jinx tried to think up a few boy names, and enlisted the aid of Tex's teen-age son by a former marriage.

"How about Patrick?" was his one hue and cry. "Patrick's a very nice name for a boy."

"You're some help," Jinx said. "We've already got a Paddy, you know."

Actually they didn't hit on Kevin until after the baby was born, this past August on Friday the thirteenth. Jinx, ensconced on pillows in her bed at Polyclinic Hospital, pulled it out of the air. "You know," she mused, "Kevin McCrary would be sort of a cute name."

"I like it," Tex said. So that was that. Kevin he is, and Jock for short, and if you ask them whether they're sorry it wasn't a girl they look at you as if you were mad. It seems that Jock and not Cappy is what they wanted all along.

Jinx, who runs her own complicated life so well and so happily, has just one bit of advice for other young mothers, and this is it. Don't let motherhood consume you, so that there's nothing left over for the nice guy you married. Greet him at night with a freshly made-up face and a big smile, and tell him how glad you are to see him before you launch into an account of the day's catastrophes. Love your kids to death, is Jinx's final word, but never stop making a big fuss over their pa.

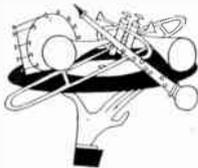


musical merry-go-round

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 Modern Television and Radio, 261 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C.

PURELY INSTRUMENTAL



The old standard, **CANADIAN CAPERS**, always a favorite solo with pianists, gets an interesting interpretation from Jack Fina and his orchestra. They do it in boogie tempo, with Fina really going to town on the piano. The coupling is a fine rumba, **SIESTA**. M-G-M.

Lionel Hampton and his Quintet do a wonderful job of **HOW HIGH THE MOON**, with a fine duet chorus by Lionel and Milton Buckner on vibraharp and piano, respectively. Though it's taken at a slow tempo, you'll hear the boys give out with some subtle bop here and there. It's backed up by the Hampton Sextet and an original called **RIBS AND HOT SAUCE**. The wonderful clarinet work is by Herbie Fields, who now has a band of his own. Decca.

MOSTLY FOR DANCING



Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians have a happy disc in **THE CHOCOLATE CHOO-CHOO** and **YOURS WITH LOVE AND KISSES**. They're both new tunes done in fox trot tempo. Don Rodney sings **CHOO-CHOO** and Kenny Gardner dittoes on the **LOVE AND KISSES** side. Decca.

The always popular **LOUISE** is given the instrumental treatment by Hal Derwin and his orchestra. Backing is a new song **I GO IN WHEN THE MOON COMES OUT**, with a

smooth vocal by Hal and a group called the Hi-Liters. Capitol.

Hal McIntyre and his orchestra play **LOVER COME BACK TO ME** in jump style with Nancy Reed on the lyrics. The coupling is **ONE MORNING IN MAY**, done in straight dance tempo and featuring reeds and brass. M-G-M.

Two of the songs from the new M-G-M musical starring Frank Sinatra, **THE KISSING BANDIT**, get the usual Vaughn Monroe interpretation. Vaughn, with his orchestra, sings **IF I STEAL A KISS**, and with the assistance of the Moon Maids he plays **WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME?** Victor.

If you're looking for solid beat for your dancing efforts, try Gene Krupa and his orchestra on **TEA FOR TWO** and **HOW HIGH THE MOON**, with Anita O'Day doing one of her husky vocals on the latter. These were both recorded about three years ago, but never released before. Columbia.

THE VOCAL'S THE THING



The Mills Brothers come forth with one of their best records in a long time, **GLORIA**, which may turn into a smash hit, and a new ballad, **I WANT TO BE THE ONLY ONE**. Decca.

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I'M THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY

(Continued from page 45)

short on juvenile delinquency. It was made, I'm told, in cooperation with the governors of various states. They sent for me to play in it. But, was I able to play—just once—an unhappy father of a wayward child? Or maybe a gangster after whom the kids were modeling their lives? Of course not. There I was again, pillar-of-the-community D.A. who showed the kids how it paid to follow the straight and narrow path.

"There probably will be a new play on Broadway shortly called *Sweet Poison*, by Leonard Lee. There's a trial scene in the last act. Well, what's the use? You know what role they've asked me to play!"

(Could it be that of a district attorney, Mr. Jostyn?)

"But to go on about radio. I've been playing Mr. D.A. for over ten years now—celebrated my tenth anniversary in October. For the last five years, of course, I've played no other part on radio. But nothing! Before that, there was a show called *Famous Jury Trials*. Naturally, I played That Part. They only used me when I was to win my case, because it might detract from my reputation as Mr. D.A. if I ever lost one.

"My contract for D.A. runs in five year stretches now. Yes, you've guessed it, four years to go—and nothing to look forward to except years as the District Attorney.

"Of course, one thing that complicates my life is the deluge of requests from swell, but honestly confused people. Not only do they ask me to take their cases but many ask me to make personal appearances to speak on combatting crime—to speak, naturally, from my long (so they believe) experience as an actual D.A. And some of 'em just won't believe that I'm not qualified to speak as an authority. As I said—it complicates things."

(A pleased grin belied his querulous words. You got the feeling that he liked

being Mr. D.A., in spite of it all.)

"If this isn't boring you I'd like to go on. As the years roll along, so does the insidious pattern which I can't escape now, even if I wanted to. But I don't want out, really, even with all the confusion and misconception as to my actual status. I suppose I actually get a big kick out of it.

"Take the home town, for instance. I mean the one our two boys call home, Manhasset, Long Island. (I was born in Milwaukee.) Do you think I can lead a quiet life out in Manhasset? Brother, that's a laugh. Not only am I expected to take the lead in community affairs—it is demanded that I do. Any crime prevention body, any group meeting to discuss ways and means of dealing with juvenile delinquency, finds me there. Of course I do enjoy that sort of work, partly because I really like kids and mostly because I have two sons of my own. They're seventeen and eighteen now—a little too old to be endangered by the pseudo-thrills of law-breaking. But it is pretty easy to remember when they were eleven or fourteen, and might have become bad boys without the bulwark of family affection and concern for their welfare. But even if I had never had boys of my own, I would still be interested in working with youngsters. I was one myself, wasn't I?"

"That's not the only role I'm expected to play in my community. No sir. Last year they tried to shanghai me into running for Mayor. Of course, it was gratifying that they didn't ask me to run as District Attorney. That has happened to me, you know. Jay Jostyn, who never cracked a law book in his life until he started to play Mr. D.A., and read the carloads of mail from bewildered citizens who needed help. I always refer these people to their local law-enforcement agencies, but some people still think I'm shirking my duty when I don't step in and take over. One woman, who'd apparently had her prize petunia bed

ruined by vandals was furious with me 'for passing the buck' and 'neglecting my duty when I referred her to the local authorities!'"

(This man has a sense of humor. He can chuckle over his woes even while he loses his identity as Mr. Jay Jostyn.)

"Let's see, now. With my sad little tale I have taken you through the way-stations of theatre, radio, movies, and my home community. Can I perhaps escape being Mr. D.A. on the streets? Not by a long shot! It's that voice of mine. A taxi-driver taking Mrs. District Attorney (—pardon me! I mean Mrs. Jostyn) and me to a first night opening pulled up to the curb after I gave him directions and said chummily, 'Look, you're the D.A., ain't ya? Well, look, sir, I got a problem—'. We were twenty minutes late, but what else could I do but listen and try to help the guy? Confidence like that is wonderful and you can't let people down when they come to you for help.

"My boys are also in on this merry-go-round. Josh, he's the older one, and Jon, are just like all the rest. Any legal problem is, of necessity, a problem for good old pop. When those boys were just young scamps they came home from school a little late one afternoon. It seems that they and their friends had been discussing a problem of law. What more natural than for Josh and Jon to ask the old man—everybody knew he was a D.A. anyway. I replied as best I could. Smilingly, the boys accepted my answer. The next day I found out what was behind their curious request. I hadn't read the local paper the night before and so decided to skim through it at breakfast. There, in black and white, was the hypothetical case the boys had presented to me. The rascals had wanted to see if the D.A. at home concurred in an opinion with the D.A. down at Town Hall!"

"By now, of course, the whole family is crime-happy. Mystery stories litter the house. And then, of course, there are the law journals and books I buy and study. Must keep up on things, you know.

"Yup, I guess even I think of me as D.A. now. How much further can you get in this web? But there's one ray of hope. And it's pretty wonderful. I mean she is. It's Ruth Hill, my wife. She was an actress, and we met while we were both playing stock. Whenever I want to know who I really am, Ruth is glad to tell me. In no uncertain terms. Everybody else may think I'm a D.A., including me, but not Ruth Hill. I can be sold on myself as the crusading D.A., or on the reluctant D.A. (as witness my conversation today) but Ruth knows the exact score.

"Just let me come home and pontificate a little too much and Mrs. J. will be heard to say, in a loud and not too sweet a tone: 'Jay, will you for goodness' sake stop acting like a darned D.A.? This is your home, not the radio station. And you're not off the air talking to millions of people. You're in Manhasset, talking to your wife. Now, will you please, please act like yourself for a change?'"

"And believe it or not, that sounds wonderful to me!"



Here's an idea of what the radio show, *Mr. District Attorney*, will look like on television. Jay Jostyn, Vicki Vola ("Miss Miller") and producer Ed Byron crowded into a closet for this picture.

swing right along in their popularity groove with MY DARLING, MY DARLING, one of the numbers from the new Broadway show, Where's Charley, and the cute oldie, THAT CERTAIN PARTY. Columbia.

That "real gone gal," Nellie Lutcher, takes piano and microphone in hand for her own sensuous brand of vocalizing on WISH I WAS IN WALLA WALLA and a ditty she wrote herself called A MAID'S PRAYER. Capitol.

The King Cole Trio has a re-issue of two of their biggest hits of the past, STRAIGHTEN UP AND FLY RIGHT and GEE, BABY, AINT I GOOD TO YOU. Capitol.

If you haven't heard it already, you can probably look forward to hearing A LITTLE BIRD TOLD ME every time you turn around, especially as done by Evelyn Knight, with the Stardusters. It's liable to be her biggest hit to date. The reverse side is the now familiar BRUSH THOSE TEARS FROM YOUR EYES. Evelyn uses a shuffle rhythm accompaniment on both sides. Decca.

Frank Sinatra sings two of the tunes he does in his Kissing Bandit picture—IF I STEAL A KISS and a Spanish ballad, SENORITA. Axel Stordahl and his orchestra provide fine musical support, as usual. Columbia.



NOVELTY STUFF

Art Mooney and his orchestra, who clicked so big with FOUR LEAF CLOVER and BABY FACE are hoping for a repeat performance with their new record, I'VE BEEN WORKING ON THE RAILROAD. They do it in a lively tempo, with the whole band singing the vocal in "shoutin' style." The other side is IN THE MARKET PLACE OF OLD MONTEREY, sung by Bud Brees, Norma Galli and the Galli Sisters. M-G-M.

Spike Jones and his City Slickers have a zany holiday twosome in ALL I WANT FOR CHRISTMAS (IS MY TWO FRONT TEETH) and HAPPY NEW YEAR. Both sides are strictly for laughs, especially the HAPPY NEW YEAR when Spike, Doodles Weaver, George Rock and Sir Frederick Gas take turns reciting their knocked out New Year's resolutions. Victor.

SLIGHTLY LONGHAIR



Philip Green and his orchestra present STRINGOPATION, a composition by David Rose, and DREAM OF OLWEN, a beautiful melody with the same quality as WARSAW CONCERTO and CORNISH RHAPSODY. Green is one of England's outstanding conductor-composer-arrangers, and his work is most tasteful, especially his handling of the strings. M-G-M.

Kathryn Grayson, accompanied by Georgie Stoll and the M-G-M Studio Orchestra, sings

two of the songs from Kissing Bandit—LOVE IS WHERE YOU FIND IT and WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME? The first side is done in an exciting beguine tempo and Kathryn's rendition is reminiscent of her work on JALOUSIE. The orchestrations, with emphasis on violins, are well adapted to her legitimate soprano. M-G-M.

Macklin Marrow and his orchestra have recorded an album called TSCHAIKOWSKY FAVORITES—eight of the popular composer's best-known and best-loved works: BARCAROLLE, SONG WITHOUT WORDS, NONE BUT THE LONELY HEART, HUMORESQUE, ROMANCE IN F, MELODIE, WALTZ and AUTUMN SONG. M-G-M.

ALBUMS



Jane Powell, the cinema cutie, who also does all right with her soprano voice, has an album called ROMANCE, consisting of six famous love songs. Carmen Dragon and his orchestra accompany. There are two numbers by Victor Herbert, KISS ME AGAIN and A KISS IN THE DARK; two by Sigmund Romberg, LOVER and WILL YOU REMEMBER? A Grieg composition, SPRING TIDE and THROUGH THE YEARS, by Vincent Youmens. Columbia.

A most interesting album is SONG IS BORN, from the Danny Kaye-Sam Goldwyn picture of the same name. Everyone on the album also appears in the picture, and you're sure to find at least one of your musical favorites present. SONG IS BORN—PART I AND II is done by The Golden Gate Quartet, Jeri Sullivan, The Brazilians, Benny Goodman, Charlie Barnet, Louis Armstrong and Mel Powell and his Septet, who play MUSKRAT RAMBLE with Mel on piano, Don Lodice on tenor sax, Clyde Hurley on Trumpet, Gus Bivona on Clarinet, Lou McGarrity on trombone, Tiny Berman on bass, and Frank Carlson at the drums. A mighty good representation of musicians, what? Then the Benny Goodman Septet offers STEALIN' APPLES. REDSKIN RHUMBA is played by Charlie Barnet and his orchestra. The last side is DADDY-O, the blues-novelty from the picture, sung by Jeri Sullivan and a vocal group, with the Page Cavanaugh Trio. Capitol.

DUSTY MANUSCRIPTS is the title of a Sammy Kaye souvenir set, eight sides in all, and including such well-known swing-and-sway favorites as CUDDLE UP A LITTLE CLOSER LOVEY MINE, THE WORLD IS WAITING FOR THE SUNRISE, I STILL LOVE YOU and WE JUST COULDN'T SAY GOODBYE. Don Cornell, Laura Leslie, The Kaye Choir, and The Three Kaydets are featured, of course. Victor.

An unusual collection of musical sketches are found in the album called PERFUME SET TO MUSIC, which was inspired by the scents of the famous French Corday perfumes. The music was written by Harry Revel, and the orchestra and chorus is under the direction

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SOURPUSS—BY JIM HARKINS

(Continued from page 33)

rolled them on the aisles with his fast and easy patter, his monstrous little dummy whose head or legs would unexpectedly fall off, and his hilarious Australian expressions. I went backstage after the show to meet Fred—who was born John Florence Sullivan, later became Paul Huckle, Freddie St. James, Fred James, and finally Fred Allen. Somehow, we clicked from the start, and when we said good-bye, Fred remarked: "We'll be working together someday, Jim, and I'll see you then." The "someday" happened to be nineteen years later!

I came to work for Fred in 1934 as director of his amateur show, a part of his *Town Hall Tonight* program. This was the first of its kind, with Major Bowes famous program starting the following year. Fred insisted on absolute honesty. "No monkey business with phoney amateur and playing favorites," were his first instructions to me. "It's up to you to give the kids a fair break, Jim." Maybe you don't know it, but a few of the people who got their start with Fred were Frank Sinatra, Joan Edwards, Bob Eberle, Connie Haines and Garry Moore. When Fred's amateur hour finally ran its due course, I became Fred's right hand man, semi-manager, jack-of-all-trades and human cash register. Fred sometimes calls me his "No" man. I help keep pests away from him.

Does that sound as though Fred is ungenerous? Well, nothing could be farther away from the truth. My boss is the softest touch in the business. Any old-timer with a genuine hard luck story is good for a heavy touch from Fred. But the nice thing about Fred is that he isn't the one to make the recipient of his goodness feel like a beggar. In fact, one of his favorite tricks is to call a down-and-out actor and tell him there's a spot on his program for him. The old fellow then earns a good piece of rehearsal money—and if his stint isn't up to standard, Fred tells him the show is running overtime and he can't use him on the broadcast. The old-timer then feels as he though he really earned his money.

I think I skipped about twenty years of Fred's life just then, so let me go over them fast. After years of the vaudeville circuit, my boss took a shot at Broadway. It worked out well, and Fred became known as the Broadway star of *The Little Show*, and *Three's A Crowd*. Fred wrote all of his own material then, as he still does, and I remember that in one of his shows he wowed the audience with the line about the scarecrow that scared the crows so badly that they brought back the corn they'd stolen the previous summer.

Fred's gags have been part of my regular living and breathing for the past fourteen years. When Fred opens his mouth, I have my pencil out and poised. Name a subject and my boss'll supply a fitting quip. Once I walked into a barber shop with him. He had a head of bushy hair that hadn't been cut in two months. "Haircut?" asked the barber. "Not now," Fred replied, "I just dropped in for an estimate."

If 1927 was a depression year for most

of us, it was Fred's lucky year. He married a lovely chorine from George White's Scandals named Portland Hoffa. Portland still likes to tell about her father, an eccentric dentist in the city she was born in and named after. Another sister was named Lebanon (where she was born) and a third, Lastone, because her father expected her to be the last. But nature was stronger than Poppa Frederick Hoffa and along came another girl. She was named after poppa, and to this day is called "Dr. Fredericka."

Today, Fred and Portland live a secluded and unpretentious life on West 58th Street, not far from Radio City. They let nothing intrude on their happy privacy. They possess no swimming pool, portable bar or tennis court. Portland decorated the small apartment herself. There are practically no visitors, because Fred is nearly always working. Portland usually sews and knits while her husband works away. She makes almost all her own clothes and does a lot of cooking. When they do go out, they shun the fancy places like poison. A weekly chunk of cheese cake at Lindy's, a pastrami sandwich at the Stage Delicatessen on Seventh Avenue, a dish of linguini at the Italian restaurant, Ginos—that is the extent of Fred's vices. Lately, though, Fred's doctor has had him laying off rich and spicy dishes. His diet now consists mostly of vegetables and fruit.

I've spoken about Fred's amateur hour on his show, which started in 1934, and how my boss developed new talent like Sinatra and Haines. Well, even after this amateur business was dropped, Fred continued to try out new people and stunts, and I daresay that he's found and built up more famous radio characters than anyone in the business. Jack Smart, now the sinister "Fat Man," was once part of our troupe. So was Lionel Stander, the gravel-voiced lad with the wild hair and upthrust chin. And that's to say nothing of some of radio's most unforgettable characters: Senator Claghorn (Kenny Delmar), Mrs. Nussbaum (Minerva Pious) and that other famous denizen of the Alley, Titus Moody, played by Parker Fennelley. Fred has a terrific knack for creating grotesque characters that we all can believe in. I've heard Fred compared to Dickens in this respect.

Back in the 1930's, Fred's program would get pretty wild sometimes. For example, there was the feature called "People You Never Expect to Meet." Well, I was the one that had to round up such characters as a lady blacksmith, an upside-down harmonica player, a subway gas sniffer and a laundry spot detective, to say nothing of a talking bird and a singing goose!

Actually, I appeared on Fred's show only once. That was when I arranged for the appearance of a little bootblack who could spiel off and spell the names of all the states in the Union—first frontwards and then backwards! Well, showtime approached and the bootblack didn't show up. I knew some cops pretty well, so I got in touch with them. They promised to help, and when I arrived at the station house there were two or three hundred bootblacks lined up for me to examine!

But mine wasn't there (later we discovered he had been bribed to stay away). So Fred said: "Uncle Jim, YOU are going to fill in for the missing bootblack!" There was nothing much to do but acquiesce, so I searched my memory for some old vaudeville number, and finally went on with "Roll On, Mississippi." I was too nervous to know how I did, but Fred and the rest of the cast said the applause was terrific. But this is supposed to be the story of my boss, Allen, and not of myself.

For all of Fred's satirical genius he has comparatively few pet peeves. His one exception—a studio audience. He feels that a program should be tailored for listeners and the clowning that brings a cheap laugh from an audience only distracts people at home. Fred's bouts with radio censors are well known. He hates censorship, except when good taste is at stake. But Fred is far-sighted enough to pack his scripts with a variety of dubious jokes. These he trades with the men with blue pencils in order to keep the jokes he really wants.

Immediately after the Sunday night broadcast, Fred goes to bed until the following Tuesday. This business started recently as a result of Fred's high blood pressure. But from Tuesday morning until Sunday night, the grind is intense what with gathering material, writing, rewriting and constant polishing of the script. Fred generally over-writes ten to twelve minutes, and cutting the script to time takes three or four hours on Friday afternoon. Then there's another complete rewrite. The final reading by the cast is not until seven o'clock on the evening of the broadcast. Then Fred listens to Jack Benny for more possible cracks. At eight Fred gives the studio audience a warm-up, until the signal comes to go on the air.

Because of their rugged schedule, the Allens only recreation is a walk in Central Park, or a neighborhood movie. Sometimes Fred spends an hour in the gym of the Sixty-third Street YMCA. Handball is one of his favorite games. Fred doesn't even own a car. He goes to great lengths to avoid any semblance of pretentiousness—a quality he despises above all others.

It's hard to sum up this boss of mine, who was born John Florence Sullivan, orphaned at the age of three, steeped in the tradition of vaudeville, schooled in the well-known college of hard knocks, and now—as far as I and millions of others are concerned—is the funniest guy in radio.

I suppose I'd call his chief quality that of modesty—which is always present in spite of his sourpuss exterior. Because of his modesty, Fred gets mad at people filled with sham and pretense. Like vice-presidents. Remember Fred's widely-quoted comment? "A vice-president," he said, "is a man who finds a molehill on his desk when he comes to work in the morning, and his job is to build the molehill into a mountain by 5 p.m."

Yes, my boss Fred often picks on things like Hollywood, censors and vice-presidents. But it's only because he thinks people should not pretend to be anything more than what they really are.

of Leslie Baxter. The Theremin solos, which weave in and out of the orchestrations, are played by Dr. Samuel Hoffman. You girls will recognize the titles right away: TOUJOURS MOI (ALWAYS ME), FAME, TZIGANE (GYPSY), JET, POSSESSION, and L'ARDENTE NUIT (ARDENT NIGHT). Victor.

ROBERT MITCHUM is the title of a terrific album of folk songs, some of which he sings in his new movie, *Rachel and The Stranger*. Mitchum does the tunes a la Burl Ives, accompanied only by a guitar and harpsichord, and believe it or not, he has done a sensational job. On his low notes, and when he talks, he sounds so much like Bing Crosby. If this initial album is an indication of what Mitchum can do, look for him to be a most popular record name. The titles: O-HE-O-HI-O-HO, SUMMER SONG, FOOLISH PRIDE JUST LIKE ME (which he does with a little boy (Gary Gray)), RACHEL and ALONG CAME A TALL DARK STRANGER. Decca.

SMALL FRY NUMBERS



Dennis Day excellently performs the sweet story of THE BOY WHO SANG FOR THE KING, with orchestra under the direction of Charles Dant. Besides singing, Dennis portrays all the characters himself. This is called a "Record Story," and there are four sides. Victor.

Another Record Story, also four sides, is HOW THE CIRCUS LEARNED TO SMILE, told by Spike Jones and his City Slickers. This is all about the animals under the big tent and especially the grouchy lion, who finally learns how to laugh. Spike is the narrator and there are lots of cute sound effects to delight the kiddies. Victor.

IRVING, THE UNEMPLOYED HORSE, was one of the most popular children's records of last year. It's composer, Richard Condon, has now done a worthy sequel, PRIDE OF KENTUCKY, with narration by the well-known radio voice mimic, Allan Melvin. It's the tale of a grandson of Man O'War, and how he finally wins the Kentucky Derby. M-G-M.

A delightful thing for children of any age, plus grownups, is TUGBOAT DANNY, with story and lyrics by Ray Darby, and original music by Morris Surdin. Danny, a tugboat with

a terrific inferiority complex, yearns to be a sea-going ocean liner, and he goes through all sorts of things before the final happy ending. Incidentally, this was adapted from the old CBS radio serial, *Once Upon a Tune*, in which Danny was the leading character. M-G-M.

BEHIND THE SCENES



With Jo Stafford's new show on ABC, and her Tuesday night Supper Club stanza on NBC, she becomes the only girl singer in radio with two programs of her own. Remember way back when Dinah Shore, Ginny Simms, etc., all had their own radio shows? Times have certainly changed . . . Jule Styne and Sammy Cahn, who recently broke up as a song-writing team, will be back together again to do the score for Frank Sinatra's new movie for RKO, with Groucho Marx and Jane Russell . . . They wrote some of Frank's biggest hits . . . Jimmy Forster, ex-Carmen Cavallaro vocalist, is suing Carmen for \$16,000, claiming breach of contract . . . Frankie Laine and new bride, Nina Lombardi, honeymooned in Hawaii. Nina was Frankie's childhood sweetheart . . . Speaking of romance, guess who Artie Shaw spent a lot of time with on his recent trip to the coast? None other than his next-to-the-last-ex-wife, Ava Gardner. His last was Kathleen Windsor, the beautiful lady author, who is about to divorce Artie. If Mr. Shaw can ever get his affairs of the heart straightened out, he may return to the music business with a brand new band . . . Spike Jones and his vocalist, Helen Greco, who tied the knot some months back, have a date with Sir Stork sometime next spring . . . Victor Records have signed Fran Warren as a solo artist. Fran (no relation to your scribe) is the girl who made several fine records with the Claude Thornhill band, particularly her great vocal on SUNDAY KIND OF LOVE . . . Gordon MacCrae's movie career at Warner Bros. is going along so well, that he and his wife bought a house in Hollywood and plan to settle there permanently. You can look for Gordon's name to be way up there on the list when the results of the crooner popularity polls start rolling in next year.



Dennis Day (with Borboro Eiler) took radio time off to wax *The Boy Who Sang For The King*.

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IS HOLLYWOOD DOOMED?

(Continued from page 29)

"Not meaning the girl any harm," he smiled, "Lana will be practically helpless in television. I'll tell you why. The carefully nurtured and artificial dramatic quality of a girl like Lana doesn't click with average viewers sitting at home. Television viewers look for a more intimate, natural, homey kind of performance. Glamour alone won't click. Remember that television comes right into the home and sort of joins the family . . ."

I said, "Why pick on Lana?"

"I'm not picking on her," he retorted. "And what I said won't hurt her because, by her own confession, Lana is more interested in marriage than in show business."

Then there's another type of movie-radio personality. She is a girl about Lana's age. She had never been known for glamour. A few days ago I watched her work under the hot television lights, wearing a starched cap and apron, singing "Lament of a Laundry Girl." This was Cass Daley, self-styled ugly-duckling happily displaying buck teeth as a trademark—but in person every bit as attractive as Lana.

An odd comparison? Yes, but typical of the topsy-turvy situation now being created by television. Just ask any smart Hollywood showman today for the names of stars who will become television favorites—and you'll get a prompt mention of Cass Daley, along with a scant few others. They know that the gentle, personal pathos of Cass is eminently more suited to television than Lana Turner's glamour. And the proof is in letters from tele-fans.

Eve Arden is another television natural—though the movie moguls have always treated her as the warhorse female. True, Eve doesn't have the dream face of Rita Hayworth. But when she recently made her television debut, she was the flabbergasted recipient of hundreds of letters, most of which raved about how attractive she was.

Well, how about Rita Hayworth—the girl, who in *The Loves of Carmen*, drives strong men mad with a mere look. The

answer to that one is: on the television screen, Rita's super-sexy glamour is liable to drive the family out to the badminton court.

With this in mind, I asked Rita: "How do you think you'll do on television?"

"I don't know," she replied. "How do you think I'll do?"

So I considered the question and came up with this verdict: "If you let them kick your glamour around you may be great. Remember how we used to sit around your home with a bunch of characters and listen to records? How, wearing those leopard skin shorts of yours, you'd take one beer and feel so good you'd break out into a rash of little songs and impromptu dance routines? Something like that will really 'send' the people at home. But they'll never sit still for ninety minutes of emoting, even if you are prettier to look at than a blooming rose garden!"

Maybe I can better illustrate the point by telling you about a new television film starring pretty Peggy Lee. It's a simple little picture with glamorous Peggy singing her songs against the backdrop of a malt shop on the UCLA campus. It's all so natural, and real students are used as supporting players. Peggy now plans to do a video series using different college campuses as a setting. Because television is an intimate, homey affair, viewed by all the family in their homes, this sort of thing will click. But a studio unreality in which somebody like Judy Garland, great singer that she is, does a similar chore with hired and high-paid performers, would probably turn the family to their evening papers.

A great babble of confusion arises in Hollywood as television approaches radio and the movies in public favor. Most Hollywood stars have a "swimming-pool complex" about TV. A few are anxious to jump in and get their feet wet, but the majority are advised by complacent agents that "You're big—television will come to you when it can pay the price!" The stars who follow this unthinking advice may

discover that when that day arrives they'll be left out in the cold. Part of the blame for this situation must be shouldered by certain television executives, who are using the excuse of "no profit" to grab "big names" for little or no pay.

Two men who aren't afraid to get their feet wet are Abbott and Costello. I watched this zany couple do their famous "Who's On First" baseball skit at the opening of Hollywood's beautiful new Don Lee television studios. When Lou came offstage I asked him how he liked television. "I feel like a baked potato from those hot lights," he replied happily, "but brother, I'm home again—home again!"

Lou meant that after years of radio work, in which all their comical takes went unobserved, and movie work, in which their genius was "canned," they would once again work before a real audience. And believe me, even if that audience is at home sitting before their sets, the performers can feel them there. Old vaudevillians like Bud and Lou will have a tremendous advantage in television over actors who have hardly faced a live audience in their whole lives.

But what of the straight actor—the guy who never did his tricks on the boards? The perfect comparison here is the two Vans—Heflin and Johnson. Van Heflin, a New York stage veteran, won an Academy Award in *Johnny Eager* before Van Johnson appeared in his first film. War knocked Van Heflin out temporarily. Johnson, an ex-hooper, became the bobby-sox rage. When Heflin returned he found that he was practically unknown. An earnest student of acting, he was embittered to find a young man he'd hardly heard of outranking him in a series of "fluff" pictures.

They both worked at the same studio. Now, two years later, Van Johnson still is the far more famous actor. When the two Vans shortly find themselves in the steep competition engendered by television, however, which one will emerge with the greatest stature? The smart pickers say that Johnson will have to come from a long way behind to compete with Heflin.

These two are earnest young men who are willing to take their chances and work diligently. But many another actor believes that he simply will be transferred to television in all his glory.

A dozen television producers and directors recently got together and in the course of conversation, the name of Cary Grant cropped up frequently. One of them said: "Cary has great possibilities. The movies have hardly touched the depths of his charm. He is an ex-music hall character and stilt walker who has the common touch so necessary in the personality of any television actor. Many leading men can afford to be as aloof and remote as a Rudolph Valentino in the unreal amphitheater of the screen. But in your own home, it's something else again. The actor is face to face with individual members of his audience. This may well knock out personalities like Errol Flynn, Tyrone Power, Van Johnson and Pete Lawford."

Contrarywise, there are actors of the class of Gary (Continued on page 78)



Their experience in vaudeville and on the stage—and not their movie work—will make Bud Abbott and Lou Costello (shown with Peggy Ann Garner) television naturals. They know how to improvise.

charm via video



by **candy jones**

Director, Conover
Career Girl School

■ At last all the general talk about transforming the ugly duckling into a thing of beauty is getting down to cases. Television has done it. On WPIX every Wednesday evening, a talented young man named Edgar is showing just what re-styling hair, make-up and clothes lines means by making-over a real, live girl on his program called *Teen-Age School of Charm*.

Edgar, who is very much a realist, would probably object to exaggerated talk about "ugly ducklings," and I wholeheartedly agree. The point is that by applying basic design principles any girl can heighten and make the very most of her good points. As an example of how this works, here is what Edgar did for teen-ager Phyllis Kramer.

It is interesting to note, by the way, that girls sitting at home before their television sets, will now be able to get beauty instructions and advice with no pain at all!



Edgar studies Phyllis' facial structure with special attention to her hairstyle. The back-sweep over-emphasizes her nose. (above)



With eyebrows thinned and mascara lightly applied, Phyllis' eyes grow larger. Lipstick fills out her mouth. (above, rt.)



Edgar's main objective was to soften and lighten Phyllis' features—therefore the frame-like hair-do, feminine neckline. (rt.)

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SURE. Address Vet?

(Continued from page 76) Cooper, Van Heflin, Gregory Peck, Ray Milland and Jimmy Stewart. Cooper, in particular, has a knack of projecting his thoughts without need for facial acrobatics. DeMille once said, "Gary Cooper can do more with a change of expression in his eyes than the average actor can do with a raving beauty in his arms against a sunset background. Why, the man can even turn a blush off and on!"

Of course, the impact of *that* talent will have to wait on tele-color, but the point is that home audiences are certain to have little enthusiasm for the uninhibited heroics of a man like Orson Welles, or the precious boyishness of a Peter Lawford, Guy Madison, Robert Walker and Rory Calhoun.

Any one of these lads may eventually overcome the handicap of too much time spent in happy little screen romances, but they will be up against regular competition from such young veterans as MacDonald Carey and Bob Preston, who, in television would give Clark Gable a run for his money!

A prime example of a person Hollywood doesn't know what to do with—but who will be a video sensation—is Hoagy Carmichael. He stole the notices from top performers in *Canyon Passage* and *Night Song*, was a smashing success in London, was spotted by the Gallup survey as one of filmdom's most under-rated personalities. Hoagy says of himself that "there are quite a number of frogs who have better voices, and when it comes to faces, the less said about mine the better!" Nevertheless, Hoagy's personality packs a terrific wallop, and television will probably not follow the movies in overlooking the fact that a less dashing performer can have a strong appeal to millions of families everywhere.

Another comparative "unknown" who may run circles around a Pete Lawford or Van Johnson in television is Frank Albertson, who is already working hard in video on the theory that "you can't wake up in the morning to be a television star." Talking of Frank, by the way, reminds one of his happy family life, and *that* brings up another point—a very tough one in Hollywood.

Americans are generally sympathetic to anyone who gets in trouble, the case of Bob Mitchum being quite pertinent. But

television's most powerful men agree that the industry must be protected in advance from possible scandal. Don't forget that television, like radio, is sort of a family member, so the Hollywood star who habitually marries and divorces, and the actor who drinks and socks cops, will find themselves left out of the television picture.

Now maybe I should be ashamed of myself for picking on a pretty little doll like Margaret O'Brien. But let's deal in truth. Maggie became a great favorite because she could soak up dialogue like a parrot, consuming whole scripts where other child stars could remember only a line or two at a time. But by the time Maggie (whose annual income is better than \$100,000) is cleared for television, she'll be almost grown up—and whether *she* can grow up in the business like Shirley Temple remains to be seen. And then, she'll be running into popular personalities like Barbara Whiting who is tops as a teenager and probably will be doing teen-age roles for many years.

One of the nice things about television is that it often does justice by people with whom the movies deal lightly. Take the case of Margaret Whiting, whose great popularity in radio never led any movie producer to do a flip-flop for her. Same with Bob Crosby. Well, Bob's radio show, *Club Fifteen*, was recently filmed for television—and the tele-results show that Margaret is as dreamy as her voice, and that Bob may someday have the neglectful movie people gasping with surprise and regret. Brother Bing may be in for that same surprise, too!

Yes, there'll be some changes made when the television eye looks over Hollywood stars. That priceless comedienne, Claudette Colbert, for example, is hardly a television prospect. Why? Simply because the movie camera will shoot only one side of her face—because Claudette simply doesn't look like Claudette from the lee side of her profile. Dorothy Lamour may surprise people in another way, with or without her sarong. Pictures have never really captured the real charm of this star, her sense of humor, her talent and her intelligence, and television may open up new vistas for Doty.

Competition for the title of First Lady of Television is going to cause some exciting backstage hair-pulling. Greer Gar-

son is acutely aware that Ingrid Bergman now overshadows her in movies, and then there's Bette Davis skulking in the shadows muttering, "It drives me mad, I tell you, mad, mad, mad!"

These are the supreme three candidates for that First Lady crown. But Greer will have to return to her Mrs. Miniver type of character to get anywhere television-wise. She'll have to stop letting people talk her into donning tights and trying to compete with Betty Grable's legs. Bergman's remarkable beauty and relaxed approach to any kind of role gives her an edge on Bette Davis in the TV race.

Red Skelton, a TV natural himself, recently made this thoughtful observation about the movie-video situation: "It's been too easy for some kids to become stars in movies. They can win a beauty contest and be earning a thousand a week in a couple of years. But when television comes along, and stations operate in cities large and small, kids all over the country will be able to start their television careers in their kindergarten classes and work their way up. The nicest thing about it all is that they won't be spoiled with too much money."

And so a lot of current Hollywood stars will be caught in a tight squeeze. On one end, there will be the younger element trained exclusively for television. And on the other end are the old troupers who can memorize whole scenes at a time, can ad lib, have stage presence, and don't require a dozen "retakes" before they hit the right performance. They can sustain a role for the length of an entire drama, instead of memorizing lines one by one, and having each scene shot bit by bit, moviewise. These veterans, and as yet unknown up-and-comers, may be the ones to be mobbed by autograph fans as they leave the television stations, while Hollywood's current idols go home forgotten, muttering in their beautiful profiles.

The late John Barrymore once said that there's nothing wrong with Hollywood that a good tidal wave can't cure.

Right now it seems that television will be that tidal wave. When our current Hollywood heroes stroll into TV station and smilingly announce, "Now that television has arrived, take me," the bosses may look up with a different kind of smile and reply:

"Sorry, kids—you just missed the boat."

SHE SHALL HAVE MUSIC

(Continued from page 41)

But she wouldn't budge from the house; she had her pride, and besides, it was all over between them.

When the telephone rang she grabbed the receiver and said, "Hello, George . . ."

"How did you know?" he asked her.

She could have told him that a girl in love knows a lot of things, but it would have sounded silly.

"What do you want?" she said instead.

"I want to see you."

He saw her that night, and the night after and the night after that.

They decided their marriage was worth another try.

So now they're living in a house in Hidden Valley, a ranch type house that's big

and comfortable. And Terry's with them, waiting for the day they'll break down and buy him a pony.

Last Christmas was the first one the family spent together—Doris' mother and Terry and George and herself. There was a tree that brushed the ceiling and there were gifts for everybody.

This life now is so different from the one Doris had been leading she feels like someone else. No more one night stands, no more singing till three in the morning with the cigarette smoke blowing in her face, no more loneliness . . .

She gets up at six and drives out to the studio. When she comes home she slips into a pair of jeans and she goes horseback

riding or plays softball with Terry or sits around and admires her home.

Sometimes when she switches on the radio she's startled by her own voice singing *It's Magic* or *Love Somebody*—Hit Parade tunes, and it's an odd feeling, sitting there without moving her lips, but singing just the same.

It's a kind of feeling she doesn't mind getting used to. There are so many things she's getting used to—being a radio star on one of radio's top shows, becoming a movie star, having a television contract, being a happy wife, a happy mother.

There are so many things a fifteen-year-old kid in a hospital bed never even dreamed about . . .

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, MODERN TELEVISION AND RADIO will pay \$5.00 for the best question submitted to Jack Barry, 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 are invited to send their questions to Jack Barry, Room 1903, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York City 16. The winning question this month was submitted by Walter Herbst, 2200 Morris Avenue, Bronx, New York.

QUESTION:

I'm ten years old and I get an allowance of 75 cents a week. There's a nice girl in my class who lives next door, and I'd like to take her to the movies. She says the boy should pay for the girl, but the movie costs 60 cents each, and I can't afford it. What should I do?

ANSWERS:



DICKIE ORLAN
AGE 8

"Why don't he go to a single feature movie instead of a double feature, then the movie will only cost him 30 cents and he'll have more than enough money to take the girl out. But why does he want to take his NEIGHBOR out? If he's going to spend money, he should spend it on a REAL girl."



ROBIN MORGAN
AGE 6

"If he hasn't got the money, he shouldn't stand on ceremony, he should tell the girl's mother he wants to entertain her daughter and won't she please lend him the money; I don't think there's anything to be ashamed about if you're poor, and this boy shouldn't feel ashamed at all."



ELIZABETH MAE
WATSON
AGE 6

"Well, why should he wanna pay for the girl? The girl gets her own allowance, probably. Let him meet her in the movies!"



CHARLIE
HANKINSON
AGE 7

"Why he wants to go to a movie when he can go outside and play football? Besides, only sissies go out with girls; when you become old it's all right to go with a girl, but not when you're a boy. Why he don't take the money and buy a ball or somethin'. But, if he promised her he's stuck!"



PEGGY BRUDER
AGE 10

"Charlie is right, a promise is a promise. He has to take the girl out, otherwise he'll disappoint her. But if he hasn't got the money, then he can postpone the appointment, or else he can borrow the money and pay it back by selling papers. But the girl shouldn't make it too hard for him, otherwise he'll turn on girls and it may disappoint him in them. But from now on, I'll bet he'll live on a budget."



JOHNNY McBRIDE
AGE 5

"A boy has to pay for a girl in the movies? It's not fair! Will she pay for him later—I mean, do they take turns paying? If not, why should he pay for her? Don't her mother give her money for the movies? He shouldn't do it. It's not fair he should pay for her and then she shouldn't treat back!"



JACK BARRY Moderator

"If the boy has committed himself to his classmate, he should consult with his parents, and possibly this one time they should give him some extra money so that he wouldn't have to break his promise. But in the future, he will have to learn how to budget his allowance and save his money so he'll have some put aside for taking a girl to the movies or whatever else he might want it for."

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■ You, of the television audience, know about the colossal presidential campaign waged by Howdy Doody, who tearlessly urged his election on the thousands of kids who see him over the NBC eye-waves five evenings a week.

Well, Howdy Doody's done it! He's won the write-in poll hands down over his opponent, the unworthy Mr. X. Now that he's walked away with the vote, does he forget his platform? No, sir. Howdy's chief pledge was to make the written-in planks of his viewers come true. He explained, though, that since some of these planks or "thingamajigs" made pretty tall demands, he would have to ask Santa Claus' help for the pay-off. That explains why Howdy had to wait till Christmas to make good on some really difficult "thingamajigs."

In case you are skeptical, look at these photos which clearly show Howdy Doody making good on the "thingamajigs" sent in by students of Manhattan's Corpus Christi School.



"Water fountains should contain soda pop"—Howdy Doody arranges this change easily.



"Every kid should meet Perry Como"—and the candidate with a conscience makes good again. He's taken James McLoughlin, Marian Sullivan and Danny Reilly right into studio 6A in the NBC building where Perry is at rehearsal.



"Boys should start shaving at age ten"—Colin McEachen, age ten, is doing it with some help.

Photos by Sy Friedman.



"All kids should be television stars"—Howdy Doody called on the invisible help of Santa Claus to make good on this "thingamajig." Here our man is giving directions as James Hines, like many another would-be television performer, imitates Al Jolson.



"Teachers and pupils should change places"—after all Howdy Doody's trouble, being a schoolmarm has turned out to be just a lot of hard work. And to cap it all, the new teacher must stay in after school with Bob Smith who was mischievous in class.

World Radio History

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THE NATIONAL FOUNDATION FOR INFANTILE PARALYSIS

SEE HERE, PRIVATE EYE!

(Continued from page 35)

tough number. As far as private-eyes go, in fact, he's a bit of a softy. He may look like Sam Spade, the rough-and-tumble gumshoe, but he could never play the part in real life. And as far as the art of detection goes, he's far from a Sherlock Holmes. "Frankly," he'll admit, "There are times when I can't catch a waiter's eye!"

A few weeks back, he appeared on a television show with some real-life detectives. After the show, Eddie Bracken, who was around, showed him a coin trick. "He put a half-dollar in my hands and told me to close my fist," Howard relates. "Then he grabbed my wrists, whacked my fist and said: 'What is it, heads or tails?'"

"I said 'heads,'" Howard continues, "and Eddie said 'I knew I couldn't fool you, you're a bright boy.' Then a few minutes later he handed me back my wrist watch. He'd taken it off my wrist while doing the trick!"

That wasn't all that radio's Sam Spade had in store for himself. Bracken proceeded to grab his shirt. "Bet I can take this off without removing your coat!" he declared. Howard politely declined the challenge. As they started out the door, Bracken turned to him and said, "Oh, by the way, here's something you'd better have." It was Howard Duff's wallet!

For some reason Howard can't quite understand, he's become the new feminine rage in radio, television and screen circles. Howard can't figure it out, but the ladies seem to be quite emphatic on the subject, if fan mail is any criterion. The fact that men admire rather than resent him is sufficient indication that the entertainment world has found itself another big fella to join the ranks of the Gables, Cagneys and Bogarts.

Outstanding among young ladies who have placed a stamp of approval on Howard Duff is Ava Gardner. Ava is such a beauty that with a straight face she could take on the title role in *One Touch of Venus*. She has been going around with Howard quite a bit. Not all the time and exclusively. Just frequently.

"My friendship with Ava began on the movie lot," Howard says. "I dropped in on Burt Lancaster's dressing room between scenes on the set of *Brute Force*. Ava stopped by to see Burt. Right there I developed something of a crush on her, but we didn't have a date for more than six weeks.

"I went to New York and was sitting around in a hotel room with the late Mark Hellinger. He told me that Ava was staying at the Plaza and suggested that I call her up. I was new to pictures. I didn't want to barge in. Mark ignored all that, called her up and made a date for me. We went over to a little joint on Third Avenue for spare ribs. We both like them—joints and spare ribs. Right now Ava and I go swimming or play tennis a couple of times a week. Or drop in to hear Dizzy Gillespie toot his trumpet.

"So you see, there's no romantic pay-off to this—it's just friendship."

All right, it's friendship, with no apologies for any possible change of attitude on the part of either of them in the next ten

weeks or ten years. Howard Duff is a "slow take" in the romantic department. Not too many years ago, he had the feeling about a certain girl that sooner or later leads to one of those "this is bigger than both of us" statements. But Mr. Duff was suddenly called away to Saipan and other points Pacific. The girl found someone else.

Of course, on a Pacific Island along about that time, a man couldn't find much else but discomfort. So this is not to say that if Howard had been at home he might not have made a switch himself. Still situations like this take awhile for a man to get over.

These are facts about Howard Duff, not fiction. He doesn't suffer good. He can shrug off the tough times—and has. But now he hates to be hungry. When the first pang sets in, he eats anything at hand, from a light salad to a heavy steak. A half hour later he'll eat again. The reason for this is that he ran out of money during his early radio days.

"Fortunately, I didn't run out of friends. I lived on 25c a day for food and there were guys who had it worse. Once I hadn't done so well at stretching the two-bits. I was hungry as the devil. A last minute dinner date put an end to the agony. I did the last five blocks like Mel Patton in a hurry. My host said something about that Duff character—he never walks when he can run. Actually, I was so hungry I wanted to leap over the Martini tray and attack the entree with my bare hands."

Actors don't have to starve to be successful. Some come from reasonably well-to-do families. Not so with Howard. By some standards, his father was not a success. By the measuring stick for men, he was. He had a lot of jobs during his lifetime. He just never hit on the thing he wanted to do most, which happens sometimes. But the elder Duff roared his way through life more successful in his manner of living than in the amount of money he piled up. He had a lusty attitude toward man's work and man's fun. This heritage he passed on to son Howard, and it was worth more than cash in the bank.

"We lived in a neighborhood that wasn't for softies," Howard recalls. "Every kid likes to think that his father is a better man than the next guy. I knew it, and not because he'd come home and tell what a fine day he'd had on the stock market. I knew it by incidents, like the time he and my older brother had some business in a waterfront bar. There was a little trouble, so they cleaned the place out. Dad was a rough boy, but he had a great heart, which I never really understood until I came to know him during the last few years of his life."

Howard was broken in on fighting for the joy of it when he was a mere tike. His brother Doug was a tike still more mere. Howard used to practise on Doug. Up Bremerston, Washington way they didn't furnish sparring partners for kids, so the next youngest in the family always turned out to be the punching bag.

Howard could go good with his fists, but he wasn't as observing then as he is now.

Doug was growing up too.

"One day I went to work on Doug. The first thing I knew, I was flat on my back. I got up. He knocked me down. It went on like that for quite awhile. Doug didn't jeer at me. He just kept punching. After awhile I didn't get up. He walked away, put on his cap and slammed the door after him. I got to my feet, a wiser boy.

"My father looked me over at dinner that night. 'Got cut up a little, didn't you? Anybody in the neighborhood we know?' I didn't say anything. I'd found out in the meantime that he'd been giving Doug some extra coaching on the side and I knew it served me right."

Nowadays, unless forced to prove a point, Duff takes his fighting in scripts and lets others who will walk around with that "choosey" feeling. In his high school days he transferred his scrappy tendencies to the football field. He only weighed 125 pounds and was wandering around among comparative giants. Even so, he saw himself dropping back into the safety zone, catching one of those end-over-and-end punts and weaving his way the full length of the field to a touchdown with his girl in the stands yelling like mad.

He caught the punt all right. He was running like a wild man. The girl was there watching. Then something disastrous happened. He stepped into a hole in a vacant lot and broke his leg. The friend who was helping him practise carried him home. The girl wasn't impressed, so the next day he gave up football and turned to acting.

People around Hollywood comment about the ease with which Howard Duff acts. They define him as something of a cross between Bing Crosby and Gary Cooper, with the hidden vitality of a man like Dana Andrews. That's some defining, but it's true, and the reason is that Howard left most of his blunders behind him long ago. Nowadays he doesn't get fussed, and his easy approach appears to be inbred.

Duff had one of the most miserable evenings in the history of theater while doing *Volpone* on the stage—in his home state of Washington. He was playing the role of Captain of the Guards. In the second act he struck a blow with his prop sword. Before the blow reached the enemy the sword fell apart. The other actor could hardly fall down. Howard picked up the offending wooden blade and whacked him with that.

His big moment came again in the final act, where he reached for the sword once more. This time the handle came out of the scabbard. This infuriated him so that he threw the handle on the floor. It bounced and crashed his fellow actor on the shin. The other actor happened also to be his director and teacher.

"I haven't had a worse moment since," Howard reports, "except for the silly thing that happened during my first scene in front of a movie camera. I was supposed to jump out of a jeep, run over to where Yvonne de Carlo was standing, and kiss her violently. It should have been a pleasant assignment. In fact, I looked forward to it. When the camera began to turn, I

jumped out, grabbed Yvonne, and WHACK—instead of kissing her, my chin hit hers head-on. The sound was something like the clack of a couple of billiard balls meeting.

"The director told me to take it easy. She was such a beautiful girl he could understand my enthusiasm, but he needed her for the rest of the picture too."

Now that Howard Duff's career has reached the spectacular stage he seems like the man who has arrived out of nowhere on the dead run. It hasn't been like that. Howard had responsibilities. He had to stick around. After high school he became pick-up boy in the delivery department of Seattle's biggest department store, earning a fast \$14 a week. He bought himself a Model A Ford and ran it back and forth to rehearsals at the Seattle Repertory Theater. There he gained a solid local reputation.

Much later in Hollywood radio circles he became known as a "side man," an actor who plays two or three characters in one show, changing his voice and speaking just a couple of lines. In spite of his considerable experience, his big break as Sam Spade came as a pure accident of Fate. The radio series was to be auditioned with Lloyd Nolan in the Spade role. At the last moment, Nolan's studio refused to give him permission to do the show. Bill Spier called for volunteers among the cast assembled. Howard emerged Spier's choice.

When does a man become an important actor? One of Howard's closest friends, Michael Meshekow, says it begins when a guy starts to breathe. Mike and Howard met in the army. Howard was with the 41st Infantry Machine Gun Company at Fort Lewis. When his private life record caught up with the red tape, he was assigned to Armed Forces Radio and shuttled out to Saipan and other spots as a correspondent. Meanwhile Mike landed in India. During this time Howard also became friendly with Baron Polan and George Rosenberg, a couple of G.I.'s whose lusty appetites for living were similar to his.

After the war they decided to catch up on their ambitions and loss of income by renting a big house together down at Malibu Beach. At this reading they are still together, with the three friends handling Howard's business and finances. This is not too tough a job, but Mike gets the worse of it. Now that Howard has become something sizable on the horizon, he's a "touch" for guys who say they knew him when. So Mike keeps him on a strict allowance.

This doesn't bother Howard much. He's not a Hollywood party hound. He's serious about his career, and earnest about his performance as Sam Spade. On the screen he appears next in *The Adventures of Sam Bass*, an account of the crimes and deeds of a Jesse James type character. "He ought to be good," Mike says. "Howard can ride a horse, and he's a pirate at heart."

The closest thing to sheer idiocy he does is to get up at seven each a.m. and hurl himself into the pounding Pacific surf.

Perhaps he gets that stamina from his rugged father, and the unimpressed attitude toward himself from his mother.

"That one," he grins. "Every time she sees me in a picture she's not telling me how great I am. She thinks I should be a Gregory Peck!"

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DUMB BLONDE? (MARIE WILSON)

(Continued from page 31)

"Look," I said, playing a geat big ogre, "everybody always says blondes are beautiful but dumb, but that Marie Wilson is different. Are you dumb?"

She didn't say anything for a long time. Sometimes it's a good thing to start an interview by being tough like this. It causes some people to be themselves. But all it did to Marie was to make her silent.

So I said: "Why don't you say something, Marie?"

"I haven't got a script," she replied.

This kind of took me aback. This is really the kind of line that the producer-writer of CBS's Irma show, Cy Howard, sits up nights hoping for, and here she was saying it all by her gorgeous self.

"Are you bright?" I pursued. "What do you think of the German philosopher Schopenhauer?"

"Oh, him," she said. "That's kid stuff."

Right then and there I began to worry. Who's outsmarting whom? I said to myself. This girl has made a handsome living for ten years in the Beautiful-But-Dumb department of the movies and has made the name Irma a by-word for charming brainlessness. And here she is topping me every time I start sassing her.

I didn't like to see our nice "different story" blow up in my face, but I must confess that I was confused. Everything Marie says and does sounds dumb, but it has a way of winding up smart. Just like Irma. See what I mean?

Like the time, six years ago, when after four years of kicking around Hollywood, she got the idea of giving up pictures for a while and going on the stage. She had had the lead in *Boy Meets Girl*, a smash stage hit for which Warner Brothers had paid a vaultfull of money to make into a movie and in which she co-starred with James Cagney and Pat O'Brien. Her part?

You guessed it. A beautiful-but-not-quite-bright girl.

After that, in the usual Hollywood way, they kept putting her into dumbdora roles until there were none left. Then Marie made up her mind to quit pictures for a while.

"Oh, that's not smart," her smart friends said. "Now's the time to stick to pictures. If you leave pictures, they'll forget all about you."

So, being just a wide-eyed blonde without a mind of her own, she decided to leave pictures.

She had two choices. A group of people were starting a summer stock company in California, and they offered Marie a chance to star in a series of established hit plays. Or comedian, Ken Murray, had a bright idea that Hollywood could support a musical revue. Since Hollywood is a notoriously bad theatre town, all of Marie's smart friends, as one person, chimed in unison:

"Don't be a dope, Marie. The revue will fold in two weeks. Take the summer stock job."

So Marie took the job in the revue with Ken Murray. The show was called "Blackouts of 1942" when she opened in it. It's now being billed as "Blackouts of 1948" and no one in town will bet a dime it won't be running when they have to call it "Blackouts of 1960." Marie's been with it since it opened. Has gotten a nice, fat check every week since, of course.

All this goes to show you how dumb this blonde really is. Can you understand why I'm confused?

The Irma show on CBS is handled like this. On the Thursday before its Monday airing, the cast meets for a round-the-table reading of the script Cy Howard and his writers have prepared. Later, on

Thursday afternoon, there is a dress rehearsal before a live audience. Cy has a reputation in Hollywood radio circles for being an exacting, demanding guy. His show's got to be perfect all the way down the line, else he stumps around the studio pulling out his hair by the live roots and wishing all kinds of calamity and woe on people.

In other words, smart people don't fool with him. Not Cathy Lewis or John Brown or any of the other people in the show. No, sir.

So, what does Marie do? They're going through a final rehearsal just before the dress rehearsal when Marie takes a long pause between sentences as she was playing Irma.

Cy, sitting in the director's booth, broke in on the talk-back. "Marie," he said coldly, "you leave a hole big enough for a train to go through there."

Marie giggles into the mike and kicks her left foot backwards toward the booth without bothering to turn.

"Okay," Howard says, "take it from the beginning again."

So they start all over. When they reach the same spot in the script, Marie said nothing.

From the director's booth, with the playback open, there came horrible, terrifying noises from the irate director.

"Marie!" he bellows. "Marie! What are you waiting for now?"

Marie's face is as innocent as ever and her voice as smooth as heavy sweet cream. "Why, Cy," she says evenly, "you told me to leave a hole for a train to go through."

Cathy Lewis says she's amazed, but, "My friend, Marie, is the only one who really knows how to handle Cy."

When Cy blows up and assumes a writer-director-producer's prerogative of screaming that everyone in his cast is wounding him and hurting him, what does Marie do? The rest of the cast looks for a dark corner to hide in, but Marie smiles.

"If you keep this up," Cy once hollered, "I'll wind up being janitor at the Blackouts, Marie."

"I accept your apology, Cy," Marie said. "I think I understand what stymies Cy. It's what stymies me. How come, if she's a stupe, she always manages to do the smart thing?"

I put this right up to Marie herself. "Look," I said, "I've been around show business for a long time. I know how some types are always trying to pull a fast one on people, especially gorgeous blondes with big, blue eyes. Hasn't anyone ever outsmarted you?"

So she told me how she started out as an actress. It seems that her father died when she was an infant and left some \$11,000 in a lump sum for her to use "when Marie is ready for it." The girl was fifteen when it was decided she was ready for the eleven grand.

The family lived in Anaheim, a town about forty miles from the corner of Hollywood and Vine. Marie wanted to be an actress. So they all moved to Hollywood. Listen to what the girl did with that eleven thousand dollars. She bought a



The scriptwriters of *My Friend Irma* listen carefully to the casual remarks of Marie Wilson (with Kathy Lewis) made during rehearsal lulls. Often they will incorporate her ad-libs into the script.

mink coat. She bought a big, flashy convertible. She made a down payment on a house for the family. She bought a dozen suits at the town's most expensive shop. She had a crew of interior decorators in to furnish the house from top to bottom.

Two weeks later Marie called up to find out how much was still left in the bank.

"You're a dollar thirty-five short," they told her.

She didn't even have enough money for gas for the car, so she ran out of gas on Sunset Boulevard and was scratching her beautiful blonde head over her mink coat when someone stopped and gave her a card. He turned out to be a movie producer. And the next week she got a job. She's been working ever since.

I don't know how much Marie has made in show business, but I'll bet even a smart businessman would say that investment of \$11,000, for what Marie has made, was entirely proper.

Proper? It's positively brilliant. That's what's got me buffaloed. I was going to prove she was really dumb, remember? But I'm not one to give up easily.

"Tell me about that first job," I urged. "Didn't anyone ever try to pull a fast one on you?"

Marie said that when she went down to see the producer he gave her a letter to someone. She was so excited, she told two of her friends about it. She brought them both with her to see the man who was casting the picture. They all got jobs. Only, the two other girls were put under contract at \$75 a week and Marie was told she would have to work as an extra on a day-to-day basis.

Was she sore? Did she get peeved or

annoyed at her friends? Not Marie. Why should she? She congratulated her friends on their good luck in landing contracts and went over to sit with the extras. There was a lot of overtime on that picture, so do you know what Marie made working as an extra? Her check came to \$150 a week while her friends, under contracts, were getting half. She didn't even envy her friends their luck in being called "actresses" while she was just a lowly "extra."

For a girl who's a "dizzy blonde," Marie is always getting things and stuff for herself. Just like she got her husband, Allan Nixon, whom I did not meet but who is, I am told, a handsome catch. Marie met him when they were both working on a picture. An open, friendly gal, Marie saw him on the set and said, "Hi."

He said, "Hi."

And so they got married. Maybe I am rushing things a little. What happened is that one night they were working late and he said, "How about eating dinner together?"

Since Marie and a much older man had been engaged for years, and it was pretty much known around Hollywood, this was a pretty bold thing to do.

"Sure," said Marie. No one had ever dared to ask her to dinner before.

That night she told her boy-friend about Allan. "He's very nice. He didn't even try to hold my hand," she told him.

She and Allan had hit it off fine. So they had more dates. She always told the boy-friend and the b. f., a busy man, could see no harm in it.

For six months, Marie says, Allan never even tried to kiss her goodnight. Then one

night he said: "Would you do me a favor?"

"Just name it, Allan," she said. (Was this dumb or smart? Well, wait and see!)

"Would you give me a kiss?"

So Marie politely gave him her cheek. He pecked at it.

"Marie," he said, "that was not very satisfactory. May I kiss you again?"

He could. And did.

So the next day she called up the boy-friend and told him the engagement was off and that she was marrying Allan Nixon.

Like I said, was she being smart? Is this the way to snare a handsome young husband?

I wish I could figure it out. I talk to all kinds of people. Smart people generally get around, sooner or later, to telling you how smart they are. They don't wear strapless sunsuits, or if they do, I've noticed, they shouldn't. They don't have big blue eyes shaded by lashes so long they look artificial. (Marie's aren't phoney, by the way. She let me have a tug at them to prove it to myself.)

When I told Marie that my different story just wasn't panning out, that I'd hoped for the first time to prove that Irma was really as scatterbrained and dumb off the air as she was every Monday night, Marie said, "Gee, I'm sorry."

"Yes, I know," I said moodily. "But that doesn't help me get a different story."

She paused for a moment. "But I *am* just like Irma," she said.

"That's what I wanted to show," I insisted. "But it just isn't there."

"But I *am*!" Marie declared. "Only dumb people get everything they want. I've got everything I want."

I guess that does it, Mr. Editor.

GLAMOUR IS THE BUNK!

(Continued from page 49)

directors tell me that the girls coming into television on their first jobs are much easier to work with than those who've become set in their ways. That applies to stage, screen or radio veterans as well as photographic models. The television experts say the newcomers take direction easily and because they have so little to unlearn, quickly pick up the tricks of the new medium.

It's not easily for an actress fresh from the movies to get used to a sustained performance. She misses the short "takes," the constant re-shots. On the other hand, the stage's panoramic quality differs greatly from TV intimacy and a stage actress is soon forced to underplay severely to convince the new audience of her sincerity. On the other hand radio veterans without visual acting experience have their share of troubles, too, for what they have learned in vocal intimacy, they can't always equal in visual intimacy.

All over the country there are "candy-box girls" with the personality and physical equipment to become Miss Television of tomorrow. If you think you're one, I'd like to give you some advice which stems from the most direct contact with the video world.

First—about looks. Being telegenic depends a lot on your facial bone structure, of course. But there's something else you may not have considered. Miss Televi-

sion cannot be a tall girl, certainly no more than five feet five. You see the studio stage sets are not large—about four feet deep by eight to ten feet wide. Watching a tall girl cross a setting in three strides would be like catching the elephant parade through a knothole. So today's five-foot-eight lovelies won't qualify for the television beauty title.

Secondly—when you do your first television show watch your mannerisms. Be wary of the thousand and one little wiggles and moves that no one ever notices in private life, but that are glaringly and embarrassingly obvious on the screen. Your audience will go into hysterics at your expense if your hands and fingers flutter nervously from button to button and curl to curl. They will watch in horrified fascination if your darkened eyebrows flash violently up and down while your pretty face smiles winningly into the camera.

You'll find it hard sometimes being natural for the camera. Especially when your favorite earring drops off and you watch out of the corner of your eye while a 200-pound cameraman moves in and mashes it against the wall. But there is one consolation—girls rarely get TV stage fright. Many models tell me they're a hundred times more terrified at the prospect of going on in an ordinary fashion show. Somehow the audience seems so much more remote.

Then there's your television test. When you're on a scheduled show, your make-up and costume will be taken care of by the technical people on the show. But for your first test appearance there are some pointers you should know. Be especially careful with your facial make-up. A wrong choice can make you look like the ketchup-covered victim in a Dracula film. The cosmetics to be used depend largely on the lights, which are either soft or harsh. Under the soft lights you can probably get away with a little base cream, a touch of lipstick, some mascara and eyebrow pencil. But for the harsh lights you'll need eyebrow pencil, a heavy base of dark pancake or stage grease paint, a generous dab of mascara and very dark brownish lipstick.

Incidentally, you may be interested in knowing that the best places to begin looking for a television job are the advertising agencies. They will give you an appointment to appear at a studio in one of the television stations. Most of these stations set aside regular hours every week for auditioning new people and their tests are often piped directly into the agencies.

I sincerely feel that many of video's finest new stars are girls inexperienced in acting, but who fulfill the physical requirements and possess the infectious appeal of friendliness. Personally, I'm delighted to see the "candy-box girl" coming into her own on television. She's tops with me.

Monthly Almanac

No. 2

Mystery Shows

ALL PROGRAMS EST



"THE FALCON"



"SAM SPADE"



"SHERLOCK HOLMES"



"THE FAT MAN"



"CRIME PHOTOGRAPHER"



"MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY"

Name	Time & Network	Story-line	Off-the-dial
Amazing Mr. Malone	ABC, Sat. 8:30 PM	Mystery-drama written by Craig Rice.	Frank Lovejoy enacts role of Johnny Malone, a smart, aggressive detective. Lovejoy appears on various other broadcasts.
Casebook of Gregory Hood	MBS, Mon. 8:30 PM	West Coast millionaire importer whose hobby is amateur detecting.	Elliott Lewis portrays Gregory Hood. He is married to radio actress Cathy Lewis. First entered radio in 1936.
Crime Photographer	CBS, Thurs. 9:30 PM	Press photographer solves mysteries hidden in obvious news.	Based on character created by George Harmon Cox in his "Flash-Gun Casey." Staats Cotsworth portrays famous Casey.
Falcon, The	MBS, Mon. 8 PM	Private dick who solves crimes—for a fee.	Les Tremayne became successful in <i>Grand Hotel</i> and <i>First Nighter</i> . Now plays <i>The Falcon</i> . British born, he broke into radio at 18.
Famous Jury Trials	ABC, Sat. 7:30 PM	Re-enactments of noted trials in American court history.	Seven years on the air, program acquaints listeners with courtroom procedure. Wylie Adams directs the show.
Fat Man, The	ABC, Fri. 8 PM	Dramatic mystery of a fat-man detective.	270 lbs. of J. Scott Smart is perfect casting for the role of Brad Runyun. Has appeared on Broadway with the Alfred Lunts.
FBI In Peace and War	CBS, Thurs. 8 PM	Action-packed drama of federal agents' war against rackets.	Martin Blaine is heard as FBI field agent Sheppard. Beginning its fifth season of broadcasts.
Gangbusters	ABC, Sat. 9 PM	Dramatizes, traces actual crimes naming dates and places.	Program has brought to justice more than 300 criminals through clues broadcast. Show's star varies each week.
Inner Sanctum	CBS, Mon. 8 PM	Blood-curdler series. Guest stars each week.	"Your host" on the show is Paul McGrath. Its producer, Hyman Brown, thinks mystery plays are excellent escapist material.
Johnny Fletcher	ABC, Sun. 7:30 PM	Comedy-drama, with the mystery angle.	Bill Goodwin stars as Johnny Fletcher, while his side-kick is portrayed by Sheldon Leonard.
Lone Wolf	MBS, Tues. 9:30 PM	About Private Eye who caters to the ladies—solves crimes.	Louis Joseph Vance's character, Michael Lamyard, is brought to the air by Walter Coy. He whodunits with various other networks.
Mr. Chameleon	CBS, Wed. 8 PM	Suspenseful mystery-drama about a fabulous Headquarters investigator.	Karl Swenson, who plays the title role, is a master of dialects. Also made various Broadway appearances.
Mr. District Attorney	NBC, Wed. 9:30 PM	Law-abiding, anti-crime show.	Jay Jostyn plays title role. Has portrayed 48 different characters on 36 programs. Seldom cast as a villain.
Mr. Keen	CBS, Thurs. 7:30 PM	Tale of private investigator who brings criminals to justice.	Bennett Kilpack (Mr. Keen) has spent 17 years in radio. British born, has acted with Otis Skinner.
Mr. and Mrs. North	CBS, Tues. 8:30 PM	A pair of amateur detectives who track down criminals.	The Norths are Joseph Curtin & Alice Frost. Show's been on the air since 1943. Also on Broadway, in movies and in books.
Mysterious Traveler	MBS, Tues. 8 PM	Listener rides with the mysterious traveler hearing tales of murder.	The "Traveler" is Maurice Tarpelin. Has extensive theatre, screen, and radio background.
Mystery Theatre	CBS, Tues. 8 PM	New mystery-drama type story each week, with new cast, writers.	Geoffrey Barnes, played by Bernard Lenrow, narrates weekly.
Nick Carter	MBS, Sun. 6:30 PM	Private eye, Nick, and gal friend Patsy, solve crimes.	In 1943 Lon Clark took over role of Nick Carter. Once sang with Grace Moore as member of Cincinnati Summer Opera Co.
Official Detective	MBS, Tues. 8:30 PM	Personification of all real life cops, with detective narrating.	Craig McDonnell, a big genial Irishman, portrays Dr. Dan Britt. McDonnell also records albums for children.
Philip Marlowe	CBS, Sun. 5:30 PM	Detective-mystery of the private eye and his underworld adventures.	Raymond Chandler's fictional sleuth, Philip Marlowe, is brought to the air by Gerald Mohr, one-time Mercury Theatre Actor.
Sam Spade	CBS, Sun. 8 PM	Detective yarn of a hard-boiled private investigator.	Howard Duff, Sam Spade of the radio, now stars in movies, <i>Brute Force</i> , <i>Naked City</i> . Once was member of the Actor's Lab.
Sherlock Holmes	MBS, Sun. 7 PM	Adventures of famous Conan Doyle character.	British actor John Stanley portrays Holmes. Was with London Shakespeare Theatre in 1925-26.
Thin Man, The	MBS, Thurs. 10 PM	Sophisticated husband-wife sleuths created by Dashiell Hammett.	Les Tremayne and Claudia Morgan portray Nick and Nora Charles. Both are radio veterans.
This Is Your FBI	ABC, Fri. 8:30 PM	Authentic material taken from the files of the F.B.I.	Program's commentator is Jerry Devine.
True Detective Mysteries	MBS, Sun. 4:30 PM	Dramatizations adapted from actual police records.	Richard Keith portrays fictitious editor. Has worked with Helen Hayes and Tallulah Bankhead.

DON'T BE A SPORTS WIDOW

(Continued from page 51)

ruin everything. Such a remark as, "It looks like the Dodgers will win the American League pennant," might well make all future efforts so much water through a sieve.

Bright little comments having been liberally sprinkled in at the proper times, next, why not mention that you'd like to see the Yankee-Indian game next Saturday afternoon. Chances are that the mister still won't believe your heart is in this thing, but if he sees you really want to go you'll find yourself eating hot dogs together at the next game.

At that point, you can start packing away those sports widow's weeds. You're soon going to be a full-time wife again.

Once safely at the game, you've got another pitfall to beware of. Namely, asking too many questions. When you yourself are a veteran sports fan, you'll understand that a constant stream of "why's" and "how's" can be irritating as a buzzing wasp when you're engrossed in a sports event.

Shall I ever forget the exasperated young man who sat next to me with his wife at one of the Ivy League football matches. All through the first half his pretty little missus, who was trying so hard to be a "pal," never closed that rosebud mouth. Even I started shifting about with irritation.

"Bill, honey, what's the umpire doing now . . . Darling, are there any downs left . . . Oh, why did he drop the ball then . . ." And so on and so on.

Finally as the second half was getting on its way, Bill stood up, fury on his face, and shouted at the woman he loved.

"Helen, I'm going to count ten. And if you don't shut up after that and stay shut up, so help me I'm going to drag you home by the hair!"

Of course, there's nothing wrong with asking a few sensible questions, which show honest interest and an understanding of what's going on. Skillfully handled they will even be a weapon in your campaign, helping that male ego convince the

man in question that he's the greatest sports expert in the world. Once he rates your sports fan standing high enough to be flattered that you think so, you can put those knitting needles away for good.

One of the secrets of your sports success will be to interest yourself in the angles that interest your husband. Be able to discuss the game he likes with a casual flair. And if hubby wants to go to a big football duel with the fellows from the office, why not tune in the game on your radio so that when he dashes in, flushed with excitement from the last touchdown, you're right in the swing of things.

From all of the above, ladies, please don't get the idea that I'm encouraging you to become a walking encyclopedia on the finer points of every sports event in existence. Of necessity, I, myself, have delved into the athletic world more deeply than will be necessary for the average woman. My husband Bill at one time or another has broadcast or telecast every major sport on record, and each season regularly describes baseball, football and basketball games. Frequently these events take place many miles from our home.

At first, I was just miserable about the whole thing. I'd sit alone in my easy chair, sniffing over the fact that I was left behind, one of the great army of sports widows. Lucky for me, I tried going along a few times and soon found that it was great fun. Part of the fun for me is coaching Bill as we go up on the train on the names and numbers of the players, their backgrounds, and other bits of statistical and personal information necessary for a radio or television description of the game.

Because Bill must be letter perfect on these things, our system has always been for me to call the number of the player, to which Bill responds with his name. After several hours of this, naturally I know the "lesson" as well as he does. This system, as a matter of fact, led to an amusing incident years ago when he was broadcasting Navy football games over Mutual.

My seat for the game happened to be just beside a section reserved for the Naval midshipmen, and as the gridiron battle progressed I became more and more carried away with the excitement. Number 36 would be sent in as a substitute for example, and I'd unconsciously cry, "There goes Williams into the game!" Or as Number 15 donned his helmet, I'd exclaim "O'Brien is getting ready to go in, replacing Jardowski!" without referring to my program.

For the first half, my midshipman neighbors looked first puzzled, then bewildered, and finally incredulous. By the fourth quarter, curiosity finally broke its bounds, and in a voice steeped with Annapolis gentlemanly decorum, one of them leaned over: "Pardon me, lady," he said, "but I couldn't help noticing that you knew all the players—and I just wondered—are you scouting the Navy team for Army?"

I have only one complaint to make insofar as attending football games with Bill is concerned—and perhaps it isn't a real one, but any woman will understand my feeling. As you may know, football is played in rain, snow, freezing weather, or come what may. Naturally, Bill is safely ensconced in a warm dry broadcasting booth. However, due to a time honored rule that denies women admittance to these sacred precincts, my seat is out in the elements. And as I sit there with my nose getting red, my feet growing numb, and the rain or snow soaking my unprotected head and look up at my husband in his dry, comfy booth—well—I sometimes mutter:

"Would that I were at home with my knitting!"

But believe me, ladies, that chagrin is only temporary. I wouldn't be a sports widow for the world. And neither, I venture to predict, will you, once you learn the joys of sharing with your husband the fun and excitement of sports—instead of going along your own widowey road while he has fun at the ball game.

PEOPLE ARE PROBLEMS

(Continued from page 66)

A spiritualist from St. Louis, who writes regularly, has a truly unique idea. He wants *We the People* to give up using live guests, fire Dwight Weist, the master of ceremonies, and hire him to conjure up the ghosts of Washington, Lincoln, Grant, Lee and other men of the past to tell some "real stories."

We the People once used a clairvoyant in a drama to tell his story of how his dead grandfather spoke to him and warned him of impending catastrophe. While the producer was rehearsing the actor who was to play the role of the dead grandfather, the spiritualist complained: "If you had only told me in time I could have persuaded my grandfather to play his own part—I talk to him all the time."

Other behind-the-scene acts that are

part of the duties of the production staff includes solving individual problems for unusual types of guests. The ordinary radio script is mimeographed, but scarcely a week passes that some sort of special script is not in use. Frequently oversize scripts are necessary for guests with poor eyesight and in some cases glasses are purchased for guests too poor to buy their own. Braille scripts are provided for the blind and one man insisted that his lines be printed in red. He explained that he read green letters best and that since he was color blind, red, to him, appeared green.

Sometimes, however, providing for the aid and comfort of guests doesn't make for the best broadcast. For instance when Flora Williams, a 119-year-old colored

lady, was brought to New York, an extra comfortable chair was provided on the stage for her. As she couldn't read, the staff worked three days helping her to memorize her lines. The chair was so comfortable, however, that during the broadcast the old lady fell asleep and when she was introduced she was still slumbering. When awakened she was so drowsy that she couldn't remember what she was supposed to say and the resultant interview was one of the most garbled in the history of radio.

But even worse are those frequent occasions on which guests or their well-meaning friends become too helpful in thinking of the weal of the program.

For instance a Brooklyn taxi driver was secured, after a considerable search, 87

to tell a story—the effectiveness of which depended on his fine, natural, “dem, dose and dames” talk. Rehearsals were perfect, but the night before the broadcast he took home his script and read it to his wife. She had been listening to a Ronald Coleman radio play and immediately hustled her spouse off to a diction teacher. The hack jockey spent the entire day leaping to “enunciate” and went on—with his version of an Oxford accent!

We the People staffers frequently play back-stage roles that sound like some of the scoop-happy star-reporter in a *Front Page* radio or movie script. For instance Aubrey Williams learned that a World War I veteran had recently discovered that he had a daughter in Ireland whom he had never seen. He had married an Irish girl when he was stationed there in 1918 and after being transferred with his company, his in-laws had written that both his wife and daughter had died when the child was born. Williams made arrangements to have the daughter—who now has a daughter of her own—brought to this country for a reunion with her father.

It was a fine human interest story and the newsreels and newspaper sob-sisters made elaborate plans to cover their reunion at the docks when they arrived on

the “Queen Mary.” Luckily for Williams the ship was delayed and didn’t arrive until an hour before broadcast time. He had hidden the father in a New York hotel room and, while photographers and reporters waited on the docks to get the reunion, he went to the ship on a special tug, brought the daughter and granddaughter in, and the first time she and her father met was in front of a *We the People* mike.

And after the recent World Series Jimmy O’Neill, the program’s sports specialist, was on hand to get an outstanding series star. As soon as Cleveland won the series he grabbed Gene Beardon, the Indian pitcher who was also a hero of the recent war, and rushed him to New York. It happens that Bob Hope, whose program is broadcast at the same time as *We the People*, was planning to use Beardon on his own show. Hope is merely part owner of the Cleveland baseball club and it is hoped that *We the People* whimsies will have been forgotten when Beardon next discusses salary terms with Bob.

Now and then the program staffers even get in a bit of detective story flavor in their backstage dramas. On their radio broadcast-television inaugural last summer, for instance, they had imported eden ahbez, the bearded California tent-dweller,

to tell about the writing of his song *Nature Boy*. It happened that a crew of process servers were looking for the song-writing vegetarian to present him with a summons in a matter concerning the ownership of his best-seller tune. Word was passed around that *Nature Boy* would spend his nights in Central Park. When the bearded tuner, who was actually sleeping on the roof of a Brooklyn friend’s apartment house, couldn’t be found in the park the servers passed along the word that they’d grab him when he reported to the *We the People* broadcast. Program members persuaded them that it wouldn’t be cricket to put the clutch on the be-whiskered chap in front of all the blue ribbon audience gathered for the premiere and finally persuaded them to call off the dogs until after the show went off the air. abbez, who appeared second, double-crossed everyone, however, by disappearing as soon as his part of the show was completed. He returned to California unserved.

His pursuers sent word to *We the People* that all future pleas that “The Show Must Go On” would receive short shrift.

But Erickson is still unperturbed in this as in all other program matters. “People,” he says, “are problems—but they’re wonderful!”

A WORD TO THE GUYS

(Continued from page 53)

another type of sychology which is, namely, making others do the work. Mrs. Nussbaum says something, the audience roars. Titus Moody complanes, everybody screams. Senator Claghorn opens his big mouth, the roof falls down. And when it’s all over but the laffing, what do people say? Boy! that Fred Allen is a panic! Why, them radio comics are in such high incum tax brackets from this sychology, they get the biggest laugh of all from the Internal Revenue Department.

Being suttel is a good thing for men who want to get ahead, but that doesn’t count in the radio business, where it is the modern fashion to insult people loud instead of being suttel. Some ferinstances are, I have called Clifton Fadiman a “grown-up quiz kid,” and Vera Zorina a “terpsi-corpse from the ballet.” And once I said of the pants of Adolf Menjou, they were “pressed right up to his chin.” Nobody got mad, as I say, because in the radio business insults is expected.

The girl question is also important to men in life, but first of all, leave me say to all men to never let romance blot out business out of your mind. If you males must kiss a dame goodnight in the hall, at least have the presents of mind to stuff a few circulars in her letter box.

To be successful with females, males have got to spend money. A tightwad never caught no molasses. Unless you are ready to spend four bits for orchids and another two bits on bom-boms, you might just as well have stayed alone. I do not mean to incinerate that all dames is gold-diggers, but it is just that guys who don’t spend money is considered by said dames to be a numb-entity.

I advice you to be different from most men, who are all alike in being dazzled by

the first pair of plucked eyebrows, false eyelashes and painted toe-nails that wink at them. The male intelligensia should take as much care in choosing his mate as his socks. With lipstick on there lips, rouge on there cheeks, mascara in there eyes, polish on there toe-nails and nowadays even on there legs, dames sure take a shellack-ing, and so will you unless you watch out.

It’s only a short step from my last subject of girls to my present one, which is matri-mony. I think this matter is ultra-important, because if you are not wise on this matter, it may end up like in Duffy’s Tavern, where lots of nice married couples come in, but the trouble is there not married to each other.

A few facts of life in this respect are, in matrimony you marry an armful and wind up with a roomful. One thing you also must face is that it takes two to make a marriage, a single girl and an anxious mother. Now don’t let this scare you out of matrimony, but honestly, the way most dames go after a man you’d think there mothers was frightened by the Northeast Mounted Police. I am simply telling you all this, because it pays to be realistic instead of staring at life through pink-eyed glasses. Poor Duffy don’t wear no glasses at all no more, he says when he married Mrs. Duffy she was young and cute as Paddy’s pig, now after 30 years he wishes he married the pig.

On the practical side, if you attend a wedding it is not polite to kiss the bride more than twice unless you are 1) the groom, or 2) bigger than the groom. Now if I have disencouraged you from matrimony too much, let me add this, naimly, that if you play too hard to get, you won’t be got at all, then where will you be?

It behooves me in conclusion to offer some remarks on some general matters, drawn from my own personal life, such as on money for example. Don’t ever get mad at friends you owe money to. The last time I did that he asked me for the five bucks I owed him, seeing that we was no longer friends.

A great knowledge of different subjects cannot never hurt a body, in fact such can be of great aid. A ferinstance in this respect is, if you have dappled in subjects of ships and oceans, in case you ever are a yaching guest, then you can be a more desirable one by being familiar with all the nautical terms. i.e. the aft, the tack, the abaft, the poop, the midjib, the aftjib, the fourjib, the bowspit, the missewheel, the yardhand, the sestant (both male and female), the crownest, the boat swain and the wind lass, unless she happens to be the daughter of your skipper.

Having restraint is important to cultivate but it is specially hard with certain types of women, like when I told one she looked like she was poured into a bathing suit. She happened not to know enough to see a white lie when it was told to her so she said tell me more, so I said only in *your* case they forgot to say when. So because I did not ecksercise restraint, I lost a fine girl, seeing that her father brood the best beer in my naybor-hood.

Which tragic epis-ode ends my advise for males on the best ways of being succeeding. If some of you in the femail sex have peeked at my advise, all good and well, because dames have come a long way since Eve was only a rib in Adam. Nowadays they’re practically the whole roast. Besides what mail ever was able to keep a secret from a female anyway, so what chance is there for me?



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